

THE WEEKLY GRAPHIC

AND

NEW ZEALAND MAIL

VOL. XLII.—NO. 16

APRIL 21, 1909

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

CONTENTS

Week in Review	1
"A Gift Horse," by Dog Toby	2
Sayings of the Week	3
Club Smoking Room	4
News of the Week	5-8
Personal Notes	8-9
Share List	10
Sports and Pastimes	14
Turf Gossip	10-11
Musie and Drama	15-16
"Our Illustrations"	16
ILLUSTRATIONS—	
Wanganui College Foundation Stone, and Farewell to Mr. and Mrs. Empson	
University Tournament at Wellington	
Wellington Provincial Lawn Tennis Tournament	
Lawn Tennis and Bowling at Wanganui	
Holmum Itzatis	
With Lieut. Shackleton to Antarctica	

Wellington Troops in Camp at Orangi	
Maori Meeting at Tapano and on the Waikato River	
Ngaurohoe in Eruption	17-32
A Great Engineering Feat—Bridging the Zambesi (Illustrated)	33
Abraham Lincoln's Centenary	35
Life in the Garden	39
Love—and Aunt Janetta (short story)	42
The Black Hand—Extraordinary organisation for crime (Illustrated)	45
The Bookshelf (with portraits of Swinburne and Marlon Crawford)	48
Verse	50
Anecdotes and Sketches	50
Within the Commonwealth	51
News, Notes and Notices	53
Volunteer Notes	56
Fashions	58
Orange Blossoms and Society Gossip of Children's Page	68
Punny Page	72

The Week in Review

DELEGATES representing the New Zealand Chambers of Commerce have been discussing the stringency of the money market, and the withdrawal of money from circulation in the country. Mr. N. Kettle, of Napier, made a most interesting speech on the subject. He contended that a great deal of money had been taken out and never returned, and that the internal borrowing of the Government had helped to accentuate the stringency. From 1902 to 1906, the banks had a surplus of deposits over advances of from two to three millions sterling, at the end of 1907 this had been reduced to £800,000, and in December, 1908, the surplus had been exhausted, and the banks had advanced two millions over deposits. At the present time, Mr. Kettle said, no money could be obtained from any financial institution in New Zealand, not even from the Government Departments. He urged the conference to ask for the abolition of the mortgage tax, which caused capitalists to invest their money in other countries. He also took exception to the graduated tax in respect of capital invested in buildings, which often pressed hardly on shareholders in public companies. Mr. D. T. Nathan endorsed Mr. Keeble's remarks, and said he knew of firms in Wellington that were paying 5/ to 6/3 income tax. Two large estates in the city had recently been realised, and instructions given that the money was to be taken home, or invested in Canada, the Argentine, or somewhere else. Mr. J. Maitland Jones, of Oamaru, considered that capitalists were being scared away from New Zealand, and another speaker stated that a quarter of a million had recently been sent away from Otago for investment in South America.

Sir Joseph Ward on the Financial Situation.

On the other hand, Sir Joseph Ward denies that the Government is in any way responsible for the prevailing financial stringency. So far from having borrowed any large sums from the New Zealand public, the Premier stated that during the last twelve months the total amount so borrowed had only amounted to between £100,000 and £100,000, and the Government had brought a very large sum of money from outside into the country. As regards the statement that it

was impossible to secure advances even from Government, Sir Joseph said that the Advances to Settlers Department had lent out in cash nearly two millions during the last year, and a quarter of a million had been advanced to local bodies. He pointed out in regard to the complaints about a graduated tax levied on buildings, that there was no building in any part of New Zealand upon which taxation was levied by the Government. So far from capital being withdrawn from the colony he had within the last six months refused Australian money amounting to £250,000, which was offered for investment in New Zealand at 4 per cent., and during the coming month £235,000 was to be sent from Australia for investment in the colony. When doctors differ it is not easy for the laymen to decide on the merits of the case. The delegates from the Chambers of Commerce speak with a wide experience of the business world, whilst the Premier is universally acknowledged to be the greatest authority on questions of finance that we have in New Zealand. The fact remains that there is a considerable amount of financial stringency at present all over the world, and we are probably feeling the effect of depression in other countries the causes of which lie deeper than any mortgage tax or local borrowing. It says much for the stability of the country that we seem to have suffered less than any other colony from the prevailing financial conditions.

Wanganui College.

Lord Plunket was remarkably happy in the speech he made at the laying of the foundation stone of the new buildings for Wanganui College. Under Mr. Empson this famous school has attained a leading place amongst our educational institutions, not so much for its success in the world of scholarship, though even here the school has more than held its own, as for its having succeeded in realising the ideal of our great English public schools, and forming the character of its pupils. For it is not always realised that such places as Eton and Harrow and Winchester do not primarily aim at being seats of learning. The father who pays £200 or £300 a year for his boy at a large public school knows that as far as mere teaching goes, he could get the boy as well or even better taught elsewhere

for half the money. But he wants his son to catch something of the spirit of the place, to learn the meaning of loyalty and school tradition, to acquire the manliness and moral earnestness that the great Dr. Arnold was always striving to impress on his pupils at Rugby. The school chapel plays an important part in the life of the school, and many remember the words spoken there long after they have forgotten most of the lessons learnt in the class-room. In his speech at Wanganui the Governor well summed up the ideal of the English schools. He said: "No educational Department, no system of routine instruction, can produce what has been created in this school—that definite tone, that subtle atmosphere, which distinguishes our public schools at Home. It is difficult to define it to those who have not lived in it themselves, but it has been one of the most important factors in England's glorious past, and it is one of the main bulwarks we still have against decadence in our race. Pride in his school and its old traditions and jealousy of its honour, respect for religion, for authority, for womankind, scorn for low thoughts and mean actions, and contempt for the impure-minded, the coward, the tuff-hunter, or the purse-proud, add to that loyalty to his house, and a perfect worship for those who have won their way into the school cricket or football team, and you obtain the class of boy the English public schools turn out in thousands—not perfect if you like and wanting, I fear, too often in scholarship, but, after all, as Emerson wrote: 'The world's great men have not commonly been great scholars, nor its great scholars great men, but those who have been taught not to funk, not to squeal, and have learnt to play the game.'

A Military Museum.

The Manawatu Mounted Rifles are making their new orderly room into a most interesting museum of all arms and accoutrements used in warfare. They have already received 20 Mauser and 20 Martini Henri rifles—souvenirs of the Boer war. Captain Jickell has presented them with an old flint lock rifle, a "Brown Bess," and several flint-lock pistols, with the original flint-locks attached. Mr. T. Stockwell has given a Torry carbine—one of the first breech-loaders used in the English army. Besides actual weapons used in warfare, there are also specimens of shells, fuses, etc., and it is hoped that in time a complete collection may be formed of ancient and modern arms and armour. Each exhibit has a descriptive label attached to it, giving its history and other interesting particulars, and the walls of the room are being decorated with photographs of past officers of the corps, and lances, swords, and various trophies won from time to time. It is hoped soon to make a museum that shall adequately illustrate the changes that have been effected from time to time in implements of war, and it will thus have an educational as well as an historical interest. Doubtless other corps will follow the example of the Manawatu Rifles, and we may look forward to seeing several such museums established in the Dominion.

An Heroic Remedy.

All people probably look at things from their own particular point of view, but a man who has a keen hunter indeed when he advocates introducing wolves into New Zealand for the purpose of im-

proving the deer-stalking. Yet this is the remedy suggested by Mr. P. C. Selous, the famous hunter, for improving the strain of our red deer: "In New Zealand," he says, "the magnificent red-deer herds, once the envy of deer-stalkers the world over, are, it appears, now few and far between, and this not owing to the decrease of the deer, but rather because they are becoming too numerous, and the stags are deteriorating in the size and symmetry of their antlers, owing to the shooting of the finest examples, and the consequent propagation of the species through inferior animals, which are constantly increasing in numbers. The introduction of wolves into the country, which would rapidly weed out all the old and weakly animals, would probably do a great deal of good to the race, but such a measure might not meet with the approbation of sheepfarmers." Mr. Selous has shot so many lions that probably for him the mere wolf has no terrors, but other people besides sheepfarmers would in all likelihood raise strong objections to the proposal on the ground that the remedy was worse than the disease. Indeed, it is safe to say that keen sportsmen as New Zealanders are, they would prefer to lose their red deer altogether rather than adopt such heroic measures for their preservation.

Women's Clubs.

The proposal to establish a Women's Club in Wellington seems to have been very favourably received. Over 60 ladies have signified their intention of becoming members, and a provisional committee has been formed. The aim of the club is to provide a place where those interested in philanthropic, professional, literary, and artistic work may meet and discuss matters of common interest. There is to be a general sitting-room for conversation and light refreshments, and there is to be a room for reading and writing, in which no conversation will be allowed. One advantage of the club would be the opportunity it would afford to entertain any specially distinguished woman who might be visiting Wellington, and it is also felt that country members would find it a great convenience to have such a place to go to in the centre of the town near the shops. Women's clubs are already firmly established in Australia, and, of course, they are a familiar feature of London life. Whether they always fulfil the purpose for which they were founded may be doubted, but there can be no doubt that many women find them a great convenience, and there certainly seems room for them in our larger centres of population.

A Unique Club for Girls.

Apropos of Women's Clubs, perhaps the most unique is that founded by Dr. Furnivall in April, 1896. It is known as "The Hammer-smith Girls' Sculling Club," and it was the forerunner of all such girls' clubs not only in England, but throughout the world. And with the success of the club the doctor—greatly daring—admitted men as members. The object of the club is to provide healthy and innocent amusement for unmarried working girls and men. At the present time the club has over a hundred members, with about an equal proportion of each sex. It is a great sight during the spring and summer months to watch the doctor taking out a crew of club girls

In their single-streak Clasper eight. The doctor sits in the prow of the boat acting as cox, and, as he invariably goes bareheaded, with his white hair flying in the breeze, he might be Father Time himself coaching the daughters of men in the way of health and vigour. Associated with Dr. Furnival as vice-presidents of the club are Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins, the novelist, and Mr. George Bernard Shaw; and the club house becomes a very merry place when either of these two famous men appear.

University Debate.

The University debate on the subject "That the creation of small navies for defence purposes should be encouraged in the self-governing States of the Empire" gave a good scope for argument on either side, and the speeches showed that the debaters had made a close study of the question. The general level of the speeches was distinctively a high one, and it would have been difficult to decide between the merits of the different representatives had not Mr. Gibb, of Victoria College, the last speaker, followed up a good speech of his colleague, Mr. Smith, by what was universally admitted to have been the freest and most forceful speech of the evening. The judges—his Excellency the Governor, Mr. Justice Denniston, and Mr. J. W. Joynt—had no hesitation in awarding the prize for the fourth year running to Victoria College, and their decision met with general approval. The opponents of small navies had undoubtedly the best of the argument, the advocates of the other side lacking force in presenting their case. Mr. Hanna, of Canterbury College, made perhaps the best speech in support of colonial fleets, and he spoke with more force and vigour than the others who were on his side. Since these debates were started, Otago and Canterbury have won two contests each, whilst Wellington has won four times in succession. It is time that Auckland did something to capture the prize for the northern college.

Napier and Timaru.

Mr. J. Vigor Brown, M.P., the chairman of the Napier Harbour Board, has been telling the people of Timaru how much he envies them, and contrasting their progressive spirit with the conservative tendencies of people in his own district. Speaking on harbour matters, he said that his board often envied the Timaru Board in that the latter had such a loyal lot of people behind it—people who were all anxious to make a good port of Timaru, and were not afraid to be rated in order to do it. Up Napier way they often looked with longing eyes towards Timaru, where they had been able to accomplish so much in the face of great natural difficulties, and where they would soon be able to accommodate four big liners, while Napier could not take in more than one at a time. What made the position worse for Napier was that they had a larger area of water, as well as a greater depth up there. All they lacked was the completion of the break-water and the wharfage accommodation, and this the ratepayers had just declined to sanction. It was true that the proposed loan for this purpose had only been lost by less than 200 votes, but it should have been carried by a large majority had the people been alive to their best interests. The town of Napier voted softly for the loan, but the country killed it. He regretted to say that there were people of a conservative turn of mind up there—men who were opposed to all progress if it meant the payment of a few extra rates. Mr. Vigor Brown has done so much for Napier that he doubtless feels aggrieved that his scheme for harbour improvement should have been thwarted by the conservative tendencies of the country people. But perhaps the fear of being eclipsed by Timaru may rouse them from their state of lethargy, and cause them to make their harbour worthy of their great and progressive district.

Napier and Palmerston Cadets.

It is sometimes facetiously suggested that we are getting to depend on our schoolboys for our national defence, but from the excellent reports given of the work of our cadets, it would seem that we might easily do worse. A Manawatu paper says that one of the features of the recent encampment at Oringi was the splendid conduct of the Napier and Palmerston High School cadets, who were in camp some distance from the main camp. They entered into their duties with a zest that would have done credit to many older corps, while their discipline was excellent. Each night they had sentries posted round the camp, who were very much awake, and made several captures. One of the men from the main camp was the first to run foul of their pickets. He had apparently lost his way, and was wandering about in an aimless manner when he was suddenly brought to a halt by a boy in dark blue not more than half his size. The man was unable to or would not give an account of himself, and the guard was called out, who took him to the officer in charge, to whom he frankly confessed that "he didn't know where he was." A Pressman and visiting officer were also held up, and despite all attempts to bluff the boys, were conducted to the commanding officer's tent. It would take a fairly smart enemy to surprise the boys.

Sunday Mails.

The Auckland Presbytery deserves every credit for drawing attention to the subject of Sunday mails. Mr. Miller, who introduced the matter, said that it was recognised that under certain circumstances it might be necessary to deal with mails arriving on Sunday, and to that he did not propose to offer any objection; but what he objected to was a mail closing on Sunday evening, and being advertised to close at that time. As a result of this arrangement a number of post office employees were being deprived of their Sunday rest, or, at any rate, a portion of it. Under previous arrangements, the mail, though leaving on Sunday, had closed on Saturday night, and the speaker thought that this practice should be again reverted to. On the other hand, many business men contend that as a mail arrives on Sunday morning, the present arrangement is a great convenience, as in cases of urgency a letter can be answered the same day. People always delay posting their letters till the last minute, and probably many letters are posted on Sunday which could equally well be posted on Saturday. Perhaps the case could be met by closing the ordinary mail on Saturday evening, and charging an extra late fee for letters posted on Sunday. This would lessen the work on that day, and would not cause any serious inconvenience to the commercial community.

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By Dog Toby.

Poor Old England.

SOME of our labour leaders deserve the thanks of the community for their efforts to add a touch of gaiety and humour to the dull round of existence. They object to what they call the "gift" of a Dreadnought to England, as if the proposed gift was something edible, and destined to be devoured by the ever-greedy capitalist. They have discovered that the whole British navy exists to protect the wealthy classes and "people like the late Lord Burton." As Lord Burton is dead, they presumably mean dead people by this subtle allusion. And because Lord Burton is said to have bought several thousand acres in Scotland, we are told that we ought to do nothing to further strengthen the British fleet. The logic of the thing must be apparent to the meanest intelligence. But it is when a Mrs Emily Nicol appears on the scene that we get really plain, downright speaking without any suspicion of hedging. The mere man is willing to fight under certain conditions—if he has a Right to Work Bill passed for his benefit, or if the invader is actually at the gate—but Mrs Emily Nicol (of Ponsonby) considers England is rotten to the core, and that she has degraded the colonies. It is therefore treason to impose taxes on New Zealanders to keep a country that is so utterly bad and worthless.

"Keep Off the Grass."

For, of course, we ourselves get no benefit whatever from the British navy. It is not the dread of naval 12in. guns that keeps the invader away from our shores; it is the dread of being brought under our labour laws. We are told that our greatest enemy—the capitalist—has been scared away by such a very mild piece of legislation as the Mortgage Tax, therefore it stands to reason that lesser enemies, such as Japanese, Chinese, Germans, and all Jews, Turks, infidels, and heretics can be as effectually scared away by legislative enactments. We are quite secure, and have nothing to fear. No one has dared to touch us ever since the colony was founded, long before there were such things as Dreadnoughts in existence, and therefore they are not likely to tackle us now that we are grown up and have a Defence Department of our own and a real live Minister for Defence. But with England the case is different. She is, according to Mrs Nicol, compelled to resort to fanatical excitement, a thing that must be abhorrent to the soul of this good lady. The calm, statesmanlike tone of this and other letters she has written makes the utterances of men like Asquith and Sir Edward Grey seem like the ravings of hysteria by comparison. And as England is a nervous old lady, building needless ships in her morbid dread of invasion, it might have been a kindness if Arthur Rosser and Tommy Taylor, and Messrs Long and Henry had sent her a reassuring message to tell her there was really nothing to fear—but to give her one more battleship was only pampering her unhealthy appetite for armaments.

Not Quite Apparent.

In what way England has degraded the colonies is not at first sight quite apparent. She has taken the bulk of our produce, and has allowed us to tax any goods she sent to us to our heart's content. She has lent us money, and has given us the use of her navy practically free. Indeed, it may be said, without fear of contradiction, that England originally founded the colonies and gave our own Dominion, at any rate, of her best. But we have progressed whilst she has stood still, and our progress is hampered by the new chums, who come out, hindering our advance-

ment by introducing their antiquated ideas. If we compare the lofty tone of the debates in our Parliament with the puerile inanities of the House of Commons, it will be seen how far we have left the Mother Country behind. The average tourist appears a perfect fool when brought into contact with even the least intelligent specimen of the colonial born. In poetry, science, literature, art, we learn but little from others, and doubtless compared with ourselves England must appear as rotten to the core. Why should our workers be taxed to support those whom they cannot help but look down upon?

Light On History.

It is assumed by Mrs Nicol that Sir Joseph Ward played for "tinsel recognition" in making his offer. Presumably, by this phrase she means a title of some sort. This idea is an inspiration, and throws a flood of light on the real motives which induced the Duke of Wellington and Lord Nelson and Lord Roberts to perform deeds which we have been accustomed to look upon as actuated by motives of pure patriotism. It was the title they were thinking of. It is absurd to suppose that our Premier can have thought that we owed anything to England, or that in assisting England to maintain a strong fleet we were also assisting to defend ourselves. For we are impregnable, and all we have got to bother about is increasing the wages of our workers. If we are attacked the workers would defend us without the aid of any battleships. It is contended that if the ship had been built in the colony and the cost gone as wages into the pockets of our own people we might have condoned the gift. But we are great, let us also be magnanimous. We don't need any navy and England does. The poor English have to pay twenty shillings per head per annum for their fleet, and our contribution will only amount to about three and sixpence. Let us give it. We might be glad some day to have an English gumbat or two off our coasts. Even the workers might feel if a hostile fleet attacked us that a few battleships were rather useful after all. For the prestige of the English navy has something to do with our immunity from invasion. Not much, of course, compared with the prestige of our own forces. To the guns of the foreigner we can oppose the spears of the gumbidigger. As one of our own poets has put it:

'Avant! all England's foes nor venture
here.
The digger waits thee with a six-foot
spear.

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Sayings of the Week

Saturday for Certain.

H personally thought that if a universal half-holiday could be agreed upon it would be much better than having two or more half-holidays in a week, and if a universal day was chosen he thought it would certainly be Saturday.—*Mr J. Vigor Brown, M.P.*

Somewhat under a Cloud.

All recognised that at present trade and commerce was under somewhat of a cloud, but he believed in the soundness of the Dominion, and held that there was no better country under the sun. If they would to a certain extent curtail the extravagance of the past, the time would surely come when the clouds hovering over the country would pass away, when they would see better days, and when they would come out better men and women for the clouds through which they had passed.—*Mr T. G. Harkness, Wellington Chamber of Commerce.*

The Gospel of Hope.

Our gospel in the gospel of hope. Pessimism may rhyme with Methodism, but the phonetic resemblance is the only thing they have in common.—*Rev. C. E. Beecroft.*

The Milk in the Tea.

We were a tea-drinking community, and sterilisation produced a flavour which was certainly "acquired." Sterilised milk in a cup of tea would put the average individual "off it" altogether. The only inspection to ensure clean and pure milk was inspection when the cows were milked—not inspection when the product arrived in the city; but this could not be done, and that was the trouble.—*Mr T. M. Wilford, M.P.*

We don't Talk.

The Australians generally appear to me to be lacking in that decision of character and resoluteness which are such strong characteristics of New Zealanders. . . . Our bracing and invigorating climate, our history as a nation of fighters, and our continuous fight with nature in tilling the soil, have given New Zealanders a more strenuous character, and the result is that we don't talk very much about things, but when something has to be done we set about and do it.—*Mr G. W. Russell, M.P.*

Should They Do It.

An interesting problem faces the Arbitration Court should the employers apply for a reduction of wages. The unions have in choice language denounced the Court when it has sometimes refused to grant an increase in wages. What will they say should the Court have the temerity to grant even the smallest possible reduction? To judge from the present attitude of the trade unions of New Zealand it would appear that these unions had laid it down as a cardinal principle that while it would be right for the Court to grant increases on the wages it had already fixed, it would be a great moral, if not a legal wrong, for it to grant any reduction.—*Mr. H. Broadhead, Canterbury Employers' Association.*

The Land Speculators.

I am of opinion that the class chiefly suffering from the money stringency comprises those who have indulged in over-speculation in land, and who are now experiencing a difficulty in raising the necessary money to meet instalments as they fall due. Too much land, especially country land, was bought at boom prices on the assumption that the produce of New Zealand was going to command extreme rates indefinitely. In other words, no room was left for the drop experienced in the last year or two. Personally, I am hopeful that financial equilibrium will be restored by reducing imports, and by the practice of economy in public and in private expenditure. This is undoubtedly already taking place, and the benefit ought to be felt in the next 12 months.—*Mr. H. Beauchamp, Chairman Bank of N.Z.*

Cut This Out.

The settlers were the sinew and backbone of the country, and deserved the help of the Government, which help he would endeavour to have extended to them in future, as in the past. Whatever influence he possessed with the Cabinet would be exerted to have more money spent on roads. Money spent on labour circulated within the country and helped to fertilise the land and make it productive.—*Hon. A. W. Hogg, M.P.*

Let It Be Known.

There was one thing worth suggesting—that the New Zealand Government should advertise that the Public Trustee would be prepared to accept sums of money from the British investor and to guarantee him 4 per cent for that money. Such money could be reinvested here at from 1 per cent to 1 per cent more.—*Mr. J. M. Jones, Oamaru.*

Trees in City Life.

The great tree for street-planting in all parts of the world is the plane, which has the advantage over most other trees that its roots do not affect the pavement. The famous boulevards in Paris are planted with planes, which can also be seen to good effect in Wanganui. The plane trees give a welcome shade in summer and in winter they are leafless. They could be planted very well at intervals along the lower part of Lambton Quay, close to the footpath, and in several other streets of the city. The finest avenue of trees in New Zealand is ad-

Impossible to Avoid.

I am absolutely opposed to all forms of unnecessary work on Sunday for either Government or private employers, believing as I do that a certain period of the week should be solely devoted to rest and relaxation. At present I am aware that there is an agitation afoot to suppress the handling of mails on Sunday. The Dominion system of transportation, however, has become so great and so complex, that it must be generally admitted that it is impossible to avoid handling some mail matter on Sunday.—*Mr C. H. Poole, M.P.*

Merchants and Harbour Boards.

A subject which required to be thoroughly dealt with was the representation of the mercantile community on harbour boards. This was a subject over which chambers of commerce required to make themselves strongly felt, as if their representations were removed it would be a serious thing for importers and exporters alike.—*Mr W. G. Duthie, President Wellington Chamber of Commerce.*

What Avails It?

Like the terrible idols in past ages, the implacable iron and steel works at Pittsburgh (U.S.A.) must have their daily human sacrifice. Scarce an hour passes without an accident, and no day without a fatal disaster. But what avails it if one man is crippled, a life extinguished, among so many, when each place can be filled from ten men all eager for it?—*Count Fay de Tapa.*

Leaders Wanted.

In New Zealand men were needed to hold public positions—men who possessed "grit, go and gumption." Leaders were needed, too—men who would fill responsible posts with honour and credit to themselves and the community.—*Mr T. H. Marshall, Auckland.*

volunteers go into camp for eight days' training, and they go in by brigades, so that we generally get between 2000 and 3000 in one camp, and can get very good work out of them. Here we get very small camps and a very short time in which to get any proper training in at all. Considering the limited training down to the present generation, England, I consider the volunteers here are very efficient indeed.—*Colonel Tison, of the Defence Council.*

The Manoeuvres.

The value of the manoeuvres has been considerable, and although I have criticised the work very severely, it must not be inferred that I would depreciate the good work done, the keenness of officers and men, or the excellent spirit of enthusiasm of all concerned; but it is by impartial criticism alone that officers will be enabled to remedy the defects mentioned.—*Captain Richardson.*

Absolute Prohibition.

The time was coming when Good Templars would not be satisfied with what they were now aiming for. They stood for total abstinence for the people and prohibition for the State. "No license" was not enough. They would not be satisfied until "no-license" meant no-liquor. The time was drawing near when it would mean that. Meantime he hoped the Government would take steps to protect those places that had carried "no-license" from "depots," breweries and the "locker" system.—*Bro. D. C. Cameron, Grand Chief Templar.*

Fairly Prosperous.

Australia is fairly prosperous just now. We have had a very good harvest, and, although there have been better, that is in the way of wheat harvests, they have not been better when the small



Uncle Sam: Leave that bear tamer alone, you pesky crittur, or he'll have a ring in your nose soon.

Splendid Men.

There is one body of men the general public know very little about, and that is the R.N.Z.A. It is often said that the N.C.O.'s of the British army are its backbone. I can only say that the N.C.O.'s of the R.N.Z.A. are the backbone of our coastal defence. They are splendid men.—*Captain Richardson.*

Sorely Needed.

Dr. Sven Hedin tells us that he tried to drive a flock of sheep, and that he found he had no gift for driving sheep. If he had been in the profession of politics, he would have found that these gifts were sorely needed.—*Lord Morley.*

The Least They Ought to Get.

There is no doubt about it, that a week's training every year is the least volunteers ought to get. At Home the

rainfall is considered. The rain happened to fall just at the right time, with the result that excellent returns have been secured. Dairying is going ahead a great deal, particularly in Gippsland and the western districts of Victoria; lamb-raising, also, has been very successful.—*Mr. H. McKenzie, Victorian Minister for Lands.*

Going to Agitate.

A man who had been thrifty and striven all his life to get a home together and owned a cottage worth £300 was debarred from the benefit of a pension, while his next-door neighbour, who might have been careless and wasted his money, drew the pension. He did not think that was right. It was a serious defect, but he was going to agitate so persistently that the House would grant an alteration.—*Mr. T. H. Taylor, M.P.*

Headaches are Unnecessary--Why Endure Them?

No one endures a headache willingly, but merely through a dislike to take medicine, for fear it may be harmful. And it is wise to be careful about the medicine one takes, for health is very precious.

For nearly twenty years millions of people have been relying on

Stearns' Headache Cure

to give them relief from aching heads; it has never disappointed them; it is made to-day from the same pure, simple ingredients as at first; and it has more friends than ever before.

Therefore, you are exercising proper care when you take Stearns' Headache Cure, for you are using what millions of others have tried and proved best.

Don't endure the headache; be kind to yourself—take Stearns' Headache Cure. And see that you get STEARNS'—the genuine.

A Strong Australia.

A strong Australia was the best gift we could offer Great Britain. A strong Australia could police the Pacific, and keep the trade routes clear. Another, and the best form of defence, was to people locked-up lands with British immigrants. If a country had an army of unemployed in its midst it was worse than a fleet of Dreadnoughts at their shores. Of one thing he was certain, that if the call of duty came all Australians from one end of the country to the other would respond, knowing that the British Empire stood for freedom and justice throughout the world.—*Mr. M. B. Wise, K.O.*

The Club Smoking Room

By HAVANA.

The Bookmaker Nuisance.

LEGISLATORS," remarked the padre, "do not always consider the results likely to follow from some of the legislation they are so fond of rushing through when the House is half-a-leep. I give them every credit for good intentions, but other places besides our Houses of Parliament are paved with good intentions. It often happens that a body of very worthy and very excellent people consider that some admitted moral evil can be entirely swept away or at least greatly mitigated by the simple process of passing an Act of Parliament. I do not myself believe that any law can do the slightest good unless it has behind it the support of the immense majority of the people. If you legislate in advance of public opinion or contrary to public opinion you produce a state of affairs that is worse than the evil you set out to remedy. The utter failure of our Gaming Act, as regards the licenses given to bookmakers, seems to me to be a case in point."

A Fool and a Better.

"I suppose, padre, that what you know about horse-racing doesn't amount to much," suggested a sporting member. "You get your views from the newspapers and what you hear at religious tea-meetings. I can claim to know something of these matters from the inside, and all I can say is that the man who bets in the hope of making money is a fool. Everything is against him. Some races are honestly run and some are not; I am afraid a good many are not, and the man in the street has no means of knowing whether a horse is meant to win or whether he is being saved for something more worth while. But if you were to assume that every race was honestly run, and you may take my word for it that it would be a big assumption to make, you would still find that the bookmakers and the tote had a big advantage. On the tote ten per cent of the money goes as commission, whilst bookies so arrange their books that they must win in the long run. People are attracted by hearing of big dividends and large coups occasionally brought off, but the men who grow rich out of following racing are not the men who back their fancy."

A Nation of Gamblers.

"We are said to be a nation of gamblers," said another member, "and the remark is probably true. The gambling instinct in itself is not altogether bad whatever the parsons may say on the matter. It is the spirit that induces a person to risk much in the hope of gaining more. It was in reality the gambling spirit that founded our colonies. Men were willing to give up comfort and security in England and face discomfort and danger in other lands in the hope that they would draw a big dividend. The rush for the gold diggings was really a gamble. Some got enormously rich and others lost all they had. We gamble in land and stocks and shares and wheat, and business is pushed forward by the men who are willing to risk their money in speculation. But in these cases the returns are not so quick as they are in horse-racing and cards and roulette, and so men prefer a gamble in which they can win or lose on the spot. Still, if it were not for the spirit of speculation things would be pretty stagnant sometimes. There wouldn't be much business done if everybody put their money into consols and Government debentures.

Legitimate or Illegitimate.

"I don't want to discourse on the ethics of gambling," replied the padre, "although to my mind there is a great deal of difference between legitimate business speculation and risking your five franc pieces at Monte Carlo or putting your pound note on the totalisator. But to my mind, nothing can excuse the present haphazard manner of licensing bookmakers. Any man, as far as I understand, can get a license by paying a fee. The clubs naturally like to get as many fees as possible, and don't trouble much about the character of the applicant. Indeed, I don't quite see how they could well refuse a license without running the risk of an action for defamation of character. The secretary can't very well tell a man to his face that he looks like a spicler, and unless

that they have a visible lawful means of support, and they produce their licenses to bet, or, as they put it, 'their permits to lay the field,' if challenged by the police to show how they get a living."

The Iniquity of the Present System

"I fancy we have had experience of that lately," put in a visitor. "I think some of the scenes witnessed at the Easter races ought to open the eyes of the authorities to the iniquity of our present system. You have the welsher unable or unwilling to pay being nearly torn to pieces by a mob whose most savage instincts are aroused. All the worst features of human nature are exhibited on these occasions, and such spectacles are a disgrace to our civilisation. I have heard it said on reliable authority, though with what amount of truth I can't say, that some of these licensed bookmakers arrange matters beforehand with a confederate. When the bag is fairly full, all the money is handed over to the pal, who makes off with it as fast as he can. The bookmaker stays to face the crowd, being quite willing to take a little rough handling, and trusting to the police to protect him from serious

will do something to mend or end the Act, and so do away with what is little short of a national scandal and disgrace."

Bridge and Barber.

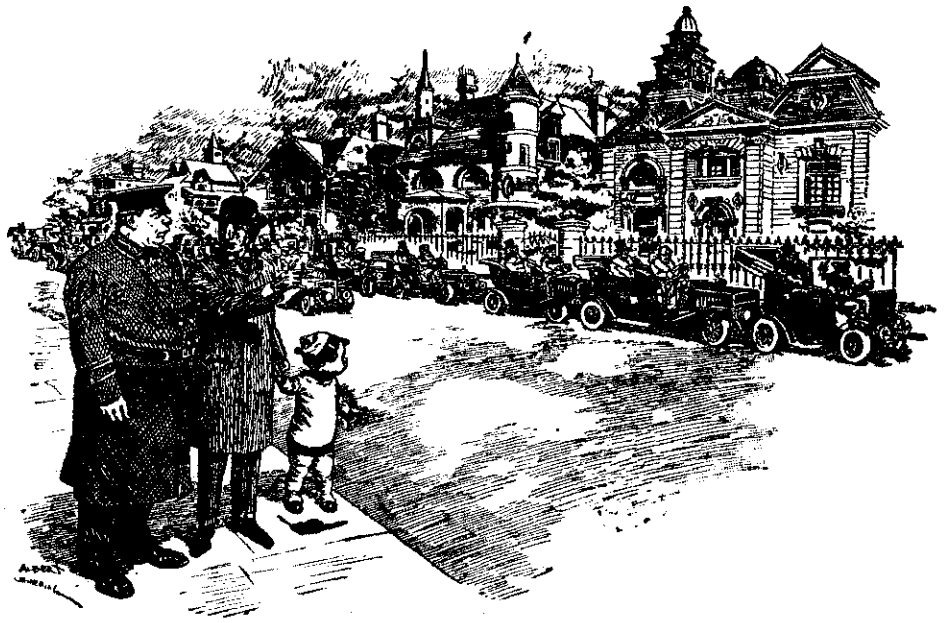
"I am sick of the name of bridge," said Sir Frederick Bridge in his opening address to the students of the Trinity College of Music, London.

He was imploring the students not to waste too much of their time on frivolous pastimes, and he applied the condemnation not to himself but to the game.

"I do not know whether to be proud or sorry that one particular game is associated with my name," he declared. "I think the game of bridge, unless played as I am playing it here, is an intolerable nuisance. It is also a calamity, owing to the time which many people waste on it.

"I am afraid, too, the country will suffer owing to the time wasted by so many thousands in watching athletics.

"I do not, however, want to make you into aesthetic, long-haired prigs. I beg



JUST LIKE FINDING MONEY.

Pedestrian.—What's this? An automobile parade?
Cop. Six: 'Tis a consultation. Old Doughboy, the millionaire, has appendicitis.

an applicant is a notorious rogue, it seems to me that the club is bound to issue the license. The worst of it is that once a man is a licensed bookmaker, the general public regards him as being necessarily an honest man, bearing the Government hall-mark of credit and respectability. The police are powerless to interfere, and you get what one paper recently described as licensed mugdom."

A Mob of Unscrupulous Ruffians.

"I know one thing," said a racing man, "and that is that the Gaming Act has not in any way purified the turf, whatever the intention of its framers may have been. There has been, for one thing, an enormous increase in the volume of wagering on horse races, and I hardly fancy that our legislators desired this as the result of their efforts to legislate for licensing bookmakers. But that has not been by any means the worst evil. At present our racecourses are infested by a mob of unscrupulous ruffians, who are not under any kind of restraint. Under the guise of being bookmakers they are able to demand from the clubs the issue of licenses to bet. In the old days some of these gentlemen would have been arrested by the police for vagrancy, but they are now quite immune from attentions of this sort. They contend

injury. The two meet afterwards at some place previously agreed upon, and divide the spoil. The whole thing is rapidly assuming the proportions of a serious scandal."

In Wellington.

"In Wellington," replied the previous speaker, "it is estimated that there are no fewer than thirty men who, though in real truth incorrigible vagrants and worse, are allowed to live a lawless life without restraint. Robberies from the person were never so numerous on the racecourses as now. After every meeting case after case is reported to the police. The Gaming Act, by compelling racing clubs to issue licenses to so-called bookmakers, is in reality a measure for licensing thugs. There is no doubt that things are worse than ever since the Act was passed. The facilities for wagering have been enormously increased, and all sorts of vagrant parasites and nomads have had their status raised, and as duly licensed and authorised bookmakers they can go their own way unmolested, absolutely immune from prosecution. Any pot-house loafer, or spicler, or pick-pocket, can get a license, and the whole thing has become a menace to law-abiding citizens. Let us hope the Government

you, young men, not to let your hair grow abnormally long. Boys usually come up looking like ordinary human beings, but if they make the slightest progress in a few months their hair is never brushed and seldom cut. Your brains will not be any the better for a big and ugly head of hair.

"Again, I pray you not to burst into some enormous kind of imitation German dress. I do not like to see a sort of true-lover's knot flopping about below the chin. These excesses do not make your music any better. You will only be laughed at by musical people, and people who are not musical will only look upon you as common fiddlers.

"If you are not gifted with handsome features, do not make yourself more hideous by that kind of dress."

Absolutely Glaring.

The consolidation of statutes has done this—it has provided plenty of work for the lawyers. Formerly some of us knew, or thought we knew, something about the law. Now we're quite sure we don't know anything of it at all. This consolidation is purely for the good of the legal profession; it is not for the benefit nor convenience of the judges, because it has increased the labours of the judges to an enormous and outrageous extent. It is glaring, absolutely glaring!—Mr. Justice Edwards.

The News of the Week

IN THE DOMINION.

Suicide at Napier.

A SENSATION was caused in Napier last week by the news that Claude Cato, a well-known accountant and auditor, had shot himself in a passage leading to his office in Browning-street. Cato fired a revolver shot through his head, and died when being taken to the hospital.

Deceased, who was 46 years of age, leaves a widow and one child.

Property Owners and Builders.

A judgment of considerable importance to contractors, timber merchants, and others, was given in the Supreme Court at Gisborne last week in the case of Peacocke and Co. v. Williams. The plaintiffs, who are timber merchants, carrying on business in Gisborne, supplied timber to the contractor who was building the defendant's house, and who gave them an order for £130, addressed to the defendant. The order was in much the usual form and was accepted and signed by the defendant. The contractor became insolvent and the plaintiffs then sued the defendant in the Magistrate's Court for the amount of the order, but were non-suited. They appealed, and Mr. Burnand, who argued their case in the Supreme Court, endeavoured to show that the order was a bill of exchange, and that the defendant was therefore liable, whether he had any funds of the contractors in hand or not. This argument has now been upheld in the judgment of Mr. Justice Edwards.

Costly Railways.

Sir Joseph Ward, in a communication to the Dunedin "Star," says: "The decision to stop the Roxburgh-Lawrence line pending Parliament reviewing the position is unalterable. The Otago Central last year resulted in an abnormally low result, viz., six shillings per cent—a deficiency on a three per cent basis of £34,558, and it is estimated that the Roxburgh line will prove nearly as disastrous. The suggestion that Southland influences have been responsible for the Government's action is baseless and without warrant, while the wretched suggestion that it had been done to injure the district because it returns a staunch Oppositionist is almost too contemptible to be considered as a matter of vital importance."

A Strange Fatality.

William Reid, aged 18, met his death at Thames in a strange manner last week. With friends he was out on the Hauraki Gulf on a fishing excursion. On the return voyage he went to bed in the cabin, apparently in the best of health. When the launch arrived at the Thames, Reid was found dead. Medical assistance was secured, but life was extinct, the doctor expressing the opinion that death was caused by the inhalation of benzine fumes.

Another passenger said he felt ill, it is believed from the same cause. Reid met with a slight bicycle accident on the same day, but it is not believed that this had anything to do with his death.

Ngauruhoo Still Active.

The splendours and terrors of Ngauruhoo in eruption have attracted numerous parties to its assault during the past ten days, and most of them, whether successful or not in attaining the summit, have come away thoroughly impressed with the grandeur of the burning mountain, and with the thorough worth while of having essayed to scale it. Another Auckland party, which returned last week, reached the lip of the crater, but found it well nigh impossible to see anything save a whirl of dust and smoke and steam, which rushed upward with a whistling, roaring noise. On the mountain they found a heavy deposit of dust, but no signs of stone or boulders having been thrown out, and no lava. All the country around was coated with a grey dust, while the streams were also greatly discoloured with it. So far as the mountain's in-

terior was concerned, the convulsions and roaring that marked the week before were practically absent. After Ngauruhoo the party ascended Ruapehu, the grand view from which was considered by one of the members as being superior to the celebrated view to be had on the route from Lake Te Anau to Milford Sound.

The Governor.

The Tutunekai left Auckland last week for Kaitiaki, her first place of call on the Northern cruise, the party on board including Lord and Lady Plunket and their three youngest children, Captain the Hon. N. Gathorne-Hardy and Captain J. W. Shannon, A.D.C., Mr H. C. Waterfield (private secretary) and Mrs Waterfield, Miss Hill, Dr. and Mrs Wilson, of Palmerston North, Miss M. Johnson, of Takapau (Hawke's Bay), Miss Anson, and Mr Logan, of Napier.

New Plymouth will be reached on May 5, and his Excellency will then attend the annual communication of the New Zealand Grand Masonic Lodge.

On the 19th prox. he will open the new building for the Jubilee Institute for the Blind, and attend the Selwyn Centenary celebration at the Choral Hall in the evening. Next day Lord Plunket will present the prizes and certificates of the Auckland centre of the St. John Ambulance Association, and will stay over in Auckland for Empire Day (May 24). It is probable that the Governor will visit the Cook Islands in H.M.S. Challenger in the early part of June, returning to Wellington in time for the opening of Parliament.

Whaling.

It appears that the first industry ever pursued by white man in New Zealand is to be launched into on a greater scale than ever has been done yet. Whaling has been carried on at Whangamunui, near Cape Brett, for many years, but an attempt is to be made now to extend operations to the southern bounds of the Dominion, where the more valuable "right" whale has haunts. The whale found in off northern New Zealand is a hump-backed kind. From 50 to 60 miles off the south of New Zealand is said to be a good whaling place, and a convenient depot could be established at the Campbell Islands. A "right" whale yields about seven of whalebone (£900 worth) and about £75 worth of oil.

Roman Catholicism in Wellington.

Interesting figures as to the growth of the Wellington arch-diocese since Archbishop Redwood took charge in 1874 were given by his Grace at a dinner tendered him by the Roman Catholic clergy in celebration of his having attained the seventieth year of his age. In 1874 the Wellington arch-diocese was, he said, bracketed with the diocese of Christchurch. There were then in the combined diocese only 20,000 Catholics; now there are 50,000 in the arch-diocese alone. There were only 27 priests in the combined diocese; now there are 78 in the arch-diocese. Then there was no place in which ecclesiastical students could be trained; now there is a college at Wellington and one at Auckland, and colleges for the training of priests at Meane and Mosgiel. Then there were very few nuns; now in the arch-diocese alone there are 345 nuns.

Napier Trawling Dispute.

The hopes that the trawling dispute would be settled have not been fulfilled, the Hawke's Bay Fishermen's Union last week, deciding to adhere to their demand for regular wages as against the share system. There is a difference of opinion whether employees working on shares would enjoy the benefits of the Workers' Compensation Act. The men state that they have a legal opinion that if working under the share system they would not be so protected, while the employers hold a contrary view.

Complaint Against Trawling.

The steam trawler Nora Niven has been operating in Tasman Bay for some time with successful results. Local fishermen, however, complain that their busi-

ness is being injured through damage to recognised fishing beds, and representations are to be made to the Government to fix limits in which each branch of the industry may operate.

Dissatisfied Volunteers.

In connection with complaints concerning alleged defective arrangements for the transport of troops to the Canterbury Easter manoeuvres, the General Manager of Railways says: "There is always trouble with regard to volunteers. They consider in many cases that they should receive much greater consideration than is extended to the ordinary public, and yet they are supposed to be acting under war conditions. We do the best we can for them, but our experience has not been satisfactory. There is considerable lack of discipline, and, as a general rule, we don't get much assistance from the officers. At the Ormug encampment things went off very successfully, the officers worked admirably, and gave every assistance. We only have a certain amount of rolling stock, and I take it that women and children have the first claim on the ordered carriages. Most of the volunteers are young men, and most of them would put up with far greater inconvenience to attend an athletic contest or play in a football match."

Our Dreadnought Gift.

A meeting was held in the King Edward Barracks last Wednesday in Christchurch, under the auspices of the local branch of the Navy League, to consider a motion endorsing the action of Cabinet in respect to the Dreadnought gift, and expressing approval of the offer.

There were quite 4000 people present, and from the start the meeting was most disorderly, and broke up in confusion. None of the speakers was given a hearing, and even Bishops Julius and Grimes, on rising to speak, were received with groans and cheers, which were continued, and so prevented them from being heard.

Nobody in the crowd had the least idea what was going on owing to the awful uproar made by a noisy section standing just in front of the platform, and the call for a show of hands in favour of the motion had to be done by means of a notification on a blackboard. The motion was declared carried amid a scene of indescribable confusion, and then followed a perfect pandemonium.

Mr. T. E. Taylor, M.P., endeavoured to speak, but could not be heard owing to the din, and his violent gestures were not understood.

A great fight took place over the possession of the blackboard. It was first of all snatched away from the platform, and an attempt made to carry it to where Mr. Taylor was standing, presumably with the object of putting a hostile amendment in the same way as before, but the other section of the crowd got to work, and the blackboard was tossed about like a raft on the sea.

Even when it was announced that the proceedings were closed hundreds remained cheering and hooting, and it was not until the lights were extinguished that the barracks could be cleared.

A noisy open-air meeting was held in Cathedral Square afterwards.

Concentrating the Prisons.

Fourteen prisoners were transferred from the Hokitika Gaol, now to be closed, to the Lyttelton Gaol, on Friday afternoon. The men, under an escort of police, were taken in a special carriage from Hokitika to Otira, a special coach from Otira to Broken River, and a special train to Lyttelton.

Urewera District Opened for Mining.

Notice is gazetted extending the boundaries of the Hawaki mining district to the Urewera County, covering about 650,000 acres, known as the Urewera District Native Reserve, which is now open for mining purposes. Miners' rights will be issued on payment of a fee of 10s annually, and no person will be allowed to prospect for minerals without a license.

No native or imported game is to be shot or snared within the reserve, and timber can be only cut for domestic and mining purposes. The land set apart for cultivation, residence sites, or burial grounds must not be interfered with. Any person discovering gold is to report to the warden full particulars of the discovery. A royalty of 6d for every

ounce of gold won within the reserve is to be paid to the Native owners.

Miners' rights will be issued at post offices at Wairoa, Opatiki, Gisborne, and Rotoma. Constable Wilcox, clerk of the court at Whakatane, has been appointed receiver of gold revenue and mining registrar for the district.

Disconcerting.

The travelling evangelist who writes his messages on finger-posts has managed to make a strong impression on a Minister of the Crown. During his recent motor tour to Mount Cook, the Hon. T. McKenzie and his party lost their way in the wilds. It was pitch dark, and the only thing they were positive about was that there was a sheer drop of some 1100 feet in the vicinity. The Minister, seeing a finger-post looming on the roadside, got down and began to strike matches and peer far the inscription. The match flared and threw a feeble glow on what looked like a gibbet. Then, in the midst of all that dark loneliness, with the precipice yawning somewhere near, he read, "Heaven or Hell; which is it to be?"

COMMONWEALTH.

The Federal of digge pensions came into operation on the 14th.

The price of the four pound loaf has been raised to 7d in Melbourne.

The takings at the Sydney Show were £10,526, against £8398 last year. The total attendances during the week were 246,000.

Tom Mann's Trial.

The Labour Congress, representing 100,000 workers, passed a resolution to-day protesting against the change of venue of Mr. Tom Mann's trial from Broken Hill to Albany, and a deputation was appointed to wait on the Premier on the subject.

Mr. Peter Bowling, the delegate of the Newcastle miners, who moved the resolution, indicated that if the Premier did not do what they considered right, something else would be done. He believed the only power the workers had to-day was that of paralysing industry. He had not advertised that, but if the other means failed they must try the last resort.

The Writing on the Wall.

At the annual meeting of the New South Wales Licensed Victuallers' Association, the president said that unless strenuous efforts by all interested were immediately put into operation at the next local option vote, a still greater number of hotels than under the last vote might be closed. Possibly no license would be carried in some electorates.

He admitted that there were too many hotels in Sydney, and that some should be closed in the public interest.

Not as a Favour.

A strong official denial is given to the statement that at the Melbourne St. Patrick's Day celebrations Earl Dudley used the words, "I beg of you for my sake to give three cheers for the King." Such a form of invitation to any subject of the King is declared by the denial to be as improper as unnecessary.

At the dinner of the Grand Council of the Orange Institution, Melbourne, the chairman took the Governor-General to task for attending the St. Patrick's Day celebration.

He said Earl Dudley as representative of the King, had no right to be present, and hoped he would beware of the siren tongue which had too ready access to the vic-royal ear.

Broken Hill Strike.

£28,000 has been received for the Broken Hill lock-out fund, and over £20,000 has been expended.

Mr. Fisher's Naval Policy.

Mr. Fisher, Federal Prime Minister, replying to comments on the naval policy, said that if the people of the Commonwealth wanted the Government to present a Dreadnought they would have to provide another Government to do it. His idea was that it would be far better for all concerned if they spent their money in strengthening their own de-

fences. He did not wish to say anything about those people who desired to give a broadmought, but he declined to commit the Government to such a foolish act, as those who advocated the giving of a broadmought would have to go to the Mother Country and ask her to provide the money to do it. Could anything be more ridiculous? They simply declared to the world that they had neither the money to build battleships themselves nor had they dockyards or material for building them. They also had to admit they had neither men to man them nor trained men to officer them.

The Seamen's Union proposes to confer with Mr Fisher on the question of manning the Commonwealth Navy.

The State Treasurer proposes to suggest that Mr Fisher invite Lord Charles Beresford to visit Australia and advise the Government of naval requirements.

Referring to the "Times" statement about placing the Australian naval forces at the disposal of the Admiralty, the Minister for Defence states that cables were sent to the Admiralty a few days ago setting out the basis of agreement for the control of the local navy. Publication of a portion of the proposals made indicates that the Admiralty has decided to accept them in that particular regard, but until the whole agreement was made public by the Admiralty he could not disclose the terms.

Dogs for the Solomons.

A shipment of 50 dogs has been sent from Sydney to the Solomon Islands,

the Bishop of Madras from 1861 till 1863. He held several other positions, and from 1869 till 1890 was principal at St. Aidan's College, Birkenhead. In 1890 he was appointed Bishop of Sydney, and seven years later he received the title of archbishop. The late prelate was the author of several theological works. He was married in 1870 to Florence, daughter of the Rev. L. Deedes, Rector of Bramwell, and she died in 1890. The Archbishop leaves a son (Rev. Saumarez Smith) and three daughters.

No General Strike.

The Labour Congress resolved against a proposal for a general strike a protest against the charge of venue of Mr Tom Mann's trial. Mr Bowling, who had moved the motion, accused certain of the members of cowardice, declaring that they were totally deficient in the spirit of fight possessed by the Newcastle miners.

The Long Arm.

An elderly man named McLaughlin has been arrested at Brisbane and charged with the murder of two men, Stevenson and Mustafa, at Johannesburg, in January, 1895. He was remanded pending the arrival of a Transvaal police officer.

The accused states that he and some mates lost their billets through the two men named, but declares that he had nothing to do with their murder, though he was blamed for it.

be protected by armour 9in thick and 4in respectively, and in the turrets the armour will be of 10in. The ships will be propelled by turbines. The hulls of the vessels will be submitted to the British Admiralty tests. The maximum cost for the three ships will be 135,000,000. The time given for the construction of the ships is four years for the first; five and a-half years for the second, and seven for the third. The arsenal works are not to occupy over three years in completion. At Cartagena, six years for the complete equipment of the arsenal and the construction of the destroyers, which will be of 350 tons displacement, a speed of 28 knots, with turbine motors, and will carry five six-pounder guns, with two torpedo tubes. The maximum price for these will be 6000l. per ton. The 24 torpedo boats will be built in periods of 18 months for the first and seven years for the last. They will be of 180 tons, with a speed of 25 knots, and will mount three 3-pounder guns and have three torpedo tubes. The four gunboats will be of 800 tons, with four 14-pounder quick-firers, and a speed of 13 knots, with a radius of action of 2500 miles. The maximum price will be 1875l. per ton, and they are to be ready in from 18 and 40 months.

Another Antarctic Expedition.

Dr. William S. Bruce, director of the Scottish Oceanographical Laboratory, who is to lead an expedition to the South Polar regions in 1911, will land on the Atlantic side of the Antarctic

The conference begged Messrs Keir Hardie, MacDonald, Snowden and Glasier to reconsider their decision, but without avail.

Mr Glasier is resigning the editorship of the "Labour Leader."

The United Kingdom Postal Clerks' Conference, sitting at Nottingham, by a large majority, declined to affiliate with the Labour party on the ground that the latter is itself divided and is mainly socialistic.

Death of Sir Donald Currie.

The death occurred last of Sir Donald Currie, the shipowner.

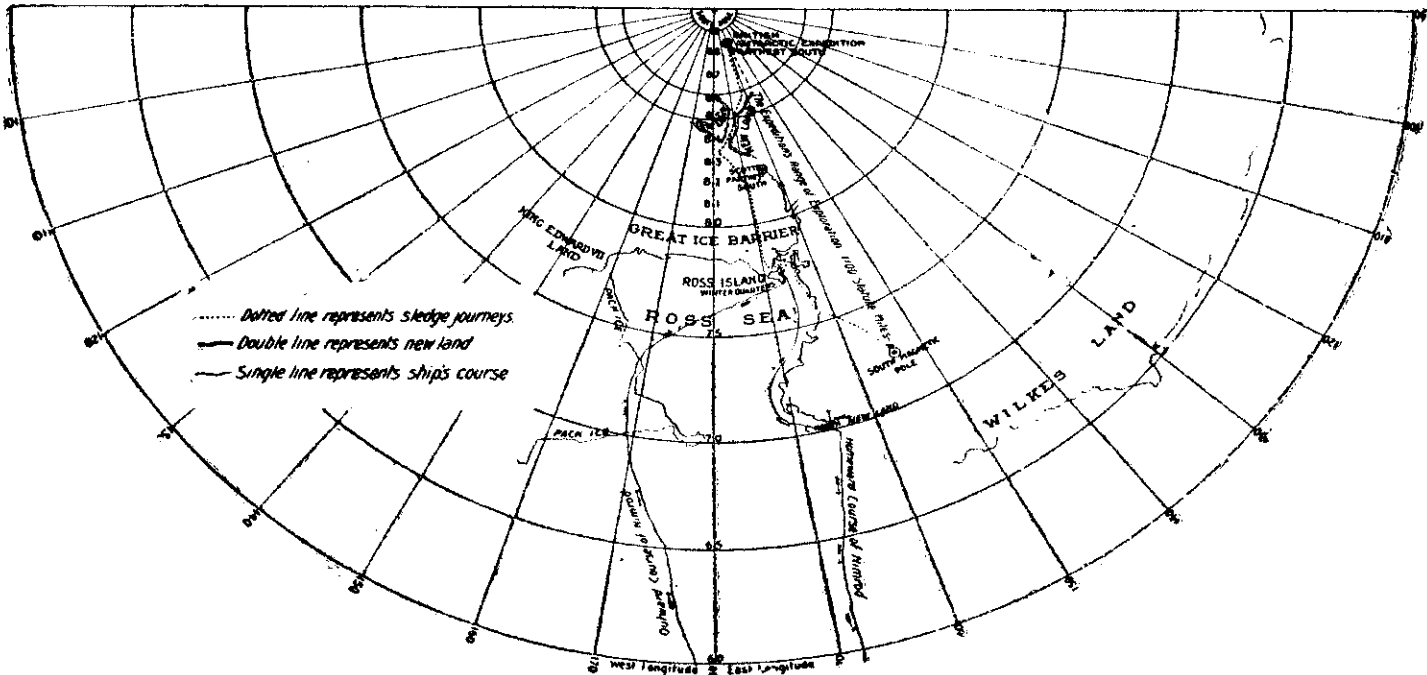
Sir Donald Currie, head of the firm of Donald Currie and Sons, shipowners, was born in 1825, and was created a baronet in 1881. He was M.P. for Perthshire from 1880 to 1885, and for West Perthshire from 1885 to 1890. He was married in 1851 and had two daughters.

A Falling Ox.

Mr. John Redmond, Leader of the Nationalist party, in a circular inviting contributions, shows that the present subscriptions to the Irish Parliamentary funds amount to £1290, compared with £1826 a year ago.

Aviation.

The British War Office has appointed a committee to consider the Aerial



FURTHEST SOUTH WITH LIEUTENANT SHACKLETON.

Map illustrating the work of the British Antarctic Expedition. Drawn by our artist from the data in the published reports.

where the settlers are troubled by a plague of rats and mice. Other consignments follow.

Humane Society's Medal for a Woman.

The Royal Humane Society has awarded Mrs. Kennedy, wife of a Victorian line repairer, a gold medal for conspicuous bravery in snatching a child from almost under the wheels of an engine.

This is the first time the Society has awarded its gold medal to a woman.

Death of the Primate.

The death of the Archbishop of Sydney and Primate of Australia, Right Rev. Dr. W. Saumarez Smith, took place to-day.

Dr. Smith has been in ill-health for some time. He was born in the Channel Islands in 1836, and was educated at Marlborough and Trinity College, Cambridge, and was ordained as deacon in 1859, and as priest in the following year. He was curate of St. Paul's, Cambridge, from 1859 to 1861, and was chaplain to

THE OLD COUNTRY.

Big Contract in Spain.

The Spanish contract in which Vickers, Son and Maxim and other British firms are interested comprises three 15,000-ton battleships, three destroyers, 24 torpedo-boats, and four gunboats, the total cost being seven millions sterling.

In February Spanish engineering and banking firms formed a company, with a capital of eight millions, of which 50 per cent. was reserved for Spanish investors, to build warships at Ferrol and Cartagena. The Government contracts, which include the rebuilding of the lost navy, will go to Vickers, Son and Maxim, John Brown, Armstrong's and Thornycroft's. The ironclads will be of 15,000 tons displacement, with a speed of 19 knots. Above the floating line there will be the three layers of armour forming the belt. Under the floating line there will be two layers. The vessels will have a radius of action of 5000 nautical miles. Each ship will mount eight 12in guns, and 20 4in. The two types of guns will

continent, and meet his vessel on the Pacific side after three seasons' exploring work.

Dr. Bruce will seek to prove that the Antarctic was formerly part of a great continent embracing Australia and New Zealand also.

Rift in the Labour Lute.

A sensation was caused at the conference of the Independent Labour party at Edinburgh on the 14th by the resignations of Messrs. Kier Hardie, Philip Snowden, and J. Ramsay MacDonald, M.P.s, and J. Glasier (Editor of the "Labour Leader") from membership of the Administrative Council, owing to the conference adopting a vote of semi-sympathy with Mr Victor Grayson, Socialist member for Colne Valley, suggesting that the Council should endeavour to come to terms with Mr Grayson, Mr Robert Blatchford (editor of the "Clarion") and other irreconcilables, who object to the Council's desire to work with the Liberal party.

The members who resigned considered this a vote of censure, and a hot-tempered debate ensued.

League's proposal to co-operate in the training of special companies of territorials for the defence of the seaports against the attacks of airships.

The Navy.

According to the "Daily Chronicle," Admiral Lord Charles Beresford (who has just retired from the command of the Channel Fleet) has sent Mr Asquith a State paper embodying his views on defects in the navy, and the conditions necessary to secure maritime supremacy.

Fame in Ireland.

The constituents of Mr J. P. Farrell (Nationalist member for North Longford) have presented him with a purse of 600 sovereigns, "in honour of his imprisonment for incitement in connection with the cattle-driving raids."

Mr. Farrell, editor of the "Longford Leader," was found guilty of publishing boycotting and intimidating notices emanating from the United Irish League. He refused to find sureties for good behaviour, and was sentenced to

six months' imprisonment without hard labour. He previously served two months for an inflammatory speech delivered in 1889.

Expensive.

The Independent Labour Conference, which is sitting in Edinburgh, has resolved to make a levy of a shilling per member towards the election fund.

Mr. Philip Snowden, M.P., stated that each candidate put forward cost about £400, and £11,000 was needed to contest the constituencies already arranged. At present the party was without funds.

Lean Year for Shipping.

The Cunard Steamship Company, Ltd., has not declared a dividend this year. The company's gross profit was £186,000, and this, with £150,000 from the reserve fund, will be used to cover depreciation and debenture interest.

Naval Spectacle.

The first, second, and third divisions of the Home Fleet and the Atlantic Fleet, consisting in all of 68 battleships and cruisers, will assemble at Spithead on June 10 in honour of the visit of the colonial journalists to the Imperial Press Conference.

Their Majesties.

King Edward, who has been at Biarritz for several weeks, left there on Thursday for Paris, where he meets Queen Alexandra. Their Majesties will then proceed to Genoa, where they will embark on the royal yacht for a cruise in the Mediterranean.

Ortona in Collision.

When 20 miles south of Eddystone Lighthouse, the R.M.S. Ortona collided with the small steamer Tryst, which struck the Ortona amidships on the port side.

The Ortona's screw was twisted, but no material damage was done to her, and she was able to proceed to Plymouth. The Tryst, however, foundered shortly after the collision, but the crew were rescued.

The captain of the Ortona states that when the vessels collided there was no one on the bridge of the Tryst.

Battleship Burgled.

Four men, including a petty officer, in whose possession a burglar's outfit was discovered, have been arrested on a charge of theft of gold and notes from the strongroom of H.M.S. Indomitable, off Sheerness, on February 25.

On February 25 a sum of about £2700 was stolen from the public money chest of the Indomitable, £500 of the amount being in 15 Bank of England notes and the balance in gold. Information of the theft was sent to the naval authorities at Sheerness by wireless telegraphy. An investigation was held on board the cruiser, and the conclusion was come to that the theft had been committed by some members of the crew of the vessel.

Drifted Away.

An aeronaut named Bellamy made an ascent from the Crystal Palace in the "Daily Chronicle's" balloon on Tuesday week.

Shortly after the ascent the balloon was seen drifting above the North Sea, towards the coast of Holland, but it has not since been sighted, and it is feared that the aeronaut has perished.

Lord Rosebery's Son Married.

The marriage of Lord Dalmeny (eldest son of Lord Rosebery) and Dorothy (youngest daughter of Lord Henry Grosvenor, uncle of the Duke of Westminster) took place on Friday, the ceremony being a brilliant one.

Lord Dalmeny, M.P. for Midlothian, recently resigned the captaincy of the Surrey eleven owing to the fact that county cricket interfered with his duties in the House of Commons. He is 26 years of age, while his bride is 19.

Swinburne's Funeral.

The body of Algernon Charles Swinburne was interred at Bow Church on Thursday.

Swinburne had made a request that

the burial service be not read over his body. Despite that wish, the rector of Bow Church read passages of the service. Some of the mourners were greatly indignant.

Interrupted Honeymoon.

Duncan McIntyre Johnson, who was arrested on arrival of the Suezic at Plymouth on February 21, while on his honeymoon trip, on a charge of frauds in Melbourne, has been sent back to Melbourne for trial.

Johnson, who is 41, is a wool traveller, of Melbourne, and is charged on a provisional warrant, issued under the Fugitive Offenders' Act, with forgery in Australia. Detective-Sergeant Savage, of Scotland Yard, gave it in evidence that when he read the warrant Johnson replied: "I have got the money to pay them back, but I suppose it has gone too far now." He had in his possession £300 and some odd shillings in cash and a cheque for £2 10s. On the way to London he remarked: "I don't know what made me do it. I have over £400 a year of my own. I lost a lot of money in a lawsuit, and on the spur of the moment I forged another man's name for £100. I owe the same firm £160. I hope they will let me pay it all back. I was going to do so before I left Australia, but I wanted the money for my honeymoon."

Mr Devlin Innocent.

The charge brought by Mr E. Crean (Nationalist member for South-east Cork) against Mr Joseph Devlin (Nationalist member for Belfast West) of disorderly conduct at the Nationalist Convention held in February has been dismissed, Mr Devlin being awarded costs amounting to £150.

Horses for the Army.

The War Office is experimentally "boarding out" its horses.

The Duke of Norfolk is providing a reserve of trained horses for cavalry in the event of mobilisation.

Training of a Prince.

Prince Edward of Wales has finished his course at Osborne College. He now joins the Senior Naval College at Dartmouth.

Winston Churchill on the Navy.

Mr Winston Churchill (President of the Board of Trade) makes reference to the naval situation in a letter addressed to his constituents.

Whether in ships, men or guns, he says, Britain's superiority over Germany was overwhelming. Any colonial Dreadnoughts that might be presented to the Motherland would be additional to the British programme.

The Admiralty was prepared to prove that Britain in 1912 would be effectively superior to the two next European Powers. The two-Power standard was now devoid of meaning. It was absurd to build against the United States.

The naval panic had been due to sheer cowardice, based on stupid and vicious errors. There was no antagonism on the part of Britain towards Germany, but only commercial rivalry. Therefore it was the duty of men of light and leading to deny and discountenance the spirit of distrust.

London newspapers severely comment on Mr Churchill's placing among the "stupid and vicious errors" the attempt to measure the strength of the Navy only in Dreadnoughts. They declare this is an attack on Mr Asquith and Mr McKenna (First Lord of the Admiralty).

EUROPE.

Mild Revolt in Constantinople.

A revolt, which has assumed serious proportions, has occurred in Constantinople.

The revolt arose among the garrison, which has been in a state of unrest ever since the granting of the Constitution.

Two battalions of troops surrounded the Parliamentary Buildings and demanded the dismissal of the Grand Vizier, Kiamil Pasha, the President of the Chamber, and the Minister for War.

The insurgent troops, who were quartered at the Ministry for War, marched

at dawn to the mosque of St. Sophia. Thence they proceeded to the Parliamentary Buildings.

Serious disturbances have occurred, and a panic prevails in the city. All the shops are closed, looting being feared.

The immediate cause of the trouble has not been disclosed. Twelve hundred artillerymen at Hadankani mutinied and seized their officers.

They then entrained for Constantinople to assure themselves that the Constitution was maintained and to see if the Sultan were still alive.

On their arrival in Constantinople they marched to the War Office, where they were supplied with food and refreshments.

Thence they marched to Parliament Square, where the acting President of the Council made a reassuring speech.

The troops then cheered the Sultan, after which they re-entrained and returned to Hadankani.

Dispatches from Salonica to the "Nene Freie Presse," Vienna, state that the Young Turks ordered the Third Army Corps to march on Constantinople, and the officers replied that it was impossible to obey.

Reports from Vienna credit the Sultan with being the prime mover in the trouble.

Several military officers connected with the Committee of Union and Progress were murdered early in the week.

The immediate cause of the revolution was an order given to the troops to fire on their co-religionists in all circumstances whenever called upon to do so.

Officers are attempting to abolish the inclusion of the Sultan's name in the daily prayer.

The soldiery on the 13th murdered a deputy, Emir Arslan, whom they had mistaken for Hussein Djahid, editor of the "Young Turkish" newspaper, who closely resembled him.

The Grand Vizier and the Cabinet and the President of the Chamber of Deputies have resigned, and the Sultan has accepted their resignations.

Nazim Pasha, Minister for Justice, was killed in mistake for Ali Mirza Pasha, Minister for War.

Jaffer Pasha, Commandant of the Forces at Constantinople, has succeeded Mahmud Mukhtar, Commander of the First Army Corps.

The attitude of the troops in Constantinople towards civilians and foreigners is irreproachable.

The Diamond Maker.

Lemoine, who claimed to have a formula for making artificial diamonds, has been arrested in the Rue de Wagram, Paris.

He has been living in a hotel in Paris since Friday, disguised and under an assumed name.

After his flight from justice he went to Sofia, then to Buda Pesth and Vienna, while he had been living in London since November.

Lemoine, while on bail during his trial on a charge of obtaining £64,000 from Sir Julius Wernher, de Beers, escaped after having failed in his promise to the presiding magistrate to produce a stone in a month. He was traced to Sophia, but there disappeared, and was not heard of again until his arrest. During his absence his wife divorced him, on the ground of cruelty, alleging that before his flight he forced her, under threats of murder, to give him all her money and jewels. Lemoine, a tall man with thick black beard and whiskers and resolute eyes, declared, in a conversation before his flight, that he was the victim of a foul scheme to destroy his secret. Since his youth he has studied the question of making diamonds. "I had a series of interviews in London with Sir Julius Wernher," he said, "and in the first two months of 1905 a series of experiments took place in my laboratory in the Rue Lecourbe in the presence of Sir Julius Wernher, Mr. Beit, Mr. Breitmayr, and Mr. Feilchenheimer. The experiments were so conclusive that Sir Julius and I signed two contracts. The first concerned the making of the 'heart' or industrial diamond, the second that of the white diamond. By these contracts Sir Julius placed at my disposal the money necessary for the erection of a factory for the manufacture on a large scale of artificial diamonds, or the expenses incidental to that manufacture, and for my personal equipment. The amount totalled £80,000. Finally, Sir Julius agreed not to attempt to learn my formula. That formula was placed in his presence in an

envelope and deposited in the bank. It was not to be opened until my death.

In October, 1905, Lemoine chose a site at Argenteuil for the erection of a factory Sir Julius, Lemoine says, visited the site and said that if the factory cost £4,000, 000 de Beers would pay. Lemoine gave another demonstration in the presence of Mr. Oats, the South African expert, who seemed fully satisfied. But in December, 1906, Sir Julius ceased to reply to Lemoine's letters. Sir Julius Wernher gives a somewhat different version. He was fully convinced, he admitted, by Lemoine's first experiments, and entered into contracts with him for the exploitation of his secret. "Before I brought the matter to the notice of De Beers," continued Sir Julius, "I wanted one more demonstration in the presence of an expert of the greatest competency. And for that reason I summoned Mr. Oats. Then an extraordinary thing happened. Up till that very time every experiment in the presence of myself and my friends had succeeded. In the presence of Mr. Oats the furnace glowed in vain. No diamond was found in the crucible. Lemoine explained that part of the electric appliance was out of order, but asked me to tell Mr. Oats what I myself had seen before. That was insufficient, and I asked Lemoine to make a second experiment. He refused obstinately. Mr. Oats, by certain technical criticisms, demonstrated to me that Lemoine's discovery was purely 'fantaisiste.' He recommended me to renounce my illusions, as did all my friends. I listened to this advice and wrote no more to Lemoine."

After lengthy proceedings in the English courts the formula, which was in a London bank, was given up, and then Lemoine declared that it was but the formula for heart, or small diamonds, used in polishing. His flight followed.

Volcanic Activity.

Mount Etna is in a state of violent eruption, huge flames and dense showers of ashes are issuing from the crater. Stromboli is also increasingly active.

Popular Invention.

The fund inaugurated after the destruction of Zeppelin IV, to enable Count Zeppelin to continue his airship experiments and build further airships, has reached £304,827.

Russian Holidays.

A group of members of the Council of Empire are endeavouring to reduce the Russian public holidays by 26 annually. They urge that this will save many millions of roubles.

The clergy are fighting the reform vigorously.

Samoa Quiet.

The German Government considers that the Samoan expedition has accomplished its task of ending the unrest among the natives.

The cruiser Leipzig remains in the South Seas, but the Arkona and the Jaguar will return to the China station, proceeding to Tsingtau.

The visit of the squadron has served to prove the difficulties of communicating with the German colonies in the South Seas, and the German Colonial Office is arranging for wireless telegraph connections through Yap Island.

An Easter Mutiny.

During the Easter holidays the convicts of Caillon prison, where the most desperate criminals in France are confined, took advantage of the temporary reduction in the staff to mutiny.

They seized the gaol, and, under threats to wreck the prison, compelled the warders to give them soup, wine and tobacco.

The garrison was communicated with next day and a body of troops, with fixed bayonets, entered the gaol and forced the mutineers to surrender.

Sixteen escaped to the woods. Seven were recaptured, but nine are still at liberty.

The Kaiser, Kaiserin and Prince Oscar have left Berlin on a visit to Venice.

Mr Wright has commenced a series of aeroplane flights in Rome, and the event is causing great excitement.

ASIA.

Afghans Restless.

The authorities at Cabul are powerless to restrain the aggressive militia on the Afghan border. Discipline generally has relaxed since Abdul Rabim's death.

Uareet in India.

The trial of the Bengali conspirators arrested in May last as the result of the discovery of stores of explosives was concluded at Alipore last week, the assessors finding twenty-five of the accused, including Arabindo Ghose, not guilty, and the eight others guilty.

Mr. Justice Beachcroft, who is not bound by the opinion of the assessors, delivers judgment this week.

The excitement among the natives is increasing, and great precautions are being taken to prevent the prisoners being rescued.

During the 120 sittings of the Court occupied by the trial, 200 Crown exhibits were produced, including bombs, detonators, and chemicals.

No witnesses were called for the defence.

The Crown Prosecutor's address occupied thirteen days. He showed that the prisoners had prepared maps and plans of the places they had meant to attack, and had initiated propaganda work among the youths.

Graft in Japan.

Nine members of the House of Representatives, the Lower House of the Japanese Diet, have been arrested for bribery in connection with the Japan Sugar Company.

The scandal caused a great drop in the shares of the company, and many shareholders have been ruined.

AFRICA.

Federated South Africa.

The Cape Assembly has, by 53 votes to 47, negatived a recommendation further entrenching upon the native franchise in the Federal Constitution.

Many members of the Afrikaner Bond supported the recommendation.

The House of Assembly of Cape Colony has passed the Union Constitution, amid cheers.

The Natal Assembly has adopted the Federal Constitution.

AMERICA.

Niagara River Frozen Over.

The Niagara River is frozen from bank to bank.

The companies using the water-power of the falls to generate electricity have lost a quarter of a million sterling by the stoppage of power. Many works on the river banks and wharves and piers are being crushed by ice, and railways have been submerged, the damage being estimated at £300,000.

The great bridge spanning the falls is threatened.

The Highest Bidder.

Holland, the inventor of the type of submarine adopted by the United States Naval Department, is in negotiation with the Japanese Government for the sale of his smaller type of submarine, which has a speed of 25 knots, against the maximum of 23 knots developed by the larger type.

For Many Years to Come.

Recent surveys of the Canadian coal-fields, made by the Dominion Government, show that there are forty thousand million tons of marketable coal in the fields.

Strenuous Gambling.

Mr Patten, the Chicago speculator who made three-quarters of a million sterling last week by selling wheat, cleared £100,000 one day last week. It is rumoured that Patten caught several New York millionaires selling short on their own

market, and forced the price up by compelling them to buy in the public market to meet their engagements.

Fifteen million bushels of wheat were stored in the Duluth district (at the head of the Great Lakes), and no attempt was made to send it to Chicago.

It is supposed that Patten and his friends control this wheat, and held it in reserve to enable them to bear the market.

Mr. Scott, chairman of the Committee of Agriculture, has introduced a bill into the House of Representatives at Washington prohibiting dealing in "future" wheat, cotton, and agricultural produce. Mr. Patten, who has been buying up wheat supplies, prophesies that before many months the people of Europe will struggle for bread in famine-stricken quarters.

A detective has been engaged by Mr. Patten to protect him, owing to the public indignation against gambling in food-stuffs.

Mr. Wilson, Secretary for Agriculture at Washington, states that Mr. Patten is reckoning the supplies of wheat too low. Only one wheat "corner" has succeeded, he adds, and that was conducted by Joseph in Egypt.

Mr. J. J. Hill prophesies that wheat will not return to low prices for a long time.

The "London Economist" states that Mr. Patten's "corner" is far less important to the British working classes than any of the big past manipulations. It is evident, adds the paper, that the high prices in London must be attributed to other causes than the Chicago manipulation.

U.S.A. Tariff.

Six hundred changes were made by the House of Representatives in the Payne Tariff Bill, which is designed to readjust the Dingley tariff, before it was sent to the Senate.

The general purpose of the alterations was to make slight reductions on many articles instead of heavy cuts on a few lines.

Paintings and sculptures are to be admitted free, and this, it is expected, will lead to the importation of many old masters kept in Europe, including much of Mr. Pierpont Morgan's collection.

Petrosino's Funeral.

Upon the arrival in New York of the body of Detective Petrosino, who was murdered in Palermo, it was constantly guarded to prevent a "Black Hand" outrage.

A procession of 3000 police and 100,000 of the public attended the funeral.

Swept by Fire.

Scores of costly buildings, including several churches, were destroyed in two great fires which swept large areas of the city of Rochester, New York State, last week.

The damage is estimated at a million dollars, while hundreds of residents are left homeless.

The militia were called out to prevent looting.

A Religious Riot.

A serious riot, ending in the loss of 41 lives, occurred in a mining camp near Villafranca, Coahuila, Mexico.

The riot arose over the Mayor suppressing a religious procession.

The military were summoned, and 32 rioters were killed, many being wounded. After the riot, 14 of the ringleaders were hurriedly tried and summarily shot.

U.S.A. and the Philippines.

President Taft, in a message to Congress, supports a bill establishing, within certain limitations, free trade between the United States and the Philippines.

The British community in Manila urges the Imperial Government to strongly remonstrate, owing to injury to British trade.

Comprehensive Change.

Indictments have been issued at Topeka, Kansas, charging the Cudahy Packing Company on 737 counts of defrauding the Government by violating the internal revenue laws regarding the duties on oleomargarine.

PERSONAL NOTES.

Mr. T. E. Donne Farewelled at Rotorua.

The departure of Mr. T. E. Donne (general manager of the Tourist Department) was made the occasion last week of a public presentation to him in the pump-room of the big bath-house by the townspeople of Rotorua. About 700 were present, the chair being taken by Mr. D. London. Eulogistic references to Mr. Donne's work were made by Mr. D. Gardner (representing the Chamber of Commerce), Mr. Bennett (captain of the fire brigade), Dr. A. S. Wohlmann (Government Bacteriologist), Mr. A. E. Kusabs, and the Rev. Father Patterson. Tamu, a Whaka native, then spoke in Maori (Maggie Papakura translating), afterwards, on behalf of the natives, presenting the guest of the evening with a kiwi mat and kit, and a hoe (paddle). A large body of Maoris then sang a song of farewell. The Chairman made the presentation—an address engrossed on vellum, and bound in book form.

The £103,000 spent in Rotorua had been a good investment, said Mr. Donne, in returning thanks. And the charge of "criminal extravagance" respecting the new bath buildings was fully answered by the fact that, although they had been in operation only four months, the fees for the first three months of the present year already exceeded those of the first three of last year by £1,000. Other improvements contemplated by him had been an electric tram to Whakarewarewa, general and isolation hospitals, improved fire brigade station, and a large hospice for people needing special attention and diet. The enlargement of Okere power station at a cost of £9,000 would give plenty of light next year. Mr. Donne went on to express the opinion that the growth of Rotorua, marvellous as it had been in the past eight years, would yet be great in the next eight years. To the Maoris he paid an especial tribute of praise for their generous help at all times. Referring to the staff, he thanked them all for their loyal co-operation and faithful performance of their duties, and concluded by bidding farewell to all kind friends in Rotorua. The proceedings terminated by all singing "Auld Lang Syne" amid great enthusiasm.

On Monday week Mr. Donne was entertained by the Rotorua officers of the Tourist Department, and on Tuesday the Maoris gave him a send-off, a number of valuable presents being given to him. The Hon. A. T. Ngata, M.P., presided, and among those present were Dr. Buck, M.P., and representatives of a large number of native tribes.

Mr. T. E. Taylor, M.P., intends to pay a visit to Australia soon. He will spend several weeks in the Commonwealth, but will return to Christchurch before the next session of Parliament begins.

The Hon. T. Mackenzie, Minister in charge of the Tourist Department, returned to Dunedin last week from an interesting and extended departmental tour of the Mackenzie Country, glacier districts, and Central Otago.

Colonel Harris Weinstein, special labour commissioner for California, arrived at Wellington last week by the Warrimoo from Australia. Colonel Weinstein has been touring the world, studying the labour laws in the various centres he visited.

A Napier Press Association message states that Mr. Thos. Hall, who has for the past 13 years been district land registrar of deeds for Hawke's Bay, has been appointed to succeed Mr. Edwin Bamford in Auckland.

Mr. R. McNab, ex-Minister of Lands and Defence, returned to Wellington last week from Southland, where he took part in the Easter manoeuvres as captain-adjutant with Lieut.-Colonel Bowler's force at Lara station. During the next six weeks Mr. McNab hopes to complete the historical work upon which he is engaged, and he will then leave for Sydney, en route to England. He expects to return to New Zealand about February next.

The Rev. W. Ready, who has been appointed as superintendent minister of Pitt-street circuit, arrived by train last week. His wife and three sons arrive later by the s.s. Waikare. Mr. Ready, who laboured in the Pitt-street circuit five years ago, and left it for Durham-street circuit, Christchurch, had a very successful time in Christchurch, and had a splendid send-off by his many friends in his last circuit. Mr. Ready commences his ministry in Pitt-street church on Sunday next.

Lady Jane Catherine Hardy was a passenger for Sydney by the Waimera on Monday.

Dr. and Mrs. Casement Aicken were passengers by the Waikare for Lyttelton last week.

The appointment of Mr. John Thomson as Chief Clerk of the Lands Department at Napier is gazetted.

Mr. Charles Rout, of the Land and Income Tax Department, Wellington, is spending a few days in Auckland.

Mr. George Moody, of Onehunga, and Miss Moody, went away by the Sydney boat on Monday upon a holiday tour.

Mr. A. P. Dryden, acting postmaster at Auckland, has been laid up for several days past with a somewhat severe attack of lumbago.

The Rev. J. J. Mather, who has been appointed a pastor of the Whangarei Methodist Church, left with Mrs. Mather by the Ngapuhi last week for his new charge.

The Right Rev. Bishop Julius, of Christchurch, and Miss Julius, left Auckland on Monday for Australia by the Waimera.

Lieutenant-Colonel Hume, who has just retired from the position of Inspector of Prisons under superannuation, has been nominated for a seat on the Wellington City Council.

Mr. W. G. Fletcher, chief clerk in the Auckland office of the Stamp Department, has been promoted to the position of Deputy Commissioner of Stamps and Assistant Registrar of Companies.

Mr. R. A. Kirkwood, who has resigned his position from Messrs. R. H. Abbott and Co., Ltd., Auckland, was the recipient of a presentation from the warehouse staff in the form of a handsome walking stick.

In the solicitors' room of the Magistrate's Court, Auckland, last week, the members of the Bar made a presentation to Mr. D. Banks, late Clerk of the Hawera Court, who is about to take up law practice. The presentation, which took the form of a handsome travelling bag, was made by Mr. Welsh, who referred to the good relations which had existed between Mr. Banks and the profession during the fifteen months he occupied the Clerkship of the Hawera Court.

Mr. T. A. B. Bailey, the new Stipendiary Magistrate for North Canterbury, is a son of Colonel C. S. Bailey, of Timaru, and was born at Onda, in India. He served his articles to the law with Mr. E. G. Jellicoe, of Wellington, and was admitted a solicitor in 1893. He held a practice in Taranaki from 1894 to 1899, and acted as locum tenens to Mr. A. C. Crawford, of Oamaru, for two years, when he purchased the practice of Mr. D. M. Findlay, of Palmerston South, which he has given up to accept the magistracy. Sir E. Lechmere left Auckland by the Maitai to join the Vancouver boat at Suva, en route for Home.

Among the Maitai's passengers for Suva were Mr. Edwards, of the Fiji Government, and Mrs. Edwards. The Rev. C. Bavin, who has been visiting New Zealand from Fiji, was a passenger on return by the Maitai last week. Mr. and Mrs. Sherratt, of Gisborne, were passengers by the Maitai last week to the Islands, en route for England, via Vancouver.

Mr. and the Misses Holmes, of Canterbury, who were in Auckland for Easter, returned home via the Main Trunk line.

Dr. Westland and Mr. David M. Westland, tourists from Scotland, left Auckland by the Maitai en route for Home. At a meeting of the Auckland Harbour Board a vote of sympathy with Mrs. Easton was passed, respecting the death of Mr. Easton, who was auditor for the Board.

Mr. A. E. Millar, son of the Hon. J. A. Millar, and Mr. John Buckley, of Oamaru, were in Auckland for Easter.

Major Jones, a well-known English angler, who pays periodical visits to our fishing streams, left by the Hauroto last week on a cruise round the islands of the Eastern Pacific. At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the Auckland Gas Company, Limited, Mr. E. B. Parsons intimated that he desired to retire from the office of secretary to the company. The Board accepted his resignation and passed a resolution, placing on record its appreciation of the faithful and valued services rendered to the company by Mr. Parsons during his term of office, extending over forty-one years. Mr. W. F. Stewart, the assistant-secretary, was appointed to fill the vacancy. Mr. A. E. Manning is announced as a candidate for the Hamilton Mayoralty.

Mr. and Mrs. Nelson, of Wellington,

returned by the Main Trunk train last week. While in Auckland they were guests at the Grand Hotel.

Mr. E. Bamford, who succeeds Mr. J. M. Batham as Registrar-General of Lands and Deeds, proceeds to Wellington in a few days.

Mr. Murdoch McLean arrived in Auckland on Thursday by the Main Trunk train, and will be in town for about a week before returning South.

Mr. W. H. Davy, of the Boys' High School, Napier, has been awarded a Marion Blackett Scholarship at St. John's College, Tamaki, Auckland.

Constable J. Armstrong, who was for three years attached to the Auckland wharf police, and latterly acted as Court orderly, is to be transferred to Dargaville.

Mr. and Mrs. McGregor, who have been staying at the Grand Hotel, left Auckland last week for a short stay at Marton. From that town they will go on home to Wellington.

His Grace Archbishop Redwood, who celebrated his seventieth birthday recently, was entertained by the clergy of the archdiocese at Godber's rooms, Wellington, last week.

The Rev. J. A. Luxford, who has handed over the pastorate of the Pitt-street Methodist Church to take charge of one at Wanganui, left with Mrs. Luxford for his new sphere of work by the Main Trunk train last week.

Lieutenant Shackleton left Wellington for Sydney on Friday by the Riverina, and after spending some days in Sydney, will visit Melbourne. He expects to sail for England on May 11. He was the guest of the Ministry at the Grand Hotel, Wellington, last week.

Mr. W. Smart, superintending engineer of the Union Company, who will leave Wellington by the Corinthia this week for London on a business trip for the company, is to be entertained on the morning of his departure by the Institute of Marine Engineers.

Mr. W. Pryor, secretary for the New Zealand Employers' Federation, arrived by the Main Trunk train from Taihape last week. Mr. Pryor is on an organising tour in the interests of the Federation through the Auckland, Waikato, Gisborne, Hawke's Bay, and Wairarapa districts. While in Auckland he is stopping at the Grand Hotel.

Mr. W. C. Hemery, manager of the industrial department of the A.M.P. Society, who has been appointed to the position of assistant accountant at the Wellington office, was the recipient on Wednesday afternoon of a handsome cake-stand from the superintendents and field staff of the department. Mr. W. J. Gamble, senior superintendent, made the presentation, and referred to the cordial relationship which had always existed between Mr. Hemery and the staff, congratulating him upon his promotion in the society's service. The members of the office staff also gave a silver pencil case as a token of their esteem. Mr. Hemery suitably acknowledged the gifts.

At Devonport school last week, Miss Ada Hodgson, who is leaving to be married to Mr. W. Kay, was farewell. Miss Hodgson, who was in charge of the infant department, was a great favourite with infants and scholars. At noon the infants were gathered together, and Mr. Armstrong, in a few words, spoke of Miss Hodgson's sterling qualities, and a wee pupil handed to her an oak case of silver fish knives and forks and servers. Later in the day the boys of the upper school presented Miss Hodgson with a silver entree dish, and the girls gave a silver rose-bowl. At 2.30 in the afternoon school was dismissed, and the teachers entertained their fellow-teachers at a musical afternoon. After tea had been served, Mr. Armstrong spoke a few words, regretting Miss Hodgson's departure, and wishing her a long life of much happiness. Miss McLean then handed to Miss Hodgson a silver spirit kettle on behalf of the teachers.

Dr. McDowell has been elected without opposition to the University Senate by the Court of Convocation of the Auckland district.

Mr. James Craigie, M.P., has been re-elected chairman of the Timaru Harbour Board, according to a Press Association telegram.

Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Beattie, of Levin, who have been guests at the Central Hotel during the holidays, returned home via the Main Trunk.

The Hon. A. W. Hogg (Minister of Roads) has returned to Wellington from his Kawhia tour. He hopes at an early date to acquaint himself with the Tauranga country.

Mr. James Thorne has been appointed registrar of births, deaths and mar-

riages at Tauramuni. Mr. W. F. Stewart has been appointed deputy-registrar at Greytown.

Mr. T. E. Donno, general manager of the Tourist Department, left by train for Wellington last week. On May 29 he departs to take up his new position on the High Commissioner's staff.

The Hon. J. A. Millar, Minister for Railways, returned to Wellington on Sunday by the Main Trunk train.

Mr. B. L. Bennett, the eldest son of Mr. M. J. Bennett, of Newton, left Auckland on a trip to Australia by the Wimmera.

Mr. J. Marchbanks, of Wellington, was a passenger from Sydney by the Victoria on Sunday, and while in Auckland is putting up at the Grand Hotel.

Lieutenant-Colonel J. Stacey, of St. Thomas, Canada, arrived on a visit to New Zealand by the Victoria on Sunday. He is staying at the Grand Hotel.

The Rev. H. Reeve, vicar of St. Sepulchre's, is about to leave on a trip to the Old Country, and will be absent from Auckland until the end of the year.

Mr. J. H. Fox, railway locomotive engineer, was presented with several mementoes by his brother officers in Wellington prior to his transference to take charge of the Auckland section.

Mr. J. T. Lawton, M.A., travelling secretary of the Australasian Students' Christian Union, is at present in Auckland in connection with his mission.

Bishop Neligan, accompanied by the Rev. Father Holbrook, arrived in Wellington on Friday night by the Main Trunk express. Bishop Neligan, who is staying at St. Patrick's College, will remain in Wellington until the end of the week, attending to business in connection with the Auckland orphanages.

Cable advice was received in Wellington on Friday from Melbourne, of the death of Mrs. Chapman, eldest daughter of the late Mr. C. D. Barraud, of Wellington, and wife of Mr. Chapman, sharebroker, Melbourne, brother of Mr. Justice Chapman and Mr. Martin Chapman. The deceased leaves two sons and two daughters.

Mr. R. T. Simons, who for the past 14 years has been British Consul at Tahiti, left Auckland on Monday by the Wimmera to Sydney, en route to Noumea, where he takes up the post of His Majesty's Consul to New Caledonia. His successor at the British Consulate in Tahiti is Mr. Arthur Rowley.

Mr. J. T. Lawton, M.A., the travelling secretary of the Australasian Students' Christian Union, is at present in Auckland. On Tuesday evening he will give an address to students of Auckland University College and their friends who are interested in the movement, which is truly national in its character and work. Bishop Neligan will preside and officially welcome Mr. Lawton to this country.

Changes have been made in the Redemptorist Order, which has been conducting missions in New Zealand during the past few years. The Rev. Father Lowham has been transferred to Ballarat, and left by the Maori from Wellington on Friday, on his way south to join the boat for Melbourne. Father Lowham had been two years in New Zealand. The Rev. Father McDermott has been transferred to Sydney, and left by the Riverina yesterday. Father McDermott had been four or five years in New Zealand, and is very well known in Auckland. It is expected that the places of the departing priests will be filled by the Rev. Father Lynch, of Perth, West Australia, and the Rev. Father Hunt, of Ballarat.

An Englishman's Home.

SOCIALIST VIEW OF THE PATRIOTIC PLAY.

Robert Watchford, the well-known Socialist leader and editor of the "Clarion," in writing of "The Englishman's Home," the patriotic play which we are to hear shortly, says:—

The object of the play is quite evident: it is a pamphlet intended to help conscription. All through we are taught that our territorial forces are useless; that the men are undisciplined and untrained, and their officers noodles. The moral is: "Form a huge army of regular soldiers, or you will come to grief."

Now, I think our youth should all be trained to arms. I have said so before. But I do not believe that conscription is necessary. And I devoutly hope and trust that the British people will not be cajoled into the belief that it is necessary.

We could form a citizen army in this country without conscription that would be quite capable of defeating any invader who could land upon our shores. And whether we form such an army or not, I hope the British people will set their faces resolutely against conscription.

No democrat should listen for one moment to any plan for converting the manhood of the nation into a conscript army, to be owned and ruled and officered by the governing class.

If we are to have an army, let it be a democratic army. If we cannot have a real democratic army, let the lord, and the millionaire, and their sons defend their land and property themselves.

The rich are asking the poor to defend the property of the rich. The rich, on their side, will not guarantee that the poor shall have work and health and comfort, nor that their children shall have food and clothing and attention. But they want the poor to defend their homes and wealth and families. It is a cool request, and I trust the poor will be wise enough to treat it with the contempt it deserves.

At present the nation is being farmed in the interests of the classes. The masses are servants and inferiors. The Government, the law, the Church, the commerce, the manufacturers, the Press, the land, the capital, the houses, the machinery, the shipping, the railways, are all in the hands of the classes. The classes get the wealth, the honour, the pleasure, the leisure, and the education.

So far as the masses are concerned, the country would not be worth defending were it not for the hope that in process of time the masses may emancipate themselves and come into their own.

Plainly, I advise the masses to defend the country—not because it is worth defending now, but because they may make it worth defending in the future.

If I were a British workman, with no more property, no more wages, no more leisure, no more respect, and no more prospect than 90 per cent. of British workmen have to-day, I would (supposing I were not a Socialist) see King, Lords, and Commons pounding hemp in foreign prisons before I would go within ten miles of an invader's rifle.

If I were not a Socialist, I say: for, being a Socialist, I hold that the hope of winning a better life for our children or our children's children is a hope worth fighting for.

But to accept conscription is to destroy that hope, and to bind oneself to fight for the interests of the selfish rich, and against the liberty of the working classes.

Listen! "We are in danger. We must have men," the rich are crying. Very well; but when the poor cry, "We are all hungry, we must have work; our children are starving; we must have food," what do the rich say?

They say, "It is not the province of Government to find work or food for the people; that is Socialism."

Let the poor answer, then, "It is not our business to find soldiers; go and defend your country yourselves; you own it."

The rich say, "If you want food, earn it." Let the poor answer, "If you want security, pay for it."

When the country is *our* country, we shall be quite willing to defend it. While it is *your* country, you may defend it yourselves.

Now, the position is quite clear. The classes say the country is in danger. But they will not have a democratic army because they cannot trust the people. Neither will the people have a class-owned army, for they cannot trust the classes.

The play "An Englishman's Home" has caused some stir in London, where it has been enormously boomed by the conscriptionists. But the excitement will soon die out in London, and it is very unlikely that amongst the great mass of the working classes this play will arouse any excitement at all.

I cannot imagine the men of Scotland and the North and Midlands losing their heads over a melodrama. In any case a great revolution in national sentiment is not to be brought about by a play. The masses have not yet been dedicated up to Socialism; but they are not to be gulled into conscription.

Is the nation in danger? A great and scattered Empire without adequate means of defence is *always* in danger. I do not believe that the most powerful navy can ever be a sure safeguard.

This is the most military period in the

history of the world. Never have there been such hordes of soldiers in Europe. An idiosyncrasy, which has more wealth and more possessions to defend than any other two Powers, is less prepared than any other European Power for war.

If the masses have anything to fight for and if they are allowed to fight as free men, defending their own, and not as conscripts defending the wealth of others, then a citizen army in Britain would make for security at home, and would be a powerful factor for European peace.

But conscription! A military tyranny controlled by the landlord and the capitalist, and officered by their sons! I do not think that idea will commend itself to the working classes of this nation.

Danger! Yes, the bulk of our workers are always in danger—danger of hunger, of accident, of illness, of unemployment, of the workhouse.

Let the classes ensure the masses against danger of that kind, and then the masses may consider more seriously the foreign menace to the wealth and liberty of the masses.

"An Englishman's Home." Millions of Englishmen have no homes. A few days since, in London, a little child, refused a meal at a County Council school, went away and died of starvation and cold.

"An Englishman's Home." I don't think.

SUFFERERS WITH INDIGESTION

Should Know About the Tonic Treatment.

The Principle is to Make the Stomach Strong Enough to Digest Food. Wellington Man Cured by this Method.

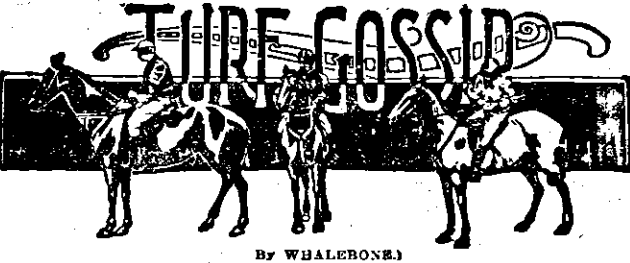
If you suffer with indigestion, what you need to know is that the trouble is caused by the fact that your stomach is not strong enough to digest ordinary food properly. It will appeal to you that the common sense treatment is to make the stomach stronger. Invalid foods, known as pre-digested foods, which don't bring the processes of digestion into action, really cause further weakness. Purgatives only hurry the food on and don't cure. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which are a blood former and a nerve tonic, aim at strengthening all the organs of the body. The fact that anemic people always suffer with indigestion shows the intimate relation between the blood supply and the digestive system. That's why the blood-making qualities of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have cured indigestion in a common sense way.

"Back in '85 I had had health through 'chronic indigestion,' said Mr. Henry Wilkins, Club Hotel, Wellington, N.Z. 'What I suffered no one knows but myself. Every time I ate anything I had a tightening pain in my chest, as if the walls of the chest were meeting and grinding. The food lay on my chest in a hard lump, and then some time after I would vomit it all up. My breath was very disagreeable, and this made me chary of speaking to people for fear it would be unpleasant for them. There was always a dragging pain in my stomach and a heaviness in the pit of it. When I got up in the mornings my head started to swim round and I felt that I would fall. I had to sit down until I felt better. Then a fit of vomiting would attack me, and this used to nearly shake me to pieces. For three years I suffered like this, going to some of the best doctors, who did not do me a bit of good. I tried pretty well every patent medicine advertised, but it was money thrown away. Then a friend of mine advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. After the first box I regained health every day. By the time I had taken nine boxes I was thoroughly cured. For the last three years I have not had the least return of the old complaint.'

When you ask for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills don't be put off with anything else, for where you can get the genuine with Dr. Williams' name on the outside wrapper, it's the genuine that cures. Price 3/- a box, or six boxes for 16/0, to be had of stock-keepers and chemists, or sent direct by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. of Australia, Ltd., Wellington.

SHARE LIST.

Table with columns: Paid-up, Liability per Share, Company, Last Quotation. Lists various companies and their share prices.



By WHALEBONE.

RACING FIXTURES.

April 21, 24 - Wellington J.C. Autumn
April 24, 28 - Avondale J.C. Autumn
April 26, 29 - Manawatu J.C. Autumn
May 5, 8 - Hawke's Bay J.C. Autumn
May 22, 24 - Takapuna J.C. Winter

The Soult colt Master Soult is the only Auckland entrant for the Hawke's Bay Cup.

J. Cameron, the well known trainer, informs me that he has purchased the Castor gelding Kistree.

John Rae returned to Napier by the Waitaka on Saturday, with the Great Northern stags winner, Gold Lace.

The Finland gelding Nyland is reported to be one of the best hacks at present racing in the Dominion.

A would-be purchaser made an offer for the Soult colt Wainui during the week, but no business resulted.

The defeat of Tuku Tuku in the Onslow Stakes on the concluding day of the A.R.C. autumn meeting cost his connections a fair amount of good gold.

Pielades, the half-brother to Haydn, made an inglorious debut at the jumping on Tuesday last, the first fence proving fatal to his chance.

The horses Master Soult and Elysian were taken South by D. Moraghan last Friday, to fulfil their engagements at the Wellington Racing Club's Autumn Meeting.

A local owner made overtures for the purchase of the Monaco gelding Le Arat, offering 200 guineas for his possession, but received the reply, "Not for sale."

The Hotchkiss gelding Ingils is advertised for private sale. Particulars can be had on application to his present owner, Mr. A. Hanson.

Lord Rosebery, which has been racing at the country meetings in the Bay of Plenty districts, is now an inmate of P. Conway's stable at Ellerslie.

The Hotchkiss colt Curonandel has been leased from Mr. J. Lynch by W. Gall, and will, in future, race in that trainer's nomination.

The Avondale Jockey Club have appointed Mr. H. Hanson to represent them in the Cunningham appeal case, which comes before the Conference.

After a long spell, two old-timers, in Nestator and Quirango, made their re-appearance at the recent A.R.C. autumn meeting, but both were palpably out of form, and made no sort of showing.

The Merrivale gelding Moriarty met with solid support in each of his essays at his connections, in fact I overheard his porters, and at no stage in any of his engagements did he look like winning.

F. Howard, who received a nasty shaking when he tumbled with him in the Maiden Hurdle Race at Ellerslie yesterday, got off Ebbis, which ran second, in order to ride Noteartul. Such is the luck of the game.

Mr. T. H. Lowry's horses, Downfall, Merrivale, and the mare Cantata, recently purchased by Mr. Lowry, were shipped South last Thursday by the Barawa from Onehunga, in charge of T. O'Brien.

The prices received by Mr. Currie for his yearlings at the annual sale on the 19th probably not up to expectations, were fairly satisfactory, making an average of 212 2/3s. The Albura filly topped the list with 280gu.

Turbine's showing in the Tourist Handicap at Ellerslie on the concluding day of the gathering, in which he was defeated with Barata, was a big surprise to his connections, in fact I overheard his owner want to bet a modest half-crown that he would be last.

C. Nicholson has notified the Auckland Racing Club that he does not intend to go on with the appeal lodged on his behalf against the life disqualification inflicted by the Avondale Jockey Club upon himself and the horse Luco.

Three cup winners in Downfall (New Zealand cup), All Red (Auckland cup), and the Prize (late Kilmorock) (Wanganui cup), contested the Autumn Handicap at Ellerslie, but whereas the two former fought out a great duel, the latter was absolutely lost.

After Creusot won the Autumn Steeplechase at Ellerslie on Monday several would-be purchasers were after the son of Torpedo, but his owner refused to put a price on him. Creusot's victory was his first over big country, and no one will begrudge H. Howe his success, as it is a long time since he has basked in Fortune's sun.

In consequence of the death of W. O'Connell, who rode Stronghold in the Kidare Hurdle Handicap on the opening day of the G.J.C. Autumn Meeting, both Mr. Rutherford's representatives, Stronghold and Eurua were withdrawn from their engagements on the second day of the gathering.

The Castor gelding Paritutu was produced on the last day of the A.R.C. autumn meeting, being a starter in the St. Helier's Hurdle Race. The veteran, after lying a long way out of it in the early stages, showed a bit of pace towards the finish, but could not get nearer than third.

The most successful sire at the recent A.R.C. Autumn Meeting was Soult, the representatives of which won seven races. Notable were represented by three, Ben Hotchkiss, Hotchkiss, Stronghold and Goldfey, Mouschikoff and Hotchkiss two each, and Leolantia, Gold Reef, Torpedo, Advance, Castor, Ulan, Stepuak, Eton, and Monaco one each.

A Press Association telegram from Sydney states: Of the yearlings sired, a San Francisco-Vigil colt realised 1000gu. The following New Zealand yearlings were sold: Field Battery-Albura filly, 280gu; Field Battery-Grandeur filly, 250gu; Field Battery-Santa Rosa colt, 100gu; Field Battery-Our Lady colt, 250gu.

The Soult colt Santa Rosa made some amends for his previous failures by accounting for the Buckland Handicap on the concluding day of the A.R.C. autumn gathering, and returning the largest dividend of the meeting. Santa Rosa had to run the gauntlet of an inquiry before getting the race.

The Avondale Jockey Club have no cause to complain of the acceptances received for the opening day's racing of their autumn meeting, and in only one race (the Tourist Handicap) was there any needling out. With every prospect of large fields, the gathering should be a most successful one.

Mr. A. F. Douglas' gelding Bullworth was slightly unwell on the eve of the A.R.C. Autumn Meeting, and he failed to fulfil his engagements in the Autumn Steeplechase. Mr Douglas' horses were taken home again by the Manu Trunk express on Thursday evening, in charge of J. Cameron, who also took back Kistree with him.

A rather extraordinary departure was made with the Feilding Cup and Easter Handicap winner, Wapaku. She was ridden back to Foxton by the Manu Trunk, turned out for some time in a small paddock, and then brought back to Feilding the next morning - a distance of 72 miles by rail there and back. The reason assigned is that the Government are very fretful when away from home.

The wins recorded by Tetrasthul and All's Well at the recent A.R.C. meeting credit the Cambria Park mare Miss Annie with a record. Mr. H. did not enjoy it by any and matrons, in that the whole of her progeny have now been returned winners. All's Well, although an aged mare, was never put to work until this season was half-way through, and under ordinary circumstances may turn out useful.

F. MacNaemela was the most successful trainer at the A.R.C. Autumn Meeting, turning out four winners, C. Coleman, A. Robertson, The Hotchkiss, and Monaghan, and H. French claimed two each, and P. Davis, J. Rae, H. Howe, P. McLaughlin, E. Millar, W. G. Irwin, R. Barlow, J. H. Brooker, G. Absolon, E. Hodges, and McGalre one each. C. Jenkins and H. Price were the leading riders, each steering four winners; R. G. Brown, B. Deley, and J. Buchanan rode three, H. Percival, M. Ryan, and A. McMillan 2; and T. O'Brien, J. Parker one each.

If the cable times are correct, some remarkably fast times were recorded at Runderwick on the third day of the A.R.C. Meeting. In the All Ages Stakes, Monaghan is credited with running the mile in 1:37 1/2, which is half a second faster than the 1:38 recorded by Charles Stuart on the same course in 1905. The decision of the Gough Handicap saw the Australasian record for a mile and a furlong, 1:52 1/2, equaled by Hoax, which won easily, but probably the most marvellous performance was that of the two-year-old filly, who, after getting away badly, covered the seven furlongs in the Easter Stakes in 1:34, which just about equals the time, 1:35 2/5, noted by Arriet in the G.J.C. Easter Handicap.

We All Take Suppers Now.

Of all the questions that arise To propigate confusion... But Coole Brand Pure Corn's here, And solves the supper trouble... Provides a dainty supper cheer...

Headache, Indigestion, Constipation and Biliousness.

The immense number of orders for Frotoids, sent by post direct to the Proprietor, is convincing proof that the Public appreciate their splendid curing power over the above-named complaints... The beneficial effects of Frotoids are evident by the disappearance of headache, a bright, cheery sense of perfect health...

Price 1/6. Chemists, Medicine Vendors, or the Proprietor, W. G. Hearns, Chemist, Geelong, Victoria.

Table with columns: Paid-up, Liability per Share, Company, Last Quotation. Lists mining companies and their share prices.

The Girls of New Zealand.

The responsibility of the future national character of New Zealand rests in great measure on the girls. If they realize that (according to any modern writers) our thoughts not only become part of ourselves, but influence all those around us, then they must see how important it is that thoughts should be pure and high and fixed on noble things.

The Curse of Pleasure-loving.

New Zealand is a wonderful country get the very advantages it affords become a curse if they tend simply to develop a pleasure-loving race. Struggle is needed for development. Therefore, New Zealanders should exert strenuousness to take the place of the struggle that is forced on people by natural difficulties.

Advertisement for Hobson-Hobson Car, Hobson-Pognon Plug, and Jenatzy Tyre. Includes images of the car, a plug, and a woman with a tire.

The sad accident at Hecarton on Monday last, which resulted in the death of W. O'Donnell, riding the country horse...

The adjustments issued by Mr. Pollock for the leading events at the Wellington Racing Club...

The North Island Challenge Stakes, which is run on the opening day of the Wellington autumn meeting...

At a special committee meeting of the Canterbury Jockey Club...

The Takapuna Jockey Club advertise the programme for their winter meeting...

W. Holmes, the well-known Christchurch jockey, had a successful time at Grey-mouth...

The victory of Bonifera in the C.J.C. Autumn Handicap, which he won in 1908...

Several excellent performances were witnessed at the meeting of the N.Z. Metropolitan Club...

In winning the Autumn Handicap on the third day of the A.R.C. Meeting...

The concluding day's racing in connection with the A.R.C. autumn meeting took place at Ellerslie last evening...

TURF TALK FROM THE SOUTH. CHRISTCHURCH, Friday. Sir Geo. Clifford's team for the Wellington Racing Club's autumn meeting...

MAIDEN HURDLE RACE, of 110sovs. 13 mile. E. Hillary's ch g Wellcast, aged, Castor...

GORE-BROWN HANDICAP of 100sovs. six furlongs. Arthur Morgan's b h Al's Well, aged, by Hot-Blood...

ONSLOW STAKES of 110sovs. Distance, five furlongs. Mr. R. Barlow's b f Hot Volt, 2yrs, by Eldon...

AUTUMN HANDICAP of 650sovs. One mile and a-half. St. J. Buckley's b h All Red, 4yrs, by Steplark...

BUCKLAND HANDICAP of 200sovs. Seven furlongs. Geo. Robinson's blk e Santa Rosa, 3yrs, South View Rose...

THE TOURIST HANDICAP of 100sovs; five furlongs. G. Mills' b g Hurava, 3yrs, by Eton...

third, Ngapuka was fourth and Sir Price last. Time, 2:40 3/5. All Red was favourite.

ST. HELLERS HURDLE RACE (Handicap) of 200sovs. Two miles. C. Dawson's b h Ben Jonson, aged, by Ben Godfrey...

Also started: Solihon 7.13, Ngapuka 7.10, Sir Price 7.8, first 6m 6.13. When the barrier lifted Sir Price hung and lost a lot of ground...

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ALCOCK & Co. The BILLIARD PEOPLE Are in AUCKLAND. The demand for the famous and perfect ALCOCK Billiard Tables and Accessories has made it necessary to have Alcock branches in all the big centres...

Hohungatahi and Alf's Well joining in a great race...

THE AUCKLAND WELTER HANDICAP

J. Clark's b m Spate, 5yrs, by Monaco... J. George's m Gladstone, 5yrs, 80 (Jenkins)...

THE WINNING PAYMENTS.

Table listing names and amounts: J. W. White 4759, Donald McNeil 593, St. J. Buckley 593, J. H. Walters 593, Trustees Mrs Combe 300, T. H. Lowry 343, C. Dawson 343, J. H. Dowe 223, J. Hall 209, Walter Davies 193, T. Wolfe 155, G. Robinson 150, J. Clark 150, A. Hanson 129, A. Morgan 109, McNeil 109, G. Hillery 95, H. Barlow 95, J. Carroll 90, J. Houston 60, C. Wallace 50, J. Tweedie 50, J. George 50, G. Mills 50, Mrs A. Williamson 40, J. B. Williamson 40, C. Morse 35, W. S. Davidson 35, H. W. Underwood 30, M. G. Nisbet 29, Frank E. Ross 29, W. C. King 29, J. H. Fraser 29, J. E. Taylor 29, G. Dunnet 15, J. Moffy 15, H. Sydney 15, W. G. Pugh 10, J. McNeil 10, Connelly and Winder 10, E. Lomb 10, J. Craig 10, J. Lynch 10, Dawson and Walker 5.

C.J.C. AUTUMN MEETING.

CHRISTCHURCH, Tuesday.

The weather was dull for the conclusion of the Canterbury Jockey Club's Autumn Meeting...

GREAT AUTUMN HANDICAP OF 1000SOVS; one mile and a-half.

W. G. and G. L. Stead's b h Boniform, 4yrs, by Mulliform-Ottemer, 4.1 (McComber)...

ADDITIONAL PLATE, of 1000sovs; five furlongs.

St. George Clifford's b f Sister Anne, 4yrs, by Chief Light, 8.1 (Weatherly)...

Also started: Lady Lochiel, Gold Treasure, Chiarulian, Merry Lass, Alexis, Myriad.

Sister Anne was in front when they reached the course proper, and won comfortably by two lengths from Ivanoff...

SEVENTEENTH CHALLENGE STAKES, of 600sovs. Weight for age, with penalties and allowances. Seven furlongs.

Sir George Clifford's b c Fitzaway, 3yrs, by Charamaid-Elusive, 8.9 (F. E. Jones)...

TEMPLETON HANDICAP, of 900sovs; six furlongs.

G. D. Greenwood's b c Arriet, 4yrs, by Menechidoff-Arncliffe, 9.8 (R. Hatch)...

FINAL HANDICAP, of 200sovs; one mile.

A. McCauley's b m Lady Disdain, 5yrs, by The Officer-Oriflamme, 8.10 (R. King)...

FEILDING AUTUMN MEETING, FIRST DAY.

FEILDING, Monday. Fine weather favoured the Feilding Jockey Club for the opening day of their autumn meeting...

FEILDING, Tuesday.

Beautiful weather prevailed for the second day of the Feilding Jockey Club's autumn meeting...

SECOND DAY.

Beautiful weather prevailed for the second day of the Feilding Jockey Club's autumn meeting...

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Beautiful weather prevailed for the second day of the Feilding Jockey Club's autumn meeting...

Wellington Acceptances.

The following are the acceptances for the first day's events of the forthcoming autumn meeting of the Wellington Racing Club...

PATEA RACES.

The Patea Jockey Club's annual meeting was held at Hawera to-day in fine weather...

HAWERA, Monday.

The Patea Jockey Club's annual meeting was held at Hawera to-day in fine weather...

AVONDALE ACCEPTANCES.

The following acceptances have been received for the Avondale Jockey Club's Autumn Meeting...

WELLINGTON ACCEPTANCES.

The following are the acceptances for the first day's events of the forthcoming autumn meeting of the Wellington Racing Club...

FINAL PAYMENTS.

The following final payments have been made: North Island Challenge Stakes, seven furlongs...

WELLINGTON ACCEPTANCES.

The following acceptances have been received for the Avondale Jockey Club's Autumn Meeting...

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WELLINGTON ACCEPTANCES.

The following acceptances have been received for the Avondale Jockey Club's Autumn Meeting...



Gladys Easton

41 College Street, Newtown, N.S.W., was so weak after whooping cough, that for 4 months she was unable to walk. "At last," Mrs. Easton writes (29/8/07), "I gave SCOTT'S Emulsion and progress was then so rapid that within a few weeks she was completely restored to health." The reason why SCOTT'S Emulsion cures weakness is not far to seek; it is in the Emulsion itself—purest ingredients, perfectly and palatably combined by the unique SCOTT process, SCOTT'S Emulsion is the standard Emulsion, standard in the one quality needed in sickness—the power to cure. No other emulsion has ever reached this standard, when cures are counted.

Of all chemists and dealers in medicines.



THE MARK BY WHICH YOU PICK OUT YOUR CURRY

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AUSTRALIAN RACING.

THIRD DAY'S RACING.

SYDNEY, April 14.

The A.J.C. Autumn Meeting was concluded at Randwick to-day. The weather was fine, and there was a good attendance. The following are the details of the racing:

THE SECOND HURDLE RACE of 30000svs; about three miles.
G. W. Watts' gr m Yarrabundie, 4yrs, 9.10
 Mattie, 3yrs, 8.6 (Cairden) 1
 Rile, 10.7 2
 Old Chippie, 10.7 3
 Four started. Won by three lengths. Time, 5.30.

THE ALL-AGED STAKES of 10000svs; one mile.
W. C. Barnes' b h Montebau, 4yrs, by Siege (Guu-Mea, 0.0 (Camerou) 1
 Hyman, 3yrs, 8.8 (Callinan) 2
 Mattie, 3yrs, 8.6 (Cairden) 3
 Seven started. Hyman led into the straight from Parsee and Mattie, and seemed to have the race well in hand, but at the half-distance Montebau made a terrific dash, started at the mile post, Siege (Guu) catching his opponent in brilliant style, he drew away and won by half-length. Mattie was a neck away, third.

THE COOGEE HANDICAP of 30000svs; one mile and a furlong.
A. Foley's br f Hoax, 3yrs, 7.3 1
 Blue Garments, 8.12 2
 Rile, 7.10 3
 Twenty-two started. At the mile post Miss Mulster was leading, with Golden Ship well up. Miss Mulster held her own into the straight from Flavinus. Inside the distance Hoax took command, and drawing away, won easily. Time, 1.52.

THE EASTER STAKES of 30000svs; seven furlongs.
W. and F. A. Moses' br f Bynlay, by St. Albans-Wink 1
 Dauleo 2
 Paconatus 3
 Bynlay was last away, but secured the lead at the half-distance, and won by four lengths. Time, 1.58.

THE CUMBERLAND STAKES of 10000svs; two miles.
T. A. Harris' ch m Neith, 4yrs, by Holbrook-Cleopatra (McLaughlin) 1
 Trafalgar, 3yrs (Smith) 2
 Also started: Lord Nolan. At the half-mile post the trio were racing in perfect line, and so they came into the straight. At the distance it was difficult to say how the verdict would go. At the half distance Lord Nolan moved out, and got home half-length in advance of Neith. Time, 3.54. A protest was entered on behalf of Neith, and was upheld. Lord Nolan therefore took no place.

THE CITY HANDICAP of 50000svs; one mile and five furlongs.
W. Booth's b h Lord Wallace, 4yrs, by Wallace-Isle, 9.12 1
 Atlantic, 8.12 2
 Footpad, 7.0 3
 Eleven started. Won by a neck. Time, 2.48.

SYDNEY, April 17.

The Australian Jockey Club brought their autumn meeting to a conclusion to-day at Randwick in glorious weather. There was again a large attendance.

Hous Handicap.—Hoax 1, Five Crown 2, Black Buck 3.

Steeplechase.—Kuala Lumpur 1, Postboy 2, Lestr 3.

Place Handicap.—Blue Garments 1, Eikhorn 2, Footpad 3.

THE A.J.C. PLATE, a sweepstakes of 1000svs each, with 10000svs added; the owner of the second horse to receive 2000svs and of the owner of the third 1000svs from the prize. For three-year-olds and upwards. Three miles.

P. and N. Mitchell's ch c Trafalgar, 3yrs, by Wallace—Grand Canary (Smith) 1
 Neith, 3yrs (McLachlan) 2
 Lord Nolan, 3yrs (Callinan) 3
 Also started: Black Prince, Vavasour.

From a good start Trafalgar was first away, but entering the straight Lord Nolan was on a length and a-half in front. Before they reached the mile post Trafalgar was again in front, with Neith in third place. At the six-furlong post Trafalgar held a three lengths' advantage, and there was no change at the straight, but along the back Trafalgar's opponents bunched, and at the six-furlong post Lord Nolan got within a length of the leader. At the half-mile post, however, Trafalgar was leading by a couple of lengths. Neith and Lord Nolan racing together. Below the distance Neith passed Black Prince, but Trafalgar had the race won. Time, 5.44.

The Nursery Handicap.—Lautoka 1, Matchester 2, Glidyea 3.
The Final Handicap.—Baw Bee 1, Togo 2, Kyeaderie 3.

ONKAPARINGA MEETING.

ADELAIDE, this day.

At the Onkaparinga meeting the chief events resulted:—
Onkaparinga Cup.—Williflyally 1, Seelan 2, Metal Queen 3. Ten starters. Seelan led to nearing the turn, when Williflyally went to the front, and won by a length. Time, 2.23 4/5.

Great Eastern Steeplechase.—Workmaster, 11.1; Heinder, 11.1, 2; Seymour, 12.8, 3. Reindeer and Workmaster went to the front early in the race, Reindeer holding a slight advantage. The crowd crossed the last fence clear of Workmaster and Seymour, but in a great race home Workmaster won by three-quarters of a length, Seymour two lengths away. Time, 6.56.

Traditions of the Turf.

GEORGE IV. AND COLONEL O'KELLY.

(Written for the "Evening News" by W.B.)

The name of the owner of the famous racer Eclipse is inseparably linked with that of the steed whose performances were such a marvel to the sporting world of the later eighteenth century. Denis O'Kelly was one of the luckiest adventurers of an age prolific in men of his type. In our own day the success which he achieved, if measured by its financial results, may seem comparatively small. But at that time it was considered immense. An old chum of his in Dublin, on whom fortune had also smiled—though would apparently in shady enough ways—took occasion to refer to him with congratulatory suggestiveness in his last will and testament. He said that if he did not know that O'Kelly was already as rich as Croesus, he would leave him all his property. The friend in question, a man named Francis Higgins, a person of very lowly origin, had managed to acquire considerable influence with the Irish authorities of the period. It is now well known indeed, that he was a secret agent of the "Castle." He was concerned in many jobs for which he was handsomely rewarded. His official patrons were not too nice either in their inquiries with respect to transactions in which he was engaged for his own particular profit. He was said to be the proprietor of a gambling house, much frequented by the young bloods of the Irish capital. That establishment was probably well known to the aspiring youth, who was subsequently to be heard of as Colonel O'Kelly, the admired and envied of all speculators in horseflesh.

His Dublin Days.

Denis O'Kelly, when meditating on men and things, as contemplated from the banks of the Liffey, would not appear to have been much encumbered with wealth. But doubtless, in the conventional acceptance of the term, he could pass muster as a gentleman. He could claim kinship with one of the "ould families." The Irish gentleman who could not advance at least that claim to social recognition would have been poor indeed. Anyhow, the society with which O'Kelly rubbed shoulders, when trying to push his way in his native land, was perhaps not too exacting in its demands. O'Kelly, according to all accounts, could swagger as bravely as any of the fine young Irish gentlemen who made Dublin so lively a city when George the Third was King, and when the future George the Fourth was still that young Prince of Wales whom the gay youth of the three Kingdoms regarded as the mould of form and the glass of fashion.

Washing Out an Affront.

A character for dauntless pluck was essential for any man who aspired to cut a figure among the rollers of that period. If wanting in that attribute, he was nowhere in the race. Even grave lawyers had to be prepared to back their arguments with the pistol, if the "other side" exhibited the slightest disposition to resort to that method of settling a dispute. O'Kelly took an early opportunity of proving that audacity and forbearance were not virtues which he was inclined to estimate at a whit more than their contemporary market value. As has been hinted, that was nothing at all.

His first notable "affair of honour" was with a military officer. Passing along one of the Dublin quays, he happened, of Mars, indignant at the assumed affront, made a kick at the offending civilian. But he had reckoned without his host. O'Kelly was so possessed of unusual strength. He exerted it triumphantly in this instance. He grasped the officer, and flung him into the Liffey, from which the discomfited and half-drowned warrior was pulled out by somebody in a boat. A duel, of course, followed, but though bloodless, it rebounded to the greater glory of the Irish Buck. Lever borrowed that anecdote for one of his novels, but gave it another setting.

Goes to London.

Shortly after this episode O'Kelly went to London. He had, besides his very ample stock of self-assurance, good looks and plausible manners, and was not short in the national characteristics

of fluent speech and ready wit. The Prince of Wales had a liking for Irishmen, especially as the companions of his social hour. The most favoured for a time of all these representatives of the Green Isle was Richard Brinsley Sheridan. It is needless to say what were the recommendations which the author of "The School for Scandal" brought to his Royal patron. But the Prince could relish Irish conversationalists whose wit was not by any means as polished as Sheridan's. It was apparently to the good offices of some of these countrymen of his that O'Kelly owed his introduction to His Royal Highness.

The Prince was pleased with him, and procured him a commission in a militia regiment. Backed by such distinguished patronage, his advance was rapid. He attained the rank of colonel. But before he was fortunate enough to attract the notice of the Prince, his removal to London did not promise to be a happy change. He had got into debt, and had found creditors flinty-hearted. He had been an occupant of the Fleet Prison. How he emerged from that retirement is not on record. Possibly his friend Higgins had sent money across to deliver him from the clutches of the English venture in one or other of the great games of chance which might lie his Philistine, and to equip him for an open to him. At all events, the invitation of the Prince's table was a turning point in his life.

On the Turf.

He threw himself into sporting speculations with great enthusiasm. His ardour in that direction, however, was assisted by consummate judgment. Exceptional luck, too, was on his side when he became the owner of Eclipse. A great deal was expected of the animal, inasmuch as it was bred from a distinguished sire, one of the stud of the old Duke of Cumberland, uncle to George III. But Eclipse was destined to exceed all the calculations which had been built on the strength of his ancestry. He brought to his owner what were then regarded as almost fabulous sums of money to have been produced by such an agency. O'Kelly himself calculated that the horse had won him no less than £120,000. When Eclipse had been gathered to his equine fathers, the O'Kelly stud, enriched by his blood, continued to be a source of enormous profit to its owner. In the year 1793 no fewer than 46 in-fal mares of the family of Eclipse were advertised for sale, for each of which was received what was then held to be an extraordinary high price.

The Two Colonels.

Beyond the military handle to his name, O'Kelly could not boast of any other, or perhaps was not ambitious of having one. At all events, his wife was made a countess, doubtless through the recommendation of the exalted personage who had patronised O'Kelly himself. Here it may be proper to mention that there were two Colonels O'Kelly, the second being the nephew of the original owner of Eclipse. Like the uncle, he was a renowned breeder of horses and the winner of many trophies on the turf. The name of his Royal Highness George, Prince of Wales, is curiously associated with both these O'Kellys. The first died in 1787. The year after the Prince's horse won the Derby. The reputation for exceptional luck on the turf which had been enjoyed by his Irish proteges now passed to the Prince himself. Thereby hangs a tale, and a very curious one at that. It takes the shape of an assertion that the Prince, for motives best known to himself, decided to bet against his own horse, though it was ridden by the most celebrated jockey of the day—Chifney. It was the general opinion of all the accredited turf authorities of the day that Chifney would carry the Prince's horse to victory on an occasion when betting had run very high in that direction. It would, doubtless, have been different if these loyal backers had known that the Prince, at the same time, had laid much heavier bets than theirs on all the rival horses. To their consternation, the Prince's horse lost the race. Then ugly rumours filled the air that the jockey had been tampered with. Later information, derived from family papers, is said to have revealed the fact that the accusation was but too well founded. The same statement points to the second Colonel O'Kelly as the gentleman who had the honour of conducting the delicate negotiation with Chifney, by which the Prince's bets were to represent a big cash transaction in his Royal Highness's favour.

Who Paid the Jockey?

According to the same account, it was stipulated that the Prince's name was not to be mentioned in the affair at all. Chifney's scruples about selling the race were only to be got over by the promise and the guarantee of an annuity. The annuity was £300, to be paid to Chifney for life, with reversion to his son. The deed is alleged to have been executed by Colonel O'Kelly, who made himself responsible for the specified amount. The "First Gentleman in Europe" kept carefully in the background, the understanding with O'Kelly being that the obligation thus secretly contracted by the Prince should be regarded by the latter as a debt of honour. It was a debt, anyhow which, it is averred, the Prince never could be persuaded to pay. There is documentary evidence, it seems, extant which shows that, after the Prince had become George IV., he was modestly approached on the subject of the long-standing debt by O'Kelly's representatives. His Majesty, they declared, was all graciousness and affability, but could not be brought to the point for a moment with respect to the matter on which they were intent. Perhaps he thought that, as the O'Kellys owed their first rise in life to his royal favour, they should think themselves further honoured by being made his paymasters, with the additional privilege of finding the cash themselves. Whether the O'Kelly story be true or not, as to the Prince having acted on the Pistolian maxim that base is the shave that pays, it is certain that his retirement from the turf elicited comments that were the reverse of flattering. A noted sporting baronet of the day (Sir Charles Bunbury) was direct enough in his hints that the Prince's horse, Escape, had been run "on the cross" when it was beaten by Goriander. It was in vain that Chifney made affidavit that he had done his best. The sceptical public made answer that he had probably done the best for himself—though decidedly not for them.

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 ROTOMAHANA, Wed., 24th Mar., 6.30 a.m.
 ROTOMAHANA, Fri., 26th Mar., 9 a.m.

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Sports and Pastimes.

LAWN TENNIS.

Auckland.

THE final of the Devonport Club's championship singles was played on Saturday last between F. S. Shirriff and L. Robinson, the former winning, 4-6, 2-6, 6-1, 6-3, 7-5.

In the semi-final of the Auckland Club's handicap singles J. H. Hudson (owes 40) beat Coppard (owes 15). The final will be played off during the week between Hudson and W. F. Whyte (owes 15 2-6).

RIFLE SHOOTING.

The trophy presented by Mr. Orniston to the A Squadron of the Auckland Mounted Rifles, fired for on Saturday, was won by Sergeant Hitchens (handicap 20) with a total of 60 for the two distances—200 and 600 yards. Sergeant Nevill (61) was second, and Lieutenant Holden (60) third.

The second competition for Captain Coult's trophy, fired for on Saturday by the No. 1 Natives (Auckland), resulted in a win for Lance-corporal Rankin, whose total was 70. The ranges were 200 and 600 yards. Private Hatrick (63) and Sergeant Lucas (62) were second and third.

AQUATICS.

Auckland.

A sailing match arranged between Aorere, Kotiri, Neatira, and Raungatira was sailed on Saturday last on the Waitemata, and resulted somewhat unexpectedly in a win for the Aorere, which beat Kotiri by about two minutes after a keen contest.

The New Zealand Power Boat Association held its final series of races on the Waitemata last Saturday. Edna won the under seven knots class, Alice the under eight knots, Shadow the over eight knots, and Nelson the general handicap.

SCULLING.

Webb and Arnst to Meet Again.

The backers of R. Arnst have decided that he will accept Webb's challenge to row for the championship of the world again. It is probable that the race will be rowed towards the end of May. The place has not yet been fixed, but it is said that if arrangement can be made with the Union Company to convey spectators to Akaroa, the race will take place there.

Seen by a reporter last week, R. Arnst stated that he was feeling fit, and was anxious that the championship be rowed with as little delay as possible. He anticipated that the date to be fixed for the race would be towards the end of May, and he proposed to go into active training at once. His trainers would be Floyd and his brother (J. Arnst), and his pacemaker Fogwell. The race would decide whether he or Webb should fulfil engagements already entered into by him to row Durman in Canada in August, and Barry in England for £1000 a-side in the following month.

ATHLETICS.

Postle Beats Day.

In a match at Johannesburg on Saturday between A. B. Postle, the Australian runner, who holds the sprint championship of the world, and B. R. Day, the Irish champion, Postle beat the Irishman over 440 yards in 51 3/5 sec.

Points for Half and Mile Runners.

Most of the record breakers at these distances were good sprinters.

Avoid sore shine.
Don't run too many trials.
Never lie on the ground or turf while in training.

Work while you are out and then go in.

Be careful to learn your best pace.
Don't allow yourself to be run off your feet at the start.

Useful Hints for Quarter-milers.

Develop all the sprinting ability you can.

Learn to get off the mark quickly. The last fifty yards is the hardest.

If you are a schoolboy don't overwork yourself running quarters.

Train too little instead of too much. When your training becomes a burden it is time to let up.

Do plenty of jogging to strengthen your wind and legs.

FOOTBALL.

Australian Professionals.

The Australian professional Rugby team (Northern Union rules) has arrived home from England.

Mr Giltinan, the manager, attributed the financial failure of the tour to the cotton strike in the North of England, and to the Press being dead against them on account of the charges made for admission. The prices usually charged were 2d and 4d, but during the tour the charge was 1/.

Mr Giltinan believes that no amateur team will ever again be invited from the colonies, as a result of the Scottish decision in regard to professionalism.

POLO.

Provincial Championship.

The final game of the polo season took place at Remuera on Friday last, when teams from Remuera and Clevedon played for the Provincial Cup, and also for the Junior Cup, the latter being a handicap event. The day was perfect for polo, the ground being in good order, and there was a good attendance of the supporters of the game. Owing to the late arrival of the visitors, the matches did not start at the specified time, the consequence being that the final spells of the Provincial Cup were played in semi-darkness, it being impossible to see the ball, or distinguish the players from the side line.

During the interval between the games, afternoon tea was dispensed by Mesdames Tonks, O'Rorke, Gorrrie, and Baker, and was much appreciated.

JUNIOR CUP.

The teams were: Remuera: Dalton, Gorrrie, Hellaby and Sir Robert Lockhart; Clevedon: Burgoyne, Oram, Stevens, and McPherson. In the first spell Dawson scored for Remuera, and in the third Hellaby notched their second goal, while Gorrrie scored in the final spell, but it was understood that the score was not allowed, through a mistake of the referee in respect of the time. For Clevedon Stevens sent the ball through.

PROVINCIAL CUP.

Teams:—Remuera: Cotter, O'Rorke, Tonks, (captain), Baker; Clevedon: C. Atchison (captain), H. Atchison, Bell, and Duder. Remuera started off at a very hot pace, and five minutes after the start of the spell, good play by Tonks, O'Rorke and Baker, took play by Clevedon's line, where Cotter put the finishing touches on a pretty piece of work by sending the ball through. Shortly after Tonks notched their second goal after a good run, and the spell ended: Remuera 2, Clevedon 0.

Remuera again forced the play in the second spell, and O'Rorke added their third goal. Clevedon now rallied, and after some good combined play Duder secured their first score, while just before time C. Atchison just missed the posts after a run nearly the length of the field, and the score was Remuera 3, Clevedon 1 when time was called.

In the third spell Remuera had all the best of matters, and Baker notched three goals in quick succession, Tonks securing one, and half-time rang with the score reading: Remuera 7, Clevedon 1.

The five minutes' spell gave Clevedon a fresh lease of life, and they more than held their own in the fourth and fifth spells, R. Atchison and Duder scoring in the former, and C. Atchison in the latter, and when the last ten minutes were out on, they were within 3 of their opponents' total, the tally being: Remuera 7, Clevedon 4.

The final spell was something of a scramble, the players missing every stroke through not being able to properly see the ball. Remuera, by the aid of Tonks and Cotter, eventually added two more goals to their total, and the bell rang, leaving the home team winners of the Cup by the margin of five goals, the board showing—

Remuera	9
Clevedon	4

The Remuera Polo Club held its annual sports at Alexandra Park, Auckland, on Saturday last, the results of the principal events being as follows:—Hurdle Race: Mr. C. Atchison's Lily first, Mr. H. J. Atchison's Edget second, Grena Green competition: Mr. C. Atchison's Certain and Lily first, Messrs. Tonks and Dalton's Gipsy and Baby second. Polo pony test: Mr. C. Crowther's Target first, Mr. A. B. Bell's Taupiri second. Ball and bending competition: Mr. H. C. Tonks' Lily first, Mr. H. Gorrrie's Nibbs second. Polo cup: Mr. W. Duder's Taka first, Mr. J. Ward's Watangi second, and Mr. Tonks' Lily third. Ladies' Bracelet: Miss Cotter's January 1, Miss M. Dalton's Monarch 2, and Miss Gorrrie's Nibs. Tautem race: Mr. W. S. Dalton's Gipsy and Monever: Electric handicap: Mr. Tonks' Lily first, Mr. Duder's Taka second, and Mr. T. Burgoyne's Crescent third. Tag-of-war: Won by Clevedon team. Consolation race: Mr. Tonks' Quiver first, Mr. Ward's Watangi second, and Mr. Burgoyne's Crescent third.

BILLIARDS.

In a match against Cecil Harveson, Stevenson made a break of 354 off the red ball in London last week.

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WE MAY EXPECT THIS SOON AS THERE IS NO LIMIT TO THE POWER OF THIS NEW SACCO DOPE

In proof of his statements as to the value of oxygen for sustaining purposes, Dr. Leonard Erskine Hill, lecturer on physiology at the London Hospital, produced two students at the London Institution last month, and set them to box. One was a novice, and in either an experienced pugilist clad in light attire. They boxed in brisk fashion until at the end of the second round, the novice was completely "blown." He then inhaled oxygen from a bag, and returning to the amphitheatre with a fresh supply of energy, forced the pace for the concluding round, and, in the words of his opponent, "stayed much better than in the preceding rounds." The cartoonist of the "San Francisco Chronicle" shows amusingly some of the possibilities of this new treatment.

Music and Drama

BOOKINGS.

(Dates Subject to Alteration.)
AUCKLAND.—HIS MAJESTY'S.
 This Week to May 1—Poland's.
 May 4 to May 15—Harry Richards.
 May 17 to June 5—J. C. Williamson.
 June 7 to June 26—West's Pictures.
 June 28 to July 3—Hamilton Dramatic Company.
 July 5 to July 24—Hamilton Dramatic Company.
 July 26 to August 7—J. C. Williamson.
 August 24 to September 7—Hamilton Dramatic Company.

WELLINGTON.—OPERA HOUSE.
 April 10 to May 1—J. C. Williamson.
 May 3 to 18—Meynell and Gunn.
 May 19 to 27—H. Richards.
 May 29 to June 18—Fleming Company.
 June 19 to July 24—Allan Hamilton.
 July 26 to August 13—Pollard Opera Co.
 August 14 to 28—G. Musgrave.
 August 30 to September 12—J. C. Williamson.
 September 14 to October 1—J. C. Williamson.
 October 2 to 16—Allan Hamilton.
 October 23 to November 23—J. C. Williamson.
 November 25 to December 9—J. C. Williamson.
 December 27 to January 16—J. C. Williamson.

TOWN HALL.
 April 7 to 24—West's Pictures.
 April 27 to 29, May 4—Madame Melba.
 July 4 to 25—West's Pictures.

PALMERSTON NORTH.—MUNICIPAL OPERA HOUSE.
 April 19 to 21—Muskelyne and Devant's Mysteries.
 April 27—Lovel.
 April 28, 29—Florence Bates.
 May 6 and 7—J. C. Williamson.
 May 10—Madame Melba.
 May 18—Muskelyne and Devant's.
 May 21 to 26—Meynell and Gunn's "Hook of Holland".
 August 4, 5—Allan Hamilton's Dramatic Co.
 August 12, 13—J. C. Williamson's "Jack and Jill".
 August 27—Miska Eiman's Concert.
 Sept. 20, 21—J. C. Williamson's Julius and Ethel.
 October 6 and 7—J. C. Williamson.
 Nov. 1 to 6—Hugh Ward's Musical Comedy Co.
 Nov. 20 to 22—J. C. Williamson.
 Jan. 17, 18—Carter, the Magician.
 Jan. 20 to 24—J. C. Williamson.
 Feb. 14, 15—The Scarlet Troubadors.
 March 28 to 31—Allan Hamilton.
 May 13, 26—J. C. Williamson.
 June 8, 9—J. C. Williamson.
 June 20 to 25—Fred H. Graham's Musical Comedy Co.
 July 29, 30—J. C. Williamson.
 July 1, 2—Meynell and Gunn.
 August 18, 19—J. C. Williamson.
 Sept. 30—J. C. Williamson.
 October 1—J. C. Williamson.
 Nov. 1 to 5—Allan Hamilton.
 Nov. 16, 17—J. C. Williamson.

Paderewski's Symphony.

PADEREWSKI'S symphony was given its first public presentation some weeks ago. It takes some seventy minutes to play, and most of the American critics agree as to its high character, sincerity, dignity, and technical excellence.

Philip Hale, whose position as annotator of the Boston Symphony orchestra's programmes gives him opportunity to familiarise himself with new works more thoroughly than is possible to the average critic, writes interestingly of the symphony. He says in the Boston Herald:

"Mr. Paderewski made sketches for it in the summer of 1904, and he completed the three movements last December. It is his purpose to add a scherzo. He wrote one, but was not wholly satisfied with it.

"This symphony consists of a first movement which, we are told, seeks to celebrate Poland's great heroic past; an andante, which is an expression of the lyrical character of the composer's race; a finale, which is a symphonic poem with a theme that is based on the Polish revolution of 1863-64. The finale might be played as a work complete in itself. The symphony might bear the title 'Poland.'

"Mr. Paderewski's love of Poland is known to all. To him patriotism is a religion. No one would question for a moment the sincerity of his passionate devotion. No one speaking or thinking of it, would call to mind the weak persecutor in the bitter novel of Cherbulez. In his symphony the first movement, which is rigidly symphonic and without a table of contents, is the strongest of the three,

and to any learner of imagination who has been told that the music portrays the heroic past of the composer's country, this movement is the most imaginative and the one charged with suggestion. In the finale, or the symphonic poem, the hearer is told expressly what he should expect to hear: The unrest of those longing for independence, older heads counseling patience, the summons to war, battle music, a dirge for the fallen, the anticipation of happier years to come, for Poland is not dead. Yet this movement as a whole does not rivet the attention, nor is it so impressive in descriptive detail as is the first movement, for which the hearer has no guide book.

Sorrow, Chivalry and Splendour.

"The symphony begins with a long introduction, a dangerously long introduction, for the sad and sombre mood is maintained at so great length that the character of the main body of the movement seems not to be firmly established for some time. A second hearing of the symphony shows that this apparent lack of proportion is only apparent. It is as though a narrator mourning the loss of national liberty and lamenting with reiterated lamentations the past glories, harping on sorrows the more poignant by reason of the contrast, at last warms with the thought of the glorious years and tells as a rhapsodist a tale of chivalry and splendour. This tale is interrupted by the thought of present woes, but again the narrator finds comfort in the recollection of the proud past.

"The introduction, which is of a singularly original nature, establishes a mood which is not equalled in the finale. The themes of the first movement do not have perhaps a striking profile, but the motive that may be reasonably characterised as the theme of chivalry is finely exposed and admirably used in development. In his thematic treatment, as in his conception of form and general structure, Mr. Paderewski may be described as academic, but I do not use this word in its obnoxious sense. While his musical expression is modern, it is not ultra-modern. As far as he is concerned there has been no harmonic advance since Wagner.

"Observe, too, how scrupulous Mr. Paderewski is in the matter of development. There are pages where his anxiety to develop in every way a theme, to exhaust its possibilities, leads him to repetitions that have little or no significance. Fragments of themes are used until they annoy or weary. In one or two instances a fine effect is thus frittered away. But this first movement as a whole impresses by its solid structure, the nobility of the general design, the high purpose that animates and vitalises. The ornamentation is solid rather than designedly brilliant. The instrumentation is not always fortunate. There is a passage at the beginning of the main body of the movement for double basses and cellos that does not come out, and this is true of a few other passages later in the work, as in a curious use of muted violins, where what should be a faint but dismal cry is almost inaudible.

"The finale is descriptive in its nature. It begins with a restlessness that is full of bodement; music of agitation and revolt. This section is more successfully imagined than that which portrays the actual conflict. The battle music is conventional, but after the heroes have fallen and their cause is lost the composer rises to a tragic height in mourning their lot. Here he is simple and eloquent. The funeral march that follows has not the same intensity. The close is in the manner of an apotheosis with the reappearance of the chivalric motive. The interest of the finale is not always maintained. The movement is laid out on a great scale, and the detail is at times verbose and uninteresting. These disturbing passages could be easily cut out. There would then be an impression of more logical continuity and the many fine passages would stand out in bolder relief.

"It may be added for the sake of the record that in the finale Mr. Paderewski uses, or rather hints at, a national song, the burden of which is 'Poland is not dead.' He employs in his orchestra three sarrusophones and an instrument of his

own invention, the 'tonitruone,' which is modelled after the thunder machine of the theatre."

Caruso to Rest.

Caruso, the famous Italian tenor, is suffering from atony of the vocal chords, and specialists advise two years' rest.

A Great Tone Poet—Richard Strauss.

Dr. Richard Strauss, whose new opera, "Electra" was produced recently in Dresden, is probably the most remarkable personality among living musicians. He is certainly the most criticised; but it says much for his genius that even those who consider him an iconoclast are bound to admit the originality of his work. It is interesting to note that concerning his latest opera he has said: "People wondered at 'Salome,' they made fun of it, scorned it, then they accepted it. They will wonder still more at my 'Electra.' They will scoff still more, but they will end by accepting it." Like many other famous composers, Strauss started as an "infant prodigy," for he was only six years old when he first began to compose, and at sixteen he was beginning to be quite a "lion." At the present time, he is said to be the richest composer in Europe, the rights of one of his works alone having been sold for nearly £2000, and he never conducts an orchestra for less than £100 a performance. Indeed, although he is an idealist in music, he is very practical and shrewd in business matters, and he does not fritter his money away, as is the habit with so many men of genius.

How He Composes.

Dr. Strauss' method of composing his music differs greatly from that of most musicians. His best ideas come to him not when he is alone, but when he is in a room full of people and during the hum of conversation. Suddenly he will leave the chatting throng, and retiring into a corner of the apartment, he will take out his notebook and jot down some imperishable theme, returning shortly afterwards to his friends, and resuming the talk as though such a thing as music never existed in the world. A great deal of his work, too, is done while he is out walking in the woods, and also when he is travelling by train, or seated enjoying a meal in a restaurant. Beyond his music, his pursuits are few; probably his favourite way of spending the time being in card-playing, and in leading the "simple life" in his beautiful villa in the Bavarian Alps.

Mistaken Identity.

Dr. Strauss has often been mistaken for Eduard Strauss, the popular waltz writer, and he himself tells an amusing story of having sat in the audience during the performance of one of his own most difficult and characteristic works, and listened to the outspoken criticism of a "provincial" sitting near to him, who expressed his sorrow that Strauss, who had composed so many pretty waltzes, should condescend to produce such extraordinary music. On another occasion a lady sent a charming little note on to the concert platform, asking for one of his pretty waltzes as an encore, and one of the first things that happened to him on landing in America was being buttonholed by an enterprising reporter and asked if he had brought any new waltzes along with him! This, to the man who has composed "Salome," "Don Quixote," and the "Domestic Symphony," must have seemed galling indeed.

What the Kaiser Said.

Dr. Strauss has told an amusing story about a remark that was made about him by the Kaiser. The composer was one of the judges at a singing competition, and the Emperor was present. After one of the items, the Kaiser pointed to Strauss, and said jokingly to a companion: "Do you see that one? He is a terribly modern fellow; he is a serpent whom I have warmed in my bosom." "Of course," said Dr. Strauss, when he told the story, "everybody near the Emperor, burst out laughing, and I laughed most of all. But the Emperor returned to the subject, and pleaded for simple compositions, and, thinking to profit by his words, I wrote what I imagined to be a very popular part-song for a male choir. But I was mistaken; the composition was found to be complicated, and I was thankful that the Emperor had not come to listen to it. For against my will, I had turned from a serpent into a dragon!"

"My Worries With Grand Opera."

The writer of the following racy "confessions," Mr. Oscar Hammerstein, perhaps the most famous impresario in the world, is the director of the Manhattan Opera House, New York, which he built unaided at a cost of £300,000.

His expenses throughout the season are £9000 a week. He engages the greatest singers in the world, and these are the stories he tells concerning some of them:—

The eminent writer who said that genius was an infinite capacity for taking pains knew nothing of the trials of a grand-opera director.

Otherwise he would have changed his phrase to make it read that genius, orchestra to a chronic bad temper, the expression in some grand-opera stars, is merely an infinite capacity for causing pains.

Whenever the director turns in grand opera, from a false note in the orchestra to a chronic bad temper, the star lays it on the artistic temperament, and expects that long-suffering, over-worked thing to explain and atone for the shortcoming.

Whenever the director turns in grand opera he is sure to find among the stars a feeling or belief that there is a conspiracy afoot to undermine or understate the singer in some way.

Thus a great part of the singer's life is spent in trying to ward off fancied dangers that might injure his precious asset. Here is a case in point. Not long ago I asked one of my greatest artists, who is absolutely assured of her position in New York and elsewhere, to sing the coloratura in "The Huguenots."

It was a very small part, but she would have given it distinction, and it was my intention to feature her in the production. When I suggested it to her she became indignant.

She said, "I cannot sing a small part like that." One interesting feature is that I offered to pay her just as much for singing those seven minutes as if she had been required to sing for four hours. She could not see it that way. The danger, as she saw it, was not to her vocal chords, but to her reputation.

A short time after this incident I assigned a well-known Italian singer to the part of the friar in "Tosca." At the first rehearsal I saw at once that his voice was not big enough, so I put in someone else.

The Italian who was superseded walked from the stage in tears, and stood in the wings blubbering like an infant. He moaned, "My career is ruined."

The Suspicious Singer.

When a singer appears before an audience or a very unresponsive audience she at once concludes that her failure is due to a conspiracy between the director and the public, quite forgetting the fact that her success means the director's success.

Not content with having an artistic temperament so sensitive that an imaginary breath will ruffle it, the grand opera star adds to it a most extraordinary superstition. It finds expression in astonishing ways.

One, for example, will not go on for a performance until she has dropped a dagger into the floor three times. If it sticks each time it is a good omen, and she feels that she will sing well and have big success. If not, it disturbs her during the whole opera.

Another will not go on the stage until I have given her a quarter (1s.). She carries it during the performance. I might add that she saves the quarters.

Some opera stars knock on the scenery before going on. Others stamp on the floor three times.

A curious superstition among them relates to the colour of green. Many grand-opera stars avoid this colour as if it were poison. They won't wear green costumes, and they defect operas with green rooms or palaces.

Some foreign artists will haggle over having to pay a dollar and a-half for a piano score.

Sometimes the foreign star never forgets her origin, as in the case of one prima donna who sang with me last season. Her father had been a second-hand tailor, and the atmosphere of his shop seemed to cling to her with peculiar tenacity.

Whenever she wanted me to do her a favour she talked to me as her father had talked to a prospective customer. She stroked the lapels of my coat, rubbed down the creases, and every moment I expected her to say, "It fits like the paper on the wall."

The Pollards.

The Pollards have been occupying the public attention since they brought "Kip Van Winkle" to Auckland. On Saturday evening a change was instituted, when the operatic extravaganza "The Isle of Bong Bong" was produced. It is one of those clever mixtures of burlesque and vaudeville, admirably staged, which the playgoers are never weary of seeing. The "business" of the company, and the whole-souled efforts they put into their work, contributed to a highly successful evening. The centre of the fun was, of course, Mr. Charles Albert, who, as an amiable and weird old Sultan, was never lacking for a laugh from the house. The company are billed to appear till the 1st May.

Word of May Beatty.

Miss Alice Pollard, writing from Manchester, says that May Beatty has made the biggest success in pantomime in England this year.

Big Loss.

Miss Pollard's Success.

Miss Alice Pollard, of Christchurch, has achieved a marked measure of success on the stage at Manchester, where she played second lead with Mr. George Edwards' company in the musical comedy, "The Dollar Princess." The New Zealander is likely to appear in the piece when it is produced in London.

A Courageous Actress.

Miss Mamie Stuart, who has made such a courageous stand against objectionable theatrical performances, and has obtained substantial damages from a well-known theatrical agency for misrepresenting the nature of an entertainment at Buenos Ayres, for which they had engaged her, is a very pretty girl of the ingenu type, says a Home paper. All women who are engaged in the same profession will doubtless be truly grateful to Miss Stuart for holding her own in a situation which might have taxed the courage of a less spirited actress. The lesson will not be lost on those who rashly contract foreign engagements without due knowledge of what such contracts may imply.

Miscellaneous.

Blanche Arzal, the prima donna who visited Australia and New Zealand, is in America. She sang at the Apollo Club in St. Louis, and won golden opinions. Other cities in the west, such as Cincinnati and Louisville, were also given an opportunity of hearing her.

Mrs. Melba is indignant with the "Argus." The other Saturday it published a series of pictures of past and present stage favourites with their selling prices tabbed on them in large figures (says the Sydney "Bulletin"). Melba's price was given at £14 per singing minute. Now her manager writes declaring that Nellie holds the world's record, which she put up at Sydney, when she netted a clear £2300 out of half-an-hour's singing, equal to £78 13/4 per minute.

Madame Clara Butt's many friends will be glad to learn that she is making so good a recovery that the doctors have authorised her leaving England next week to complete the cure. Her husband, Mr. Kennerley Rutherford, will accompany her to Cannes, where they are to stay for five weeks. Madame Butt's reappearance in London was made at the sacred concert given in Queen's Hall on Good Friday evening.

Mr Percy Grainger's researches into old English folk songs, many of which he has, by the aid of a phonograph, succeeded in rescuing from the oblivion whereto otherwise in the nature of things they would speedily have been consigned, are held in great esteem by the musical world. During his recent visit to New Zealand, the "Age" says, he has busied himself taking records of Maori music, much of which he considers to be most interesting. In addition to his work in the Dominion, the collecting of which has been his own special hobby, a friend of his has also supplied him with phonograph records of native Barotonga part songs. These he describes as "full of the joy of life, and voicing a tremendous, glad, beaming energy, genuine polyphonic music showing much sense of harmony." As it is usually in four, and sometimes in eight parts, he finds the task of transcribing the records "appallingly hard"; but he is keen and enthusiastic, and finds the work "fascinating." These Polynesians, he says, must evidently have had a musical civilisation of their own, on a par, artistically, with their legends, carvings and decorative patterns.

Our Illustrations

WANGANUI COLLEGIATE SCHOOL.

EASTER of 1909 will be recorded in red letters in the annals of the Wanganui Collegiate School.

The farewell to the headmaster, who has been instrumental in building the school's reputation up to its present proud position, and the laying of the foundation stone of the new school buildings, which have just been celebrated, were witnessed by the largest gathering of Old Boys from all parts of the Dominion (and beyond it) that has ever been held in Wanganui, and the proceedings were characterised by an enthusiasm that spoke volumes for the esprit de corps of this famous educational institution. For twenty-five years (twenty-one as headmaster) Mr. Empson has been connected with the school, and the Old Boys arranged a big gathering for Easter to say farewell to him and Mrs. Empson. The demonstration was a remarkable one, and it is estimated that over three hundred men who have passed through the school took part in the event. It was decided by the trustees to take advantage of the presence in Wanganui of the Old Boys to lay the foundation stone of the new school buildings, which have been mooted for several years. These two events and the other fixtures, such as sports, etc., went off with much eclat.

On Easter Sunday communion service was held in the school chapel, which was filled with Old Boys, and the special service held in Christ Church at 5 o'clock in the evening was one that those privileged to attend will never forget. The hearty singing of past and present boys, the deep reverential feeling which pervaded the whole congregation, made themselves felt in a thrilling manner. In the evening large numbers of Old Boys were entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Empson at their residence.

On Easter Monday Mr. and Mrs. Empson were entertained at luncheon in a large marquee in the school grounds. The health of Mr. and Mrs. Empson was proposed by Mr. Harold Johnston in eloquent speech, and the enthusiasm with which this was drunk, and the loud applause that greeted them, could have left no doubt in their minds as to the feelings of those present towards them.

Very successful sports, which included an Old Boys' race, with over 200 competitors, were held during the day. Subsequently the Old Boys had a meeting in the big schoolroom, and decided to open subscription lists among themselves with the object of defraying the cost of a new channel for the school. The splendid sum of over £2,000 has so far been subscribed, nearly all of which was promised at the meeting.

The Drill Hall was packed in the evening when the prizes were distributed. Mr. Empson briefly reviewed the past year so far as school athletics were concerned, mentioning that the cricket XI. had again annexed the senior cup, the crew had won the boat race, and the football team had done all that was asked of them—except beat Te Aute. The shooting eight had put a score of four higher than won the Empire School's match last year, and this year they had secured fourth place.

After the prize giving a welcome was given to the new head, the Rev. J. L. Dove. Dr. Anson, on behalf of the Trustees, after paying a high tribute to Mr. Empson, said he was sure Mr. Dove would prove the right man in the right place. He was an English school-boy, and thoroughly understood the tone and feeling of the school, and he felt sure no better man could have been chosen. Mr. H. R. Cooper also welcomed Mr. Dove on behalf of the Old Boys. He did not wish to hide from Mr. Dove the fact that he had a very difficult part to play, but assured him that in everything he did for the good of the school he would have the Old Boys behind him to a man. Mr. Dove in reply thanked all for their very hearty welcome. He was sure he would find ever ready help from all. His way had been smoothed by Old Boys from the moment he landed. His every aim would be to foster the traditions that had grown up in the school.

The ceremony of laying the foundation stone was performed on the 13th inst. by His Excellency the Governor, Lord Plunket, in the presence of an interested gathering of scholars past and present and residents of Wanganui. The formal laying of the stone at the present juncture is attended by rather unusual circumstances, inasmuch as so far only the ground plans have been prepared by the architects, Messrs Atkin and Bacon. It was decided, however, to hold the ceremony at the present time, so as to take advantage of the presence of a large number of old boys in Wanganui.

New Buildings.

The growth of the Wanganui Collegiate school is well shown by a comparison between the building in which it was first housed 40 years ago—a house little larger than a cottage—and the present picturesque-looking, though rambling, structure. The school as it now stands dates from various years, a wing here and an extension there having been added from time to time as required. Now, however, the time has come when the policy of addition and extension is to cease. To retain the schoolhouse in its present position means losing a large amount of revenue from the valuable endowment, and it also means, so far as the institution itself is concerned, the putting up with many inconveniences, and the handicapping of future developments. That portion of the estate abutting on the residential area of the town is to be cut up for building leases, and, as everyone knows, the school is to change its locale to a new site at the end of Liverpool-street extension, where an extensive range of up-to-date buildings is to be erected.

The site is one of the most elevated portions of the estate, giving a fine outlook and showing the buildings to the best advantage, besides providing ample fall for drainage and storm water, a most necessary requirement. The adjoining land, some 43 acres has been reserved for playing fields, gardens, etc., and is bounded on three sides respectively by Liverpool, Indus, and London-streets, and on the fourth side by the railway. The planting of the boundaries with shelter trees was done last year, and the formation of cricket, football, etc., fields will be proceeded with this year.

The "separate house" system is to be adopted in the new buildings, this method of housing having been shown by Home experience to be distinctly preferable to the block system.

Practically all the new buildings will be in brick, with special attention to all sanitary requirements. It is hoped that the plans will be completed and tenders called by the end of June next. The buildings will probably take some 18 months to erect.

Mr. Empson Resigns.

On July 1, 1908, Mr. Empson wrote resigning his position as headmaster of the school, and although every endeavour was made to induce him to reconsider his decision, the trustees were reluctantly compelled to accept his resignation, Mr. Empson explaining he considered the time had come for him to resign owing to his indifferent state of health.

The next question to decide was to secure a successor to Mr. Empson. This was no easy matter. After a long consultation by the trustees, it was decided to cable to the Bishop of Wellington, who was in England at the time, asking him to offer the position to the Rev. J. L. Dove, at that time second master at Durham School, and on July 23rd a reply was received to the effect that the Rev. J. L. Dove had accepted the position of headmaster. The trustees considered themselves very fortunate in securing such an excellent master, to fill Mr. Empson's place. The Rev. J. L. Dove arrived in Wanganui on April 8th, 1909, and enters upon his new duties at the beginning of the second term, 1909.

Management of the College.

The school and estate are under the control of a Board of Trustees entitled "The Wanganui Collegiate School Board of Trustees." Up to within the last three years the business of the Trust was conducted and meetings held in Wellington, Mr. E. N. Liffiton being

resident agent in Wanganui. This method of administration was considered by the trustees an unsatisfactory one, and at a meeting held on August 31st, 1906, it was decided to reorganise this arrangement, appoint a secretary, and provide a permanent office in Wanganui, where the whole of the business of the Trust should be conducted. At a further meeting held on November 7th, 1906, applications for the position of secretary were considered, and Mr. S. W. Adams was appointed to the post. At the same meeting it was decided that all meetings of the trustees should in future be held in Wanganui, at stated periods—viz, once a quarter. Also that an Executive Committee should be formed consisting of the members of the Board residing in Wanganui and neighbourhood. The executive was formed for the purpose of dealing with all matters of administration, the general policy of the Board being decided by the trustees, and the actions of the Executive Committee confirmed by them. The trustees are appointed by the Diocesan Standing Committee, for a period of five years. At the present time the Board is constituted as follows:—

His Lordship the Bishop of Wellington (chairman).
Dr. G. E. Anson.
Mr. A. G. Biguell (chairman of Executive Committee).
Mr. T. Allison (delegate to Mr. Gifford Marshall).
Mr. G. C. Wheeler.

A certain old dame, who is well known to fame
For preferring a shoe for a cottage,
Her children would spunk and to bye-bye
would yank,
If they ever complained of their pot-
tage!
Now this shows she was wise, and it's
safe to surmise
In a household so strict and house-
wifely,
If a child had a cough it was treated
right off,
With Woods' Peppermint Cure—quick
and lively.

NOTICE TO MAKE RETURNS OF LAND UNDER "THE LAND AND INCOME ASSESSMENT ACT, 1908."

Land and Income Tax Department,
Wellington, 30th March, 1909.
Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of the above Act, and the Regulations made thereunder, every person and company within the meaning of the said Act, being owner of land in New Zealand, or being the holder or owner of any mortgage or mortgages of land in New Zealand, is hereby required to make and furnish to me, in the prescribed form, returns of such land and mortgages as at 13 o'clock noon on the 31st day of March instant.
And, further, notice is hereby given that such returns shall in all cases be delivered at or forwarded to the Office of the Commissioner of Taxes, in the Government Buildings at Wellington, on or before the 1st day of May, 1909.

P. HEYES,
Commissioner of Taxes.
Note.—Forms of return may be obtained at any Postal Money-order Office.

THE AUCKLAND, MOUNT ALBERT AND AVONDALE LAND AND ESTATE AGENCY MOUNT ALBERT.

City Office—79-81 Queen Street.

FOR FARMS (Small and Large), SECTIONS, HOUSES, etc., etc., please call at the Agency at Mt. Albert, or write.

FOR SALE, by the Agency (who will always arrange very easy terms), a Great Number of Properties. We mention a few, viz:—

A BEAUTIFUL 8-roomed house; bath-room; all modern conveniences; Gas. Pansoby Reservoir. £600.

A NICE HOUSE, 6 rooms, and all con.; 1/2 section 53 x 120; close Richmond Road. £250.

CENTRE MT. ALBERT—Pretty Cottage, 4 rooms, scullery, w.c., and all conveniences; over 1/2 acre; fruit trees. £450. \$100 cash.

SNUG LITTLE FARM, about 45 ac.; 5 or 6 grass paddocks; remainder bushy nice house 4 miles from Waiuku.

BEAUTIFUL 8-ROOMED HOUSE, lovely 1/2 garden, etc., etc.; 1/2 acre ground, double frontage; about one-half could be cut up and sold by me to pay the whole of the purchase money. Personally inspected and strongly recommended. MR. ALBERT.

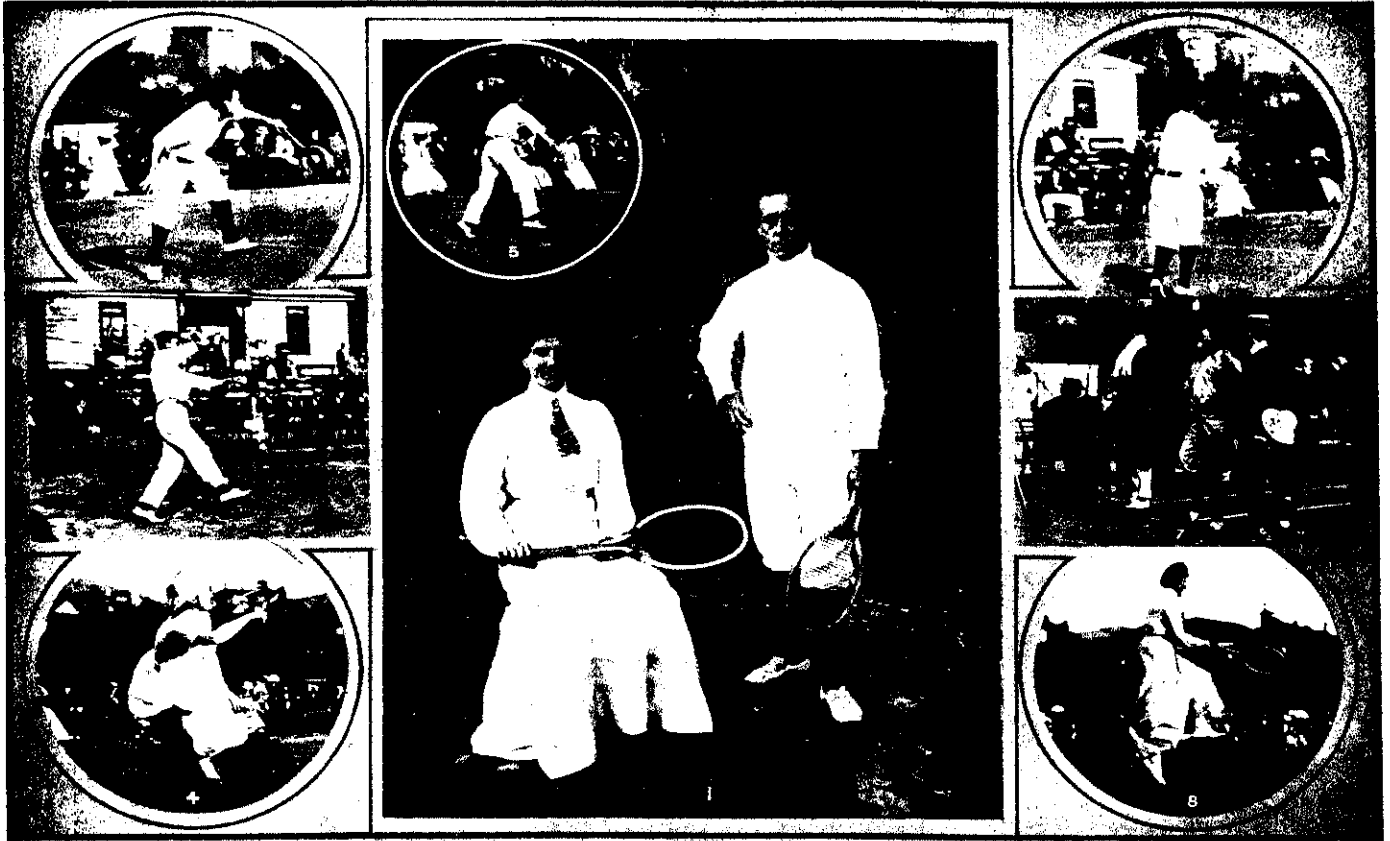
PRETTY, NEWLY-BUILT 6-ROOMED HOUSE, bath, tubs, etc.; best position, centre MT. ALBERT; 60 by 100 ft. M400



Tourist Department, photo.

A STILL MORNING AT FACILE HARBOUR, DUSKY SOUND.

The increasing popularity of the Sounds trip led the Union Company, at the suggestion of the Hon. T. MacKenzie, Minister in charge of the Tourist Department, to run a trip at Easter, and the Tulane, which was put on for the occasion, was a full ship.



WELLINGTON PROVINCIAL LAWN TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIP TOURNAMENT AT EASTER.

No. 1, H. Rice, of New South Wales, winner of the Men's Singles, and Miss Nunnally, winner of the Ladies' Singles. No. 2, Rice taking a back-hander. No. 3, Finish of a fore hand drive. No. 4, Miss Travers hitting across court. No. 5, Returning a hot one from Rice. No. 6, Rice serving. No. 7, Rice, after playing in the Singles. No. 8, Miss Nunnally jumping to a volley.



No. 1, Canterbury College Hockey representatives. No. 2, The Otago team. No. 3, Victoria College, Wellington, winners of the Hockey tournament. No. 4, L. A. Dougal, Canterbury College, winner of the Mile Championship in second time, and the Half Mile Championship. No. 5, R. Bagg, Victoria College, who won the Three Mile Championship, and ran second to Dougal in the mile. No. 6, R. Ope, Canterbury College, 100 yards, 220 yards, 440 yards Champion. Canterbury College won the shield, with 15 points, Victoria College being second with 13 points, Otago scored 10, and Auckland 1.

STUDENTS AT PLAY—NEW ZEALAND UNIVERSITY TOURNAMENT AT WELLINGTON.



STUDENTS AT PLAY-NEW ZEALAND UNIVERSITY TOURNAMENT AT WELLINGTON.

No. 1. Messrs. D. S. Smith and G. H. Gibb, who won the debating tournament for Victoria College, Wellington. No. 2. Messrs. H. H. Hanna and M. Gilson, Canterbury representatives in the debate. No. 3. Messrs. J. F. Kavanagh and A. G. Marshall, Auckland's debaters. No. 4. The tea given by Mr. Dixon, Chairman of the Tournament to the students. No. 5. Group of the delegates to the Tournament.



Rembrandt Studio, Marton.

ON THE TENNIS COURTS.



Lanoe, photo.

SOME OF THE COMPETITORS AT THE FIRST LAWN TENNIS TOURNAMENT HELD AT WANGANUI.

There were 210 entries, and the players included Miss Powdrell, the lady champion of the Dominion, who is seated in the middle of the photograph.



Rembrandt Studio, Marton.

THE BOWLING TOURNAMENT FOR THE KEESING CUP, WON BY FEILDING.

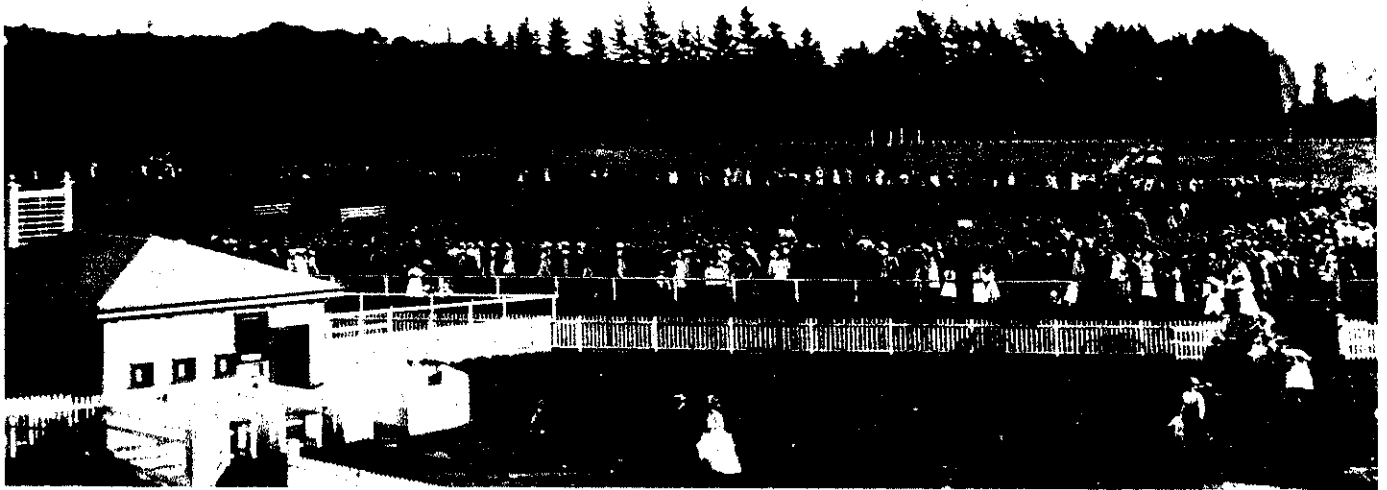
LAWN TENNIS AND BOWLING AT WANGANUI DURING EASTER.



EASTER REGATTA AT ROTORUA.

C. Parkerson, photo.

The festivities at Rotorua this Easter as usual included a Regatta for which good entries were received, crews going from Auckland and the Waikato to take part. No. 1. The boat house on the shores of the Lake; No. 2. Messrs Prince Brothers' Bronzewing, winner of the sailing race; No. 3. Ngarnawahia, winners of the Junior fours; No. 4. West End winning the Light Weight Junior fours.



THAMES FORESTERS' ANNUAL SPORTS GATHERING ON THE RACECOURSE AT PARAWAI, ON EASTER MONDAY.



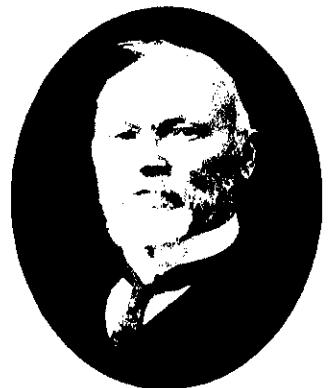
MR. R. M. McDONALD.
Chairman of Directors, Christchurch Press Company, now on his way to England as one of the Dominion representatives to the Imperial Press Conference in London.



MR. T. E. DONNE.
The popular superintendent of the Tourist Department, who was farewelled last week by a large gathering of the Rotorua residents as a mark of the appreciation which his work while in charge of Rotorua has met with.



MR. C. A. HICKSON.
Commissioner of Stamps, who has been in the Government service since 1865, and is now retiring under the age limit. Mr. Hickson has been Commissioner of Stamps since 1896, and his last appointment prior to that was Secretary.



MR. MICHAEL FLANNERY.
Late gaoler at Napier, who is retiring under the age limit. Mr. Flannery was the recipient of an address from the citizens of Napier at a big meeting presided over by the Mayor (Mr. J. Vigor Brown).



GENERAL VIEW OF THE SITE OF THE NEW BUILDINGS.



MRS. W. EMPSON.

Who is retiring from the headmastership after twenty-five years connection with the school, twenty-one of which he has been head.



THE SCHOOL IN 1881. THIS BUILDING IS THE LARGE CLASS ROOM OF THE PRESENT SCHOOL SHOWN IN ANOTHER PHOTOGRAPH.



THE RIGHT REV. THE BISHOP OF WELLINGTON (BISHOP WALLIS).

Chairman of the Trustees.



THE REV. J. L. DOVE.

Of England, appointed by the trustees to succeed Mr. Empson.



THE FIRST SCHOOL HOUSE—FORTY YEARS AGO.



MRS. G. C. WHEELER.

Member of the Board of Trustees.



HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR LAYING THE FOUNDATION STONE.

LAYING THE FOUNDATION STONE, WANGANUI COLLEGE, AND FAREWELL TO MRS. AND MRS. EMPSON.



WANGANUI COLLEGIATE SCHOOL OF TO-DAY. THE CHAPEL IS ON THE LEFT.



SOME OF THE SPECTATORS AT THE STONE LAYING CEREMONY.



F. J. Denton, photo.

THE LARGE CLASS ROOM OF THE PRESENT BUILDING.

LAYING THE FOUNDATION STONE, WANGANUI COLLEGE, AND FAREWELL TO MR. AND MRS. EMPSON.

Laying the Foundation Stone of the New W



MR. A. G. BIGNELL,
Chairman of Executive Com. of Trustees.



MR. T. ALLISON,
Member of the Board of Trustees.



OLD BOYS WHO JOURNEYED TO WANGANUI
It says much for the school that the enthusiasm of its old scholars is such that the s



F. J. Denton, photo.

THE PRESENT PUPILS

"No educational department, no system of routine instruction, can produce what has been created in this school—that definite tone, that but it has been one of the most important factors in England's glorious past, and it is one of the main bulwarks

anganui Collegiate School to cost £30,000



TO TAKE PART IN THE CELEBRATIONS.
sum of over £2000 has been subscribed by them towards the erection of a new chapel.



MR. C. J. WRAY,
President of the Old Boys' Association.



MR. S. W. ADAMS,
Secretary to the Board of Trustees.



OF THE COLLEGE.

See "Our Illustrations."

public atmosphere, which distinguishes our public schools at home. It is difficult to define it to those who have not lived in it themselves, but we still have against decadence in our race." His Excellency the Governor at the laying of the foundation stone.



PANORAMA OF THE ORINGI ENCAMPMENT.

The chief scene of the battle was fought on the hills in the background, ball cartridge and live shell, at a range of 3700 yards being used.



No. 1. The results of the heavy rain in the camp of the Wellington First Battalion who were the worst sufferers by the down-pour. No. 2. The platoon service used for the first time in the manoeuvres. No. 3. The first arrivals at the Oringi Station troops from Palmerston North and Wangatani. No. 4. Lieut.-Col. Watt, V.D., Commander of the Wangatani Battalion. No. 5. A charger in the hands of the veterinary surgeon. No. 6. Lieut.-Col. Duthie, in command of the Wellington First Battalion.



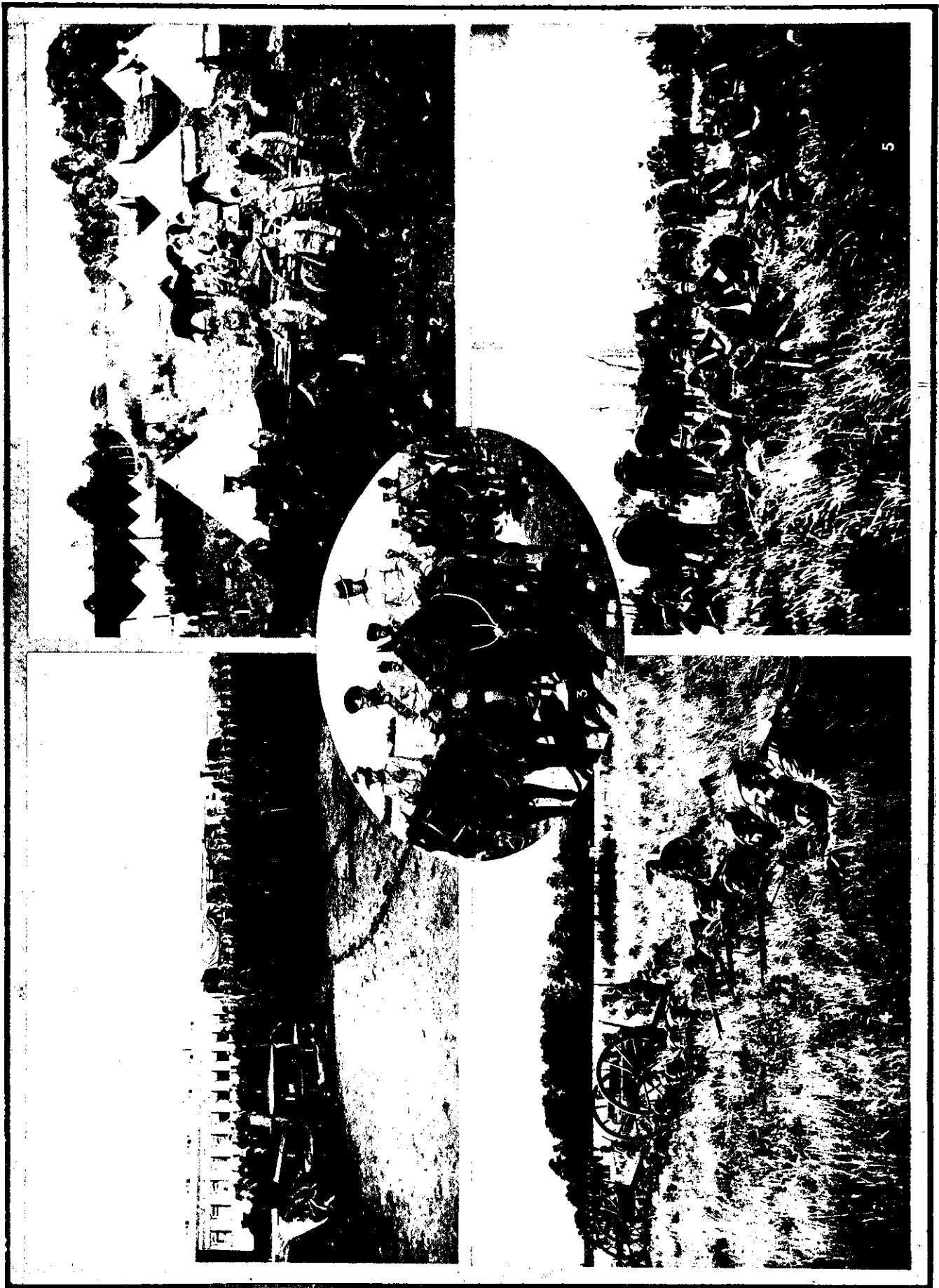
E. Denton, photo.

OFFICERS WHO TOOK PART IN THE MANOEUVRES.

Seventh and eighth from the right are Lieut.-Col. Bauchop, Officer commanding the district, and Col. Dwyer, Inspector-General.

EASTER MANOEUVRES OF THE WELLINGTON DISTRICT TROOPS AT ORINGI, HAWKE'S BAY.

The Easter Camp of the Wellington troops this year, held at Oringi, was highly successful. There were close on 2,000 men under canvas. Fine weather prevailed until Easter Sunday, when heavy rain fell. On Good Friday there was a parade of troops, with battalion movements. On Saturday there was an engagement with an enemy from the adjacent hills. The enemy was repulsed, but the flanking movements failed. On Sunday rain fell steadily all day, and effectively prevented all useful work. On Easter Monday the manoeuvres were confined by the weather. A further attack was made, and excellent shooting was done by the artillery, who fired live shells. A pontoon bridge had been erected across the Manawatu River, but was washed away as the result of Sunday's rain. The camp was admirably arranged, the hospital, under the medical staff, was kept full with volunteers suffering from complaints and accidents.



EASTER MANOEUVRES OF THE WELLINGTON DISTRICT TROOPS AT ORINGI, HAWKE'S BAY.

E. Denton, photo.

No. 1. The volunteers prepared for marching to Wellington on the return journey. No. 2. Wellington Engineers telegraph staff, which holds the record in the Dominion for telegraph laying, four miles, seventeen crossings, in 4 hour 25 minutes, which is half an hour better than the previous best. No. 3. Mounted men preparing to go into action. No. 4. The Kihirua Rifles (Captain Davies, V.D.) in the firing line. No. 5. A walk for lunch after the capture of the guns at Kuzul's farm by the mounted troops under Major Russell (who is sitting on the gun-carriage on the right).



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THE CLOUD MAKER.

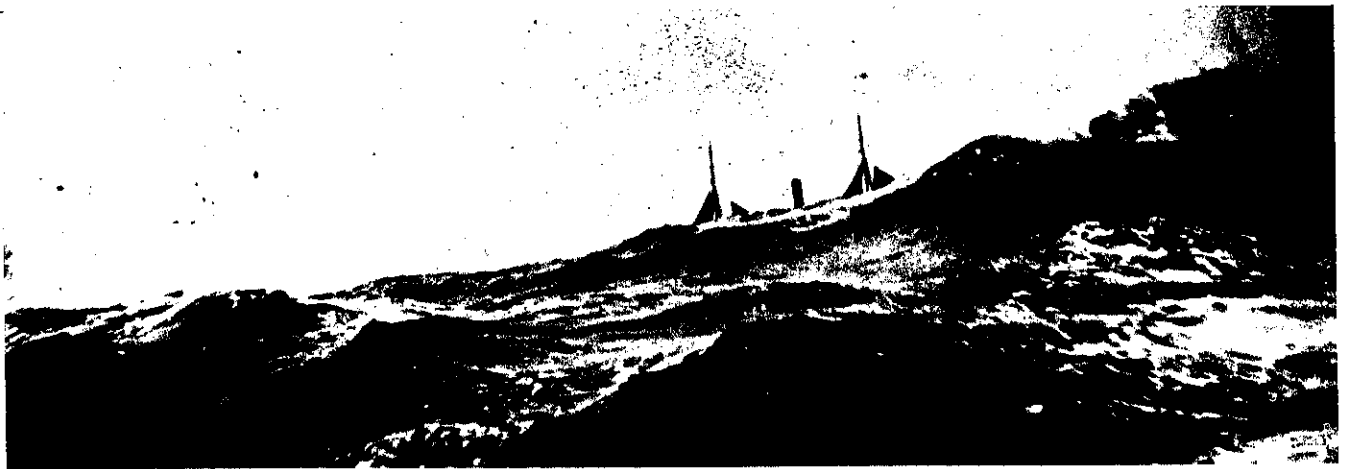
There is here shown for the first time one of the mountains discovered on the Farthest South Journey. This particular peak was christened "The Cloudmaker" because cumulus clouds generally form over it. The bare rock on the slopes to the left is mainly reef quartz. The camp in the foreground is 3000 ft up the glacier. In front is a maze of hidden crevasses. Another glacier runs down to the right. The thermolite tripod is conspicuous in the camp scene.



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BLUFF DEPOT, 83 MILES DUE SOUTH OF WINTER QUARTERS.

To the right is Lieutenant Shackleton, next him Wild, then Adams. The depot is raised on a snow mound 10 ft high, on the top of which a bamboo pole carries the black flags. The pole on the sledge is the mast to carry sail in fair winds. Fur boots are hanging up on its stays. On the right is the aluminium cooker, and on the left the sleeping bags. The wheel seen beyond these belongs to the sledge meter, which recorded the distance travelled. In the right distance (about 12 miles) is the point of the Bluff. It will be noted that the depot mound is not a very prominent object in the great expanse of snow and ice; nevertheless, the lives of the explorers, on their return journey, depended absolutely on their finding the depots, in which the pony meat was stored.



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NEARLY HIDDEN BY A SOUTH PACIFIC BILLOW.

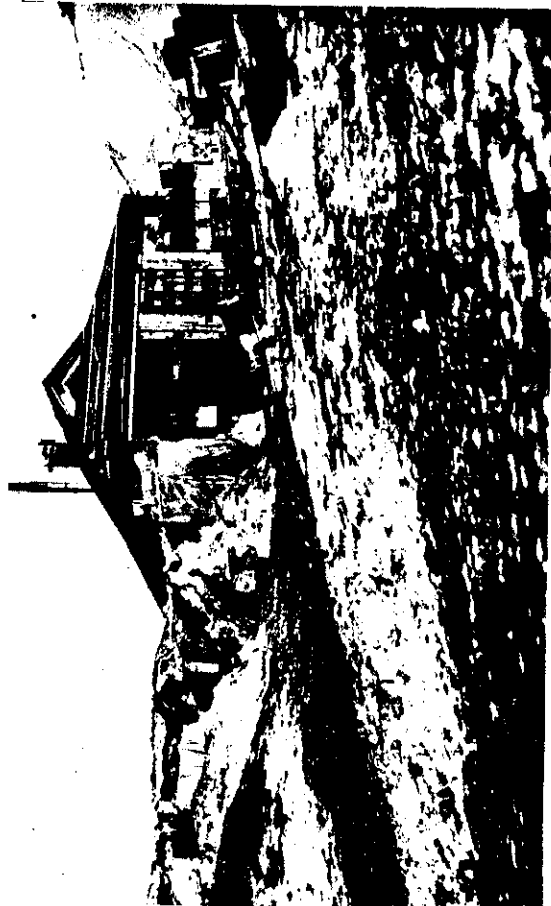
The Union Co's Koonya, as seen from the Nimrod during the stormy weather encountered on the way to the Antaretic. The Koonya had the Nimrod in tow, and the members of the Expedition had a very unhappy time. This particular sea struck the Nimrod, smashed her starboard bulwarks, and displaced a boat.

FARTHEST SOUTH WITH LIEUTENANT SHACKLETON.

These are the first pictures published of the British expedition of 1907-9, which is destined to be ever-famous in the story of Antaretic Exploration. We give them by courtesy of Lieutenant Shackleton, sole owner of the copyright, who wishes to express by this means and by his lectures for the benefit of charitable institutions, his gratitude to the Press and people of New Zealand for the warm interest they have taken in his venture.



Copyright by E. H. Shackleton, 1909. **IN A BARBERLESS LAND.**
Three members of the Furthest South Party, photographed just after their return to the Nimrod. Heading from the left: Lieutenant Shackleton, Jr.; Maitshall; Lieutenant Adams.



Copyright by E. H. Shackleton, 1909. **THE WINTER QUARTERS AT CAPE ROYDS.**
The hut, which measured 22ft by 13ft, had to accommodate fifteen men during the long Antarctic night. The atmosphere electricity instrument is prominent above the roof; on the left are the stables.



EREBUS IN ERUPTION, AS SEEN FROM THE WINTER QUARTERS.
On the 14th June, 1909, the cloud of smoke and steam from Erebus rose to a height of 20,000 ft. The ascent of the great volcano, over 12,000 ft in height, was one of the features of the Expedition. The snow on the summit of the volcano is the feature of Erebus. In the middle distance are the foothills of Erebus. To the left of the present camp may be seen the vast old crater. To the left of this is the high shoulder towards which the climbers made their way from the camp at Cape Royds.

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FARTHEST SOUTH WITH LIEUTENANT SHACKLETON.



THE GATHERING AT WAHAI, ON THE WAIKATO RIVER, WHERE THERE WERE ABOUT TWO THOUSAND NATIVES ASSEMBLED.



MR. HENRY KAHIAI, M.P. (on left), TALKING TO "KING" MAHUTA.



ARRIVAL OF Hon. A. P. NGATA (on left) AND Hon. JAMES CARROLL.



"KAI" TIME.



AN OLD-TIME WELCOME TO THE Hon. A. P. NGATA.

When the Ngatiwhareton, the Taupo tribes, sets itself out to do the thing properly, the spectacle is sure to be well worth witnessing. They are a fine stamp of people, and are famous for their prowess in the haka and other dances. When welcoming the stranger to a village the Maoris have a pretty custom of waving him on with boughs of greynery, as in the photograph.



TE HEU HEU TEKINO, THE HEAD OF THE TAUPO PEOPLE, ADDRESSING THE GATHERING.

Te Heu Heu is a grandson of the great Te Heu Heu, one of the most notable chiefs in recent Maori history, and well upholds the honour of the famous house. Mr Ngata is sitting last on the right.

MAORIS IN CONFERENCE AT TAUPO AND ON THE WAIKATO RIVER.

During the past week the Taupo Natives have had a big meeting at Wahai, near Tokanui, on Lake Taupo, and Mahuta's people had one at Wahai, opposite Huntly, on the Waikato River, to discuss the Native land question. Exactly what the Natives want is not easy for the Pakeha to fathom, but, among other things, they seem to be anxious for legislation which will reassure them in their titles to the land, make it easier for them to deal with the land, have certain parts of it set aside for specific purposes, and also enable the individualisation of titles to be carried out.



GROUP OF DELEGATES AT CHAMBERS OF COMMERCE CONFERENCE, WELLINGTON.

BACK ROW (left to right) Messrs G. S. Cray (Timaru), J. P. Newman, M.P. (Timaru), E. A. Cameron (Wanganui), A. Christensen (Patea), Gow (N.Z. Trade Commissioner). THIRD ROW Messrs W. Hall (Christchurch), H. Tolley (Wellington), G. Shirlcliffe (Wellington), A. B. Robertson (Auckland), S. A. Longuet (Auckland). SECOND ROW Messrs S. Carrut (secretary), J. Reid (Blenheim), A. Kaye (Christchurch), H. C. Tewsley (Wellington), C. S. Fraser (Timaru), G. H. Rolleston (British Trade Commissioner). FRONT ROW—Messrs J. G. Harkness (Wellington), H. J. Nathan (Wellington), M. Jones (Dunedin), M. J. Mathison (Christchurch), W. J. Dumble (president, Wellington), N. Kettle (Napier), M. McCallum (Auckland), D. McPherson (Dunedin), P. Barr (Dunedin).



AWKLAND PROVINCIAL POLO.

The Remuera team last week beat Clevedon on the Remuera ground by nine goals to four, for the provincial championship. The junior cup, in which Remuera had to concede five goals, was won by Clevedon—six to two. Our photographs were taken during the playing for the Junior Cup.



NGAURUHOE IN ERUPTION: TAKEN FROM THE WAIOURU-TOKAANU COACH ROAD.

Last week Ngauruhoe was very much more active than it has been for some days, and travellers in that part of the Island were afforded a magnificent spectacle on several occasions, the mountain belching forth immense volumes of thick black smoke, which lay over the country for miles.



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THE EBER'S PARTY STARTING ON THEIR SUCCESSFUL CLIMB.

This picture illustrates the method of hauling by means of canvas bands round the hips, with shoulder straps to keep the bands in position.



THE PENGUINS' HAUNT

The last of the Adelle Penguins, photographed just before they started North for the winter. The photograph was taken at Cape Royds. The cliffs are composed of the rare volcanic rock Konytic.

FARTHEST SOUTH WITH LIEUTENANT SHACKLETON.

A GREAT ENGINEERING FEAT

BRIDGING THE GORGE OF THE ZAMBESI

THE feat of bridging the gorge of the Zambesi is destined to take rank as one of the great achievements of engineering in the century.

The bridge was designed by Mr. G. A. Hobson, of Sir Douglas Fox and Partners, and Sir Charles Metcalfe, who are, jointly, consulting engineers to the Rhodesia Railways. The parts of the bridge were made in England and shipped out ready to be put together.

The start of the erection was greatly delayed, however, by the deceptive appearance of the surface rock of the foundations on the side. Instead of being practically solid rock, as was anticipated, it proved to be almost anything

ready, the building of the main arch was proceeded with, starting on the twenty-first of October.

Early in November the only accident that occurred during the building of the bridge took place. The top piece of the end post on the Cairo side jammed hard when the erectors were trying to place it in position. The crane driver tried to lift it out with the crane. Naturally the crane was not equal to lifting the whole post, with the result that the gear broke, the piece fell sideways, and trapped one European and one native, killing both of them. Luckily for the bridge, the piece of post fell upon the horizontal strut, and was at once picked up.

from the Darlington Yard and also from the port of entry, the scarcity of white labour, and the rather trying climate, was not bad work.

The arch was erected as two cantilevers. The two arms were anchored by steel wire ropes of high breaking strain.

secured to the top of the end posts, and effectually fixed in the solid rock behind the shore spans. The steel was handled by means of two ten-ton electric cranes, travelling along the cross-girders. They were designed especially for the bridge by Mr. Imbault, and were very success-



THE VICTORIA FALLS BRIDGE.

With the mist of the falls in the background.

else. A depth of fifty feet below the first estimated depth had to be reached before the required solidity of foundation rock was reached. During this work the spray was very heavy, sometimes falling a day with the force of a heavy shower. In consequence, with perhaps a little help from other causes not water, several of the workers we brought out from England had to leave the country on account of bad health. Malaria, fever and dysentery were the chief evils from which the men suffered.

The spray also made the surveying work for setting out the bridge, which had, of course, to be very accurate, rather difficult, as one had to wait a long time for the mist to clear before being able to see across the gorge. But by the end of July, the cableway for conveying the parts of the Cairo half of the bridge across the gorge was completed. This cableway was capable of carrying ten tons. It was built with a light fixed tower on the Cairo side and a shears hinged on pins with a counter-balance weight on the Cape side. The tension on the cable was balanced by the rising and falling of the counter-weight. The conveyor was worked for lifting or travelling by the driver inside and was not dependent on anyone on land except for its motive power—electricity.

The cableway, although the great heat and a very moist atmosphere due to the spray counted against it, did very good work. Besides taking over the bridge material and the construction plant, it also conveyed forty miles of track material, and a quantity of rolling stock and other equipment for the northern extension of the line between the beginning of August and the end of March. The building of this line was carried on simultaneously with that of the bridge.

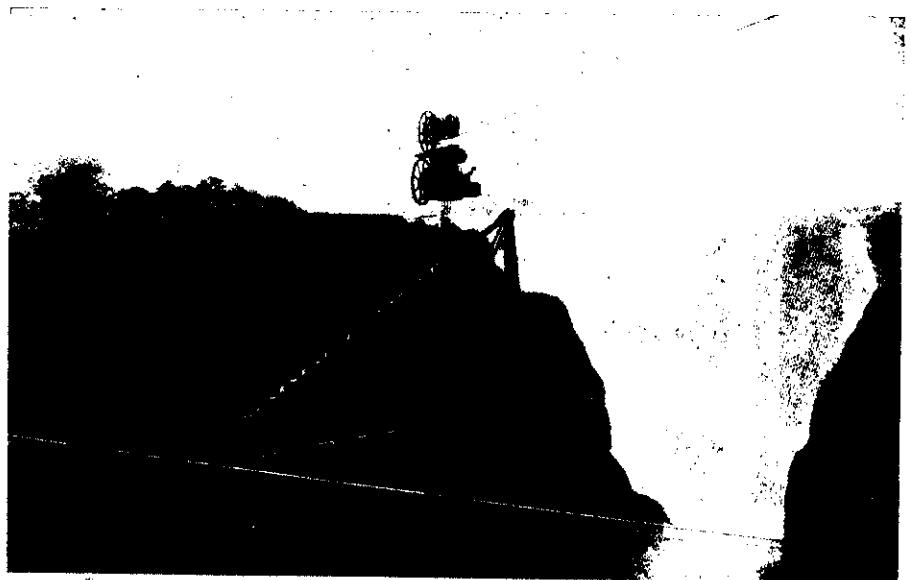
The shore spans were erected on timber trestles, or false-work, the one on the Cape side nearly 100 feet high. As soon as the concrete foundations were

The end posts were completed late in December. The arch then progressed rapidly, and, notwithstanding a stoppage of some weeks for material, the arch was joined in the early morning of April 1st. In the last twenty-four working days some 500 tons of steel were erected by an average of twenty-one men. In all 1600 tons were erected in a little more than nineteen working weeks, which, considering the distance



VICTORIA FALLS.

The greatest cataract of the Zambesi, three times as wide and more than twice as high as Niagara.



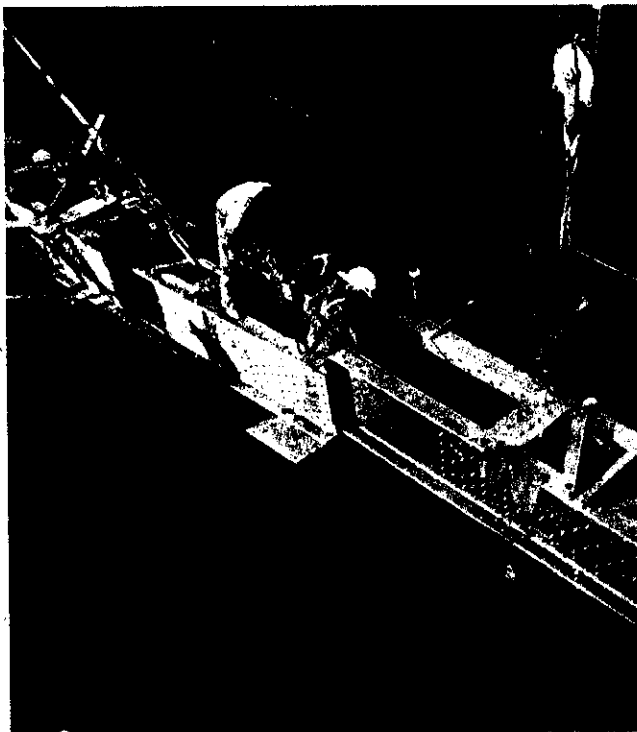
RUNNING A CRANE ACROSS THE GORGE ON THE CABLEWAY.

ful. The joining of the arch was practically perfect, proving how excellently the bridge had been made in Darlington. The arch as manufactured was within half an inch of the amount required.

We employed a great number of natives of various tribes during the work. Their views, and those of their various relatives and friends, were sometimes amusing. At first all ridiculed the idea of a bridge being built across the gorge. When the debris from the foundations was being tipped into the river, they imagined that we were going to fill up the gorge, but thought it might take rather a long time. The erection of the end spans on false work was simple to them. But

hippopotami, which, although peaceable most of the year, if left alone, at certain times become dangerous. We were chased on one or two occasions when in Canadian canoes, but never came to grief. Others were not so fortunate. Three canoes were overturned in one week. In one case one of the Civil Commissioners' native paddlers was drowned. In another, the man overturned lost his rifle and other gear and had to swim to one of the islands, where he remained all night.

Another adventure, that befell two of our riveters, is perhaps worth recording. They went a little way along the gorge and there found the remains of a reedbuck. They started to cut out the



TICKLISH WORK, 350FT. ABOVE THE ZAMBESI.



NETS SLUNG TO CATCH FALLING TOOLS OR MEN.

The lioness was followed next day for some distance, but the party were unable to come up with her.

The bridge was formally opened in October by Professor Darwin, President of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, which was holding its annual meeting in South Africa, by invitation of the South African colonies. Many well-known scientists, professors, and engineers were present—Sir Benjamin Baker, Sir C. Scott Moncrieffe, Lord Ross, Sir William Crookes, Sir R. Jebb, and others in a party of 200.

When the first long train bearing the visitors ran out on the bridge, representatives of North-western Rhodesia, including the Administrator and Mr. R. T. Coryndon, were waiting on the other side to receive them. Sir Charles Metcalfe spoke, and then Professor Darwin made a speech and declared the bridge

open. The several trains conveying the Association came over the bridge, and the members were then shown all the beauties of the falls and the islands.

The line that crosses the bridge is now being extended to the Northern Copper Company's Broken Hill mine, of which great things are expected. There is no doubt that the line will go on and complete the scheme of Cecil Rhodes, which Sir Charles Metcalfe and Sir Douglas Fox and Partners are now carrying out. The work is being pushed on rapidly. On the section now being laid down one track-laying gang laid more than five miles in one day of nine working hours.

The next great scheme at the falls will be the utilising of the water power for generating electricity. The amount of flow varies considerably in the wet and dry seasons, but there is, of course, ample for any demands that can be made

when they say the cantilever arms growing out from the precipice on each side, with no apparent support, they were mystified.

A chief nearby was asked by his collector what he thought about it. He replied, that the playmates of the gods could do anything, and went on to say that, evidently the chief god of the white man was holding up the two sides until further orders. An other always predicted disaster, and kept his unbelief until the bitter end. When he saw the arch joined, he pinned his faith to a tragedy for the first engine and train that would pass over. He was convinced that the bridge would fall down as soon as the train reached the middle. With a view to seeing his prophesy fulfilled, he came with a full retinue, including many wives, and saw the trucks come over. We believe that he was sadly disappointed, and that the faith of his tribe in him as a prophet has waned.

The riveting up of the bridge proved to be a more formidable undertaking than had been anticipated. Several of the riveters we brought from England were unable to stand the climate, and we had to depend largely on the men in this country. We found that an average day's work in England and in Africa were two very different things. Although we had good hydraulic and pneumatic equipment, the rate of progress was rather slow.

An interesting incident occurred during the riveting. A leopard, which had previously devastated the hen roosts of everyone in our locality, besides taking sundry dogs and cats, was run over by an engine one night. He had apparently been dazzled by the headlight and had laid on the track. He was seen by the driver, who pulled up. The skin was found to be severely damaged.

The deep pools among the islands in the river were the haunt of numerous

horns. Suddenly they heard a growl behind them. Turning, they saw a lioness with two cubs who were evidently annoyed at this interference with her dinner. The two men did not stop to argue, but made a bee line for the gorge, down which they jumped—about as dangerous a proceeding, one would think, as facing the lion. Luckily they stopped sliding a good way down, and returned very much bruised and excited.



SETTING THE LAST RIVETS IN THE BRIDGE.



THE FIRST TRAIN TO CROSS.

upon it, without undue interference with the falls. It is expected that in the near future, when the railway to the north has tapped the rich mines that undoubtedly are there, an industrial

township will spring up in the neighbourhood of the falls for the purpose of treating and concentrating the ore that is not rich enough to pay for the long journey now required.

"THE FIRST AMERICAN."

ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S CENTENARY.

Just a hundred years ago on Feb. 12 was born one of America's greatest sons, Abraham Lincoln, who entered the world in a rude log cabin, which his father, Thomas Lincoln, had built for himself in Larue County, in the State of Kentucky.

Lincoln's lowly birth, his early struggles in the backwoods, his efforts to educate himself, his keenness to excel in the professional life of his country, his fine record as an upright politician, his honest and lofty administration as President,

his efforts to ease the lot of the slave, and his final assassination make an irresistible appeal to the hearts of the English speaking people. James Russell Lowell, the American poet with whom, next to Longfellow, we are most familiar, described the rugged Lincoln as "The First American," and we doubt if any

better phrase could be found. Robert Ingersoll spoke of him once as "The Gentlest Memory of the World." The first time that Lincoln essayed to write a letter was when his mother died. He was passionately fond of her, and in after years paid tribute to her memory by saying: "All that I am, or hope to be,



BUST OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN BY GUTZON BORGLUM,

Unveiled in the presence of Congress during the Centenary celebrations.

A 217.—18 ct. Gold Diamond Cluster Ring, £7/10/-.

A 219.—18 ct. Gold Ring, 3 Diamonds Cross over, £16/10/-.

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

With larger Diamonds, £6/10/-, £8/10/-, £10/10/-.

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

A 166.—18 ct. Gold Ring, 2 Diamonds and 3 Emeralds, £8/10/-.

With larger Stones, £10/10/- up to £42.

A 26.—18 ct. Gold Ring, 3 Diamonds and 3 Rubies, or 3 Diamonds and 3 Sapphires, £5.

A 114.—18 ct. Gold Ring, 8 Diamonds and 3 Rubies, or 8 Diamonds and 3 Sapphires, £7/10/-.

A 125.—18 ct. Gold Ring, 8 Diamonds and 1 Ruby, £14/10/-.

A 218.—18 ct. Gold Ring, 5 Diamonds, £12/10/-.

With larger Diamonds, £14/10/- up to £75.

A 208.—18 ct. Gold Ring, 19 Diamonds and 6 Emeralds, £17/10/-.

A 37.—18 ct. Gold Ring, 2 Diamonds and 2 Sapphires, £5/10/-.

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

A 11.—18 ct. Gold Ring, 2 Diamonds and 2 Rubies, or 2 Diamonds and 2 sapphires, £2/10/-.

Engagement Rings

This illustration shows a few of our numerous designs, all made of 18 ct. Gold, real stones and excellent value at the prices quoted. Our illustrated Catalogue contains over 300 different designs; we send it free to all who write for it; but at our Treasure House you can see a superb collection of Rings, which far surpasses any other stock in New Zealand. We pay postage and guarantee safe delivery, and if you are not satisfied with your purchase on receiving same, we will exchange, or refund your money in full by return.

DEAL DIRECT WITH US AS WE HAVE NO AGENTS OR TRAVELLERS.

Stewart Dawson & Co.

TREASURE HOUSE,
QUEEN STREET, AUCKLAND.

A 131.—18 ct. Gold Ring, 9 Diamonds and 2 Rubies, or 9 Diamonds and 2 Sapphires, £10/1/-.

G 1267.—18 ct. Gold Ring, Set with Five Pearls, £9/10/-.

A 135.—18 ct. Gold Ring, 2 Diamonds and 3 Rubies, £12/10/-.

With larger Stones, £14/10/- up to £35.

A 222.—18 ct. Gold Diamond Cluster Ring, £35.

With smaller Stones, £17/10/-, £20 and £21.

A 48.—18 ct. Gold Ring, 2 Diamonds and 2 Sapphires, £12/10/-.

With larger Stones, £14/10/- up to £42.

A 15.—18 ct. Gold Ring, 1 Diamond and 2 Rubies, or 1 Diamond and 2 Sapphires, £5/5/-.

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

A 127.—18 ct. Gold Ring, 2 Diamonds and 1 Sapphire, £14/10/-.

A 112.—18 ct. Gold Ring, 2 Diamonds and 3 Rubies, £5/10/-.

With larger Stones, £6/10/-, £8/10/-, £10/10/-.

A 238.—Marquise Ring, all Diamonds, £18/10/-.

Others, £25, £30, £35, £40 and £50.

A 167.—18 ct. Gold Ring, 3 Diamonds & 3 Emeralds, £7/10/-.

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

I owe to my angel mother." The books which he first read were the Bible, Aesop's "Fables," and "The Pilgrim's Progress." Then he began to study the lives of Washington, Clay, and other Fathers of the Republic. Inspired by their examples he learned the value of being thorough, and soon began to cast about for a larger sphere of action. He made a great journey on a flat boat laden with goods down the Mississippi; he caught glimpses of slavery, and he began to take his stand in life. In 1832 he was a candidate for the State Legislature. During the next few years he took part in the Black Hawk War, did a lot of political speaking, became a country merchant, a lawyer, and a surveyor.

THE WAR AND ITS MARTYR.

Having seriously become a politician "Honest Abe," as he was called, early expressed his horror of slavery. He hated the trade, and said on one occasion, "If ever I get a chance to hit it, my God, I'll hit hard." He did. And the blow rebounded upon himself. He still practised as a lawyer after being elected to Congress, and in 1860 was nominated for the Presidency. He took his election in the following year with great composure. His first inaugural address was couched in plain but unmistakable language. Enemies, however, rose up on all sides, and even before his election there were rumours of his assassination. In the same year assembled the rebel Congress, and loud clamours were made for the dreadful war which soon came between the North and the South. Then for nearly four years the country was plunged in that fratricidal struggle, through the whole history of which Lincoln stands out as the saviour of his country. Then in 1863 came the famous Emancipation proclamation—the greatest achievement of his life—and at last—the South was worn out. Lincoln's personal triumph was short-lived. On April 14th, 1865, only a few months after being re-elected President—he was shot at Ford's Theatre, Washington, by the actor, J. Wilkes Booth. "The South is avenged," said the assassin afterwards, and at seven o'clock the next morning Lincoln died.

Lincoln's greatest power was in his remarkable personal charm. There was nothing in his appearance to appeal to the artistic sense. He stood six feet four inches high, but was awkward and ungainly. He was not good-looking, nor was his voice attractive. His great power came from within. He was gentle, kind, and sympathetic. His benignity and generosity knew no bounds. And the people loved him. When he was killed the nation's grief was intense. Lady Randolph Churchill in her interesting "Reminiscences" tells how New York was arrayed at the time of his funeral: "I remember our house in Madison Square draped from top to bottom in white and black, and the whole of New York looking like one gigantic mauso-



THE MERRY WIDOW "SONIA" (MISS FLORENCE YOUNG).

The comedy is having a popular run in Wellington. The booking at the Dresden exceeded anything ever known in the capital city, 1005 seats at six shillings being booked in one day. The company, which is identical with that which played at His Majesty's, Sydney, for eight months, opens at Auckland on May 17th.

leum. It was the funeral of President Lincoln."

The American people honoured the memory of their great President most enthusiastically on the occasion of the hundredth anniversary of his birth, the ceremonies including unveiling of a monument in his native town, consecration of

his mother's grave, and opening of a National Lincoln Museum at Washington, in which are arranged a noteworthy collection of Lincoln relics. There is also to be a road (Lincoln Road) from the Capitol at Washington to Gettysburg, and Chicago is to have a million-dollar building devoted to his memory.



MR. CHARLES ALBERT.

As Rip Van Winkle, which the Pollards are at present playing at His Majesty's, Auckland.



**Caledonian
Hotel,
Napier**

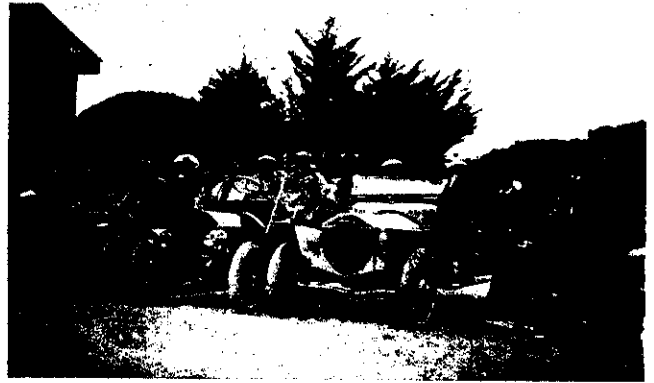
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A. C. BARNES, Proprietor.

Promenade Roof.

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M. Humphreys, photo., Tauranga.

THE EAST COAST RAILWAY: SPYING OUT THE LAND.

The Hon. Geo. Fowlds, Minister of Education, and some Tauranga settlers at Papamoa, where the Minister was taken to view one of the proposed routes of the much discussed East Coast railway. The route has not yet been fixed, and it is a moot point whether the line shall go up to Waihi, or whether it shall come in to the existing line at Rotorua.

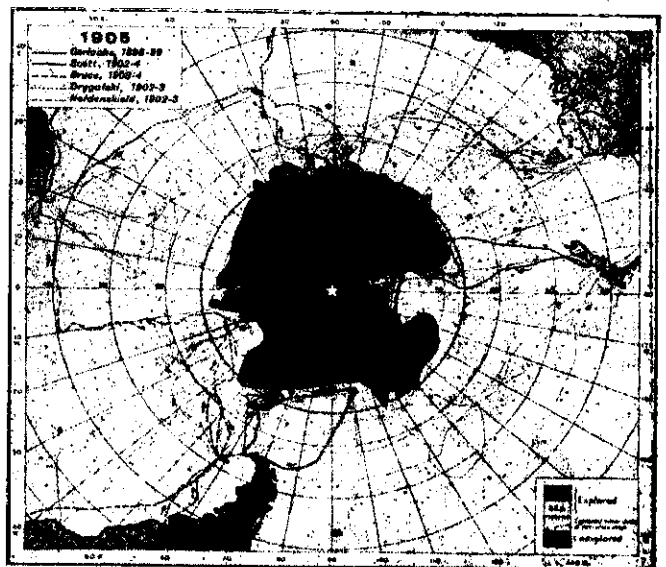
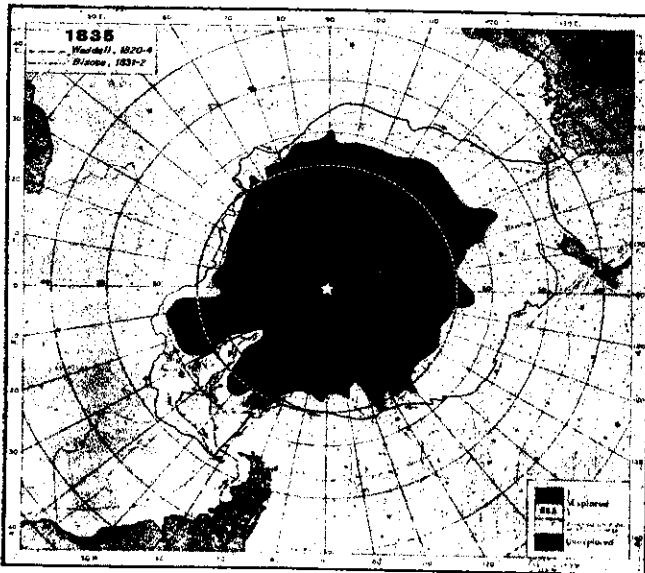
Robertson, photo.

HAWKE'S BAY MOTORISTS AT POHUI.

Lake Pohui, about thirty miles from Napier, is a favourite run with Napier residents who own cars, especially at Easter. The motorists in the photograph are returning from Taupo. They are Mr. Frank Maeder, of Napier, Mr. Stratton and Mr. O'Reilly, of Hastings, Mr. McAvon, the resident engineer at Napier for the Ferro-concrete Co., and Messrs. Holen and Toner, well known Napier musicians. Mr. Prebble, the proprietor of the Lake House is standing up with his little boy on his knee.



ANIMAL LIFE AT THE SOUTH POLE: SEALS LYING ON A FLOE.



THE ELUSIVE POLE—THE WORK OF SEVENTY YEARS.

Two charts showing how the unknown area in the Antarctic Regions has been reduced during the seventy years from 1835 to 1905. The unexplored territory, which is indicated by the black portion, has now been still further reduced, and if the explorers now in the South and those who intend to set out in 1911 meet with the same success as Lieutenant Shackleton, the mystery of centuries will be in a fair way of being solved.

The Password of the Tower.

The Lord Mayor, according to ancient custom observed, receives every quarter the password of the Tower of London for each day in the next three months. It is signed by the King, and it enables the Lord Mayor at any time of the day or night, even though the guard is set, to pass through the gates to see the Constable, or for any other public duty. There is no record at all events in recent years, of the Lord Mayor availing himself of these privileges, though the periodical communication of the password to the chief magistrate is a highly prized usage.

The New Surgery.

Oh, lo! says Mike Maloney, as he comes out from the place
Where they tinker up the organs of the "sub" and human race:
I've got two legs as good as those I had when I was born,
And inside organs almost new—my old were quite well worn.
They'd been in ice cold storage for nigh on thirty days,
(Those doctors do for certain have some mighty funny ways!)
They tell me that my stomach was a German Jew's when new,
And my liver the possession of a man who wore a queue.
A chorus girl's had been the heart for ever more to beat
Within my manly bosom, above my sober feet.
And in place of floating kidneys, I have anelozed hard and fast,
A pair which an old lady had found useful in the past.
I am all equipped for living. (I forgot to say, my leg
Was taken from a drunken fool whose business was to beg.)
And so—I'm starting fresh to make my way among the crowd,
And win a reputation of which I may be proud.
What's this! This leg is taking me—of all things!—to a door,
And forcing me to beg a meal! I never did before!

But what am I to ask for? My own old palate yearns
For min and eggs and sausage, but my Jewish stomach turns.
It cries for kosher victuals and things with goose grease fried,
I couldn't get them down my throat, however hard I tried!
My heart, perplexed, is pounding hard, when, what is this I see?
A pretty girl with flying curls is making eyes at me!
Alas! Alas! I can't respond! I used to once, I know—

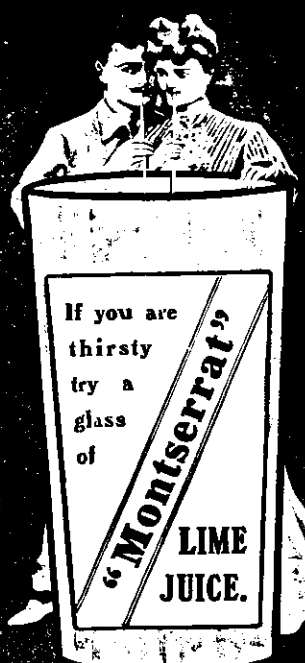
But now my woman's heart is on the look-out for a beau!
Good heavens! What am I to do, with all these mixed up parts?
These male and female organs, transplanted legs and hearts?
This blend of Jew and Gentile, Mongolian and Celt,
Which in this doctor's shuffle the devil must have dealt,
I'll go to Dr. Carrell, and get some cross-breed brains,
To match the situation and keep it well in reins!
—Francis C. Stimson.

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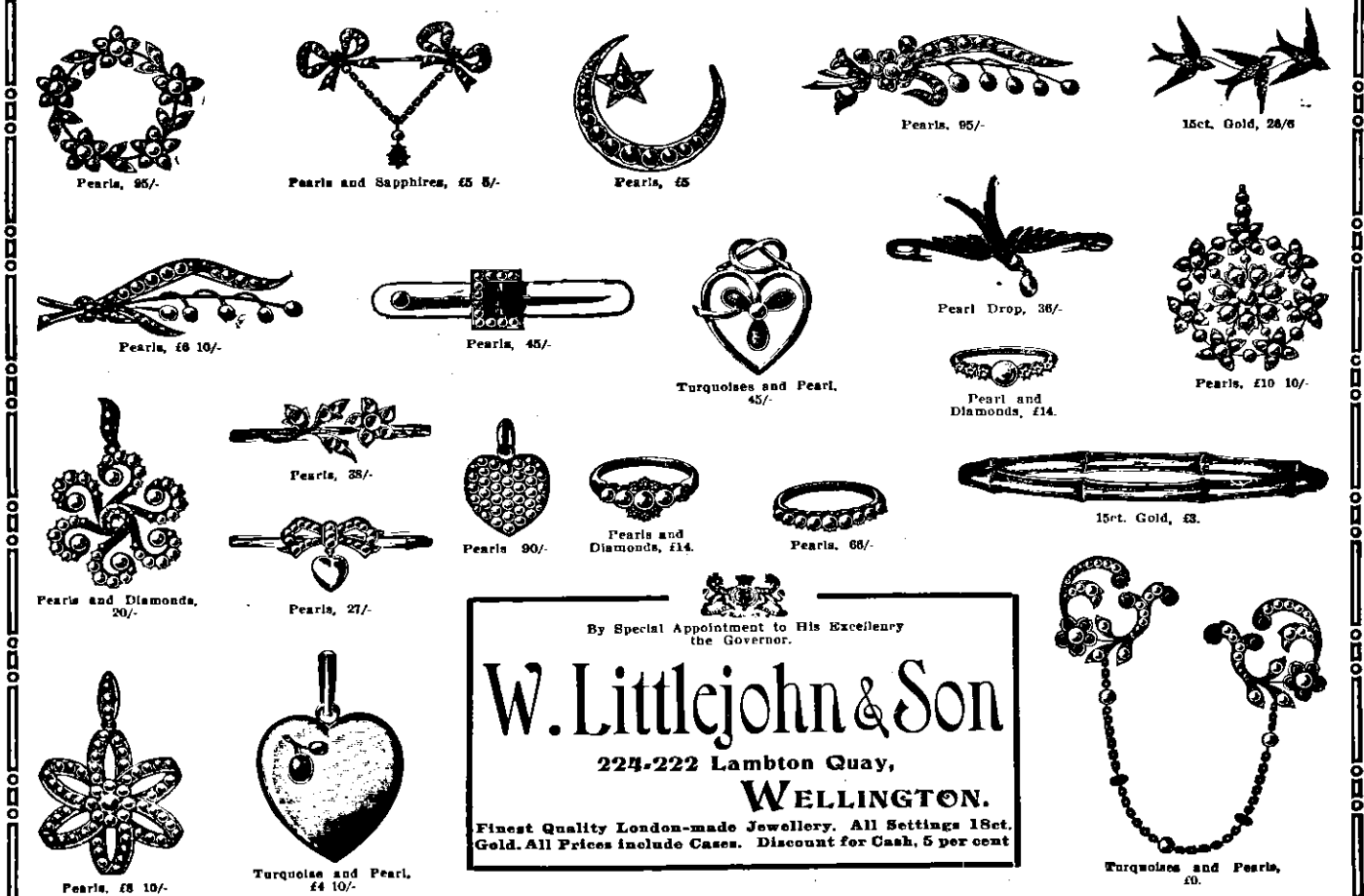


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Pearls, 95/-

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Pearls, 65

Pearls, 95/-

15ct. Gold, 28/6

Pearls, 68 10/-

Pearls, 45/-

Turquoise and Pearl, 45/-

Pearl Drop, 38/-

Pearls, 210 10/-

Pearls, 38/-

Pearls and Diamonds, 20/-

Pearls, 21/-

Pearls 90/-

Pearls and Diamonds, 114

Pearls, 68/-

15ct. Gold, 63

Pearls and Diamonds, 20/-

Turquoise and Pearl, 24 10/-

Turquoise and Pearl, 20

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Life in the Garden

Practical Advice for Amateurs

SEEDS TO SOW THIS MONTH.

Flower. — Anemone, St. Bridget; Single Mixed; French Chrysanthemum, flowered; Calceolaria, hybrida; Dianthus, double and single; Hollyhock; Sweet Peas, Nemesis, Strumosa, Suttonii; Ranunculus, Asiaticus Superbissimus.

Vegetable. — Beet, early turnip-rooted; Carrot, Early Horn; Cabbage; Cauliflower; Onion; Spinach, prickly; Turnip, white; radish, and other saladings.



FLOWER ROOTS FOR PLANTING THIS MONTH.

Albumins, Anemones, Crocus, Cyclamen, Freesias, Hyacinthus, Ixias, Narcissus, Ranunculus, Scillas, Snowdrops, Sparaxis, Tulips.



BULBS TO PLANT THIS MONTH.

Anemones (St. Bridget and Single), Babiomas, Crocus, Freesias, Hyacinthus, (in pots, glasses or beds), Iris (Spanish), Ixias, Jonquils (single and double), Narcissus, Ranunculus Asiaticus Superbissimus, Sparaxis, Tritomas, Tulips (single and double).



TO SWEET PEA GROWERS.

We intend issuing a Special Edition of the "Graphic" during this month, illustrated with numerous interesting pictures, and in order to make the issue of greater interest, we invite any of our readers who may possess photographs of plots of Sweet Peas to loan them to us, and we also invite the co-operation of those who grow Sweet Peas in assisting us with notes which may be of interest. Communications, which should be addressed to "Veronica," "Graphic" Office, should reach us this week.



AUCKLAND HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

We regret to learn that the Committee have determined to abandon the autumn show this year, the reasons given being an unfavourable season and consequent scarcity of blooms. There can be no

doubt that the season has not been favourable for a first-class display of dahlias and chrysanthemums, which are the chief attractions at this exhibition; but there might have been abundance of blooms on the dates fixed for the show, and, of course, all competitors would have an equal chance. We much

regret the decision of the Committee, and consider they have been somewhat faint-hearted. In our opinion, it is generally speaking, a wise policy to carry out the fixtures of the Society, even allowing for flowers not being up to standard excellence. Dahlia fanciers will not be able, as heretofore, to see the advance made in this beautiful flower, unless some of our local seed merchants give window space for a display. We

pure white throughout. As a chaste variety of the highest excellence, this queen of white Leedsi Daffodil deserves a place in every collection.



Large White Trumpet Daffodils in Pots.

The illustration of *Narcissus albicans*, or, as is very often listed in Dutch catalogues, *N. moschatus*, shows an exceedingly pretty and loosely-arranged pot of Daffodils. If, however, we had only the photograph to go by, it might as well have been one of some yellow variety such as *princeps* and *Cervantes* as what it is. Not so, however, in reality, for it there is any yellow in the large white trumpets when grown in the open, there is absolutely none when they are in pots in a greenhouse, especially if they are brought into flower rather early.

The dwarf *W. P. Milner*, which I feel I can never too often or too strongly recommend for pot culture, and which in the open is a pale sulphur yellow, comes quite white under glass. High prizes are given for large white trumpets such as *Lady of the Snows*, which open pure white out of doors. We need not do this for varieties which we are going to force, for *Mrs. Thompson, albicans* and *reminis pulcher*, to name three very useful ones for this purpose, can be obtained, the two first at about 1/6 to 2/- a dozen, and the third at about double the price. They will give us light, elegant flowers of pure white throughout the whole of their life.

Comparatively few people, I think, know the value of this section for affording a break or giving a contrast to the yellows. Although I am one of those who think that there is nothing like a yellow daffodil, just as I feel a real violet should be purple, I feel inclined to waver in my love when I see the dainty chasteness of a well-grown pot of pure white flowers.—Joseph Jacob in "Gardeners' Chronicle."



Plants for Doorways.

THUJA PLICATA AUREA.

Many people like to have plants of one sort or other stood in tubs or pots by their doorways, and the accompany-



Narcissus, White Queen.

would suggest to dahlia growers that they should arrange to make a display on a given date on the lines we have mentioned.



Narcissus, White Queen.

THE character and form of this unique Leedsi Narcissus are so admirably portrayed in the accompanying illustration that little need be said concerning it. When first exhibited a few years ago, the variety created something like a sensation by reason of its purity and refinement, and the highest position it then attained it holds to-day, with this additional attribute—that it has proved a strong and sturdy grower, and one that can be relied upon in almost all classes of soils. White Queen has been compared over and over again to a white Sir Watkin, and such a comparison might hold good in point of size alone, but scarcely, we think, in any other particular. The plant, albeit it is a sturdy grower, has not, of course, the stature or the broad foliage of a Sir Watkin, and, indeed, this latter is as unique in the incomparabilis set as is White Queen among the exquisite Leedsi varieties. Apart from this, and from the general refinement and beauty of the flower, there is something exceedingly fascinating in the dainty, crimp-like frill that characterises the margin of the crown in this lovely Daffodil. The highest awards possible have been showered upon it, and, moreover, they have been merited. The perianth segments are broad, and of pure white. The handsome cup or crown, which at first opening is of pale citron shade, presently passes to white; so that the flowers of a day or two old would be practically



Thuja plicata aurea.



Narcissus Albicans (moschatus) as grown in a pot.

ing illustration shows one that is very suitable for the purpose. There are various shades of green amongst conifers of upright columnar or pyramidal habit, and our illustration shows one of the last-named form. The small, closely attached leaves on the twiggy shoots are of a beautiful golden hue, especially in the early part of the season. Those who desire to grow these conifers in tubs should first of all make sure of the drainage, so that no stagnant water will rest about the roots.

—but sometime the types will probably become fixed.

The cacti grow naturally in the arid regions of Mexico, Central and South America, and even a few of one genus (*Rhipsalis*) are in Africa. Not all the cacti grow in the ground either, for a few are epiphytal; that is, they are attached to other plants, although they have their own roots and also forage for their own food.

The best known of the epiphytes is the crab cactus, which grows in the crutches



The Crab Cactus.

Cacti for the Window Garden.

The history of the cacti is interesting. Put in a nutshell, it is supposed that they are products of one of the later geological ages through which the earth passed when in process of formation for the occupancy of man. It is because of their more recent origin than many of the species are hard to differentiate, as the types have not yet become well established. They are still slowly evolving

of branches and other convenient places in trees, as do the orchids. It is, however, equally well grown in soil, as the many flourishing specimens found in window-gardens and conservatories will attest.

How these plants exist on the waterless plains is a question often asked. The structure of the plant has been modified from that of the ordinary plant. In the first place, but few of the plants have any leaf surface whatever. In some cases a few small leaves are found on new



Small Cacti suitable for house culture.

growths, but they are so small that they never amount to anything and soon drop off. This means a great saving in the amount of moisture transpired by the plant. To take the place of the leaves, the entire stem contains chlorophyll, the green colouring matter of the leaves but digests the food assimilated by the roots.

To further guard against the loss of water by transpiration, the outer skin of the leaf is very thick—rubber-like. These precautions are necessary, for portions of the country in which cacti grow have but one or two rainfalls a year.

Cacti make admirable plants for growing in windows, and they are extremely easy of cultivation. They can be started

the sun can shine on the cut portion. In a few days the wound will dry, and a sort of skin will form over the cut. The piece can then be set in a pot containing specially prepared soil. Seedlings are as easily raised as are the plants of the China aster or the marigold.

REORGANISATION OF THE AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT.

Considerable interest has been aroused in agricultural and horticultural circles by the announcement of the Premier that he is to reorganise the Agricultural



The Rat-tail Cactus has long drooping stems with red flowers.



The Club Cactus has flowers like the night-blooming Cereus.

from cuttings, or grown from seeds, when obtainable; but few seedsmen handle seeds, as there is so little call for them. Cuttings can be made at almost any time of the year, but the late spring and early summer are the best times. All that is necessary to do is to cut off a piece of the stem and lay it in a dry place where

Department. Details of Sir Joseph's scheme are awaited with some anxiety. We sincerely trust he may be enabled to so rearrange the various divisions of this most important Department that they will be of more practical service to all concerned.

Some of the inspectors whose duty it

In to examine parcels of plants and seeds imported into the Dominion are very slummy in handling such things, if the packages we have seen are a fair specimen of their work. We are not finding fault with the inspection, but we do think that, when an inspector has examined a parcel, it is his duty to repack the goods and forward it to its destination in a business-like manner. In the examination of plants, there is not sufficient care exercised to see that the label (especially if a paper one) is not detached from the plant to which it belongs. In this connection it would be interesting to know how many packages of seed have been detained, the kind of seed, and also the number of plants destroyed, and their names.

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Descriptive Catalogue and Prices Post Free.

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Summer Colds

need looking after. If neglected they may lead to bronchitis, pneumonia, or even something more serious. You need something to soothe the irritation, break up the cold, and set matters right. The remedy that will cure most quickly is the one that has been tried and tested and proved for over 40 years.

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The Wonderjests.

BIG HATS AND LITTLE COTTAGES.

By **DION CLAYTON CALTHROP.**

Pierrot and Pierrette, who have a cloud farm two doors from Columbine's, are the most delightful couple on the lower slopes of Olympus. I always call them the Wonderjests, because, no matter what is happening, they wonder just what it would be like if it had happened some other way.

There is a white cottage with a porch covered with honeysuckle and blue roses and the little back parlour window looks right over the world. The view is much the same as the view from the well in Columbine's garden, only, as Pierrette says, "I wonder just what it would be like if they had a window in their garden, and we had a well in our parlour. I wonder if it would be better."

"It would be just as well," says Pierrot.

Pierrot takes his clouds off to graze in the sky every morning, and then comes back to breakfast. It isn't called breakfast, because there's a ruddle about it.

"You see," said Pierrette to me, when she asked me to stop to tea at dinner time, "we are awfully regular people, and one day we forgot to get up to breakfast, so we couldn't have it, and we had to have it for lunch, and we never got straight."

"You have dinner at breakfast time, then," said I.

"Yes, and we don't like it," said Pierrette; "not a bit; but one day we're going to sleep after dinner until dinner-time, and that will make it right. I wonder what it should feel like if Pierrot never came back, so one day he stopped at home for a week, and I got used to the feeling of his never coming back, and now I don't mind. You see he never went."

"You're a puzzling person, Pierrette," said I.

"I wonder just," said she, "what I'd be like if I wasn't."

Then Pierrot came through the garden gate. I must just mention the fact about the gate; there was no hedge round the garden, and no need for a gate, but they felt you shouldn't have a garden without a gate, so there it stood.

"It's breakfast time," said Pierrette.

"Well, I'm jolly hungry," said Pierrot, "and it's past one o'clock."

"Let's go into the little back parlour," said Pierrette, putting her arm through mine, "and look at the world while we eat."

"Isn't it pathetic?" she said, when we were seated, "to think that there are lots and lots of people who can't make both ends meet?"

"Making both ends meet is most people's poison," said Pierrot.

Pierrette looked out of the window, her face clouded with thought. "I wonder," she said, "What it would be like if everybody preached what they practised."

"I shuddered at the thought. "It would be terrible," said I. "Fancy half the world advising the other half to be as stingy as possible, and the other admitting they always were. What an awful idea."

"Stars!" cried Pierrot. "I've seen a mushroom move."

We looked eagerly to where he pointed. There, sure enough, was a long, skinny mushroom walking in Hyde Park.

"Something ought to be done," said Pierrot.

"At once," I cried.

"It has sat down," said Pierrette. "I shouldn't be in the least surprised now if I saw all the lump-posts bow to a passing carrot."

Then all at once, Pierrette bubbled over with laughter.

"It isn't a mushroom; it's a woman."

On examining the creature closely we found this to be true. She was dressed in what appeared to be a sheath of clinging silk, which outlined the deformities of her figure with remarkable precision. On her head, resting on a large bundle of false curls, was an object which from its position we took to be a hat. It was in the shape of a large sponge bath, and was skewered to the head padding by means of long pins with dreadful heads. The size of this headgear made the woman's face look like a little pink cake under a huge dish cover.

"I wonder just what she thinks she looks like," said Pierrette.

It was so amusing that we watched her walk out of the Park and mingle with several women like herself. They were intent upon shopping, and, it being winter, were buying spring flowers. They exchanged withering greetings with each other, and talked of the prices of hats, and wondered when they would get the vote.

"They are too silly," said Pierrette, "let's not look."

"Aren't you ashamed of you sex?" asked Pierrot.

"Well, I'm amazed," she said. "Last time I looked out of the window they were all a different shape, rather full and flowing, if I remember, I don't know how they do it."

"I wonder just how it would be," said Pierrot, "if all fashions were to stop, and people could wear what they liked?"

"And liked what they wore," said Pierrette.

"Yes," said he, "and if all the hundreds of girls I see who paint their eyebrows and rouge their faces were to wash, and all the old, golden-haired ladies were to wear their nice white hair, I don't believe anybody would recognise anybody, at least in civilised countries."

"If that's civilisation," I cried, "give me the South Sea Islands."

"Now I wonder," said Pierrette, very seriously, "what you'd do if anybody did give them to you?"

"I didn't quite mean in that way."

"No; but I wonder. You couldn't take them away; they'd just stop where they are and be yours. I know it's just an expression, but I often wondered when I've said, 'Well, I'm blowed,' in a temper, what would happen if I was."

"There go a lot of unemployed," said Pierrot, who was still looking out of the window.

"Oh, I've got such a good idea about the unemployed," cried Pierrette excitedly. "If I was a rich man—I mean if I was a lot of rich men—I'd, each of me, I mean, build a cottage on my land, or two cottages if I could afford it. That would give work to start with. Then I'd choose out of all those people the healthiest couples and I'd take them away and I'd tell them this. I'd say:

"You people, I'm proud of being an Englishman, and I'm most awfully proud of seeing jolly neat cottages when I go through the country, with ripping gardens in front of them and vegetables at the back. I want you two to be a model English couple and have nice rosy-faced children, and you must keep the place absolutely trim and in good order. I'll find you work, and I'll have your children taught how to make wooden toys, which is not so jolly easy, but you can do it. And I'll help you all I can, because surely if I can keep prize cows, and blood horses, and marvellous dogs, I can afford to keep and help a prize Englishman and his wife instead of sending them to the colonies. That's what I'd say, and I wonder just what would happen. And I'd call all these cottages by the same name all over England, so that people who couldn't afford to build one alone could subscribe to get one built and endowed. If it's worth keeping up motor cars and racehorses and collecting old books and china, it's a jolly sight better worth collecting decent English people while there are any left. So there!"

"But they are so thriftless," said I. "I'd teach them how to save," said she, "instead of encouraging them to spend."

I couldn't help saying, "I wonder just how you'd do that."

I think she was about to begin a long explanation when the clock struck fourteen.

"Let me see," said Pierrot, "that must be a quarter past two yesterday. Our clock is twenty-three hours and three-quarters slow, so it must be two o'clock to-day. We ought to clear away the things."

"I turned to look out of the window again, and I heard Pierrette say, 'Take out the tablecloth and shake it in the garden, so that the birds can have the crumbs.'"

As I looked below me at England I seemed to see neat new cottages dotted all over the country and pleasant rosy-faced children playing outside them.

"Pierrette's idea," I said to myself. "I wonder just how it would answer."—
"Daily Mail."

IF THEY WORE HIS MOUSTACHES!



Copyright Story.

Love—and Aunt Janetta

By TOM GALLON

Author of "Tatterley," "The Second Dandy Chater," Etc.

IT all began with the coming of Mr. Raymond Weare to that little out-of-the-way sleepy town of Bunbury Market. Why he could not have remained away and left Bunbury Market to sleep in peace, it is impossible to say; suffice it that he came, and that he stirred one section of it at least to its prosaic depths.

Miss Janetta Harwood had lived in that old-fashioned square stone house outside the little country town for more years than she sometimes cared to count. They had been good years in a sense, although she sometimes told herself that she had but vegetated, and had let the time slip by with nothing to mark its progress. But then Miss Janetta Harwood had had a duty to perform, and in performing it had perhaps lost sight of more serious issues.

That duty had been the mothering of her niece Blanche. An inconsiderate sister had died when Janetta was quite young, and had left the motherless girl to Janetta's care; an equally inconsiderate brother-in-law had died before that. So that Miss Janetta Harwood, having been herself left alone in the world with a small fortune while yet in her teens, had solemnly settled down, while still a young woman, to look after someone left in the same plight.

So the placid years had gone on, and Blanche had grown up, without anyone noticing exactly how it was done; and Janetta had settled down to forget the years that were flying and to resign herself to being called "Aunt Janetta," while yet her hair was brown and her face had no lines on it.

Let it be confessed that it was with some fluttering of the heart that Aunt Janetta heard that Raymond Weare was actually coming to Bunbury Market. But that such foolishness was long since past, Aunt Janetta could have pulled out from a secret hiding place certain scrawling loveliness letters signed with that name, and breathing love and devotion even at the age of eighteen; but that was a chapter in Aunt Janetta's life that was hidden away. Raymond Weare had gone out into the great world, and had apparently forgotten all about Janetta of the brown hair and the brown eyes—as why should he not?

But now he was coming back again. He had landed in England, and, after business matters had been attended to, had turned his thoughts straight to that place where, ever so many years before, he had left behind him a tall, slim girl, in frocks that did not quite reach to her ankles. Small wonder that Aunt Janetta dreamed dreams, and saw visions, and wondered exactly what Raymond Weare would be like and what he would say; wondered still more, perhaps, if he would find her greatly changed.

And Raymond Weare had come, and had walked into the old room, where once as a boy he had nervously sat on the edges of chairs, and trembled and blushed when the girl Janetta spoke to him; and he found her changed indeed. For himself he proved to be a big, bronzed fellow, clean-shaven, and not looking like his years, and with a firmer, more square-set jaw than she could have believed he would develop. And, as I say, he sat in the old room (feeling somehow that it had shrunk with the years) and looked at the old Janetta, and wondered at her thinness and her pallor; yet heard again the old voice that had been sounding in his ears through all his wanderings. And for an hour or two Aunt Janetta dreamed the old dreams.

But it was inevitable that when Raymond Weare came back to the old house, in the friendliest way, and on more than the old footing, that he should be attracted to Blanche Kilby. Blanche was nineteen, and decidedly pretty; Raymond was interesting. He had come in, as it were, from the great broad world outside; and he could talk of men and cities as she had never heard them talked of before. Small wonder that Aunt Janetta, sitting sewing by the light of the lamp, heaved a gentle sigh as she saw the big bronzed man and the girl in a window-seat, talking earnestly and in low tones.

If Aunt Janetta fought any battle with herself she fought it silently, and her own natural goodness won the day. She

laughed without any bitterness at any dreams she might have had, and told herself that that sort of think had gone past for her, and that she must stand aside for a younger woman. Indeed so earnestly did she tell herself that, that she set to work, almost with zeal, to bring the thing about.

Raymond Weare was rich, and Aunt Janetta owed a duty to the girl who had been placed in her charge; she was scarcely the one to shirk that duty. More than once she had thought to herself that it might happen, in that quiet country place, that Blanche should grow up, seeing no one, and missing the chances of life, just as Janetta has misused them; but that should not be. This was the man, and this was the hour; Blanche should be provided for.

So, in a curious, persistent almost obstinate fashion, Aunt Janetta set herself to accomplish what should not, after all, prove to be a very difficult task. Did Mr. Raymond Weare make his appearance in the morning, and politely request Aunt Janetta's company for a drive, Aunt Janetta was busy, and Blanche was available. Moreover, Blanche was lively, and could make herself interesting to Raymond Weare; she could tramp through woods and fields with him, as Aunt Janetta, who was more frail, could not have done. So in time the man had ceased to ask if Aunt Janetta would accompany him, and took it for granted that Blanche would do so.

Aunt Janetta remembered another quite impossible love story that had cropped up in Blanche's short life, and had been dismissed and probably forgotten. Only a boy and girl affair, Aunt Janetta had decided; and as the boy's people did not approve, it was just as well, perhaps, that it should be forgotten. Blanche would be safer with a man of the world, and an older man too, like Raymond Weare; poor Bobby Osborne could console himself elsewhere.

"Is it true, Aunt Janetta," asked Blanche one morning, "that Mr. Weare was ever in love with you?"

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Janetta, blushing uncomfortably. "He was eighteen, and I was two years younger; we've forgotten all about it ages ago. As for my being in love with him—Aunt Janetta drew herself up, and shook her head very decidedly—"the very idea is absurd."

"He's always talking about you," said Blanche. "Asks me how I get on with you, and makes me tell him over and over again what you've done for me, and how you've brought me up, and been an angel of an aunt—like a mother to me."

"You might find something better to talk about, I think," said Aunt Janetta stiffly.

There was a pause, and then the girl remarked casually, without looking at the elder woman—"Bobby Osborne is down here again."

Aunt Janetta looked up sharply. "I'm sorry to hear it," she said. "I thought he'd got over all that non-sense. I hope you're not encouraging him, my dear?" she added.

"I hope I should never encourage anybody," answered Blanche mischievously. "Besides—I think I'm just the least little bit in love with somebody else."

Janetta's heart gave a jump, but she spoke with calm seriousness. "I'm very glad to hear it, very glad indeed," she said. "I shall feel that I have really done something for you, my dear, if I can get you happily settled and married. And Raymond is a good fellow."

"I'm sure of it, Aunt Janetta," answered Blanche calmly.

Nevertheless, as the days went on Aunt Janetta felt that matters were not progressing so satisfactorily or so quickly as she could have wished. That troublesome boy Bobby Osborne hovered always in the background of things, and was not easily to be shaken off. Once or twice, indeed, to the great annoyance of the scheming Aunt Janetta, he actually put in an appearance early in the morning, and went off with Raymond Weare and the girl on some excursion or other. In fact, to crown his misdeeds, he actually contrived one morning to carry off the girl altogether; so that when Raymond arrived Aunt Janetta had to confess ruefully that her plans were upset, and that for one day at least he would have to do without his young companion. Raymond Weare took the matter philosophically, and settled down in a comfortable chair and proceeded to talk.

He talked about many things, but always came round to one: Blanche, and what her future was to be. "You've

been awfully good to her," he said, nodding his head at Aunt Janetta. "It isn't many women would sacrifice themselves and give up their youth as you have done. And one of these days; you know, you'll lose her."

"I'm quite prepared for that," said Janetta. "In fact, I'm hoping for it. I want her to make a good match and do well for herself. I should like," added Aunt Janetta cunningly—"I should greatly like her to marry a man older than herself, who would look after her."

"Suppose she should be snapped up by a young one," suggested Raymond—"this young Osborne, for instance."

"There's nothing serious about that," said Aunt Janetta hurriedly. "It's only a boy and girl affair, and he'll get over it; I'm quite sure that Blanche got over it long ago. Besides—his people wouldn't approve."

"Sometimes young people take those matters into their own hands," suggested the man, looking at her keenly. "That has happened, you know. They might set you at defiance, Janetta."

"I hope not, I'm sure," said Janetta. "I have set my heart on Blanche marrying somebody who knows how to look after her—somebody older, in fact, than any Bobby Osborne."

"And when you've accomplished that, you obstinate woman, what will you do?" asked Raymond.

Aunt Janetta reddened a little. "There won't be anything left to do," she answered, without looking at him. "I shall just go on living here; I shall be quite happy—quite content."

"Have you ever dreamed any dreams for yourself, Janetta?" he asked, almost harshly. "Why, I remember you as a slip of a girl—and you were prettier than Blanche. Didn't you dream dreams then?"

"All girls dream dreams at the silly age," answered Aunt Janetta; her hands trembling a little over her work. "I dare say I was as bad as any of them. That's all the more reason why I should be careful that this girl doesn't spoil her life by dreaming the wrong sort of dreams."

"Did you dream the wrong sort, Janetta?" he persisted. "Is that the reason why all the good things of life have passed you by?"

"I don't think they have passed me by," she said. "I tell you again that I am perfectly contented."

Mr. Raymond Weare was sitting alone in his room in the small hotel in which he had taken up his quarters that night when a knock sounded on the door; and the door was abruptly opened, and Bobby Osborne came in. Raymond rather liked the boy, from the little he had seen of him; he motioned to a chair, and pushed forward a box of cigars. But Bobby shook his head, and remained standing.

"I won't smoke, thank you," he said. "I wanted to talk to you, and so I came over in this unceremonious fashion. It's most important."

"Of course it is," answered Raymond, smiling. "When anyone's your age everything is important."

"Don't laugh at me," pleaded the boy. "The fact of the matter is," he blurted out—"I'm desperately in love—and I'm most unhappy."

"Those two things should scarcely go together," said Raymond. "Perhaps you'd like to confide in me; I'm quite safe, I assure you."

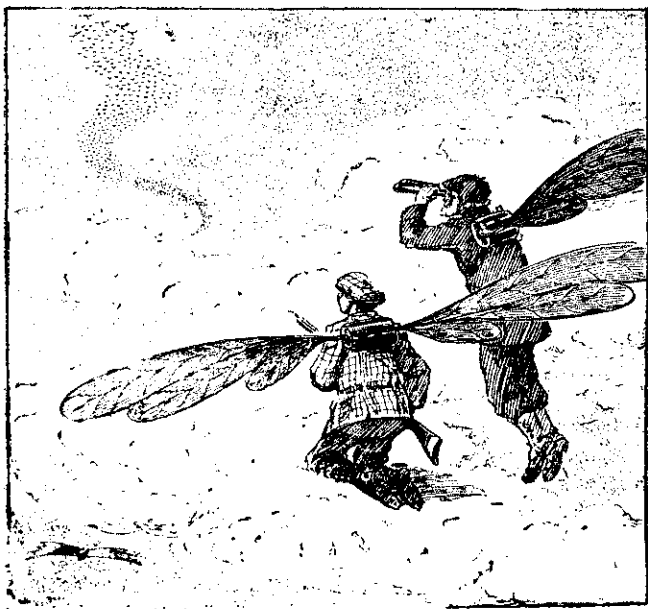
"I'm not so sure about that," answered the boy uncomprehendingly. "Of course, I don't want to be rude," he added hastily—"but the real difficulty lies with you. You stand in the way."

"I don't understand," answered Raymond.

"Before you came here," said Bobby, speaking with deep earnestness. "I stood a very good chance. I could have got over my people's opposition in time—and Blanche was awfully fond of me. But you've made all the difference. You're a man of the world, and you've interested her; you've pushed me in the background. She doesn't think half as much of me as she used to do."

"Shall I let you into a secret?" asked Raymond Weare, after what seemed a long pause. "I'm in love with somebody else—and I shouldn't presume to attempt to push you in the background, as you express it. You can tell Miss Kilby, if you like, that I'm in love with somebody else—and if you take my advice you'll play the game boldly, and make up your mind for her."

"How can I do that?" asked Bobby. "Every girl of nineteen has got a heart four times as big as she has when she's a few years older," answered Raymond—"and that heart is simply chock full of



THE WINGED AGE.

Hunter: Are they wild geese?
Guide: Looks more like a Sunday school picnic.

romance. Take advantage of that fact, my boy; set all the ordinary rules at defiance; run away with her. I'll make it all right with everybody."

"I say—you are a brick!" exclaimed Bobby. "But the truth of the matter is that my people keep me frightfully short of money, and I've nothing even to start on. Of course, I know they'll come round, when it's all over and done with; but I must make a beginning—and even running away costs money."

"If you'll let me be your banker for a time I shall feel greatly honoured," said Raymond. "I'm interested in love affairs, and I'm very anxious about this one. Only one suggestion I would make; and that is that you should let matters stand apparently as they are between Blanche and myself until all our arrangements are complete. Let us go about together just as we have been doing; in that way we shall avert suspicion. You know you can trust me."

"Rather!" responded Bobby heartily. "And you've taken a load off my mind." It is more than probable that Mr. Raymond Weare, in the course of one or two long and very interesting talks with Blanche, was able to convince her of the wisdom of what he had suggested even more clearly than Bobby could do. At all events they got very friendly over it; so friendly, indeed, that Aunt Janetia, watching from the window one evening, saw Raymond Weare and the girl strolling homewards arm in arm, talking earnestly, and with Blanche smiling up into his face. Despite a certain pang at her heart, Aunt Janetia felt that her work had been well done.

Then fell the thunderbolt. Blanche did not return one evening, and it had grown quite dark, and Aunt Janetia was anxious. The possibility occurred to her that the girl might have come into the house without her knowledge, and have slipped up to her room; Aunt Janetia went up there to investigate.

She found the room in confusion, with all the evidences of a hasty flight. Moreover, she found a little note on the dressing-table, addressed to herself; tore it open with trembling fingers, and read what it contained.

Blanche had fled with Bobby Osborne, whom she had loved from the beginning. The little tearful letter hoped that Aunt Janetia would forgive them; they would soon come back, to ask for her forgiveness together. And—with love and all sorts of fond expressions—that was all.

Poor Aunt Janetia sat in the midst of her shattered world, and wondered what she should do. All her scheming had come to nought; everything had failed. She pictured the wrath and dismay of Raymond Weare; she dreaded her meeting with him. But even here duty had to be done, and she made up her mind that the first thing to do was to persuade Raymond to go after the runaway couple, and bring Blanche back. He was strong, and he would understand what was best to be done in such a crisis as this.

Poor Aunt Janetia almost ran to the hotel where Raymond Weare was to be found; she stumbled into his presence breathless. Knowing well what had happened, he put her into a chair, and calmed her as well as possible, and gradually got her story from her.

"They've run away!" exclaimed Aunt Janetia, with a sob.

"And the best thing they could do," said Raymond. "I knew all about it, my dear Janetia; I arranged the whole matter for them."

"You did?" she gasped. "Why?"

"Because there was no other way," he answered, standing big and square before her, and looking down into her eyes. "Do you know, Janetia, that for more than a month you've been ramming that girl down my throat day after day. If she wasn't the nicest girl in the world I should have loathed the sight of her. I had Blanche for breakfast—Blanche for lunch—Blanche for tea and dinner—and Blanche to dream about, if I wanted to. Do you think I came down here for that?" he demanded.

"I didn't know," faltered Aunt Janetia. "What did you come for?"

Before Aunt Janetia could prevent him, the big man had dropped to his knees beside the chair, and had taken her thin hands in his own. "You goose—I came down to see you," he whispered. "Ever since I was a boy I've thought about you; in all my wanderings I made up my mind that I'd come back some day to the old place, and find the child I'd been in love with. Well, I came back, and I found her—"

"Changed," she faltered, struggling to free her hands.

"Changed for the better," he cried.



DISCUSSING THE LABOUR QUESTION

"Such women as you are don't change in any other way," he went on. "Your eyes are as brown as when you were a girl—and your hair as soft and pretty. You wouldn't ask me to try to tear out of my heart the image that has been there through all these years—to replace it with the picture of someone of whom I know nothing—would you? Besides," he added mischievously, "now that you've made such a muddle of things,

and have got rid of that niece of yours, and so have left yourself alone, you've got to have someone to look after you. Look me in the eyes, Janetia," he said masterfully, "and tell me that you don't love me."

Aunt Janetia looked, and faltered for a moment, and then whispered the answer with her face hidden.

"I have loved you all my life," she said.

examined his worn patent-leather peak; then he blew his nose with a red handkerchief.

"That's nice for you and the missis. What's he going to do—set up store? I heard Sam Walker say he was intending to sell out, and I guessed right away that your Bently "

"No, sir!" broke in the doctor. "I sha'n't have my son in any store." He cleared his throat. "He'll be right in the office with me—yes, sir, in my office!"

The agent reddened. "Well, it's lucky to have a business all ready made and waiting for you, ain't it? But he'll never be you, doc."

The doctor waved away the implied compliment.

"He will go ahead of me, Perkins. It's young blood we need nowadays. There she comes now!"

He stood back as the train puffed in, his eyes eagerly searching the smoke-grimed windows. When he caught sight of Bently he pushed forward.

"Sam!"

"Oh, hello, dad!" Bently dragged at his suit-case, and put out a good gloved hand. "Glad to see you! Didn't know you'd be down. Thought some old duffer would need a plaster or a pill just at four o'clock. What made 'em considerate enough to put it off?"

The doctor smilingly led the way to the buggy.

"Oh, I got away. Everybody's pretty well just now—all except old Mrs Hall at the Cove." He sighed a little; his people were none of his bone. "That's right—put in your bag at the back. How about your trunk?"

The dapper figure in blue serge paused. "Oh, that's all right—I don't bring any."

"Didn't bring any?" "No—this was enough. I've got a change or two in here, and there are some togs of the house if I need extras. How's the little mater, dad?"

The doctor gathered on the reins slowly, under a sudden cloud of depression.

"She's not so well, Bently. She's lonely, I guess; but now you're back, she'll improve right along."

The young man was looking with critical eyes at the old landmarks they passed.

"Poor mater, I haven't written to her half often enough. Say, dad, this town hasn't changed since the Pilgrim Fathers landed. Why doesn't Jim Squires put a new roof on his barn?"

"It's been a pretty heavy year, and most of the crops failed."

Bently yawned. "The old story! If a farmer just missed heaven, he'd blame it on the crops!"

The doctor shook his head.

The Way of His Fathers

By ALICE GARLAND STEELE

Author of "The Brute's Wife," Etc.

THE old doctor sat forward in his buggy with the look of one who was running a race. And yet there was no hurry; he had half an hour to catch the four o'clock train, and the station was only ten minutes away. Magog ambled peacefully along the village street; he knew by the way the doctor held the reins that this was not a hurry call, so he took his time. And yet the doctor was galloping, in long mental strides—living over again, in a sort of rapid-transit fashion, the events of his son's life; for his son—his college-bred son—was coming home to stay!

His father saw him again, a little duffer, playing about the old white house, catching sunshine on the bare walls, building cars with the grave medical works in the well-worn library, poking away the dust from attic rafters on some voyage of childish discovery. Even then Bently had been "up and doing," always going somewhere. His life had been a reaching out and beyond, wonderful to the doctor, who never saw a longer vista than the arching elms on Main Street; who never drove beyond Long Hollow Farm, where his district ended and Dr. Baker's began; who lived through the years as he did through the four seasons, unconscious that the summer of youth had given place to the winter of age.

Bently had been different. Had the doctor been called upon to define progression, he would have said proudly, "My son!" But he had always known it would stop in time; that the tumult

and passion of youth would settle down at last to the green pastures in which the doctor had browsed for so many years; that the wanderlust would lead him in the end to the safe portals of home. So when as a child he had cried for the moon, his parents did their best; and a little later, when it had been "give me college," they had stretched the country purse and let him go.

They had been lonely years, but now they were over, and he was coming back, to tread the way of his fathers. He had taken the medical course, and would stand henceforth by the old doctor's side, to deal out pills and powders; and in time he would come to the benign fatherhood which is every country doctor's heritage—the right to lecture and scold and teach and lead and make glad the whole countryside!

Magog drew up at the station, and the doctor fetched about with a start. Then he got out and walked nervously up and down the platform, listening for the shrill whistle. The ticket-agent came over with the privilege of old acquaintanceship.

"Waiting for the train, doc? She's a bit late."

The doctor nodded.

"Yes, I expect my son home to-day." "Well, now, that's nice! But I suppose he'll be off again soon?"

"Off again? I guess not! It's for good, this time, Perkins—for good!"

The doctor spoke with excitement, for he hated the suggestion of more wandering. The ticket-agent, conscious that he had blundered, took off his cap and

"It's hard to get along, my boy, sometimes." He was thinking of the hole Bently's college kids had eaten in his own little board; but he smiled suddenly, he had been so glad to do it, so proud!

"Magog's getting odd," said Bently. "Can't you whip him up a trifle, dad?" The doctor would almost as soon have whipped Bently as Magog, but he gave the lines a gentle little pull, and Magog, surprised from inaction, started into the trot he used for hurry calls. Ten minutes later Bently was with his mother in the library. He sat on the haircloth sofa, smoothing his kid gloves on his knee, while his mother hovered over him, trying to hide her too fearful gladness.

"Are you tired, dearie? Four hundred miles such a long way! But, oh, Bently, it's so good to have you home again!"

"Yes," he said. "It's very nice, mater." He was thinking he had never noticed so much as how plain and worn the room was—the muleocon in one corner, the battered bookcases and the cheap little lamp, and the few discoloured engravings in unbecoming frames. Through it all he read his mother's joy, and it seemed extravagant and far-fetched to him; he had learned at college the art of self-control and these emotions were too bare, too vivid, to his fastidious fancy.

"I wonder," he said lightly, "who first got country towns into the muleocon habit, mater? I'd as soon listen to a mouth-organ."

His mother smiled.

"I've never thought about it, Bently. It is funny; but, then, so few play, and they are sweet; the old hymns—"

"Oh, yes," he laughed, "they're first rate at camp-meetings."

Then, with regret that he had been critical, he began to speak of the class-day exercises, and of the girls he had met at the "Senior prom."

His mother listened eagerly.

"It will seem queer to you here, just at first, dear. After all that; but there are some nice girls here, too." She touched a box of poodles on the desk.

"Dorothy Haplin brought them for you this morning, from her garden."

He got up, strolling to the window.

"Why, dad is putting up the horse himself. Where's the Jones boy?"

His mother hesitated.

"Oh, he left us last winter. It was money, Bently; and, besides, they wanted him to go on with school. Your father doesn't mind so much, now that it's good weather; but he isn't young any longer, and the strain—I was quite worried in December."

Bently flung his head back.

"Oh, dad's all right."

He watched the doctor coming slowly up the pathway. His face was flushed and the iron-gray hair showed silver on the temples, even a cursory glance proved him older. Bently turned away awkwardly. He felt as if resistless fingers were probing out the tender places in his soul. It gave him a feeling of impotence; these too intimate hours were trying to a man's calm; they jarred life out of its usual peaceful proportion.

His father came in, a proud light in his eyes as he saw them together.

"Well," he said, "Bently, I'm glad you're home, boy! I met the Lawson girls to-day—they're planning all kinds of good times; but I guess you're used to being lionized. They told me of a couple of picnics next week, and a trip to Bridal Veil the week after, and a 'bar-b-a-n-c-e,' but Bently was speaking, and he stopped."

"I shall not be here the week after." The young man laughed a little, to break the edge of the announcement.

"Why, Bently," his mother said rather faintly, "you talk as if you were—on a visit."

Her son turned from her startled gaze.

"Yes, I've got to get away then. There's a chap going West this morn'g owns an electrical plant out there, and I've decided to go into it."

"Bently!"

Over the bridge of their common home the doctor sought his wife's eyes; the light in them had gone out. He felt suddenly old and helpless.

"Bently, we have planned that you should go into the office with me!"

The young man turned on him hotly.

"I know, you've done what you had no right to do—built another man's future. I've wasted years on rule and formula, on dried herbs as shivelled as your own life has been. What have you ever done for the world? What have you made your-self? A slave at the beck and call of every rheumatic old woman

and weak-kneed child in the village! I tell you, father, I've come to my senses. I've been offered a good thing, and I'm going to take it!"

There was a silence. Then his mother spoke.

"Bently," she said, "would you mind putting off the discussion till to-morrow? Your father is too tired to be worried to-night."

Without a word he turned to the door. He felt miserably conscious of his victory—the victory of the strong over the weak.

"I'm sorry, mother," he said hesitatingly. "If you will look at it from my side—"

His mother put out her hand.

"We'll try, dear," was all she said.

"I'll go up," he said. "Is my room ready? I've got letters to write—"

"It's ready, Bently. You'll find everything"—her voice broke a little—"just as it always has been."

He went from them, their bent, gray figures dimly outlined in the twilight.

II.

At the tea-table there were few words. The atmosphere was heavy, oppressive, with the heat of early June. Out through the open window Bently could see an aspen quivering, though there was no wind; and the garden seemed full of hushed, fanciful noises, the murmur of shy, wild things. He could see his mother's hand everywhere—the homemade cake, with the frosting he had honger for as a boy, the strawberries from the little patch of garden, the mignonette and sweet-william set near his plate. He could hardly touch anything, nor dwell upon these tributes to his home-coming.

Afterwards, as they sat a silent trio on the porch, watching a world glorified by moonlight, he felt that he could stand anything better than this still atmosphere of their love—and disappointment. Once in a while his mother would tax him with a gentle question, but somehow the personal note was left out. He was a thing apart, beloved, but separate.

At ten o'clock she rose and went to his father's side.

"Dear," she said, "you've had a long day." She turned apologetically to Bently. "He was up at five," she explained, "to see old Mrs. Hall at the Cove; he rode twenty miles before breakfast."

With a whispered "good night" they left him, and went in together. He sat there alone a long time, counting the stars and watching the long shadows the trees cast on the grass. He heard the incessant hum of crickets, and the murmur of katydids, and an occasional drowsy bird-note overhead. But most of all, he was conscious of the silence of the old house. He thought it would be equally silent when they were gone, and he was left alone; it was an accusing silence, and it pointed a finger that never wavered.

At midnight he could bear it no longer. He got up, overturning a porch chair in his haste, and went into the spare, lamp-lit hall. At the head of the stairway his mother stood, still dressed.

"Bently," she called softly, "will you look up, dear, and put out the light?"

As he obeyed she was gone, and he was almost glad not to meet her in the darkness.

He sat by the table in his room and wrote a long, glowing letter to a college chum. It was full of what his life would be in the West. As he mapped out his brilliant future with strong, obstinate touches, he began to feel at ease again, and free from the reproaches of conscience. Then he lay down in his white bed, with its cool sheets smelling faintly of lavender, and fell into a heavy troubled sleep.

He dreamed that he was travelling far, far away from the old home—through myriad towns, built to the glory of great men who had gone before him; that he left them all behind, with his eyes on a far country that gleamed like a pearl through mist. He dreamed that when he reached it at last, they were waiting for him, a great people, to hail him as a leader and a man among men; and he began to build a high wall of marble, and to ent in the stone laurel-leaves and long inscriptions in an unknown tongue; but when he had finished, he dreamed they stood about it and said no word, until a stranger came and called it a monument whose builder had buried his own soul beneath it. And then, out of the silence, he heard his mother calling, and he knew that all things were as nothing to the outreach of her arms and the touch of her kiss; and he tried to go, but it was too far, and still he heard her calling from a great way off.

"Bently, come! Your father is ill!" He woke with a start, to see her standing above him in the moonlight.

"He is very ill," she whispered. "It is shock, or something—I cannot get him to speak to me. Oh, Bently!"

As he sat up he read the agony in her face, half thrown into shadow.

"Come," she said again. "Thank God that you are here—you will know what to do!"

She was gone again, and he was up, pulling on his shoes, and only waiting to light the lamp.

He bore it along to his father's room, to see the prone figure on the leather couch and his mother leaning over it. His heart stopped as he looked; then it bounded again.

"Wait," he said.

He had turned, and was hurrying blindly down to the office below, to his father's medicine-chest. A moment later he was back again, fighting the battle for his father's life.

His brain had never been so clear, or so compelling. He felt underneath the shock and the agony of it a sense of mastery, a dominion of self, that guided muscle and eye. He told his mother what to do, and she did it promptly and without question.

It was apoplexy—he had no doubt of that; but the danger only quickened his courage and controlled his will. And then, all at once, it rushed over him—his youth, his lack of experience, his inadequacy to fight single-handed the battle of one so terribly dear, with the shadow of loss already hanging over him—this man whose chance for life lay in his hands!

"Mother," he said, "dress quickly—you must nurse Magog and go for Dr. Baker. I'll work till he comes."

She obeyed him blindly. He could never forget her mute trust, her absolute belief in his wisdom. He fought back scorching tears from his eyes as he heard her go down the stairway and out on the porch, and from the window saw her reach to the padlock on the barn-door. A few minutes longer, and she had rolled off, the buggy swaying along the roadway, until she was hidden from him in the darkness. He was thankful then, that the horse was old and true and tried.

And then he was alone in the night, with a fire in his brain, and a prayer dumb and voiceless, that he might slay the destroying angel's hand.

He lost track of time. He only heard the heavy, stertorous breathing, and counted the minutes by each breath. He lost all sense of proportion, everything was magnified, horrible, unlike itself; and yet his hand, measuring each powerful drug, never quivered, and his judgment never lost its balance. Once he saw a blue pallor steal over the rigid face, and he started forward, to use the last reserve at his command; and then, as the deadly colour passed, he settled back doggedly, to watch and wait.

He grew to know himself, in those vivid hours, as he had never known himself before. It was as if, in the mysterious presence of this touch of the infinite, his garments of self-love and self-belief had fallen away, and he stood naked and ashamed. His heart melted, and he bowed before the majesty of this good man, whose simplicity had exalted him above the common measure of a lowly life. He saw, now, why the old doctor's people had loved him, and trusted their lives to his keeping—because they knew he would never fail them, but would fight their battles till he fell like a soldier at his post. And for his reward there was nothing that God decreed, or that the world could give, so priceless as this heritage of a people's faith, this consciousness of a work well done.

Longing to tell him of it, to speak to him, Bently leaned forward.

"Father!" he cried. "Father!"

Then, with desperation, he bent again to his task. A few minutes later the heavy eyes opened.

"Bently," murmured the sick man. "My son!"

III.

Through the gray morning they came to him, his mother and his father's friend, and found him holding his father's hand, dry-eyed, and with a slow dawning hope in his face which Dr. Baker's first glance answered.

"Bently," he said, "thank God you were here! You've done nobly—I think your father will live."

And then his mother hid her face on her son's shoulder.

Later on the same day, Dr. Baker came to him again.

"He will certainly live," he said cheerfully. "It's all due to you, my boy. If you hadn't been here—" His voice grew serious. "But, Bently, you will have to take your father's place. He will never work in harness again."

Bently lifted his eyes to the kindly face so near him. There was a new light in them.

"I can never do what he has done, Dr. Baker," and his voice broke a little. "But I will take his place, sir, and do the very best I can!"

AN INTERESTING AUCKLAND VISITOR.

The visit to Auckland of Mlle. Helene Rubinstein (at the Grand Hotel) is arousing a great amount of interest quite apart from a business nature, for not only does she come with the reputation of having secured quite unprecedented professional successes in London, but, with what is quite as hard, if not harder, to gain in England, a reputation for dressing exquisitely.

When we first heard of "Valaze" some few years ago, little did we dream of the world-renown it was to enjoy, and all through Mlle. Rubinstein. Dr. Lykusk, who discovered and prepared it, enjoyed a great reputation in Russia and adjacent countries, and his specialities were consequently sought after eagerly by the Eastern Continental ladies who take great care of their complexions.

When Mlle. Rubinstein first came to Australia, her beautiful skin and complexion, like a child's, always claimed notice, and she made no secret of the only thing she used for it. So the fame of Valaze began to percolate like a tiny stream. The stream has since grown to a river, the river to a sea. And now Valaze is in great demand all over the world. This is the achievement of a girl, for the knowledge of it, outside the little corner of Eastern Europe, was due to Mlle. Rubinstein. Although it leaks out now that years ago a West Australian Governor's wife used it, and brought it to Australia; but she kept her secret. This Mlle. Rubinstein only learned lately from some correspondence that Dr. Lykusk permitted her to read when she last visited him.

She is back in Australasia now on a short visit of inspection of her various branches. She must be back in London about the middle of May, because her superb *Maison de Beaute* at 24, Grafton-street, London, W., demands her personal supervision during the approaching season. It has arisen like a dream in the late Lord Salisbury's old town mansion. This flying visit to Australasia is only made possible because it is the Riviera season; when London is deserted. In May Mlle. Rubinstein must be back in London, for she has appointments booked thick ahead. Mlle. Rubinstein has found her affairs in the Dominion in a very satisfactory condition, and the demand for her indispensable complexion specialities constantly increasing. The Valaze Depot in Auckland, City Chambers, Queen-street, is in charge of a very capable and experienced pupil of Mlle. Rubinstein's—Mrs. Collins.

The twelfth annual general meeting of Bovril, Limited, was held on February 23, the Earl of Arran (the chairman of the company) presiding. The chairman, in moving the formal resolution for the adoption of the report and accounts for the year, said the net profits earned are only slightly better than those of 1907, being £120,314 9/10, as against £119,971 13/. The substantial amount of £10,000 carried to reserve from the 1907 accounts brings that fund up to £175,000. An important development in connection with the supply of raw materials is the formation of Argentine Estates of Bovril, Limited. These estates consist of a large group of "estancias," situated in the province of Entre Rio and Santa Fe, in the Argentine Republic. The area of the freehold property alone is 438,000 acres. The present stock of cattle on the estates is between 100,000 and 150,000 head, and the quality of the cattle is being constantly improved by the purchase of fine breeding stock. "I think you are aware that we have always drawn large supplies of raw material from our colonies," said the chairman, "and I should be sorry for you to think that under the new arrangement we are turning our back upon them now. The fact is, our colonies have not been able to provide the quantity of raw material we require; when their output increases we shall be ready for it."

THE BLACK HAND

EXTRAORDINARY ORGANISATION FOR CRIME

By Alfred Henry Lewis

EDITORIAL NOTE.—Recent cable advice recorded the assassination of the American detective Petrosino, at Palermo, in a public square on March 14. Petrosino had gone to Italy to investigate the connection between the American "Black Hand" and the Mafia organisation. He had done more than any other man in the United States to bring the Italian criminals to justice. A procession of 2000 police and 100,000 public attended the funeral, which took place in New York on Monday, last week. Behind the name Black Hand is the biggest problem that has ever challenged police solution in America. Fear of the mysterious death-dealing Black Hand power lies like a cloud over fully a million Latin Americans. In New York alone, 20,000 persons live by means of Black Hand crime. They levied 6,000,000 dollars in blackmail last year—an average tax of 10 dollars a head on an Italian population of 60,000. Of 329 arrests for violent crimes committed by Italians in a recent three months, 227 were of Black Hand origin—and eighty per cent of such crimes are never followed by arrests. The police appear to be powerless. To-day the Black Hand confines its operations to Italians. But it is daily growing bolder. This article reveals the Black Hand in action, discloses its power and how it must be crushed.

A LETTER shoved through the crack under a door or dropped in a tenement letter box, bearing the dread symbol of the Black Hand and the signature La Mano Nera, and containing a demand for money under a threat of death or disaster. A few weeks later, if the demand in the letter is ignored, a knife-thrust in the dark, or, more commonly, the explosion of a crude bomb, which wrecks the first floor front of the house.

turned loose on you if you did not submit to blackmail.

It is no excessive figure to say that the fear of the Black Hand, with its bombs and its daggers, lies all across the Italian colony like a cloud. Also, it is well to note that no other nationality furnishes anything like the Black Hand. The nearest approaches are the Hmchakist of the Armenians and the Tonga of the Chinese.

Beginning my investigation into the



ITALIANS ON TRIAL FOR SENDING BLACK HAND LETTERS.

That is the Black Hand: the extortion of money by the certainty that a refusal of blackmail will be followed by bodily violence and disaster—a certainty kept terribly alive by a daily succession of assaults, murders, and explosions under the very nose of the police. It is evident that immigration laws are not stringent enough to keep out of the United States the very worst of the bad people which those laws were made to exclude. It represents the transferring to the States of the most lawless men and methods of the Camorra of Naples and the Mafia of Sicily.

How rich is the field in which the Black Hand garners its harvest is indicated by the fact that the bank deposits of Italians in the United States in the past five years have amounted to three hundred millions of dollars—one hundred million of dollars in New York State. And there is hardly a dollar of all that honestly earned total that is not at the mercy of this system of blackmail.

The terror of the Black Hand now is tremendously increased by its mystery. The mystery will never be revealed, because there is nothing tangible to reveal. If you, the reader, were an Italian who had accumulated some money, and I, the writer, were an Italian criminal, associating with other criminals, and wanted your money—I should write you a Black Hand letter. It would mean to you (being an Italian) that all the stealthy ruthlessness and cruelty and devilish persistence of an Italian criminal, or a band of Italian criminals, were to be

Black Hand, I sought Deputy Commissioner Woods. The Italian Squad, attached to the detective force of Mulberry Street, numbers twenty-three men. They themselves are Italians with but one or two exceptions; and these exceptions speak the language, and have had a deal of Italian experience. Twenty-three men offer but a slim and



ONE OF THE FIRST BLACK HAND MEN ARRESTED.

meagre line of police battle, to oppose against so formidable a body of malefactors as our Italian extortioners.

Petrosino—Terror and Arch-enemy of the Black Hand.

The chief of the Italian Squad is Lieutenant Petrosino. He is a strong, close, wise, stubborn body of a man, with a quick eye, a silent manner, and gives off that inveterate bloodhound impression which belongs to one who never

twelve months, as common as blackberries in August. Wherefore, for all these causes recounted, no more willing emigrant points the prow of his hopes for Ellis Island than these bandits and criminal idlers of Italy, who meditate nothing better upon arrival here than a life of Black Hand brigandage. They have no purpose to work. They have come to commit crime—to do murder and extortion. If the whole truth were uncovered, I make no doubt but they bring cards and credentials from what



TWO ITALIANS ACCUSED OF SENDING BLACK HAND LETTERS, AND THEIR INTERPRETER (THE MAN IN CENTRE).

quits a trail. Petrosino, twenty years a police officer, has rendered undoubted service. His men, too, have demonstrated the possession of gameness, industry, and brains. Night and day they face unnumbered dangers as the pet objects of the hatred of those dark criminals who mthey hunt.

The Problem of the Police.

As one of our best detectives put it: "Nine tenths of our work must be done through stoolpigeons; and the Italian won't turn stool! You can't get a word out of him for love or money. And this is true of the women and little children—not one will tell you anything. You can take a child of nine—as indeed I have—that has seen one man stab another. The young one knows by name and face both the murderer and the murdered. And yet not a syllable can you squeeze out of him, although the one killed may be an uncle or a cousin. They close up like clams—all of them, old or young, rich or poor, high or low.

Italians of wealth, education, station, are as bad as the others. From their cradle they've been taught to keep their tongues close, and never divulge anything to the police. They pretend that this silence is born of a sort of chivalry. It isn't, it is due to fear—abject fear.

Also for its own protection, the Black Hand has so far never failed to revenge itself upon informers. Time and again the latter are slain, but we, the police, never hear. But the Italians as a community hear. The Black Hand sees to that. The dread word is whispered about from lip to lip, in the doggeries and cellars where they drink their wine. And so the red warning is understood. Every killing puts an added padlock on the Italian lip and makes detection of Black Hand crime so much the harder."

Comparatively, New York and its environs are more deeply stocked with Italian criminals than even the worst sections of such crime sinks as Naples or the island of Sicily itself. There are no few than thirty thousand brigands in the New York Italian midst who live by Black Hand crime. This offers conditions fourfold worse than any presented in Italy.

There are divers reasons for this. Crime pays the Italian better here than at home. There is more gold here; the assassin or robber, or blackmailer, for the same sinister effort, will have £20 here where he would gain no more than as many shillings in Italy.

Also when, in Italy, the Black Hand criminal is charged with nothing specific, his safety is not assured. The Italian vagrancy laws are fierce and overbearing, with sentences of six months, or

Black Hand bands enjoyed their membership in Italy to the society in New York.

I have told how the police are often morally certain of a man and his guilt, while lacking the proof which the judges and the laws demand. Not long ago I was granted illustration of this. An anonymous complaint—mailed in Brooklyn it was, as though the writer feared to approach a letter box, the supporting lamp post whereof stood nearer than Brooklyn to the true theatre of his troubles—an anonymous complaint, I say, came to police headquarters, resting that Black Hand threats had been made, via the mails, against a certain unnamed person, presumably the writer; and that he had been told to bring £100 on Thursday evening, to the Manhattan end of the Williamsburg Bridge, and pay it over to a gentleman who would be there waiting to receive it. Should he



AN ITALIAN BARBER NOW A BLACK HAND RESIDENT OF SING SING.

fail, death within the month would be his portion. The waiting Black Hand agent was to be known by a red neckcloth, and certain gold loops in his expectant ears.

How the Black Hand Works.

The officer—a friend of my own—who had been detailed to go in quest of the waiting Black Hand emissary, told me the circumstances, and invited me to bear him company. On the way he explained the police helplessness.

"Of course," said he, "there may be no one waiting. But if there should be—the very man described, red neckwear,



AN ITALIAN LABOURER CONVICTED AS A BLACK HAND CRIMINAL.

gold earrings, and all that, he there, what can I do? True, I can run him in, and shall. But that's as far as I go; that's where I get off. We haven't a splinter of evidence against him. All we can do is hold him until the morning looking over; and then hang him, thumb print him, and haul him out to the force. What does he care? We've got nothing on him. So far as we're concerned, he's as safe as Bishop Potter or the Rev. Thomas Dixon. And all the time, mind you, we know as surely as we're alive, that he's a Black Hand. But we've without proof, ye see! The Digos he's blackmailing and scabbing and blowing up with bombs are afraid to say a word and these you are?

While my detective friend was talking, we arrived at the bridge. As we walked along, not on the bridge, but to one side of the approach, which with each step lifted itself higher and still higher over our heads, his experienced glances roved hither and yon.

"He's our man, sure enough!" he suddenly exclaimed.

My eye caught the gentleman almost even with the detective's. The waiting son of Sicily was about thirty, eyes and hair as black as a crow, skin the colour of a saddle. The gold earrings and red neckcloth being a red silk handkerchief - were in great evidence.

Collared, he couldn't talk a word of English, or said he couldn't, and looked at once frightened and fierce. There was a pistol on him, which the officer promptly confiscated.

"Carrying concealed weapons," exclaimed my friend, as he made for Mul-



THIS YOUNG MAN IS SERVING A 15 YEAR SENTENCE.

berry street with his prey. It's the worst he'll get. That means ten and costs - that is, if some politician doesn't butt in and beg him off with the magistrate. Either way, within forty-eight hours he'll be back on the job as a Black Hand; and those behind him will, in all chance, make the victim who didn't come in with that 500 dollars this evening take his choice between paying double and getting a knife between his ribs. They'll accuse him of putting up this "pull." Sure, they'll charge him with giving the police the tip, and either he'll pay double or they'll settle him for squealing." My detective gave me this brief lesson in Black Hand

ways and means, as we journeyed toward Mulberry street.

At the station nothing could be drawn from the captive; he had been "waiting for a friend," that was all. A suspicious feature, one full of suggestion, was that a well-to-do Italian contractor came rushing into the station, not ten minutes behind the prisoner, ready to go bail.

My detective friend gave me another small experience. "Come into Elizabeth street," he said, "and I'll show you something."

The place he led me to was a dingy Italian restaurant. There was a sloppy, uneven bar in one corner. The proprietor, an unwieldy individual in need of a bath, was lumbering about in elephantine fashion among the tables. When he saw my companion, he broke into deprecatory smiles, and commenced an apology in pantomime made up of deep bowings, shrugged shoulders, palms turned up and outward.

"Giuseppe was so thoughtful as to permit me to precede him. As I stepped into what was rather a cellar than a basement - it was under the rear of the building, and twenty feet back from the street line - I found myself in the midst of at least twenty of the most villainous looking cutthroats ever seen outside a dime novel. They were squatted about rude tables drinking chianti.

"As I came in, they got upon their feet, as though my advent were a signal. It flashed upon me that I'd been brought there to be trimmed. Giuseppe's brother wasn't there; the business was a plant. I wheeled; Giuseppe was just locking the door. I never hesitated; I knew it to be neck or nothing for my life. I whipped out my Colt's 38, and clapped it against the small of Giuseppe's back.

"Open the door!" I said. "Giuseppe started to make a protest, just as you saw him to-night; but I wouldn't listen.

never in more danger! When we of the Italian Squad have to visit Giuseppe's Black Hand headquarters, we go in mobs of five. They'd have killed you, and buried you right there in that cellar. They'd have been dancing on you for the next ten years to come."

"But do you believe that?" I asked. "Believe it!" repeated my detective. "Nothing surer! Those Digos meant to cook (kill) me. It was getting Giuseppe so dead to rights that saved me."

"Well, then," said I, "why don't you arrest Giuseppe?" My detective laughed. "What could I prove? Its one of those cases I've been talking about, where you know it, and still can't show it. Why, if I were to run Giuseppe in, it's two to one he'd not only be declared innocent, but land me with charges for putting a gun on him."

"Still," I protested, "even though you didn't arrest him, I shouldn't have supposed you'd now be so friendly with one who, within twenty-four hours, had been trying to murder you."

"What's to be gained by getting sore about it? No; it's all in the day's work. Also, the first thing he knows, I'll have Giuseppe where I can put him away."

Considered carefully, the Italian criminal presents these points of distinction: When he gets ready to assassinate, he arms himself with a knife. Fearing assassination, he equips himself with a gun, since his notion of defence is to shoot. The truth is he would sooner use a gun than a knife; but the latter is silent, which is important when he himself fears arrest. Defending himself, he does not care how much uproar the gun makes.

The bomb, so often in the employ of the Black Hand, is meant rather to intimidate than kill, and to warn a victim through the destruction of his property, that it is foolishly useless to resist the society's demands. Knife and pistol, the Black Hand handit learns to use in Italy; the art of dynamite he picks up here. Every contractor, blasting out the foundations of a building, is conducting a seminary where bombs, in their construction and employment, can be studied; and it is there the ambitious Black Hand goes to school.

The pet crimes of the Italian are robbery and extortion. Also, being artistic in temperament, he is ever a finished forger.

The Black Hand Society is a Fact.

The steady success with which they work; the cool assurance wherewith they place and explode their bombs; the savage certainty that marks the dealing out of death whenever - either for safety



THE RUINS OF A FRUIT STORE DESTROYED BY BLACK HAND DYNAMITERS.

Face to Face With Death.

The detective, object of all this apologetic puffiness, began to laugh. The two, he and the girly, bathless Italian, shook hands in the most charming manner.

"I was a little too quick for you - eh, Giuseppe?" said the detective. "Your mob didn't have time to get in their work, did they? But I'll give you credit; it was the finest frame-up I ever went against."

While the detective was talking, the fat Italian, the very soul of an affable yet protesting urbanity, went signifying with snakes of the head, and repressive though respectful waves of his hands, how wholly wrong the detective was in his assumptions.

"You make th' meestake!" said the Italian, when he saw a chance to be heard. "Sure, you make th' meestake!" He kept repeating this again and again.

"All right," laughed the detective, who didn't belong, by the way, to Petrosino's Italian Squad; "it's all right, Giuseppe, I'm free to admit that you came mighty near putting one over on me nearer than you ever will again. I'll keep my lamps on you lads from Sicily hereafter."

We got cigars - very bad cigars - of the deprecatory publican, and came away. The whole had been Greek to me, and I was brisk to discover what it meant.

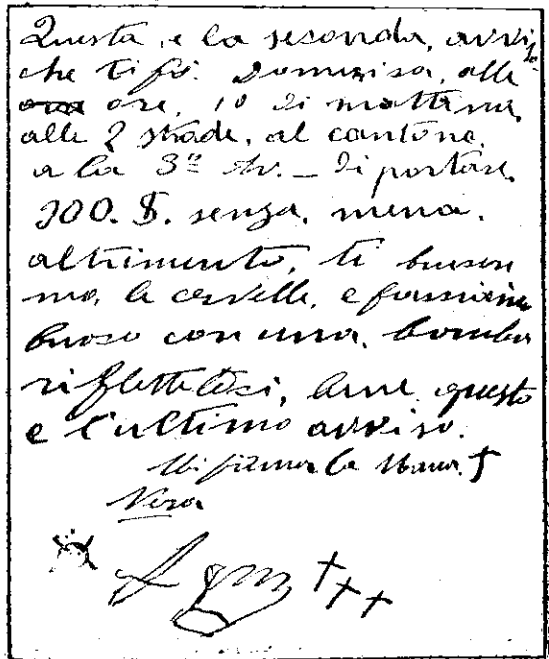
"It was last night," explained my detective. "I was looking for Giuseppe's brother, whom I suspected of having had something to do with a check forgery. I told Giuseppe I was looking for the brother, and urged him to turn him out where I could have a talk with him. 'Maybe, after I've talked with him,' I explained, 'I won't arrest him. But in any event he may as well show up. As it stands, he can't stay in New York. If he's innocent, it would be better for him to clear himself and have the business over.' Giuseppe kept putting me off, and lying, and declaring that he didn't know where his brother was.

"At last I crowded Giuseppe a little. I told him - what was the fact - that the plate used to engrave the forged check blanks had been made in his place. At that, he asked me to call around last night at eleven o'clock, and he'd have his brother there. When I showed up, he suggested that we go downstairs into the basement; his brother was down there, he said.

"Open the door!" I commanded. "If one of your gang moves, I'll shoot you in two."

A Quick-witted Escape.

"Out we went; and I can tell you I breathed freer when I found myself in the street. I told one of the Italian detectives about it, and he looked at me in wonder. 'Why,' says he, 'you were



FACSIMILE OF A TYPICAL BLACK HAND LETTER, WHICH, TRANSLATED, READS:

This is the second time that I have warned you, Sunday at ten o'clock in the morning, at the corner of Second Street and Third Avenue, bring three hundred dollars without fail. Otherwise we will set fire to you and blow you up with a bomb. Consider this matter well, for this is the last warning I will give you.

I sign the Black Hand. J

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

LONDON, March 5.

THE LATE "JOE" THOMPSON.

The announcement received in London this week of the death at Funchal, Madeira, of Mr. "Joe" Thompson, the well-known Australian bookmaker, came as a sad surprise to most people in the sporting clubs, for, although he was in his 71st year and had been seriously ill prior to going for a voyage to the Cape in December last, the sea air and the climate of South Africa had seemingly done much to restore him to health. On the way home again he arrived at Funchal about a fortnight ago, and was understood to be remaining there until winter had departed from England.

Of his career prior to his coming to England in 1888, Mr. Thompson said, in the course of an interview held with him several years ago:

"When I was fifteen I signed as an apprentice before the mast. When I got to Australia, I ran away to the gold diggings. That was in 1853. I dug a good deal, but I did not find much gold, so I went back to sea and sailed three times round the world. I tried gold digging again, but as I could not live on a sailing bark, I went to London to see my parents, only to find they had gone to America. I returned to Australia again before the mast at 18, a month, and I landed in Australia with exactly 9d. I went digging again, and rubbed along for two years. In 1859 I tackled the turf. I had only about £15 capital, but there were only four bookmakers in Victoria then, and as I had a bit of luck I got on all right. I started on the hill at Melbourne—which means I was a ready-money bookmaker—and I never looked back after. I have never known a man who started with capital make money on the rails. I do not believe such a thing exists. All the men who have made fortunes 'laying their' have commenced, as we say, 'with a bit of string.' In 1861 the Melbourne Cup was instituted, which started with £500 added money. Now the added money is £10,000, which shows you that the same principle applies to successful meetings as to successful bookmakers. I continued ready-money betting till 1863, when I went into the paddock. I never owed a man a shilling, and I never asked for time. The result was that my business grew upon me till I came to take a prominent part, and some said I led the 'ring.' In 1888 I came to England to finish the education of my children."

In England "Joe" Thompson was known personally to nearly everyone interested in racing, and for 20 years was one of the leading bookmakers in Tattersall's. His operations were on an extensive scale, and his laying of double-event bets was yearly a feature in the speculation that took place in connection with the great races of the season, handicap and "classic." In connection with the Cesarewitch and Cambridge-hire his operations were usually very heavy, and one of his biggest bets on these big events was the £50,000 to £500 he laid the late Colonel North against his horses, Old Boots and St. Simon of the Rock. One of the "doubles" he laid that materialised was £10,000 to £50 Burnaby and La Fleche for the Cesarewitch and Cambridge-hire of 1892. He also laid three "doubles" of £10,000 to £50 insured for the Lincolnshire Handicap, who won in 1904, coupled with Amulish II, De-fail, and Inquisitor for the Grand National, but these "playful doubles," as "Joe" called them, turned up trumps for the layer.

Apart from bookmaking Mr. Thompson took a keen interest in everything appertaining to racing, and it was in part owing to his advocacy that the "erow's nest" for the stewards to view the races from was constructed at Norbury. He was also the originator of the "fifteen-minute rule" relating to objections, and used to point with pride to the fact that objections became much fewer after that rule came into force.

The "Sportsman" pays tribute to Mr. Thompson thus:—

"He was popular with his conferees, and that popularity remained with him to the last. He will be greatly missed in the 'ring' as well as by backers, and though the vein of caustic wit he possessed was occasionally worked with much effect, he was a good friend,

a genial companion, and a thoroughly kindhearted man. He was a striking example of what energy can effect, and the link he personally formed between sportsmen of the Old Country and those of Australia is one of the pleasantest recollections in connection with his career."

A LITTLE BIT OF GREENSTONE.

I have a story which is a sort of complement to the British Museum mummy yarn. It concerns a little slab of greenstone which brought disaster in its train. Some years ago a New Zealander to whom I did some small kindness whilst he was in London, sent me a piece of greenstone mounted as a watch charm. Greenstone, he said, was "lucky," and he hoped that his gift would bring me all sorts of smiles from Dame Fortune. I attached the charm to my chain, and awaited events with equanimity, for I had no belief whatever in the efficacy of a bit of jade to produce results of any sort.

On the first day I sported the greenstone, I fell down over a banana skin into some inches of mud, spoiled a new overcoat, and bruised my hip so that I walked lame for weeks after. A few days later the charm detached itself from its mounting and was given up as lost. However, on the morrow the servant found it in the garden, and put it in her pocket. That day she fell over a pail, and was laid up for a week. Meanwhile she had given the charm back to me, and I had it remounted and put it away. Of course, I had not associated possession of the little bit of jade with either the girl's or my own accident. A year later I gave the charm to my better half. She wore it for some days without mishap, then lost her purse, and with it a couple of pounds, and wound up by having her dress set alight by a careless smoker in a bus.

Again the charm broke adrift from its moorings and was put away, only to be given some months later to the son of a friend who had been given a watch and chain for a birthday present. The lad had worn the charm a few days only when he was seized with scarlet fever and nearly died. Whilst he was ill his father took the charm to a jeweller to have the mount strengthened. On his way home with it in his pocket, he was knocked down by a cab, and was rather badly damaged about the head and ribs. When his son got well again, he wore the charm for a time without anything untoward happening, but within a month he was in hospital as the result of a bicycling accident.

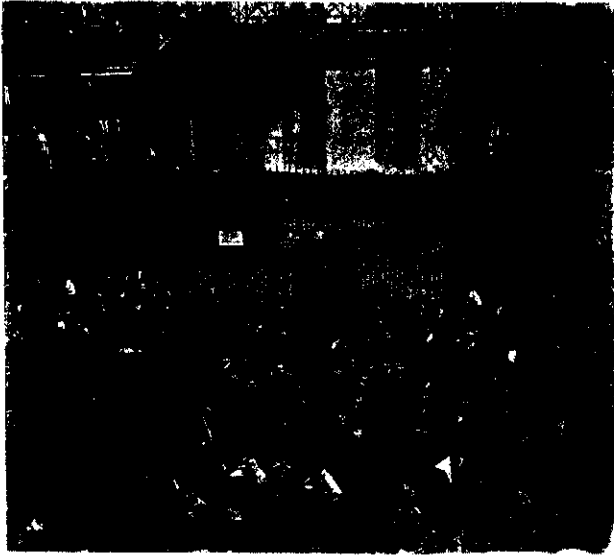
That was six years ago. Soon after coming out the lad went to Folkestone to recruit, and was nearly drowned whilst wearing the little bit of jade. Neither he nor his father attributed his run of ill-luck to the greenstone charm, but a month or so later he met with another bicycling accident of a rather serious character, and during his illness a younger brother took "French leave" and wore the watch and charm. The very first day he wore it he fell when jumping a ditch, and nearly tore his eye out on a piece of barbed wire.

The youngster thereupon swore that the greenstone was at the root of his own and his brother's misfortunes. His father laughed at the assertion, but, remembering his own experience, mentioned the matter to me. I then called to mind my own afflictions, and comparing notes we agreed that, to say the least of it, there had been a number of coincidences in the matter. Of course, he wasn't impressed any more than I was, but, strange to say, neither he nor my member of his family would wear the charm again.

It disappeared mysteriously a little while after the younger boy's declaration that it was a mascot of the wrong sort. A few days after their servant girl was "sacked" for some flagrant act of insubordination or other. The next thing they heard about her was that she had been rather seriously injured through falling down some area steps. My friend thereupon declared that she must have stolen the greenstone charm, but he could find no proof of the girl's iniquity except her accident, and my own private opinion is that his younger son made away with it, for he was undoubtedly strongly convinced that it was a thing of evil.

or revenge—death is held to be necessary, all go in proof of the existence of the society. The Black Hand works as though its membership felt safe. Also the records show that, for the great part, such feeling is justified. I do not mean to set down as my belief that

official, should he who seeks Black Hand acceptance betray slackness of stamina or weakness of heart he is refused. Deemed worthy, he is sworn to fidelity on crossed knives. By his oath he is bound to keep silent, or bear false witness, or fight the police, or kill a friend



DEPOSITORS SURROUNDING THE PATI BANK—SCENE OF A BLACK HAND BATTLE.

the whole body of Italian crime in America is as thoroughly organized and as intelligently managed as Standard Oil itself.

The Black Hand owns iron laws and maintains iron discipline. He who would join must demonstrate his mettle. He proves his hardihood by killing some one whom the Black Hand points out—perhaps a member turned traitor, who has been sentenced to die. If no traitor be convenient, aspirants are set fighting each other with knives. Whatever the

even a father or a brother—at the behest of the chiefs of the Society. To fail is to invite death.

This Black Hand obligation is no idle one; its penalty of death has been often invoked. Scores have died by the dagger, to be thrown into the East River, or buried in the basements of the buildings where they fell. These who thus die are never heard of, never traced.

Such is the problem that is at present agitating the American press and public, and it does not seem possible of solution.



ELIZABETH STREET, NEW YORK, WHICH IS THE HEART OF THE ITALIAN DISTRICT.

THE BOOKSHELF.

Reminiscences of Swinburne.

IN the year 1886 the literary world of London was in a ferment of excitement over a new book by a young poet, whose name had been all but unknown till the year before. The English public—even "the literary public"—is not wont to grow excited over the appearance of a volume of verse; indeed, to awaken its real interest, there must in a general way be almost as much mediocrity as talent; and had not the immediate but more dubious success of "Poems and Ballads" been in some measure owing to the way in which the book was assailed, the ordinary reader would have paid little heed to the critical polemics as to whether "this young fellow Swinburne" was worthy of the laurel or of severe condemnation. A year earlier, all who kept scrupulous watch on the central tendency of literature recognised that a new voice had joined the elder music—that, in truth, a rival to Tennyson and Browning had appeared. For in 1865 "Atalanta in Calydon" had come like a comet from the literary horizon (already "Chastelard" had been written, though not published till early in 1866). "Atalanta in Calydon" was not a book to appeal to a wide circle of readers, but by the few who cared for literature as literature it was hailed as one of the most remarkable productions of the Victorian age, and the more remarkable as the work of a writer still well within his "twenties." True, in 1860 he had published in small volume two short dramas, "The Queen Mother" and "Rosamund," but the slim book had been ignored by all save the young poet's

own circle of friends and the very few to whom some rumour of the exceptional promise of Algernon Swinburne had reached. Now and again, in the early sixties, a poem appeared above his signature, and even the conventional "Spectator" printed verse so unconventional as "Faustine." In 1864 a short tale of the ultra-romantic kind appeared in "Once a Week," with a fine drawing by Lawless; but "Dead Love" was too much in the genre of Rossetti's "Hand and Soul," or William Morris' short Arthurian romances, to attract special attention.

There had been nothing like "Atalanta in Calydon" in English literature. The effect of its publication was as though a new gate had been opened in a vast garden, with vistas of novel and entrancing beauty. Here the English language was used with new force and flexibility, with a subtlety beyond the achievement of Shelley himself save on rare occasion, and equalled only by Coleridge in his greatest work. Of the author little was known. Even when in the following year "Chastelard" and "Poems and Ballads" were published, and all the English literary world from London to Edinburgh was talking about the new poet, few people knew anything about his personality, whether he was young or (as some of the reviewers of "Atalanta" averred) of mature years, whether a Londoner or a countryman, a Scot or what we should now call an outlander—the last of these suppositions having some colour from the fact that in his poetry there was an element alien to the English genius or the English tradition—emotions, views and sentiments further revealed in "Songs

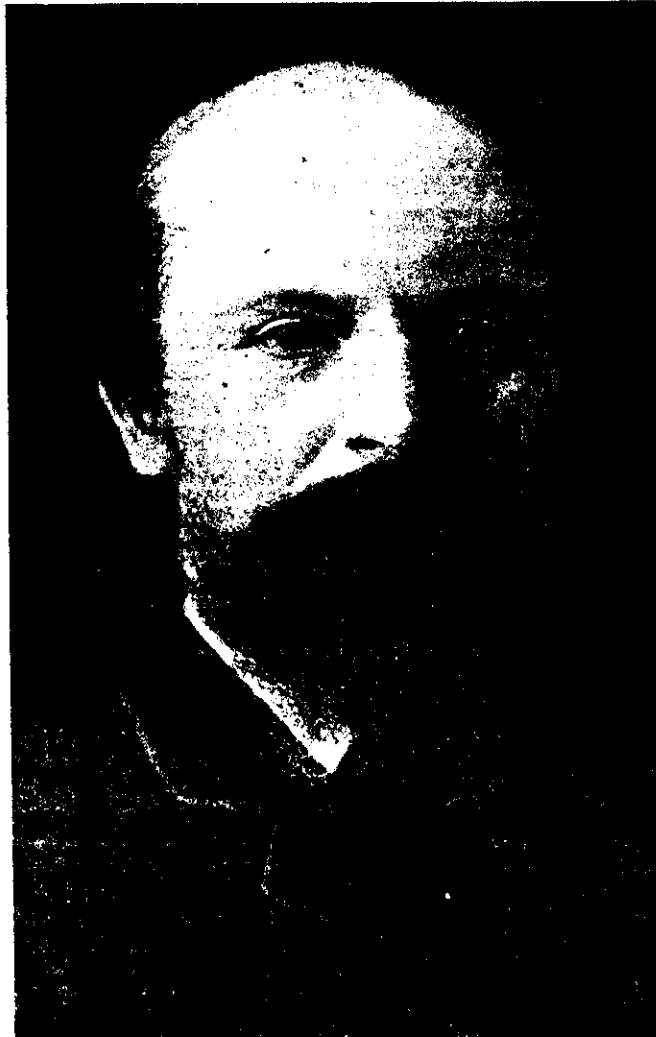
before Sunrise," where his republican sympathies and his worship of Alazani, Aurelio Saffi and Victor Hugo were given startling expression.

From a chronicler's point of view, there is little to be said about Mr. Swinburne's private life. Outwardly it was an uneventful one: a happy boyhood and youth, in favourable and often exceptionally pleasant circumstances; a few visits to Italy and France; early fame, happily without the penalty so often concomitant

was in the drawing room at Wallington when the lad entered, in a great state of excitement, carrying in his hand an Eton school prize, an illustrated volume of Victor Hugo's "Notre Dame de Paris." Mr. Scott no doubt speculated too far when he added in effect that here we have the source of all Mr. Swinburne's "Gallomania," and of the whole later "Francophil school." He gives us another picture of the youthful poet a year or two later, when the Scotts were settled in



ROSSETTI'S PORTRAIT OF SWINBURNE.



THE LATE A. C. SWINBURNE.

with a great reputation won in first manhood; a few years in London as one of the most brilliant figures in a brilliant circle of genius; and then a weariness of London, and of most things save poetry and the sea, and a withdrawal to the comparative isolation of a house near Wimbledon Common where (with brief intervals on the South coast or in the Channel Isles, for Mr. Swinburne long retained his old passion for swimming, and could not long be away from the sea, which he had so loved since boyhood, and so continuously paid homage to in song) he lived for the last quarter of a century with the companionship of his closest friend, the Theodore Watts of old days, the Watts-Dunton of to-day.

To a friend of Mr. Swinburne's of long standing, the late Mr. William Bell Scott, we are indebted for one or two vivid pages concerning the poet's early years. Though born in London, Mr. Swinburne is in no other sense a Londoner, for it was owing to the accident of a temporary residence of Admiral Swinburne and his wife in the Metropolis that the poet was not born either in the Isle of Wight or in Northumberland. His mother, Lady Jane Henrietta Ashburnham, daughter of the third Earl of Ashburnham, had married Captain Charles Henry Swinburne, the second son of Sir John Edward Swinburne, of Capheaton in Northumberland—a representative of one of the oldest families in the North of England. The original feudal family of "Swinburne of Swinburne Castle" ended apparently with one Adam de Swinburne, in the time of Edward II., but the younger or Capheaton branch brought the family name into prominence again during the reign of Henry III., in the person of Sir William de Swinburne, from whom the poet is descended. The present head of the family is his cousin, Sir John Swinburne; and it was at the family seat in Northumberland, or at his father's beautiful home near Bonchurch in the Isle of Wight that Mr. Swinburne spent his early boyhood.

For many months at the time Mr. Scott first knew the boy who was afterwards to become so famous, the latter was at Oxford; and it was as he rode to and fro that Mr. Scott came to notice the bright-eyed, yellow-haired boy riding fast, with a hurrying look on his face and his ruddy locks in the wind. One day Mr. Scott

Newcastle. Mr. Scott would come home he says, and find young Swinburne lying on the floor before the fire, surrounded by books; many of which he had read through with astonishing rapidity, and glanced at others, with a memory so tenacious that months or even years afterwards he could recall not merely the substance, but even special arguments and particular passages, and the method and manner of their exposition. But the most memorable picture he has given us is of a winter's day on the then wild and desolate Tyneside coast, where he and Mrs. Scott, at the last moment unexpectedly joined by young Swinburne, then on vacation from Oxford (or perhaps a year or so later), had gone for a holiday. They walked along the wind-swept sands, and by the grey stormy seas, while in his peculiar chanting voice the young poet recited "Laus Veneris" and the "Hymn to Proserpine"—never to be forgotten as recited in his strange intonation, which truly represented the white heat of the enthusiasm that had produced them, and "to the music of the breaking waves running the whole length of the long level sands towards Cullercoats, and sounding like far-off acclamations."

On several occasions Mr. Scott spoke to me of his early impressions of Mr. Swinburne, and all he said confirmed what earlier or later I had heard from Rossetti, Burne-Jones and others, who knew him at the dawn of his career. None bore out the early (and as it proved rash) judgment of the famous Master of Balliol—"A brilliant youth; too brilliant a youth; it's all youth." I recollect Rossetti saying that even before the publication of "Atalanta" he had no doubt that "A. C. S. would outstrip the lot of us"; and a year or so before his death, Sir Edward Burne-Jones, when speaking of his early Oxford days with Morris and others, told me that no one could possibly be with Swinburne at that time, as later, and not instantly realise that he was a man of genius. "There was something in his appearance," he added, "which vividly enhanced his look. His sensitive face, his eager eyes, his peculiar nervous excitability, the flame-like beauty of his wavy mass of hair, his swift speech and extraordinary swiftness of thought and apprehension, and a certain delightful inconsequence of all his own,

made him quite the most remarkable, certainly the most poetic personality I have ever known." This portrait could be confirmed by Mr. Holman Hunt, Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., Mr. George Meredith, and others still living who could remember the poet in his early London days, both before the appearance of his first high

reach. And, indeed, all his characters are cast in heroic mould. Few are the readers that could read one of Marion Crawford's stirring romances without feeling his heart new braced to re-enter upon life's struggle.

Not that Marion Crawford did not depict sin and struggle, as well as high

history of the Saracenesa, "A Cigarette-maker's Romance," and a book, not so well known as others of his, entitled "With the Immortals." This last mentioned story, or properly speaking, fantasy, tells how its principal character stored a sufficient supply of electricity to create an artificial atmosphere, and then proceeded to conjure up spirits from the nether world, and also records the conversation that ensued. So long ago is it since we read this weird fantasy that we can only quote Queen Elizabeth in particular as one of the spirits raised. But we do remember that the spirit who engaged her in conversation would be as little to her taste as would be the spirit of Tom Paine to John Bunyan, who were conjured up to confer together on the writing of a new "Pilgrim's Progress."

More than one, we think (we are writing without data other than the information afforded by cablegram) of Mr. Crawford's books have been dramatised, notably, "A Cigarette-maker's Romance." Mr. Crawford adapted "Paulo and Francesca" for Sarah Bernhardt. Singularly enough, both Mr. Crawford's and Mr. Stephen Phillips' adaptations of this grim, terrible tragedy were being presented at the same time in Paris and London.

It is impossible in the limits of a review to do more than briefly record our appreciation of this writer who, in our thoughts, has always stood in the relation of a charming, yet wise, intimate friend, whom we shall always cherish in our heart of hearts. From him no secret of the mind and human heart was hidden, because he possessed the key to all that was human in the human heart and mind. And whatever there was of passion, grossness, or ill-doing in anything he ever penned, it was nullified by the pure aim that ever animated him. Francis Marion Crawford, in spite of his knowledge as a man of the world, in the cosmopolitan sense, remained ever pure at heart.

DELTA.

John Suckling's Tercentenary.

An interesting literary event of this month is the Tercentenary of Sir John Suckling, who was born early in February, 1600. Handsome, witty, profligate, soldier, courtier and poet, Sir John fought under Gustavus Adolphus through some months of the Thirty Years' War, and was afterwards one of the most brilliant figures at the Court of Charles I.

A gentleman of fortune, he raised a troop of horse in the King's service, but being involved in a conspiracy to rescue Stafford from the Tower, he fled to Paris, and there, exiled and hampered by poverty ended his life, with poison at the age of thirty-four. Suckling is one of the gayest and most daintily fanciful of that glorious company of Jacobean lyrists that includes Lovelace, Carew, Waller and Herrick. Except for an occasional exquisite line, his lines are very dead reading, and of his small sheaf of poems probably the most popular is the ballad "Upon a Wedding," with its familiar, careless opening.

"I tell thee, Dick, where I have been," and its haunting, much-quoted verses describing the bride:

Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice stole in and out,
As if she feared the light;
But oh, she dances such a way!
No sun upon an Easter day
Is half so fine a sight.

Her lips were red, and one was thin,
Computed with that was next her chin
(Some bee had stung it nearly);
But, Dick, her eyes so guard her face,
I durst no more upon them gaze
Than on the sun in July.

This, indeed, and some three or four easy, airy, witty songs—"The Constant Lover," for one; "The Remonstrance" ("Why so pale and wan, fond lover?") for another—make up his entire passport to immortality. It has brought him safely down to us through the dust and changes of three hundred years, and kept him still in the enjoyment of what someone (wasn't it Ben Johnson?) has called

"Great glory, but not broad."
—From the February "Bookman."

A 250 Guinea Winner.

Miss A. G. Jacoby, the winner of the two hundred and fifty guinea prize in Mr. Melrose's First Novel Competition,

is a Londoner by birth, and until recently had lived all her life in town. She studied art under Professor Fred Brown at South Kensington, has done some journalism, and written a few short stories, but no complete novel until she wrote "The Faith of His Fathers."

REVIEWS.

"Tono-Bungay": H. G. Wells, London: Macmillan and Co., St. Martin's Street.

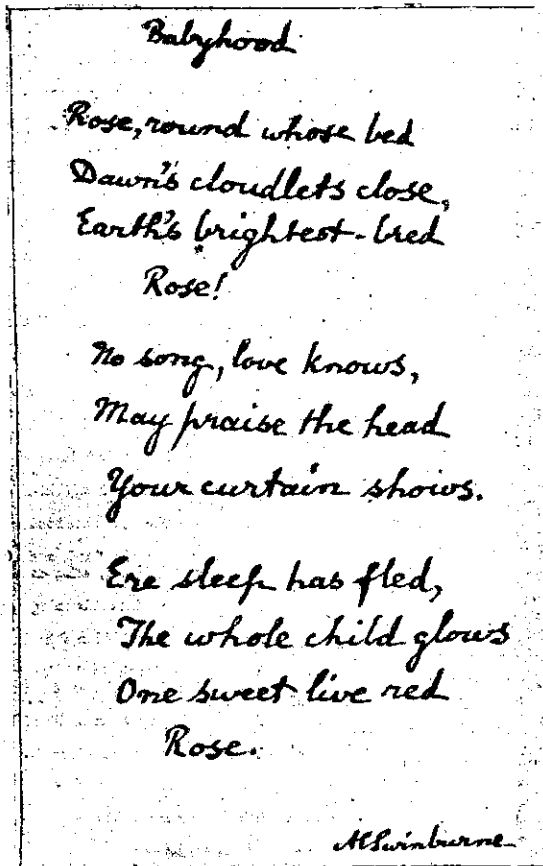
Hitherto we have only been a lukewarm admirer of Mr. H. G. Wells' work, not having heanings towards the pseudo-scientific or the fantastic in fiction. But our admiration for Mr. Wells has overflowed in the perusal of this exceedingly cleverly written romance which would seem to be a rechauffe of the material that has been left over in the making of the many masterly books Mr. Wells has done to his credit. To begin with, the title "fetched" us, and though the book reached us at a very much occupied moment, we could not resist opening it to discover the whereabouts of Tono-Bungay, a designation so foreign to us as to make us decide that it was purely fictitious.

Then through our mind flashed thoughts of a new Socialist settlement, a new Eldorado, a new explosive, a new cult, or a new beverage, and then, having exhausted our powers of guessing, we read on, and discovered that Tono-Bungay was the name of a patent medicine, concocted and placed on the world's market by "Edward Ponderevo," the book's chief character, whose methods of doing business were, as Mr. Wells says, truly Napoleonic, both in initiative and disastrous ending. Mr. Wells would seem to have exhausted every emotion and every experience under the sun in his depiction of the various characters that crowd the history of Tono-Bungay, and he seems equally at home in the depiction of the most private, the most public, the most simple, the most subtle, the most commonplace, the most adventurous; the most luxurious, and the most squalid phases of existence, that present themselves to the notice of man. Never was sudden rise and inevitable fall more vividly and graphically told than in the case of Edward Ponderevo, the promoter of the various companies, which, while taking in annually hundreds of thousands of pounds from the credulous British public, had no assets beyond those purely personal, or the furniture of the palatial offices from which the sensational, lying advertisements which are such an important factor in the selling of the useless, and often harmful commodities are issued. But for the fact that the buyers of these patent frauds are seldom readers of books of the Wells stamp, we could imagine that Tono-Bungay would deal a great blow to the vendors of patent medicines.

These are pictures drawn from the upper classes, the middle classes, and the lower classes, which stand out as vitally distinct and clear, as though the scenes depicted were taking place before the reader's eyes. And we quite agree with Mr. Wells where he declares that England is devoted body and soul to speculative commerce and to the amassing of colossal fortunes (often, as in the case of Tono-Bungay, dishonestly obtained), which are in turn frittered away on "Crest Hills," extravagant display, and an useless invention, while thousands of the victims from whom these fortunes have been blebbed are being daily impoverished or ruined. With every wish in the world to praise Mr. Wells a roundabout or a pessimist on the subject of England's degeneracy, it is impossible not to believe that Mr. Wells is in earnest in his wish to help to cleanse the Augean stables of English society and commerce.

Everybody should read "Tono-Bungay." Two shillings and sixpence is the price of the colonial edition, and readers may rely upon the book as a sound investment, as it contains something of interest for everybody. Our copy has reached us through the courtesy of Macmillan and Co.

A SLUGGISH CIRCULATION. Let a habit of sedentary habits, leads to congestion of the brain, liver and other organs. The best remedy for this undesirable state of affairs is to stimulate the vitality of the whole body by taking a scientific preparation of "HUNKAPI JASOS" natural aperient water every morning.



A SAMPLE OF SWINBURNE'S MANUSCRIPT

achievement and after "Atalanta in Calydon," "Chastelard," and "Poems and Ballads" had made their author's name a signal for discussion throughout the whole literary world, and given him in less than two years, and while still in his "twenties," one of the highest and most assured places in Victorian literature.

WILLIAM SHARP.

Francis Marion Crawford.

The death of Francis Marion Crawford, at the comparatively early age of 55, will leave a blank in the literary world which the better class of readers will find hard to fill.

The son of an American sculptor, he was born in Italy in 1834. He was educated partly in America and partly in England; firstly, by a private tutor, who prepared him for Cambridge, where, at Trinity, he afterwards graduated. From 1874-6 he studied at Karlsruhe. In 1878 he passed at the University of Rome, studying Sanscrit. In 1879 he became editor of the "Indian Herald," published at Allahabad. Returning to America in 1881, he remained there two years, after which he went to Italy, where, with the exception of a visit to Turkey, he has since resided, his home being at Sorrento.

Mr. Crawford was best known as a writer of novels, though work of a more serious nature is down to his credit in the realms of philosophy and philology, sciences which have helped him largely in the understanding not only of the English, but of the Latin-speaking races. Italy, so beloved by Marion Crawford, is principally the scene of the many superb romances that have emanated from his virile and facile pen. There has been, and there is no other living writer that has so consistently demonstrated the high ideals women can aspire to and

romance, for he was a past master in the art of depicting the most naked, the most deadly, the most subtle, the most refined, the most spineless, and the most strenuous, forms of sin and temptation. But never sin wholly triumphant, or struggle vainless. Though we agree that some of Mr. Crawford's later works show evidence of a higher and a more powerful mentality, while still retaining the culture, refinement and close human grip of his earlier works, we, out of the thirty-nine books which we can reckon to his credit, confess that our thoughts linger most pleasurably round that charming trilogy of novels that deal with the



THE LATE F. MARION CRAWFORD.

Verse Old and New

Time's Island.

BESIDES his garden island set in the silent sea
No sounding breakers boom along the strand,
Where, silent reversed shape, through mystic fingers Time
Lets slip the running sand.

Within the garden island set in the changeless sea
The giant shadowy Ages slow stalk by;
Silent as Time himself they mutely pass away
To the deep Eternity.

With heads all bowed with care and smile inscrutable
The weary Years go slowly one by one;
With brave though mournful mein the stripping days stride by
In the track of the west'ring sun.

But rippling music's sound, sweet sprightly minstrelsy,
Charms the sad air as the Hours trip along
With merry dancing feet and faces lit with joy
"And lips alive with song."

So we who are Time's guests in his garden by the sea,
Seeking to find and pluck Life's gracious flowers,
Will let the Ages grim and grieving Years go by
While we dance with joyous Hours.

—Michael Mason.

Three from Sedgemoor.

A LEGEND OF SOMERSET.

"Hist!" said the mother; "doubt the light!
Kirke's Lambs are on the road to-night
A-seeking the flyers of Monmouth's fight;
And I've three sons from Sedgemoor
That fought for the wrong King James.
There's Jan, my eldest, and Jeremy,
And Ebenezer, big as a tree,
Lord! take my life for the lives of the three,
My three sons from Sedgemoor,
That fought for the wrong King James!"

Jan she set in the flour-bin wide;
Up chimney Jeremy prophesied;
But Ebenezer was hard to hide,
The biggest of all at Sedgemoor
That fought for the wrong King James,
Till she founden a nook in her faggot-store;

But ere she had fairly telled him o'er,
Came a thundering knock on the farm-house door,
And "Open, you rebels of Sedgemoor,
In the name of our good King James!"

She pulled the hobbin and drew them in;
Five privates and Sergeant Parndine;
She gave them cider laced with gin,
And asked for the news from Sedgemoor
And the luck of the two King James,
And "Was the dirty rebels beat
And the wicked Duke a-teakon yet?
And wasn't they thirsty by all this he't?
Don't ee spare our cider of Sedgemoor
For the sake of the good King James!"

I trow she did not speak in vain;
She filled their cups again and again,
Till the liquor sang in each silly brain,
The strong liquor of Sedgemoor
That never paid tax to King James,
One loos'd his stock, and one shifted his wig;
One sank his forehead and snored like a pig.

But the sergeant still sat tight and trig,
A-watching the widow of Sedgemoor,
In his duty to King James.

Till a sudden fury shook the man;
And "Woman!" he cried, "was this your plan,
To drown our wita in the cider-can,
The drugged cider of Sedgemoor,
You friend of the rebel James?
For this your vile conspiracy
I swear you shall hang, all four," said he,

"Mother and sons on one gallows-tree,
With your three sons from Sedgemoor
That fought for the rebel James!"

She tacked the board with her hand, and said:
"Carl thy men, if thee ool! Theer they lie, half dead;

But sergeant, you've kep' a zober head
In spite of the liquor of Sedgemoor
That never paid nought to King James!
So take my three big bads if thee durst!
But theer must fight their mother vurst
For the children dear that my bosom nurs't.

My three sons from Sedgemoor
That fought for the kind King James."

He drew and struck, but she leapt aside
And caught the steel in her tender side;
"Coom hither my three strong sons," she cried,

"For the sake of the true King James!"
Then Jeremy sprang from the chimney flue,

Jan from the four rose ghastly to view,
And right and left the faggots flew
As Ebenezer of Sedgemoor
Fell on the men of King James.

But when the sogers lay tied and bound
Like calves aron on the market ground,
Then the brave mother showed her wound;

Ah! the brave mother of Sedgemoor
That died for the rebel James!
And "Nivir fret for your naimy!" said she,

"For the Lord hath had mercy on me,
And He've took my life for the lives of my three.

My three children of Sedgemoor
That fought for our kind King James!"
—Edward Sydney Tylee, in "The Spectator."

The Azure Grotto.

Beneath the vine-clad slopes of Capri's Isle,
Which run down to the margin of that sea,
Whose waters kiss the sweet Parthenope,
There is a grot whose rugged front the while
Frowns only dark where all is seen to smile.

But enter, and behold! surpassing fair
The magic sight that meets your vision there,—
Nor Heaven! with all its broad expanse of blue,
Gleams coloured with a sheen so rich, so rare,
So changing in its clear, translucent hue;
Glassed in the lustrous wave, the walls and roof
Shine as does silver scattered o'er the roof
Of some rich robe, or bright as stars whose light
Inlays the azure concave of the night.

You cannot find throughout this world,
I ween,
Waters so fair as those within this cave,

Colour like that which flashes from the wave,
Or which is steeped in such cerulean sheen

As here gleams forth within this grotto's screen.
And when the oar the boatman gently takes

And dips it in the flood, a fiery glow,
Ruddy as phosphor, stirs in depths below;

Each ripple into burning splendour breaks,
As though some hidden fires beneath did lie

Waiting at touch to kindle into flame,
And shine in radiance on the dazzled eye.

As sparkling up from wells of light they came,
To make his grot a glory far and high.

—Charles D. Bell.

Anecdotes and Sketches

A Progressive Age.

"I'm a practical and experienced widow," said the woman in black, "and I want to look at some collins without any foolishness."

The undertaker looked up with the unhappy smile of his craft.

"We have them all styles and prices," he replied softly and hopefully.

"And how about your trading stamps? Give 'em, I suppose."

"No-o," admitted the proprietor, almost losing his professional poise. "The truth is that at these solemn moments our customers do not, as a rule, indicate any desire for stamps."

"I guess I know a solemn moment all right," rejoined the widow; "but there's no use in making it solemner, I've just lost my third, and don't intend to lose a chance at a cuckoo clock into the bargain."

She was gone. The undertaker realised that in the race for business he was being left behind.

Only Imagined.

The householder smothered his wrath, and descended to the basement. "Are you the plumber?" he asked of the individual who was tinkering with the pipes in the cellar.

"Yes, gov'nor," answered the man.

"Been long in the trade?"

"'Bout a year, sir."

"Ever made mistakes?"

"Never."

"Oh, then, it's all right, I suppose. I imagined you had connected up the wrong pipes, for the chandelier in the parlour is spraying like a fountain and the bathroom tap's on fire."

An Oratorical Flight.

Some good political speeches were not included in the campaign text-books. There was a meeting in a country school-house, and after the speeches a leading

German was called on for a few remarks. He said: "Fellow-citizens: We haf bert d' chin music, yest. And d' time has now come ven ve must all git togelder und undo that rich ve haf not dit. All git togelder und roll up such a Democratic majority in Berks County that it vill roll und roll und roll und it rolls all ofer Berks County, all ofer d' State of Pennsylvania, all ofer the United States, vill roll across d' ocean und vill roll up to Queen Victoria vere she is sitting on her throne, und she vill say: 'Good gracious! vot a Democratic majority Berks County dit roll up!'"

Time to Give Up.

A merchant of philanthropic bent was once asked to address a temperance meeting. He started as follows:—

"A young man, my friends, is like a ship on the ocean; as long as the ship is sound and no water leaks in she rides triumphant. So with a young man. He may be where there is wickedness; but if he keeps it from leaking in, if he—er—keeps tight—that is, if he is always tight, and—all—"

It was here he decided to stop.

Pat's Remedy.

Pat Murphy, who was in lodgings, was greatly annoyed by the landlady helping herself to his provisions. She began by taking a piece of his butter, and when Pat came home she said: "Pat, I'm taking a little of your butter; but I'm not like other landladies—I'm telling you." Next day it was an egg, and so on. Every day there was something taken and put off with the remark: "I'm not like other landladies—I'm telling you." Of course there was never any reduction in Pat's bill. One Saturday his bill came to a larger amount than usual, Pat looked at it, bundled up a few things in his handkerchief, walked to the door, and said, "Landlady, I'm sleeping, I'm not like other lodgers—I'm telling you."

A Candid Friend.

It is not strange that the young lawyer congratulated himself when he married a young woman of exquisite mind—a thin, big-headed girl in spectacles. A friend was introduced to the lady one night, and later on the bridegroom said to him:

"George, what do you think of her?"

George puffed thoughtfully on his cigar. "Well," he said, "to tell you the truth, she isn't much to look at, is she?"

The husband's face fell. "Ah, but," he said, eagerly, "what a mind she haaf! Externally, perhaps, she isn't all that could be desired, but within—ah, George, she has a beautiful mind."

George smiled. "Then have her turned," he said.



Facetious Passenger: "Say, guard, can I get out and pick some flowers?"

Guard: "I'm afraid you won't find no flowers 'ereabouts."

Facetious Passenger: "Oh, that's all right, I've got a packet of seeds."

—London Opinion.

WITHIN THE COMMONWEALTH

Melba's Memory.

MELBA never forgets. Whether that is due to her fine memory or the notes taken by her private secretary is, of course, a family secret, but all the same, Melba always manages to remember whatever is worth remembering, and much of her popularity is due to this phase of her character. For instance, Melba, on the way out on board the mail steamer, took part in all the shows and amusements which were going. Amongst others, there was a fancy dress ball. Melba decided to go as a hospital nurse; but the costume? that was the question. Fortunately, there was on board a sick lady, who was traveling to Australia, accompanied by a trained nurse in full uniform. The trained nurse was much of Melba's build. She was approached. Of course she was delighted, and the great singer looked an ideal hospital nurse. Imagine a hospital nurse who crooned to herself in the finest soprano in the world bits of the Jewel Song and the Mad Scene as she polished up the glasses and washed the bottles and bandages. Melba made a great impression, anyhow, and was most awfully grateful to the Sister. She thanked her a hundred times, and said, "You must come to hear me sing in Melbourne. I shall reserve two seats for you at my first concert. Give me your address."

Return of Nellie Stewart.

Aren't you glad Nellie Stewart is back again? asks a Melbourne writer. Our most versatile Australian actress is in tip-top trim, and just as vivacious and winsome as ever. Only high courage could have carried her through the troubles that have tumbled on her during the last three years. But when speaking to her you would never guess that she had ever had a worry in this world. Her conversation is the richer for her work and experiences in America, and her art has improved with the larger sphere she has had to study in. When you talk to her about other Australians who were her contemporaries, or who went abroad also, you begin to appreciate how precarious theatrical fame is. The sport of fortune, the creatures of a fashion, the victims of a caprice, they are seen, heard, admired, applauded to the echo, but unless they are exceptionally lucky, only to be forgotten. They leave

no trace, no memorial of their existence—they "come like shadows, so depart." Miss Nellie Stewart has survived all the pitfalls and perils of the ephemeral artistic life, and is back again with renewed youth to gladden our hearts and brighten our lives with her merry mimicry.

ing to their taste. The pianist was a "sailer," and the violinist looked pretty cool as a "surf girl." The young ladies dressed at the rooms, and but for the fact that they all emerged carrying mysterious parcels nobody would have known that there was anything unusual going on. Those present say that they never enjoyed themselves better, and look forward to the next event, expecting by that time to have increased the number of their "no men club" by more than double.

Girls as Boys.

It is more than probable that during the coming dancing season the old adage will be altered to read "Girls will be boys." Fifty charming young ladies have banded themselves together to give a series of dances, at which no male personage will be permitted to be present—not even to look on (says a Sydney paper). But one-half of the girls have to dress as boys. The first of this series of dances took place at Miss Wright's atelier in George-street. It was a fancy dress ball, for which prizes were given for the best costumes and the first prize went to a young lady who came arrayed as "Jo"—the familiar Dickens character. There was one charming blonde dressed as a naval lieutenant in white ducks. Even the musicians were dressed accord-

Frightened Out.

Already the threatened new land settlement policy in Victoria is inducing some large holders to get out before the doctrinaires fix up a patent new taxing machine. The members of the great Clarke Estate are realising properties in all parts of the State at the present high prices. A kura judge in Sir Thomas Lent is also putting his holdings on the market. The ex-Premier does not own any vast junks of land, but he has several blocks which will make a few thousands of pounds.

Presence of Mind.

I passed through a mining village with one pub and a Chinatown. Stayed at the pub, writes "Koorara." During the afternoon a very small Irishman sidled up to the bar and called for a drink. A huge hairy publican handed over the drink. The small Irishman came out and surveyed the road; then he invited four others in to breast the bar. The five drinks were consumed, but no half-dollar turned up. Thereat the big hairy man grew angry. The small Irishman talked fight—and got it. After he had got it he cleared off to his camp, and presumably made explanations to a slightly more diminutive brother, who rushed to the pub, wanting to know who had struck his small brother Mick. "Me!" said the big hairy man. "What about it?" "You!" queried Mick's brother, sizing him up. Then Mick's brother's countenance changed as he stepped back a pace or two. "Oh, you! Good enough, boss! Y' order killed the blanky little waster!"

Wherefore?

She played Juliet for one consecutive night at Melbourne Royal many years ago, and played the part under the mistaken impression that Juliet was a mincing miss with a giggle and a quaint habit of chewing her handkerchief to show girlish perturbation. "Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou, Romeo?" she cried. Then came the awful voice from up aloft. "If it comes to that, why the— are you Juliet?" Then Shakespeare's masterpiece was suspended to allow the audience to compose itself, and to give Juliet time to mop her tears.



THE BORROWING POLICY.

Hungry Maoriland Child (A.D. 1960): "Mother, can't we have some more butter?"
 Harassed Mother: "No, my child, we haven't finished paying our share of the cost of the battleships which our patriotic Premier, Mr. Ward, presented to Britain 51 years ago, and we have to be very careful."

—"The Bulletin."

HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE.

Those who have taken this medicine are amazed at its splendid healing power. Sufferers from Bronchitis, Cough, Croup, Asthma, Difficulty of Breathing, Hoarseness, Pain or Soreness in the Chest, experience delightful and rapid relief; and to those who are subject to Colds on the chest it is invaluable, as it effects a complete cure. It is most comforting in allaying irritation in the Throat and giving Strength to the Voice, and it neither allows a Cough nor Asthma to become chronic, nor Consumption to develop. Consumption is not known where "Coughs" have, on their first appearance, been properly treated with this medicine. No house should be without it, as, taken at the beginning, a dose or two is generally sufficient, and a complete cure is certain.

Small Size, 2/6; Large Size, 4/6 Sold by all Chemists and Medicine Vendors, and by the Proprietor, W. G. HEARNE, Chemist, Geelong, Victoria. Forwarded to any Address, when not obtainable locally.

News, Notes and Notions.

Stewards' Tips.

SOME interesting details of the amount of money which may be obtained by stewards on crack liners was given in the course of a case which was heard in the King's Bench Division of the London Courts the other day. An ex-steward was called into the witness-box, and stated that he had served on board vessels of the Peninsular and Oriental Company from 1861 to 1905, a period of forty-four years. The voyages he made were principally to Australia and back. According to him, a man who knows how to make himself useful to passengers, particularly if he happens to be a cabin steward for the first-class saloon, can reckon upon making a very substantial amount each voyage. He himself has made £40 in a single trip, in addition to his wages of £3 a month. His record was £94 in tips on two voyages. On the other hand, he had received as little as £13 12/6 in tips for two voyages, while he was serving as a second-saloon steward.

Triumph of the Trouser.

The agitation to abolish trousers in favour of knickerbockers has again broken out. After raging mightily for a while, it will die down and be forgotten, and we shall go on wearing trousers. For man is a peculiarly conservative creature, especially in the matter of dress, and changes come with painful slowness. One writer reminds us, for instance, how slowly came the change to the double collar. For years it fought its way to man's neck. A few bold spirits adopted it, while the great majority regarded it as a shameful innovation. The struggle was long, but the victory is complete. The double collar not only reigns, but there are no signs of its deposition. Where it is, it remains. And if additional proof be asked of our sartorial conservatism, may we not point to our buttons at the back of our ceremonial coats—stubborn reminders of the days when we wore belts and swords—and our silk hats, which, though universally abused, proudly survive?

IT'S A SHAME TO DRAW A CROWD;
IT'S SO LONELY WHEN YOU KNOW



GOING DOWN.

A False Carry.

Caius College, Cambridge, has been the scene of an amusing hoax. Undergraduates from all the other colleges assembled in the large lecture room a few weeks ago to hear Mrs. Carry Nation, who was advertised to speak on the evils of smoking and drinking. The hall was packed with undergraduates, smoking as hard as they could, because they were told that Mrs. Carry Nation objected to smoking. A person believed to be Mrs. Carry Nation, addressed the meeting on various topics, but the discourse was disjointed, as interruptions were extremely frequent. Then it dawned upon the assembly that they had been splendidly hoaxed, and that the person addressing them was no other than a prominent member of Caius College in disguise. Some of his friends were bold enough to call him by name, but no one on the platform moved a muscle, and the original programme was carried through. Eventually the meeting broke up amid much disorder, and the impersonator of Mrs. Carry Nation had an interview with the Dean.

Eat his Gold.

Philosophers have been a little overconfident in warning the miser that, with all his devotion to wealth, he will not be able to "take it with him." The owner of a modest competence who died twelve years ago in a French village seems to have made a bold and not wholly unsuccessful effort not to leave his fringes behind him. His heirs were unable to find any trace of the hoard, and since the opening of his grave a month ago they have become acquainted with the reason of their failure, for inside the skeleton was discovered a sum of £30 in gold. Before committing suicide, the old man had gone to the trouble and inconvenience of swallowing his estate. The system seems applicable only within limits, for the inner man has room for only a certain amount of metal, and although one might eat a bank-note for a million, that would only be making the bank a legatee.

Afforestation in England.

Mr. H. Rider Haggard, on the occasion last month of a visit to Letchworth Garden City to plant the first of a number of trees to mark the official celebration of "Arbor Day," made some interesting remarks on the scheme for national afforestation proposed by the Royal Commission, of which he was a member. The full scheme suggested that nine million acres should be afforested for a period of eighty years. At the end of that period the State should have



ALMOST DOWN.

a property worth, roughly, over 500 millions of money—nearly 100 millions more than the cost of creating it, after allowing 3 per cent interest on that cost. Further, according to calculations which they believed to be sound, and which had been checked in every possible way, the State should receive seventeen or eighteen millions a year clear profit. Of course, for the first forty years there would be no profits, but they must have a beginning. There appeared to be about nine million acres which would produce about as much timber as they now annually imported into the country. Supposing that to be too large, they had prepared a second scheme of six million acres, and he hoped that that scheme, at any rate, would be accepted. National afforestation would afford employment annually for 18,000 men. Although it would help the unemployed, those men must be able and willing to do a fair day's work for a fair day's pay.

Raisuli's New Role.

Raisuli has determined to exchange British protection, accorded to him on the release of Kaid Sir Harry Maclean, for the position of governor of the Fas tribes. This exchange involves the return of the £20,000 paid for the ransom of the Kaid after five months' captivity in the mountains. For several weeks Raisuli has been in Fez making his peace with the new Sultan. Mulai Idris readily accepted several thousand dollars, but seemed disposed to ignore the petition of Raisuli and kept him a prisoner at large. His Majesty seems to have relented, and to have granted the ex-brigand's request to be made governor of the hill tribes near Tangier. As long as Raisuli remained a British protégé he could take no position of responsibility under the Moorish Government. That he should seek to divest himself of this disability is not surprising in view of the possibilities of such power; but that he should be ready to return the sum of £20,000 is not only amazing, but may be accepted as some justification for the strenuous protest of the people of the Fas, who do not believe that Raisuli will pay away so much money unless he sees his way to make somebody else provide him with more. The formalities of withdrawing the protection will be performed at the British Legation.

An Anticipated Reform.

The French hygienist who recommends that servants at the dinner-table should do their office in gloves which have been boiled for the occasion, and dried in hot air, in order to avoid and possible transference of the omnipresent microbe to the viands, was anticipated some time ago, and in a select company, moreover, that had considerable experience in the matter. When, at the famous swarty given by that select company of the footmen of Bath which entertained Mr. Weller, the swarty was on the table, the chairman, it will be remembered, inquired of the attendant: "Harris, have you got your gloves on?" And not until Harris had responded affirmatively was the order given to "take the kiver off."



DOWN IT.

Peculiar.

Open confession, it has been declared, is good for the soul. It may, it seems, sometimes result in material advantage, also. The Southampton (England) Quarter Sessions had passed on a criminous person a sentence of three months' imprisonment, "with hard." The prisoner elected to take the opinion of the recently established Court of Criminal Appeal. His appeal was based on technical grounds. The Quarter Sessions Bench was justified in its sentence of three months; but the hard labour was illegal. The illegality was admitted; but the Appeal Court had no power to amend. Its power to do so only extends to a sentence that has been warranted by the verdict of a jury. But, in this case, there was no verdict: the prisoner had owned up. The result was that, though the offence was thus admitted, the conviction was quashed on the technical point. There was a happy combination of circumstances for the appellant, which, as Dickens said of the pattern of Macready's waistcoat, is unlikely to occur often.

Finger Prints for Bankers.

The thumb print system as a means of identification has been adopted by a Wyoming bank, there being so many foreigners, among its depositors who cannot even write their names legibly. The thumb print system has in this case saved much trouble, and according to some members of the bank works perfectly. Under the old system the filing of a new depositor's signature was required in order to identify his cheques and detect a forgery, if one should be attempted. But the bank officials were put to all kinds of trouble when many of their depositors placed signatures on file which would present to ordinary chirographical experts impossible problems. The assistant cashier thought of the thumb print idea, and immediately put it into effect with the result that the bank is not likely to change to the old system. So to-day each foreign patron, when he makes his first deposit, is required to place his thumb on an inked pad, and then make an impression on a card, which, with his ordinary signature and his name as written by the bank cashier, is deposited in the records of the bank. Whenever a cheque is presented drawn by this patron his thumb print, as well as his signature, must appear upon it, and must correspond with that on the card.

How do you Sleep.

Two French scientists are advancing the entirely new theory that muscular and nervous energy is increased or decreased accordingly as action, whether physical or mental, is being performed at certain points of the compass. The new law—as its inventors call it—applies to the condition of rest or repose just as much as it does to action. They declare it to be a scientific fact that the most favourable position in which to sleep is with the head to the north or to the south; the most unfavourable with the head to the east or the west. The instrument which has afforded them such returns as to merit inclusion among exact scientific phenomena, is called a sthenometer of force-indicator. The contrivance is a simple one, and consists in sticking a straw horizontal-wise upon the needle rest of a compass dial under the glass case. Then place your fingertips at one point of the straw, outside the glass, and you will note that it moves a certain number of degrees within a quarter of a circle—the number of degrees depending on the strength and activity of the nervous fluid which issues from your fingertips. The majority of people attract the straw toward them, but many, especially hysterical persons, repel it. The inventors, after experimenting with several hundreds of people, found that in the north and south positions there was a greater flow of electrical energy from the finger-tips; in the east and west there was a smaller flow, and that, consequently, the body retained more of its energy and was better able to cope with the demands made upon it during active work.

I've hunted tigers in Bengal,
And lions at Zambesi's fall,
The elephant and hippo, too,
The rhino, and the kangaroo;
But though I am a hunter bold,
I must confess I funk a cold,
So when I'm hunting, I make sure
Against such risks by Woods' Peppermint
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a Poisoned Hand, Abscess, Tumour, Piles, Glandular Swelling, Eczema, Blocked and Inflamed Veins, Synovitis, Bunions, Ringworm, or Diseased Bone, I can cure you. I do not say perhaps, but I will, because others have failed it is no reason I should. You may have attended Hospitals and been advised to submit to amputation, but do not for I can cure you. Send at once to the Drug Stores for a Box of Grasshopper Ointment and Pills which are a certain cure for Bad Legs, etc. See the Trade Mark of a "Grasshopper" on a green label.—Prepared by ALBERT & CO., Albert House, 78, Farringdon Street, London, England. (Registered copyright.)

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With folks on the enter Barcos, Who live upon beef and burgoo, The cure of the chronic Were not Laxo-Tonic A part of the regimen too!

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Romances of the Card Table.

A STORY OF LOUIS XV.—THE KING OF PRUSSIA IN DISGUISE, AS A WINNER.

If the full story of the card-table could be written, it would surely be the most startling revelation of human cupidity ever published; and almost every page of it would be marked by some incident which would out-strip fiction, says: "Tit-Bite."

When Louis XV. was at the card table the fascination of the game made him absolutely dead to all externals, and even to decency and humanity. On one occasion, when he was playing for heavy stakes, one of his opponents, overcome by excitement, collapsed in his chair in a fit of apoplexy. His Majesty affected to ignore the incident until someone exclaimed, "M. de Chamvoh is ill!" "Hiz?" retorted the King, casting a careless glance at the stricken man; "he is dead. Take him away; spades are trumps, gentlemen!"

Especially weird is a story Goldsmith tells. When the egyptian arrived to prepare a lady paragon, who had a passion for gambling, for her approaching death, the lady, after listening for a short time to his exhortations, exclaimed, "That's enough! Now let us have a game of cards." To humour her the paragon consented to play. The dying woman won all his money, and had suggested playing for her funeral fee when she fell back and expired.

In the early days of last century a whist club, composed largely of clergymen, used to meet in the back room of a barber's shop in a Somersetshire town. On one occasion, so the story runs, when four of the club members were acting as pallbearers at the funeral of a reverend brother, some delay occurred, and the coffin was set down in the church. One of them produced a pack of cards and suggested a rubber. The coffin served the purpose of a table, and the players were deeply immersed in the game when the sexton arrived to announce that everything was at last ready.

Mazarin's passion for gambling was so strong even in death that he played cards to the very end, when he was so weak that they had to be held for him; and the "Merry Monarch" spent his last Sunday on earth playing at basnet round a large table with his great courtiers and other dissolute persons, and with a bank of at least £2000 before him.

The curious fascination cards possess for their devotees is illustrated by the following story of Lord Granville, at the time our ambassador to France. One after-

noon when he was about to return to Paris, he repaired to Graham's to have a farewell game of whist, ordering his carriage to be at the door at 4. When it arrived he was much too deep in the game to be disturbed. At ten o'clock he sent to say that he was not ready, and that the horses had better be changed. Six hours later the same message was sent out, and twice more the waiting horses were changed before he consented to leave the table after losing £10,000.

An equally remarkable story is told of George Payne, the great turf plunger of seventy years ago. On one occasion he sat down at Linnets' Hotel, to play cards with Lord Albert Devison, later the first Lord Lonsborough. Hour after hour passed; the game proceeded all through the night and long after day dawned, and it was not until an urgent message came to tell Lord Albert that his bride was waiting for him at the altar of St. Georges, Hanover Square, that the cards were at last flung down. It was Lord Albert's wedding day, and he met his bride £30,000 poorer than when he left her on the previous day.

One of the most romantic of gambling stories is told by Mr. This-ellon-Dyer, of a plainly dressed stranger who once took his seat at a faro-table, and after an extraordinary run of luck succeeded in breaking the bank. "Heavens!" exclaimed an old, infirm Austrian officer who had sat next to the stranger, "the twentieth part of your gains would make me the happiest man in the world!" "You shall have it, then," answered the stranger, as he left the room.

A servant speedily returned and presented the officer with the twentieth part of the bank, adding, "My master, sir, requires no answer." The successful stranger was soon discovered to be no other than the King of Prussia in disguise.

That all gamblers are not ungenerous is proved by the following story told by Horace Walpole is one of his letters. Mr. O'Brine, an Irish gamester, had won £100,000 from young Mr. Harvey, of Chigwell, just started from a midshipman into an estate by his eldest brother's death. O'Brine said, "You can never pay me." "I can," said the youth. "My estate will sell for the debt." "No," said O'Brine, "I will win ten thousand, and you shall throw for the odd ninety thousand." They did, and Harvey won.

The most costly game of cards on record was probably that in which the late George McCulloch, chairman of the Broken Hill Proprietary Company, took part. A syndicate of seven had been formed to finance the famous Broken Hill silver mine and Mr. McCulloch was one of the seven. One day, while sitting in a shanty at the

foot of the hill, McCulloch offered a fourteenth share in the mine to a young man named Cox for £200.

Cox would only offer £120, and after much haggling it was decided to settle the dispute by a game of euchre. If Cox

proved the winner he was to have the share for £120; if he lost he was to pay £180 for it. He won, and for the absurd sum of £120 became owner of the share which a few years later was valued at £1,250,000.

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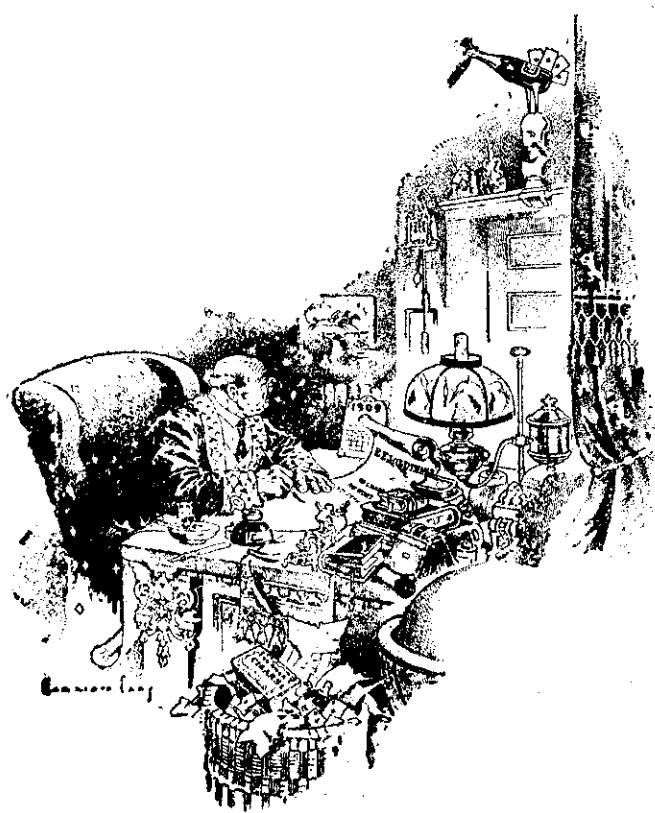


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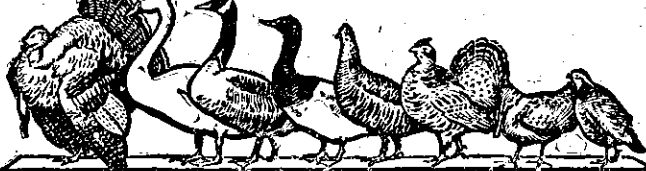
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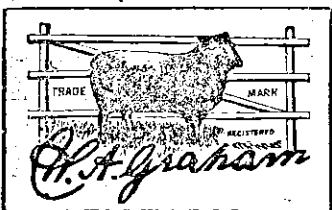
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Continental Spa Hotels.

TARIFF: From 10/6 per day.

F. WATKINSON, Proprietor.

VOLUNTEER NOTES

(By RIFLEMAN.)

Heartly congratulations to the First Battalion on their win of the Efficiency Shield. It was a well deserved victory in every respect.

The A Battery, although withdrawing far one of the smaller units from the Efficiency Shield competition at camp, secured, with its work, the second highest aggregate (352).

The Commanded Rifles were unable to muster half-strength at the camp at Morrinsville, but it is understood that Colonel Wolfe, O.C.B., will make representations for full payment.

Captain Courts, of No. 1 Native Rifles, has applied to be placed on the unattached list. I fear that in the event of the acceptance of this, the election of Lieutenant Atkinson to the vacancy is a certainty.

I take the present opportunity of expressing in Colonel Wolfe, O.C.B. and his staff, Major Hazard, and other officers, my warm thanks for the courtesy extended to the Press at the recent encampment, and the exceedingly comfortable arrangements for the brief residence of the "Star's" war correspondents, both at Morrinsville and at Fort Coutley.

Judging by what I gleaned from officers during the Morrinsville encampment, the proposal for a scheme of attack and defence between the Auckland and Wellington provinces during next Easter, would meet with pretty general approval. To my mind, the idea is a capital one, as tactics for the capture of the country or Waimarino district would afford splendid opportunities for testing the realism of warfare.

A smart piece of work at the conclusion of Morrinsville encampment was the payment of the men, no less than 654 being attended to within 45 minutes by Mr. Custleton, of the Defence Office. The operation was commenced about 10.30 and was completed by 11.5 a.m. on the parade ground at the encampment. It is interesting to note that Mr. Custleton's estimate of the number of officers and men for payment fell short of the required amount by the sum of 16—the pay due to just one private.

The signalling of the College Rifles was the subject of expressions of general admiration during the encampment, and the manner in which the work was carried through was creditable both to the company and to its commander (Captain Dawson). Anxious work was the lot of the company at Saturday's field firing, but the excellent work effected, although not so generally recognised by the spectators, may be gauged by the fact that, although the College Rifles withdrew from the contest for the Efficiency Shield (as one of the smaller units), it managed to secure easily the highest aggregate of marks, viz. 583.

The bridge erected by No. 4 Company Engineers over the Pūkaki River, near the Morrinsville encampment, was one which, in strength of design and construction, would have been regarded as to the credit of a much older and more experienced corps at Home. The bridge would have permitted the crossing of both Infantry and mounted troops, and its flooring was a particularly good piece of work. The structure was the subject of a special remark of congratulation to the men by Colonel Tison, Adjutant-General, and anyone who saw far himself will understand how deserving was the word of praise. The company was also responsible for the complete intercommunication of the camp by means of telephones.

As will be seen from the accompanying table, the men have been treated to an excellent commissariat, and for each of the seven hundred under canvas at Morrinsville there was abundance for the sauce of the inner man. If the camp fare was a sample of mobilisation rations from the Government's point of view, our citizen soldiers will have little cause to fear the privations of a camp wherein such a system has been ordered. The daily camp allowance per man throughout was as follows: Bread, 1½lb; biscuits, 1½; salt, ½oz; potatoes, 2½; pumpkin, 1½; onions, 1½; pepper, 1-3oz; milk, 1-1½ pint; preserved meat, 1½ lb; jam, 4oz; butter, 4oz; tea 4oz; coffee, ½oz; sugar, 4oz; mustard, 1-3oz; cheese, 2oz. Daily ration forage for horse, 20½bs oats; chaff and 8½bs oats. "Duff" rations were ordered for Sunday.

No grub is served out to the men at a New Zealand camp, but on the ration sheet issued by the Government one of the items is "Rum, 1-36 gall, not more than three times a week. So the other day a man called upon the quartermaster, and asked him for some rum, as per schedule. The quartermaster was sympathetic. "Have you got a bottle to do put it in?" "No, sir." "Well, get one. You can't take it away without a bottle." The man goes away to fetch a bottle, and in the meantime the quartermaster makes up a bottle of cold rum. The man returns with his bottle, and the quartermaster solemnly measures out a ration of "rum," and puts it in the bottle, after which the following dialogue ensues:—

Quartermaster: "That's not enough, is it?"
Man (doubtfully): "It's the ration, isn't it, sir?"
Quartermaster: "Yes, but you will want some for your mates, won't you?"
Man (beaming): "Oh, yes, sir!"
The quartermaster proceeds to fill up the bottle, and the man makes off joyfully. He has not been seen since.

As forecasted by the Wellington "Dominion," the new scheme for the volunteer defence system should resolve itself into something like this: (1) The Commandant of the New Zealand Forces, with the following staff: Chief Staff Officer and Adjutant, Finance Staff Officer, Artillery Staff Officer, Engineer Staff Officer, Cadet Staff Officer, and the General Instructional Staff; (2) the Northern Command, to be constituted from the troops in the North Island, divided into two military districts under District Officers Commanding, and further divided into four sub-districts; (3) the Southern Command, similarly constituted, with probably an increase in the number of divisional commands.

Lieutenant Colonel Walker, P.M.O. for the Auckland district, assured me that the recent camp at the forts was the most valuable artillery camp that has ever been held in the whole of his experience. "I am quite persuaded," he said, "of this fact, that both last year and this the manoeuvres have been the most instructive and progressive in all details that have ever been held. In each of the forts a hospital tent was provided for receiving those who were ill or had sustained any accident, and a member of the Field Ambulance Corps, or, as it used to be called, the Hooper Corps, was in attendance at each. "For a long time," my informant told me, "I had great difficulty in getting what I required, but I am happy to say that now the sanitation is all that could be desired. We had a complete system of drainage and a splendid water supply. Since the completion of the alterations, the health of the volunteers has been splendid in camp. This year we have had no sickness at all."

Speaking to a representative of the *Dunedin Times*, a captain of the Imperial army, who is at present in Dunedin, gave, in the course of conversation, some trenchant criticisms of the volunteer system in New Zealand. One thing he thought altogether wrong, and that was the control the men had in the election of their officers. The system led to all manner of evil. The army was not a democracy. It was essentially an iron-handed autocracy, and however unpalatable this might be to colonials, he thought it was absolutely necessary to efficiency. With the men electing officers, they selected those men who were popular, and whose friendship they were assured of, and whose money would to an extent be devoted to forwarding the interests of the company. The men's familiarity with their officers, was subversive of all good discipline. The conditions obtaining in time of war would not alter the internal treatment or relation of the men, and the result would be that orders would be in the confidence of the officers' obligations to the men for their positions, be discharged only in the degree of the men's willingness or altogether neglected, with eternal delay and complication as a consequence.

One remark, emanating both from Col. Tison, adjutant-general of the forces, and Colonel Wolfe, O.C.B., should commend itself to the earnest approval of all having the welfare of our volunteers at heart. I refer to the suggestion of longer encampments at Easter. It must be remembered that with the present three days' camp at Easter, one day—nearly always the better part of two—is fully occupied in proceeding to and from camp, and the actual period available for tactical and field work dwindles into something like a paltry 48 hours. Emphatically it is not enough to show for a year. Our Dominion needs more—very much more—and I firmly believe the majority of the volunteers, were they granted the facilities, would willingly go through a camp of at least a week's duration—perhaps a fortnight, if the realities of the defence situation were placed before them in the truest light. There is no question in New Zealand of more paramount importance, and the probability is that with a system of universal military training, which our country—in the opinion of critics competent to talk—urgently requires, we might, in a few years' time, be able to boast of a force large enough for our needs. In the meantime we should give our officers and men all possible facilities for training. Such a step would, I am certain, be earnestly taken advantage of by the men.

Railroad Managers.

I am Carry A. Nathan, prohibitionist of all vices, and I say that the underground railroad managers are worse than the publicans. I was overcome with indignation to-day, and I smashed a window in one of the carriages that had insulted me with a drink advertisement. "Young man," I said to the conductor, "it ain't your fault—it's your misfortune to be riding face to face with these appalling invitations to drink."

He answered that he sympathised deeply with me, and he took my name and address.

Persons will call me lawless because I smashed the advertisements of cigarettes and liquor. I say I was enforcing law. I was endeavoring to prohibit vice. Your laws prohibit crime. Why do they not prohibit vice?

Oh, the awful sin of London!—the city of cigarette-smokers. I've been crying aloud against sin all day, and now I am hoarse. I've seen the poor degraded wretch shuffling along with a picked-up cigarette-end soiling his lips; I've seen men in silk hats and frock coats pulling the vile fumes into the air. All the men and women who smoke in London are vicious and degraded.

I stand and watch the people pass. Here come the young men, their cigarettes between their lips. I speak to them out of indignation of my heart. Some of them smile sadly; others glance at me in fear; and some barter words with me. "I've paid for it," said one man to-day.

"Yes, you've paid dearly for it," I replied. "You have bargained your manhood away for it."

At a Music Hall.

I went to a music-hall on Saturday night. Awful! The girls that set the liquor before the men are girls that are untrue to themselves.

Oh, the black, vice of London!

We want to organise a "smashing" crusade here. Women must band themselves together to smash those windows that are pasted with sinful placards. I reckon that Carry A. Nation will have to get her axe out. When I smashed to-day I felt that I could not do the job properly without my hatchet.

I was in Trafalgar-square, where the great column to Horatio Nelson stands. Horatio Nelson never smoked a cigarette.

Do you know who are the finest, healthiest-looking, strongest men in London? The policemen. They are splendid. I have not received a disrespectful word from them. I have heard that they neither smoke nor drink.

If only all the men in London were as fine and as good as the policemen. Hell is an awfully smoky place, and people who smoke are getting prepared for it. I am not afraid of telling people what I think. A mother is not very much afraid of her son—even if he's drunk.

So I shall tell the people of London what I think. I shall stop them in the street and repeat it, not once or twice, but thrice.

Oh, London! your shame, your vice, your blatant sin, the reek of your drink and your cigarettes make me cry aloud in my grief!

"Awful Sin" of London.

POLICE AS A PATTERN TO ITS CITIZENS.

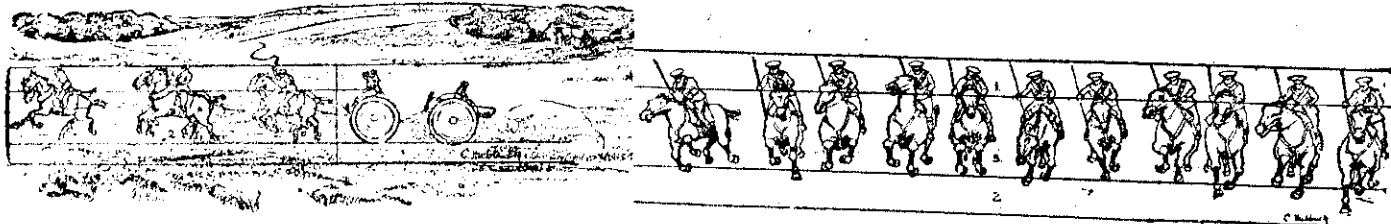
(By CARRY A. NATION.)

Oh, the shame of London! The great vice of London! Its streets are polluted with the rank smells of millions of cigarettes; its highways and byways groan under sin.

London is rotten and corrupt with vice. It is like a clear pool of water, its surface showing nothing of the poison below, but it is "full of rottenness and dead men's bones."

I have been in London two days, and this proud city is to me a nightmare of sin. The handiwork of the Devil is everywhere. Travelling on the omnibuses I find that the proprietors are inducing the people who ride in them to drink that which drives away their brains. Why should I be told to drink this and smoke that when I have paid a penny to ride in an omnibus? It is the same with the underground railroads. One would expect to find the Devil deep in the darkness. He is there in the advertisements of the detestable liquor that corrupts the soul and brain.

THE BRITISH WAR OFFICE APPROVES OF REALISM AT THE RANGE.



Crossing Target—Field-gun in movement at 2000 yards. The diagram indicates the point of aim—i.e., the horses).

Line of Cavalry advancing at 1600 yards.


THE SOLANO SYSTEM OF COLLECTIVE FIRE TARGETS WHICH HAS BEEN RECOMMENDED FOR ADOPTION BY THE ARMY COUNCIL.

The battle practice target and the new service targets for miniature cartridge ranges, which have been invented and devised by Mr. E. John Solano, have been fully approved by the Army Council, who will recommend their use for the training of troops both at home and in the colonies. The targets can be used

with any existing target apparatus, and will make it possible to give instruction in the elementary principles of musketry easily and cheaply on any civilian miniature rifle range. The invention has the approval of Lord Roberts and the Duke of Connaught, while the War Office has paid a further tribute to its inventor by installing the system at the Hythe Musketry School. The target is 12 feet

long by about 6 feet in height, or, with a sky framework, 8 feet; its surface slopes backwards, and it is fitted at intervals, right across its width, with lines of mechanism. When the target is fully set out bull's-eyes give place to models of troops of all arms and in all field positions, scaled down so size to show them as they would appear at various distances, and coloured with atmospheric

effects. The models operate against the riflemen upon a definite tactical plan, so that the practice approximates very closely to service conditions, and trains the men to select their targets during an action. Ingenious devices provide varying velocities of wind, heliograph flashes, artillery flashes and roars (giving practice in estimating the distance of the batteries), and signallers at work.




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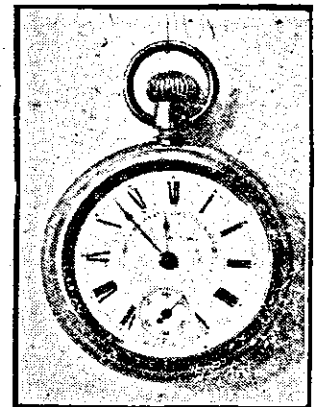
The
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Watch.

Would YOU like this
HANDSOME WATCH ?

The Proprietors of FOX'S Renowned

SERGES

Make You this Remarkable Offer:—



YOU CAN OWN ONE OF OUR GENTLEMEN'S GOLD-FINISHED WATCHES
BY COMPLYING WITH EITHER OF THE THREE SCHEMES MENTIONED BELOW:

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AND SO WILL THE **FOX WATCH.**

The First New Zealand Consignment of these Remarkable Timekeepers, just to hand.

Orders will be taken in Strict Rotation
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Auckland.

"FOX" WATCH COUPON.

APRIL 21, 1909.

Cut this out and send to

W. J. RAINGER, WATCH DEPARTMENT,

P.O. BOX 417, AUCKLAND.

The World of Fashion

(By MARGUERITE.)

AT this time of year every wardrobe calls for a replenishing, and for the schoolgirl who wears her cloth skirt and flannel bodice day in, day out, some few winter additions to the outfit are quite as necessary as are the extra ball gowns for the debutante. From now on for the next eight weeks there is every reason to expect a period of cold raw weather—days when a weather cloth jacket is but little protection against the chill, and other days when rain makes imperative the wearing of a long overcoat or mackintosh. But these otherwise unpleasant days bring with them one comfort they afford a temporary relief to the cloth street costumes, which by being frequently laid aside for a coat and plain gown of serge or cheviot, are thus fresher for those days of early spring before the weather is yet sufficiently mild for the donning of a new light weight gown.

A gown, therefore, at this time of year

which will prove a real economy apart from every other consideration is the princess, or two piece dress of serge, cheviot, light weight cloth, or perhaps cashmere or Henrietta cloth, which textures are now so much in vogue. Fashioned with the utmost simplicity, with only a touch of white at the throat and stiff cuffs, or else a simple piece of ruching to relieve the long, plain dark sleeves, such a frock is invaluable for the schoolgirl. If the long coat is brown then a gown of as nearly as possible the same shade is extremely smart.

If cloth is selected for a school dress it must be of the lightest grade procurable, for too warm a house gown is both uncomfortable and unhealthy. In the new serges there are many qualities to be found that are but little warmer than silk or satin and in their effective ribbed finish are unusually attractive and excellent for the purpose. Cashmere, on the other hand, is a delightful weight for the house and makes an excellent

school dress, provided the coat be sufficiently long to give the necessary protection out of doors. For the girl whose purse is so slender, that she must look well ahead in ordering a new gown and must needs consult not only the present week, but weeks far in the future as well, a school dress of cashmere will make a better purchase just now than would the warmer cloth, for a cashmere gown can be worn without a jacket long after a cloth frock is laid away for another year.

The absolute simplicity of the models at present calls for an unwontedly small amount of material—nor does this in any way imply the sheath skirt. A bodice absolutely simple save for a narrow band of silk or velvet outlining, a tiny transparent yoke of tucked net, long plain sleeves, adorned perhaps with a row of buttons or band of silk or velvet running down the centre, finishing off with a bit of white ruching at the cuff; a high waist line outlined by a band of silk and a plain, not tight, but narrow skirt falling straight from the waist and unadorned with fold, tuck, flounce, or plait—and one has an extremely pretty model that can be worked out equally well in either serge or cashmere, velvet or silk.

For the girl at boarding school cashmere in its more delicate shades and in some of its new stripe, check and figured effects will be found excellent for the style of simple evening dress. All the

pinkes are in favour, and all the queen as well as the long familiar tones of pale robin's egg blue, while the deep cream, soft yellows and pale greens are all becoming to the average girl.

Almost as important as her morning and evening frocks to the girl at boarding school are her pretty and becoming wrappers and negligees, and it is of real consequence that this part of her outfit should be satisfactory to the girl herself. Albatross and French flannel are both good for the bedroom negligee, and a gown of heavy flannel should be provided for this time of the year. In all these textures the old kimono style is still to be had at every shop, but there can now be wound somewhat newer wrappers that are more fitted at the throat and waist line and have longer, more close fitting sleeves than is possible in a kimono pattern. Albatross, accordion plaited, with a foundation of China silk and trimmed with a deep collar and long tie ends of finest embroidered batista, makes a charming negligee.

Of foremost importance at this time of year is an evening cloak, for while a school girl does not supposedly go out to any extent in the evenings, still the year or two before she comes out there are occasional Friday and Saturday night festivities.

Many very effective afternoon frocks for home wear are being made in soft velvet with plain close-fitting skirts, continued high above the line of the



FROCK OF FOULARD SILK.

Illustrative of a pretty little dress that will be suitable either for home or school wear is the design shown on the right. It can be made of any soft, clinging material, such as foulard, pongee or voile. If voile is used a silk lining will be required. The bodice is made in jumper effect and closes at the back. To copy it for a girl sixteen years of age requires three yards of material twenty inches wide, or two and one-quarter yards twenty seven inches wide. The trimming employed is a piping of contrasting colour and narrow cord soutache applied in straight lines. On the bretelles and front of the bodice embroidery might be added. The skirt has eleven gores, and fits snugly over the hips. It closes at the back with an inverted box plait, and the lower edge may be trimmed either with a bias band of the material or with braid to match that used on the waist. To copy for a girl sixteen years of age requires eight and three-quarter yards of material twenty inches wide, or five yards of material thirty-six inches wide. Any trimmings can be worn with this costume, but if one is made purposely for it it will be well to trim the sleeves with braid as represented.

waist, in the form of a Princess cor-
sage, and having the top of the bodice
and the long close-fitting sleeves made
of tacked net in the same shade as the
velvet, and arranged in such a way that
through the veiling of net, insertion
bands of fine gold and silver lace may
be seen. Other velvet gowns again are
adorned with elaborate embroideries,
carried out partly in shaded silks and
partly in fine metallic threads, chosen
in very soft colourings, so that the
whole effect is that of some rich piece
of Oriental work, faded and subdued by
time. On a velvet gown in a soft tone
of old blue, embroideries of this kind may
be seen, with pale pink and green, mauve
and grey among their colourings, the
complicated design outlined with fine
threads of copper and aluminium. These
coloured embroideries appear only upon
the bodice, the upper part of which is
entirely covered with them, while they
serve also as wrist-bands for the long
close-fitting sleeves. The skirt is left
perfectly plain.

**Directoire Scarves and How to
Wear Them.**

With the vogue for close-fitting sheath
gowns there has come naturally a de-
mand for something in the way of grace-
ful draperies which shall help to soften
and improve those lines, which might



EVENING FROCK FOR DEBUTANTE.

Simplicity of outline is the aim and ob-
ject of the evening gowns of to-day,
and more especially is it desirable for
the debutante. The model sketched is
carried out in soft ivory satin, its sheeny
folds lending itself well to the clinging
draperies now in vogue. The high-waist-
ed Empire skirt is finished with a satin
girdle and long ends. The little be-
hove bodice is of softly gathered net or chiff-
on, which together with the tiny rucked
sleeves, is finished with narrow bands of
lace.



This figure wears a pretty gown of nut
brown cashmere, with sleeveless cross-
over bodice, and under-bodice of brown
guipure lace.

otherwise prove too severe for any
figures that fall short of absolute per-
fection. Hence the coming of the Direc-
toire scarf, which has been hailed with
delight by many to whom the fourreau
gowns would be very unbecoming, ex-
cept for some such artistic interven-
tion.

In the case, for example, of a perfect-
ly plain evening frock in ivory-white
satin, fitting closely to the figure, a
fringed Directoire scarf in crepe de chine,
measuring between five and six yards in
length, can be arranged in many differ-
ent ways, so that it gives a delightful
finishing touch to a frock of this de-
scription. Chosen in any very pale shade
of pink or blue, mauve or green, a sash
of this kind looks exceedingly well
caught up on the right shoulder by a
diamond clasp. From this latter point
the scarf is allowed to fall in long un-
broken folds to the feet.

Another good idea is to allow the
fringed scarf to form a kind of straight
bride, back and front, in the case of a
bodice which is cut with a square de-
colletage. The long ends can then form
stoles on either side, after having been
draped over the shoulders so that they
serve also as short sleeves. The threat-
ened return of the panier drapery opens
up yet further possibilities for the intro-
duction of the Directoire scarf, which
can easily be arranged to fall from the
waist in the shape of quite a deep panier,
while one part can drape the front and
another the back of the bodice, the two
long ends finally combining in the form
of a sash at the back.

New dresses show coat effects.
Some of the new fourrures and taf-
etas have such wide satin borders of
plain colour.

Nearly all of the lace hats are made
without bandeaux, and must be worn
with the flat hairdressing.

For the opera one must have long
gloves. They are even drawn up over
the modish long sleeves.

The envelope muff matches the cloth
of the coat in colour and fabric and is
lined with colour.

If one has large hands the sleeves
may be given the narrow effect by hook-
ing them blindly at the wrists.

Thin wools, which make up into
charming house gowns, are found in all
the fashionable shades and tones.

Despite evidences of coming changes,
the vogue of transparent yokes and
sleeves holds on as firmly as ever.
Huge square buckles, studded with
moss stones, are used to clasp the drap-
ery of the much used tunic.

To go with the gold slippers which
have sprung so suddenly into vogue,
there are lustrous gold silk stockings.



A SIMPLE HOUSE GOWN.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

By Special Appointment to
The Earl and Countess of Glasgow.

By Special Appointment to
The Earl and Countess of Ranfurly.

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Ladies' Tailors,
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HAVE OPENED UP
THEIR
New Goods
FOR THE
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PATTERNS AND SELF-MEASURE-
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APPLICATION.

Coats and Skirts from
£5 5s.

Skirts (lined or unlined)
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DYER & CO.,
Strand Arcade;

Awarded Gold Medal Auckland Exhibi-
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We are now prepared to take orders
for the coming season, and we wish it
distinctly understood our gowns are not
made up on factory lines and sold for
genuine tailor-made costumes. Ours are
cut by an expert, and made by men who
have had experience in different firms
famed for tailor-mades, and our cloth,
etc., is of the very best manufacture,
not dressmakers' materials, with which
it is impossible to get high-class results.
A visit to our windows will convince
ladies that our models have no superior
for genuine tailor-made costumes.

Note Address:

No. 9 Strand Arcade.

**P. D
CORSETS**

confer that suggestion
of rare distinction which
marks the gentlewoman.
They give to an effec-
tive costume the neces-
sary note of personal
quality, the indefinable
grace of style. Wear
no other. All stores
sell them.



"Auckland's Fashion Centre,"

DEAR MADAM,

Queen Street.

Our new millinery models have just arrived, and we extend to you a cordial invitation to visit our showrooms, and inspect them. The new models are as perfect as Parisian and West End designers could make them, and we feel sure you will not only enjoy your visit, but will be able to make a distinctive and becoming selection. It is only possible to mention a few of the new designs, but these will indicate the variety.

One handsome black hat is in panne velvet, prettily braided on brim and crown, a large plume of feathers falling on the brim. Wide satin strings complete the charming effect.

A pretty French model in deep kingfisher blue is trimmed with large Japanese chrysanthemums and long Havana brown wings.

A very chic mole hat of silk and velvet is trimmed with mole and salmon wings intermixed with soft folded tulle of same shades.

One of the new flower-pot toques is in black feathers, large white osprey, mount finished with corded cabachous, and has a most seasonable appearance.

A light cinnamon charmeuse satin hat is plaited round crown with chiffon to match, and finished with huge dahlia rosette in chiffon and velvet.

This is, of course, but the briefest indication of what is to be seen. Throughout the Millinery department, and all the other departments, we are showing the newest modes, and you will have no difficulty in obtaining the article you require.

We remain, faithfully yours,

SMITH & CAUGHEY, LTD.



Beauty's Favourite

The article which excels all others in improving the beauty of the skin is naturally and deservedly beauty's favourite. This has been the acknowledged and honoured position held by Pears' Soap for nearly 120 years. It won, and has maintained that position by virtue of its complete purity, and by the possession of those special emollient properties which soften, refine and impart natural colour to the skin. No other soap possesses these qualities in such a pre-eminent degree as

P E A R S

MATCHLESS FOR THE COMPLEXION.

ENGAGEMENTS.

No Notice of Engagements or Marriages can be Inserted unless Signed by Our Own Correspondent or by some responsible person, with Full Name and Address.

The engagement is announced of Miss Edna Danby, daughter of Mr A. A. S. Danby, Wellington, to Mr G. W. Ferrier, son of the late W. Craig Ferrier, of Arbroath, Scotland.

The engagement is announced of Miss Hobbs to Mr J. Wilson, of the Union Bank staff, Melbourne (writes our Napier correspondent). Miss Hobbs has been away from New Zealand for some time on a tour of the world, and is at present in Auckland on her way back to Napier. She is a niece of Mr R. Hobbs, Auckland. Mr Wilson was at one time a resident of Napier.

TORTURING ECZEMA.

ANOTHER ZAM-BUK TRIUMPH.

A remarkably stubborn case of eczema was that which afflicted Mrs. M. McNaughton, of "Hastings," Cashel-street, Christchurch, N.Z. It was of such an obstinate nature as to baffle the skill of doctors and skin specialists, and the success of a few weeks' treatment with Zam-Buk gives further proof of the wonderful power of this great balm. In expressing her gratitude, Mrs. McNaughton says:—

"My cure of eczema is nothing short of a miracle. This terrible complaint broke out all over my body and arms, and the pain and irritation was almost maddening. I consulted doctors and tried many remedies, but without getting relief. When in America I consulted and was treated by several skin specialists, but the relief derived was only intermittent. Finally, I was beginning to think that I would never be rid of the terrible skin-scourge which was so sorely afflicting me, when I read where a case like my own had been cured by Zam-Buk. There and then I decided to give Zam-Buk a trial, and am pleased to say, after using three pots, I find myself quite—and have every reason to believe permanently—cured, for it is over two years since the eczema troubled me."

Zam-Buk is the world's greatest healer for cuts, bruises, burns, scalds, eczema, ringworm, rashes, eruptions of all sorts; while it never fails to cure piles and ulcers, no matter how long-standing the disease may be. Zam-Buk is obtainable from all chemists and stores at 1s. 6d. and 3s. 6d. per pot (3s. 6d. size contains nearly four times the 1s. 6d.).

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Orange Blossoms.

SCHOLLUM—WRIGHT.

A VERY quiet but pretty wedding was solemnised at the Roman Catholic Church, Gisborne, by the Rev. Father Lane, when Mr. Wenzl John Schollum, fourth son of Mr. Wenzl Schollum, "Eddlers' Hill," Puhor, Auckland, was married to Miss Lottie Mabel Wright, youngest daughter of the late Mr. John Wright, West Maitland, N.S.W. The bride, who looked charming in a cream silk taffeta dress, trimmed with silk tassels and lace, was attended as bridesmaid by Miss Nellie O'Rourke, who wore a very pretty heliotrope silk dress with a Merry Widow hat to match. The bride's travelling costume was of a blue cloth tailor-made, with Merry Widow hat to match. Mr. E. Dwyer acted as best man. The bride, who carried a lovely bouquet, and wore the usual wreath and veil, was given away by Mr. J. J. Martin. The bridegroom's present to the bride was a pretty pair of gold-mounted side combs, and to the bridesmaid a pretty gold cross. After the ceremony the bridal party, accompanied by the Rev. Father Lane and Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Martin, drove to the residence of the bridegroom, where a sumptuous wedding breakfast was partaken of. Mr. and Mrs. Schollum left during the afternoon for the coast, where they intend spending their honeymoon.

CRAWFORD—WAKELIN.

Mr. Walter William Crawford, eldest son of Mr. W. Crawford, of Manungakaramea, was married last week in the English Church, Kamo, to Miss Amy Wakelin, daughter of Mr. H. Wakelin, of Kamo, the Rev. J. H. Hawkes officiating. Misses Downard, James, and Crawford (sister of the bridegroom) acted as bridesmaids, and Messrs. H. Crawford and F. Crawford (brothers of the bridegroom) were respectively best man and groomsmen.

BRUCE—OXENHAM.

At the residence of the bride's parents, Gisborne, the marriage was celebrated of Mr. Charles Stewart Bruce, late of Edinburgh, Scotland, and Miss Edna Oxenham, youngest daughter of Mr. W. Oxenham, Gisborne. The Rev. C. Griffin (Wesleyan minister) performed the ceremony. The bride was attired in an Empire gown of cream silk Sicilian, trimmed with handsome blonde lace and tucked net, with the customary wreath and veil, and carried a beautiful shower bouquet. She was attended by her sister, Miss Oxenham, who wore an Empire dress of French floral muslin, trimmed with silk to match, and carried a shower bouquet of pink roses. Mr. Reg. Oxenham attended the bridegroom as best man. At the conclusion of the ceremony a large number of guests were entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Oxenham.

BROWN—JONES.

At Trinity Methodist Church, Wanganui, last week Martha Jones, the third daughter of Mr. John Jones, Mayor of Wanganui East, was married to Mr. Theodore Percy Browne, of Wellington. The bride has been closely connected with the church from her childhood, and has rendered good service both as a member of the choir and in connection with social work, and consequently it was very fitting that her marriage should be solemnised with an appropriate choral service, and that the church itself should be prettily decorated for the occasion (says the "Herald"). The Rev. J. J. Lewis, a very old friend of the bridegroom's family, came specially from Palmerston North to perform the ceremony. The bride, who was given away by her father, was very becomingly attired. Her dress of chiffon taffeta was modelled in the Empire style, the bodice prettily trimmed with point de Alencon lace and embroidered with sprays and true lovers' knots of silver thread, and the skirt appropriately trained. A beautifully embroidered veil, a wreath of orange blossoms, and a lovely shower bouquet enhanced the

effect of a very tasteful bridal costume. There were five bridesmaids, of whom the bride's sister, Gladys, was chief. Her dress was of striped silk voile, Empire style, with square berthe of lace and glaze silk, and decorations of French knots. Miss Browne (sister of the bridegroom) and Miss Caird (cousin of the bride) wore charming dresses of mousseline de soie, trimmed with embroidered muslin and lace. All three of the senior bridesmaids wore white picture hats, and carried white and heliotrope bouquets. Little Misses Martha Freeman and Lenore Martin (nieces of the bride and bridegroom respectively) looked very chic in dainty frocks of white muslin, trimmed with Valenciennes lace and insertion and pretty heliotrope sashes. Mr. Harry Browne (brother of the bridegroom) officiated as best man, the groomsmen being Messrs. Walter McElwain and Idris Jones (the latter a brother of the bride). The guests, to the number of about 200, were entertained at "Glandwyr," the residence of the bride's parents at Wanganui East, where the wedding breakfast was partaken of in a large marquee.

ANNABELL—SPURDLE.

At the Trinity Wesleyan Church, Wanganui, a marriage was celebrated by the Rev. J. G. Chapman, the bridegroom being Mr. John Annabell (second son of Mr. John Annabell, surveyor, Wanganui), and the bride Miss Evelyn Emma Spurdle (youngest daughter of the late Mr. W. A. Spurdle). The bride, who was given away by her brother (Mr. F. L. Spurdle), looked charming in a silk voile dress, with cream silk over-all lace silver trimmings. The bridesmaid's (Miss Ivy Spurdle) costume was of pale blue, with pale blue trimmings and cream lace and hat to match. The bridegroom was attended by his brother (Mr. A. Annabell).

ALCOCK—MONRO.

The wedding took place at St. Luke's, Remuera, Auckland, last week, of Mr. A. C. Alcock, of Dunedin, and Miss M. M. Monro, eldest daughter of the Rev. G. B. Monro. The bridesmaids were the Misses A. Monro and Maxfield, Messrs J. Paterson (Auckland) and H. Lee (Dunedin), supporting the bridegroom. The Rev. R. Ferguson, of St. Peter's, Grey Lynn, officiated, the bride being given away by her father. The church had been prettily decorated for the occasion, and after the ceremony the wedding party adjourned to the manse, where the health of the happy couple was duly celebrated. Later in the day the bride and bridegroom left for the south.

NOLAN—WINKS.

An exceedingly pretty wedding took place at "The Falls," Normanby, Taranaki, on the 13th inst., when Miss Eva Winks (daughter of the late Mr. G. Winks) was married to Mr. Vernon Nolan (only son of Mr. R. H. Nolan, Hawera). The bride, who was given away by her brother (Mr. T. Winks), was becomingly attired in a cream satin de chine, the bodice being trimmed with beautiful Maltese lace and insertion. She wore an embroidered veil and orange blossoms, and carried a shower bouquet of white roses, phlox, and maidenhair fern. The bride was attended by two bridesmaids (Miss Myrtle Winks, who looked very dainty in a cream chiffon taffeta Empire gown, and Miss Beril Nolan, in a charming toilette of blue satin de chine), both wearing large brown hats trimmed with wings. They carried shower bouquets of white flowers and autumn leaves. The guests were received by Miss C. Winks (sister of the bride), who wore a dainty white muslin trimmed with embroidery and insertion, and a large sage blue hat with mole-coloured wing; Mrs. Nolan (mother of the bridegroom) was attired in a pretty prune coloured striped gauze over glaze trimmed with lace, large hat to match; Miss Nolan (sister of the bridegroom), pretty rosea taffeta, trimmed with cream lace,

large black hat; Mrs. T. Winks, very pretty heliotrope taffeta with violet coloured trimmings, black hat; Mrs. Deeth, pink floral muslin, black hat; Mrs. Blyth, becoming frock of pink floral taffeta with silk lace, brown hat with wings; Mrs. McLean, pink and green floral taffeta, white hat with pink roses. Among others present were:—Misses Adams, Moore, Hunter, W. S. White, Raine, Young, Jackson, Winks (Auckland), Brewer (Waitotara), Glenn, Stewart, Tucker, F. Livingston, Misses Reilly (2), Young (2), Brett Alexander, Douglas, Glenn (2), Hunter, Greville (2—Wellington), Messrs. Blyth, Deeth, Young, Brewer, Nolan, Tonks (2), Hunter (2), Winks (3), Alexander (Wellington), H. Raine, Glenn, Chalmers, Douglas, White, Livingston (2).

GATENBY—HUGHES.

Mr. W. J. Gatenby, B.A., of Mt. Eden School, was last week married at St. Barnabas' Church, Auckland, to Miss Violet Hughes, of Ponsanby. The Rev. E. J. McFarland performed the ceremony, the bride being given away by her brother, Mr. R.

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Don't turn up your nose, Fido, it's Van Houten's, the very best!

VAN HOUTEN'S COCOA

HUGHES. The bridesmaids were Misses Kathleen Wynyard, Lily Moore, Priscilla and Lizzie Hudge; Messrs A. Shepherd, of Hamilton, and F. G. Dunlop, M.A., supporting the groom. After the ceremony Mrs. R. Hughes, mother of the bride, received the guests at Buchanan's Cafe, Karangahape-road, the happy pair subsequently leaving for Rotorua and Taupo. The pupils of Standard C.I., Mt. Eden School, presented their teacher with a silver teapot to mark the occasion, while the teaching staff gave him a silver kettle and spirit lamp.

CARTER—AGNEW-BROWN.

An extremely pretty wedding took place in Holy Trinity Church, Gisborne, on Wednesday last, when Mr. George Carter, only son of Mrs. Carter, and grandson of the late Mrs. Brooke-Taylor, Gisborne, was married to Miss Evelyn Agnew-Brown, eldest daughter of Mr. C. Agnew-Brown, also of Gisborne. The ceremony was performed by the Vicar, the Rev. L. Dawson Thomas. The bride, who was given away by her uncle, Mr. Cartwright Brown, of Hawke's Bay, was most becomingly attired in a princess gown of soft white satin charmeuse, mounted on glass silk and trimmed with beautiful Carrickmacross lace, outlined in silver tissue. She was attended by her two sisters, Misses Myra and Herminie Brown as bridesmaids. Their dresses were of soft cream mou de soie Directoire sashes and waists of blue merveilles embroidered in silver. Mr. P. Hamilton was best man, Mr. Preston groomsmen. Mrs. Agnew-Brown was gowned in a handsome princess robe of floral chene silk, grey ground, with pink roses, made over pink glace silk, the yoke of which was composed of cream Duchess lace, and black chenille trimmings; Mrs. Carter, mother of the bridegroom, wore a dress of black voile becomingly trimmed with lace, and a handsome white Spanish lace scarf, her hat was of violet straw trimmed with clusters of violets, etc. After the ceremony at the church, a reception was held at the residence of the bride's parents at Kaiti. It was restricted to relations and very intimate friends (owing to recent illness of the bride's father). The guests included Miss Brooke-Taylor, Mrs. E. Brooke-Taylor, Mrs. Pavitt, Mrs. and Miss Wallis, Mr. and Mrs. Jex-Blake.

ADAMS—APSLEY.

On Easter Monday morning a very pretty wedding took place at Rotorua, between Mr. G. E. Adams, of Auckland, and Miss Edith Sabine Pasley. Miss Molly Neil, of Invercargill, and Miss Craig, of Wellington, were the bridesmaids, and Mr. Harry Adams best man. The bride wore a charming Princess robe of ivory French silk, trimmed with beautiful silk-embroidered lace, and insertion. The bridesmaids wore semi-Empire frocks of pale lavender chrystaline, with large violet hats. The wedding was solemnised at St. Luke's Church, by the Rev. Chas. Fisdall, vicar of Rotorua. After the ceremony, the happy couple left by express for Auckland, a large crowd assembling to bid them God-speed. The bride, who is a granddaughter of Admiral Sir Thomas Sabine Pasley, Bart., K.C.B., has many friends in Rotorua, where she has resided with her parents for some time. The presents were numerous and beautiful.

TOWERS—KENDALL.

At Thames last week Miss C. Louisa, second daughter of Mr. H. Kendall, was married to Mr. Herbert C. Towers, of Parawai. The bride was given away by her father, and looked very winsome in a handsome rich violet costume over old lace and silk vest. She carried an ivory prayer book, and wore a white velvet Merry Widow hat. She was attended by three bridesmaids, chief amongst them being Miss Ethel Pearce, who was becomingly gowned in a white radium silk dress, very prettily trimmed, and made with modified Empire effect, while a dark green Merry Widow hat gave a most pleasing finish. The other bridesmaids, Misses Elsie Kendall and Ada Towers, also looked chic in pretty creme dresses, and the dainty sprays carried by all the bridesmaids left nothing in effect to be desired. Mr. W. Kendall was best man.

McINDOE—WOOLLEY.

A quiet but pretty wedding was solemnised at Christ Church, Whangarei, last week, when Mr. William Grierson McIndoe, of Auckland, and Miss Beatrix Woolley, third daughter of Mrs. G. Woolley, of Whangarei, were married. The church, which still wore its Easter decorations, was almost filled with relatives and friends of the bride and bridegroom, including the Rev. Mr. Cross, of Auckland, the bride's grandfather. The Rev. L. L. Cubitt (vicar) performed the ceremony, the bride being given away by her elder brother, Mr. John Woolley, of Waikato. Mr. W. Moody presided at the organ. The bride wore a lovely gown of white radium silk, trimmed with ivory Paris lace, and carried a chaste shower bouquet, while the bridesmaid, Miss Maud Woolley, sister of the bride, was attired in a dainty white muslin, with pale blue hat with wings. Mr. George

ALLEN—BAGNALL.

On Thursday, April 15th, a very pretty wedding took place in Pitt-street Methodist Church, when Miss Linda Hand Bagnall, eldest daughter of Mr. Wm. H. Bagnall, of Taupo, was married to Mr. Thomas Dane Allen, son of Mr. Edward Allen, Cambridge. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Wm. Ready. The bride, who was given away by her father, looked very winsome in a white ivory radium trimmed silk, trimmed with lovely white Limerick lace. She wore a coronet of orange blossoms and Limerick lace veil, and carried a beautiful shower bouquet. The bridegroom was attended by Mr. J. Southgate Allen. The bridesmaids, Miss Doris Bagnall and Miss Olive Allen, were daintily gowned in white silk, brightened with blue silk, large white felt picture hats trimmed with blue, and carried shepherd's wands with blue streamers and white flowers. After the

hat; Mrs. Bagnall, champagne cloth, cream hat; Mrs. C. A. Cawkwell, reads green cashmere costume and hat; Mrs. H. Carlton Bagnall, blue and white silk and hat; Miss Ella Bagnall, brown silk, brown hat with blue feathers; Miss Emilie Bagnall, green cloth costume, green hat; Misses Freanda and Vera Bagnall, navy costumes, navy hats; Miss Muriel Allen, blue silk, white felt hat; Miss Ethel Bagnall, cream costume, green felt hat.

PAGE—ROBINSON.

At the residence of the bride's parents, Upper Albert-street, Thames, the wedding of Miss E. J. Robinson and Mr. A. E. Page, of Mangapehi, was solemnised. The bride, who was given away by her father, was becomingly attired in a cream silk voile dress made pinafore style, and hand-omely trimmed, over



JAMES BRIDGEMAN PLATE

Cardno was best man. The wedding party adjourned to the residence of the bride's mother at Mairtown, where a recherche wedding breakfast was served in a spacious marquee erected for the occasion.

REMINGTON—SHEEN.

At the residence of the bride's mother, last week, Miss Lily Pearl Wadhams, youngest daughter of Mrs. D. Sheen, of Lincoln-road, Masterton, was married to Mr. Hugh Remington, son of Mr. H. Remington, of Masterton. The bride, who was dressed in navy blue serge, was attended by Miss E. Remington (sister of the bridegroom), and Miss May Weber (niece of the bride), as bridesmaids. The former was attired in pale blue silk, and the latter in halibone muslin. The bride was given away by her brother, Mr. E. Wadhams. Mr. B. Gray was best man, and the marriage ceremony was performed by the Rev. A. T. Thompson.

ceremony the bridal party drove to Buchanan's reception rooms, where afternoon tea was partaken of, and the usual programme of toasts were proposed and responded to. The bride's travelling dress was a becoming green cloth tailor-made costume, braided with black, and large purple Gainsborough hat. Amongst those present I noticed: Mrs. W. H. Bagnall, mother of the bride, in a natter blue silk dress, black toque; Mrs. Edward Allen, mother of the bridegroom, black silk dress, black hat; Mrs. L. J. Bagnall, black silk costume, black bonnet; Mrs. R. W. Bagnall, black costume, with white front, black hat; Mrs. Whitehouse, black costume, with white front, black bonnet; Mrs. H. N. Bagnall, brown cloth costume, black and white hat; Mrs. A. E. Bagnall, black silk costume, black and white hat; Mrs. Bell, purple and white striped silk, cream hat; Mrs. L. Taylor, green silk, straw hat; Mrs. Honiss, black silk, black hat; Mrs. Death, cream silk, cream hat; Mrs. Cheal, black silk, black bonnet; Miss Cheal, grey dress, brown

Roman satin of a deeper shade. She carried a handsome bouquet, and wore a coronet of orange blossoms. The bridesmaids wore Miss M. Curtis, in a pale pink silk, Miss Ivy Waterman, in a pale blue crepe de chine, and Miss B. Robinson, in a pale blue muslin, each carrying a handsome bouquet. Mr. H. Sheen supported the bridegroom, and Mr. J. Robinson acted as groomsmen. The ceremony was performed by Mr. E. H. Taylor.

STEAD-HOADLEY.

Quite a stir was caused in society circles in Napier on Saturday by the wedding of Miss Louise Hoadley, second daughter of Mr. C. B. Hoadley, Napier, to Mr. Gerald Lovan Stead, son of the late Mr. G. C. Stead, of Christchurch. The bride, who was given away by her father, looked very charming in a graceful Princess gown of white satin, trimmed with beautiful lace and silver

blouse, long tulle veil, and wreath of orange blossoms and lilies of the valley. She carried a sheaf of Michaelmas daisies, tied with white satin ribbon. The bridesmaids wore her sisters, Misses Ada and Nina Hoadley, who wore cream lace robes over silk, with girdles of gold tissue, brown picture hats trimmed with frittlers. They carried blouse muffs of gold chrysanthemums finished with brown ribbon. The bridegroom was attended by Mr Val Hoadley as best man and Mr Edgar Stead as groomsmen. Subsequently the relatives were entertained at "Hawthorned," the residence of the bride's parents. The bride's going away dress was a green tailor-made costume and large green hat trimmed with black feather. The wedding was at All Saints Church, Taradale, the Rev. Clark officiating.

JENMAN—WILLIAMSON.

A very quiet but pretty wedding was solemnised in the local Presbyterian Church, when Mr. T. Jenman was married to Miss M. A. Williamson, second daughter of Mr. F. Williamson (says the "Horoehouenu Chronicle"). The ceremony was performed by the Rev. J. White. The bride, who wore a navy blue tailor-made costume and a white Merry Widow hat with astrich plumes, was given away by her brother, Mr. R. Williamson. She was attended by her sister, Miss C. Williamson, as bridesmaid, who was attired in a dress of dove-colored creponine, made in Directoire style, and a black Merry Widow hat. Mr. R. Burge acted as best man.

WILSON—BENNETTS.

A pretty wedding was conducted in the Salvation Army Hall on Easter Monday. The happy couple were Mr. Hugh Hamilton Wilson and Miss Bennetts. The hall was tastefully decorated, and was filled by friends. Colonel Knight, of Wellington, was the officiating officer. The bride and bridegroom both wore the full regulation Army uniform with the addition of a white sash worn over the right shoulder by the bride. Breakfast was taken in the Burlington tea-rooms.

RAUZI—COLEMAN.

At St. Augustine's Church, Napier, Miss Priscilla James Coleman, second daughter of Mr. William Coleman, of Napier, and Mr. Frederick William Rauzi, only son of Mr. John Rauzi, of Port Ahuriri, were married. The Rev. Canon Tukey performed the ceremony, and the church was filled with friends and well wishers of the young couples. Miss Minnie Rauzi (sister of the bridegroom) and Miss Maud Coleman (sister of the bride) were bridesmaids, and Mr. J. McBryde acted as best man. The bride, who was given away by her father, was attired in a white silk trimmed with lace and silk ribbon, with wreath and veil, and she carried a handsome shower bouquet. The bridesmaids also wore dresses of white silk and carried bouquets.

MUNRO—GRIMWOOD.

A quiet wedding was solemnised at the residence of Mr. James Grimwood, Goldsmith-road, Napier, when Mr. George Clarke Munro, third son of the late Captain Munro, of the Post, and Miss Chloris Letitia, third daughter of Mr. James Grimwood, were married. The bride looked winsome in a navy blue travelling dress with hat to match, and was attended by her sister, Miss Ella Grimwood. Mr. Peter Munro supported his brother as best man. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. J. W. Hayward.

ORR—PEPPER.

At the residence of Mr. William Pepper, Aramoho, the wedding took place of Mr. James Orr, of Dalry, Ayrshire, Scotland, and Miss Ellen Mercy, only daughter of Mr. W. M. Pepper. The bride, who was given away by her father, was prettily attired, and was attended by Miss (Ada) Nicholson, of Hunterville, as bridesmaid. Mr. W. Pepper (brother of the bride) acted as best man.

WELCH—HOOKER.

At St. Mark's Church, Carterton, Miss Edith Annie Hooker, second daughter of Mr. Augustus Hooker, of Hinan Gully, was married to Mr. Archibald M. H. Welch, fourth son of Mr. R. G. Welch, of Matarawa. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. R. Young, and the bride, who wore a cream silk lustré dress, trimmed with Maltese lace, and carried a bouquet of blooms and ferns, was given away by her uncle, Mr. E. A. Board. Her three sisters, Misses Olive, Myrtle and Daisy Hooker, were the bridesmaids, all of whom were attired in cream silk muslin, and carried pretty bouquets. Mr. R. Welch was best man.

VINCENT—AITKEN.

At the Presbyterian Church, Hawera, recently, Herbert Vincent, second son of Mr. H. Ward, Patua, was married to Jeannie Aitken, fourth daughter of Mr. G. Taylor, "Belmont," South-road, Hawera. The Rev. J. R. Shore was the officiating clergyman. The church was prettily decorated for the occasion. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a pretty dress of cream tulle trimmed with cream net, lace insertion, and glace silk, with the usual bridal veil and orange blossoms. She also carried a lovely shower bouquet. The bride was attended by two bridesmaids, Miss Eunice Taylor (sister of the bride) and Miss Ethel Ward (sister of the bridegroom). They were respectively dressed in green floral muslin and cream lustré, each with hat to match. They also carried shower bouquets of pink and white flowers and autumn leaves. The bridegroom was supported by Mr. W. Armstrong as best man, and Mr. H. J. Taylor as groomsmen.

SOLOMON—GRAHAM.

In St. Andrew's Church, Hamilton, last week, Miss Graham, eldest daughter of Mrs. J. J. Graham, Hamilton, was married to Mr. Francis Howard Solomon, of Te Kuiti. The bride wore a handsome white silk dress with veil and wreath, and had a beautiful bouquet. She was attended by her sisters, Misses Goldie and Jean Graham and Miss Lucy Solomon, niece of the bridegroom. The Misses Graham wore dainty white muslin dresses and pale blue picture hats, and the little niece wore white muslin, and a pretty white wreath on her head and carried a basket of beautiful white flowers. The bridegroom was attended by his brother, and Mr. Fortescue. The presents, which were very handsome and useful, included a very handsome gold pendant from the bridegroom's mother in England. The bride was a teacher in St. Andrew's Sunday school, and a member of the choir, and she was presented with a silver egg-stand by them. Her travelling dress was a tailor-made navy costume and hat to match.

GUTHRIE—REID.

At the Methodist Church, Carterton, Miss Effie Jane Reid, second daughter of Mrs. J. C. Reid, of Pembroke-street, Carterton, was married to Mr. John White Guthrie, fourth son of Mr. Robt. Guthrie, of Dunedin. The Rev. W. J. Elliott was the officiating clergyman. The bride, who was becomingly attired in a dainty frock of Indian muslin, trimmed with valuable Valenciennes lace, wore the usual veil and orange blossoms. She was given away by her brother, Mr. Percy Reid, and was attended by her two sisters, Misses Ivy and Lena, as bridesmaids, both of whom were attired in dainty frocks of Indian muslin, trimmed with pretty lace embroidery, and wore graceful Merry Widow black hats. Mr. Sidney Reid acted as best man. The reception was held at the residence of the bride's mother. The wedding breakfast table was prettily and artistically ornamented with long chains of greenery and white flowers, running to an apex at the top of the four-tier wedding cake. Mrs. Reid, mother of the bride, received in a beautiful costume of cinnamon brown silk tulle, and Merry Widow hat. She was assisted by her eldest daughter, Miss M. Reid, who wore a pretty pale blue chiffon tulle, and a black Merry Widow hat.

WILD—JENNINGS.

At St. Mark's Church, Te Aroha, last week, Mr. F. W. Wild, the Town Clerk, was united to Miss Jennings, daughter of Mr. W. Jennings. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. P. Cleary. The bride, who was given away by her father, was dressed in white silk, trimmed with silk lace. She was attended by two bridesmaids, Miss Wild, in white silk with lace insertion, and Miss E. Jennings, who was costumed in cream nun's veiling and lace blouse. Mr. J. Wild was the best man and Mr. W. Maingay acted as groomsmen.

BLOOMFIELD—MARTIN.

At the residence of Mr. Martin, Foxton, Miss Eva Martin, and Mr. Arthur Bloomfield, of Taoroa, were married recently. The bride, who was given away by her father, looked charming in a pretty white silk lustré dress daintily trimmed with silk and insertion, and the orthodox veil and orange blossoms. She also wore a handsome greenstone brooch, the gift of the bridegroom. Misses May and Grace Martin, sisters of the bride, were bridesmaids, and Mr. Herbert Dixon, best man. The bridesmaids were daintily attired in white embroidered dresses. Both carried shower bouquets and wore brooches, the gift of the bridegroom. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. P. J. Mairs, of Foxton.

HART—PARTRIDGE.

At the residence of Mr. Jno. Hart, Carterton, the marriage of Ada (second daughter of Mr. Albert Partridge, of Belvedere-road, Carterton) and Henry (youngest son of Mr. Jno. Hart, of Belvedere, Carterton) was celebrated, the Rev. W. J. Elliott being the officiating minister. The bride, who was tastefully attired in robes of pale blue silk, with veil and orange blossoms, was attended by her sister, Lily, and her niece, Myrtle Kilminter, as bridesmaids, who were both daintily attired in blue frocks of light substance.

TURCHER—PEACH.

The marriage of Miss Florence Peach, second daughter of Mr. Jno. Peach, of Green Lane, to Mr. Albert Turcher, secretary of Messrs. Chambers and Son, Ltd., Auckland, took place at St. Aidan's Church, Remuera, last week. The bride was given away by her brother, Mr. R. P. D. Abbott officiated as best man, and Miss Kathleen Morrin, of Remuera, attended as bridesmaid. The service was conducted by the Rev. A. Fowler. A reception was afterwards held at the residence of the bride's parents, and the happy couple subsequently took their departure for Hamilton, en route for the Wanganui River.

HERDMAN—BOWLES.

At St. Mark's Church, Carterton, Miss Mary Bowles (fourth daughter of Mr. Geo. Bowles, a very old resident of Carterton) was married to Mr. James Herdman (third son of Mr. John Herdman, manager of the Carterton gasworks, and late of West Kyo, England). The ceremony was performed by the Rev. E. Young. The bride, who looked charmingly pretty, was attired in a beautiful gown of cream crystalline silk with pretty silk lace ruffled sleeves and yoke, and nicely designed skirt with French knot trimmings. She also wore the orthodox veil and orange blossoms, and carried a lovely shower bouquet of autumn flowers and maiden hair fern. She was given away by her father, and was attended by Miss Sadie Herdman (sister of the bridegroom) and Miss Harlene Bowles (sister of the bride) as bridesmaids. The former was daintily attired in white mousseline de soie, and wore a white Merry Widow hat to match, and the latter wore a dress of cream muslin, with chiffon capotte, both carrying bouquets. Mr. Robert Bowles (brother of the bride) officiated in the capacity of best man, and Mr. Byford, of Napier, was groomsmen.

MACKEY—LANGLEY.

At St. Augustine's Church, Napier, the marriage of Miss Ethel Langley, youngest daughter of the late Mr. John Langley, to Mr. Charles Mackey, of Waipawa, was celebrated by the Rev. Canon Tukey. The bride was given away by her brother, Mr. G. Langley, and was attended by her sister Florence as bridesmaid. Mr. J. Mackey was best man. After the ceremony the guests were entertained at the residence of the bride's mother.

HUGHES—OSBORNE.

At Christ Church, Manawatu, the marriage was celebrated by the Rev. P. Cleary of Mr. Frederick Ernest Hughes, eldest son of Mr. T. W. Hughes, and Miss Clara Frances Osborne, second daughter of Mr. H. H. Osborne. The bride was given away by her father, and her sister, Miss Ada Osborne, was bridesmaid. Mr. Weston Hughes supported his brother as best man. The bride's dress was cream silk voile, trimmed with silk insertion and silk lace, with a beautiful wreath and veil. She carried a lovely bouquet of her favourite flowers, cosmos and maidenhair. The bridesmaid's costume was of cream muslin, trimmed with cream insertion and lace.

MENZIES—BISSELL.

At St. Mark's Church, Clive, recently, Miss Maude Bissell, second daughter of Mr. Edward Bissell, and Mr. Bertram Roxburgh Menzies, second son of the late Dr. Thomas W. Menzies, were married. The bride, who was given away by her

The Leader of Them All!

That is, Ayer's Sarsaparilla; not some other kind, but "AYER'S." This grand old family medicine has stood the test for over sixty years. That's the kind you should take. You cannot afford to experiment, your health is too precious.

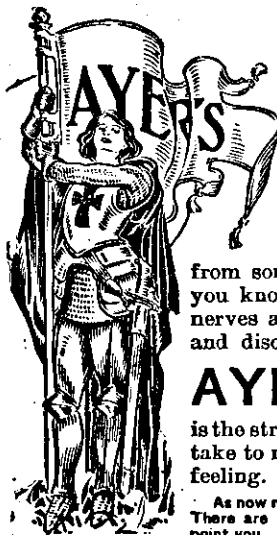
You may not now be really ill from some well-defined disease, and yet you know you are all run down, your nerves are unstrung, and you feel weak and discouraged.

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

is the strongest and best medicine you can take to remove this tired and exhausted feeling. It brings cheer, hope, courage.

As now made, Ayer's Sarsaparilla contains no alcohol. There are many imitation Sarsaparillas that will disappoint you. Be sure that you get "AYER'S."

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass., U.S.A.



brother, Mr. Edward Bissell, Jun., of Onga Onga, was charmingly costumed in a beautiful Empire robe of white chiffon taffeta over Honiton lace, with pearl trimming, and she carried a lovely shower bouquet. She was attended by four bridesmaids. The bride's sister, Miss Alice Bissell, was becomingly attired in a dress of pale green crepe de chine, and Miss Roulston in heliotrope shade of the same material. Merry Widow hats completed their tasteful toilettes, and they carried shower bouquets. Two tiny girls, Misses Molly and Maud Bissell, nieces of the bride, in pale pink and blue frocks respectively, also accompanied the bride, and looked very quaint with flower wreathed hair, and carrying shepherd's crooks. Messrs. Noel Trent and L. G. Harker acted as best man and groomsmen respectively.

LINDSAY—KEMPTHORNE.

Miss Etie May Kempthorne, youngest daughter of Mr. Thomas Kempthorne, was married to Mr. Alexander S. Lindsay in St. Barnabas' Church, Whatawhata, Rev. E. Houchen officiating, last week. The interior of the building was nicely decorated for the occasion. The bride was given away by her father, and looked very nice in a dress of white silk with the orthodox veil and orange blossoms, and she carried a lovely shower bouquet. There were two tiny bridesmaids, Misses Ivy Martha Park and Muriel Pope, cousins of the bride, dressed alike in white silk frocks and hats, and each carried a very pretty basket of flowers. The bridegroom was attended by his brother, Mr. George Lindsay, as best man, and Mr. J. A. Kempthorne, brother of the bride, acted as groomsmen.

"SUMMER-END" FOG.

BILE BEANS ARE A TRUE TONIC.

At the end of the summer the body, run down by summer heat, needs to be toned up and prepared to withstand the autumn and winter seasons. The liver and digestive system are deranged by summer's heat, and their imperfect operation gives rise to that weakly "tired out" feeling, which is now so common, and may be called "Summer-end Fog." Bile Beans act directly on the liver and stomach, and by thoroughly stimulating them, tone up the body and prepare it for the coming season. The following case of Mrs. M. McMannus, of James-street, Ravenswood, Q., is an illustration. She says:—

"The trying summer heat is sometimes very distressing to me, causing me bilious attacks, headache and vomiting, which quite unfit me for my household duties. What with my poor appetite, no relish for food, and the wretched feeling accompanying the biliousness, my life seemed to be a perfect misery. I was advised to undergo a course of Bile Beans, and am thankful to say that they suited my case admirably, curing me of the biliousness, and restoring my usual good health."

Accept none other than Bile Beans, the proved cure for all liver, stomach and digestive ailments. Obtainable from all chemists and stores at 1s. 11d. and 2s. 9d. per box.

FITS CURED

THE EFFICACY OF TRENCH'S REMEDY IS DAILY PROVED BY TESTIMONIALS received from independent sources. Over 1000 Testimonials have been received in one year. Write for pamphlet containing valuable information to sufferers, sent post free on application to TRENCH'S REMEDIES, Ltd., N.Z. Agents: Ellison and Duncan, Ltd., Port Arthur, Napier.

The Spectre of Poverty.

THE PROBLEM OF BRITAIN.

ONE PERSON IN EVERY 20 A PAUPER.

Five hundred thousand men and women over seventy years of age on New Year's Day drew five shillings as their first week's payment under the new old-age pension law throughout England, Ireland and Wales. This means twelve tons of silver were paid out. The new law lifts 600,000 British subjects above the permanent hunger line. It will cost England £8,000,000 a year, which must come out of some new scheme of taxation not yet devised.

Simultaneously with the display of the enormous number of aged people needing this pitiable weekly pension came the official report of the Poor Law Administrators. This report disclosed these astonishing facts about British pauperism:—

Of every fourteen persons in London one is a pauper.

Of every twenty persons in all England and Wales one is a pauper.

Total number of paupers throughout the country is 1,700,436.

England has a standing army of 684,775 paupers, with more than a million auxiliaries on the verge of permanent pauperism.

England faces the new year with a permanent economic problem that now seems unsolvable. Americans ought to rejoice that no period of depression, no matter how prolonged, can produce such an appalling condition as this.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer is hard up. England, which is already heavily taxed, must find additional means for raising the national revenue.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer cheerfully announced recently that he was hopeful of finding "new henroosts to rob." Now England's financial situation is such that the new year has found the Chancellor confronted with distressing decreases in the national revenues. The Chancellor is compelled to find at least £20,000,000 of new revenue to pay the deficit confronting him in the new Appropriation Bill which must be passed by the next session of Parliament.

England, unlike America, pays its national bills in advance.

England's wealthy classes, who are already writhing against the income, inheritance and other taxes aimed at them, assert that they are paying too much, but the Radical Chancellor grins and intimates that he will put further screws to them. The annual convention of the Labour party, which represents millions of union workmen, meets soon, and its programme of reforms presented to the public to-day will make England's plutocratic and comfortable classes groan.

England's union workmen, through their convention, will present the following platform:—

"Taxation should be in proportion to ability to pay. No taxation should be imposed which encroaches on an individual's means necessary to satisfy his physical and primary needs. Taxation should aim at securing for communal benefit all unearned increment of wealth, therefore taxation should be levied on unearned incomes and should aim deliberately at preventing the retention of great fortunes in private hands."

Leaders of the Labour convention will insist upon a drastic reform of the present system of national taxation in order to assure that taxes be derived from those best able to pay them, and who receive most benefit and protection from the State. The convention will unanimously express its determination to resist all proposals to increase the taxation of the masses.

An Oversight.

The following appeal appears in the personal column of a Warsaw newspaper:—"Will the young lady in pink, with the glorious dark eyes, who accepted a young student's proposal of marriage at last night's ball, kindly let him know her name and address so that the wedding may not be delayed?"

Society Gossip.

(Special to the "Graphic.")

WELLINGTON.

April 16.

University Ball.

Easter treated us none too well as regards the weather, but the only thing that really mattered was the University Tournament. Only one day was really lost, and by Monday everything was in full swing. As you know, Canterbury won the shield after an exciting contest.

A great event was the University Ball, which wound up the tournament with much eclat. There were rather too many girls, as the men had had rather a severe time on the athletic field and were mostly "done" by the evening. College colours decorated the hall and the stage was banked with palms and ferns. Among the guests were the Professors and their wives, who were all present. Mrs. Easterfield wore black chiffon taffetas with a touch of orange on the lace berthe; Mrs. Pickens, opal taffetas and lace; Mrs. Adamson, ivory satin and pearl and silver embroideries and lace draperies; Mrs. Kirk, black crepe de chine and jet; Mrs. Richmond, grey taffetas banded with black velvet, lace berthe and sleeves; Mrs. McKenzie, white and black taffetas and lace; Mrs. Thornton, black crepe de chine; Mrs. Wilson, pink ninon with lace appliques and entredoux; Mrs. Fell, bronze satin and Mehdlin lace; Miss Fell, white messaline and silver girdle; Miss Jameson, yellow ninon de soie with lace sleeves; Miss Winder, pale blue radium silk embroidered in silver and inserted with lace; Miss Kirk, vieux rose taffetas; Miss Newman, ivory satin Duchesse costume with berthe of lace; Miss Prouse, pink and white floral chiffon hemmed in pink; Miss Didsbury, rose pink mouseline de soie; Miss Glasgow, white mouseline with pale green ceinture; Miss Littlejohn, ivory messaline Empire gown; Miss Gibb, pale pink mouseline; Miss Barnett, sky blue crystalline; Miss Dickenson (Auckland), white chiffon taffetas with lace sleeves; Miss Thornton, pale blue crystalline; Miss Elliott, white taffetas applied with lace; Miss Geddes, ciel blue filet net, with lace frills; Miss Melsopp, ivory soie de chine; Miss Currie, white messaline and lace; Miss Ziman, sky blue crystalline; Miss Grace (Christchurch), pale pink silk with touches of a deeper colour; Miss Reeves, eau de nil crepe de chine and lace; Miss Will (Dunedin), pastel blue crepe de soie.

Farewells for Miss Rawson.

On Thursday Miss Simpson gave a farewell tea to Miss Elsie Rawson. Crimson dahlias gave a rich note of colour to the drawing-room mantelpieces, and the tea table had feathery white cosmea in tall silver vases. Miss Simpson was in bronze Stantung, the square yoke bordered with filet lace; Miss R. Simpson, pale blue crystalline, made a l'Empire; Miss Rawson, pastel blue cloth, lightly touched with mauve, and a black picture hat.

Miss Elsie Rawson is being entertained a good deal before her marriage, which takes place on the 20th. A tea for her was given on Wednesday by Miss Fulton, when the decorations of mauve and white cosmea harmonised exactly with the graceful gown worn by the guest of honour. The hostess and several of the guests, including Miss Eileen Ward, Miss Alice Rawson, Miss Simpson, and Mrs. Ross, gave an impromptu concert, with much success. Mrs. Fulton wore black crepe de chine, and guipure lace, the yoke outlined with vivid green; Miss Fulton was in ciel blue crystalline, with entredoux of lace; Miss Rawson, white ninon, with a mauve design, and a hen and belt of mauve taffetas, shaded mauve hat with flowers; Miss Alice Rawson had a saxe blue Shantung, and a black picture hat; Miss Eileen Ward wore powder blue frieze tailor-made, black picture hat with white roses; Mrs. M. Ross, green tailor-made, faced with brown, hat with

shaded roses; Mrs. Hancock (England), champagne tussore, the Empire belt outlined with pale blue, filet of Eastern embroidery, and black picture hat; Mrs. D'Arcy Chaytor (Blenheim), pastel mauve cloth Princess costume, filet yoke, black picture hat with petunias; Mrs. Harvey, blue cloth semi-Directoire costume, braided and buttoned with black, black picture hat with plumes; Mrs. Maurice Burnett, pale green tweed tailor-made, faced with green of a deeper shade, teal hat with wreath of roses; Mrs. Etherington, blue grey voile, with lace yoke and sleeves; Miss Burnett, white cloth tailor-made, and brown hat; Miss G. Nathan, cream cloth costume, elephant grey hat swathed with blue and grey tulle; Miss Z. Nathan, saxe blue Shantung; Miss Tolhurst, white and black striped tailor-made, smart black hat; Miss Stuart, sapphire blue frizze, with black revers; Miss Stafford, green Shantung, and hat with hydrangeas; Miss Haybittle, white and pale blue striped ninon with lace entredoux and pale blue silk appliques, pale blue hat with plumes; Miss Marchant, green voile and purple hat; Miss Didsbury, white embroidered muslin, and hat with roses; Miss Simpson, cream serge tailor-made, with emerald green revers; Miss Reid, saxe blue Shantung, smartly touched, black hat with blue wings; Miss McKellar, grey and white striped tailor-made, and hat with roses; Miss Dean, striped tweed semi-Directoire coat and skirt, floral hat; Miss Miles, vieux rose frieze, hat with roses; Miss Turner, navy serge, braided in black, black hat; Miss Ewen, green tailor-made, and dull purple hat; Miss G. Ewen, white embroidered muslin, and pale blue hat.

At the Opera House.

The "Merry Widow" is attracting tremendous audiences at the Opera House. One night Lady Ward was there wearing grey mouseline de soie embroidered in silver, and a picturesque white coat; Miss Eileen Ward, in pale pink mouseline de soie, softened with lace; Mrs. Johnston, black crepe de chine and jet; Mrs. Bell, black taffetas, with lace draperies and "angel" sleeves; Miss Bell, pink and white mouseline de soie; Mrs. Miles, mauve chiffon taffetas and lace;

For Children's Coughs and Colds.

There is no better remedy for children's coughs and colds than

Bonnington's GARRAGEEN Irish Moss.

It does them as much good as it does the older folk.

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

Ask for Bonnington's and insist on getting it. It is dangerous to experiment when you can get a remedy that has stood the test for over 46 years.



Miss Miles, white messaline, with lace sleeves; Miss H. Miles, pale pink mouseline de soie; Miss Beauchamp, pale blue crystalline; Mrs Duncan, black crepe de chine and jet; Miss Duncan, pastel ninon de soie; Mrs Young, ivory taffetas draped with lace; Mrs Wilson, pink crepe de chine; Miss Simpson, pastel chiffon glaze; Miss R. Simpson, ivory radium silk.

From the Antarctic.

Great enthusiasm was felt at the lecture on the South Pole exploration by Lieutenant Shackleton, and the big Town Hall was far too small to hold the 4500 people who tried to get in. The presentation of a gold cigar case by the students of Victoria College took Mr Shackleton by surprise, and he was obviously pleased. Among the audience were Lady Ward, wearing black crepe de chine and jet; Miss Eileen Ward, all in white, with a white cloak; Mrs Johnston, in black ninon de soie, with an effective coat of geranium red cloth; Miss Coates, in black chiffon taffetas; Mrs Macarthur, black-satin and a pale green coat; Sir Edward and Lady Osborne Gibbs; Mrs Tewsley, pale blue chiffon taffetas; Mrs Hislop, in black velvet; Mrs Walter Hislop, ivory chiffon voile; Mrs Stuart, Mrs Handcock, black chiffon taffetas and lace; Mrs Seldon, black satin; Mrs Elgar, bronze Rajah silk; Mrs Miles, Miss Haber; Mrs Firth, black silk and peacock blue coat.

Lieutenant Shackleton was the hero of Lady Ward's tea party on Thursday, and with him was Mr Adams. Sir Joseph Ward was present, and during the afternoon he and Miss Eileen Ward sang several times. Lady Ward was in dull green, smartly braided in black, and having many black buttons; Miss Eileen Ward's pastel ninon was inset with lace and finished with taffetas. Among the guests were Mrs Frank Leckie, Mrs and Miss Cecil Jones, Mrs Findlay and the Hon. Dr. Findlay, Miss Coates, Mrs and Miss Nathan, Mrs Russell, Miss Dean, Colonel Beauchope, Mr Logan, and Mr Spencer.

Dinners and lunches and other entertainments kept Mr Shackleton busy until the Sydney steamer sailed, when he received an ovation from the crowd on the wharf.

OPHELIA.

CAMBRIDGE.

April 17.

On Easter Monday a most successful dance and card party was held by the Cambridge Croquet Club in the Alexandra Hall. There was a very large gathering, and this must have been very gratifying to the promoters. Mrs. Earl, the president of the club, was the hostess of the evening, and the Supper Committee were Mesdames Earl, McDermott, and A. Bell. A great number of visiting bowlers and their wives were present, as a bowling tournament was being held in Cambridge during the Easter holidays. Amongst those present I noticed Mrs. Earl, in black-silk striped crepon, trimmed with black lace; Mrs. McDermott, very pretty pink and grey shot chiffon taffeta, with lace trimming the bodice; Mrs. A. Bell, white embroidered muslin; Mrs. De Castro (Paeroa), black crepe de chine gown with cream net yoke outlined with cream medallions; Mrs. Bruce (Auckland), pink and grey shot silk blouse and pale grey skirt; Mrs. Hammond, handsome black silk, with cream silk Maltese lace vest; Mrs. Hyde, a becoming dress of black chiffon taffeta, with white net vest and sleeves and bretelles of the silk; Mrs. McClavin, white embroidered muslin; Mrs. Taylor, black silk and lace gown; Mrs. Taunton (Sydney), white muslin, trimmed with black lace and large black chout on corsage; Mrs. Bush (Paeroa), white silk; Mrs. Isherwood, cream Sicilian cloth, trimmed with cream lace applique; Mrs. Croxford, black silk voile with transparent lace yoke; Mrs. R. J. Roberts, rich black silk with transparent yoke of lace, and pink carnations on corsage; Mrs. W. Firth, chiffon taffeta, bodice trimmed with fine white lace, and large chout of pale pink; Miss Smith, black lace over white silk; Miss R. McVeagh, white silk trimmed with white net; Miss Chitty, white muslin; Miss McVeagh, grey voile; Miss Plescher, white muslin; Miss Bell, white muslin, with blue ribbons; Miss Watt, pale blue muslin; Miss Ferguson, pale blue silk; Miss Edith Brown, pink silk; Miss Molly Taylor, pretty French muslin; Miss B. Taylor, pale blue silk; Miss M. Fisher, pale pink muslin with silk bretelles; Miss L. Bell,

white muslin; Miss I. Landon, pale green muslin, with green brocaded ash; Miss E. Fisher, pale blue muslin, with pink roses on corsage; Miss Mullins, white muslin; Miss Ruddock, white Louise silk, with berthe of white lace; Miss McEivie, white muslin; Miss Hill, pale blue voile, white sash; Miss Erica Dickenson, white muslin; Miss Margery Picheer, pale blue muslin; Miss Doris Picheer, white muslin; Miss J. Saunders, white muslin; Miss N. Pickering, pale blue muslin; Miss A. Pickering, pale blue muslin; Miss Munro, white creponne; Miss Hally, white crepe de chine; Mrs. A. Gibbons, white net blouse, eau de nil chiffon taffeta skirt; Miss Jeffries, white silk frock; Mrs. McWatters (Paeroa), rose-dia green silk; Mrs. Bronnwill, cream tussore silk, with touches of green velvet; Mrs. Towers, white silk blouse, green skirt; Mrs. Wallis (Te Aroha), black and white checked blouse and black silk skirt; Miss Spiers, pale pink silk semi-Empire gown, with black silk vandykes at foot of skirt, vest of Valenciennes lace in frills, and black silk sash; Miss Hay (Hamilton), a lovely dress of white satin; Miss Wells, black chiffon taffeta frock, with white net vest and bretelles of Ceylon lace; Mrs. Ferguson, black silk and lace gown; Mrs. E. Souter, black silk.

Personal Items.

Mrs. Taunton (of Sydney) is visiting Mrs. J. Taylor, "Bardowie." Cambridge. Miss Ivy Ruddock (of Auckland) is also visiting Mrs. Taylor. Mrs. H. Dewsbury and her father, Captain Parnell, are at present visiting Mrs. Wells, "Oakleigh." Miss W. Basset (of Onehunga) has returned home after visiting her aunt, Mrs. W. F. Buckland. Miss Alice Aitken (of Waihi) is visiting Archdeacon and Mrs. Willis. Miss C. Willis was home at Cambridge for the Easter holidays.

ELSIE.

HAMILTON.

April 17.

Personal Items.

We have been quite gay this week with the tennis tournament on Easter Monday, Mr Wragge's lectures on Wednesday and Thursday evenings at the Town Hall, and some social events in between. Mr and Mrs Stevens gave a very pleasant encho party on Friday evening to a number of their friends. Mrs Manning and Mr C. Holloway won the first prizes. Mrs Cussen had a party of young friends on Thursday evening. The first prize for a guessing competition of post cards was won by Miss McAllum, first gentleman's by Mr Baxter. Mrs Saunders (Auckland) is spending a holiday in Hamilton. Miss Sheath (Parnell), who has been spending a few weeks with her relatives in Hamilton, returned to town on Saturday. Miss Metcalfe (Parnell) is on a visit to Mrs Laurence Cussen. The Misses Ansenne are staying with Mrs Douglas. Miss K. Whitaker is spending her holidays in Hamilton. Miss Chitty, who has been in England for the past year, returned home this week, after a most enjoyable trip. Mrs Harry Swarbrick (Sydney) is at present staying with Mrs Arthur Swarbrick, Hamilton.

ZILLA.

NAPIER.

April 17.

Personal Items.

Mr and Mrs G. Beamish, of Whana Whana, are spending a short holiday in Napier. Mr and Mrs Butters returned to Napier, after an enjoyable holiday in the Old Country. Mr and Mrs T. H. Lowry, of Hawke's Bay, have been visiting Auckland. Miss Kitty Wood, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs Ernest Hadfield, in Wellington, has returned to Napier. Mr Ross, M.P., is visiting Napier. Mrs G. G. Stead, of Christchurch, and Mr G. L. Stead, are on a visit to Napier. Miss Clive Jones, of Te Aute, has been appointed to the charge of the new Greenmeadows Infant School. Mr and Mrs W. G. Stead, of Keruru, are on a short holiday visit to town.

MARJORY.

GISBORNE.

April 16.

Personal Items.

The Misses Buchanan (Napier) are visiting Mrs Williams, senr., Russell-street. Mrs Smith, of Timaru, Canterbury, is staying with her son, Mr England Gillingham. Miss Snell, of Auckland, is spending a few weeks with Mr and Mrs Kising, Childer's-road. Mr Lusk (Napier) has been spending the Easter holidays with Mr and Mrs W. L. Rees, the "Bungalow," and returned by the Maheno on Wednesday evening. Mr and Mrs G. Carter left on Wednesday for their future home in Wellington.

ELSA.

HASTINGS.

April 15.

The Show.

Hawke's Bay autumn show was very successful. The day was beautifully fine, and the grounds were thronged with gaily dressed people from different parts of the district. The splendid show of fruit, vegetables and nuts, besides the gaudy show of flowers, goes once more to prove what a wonderful place Hawke's Bay is. The many and varied prizes which were won would take up too much space. The cakes and preserves, to say nothing of the wines, were most temptingly arranged, and the regulation wire netting around only added to the temptation. Mrs Tosswill's basket of flowers, for which she gained first prize, was very pretty. Mrs Bayeroff's basket of autumn leaves and shaded violet flowers, tied with shaded ribbons, showed great taste and was much admired. The art exhibit by Miss Bayeroff was somewhat of a surprise to most of us, the humorous pictures being particularly good. Amongst the costumes worn I no-

lived: Mrs Humphries (Napier), navy costume, hat to match; Miss Humphries, cream costume, cream hat with silk drappings; Miss Russell, sage green striped coat and skirt, champagne hat, with black wings; Mrs W. G. Stead, brown cloth coat and skirt, hat of brown, rose pink silk trimmings; Mrs Stronach, grey costume, white hat; Mrs Brodie, navy blue coat and skirt, navy straw hat with black wings; Mrs Bayeroff, floral voile gown, hat of brown, pink roses; Mrs Bayeroff navy coat and skirt, white hat, trimmed with black silk; Mrs De Lisle, navy cloth coat and skirt, white felt toque, white wings; Mrs Newbigen, hazel green coat and skirt, green hat to match; Mrs McLean, brown costume, handsome brown hat, flowers and silk trimmings; Miss McLean, navy cloth costume, sage blue hat, sage blue plumes; Mrs Scott, white muslin, black hat; Miss St. George, cream costume, sage blue straw hat, swathed with silk to match; Mrs Evans, black coat and skirt, bonnet relieved with white; Miss Evans, white costume, black hat; Mrs Macdonell, cream costume, black hat, white roses.

Personal Items.

We were sorry to hear of the accident to Mr T. Boswell Williams (Wanganui). Mr and Mrs Williams, and the Misses Williams were visiting friends in Hastings, and while out motoring the wheel came off the car and the car turned a complete somersault. Mr Williams, unfortunately, had his leg broken, both the other members of the family escaped without injury. Mr Williams was taken to Nurse Bellum's private hospital, and he is progressing favourably. The Misses Russel have returned from Palmerston North. Mrs G. P. Donnelly is much better. Mrs Copland is seriously ill. Mr and Mrs H. E. Beamish have gone south. Mr and Mrs J. H. Lowry have gone to Christchurch.

SHEBA.

Builds up Strength.

As a recuperative in all cases of lung, stomach or bowel weakness, or after any severe illness, Angier's Emulsion has no equal. Bland and pleasant, it promotes appetite, aids digestion and builds up strength. Angier's Emulsion is the ideal tonic and builder, because it is soothing and healing as well as strengthening.

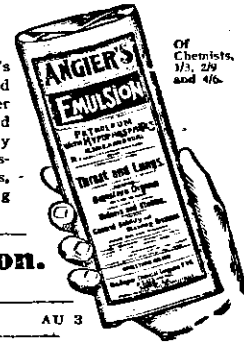
Angier's Emulsion

(PETROLEUM WITH HYPOPHOSPHITES)

"AM GRADUALLY GAINING WEIGHT."

Leicester.

Dear Sirs,—I have been taking Angier's Emulsion on the advice of my doctor, and cannot help writing to tell you how much better I feel in every way. I am now on the second bottle, and am gradually gaining weight, my appetite is much better, and I have no indigestion. I have recommended it to many others, and they say how much better they are feeling since taking it. (Signed) E. GODDARD.



Of Chemists, 1/3, 2/6 and 4/6.

Free Sample Coupon.

Name _____

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Fill in Coupon and send with 4d. for postage to the
ANGIER CHEMICAL CO., Ltd., 7 Barrack St., SYDNEY.

C. BRANDAUER & Co's, Ltd.

Circular Pointed Pens.

Seven Prize Medals.



C. BRANDAUER & CO'S CIRCULAR POINTED PENS

These series of Pens neither scratch nor spurt. They glide over the roughest paper with the ease of a soft lead pencil. Attention is also drawn to their patent Anti-Blotting Series.

Ask your Storekeeper for an assorted Sample Box.

Works: Birmingham, England.

NEW PLYMOUTH.

April 17.

Golf.

The Ngatutu Golf Club's Easter tournament commenced last Saturday in ideal golfing weather, and finished on the following Tuesday. The championship was very exciting, having to be played off by two brothers, Messrs G. and J. Saunders, the former winning on the last hole. Amongst those present were: Miss Munro, in a brown flecked tweed coat and skirt, brown hat with pink roses; Mrs Leatham, sage green costume, green hat, trimmed with rosettes of silk and green wings; Miss Leatham, cream costume, Wedgewood blue hat, finished with shaded ospreys; Mrs Grimstone, black costume, navy blue hat; Mrs Evans, black and red figured costume, trimmed with black passementerie, pale fawn felt toque; Miss B. Evans looked extremely well in a narrow navy and white striped muslin, white lace yoke, finished with bands of cornflower blue silk, black hat with fawn and blue-shaded wings; Miss F. Evans, very pretty vieux rose tulle, daintily embroidered, grey velvet hat, with large grey bird; Miss Good, grey coat and skirt, green hat; Miss Good, navy blue costume, black hat; Miss Dempsey, pretty brown tailor-made costume, brown hat with red roses; Miss N. Dempsey looked well in a dark green tailor-made, green hat swathed with silk and finished with wings; Mrs Glasgow, grey costume faced with bottle green velvet, navy motor cap; Miss Jackson, cream costume, pale green and pink floral silk belt, pale green hat with pink roses; Miss S. Thompson, dark green costume, pretty Wedgewood blue hat with wings; Mrs H. Thompson (Inglewood), navy coat and skirt, national blue hat with wings; Mrs Walter Bayly, grey costume, grey hat en suite; Mrs Brewster, navy blue coat and skirt, black and white hat, with ospreys; Miss Bedford, dark green costume, black satin hat with large white chiffon roses and feathers; Mrs Penn, brown coat and skirt, green hat with light brown feathers; Miss Fitzherbert, white muslin, Tuscan hat with ruche of pale blue and white accordion pleated chiffon; Mrs Kimbell, brown coat and skirt, fawn hat with brown and cream silk rosettes; Mrs Rollo, dark grey costume, pale blue hat with hydrangeas; Mrs Martin, heliotrope floral muslin, banded with heliotrope silk, cream hat with heliotrope roses; Miss Clarke, cream costume, green cincture and hat.

Dance.

Last Tuesday evening the visiting members of the Auckland Golf Club gave a most enjoyable little dance in the Freemasons' Hall. Amongst those present were: Mrs. Penn, cream lace over glaze, scarlet flowers on corsage; Miss V. Kirby, pale pink silk, floral ribbon sash; Miss Standish, pale blue silk, black velvet ribbon sash; Miss Wordsworth, rose pink semi-Empire frock, banded with bands of moss-green silk, ribbon threaded in hair; Miss Bedford, pale nutme mousseline de soie, with velvet bands of darker shade, black velvet band in coiffure; Miss Hanna, black satin, berthe trimmed with bands of silver passementerie; Miss N. Hanna, cream voile appliqued with floral trimming; Miss Colson, white insertion muslin; Miss Roy, white frilled book muslin; pale blue ribbon sash; Miss Evans, cream tucked silk, pale blue sash; Miss E. Evans, rose pink silk, berthe of cream lace; Miss L. Webster, shell pink silk, black velvet belt and band in coiffure; Mrs O'Sevin, cream satin, scarlet velvet belt; Miss N. Coutts (Hawera), pale blue chiffon taffetas semi-Empire frock, cream chiffon on decolletage; Mrs. Inlay Saunders (Wanganui), black silk, real lace berthe, rose pink roses on bodice; Mrs. Clarke, black satin, rich coat of black chiffon taffetas faced with pink and white silk in a floral design; Mrs. Martin, handsome black taffetas, with lovely dove grey opera coat lined with cream broad satin, finished with a shaded fur collar; Miss Clarke, cream satin, veiled in cream and silk net, tucked and insertion with lace; Miss Hundell, pink floral silk trimmed with bands of a darker shade; Miss Leatham, blue crepe de chine, tucker of cream chiffon; Miss Dempsey, pale green silk trimmed with velvet of a darker shade; Miss Fraser, dainty white hand-embroidered muslin; Miss Skinner, cream chiffon taffetas; Miss Lucy Skinner, cream frilled net, trimmed with beige ribbon; Miss Muir, black chiffon taffetas, berthe of black and white chiffon; Mrs. Walker, black chiffon taffetas berthe of sequined net.

A Bridge Party.

Mrs. Walter Bayly gave a most enjoyable bridge party at the Kia Ora Tea Rooms last Thursday evening. The rooms were charmingly decorated with red and pink dahlia. There were seven tables, and the prizes were won by Miss McKellar, Mrs. Fitzherbert and Miss Wade. Mrs. Bayly received her guests in a narrow fawn and white striped silk trimmed with wide bands of brown silk; Mrs Standish, pale blue silk, with pretty silk bridge coat; Mrs. Haslen, pale pink silk, cream lace yoke, pink ribbon in coiffure; Mrs. T. Carthew, cream lace blouse threaded with heliotrope velvet ribbon, black silk skirt; Mrs. Kimbell, pale pink silk with wide bands of satin; Miss Tidy, black silk kimono bodice outlined with cream lace insertion; Mrs. H. Russell, black merveilleux, cream lace vest trimmed with bands of silver sequined passementerie; Mrs. Oswin, rich ruby velvet, with cream lace yoke; Miss A. Hempton, black silk; Mrs. Bundell; Miss Stephenson, black net, appliqued with white lace motifs, over a white silk foundation; Mrs. Jones, moss green silk, with cream lace vest, finished with green floral silk daisies; Miss B. Webster, pale heliotrope floral silk kimono blouse, trimmed with bands of heliotrope, black net skirt; Miss F. Webster, white muslin; Mrs. H. Fookes, pretty black figured net over silk; Mrs. Butler, black lace with sequined berthe; Mrs. McKellar, black chiffon taffetas, relieved with white; Mrs. T. Webster, cream silk with pale heliotrope scarf; Mrs. Isaac Bayly, rich black silk with sequined berthe; Miss Brown, cream silk, pretty cream satin Empire belt; Mrs. Wade, black silk, decolletage relieved with white; Mrs. Evans, black silk, with black net berthe, richly embroidered with gold and silver sequines; Miss F. Evans, pretty heliotrope floral mu-lin, with square cut yoke, outlined with lace insertion; Mrs. Percy Webster, dainty cream lace blouse, cream cloth skirt; Miss Bedford, white embroidered muslin, blue floral ribbon sash; Mrs. C. Weston, black silk, berthe of white lace; Mrs. Fitzherbert, black chiffon taffetas; Miss Fitzherbert, white muslin; Miss McKellar, a very handsome English frock of black flowered net, with black velvet ribbon running parallel with the Grecian-key pattern running horizontal over a white silk foundation, decolletage finished with white lace; Mrs. Pope, black and white with heliotrope flowers in coiffure; Mrs. Leatham, black crepe de chine, finished with white lace; Miss Leatham, pale heliotrope crepe de chine over glaze, spray of lovely purple irises on corsage; Mrs. Home, an English frock of dainty pale green chiffon taffetas trimmed with wide band of pink, green floral design on hem and on decolletage; Mrs. Luing, cream silk; Mrs. H. Bayly, black net; Mrs. Addenbrooke, black net over silk; Mrs. Wylie, champagne coloured costume trimmed with an Oriental passementerie on decolletage; Miss Read, black net over yellow satin, yellow flowers in corsage; Mrs. Rollo, black and white silk; Mrs. Standish, black silk relieved with white; Mrs. Curtis, pretty black net over silk, shell pink silk yoke, veiled in black lace.

NANCY LEE.

SOUTH TARANAKI.

Hawera, April 16.

Patea Races.

The weather was beautiful for the Patea Races, held this year at Hawera, as the club's own course is at present undergoing a number of improvements. Amongst some of the dresses worn I noticed:—Mrs. Robison (Eltham) in a smart grey tweed coat and skirt, cream hat covered with cherries; Mrs. G. U. Pearce (Patea), dark grey costume, brown hat with green roses; Mrs. A. H. Buchanan, striped grey tweed coat and skirt, saxe blue hat; Mrs. Foyster, dark grey costume, cream hat trimmed with black ribbon; Mrs. Nolan, navy blue and white striped flannel costume, large black hat; Miss B. Nolan, green and brown striped tweed frock, small green felt hat; Mrs. Bennett, smart brown coat and skirt, brown hat trimmed with roses; Mrs. Webster, navy blue serge costume, large black hat; Mrs. McLean, green poplin, white hat with pink roses; Miss Gibson (Patea), navy blue Etou costume, smart black hat trimmed with chiffon and quills; Miss Wordsworth (Patea), brown costume, sailor hat with brown band; Miss Jackson, navy blue

coat and skirt, vieux rose hat trimmed with ribbon and plumes of the same shade; Miss Q. Glenn, in a smart blue skirt dress, saxe blue hat with quills; Miss Williamson (Christchurch), pretty brown tweed costume, large brown hat with quills; Mrs. Brewer (Waitotara), black and white striped costume, black hat with lilac

Dance at "The Falls."

Great interest was taken last Tuesday, when Miss Winks was married to Mr. Vernon Nolan, an account of which is given in "Orange Blossoms." A most enjoyable dance was given in the evening at "The Falls" by Mrs. Winks. Miss Winks looked very dainty in a white muslin inset with lace; Miss M. Winks, pale blue silk; Miss B. Nolan, heliotrope chiffon taffetas, with touches of gold; Miss D. Nofin, black taffetas silk, Maltese lace berthe; Miss Q. Glenn, white crepe de chine, bodice draped with hand-painted chiffon with touches of black velvet; Miss I. Brett, white embroidered muslin; Mrs. Douglas, green with darker green trimmings; Miss Alexander, white muslin, black velvet belt, and gloves; Mrs. R. McLean, yellow broadcated satin, red roses on corsage; Miss Jackson, black velvet; Miss A. Turnbull, pale blue silk muslin, pink roses in hair and on corsage; Miss V. Winks, white book muslin; Miss Broderick, pale blue silk Empire frock; Miss Glenn, white ninon over glaze; Mrs. Stewart, Liberty blue shantung silk; Miss E. Caplen; pink satin; Miss Caplen, yellow silk, bodice relieved with black velvet; Miss Reilly, heliotrope crepe de chine, floral ribbon sash; Miss Hunter, white silk; Miss J. Young, white embroidered muslin; Miss A. Young, white muslin; Mrs. G. White, cream net over glaze; Mrs. T. Winks, green embroidered chiffon over glaze; Mrs. J. Blyth, cream silk Empire frock.

Personal Items.

Miss Tomlinson (Nelson) is the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Turnbull. Mr. and Mrs. Geo. McLean and their daughter returned from a long tour to England and the Continent last Thursday. Miss Williamson (Christchurch) has returned to her home after a short visit to her parents. Miss D. Bedford (New Plymouth) spent Easter in Hawera as the guest of Mrs. Glenn. Mr. and Mrs. Brewer (Waitotara) were in Hawera to be present at the wedding of Mr. V. Nolan to Miss Winks. Dr. and Mrs. McDiarmid have returned from their honeymoon trip, and have settled in Mr. W. Dingle's residence. The Misses Greville (2), who have been the guests of Miss Winks, have returned to their home in Wellington. Mr. B. Johnson (Wanganui) spent the Easter holidays in Hawera. Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Buchanan, Messrs. Winks (2), (Normanby), and Broderick (Eltham), left last Wednesday for a trip to Australia.

JOAN.

PALMERSTON NORTH

April 16.

Bridge.

A bridge party was arranged and held at Mrs Morrah's, Bank of Australasia, as a farewell to Miss Gibbons, who has been resident here with her brother, Mr H. N. Gibbons, for some time, and has become very popular. Progressive bridge was played in the drawing-room, which was effectively decorated with flowers in shades of pink. After many ups and downs, Mrs. W. Harden proved the winner of the ladies' prize, and Mr Eric Watson the winner of the men's prize. Mr Spencer Watson and Miss Robinson were the "boobies." A dainty supper was served in the dining-room, yellow daisies making a pretty decoration for the table. At a suitable opportunity Miss Gibbons was presented with a silver-backed mirror as a souvenir of her stay in Palmerston. Mrs Morrah wore a black muslin toilette, the bodice effectively trimmed with lace and sequin insertion; Mrs General, black satin and lace; Mrs W. Harden, black skirt, cream silk and lace blouse; Mrs Spencer, cream crepe de chine and lace; Mrs Louison, deep cream spotted net over yellow silk, lace and gold sequin trimming corsage, yellow velvet hat; Miss Harding, reseda chiffon over white satin; Miss Bamford, rich white silk frock, the bodice daintily finished with white net threaded with silver; Mrs Rennell, white chiffon taf-

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feta, white net and silver tassels, on corsage, pale blue ribbon threaded through hair; Mrs D. Reed, white glace silk, berthe of embroidered white chiffon, cluster of pink roses on corsage and in hair; Miss Gibbons, black tulle feta; cream lace finished corsage; Mrs A. N. Gibbons, cream brocade, cream lace berthe; Miss Randolph, blue silk, with cream lace berthe and cluster of crimson roses; Miss F. Randolph, pale blue crepe de chine and cream lace; Mrs McKnight, black crepe de chine, cream tucked net vest and sleeves, black velvet rosettes finishing bodice; Miss Reed, white silk and lace, floral silk sash, scarlet ribbon threaded through hair; Miss Elliot, pink and cream striped silk and lace; Miss Gemmel, pale green striped muslin, satin and chiffon trimming corsage.

Personal Items.

Mrs H. R. Waldegrave is visiting friends in Napier.

VIOLET.

WANGANUI.

April 16.

Croquet and Tennis.

The croquet courts are now closed for the winter months. On Saturday a progressive tournament was played on the lawns. Mr. C. Campbell was first, Mr. Izard second, and Mr. R. Stevenson third. During the afternoon the popular secretary, Mr. S. Gordon, was presented by the members with a smokers' outfit and a silver and ivory-mounted walking-stick. Amongst those present were:—Mr. Stevenson, Mrs. Greenwood, Mrs. Levin, Mrs. Porritt, Mrs. Innes, Miss Scott (Gisborne); Mr. and Mrs. Napier (Auckland), Mrs. Gertz (Auckland), Mr. and Mrs. Sargeant, Mrs. Fairburn, Mrs. Blundell (Nelson), Mrs. Dodgshun (Gisborne), Mr. and Mrs. Gordon, Miss Reichart, Mrs. Lomas, Mrs. Bayley, Mrs. O. Lewis, Mrs. Allison, Miss Brewer, Miss Hawken, Mrs. Moore, Mrs. Harper, Mr. Izard and others.

There was a large number of players and onlookers at the Queen's Park and Campbell-street tennis courts during the Easter tournament, and many of the sets were very interesting to watch. Amongst those present were:—Mr. and Mrs. Lacy Peake (Cambridge), Dr. and Mrs. Christie, Dr. Wilson, Miss Christie, Miss Blundell (Nelson), Miss O'Brien, Mr. Bill (Rangitikei), Mr. and Mrs. Hutton, Miss Krull, Miss P. Jones, Miss Christie, Miss W. Anderson, Miss Cleghorn (Wellington), Mr. G. Dodgshun (Gisborne), Miss Moore, Mrs. Good, Miss Wilson (Bulls), Miss Loughman (Palmerston North), Miss Brewster (New Plymouth), Miss Simpson (New Plymouth), Miss Powdrell, Mrs. C. Jones, Mr. Willis, Mr. Lomas, Mr. Tuke, Mr. Ströms, Mr. Anderson, and others.

The College Sports.

On Saturday afternoon a number of the heats for the College Sports were run. Amongst those on the grounds were:—Mr. and Mrs. Peake (Cambridge), Mr. and Mrs. Napier (Auckland), Mr. and Mrs. Empson, Miss Empson, Miss Auckland, Mrs. Gertz (Auckland), Miss Blundell (Nelson), Miss W. Christie, Miss Hauner (Canterbury), Miss Williams (Hawke's Bay), Miss J. Cleghorn (Wellington), Miss Nixon, Mrs. A. Williams (Hawke's Bay).

Easter Monday proved a glorious day, and as the rain came down in torrents all Sunday it was a great relief to many to see a fine morning. The College Sports commenced in the morning. Amongst those watching were:—Mr. and Mrs. Empson, Mr. and Mrs. F. Lysaght (Canterbury), Mrs. Dunn (Canterbury), Miss Auckland (Mt. Peel), Miss Empson, Mr. and Mrs. Williams, Mr. and Miss Moore (Wairarapa), Mrs. and Miss Blundell (Nelson), Mrs. and Miss Ashcroft, Miss Humphreys (Palmerston North), Miss Loughman (Palmerston North), Miss Moore, Miss Anderson, Miss Cleghorn (Wellington), Mr. and Mrs. H. Johnston (Wellington), Mrs. Godwin, Mrs. A. Izard.

A farewell lunch was given by the Old Boys to Mr. and Mrs. Empson in a large marquee erected on the College grounds. Mrs. Empson was presented with a beautiful silver salver suitably inscribed, and Miss Empson with a silver tea-service as a wedding gift from the Old Boys.

There was a very large attendance at the sports in the afternoon, and it was most difficult to see everybody. Mrs.

Empson wore a most becoming gown of petunia-shaded silk, with cream net and lace on the bodice, and large black picture hat; Mrs. Dove (England), stylish Directoire frock of heliotrope cloth, with ornamented buttons and fancy braid the same shade, large hat the same shade, with wreath of heliotrope roses and foliage; Mrs. F. Lysaght (Canterbury) wore a pale grey crepe de chine with net and lace in the bodice, black hat with ostrich plumes; Mrs. Moore (Hawera), black serge coat and skirt, white blouse, black hat; Miss Moore (Hawera), grey skirt, white blouse, and black hat with chiffon and quills; Mrs. Dunn (Canterbury) wore a very becoming frock of pale grey with Oriental shaded embroidery and touches of gold in the bodice, black picture hat with plumes; Mrs. H. Johnston (Wellington), navy blue coat and skirt, with buttons covered with the material on the skirt and coat, cream net vest and ruffe, smart fine large straw hat with chiffon and black and white wings covering the crown; Mrs. Loughman (Palmerston), black and white coat and skirt, white vest, black hat with wings; Mrs. F. Loughman (Palmerston), rose pink cloth gown, sealskin cape, black hat with feathers; Miss Loughman (Palmerston), pretty pastel blue coat and skirt, white vest, Merry-Widow hat, with blue wings in it; Mrs. Blundell (Nelson), dark green coat and skirt, braided in fine black military braid, with net vest and ruffe, green straw hat with green silk and touch of blue, green shaded quill at the side; Miss Blundell (Nelson) wore a becoming pastel blue cloth Empire frock with yoke and sleeves of tucked net and wide ruffe, the sleeves and bodice had blue and gold embroidery with Empire sash of black satin at the side, very large black Merry Widow hat, with pink shaded roses and autumn foliage; Mrs. Fairburn, pale green striped tweed coat and skirt, dull blue silk vest, and blue straw hat with shaded blue roses; Mrs. Roman (Palmerston), black and white costume, black hat with plumes; Mrs. L. Skerman (Levin), green coat and skirt, green straw hat with shaded flowers in it; Mrs. Knight (Dannevirke), green cloth gown with lace, green hat with flowers; Mrs. H. Cooper (Dannevirke), heliotrope cloth coat and skirt with black military braid, large silk hat with heliotrope roses, round it; Mrs. A. Williams (Hawke's Bay), greenish shaded tweed coat and skirt, hat to match with quills; Mrs. Hole, grey, and blue striped tweed coat and skirt, blue straw hat with flowers; Mrs. Hawke, green striped tweed coat and skirt, cream vest, green hat with wings; Mrs. McGrath, grey tweed coat and skirt, cream vest, black and white hat; Miss Moore, pastel blue cloth coat and skirt, very becoming black and white striped hat with ostrich plumes; Mrs. Good, heliotrope cloth costume made in Empire style, with velvet a darker shade, vest of tucked net, large Merry Widow hat of heliotrope straw with heliotrope and pink shaded stalks; Miss Moore (Wairarapa), pale grey Eton coat and skirt, with revers of white cloth, vest of cream net, large fine black straw hat, with wreath of pink and heliotrope roses and foliage; Mrs. James Watt wore a white muslin frock with lace and insertion, black crinoline straw hat with chiffon and ostrich plumes; Mrs. Lane (Rangitikei), black serge coat and skirt, black hat with wings; Mrs. H. Sargeant, smart electric blue cloth Directoire gown, with net vest and gold thread embroidery, black satin sash at the side, large black hat with chiffon and wings; Miss Christie, old rose crepe de


chine gown, with cream net, feather boa, black hat with plumes; Mrs. Strong (Palmerston), pastel blue cloth coat and skirt, with revers embroidered in fancy braid, white feather boa, brown fur, toque with wings at the side; Mrs. E. Liffiton (Waitotara), navy blue Eton coat and skirt, white vest, navy blue and white hat; Mrs. Wilford, black cloth coat and skirt, with revers and cuffs of pale heliotrope cloth braided in black, heliotrope felt hat with cream feathers the same shade; Miss Wilford wore a very stylish blue serge coat and skirt with buttons and military braid, navy and pastel blue hat with wings; Mrs. H. Wilson, smart crimson striped tweed coat and skirt, cream straw hat with silk the same shade swathed round it and quill wings at the side; Mrs. Sanderson, greenish tweed coat and skirt, cream vest, green hat with quills; Miss Mason (Hawke's Bay), wore a very smart cream coat and skirt, with ornamental buttons and braid, large cream hat with tulle and eoque feathers; her sister wore a pale pink floral muslin, with flowered silk sash, mole coloured hat with pink wings; Mrs. John Stevenson, black striped silk colienne, with lace on the bodice and old rose velvet, large black hat with chiffon and feathers; Miss Ida Stevenson, tobacco brown crepe de chine, with yoke of fine lace and chiffon and touches of pale blue, pretty pale blue hat with wings the same shade; Miss Carew (Dunedin), cream coat and skirt with silk braid on it, cream hat with chiffon and wreath of shaded flowers; Miss Krull, greenish tweed coat and skirt, green hat with silk and wings; Mrs. O. Lewis wore a smart navy blue little coat and skirt with high-waisted effect, the revers and gulls braided in black, brown straw hat with silk swathed round it and quills at the side; Mrs. McNaughton Christie, cream serge coat and skirt with braid, cream vest, large heliotrope hat with wings to match and chiffon; Mrs. H. P. Christie, cream gown over green silk, the skirt and bodice being profusely trimmed with silk lace, straw hat with blue roses.

The Prize-giving.

In the evening the prizes were presented in the Drill Hall, there being a very much larger gathering than usual, owing to the farewell to Mr. and Mrs. Empson. After the prize-giving, there was a reception to the Rev. Dove and Mrs. Dove, of England, who are succeeding Mr. and Mrs. Empson. Mrs. Empson wore a beautiful black sequin gown with wide V-shaped vest coming to the waist of cream tucked net and chiffon; Mrs. Dove, pale pink colienne gown, with lace; Miss Empson, white silk, with lace on her corsage; Mrs. Gordon, white silk, with bands of insertion and lace, black brocade skirt; Mrs. Napier (Auckland), white silk gown made in Empire style, with silk embroidery and tucked net; Mrs. Gertz (Auckland), black chiffon, with jet on the bodice, and cream opera coat with lace; Mrs. O'Rourke (Auckland), black charmagne gown, with lace; Mrs. H. Wilson, cream silk, with bands of fine insertion and lace; Miss Wilford, cream colienne gown with rope of lace; Miss Willis (Greatford), black silk with chiffon, long grey opera coat; Miss N. Wilson (Bulls), pale pink striped chiffon taffetas, with lace; Mrs. Abraham (Palmerston) wore white silk, with touch of pale blue; Miss Russell (Palmerston), old rose silk gown, with vest and sleeve of cream tucked net; her sister wore a white silk gown with lace; Mrs. Blundell (Nelson), black silk gown, the bodice was made with shoulder straps

of black embroidered silk lace, and vest and sleeves of net; Miss Blundell (Nelson), white muslin, with beautifully embroidered crimson flowers on it, and Empire sash of crimson silk; Mrs. Good, old rose chiffon taffetas, with Limerick lace scarf; Miss Stewart, pale blue silk blouse, with yoke of lace, black skirt; Miss Robinson (Palmerston), cream net and lace blouse, cream skirt; Mrs. H. Sargeant, old rose chiffon taffetas, with Maltese silk lace on the corsage; Mrs. Fairburn, black silk, with cream lace on the bodice and jet trimmings; Miss Loughman (Palmerston), pale pink silk gown, with cream lace; Mrs. H. Johnston (Wellington), beautiful cream Empire

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gown, with lace and touches of old rose velvet on her corsage; Miss Moore (Wairarapa), black velvet gown, with berthe of lace; Mrs. Godwin, black silk, with cream lace; Miss Anderson, white silk, with bands of insertion and lace; Mrs. Barnicot, black crepe de chine frock with lace; Mrs. Wall, white evening gown with lace and net; Miss Moore, white muslin frock, with bands of insertion and lace; Mrs. Montgomery, black silk gown, with lace on the bodice; Mrs. Elder (Wellington), black silk, with touches of jet on the bodice; Mrs. Curry, black silk, with cream lace; Mrs. Izett, black silk, with berthe of cream lace and cream shoulder scarf.

Personal Items.

Mrs. Miles, of Wellington, is the guest of Mrs. Griffiths, in Wellington.

Dr. Marshall, of Dunedin, has been staying in Wanganui for Easter.

Mr and Mrs Harold Johnston, of Wellington, were staying in Wanganui for Easter.

Mr and Miss Denniston, of Canterbury, have been visiting Wanganui for Easter.

Mrs. Rey, of Greytown, is the guest of Mrs. John Anderson, in Wanganui.

Mr and Mrs Napier, of Auckland, have been staying in Wanganui.

Mrs. Gertz, of Auckland, was in Wanganui for Easter.

Mr and Mrs H. Lysaght, of Hawera, are in Wanganui.

Miss Hammer, of Canterbury, is the guest of Mrs. Christie, St. John's Hill, Wanganui.

Mr and Mrs Battley, of Mohanga, are at present in Wanganui.

Mr and the Misses Mason, of Hawke's Bay, were in Wanganui for Easter.

HUTA.

NELSON.

April 14.

Easter.

Nelson has been very gay these Easter holidays with visiting bowlers, golfers, volunteers for the encampment and excursionists.

The Nelson and the Maitai bowling greens have been crowded with players each day. The visiting rinks were:—Thorndon (Wellington), Blenheim, Picton, and Takaka. The Nelson players were most successful, and won the majority of games played on Saturday afternoon. Miss P. Topliss gave tea on the Nelson green, and on Easter Monday tea was provided by Mesdames E. H. and A. H. Bisley.

The perfect weather attracted large numbers of golfers to the links at Tahunua, particularly on Easter Monday, when matches were played all day, men's singles in the morning, and mixed foursomes in the afternoon. In the men's match, Mr. T. Boulter came first with a score of 84 net, and Mr. R. Dodson second with a score of 86 net.

The winners of the mixed foursomes were Mr. H. Cock and Miss M. Glasgow, with a score of 69. Golfers present were—Mesdames J. Sharpe, Wood, Lewis, Squires, A. P. Burnes, R. Fell, W. H. Price, Glasgow, Dodson, Misses Booth, Blackett, Dodson, Clarke, Glasgow, Cock (2), Bamford, Hair, Ledger, Tomlinson, Leggatt, Blundell, F. Richmond, Fell, Messrs. Price, Fell, Cock (2), Squires, Burnes, Jackson, Wood (Christchurch), Fell (Wellington), Chapman (Wellington), Bowley, Houlker, Leggatt, Booth, Grace, Richmond, Hair, Bamford Frith, Dodson, Harley.

A dance is to be held on Thursday in the Oddfellows' Hall in honour of Mr. Kennedy Selanders, whose furlough having expired, leaves shortly for Perth.

The Marlborough Mounted Rifles, who rode 130 miles to the Easter encampment, returned by road to Blenheim yesterday.

Personal Items.

Dr. Barr has returned from a deer-stalking expedition to the Pelorus Valley. He secured several fine heads.

Mr. and Mrs. Lindo Levia (Napier) are visiting Nelson.

Mr. Gerald Fell (Wellington) has been spending the Easter holidays with Mr. and Mrs. Richmond Fell.

Miss Marion Holloway (Christchurch), formerly of Nelson, has been staying at Bishopdale, with the Bishop and Mrs. Mules.

Miss Andrews (Christchurch) is the guest of Mrs. Richmond, Nile-street.

Miss N. Gibbs has left to spend the winter with her sister, Mrs. F. Washbourne (Timaru).

Mrs. J. H. Cook, and her daughter, are visiting Wellington.

DOLCE.

BLENHEIM.

April 14.

Miss Ball Entertained.

Last Wednesday afternoon Miss K. Ball, who is about to take a trip home to England on the Corinthic, sailing this month, was entertained by the members of the Presbyterian Church choir. The Rev. Robb, with a short and appropriate speech, presented Miss Ball with a handsome travelling rug. Some of those present were:—Mesdames Hutchison, Cheek, McCallum, Litchfield, Stopp, Misses Fulton (2), Hutchison, Pattie (2), Smale, Hooper, Hay, Ball (2), Messrs. McCallum, Orr, Feldwick, Hutchison, and others.

Concert.

On Monday evening the swimming baths concert took place in the Blenheim Town Hall. The building was well filled which proves that the public are in sympathy with the movement to have swimming baths erected. Previous to the commencement of the performance, the Garrison Band rendered a stirring programme in front of the hall, which was the means of drawing a large assembly of people round the hall. Every item proved good. Much credit is due to Professor Von Lubbe, Mr. S. Churchward, and the secretary (Mr. P. Corcoran), all of whom worked hard to make the concert a success. Some of those I noticed in the audience were:—Mesdames Redwood, Walker, McCallum, Northcroft, Innes, Draper, Misses Mowat, E. McDonald, D. Horton, G. Harley (Nelson), Chapman (2), Fulton, Messrs. Macey, Redwood, Churchward, Bennett, Draper, and others.

Tennis Party.

Last Saturday afternoon the attendance at the Marlborough lawn tennis grounds was rather poor, due, no doubt, to the season drawing close. Misses Fulton and Stuart provided a dainty afternoon tea. Some of those I noticed on the lawn were:—Mesdames Innes, Adams, Bennett, McCallum, B. Clouston, Walker, and Orr, Misses Fell, Neville, Anderson, McLaughlin, Fulton (2), Stewart, Messrs. C. McShane, B. Moore, M. Wiffen, and Daveys.

Personal Items.

A party consisting of Mesdames Bennett, B. Clouston, Harley (Nelson), Paul (New Plymouth), and Messrs. B. Clouston, Paul, and C. Harley (Nelson) are spending Easter down the Pelorus Sounds.

Mr. A. Blundell (Nelson) is visiting Marlborough, and returns again next week.

Mr. A. J. MacLaine has returned from visiting the Empire City.

Mr. H. E. Burden is spending the Easter holidays in the North Island.

We are sorry to learn that Mr. and Mrs. J. Redwood intend leaving Blenheim during the week for Spring Hill, North Island, where they will make their future home.

Mr. S. Scott-Smith and Mr. J. Scott-Smith are on a visit to Nelson.

Miss Dene Clouston is visiting friends in Wellington.

Miss M. Anderson (Nelson) is visiting Misses Smith and Anderson in Maxwell-road.

Miss R. McRae (Nelson) and Mr. R. Park, an old Blenheim boy, are both

guests of Mr. J. Mowat at "Springlands."

Mesdames Guard and Conolly are staying in Picton during the Easter holidays.

Miss M. McLaughlin is visiting relations in Christchurch.

Nurse Morris has returned from a short trip to Wellington.

Lady McGill and her daughter from Wellington are the guests of Dr. and Mrs. Pentreath in Walter-street.

Mr. S. Mitchell has gone to Greymouth to spend a short holiday with his people there.

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Yes, dear, but you should have asked for the—

L.O.U.I.S Velveteen

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make is just lovely. I never saw anything like it for pile and lustre and brilliancy. And—well, you should just see how beautifully it drapes, and it doesn't even crush. It's that soft and rich and silky I wouldn't have any other.

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JAPANESE GIRLS

HOW THEY ARE BEING EDUCATED

Particular Care Paid to Morals, Etiquette, Physical Culture, Higher Education—School for Peers—Yum-Yum and Her Sisters.

By FRANK G. CARPENTER

Yum-yum and Her Sister.

I WRITE of the Japanese girl of to-day; not of Yum Yum, Mme. Chrysanthemum, or Miss Cherryblossom, the dainty plaything of the past, but of the live, wide-awake, up-to-date, pushing maiden of 1909. You may see her acting as cashier in the big stores; she sells you your tickets in the offices of the railway stations; she aids in the management of the hotels at which you stay; and, if you become ill, she administers your medicines as the trained nurse of the hospitals. She is fast taking her place in the ranks of every industry, and as a stenographer and typewriter is now found in many of the native factories, banks, and other financial establishments.

Three Million School Girls.

There are more than 6,000,000 children in the public schools of Japan, and at least 3,000,000 of them are girls. They are required to wear a school uniform, and morning and afternoon the streets are filled with this female educational army, going along singly or hand in hand, with their books wrapped up in bundles, on their way to and from school. The girls wear skirts of dark red or plum colour, above which show out the upper parts of their kimonos, that take the place of our shirt waists. Most of them carry paper umbrellas, and many walk on wooden shoes. When it rains they have sandals about three inches high, and as they hold up their skirts they show a bit of bare skin above their white foot mittens.

These girls are of all ages, from little tots of five, who are going to the kindergartens, up to young women of 18 or more, on their way to the high schools, normal schools, and academies. The compulsory school age is from 6 to 14, during which the girls have until now been compelled to attend for a period of four years. This time has been extended to six years, and the tendency is to make it still longer. The school hours begin at eight and last until two, and there is a recess of fifteen minutes at the close of each hour for the children to go out in the open and exercise. Every school has its gymnasium, and every girl is required to spend three hours each week in athletic exercises under the direction of well-trained instructors. The result has already been a great improvement in the physique of the children, and it will result in making the uncoursed Japanese girl one of the best developed of the world.

Girls' High Schools.

Japan has now a larger number of girls' high schools, although as a rule the most of the children drop out at the end of the ordinary grades. In the high schools advanced mathematics, such as algebra and geometry, are taught, and also botany, physics, chemistry, biology, and hygiene. They have a special training in the Japanese language and composition, and also in morals.

In the normal schools the curriculum is still more advanced. These schools are for teachers, and there are 16 in the country devoted exclusively to women. The students go out to practice teaching in the various public schools, and, when they graduate, are given positions as teachers. In these normal schools there are courses of gymnastics, mathematics, physics, and chemistry of two years each, and there is a special course of domestic economy of three years. Some of the more brilliant graduates are sent abroad to study at the expense of the Government. When they return they are required to teach in the government schools for six years. Among such students is Miss Takeda, who was sent to Wellesley College, and Miss Tetsu

Yatsui, who has been educated at the Cambridge Training College in England. Upon Miss Yatsui's return she was sent to Siam by the government to found a nobles' school there, and she is now on her way there to teach in the peeresses' school. A number of other Japanese teachers of these normal schools have studied in America, the favourite college for such education being Wellesley.

Where Peeresses Are Educated.

I have recently visited many of these schools, and within the last week I have gone through the great school established by the empress for the daughters of the peers and princes of Japan. This was opened 15 years ago, and it now has 600 pupils. The school is under the direct supervision of the imperial household, and is not in any way connected with the educational department which manages the other schools. It is remarkable in that it is made up largely of the daughters of the highest classes, and in that it includes several princesses belonging to branches of the royal family.

How polite they are! They bend almost double as they pass the professor, and there is no sign of rudeness to be seen anywhere.

During our stay we visit the gymnasium. Here 100 of these Japanese maidens are marching back and forth at the direction of the teacher. She raises her hands, and their 200 bare arms come up in the air. She makes a motion, and they fall again to their sides. The girls have dumbbells with which they practice the setting up exercises. They rise and fall on their toes, and they go through all the evolutions of the drill as they march back and forth, a body of 100 almond-eyed, cream-coloured Amazons in plum coloured skirts. Observe them as they go. Their shoulders are well back, and they walk like soldiers. The teacher wears a gymnasium costume, which shows the outlines of her form. She would make a model for a statue of Diana, and the most of her pupils are equally robust. They have the advantage of our girls in not wearing corsets, and they are developed along nature's lines.

As we go from the gymnasium through the yard to one of the other buildings we see a class of maidens walking the pole. This is an exercise common to every girls' school, and I am told it produces excellent results. The pole is a log about a foot thick and thirty feet long, so slung by means of two chains at each end that it hangs horizontally about a foot off the ground. The teacher starts the log swinging back and forth, and the girls step on at one end of it and walk to the other. It takes some skill to maintain one's balance, on account of the motion, and it brings into play almost every muscle of the body. I have tried it several times, and ignominiously failed. These peeresses walk it with ease.

In the Schoolrooms.

The classrooms are not unlike those of the United States, with desks and chairs, save that all the chairs are cushioned with green. We visit one class and listen to a lecture on physics. About 50 girls are taking notes in Japanese script, and they hardly look up as we enter. We go to the laboratories, where they are studying chemistry, and on into music rooms, in some of which are taught foreign playing and singing, and in others the music of Japan.

The Peeresses' school is by far the most fashionable and aristocratic of the empire, and a large part of its purpose is to fit the girls to take their places in society both at court and at home. Many of them become the wives of generals, state-men, and diplomats, and they have to uphold the position of their people. They all learn to draw and paint, and

they do so most beautifully. They are taught sewing and embroidery, and some of them do good work in sculpture. The Japanese are naturally artistic, and even the small girls write and sketch with great facility.

An important branch of the teaching is Japanese etiquette. The professor at the head of this department is an old man of the Samurai class, who is said to be the best of his kind in Japan. I watched him put about twenty young ladies through the proper evolutions necessary to the reception of a guest. The girls had to bend just so, keeping their backs perfectly straight as they bowed, and then getting down on their knees and spreading their hands out on the mats while they bent their heads to the floor. Their actions were wonderfully graceful, but the old gray haired professor was not satisfied unless each motion was in accord with the rules, and not a hair's breadth out of the way.

Japan's University for Women.

Japan has now a university for women. It was founded about eight years ago by Dr. Jinzo Naruse, who is its president. It has been aided by the emperor and empress and by many of the leading men of Japan. The empress gave 2000 yen toward it at the time of its opening, and many public men are contributing to its support. This institution has now 1300 students, and there are about 500 in its dormitories. I have spent the greater part of to-day in going through it. Situated on the outskirts of Tokio, it has from fifteen to twenty acres of beautiful grounds. Its main buildings are of foreign style. Some are brick and some are frame. They run around a campus filled with magnificent trees, and have a fine outlook over hill and hollow.

The institution has about 700 alumnae already, although the first class was graduated only six years ago. The first building I entered was the alumnae hall. The alumnae call themselves the Cherry and Maple Club. They are organized and they are doing a great deal to further the university. They publish a college newspaper known as the "Home Weekly," which deals altogether with college subjects and school news. They run a store, where the girls can buy anything they need from pins and needles to towels, perfumery and soap, and where are sold stationery books, and other school supplies.

Alumni Take Extra Work.

Many of the alumni are carrying on post-graduate work. Among other things, I was shown a diagram gotten up to disprove the statement that education is a bar to matrimony. This diagram by means of red lines exhibited the percentage of students who have married since their graduation. From it I saw that all but about 10 per cent of the first class of six years ago have entered into the bonds matrimonial, and that a large proportion of the graduates of each class then have done likewise. I doubt if any graduating class of Vassar, Wellesley, Smith, or Bryn Mawr can show as good a record.

In addition to this the alumni association has a dairy, gardens, a chicken yard and a cake-making establishment. It runs a grocery store, and in all of these institutions it employs the students, who to a large extent earn their way through school.

Of the graduates eight have recently gone to China to teach, and about 100 are teaching in Japan. Others are reporters and Government clerks. Some are employed in the railway offices, some in the libraries, and nine are studying social reform.

Higher Education for Women.

I was taken through the buildings by Miss Hirano, the professor of ethics, a charming woman who speaks English perfectly. We went through classroom after classroom, each filled with bright-looking students, either reciting or listening to lectures. In one hall there are 100 seniors taking down the notes of a lecture on students, either reciting or listening to classes being taught psychology and ethics. There are three courses in the university—preparatory, university, and post-graduate. The university proper has three departments. One is devoted to domestic science, another to Japanese literature, and another to English literature. The department of domestic science covers such things as ethics, psychology, pedagogy, physiology, economics, law, and science, and art, as well as physics, chemistry and the other natural sciences. The other two departments are still broader, and there are many elective courses of study.

The work done seems to me thorough. I spent some time in the chemical laboratories watching the girls analysing substances of various kinds. They have a half-dozen or more large rooms, well equipped with such appliances, and they are doing some original work.

In the Dormitories.

The dormitories of this university are especially interesting. There are twenty-seven of them, divided up into little rooms, each of which is occupied by from two to four students. Some of the dormitories are purely Japanese. In these the girls sleep on the floor, lying on futons or comforts, which they pack away in closets during the day time. They rest their necks on Japanese pillows, merely blocks of wood about the size of a brick, with a roll of soft tissue paper on top. The floors of the dormitories are covered with mats about an inch thick, so white and clean that one would not fear to eat off them.

Other dormitories have mattresses on low shelves, so arranged that the beds are covered with boards during the day-time. Then they serve as tables and desks. The girls take care of their own rooms and do all the house work, one servant only being in the employ of each dormitory. Every establishment has also a matron in charge.

An astronomer great, he was sitting out late.

With his telescope turned to the stars,
When to his surprise, there dashed down
From the skies

A most palpable message from Mars,
He did not understand, but a code book
at hand,

Which he hastened at once to procure,
Made the message quite plain, "Influences
again,

Can you send us Woods' Peppermint
Cure?"

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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.—It is a long time since I have written to you. I suppose you think I have forgotten all about you, but I haven't. I have been up in the country for five months, at a place called Junee; I was going to send you a letter from there, but had forgotten your address. I was staying with my uncle, and he has a big farm and orchard—he has several hundred fruit trees, and some peaches that if you give them even a touch they will run with juice. We all went down whenever we liked and got grapes, plums, peaches, and apples; then we would go down to the buggy house, get the broom and sweep away the dirt, make a shop and we would have lovely fun. Uncle has lots of cattle and sheep and horses. While I was up there I learnt to milk a cow. Uncle gave me a little calf, but I could not bring it down with me to Sydney. I went to Manly last Sunday, and went into the breakers. It was lovely. My father and sister went in too, and mother sat on the beach with a lady friend, watching us. It was very low tide, and when I went right out, it was not so deep as it was close to the beach. I went down to Kerosene Bay on Saturday, which is only a short distance from our home through the bush. I went down with my sister Jean and some other girls. We played and paddled in the water, and gathered periwinkles; then we came home, and boiled them. On Sunday we went down again; this time we gathered some oysters and cooked them with stones and ate them. We got some "Graphics" sent us with pictures of the Penguin wreck. What an awfully sad affair it was? My father is in the Union Company, and he knew some of the men that were drowned. I should not like to live in New Zealand near those volcanoes that blow up smoke and fire and stones and lava; we do not have any near Sydney. Since I wrote to you last we have moved to Bay-road, and have a lovely view of Sydney and the harbour; from our front verandah we can watch the steamers come in and go out. When we see a big red funnelled boat we always think it is a New Zealand boat. I hope you are well, Cousin Kate. My sister Jean and I are both well, and so are mother and father.—With love from DOROTHY.

[Dear Cousin Dorothy.—Not only did I think you had forgotten me, but I had nearly forgotten you, so it was just as well you wrote, wasn't it? Were you so delighted with the country, that you wanted to live there always, or were you quite pleased to be back in Sydney? That orchard would tempt most people out of town, but unfortunately the fruit doesn't last all the year, and farm life in winter would be very dreary I think, don't you? I am afraid that the calf would have been too much of a handful as a pet in town, though I expect you

were sorry to leave it behind. Some friendly of mine have just come back from Sydney, and they said they spent all their spare time bathing in the surf at Manly, they loved it so. The eruption has not affected us at all, in fact I had forgotten all about it. You would not feel at all afraid if you were here, but the wreck of the Penguin was too awful for words. Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate.—I have not written to you for a long time, so I will make it up now. It has not been very fine today; I think winter has set in because it is so wet and stormy. We are going to have our path asphalted round the house, so it should keep the house a bit cleaner this winter. Dad got a "Graphic" stereoscope when he paid his subscription last month, and I like looking at the "Graphic" views through it. My doll's name is Madge; it has brown eyes and fair hair. Some mornings I play with it in bed. I have cooking classes at school, where I get taught to cook. We have three cows; their names are Brindle, Nell and Judy. Brindle and Nell have two calves, called Molly and Blossom. I must say good-night now.—I remain, your affectionate Cousin DORIS.

[Dear Cousin Doris.—It is a very long time since I heard from you, but you are not the only one. I think this hot, muggy weather must be affecting all the cousins, because scarcely any of them have been writing regularly lately. I am afraid the wet weather will come before you get your paths done, and then they won't set hard all the winter. What will you do then?—Is it harder to get off them mud, isn't it? I always love it when the roads are being asphalted because I love the smell of tar. I think Madge must be a beauty. I admire people with fair hair and brown eyes more than any others. What kinds of things can you cook now? If you can cook at all well you are cleverer than I am, because I can't even cook a joint properly. I always cook it up to a cinder, my sister says, but that's the way I like it done. Who milks those three cows; you don't do you?—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate.—You will never think I am going to write to you. I do not know when my turn will come to go for a trip. We did not go down to see the fire at Campbell's Point. I have been learning to take photos, since I wrote to you last, and I have taken some today. I was sorry for the people at Birkenhead, too, when they were short of water, but they have plenty now, and the place does not look so dry as it did before. We are not having much fine weather now. Nellie arrived back in Auckland last Sunday morning by the s.s. Marama from Dunedin, and she was not a bit glad to get back; she likes Dunedin the best. Last Monday night we went down to the wharf to see a gentleman Nellie knew, on board the Marama, and I think the boat is just lovely.—With love from HAZEL.

[Dear Cousin Hazel.—Your turn to go visiting will come, you see if it doesn't and just when you least expect it, and you will have a good time, I am sure, when it comes. Photography is awful

interesting isn't it. I tried it once, and some of my efforts were too funny, for words, the funniest of all being a huge daisy bush walking round on a pair of trousered legs, and another of five headless people having afternoon tea out of doors. In spite of these failures I think it is a lovely amusement, and I mean to try again. I think Nellie ought to be smacked for liking any town better than her own, don't you? Send her back to stay all the winter there and see how she likes it then. The Marama is a lovely boat, isn't she; but don't think travelling by sea would appeal to me, even in that boat.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate.—I have not written to you for ages, but it is not quite my fault, because I scalded my hand rather badly and could not write. I was pouring some boiling water in a basin and poured it over my hand instead, it sounds so silly but it was none the less painful at that accident. I had a lovely time at Christmas, but it is so long ago that I have almost forgotten what I did and these holidays Kitty and I are going to stay at the Lake with Aunt Minnie again. We love staying over there, and some of the girls I know are coming over on Saturday for a picnic, so we ought to have some fun. I love picnics, don't you Cousin Kate. Mother has been ill for a fortnight, but she is much better again now, and she and father are going to Te Aroha.—Cousin ELSIE.

[Dear Cousin Elsie.—I am so sorry about your hand, scalds are so frightfully painful; very much the same thing happened to me once, only somebody bumped my elbow and it went over my foot, and I had to lie about for over a fortnight before I could bear a stocking on, let alone a shoe. Such crowds of people are going out of town for Easter, we went down to the train on Thursday morning and the train was crowded and it was such a long train too, and lots of people have tried to reserve seats for to night. I am very fond of picnics but I like small ones best, about six or eight of your friends that you like best is my idea of a perfect picnic. I was so sorry to hear about your mother. I hope a trip to Te Aroha will set her up again. Your family seem to have been in the wars; it was baby last time.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate.—I am very sorry I did not write before. On the first of April, we are going to a farm near Hunnandorp. There is a river with a boat on it. At Easter Daddy is coming up. I hope you and all the other cousins had a happy Christmas and a happy New Year. I am seven years old. Our music teacher, Mrs. Hutton, has eight little chicks, they are such dear little things. Our little kitten is getting quite big now.—From Cousin MINNIE.

[Dear Cousin Minnie.—I don't see how you can write very often, when it takes so long to get any answer, but I am always so pleased to hear from you. Do you like staying at farms, I am not at all sure that I do, but I would enjoy the river and the boat. I wonder if you will go out in it much.

I expect Daddy will take you out on the river when he comes, won't he? Thank you, I think we all had a good time at Christmas and I hope you did too. How is the music getting on, I should think your hands would be rather small yet for you to begin to play much, aren't they. Most of our chicks are grown up now and the others are at their ugly stage when all the fluff is gone and the feathers have not come; they look so bare and unhappy, poor things.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate.—Just a little letter to let you see I have not forgotten you. We have just had a nice fall of rain, after six weeks' drought. I dressed a dear dolly for the Ingleswood Show. I made the dress of pink nun's-veiling, and I got a first prize. We found four little kittens, one yellow, one black, and two yellow and white ones. We have jolly times at school now, playing all sorts of games. We went to a picnic at Sentry Hill, and we enjoyed ourselves so much. We went to hear the Kitties' Band, and the music was lovely. With love to all of the Cousins and yourself, from OLIVIE (Sentry Hill).

A riddle: What is it that goes from New Plymouth to Waitara without moving?—O.H.

[Dear Cousin Olive.—You would not think that just weeks without rain would make such a difference, would you? We were rather longer without it here, but of course, it doesn't affect us so much in town. Today it looks as if it wanted to rain, but couldn't; and I for one wish it would, because it might cool the air; the heat is awful. I am glad you got first prize for your doll. I am sure it must have looked very nice indeed. What will you do with all those kittens. I am always looking for a pure black kitten because I love them, and they are supposed to bring luck. So be sure to keep your black one. What sort of games do you play at school? Two of my little chums are wildly excited because they have improved so much with their tennis that quite big girls will play with them. As for that riddle the only answer I can think of is the railway lines. Is that right?—Cousin Kate.]

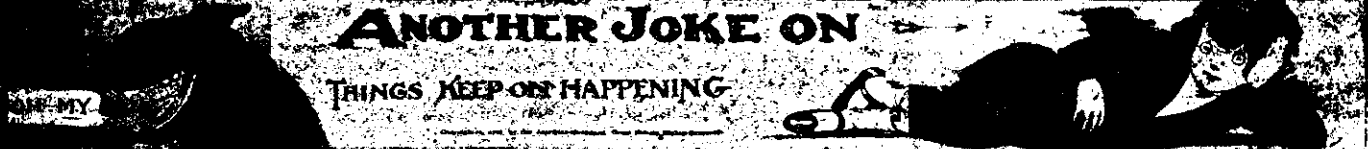
Dear Cousin Kate.—We take the "Graphic" every week, and I often read it. I am eleven, and am in the fifth standard. If you like I will ask one of my friends to join the Cousins' Pages. Do any of the children write stories? If they do I will write one next time. Will you send me a badge? What colours are they?—Cousin MARJORIE.

[Dear Cousin Marjorie.—I am always glad to have new cousins, but I only want them to join if they wish to. I am sending you a red badge, there are only two colours, red and dark blue, but they are both pretty, I think, and show up the gold lettering very well. Yes some of the Cousins write stories, and if they are good ones we are always glad to print them, but of course the editor has to read them and decide if they are good enough. So be sure you write a very good one indeed.—Cousin Kate.]

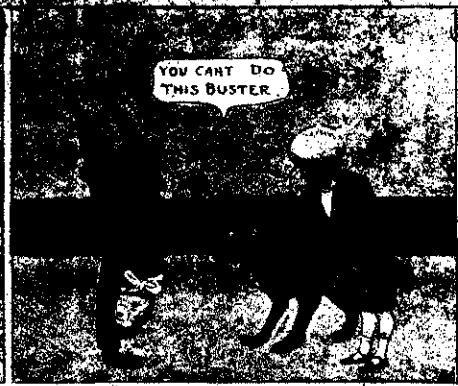
Dear Cousin Kate.—May I become one of your many Cousins? I would like to see my letter in print; I would like a black badge, please, if you have one to spare. I go to school, and I am in the third standard. There are only four white girls in the school. The name of the school is Marataha. We have a cat called Nigger. She had four kittens; we gave three away. We have a farm called Puminga, and my brother looks after the sheep on it. I must say good night to you and the Cousins.—I remain, yours truly, RITA.

[Dear Cousin Rita.—I shall be very pleased to have you for a Cousin, and you shall have your wish by seeing your letter printed. I am always frightened to look at my letters after I have written them, because when I read them over they, only seem fit for the waste-paper basket. I am sorry to say we haven't any black badges; we only have red and blue ones. So I have sent you the next best, and that is a dark blue one. I hope you will like it. How far are you from the town, and is it a new place? I was staying down in Gisborne some time ago, and I don't remember hearing the name Marataha at all. It is up the line, I suppose. Did you call your cat Nigger because he was black? What colour is the kitten you kept, and what have you called it?—Cousin Kate.]

ANOTHER JOKE ON THINGS KEEP ON HAPPENING



HEY MY
NOW BILLY,
YOU AND BUSTER PLAY
NICELY TOGETHER UNILE
WE ARE GONE



YOU CANT DO
THIS BUSTER



YOU CANT DO
THIS

THATS A HARD TRICK,
WE SAW THAT IN THE
CIRCUS.



HOWS THIS?



MA, BILLY IS A WONDER
I'M GOING TO TRY SOME OF
HIS TRICKS



I CANT DO THIS,
HEY TIGE?



HES RIGHT
I CANT

OUCH



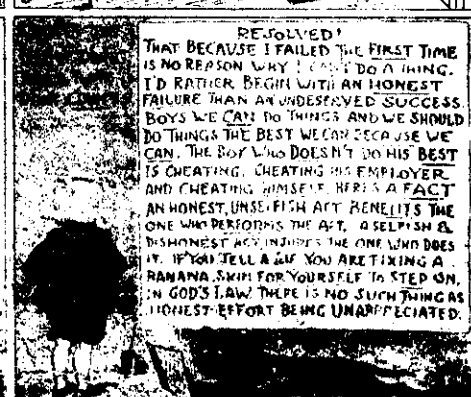
I CANT DO
THIS EITHER



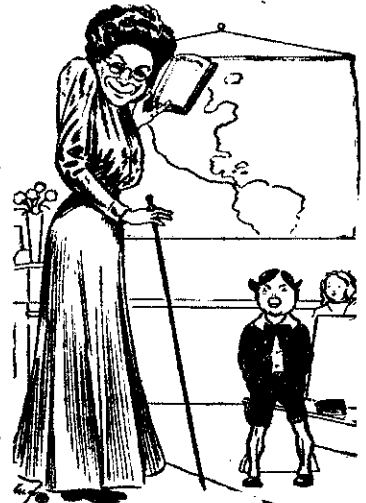
HERES ONE I KNOW
I CAN DO



I CANT DO
THAT ONE
EITHER



RESOLVED!
THAT BECAUSE I FAILED THE FIRST TIME
IS NO REASON WHY I CANT DO A THING.
I'D RATHER BEGIN WITH AN HONEST
FAILURE THAN AN UNDESERVED SUCCESS.
BOYS WE CAN DO THINGS AND WE SHOULD
DO THINGS THE BEST WE CAN BECAUSE WE
CAN. THE BOY WHO DOESN'T DO HIS BEST
IS CHEATING, CHEATING HIS EMPLOYER,
AND CHEATING HIMSELF. HERES A FACT
AN HONEST, UNSELFISH ACT BENEFITS THE
ONE WHO PERFORMS THE ACT, A SELFISH &
DISHONEST ACT INJURES THE ONE WHO DOES
IT. IF YOU TELL A LIE YOU ARE FIXING A
RAMANA SKIN FOR YOURSELF TO STEP ON.
IN GOD'S LAW THERE IS NO SUCH THING AS
HONEST EFFORT BEING UNAPPRECIATED.



THE SPELLING CLASS.

Teacher: "Spell coincidence, Willie."
 Willie: "I can't spell it, but I can tell what it means."
 Teacher: "Well, then, what does it mean?"
 Willie: "Twins."

AN OLD BACHELOR.

She: "So the fortune teller told you that you would never marry."
 He: "Yes—that is, indirectly."
 She: "What did she say?"
 He: "She said I was born to command."



TERRITORIAL TROUBLES.

Recruit: "Please, sergeant, I've got a splinter in my 'aud."
 Sergeant-Instructor: "Wot yer been doin'? Strokin' yer 'end'?"

DIFFERENT.

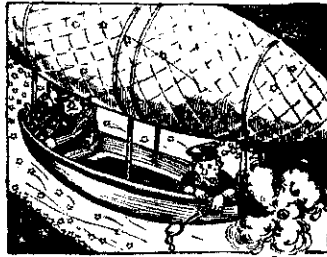
"Cheer up, old man," said the consoling friend, "You know, love laughs at locksmiths."
 "Yes, I know," replied the dejected lover. "But her father ain't a locksmith; he's a boilermaker."

ALL THE DIFFERENCE.

Nini—George says that my beauty intoxicates him.
 Elsie—I heard that he says you were enough to drive a man to drink.

CITING AN EXAMPLE.

"People admire a man who stands on his own feet," remarked the moraliser.
 "Yes," rejoined the demoraliser, "especially in a crowded car."



The Pilot: What makes her go so slow?
 The Engineer: We're passing through the milky way and the propeller's full of butter!

NOT ABSENT MINDED.

Professor (coming from his club triumphantly holding up his umbrella)—
 You see, my dear Alma, how stupid are all the anecdotes about our absent-mindedness; you see, I haven't forgotten my umbrella.

Mrs. Professor.—But, my dear, you didn't take your umbrella with you; you left it at home.



Niece (awakened by unusually violent shock): "What's the matter, Uncle George?"

Uncle G.: "Run down a canoe, my dear."

Niece: "Oh, but you'll apologise nicely, won't you?"

Uncle G.: "Well, my dear, I'm just waiting to catch their attention."

PROTECTED GAME.

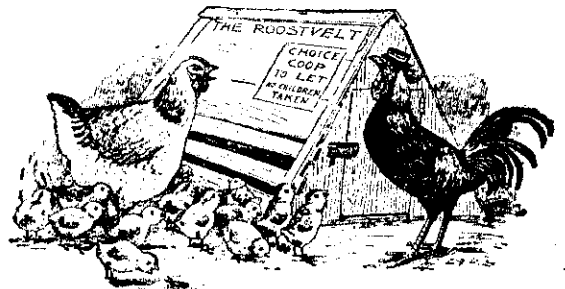
Young Hunter: "It's strange that I can't hit anything."
 His Guide: "I guess it's because I'm behind a tree."

KEPT IT DARK.

Mother—Lucy, did you tell God how naughty you were last night?
 Lucy—No, ma; for I was ashamed to let it out of the family.



She (sincerely): "Well, I suppose, Jack, you are not perfect?"
 Jack: "No, darling; but when I am with you I am very near perfection!"



"Land sakes, but what am I to do? Nobody wants to take children."
 "It's your own fault, madam, for being so old-fashioned. You should have had your children raised in an incubator."