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The Week in Review

The Leys Institute.

THE best antidote to bad literature is the provision of good literature, and anything that tends to this end deserves the thanks and the support of the community. St. Paul's maxim was that we should overcome evil with good, and in nothing does this hold more true than in our choice of books. If we once accustom ourselves to enjoy what is highest and best in the literature of all time we shall be able to oppose a shield of triple bronze to the Maurian arrows of the enemy. Few institutions have done more in this direction than the Leys Institute, Ponsonby. The library is one of the finest in the Southern hemisphere, and the books have been most carefully selected. An especial feature is made of technical works, and during last year 148 books dealing with the arts and trades were placed upon the shelves. So greatly has this department grown that a special room has now been devoted to this part of the library. In addition to books of every kind the Institute provides for lectures and concerts during the winter months, and has a gymnasium club, a draughts club, a Shakespeare club, debating and literary societies, and other provision for instruction and recreation. Auckland owes much to the munificence of its private citizens, and to few does it owe more than to the generous founders and benefactors of the Leys Institute.

A Unique Award.

The Australasian Royal Humane Society has awarded its gold medal to a woman, this being the first occasion on which a woman has gained this much coveted distinction. The cable message briefly stated that the medal had gone to a Mrs Kennedy, wife of a railway line repairer, for conspicuous bravery in snatching a child from almost under the wheels of an engine. There were no details, but an Australian paper shows it to have been one of the most courageous acts of self-sacrifice and heroism ever reported. The story bristles with sensation. The Goulbourn Valley train, which left Seymour at 9.20 a.m. on December 4, had almost reached the level

crossing, about two miles south of Waring Station, when the engine driver, Michael Keane, and the fireman, Arthur A. Stedel, noticed a little child, aged 3½ years, on the line a short distance ahead. The driver promptly opened the whistle of the engine as a warning. The screech of the whistle attracted the attention of Mrs Lavinia Kennedy, wife of Thomas Kennedy, line repairer, who, looking out at the door of her gatekeeper's cottage, saw the little girl, Eileen Moira Mulcahy, on the rail at the cattle pit by the crossing. The train was travelling at 25 miles an hour, and was within 15 yards. She made a dash forward, and, heedless of the risk to herself, sprang in front of the approaching train. She jumped on to the cattle pit, and, throwing her body across one of the logs, seized the child—snatched it almost from under the wheels of the engine, and dropped with it on to the bars of the pit. Even then her position was most hazardous, for she was lying partly in the cattle pit and partly across the log, and wedged therein by the barbed wire protecting the pit. Her head was within 9in of the rail, and the wheels were sweeping her hair as the train passed over her. The engine was pulled up, and the fireman ran back to see how the woman and child had fared. To use his own words in the statutory declaration furnished to the society by the fireman: "To my great and glad surprise I found both were uninjured. A brave and heroic deed it was; for an instant's hesitation or a slip of any sort would have meant certain death to both, as the train was travelling over 20 miles an hour."

Women Masqueraders.

Although Miss Amy Beck has succeeded in producing a sensation unique in the history of the Dominion, she cannot lay claim to be the only woman who has successfully played the part of bridegroom at a wedding. History has afforded more than one instance of a woman going through the marriage ceremony with another woman. The most famous case was when a Spanish military nun named Catalina de Branzo got married to a Spanish-American lady named Juana. But here the nun's motive for the fraud was ample—viz., to save her-

self from an immediate and awful death. The bride never knew the truth, the nun making her escape immediately after the wedding ceremony, and never been seen again by Juana; but there is no doubt she would have sanctioned the fraud to save the life of her whom she loved. She lived and died a soldier, and the secret of her sex would probably never have been discovered had she not, after a deadly struggle, saved the life of a woman whom she barely knew, and in that struggle received a wound in the breast that immediately betrayed her sex. As is well known, it was no less a personage than the Pope who licensed the military nun henceforth to wear a cavalry officer's dress. In heart, courage, strength and skill with the sword she equalled all and surpassed most men.

Clean Sport

The New Zealand Boxing Council is to be congratulated on the efforts it is making to purify the sport from all objectionable features. Many people object to boxing exhibitions because of the manner in which some of these exhibitions are conducted, for few could be found to object to the exercise itself. Everybody knows that it is good for a youth to learn the art of self-defence. He learns courage and self-control, he can defend himself and others if occasion arises, he is compelled to be temperate in his habits. That the sport is becoming increasingly popular amongst us is no doubt due to the efforts of the Boxing Council to keep it free from any suspicion of unsportsmanlike practices. In the Boxing Council's report there is a reference to this matter. The Council states that "the determination of local associations to keep the sport clean is shown by the fact that during the season four persons were punished by life disqualification for various offences. This promptness to deal severely with cases of misconduct in and out of the ring, has had a very great influence on the public mind, showing, as it does, that those who are primarily interested in the sport are keenly alive to their responsibilities, and to the necessity that exists for eliminating anything of a nature likely to arouse adverse public criticism. The past season, undoubtedly, was the most successful that has been recorded since the foundation of the council. Thanks to the support given by the Press, and the sympathy of the authorities, and the earnest and conscientious labours of those identified with the various local associations, the sport is now firmly established and is rapidly becoming one of the most popular in the Dominion." Everybody will agree in wishing the Council all success in their laudable endeavour to raise to its proper place in public estimation the manly art of self-defence.

Our National Vices.

Our two great national vices are said to be gambling and a craze for experimental legislation. The latter is probably the outcome of the former. It would seem that the gambling instinct is taking a firm hold of the rising generation and that even the Maori children are following the footsteps of their pakela comrades. A correspondent, writing to the "Manawatu Standard," gives an instance showing how quick

the native is to imitate the white man. He says:—"Coming up from Foxton this morning by train at the first stopping place a dozen young Maori boys got in on their way to school at Grouse Bridge. No sooner were they in than down went every window in the carriage and out went a dozen heads. Yet they were well behaved, and soon broke into song. I don't think I ever heard 'The Old Folks at Home' more sweetly rendered; nor do I think the same number of pakela boys taken haplessly could have come near them. But I was rather astonished when they alighted at the Bridge to see about half of them settle in the middle of the frosty road, and taking silver and copper coins from their pockets begin to gamble like any two-up school in the Dominion. I think it was 'pitch and toss' they played, but to see the cool way they pocketed one another's cash; their honoured parents could not have done it better. Whatever other bumps may be missing, the bump of imitation must predominate in the native race. How true it is. Train up a child in the way you want him to go and you may rely on it he won't be far off the mark in the end. And so sure as we sow dock seeds in our garden plots it is useless to expect a crop of Christmas lilies from it."

Technical Education.

The Napier Technical School Board has provided every facility for technical training, and has erected a healthy and handsome building in a suitable locality. Capable instructors are in attendance, and the only lack is a lack of pupils. In Palmerston North, where the school is not so modern or so commodious, there is a roll number of 650, while Napier, with its better facilities, can only boast of 170 pupils. A local paper says that the evening classes at the Napier school are suffering badly for the want of better support. A carpentry and joinery class has had to be discontinued for the lack of young tradesmen to take up the work. The class provided for instruction in skilled carpentry in all its branches, and only asked that a pupil should give up one hour of his time a week. The following figures show the support afforded to the other classes:—Building construction and drawing 6, plumbing 10, bookkeeping 13, house-painting and decorating 10, mechanical engineering 10, wood-carving 6, art class 6, geometrical drawing 3, chemistry 4, drassmaking 6. Classes in the chemistry of agriculture and domestic science have had to be abolished owing to the fact that support was not forthcoming. Similar complaints have come from other parts of the Dominion. Parents should remember that technical training is one of the most important branches of education, and that unless these schools are properly supported the grant will in all probability be considerably reduced and the schools will be financially crippled.

A Modern Oracle.

The Wellington Trades and Labour Council has decided that in future reporters from the capitalistic Press are not to be admitted to its discussions and deliberations. The decision is probably a wise one, judging from some of the reports published. The members of the Council do not desire that publicity should be given to what they term "little

The Immigrant Maid

Petition to Parliament—Scarcity of Domestic Help

By Dog Toby.

The Decreasing Supply.

FROM all parts of the Dominion comes the cry of the scarcity of domestic help, and a monster petition is to be presented to Parliament from the women of New Zealand asking for a system of free immigration for single young women suitable for domestic service. From some totally unexplained cause girls seem to prefer any sort of work to house work, and they are willing to work in a factory for half the wages they would receive in a private house. The demand for domestic workers has of late years steadily increased, whilst the supply of girls and young women offering for such work has just as steadily diminished. The consequence is that although people living in the towns are not quite so badly off as those in the country, yet both in town and country there are numerous families quite unable to obtain any help, and the tired wife and mother has to do all her own work and drag along as best she can. Sometimes the husband helps a bit, and the men are getting quite adepts at cooking and washing up, but a man who is working all day cannot be expected to do more than get breakfast and polish the stove in the morning and wash up the day's dishes at night.

The Woman's Burden.

It is on the women folk that the main burden of colonial life must fall. A young girl gets married and just at first finds a pleasure in looking after her new home. But with the years come increasing cares, and the young mother cannot look after her house and care for her bairns unaided without her health suffering. She is married, perhaps, to a man in the professional walks of life and she has certain social duties to perform. (Dolls must be paid and received, the claims of society must be met, and there are two or three little nites at home to be washed and fed and dressed. It is not merely the cooking and keeping the house and the children tidy, there is always the spectre of "Black Monday" when the family washing and ironing has to be done. And the brave little woman tackles it all, and always wears a smile and gives a welcome to her friends, and tries to hide from her husband how tired she feels. It is only when she is alone, and her back is aching and her head swimming, that she will sit down before her pile of dishes and pots, or her stack of linen waiting to be ironed, and she will have what she would call a good cry. And the man never knows or never thinks, he gives her all the reward she needs if he praises her cooking or approves her neatness. If he does know, or if he does think, he curses the day when he came to a country where women, gently born and bred, are condemned to marriage to a life of household drudgery and toil.

The Effect on Health.

But there is another aspect of the case that is yet more serious. It is a well-known fact that the health of women in this country is often seriously affected by the hardships to which they are subjected. Any medical man will bear out the assertion that certain kinds of female ailments are more common here than at home. This cannot but affect the birth-rate and the physique of succeeding generations. The question is not merely one that concerns the comfort of the well-to-do classes; it is a national question, and concerns the whole community. Some married couples, in despair at getting any household help, give up housekeeping and take to living in boarding-houses; others neglect their children; often a wife will break down under the strain, and become a chronic invalid. The woman who is constantly worried by the double tie of motherhood and housework is apt to develop a querulous temper, and the whole home suffers in consequence.

Need for Immigration.

Whatever may be said as regards immigration for other classes of workers,

there can be no doubt as to the demand that exists for domestic helps. Any registry office in the Dominion could find places for double the number of those who apply. If settlers live away from the main centres of population, no amount of money will tempt girls to enter their service. Each of our four large towns could absorb over a hundred domestic immigrants a month, and still leave many vacancies unfilled. The country districts could absorb a still larger number. But the girls are not to be had. Surely a Government which desires to see the country settled should not only spend money on roads and bridges, but should also be willing to bring to our shores young women, who as domestic helps first and wives and mothers afterwards will do more than any road or any bridge to promote the comfort and welfare of our homes and the consequent settlement of our land.

A Hindrance to Settlement.

For many a young fellow hesitates to go on the land because he knows what it means for his young wife. Away from the varied recreation of city life, she is further isolated by not being able to secure any help in her household duties. She is left absolutely alone all day whilst her husband is at work, and in good health and bad health she has to struggle through her day's work absolutely unaided. For no matter how kind the mistress, no matter how healthy the district, no matter how high the wages offered, girls absolutely will not go to places in the country. And the men, knowing this, prefer to take positions near town, where there is some chance of help for their wives, to taking up land where their wives will be doomed to perpetual isolation and unending drudgery.

Sign the Petition.

It behoves everybody to assist by all means in their power those who are trying to get the Government to move in this matter. The petition, a copy of which is subjoined, should be signed by every woman in the Dominion who has the welfare of her native land at heart. It is not a petition from any one class; it is not a petition that seeks to lower wages. It is a matter that concerns our homes, our wives, our little ones. It is, above all, a matter that concerns our national well-being, for the nation ultimately rests on motherhood, and motherhood rests on health and strength. There are, of course, other ways of remedying in some small measure the scarcity of domestic help, but of these I must treat next week. The main remedy at present lies in doing all in our power to attract to our shores immigrants able and willing to undertake domestic duties.

The Petition.

The petition runs as follows:—
To the Honourable the Speaker and Members of the House of Representatives in Parliament Assembled.

The Petition of the undersigned, women of the Dominion of New Zealand, humbly sheweth:—

1. That your Petitioners are women of the Dominion of New Zealand over the age of twenty-one years.
2. That your petitioners desire to bring under the notice of Parliament the fact that there has been for some years past a great decrease in the number of girls and single young women offering themselves for domestic service consequent upon a disinclination on their part to follow such avocation, and this condition of things has been rendered more acute owing to the increasing demand for women workers in our manufacturing industries as a result of the coming into operation of the Preferential Tariff.
3. That though for some time past there has also been an increasing demand for domestic workers, there has, owing to the facts above mentioned, been an ever decreasing supply of girls and young women offering for such work.
4. That your petitioners are of opinion that never in the history of New Zealand has the want of strong, able and willing

domestic workers been so pronounced as at the present time.

5. That by reason of the promised numbers of women and mothers of the Dominion are daily called upon to bear burdens almost too heavy to be borne.

6. That your petitioners are of opinion that if the condition of things complained of continue unremedied, a serious menace to the health of the women of our land will be occasioned, a further decline in the birth-rate of the Dominion may result, and the physique and upbringing of succeeding generations may be detrimentally affected.

7. That not only is the health of the women of the Dominion and their children affected or threatened by reason of the conditions obtainable, but in many cases the peace and happiness of the home are seriously affected, and your petitioners are aware of numbers who have already given up housekeeping by reason of the matters complained of, and they view with apprehension the future of the home life of the country.

8. Your petitioners would point out that it is not the wealthy or well-to-do classes who suffer the most acutely by reason of the dearth of domestic workers as the members of such class can by reason of their position obtain domestic workers by holding out inducements of increased salary and other privileges and conditions which the majority of the housewives of the country find it impossible to concede.

9. Your petitioners strongly disavow any intention of objecting to the present standard of wages for domestic workers, or of suggesting the adoption of any measure which might directly or indirectly have the effect of reducing such wages which your petitioners regard as one of the chief attractions to the immigrant.

10. Your petitioners are aware that settlers even slightly removed from centres of population find it in numerous cases impossible to procure that help which is essential in the case of a mother with a young family.

11. Your petitioners would also emphasize the fact disclosed by the Registrar-General's returns that there were on the 31st March, 1908, 81,000 more males than females in the Dominion.

12. Your petitioners are of opinion that the grievances under which so many of the Women of the Dominion labour could be remedied, if not entirely removed, by the Government adopting for a time a system of free immigration for single young women suitable for domestic service.

13. Your petitioners are also of the opinion that the free immigration of strong, willing and able single women of good character, even if without previous experience in domestic service, would at once prove of great benefit to numbers of over-worked mothers and women of the Dominion, while such a movement, by reason of the girls ultimately marrying and settling in the country must make for the closer settlement and future prosperity of our land.

Your petitioners therefore humbly pray—

(a) That the grievances under which your petitioners labour may receive the careful consideration of the Honourable Members of the House of Representatives.

(b) That steps may immediately be taken by the Government of the Dominion to establish a system of free immigration from the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland for single young women of good health and character, who are suitable for and willing to follow the calling of domestic service.

(c) That with the view of obtaining a class of single young women suitable to the requirements of the Dominion, the Government establish bureaux, and that such be placed under women of experience, intimately acquainted with the condition of things here obtaining, and with a proper knowledge of the description of the future colonist required.

(d) That such young women, when selected, be placed under suitable and efficient matrons immediately prior to embarkation, and remain under such supervision during the voyage and after arrival in the Dominion, until such time as suitable positions have been found for them.

And your petitioners, as in duty bound, will ever pray, etc.

Continuation sheets for signature in connection with the above can be obtained on application to "The Editor, the 'Graphic,' Auckland." The petition may also be seen at J. H. Upton and Co., booksellers, or Milne and Choyce, Queen-street, Auckland.

unpleasant incidents," nor are they anxious to see in print the "fusilades of silly interjections" with which different members strive to enliven the proceedings. In ancient times the greatest reverence was paid the statues and images which were reported by the priests to have opened their mouths and uttered oracles. The oracular decision was alone made public. Similarly, members of the Council will be reported to have moved their lips, and their oracular pronouncements will be given to the world minus the little unpleasant incidents and fusilades of silly interjections that detract so much from the weight and dignity of the Delphic utterance. A reporter from a special Labour paper will be allowed to attend the meetings, and we presume his report will be rigorously censored before it is allowed to see the light of day.

The Price of Bread.

The Napier Master Bakers' Association tried to establish the coupon system, but after a short trial decided to abandon it. It was unfortunate for them that they started the new system at a time when it was necessary to increase the price. Customers had been paying 3jd a loaf, and the coupons were issued at 3s. 0d. a dozen. Naturally, people objected to paying more for a dozen coupons than they had been paying for the single loaf. The price of bread has now been reduced again to 3jd, and those who purchased the coupons at the higher rate are to be given a compensating allowance. The coupon system does not seem to have met with general acceptance. Many people had been dealing with the same tradesmen for years on monthly accounts, and they resented the idea that they must pay for their bread in advance. Some bakers abandoned the coupon system after the first couple of days, alleging that the time occupied in first selling and then getting back the coupons caused considerable delay, and involved overtime, for which the employers had to pay. It certainly seems that if customers are expected to pay in advance some substantial concession in price should be made, but it is doubtful if the coupon system could ever be universally accepted owing to the dislike most people have to paying for a thing before they get it.

An Indian Problem.

There are few questions that cause greater perplexity to our rulers and statesmen in India than the best way of dealing with barbarous native customs that are woven in with the Hindu religion. Child-marriage and child-widows present problems that have hitherto baffled all efforts of legislators to solve. According to the code of Manu, eight years of age is the minimum and twelve years of age is the minimum and two years for a high-caste girl. The early marriages naturally lead to much widowhood, and it is calculated that there are 25 millions of widows in India. A widow is looked upon as an "inauspicious" thing, and her life is rendered intolerable in every possible way. It was with a view of doing something to minister to these child-widows that the Mukti Mission was started. Over 1800 widows are supported and cared for at the mission at a cost of nearly £600 a month, and an association has been formed in New Zealand for the purpose of assisting in this humane work. Mrs George Mackenzie, of Queenstown, the general secretary of the New Zealand Auxiliary of the Mukti Mission, has recently returned from visiting India and England and the principal places en route, and she has secured a choice selection of Indian and Oriental goods. These are to be sold for the benefit of the Mission. The "Indian and Oriental Bazaar," as it is called, attracted great attention in Dunedin, and a similar bazaar will be held in Auckland on Thursday, Friday and Saturday of this week. Not only is the object a thoroughly deserving one, but a unique opportunity is presented of acquiring rare and valuable Eastern curio.

Sayings of the Week

Back to the Land.

UNFORTUNATELY everywhere in advanced nations there is a tendency on the part of the people to drift to the cities and towns. In England over three-quarters of the whole population are in the towns and cities. This tends to national decay, and the great salvation of a nation is to keep its people on the land. Statistics as to the physical deterioration of the poorer classes by city life show that a country should make the utmost effort to check the drift to the larger centres of population. This tendency is evident in New Zealand also. In 1906 for every 100 persons resident in the counties 92.5 resided

An Australian Navy.

I am in favour of the Australian navy for two reasons. First, because I believe that it would provide greater opportunities to Australians to show their skill and grit, for by the formation of a navy Australians will have a direct opportunity of serving in ships that I hope and believe will still continue to be part of the navy of the Empire, and of serving side by side with the men of the older service. I am also in favour of the project for a wider and Imperial reason. I believe that the time is arriving when every part of the Empire must make due contribution to Imperial defence.—*Lord Dudley.*

Only One Fleet.

There was only one fleet in the whole world that was at sea from January 1st in one year to January 1st the next year. That was the fleet of Great Britain. The defence of Australia lay in the defence of these high-roads of the sea. The whole control and protection of these roads must be in the hands of a central Power, the great force of the British navy. The best defence of the Empire lay in the power of instantly taking the offensive.—*Admiral Poore.*

Ladies Please Note.

I believe, in especial and most emphatically, that the political enfranchisement of women in New Zealand will prove, in the ultimate result, to be the worst thing that ever befel the country; because in practice, the great majority of the women that trouble to vote are either fools or dupes. I find women in this country voting for men for all sorts of reasons—because this man or that is such a "good" man, because he is a teetotaler,

perilous times ahead for the great nations, and I would not have my England weakened now. I am glad of it, because I realise that the future is for the individual, and the average woman moves naturally in masses whenever she gets into the arena of public affairs.—*Frank Morton.*

Melba's Tribute to Labour.

I had no idea to what extent Labour legislation prevailed here until it was brought practically home to me. In one of the towns where I sang I was unable to get any supper after the concert. The members of the Cooks' Union would not work after seven p.m., and had my butler not gone to work and cooked me a chop I should have had to go supperless.—*Madame Melba.*

The Essence of Liberalism.

The true principles of advanced Liberalism lie below the National Antiquities Bill and Land for Settlements Finance Bill, namely, that the State should, like an intelligent parent, actively promote the material well-being of every man and woman who, without sufficient means, is anxious to help himself or herself; that the degree of such promotion should correspond to the burdens of parentage a man or woman is bearing in the interests of the State; that self-help must precede State help. These principles sum up the essence of advanced Liberalism.—*Sir Joseph Ward.*

Scientific Emigration.

From every point of view, moral, physical and political, I have very strong feeling that we ought to be at work promoting scientific emigration from the old countries. We should not simply hurl our wasters out to the colonies, but choose the emigrants carefully and send them out according to the old Greek system under which families and whole villages were sent away. Thus old ties were not altogether broken when they got into the new country. If this were done side by side with the back to the land movement, it need not be a movement that the Labour party need have any fear of. It would do more than many battleships to secure the country from invasion. Judiciously promoted, emigration is the true defence of Australia, and I only wish that it had been set about a few years ago.—*Dr. Thomas Hodgkin, D.C.I.*

True Imperialism.

The true link of Imperialism is the link of a law common in its essential principles to all subjects of the King, a law which binds the Empire together in administration which is founded on unflinching loyalty to justice, on the unprejudiced search for truth.—*Lord Shaw.*



THE MARINE PAINTERS OF ENGLAND AND GERMANY.

Uncle Edward (to William): "Your little marine masterpiece is too ambitious; keep it as a study."

in boroughs, while in 1901 for every 100 in the counties there were 84 in the boroughs. That is to say, in a period of five years the trend towards the cities increased by 8.5 per cent.—*Sir Joseph Ward.*

The Purpose of Museums.

Museums should be made educational. The mere exhibition of a lot of specimens does very little good unless it is explained where they came from and their relation to the different species. Some really good museums fail in this particular. They are made for those who already know, and do not efficiently educate the people who do not know.—*Dr. Thomas Hodgkin, D.C.I.*

Frank Morton's Ideal Woman.

The world is full of food, but a truly good dinner is still quite the rarest of earthly events. There are probably more perfect poets in the world than perfect cooks. We have all heard of great men marrying their cooks, and all these great men have been very wise. If you have a good cook, you may take it as an axiom that it is better to marry her than to lose her. But you must not deceive yourself. Blessed among women is the good cook, and she doesn't occur much oftener than once in a generation.—*Frank Morton.*

The Best Antidote.

Books were a great factor in the making of true men and women, and when they had such an institution as the one they were in it was a matter for great gratitude. They had heard a good deal about immoral literature. He considered the best way to counteract it was to provide moral literature, and that was done by the Lays Institute.—*Rev. A. MacCaulley Oskidell.*

Faults on Both Sides.

The rich have been too ready to hand over their children to nurses and governesses to be educated, and the poor to hand theirs to the State and get them educated anyhow.—*Canon Neubolt.*

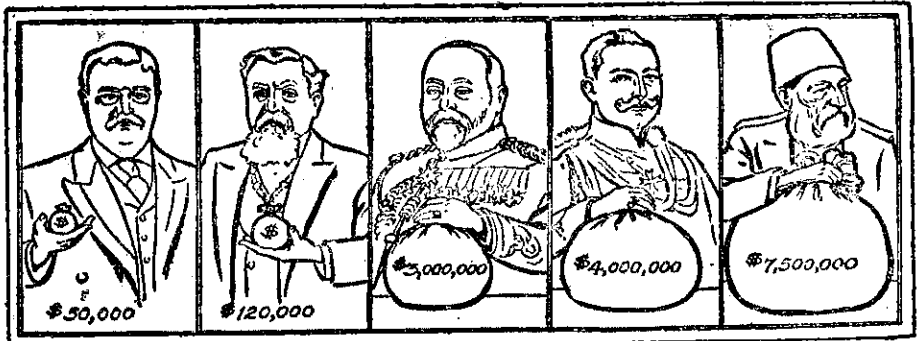
An Honest Trade.

One advantage of technical and manual training is that it gives a boy a bent for an honest trade, instead of an ambition for quill-driving in an office.—*Mr. C. J. Ferr, Auckland.*

Sunshine and Shadow.

In life sunshine and shadow succeeded one another as quickly as on an April day. Whether the result was happiness or sorrow depended a great deal on which elements they looked at or brooded over. If they turned their backs on their blessings and magnified their troubles they made themselves miserable; if they looked to the sunshine and left the shadows behind them they would find that they had much to be thankful for, and in most cases that the good things were real, while what seemed evils were but blessings in disguise.—*Lord Avebury.*

because he was so good to Willie that time, because he is so awfully nice, because he is so kind to his mother, because he is such a good speaker.—*And I find, as I go about, that of the questions that most vitally affect this state endangered, these voting women know little or nothing. Many of the wisest and noblest of the women do not vote. In England, many or most of the noblest and wisest of the women are guided, by some divine intuition that directs the whitest souls, to oppose the suffragists' cry and claim. I'm glad of that. I am glad of it because there are*



President Roosevelt. President Fallieres. King Edward. Emperor William. Abdul Hamid.

THE EFFECT OF THE ABSENCE OF A WAGE SCALE.

Financing the Farmer.

The lending of money to farmers and others for acquisition of land and its development should be done by mortgage and investment companies or by means of the Advances to Settlers Department. No bank has a right to lock up its funds (which very largely are lent by the public either at call or at short date) in advances on land. I am hopeful that during the coming session of Parliament our members will see the wisdom of authorising the raising of a large sum of money by the Government to be lent by the Advances to Settlers Department.—*Mr. Harold Beachamp, Chairman Bank of New Zealand.*

HEALTH FOR THE CHILDREN

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

Restoring the appetite is the first step back to health, and

Stearns' Wine of Cod Liver Oil

given faithfully for a short time will do it. The children need not even know it is a medicine, for the taste is very pleasant, and does not suggest cod liver oil in the least. But the effect is certain.

For persons of every age Stearns' Wine of Cod Liver Oil is an unfailing tonic, appetizer, and strength renewer. Get it at your chemist's, and be sure you get STEARNS'—the genuine.

The Club Smoking Room

By HAVANA.

Pulpit and Press.

PARSONS," began the journalist, "are all right when they talk about things they know something about, but they always go out of their way to attack things of which they are profoundly ignorant. A Presbyterian chap has been lifting up his voice against what he calls the boasted power of the Press. He denounces as sinful pride the very harmless vanity of liking to set one's name in print, which, he reminds us, is only printer's ink. He evidently considers that there is a close and subtle association between the printer's devil and his Satanio majesty. He objects to a newspaper because it is a business and is conducted with the object of making money. But what would he have? If a newspaper doesn't pay, who is going to stand the loss? Some of the best known church papers are excellent money-making concerns, and I have yet to learn that any religious paper has flourished for long at a dead monetary loss. But if he means that all principle is sacrificed for pecuniary gain, then he does not know much about the Press of the Dominion."

Are We Too Serious?

"I must confess," assented the padre, "that I think my learned brother has gone a little outside his province in his remarks. I have never known any country where the tone of the papers generally was as high as it is in New Zealand. There are, of course, a few black sheep and some few—but very few—papers might reasonably be objected to. But we have every cause to be thankful that sensational yellow press journalism has as yet obtained no footing amongst us. Public men are criticised on public grounds, but there is no prying into their private life. The great curse of journalism in some parts of America is that home privacy is not respected, and every little detail of a public man's life is dragged into the full glare of publicity. This keeps many good men back from offering their services to the State, and the whole country suffers in consequence. If there is any fault to be found with our papers, I should say that it lay rather in their over-seriousness than in their lack of moral fibre. Some of the leading articles in small country journals strike one as being a trifle pompous in tone, but their morality is always unexceptionable, and their advice excellent, even if the crowned heads of Europe do not always follow the suggestions offered for their guidance by the Woolloomidge Advocate, with which has been incorporated its erstwhile rival the Woolloomidge Mirror."

The Golden Age.

"Our lack of humour," replied the cynic, "arises from our lack of any sense of proportion. We are quite isolated out here, and local events are apt to assume undue importance in our eyes. Then, again, we have solved so many problems by our various legislative measures and enactments that we lose patience with older countries still pottering along with antiquated methods, and we give them a little wholesome and well-meant advice. That they don't always take it is their own fault and their own loss. The world would be a small Paradise if it would give effect to the different resolutions proposed by our various Labour Councils alone. A resolution was passed unanimously calling on the State to abolish disease; another good idea was that all trains and trams and steamers should be free; a third suggestion was to the effect that we should not be called upon to pay away our hard-earned money to storekeepers or landlords. Yet the

powers that he have so far ignored these really excellent suggestions, goodness only knows why. If we don't wake up and do something startling very soon, we shall be surprised by the State of Maine, where the legislators are inaugurating a career of progressive legislation by introducing a bill for taxing those who are irreclaimable bachelors."

Three Proposals.

"An excellent and truly praiseworthy idea," remarked the benedict. "The modern idea of taxation is to tax luxuries, and if being a bachelor is a luxury then I don't know what is. Men are showing an increased disinclination to

statutory number of proposals. All men over thirty are liable to be taxed unless they are actually inmates of a lunatic asylum. There is a certain grim humour about this last clause that betrays the hand of the married man who reflects sadly on his own idiocy in having given up his freedom."

The Decay of Romance.

"The fact that it should be necessary to compel men to marry under threat of a substantial fine," said the dominie, "goes far to remove the last shred of that romance that is popularly supposed to cling to things matrimonial. It severs of giving men a choice of evils—the tax levied by the State or the tax of supporting a wife. I believe the present tendency towards celibacy on the part of the upper and the middle classes is due to the lower idea of duty prevalent amongst both men and women. We think too much of the pleasures of life and too little of its responsibilities. A man hesitates

Too Many Dreadnaughts.

"As a means of raising revenue," put in the M.P., "a tax on bachelors should be a pronounced success, but as a means of promoting matrimony it would probably be a gigantic failure. Still, the great question of the present day is how to find new sources of revenue for our national exchequer. Germany, France and England are all face to face with large deficits, and the proposed increase in taxation recently announced in these countries have not been very enthusiastically received. It really seems as if some help will have to be called soon in the building of armaments. The race to build Dreadnaughts cannot go on for ever, and works of social reform are being seriously hampered by our enormous expenditure on armies and navies. Surely it should be possible for England and America to come to some understanding that would enable them to unite their fleets, and so offer to the world a superiority that would defy all competition. Unless



METEOROLOGICAL.

First 'Busdriver (sarcastically): "Lovely summer, ain't it, Bill?"

Second 'Busdriver: "Not 'arf. Ain't seen a butterfly all the blessed mornin'!"

get married, and the well-to-do classes are worse than any other. When a man is fairly well off, and fully able to support a wife, he seems less disposed to enter the bonds of matrimony than his poorer brother. I see that the proposed bill exempts men who have made three reasonable offers to three different women, or who have made three proposals to the same woman. I suppose they have to get a certificate, duly signed and attested, showing that they have made the


to sacrifice his freedom, and a woman thinks more of position and of money than of love. I don't know why it is, but we seem to be losing our habits of self-reliance. We want to throw all our burdens on someone else. The smart society mamma hands her children over to governesses and servants, the working class mother hands her children over to the State. As a result we have to deplore that lack of parental control that is one of the most marked features of our day."

this is done the burden of taxation may become heavier than we can bear, and national bankruptcy may result."

It is bad enough to poison your body, but it is an irretrievable disaster to poison the mind and the soul; and the novels which tend to do that crowd our bookshelves and fill the shelves of our public libraries, and find their way into homes.—Dr. Waddell, Dunedin.

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The News of the Week

IN THE DOMINION.

Brass Band Associations.

THE North Island Brass Bands Association last week had before it applications from ten members of the Wellington Garrison Band for transfers, also a letter from the Wellington Garrison Band tendering its resignation, instead of the apology demanded, and a letter from Lieut. Herd, dissociating himself from the action of the band, as he had disapproved of it and was merely the band's conductor. It was unanimously decided to refuse the transfers or the resignation, and to suspend the band and its members till it apologised, also to exonerate Lieut. Herd.

It was decided to hold the next contest at Wanganui in 1910, and that the executive should in future select the judge, instead of leaving it to the ballot of the bands, as heretofore—the practice which led to the friction with Wellington.

The trouble between the Association and the Wellington Garrison Band was started by certain strictures passed by the band's secretary, Mr. H. G. Hill, respecting the Association, the upshot of which was that Mr. Hill was suspended, and an apology demanded from the band itself. This was decided upon by the Association at the February contest at Hastings. Lieutenant Herd, who is conductor of the band, took no part in the dispute, but the band as a whole has apparently resolved to support its secretary.

Two Men Killed.

An old resident of Palmerston North, named Wm. Auchinachie, was killed on Thursday. Deceased, who was 60 years of age, and crippled with rheumatism, was crossing the railway line as the mail train from Auckland was approaching. He evidently did not hear the whistle, and the cowcatcher caught him and carried him along for two chains. He was badly mutilated, death resulting almost immediately.

Auchinachie was a native of Scotland, and lived for some years at Kaitiaki and Rangiora.

Patrick Cox, storekeeper at Kopuarua, near Levin, was killed by being run over by the arteon train from Wellington on Wednesday last. He fell asleep on the line on his way home from Shannon, and the train ran over his head.

A Fatal Fire.

Watchman's store, at Brunner, and also the dwelling-house attached, were destroyed by fire last week. The flames spread so rapidly that practically nothing was saved.

A shocking incident of the conflagration was that two daughters of Mr. Watchman were unable to make their escape, and were burned to death. One of the unfortunate girls was seventeen years of age, and the other a mere child of five.

Both made an effort to get out, but were apparently overcome by smoke. All the other members of the family escaped by jumping from the second storey windows, and all sustained minor injuries. Thomas Watchman had an arm broken.

The Budget.

In the House of Commons last week, Mr. Asquith announced that Customs duty would be imposed on foreign beer.

The leading proposals are being vigorously discussed, and the Government is accused of utilising the Budget to carry Socialistic measures which they otherwise would be unable to secure.

Mr. Lloyd-George, in reply, pointed to examples abroad and in some of the colonies, of high license duties and taxation of land values, the surplus of which was partly hypothecated. He remarked that the needs of the navy in 1910 must be met first. Enough would then be left to relieve the local ratepayer.

The Chancellor claimed that he had striven to distribute the taxation justly and fairly, and declared: "The naval expenditure will be very much higher in 1910 than in 1909." He also foreshadowed a change in the tax on licenses ac-

ording to the quantity of liquor sold, instead of the amount of rent paid.

Mr. Balfour produced figures showing that in the case of one firm in the liquor trade the new burdens proposed would amount to £35,000 or £7000 more than it distributed to ordinary shareholders.

Mr. Lloyd-George questioned the accuracy of Mr. Balfour's figures, but gave nothing positive instead.

Mr. Asquith justified the Budget as being in accordance with free trade principles, and because it was adequate to meet the necessities of 1909, and the necessities of future years without taxing the necessities of life. He described spirits and tobacco as luxuries; at all events, they were superfluous. He predicted that the consolidation of licenses and the raising of the price would ensure the stability and prosperity of the brewing industry.

A meeting of the licensed trades in London, including distillers, emphatically protested against the ruinous increase of duties and licenses.

The retail price of tobacco has been increased by a halfpenny an ounce.

A meeting in London, claiming to represent 200,000 tobaccoists, complained that the increased duties would necessitate the employment of 25 per cent more capital and would ruin half the small retailers and manufacturers.

The increased price of eau de Cologne, soaps, and drugs containing spirits, and hairwashes is ten per cent.

Retailers are charging fourpence a gallon extra for petrol.

Mr. Buxton Whitehead, writing to the "Times" upon the effect of the additional "trade" taxes, instanced two breweries, which heretofore must pay £104,745 in increased cost of licenses, though their annual profit was only £61,300.

Fire on the Rakai.

Just as the New Zealand Shipping Company's steamer Rakai was unmooring, preparatory to sailing from Lyttelton for London, via Monte Video, Teneriffe, and Gibraltar, smoke was observed coming through the flooring of the chief engineer's room.

An examination revealed that an incipient fire had broken out aft among some coal. Water was poured in, and the smoke ceased. A quantity of coal was removed, and a survey made by Lloyd's surveyor.

The manager of the shipping company states that the fire was not a serious one. It was caused by a naked steam pipe passing through a bunker covered with coal, which was fired by the heat. The departure of the Rakai was postponed until Tuesday.

Sir Robert Hart.

Sir Robert Hart, who returned to London last year after 50 years' service as head of the Chinese Customs, has been invited to return to China.

Masonic Grand Lodge.

The annual gathering of brethren of the Grand Lodge of New Zealand Freemasons was held at New Plymouth. The sitting took place in the Theatre Royal, when M.W. Bro. Lord Plunket Royal, Grand Master, and was supported on the dais by M.W. Bro. O. Nicholson (Pro. Grand Master) and M.W. Bros. M. Niccol and H. J. Williams (Past Grand Masters). R.W. Bro. J. Moncrieff (Carterton) filled the chair as Senior Grand Warden, and R.W. Bro. T. Allen, P.G.W. (Auckland) that of Junior Grand Warden. There was a very large attendance of both Grand Lodge delegates and brethren and of the Taranaki lodges.

The rank of Past Grand Chaplain was conferred upon V.W. Bro. the Rev. T. G. Hammond, of Taranaki. Votes of thanks for their services to Freemasonry were given to R.W. Bros. J. W. McDougall (Napier), M. Thompson (Southland), and W. Moyes (Nelson), Past Provincial Grand Masters, and also to M.W. Bro. F. Binn (Christchurch), Past Provincial Grand Master. Bro. R. N. Bannerman, N.A., N.Z.A.A., was reappointed auditor.

The Grand Master was re-elected for a fourth term of office, M.W. Bro. Oliver Nicholson, of Auckland, was re-elected

as Pro. Grand Master. Other Grand Lodge officers were also elected.

Intimation was made that a special communication of the Grand Lodge will be convened to bid farewell to Bro. Plunket upon his departure next year.

In the evening the Grand Master was re-installed, and the other officers were invested with the insignia of their respective offices, Bro. H. J. Williams, F.G.M., and M.W. Bro. Nicholson, Pro. Grand Master, officiating. M.W. Bro. Williams tendered to the Grand Master greeting from his 10,000 Masonic brethren. He had the greatest pleasure in hearing to the Grand Master the heartiest greetings, congratulations, and good wishes of the Grand Lodge and the Freemasons under its jurisdiction.

W. Bro. C. Page (Auckland) acted as Grand Director of Ceremonies, and W. Bro. Bain (Christchurch) as Assistant Director; W. Bro. Renaud (New Plymouth), musical director.

M.W. Bro. Plunket, in his address, said that in being elected Grand Master for a fourth term of office he wished to express his high appreciation of the honour thus conferred upon him, also to state that he fully realised the responsibilities that honour carried with it. Referring to the progress of the order, the Grand Master pointed out that during the past seven years seven new lodges were opened, 700 names added to the roll of membership, and the funds increased by £3683. On April 30th, 1891, the Board of General Purposes showed a balance of £72; ten years later it was £400, and another eight years afterwards the fund stood at nearly £20,000.

Their financial position was a real cause for congratulation, and an evidence that true Freemasonry permeated the Constitution. The Widows and Orphans' and Aged Masons' Fund is now about £11,900, but after providing the necessary annuities the Board had only a margin of £60 per annum to meet any deserving cases. The Grand Master once more referred to the need for carefully guarding the porch so as to see that only fitting men should become members. In conclusion, his Excellency said:—"Brethren, my period of public office in New Zealand, and my position in the chair of King Solomon, come to a close in about a year's time. I shall find it hard to leave this country, where I have spent some of the happiest years of my life. To you, my brother Masons, I owe many debts of gratitude. Notwithstanding the wise counsel and whole-hearted loyalty which the members of Grand Lodge have ever extended to me, I feel very conscious of much work ill-done and much not done at all. I can only say that during my final year as Grand Master I will do all I can to merit the confidence you have again shown in me, and advance the welfare of Freemasonry in general and our own constitution in particular."

Help Wanted.

Housewives will be interested to learn that a petition, emanating from Christchurch, is in course of signature throughout New Zealand, by women over 21 years of age, praying Parliament to encourage the immigration of domestic servants by arranging to give suitable applicants free passage to the Dominion. Fifty prominent ladies in Auckland have taken charge of the petition, which is being largely signed. For the convenience of those who have not already done so, copies may be seen and signed at Messrs. Upton and Co., and Milne and Choyce. Supporters of the scheme are urged to sign immediately, as the petition must be in Wellington in time for the opening of Parliament.

The Leys Institute.

The recent addition to the Leys Institute was referred to in the report of the Committee of Management presented to the Auckland City Council last week. Members of the Council expressed their views when the clause came up for adoption.

Mr. C. J. Parr thought it would not be amiss to place on record their appreciation of the munificent benefactions of Mr. T. W. Leys. Last year had been very fruitful in this respect; Mr. Leys had found out of his own pocket over £700 for the addition to the library opened last week, and also he had presented several hundred books, some of them very valuable. Above all, the community ought to recognise the daily and nightly interest taken by Mr. Leys in the management of the Institute. It was not so difficult to start an institution of this kind. It was a question of money. But

to get a man to act as managing director, and spend his days and nights, as well as his money, in its welfare, was very rare. He moved: "That this Council place on record its appreciation of the renewed benefactions of Mr. T. W. Leys in connection with the Leys Institute."

Mr. P. M. Mackay seconded the motion, and remarked that it was quite a surprise to see the number of valuable volumes in the library and the spacious rooms of the Institute. He regretted that the eastern side of the city did not possess a similar institution.

The motion was carried unanimously, and the report of the Management Committee was adopted.

COMMONWEALTH.

Parliament Parliament.

The Standing Committee of the House of Commons decided, despite the Government's opposition, by 15 votes to 13, that Parliament and not the Treasury shall fix the future salary of the Board of Trade, and the bill containing this provision was reported as amended to the House.

A Common Ground.

A movement is afoot to bring Free-traders and Protectionists into line to oppose the Labour Government.

The new organisation will be called the Commonwealth Liberal and Progressive League. Broadly, its planks are adequate protection, adequate defence, adequate immigration, a white Australia, and equitable finance.

Trade With the East.

The first shipment of Australian-made wool tops is about to be made to Japan, and will be followed by regular monthly shipments.

Less Wool.

The wool shorn in Victoria for the past season was 10,180,772lb less than for the preceding year, and the average weight of fleece was 37lb lighter.

Cheaper Cables.

The Postmaster-General intends to place a proposal for cheaper cables before the Pacific Cable Board. The scheme is that the present 3/ rate should stand, but that a 1/6 rate for code and 1/ for plain English be charged for delayed delivery cables.

The Frisco Trouble.

Advice has been received in Sydney that the Weir Steamship Company has placed orders in Glasgow for the construction of four high-class cargo steamers for the Sydney-Auckland-San Francisco service.

De Mervais.

The R.C. Bishop of Perth, Dr. Gibney, was sued for the recovery of £220, said to be due on promissory notes bearing his endorsement. The notes were issued by the late Father Keogh in connection with a land transaction.

Bishop Gibney stated that he never saw the bills, and the signatures were forgeries.

The Judge, in giving his decision in favour of the Bishop, said the conclusion to be drawn from his evidence was that the deceased priest committed the offence or had obtained the assistance of someone else.

Engineers' Wages.

The conference between the Australian Institute of Marine Engineers and the Steamship Owners' Association has arrived at a settlement in regard to engineers' wages. The conditions of the labour settlement are embodied in a memorandum, which both parties have asked the Federal Arbitration Court to treat as an award of the Court. The settlement provides for the following rates of pay:—

Steamers of 100-h.p.: First engineers to receive £20; second engineers, £16; and third engineers, £14 per month. One hundred to 150-h.p.: First, £21; second, £16; third, £14.

One hundred and fifty to 200-h.p.: First, £22; second, £17; third, £14.

Two hundred to 250-h.p.: First, £24; second, £18; third, £15; fourth, £12.

Two hundred and fifty to 350 h.p. First, £25; second, £18; third, £15; fourth, £12.

Three hundred and fifty to 450 h.p. First, £27 10/-; second, £19; third, £16; fourth, £13.

Four hundred and fifty horse-power and upwards: First, £29; second, £20; third, £16; fourth, £13.

The wages of fifth-class engineers were fixed at £12, sixth-class £11, seventh-class, £10.

The agreement, which is for three years, from May 1, is stated to be practically the same as that under which the engineers have been working for years, excepting the conditions regarding wages.

A Moderate Fee.

A Queenslander, describing himself as the discoverer of the first payable gold in Queensland, has sent a bill to Mr Fisher (the Federal Prime Minister) for £11,725,000. He claims £30,000 for nine discoveries of gold, £288,000 as interest on that sum since 1861, and £11,437,000 as his share of the minerals produced in the State since 1860. He asks for a settlement of the claim within 14 days, to save further trouble.

The Reckoning.

The trials of the men charged with rioting and inciting the strikers at Broken Hill to violence in January last took place last week at Albury.

Stokes and May were found guilty of rioting, the former receiving a sentence of three years' imprisonment with hard labour and the latter of two years.

The jury had recommended the prisoners to mercy owing to the excitement prevailing at the time.

Mr. Justice Pring, in sentencing them, said that the men at Broken Hill had been misled by Tom Mann, and some day they would find out that he was their worst enemy.

"He lives," continued the judge, "on keeping up strife, and the sooner you awake to the fact that this agitator, who lives upon your hard earnings, is your enemy the better for you."

Holland, a Socialist, found guilty of using seditious language at Broken Hill, was sentenced to two years' hard labour.

In sentencing Holland Mr Justice Pring said: "You are guilty of a very grave offence, and committed at a time when it was exceptionally grave. You possessed an eloquent tongue, and made the worst possible use of it in inciting the people to a state of rebellion. But for the coolness and tact of the police, matters might have been much worse."

The New Archbishop.

The Synod meets on May 25th to select a successor to the late Archbishop Suarez Smith. Among the names mentioned are the Archbishop of Brisbane, Archbishop Wright, Canon Thompson, of Birmingham, Canon Alexander, of St. Paul's, London, and Dr. Thomas, Principal Wycliffe Hall, Oxford.

Cremation and Crime.

A deputation to the N.S.W. Premier in favour of cremation, pointed out that the cost to the Government for the erection of a crematorium would be infinitesimal compared with cemeteries.

Mr. Wade, in a non-committal reply, did not hold out any hope of the Government erecting a crematorium. One of the strongest objections to cremation, he said, was that it would interfere with the chance of the crime of poisoning being brought home to criminals, and might prove an incentive to murder.

THE OLD COUNTRY.

Work of the Suffragettes.

The Speaker of the House of Commons (the Right Hon. J. W. Lowther), in reopening the galleries of the House of Commons, closed owing to recent suffragette disturbances, announced that he did so under specified conditions.

If these conditions were violated the galleries would again be closed.

Promising.

Captain J. W. Dunne, of the Royal Engineers, is the inventor of an aeroplane which has been tested with the greatest

secrecy amid the hills of Scotland, secure from observation.

The aeroplane, it is said, made many successful flights, including one of 12 miles.

This was the reason why the Wrights were not approached earlier by the British War Office.

Captain J. W. Dunne, however, disclaims having accomplished a flight of twelve miles in his aeroplane, and states that the War Office has resolved to confine his experiments to dirigible balloons.

The Government has appointed a committee under Lord Rayleigh to advise the Admiralty and War Office upon the construction of balloons and aeroplanes, funds being granted for experiments.

The new type of British Army dirigible balloon made a successful flight from Aldershot last week.

By-elections.

At the election for the Stratford-on-Avon seat, decided last week, the voting was:—

P. S. Foster (Tariff Reformer) . . . 5374
— Martin (Radical) 2747
Kincaid Smith (retiring member) 470
Mr. Kincaid Smith resigned, but sought re-election, over the policy of compulsory military training, but the real issue of the election was tariff reform and a strong navy.

Mr. Martin, the Radical candidate, is an ex-Canadian.

The by-election for the Sheffield (Attercliffe division) seat in the House of Commons, rendered vacant by the resignation of Mr. Batty Langley (Liberal), on the ground of ill-health, resulted in a Labour victory.

The voting was as follows:—

Pointer (Labour) 3531
King Farlow (Official Unionist) . . 3380
R. G. Lambert (Liberal) 3175
A. M. Wilson (Independent Unionist) 2803

The Labourites attribute their victory, besides the Tory split, to the serious unemployment at Attercliffe, and the consistent Labourite advocacy of the Right to Work Bill. The Liberals are deeply disappointed.

Electric Gun-Layers.

Sir Percy Scott has invented an apparatus for the direct control of big gun fire, and the invention has been tested at Portsmouth.

It is intended for training a group of guns in any direction without gun-layers.

The Price of Wool.

Keen competition exists in the wool market, and Americans and Germans are good buyers.

Best merinos are now 10 per cent. higher, and fine to medium crossbreds 10 to 15 per cent. higher.

Following were the average prices realised for the fleece portions of the clips named: Tekoa, 12½; Ngakouai, 13 1-8; Whararua, 8d; Kaingaroa, 11d; Puketoi, 13 1-8d.

The total catalogued to date is 46,420 bales, and sold 45,128 bales.

Imperial Conference on Defence.

The Earl of Crewe (Secretary of State for the Colonies), speaking last week at the Liberal Club, and referring to the Empire Defence Conference to be held

in July, said he was not prepared at the time for an absolutely ripe, full and complete discussion of the whole question of Imperial Defence, as it could hardly be expected that South Africa would be able to speak with certainty on the subject until union had been accomplished.

On the other hand there had been so many incidents of importance—the fine, soul-stirring offers of New Zealand and Australia, and the not less hearty movements towards the improvement of Imperial defence in Canada—as to entirely justify them in endeavouring to arrive at some at any rate provisional conclusion, after talking the matter over in a friendly way.

Proceeding, he said that his view was that the sooner they could approach towards common organisation in matters of defence, the better for the Empire. Such things as an Imperial General Staff, and a certain assimilation—he would not say identity—of organisation for the purposes of defence between the systems of the Mother Land and dominions, were all steps in the right direction, but local elasticity was not less necessary.

They could not do anything more unwise than attempting to impose upon the great self-governing colonies a scheme which would be unpalatable to them in the sense that each Dominion must work out its defence in its own way. He was glad to know that the Government's action had the approval of both sides of politics, because this was certainly a matter in which they should desire the country to act as one.

The statement was received with cheers.

The "Daily Chronicle," referring to the Conference, declares that the idea of federation in defence appeals to a sentiment common throughout the Empire.

Capabilities of Krupps.

The "Pall Mall Gazette," commenting on Germany's race for Dreadnoughts, said that Krupps have ten pits for the construction of heavy gun mountings, enabling them to make gun mountings sufficient for six Dreadnoughts a year.

It adds that Krupps are adding eight further pits, enabling them to fit up eleven Dreadnoughts a year with big guns.

The "Gazette" declares that the British Government is unaware of the extent of Krupps increase in their plant.

Trouble Ahead.

The Miners' Federation has instructed its members to refuse to accept the reduction in wages when the Eight Hours' Bill comes into operation.

Scottish employers propose to pay their men 5/6 a day instead of 6/-, while Lancashire owners have agreed not to reduce wages for six months.

Willing to Learn.

The General Staff of the British War Office is circulating a translation of the Kaiser's orders for the training of the German army.

A Concession.

The Council of the University of Oxford has agreed to the principle that Greek shall no longer be a compulsory subject for the Arts degrees.

EUROPE.

Airlines Express.

The Zeppelin Airship Company has undertaken to establish a regular line from Lucerne to North Germany via Frankfort-on-the-Main, next year.

Electrocuted.

A boy came into contact with the live rail of a suburban electric railway line in Paris, and was killed by the shock.

Two would-be rescuers who came to his assistance were also electrocuted.

Kaiser and Von Buelow.

The Kaiser has telegraphed to Prince von Buelow, the Imperial Chancellor, birthday greetings, accompanied by an assurance that the Chancellor possesses his fullest confidence.

He also sent the Prince a portrait bearing the Imperial autograph.

Prince von Buelow (Chancellor of the Empire) is determined to resign unless the Reichstag accepts the basis of his financial policy before Whitsuntide (May 31).

Friendly.

Advices from Trieste state that an Austrian squadron is about to visit Kiel (the Baltic headquarters of the German Navy), where fetes have been arranged in its honour under the Kaiser's presidency.

The New Turkey.

Hilmi Pasha has formed a Cabinet, with Mollah Sahib, a distinguished theologian of liberal views, as Sheikh-ul-Islam; Rifaat Pasha as Minister for Foreign Affairs; Ferid Pasha as Minister for the Interior; Vice-Admiral Alif Hikmet as Minister for Marine, Salih Pasha as Minister for War; and Nahi Bey as Minister for Public Instruction.

The commission examining Yildiz Palace (ex-Sultan Abdul Hamid's residence) discovered £450,000 in bank notes, a rosary worth £75,000, and receipts for £1,000,000 deposited in foreign banks.

Leading bankers in Berlin state that the Turkish Government is unable to touch the ex-Sultan Abdul Hamid's money invested in Germany.

The Sultan is reputed to have fifty millions invested in other countries, and this the Turkish Government proposed to use to place the nation's finance on a sound basis.

Restless Postmen.

A fresh strike is impending in the post office at Paris. The Government threatens to prosecute the new trade union of postal employees, and is organising a great pigeon service in the provinces.

Peeping the Commonwealth.

Dr. Richard Arthur, M.L.A., of New South Wales, president of the New South Wales Immigration League, had an interview of an hour and a quarter with Mr John Burns (President of the Local Government Board) last week on the subject of emigration to Australia.

Mr Burns was very sympathetic, and expressed his readiness to receive a deputation which would suggest methods whereby Britain could assist immigration to Australia.

Mr Burns considers that the colonies

APPROVED BY THE MEDICAL COUNCIL.

The Allenburys' Foods.

The "Allenburys" Milk Foods are the nearest approach to maternal milk that science has yet achieved. They provide, when used as directed, a complete diet for infants; promote vigorous health and growth; make firm flesh and strong bones; and are so graduated as to give the maximum quantity of nourishment the child is capable of digesting, according to age. Diarrhoea, digestive and stomach troubles are avoided when these foods are given, as by the method of manufacture, they are absolutely devoid of noxious germs, and therefore safer than, and superior to, cow's milk, especially in hot weather.

The Milk Foods are made instantly by the simple addition of hot water only, and are alike suitable for the delicate infant and the child in robust health.

PAMPHLET ON INFANT FEEDING SENT FREE.

ALLEN & HANBURYS Ltd., LONDON, and Bridge Street, SYDNEY.

should bear the cost of transport of the youth of Britain to Australia...

Diplomatic Kaiser.

The wording of the Kaiser's telegram to King Ferdinand, recognising Bulgaria's Independence, has aroused comment...

Neighboorly.

The movement to promote personal friendship between the leading men of Britain and France is progressing.

ASIA.

Moslem Fanatics.

When the Adana massacres were renewed on April 25 a party of Turkish soldiers and Bushi-bazouks surrounded an Armenian school in which 2000 Armenians had taken refuge.

educated Bengali, who has long been one of the chief directors of the Nationalist movement.

Moderns.

The Ameer of Afghanistan has imported several motor-cars from England, and has engaged a chauffeur from London.

Lord Charles Beresford's Advice.

Admiral Lord Charles Beresford, speaking at the Liverpool Town Hall, after receiving the degree of Doctor of Laws from the Birmingham University...

Later Lord Beresford made a speech at the Southport Physical Training College. He had great faith, he said, in Mr. Asquith's Committee.

What had happened was that Britain had deferred her liabilities and obligations, and when an individual or nation does that the money must be got somehow to put himself or itself right.

AFRICA.

Unrest in Egypt.

The report of Sir Eidon Gorst (British Agent and Consul-General in Egypt) on the condition of Egypt emphasises the signs of political unrest, and the absence of any sign on the part of the non-official classes among the Egyptians of recognition of the advance gained.

Never in recent years, he says, have they displayed a more prejudiced attitude to the proposals and acts of the Government, and specially those they consider due to English inspiration.

A delegation from the Egyptian General Assembly and Provincial Council recently visited England to put before the Press reforms of a more moderate character than those advocated by the Nationalists...

Indian Nationalists.

The trial has been concluded at Alipore of the 33 Bengalis who were arrested in May last on a charge of being implicated in a widespread anarchist conspiracy.

Baren Ghose (brother of Arabindo Ghose, a Cambridge graduate), who confessed to throwing the bomb which killed Mrs Kennedy, and Dutt, who prepared the bombs with which Mrs Kennedy was killed and the lives of others attempted, were sentenced to death, and some of the others to transportation for life or imprisonment ranging from one to ten years.

Arabindo Ghose was acquitted. Judge Becheroff held that Baren Ghose's confession linked up the Muzaffarour outrage and the attempts on Sir Andrew Fraser (Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal) and the Mayor of Chandernagore, with the conspiracy for collecting arms for military drill, and making bombs with a wide fire zone, for street fighting, all of which indicated an intention to wage war against the King.

Seven of the prisoners were sentenced to transportation for life. They will probably appeal against the sentence. The Indian Press has reserved its comments on the sentences.

The Nationalists are delighted at the acquittal of Arabindo Ghose. The trial was commenced in October before a judge, assisted by assessors, who reported a fortnight ago. During the trial, the assistant Crown prosecutor, Anantoh Biswas, was shot. Arabindo Ghose, who has been acquitted, is a well-

Fighting is now proceeding in the streets between the strikers and the military.

There are now 200,000 men out on strike in Buenos Ayres.

When the strikers assembled at the morgue to attend the funerals of their comrades killed in the May Day disturbances, they found that the police had surreptitiously removed the bodies.

A violent demonstration followed, during which the tramcars were attacked.

Welcome.

The R.M.S. Marama, on which a number of the Australian and New Zealand delegates to the Imperial Press Conference crossed the Pacific, has arrived at Victoria from Sydney and Brisbane.

The Canadian Club gave the delegates a warm welcome and entertained them at a banquet.

Canadian Grand Trunk.

The Dominion House of Commons has passed a loan bill of two millions sterling for the Grand Pacific Trunk Railway.

Spread of Wireless.

Wireless telegraph stations have been set up on the roofs of the Waldorf Astoria Hotel, New York, and the Auditorium Theatre annexe in Chicago.

Press messages are now being daily exchanged between the two cities.

The Unwritten Law.

The Grand Jury of British Columbia has returned no bill in the case against Lord Sholto Douglas, charged with shooting an intruder in his house, with whom his wife, a former music-hall singer, was carrying on an intrigue, in November last.

Sizeable Bag.

Advices received from Mombasa, in British East Africa, state that ex-President Roosevelt has so far shot six lions and his son Kermit one.

East and West.

Ex-President Roosevelt, in an article in the "Outlook," emphasizing that it is America's duty to wait and see whether Japan is able to prevent emigration to America of Japanese labourers and small traders in any appreciable numbers, remarks that if not, America must protect herself, either by treaty or legislation.

All Hands Drowned.

The lake steamer Shores, while crossing Lake Superior, foundered at White Fish Point on the 8th.

Father Vaughan on the Time to Marry.

Father Bernard Vaughan addressed an overflowing audience in the Blackheath (London) Concert Hall recently on the question "When ought people to marry?" Differentiating between love and passion, the speaker said the former was a sacred fire. While passion might grow cold and die in six months, true love would remain fresh and pure for many years.

SHARE LIST.

Table with columns: Paid-up, Liability per share, Company, Last Quotation. Lists various companies like DANIC, INSURANCE, FINANCIAL, COAL, GAS, SHIPING, WOOLLEN, TIMBER, MBAT, MISCELLANEOUS.

MINING.

Table with columns: Paid-up, Liability per share, Company, Last Quotation. Lists mining companies like Waik, North Grand Junction, Palisman Consolidated, Blackwater Mines.

AMERICA.

Strike at B.A.

The Socialists and the Labour Federation have proclaimed a general strike in Buenos Ayres as a protest against the action of the police in quelling the disturbances which arose during the May-day celebrations.

PERSONAL NOTES.

Death of Colonel Rookes.

Colonel Rookes, whose adventurous career is told at considerable length in "The Defenders of New Zealand," died last week. Entering the service as ensign in H.M. 2nd West Indian Regiment on March 11, 1842, promoted to a lieutenant the same year, December 31, 1842, and to a captain March 20, 1846; was selected by special appointment of the Duke of Wellington as aide-de-camp, and private secretary to the several governors of the Bahamas and Trinidad. He received the Cross of the Legion of Honour from the French Government for services on the west coast of Africa; the Malajeh Star from a native prince (only three were struck for presentation, a Captain Selwyn, R.N., nephew of the famous Bishop Selwyn, being another recipient); and the New Zealand medal. Soon after his arrival in Auckland, the Maori rebellion of 1860 broke out, and Colonel Rookes was employed by the Colonial Government in organising the war branch (now the Defence Office), and in recognition of the able manner in which this duty was performed, the Fox Ministry placed him by their recommendation in command of the Wanganui district as the deputy of the Governor. While holding this command, he raised, organised and personally drilled seven separate troops of cavalry in the Rangitikei, Turakina and Wangaehu districts so successfully that these forces were repeatedly thanked on the field and in general orders by Generals Cameron and Waddy. The latter officer, a veteran of considerable experience in India and the Crimea, remarked "that he considered these troopers, in physique and fearless riding, the best ideal of what irregular cavalry should be." Colonel Rookes, in 1865, further received the thanks of the Colonial Government of New Zealand for the successful manner in which, under that distinguished Governor and statesman, Sir George Grey, he led the colonial forces at the capture of the Wererona Pa, completely nullifying the assertion made in General Cameron's dispatches, "that it would require a large addition of Imperial troops to reduce that stronghold of the natives."

Kudos for Mr. Harle Giles.

The Hon. A. W. Hogg (Minister for Labour), speaks in high terms of the work being performed by the Auckland Conciliation Commissioner (Mr. T. Harle Giles). Speaking to a Wellington pressman the Minister said: "He is saving the Arbitration Court a great deal of difficult business, and those among the labour unions who were at first so strongly opposed to his appointment, are now speaking of him in the most complimentary terms. I talked with some of them when I was in Auckland a few days ago, and I found that they were delighted with the way in which Mr. Giles has been fixing up their difficulties."

Auckland's New S.M.

Mr. E. C. Cutten, S.M., presided over the Auckland Police Court for the first time on Friday, since his appointment as successor to Mr. R. W. Dyer.

Mr. W. J. Napier said he had been asked by a number of members of the legal profession to congratulate his Worship on his appointment to Auckland. "We have heard of your Worship's reputation," went on Mr. Napier, "as a painstaking officer, and one possessing an eminently judicial mind. We hope that there will be the most cordial relations between your Worship and the members of the profession."

Mr. J. R. Lundon had pleasure in adding his congratulations. It had been a matter of sincere congratulation amongst the legal profession that Mr. Cutten had been removed to this more important sphere.

Mr. W. F. Hackett, on behalf of the junior bar, said that as far as they were concerned, it would be their endeavour to assist his Worship in the discharge of his sometimes difficult duties.

Mr. Cutten: It is extremely pleasant to be welcomed in this kindly way by you. Since I have been appointed to the magisterial bench, I have received such kindness and such courteous assistance from the solicitors that my work has been a pleasure to me, and I shall confidently look forward to the same experience among the solicitors practising at the bar in Auckland. I thank you, gentlemen, for your kind remarks.

Messrs. Spencer Crackenthorp and L. M. Crackenthorp, the well-known Victorian chess players, left Wellington by the Warrimoo on Friday, on their return home.

Mr. D. Carter, manager of the Grey-mouth office of the Union Company, left with Mrs. Carter by the Mokoia on Monday on a holiday trip to Australia.

Mr. E. J. Cairn, of Avondale, left last week for Sydney on a holiday trip to the Old Country. He will connect at Sydney with the Ophir for London.

Mr. Justice Edwards and Mr. Justice Cooper will hear, at Hamilton, the petition in connection with the recent Maori election.

Mr. J. Lomas, Chief Inspector of Factories, and Mr. W. Temple, architect for the workmen's homes, have been in Auckland on a Departmental visit.

Mr. Carr, conductor of the Royal Comic Opera Company, is accompanied by his wife, who, as Miss Beatrix Tracy, was a well-known contributor to the "Lone Hand" (of which she was sub-editor), the "Bulletin," and other Australian journals.

Mr. C. Holdsworth, general manager of the Union Steam Ship Company, arrived in Auckland by the s.s. Mokoia on Sunday. From here he proceeds to Fiji to join the Vancouver steamer on his way home. Mr. Holdsworth will be away six or seven months.

Mr. F. E. Powell, assistant engineer to the Auckland Harbour Board was the recipient of a presentation from the staff last week, to mark his departure on an eight months' holiday trip abroad. The function took the form of a social at the Tiffin, Mr. Hamer presiding over a gathering of about 200.

The representative of the Parsons Trading Company, Mr. J. R. De Costa, with Mrs. De Costa, left Wellington by the Warrimoo last week en route to India. Mr. De Costa has been promoted to the charge of the company's business in India, with headquarters at Bombay, and his many friends will be pleased to hear of his advancement.

Mr. E. W. Love, resident secretary of the A.M.P. Society, left Wellington for Sydney by the Warrimoo to attend the jubilee annual meeting, to be held in Sydney. He is accompanied by Mrs. and Miss Love.

Mother Marie St. Benedict died somewhat suddenly at the Ashburton Convent, aged 74 years. The deceased had been in Ashburton about 12 years, and she was held in very high esteem. She was one of the first band of mission sisters who arrived in Christchurch to open the Christchurch convent some 45 years ago. New Plymouth papers report that Mr. H. J. H. Okey, M.P., is confined to bed with an attack of rheumatic fever.

Mr. and Mrs. Eichelbaum, of Wellington, were arrivals in Auckland by the Main Trunk train last week. During a stay here of about three weeks they will be guests at the Grand Hotel.

Mr. A. Gregory, of Dargaville, has gone to Wellington, for the purpose of attending the convention of the Society of Friends.

Captain Hope-Johnstone, who accompanied the Anglo-Welsh football team on its travels in Australasia last year, has purchased a farm in the Kihikihiki district, and intends to settle in New Zealand. Before doing so, however, he will return to England, on account of a serious illness in the family, and he does not expect to be back in the Dominion until some time in November.

Dr. McArthur, S.M., has been appointed chairman of the North Island Railway Appeal Board in succession to Mr. H. Eyre Kenny, who has retired on superannuation.

Mr. G. F. C. Campbell, Valuer-General, who is to be appointed Inspector-General of Defence Forces during the absence in England of Colonel Davies, entered the Civil Service in 1874 as a cadet in the Public Works Department. The Valuation Department is now to be combined with that of Land and Income Tax, under Mr. P. Heyes. Mr. Campbell passed his military examinations and entered the volunteer service as a sub-lieutenant of the Wellington Naval Artillery in 1887, and was promoted to be captain in 1894, and lieutenant-colonel Wellington Garrison Artillery Division in 1902.

Friends of Mr. Walter G. Foster, of Lower Hutt, entertained him at lunch at the Grand Hotel last week, prior to his leaving for England. Occasion was taken of the gathering to present Mr. Foster with a travelling rug, and a deck chair for Miss Foster. Mr. and Miss

Foster left for England by the Rusephu on Thursday.

Mr. Alfred Hill, who has been seriously ill for some time past, is now reported to be doing well.

Mr. H. V. Gully, retiring town clerk at Nelson, was the recipient of several presentations from all branches of the municipal service. Mr. Gully has held the position for thirty-five years, and is retiring to enter legal practice.

Mr. Harry Holmes, of Matahiwi, Wairarapa, left Wellington on Friday for Sydney, en route for Canada. He will travel to Vancouver in the Mikura.

Mr. John Harker, of Waipawa, is dead; aged seventy. He was regarded as the father of Liberalism in Hawke's Bay.

Mr. E. Reynolds, of E. Reynolds and Co., Wellington, has gone to Sydney, en route to London, by the steamer India.

A presentation of a handsome marble clock was made by the railway employees last week, to Mr. J. Goodall, of Napier staff, who is retiring on superannuation after 25 years' service, in addition to having served 22 years on the railways in England.

It is understood that Mr. J. Eman Smith, Registrar of Old Age Pensions, whose Department will be merged in the Postal Department, has been offered and has declined the position of head of the Government Fire Insurance Department, says the "Dominion."

Mr. W. G. Gordon, manager and engineer at Wellington of the National Electrical and Engineering Company, Ltd., has accepted the position of tramways engineer at Brisbane. Mr. and Mrs. Gordon left for Sydney en route to Queensland on Friday last.

Mr. R. Corbett a station-holder in the extreme north of New Zealand, returned from an extended trip to the Old Country by the Rimutaka last week. His niece, Miss Thurston, accompanied him. Try by the Rimutaka on Wednesday. His niece, Miss Thurston, accompanied him.

Mr. John Bolland, M.P., has been 48 years a member of the Avondale (late Whau) School Committee, and for the last 40 years has been unanimously elected chairman. This probably is a record for the Dominion.

Captain England, who commanded the Nimrod on the first journey to the Antarctic, is at present confined to his bed in Christchurch. He intended to leave for England by the Butehire, but he has had to postpone the voyage.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Knight, of Hamilton, who have been spending a holiday in the Whangarei district, have returned home.

Mr. D. M. Luckie, late Deputy Commissioner of the Government Life Insurance Department, died at Wellington last week. The deceased retired from the service last July. He was 81 years of age last October, and was a very old resident of New Zealand, being well known as a journalist in Nelson, Wellington and Auckland in the early days.

The Rev. William Mawson, who for some years past has been engaged in the Presbyterian mission amongst Canton villages, China, arrived in Wellington by the Sydney steamer last week. The Rev. Mr. Mawson, who is accompanied by Mrs. Mawson, are come to New Zealand to spend his furlough, and intends to go round all the Presbyterian churches in the Dominion in the interests of his mission.

Mr. S. Pascoe, who landed at the Kati Kati settlement with the Vesey Stewart party, which came out to the Dominion in the ship Carisbrook Castle in 1875, died at Onehunga last week. After a residence at Kati Kati the deceased proceeded to Auckland, and thence to Hamilton, where he was engaged in business for a number of years, during which time he became widely known and respected throughout the Waikato. In recent years he had resided at Onehunga. The deceased leaves a widow and twelve children, seven daughters and five sons, to mourn their loss.

Mr. H. F. Arkwright, of Marton, left Wellington by the Warrimoo last week, to catch the Ophir, leaving for London on the 15th inst.

At the conclusion of the mayoral installation at the Maori Hill Council Chambers, Dunedin, last week, the Mayor (Mr. Butterfield) presented Mr. Peter Pilkington with a handsome armchair as an expression of regard for the services he had rendered the borough.

Mr. Robert Galbraith, of Southland, is to be nominated for the position of president of the New Zealand Rugby Union at the annual meeting this week.

Mr. D. Zimen, of the Consolidated Goldfields Company, who has been visiting Auckland and Waikato, has returned to Wellington. He is visiting Reefton this week.

The Hon. T. Thompson, M.L.C., is at present visiting Rotorua for a few days' trout fishing on the lake.

The appointment of the Hon. T. Mackenzie as Minister for Agriculture as from May 1, is officially announced.

Mr. W. G. Runcie, Auditor of Land Revenue, is at present in Auckland on official business, and will be in town for several weeks.

Inspector Cullen, who has been on a visit of inspection to the Wellford and Port Albert district, returned to town on Saturday night.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Douglas, of Taviuni, Fiji, are at present staying at the Staf Hotel. They will leave for Suva to-day, by the Maitai.

Dr. Sharman, port health officer, returned on Sunday by the Mokoia from Napier, where he had been attending the Appeal Court of the New Zealand Racing Conference.

Mrs. Annie Besant, the well-known lecturer and writer on theosophy, has just recovered from an attack of fever at Madras. She is reported to have aged considerably in appearance as a result of the attack.

Mr. S. J. Elston, of Dunedin, has been appointed organising secretary in New Zealand and Australia for the Amalgamated Society of Engineers. He has commenced his duties with a tour of Southland and Otago.

The Hon. Jas. Carroll, Minister for Native Affairs, is spending about a fortnight in the Gisborne district. He purports meeting the Hon. R. McKenzie on the arrival of the Minister for Public Works, overlaid from Waikato.

Mr. Hector McLean, M.A., one of the travelling secretaries for the Presbyterian Bible Class Union, is visiting the Bible classes in the Auckland Province, and is at present in Rotorua. Mr. McLean is a distinguished student, and was one of the four nominees in New Zealand this year for the Rhodes' scholarship.

A presentation of a travelling rug and Gladstone bag was made on Monday to Mrs. Davison, lady attendant at the Auckland Railway Station. Mrs. Davison has got six months' leave of absence, and has left for Scotland. Mr. Benney, coaching foreman, made the presentation, in a neat speech.

Bandmaster Stuart, of Cambridge, has accepted an appointment at Gore, and leaves at an early date.

Mr. James McInnes (an old settler of the Waipu district) died on Monday week at the advanced age of 74 years.

Mr. Chas. J. Tunks has been appointed Deputy Mayor of Mt. Eden during the absence of Mr. O. Nicholson at New Plymouth.

Judge R. Sim (of the Native Land Court) is to retire as from the end of the present month. Judge Sim is a comparatively young man, and it is less than two years since he was appointed to the Native Land Court Bench.

Mr. J. J. Weir, of the Railway Department, New Plymouth, where he has been stationed the last five years, has been promoted to the position of chief clerk at the Thorndon goods station, Wellington. He will be succeeded at New Plymouth by Mr. White, stationmaster at Waitara.

Mr. James Inkster (recently of the Public Works Department, Auckland) has been appointed to the position of Supreme Court crier, vice Mr. Martin, who was lately retired, and is now assistant librarian at the Supreme Court. On Monday his brother officers of the Public Works Department made a presentation to Mr. Inkster of several pictures as a parting token of their esteem and goodwill.

Colonel Webb (late secretary of the Council of Defence), who has retired on superannuation, will take up his residence at Nelson in a few weeks. He was the guest at an informal gathering of the headquarters staff in the Garrison Officers' Club, Wellington, last week. Colonel Davies, C.B., and Colonel Collins being among those present. Colonel Webb's health was drunk with the utmost cordiality and Colonel Robin banded him, for Mrs. Webb, a handsome silver teapot.

At the Auckland warehouse of Messrs. P. Hayman and Co., last week, Mr. G. E. Browne, head storeman, was presented by his fellow workers with a case of pipes duly inscribed, the occasion being the 26th anniversary of Mr. Browne's service with the firm.

Mr. Marmaduke Webster, whose death was announced in Sydney recently

by, was a colonist of 56 years' standing, and one of the fast-thinning army of diggers who made golden history in the "litter." His life was an adventurous one. At various times he held or was interested in many rich claims, and made and lost several fortunes. Eight years were spent on the New Zealand fields, and while there he took a hand, under Von Tempeky, against the Maori. Mr Webster's last gold-holding venture was the disappointing Mount Brown rush. This ended disastrously. He and a companion narrowly escaped death from thirst, being rescued in the last extremity.

Advice has been received in Sydney that the Very Rev. Patrick Murray, Provincial of the Order in Ireland, Australia and New Zealand, has been elected Superior-General of the Redemptorists throughout the world.

The Hon. W. W. McCordle, M.L.C., Wellington, has been on a week's visit to Auckland.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Macklow, of Parnell, returned from a visit to Christchurch last week by the Monowai.

Mr. Franklyn Bradley, a settler of long standing in the Waikato district, died last week at the age of 75 years.

Mr. Andrew Thompson, who has been manager of the Mount Somers Coal Company's mine for the past three years, has received an appointment at Huntly.

Mr. T. W. Downes, town clerk of Bulls, died suddenly last week from heart disease. Deceased was formerly a surveyor and civil engineer at Wellington.

Private Storkey, of the Napier Rifles, who shot so well at the recent Trenton meeting, has been awarded the Government's gold medal for the best shot in the East Coast Battalion.

Mr. Clement Wragge was a passenger for Gisborne by the Monowai on Saturday.

Monsignor O'Reilly went over to Sydney on Monday by the Mokoia.

Mr. Grigsby, manager in Auckland for Messrs. Collins Bros., was a passenger for Sydney on Monday by the Mokoia.

The Rev. H. Reeve, vicar of St. Sepulchre's Church, was a passenger for London by the Ruapehu from Wellington on Thursday.

Mr. J. Kirker, general manager of the South British Insurance Company, left Auckland on a visit to Australia by the Mokoia on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Mitchellson of Dargaville, left on a visit to Australia and the South Sea Islands by the Sydney boat on Monday.

Captain Cromerty, of the Union Company has been spending furlough in New Zealand, returned to Sydney by the Mokoia on Monday to resume duty.

Among the visitors to New Zealand at present is Mr. J. M. Kneeshaw, manager of the Government electric tramways in Sydney. Mr. Kneeshaw was formerly connected with the New Zealand Railway Department, and was in charge of the Department's exhibit at the Dunedin and South Sea Exhibitions.

Mr. Adam McCracken, the inventor of mortite, a new explosive, has left New Zealand for Melbourne, en route to England, to give practical trials of the explosive at the request of the British Admiralty. He has letters from the New Zealand Government and the Commonwealth Government asking their representatives in London to give him every assistance in his mission.

It is not given to every local preacher to spend forty-nine years of his life in this work, but this proud record is held by Father Laws, of the Napier Circuit. At the last quarterly meeting of the Hawke's Bay metropolis, special reference was made to his retirement from active work on account of growing physical disabilities. The following resolution was unanimously passed:—"That we deeply regret the retirement of Father T. Laws from the active work of a local preacher through growing physical infirmity, and that this meeting places on record an expression of the affectionate regard and high esteem which Mr. Laws has earned throughout a long and honourable career as a local preacher for forty-nine years in the Old Country and this Dominion."

Mr. A. G. Macfarlane, of the New Zealand Press Association staff in Wellington, was married at Felding last week to Miss B. Waddington, daughter of Mrs. M. Waddington, of that town. In about a week's time Mr. Macfarlane will go to Cable Bay, Nelson, to act as agent for the Press Association there for some months.

At St. Luke's Schoolroom, Wadestown, Wellington, last week, presentations were made to the Rev. T. G. Kay and Mrs.

Kay, who are leaving on a trip to England. The gifts to Mr. Kay comprised a framed and illuminated address from the parishioners, six volumes and a silver pencil from the Sunday School teachers, and a silver-mounted pocket knife from the choir boys. Mrs. Kay was the recipient of a beautiful silver inkstand and pen. St. Anne's Church, Northland, also made presentations to Mr. and Mrs. Kay.

LONDON, April 2.

Mr. D. Robertson, secretary of the New Zealand Post and Telegraph Department, is on a visit to the Old Country, accompanied by Mrs. Robertson. They arrived at Vancouver from New Zealand on January 5, and since then have been visiting many of the chief centres in Canada, the United States, Germany, and France, reaching London last week. In Germany they were joined by their son, who is a New Zealand Rhodes scholar, and who is now taking a post-graduate course at Leipsic University. He has accompanied his parents to London for the Easter vacation, after which he will return to Leipsic. This week Mr. Robertson paid a visit to Fleetstreet to see how the great provincial papers are fed with telegraphic news by their London agencies, and next week he will have an opportunity of observing the methods of the Press gallery in the House of Commons, as affecting the collection and distribution of news.

Recent callers at the High Commissioner's office—Miss Constance Macbeth (Christchurch), Mr. J. Stuart White (late of Dunedin), Mr. Geo. Mellor (Alexandra South), Mr. P. E. Dwyer (Dunedin), Mr. W. Venon Rout (Nelson), Mr. Truby King (New Plymouth), Mr. Newton King (New Plymouth), Mr. J. B. Connell (New Plymouth), Mr. N. B. Durham (Auckland), Mr. and Mrs. W. R. May (Nelson).

The Earl of Ranfurly is to be presented with the honorary freedom of the Worshipful Company of Pattern-makers at the Guildhall on April 20th, "in token of the appreciation of the services rendered by him as Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the Dominion of New Zealand during the years 1897 to 1904, and as a mark of the esteem in which he is held by the citizens of London."

The Rev. H. S. Woolcombe, M.A., who finishes at Easter his work as head of Oxford House, Bethnal-green, in order to go on a preaching tour throughout the Empire, is receiving many souvenirs of esteem from the many organizations in which he has taken an active interest. He has been a very popular school manager, and the local teachers and children have already presented a travelling trunk and clock for his voyage to Australia and New Zealand, where he goes as a delegate of the Church of England Men's Society, while the Oxford House Ladies' West End Association have presented a camera, a gold watch-chain, and a fishing rod, and the Church of England Guild of Service a dispatch box and crucifix. Other presents are to follow from the Men's Meeting, and the Men's Club, who welcomed Mr. Woolcombe with a "sheep's-head supper," will give him a farewell in the same hearty fashion.

Mr. Connett, the chairman, and Mr. Newton King, the treasurer, of the New Plymouth Harbour Board, have arrived in London, on a business trip in connection with the flotation of a £300,000 loan for the Harbour Board. Of the sum to be raised, £200,000 is to pay off the existing loan, which falls due on May 1st, and the balance of the money is to be used for completing the harbour at New Plymouth. Mr. King is accompanied by his wife and Mr. Truby King, and Mr. Connett by Miss Connett. The party travelled to Vancouver by the Makura, and thence through Canada, visiting Niagara and Montreal en route. They arrived at Plymouth last Sunday and came on to London. Before leaving for New Zealand via Suez in six weeks' time, Mr. King hopes to see something of the produce trade in London and the provinces, and Mr. Connett will visit friends in Devonshire.

The R.M.S. Tainui left London to-day with the following saloon passengers for New Zealand ports:—Miss A. M. Phillips (Wellington), Mr. E. S. Pink (Wellington), Mr. C. E. Hart (Auckland), Mr. D. Hodgkinson (Napier), Mrs. D. Jacobs, Miss B. Jacobs (Wellington), Mr. J. Macfarlane (Wellington), Mr. B. Miller (Napier), Mr. W. Nash, Mrs. Nash (Wellington), Mr. A. W. Pottinger (Lyttelton), Miss I. Richards (Wellington), and 273 third-class passengers.

IMPORTANT TO DYSPEPTICS

The Right and Wrong Ways of Treating Indigestion.

How One of the Worst Cases of Indigestion on Record was Cured

The old way of treating stomach troubles, was to give the sufferer with indigestion something to relieve the pain and help digest the food. But this never cured indigestion. It simply couldn't. The weak stomach of the dyspeptic doesn't need something to help it digest food. It needs strength to carry out the digestive processes itself. That's the point of curing indigestion. Make the stomach strong enough to do its own work. That is the Dr. Williams' Pink Pills way. The tonic treatment with them restores all the conditions for healthy digestion by furnishing the stomach with an abundance of pure red blood and sufficient nervous energy. As the processes of digestion are controlled by the blood and nerves, it necessarily follows that this treatment is direct and certain in its action, and the stomach becomes strong enough to do what it ought to do.

One of the worst cases of indigestion on record is that of Mrs. Wallace, Hill-st., Block 27, Thames, New Zealand, who was cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The following statement made by Mrs. Wallace to a responsible reporter will bear the strictest investigation. She said:—

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Whose.

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Of course.

But does Professor Slosson propose giving his own life? Presumably not.

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Myrtle: I have only one objection, Algy. I'd have to live with you.

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TOPICS OF THE DAY.

NEW ZEALAND'S "DREAD-NOUGHTS."

How London Took the News.

THE news of New Zealand's great offer of two Dreadnoughts for the British navy has taken England by storm. I know of no event, not even the sending of colonial contingents to South Africa, which has produced so deep a feeling or evoked so much warm recognition on the part of the Mother Country towards one of her self-governing Dominions. The news came upon London with dramatic suddenness. Imagine, if you can, a gloomy, foggy winter's day in Fleet-street—a grey, uninspiring scene, dominated by the dull roar of traffic and the ceaseless sound of hurrying footsteps. New Zealand was far enough from the thoughts of that endless stream of human beings, each passing by absorbed in his own affairs, with that peculiar inattentiveness and abstraction which comes with long familiarity with London's teeming thoroughfares. Then suddenly appeared the evening paper bills with "New Zealand offers two Dreadnoughts" in great staring headlines, and the shrill voice of the newshoys rose high above the din of the traffic. It was enough. The attention of the public was arrested. There was a rush for the newspapers, and from that moment the one topic of the week, overwhelming all others in interest and importance, has been the patriotic action of New Zealand.

It has captured the English imagination. Even the news from the Antarctic expedition, splendid as that was, has been dwarfed by the side of it. The talk had been all of New Zealand, and the splendid spirit she had shown.

Sir Joseph Ward and his colleagues were, of course, influenced solely by patriotic motives in making their offer of two "Dreadnoughts" to the Mother Country, but in making it they have given "The long White Cloud" the finest advertisement any colony has ever received. The action of the self-governing Dominions at the time of the Boer war opened the eyes of thousands at Home to the value of Britain's colonial Empire, and converted to Imperialism untold numbers of those who were "Little Englanders" by reason of sheer ignorance alone. But the colonies on that occasion all came along with offers of help "as one man," and it is to be feared that the eyes and thoughts of the old folk at Home were so intently fixed upon the theatre of the struggle that they had little chance of paying much attention to the particular sources whence England was deriving such magnificent aid in her dark hour.

New Zealand's offer came as a most complete surprise, and has captivated the fancy of everybody. In tram, train, or bus, wherever you go, you hear the words "New Zealand." Everybody who knows anything about the newest Dominion is airing his knowledge for the benefit of those who don't, but who want to because of those two "Dreadnoughts." Everybody, indeed, seems anxious to learn something about "God's own country," its people and products. And the newspapers, Liberal, Tory, and non-descript, are voicing New Zealand's praise in glowing terms daily. It is a great score for Maoriland, and for the time being she is, in England's eyes, the Cullinan diamond in England's casket of colonial jewels. The only regret that I have found among English people in regard to the offer is that the British Government, instead of accepting it forthwith, has asked that it should take effect in next year's building programme. There is a very general feeling that the Home Government has missed a great opportunity. A prompt acceptance, so far from being interpreted as a sign of weakness, would have accorded with the genuine enthusiasm shown by the nation at large, and would have done more than anything else to strengthen the bonds of goodwill between the Mother Country and the Dominion.

INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITIONS.

The High Commissioners and Agents-General of the self-governing colonies have been appointed members of the new Royal Commission which is to

assist the Board of Trade in the organization of exhibits illustrative of British arts, industry, and agriculture at the forthcoming international exhibitions at Brussels in 1910 and at Rome and Turin in 1911. The Prince of Wales will be president of the Commission, the Earl of Latham chairman.

The exhibition at Brussels in 1910 will mark the inauguration of a new policy on the part of His Majesty's Government with regard to official participation in foreign international exhibitions. It has been felt for some time past that British exhibitors have been at a disadvantage as compared with those of other countries, owing to the absence of any permanent organisation for preparing the British section at important international exhibitions. A committee was subsequently appointed by the President of the Board of Trade in 1900 to make inquiries and report as to the nature and extent of the benefit accruing to British arts, industries, and trade from the participation of this country in great international exhibitions, and to advise as to the steps which should be taken to secure the maximum advantage from any public money which might be expended on this object.

As a result of the recommendations contained in the committee's report, a special branch of the Commercial Labour and Statistical Department of the Board of Trade was recently established to deal

status as Crown Prince going back no further than the middle of 1903—prior to which he was a person of no importance—Prince George of Serbia has for the past six years been constantly before the public eye, usually in the character of a young man of vicious and violent temperament, whose chief claims to notoriety were his absolute disregard of social and political etiquette and a total lack of those qualities which mark a man out as being fit to hold any high office of state. In fine, Prince George has been exhibited to the public as an "unlicked cub" of the worst possible kind, prone to anger, swift to violence, a cowardly bully towards those upon whom he dared let loose the vials of his wrath, utterly wanting in filial affection and in respect to the responsible ministers of State.

The worst scandals related of Prince George concerned his private life. It has been reported that in fits of crazy anger he had insulted, and even offered physical violence to, officials, soldiers, and servants of the Palace, that he had thrashed his tutors, and had openly insulted his father in the presence of others. The Belgrade journals have more than once insinuated doubts as to his sanity, and a correspondent of a Vienna journal actually reported that the Prince had become insane, and was likely to be interred in an asylum abroad.

One of the best accredited eccentricities of the Prince is his domestic practice with the revolver. He is an excellent shot, and the walls and ceilings of his apartments are covered with bullet marks. It is said that governors and

and sex children. Almost all the Ed- grade papers addressed questions to the Government and the police as to why no inquiry was made into the affair, and two days later the journals openly accused the Prince of murder.

The Prince is not without friends. In some quarters it is alleged that he is the victim of foul intrigue on the part of certain Serbian politicians who have the ear of the local Press. In February, a representative of the "Pall Mall Gazette" had an interview with the Prince, who declared that what the Press said of him was lies, and that the reason for this was his bluntness, his frank outspokenness. The interviewer described him as "a youth frank and honest, full of vivacity and superfluous energy, chafing under restraint, perhaps, and mourning the absence of activity and the presence of forethought in his nation. Tall, athletically knit, healthy-looking, with deep-set, serious eyes, which may be kindled instantly into merriment, and with all the evidence of courage writ upon his face."

It may be so, but usually where there is smoke there is fire, and round the Crown Prince's name there has been thick black clouds of smoke for the past five years.

Occasionally one drops across people who seem to love being dirty. This is pardonable in a case of extreme poverty, but when the offender is wealthy it is little short of criminal. A gentleman traveling in Victoria described one homestead, where the owner was a comparatively wealthy man, and the place was a dirty, filthy establishment. A family of nine lived in a bark hut of three rooms, without door or window. In the front room the walls were hung with the skins of every wild animal known in Victoria. Under the table were several cats quarrelling over the carcase of a rabbit, and from a rafter was suspended a bag, from which honey dripped into a milk-pan, and about 1000 flies and three dirty children were attempting to catch the drippings. Another child brought in a water melon, but there was not a knife in the house, so the eldest girl, about 24 years of age, seized an axe and broke the melon in pieces, which she offered the traveller with her grimy hands. The remarkable fact about this case was that the man was the owner of one of the most magnificent places in the north-east, and was worth about £20,000. It's a cheerful, edifying fact.



THE SLAUGHTER OF THE INNOCENTS.

with all matters relating to the participation of Great Britain in foreign international exhibitions, and active preparations are now being made for the organization of a comprehensive display of British arts and manufactures at the three exhibitions in question.

The Brussels Exhibition, which will include sections devoted to art, science, industry, and agriculture, is to open in April, 1910, and will continue for a period of about six months. The exhibitions at Rome and Turin will open in April, 1911, and continue for a period of about six months. They are being held to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of the proclamation of the kingdom of Italy, and are under the patronage of the King of Italy and the honorary presidency of the Duke of Aosta. The exhibition at Turin will be devoted to industry and labour, and that at Rome to art and archaeology.

A PRINCE'S "PRANKS."

If one half the scandalous stories told of the Crown Prince of Serbia are true, there can be small wonder at his compulsory renunciation of his right to succeed his father to the blood-stained throne of Serbia; indeed, if a tithing of the tales have foundation in fact, Prince George ought to have been placed years ago in a criminal lunatic asylum. Only in his twenty-second year, and with his

aides-de-camp have resigned because they did not care to approach his Highness by a door riddled with revolver bullets.

It was reported not long ago that a mouse had been caught in Prince George's room. With the living animal in his hand, he went to the two sentinels at the entrance to the Royal Palace, and, lifting it near the mouth of one of them, commanded him to bite off the head of the mouse. The soldier refused, whereupon the Prince—so the story goes—threatened him with violence, and did actually draw his sword on the man. In the Skupstina recently a deputy asked a question about a Prince who was reported to have murderously attacked two footmen with a hammer, and there was no doubt in anybody's mind that Prince George was the person the deputy referred to. The "last straw" which broke the back of the Serbian Ministry's endurance of the Prince's "pranks" is said to have been a murderous attack on a groom of the chambers. M. Kolakovitch had been for some time in the service of the Prince. On the night of March 17th, it is alleged that when the Prince returned to the Palace a fearful scene occurred. The Prince knocked M. Kolakovitch down and kicked him with his spurred riding-boots about the head and body. He then ordered two soldiers to carry the insensible man to the guardhouse, whence he was transferred to the hospital, where he died three days later, leaving a wife

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Sports and Pastimes.

FOOTBALL.

RUGBY.

BEAUTIFUL weather favoured the opening of the Rugby season in Auckland on Saturday. The game does not seem so popular this year, and seldom has it been ushered in so quietly. Among the more important games the results were:— University defeated Newton by 10 points to nil; Ponsonby, last year's champions, beat Grafton by 29 points to nil; and North Shore suffered defeat by City, the latter scoring 32 points to the Shoreites' nil. In the second grade the results were: Ponsonby 15 v. North Shore nil; City 23 v. University nil; Parnell 23 v. Grafton 8; Marist Brothers 9 v. Newton nil.

Whangarei.

The Rugby season opened on Saturday at Kensington Park, with a match between Kiripaka and Middle Harbour. The latter team lacked combination, and were easily outplayed by Kiripaka, who won by 14 points to nil.

Paeoa.

The football competitions under the auspices of the Paeoa Rugby Union were continued on Saturday afternoon, when East and Suburbs tried conclusions, the latter winning by 3 points to penalty goal to nil. E. Rukit kicked the goal for Suburbs. Mr W. Moore gave every satisfaction as referee.

Thames.

The Thames football season opened on Saturday, when County and Suburbs met, the game resulting in a win for the former by 8 points to 3, the winners having the best of the game throughout. In the junior division, the game between County and Suburbs was also won by County by 3 points to nil.

Coromandel.

The first football match of the season, Coromandel v. Old Coromandel Boys, from Auckland, was played on Saturday afternoon in the Kaitiaki paddock, Coromandel, and after a very interesting and fast game, resulted in a victory for the local team by 23 points to 8.

Waik.

City (3) beat Suburbs (nil). Jonghin scored a try for the winners.

Hawke's Bay.

Rovers (8) beat Old Boys (3).
Athletic (24) beat Napier (0).
Athletic (5) beat Pirates (0).
Pakipaki (0) beat Kia Ora (nil).

Manawatu.

Felting (15) beat Old Boys (3).
Mataia (7) beat Palmerston (2).

Wellington.

Athletic (5) beat Wellington (nil).
Ponake (0) beat Petone (3).
Victoria College (nil) drew with Southern (nil).
Oriental (6) beat St. James (3).
Metrae (21) beat Old Boys (6).

Christchurch.

Merivale (15) beat Christchurch (3).
Sydenham (6) beat Linwood (nil); Old Boys (3) beat Canterbury College (8); Albion a bye.

Otago.

Southern, 17, beat University, 6.
Dunedin, 11, beat Talbot Rovers, 3.
Port Chalmers, 14, beat Union, 3.
Albion, 10, beat Zingari Richmond, 8.
Pirates, 6, beat Kalkora, 2.

Learned Something.

The Kangaroos (the professional Rugby team which recently toured England) defeated a New South Wales team by 34 points to 8 last week. The returned team were cleverer in all departments of play, showing that their visit to England had greatly improved them in the finer points of the game.

NORTHERN UNION.

A Press Association cable from Sydney states that the recently returned touring team, "The Kangaroos," defeated the pick of New South Wales by 48 to 10.

ASSOCIATION.

Some interesting games were played on Saturday, when the Auckland championship matches under Association rules were continued. In the first division, Corinthians were victorious over the Caledonians by 3 goals to 1; W.Y.M.F. beat Ponsonby 2 to nil; and Y.M.C.A. (2 goals) were defeated by North Shore (3 goals). Among the second division, wins were recorded by Tabernacle and United, who defeated Carlton and Corinthians respectively.

AUSTRALIAN GAME.

The followers of the Australian game opened the season on Saturday in Auckland. Mount Roskill beat Eden by 61 points to 30 points, and the Newton-Imperial match ended in favour of Newton by 57 points to 15.

CRICKET.

THE AUSTRALIAN XI. IN ENGLAND.

Programme of Matches.

- MAY.
6-v. Nottinghamshire, at Nottingham.
10-v. Northamptonshire, at Northampton.
13-v. Essex, at Leyton.
17-v. Surrey, at the Oval.
20-v. M.C.C., at Lord's.
21-v. Oxford University, at Oxford.
27—FIRST TEST MATCH, at Birmingham.
31-v. Leicestershire, at Leicester.

JUNE.

- 8-v. Cambridge University, at Cambridge.
7-v. Hampshire, at Southampton.
10-v. Somerset, at Bath.
14—SECOND TEST MATCH, at Lord's.
17—Vacant (probably Scotland).
21-v. Yorkshire, at Bradford.
24-v. Lancashire and Yorkshire, at Manchester.
28-v. Scotland (two days), at Edinburgh.

JULY.

- 1—THIRD TEST MATCH, at Leeds.
5-v. Warwickshire, at Birmingham.
8-v. Worcestershire, at Worcester.
12-v. Gloucestershire, at Bristol.
13-v. Surrey, at the Oval.
19-v. Yorkshire, at Sheffield.
22-v. Derbyshire, at Derby.
27—FOURTH TEST MATCH, at Manchester.
29-v. Yorkshire and Lancashire, at Hull.

AUGUST.

- 2-v. South Wales, at Cardiff.
3-v. Lancashire, at Liverpool.
9—FIFTH TEST MATCH, at the Oval.
13-v. West of England (Devon, Cornwall, etc.), at Exeter.
16-v. Gloucestershire, at Cheltenham.
19-v. Kent, at Canterbury.
23-v. Middlesex, at Lord's.
24-v. Sussex, at Brighton.
30-v. M.C.C., at Lord's.

SEPTEMBER.

- 2-v. Essex, at Leyton.
6-v. An England Eleven (Mr. Bamford's), at Utteter.
9—Scarborough Festival, at Scarborough.
29-v. South of England, at Hastings.

The First Win.

The tour of the Australians commenced auspiciously with the defeat of Nottingham by an innings and six runs. Following are the scores:—

NOTTINGHAM.—1st Innings.	
A. O. Jones, not out	125
G. Gunn, b Armstrong	9
J. Hardstaff, b Armstrong	7
J. Gunn, b Cotter	37
W. Payton, b Cotter	12
J. Iremonger, c Carter, b Whitty	7
C. James, c Trumper, b Whitty	0
E. Alletson, b O'Connor	1
T. Oates, c Carter, b Armstrong	5
A. Hallam, b Armstrong	0
T. Wass, b Armstrong	31
Sundries	5
Total	238

Bowling Analysis: Cotter took two wickets for 73 runs; Armstrong, five for 55; Whitty, two for 42; Laver, none for 21; O'Connor, one for 38; Noble, none for 8.

AUSTRALIA.—First Innings.

M. A. Noble, c Jones, b Wass	4
W. Bardsley, c Oates, b Wass	63
H. Carter, lbw, b Hallam	61
H. E. Gregory, c James, b Wass	2
V. Trumper, b Hallam	94
W. Ransford, lbw, b Wass	4
W. W. Armstrong, not out	106
A. Cotter, c Alletson, b Hallam	22
F. Laver, b Hallam	17
J. O'Connor lbw, b Hallam	6
J. Whitty, b Hallam	0
Sundries	10
Total	389

Bowling Analysis: T. Wass, took four wickets for 107; A. Hallam, six for 144; J. Iremonger, none for 75; John Gunn, none for 42; J. Hardstaff, none for 11.

NOTTINGHAM.—Second Innings.

A. O. Jones, c Armstrong, b Whitty	30
Geo. Gunn, c sub, b Noble	22
J. Hardstaff, b Armstrong	25
J. Iremonger, c Whitty, b O'Connor	4
J. Gunn, c sub, b O'Connor	1
W. Payton, c Whitty, b Cotter	6
C. James, lbw, b Armstrong	6
E. Alletson, c Trumper, b Armstrong	31
T. Oates, b Cotter	13
A. Hallam, b Cotter	1
T. Wass, not out	0
Sundries	5
Total	144

Bowling analysis: Cotter took three wickets for 51 runs; O'Connor, two for 35; Whitty, one for 33; Armstrong, three for 27; Noble, one for 3.

Captain of the English Team.

Mr. A. C. MacLaren (Lancashire) has accepted the captaincy of the English team for the test matches against the Australian eleven. Hon. F. S. Jackson was asked, but was unable to accept.

The Demoralisation of Bowlers.

(By G. L. JESSOP
(Of England and Gloucester XI').)

When writing on matters appertaining to cricket, one is rather too prone to treat one's subject entirely from the standpoint of first-class cricket. It is a mistake from which too many of us suffer. At the very lowest computation the humbler followers of the game outnumber their more exalted brethren by the very large proportion of some three or four thousand to one. With such a large subject as the "Demoralisation of Bowlers," it is impossible to ignore what for want of a better term we will call second-class cricket. For it is in this class that bowling is more frequently demoralised. And for this reason. The county bowler is a man of mature experience, ready to cope with anything which may occur a little out of the ordinary. Although at times he may himself experience an occasion or two when his bowling may, to use a colloquialism, get tied in a knot—yet in nine cases out of ten he finds some means by which he can unravel it. With him it is merely temporary. Usually it is not so with local bowling. Exceptions there must be, of course, but the general happening is that once the bowling is collared, it remains so for the rest of the innings.

In Rustic Cricket.

In the days prior to my inclusion in the first-class ranks, my experience was mostly confined to local and village cricket. Of good club cricket I saw little. In this local and village cricket it needed very little to put the bowler out of his stride. The mere standing out of one's crease in order to play fast bowling was quite sufficient to ensure a perfect gluttony of long hops. And the most certain way of bringing about complete demoralisation was for one to run out of one's crease to slow or medium pace bowling. Nor is this to be wondered at, for against a resolute, keen-eyed, and quick-footed batter the bowler's task is never a sinecure in any class of cricket. A bowler requires a cool head to deal with such, and it is exceptional to find one of this species outside the ranks of first-class cricket. On occasions even in first-class cricket such methods have been found to pay, but those who do indulge themselves in this manner form a very small minority. Rustic cricket—real rustic cricket—where epikes are unknown, and the only equipment deemed really necessary is either a red belt or cap—is responsible for all sorts of dodges in the direction of putting the bowler off. One batsman, who

should have known better, for he was a parson's son, made a constant practice of drawing back from his wicket as the bowler was on the point of delivery, pleading on each occasion his unreadiness. It used to, as he was careful to explain to me, demoralise the buccic mind. To plead to him that it was not quite cricket was but to involve oneself in endless argument. If these few lines of mine—should they catch his eye—result in his sincere repentance of the error of his ways, they will not have been written in vain. There is also a reverse side of the medal, for the bowler himself is not altogether slow in an endeavour to steal a march on his inveterate foe. Whether it is altogether "according to Cocker" to suddenly change from slow underhand to fast overarm to an unsuspecting batsman, is a question which I will leave to the delinquents themselves to solve. But after all instances where either batsman or bowler resort to practices like, even if they do not exactly break the letter of the law, yet do evade the spirit of the game, are extremely isolated. And the spirit of cricket breathes just as healthily on our village greens as it does in the proud enclosure of the headquarters at Lords. Long may this be so.

Hypnotic Influence in Cricket.

In the demoralising of bowling the personality of the batsman plays no little part. If one looks at the names of the first dozen batsmen at the end of each season, one recognises how very little separates the twelfth from the first in the list. But though in the matter of averages there may not be much to choose, yet a larger gap in actual cricket does exist. To the bowler there is something almost intimidating in the personalities of a Fry—a Ranji—a Hayward—or a Tylesley. He cannot quite explain it, but there it is. Possibly he may be too conscious that those selfsame ruthless ruffians have discovered thoroughly all the secrets of his personal art, leaving him like the "dummy hand" of a bridge player thoroughly exposed. He is not going to bowl any the better for this knowledge. He may bowl with the utmost confidence against some other batsman whose average merely differs from those others by an insignificant fraction. Certainly with a "Hanji" it almost amounts to hypnotic influence. Knowing full well the deadly dispatch of that batsman's "on" stroke, the bowler is fully impressed with the importance of not bowling anything near the leg stump—and yet he finds that ball which he propelled with full intent to the "off" side has been attracted as by a magnet towards the guarded shins of that nonchalant figure. When he finds that he cannot accomplish his aim, he finds himself almost unconsciously doing the very thing he ought not to do. Is it possible for hypnotic influence to play any part in the future of cricket? Perhaps some scientist will relieve the minds of our bowling brethren on this subject. I know personally that I have often wished for a half volley, and have had my wish immediately granted, but that I put down to intelligent anticipation. On another occasion I repeated my wish, and again I got it, and so did my leg stump. As this was my first ball in a Test match, my faith in hypnotic influence received a shock from which it has never fully recovered. It may not be so with others.

Patience and Punishment.

There is one meaning to the word demoralisation which signifies the "throwing into confusion," and it is in this state which the bowler is brought by the association of two fierce hitters, each of whom is imbued with a firm conviction that the bowling can be hit. There comes a day to most hitters when nothing can go wrong, and it is then that the true demoralisation of the attack occurs. It matters little how good the bowling may be, for the better the length the faster do the runs come. Such days as these come few and far between, but when they do arrive it is not a matter for surprise if the bowler's confidence is somewhat shaken. There can be no doubt that hitting is more likely to cause demoralisation than any other cause, but it must not be lost sight of that a steady, stolid defence likewise quells the spirit of the bowler. But bowlers bowl so much better when no runs come. It is then merely a matter of patience. Few bowlers stand punishment really well, and it is the man whose principal aim is the keeping down of runs who is the first to lose confidence when bow-

Maris come quickly. And it is bowlers of this kidney who come in for the most punishment; for their accuracy of length being of a mechanical precision, lends itself more readily to the upsetting of the mechanism. This mechanical length bowling does, of course, meet with success, but it is not the greatest factor in match winning. The bowler who is not afraid to be hit is the one upon whom greater reliance can be placed. A batsman like P. F. Warner would very rarely be caught napping against perfect length bowling on a plumb wicket. There are limits to every batsman's game, and whereas the defence of a Warner might demoralise an attack, if that batsman threw defence to the winds, and taking his courage in his trusty arms were to literally bald-headed for the bowling, his tactics would be far more likely to lead to his own demoralisation rather than that of the bowlers. The bowler, knowing how foreign such methods are to his game, would be lifted up with the prospect of the enemy delivering himself into his hands, and consequently he be ever so fagged would feel entering into him new spirit.

"And then with hope eternal in the human breast would he proceed to bowl his darndest best."

Just in the same way Trumper would be less likely—indeed, not likely at all—to demoralise the attack if he chose for any particular match to wear the mantle of a Quaffle or a Kinnoir. Chacun a son jeu—each one to his own game. Apart from the prowess of any particular batsman, our present-day wickets have a lot to answer for in the direction of loss of confidence of the bowlers. One hears little of their demoralisation when wet wickets make their appearance, or when pitches begin to crumble. Then it is that no matter when runs do come fast and furious the bowler is still on good terms with himself, for he knows that on an imperfect wicket the batsman must sooner or later make a mistake. And provided that mistake be taken advantage of, he has nothing further to fear.

Missed Catches.

Missed catches quite as much as the fierce onslaughts of vigorous batsmen are responsible for the discouragement of the bowler. Especially those of the slow variety, who depend so much on good fielding. When one considers that the making of a chanceless century is of such an uncommon occurrence as to call for special remark, and when one also remembers the frequency with which "centuries" do occur, one is not left wondering long over the cause of the demoralisation of the bowlers. That theirs, however, is not a hopeless lot, we can glean from the knowledge of the splendid success with which the South African attack met on the occasion of their visit in 1907. Then we saw bowling rise superior to the drawbacks of perfect wickets. If their example be largely followed, and an era of "googly" bowlers should set in—it will not be for us to lament as to the demoralisation of bowlers. Rather will it be of the demoralisation of batsmen.

publishing office, not later than the Saturday prior to the date of publication.

Championship Meeting.

The championship meeting fixed for August 18th to 25th on the Hukowhitu Links, at Palmerston North, will be followed by the local tournament of the Manawatu Ladies' Club, to take place on August 26th and 27th. The tournament will include the competition for the Manawatu Challenge Cup (an open event) as well as several handicap matches, also open.

Coronation Medals.

Affiliated clubs are reminded of the altered conditions under which the two Coronation medals will be played for this year. Formerly players with L.G.W. handicaps not exceeding the 25 limit met annually and competed for the medals on a common ground. One competition took place in the North Island, and one in the South, there being two medals to play for. It was found that the distance to be travelled debarred many eligible competitors from taking part, so, with the consent of the English donors of the trophies, it was decided that in future one medal should be competed for at the annual championship meeting, and the other should be played for throughout New Zealand on a fixed date, all players playing on their own courses against the "par" of the green on their L.G.W. handicaps.

The date fixed for this year's competition is the 31st day of May. As before stated the competition is open to all players with handicaps under 25. Immediately the competition is over, the club secretaries should send the results, properly certified, to the honorary secretary L.G.U., Mrs. Mellson, Palmerston North. It is requested that all cards should be sent in, not only that of the winner in each club, so that some estimate may be formed as to whether the various "para" work out satisfactory in relation to each other.

Special note should be taken that no postponement of the competition on the score of bad weather, or any other reason, can be allowed, the essence of the new regulation being that the contests take place simultaneously all over New Zealand.

New Club.

The Hawera Ladies' Club has now joined the Union, bringing the number of affiliated clubs up to 25, of which eleven are in the South Island and 14 in the North.

Nga Motu Club.

The monthly medal handicap under the L.G.U. handicaps (Ngamotu par. 82) was played on Tuesday last night. Following are the scores:—

	Gross.	Hcp.	Net.
Miss Smith	115	34	81
Miss Read	115	32	82
Miss Stephenson ..	98	11	85
Miss Deacon	118	33	85
Mrs Oswin	116	29	87
Mrs Gray	125	37	88
Miss Staudish	106	17	89
Mrs Symes	118	25	93
Miss Brewster	133	39	94
Mrs Paton	134	34	100

HOCKEY.

Popular Game in Auckland.

Three years ago there were 120 players in the Auckland Hockey Association; today there are 350. This is concrete evidence of the great strides the game has made. The championship matches which commenced on Saturday, provided some good play. The senior results were:—Auckland beat Ponsonby, four goals to two; University defeated College Rifles, seven to one; United scored seven goals to Y.M.C.A.'s one; and North Shore beat St. George's one goal to nil. In the second grade the games ended:—Pimpernet, 4, v. Y.M.C.A. 2; United 9, v. University 2; St. George's 5, v. Auckland 1; Training College 4, v. College Rifles 3; Ponsonby, v. North Shore, a draw.

GOLF.

LADIES' GOLF.

This paper has been appointed an official organ for the Ladies' Golf Union, New Zealand Branch.

Secretaries of clubs are requested to forward official notices, alterations in handicaps, results of competitions, and other matters of interest to reach the

HUNTING.

The Pakuranga Hounds.

The formal opening of the hunting season took place on Saturday, when the hounds met at the Mt. Roskill school. The weather was beautiful, and there was an exceptionally large attendance of followers and also onlookers. The hounds were given a run over the properties of Messrs B. Ash, Conely, and Booth, finishing in another field of Mr. Conely's, and then back to "Dunkerron," the residence of Mr. H. T. Gorrle, one of the masters, where afternoon tea was provided. Amongst those following were Messrs H. T. Gorrle and E. H. O'Rourke, joint masters; Sir Robert Lockhart, Messrs Blonfield, Bullock Webster, Henwood, McKenzie, Gommans, Massey, Kinloch, M. Conely, De Pass, Reid, Crowther, Daltou, G. Gorrle, Rutherford, Wilson (C), Fulton, Grey, Johnson, Small, Virtue, West, Evans, Dunlop, Patterson, Robertson, Docherty, Gullan, Fisher, Mann, Wallace, Willis, McLaughlin, Buckland, Messdame O'Rourke, Willis McLaughlin, Kelly, Misses Gorrle (3), Gill Lloyd, West (2), Harris, Turkie, Lloyd, and others. In addition there were a large number driving

ROWING.

Inter-State Four-oar Race.

It will be of interest to rowing men throughout the Dominion, and the members of the Waitemata Club in particular, to know that Mr. A. D. Boydell (secretary of the New Zealand Rowing

Association) received intimation by last week's mail that the Tasmanian Tourist Association is arranging a large carnival, to be held about March, 1910, and has offered to provide funds for an interstate four-oared championship race, if it is able to obtain entries from either Australia or New Zealand. It proposes to allot a sum towards the travelling expenses of each State and £25 for the purchase of trophies for the winners. As the New Zealand championships for 1910 will probably be decided a little before the date mentioned, the proposal of the Tasmanian people offers an excellent opportunity for a New Zealand crew to measure blades with Australian oarsmen.

Painting Under Inspiration.

EXTRAORDINARY PSYCHIC CASE.

Helen Smith, the wonderful girl psychic at Geneva, who is astonishing even those who profess to know the mysteries of occultism, and bewildering those who follow the philosophy of materialism, has just finished the fourth painting in the series of seven, which she claims she has been inspired to do, and the work is exciting the wonder of art connoisseurs who have seen it.

Miss Minnie Tracey, the prima donna, daughter of Co. John Tracey, journalist, who at the time of his death was Commissioner of Charities in Washington, D.C., has just returned from Geneva, where she has made a triumph in the operas of "Isolde and Tristan," and "Tannhauser." She is a great friend of Helen Smith, and spent much time with her watching her work upon the portrait of Cagliostro, which is Miss Smith's latest work. Speaking of her experience, Miss Tracey said:

"I called upon Miss Smith quite frequently while in Geneva and saw the portrait of Cagliostro grow from its beginning. It was simply wonderful. At first the outline appeared like the features of a young man, but as Miss Smith worked the face grew older and wrinkled. The colour of his dress was changed several times during the making of the picture, and finally remained a rich brown.

"You understand that Miss Smith is an uneducated girl, without a knowledge of or even an acquaintance with painting. She is always in a trance while doing her work, and never takes anything to eat or drink on the day she receives her inspiration. As there is a painting of Cagliostro in the Louvre in Paris it is proposed to bring the painting by Miss Smith to compare the likeness of the subconscious work with the real portrait in the Museum.

"Miss Smith's work so far has consisted of three other paintings—a Crucifixion, which possesses such strength and originality that it made tears come to my eyes when I looked upon it; 'Christ in Gethsemane,' and a 'Virgin.' She has never been out of Geneva, and has been a very limited reader. Yet the historic facts she states are always correct, and her knowledge of geography and places is perfect.

"Monsieur Badin, in whose store Helen acted as a shopgirl until her remarkable psychic manifestations attracted the attention of the psycho-philosophers, told me that Helen never evidenced great intelligence, but that she had a remarkable memory. Whenever she became possessed with an inspiration to paint, M. Badin willingly allowed her to go home and remain away as long as she required.

"Through Mrs. James Jackson's generosity she was enabled to give up her position and stay at home to develop her powers.

"The painting of a picture involves much preparation, for the 'inspiration,' or whatever it may be, directs her just how to prepare the canvas or panel on which to paint, indicating the exact size, the kind of wood or canvas to be used, and everything to the minutest detail. Even after everything has been prepared this inspirational force often decides to change its mind and will instruct Miss Smith to commence all over again on a new plan.

"She generally starts her portraits with the eyes. The room in which she paints is always in a dim light and absolute quiet must prevail. She had her first command to paint in 1906, but attributed it to some wild fancy and did not take it seriously, but as the inspiration recurred she followed its instructions and finished her first work, 'The Crucifixion,' in 1908."

Perhaps.

The only way to get the best to consumption would be to first round up all the tuberculosis experts and the whole doctorous cult and kill 'em off with their own prescriptions, and then turn the constabulary and militia loose on the State and city with orders to kill everyone over ten, and every one under it, that hadn't been killed off with vaccine virus or anti-toxin, and then burn all the cities down, and, after making the earth a desolation, to then catch the east wind and pump it full of serum fake cures and vaccine sure-death virus, until it blew like, and smelt like, and felt like, "the warm and spicy breezes of Araby," and then, only then, will consumption get off the job, all other wind jamming and dollar corraling stories to the contrary.

At Princeton a lecturer said that Mr. Cleveland had little sympathy with the rush and hurry that the American business man so complacently affects—no sympathy with train and boat dictation, with the lunch table telephone, the letter phonograph, and the other bluffs. "Don't rush so," Mr. Cleveland once said. "Lightning might do a great deal more if it wasn't always in such an awful hurry."

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A constipated habit of body will be completely cured if the patient will on each occasion, when suffering, take a dose of Froctoids, instead of an ordinary aperient. The patient thus gradually becomes independent of Aperient Medicines.

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By WHALEBONE.

RACING FIXTURES.

May 12-13—Egmont Racing Club.
 May 12, 13—Aasburton County Racing Club.
 May 22-24—North Ottago Jockey Club.
 May 22, 24—Takapuna Jockey Club.
 May 22-24—Waunganui Jockey Club.
 June 3, 4—Dunedin Jockey Club.
 June 3, 4—Otago Hunt Racing Club.
 June 3, 5, 6—Auckland Racing Club.
 June 10, 11—Hawke's Bay Jockey Club.
 June 10—Hawke's Bay Steeplechase.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Bogey.—Mabinga, 8.15; Glenora, 8.11.

Only five more days' racing to complete the local racing season.

Mr. E. J. Watt recently disposed of a fullbrother to Moriarty for 100gs.

S. Morrow is now superintending the training of the Eton—Sunshine filly Sonnetta.

The Multiform filly Roselike has injured one of her knees, and is now under veterinary treatment.

The Eton gelding Barata is to be treated to a spell, and will not be seen out again during this season.

Several would-be purchasers are after the Expulsion horse Don Hannahul, but, so far, no business has resulted.

The two-year-olds, Indian Chief and Hyprion, are to be given a spell at their owner's place for a few months.

The Taranaki Jockey Club anticipate effecting a number of important improvements to their course at any early date.

The Australian rider J. Kilron easily headed the list of winning jockeys in India last season.

The South horse Grenadier has been withdrawn from all engagements at the Takapuna J.C. Winter Meeting.

Kees Heaton has shifted his quarters, and has taken over John Rae's stables, until recently occupied by C. Weal.

The Hawke's Bay Cup winner Tangmoa was purchased by her present owner, Mr. D. Buick, M.P., for 50gs.

A number of private watches made Provoction's time in the Manawatu Stakes 2 3s faster than that recorded officially.

The Kempton Park Great Jubilee Handicap, in which three American horses figure at the top of the handicap, is decided today.

The winner of the Maiden Handicap at the recent Manterborough meeting, Twinkle, was made the medium of a big commission in Auckland.

The yearling full brother to Achilles, which realised 470gs at the Sydney yearling sales, is spoken of as likely to turn out a worthy relative of his illustrious brother.

A number of the ponies that have been competing at the Wellington Pony and Gallopway Meetings have been shipped to Sydney.

Moharaul and Lyral, both of which are engaged in the Great Northern Hurdle Race, are reported to be both doing a solid preparation at Hawera.

Double betting has already started on the Great Northern Hurdles and Steeplechase, but the prices on offer at present are hardly likely to lead to much business.

The geldings Leo and Keep Step are now in work at Ellerslie, under the charge of T. A. Williams. It is understood the pair are to be tried at the Hlegitimate game.

The mishap to Moral will probably end the racing career of the son of The Possible. Moral is such a fine, big, and handsome horse, that he should make a useful sire.

It would be interesting to know the amount the inquiries instituted by the Avondale Jockey Club last September will cost before the cases are finally disposed of by the Conference.

It is supposed that business other than the appeal cases of N. Cunningham and Royal Soul will occupy the attention of the judges of the N.Z. Racing Conference when they meet this evening.

The committee of the South Australian Jockey Club has passed a resolution instructing the judge to in future place four horses in all important races. The practice obtains at both Flemington and Caulfield.

A. Fergus returned to Sydney by the Victoria on Monday, taking with him Rosie Wilkes and O.Y.O., which competed unsuccessfully at the various trotting meetings in and around Auckland during the season.

Matters are rather quiet at Ellerslie at present, and, beyond steady work, there is practically nothing doing. Several horses have been schooled during the week, but there has been nothing of note to record.

G. Reid, who was disqualified for twelve months by the Wellington Racing Club last January, has been granted permission to work in a stable. He is not, however, allowed to ride work.

The Canterbury Jockey Club are usually the first to introduce innovations into racing, and their latest move is introducing a rule compelling all cross-country horsemen to wear skull caps when riding in jumping races.

D. Moraghan returned from the South by the Main Trunk express on Saturday, with Master Soul and Elysian, both of which have been competing at the Wellington, Manawatu, and Hawke's Bay meetings.

Mr. U. Shannon, of Wellington, acting on behalf of Mr. E. H. Bell, of Melbourne, has purchased Moriarty from Mr. E. J. Watt, for, it is stated, 300gs. The son of Meriwice is to be shipped to his new home to-morrow (Thursday).

The gelding Wairaka, which has been off the scene for some time, is now an inmate of S. Hodge's stable. Hodge, who is very painstaking and reliable, is getting a big string together, and has now eight horses under his care.

The American colt Sir Marlin was somewhat extensively backed for the English Derby early last month. Sir Marlin had been doing what was required of him very well, so his connections thought they would take the fairly good odds offered.

A recent issue of the Opoitiki "Herald" contains some very severe strictures on the meeting held lately in that district, and in which half what it states is true, the Metropolitan committee ought to be at once ordered an inquiry into the circumstances.

In the Borough Handicap, on the concluding day of the Manawatu meeting, in which she was beaten by Nכותine, Sir George Clifford's filly Fillaway started one of the hottest favourites yet saddled up for a handicap race in New Zealand.

Messrs Ryan and De Green, the owners of Cachuba, have been advised that the son of Leonantis is again amies, and will have to be treated to a lengthy spell. This is bad luck for his owners, as was coincidentally thought by the Canterbury press.

The St. Paul horse Tanekaha, which is owned down the Plymouth way, is now under T. A. Williams' charge at Ellerslie. The trainer named has evidently reconsidered his expressed intention of retiring from the game, and has now a large team under his supervision.

The Finland gelding Bobrikoff, in winning the Porangahau Handicap on the opening day of the Hawke's Bay J.C. meeting, put up a performance in keeping with his great reputation, but the much-boomed one out of work in the Hawke's Bay Stakes on the second day, and finished absolutely last.

The V.R.O. committee has just allowed an absurdity in the way of nomenclature. Prinaeva has been changed to Aevanring. It is thought that the committee are probably after this atrocious committee may be expected to approve of any change of name. But do these changes come before the committee, or does some clerk in the office sanction them?

The victory of Provoction in the Hawke's Bay Stakes last Thursday is further evidence that Mr. Bidwell possesses in the son of Birkenhead probably the best two-year-old seen out for years. According to the telegraphed account, Provoction simply played with the opposition, winning as he liked. Provoction has started on 10 occasions this season, winning six of his engagements, being three times second, and once third.

In answering a correspondent a Wellington writer says: "The statement you saw in print that Bobrikoff was the best horse in Australasia" should not be taken too

seriously. It was, perhaps, an outburst of enthusiasm which some followers of the game seem liable to treat as fact. It certainly expressed an exaggerated estimate of the light of several performances this season at Randwick and Flemington."

Mr. J. E. Henry would appear to be getting more and more at odds with owners connected with racing, and a following on the complaint lodged by Mr. E. J. Watt, at Manawatu, comes word of a similar complaint by the Hon. J. D. Ormond in connection with the Canterbury J.C. Autumn Meeting. The Hon. J. D. Ormond is such a good sportsman that one inclines to the opinion that the case must be one out of the ordinary, and it will be interesting to hear the sub-committee's (to which it has been referred) report on the question.

In order to comply with the requests from provincial racing institutions for the services of stipendiary stewards, the A.J.C. propose to license from time to time a certain number of officers to act in the capacity of stewards or flags of such country clubs as may request for them. The minimum rate of remuneration has been fixed at £5 5s per racing day, and ordinary expenses, payable by the club employing them, but no definite salary is guaranteed.

John Porter, the well-known English trainer, will soon visit America for the first time. He is mainly occupied now with managing the Newbury racecourse. Porter has trained seven Epsom winners, three Oaks winners, six winners of the Two Thousand Guineas, and two winners of the One Thousand Guineas. In his career he has won more than £300,000 in stakes and other races, and has various employments. Ormond and Inouye were two of the best horses he trained. He always speaks of the first-named as "the horse of the century."

One by one the "old school" are passing away, and it is with regret I have to record the death of Mr. W. Knight, who for many years framed the handicaps for different clubs around Auckland, and more particularly for the Takapuna J.C. For few years ago, Mr. Knight went to England, intending to reside there, but, as he expressed it, "he was like a fish out of water," and returned to the Dominion. He was never fitted out after the trip, and, unfortunately, his last hours were not spent under as favourable circumstances as could be wished.

It has been hinted from Melbourne that during the next session of the Victorian Legislature another effort will be made to regulate the totalisator in that State. Backed up by the committee of numerous country clubs who are strongly in favour of it, the introduction of the machine on the racecourses of the Southern State is beginning to be spoken of as something more than a remote possibility; but the opposition of the anti-everything brigade, in addition to that of those who are satisfied with the bookmaking system of association, looks as if it will be difficult to overcome.

Says a Hawke's Bay writer: "Track watchers are all of the one opinion, and that is that Lord Bledsoe is a work of diabolical cunning that has been seen for many a day on the preparing grounds at Hastings. If all that is said is true about Bledsoe's son's capabilities over the course, and if the son is ahead of the opposition who take on the task of meeting him at the leaping business." North Head made a successful debut on the opening day of the Hawke's Bay meeting, and, in fact, was not a bit behind in the race, but he was defeated by a not high-class one, and it would be probably as well if we waited for further developments before halting him as a champion.

After trials and re-trials, the now famous Royal Soul case has been disposed of, and the decision of the Avondale Jockey Club in regard to the horse and owner has been upheld. It was commonly said that a warning declaration had been made that the horse was stuffer prior to the race unknown to the owner, but evidently the judges did not place much reliance on this declaration, as they give it as their opinion that the horse was not a stuffer. In connection with winning the Nihotapu Handicap with the full knowledge of the owner. As regards the rider (M. Ryan), the decision of the Avondale Club was reversed, the judges not being satisfied as to whether he was a party to stopping or not. The Cunningham case has been referred back to the Auckland Racing Club for further evidence.

The victory of Waipuna in the Elder Stakes, South Auckland, last Saturday, was not so much due to the fact that the son of Soul must be back to his very best form. Mr. Lyons, who purchased Waipuna for 470gs, took him to Australia, but had luck with him, and, after several disappointments, and acting on advice, let him go at auction at 800gs. Before he was handed over, Mr. Lyons offered the purchaser, Dr. Bennett, £200 not to take him, but he accepted, and it would probably be in the latter gentleman's colours that he won his race. The fact that Waipuna had included Trufalgur, the hero of the A. J. C. Autumn Meeting, meant that it will be seen that he had an easy task on hand. The South gelding claims an engagement in the Adelaide Cup to-day, in which he is weighted at 8.10.

On the first day of the Wellington Racing Club's Autumn Meeting, a number of forged totalisator tickets were put into the machine after the Railway Handicap won by Mon Aul, and the club was obliged to stop the race at 2.10. It would appear that some unscrupulous tickets had been stolen after a previous meeting, and carefully saved for the occasion. The culprits must have then gone to the course

armed with a patent rubber printing apparatus, and, as soon as they discovered the forgery, the secretary of the seventh race, they put the type together and stamped the tickets, eventually presenting them for payment. The forgery is said to have been made at the pay-out window when the tickets were cashed. The trouble was discovered by the totalisator people in the evening, and the detectives were on the look-out for offenders on the second day of the meeting, but no more attempt was made to break the totalisator fund. The detectives also watched the machine on both days at the Manawatu Racing Club's meeting, but without result.

A Press Association telegram states the judges appointed by the racing Conference—Sir George Clifford and Messrs. George Hunter and J. W. Abbott—have had two papers before them. They have remitted the Cunningham case to the Auckland Metropolitan Committee, in consideration of fresh evidence, which had not been produced at the previous hearings by them. In the Royal Soul case, the judges' decision is as follows:—"In the matter of the appeal by Samuel George Lindsay, owner of the horse Royal Soul, and Mark Ryan, jockey, against the decision of the Auckland Metropolitan Committee endorsing the disqualifications imposed by the Avondale Jockey Club, the judges are of opinion that the horse Royal Soul was not, to the knowledge and consent of the owner, Samuel George Lindsay, fraudulently prevented from winning the Nihotapu Handicap on the day of the Avondale Jockey Club's Spring Meeting, 1909. The evidence is not decisive whether he was so prevented by an overfeed administered by one William Jones, as alleged by him, or by being deliberately pulled by the jockey, Mark Ryan, though the many circumstances seem to indicate that the confession of William Jones was conclusive as between himself and Samuel George Lindsay. The judges feel compelled to give Mark Ryan the benefit of their doing as to the method adopted in stopping the horse. They therefore confirm the endorsement by the Auckland Metropolitan Committee of the disqualification by the Avondale Jockey Club of the jockey, Samuel George Lindsay, and the horse Royal Soul for two years, but reverse the decision of the said club as regards the disqualification of the jockey, Mark Ryan. They call the attention of the Auckland Metropolitan Committee to the evidence given in this case by William Jones, and recommend that he be disqualified for life. They order the deposits of the appellants to be refunded."



TURF TALK FROM THE SOUTH.

CHRISTCHURCH, Friday.

Wet weather is again interfering with training operations at Ilkerton, and the tracks are very heavy. Several of the local candidates with engagements at Ashburton and Oamaru have been getting through several mile tasks, but there has not been a fair amount of jumping. There is a dearth of cross-country homes all over the South Island, and unless Northern owners give liberal support, the prospects for the Grand National Steeplechase do not look by any means healthy.

The well-known North Ottago breeder and sportsman, Mr. St. John Buckley, has horses in training at Wellington, Riccarton, and Oamaru. He has a number of horses at Red as a sire when the son of Madrier closes his turf career.

Practically all of the Riccarton trainers, with the exception of the Chokelore stable, have completed the buying of their yearlings, and a fair number of them are to be seen around the roads daily.

Canterbury owned horses had a good showing at the Forbury Park Racing Club's meeting on Wednesday, half the events falling to their lot.

Rumour says that the owner of All Red has again been tempted to part with the sterling horse—this time from Victoria—but he refused to entertain the offer.

By winning the H.B. Stakes yesterday, Provoction brought his stake winning total to £2560. Multiform's £2781 still stands as a two-year-old record, but Provoction has beaten Meuschikoff's hitherto second best by £5.

H. Goodman has secured the boxes at Landon stables, Oamaru, which are leased by Mr. Evans from Mr. St. John Buckley. Mr. Buckley has Master Aitx and Royal Pines in work under the charge of J. Jinsay. Both these horses are stabled at Redcastle. Master Aitx recently got hung up in a wire-fence, and inflicted several bad cuts on one of his hind legs.

The usual monthly committee meeting of the Canterbury Jockey Club was held on Tuesday afternoon, when a good deal of important business was transacted. Sir Geo. Clifford and Mr. E. J. Watt were present to represent the club at the racing conference.

It was decided to move the following new rule at the racing conference: "That when any licensed trainer or jockey be fined by the stewards' committee of any club and punished, reprimanded, or warned, a report of the proceedings shall be sent to the metropolitan committee, who shall forward the same to the secretary of the racing conference, such report to be entered in a book kept for the purpose, to be open for inspection by the officials of any club." It was resolved that in future no rider in steeplechase or hurdle races shall be weighed on unless wearing a skull cap. It was decided to pay second dividends in future when six or more horses started in a race.

A complaint from the Hon. J. D. Ormond regarding the handicapping of his horses at Ilkerton, and an explanation from the handicapper, were left to a sub-committee to report on.

It was decided to build a caretaker's cottage near the entrance gate.

The programme committee's report recom-

means that the N.Z. Cup conditions remain the same as last year. With regard to the Grand National Programme, they recommend decreases of stakes to the following races: Walter Cup and Lincoln Steeplechase, 100000; Hunter Cup, 100000; Belmont Handicap, 50000; Steeplechase, 50000; Hamilton Handicap, 50000; ...

The committee propose to reduce payments for entries, acceptances, etc., in the Grand National Steeple and Hurdle Race, from 12000 to 10000, and to ask nothing further from owners for these races, ...

HAWKE'S BAY MEETING.

NAPIER, Wednesday. Beautiful weather favoured the opening day of the Hawke's Bay Jockey Club's autumn meeting to-day, and the large attendance (excepting the night) ...

Longlands Hack Hurdles.—North Head, 10.5; 1; Nero, 9.0; 2; Cororan, 10.3; 3. Scratched: Goldeneye, 10.0; 4. ...

KARANGA HURDLE RACE OF 12000s. One mile and three-quarters. F. Athfield's b. Master Douglas, 5yrs., by Douglas—Pearl Shot, 19.10 (J. Hall) ...

POKAWA HACK HANTICAP OF 10000s. W. Cattamach's blk g Mundle, 5yrs., by Gold Roof—Hopeful, 7.9 (F. Cress) ...

HUNTER HANDICAP OF 10000s. Once round. Hon. J. D. Ormond's s g Bullin, 5yrs., by Birkenhead—Grylls, 7.11 (J. Buchanan) ...

MAJUM HANDICAP OF 10000s. Once round. Hon. J. D. Ormond's s g Bullin, 5yrs., by Birkenhead—Grylls, 7.11 (J. Buchanan) ...

NAPIER, Thursday. The autumn meeting of the Hawke's Bay Jockey Club was concluded to-day. There was another large attendance, and though a shower fell during the afternoon, it did not militate against the enjoyment of the large fields and good sport were the order of the day, ...

OKAWA HACK HANTICAP OF 10000s, seven furlongs.—King's Prize, 7.9; 1; Gold Treasure, 8.0; 2; Hinatroug, 8.8; 3. Scratched: Mundle and Water, 9. ...

DURKEE MEMORIAL STAKES, of 30000s. One mile and a quarter. E. J. Wain's blk g Mule, 5yrs., by Merriwee—Ludla Queen, 8.10 (J. Teakina) ...

SCURRY HACK HANTICAP, of 10000s. J. T. Miller's blk g Teo, 5yrs., by Conqueror—Pokawaka, 7.11 (E. Lowe) ...

MANGATARATA HANTICAP HURDLES, of 12000s. One mile and three-quarters. F. Athfield's b g Master Douglas, 5yrs., by Douglas—Pearl Shot, 11.10 (J. Hall) ...

FAREWELL HANTICAP OF 15000s. Seven furlongs. Hon. J. D. Ormond's s g Bullin, 5yrs., by Birkenhead—Grylls, 7.12 (J. Wilson) ...

MARLBOROUGH RACES. The Marlborough Racing Club's Autumn Meeting was opened at Blenheim to-day in fine weather, and before a good attendance. The going was splendid, and the totalisator handled £1275, ...

BLACK HURDLES.—Diplomatic 1, Honora 2, Lertida 8. Scratched: Redrook and Rosegrove. Time 2:58 3/5. Maiden Hack.—Tinkie 1, Waita 2. Overcast 3. Scratched: Gold and T. ...

Good race. Won by a neck. Time, 2.11. Open Water Hurdles.—Gold Bird 1; Aotea, 2; Flint Gun, 3. Also started: King Post, Slater, Quarry Girl, Oblivion, Quarry Girl was left at the post. A good race. Won by a length. Time, 1:33.5. ...

Wet weather prevailed for the second day of the Marlborough Racing Club's meeting, and the going was heavy. The sum of £2320 was put through the totalisator, as against £2527 last year. The results were:—

HURDLES HANTICAP.—Playmate 1. Dipomatic 2. Sweeney 3. Also started: Lertida. Won by half a length. Time, 3:30 1/2. High-weight Hanticap.—Aotea 1, Glen 2, Lucretius 3. Also started: Glentul, Oblivion, Phora, Iphatius. Won by a length. Time, 1:3 1/2. ...

AUSTRALIAN RACING.

THE ADELAIDE CUP. ADELAIDE, May 5. At the South Australian Jockey Club's meeting to-day the following was the result of the principal events:—

THE ADELAIDE CUP OF 100000s. One and a half miles. Mr S. J. Jacob's b h Koorina, 5yrs., by Bobadi—Lady Augusta, 8.5 (C. R. Moorehouse) ...

ENGLISH RACING.

THE CHESTER CUP. LONDON, May 5. The Chester Cup, of 2 1/2 miles, run to-day, resulted:—

THE IDEAL FOOD for children from birth is Horlick's Malted Milk. It contains all the necessary constituents in their proper proportions. It contains no starch and is therefore suitable for infants from birth. It is soft, pure, and easily assimilated. Beware of infants' foods containing starch. HORLICK'S MALTED MILK has been analysed by the Board of Health and admitted free of duty. Chemists, etc., are therefore safe in selling Horlick's Malted Milk, and parents are guaranteed a suitable food for children from birth, which contains no starch. ...

BABY BORN WITH TERRIBLE ECZEMA

Which Spread Over Body, Head and Limbs—No Rest or Sleep for Mother or Child—Doctor Would Not Let Him be Bathed—Tiny Sufferer Grew Worse Every Day.

FOUND A PERFECT CURE IN CUTICURA

"My little boy was born with his legs and the lower part of his body covered with eczema. I told the doctor about it. He gave me a lotion for it and told me not to wash the little one. I carried out my orders until his head, face and shoulders were covered with the humor. Then I informed the doctor that the lotion was doing no good. He gave me a different lotion and an ointment, but still insisted on saying not to bathe the baby. I used the ointment but he got no better. There was no rest, no sleep for baby or myself and I was worn out. Baby was very thin and seemed to be getting worse every day. I resolved to give the Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment a trial. I am thankful to-day that I did for one set cured him. He is as fat now and sleeps as well as any child of fifteen months and I still use Cuticura Soap for his bath. Mrs. Gault, Oldbodgean, Rothienburn, Aberdeenshire, Scotland, Jan. 15, 1908."

Send to nearest depot for free Cuticura Book on Treatment of Skin Diseases.

SANATIVE

Antiseptic Cleansing is Best Accomplished by Cuticura.

Women, especially mothers, find Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Pills the purest, sweetest and most effective remedies for preserving, purifying and beautifying the skin, scalp, hair and hands, for the treatment of inflammatory and ulcerative conditions, as well as for restoring to health strength and beauty pale, weak, nervous, prematurely faded, run-down women. Cuticura Remedies are sold throughout the world. A Single Set often. Cuticura, Episcia, London, 27 Chatterboxes Sq.; Paris, 6, Rue de la Paix; Australia, R. Towns & Co., Sydney; South Africa, London, Jan. 15, 1908. ...

AUCKLAND AGRICULTURAL AND PASTORAL ASSOCIATION

16 and 17 Hall of Commerce, High Street, AUCKLAND, N.Z. Metropolitan Winter Exhibition EMPIRE DAY, 24th to 26th MAY, 1909. Prize Lists. Free on application. EDWIN HALL, Secretary.

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Music and Drama

BOOKINGS.

(Dates Subject to Alteration.)
AUCKLAND—HIS MAJESTY'S.
 May 4 to May 13—Harry Rickards.
 May 17 to June 5—J. C. Williamson.
 June 7 to June 20—West's Pictures.
 June 28 to July 8—Hamilton Dramatic Company.
 July 8 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.
 May 3 to 18—Meynell and Gunn.
 May 19 to 27—H. Rickards.
 May 29 to June 16—Pleumung Company.
 June 19 to July 24—Allan Hamilton.
 July 26 to August 13—Pleumung Opera Co.
 August 16 to 28—G. Musgrove.
 August 30 to September 12—J. C. Williamson.
 September 14 to October 1—J. C. Williamson.
 October 2 to 19—Allan Hamilton.
 October 20 to November 13—J. C. Williamson.
 November 15 to December 9—J. C. Williamson.
 December 27 to January 16—J. C. Williamson.
TOWN HALL.
 July 4 to 28—West's Pictures.

FALMERSTON NORTH—MUNICIPAL OPERA HOUSE.
 May 10—Madame Melba.
 May 15—Cinqvevall.
 May 20 to 24—Meynell and Gunn's "Hook of Holland" Co.
 August 4, 5—Allan Hamilton's Dramatic Co.
 August 12, 13—J. C. Williamson's "Jack and Jill" Co.
 August 27—Mischa Elman's Concert.
 Sept. 20, 21—J. C. Williamson's Julius Knight Co.
 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.
 Feb. 20 to 24—J. C. Williamson.
 Feb. 14, 15—The Scarlet Troubadors.
 March 28 to 31—Allan Hamilton.
 May 19, 20—J. C. Williamson.
 June 8, 9—J. C. Williamson.
 June 20 to 25—Fred H. Graham's Musical Comedy Co.
 June 28, 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. 10, 11—J. C. Williamson.

Cinqvevall.

CINQUEVALLI, the marvellous equilibrist, opened in Auckland under the direction of Mr. Harry Rickards on May 4th. His Majesty's was crowded to the doors with an enthusiastic—indeed, spell-bound—audience, whom he kept in a perfect flutter of excitement from start to finish. His remarkable versatility extends from balancing a fluttering sheet of paper on his nose to tossing a 20lb cannon ball above his head and catching it harmlessly on his neck, when the audience fairly held their breath. He juggled with the cannon ball with the same certainty and ease as a boy might play with a marble on the footpath. Indeed, the thing of steel seemed to be invested with life, and come back to its master at his slightest wish. It ran all over him like a tame bird, and nestled in his arms, fluttered round his neck with lightning rapidity, and then rested quietly on his forehead. It even whispered in his ear, and played leaping frog right over him from between his heels, while the audience strained their nerves to see, feeling very much as the lion tamer does who puts his head into the lion's jaws. Less exciting and equally clever was the billiard ball turn, when five balls are kept in the air in rotation, and then run all over him, coming to rest in his pockets. He keeps two rolling on top of each other between two cues, and balances a wineglass in his mouth with a ball on top, with three or four others going in the air, and finally tosses the one out of the glass and catches all at once in his pockets. Three cues are kept in the air at once, and then he tosses and catches one between the others in all sorts of contortions, until they seem positively magnetised, and as if they could not fall if they wanted to. A marvellously clever act which turns one giddy is spinning a glass of water in a wooden triangle suspended on a cue, without spilling a

drop, and finally bringing gracefully to rest. He also carries the attendant round in mid-air by the rung of his chair, held in his mouth—table and all! Of the other artistes, Lawson's cycling is worthy of special note. He is as dexterous with the machine as the great man with the billiard balls, and higher praise than this cannot be said. He rides round on one pedal, waltzes, turns somersaults, stands absolutely still, and rides backwards both on the handle bars and on the front and back wheel. Those who remembered how the law of gravitation was brought home to them when learning to manage a bicycle were simply paralysed at the utter disregard of Nature's laws by this wonderful will-o'-the-wisp of the treacherous wheel. Dawson gave a splendid turn at comic impersonation, which was excellently done, and he should have a big future before him. Namon was a good example of feminine physical culture and graceful strength. Mackinnon's Scottish Meisters proved great favourites, and Miss Fanny Powers gave a remarkable exhibition of foot patter. The whole entertainment goes with a swing from start to finish, and is bright and enjoyable throughout.

The Royal Comic Opera Co.

which will inaugurate the Auckland season next Monday with a production of the world-famous London success, "The Dairymaids," was organised twenty-five years ago by Mr. J. C. Williamson, and has sustained a high standard through all the changes and vicissitudes of that long period. The visits to New Zealand by this powerful combination are all too few and far between, and have become events of some importance in theatrical circles.

At the present moment the company is particularly strong, having recently been augmented by some important engagements. Among the old favourites the foremost are: Miss Florence Young, who has won fresh local laurels by her finished performances during the recent Wellington season; Miss Connie Milne, Miss Nellie Wilson, Miss Marietta Nash, Georgie Musgrove and a host of other clever and charming ladies; Mr. Reginald Roberts, the dashing actor and brilliant tenor; an old favourite, Mr. W. S. Percy; Mr. Victor Gouriet, Mr. C. R. Rantock, Mr. A. Hunter, and other well-known artists. Mr. Andrew Higginson is new to local theatre-goers, and comes to us with a talent which seems to have exhausted the superlatives of contemporary critics. The same may be said of Miss Fanny Dango.

A feature of the present season is the orchestral music, by a full opera orchestra, under Mr. Howard Carr. A strong chorus and ballet will support the principals, and contribute to the kaleidoscopic splendour of the stage pictures, with which this piece abounds, combining with the music to fascinate eyes and ears alike.

Coming of Melba.

Madame Melba opens her season at the Auckland Opera House, on Tuesday, 18th, from Wellington, where she has been the one topic of conversation. Indeed, she has gained by her second visit, for Melba is a singer who can only be appreciated to the full after acquaintance. Not only her matchless voice must be known throughout its marvellous compass, but her method of vocalisation alone is regarded by other singers as a model. Melba comes to us in the noontide glory of her fame, and while her voice retains all its freshness and beauty. Melba is still the Queen of Song. Jenny Lind is now only a memory, and Patti has retired. For a time excitement ran high in the Old World over her contest with Tetrazzini, but when they appeared side by side, Tetrazzini shrank from the lustre of the diamond, as the diamond outshines the pearl. Everyone has heard of Melba's trill. It is thus described by Anton Seidl, the eminent critic and conductor of New York:—"Melba's trill is of quite fabulous sustention; for instance, she has at her command a long and powerful crescendo on the highest notes that is without a parallel, and yet performed with a clearness and certainty which simply excites astonishment, and at the same time soft, clinging and cajoling. Her voice has an magical fairylike tone, and yet with all the charm of sound, there is present such a roundness of technique that one is

amazed. In Madame Melba we find the prodigious richness of one of the most beautiful voices that ever rang from human throat."

What is a Mezzo-Soprano?

What is a mezzo-soprano? is a question that has had to be decided by the judge of the Sydney Eisteddfod. The test piece in the champion mezzo-soprano solo was "My Heart is Weary" (A. Goring Thomas), which is only published in the one key of A flat, with a range from B flat to G natural. One of the entrants, however, had made a manuscript transposition, raising it a half a tone or so higher. This entrant was awarded first prize, and a protest was entered against her on the ground that she did not sing in the proper mezzo-soprano key. The judge (Mr. Bradley) is alleged to have said that he noticed the winner with a transposed copy, but defended his decision by stating that the schedule refrained from stipulating any key—which was certainly true—and that the song was published in other keys. Anyhow, the committee decided to uphold the judge's award and dismissed the protest—they could not well do otherwise. In cases where no key is mentioned, the decision must necessarily rest entirely on the quality of the voice, irrespective of key.

The First Jingo.

The earliest record of plays in China shows that a pantomime symbolising the conquest of China was given about 300 A.D., although it has been held that the first play ever given in China was done in 80 A.D.

Getting On.

Mr. Arnold Trowell, the gifted son of Mr. Thos. Trowell, late of Wellington (who went to England a year ago), is quickly ascending the artistic heights. From what can be gathered from English sources, this bright boy, who commenced to play the cello when but a tiny boy attending St. Patrick's College, is not only a great player, but is making his mark as a composer.

More Jingoism.

Mr. Randolph Bedford's military drama entitled "Australia, or the White Man's Land," is shortly to be produced at the King's Theatre, Melbourne. It deals with a probable invasion of Australia by the Japanese.

Good Old Sensation.

In a Wellington theatre a play, except "Lured to London," is being performed, wherein the "boy" hero—Miss Ethel Buckley—plunges into "Regent's Canal," presumably to effect a thrilling rescue of his lady love. According to the account of a "Post" reporter who was permitted to peep behind the scenes, the receptacle in which this doughty feat is performed is a boarded tank 3½ ft deep, 4ft broad, and 1½ ft long, and contains 1800 gallons of water. As this small reservoir would make too much mess if it broke loose, no chances are taken with it. The floor is padded and the interior lined with two linings of canvas. The water in the canal (i.e., the tank) is warmed to about 80 degrees, for obvious reasons. In this canal, from a window 12ft high, youthful heroism plunges every night, to the re-companiment of much applause and splash. It is stated that Miss Buckley learned the feat in a couple of weeks, and it will be interesting to shrinking womenfolk to know that she cannot swim 20 yards.

The Late Geo. P. Carey.

General regret will be felt in the theatrical profession at the news of the death, which occurred at St. Vincent's Hospital, Sydney, on April 29, of Mr. Geo. P. Carey, who for a period of something like 40 years had been intimately connected with the Australian stage. Mr. Carey had not been in the best of health for some time, but none who saw him playing a few short weeks previously with the Meynell and Gunn Company, at the Criterion Theatre, and more recently in the first night's performance early this month of "Queen of the Night," at the Palace Theatre, anticipated that the veteran's time on earth was so short. Mr. Carey stage-managed the first production of "Queen of the Night" for Mr. Allan Hamilton, as well as acting in it, but after one appearance in the part of Briskett—which, ill as he then was, he sketched with that art he possessed of fetching a laugh in the right place—he went into the hospital. In the long years of his association with the stage in Australia and New Zealand the deceased actor played many parts, and did

sterling work in many notable performances. A son, Mr. Reg. Carey, is following in his father's footsteps, and will be remembered particularly for his smart work in "Sherlock Holmes." Mr. Carey, who would have attained his 57th year next month, married a daughter of Mrs. Walter Hill, and his widow survives him.

Intended by Providence.

Amateur stage performances are not sent us for our sins, as some people think (says a Sydney writer). They are intended by Providence to teach us to think less unkindly of professional actors in ordinary. The average mummies of either sex have no mere special aptitude for theatrical business than the average carpenter has for carpentering, or the average lady cook has for cookery. Everybody is stage-struck at one time or other, but the most intelligent people—with a fair percentage of exceptions—recover rapidly from the effects of the blow, and devote their dramatic instinct to some other field of industry than "The Profeshun." Therefore, "The Profeshun" is populated mainly by people who take parts which they can't act, but who have been trained to avoid ridicule, and who never shine save in the light of comparison with their purely amateur imitators.

A New Gilbertian Work.

Sir William Gilbert has returned to the paths of Savoy opera—"one of the most cheering bits of news brought to the notice of playgoers for many a long day," as the London "Daily Telegraph" observes. That journal gives some information about the new work:—"Beyond the fact that the new work comes of the same royal line as 'The Mikado,' 'The Yeomen of the Guard,' and 'The Gondoliers,' no details regarding it are known, and for the moment the author prefers to keep his own secret. 'I have really nothing to communicate,' he writes, referring to the piece. 'It has no name, no local habitation, and no prospect of being produced before Christmas.' It is good to know, on the other hand, that the music is to be composed by Mr. Edward German, whom Sir Arthur Sullivan himself, shortly before his death, nominated as his legitimate successor in this particular sphere of endeavour. Obviously nothing could be more appropriate than an announcement that the new opera would eventually be seen at the Savoy, clearly predestined by right of tradition and of fame to be its home. Whether any arrangement of the kind can be made is still quite an open question."

Leola Ashwell's Theatre.

At the Kingsway Theatre, in London, a novel idea for a curtain raiser has been introduced in the form of a string quartet. The director of the music at Kingsway Theatre has been giving unusually good music during the past season, and now the quartet takes a prominent place on the stage, playing the best classical music, and thus attracting musicians to the theatre who otherwise would not attend.

A Cooler View.

So much had been written and puffed about the powers of the new tenor, Tamini, says the "Standard of Empire," that a large audience gathered at his first "West End" appearance at Queen's Hall in January. He sang at the Albert Hall previously at a Sunday concert, and immoderate eulogy was bestowed upon the newcomer by some sensation-loving journals. The new tenor was a Caruso and Tamagno rolled into one, with a dash of Bonel thrown in for luck. With all due respect for the undoubted abilities and refined natural gifts of Signor Tamini, it would be a sorry day for him were he cast for the same concert at which Caruso or Bonel was appearing. Judging from the best performances of his selection at Queen's Hall, there is no denying his artistic sincerity and wonderful command of expression. But the attitude of his audience is one of admiration, not of enchantment. In fact, one never experiences the thrill, the blood-tinging emotion that Caruso's great notes call forth. In short, so far, Signor Tamini touches the intellect, but not the heart, in passionate moments, though in softer moods he sings with moving tenderness. However, the new tenor is yet young, and his career is before, not behind, him. Those around him should be reminded that a big drum does not make a good band. In fact, much good music may be hidden by it.

Stray Notes.

The closing performance of the pantomime at the Theatre Royal, Dublin, on

Saturday night, February 27, was marked by so much disorder that the curtain was rung down at once, and the building cleared by the police immediately afterwards. Large numbers of young men, including many students, threw oranges, paper darts, and even empty bottles on the stage, some of the actors having narrow escapes. The orchestra fled, and the disturbers installed a mock band in their place, amidst a terrific din. Several arrests were made.

In Mr. Charles Frohman's New York production of "An Englishman's Home," Mr. William Hawtreys has been engaged to play the part of old Brown.

Concerning Miss Rees, of Gisborne, a member of Mr. Allan Hamilton's new dramatic company, who opened at Easter in Sydney with "A Queen of the Night," an exchange says: "The initial appearance in Australia of Miss Rosemary Rees was auspicious. The actress has a decidedly graceful movement and charm of manner, and, in addition she possesses a sweet voice." Miss Maud Chetwynd is said to revel in the part of Kitty White. She introduces several songs and dances, and receives a demonstration for her rendering of the patriotic air, "Who's for England?"

During the last 12 months seven playwrights in France have earned over £4000 each, eight over £2000, 27 between £1000 and £2000, 28 between £500 and £1000, and of 45 others none has earned less than £200.

George Chalmers, as General Murat in "A Royal Divorce," is used to more than stage lights. He fought through the Zulu war, and took part in the heroic defence of Rorke's Drift. He bears strong testimony to the fact in the shape of several wounds.

A book of etiquette entitled "Don't Do That," by William Collier, has been issued. After a brief sketch of the way he entered on a stage life, Collier gives a series of "don'ts," which are very funny. Here are a few of his "don'ts" for actors and managers:—

"The purpose of the theatre is to hold the mirror up to Nature, but first clean the mirror, and be sure it isn't cracked."

"Don't bank too much on a good newspaper notice; just try to buy a pair of shoes with one."

And here are a few "don'ts" for the audience which have point:—

"When you buy theatre tickets don't ask, 'Can I see from there?'" a ticket-seller is not necessarily an oculist.

"Don't come late and know it all; come early and see it all."

"Don't overlook the fact that the theatre is yet to be built in which all the seats are on an aisle, and all the tickets for only five rows from the stage."

All the world was recently astounded by the sensational disclosures of the doings of certain New York society millionaires as revealed during the hearing of the now famous Harry Thaw-Stanford White trial. The principal incidents in the lives of Thaw and White have now been moulded into dramatic form, and are to be presented by the Harry Macdonald Company at the newly-renovated Queen's Theatre (Sydney) to-night.

Mrs. Brown Potter's daughter has married Mr. Stillman, the Standard Oil magnate.

The Rio de Janeiro authorities have prohibited the wearing of any form of headgear in theatres. Managers have been warned that they will be held responsible for every infraction of the rule, and fined £25 per covered head.

In one sense the mantle of the dead Doquein sine has fallen upon Mme. Bernhardt. The great tragedienne is shortly to appear in the role of Cyrano, in Rostand's famous play, the rendering of which made Coquelin's fame immortal. Henri Bernstein, the author of "The Thief" and "Samson" has just finished "Israel" a new modern drama. Charles Frohman has the rights of the play, and Miss Constance Collier will play the lead in the American production. Bernstein is in London now studying English life in order to write a French play about English people.

Probably the most prolific dramatic writer that the world has ever known was Lope de Vega, who is credited with the

authorship of 1500 plays, besides 300 more that can best be described as sacred dramas unsuited to stage production.

The reason there are no American opera composers of renown (says the "New York Musical Courier") is very simple. They do not eat about their preparations correctly, and neglect to choose the proper place where inspiration may be found.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE
 Lessee, Mr. C. R. Bealey.
 DIRECTION OF MR J. C. WILLIAMSON.

THE THEATRICAL EVENT OF THE YEAR.
 MR J. C. WILLIAMSON'S ROYAL COMIC OPERA COMPANY

MONDAY, 17th MAY.
 First Presentation in Auckland.
 Of the Brilliant and Famous Musical Play,

THE DAIRYMAIDS
THE DAIRYMAIDS
THE DAIRYMAIDS

Which ran for almost Two Years at the Apollo Theatre, London, previous

One of the Greatest Successes ever placed on the English Stage.

Among the many Charming Novelties which make up the Phenomenal Attractiveness of this Play, are the Famous

SANDWY GIBLS
 In their UNIQUE GYMNASIUM SCENE.

Plans for the First Five Nights and Wednesday's Matinee will be Opened at Wednesday and Army's TO-MORROW (THURSDAY) MORNING.
 PRICES — 6/ 4/ and 2/ No Early Doors.

PIANOFORTE
RECITALS

By Misses
Madoleine Webbe
 and
Gertrude Spooner

in the
TOWN HALL
 (CONCERT CHAMBER)

WELLINGTON

ON
FRIDAY, MAY 21st,
 AND
TUESDAY, MAY 25th.

Programme and full particulars in Wellington Dailies.

L. G. PORTER,
 Business Manager,
 3 Panama Street.

Our Illustrations

ARTHUR'S PASS TUNNEL.

MR. MURDOCH McLEAN states that work at Arthur's Pass is proceeding favourably. A large number of men are being put on widening out the Oira end, and four or five chains of widening is already completed. The block-making plant has been installed, and is working. As soon as the blocks are sufficiently set he will commence lining. Between 78ft and 80ft were driven last week, making a total length in of 41 or 42 chains. The men are perfectly satisfied with the bonus system, and last week £12 or £14 extra was divided amongst the 28 men. The electrical installation at Oira is working admirably, and there has been no hitch since starting. A good deal has been done at the Bealey, and pipes are laid to the tunnel in connection with the hydro-electric installation. The cables are on poles between the power and compressor houses. The generator and pelton wheels are in place, the compressor is fixed, and it is hoped in a fortnight to commence work heading the Bealey end of the tunnel.

SOLDIERS' MEMORIAL AT NEW PLYMOUTH.

As the years pass away and the scythes of Father Time mow in larger and yet larger circles, the little band of veterans of the wars in Taranaki dwindles smaller and smaller. A few years hence the generation of to-day will see very little in its daily life to remind it of the troublous times that the province of Taranaki once passed through. The only thing to remind them will probably be a few collections of medals that adorned the breasts of the erstwhile defenders of the province, and the memorial on Marsland Hill, unveiled by his Excellency the Governor, Lord Plunket (says the "Taranaki Herald").

Unfortunately the weather was far from perfect. Nevertheless, the historic occasion drew the public until the top of the hill was covered with a mass of people. The procession from the town was headed by the Taranaki Garrison Band, under Drum-Major Lister, followed by over 70 members of the Veterans' Association, under Captain Standish; the Taranaki Rifles, Taranaki Guards, and the School Cadets. The battalion was commanded by Lieut.-Colonel Okey, V.D., whose staff consisted of Major Malone, Quartermaster-Captain F. W. Okey, Surgeon-Captain Home, and Sergeant-Major Armitage. Chaplain-Major F. G. Evans and Chaplain-Captain S. Spencer were also in attendance. The parade states were as follows:—Taranaki Rifles (Captain Bellinger and Lieut. Lever), 33; Taranaki Guards (Captain Mills and Lieut. Beadle), 42; Cadets (in command of Major Sandford, V.D.)—Central No. 1 (Captain McIlroy) 40, Central No. 2 (Captain Bocoek) 39, West End (Lieut. White) 56, Fitzroy (Lieut. Bailey) 20. Major Sandford's staff consisted of Captain and Adjutant Johnston, Quartermaster-Captain Bary, and Sergeant-Major Linn.

On arrival at the top of Marsland Hill, the troops formed a hollow square facing the monument, with the vice-regal dais in the centre. Colonel Ellis acted as marshal.

Lord and Lady Plunket arrived at the monument about 2.30 p.m., and were conducted to the dais by Mr. S. Percy Smith, chairman of the Memorial Committee, and were received with the royal salute. Lady Plunket wore her uniform as Hon. Colonel of the North Canterbury Mounted Rifles.

Mr Smith, in explaining the origin of the memorial, said it was unique in the Dominion. There was none in the Do-

minion so comprehensive. There were monuments erected to regiments and to individuals, but this one commemorated the deeds of the naval and Imperial military forces, the militia and the loyal Maoria. The origin of this monument was due to one man in this place, Captain Mace, who had felt that there should be a more general monument than had so far been attempted. He and others communicated with the Mayor, Mr Dockrill; a meeting was held, and officers elected. He acknowledged the herculean and honorary labours of Mr W. F. Gordon, the secretary. Having received good response to an appeal for funds, the committee decided on this monument out of a number of competitive designs. A contract was let to Mr Parkinson, of Auckland. About a year had elapsed, owing to the marble figure having to be obtained from the famed Italian quarries at Carrara; and now here was the monument. Marsland Hill would, he thought, be esteemed a very suitable place for a monument of this nature. It was the first spot which had been fortified by the British in the province. Prior to that it was the site of an old Maori pa, called Pukaka, and the hill stood some sixty or seventy feet higher than the present summit. It was beautifully terraced in these days, fortified, and palisaded. In the troublous times of the "fifties," when the Maoria were fighting amongst themselves, it was feared that the more remote settlers might become embroiled in the quarrels, owing to the proximity of the fighting pas to their homesteads. Colonel Badley was sent down from Auckland, and he selected this hill as the best site for the military barracks which were to be erected. Two hundred and fifty soldiers were sent here, and they camped on the site of the present Government Buildings; another two hundred camped on the spot where the Technical School now stands. Those forces, under the direction of the Royal Engineers, cut down the hill sufficiently to provide barrack room, the beauty of the hill being unavoidably sacrificed. Then followed the erection of the barracks, with its palisade pierced for guns. There had been a feeling of unrest from the days of Home Heke's war, and this gave rise to the formation of the Land League. In 1860 a Maori chieftain, who claimed ownership, sold a block of land at Waitara to the Crown. Another chief, Wi Kingi, defied him to sell, and when the surveyors went out he turned them off and fortified a position. Then followed the ten years' war. So his Excellency would see that Marsland Hill had been connected with military matters for a very great number of years. It was for years a refuge for the women and children of the settlement. Owing to the incursions of the Maoris, and their destruction of the homesteads and farms, the settlers all came into New Plymouth, and no man was allowed beyond "the lines," the safe area being marked by trenches and sod walls. And in times of danger a signal gun from Marsland Hill brought all the women and children flocking to the barracks for safety. Mr Smith then asked his Excellency to perform the unveiling ceremony.

The monument is a very handsome one, and reflects much credit on the sculptors—Messrs. W. Parkinson and Co., of Auckland.

IN IRRESPONSIBLE MANNER.
 There was a young man from Savannah,
 Who slipped on a vacant banana.
 The words that he said
 When he fell on his head
 Wouldn't do for a Sunday School banana.

LARGE FUR RUGS FOR MOTORING, FOR DRAWING-ROOM, OR 1/2 BED QUILTS; OUR OWN MANUFACTURE, 78in. x 54in. FROM £10 EACH.
 LARGE AND MOST ELEGANT ARCTIC WHITE FOX STOLAS AND MUFFS, OUR OWN MANUFACTURE, OF THE RICHEST SELECTED SKINS, AND BEST WORKMANSHIP GUARANTEED. OTHER FURS ALSO.

A. Weniger, LONDON MANUFACTURING FURRIER, 52 Vivian Street, Wellington, N.Z.
 N.B.—We wish to draw the attention of all intending purchasers that we let no goods go without the full money at time of purchase.



F. E. Stewart, photo.

EVENTIDE ON THE AUCKLAND HARBOUR.



A. Northwood, photo.

ON THE AWANUI RIVER.

The Awanui is a long tidal creek in the Far North, which small coastal vessels can navigate for a short distance. It empties its waters into Rangounu River.



ON THE LEFT IS MR. TOM BROWN, WHO HAS BEEN CONNECTED WITH THE PAKURANGA BOUNDS FOR SO MANY YEARS.



MESSRS W. R. BLOOMFIELD, B. MYERS, TOM BROWN, H. T. GORRIE, H. BULLOCK-WEBSTER, AND J. CHADWICK.



SIR ROBERT LACKHART (on the right), DISCUSSES THE PROSPECTS OF THE SEASON.



MESSRS E. D. O'RORKE, E. KINLOCH (the Club's secretary), H. T. GORRIE, AND D. W. DUTHIE.



RETURNING TO MR. GORRIE'S AFTER THE HUNT.



THE HOUNDS.



THE MISSES GORRIE TALKING TO A LITTLE GUEST.



WELL-KNOWN FACES.

OPENING OF THE HUNTING SEASON IN AUCKLAND.



SOME OF THE GUESTS.



IN THE MOUNT ROSKILL DISTRICT.



THE MEET NEAR THE VETERANS' HOME.

The first day of the season was celebrated by the Pakuranga Hunt Club, on Saturday with a run at Three Kings, finishing up at "Dunkerron," where a large number of guests were hospitably entertained by Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Gorrie. Mr. Gorrie is joint Master this year, with Mr. E. D. O'Rorke.

OPENING OF THE HUNTING SEASON IN AUCKLAND.

SOME OF THE PRINCIPALS IN MESSRS. MEYNELL & GUNN'S AMUSINGPANTOMIME, "CINDERELLA," WHICH OPENS AT HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE, AUCKLAND, ON MAY 24



THE BARON AND THE BARONESS,
Messrs. William Cromwell and Edwin Brett.

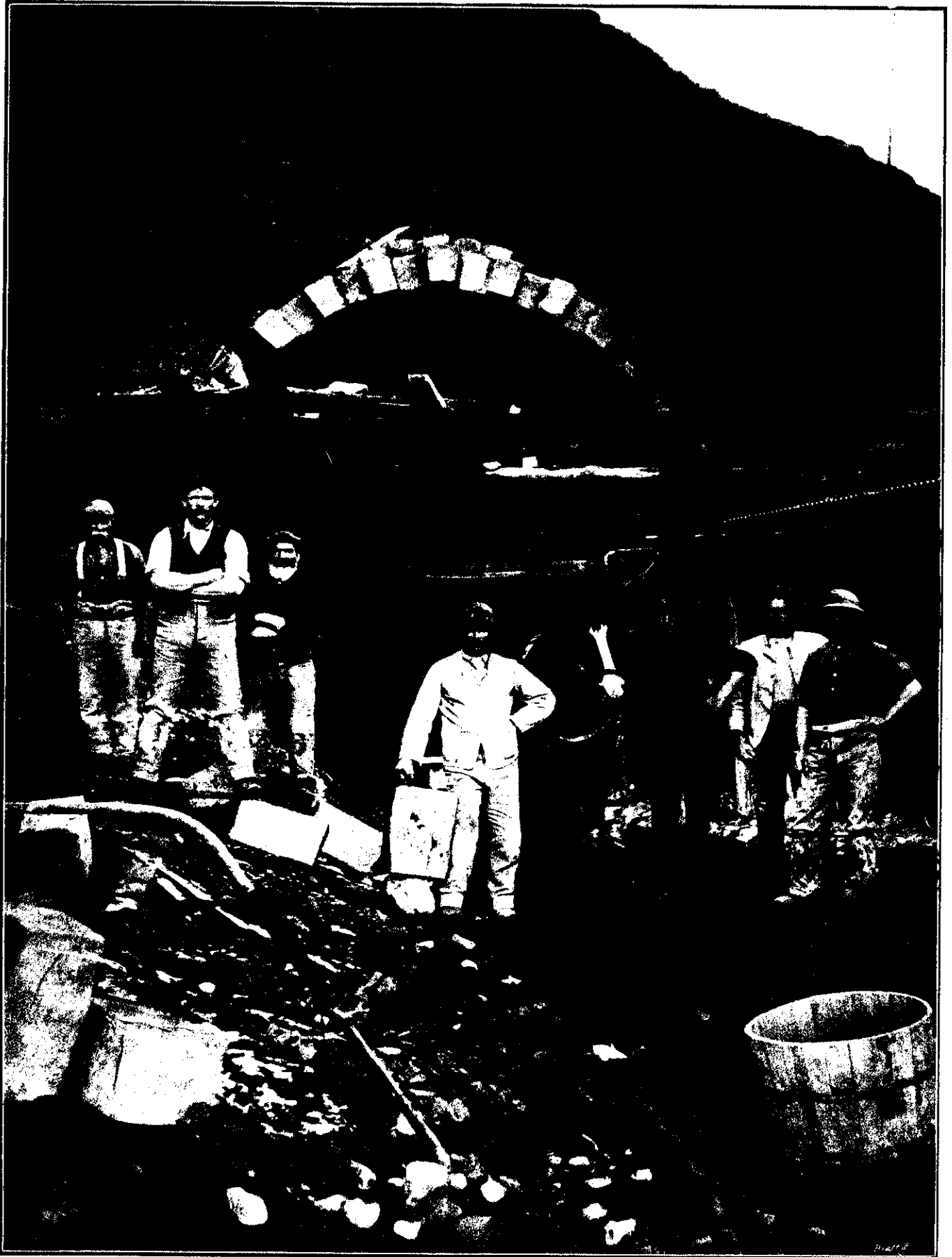


MISS MEREDITH MEREDRO
as the Prince.



MR. TOM PAYNE AND MISS ESSIE
PERRIN.

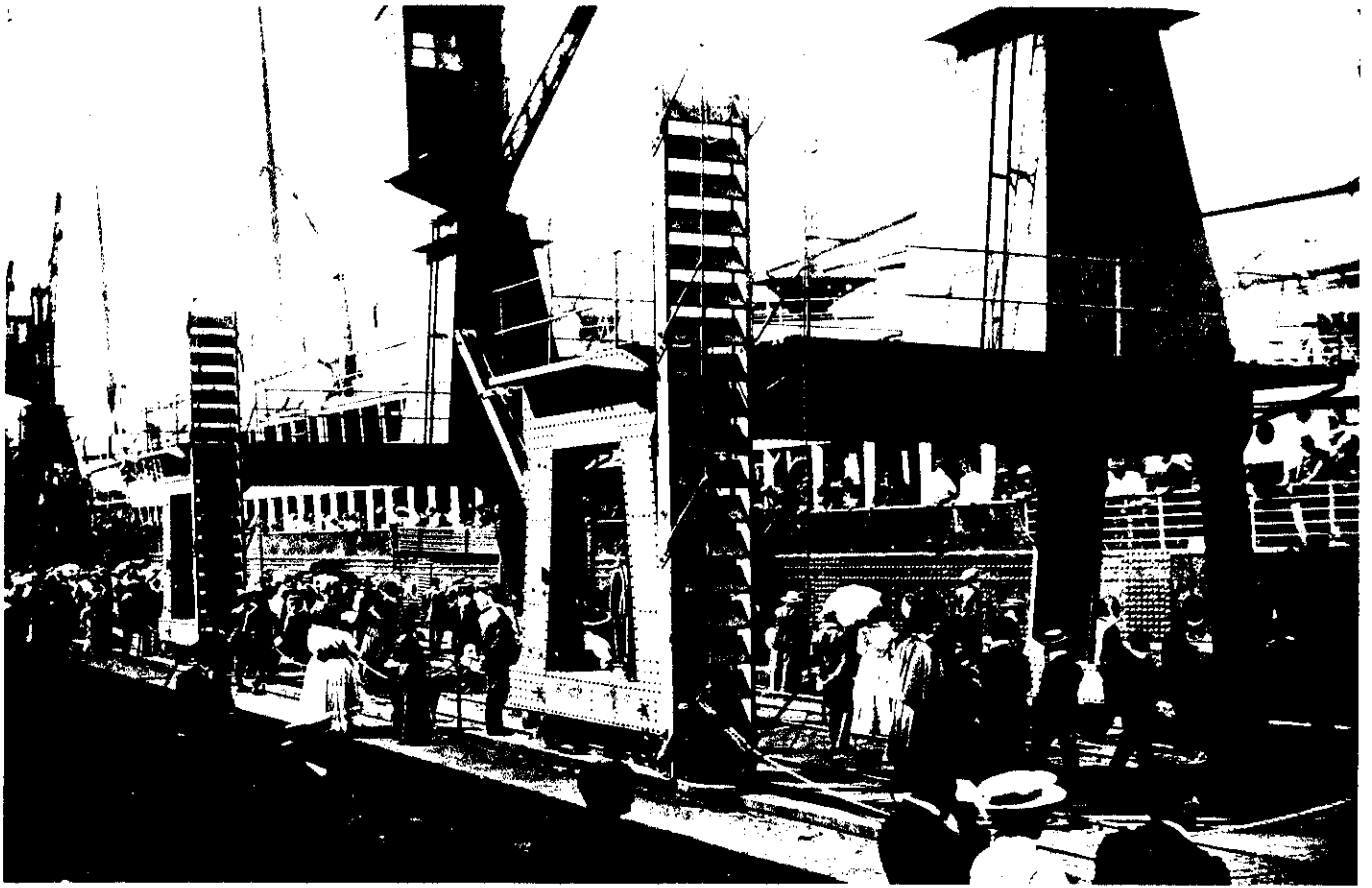
MISS RUTH LINCOLN
as Cinderella.



C. A. Tomlinson, photo.

TUNNELLING THE SOUTHERN ALPS BETWEEN WESTLAND AND CANTERBURY.

Good progress is being made with the work on the Otira Tunnel, under the Southern Alps, through which the Midland railway connecting the West and East Coasts of the South Island will run. The work will, it is expected, be finished about 1913. The photograph shows a shift of men coming off work at No. 13 tunnel, at Sloven's Creek.



Tibbitt, photo.

LEAVING FOR HOME.

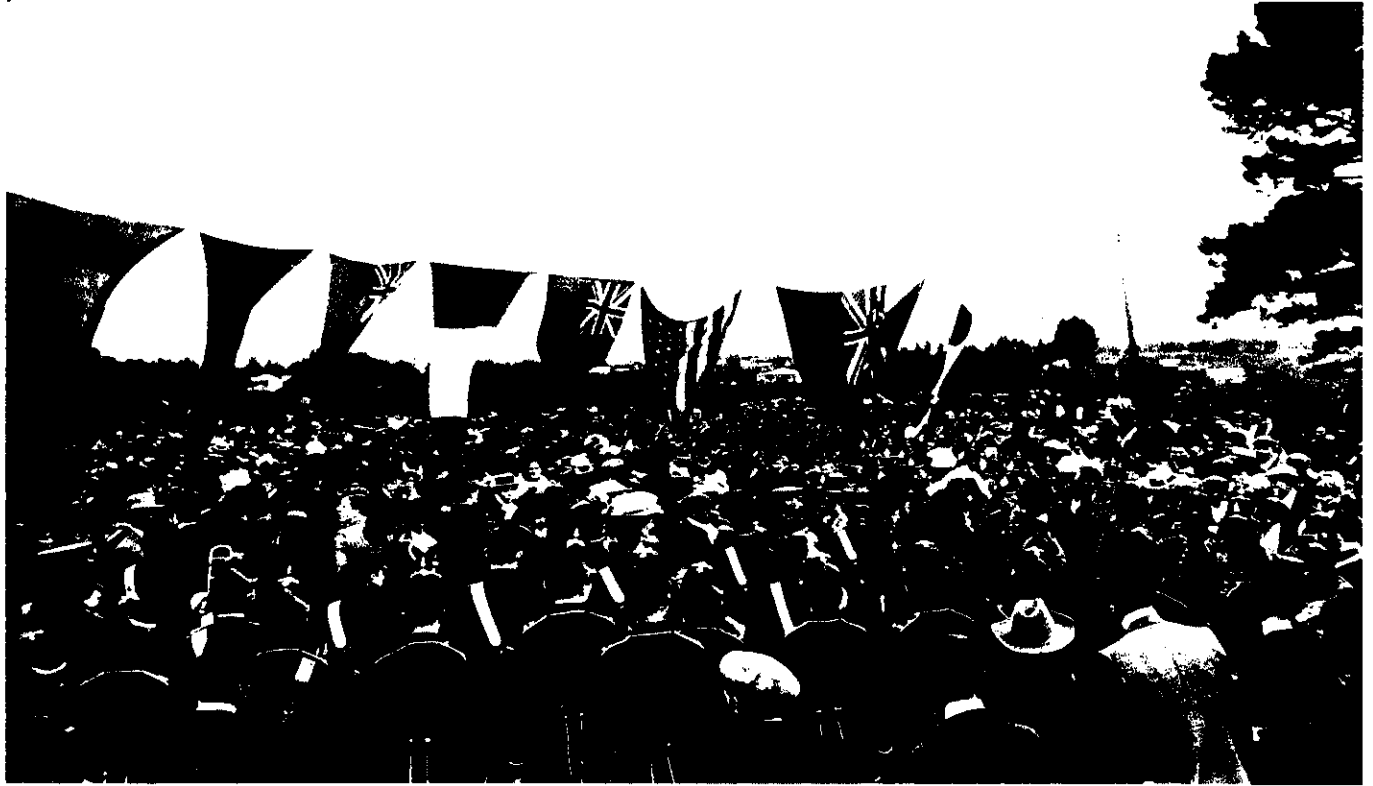
The s.s. Athenic leaving for Home from the Glasgow Wharf, Wellington—A typical scene in the busy port of the Empire City.



E. Denton, photo.

THE OPENING OF THE OYSTER SEASON.

Observe the eloquent smile on the face of the old lady when asked by the inquisitive Pakeha if she liked oysters.



J. B. Hanna, photo.

UNVEILING OF THE SOLDIERS' MEMORIAL ON MARSLAND HILL, NEW PLYMOUTH.

His Excellency the Governor, Lord Plunket, inspecting the Volunteers and Cadets who paraded on the occasion of the unveiling ceremony last Friday.

PROMINENT NEW PLYMOUTH RESIDENTS CONNECTED WITH THE ERECTION OF THE MARSLAND HILL MEMORIAL.



MR W. F. GORDON, Secretary.



MR S. PERCY SMITH,
Chairman of the Committee



MR DOCKERELL, Treasurer.



CAPTAIN MACE, Promoter.



E. Denton, photo.

RONGOTEA, A FLOURISHING TOWNSHIP IN THE MANAWATU COUNTY, TWELVE MILES WEST OF PALMERSTON NORTH AND FEILDING.

Rongotea claims the distinction of being the only town in the North Island within a licensed area without a public-house. It possesses seven churches. The town centres on to a square like Palmerston North and Feilding, and is the centre of a very rich dairying district.



J. R. Hanna, photo.

THE NEW PLYMOUTH MEMORIAL TO THE HEROES OF THE MAORI WAR.

On Marsland Hill, which overlooks the town of New Plymouth, a striking monument has been erected to the memory of the Imperial troops, the Colonial militiamen, and friendly natives who fell during the Maori wars. His Excellency the Governor, Lord Plunket, unveiled the memorial last Friday, in the presence of a large concourse, including a number of veterans. The monument is 30 feet high. It is constructed of marble, and cost some £600 to erect.

The photograph in the oval shows Mr. Percy Smith explaining the origin of the memorial.

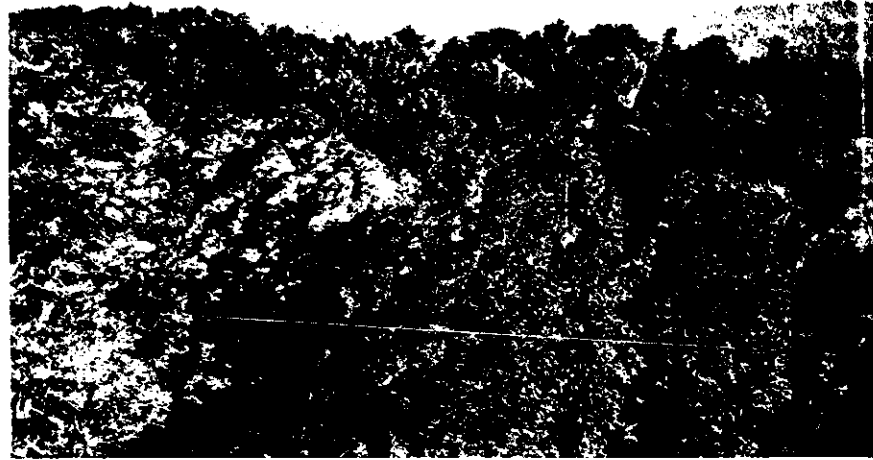
See "Our Illustrations."

THE PASSING OF

See Page



DOOMED TO AXE AND FIRE—THE VANISHING KAURI.



RIMU FOREST, NOW BEING CUT



THE CONTRAST—BURNT FOREST LAND BETWEEN RANGATAUA AND K

OF THE BUSH.

and 29.



... FIVE MILES FROM OHAKUNE.



THE GROWTH OF CENTURIES VANISHING IN SMOKE AND FLAMES.



... ALL OF WHICH LESS THAN FIVE YEARS AGO WAS STANDING BUSH.



EXHIBITS AT THE MANAWATU AMATEUR HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY'S SUCCESSFUL SHOW, HELD AT PALMERSTON NORTH.



THE CHAMPION BLOOM.
Mr. Frank Mason's "Lady Ta'bot."



Freeman, photo.

POT-GROWN CHRYSANTHEMUMS AND POT-PLANTS.



Tibbutt, photo. SHOT WITH PEA RIFLES.
Big bag of wild pigeons secured near Otakuae by Messrs. Harry Crayforth and Walter Down, who were using pea rifles.



A PICTORIAL DOG.
At first sight this seems to be just an ordinary inquisitive, mischief-hunting fox terrier; but if you look carefully at the marking on his flank you will observe a perfect silhouette of a woman's head and shoulders. He is the property of a well-known Mt. Eden resident.



Tibbutt, photo.

THE DUCK SHOOTING SEASON—A TWO DAYS' "BAG" ON THE WAIKATO RIVER.



THE CHILDREN'S IDOL—STUDY OF A FAITHFUL FRIEND FROM THE SHETLAND ISLANDS.

W. Bird, photo.



Corroborative Evidence.

This conclusion is supported by a host of other witnesses. Mr. A. W. Page, in an article on the "Statesmanship of Forestry," points out that the Colorado in flood time carries down 1000 tons of mud a minute, simply because all the trees have been cut away on its watershed. "Rivers whose headwaters have been deforested are beginning to carry mud in this way, building up banks and bars, changing their courses and ruining navigation"; and most of the trouble with the Mississippi which is now to be deepened and straightened at a colossal cost, is due to deforestation. In two months in 1905, the floods on the Catawba River, we are told, did a million and a half dollars' worth of damage. When they subsided some farmers found sandbanks ten feet deep on their fertile acres. Mr. Stewart White, the famous novelist of the North, says that 18 million acres of farm land have been lost in the Appalachian district in a few years by erosion alone. Ten years ago Professor Shaler, of Harvard University, estimated that 3000 square miles of soil had been washed from the slopes of the Southern Mountains on account of the destruction of the forests. The upper valleys of the rivers are becoming subject to violent freshets, and the lower valleys to great overflows which have to be controlled by costly levees. And the destruction so far," adds Mr. Page, "has been only enough to give an imaginative man a conception of what floods will come from those mountains if all their forests are ever cut down." But unhappily it is not necessary to limit ourselves to conjecture as to what may happen in extreme cases of this kind. In at least one country in modern times we have seen exemplified on the largest conceivable scale the terrible consequences of defying the ordinances of Nature by destroying the forests and neglecting to replace them. "China," writes Mr. Emerson Hough, dealing with "The Slaughter of the Trees" in "Everybody's Magazine" (May, 1908), "is the

The Evils of Deforestation.

II.

(By J. P. GROSSMANN, M.A., Director of School of Commerce, A.U.C.)

United States from the upland farms and carried it into the rivers, where it has formed bars, impeded navigation and finally lodged in the great harbours. The Government has already spent 553 mil-

lion dollars for river and harbour improvements," and this outlay has been rendered necessary almost entirely through the indirect effects of deforestation. The Commission estimates that soil erosion reduces farm production from 10 to 20 per cent.; and that the annual loss to the farms alone is 500 million dollars. The direct damage from floods has increased from

Landslips and Floods.

REMOVED among the inevitable effects of deforestation we must, therefore, rank floods and landslips. It must be clearly understood that this description of the effects of bush-felling is by no means simply theoretical. Unfortunately, the theory has been illustrated in only too literal and practical a fashion in all the countries that have ever been endowed with great natural forests. In America this question has already assumed the dimensions of a great national problem, and the disastrous results of erosion are dwelt on impressively in the report recently presented to Congress by the National Conservation Commission. "One small neglected stream," we are told, "has been found by actual measurement to wash enough soil from its hills to deposit silt equal to one and a half tons per acre of its watershed in a year. The quantity of silt deposited every year by all the streams in the United States would cover a territory nine hundred miles square a foot deep. Our rivers have washed 753 million tons of the best soil of the

lions of dollars for river and harbour improvements," and this outlay has been rendered necessary almost entirely through the indirect effects of deforestation. The Commission estimates

45 million dollars in 1900 to 238 million dollars in 1907—and all this enormous expenditure and loss is attributed by this responsible Commission of experts to the reckless slaughter of the forests.

best instance of a land that never cared for forestry. She builds houses now of little poles, uses for fuel saplings, shrubs, herbage. Her children literally comb the hillsides for bits of roots and shrubs for



THE DESOLATION OF THE CLEARING.

There are 6,000,000 acres of barren land ruined by reckless cutting round the Great Canadian Lakes alone.



"THE AXE IS LAID TO THE ROOT OF THE TREE."



THE ONE EXCUSE FOR THE SLAUGHTER OF THE TREES—SETTLEMENT.

fuel and fodder. The land is bared to the bone. It is a land of floods. Villages are swept away, hard-tilled fields ruined. Starvation stalks in China. Alternate floods and water famines follow the waste of forests." The most striking il-

What Other Countries Suffer.

It would be easy to accumulate great masses of evidence of a character similar to the foregoing, but I may content myself with a few typical



EROSION—FIRST STAGE, THE CLEARED HILL SIDE.

Illustration of these evils in the history of China is the record of the Hwang-ho, the great Yellow River which drains the Northern Provinces, and twice within the last forty years has flooded vast areas of densely peopled country, destroying mil-

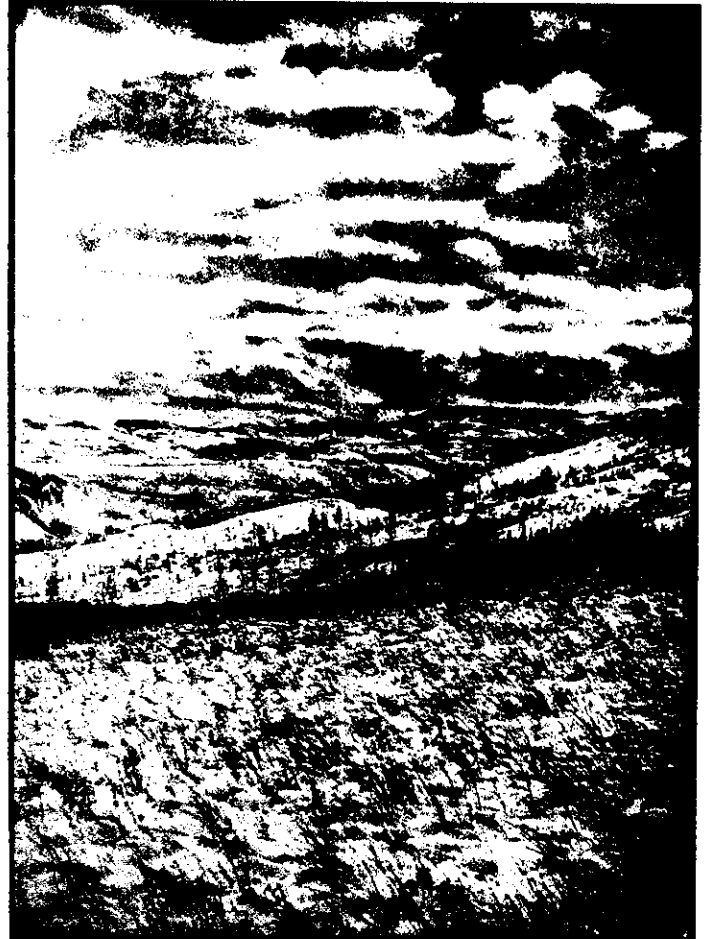
instances. In Stanford's "Compendium of Geography and Travel," I find the following reference to Cyprus in regard to deforestation and its effects:—"The disappearance of the woods, now reduced to about 400 square miles in the southern



EROSION—SECOND STAGE, THE FISSURED SOIL.

lions of the inhabitants in a few hours. In the great flood of 1868, and again in 1887, the Hwang-ho is credited with something like seven million victims; and considering that the floods covered ten thousand square miles of territory, studded with 3000 villages, the estimate is probably not excessive. Possibly the illustrations to this paper—some of which were submitted to Congress by President Roosevelt, with his last Message, in which he dealt with the necessity for reforesting the United States—may give some faint idea of the ruin and desolation that thus inevitably follow the passing of the forest. In China the work of destruction is still going on. The Hwang Ho is periodically flooded, and millions of lives are sacrificed simply because the forests in Northern China have been cut down and never replaced. "They cut off the trees then the shrubs, then the grass until not a single living thing remained on the mountain sides. The rain washed the soil from the rocks. With infinite patience every year they build terraces, wherever they can to save a little of the soil for agriculture. The once fertile valley lands are covered with gravel and rocks, the debris of floods. The territory that was once fertile is now bare, its flourishing cities are falling into decay, the land is becoming uninhabitable." And all this devastation and waste of property and life, and this destruction of man's handiwork have been due to the reckless cutting down of forests. The picture of desolation that some of these illustrations reveal may stand as a general type of the effects of deforestation in all countries in varying degrees. The loss of fertile soil, the submergence of productive land under a superincumbent load of barren debris and detritus from the hill-sides, the choking of river beds, the diversion of rivers from their courses, and the disastrous floods that inevitably follow such changes—all these evils are in every land the direct consequence of the wholesale extirpation of timber trees.

uplands, has seriously affected agricultural prospects. With the forests went the soil which was washed down to the plains, choked the river beds and formed malarious swamps; the hills became bare rocks incapable of growing a blade of grass, and the locust at once took possession of the barren ground; whilst the



THE AFTERMATH OF THE AXE.

absence of trees deprived the earth of its annual fertilising leaf mould. There is now a stony desert at the S.E. end of the island, where tradition says there was formerly a large forest." The same story might be told even more forcibly of Asia-Minor, once the garden of the world, filled with densely-peopled towns, now for the most part treeless, waterless, sterile, and almost depopulated. Of Spain it has been said that the loss of her wealth and power, and the

decay of her Empire, were due more than anything else to the impoverishment of her soil through the destruction of her forests. Describing Central Spain Sir A. Ford writes:—"The denuded tablelands are exposed to the fierce suns of the summer and to the fiercer snows and winds of winter, while the bulk of the peninsula offers a picture of neglect and

(Continued on Page 41.)



THE SLIDING HILLS.

Where the soil must be kept up by stone walls after the trees are cut away.



Muir and Mackinlay, photo.

A MUNICIPAL GROUP IN WELLINGTON.

Seated in his robes of office is the New Mayor of Wellington, Dr. Newman. On his right is the Hon. T. W. Hislop, the retiring Mayor. The others are Councillors and Officials.



J. E. Lewis, photo.

MR. W. J. B. TREWIN,
recently elected Mayor of Feilding.



MISS FANNY DANGO AS "PEGGY," AND "THE SANDOW GIRLS."

In the second act of "The Dairymaids," which will be produced at His Majesty's Auckland, on Monday, the 17th inst. See "Music and Drama."



COLONEL R. H. DAVIES, C.B.

Of the New Zealand Forces, who is to go Home to study military tactics as practised by the British Army.



Muir and Mackinlay, photo.

HEAD OFFICE STAFF OF THE VALUATION DEPARTMENT, WELLINGTON

Sitting in the middle of front row, with his hat on, is the Hon. Mr. Buldo, Minister in charge. On his right is Mr. G. F. C. Campbell, Valuer General, and on his left is Mr. A. E. Fowler, Chief Clerk.



STRANGE SHAPES ASSUMED BY THE STALACTITES.



A FANTASTIC GROTTO.

See Letterpress, Page 33.

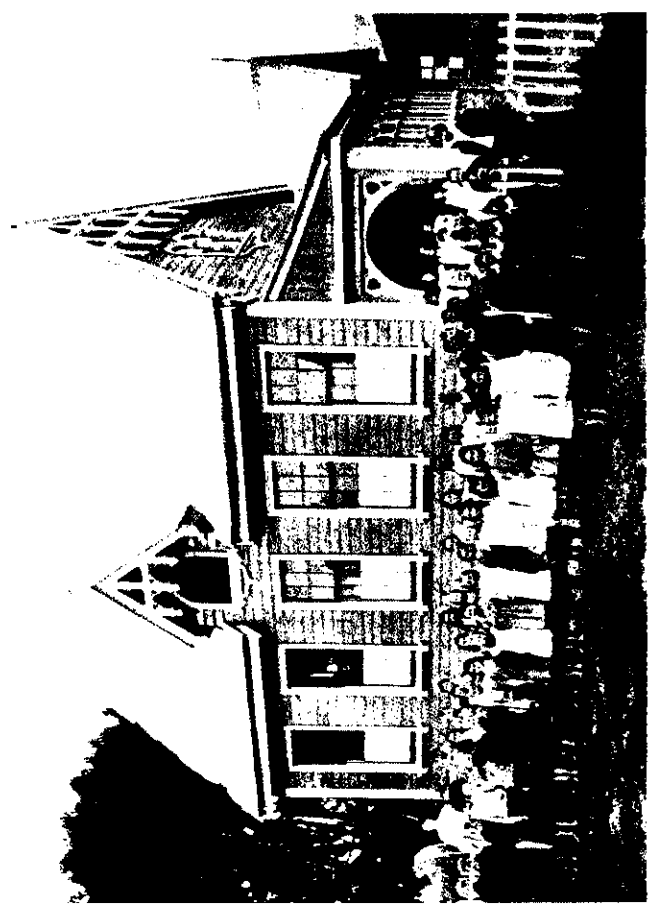
Protected photographs by W. Lane.

THE MARVELLOUS LIMESTONE CAVES AT RIWAKA, NELSON.



PARHAKA OF TO-DAY: THE WHITES STRONGHOLD ADDERSISED.

Parhaka, 20 miles south of New Plymouth, which for many years was under the influence of the late Prophet, Te Whiti, whose aim was to draw a dividing line between his people and the pakeha.



HOOGLAN SCHOOL, RIIWAKA.



THE MOTUEKA HIGH SCHOOL, MOTUEKA.

W. Brails photo.

A TRAMP ABROAD.

By AJOR.

MOTUEKA AND RIWAKA

ONE of the most beautiful seaside boroughs in the province of Nelson is that of Motueka, and if I add that it is also one of the healthiest I but echo what many have already said. Motueka's streets are all broad and straight, and the greater portion of its buildings new and prettily painted, whilst its schools and churches, and other public places are all creditable enough. The orchards of its environments are the largest and most prolific I have seen in the province. Lastly, its climate is, perhaps, better than that of the city of Nelson itself. But, notwithstanding all of these blessings, the people have long had a serious grievance, and it is this—The fruitgrowers, who form the major portion of the population, and are the backbone of the place, have long reckoned they do not get anything like the real marketable value for their produce, and they are holding a "monster public meeting, convened by His Worship the Mayor at request of many ratepayers, to urge upon the general Government the necessity for

Riwaka, abound in trout. Visitors to Riwaka always experience difficulty in tearing themselves away from its attractiveness. But nine miles northwards, over the hills towards Takaka, the tourist has special attraction in the Riwaka limestone caves. Mr Lane, a Riwaka gentleman of artistic tastes, has these beautiful caves under his care, and it his capital photos which we reproduce in the "Graphic."

These wonderful caves lie along the Riwaka-Takaka main road, between the sea and the road at an altitude of some 1,000ft. above sea level, distant from Riwaka about nine miles. There, through an opening in the face of a terrace, which immediately overlooks the historical island of Astrolabe in matchless Blind Bay, we enter upon a perfect wonderland of limestone palaces, with natural statuary, wonderful ceilings, chandeliers, candelabra, bric-a-brac, and rare looking vases. Here is one cave 25ft. high, and 50ft. wide. In the centre stands a capital representation of a mythological god, gravely viewing the

statue of Britannia. No. 3 represents an angel in dazzling purity, weeping over the tomb of some fallen hero, whose mangled body lies upon the edge of a black, apparently fathomless, gulf. No

is in the vicinity of 100. The staff consists of Mr. Robert Irwin, headmaster (formerly of South Canterbury), Miss Salmon, who has been assistant mistress for 15 years, and Miss Jordan, pupil tea-



THE MOTUEKA HOTEL, MOTUEKA.

establishing in the Empire City a public fruit and produce market, for reception, classification, and sale of fruit and produce grown in the Dominion.

Amongst other attributes of civilisation, Motueka enjoys the benefits of a High School under the very able management of Mr. Griffen and staff. The number on the roll—about 150—is steadily increasing. The High School building, which is a rather handsome structure, is about to be increased by the addition of a laboratory for technical education in farming and fruit culture.

Riwaka.

Riwaka, charming suburb of the borough of Motueka, may be truly said to be the garden and orchard of Nelson. Surrounded by hills topped by the higher mountains behind, which form a jagged outline against the higher horizon, this vale of Avoca smiles up at the sun through clear skies, and o'er the calm waters of Blind Bay, which lave its shores to the North-East. The land all around appears to be excellent, and produces marvellous crops in fruit, hops, and vegetables, which, season after season, it gives forth. Riwaka has its miniature port of call, its public school, and sweet intelligent children, under the able tuition of Mr. Irwin; a post and telegraph office, a church, a public hall, and a capital hotel, under capable management of Mr. Goodwin. The gardens, and orchards you require to see to fully appreciate. The folk of Riwaka are as genial as their sun, and as generous as their soil. Its rivers, the Motueka and

doings of a Bacchanalian group in alabaster, whilst a maid in modern attire peeps shyly down between the stalactites overhead. No. 2 cave represents a crystal palace, hung with slender alabaster pendants, some of which nearly touch the floor of the cavern. Well up towards the left wall is a startling



LOOKING EAST OVER MOTUEKA.

4 represents the mausoleum of an Egyptian monarch, with hundreds of silvery crystalline candles, and draped figures stand mourning silently around. No. 5 represents a modern hall, with a mosaic floor, and grotesque ceiling. No. 6 represents the sword of Damocles—two men and a boy seated calmly under a great sword suspended over their heads by the thinnest of silver threads. No. 7 represents a weird cavern of dazzling lights and uncanny shadows, wonderful pillars, and arches, slender pendants of alabaster, and great dark bunches of grapes and clusters of flowers hanging down. The stalagmites are shaped like the American spread eagle, storks, cranes, vultures, lions, and tigers panthers, and other shapes.

A Pretty Rural School.

The Riwaka School, shown in our illustrations, is one of the prettiest rural schools we have yet seen. The school gardens, consisting of four departments—flower, fernery and pot plants, vegetable and native division—is a striking feature of the playground. Teachers, committee and pupil, evidently take a pride in their school, which is a pattern of neatness, both internally and externally. The school possesses an excellent piano, a stereoscope and views, a powerful microscope, and a good school library. Everything is done to make school life pleasant, and evidently with good results, the attendance for last year being 92 per cent of the roll number. The number of pupils on the roll

cher. The summary of the report of the school for last year was—Organisation, good; efficiency, good; order, tone, and discipline, good to excellent.

Sweden's Monarch.

Not only is King Gustav the only monarch who habitually wears glasses, but he is one of the few rulers in the world who is a total abstainer. During his Crown Prince days he did much by the force of his example to further the cause of temperance. On one occasion, during some manoeuvres, he invited a large number of young officers to his tent to luncheon and placed pom-puril, a weak apple wine, and hot beef tea before them. It is said that the young fellows—sniggered a bit when his back was turned, but they drank of the fluids in quantity and entirely to their own and their hosts' satisfaction.

A characteristic story is told of the King's way of meeting awkward questions. He was once asked what his opinion was of the Socialists and the democratic movement generally. "Well," he answered, "in other countries I am quite inclined to Socialism and democratic ideas, but you can hardly blame me for feeling a little royalist in Sweden." The motto which he assumed when he ascended the Throne was "With my people for the Fatherland."



THE RIWAKA SCHOOL.



IN MR. EDISON'S CHEMICAL LABORATORY.
His chief chemist at work on an experiment.

The Modern Profession of Inventing in America

THE TWO KINDS OF INVENTOR AND THEIR METHODS—HOW MR. EDISON, THE TYPE OF THE INDEPENDENT EXPERIMENTER, GETS HIS WONDERFUL RESULTS—THE RISE OF "INVENTIONS DEPARTMENTS" IN GREAT INDUSTRIES—HOW THEY CREATE NEW DEVICES.

By FRENCH STROTHER

THE complicated machinery of modern business has produced two types of inventor. One is the freelance energetic and ingenious enough to create marketable inventions sufficient to maintain his financial independence. The other is the "inventions department": the idea factory, or inventive brain of a great business: made up of a number of unknown units—men who have enough ingenuity and enough ideas to hold a salaried position as part of the creative organization of a manufacturing company.

The best-known example of the independent inventor is Mr. Thomas A. Edison. This strange man, so simple in personal

appearance and manner, so extraordinary in his habits of life and methods of work, moves among his complicated series of shops and experiments with such mental precision and constructive energy, yet appearing to do so without any sense of order or system—a sort of volcanic intellectual chaos—that he is the despair of all the men who try to analyse him. But he has no sentimental notions about an invention. When an idea occurs to him his first question is: "If it can be done, is it worth anything?" If it will not pay he has no use for it. Inventing is his business: the thing he invents must be worth money.

The instant he decides that the idea is

worth while, he sets in motion his extraordinary method of developing it. Some time ago, for example, he needed a chemical mixture that should have two properties that are rarely found together in the same compound. He might have set a chemist to work to figure out from the known science of chemistry, what would be most likely to fill the requirements, and so narrow the problem down to one of trying a few chemicals. What he did was to take Watts's Chemical Dictionary, in several ponderous volumes, and get his assistants to make every chemical mixture in it that could even conceivably serve his purposes, and try every one of the thousands.

"Out of the lot, I found about seven compounds that worked," said Mr. Edi-

But inventors of this type form but a small part of the real profession of inventing. The great majority of practical inventions are made by a group of men of whom the public never hears. These men are members of one of the most complicated and highly organized of the modern professions. Every great manufacturing concern maintains, under one name or another, an "inventions department," employing men who are paid various salaries simply to develop inventions. They are supplied with every mechanical appliance to facilitate their work; the bills are paid by the company, and every invention they make is assigned to the company "in consideration of salary, and one dollar." The General Electric Company, at Schenectady, N.Y., for example,



MR. CHARLES P. STEINMETZ, THE CHIEF ENGINEER OF THE GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY, NEW YORK, AND HIS LATEST INVENTION.

A Model of his Mercury Arc Current Rectifier.



MR. THOMAS A. EDISON,
The greatest of the independent inventive geniuses.

son, "but when I finished the experiments I know beyond a doubt that those seven were the only ones that could be made for that purpose."

He became interested in radium. The scientists had described certain substances as being those in which the presence of radium could be detected by sensitive photographic plates. Mr. Edison was not satisfied. He took 7000 plates, put a sample of fifty different substances on each plate, and locked them up for seven weeks in a dark room. At the end of that time he had the plate developed, and found that practically every one of the 350,000 specimens showed traces of the presence of radium.

This, then is his method—to take nothing for granted, to believe that anything may be possible, and then to try everything conceivable in the hope of hitting on what he needs. To see him moving through his great laboratories, head bowed, hands in pockets, his face set in an expression of intense mental preoccupation, his hair carelessly combed whichever way it may please to fall, his eyes focussed miles away except when he flashes into someone else's a look of instant understanding, his whole appearance, except for the eyes and the humorous yet grim mouth, is that of a dreamer rather than of a tireless worker. Yet this is the man who, eating practically nothing and exercising not at all, works often for thirty-six hours without sleep, falls unconscious from exhaustion on bench or desk, and wakes to work again, sometimes for a week without unrelaxing electrical with mental energy; marvelous in the power of his mental imagination. This is the popular idea of what an inventor is—a man of dreams and action in one, possessed by an idea that harasses him until it be delivered in finished form.

employs about 800 men who devote much of their time to developing new ideas. It spends \$500,000 a year in this development work. The Westinghouse Companies do the same thing; so does every progressive manufacturing concern of any consequence in the United States. And it is these unknown men, grappling with the everyday, practical problems of great manufactories, who make most of the inventions of immediate commercial value.

THOMAS A. EDISON—INDEPENDENT INVENTOR.

Mr. Edison has very definite ideas about inventing as a profession. When asked to describe the personal qualifications and the type of mind necessary for an inventor, Mr. Edison said:

"The point in which I am different from most inventors is that I have, besides the usual make-up, the hump of



AT WORK ON A DESIGN FOR AN ARC LAMP.

In the model shops of the General Electric Company, New York.

practicality as a sort of appendix. The sense of the business, money value of an invention. Oh, no, I didn't have it naturally. It was pounded into me by some pretty hard knocks. Most inventors who have an idea never stop to think whether their invention will be salable when they get it made. Unless a man has plenty of money to throw away, he will find that



ONE TYPE OF THE COMPLETED TURBINE.

This relatively small machine produces 400 h.p. more than the other engines shown on this page.

making inventions is about the costliest amusement he can find. Commercial availability is the first thing to consider.

"In working out an invention, the most important quality is persistence. Nearly every man who develops a new idea works it up to a point where it looks impossible then he gets discouraged. That's not the place to get discouraged, that's the place to get interested. Hard work and forever sticking to a thing till it's done, are the main things an inventor needs. I can't recall a single problem in my life, of any sort, that I ever started on that I didn't solve, or prove that I couldn't solve it. I never let up until I had done everything that I could think of, no matter how absurd it might seem as a means to the end I was after. Take the problem of the best material for phonograph records. We started out using wax. That was too soft. Then we tried every kind of wax that is made, and every possible mixture of wax with hardening substances. We invented new waxes. There was something objectionable about all of them. Then somebody said something about soap. So we tried every kind of soap. That worked better, but it wasn't what we wanted. I had seven men scouring India, China, Africa, everywhere, for new vegetable bases for new soaps. After five years we got what we wanted, and worked out the records that are in use to-day. They are made of soap—too hard to wash with and unlike any other in use, but soap just the same.

"The second quality of an inventor is imagination, because invention is a leap of the imagination from what is known to what has never been before.

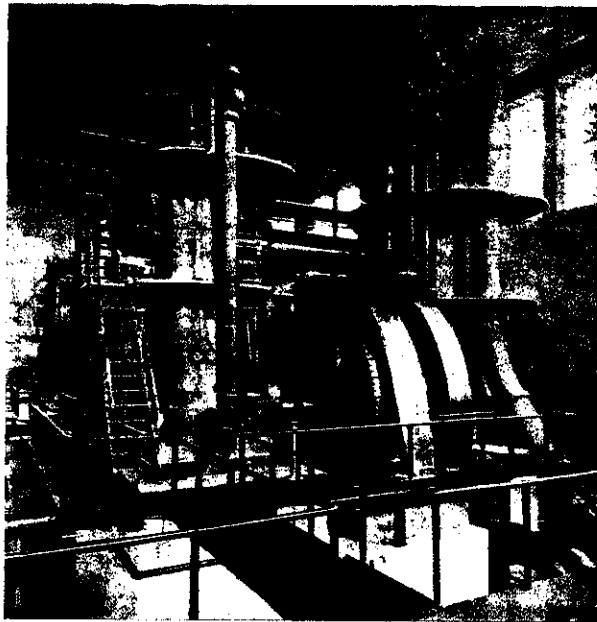
"The third essential is a logical mind that sees analogies. No! Not not mathematical. No man of a mathematical habit of mind ever invented anything that amounted to much. He hasn't the imagination to do it. He sticks too close to the rules, and to the things he is mathematically sure he knows, to create

anything new. I don't know anything about mathematics; can't even do proportion. But I can hire all the good mathematicians I need for £3 a week."

This last point is illustrated by an incident that occurred in his laboratory. He needed to know the exact capacity of a vessel of very irregular shape. He called in two of his mathematicians to work it out. They made innumerable careful measurements with various finely graduated instruments, and after an hour's work went away with a mass of figures to work out the capacity. As soon as they had left, Mr. Edison filled the vessel with water, poured the water out into a measure and noted how many cubic inches it held. Two days later the mathematicians brought in the result of their complicated figuring, and it tallied exactly with Mr. Edison's five-minute measurement.

In the practice of his profession Mr. Edison has to save time. There is a pretty well developed suspicion among his assistants that his deafness is largely a ruse to avoid hearing things that he

sub-assistants, on phonograph improvements. Mr. Edison may not see him for two weeks at a stretch, but when he does come, he is full of enough ideas to keep that room busy for a month. In another room is his chief chemist, himself an inventor of proved merit, working out Mr. Edison's ideas on some new chemical compound. Across the hall, in a room filled with batteries, each of a different composition, two men and a boy are taking records of how the batteries work. In another room, improvements are being worked out for Mr. Edison's new storage battery. There are often a dozen inventions under way at once, each requiring the work of an expert; and through the great laboratory Mr. Edison moves from room to room, keeping check on the progress of each, suggesting radical changes in the work, always full of ideas, and impressing so profoundly on his men his own mental curiosity, and eagerness, and energy that they, as they say themselves, work much harder for him than they would be on their own ideas.—From the "World's Work."



BEFORE THE INVENTIONS DEPARTMENT WORKERS DEVELOPED THE TURBINE.

The huge reciprocating engines that are necessary to drive a generator producing 1600 h.p.

does not care to pay attention to. When Mr. Edison sat for the photograph in this article, in one of the poses his eyes were dropped, looking at his hands. It was a time exposure, and the instant the shutter of the camera closed with a click, he looked up and exclaimed "Over-exposed." His attorney shouted to him: "Did you hear that click?"

"Eh?"

"How did you know that he had finished that exposure?"

"Oh, I had an intuition."

To Mr. Edison, time is so valuable that he does not waste it even by taking account of it. Time to him is only the chance to get things done; and no matter how long it takes, they must be got done. In his office safe there is carefully locked away a £540 Swiss watch, given him by a European scientific society. It is never used. He buys a stem-winder costing a dollar and a half, breaks the chain ring off, squirts oil under the cap of the stem, thrusts it into his trousers pocket—and never looks at it. When it gets too clogged with dirt to run, he lays it on a laboratory table, hits it with a hammer and buys another.

MR. EDISON AT WORK.

Where a man in the profession of law or of medicine has a suite of offices, Mr. Edison's profession requires a great building containing many laboratories. In this building are many rooms set apart for different kinds of experiments. In one, an assistant who came to him in 1889 from the laboratory of the German scientist, Helmholtz, works alone, or with his

is editor; but the proprietor's name is quite a dissolving view. He was originally Mr. Edward Levy; he then became Mr. Edward Levy Lawson, then Sir Edward Lawson, Bart.; now he is Lord Burnham. The "Daily Mail" is owned and edited by two Irishmen, Lord Northcliffe of Shanghai, and Mr. Thomas Marlowe, and is busily engaged in slandering Irishmen. It advocates "Territorialism," presumably in order that Englishmen may be hired to shoot down the countrymen of its editor and proprietor. The "Standard" is edited by Mr. H. A. Gwynne, who is an Irishman; and its virulence against the Irish nation is only equalled by the "Daily Mail." Lastly, there is Mr. L. J. Maxse, editor of the "National Review," another Jingo with an "all-British" name.

The "Stage" is another organ used by this precious collection of "Englishmen." "An Englishman's Home" is a play written by a patriotic "Englishman," who has modestly concealed his identity. We understand he rejoices in the truly English name of "Du Maurier." The song, "Bravo, Territorials!" is composed by Mr. Herman E. Darewski; the ballad, "An Englishman's Home" is composed by Mr. Edward Teschemacher; and "A Call to Arms" is written by Miss Ethel de Fonblanque. The number of foreign ladies and gentlemen who are lecturing the British workman and clerk on their duty to their country is really very remarkable.

By Royal Command.

Englishmen are an extraordinary race, and one would have thought that England could have bred an English king. The present ruler, Edward VII of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, belongs to the House of Hanover, which may account for his pronunciation of the English language. He is an interfering individual, as will be seen from the following incident:—M. Pellissier (when shall we come across an English name in this article), of the Folies, desired to produce a skit on "An Englishman's Home" in his well-known series of "Potted Plays." In this "Potted Play" everything was to be labelled "Made in Germany"—like the House of Hanover,—but the Play Censor stepped in, and forbade the production. Here is a summary of the play's conclusion: When the invaders arrive, the officer in charge recognises Mr. Brownwurst as his long-lost uncle; and Mr. Brownwurst asks his nephew what he is doing in England. "We have come to take England," is the reply. He retorts, "You are too late; we have taken England years ago." Finally, the invaders agree to settle down and become naturalised Englishmen because it will be cheaper than warlike operations. Mr Redford, as censor of plays, wired to M. Pellissier forbidding the production. The next day the London Press had a number of interviews with M. Pellissier. On Thursday afternoon the King, through Lord Knollys, sent a message direct from the Palace to M. Pellissier requesting him to cease making communications to the Press. M. Pellissier promptly obeyed the King's orders. It is clear, therefore, that the Lord Chamberlain refused the license at the direct behest of the King. Why this anxiety on the King's part to prevent a harmless skit? What business has the King to intervene in a matter of this kind? It was a gross and unwarrantable infringement of personal liberty.

The British workman is being deluded by this unholy alliance of Jew financiers, American and Irish journalists and peers, into the belief that conscription is a worthy ideal.

Facts.

We propose to quote some facts, for which we are indebted to "John Bull's Army from Within," by Robert Edmondson, ex-sergeant 21st Hussars, and ex-squadron-sergeant-major 35th Imperial Yeomanry. Lord Roberts has demanded 300,000 men to protect the Indian frontier. Mr Edmondson's book reveals what the condition of the Indian Army is, according to the Army medical reports: "In 1902, though there were only 60,540 European troops, all told, in India, there were 65,288 admissions into hospital with general diseases. Of these 889 men died, whilst no fewer than 2254 were invalided home. . . . Mark, now, the part that sexual disease by itself plays. In 1902 in India the enormous number of 12,646 men were admitted into the hospital suffering from this disease alone. . . . Turn now to the Home Army. The strength in 1902 was 93,665.

A Bastard Patriotism.

(By C. H. NORMAN.)

The time has come for all lovers of the honour of their country to stand fast against the dangerous militarist agitation now being engineered by a reptile Press, out-of-work Generals, non-combatant Whig lawyers, and a corrupt Court. The object of these men, few of whom are Englishmen, is to deprive the citizens of Britain of their liberties.

Patriots.

It will be understood why the persons who advocate conscription, tariff reform, Irish and Indian coercion, and anti-alien legislation all hang together, when one discovers that their birthplaces are chiefly of English soil. First of all comes a noble patriot, the editor of the "Daily Express," Mr. Ralph D. Blumenfeld, born in Wisconsin (U.S.A.). From that interesting journal of the Press Club, "The Club Lyre," we quote the following "Agony": "Tariff Reformers wanted. —Naturalisation fees paid. Address (in confidence), Blumenfeld, Bride-street." This American gentleman with the German name is noted for his bitterness against the unfortunate alien. The "Daily Telegraph" has been conspicuous for its advocacy of "the four shams," Mr. Le Sage, a striking "English" name,



MAKING RECORDS OF ONE OF MR. EDISON'S EXPERIMENTS.

Of these, there were admitted into hospital with sexual disease, 11,490. . . . We arrive at the fact that, in a total of 154,205 troops, no fewer than 24,176 cases of sexual disease were brought to light. That is, about one in every six; and this is a specially healthy year." Turning to the French Army, which is a conscript army, M. Dumont has stated

other people in ordinary circumstances. The abominable diseases, of which they are the unhappy victims, are due to the enforced celibacy of barrack life and to their inadequate rates of pay. The soldier is treated so damnably that men only join the army as the alternative to starvation. Misery is the chief recruiting agent for the English Army.



COUNTESS LONYAY.

Princess Stephanie of Belgium.

that "it is a school of drunkenness, of idleness, and of debauchery." The German Army is honeycombed with unnatural vice, as well as sexual disease, though the former is largely confined to the officers.

Soldiers would be as good citizens as

We cannot believe that the British workman will be fooled by this coterie of men whose patriotism consists in libelling the countries which have unfortunately given them birth, into submitting themselves to this degrading existence.



THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.

The Duchess of Devonshire is a daughter of the Marquess of Lansdowne, and married Mr. Victor Cavendish, now Duke of Devonshire, in 1892. In the picture she is shown with her two youngest daughters, the Ladies Dorothy and Rachel Cavendish.

Lies.

With very few exceptions all assertions may be divided into two classes—lies and untruths. Lies are those assertions which the person making them knows to be not so, and untruths are those assertions which the person making them does not know to be so.

Lies help to smooth over the rough places of life. Indeed, if it were not for lies, life would be almost unbearable. It would be unsovereign, to say the least. If we had to confine ourselves strictly to the truth, conversation would be limited to such platitudes as "two and two are four," "the square of the hypotenuse is equal to the sum of the squares of the other two sides," "the earth is round," "the sun is on time to-day," and the like.

Whereas truth is limited, minutely and painfully exclusive, one has not to be at all particular about lies. They may take any form and disport in any garb.

A lie never has to be verified. Nevertheless, it is just as well to bear in mind that the art of lying requires a certain degree of consistency, for lies well told and rigorously insisted upon have been known to pass current as truth for centuries, often to the annoyance and headlessness of those who tried to set things right.

To lie is human, to tell truth impossible.

Styles in Lies.

White lies are still worn. They have been largely seen at afternoon teas and bridge clubs.

There is a greater variety of matrimonial lies than ever. They come in all colours, ranging from the dark brown to the long green. Some of the most popular are seen about two in the morning in the front hall. While there are some new effects, as a general rule, the men stick to the same old styles, varying them to suit their individual requirements.

Some of the most popular phrases

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accompanying lies are "Honour bright," "You can search me!" "Why, I never thought of such a thing!" "You must be mistaken. I was at home in bed at the time." "No sorry to have missed you," "I have had a perfectly corking time," "How young you have grown," "I would dearly love to, but I have another engagement." "Would like to accommodate you, old man, but my bank account is already overdrawn," "What a

perfectly dear little baby," "I shall be all broken up if you don't come. We simply can't get along without you," "And to think I should have won the first prize; and oh! it is just exactly what I wanted!" "Our directors' meeting will probably last until midnight, darling; but don't worry or sit up for me."

Barefaced lies have a certain vogue among a select few.

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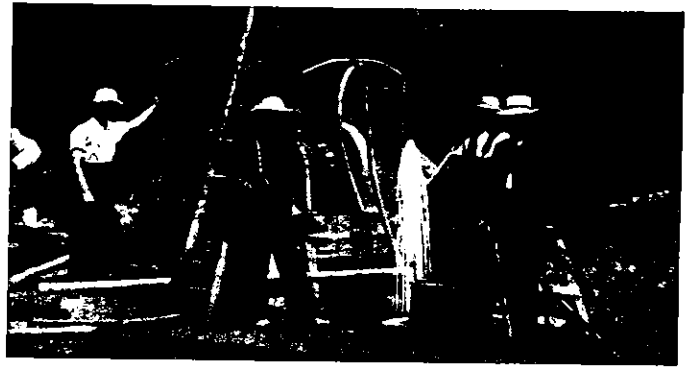


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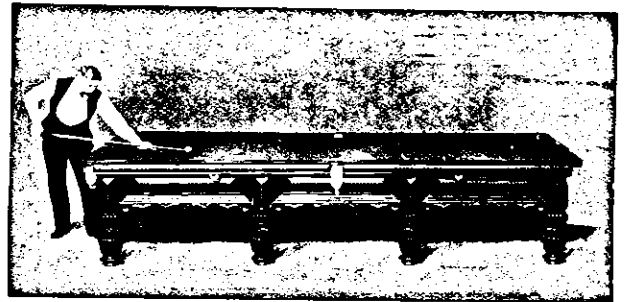


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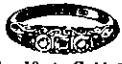
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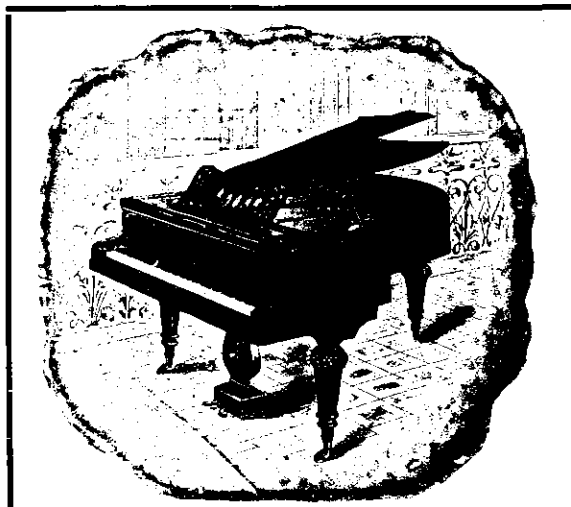
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Life in the Garden

Practical Advice for Amateurs

SEEDS TO SOW THIS MONTH.

Flower.— Dianthus, single and double; Gaillardia; Lupinus Arboreus; Mignonette; Pyrethrum; Sweet Peas.

Vegetable.— Broad Beans; Carrot, Earliest Horn; Cabbage; Cauliflower; Lettuce, Cabbage; Onion, Brown Spanish; Radish and Mustard; Turnip, Earliest White; Peas, Early Dwarf.

Roots.— Anemones, Iris, Ixias, Narcissus, Ranunculus, Gladioli (the Bride); Potato Onions, Eschalots, Garlic, Strawberries.

FLOWER ROOTS FOR PLANTING THIS MONTH.

Alliums, Anemones, Crocus, Cyclamen, Freesia, Hyacinths, Ixias, Narcissus, Ranunculus, Scillas, Snowdrops, Sparaxis, Tulips.

BULBS TO PLANT THIS MONTH.

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

WORK TO BE DONE.

Asparagus.

Beds of asparagus should be given a good dressing of stable manure without delay, a top dressing of salt or of kainit of potash will be of benefit.

Fruit Trees.

Where basic slag is intended for the orchard, May and June are the best months to apply. Experiments have proved that this fertiliser gives the best results when applied to this season; 5 to 6 cwt to the acre is a fair dressing, but if the land is poor 10 cwt will not be too much. Kainit can be sown at the same time, and mixed with the slag it helps to make the sowing less unpleasant. Slag should always be sown on a still day; there is great waste in sowing when it is windy.

Garden Peas.

THE RIGHT AND THE WRONG WAY OF SOWING.

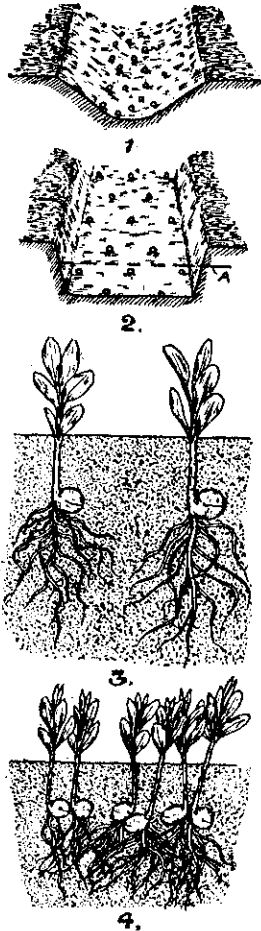
DEEPLY dug and liberally manured soil is essential to successful pea culture, and, if possible, the ground should be turned up during the autumn, and left in a rough state until the approach of the sowing season, so that it may receive the benefits of exposure to weather. Peas are deep-rooting subjects, therefore the best results are most likely to be obtained by incorporating the manure with the soil at a good depth as the work of digging proceeds than by placing it in the trenches at the time the seed is sown, another advantage of the former method being that the roots of the plants are induced to spread a considerable distance on each side of the row in search of nourishment, whereas the latter method causes the roots to remain in the neighbourhood of the manure in the trenches, and obtain their nourishment and moisture from a comparatively small area of ground with the result that dry weather speedily has an unfavourable effect upon the plants.

Peas should never be sown under or near to large trees, or drawn unfruitful growth will be produced, and, if possible, the rows should run from north to south so that the sun will shine on both sides. Before sowing the seed, and when the soil is fairly dry and friable, the ground must be well raked and broken up and also lightly trodden.

The old-fashioned practice of sowing peas in narrow V-shaped drills in the manner shown in Fig. 1 herewith, is a mistake, and does not give the seeds a fair chance to develop into strong, sturdy plants; other common mistakes being placing the rows too closely together, and sowing the seed too quickly. Sketches 3 and 4 give a good idea of the difference in the strength and condition of the roots of properly sown peas and peas sown too thickly.

Shallow trenches, the width of an ordinary spade, should be got out similar to Fig. 2, and the seed be evenly distributed in the bottom, a pint of seed being sufficient for a row about forty feet in length. The seed should be covered with fine soil about one and a half inches thick, and if the finished surface of the trench is a little below the natural ground level as indicated by the dotted line A in Fig. 2, it will provide space for earthing the young plants as they grow.

Birds are very partial to young peas, therefore, as soon as the seed is sown,



Methods of Sowing Peas.

1. Wrong way. 2. The right way.
3. Result of thin sowing. 4. The plants are too crowded.

several strands of black thread should be stretched up and down each row about an inch from the ground, or the rows be covered with linned garden netting to provide protection. Mice are often troublesome, and eat the seeds both before and after germination. As a preventive the seeds should be slightly damped and dusted with red lead before being sown, whilst trapping and poisoning are the only remedies after the seeds have commenced to grow. Repeated dustings of lime and soot will prevent slugs injuring the young plants.

Carter's International Pea.

The garden pea which is shown in the accompanying illustration is a new variety of great merit, Carter's International. It received an award of merit from the R.H.S. last year, and is the result of a cross between Carter's well known variety Early Horn and Duke of Albany. It is quite distinct both in shape of pod and in habit of growth. The pods are of rich green colour, containing eleven peas of excellent size and flavour. We believe this is the largest curved podded Marrowfat Pea at present in commerce. It is a second early variety, and grows 5 to 6 feet high.

GLORIOSAS.

These very distinct flowering climbers are well worth a place in the stove. They are exceedingly showy plants, producing their elegant flowers during the latter part of the summer, and are easily

them. When the plants are growing freely, they must be afforded abundance of water; weak liquid manure applied occasionally will be found to assist them very much, and they must be trained as they grow, or the tendrils with which each leaf is furnished at the apex will become so firmly fixed to other plants that it will be impossible to remove them without injury. After flowering, and when the bulbs are quite mature, which will be ascertained by the foliage dying off entirely, the pots should be stored away on their sides in a warm place. Gloriosas are usually increased by divisions of the roots, but as the roots are very brittle and impatient of interference, the offsets should therefore be carefully removed from the old bulbs when starting them in spring. Seeds can also be procured by artificial impregnation, therefore young plants may also be obtained in this way. *G. superba* is a favourite with many, the flowering being of a deep orange and yellow colour. *G. grandiflora* is another fine variety, having sulphur-yellow flowers. J.M.T.



Carter's International Pea.

MATHIOLA BICORNIS.

managed. They can be grown against a back wall, up the pillars, or they may be trained under the roof of a stove, out of the way of the other plants, and where the singular-looking flowers show to good advantage. It is now time to carefully report the plants, which will have been kept through the winter in dry earth. The soil best adapted for them is a mixture of fibrous peat, light loam, good leaf mould, well-decomposed manure, and silver sand in about equal parts. It is necessary that the pots should be thoroughly well drained.

When the roots are strong, they may be put at once into the pots they are to be grown and flowered in, or they can be started in smaller ones, and afterwards, when they have made some progress, be moved into larger ones. With sufficient room, these plants attain more size and are proportionately more effective. Full-sized roots should have 10-inch pots; in the case of roots that have not reached their full size, two or three roots may be put in a pot, and started in a temperature of 65deg. After potting, they will not, if the soil is in good order, require water until they show their growth; after this, a good moist heat is necessary, and care must be taken to keep red spider and thrip from

The night smelling stock is one of the annuals that should not be forgotten, but which very often is. But, indeed, it is scarcely as well known as it ought to be. Certainly it has one drawback, which, no doubt, largely accounts for its limited cultivation. It closes its blossoms during the bright part of the day, and is only worth looking at in the evening. Then the little blossoms are very pretty, and when grown in patches of one or two dozen plants no one will see without admiring it, and no one will approach within many yards of it without seeing it, attracted, as they will be, by its fine, far-reaching odour. To smell a rose you must needs come into its immediate neighbourhood; to smell mathiola you need only come into a garden where it grows. A few plants will scent the garden, a sprig or two will scent the largest room, and the odour, although so powerful, is not of those that are overpowering. It is a most delightful pleasure to go into a garden in the evening where a patch or bed of this is sown. To grow it just sow it where it is to bloom.

Pruning Gooseberries.

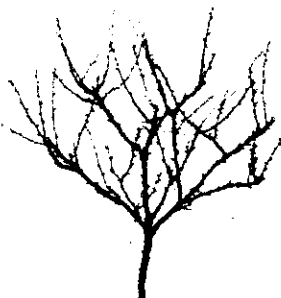
We have now reached a period when it will be necessary to deal with the winter pruning of gooseberries, and unless this work is taken in hand in the near future it will be too late to think of doing anything until another season. There is the probability that many of the bushes may have emitted growths from their base, this being brought about by "eyes" left on the lower part of the cuttings which subsequently develop into vigorous shoots. These basal shoots must be cut down without hesitation and overcrowded



1. A Gooseberry Bush, previous to the Winter Pruning.

Note the weak and useless growths in the centre.

growths in the super-structure cut or spurred back. In Fig. 1, we have an example of a gooseberry bush that has been very much neglected, in which the growths are far too numerous and the prospects of satisfactory fruiting to some extent rendered unpromising. It will be noticed how the growths crowd into one another, so that the gathering of the fruit is almost an impossibility without subjecting the hands to a severe scratching. It will also be observed that the main stem of the tree stands out quite by itself, and some little distance from the surface soil the bushes branch out into numerous growths, and these should be so pruned that they stand out as nearly as possible equidistant one from the



2. The same Bush after Winter Pruning.

Note how the weak growths have been spurred back.

other. In some cases it is an advantage to slightly prune back the points of the shoots, thus concentrating the energies of the plant on the fruit spurs that are retained, and which invariably yield their supply of berries of the very best kind. A comparison between Fig. 1 and Fig. 2 will show very clearly and distinctly how the pruning should be carried out.

Readers should remember that the growths removed may in most instances serve a very useful purpose for perpetuating the different varieties. All too often these are thrown away or burnt, whereas were the better pieces among them used for cutting purposes it would be an easy matter, within two or three years, to bring into being quite an interesting number of useful little bushes.

COOKING POTATOES.

In the course of some notes on Scotch potatoes, P. McCowan, writing in the "Scottish Gardener," says:—"At several local flower shows prizes are offered for a dish of boiled potatoes. This is, no doubt, an additional attraction arranged for the benefit of the ladies of the show district, but it is doubtful whether it has any practical value as an object-lesson in cooking potatoes, as it is generally admitted that only varieties that are known to turn out well are selected for this purpose. A prize offered for a short essay on how to cook potatoes, large or small, wet or dry, would do more good from an educational point of view. There are few, if any, vegetables which require so much attention to detail in cooking as potatoes, and there are equally few, if any, which receive less. The potatoes are not good this year! is a common complaint in many houses; and this is not to be wondered at, when the preparation of this important part of the menu is often left in the hands of some inexperienced person. All potatoes are alike to them. The experienced cook or housewife, on the other hand, knows at a glance how a certain class of potato should be cooked. Potatoes in the early part of the season, or if grown on wet or un-congenial land, require treatment different from those grown under more favourable conditions. In some cases it is advisable to use boiling water to cook them, and even then they may have to be steamed and dried before they can be served to give satisfaction. Certain varieties which have been sprayed with Bordeaux mixture seem to retain the flavour of new potatoes, and have also the tendency to be of a sloppy nature unless they are very carefully attended to in cooking."

WATERING CONSERVATORY PLANTS.

There can be no gainsaying that rain-water is the most natural for plants in general; when it cannot be obtained, water which is soft, and has been for a time freely exposed to the air is the next best. Water should never, if possible, be given to plants in a colder state than the soil in which the roots are growing; in the case of stove-plants in active growth, it is better if the water is warmer than the soil. The oft-repeated injunction that, when water is applied, always give enough to moisten the whole of the soil within the pot, is of vital importance in all but exceptional cases; for if the water is given in dribbles, the upper portion of the earth alone gets moistened, the lower part in time becoming as dry as dust—in which condition it is impossible for the roots to act or remain healthy. The exceptions to thorough watering are when some deciduous stove-plants have to be dried off in a way that, in a measure, forces them to rest, and that will grow more or less, if there is any moisture in the soil, unless the temperature is lower than is good for them; in their case, if water were all at once completely withheld, the check would be too sudden; whereas by allowing their leaves to flag, and then giving a little water at intervals to revive the foliage somewhat, but not nearly enough to wet all the soil, the leaves gradually ripen off and the wood becomes matured. Manure-water is of the greatest value, if applied when the plants are growing freely, and it never should be given in too strong a state, nor in a thick muddy condition; clear, weak and often, is the safe course to follow.

MEDLARS POPULAR AGAIN.

Medlars seem to have regained the popularity they lost for more than a century. The Romans, who probably introduced the medlar tree into South Britain, ate the austere fruit un-mellowed by decay. Apart from the fruit, which some Frenchman has neatly named "un fruit de fantaisie," the medlar is remarkable for the fantastic appearance of its tortuous branches, its handsome foliage, and beautiful white blossoms.

Chrysanthemum, Mrs. L. Thorn.

This is a Japanese variety of the first water, measuring about 8in. in diameter, possibly sometimes more. The florets are very broad and light yellow, with a silvery cream on the reverse. They are of great length, and though they curl up at the tips and turn to different directions, it is still classed as a true Japanese variety. It is of easy growth and may be had rather early in the season. It is not only of easy growth, but keeps well owing to the great substance of the florets, even in a damp autumn like the past has been.

A HUNDRED YEARS IN HALF-HOUR.

If you want to find out how big a fool a man is, give him a sharp axe and turn him loose. What he does with that blade will show what's in him better than an X-ray machine, with a moving picture attachment. This is good chopping weather, and consequently the axe-fools are out in flocks doing what they can to reduce the spots upon which the Creator has set the seal of his vernal smile to the scenic nudity of a gravel pit. Here's what happened in one of the

"Got a written permission from the widow Glaser to cut down that tree?"
 "No."
 "Ever stop to think that that's the most beautiful tree in all this part of town?"
 "Don't know as I have."
 "Haven't considered that you're hacking down in half an hour what it has taken a hundred years to grow? That tree was big enough to shade a rabbit when Paddock's cabin down at the ford sheltered the whole population of this town?"
 "What's that got to do with it?" blurted the man with the axe, as his fingers tightened on the axe helve. "I tell you that it shades my garden, and I can't raise a crop of potatoes so long as it's standing."
 "About how many potatoes do you figure you could grow on the ground that this old elm shades? Wouldn't five bushels be about the limit?"
 "I suppose so—but they're worth something to me."
 "Yes—three dollars—at the outside. And that tree alone is worth two hundred dollars to the property about here."
 "Huh!" grunted the man with the axe. "It won't cut more'n a cord of wood." Then he started to swing the axe. But there was a whole Fourth of July smouldering in the tale of his neighbour's eye, and he paused to hear this:—



Japanese Chrysanthemum Mrs. L. Thorn.

little suburban residence towns within a half hour's ride from Chicago:—
 A man who has given something of his mental marrow to the public good of his community suddenly arose from his breakfast table and went hurriedly to the kitchen window. The members of his family circle stopped chattering, and Fletcherised in silence as he peered out. What he said sounded much like:—
 "Well, I'll be d—d! Somebody's chopping down the Old Wine-glass Elm on the Glaser place."
 Grabbing his hat, he darted out of the door and made a centre-rush on the man with the axe—who happened to be a new neighbour.
 "Just wait a minute, neighbour," he said, in tones smoother than soaped Bab-bitt metal. "What do you figure you're doing—and why?"
 "Cutting down this tree—can't you see?"
 "And why?"
 "Because it shades my garden. In fact, it just about spoils three gardens, and yours is one of 'em."
 "Rough, the old Glaser place, have you?"
 "No."
 "Rented it?"
 "No."

"No, you don't, neighbour! Not yet! Before you set that blade into the Old Elm again you will have to show some colour of authority for doing so. But even if the tree were your own, and growing in your own door yard, the fact would still remain that the cutting of this splendid old elm would be an act of wanton spoliation, a crime against nature, an affront to your neighbours and to your townpeople, and something of which a white man ought to be ashamed."
 That held the man with the axe until his neighbour could get busy, over the telephone, with the legal representatives of the widow Glaser, and rent the un-occupied place until her return. Then the good samaritan to the trees proceeded to bind up the wounds of the old wine-glass elm, after filling the axe-gash with protecting salve. If the grand old landmark pulls through the ordeal, and throws an undiminished shade over his garden when her leaves put forth in the spring, he will consider the cost of two months' rent of the Glaser place as a cheap price for what he has saved to his town-people, his neighbours, and him-self.
 The axes and the tree-killers are busy all over the country. Any able bodied

Human animal who has a loose collection of pruned instincts doing substitute service for a mind can destroy more love-fulness of leaf and limb in half an hour than all human science can replace in a century. They are the enemies of society, and ought to be handcuffed, spanked with an axe, and compelled to read Thoreau, John Burroughs, and John Muir for the rest of their natural lives.—(By Forrest Crissey, in "Chicago Tribune.")

LEEK OR DAFFODIL.

An attempt is being made by some wicked Welshman to rob St. David of his Leek, and to substitute the daffodil—"St. Peter's Leek" in Welsh—which, says the "Daily News," they claim to be the proper emblem of the Principality. But the Daffodil seldom blooms so early as St. David's Day outside the Scilly Isles, while the leek can be found growing wild at several spots on the sea coast of South Wales. No doubt the leek, bereft of surplus leaves in a greengrocer's shop, presents a prosaic appearance; but St. David's plant looks quite pretty in a garden, and is by no means so inodorous as Pistol libellously asserted, to his sorrow. It is incorrectly stated that the leek has received no recognition at Court since the time of George II. Our present Queen, when Princess of Wales, always wore the leek at Court functions that fell on St. David's Day.

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The Evils of Deforestation.

Continued from page 29.

desolation, moral and physical, which it is painful to contemplate. Extensive steppes and plains are burnt by the sun in summer and swept by the icy winds in winter; while rain is so rare in the tablelands that the annual fall does not exceed 9 inches, and there are districts on which no shower descends for eight or nine months together. The face of the earth is tanned tawny, and baked into a veritable terra cocta, and everything seems dead and burnt as on a funeral pile." Mr G. Chisholm, one of the most eminent of living geographers, describing the basin of the Po, in Northern Italy, says of the risk of floods to which it is constantly exposed:—"These dangers have been much increased by the wanton destruction of the forests of the Alps and Apennines, for when the shelter of the woods is gone, the heavy rains of summer easily wash the soil from the slopes down into the rivers, and many an upland pasture has by this process been turned into bare rock." Referring elsewhere to the malarial swamps in North Italy, the same authority writes:—"Since ancient times, the extent of marsh has in many places been increased through the excessive clearing of mountain forests, causing rain-water to rush unchecked down the mountain sides, and the rivers to swell into devastating floods."

The Case of France.

But perhaps the best illustration of the evils and dangers to which all countries are exposed by the process of deforestation is to be found in the meteorological and topographical history of France during the past century. Dr. Crombie Brown, in his work on "Reboisement (reforestation) in France," gives a complete account of the causes that led to the clearing of the forests in the Lower Alps and the Pyrenees, and the results that followed in the form of landslips and floods. The details that he gives of the devastations committed by the mountain torrents, augmenting every year with the cutting out of forest and undergrowth form a picture that has been truthfully described as appalling. "The disappearance of the forests from the mountains," writes Captain Campbell-Walker, "gave up the soil to the action of the waters which swept it away, into the valleys, and then the torrents, becoming more and more devastating, buried extensive tracts under their deposits, tracts which will probably be for ever withdrawn from agriculture." And not only has irreparable injury been thus inflicted upon the country, but enormous losses of property, and even of human life, have been sustained as a direct consequence of these same baneful causes. During 1875 the loss of property in the South of France through floods was estimated by the State at £3,000,000, and in addition at least 3,000 people lost their lives. "The indirect results in the shape of temporary or permanent damage to agricultural districts by the deposit of stones and shingle brought from the mountains by the flood waters cannot be estimated, still less the damage to pastoral lands on the mountains themselves. It may be stated generally that the results of excessive clearing of forests and abuse of pasturage on the French Alps and Pyrenees have reduced their capacity as a sheep and goat carrying area to such an extent that they cannot carry half of what they did fifty years ago; whilst the damage resulting to the agricultural districts below from the drying up of springs and streams, the torrents caused by heavy rains, and the melting of the snows and their effect on the river banks and channels followed by long droughts in summer is simply incalculable, and such as cannot be repaired, even at a large expenditure within two generations." This was written over thirty years ago, but it is as true to-day as it was then, and the moral to be drawn from it applies not more directly to France than to any other country in which the same conditions and causes are already developing the same inevitable series of consequences.

Costly Remedies.

That the injury thus sustained is real and serious is sufficiently established by the strenuous efforts made in various

countries to cope with the evil of deforestation. The harm done by the reckless destruction of forests has been manifested perhaps more clearly in France than elsewhere, and the French Government has made the most vigorous exertions to remedy the evils produced by the neglect of centuries. The system known as "reboisement" will eventually result in re-clothing with forest all the denuded mountain ranges in the south-eastern districts and departments of France. Commencing with the most important points—the sources, head waters and upper reaches of streams, and the gullies extending up to the lofty ridges where water is precipitated from the clouds or accumulated from the melting snows—systematic re-planting has been carried on for a considerable number of years, with results that at least justify the Government in prosecuting the work on a constantly expanding scale. Many years ago Surell, in his work on Alpine mountain streams, described the condition of the deforested regions of Southern France, Italy and Switzerland as almost hopeless. "The country is becoming depopulated day by day. Ruined in their cultivation of the ground, the inhabitants emigrate to a great distance from their desolated lands, and contrary to the usual practice of mountaineers, many of them never return. There may be seen on all hands cabins deserted or in ruins, and already in some localities there are more fields than labourers. The precarious state of these fields discourages the population left. They abandon the plough, and invest all their resources in flocks. But these flocks expedite the ruin of the country, which would be destroyed by them alone. Every year their number diminishes in consequence of want of pasture grounds. Thus the inhabitants who sacrifice all their soil for their flocks, will not leave even this inheritance to their descendants." It is clear that such conditions mean the absolute and irretrievable ruin of a country so affected; and the magnitude of these disasters indicates also that nothing but a very heavy annual expenditure, continued over a long series of years—perhaps for a century or more—will even stay the process of destruction, to say nothing of repairing the losses and restoring the land to anything like its original fertility. Such a prospect might well discourage the wealthiest and most enterprising of States if their efforts were not stimulated by another motive that appeals to them perhaps quite as effectually as the instinct of self-preservation roused by the losses and injuries that I have attempted to de-

scribe. I refer to the growing scarcity of timber resulting from the ceaseless destruction of the world's invaluable stock of forest trees.

(To be Continued.)

STOMACH TROUBLES.

BILE BEANS CURE A GREAT SUFFERER.

No other organ in the body is taxed to such an extent as the stomach. Here is a rough list of what the stomach has to do every day: "Turn several pounds of solid food into a semi-liquid state; digest that amount, turning it into a form from which it may be made into bone, muscle, and other tissue; make its own supply of gastric juice to digest with—10 to 20 pints per day; keep up a heat of 100 degrees, notwithstanding all the cold water, &c., that is taken." If the stomach gets below that temperature—100 degrees—or if it ceases to secrete gastric juice, the food decomposes, wind collects and flatulence and pain follow. By cleaning away decomposing matter, gently opening the bowels, and toning up the secreting glands, Bile Beans put the stomach, liver, and digestive organs in perfect working order.

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The Drinkwater Romance

By Arthur Morrison. Illustrated by R. G. Vosburgh

MR. Reginald Drinkwater had rooms in the Temple. That was all of importance that could be said about Mr Reginald Drinkwater, whose life had been wholly uneventful for the twenty-four years of it that had passed before he encountered this, his first adventure of a romantic complexion.

Mr. Drinkwater had not been called to the bar—he had not even begun to read with that purpose; but he was here at the Temple, quite convenient, if ever he should definitely decide to take that step. In fact, he had literary yearnings, and had long reasoned with himself that if he should actually embrace the profession of letters, any time spent in preparing for the bar would be wasted, and waste of time was a vice against which a literary man should guard himself with especial care.

He had not actually produced any literary work, for that, as everybody knows, is not to be rushed at. But he had taken the chambers, once occupied by a novelist of great reputation, and had laid in a large stock of manuscript paper of the sort said to be used by Mr. Thomas Hardy, and a fountain pen having a testimonial from Mr. Hall Caine; so that there remained no obstacle to success in case his final decision should set in the direction of his inclination. Meanwhile he received from his mother in Bedfordshire, a regular allowance, which was quite sufficient for his modest requirements, and he wisely reflected that so long as one refrained from committing oneself irrevocably to one or other profession, one avoided the possibility of an error which might cause serious regret throughout the rest of one's career.

Mr. Drinkwater's rooms had the advantage of a situation from which one looked into the windows, a few yards away, of the chambers of the great Buss, K.C. The two sets of rooms, in fact, adjoined at the back of next-door houses set at an angle, so that Reginald Drinkwater were it not for the general decorum of his behaviour, and his particular reverence for his distinguished neighbour, might have peep-shot Buss, K.C., at short range, when the windows were a little open. Also, if Buss, K.C., had not been a very fat, stumpy little man with very short arms, and if he and Reginald Drinkwater had been acquainted, they might have shaken hands across the sills of the two windows closest to the angle over the little yard below. This, indeed, was a neighbourly courtesy of which Reginald had dreamed as a possibility in his future times of eminence. Meanwhile, what with the proximity of Buss, K.C., and the literary associations of his own rooms, he already felt himself rather eminent than otherwise.

"Ah, yes," he would say on the infrequent occasion of a friend's visit, "they are old Buss' rooms. The fine collection of old silver he's got there, too." Which looked almost as though Reginald were a familiar visitor of Buss, K.C., though, in fact, he only knew of the fine old silver, as others did, by report and from newspaper accounts of auction sales at which the great Buss was a buyer.

When Mr. Reginald Drinkwater's inactivity had so endured for a good while, he conceived a grievance against his very comfortable circumstances in that his life had been wholly empty of adventure. This, he told himself, was the reason that he had not as yet launched on a brilliant literary career, for he had heard on light authority that one could only write in the light of one's own actual experience. So he took to seeking adventure in the streets of London, where, he believed, from the teaching of many magazine stories, it was very readily encountered. But his luck was out, for, after many attempts, he was rewarded with nothing better than the purchase of a dummy pawn-ticket from a plausible young man in Fetter Lane. It is possible that a naturally retiring disposition hindered Reginald's ambitions, for, after all, London is a strange and adventurous place enough,

as he was at length convinced. For, indeed, his romance came at last.

He had left his rooms one February afternoon with the simple design of buying tobacco at a shop in Fleet street; and since it was to be so short an expedition he had merely locked his inner door and had left his "oak" swung open. The "oak" and the inner door, it may be explained parenthetically, stood, as is usual, scarcely two feet apart, and the former, a ponderous iron-strapped fabric, was only locked when the inmate was away from home, or, being in, desired no visitors.

Reginald Drinkwater bought the tobacco he required, and strolled easily back up Fleet street with his purchase in his pocket and his ignoble condition in his mind. Here he walked, in the midst of six million romances—for he had read, and therefore believed, that every life held its own—and not only had he found no romance himself, but he could guess at none of those about him. So Reginald walked, puzzled and ill-content, unaware that his romance waited for him a hundred strides away, and was nearer with every step.

He turned in at the Temple gate, and twisted left and right through the pas-

and prone to nervousness in female society.

"I am much afraid," she said; "I am pursued. You are, not angry that I should hide in your doorway?"

He protested, still with some confusion, that nothing was so far from his thoughts; and was adding that, on the contrary, he was ready and anxious to do anything on earth to save her, when she checked him with a raised forefinger and a head turned to listen.

"Was that not a step?" she said, "in there nobody else on the stairs?"

They listened together, but there was no sound.

"They are waiting, then," she said, "and watching for me—watching for me at the outside. Can I not go by another door?"

There was no other door, he explained, and, indeed, there was no need for such an exit. If she would place herself under his protection he would be happy to see her safely—

"No! No!" she interrupted; "you do not understand how bad it is. I should be followed—they would kill me somewhere else—and my brother, my dear brother! I must wait a little while. I think they do not know it is in this house I have come. You will be kind, sir, will you not? I have not one friend; and if you will let me stay in your room a little while, till it comes dark, I can escape, I think. You are very kind—Will you let me stay a little while?"

It might seem an odd request in ordinary, but the circumstances were far from ordinary now. To Reginald, who had met his adventure at last, they were stunning, bewildering. Could he possibly drive away a friendless girl—and such a girl—to meet the strange perils she feared alone? Was he not rather conscious of a secret joy that the danger,

distress, was tortured with helplessness. If only he could do something—if only the unknown enemy stood tangibly before him!

Presently she looked up and spoke again. "Pardon me," she said, "I am very weak, when I should be very strong. You are a kind friend, but I should not trouble you with these things. Perhaps I can go away. Can they see these windows from the street?"

Reginald hastened to reassure her. The windows overlooked nothing but a private yard, to which there was no access from any public place.

"You are really quite safe," he protested. "And if there is anything I can do—anything in the world—if I am not intruding on private affairs, and you will tell me—"

But her attention was fixed on the windows.

"Perhaps," she said, "I could go that way, if the other houses have doors, in other streets. There is no other door here, you say, but the windows would not be so difficult—to go out by that house."

She nodded toward Mr. Buss's rooms. But, as Reginald explained, Mr. Buss was away, taking a fortnight on the Riviera, and the doors of his chambers would be locked. At the same time, it gave him a further sense of the desperate situation of this delicate girl, that she should for a moment contemplate an escape by the expedient of scrambling from one window to another across an angle of wall thirty feet above the yard. He strove again to reassure her.

"That way is not possible," he said; "but you are really safe. Perhaps you have come from a country where the police are not—"

She looked up quickly.

"From another country?" she said. "You know I am not English? And they say my English is so good! How quick and clever you are!"

Never had flattery sounded so sweet in Reginald's ears. Indeed, flattery was a thing to them singularly unfamiliar, so small was his acquaintance with the world.

"Your English," he replied, "is splendid—beautiful! But I thought—I supposed—something suggested that you were a foreigner, and I wished to tell you that our London police—"

"Yes, I know—they are excellent," she interrupted. "Better, I hope, at least, than those of my poor country, where they have allowed a terrible crime—a horrible crime—that has made the whole world shudder!"

Reginald thought instantly of Portugal, and the murder of the king and his son; for the newspapers had been clamorous with the crime for a week past.

"Do you speak of Portugal?" he asked tentatively.

"Ah, indeed," she replied with a melancholy smile. "My poor country! It is wonderful that you should judge so well. It is good for me that you are my friend and not my enemy! Do you guess also what is my trouble? Shall I tell you?"

There was nothing in the world that could interest Reginald Drinkwater half so much, and he said so, in something very near these terms. "Unless," he said, "you would rather—rather not tell me."

"If it does not trouble you—bore you, is it not?—I would much like to tell you," she said. "It is so good to trust to a good friend, and when you have been so kind as to shelter me from my enemies it is only right that I should tell you why I have asked your help. There has been great trouble in my country, and my dear brother Luiz and I have escaped to England. You have heard of the trouble?"

"Oh, yes; of course. The late dictator also has left Portugal, I believe. You are not related to him?"

"To him! To the oppressor! To the man who caused everything! Never—that is not one of our misfortunes, I thank Heaven. My dear brother was of the opposite party—the republicans."

"I see; and was implicated, I suppose, in the—the—"

"Do you mean in the horrible crime—the assassination of the poor King and the prince? Ah, never! You could never suppose it if you knew my dear brother Luiz—never! We are of good family, and my brother could have no part in such doings. That is why we are here, and in such trouble. There were bad men in the republican party as well as good; indeed, the bad men gained a great ascendancy, and it is by them that the King was assassinated. My brother opposed them in the party, and they became his enemies. Because



"You will not hurt me!" she pleaded. "You are not an enemy!"

sages leading to his quarters, musing gloomily; and so he ascended the stairs, and reached his landing to perceive that his "oak" was standing much closer than he had left it. He swung it back, and stood amazed. For here was his romance.

Crouching between the "oak" and the inner door, shrinking into the angle farthest from him, her lips parted and her eyes full of fear, was the most beautiful girl he had ever seen or ever wished to see.

Her heavy veil was swung back from her now pale face, her eyes were black and large, and appealing, and her skin, brilliantly clear, had the tone of ivory. "You will not hurt me?" she pleaded. "You are not my enemy!"

Reginald, confounded by the vision before him, and too anxious to remove such an impression to be wholly coherent, stammered fervent denials. Except for the lady's own obvious terror he would have been a little frightened himself, for he was young and susceptible,

whatever it was, had driven her to his protecting arm? He turned the key in the inner door, and thrust it open.

"Oh, you are very kind, sir—so very kind," the stranger repeated, as she entered; and it was only now that Reginald noticed that she said "very," and that her whole accent and manner were a little foreign. "You have saved me," she continued, still much agitated; "and my brother—especially you have saved my dear brother!"

"Your brother?" repeated Reginald, with a doubtful look about the staircase as he closed the door. "Your brother?"

"Yes—my dear brother. He is not here—he is hiding. That is why I am so afraid to be followed, for then they will find him. Oh, the wicked men! They are so very cruel!"

The beautiful girl sank into a chair and buried her face in her hands. Reginald, his whole soul filled with indignation that the world could hold creatures so base as to put her to such

of that they nominated him to join with the others in the crime; he was to prove his constancy, they said. But instead, he gave a warning, so that the assassins were obliged to change their plans. Have you read of it in the journals? You will see that they killed the poor King and the prince, in the street, near the public offices. At first it was to be on the quay, when they landed; but of that my brother gave secret warning, and on the quay they were very carefully guarded. Why did they not guard them as carefully for the rest of the journey? I cannot say; but the thing happened, as now you know, and my brother and I fled to England to escape the vengeance of the republican committee, who knew of the warning he had sent, and who were angry that the Queen and the other prince had not been killed, too. You may read the journals, but you do not know what terrible things are going on in Lisbon, even now."

"But surely you are safe here!"
 "On the contrary, our enemies followed us by a ship that left the day after our own. We have changed our lodgings twice; but to-day I have been followed by two men—men that I have seen in Lisbon. I was terrified, and could not guess what to do. I came into the gardens here from the street, and walked about in the narrow courtyards, but they still followed. I think I must have escaped them for a moment when I turned into this court; but I found that there was no way out, so I ran up these stairs; and when I heard you coming up, I feared they must have seen me enter, and were still pursuing me. I did not suppose it to be a friend such a kind friend. If you will not be angry that I call you my friend?"

"To this, Reginald Drinkwater, flushing with delight and stammering with confusion, made a wild and random answer.
 "It is delightful to hear you say it," he said, continuing, "and I wish I could do more—much more—anything—to make you say it again. Surely I can help you in some other way—some more important way?"

She smiled sadly and shook her head.
 "That is very noble of you," she said; "but I think there is nothing—nothing at least that might not be dangerous, which I should have no right to ask of you."

"But tell me what it is," protested Reginald vehemently, "and I will do it. Surely my knowledge of this country may be of use to strangers like you and your brother?"

"I have been in England before," she said, "though, of course, you must understand your own country better than I. And perhaps—when I have told my brother of your kindness—perhaps he may know of some way in which you might help us if you will let me remind you of your offer."

"If you will only promise that, whatever it is you will ask me, you will make me happy!" declaimed Reginald, with enthusiasm. "Will you promise it?"

"Senor," she began, looking up at his face—"but you have not told me your name."

Reginald repeated it, with an odd feeling that it had become a duller and less imposing name since he had last seen it, pointed on his "book," that very afternoon.

"Mr. Reginald Drinkwater," she said—and at that name became beautiful on her lips—"I will promise." She extended her hand. "I am Lucia da Silva."

The light in the courtyard was grown dull and dusk in the short February afternoon.

"Perhaps it will be safe to go now," she said, rising and bending to peer once more from the window. "I—" she added, "if you will do one little thing for me! Will you go first and see if they are watching. There are two men, one rather tall, though not very, and one short; both dark men; they must not see me go!"

Reginald repeated that he was ready to do anything, but suggested, in the meantime, tea from his gas-stove. His visitor, however, begged with a very pretty anxiety to be excused. She must lose no more time, she said, for already her brother would be alarmed at her long absence. And so Reginald left her and descended the staircase to scout from the front door.

As he went he was aware of someone hurrying down before him on the lower flights; and when he emerged from the door he saw a man walking sharply near the corner of the court. The man was alone, however, and though certainly not short, nor small, but stoutly built, was scarcely of a stature that anyone would

call tall, but of about middle height. Reginald followed to the corner, and there watched while the stranger disappeared round the next, and his footsteps died away toward Middle Temple Lane. This would seem to have been merely a visitor leaving some of the lower rooms, and whatever he was, he was gone; so Reginald returned, looking out sharply as he went. Nowhere was there a pair of lurking men—nowhere, indeed, a pair of men at all. A clerk or two hurrying home early, a tradesman's boy with a basket and a tuneless whistle, an old messenger with his badge, and nobody else; nobody hiding in doorways, nobody lounging. Clearly the chase must have been abandoned. So he returned with his report, and found the beautiful fugitive awaiting him in the doorway. Could she go? Was the way quite clear?

Reginald Drinkwater took coat, gloves, and stick, and the two went out together. From her description it seemed clear that she had entered the temple by the Middle Temple Lane gate; so now Reginald made it a point of strategy to leave by way of Whitefriars, where he knew a cab could be found in a quiet street.

The cab was found, and then Reginald met a certain disappointment. For Lucia would not even permit him to accompany her for even part of the way.

and brooms and a constant perambulation of her unclean self, which was in theory presumed to result in an accession of cleanliness to the premises. He returned perhaps a trifle later than usual, but found Mrs. Churcher still in possession—waiting, in fact, for him at the door.

"There's bin a young lady 'ere to see yer, sir," she announced in that voice of greasy huskiness by which the Temple laundress is distinguished from the rest of her sex. "A foring young lady, as give the name of Silver or de Silver. She wouldn't wait, but she said p'raps she'd call ag'in, sir."

"Did she say anything else?"
 "No, sir; she didn't leave no other message."

Reginald was angry with himself for his delay in Fleet-street and questioned further. The young lady had been gone, now, some twenty minutes or half an hour. No, she hadn't said anything in particular, beyond asking for him, and bringing in with her Mrs. Churcher's bunch of keys, which she had supposed to be Mr. Drinkwater's, left in the outer door by accident.

Reginald had his lunch sent in, and kept within doors for the rest of the day; but he saw nothing of Lucia da Silva. After breakfast next morning he perceived with uncommon severity that the weather was damp and foggy, and afforded some sort of excuse for hanging about in his rooms, or at farthest on

"Of course—I have promised. I will do anything. What is the plan?"

"I will say what my brother thinks. We have been going out, my brother and I, every evening, in a cab, to dinner at a restaurant. Will you come with me to-night, instead of my brother?"

Could there be a pleasanter deed of heroism? Reginald heard the proposal with perhaps as much relief as surprise, for this was an act of devotion that he was quite ready to perform every day of his life. "It will give me the greatest pleasure," he said. "Where shall I come for you?"

"This is where we are staying," she replied, and banded him a card. It was that of a house—obviously a boarding-house—in a quiet square near the New River Head; a place that Reginald remembered to have seen in his wanderings in London, and to have noticed because of its contrast of character with the neighbouring streets.

"You must not come to the front door," she resumed, "as you will understand when I explain. There is a foot-path behind the houses, with stables. Each house has a door in the garden wall, and you must come to the fourth, where I shall be waiting before six o'clock; let us say half-past five."

"That will be early for dinner, won't it?"

"Oh, we need not go to dinner at once. Often my brother and I go out early. The house is on the north side of the square, remember. Will you come? I must not wait here—my brother is expecting me. You will come?"

Nothing should stop him, Reginald resolved, that left him with legs to stand on, and he said so, in more elegant terms. And even as he was gathering his wits to frame certain inquiries that should not seem to pry, she was gone, with a press of the hand and a glance from her black eyes that kept him vastly elated for ten minutes; at the end of which period it dawned on him, as it might have done before, that it must be intended that he should assume the character of Lucia's brother for the evening, together with the liabilities of that relationship, including any odd bullet that his enemies might consider a suitable token of their sentiments. With that his elation sensibly diminished, and it occurred to him that it was much pleasanter to listen to Lucia's praises of his magnanimity than to do anything to deserve them.

Still, it was an adventure, and he was in for it beyond withdrawal; moreover, the danger somewhat did not affect him as very immediate. The design appeared fairly clear. He was to enter the house from the back unserved, and to leave it from the front, so as to draw off the attention of the watchers. Then, while the house was free from their observation, Lucia da Silva would make his escape and find some other retreat. "You must not come to the front door," Lucia had said, "as you will understand when I explain." But she had explained nothing as yet and no doubt meant to reserve explanations till his arrival; though the plan seemed clear enough.

On the whole, he decided that he must dress for dinner. He could not tell whether or no Lucia da Silva had brought a dress suit with him, that being one of the things he had meant to ask; but it could make little difference, either way. So dress he did.

The fog thickened during the day, and it was dark some time before the hour fixed. Reginald left his cab a street or two away, and walked the remaining distance. The square was not difficult to find, nor the footway behind the garden wall; and as he reached the fourth of the doors, it opened while his hand was raised to tap, and he could see Lucia's dim figure within.

"Hush!" she said. "Do not speak now. It is most noble of you."

She took his arm, led him in, and quietly fastened the door. The garden was a small enough space, but they traversed it slowly and noiselessly; and Reginald began to feel that this was something more like an adventure than any previous experience of his life. They climbed a short flight of stone steps, and entered the house by a door which stood ajar; and then she spoke again.

"There is a cab waiting," she said. "Will you turn up your coat collar? If you will do that, and pull your hat a little forward, you will look much like my brother."

He did as he was bid, and they emerged into the hall, lighted by a dim gas-jet. He now could see that Lucia was already prepared with hat and cloak. She opened the front door.



"Hush," she said. "Do not speak now. It is most noble of you."

"You are most kind, but it is better—much better that I go alone," was all she would say; but there was that in her manner which made it final.

Reginald accepted his defeat.
 "Where shall I tell the man to drive?" he asked.

For a moment she hesitated, with an odd look of doubt, which Reginald found himself resenting. Then she said:

"Perhaps I shall not drive all the way; it may be better not. Tell him to go first up Farringdon road."
 "And you will not forget your promise?"

"To ask you for help? No—I shall not forget it. Perhaps I shall come quite soon—when I have talked with my brother."

With that the cab was gone, and Reginald Drinkwater tried hard to realise as he went home across King's Bench Walk in the dark the visible fact that here, indeed, was romance and adventure, after all, in workaday London, and himself in the midst of it.

On the next morning after the visit of the wonderful Portuguese, Reginald, his breakfast finished, took his daily morning stroll in Fleet-street. He did this partly out of respect for Fleet-street, and a feeling that he was in some vague way growing literary in its precincts, but chiefly because for an hour after breakfast Mrs. Churcher, the laundress, made his rooms unendurable with pails

the stairs and lobby, while Mrs. Churcher performed her daily rites. But he waited and watched in vain till Mrs. Churcher had been gone an hour, and more.

Then at last there was a timid tap at his door, which he opened instantly, to see Lucia before him.

"I have come," she said, "only because I have made you a promise. Do you remember the promise?"

"Indeed, I do—that you would tell me if I could be in any way of service to you and your brother. Tell me now, what I can do."

"I think, perhaps, you might not like it."

"If it will serve you—and your brother—I shall delight in it. I will do anything. What is it?"

"They have discovered our lodgings—the men."

"The men who were watching you?"
 "Yes. How, I do not know. Perhaps they followed the cab—perhaps some other way; who can tell? They have found us out again, and we must go; but they are watching us, and it is difficult."

"Where will you go?"

"That is for my brother to settle; but I think he has plans if—if we have a friend—a devoted, noble friend who will help us. Will you be the noble friend?"

"I think they are at the corner of the square, to the left," she whispered. "Do not look in that direction, but come straight into the cab. We go to the Cafe Royal."

The door turned softly behind them, and Reginald, his eyes fixed rigidly on the cab, valiantly resisting a desperate impulse to plunge into it headlong, descended the steps with nervous deliberation. Truly this was an adventure at last.

He experienced a feeling of much relief when they were safely seated in the cab and bowling along the streets toward Bloomsbury; but he got little conversation from his companion, who seemed nervous and thoughtful. He ventured a doubt as to their being followed, but she assured him that her brother had been followed on such an occasion the previous evening, a little later, and surmised that the enemy must keep a cab within call. And to the suggestion that an arrival at the Cafe Royal at 6 o'clock would be a little awkward, she replied that there was a very particular reason for it, which her brother would explain in detail when he had the happiness of personally meeting Mr Drinkwater, to whom he would be eternally grateful.

Through Hart-street they turned into New Oxford-street, and so down Shaftesbury-avenue. As they neared Piccadilly Circus, she spoke again. "If you will pay the man through the roof-door," she said, "we will not have to stand long at the door."

Reginald admired the mental alertness that could suggest this expedient to a foreigner in London, and complied with the suggestion; so that when the cab pulled up before the Cafe Royal they lost no time in reaching the swing doors. Reginald saw with some apprehension that another cab stopped a little way behind them; though, after all, with so many other cabs about it might not be worth considering.

The doors swung behind them, and Reginald felt a further accession of confidence. What an adventure!

But here he encountered surprise and disappointment. For Lucia turned to him and said hurriedly: "Oh, Mr Drinkwater, I can never repay you! How brave you are! I have been in terrible fear for you all the way. Perhaps I ought not to have brought you, but there was no other friend for my dear brother—the brother I love so well! Will you promise to stay here, and not show yourself till after dinner? Till 9 o'clock?"

"Certainly—we must wait before dinner—we—we—"

"Thank you, oh, thank you!" she interrupted, seizing his hand. "I must leave you now—I must go at once to my brother. There is a side-door here, I know, into a little dark street; I shall not be seen. I will see you, or write to you very soon. Good-bye, my noble friend."

And with that she was gone, leaving Reginald dumb and blinking. So he stood till it occurred that he was attracting attention, which indeed he was. Whereupon he stalked gloomily across the room and flung himself into a seat; and being impelled to do something desperate, he ordered absinthe, which he did not like, but which was the most desperate form of refreshment he could think of.

He sat alone and glowered and smoked cigarettes for an hour and a-half: a period of time which sufficed to relieve his disappointment and arouse his interest in the very excellent dinner, which was to follow. And the excellent dinner reconciled him to his circumstances so far that he began to congratulate himself on having very cleverly foiled a very desperate gang of conspirators. He fell to wondering when and how he should next hear of Lucia da Silva; and so, at a little past 9 o'clock he made his way home on foot, rather better satisfied with himself, on the whole, than he had felt after any other dinner he could remember. For he had an idea that he had snatched himself very well; and indeed it was a jewel of an adventure!

Three more next morning he endured the society of Mrs Churcher after breakfast—the fog was even heavier to-day—but there was no call. None, indeed, till the afternoon, and then it was a messenger boy, with a letter—a letter written on scented paper in violet ink, but scribbled so hurriedly that it was often difficult to separate words and sentences. This done, it read thus:—

MY DEAR FRIEND.—
My brother and I cannot thank you enough for your generous kindness last night, which, alas! did not avail so effectually as we had hoped. The watching enemy were, as you know, two; and

it would seem that only one followed us, leaving the other, the small short man, to watch and confront my brother. This led to something which has altered our plans, and makes us ask you for one favour more. Will you do it? Do not refuse after such kindness as you have shown. Will you go with a cab this evening at about 6 to the house we have left and bring away a large box? Enclosed is a note for the landlady, who will give you the box and will hand you a hasty note of instructions I have left. Do not read that note until you are in the cab and safely away with the box, and do not let the cab stand at the house longer than you can help. Also do not mention our real name to the landlady—you will understand that we have been obliged to conceal it. This time you will go to the front door, of course. Send me a note by this messenger saying that you will do this without fail.

Ever yours gratefully and hopefully,
LUCIA.

Here was more food for Reginald's romantic appetite, which was by no means sated yet, but rather sharpened by experience. He longed to learn what had happened as the result of the encounter of Luiz and his enemy, and how the plot stood now. So he sent by the messenger a hurried note that he would certainly and gladly do all that was asked of him, and addressed himself to preparations. Such an adventure!

It was within a very few minutes of 6 that Reginald's cab—this time a four-wheeler, because the box might be large—brought him once more to the house in Pentonville. There was some little difficulty in finding it for the fog had been thickening all day. This he judged an advantage as regarded the removal of the box—a thing, no doubt, that would be better done unobserved.

His knock brought to the door a very commonplace servant, who took the note and presently returned with another, addressed in Lucia's handwriting to himself. Then she led him into a side room and shortly indicated the box by a jerk of the hand and a suggestion that he would find it "pretty heavy."

It was a larger box than he had expected, long and unwieldy, and more than he could carry by himself. So he called the cabman, and they found it no very easy

carrying together—the cabman, indeed, growling furiously.

The box safely mounted on the roof, Reginald lost no time in entering the cab, giving the cabman the first direction for Farringdon-road, that being the nearest main road he could think of at the moment. After an execrating delay—the cabman was exasperatingly deliberate with his rug—they moved off, and Reginald pulled out his note of instructions. It was even more hurriedly scribbled, he noticed, than the letter he had received by the messenger-boy a few hours before, the words running on with scarcely a lift of the pen, and no punctuation at all. The streets were dark as well as foggy, and he could only catch a glimpse on the paper now and again as they passed a shop or an uncommonly bright street lamp, and one or two of the more legible words started out and vanished again. "Waterloo station" was clear, near the bottom and higher up "trouble," "difficulty," and "remains." At this last word Reginald sat up with an awful shuck. Remains! What was in that heavy box on the roof?

At this moment the cab emerged into a street so full of lighted shops that the whole note became plain; separating words and sentences with some difficulty, this is what he read:—

"Sorry to trouble, but difficulty with small man caused. Troublesome thing. We must remove remains in box. Trust you implicitly. Bring to York Gate of Waterloo station 6.30."

What words can paint the consternation of Reginald Drinkwater as he read this note? "We must remove remains in box!" This, then, was the event that had altered their plans and caused them "to ask one favour more."

The encounter in the fog between Luiz da Silva and his enemy had ended in the death of the small man, and here was he, Reginald Drinkwater, carrying the corpse across London in a cab!

The callousness of the note, too! The "difficulty" with the small man had caused the trouble, and it—or he—was merely a "troublesome thing!" A truly southern contempt of human life!

As he sat, amazed and confounded, the cab pulled up in Farringdon-road, and the driver, with growls from the box, invited further instructions.

The interruption recalled Reginald to

action. "The York Gate of Waterloo station," he said, "as quick as you can get there!"

For indeed this was all he could do. They trusted him, he had accepted the trust and had given his word, though he had never guessed what it involved. And, after all, he reflected, this was a different thing, far from murder; nothing but simple self-defence. Though that consideration, somehow, made very little difference to the horror of the long box on the roof and what it held.

The cab crawled and thumped and clattered through the fog, and Reginald prayed for the fog to thicken and so hide the ghastly box from human sight. And thicken it did, so that after a martyrdom of stopping and starting and crawling through Farringdon-road, the vehicle emerged from Ludgate Circus to encounter an increasing blackness in New Bridge-street. On it crept close by the curb, and presently was lost in an immensity of mist, wherein nothing could be seen but nebulous lights in distant random spots. They were making across the end of Queen Victoria-street for Blackfriars Bridge.

The voyage across this smoky ocean seemed to be the longest stretch of the interminable journey. Once or twice the lights of some other vehicle neared and faded again, and shouts came from invisible depths; but the traffic hereabout was sparse just now. Reginald had begun to consider the possibility that the cab was making circles among the multitudinous crossings of these regions, when suddenly the horse stumbled and fell in a heap.

The cabman made one roll of it out of his rug and off the box, and was dimly visible hauling at his horse's head and clearly audible cursing its entire body. The horse, for its own part, seemed disposed to approve of the situation, and willing to accept the opportunity for a prolonged rest. Blows and shouts, it would seem to reflect, were much the same, lying or standing, and lying was the easier position. Reginald's terrors increased tenfold; there would be a crowd and a policeman, and the long box would be hauled down under general observation; and in his disordered memory the thing seemed now to have looked so like a stumpy coffin that he wondered he had not suspected it at



His arm was seized above the elbow and Lucia stood before him.

good. He must, at any rate, keep it from the eye of a policeman.

He scrambled out, and addressed the cabman. "If your horse is long getting up," he said, "I'll have another cab. I'm in a hurry."

"All right," replied the cabman, extending his palm, "I've had enough of it if you've. 'E ain't a easy one to get up, once 'e's down, an' I b'lieve 'is kneces is cut. Gimme my fare."

Reginald hastily produced half a crown and stood firmly as he could while the man shoved the horrible box into his arms, and then slung his end on the neighbouring curb. Having done which the cabman turned his attention once more to his horse, leaving his late fare to wrestle his luggage across the pavement, for Reginald's immediate purpose was to elude the eye of the policeman who must inevitably arrive to inspect the recumbent horse.

Plainly the cab had strayed into the wide space between Blackfriars Bridge and wandered diagonally across the approach; for now Reginald perceived that he had landed on the footpath of the Victorian Embankment. He pushed the box, end over end, into the darkest available spot under the parapet, and peered out into the choking fog in search of another cab.

But very soon he began to understand that he was attempting something near an impossibility. A passing light in the wide, dark road was the most that could be seen of any cab, and each dash from the curb which he made only revealed that the cab was engaged. He began to grow seriously alarmed. He could not carry the thing—indeed, he began to experience a growing repugnance to touch it or go near it—and there seemed to be positively no means of getting it to Waterloo. Moreover, the time appointed was already long over-past, and it was near seven.

As he stood so distractedly staring at the lights in the fog, a slow footstep approached, and a tall policeman came suddenly upon him out of the gloom, looking into his face as he passed—looking, as it seemed to Reginald's uneasy perceptions, with an eye of inquiry and deep suspicion. Fortunately, the man saw nothing of the box lying close under the parapet, and vanished as suddenly as he had appeared, leaving Reginald in an agony of fear. What if the policeman had seen the box, and had asked questions? How account for his possession of the corpse of an unknown foreigner? Plainly something must be done, and at once.

His first impulse as soon as the policeman was gone was simply to take to his heels. But then he remembered the river, so close at hand. The plain object of Lucia and her brother must be to dispose of the body somehow; and possibly by this time they had fled, alarmed at his non-arrival. In any case, there was no visible means of bringing them the box, and he must act on his own account before that policeman returned on his beat. He took one stealthy glance about him, raised an end of the box against the parapet, and with a great effort lifted the other end and

pushed the thing forward till it balanced on the coping. Then, with a final desperate shove, he sent it tumbling into the black abyss before him, and ran his hardest.

He soon found it necessary to check his pace, however, and narrowly averted a collision with a tree, as it was. He found that he had taken the direction along the embankment away from Blackfriars. That being so, he must go over Waterloo Bridge to inform Lucia of the fate of the box, if she were still there. As he went he grew calmer, and presently saw, by aid of a lamp, that it was five minutes past seven. He crossed the road warily at the best lighted place he could find, and made his best pace to keep his appointment.

That dreary tramp seemed a week of groping hours, and he found himself doubting his watch when it indicated, in the light of the public-house at the corner of York-road, that he was little more than an hour late. He hastened on, and was barely emerging from the blackness beneath the railway bridge when his arm was seized above the elbow, and Lucia stood before him.

"Where is it? The box?" she demanded.

"It's all right—I've—I've got rid of it; I—"

"Got rid of it? What d'you mean?" Surprise, alarm, and sharp suspicion were harsh in her voice.

"Pitched it into the river. That was all I could do, you see, with—"

"Pitched into the river?" Her voice rose to a husked sort of scream.

"Yes. The cab broke down, and I had to get rid of the corpse somehow, and so—and so—"

"Corpse! What corpse?"

"In the box—the short man—the remains. You must have got rid—"

She snatched at his arm again and sobbed it. "Do you mean to tell me," she hissed in his face, "that you've thrown that box into the river?"

"Yes, certainly."

What followed Reginald will always find it difficult to describe, even if he should ever wish to remember it, which is doubtful. He was aware of a sudden torrent of language which he was sure was not Portuguese, since he had heard it frequently at the Islington Cattle Market. Then something hard of Lucia's—he could scarcely believe it was her fist—struck him suddenly on the left ear, and the lady herself, her skirts snatched up in her hands, vanished into the fog at a bolt, leaving him dumb and gasping, as well as a little deaf in the left ear.

That evening, amazed and bewildered in his rooms, Reginald Drinkwater pulled once again from his pocket the note of instructions he had received at Pentonville. The thing was most hastily scribbled, as though it were all one sentence, most of the words ran on without a break till they reached the end of a line, and yet the meaning seemed quite clear. The punctuation he had supplied himself, and now he could see no better arrangement. "We must remove remains in box." That was plain enough; certainly plain enough. And

then, suddenly, as by a flash of inspiration, he saw the thing in quite a different reading. The word "caused" ended the first line, and "troublesome thing" began the second. But here about the words were all joined, and if only the "some" were tacked on to "thing" instead of "trouble"—and there was no reason why it should not be—the whole meaning was changed. "Difficulty with small man caused trouble," it would read; and then "something we must remove remains in the box." Something we must remove remains in the box!

Mouth and eyes and fingers all opened together, and the paper fell between his knees as this amazing explanation presented itself. Then there was no body! No one was killed! He had only been sent to Pentonville because "something we must remove remains in box!" Great heavens! What had he flung into the river!

He picked the paper up and read it once more, and the new meaning stared at him plainer than ever. What had he done? He could understand now, dimly, that Lucia probably had reasons for her amazement and anger. But then that language—worse, that punch! What did it all mean?

He gasped and wondered for two days, and then Buss, K.C., returned from his little holiday. Reginald's attention was attracted to his neighbour by a sudden howl and a series of appalling bellows, accompanied by frantic rushings to and fro, bangings of doors and shoutings on stairs. Then, after an interval, Reginald, still curious, perceived the head of an inspector of police at the nearest open window of Buss, K.C. And after another interval that same inspector presented himself at the rooms of Mr Reginald Drinkwater. Mr Buss's rooms had been entered and robbed during his absence from town, and the entry had been effected, in the judgment of the police, through the window in the corner, by some person crossing from Mr Drinkwater's window. Of course the inspector didn't wish to say or do anything unpleasant, and no doubt investigations would put things in a different light, but for the present—

And so it came about that the Drinkwater romance was first poured into the unenthusiastic ears of the police; and that some of the most valuable of the Buss silver was dugged and dived for in the Thames, near Blackfriars, under the joint direction of the police and Mr Drinkwater himself.

"Yes," observed the inspector, some days after his first visit, when Mr Drinkwater's bona fides had been quite established. "Yes, sir; it's just their sort o' job. Lucia da Silva she called herself this time, did she? It's a very pretty one. Well, she's had a lot o' names at one time or another, but I never heard that before. She's been Spanish, an' she's been Italian, an' she's been Greek; this Portuguese doge is new; nothing like being up-to-date I suppose. Bit of a shceeny, really, I believe. It's she's the smart one; he's got ideas, but he funks the work. You see she did it all in this job. Came to try and fit keys to your

door when you were out—that was when you surprised her. Her fight was real enough, you see, when you turned up, but she was smart enough to turn it to her own account. You see, Mr Buss's doors would be a harder job than yours—he had patent locks put on 'em, inside and out, an' no doubt they knew it.

"Wonderful quick, she was with her yarn, wasn't she? She's a topper. Knew how to adapt it, too, you see. It was when she got you safe off to the Cafe Royal they did it. Did it together with they keys they'd made from the waxes she got from your laundress's bunch when she came the day before. These women shouldn't leave keys about like that, though they always do. Yes, she did it smart all through, and not least smart was getting you to bring the stuff along after they'd left their lodgings. I think I know why that was. It was him funking it again—he's always a funk, fortunately, in these jobs. Thought we'd got an eye on the house, which we hadn't, because it's quite a respectable place, and we'd lost sight of him lately. But see the neatness of it, getting you to carry the stuff! If we had been watching the house, or if you'd been stopped on the way you'd have been in the soup, not them. Found with the goods on you, you see, sir; and the burglary done from your rooms! Eh? Oh, very neat. But there—what fetches me is that not that queer the game. That is rich, 'Remains,' eh? 'Remains in box!' We must explain that to her, when we get hold of her! 'Remains,' eh? Ha! ha!"

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A Drive in the Dark With the Devil

By ROSAMOND LANGBRIDGE

Author of "The Flame and the Flood," etc.

WHEN I was a child, I was a sceptic sufficiently hardened to deny the Devil his existence, even to be proud of my audacity in doing so. It is commonly said that children, by reason of their ignorance of material things, are nearer to the spirit world than grown up folk but that, as they grow older, acquisition of worldly knowledge clouds their natural perception of the Unseen. With me it was the other way about: I must have been choked up with worldly knowledge, when I was six. I was not even afraid much—of the dark. When I was told by my nurse that the Devil went about like a ramping and a roaring lion, seeking whom he might devour, I laughed, my hardened laugh, and said: "How could he? And where is he, then?" But now I know quite well, he can; and that fine vagueness in the description of his haunts, which was the basis of my secure sense, is changed to geographical exactitude. I can locate him now. He goes about the neighbourhood of Kingsbridge Station, Dublin, and drives a jaunting car.

I had been invited by a friend to stay with her at a certain spot distant from Dublin by seven or eight miles. She added: "It is rather an impossible place to get at, as there is no railway station nearer than Kingsbridge. Therefore, you must come by an early train, to escape the fatigue of a long drive in the dark."

Being yet clouded by my material perceptions, and proudly disdainful of incalculable powers outside of my own will, her statement of difficulties heightened the sense of my own omnipotence to overcome all obstacles. I was in holiday humour, and I divined adventure. Therefore, I deliberately arranged to arrive at Kingsbridge by eight o'clock p.m., and still further to impress my hostess with a sense of my undauntedness, engaged to have supper in Dublin with some friends, so as to relegate the drive, as far as possible to the hours when such darksome deeds occur to other fortunate people, as have hitherto avoided me.

At a decent period from supper, I asked the servant of my entertainers to call a car for me. What, exclaimed my hospitable friends, was I not going to stay the night with them?

It is a fact well known to observant globe-trotters, that, where a refined woman will shrink from accompanying her husband into the perils of untried lodgings and inferior hotels, and can announce, when tired, with unpleasant nullity, that "not a step further will she go"—there are no terrors of unclear sheets, of dishonest servants, of measureless fatigue, which the most delicate woman will not embrace magnificently, to obviate a separation from her box.

I belong to this heroic class; therefore I replied with firmness, that I had sent my boxes on. This must clinch matters, I was sure. In the eyes of the women folk, there was no flaw in my defence. But, with the disagreeable logic that certain people invariably turn on to just that weak spot in one's argument which one is protecting with transparent obstinacy, one of the men declared that my objection was no hindrance in the world. What more simple than to lend me apparel for the night?

This trapped me into the rudeness which is no reflection on one's own good breeding, but results, at pressure, from the lack of it in others. It now remained merely to me to look firm and foolish, and to persist. I accomplished these things. I was told I was all three of them. Nevertheless, the car was sent for. It might take some time to find one. I was told, as it was after hours, and when one was procured for me, if such a thing were possible, I had better adhere firmly to my man, whatever fare he might demand of me.

Meanwhile my feeling of omnipotence had been riddled slightly, both by the shells of opposition and an impression

that I was regarded as unreasonably importunate. I sat, wrapped in fathomless dignity, parrying direct hits as to why I was so hurried, and so odourate to friends, with my ears twitching for the sounds of the now vehemently desired car. "Where then," I was asked, "was this outlandish place, which I gave take so long to drive to?" I gave my friend's address. "Oh, there!" they said: "they knew it very well. It's a long dark road." "I expect so," I replied, counting the minutes now separately multiplied to ten times their duration, till my saviour, the jarvey should deliver me. And did I know the way at all? No, not at all. I had never been before? Never before, I echoed with Raven-like fatefulness in each reply. To keep up my spirits, which began obviously, I am afraid, to slacken, my friends beguiled me with details of my route.

"Well, you'll be all right the first part of your way."

"The first part of the way? Why not the last?"

"Oh, you'll see," with a wink from one.

"'Tis to be hoped she won't see," from another, with a laugh from all.

At this point I was conscious of large breaches in my fortress of endurance. My boxes! Heaven only knew where they might be! My car!—and would it never come! My dignity—how long would it hold out!

"And you know nothing of that road?"

"I said that I knew nothing." I would dissemble no longer. By drawing aside the window curtain, and gazing out I gave it to be understood I desired this ribaldry concluded.

"Ah, but no fear your driver'll know?"

"It is to be hoped." I now answered abandoning the cloaking sweetness of the baffled desperado. "It is to be hoped he will drive straighter to the point than you. What are you driving at?"

"'Tis only fair to tell her," one of them remarked.

"Ah, don't be frightening her," said another.

At this moment my car drove up outside the door. Upon which my sense of exquisite relief poured itself forth in pleasantries on everyone. Without waiting for my answer, I ran to the door, and opened it effusively to my deliverer. I received a slight shock at looking into the night for him, at a distance of two or three feet higher up than myself, and on finding him situated two or three feet lower down. But I recovered myself sufficiently to indicate my handbag in the hall, and to ask him to convey it to the car. As he brushed past me in the passage, which was narrow I fancied I smelt cloves; and accounted satisfactorily for it at once; we had been having stewed apples for supper! The maid servant, who had procured my salvation, remarked to me, it seemed at the time, with rather inordinate accentuation—"that 'twas the only one she could find, search where she might, an' she hoped I'd get there!" But the fleetness which he commanded with his horse and rubber tyred vehicle, blinded me to any slight flaws in the extreme desirability of my driver. "He's small enough anyway!" she remarked, sarcastically, to which I replied with fervour, "Mary, the best goods are always done up in the smallest parcels!"

I climbed upon the car, rejoicing, and asked for a wrap for my feet. As he replied to me, I noticed that my deliverer had a slight impediment in his speech, which sounded like a loose pebble rolling in his mouth, and reminded me of the utterance of a parrot. It was difficult at first to follow him, and as he approached the step of the car, thereby revealing to me that it and he were about on the same level, I looked earnestly into his face for the better apprehension of him. By the timely aid of a street lamp I then noticed how difficult it was to meet his eyes. I have often found it hard even with ordinary people to live up to

the standard of "looking them straight between the eyes." One cannot look at two eyes at a time. It feels uneasy if you confine your attention to one. The exact interpretation of between the eyes, is the bridge of the nose; but this is rarely satisfactory. To look at my jarvey it was necessary to cross one's eyes rapidly, like the greeting exchanged between two fencing foils. This was his own method of procedure. Even then it was not quite possible to calculate where they would come out, and when they met, one was inclined to remark with Laertes: "A hit—a very palpable hit." His tongue seemed curled up in his mouth for the purpose of keeping it ajar—he grinned with unabating intimacy and again I had the sense of pungent incenses in close proximity to me.

As he wrapped the rug about my feet, I was angry with myself for the malicious comparison which rose in me, between the appearance of my redeemer, the jarvey, and that of a full-grown inmate of the idiot ward in a workhouse, whom I had once seen weeping bitterly, because someone else had got an orange, and he had not. He supported himself by my legs—for which I could not quite see the immediate necessity—while he inquired where I was going, and when I had repeated the address, by his request, three times, I noticed how hoarse the poor man's voice was; whereupon I determined to give him sixpence extra for coming out with his bad chest so late at night. My driver had some difficulty in climbing to his box, owing, partly, I imagined, to his size, partly to some innate objection to his reaching it, which his horse seemed to have, and, while he was thus engaged, my friends came round to the side of the car to wish me God-speed.

"By the way," I remarked, in a gay voice, desirous to reappear conclusively in the role of an imperturbable woman of the world, "I interrupted you rudely just as you were saying that there was something about the road which it was only fair to tell me of."

The horse danced a little, making it expedient for my friend to hasten her speech: "Oh, it was nothing," she replied. "Only as you enter Ballysimon village, which is a mile or two from your friend's house, you are apt to meet the Headless Woman, and at the other end of the village one meets the Phantom Coach."

Here the horse, with the instinct of the born dramatist, dashed forward, on an effective curtain, scattering my friends to left and right of him. The fact that we immediately turned down a dark side street, a move which seemed to be as little expected by my driver as his horse, provided me, to my annoyance, with a suggestive background for the meditations with which my friend's parting words had inspired me. There was silence between the three of us, broken merely by a curious rasp in my friend the jarvey's breathing, during which I had time to observe that the animal which he drove seemed burdened with an over-developed imagination; for his head veered incessantly, and his ears had a look of perpetual anticipation. His feet, too, conveyed an impression of such gingerly uncertainty that it reacted on the nervous system of both myself, and, apparently, my jarvey; for he burst out into a violent guttural abuse of it. I broke the silence finally by saying to my driver in a subjunctive voice: "I consider myself lucky to have got hold of you at this hour of the day."

He leant back until the brim of his bowler hat touched mine. "I would consider ye lucky to have got hold o' me at any hour o' the day!" he breathed aromatically into my face, and at this

moment the rays from a street lamp fell up his eyes. They were executing the crossed-blades trick, and seemed to strike sparks out of each other in so doing. He leant back still further till his coat touched my cheek: "An' do ye know where we're goin'?" he said softly, with his parrot utterance.

"Certainly," I replied; "haven't I just told you?"

"Excuse me, missy darlin'," he answered, "and do me the great favour o' repayt-in' it."

"Rochestown House, Ballysimon," I repeated, and added: "Isn't your horse going a bit tender?"

"Sure, an' don't we all go tender wid' the gerrils!" was his reply, accompanied with his rattling laugh. I took no notice of this sentimental turning of the conversation, and remembered a previous saying of mine—that if it were incumbent on me to select a husband from a modest walk of life my choice would fall upon an Irish jarvey; but if this were to be a specimen of our love-making (whereupon a vista of seven more miles of is stretched itself out before me) I was not certain that I had not already changed my mind. We turned down darker and yet more deserted side streets, the horse betraying fresh surprise at every turn we took, when my jarvey pulled the animal up so short that it started, reared and plunged up on the pavement. "What is it?" I inquired, at pains to maintain my seat; "we can't possibly be there already." My redeemer, who was clambering slowly off the box, made no reply, but having reached the ground, wrapped his coat around him and started off in the dark at a swinging run. "Here, stop!" I called. "What are you doing?" But he was out of sight.

Minutes passed. I looked up to the sky for aid. But not a friendly eye of a star looked down. I admit it—horrible thoughts passed through me, and the same seemed to have occurred to the horse, for he was shivering. What if the jarvey were in league with a band of hooligans, and had gone to give the alarm of an easy victim at hand!

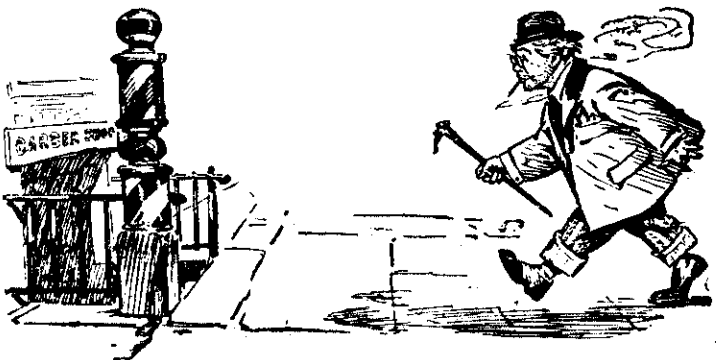
Presently, however, I heard the sound of running feet and breath that sawed the darkness. It was my jarvey—and, thank heaven, he was alone. He came up to the level of the high step of the car, and laid his hand fondly upon me, with a reinvigorated air.

"Why did you get off and leave me?" I demanded sharply. "What did you mean by it?"

"'Twas nothin', Missy darlin'," he replied. "On'y I was in dread the thraces o' the car were goin' to snap on me, an' I went to look for assistance. An' now can ye tell me, missy darlin', where we're goin'?"

I looked down into his face; he was squinting with plainness even in the dark. I decided swiftly that he was an idiot; and there was now no further doubt about the perfume he preferred. "Rochestown House, Ballysimon," I repeated, eye to eye with him, and with the grinding distinctness of fear. "And you'll drive me there without further delay—that is, if you know the way."

"Is it know the way?" he exclaimed in odorous tones of reproach. "Now, why would ye spake that rough to me!" He climbed upon the seat by dint of grasping at the person of the horse, and on we went again. On and on, it seemed for 20 miles, and the lamps dwindled, and the houses became scattered, gradually the sounds of feet upon the pavements died away entirely; ghostly-looking leafless trees sprang up, on either side of the road, waving arms that seemed to threaten me: "Go back, go back!" And now



THE DASH FOR THE POLE.

there was not a light to be seen. My jarvey leant back suddenly, and in a totally new voice, a voice that made me shiver, he demanded: "Do you know where we're going?" I repeated the address, wringing my hands in the dark as I did so. "No; but d'you know the road?" he bawled in my ear. "No, I was never on it before." "Well, here's a — of a business!" he bawled, pulling the horse up short. "You don't know where you're goin', the horse don't know where he's goin', I don't know where I'm going, and where the h— are we goin'?"

In the notes of "Stonewall Jackson"— "Go on!" I said. And added to myself: "It is nothing, nothing at all; he is only a dead-drunk idiot!"

The jarvey swore, the horse plunged,

dully I divined the shape of cottages, and—coming slowly, slowly towards me, a motionless white figure! "Reassure yourself!" I said to myself. "It is only the Headless Woman!" Aloud I said: "Here's someone coming; I'll inquire." The shape resolved itself into a woman—with a head, not beneath her arm, as I had expected—but upon her shoulders. In reply to my quavering question, she answered, to my joy, that this was Ballysimon village, and we had but a mile to go to Rochestown House. We drove on again, and I made ready for the Phantom Coach. Suddenly my jarvey turned round. "This road is full o' divvies," he said, quite quietly to me. But I was not surprised at his remark, for I had now made up my mind that it was no other than the Prince of all

of them who sat upon the box. The cottages trailed away; and coming nearer and nearer in the distance, we heard the sound of wheels. "Be calm, my soul," I said within myself: "here is the Phantom Coach!" I was cheered to hear the phantoms singing as they came on. No companionable did they sound that I made bold to address them from afar: "How far are we from Rochestown House?"

There came from out the Phantom Coach a voice which cried in tones of flesh and blood: "Woman alive! aren't you at the gate!" I turned to the jarvey:—

"Drive like the devil!" I said. We flew up the drive, the horse careering, the driver shouting. I believe I was shouting in ecstasy, too. As we pulled

up short at the door, a gruff clock sounded the eerie hour of One.

In answer to repeated thumblings at the door, it opened at last, revealing my friend dressing-gowned, and sleepy-faced. "Why, we had given you up," she said, Revenge burnt in me.

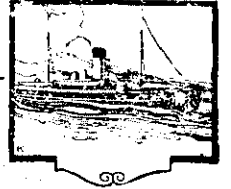
"Here, give the man three-and-six!" I said briefly. It was less than half his fare, but I knew he was too drunk to know the difference. As she held it out to the man, who took himself off with amazing alacrity, she turned back into the hall and remarked thoughtfully to me:—

"That man looked as if he had seen stars!"

"He had," I answered—"three of them!"



STUDIES OF THRILLING LIVES THE PILOT



BY WILLIAM ALLEN JOHNSTON

Fashionable and Democratic.

HAVE you ever seen him come over the rail of an ocean liner—the pilot?

If you have, you were surprised, undoubtedly, at his appearance. You rather expected a uniform man, at least some self-evident type of a nautical man. You certainly did not expect this man in a smart Derby and fashionable overcoat, who smiles good naturedly as he hands out a roll of precious newspapers and laughingly settles a number of foolish bets made in the tedium of the smoking room—as to the make of his watch, the colour of his necktie, and whether he prefers a pipe or a cigar.

He looks like a first cabin passenger; and what a democratic sort of a fellow he is! None of the sailors touches a forelock to him, no official commotion is caused by his appearance; but, if you'll notice, the Captain grasps his hand with a look of confidence and deep concern, as though he were handing him the keys of a high office.

And instantly then the pilot's face settles into grim, grave lines. He walks to his post with quick, decisive steps, and from that moment on, if you'll look at him, high up there in the air in his narrow, railed off walk, you'll find him a graven image of exceeding carefulness and dire responsibility.

In the power of his keen eye and cool head he holds the lives of a whole town full of people and property valued at several millions—holds this great charge with a delicate balance, for the channel that marks his path from Knoll's point to the pier is so shallow that oftentimes less than the thickness of a man's body intervenes between the sandy bottom and the keel of the great liner—with a most delicate balance, for all about the narrow pathway lies a field bristling with rocky reefs, sheer cliffs, sunken vessels, seething currents and sandbars.

Appears to be Charming.

Not knowing this and seeing only the calm man up on the narrow walk, dignified by the importance of his post and earning considerably more than one hundred dollars for a few hours' work, his vocation strikes one as quite charming.

It strikes many boys that way; one of them happened into the Pilot Commission room as I waited there. He was a big, good natured lad.

"Er—Id like to be a pilot," he announced.

The secretary nodded, eyed him keenly. "All right," he said kindly; "I'll tell you what to do.

"First, you must take a sea voyage—say, two years—learn how to pull ropes."

"But I want to be a pilot!"

"Yes," the secretary smiled, "I know. But we only take sailors."

"Oh!" said the boy.

"When you come back we'll give you a place in the port at port wages; and if you make yourself the pick of your crowd we'll, perhaps, make you an apprentice."

"What's that?"

"An apprentice on a pilot boat, where you'll serve for two years. If you're bright and the pilots like you, and you pass a creditable examination, you may become a boatman and have charge of a pilot boat.

"Then you are just starting in. You must serve three years more anyway, and after that wait for a vacancy. But I don't want to encourage you too much. You must please the pilots and seafaring men, who, if you don't know it, are the hardest to please in all this mortal kingdom. The discipline is severe, but if you work hard you'll win out—some time."

"Then?"

"Then you become an 'eighteen-foot' branch pilot, handling vessels drawing eighteen feet and less. Then you get a 'twenty-two foot' license, and, finally, you are made a 'full branch' pilot."

"Like Captain—?"

"Yes."

"All that—for that?"

"Yes."

The boy put on his hat. "I guess I don't want to be a pilot," said he.

"I thought as much," said the secretary, as the door closed behind the disappointed applicant. "He didn't have the stuff in him of which pilots are made. It is best, then, that he find it out now."

"Sounds like a hard course of training," he added, "doesn't it? But it should be so. These bar pilots—there

are about one hundred and twenty in all—handle the passenger traffic and most of the tonnage of the greatest and most intricate port in the world. Every day they hold in their keeping millions of dollars in property worth and thousands of precious lives. That responsibility requires a certain kind of a man—not an ordinary kind—made so by the most rigorous training. And then, as you will learn later, there are exactions and danger in the life that a man must measure up to."

The secretary leaned back in his chair. "I'm an old man," said he, "grown old in this service, and a pilot's life looks threadbare to me. Lord knows, I'm not one to hold forth any optimism or enthusiasm on the subject. But I'll say this of them, they're not college bred men nor trained business men, but I'll take the first twelve of them that enter this room to-day (he pointed to the waiting room of the Sanly Hook Pilot Association) and I'll match them for intelligence, nerve and decision of character against the first twelve bankers you may meet in Wall street. How's that?"

Interesting Map.

Over our heads on the wall was hung a large blue-print map of the harbour, so thickly dotted with sounding points and measurements that it looked like a section of the blue sky in a blinding snowstorm. Dotted lines showed the old South Channel of Colonial days, God-

ney's, of late use, and the new Ambrose Channel. It was a masterpiece of map work.

"Pilot Besbe made that," said the secretary, "and here's his book, a complete guide that every pilot swears by. These accomplishments bespeak intelligence, don't they? Well, now for nerve."

"Have you ever been seasick? Yes? Then you know what it means. How would you like to go out to your day's work to-day, to-morrow, next day, knowing assuredly that you would suffer that torture before you came home? Pilot Besbe does that!"

"But why?"

"Why it's his vocation, that's all. He can't stop. He's got to make his living, you know. But think of it! Nothing theatre about it—no sudden danger out of a sky that's generally clear; no risk with the glory of saving others' lives; no band playing for inspiration's sake. Nothing of that. Just a calm, patient, everyday grappling with a torturing illness that lies in the path of duty. I call that nerve!"

The pilot's Club next door is a place worth visiting. It is unique in every way. Principally, it lacks the luxury of other New York Clubs, but what it lacks in this respect it makes up for in reality and sharp tension of life. Here are men who really do things, and are quite unconscious of it.

I found a room replete of brine and tobacco smoke and ringing with the deep throated laughter that tells of temperate habits and an open air, openhearted life.

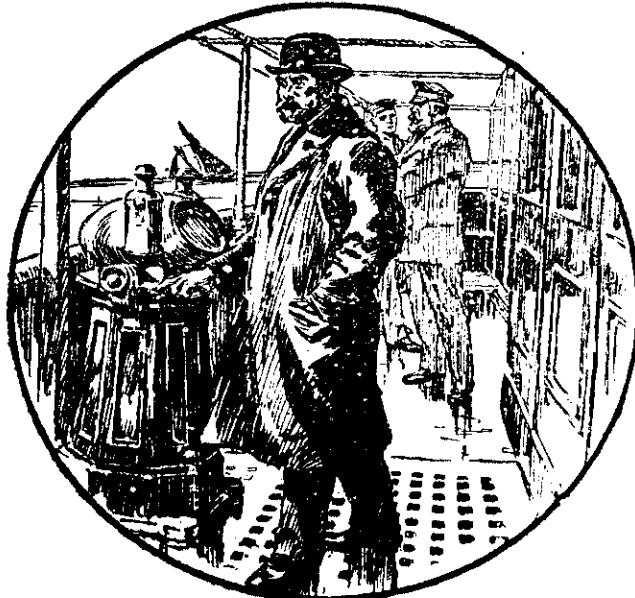
The doors swing ceaselessly to admit newcomers, men carrying grips—well dressed men with keen business faces and brightly walk. Others are lounging in chairs, telling stories or quizzing and bantering the new arrivals, letting their eyes wander occasionally towards a blackboard with double columns and the words "Outward" and "Reverse" over each. Here track is kept of outgoing and incoming pilots; hasty news is had of clearing vessels. And now as a man chalks down a name a pilot gets up, swings into his coat, and, with his grip in hand and a cheery "So long!" disappears through the door.

"Are all of them waiting their turn?" I asked.

"Not all," said a pilot. "Some are just lounging." A twinkle came to his eye. "You see," said he, "we are seafaring men, and oftentimes the wives of seafaring men are gifted with sharp tongues and handy brooms." The twinkle gave way to a reminiscent look. "Generally the old lady says: 'Now, John, get out of here, you and your pipe. Just look at those lace curtains!' So, you see, the boys come here to play." He crossed his legs with an expression of supreme content and hummed an old Yankee air:

"No sound,
No ground,
No bottom to be found
With a long pine pitch pole, daddy."

There's no shop talk in this pilot's club, no sailors' yarns and the like. All



"HIGH UP THERE IN THE AIR IN HIS NARROW RAILED OFF WALK."

that sort of thing is tabooed by common consent, and there are only good natured rebuffs forthcoming for him who tries to lift the conversation reminiscenceward. "Romance?" snorted a pilot, an old sailor who has travelled the seas in quest of the dangerous cachelot and chased away many a bow head whale up the Pacific side of the Arctic. "Romance—in a pilot's life? Romance, rot! It's plain humdrum, I call it."

Then I heard a dry recital of the dull routine of cruise and docking, of weary days in the harbour station, of long, rainy days in the pilot boat, tossing on a choppy sea, or rolling about in a "white ash" breeze beneath a copper sun.

knowledge of a list of casualties that would fill several newspaper columns. "Yes"—doubtfully. "Not as it used to be. Well, I dunno, either. Yes—no." And then an argument was started, which was just the thing for a despairing interviewer.

Over on the wall was a chart showing the high sea's limit and the pilot's domain within. New York lies at the inner point of a wide funnel; and in the old days, when pilots were autocrats and snubbed captains and broke heads ad libitum, they patrolled the outer rim of this funnel from Hatteras on the south as far north as the Georgian Banks. They went out often five hundred miles,

self, and it was "steal a ship" if you could. Since 1895 the bar pilots have existed as a profit sharing association under a Pilot Commission, which is State appointed. The old pilot fleet has all but disappeared, and the patrol lines have been drawn in almost to Sandy Hook. Three of the old time schooners, with the big numerals on their sails, are still used in the Southern Ground (for vessels from the West Indies and South America), but the bulk of the cruising is done by two fine steamers, the New York and New Jersey, owned by the Pilot's Association, and built at a respective cost of 90,000 dollars and 73,000 dollars.

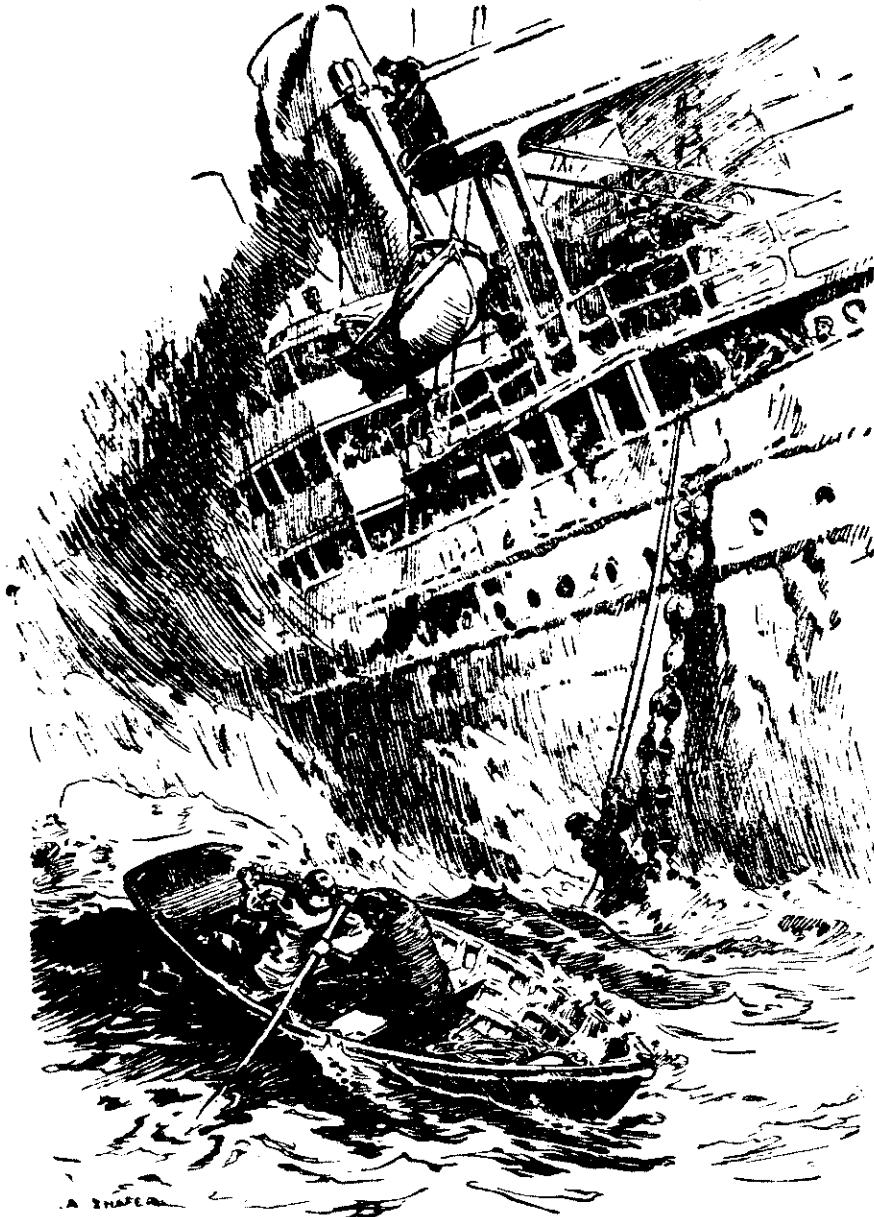
"They're all right inside, with their

fell back off the ladder and disappeared like a sack of shot."

"But how did you climb the Cedric?" "Skated," said he.

All in all, the present day peril side had the best of the argument. There are the same wintry blasts to-day that froze Pilot Bob Mitchell to death as he stood at his post on the good ship Sting-ray; the same smother of sea and snow that engulfed the Columbia when the Alaska cut her in two, and then, backing with full speed astern, sucked the wreckage and four men down with her churning propeller.

The pilot is the stormy petrel of the sea. Blow high or low, come sun or snow, blue sky or sleet, his post is there on the outer bar, ready to shake hands in all weather with a saucy windjammer or a big four-piper and then feel them in through the long, narrow ship lane, with its hundred danger spots, past rock and treacherous shoal, on and up to the pier of "All's well? Ay, ay, sir!"



"ALL I COULD SEE ABOVE ME WAS A ROOF OF ICE."

And unintentionally then the record ran on into wintry seas and vessels reached by a flimsy, twisting rope ladder in waves that stove in wooden hulls, of ice floundered boats and boats capsized on icy lee shores, of waiting in a fog right in the path of the sharp nosed ocean leviathans, "with a siren screeching at you, now in your ears, it seems, now this way and then a mile off, and then all of a sudden a big, black hull looms up and goes swa-hing by so near that you can look in the port holes, and see what they have for dinner, while a hollow voice on the deck 'way over your head, says suddenly:

"D—n! What's that?"

Dangerous Life.

"Then your life is dangerous," I suggested, with conviction, for I had fore-

were gone as long as two months—and sometimes never came back.

"That was no fun," growled an old pilot, "floundering off Sable Island in an eighty-footer, with a terrible nor-wester blowing" snow, and zero cold. I saw a yawl leave the boats once in answer to a blue signal on a freighter—and it was two days before we found her."

"And the pilot?"

"Frozen, of course."

"In the famous blizzard of '88—aw, the wind was cold," said the old pilot with a reminiscent shiver, "as cold as a step-mother's breath." Two pilot boats were wrecked and two went down, with all hands lost. Up to 1895, in fact, the death roll shows a boat and crew lost for almost every year.

That was in the old days of competi-

tion, when every pilot was out for him-

steam heat and electric lights," said a pilot, arguing for present day peril, "but the weather has not changed any that I notice.

Plunged into Icy Sea.

"Take the Cedric last winter, when she came in a floating iceberg in a terrible sea. When I caught her ladder she pitched over me till all I could see above was a roof of ice, and I went down in the water up to my armpits. Then up she lifts—full thirty-five feet in the air—and I swung in against the hull with a bump, I can tell you—"

"That bumping is bad. It knocked the hearts out of John Canvin and Alf Bandier."

"Hearts out?"

"Well, yes, Canvin dropped dead as he shook the captain's hand, and Bandier

BOILS BANISHED.

ZAM-BUK CURES ALL SKIN ERUPTIONS.

Boils and abscesses generally occur on some part of the body subject to chafing or friction—the back of the neck, for instance. After cleansing the part with warm water, dress carefully with Zam-Buk. The wonderful soothing virtues of the balm are instantly revealed. The inflammation is subdued at once, and Zam-Buk being an antiseptic, there need be no fear of blood-poisoning setting in. It should be remembered also that chronic eczema often develops from a trifling eruption, and obstinate ulcers from a simple pimple. In every case Zam-Buk Balm is the ideal remedy.

Mr. H. Christie, of 16 London-street, Enmore, Sydney, says:—"I was troubled with boils, and tried all manner of things to get rid of them. I persevered with different treatments, but to no avail. Seeing Zam-Buk Balm advertised, I procured a pot, and applied it, with the result that the boils entirely disappeared after three days' treatment."

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 1s. 6d.).



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THE BOOKSHELF.

(By DELTA.)

FitzGerald's Centenary.

ON March 31, 1909, England was celebrating the centenary of Edward FitzGerald, whose highest, and one might say sole, claim to the recognition of posterity lies in the fact of his being the translator of the "Rubaiyat" of Omar Khayyam. Of Edward FitzGerald it has been said that he became famous by accident. "If ever man was," he was homo unius libri." As was said of Gray, scarcely any writer has come down to posterity with so slender a book under his arm. "Each became famous for a small body of poetical work, slowly and leisurely distilled; each wrote letters full of point and humour and subtle charm, and penetrated with the indefinable flavour of personality; both took the same half-tender, half-regretful, wholly ineffectual view of life, regarding it as a thing aloof and apart, as something boisterous and rude, yet attractive withal, somewhat as a child might peer curiously into the windows of a tavern." But here the resemblance would seem to end. Gray was a serious student and a philosopher, while FitzGerald was essentially a dilettante, and a sentimentalist. Moreover, Gray's work was noted for its evenness, while FitzGerald's work, except for the "Rubaiyat," was notorious for its uneven quality. His translations of Greek drama are said by Mr. A. G. Benson to be "accomplished, sound, conscientious work, almost wholly uninteresting and uninspiring." The same authority declares that it is the custom to praise the elaborate little platonic dialogue, "Euphrator," but adds that with the exception of a few picturesque passages, and one beautiful cadence at the end of the volume, it is languid, desultory, inconclusive, and copied, not from life, but from Plato, and lacking the sparkle and the suggestiveness of the master. At this stage the reader will naturally ask: How can the "Rubaiyat" have secured so great a circle of admirers! To this question we must refer them to the history of the discovery, by Rossetti, of FitzGerald's translation of Omar's beautiful poem. In January, 1858, FitzGerald offered his first rendering of the "Rubaiyat" to "Fraser's Magazine." He waited a year, then, hearing nothing of it, wrote and asked that the MS. be returned; and in February, 1859, having made a few additions to it, he published the whole, as a five shilling book, at his own expense, but it had no sale. Omar had never been popular in Persia, and it looked as though his popularity was the one weakness in him that FitzGerald's vizardry could not amend. He gave away copies to his friends, and presently took the remainder, about two hundred, to Bernard Quaritch, dumped the parcel on his counter and told him he could have them as a gift. Quaritch reduced the price first to half-a-crown, then to a shilling, and finally, as there were no buyers, he put the book outside his shop "in the penny box." Then it began to sell. Happily Rossetti dipped into the penny box and carried a copy away with him. He read it, and was not satisfied till all the men of his circle were reading it also, and sharing his enthusiasm about it. There is a story of how Rossetti and Swinburne spent fourpence, on four copies from the penny box, and of how, going again next day and finding that, in consequence of the sudden run on the book, the price had been raised to two-pence, Rossetti gravely rebuked the shopman for his exorbitance.

But some other reason than that of Rossetti's advocacy, is needed to account for the present immense popularity of FitzGerald's translation, and we offer Mr. A. S. Benson's explanation. He declares:—"That the poem came at a moment when the old Religious Faiths were losing their first efficacy, and with it forfeiting, not so much their vitality, as the mechanical support which they had afforded to the minds and characters of persons mildly and ingeniously interested in abstract topics. The rich melancholy of "Omar," the sensuousness, wearing so decorous and refined a

note of poetical rhetoric, the fatalism which was sentimental rather than pessimistic, the delicate and suggestive handling of those vast problems of destiny and suffering which are so mysteriously attractive as long as the spirit is not brought face to face with their practical issues—all that gives force and weight to the solemn appeal of FitzGerald's sonorous and majestic verse." Then, too, was the charm of the "distance that lends enchantment," and when it became known that the original poem was centuries old, the interest in, and the charm of it, grew by leaps and bounds. But the unique success is due, Mr. Benson says, to the fact "that FitzGerald here found a subject exactly and precisely adapted to his own best faculties, and the very limitations of which were his own limitations. The poem is penetrated with

and presently made a transcript of it for him. Thereafter, for some years, FitzGerald had leisurely busied about his translation. Persian literature is, as he said, amazingly garrulous; Persian verse has a fatal facility in "running on long after thought is winded." But Omar the Tentmaker had a mathematical faculty "which regulated his fancy and condensed his verse to a quality and quantity unknown in Persian, perhaps in Oriental poetry." FitzGerald, himself, had much of this same faculty; his aim was always to abridge, concentrate, distil, and in this, as in all his translations, he allowed himself a large license, was more concerned with the spirit than the mere letter of his original, and set himself to retain whatever was "fine and efficient" in it, and to "sink, reduce, alter and replace," whatever was not.

He laid other Persian poets under contribution for some of the imagery and some of the exquisite fancies that are now credited to Omar; he brought his own vision, his own philosophy of life, to the work, and gave to each stanza as he reminded it the impress of his individuality. Mr. John Payne, the notable scholar, is probably justified in his strong protest that FitzGerald's translation is not a translation at all, but a paraphrase. An assertion that leaves us unmoved, except by a wish that every

But if FitzGerald showed little wisdom in the selection of his acquaintances and dependants, he had a genius for making friends, and numbered Thackeray, Monckton Milnes, James Spedding, and, later, Tennyson and Carlyle and other giants of his generation amongst his most intimate friends.

A number of editions, variously edited, have appeared since FitzGerald's death, and new editions are also in preparation; indeed, there seems to be no limit to the cry for any additional crumb of information that will throw any further light upon the late Edward FitzGerald, who lies in a quiet Suffolk churchyard (Boulogne) in a grave on which bloom roses that have been raised from seed brought by a pilgrim from Omar's tomb in Nishapur, Persia. And though doubts as to the why and wherefore of life may have assailed him in his life, they are now dispelled by the whom FitzGerald perceived and wrote of in the 70th and 88th stanza of the "Rubaiyat."

"He's a Good Fellow, and 'twill all be well,"

Because

"He knows about it all - He knows - He knows."

REVIEWS.

The Story of Virginia Perfect: Peggy Webling. (London: Methuen's Colonial Library.)

This is a most exhaustively written narrative of the birth and growth of a woman's soul. The principal scenes of the book are laid firstly in Southend, and afterwards on the Bordighera and at Clerkenwell, E.C., where Virginia Perfect lived with her very imperfect husband, Reginald Perfect, a working jeweller. Virginia Perfect, like many young girls, had fallen in love with Love, and had fancied her own particular ideal of that god to be embodied in Reginald Perfect, who, though attractive enough to outward seeming, and fond enough of Virginia in an animal sort of way, had no more conception of the requirements, the limitations, and the possibilities that lay in the woman he had taken to wife than a Hottentot might be expected to conceive of the heights to which civilisation could reach.

In the most delicate manner possible—which, nevertheless, loses none of its telling power—we are told of Virginia Perfect's marriage, her speedy disillusion, temporary despair, the awakening of her soul, and her rehabilitation as a soul made humanly perfect. The awakener of Virginia's soul was one Wilfrid Keble, an artist and an idealist, whose character is very finely drawn by Mrs. Webling.

There was never a time, we think, when so many authors chose for their theme the monstrous iniquity of ill-considered marriage. The eligibility, the advisability, the conventionality, and the expediency of marriage are all taken into minute consideration, but too seldom its suitability, either in temperament, aim, belief, or physique, and the result, as demonstrated daily and hourly in our asylums, hospitals, courts, and morgues is disastrous.

We congratulate Mrs. Webling on a work that shows not only keen sympathetic insight, delicacy of thought, and expression, but a faculty for locating the blight which is destroying all that is best and most sacred in the institution of marriage. Every woman—and, indeed, every man—should read this book, as apart from the interest of its theme, it gives most interesting pictures and details of life—social, domestic, and artistic—in the world's metropolis. Our copy has reached us through the courtesy of Wildman and Arny.

No Wonder.

Mr. Frederick Doy, the creator of Nick Carter, the most famous cheap novel detective in America, is suffering from a nervous breakdown. A Nick Carter novel of 30,000 words is published every week, selling for 2d. The author creates the plots and writes the stories himself. To allow himself holidays and to keep far enough in advance of publication dates to avoid accidents, he frequently writes three novels a week—an average of nearly 15,000 words a day.



EDWARD FITZGERALD, THE TRANSLATOR OF OMAR KHAYYAM.

the philosophy of the human spirit at bay, when its questionings are unanswered and all refuge has failed. Omar was a lover of beauty, both human and natural; and both Omar and FitzGerald alike, were deeply penetrated by the emotion which Tennyson called the "Passion of the Past," the pathos of all sweet things that have an end. All lives are in a certain sense a failure, but on that failure, if it is deliberately faced and not meanly and petulantly resenting, is based the vital success of life. FitzGerald's life was one which was a sacrifice to temperament, and it was out of that very sacrifice that the poignant, the appeal of his poem springs, and it is this that will secure for it—it is hard to believe otherwise—a peculiar and permanent place in the literature of the world." Nevertheless, it was nine years from the date of the first publication before a second edition appeared. There were four editions in all during FitzGerald's life, and he did not put his name to any of them; further, polishing, altering and touching up his verses, seemingly irrespective as to whether the alterations were improvements or otherwise. And this, indeed, must ever remain a matter of opinion. Professor Cowell is said to have turned FitzGerald's attention to the study of Persian. It was Cowell, again, who came upon an Ms. of the "Rubaiyat" of Omar Khayyam at the Bouleian library, and called FitzGerald's attention to it,

translator of poetry could be guilty of the same splendid fault."

A peep into FitzGerald's private life would show him to possess few of the virtues that pertain to the hero. By Mr. Benson we are told that he had no resolution, no sense of responsibility, and but little dignity. Born in a station of life in which no thought of the morrow was entailed, he allowed himself to drift into great and overpowering affections for innumerable and inexplicable people. His well-known devotion for Posh, with whom at one time he was in partnership as a "herring merchant," shows him to be sounder in heart than in judgment. James Blyth's little book published by John Long tells the story of FitzGerald's infatuation for Posh. Criticising this book, which is entitled "Edward FitzGerald and Posh, Herring Merchants," the Right Hon. Sir W. Brampton Gordon, K.C.M.G., says the book is chiefly interesting as illustrating FitzGerald's kindness of heart and unworldly simplicity. As a further illustration of his simplicity, we are told that on his being left, at the age of 50, as guardian of the daughter of Bernard Barton, poet-banker, he married her, conceiving it to be his duty. It was not long before each discovered the mistake that had been made, and six months from the date of marriage each had gone his separate way, and though they parted in all kindness, "they scarcely so much as saw each other again."

WITHIN THE COMMONWEALTH

From the Colonial Office.

SIR CHARLES LUCAS has come and seen, but not conquered, says the Melbourne "Punch." The Colonial Office has not properly interpreted the overseas demand for more sympathy and knowledge in the Dominions department. Sir Charles is a very distinguished English Civil servant—a stamp never seen in Australia, and the kind of man who finds it hard to understand the free and easy style of our people and institutions. He is a scholar rather than a clerk; a literary man rather than an administrative officer. The two members of the delegation are veterans. Mr. Pearson has already been placed on the shelf. Sir Charles Lucas will shortly follow. Instead of sending out young men who will have to work the suggested new Dominions Department, the Colonial Office has commissioned two gentlemanly greyhairs to study conditions repugnant to their whole life's work. Sir Charles Lucas is a Balliol scholar, and an author of solid worth. His "History of the Canadian War of 1812" is a text-book, and his "Historical Geography of the British Colonies" is easily the best of its kind. In London, in official circles, he is regarded as a most effective speaker, with a broad vein of humour. Here in Melbourne one meets a tall, spare elderly man, with iron-grey hair, of distinguished mien and polished manners. When seen in close proximity to our heads of departments, he looks like Charles Surface hobnobbing with the unnamed waiter in "The Girl Behind the Counter." The Australian interviewer has taken away his breath. With carefully-studied stateliness Sir Charles dictates a few high-sounding but pointless sentences, as if he were taking the whole world into his innermost confidence, shakes his head solemnly when asked pertinent questions, and then solemnly and courteously bows himself away. The truth is the delegation belong, so far as Australia is concerned, to a bygone generation. They will have a pleasant six months' tour, see life through the eyes of Government House, never get close enough to the people to interpret their wishes, return to London and write scholarly reports which may prove interesting essays, but are hardly likely to create a Dominions Department in close touch with the overseas possessions.

Swagman's Shocking Fate.

An unknown swagman, apparently about 70 years of age, was accidentally killed in a tragic manner at Winton, Victoria. He had been begging for food about the township one day, and in the evening he started a fire at the foot of a dry tree, and lay down to sleep. During the night the tree burnt through and fell on the unfortunate man's head, crushing it badly. His body was also burnt in places. The district coroner has given an order for burial.

Missioners.

There is a whole army of women interested heart and soul in the work which these imported American missioners are doing in Melbourne, remark a writer in "Punch." One of these girls, who regards me as a frightful heathen because I do not go twice to church every Sunday, obtained a ticket for me to the Town Hall, to hear Dr. Chapman and his coadjutors. Oh! it was a dreary business. Dr. Chapman is a sort of modern Jeremiah crying about "Sin" and the need for revivals. It is easy to understand that Dr. Chapman, who is a revivalist, thinks there is a need for revivals, just as the dress-maker believes there is a need for new fashions. I got dreadfully tired of hearing Dr. Chapman talk. He is a good story teller, though, and as he told three or four stories in the course of his sermon, the monotony was somewhat relieved. He almost whispered at times, and never speaks in a loud, commanding voice. You can imagine the result when anybody who wants to be heard whippers in the Town Hall. I was near the front, but as far as the people at the back were concerned, Dr. Chapman might as well have been in New York for

all they heard. Have you ever done a perish on a far-off seat while somebody wagged his lips on the platform, and you heard nothing? Mr. Alexander is another story. He is in appearance the image of a well-known official in the External Affairs Department—no, not Mr. Athol Hunt. That official is anything but religiously inclined, and it seems incredible to look at Mr. Alexander, who is his double. Talking religion and singing religion all the time. To me, Mr. Alexander is on that account alone the supreme joke of the mission. No, not the supreme joke. There is a better one, and it is Dr. Chapman himself. He is the facsimile in appearance of Mr. Harry Rickards. The resemblance is strikingly funny. Just imagine Mr. Harry Rickards in glasses and solemnity, preaching Evangelism. I nearly died when Dr. Chapman appeared. I said to my little girl conductress, "Who is that?" She said, in an awe-struck whisper, "Dr. Chapman." Just then he stood up and said something about the service. He looked more like the coster comedian than ever, and I collapsed behind my handkerchief.

Unkind.

People are now complaining of the manner in which women wear their hair in the stalls of the theatres. After long agitation, man has succeeded in depriving the stall-going woman of her hat, and now, with the miserable selfishness that characterises most of his conduct, he seeks to deprive her of her hair. He is a bald person himself, as a rule, and like the fox who lost its tail, he would gladly see the woman as bald as himself. Letters are now appearing in the Press directed against the ladies' hair, and in the theatre itself one hears constant complaints from miserable men. The other night at the Princess a lady in the stalls was requested to remove her hat. She complied quite graciously. A few minutes later the man behind was complaining of her hair. The lady bore it for some time, and then turned and said: "I have taken off my hat for you. I regret that I cannot take off my hair." And the sullen wretch behind replied: "I don't expect that, but I think that when you're going to the theatre you ought to have more consideration than to put it on."

A Music Hall Farewell.

I am very loth to confess it, but I am inclined to think there is more money in

Sydney than in Melbourne just now (says a Melbourne writer). I suppose it is the big prices received for the last wool clip that accounts for the extra cash in the Harbour City, but whatever the reason, it is there all right. I slipped away to Sydney for a couple of days, and went to the Budley's race ball. It was a superb function, and gorgeously brilliant. I would have been content to take the jewellery worn and have retired for life on the money I could have raised on it. Sydney, too, is ahead of us in another thing—the departure of the deep-sea liners. There is nothing more drab and dreary than our dirty Port Melbourne pier. When crowded with people its dingy griminess is only made more dingy and grimy. Sydney's piers are not much better, but her citizens have hit upon a charming way to convert the humdrum waterside into a carnival picture. Ribbons of different coloured papers are thrown by the friends ashore to the voyagers aboard. When some hundreds are stretched between ship and shore they look like a gigantic maypole dance. And as the stately liner sheers off slowly, they gradually draw taut, and with the final strain snap dramatically, and flutter down into the water with a pleasantly pathetic sense of the ties sundered by the sea. Why can't our travellers import a little romance into their departures?



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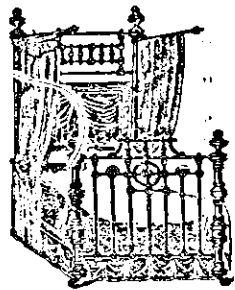
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The Household Fairy

The Story of a Little Girl Who Always Grumbled

ONCE upon a time a little girl called Liza-Lu lived in a country village. She had a father and mother and brothers and sisters and, although she ought to have been as happy as the day is long, she wasn't. Liza-Lu was always grumbling.

"Why can't we have eggs for breakfast like the rectory children?" Or, "I hate this old red frock. I do wish I could have a pretty green one, with fur on it, like Miss May." Liza-Lu would say.

In fact, she grumbled all day long. "A disagreeable, grumbling, bad-tempered child is Liza-Lu," said an old woman in the village, with a wise shake of the head. "She'll come to a bad end if she don't mend her ways, and learn to make the best of things," someone would add, as they discussed Liza-Lu and her shortcomings.

Now, old Mrs Brown, who lived in the thatched cottage near the post-office, was fond of Liza-Lu, in spite of her grumbling.

One day, when Liza-Lu went to tea with Mrs Brown, she began to grumble as usual, and said:

"Oh, Mrs Brown, don't you wish there were fairies in these days to do the work for us? Then there'd be nothing for us to do. If only there were fairies like there used to be! Then we'd be fine ladies, and wear fine clothes. I hate my old clothes, and having to knit and cook and sew," added Liza-Lu, in a grumbling voice.

Then old Mrs Brown said:

"If I tell you a secret, Liza-Lu, will you promise not to tell anyone else?"

Then Liza-Lu said:

"A secret? What is it? Do tell me, Mrs Brown. I've never been told a secret before."

Then Mrs Brown smiled, and said:

"Come close to me here, my dear, then I'll whisper it in your ear."

Then Liza-Lu went close to Mrs Brown's chair, and the old woman whispered:

"There are fairies even nowadays, Liza-Lu. Shall I tell you the name of one of them?"

Of course, Liza-Lu said:

"Yes, please, Mrs Brown. A real fairy? Do, do, do tell me her name!"

Then Mrs Brown whispered again:

"The fairy is called the Household Fairy. She has another name, but I won't tell you what that is to-day. Look out for her when you go home. She's at your house every day, and she's as busy and happy as anything. You'd better run along home now, childie; but just you watch for her. She's as good and as clever as any fairy-tale fairy. Good-bye, my dear! Come and see me again soon."

Then Liza-Lu kissed Mrs Brown and said good-bye, and she ran home smiling and happy.

"I can't think what's come to Liza-Lu," said someone who saw her. "She's a smile in her eye and a laugh on her lip."

You see, they didn't know about the Household Fairy like you and I and Liza-Lu and Mrs Brown do.

That evening Liza-Lu looked everywhere for the household Fairy, but she couldn't find her.

The next day Liza-Lu looked out for the Household Fairy, but still she didn't appear.

The day after that was washing-day, and mother was ever so busy: so Liza-Lu had to mind the baby, and feed the hens and set the table.

Liza-Lu got crosser and crosser every time mother asked her to do anything.

"Why can't the Household Fairy do it?" muttered Liza-Lu to herself. And she said: "I can't think what Mrs Brown meant. There's no Household Fairy in our house. Perhaps she's got one, but we haven't. I'll tell her next time I see her, that I will."

The next morning mother said:

"Here, Liza-Lu, run to the shop for me and get some starch. I'm quite out of it."

Then Liza-Lu began to grumble, and she said:

"Why can't Bobby go? You're always wanting me to do something, mother." Then she sulkily put on her hat and coat and started off.

Mrs Brown waited at her cottage door, and when she saw Liza-Lu she beckoned to her and said:

"Come along in, dearie, and have a cake. I've just made a fine batch, and they're done to a turn."

So in went Liza-Lu, and as she ate her cake she said:

"Oh, Mrs Brown, there isn't a Household Fairy like you said there was at our house. I've looked for her all day long, but she isn't there—really and truly she isn't. Yesterday she didn't help me a bit, and I had so much to do. I minded the baby, and fed the hens, and got the tea, and—"

Mrs Brown smiled, and said:

"But the Household Fairy was there all the time. I know she was. She must have been doing something else. Even household Fairies can't do two things at once, you know."

Liza-Lu opened her eyes very wide indeed at this, and said:

"Can't they? I thought they could do everything at the same time. But how do you know she was there, Mrs Brown? I'm quite, quite sure she wasn't, and I ought to know better'n you, 'cos I was home all day."

Then Mrs Brown smiled again mischievously, and said:

"Who blacked your boots for you, Liza-Lu?"

"Why, mother did them. She always does," said Liza-Lu.

Then Mrs Brown said: "But the Household Fairy brought you the hot water to wash with, didn't she, dearie?"

Liza-Lu was rather indignant at this, and said:

"No, mother did. She lit the fire and boiled the kettle, as she always does. Ah! she brought me the water at eight o'clock."

Then Mrs Brown asked, still more mysteriously:

"I suppose, as you're no Household Fairy, you had no breakfast, Liza-Lu?"

"Of course I had breakfast," said Liza-Lu, with a toss of the head.

"And dinner and tea and supper, too?" smiled Mrs Brown.

And Liza-Lu said: "Yes, yes, yes," in a very astonished voice.

She thought Mrs Brown very silly to ask such stupid questions.

Then Mrs Brown said: "And who do you think got all those meals for you? The Household Fairy, of course. If she

Then Liza-Lu, who was trembling with eagerness, went close to Mrs Brown. She was sure she was going to hear a wonderful secret. And what do you think Mrs Brown whispered in her ear?

"The Household Fairy's name is MOTHER!"

"Mother?" gasped Liza-Lu, in very astonished tones.

Then Mrs Brown said:

"Yes, mother is the Household Fairy, the busy, useful Household Fairy, and if you will only stop your grumbling and mend your ways, you can be one, too, Liza-Lu. But you'll have to work hard. Do you know what little girls who grumble grow into?"

"No. What?" asked Liza-Lu, with wide-open eyes.

"They grow into grown-ups who grumble," said Mrs Brown impressively. "And grown-ups who grumble are terrible. Now will you try to smile instead of frown, and laugh instead of grumble, and be willing instead of unwilling. Liza-Lu?"

"I will, I will, Mrs Brown," smiled Liza-Lu. "Now I must hurry home, and begin at once. Mother's waiting for the starch."

Then Liza-Lu ran home, and soon she was helping mother to fold and iron the clothes.

"I can't think what's come to Liza-Lu," said mother the other day. "She never grumbles now. She's such a good, useful, bright child, that we call her our Household Fairy."

The Two Easter Eggs.

"Oh, Jessie!" cried little Trix, running in great excitement across the farmyard to where her elder sister stood. "Flo and I have each got an Easter egg of our very own! My little black hen has just laid one under the laurel bushes on the lawn, and Flo has found one in the hayloft, with her yellow hen keeping guard over it ever so proudly! Look, Jessie! isn't this a nice egg!" and she held up her treasure to be admired.

"It's a beauty, Trix. You must have it for your supper."

"Oh, no, Jessie! I couldn't have my little black hen's first egg just boiled for my supper as if it were a common everyday one! I want to have it dyed, and keep it as long as ever I can! I wish Blackie had laid it just a little sooner. Mother has finished all the dyeing for to-day, and I shall have to wait till Monday. I want it dyed with logwood chips, Jessie, because that will make it so dark—nearly black, like the little hen herself."

"And I want mine dyed with coffee-grounds, because that will make it light brown—nearly yellow, like my hen," said Flo, running up at this moment, and the sisters hastened towards the house to display the eggs to their mother.

The latter was standing at the farmhouse door, speaking to two little fair-haired girls whom Flo and Trix knew quite well by sight. They and their parents were in lodgings in the village, and their father, a clergyman, was a great invalid, brought thither for change of air. Little Muriel Lestrangle and her sister sometimes came to the farm to buy new-laid eggs, and such had evidently been their errand this evening, for Trix could hear her mother saying regretfully:

"I should have been only too glad to let you have the eggs if I'd had any, but there isn't an egg in the place. I'm afraid. You see, we have sold so many to-day, being Easter Eve; and this morning, unluckily, I had an accident with a pan full that I was dyeing, and had to use a second lot. Of course, we expect to have some more to-morrow, but that isn't the same thing as having them to-night."

"Father fancied he could enjoy a fresh egg for his supper to-night," explained Muriel Lestrangle. "And it is so nice to get them here, warm from the nest. But of course, you cannot give us what you have not got! Good evening, Mrs. Anstruther."

And the two dainty little figures were turning to go, but Trix, very hot and red, darted up to them, and addressed the younger sister. Margaret Lestrangle had taken great interest in a kitten that Trix had brought to the door for her to see one afternoon, and her sweet smile and gentle greeting had been one of Trix's pleasures ever since.

"Will you take this egg, please?" she said eagerly. "It is warm from the



THEREBY RISES A TAIL.

hadn't been there you'd have to go without."

Then Liza-Lu said:

"I'm sure I shouldn't, Mrs Brown. It wasn't a fairy at all, but mother, who made the porridge, and cooked the dinner, and brewed the tea, and got the supper."

Then Mrs Brown said:

"My dear, shall I tell you the real name of the Household Fairy?"

And Liza-Lu said: "Yes, please, Mrs Brown."

Then Mrs Brown said: "Come here, very close so that I may whisper to you."

nest—feel it! And it is the first egg my little black hen has ever laid!"

"Oh, then you surely would not like to sell it?" exclaimed Muzel and Margaret together.

"Not sell it," said Trix. "No, it is an Easter egg. But won't you take it, please? It was my little black hen's present to me, and I should like it to

be my present to you, if you will have it."

"It is very kind, indeed, of you," said Margaret, taking the egg in one little gloved hand, and holding out the other to Trix. "Thank you, very much."

Trix looked round for Flo but Flo had run away at the first mention of

eggs, and gone to hide her treasure in the hay loft, lest her mother, if she knew of it, should ask her to give it up to the invalid.

Poor Flo! She came afterwards to Trix's side as she was sitting on her stool by the fire in the dusk, thinking rather wistfully, it must be confessed, about the little black hen's Easter

egg, and hoping that Mr. Lestrangle was enjoying it as much as it deserved to be enjoyed.

Flo's eyes were full of tears, and her face looked very miserable.

"Oh, Trix!" she whispered, "you might come with me to the hayloft and help me to seek my egg. I buried it under the hay, and now I can't find it again."



Trix came at once, and did her best to help her sister, who groped with feverish eagerness amongst the hay, half crying all the time.

"I don't think it can be here, Flo," she said at last. But just at that moment Flo found it all too surely, for she stumbled and fell upon her knee, and there was a fatal crunch.

"Oh, Trix! I've knelt upon it, and crushed it all to bits! It's no good to anybody now. Oh, dear, what shall I do?"

Flo sat down and wept. She could not go and confide her troubles to her mother, for she felt how selfish and unkind she had been in hiding the egg. So she had to be contented with the sympathy of Trix, who cuddled her and pitied her and nearly cried too.

Perhaps it was no wonder that Trix when she went to bed that night, dreamed about eggs. She thought that she felt something under her pillow; and on looking to see what it was, found a beautiful golden egg there. As she gazed at it with wondrous eyes, a soft voice whispered—

"This golden egg was a kindly thought, that lay in the warm nest of a loving heart, till a good deed was hatched from it."

And Trix saw the gold shell open, and a lovely fairy creep out, clad all in soft downy white. The fairy smiled, and there was a light on Trix's pillow as if the sun were shining.

"I have power to grant you one wish," said the fairy. "Choose what you would like best."

"Oh, please," said Trix, eagerly, "may Flo's yellow hen lay another Easter egg to-morrow? If Blackie lays one I will ask Flo to have it; but that wouldn't be quite the same thing to Flo as finding one of her own."

As Trix spoke thus, she saw, to her great surprise, another golden egg lying close beside the first; and then she woke.

Very early on Easter-morning the two little sisters were astir, and very eagerly they ran out to look for eggs. Trix hunted in vain through the haunts of her little black hen, under the laurels on the lawn; but she was full of gladness when she heard an eager cry from Flo—

"Oh, Trix, Trix! My yellow hen has laid another! Such a fine big one!"

"I'm so glad," said Trix, with all her heart; and to herself she added, "It was a real, true fairy, then! Not all a dream."—"Sunday Reading."

A Walking Fish.

The climbing perch is a fish that can walk, or at least progress, over dry land; indeed, it used to be believed able to climb palm-trees, but that is not now considered true. It lives in fresh water in the East Indies, and the pools which are its home are liable to dry up. When this happens the fish sets off on a journey by land in search of another pond, and often has to go a long way before it finds it.

You know, of course, that fish do not breathe in the same way that we do, although they breathe the same kind of air. We take into our lungs the air that is all around us in the atmosphere, that is, atmospheric air. Fish also breathe the air that is around them, but this air is not atmospheric, but in the water, taken up by or dissolved in the water.

Just as we cannot live in water, so the fishes cannot live out of it. They breathe the air in water by means of gills, which are rows and rows of very delicate, thin plates, set side by side, and full of little bloodvessels. Water constantly bathes these gills, and the air in its passes into the bloodvessels and aerates the blood. In our case the bloodvessels in our lungs take up the air, or comparatively so.

You see, then, that a fish must die unless its gills are kept moist.

Now, how does the climbing perch manage? His land journey sometimes lasts as long as six days; why is he not suffocated? The reason is that at the back of his mouth there is an arched hole, in which there is a perfect maze of bones with empty spaces between them. The climbing perch sets out on his travels with all these hollows filled with water, and this keeps his gills always moist, and so in working condition. He is a little fish, only about six inches long,

and a land journey sounds a terrible undertaking for him; we can only hope that he enjoys the change.—"Sunday Reading."

Why He Didn't Like the Country

Little Johnny had not been very well, and the doctor advised his parents to send him into the country for change of air.

But Johnny protested. He would much rather stay in town, he said. He didn't want to go into the country.

For some time he refused to give any reason, simply repeating that he did not want to go into the country; but at last he explained: "Well, I've heard they've got thrashing-machines in the country, and it's bad enough here where you do it by hand."

Tongue Twisters.

Cricket critic.

She sells sea shells.

Six thick thistle sticks.

Flesh of freshly fried flying fish.

A growing gleam growing green.

The sea ceaseth and it sufficeth us.

Try repeating each of these sentences quickly half a dozen times.

Teacher (seeing Johnnie inattentive): "Where does the swallow go in winter-time, Johnnie?"

Johnny: "Why—er—it goes straight to the stomach, just like it does any other time."

Mother: "Johnny, you said you'd been to Sunday-school."

Johnny (with a far-away look)—"Yes'm."

Mother—"How does it happen that your hands smell fishy?"

Johnny—"I—I carried home th' Sunday-school paper, an'-an' th' outside page is all about Jonah an' th' whale."

CAN YOU FIGHT YOUR OWN BATTLE?

Think of an admiral or a general, yellow with biliousness, his nerves unsettled, taking his forces into battle. If he is defeated, you would say: "What else could you expect?"

You are in the same position. Your business affairs are your battlefield, and to be successful you should be at your best, not at your worst. When your stomach is ill you are sure to feel ill all over.

The stomach is the real centre of the nerve functions and the emotions. When the digestion is weak, the nerves are also weak and disturbed. The power to think well, clearly, promptly, is reduced, if not altogether broken up.

The bones, brain, muscles, nerves and blood are built up, supported, by the nourishment drawn from food. This nourishment is carried by the blood to every part of the body. If the blood is poor in quality, or actually impure, every part of the body suffers, especially the nervous system. You can keep all the functions in order by using the famous herbal remedy, Mother Seigel's Syrup. It makes you fit for business or pleasure.

Indigestion is the starting point for Biliousness, Constipation, Headaches, Flatulence, Dizziness, Rheumatism, Gout, and a hundred other painful symptoms.

Think of this when your stomach is "out of order"—it is the first phase of indigestion, and you may avoid the second, or the worst phase, by promptly using Mother Seigel's Syrup.

Mr Archie Fisher, 82 Ann-street, Surry Hills, N.S.W., wrote us on June 29, 1908, telling the tortures he had suffered for years from sciatia and rheumatism, while employed on cattle stations. In 1905 he met "an old time mate," who advised him to try Mother Seigel's Syrup, saying it would drive all the acid impurities out of his blood. Mr Fisher says:—"I used, in all, eight bottles, by which time I was free from every ache and pain and looking the picture of health and strength. Better than all—I have not since had the slightest return of my trouble."

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Governors of Australia, New Zealand, etc.

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The Hotel possesses its own private Hot and Cold Curative Mineral Baths, of which the most valued are the "Spout," "Oil," and "Carlsbad" Baths. It is furnished throughout in a most luxurious style, and is on a par with the leading Continental Spa Hotels.

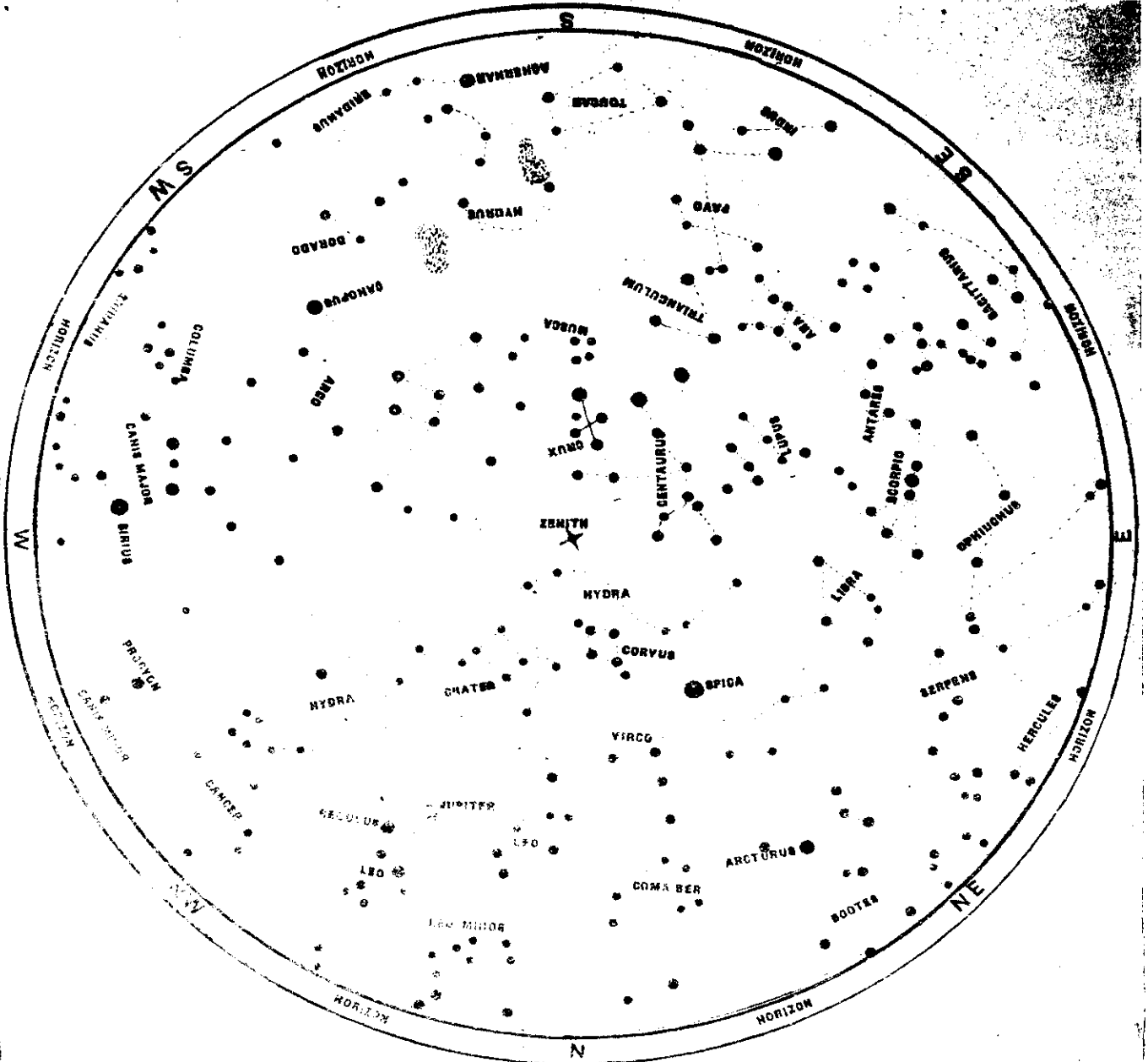
TARIFF: From 10/6 per day.

F. WATKINSON, Proprietor.

THE NIGHT SKY FOR MAY

STAR CHART SHOWING the PRINCIPAL CONSTELLATIONS, BRIGHTEST STARS and PLANETS, VISIBLE at ABOUT 8 p.m. on MAY 15.

Specially Drawn for the "Graphic" by J. T. Ward, Hon. Director Wanganui Observatory.



THE stars, planets, etc., are shown as they may be seen on the evening of the 15th at 8 p.m., but they may be seen in the same position at an earlier date and later hour, or on a later date and earlier hour, by adding four minutes for every preceding day, and subtracting the same amount from every following day.

To see the stars, as they appear in the sky, the observer should hold the chart with that point of the compass downward corresponding to the direction in which he is observing, then the centre of the chart represents the point directly overhead.

Comparing the above chart with that

of April it will be seen that several constellations visible upon the western horizon in April have now set, while in the May chart several fresh ones may now be seen rising in the east. The bright, clear winter evenings now approaching present us with skies of especial interest, the darker background of the heavens making the starry host stand out with greater brilliancy and beauty. Looking towards the north the constellations Leo and Virgo will be found on either side of the meridian. Leo Minor and Coma—Berenice lower down. Over these will be seen the long trailing form of the Water Snake, and attached, apparently, are Crater, the Cup and Corvus (the Crow), the latter shown in the

northern heavens as perched upon the Hydra. In the north-east, Bootes may be seen just getting above the horizon, the bright star Arcturus being now well risen over the mists of the horizon.

In the east are Ophiuchus and Serpens on the one hand, and Sagittarius on the other, north and south respectively, with Scorpio over them both and Libra to the left, with the Centaur closer to the zenith. Serpens on the one hand and Sagittarius on the other, north and south of the east point low down, with Scorpio and the fine red star Antares above, and Libra to the left, the Centaur being closer to the zenith. The Southern Cross and the bright "Pointers" Alpha and Beta Centauri are now well over the pole, and in their wake the

Triangle, with Ara and Pavo lower down. The Toucan is now low down under the pole, with the smaller Magellanic cloud, containing that beautiful star, cluster 47 Toucani. Achernar shines brightly low down, while Argo and the brilliant Canopus are nearly due west. Canis Major, with the brightest of all the starry host—Sirius—are near the west, with Columba and Lepus near the horizon. Cancer and Canis Minor are nearing their settings in the north-west. Jupiter is the only one of the bright planets visible at this time, but he is a most interesting object to the possessor of a good telescope. Mars will be visible in the course of a month or two in the evenings, and Venus in the west in June.

VOLUNTEER NOTES

(By RIFLEMAN.)

With a view to obtaining the difficulty of obtaining suitable and safe grounds for the holding of battle practice in connection with Easter manoeuvres, the Defence Department has approached the Department of Lands, asking that suitable areas be set apart for these purposes (says a Dussend writer).

The newly-formed Highland Rifles (Auckland) have fixed Tuesday for their weekly parade night. The first parade was attended by a good muster of about forty men. The company is rapidly filling to its full strength.

It is proposed to hold in the four centres during the winter season signalling and engineering classes for officers and N.C.O.'s. It is intended that the classes shall last a month in each centre, and the suggested months are—July, Wellington; August, Auckland; September, Christchurch; October, Dunedin.

The prizes earned by members of the No. 8 Company, G.A.V., were presented on parade last week. The prize for highest marks for D.R.F., presented by the company, was won by Corp. Winks. Prize for the best Gunner, presented by Mr. J. E. Oliver (late gunner No. 3 Company), won by G. Golden. Prize for the best G. pr. gunner, won by Gunner McCullough.

Mr. Solano, whose target has been recognised and adopted by the British War Office for future use in the Army, in a recent criticism of the bull's-eye target, stated that this form of shooting had been discarded by every military power in the world, and was only used by them for short recruit course. In fact, it was only useful for the purpose of the pot-shooter, for under no conditions of active warfare would a man be called upon to shoot at black against white—all would be of neutral colours.

Some of the Otago volunteers had a rather unpleasant experience during the recent manoeuvres. It was about 5 a.m. before the Red force was dismissed to its tents. This being a flying column, no straw was brought, and remembering their experiences at Goodwood last year half the men did not bring their waterproof sheets. The great black mass dissolved silently, and the ghostly canvas swallowed it in detail. Soon there arose from the tents a sound of lamentation, and behind the canvas had been pitched upon this side. There were hosts of them in tall, spiked, vicious masses. There were as many as fifty and sixty to a tent, and each man, as he sank to rest, leapt up again with alacrity.

Those interested in artillery work in Auckland read with interest, mingled with surprise, the Prime Minister's announcement that the construction of new forts is being rapidly pushed on at Auckland and Wellington. In conversation with one who is well-versed in defence matters, I learned that the mounting of two Mark VII. 6in guns on North Head is proceeding, and possibly this is the fact on which the Premier's announcement is based. These guns are really fine weapons yet though they were imported about five years ago, and, at the present rate of progress, according to my informant, the mounting should be completed in from two to three years. The two guns are fitted with telescopic sights, have a range of 10,000yds, and can discharge six 100lb

shells to the minute, a rate of fire far higher than the six inchers at present in use at the forts.

The French engineers and scientists who are constantly leading the world in the production of new descriptions of lethal weapons, but which are seldom taken up by their army and navy with that zest and rapidity that might be expected, or, if taken up, persevered with until perfection is gained, are once more ahead of other countries in the development of a torpedo which can be controlled by means of Hertzian waves used in a "wireless" system. Such a system (says the "United Services Gazette"), if perfected, could not fail to have a far-reaching effect, for it would enable those in charge of shore defences, against the attack of a fleet, to hit back with even greater accuracy than could be done by means of submarines. Whitehead torpedoes controlled by means of a wireless system of electricity by operating from the white cliffs of Dover, for instance, would enable a few men to entirely command the straits, and prevent hostile warships passing through these narrow waters during daylight and in clear weather.

The Unchangeful Sex.

[The new fashion which is to follow the Directoire style demands a smaller and much lower waist above an ample skirt.]

And so the stern decree is uttered,
Phyllis!
No more in dainty sheath-like gowns arrayed,
Slender and graceful as the daffodil is,
Shall I behold your classic form displayed.
For you who own Dame Fashion's sway must tremble
At thought of meriting her slightest frown,
Even though she may bid you to resemble
A tulip upside down!

Your waist must show a notable compression,
And must be lowered in no small degree,
And, though I do not ask for a confession
Of how the feat is done, it puzzles me.
Youth, I am well aware, is most elastic,
But you, as fashion changes her design,
Seem to be quite miraculously plastic,
I would the gift were mine!

My tailor is a man of understanding,
And I have often seen him much distressed
On fuding that my figure was expanding,
For, oh, he loves to make me look my best.
But yet the fellow never pulls or pinches;
He can not mould me to his will, 'tis clear,
Only, when calling out my extra inches,
He drops a silent tear!

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LORD ROBERTS' ADVICE TAKEN BY THE NURSERY.

According to a "Tattler" artist, irate fathers and mothers are discussing the advisability of forming an association to suppress the movement so enthusiastically supported by Lord Roberts of encouraging the use of the rifle amongst the young, noted in a recent issue of "Life."

Laxo-Tonic

There is a young lady of Clyde,
Who says she is quite satisfied
Laxo-Tonic can cure
What all women endure,
For the pill only wants to be tried.

With folks on the outer Marcoo,
Who live upon beef and sausage,
The scoury'd lie chronic
Were not Laxo-Tonic
A part of the regimen too!

LAXO-TONIC PILLS. 109

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News, Notes and Notions.

Don't Get Excited.

EIGHT weeks one day. That is what we are coming to. Sir George Darwin, who knows all about these things, asserts that the action of the tides is operating as a brake on the earth's revolutions, and that every day our fussy little globe spins more slowly. Eventually, he predicts, the day will last fifty-five times as long as it does at present. And this, as he very justly observes, will make an immense difference to mankind. It will dispense with the necessity for the Day-light Saving Bill, for one thing, and it may have an important bearing on the eight hours day. There will be only six days and a half in the Darwin year, when it comes, and if the working man insisted on his eight hours charter he would only work fifty-two hours in a twelvemonth. We have just cause of complaint against our planet. What we want is a world that will do what is expected of it in the geography books, turn round on its own axis once every twenty-four hours. Six and a half revolutions in a year won't do. Nothing is said about that in the geography books, and even if there were it wouldn't make any difference to the principle. It's the law of life to keep moving. Every day civilised mankind has got to accelerate and put more time in. What is good for human beings ought to be good enough for the world we live on. We want no dawdling in our earth's diurnal duties, no snacking off, no marking time. What we want is hustle and plenty of it. It is a wonder our scientists don't apply themselves to the problem in real earnest. Why don't some of them discover something to make the earth go quicker? What is the good of their electricity, and their radium, and their X-rays, and all that stuff if they can't do something useful with it? Don't let us get in a panic but let us rather tackle the difficulty like men and boost the world round a little longer. Keep the ball rolling; that is the game.

Unfashionable.

France is trying an experiment, and the nations are looking on. France is keeping down her population, reducing her birth rate, considering the quality, as well as the number of her citizens. The experiment is with the third child. A third living child means a large increase in population; two living children merely replace their dying parents. In France less than a third of all families have a third child. The two-child system is a national institution. Paternity and maternity on a large scale have gone out of fashion. The appearance of the third child becomes yearly less frequent. From 1801 to 1895, 150 years, we have statistics of the number of children born in France. During all that period no year has produced so few children as the last.

A Long Eat.

Sir Robert Hart, the veteran Inspector-General of the Chinese Customs, says that he once, in Peking, sat out a banquet that lasted for 17 consecutive hours. There were 25 courses, and he tasted them all. This would seem, at first sight, to take a lot of beating. Yet Mr. Ward, the American envoy, who tried to interview the Emperor Hsing-Fung in 1859, tells how he was entertained to a dinner that lasted from noon one day until six o'clock on the evening of the day following. The total number of courses is not given, but Ward mentions that he had to give in after partaking of 138 different dishes. "whereupon his hosts wondered greatly"—presumably at his abstemiousness. Probably, however, the Eskimo banquets last longer than any others, and the quantity of food swallowed is also proportionately greater. Ross records that seven of his party of natives once ate continuously for 33 hours, during which time they consumed 200lb. of seal meat.

Virtue of the Dot.

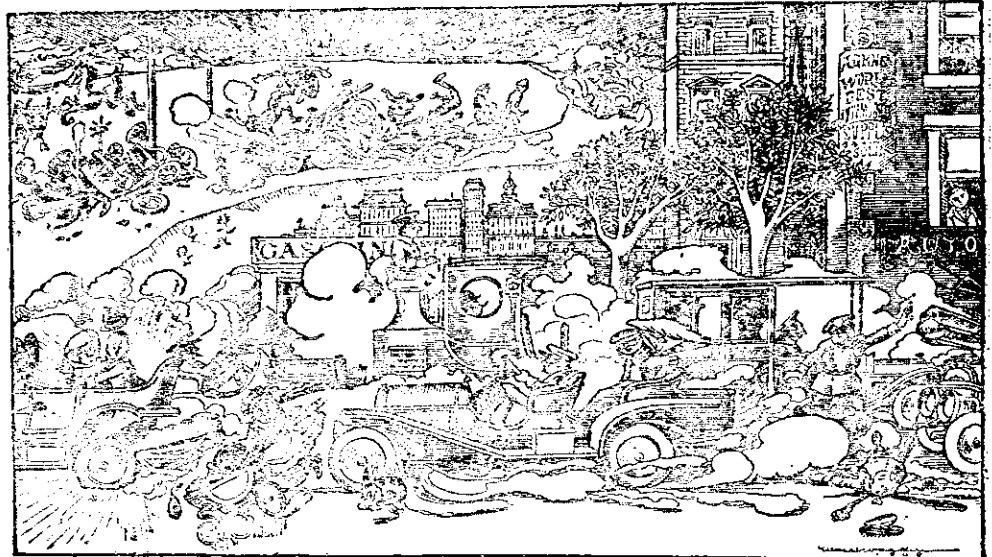
A French lady who is lecturing in London to large audiences deplored the other day the absence of a system of dowries for girls in England. As is well known, in France the system is one of the principal features of social life. Every girl, no matter how humble her station, brings her husband a "dot," and the provision of the dowry is a sacred duty incurred by the parents and built up week by week as soon as the child is born. She also, when she is old enough to earn money, puts by a certain sum regularly to this end, and when the parents of a young couple are arranging a match, the amount of a girl's dot is carefully taken into consideration. This may seem mercenary, and the match-making by parents would be resented as undue interference by our young people; but it must be admitted that the custom is eminently successful in France—notwithstanding the extraordinary ideas most British people have of Gallic married life. Another good result is that no country in the world shows such a huge proportion of elderly people who are living comfortably on their means.

with an income an average barrister would covet, or he may be the youth with just enough education to address a letter. The difficulty of getting the clerks to combine is the same as confronts those who try to gather the domestic servants into one camp. For there are no such snobs as these. The bank clerk regards himself as the head of the list, a little above the insurance clerk; and neither of them would have anything to say to the bookmaker's clerk except in the way of business. Indeed, a bank clerk found arm in social arm with the bookmaker's clerk would sacrifice his future. So there can be no clerks' union, because there are, generically speaking, no clerks.

Passing Hence.

A once familiar feature of the London daily papers—the "Agony Column"—bids fair soon to disappear. Rarely now do we come across any of those strange and cryptic messages which sometimes concealed unfathomable mysteries. Many were communications more than suspected of being messages from one criminal to another. There is still an officer at Scotland Yard whose duty is to scan the newspapers for all such matter, and to whom the most complicated cypher is as easy as a b. c. Perhaps the most pathetic message that ever appeared in the Agony Column was that inserted for Mrs. Pearcey after she was executed

party it answered. "It will go to anybody," remarked the other in profound gloom; and if this may have been an aspersion on the particular dog, it is undoubtedly true of many others of its race. With the exception of a good hard bite, few things in connection with his pet are more distressing to the dog-owner than a disposition to make friends with everybody, and not to exercise that wise discretion that appreciates the distinction between the demeanour that should be presented to the gentleman who comes after the spoons and to the wealthy maiden aunt. Something, however, is to be said on the dog's behalf. Whether it is from too deep reading of dog stories, or from too innocent belief in the doings of other people's dogs, too much has come to be expected of the average dog. Dogs, for example, that are born with a "Woodman-spare-that-tree!" expression go through life with the nature which that expression advertises, and should not be expected to burst themselves with delight over the pursuits that most people appear to imagine a dog should enjoy merely because it is a dog. Irritation should not be felt because the cry of "Cats!" does not produce a pricking of the ears and prancing of the legs in dogs of this kind. They do not play cats. It is not their game. All the prancing they wish to do when the ery rings out is to prance out of the way and keep there. Dog-owners should make a point of studying these little characteristics in



THE MOTOR CRAZE.

The Charlots shall rage in the streets, they shall jostle one against another in the broad ways: They shall seem like torches, they shall run like the Lightnings.—Nahum, Chap. II, v. 4.

Of course, every race has the customs best suited to its temperament, and it is no doubt a fine thing that our men and girls should have the courage and confidence to face a future together with the week's rent in their pockets and a cottage full of time-payment furniture. One admires their brave hearts, but a bad balance would not detract from their happiness, and French custom sees to the latter. Such innovations in social usage are, however, extremely difficult to implant in a nation, and it is unlikely that cold reason will affect it. The practically unfettered choice allowed Anglo-Saxon men and maidens is unknown among foreigners, and it is probable we will continue to take each other for better or for worse without tender inquiries after the ladies' banking account.

A Unicorn Class.

"I have almost de-paired of the clerk," writes Mr. Philip Snowden, M.P., in reference to the deputation that recently demanded from the Prime Minister the establishment of a minimum wage of thirty-five shillings a week for the clerk. Mr. Snowden's despair, the "Westminster Gazette" comments, arises from the impossibility of getting all clerks to combine. Which leads us to the impossibility of defining a clerk in terms of financial and social value. He is as elusive as the domestic servant, who ranges from the scullery-maid to the butler. For he may be the clerk of a eminent K.C.,

for what was known as the Hampstead murder. Its four words—"Have not betrayed. — Eleanor," speaks volumes of a woman's devotion in screening an unworthy partner in crime.

Related Diagnosis.

Some of the researches of surgical science are distinctly of a retrospective character. It is not so long since that the curious surgeons who unwound the mummy of an Egyptian Princess were enabled to diagnose with tolerable certainty that the lady had died from appendicitis. Now the mummy of the great Pharaoh himself has come in for the attention of the Royal College of Physicians. Meneptah is the reputed Pharaoh, and his aorta was so far calcified that a few thousand years had not impaired its structure, and the microscope has revealed that senile degeneration of the organ undoubtedly caused the Egyptian King's death. It would not be surprising if, in due time, it were established that Adam's apple was formed by an imperfect operation for tracheotomy performed by Tubal Cain.

Canine Sagacity.

The disputed ownership of a dog was decided last month—to the satisfaction of the East Ham Magistrates—by each claimant calling it in open Court, and the sagacious creature being adjudged to the

their pet, and they would not then suffer vexation at moments when their dog falls short of the ideal standard.



To take a DALLI' to his wife
And make her nappy all her life,
Professor leaves his gamp behind,
For having DALLI' on his mind.

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BILLIARDS.

By AN EXPERT.

HOW TO USE THE REST.

IN further illustration of the curving "bowls" shot previously referred to, in these notes we give another diagram and more explanations. To those who know the curling effect of a bowl upon the bowling-green, how the bias pulls it inwards to the jack (the little white ball which is made the objective), and distorts the first aim taken, the "bowls" shot upon the billiard table should not be difficult to follow. By a slight liting of the cut-but and strong "side," which is the equivalent of bias on the bowl, always used in the direction the ball has to incline to, a precisely similar curvilinear course is to be imparted to the billiard ball. It ranks in the higher flights of the play. No unskilled hand can give that little cut across sort of delivery of the cue-head. What would be the thinnest of thin shots on the first object ball may be turned to a half-ball and still successful one. The apparently impossible, with the pocket or second object ball right at the back of the first played object ball, in the way of thin direct shots is to be accomplished by its agency. What I have named the "bowls" shot is in reality a quarter-masse. It performs the identical offices at long range which the full masse may do with the balls in line at close range. The trick stroke played with the three balls standing at the mouth of the three pockets on one side of the table, and the ball at the bank pocket made to strike that lying at the top end without colliding with the centre ball, although this lies right in the straight pathway, is a nice example of my "bowls" shot.

A reference to the first of the two diagrams will show some further explanations of the "bowls" shot. The position A is intended to mark a simple half-ball "jenny" into the right top pocket. But from position B, and the raising of the cut-but and plenty of right "side" imparted to the cue-ball, the latter may make the losing hazard with almost the same certainty as in the more open stroke. The position of ball B is slightly exaggerated, but for purposes of identification I may say that it can be set two or three balls' width inside the angle of the ball A—that is, nearer to the right cushion line looking up the table, and the "jenny" will still be possible. The aim is taken about a ball wide of the red to the left, just as the bowler delivers his bowl in a line wide of the jack, according to his judgment as to what pull the bias will make in transit. The billiard player has to cross-cue to gain the desired result in his shot, but it is to be done, and that quite easily. Take strokes C and D, which are played from under the left top side cushion just above the middle pocket. I have no doubt many players will

recall failures when operating from this or similar positions on the other side of the table, at the red ball, as it lies upon the billiard-spot. They have used "side" for a cannon with the object lying behind the red, or for a narrow losing hazard at the further top pocket. Unconsciously they have played the curving "bowls" shot and courted failure, which must have been regularly attained, from the fact. The cue-ball being so close to the cushion has compelled the player to lift the cue-but and depress the head of the cue, and in combination with the right and left "side" (respectively employed at the cannon and the losing hazard), the quarter-masse or curving effect has been produced. The direct aim taken at the object-ball, therefore, went astray. In either case the contact would be too thick, or even at the other side of the balls than was intended. An allow-

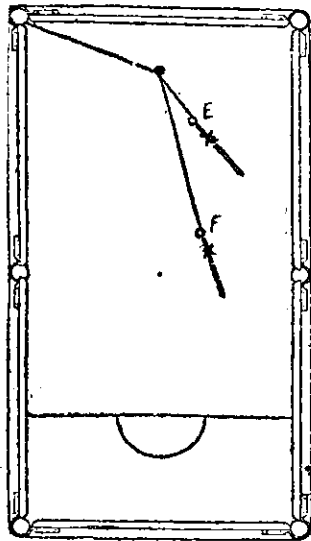


DIAGRAM II.

ance of 2in to 3in in the aim, made wide of the target-ball, would have led to the proper contact. There are no more deceptive shots to play than those which occur with the cue-ball lying under a cushion, and the use of "side" brings, as I have mentioned, other complications.

A correspondent has asked me to give some hints as to the use of the "rest" (says a writer in the "London Daily Telegraph"). I may say at once that there is no instrument connected with the game of billiards which is more regularly mishandled. Not all of the professional players, for all their remarkable skill, are adepts with the rest. Most of them, in point of fact, will resort to every other expedient, such as playing with the cue in the left hand or behind the back, or make the maximum of their reaching length by getting one leg upon the side of the table and tip-toeing on the floor with the other foot. The "rest" is not beloved by any of them. Yet I have seen some very skillful and dependable performances with the cross-headed stick. The most expert of any was, I shall always think, the spot-stroke celebrity of 20 years ago, W. J. Peall. Of very diminutive stature—he stands very little more than 5ft in height—this fine player was everlastingly calling for the "rest," half-but and long-but in his open game, using all these three very awkward implements equally well, and he served me as a nice object-lesson in this connection. The whole art of using the "rest" well is to keep it perfectly still, and laying the handle, whenever possible, flat upon the table. Hold it down with your disengaged hand, pressing firmly upon it so as to emphasise your wish not to move any part of your body except the arm that is above the cue. For in using the "rest," you simply attempt the very same principle as when supporting the cue upon the bridge hand. But 99 players out of a hundred hold the handle of the "rest" in the air, and they not only swing their cue arms, but

also make a poking movement of the left arm, which produces anything but the desired effect. The left arm pulls the rest-head to one side or slides it forward, and the cue skids away to the summit or to the sides of the cue-ball for an exasperating miss-cue. If the "rest" had been kept quite stationary and pressed down upon to guarantee a steady poise, such miss-strikings could not possibly happen. It is the old, old story, which keeps recurring in billiard-playing, of the player trying to help the cue at the moment of delivery, just when it should do its work unaided.

I give two very serviceable practice strokes with the "rest" upon the second of the diagrams. There is a slow half-ball shot into the left top pocket. Practice this from position E, which should put the cue-ball in a line drawn out from the centre of the right middle-pocket to the billiard-spot, where the red ball is set. Of course, as in the regular way of billiard-playing, the slow to medium pace strokes are easier to make than those at a higher speed. Thus, where one may find it a simple matter to use the "rest" well at the slow, close-range stroke demanded by position E,

the forcing shot from position F is of quite another character. Here the cue-ball is supposed to stand in a line drawn from the extreme right of the bank-line to the red ball upon the billiard-spot. This position will require a very strong forcing stroke to send the cue-ball from the red ball into the left top-pocket with a plain-ball shot. And, as I have pointed out, it is these forcings which cause most of the mistakes that are made in playing with the "rest." The power you put into your delivery, especially if a clean upward thrust is not made through the cue-ball, spoils the firmness of your poise unless you are a good, true cueer, and away goes the "rest," cue, aim, and every hope of the shot. The "rest" must be kept rigidly still. In practising with it a half-way position between the extremes of E and F will be found a nice stepping-stone from the simple to the difficult. But in every case lay the whole length of the "rest" upon the table and press firmly on it with the left hand, and make up your mind that only the cue-arm shall move. Once you can steel yourself to do this regularly in your play, the "rest" will hold no more terrors.

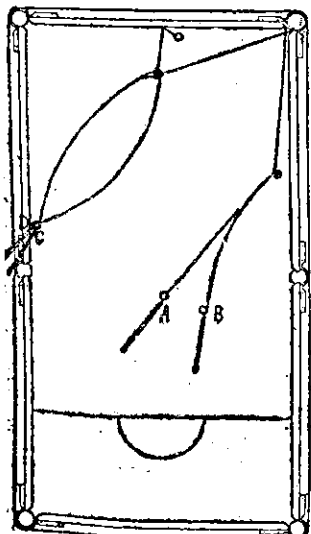


DIAGRAM I.

ALCOCK & Co.

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Just See What ALCOCK'S Can Do!

Branch Office and Show-rooms: VICTORIA BUILDINGS

"I have worked on the Barrier off and on for several years, and had to lose a good many shifts through ill health. I could neither eat nor sleep well. In fact, work of any kind was out of the question until I struck a good thing in Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I had only taken one bottle when I felt a lot better. In all, I have taken seven bottles and now am quite well. I always tell any one that feels off color to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla and it will put them in working order."

J. W. SCOTT,
Broken Hill, N. S. W.

Imperfectly digested food breeds poisons and impurities which are quickly absorbed into the blood.

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

will strengthen the stomach and make the digestive juices more active. As a remedy for dyspepsia and indigestion we cannot recommend it too strongly.

As now made, it contains no alcohol. Be sure that you get Ayer's Sarsaparilla, not some other kind put up in imitation of it.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass., U. S. A.

Orange Blossoms.

AUBRY—SUTTON.

HOLY Trinity Church (Picton) was crowded to witness the marriage of Miss Ivy Eveline Sutton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. Sutton, of Speeds Valley, Koromiko and Mahakipawa, to Mr. William Holland, son of Mr. and Mrs. Aubry, of Mount Pleasant. The vicar was the celebrant. The bride wore a trained white silk dress, elaborately trimmed with silk ruching and lace, a long tulle veil, and wreath and spray of orange blossom. She carried a shower bouquet of white flowers and asparagus. There were four bridesmaids—Miss Rose Aubry, Miss Ellen Aubry, Miss Mary Aubry, and Miss Mary Sutton,—of whom Miss Rose Aubry was the chief. All were dressed alike, in cream silk frocks, tucked and frilled, and trimmed with cream lace. They wore head ornaments of flowers and wide ribbon, and carried bouquets of cream chrysanthemums, asparagus, and lycopodium. The best man was Mr. George Aubry. About 200 guests drove or cycled out to Mount Pleasant, where they were received by Mr. and Mrs. Aubry and Mr. and Mrs. Sutton. After summing a wonderful array of pretty and useful presents, the guests were entertained at afternoon tea set out in a marquee near the house. There was quite an assemblage of old friends, though but for election day many more would have been present, and all parts of the district were represented. It is many a long day since there was such a gathering in the valley (says the local newspaper).

FRANKLIN—McDONALD.

At Poukawa, Hawke's Bay, recently, Miss Edith Emily McDonald was married to Mr. Herbert Franklin, of Mangateretere. The Rev. A. Whyte (of Havelock) was the officiating clergyman. The bride, who was given away by her father, looked charming in a plain white "box" dress, with large blue hat. She was attended by Miss Franklin (sister of the bridegroom) as chief bridesmaid, and Miss Betty McDonald as bridesmaid, both wearing pretty pale blue mercerized muslin dresses, trimmed with cream lace and silk insertion, with large white hats. Mr. Jack Flanders was best man.

RAYMOND—AVISS.

St. Matthew's Church (Hastings) was very prettily decorated on the occasion of the marriage of Mr. Walter Raymond and Miss Aviss. The groom is a son of Mr. Walter Raymond, author, of Somersetshire, England, and he is at present holding the office of huntsman to the Hawke's Bay hounds at Paki Paki; whilst the bride is a daughter of Mr. J. Macfarlane, sheep farmer, of the Clive Grange. Mr. G. E. Groome discharged the duties of best man, and Miss Elsie Macfarlane was bridesmaid.

YORK—FENSHAM.

At Carterton, Wairarapa, recently, Miss Cassie Fensham, eldest daughter of Mr. J. Fensham, of Surrey Holme, Carterton, was married to Mr. Wilfrid Russell York, of Te Wharan, eldest son of Mr. W. F. York, of Motuka, Nelson. The bride looked very pretty in a dress of cream satin, trimmed with silk insertion, satin, and accordion-pleated chiffon. She wore a hand-embroidered veil, with orange blossoms and dematis, and carried a shower bouquet of roses and maiden-hair fern. The officiating minister was the Rev. W. J. Elliott. The bride was given away by her father, and her bridesmaids were Misses George Fensham and Ruby Fensham, sisters of the bride, who wore dresses of cream voile, trimmed with lace and satin, and black and white Merry Widow hats. The best man was Mr. R. York, brother of the bridegroom, Mr. Harold York acting as groomsmen. The church was prettily decorated by members of the choir, a large wedding bill over the bridal party being a noticeable feature. The bride's travelling dress was a brown hopsack, trimmed with tuckered net and silk, and brown and blue Merry Widow hat.

ROSS—ROBINSON.

A wedding of considerable local interest took place at Pine Grove, Greytown, Wairarapa, when Mr. Norman Ross, late of the Greytown branch of the Bank of New Zealand, but now of the Kaikoura branch, and fifth son of Mr. G. M. Ross, of Melbourne, was married to Miss Ethel Maud Robinson, eldest daughter of the late Mr. H. Robinson, Humphries Lane, Greytown. The Rev. W. J. Elliott was the officiating minister, and the wedding ceremony was performed on the lawn and underneath a large and historic tree. The bride was gracefully gowned in a dress of white chiffon taffeta, trimmed with fllet lace (the gift of some of her many friends), with the orthodox veil and orange blossoms, and carried a lovely shower bouquet (the gift of Mrs. A. D. P. Loasby, Mayoress). The bridesmaids, Miss Nellie Robinson (sister of the bride), and Miss Florrie Allen (Pahiatua), were dressed in white embroidered Swiss muslin, with cinnamon brown hats and belts, and carried pretty shower bouquets of yellow roses and autumn leaves, while Miss Kathleen Robinson (sister of the bride) looked very dainty in pale pink, and carried a basket of pink roses. Mr. J. Mackay, of Wellington, was best man, and Mr. Art. Haigh, of Greytown, acted as groomsmen. The large number of beautiful and valuable presents testify to the high esteem in which the newly wedded pair are held by a large circle of friends. The bride's travelling costume was a navy blue tailor-made, with a green hat.

McFARLAND—WADDINGTON.

At the Presbyterian Church, Feilding, the marriage was celebrated of Mr. A. S. McFarland, of the United Press Association, Wellington (son of Mr. James McFarland, of Aorangi), and Miss Beatrice Waddington (of Feilding). The Rev. G. Budd was the officiating clergyman. The bride, who was given away by her uncle, Mr. W. Wilkinson, looked exceedingly handsome in a neat-fitting tailor-made costume, pale blue picture hat. The bridesmaid, Miss Maggie Waddington (sister of the bride), was neatly attired in a pale blue Delaine dress, with a large black picture hat. The bridegroom was supported by his brother, Mr. R. A. McFarland. Mr. and Mrs. McFarland will go to Waiapuaka, where Mr. McFarland will represent the United Press Association.

KEANE—McCASHIN.

At St. Mary's Church, Gisborne, Miss Margaret Ann McCashin (of Wairoa) was married to Mr. John Keane (of Hokitika). The Rev. Father Lane officiated at the ceremony, nuptial mass being celebrated. The bride, who was given away by her brother, Mr. Mark McCashin, was charmingly attired in an Empire gown of cream silk taffeta, the bodice being trimmed with silk insertion, Ottoman silk, and silver tassels. The skirt was finished off with a band of cream velvet, and the orthodox wreath and veil were worn. The bridesmaid, Miss Mary Walsh, wore a white Swiss muslin dress, with a black silk Merry Widow hat. Mr. Frank Delaney acted as best man. After the ceremony the bridal party proceeded to Mr. J. H. Martin's private residence, where they partook of the wedding breakfast, the Rev. Fathers Lane and Ormond being present. Subsequently the happy couple left for the East Coast. The bride's travelling dress was of navy blue cloth, trimmed with braid and buttons, with hat to match.

WILSON—WILLETTTS.

At the Presbyterian Church, Thames, Miss A. E. Willetts, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Willetts, of Richmond-street, and Mr. T. H. Wilson, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. R. Wilson, of Tararua, were married last week. The bride, who was given away by her father, looked charming in a handsome dress of cream crepe, made in the semi-Empire style, beautifully trimmed with overall lace and insertion. She wore the orthodox veil and coronet of orange blossoms, and carried a prayer-book. The bride was attended by six bridesmaids, the eldest of whom, Misses Edie Willetts and Essie

Leatham (cousine of the bride), wore pretty dresses of heliotrope crepe de chine, with insertion and lace trimmings. The other bridesmaids—Misses Ada Willetts (sister of the bride) and Myrtle Thompson (niece of the bridegroom)—wore pretty Empire dresses of pink silk prettily trimmed with Valenciennes lace and ribbon to match. The other two—Misses A. James (niece of the bridegroom) and Mavis Hayward—wore blue silk Empire dresses, prettily trimmed with silk lace and insertion and blue bebe ribbon. The bridegroom was attended by his brother, Mr. W. Wilson, as best man, and Mr. C. Jenkins as groomsmen. After the ceremony, which was performed by the Rev. Mr. Milne, the party drove to the Oddfellows' hall, where a sumptuous breakfast was partaken of. The bride's travelling dress was an Eton costume, with green silk facings and creme vest, and black picture hat with ostrich plumes.

SMITH—CHANCELLOR.

Tokomaru Bay was the scene of a very pretty wedding, when Mr. William Alexander Smith, son of the late Mr. C. W. P. Smith, of Kaitia, and Miss Madeline Lawton Chancellor, eldest daughter of Mrs. Hume Chancellor, of London, were married. The bride looked most charming in a smart blue travelling costume, with white felt hat, trimmed with blue. She was given away by Mr. King Spencer, of Tolaga Bay, and Mr. Frank Smith, brother of the bridegroom, acted as best man. The Rev. Frank Long was the officiating clergyman. The church was beautifully decorated by friends of the bride. The guests were entertained at the residence of Mr. Dunlop Smith to a sumptuous breakfast, and in the evening a most enjoyable dance was given. The wedding presents were many and costly.

BRADLEY—MOORE.

A quiet little wedding was celebrated in St. Matthew's Church, Hastings, by the Rev. Mr. Hobbs, last week, when George Isaac Bradley, eldest son of Mrs. Fordham, Chadwell Heath, Essex, England, was married to Irene Hibbin Moore, only daughter of Mrs. Schofield, late of Konini, Pahiatua. The bride, who was given away by her brother, Mr. Foster Moore, was charmingly attired in a green costume with hat to match, and carried a shower bouquet. She was attended by Miss Rogers, of Napier, as bridesmaid. Mr. W. Farrelly acted as best man. At the conclusion of the ceremony about 40 guests were entertained by Mrs. Schofield at her residence.

GOLDSWORTHY—SPONG.

A wedding which created considerable interest amongst relatives and friends, took place at the Cambridge Trinity Presbyterian Church, when Mr. W. Goldsworthy, of Pongsonby, Auckland, manager of Broken Hill mine, Tairua, was married to Miss Helen Elizabeth Spong, daughter of the late Wm. Spong, and Mrs. H. M. Spong, of Cambridge. The bride looked charming in a cream cashmere Empire dress, trimmed with cream lace satin. She also wore the orthodox veil and orange blossoms, and carried a beautiful shower bouquet. The bridesmaid was Miss Sylvia Goldsworthy (sister of the bridegroom), who was dressed in white muslin, with satin trimmings. The bride was given away by Mr. Geo. Dickinson, an old friend of the family. Mr. Frederick Margrett, of Thames, was best man. The officiating minister was the Rev. W. J. Gow, who performed the ceremony in the presence of a large congregation. At the conclusion of the ceremony an adjournment was made to Victoria Hall, where a large number of guests sat down to the wedding breakfast.

BUCHANAN-BRYDON.

In the presence of a large congregation at the Presbyterian Church, Renwick, Marlborough, Miss Edie Brydon, only surviving daughter of Mr. John Brydon, of Renwick, was married to Mr. David John Buchanan, of Botouras. The church was tastefully decorated. The service was conducted by the Rev. W. O. Robb, of Blenheim. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a lovely gown of white silk, with the orthodox accompaniment of veil and orange blossoms, and carried a beauti-

ful shower bouquet. The bridesmaid—Miss Edith Brydon, cousin of the bride—was prettily attired in a dress of pale green voile trimmed with cream lace, and wore a green picture hat, and carried a white shower bouquet. Miss Birdie Fairhall, the little flower girl, wore a dainty dress of white silk, with pretty silk hat to match, and carried a basket of white flowers. Mr. Frank Gow was best man. A reception was afterwards held at the residence of the bride's parents.

ORBELL—CARROLL.

The wedding took place recently at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Hooper, New Plymouth, of Mr. Frank Orbell, of the land department of Mr. Newton King's business, and Miss W. Carroll. The bride was attired in a green chiffon taffeta costume, trimmed with silk Maltese lace, and wore a Merry Widow white hat trimmed with green plumes. Miss McKeown acted as bridesmaid, and was dressed in brown glace silk trimmed with old Limerick lace. Her hat, a Merry Widow amethyst-tinted chip, was trimmed with violets, pink rosebuds and autumn tints. Mr. Harry Linn acted as best man.

Two lovers with one self-same cold,
Two chests with but one wheel;
Two rose-red noses bleeding in
One grand insensated sneeze;
Two souls with but one single thought,
One aspiration pure—
"This cold we've caught we'll set at naught
By Woods' Great Peppermint Cure."

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

Permanently Removed by Electrolysis, 5/ per half-hour sitting. There is only one method and that is practiced by MISS BACON, Expert Specialist, No. 1, Victoria Buildings, Victoria-st. East.

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DISSOLVE INSTANTLY.
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Storekeepers can obtain supplies of the above locally from their merchants, they again ordering through Home Houses only, from ALFRED BIRD & Sons, Ltd., Birmingham, ENG.

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 Beryl Browne, youngest daughter of Mr. G. J. Browne, of Onahunga, to Mr. John Dawson, son of Mr. John Dawson, of Epsom.

The engagement is announced of Miss Florida Cosgrove, third daughter of Major Cosgrove, V.D., Tashieri, Canterbury, to Mr F. Rickman, of Wellington.

The engagement is announced of Miss Mariel Humphreys, youngest daughter of Mr G. Humphreys, engineer, of Gisborne, to Mr E. Vernon Collins, second son of Mr Edward Collins, of Lostwithiel, Cornwall, England. The marriage is expected to take place in October.

GILBERT J. MACKAY,
 FLORIST, 126 QUEEN ST.
 AUCKLAND.
 The best for
 WEDDING BOUQUETS,
 CUT FLOWERS,
 FUNERAL EMBLEMS &
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Maria
 GOLD WIRE, any name, 3/6, post free.
 DENNES BROS., Queen-st., Auckland

HIA ORA BOARDING HOUSE
 HIGH STREET, MOTUKA.
 First-class accommodation for Tourists and Visitors. Terms moderate.
 MRS. BRADLEY, Proprietress.

The Family Cough Remedy.
 Parents throughout Australasia know that no cough remedy is so effective and so safe as Bonnington's Irish Moss.
Bonnington's CARRAGEEN Irish Moss.
 breaks up the cough or cold, wards off bronchitis, and prevents pneumonia. Wise parents always keep a bottle in the home.
 Ms. J. Turner of Dunedin writes: "I have for some years used your Irish Moss for Mrs. Turner, and she has derived much benefit by its use. She was considerably consumptive, but Bonnington's Irish Moss has quite restored her, and she is now quite strong. I have recommended it to many persons, and believe that all have been pleased with its effect."
REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.
 Don't be fooled by imitations. Look for the remedy "just as good" as Bonnington's.
 Illustration of a family: a woman, a man, and a child.

Society Gossip.

(Special to the "Graphic.")

AUCKLAND.

May 10.

Auckland University College

Conversations.

The first of a series of conversations took place last Saturday evening at the Auckland University College, in aid of the athletic club's tournament expenses fund. In a humorous address Prof. Brown referred to the club's contests with other centres, and explained the object of these gatherings to enable the clubs to compete with better facilities. At the same time he urged them to turn their attention to games of skill rather than strength, in which their Southern cousins had all the advantage of a colder climate. A short musical programme was gone through, followed by an adjournment for supper, a dainty repast served in one of the lecture rooms, after which there was dancing in the hall and spacious corridors. Of the musical programme, Mr. Gilmour gave the item of the evening in a tasteful and thoroughly artistic rendering of the "Slave Song." This gentleman possesses a powerful voice of excellent timbre, which, if trained to sing baritone, will with further study be heard of in the near future. Another good voice (despite a certain tendency to falsetto) was Mr. Dellow's, in "King of the Mist." Miss Lusher gave Schubert-Liszt's "Trout" with good technique and cleanness of execution. Among those present I noticed the following: Miss Brown, in lovely, amethyst amon dress, with tucks and Brussels lace; her sister, in pale blue, with grey silk shoulder straps and lace chemisette; Miss Newman, handsome blue satin Princess robe, bands tinted applique and gold thread; Miss Litten, pale green; Miss Monstead, sea green, edged black bebe ribbon; Miss Siroff, pretty reseau green taffetas, white net sleeves; Miss Q. Nelson, lace blouse, with touches of pale blue; the Misses Lusher, in white muslin and insertion; Mrs. Lusher, pale blue and white floral muslin; Miss Nora Bell, white silk; Miss Edna Gillingham, white taffetas; Miss Cottrill, cream spotted net, with bebe ribbon; Miss Speight, soft white silk; Miss Holloway, eau de nil French muslin, white net sleeves, and lace decolletage; Mrs. Milnes, white lace with touches of cameo pink; Miss M. Blades, pale grey silk, black voile skirt; Miss Cousins, pastel blue ninon de soie, with white lace chemisette; Mrs. Gorrie, black silk, with Paris lace, Shamrocks in hair; Miss Eva Dickenson, white muslin and lace; Miss Bull, azure blue; Miss Wilson, white muslin; Miss Oliphant, white silk; Miss Hilda Bloomfield, white silk and pink roses; Miss McElwain, white tucked muslin; Miss Alice Goodwin, cream net, with silver sequin trimming, blue ceinture; Miss Queenie Nelson, lovely blue and pink floral Empress satin gown, with Honiton lace decolletage; Mrs. Melloop, black silk toilette, with touches of white lace; Miss Bessie Ziman, cream lace frock; Miss Partridge, pretty white silk gown, cluster of la France, roses on corsage; Miss Olive Clark, black crepe de chine frock, corsage bouquet of pink roses; Miss Oliphant, white silk gown; Miss Margaret Oliphant, Nile green silk; Miss Sioman, rose pink silk Princess robe, with white lace entreeux; Miss Sylvia Dunlop, pale green silk; Miss Wildman, rose pink silk; Miss Gladys Bagnall, dainty white crepe de chine gown; Miss Queenie Boult, pale blue Empire frock, with cluster of autumn leaves on corsage.

Dance at Farmell.

One of the first dances of the season was given last Wednesday evening by Mrs. Greig for her youngest daughter, Roysie, who made her debut that night. Miss Gwyneth Cole, eldest daughter of Canon Cole, who is at present living at Bishop's Court, also made her first appearance in the Auckland social world. Miss Roysie Greig looked charming in the sweetest and faintest of English frocks. It was of ivory ninon mounted on simple satin beautifully tucked and inset with wide Valenciennes insertion threaded with satin ribbon and silver tissue, the tiny Empire bodice being draped with a little beautiful lace. She wore wide satin ribbon in her hair, finishing with a butterfly bow at the back, and carried a lovely bouquet, the gift of one of her school friends. Miss Gwyneth Cole, who shared the honours of the evening with Miss Roysie, was effectively gowned in an Empire frock of white Liberty satin with exquisite lace berthe. Mrs. Greig received her guests wearing a handsome toilette of black chiffon taffeta with white net and lace guimpe. Miss Sybil Greig was prettily frocked in Tuscan chiffon taffeta, hemmed with gold tissue, and lace panel arranged down the front and back, giving a smart Princess effect.

Everything possible that could in any way add to the enjoyment of the guests had been done by Mrs. Greig and her daughters. The wide verandahs were awned in, and the lower verandah was utilised as a supper room, leaving the large drawing-room and morning-room free for the dancers. The supper table was exquisitely arranged with pink chrysanthemums and autumn leaves, and the pink shades on lamps and candles added the completing note of the colour scheme. Burke's Band supplied the music, and the floor was in splendid condition. Given a bright moonlight night and plenty of partners, what could one desire more?

Among the guests were:—Miss Ethel Nathan, of Wellington, who was gowned in a dainty shrimp pink crepe de chine Empire toilette toned with lace; Miss Ada Preece's gown of ivory silk made a l'Empire, finished with silver embroideries and fringe, was much admired; Miss Jean Richmond, pretty toilette of ivory satin draped with Duchesse lace; Miss Hazel Buckland, white flit net over white satin; Miss Audrey Stubbs looked pretty in a becoming heliotrope taffeta frock, wreath of flowers of same shade in her hair; Miss Eileen Tole, very pretty white silk trimmed with lovely lace; Miss Bay Tole, white satin with pearl trimming, girdle finished with a beautiful pearl tassel; Miss Daisy Benjamin, Empire frock of white satin striped ninon; Miss Una Saunders looked pretty in a becoming moonlight blue liberty satin; Miss Blanche Devore, white chiffon taffeta; Miss Kirker; Miss Dutkie was picturesque in pale blue satin with net vest, large pink rose in corsage; Miss Kitty Clark wore black taffeta; Miss Mavis Clark was gowned in sea blue couple satin; Miss Myra Reid, white silk, Grecian pattern in gold on skirt and bodice; Miss Maggie Frater, ivory net over white satin with touches of black; Miss Sybil Taylor, cream net over primrose satin; Miss Gwen Nathan, lovely white satin Princess gown with handsome pearl girdle; Miss Cooper, black silk; Miss Ruddock, pink satin Empire gown; Miss Pearl Gorrie, ivory Liberty satin with touches of gold; Miss M. Tole, white chiffon taffeta with lovely lace berthe; Miss Neta Thomas, dainty white taffeta veiled in tulle; Miss Rachael Gorrie, white mousseline; Miss Florence Walker, very pretty pale blue chiffon taffeta with touches of silver; Miss Beryl Keesing, very striking soft emerald green Princess robe.

Madame Wielert's Concert at the Leys Institute.

One of the most enjoyable concerts heard for some time was given last Friday evening, when a delightful programme of music was arranged by Madame Wielert for the initial night of the winter course of lectures and con-

certs in connection with the Leys Institute. The hall was filled to its utmost capacity. Those contributing to the programme were: Madame Wielert, Misses Ida Sharland, Bessie Dalton, Beryl Yoeland, Laetitia Gardner, and Messrs. Wilfred Manning, John Carter and G. E. Moore. Madame Wielert, who sang with much grace and sweetness, was charmingly gowned in ivory Limerick lace over silk, with silver girdle, and corsage bouquet of violet irises; Miss Ida Sharland wore a pretty white lace frock with pink ceinture and Louis Seize bows; Miss Bessie Dalton wore a graceful white silk gown with white net tucker threaded with white bebe ribbon, white satin sash; Miss Beryl Yoeland was in a simple white chiffon voile frock with white lace berthe and silk wash; Miss L. Gardner, white ninon Empire gown with pretty blonde lace decolletage and white satin sash. Among the audience I noticed: Mrs. Gresham, in black silk with cream lace yoke; Miss Bagnall, white and heliotrope chiffon voile, edged with violet ribbon velvet; Mrs. F. M. Nairn, cream embroidered silk; Miss F. Cooke, cream silk; Miss Stebbing, white lace gown; Mrs. W. Somers, black silk evening toilette, white and turquoise blue coat; Miss Nellie Stevenson, white silk and lace; Mrs. Dalton, lake brown glaze silk gown with cream lace entreeux; Mrs. Aldridge, white silk; Mrs. T. U. Welch, rose pink ninon with white net decolletage; Mrs. Coutts, white Indian nun-ho and lace; Mrs. Jas. Drummond, black silk gown with black lace yoke and sleeves; Misses Johnston, black silk and lace; Mrs. Hodgson, black silk gown, brightened with white and blue silk; Mrs. Sharland, black merveilleux silk, cream lace berthe; Miss Edwards, white silk and lace.

Children's Dance.

A very enjoyable children's dance was given on the 7th by Miss Colleen Partridge, daughter of Mr H. E. Partridge, at their residence, Grafton-road. About 40 children were present, and a programme of dances was carried out in the large drawing room, which was prettily decorated with chrysanthemums, and the verandah with Chinese lanterns. Mr Burke supplied the music on the piano, and a very happy time was spent by all. The supper table was beautifully decorated with pink cactus blossoms, pink dallias, leopodium and maidenhair fern, with ribbon streamers, and was greatly admired. Miss Colleen Partridge looked sweet in blue and golden brown; Miss Dolly Stopford wore a pretty green silk dress; Miss Judy Barnett, pale green muslin; Miss Mona Culling, mauve silk; the Misses G. and L. Culling, white silk; Miss Dorothy Nicholl, soft white silk, trimmed with pink; Miss Isabel Dufaur, pale blue; Miss Eranie Dufaur, white; Miss Madge Hare, green silk; Miss D. Frater, white; Miss N. Frater, green; Miss Hilda Wiseman, pink; Miss L. Wiseman, white silk.

Personal Items.

Mrs. A. Beck, who has been spending a long holiday in New Plymouth as the guest of Mrs. Quillian, has returned to Auckland.

PHYLLIS BROWN.

WELLINGTON.

May 7.

Exit Melba.

Madame Melba has gone. We are all feeling rather flat after the excitement. Everyone who met her personally was charmed, and her unalloyed enjoyment of everything was delightful. Sunday she spent at Day's Bay with Dr. and Mrs. Findlay, and in the evening Mr. Justice Williams and Mrs. Williams had a supper party in her honour. At Awana House the Prime Minister and Lady Ward had a luncheon party at which Madame Melba wore dull electric blue satin soutache in black, a black picture hat and magnificent furs. Lady Ward was in ivory ninon, elaborately embroidered in silk and silver; Miss Eileen Ward, sky blue crystalline made in semi-Empire style, with a yoke of lace; Mrs. Purchas, black chiffon taffetas and lace, black and white hat; Mrs. Chapman, black striped ninon with mauve galon on the lace vest, toque with mauve flowers; Mrs. Findlay, black cloth

tailor-made, black and white hat, ermine furs; Mrs. Seddon, black taffetas and lace, black toque; Mrs. R. Gilmer, black Directoire coat and skirt, black hat with cherries; Mrs. Coates, forest green cloth made en tailleur, with black braid, black hat with wings; Miss Skerrett, grey chiffon velours, with Oriental embroideries on the high-waisted bodice, black and white hat; Miss Harcourt, ivory ninon made en Princesse, with a yoke and bretelles of Irish guipure edged with ball fringe, blue silk hat with shaded roses; Miss Prouse, sky blue Shantung, soutache, and worn with a ermineline hat lined and trimmed with palest blue. The Hon. Dr. Findlay, Colonel Tison, Hon. Mr. Millar, Mr. Justice Chapman, Mr. Prouse, Mr. Harcourt, and Mr. Ward were also among those present.

After luncheon the guests listened with great pleasure to some violin solos by Miss Ruby Macdonald.

Water Party.

In the round of teas, luncheons, and dinners, and "At Homes," Mrs. Kennedy's water party for Madame Melba came as a pleasant novelty. Morning tea was enjoyed as the Nاطone cruised round Some's Island, and the views of distant Wellington—in alternate cloud and sunshine—were enchanting. Mrs. Kennedy wore dark blue cloth braided in black silk braid, a lace blouse, and a blue and green hat with wings; Miss Kennedy, blue striped tailor-made, and pale blue hat; Madame Melba wore a coat and skirt of Venetian red cloth relieved with black, and her black hat had a wide bandeau of dull gold and red galon, and was finished with black feathers; Mrs. Farnlow, cinnamon brown tailor-made and blue toque with quills.

Mrs. W. Nathan's Dance.

Every season Mrs. Walter Nathan's dances are anticipated with great pleasure, and this year's one was quite a brilliant affair. Given as a welcome home to Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Nathan, who have just returned from their wedding journey to Australia, it came early enough in the season to be thoroughly enjoyed, and several girls "came out" at it.

Brides and bridesmaids were quite numerous at the dance, which was kept up with unflagging zeal long after midnight. Green and white were the colours mostly used, the ball room having a canopy of the same, with palm-fans ranged along the walls and on the platform, which latter was coolly furnished. An excellent supper, a splendid floor, and inspiring music assisted in making the ball a success. The hostess wore black jetted net over ivory chiffon, with metallic blue embroideries on the corsage; Mrs. Hubert Nathan wore her wedding dress of ivory Empress satin, with flowers and draperies of Honiton lace; Miss Gladys Nathan was in white satin striped gauze, made in Empire style with a high satin belt; Miss Sybil Nathan, ivory satin with raised appliques of lace and satin, and a delicate note of palest blue; Miss Zaidie Nathan, white marquisette over taffetas with silver stitching.

Of the three debutantes, Miss Head, who is the daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Head, wore ivory chiffon satin with a wide scarf of exquisite Limerick lace draped fish-like, and caught up with a single rose in an ethereal tone of pink; Miss Vida Kennedy, white satin veiled in crystal net, with a tiny vest of delicate lace encrusted with silver, silver tassels outlining the lace berthe; Miss V. Nelson, white crepe de chine with Indian silver embroideries, and silver and crystal fringe.

Lady Ward was present wearing rose-coloured ninon over a gleaming dessous of a deeper shade, rose-coloured velvet formed the hem, and the corsage was draped with lace; Miss Eileen Ward, white Marquisette over taffetas, finished with silver; Mrs. Head, primrose satin charmeuse, with Eastern embroideries, softened with lace; Mrs. Kennedy, white taffetas, with an overdress of black chiffon lace and jet; Mrs. Nelson, chiffon taffetas, with pale-tinted lace; Miss Reid, geranium red tulle over white chiffon, with a berthe of lace; Miss Russell (Christchurch), pale blue chiffon and lace; Miss Bell and Miss V. Bell wore pale blue charmeuse Princess dresses, in which they appeared as bridesmaids at a recent wedding in Auckland; Miss Mentcath, azure blue crepe de chine, with a glint of silver; Miss Webster, poppy red satin charmeuse; Miss Ewen, myosotis blue crepe de chine, with lace vest and sleeves; Miss Fulton, pink and white

striped chine silk, with sequin trimming and lace berthe; Miss Skerrett, ivory satin veiled in silver spangled flit net; Miss Jones, white taffetas, with silver tassels; Miss H. Miles, shell-pink crepe de chine, with tiny vest of lace and net; Miss Seddon, ivory satin, with gold embroideries; Mrs. Holmes wore her wedding gown of ivory Duchesse satin, with stole ends of ermed embroidery and lace; her two bridesmaids, Misses Rawson and Simpson, were wearing their pretty pale mauve ninon and satin dresses; Mrs. Fitchett, black and white striped satin, with jet embroideries; Mrs. A. Duncan, amber figured taffetas and Irish lace; Mrs. Dalziel, striped gauze in tones of blue, vest of sequin lace; Mrs. Hielop, black ninon embroidered in jet; Mrs. K. Duncan, silver tissue veiled in electric blue tulle, with touches of velvet; Mrs. Rolleston, mole grey satin charmeuse, with bands of purple velvet; Mrs. Pike, silver grey taffetas, with jet sequins; Mrs. Dymock, black lace and chiffon over ivory satin; Mrs. Stott, lotus blue Liberty satin and Egyptian embroideries in silver; Miss Coates, black taffetas, with bands of silver and steel; Miss Dean, white radium silk, with silver belt and tassels; Miss Marchant, pale pink chiffon taffetas, with sleeves and berthe of lace; Miss Martin, cameo pink mesaline softened with lace; Miss Beauchamp, eau de nil crepe de chine; Miss D. Wilson, ivory chiffon taffetas and lace; Miss Harcourt, Liberty satin and Maltese lace.

Mrs. Seddon's At Home.

Still another entertainment in honour of Madame Melba was the At Home given by Mrs. Seddon, who, of late, has been entertaining a good deal. Copper and yellow chrysanthemums decorated the big rooms, and in the dining room the table—of polished oak—had silver bowls and vases of bronze chrysanthemums surrounding a handsome silver centre-piece, which was presented to the late Prime Minister by some of his admirers.

Mrs. Seddon wore black Spanish lace over black taffetas; Miss Seddon was wearing black ninon de soie, with a transparent yoke of lace, and a big black hat; Madame Melba wore a semi-Directoire gown of petrol grey souple cloth, the long coat being of the same shade with effective revers, black picture hat and chin-chilla furs; Mrs. Dyer, gendarme blue cloth, lace and net vest, and black hat; Mrs. Knox Gilmer, black Directoire coat and skirt, mole-coloured hat garlanded with cherries; Mrs. Purchas, black crepe de soie, and smart black hat; Lady Ward, sage blue souple cloth with braided revers, white furs, and black picture hat; Miss Eileen Ward, dull blue tweed, black hat with white roses; Mrs. Findlay, black cloth tailor-made and black hat, ermine furs; Mrs. Macarthur, black brocade and black picture hat; Mrs. Jones, black and white taffetas, white hat ruffled with emerald green; Mrs. Herbert, chiffon taffetas with lace yoke, purple picture hat; Miss Russell, pale pink Shantung and black picture hat; Mrs. Quick, black chiffon taffetas and black toque with flowers; Mrs. Sherratt, petunia purple cloth with lace guimpe and sleeves; Miss Coates, navy chiffon taffetas and smart black hat; Mrs. Macarthy, wine red chiffon taffetas with wide bands of ivory satin embroidered in gold, edged with gold ball fringe, white picture hat with shaded red plumes; Mrs. Kendall, black crepe de chine and black hat; Mrs. Eichelbaum, paon blue cloth tailor-made, and blue velvet toque with plumes; Mrs. Dean, black chiffon taffetas and lace.

Personal Items.

Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Nathan have moved into their house in Hobson Crescent. It has just been finished, and Mr. and Mrs. Nathan have superintended the final touches while staying at the Grand Hotel. It will be remembered that Mrs. Hubert Nathan was previously Miss Louison, daughter of the Hon. C. Louison, of Christchurch.

OPIELIA.

GISBORNE.

May 7th.

Afternoon Tea.

On Tuesday a delightful little afternoon tea was given by Mrs. Fred Parker at her residence in Clifford-street, to bid farewell to Mrs. Broderick, who, with her daughters, leaves for Napier on Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. Broderick have made themselves immensely popular during their residence of about three years, and will be much missed by a wide circle of friends. Amongst the guests present were Mrs.

and the Misses Broderick, Miss Rattray (Dunedin), Miss Aylmer, Mrs. Geoffrey MacLean, Mrs. F. Barker, Mrs. J. W. Williams, Mrs. W. Sherratt, Mrs. Herbert Williams, Mrs. Charles Gray, Mrs. A. Rees, Mrs. Mann.

Coming-of-Age Dance.

One of the nicest dances ever given in Gisborne took place in Whinray's Hall on April 30th. It was given by Mrs. Donner in honour of the coming of age of her son, Mr. Julius Donner. Mrs. Donner received her guests in a beautiful gown of radium rose pink satin, trimmed with handsome lace and relieved with silver; Miss Donner wore a dainty becoming gown of spotted silver gauze with bands of silver made over a white satin slip; Mrs. Bennett, a pretty mauve silk dress trimmed with rich cream lace; Mrs. D. Dunlop, black silk; Mrs. C. Bennett, becoming gown of white satin; Mrs. Scott, white satin; Mrs. John Murphy wore pink chiffon over glace silk, with trimmings of silver; Mrs. Jex-Blak, white satin semi-Empire gown, trimmed with gold braid and tassels; Mrs. Geoffrey MacLean, black and white silk; Mrs. Max Jackson, white satin; Mrs. C. Thomas wore white satin; Mrs. K. U. Burke, white crepe de chine with French knots of silver thread; Mrs. O. Sainsbury, soft white chiffon taffetas; Miss Brooke-Taylor, black silk gown; Miss E. Brooke-Taylor, pretty dress of grey crepe de chine; Miss J. Dunlop (Auckland), pale pink chiffon and pink roses; Miss Hilda Sherratt, pale blue taffetas; Mrs. F. Barker, white lace Princess robe, trimmed with pink velvet ribbon; Miss Gray, white net made over a white satin slip; Miss MacLean (Napier), white silk with pink flowers; Miss Zoe Williams, white brocade and chiffon; Miss Iris MacLean, pale pink taffetas; Miss N. Davies, pink crepe de chine with red roses; Miss Pyke, black velvet dress with touches of green; Mrs. Tucker, rich cream satin; Miss de Latour, pretty dress of white muslin; the Misses Agnew-Brown, lovely frocks of blue floral chiffon made over satin foundations; Miss Nolan, white muslin trimmed with pale blue lace; Miss Bennett, white crepe de chine Empire frock; Miss Evans, white silk; Miss White, pretty soft pink taffetas; Miss Scott, white silk; Miss Barker, palest of pink silks; Miss F. Barker, light blue spangled net over glace silk of same shade; Miss Seymour, cream colienne and red roses; Miss Rees, pink satin with over-dress of plum-coloured chiffon; Miss B. Bradley, pale blue silk; Miss Reynolds, yellow taffetas with panels of hand-painted violets, etc.; Miss S. Reynolds, black taffetas and red roses; Miss R. Reynolds, dress of sea green crepe de chine, with trimmings of green velvet in a darker shade; Miss Schumacher, ivory brocade; Miss M. Wachsmann, soft black silk dress; Miss Christ, pale blue crepe de chine with spangled trimmings; Miss Wallis, very pretty dress of pale green ninon over taffetas of the same shade; Miss Queenie Graham, pale pink taffetas; Miss D. Bright, soft white satin relieved with yellow trimmings; Miss Broderick, white silk.

Personal Items.

News has been received that Mrs. Dawson Thomas, who left to visit her parents in Sydney quite lately, is very seriously ill, and Mr. Thomas left by Wednesday's boat for Sydney.

The Misses Telford and Old have sold their business in connection with the Alexandra tea-rooms, and intend going home to England for a trip. They left Gisborne by the Waikare on Sunday last.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Gray and their son, Mr. S. Gray, went to Wellington by the Waikare, on Sunday last, where Mr. S. Gray joins his boat for England.

Miss Iris Dunlop, of Mount Eden, Auckland, is at present in Gisborne, visiting her aunt, Mrs. Donner.

EISA.

NEW PLYMOUTH.

May 7.

A Masonic Week.

Never before in the annals of New Plymouth have we had the annual communication of the Masonic Grand Lodge, so no little interest has been taken in it, and its importance drew in the town representative citizens from all parts of the Dominion. Mr. F. P. Corkill, Provincial Grand Master, and his commit-

tees all worked with untiring energy, and deserve great praise for the perfect arrangements they made.

Reception.

Last Wednesday afternoon the wives of the local Masons held an "At home" in the Masonic Hall, Robt-street, in honour of the lady visitors. The guests were received at the entrance by Mrs. F. P. Corkill and Mrs. F. G. Evans, and then by Mrs. A. G. Gray, Mrs. G. T. Murray, and Mrs. F. Wilson, who conducted them to the main hall, which had been beautifully decorated for the occasion by Mesdames Corkill and Rudd. A very enjoyable musical programme, arranged by Mesdames Johns and Schnackenberg, consisted of pianoforte selections by Mrs. A. L. Cooke; vocal solos by Mrs. Basham (Eltham), Miss Rosa Taylor (Auckland), Miss Bayly (Waikara); and duets by Mrs. Johns and Miss Standish, and Mrs. Schnackenberg and Miss Taylor. A dainty afternoon tea was served in the supper-room. The floral decorations were charming, the centre epergne being autumn leaves and ferns, resting on a cunningly arranged centre piece of pale blue silk, representing Masonic emblems, the credit of which was due to Mrs. A. D. Gray, and Miss Alice Hempton. The ladies who assisted in serving the tea were: Mesdames Hugh Baily, Ewing, Rudd and Corkill. Amongst those present I noticed: Mrs. Corkill, very pretty champagne coloured chiffon taffetas, with tiny brown stripe, bib yoke inset with lace, and piped with brown silk, white felt hat, trimmed with shaded autumn roses, and loops of reseda green velvet ribbon; Mrs. Evans, national blue costume, white silk yoke, finished with a lighter blue embroidered silk passementerie, white hat with black and white feathers; Mrs. A. D. Gray, pale mauve canvas cloth over a violet foundation, trimmed with bands of a darker shade of velvet, pretty moss green satin toque wreathed with pink shaded roses; Mrs. G. T. Murray looked extremely well in a black chiffon taffetas, with dainty white chiffon blouse trimmed with pale blue French knots, black Merry Widow hat with two large wings; Mrs. F. Wilson, brown and green striped tweed Eton costume, cream silk blouse, emerald green satin hat swathed with black tulle and feathers; Mrs. Johns, black chiffon taffetas, cream lace vest, navy blue chip hat with emerald green wings; Mrs. H. Baily, white embroidered muslin, pretty heliotrope hat with roses; Mrs. Rudd, pretty white muslin, green ceinture and hat with wings; Mrs. Ewing, rich black chiffon taffetas, cream lace vest, black hat with feathers; Mrs. Harz, black merveilleux skirt, heliotrope silk blouse, black hat; Mrs. Schnackenberg, eau de nil chiffon taffetas, daintily trimmed with cream lace, and green and cream silk passementerie, cream hat with green and pink roses; Mrs. Kembell, brown chiffon taffetas, pretty pale pink hat trimmed with a darker pink and brown roses; Mrs. Basham (Eltham), cream embroidered silk, helio hat swathed with chiffon and roses; Mrs. Redman (Blenheim), pretty, black and white silk, cream lace yoke slashed with cornflower blue silk, black feathered hat; Mrs. Percy Webster, cream cloth costume, black feathered hat; Mrs. Nicholson (Auckland), cream costume, with bib yoke finished with silver tassels, silver girde, black Merry Widow hat; Miss Bradney (Auckland), black and white costume, black hat; Mrs. A. Avery, black chiffon taffetas, cream lace yoke, dainty pale pink toque with roses; Mrs. Holloway, navy costume, red hat swathed with green tulle; Mrs. McDougall (Napier), black crepe de chine, national blue bonnet with white depress; Mrs. Doig, green costume trimmed with a lighter green silk, pretty emerald green hat; Mrs. Kaye, brown coat and skirt, brown hat with peacock blue; Mrs. Hicks (Wellington), navy blue costume, pretty moss green hat trimmed with pale blue; Mrs. Fletcher (Wellington), brown costume, hat relieved with autumn leaves; Miss Fletcher, navy blue costume, vieux rose hat, trimmed with black; Mrs. Denbow, cream costume, green hat; Mrs. Quinz, navy costume, hat swathed with green tulle; Miss Hill, navy costume, green hat; Mrs. Lane, (Oamaru), navy blue coat and skirt, black hat; Mrs. Christensen (Patea), black silk skirt, cream silk blouse, black hat; Mrs. Holtham, white chiffon taffetas blouse, black silk skirt, black and white hat; Mrs. Jervoid

Hemerton (Patea), navy blue costume, white silk yoke, bonnet en suite; Mrs. McIlroy, black mervelleux, with cream silk yoke, brown satin hat with shaded roses; Mrs. Worthington (Auckland), soft cream silk, velvet hat with wings; Mrs. Manifold (Pahiatua), black silk skirt, cream and violet floral silk blouse, black hat; Mrs. Forbes, black and green costume, black hat; Mrs. Groove, black costume with cream silk vest, hat trimmed with shaded velvet autumn leaves; Miss R. Taylor (Auckland), pretty moss green chiffon taffetas, trimmed with velvet and floral passementerie, champagne Merry Widow hat trimmed with shaded feathers; Mrs. Cone, brown costume trimmed with gold military braid, cream hat swathed in orange velvet; Miss Bishop, green costume, ecru coloured hat trimmed with green; Mrs. Bishop, navy costume, hat en suite; Mrs. Walker, cream coat and skirt with stitched trapping facings, dainty violet folded chiffon toque; Miss Muir, cream cloth coat and skirt, moss green velvet toque swathed with gold braid and furnished with gold ospreys; Mrs. Ross (Dunedin), brown costume, hat trimmed with shaded feathers; Mrs. Catchpole (Auckland), black mervelleux, black hat with shaded red roses; Miss Standish, green Empire coat and skirt, pale blue hat bound with mole velvet and trimmed with pale blue and mole coloured wings; Mrs. A. L. Cooke, rich black chiffon taffetas with cream lace yoke, black feathered hat; Mrs. Basil Jones (Frimley), heliotrope and brown striped tweed faced with pale heliotrope silk, pretty violet hat bound with velvet and trimmed with tulle and feathers; Mrs. De Castro (Nelson), navy costume, black hat, with black and emerald green wings; Mrs. Basher (Feilding), blue and white foularde, trimmed with ecru lace, white hat with feathers; Mrs. Nelson, grey Etou costume, black hat; Miss Purser (Wanganui), cream silk blouse, black skirt, hat en suite; Mrs. Noaworthy (Blenheim), green coat and skirt, hat to correspond; Miss Pellham, black and white striped costume, white hat with black and white rosettes; Mrs. Sargeant (Hawera), black costume, black toque, with white feathers; Mrs. Barber, black satin and lace, bonnet relieved with white.

Afternoon Tea.

Miss Beatrice Webster gave a most enjoyable afternoon tea last Wednesday afternoon in honour of Miss Annie Taylor, who is shortly to be married to Mr. Rylands Crickshank. A recheke afternoon tea was served in the dining-room, the table being prettily decorated with chrysanthemums and autumn leaves. During the afternoon songs were rendered by Mrs. Harvey, Misses I. Taylor and B. Webster. There was a competition, Miss Bedford winning first prize and Mrs. Francis Cartlew second. Amongst those present were:—Mrs. Webster, in black voile over a silk foundation, trimmed with narrow killings of black silk, cream lace yoke; Miss B. Webster, natter blue silk, with cream net blouse; Miss I. Webster, white muslin, trimmed with embroidery insertion; Miss Taylor, cream corduroy velvet, relieved with a pale blue ceinture, black feathered hat; Miss Isabel Taylor, striking mole-coloured Empire coat and skirt, mole-coloured hat with large pink and blue roses; Mrs. H. Oswin, cream costume, black feathered hat; Miss Penn, navy costume, hat trimmed with cornflowers and emerald green wings; Mrs. Francis Cartlew, pretty mole-coloured coat and skirt, hat trimmed with magenta cosettes; Mrs. P. Lawson, green and black checked tweed coat and skirt, white felt hat swathed with royal blue silk and finished with green wings; Miss Bald, maroon-coloured silk, with cream silk blouse, black feathered hat; Miss Godfrey, brown and white striped collanne, trimmed with cream lace and bands of brown silk, toque en suite; Mrs. Medley, dark green coat and skirt, white felt hat trimmed with navy blue silk and emerald green wings; Mrs. Clem Webster, cream silk voile, inset with cream silk lace, cornflower blue hat; Miss Leatham, cream costume, black hat; Miss Bedford, grey silk collanne, black satin Merry Widow hat; Miss F. Evans, yellow rose costume, grey hat with feathers; Mrs. J. Harvey, pretty brown and white striped silk muslin, trimmed with bands of brown silk, dark emerald green hat with wings; Mrs. Southall, dark green coat and skirt, pretty cream hat swathed with mole-coloured tulle and

corisee velvet; Mrs. Woodard, heliotrope and white floral muslin, brown hat with wings; Miss D. Capel looked well in dark navy coat and skirt, trimmed with black silk military braid, white felt hat with silk rosettes and wings; Miss N. Capel, black and white striped silk, cream silk yoke, very pretty cornflower blue hat trimmed with large rosettes of mole-coloured tulle and wings; Mrs. Ken Webster, champagne coloured voile, trimmed with brown silk, brown toque relieved with cornflower silk; Miss Bradbury, maroon coloured skirt, cream silk blouse, maroon toque with brown quills; Miss Stocker, navy blue coat and skirt, cornflower blue hat trimmed with mole-coloured velvet and wings.

Masonic Ball.

In the Theatre Royal on Thursday evening the Masonic visitors were entertained at a large reception, followed by a ball, and nobody who was able to attend will ever forget the grand spectacle. The theatre was beautifully decorated with flags, strings of Chinese lanterns, and banks of flowers. As the whole block of upstairs rooms had been lent, and the corner pavement of Devon-street canvassed in, there was ample accommodation for sitting out. Mrs. Walker and Miss Muir were responsible for the very artistic arrangement of the decorations of the supper table, the flowers being masses of shaggy orismous chrysanthemums and scarlet maple, with tall shaded silver candle-sticks standing at intervals. Shortly after 9 o'clock Lord and Lady Plunket arrived, and were escorted by the Provincial Grand Master (R.W. Bro. P. P. Corkill) to a low dais in front of the stage, during the playing of the National Anthem. Before dancing commenced, a short musical programme was rendered by the following ladies and gentlemen:—Mrs. Basham (Eltham), Misses Steeds (Cun-terbury), Bradney (Auckland), Warren, C. Bayly (Waitara), Right W. Bro. T. W. Allen (Auckland), and Bro. R. N. Renaud (New Plymouth). There were three official sets, which were composed of the following:—M.W. Grand Master (Lord Plunket) and Mrs. F. P. Corkill, M.W. Bro. Nicol and Lady Plunket, R.W. Bro. Michel and Miss Hill, R.W. Bro. Ross and Mrs. Fletcher; R.W. Bro. Bingham and Miss De Castro, R.W. Bro. De Lisle and Mrs. Wylie, R.W. Bro. De Castro and Mrs. Bingham, R.W. Bro. Powley and Mrs. Kennell; R.W. Bro. Hulme and Miss Fletcher, R.W. Bro. McDougall and Miss Hicks, R.W. Bro. Mooller and Miss Hlae, R.W. Bro. Moncrieff and Mrs. Roy.

The Dresses.

Amongst those present were:—Lady Plunket, oyster pink satin decolletage outlined with silver sequined net, diamond necklet, earrings and tiara; Miss Hill, black net over glace, diamond ornaments; Mrs. Corkill, dainty black crepe de chine over glace, trimmed with rich black lace; Mrs. Walker, very handsome cream net with pale blue chenille spot over a silk foundation, trimmed with bands of pale blue velvet ribbon, a swathed berthe of pale blue velvet trimmed with bands of cream lace embroidered with pale blue and pink silk; Mrs. Percy Webster, rose pink silk; Miss Muir, pretty champagne chiffon taffetas stamped with pale pink roses and trimmed with bands of brown silk; Miss M. Clarke (debutante), very striking frock of Ivory Duchesse satin with lace Watteau black banded with satin, chemisette and sleeves of chiffon; Mrs. Ellis, black; Miss S. Thomson, rose pink silk; Miss Wade, pretty cream taffetas, decolletage slashed with heliotrope silk; Miss Standish, very pretty pale blue chiffon taffetas trimmed with silver sequined embroidery; Mrs. Ken Webster looked well in a rich ivory taffetas with berthe of cream net and Valenciennes lace; Mrs. W. Webster, black silk; Miss Webster, eau de nil chiffon taffetas, semi-Empire, trimmed with cream lace; Miss L. Webster, pale blue chiffon taffetas, kimono bodies over a cream net blouse; Mrs. Cartlew, sen, black silk; Mrs. F. Cartlew, cream brocade, real lace berthe relieved with pale pink roses; Mrs. Stacy Griffiths, cream and heliotrope flowered chiffon taffetas, trimmed with Valenciennes lace; Mrs. Woodard, primrose satin, sequined berthe with bunches of violets on corsage; Mrs. Ewing, lovely real Limerick lace robe over pale blue glace, silk Empire sash; Miss Deacon, black silk; Miss Cunningham, pale pink silk; Miss W. Bradbury, pretty pale pink muslin bodice, trimmed with lace and outlined with a darker shade; Mrs. E.

Baily, pale heliotrope crepe de chine, trimmed with a darker shade and cream lace; Mrs. Cattley, black silk; Miss Cattley, Wedgwood blue silk, cream lace berthe; Mrs. Johns, pretty pale heliotrope silk muslin over taffetas, with epaulettes of violet silk, finished with large buttons; Miss Turner, red silk, cream lace berthe; Miss Campbell, black silk, real lace berthe; Miss Brown, black silk, relieved with white chiffon; Mrs. Tisch (mayorress), rich black chiffon taffetas, with cream lace yoke; Mrs. D. Robertson, black and white silk; Mrs. A. L. Cooke looked well in black chiffon taffetas, with sequin berthe, relieved with pink roses; Miss Taylor looked pretty in white chiffon taffetas, trimmed with silver sequined net, silver tissue in coiffure; Mrs. Mills, black chiffon taffetas; Miss D. Mills (debutante) looked charming in white chiffon taffetas, bodice draped with chiffon and finished with satin ball trimming, shower bouquet; Mrs. Schrackenberg, dainty pale blue chiffon taffetas, with decolletage trimmed with lace insertion; Mrs. Nicholson, pale blue taffetas, corsage prettily finished with lace; Mrs. Fletcher, pale dove grey crepe de chine, banded with black silk; Mrs. Kyngdon, cream taffetas, sequined berthe; Mrs. Basil Jones, black checked silk grenadine over white silk decolletage, finished with folded white silk; Mrs. Renaud, pretty pale blue crepe de chine; Mrs. F. Wilson, dainty cream lace robe over glace; Mrs. Bennett, black satin, white chiffon sleeves, slashed with black; Mrs. Whetter, cream silk; Mrs. Rodman, rich cream taffetas; Mrs. Roy, black silk, with sequined berthe; Miss Roy, dainty pale blue messaline Empire frock, with drapings of silver sequined net, Empire sash finished with silver tassels; Miss D. Roy, white messaline semi-Empire, decolletage of folded lace and silver fringe; Miss Gladys Roy (debutante), very pretty semi-Empire frock of ivory tinted messaline, corsage trimmed with silver and seed pearl passementerie, front panel and sleeves embroidered with raised rosebuds, shower bouquet; Miss Baker, black taffeta, cream lace chemisette, red roses in coiffure; Mrs. Simpson, black taffetas, square yoke of rich cream lace; Miss V. Simpson, canary-coloured silk bodice trimmed with cream lace; Miss Dorothy Simpson (debutante) looked extremely well in a dainty white crystalline over glace, bodice draped with folded silk embroidered, shower bouquet; Mrs. Cutfield, black chiffon taffetas, pink roses in coiffure; Mrs. Alderman, pale blue chiffon taffetas; Mrs. Alderman, white muslin, pale pink Empire sash; Mrs. Rudd, pretty black crepe de chine, bodice trimmed with lace and red roses; Miss Morey, very dainty eau de nil chiffon taffetas, bib yoke of cream lace insertion, finished with silver tassels; Miss Jackson, cream silk, red roses on bodice; Miss Warren, cream figured net over primrose satin, black velvet Empire sash; Mrs. Freeth, black silk; Mrs. Broome, cream silk and lace; Miss G. Laing, pretty turquoise blue embroidered silk, with cream chiffon trimming; Mrs. Medley, cream net over silk, autumn leaves on corsage; Miss Hanna, pretty turquoise blue silk, with dainty cream lace insertion, outlined V-shape decolletage; Miss R. Crawford, cream silk; Misses Furlong (2), cream; Miss R. Clarke, cream chiffon taffetas; Miss Brewster, white crepe de chine, emerald green velvet in coiffure; Mrs. Balharry, cream taffetas, spray of violets on corsage; Mrs. Wylie, black silk, cream lace berthe, finished with spangled net; Mrs. Clem Webster, black chiffon taffetas; Miss Godfrey, black figured net over silk, pink roses on decolletage; Miss A. Hempton, black silk relieved with white lace; Miss Messenger, pale blue crepe de chine, trimmed with satin bands, bodice draped with cream net; Mrs. Basham (Eltham), dainty eau de nil satin charmeuse, with lace insertion on decolletage; Mrs. MacDiarmid, brown silk; Miss MacDiarmid (debutante) was much admired in a white chiffon taffetas, bib yoke of silk insertion, finished with silver tassels, shower bouquet; Mrs. A. D. Gray, black figured net over satin, silver sequined berthe; Mrs. Robinson, black silk, beaded jet berthe; Miss Robinson, dainty pale pink muslin, bib yoke of cream lace; Miss Skinner, rich black velvet over glace, girdle of emerald green lace; Miss L. Skinner, canary coloured Yokohama silk, semi-Empire, finished with gold embroidered insertion; Miss F. Hamerton, black chiffon taffetas, cream lace berthe; Mrs. Kimbell, very pretty cream satin charmeuse, decolletage draped with chiffon; Mrs. Evans, peach coloured brocade; Miss R. Evans, very handsome frock of cream lace, embroidered with purple and green flowers over a silk foundation;

Miss F. Evans, cream embroidered silky Miss O. Mackay, very pretty shell-pink chiffon taffetas, semi-Empire, with draped bodice, trimmed with silver sequined net; Mrs. Paget, a dainty gold embroidered net over a cream satin foundation; Mrs. Young, lovely black sequined robe over glace taffetas; Mrs. Lepper, black chiffon taffetas, rich cream lace on corsage; Miss Lepper (debutante) looked pretty in white embroidered muslin, shower bouquet; Mrs. Newman, black silk; Mrs.

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Morehead, black silk; Mrs Heard looked extremely well in cream chiffon taffetas, trimmed with silk lace insertion, and long net sleeves; Miss Bradney, cream silk, trimmed with narrow bands of moss green velvet on decolletage; Miss M. Humphries, black satin, white lace tucker; Miss E. McAllister, black frilled net; Miss N. Humphries, very pretty canary coloured Oriental satin, corsage draped with dainty cream lace insertion; Mrs McKellar, black silk relieved with white; Miss Curtis, black silk, with lace yoke; Miss Bedford, black chiffon taffetas, with steel trimming; Miss D. Bedford, pale blue muslin, bodice trimmed with cream lace; Miss D. Skinner, cream crepe de chine, green flowers in coiffure; Mrs Claude Weston, handsome frock of heavy but rich black lace over white satin, berthe of sequined net; Miss A. Avery, pretty pale heliotrope chiffon taffetas, yoke of cream lace, bound with violet velvet; Miss Fitzherbert, pale green crepe de chine, handsome berthe of deep silk fringe; Miss Fell, dainty pale pink muslin, with ribbon bands, embroidered in gold; Miss Dempsey, pretty yellow peau de soie, with handsome cream lace drappings on decolletage; Miss N. Dempsey, cream net, banded with bebe ribbon, pink roses in coiffure; Miss S. Capel, dainty pale blue chiffon taffetas, cream lace insertion, bib yoke finished with silver tassels; Miss N. Capel, very pretty pale pink taffetas, corsage finished with cream lace; Miss Hamerton, black and white figured muslin, inset with black lace insertion; Mrs Spencer, cream silk, profusely trimmed with narrow ruchings; Miss Leatham, pale blue peau de soie, berthe of silver sequined embroidered chiffon; Miss Testar, black sequined net; Miss De Castro, pretty white lace robe over a silk foundation; Mrs Murray, handsome blue and silver sequined net over pale blue glace, silver aigrette in coiffure; Miss J. Fraser, a lovely pale blue net, with floral design work in a darker shade of silk over a Directorate under-robe of pale blue satin charmeuse; Miss Vickers, black satin; Mrs Arthur Avery, very pretty pale blue chiffon taffetas, finished with cream lace; Mrs S. Kennell, handsome vieux rose satin charmeuse, with cream filet net yoke and sleeves.

Marsland Hill Monument.

The Marsland Hill monument, erected to the memory of the Imperial and Colonial Forces and loyal natives who took part in the Maori wars, was unveiled last Friday afternoon by His Excellency the Governor, Lord Plunket, in the presence of a large number of veteran soldiers and the general public. A mounted escort accompanied the Vice-regal carriage, drawn by four grey horses to the crest of the hill; then their Excellencies dismounted and walked to the dais. Lady Plunket, out of compliment to the Colonial Defence Forces, wore the dark green and gold uniform of the North Canterbury Mounted, of which she is honorary Colonel.

Personal Items.

Miss Rosa Taylor of Auckland stayed with her sister, Mrs. T. C. Schmackenberg during Masonic week, and after visiting relatives in Wanganui, Wellington and Napier will return for a longer stay in New Plymouth.

NANCY LEE.

HASTINGS.

May 5.

Hastings is looking very lovely, the autumnal tints variegating the many plantations dotted about on each side of the long roads. The gardens also make a lovely show with the many coloured chrysanthemums in full bloom.

At the Races.

This is a rare week here, and there are many strangers in town for the races. I saw many very handsome autumn gowns on the lawn. Among these most striking I noticed to-day were: Lady Clifford in a brown striped costume, large black hat; Miss Russell, dainty turquoise blue frock, transparent yoke, embroidered with pink and turquoise ribbon, black hat with grey feathers and turquoise silk; Miss M. Russell, lavender silk gown, lower's knots of green ribbon, handsome lace yoke, burnt straw hat with black plumes; Mrs Fox, black costume, black velvet sleeves and bands, moss green straw hat; Mrs Nairn, striped black and white costume, mole straw toque; Mrs Pharaon, smart navy braided costume, beautiful rose hat swathed with silk of same shade, large wings of shaded ruby

tints, and besprayed with pink briars; Miss Fitzroy, cream costume, long navy blue coat, hat with pink roses; Mrs Lowry, striped black and white muslin, black Merry Widow hat, wreathed with pink roses; Mrs Barrett looked exceedingly graceful in a petrol blue striped coat and skirt, with Oriental trimmings, large black and ambery straw hat with heavy black wings; Mrs Stead, navy coat and skirt, black hat with crown of blue feathers; Mrs Mackenzie, mole coat and skirt, violet hat; Miss Austin, dark blue cloth costume, braided with black, large black winged hat; Mrs Gascoigne, handsome black costume, hat to match; Miss Meinertzerger, mole coat and skirt, pale blue trimmings, pretty mole hat, pale blue silk and wings; Mrs Clarke, green braided costume, much buttoned, emerald hat with mauve trimmings; Mrs Charlie Scott, green braided gown, hat to match, crowned with soft green plumes; Miss Evans, bronze toned costume, large black hat; Mrs Alex. Laine, smart brown plaid coat and skirt, brown straw hat, sage blue wings; Mrs Malouin Brodie, petrol blue coat and skirt, hat to match; Mrs Newbigen, blue French coat and skirt, large mole satin hat with emerald wings; Mrs Tossy, black and white striped frock, mole-crowned hat with heliotrope wings; Mrs Nates, black coat and skirt, large black hat; Miss Williams, cream coat and skirt, dome hat of brown satin trimmed with sable, long brown coat and handsome sable furs; Mrs Reid, brown coat and skirt, sage blue collar and cuffs, brown hat, sage blue wings; Miss Drury, dark violet braided coat and skirt, large black and white hat, brown stole; Mrs Watt looked very stylish in a myrtle cloth costume, with becoming hat to match; Mrs Alldyne, navy silk, cream trimmings, hat of shaded roses; Miss Mason looked very pretty in a deep bronze green coat and skirt, beautiful hat of mole satin, with pink roses and large wings; Miss L. Mason, navy coat and skirt, large hat of sage blue; Miss Gaysford, beautiful cerise cloth, handsomely trimmed with lace insertion, velvet Empire streamers, black hat, wreathed with pink roses; Mrs Williamson looked very handsome in a bronze green coat and skirt, braided with black, white Cossack fur hat with blue quills, handsome white fox furs; Mrs Perry, mulberry cloth costume, large black hat; Miss Macfarlane, bronze costume, hat swathed with emerald green silk.

Personal.

Mr Mason and his daughters have returned after a very pleasant stay in Wanganui.

Mr E. Beamish has been spending a holiday with his aunt, Mrs Capel, in New Plymouth.

Mrs Torlesse, I am sorry to say, is not enjoying very good health.

Miss Drury has returned from her holiday.

Mr T. Boswell Williams (Wanganui) has sufficiently recovered to return to his own home in Wanganui, and left by the first express on Monday, accompanied by Mrs Williams and his son, Mr A. Williams (of Marton).

SHERA.

PALMERSTON NORTH

May 7.

Chrysanthemum Show.

The chrysanthemum show, held in the Agricultural Hall on Tuesday and Wednesday of the present week, was a decided success. Mrs. Mellisop won the first prize for the best decorated table. Mrs. Murdoch was second and Mrs. Triple third. Mrs. Mellisop also took the first and third prizes for the decorated mantel-piece. Mrs. Murdoch taking the second prize. Amongst other visitors to the show were:—Mrs. F. Pratt, Miss Hewitt, Mrs. H. Cooper, the Misses Bell, Mrs. F. S. McRae, Mrs. Hankins, Mrs. Louison, Miss Hawthorne, Mrs. Durward, Mrs. Scott, Mrs. J. P. Lane, the Misses Randolph, the Misses Glendinning, Mrs. Lionel Abraham, Mrs. A. Kennell, Mrs. Young, Mrs. McKnight, Mrs. Mellisop, Mrs. and Miss Triple, the Misses Park, Mrs Warburton.

At the Theatre.

"The Merry Widow," by J. C. Williamson's Royal Comic Opera Company, attracted a large audience to the Opera House on Thursday night. Included in the audience were:—Mrs. L. A. Abraham, wearing a black spotted silk toilette, the corsage finished with white lace and a cluster of rosebuds; Miss Bybil Abraham, pale blue silk frock;

Mrs. Waterfield, cream embroidered crepe de chine; Mrs. (Dr.) Wilson, old rose chiffon taffetas, and cream lace; Mrs. R. Hewitt, lavender silk; Mrs. Ann Strang, black spangled net over silk, pale pink rose on corsage; Mrs. Walter Strang, white silk and lace; Mrs. Paisley, black muslin; Mrs. Elliot, pink and cream striped silk; Miss Bamford (Nehem), black silk, cream lace berthe and cluster of crimson roses; Mrs. J. Waldegrave, dainty frock of white muslin and lace; Miss Margaret Waldegrave, pale blue chiffon taffetas and white lace; Miss Dorothy Waldegrave, soft pale blue satin; Mrs. Louison, cream spangled net over yellow silk, velvet belt of same shade; Mrs. G. J. Moore, black silk, cream lace finishing corsage; Miss Moore, in cream; Mrs. Park, black silk; the Misses Park; Mrs. Levett (Bulls), black velvet toilette; Miss Levett (Bulls), cream spangled net; Miss Hill (Feilding), black satin with sequin insertion; Miss Randolph, blue silk, cream lace berthe and cluster of crimson roses; Miss F. Randolph, pale blue crepe de chine, finished with silk fringe and lace; Mrs. Gillespie (Feilding), black net, cluster of crimson roses on corsage; Mrs. A. Kennell, bright pink silk, silver bands threaded through hair; Miss Marjory Abraham, old rose chiffon taffetas; Mrs. McKnight, black crepe de chine, vest of white spotted net finished with black velvet rosettes; Mr. and Mrs. Mellisop, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Innes, Mrs. F. S. McRae, Mrs. Harold Cooper, Miss Hewitt, Mr. and Mrs. McPherson, Mrs. N. Reed (Wellington), Miss Preece, Miss Fenton, Mrs. R. S. Abraham, Miss Sylvia Abraham, Mr. and Mrs. Goring Johnston, and very many others.

Personal Items.


Mrs. W. Bendall is spending a few days in Wellington.

Mrs. A. Kennell has returned from Auckland.

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THE "GAFFY" MOSQUETAIRE SUEDE GLOVES, 12-button length, in Biscuit, Beaver, Champagne, Fieelle, and White, at 5/11 a pair; 16-button length, in Biscuit, Beaver, Champagne, and White, at 7/11 a pair.

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THE "TROMESADE" GAUNTLET GLOVES, in real French Kid, with strap and dome at wrist, in Brown, Tan, and Beaver, at 7/11 a pair.

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"DOVER" GAUNTLETS, with strap and dome at wrist, in Tan only, at 3/11 a pair.

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SOUTH TARANAKI

May 8.

At the Opera House.

Last Tuesday and Wednesday evening we had a special treat, when Mackelays and Devant gave a very clever performance in the Opera House. Some of those present were:—Dr. and Mrs. Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Welah, Mr. and Mrs. Willis, Mr. and Mrs. Foster, Mr. and Mrs. Parrington, Mr. and Mrs. Nalder, Mr. and Mrs. Gillies, Mr. and Mrs. Lennon, Mr. and Mrs. Dunn, Mr. and Mrs. C. Hawken, Mr. and Mrs. Graves, Mr. and Mrs. Budge, Mr. and Mrs. Webster, Mr. and Mrs. Koch, Mr. and Mrs. Barton, Mrs. Major, Mrs. Stewart, Mrs. Bennett, Mrs. Nolan, and Misses Nolan (2), Caplen (2), Glenn (2), Jackson, Reilly, Brett, Douglas, McAlhum, Wray.

Bridge.

A large bridge party was given at Mrs. Glenn's last Wednesday evening—the first of a series to be held every week during the winter months.

Tea for Miss Williams.

Miss Williams, who is shortly to be married, was the guest of honour at a tea given by the Misses Caplen on Friday. During the afternoon a putting competition, which was held, was won by Miss Alexander. A word-making competition was won by Miss Duckworth. Miss Caplen wore a white muslin blouse, and black voile skirt; Miss Elsie Caplen, white silk blouse, grey skirt; Mrs. W. Hamilton, blue and white striped taffeta; Miss Williams, dark tweed coat and skirt, brown hat trimmed with red roses; Mrs. Livingston, black taffeta, pretty saxa blue hat; Miss McLean, blue frock, large mole coloured hat trimmed with red and pink roses; Miss Nolan, blue coat and skirt, mole coloured hat; Miss B. Nolan, dark green skirt frock, hat to match; Miss Glenn, blue coat and skirt, blue hat with pink roses; Miss Alexander, black costume, black and white hat; Mrs. Bayly (Hamilton), cream coat and skirt, cream hat; Miss White, green tweed costume, hat to match; Miss Moore, grey coat and skirt, white hat; Miss Lysaght, dark blue costume, blue felt hat with quills.

Personal Items.

Mrs. and Miss Ravly (Hamilton) are spending a short holiday in Hawera as the guests of Mrs. White. Miss Lattar (Christchurch) is staying with her sister, Mrs. Williams. Mrs. W. Hamilton (Opunake) is paying a visit to her parents. Mr. Lindsay, of the Bank of Australasia, has been transferred to Wellington. Mr. Thynne has taken his place. Miss McMichael is staying with Mrs. F. Livingston.

JOAN.

WANGANUI.

May 7.

Bridge.

Mrs. Greenwood gave a very enjoyable little bridge party last week. The prizes were won by Mrs. Dodgshun and Mrs. C. Jones. On Monday night Mrs. Griffiths also gave a bridge party for Mrs. Lacy Peake (of Cambridge), who is the guest of Mr. H. Peake. The prizes were won by Miss P. Jones and Mrs. L. Jones.

Croquet.

Last Thursday the final for the croquet championship was played on Miss Inlay's lawn, Mount Desert, by Mrs. Colin Campbell and Mr. R. Stevenson. After a close and very exciting game, the former was victorious. Amongst those watching were Mrs. Inlay Saunders, Mrs. Moore, Mrs. and Miss Blundell (Nelson), Mrs. A. Lewis, Miss Inlay, Mrs. Saunders, Miss Stevenson, Miss Carew (Dunedin), Miss Humphries (New Plymouth), Miss K. Humphries (New Plymouth), Mrs. H. Sarjeant, Misses Clarkie (Hawke's Bay).

Williamson's ever-popular Royal Comic Opera Company staged "The Merry Widow" on Tuesday at the Opera House before a very large and fashionable

audience; in fact, there was a record booking, many of these who were determined to get good seats going down as early as 6 in the morning and standing in a queue till the office opened. Mrs. H. Sarjeant wore an old rose chiffon taffetas, with Maltese lace on her corsage and festoons of the same on the trained skirt; Mrs. Greenwood, white silk blouse with lace and insertion, black skirt; Mrs. Wilford, black velvet gown with jet ornaments and cream chiffon vest; Mrs. H. Wilson, black crepe de chine gown with lace, pale grey opera coat with ornamental buttons and touch of green velvet; Miss Wilford, pale pink crepe de chine frock with gold embroidery on her corsage and in her coiffure, and pale blue cloth opera wrap with Oriental trimming; Mrs. Lethbridge, black chiffon taffetas with transparent lace yoke and cream opera coat; Mrs. Sorley wore a pale grey silk with lace; Mrs. John Watt, black silk with lace; Mrs. A. G. Kitchen wore a Polish grey charmeuse gown with chiffon and lace on her corsage and touch of silver thread; Miss Willis wore a becoming pale pink silk with vest composed of tiny frills of cream Valenciennes lace, and silver sequins on her corsage and sleeves; Miss — Willis, a pretty cream silk gown with chiffon on her corsage and silver sequin net; Mrs. John Stevenson wore a black silk with band of beautiful cream lace on the trained skirt and corsage; Miss Stevenson, pale blue chiffon taffetas gown, with lace and touch of silver on her coiffure, and pale blue ribbons in her coiffure; Miss Carew (Dunedin), pale pink silk with lace and chiffon; Mrs. Sanderson, black chiffon taffetas, with vest of gauged cream chiffon and Oriental embroidery; Mrs. James Watt, white silk gown with lace and insertion, white opera coat; Miss Brettagh, pale blue silk frock with lace prettily arranged on her corsage; Miss D. Brettagh wore a white silk gown with pale pink rose and foliage on her corsage; Miss Todd, becoming electric blue silk frock with lace; her sister wore a white frock with a spray of roses on her corsage; Mrs. Borlase, cream lace robe; Mrs. Paterson, turquoise blue silk with transparent lace yoke; Miss Brewer, black silk with lace; Mrs. Goodwin, black silk gown with cream lace; Mrs. Dalgety wore a brocade gown with lace and net on her corsage; Mrs. John Anderson, black silk with lace; Mrs. Blundell (Nelson), black chiffon taffetas with cream net, tucker and bands of green and gold embroidery on her corsage; Mrs. M. McLean, black silk with cream lace; Miss Anderson, deep yellow chiffon taffetas gown, with silver sequins on her corsage and sleeves; Mrs. R. Jackson, black silk with lace on her corsage; Miss Outfield wore an Empire frock of cream charmeuse, with silver sequins edging her corsage; Mrs. Blair, cream silk with lace and silver thread embroidery; Mrs. F. Jones, black silk with transparent lace yoke; Miss R. Jones, cream silk and net frock with narrow rows of velvet edging the corsage; Miss O'Brien wore a white silk gown with lace and insertion; Miss Pratt, cream Empire robe with chiffon and net on her corsage; Mrs. Sheriff, black and white gown with frills of net edged with narrow black velvet; Mrs. H. F. Christie wore a cream gown with lace and chiffon; Mrs. A. Lewis, handsome pale grey silk robe, with over-skirt of black lace, and chiffon on her corsage; Mrs. H. Nixon, emerald green sequin gown over silk, long black satin opera coat; Miss Nixon wore a cream silk gown with lace; Mrs. Mackay, beautiful pale blue charmeuse gown with lace and chiffon on her corsage, and in her coiffure she wore pale blue; Miss Blundell (Nelson) wore a smart gown of fine cream muslin beautifully embroidered in crimson flowers and foliage, deep crimson Empire sash and ends; Miss Hamner (Christchurch), white muslin frock with lace and insertion, pale blue silk sash; Miss Christie, dainty pale blue silk gown with lace on her corsage; Mrs. McGregor, cream fillet net gown made in Empire style with bands of cream silk embroidery; Mrs. Fairburn, black brocade with jet on her corsage, and fish of net and lace; Mrs. Good, black chiffon taffetas with Maltese lace berthe; Miss Mason, pretty cream taffetas made in Empire style with panel effect on her skirt, and square yoke of cream embroidered silk insertion; Miss R. Fairburn, white muslin frock with bands of insertion and lace, pale blue silk sash; Mrs. Allison wore a handsome black and white lace robe; Miss G. Christie, white silk with frills of the same, and pale blue silk sash; Mrs. A. Nixon wore a most becoming frock of old rose char-

meuse made in Directoire style with cream net and lace, the tight fitting under sleeves of the same; Miss R. Nixon, pale blue silk gown with Valenciennes lace and insertion; Mrs. Briggs, black silk gown with lace; Mrs. Stone wore an electric blue silk frock made with shoulder straps and sleeves, and yoke of cream net; Mrs. P. Forlong, black silk gown with gauged chiffon on her corsage; Mrs. Barthorpe (Silverhope), pale heliotrope gown with square cut yoke edged with embroidery and net; Mrs. Mowat (Hunterville), cream fillet net blouse, black silk skirt; Miss Warr (Silverhope), black silk gown with lace on her corsage, and pale pink roses; Miss Rhodes (Hunterville), white muslin frock with lace and insertion.

Bridge Party.

Mrs. Sarjeant on Friday gave a very enjoyable bridge party, the first of a series in a progressive tournament. The prizes were won by Miss C. Anderson and Mr. Gabites. Amongst those present were:—Mrs. Sarjeant, Miss Cave, Miss Gresson, Miss Stevenson, Miss Brettagh, Miss Blundell (Nelson), Miss Stewart, Misses Clarkie (Hawke's Bay), Misses Stevenson, Stewart, Cave, Chamberlain, and others.

Golf.

The Ladies' Golf Club formally opened their season on Wednesday, when the weather was perfect from an onlooker's point of view, but much too hot for a brisk game of golf. Mrs. Barnicot (president) and Mrs. Wall gave afternoon-tea. Amongst those present were:—Mrs. and Miss Moore, Miss Cave, Mrs. Matthews, Mrs. H. Tolley (Blenheim), Mrs. Good, Mrs. Fairburn, Mrs. Mackay, Mrs. Bayly, Mrs. Hole, Mrs. H. Nixon, Misses Nixon (2), Dymock (2), Christie, Hamner (Christchurch), Mrs. and Miss W. Anderson, Miss C. Anderson, Miss E. Anderson, Miss Mason, Misses Cooper (2), Miss Haddfield, Mrs. Lomax, Mrs. Inlay Saunders, Mrs. Lett, Mrs. Lomas, Mrs. Meldrum, Mrs. Vennell (Oamaru), Mrs. Sarjeant, Misses Stanford (2), Miss Gresson, Miss Wilford, Mrs. James Watt, Miss Bates, Mrs. Armstrong, Miss Taylor, Miss Harper.

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STRIPED AMAZON CLOTHS, 2/6, 2/11, 3/6; All-wool Amazon Cloths, Sand Sedan, unshrinkable, 2/6, 2/11, 3/11, 4/11 up; Dark Tweeds, 12/11, 2/6, 2/11. These make good costumes, and we have also the Striped Linings, 10s, 1/11, to 2/11 yard.

WE have imported some really first-class Furs. The best assortment we have shown, in Foxellie, Jap, Marten, Mink, Lynx, Raccoon, etc., sets 10/11, 27/6, 39/6, 49/6 up; Stone Marten, Grey, White and Brown Fox, 10 guineas to 27 guineas; Neckties, from 3/11; Huffs.

CORSETS make the fitting of your new dress a success or failure. We've just opened the very newest models for stout, medium, and slim figures. Price, 3/11, 4/11, 5/11, 6/11, to 8/6.

NEW STRIPED WINCEYS, for Blouses, etc. Splendid washers, 1/4, 1/6, 1/6, 1/6; Cachemire Flannels, all wool, 11/6 to 1/11; Delaines, in great variety, from 1/11.

VELVETEENS: Wines, Blues, Browns, Greens, etc., 1/6, 1/8; Self-stripes, Brown, Navy, or Green, 1/6. Our great range in fine twilled back quality specially imported, all colours and black, wears well, new chiffon finish. Price, 1/11; better numbers at 2/6 and 3/3; Cream or Navy cords from 1/34; Brown, Green, 1/11 up.

KEEP yourself warm. Down Quilts for winter, in pretty designs and colourings, direct from maker, in French, Cot., Single and Double Bed size; big variety, 4/11, 6/11, 8/11, 12/11 to 9/6.

A CHOICE variety of ladies' belts, in Leather and Silk, all colours, and sizes, also latest Canadian shapes. Prices, 1/6, 1/4, 1/11, 2/6, 2/11, to 5/6; Leather and Nickel combination, from 3/11 to 7/11.

NECK FRILLINGS: A large variety to choose from, in Lace, Chiffon, and Net. Prices from 4/6 to 1/6 per yard. Ladies' Handkerchiefs, in plain, embroidered, Hemstitched, and lace-edged. Prices from 2d, 3d, 4d, 6d, 9d, 1/6, to 2/11.

FRESH shipments of Hosiery for winter wear just opened, in plain and ribbed Black Cashmere Hosiery, 1/6, 1/8, 1/11 to 3/6; Ladies' Trim ribbed Hosiery, 1/4, 1/11, 2/6; Boys' wear-well Hosiery, all sizes, all prices.

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Personal Items.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Tilley, of Blenheim, are staying in Wanganui for a short visit.
 Mrs. and Miss Wilford, of Wanganui, have returned for their visit to Wellington.
 Mr. and Mrs. Barthorpe (Silverhope) are staying in Wanganui.
 Mrs. Mowat, of Hunterville, has been staying in Wanganui.
 Miss Stanford, of New Plymouth, is staying in Wanganui with relations.
 Mr. and Miss Rhodes, of Hunterville, have been staying in Wanganui recently.
 Mrs. Saunders and Miss Inlay, of Wanganui, have returned from their visit to the Empire City.
 Mrs. Gorville Saunders, of Wanganui, has returned from her visit to relations in Napier.
 Mrs. J. C. Greenwood, of Wanganui, is the guest of Miss Brabant, in Napier.
 Miss Bayly, of New Plymouth, is staying in Wanganui with her sister, Mrs. McNaughton Christie.

HUIA.

NELSON.

May 3.

Euclro Party.

On Friday evening Miss Richmond gave a very enjoyable euclro party for a farewell to Mr. Ken Sclanders. Mrs. Richmond wore handsome dress of black corded silk; Miss Richmond, becoming blouse of pink Louise, black lace skirt; Mrs. Sclanders, black lace over white; her daughter wore a pretty white silk frock with touches of pale green; the Misses Blackett, cream striped gleece; Miss Cock, white with lace blouse; Miss Houliker, black lace; Miss Sutherland Smith, charming white silk with long lace scarf; Miss F. Richmond, white sequined chiffon; Miss Glasgow, green; Misses Magnity, Leggett and Clark. The prizes were won by Miss Houliker and Mr. Gordon Richmond, and the "booby" prizes by Miss Blackett and Mr. C. Hamilton.

The Flower Show.

The Nelson Horticultural Society's autumn show was held last week, and the exhibition of both flowers and fruit was one of the finest seen in this city. The display of apples grown in Nelson, Motueka and the Waimea orchards was exceptionally good. As usual, Mrs. Merrick was the most successful exhibitor in the chrysanthemum class. Mrs. De Castro won the first prize for table decoration.

"Rose Maiden."

The Harmonic Society gave its first concert of the season on Thursday. Cowen's "Rose Maiden" was performed and the soloists were Misses Armstrong and Rowe, and Messrs. H. Kidson and Richards. At the concert, I noticed Mesdames Mules, Selandera, Richmond, Hayea, C. Groen, Manoy (Motueka), Fell, Cock, Kempthorne, Coste, Glasgow, McLaren (Whakapuaka), Topias, Atkinson, Gilba, Misses Richmond, Fell, Cock (3), Makay, Glasgow, Mules, Gibba, Atkinson, Lorimer, Ledger and Stewart Forbes.

Golf.

At golf on Saturday the men's medal match was won by Mr. W. Squires, with a gross score of 105.

Personal Items.

A large number of Maoris from all parts of the South Island have come to Nelson to attend the tangi of the late Huriia Matenga (the Grace Darling of New Zealand).
 Mr. H. V. Gully, who has retired from the position of Town Clerk, after 25 years' service, is re-commencing the practice of his profession. At a large gathering held in the Council Chamber Mr. Gully was the subject of many presentations from his colleagues and from the various departments under his charge.
 Bishop Miles has returned from Wellington.
 Dr. and Mrs. Andrew (Stoke) are back in Nelson, after spending some weeks in Wellington.
 Mr. K. Selandera has left for Perth, via Sydney.
 Miss Van Staveran (Wellington) is visiting friends in Motueka.
 Miss Moore (Christchurch) is the guest of Miss Hunter-Brown.

DOLCE.

BLENHHEIM.

May 5th.

Concert.

There was a large audience in the Blenheim Town Hall on Tuesday evening to greet the Garrison Band, it being the third of the concert series. Unfortunately on this occasion some of the members of the band were absent on account of the prevailing influenza. However, five very good items were rendered, and appreciated by the audience. There were five vocal soloists—Miss Amy Stone (Auckland), Miss B. Draper, and Miss Mabel Rose, Mr. A. Ross and Mr. B. Lucas, who all sang in a most praiseworthy manner. The accompaniments were played by Mrs. Allen and Miss Rose. Some of those present were: Messdames Clouston, Scott-Smith, Connolly, Horae, Revell Tennant, Wettenthal (Wellington), Mowat, Bell, Mills, and Rose; Misses Harley (Nelson), Guard, Clouston (2), Mowat (2), Bell, Scott-Smith, Hodson, McShane, Moore, Sharpe, Revell, Hart, Neville (2), Harley, Horton (2), Messrs. C. Mills, and Scott-Smith.

Dance at Springlands.

Last Thursday evening, Mr. and Mrs. A. Mowat, Springlands, gave a dance in their big woolshed. The floor was well prepared for dancing, and the building was most artistically decorated with evergreens, mixed with exquisite autumn

leaves and silver beech, whilst placed about the room were baskets of chrysanthemums and cosmos with autumn leaves to give the required effect, which was much admired by all present. A delicious supper was served in the dining-room, which was also beautifully decorated with flowers and leaves. Excellent music was supplied by Mr. Cheers. It was a glorious moonlight night, so that everything to make the dance a success was complete. Mrs. Mowat received her guests in a handsome gown of pink satin with sequined trimming. Some of those present were: Mrs. J. Mowat, in a mauve silk, with lace and insertion, and black brocade skirt; Mrs. L. Griffiths, black chiffon taffetas, with net blouse relieved with pale blue; Mrs. G. Waddy, black chiffon taffetas, with cream net; Mrs. B. Clouston, black silk; Mrs. A. McLaughlan, black merc. with Maltese lace on bodice; Miss E. Mowat, white book muslin trimmed with silk insertion; Miss Eleanor Mowat, white book muslin; Miss Hermoine Mowat, white muslin; Miss Horne, white muslin with insertion trimming; Miss Horton, black chiffon taffetas, with Paris net; Miss Clouston, yellow silk and the bodice relieved with cream net; Miss D. Clouston, cream chiffon taffetas with Oriental trimmings; Miss G. Harley (Nelson), pale blue chiffon taffetas, Empire style, Oriental trimmings and silver tassels on bodice; Miss R. Horton, dainty cream silk mus-

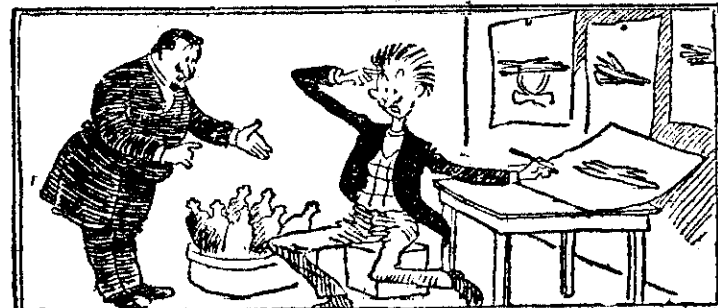
lin with border of pink roses and myrtle green, the bodice of which was swathed with pink crepe de chine; Miss Harley, white silk; Miss M. Bell, black satin; Miss E. Bell (Hilwarden), white muslin de sole over glace silk and bodice prettily draped with white lace; Miss O. Leslie, pretty pale blue chiffon taffetas; Miss Rogers, white muslin; Miss J. Bell, white book muslin.

Personal Items.

Mr. H. Brice (North Island) is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. B. Coleman, at "Vernon."
 Mrs. C. O'Brien (Nelson) accompanied by her two sons, passed through Blenheim last week on their way to Wellington.
 Mr. W. Bunting (Invercargill), is on a visit to Blenheim and is at present the guest of Mr. and Mrs. R. Bell, "Riverlands."
 Mr. F. Richmond (Nelson) is visiting "Richmond Brook."
 Mr. A. Bell, "Riverlands," is spending the week end at "Bankhouse." JEAN.

I've hunted tigers in Bengal, And lions at Zauber's fall, The elephant and hippo, too, The rhino, and the kangaroo; But though I am a hunter bold, I must confess I tunk a cold, So when I'm hunting, I make sure Against such risks by Woods' Peppermint Cure.

"This is our designer at work. You see, we get him crazed with drink and then he produces the styles the ladies adopt."
 "Then we tell Fiá and Clo-Clo and a few more of the girls to go out on the boulevard and introduce the fashion. The women follow it blindly, no matter whether it is becoming or not."



"Consequently in a few weeks all the ladies are wearing this new style. As soon as they have all bought the new style hats I change the style so they have to get another one. I go to my chief designer and instruct him to create a new hat so different in shape and style that it can't be made over from a last year's hat. Thus everybody prospers except the ones who wear the hats and their husbands."

THE SLAVES OF THE HAT HABIT. 7

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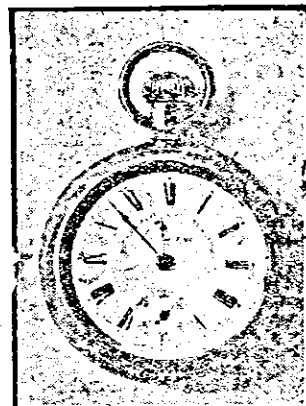
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The World of Fashion

(By MARGUERITE.)

Styles for Evening Gowns.

THE latest arrangement of the evening corsage is very charming, the folds of the satin overdress being drawn over the filmy underdress from one shoulder to the waist, and secured at each point with a huge buckle or a clump of satin blossoms, so that the greater part of the underdress is seen. Lovely materials are used for this underdress, the most effective being lace tinted by artificial means to a delicate old ivory and picked out with dull gold and aluminum thread or tiny crystal and gold beads, which give to the flowers and picots the effect of being gemmed with dewdrops.

Corsage flowers are not so much worn as was the case a little while ago, but embroideries of satin blossoms, which trail up either side of the jupe and are worked again on the corsage, have never been so much in request. Faded colours, such as bleu ancien, old rose, and primrose fance, are more to the fore than distinct shades.

An absolute riot of filmy materials will be found in the salons of the dress-makers for the materialisation of the winter dance toilette, with tulle in the foremost rank. But such fabrics, suitable as they are for the purpose and for the girlish figure of the debutante, will be deemed less modish for the more mature wearer than satin and crepe de Chine.

The reason of this preference is that materials that can be relied upon to silhouette the form are to be more fashionable this winter than the more gauze-like fabrics, the leading merit of which is that they drape successfully.

From this fact it may be inferred that classical line is to govern the evening

modes of the coming season, as well as that of the day dress. The fourreau gown is to be the modish one, falling from the decolletage in straight, and graceful lines, broken in the majority of cases by the clever introduction of a sash.

Sash of Paramount Significance

The sash is to be of paramount assistance in the designing of the evening toilette during the coming months of festival, though it will only infrequently be seen in its usual form clasping the waist and ending in a bow and terminals at the back.

In its new position it is in some instances a decolletage drapery. Starting from the left side, where the dress is cut low in front, beneath a large choux, or a single huge and very beautiful blossom, it is carried to the back, draped round the right shoulder and allowed to droop to the waist line, where a second end which has formed the drapery on the left shoulder is met. Thence the two ends are carried, one at the front and one at the back to the side of the dress, far beneath the natural waist line, where they are gracefully knotted and left to hang to the foot of the skirt.

Another plan causes the long ends to hang from the decolletage line in front or at the back. The sash is restrained by no rules this autumn; individual taste and the requirements of the toilette alone dictate its comings and goings.

Although the peplum and the tunic are very fashionable, and despite the fact that a veiling of net over a satin dress has its allurements, it is as well not to attempt to reconcile the require-

Hat for a young girl—Pale pink felt with pink embroidered quills thrust through a crown of squirrel fur which matches the necklet.



Child's hat of emerald green velvet with band of ermine.

ments of the modern ball-room too punctiliously with the classical draperies of old times. They look well on the figure that is at rest, or that is moving in the

stately measures of an ancient dance, but the mazy waltz disarranges their symmetry, and does not add to their beauty.



SIMPLE PARTY GOWNS

Perhaps because long sleeves appertain to the smartest of day dresses, those for evening wear are deprived of all but the merest semblance of sleeves. A very large amount of skill is necessary if the draperies that take the place of sleeves are to be a success; they are mere handkerchief wisps of tulle caught through a jewelled slide and made all in one with the décolletage modeste.

Very pretty arms are needed when sleeves so scanty as these are worn, and the beauty doctors are busy improving the shoulders and arms of their clients at this juncture. Girls who are their own specialists in comeliness take pains before going to a ball to massage their arms with face cream, after having washed them with finest oatmeal powder dissolved to a paste with rose water. Liquid powder is useful as a final resource, but it must be put on with special care in order that it may not look streaky, and should be polished off with a chamois leather. It is also very necessary that every atom of the powder should be washed away after the ball or the state of the arms will be worse afterwards than it was before.

Correctly speaking the hair should be worn dressed very broad across the head if the clinging Directoire toilette is to be properly coiffed, for though each woman should be a law unto herself in this respect, it is as well to be in the fashion, if possible, and most decidedly is it now modish to dress the hair with a centre parting falling away in soft folds that half hide the ears.

This plan greatly enlarges the head at each side, and to those who admire novelty for novelty's sake there is distinct fascination in the vogue. Moreover, it suits many faces exceedingly well, and in numbers of cases they are just those styles of beauty that no one would have thought would have benefited by a change from the high and narrow dressing to the broad one.

Irregular undulations are the rule, broad over the brow and growing smaller towards the back, where the hair is gathered in the chignon fashion into a big bunch of curls, worn much nearer the neck than has been the case for years. Supposing height is wanted, it can be added by means of the feathers worn, though the low, drooping plume is most fashionable, falling softly, like a fountain, over the shoulders. Half wreaths of flowers and branches of blossom placed at the back of the ears are modish, and simple twists of gold and silver ribbon, with wheatears falling from the bows, prove most fascinating additions to many coiffures.

An astronomer great, he was sitting out late,
With his telescope turned to the stars,
When to his surprise, there flashed 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, "Influenza again,
"Can you send us Woods' Peppermint Cure?"




A SMART TOILETTE,

In plum-coloured velvet and biscuit lace, with bronze buttons and cord.



COSTUME IN THE NEW DRAB-SHADE SERGE,

With black satin collar and cuffs. Hat trimmed with the palest pink hyacinths with black bow at the side.



P. D. CORSETS

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Verse Old and New

Jubal and Tubal Cain.

JUBAL sang of the wrath of God
And the curse of thistle and thorn—
But Tubal got him a pointed rod
And scrambled the earth for corn.
Old—old as that earthly mould,
Young as the sprouting grain—
Yearly green is the strife between
Jubal and Tubal Cain!

Jubal sang of the new-found sea,
And the souls its waves divide—
But Tubal followed a fallen tree
And passed to the farther side.
Black—black as the hurricane wrack,
Salt as the under main—
Bitter and cold is that hate they hold—
Jubal and Tubal Cain!

Jubal sang of the golden years
When wars and wounds shall cease—
But Tubal fashioned the hand-flung spear
And showed his neighbours peace.
New—new as the Nine Point Two,
Older than Lamech's slain—
Roaring and loud is the fend avowed,
Twix' Jubal and Tubal Cain.

Jubal sang of the cliffs that bar
And the peaks that none may crown—
But Tubal clambered by jut and scar,
And there he builded a town.
High—high as the Passes lie,
Low as the culverts drain,
Wherever they be thy can never agree—
Jubal and Tubal Cain!

—Rudyard Kipling.

The Sandjak of Novi Bazar.

[It has been suggested that, as a solution of the Balkan problem, Austria-Hungary divide the Sandjak of Novi Bazar between Serbia and Montenegro.—News Item.]
As a casual newspaper reader;
As a person "just wanting to know";
As one seeking the light in the darkness
(Not to be too inquisitive, though)
On this one point I'd like information,
If you're sure I don't trespass too far—
What is it—won't one please tell me—
The Sandjaks of Novi Bazar?

With many strange terms I'm familiar;
Terms smacking of peace and of war,
Which the versatile press correspondents
Delight to lug in by the score.
Kraal, kopje, and veldt—Yildiz Kiosk;
The Duma dissolved by the Czar,
But I do not know yet what they mean
by
The Sandjak of Novi Bazar.

I can prate of the Punjab; the Mejliss,
And I know when a jihad's proclaimed,
Mashruteh is likewise familiar,
And I think I have Selamik tamed;
I can understand the causa belli,
Beini Snasen, and tribal duar,
But I'm blessed if I see any sense in
The Sandjak of Novi Bazar.

Why should this, of all things, be conceded,
Is it flesh, fish, fowl, anyway?
Can it sit up and beg, and take notice?
Does it live with his Highness, the Bey?
Now, I don't want to make any trouble,
And I don't know what so many things are.
So, won't you please kindly explain it—
The Sandjak of Novi Bazar?

—Cincinnati Times Star.

New Complications.

The doctors say I'm getting well.
My spirits are not effervescent.
It's very hard for me to tell,
I'm sure that I am convalescent.
I've gained a little appetite;
If food is brought, I don't refuse it,
But I am quite convinced in spite
Of this that I am due to lose it.
My pulse, they say, is normal now;
My temperature is also normal.
That doesn't please me, anyhow,
For nurse is getting far too formal.
And I'm compelled to disagree,
Considering that I must leave her;
I'm just as certain as can be
I've got another brand of fever.

I own that blessed creature's care
I'm grateful for each sweet attention,
But there's one thing I hardly dare
Just at the present time to mention.
A plainer and less charming nurse
For me there should have been selected,
My change is only for the worse
In that my heart's become affected.

The Tramp's A B C.

I think a chap must BAJ
In KC cannot C.
A life like mine's the best—that is,
Unless UMTB.
I sets and smokes among the A,
Around me 'ums the B,
I sniffs the wind quite RT like,
What's comin' from the C.
In DD he is a 'appy man
As takes 'is fun like me—
The air is free to NE man,
Whatever AGB.
I never do SA a job,
I think an EC life
Is what a fellow ought to lead,
Away from toil and strife.
For labour is an awful thing,
It makes me AK lot,
I get quite CD, and I shake
With IC fits and lict.

The Crimson Rose.

Take, I beseech you, this poor gift of
mine,
The last red rose that gladdens
Autumn's day,
And loam the love I dream in mood
dittine,
Yet dare not say.
Each crimson petal has its thought of
you,
Each scented breath is incense in your
praise,
An emblem of the love and worship true
That fills my days.
Take, I beseech you, this I have to give,
And in your softer memories let it sue,
For I shall hold for ever while I live
My love of you.

Walter E. Drogan.

The Face Revealed.

I do not find thee 'mid the quivering
grass,
That bids thee into rest,
There where the sunshine and the rain-
fall pass
With lights from east to west
I find thee not, though on the weather-
ing stone
The letters give a name that was
thine own.
I do not find thee in the quiet room
Wherein we loved to meet.
There where in happy hours of twilight
gleam
I rested at thy feet
I find thee not; though flowers and looks
combine
In one familiar setting that was thine.
Not at set time or place I meet with
thee:
But in still hours of thought
When earthly fetters fall and set me
free,
Then is the marvel wrought.
Sudden I find, O dear one unforgot,
Thou has been with me when I knew
it not.

Anecdotes and Sketches

A Childless Future.

ACCORDING to Professor Walter F. Wilcox, the birth-rate per 1,000 has decreased by 152, from 1860 to 1900, or an average of about 30 in a decade. This means, says the Professor, that at the same rate in a century and a-half there would be no children left.

The prospect of being without any children in a century and a-half is not alluring, even though we have such a considerable time to wait.

It is probable that we could make other arrangements in our factories and mines, so that in this respect we would not suffer so materially as if the change came more suddenly.

But if there were no children, there would be no mothers' meetings; for while mothers' meetings are usually conducted by those who have no children of their own, still the main object is to give advice to those who have.

Also, there would naturally be no educational system. How, then, would so many people be able to earn a living, who are now making good money by creating new fads for the children to grow up on?

Not only this, but the absence of children would make it increasingly difficult for us to find any one to whom we could be judiciously and systematically. At present the writing of text-books is a considerable industry in itself, furnishing a means of livelihood to thousands who might otherwise perish. But if there were no children to swallow the statements made in text-books, this industry would have to go by the board.

Rossetti's Ham and Eggs.

Mr. George Meredith contributes an interesting little sidelight on Rossetti to a collection of notes on the poet which appear in the "English Review."

He denies the statement, first of all, that he left Rossetti's house because the appearance of ham and eggs on the poet's breakfast plate "was too much for one."

"What I must have said to some friend," he said, "was that Rossetti's habits were ominous for his health, and I mentioned the plate of thick ham and fried eggs, taken at once on the descent from his bedroom."

"I ventured to speak to him of the walk of at least a mile before this trying meal. But he disliked physical exercise, and he was wilful, though he could join in a laugh at his ways."

"The main point is that he came down with a head full of his work, and, not to be disturbed during the day, he chose a dish that would sustain him through it."

"The system could not continue for long, of which I had the sorrowful prognostic. Devotion to his work in contempt of our nature killed him."

Enjoying Himself.

"You say Henpeck is enjoying himself this summer?"

"Yes; he had his wife made several phonograph records of her voice before she went away."

"Geel! I wouldn't think he would enjoy hearing her talk all the time while she is away!"

"He doesn't hear her talk; he starts the phonograph going, and then he interrupts and talks louder than it does, then he kicks over the table, tumbles the chairs round, and finally goes out and slams the door and leaves it talking."

Fair Warning.

It was in a Scotch village, a Scotch village of a very primitive type, and an English family, with a motor-car, came to stay there for the summer. All the English family, including the old lady, who was very deaf, and used an ear-trumpet, attended kirk on the first Sabbath. The congregation stared at the ear-trumpet such a thing never having been seen there before. At last the preacher rose to the occasion. He went down the aisle, looked severely at the old lady, and said:—
"The first toot and ye're oot!"

An Inference.

"Pa," said Bobbie, "kin I go a fishin'?"
"No, you can't," retorted the old gentleman from behind his newspaper.
Pause.
"Pa, kin I go in swimmin'?"
"I've told you no several times already."
Pause.
"Say, ma, kin I go out and play with the hose?"
"No, Bobbie; you'll get yourself soaked!" replied his mother.
Pause.
"Ma, kin I go across to Willie Smith's for a little while?"
"No, my son, you can't. Willie Smith is not a fit companion for a boy like you."
Pause.
"Pa, kin I cut the pictures out o' the Sunday paper?"
"No, sirree, you can't. I'm not going to have this house littered up with scraps of paper."
Pause.
"Ma, kin I —"
"No, Bobbie, you can't! Don't make me have to tell you that again."
Pause.
"Say, pa, is this a prohibition province?"

Dear Nurse.

Tompkins had suffered terribly, and at one time it appeared that his illness might have a fatal termination. But skilful doctors and a pretty nurse tended him most carefully, and the crisis was successfully passed. The pretty nurse was Tompkins' one ray of sunshine during his weary hours, and he fell desperately in love with her. "Nurse Edith," he said one day, "will you be my wife when I recover?" "Certainly!" replied the consoler of suffering humanity. "Then my hopes are realised. You do really love me?" queried the anxious Tompkins. "The pretty nurse stammered. "Oh, no," she said; "that's merely part of the treatment. I must keep my patients cheerful. I promised this morning to run away with a man who has lost both his legs."



Kind-hearted Old Gent: "What's the matter, my little man?"
The Little Man: "I, boo hoo! lost my kite last week, and your face reminds me of it!"

A BLUNDER SOMEWHERE

Mr. McRooney (slightly indisposed) is "Tis not enough as these pills yer got me, Norah. It says, begorry, "take from two t' four iv'ry noight," an' 'bad cess t' thim, Oi've took thim all an' 'tis only quarter-past three.

BEST WISHES.

"What do you think?" exclaimed the theatrical star, proudly. "They are going to name a new cigar after me." "Well," rejoined the manager, "here's hoping it will draw better than you do."



Exceedingly Absent-minded Professor (intently studying the mud splashes on stranger's coat): "Yes, it's ridiculously simple—black to play and wiu in 15 moves—but surely I can find a more interesting solution than that."

UNUSUAL.

"Yes; we were disappointed in the peasantry." "As to how?" "They always seemed to be working. We never found them dancing or singing in chorus."

THE POINT OF VIEW.

"Do you think we ought to have a bigger army and a larger navy?" "Oh, yes," replied the beautiful girl. "It would be so nice if all the boys at the dances could appear in uniform, with epaulettes and braided collars."

COGENT REASON.

Young Man: Why do you advise Miss Smith to go abroad to study music? You know she has no talent. Old Man: I live next door to Miss Smith.



She: "It's impossible for me to dress three hundre da year." He: "Well, my love, you must wear less." She: "Don't be silly! You know perfectly well that the less I wear the more it costs!"

NOT HOPFUL.

Old golf professional: No, ye'll no mak' a gowfer—ye've begun over late, and ye've over muckle pattle; but it's just possible if ye practise hard, verra hard, for twa three years, ye micht— Jones respectfully: Yes? Professional: Ye micht begin to lie a gimmer that ye'll never ken the resultments o' the game.

AN ELASTIC COMPLIMENT.

Could anything exceed the politeness of the Irish cabby? An old lady called for a cab said to the driver: "Help me to get in, my good man, for I'm a very old lady, you see." "Begorrah, ma'am," was his reply, "no matter what age ye are, ye don't look it."

ONE OF THE LAWYERS.

Naturalized German (trying to excuse himself from service on jury): "But I don't understand good English!" Judge (looking at lawyers who are to try the case): "Don't worry. You won't hear any here!"

INFANT TERRIBLE.

Nephew (to aunt who has come on a visit): You have a grip and two packages in each hand, auntie. Auntie: Isn't that all right? Nephew: Yes; but papa said you always came empty-handed.

ADVICE.

"You's got to put a certain amount of dependence on yohself," said Uncle Eben. "De man dat goes aroun' lookin' for too much advice is liable to find hisself in de position of de gentleman dat gets so interested readin' de timetable dat he misses his train."

THE DOMESTIC PASSWORD.

"You are not going to stay in town late to-night, are you, John?" "Not very late, dear. I have to help put a man through the third degree at the lodge. I'll come straight home as soon as it's over." (Kindly, but firmly): "If you can repeat the password, 'Six slim sleek saplings,' distinctly when you come home from the lodge, John, the servant will admit you; and if you can't, you needn't ring. You'll stay outside all night, my dear." John came home early.



Schoolmistress (interrupting speech on the duties of a schoolmaster): "Now, perhaps Mr Drybones will tell me some of the duties of a schoolmistress?" Mr Drybones: "Madam, 'schoolmaster' embraces 'schoolmistress!'"