

# THE WEEKLY GRAPHIC

AND

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## The Week in Review

### An Unruly Demonstration.

WELLINGTON people naturally feel more keenly on the subject of prerogative of Parliament than those who dwell in places remote from the seat of Government. A session means a large amount of employment for a variety of different workers, and this winter, when there are a large number of unemployed in the Empire city, the postponement of Parliament has caused a considerable amount of disappointment. The meeting held in the Town Hall to protest against the postponement of the session caused an immense crowd to assemble, though probably many hundreds went solely for entertainment and took but little interest in the question at issue. To the meeting itself no objection could reasonably be taken, as anyone is at liberty to call a meeting to express approval or disapproval of any political action. But the scenes that followed stand on quite a different footing. A number of demonstrators had assembled outside the Town Hall, and when the outpouring crowd carried the volume of the mass in the street the cry of "Parliament Buildings!" was taken up, and before long several thousands were rapidly marching towards the House. The tramway traffic had to be partially suspended, but the sound of the approaching crowd had been heralded at the Parliament Buildings, and all the gates were guarded and locked, as also were all other points of possible ingress. A small body of police had been summoned by telephone, and the main gate was guarded by a sergeant and three constables with drawn batons.

### A Disgraceful Scene.

Then followed a scene that might easily have resulted in serious injury to many, if not actual loss of life. The crowd surged forward in the hope of hearing speeches from Messrs Fisher and Taylor, and concerted rushes at the gates commenced. The police were jammed between the crowd and the gates, and the sergeant was severely crushed, and had to retire in great pain. The wide gates bent

backward under the strain, and they had to be reinforced by some heavy timbers which had been left by the carpenters engaged on the Legislative Council building. Had the gates given way the result would have been fatal, as these in front would have been trampled under foot by the thousands who surged behind. One small door was forced, and some 30 men got in, but half-a-dozen defenders drove them back with heavy pieces of timber. Eventually, the mob dispersed, after speeches had been delivered by Messrs Fisher, Wright and McLaren, and no further trouble was experienced. It is hardly necessary to enlarge upon the dangers that attend all scenes of public disturbances, and in this case it would appear that fatal consequences were narrowly averted. But the affair is the more surprising and regrettable from the fact that the demonstration seems to some extent to have been instigated and encouraged by men holding responsible positions. It does not redound to the credit of our public life, and it is to be hoped that scenes such as this will not be repeated.

### The Police Force.

Mr Arnold, the member for Dunedin South, is the source of the debate on the second reading of the Finance Bill, made some startling allegations regarding the police force of the Dominion. He maintained that the more respectable and better class men were leaving the force, and that it was becoming a matter of increasing difficulty to secure suitable recruits. He said that sufficient inquiry was not made into the character and antecedents of the men now entering the force, and the older men would not associate with them. Thus a man arrived in the Dominion and after two months was engaged without inquiry in the force. Soon after he was engaged in a brawl in Wellington. A man left Great Britain with his wife's sister. A few weeks later he was engaged in the police force here "to look after society," and subsequently inquiry showed that he was living with his wife's sister. Another person came from another part of

the Empire and joined the force here. Within a very few months he was found to be living with the wife of another man, and subsequently he eloped with her. A man from Glasgow was employed in the police force without inquiry, and later it was discovered that he was dismissed from the Glasgow police force for assaulting his sergeant. Another man engaged in the force without inquiry was subsequently proved by finger-prints and photographs to be a notorious criminal from another part of the world.

### Need for Investigation.

The indictment is the more grave inasmuch as it proceeds from a staunch and tried adherent of the Liberal party, and it cannot therefore be urged that Mr. Arnold is actuated by any desire to embarrass Sir Joseph Ward or to make political capital out of his statements. Employment is at the present time admittedly more difficult to obtain than it was some time ago, and yet the retirements from the police force have lately been greater than in more prosperous times. This fact alone seems to call for some explanation. Judging from one or two episodes that have occurred in our courts, and from the tenour of letters and articles that have appeared in the public press, it would certainly seem that considerable dissatisfaction exists in many quarters with the present state of affairs. It is important that the members of the police force should be above suspicion. Magistrates are compelled to rely largely on their evidence in court, the public safety is in their hands. It is said that at present we have in our midst a large number of undesirable characters who take advantage of the Gaming Act to pose as book-makers, and the recent criminal calendar in Auckland constituted a record. It is, therefore, to be hoped that the uneasiness created by Mr. Arnold's indictment may be speedily removed by Parliament taking such action as shall ensure that none but suitable and reliable men find their way into the force.

### A Tasmanian Critic.

The Hobart "Mercury" has been taking New Zealand to task and severely criticising our legislation. The picture drawn is so depressing that we doubt if it would be recognised by the inhabitants of the Dominion who seem to be fairly happy and prosperous, in spite of the many evils from which we are said to suffer. In the course of his article the writer says:—"The time has come, as we were sure it would, when we and others who have resisted certain kinds of legislation are able to take up the cry of 'Look at New Zealand.' We have had this thing dinned into our ears until we became tired of it. In Parliament some bill would be introduced, and if anyone ventured to oppose it, a Minister or a private member would explain, in an awestruck whisper, that it was law in New Zealand. . . . Immigrants are going to the Dominion, attracted by the wonderful stories told, while all the time every steamer which leaves a filled with

men who have tried and failed. Wages are high, but so is the cost of living, and many examples have been given to show how much worse off is a working man in New Zealand than in less progressive and enlightened communities. The slump is just starting, and we believe that it is going to be a very severe one. New Zealand has been blessed with a succession of wonderful seasons, and we doubt, has done very well. In addition, its natural beauties attract each year many thousands of tourists, who all bring money, and leave it behind. On top of that has been the immigration boom. People do not emigrate from England or other of the older lands without having some money in their possession. The stream is still flowing to New Zealand—and is also flowing out, and the immigrants go away, leaving their money behind, to swell the prosperity of the Dominion. Just the same thing happened in Canada, and there, too, a slump has set in. We believe that in a very few years the cry 'Look at New Zealand' will be used only by those who wish to point to it as the shocking example of the evil arising from attempts to interfere by legislation with the laws of supply and demand."

### The Critic Answered.

In contrast with this, we have the opinion of Mr. W. Brock, who was one of the best-known farmers and graziers in the southern part of Tasmania, but who now resides in the Taranaki district. He is at present on a visit to Hobart, and in the course of an interview he had no hesitation in awarding the palm to New Zealand. He said: "I regard the Dominion as one of the greatest countries in the world. It is a long, narrow country, running some 1200 or 1300 miles almost due north and south. New Zealand is so geographically situated that, if shut off from all parts of the world, she could grow almost every article that is produced in the world, both the luxuries and necessities of life. She possesses a varied climate, has the richest of lands of all descriptions, and a large rainfall, and what more could any country desire?" After dealing with the experiments made in Tasmania in regard to acquiring large estates for closer settlement, and showing what a doubtful success they had been, Mr. Brock went on to speak of our own efforts in that direction. He said: "Now let me give you a true picture of closer settlement in New Zealand. Take, for instance, the Taranaki district, in which I have settled. It is essentially a dairy district. It is about 50 miles square, and in every direction one sees smiling homesteads. The land is rich, deep chocolate soil. The climate is warm—so much so that grass grows all the winter. The rainfall is 51in a year. The land will carry and keep in the best condition a milking cow all the year round on one and a half acres. The grass consists of red clover, cow grass, white clover, English ryegrass, and cocksfoot." He concluded by remarking that there was no parallel between New Zealand and Tasmania, and that the latter State did not possess either the resources or the recuperative power of our own Dominion. Having tried both

countries, Mr. Brock should be in a good position to estimate their respective merits.

#### A New Way of Life.

The London "Spectator" has published a remarkable article entitled "A New Way of Life." The writer says that he does not believe that we have suffered in moral health, though he thinks that we are too much given to luxury and softness. But these are not the evils he seeks to deal with. He says: "What we specially desire to emphasise is the need for a greater seriousness, or, if you will, hardness, of outlook. What we have got to change is a certain light-heartedness, or complacency of temper, that has lately marked our people—the easy belief that everyone must admire and respect our good intentions and our noble and humanitarian point of view. We have got in future to face the world, not as we should like it to be, but as it is—the world of blood and iron, controlled by men who are not humanitarians and philanthropists, but persons intensely human on the other side of man's nature, persons who do not take what they would call a Sunday school view of the world, but rather the view that man is still a wild beast, that the race is to the strong and not to the well-intentioned, that victory belongs to the big battalions, not to those who say that they envy no man anything, and who cannot understand why nations should hate or be jealous of each other." This is frank enough for anybody. Instead of being humanitarian we ought to belong to the "world of blood and iron." Let us go back to savagery at once and club the first fellow that dares to put his head round the corner.

#### The Wanganui Trams.

The Wanganui trams have now been running for six months, and the returns are extremely satisfactory to all concerned. For the six months ended the 9th June, no less than 601,357 passengers were carried, and the net passenger revenue was £4297 0/6, a sum exceeding the most sanguine expectations of the promoters of the electric service. The number of car miles run was 82,358, the passengers per car mile averaged 7.3, the revenue per car mile was 12.52d, the cars were run on 178 days, the revenue per day was 1.7d per passenger, 3378 passengers were carried per day on the average, while the average revenue per day was £24 3/1. These figures are highly satisfactory, for, after providing interest and sinking fund in addition to maintenance charges, the six months' working gives a credit balance. This is more than the most hopeful electric tram advocate anticipated and even his Worship the Mayor's most optimistic calculations have been exceeded. Mr. Mackay estimated that a five-car service would produce a revenue of £7600, but practically a four-car service (for the fifth car has only been running for a short time) bids fair to exceed that sum. The takings per car mile, too, are remarkable considering the limited population to work on in Wanganui, the revenue of 12.52d exceeding the average in some of the larger New Zealand centres where electric trams have been installed.

#### Mr. Hogg's Resignation.

The resignation of Mr. Hogg, after his exceedingly indiscreet speech on the subject of large landowners, State notes, and French dinner menus, was a foregone conclusion. His views were openly repudiated by Sir Joseph Ward, and they were clearly not those held by other members of the Ministry. To say that a man who adds acre to acre is a criminal is a

misuse of language that savours more of an irresponsible agitator than a responsible Minister of the Crown. Mr. Hogg claims that it was his views on the subject of State notes that led to his resignation, and that these views and also the opinions he expressed on the land question are those that he has held and publicly advocated for the last twenty years. As a private member of the House he will be able to advocate any views he pleases, but as he evidently holds political ideas inconsistent with the main principles of the policy of the present Government his resignation of his portfolio was a necessity. Mr. Hogg, in the past, has rendered good service to the cause of democracy, and his desire to road the backblocks and provide transit facilities for the country settler is worthy of all praise. As Minister in charge of roads and bridges he would probably have done good work, and effected many much-needed improvements. Everybody will regret his retirement from this post, and however much his colleagues may differ from him on questions of policy they all recognise his many high personal qualities. Sir Joseph Ward, while deeming Mr. Hogg's resignation necessary from a political point of view, paid a high tribute to his character. In speaking of the circumstances which had led to the resignation, the Premier said: "As regards Mr. Hogg himself, I entertain, and always have entertained, not only the highest admiration for the courage with which he expresses his opinion, but for his honesty and his devotion to doctrines which, although I differ from him, he conscientiously entertains. To this I may add that I have always felt for Mr. Hogg a very high sense of friendship, and the combination of these circumstances made our official separation one of the deepest regret to me—a regret tempered, however, by the fact that Mr. Hogg has retired from my Cabinet without a suggestion of bitterness on his part. Without in the slightest degree reflecting on Mr. Hogg's judgment, I am entitled to say that his retirement was in itself regarded as necessary by the general opinion of my colleagues, and of our party as a whole. This opinion is not hostile to Mr. Hogg personally, but is based first upon the grounds that the views expressed by him were radically inconsistent with the policy of the Government, and, secondly, upon the grounds that, being held by a responsible Minister of the Crown, they would seriously embarrass, if not imperil, the future financial position and operations of New Zealand, not so much perhaps in this country itself as in Great Britain."

#### The Last Senior Wrangler.

Everybody will feel a certain amount of regret at the thought that the Senior Wranglership will be no more. Mr. Danniell is the last undergraduate to enjoy the title of Senior Wrangler, and henceforth the names of the different classes will be arranged alphabetically. The wranglers date from the year 1747, when Bates of Cains was senior, and since then the honour has generally gone to either Trinity or John's. Up till now these two great colleges were equal, each having gained the coveted distinction 52 times, and Mr. Danniell has succeeded in placing Trinity just one ahead of its rival by his achievement. The most sensational event connected with the mathematical tripos was the gaining of the first place by a woman. Miss Pawcett was placed by the examiners above the Senior Wrangler, and she is the only lady student who has ever accomplished this feat. The reasons assigned by the university authorities for abolishing the Senior Wranglership are that it is not easy to distinguish between the merits of different candidates, and that the honour assigned to the first place in the list is out of all proportion to its real value. We live in an age of reform, and many cherished institutions are being swept away, but the Senior Wranglership and the "wooden spoon" have been for so long an integral part of Cambridge University life that it seems a pity that they have had to be sacrificed to the zeal of the educational reformer.

# The Demands of Labour

## PAPER MONEY—SHORTER HOURS

By Dog Toby.

#### State Notes.

THE annual New Zealand conference of Trades and Labour Councils has a fairly large programme before it, the bulk of the various resolutions to be considered consisting of exhortations to the Government to introduce legislation on almost every subject under the sun. The immediate abolition of the Legislative Council is urgently demanded, and many people will probably regret that the Lower House is not also included. What a rest it would be for the country if we were to have no new laws for a few years. Money is to be made plentiful for all by the issue of State notes, and all our railways are to be finished and paid for by these notes, new railways are to be built, all kinds of public works are to be undertaken, and general prosperity is to result. In spite of the recent rise in the price of paper, the notes would cost comparatively little to produce, and the many improvements made during the last few years in printing machines should enable them to be turned out with ease and rapidity. We could then pay off all our debts and liabilities with the same delightful feeling of honourable dealing that some people experience when they settle all just claims against them by giving promissory notes for the amounts involved.

#### Definition of a Worker.

The issue of State notes settles all the questions of finance that might arise if some of the other resolutions were carried into effect. We have at last got a definition of the word "worker." A worker is defined to be anybody who does not earn more than £5 a week, and this definition is to be embodied in an Act of Parliament. If a man is so energetic that he earns more than the humble five he ceases to be a worker, but it seems to be quite immaterial how little he earns. We have the customary demand for reducing the hours of labour. No definite reduction is named, but the hours are to be reduced till all surplus labour is absorbed. Legislation is called for to give effect to this proposition. It is not quite easy to see what is going to be gained by this step. If labour is to be paid at the rate of so much an hour, then wages will be reduced if fewer hours are to be worked. If wages are to be unaffected, the cost of production must increase enormously, and the cost of living will be proportionately higher. Also, if all surplus labour is to be absorbed, something would have to be done to restrict immigration, otherwise we might have whole boat loads of people coming from other places. The best way to increase wealth is to increase not lessen production. It is hard to see how we are going to be in a position to employ more hands by merely working for fewer hours. The ability to provide employment depends on output, and surplus labour is best absorbed by providing new fields for industrial enterprise.

#### Nationalisation of Industries.

The marine coastal and intercolonial services are to be nationalised. The steamers could easily be paid for by printing a few million extra of State notes, and free steamer fares could be added to free education and free school books. The workers could then travel and see something of the Dominion and other countries. State ferry boats are to be run between Lyttelton and Wellington, and we are to have State boot factories, State colliers, and

State mailboats. The iron industry is also to be nationalised. Customs duties on the necessaries of life that cannot be produced in the Dominion are to be reduced, and State farms are to be established where all the unemployed shall have the right to claim employment at a living wage. The sale of Crown lands is to be abolished, the land tax increased, and holdings limited to 1000 acres. Workmen's dwellings are to be erected by the Government, and all rents are to be fixed by law. The Government is urged to take steps to give effect to these various proposals, but no advice is given as to how all these things are to be done. The cost of nationalising the various industries named would be enormous. It is just possible that the present owners would prefer gold to State notes, however well the latter might be printed, and however artistically they might be designed. If so, we would have to borrow on a large scale, and considerable difficulty might be experienced in floating the necessary loans.

#### Some Sensible Suggestions.

With many of the proposals submitted for consideration, most people will agree. Chief amongst these is the desire that Sunday shall be observed as a day of rest. It is suggested that the Harbour Boards Act shall be amended so that all work shall cease on the wharves throughout the Dominion between 5 p.m. on Saturdays and midnight on Sunday. It may not be practicable to carry out this idea in its entirety, but everything possible should be done to lessen Sunday work and restrict it to cases of absolute necessity. Equally admirable are the suggestions made for the taking of the local option poll. It is proposed that separate days should be fixed for the general election and for the poll on local option. The necessity for this was shown at the last election, when political issues were completely overshadowed by the temperance question. It would mean, of course, a certain amount of extra expense and extra trouble; but the gain from a political point of view would be well worth it.

#### State Control.

The other suggestion is that the reduction clause should be eliminated, and the voting paper altered to allow of a vote being taken on State control. This last will probably be found to be the best solution of a very difficult question, and the electors ought at least to be given an opportunity of expressing an opinion on the matter. Approval is also expressed of the principle of a Citizens' Voluntary Defence Force and the establishment of an Australasian navy. The suggestion that all life-saving appliances on ships shall be inspected and tested at least once in every three months by surveyors appointed for the purpose is one that should certainly be adopted. How often it has happened at critical times that something is found to be wrong with the boats, and valuable lives have been sacrificed to negligence. Compared with many demands made by Trades and Labour Councils, the present demands seem reasonable enough. Some of them are hardly practicable, and the benefits expected to be derived from others would probably be far less than what is hoped for. The State can do much, but it cannot do everything, and the tendency to rely on State aid and Government subsidies is apt to sap that spirit of energy and self-reliance that is the secret of success in life.

# Sayings of the Week

### No Understudy.

IS it because the King would not like to see another man try on the crown that the Parliament is not to sit during the absence of the Prime Minister at the conference?—*Mr Newman, M.P.*

### Football v. Defence.

Whenever I see a photograph of a football match, and note the vast crowd looking on, I am reminded of the few who can be found to join the ranks of those who voluntarily train for the defence of this country, and of the vast crowd which is simply content to look on, and jeer, some of them. I think, then, that it is high time we had compulsory training.—*Captain Peterick.*

### Expensive Proposals.

I calculate that the proposals of the Leader of the Opposition with regard to navy contribution and compulsory training would run this country into an expenditure of close on a million a year.—*Mr J. C. Thomson, M.P.*

### Our Avuncular Relative.

I was impressed with the appeal made to our sentiment by the seconder of the Address-in-Reply, when he said we should love the Mother Country, and that we should honour our father and our mother, that our days may be long. But, without wishing to be cynical, I am afraid that we are more inclined to honour our uncle than any other relation.—*Mr McLaren, M.P.*

### An Energetic League.

The German Navy League has branches in every village and hamlet, and contributes more for the spread of its propaganda than does the British Navy League.—*Mr J. C. Thomson M.P.*

### High Ideals.

There are indications of a considerable revival of trade in this country. If the people will only devote themselves to industrial purposes—put their labour and skill into something that they can sell or eat, the future of this country will be assured. What I wish to emphasise is that the young people should not be encouraged to devote the whole of their time to quill-driving and type-writing.—*Hon. T. Mackenzie.*

### More Trucks.

I was talking over this matter with a farmer, and he said: "We don't want a Dreadnought; we want more railway trucks.—*Mr J. C. Thomson, M.P.*

EDWARD AND ABDUL HAMID.



The Meeting.

What close friends!

How it will end.

### Blind Guides.

It was perfectly well known that if the Government had been guided by members representing the city of Wellington, New Zealand would have gone to the dogs in no time.—*Sir Joseph Ward.*

### Not of This World.

Politics are becoming the curse of modern Nonconformity. If this is not arrested, very serious damage will accrue to the churches. It is very unfortunate that the leadership of Nonconformity, and especially of the Free Church Council, has so largely been assumed by men of strong political proclivities. I know that, all over the land, many are leaving Nonconformity on this account. In my judgment the Nonconformist outlook is very dark, and many share my opinion that nothing but ridding it of the political element will avail.—*Rev. Dinwiddie T. Young, Wesleyan Minister.*

### A Personal View.

There is a great deal of dissatisfaction with the present Government, I know. Personally, I don't wholly approve of the reconstructed Cabinet. It is not a movement that is popular in the north.—*Mr C. H. Poole, M.P.*

### An Object of Pity.

The poor capitalist was becoming a fugitive on the face of the earth. Mr Lloyd-George was driving them out of England, we were trying to sweep them out of here, and the United States Socialists were also keeping them stirred up. There would soon be not a place on earth where the capitalist would be able to push his foot.—*Mr T. E. Taylor, M.P.*

### Educational Advantages.

He found the Australian criminal everywhere at the top of his profession, his superior education and intelligence giving him a great advantage over the less educated and slower-witted criminals in Great Britain and Europe.—*Detective McManamy.*

### The Roots of Prosperity.

The things that make the prosperity of a country are plenty of good land and liberty to manage its own affairs.—*Mr J. Duncan, M.P.*

### Fourteen to One.

The Prime Minister says the Wellington members have made 14 speeches. In all the 14 speeches they committed fewer indiscretions than did one Minister in one speech.—*Mr F. M. B. Fisher, M.P.*

### Unequal Pay.

A great deal of dissatisfaction exists among sailors of the Australian squadron because colonial sailors are paid at a higher rate. That is a very dangerous thing.—*Mr J. Allen, M.P.*

### A United Press.

Newspapers of all parties and public bodies all over the country have expressed unqualified approval of the Dreadnought offer.—*Sir Joseph Ward.*

### Conscience Money.

We are paying up arrears, we are paying conscience money, by this offer of a Dreadnought.—*Mr J. Duncan, M.P.*

### Citizen Rights.

What I would like to see established at the Imperial Defence Conference is an Empire system of defence, under which every able-bodied man shall be taught as part of his citizen rights that it is part of his duty to help to defend his country if necessary.—*Mr J. Allen, M.P.*

## Effect of Radium Bombardment.

Professor Sir J. J. Thomson, lecturing at the Royal Institution, London, made some remarkable statements about the energy developed by radium.

Radium gave out about a million times as much energy, he said, as was given by an equal weight of oxygen when it combined with hydrogen. It was developed by rapidly moving atoms of helium shot out with incredible velocity approaching one-tenth that of light.

Where the energy came from, to give these heavy things this enormous velocity, was a most interesting problem. He asked them to imagine the state of their atoms being bombarded by these helium particles as large as themselves. The condition of a ship exposed to the fire of Dreadnoughts would be child's play compared with the condition of an atom exposed to a battery of these particles.

If they imagined a town exposed to a bombardment of shots as large as houses and moving a thousand times more quickly than any shot ever fired from a cannon, they would have some idea of the condition of a gas exposed to the battery of radium. Every helium particle left 30,000 wrecks of molecules of the gas it was bombarding.



EDITH SPOUNCER

When only 3 months old little Edith Spouncer, 14 Smith Street, Camperdown, Sydney, N.S.W., had a severe attack of whooping cough and bronchitis, and her parents thought she would die. "I gave her SCOTT'S Emulsion," writes her mother, Mrs. A. Spouncer (Sept., 1907) "and after the first bottle there was a vast improvement. She has now fully recovered, and is a fine, healthy baby." SCOTT'S is the perfection of emulsions and there is only one quality—the standard. When buying SCOTT'S, therefore, you may be quite certain that you are getting the precise thing which restored Edith Spouncer to health and strength. See SCOTT'S "fishman" on the package—that makes it the right emulsion!

OF ALL CHEMISTS AND DEALERS IN MEDICINES.



THE MARK BY WHICH YOU PICK OUT YOUR CURE!



Geo. A. Tyler. K. Harvey. TYLER & HARVEY, Ship, Yacht and Boat Builders.



HAVE now commenced business in commodities premises with water frontage, and are prepared to supply Designs and Estimates for all classes of work. Motor Launches and Repair Work a Speciality.

47 Customs Street, Auckland.

## Womanly Strength and Beauty

The woman who is really beautiful is the woman who is well. The languid, nervous style of beauty once so popular with fiction writers is no longer in favour, either in books or in daily life. The beauty of to-day eats heartily and sleeps well, and trusts to nature to paint its roses in her cheeks. No medicine is better adapted to women's needs than

## Stearns' Wine of Cod Liver Oil

It appeals at once to the palate and the eye, pleasing them by its taste and its tempting appearance. Its action is very simple and natural, since it builds up the bodily health by stimulating the appetite and digestion and renews and enriches the blood by introducing more iron. It can always be depended upon, for besides being the best of tonics, it speedily breaks up hacking coughs and other bronchial troubles. Get Stearns' Wine of Cod Liver Oil at your chemist's, and be sure you get the genuine, STEARNS'.

# The Club Smoking Room

By HAVANA.

## French Menus.

**F**RENCH COOKERY," began the cynic, laying down his newspaper, "has a great reputation, but it has never been popular with John Bull, who infinitely prefers his roast beef and Yorkshire pudding to what he calls the made-up messes of the froggies. Our late Minister for Roads and Bridges evidently found the road through a French menu to be full of awkward ruts, and he seems to have got stuck in some places, and ploughed his way through others. His valiant attempts to twist his tongue round some of the names hardly met with the credit they deserved. I never could see any object in printing dinner menus in a foreign tongue. It is difficult enough to say what a dish is going to be when the menu is in English, but when it is in French goodness only knows what you are going to get. The generic names of stew and curry cover all sorts of abominations, but the different sauces labelled a la somebody or something may conceal frogs, or snails, or even rats."

## Paper Money.

"The unknown," commented the banker, "is always magnificent, and to most people there is a great charm in a high sounding name. Pommes-de-terre au naturel both sound and taste better than plain, boiled spuds. The Minister seems to have come the greatest cropper over his advocacy of paper money. It is awfully funny how people who don't know banking from the inside imagine that you can solve all financial problems by an unlimited issue of bank notes. In reality paper is merely a convenient way of carrying and transferring large sums of money. A cheque for ten thousand pounds can be carried in the waistcoat pocket, or posted for a penny to any address. The same sum in gold coins would tax the strength of the strongest man to lift, and would cost a fortune to send by mail. Imagine also the task of counting a sum like that."

## Mixed Coins.

"I would risk that," answered the impetuous one, "if anyone would try me with it. It would be a joy to me to count out ten thousand lovely sovereigns, and feel they were all mine. In Tahiti you see some funny things in the way of money. They have French francs, English sovereigns, Chili dollars, and American dollars. If you change a sovereign, you get a mixed assortment of coins, and it takes you half a day to reckon up the value of what you have got. The Chili dollar is about the size of a cart wheel, and is worth about one and ninepence. When you get a few pounds' worth of the things, they take some carrying, I can tell you. I have seen sailors, who have just been paid-off, draw all their money in Chili dollars, and they cart them about in buckets from pub to pub. It gives a man the appearance of being a millionaire."

## French Politeness.

"I reckon," said the financier, "that Tahiti is as jolly a place as one could find anywhere round New Zealand to spend a holiday in. The French are awfully polite, and the gendarmes are civility itself. I spent a few months there once, and took a manservant with me to look after things. The fellow got on the spree one day, and the froggies collared him, and put him in a place they call the calaboose, or some such outlandish name. I tried to bail him out, but they insisted on keeping him there till the pubs shut. When

they let him out, he was awfully indignant at being locked up without a trial, and wanted to hurt the Habemus Corpus and the Bill of Rights and Magna Charta, and all that sort of antiquated misbit at them. But the old Johnny, who looked after the show, was not having any just then. He asked a lot of questions in broken English, and got more or less truthful answers, which he jotted down on official blue paper. My trusty retainer had to state where he was born, his age, his occupation, his father's age and occupation, and all that sort of Tommyrot. Then he asked the official why



OUTSIDE THE RING.

"Ulloa, Joe—ow did ye come down?" "First class—standin' room only—carrage full of parsons—church conferences on somewhere. I felt like a lion in a den of Daniels!"

they had locked him up. He said: 'What is the charge against me?' His erstwhile gaoler looked at him with a smile of comprehension, and said: 'There is no charge; it is all free.'

## High Life.

"Funny people the French," mused the previous speaker. "They are just as fond of picking up English phrases and English fashions as many English people are of picking up French phrases and French fashions. I remember a chap in Paris telling me a thing was very 'big beef,' and I couldn't think what the dickens he was after. I told him I had never heard the word before, and he said it was a common English expression. I racked my brain to think what it could be, and at last, as we were passing a tailor's shop, he said: 'There you are. That is what I mean.' Then I understood. In the window of the establishment was a card on which was inscribed the legend 'High Life Tailoring.' I am sure I should never have guessed his meaning from his pronunciation of the words."

## The Game of Bluff.

"As Mr. Hogg's Baconian epigrams have brought us round to things Gallic," put in the professor, "I would like to suggest that if England had taken a bolder stand at the time of the Franco-Prussian war she would not now be confronted with a German peril. At that time both France and Germany thought their forces would be almost equally matched. If England had stepped in, when appealed to, and declared that she would take the side of which ever nation was first attacked, it is safe to say that there would have been no war. France would still have been a dangerous foe for Germany to reckon with, the war indemnity of two hundred millions would never have gone to help to build up the German fleet, and quite possibly the unification of Germany would never have taken place. Beaconsfield brought about the famous treaty of Berlin by sheer bluff, and similar tactics in 1870 would

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**MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP.**

# The News of the Week

## IN THE DOMINION.

### North Auckland Railway.

#### WESTERN ROUTE ADOPTED.

It has been decided by the Government to adopt the western route for the North Auckland railway, with the modification that the line should be continued through Ross Hill and thence via Young's Point and Bickerstaffs.

The Minister for Public Works states that he hopes to commence a section of the North Auckland Trunk line on the western route between Ross' Hill and McCarroll's immediately.

#### EFFECTS OF THE DEVIATION.

The announcement that the Government has finally selected the western route for the North Auckland Trunk railway is of widespread interest to the residents of the whole Northern Peninsula beyond the present terminus at Welleford. To realise properly the immense interests involved in the deviation from the formerly authorised route, it must be understood that from the 80-mile Rag at Ross Hill (south of Kaiwaka) to a point on the Mangakahia river about 136 miles from Auckland by the chosen route, the two surveys never meet, and are, in fact, widely apart for the greater part of the distance.

It is unnecessary to again refer to the great battle of the routes, which, for the past year, has been so energetically waged by the partisans of the rival districts. The circumstances are too well known to Aucklanders to require anything but a passing reference. The route of the railway, as fixed in the first place, kept round the western side of the dividing range northward from Welleford, and passed round all the tidal waters of the Kaipara Harbour. From Topuni, a few miles beyond Welleford, the old line passed through Ross' Hill to the east of Kaiwaka and a mile north of Maungaturoto, through the "eastern" of the two saddles each known as McCarroll's Gap, to the east of Waikiekie Hill and the Tangihua ranges, and down the Waioatama Valley to the Wairoa, crossing the latter river at 123 miles from Auckland, close to the junction of the Mangakahia. The line then ascended the Mangakahia Valley on its way to Hokianga.

Although many objections to the route just described had been frequently forthcoming from settlers in the western districts, it was not until the winter of last year that the fight for the railway commenced in earnest as regards the section between Topuni and McCarroll's Gap. The settlers from all parts of the Wairoa, Tokatoka, and Matakohu districts earnestly advocated a deviation from Topuni through the Bickerstaffs Estate, and adjoining the former survey at a point several miles south of McCarroll's Gap. Several Ministers of the Cabinet, including the Hon. George Fowlds and R. McKenzie (Minister for Public Works), inspected the rival routes. As a result of innumerable deputations and whole-hearted argument, surveys of the deviations were made, the latest being for a new line, including both proposed deviations, and keeping to the west of the former survey the whole way from Topuni to the heart of the Mangakahia Valley. The two routes, old and new, are practically the same length, the distance from the junction in the Mangakahia to Auckland by either route being about 136 miles.

The main arguments in favour of the Eastern route were, firstly, that it was the more central of the two, and, secondly, that, by means of a very short branch, the line would tap a magnificent stone and metal quarry at Pukekaroro Hill, a few miles past Kaiwaka. It was argued that the population of the district served, and of Waipu and Mangawai on the East Coast, more than justified keeping to the fixed route; whilst the western settlers based their application for a deviation on the claims that the western districts were more productive, that the line would serve all the Northern Wairoa districts, and that it was essential to touch the tidal waters of the Kaipara. The eastern district deputations, on the other hand, held that by so

tapping the Kaipara, as suggested, a costly drawbridge must be constructed where the line would cross the Otamatea river.

The trouble as to which route was to be followed near the Tangihua ranges mainly developed into argument as to which was the more direct route, and which was the better district to serve from the standpoints of commercial results and settlement. The views of the Government have thus, it will be seen, tended towards favouring the western route at this point, as in the case of the Bickerstaffs route.

#### Big Claim Against New Zealand.

The Solicitor-General (Dr. Fitzhett) left for England by the same steamer that conveyed Sir Joseph Ward, in connection with a matter the details of which have not as yet been made public, but which is of considerable importance to New Zealand. It appears that a citizen of another country has made a claim on the New Zealand Government,

arising out of native land transactions by an American citizen in the early days of the Colony. The land in question is located North of Auckland, and was purchased from the Maoris, but seized by the Government, and never handed back to the original owners.

The history of every country peopled long with a virile aboriginal race possessed through custom and tradition of an elaborate system of proprietary rights over landed property, is always fraught with the quicksands of trouble when the European comes along and pitches his tent on the pleasant places thereof. For the pakeha, especially he of Anglo-Saxon persuasion, loves to become a landed proprietor, in whatever proportion, and when aboriginal, or the presiding native who, having eaten up the aboriginal, occupies his place, displays a greater fondness for rum, tobacco, beads, blankets, flint-lock muskets, and their concomitants, and other such desirable acquisitions, than for a few thousand of the wide range of acres he claims by sovereign right, it is only reasonable to assume that there are land-hungry and enterprising pakehas in plenty to barter with him.

Thus it was with New Zealand in what are even now looked back over and called the early days—days when for a tomahawk and a pair of blankets a sailor-man, weary of the sea, could come ashore

the dawn of the century whalers and sailors and other hardy adventurers had, either by barter or, as was almost as frequent, by the sovereign generosity of the native chiefs to their friend and brother, the wonderful pakeha, gradually acquired from the Maori enormous tracts of land all over the colony, but particularly in the North Island, Auckland, from its climatic and other advantages, was the chief area of interest to these early settlers, who had, before the foundation of the colony, obtained real or pretended rights to such tracts of land as began to threaten landlessness to many tribes, and occasioned the New South Wales legislature to pass an Act appointing a Commission with certain powers to examine and report upon the claims and grants to land in New Zealand. Messrs. Godfrey and Richmond were appointed Commissioners, and set about their well-nigh hopeless task of defining boundaries, settling the entanglements of native rights to the various lands claimed and counter-claimed by different tribes, and adjudicating between the measure of the exorbitant and of the just, the genuine and pretender. For it must be remembered that in those days there were neither maps nor surveys, nothing but this hill and that headland, this valley and that rich plain, as more or less recognised indications of boundary.

#### SALVING FROM THE "MAVS."

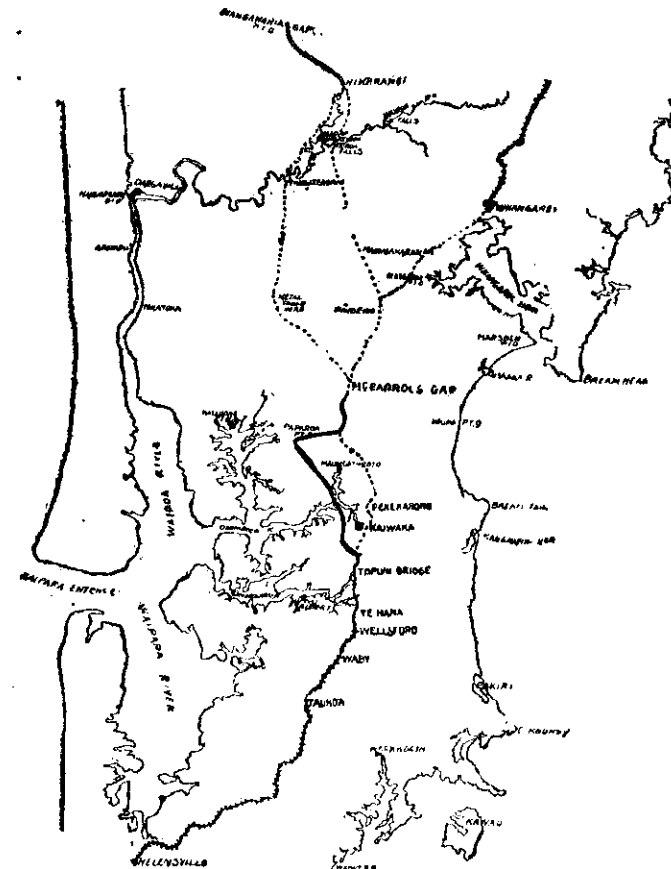
Then in 1840 New Zealand was constituted a separate colony, and the New South Wales Act had to be repealed, but in the following year Governor Hobson issued his proclamation, and the Commission already constituted continued its work, with some modification, and the result was that the extreme area allowed to any European as purchased from the Maoris, was 2560 acres. This, of course, was evaded in many cases, but largely by reason of certain amendments to the original enactment. It was later, in the days of Sir George Grey, in 1861, after surveys had been made and order to some extent evolved from chaos, that the land "hustlers" were dealt with, and their claims settled.

#### THE KING OF WAIOU.

But we have to do at present with the result of the earlier commission. When the colony was constituted, there lived on the little strip of land inside the Coromandel harbour, and known as Herekino, a man who has been described as a big, stout, jolly individual, loud of voice and free of manner, possessing, in addition to a strong American accent, a personality that forced its domination upon all and sundry with whom he came in contact. He had arrived some years before as a ship's carpenter upon an American whaler, and seeing possibilities, both pleasant and profitable, in life ashore in New Zealand that an American whaler would never offer, he cast in his lot among the small band of pakehas that were scattered here and there in the midst of the cannibal lords of the land. William Webster was his name, and very soon, from one of the simple "makers of nations" in New Zealand, he became the dictator and arbitrator between native and European over a wide range of country, including the Hauraki Gulf and all its neighbouring lands. In short, without the medium of William Webster, no pakeha could obtain so much land as would suffice to give resting room to his tent or whare, and he was the bosom friend of the great Coromandel chief, Hookeae, whose daughter he was given in partnership. So Webster settled in the land, and prospered, his busy mind not content with mere idle proprietorship of the vast areas of native demesne he had either acquired, or of which he had claimed possession. He established trading stations all over the Gulf and Firth of Thames, and through these he reaped a rich profit at the time of the influx of immigration to New South Wales by buying shiploads of maize, potatoes, and other food from the natives, and sending them across to New South Wales. And his headquarters were at this little spot of Herekino, where he kept a boarding-house for the convenience of the numerous adventurous spirits who came and went, and with whom money or kind was frequently plentiful. From the influence and power he exercised both over Maori and pakeha, Webster obtained the sobriquet of "King of Waiou."

#### DISPOSSESSION.

When the Commission was appointed to inquire into and settle the questions



THE NORTHERN MAIN TRUNK LINE.

Map of the country north of Helensville, which will enable the reader to follow the question of the route of the Main Trunk line north of Auckland. The line is now open to Welleford, and up to Topuni bridge there was no dispute. The dotted lines show the route advocated by the eastern party, and the plain black line indicates the points up to which the line is completed, all the western routes now decided upon from Topuni bridge to the lower end of McCarroll's Gap.

through the Imperial Government, to the extent of something like half a million, and the Government of the country in question referred the matter to a committee which unanimously decided to press the claim. The Imperial Government is asking for a settlement of the matter; and, as it involves important legal questions which have been the subject of consideration for some time, Cabinet has decided that the Solicitor-General shall go Home for the purpose of consulting with the Imperial Crown law officers, as the British Government has requested that a settlement should be arrived at.

Regarding Dr. Fitzhett's departure, our Wellington correspondent learns that it is in connection with a claim for about half a million pounds,

and obtain proprietary right to a plot of land whereon to "sleep," probably several thousand acres, and purchase a wife to boot. The royal freedom with which the Maori was wont to dissipate his ancestral patrimony to all and sundry who had for exchange guns, blankets, or other desirable acquisitions of European origin, became in fact, so noised abroad that when the infant colony was about to separate from New South Wales in 1840, quite a swarm of land "sharks" came across from the island Continent, looking for "good things" in the way of land purchases from the natives. But the proclamation of Governor Hobson, fortunately for the future prosperity and progress of New Zealand, upset the calculations of these gentry, who came too late. This was in 1840. But as far back as



of these land claims and grants, Webster's claim to landed property was found to fit with the enterprise of such a man, his possessions or claims of possessions, including big areas in the choicest spots bordering the Gulf, the Waitemata having been an apparently favourite pegging-out place of his long before the New Zealand Government thought of making it the provincial capital, or even before any sign of European habitation manifested itself round its shores. He also, it is authentically stated, laid claim to the whole of the Great Barrier Island, while the Niako country met with considerable attention.

When these various "landholders" were required to give an account of their proprietorship and its origin, Webster agreed to declare himself a claimant as an Englishman, and not as an American citizen, and when the allotments were made his huge estates dwindled down to mere back-yard sections by comparison. Apparently, with the majority of the other dispossessed ones, he accepted the situation as philosophically as might be, and little or nothing was heard in protest from him until in the early fifties, when he left New Zealand for the Californian goldfields in search of further fortune.

Some time after having left the colony a claim was received by the New Zealand Government from Webster, who was then in San Francisco, and either the original claimant or his heirs have at intervals been pressing their claims against the New Zealand Government for this dispossessed property. Some few years ago, however, Sir Robert Stout was commissioned to sift the whole matter and report upon it, and the result was that Webster as a claimant was ruled out of Court.

It is almost certain that Webster is the man referred to in the claim, respecting which the Solicitor-General is going to England, but it also seems pretty clear that there is little likelihood of the claim being substantiated. For before the Crown settled the rights of claimants to land, the native rights were invariably extinguished first by purchase, so that in the event of a claim being disallowed, the land by right of purchase went to the Crown.

#### The Acting Premiership.

The Prime Minister informed the Press that during his absence the Hon. James Carroll will be Acting Prime Minister, and will administer, in addition to his present Departments, the Government Insurance and Public Trust Offices.

The Hon. J. A. Millar, in addition to his present Departments, will be acting Minister for Finance, and will also hold the portfolio of Labour as well as having the administration of the Government Printing Office.

The Hon. George Fowlds takes the portfolio of Minister for Customs and will be acting Minister for Defence.

The Hon. R. Findlay will be acting Postmaster-General and Minister for Telegraphs.

The Hon. D. Buddo will be acting Minister for Lands, and will also administer the Lands for Settlement Act.

The Hon. R. McKenzie will be Minister in charge of Roads and Bridges.

#### The Scales of Justice.

At the Hamilton Magistrate's Court on Monday, Arthur Boyce, baker, was fined £5 and costs for selling under-weight bread. Defendant admitted the offence, but said that his scales were faulty. He had purchased them two years ago with the business from a justice of the peace, and naturally thought they would be correct.

The magistrate said it was not a deliberate case, and, as defendant had made 3000z daily out of his customers, he had a good fund out of which to pay the fine.

Matthew Gleason, baker, of Taupiri, was similarly charged with shortness of weight, in his case ranging as high as 5oz on the 4lb loaf.

The magistrate characterised this as a deliberate case, and fined defendant £10 and costs. "This is no hardship on you," said Mr. Loughnan, "as you have been making 6000z daily out of your customers."

#### Religion in Schools.

The North Canterbury Education Board last week declined to allow one school day to be shortened by half an hour to admit of that time being devoted to religious teaching. The request for a half-hour was made by a deputation of clergymen

at the last meeting. The Board, while quite in sympathy with the clergymen in their desire to see the children educated in religion, declined to cut short a day for the school work which the Act intended children should do in school.

#### Whaling at Whangamumu.

Cook and Co., of Whangamumu, secured two more whales last Saturday, making a total of five so far this season. Two others got in the nets the same day, but got clean away, taking the nets with them, which is a heavy loss, as the nets are made of steel wire.

#### Hamilton Waterworks.

As the result of representations made by Mr. H. J. Greenlade, the Colonial Treasurer has provisionally approved of a loan of £2000 to the Hamilton Borough Council for waterworks extension.

#### Imported Domestic.

Included in the Ionic's passengers were 27 domestic servants, who came out under the auspices of the British Women's Emigration Society to fill situations provided by a syndicate of Hawke's Bay ladies, who paid the passage money. Each girl is to repay by instalments the amount expended on her behalf. The next batch of domestics will arrive in October.

#### Grey Lynn Loan.

The Mayor of Grey Lynn (Mr. Geo. Sayers) last week received a wire from Secretary to the Treasury, Wellington, announcing that the special loan of £45,000 authorised at the recent poll in that district, had been approved under the Loans to Local Bodies Act, and that authority for the issue of the loan would be granted at once.

This disposes of the long-continued dispute between the Borough Council and the Bank of New Zealand regarding the formation of streets through the bank's property. It will be remembered that in consideration of the borough undertaking this work, the bank granted free a large area of land for the purposes of a park, while it also undertook to find the money upon the most favourable terms. In addition to the formation of these streets, the loan provides for tramway extension, drainage, and other important works.

#### The Result of His Indiscreet Speech.

As the outcome of the remarkable speech delivered by Mr. A. W. Hogg, Minister for Labour and for Roads and Bridges, on Saturday week the Minister tendered his resignation last Thursday, and it has been promptly accepted.

The views enunciated by Mr. Hogg, and to which he inferentially assumed to commit the Cabinet, were so completely out of harmony with the policy of the Cabinet that the Premier, it is stated, intimated very clearly to the hon. gentleman that they could no longer work harmoniously together. Under these circumstances, Mr. Hogg adopted the only course that was open to him, and resigned.

#### Premier's Farewell Message.

The Prime Minister has addressed the following message to the people of New Zealand:—

"The Motherland, in the great cause of Imperial defence, has called to council with her the free young nations of the Empire, and to-morrow, with the full consent of the Houses of our Legislature, I leave New Zealand to represent you at the great conference in England.

"I go with both hopes and regrets that I have just now to leave for a few months this country and my part in the government of its affairs; hopes that in the part I take in the forthcoming conference I may justify any inconvenience this country will incur by my absence; hopes, also, that the courageous part New Zealand has lately declared herself willing to assume in strengthening the British navy, and the loyal unanimity with which that part has been approved by you, will bind us closer still by all the ties of quickened kinship to the United Kingdom; hopes, above all, that through this conference and the combined assistance of all the overseas dominions, the naval defences of the Empire will be so strengthened and organised as to place the supremacy of the seas, for which

our forefathers spent so much in blood and treasure, beyond question by our foes, and all this for the benefits of a permanent peace, the glory of the Empire, and a closer union with the people of our Motherland.

"I feel that my mission is a great one. I am fully sensitive of my responsibilities, but with the blessing of Heaven and with the best of my abilities, I shall endeavour to acquit myself as your representative in a manner worthy of your country and mine and of the confidence you have reposed in me.

"In these hopes I bid you a short farewell.

"J. G. WARD."

#### A Non-Collapsible Lifeboat.

A Wellington inventor, named Fisher, tried his non-collapsible lifeboat from the Government steamer Tutaneaki. With several persons aboard, the boat was slipped from the deck of the Tutaneaki and fell torpedo-like, the end cleaving the water. It bobbed up again and floated buoyantly. The trial is considered successful.

The vessel referred to in the above telegram is described as being to all intents, and purposes a floating pontoon of steel, cylinder shaped, and measuring 14 feet over all and 5 feet in diameter. It contains an inner cylinder which will accommodate 20 passengers, while provision is made for 30 or 40 passengers outside. The inner cylinder is suspended on pivots, thus enabling the outer cylinder to revolve while the inner one remains stationary. Air valves are placed round the outside cylinder, which are automatically shut and opened. A manhole is placed on either quarter of the cylinder for ingress and egress, so which ever side of the boat is uppermost there is always a way of getting out. The boat is fitted with dead lights, and also six-candle power electric lights, which burn for 40 hours and can always be recharged. It requires neither falls nor davits for lowering, being suspended from a girder athwart ships. Passengers enter the boat aboard ship through the manhole, and it is then shot into the water, life-lines and buoys being attached with steel oars and outrigger crutches, so that the vessel can be propelled without a rudder. There is ample space for provisions.

## COMMONWEALTH.

#### German Cruiser for the Pacific.

The German cruiser Cormoran has been commissioned for the Pacific, and she is expected to arrive at Sydney next month. The cruiser is coming from the Mediterranean, and will make a stay of several weeks in Sydney before proceeding to the Islands. The Cormoran will cruise in conjunction with the Condor among the German possessions. She is a third-class cruiser of 1614 tons displacement, and is a sister ship to the Condor. She carries eight 4-in. guns, besides seven machine guns, and is propelled by engines of 2930 horse-power, giving a speed of 16 knots per hour. Her complement is 165 all told.

#### Victorian Loans.

The total amount of Victorian loans outstanding on June 30, 1908, was £53,305,000, equal to £54 3/2 per head. Interest and expenses are fully earned by £47,040,000 of the debt, the remainder having been expended on non-productive works.

#### The Telephone System.

The Federal Cabinet has decided to discard the telephone system adopted by the late Government, and revert to the old system, which allows 2000 free calls.

#### Tasmanian Cabinet.

The personnel of the new Ministry was announced by the Premier (Sir Elliott Lewis) last week, as follows:—

Premier and Treasurer, Sir Elliott Lewis.  
Attorney-General and Minister for Education, Mr. Solomon.  
Chief Secretary, Mr. G. H. Butler.  
Minister for Lands and Works, Mr. A. H. Hean.  
Honorary Ministers, Messrs. Russon and Hope.

#### Commonwealth Silver.

Sir John Forrest, Federal Treasurer, has completed arrangements with the Imperial Mint whereby a Commonwealth issue of silver coins will be minted shortly. Under the agreement, the Imperial Treasury will mint between £150,000 and £160,000 worth annually, and the Australian profit will exceed £40,000 a year. The head of the King appears on one side, and some easily recognised Australian design on the reverse.

## THE OLD COUNTRY.

#### Britain's Readiness for Defence.

Mr R. B. Haldane (Secretary for War), in a speech last week, said the impression made on the delegates to the Press Conference was one of relief as to the extent to which army problems had been solved.

The fleet stood first in the order of necessity, and army organisation was essential in order to make the fleet effective.

The dominions were now recognising that the future depended upon Empire defence as a whole.

Lieutenant-General Smith-Dorrien ordered a surprise mobilisation at Aldershot. As a result the whole command was in marching order within six hours.

Mr Hudson Berkeley (proprietor of the "Newcastle Herald," New South Wales), one of the delegates to the Press Conference, stated in the course of an interview that he was convinced that Australia was right in deciding to first provide for the defence of her own shores.

Mr Berkeley added: "We are going to stick to the Old Country as long as we have a shilling at our disposal. The Labour party is as fully alive to these matters as any class."

#### Keir Hardie and the Miners.

Mr. Keir Hardie, M.P. for Merthyr Tydfil, declares that if the South Wales coal miners are locked-out the fight will not be over eight hours' work a day at a minimum of six shillings, but over the nationalisation of the mines.

He urged the French and Belgian miners not to supply the English markets during the struggle.

The Scottish coal miners have given three months' notice to terminate the Conciliation Board, and the men have accepted the notice.

#### Shackleton in London.

Lieutenant Shackleton, on his arrival in London, was the recipient of 400 telegrams of congratulation from all parts of the world. Captain Collins (Federal Agent in London) personally conveyed to him the Commonwealth's felicitations.

The National Geographical Society of the United States has awarded Lieutenant Shackleton the Hubbard gold medal.

#### British Empire League.

Lady Jersey has presented the battleship Commonwealth, now lying at Portsmouth, with a silk ensign, from the women's branch of the British Empire League.

#### The Press Conference.

Lord Curzon (Chancellor of Oxford University) presiding at a luncheon given to the Press delegates at Oxford on June 15, mentioned the late Mr. Cecil Rhodes' and the late Mr. Beit's bequests to the University as gifts for developing the broader conception of Empire, adding that the influx of scholars from the overseas dominions was having a most beneficial effect on the University. He claimed that Oxford was no "sleepy hollow." They were very much alive there, and, more or less, they were all reformers.

The Press delegates saw the making of a twelve-inch gun at Vickers, Sons and Maxim's works at Sheffield, and also the rolling of a 25-ton armour plate.

Mr. R. McDonald ("Christchurch Press"), in thanking the heads of the firm, referred to his own early experiences as a railway engineer, and said that they enabled him to appreciate the firm's sterling work.

On June 7th the delegates motored through the Peak district and lunched at Chatsworth House, the seat of the Duke of Devonshire. Thence they proceeded via Brixton and Stockport to Manchester.

King Edward presented their colours to 108 units of the Territorial Army at Windsor Castle on June 19th.

The spectators included the delegates to the Press Conference and a number of members of Parliament.

His Majesty cordially congratulated Mr. Haldane, War Secretary, on the success of his efforts in organising the Territorials.

Sir Hugh Graham ("Montreal Star"), in recognition of the pleasure derived from the reviews, has given £100 to the Soldiers Orphans' Fund, and a similar sum to the Sailors Orphans' fund.

**Naval Manoeuvres.**

After the dispersal of the Home Fleet at Portsmouth following on the Press Conference review, the ships reassembled for the purpose of carrying out extensive manoeuvres in the North Sea, the first since the reorganisation of the squadrons into the fleet under the command of Admiral Sir Richard May.

Germany is mobilising a reserve squadron of eight battleships to take part in high sea manoeuvres in August and September.

There are 350 British warships of various classes assembled in the North Sea for manoeuvres, including 40 battleships, 27 armoured cruisers, 26 protected cruisers, 117 destroyers, 79 torpedoes, and 26 submarines.

The blue fleet will endeavour to prevent the junction of the white fleet with the red, and bring the white or the red to action before a junction can be effected.

**Marconi Stations.**

The Admiralty is organising Marconi stations on the east and west coasts.

**Universities' Rifle Match.**

The scores in the Imperial Universities' Challenge Rifle Match were: Oxford, 1363; London, 1305; Edinburgh, 1210; Manchester, 1124; Dublin, 979.

**The Czar's Visit.**

In the House of Commons last week, the Speaker (Mr J. M. Lowther) rebuked Mr Will Thorne, one of the Labour members, for using a discourteous expression towards the Czar in connection with his forthcoming visit to England.

Several questions, prompted by a strong feeling in regard to the prison severities in Russia, were asked concerning the Government's attitude towards the visit.

Sir Edward Grey (Foreign Minister) replied that the visit was among a series paid by the heads of the States, that it was in accordance with international courtesy, and that the Government would take full responsibility for the visit.

The "Daily News" publishes a strong leader against the Czar's reception in England, alleging that he personally encouraged the "Black Hundred," who organised the Jewish massacres.

**Lieutenant's Claim.**

The Court of Appeal has dismissed the action brought by Lieutenant Woods claiming £75,000 from the Army Council for unlawful removal from the Grenadier Guards, on the ground that the action was frivolous and vexatious.

**Labour Exchanges.**

In the House of Commons last week, the Labour Exchanges Bill, introduced by Mr. Winston Churchill (President of the Board of Trade), was read a second time.

Mr. Churchill, introducing the bill three weeks ago, said that the labour exchanges would cost £200,000 per annum at the outset, and subsequently £170,000. The country would be divided into 10 divisions, each with a clearing-house, and London, which would supply a national clearing-house. There would be between 30 and 40 first-class exchanges for town with a population of 100,000 and upwards; 45 second-class exchanges for towns of between 50,000 and 100,000; and a number of sub-offices in the smaller towns. Advisory committees would be appointed in the chief centres, on which workmen and employers would meet in equal numbers. Impartial permanent officials would be chairman of the committees. The Government's scheme of compulsory contributing insurance against unemployment was next explained by Mr. Churchill. The scheme would become operative in 1911 in selected trades representing two and a-quarter million adults, covering the worst half of the field of unemployment. Slightly under sixpence a week per man would be raised

by contributions by workmen, employers, and the State. Men applying to the exchange would either be given a job or paid a benefit sum.

**The Defence Conference.**

In the House of Commons last week, Mr. Asquith, speaking in reply to a question by Mr. Keir Hardie as to the form in which the Commonwealth's generous offer of a Dreadnought would be finally accepted, said it would depend on the friendly discussions at the forthcoming Defence Conference.

Mr. Keir Hardie asked whether, considering that the Australian Labour party was still opposed to the offer, and public opinion on the subject was much divided, the Imperial Government would delay final acceptance until after the general elections in the Commonwealth.

Mr. Asquith replied, "No, sir. The communication came to us from the Government of the Commonwealth, and we are concerned with them, and with them alone."

**Sir Robert Stout Entertained.**

Sir Robert Stout, Chief Justice of New Zealand, was entertained at luncheon in the House of Commons by members who also belong to the United Kingdom Alliance.

In his speech to the gathering, Sir Robert remarked that a triennial local option vote would, if tried in England, do more for the education of public opinion than the closing of scores of public houses.

**The King's Winnings.**

Minoru, the winner of the King's Derby, won another race this week, making the total winnings of His Majesty this year £18,577.

**Two Sapphos Collide.**

News of a serious shipping collision which, it is feared, has caused loss of life, was received at Dover, when the second-class cruiser Sappho arrived there in a sinking condition on Saturday.

She had been in collision during a fog with a steamer which, by a strange coincidence, bore the same name as herself, the Sappho of Hull.

The impact was a very severe one, and both vessels were badly damaged. The extent of the injuries to the merchantman could not be ascertained aboard the cruiser however, as directly after the collision the boats parted company, and the trader disappeared into the fog. She has not since been reported, and it is feared that she has sunk, though her crew may be safe in the boats.

The cruiser has been beached to prevent her sinking.

**EUROPE.**

**Prince Eulenberg's Trial.**

Prince Eulenberg's bail has been increased to £25,000 sterling, with the alternative of immediate arrest owing to an unauthorised journey taken by him from Berlin to Gastein.

**A Mammoth Liner.**

The North German Lloyd's 27,000-ton steamer George Washington, the largest vessel ever built in Germany, has left Bremen on her maiden voyage to New York.

**German Finance.**

Prince von Buelow (Chancellor of the Exchequer) made a speech in the Reichstag last night, urging all parties to cooperate in really sound financial reform.

The Liberals, he said, ought to be less doctrinaire, and the Conservatives ought not to resist just taxes on property, otherwise they would be digging their own graves.

Parliamentary crises ripen slowly in the raw political air of Berlin, but it is evident that the one which has been visibly swelling since September last is now about ready to be plucked and Prince von Buelow will need all his powers of leadership and persuasion to avert the possibility of his own resignation or a dissolution. The Conservatives have preserved a united front in their opposition to the inheritance duties, and these have for the most part been

dropped. The proposals to find the money to replace them have met no less determined opposition, and the appeal made by the German Chancellor yesterday indicates to what desperate straits he has been driven in his search for the twenty-five millions necessary for putting the finances of the country on a sound basis.

**The Russian Navy.**

The keels have been laid at St. Petersburg of four 23,000-ton Dreadnoughts.

The material and workmanship throughout will be Russian, and the designs will be carried out under the supervision of British experts.

Messrs. John Brown and Co., of the Clydebank Works, are the contractors.

**Kaiser and Czar.**

The Kaiser and Czar exchanged most cordial visits aboard the Royal yachts Hohenzollern and Standart off Bjorko, an island near the Swedish coast, last week.

Herr von Schoen (German Minister for Foreign Affairs), M. Stolypin (the Russian Premier), and M. Isvolsky (Russian Minister for Foreign Affairs) accompanied Their Majesties.

The Kaiser lunched aboard the Standart, and remained for tea.

The strict precautions taken to guard the Czar during the cruise led to an unfortunate incident on Wednesday night.

In the vicinity of Bjorko a Russian torpedo-boat fired a blank cartridge on the British cargo steamer Woodburn (Captain Robertson), bound from Fredricksham for Helsingfors.

Five seconds later two shells were fired, and some of the Woodburn's steam pipes were damaged and her bulwarks and forehold casing were holed.

A fireman named Boyne was badly wounded in the leg, and had to be sent to the Viborg Hospital.

The Woodburn had a pilot aboard, and it is surmised in London official circles that the Russian warships were instructed to prevent vessels from approaching too closely to the squadrons.

The newspapers are of opinion that the Russian sailors, owing to the strain of watching, were seized with an attack of "nerves."

One telegram reports that in addition to Boyne three others were slightly wounded.

The Russian cruisers blamed the Woodburn's Finnish pilot for failing to pass outside the squadron, anchored in shore, thus infringing the regulation. The "Novoe Vremya" states that the torpedo boat acted in conformity with law, and her instructions.

Reuter's Agency states that the Czar sent the injured fireman £20.

The "Daily News" says nobody aboard the Woodburn spoke Russian, and her crew were unable to understand the shouts summoning the vessel to heave-to.

The Russian Admiralty declare that the British Board of Trade Notices to Mariners, published in January and April, contained a translation of the regulations applying to merchantmen approaching naval anchorages in Finnish skerries. It adds that the Woodburn entered the guarded zone, and disregarded three blank shots.

**Enormous Extensions at Krupp's.**

The "Standard" quotes a letter from an authoritative source, dated May 11, 1909, informing the Admiralty of the fact that enormous expenditure is in progress at Krupp's for the purpose of manufacturing large naval guns and mountings. It quickly adding to these extensions it will be possible for Krupp to furnish an output far in excess of the whole capacity of Britain.

The scheme, it is added, must either be for immense future requirements for Germany, or else Krupp's mean to secure the whole armament trade of the world outside a few great Powers who build for themselves.

In the House of Commons Mr. Reginald McKenna (First Lord of the Admiralty) in replying to Mr. J. T. Middleton (Liberal member for Birmingham North), said the Admiralty was first aware of Krupp's Works being extended early in 1908, and the expansion and progress had been continuing since then.

**Long-distance Telephones.**

Egner and Kolmström's new telephone was last week tested from Stockholm to Paris, a distance of 1800 miles, via Copenhagen and Berlin.

The messages were perfectly audible.

**"THAT DULL, HEAVY, DEPRESSED FEELING."**

**A MODERN SCIENTIFIC REMEDY.**

Here Mr. Joseph Burns, of 29 Market St., Sydney, illustrates the advantage of a Laxo-Tonic Pill treatment over less up-to-date remedies.

"I am a shoemaker by trade, and the continual confinement of the workshop and the never-ending sitting down in a cramped position brought on a settled constipation. When these fits of constipation were prolonged I suffered from headaches and a dull, heavy, depressed feeling. I found it necessary to take salts every day, and gradually to increase the dose. The effect of this continual dishing with salts was to make me feel weak and tired. I often tried other laxative medicines which I saw advertised as a sure cure for constipation, but they were worse than the salts, for they weakened me just as much and often gripped me as well, and I often felt quite exhausted after using them. In Laxo-Tonic Pills I have found the medicine which just suits me. In fact, Laxo-Tonic Pills suited me so well that I am practically cured of my long-standing constipation, and only have to take one of these pills occasionally, say once a fortnight, whereas once it was necessary, as I have before said, to take medicine daily. I find Laxo-Tonic Pills do not gripe me at all and they effect their purpose thoroughly without leaving behind any feeling of weakness, weariness, or relaxation. They acted with me as a strong tonic, removed all trace of headaches, and made me feel better altogether, and brighter and more cheerful and able to do my work with pleasure instead of with a feeling of weariness. One of my children, a girl aged twelve, was suffering from disordered blood, and the Laxo-Tonic Pills acted wonderfully well in her case."

Laxo-Tonic Pills are sold by all chemists and stores at 10s for the Regular Size, or 1s for the Double Size, or post free upon receipt of the name in stamps from the Laxo-Tonic Pill Company, 15 O'Connell street, Sydney, N.S.W.

**FOR SALE**

I HAVE FOR SALE

One 35 ft. x 7 ft. Launch, 8 h.p. Standard Engine

" 30 ft. x 6 ft. 8 in. Launch, 8 h.p. Eagle Engine.

" 25 ft. x 6 ft. 0 in. "

" 21 ft. x 5 ft. 8 in. "

Prices on application to

**CHARLES BAILEY, Junr., Yacht and Boat Builder,**

**CUSTOM STREET, AUCKLAND.**

ASIA.

The Hankow-Szechuan Railway.

As a result of America intervening, with a view to showing that the Franco-British groups in 1905 expressly reserved for American capitalists an opportunity of enforcing their right to participate in loans, the Chinese Government has withheld ratification of the British, German, and French loans for the construction of the Hankow-Szechuan railway, and arrangements are now in progress for American participation.

Outrages in India.

Several witnesses in the Midnapur inquiry accuse the police of arranging outrages and demanding that bombs be made by some of the tribes.

AFRICA.

West African Diamonds.

Fresh finds of diamonds in Spencer Bay, north of Luderitz Bay, German South West Africa, have led to a sensational rise in the shares of German Colonial companies trading in the district.

Alluding to the diamond discoveries, Herr Dernburg, German Colonial Director, who recently visited the district, said a great sensation had been caused by the finding of diamonds near Luderitz Bay. They are fairly perfect octahedrons of good water. The strip of country, winding itself in crescent form around Luderitz Bay begins south below Elizabeth Bay, and extends north as far as the sea to the vicinity of Anichab. Only after an exact survey has been made will it be possible to form an idea of the general extent of the diamond field. At present one can only speak of a very considerable deposit. The output did not begin with any regularity until the month of September, prior to which not more than 2720 carats had been produced. Since September the output had risen as follows: September, 6644 carats; October, 8621; November, 10,288; December, 11,549—total 39,792 carats, or 40,000 carats odd, representing a selling value of about 1,100,000 marks (£55,600).

AMERICA.

Brazilian President Dead.

The death occurred last week of Dr Afonso Penna, President of the Republic of Brazil.

Rush of Immigrants.

The rush of immigrants across the border to Canada from the United States still continues, and the official figures show that 59,800 entered the Dominion from the Republic during the year ended March 31.

The capital of which they were possessed totalled twelve millions sterling.

Beating the Customs.

The New York Customs Department is conducting a drastic campaign against the recently-discovered smugglers of gresses and millinery.

The head of one millinery establishment has been sentenced to two years' imprisonment, while another has been sentenced to a year and his wife fined £100.

The authorities estimate that the Customs has been robbed of four millions sterling annually, principally by means of a scheme devised by dressmakers' agents.

In April the New York Customs authorities discovered that an extensive system of smuggling in women's attire was in operation, and a number of trunks, containing Paris-made dresses and hats of great value, were seized. They were marked with the names of ladies who knew nothing of them, and in this manner were piloted through the Customs. The seized dresses, worth many thousands of pounds, were sold by public auction. The duty on dresses is 60 per cent, and the penalty for smuggling is up to £1000 for each offence, while the offender is also liable to imprisonment. Mr. Loeb, the new Collector of Customs for the port of New York, was offered £20,000 to drop the investigation.

Lady Missioner Murdered.

The body of Miss Eise Sigel, aged 22, who was engaged in missionary and Sunday-school work in Chinatown, New York, has been found in a trunk in a room occupied by a Chinaman over a Chinese restaurant.

The Chinaman, who is supposed to have murdered the missioner, left New York for Vancouver, via Colon (Panama) on 11th inst.

Miss Sigel is a daughter of General Franz Sigel, a German-American General who won the battle of Carthage during the Civil War in July, 1861.

Salvation Emigrants.

General Booth is negotiating with the Canadian Pacific Railway Company for the purchase of a large tract of land in the western province of Alberta, on which to settle all the Salvationist immigrants.

The proposal will form the largest colonisation scheme on record.

SHARE LIST.

Table with columns: Paid-up, Liability per Share, Company, Last Quotation. Includes sections for BANKS, INSURANCE, FINANCIAL, COAL, GAS, SHIPPING, WOOLLEN, MEAT, MISCELLANEOUS, and MINING.

low-colonists will have the approval of the large majority of Victorian people. It is quite true that nothing but the kindest feeling exists between Germans and Brits throughout the Commonwealth, and all the latter admit that there are no better citizens in Australia than those Germans who have settled in the country, and are bringing up families of little Australians. Often the papers are called upon to express something like

anti-German sentiment in considering the position of the great naval competitors, but never for a moment does that feeling extend to our German friends who are our neighbours. Archbishop Clarke is right, for we all hope that the long peace between England and Prussia will continue for ever. In Australia there has been less tension between British and Germans than there has been between Britishers and Britishers.

AUCKLAND HARBOUR BOARD.

STATUTORY STATEMENT OF RECEIPTS AND EXPENDITURE FOR THE YEAR ENDING 31st DECEMBER, 1908.

Table showing GENERAL ACCOUNT with columns for RECEIPTS and EXPENDITURE. Includes items like Balance 31st December 1907, Salaries, Fixed Charges, Pilot Wharfage, etc.

Table showing LOAN ACCOUNT NO. 5 with columns for RECEIPTS and EXPENDITURE. Includes items like Balance 31st December 1907, Debitures Paid, Advance from General Account, etc.

Table showing CONTRACTORS' DEPOSIT ACCOUNT with columns for RECEIPTS and EXPENDITURE. Includes items like Balance 31st December 1907, Contractors' Deposits Received, etc.

Table showing INTEREST ACCOUNT with columns for RECEIPTS and EXPENDITURE. Includes items like Transfer from General Account, Twelve Months' Interest, Loan 1874, etc.

Table showing SINKING FUND ACCOUNT LOAN OF 1874 with columns for RECEIPTS and EXPENDITURE. Includes items like Balance 31st December 1907, Interest on Fixed Deposits, etc.

Table showing SINKING FUND ACCOUNT LOAN OF 1894 with columns for RECEIPTS and EXPENDITURE. Includes items like Balance 31st December 1907, Interest on Fixed Deposit, etc.

Table showing ASSETS AND LIABILITIES with columns for ASSETS and LIABILITIES. Includes items like Loans, Contractors' Deposits Held, Balance, etc.

Examined and found correct. JAS. B. HEYWOOD, Assistant Controller and Auditor. I hereby certify that these accounts were examined and allowed at the adjourned Annual Meeting of the Auckland Harbour Board, held on the 8th day of June, 1909.

AUCKLAND HARBOUR BOARD SINKING FUND COMMISSIONERS' BALANCE-SHEET AS AT 31st DECEMBER, 1908.

Table showing SINKING FUND COMMISSIONERS' BALANCE-SHEET with columns for Amount to Credit and Amount Invested on Mortgage. Includes items like Loan 1904, Sinking Fund, Interest Accrued, etc.

Examined and found correct. JAS. B. HEYWOOD, Assistant Controller and Auditor. We hereby certify that this account was duly examined and allowed at a meeting of the Auckland Harbour Board Sinking Fund Commissioners, held on the 20th day of May, 1909.



## PERSONAL NOTES.

Mrs. J. Beard and Miss Beard (of Wangau) are at present on a visit to Auckland, and are staying at the Central Hotel.

Mr. E. H. Von Sturmer (of the State Fire Insurance Department, Wellington) has been transferred to the Auckland office.

Mr. W. T. Wood, ex-M.P., was presented with a purse of sovereigns on Friday night on behalf of his supporters at Palmerston North.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Powell (of Wellington) arrived in Auckland on Thursday by the Main Trunk train.

His Worship the Mayor (Mr. C. D. Grey) and the town clerk (Mr. Henry Wilson) paid an official visit to Captain K. C. de Costa on board H.M.S. Challenger on Wednesday morning.

The Hon. Sydney James Drever Joicey, who has been touring the North Island, left Wellington for Sydney by the Manuka on Friday, en route to England.

The Rev. John Ferguson, formerly of New Zealand, and now of St. Stephen's Presbyterian Church, Sydney, is Moderator-elect of the General Assembly of Australia.

It has been decided by the police authorities that Sub-Inspector Phair, of Wellington, and Sub-Inspector Norwood, of Dunedin, shall exchange stations. The change will probably be effected about the end of the month.

Dr. Fullerton, medical superintendent of the Northern Wairoa Hospital, resigned his position last week. The Board decided to accept his resignation with regret, and to appoint Dr. Marchesini as superintendent in charge until a new appointment is made.

Mr. Charles Mackie, London representative of the National Dairy Association of New Zealand, arrived by the Ionic last week at Wellington. He will attend the annual meeting of the National Dairy Association, at Palmerston North, next week, and at a special meeting of the subscribers to the Home representation scheme will submit a report on his mission to the British markets.

Dr. Mason, late chief health officer, has been presented by the patients of Te Waikato Government Sanatorium at Maungakawa with a handsome address in the form of a leather scroll, the work of illumination being executed by Captain Wall, N.Z.R.A., who had been a patient at the institution. At a farewell function at the Sanatorium, sincere regret was expressed at Dr. Mason's departure.

Another old colonist has passed away, in the person of Mrs. McIntosh, third daughter of the late Mr. Chalmers, of the Domain. The family came to Auckland fifty years ago in the ship Kingston. After marriage, Mrs. McIntosh went to Mangonui to live, and stayed there until her husband died, two and a-half years ago, when she came to stay with her family in Auckland. She leaves four sons and one daughter to mourn their loss.

The death is announced of Mr. Joslin, second officer of the China and Mania Company's steamer Zairo, who succumbed to heat apoplexy on May 10th at the Government Civil Hospital, Hongkong. Mr. Joslin was formerly well known in New Zealand as chief officer of the Uhuu, Taupo and Lindus. A few years ago, while on the steamer Sainaur, he was attacked by pirates, and was the only member of the crew to escape, having feigned death.

Mr. John Lumpkin, an old and well-respected resident of Newmarket, passed away last week at the age of 77 years. The deceased, who was a native of England, came out to the colonies about 40 years ago, and after a sojourn at Ballarat (Victoria), at the time of the gold rush, came over to New Zealand, where he was engaged in gold-mining in Otago and the West Coast. Mr. Lumpkin was for many years a member of the Newmarket Borough Council, and the Parzell Licensing Bench, being, indeed, a member of the latter at the time of his death. He leaves a wife, and a son by a former marriage.

Mr. and Mrs. Seth Smith and Miss Seth-Smith, Dr. H. Bartlett (Auckland), Mr. F. Bradley (Charteris Bay), and Mr. R. E. Hall (Port Levy) left for London by the Rimutaka last week.

Captain W. R. Russell, of the Northamptonshire Regiment, is at present on a visit to Wellington.

Advices from England state that the Rev. William Eeroe, formerly vicar of St. Matthew's, Masterton, is at present confined in a specialist's hospital in Bristol, undergoing treatment for his eyes. It is stated that his affliction is so serious

that he has completely lost the sight of his right eye, while fears are entertained that the sight in the left eye may also be seriously impaired, although the hope is expressed that skilful treatment may avert total blindness.

The employees of the Wellington Harbour Board have presented to Mr. Richard Baumgart a piece of plate and a purse of sovereigns. He has been in indifferent health of late, and has severed his connection with the Board. Mr. Baumgart had 26 years' service, and was labour foreman for many years.

Dr. J. Malcolm Mason, who was until lately president of the Civil Service Club, was presented by the members with a framed photograph of the officers as a mark of esteem. The presentation was made by Mr. J. W. Kianiburg, chairman of the committee.

Mr. R. C. Hocking, a much-travelled Londoner, and a member of the British Esperantists' Association, has taken up his residence in Wellington. It may come as a surprise to learn how deep the roots of the new language have struck in England and on the Continent. At a recent conference of Esperantists there were enough Freemasons present to work a lodge (third degree) in the language. It has been included in the Oxford local senior examinations for 1909, and is taught in the high schools of Germany.

There died recently at Stithians, Cornwall, at the age of 92, Mr. Benjamin Trewin. He left a family of three daughters and one son—Mr. James Trewin, of Feilding, New Zealand. Mr. J. B. Trewin, Mayor of Feilding, is a grandson of the deceased gentleman.

Mr. C. W. Palmer has received advice that the Navy League Executive in London has decided to present him with a special Navy League map of the world enclosed in an oak case, in recognition of the work he is doing in New Zealand as secretary of the Wellington branch, and with special regard to the recent visit of Lieutenant Knox, R.N.

Dr. and Mrs. Harty, of Wellington, return to the Grand Hotel (Auckland), on Saturday from Rotorua.

The Hon. G. Fowlds, Minister of Education, expects to be in Auckland about the beginning of next month.

Mr. and Mrs. Moncrieff, of Adelaide, arrived by the Tofua last week, and are staying at the Grand Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Shircliffe, of Wellington, arrived in Auckland on Saturday morning by the Main Trunk train.

Mr. David Ziman arrived by the through express from Wellington on Friday morning, and will pay a visit to the goldfields within a day or two.

Mr. Forbes W. Reach, of Gisborne, returned to the Dominion by the Tofua from the Islands last week and took up his quarters at the Central Hotel.

Mr. J. D. Campbell, of Wellington, arrived in Auckland by the Tuhono on Sunday, and is staying at the Grand Hotel.

Mr. K. S. Williams, of Gisborne, arrived in Auckland by the Main Trunk train on Sunday, and took up his quarters at the Grand Hotel.

A Napier Press Association message reports the death of Mr. Robert Holt, sawmiller, an old and well-known settler, at the age of 76.

A Press Association telegram states that the Rev. D. C. Bates, formerly assistant to Captain Edwin, has been formally appointed Government meteorologist.

Madame Wielert left by the express on Sunday evening for Wellington, where she sang the soprano solos at the performance given by the Wellington Choral Society on Tuesday evening.

Mrs. and Miss A. Finlay Willscher, of London, came over from Sydney by the Mokoia on Sunday to commence a tour of New Zealand. They will spend some weeks at the Grand Hotel before proceeding south.

Dr. Fullerton, late superintendent of the Northern Wairoa Hospital, has left for Te Kūiwi (says our Dargaville correspondent). In the meantime, and until a new appointment is made, Dr. Marchesini is acting as superintendent.

Mrs. A. L. Henman, wife of Mr. A. L. Herdman, M.P., and Mrs. H. K. Bethune, both of Wellington, arrived in Auckland on Sunday by the Main Trunk train, and put up at the Grand Hotel. They leave to-morrow by the Tofua for the Islands.

A pleasing ceremony took place at Ross and Glendinning's (Ltd.) on Friday afternoon, the occasion being a presentation to Mr. Arthur Slater, on the occasion of his approaching marriage. The presentation took the form of a handsome sideboard.

Mr. George P. Smith, the Auckland manager of the Provident Life Assurance Co. of New Zealand, was tendered a farewell dinner and social on Saturday prior to his departure for Melbourne, where he is taking up the position of manager for Victoria. The whole of the staff, including superintendents from country districts, were present. After the usual toasts had been honoured, Mr. Smith was presented with a handsome pocket-book and purse of sovereigns, the recipient responding in a feeling manner. Mr. W. A. Wilkinson presided over the gathering.

Mr. Henry G. Clarke, a very old and esteemed resident of Christchurch, left on Wednesday last, to take up his residence in Auckland.

Mr. J. Rowe (Mayor of Onehunga) is recovering from his recent indisposition. The Hon. Seymour Thorne George, M.L.C., returned to town from Wellington by Thursday morning's train.

A Press Association cablegram from Norfolk Island announces the death of Mr. Nobbs, president of the Executive Council of the island.

The Rev. A. H. Fowles (Presbyterian Minister of Wales) arrived by the Ionic at Wellington to take up his duties in the Auckland district.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Harris, of Marlborough, arrived at the Grand Hotel last week, having come North by the Main Trunk train from Wellington.

The Rev. A. H. Fowles, who arrived at Wellington by the Ionic from England, is a Primitive Methodist minister, and will be stationed at Wellington South.

Mr. Geo. Russell, secretary and manager of the Masonic Institute and Club, has resigned that office in order to go into business in Wellington on his own account.

Mr. T. Arthur, traffic superintendent of the Railway Department, retires on June 30. His term of service with the Department is one of the longest among the officers still on the active list.

Professor Dr. Manes, lecturer on the science of insurance in the University of Commerce, Berlin, arrived in Auckland from Samoa last week, on a tour of New Zealand.

Mr. E. C. Gold Smith (the newly-appointed Commissioner of Crown Lands for Auckland) left Christchurch last week for the North, to take over his new duties.

It is understood that during the next few weeks an independent political gathering will be held in Auckland to mark the past services of Mr. W. F. Massey, both as regards the interests of Opposition and country generally.

The death occurred at Wellington last week of Mrs. Cowan (wife of Mr. James Cowan, of the Tourist Department, and well known in journalistic circles in Auckland). Mrs. Cowan, who was a daughter of Mr. E. O. Nicholas (of Niue Island), lived in Auckland for many years, and was well known and highly respected in this city. The deceased had been in ill-health for many months.

At the Government Buildings, Wellington, last week, Mr. A. J. Willis, secretary to the Cabinet and clerk of the Executive Council, was presented by the private secretaries to Ministers with a 400-day clock and also with a silver-mounted hand-mirror for Mrs. Willis, as a mark of the esteem in which he has been held throughout a long period of years.

Mr. and Mrs. John Allen and Miss Allen (of "The Cliffs," Waingaro) have come to reside in Auckland, and are now living at Cheltenham Beach. Mr. Allen, who has been a pioneer three times—at Mt. Albert, Tukakohu, and Waingaro—has done a great deal to advance agriculture and pastoral interests in this part of the Dominion, and in Waingaro in particular his name has been foremost in connection with the remarkable progress this district has made. Mr. Allen has left his son (Mr. Leonard Allen) in charge of "The Cliffs."

The Rev. W. D. Watkin, of Auckland, left by the Mokoia for Sydney on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Richmond (of Dunedin) were passengers for Sydney by the Mokoia on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Hislop (of Wellington) left for Australia by the Sydney boat on Monday.

Dr. M. Booth Dawson, M.B., C.M., has been appointed chief medical and health officer for the Cook Islands.

Mr. E. Shircliffe, of the Wellington City Council, and Mrs. Shircliffe, are spending a three weeks' holiday trip to the Auckland district.

A Press Association telegram from Dunedin records the death of Mr. John

H. Morrison, aged 66, for many years manager of the Mosgiel Woollen Co.

Mr. Robert James Gibson was admitted to practice as a solicitor of the Supreme Court by Mr. Justice Edwards last week, on the motion of Mr. F. E. Baume, K.C.

The Rev. Fred Spurr, who has been appointed to the charge of the Collins-street Baptist Church, Melbourne, is a cousin of the late Mr. B. Spurr, the clever monologue entertainer.

Mr. W. T. Wood, ex-M.P. for Palmerston North, was entertained by his supporters last week and presented with a gold medal and cheque for £270. Mr. Wood said he would again contest the Palmerston seat at the next general election.—Press Association.

The appointment of Major T. W. McDonald, N.Z.M., as chief officer commanding the New Zealand School Cadet Corps is gazetted as from June 1. It is understood that Major McDonald will relinquish his duties as Assistant Adjutant-General at Wellington almost immediately. He will be succeeded by Lieutenant E. O. Chesney, R.N.Z.A.

The Hon. Geo. Fowlds left Wellington for Dunedin on Monday, having accepted the invitation of the Knox College Council to officiate at the opening ceremonies of the residential college, which is to be open to all faculties and denominations. A magnificent donation of £10,000 has already been promised by one citizen of Dunedin in aid of the new institution, and another prominent member of the Presbyterian Church has given assistance to the extent of £9000. Mr. Fowlds is to visit Auckland in about a fortnight hence.

LONDON, May 14.

After an absence of over two months' duration, King Edward returned to his capital on Saturday evening. Seeing that His Majesty spent the early spring abroad at the imperious behest of his physicians, it is satisfactory to have the official assurance that he has returned home in excellent health. Certainly the King's looks when he stepped out of his special train at Victoria on Saturday were confirmation of the official report as to his health. He looked bronzed and well, and was apparently in the best of spirits as he chatted with the Prince of Wales, the Premier, and other members of the small but distinguished party present to receive him on the platform.

Outside the station and along the short route to Buckingham Palace the King met with a vociferously hearty welcome from a huge crowd of people, most of whom had been waiting for a couple of hours in order to catch a glimpse of their Sovereign.

The High Commissioner was the guest of the Imperial Colonial Club at their house-dinner on Friday evening last, and Sir Westby Porritt, ex-Agent General for New Zealand, presided. Amongst those present were Lord Ranfurly, Lord Rosemead, Admiral Fremantle, Dr. W. E. Collins, Mr. Heniker Heaton, M.P., Mr. Lincoln Tangey, and Mr. Louis Parraza. The chairman, in proposing the toast of "The Guest of the Evening," amplified with that of New Zealand, said that the Empire movement was one of paramount importance. He thought it true to say that New Zealand was the pet of the Imperial family, the Benjamin of the flock. But it was always to the fore, and had lately given an example of its readiness to stand by the Old Country. Mr. Hall-Jones, in replying, said he observed a change in the opinion of the people in this country with regard to the colonies. Since the events of 1899 and 1900 it was recognized that the Empire was a united one. There was nothing in New Zealand's recent offer of assistance which touched the fringe of any political questions in this country. As for the Imperial Colonial Club, its object was a most deserving one, and he commended its work in bringing the various peoples of the vast British community as closely as possible together in the great metropolis of the world. Mr. Heniker Heaton also spoke, and stated that he had in his possession particulars of an invention by which 60,000 words could be transmitted in an hour to different parts of the Empire at a cost of a shilling for twelve words. He hoped that this system might be established throughout the Empire.

Mr. Henry Peck, of Auckland, is visiting England on business and pleasure, and after a few weeks in London will visit Hanley, Manchester, Liverpool and the Isle of Man, and make a short tour on the Continent. He leaves on his return home in August. Mr. Peck is accompanied by Mr. D. F. Whitaker, also of Auckland, who is on a pleasure trip.

# Sports and Pastimes.

## FOOTBALL.

### RUGBY.

#### Auckland.

THE Rugby football match was played on Saturday in perfect weather. The senior games did not attract much attention, chief interest being shown in the junior contest between the Ponsonby and Marist Bros. teams. In the senior grade City beat Grafton by 29 points to nil, Parnell defeated Newton by 30 points to three, and University showed improved form, beating North Shore, on the latter's ground, after an exciting match, by 16 points to 11. The junior match proved as exciting as anticipated—neither team had been defeated this season—and finally resulted in a win for Ponsonby by 5 points to 3. Other second grade matches resulted as follows:—Grafton defeated City by 11 points to 6; Newton, won from University by default, and Parnell won from North Shore by 19 points to 3.

#### Christchurch.

The senior football matches on Saturday resulted as follows:—Old Boys beat Lincoln by 9 points to nil, Merivale beat Albion by 9 points to 7, Sydenham beat Canterbury College by 3 points to nil.

#### Wellington.

Foneke (14) beat Oriental (0); Petone (14) beat St. James (17); Athletic (6) beat Victoria College (3); Melrose (18) beat Southern (3); Old Boys (9) beat Wellington (3).

#### Dunedin.

The Rugby football matches were continued on Saturday in fine weather, the grounds being in fairly good order. The results are as follows:—University beat Union by 11 points to 3, Alhambra beat Southern by 11 points to 0, Kaikorai beat Dunedin by 3 points to nil, Taieri Rovers beat Pirates by 36 points to 0, Zingari, Richmond drew with Port Chalmers, 3 points each.

## ASSOCIATION.

### Division Championships.

Chief interest was shown in the senior game between Corinthian and Ponsonby. It was generally expected that Ponsonby would give the champions a warm time, and this expectation was justified, for Ponsonby were leading for a considerable portion of the second spell. Corinthian, however, again showed their wonderful reserve, and won by 3 goals to 2. Other first division results were: Y.M.C.A. 4 goals, W.Y.M.I. 2; Caledonian 3, North Shore 1. Huntly brought up a strong team to play against Gordon in a friendly game. The country team won by 8 to nil.

### NORTHERN UNION GAME.

The "All Blacks" (the team of New Zealanders playing under Northern Union rules) defeated Newcastle by six points to three on June 16. There was no scoring in the first half. Carlaw and Lisle obtained tries in the second half.

The New Zealand Northern Union Rugby football team met Queensland at Brisbane on June 19th.

During the first spell the visitors scored 18 points to their opponents' 5. The local men showed greatly improved form in the second half, and ran up an additional 20 points. The visitors, however, always had something in hand, and increased their score to 40 points.

The game thus ended: New Zealand, 40; Queensland, 25.

## The Man in Front.

### VALUE OF FORWARD PLAY.

(By W. CUNNINGHAM.)

(W. Cunningham, whose ability as a scrum "engineer" has been one of the great factors in the success of the Auckland forwards, has something to say of the

work of the scrummer, and offers a word of advice to the youngsters.]

The man in the front of the game—it is he who wins or loses the battle.

Look back on the record of the Auckland team. For the last ten years they have been premiers of New Zealand, with but one exception. Their victories have not been due to having better men; but to better combination, and to better scrummaging and general forward play. In one department Auckland is always superior, that is scrum work. Until a couple of seasons ago, the backs were given all the credit for winning the games, but later the forwards were given the kudos, and rightly so, I claim.

Last year we had striking proof of this, when Auckland beat Wellington and Taranaki. Both these teams had better back divisions than Auckland, but the Auckland forwards over-ran their forwards and backs.

I maintain that a forward can make a back, but a back cannot make a forward. Therefore I claim that the forward division is of more importance than the back division. When the "All Blacks" were in England, one heard nothing but praise for the backs, but the backs knew well wherein the strength of the team lay. The scrummers invariably got possession of the ball in the scrum. We packed seven men to their eight in every match, and were never once pushed.

I still believe that our 2.3.2. scrum formation is the best. In the first place it allows a clear exit for the ball, and in the second place it makes a more compact body. Watch a 3.2.3. formation scrum; where does it wobble and bend? In the centre of course. Then watch a 2.3.2. scrum. It may be pushed back, but it will go bodily or not at all. Gwynn Nichols, the Welsh international, writes: "In cultivating our style of back play we have had to rely on the co-operation of our forwards, who in their turn, study the ways and means of best serving their backs. So it is that we have raised the art of heeling to a high standard of excellence. The New Zealanders have worked this art out to an even greater nicety than we have. Australia plays the old 3.2.3. scrum, and N.Z. can beat them when the ball is fairly put in. The rule says the ball must be "put in past the feet of the scrum with the shortest front." In 1907 in Sydney this was not done, the consequence was the ball was never in the scrum, as the loose lead, or outside man in the 3.2.3. scrum hooked it before it reached the centre of the scrum. With such men as "Bubs" Tyler (Auckland) or "Ginger" Casey (Otago), or "Puk" Brady (Auckland), in the front row, I have not seen any three men who would get the ball. In England I played in the front row on a few occasions (very few, mind you), and Tyler told me I was about the worst hooker he had ever seen. I believe him, too. The front row man requires to be a short, powerful man, and to be very clever with his feet. Hence my failure!

The "lock" or centre man must be a powerful man, with very strong arms to lock the front row tightly, and must be very careful not to interfere with the action of their legs. Usually the heaviest and slowest man is put in this position. I suppose that is why I have filled the position so long.

The side supports and back row men should be the fastest and cleverest men in the forwards, as their duties are to break away from the scrum and join in a passing movement with the backs, and to do their share of tackling and rush stopping. The Scotch forward team of 1905 was the cleverest at dribbling I have ever seen; next to them the Irish pack of the same year. Dribbling seems to be a lost art in New Zealand football. How disastrous to a back team is a good pack of dribblers; many a good back has been sorely put to it when facing three or four forwards coming along with the ball at toe. W. J. Stead was the best man I've seen at rush stopping. He would gather the ball and start on the attack in almost the same action. Freddy Roberts was another fearless rush stopper, so also was Dick McGregor.

I remember my first game of football. I played half-back (just think of

it), and what a useless body I thought forwards were. I used to think all the wasters in the team were stowed away in the forwards, just to get rid of them, as it were. But now I realise that a forward is of great importance, and requires to be as clever as a back to be of much use to the side.

Much has been written and said concerning the wing forward. The average winger is accused of being nothing more than an outside obstructionist. Now a good winger does not play outside any more than a half-back playing a keen game. Watch Gillett or Callahan playing wing forward. Are they mere jostlers and offenders? Certainly not. They are clever, scientific, and brainy players, who rarely get penalised for offside play. In England and Wales our wing forward was criticised for his unfair tactics; still every team we met played a wing, but styled him a half-back. He put the ball in the scrum, threw it in from line out, and charged our half-back when in possession of the ball, so where lay the difference between their half-back and our wing-forward, I'd like to know? Some people contend that the winger makes the game slow. I say the winger makes the game faster, for the reason that he compels the half-back to pass immediately he gets the ball, and therefore opens up the game. The finest wing I know is George Gillett. He starts no end of passing rushes, and is always in the thick of the forward work. I think the Auckland players train too hard during the season. Playing a match every Saturday, and training twice a week for twelve or thirteen weeks, is too much. I think when a man is in form, once a week training, and playing a match every Saturday, should be sufficient.

I doubt if half of the forwards playing to-day could pack a scrum properly. They know how to get into a scrum themselves, but could not place the rest of the men in position. The veteran Jimmy Duncan did not know how to place the men correctly. The Auckland scrum is packed at present the same as in 1899. Jack Swindley showed me how to pack a scrum, and in 1899 I packed Auckland's scrums, and ever since they have packed the same way. New Zealand also packs the same way. While training on board the s.s. Rimutaka on the voyage Home, Dave Gallaher told me off to look after the scrum, and to see that the men were in right position. I shall never forget the match in Paris, where two or three of the French forwards would stand out of the scrum to see how our men packed; then would dive into the scrum, in the same way as our men were packed—as they thought. During that match I did something which annoyed one of the Frenchies, and he started on to me in French. I did not know but what he wasn't going to dig up Napoleon, and drive me right out of France. I could not understand one word he said. So, to defend myself, I let fly in "good old Maori," and I'll swear he did not know what I was saying (I forget now whether I knew myself); however, he quit first, so I declared myself the winner.

One important feature in present day football which is not practised is place-kicking. Often the result of a match relies on the place-kick. Think of Duffy—how he piled on the points the season he played for Auckland! The best place-kicker I ever saw was S. Darragh, of Tauranga.

One word as to professionalism. I think the laws are too stringent. I think any player, when on tour and losing wages, should be paid equal to what he is losing through lost time from his employment. I do not hold with a man earning his living by playing football; still I don't consider it fair that he should be a loser through touring as one of the Rugby Union's representatives.

I think many a promising player is ruined through playing too long as a junior. Most players nowadays play for two or three years while at school; then when they leave school commence playing in one of the lower grades, year by year advancing by a grade. By the time such a player reaches the Senior Grade, all the best football has been taken out of him; he may last a couple or three years; but soon cracks up. I never played junior in my life, and I have been playing representative football for the last ten years. I consider if a boy has had at least two years' spell after leaving school before playing in any of the lower grades, he would last much longer when he reaches the Senior Grade.

## CRICKET.

### THE AUSTRALIAN XI IN ENGLAND.

#### Programme of Matches.

#### JUNE.

24—v. Lancashire and Yorkshire, at Manchester.  
23—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.  
15—v. Surrey, at the Oval.  
19—v. Yorkshire, at Sheffield.  
22—v. Derbyshire, at Derby.  
25—FOURTH TEST MATCH, at Manchester.  
29—v. Yorkshire and Lancashire, at Hull.

#### AUGUST.

2—v. South Wales, at Cardiff.  
5—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.  
26—v. Sussex, at Brighton.  
30—v. M.C.C., at Lord's.

#### SEPTEMBER.

2—v. Essex, at Lepton.  
6—v. An England Eleven (Mr. Bamford), at Uttoxeter.  
9—Scarborough Festival, at Scarborough.  
13—v. South of England, at Hastings.

#### The Second Test.

Australia made honours easy by winning the second test match with nine wickets in hand.

#### ENGLAND. AUSTRALIA.

|                       |                    |
|-----------------------|--------------------|
| A. C. MacLaren (capt) | M. A. Noble (capt) |
| J. B. Hobbs.          | V. Trumper         |
| T. Hayward.           | C. G. Macartney.   |
| J. T. Tyldesley.      | S. E. Gregory.     |
| George Gunn.          | W. Bardsley        |
| A. O. Jones.          | H. Carter.         |
| J. H. King.           | A. Cotter.         |
| George Hirst.         | W. W. Armstrong.   |
| A. E. Relf.           | P. A. McAlister    |
| A. A. Lilly.          | V. Ransford.       |
| S. Haigh.             | F. Laver.          |

Following were the scores:—

#### ENGLAND.—First Innings.

|                                      |    |
|--------------------------------------|----|
| G. B. Hobbs, c Carter, b Laver       | 19 |
| T. Hayward, st Carter, b Laver       | 16 |
| J. T. Tyldesley, lbw, b Laver        | 48 |
| Geo. Gunn, lbw, b Cotter             | 1  |
| King, c Macartney, b Cotter          | 60 |
| A. C. MacLaren, c Armstrong, b Noble | 7  |
| A. O. Jones, b Cotter                | 8  |
| G. Hirst, b Cotter                   | 31 |
| A. E. Relf, c Armstrong, b Noble     | 17 |
| A. A. Lilly, c Bardsley, b Noble     | 47 |
| S. Haigh, not out                    | 1  |
| Sundries                             | 16 |

Total ..... 269

Bowling Analysis: Laver took three wickets for 75, Macartney none for 10, Cotter four for 80, Noble three for 42, Armstrong none for 46.

#### AUSTRALIA.—First Innings.

|                                  |     |
|----------------------------------|-----|
| P. A. Macalister, lbw, b King    | 22  |
| F. Laver, b Hirst                | 14  |
| W. Bardsley, b Relf              | 46  |
| W. W. Armstrong, c Lilly, b Relf | 12  |
| V. Ransford, not out             | 143 |
| V. Trumper, c MacLaren, b Relf   | 28  |
| M. A. Noble, c Lilly, b Relf     | 32  |
| S. E. Gregory, c Lilly, b Relf   | 14  |
| A. Cotter, run out               | 0   |
| C. A. Macartney, b Hirst         | 5   |
| H. Carter, b Hirst               | 7   |
| Sundries                         | 27  |

Total ..... 350

Bowling Analysis: Hirst took three wickets for 83, King one for 99, Relf five for 85, Haigh none for 41, and Jones none for 15.

#### ENGLAND.—Second Innings.

|   |    |
|---|----|
| J. B. Hobbs, c and b Armstrong          | 7  |
| T. Hayward, thrown out                  | 6  |
| J. T. Tyldesley, st Carter, b Armstrong | 3  |
| Geo. Gunn, b Armstrong                  | 6  |
| J. H. King, b Armstrong                 | 4  |
| A. O. Jones, lbw, b Laver               | 26 |
| G. Hirst, b Armstrong                   | 1  |
| A. C. MacLaren, b Noble                 | 24 |
| A. O. Lilly, not out                    | 24 |
| A. E. Relf, b Armstrong                 | 3  |
| S. Haigh, run out                       | 5  |
| Sundries                                | 18 |

Total ..... 121

Bowling Analysis: Laver took one wicket for 24, Cotter none for 34, Noble one for 12, Armstrong six for 35.

|                                    |    |
|------------------------------------|----|
| <b>AUSTRALIA. Second Innings.</b>  |    |
| W. Bardsley, c Lilly, b Relf ..... | 0  |
| P. A. McAlister, not out .....     | 19 |
| A. E. Gregory, not out .....       | 18 |
| Sundries .....                     | 4  |

Total for one wicket ..... 41  
Bowling Analysis: Relf one for 9, Hirst none for 28.

The Australians have put up a great performance in winning the second test by so substantial a margin. Their victory was due to sheer merit, and has effectually dissipated the fear engendered by their showing in the first test that they were outclassed by the Englishmen. All through the Australians have shown to advantage, their bowling was good, their fielding, although a couple of chances were missed, was described as brilliant, and their rate of scoring at the wickets was much ahead of that of the home side. When the bare scores were first cabled through, one naturally thought that the wicket must have been sodden and in favour of the bowlers, but the detailed account showed that it was all the other way, and the dismissal of so strong a batting side on a plumb wicket for 121 runs is a remarkable performance, for which the main credit must be taken by Armstrong, who has proved of immense service to his side all through the tour. The third test commences on July 1 at Leeds, while the fourth will be played at the end of the month, and the fifth on August 5. The last will be played to a final should the teams have an equal number of wins.

The Australians have now played twelve matches, winning five, losing three, and drawing four.

**West of Scotland Beaten.**

West of Scotland, in the second innings against the Australians, made 144 runs, and the Australians won the match by an innings and 188 runs.

The weather was fine and the attendance numbered 6000.

**The Effect of Visiting Teams on English Cricket.**

(By H. D. G. LEVESON-GOWER, of Surrey.)

To express one's view on the above subject is not altogether an easy task, rendered none the less easy for me personally from the fact that I have never had the advantage of a visit to Australia, so I am unable to say anything on that score: I can only form an opinion from what has appeared to me to be the effect of foreign cricket tours to this country on cricket in England. To my way of thinking, there is no doubt at all in the imperial value of these tours. I am sometimes afraid that we in England are rather inclined to be too insular, too narrow minded in our outlook, and with all our much vaunted love of good sport and fair play we are not, taking one huge cricket crowd with another, always ready to allow that England or English sides have had luck, whilst we are not slow to notice if a shower of rain or perhaps an obvious mistake in umpiring has advanced the cause of the visiting team.

**Classiness and Pride.**

of one's country or country, which are much the same thing, are excellent in their way, but they can be carried too far when allowed in cricket, or other games, to overrule one's sense of fair play, or to usurp the place which by right ought to be occupied in the mind of every Briton by a strict feeling of impartiality. During visits of foreign teams we find that however good we may previously have thought ourselves there are others just as good if not better. Once one has recognised that fact a good thing has been accomplished. For it is very true that we do not sufficiently recognise that we who have for so long led the whole world in sport and in games cannot hope to do so for ever. Other and younger nations, as far as sport is concerned, must of necessity improve, and we have as time goes on to fight accomplished performers, and not novices. That we are often beaten does not mean either that we are one whit worse players than we were, or that the visitors have had all the luck, but it means that the others have profited by the lessons we gave them in past years. I do not think all the writers on games in the columns of our sporting papers quite realise this. These tours help to broaden our views, and that most certainly assists the game generally by inducing a more generous

spirit of appreciation of the deeds of the visiting team, whether it be from Australia, South Africa, or America, or whether it be that of a neighbouring county. Generous and healthy rivalry is one thing, that engendered by the horrible atmosphere which surrounds a crowd of that kind, is quite another thing. Better and finer cricket, or football for the matter of that, is played when the rivalry is a healthy and a sporting one. The reverse is the case when there is the slightest semblance of acrimony both in the Press and among the cricket following public, and my view of foreign tours in this country is that they tend to reduce that sort of thing to vanishing point, and by doing so do the game generally ever so much good.

**Lessons We Have Learnt.**

Now, as to the good done to the game itself cricketers have no doubt whatever upon this score. Both the Australians and the South Africans have taught us something. Placed under separate heads I may enumerate the various teachings of the two cricket powers as follows. The Australians of course come first, just as they came first to our shores, but I am not sure that the South Africans have not taught us the best thing of all. That, by the way. Here are the things these foreign tours have taught. (1) The Australians showed us the value of fast break-bowling. (2) Of how to place the field. (3) Of doing away with the longstop, thereby having another fieldsmen to place elsewhere. (4) The South Africans showed us the real efficacy of good "googlie" bowling, which before we had only half suspected, and had regarded only as freak bowling, a passing fancy which would retire from the game with its inventor.

Dealing with these seriatim—there is no possible doubt that until the appearance of Spofforth we in this country had not realised how much deadlier good fast break-bowling is than slow break-bowling. The late Alfred Shaw, the emperor of slow medium right hand bowlers, as an admirer not inaptly had termed him, was good enough in all conscience, but for sheer deadliness his slow break-bowling was not to be compared with that of the faster Spofforth, of C. T. B. Turner, and later W. Lockwood and T. Richardson. Naturally the physical wear and tear being ever so much less, the slower bowlers had longer careers than the fast, but given both at their very best for a given week there is no question but that the fast break-bowler who was practically unknown to us until Spofforth's arrival (though he was never a fast bowler like N. A. Knox, W. Breamley, Lockwood or Richardson) would always beat the slow against good batsmen.

**Scattering the Field.**

Secondly, we had a fair idea of how to place our field before the Australians began to win test matches, but they undoubtedly showed us many wrinkles in the art of placing men where most likely to be useful. It is said that in the back-blocks of Australia the usual word of command of the fielding captain on arriving at the pitch is: "Now, then, boys, scatter." But, believe me, that is not the way W. L. Murdoch or J. J. Darling used to place their field, nor do I expect any of our umpires will overhear M. A. Noble start operations in a test match this year in this delightfully inconsequent fashion. Australian captains study the batsmen very closely, even down to noticing that the non-striker is either a very bad or over-eager backer-up—not a single thing escapes them. They are, one must say, most admirably seconded in their efforts by their bowlers, who not only bowl to orders, but may be trusted far more to bowl to orders than is the case with many of our bowlers in county cricket. In this connection, I can recall one of the best bits of captaincy seen on an English ground for many a year, that of Darling at Lord's in 1905. The unobservant critics were caught napping very badly that day. As a natural result, C. B. Fry and Hayward came in for a severe criticism for slow play, which was quite undeserved. On a slow easy wicket Darling had Armstrong bowling wide to leg at one end, and McLeod bowling round the wicket, going away very wide to off, at the other. Both, Armstrong especially, kept a superb length, while Armstrong's "width," which barely received notice by the critics, was such that scoring was in any case difficult. But with the place in-field Darling had posted, it

became to all intents and purposes impracticable. Whether this was a good match-winning tactic is not the point here. It was unquestionably good captaincy if the object of it was, as there is sufficient presumptive evidence to assume it was, to tire out the batsmen and so secure a good start—that most invaluable asset in all big cricket. But opposed to these tactics we had two of the most imperturbable batsmen of all time. Hayward far too stolid and steady to be drawn, and Fry ever so much too far seeing and calculating to ever be guilty of throwing his wicket away merely because his principal scoring strokes were blocked. It is in all such examples as these that the Australians have taught the art of placing the field to any who will learn.

Thirdly, J. McCarthy Blackham came and shocked the cricket proprietaries by standing right up to the stumps and "taking" all bowling alike. Since then we have had a long line of stumpers—in fact, and not in name only. Men like Lilley, H. Martyn, Stradwick, Humphries, Board, and Butt, among whom the professionals do not stand close up to the extra fast bowling, not because they cannot, but because in nearly every case their captain orders them not to. "Googlie" Bowling.

Fourthly, and finally, the South Africans—R. O. Schwarz, G. A. Faulkner, A. E. Vogler, and G. C. White—created a marked sensation during 1907 by the pitch of perfection to which they had brought the delivery of the off-breaking ball, delivered with a leg break action, which was first bowled by B. J. T. Bosanquet. Right through their tour only one man could we find who can be said to have really played their bowling, and that was C. B. Fry at the Oval in the third test. Haroldstaff played a good innings against it at Nottingham, but for some reason or other Braund had very little of it to play during the first test match at Lord's. Though Vogler was unmistakably the best bowler on the side, G. A. Faulkner was the best purely "googlie" bowler of the tour, as he could break both ways at a good pace. The effect of that tour on cricket generally was to awake us to the fact that we have not yet by any means plumbed the depths of the bowling art or sapped its treasures. There are now many votaries of the art of "googlie" bowling all over England. Schoolboys practise the thing almost daily, and to my way of thinking the test match side of the future is incomplete without a "googlie" bowler. It is futile to argue that this particular delivery will be mastered in time by batsmen. May I ask, Has the good off-break or leg-break delivered in copy book way ever been truly mastered? There are people to be found still who argue that "googlie" bowling is only freak bowling. They are wrong, I think. The "googlie" is a distinct addition to the bowler's battery, and is, in fact, his most deadly weapon, no defence being invincible against it.

**LACROSSE.**

The concluding matches of the second round were played on Saturday, in splendid weather, and before a number of interested spectators. The West End Ponsonby encounter at Victoria Park resulted in a win for the first-named by 8 goals to 4, while on the Domain Grafton had a victory over Auckland by 9 goals to 7.

**HOCKEY.**

The championship cup matches were continued on Saturday. Principal interest centred in the United-Grafton match, which resulted in a draw, each side netting a goal. Auckland defeated St. George's by 5 goals to nil, and College Rifles beat Ponsonby by 5 goals to 3. At Devonport University beat North Shore by 4 goals to nil. As the result of United's draw with Grafton, Auckland, last year's champions, are leading for the championship by one point from United. In the second grade University beat St. George's by 4 goals to 2, Training College defeated Ellerslie by 3 goals to 2, College Rifles defeated Ponsonby by 8 goals to 1, and Epsom won from Auckland by 5 goals to 1. The matches under the auspices of the Auckland Ladies' Hockey Association were continued on Saturday, and resulted as follows:—Rangitira A. Boat Ladies' College by 5 goals to nil, Moana beat Rawhiti B. by 3 goals to nil, and Rangitira B. and Rawhiti A. played a draw, each side netting three goals.

**GOLF.**

**LADIES' GOLF UNION.**

This paper has been appointed the official organ of the Ladies' Golf Union, New Zealand branch.

Secretaries of ladies' golf clubs are invited to forward official notices, handicaps and alterations, results of competitions, and other matters of interest, to reach the publishing office not later than the Saturday prior to date of publication.

**Wanganui.**

On Wednesday, June 9th, the monthly match was played by the Wanganui Ladies' Golf Club, over the 18-hole course. Only four players are at present qualified to play for the silver L.G.U. medal, though doubtless many others will, by the end of the year, hold handicaps under the 25 limit. The course at Belmont is a new one, and the ground is still very rough to some eight or nine holes. The distance round the links is 5040 yards, and the record is held by Miss Cave in 99. The par of the green is 85. Following are the scores sent in for the silver medal in June, played conjointly with the monthly match:—Miss O. Stamford, 100—25—81; Miss Cave, 99—15—84; Miss Cowper, 104—17—87; Miss Stamford, 110—23—87.

Alterations of handicaps: Miss Cave reduced to 14, Miss O. Stamford reduced to 22. Mrs. Good, with scores of 115 and 107, obtained a 25 handicap.

**L.G.U. Year Book.**

Copies of the Year Book for 1909 will have reached secretaries of affiliated clubs by the last English mail. The Year Book is edited and compiled by Miss Issette Pearson, hon. sec. of the Ladies' Golf Union in England, and contains a complete list of the clubs affiliated to the English branch of the Union, and also of the New Zealand clubs, giving all details as to the membership of the clubs, the handicaps of members, pars of greens, etc. The book also contains the revised rules of golf, as adopted by the Royal and Ancient, in September last. The rules of the Union and the regulations for handicapping are fully set forth and explained. Secretaries and handicap managers of clubs should go carefully through these rules, and they would thus clear up points upon which they may have been in doubt. A point that is worth the consideration of the New Zealand clubs is that of the appointment of handicap managers, apart from the secretaryships of the various clubs. It seems to be the custom to pass the office of secretary on, and no exception can be taken to this custom, as it is right that the work entailed should not always fall on the "willing shoulders"; but in the regulating of handicaps it would seem to be desirable that when one person has thoroughly grasped the system and got her club into smooth working order, she should not then hand the managing of handicaps over to another member who has to begin de novo. In England a handicap manager acts for, perhaps, six or eight clubs, and continues to act in that capacity year after year. Another point which occurs when looking through the Year Book is the desirability of getting the New Zealand clubs to hold their annual meetings in the spring, so that the information supplied for the Year Book would be for the current season. The year in England starts from January 1: clubs hold their meetings and appoint officers, etc., prior to that date, and the information for the Year Book is compiled in January. If the New Zealand clubs could hold their meetings in the spring, the information in the Year Book could be made more up-to-date than is the case at present so far as the officers of the club are concerned.

**Auckland Clubs' Competition.**

The members of the Auckland Golf Club held a four-ball best-ball match at Cornwall Park links on Saturday. The winners of the match were Greg and S. Upton, who put up a very good score of 74 net, and they were each presented with a handsome travelling clock by Mr. E. D. O'Rourke. Other score-cards returned were: Allen and Chalfield, 77; Heather and Burns, 77; Alexander and Tonks, 78; Lusk and McCormick, 78; Macfarlane and Kirker, 80; Gordon and Bruce, 80; P. Upton and Dargaville, 80; Jackson and Ball, 81; Kelly and Hanna, 83; Purchase and Marriner, 84; Lewis and E. Horton, 84; Daxley and Bloomfield, 84; Stringer and H. Kirker, 85; Ruddleck and Mair, 88; Webster and Foster, 90; Cave and McIntosh, 91.

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IN WHALEBONE.

### RACING FIXTURES.

June 18, 17—Hawke's Bay Jockey Club.  
June 23, 24—Napier Park Racing Club.  
July 8, 9—Gisborne Racing Club.

### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Decision.—The placed horses in the last N.Z. Grand National were—Eurus 1, Le Beau 2, Gold Seal 3.

Word from the South states that it has now been definitely decided that Manaporo is to be finally retired from the Turf.

There were three double winners at Hawke's Bay, Speciosa, Pitopo, and North-East each winning two races.

The San Fran horse, California, is reported to be doing good work on the tracks at Hastings.

In the list of published nominations for the Toorak Handicap the name of Master Sport was omitted.

G. Price has taken over Mr. Highder's horses, and they are now in work under his charge at Awapuni.

Word from the South states that St. Aidan is shipping satisfactorily in his efforts over hurdles at Riccarton.

The ex-New Zealander Pink-On has been taken up again by D. J. Price to be prepared for his spring engagements.

The N.Z. horse California has been added to the list of entries for the Metropolitan, and to be run at Randwick in the Spring.

Several horses are being kept going at Ellerslie, evidently with a view to the Gisborne and other Southern meetings.

Messrs. W. H. S. Moorhouse and J. W. Abbott will represent the Wellington Racing Club at the N.Z. Racing Conference.

The Freedom gelding Haeremal, which was taken to Sydney by Mr. A. Phillips, is being schooled over the big fences at Flemington.

The Charlton gelding Jack Pot is stated to have shown considerably improved form at Hastings to what he displayed at Ellerslie.

In addition to Etiona, Mr. A. E. Hopewell has purchased the Sout mare Silent, and left for Sydney with the pair on Monday.

The ponies Norma and Eleonore have changed hands, and it is understood the pair are to be shipped to Sydney, via Wellington, at an early date.

Further evidence in the Cunningham appeal case was taken by the Auckland Metropolitan Committee, after which another adjournment was decided upon.

Mr. Chadwick has taken no liberty with Le Beau in the Napier Park Steeplechase, and, taking a line through Capital, he is certainly harshly treated. Le Beau did not accept.

The St. Hippo mare Speciosa, which accounted for a double at the Hawke's Bay meeting, is stated to be a bit on the small side, but she is evidently useful.

Matters at Ellerslie are fast assuming their usual winter aspect, and racing headquarters now bear a very deserted appearance.

Just before his departure for Sydney, Mr. W. Lyons received word that Don Hannibal, Waipu, and Klaxee were landed in Sydney in first-class order.

Acoola, a well-known Australian horseman, arrived in Auckland last week, and intends taking up his residence here. He is associated with S. Hooge's stable.

In this week's issue of the "N.Z. Referee" the Hon. J. D. Cromie presents his side of the question on Mr. Henry's handicapping of his horses, and certainly makes out a good case.

The Great Northern winner Capital was coming badly in the paddock before the Hawke's Bay Steeplechase, and according to a Southern writer, was obviously not up to his Auckland form.

Jack O'Connell, who is to journey to Australia to ride Waipa and Klaxee in their engagements, was badly shaken at the Hawke's Bay Meeting through Astora falling with him in the Hack Steeplechase.

A "kewbird" filly has been entered by James Wilson, junior, for several of the young races in Australia of next season. She is a half-sister to Moseody and Mandist.

The hunter Mangappa did not long survive his effort in the Hunters' Hurdle Race at the A.R.C. Northern Meeting, the son of Ngapuni joining the great majority last Tuesday.

Carbine was credited with £3000 in the winning sire's list in England last year. This season he has made a great start, for the cable informs us that his son Car-gill has won the Manchester Cup, a £3000 race.

The Hotchkiss horse First Gun was given another try over the hurdles at Ellerslie last week, but his display was not a very promising one, and he will need a lot of making before he becomes successful at the illustrious game.

The Flintlock gelding Rimlock is to be treated to a spell, after which he will be tried at the jumping game. Mr. McKinnon's other gelding, Cygni, will shortly be schooled over the big fences, at which game he should be useful.

Mr. J. Muir's Seston Delaval gelding Haaparaha, which has been enjoying a spell since last Christmas, was brought from his owner's place on Wednesday last, and is to resume active service under W. Gall's charge.

R. Hatch is now absolutely certain to head the list of winning horsemen for the past season, and to date his score is 83 wins. Deely is next in order (with 60), and then follow Jenkins (48), B. Lowe (41), A. Oliver (41), and Buchanan (40).

J. McLaughlin, the Napier trainer, is contemplating a trip to Melbourne at the end of this month with Major and Rock Ferry. The list of N.Z. horses competing in Australia this season promises to be very large.

The good opinion formed by those who saw North-east perform at Hawera has been fully borne out by subsequent performances, and his showing on the last day when he won the (Tuakau) Handicap with 11.13 in the saddle, conceding up to just on 3st to some of his opponents, stamps the son of Euroclydon as a first-class chaser.

Multiform has not been long in finding favour with Australian breeders, and his list is full for next season at a fee of 50gs. Another New Zealand-bred horse, Havoc, who has sired many good winners lately, is practically full at 20gs.

Mr. U. Shannon has purchased for an Australian sportsman the rising two-year-old brother to Pink-On from his breeder, Mr. John Hobson, of Makaraka, Gisborne, and the youngster is to be shipped to Sydney on the 25th inst.

The friends of J. McGregor, the well-known horseman, who was making his reappearance in the saddle at the Hawke's Bay meeting, after his serious accident of two years ago, will be pleased to learn that he had a couple of winning rides, piloting Spectator in both the engagements in which she won.

During the progress of the Hawke's Bay meeting, a number of juveniles belonging to Messrs Watt and Lowe, as well as a number of others, were given a canter on the course proper, to accustom them to the crowd, and the youngsters acquitted themselves as soberly as many of the seniors, and, on the whole, were greatly admired.

After a fairly long absence from the scene of action, the Expulsion horse Pobutu made his appearance at the Hawke's Bay Winter Meeting, and after running second in the Zeretaungua Handicap, on the opening day, won the Ngamania Handicap on the second day, giving his owner a long-deferred win. Pobutu is certainly one of the most unlucky horses that ever raced in Auckland.

The American plan of reserving a place for jockeys works satisfactorily at Richmond and Ascot. From the time racing commences until the race is decided (says an exchange) all the jockeys were isolated from the public, and mounted their charges as they were led to them in the weighing enclosure. Stipendiary supervision is very strict, and this accounts for the steady and exciting finishes which Sir Fred Row invariably has to adjudicate upon.

The Phoebus Apollo mare Imprimus, which is now the property of the Ellerslie trainer S. Hodge, wrenched herself while doing slow work just before the Northern Meeting, and that accounted for her non-appearance in the Barrow Handicap on the concluding day, in which event she was expected to run prominently.

Mr. J. Chadwick disposed of Rosavere on Monday to an Australian buyer, and the son of Rosavere is to accompany in company with Glencora by the Waimata on the same day. Rosavere is intended for hurdling, and may be useful in that branch of the sport. Most of his performances have been rather good, and he has a number of wins to his credit, while he has rarely been out of a place.

A scores foals have been nominated by Mr. E. Green for the Fourteenth Auckland Futurity Stakes to be run in 1911. Their breeding is as follows:—Filly by Postano—Gleedoms; filly by Postano—Bright Beauty; filly by Postano—Indevastious; filly by Postano—Key; colt by Rouge Cross—Foggy Queen; filly by Bohadil—The Parkienne; colt by Bohadil—Lava; colt by Rouge Cross—Independence; filly by Bluffhorn—Rattier; filly by Multiform—Froben; colt by Simmer—River Trent; filly by Simmer—Spezia.

The ex-New Zealander Black Reynard was the hurdle race at Randwick recently, and in this connection a Sydney writer says:—With the New Zealander Black Reynard, the fugue at Randwick on Saturday took no liberties at all with the country. Did they know half-an-hour before the race that Mainspring was to be scratched, and that T. Cahill (the new Regan) was to be in the saddle? At all events, they made the horse favourite to start with, and this aged gelding has done in Australia was to get about fourth in a welter race. Buckers of him were lucky to win. He touched heavily on several occasions, and was only about level with Protector at the last hurdle. It was his hat woe that saved them.

In conversation with the writer before he left for Australia with Leo Grand, Joe Gallagher informed me that as nothing seemed to go right with him in New Zealand, he intended to give Australia a chance to see if his luck would turn. Evidently the change has not yet brought about the desired result, for, according to the cable report of Leo Grand's first effort on the other side, it would be his if it were not for the evil spirits of the universe he conspired to prevent the ex-Auckland winner a race. It is bad enough to be beaten when you are going for a stake, but to have your pony for nothing is a different matter. It is heartrending, and it is to be hoped for the sake of the well-known trainer-riding, that this is the last ebb of the tide of misfortune, and that the flood will now turn in his favour.

"It is said to be a fatal thing for any commissioner from India to let it be known that he is out to buy for a patron in the land of rice and rajahs, for if he does the seller at once puts 50 per cent to the price that he is asked to ask for the precious superstition that anyone from India must be full of money. If only our friends in Australia realised the stagnation in business of all sorts, including the horse market, the peculiar incident occurred in the sale of a horse after winning a selling race at Newmarket, in April. The horse, Nimrod, was entered to be sold for £500, and on being submitted after winning, it was so high before he was ready for sale that the auctioneer said "Take him away." While he was going out someone made a bid, whereupon the auctioneer called for the horse to be brought back, and bidding went on up to £800, at which price he was knocked down to the ex-Australian owner-trainer, R. Wootton. The owner, Blacklock, concluded that the horse was his the moment the auctioneer said "Take him away," and the stewards upholding his view, the sale was cancelled.

A Wellington visitor who was present at the recent Great Northern Meeting, in conversation with a Wellington writer, was not very enthusiastic about the Ellerslie course itself, even from a spectator's point of view. The starting post of the mile track is the best of the kind in houses and trees, and the horses have been travelling some little distance before they come into view. People are permitted to crowd around two of the most important jumps in the steeplechase, which has to be negotiated at the base of the descent of the hill. From the start no one can see these jumps, and there is always the risk of the crowd frightening a nervous horse. In any comparison between Ellerslie and Trentham, the Wellington visitor, the latter has the better of matters. In his opinion, the Trentham track is infinitely superior to Ellerslie as an ideal racing track, as its curves are beautifully laid out, and the ground is absolutely true and level; whereas on the Auckland course there are natural disadvantages which tend to give it a somewhat switch-back appearance. For example, the turn out of the straight is chiefly on the collar, whilst the raise in the race when the horses pass somewhere near the five far-long post going down the back. After seeing Ellerslie, he begins to realize why the mainline horses for courses like Trentham exemplified themselves at the Wellingtonian lost his money. I know numbers of Aucklanders who feel that way.

At a Sydney race meeting a week or two back there was a great finish between three horses. The judge halted Featherston's number, and the winner was the affair, an Australian writer delivered himself thus:—There was a bowling rumpus the other day when Featherston got the verdict. The non-official verdict was: Stacey by a head, with a rather pathetic half-length away third. Personally, cannot offer an opinion, but will swear that even Payten and the rider of Feather released it up as lost. How lucky is the owner who has a horse that runs second! Ye gods! how much luckier must be he when a third is converted into



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As first, in a close finish only the judge can tell; in an open finish it seems to be the same. The owner of Storey might have been reconciled to a decision in favour of Dryite. Similarly, the owner of Dryite to a decision in favour of Storey. But to one in favour of Featherstitch was enough to give them a stitch of a very sore head. Hearty is one of the principal elements in turf matters. Generally it is not extended to the judge's box, but at odd times it invades even this structure. For once in a way, this was a rare that could easily be judged by those who have in their possession. They are not judging by the eye, but by the pocket, and at times very shallow at that. In this race Featherstitch was on the outside, and although a goodly number of the owners and backers of horses that apparently finished in front of him are consoled with it, it is not counted about Treatham.

Severy Hack Handicap of 100sovs, six furlongs. H. McManaway's North-east, 11.9; F. Ross's North-East, by Euroclydon—Muirbraun, 11.13 (A. Oliver); The Limit, 9.9; My Darling, 9.7; The King, 9.5; R. R. R. 9.5; Battle Royal 9.8 (carried 9.5); Bercola 9.0; Monsieur Beaucaire 9.0; Miss Tally 9.0 (carried 9.5); Obscurity 9.0; Master Stent 9.0. North-east led from start, and won by about three lengths, the same distance separating second and third. Time, 1:17 4/5.

SECOND DAY. HASTINGS, Thursday. The second day of the Hawke's Bay Jockey Club's winter meeting, today, was favoured with fine weather, although the sky was overcast, and rain threatened just before the first race. The attendance was large, and a good day's sport enjoyed. The total receipts amounted to £6020, making £12,066 for the two days, as compared with £12,540 for the last winter meeting, a decrease of £473. Thirteen bookmakers were on the ground. A feature of the day's racing was Phipps' case, win in the Ladies' Necklace, the same horse having secured the Ladies' Bracelet the previous day. The later results were:—Kidnappers Hack Hurdles—Rawhiti, 9.7; 1. Souah, 10.0; 2. Forrest, 10.9; 3. Scratch-ed: Nera. Won by half a length. Two lengths between second and third. Time, 2.5.

RUKAWA HACK HANDICAP of 80sovs, seven furlongs. H. McManaway's ch. g. North-East, by Euroclydon—Muirbraun, 11.13 (A. Oliver); Theils, 9.8 (H. Cairns); King's Prize, 10.4 (W. Flynn); Also started: Guiding Star, 10.4; Time, 1.13; Hobeopate 9.0; Awha, 9.7; The Limit, 9.0; Icel, 9.0; Bercola, 9.0; Amato, 9.4. Despite his heavy weight, North-East started a hot favourite, and justified his supporters' confidence by winning easily by four lengths, about half that distance separating second and third. Time, 1.30 2/5.

FINAL HANDICAP of 100sovs, Six furlongs. D. Kemp's br. f. V. J. 3yrs, by Merivale—Aranda, 10.1 (E. Lowe); Illustrious, 9.0 (A. Oliver); Martynus, 10.9 (F. D. Jones); Also started: Waikaraka, 10.11. V. J. won comfortably by three lengths, Martynus another two lengths away, third Time, 1:17 2/5.

ENGLISH RACING.

THE ROYAL HUNT CUP. LONDON, June 16. The Royal Hunt Cup, run at Royal Ascot to-day, resulted:—Dark Ronald 1, Arramore 2, Christmas Daisy 3.

THE ASCOT GOLD CUP. LONDON, June 17. The Ascot Gold Cup, run at the Royal Ascot meeting to-day, resulted:—Bambo, 4yrs, by Marco—Grand Prix, 1; Sauto Sirate, 2; Siberia, 3.

The Upper Atmosphere.

One of the most remarkable discoveries made by "balloon-soundings" is the existence around the earth of the stratum of air known as the "inversion layer." The automatically-recording instruments sent up by M. Tessenenc de Bort and others have just shown that the temperature of the air steadily diminishes up to a height of about eight miles, but that beyond is a layer about a mile thick that shows a constant rising temperature with increasing height. As this stratum must vary the atmosphere density and refraction, it gives a basis for some interesting speculations. M. Durand Greville thinks that it must be faintly luminous, and suggests that it may produce the "gygeschein" or midnight glow opposite the sun, that it may give the second lighting up of high peaks in the Alps after the first twilight glow has faded, that it may hold the fine dust that gives the brilliant skies after volcanic eruptions, and may explain other puzzling happenings.

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HAWKE'S BAY WINTER MEETING.

FIRST DAY.

HASTINGS, Wednesday. The first day of the Hawke's Bay Jockey Club's winter meeting was held to-day in fine weather, and was a large attendance. The racing was interesting throughout, although in the principal events the winners had easy victories, and the contests were for such hours. The investments on the totalisator amounted to £6045, as compared with £6153 on the first day of the last winter meeting, a decrease of £108. Seventeen bookmakers were on the ground, whose fees, including clerks, were £21 10/ each. All the jockeys wore crape bands in memory of the late Mrs G. P. Donnelly, whose husband is a prominent member of the club. The later events resulted as follows:—

Hack Steeplechase of 120sovs, two miles.—Speciosa, 9.12; 1. Eldorado, 9.7; 2. Atanul, 9.7; 3. Scratch-ed: Gold Shower, Aroha and Coy fell. Aorangi, Te Kaihu, and Aorangi ran off. Speciosa won by half-a-length, two lengths between second and third. Time, 4.44.

Ladies' Bracelet of 100sovs, one and a-half miles.—Pikapo, 11.9; 1. Uenuku, 12.3; 2. Irish Rife, 12.11; 3. Scratch-ed: Compass and Water-Milk. Won by two lengths, five lengths between second and third. Time, 2.44 2/5.

Terrance Hurdles of 150sovs, 1 1/2 mile.—Compass, 10.13; 1. Corazon, 9.9; 2. Commander, 10.9; 3. A. H. H. Won by a length, two lengths separating second and third. Time, 3.51 2/5.

SECOND DAY.

HASTINGS, Thursday.

Kidnappers Hack Hurdles—Rawhiti, 9.7; 1. Souah, 10.0; 2. Forrest, 10.9; 3. Scratch-ed: Nera. Won by half a length. Two lengths between second and third. Time, 2.5.

Ngamahua Handicap, £25, 1 mile 1 furlong.—Pohatu, 9.4; 1. Lamdore, 9.1; 2. Irangi, 9.5; 3. All started. Won by a length, two and a-half lengths between second and third. Time, 1.57 3/5.

Hawke's Bay Hurdles, two miles.—Gold Dust, 10.7; 1. Commander, 9.12; 2. Compass, 10.1; 3. Scratch-ed: Rocky, Nova, Yocami, and Lebeccto. Won by a neck, two and a-half lengths between second and third. Time, 3.50 3/5.

LADIES' NECKLACE, valued at 50sovs; owner of second horse to receive a neck- lace valued at 15sovs. Once round.

Mrs J. Douglas's b. g. Pikapo, 4yrs, by Mrs J. Douglas, 12.11 (Mr. P. Neagle); 1. Irish Rife, 12.13 (Mr. P. Neagle); 2. The Squatter, 11.4 (Mr. G. Beaton); 3. Also started: Probability, 12.3; Leitri, 11.4; ending in 11.6; Musse, 11.5; Waioriki, 10.12; Coughton, 10.7.

Pikapo took command in the straight, and won comfortably by a length, three lengths separating second and third. Irish Rife, which came strongly at the finish, started favourite, the winner ranking second in public favour. Time, 1.55 3/5. This is the first occasion upon which the same horse ridden by the same jockey, and belonging to the same owner has won both Bracelet and Necklace at a Hawke's Bay winter meeting.

JUNE STEEPLCHASE of 20sovs, About two miles, and a-half.

St. Lloyd's b. m. Speciosa, 5yrs, by St. Hippo—Lady Spry, 10.9 (G. McGregor); 1. Jack Pot, 12.3 (D. Watt); 2. Luncerer, 9.8 (F. Flynn); 3. Also started: Eurus, 12.3; Aroha, 10.9; Te Kaihu, 9.9; Coy, 9.7; Gold Shower, 9.7. The first to leave the mark were Gold Shower, Speciosa, and Coy, and after a couple of furlongs had been covered Coy was in the van. Jack Pot, the favourite, had moved into third place, and was running close up to Gold Shower. At the double at the railway bend, Gold Shower, which then had a strong lead, came down. Passing the stand for the second time, Jack Pot was about a couple of strides ahead of Speciosa and Coy. At the scrub obstacle at the back of the course, Eurus, the second favourite, repeated his performance of the previous day at the same place, by running off. Speciosa and Jack Pot took the last jump together, and a capital race to the post ensued, Speciosa winning by a little more than half-a-length. Three lengths separated second and third. Aroha fell at the double at the bottom of the course. Time, 5.6 1/5.

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# Music and Drama

(BY BAYREUTH.)

## BOOKINGS.

(Dates Subject to Alteration.)

### AUCKLAND—HIS MAJESTY'S.

June 7 to June 26—West's Pictures.  
 June 23 to July 3—Hamilton Dramatic Company.  
 July 5 to July 24—Hamilton Dramatic Company.  
 July 26 to August 7—J. C. Williamson.  
 August 24 to September 7—Hamilton Dramatic Company.

### THE OPERA HOUSE.

In season—Geach-Mantowé Pantomime Co., "Lured to London."

### WELLINGTON—OPERA HOUSE.

In season—Allan Hamilton Company.  
 July 23 to August 13—Fidlar 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 16—Allan Hamilton.  
 October 23 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 23—West's Pictures.

### PALMERSTON NORTH—MUNICIPAL OPERA HOUSE.

August 4, 5—Allan Hamilton's Dramatic Co.  
 August 12, 13—J. C. Williamson's "Jack and Jill" Co.  
 August 27—Mitscha Elman's Concert.  
 September 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.  
 Jan. 20 to 24—J. C. Williamson.  
 Feb. 14, 15—The Scarlet Troubadours.  
 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 29, 30—J. C. Williamson.  
 July 1, 2—Meynell and Funch.  
 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.

### Haydn Beck—An Appeal.

AUCKLAND is shortly to be visited by Haydn Beck, the Maoritand boy violinist, who hails from the picturesque river town of Wanganui. This is the age of the prodigy, and the virtuoso. The musical world of to-day is literally teeming with juvenile talent. It has been my good fortune to have heard, outside of New Zealand, some of the representative prodigies of the age, including Mitscha Elman, Vivian Chatterres, and Lionel Orenda. I have also heard Haydn Beck under disadvantageous conditions—and he is certainly a remarkable boy. Nine years of life is almost too small a span by which one could measure the basic qualities of a boy who exhibits much of the sporadic brilliance and precocious talent of the artist. He has all the ready aptitude and temperament of the true violinist. It comes to him as easily as it comes to some men to recite poetry, others to make extempore speeches. From sheer instinct he lays his delicate fingers along the keyboard, grips his bow correctly, and lays his cheek lovingly against the smooth, pulsating side of his instrument. Some day he will be able to take up—let us hope, a Guarnerius. Some day, too, the public will have realised he is an

astounding child wanting help, training and the experience of the Continental schools of playing. Some day public benefits will be crowded to the doors on his behalf to send him across the ocean to become a celebrity—perhaps a great player. As it is, his talent and his limited strength are being severely taxed to gain the much-needed recognition which will ensure him the support he deserves, for Haydn Beck is a very promising boy, to whom New Zealand may one day be proud to do homage. He has a rare and precious talent that, carefully used and sedulously cultivated, may justify all the glowing things the newspapers in the Southern districts of the Island have been saying of him. But it is nothing more than child labour that this bonny boy of nine, to whom playtime is just as dear as to any young heart, has to face the physical and mental strain of constant public performance; in the hope of ultimate success and a much-needed pilgrimage to the art centres of the old world. Nobody can say with certainty this simple and unaffected boy will be a great artist. But let everybody be sure and hear him. Let those who recognise in good music a power for uplifting the thoughts of a community, realise that no country can afford to neglect its arts or its artists. Of the hundred, let us hope the thousands who will hear this wonderful boy in Auckland, some will realise that they have a duty to perform. That duty is to assist Haydn Beck to reach a master's hands. Remember he is only a boy of nine, playing on an instrument that can at best but veil his tonal felicities. Remember, too, he wants all the help and the goodwill he can get, this bright-faced curly headed child of music, upon whom is the preage of genius, the gift of the infinite.

### The Drama in London.

Mr. A. B. Walkley, the celebrated musical and dramatic critic of "The Times," speaking in the metropolis lately to a large gathering of theatrical people, said: "The drama has grown so big, waxed so fat, so prosperous, so powerful, that in boasting it to-day one has almost the air of a courtier flattering the tyrant. For, at any rate from one point of view, the drama has never been so flourishing as it is at this moment. I refer to the huge dramatic output, to the enormous quantity of drama demanded and supplied at the present day. There is a boundless energy and range of production and consumption of it. The number of our London theatres I do not precisely know, nor does it matter. What matters is, that every night in the week, and nearly every afternoon—say, and even Sunday, too—in the West of London and in the East and in the vast circle of the suburbs vast multitudes of Londoners—men and women, old and young—are pouring in and out of houses built, maintained, and specially licensed for the sale of that peculiar kind of mental intoxicant which is known as drama. This, I submit to you, is one of the most striking and one of the most important facts of the time in which we live. How important it is I need not remind you, who have seen within the past few weeks a great national movement violently stimulated by the production of an artistically negligible play ("An Englishman's Home"). It is an important fact, it is a tremendously interesting spectacle, and, if you look into it for a moment, there is something strange about it, too, something almost uncanny. If you will get outside

yourselves for a moment, if you will imagine yourselves in the position of some inhabitant of the planet Mars visiting the earth, I think in that position you would find the spectacle very strange. Let me suggest an illustration on a different scale. Suppose you were inspecting a hive of bees and watching the bees making wax and honey, building cells, and doing the many ingenious things that bees do. You looked a little closer, and you saw within the big hives innumerable smaller hives, wherein the bees were not making wax and honey, but only imitations of them—"properly" wax and honey—were, in fact, merely mimicking, or maybe burlesquing, the proceedings of the bees outside, while other bees solemnly looked on. Would you not be puzzled by this spectacle? Would you not say that bees are very strange creatures? Well, something like that, I imagine, would be the impression of our imaginary Martian visiting the earth just now. Of course, we should be able to explain it all to him. Of course we should overwhelm him with the usual cant about Art; how we become more reconciled to our own lives by looking at fancy pictures of other people's. When all was said, however, to see how much time the inhabitants of the earth spent, not in living but in contemplating the simulation of life, would, I think, still strike our visitor from Mars as strange. But, strange or not, there the fact is: from the point of view of quantity, of energy in production, and avidity in consumption the drama has never been so important a part of the national life as it is to-day. Where is it all to end? Are we to become, like the villagers who lived by taking in each other's washing, a stage-stricken multitude, devoting what time we can spare from the composition of our own plays to damning other people's? There are speculative philosophers who will tell you that we are in no danger of that. They foresee a very different future wherein the spread of the scientific spirit and the reorganisation of society will have left the poor drama hardly a leg to stand on. A life without violence will make tragedy incredible. Abolition of class-distinctions and sex-equality will deprive comedy of nearly all its subject matter. And an exact scientific knowledge of reality will be fatal to drama. Perhaps, gentlemen, it is not very profitable to look quite so far ahead. But, looking at what is under our noses, I think we shall find that it is this very last point—a closer and closer approximation to reality—that distinguishes the drama of our day. Our dramatists our learning to observe life more accurately, more searchingly than their predecessors, and to report more faithfully what they have observed. In a word, gentlemen, I suggest to you that, the great gain of our modern drama is a gain in veracity. Veracity! At that word I instinctively turn towards Mr. Pinero. Among all the sterling qualities of his work, I like to single out that one of veracity. This is no moment for cataloguing all his qualities. This is no time for the mint and anise and cummin of criticism. I claim the privilege to-night of release from my daily task of weighing and classifying and comparing; I claim the privilege of speaking to-night as a playgoer among playgoers of your generation, and of thanking him for the continuous stimulation and delight which for the past quarter of a century those playgoers have had from him. I am sure that that stimulation and delight are largely owing to the fundamental veracity of his work."

Matthew Barrie. And I would say this, that if originality lies in the fact that a man's work can be referred to no existing models, surely Mr. Barrie is one of the most original, as he is certainly one of the most charming writers of this or any other day. I mention the name of Mr. Galworthy, who, were he never to write another play, is sure of his place. I venture to assert, among the most prominent dramatists of our time. I mention the name—I have not his permission to do so, but he is out of England and I must risk his being annoyed at my bringing upon him a little extra publicity—I mention to you the name of the brilliant Mr. Shaw. Mr. Shaw came into this world not long after I did, but as a playwright he is still young, and shows no sign of growing up. He is the elfish Peter Pan among dramatists. I mention to you, too, the name of Mr. Granville Barker, who is waiting only for Mr. Redford's leave to prove himself a force among the writers of our stage. I am half inclined, for the sake of the public and Mr. Barker, to ask that any claim I may have upon this fund may be passed over for the moment, and that my retiring pension shall be bestowed upon the Censor of plays. And may I mention to you Mr. Sutro, with his vivid, clean-cut pictures of life, and the fanciful, imaginative Mr. Locke, and the versatile Mr. Jerome with his happy gifts of broad humour and deep sentiment; and those delightful dramatic butterflies, Captain Marshall and Mr. Hubert Henry Davies, and the rapidly advancing Mr. James Bernard Fagan; and, last, but not least, the astounding Mr. Somerset Maugham! As for Mr. Maugham, he fairly takes one's breath away. He has been described by a witty critic as being not only a dramatist, but, in himself, a whole syndicate of dramatists. Dump Mr. Maugham down in a country, if such a country existed, which possessed no drama, and within six months that country would become the centre of theatrical activity. Only one play of Mr. Maugham's that I can recall enjoyed something less than his customary success, but that was on account of its tragic and depressing theme, and not, of course, from any lack of merit. I allude to a play called "The Explorer," produced last year by Mr. Lewis Waller at the Lyric Theatre. I didn't see it myself; I intended to do so, but a friend of mine told me its plot, and then I shrank from the ordeal. The story of "The Explorer," as represented to me, was this: The explorer was a dramatist—a dramatist of the same age as myself—who went about exploring this vast city, trying to discover a theatre in which a play by Mr. Somerset Maugham was not being acted. The unhappy man failed in his quest and subsequently destroyed himself."

### M. Saint-Saens.

M. Camille Saint-Saens, whose opera, "Samson et Delilah," has been produced so successfully at Covent Garden Opera House, London, during the last season has been unquestionably the foremost musician in France since the death of Gounod. Like so many other musicians, he began to play the piano when quite a child, and was only seventeen when he composed his first symphony. He was a friend of Wagner, Liszt, and Gounod, and apropos of his first meeting with Wagner, an interesting story is told. Saint-Saens was sent to the house of the great German with a letter of introduction from a friend. On being shown into an ante-room to wait the arrival of his host, he saw a part of the M.S. score of one of Wagner's operas lying on the piano. Sitting down at the instrument, Saint-Saens began to play the music, and so masterly was his rendering that Wagner, who was in the next room, rushed in and joyfully embraced him. M. Saint-Saens is still as brilliant a pianist as he is a composer, and a critic has paid him

### Pinero On Playwrights.

Speaking at the same gathering, Mr. Pinero, whose "His House in Order" most people will recall in New Zealand, paid an interesting tribute to some of the leading playwrights of the day thus: "I mention to you the name of James

Pinero On Playwrights.

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the following glowing tribute:—"It was almost as interesting to see him play as to hear him—to see his beautiful hands interlocking and moving over the keyboard with incomparable ease and grace, controlled by a splendid head that betrays both the Frenchman and the man of genius unmistakably." Once, when he was in Chicago, he had an interesting chat with a barber in that city, in the course of which he happened to ask him if he had ever heard a certain world-famed pianist. "No, sir," answered the barber with great decision. "These pianists never patronise me, and so I never patronise them!" The genial composer loves to tell this story as an illustration of the highly-developed business instinct of the American people. But the cute barber may yet live to reconsider his position, for the long-haired virtuoso appears, happily, to be growing scarcer.

**Baby Musical Prodigy.**

Pillar Osorio, a baby girl, three years and seven months old, recently gave an amazing performance of pianoforte playing before a select company of musicians at Bluthner's Hall (London). Pillar, just a normal baby in a little black velvet dress, with white lace and a white silk sash, was indulging in pretty child play with a Teddy bear while her audience assembled. Then her mother called her to the piano. The Teddy bear was placed on a chair, where he sat mechanically shaking his head, and his little mistress was lifted to the stool of an instrument large enough to contain a dozen of her. She brushed aside her jet-black curls with her chubby fingers, and then gave a rendering of Haydn's "Gipsy Rondo." No fault could be found with the little girl's performance. All things considered, it was wonderful; but the little one excited pity rather than admiration. At the close she received quite an ovation. Her mother told her to play another piece, and Pillar's baby fingers filled the hall with the melody of Mendelssohn's "Spring Song," and again with Espinoza's "Caprice" concerto. It was not a public performance, nor is it likely that Pillar will be seen for a long time yet on the concert platform.

**Mme. Tetrassini Again at Covent Garden.**

Mme. Tetrassini appeared at Covent Garden (London) recently as Violetta in "La Traviata," a part that appeals to her, as well as displaying her liquid, flexible voice to the best advantage. There was no question as to her welcome. The full and brilliant house accorded her a reception only given to popular favourites. Beautifully dressed in a toilette suggesting the latest Parisian creation, she came towards the supper table with a bunch of red roses in her hand and smilingly acknowledged the applause that greeted her from all parts of the house. After her singing of "Ah! fors è lui," it was evident that her voice and singing were as wonderful as ever. In the passage where she has to hold the E flat in alt, she stooped to pick up her handkerchief, all the while sustaining the note—a vocal feat which few artists could accomplish. She received an ovation, and came forward repeatedly, still holding the bunch of red roses and waving her handkerchief. In the garden scene her striking acting held the house. She is reported to have said that during the progress of the play the woes of Violetta so powerfully affect her that she finds difficulty in restraining her emotion, and has to say to herself: "Don't give way; you are Tetrassini, not Violetta, and if you cry you won't be able to sing." After each act she was many times recalled, and at the close was hailed with enthusiasm. Tetrassini had triumphed again.

**Mme. Blanche Arral Takes the Place of Sembrieh.**

Mme. Blanche Arral, the noted French prima donna, who succeeded in capturing immense applause in New Zealand some time ago, and was associated with various romantic rumours, has joined the forces of the Metropolitan Opera House, New York. In San Francisco the critics unanimously declared that she was the equal if not the superior of Mme. Sembrieh. Mme. Arral has a remarkably fine soprano voice, and those of the critics who have heard her in different parts of the world have intimated that she would be a worthy successor of Mme. Sembrieh, whose place the Metropolitan has had great difficulty to fill. Although Mme. Arral appeared at only one concert in San Francisco, her singing created a greater furore than Tetrassini. The San Francisco "Examiner" said: "Her coloratura singing, if not unrivalled, is certainly unexcelled. More like Sembrieh in appearance and voice than anyone else I know, the stranger seemed to be even greater than Sembrieh in the most difficult lines of the vocal art."

Another critic said: "If the management of the Metropolitan Opera House in New York wants to make a sensation with the public, they would better not hesitate a moment to engage Mme. Arral. She would be the worthiest successor that Sembrieh could have." Mme. Arral is described by another critic as a discovery destined to duplicate the wonderful success attained by Tetrassini after San Francisco placed the laurel of its apogee on the brow of the then unknown songstress.

**Is a Seventeenth Child.**

The "Pacific Coast Review" is even more eulogistic in hailing the French artist as "the only coloratura soprano who may justly be considered the legitimate successor to Patti and Sembrieh." Other papers were equally generous in their praise.

Madame Arral is of French and Belgian descent, the seventeenth child of a well-known musical family of Liege, Belgium, where she took her primary lessons in music. At the age of ten she secured the first prize for both singing and piano at the Brussels Conservatoire. After three years at the Paris Conservatoire Mme. Arral was claimed by the Directorate and the Theatre National de l'Opera Comique of Paris, where she made her debut at the age of fifteen, in the part of Mignon. After three years with this opera company, singing a wide range of roles, Mme. Arral created the role of Leura in "The Beggar Student," which ran for one hundred and fifty performances. Mme. Arral then organised her own opera company, and after travelling in many countries, organised a concert tour which carried her through Asia, Africa, Australia, South America and the United States.

**A Pretty Reminiscence.**

Few out of innumerable admirers of the late Jean Coquelin, the famous French comedian, the world over, suspected how much of his artistic success he owed to a modest wife, who kept herself in the background. Though she had no free ambitions, and so left her husband free to seek diversion alone, Madame Coquelin knew stage technique from having been an actress herself, and she was always his severest as well as his most enlightened critic.

She would never interfere with his conception of a new part until the night of the dress rehearsal. Then she would come to the theatre and, holding notebook and pencil in hand, would gravely note down every defect she observed, however small. Then, going home, she would mention one by one the faults she had found with voice, look and gesture.

Coquelin, who was very vain, would argue, defend himself, grow hot and sometimes nearly burst with rage. But in the end he always listened to his wife—at least in regard to stage matters. And in his calmer moments he would confess how much the excellence of his acting owed to that merciless supervision which no one else dared attempt over him.

**Coming Productions—Chung Ling Soo.**

In connection with the forthcoming visit of Chung Ling Soo, the remarkable Chinese Magician, who appears in Auckland on Monday evening at the Theatre, together with Mr Harry Rickards Tivoli Vaudeville Company, a few extracts from an interesting chat with a Sydney journalist may be of interest. The stolid indifference of the East is strikingly exemplified in the remarkable performance given by Chung Ling Soo. On the stage there is not that patter that the public couple with the magician's art; instead there is a satisfied smile, which is infectious. Off the stage Chung is the same, but it is easily seen there is lurking in the eyes a quiet intensity that will overcome difficulties, as they must have done to place their owner at the top of the tree in the magic art. For Chung's position is undisputed; nothing nearly so good has ever been seen in Australasia. There is the Eastern countenance, but you are not chatting with him long before there is given forth some of that quiet Scotch humour which is in the man. For Chung's father was a descendant of the Campbell and Robertson clans. He was originally a Scotch engineer, running between Glasgow, Hongkong and Canton.

He married a Cantonese woman and Chung is the fruit of that marriage. When seven years of age Chung's father died and his mother took charge of him till he was twelve years old, when she, too, died. Then he was apprenticed to

cage about. I thought it would be a great idea if I could do a trick with a squirrel in the cage. I made a little model, with the intention of making the squirrel disappear. I was told later that sort of thing had been done, so I discarded it. I turned my attention to the squirrel coming into the cage. So I advanced till a human being was utilised in the trick and so you see that is how I evolve tricks. This cabinet trick alone cost Chung £500. He started it one Christmas and finished it the next. The cauldron trick (perhaps the greatest of the lot) took him 18 months. When he thought he had finished it, he had a rehearsal with it and nearly burnt his wife. She was inside and could not get out till the time came. The cauldron had to be torn to pieces and it took him three months until he perfected it. Chung Ling Soo carries 12 men with him, including carpenters, cabinetmakers and mechanics, and he has a workshop erected everywhere he goes, so that the work can proceed all the time



CHUNG LING SOO'S SIGNATURE.

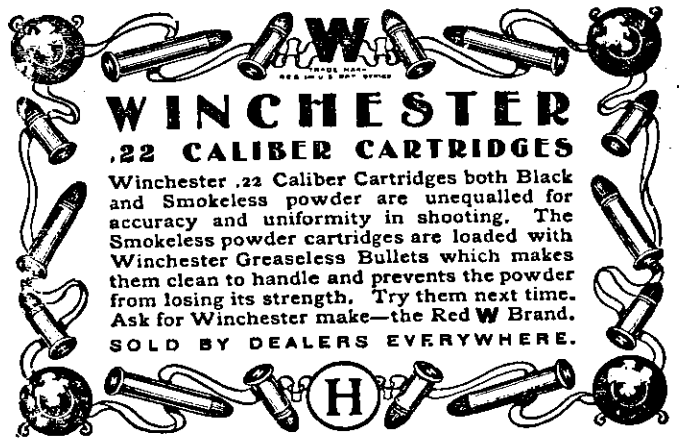
a Chinese Conjuror named Arr Hee, and with him was laid the foundation of Chung's love of magic art and with his own genius, the cunning of the Cantonese and the cool calculation of the Scotch, he has evolved a series of the most mystifying magic feats ever seen. Arr Hee was then an old man, and seven years acquaintance saw the end of Arr Hee. This was in South America, where Arr Hee and Chung had gone. Chung Ling Soo, in pursuance of his art has travelled all over the world, Australasia alone having remained unconquered until the present visit. Chung says: I like Fairy Stories and from them I get my ideas. Some ideas come to me in a peculiar way. I once purchased a copy of "The Arabian Nights," which had on the cover "The Lamp." Shortly afterwards I was walking in the street when a squirrel was swaying a

**Madame Melba.**

At the first Melba concert in Sydney every seat in the huge Town Hall was occupied, and at the second hundreds were turned away. On her arrival in Sydney the great artiste sent a message to Madame Christian (now Sister Paul of the Cross), who taught her for nearly three years in Melbourne. Evidently the star does not forget her college days. Then when the first concert came off a block of the eastern gallery near the platform was filled with girls from the Garcia School of Music. Madame Christian sent the whole school to hear her old pupil sing. The retired contralto had "the angel unwarlike" under her

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**Photographer of Children.**

**ELLERBECK, NEWTON,**

ears before the late Signor Cecchi "brought out" the brilliant notes of the upper register. Including the singing lessons she received from Cecchi, "the greatest singer in the world," as Oscar Hammerstein speaks of her in New York, must have had eight years' training in her native city before she went to Paris. Leaving Australia in 1886, Madame Melba made her debut at Brussels in 1887. All the credit should not be given to Madame Marchesi. At both Sydney concerts last week the greatest Australian sang superbly. She showed the finest flower of her art in the Desdemona scene from Verdi's "Otello," in which the orchestral

accompaniment was admirably played by professional and amateur musicians under the direction of Herr Slapoffski. There was a scene of intense enthusiasm at the close of the "Lucia" Mad Scene. The audience at the second concert reached the high-water mark of 3300, and so impressive was the singing of "The Willow Song" and the "Ave Maria" that one might have heard a pin drop. During the interpretation of Verdi's wonderfully suggestive music the Town Hall seemed to be transformed into a solemn cathedral, with a silent crowd of kneeling worshippers. From the sorrow-laden notes of the wood wind with which the scene commenced (and these difficult phrases were played with surprising accuracy and skill), right to the dream-like dying away of poor Desdemona's pathetic Amen on the muted strings, not a sound of admiration or applause was heard. The singer, who closed her eyes devoutly while the "Ave Maria" fell from her lips like "a Psalm Celestial," exercised, without any theatrical tricks, the great power that only the noblest artists possess—the power that compels silence and inspires reverence. Then when the pent-up feelings of the audience broke loose there was a sound in the hall like the rush of many waters.

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Then Treat the Cause, not the Symptoms.

This Christchurch Woman who was Completely Crippled found a Permanent Cure.

If you are having trouble in curing your Rheumatism — curing it permanently — curing it so that it won't come back with the next cold damp night, you are likely going about it in the wrong way. Think for a moment. The horrible twinges and swollen joints aren't there on their own account. There's something to cause them. Now if the cause were removed wouldn't the pains and aches go also? Yes, emphatically, yes. Now you are on the right track — cure the cause. Give up pottering with ointments and things to rub on which wouldn't drive the Rheumatic acid out of the blood in a thousand years. That's where Dr. Williams' Pink Pills come in. They make new blood and tone the system to a point where it throws out the Rheumatic Impurities through the natural channels. This isn't theory, because they have cured hundreds of cases. The case of Mrs John Cockle, 25, Roughton-st., Sydenham, Christchurch, is an excellent example of how they cure.

"I used to do a good deal of laundry work, and I suppose my hands being always in the water, and my getting wet often, brought on rheumatism," said Mrs Cockle. "It appeared first in the right hand, and then the left began to suffer, and gradually the poison spread through my system. I got worse and worse. My right knee got very bad, it swelled up tremendously, and became inflamed and angry looking. I could not bend it, and to kneel was out of the question. I rubbed the parts with every liniment I heard of, but the pain always came back. I felt so sore I'd scream if anyone came near me. I couldn't do any housework, my daughter-in-law had to help me, and often I had to get in my next door neighbour, who knows how much I suffered, to perhaps fasten my dress, or do a little trifle, for I couldn't put my arms behind me, or raise them to do my hair. I couldn't walk outside, and I could only hobble about the house by means of a stick, or by taking hold of the furniture. I was quite helpless. At night, I sometimes wouldn't close my eyes till daybreak with the pain. I would often have to call out for some one to lift me into a fresh position, and in the morning I'd have to be helped up. I couldn't close my right hand. It was a bother to hold a needle. This attack lasted some months and then became less acute. I went away for a holiday to Gisborne, I felt better while I was there, but the rheumatism returned when I got back to Christchurch, and I was always subject to attacks off and on. I got no lasting benefit from the doctor's treatment, so I started Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. My son had tried them as a tonic and found them so good. I fancied I was a shade better when I had finished the first box, so I got some more. I took three pills a day at first, then I doubled the dose and gradually got the poison out of my system. I began to feel brighter and stronger. The swelling and inflammation slowly left my knee and the limbs got more supple. I could sleep much easier and get about and go out without trouble. If ever I felt another attack coming on I should take another course of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills with confidence."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are 3/ a box, 6 boxes 16/6 of all dealers, or Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. of Australia, Ltd., Wellington.

### "Lured to London."

"Lured to London" is a hybrid creation. It is what one might call a "pantomelodrama." It has all the virtues of a highly coloured and lurid melodrama, and some of the vices of pantomime. It is literally a shriek, with intervals for repairs. One perspires with the succession of its thrills. Every character is as stereotyped as it was twenty years ago. The villain is diabolical to the point of being funny, and the more virtuous to the degree that stamps his "prig" all over. The heroine would be a sickly sentimental creature if she were not laughable, and the "wreathed girl"—alas! No wonder the villain called her a silly little fool. But it is all good traditional melodrama, every line of it. Every character is violently extreme, and because they shout hoary old platitudes, do thrilling deeds of blood and thunder and reduce love to the revolting level of British respectability, the crowd shrieks and the pit yells. Here let me make it plain once and for all that this is no diatribe against the ladies and gentlemen of the Gosh-Morlowe Company. They act up to every incident of the piece and the management stages it, with due regard to the thrills, in a highly creditable manner. If I was to make a single exception by mentioning a name, it would be to acknowledge the vigorous and spirited "Natty," (a London slum boy) that Miss Ethel Buckley makes. But that is not the point. I merely wish to emphasize the fact that a piece, steeped in all the worst traditions of the drama, can command the respect and the tears of a large section of the New Zealand public. Nobody blames the management. One can only look mournfully at the young men and their girls gasping to every thrill, hissing the poor old villain and cheering the self-righteous mob into the roof. That is the real tragedy. "Lured to London" is due to run all this week and it is sure to draw. The thunders of its sensation will shake the social fabric of Auckland to its foundations and if the Company was prosperous, well then they deserve it as a body of hard working talented people guided by a keen discriminating and shrewd business manager.

### A Suggestion to Budding Playwrights.

After hearing, as well as seeing, "Lured to London," I feel I shall have to write a melodrama. There will have to be a moonlight in it, a New Zealand Dreadnought, a fleet of aeroplanes, a rescue of the heroine from the crater of Mt. Aorua, where the villain hung her in a frenzy of rage, and a dozen oysters to finish up with. There will be plenty of lines for the heroine, such as

"My place is by my husband's side, and where HE goes I go!" (Sensation). Or,

"Don't come near me! Don't TOUCH me!" (Loud murmurs of approval, blent with softer ones of feminine sympathy).

When the hero is being dragged down the only street in the township, perchance from the bush put itself, by Mr. McNab's recruiting sergeants, in the pay of the villain, of course, he will let up his voice in lusty tones, "Good-bye, my ONLY darling, I shall come back to you safe and sound. Never fear! When I have done fighting the hated Germans for the cause of dear old England and our glorious Empire!" (Patriotic yells

from the pit.) The villain, seizing the heroine by the hair, will rush off the burning mountain, hissing, "She must, she shall be mine!" (Terrific booms from the gallery.) The final scene of it all will probably be in the tin church of Moanaki, when the villain leads the pale and trembling heroine to the altar. There will be the following scene for certain:—

Hero (pushing his way through the crowd): "Stand back!"

Heroine: "Ja-a-AWK! HUS-Z-Z-Z-BAND!" (Madness cheers from the whole house.)

The Villain: "Cur-r-r-se you!" (Cur-tain.)

### Stray Notes.

The Chinese Consul (Mr. Liang-Hwang) and Mrs. Hwang gave an afternoon "At Home" at their residence, Theodora Quay, Wellington, on Wednesday afternoon last, to welcome Mr. and Mrs. Chung Ling Soo to New Zealand. In addition to all the leading Chinese residents, a large number of Europeans, including Lady Ward, attended. Whilst in Sydney recently the famous conjurer was presented with the Imperial Chinese flag, accompanied by a letter from the President and members of the Chinese Reform Association of Sydney at the termination of his performance at the Tivoli Theatre.

## Our Illustrations

### WANGANUI POST AND TELEGRAPH OFFICE.

The Post and Telegraph Office in Wanganui is a large and flourishing institution, and on the 18th was the scene of a peculiar accident. Some linesmen had been repairing a subscriber's line, when one of them let it fall on the overhead tramway wire. The effect was instantaneous. Every shutter on the distributing board in the telephone exchange immediately went up, to the amazement of the operators. Soon after fire broke out in the bar, juke, etc., round the cables in the ceiling of the room, and the flames were rapidly running along the wires. The outbreak was subdued by the officials before serious damage resulted.

### THE POOR KNIGHTS.

One hundred and ninety miles North from Auckland, and about fifteen miles off the coast, is a little-known group

of uninhabited, rocky islets called the Poor Knights, an expressive name bestowed by Captain Cook. They are uninhabited, and there is little or no shelter, so these loopy Knights seldom have visitors prying into their poverty. Occasionally, partisans wander out of the track when doing the northern cruise, but beyond these few and far between travellers not many people have ears than a sodding acquaintance with the Knights. These masses of basaltic rock, exposed to the four winds of heaven, support little or no vegetation, and would be quite bare if it were not for a few of those littoral grasses and shrubs which seem to live on sea spray. At a distance the islets are nothing but naked, grey pinnacles and angles. A nearer view reveals a marvellous array of Nature's architecture. The peerless surges of the Pacific, as they sweep round and among the Knights, have played fantastic tricks with the rocks, piercing, tunnelling, and carving them into all manner of queer shapes. There is little or no bird or animal life on the islands, but the waters teem with fish of all kinds, from the jolly hussak to the dainty little moomoo of the peacock blue skin.

### HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE

Lessee, Mr C. E. Bailey.  
Sub-Lessee, Mr Alben Hamilton.  
Sole Direction, MR HARRY RICKARDS, Commaencing  
MONDAY EVENING NEXT, JUNE 28,  
Of the Only and Original  
CHUNG LING SOO.  
THE MARVELLOUS CHINESE  
CONJUROR,  
Whose unique and remarkable  
Entertainment has surrounded  
and bewildered the world,  
And the Full Strength of  
MR HARRY RICKARDS'  
NEW TIVOLI VAUDEVILLE COMPANY,  
Consisting of  
The Two Bells, The Australian D'Actos  
The Two Whiclers Stewart and Lorraine  
Ted Kilmartin, Australia's Little Rich,  
Madame Camille Cornwall.  
POPULAR PRICES: 3/., 2/., 1/.,  
BOOKED SEATS, 1/ EXTRA.  
EARLY DOORS, 6d EXTRA.  
Box Plan at Wildman and Arey's.  
M. MARCEAU.

"LINSEED COMPOUND" for Coughs and Colds. Of proven efficiency for chest complaints.  
"LINSEED COMPOUND" for Coughs and Colds. Relieves asthma and all chest breathing.

12 PACKETS VEGETABLE SEEDS, 1/;  
12 Varieties Flower Seeds, 1/1; 25  
Varieties Giant Sweet Peas, separately  
sized, 2/3.—W. Abraham, Furnell, Auckland.

WHEN ORDERING SPECIFY AND OBTAIN



DOG'S HEAD GUINNESS

THE STOUT YOU'RE USED TO

NOTE - THE ABOVE DOGS HEAD LABEL IS ON EVERY BOTTLE. REFUSE IMITATIONS.

DOGS HEAD GUINNESS DOGS HEAD GUINNESS



S. C. Smith, photo.

**CURIOSITY—A MOTOR CYCLE IN THE KING COUNTRY.**

The King Country Maoris, especially in the districts more remote from the railway, are still unacquainted with many of the devices in use amongst the pakehas. The photograph gives a splendid illustration of a number of Maori boys into whose hands a motor cycle, a very unusual visitor to the King Country, has fallen. The mingled elements of delight, curiosity, and distrust are admirably depicted in the attitude of the youngsters.



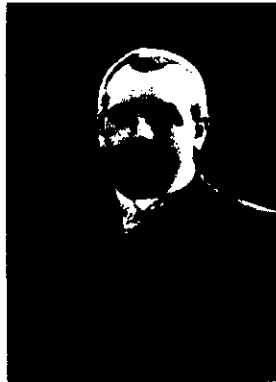
HON. J. A. MILLAR.

The Hon. J. A. Millar, in addition to his present departments, will take the important portfolio of Minister for Finance during the Premier's absence. In place of Mr. Hogg, he also becomes Minister for Labour and controls the administration of the Government Printing Office.



THE HON. DR. FINLAY.

The temporary changes in the Cabinet have added the duties of Acting-Postmaster-General, and Minister for Telegraphs, to the Departments already administered by the Hon. Dr. J. G. Findlay, K.C.O.



THE ACTING MINISTER FOR DEFENCE.

The Hon. George Fowlds, member for Grey Lynn, who, in addition to the administration of the Education Department and his other duties, takes the portfolio of Minister for Customs and will be Acting-Minister for Defence.



HON. R. MCKENZIE.

The Hon. Roderick McKenzie, the member for Motueka, who has taken over one of Mr. Hogg's portfolios—that of Roads and Bridges—in addition to his other departments.



ACTING-MINISTER FOR LANDS.

The Hon. D. Buddo, member for Kaipoi, who will be Acting-Minister for Lands, and will also administer the Land for Settlement Act.



RESIGNED.

Mr. Alexander W. Hogg, member for Masterton, whose resignation from the Cabinet was accepted by the Premier last week. Mr. Hogg's political opinions, as outlined in his now famous speech could on no account be reconciled with the Government's policy.



SIR JOSEPH WARD, LADY WARD AND FAMILY, AT THE MINISTERIAL RESIDENCE, "AWARUA," TINAKORI-ROAD, ON FRIDAY AFTERNOON.

This is the last photograph obtained of the Prime Minister before leaving.



THE ACTING-PRIME MINISTER.

The Hon. James Carroll, who, during the absence of Sir Joseph Ward at the Defence Conference in London, will be Acting-Prime Minister in New Zealand.

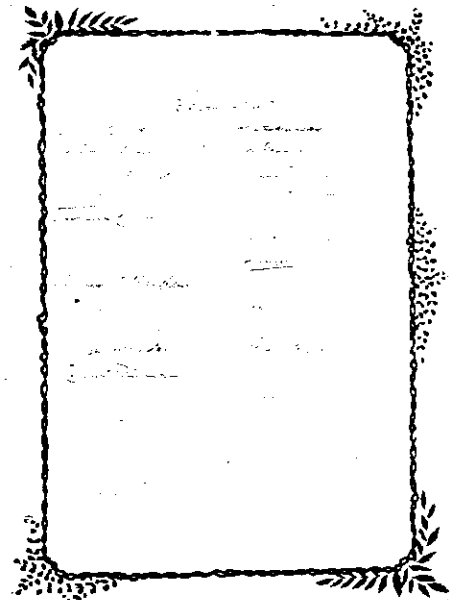
CABINET CHANGES.



THE TEXT.



FRONT COVER OF THE ALBUM.



SIGNATURES OF THE COMMITTEE.

IN APPRECIATION—TESTIMONIAL TO THE PREMIER.

The citizens' testimonial which was presented to Sir Joseph Ward at the Parliamentary Buildings prior to his departure for London, in connection with the offer to the Mother Country of a Broadbent "and another if necessary," is a magnificent piece of illumination and bindery. It is bound in maroon Russian leather, and handsomely "trouled" in gold, with elaborate silver mountings on the covers. The signatures run into several thousands, and represent citizens of every class and station.





**DEPARTURE OF THE PRIME MINISTER BY THE S.S. MANUKA FOR THE IMPERIAL DEFENCE CONFERENCE.**

Student photo.

A large crowd of people gathered on the Queen's Wharf, Wellington, on Friday to witness the departure of Sir Joseph Ward by the Manuka for Sydney, en route for the Imperial Defence Conference. He was accompanied by Lady Ward, Mrs. Ward, and Mr. J. H. Hop (private secretary). The steamer was advertised to sail at five o'clock, but long before four pm, the public began to assemble, and soon the gathering assumed extraordinary dimensions. The idea had got abroad that there was to be a hostile demonstration of a nature which would render the Prime Minister's last few minutes in New Zealand unpleasant. The police were present in considerable numbers, both in uniform and plain clothes. Long in wait at the second-class gangway, past which Sir Joseph would have to go, if he did what was expected, was a small, but compact, crowd of "gentlemen of the red tie," who gave evidence by singing, and more than audible anti Ward remarks, that they meant to give the departing head of the Government a pretty lively reception. It "didn't come off." Sir Joseph Ward and party went round the other way, reaching the first-class gangway from the north-east end of the wharf. At the Premier's end of the ship there was a large crowd of his supporters, and while these appeared, howled at him from the south, the friendly section nearer to him "made the walk-in ring," so to speak, with cheer after cheer. Once or twice the Premier tried to speak, but the noise of the contending factions was too great. Just as the lines were cast off, Sir Joseph was understood to say, "Good-bye, you!" while he waved his hat to the throng, and then the big ship carried away the Prime Minister on a mission, the possibilities and end of which have yet to be thoroughly appreciated and understood.



ANOTHER REASON FOR SAVING THE BUSH.

A forest at the headwaters of a river, holding the snow and preventing its rapid melting during a thaw. The wholesale destruction of such a forest, of course, means that the rivers draining the slopes become liable to periodic floods.

direct effects of soil-erosion. "The soil-matter annually carried into lower rivers and harbours," he tells us, "is computed at 780,000,000 tons. Soil-wash reduces by ten or twenty per cent the productivity of upland farms and increases

he proceeds to point out that the fertile soil thus irretrievably lost to the country involves its people in still heavier loss when, accumulated in rivers and harbours, it compels them to remove it at enormous expense.



FORESTRY TRAINING IN THE UNITED STATES.

American students of the Yale Summer School of Forestry marking and recording tree measurement in the wood. The New Zealand Parliament, years ago, authorised the establishment of Forestry Schools here, but nothing has yet been done.

channel-cutting and bar-building on the rivers. The annual loss to the farms alone is fully 500,000,000 dollars"; and

**The Cost of Silt.**

And in New Zealand, as I have already indicated, needless and burdensome sacrifices are constantly entailed upon us all by similar causes producing like effects. Everybody who has lived near the mouth of any of our rivers knows what a bar is, and how seriously it impedes navigation and trade. The silting up of our bar-harbours and the blocking of river-mouths along our coasts have already cost this country untold wealth, and the evil is steadily intensifying itself with the progressive destruction of the bush. It would, indeed, be interesting to get a return of all expenditure incurred in the Wellington-Taranaki district alone in the attempt to dredge and keep open the Paten and the Wanganui and other streams. And within a short time some systematic attempt to cope with this danger will become absolutely imperative. I can hardly sum up this portion of my argument better than by quoting from an article on this subject which appeared some time ago in the Wellington "Evening Post." The writer deals first with the silting evil in general terms. "In all parts of the Wairarapa, and, indeed, throughout New Zealand, farmers and local bodies are faced with the trouble of the silting up of the river beds. Gravel and debris are brought down the streams in flood time. The lifting up of the river-beds forces the streams to deviate all over the country by their own natural law. The result is that in the progress of years a river covers an area miles in width." But this erosion process is not by any means the worst of the story; and he goes on to refer to the destructive effect of the deposition of silt at the river mouths. "Should there be any appreciable silting up of the Ruamahanga

**The Evils of Deforestation.**

(Concluded.)

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

**"Matter in the Wrong Place."**

HERE is one phase of this question that I must not altogether ignore. I thought it will be impossible in a general sketch of this kind to treat it in full detail. I refer to the effects produced upon river and harbour navigation by the floods which result from the clearing away of the bush. New Zealand is not, of course, the only country in which this evil has manifested itself. If we turn to America we find

an impressive mass of evidence already collected under this head. In an article entitled "A Continent Despoiled" Mr R. Cronau shows how at least a billion tons of soil are swept away every year from American hill-sides into the rivers and harbour mouths, not only robbing the country, but depositing the silt and spoil where it does permanent and irreparable harm. "Year in, year out, our Government spends millions upon millions to dredge river channels and harbours that become clogged with gravel, snags, and mud, deposited there by the floods." In almost the same terms, Mr. M. G. Seckendorff, in an article on "The Elimination of Waste," in a recent issue of "Munsey's Magazine," draw attention to the appalling waste of money that is one of the in-



THE SELF-SOWN BUSH, FOREDOOMED TO DESTRUCTION.

The reproduction of the bush by natural means is prevented by reckless clearing and inadequate precautions against fire.

near its mouth, the consequences will be most disastrous to the whole of the Wairarapa in flood time." And if we add to the damage thus done by banking up the flood-waters, the injury inflicted everywhere on our coastal trade by the choking of otherwise navigable rivers, we must agree that "what is wanted is a comprehensive scheme for river conservation all over New Zealand, outlined by Government engineers especially appointed for the purpose." But these articles have been written to little purpose if I have not by this time convinced my readers that no scheme of soil protection or river conservation can be of any value which does not take into account the devastating effects of the destruction of the natural bush along the banks of our streams.

Auckland by the Main Trunk line, I looked out on mile after mile of hillside where the bush had been cut out, and where great gashes and clefts and channels had already been torn by landslips or scoured by rain. Everywhere these infallible signs show that the soil, no longer kept in place by trees and brush-wood, is being washed down into the valleys, and it is only a matter of time before the hills will be stripped bare and the flats at their base will themselves be overlaid with the clay and shingle that will pour down as the process of erosion goes on. What all this may ultimately mean to the country, it is, as one of the greatest authorities on the subject has said, very difficult to convey in words. Marsh has traced in detail with impressive eloquence the transformation of

ag's which Providence has bestowed upon the most-favoured climes." This is no imaginative or fanciful description. It is absolutely realistic in its accuracy, and

it depicts only too clearly the terrible fate that may overtake New Zealand, as

Continued on page 58.



THE KIND OF TREE GROWING NEEDED HERE.

A Catalpa grove ten years old with a net value of 200 dollars (£40) an acre. The Catalpa and many other foreign trees will grow rapidly here, and will give a splendid return at an early age.

**Denudation and Erosion.**

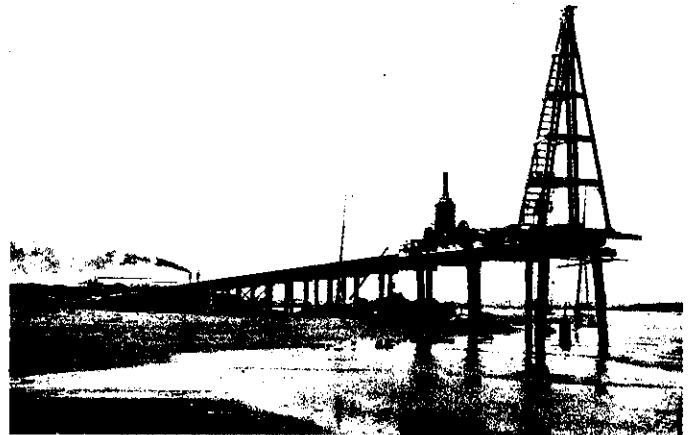
But the prevalence of floods and the silting up of rivers and bar-harours is not by any means the only evil effect of deforestation, of which New Zealand has already had practical experience. I have spoken earlier in these articles of the terrible consequences of erosion and denudation on hillsides where forests have been cut away; and though our country has been too recently settled and cleared to exhibit the worst effects of these changes, it is no exaggeration to say that there is not a single district in the Dominion from the Bluff to the North Cape that does not in some way illustrate my argument. Travelling recently from Wellington to

"forest-crowned hills, luxuriant pasture grounds, and abundant cornfields and vineyards well watered by springs and fertilising rivulets to bald mountain ridges, rocky declivities and steep earth banks furrowed by deep ravines with beds now dry, now filled by torrents of fluid mud and gravel hurrying down to spread themselves over the plain and dooming to everlasting barrenness the once productive fields. In traversing such scenes," adds this distinguished observer, "it is difficult to resist the impression that Nature pronounced the curse of perpetual sterility and desolation upon these sublime but fearful wastes, difficult to believe that they once were, and but for the folly of man might still be, blessed with all the natural advant-



THE MENACE OF DRIFTING SAND.

A patch of fertile soil rescued from the encroaching desert (Columbia River, U.S.A.). The only way in which the leagues of shifting sand along our own West Coast can be controlled and prevented from submerging the adjacent land is by systematic planting.



ANOTHER ITEM IN OUR FORESTRY ACCOUNT—DEBIT SIDE.

Portion of the expensive harbour works at the mouth of the Waunganui. This breakwater is being constructed at the cost of many thousands of pounds for the purpose of compelling the river to scour out the silt that has been washed down by the floods and constantly threatens to choke the entrance.



ONE OF THE MANY BEAUTIFUL WOODED VALLEYS ALONG THE TRACK OF THE MAIN TRUNK LINE.

The reckless extirpation of this natural bush throughout the centre of the North Island must inevitably be followed not only by a serious timber famine, but by all the attendant evils that deforestation brings in its train.



OUR SAILOR LADS—PRESENTATION OF THE GOVERNOR'S MEDAL, BY HIS EXCELLENCY, AT WELLINGTON.

THROU, PHOTO.

(1) The official group on board the training ship Amokura. (2) His Excellency the Governor and A.D.C., Hon. J. A. Millar (Minister for Marine), and Hon. W. C. F. Carmichael, (3) His Excellency presenting his medal to George Woods, the winner. (4) George Woods and the umpire, Blair Cullen, who was presented with a model by Mrs. Williams on June 17 at the Missions to Seamen's Church, Wellington. (5) Officers and instructors on board the Amokura, reading from left to right: Lt. Captain (instructor), J. Pomson (instructor), H. Wilson (chief steward), J. Brindle (chief officer), Commander Hooper, R.N.R., E. Pyke (chief engineer), J. Cree (storekeeper), F. Martin (instructor), J. Powell (instructor), Blair Cullen, and George Woods. The trophy in the centre was won by a watch of the Amokura for boat-pulling, and was presented by the Thorndon Dugly Club. The small photo in the centre under the cup is of Lord Plunket. (6) George Woods, the winner of the Governor's medal.



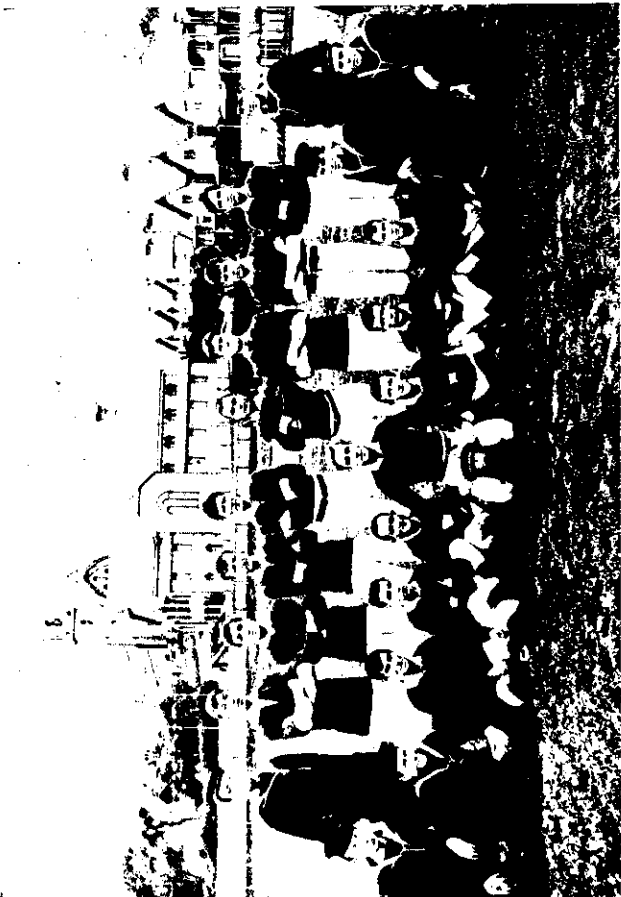
ARRIVAL OF THE LINER IONIC AT WELLINGTON.

After a stiff battle with the elements in the Tasman Sea, the Shaw, Savill and Albion Co.'s liner Ionic, under the command of Captain E. Crosby Roberts, was able to reach Wellington on her time-table date, June 15.

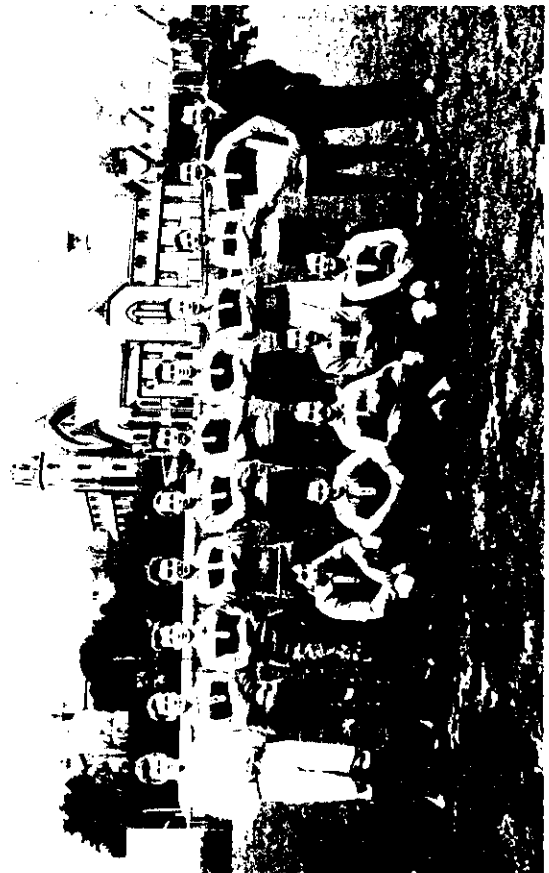


MARINE ENGINEERS' GATHERING.

An interesting gathering took place at the Hotel Windsor, Wellington, last week, when a large number of guests assembled at the invitation of the Australasian Institute of Marine Engineers (Wellington District) to witness the presentation of emblems to several distinguished friends of engineering, and to partake of a complimentary supper. Mr. J. Darling (president of the Institute), and among those present were: The Hon. J. A. Millar, the Hon. G. Fowlds, and the Hon. R. McKenzie.



THE CHALLENGERS' TEAM.



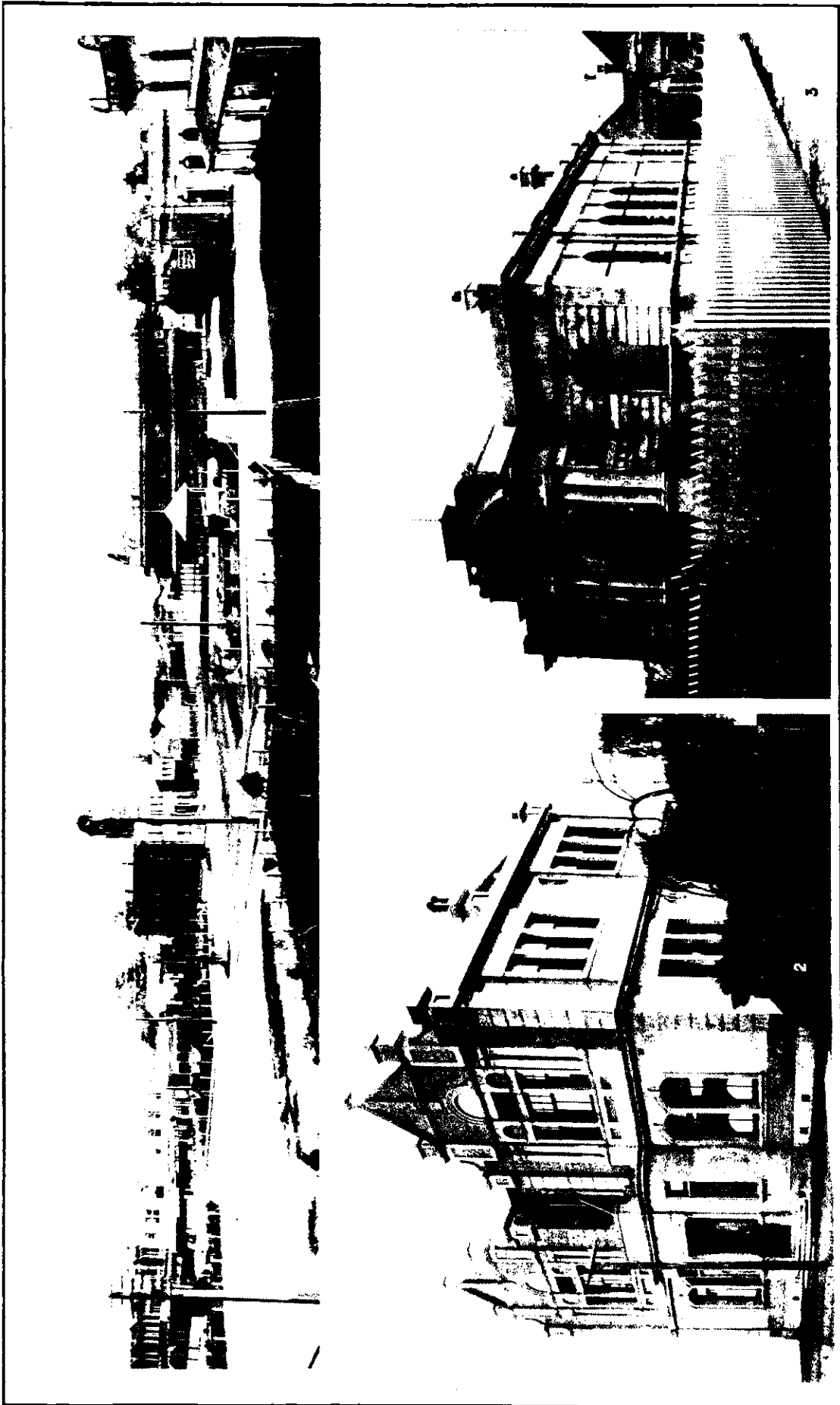
WELLINGTON REPRESENTATIVES.

**WELLINGTON V. H.M.S. CHALLENGER.**

A match between the representatives of H.M.S. Challenger and the Wellington Club, under Australian rules, was played at the Basin Reserve on Saturday week. The bluejackets commenced vigorously, but the superior condition of the local team was too much for them, and the match ended in favour of Wellington by 66 points (9 goals, 12 behinds) to 47 points (7 goals, 5 behinds).

Tibbott, photo.



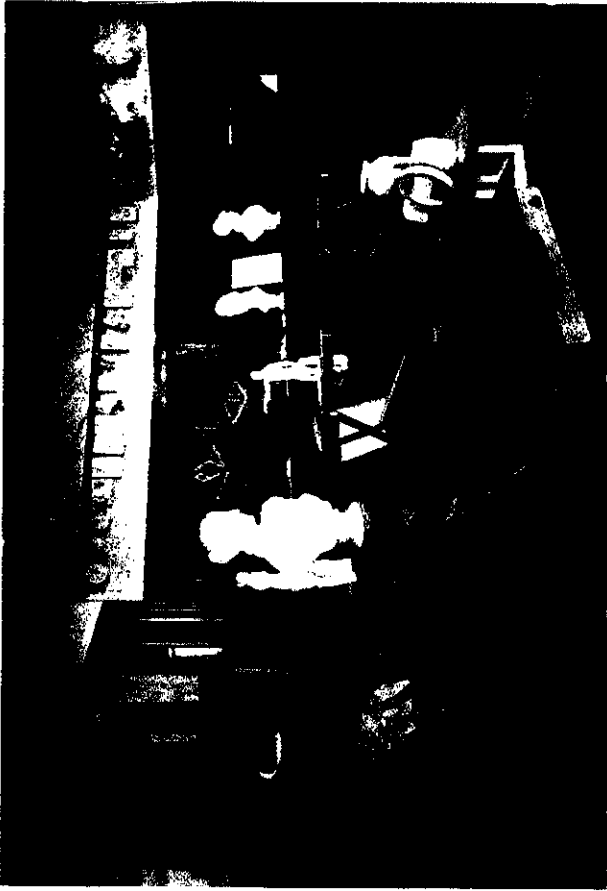


R. Denton, photo

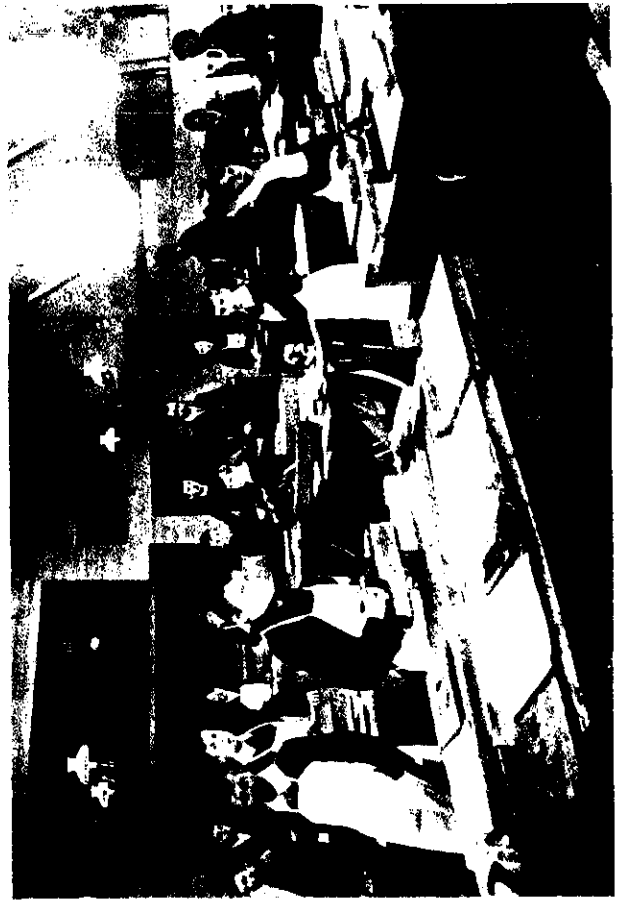
**FEILDING—A STEADY AND PROSPEROUS CENTRE.**

(1) Panorama of the Square, Feilding, showing the Post Office and clock tower in the centre. (2) The new Technical School at Feilding. (3) The new Courthouse, just completed at Feilding. The wooden building seen on the right is the old Courthouse.

Feilding was originally designed by an English company, headed by the late Duke of Manchester, to be the most important centre on the West Coast. Being older than Palmerston North, and surrounded by very rich agricultural lands, it had everything in its favour. The English company, however, which had a huge monopoly over the land, defeated its own ends. They held the principal business sites in the town at prohibitive rates, and it was not until Feilding adopted ratling on the unimproved values in 1901 that the absentee speculators were forced to relinquish their monopoly. Since that time, the town has progressed very considerably, and is now looked upon as one of the soundest centres on the coast. The views given above show: 1. A panorama of the Square; 2. the New Technical School; 3. the New Courthouse.



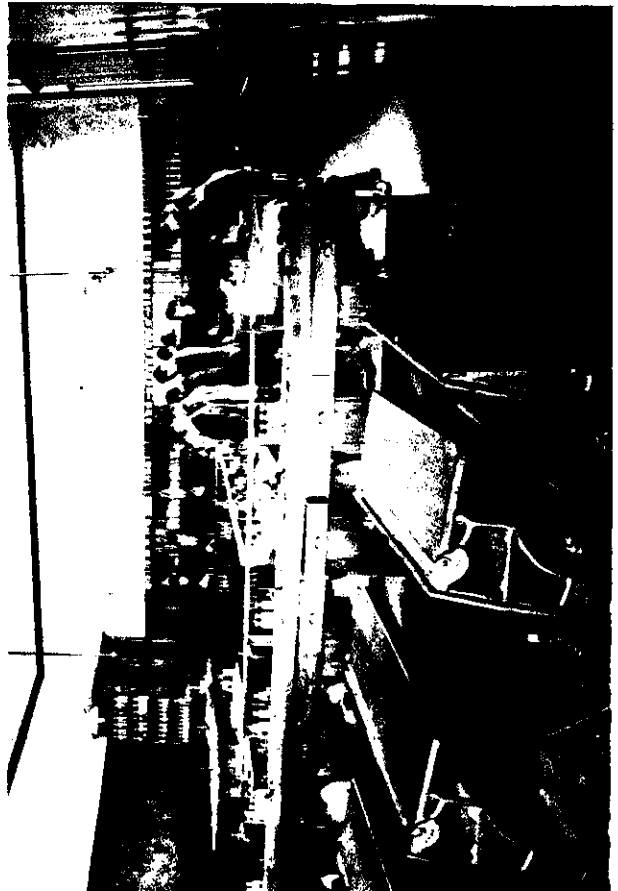
THE ART ROOM.



THE CARPENTRY SHOP.

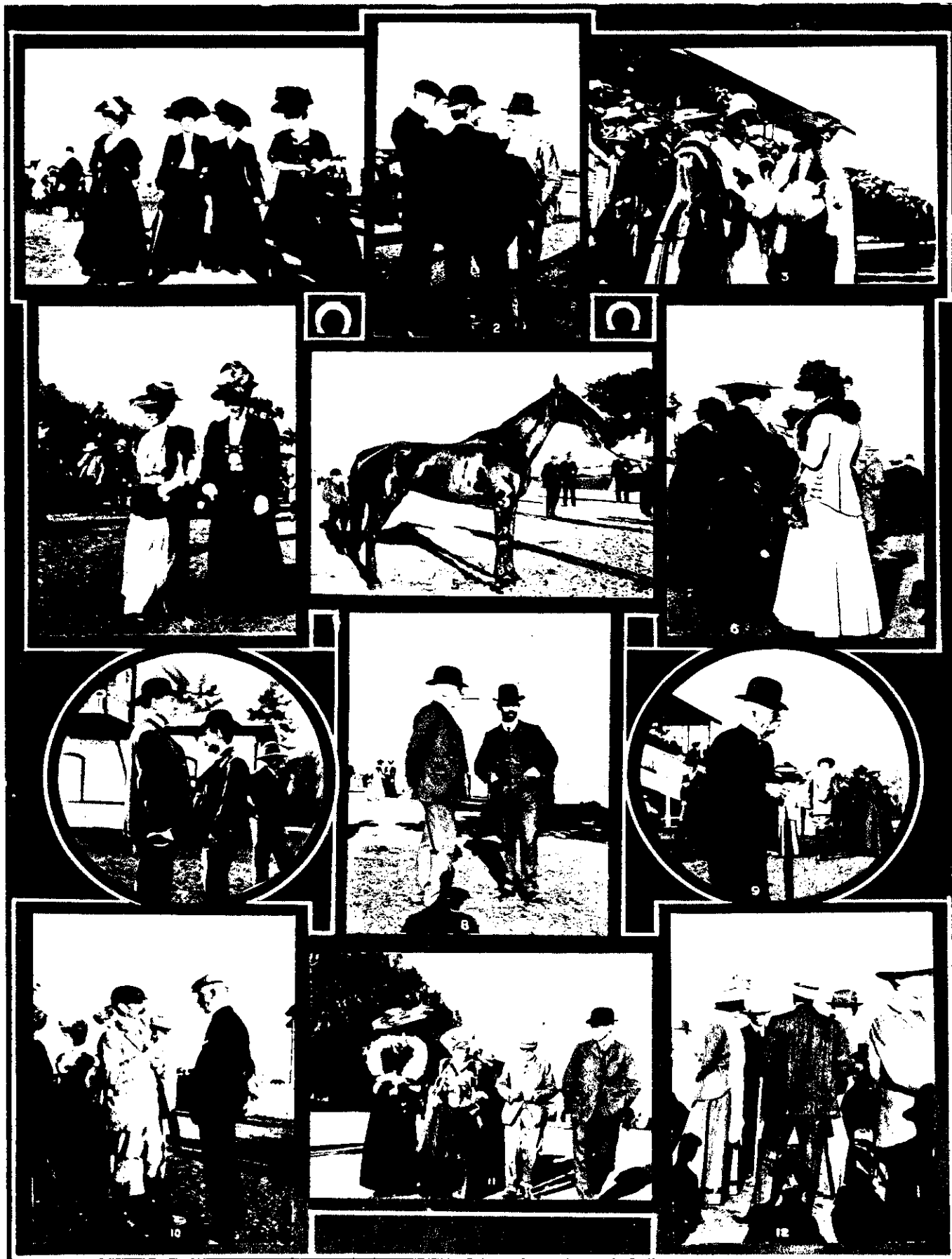


A GROUP OF SCHOLARS.



THE CHEMISTRY ROOM.

THE NEW TECHNICAL SCHOOL AT FEILDING.



STEEPLECHASING IN HAWKE'S BAY.

Scenes at the Hawke's Bay Jockey Club's Winter Meeting:— (1) A group in the selling paddock. (2) An earnest discussion: Sir Francis Prior on the right. (3 and 4) Snaps on the lawn. (5) Jack Pitt, the winner of the Hawke's Bay Steeplechase. (6) Caught by the camera. (7) Sir William Russell. (8) Mr. J. C. M. V. (9) Mr. J. H. C. O'Connell, taking the start flags. (10) "What's going to win?" (11) A stroll through the selling paddock. (12) Well known faces on the lawn.



A MAORILAND PRODIGY.

Haydn Beck, the wonderful boy violinist, is shortly to give a concert in Auckland. He is a native of Wanganui, and has recently celebrated his ninth birthday. Under the heading of "An Appeal" in "Music and Drama," further particulars are given concerning Haydn and his remarkable talent.



Tesla Studios photo. See "Our Illustrations,"  
WANGANUI POST AND TELEGRAPH OFFICE.

The Telephone Exchange in the Wanganui Post Office was the scene of a peculiar accident last week, owing to a telephone line coming in contact with a wire of the electric car service.



Lesellum photo.

THE CURSE OF UNEMPLOYMENT.

Unemployment is, unhappily, a growing factor in these days of international industrial competition for the markets of the world. The last winter in Europe and America was one of the blackest in the history of modern industrialism. New Zealand has merely felt the backwash of the unprecedented social misery and want that haunted hungry millions of the Northern Hemisphere. What are its specific causes nobody has been able to demonstrate in political or social science. It is believed that this last wave of economic depression took root in the financial panic of America two years ago. That panic reacted badly on the exchanges of London, Paris, and Berlin. Italy and Japan, two of the best customers of England the preceding year, could not get loans. Their stoppage of supplies made a big difference to Britain. The tightness of money reacted on the spending power of practically the whole civilised world. So international trade declined, and the nations were faced with the gloomy spectre of unemployment. Yet there are people in New Zealand credulous enough to believe Parliament is to blame for the present state of the labour market.



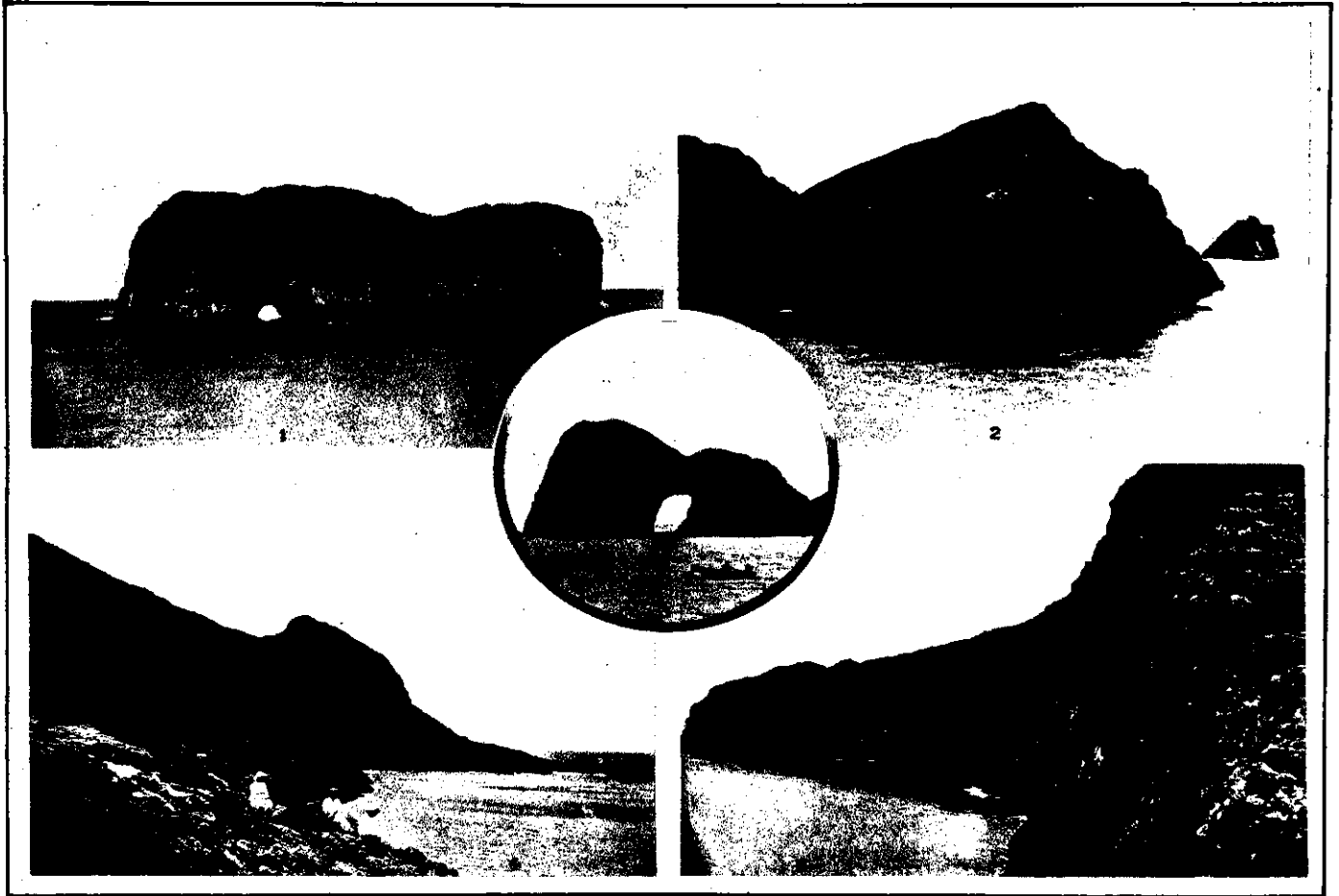
“Weekly Graphic,” 1909.

**A BUSY CORNER IN LOWER QUEEN STREET, AUCKLAND.**

A VIEW TAKEN FROM THE TOP OF ONE OF THE LARGE BUILDINGS AT THE CORNER OF CUSTOMS AND QUEEN STREETS, AUCKLAND.

This is one of the busiest parts of the city, and is the intersecting point of the various electric tram routes to the different suburbs.





See "Our Illustrations."

ONE OF NEW ZEALAND'S LONELIEST OUTPOSTS—THE POOR KNIGHTS.

Miss Shakespeare, photo.

No. 1—One of the small islets off the southern end. No. 2—A cave-pierced point. No. 3—One of the many natural bridges. No. 4—At the landing. No. 5—A few hundred feet of basaltic cliffs which rise sheer from the sea.

GREENMEADOWS INFANT SCHOOL, HAWKE'S BAY.



AN ENTERPRISING COMMITTEE

The members of the Greenmeadows Committee, who started a school on their own account, after having been unable to obtain assistance from the Education Board. The members are as follows: Standing—Messrs. O. McEnteehon, R. Currie, W. Culwill; sitting—Messrs. G. Fletcher, W. J. McGrath, J. Frost (chairman), W. Jarvis (secretary), H. Lascelles.



"ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA."

A pair of well-bred bulldogs, belonging to Mr. E. H. Sandford, Mt. Roskill.



Sorell, photo.

THE TEACHER AND PUPILS OF THE SCHOOL.



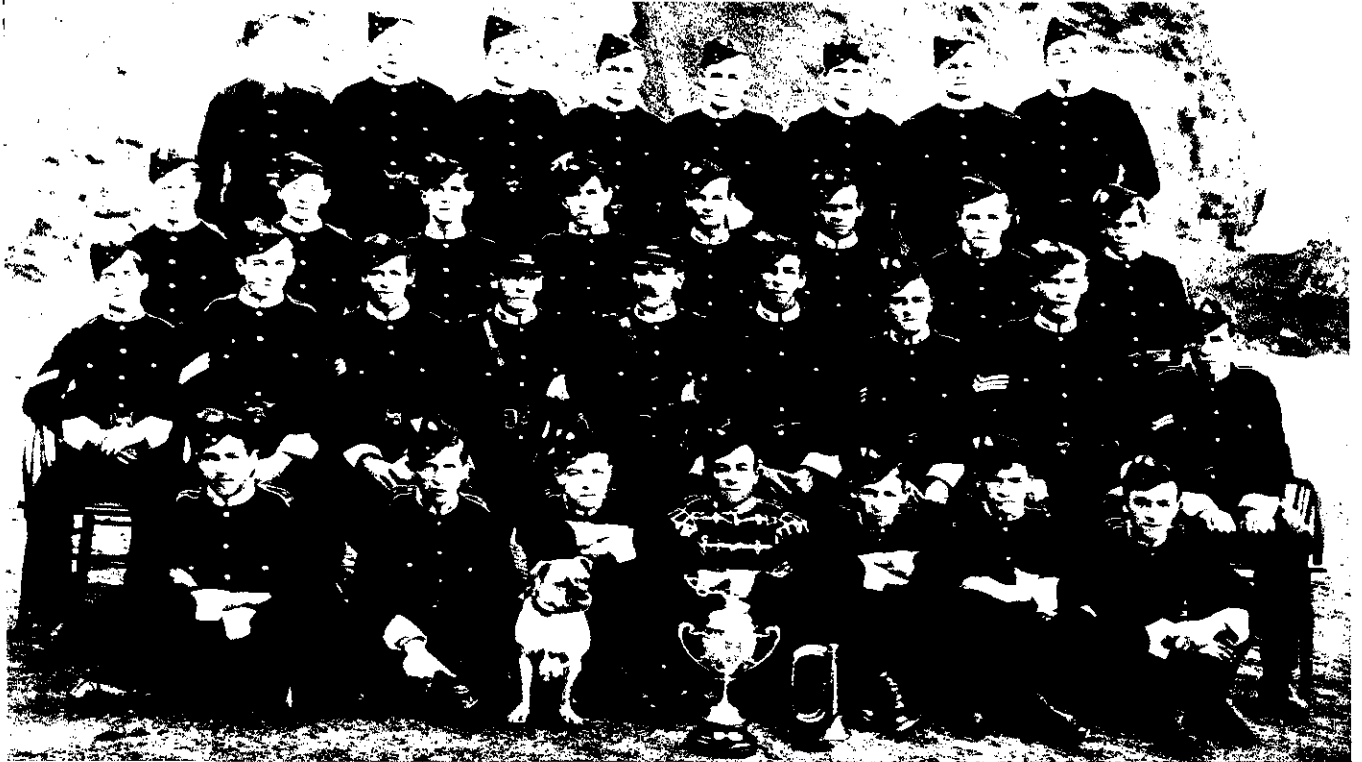
**VICEREGAL VISIT TO THE COOK GROUP.**

H.M.S. Challenger, with His Excellency the Governor on board, leaving Auckland Harbour for the Cook Islands, which Lord Plunket is visiting.



**THE PLUMBING SHOP AT THE TECHNICAL SCHOOL, PALMERSTON NORTH.**

The new plumbing shop at Palmerston North was opened on Tuesday evening, June 15, by Mr. K. Rutherford. The group in the picture, reading from the left are: Councillor Haydon, Dr. Opie (director), and Mr. F. de Clere (architect).



**THE NAPIER CITY CADETS, 1909.**

Special photo.

BACK ROW: Privates, Lehmann, Barrett, Fook, Coyle and Shermans, Privates, M. Gray, H. Jackson, and 3rd ROW: Privates, J. Fitzgibbon, Williams, W. Georgetown, Sheldrick, G. Jones, H. Gilbert, B. Gray, and 2nd ROW: Corporal, H. Campbell, Sergeant, J. Smith, Sergeant, J. Thompson, Lieut., Taylor, Capt., S. Jones, Colour-sergeant, Byford, Sergeant, Tweedie, Sergeant, Wain, Corporal, Rogers. FRONT ROW: Privates, Towson, M. Millan, H. Fitzgibbon, Bugler, Chantours, Knook, Henry Mitchell. IN FRONT: Venus, "The Company's Dog," the close cup, at present held by Company.



**MR. AND MRS. CHEN LING SOO, WITH THEIR DAUGHTER AND ASSISTANTS.**

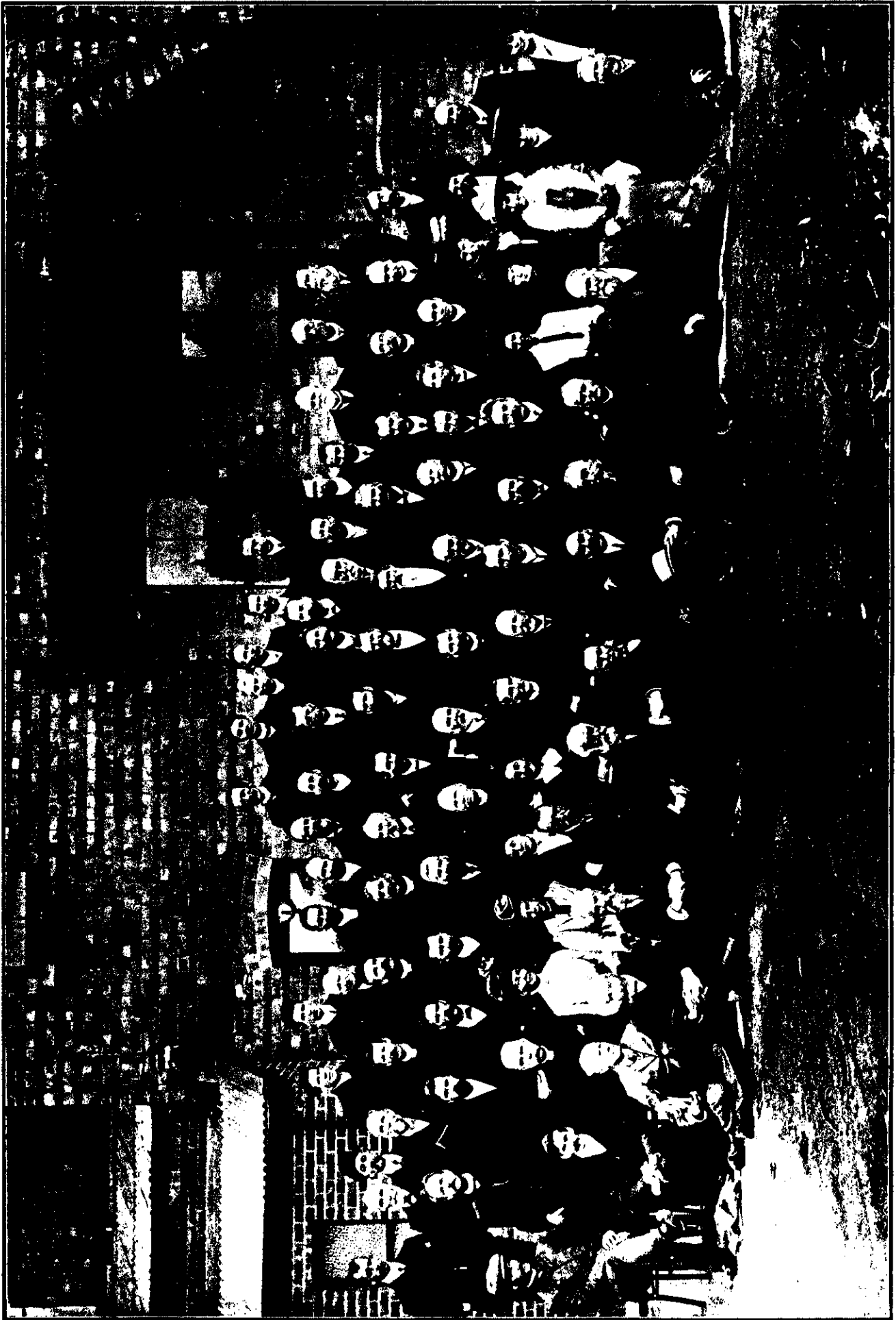
The family in the picture is to appear at His Majesty's Theatre, Auckland, on Monday, June 28, in conjunction with the Harry Rekards' Vaudeville Company.



Z.K. 2507.

**MR. E. GLANVILLE-HICKS.**

A well-known Wellington journalist who has been elected premier of the "Union Parliament." He was asked to stand for Ohinemuri seat at the last election, but did not accept nomination.



THE FORCE FOR PROHIBITION.  
DELEGATES AT THE NEW ZEALAND ALLIANCE ANNUAL MEETING AND COLONIAL NO LICENSE CONVENTION, HELD IN CHRISTCHURCH LAST WEEK.

R. W. Webb, photo.



A PRETTY GLIMPSE OF PORT CHALMERS FROM THE CEMETERY ROAD.



A TYPICAL SCENE IN AN INDUSTRIAL TOWN OF GREAT BRITAIN.

ducing and handling blocks or ingots of steel weighing up to fifty, sixty, or seventy tons, or even more. The area the premises cover varies from twenty-five to fifty or sixty acres, whilst there are in some cases large areas held for the requirements of the future. Plant and appliances are represented by the bewildering array of machinery gathered into great buildings and linked up, organised, and run continuously on a system that only a century of toil and invention could devise. The conglomeration of gas furnaces, lathes, hammers and presses, fed for the most part by 50, 100, and 150 electric overhead cranes, tempts one to think of the fabulous. Such is the force of this tremendous inspiring reality.

Each works has its own network of railways, with direct communication to the main lines. It possesses a full equipment of locomotives, and, in some cases, rolling stock. The traffic through the great works never ceases. The accumulation of industry and the amount of specialised thought that they present discloses a capacity on the part of mankind intermixed with many anomalies. All his forces appear to be focussed there into a stupendous effort, and that effort is production. Both night and day gather to its demand with ceaseless fires and the thunder of tireless machines. Sheffield is the temple of the great Iron God of Industry. There is neither worship nor thanksgiving—only a mighty coming and going of toilers.

## Preparing for War

### MAKING ARMOUR PLATES FOR BATTLESHIPS

**T**HE bulk of Sheffield's toilers, to the number of 23,200, are engaged in the great metallic and engineering trades that to-day make the city England's great steel centre. There are volumes that have been said, and still volumes unsaid, in regard to its potential industrial wonders—wonders that are materialised in a mass of blinding furnaces, lathes, steam hammers, casting pits, and monster hydraulic presses. In the making of armour plates and guns, Sheffield is one of the world's largest centres. For the production of the fabulous amount of war material that

every year is hurried off to the great shipbuilding yards, it has been found necessary to lay down immense costly plants, and erect machines beside which the stature of the human unit is dwarfed to insignificance. The scale on which these mechanical monsters are designed is something that belongs to the titanic. When one speaks of armour plate rollers weighing sixty tons, or the capacity of a hydraulic press as 14,000 tons, it is impossible to picture what the material evidence of such things represent. These modern appliances and plant of the great works are capable of pro-



HYDRAULIC PRESS FORGING A CRANK-SHAFT FOR A BATTLESHIP.



ROLLING ARMOUR PLATE.

The brushwood is thrown on to the surface of the plate whilst it is being rolled, to get rid of the scale.

under lurid skies and smoke, to the call of the white, lurid stream of eternal steel.

An early impression that suddenly assails one on entering the yard of a big works is the tremendous vitality concentrated in such an industry. A vista of retorts, travelling cranes, and other apparatus, overshadowed by long, lank shafts, vomiting smoke and fire and steam, falls into perspective. The world, for you, is transformed into a great arena, throbbing and panting with dominant energies. The eye hovers between a sea of black, irregular roofs and wide, grimy spaces filled with men and locomotives, or horses dragging a massive block of steel that one day will emerge into a great gun or a monster marine crank. Every human unit, dirty and sweating, maybe, is the expression of a pent-up energy beside which the clamour of the machines can offer no distraction.

A theory was once propounded that the universe was an experiment in creation, and it had gathered so much force and impetus since the dawn of time that it had passed beyond the divine control. It would seem that on plunging into the heart of a great steel works that its piles of machinery had rushed from the power of man, and that he, powerless at the sight of his own creation, was being drawn into a vortex where destruction was ultimate. The individual self seems hopelessly overpowered before all the force that casts, squeezes, rolls and pounds into shape the livid, molten ingots. The blinding heat and haze of fires, the heaving, dazzling clouds of steam, conspire with suggestive perspectives, looming through the smoke to trick the imagination. The

whole scene partakes of the force of some fantastic proceeding. The senses stagger beneath bewildering noises and movements. But illusions have no chance before that grim, blatant reality. The picture of men's disordered machines en-

The foreman suddenly appears with a long crowbar, and commences to pound a hole in the furnace wall just above the trough. The workmen steady the ladle with long poles, and the anticipation that has long filled the watcher is transformed

the mould itself. At a touch from the foreman a valve under the ladle is liberated, and the metal spills steadily into the gaping mouth of the mould. So the monster ingot grows apace, brimming to the very edge of the walls that shape it.

The process which follows brings into operation all the marvellous powers of the hydraulic press that can develop a pressure from 10,000 to 14,000 tons per square inch. The hydraulic press is virtually an evolution from the steam hammer. Where on the one hand there are noises and blows that shake the very earth with a tremendous force of impact, on the other there is only a black monster moving noiselessly to the touch of a lever with hardly a vibration in all its marvellous silent exhibition of force. It

down gradually before that noiseless marvellous force. It is one of the most remarkable mechanical developments of the nineteenth century. Neither nature nor man has ever achieved before a thing that secures without fuss or sound such crushing invincible power.

The fury of a volcano, the bursting of a meteor, the blowing up of a battle-ship, all present forms of intense force. There is force, too, in the Lusitania's turbines, in Niagara, or the omnipotent rush of the avalanche; but with all these things there are disturbances and violence. The hydraulic press will pulverise tons of steel without so much as a tremor. Its embrace is irresistible, its slow silent force stupendous.

In the rolling of the rough shaped

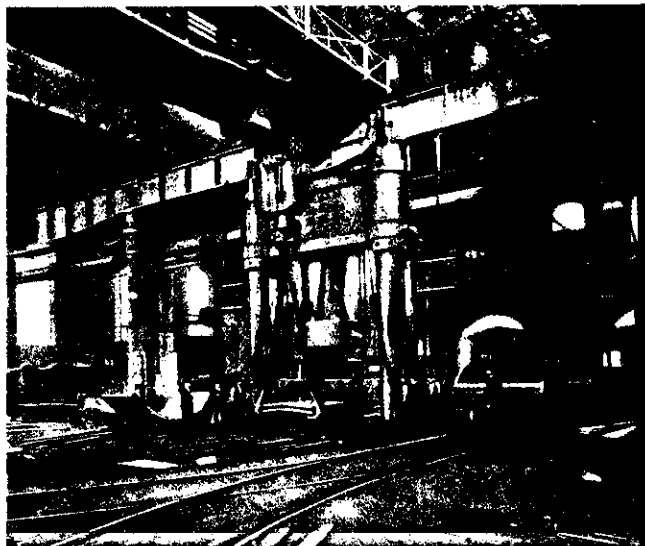


THE INITIAL PROCESS FOR MAKING AN ARMOUR PLATE—CASTING A MONSTER INGOT.

gulping him in destruction piles, and out of a mass of blinding impression there slowly emerges the realisation of a marvellously complex scheme of labour, in which the genius of order is triumphant.

In the processes, by which, after months of labour, a great gun or an armour plate is produced, involves some of the most spectacular processes in modern industry. The initial process of casting, say, a seventy-ton ingot is a fiery ordeal for both workers and watchers. For twelve hours the great furnace has been in a flood of fire in order to bring the metal to the requisite molten state. By the use of blue spectacles it is possible to obtain a peep of the boiling inferno within. A moment or two is sufficient to make the beads of perspiration start, and one retreats conscious of a darkness, in the atmosphere, whilst the monarchy of a vivid white flood, boiling and bubbling

to a vivid expectancy. Showers of red hot ashes begin to fly from the point of the crowbar. Every thud strikes into one's hear, and brain, but still the psychological moment does not arrive. The monotony of this slow, deliberate process of penetration becomes maddening. Minutes of suspense seem to separate the blow. Each stroke is charged with tremendous excitement. Suddenly there is a shout, the crowbar drops with a crash. The moment of realisation comes with a violent upheaval of red dust and ashes, and in a flash a yellow flood leaps out in a blinding spur and tumbles headlong into the great ladle. One is tremendously dazzled by the flood as it falls, hissing, roaring, sucking and laughing, with the exultant frenzy of fire. Showers of sparks rush up and burst into hundreds of fiery atoms. A great cloud of vapour curls out of the ladle, and bulges in, o the blackened girders of the roof as they are



BENDING AN ARMOUR PLATE TO THE SHAPE REQUIRED TO FIT A PARTICULAR SECTION OF A BATTLESHIP'S HULL.

The bending is accomplished by a 16,000-ton hydraulic press.

reaches high into the roof, combining with a pair of immense cranes an array of forces before which the resistance of that solid seventy tons of glowing metal appears to be no more than if it were butter itself. The mass of metal is drawn out of the furnace at white heat and swung gently under the jaws of the waiting monster. It betrays nothing of its nature or purpose. A man touches a lever and the press glides softly downwards. It kisses the white hot metal without a sound. Nothing happens, only the press does not stop. Great black splinters suddenly start off the sides of the ingot, blacken and fall. One is thrilled to the marrow to see the solid steel shrinking before the eyes, going

plate which follows is one of the finest spectacular sights in the works. The plate is drawn from the furnace white and glowing. The cranes drop it exactly into position on the floor of the rolling mill. The latter is made up of a series of small cylinders. At a touch from a lever they revolve, and the mass is shot along and thrust into the jaws of the main rollers themselves. With an immense rumble that makes the ground vibrate, the rollers seize the glowing mass, and in a flash it is banged through on the other side, flattened a little by the colossal pressure. The plate is passed backwards and forwards through the massive sixty-ton rollers by revers-

Continued on page 41.



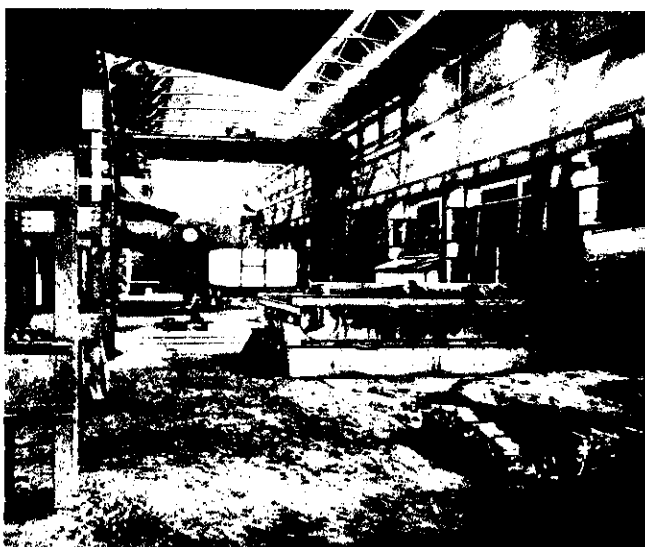
WHERE ARMOUR PLATE IS PLANED.

like the surface of a planet in chaotic, savans before the eyes.

A travelling overhead electric crane, passing across the full width of the building, suddenly glides over the pit beside the furnace, and lowers the mould into position. The latter is an immense chain, strapped together by thick bands of steel. Half a dozen men, naked to the waist, appear as the crane glides forward again, bearing this time a monster hollow bucket that is to be used to convey the seventy tons of glowing metal from the furnace to the mould. A long trough is swung into position between the furnace and the ladle. The men already drip with perspiration. "If they don't sweat," said a workman, "the heat would burn them up."

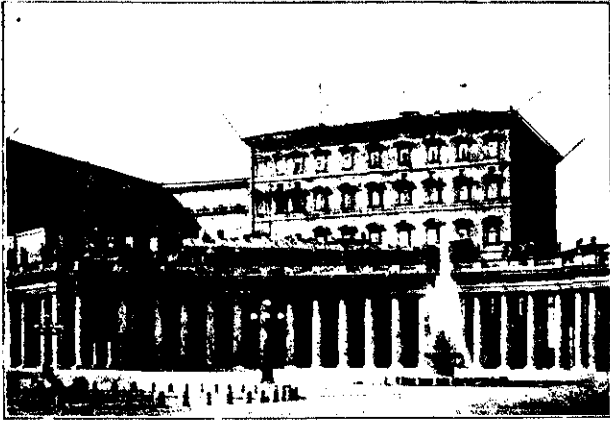
ought with a vivid reflection. Like a flood of lava, the thick, hot flood rises in the mould, torn with desperate sputterings and gurgles that tremble through the long vista of the foundry. The workmen stand as near as they dare, black and ragged. The sweat runs channels down their grimy faces. The great ladle slowly fills, and the cloud of sparks grows less.

The colour of the metal changes. There is a shout. The long trough tips up on end, and from the gaping wound in the furnace, the slag gushes belly out, only to be lost amongst the dust and ashes of the pit below. Out of the gloom overhead an arm of steel descends, and in a trice the ladle with its molten mass is hoisted clear and swung like a baby over



HARDENING THE PLATE—A LENGTHY AND INVOLVED PROCESS.





HOW THE POPE IS PROTECTED FROM LIGHTNING.  
(The conductors on the Vatican.)

## The New Teaching About Lightning Conductors

WHY BUILDINGS WITH LIGHTNING CONDUCTORS ARE STRUCK BY LIGHTNING—NEW AND SIMPLE METHODS FOR CONTROLLING THE "ELECTRIC FLUID"—HINTS FOR HOUSEHOLDERS—THE INVESTIGATIONS OF SIR OLIVER LODGE AND THE PRACTICAL APPLICATION OF HIS THEORIES.

By "Home Counties." Illustrated with diagrams and photographs

**J**UST before beginning this article I had occasion to open the very latest book on country-house building, and this is what I read: "The question of whether or not the lightning rod is really useful or is an invitation to destruction has not as yet been definitely settled; even the best experts disagree." It is a comforting message for the month of thunderstorms, is it not?

Whether it is a true message or not will appear in the following pages, wherein I shall endeavour to set forth the new scientific teaching about lightning conductors. I say new, though it has all been available in a classified form since the publication of the Lightning Research Committee's Report of last year. It may be called new, however, because, except by a few architects, engineers, scientific men and manufacturers, the old hazy notions as to the ways of lightning and the efficacy of lightning rods are still entertained.

The "standard" work on lightning conductors is, I suppose, the twelve-and-sixpenny "Lightning Conductors" by Mr.

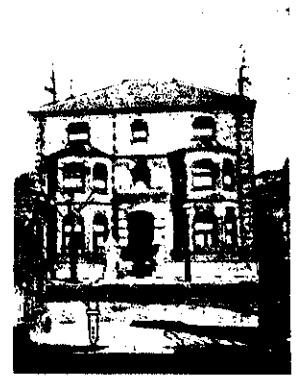
Richard Anderson, who has also written a five-shilling volume, "Information about Lightning Conductors." What I have had before me in writing this article is the Report of the Lightning Research Committee and "Modern Lightning Conductors: An Illustrated Supplement to the Report of the Lightning Research Committee, with Notes as to Methods of Protection and Specifications," by Mr. Killingworth Hedges, M.I.C.E., who was hon. secretary to the Committee. It is published by Messrs. Crosby Lockwood and Son at 6/6, and is the book to which readers desiring the latest information should refer. To it I am indebted for most of the illustrations in this article. The plan of the installation at St. Paul's Cathedral requires a few words of explanation. This installation was arranged by Mr. Hedges, the consulting electrician to the Cathedral. The black lines on the plan show the conductors, which, beginning from the metal cross, descend through the ball to the golden gallery and over the dome to the ground. On their way they meet a horizontal cable which completely encircles the building, being laid on the parapet and furnished at intervals with aigrettes. On the plan these are marked with small circles. The larger circles are the earth connections, which are principally of the patent tubular form, and connections are made to the hydraulic power and water mains.

It is wonderful how long the world has patiently endured the risks of lightning. The tourist in Rome can still see the bronze wolf, the hind legs of which were melted by a lightning flash as described in the eighth book of "Aeneid." Coming down to our own times, it is not so many years since it was estimated that one-half of the public buildings of the United Kingdom were without lightning conductors. Indeed, it is doubtful whether 10 per cent of the churches of the country are provided with protection against lightning. Even when conductors have been erected it has seldom occurred to those who ordered them that they require looking to once a year, and at least partial renewal from time to time. There are prevalent, too, quite fallacious ideas as to the area "protected" by the rods. The truth is to be found, apparently, in the statement of the well-known lightning rod manufacturers, Messrs. Sanderson and Co., before the Lightning Rod Conference; that a conductor on one prominent elevation—for

example, a turret—will not protect a similar elevation, be it only one yard or fifty yards distant.

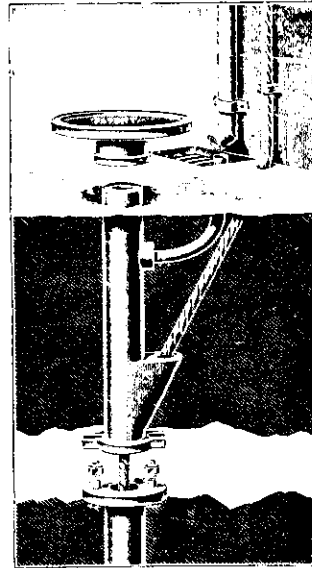
Where the public, and experts along with them, went wrong was in not understanding the nature of electricity. It was treated as if it had no inertia, and as if all that was necessary was to get it from the clouds to the earth as quickly and easily as possible by the shortest path—which may be called the drainage theory. It was supposed that it would always take the easiest path, and that the easiest path would protect all others.

I am quoting from Sir Oliver Lodge in his introduction to the Research Committee's report. This distinguished scientist, who has the great gift of making so much of his scientific knowledge of immediate service to the public, went on to show that it is not so much the quantity of electricity which had to be conveyed down from the clouds, but the "electrical energy" that had to be attended to. "Electrical energy is stored between the cloud and earth in dangerous amount, and our object should be to dissipate it, not as quickly, but as quietly, as possible." As everybody knows, a sudden dissip-



HOW A HOUSE AT ROVE IS PROTECTED.

Showing cable of seven strands iron wire running across the sides and at each stack a similar cable rising to one foot above the pots and opening out to form spikes.



TUBULAR EARTH AT ST. PAUL'S.

tion of energy is always violent. Who would stop a fly-wheel or a train on the instant? An armour-plate may be able to stop a cannon-ball quickly, but a heap of sand or loose earth does it more safely, because more gradually.

So it is exactly (Sir Oliver Lodge goes on) with the store of energy beneath an electrified cloud, or between one cloud and another. A lightning conductor of perfect conductivity, if

struck, would deal with the energy in far too rapid and sudden a manner, and the result would be equivalent to an explosion; a conductor of moderately high resistance, such as an iron wire, would get rid of it in a slower and therefore much safer and quieter manner, though with too thin a wire there may be a risk of fire.

The rush in any case, however, is likely to be rather violent; and, like an avalanche, it will not take the easiest path provided for it, as if it were a trickling stream, but will crash through obstacles and make its own path, some portion of it taking paths which would be quite unexpected. Hence no one path can be said to protect others, and the only way to protect a building with absolute completeness is to enclose it wholly in metal. An invisible cage or framework of iron wires, however, descending vertically down its salient features, with the utilisation of any metal in its construction, suffices for all practical purposes, unless the building is a powder magazine.

The old lightning conductors were literally rods only, but for years the advantage obtained from a group or cigarette of points and from rain, in gradually dissipating the charge of electricity, and so contributing to safety, has been grasped by experts.

But what has not been known, Sir Oliver says—and here comes the most important part of the new teaching about lightning conductors—is that "there are cases when points are wholly inoperative, viz., when the energy is stored between cloud and cloud, instead of between cloud and earth, and when the initial discharge takes place from one cloud to another. Then the lower cloud is liable suddenly to overflow to earth through a region in which there was no previous preparation, and where any number of points, or a rain shower,



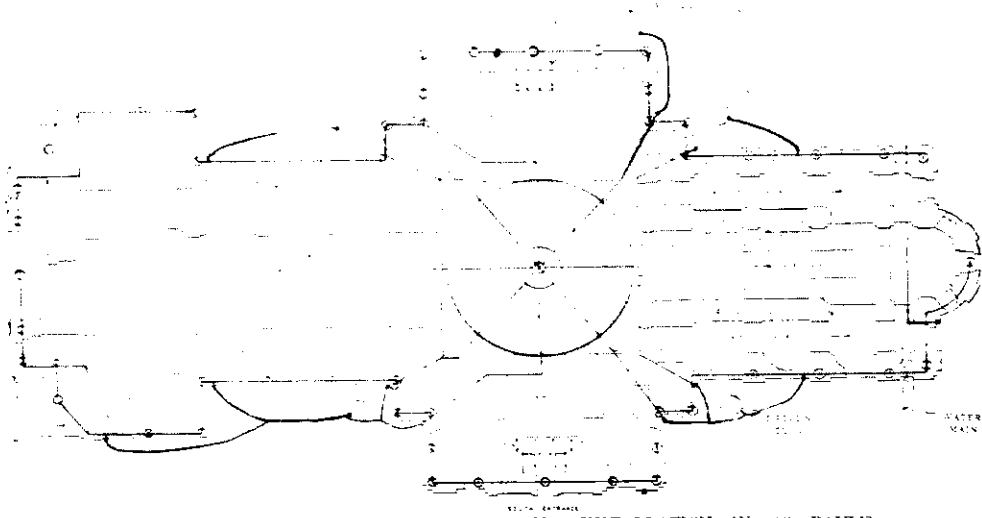
INSIDE THE VICARAGE BEDROOM.

B shows position of the bedstead.



WHAT THE LIGHTNING DID TO A VICARAGE AT TUNBRIDGE WELLS.

The destroyed chimney is indicated by dotted lines. The discharge then blew out the face of the chimney breast in the bedroom below (as shown in the other illustration on this page), and finally wrecked the fireplace in the dining room immediately under.



PLAN SHOWING THE LIGHTNING CONDUCTOR INSTALLATION IN ST. PAUL'S.

or any other form of gentle leak, would have been quite imperceptive.

"Then can a violent discharge occur even to the sharpest point; and a hot column of air, such as rises up a chimney, is even preferred to a conductor.

"These are the flashes against which points and rain are no protection, and these are probably those which do the most damage to protected buildings.

"But it must be understood that when a flash does occur through a building, it matters little which kind of flash it is—both can be equally sudden and violent—but if the building is well provided with points the first or prepared kind is not likely to occur, save in exceptional cases. The dangerous liability is then the sudden or overflow variety of flash."

If this is not perfectly plain, the thing can be easily understood from the accompanying sketches of "A" and "B" flashes and Sir Oliver's summing-up. The two points of novelty arising from the latest experiments and experience are, the Principal of Birmingham University says:—

"(1) The possible occurrence of a totally unprepared-for and sudden flash in previously unstrained air, by reason of overflow from a discharge initiated elsewhere—what is called the 'B' spark occurring as the secondary result of an 'A' spark.

"(2) The effect of electrical inertia or momentum, so that the discharge is not a simple leak or flow in one direction, but a violent oscillation and splash or impulsive rush, much more like an explosion, and occurring in all directions at once, without much regard to the path which had been provided for it; no more regard, in fact, than is required to enable the greater part of it to take the good conductor, and to prevent any part of it from being able to enter a perfectly enclosed metallic building.

"Even a small lateral fraction of a flash is able, however, to ignite gas if there is a leak, or even to make a leak

at a "ramp" pipe, where it is crossed by a bell-wire, and then ignite it; hence, after a building has been struck, careful watch should be kept for some time against the danger of fire."

As science was not the strong point in the scholastic education of some of us, it may be worth while adding this explanation of the nature of a thunder-cloud by Mr. Killingworth Hedges. "A

thunder-cloud," he says, "is a mass of vapour charged with electricity at a pressure differing considerably from that of the land or waters beneath or the clouds near it. When the difference of electrical pressure between the oppositely electrified cloud and earth, or cloud and cloud, is sufficiently great, an electric discharge of a disruptive nature takes place across the air space, and

separates them. Clouds are imperfect conductors, and therefore do not part with all their charge at once; there may be several successive discharges." In other words, the "A" and "B" flashes already spoken of. To recapitulate from the report of the Committee:—

"The 'A' flash is of the simple type which arises when an electrically charged cloud approaches the surface of the earth without an intermediate cloud intervening, and under these conditions the ordinary type of lightning conductor acts in two ways; first, by silent discharge; and, secondly, by absorbing the energy of a disruptive discharge. In the second type, 'B,' where another cloud intervenes between the cloud carrying the primary charge and the earth, the two clouds practically form a condenser; and when a discharge from the first takes place into the second, the free charge on the earth side of the lower cloud is suddenly relieved, and the disruptive discharge from the latter to the earth takes such an erratic course, that no series of lightning conductors of the hitherto recognised type suffice to protect the building.

"It is probable," the Committee proceeds, "that with few exceptions, buildings in this country are not in reality efficiently protected against the effects of a 'B' flash, although in many cases the lightning conductors may be said to have at least partially fulfilled their purpose by carrying off the more violent portion of a discharge, and that without them greater damage would have occurred in many of the cases reported."

The illustrations on this page, kindly lent by Messrs. Whittaker and Company from Sir Oliver Lodge's

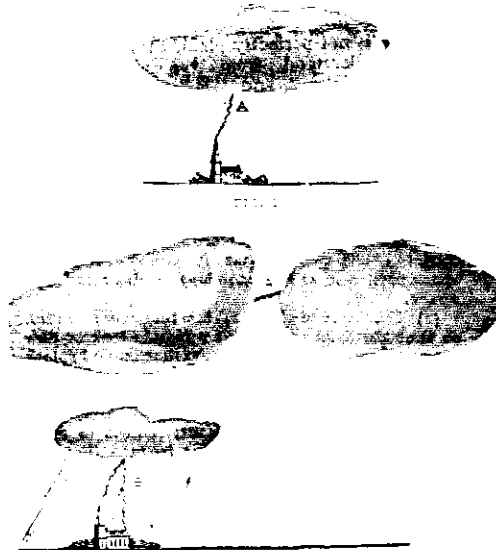


FIG. 5

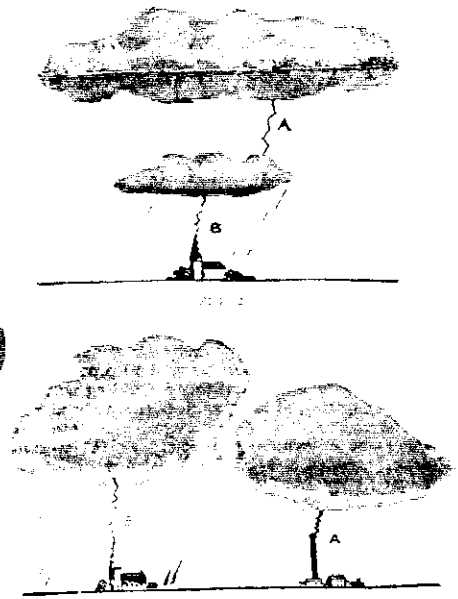



FIG. 4

ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE SIMPLE "A" AND THE DANGEROUS "B" LIGHTNING



## WET FEET


If you are tired of living, and want to see what comes next, you've only to cultivate WET FEET.

WET FEET carry off more people than war and old age combined. This is the reason when it is most important to PREVENT YOUR FEET.

We have just opened, ex. ss. "Siamona" and "Star of New Zealand" direct from the manufacturers, 46 cases of HUBBARD AMERICAN RUBBER BOOTS, "Best in THE WORLD," STYLISH AND CHEAP!

|                          |             |
|--------------------------|-------------|
| Ladies Rubber Overshoes. | 25, 27, 36  |
| Gentlemen's ..           | 31 and 411  |
| Ladies Rubber Boots      | 511         |
| Gentlemen's              | 101 and 156 |

**AT MILLER'S BOOT PALACE, 100, 102, and 104 VICTORIA ST.**



### HYDROLEINE SOAP

**FOR WASHING BLANKETS**

Saves at every point. Coarse things easily washed by delicate women. Fine things safely washed by strong women. Directions on each package.

**HYDROLEINE** saves most of the wear because it

## Saves most of the rubbing



THE MOTUEKA AND TAKAKA LADIES HOCKEY TEAMS.

work upon "Lightning Conductors and Lightning Guards," show the two sorts of flashes. The first shows the steady strain of the "A" class. The three others are varieties of the impulsive rush of the "B" class, where a spark at "A" precipitates a spark at "B," the place where "B" occurs having been subjected to no preliminary strain. The rain-shower shown in figure 4 represents a leak which facilitates the discharge, but is not absolutely necessary. The occurrences illustrated are not at all theoretical; they were reproduced experimentally on a table by Sir Oliver Lodge before the Research Committee.

One result of the experiment was to demonstrate that not the expensive copper conductor but the less costly iron rod

is electrically preferable as the protective medium.

It was supposed that the easiest way to disperse the electricity was to supply it with the best possible conductor—in fact, the largest one could afford—and the only reason for not using a copper rod a foot thick was that of expense. It is now known that a copper rod of this area would be dangerous, and a number of iron wires, one-tenth of an inch in diameter would be much safer. Why is this that copper, which is one of the best conductors of electricity, is not so suitable for the purpose of protection from lightning as iron? Because of electrical inertia. Suppose you have a pipe or tube full of water, used as a perpetual overflow to a cistern, and you want it to be equal to all demands. You test it, and

find it perfectly easy to pour the water either way—both ends are perfectly open; the pipe is a good conductor. Then comes someone and hits the stagnant water in your pipe a tremendous blow with a hammer, bursts the pipe and scatters the water about. That is what lightning does to your lightning conductor and to the electricity in it. It is no gentle push, but a terrific blow.—Lodge. "A copper rod allows the discharge to pass too quickly and produces a shock of the utmost violence; in fact, in experiment recently shown at the Royal Institution of British Architects to the Lightning Research Committee by Sir Oliver Lodge, the large copper conductor, which was perfectly earthed, gave out sparks of great intensity; and these, if a lightning discharge had been passing, would have

been sufficient to set fire to the building. An iron conductor offers more impedance to the current and allows it to leak away by damping the so-called oscillations, so there is less chance of a side-flash from an iron than a copper conductor.—"Modern Lightning Conductors," pp. 11, 12.


Unfortunately, however, iron oxidises so rapidly in towns and smoky districts that copper must be recommended for main conductors in relatively inaccessible positions. If it were not for architectural considerations, Sir Oliver Lodge would recommend turning farmers' barbed wire about and over a house, so turning it into a kind of lightning-proof cage. As an illustration produced in this article shows, "there is no reason why," in Mr. Hedges' words, "ordinary three-eighths of an inch



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



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



A 222.—18 ct. Gold Ring, 5 Diamonds, £3/5/-.

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



A 199.—Marquise Ring, 14 Diamonds and 5 Rubies, 18 ct. Gold, £16/10/-.



A 166.—18 ct. Gold Ring, 2 Diamonds and 3 Emeralds, £9/10/-.

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



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



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



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



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

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



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



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

With larger Stones, £8/10/-, £9/10/-, £10/10/-.



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

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



A 156.—18 ct. Gold Ring, 18 Diamonds and 5 Rubies, or 18 Diamonds and 5 Sapphires, £18/10/-.



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



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



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

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



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

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



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

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



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



A 169.—18 ct. Gold Ring, 6 Diamonds, Boat Set £9/10/-.



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



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

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



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

Others, £25, £30, £35, £40 and £50.



A 167.—18 ct. Gold Ring, 2 Diamonds & 3 Emeralds, £7/10/-.



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

with galvanized iron cable wire should not be run up in such a manner along the side of a wall, and a pass the roof, and round to the gutters, rain-water pipes, and other metal work, which would, as well as the usual down conductors, be earthed so that a direct passage would be afforded to the lightning." This earthing system is usually connected with one of the New Zealand Aerial and Lightning Arches in the form of Mr. Hedges' cross

against a "B" flash by an ordinary single lightning rod, as a hot column of smoke issuing from a chimney conducts as well as or even better than a rod. A circular band should surround the top of the shaft; four or more conductors should be raised above the latter in the form of a conical, or the continental practice of joining the elevation rods together, so as to form an arch over the chimney, may be employed with advantage. One or, pre-

ferably, two lightning rods should extend from this circular band to the earth at the time of construction. This is obviously a simple enough matter.

Mr Hedges, with Sir Oliver Lodge, lays stress on the fact that in seeking to protect buildings, we have to remember that lightning does not follow the law of electric currents such as is followed for long-distance power transmission. It shows a great tendency to distribute itself over such conductors as may be present. It finds no difficulty in making its way, often for a considerable distance, through the air, or any other medium of rather better conductivity. It prefers to move in a straight line.

It is also wisdom, we read in the committee's recommendations, to paint rods, if of iron, and to connect joints in rods mechanically as well as electrically, and to paint them too. Rods should also be taken, preferably, down the side of the

building which is most exposed to rain. Horizontal conductors should connect all the vertical rods, and these horizontal conductors should have aigrettes every 20 or 30 feet. All roof metals of whatever sort should be connected to the horizontal conductors, and all large masses of metal inside the building should be connected to earth either directly or by means of the lower horizontal conductor, but the conductors should be kept away from soft metal pipes and from internal gas-pipes of every kind. Further recommendations may be found in Mr Hedges' book.

None is more important than that the earthing should be properly done. The conductor should be buried in permanently damp soil. One way is to solder the strip of copper plate to a water-main, not

Continued on page 58.



A BEVY OF TRIPLETS AT TAKAKA. NEAR MOTUEKA.

Archie, Ivan, and Olga Jacobsen, born April 21st, 1908.

is the series of illustrations of buildings which have been struck by lightning. Some 115 cases received the attention of the committee. As many as 75 of the buildings had no lightning conductors. The importance of an all-spare knowledge of the methods of securing reasonable protection from lightning may be realised from the fact that of the remaining buildings, 40 were provided with what had been considered by those responsible for them as sufficient safeguards in the way of lightning rods. It is perhaps worth while repeating in this connection that, as the committee pointed out, tall chimney shafts are not sufficiently protected

erably, two lightning rods should extend from this circular band to the earth.

Readers of a recent article in these pages on steel and concrete building will be interested in this further statement of the committee:

No cases of damage to modern steel frame structures have come under the notice of the committee. The ordinary method of construction, however, in this country does not provide full protection. In many cases the steel columns stand on stone foundations, and the metal is not carried deep enough for effective earthing. The metal columns ought to

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Lie scarce of emerald o'er a silver zone."*

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# Life in the Garden

## Practical Advice for Amateurs

### YOUR FAVOURITE ROSES.

**W**HAT, in your opinion, are the twelve best roses? We want "Graphic" readers to be kind enough to reply to this question. Our aim is to find out, if possible, what roses are the most popular, and we will be pleased if all rose-growers, amateur and professional, send us their selection of the names of the best dozen roses. We should esteem it a favour if any of our readers who have photographs of rose blooms would lend them to "Veronica," "Graphic" Office.

### SEEDS TO SOW THIS MONTH.

**Flower**—to be sown in seed pans, pots or boxes, and protected: Snow Queen Lupins, Sweet Peas, Mignonette, Gaillardia, Schizanthus.

**Vegetable**: Broad Beans, Peas, Pride of the Market, Cabbages, Cauliflower, Lettuce and Onions.

**Plant Roots**: Potato Onions, Shallots, Tree Onions, Garlic, Rhubarb, Paenonia, Early Flowering Gladioli.

**Trees and Bushes**: Fruit Trees, Hedge Plants, Breakwinds, Shrubs, Fruit Bushes of all kinds.

### GENERAL GARDEN WORK.

During June there is a lot of work to be done in the garden. Whenever the state of the weather and the condition of the soil permit, the planting of fruit trees and fruiting bushes should be pushed forward. The planting of roses should also be taken in hand as soon as possible. Another important section of garden work, the planting of shelter or ornamental hedges and breakwinds, should receive attention during the month. There is not much seed sowing to be done during June unless frames or a greenhouse are available. Lawns requiring top-dressing should not be overlooked. Mossy lawns can be put right with a liberal dressing of lime or basic slag.

We hear that nurseriesmen have booked large orders for the New Lyon rose, and we would advise any of our readers who desire to secure a plant or two to order without further delay, as the supply is not expected to be equal to the demand.

Woodlice are a great nuisance just now. They should be diligently hunted and destroyed.

Those growing sweet peas in pots and boxes for planting out later, should see

that the young plants have plenty of air and sun-bine. Remember, they are perfectly hardy, and should on no account be allowed to get "drawn."

Amateurs who grow early potatoes should set about sprouting the seed in boxes, before planting. Spread the tubers out thinly, and thus allow strong bulbs to develop. When the bulbs are half to one inch long, plant out in some sheltered position.

Spirias or astilbes are not much grown in the North Island. Where cut flowers are in demand they are most serviceable, and should be largely grown. Now is the time to plant them, and also to divide the clumps where an increased number is required.

Veronicas are splendid plants for any garden, and supply the florist with blooms when most other flowers are scarce or unobtainable. There are endless varieties suitable for almost any position, for edgings, rockeries, etc., and the tall growing and variegated sorts make handsome plants.

### Nemesias.

Among annuals which contribute largely to our enjoyment in the open garden during spring and summer, few experience greater popularity than the nemesias. Their extended use can scarcely be wondered at, as they are essentially amateurs' flowers, being easy to raise in any unheated frame, and not over-particular as to the position assigned to them, as they withstand the fullest exposure to the sun, though I have been equally successful with them in positions lightly shaded.

The richly lined flowers of nemesias, so freely produced, are capable of most wonderful colour effects. The plants may be used as edgings, or as masses in borders, or planted as a solid ground-work to a bed through which taller plants are allowed to break.

While their cultivation is comparatively simple, the plants will repay some slight attention at the outset, a frame formed of rough boards, and filled with light soil, providing a suitable position for seed-sowing. The seed is sown thinly, and lightly covered with soil, shading the surface from direct sunlight till germination takes place, but removing the shading material as soon as the seedlings appear, and admitting abundance of air, so that strong, sturdy plants are developed from the beginning. The ground intended for planting should have been previously prepared, digging in some well-decayed manure and a light dressing of bone-meal, and forking over and levelling the soil before planting. The

seedlings are planted nine to twelve inches apart, according to the object in view. A sowing made at the beginning of April under glass will come into flower in August, and early or later flowers can be secured by sowing in March or May, while seed sown about June and July will give plants to flower right to the end of October and November.

It is very important that growth should be free and uninterrupted from the beginning, and that overcrowding be

avoided. An arching panicle of white flowers, 8s. Is. are freely produced, and as seedlings are easily raised, the plant should soon become plentiful in gardens, where it is admirably adapted for the water-side or bog garden. In general appearance this *Rodgersia* resembles a *Saxifraga*, and has been placed in that extensive genus by some botanists, under the name of *Saxifraga*. Heavy, loamy soil seems to suit its requirements, but it must have plenty of moisture at the roots, and partial shades also beneficial.



*Rodgersia Tabularis.*

A new species from Northern China. Flowers white.

garden against; otherwise, premature flowering is encouraged, and this always curtails their fullest development. Seedlings that are transplanted should have an occasional watering, until such time as they become established.

All the best seed-houses now offer nemesias in selected colours, an advantage at once apparent where colour-schemes are attempted. One of the most delightful shades is a pale blue form, which at some distance hits all the appearance of a delicate-coloured forget-me-not, and the illustration shows it has all the free-flowering qualities of the other forms.

### GARDENERS PAST AND PRESENT.

The old-time gardener was a sort of autocrat of the garden; he was supposed to be qualified to read or write Latin, and was generally supposed to be one whose occupation required a great many years of study and travel in all parts of the country. He would brook no interference with what he imagined was his own special domain, no new-fangled ideas would be tolerated by him; if his employer attempted any adverse criticism on his work it was considered an insult which could not be explained away.

There are few autocrats nowadays. Gardening, in some form or other, is being rapidly taken up both as a business and as a hobby by all classes. Many ladies are now so well versed in the names of plants and their habits that in many cases they could dispense with the services of the highly-trained gardener. At the present day a large number of ladies insist on having their own plans in regard to the blending of colours carried out, and he is a wise gardener who will give his employer's ideas every care and consideration, and will give due credit to any suggestion of hers which may be successful.

A serious grievance often arises through members of the household or their visitors, holding themselves with flowers or fruit from the garden. It showing is practical this often causes serious trouble, and is, unfortunately, the cause of many changes to the great disadvantage of both employer and gardener. If the employers are in complete harmony with the showing arrangements, the grievance need not be the cause of any serious complaint; a little diplomacy on the part of the gardener should enable all parties to agree about the matter. Where showing is allowed, but only on condition that it must not interfere with the supplies for the household, matters are often more difficult to arrange, probably,

### Rodgersia Tabularis.

Of all the species of *Rodgersia* in cultivation, the one illustrated is the most distinct. Other well-known kinds include *R. pedophylla* with digitate leaves, and *R. pinnata* with pinnate ones. In the plant under notice, however, the leaves are peltate like those of *Saxifraga peltata*. *Rodgersia tabularis* is a native of Northern China and Korea, and is said to grow in dense masses amongst coarse vegetation, close to a lake or riverside. It flowered for the first time in England at Kew in July of last year, plants having been raised from seeds obtained from the Imperial Botanic Garden of St. Petersburg in 1905. This year the specimens grow to a larger size. As a handsome foliage plant it is a welcome acquisition, the light green peltate leaves, each about 1 1/2 in diameter, being borne on stems 2ft to 3ft in height. The leaves are irregularly lobed, while the petioles are covered with stiff white hairs, which are dark at the base. These hairs disappear to a great extent as the plant develops during the season. The flowering stems grow about 3ft high, and



*Nemesis Stramosa Suttonii.*

and it may be necessary for the gardener to confine himself to whatever may be his principal speciality, or, if it is more likely to give satisfaction all round, give it up altogether. It is an old saying and a true, "One can't live in Rome and fight with the Pope." Many ladies and gentlemen, while showing friends over their place, offer them a bloom of a carnation or rose, or whatever may take their fancy, and, if inside, the same thing happens. The grapes will be admired, and a bunch may be offered and accepted. Many employers consider that they are quite justified in helping themselves to a bunch of grapes, but the lady or gentleman who considers what is due to themselves and their gardener would not make use of this privilege, but would call for the man in charge to supply them

**A Peculiar Plant.**

This singular plant (*Greyia Sutherlandii*) forms a small tree, and is a native of Natal, from which colony it was introduced to England about the year 1859. The name of the genus *Greyia* was given in honour of Sir Geo. Grey, K.C.B., Governor-General of the Cape Colony at the time of its discovery, and the specific name is after that of its discoverer, Dr. Sutherland, who found it growing at much-exposed headlands 2000 to 6000 feet above the sea level. *Greyia* is now regarded as a member of the Nat. Ord. Sapindaceae. The leaves are clustered at the ends of the



*Greyia Sutherlandii.*

with their wants. A little diplomacy here again is often the means of causing this grievance to disappear. At a time like the present, when so many ladies are taking up gardening as their hobby, they are, from the nature of their social position and in other ways, in a position to see much of what is done in all parts of the country, as well as in other lands; and it is but natural that they must often be impressed by certain designs in bedding, or by seeing the effects of some new or rare blending of colours, and which they may be desirous of practising at their own homes. It is the worst possible policy for any man to attempt to throw cold water on proposals, to have these ideas carried out, no matter how outrageous or impractical the scheme may at first sight appear. A spirit of toleration should always characterise the relationship between employer and gardener. We live in an age of rapid changes; seeds of new and improved plants of all kinds are launched at us every year, and many of them must have a trial. The up-to-date man has at all times an open mind, and is prepared to try anything if there is the remotest chance of it being able to do one better than its predecessor. As showing the largely increased interest taken in gardening in recent years, there is scarcely a weekly paper without its gardening column and its expert for the answering of questions of all kinds. It is impossible to stand still; we must either move forward or get left behind.

P. McCOWAN, in "Scottish Gardener."

**TWO FINE FORGET-ME-NOTS.**

These are *Myosotidium mobile* (also known as the Carolina Island Forget-me-not), a handsome plant some two feet in height, with glossy foliage and spreading heads of blue and white blossoms; and a variety with white flowers, but similar in growth, etc., known as *Myosotidium mobile album*.

branches, are cordate, orbicular-ovate, fleshy, glabrous, bright green, and notched at the margins. The flowers are drooping, scarlet in colour, each about half an inch in diameter, and the inflorescence, which in greenhouses occupy about two months in developing, form dense terminal clusters at the ends of the branches. Remarkable cup-like discs intervene between the petals and the stamens, and along the edges of which are ranged a number of stalked glands, the rudiments, probably, of abortive stamens. The species flowered for the first time in Europe with the late Dr. Moore, of Glasnevin.

**ANOTHER HELENIUM.**

*Helenium Riverton Gem* is a fine American plant, two and a half to three feet in height, covered during the late summer and autumn with handsome blossoms, which are of an old gold colour, tinted with terracotta at first, but passing to a soft crimson; a very choice and handsome plant.

**NEW GENISTAS.**

The following varieties of the *Genista*, or *Broom*, are of recent introduction, and, being very attractive, ought to become popular. The first is *Butterfly*, of which the flowers are of a bright yellow colour, shaded with bronze; a very pretty kind. *Firefly* is yellow and coccinate, very striking; *Mayfly* has yellow flowers, with pale bronze; and *Daisy Hill* is creamy-yellow, with a red keel, very distinct. *Genista alba* is an early flowering variety of the *Broom*, but *G. prolifera* is a *Cytisus*, with white flowers, and is rather tender. As pot plants, *Genistas* are very popular in the flower market just now.

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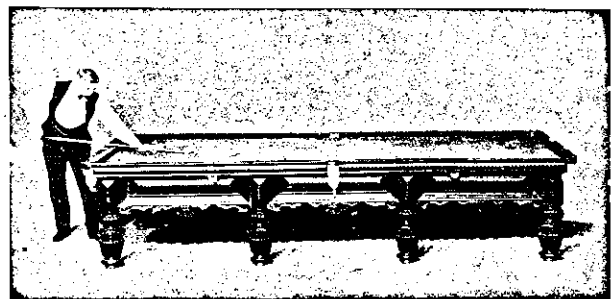


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**A NEW CROCUS.**

This is a very brightly-coloured form of *Crocus Sieberi*, to be known as versicolour. The three outer petals are feathered with purple on a white ground, in much the same manner as some tulips are marked. The inner petals are pure white, but the base is yellow, and the stigmas rich orange. At a meeting of the Royal Horticultural Society recently, it received an award of merit.

**Sweet Peas !!**

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**Preparing for War.**

Continued from page 34.

ing the mill each time. As it passes through, piles of wet brushwood are thrown on to the red hot surface to enable the scale on the surface of the metal to be got rid of. Immediately the brushwood reaches the rollers there is a sound like the bursting of a dozen steam pipes. Flames shoot up twenty or thirty feet above the mill, and one is dazzled by a blinding effusion of sparks, fire, and clouds of steam. The violence of the display is astounding. After all that fierce uprushing of fire and water, so rapid is the combustion that only the blackened plate remains to tell of it. But a curious result has been effected. As a rake is passed over the plate the scale comes away freely, leaving only the smooth surface to speak for the power and efficiency of the machine.

The armour plate mill is another of the giants that the dominant thought of industry has produced. Inspired by great engines its thunders shake not only the earth, but reach far down into the depths of the social fabric itself. It is animated by the same spirit that virtually dominates all Sheffield. That spirit is the Demon of War.

So far the processes described have seen the casting of the ingot and the rolling of the plate. They are merely the preliminaries to a long series by which the plate passed over acres of grounds, through numerous departments in order that it may be bent, rounded, bored, planed, cut, drilled, ground, and finally tempered so hard that a punch hit by a sledge hammer will not leave as much as a mark on its surface. Thus it is, after months of labour, representing a vast expenditure of human energy, of thought, of natural resources, of money, that it emerges at last from the great black works, a finished product to be but one small constituent part in the mass of a big battleship.

Beside armour plates, the processes which represent largely the energy, thought, and human activities of Sheffield's thousands of workers are just as involved in the production of guns. Monster twelve-inch guns, over fifty feet long, that cost thousands of pounds sterling—in the making, too, of the giant engines that are to drive the fighting machine on its mission of death and destruction.

The works themselves usually take a day to explore, and their magnitude may perhaps be gauged if one takes the excellent up-to-date premises of Messrs Vickers, Son and Maxim. They cover 65 acres, and employ on an average 4000 hands. Cammell and Co. are another historic firm who employ from 3000 to 4000 hands on an area of 32 acres; also Thomas Firth and Son, with 2000 hands and 40 acres. There are many others, not omitting John Brown and Co., who built the *Mauretania*. Most of the larger works have their own ship-building yards on either the east or west coast, and their head offices in London.

One cannot escape or ignore the potent fact that in the production of war material all the big works depend largely upon the British Admiralty for existence. A certain process of cause and effect, too, can be traced out in the opposition to a policy of naval retrenchment, when one begins to look into the Boards of Directors or examine the share lists. Under the present commercial competitive basis of industry, and where works are in the hands of a number of private individuals in the guise of a public company, one can understand why any action on the part of a Government which results in a depreciation of share dividends produces unpopularity. The morality of the thing is another question which cannot be dealt with here, however much one would like to differentiate between the actual standard required for England's naval supremacy on the one hand, and the keenness of certain commercial classes on the other to do business and make dividends at the expense of the nation.

In recent years one has heard a good deal in regard to the backwardness of England's industries in comparison with those of Germany and America. There is much talk still of the hidebound conservatism of both the average English employer and worker in recognising the possibilities of inventions, and a regard for old methods that was almost hopeless for new. In numbers of the older factories, the condition of things give some

colour to such pessimistic assertions. One finds them badly laid out, dark, dirty and very little ventilation. The machinery and appliances are quite in keeping with the surroundings. In England, the sentiment which attaches itself to the antique is national. In Sheffield one finds evidence of such sentiment in the dirty accumulations that have done duty for years. But all that, with some of its glaring records of heavy industrial mortality, of scant wages, and other injustices to the mass of its humanity, are passing away. Even within the last five years, Sheffield's big works have undergone great changes. Old plant has been swept away and "scrapped" with almost ruthless vigour. New machines have been obtained, and the manufacturers, when necessary, have not been afraid to go abroad for them. Better, brighter, and larger works have sprung up, bringing not only the example of modern ingenuity, but contrast with the old, but far healthier conditions for the workers. The latter are at last being recognised as of vital importance, not so much to the workers, but to England's industrial efficiency itself. It is commonsense that clean houses, good food, and sanitary conditions of labour are essential to any standard at all of industrial efficiency. The effect of the newer premises on the appearance of the workmen is astonishing only by the comparison it makes with those of the older premises: On one hand, there are pale, dirty, physically defective and frequently dispirited bodies of men; on the other, an alert body of workers keenly alive to the needs of their companions.

In Sheffield, however, in common with other manufacturing centres, there are other things than big works to consider. Small concerns are a far-reaching feature in the life of the city. They exist to-day in large, though decreasing, numbers, from the fact they long preceded the advent of the big works, which increase in number every year. With the small concerns, the greatest evils of the industrial system of the Nineteenth Century were associated—evils that are revealed in overcrowding, insanitary surroundings, dirt, ill-paid, underfed men, women

and children, and all the consequent social horrors that resulted therefrom.

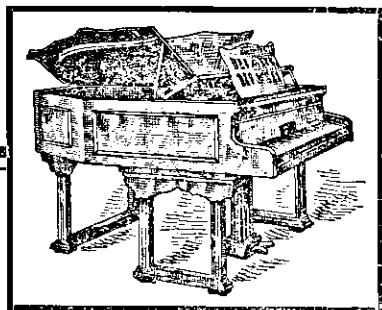
The work ahead of Sheffield to-day, work that must be achieved for the most part by the collective action of the municipal authorities, is almost impossible to describe. But if industrial pithiness and infant mortality are to take their fangs out of the social life of the people, if the 1,750 liquor licenses of the city are to be prevented from reaping their annual toll of misery and degradation, if those wretched slums are to be no more than a black stain on the past, and the great mass of the people are to be raised from the slough of ignorance and poverty, Sheffield must both work and fight. Whether that work will be ever accomplished or what the fight for progress may entail is beyond conjecture here.

The problem seemed to gather great force, as I left Sheffield one wet, grey evening looming through smoke and rain. A line of black retorts, tanks and long shafts, were blurred against the dying day. But from the distant streets, from those channels of the life of the people themselves, a flash of lights sprang up and touched the gloomy heavens with a sort of pink glow. It was a strange, glad light in the darkness, and I wondered how many of the great army of workers down there in the rain and the smoke would see in the wet and glittering street what I saw reflected on the heavens.

**We All Take Suppers Now.**

Of all the questions that arise To propagate confusion, The supper problem must defies A rational solution. For what to eat and what to drink, When comes the time for resting, Is just a matter most folks think Of easiest digesting.

But **Coole Brand Pease Coole's** here, And solves the supper trouble, Provides a dainty supper cheer, And yields a strength that's double. Now all to supper can appeal, They need not stop to question Since **Coole Brand Pease** makes the meal A feast of good digestion.



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# Twelve Miles a Second Towards Destruction

ASTRONOMERS SAY THAT NOT ONLY THE EARTH BUT OUR WHOLE SOLAR SYSTEM IS SWEEPING ONWARD TO AN INEVITABLE COLLISION IN WHICH OUR WORLD WILL BE CRUSHED TO FRAGMENTS.

**R**USHING, rushing beyond all conceivable speed.

Not only the rivers and the winds, not only sound, electricity, light and thought, but the earth and all the worlds and moons and stars, darting through space towards destinations unknown.

With a thousand times the velocity of an express train we are being hurled across the skies in the direction of the constellations Hercules and Lyra.

Can we hope that the little earth that bears us will forever fly unobstructed? Will it never hurl itself against some flaming star or unseen floating world and thus meet the fiery doom foretold by all the prophets?

In the Second Epistle of St. Peter

Is there any cause that would produce a great outburst of light and heat in the sun? The astronomers think they have one in the possible collision of the sun with a dark body in space. The stars are so far away that for the sun to collide with a star seems absurdly impossible. Such an event, if ever it took place, could not possibly happen for thousands of years to come after the world is as empty and forgotten as the Garden of Eden. To pass over the distance which separates the sun from even the nearest star would take, at the rate of ten miles a second, about 80,000 years.

**Direct Evidence is Lacking.**

But the existence of dark bodies in space has been suspected by the stary

But there is only the conversion of potential energy into heat, and after a while the process comes to an end. For eventually the sun's density, as Dr. J. E. Gore, of the Royal Astronomical Society explains, will become so great that the contraction will cease, owing to the overcrowding of the molecules. No further heat will be forthcoming, so the body will begin to cool. After a time, as counted by ages, the sun will lose its fire, and "roll through space a cold dark ball."

**Dark Bodies Are Not Visible.**

In some of the variable stars the light has begun to wane, and it seems probable that in many cases the cold and dark stage is on. These dark bodies may be beautiful, but we cannot see them because they have no light, so are not visible even to the largest telescopes ever turned skywards.

Ever since the days of the great Sir William Herschel it has been well known that the sun is moving through space with a considerable velocity, and of course carrying with it the earth, and all the planets and satellites of the solar system. Various estimates have been made of the point toward which the sun is moving, but the most recent calculations tend toward a spot near the brilliant star Vega. Flying through space with a thousand times the speed of an express train, the sun, as seems quite within the bounds of possibility, may some day come into collision with a dark body.

the approaching dark body came within a certain distance of the sun it would begin to shine by reflected light like the planets. If it were a body as big as the sun, or nearly, it would first become visible far beyond the limits of the solar system. For months or years the motion would be slow because of its huge distance from the sun.

Probably the astronomers would first announce it as a telescopic star about as bright as others near by—a star of about the ninth magnitude—for anything much fainter would probably be overlooked.

The unsuspecting people would doubtless mistake it for a new or temporary star, or a variable star at its maximum brightness. But the constancy of its light, and its great parallax, or apparent change of place among the neighbouring stars, would soon reveal its true character, and show that it was really near the earth compared with the distance of the stars. Or it might be mistaken for a faraway comet, but if coming directly towards the sun its change of place would be small and its light examined with the spectroscope would show a solar spectrum.

**Proof Would be Given Astronomers.**

This would prove to the wise men that, like the planets, it was shining by reflected sunlight. They would calculate its distance from its parallax and find that it was no comet, for no comet



There is a prediction of the destruction of the world by fire: "The elements shall melt with fervent heat, the earth also, and the works that are therein shall be burned up." And in the great Sanskrit epic poem, the "Mahabharata," comes a clear prophecy of a celestial catastrophe which shall bring the world to an end.

In this ancient work read the words: "O King, towards the end of those thousands of years constituting the four periods, seven blazing suns, appearing in the firmament, drink up all the waters of the earth that are in the rivers or seas. And then also everything of the nature of wood and grass that is wet or dry is consumed and reduced to ashes.

**Idea is Harmonious with Isaiah.**

"And then the fire called Samvartake, impelled by the winds, appeareth on the earth that hath already been dried to cinders by the seven suns. And then that fire, penetrating through the earth, and making its appearance in the nether regions also, begetteth great terror in the hearts of the gods. And O Lord of the earth consuming the nether regions, as also everything upon this earth, that fire destroyeth all things in a moment."

The idea of the seven suns is quite harmonious with the words of the Prophet Isaiah: "Moreover, the light of the moon shall be as the light of the sun, and the light of the sun shall be sevenfold as the light of seven days in the day that the Lord bindeth up the breach of his people."

scientists for some time; suspected, for there is no direct evidence that such bodies exist. The idea seems to have originated in the so-called dark companion of the variable star Algol. Stars cannot go on shining forever. They commence their course with a limited amount of potential energy, and this energy is being incessantly dissipated in radiant light and heat.

This dissipation of energy cannot go on indefinitely, and in the course of ages gets exhausted. It is like a man living on his capital. If he receives no interest on it and goes on spending the money steadily the day must come sooner or later when the capital will disappear and the man will be bankrupted.

So it is with a sun. It can receive no energy from without, and it is constantly wasting its capital of energy in the radiation of heat and light. It is true that this waste may be apparently compensated for a time by the contraction of the sun's mass due to gravity.

Should such an event occur of course the collision would produce an enormous amount of heat and light, and immediately fulfil to the uttermost the predictions of the early Christian apostle:

"The heavens" would be "on fire," and the whole surface of the earth and everything on it would be reduced to cinders in a few moments. The world would end "in unremorseful folds of rolling fire."

**Earth Would Have Long Warning.**

But this catastrophe could not take place without our knowing of it months and perhaps years beforehand. When

could be seen while so far from the sun.

Prof. Gore has made some estimates on the motion of this dreadful body after it should become visible as a star of the first magnitude, and, therefore, easily visible in a telescope. He supposes it to have the same mass as the sun and the same density as the earth. Taking the earth's density as four times that of the sun, and sun's diameter as 863,000 miles, he gets the diameter of the dark body to be about 548,000 miles.

Now taking the dark body to have the same light reflecting power as Uranus he finds that the dark body would shine

As a star of the magnitude when about 15,000 millions of miles away.

Supposing the sun to be moving through space at the rate of about eleven miles a second, and the dark body to be coming toward the sun with the same speed, it would only be a matter of a few years before the fire and the end were nigh. The motion for the first few years would be comparatively slow, and the increase in brilliancy of the dark body would be almost imperceptible.

**Several Years Would Have to Elapse.**

In about 3.4 years the distance would be reduced to 12,000 millions of miles. At the end of 6.7 years the distance would be reduced to about 9,000 millions of miles, and in 9.8 years to about 6,000 millions. The brightness of the dark body would now be about the fifth magnitude, and be already visible to the naked eye. In about 11.8 years the distance would be reduced to 4,000 millions, and in about 14 years the dark body would be no farther away than Uranus and would shine as brightly as Arcturus and attract general attention.

After this, there would be quick work to the finish. A year later it would be as near as Jupiter and be four magnitudes brighter than Jupiter at his bright-

line, but along an elongated ellipse. In this event it would miss the sun and escape collision. Should the two bodies merely graze each other still there would be enough heat generated to destroy the earth.

The coming of the dark body toward the sun would form a magnificent celestial spectacle. When it arrived within the sun's distance from the earth it would shine with about the same brilliancy as the full moon, but with a swiftly increasing lustre as it neared the sun. It would then, particularly if the time were June, begin to show phases like the moon and the Chicago lovers would have two moons to pledge their vows by.

If instead of a dark body the size of the sun we might collide with something much smaller, say the size of Jupiter. In this case, the masses being so unequal, the sun's motion would be much smaller. The dark body would remain invisible until it was much nearer the earth. When about only 6,000,000,000 miles away, it would appear as a star of the ninth magnitude. If the diameter of the dark body were about the same as that of the earth it would shine as a star of the ninth magnitude when about as remote as Uranus, and it would fall into the sun within three years' time.

if it could be averted under any circumstances.

The astronomical observations would become centres of such dread information as could be imparted to the public in the brief interval elapsing between the discovery of the danger and the "final fall of the curtain on the last catastrophe." They would dissolve in the same vortex of fire that would engulf the unhappy planet whose dire doom they had foretold.

The sun naturally would be the first to collide. "This is evident because the system is travelling not edgewise but flatwise through space, and, accordingly, its centre, being the main focus of attractive force, would be drawn the most powerfully towards the attracting body." When they came together, plunging through space at hundreds of miles a second, they would melt like butter in the inconceivable temperature that would instantaneously develop.

**Sun Would Complete the Work.**

"Close on the heels of the gush of heat borne through the ether," declares Prof. Serviss, "would come the sun itself to complete the destruction. For the solar globe would expand with almost the speed of light. On all sides it would swell and billow out, swallowing everything as it

Whatever the doom or destiny that awaits the little planet, our earth, this much is sure: that flying through space the world, the moon, and the six other planets and the central glorious star of our solar system.

We are speeding across the firmament at a rate of from 11 to 12 miles a second, and we are moving in a straight line toward the constellations of Hercules and Lyra without cause apparent either to wise men or fools.

**Cause for Motion Unapparent.**

The agent at work has been described as invisible, intangible, mysterious, not even the prevailing force of gravitation. For all the gravitative energy of the known universe is thought to be incapable of setting up such a movement or capable of arresting it. There is a force extending billions of miles in every direction, a mighty current in the ether wherein suns and worlds are as powerless as chips thrown into the rapids of Niagara.

In its inconceivable grasp are caught up our sun and solar system and many other great suns and other systems, all involved in the same inexplicable fate. What of the end? St. Peter said, "The heavens being on fire shall be dissolved."

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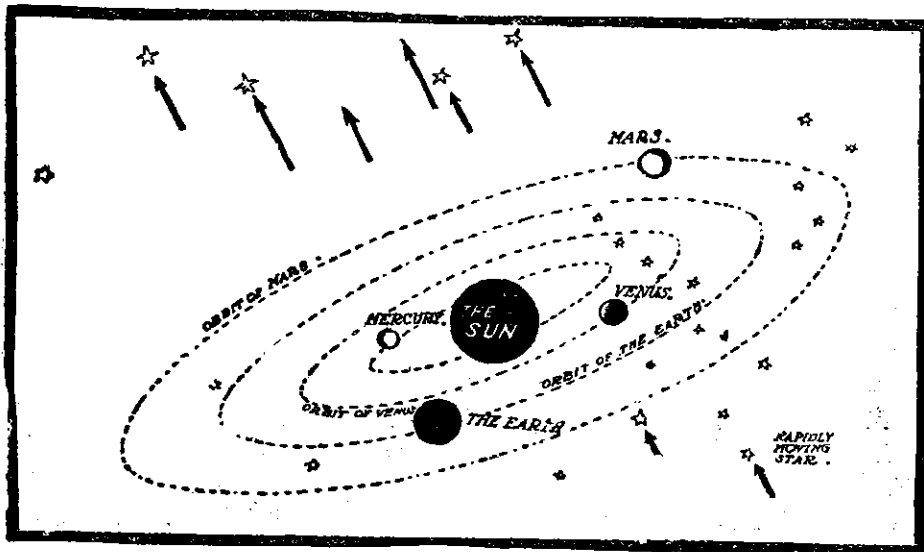
The beneficial effects of Frootoids are evident by the disappearance of headache, a bright, cheery sense of perfect health taking the place of sluggish, depressed feelings, by the liver acting properly and by the food being properly digested.

Frootoids are the proper aperient medicine to take when any Congestion or Blood Poison is present, or when Congestion of the Brain or Apoplexy is present or threatening. They have been tested and have been proved to afford quick relief in such cases when other aperients have not done any good at all.

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est and two magnitudes brighter than Venus at her brightest.

Saving the moon, it would be the most brilliant object in the heavens and the observed of all observers. The motion would now become more rapid still. In about 51 days it would be about the same distance from the sun as is the earth. Sun and dark body would be going at the rate of about 400 miles a second. In eight days all would be over. Within an hour both would be gases, the planets would melt like wax, and the earth and its people vanished.

**Season Would Determine Proximity.**

If the dark body approached the sun in a straight line Dr. Gore thinks it could not strike the earth itself or any of the planets, for the direction of the sun's motion in space is inclined to the plane of the earth's orbit at an angle of about sixty degrees. The nearest approach of the dark body to the earth would depend on the time of year at which its collision with the sun took place.

If it were about the end of December the dark body would not approach the earth nearer than the sun's distance, but if the collision took place about June 21 the body would approach the earth within about 80,000,000 of miles. In this case the attraction on the earth would be greater than that on the sun, and the earth would probably be drawn out of its orbit.

Professor Young believes that at the time of the collision the sun's mass would be suddenly doubled, and the earth's orbit would suddenly become an eccentric ellipse. But of course this alteration in the earth's orbit would not much concern us after the earth and all its inhabitants had been reduced to gases.

**Earth Still Could Not Escape.**

Perhaps the dark body would not approach the sun directly in a straight

**Less Heat Would Be Given Off.**

The amount of heat in this event would be much smaller than in the other cases. But at the time of the collision there would be enough disaster to reach the earth. Such a body possibly be nearing us now. If only the size of the earth it might easily escape detection until well within the orbit of Uranus. And we might then have only a few months' warning before the final catastrophe of "stars with trains of fire and dews of blood."

And is there any star in sight which might be an approaching dark body? All the astronomers can say is that they have carefully examined the regions around the bright star Vega with a powerful binocular field glass, and that there is no star brighter than the seventh magnitude within five degrees of Vega, which is not perfectly well known to astronomers.

At present the sun and its whirling system of moons and planets has drawn near the centre of the large spaces that are encircled in the Milky Way. Billions of miles to our south there is a jeweled region of the Milky Way from which we seem to have come. Billions of miles to our fore there lies a wonderful cluster of stars towards which we are travelling at the rate of 365,000,000 miles every year. It is in this direction that lies the great and brilliant Vega, or Alpha Lyrae, a thousand times larger than the sun, and apparently rushing to meet us with a speed that surpasses our own.

**Treachery of Cold Stars Disquieting.**

Immediately around us space appears to be empty. But the treachery of the cold bodies which radiate no light is disquieting. Prof. Garrett P. Serviss believes it possible for us to become aware of their proximity only by their attractions, quite too late to avert the disaster

resumed the vast dimensions that it had when it was, in the beginning of time, a huge floating nebula with its future planets yet unborn.

The astronomers of some far distant world in some other solar system would note with surprise as our astronomers have sometimes done that a star in the sky had suddenly flared up and turned into a nebula.

But long before this fiery con summation had been reached the solar system would have been thrown into wild disorder by the contending attractions produced by the approach to the great interfering body. The planets would leave their orbits and run hither and thither like a flock of sheep into whose midst a wolf had just leaped.

**Planets Would Rush to Destruction.**

"The supremacy of the sun keeping everything in order would be lost, and the abandoned planets would rush to mutual destruction. Those that were within striking distance would come together with world-crushing force. It might be the planet Mars would be thrown into collision with the earth. Or it might be Venus."

Prof. Serviss pictures appalling phenomena if the colliding body were much denser than the earth. As it approached us, gravitation would be reversed. The air, the water, people, animals, buildings, and other objects free to move would no longer be bound to the earth, but would dash outward from it as if to hasten their destruction.

Winds would thunder, leaping waters war, objects fly, the surface of the earth strip off, men, animals, and trees and cities be swallowed in a universal maelstrom of confusion. So that even were there not an immediate dissolution by fire, the senses, dulled by the delirium, would cease to act, and consciousness fail to respond to the processes of the disaster.



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"It seemed as if there was a cut-and-dried conspiracy to starve me to death."

## Three Dollars and Hash

By GLEN FORD MOTT

**B**ULL was a long, lean, lantern-jawed Arkansawian, who came to his senses and to Cloud City about the same time. He had looked upon Cloud City and the snow range at the end of a hot July day, immediately called them good, and deserted a box-car and his dreams of empire farther west to join the flotsam and jetsam of the new camp in the obstacle race after the elusive dollar.

Opportunity led him to the bar Metallic Smelter, and dumped him into the lap of success in the form of a four-dollar job as furnace-man.

One night the boys got him to let out something about his past life.

"I got tired of digging snake-root down in Arkansas a while back," he began, "and started off to look for a position. Seventy-five cents a day was about all a feller could make, and to make that he had to be a good workman and own his tools. As I had no tools, I hit the hammer for Kansas City and better wages. Now, all I could hear there was 'farm-hands and Kansas,' so off I goes to the State Slave Market, where I was knocked down for three dollars a day and hash to Jim Hunkinson, a Pratt County farmer I'd never land my eyes on.

"Pleased? Well, I guess; tickled to death ain't no name. 'William,' says I to myself, 'you're a lucky man.' And I got on the train with the meanest gang of 'boes that ever wore shoe leather. Steal? Oh, no; there was a little hammered-down mule skinner along that would steal corn from a blind chicken. Tried to get my telescope from me four times before we hit Whitchataw. Seems like we wandered over the four quarters of the world and a pretty good ways up the hind-quarters before we pulled into a wide spot in the road called Prairie Centre. Farmers and windmills! Farmers would run 5,000 to the acre, and it was just like going the wrong way to a fire to get any place at all. I was man-handled half a dozen times; but no, siree, I was lookin' for Mr. Jim Hunkinson. Do you know one straw broke a camel's back? Well, when a big double-fisted jawhacker almost broke mine trying to kidnap me, my Southern blood boiled. 'See here,' says I, 'beat it, or by gum, I'll give you a wallopp that will cause your immortal grandpa to sit up and take notice.' So I got out of the mob and went to the station agent. 'I'm a lookin' for a man named Mr. James Hunkinson; do you know him?' 'Yes, I know him,' says he; 'everybody does, and they're all sorry they do. If you work for Jim Hunkinson, you'll think hell's afoot and the devil's a Dutchman before you cut many swaths. Yonder he is,' and he pointed to a little fat, butter-bell of a man who was leanin' against a lamp-post, chewing a sinful cud of chewing-gum, and who looked as if he had a one-way ticket to

heaven bought and stowed away ready to use when Gabe would blow his trumpet and time would be no more. Do you know the farthest mountain always looks the greenest, but when you get there, there ain't enough grass on it to pasture a goose. Well, it was just the same way with Jim Hunkinson. The minute I got a good look at his bas-relief countenance I knowed I'd swapped the devil for a witch, and looked around for some farmer; but no use—they'd gone. I hadn't had enough to eat since we left Kansas City, and was mighty hungry, so I says: 'Mr. Hunkinson, if you'll wait a minute, I'll run over to the beanery and eat a snack;' but he says, 'No, William, it's a pretty good drive, and you can get a good warm meal when we get home.' So away we goes, me as empty as a keg at a hack-drivers' picnic, and him as full as a tick. He was driving a team of mules, and before we'd gone a mile Jack stopped—yes, Jack was his name.

"He worked on the off side and was as fine an appearing mule as ever looked through a collar; but a mule is like a woman, you can't go much on looks. Well, sir, we tried everything from a brotherly talk to a black snake whip on that mule, but no use; he just stood still and dusted the whiffle-tree with his tail, and every once in a while he would back about a hundred yards and then stop and stand careless-like, letting his ears hang any way at all, and then, after resting and studying devilment for a while, he'd mosey up to our first stopping-place, just about as slow and peace-ful-like as an old lady taking a walk, and it's a fact it took us four stretching hours to go six miles.

"Did you ever see the spirit work on a mule? No? Well, I have, and it's a fearful thing and passes all understanding. Two minutes before he moved I'd a swore Jack didn't have enough strength or spirit in him to pull the hat off your head, for he looked as meek and repentant as the prodigal son, and two minutes after he moved forty men and a boy couldn't have held him. Now, no more than I was feeling sorry than here comes the spirit.

"That mule laid his ears back like a buck rabbit, and with his teeth a-grinin' and the devil looking out of his two eyes, he commenced to do a buck-and-wing dance, with an Irish heel-and-toe movement thrown in as a side issue. Talk about the panic of '73! It wasn't in it. I looked at Hunkinson, and he was swollering his heart like a cow swollering her cud. And his eyes were bulgin' out so you could have knocked them off with a stick.

"Hold on," says he. 'To what?' says I. And with them very words I laid hold of him like grim death. 'Let go!' he yelled, and then Jack started. Now me and Hunkinson and Beck was unwill-

ing parties. And me and Hunkinson was a-pulling back, and Beck a-stepping sideways, like a hog going to war. But no use, up the road we goes, like the devil beating tan-bark. Now, if we lost any time on the start, we made it u. s. on the finish, for all you could see was a dust-cloud, and all you could hear was the wind a-going by like a country boy whistling through his teeth. That is all I can remember. When I come to we had stopped, and Jack was hollering in with one breath and out with the next, because he didn't have the harness off, and his head buried up to his eyes in sprig wheat at ninety cents a bushel. I was that weak I just sat and watched Hunkinson and a feller he called Bill un-harness the mules and turn them into a lean-to, with some straw on top of it, they called a stable. I was just a-wishing for a cup of coffee like mother used to make to revive me, when a freckled faced, snub-nosed, red-haired woman yelled something in my ear. I was plumb skeered to death, and jammed the brake on and reached for the lines, and was bracing my feet for another tug of war with the devil in the mule skin, when she jumped upon the hub of the front wheel, reached over and grabbed me by the suspenders and yanked me out of the wagon. Then she explained to me that supper was ready, and pirty soon I stuck my feet under one of the slimmest tables that ever failed to groan in a land of plenty. I was sandwiched in between a farm hand named Bill, who was about as talkative and cheerful as an undertaker at a funeral, and Hunkinson, who looked more like the devil before daylight than a respectable Kansas farmer. Both of them was doing a juggling act with a black handled knife and green peas that would have made a bigger hit in vaudeville than it did with me. Maw Hunkinson and Sally were across the table, both of them talking like two phonographs with the asthma.

"Now I have often heard about them Wall Street outlaws forming a corner in wheat and corn, but that was the only

Hunk orders me and Bill off to the stables to curry the mules, warning me to be careful of fire, and chewing the rag about cigarette fiends and dope sticks.

"Bill was ducking his orders same as if they had been brickbats, and I could see in a minute that Old Hunk had him buffalod up to the point where he would jump through and eat out of his hands, or wave his paws and speak. Now, right there I appointed myself a committee of one to incite a rebellion and disturb the conjugal bliss of the Hunkinson household. Before I had curried the near side of Beck, I had planted a few seeds in fertile soil, and from what Bill told me of his experience with Hunkinson I knew that they would grow and flourish like a green bay tree.

"Every time Bill would rub his improvised currycomb over Jack's ribs, that equine would jump for the roof, and the only thing that kept him from going out that way was a three-quarter inch grass rope tied to a post. When he came down he would bunch his hoofs and waltz clog around the stall, then he would fox trot, dog trot, single foot, short lope, and gallop from one end of the stall to the other. Now, if that mule would put as much energy into a race with Lou Dillon as he did in avoiding that enrrycomb and brush, you could not see him for the blue ribbons and dust, and you could hear the crowd yellin' yet. But he preferred to waste his devil-given faculties on the desert air, and continue in his natural mean-ness.

"Bill worked for an hour, and at the end of that time Jack was only curried in patches, but we called it good and started for the hay; but old Hunk showed up about that time and showed how we had better grease the wagons so we could get an early start on Friday morning. Now me for system, and a place for everything, so you can shut your eyes and walk right up to it. It was just thirty minutes by an Ingersoll before they found the axle-grease some bone-head had put in the chicken-house,



"Yes I know him," says he "Everybody does, and they're all sorry they do."

time I ever bumped up against a corner in grub. It seemed as if there was a cut-and-dried conspiracy to starve me to death. Old Hunkinson would load up his plate till he would strain it, and then pass the grub to maw, who would follow suit; then she would pass it to Sally, who would help herself and pass it to Bill; he would pass it to me after he had helped himself. I got the loavings, and it didn't amount to enough to feed a boarding-school miss, much less a real man that had fasted clean across the State of Kansas on a jerk water train. I finished up what old Hunk called a sumptuous repast with a sigh and a cup of weak-kneed coffee, and sauntered out on the porch for a peaceful smoke. I had no more than lit a cigarette than

They never did find the wagon-jack, and yours truly held up an Old Hickory, while Bill and Hunk smeared axle grease over the rustiest spindles I ever laid eyes on. We put in another hour in odd jobs before we started for bed a second time. I was so sleepy I could hear the rain on the roof and feel mother tuck me in, and I was just going to bid Bill good-night, when Sally, handed me a blanket and pointed to a straw stack, and old Hunk began to warn me about fire. Now I was as sure of sleeping in a bed as a preacher is of heaven, and to have my hopes shattered by that freckled-faced piece of calico, went against the grain. But I took the bedding and went out to the straw stack along with Bill to spend my first night

on the wind-swept plains of dear old Kansas and be bedeviled by a razor-back shote that could drink buttermilk out of a jug.

"He was the apple of Sally's eye, and unless you was familiar with the breed you couldn't have told whether or not he was a baby buffalo or an animated wedge. He was built fore and aft like a buffalo, and aft and fore like a wedge, except for a curly tail on the aft end, and a few rubber-set shaving-brushes scattered along his head and neck, which was the starting-point of the fore end, with which he rooted me, individually and collectively, over a quarter-section of sand burs and cactus. He would have kept it up all night, if I had not called him aside and talked to him with a whiffletree a few minutes and sent him crow-hopping and buck-jumping toward the house, disturbing sleeping nature with a noise that sounded like a busted trombone in a drunken German band.

"Now that was about three-thirty, and I'll bet two bits I didn't sleep thirty minutes before old Hunk blowed the horn and maw yelled breakfast. 'Hurry, boys,' old Hunk says in his fatherly tone; 'being as this is William's first morning, I've let you sleep a little longer than usual.'

"I made out the best I could at breakfast, but somehow I couldn't help but think that all hands thought I needed dieting, and everybody was trying to help me out. It was just gray daylight when we got the mules harnessed and hitched to the wagon. By the time the sun peeped, we had cut two barge-loads of sunflowers and one of muletail weeds and wheat, and started a stack-bottom as big as a meeting-house. Work? Man alive, I never knowed three men and a girl could do as much as we did. Bill was stacking, Sally driving, me loading the barge and old Hunk a-driving the header.

"And do you believe it? Jack and Beck working like a Jew after a nickel, and as calm and peaceful as Dobbin's old gray mare. By ten o'clock I was so hungry I could have eat a dray-horse and snapped at the driver, and by eleven I couldn't tell whether my back was broke or I just had an old-fashioned pain. Honest, it was awful. I was just going to ask Sally not to let the choir sing, 'What will the harvest be,' when maw blowed the horn.

"You see, I was to get three dollars per day in coin of the realm. Now from that day to this the word 'per' has never been in any contract of mine, for per means perhaps you get it, and perhaps you don't, with the emphasis on the you don't. I'd a' got it all right if Sally

hadn't been sick, but she was, and it fell to my lot to drive the mules, and load while I was resting. It went fine for about an hour, but then Jack showed his disposition. Now, I have often wondered what become of all the devils Peter cast into the hogs that was drowned in the Red Sea. The hogs died all right, but it don't stand to reason that you could drown a devil, leastwise I never heard of one drowning or meeting a violent or a natural death; so where did they go? Non, take it from me, that they just wandered around nowhere at all till that mule was born, and then they colonized him. Between mending the harness and wagon and waiting for the spirit to move, we didn't cut enough wheat to feed a dominecker rooster.

"Man alive, I shore was tired when I stuck my feet under the table and took an absent-treatment supper. As soon as we cleaned up the table we went to the barn. I had curried Beck and was waiting for Bill to give Jack a lick and a promise, when old Hunk come in. 'William,' says he in his fatherly manner, 'I always pays my hands on Saturday night. Now, William, if you had a' drove the mules to-day as well as Sally did Friday, you would have had six dollars coming, but as it is, we are just even. It will take the three dollars you earned Friday to repair the damage to the wagon and the harness that it suffered to-day, and as you were the cause of a very expensive delay to-day, the money you earned to-day will be applied to that source.' Turning from me before I could thank him for sparing my life, he says, 'Bill, you know how we stand, don't you?' 'Yes, air, Mr. Hunkinson,' says Bill. 'All right, boys, now that everything is squared up between us, come up to the house as soon as you get the chores done, and have a glass of cider for good-will.' And with them words he turned and sneaked off toward the house, rubbing his hands and talking to himself.

"I watched him until he was in the door, then I turned to Bill, who was standing first on one foot and then the other, like a chicken with its toes froze, and shaking like he had the buck ague. He had turned a sorter pea-green colour, and looked as if he would have run off if you had shook a tin can behind him. 'Cheer up, Bill,' says I, 'the devil's dead.'

"No, he ain't,' Bill said kinder solemn like, 'least not while Jim Hunkinson is alive; and he is the only devil I am afraid of.'

"How long have you been working for him, Bill?"

"A little better than two months, says he.

"And how much does he owe you, Bill?" says I.

"That's just it,' says Bill, scratching his head like little Lewis doing 'James has two apples and Walter has six.' 'You see, I drove the mules about three weeks, and up to date I owe him something like twenty-seven dollars.'

"In less than two minutes we had as honest quart of red warrior ants, and anyone of them could have bit a ten-penny nail in two, they was that mad. We corked up the bottle and went to the stable. Bill tickled to death with himself, and me trying to think of something that would come up to his joke. While Bill was hiding the ants it come to me. I told Bill about it



"I heard her yell, 'They did it, Jim.'"

"Twenty-seven dollars!" I yelled.

"Not so loud," says Bill, kinder skeered like. 'Hunk will hear you, and if he does, may the Lord have mercy on your soul, for he won't.'

"Why, in the name of Mike, didn't you leave, you saphead?"

"Well, says he, 'I'm kinder laying low, looking for a chance to get even.'

"Do you mean it, Bill?" says I.

"Yes, I do mean it."

"I'm on, brother; I lay into the game right here, and every time we fall to score on old Hunk, I give you a fresh cigar.' Just then Bill decided that Jack had been curried enough. So we went to the house and drank to the complete and speedy downfall of our tight-fisted employer.

"Sunday we laid around all day, listening to Hunk and greasing the wagons. After a disappointing dinner, I had set down on the shady side of the granary to fight buffalo gnats, when Bill come out of the stable smiling and looking about as happy as a clam at high tide.

"Now me for a man who can smile in the face of trouble; he can get a membership in my Optimist Club any time he wants it, and a man who can laugh like Bill did when he set down by me is a chartered member.

"What's up, Bill?" says I. 'Why, don't you pry yourself loose from the joke and pass it around among your friends?'

"All right, William, here it is; and he pulled an empty quart bottle out of his pocket and passed it to me. Now, I can work up a real good laugh over a glass of Hunk's cider; but an empty bottle struck me as poor comedy, and I told him so; and my voice did not sound like that of a comrade and friend.

"Hold on a minute, William,' says Bill, 'let me show you what I'm going to do with this empty quart bottle.' He whispered a few words in my ear that tickled me more than you could with a feather. When I got through holding my sides, we sneaked off through the blue-stem grass. Party soon we came to an ant-hill; Bill stuck the neck of the bottle down the family entrance, and stamped on the ground a few times, and here they come.

and he set down in the stable door to act as lookout, and commenced to tell his woes in music on an a-the-matical mouth organ, and I got busy with the brichen of Jack's harness, driving brass-headed tacks into it until they were thicker than hops. The tacks stuck through the brichen about half an inch, and I could shut my eyes and catch a moving picture of Jack when he sat down in the harness, which was a favourite trick of his, and the final of the man who was pulling the bell cord over his back. We devoted the rest of the afternoon to picking our grips and steading the mercury out of the thermometers. After supper, we sat around and smoked a while, and on our way to the straw stack we got our grips, and hit the grit up the section road. About three miles up the road we hid the baggage in a straw stack. By eleven o'clock, we was in the field back of old Hunk's, disconnecting the header and distributing nuts, bolts, and chain links over a quarter section of sunflowers, where the old Nick himself couldn't find 'em. When the chickens was crowing midnight we was roasting Sally's pet pig out of our bed in the straw stack.

"Bill scratched his back, and I shell-ed corn toward the stable. It took us half an hour to fool that leg a hundred yards, but when we did get him to the stable we made short work of him. I had a bandanna around his nose in a wink, and Bill hog tied him in no time. Then I got busy with the mercury, pouring some in each ear, tamping some cotton in on top of the mercury to hold it in place. After putting the bottle of ants in Bill's pocket, we was ready to start. Bill grabbed the aft end of the shote, and with me on the fore end we sneaked up to the back of the house and laid our animated burden on the ground under old Hunk's bedroom window. Hunk was sleeping like a buzz-saw, with maw a good second, coming good and loud part of the time, and then fading away in the distance. But old Hunk was there with bells on, good and strong all the time. Ripping the mosquito-bar netting of the window-frame we laid the whole in on the floor. Then Bill uncorked the bottle



"Every time Bill would rub his improvised curysomb over Jack's ribs that equine would jump for the roof."



of ants and poured them out on the bed, shaking the bottle good to make sure that most of them was out, while I was cutting the hobbles on the hog. Then we squatted down under the window to wait for the show to start. I had just stuffed my bandanna in Bill's mouth when old Hunk yelled: 'Maw, take them pins outen your nighty.' Smack! Maw took him on the jaw. 'You must think it funny to put sand-burns in the bed, Jim Hunkinson. 'Taint enough to snore all night; you have to start to pinching and sticking pins. Ouch! Take that!'

"Just about that time the hog started to sashee around the room, complaining loud like, running over the bed and then under it. In five minutes I couldn't tell maw's voice from old Hunk's, and old Hunk's from the hog's, and if I hadn't known better I would swear there was a Democratic harmony convention being pulled off in the room. Old Hunk had started for the lamp, when the hog ran between his legs. Hunk set down on the hog's back, and around the room they went, the hog buck-jumping and squealing, Hunk cussing, and maw yelling everything from 'help' to 'murder.' Bill whispered to me, 'He's a rider, brother! just as the hog run under the bed and raked him off. Now, just at that time maw came through the window with Hunk after her. 'Ants!' she yelled, just as she hit the water-trunk, and all but bailed it dry. Now, when Hunk flew over us and lit running, we commenced to make tracks for the straw stack. We laughed until breakfast-time, and when we took our seats at the table we didn't know nothing at all, just set and eat, and looked as innocent lambs. Old Hunk an' maw stopped passing-left-handed compliments just long enough to look at us suspicious like, but didn't catch on. Their faces were shore a sight; looked as if they were suffering from an aggravated attack of hives and prickly heat. Hunk had scratches like a cat makes scattered all over his countenance. Once Bill started to snicker, and, if I had not raised a pump knor on his shin-bone with a kick from a pair of number ten brogans, he would have give the whole thing away. We beat it for the stable as soon as we could, and started to harness Jack. We got him harnessed without much trouble. He laid back in the brichen once, but he didn't stay long.

"I thought he was going through the front of the stall when he decided to stand up like a mule should. When we took him out to the wagon he walked like he was on eggs, and the way he would look over his shoulder and curl his tail would have made a cigar-store Indian laugh.

"Bill was filling the water-jug when old Hunk come out and climbed into the wagon and commenced to yell for Sally to come and drive. Now, we didn't have anything against Sally, so while maw was standing back of the wagon and chewing the rag with Hunk about the ants, I slipped around to Beck and poured some quicksilver in her ear, and stuffed a little cotton in on top of it.

"It was a mean trick to play on Beck, but it had to be done. She resented it all right, striking mean and wicked with her forefeet, and kicking holes in the atmosphere with her hind ones. While I was working on Beck, Bill slipped a little round cactus under Jack's tail. Now, Jack raises considerable disturbance when the reins get under his tail, and you can imagine what he did over that cactus. Why, a circus trick mule wasn't in it for a minute. He would have made a contortionist look like a two-spot. Between avoiding the tacks in the brichen and the cactus under his tail, he did acrobatic stunts that would go down in history, if they could be repeated. Beck was holding her head sideways like a country Jake listening for a train and laying back in the harness like a ton of brick, and I knowed there would be happenings when Beck decided to go in the same direction that Jack wanted to go. Old Hunk was jerked off his feet the first time Jack jumped forward, and Beck jumped backwards. He looked so scared as he grabbed for the lines and yelled 'Whoa,' that I began to feel sorry for him, but I looked at Bill and thought of his twenty-seven dollars and the skin game he played on me, and steeled my heart. Maw was throwing one fit after another in the most unladylike manner, and using language she didn't learn at school. "I heard her yell, 'They did it, Jim!'

I could tell from the way Hunk looked and the un-Christian-like words he used that he was on.

"Maw started for me with a hoe in her hand, and blood in her eye, and I was just starting to prepare for a heated argument, when the mules started for the Cherokee strip, with old Hunk bouncing around in the header barge like a rubber ball. Maw charged like a bull. When she was about ten feet away, she shut both eyes and jumped. I side-stepped, and instead of hitting me, she side-swiped Sally, who was coming from the house on a dead lope. Down they went for the count, Sally sitting in the small of maw's back, looking as wild as a March hare.

"Sally," says I, "you got the arnica and camphire, and me and Bill will go after your paw." And away we went, through the gate and down the road. When we come to the section road, all we could see was a dust cloud. And there was a noise that sounded like a schiverse fading away in the south-west, and every once in a while we could hear someone yell, 'Whoa,' in a sorta B-flat high C voice.

"Seems to me that dust-cloud resembles Jack on a busy day," says Bill. "And don't that sound for all the world like Hunk a-yellin' 'Whoa!' I says I.

"'Pears to me it does,' says Bill, and then we shook hands, and turned away. "On the top of a little rise we waved a fond farewell to the Hunkinson tribe and the scene of our misery and disappointments, and turned our faces toward the promised land and a blind tiger that dispensed a fair grade of 'Oh, be joyful' in the back part of a livery stable in Pratt Centre, to the delight of the chance passer-by.

"We got our grips and noon found us washing the dust out of our throats and discussing wheat with more or less intelligence with the bartender. We was on the third round when a stranger come in—leastwise he was a stranger to me. 'Howdy, Mr. Ball,' says Bill.

"'Why, howdy do, Billie,' says Mr. Ball. 'Ain't you working to-day?' "No; me and Mr. Smith is taking a little vacation to-day. You didn't happen to see Jim Hunkinson as you come along, did you?" inquired Bill.

"Well, I'm not sure whether it was him or a runaway circus that passed me about twenty miles back on the Ninascau, but the team he was trying to drive looked like his mules. That is, one mule looked like his Jack mule, but I couldn't recognise the near mule."

"That was Beck," says Bill. "She has changed considerably in the past few days."

"How was they travelling, Mr. Ball?" says I.

"Well, I think they could hold a jack-rabbit in a straight-away."

"And how was Mr. Hunkinson behaving?"

"He seemed to be drunk, hollering and cussing and carrying on shamefully."

"Fill 'em up and have one on me, bar-boy," says I.

"Like to hear a little story, Mr. Ball?" says Bill.

"Shore would," says Mr. Ball. And then Bill unburdened himself.

"Old Hunk had impounded some of Ball's calves the winter before, and he certainly did enjoy that story."

"After Bill had finished, the bar-boy says, 'Have one on me, fellers,' and while he was a-filling 'em up, he says to Bill, 'Hunkinson must be a mean man to work for.'

"He's the meanest man I ever saw," says Bill. "If you had old Hunk in a cider-press you couldn't squeeze a drop of the milk of human kindness out of his worthless carcass."

"And how about that mule Jack?"

"He's the meanest Missourian that ever kicked a blacksmith," says Bill.

"Well, here's how, boys," says the bar-boy, showing his glass over where we could all clink. Bill was the last man up; clinking his glass, he holds it up and says:

"Sic semper tyrannis!"

There was a sound of agony by night—Of sneezing, wheezing, groaning, and of tears; It woke adjacent slumberers in a fright, And made them quake with superstitious fears; Yet 'twas no spook that rent the midnight air, Or goblin or gobbie escaped from sequechere. 'Twas only Blinks, declaiming in despair—His cold was worse, and he'd no Woods' Peppermint Cure.

Copyright Story.

## His Brother's Keeper

By GWENDOLEN PRYCE

TO an unpractised eye the mountainous slope of mixed heather and bilberry bush, the steep bits of scree and boulder which intersected here and there, and the fierce overhanging crags above, might all have seemed equally barren of life and movement. But a thick-set, back-bearded man, staring upward from the road below could distinguish three connected sets of action.

First he saw sheep running hither and thither among stones larger than themselves, which yet might have been taken for small pebbles by a man from the plains. Next, his keen eye found the dark leaping forms of the dogs which were skilfully moving the sheep in a certain fixed direction; and lastly by noting the turned head of a collic which paused and listened for instructions, he was able to search out the guiding spirit of the whole, the gaunt grey form of the shepherd, among the gaunt grey boulders.

The black-bearded wayfarer looked up the road and down the road, with a cautious eye, before scrambling clumsily over the wall, and starting to climb upwards almost on hands and knees. He was broad-built, and heavy—polite neighbours told each other that he "filled his clothes,"—and the exertion irked him. He presently leaned, panting, against a monstrous stone, and putting both hands to his mouth, belloyed forth a halloo in a stentorian bass.

A tenor yell answered him, and after a few final whistles and gesticulations flung to the hard-working dogs, the shepherd made his way rapidly down to the level from which the call had reached him.

No handshake was exchanged between the two men. The shepherd put out a long thin arm and shook the other by the shoulder, and the black-bearded man responded with a number of gentle pats delivered upon the arm which seized him.

"Well, William!" he said. "Well, Dafydd!" said the shepherd, and they looked upon each other with a glow of mutual satisfaction which had a mysterious gleam of mischief in it.

There was no other point of coincidence in their appearance. David was black-haired, blue-eyed and broad of countenance. A well-to-do air pervaded his clothes and his manner, as well it might, for he was a quarryman, and a prosperous member of that community, a spoil pet among the trades of North Wales. William, with his long narrow face, sad brown eyes and rough clothes, hanging loose upon an attenuated figure, was as great a contrast as could be devised. Yet they were brothers.

"None can see us here to carry tales to the females," said David, casting a cautious backward glance at the road. He spoke in the delicate and musical Welsh of Carnarvonshire, and William's light tenor answered his sonorous bass in the same tongue.

"They can't," agreed William. "How is it, there?"

The mournful shake of David's head referred to the well-understood purport of the inquiry. He made no reply to it in words. "Lizzie has been leading the meetings at Beulah," he said. "It's wonderful how she works upon them. She has the root of the matter, has Lizzie. They were crying out like hawks last night, after her praying."

"Maggie heard about it, and she was asking if Lizzie would share her hats with the poor after this!"

The twinkle which William loved to bring into the eyes of his solemn brother appeared and disappeared between two blinks of David's eyelids.

"Lizzie heard that, too," he said. "There's no need for the most of them to pray for the gift of tongues," scoffed William.

"But there is more than talking in it this time, whatever to you," David asserted earnestly.

"There is, there is. Maggie has been

shaken too, and she is not so bitter as she was against you and Lizzie."

"Against me!" echoed David, his gentle blue eyes filled with sorrowful protest.

"Yes, indeed. Dairw! I should have a rough world with her if she was to see us talking together here. She would be complaining from now to Monday."

The broad burly brother unconsciously shifted a little more into the shelter of the great stone behind him.

"A man can do as he wills with his wife," he said in a tone of decision, "—but peace is better, William bach!"

"There's a dust, a famously good one, in the new 'Cantata' of John Hughes," said William irritably. "If they would be reasonable we could learn it, to sing at some big concert."

David only sighed. Both men had a tender affection for their wives, and sooner than affront them they passed each other in the street with averted heads, though William would often wink with one wicked eye at his brother, while the eye visible to his wife or to the passers-by, remained severely melancholy. For six months past, they had allowed it to be supposed that they were irreconcilably estranged on account of a quarrel between the two wives which had assumed the dimensions of a party affair in the village.

How could any husband who loved his wife—and peace—be otherwise than of his wife's party? The rights of a wife were, to these two tender-hearted Welshmen, clearly greater than the rights of the matter.

The two women were the best sopranos in the place, and Maggie, the shepherd's wife, was perhaps the best of the two. Yet Lizzie, the wife of the solid and respectable David, had been chosen to sing the solo in an important performance of an oratorio. Then Maggie, red of hair, and hot of temper, picked a quarrel, and Lizzie, less inflammable, but more implacable, revenged herself by declining at the last moment to sing her part unless Maggie retired from the choir.

The performance was to begin in five minutes, and nothing short of brute force could oust Maggie from her place. The conductor had no choice but to start the oratorio, in the hope that one of the two women would be public-spirited enough to relent. But when the critical moment came, Lizzie closed her mouth and her book, and sat down. Then Maggie's beautiful voice struck up. Scouting a triumph in case of Lizzie's defection, from cold or temper or any other cause, she had learnt the solo without a word to anyone, and her victory was complete.

Every week since had added some fresh unforgeable trespass of each against the other. Maggie declared that Lizzie had "hussed the dogs on her." Lizzie vowed that Maggie had "loosed the cat" among her young chickens. Vengeance followed upon the heels of vengeance till at last the mountain of offence attained a height which divided the friends of the one side from the friends of the other.

Lizzie's party—though the conductor and his set were virulent against her—was so incomparably the richer and more influential that she might well have afforded to be magnanimous. But there were people who said that the success of the oratorio had been due to the change at the last moment. And the bitterness of this pill was not easy to forget. David's wife had come to believe that the whole affair had been engineered from the beginning, and that she herself had been no more than a reluctant tool in Maggie's hands. If David too had turned against her, her cup would have been full, and all the fuller because she jealously knew that William was the "candle of his eye."

So David "turned against" his brother, and sighed when his wife's back was turned; he even signed before her face



when she informed him that "William was going from worse to worse, potting on Saturday night, so that Maggie, the poor creature, had to bear everything from him."

And he sighed when the subject of the duet for tenor and bass was broached. It would have kept William from the "infarn" for one evening at least.

"If the 'Amendment' would get a hold of Maggie, too," he suggested, "perhaps they would be melted towards one another."

William laughed. "Some have been running together and kissing in the chapel," he said. "Shall I come to-night, and make it up to you before everybody?"

"Don't scoff, William bach. But come to-night, just the same." Here David paused, and then added with a shamefaced effort: "Some have given up the drink after being there."

William swore violently. "Are you wanting me to make myself a sport through the whole district?" he cried. "Jumping up in the meeting like a Robin Sponc, and howling all over the place!"

"Don't swear, William bach. You would not believe what a blessed place there was there last night, and Lizzie will be praying at Beulah again to-night. Come to-night, Will bach."

"Yes, I'll come! and I'll throw my arms about you and say we are friends—it will be as true as the 'Pader.' And then I'll call on Maggie to do the same for Lizzie, and we shall see if Lizzie will be casting her off before everybody. A man with a little wits like you, can turn all waters to his own mill!"

David hesitated. He knew the extent of his influence over his excitable, brilliant brother, who could write letters in flowing English for the papers, and yet had a deeper confidence in steady-going David than in himself. He knew that he could prevent the carrying out of this profane jest, if he were resolved to do so. But he looked at his brother's face, and saw certain signs in it, and hesitated.

"Come to-night, whatever," he said at last.

William burst into a hearty laugh, which illuminated his melancholy eyes. The corners of his mouth curled with mischief.

"Yes, I'll come," he repeated, turning to go to the assistance of his bewildered dogs. "And so will Maggie."

He climbed the mountain side again with rapid, springing steps, and David thudded back towards the road.

Capel Beulah was crowded. The paraf-

fin lamps, swinging from the ceiling, shone upon a sea of heads packed in orderly waves among the pews of gleaming yellow pine. All faced towards the "Great Seat," and all eyes were turned upon its occupants. Threads of attention, stretching to that single point from every part of the building, might almost be felt, compelling every thought of every creature there to concentrate itself tensely upon the magnetic area occupied by the leaders of the meeting.

The air was heavy and hot, and loaded with the glare and odour of the paraffin lamps. From an ornament of one of these, an old, dried, black, kid glove hung by a button, and betrayed by its deadly stillness, the total absence of draught. An old man, who was praying, called attention to it.

"See the old glove there upon the lamp. It is lost, and going hard and dry, and good-for-nothing. It will be too late when the owner will come at it again. Seek out lost hearts, O Lord, seek them, to come at them before it will be too late to wear them! Seek them, and wear them upon Thy two hands, O Lord, to bring more hearts to the throne of grace!"

His audience did not smile, and when, a little later, a pause was called for silent prayer, there was not the faintest sound to compete with the soft ticking of a clock upon the wall, until the gentle weeping of a woman made itself heard. Then the storm which had been pent up in the stillness broke, and the rain of tears and the wind of sighs accompanied the passionate wail of the old hymn.

The weeping woman was Maggie. She did not move or raise her voice to testify; she sat and wept, poor girl, not so much from a conviction of sin, as because of her secret sorrows, known only to herself and the husband who sat beside her. He stared down at the frail crouching figure, with its cloud of dark red hair under an old black hat, and his heart moved painfully within him.

Lizzie had heard the small sobs from her place near the "Great Seat," within the bay of which her David sat in his decorous black suit. The chief leader of the meeting saw her dark, handsome face working with some strong emotion, and called upon her to pray.

She began her prayer as confidently as usual, but though she had never been so greatly moved in spirit, no fervour of words came to her. She hesitated and stopped. Then her voice began again, shaken and a little broken.

"The Lord says I shan't speak to-night," she said tremulously. "Pray for

me, people! There is a bar between me and God—pray for it to be moved!"

She had prayed for many herself, but this appeal for their prayers reached their hearts more poignantly than her prayers for their conversion had done. They knew her for a proud woman.

There was a tense silence. It was broken by Lizzie's voice again, firm and clear this time. She had risen to her feet, and advanced to an open space before the "Great Seat."

"My heart was hard, but the Lord has melted it," she said. "I was thinking to praise Him with my heart shut against one that is here, but now the Lord has melted me. I ask her to forgive me, and I forgive her. On me was most of the blame."

With a little generous cry, Maggie ran down the "alley," and flung her thin arms about her sister-in-law. The congregation strained forward to see, but could not hear her murmur of "On me was the whole of the blame, Lizzie bach, but I only learnt it for fear you had a cold, indeed."

Before the little incident could be closed, there was another stir. All heads turned to see William Thomas, the shepherd, swinging down towards the pulpit after his wife. He was not a man whose actions could be reckoned upon. No one could tell what he might do. He might even be intending to forbid the reconciliation. His dark eyes were wide and shining, and his trembling lips and clenched hands might well be taken for signs of an overwhelming anger.

David listened breathlessly for his first words.

"There's a quarrel I have also," cried William. His voice carried easily over the whole building. "And I am for making it up on the spot."

David's faithfulness to his brother was greater than his other principles—he went and stood beside the gaunt, poorly clad figure. Tears of disappointment were in his eyes, but he was willing to let them pass for the tokens of a softened heart. He had taken the risk when he urged William to come, and he meant to abide it.

"The quarrel I had was with cold water," continued William, sending a shock of surprise through the whole congregation. He loved his little effect, but he was none the less sincere. "And now I will set an end to the quarrel before everybody, that I may not turn again to the drink. Richard Lloyd, and Harry Parry, I see you there—I say it before you, and before these, and before God."

The two fellow-sinners he had named exchanged a word and a nod, and stood

up shyly in their places. William was the leading spirit in their set, and the impulse to follow him was strong.

"If you will be holding to it, William Tomos, we will be holding to it the same," mumbled one of them, and David gave thanks audibly, knowing that they had nailed his brother's colours to the mast.

Two voices as pure as spring water struck up a hymn of praise. It was Lizzie and Muggie. David, that very shy Christian, added his powerful bass, with his face bent to hide his wet eyes, but William singing tenor with his whole heart, kept his face uplifted, and his eyes were like a seer's. He poured forth a marvellous prayer after the hymn, and many of the wildest lads in the village followed the lead of the cleverest of their company.

But it was after the breathless excitement of the meeting was over, and when the two brothers, with their wives a few paces behind them, were walking home together in a great peace, that he truly unburdened his soul to the rejoicing David.

"It is you that has beaten, Dafydd bach," he said. "You and Maggie. God forgive me—I couldn't say a word there, to hurt her in her pride before them all—but I have been bad to the little woman. That shall never be again."

Maggie came up with them. She hung upon William's arm like a new-made bride, when the moon went behind the clouds, and she could fancy herself unobserved. Secretly she whispered to her husband: "I have forgotten it, William. It will be now again as it was when we were married."

One more word William found an opportunity to say to his brother before their ways separated. They had reached a turning where a little river went brawling under the road, and the great hills, a phalanx of silent witnesses rose high into the night sky on either side.

"Dafydd," he said abruptly. "Did you fall on the ground, or what, after you left me this morning, when you were stopping by the wall there, at the bottom?"

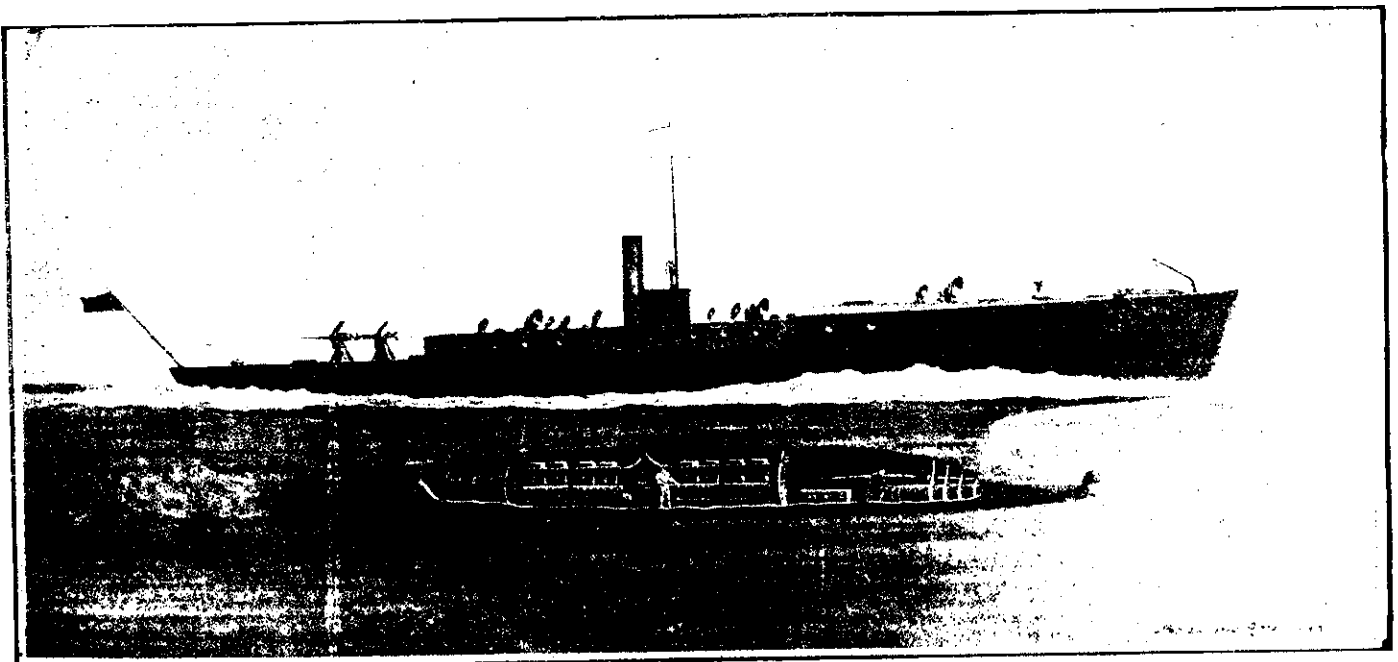
"The string of my shoe was undone," protested David, and then seeing that he was not believed, he added: "but many are praying outside now, and saying it is as good as in the chapel though nobody is there to see."

For once William's ready tongue found no answer. He turned away in silence with Maggie. He was thinking (and the thought breathed cool upon his mental exaltation, like a welcome wind) that he was not worthy to tie up that shoe-string.

#### A NOVEL TYPE OF TORPEDO BOAT.

A boat of this type is now being built for trial by the United States Government.

The motive power and torpedoes are contained in the submerged, pear-shaped hull. The surface hull, which is filled with cellulose, may be hit by shells without endangering the stability or stopping the boat.



## TOPICS OF THE DAY.

(By Our London Correspondent.)

### LONDON, May 7. WHERE THE MONEY COMES FROM.

THE Budget and the Wright Brothers, of flying fame, have divided the honours of public attention and interest this week, the Budget taking the lion's share. No Chancellor in the last decade or so has raised such a storm of excited newspaper criticism as Mr Lloyd George, and all because he has called upon the rich instead of the poor to find the bulk of the extra £14,000,000 required in the coming year. Fourteen millions sterling sounds a lot. But when you find that 250,000 persons and their families in this country are drawing £585,000,000 in annual income; when you find, in other words, that more than one-third of the entire income of the United Kingdom is enjoyed by less than one-thirtieth of its people, it does not seem a very serious hardship for this small but enormously wealthy minority to meet the bulk of the new State expenditure on "Dreadnoughts" and old age pensions. The money had to be found somewhere, and the people who are called upon to supply it are those who can best afford to do so.

To realise this you have to bear in mind the startling inequalities in the distribution of the national wealth. England is commonly spoken of as the wealthiest country in the world; but the description is very misleading. England is really inhabited by a multitude of poor people, an "upper-crust" of well-to-do people, and a handful of enormously rich people. One-seventieth part of the population owns far more than half the entire accumulated wealth, public and private, of the United Kingdom. Two thousand five hundred people own more than half the area of the whole country! Now take the other side of the picture. The statistics of Booth and Rowntree and other investigators have shown that 30 per cent. of the population live in the grip of perpetual poverty. In a population of 43 millions, 38 millions may be said to be poor—too poor, at any rate, to pay income tax, which is only collected on incomes of £100 and over. Income-tax is paid by about one million persons, and 750,000 out of that million are persons with incomes ranging from £100 to £700. The other 250,000 receive, as I have said, no less than £585,000,000 per annum for themselves and their families. If they cannot afford to pay a little more in taxes, who can?

Denunciation of the Budget by vested interests and their representatives has been loud and insistent, and the ruin of the country has been predicted every day for the past week. Yet Consols and Government securities are rising, the Stock Exchange is briskeer than it has been for some time, and the money market as a whole has obstinately declined to grow alarmed. The effect is to make the attacks on the Budget sound rather hollow. A determined attempt is being made to beat up the middle classes to the attack, but the average middle-class man finds it difficult to be angry with a Budget which adds nothing to his income-tax, and which actually remits a portion of his tax for every child he has under the age of 16. It may suit the newspapers to call this "plundering the middle classes," but the middle-class man himself is hardly likely to think of it in that light. And he can bear the sorrows of the rich with equanimity.

### ENTER THE AUSTRALIANS.

The Australian cricketers put in their first appearance at London for practice last Monday. The players, most of whom only reached London at the end of the week, could not afford to waste much time, only three days remaining in which to shake off the effects of the long sea voyage, and to loosen their joints in readiness for the serious business of the campaign. Matters had been cut very fine, for it is no light task at any time to face Notts, the champion county of 1907; still less so to tackle a team whose

members have been practising assiduously for weeks, within a few days of arrival, in a country to which one-half the Australians are absolutely new.

The practice was watched by a goodly number of people, and the impression created was on the whole very favourable especially as regards the bowling of the new men. Whitty and O'Connor, on whom after Cotter, it is expected the brunt of the bowling will fall. O'Connor comes to us with a reputation for "mixing" his bowling considerably, and unquestionably did so on Monday, sending down on occasion a pronounced "goofy." His action was, however, voted "rather clumsy." Whitty greatly pleased several of those carefully taking stock of him. Twice he beat Trumper with rare good balls, one of which came across from leg and the other the reverse way. In delivery he has been likened to Dean, the Lancashire professional.

Of the batting it was impossible to take serious notice, for most of the men were "having a go," even the cautious McAlister almost entirely abandoning defence in favour of "shoulder opening" work.

The members of the team are models

of vious Australian teams that have come to this country."

On Tuesday the popular comedian, Geo. Robey, "assisted" the Australians in practice, and created any amount of amusement by clean bowling Victor Trumper. It was hard to say whether the bowler or his victor was the more surprised at the happening, but Robey was undoubtedly highly delighted at his unexpected success.

### MILTON WELLINGS A PAUPER.

It will come as a shock to music-lovers in your part of the world to hear that at the age of 60, Milton Wellings, the composer of "Some Day," "At the Ferry," "Dreaming," and scores of other popular songs, finds himself absolutely penniless—his career completely wrecked by the "music pirates." Ten years ago Mr. Wellings occupied a large house in Hampstead, paid income tax annually on a sum of over £1,000, rode his own horse in Rottenrow, and owned property in the country. To-day he lives alone in a bed-sitting room in Fulham, unable to command even the bare necessities of life.

It was at the height of his prosperity that the "music pirate" began his attack, and in a very short space of time Mr. Wellings' income was swept away. The 2d. pirated copies of his songs completely ousted the higher priced authorised copies, and the author's royalties vanished like smoke.



"That's Mrs. Debnam. Does her husband command a good salary?"  
"He earns one. She commands it!"

of reticence, and the swarms of interviewers who have tried their hands on the Australians have found in them an open-like capacity for silence on those points newspaper men would chiefly like them to be communicative. Here is a sample of Noble on the journalistic rack:

Questioned whether he expected to win all his matches, he said "No; we are not so egotistical, and I am not going to say anything of the kind."

"How about your batting strength—is that the greatest feature of the team?"  
"I have not said so; if the newspapers in England have expressed that opinion, that is due to information that has come from Australia. I am not going to say what is our real strength."

"What is your opinion about the bowling of the team?"

"I will not say anything about it; it is no good talking at the present moment. We want to be judged on our performances. We shall all do our best, and we hope to maintain the traditions of pre-

From a position of affluence he was quickly reduced to the necessity of earning a living by touring under an assumed name as pianist or manager with small theatrical companies. Then his health began to fail, his savings disappeared, and things went from bad to worse till he found himself without a roof to shelter him. He slept for several nights on the Thames Embankment, and knew what it was to hunger for hours on end. Now he has a roof over his head, but his position is parlous, for he does not know where to lay his hand on as much as a single sovereign.

This is the present condition of a man who has written songs which have given pleasure to tens of thousands in all parts of the world. At 60 he needs a helping hand in order to make "a fresh start in life!"

Concerning "Some Day," which was perhaps his most popular song, Mr. Wellings tells an interesting story. He has found great difficulty in getting a

satisfactory setting for the words, but one day whilst his wife was holiday-making in the Isle of Wight he heard that a yacht had been wrecked off the coast of the island. As he knew Mrs. Wellings was very fond of yachting, and had expressed her intention of indulging in that pleasure, the composer was naturally anxious as to her safety. He wired, asking whether she was all right, but no reply came. Then every hour he dispatched a telegram, and sent eight or nine altogether. Still there was no news.

Whilst he waited in great distress of mind, these words in "Some Day" appeared to him with peculiar force—

"Are you dead or do you live!"

He worked through the night upon the song, and whilst he wrote he suffered agony. When morning dawned the manuscript was complete. Later on he had a telegram from his wife asking what was the meaning of all the wires he had sent her.

### A BOOM IN AVIATION.

The Wright Brothers paid a flying visit to London this week, and though they only stayed a couple of days, their visit will give a much-needed stimulus to aeronautics in this country. Orville Wright, asked what England should do to make up lost ground in the art of flying, replied, laconically: "Hustle"! It is good advice, too, for we have a good deal to leeway to make up. England, after leading the way for a century, has been left far behind by other nations in the development of flying machines. France and Germany are years ahead of us.

There are signs, however, that England is waking up to the necessities of the situation. Mr. Haldane, the War Minister, had an interview with the Wrights on their arrival here, and arranged to secure the use of one of their aeroplanes, with which experiments will shortly be undertaken. Mr. Wilbur Wright was quite enthusiastic in praise of Sheppey, near Sheerness, as a flying ground, saying it was the best place for the purpose that he had yet seen—better, even, than Pau, and far ahead of the grounds he practised on in America. Mr. Haldane is forming a school of air pilots, and if necessary officers will be sent to France or elsewhere to learn how to handle an aeroplane. The War Minister has also intimated that the Government would be prepared to take up any practical working aeroplane or dirigible which is an improvement on existing types. The Admiralty is building dirigibles, so the Premier, announces, and others are being built by the War Office at Aldershot.

Another important step that the Government has taken is to appoint a Special Committee of eminent scientists, with Lord Rayleigh as president, to superintend a new department at the National Physical Laboratory at Teddington, in which investigation, experimental and otherwise, into the science of aviation will be carried on continually. Dr. R. T. Glazebrook, D.Sc., F.R.S., the director of the National Physical Laboratory, is to be chairman of this Special Committee.

Meanwhile, the Wright Brothers are hurrying to their home in Dayton, Ohio, to perfect their type of aeroplane and motor, and to secure their improvements by patents in America and all over the world. Their time in Europe in conducting experiments and teaching aviation has, they declare, been profitably spent in a scientific as much as in a practical sense. They have simplified, strengthened, and increased the surety of their aeroplanes and the control in the air very much during the last six months. When they return it is hoped that their new machines will be a great advance on those now famous. We are to expect in the coming Wright aeroplane, model 1909-10, one that is far more stable and more easily manipulated in flight; a machine with a turn of speed of between fifty to sixty miles an hour, and an air-cooled motor that may be driven for hours without over-heating or having to be stopped. If they succeed, aviation will have passed from the tentative stage to that of full power.

Blinks tried to cure a nasty cold  
By sampling whisky strong and old.  
But when for home he made retreat,  
His legs went sticking up the street.  
And then a motor knocked down Binks,  
And squelched out all those nasty drinks.  
No warning take, strong drink abjure—  
Cure coughs and colds with Woods' Great  
Peppermint Cure.

# WITHIN THE COMMONWEALTH

## The New Ministry.

THE much-desired, long-striven-for, longer-hoped-for fusion of the Liberal party in the Federal Parliament has now been accomplished, and there is an excusable air of jubilation all over that section of the House of Representatives and the Senate, which represents the hopes and aspirations of those electors who are neither in sympathy with the revolutionary principles of the Labour party nor kindly disposed towards the reactionary tendencies of the remnants of old Conservatism.

The Labour party is a growing power. For twenty-five years its growth has been steady and continuous, and to deny the possibility of a continuation of that progress would be crass folly. Mr. Fisher's party, however, is a great fighting party. It wants to fight, and it will fight, and it has the means, and the men, and the money. Consequently there is a struggle before the party as stern as any they have encountered, and the contest must be warmly and earnestly waged if the present success is not to prove merely a flash in the pan.

The weak point of the new Government, as of every previous Federal Government, is the excess of legal talent and the absence of commercial experience. Trade has never received adequate attention in the formation of Ministries. The first Cabinet of Captains was a very qualified success, chiefly because it had only a text-book knowledge of economics and industrial conditions.

The new Ministry is not a gathering of giants. An armada is no stronger than its slowest ship, nor is a Government stronger than its weakest member. Judged from this standpoint, it is better than the Fisher Government, the second Deakin Government, or the Watson Government. But it is not as imposing and effective a combination as the Barton Ministry or the Reid-M'Lean Ministry. Still it is the best the Parliament could produce in the circumstances. Numerically it is the largest on record, and gossips are wondering how the salaries will work out. The Constitution only provides £12,000, and there are nine men to share it, plus the £400 a year they receive as members. The Constitution also stipulates that there shall only be seven Ministers. By implication also the Constitution demands that there shall be only seven paid Ministers. In point of fact, there will be nine, for Mr. Deakin draws the highest salary as Prime Minister, and the Vice-President of the Executive Council also shares in the £12,000.

Take them all, Premier Kidston, of Queensland, is the only Labour leader who has carried on continuous Government for any considerable time, and he has had to cut himself adrift from the Caucus to achieve this. The late Tom Price's party was crumbling to pieces long before his death. Harry Daghlan, the solemn Westralian, soon smashed up, and he also has forsaken the machine. Cris. Watson, the first Federal Labour Prime Minister, is abandoning Parliament for gold dredging, and Andrew Fisher is sitting glumly in Opposition. Altogether it is not a very heartening record.

## Defence.

At last Australia has got its way. The popular voice has been heard, and the Government of the Commonwealth has offered assistance to the Empire. The popular tumult in favour of a Dreadnought has indeed died down. But out of that tumultuous enthusiasm there grew one steadfast resolve—that Australia should show the world and the Empire that she was prepared to

any alternative she pleases. New Zealand, thanks to the churlishness of the Labour Prime Minister, has leg the way; but at last Australia, if tardily, has followed in her footsteps.

While Australians are worrying about naval supremacy, the British Admiralty is quietly protesting Commonwealth interests by strengthening the position of Great Britain in the East. A modest little treaty has been completed with Siam, by which the Admiralty becomes possessed of Lingkane, an island with the only deep water harbour north of Penang. By making this a naval base, Great Britain can close the Straits of Malacca, which shuts up another avenue of attack upon Australia. But the Union still remains open to assault from

in South Australia. Lieutenant Barford, an expert in these matters, thus put the position: Victoria has the Cerberus, arrived in 1871 (out of commission), and five torpedo boats, about 20 years old; New South Wales, no defence vessels of any kind; Queensland, two gunboats and two torpedo boats, all over 20 years old; South Australia, one gunboat and one small torpedo boat, both over 20 years old; West Australia and Tasmania, nil. The richest, best populated continent in the world has no other sea protection than the prestige of the British navy! At the same time, it is going to cost a mint of money to put things straight. The Powerful will be only worth her value as scrap iron in five years' time, while the Admiralty is now offering two battleships, which cost £781,000 and £769,000 respectively only 20 years ago, for sale, because they are little more than floating collars under modern conditions.



"BOBS" WITH HIS HANDS FULL.

General Lord Roberts regrets he cannot visit Australia. He is getting old, he says, and must devote his strength to inducing England to follow Australia's example in training her boys to arms.)

"Bobs": "Sorry I can't come, Alfred; but I shall have enough to do teaching this stubborn young beggar what you fellows already know."

stand side by side with the old land, ready to shoulder her share of the burden of Empire. New Zealand, at a white heat of enthusiasm, offered one first-class battleship, Australia, having had time to think, has offered a Dreadnought, or whatever else the Imperial navy may need.

Australia can easily afford £2,000,000 for the Empire. She is determined to give help, and in case England does not need any more Dreadnoughts, she has asked the Mother Country to name

the coloured Asiatics in the Far East, and against this menace the only protection is a mighty fleet, Imperial or Australian—or both.

Australian naval defence is in a rather alarming state at present. Machinery has gone wrong with the machinery of the flagship Powerful, and she may have to be taken home to England, thus depriving them of their only good fighting ship. For their 8000 miles of coastline they have only two small gunboats in Queensland, and one gunboat

## The Evil of the Trust.

An additional responsibility has been thrown upon the Australian State Legislatures by the decision of the High Court in the anti-trust cases. Briefly put, the High Court has decided that the Commonwealth Act can only be used against trusts which extend beyond the limits of any one State. The Federal Parliament was expressly deprived of all right to interfere in the internal affairs of the States. It is only when a State matter extends beyond the State, and affects the other partners in the Federation, that the Commonwealth Parliament has power to legislate. All other legislation is ultra vires. No matter how rapacious a trust may be, no matter how defiantly and openly it may infringe the provisions of the Anti-Trust Act, it cannot be dealt with under the Federal law so long as it is contained within one State. All that is worst in the trusts of America can be transplanted into Australia. The abuses of combines may be multiplied upon the American example, but provided that the trusts care to confine themselves to one State at a time, the Commonwealth cannot intervene. They are amenable only to State laws, and so far no State in Australia has attempted to regulate or suppress combines. It is true that the Federal Act gives to the Comptroller-General of Customs an almost unlimited right of inquisition, but the power to ask questions is of no value if the questioned parties are able to reply to suit themselves, well knowing that the only evidence which can bring them within the scope of the Commonwealth law is too well hidden for the Commonwealth Government ever to discover it.

## The Fall of Mann.

Tom Mann's portrait has been removed from the conspicuous position it long occupied in the Barrier Trades' Hall, and placed in an obscure corner out of sight (says "Punch.") How are the mighty fallen. "Mann, proud Mann, dressed in a little brief authority." All too brief. A few weeks ago a population's idol, to-day none too poor to do him reverence; and his pretty picture goes into the dark corner behind the coal scuttle.

When Eve to poor old Adam threw  
That famous crab, quite well  
'Twas known the fall of man was done,  
And Adam promptly fell.  
Yet that was but a mild affair  
In great Creation's plan—  
'Twas really at the Barrier there  
Occurred the fall of Mann!

# HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE.

Those who have taken this medicine are amazed at its splendid healing power. Sufferers from Bronchitis, Cough, Croup, Asthma, Difficulty of Breathing, Hoarseness, Pain or Soreness in the Chest, experience delightful and rapid relief; and to those who are subject to Colds on the chest it is invaluable, as it effects a complete cure. It is most comforting in allaying Irritation in the Throat and giving Strength to the Voice, and it neither allows a Cough nor Asthma to become chronic, nor Consumption to develop. Consumption is not known where "Coughs" have, on their first appearance, been properly treated with this medicine. No house should be without it, as, taken at the beginning, a dose or two is generally sufficient, and a complete cure is certain.

Small Size, 2/6; Large Size, 4/6 Sold by all Chemists and Medicine Vendors, and by the Proprietor, W. G. HEARNE, Chemist, Geelong, Victoria. Forwarded to any Address, when not obtainable locally.

# THE BOOKSHELF.

(BY DELTA.)

## Notes on Books and Bookmen:

IN the literary page of a contemporary we are told that a rumour is abroad that Mrs. Humphrey Ward is about to write a sequel to "Robert Elsmere," which is to be entitled "Robert Elsmere, 20 Years After." Robert Elsmere was published in 1888, and the colonial edition reached us early in 1890. Robert Elsmere, the protagonist of Mrs. H. Ward's heterodoxy, and from whom the book took its title, died in the fifty-first chapter of the book, of sheer physical incapability to face either 19th century orthodoxy or the problem of the submerged tenth. How this corporeal resurrection of one who has been so long dead is to be accomplished our contemporary does not state. That Mrs. Ward has some idea of writing a book that shall have for its theme the struggles that heterodoxy has made these twenty years is probable.

Messrs. Macmillan announce the publication of the late Marion Crawford's last completed novel, which is entitled "The White Sister." The announcement will be read with mingled feelings of regret and pleasure. No more worthy author ever put pen to paper than the late Marion Crawford, and this story is said to be quite as worthy of his great reputation as any of the novels that have a Roman setting. That the scenes of this posthumous work of his are laid in the Rome he loved so well, and of which he has written so often and so intimately, seems singularly fitting. "The White Sister" has a ready been dramatised.

That reviewers are beginning to chafe at the growing reprehensible practice of publishers printing highly eulogistic reviews on the covers of the books they publish is evidenced by some strong remarks by "C.K.S." in his "Literary Letter" to "The Sphere." "I confess to some resentment that the publisher should describe this book in his advertisements as 'a brilliant and dramatic story.' It is all this, but he should have left it to me and others to say." This, says the "Literary World," may be taken as of general application, and as expressing the views of most reviewers. In which comment we agree.

Murray's will publish a new book of reminiscences by Sir Squire and Lady Bancroft, which should greatly interest players of the late seventies and early eighties. Good stories are told of Irving, Edwin Booth, the Coquettins, and many other lights of the dramatic, legal, literary and artistic world. We last remember Sir Squire and Lady Bancroft in their respective roles of Garrick and Peg Woffington in that splendid old comedy, "Masks and Faces."

Admirers of that laughing philosopher, G.B.S., will be interested to hear his latest definition of Socialism. He declares that "Socialism is merely individualism nationalised, organised and clothed in its right mind." An opportunity will soon be afforded of hearing in Auckland two of the Slavian plays read.

Those who are interested in the equality of the sexes should read "Edwin Trafford, Altruist," by William K. Hill, who has taken for a text—

"To either sex, and any age,  
Let equal work bring equal wage."

Mrs. Ada Lovelace, who has played herself off no mean reputation as an author and critic, is about to present to her readers a new novel entitled "The Limit." Those readers who remember her "Lavinia's Shadow" will look forward with eager anticipation to "The Limit," whose title is certainly provocative of much interest.

**Gervase:** Mabel Deamer. (London: Macmillan & Co., St. Martin's street.)

This is a novel with a purpose, which is to show the teaching of the Anglican Church on the vexed question as to whether it is spiritually lawful for a man to marry his deceased wife's sister. Mrs. Deamer, after looking into every aspect of the question, proves conclusively that according to the law of the Church of England it is not spiritually

lawful for a man to marry his deceased wife's sister. Nor do the unusual circumstances detailed in this most pathetic story alter the moral aspect of this or any other similarly cited case, in our opinion. So well and so convincingly are Mrs. Deamer's arguments marshalled against the moral right of a man to marry his sister-in-law, that we regret that this book did not make its appearance earlier, because we believe that many church people have broken, and are still contemplating breaking, this spiritual law in sheer ignorance of the moral sin they have been and are still contemplating committing. Irrespective of its consanguineous aspect, upon which so many people differ, we think the new temporal law a menace to society—a menace which, though long suspended, like the sword of Damocles, will fall through the breaking of the thread of temporal law.

That a deceased wife's sister may seem to be, and probably is in the majority of cases, the most suitable person to have the care and upbringing of her sister's children, and that it may be the most economic as well as the most expedient, and that pure human love may enter into the circumstances does not lessen the moral obligation of a churchman to obey the laws of his Church, and he has no moral right to expect to be admitted to her communion if he disobeys them, as by his own act he has placed himself outside her pale. And we greatly respect Canon Thompson, who was recently cited by his Bishop to show cause why he did not admit to communion two persons who had been united under the new Act. That the right or wrong of a man marrying his deceased wife's sister must ever remain a moot question, we can readily conceive, as it is a question that must be settled according to the dictates of individual conscience. But while Mrs. Deamer's book is in circulation—and it ought to be in every bookseller's shop and in every library—churchmen cannot plead that they have erred in ignorance. Apart from its serious motif, "Gervase" contains some very pleasant reading. There are pictures of town and country life, freshly and vividly drawn, clever and subtle characterisations, and fascinating pictures of artistic life in Paris and London, while the first chapter of the book, "dealing principally with the psychology of the baby (Gervase), but containing the root of the whole matter," is alone worth the modest outlay of 2/6, which is the price of as interesting and as strenuous a book as we have for a long

time been called upon to review. We are indebted to Messrs. Macmillan and Co., the book's publishers, for our copy.

**50-40 or Fight:** Emerson Hough. (Indianapolis, The Bobb Merrill Co., publishers.)

After so many American novels that have had for their motif the exposing of the dishonest methods of the various trust boards of that country, it is absolutely refreshing to come across this stirring, fascinating romance, which tells how the cession by England to America of the disputed territories of Texas and Oregon was brought about through the agency of a woman, who was secret agent and spy in the secret service, both of England and Mexico.

It is a story of the days when the map of the world, as it now appears, was being crudely yet vigorously traced; when, though issues were as pregnant, political methods were simpler, and yet more strenuous; a day of political salons, and of hard fighting; a day when the fascinations of women and the might of the sword were mightier than the pen, that is to-day mightier than both. A day, too, when liberty was more ardently fought for and prized, because it was more restricted; a day, also, when the people were just awaking to a knowledge of their strength, and of their proper place in the scheme of things political, social, and economic. John Calhoun, American statesman, and something of an anomaly, from the fact that while he was ready to give up his life to attain independence for the American people, he was an ardent advocate of slavery, which seeming anomaly is the more easily understood in these days by those observant of America's attitude towards her freed slaves, had demanded from the English Ambassador the whole of the territory from Texas to the 54th parallel, north latitude, which, of course, would encroach upon Canadian territory. The following excerpt from English history will show the compromise arrived at:—

In 1846, Sir Robert Peel, addressing the assembled Commons, informed them "that through the mediation of Lord Aberdeen, a war between England and America had been prevented by the cession of territory in Oregon. It was finally arranged that the boundary line should be continued along the forty-ninth parallel of north latitude, to the mouth of the channel which separates Vancouver's Island from the mainland, and thence to the Pacific Ocean, off Fuca. South of that latitude the country was to be open to both parties. The navigation of the great Columbia river was to be free and open to all English subjects." Out of this scrap of history, Mr. Hough has woven an exceedingly thrilling and romantic love story, and has re-created a political atmosphere, in which he places old-time statesmen, and makes them again voice the old sentiment which

animated the spirit of America's pioneers, and made that country the home of any white man that could be shown to be physically fit, and a lover of freedom. We admire Helena von Rita, the heroine of this story, in spite of her shortcomings, which are many; but we are not greatly in love with Miss Elizabeth Churchhill, though we, in part, justify her action and demeanour. That *cherchez la femme* is the conviction of the author goes without saying. We heartily congratulate Mr. Hough on a novel that will emphatically refute the assertions that American novelists have exhausted their material. We are indebted to George Robertson and Co., Melbourne, for our copy of this virile romance.

## EPIGRAMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

**Only April:** Gurner Gillman. Greshams, March, 1909. 6/.

You may see beauty, but you may not see all that others see; it all depends. There are those who see poetry in a sunset; others see only a weather token.

Many people do the right thing at the wrong time. It is one of the commonest of mistakes.

It is one of the curiosities of sex that a woman will face any number of men boldly, and quail before one woman. Wrongs belong to time; righting them, to eternity.

I do not think that when men love they allow other people to judge for them.

You are like all good women: very hard, very narrow, very lovable.

**The Dukedom of Portsea.** Alice Maud Meadows.

If a woman would get through this world comfortably, she must not judge men too severely—she must make allowances.

It does not matter what folk think; it's what they can nail to the counter, so to speak, that causes trouble.

When a woman has made up her mind to even a desperate thing, she does it very quickly.

In days gone by a woman who had made a false step was pretty well done for, so far as society was concerned, to the end of her days. Folk have, however, become more tolerant towards the weakness of humanity, and by slow degrees, if one is careful and has tact, it is not difficult to creep back again, if not quite to the place one occupied, to very near it.

When a woman wants to do a thing, and it is possible, however trivial the reason, she generally does it.

A man likes to see a woman with a bit of needlework in her hands—it's so utterly feminine.



THE INAUGURATION.

The Senior: "Now, sir, what explanation have you to offer for the disgraceful condition I saw you in last night?"  
The Junior: "Well, sir, you see it was my twenty-first birthday yesterday, and I felt I ought to have a little party to celebrate my reaching years of discretion."

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a Poisoned Hand, Abscess, Tumour, Piles, Glandular Swelling, Eczema, Blisters and Inflamed Veins, Synovitis, Bunions, Ringworm, or Diseased Bone, I can cure you. I do not say perhaps, but I will. Because others have failed it is no reason I should. You may have attended Hospitals and been advised to submit to amputation, but do not for I can cure you. Send at once to the Drug Stores for a Box of Grasshopper Ointment and Pills which are a certain cure for Bad Legs, etc. See the Trade Mark of a "Grasshopper" on a green label. Prepared by ALBERT & CO., Albert House, 73, Farnborough Street, London, England. (Registered Copyright.)



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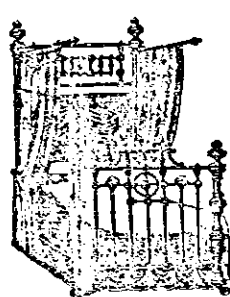
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# Studies in Thrilling Lives

## THE DYNAMITE WORKER

By William Allan Johnston

OUT in the deep, ragged quarry there's a scene of noisy, stirring activity. Steam drills are rat-a-tap-tapping, steam derricks swinging and creaking, donkey engines pulling back and forth with strings of little flat cars; men are swarming all over the jagged bottom, swinging heavy mauls against chunks of flinty rock, loading high the flat cars, straining against great crowbars stuck in fissures and under strata. Tool boys run here and there with sharpened drills; foremen bawl out orders above the din, or else stand cursing monotonously from the bank.

Over at one end of the quarry stands a stone-crusher building, half clouded in dust, its heavy screens rolling and rattling, its rotary crusher digesting broken rock at the rate of two tons a minute. All the men in the quarry, two hundred in all, are frantically engaged in feeding its ravenous steel maw, and day by day the quarry widens and deepens and whole trains of railway cars draw away the nut size product from under the bins.

Two hundred men are swinging hammers, picks and crowbars; but in the transformation process that converts a stratified quarry into ballast and concrete pebbles their combined power is as nothing compared with one little brown papered cylinder of soft, pinkish stuff packed in those boxes which Fritz carries as though they were brittle glass.

That's dynamite, variously styled "the power untamable," "a coiled spring of terrific power," "the pink demon of destruction," etc. It has'n't the building up power of a little red ant, but as a destructive agent its might is incomprehensible. Measured in one instance, its power was computed as equalling sixteen and one-half million horse power, and its pressure as six hundred thousand pounds to a small square inch!

### Vagaries of Dynamite.

That much is known about dynamite, unbelievable as it seems. Its vagaries are not known, or at least are not so well known and observed that handling it is a safe occupation.

I suggested this to a "dynamiter," a big, tawny, moustached Italian who knelt before a box, heaping one arm high with the sticks as though they were so much kindling wood.

"Eyes dangerous!" said he, with a bon-ful air. "Si, vera mocht! Oh," he gestured carelessly, "he all right, you treata her right. Sure! Si!"—he stood up and looked down proudly at his brawny figure—"o I—I treata her tam fine. That ee why I am here!"

Down below us, in a clear ledge of rock, the steam drills had bored a series of holes of varying depths, and men were busily swabbing the moisture out of them with oakum. Into each hole then the "dynamiter" placed a brown stick of the "demon power," first inserting into the stick an exploding cap to which two copper wires were already attached. Each hole was then filled with soft, dry dirt, tamped gently, and the copper wires left protruding at the surface.

The drill holes were then united by connecting those wires, all except one from each and hole, which were united with long insulated wires leading to an electric battery in the ledge above, perhaps one hundred feet distant. The simple act of pressing a button on this battery box completes the current, sparks the caps, and explodes each drill hole at practically the same time.

Single holes, very deep and heavily charged, were connected with more battery boxes, and further away another dynamite gang was busy over big rocks shaken free by a previous explosion. On the top of each rock a part of a stick of dynamite was laid and plastered down with mud, single powder fuses being used here instead of the continuous electric wires.

### Getting Ready.

Now the evening whistle blows. The "tapping" drills cease in unison, derrick

booms fall for the night, the roaring crusher stops slowly, and men are slipping on coats, snatching dinner pails, and hurrying over the embankment.

Only the dynamite gang remains, and the tawny, moustached Italian is in all his boastful glory. "Hoi-oi-oi!" he shouts, pounding his bulging chest. "Geta-ready! rui-oi-oi!"

A dozen helpers scamper back, some under thick trees with shoulders crouched fearfully, some in the open with faces upturned anxiously to the sky, others to the battery boxes, at a signal from their chief.

"Ready!" he yells. "One—" At almost the same moment he touches the button an outer ledge leaps up outward and bursts and splinters into great cracks and little spawls.

"Two—a-three—a-four." "Pop, bang! bang! crash!" The air is filled with dust and sailing stones, and the detonations rattle and echo back and forth from mountain side to river bank, while the earth trembles beneath your feet. One big rock, weighing several tons, is still careening when the air has cleared, rolling as though an invisible giant were behind it.

"Vera good," said the dynamiter

pompously, "eighteen pounds dida all (but!)" And then I thought of Fritz and his thousand pounds.

"Well, it's funny stuff," said the general manager after the gang left. "I'll show you."

Picking up a stick of dynamite, he led the way to a ledge where the quarry floor was deepest beneath us. With his knife he cut the stick in two and hurled a half of it down upon the rocks two hundred feet below. There was no explosion. We saw the stick break into pink dust.

"You see!" said he. "You could drop a five hundred pound chunk of iron on fifty pounds of that dynamite and it wouldn't explode. It takes a sharp detonation to do it—a cap. Well, naturally, that would do it. It's fulminate of mercury and has an explosive pressure of over three hundred tons to the square inch. A red spark too will do the work. A white spark won't, they say."

"You saw me cut that stick in two. Well, I know of a dynamite agent—an old, experienced man—who was blown into shreds doing the same thing."

"Then why did you?" "Well, the stick I cut was fresh. The makers guarantee it so. We cut 'em up here every day. But the stick Jim Martin cut had been frozen. He didn't know that."

"Fully eighty per cent of the accidents are due to frozen dynamite. You see, when the stuff freezes—and I've yet to see a kind that won't freeze—the nitrogen collects in streaks and lumps. When you thaw out the stick the nitro doesn't rediffuse, and if your knife cut into a fat streak—away you go!"

"We have a rule here never to cut a frozen stick. For thawing we use a double compartment tin pail with boiling water for heat, and we've yet to have an accident from that cause."

"Funny thing happened this fall,

though. One of the old thawing pails was thrown down here by some fool workman. It rolled against a pile of ties and might be there to-day had we not run a sidetrack along there. One day a gang was unloading rails from a flat car. The first one struck this pail, and the next second the air was full of flying ties and splinters.

"You see, a good deal of nitro had leaked out of the dynamite while it was thawing and had gradually lodged in the crevices of the pail.

### Explosive Water.

"Out West in a mining camp they tell of a miner who thawed out some sticks in a pan of water and let the pan standing in the cabin. His partner came in just in time to see the dog stealing some meat, picked up the pan of water, hurled it at the dog, and was astonished to see the animal disappear with a loud explosion. There was nitro in the water."

"They were terribly careless, those miners, and every now and then the landscape was minus a cabin." Why, I've seen them place sticks of dynamite on the front of the stove, within five inches of red hot embers, while they cooked breakfast. Mebbe they would just catch fire and burn, but sometimes they exploded.

"That's another curious thing about it. See!" The manager dumped out a handful of the pink powder and applied a match to it. It burned slowly with a bluish flame. "Out West," he explained, "we made rough assays of lead rock by pulverising a sample, mixing it with dynamite in the form of a cone and touching it off."

"So that makes it seem harmless, too. But if you did that with frozen dynamite you'd have a different story to tell—or, rather, you wouldn't be left to tell a story."

"Out there they had a habit of biting





# VOLUNTEER NOTES

(By RIFLEMAN.)

their caps on to the fuse. That's bad. One day in a tunnel I heard a sharp crack, and then, outlined in the mouth of the tunnel, stood a swaying, headless man. Here at the quarry last year an inquisitive tool boy struck one with a hammer. He's that one armed boy working a forge in the blacksmith shop. Did you notice him?"

### Blown to Atoms.

The bulk of the dynamite used in this quarry is stored in a dirt cellar house back in the woods, and is under the sole guardianship of Red Joe, the Italian. For convenience sake a smaller quantity, perhaps one hundred pounds, is kept in a shanty near the ledge. One night this exploded, no one knows how or why.

Next morning the shanty was gone and the spot where it had stood was covered with pine bushes torn up by the roots in a more or less exact circumference and piled up neatly in the centre of a circle where the shanty was. Every window in the office was broken, and the glass on the side toward the explosion was blown outward. Papers from within were also swept out toward the shanty, quite a distance.

These strange phenomena were due to the fact that exploded dynamite creates a vacuum all about it, and its surrounding destructive force is created by in-rushing air.

The exact extent of this circular vacuum for a given amount of dynamite was shown one time by a strange and deplorable accident involving four workmen.

One man, working over the dynamite when it exploded, disappeared altogether. The bodies of two other men, working fifty and one hundred feet away were swept in with the debris, one terribly shattered the other stripped of all his clothing, but still alive. The fourth man, about one hundred and fifty feet away, was seen walking off in a dazed, aimless way and climbing a fence. He was just beyond the circumference of the death circle.

The complete disappearance of a body directly in contact with exploding dynamite is not due, it is now thought, to its utter disruption, but rather to the terrific heat which is suddenly and briefly generated. It is difficult almost to imagine the degree of that heat.

### Generates Terrific Heat.

A copper cent placed under an exploding stick of dynamite disappeared so completely that a chemical analysis of the surface of the steel block upon which it rested failed to give a trace of it. Evidently then it was resolved by heat into its elements, which in turn were passed off in a gaseous state.

## LIVER TROUBLES ENDED.

### BILE BEANS AGAIN PROMINENT.

When you wake up in the morning is your tongue coated with a thick fur? Is there a bitter taste in your mouth and a feeling of nausea? Do you feel heavy and tired, as if your night's rest had done you no good? That is a sign that your liver is in a bad state, and needs a course of Bile Beans to put it right. In the most obstinate and long-standing cases of liver disorder Bile Beans are an unfailing remedy.

Mrs. F. Strachan, of Percival street, Wellington, N.Z., writes:—"Permit me to express my grateful appreciation of the value of Bile Beans. For some six months I suffered with my liver and stomach. I had frequent fainting fits and became very weak, being unable to attend to my household duties. My appetite also left me and I lost weight. I sought the advice of several doctors, but they did me little, if any, good. One day I received one of your booklets under my door, and, after reading it, I thought I would give Bile Beans a trial. I did so, and noticing an improvement with each dose, continued taking them, and am pleased to say they have quite cured me. My friends all marvel at the wonderful change in me since taking Bile Beans. I always recommend them to my friends, as I believe them to be the best remedy for liver troubles. I shall be pleased to personally explain to any sufferer from the liver the great value of Bile Beans."

Bile Beans are unequalled as a cure for indigestion, headache, biliousness, constipation, piles, debility, bad blood, and breath, anaemia, loss of appetite and all liver troubles. Obtainable from all chemists and stores at 1s. 1½d. per box, or 2s. 6d. for special family size.

**D**URING the field manoeuvres of the Second Regiment A.M.R., at Morrinsville last week, 3000 rounds of ball were fired, with an extreme satisfactory percentage of hits, viz., 4.7 per cent.

The resignation of Lieutenant L. M. Shera from the College Rifles has been gazetted.

A recent Gazette notified the acceptance of the services of the Guntown Defence Rifle Club.

The appointment of Alfred H. Swelton to be lieutenant of No. 2 Co. N.Z. Native Rifles has been gazetted.

No. 2 Co. Auckland Garrison Artillery has now a total strength of 107, and a roll of 120 is expected by the end of the month.

Col. Wolfe, O.C.D., returned to town on Thursday from Hamilton, where he has been attending the annual trek camp of No. 2 Regiment A.M.R.

The Gazette of June 4 intimates that the Governor has approved of the appointment as lieutenant in the New Zealand militia of James Henry Whyte (late Virat, Sevunth, and Tenth N.Z. contingents).

The No. 2 Natives have decided that their forthcoming annual social shall take the form of a smoke concert to be held on the occasion of the opening of the new hall at Kingsland on Thursday, the 24th inst.

It is understood (says an exchange) that Mr. J. Emma Smith (Commissioner of Old Age Pensions), who has been appointed to succeed Lieut.-Col. Gudgeon as Resident at Rarotonga, has been given an honorary rank as a captain in the N.Z. militia.

A recent Gazette notice intimates the transfer of Lieut. W. L. Robinson, from No. 4 Company, New Zealand Engineer Volunteers, to No. 2 Company, New Zealand Engineer Volunteers, with rank of lieutenant, and with effect from April 7, 1909.

A recent promotion in the No. 3 Co. A.G.A. volunteers is that of Gunner Brothers to the rank of acting-bombardier, owing to pressure of business, Gunner A. E. Waters has resigned the position of secretary to the company, Gunner Brothers being appointed to fill the position.

The class for the signallers of No. 2 Co. Native Rifles, which musters every Friday night, is making satisfactory progress under the able tuition of Capt. Dawson of the College Rifles. The men are taking a keen interest in the work, and are learning both the semaphore and Morse systems of signalling.

The new Drill Hall of the No. 2 Natives in Second Avenue, Kingsland, is nearing completion, and the company is having its property transferred from its old quarters in the Auckland Drill Hill. The corps is taking possession on Thursday, and will spend the evening and the week following

in getting the place in order, and making preparation for the formal opening, which takes place the week after.

The officer commanding the No. 2 Company, (I.A.V.), has in view the comfort of his men when they go under canvas. The company's best sleep, which has stood on the Devonport beach for the last twenty years, has been removed to the camping ground at Fort Calety, and will be used as a men's mess room. It will also afford a grateful shelter one wet night, as members could comfortably bunk in it for the night.

The official programme for the National Rifle Association of New South Wales's jubilee prize meeting, to be held at Rambling rifle range, from October 8 to 19, is now to hand. To mark the occasion of the 85th meeting the prize list has been raised to £2000, of which £1000 is allowed to the King. The Empire Match, in which the New Zealand team will compete, covers two days, 10 shots being fired at 200, 500, 600, 800, 900, and 1000 yards. There are three series of individual deliberate firing, two of which may be competed for by New South Wales marksmen only. In the A series, which is open to all comers, there are seven matches, plus the League-field aggregate, No. 1 Match being the King's.

Speaking at a meeting of Lyttelton, Lieut.-Colonel Cooper said that there was a great lack of interest shown in volunteering by the women in New Zealand. "You had better," he said, "when you see us with our sweet clothes on, marking down behind a band, but you never see us when we have our working clothes on and are doing hard graft. The men that stand round the corners smoking cigarettes and spitting are not men. The men who wear a uniform over a narrow chest are much better than those who stand at a street corner and laugh at those who are attempting to do a little for the defence of the Dominion. I would rather have one of these so-called weeds in a uniform than twenty of the men who stand in the street."

The Prince of Wales' Cup, open for competition amongst teams of eight school cadets from corps in any part of the British Empire, has been won by the team representing the Lawrence Military Academy, India, with a total of 536. The conditions were seven shots each at 200 and 500 yards. Australia had 17 teams competing. Great Britain 53, Bermuda 1, British Guiana 1, New Zealand 17, Natal 9, India 7, and Trinidad 4. Last year 103 teams competed. New Zealand's teams' scores are as follows, Wanganui being fourth on the list of all comers:—

|                                |     |
|--------------------------------|-----|
| Wanganui College               | 494 |
| Wellington College             | 467 |
| Otago B.I.S.                   | 463 |
| Nelson College                 | 455 |
| Christ's College, Christchurch | 449 |
| Auckland Grammar School        | 445 |
| Waikato B.I.S.                 | 443 |
| Ashburton High School          | 432 |
| Marlborough High School        | 423 |
| Christchurch Boys' H.S.        | 406 |
| T Palmerston North H.S.        | 390 |
| Timaru B.H.S.                  | 381 |
| Te Aute                        | 380 |
| St. Patrick's, Wellington      | 377 |
| St. John's                     | 366 |
| Napier High School             | 296 |

Some very fine miniature shooting was put up by the members of the Gordon Rifles recently. The usual weekly competitions were continued after last week's parade, and a sectional competition, lasting until the end of August, was also commenced. For the "A" Class trophy, Sergeant Ashton and Corporal Johns tied for first place, with 34 points each. In the shoot-off, on the small targets, they again tied with 27 points each, the third round picking out the winner in Sergeant Ashton, with 24 points, to Corporal Johns' 22. In the "B" Class, Sergeant Keenan and Lieutenant Dodds tied with 32 points each. The shoot-off resulted in favour of Sergeant Keenan, who secured 24 points to the 16 points of Lieutenant Dodds. In the sectional shooting No. 2 section led to the extent of 18 points. The following are the sectional results:—

|                               |     |
|-------------------------------|-----|
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### 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.

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I have for some years had 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 have the satisfaction of all have been pleased with its effect."

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Don't be fooled by imitations. There is no remedy "just as good" as Bonnington's.





"Yes, miss, a perfect match! You can't do better anywhere. Popular shade and guaranteed fast; the very latest thing. Swell society ladies are all in love with it."

# BILLIARDS.

By AN EXPERT.

THIS is the season of the year for record breaks, says a writer in a London paper. With each recurring springtide the professors of the cue seem to be instilled with the prevailing freshness of the fields, and some one or other of them adds a glowing line to the page of billiard records. Within the past three weeks there has been no fewer than four of such additions. Melbourne Inman, that much improved and still improving player, raised his personal average scoring performance by running through an instalment of a long match at the exceptional rate of 135 points per innings. Then that attractive striker, Cecil Harverson, whose form most nearly approaches the simplicity of that of the ordinary amateur, by reason of his all-over-the-table methods and brilliant stroke-play, matters which tend to make him one of the most interesting among the great billiard forces, backmarked his previous best break of 477 by amassing an irreproachable 505. Close upon the heels of this effort came a more remarkable break arrangement in the shape of a 542 by Stevenson, who made the last 354 of it with only the red ball to play at. Another record for this branch of scoring, as far as ivory balls are concerned, was thus created. The fourth surpassing break was built up on Wednesday evening last, when Harverson backmarked his mentioned 505 with a run of 367, the last 90 points coming from the red ball.

Within the space of three weeks, then, four separate and distinct break-making records have come to pass, a fact set nicely in accordance with the traditions of the game. There is something in the air in the brightness of springtime that buoy the billiard expert up to the highest limit of his capacity. John Roberts was, perhaps, the most notable example in point. He could be regularly depended upon year by year to provide some outstanding performance at the fag-end of the generally-understood billiard season. The incessant work of the winter months had not stunted his cue-arm nor the vivacity of his billiard conceptions, two matters which run hand-in-hand all through good billiard-playing. The one is indispensable to the other. And, taking a new lease of his powers, Roberts would, as the cue-men of the younger school have done, make his most red-lettered achievements in the merry springtime. That great 1,392 break of his, made under the very elastic spot-barred condition of the early nineties, when the push-stroke was still admitted into the play, came in the

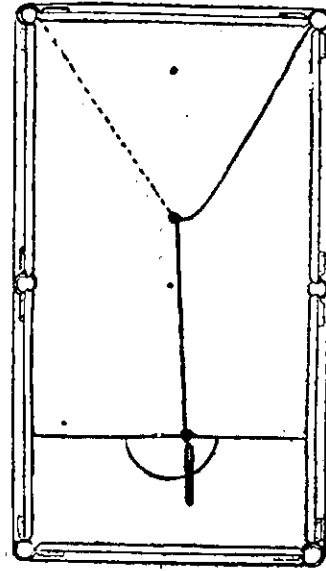
month of April, some fourteen years ago. This was the top-note struck by Roberts in all his billiard doings. Stevenson's 802 was made in a memorable match three years ago, when he was playing with Dawson for the right to meet Roberts in the 'biggest struggle that billiards has yet known—the game which drew thousands of spectators to the Caxton Hall, Westminster, to see the meeting of the old champion with the new. And so it has been since professional billiards attained to its present high popularity.

The red-ball display by Stevenson takes precedence over all of the recent break-making feats. It enabled him to carry his score-peg from 188, at which figure he somewhat unluckily lost the services of the object white ball. A sequence of sixty-four cannons, tended with the deft hand of this master of the cue, had carried the balls inch by inch from the top-cushion and along the right top-cushion down to the right middle pocket. The middle pockets are obstacles of the utmost difficulty in the path of the close-cannon performers, who are brought to a fullstop as soon as these are reached. Not once in a hundred times is the passing of the middle pocket with the idea of keeping the balls in position for the continuation of the close-cannons ever attempted. The more experienced the cannon-operator the more is he apt to recognise that the door is closed to him so far as a continuance of this particular form of scoring is concerned. So he opens up a losing-hazard connection with the pocket as early as possible, and turns to another class of game. Stevenson had also intended this to be the ending to the series of close cannons in the break under notice. But a slight miscalculation left the object-white overhanging the brink of the middle pocket, with the red some three inches above it, and the cue-ball a foot below the other white ball, and right against the side cushion. A direct shot would inevitably pocket the object-white, so with praiseworthy resource Stevenson sent his ball across the table to the facing side cushion, with the idea of effecting a cannon from the red, and so keep the three balls in play. He played too straight at the cushion, however, and his ball in returning hit the object-white and went in the pocket with it for a 4 shot.

Left with only the red ball to play upon, Stevenson made a really nice shot to begin with—a screw at medium pace into the middle pocket, made difficult by reason of the ball being placed a few inches above there. It put the coloured ball into the middle of the place where the losing-hazard exponent is ever aiming to steer it to. Then for 17 successive strokes he made hazard after hazard into the four upper pockets. The pace at which he scored was extraordinarily fast for this kind of one-stroke play. The presence of the sixty-four close cannons had such a bearing upon the first 200 that these came within the short space of ten minutes. Playing with the greatest possible dash, and, apparently, sighting the angle of the next shot instinctively, he went through the long series of middle and top pocket hazards at the average rate of 7 min. 20 secs. for each 100 points. When one comes to consider that 64 minutes per 100 at the top of the table is fast travelling, Stevenson's losing-hazard speed is truly remarkable. The full break of 542, all but 149 of them being scored with only the red ball to play upon, occupied 35½ minutes.

By way of comparison, Harverson's two personal highests on record—the 505 and 567 mentioned—were not nearly so rapidly scored. This good player is of the steady going type; he takes his time on the strokes and between them. He is not all fire and vim like Stevenson, who is a very pattern of a bustling, go-ahead scorer. Moving the balls about so much as his style of play, always spectacular and full of strong power strokes, compels him to do, helps to eat up the time while Harverson is at the table. Thus, his 505, with all three balls upon the table from end to end of it, took a few seconds short of 45 min. to compile, and his 567, the last 90 of which were made from the red ball, extended over a full hour. No, his big break under an exceptionally

as has often been said, Stevenson, scored heavy handicap at a pace implying what might have been had he had the three balls to conjure with. The rate of well under seven minutes per 100, in the circumstances, is truly unprecedented. His



THE PAIR OF BREECHES SHOT THAT PUT HARVERSON OUT OF POSITION IN HIS RED-BALL DISPLAY.

great break of 802, which ranks as the best thing accomplished under the recognised conditions, was not so quickly scored, as the time then was a trifle short of 56 min.

The shots shown upon the annexed diagrams indicate the positions of the balls and the manner they were moved in the last scoring strokes of the Stevenson and Harverson breaks. There is little room to doubt that the strain was telling upon both players, the Stevenson square screw into the left middle pocket being so markedly lacking in the required strength. The red ball was doubled up and down the table with the idea of taking a central position again, but it

stopped behind the baulk-line at a point marked with an X, and the player's enterprise in trying to cut it in or go in off it into the left baulk pocket by first sending his ball to the top cushion was not rewarded with success. On the other hand, Harverson found himself with that awkward, but still to be overcome, situation of the red midway between the middle and pyramid spots. A stroke a trifle thinner or thicker than the normal half-ball, played respectively with running or check "side," would have kept the red ball out of the pocket and in play. But the contact was at the half-ball mark, and the automatic "pair-of-breeches" with the cue-ball and red ball disappearing in the opposite corner pockets followed. Harverson tried to keep his break going, but his attempt for the difficult screw in "off the spot" failed.

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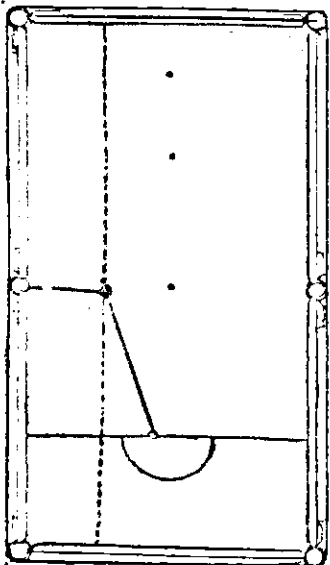
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THE LAST STROKE BUT ONE OF STEVENSON'S RECORD OF 542 OFF THE RED BALL WITH IVORY BALLS.

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# Children's Page

## To Our Young Readers.

Our young readers are cordially invited to enter our wide circle of cousins, by writing to

**COUSIN KATE,**  
"The Weekly Graphic,"  
Shortland Street, Auckland.

Cousin Kate is particularly desirous that those boys and girls who write should tell her whatever interests them to tell, about their games, their pets, their holidays, or their studies. Their letters and Cousin Kate's replies will appear in the "Weekly Graphic," on the Children's Pages.

All cousins under the age of fourteen are accounted Junior Cousins, all above that age Senior Cousins. Cousins may continue writing until quite grown up, and after, if they wish to do so; for we are proud to number among our cousins some who have passed out of their teens.

A badge will be sent to each new cousin on the receipt of an addressed envelope.

## COUSINS' CORRESPONDENCE.

**D**EAR Cousin Kate,—My brother gets the "Graphic," and I read the cousins' page, and I thought if you will accept me as a cousin I will join. My age is 15 last birthday, and I have left school. Will you send me a blue badge, and I am sending an addressed envelope? I live in the South Island, and I have been to the North Island, I have lived there 10 months. One of my sisters lived there while I was there, and another married sister is living there now. They live in Featherston. I suppose you have not been there? I have four nieces and two nephews. I will write a longer letter next time.—Yours truly, Cousin MARY.

P.S.—I meant to ask, Cousin Kate, if you allow us to write on another piece of paper, or just on the one.

{Dear Cousin Mary,—We will certainly accept you as one of our cousins. Aren't you rather proud of all your nieces and nephews? I think we do feel quite important when we are "aunt" to these interesting little souls, if we are quite young, as you are, and haven't grown used to the distinction. It is very pleasant having some of one's people in another part of the Dominion, for it is such a nice change to go away and stay with them—like going to a fresh place to live. I have never been to Featherston, but I am sure that, being a centre of such rich farming country, it must be an interesting place; and it has a great future before it, one would think. I should much like to visit Canterbury. The cold down there must be so bracing. Are you taking up any course of study or self-improvement, now that your schooling is over, Cousin Mary? Did you notice the picture in the "Weekly Graphic" for June 8th called "A Hopeless Dawn"? It is very fine, is it not? Do you love good pictures? Dear me, how inquisitive I am! But I love them so much myself that I like other people to love them also. If you read the artist's account of this picture, you will see that the whole picture came into

his mind from his seeing a candle, which he had omitted to extinguish, burning itself out. You are quite at liberty to write on another sheet of paper; what we don't like is to have the letters written on both sides of the sheet.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—It is time I wrote to you again. We have another cow milking. Her name is Peggy, and now there are seven cows milking. We have a store in our dolls' house. Mother papered the walls and put a window in the sitting-room, and hung up white muslin curtains. I have a game of draughts, a donkey-race, a Foo game, and a motoring game. Freda and I have a small bookshelf full of books. Have you ever read a book called "Carrots—Just a Little Boy"? It is a lovely story.—Yours truly, Cousin KATHLEEN.

{Dear Cousin Kathleen,—I am glad you thought it was time to write to me again, for I was very glad to get your nice letter. Is your Peggy a Jersey, or a Holstein, or of what breed is she? What a clever mother you must have. I think I know a mother something like her. The things the mothers do are far better than things one just buys out of a shop, aren't they? The little sitting-room must look really sweet. I am immensely interested in your donkey-race game, because, though I have never seen it, I imagine something of how it must be played. When we were little things, our man used to tease us if we were late coming down in the morning by saying that we would win the donkey race. And we found that in a donkey race nobody rode his own donkey, but everyone rode someone else's donkey, and the donkey which came in last won. Is your game like that? You are well off for games. You and Freda will presently have quite a library; you have made a very good start. I have not read "Carrots," but I am sure it must be lovely. I am very fond of little boys, and if I were ever clever enough I should like to write a book about one. One of the prettiest stories I remember reading when I was a child was called "The Little Captive King." It was about the little son of Louis XVI. of France, and how he was treated at the time of the French Revolution. I am reading the story of the Revolution again now, but this time it is written by another writer—a wonderfully clever man called Thomas Carlyle. I shall always think it the right time to get another letter telling me about your pleasant doings, Cousin Kathleen.—Yours affectionately, Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I hope you are quite well. Terence is a dear little boy; he talks a lot now, and he joins us in our games. He is a great singer. I have a game of Ludo, Domino, Cats and Dogs, and a game of Motor-car race. Frank is coming home for three weeks' holiday on June 18, which will be my birthday. I shall be 10 years old. I have 11 little dolls and four big ones. I have more than 24 books, and they are all nice ones.—From Cousin FREDA.

{Dear Cousin Freda,—I am very well, thank you, and I hope you are well too. What a dear little laddie your little Terence must be. I should just love to hear him sing. I know a little boy who used

to sing (it was really only talking with him, for he did not get the tune at all well), when he was two and a-half years' old. One evening we were all waiting to hear him sing "The Yeoman's Wedding." It begins

"Ding-dong, ding-dong,  
I love the song,"

and just when he got to the part saying "I love the song," and his mother was helping him, to our great amusement he said he didn't love the song. I can assure you we all burst out laughing. I suppose you generally count it a win for Terence when he is playing with you, whether he really wins or not, because he is such a little man. I sometimes play dominoes when I go to stay with a friend who has several children. The excitement is great, and we have a very good time. Motor-car Race seems to be in favour just now. You will be having a happy time on the 18th, won't you? Many happy returns of the day. Do tell us what you did on your birthday when next you write. What a family of dolls! I see that you have even more books than dolls. I suppose Terence likes to get hold of them and read them upside down.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I was so pleased to get my badge, and to see my letter in print. My little sister said she would like to write to you, but I told her I did not think she could write well enough yet. I am going to the dancing classes. The name of the school is Mairiata, but the place is Muriwai. My little sister and I have lovely big dolls, but those are put away, and we have small ones to play with. Love to all the cousins, not forgetting yourself.—Cousin RITA.

{Dear Cousin Rita,—I am glad you like the badge. You see, you have your badge in silk, and your letter in print, haven't you? If your little sister's writing can be made out I would very much like her to send me a letter, and become a cousin. I should be very sorry, indeed, for any little sister not to write, if she would really like to do so. If you are attending a dancing class I suppose you are learning to carry yourself very nicely. What thrifty little souls you and your sister must be to take such care of your best dolls. I once knew three little girls who each had a very special doll, with flaxen hair and leather hands. The number of fingers on these dolls became less as the dolls became smaller; the youngest sister's doll had only two or three fingers on each hand. Isn't the smell of new dolls lovely? Write again soon, Cousin Rita.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—May I become a cousin, as I always read the "Graphic" and see all the other Cousins' letters, and enjoy reading them very much. Would you please send me a red badge, as I should like one. I have four more brothers and three sisters. One younger sister lives with her auntie at Springgrove as companion to finish her schooling. She came down from there in the train yesterday morning, and returns back again on Monday morning.—I remain, your would-be Cousin LEONARD.

{Dear Cousin Leonard,—I had posted your badge before I received your envelope, and I hope you like it. I am glad you like reading the letters. It is good practice for our cousins, and very inter-

esting for me, answering all the letters. You are very well off to have so many brothers and sisters. It is grand to belong to a large family; you can have such lovely koreros when you are all together. Do you ever run a magazine of your own, or anything like that? It is great fun. How much you must have enjoyed having your sisters with you for the week end. Do you ever go to Springgrove? I have a young friend who is doing just the same thing as your younger sister, only in my friend's case it is only for music she is staying with her aunt, for she has left school. Do you play football or hockey. Cousin Leonard? Do you train for your school sports, or are you a cadet? I see by the paper that Lieutenant-General Baden-Powell has now 130,000 boys enlisted in his Imperial corps of boy scouts, and that 120,000 more boys, belonging to the Church Lads' Brigade and the Jewish Boys' Brigade, are going to ally themselves with this movement. When you write again, Cousin Leonard, will you please put your name and address in full, as you have done this time. Though we do not print them, we like to have the name and address, because we have often several cousins of the same name and it is much easier to see just which cousin it is writing if we have this guide.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate.—I shall be very pleased if you will accept me as one of your cousins. I often read the letters in the "Graphic," and I think it is very nice to correspond in such a way. I have got two cats, called Tom and Smut, and I have also a pug dog, whose name is Chummie. Smut and Chummie are good mates, and they play together most of the time. In the way of birds we have a talkative parrot and three fantails. Will you send me a badge, please? This is all the news at present.—I remain, your loving Cousin, KITTY.

{Dear Cousin Kitty,—I am very pleased to accept you as one of my cousins. Is Chummie a very popular name for pug dogs? I think it must be rather the fashion, for I know a lady who has a dear little pug by that name. Talking about pugs reminds me of a pathetic little story I once read. It was by a famous writer, I believe, though I am very sorry I cannot recall his name. It was called "Puggie's Grave" (not that I think your puggie will soon have a grave). But this puggie died, and had been buried, and the children were charging a button admission to see the grave. And there was one little girl who was so poor that she hadn't a button to pay, so she just sat in a corner and cried because they would not let her in. You have a delightful little zoo, and reading about all your pets reminds me of a very interesting journey I once had down the line. It was in a second-class carriage. And in a second-class carriage I find one has more fun than in a first, if less comfort. In this carriage there were a young couple, with several children, one of them a baby, and a large cage of birds. There was also another party who had with them a pair of splendid cats, huge fellows they were, each in a hamper by himself. They kindly offered me one to feel how heavy he was, and I assure you, Cousin Kitty, I would rather have carried him half a mile than a mile, especially as I was nursing the baby. Parrots are splendid fun, aren't they? A neighbour of mine has one, and one day the cat got to it and hurt it, and when its mistress picked it up it nestled against her and said "Puss!" Thank you for your account of your pets.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—As we have commenced to take the "Graphic" weekly, I took the advantage of the opportunity of becoming one of your many cousins. We have for some years occasionally taken the "Graphic," but father went to the Winter Exhibition, and was persuaded by the attendant in charge of the "Star" publications to become an annual subscriber, being tempted by the small subscription. We live at Epsom, but have not been in the district very long. We like it very much, as it is very healthy, and very good soil for gardening. Among my pets are a few fowls, a canary, and a beautiful striped cat. It enjoys sitting by a warm fire of a cold morning. The canary, as its cage hangs in the sun, whistles beautifully, and bursts out in a clear note. The colour of the canary is a pretty orange yellow, with green stripes. The last of my pets are the fowls, which are so tame that they will eat off your hands, and you can catch them with the great

est of ease. Hoping to be accepted as one of the "Graphic" cousins. I remain, your loving Cousin, MADGE.

P.S.—I am thirteen years of age, so I will be a junior cousin.

[Dear Cousin Madge,—I think you are a wise little woman to decide to become a "Graphic" cousin now that you will see the paper regularly. And I hope

that now you have joined our society you will often write to us. But we do not limit our cousinship to those who take the paper. Any boy or girl may write to us, and become a cousin, only, of course, it is much nicer if you see the "Graphic" regularly. Did you go to the Winter Show, too? It was so very good. I do not wonder you like Epsom so much. I think it very pretty,

indeed. To me it has such a peaceful, reposeful look. The trees, with their shadows round them, the beautiful seagulls flying about, and One-tree Hill, with its whispering aspen grove, keeping watch over all, have quite a charm of their own. I suppose you take an interest in gardening, or at least in flowers. A cat on the hearth on a cold day gives the finishing touch. But does your cat

love to come in and stretch herself in front of the range in the very middle of summer? That's what our cat does. Isn't it absurd? What a pretty canary yours must be. Fowls do become very tame if one is kind to them. Please send me an addressed envelope, Cousin Madge. I would like to send you a badge badge, but do not know your surname. —Cousin Kate.]



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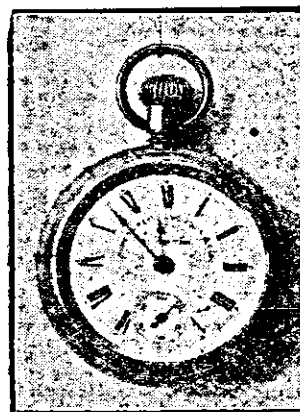
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## The New Teaching About Lightning Conductors.

Continued from page 35.

a lead pipe, or to a sheet of copper, three feet by three feet, at least one-sixteenth of an inch thick, and surrounded by charcoal or pulverised carbon (such as is used for arc-light rods) in permanently damp earth. The patent tubular earth, which consists of a perforated steel spike driven into the ground and continued to the surface, is preferable to the plate arrangement, as it requires no further attention and can be kept moist by connecting it to the nearest rain-water pipe. And it need hardly be said that when the work is done the whole installation should be examined and tested by a qualified person, as there is always a risk of careless workmen having injured it in some way.

So far we have been dealing with the question of protection from lightning apart from considerations of expense. Sir Oliver Lodge is very practical on this matter of the cost of protection. "The amount of protection to be allotted to any building," he writes, "is no doubt analogous to the question of insurance generally; that is to say, the amount of premium it is desired to pay may be compared with capital at stake and the risk run; and this is doubtless a matter for individuals and public bodies to consider for themselves." The Research Committee also sees that "the extent to which the building should be protected, and the expense to be incurred in this protection, must bear some definite relation to the importance or cost of the building itself. In cases where protection is considered desirable, but heavy expense is not justified, two or more lightning rods might be erected in the ordinary manner, these being connected by a horizontal conductor, and the metal portions of the roof and the rain-water down-pipes should be metallically connected and well earthed." Isolated rods, as on some London Board schools, are obviously of no great service.

Why is it that so few cases of buildings in large towns being struck by lightning seem to be met with? Mr Hedges explains: "Storms are dissipated by the smoke from a collection of chimneys such as are found in large towns, and the numerous overhead wires have doubtless a shielding effect; it is, therefore, not so necessary to fix lightning conductors on buildings in cities as on those in the suburbs, which are more liable to be struck." All prominent buildings, however such as churches, banks, and any having a high dome or tower, should be protected wherever they are. This remark especially applies to public buildings and to museums, art galleries, hospitals, prisons, government and municipal offices. It seems anomalous that large sums of money should be spent on the protection from fire of our national collections of art treasures, while the question of possible damage by lightning is simply ignored.

"All flagstaffs should have a conductor with a point fixed above the cap and run directly to earth, also a connection to all the metallic supports of the rod.

"Note that certain localities are especially in the path of storms, and that a building once struck is liable to be again damaged, so that special care should be taken in protecting it.

"Farm houses and barns and wind-mills are frequently struck, also small residential buildings which are so numerous in the outskirts of towns. The question of expense deters many owners from considering the matter, but by using iron wire a rough-and-ready system of lightning rods could be easily installed which would be quite as effective as the present costly arrangements."

The cost of all the work, exclusive of the two earths, for the dwelling-house was £10.

By the way, American experience points to the danger to stock of wire fencing.

It is a curious fact that, although most fire policies now cover damage from lightning, no attempt is made by the companies to secure the putting up of proper lightning conductors. In some parts of Germany the fire companies bear part of the cost of erecting lightning conductors.

The following table, published by the Dutch Meteorological Institution, showing the number of times in which different kinds of trees had been struck by lightning between 1863 and 1902, may

have a certain interest for readers having to take shelter during the holidays:

|            |       |           |
|------------|-------|-----------|
| Poplars    | .. .. | 232 times |
| Oaks       | .. .. | 130 "     |
| Willow     | .. .. | 70 "      |
| Yew        | .. .. | 50 "      |
| Firs       | .. .. | 27 "      |
| Pear-tree  | .. .. | 25 "      |
| Oak        | .. .. | 18 "      |
| Lime       | .. .. | 14 "      |
| Walnut     | .. .. | 8 "       |
| Beech      | .. .. | 5 "       |
| Chestnut   | .. .. | 5 "       |
| Apple-tree | .. .. | 5 "       |
| Cherry     | .. .. | 4 "       |
| Alder      | .. .. | 4 "       |
| Birch      | .. .. | twice.    |

From another Dutch document, a report to the Netherlands Academy of Science of last year, the following passage may be quoted as indicating the extent of our present knowledge of the subject of protection from lightning: "We no longer guarantee absolute security, but can only say that the protection afforded is more or less good according to whether the system adopted conforms with the principles which science has shown to be correct. The means by which protection is secured and the outlay required depends to a large degree on the value attached to the preservation of a building from damage great or little." There are now so many responsible firms engaged in the manufacture and fixing of lightning conductors—there is a list of some of them in Mr Hedges' book—that no one who seeks what protection for his property from lightning is possible has any excuse for being without it.

## The Evils of Deforestation.

Continued from page 21.

It has overtaken many other lands, if we disregard the warnings of history and the recorded experience of the past, and recklessly destroy our forests for the sake of a little temporary gain.

### A Plea for Caution.

At this juncture I am well aware that I am likely to be met with the question: "Do you really mean that we ought never to cut down bush; and if you do mean it, what will become of the timber industry, and how is the country to be settled?" I reply that there is no reason why a rational policy of conservation should not be perfectly consistent with the maintenance of a large timber trade and with the steady progress and development of the country. The difficulty is that our bush is being cut away in places where it ought to be preserved, on land that can never be of much use for any other purpose, and that the process of deforestation everywhere is being hurried on with reckless extravagance and haste. It is easy to find a large amount of evidence in support of this statement. In an article on our "Vanishing Forests," contributed by Mr P. J. O'Regan a few months ago to the "New Zealand Times," it is pointed out that in various parts of New Zealand "hill country is being opened for settlement in complete disregard of the grave consequences that must ensue." What those results must be in the way of erosion and denudation and floods, I have already tried to explain, and these facts are fully appreciated by Mr O'Regan. He adds that in many localities "hill country has been and will be surveyed and thrown open to settlement that, as a matter of the highest public policy, should be left as it is." When Mr O'Regan tells us that especially in clearing bush and opening up land in Nelson and Westland, "the course at present being followed is in the last degree subversive of the public interests," he is not in any sense exaggerating these evils. And his judgment is amply confirmed by official pronouncements on this question.

### The Case of Westland.

I may quote from some remarks on the deforestation of Westland that appear in the report on State forests issued by the Lands Department for 1905-6. The writer points out that as a large part of the West Coast is very inaccessible—consisting of narrow valleys with steep, shingly hillsides—it is practically impossible to cut out the timber there at remunerative rates. "In these deep valleys and on the lands above 2000ft. in altitude, it would be a fatal mistake to allow timber to be removed. It is not the actual removal of mature trees which is to be feared, but the wholesale destruction that inevitably follows. In falling trees the tops and branches are left to rot or burn, to remove the timber tracks are necessarily

opened out, and are made use of by cattle which destroy and keep down undergrowth, the thin coating of vegetable deposit is gradually washed away, and in time nothing is left but barren hillsides, from which the rainwater pours off to swell streams and rivers with disastrous effects in the lower valleys." The report goes on to deal with danger of floods, and their destruction of valuable soil, and after dwelling upon the reckless extermination of silver pine, and yellow pine on land that is absolutely worthless for any other purpose, it comes to the conclusion that owing to the destruction of the bush along the river banks, "irreparable damage is being done," and that "the sources of rivers and streams" should be protected against the depredations of the timber trade. It happens that Westland, from its conformation and topographical peculiarities, is especially liable to injury through the removal of the indigenous bush; and if such precautions are not taken in time, one may safely predict that the extermination of its trees will convert the whole country into a barren and desolate waste, forbidding, unproductive, and uninhabitable. But the danger is not confined to Westland alone; and in all parts of New Zealand we may find impressive indications of the injury already inflicted by the reckless timber extirpation of our bush. I cannot close these remarks more appropriately than by a quotation from one of the valuable reports supplied by Mr T. E. Denne to the Tourist Department whilst it was under his control. "The forests were, and are still, destroyed unmercifully without any thought of the future. Bush was burnt down on absolutely valueless land, which was thoroughly unfit for settlement. The soil was thus deprived of the only good vegetation it could produce. Very often neither the cut bush nor the ground had any commercial value whilst the bush, if spared, would have preserved at least the eminently attractive picture of the landscape." Even if there were nothing else about our native bush worth saving, but its incomparable beauty, it would, as Mr. Dorne has elsewhere written, "be a crime against the nation" to cut it down without very solid material reasons. But when its destruction is often not only profitless, but terribly and disastrously injurious to the highest interests of the country, we may well wonder at the careless self-complacency with which we have come to tolerate these ruthless raids upon our native timber.

### New Zealand's Timber Prospects.

This statement of the case might be prolonged almost indefinitely by the accumulation of further evidence. But I must be content with what has been already written, as to the direct losses and injuries sustained by this country through deforestation. And if there are not arguments of sufficient force to compel public attention and to induce Government to take in hand the conservative, the protective, and the reconstructive work of Forestry, I may appeal once more to the fact that has so far done more than anything else to arouse public interest in this momentous question—the imminent and almost inevitable timber famine. I am aware that I am now retraversing ground that I have already to some extent covered, but to apply the moral of the general argument to the special case of New Zealand it is necessary to indulge in a certain amount of recapitulation. And I am encouraged in this course by recent experiences that have taught me the difficulty of convincing even people who might be expected to realize the facts of the case, that the world's timber supply or even our own stock of indigenous timber is nearing the point of exhaustion. The published reports of the evidence taken by the Timber Commission which has just closed its investigations here, reveal the interesting fact that a large number of people personally interested in the timber trade, are entirely ignorant of the narrow limits of our own timber resources, and have the vaguest possible idea of the state of things that prevails in the timber trade elsewhere. Those optimistic people who talk wildly about inexhaustible supplies of timber in this country, may be invited to consider the statistics published by the Lands Department or to reflect upon the evidence submitted by Mr H. P. Kavanagh to the Timber Commission. According to this gentleman, who, as chief timber expert for Auckland district, may be fairly presumed to know what he is talking about,

our stock of kauri will be exhausted in six or seven years' time, and our other timber in between 20 and 25 years. This I take to be as near a final and conclusive statement on the subject as we can hope to get; and even a professional optimist must admit that it is not a particularly cheerful outlook. But this is not the worst of it. When Mr. Milroy, secretary of the Kauri Timber Company, giving evidence before the Timber Commission, was asked what was going to happen after our own stock of timber gave out, he replied cheerfully enough that "in 30 years' time, assuming that our milling timber supplies were exhausted, he did not think it would be against the best interests of the Dominion to depend on timbers imported from abroad." But the vital feature of the whole situation is the painful but indisputable truth that long before thirty years have expired New Zealand will find herself unable to draw upon other countries to supply her needs for the sufficient reason that they will require all, and more than all, their own timber for themselves.

### The World's Outlook.

For, I repeat it most emphatically, the timber famine which has already begun to make itself felt in New Zealand is only one phase of a great change which is rapidly sweeping over the face of the world at large. In every land to which commerce has access to-day, the demand for timber is increasing out of all proportion to the supply, and this means that the timber famine which is already within striking distance of our own country, is destined soon to be literally and absolutely world-wide. On this point I have already compiled a good deal of evidence in my earlier articles; but to drive the argument home I must refer once more to the condition of the two countries which were endowed by Nature with forests more bounteously than any other land—the United States and Canada.

Of the rapid disappearance of timber in the United States, I have already spoken at length, but I venture to add a little further corroborative testimony. Mr. M. Seckendorff tells us, "We are now consuming our forests at the rate of about 45 square miles per day. We take from them, not counting the loss by fire, three and a-half times their yearly growth. We take 40 cubic feet per acre for each 12 cubic feet grown." For those who like to take their statistics seasoned with picturesque facts, I submit the following: "Secretary Will, of the American Forestry Association, has calculated that we consume each year enough timber to floor the entire State of Delaware; enough coopersage stock to build a rick four feet wide and four feet high extending from New York city to Colorado; enough firewood to make a one mile cube; and enough railway ties to build a railroad around the globe, with a side track across the Atlantic." To descend to figures again, the total yearly growth of the American forests is less than seven billion cubic feet. "We take from our forests yearly," says Mr. Seckendorff, "twenty-three billion cubic feet. Each year, therefore, we consume sixteen billion cubic feet more than can be replaced by Nature itself. In short, we are living on our capital. As forest fires and other destructive agencies, however, seem quite certain to off-set new growth, the end of our forests, unless present tendencies are checked, is indicated in from 20 to 30 years." In a similar strain Mr. R. Cronan points out that the forest land of the United States has been reduced from 62 to 28 per cent of the total area. Even if the Americans do not increase the rate of consumption, their timber supply cannot last more than from 30 to 40 years. But Mr. Cronan thinks it likely that the consumption at the normal rate of increase will practically annihilate the American stock of timber within from 14 to 20 years. Thus he concludes that the Americans are dangerously near a timber famine, "that will strike at the very foundation of some of the country's most important industries"

### What Will America Do?

What such a famine would mean to the industries, and therefore to the workers, of a great commercial country, like America, it is very difficult to conceive. The timber trade—the fourth in rank of the American staple industries—pays about £30,000,000 a year in wages, and employs about 2,000,000 people. The timber utilised by the railroads for their sleepers represent, with renewals, an investment of more than £6,000,000. The mines use up 400,000,000 cubic feet of



timber every year. The anthracite mines alone consume a cubic foot of timber for every ton of coal brought to the surface. In one great copper mine alone 25 feet of Oregon pine take the place of every ton of ore extracted. To descend to relatively unimportant industries, it may be enough to point out that the single item of matches means the destruction of 10,000 acres of forest every year. The consumption of timber for the manufacture of paper-pulp is another form of the demand for timber that has in recent years in America reached almost appalling dimensions. Mr. Whipple, the Forest Commissioner for New York State, has lately calculated that the American newspapers consume every year the equivalent of two billion feet of timber in the form of pulp. The average Sunday edition of the New York "World" requires just about 30 acres of timber to furnish pulp for its paper; and the "World" is only one of 450 Sunday papers in the United States. Last year the United States Census Bureau issued a bulletin, in which it is stated that newspapers and periodicals in the United States used up in one year the timber from over 100,000 acres. "Every working day in the year the forests yielded approximately 1,765,000 feet of timber to be transformed into newspapers and magazines for the people of the United States." Perhaps some of these facts and figures may help us to understand what the American official authorities mean when they assert that a terrible timber famine is already imminent and near.

**Can Canada Help?**

To casual or uninstructed observers it may seem at first sight that the United States could possibly evade the danger by doing what some people here expect New Zealand to do when the crisis comes—pass the burden along for someone else to bear. But I repeat that the time is rapidly approaching when neither New Zealand nor England nor the United States will be able to depend upon any other country's timber supply, because every country will want all the timber it can grow or save for itself. In America there was some years ago a general impression that when their own forests gave out the people of the United States could safely look to Canada; and this notion has, I observe, taken root and flourished even in New Zealand. While the Timber Commission was sitting in Auckland, it was confidently asserted by a witness who ought to have known better that "there was enough milling timber in British Columbia to supply the whole world for a hundred years." I was glad to see this statement promptly contradicted by one of our leading timber millers, who quoted the following interesting passage from an article on the prospects of the Canadian timber supply, written by a member of the faculty of forestry in the University of Toronto: "For years we have been talking about Canada's 'inexhaustible timber resources,' without knowing whether the statement was true or false. During the last ten years, though, enough information has been obtained to show that the amount of our standing timber of commercial sizes is very much less than we fondly imagined it was. The accessible saw-log timber is estimated by Dr. Fernow at six hundred billion feet board measure—enough to supply the United States for 15 years." Now, Dr. Fernow is one of the most eminent authorities on forestry in America, and if he tells us that Canada has no more than enough timber to supply the demands of the United States for 15 years, we may surrender at once all our vague notions about "inexhaustible supplies" and our vain hope of being able to get all the timber we want from Canada. As a matter of fact, Canada has taken the alarm already, and is now contemplating legislation to check the destruction of her forests and the unrestricted export of timber to supply the needs of her American neighbours. And this is the attitude already assumed by practically every other country in the world, in view of the constantly increasing demand upon its stock of indigenous trees.

**The Coming Crisis.**

So far as we in New Zealand are concerned, we must therefore look forward to the necessity for facing the coming timber famine with our own strength alone. And what such a famine might really mean to us all I have endeavoured already to indicate. Perhaps the most instructive commentary that I can supply upon my arguments is contained

in a statement recently published by one of the foremost authorities on timber in the world—Mr. Gifford Pinchot, the Chief of the Forest Service of the United States. He asserts that "the United States has already crossed the verge of a timber famine so severe that its blighting effects will be felt in every household in the land." He estimates that, at the present rate of consumption, the supply of timber in the United States will be exhausted in 30 years. "The lumber business, now the fourth greatest industry in the colony, will disappear. All forms of building industries will suffer. Mining will become vastly more expensive, and there will be a corresponding rise in coal and iron. The railways, unless a substitute for the wooden sleeper is found, will be profoundly affected, and the cost of transportation will rise. Farming will be more expensive. Water power for lighting, manufacturing, and transportation will be affected. "Irrigated agriculture will suffer most of all, for the destruction of the forests means the loss of the waters as surely as night follows day. With the rise in the cost of producing food, the cost of food itself will rise. Commerce in general will necessarily be affected by the difficulties of the primary industries upon which it depends. In a word, when the forests fail, the daily life of the average citizen will inevitably feel the pinch on every side, and the forests have already begun to fail." Such is the prospect that the most eminent expert in America depicts for its people, and such, in a modified degree, must be our own experience if we persistently refuse to heed such warnings as these, and to prepare against the evil day while yet there is time.

**Our Only Hope.**

Enough of the Evils of Deforestation! and now once more for the remedy! I have shown already in these articles not only that it is a national duty to replant the forests as they are cut down, but that the work of Reforestation and Afforestation can be carried out at a large financial profit to the individual or the State. The experience of other countries has proved this incontestably, and the few years during which our Forestry Department has been making its little tentative efforts at tree-growing here, have shown that even on a very moderate expenditure a regular and substantial return could be speedily secured for such an investment of public money. The evidence on this point that I have compiled and set before my readers should, I venture to believe, convince any impartial person that a national system of Afforestation, conducted on a large scale, and managed on scientific lines, could not only avert for us the many evils that follow on the destruction of the native bush, but could obviate the otherwise inevitable timber famine, furnish profitable employment for a large number of workers, and provide a highly lucrative investment for a considerable amount of public capital.

Probably I have said enough to justify my contentions, though I have by no means exhausted the list of possible arguments in favour of reforesting the country. I might have referred to the value of our water supply as a source of electrical energy, and the need for conserving it; for surely, at a time when the whole world is striving to utilise water power to generate electricity, it is a suicidal policy for a country so generously endowed in this way to risk the very existence of rivers and waterfalls by recklessly destroying the forests that provide the reservoirs, from which these streams are fed. And I might have enlarged upon the value of the bush as a means of checking and controlling the movement of sand, and the urgent necessity for planting and replacing the bush in districts where, as along the West Coast of the North Island, sand drifts are constantly encroaching upon valuable land. The well-known example of France and the large revenue that she has derived for many years from the plantation of her sand-dunes, should be good enough precedent for any colonial government to follow. And I might have quoted the recently published report of the British Commission on Erosion and Reforestation to show that at Home a national scheme of Afforestation on a gigantic scale is now contemplated as a remedy for unemployment. But these are in a sense side issues, and I am willing to stake the case for Reforestation and Afforestation in New Zealand solely on the plea that I have already so often recapitulated—the rapid dis-

appearance of our native bush, the urgent necessity for replenishing our stock of timber, the imminence of the approaching timber famine, and the terribly devastating effects of the extirpation of forest trees, as seen in the denudation and erosion of hill sides, the destruction of fertile soil, the drying up of streams, the silting up of rivers, and harbours, the regular recurrence of disastrous floods, and the deterioration in the climatic, meteorological, and hygienic sense of every country, which has once sacrificed its natural heritage of trees without making any adequate effort to replace them.

**A Last Appeal.**

What then shall we do to combat these dangers? The answer is indicated, I hope with sufficient clearness in all that I have already written. We have a Forestry Department and we have already inaugurated a system of afforestation. We must extend our operations and spend more money over the work than before. We must not be content with a few thousand acres, but we must lay our plans on a generous scale, for the establishment in all parts of the country of large plantations of quick growing and valuable timber trees. We must as far as possible protect our State forests against fire, by employing large numbers of rangers; for though this may seem an expensive process, the result will amply repay us. We must prevent the indiscriminate clearing of the bush on land that is really unfit for settlement, and under no circumstances should we permit timber to be cut away along the upper courses and headwaters of our rivers. But above everything else we must plant, plant, plant, and encourage everybody who owns land to plant, by every means in our power. Arbor Day is still in theory a public institution here, but it sadly needs the aid of a little popular enthusiasm. Of course, the indiscriminate planting of worthless trees in unsuitable localities is simply waste of time. But our Forestry Department is in a position to circulate any quantity of useful information on such subjects, and to control and direct such efforts at afforestation or reforestation as the people may choose to make. This great work, as I have already tried to show, is primarily the function of the State; and what money the State expends upon it will soon be repaid tenfold by our immunity from the disastrous losses that deforestation necessarily entails. But the fact that Government has already taken up this work does not relieve individual citizens of their responsibility in the

matter. Even a man who possesses a piece of land should reflect upon these memorable words of Stephen Girard: "If I knew that I must die to-morrow, I would plant a tree to-day." For even if an enlightened sense of self-interest does not teach him to regard tree-planting as one of the most profitable occupations he can take up and one of the most lucrative ways in which he can turn his land to account, every intelligent citizen should realise that he owes it as a duty to his neighbours, his children and his country, to conserve our forest wealth and to replace our trees at least as rapidly as they are cut away. Even on purely selfish grounds we must admit all this, because even within our own day and generation the timber famine is almost upon us, and the evils that I have endeavoured to describe are already manifesting themselves on every hand. But on such a question as this I do not think that I need appeal to self-interest alone. Even though the injuries that this country must incur through the destruction of the native bush must bear more heavily upon the next generation than on this, and even though the benefits of afforestation and reforestation must be secured by our sons and grandsons rather than by ourselves, I do not believe that there are many New Zealanders ready to ask that singularly sordid and futile question "what has Posterity done for us that we should undergo sacrifices and hardships for its sake?" I prefer to believe that in this beautiful land, the vast majority of men and women feel as keenly as I do the responsibility entailed upon us all of leaving our natural heritage no less beautiful and healthy, and fertile and productive than we found it. To those who feel the truth of this, the case for afforestation and reforestation needs no elaborate argument to enforce it. And even those who pride themselves on taking a sternly practical view of life, and who refuse to prefer romantic sentiment to material gain may well consider if on such evidence as I have laid before them, the policy of afforestation is not urged upon them only by a sense of public duty, but by a sense of the necessity for that self-preservation which, as we are proverbially and justly told, is the first Law of Nature.

(The End.)

How is it to be expected that men who have been brought up to quill-driving can undertake bush-felling? I doubt if the Minister for Agriculture could fall a tree.—Mr. Wright, M.P.

# Weak Lungs

## "A bad cough for eight years."

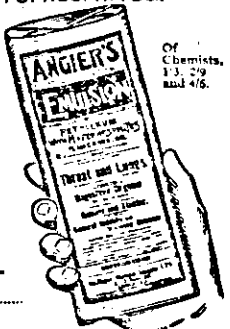
42 Spring Street, Valley, Brisbane.

Dear Sirs.—For the past eight years I have had a bad cough and suffered much with my lungs. I tried every patent medicine I saw advertised, but without benefit. I finally consulted a doctor and he persuaded me to take a course of Angier's Emulsion. I have taken eight bottles and am now better than I have been for years. My cough is nearly gone, my weight much increased, and I have a natural healthy colour. I write this testimonial because I feel very thankful to the medicine that has done me so much good after suffering so long without relief. (Signed) ALICE LEGGE.

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# MY FIRST HUNT

## AN AMERICAN GIRL IN ENGLAND

By Caroline Bean

THE scene opens at 4 a.m. The light is very dim, and is provided by the rays of a candle that flickers appropriately.

It shows a girl in a four poster bed—chintz curtains behind her—and she is looking at a watch.

Four o'clock—not time yet. With one eye open she takes in the soft rain, the chilliness of the pitch dark, and turns over to doze again.

The girl is me—and at half-past 5 I am to be ready to go a-hunting. This is in Devonshire, England, and, being October, every one is sub-hunting and getting ready for the heavy work—after foxes.

Five miles away is the man who is going to take me. He must get up at 4, poor thing, see that the two hunters are fed and saddled, and lead one all the way over—all to give an American girl a bit of fun riding over the Devonshire hills and hedges.

I struggle down for a while longer. I have everything ready, and will not get up until 5. I enjoy the prospect the less for I couldn't ask my hostess to give one dejeuner at that ungodly hour, and my escort insists that half the fun lies in sallying forth with sandwiches in one pocket and a flask in the other—and see how much you can land in the right spot whittrotting along to the meet.

The next time I wake it is 5—still as dark as the Middle Ages. One speculative toe finds small comfort on the cold floor, but it's different 'cause I don't have to—so out we go.

Ready and dressed, I grope down stairs, candle in hand, into the sitting-room, light my lamp—half-past 5 by the clock—the hour has come, but not the man. Still leaking outside (the sky needs patching in England.) I listen from the open window, and some two or three miles away I hear two horses trotting. In the stillness one can almost say positively that one is a led horse—his hoof beats are lighter. The lanes wind so about here one is often quiet near and has still some miles to go.

### Way Goes Breakfast.

Down I sit again and strive to quiet the clamorings of my naturally hungry little Mary. Mary will not be quiet, no matter what I say—so I give her a small glass of sherry, and eye the clock.

Well, he's come—I will forgive him, for he's only ten minutes late and it's the first time—so I emerge from the two steamer rugs and golf cape I had wrapped around me and go out to mount.

The meet is six miles away, and we trot along steadily for a mile, and then I begin to want to know what is inside the man's bulging pockets.

The hint is taken—we slow down a little, and the precious packet is extended toward me—alas and alack, my crop flies up—hits it from his hand, and our breakfast bestrews the roadway—down they go—the ham ones and the beef—but, most lamentable of all, the beef, inasmuch as I hate ham, and they were meant for me.

On and on, with only the flask between us and starvation—with never a light to twinkle from a window, and mists veiling the hills, and the turns of the road lost in them.

We clatter through tiny villages, cross and recross a winding stream—and begin to wonder where we shall run into the hounds. We search the roadway, but no signs of them, though several horses have cauntered on before us. No Man's Corner is the spot named—and truly—for no man knows where it is, and by the time we struggle in we have gone four miles out of our way. I am not sorry, however, as each cluster of homes is more picturesque than the last—more old and rambling, more moss grown and gay with late flowers.

Finally we get on to the hounds' tracks and follow them up to the hill top. Only 20 or 30 are out, and my friend is disappointed that I cannot see one of the usual meets with 50, 60, a hundred and even two hundred in the saddle.

The country is so rolling, the hill where we pull up so round and the mists so en-

veloping that I feel as if I were on some mountain peak above the clouds.

The huntsmen are in the hollow below, trying to start poor little Master Fox out of his cover. I hear the pack voicing individual sentiments—barks of delight ("I've got 'em, fellows!")—yap of hesitation—yop of mystification—yowl of chagrin.

### First Sight of a Fox.

The huntsman's horn urges on—halts and calls back—different notes which they all know perfectly.

At my first sight of the small red brown fox skimming past quite near us, the pack labouring after—"How pretty they are together like that—all the dogs and the huntsmen in pink!" I exclaim.

I am naively green about all this, and am neither discomfited nor surprised when it is impressed on me that of all the ways in which one may show one's crass ignorance, no "bust" is more heinous than to call a hound a dog. It is no use for you to argue—dogs are

name, though, like coons, they all look alike to my unobserving eye.

We are all waiting for the continuous double notes that tell us the fox has broken from cover. Meanwhile we watch the hills ourselves, and if anyone sees him stealing away, and the pack misled, he shouts out, "Tally-ho!" and the huntsmen send the pack along by his direction.

There are several ladies out and one little girl of eight or nine—a usual sight in this land, where small boys often hunt at eight years old and even six, and keep their fat ponies up with the best riders.

### In Full Chase at Last.

On every side and dividing all the fields are Devonshire's famous hedges—often a man's height—and on top of the earthen embankment, bushy growth of some sort, the branches broken in many places, and there the hunters jump.

The horse rises, gathers his four feet on the broad top, and, after a second, down again on the other side. I feel a little dubious, but I think to myself if yonder small girl can do it I can.

Nothing doing yet—the horses prick their ears and want to be after the horn. Little Mary is frantic by this time, and the moment is timely and propitious—out comes the flask. I wish it didn't look quite so like whisky. "What," say I, "do they really, before every one?" "And, reassured, I fit my lips, after careful instructions from a veteran in the art, around the mouth of the bottle, and watch for signs of the bottom.

handle especially made for this necessity, and holds it for his follower, and the last man must latch it. This is strict etiquette, and also must you spare a farmer's planted field as much as possible and skirt its boundaries. The farmers, and anyone at all, hunt as well, but landowners are exempt from the subscribers' fee, or from donating to the cap which is passed for fox hunting.

### Cost of Hunting.

Following the hounds can be enjoyed cheaply by the country gentlemen, or made to cost a great deal. In some "fashionable" packs each member will have five horses or more, and ten or twelve guineas up is paid to the hunt for each animal. If one goes out at times only, 10/1 is placed in the hat.

The breakfast takes place before the hunt, and different families request the privilege of offering it of the M. F. H., who refuses it to nobodies seeking only to make friends in that way. It will be a sort of buffet lunch affair, wines and champagne flowing freely. Of course, to provide all this for 100 persons means something.

We have by this time lost the fox we first routed, and are now hot after another. He takes a very difficult course through densely wooded hollows, so we follow him by roadway, often recrossing our paths, and by the time we have puffed and panted over six miles we have made a complete circuit. We dash through a last gate and pull up on top of a gentle slope or clover, and, behold! this is the scene of my inglorious finish. I have so far done fairly.



THE HUNTSMEN ARE IN THE HOLLOW BELOW, TRYING TO START POOR LITTLE MASTER FOX OUT OF HIS COVER.

dogs, but a hound, let me tell you, is a separate and distinct animal. True, he wags his extremity like the others, but it is not a tail—it is a stern (pronounced starn). Why he should be described in terms nautical I cannot explain. I only give it as 'twas told to me by one of the biggest hunting men of the country, in all seriousness and desire for my good appearance in the hunting world.

While we are waiting for a break away, I gain more information.

No one appears in pink until the real hunting begins—November—only the two huntsmen wear colour, pink if the pack are fox, and dark green if they are harriers—barriers hunt bares as well, hence the name,—and there are many tales to tell of the persistence and undiminishing ardour with which they finally tire out their quarry.

The pack—owned by the M. F. H.—comprises 10 or 18 couple—that's another way to show one's ignorance: 30 hounds, never, but 18 couple.

There are two or three whips who do all the real work—care for the hounds, etc., and these men call everyone by

Soon after the horn doubles down the hill goes the pack, and down we go after them. The ground is soft and springy, the grass sparkling with rain and dew, the yellow gorse and purple heather colour the scene deliciously.

Now begins the run in earnest. Interested farm hands direct us this way and that. It is well I have a translator along to extract a meaning from their broad dialect.

We follow the knowing ones, who make short cuts, gallop madly down a road—through some farmyard, perhaps under an archway, "Look out for your head!"—jump a brook, up, up a steep hillside, where the stout men have to dismount and walk with their horses, down again, so steep that I must hang on to the back of the saddle to keep from slipping off. The horses steam until a gathering of them looks like an open-air Turkish bath. On again through bridle paths in dense foliage, through long, high-hedged lanes that imprison you so you must go on or all the way back. The first man of the field opens the gates, and as each rider follows he catches it with the crop

well, and was beginning to feel very clever and "horey."

But the mad pace of the last half hour, the long ride to begin with and no breakfast tell on me. My friend goes ahead, I down the hill after him gently trotting, when all of a sudden (like "Peggy") I am falling, on the offside too, and before I know what has happened I land on the clover with a little thud, face downward. I can tell immediately that one eye is hurt; some friends hurry up from behind, but I lie perfectly flat as I landed, afraid to budge lest I find more damage done, and squeal feebly for my escort. Never a move do I make until he picks me up—ye gods, what a sight I must have been! Red Devon mud all over me, my jaunty sailor knocked in, blood trickling over my immaculate stock, and my right eye, by the feel of 'im, the size of an ostrich egg.

### Fall Fully Expected.

Thus do I present myself to the gaze of my admirer when I arise. 'Twas the stubble in the field did it. As one gentleman ties me up with his handkerchief and a lady brushes me off, my

poor bewildered mount waits patiently by, and leading me on one arm, two horses on the other, we make our way a short distance to the nearest cottage. Now, of course, you will all laugh, but I knew when I started out that morning I was going to come off, but I had pictured and arranged for it over some hedge of terrifying proportions that maybe would be pointed out forever afterward as that American girl's jump. Not so—I fell off from pure weariness, the relaxation of every muscle in me, and no theatrical reason at all.

My shame did not end here. Once in the cottage, where we were received by a most kindly farmer's wife, the man handed me a mirror, thinking I must want to see it. Now, wasn't that just like a man? Look at it? I guess not—not even after I am all wiped and sopped and brushed off, and fed hot tea and muffins, and decried to my heart's content—by my hostess, I hasten to assert.

She treated us royally and told us we were six miles from home, so she put a son on one horse, leading the other, and the escort and I were placed on Turkey tread cushions, covered with an old and highly coloured counterpane, put up on the seat of a groaning, creaking two wheeled cart, with an old cart horse in front, me with my head tied up, walking and jogging those terrible six miles.

Did all the passers-by ask, "Had an accident?" Yes, children, you have guessed aright. And what did mamma say when I got back? "I thought you'd have some tale like this when you came home."

Would I go again if I could? Well, don't ask me if you don't mean me to accept.

**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 Mr. W. Girling to Miss Eika McKenzie (only daughter of Mr. McKenzie of this town), writes our Blenheim correspondent.

The engagement is announced of Captain E. Malet (Indian Army), son of E. de C. Malet (Christchurch) to Miss Annie Kitson, of Bourne-mouth. The marriage is to take place in England shortly.

The engagement is announced of Mr. A. Dennison, son of Mr. George Dennison (Dunedin) to Miss Dorothy Longlen (Launceston), formerly of Christchurch.

"Speak to me only with thine eyes,"  
But let those eyes be clear—  
A cold soon makes them otherwise—  
Dim, swollen, red, and bear.  
But still, if beauty would allure  
Whom colds have made her plain,  
Woods' Euphrasian Cure will soon secure  
Her speaking eyes again.



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Helmaley Burnet,  
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CHURCH.

**Orange Blossoms.**

DE COSTA—COHEN.

A VERY smart wedding took place at the Synagogue on Wednesday last (says our Wellington correspondent), the bride being Miss Katie Cohen (of Sydney) and the bridegroom Mr. Herbert de Costa (of Gisborne). The Rev. H. Van Staveren performed the ceremony. The bride, who was given away by her uncle, Mr. J. Levy, wore a lovely gown of white duchesse satin, with panels of filet net with raised embroidery of silk. The front panel had a design of true lovers' knots appliqued in white and silver, long wide sash ends were fastened with a buckle, and fell on the train. The bodice, which was softly draped, had guimpe and sleeves of lucked chiffon, and was finished with touches of silver. Orange blossom was worn in her hair and bodice, and a long Brussels net veil completed a charming costume. An original idea was a horseshoe of white narcissi carried on the arm, in addition to the regulation shower bouquet. The bridesmaids were Miss Minnie Cohen, sister of the bride, and Misses Agolda and Rae Levy, consins of the bride. The former wore a cream taffetas Princess gown with guimpe of cream insertion and silver tissue, hat of cream taffetas with ruchings of tulle, and sweeping ostrich feather. The Misses Levy wore pretty frocks of white satin charmeuse, long sashes of silk spotted net. Their hats were of cream satin swathed with tulle, and they carried bouquets of scarlet geranium, berries, and autumn leaves. The bridegroom was attended by his brother, Mr. David Levy, Messrs. B. and E. Levy, Ballin, and Hyams. After the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. A. Levy held a reception at "Waimate," Upper Willis-street, which was attended by a large number of guests. Miss Cohen, sister of the bride, wore a cream benzaline frock trimmed with Irish crochet lace, a black chin Merry Widow hat with Oriental band and white and black wings. Mrs. A. Levy, Princess gown of heliotrope silk,

with swathed bodice and guimpe of cream chiffon embroidered in pink and blue silk, pink satin hat with brown Marabout feathers and quills; Mrs. Levy, Copenhagen blue crepe de chine with panels of black lace and guimpe, toque of blue panne and jet with ostrich plumes; Mrs. L. Levy, mauve and white checked silk, black hat with tips; Mrs. Phil Nathan, black glace, the bodice finished off with cream lace and touches of pale blue, blue silk toque, the crown wreathed with jet beads and feathers; Mrs. Goldstein, reseda colienne, with velvet of a darker tone, white hat with green velvet and white ostrich tips. Tea was laid in the drawing-room, the table being prettily decorated with bands of white satin ribbon, with designs of true lovers' knots and horseshoes traced in silver, silver vases with freesias and narcissi being placed at intervals. A large wedding bell hung from an archway between the two rooms, under which the bride and bridegroom received their friends. Mr. and Mrs. de Costa left for Rotorua, the bride wearing a handsome gown of green cloth, the smart coat being edged with black and gold braid, cream silk hat with velvet bows and cream wings. The bridegroom's gift to the bride was a set of handsome furs; to the bridesmaids, gold bangles.

MCBRIDE—BOHANNON.

A pretty wedding took place at the residence of Mr. F. Bradshaw, Milton-road, Napier, on Tuesday last. The contracting parties were Miss Amy Bohannon, third daughter of Mr. Josiah Bohannon, Plesnev, Essex, England, and Mr. George Wilfred McBride, Napier, lately bugle-sergeant of the Queen's Royal Surrey Regiment. The Rev. A. C. Lawry was the officiating clergyman. The bride was given away by Mr. Bradshaw, and looked very winsome and dainty in a frock of white chiffon taffetas, tastefully trimmed with lace. Miss Mary Bradshaw, attired in a simple white frock, attended as bridesmaid. The young couple have gone south on their honeymoon trip.

EVANS—SOMERVILLE.

A quiet but interesting little wedding was celebrated in St. Matthew's Church, Hastings, on June 10th, when Mr. William Frank Evans, of Havelock North, and late of Plymouth (England) was married by the Rev. J. L. Kayll to Miss Ruth Eleanor Somerville, second daughter of the late Mrs. A. Somerville, of Napier. Mr. H. Weyerburg acted as best man, and the offices of bridesmaid were discharged by Miss Morrison. The bride, who was given away by her brother (Mr. F. W. Somerville), was prettily attired in a navy blue cloth travelling costume, and, immediately after the ceremony, Mr. and Mrs. Evans left by mail train for Rotorua and a tour of the North Island on their honeymoon.

NEILL—BENTLEY.

A quiet wedding took place at the Wesleyan parsonage, Gisborne, on June 9th, between Miss Alice Bentley, of Dunedin, and Mr. Marcus Alban Neill, of Gisborne. The Rev. Mr. Lochore conducted the service. The bride, who was given away by her brother (Mr. W. F. Bentley), wore a dress of cream mousseline de soie, trimmed with silk over lace and insertion, and the customary veil with orange blossoms, and carried a shower bouquet. The bridesmaid—Miss Jessie Brown—wore a dress of white mercerized muslin, trimmed with Empire style embroidery, and a sash of white silk ribbon. She wore a pretty green Leghorn hat, trimmed with green tulle and pink roses. Mr. G. Bolton acted as best man. The bride's travelling costume was of grey tweed, trimmed with silk and Oriental braid, edged with cream braid, and she had a cream felt hat to match.

WIFFEN—MACEY.

A quiet and pretty wedding interesting to Marlborough was celebrated at the Church of Nativity, Blenheim, on June 9th. The bride was Miss Etta Macey, daughter of Mr. W. H. Macey, one of the oldest residents of Blenheim, and the bridegroom Mr. Montague Wiffen, son of Mr. A. Wiffen, of St. Clair. The ceremony was performed by the Ven. Archdeacon Grace. The bride, who was given away by her father, looked charming in an Empire gown of chiffon taffetas, beautifully tucked and trimmed with lace and insertion. She wore a lovely veil, and



WHAT "IT" IS COMING TO.

"Of all the ding-dog-hat—what in thunder men want to wear such things for is—umph—or I'll get that hook in that eye or I'll eat—stop drawing in your breath, man, and swelling yourself up! Can't you see I'm simply—hang it!—them goes my thumbnail, right off short—"

the usual orange blossoms. Miss Constance Macey (sister of the bride) was the only bridesmaid, and she wore a tailor-made costume of grey cloth, relieved with a green silk under-boussie, trimmed with lace and insertion. Her hat was of silver grey silk with large rosette. She also wore a pretty bracelet set with diamonds and amethysts, the gift of the bridegroom. Mr. Hubert Wiffen, brother of the bridegroom, acted as best man, and Mr. Hubert S. Macey fulfilled the duties of groomsmen. After the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Macey received their guests at their residence in Scott-street, where afternoon tea was dispensed. Mr. and Mrs. Montague Wiffen left by motor-car, en route for Picton, and from thence to Wellington, where the honeymoon will be spent.

#### TALBOT—SMITH.

At St. Augustine's Anglican Church, Napier, a pretty wedding was solemnised on Wednesday last, when were united Miss Rose May Smith, of Napier, and Mr. Neil Augustus Talbot, of Sydney. The Rev. Canon Luke officiated. The bride was given away by her brother-in-law, Mr. W. Coleman, and wore a gown of soft white silk, prettily trimmed with lace and lovers' knots. She wore a wreath and veil, and carried a handsome shower bouquet. The bridesmaids were the Misses Maud and Florrie Coleman, who wore dainty frocks of white silk and ermine muslin de soie respectively. They wore gold brooches; the bridegroom's gifts. The newly-married couple left by the afternoon train for the south, the bride's travelling dress being a smart tailor-made of navy blue, and becoming hat.

#### HENDERSON—PATTERSON.

Quite an interesting violet wedding was celebrated on June 8th in the Primitive Methodist Church, Thames, the contracting parties being Mr. Wm. Wallace Henderson, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Henderson, of Auckland, and Miss Annie M. E. Patterson, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Patterson, of Karaka Creek, Thames. The bride was given away by her father, and looked very winsome in a soft shimmering silk, handsomely trimmed with silk insertion and fringe en suite, finished with a smart train. She also wore the orthodox wreath and bridal veil, carrying a magnificent bouquet. She was attended by three bridesmaids, first being Miss Ella Sanderson, of Waihi, cousin of the bride. She was attired in a handsome Directoire gown of chiffon, cream taffeta silk, prettily trimmed with silk braiding and ball fringe, wearing a cream Merry Widow hat with ostrich plumes, and carrying a pretty bouquet of cream roses and maiden-hair fern. The other bridesmaids were Misses Ettie and Ruby Henderson, sisters of the bridegroom, and looked very chic in Wistaria chiffon silk dresses prettily draped with silk braid and insertion, wearing violet girdles with golden tassels. They had quaint Venetian hats made of violet satin, trimmed with violet shaded wings, and carried large golden shepherd's wands draped with violets and heliotrope ribbon. Mr. Len Snowling acted as best man, and Mr. James Gribble as groomsmen, while Mr. Harry Henderson also attended.

#### LOVELOCK—TALLOTT.

A very pretty wedding was celebrated in All Saints' Church on Thursday, June 10, at Palmerston North. The bride was Miss Amy Laura Talloft, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. Talloft, and the bridegroom Mr. Leonard L. Lovelock, farmer, Rangitikei Line. The Rev. C. C. Harper officiated. The bride was charmingly attired in cream crystalline silk, with the orthodox veil and orange blossoms. The Misses Talloft (2) and Lovelock (2) were bridesmaids. Mrs. Talloft (bride's mother) wore a handsome costume of biscuit coloured cloth and lace. Mrs. Lovelock (bridegroom's mother) was gowned in black mercerized silk. The wedding breakfast was held at the residence of the bride's parents. The honeymoon will be spent in Napier. The bride's travelling dress was a handsome navy blue costume with hat to match. About 150 guests were entertained in the Newbury Hall in the evening.

#### FRECKLINGTON—WILSON.

At St. Mark's Church, Wellington, the marriage took place early this month of Miss Lisette Margaret Wilson, second daughter of Mr. G. G. Wilson, of Myrtle Crescent, to Mr. B. Frecklington, of Rangitikei, youngest son of the late Mr. William Frecklington. The Ven. Archdeacon Faneourt, assisted by the Rev. A. M. Johnson, vicar of St. Mark's, performed the ceremony. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a travelling costume of blue and brown striped cloth, white hat, trimmed with white chiffon, and long white plume, and carried a prayer book, the gift of her mother. The two bridesmaids were Miss Jean Wilson, sister of the bride, who wore a brown tailor-made costume, with cream lace vest and brown picture hat, and Miss Kathleen Bover, cousin of the bride, who wore an exquisite embroidered muslin and white turban hat. Mr. M. Read, of Mount Stewart, Sanson, acted as best man, and Mr. James A. G. Wilson, brother of the bride, as groomsmen. The bridegroom's gift to the bride was a handsome set of sables; and to the bridesmaids a pair of pearl earrings and necklace, with pearl pendant respectively. The bride's mother wore a dark green faced cloth costume, with black picture hat and plumes. Miss Wilson, eldest sister of the bride, wore a brown heather tailor-made tweed costume, and hat to match. Amongst those present were: Mrs. Bover, aunt of the bride, in a Wedgwood blue taffeta, trimmed with cream lace and Directoire sash, and black picture hat; Miss Faneourt; Mrs. Waters, in a black silk, and Mrs. Everett, in grey chiffon taffetas. After the wedding a reception was held at Godber's.

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## Society Gossip.

(Special to the "Graphic.")

### AUCKLAND.

June 21.

#### Juvenile Ball.

ATURDAY night was the occasion of a very merry gathering of young people at "Hazel Bank," the residence of Mr. and Mrs.

McK. Geddes, in honour of their younger daughter, Miss Jessie Geddes. The grounds presented quite a fairy scene, with hundreds of coloured globes suspended from plants and shrubs, while Chinese lanterns decorated the verandah and balcony. The weather was perfect, and everyone, from the hospitable host and hostess down to little Master Herman, the "Baby" of the family, combined to make the guests happy. The house and ballroom were beautifully decorated with whole nikau palms and great bowls of arum lilies, with trails of lycopodium. Miss Jessie Geddes was charmingly attired in white muslin with crimson satin Empire sash and butterfly bows, a colour scheme extended to the supper table, which was very dainty with crimson begonias and chiffon of same shade, with pure white narcissus with coral fern. Mrs. Geddes wore black brocade with jet, and a handsome silk Spanish scarf. Her jewels were diamonds and emeralds, and a curious and unique necklace of Oriental beaten silver. Miss Geddes, tourmaline nion de soie over glace silk, with drawn silk and lace motifs, and corsage inset with lace. Her jewellery was amethyst and pearls. Miss Hutchison looked sweet in lovely embroidered flit net Empire over silk, with gold tissue belt and drops; Miss A. Barstow, pink and white floral Empire; Miss E. Cumming, pale sea green taffeta; Miss J. Niccol, dainty white muslin with pink belt and silver spangled scarf; Miss D. Carduo, white book muslin, pale green sash and butterfly bows; Miss E. Hesketh, blue muslin with silver braid and drops; Miss G. Douglas, heliotrope muslin with Maltese lace; Miss M. Nicholson, pale blue silk with velvet and Maltese lace; Miss M. Colgrove, white silk with lovely Honiton berthe; Miss R. Spencer, pink charmeuse with pale blue and pink embossed embroidery; Miss C. Craig looked handsome in oyster white couple satin with gold sequins; Miss M. Reed, white silk with violets and butterfly bows in violet ribbon; Miss E. Reed, white; Miss MacLennan, white muslin and insertion with floral sash and trimmings, hair ribbon to match; Miss N. Frater, peach pink silk with frills; Miss J. Frater, lovely embroidered chiffon over palest pink silk; Miss Lindsay, blue silk; Miss Paton, Swiss muslin with pale blue scarf; Miss M. Payton, green with cream silk lace; Miss G. Beale, turquoise blue silk with blonde lace; Miss H. Bloomfield, cream voile with pink bows; Miss C. Tole, embroidered muslin robe; Miss W. Alexander, green chiffon over silk, with dark green velvet belt; Miss D. Niccol, white taffeta with pink hair ribbons; Miss Olyphant, pale pink muslin with deep tucks; Miss P. Macfarlane, pink silk; Miss J. Barnard, floral muslin with black Empire sash and bows; Miss Merle Pollen, pink silk; Miss S. Nathan, white crepe de chine with blue belt; Miss Tibbs, white muslin; Miss R. Horrocks, white book muslin with silver medallions and heliotrope bows in hair; Miss E. Young, pale pink silk with black butterfly bow; Miss Pearl Gorrie, white glace with dull blue scarf; Miss Gorrie, brown taffeta. Gentlemen present: Messrs. Geddes (4), Mowbray, N. Hill, Carduo, Frater, Gibbs, D. Dufaur, Tole (2), Towle, Johnstone, Horrocks, Macfarlane, Douglas, Niccol, Barnard, Barstow, Gorrie, Larners, Pierce (2), Hartland (2), F. Hellaby, E. Rhodes, Niman, Walker, E. Taylor, C. Virtue, Bevins, Bouef, H. Winstone, M. Kronfeld, K. Howarth, Clarke, Sloman, J. Mackay, K. Murray.

#### Tennis Club "At Home."

The Devonport Lawn Tennis and Croquet Club held an "At Home" on Wednesday, the 16th inst. Out of consideration for the many city people who attend the dance was held in the Portman Rooms, which are eminently suited for the pur-

pose. They were beautifully decorated with bunting and Japanese lanterns, and the balcony was nicely fitted up. Part of the hall, being curtained off, made cosy drawing-rooms, furnished in rattan. The supper tables were, indeed, a subject for admiration. One marvelled at the profusion of flowers and ferns in the prevailing colour scheme of gold and green, which adorned the dainty repast. The club colours also entered into the decorations, and trailed from the ceiling to the tables. Burke's Band provided the music, bringing to one's mind the operas we have been enjoying the last few weeks. Among a large committee, who worked most energetically for the success of the evening, most prominent were: Mesdames Newell, Best, J. C. Macky, Earle, Cooke, Ford, Duder, Misses Allison, I. Duder, Handley, Metcalfe, Duder, Macindoe, and Harvey, and Messrs. B. Buddle, Rogers, Hobbs, Rainger, Young, and the untiring secretary, Mr. J. Macky. Altogether the "At Home" was most delightful, and will long be remembered with pleasure. The dresses were so pretty as to almost baffle description, but among noticeable ones were: Mrs. W. J. Napier, wearing oyster-white glace; Mrs. Goertz, black sequined satin; Mrs. Newell, black silk; Mrs. Reynolds, black, with green; Mrs. E. P. Earle, white pin-tucked Organde, with Valenciennes and silver trimming; Mrs. Wrigley, royal blue velvet; Mrs. Leslie Murray, pale pink chiffon taffeta; Miss Phyllis Metcalfe (debutante), dainty white satin Princess gown, with chiffon overdress edged with silver, daisies in hair; Miss Dorothy Webber (debutante), sweet frock of white chiffon taffeta, berthe of blonde lace heavily embroidered; Miss Wrigley (debutante), pretty cream satin Empire gown, with embroidered panel in silver; Miss Dermer, heliotrope Oriental satin Empire gown, with passermenterie, and velvet bands; Miss Cowan, pale blue chiffon with shirring; Miss Hilda Johnson, heliotrope silk, with tabliers and white lace; Miss K. Wynyard, white Oriental satin; Miss Gittos, dainty cornflower blue crepe de chine with white sequined net decolletage; Miss Philcox, pale green; Miss Macindoe, white Organde, with gold trimmings; Miss F. Macindoe, white silk, relieved with black; Miss Gribbin, pale blue; Miss Clark, cameo pink chiffon taffeta; Miss Mahon, pink satin, Maltese lace berthe; Miss Newell, white satin frock with Grecian bands; Miss Marks, mauve-coloured chiffon; Miss Duder, cream silk; Miss Ivy Duder, black glace, softened with white net; Miss F. Duder, cream taffeta, with gold embroidered berthe; Miss Webster, cream silk Directoire gown edged with silk fringe; Miss Mary Bennett, white Oriental satin with blonde lace decolletage; Miss N. Bennett, quaint pink Princess gown, with Oriental bands; Miss Jessop, cream net over amber satin; Miss Ethel Bagnall, rose-pink silk; Miss Tibbs, pale green silk; Miss Wilding, tangerine silk; Miss Nellie George, white silk with gold embroidered berthe; Miss Metcalfe, black chiffon, embroidered in white; Miss Henrickson, white blonde lace; Miss Taylor, white silk; Miss Walker, pale green glace; Miss Lily Helaby, pink floral, chiffon; Miss A. Macklow, white lace over heliotrope silk; Miss C. Macklow, pink satin gown, with Maltese lace berthe; Miss Winnie Kent, Nile green silk frock; Miss R. Sellars, ecru lace gown; Miss Brassey, white silk; Mrs. Grierson; Miss Simpson, pale green; Miss B. Kent, black; Miss Dolly Metcalfe, bronze-green glace silk, with Oriental bands; Miss Perrett, white silk with silver buttons; Miss Hanna, pale green; Miss Steward, white satin and silver; Miss Frater, pink glace silk; Miss Crowther, heliotrope floral gown; Miss F. Murray, white chiffon; Miss Usher, white and silver; Miss Clematis Cooke, blue silk Empire gown, with black; Miss Elliott, pale blue frock, decolletage of white net and geraniums; Miss Gribbin, rainbow silk; Miss Norton, Nile-green glace silk, with silver sequined panel; Miss Griffiths, white silk, with crimson sash; Misses Lewis wore pink satin and cream silk respectively; Miss Mathias, pale blue silk with dainty Valenciennes; Miss Kathleen Mathias, pale green silk, with silver; Miss McIntosh, cream satin. Some of the gentlemen present were: Messrs. Abbott, Tibbs,

**Best, Bush, Duthie, Baker, Bennett, Cardno (2), Culpin, Earle, Wheatman, Foote (2), Hanna, George, Grossman, Jones, Hudson, Kimpton, Murray, Young, Rogers, Gittos, Hobbs, Phillipps, Buddie, Oxley, Raining, Simpson, Clark, Baxter, Good, Court, Brabat (2), Garlick, Walker, Pierce, Clay, Macky, Webber, etc.**  
**PHYLLIS BROWN.**

**WELLINGTON.**

June 18.

**Afternoon Teas.**

Afternoon teas have been very prevalent this week, and more than one afternoon has seen two or three such entertainments.

Lady Ward and her daughter have, of course, been going out a great deal up to the last moment, so they must welcome the rest entailed by the voyage. No one save relations and intimate friends were on the wharf to see them depart, as the gates were barricaded some hours before the steamer started owing to the fear of a demonstration.

A very big affair was the tea given on Wednesday by Mrs. Litchfield. Somewhere near two hundred guests were present, but there was no crowding, as four rooms were available, beside the spacious hall. Roses, narcissus and anemones decorated the drawing-room, and in the coffee-room there was an effective arrangement of pasturiums in trails on a muslin centre embroidered in harmonising colours. Chrysanthemums banked the mantelpiece in the morning-room, interspersed with autumn foliage. Upstairs was a string band, which pleasantly accompanied conversation.

Mrs. Litchfield, who received her guests in the hall, wore a graceful dress of aluminium grey crepe de chine, the bretelles of delicate lace being bordered with moss green velvet; Miss Moira Litchfield was in white muslin with a sash of chine ribbon; Lady Ward was present, wearing dull green frieze, braided in green, black picture hat with roses; Miss Ward, dark blue tailor-made and black hat; Mrs. Tupper, dull rose-coloured charmeuse, made a la Directoire, the sash having fringed ends, and her black picture hat had many plumes; Mrs. Findlay, navy cloth, braided in black, black toque with flowers; Mrs. Von Haast, silver grey crepe de chine with guimpe of lace and net, black picture hat; Mrs. Chapman, brown tailor-made and brown toque; Mrs. Duncan, black chiffon taffetas, the Empire coat richly applied; Mrs. G. F. Campbell, sky blue chiffon taffetas with guimpe of net and lace and Eastern embroideries; pale blue floral toque; Mrs. Tewsley, aluminium grey velvet, the Directoire coat having a flet of pale blue brocade, black picture hat with panache of osprey; Mrs. M. Myers, grey-blue cloth, embroidered in soutache of the same shade, net guimpe and sleeves, and black picture hat; Mrs. Head, black cloth with velvet collar, black and grey toque; Miss Head, grey voile, the yoke outlined with silver ball fringe, picture hat; Mrs. Bell, sapphire blue cloth with velvet coat of the same shade, blue toque with plumes; Mrs. Morris, ivory cloth with black velvet revers and buttons, black hat; Mrs. Mitford, blue frieze tailor-made, lace blouse and a blue hat with green wings; Mrs. H. Nathan, rose du Barri, cloth, white fox fur and black hat; Mrs. Salmon, reseda solienne and black hat; Mrs. R. Browne, green tailor-made and green hat with wings; Mrs. Johnson, dark blue tailor-made and hat with roses; Mrs. Macarthy, wine-coloured chiffon glace with wide bands of ivory satin, richly embroidered in gold, white picture hat with very long wine-coloured plume; Mrs. Samuel, Havana brown chiffon taffeta, the guimpe outlined in dull gold and Eastern embroideries; Miss G. Nathan, white cloth Eton costume, braided, and a black hat; Mrs. Larnach, reseda crepe de chine and green toque with wings; Mrs. Edwin, sapphire blue chiffon taffetas and blue toque; Mrs. Hume, navy cloth tailor-made and black toque; Miss G. Harcourt, a graceful Princess gown of rose-coloured couple cloth, the cross-over folds disclosing a tiny guimpe of Cluny lace; Mrs. Kane, black chiffon taffetas with lace and net yoke; Miss Kane, silver grey taffetas, the hattemented berthe having fan-shaped insertions of grey lace, cherry-red toque with roses; Mrs. Finch, black chiffon taffetas with lace yoke, black and white toque; Miss Finch, navy tailor-made and hat with roses; Miss Morris, Havana brown Princess costume with net yoke and velvet buttons, brown hat with fur and chiffon; Miss Coates, dark tailor-made and black hat; Mrs. Frith, brown coat and skirt, white fox fur toque and stole; Miss Tur-

ner, navy cloth and black hat with wings; Miss Barron, white serge Eton costume with gold braid, red toque with wings.

**An Enjoyable Dance.**

Very jolly was the little dance at Sayes Court, given by Mrs. Elgar for her daughter, a debutante of a few weeks. The reception rooms were beautifully decorated with spring flowers and trails of foliage, and the music was most inspiring. Mrs. Elgar—whose toilettes are always the envy and admiration of every woman in Wellington—wore a Princess gown of mist-grey chiffon charmeuse, the tunic bordered with chin-chilla fur, while the corsage was exquisitely embroidered in subdued shades and draped with lovely lace; Miss Edid Elgar was in palest green tulle, with a satin hem and girde of the same shade, which was repeated in the flet that was threaded through her fair hair; Mrs. Turnbull wore oyster-white brocade, the skirt inlet with panels of diamante lace of the same shade, which also draped the Princess corsage and formed the tiny sleeves; Miss Dalziel, white satin charmeuse, with flounces, and a berthe of Brussels lace; Mrs. Arthur Duncan, maize brocade, with Directoire sash clasped by a jewelled buckle; Mrs. Bidwell (Wairarapa), moonlight-blue charmeuse, with lace draperies and jewelled galon; Mrs. K. Duncan, myosotis-blue messaline, the sleeves and vest of white tulle; Mrs. Dymock, cameo-pink ninon de soie, hemmed with brown velvet and laced across the vest with brown and gold cords; Mrs. Abbot, mist blue charmeuse, made en Princess, with lace sleeves; Mrs. Pearce, ivory satin, draped with lace; Miss Cooper, white chine, patterned with pink and mauve, with chiffon sleeves of the same tone; Miss D. Johnston, ivory satin veiled in dew-drop tulle, hemmed and girdled with satin; Miss Brandon, hydrangea tinted ninon de soie, finished with lace; Miss Nora Brandon, pale rose-tinted terry silk, the Princess skirt inlet with panels of lace; Miss Head, white duchesse satin, with silver embroideries, softened with lace; Mrs. Pearce, white radium silk, the corsage having lace draperies and glants of silver.

**Afternoon Tea**

Miss Webb was the principal guest at the tea given lately by Miss Bessie Fitzgerald. Broad mauve ribbons trellised the tea-tables, on which stood vases of violets, and the cakes were also iced in a harmonising hue. An amusing competition was won by one of the guests, and a gift to the guest of honour was a "Pig Book," which created a great deal of fun. Miss Fitzgerald wore a graceful dress of crepe de chine, with a lace guimpe; Miss Webb was in blue, and her sister wore a dark tailor-made costume, and a floral hat.

**Tea at the Chinese Consulate.**

On Wednesday afternoon the Chinese Consul and Mrs. Hwang gave a small tea at their house on Thorndon-quay, several of the guests going on afterwards to another tea in the vicinity. Mrs. Hwang wore a blue silk skirt, with a long coat of magnificent Chinese brocade, and jewelled pins in her wonderfully coiffe black hair; her little daughter was dressed in brown velvet; Mrs. Wong, who was helping her hostess to entertain, wore black chiffon taffetas; Mrs. Chung Ling Soo was smartly gowned in Havana brown crepe de chine, made in the Empire style, with a lace yoke, and a brown toque with wings; Mrs. Newman, petunia cloth Directoire gown, soutache in black, black picture hat with wings; Mrs. Wilford, natter blue voile, and blue hat; Miss Coates, dark blue tailor-made, lace blouse, and black hat; Mrs. McLean, black chiffon taffetas, and black toque; Mrs. Bell, blue cloth dress, with velvet toque; Mrs. Fisher, sapphire blue cloth tailor-made, and green velvet hat with wings; Mrs. Duncan, dark tailor-made, and black hat. Some wonderful conjuring feats by Chung Ling Soo himself much impressed and mystified the guests.

**Other Entertainments.**

Some of the visiting political ladies were entertained at tea on Monday by Mrs. Findlay. Pink and yellow roses adorned the drawingroom, together with narcissi and violets. Mrs. Findlay wore grey figured velvet, the net yoke inlet with lace; Lady Ward was wearing blue frieze, and a blue and green hat; Mrs. R. McKenzie, black crepe de chine and lace, black picture hat; Mrs. G. MacLean, black chiffon taffetas, and black and white toque; Miss McKenzie, chiffon voile, and floral hat; Mrs. Vernon Reed,

pastel couple cloth semi-Directoire gown, and floral toque; Miss MacGregor green tailor-made, black hat with wings.

Last Friday was the day of the tea given by Mrs. Dean. The hostess wore glacier blue crepe de chine, with a guimpe of lace and deft embroideries; her daughter was in a white lingerie robe, elaborately inset with lace and embroideries, the high waist belt being finished with a knot of vivid scarlet berries. The same effective viburnum was most effectively used in masses in one of the tea-rooms, while in the other pink, bronze, and yellow chrysanthemums were charmingly combined. Upstairs there was a room where fortune-telling was carried on, and yet another in which ice creams were much appreciated. Lady Ward, who was among the guests, wore a blue dress, with a long sealskin coat, and a black hat with roses; Miss Ward was in dark blue, and a hat with wings; Mrs. Fitchett, in blue voile, and a mole-coloured picture hat; Mrs. Findlay, grey tailor-made, black toque; Miss Coates, navy tweed, braided in black, black hat; Mrs. Nathan, pale pastel crepe de chine, blue hat with roses; Mrs. Clark, black chiffon taffetas, black and pink toque; Mrs. Newman, violet cloth, made en Directoire, with elaborate braidings in black, black picture hat.

News came by cable the other day that Major and Mrs. Hughes, who are spending their honeymoon in Australia, have decided to go on to England, and are clearly en route for that country, travelling by one of the big Messageries steamers. It is said that Major Hughes is resigning his position in the defence forces here, and has accepted an appointment in the Old Country.

OPHELIA.

**CAMBRIDGE.**

June 19.

**Progressive Euchre.**

On Tuesday evening Mrs. Lacey Peake, of Gracedale, gave an enjoyable progressive euchre party for Miss D. Richardson, who is staying with her sister, Mrs. C. Peake, and there were six tables, and a most pleasant evening was spent. Miss Richardson won the prize for the ladies, a silver pencil. A delicious supper was served after the play. Mrs. L. Peake received her guests in a creme gown, trimmed with creme silk; Mrs. C. Peake, white silk with berthe of deep lace; Miss Richardson, white embroidered muslin, crimson roses on bodice; Miss D. Richardson (Wanganui); white muslin and blue sash; Miss Molly Richardson, white muslin and pink ribbons; Miss Clark, white silk gown; Miss M. Peake, white silk blouse and black skirt; Miss Fanny Peake, white frock with touches of red.

**Golf in Cambridge.**

Golf is being taken up very enthusiastically this season, and on Wednesdays and Saturdays the links are very crowded. An eclectic competition for the ladies and men is being played this month.

**Croquet Dance.**

On Friday evening the second of a series of croquet dances was held in the Alexandra Hall, at which there was a large gathering. Mrs. Eurl, the President, and a Committee of Ladies were most energetic in looking after the comfort of everyone. The music was excellent, and the supper table looked most tempting with its array of dainty dishes provided by the members of the Croquet Club. Mrs. Earle received the guests in black Louisiana silk, trimmed with lace; Mrs. C. Hunter, black chiffon taffeta with yoke and sleeves of black tuckered net; Mrs. Allen Bell, white mousseline de soie with embroidered yoke and sleeves and sash of moss green velvet; Mrs. J. Hally, moss green chiffon taffeta with vest of tuckered white net and silk applique and Duchess point lace, and scarf of beaten silver; Mrs. Richardson, most becoming dress of black brocade silk with yoke and sleeves of white tuckered net, finished with black passementerie and creme and pink silk applique, pink and creme scarf; Mrs. A. Gibbons, palest green chiffon taffeta over shell pink lace, bodice trimmed with creme lace; Mrs. Huddleston, heliotrope silk frock, trimmed with velvet of a deeper shade; Mrs. Croxford, black silk and lace gown with crimson roses on corsage; Miss L. Gane, green voile frock, creme sash;

Miss McGee, white embroidered musling; Miss Wallace, pink satin, trimmed with crumo lace; Miss Vosper, white silk; Miss M. Mackay, pale blue silk and blue ribbon in her hair; Miss Jeffries, white muslin; Miss Donaldson (Raglan), white silk, embroidered; Miss Hill, pale blue silk, trimmed with bands of white satin; Miss C. Hill, pale blue silk with white ribbons; Miss L. Saunders, white silk; Miss Swayne, a most becoming dress of palest pink chiffon taffeta, bodice trimmed with white net and lace; Miss K. Swayne, pale green silk and lace trimmings; Miss T. Stone, white net blouse, grey voile skirt; Miss E. Brown, red silk and white ribbons in her hair; Miss E. Bell, white muslin; Miss Payne, dainty white figured net over white glue; Miss Clarke, pale pink chiffon taffeta, trimmed with white lace; Mrs. A. Gane, white silk voile, trimmed with lace; Miss Reece, white silk; Miss O'Connor, pale blue blouse, black skirt; Miss Carley (Hamilton), a very pretty gown of white

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satin; Miss King, white muslin; Miss Western, pink silk and pink ribbons in her hair; Miss McIntyre, cerise velvet blouse, black skirt; Miss Richardson, a most becoming dress of black chiffon taffeta in semi-Empire style, the bodice having revers of white Oriental lace, finished with black tassels; Miss H. Wells looked smart in black chiffon taffeta, white tucker and sleeves of net and butterflies of the silk; Miss Taylor, pretty frock of black chiffon taffeta, and berthe of fine white lace, roses in coiffure; Miss Bryant, pale green silk, relieved with moss green velvet; Miss Donough (Auckland), white silk; Miss Gwynneth, heliotrope silk blouse, black silk skirt.

ELSIE.

## HASTINGS.

June 17.

### Hawke's Bay Jockey Club.

Winter races were held somewhat earlier this year, and on Wednesday, the first day, there was a large attendance, and a keen interest was kept up until the last races. A more than usually large number of smart and pretty gowns graced the lawns. Lady Price wore a smart French coat and skirt of striped mole, braided and buttoned in black and mole, mole hat with turquoise trimmings; Miss E. Williams, navy blue costume, Nattier blue toque, with subtle trimmings; Mrs. Stronach wore a neat tailor-made costume of mole nattier tweed, and a smart hat of burnt straw, black wings, and swatches of silk; Mrs. Barcroft, purple cloth braided with black, purple hat with roses, white furs; Mrs. Chas. Scott, green cloth, very becoming Marabout busby hat with heavy silver cord, ruffs and muff en suite; Mrs. McKenzie, beautiful brown fur coat, brown hat with petrol blue and brown wings; Mrs. J. Beamish wore a smart brown coat and skirt, stylish hat en suite; Mrs. Fosswill, black and white striped gown, mole hat, very rich purple wings; Mrs. Mackersy, mole costume, violet hat; Miss Austin looked exceedingly nice in a military blue, braided with black, and a charming black hat; Mrs. Clarke, navy costume, hat of saze blue; Mrs. Newbigen, pastel blue cloth, handsome lace waistcoat, white fox furs and beautiful white Marabout busby hat, lined with green; Mrs. Williamson, cinnamon brown coat and skirt, white Cossack hat with electric blue quills; Mrs. W. G. Stead, navy cloth costume, nattier blue plumed hat; Mrs. Frank Cameron wore a very becoming gown of white cloth braided with silk soutache and a charming picture hat of black plumee; Mrs. Laudela, who always looks very elegant, was wearing a beautiful mole cloth coat and skirt, large black hat; Mrs. Macdonell looked well in a military braided blue coat and heavily pleated skirt, mole and white striped silk domed hat with long French quills, beautiful muff and stole of black fur tipped with white; Miss Evans wore a brown costume with becoming brown hat with pink wings; Mrs. Pharsen looked daintily in a fashionable coat and skirt of fine serge braided in palest lavender shade, beautiful satin hat to match with long soft plumes in a deeper tone of lavender; Mrs. Jack Miller was wearing a very pretty gown of saze blue, stone Marten set of furs and a black plumed hat, which suited her well; Miss Mason, pretty coloured coat and skirt of souple cloth, large petrol satin hat with wings to match; Miss Meurerzgen, green corduroy, hat to match; Mrs. Rathbone (Waipawa) looked very sweet and pretty in a mole costume and winged hat to correspond; Miss Robinson, lovely little coat and skirt of brown, and a becoming hat of quilled forest green silk. Others present were:—Mrs. Nantros (Napier), Mrs. Rochford, Miss Cooper, Mrs. Murray, Mrs. Douglas, Mrs. McVay (Napier), Mrs. Hawkins (Napier), Mrs. Tanner, Mrs. Reid, Miss Drury, Miss Cuthbert, Mrs. Brodie.

### Tennis Club Ball.

This function was held on Tuesday evening in the Drill Hall, and the committee had everything arranged most beautifully. The supper tables, with their bounteous fare and lovely clusters of violets, were worth the seeing, and the "Merry Widow" music, together with the lovely frocks worn, converted the ball-room into a very enchanting scene. It would be impossible to describe all the gowns worn, but I

will submit some of those which came under my notice:—Lady Price wore a beautiful petrol satin Directoire; Mrs. Stronach, who always in charming, wore a black frock with cream lace berthe, which looked exceedingly nice in its simplicity; Mrs. Tosswill wore a handsome cream satin; Mrs. Newbigen, a handsome French gown of embroidered rose net; Miss Wellwood, pale blue silk; Mrs. De Lisle, black and crimson gown; Miss Palmer, pastel green sequined robe; Mrs. Mackersy, heliotrope gown; Miss Baird, white silk; Miss M. Wellwood, cream silk.

### A Sad Fatality.

Quite a gloom was cast over Hastings when it became known that Miss Harding, who was thrown from her horse, had succumbed to her injuries, never having regained consciousness. Great sympathy is felt for the bereaved parents, Miss Harding being an only daughter, and a most charming girl, having reached her 21st birthday.

### Personal.

Mrs. Fox has left for England. Sir Francis and Lady Price have returned from their honeymoon trip. Mrs. Williams (of Havelock North) is giving a private dance to a number of young people to-night in St. Matthew's Schoolroom. We are looking forward in anticipation to Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Stead's banquet and ball, which they intend giving at their homestead. Visitors to town for the races are:—Mr. and Mrs. S. Johnston, Miss Johnston, Miss Inglis, Mr. and Mrs. Rutherford, Mr. and Miss Gaisford, Mr. and Mrs. R. Johnston, Misses Johnston, Mr. and Mrs. T. Armstrong.

SHEBA.

## NAPIER.

June 19.

### Bridge Party

On Thursday evening last Mr. and Mrs. Stedman gave a bridge party to the Bank of New South Wales. There was a large number of guests, and the tasteful drawing room was a scene of animation and enjoyment. Mrs. Stedman received her guests in a lovely white lace gown, the corsage finished with pink chiffon roses, and draped with scarf of white and silver; Mrs. Riddell wore a becoming pink frock with pink scarf; Mrs. Wenley, handsome floral silk gown; Mrs. Levien, pale blue relieved with creme; Mrs. Paulney, black gown with touches of old gold; Mrs. Snodgrass, smart black silk; Mrs. Russell, gown of becoming green striped silk; Mrs. Smart, dainty white silk; Mrs. Edgar, white chiffon gown, handsome lace coat; Miss Fell, simple white silk; Mrs. Rutherford, creme frock with touch of crimson; Miss S. Rutherford, green silk; Miss McLean, soft white chiffon; Miss Brabant, white silk; Miss Moorcroft, white; Miss Seale, white frock finished with pale blue. The gentlemen present were Messrs. Stedman, Brodie, Paulney, Parker, Chung, Shearou, Humphries, Hoben, Russell, Robertshaw, and Brabant. The prizes were won by Mr. Edgar and Mr. Russell. The pleasure of the evening was much enhanced by musical selections, contributed by Misses Fell and McLean, and Mr. Hoben. The supper table was beautifully arranged with roses and maidenhair, and a dainty repast partaken of.

### Croquet Club Dance.

A very enjoyable dance was given by the ladies of the Napier Terrace Croquet Club on Thursday evening last. Amongst those present I noticed Mrs. Hales in pale blue muslin; Mrs. Archer, lovely gown of white crepe de chine, with vandyked over-dress of sequined net; Mrs. Ashcroft, very becoming frock of champagne tint over pale blue silk, finished with ecru net and lace; Miss Foreman, Empire gown of pale pink silk and creme net; Miss Burten-have looked very dainty in a trained white crepe de chine frock; Mrs. Crutchley, pale blue Liberty silk; Miss Dinwiddie, pale pink silk; Mrs. Herbert White, handsome black velvet gown, the corsage finished with point lace; Mrs. Burtenshaw, black; Mrs. A. H. Wilson, pale blue crepe de chine, filet net insertion; Miss Pufflet, becoming black; Mrs. Williams, yellow

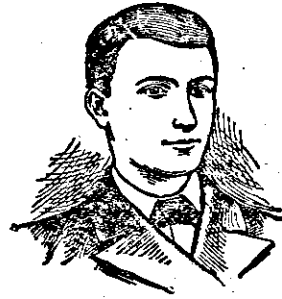
satin; Miss Retemeyer, black crepe de chine; Miss K. Retemeyer, pale pink silk; Miss Niven, white silk; Miss Abolum, pink silk.

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**Personal.**

Quite a number of visitors were in town last week for the Hawke's Bay races. Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Williamson (Gisborne), Mr. and Mrs. S. Johnston, and Miss Johnston (Oruawhoro), Miss Inglis (Porangahau), Mr. and Mrs. Gairford, Mr. and Mrs. F. Armstrong, Miss Speedy, Mr. and Mrs. J. Bull, jun., Mr. and Mrs. R. Johnston, Mr. and Mrs. Rutherford, and Miss D. Rutherford were all staying at the Masonic Hotel.

Mrs. Harrison, of Napier, has gone to spend a holiday with her sister, Miss Kelly, of Kelburne, Wellington.

Mrs. Wilder is on a holiday visit to Napier.

Mrs. E. B. Buckeridge, of Wellington, came up this week to assist in the staging of the "Mikado," which is to be produced this month by the Napier Operatic Society.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Wheeler, who have been residing in Napier for some time, left with their little daughter last week for England.

Mrs. (Dr.) Roberts and Mrs. Ziele, of Darnedin, are on a holiday visit to Napier.

Mr. and Mrs. Ken. Williams, of Waipiro Bay, are visiting Napier, and staying at the Masonic Hotel.

Mrs. Ernest Hadfield, of Wellington, is in Napier for a holiday. She is staying with her mother, Mrs. Wood.

Mr. and Mrs. Denniston and Miss Denniston, of Rangitara, were in town last week.

**NEW PLYMOUTH.**

July 19.

**A Dance.**

Last Tuesday evening the Misses Humphries held a "long night" for their pupils in the Brougham-street Hall, and very enjoyable it was, it being a splendid night for dancing. Amongst those present were: Miss Humphries, pale blue silk, trimmed with Valenciennes lace; Miss H. Humphries, canary coloured silk, with berthe of cream lace; Miss Dempsey, cream silk, relieved with scarlet roses on corsage; Mrs. Harvey, cream flowered silk bodice, trimmed with silk lace; Miss Crawford, pale heliotrope silk, bands of lace, insertion threaded with violet velvet ribbon; Miss Hanna, black silk, steel passementerie bands on corsage; Miss Hanna, cream silk, with cream lace berthe; Miss Leatham, pale blue crepe de chine, decolletage draped with cream silk lace; Miss Saxton, pale pink silk; Miss Carte, pretty pale blue flowered silk muslin, trimmed with Valenciennes lace; Miss Fraser, cream chiffon taffetas; Miss Avery, pretty black chiffon taffetas, with cream chiffon chemisette; Miss Free, pale pink silk muslin; Miss Fookes, heliotrope crystalline; Miss M. Fookes, cream silk, scarlet sash; Miss Kyngdon, cream silk with scarlet Empire sash; Miss Cutfield, pale pink silk; Mrs. Penn, cream flowered net over silk, scarlet sash; Miss N. McCallum, black chiffon taffetas, chemisette of cream chiffon; Miss M. Clarke, pale pink silk, trimmed with cream lace; Miss Capel, cream chiffon taffetas; Miss N. Capel, black and white striped silk, blue floral ribbon sash; Miss Devore (Auckland), pretty rose pink chiffon taffetas; Miss Clarke, pale blue silk, with satin band; Miss B. Clarke, pink figured net, bib yoke outlined with silk; Miss Emery, pink flowered muslin, trimmed with moss green silk; Miss N. Collis, pretty pale blue silk; Miss Preston, very pretty white book muslin, trimmed with bands of satin; Miss Kirkly, cream; Mrs. Rollo, black chiffon taffetas; Misses Bedford (2); Miss V. Simpson, pale pink, trimmed with bands of satin; Miss D. Simpson, white book muslin, satin bands on skirt; Miss M. Blundell, pink flowered crepe de chine; Miss Robinson, black chiffon taffetas, cream chiffon chemisette and under-sleeves embroidered with pale blue silk French knots; Miss Webster, black net; Miss L. Webster, pale pink silk; Miss Brewster, cream crepe de chine, emerald green ribbon in coiffure; Mrs. Owen, primrose coloured silk, trimmed with bands of Oriental trimming; Miss Colson, turquoise blue silk.

**Personal.**  
Mrs. McKenzie, who has been on a visit to her brother, Mr. M. Fraser, New Plymouth, has returned to her home in Waipu.

Miss McDonald, of the Technical School, New Plymouth, is spending her term holidays with her parents in Waipu.

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NANCY LEE.

**WANGANUI.**

June 18.

**Belmont Golf Links.**

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**Bridge Party.**

There were several bridge parties last week. Mrs. John Anderson gave

slit net yoke, finished with pink flowered silk passementerie; Miss Penn, brown silk, with bands of pink and cream Oriental trimming; Miss Taylor, brown check tweed costume, saxe blue hat, with large pink roses; Miss Humphries, navy blue costume, black feathered hat; Miss H. Humphries, navy coat and skirt, navy hat with wings; Miss B. Evans, green costume, with silk taffetas blouse, hat en suite; Miss F. Evans, navy coat and skirt, navy hat, with green and scarlet wings; Miss Kirkly, brown costume, green and brown hat; Miss Dempsey, brown coat and skirt, cornflower blue hat, swathed with brown tulle; Miss N. Dempsey, moss green costume, hat with wings; Miss Bedford, green costume, black hat; Miss Matthews, cream costume, pretty violet hat; Miss Skinner, cream cloth costume, white felt hat, swathed with shaded claret-coloured roses; Miss L. Skinner, black and white striped coat and skirt, black hat with erise velvet crown; Miss Devore (Auckland), grey striped tweed coat and skirt, saxe blue hat with brown tulle and blue wings; Mrs. Collins, black costume, hat en suite; Miss Hanna, black, inset with cream lace, pretty black and white hat; Miss N. Hanna, claret-coloured costume, pretty virose hat, trimmed with dark-coloured silk and roses; Miss Fraser, dark flecked tweed coat and skirt, saxe blue hat with brown quills; Miss D. Simpson, navy costume, brown hat with wings; Miss MacDiarmid, navy costume, white felt hat; Miss O. Mackay, pretty pale roseada green chiffon taffetas, trimmed with violet flowered passementerie, dainty green Merry Widow hat with large shaded silk rosettes and quills; Mrs. Rollo, brown costume, cream hat, trimmed with black silk; Miss Fitzherbert, navy coat and skirt, pretty brown hat with pink roses; Miss Mills, navy costume, white felt hat; Miss Canel, navy costume, white felt hat; Miss L. Webster, navy coat and skirt, pretty brown hat, swathed with pink roses; Miss Standish, dove grey costume, white hat, trimmed with brown tulle and wings; Miss Brown, bronze coat and skirt, pretty hat with wings; Miss Brewster, pale blue check costume, saxe blue hat trimmed with brown tulle and wings; Miss Leatham, navy coat and skirt, black hat; Miss Cutfield, brown costume, hat en suite; Miss Kyngdon, navy costume, hat to correspond; Miss Saxton, navy costume, white felt hat; Miss E. Bayley, dark grey coat and skirt, black hat, with grey and white wings; Miss Fookes, navy coat and skirt, moss green felt toque; Miss G. Fookes, navy costume, pretty emerald green and black hat.

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**Bridge Party.**

There were several bridge parties last week. Mrs. John Anderson gave

one on Monday evening, when the prize was won by Mrs. Gordon. At Mrs. Minto's bridge, Miss Reichart was the fortunate winner of the first prize, and Mrs. Patterson the booty. The final for the bridge tournament, which commenced at the beginning of the winter, was played at Mrs. Brettargh's on Thursday evening. There were four tables, and the prizes were won by Miss Stanford and Mr. R. Stevenson.

**Women's Defence League.**

The women's branch of the National Defence League had a very large and enthusiastic meeting on Thursday evening, when officers of a Red Cross Corps were elected. Miss Fraser (principal of the Girls' College) presided, and delivered a splendid address to those present. The following officers were elected:—President, Miss Fraser; vice-presidents, Mrs. Dove, Mrs. McNaughton Christie, Mrs. Mackay, Mrs. Payne, Mrs. Hatrick; General Council, Mrs. Barnicoat, Mrs. Wall, Mrs. Brookfield, Mrs. Sarjeant, Mrs. Watt, Mrs. Dr. Anderson, Miss Allan, Miss Gresson, Mrs. John Anderson, Mrs. Sheriff, Mrs. Porritt, Mrs. Greenwood, Mrs. Knoll, Mrs. Wickham, Mrs. Morton Jones, Miss Knapps, and many others; Miss Newcombe, hon. secretary.

**Personal.**

Miss Somes (of Taranaki) is the guest of Mrs. D'Arcy, in Wanganui. Mrs. Vennell (of Wellington), who has been staying in Wanganui with relations, has returned to her home.

Mrs. Holderness (of Hastings) is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Collins, in Wanganui.

Mrs. E. Lifiton (Waitotara) is staying in Wanganui with Mrs. H. Sarjeant.

Mrs. and Miss Stewart (of Wanganui) have gone to New Plymouth for a few weeks.

Mr. Mackay (of Wanganui) has returned from his visit to Wellington.

Mr. and Mrs. L. Moore (of Pahiatua) are staying in Wanganui with Mr. and Mrs. F. Moore.

Mr. C. Millward (of Wanganui) has returned from his visit to Wellington.

HUIA.

**PALMERSTON NORTH**

June 18.

**Palmerston Liedertafel.**

The Palmerston Liedertafel gave the first Gemischter Abend of the second season on last Thursday night. A very large audience was present at the Opera House, and from first to last was most lavish in its applause. Almost without exception every item was deservedly encored. A few I noticed were: Mrs. Mason, wearing a black evening dress, and stylish short black silk coat, with profusion of lace; Mrs. Harper, black satin skirt, cream satin blouse; Mrs. Rodgers, cream canvas voile and lace, cluster of pink roses on corsage; Miss Scanlon, pale blue silk frock, pink roses on bodice; Mrs. Louison, black evening dress, large single pink rose finishing bodice, pale blue acordeon pleated silk coat, with white swan's down; Miss Mahinney, white muslin and lace; Miss O'Brien, violet velvet, with Maltese lace berthe; Miss Mona O'Brien, white muslin and lace; Mrs. Barnicoat, black silk, vest of cream lace; Miss Barnicoat, white muslin and lace, pink bow in hair; Miss Alison Barnicoat, white muslin, pale blue silk sash, and bow in hair; Mrs. Watson, navy blue silk, cream lace vest; Miss Winnie Watson, pale blue silk Empire frock, prettily trimmed with lace and embroidery; Miss Levein, cream silk and lace; Mrs. McPherson, black evening dress; Miss Humphries, white muslin and lace; Miss E. McLennan, black net, sequin trimming finishing corsage, cream coat with green velvet collar and cuffs; Mrs. Park, pale green voile, cluster of lavender flowers; Miss F. Park, black skirt, pale blue blouse, long cream coat; Miss Ganstad, cream silk and lace; Mrs. Coombs, black merveilleux; Miss Coombs, navy chiffon taffetas trimmed with gold embroidery, pale grey coat with pink satin collar and cuffs; Miss Marjory Abraham, cream silk frock, bright green silk scarf; Miss Sylvia Abraham, green silk, the bodice finished with broad cream satin band; Mrs. Stowe, in black, with

**WEEPING ECZEMA  
TWO YEARS**

Never Without Irritation—Was Told He Could Not be Cured—At One Time Pain and Burning Barred Sleep—Could Hardly Walk and was Becoming Quite Weak.

**ECONOMICALLY CURED  
BY CUTICURA REMEDIES**

"It is now nearly twenty years since I was first attacked with weeping eczema on the feet above the ankle, which the doctor informed me I should never get rid of. During that time I have never known what it is to be without irritation. The last attack which lasted for nearly three months was the worst of all. I could get no ease or sleep at night through the agony. I underwent treatment by a doctor but could get no relief, so left off going. The pain was so intense toward night that I could scarcely walk home and the burning sensation when in bed was intolerable. I began to feel quite weak for want of proper rest."

"My daughter mentioned a case of a man who had an attack of eczema on the chest and arms and after applying a lot with doctors, etc., was perfectly cured after using one set of the Cuticura Remedies. So I sent for a set (consisting of Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Resolvent Pills) and after using them the first time I had a good night's sleep and from that time have entirely lost the pain. The sores healed up and I continued the Cuticura Ointment for about a fortnight longer and have taken the Cuticura Pills till the bottle was emptied and the eczema has entirely disappeared. I have at least two thirds of the Ointment left. I can from personal experience recommend the Cuticura Remedies as an economical and effective treatment."

"My wife has also used the Cuticura Soap and Ointment for chafing and two applications have entirely cured her. I cannot speak too highly of the Cuticura Remedies and shall not be without them in the house. S. C. Markwick, 90, Albert Rd., Leyton, London, N. E., England, June 16 and July 6, 1908."

Reference: R. Towns & Co., Sydney. Complete External and Internal Treatment for Every Form of Eczema and All its Outlets. Cuticura Soap to Cleanse the Skin. Cuticura Ointment to Heal the Skin and Cuticura Resolvent Pills to Purify the Blood. A Single Set often Cures. Sold throughout the world. Depots: London 27, Chandos Street, Strand; New York 15, Ann Street; San Francisco 40, Broadway; Melbourne 27, Queen Street; Sydney 40, Market Street; Wellington 40, Market Street; Auckland 40, Market Street. Sole Agents for New Zealand, SHANKLAND & CO., LTD., Wellington.

coloured sequin trimming; Mrs. Randolph, black crepe de chine, vest of embroidered white chiffon with touches of black velvet; Miss Randolph, pale green cashmere Empire frock; Mrs. Morrah, cream silk and lace, cream cape with feather trimming; Miss Porter, black skirt, rose pink blouse; Miss Dundas, pale blue silk, black velvet bands on bodice; Miss Wallace, black skirt, pink silk blouse; Mrs. Pope, black evening dress, scarlet coat, white fox fur; Mrs. Eliot, cream and pink silk frock; Mrs. Wallace, pale green silk; Mrs. Thompson, long dull red embroidered coat worn over cream evening dress; Miss Wilson, cream silk and lace, bright blue coat; Captain and Mrs. Hewitt, Miss Wilson, Miss Beswick, Mr. and Mrs. Vernon, Miss Barry, Miss Mills, Mr. and Mrs. O' Monrad, Mr. and Mrs. Durward, Mr. and Mrs. P. Larcomb, Mrs. H. R. Waldegrave, Miss Trisxie Waldegrave, the Misses M. and D. Waldegrave, Mrs. Kitchen, Mrs. Beck, the Rev. and Mrs. I. Jolly, Mr. and Mrs. F. Mowlem, Mrs. and Miss Stephens, the Misses Drew (3), Mr. and Mrs. W. Bendall, Mrs. D. O. Shute, Dr. and Mrs. Martin, Dr. and Mrs. Putnam, Miss Elsie McMillan, Mrs. R. Hewett, Mrs. R. Leary.

#### Bridge Parties.

Mrs. Pickett, Graham-street, gave a small bridge party on Friday night in honour of her guest, Miss Kirkby, of New Plymouth. Those playing included—Mrs. Pickett, Miss Kirkby, Miss Hill (Feilding), Miss Bell, the Misses Reed (2), Miss Van Dadelzon (Wellington), Messrs. Adams, Scott, Bond, R. Bagnall, Everard, Loudon, Hunt, and F. Hankins. At the conclusion of play, each player had to draw their partner, and some astonishing caricatures resulted. Miss Bell was easily the prize-winner, hers being the only drawing that in any way resembled a likeness. Of the men Mr. Bond's was the best of a very bad lot. Mrs. Pickett wore a plain black satin frock; Miss Kirkby, cream silk and lace, pink flowers on corsage; Miss Hill, cream and pink floral muslin; Miss Van Dadelzon, cream voile skirt, cream silk blouse embroidered in dainty colours; Miss Bell, pale blue muslin Empire frock, elaborately trimmed with lace and insertion; Miss Reed, cream silk and lace, pink flowers in hair; Miss Dora Reed, cream silk and lace, striped coloured silk cash.

#### Coming-out Dance.

Mrs. C. E. Waldegrave gave a "coming-out" dance for her daughter Dorothy, at her residence, Broad-street on Wednesday night. There were four other debutantes who made their first appearance in grown-up society on the occasion. Miss Mawhinney, Miss Kathleen Bell, Miss Winnie Watson and Miss Lillian Gemmel, all came out at this memorable dance. Mrs. Waldegrave had spared no effort in the preparations for the comfort and pleasure of her guests. The dining room and drawing room were used for dancing, the billiard room as the supper room, cosy sitting rooms were arranged both upstairs and downstairs, and the usual delightfully secluded corners were about the landing and passages and wherever space permitted. Splendid music was supplied by McGinn's band. The supper table was beautifully decorated with roses and camellias, and tall silver candlesticks with red shades gave the necessary touch of brilliance. Partners were in abundance and altogether it was a delightful dance, that will live for a long time in the memory of the five debutantes. Mrs. Waldegrave wore black crepe de chine over glaze, the bodice effectively trimmed with lace; Miss Waldegrave a dainty frock of cream chiffon taffeta; Miss Dorothy Waldegrave, rich white charmeuse satin with embroidered chiffon and pearls; Mrs. H. R. Waldegrave, black crepe de chine, lace and touch of pale blue on bodice; Mrs. Jack Waldegrave, cream satin, the corsage delicately embroidered in gold; Miss Mawhinney wore a becoming white satin frock; Miss K. Bell, cream satin Empire frock with silver embroidery and cluster of lilies of the valley, the same flowers in hair; Miss Lillian Gemmel, white satin and chiffon; Miss Winnie Watson, cream floral silk lace and silver fringe in bodice; Miss Hilda Bell, rose pink satin, single pink rose on corsage, pink ribbon threaded through hair; Miss Trisxie Waldegrave, pale blue charmeuse satin; Miss Wilson, pale pink muslin; Miss Richter, pale blue silk and lace; Miss Hammond, pale pink satin, pink ribbon threaded through hair; Miss O'Brien, cream silk with net overdress, effective

touches of yellow velvet; Miss Maimie Reed, cream silk, cluster of crimson roses on bodice; Mr and Mrs Broad, Mr and Mrs P. Sim, Mrs Martin (Glaborne), Miss Porter, Miss Ethel Collins; Messrs Collins, Bell, Windell (2), Waldegrave (5), Keeble, Palmerson, Siggs, Tyerman, Warburton, R. Reed, Lyons and several others were there.

#### Personal.

Mrs Martin (Glaborne) is the guest of Mrs Armstrong.  
Mrs Hitchings (Feilding) is staying with her sister, Mrs Trips.

The Misses Ruaseell have returned from Hawke's Bay.

Mrs Campbell (Feilding) spent a few days at the beginning of the week with Mrs D. Reed.

Mr and Mrs Younghusband (Napier) were visitors to Palmerston this week.

Mrs O. Moeller has returned from Auckland.

VIOLET.

### NELSON.

June 13.

#### Tennis Ball.

The annual tennis ball was held this year in the Nelson School of Music, when there was a large attendance. Several of the debutantes carried beautiful bouquets, which greatly added to the gracefulness of their appearance. The debutantes were:—Miss Sadd, handsome dress of white taffeta and lace; Miss Loveridge (Sydney), pretty white satin charmeuse; Miss M. Perrin, white glaze with handsome lace, and long court train; Miss E. Hair, a simple and charming frock of white glaze and lace; Miss D. Knight (Melbourne), white satin Empire gown; Miss Glendennen (Melbourne), white glaze and chiffon; Miss G. Bisley, stylish Empire dress of white taffeta, with silver sequins; Miss G. Harley, pretty white satin Empire gown.

Among others present were:—Mrs. Booth, floral chiffon; Mrs. Brown, black satin charmeuse; Mrs. Leggett, black and white; Mrs. Fell, black sequined net over glaze; Mrs. Lucas, cream, pink opera coat; Mrs. King, black silk; Mrs. Perrin, black; Mrs. Hair, black velvet; Mrs. Bisley, black and white; Mrs. Wither, black lace over white; Mrs. Walker, black sequined net; Mrs. Coult, white sequined net over glaze; Mrs. Airey (Cable Bay), pale blue taffeta; Mrs. C. Green, pretty pink silk, with white lace insertions; Mrs. D. Edwards, handsome Empire dress of pale pink taffeta, with trails of pale pink chiffon roses; Mrs. E. Moore, beautiful white lace dress over white satin; Mrs. Hoby, pretty dress of powder blue crystalline; Miss Cook, green; Miss E. Ledger, white satin Directoire; Miss J. Ledger, green satin charmeuse; Miss Coster, green; Miss Coster, white silk; Miss Douglas, handsome dress of eau de nil over green glaze; Miss Clark, rose-coloured silk; Miss G. Clark, turquoise taffeta; Miss F. Clark, white gauze over pink; Miss Blackett, green; her sister, blue with black velvet; Miss Glasgow, mauve satin; Miss F. Maginly, pink; Miss Booth, white glaze Empire dress; Miss Leggett, pale green; Miss Richmond, black, with white lace panels; Miss Seymour (Picton), black sequined net over black satin; Misses Chilton, green; Miss Kempthorne, white silk. Some of the gentlemen present were:—Messrs. Gilbert, Hair, Hamilton (2), Hoby, Edwards, Cootte, Airey, Brown, Booth, Harley, Leggett, Grace, Cook, Wilson, King, Clark, Moore, Squires, Cootte, Grace, Richmond, Wither, Rowley.

#### Enchre Party.

On Wednesday a very delightful enchre party was given by Mr. and Mrs. Dudley Edwards. Nearly 50 guests were present, and a very enjoyable evening was spent. The first prize winners were:—Miss G. Clark, who received a silver candlestick, and Mr. R. Dodson, who won an ebony brush; while Miss Richmond and Mr. Walter Heaps won the "booby" prizes. Mrs. Dudley Edwards wore a dainty toilette of soft black net over black glaze, the corsage trimmed with bands of Oriental embroidery; Mrs. Boyd, a handsome gown of rich black taffeta; Mrs. G. Hoby, charming frock of pale green net over green; Mrs. Scanderson, black with white lace; Mrs. Guy Ellis, white satin; Mrs. Richmond Fell, Directoire dress of crimson velvet; Miss Seymour (Picton), lovely gown of cream brocade; Miss Richmond, white chiffon; Miss Ledger, white embroidered chiffon; Miss S. Fell, primrose silk; Miss Gibbs, black satin, with cream lace yoke; Miss

# Sequin Robes.

The Latest for Evening Wear.

These Sequin Robes are decidedly novel, and are very effective for Evening wear. We are showing a very fine assortment; many of the robes being exclusive.

#### SEQUIN ROBES—

In White and Silver, the designs being of an effective character, at 59/6, 79/6

#### WHITE SEQUIN ROBE—

Handsomely worked with Opals and Silver Sequins, at 89/6

#### BLACK SEQUIN ROBE—

A very fine design in bright Sequins, at 89/6

#### BLACK NET ROBE—

In an extremely effective design, worked in Golden Brown Sequins, and Silk stitching, at £4 14/6

#### BLACK NET ROBE—

With Grecian Key design, worked in Black Sequins and Cat Heads, at £5 10/-

#### BLACK NET ROBE—

Handsomely worked with Gold Bead and Silk Embroidery, at £11 19/6

#### BLACK NET ROBE—

Finely worked with Cut Jet and small Sequins, at £7 7/-

#### BLACK NET ROBE—

Richly worked with heavy Black and Silver Sequins, at £4 19/6

## Kirkcaldie & Stains, Ltd.

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WELLINGTON.

Yes, dear, but you should have asked for the—

## L·O·U·I·S Velveteen

### THE CHIFFON VEL-DUVET

make is just lovely. I never saw anything like it for pile and lustre and brilliancy. And—well, you should just see how beautifully it drapes, and it doesn't even crush. It's that soft and rich and silky I wouldn't have any other.

#### DON'T FORGET

To be obtained from Drapers and Silk Mercers throughout the Colonies.

# LOUIS

IS STAMPED ON EVERY YARD.



## Mellor's Sauce

GENUINE WORCESTER.

AN INVIGORATING RELISH. STIMULATES THE APPETITE.  
ASSISTS THE DIGESTION. MAKES ALL FOOD PLEASANT.

**MAINTAINS THE LEAD!**



**M. Magnity**, Empire robe of flowered muslin; Miss M. Clark, red; Miss G. Clark, pink silk; Miss Houlker, black net; Miss Glasgow, handsome dress of mauve satin; Miss Tomlinson, blue; Miss D. Booth, blue satin; Miss Knight (Sydney), blue taffeta chiffon; Miss Leggett, white inserted muslin; Miss Schanders, pale pink silk; Miss Hodson, sage blue satin; Miss Cook, black. Some of the men present were:—Dr. Barr, Messrs. Edwards, Hoby, Hamilton (3), Clark, Wilson, Houlker (3), Morrison, Bunny, Heaps (2), Williams, R. Fell, H. Cook, Dodson (2), Duncan, Rowley.

**Personal.**

Mrs. Lyell, Miss Marsden, and the Misses Ledger have left for the South Sea Island trip.

Mrs. Guy Ellis has been staying in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Edwards (Stoke) have returned from a long visit to Auckland and Rotorua.

Miss Gikison is back again from Wellington.

DOLCE.

**BLENHIELM.**

June 17.

**Musical Evening.**

Last Friday evening Mr. and Mrs. T. Scott-Smith entertained a few friends at a musical evening at their residence, in Weld-street, and an enjoyable time was spent. A dainty supper was arranged in the dining-room. Some of those present were:—Mrs. R. McCallum, Mrs. Lambie, Mrs. Strachan, Miss G. Cooper (Wellington), Misses Neville (2), Messrs. Scott-Smith (3), Judge Cooper, A. Cooper (Wellington), R. McCallum, Lambie, D. Strachan, Davey, and B. A. Moore.

**Golf.**

Last Saturday afternoon quite a number of ladies and gentlemen journeyed down to the Riverlands Golf Links, when the first match for the ladies' medal was played, which resulted in a win for Miss McLaughlin. Some of those present were:—Messdames McCallum, Hulme, Misses Ross, Chapman, C. Clouston, Douslin, Bull, Foster (Seddon), and McLaughlin, Messrs. B. A. Moore, Wicks (Pictou), Churchward, McShane, Luke, B. Clouston, Davey, Cooper (Wellington).

**Small Evening.**

On Tuesday evening Mr. and Mrs. T. Scott-Smith again entertained a few young people at their residence in Weld-street in honour of their guest, Miss Gertrude Cooper (Wellington). Mrs. Scott-Smith received her guests in a black lace dress, whilst Miss K. Scott-Smith wore a pretty white silk dress, and Miss Cooper cream voile, relieved with cream lace insertion. Some of those present were:—Mrs. Lambie, Miss Connie Clouston, Miss McGee, Miss Amuri Neville, Judge Cooper, Messrs. Scott-Smith (2), B. Moore, W. Churchward, Blair (Wellington), Davey, F. Clouston, and A. Cooper (Wellington).

**Personal.**

Mr. and Mrs. J. Bell (of "Hillside") have returned from their visit to Wellington.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Colt ("Langley Dale") are in town, and are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Burden. Mr. Colt has been unfortunate enough to sprain his ankle.

Mr. Hacon (Wellington) is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. K. Mowat, at "Fairhall."

Miss Olive Leelle has returned from a short visit to the Empire City.

Miss Nellie Macey (Greytown), who has been visiting her parents, has returned.

Miss Matthews (Australia), who has been visiting Dr. and Mrs. Adams in Maxwell-road, has left for Australia.

Mr. F. Bull accompanied by his sister, Miss E. Bull, has gone to Wanganui. Mr. Bull is to be married to Miss Ethel Purser (third daughter of Mr. F. Purser, of Wanganui) to-day.

JEAN.

**CHRISTCHURCH.**

June 18th.

**Diploma Dance.**

Canterbury College Diploma Dance took place last Friday evening in the College Hall. The chaperones were Mrs. Chilton, Mrs. Blunt and Mrs. Haslam. Mrs. Chilton wore a dainty gown of white

chiffon taffeta and lace; Mrs. Blunt a silver grey satin, with white lace, and silver tassels; Mrs. Haslam, rich black silk and net; Mrs. Flower, a pretty frock of white chiffon taffeta; Mrs. Barclay, a pale blue striped chiffon with blue glace underskirt, trimmed with silver lace; Mrs. Gerald Russell, pretty Empire frock of pink floral chiffon over cream glace; Mrs. Raphael, pale blue chiffon taffeta; Miss D. Fisher, white silk; Miss D. Marks, white lace frock with band of white silk at the foot; Miss Davis, deep vieux rose silk and lace; Miss D. Davis (debutante), cream satin and lace, with small wreath of white flowers in her hair; Miss Grace, pale pink silk and chiffon; Miss Hunt, white silk and net; Miss M. Hunt, black chiffon taffeta and cream lace; Miss Doris Russell, pale pink nixon relieved with touches of black velvet; Miss Arrowsmith, cream nixon and orange velvet; Miss G. Arrowsmith, pale pink chiffon taffeta; Miss Raphael (debutante), white satin trimmed with silver, pretty bouquet and wreath of white flowers; Miss Russell, bright red silk; Miss Saunders, white silk and lace; Miss Izitt, maize-coloured Shantung silk and gold cord; Miss Croxton, reseda green chiffon taffeta with pink and green silk embroideries; Miss E. Croxton, cream silk; Miss N. Guthrie, an Empire frock of white silk, with silver embroidery; Miss Mather, pale pink silk and lace, with wreath of forget-me-nots; Miss Lawrence; white and black spotted net over white silk; Miss K. Lawrence wore white silk; Miss Turnbull, pale blue satin; Miss Holden (Sydney), gown of pink striped silk, and cream lace; Mrs. Paterson, black sequined net over white satin; Miss Paterson, Empire frock of cream lace over cream silk, wide belt of gold cord; Miss Parson, white chiffon taffeta and lace; Miss Vauchope, pale blue glace; Miss Williamson, cream silk with black silk sash; Miss B. Ferguson, white silk and lace; Miss Elsa Thomas, cream silk; Others present were the Misses Wallace, Williams and Coates (2), Professor Haslam, Professor Blunt, Dr. Chilton, Messrs. Joynt (Wellington), Parkinson, Moore, Anderson, Ferguson (2), Beamish, Fuller, Grace, Thomas, Alpers, Marshall and Bevan-Brown.

**Afternoon Tea.**

After the presentation of diplomas at College Hall on Friday afternoon Mrs. Haslam presented the shield which Professor Haslam has given as a trophy to be shot for annually by the four colleges. This year it was won by the Canterbury College students. Professor and Mrs. Haslam then entertained the members of the Board of Governors, the Professors, students and others at afternoon tea in one of the class rooms at the College.

**Golf.**

There was quite a crowd of onlookers at the Shirley Links on Saturday to watch the match between a team from the Wellington Men's Golf Club and the Christchurch team. Afternoon tea was provided by Mrs. Borthwick. Among those present were: Mrs. Vernon, Mrs. and Miss Thomas, Mrs. D. McLean, Mrs. Cooper, Mrs. Nancarrow, Mrs. Day, Mrs. A. Campbell, Mrs. Wood, Mrs. Ronalds, Mrs. C. Ollivier, Mrs. Wardrop, Misses Campbell, Ogilvie, Wilson, Thomas, Wood (2), Symes, Nancarrow, Rutherford, Prins, Denniston, Humphreys and Harley.

On Wednesday the Christchurch Ladies' Golf Club played the monthly Bogey Competition, when Miss B. Wood won the senior match and Miss Murray-Aynsley the junior.

**Personal.**

Mrs. Morrice (Greymouth) is visiting Christchurch, where she is the guest of Mrs. Bean at Addington.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Williams have left Christchurch for Orari.

Mr. and Mrs. Hamish McLean (Mount Hutt) and Mrs. Donald McLean are spending a few days in Christchurch.

Professor Wall and Professor Gabbatt (Christchurch) are the guests of Mr. Izzard at Four Peaks Station, South Canterbury.

Mrs. Phillips and Mrs. de Gruchy Virtue (Christchurch) are leaving this week for an extended tour in Australia.

DOLLY VALE.

# McCullagh & Gower

## Country Customers!

It is easy and safe to buy by post from us. We change anything not entirely to your requirements, or have your money back by return.

It is generally accepted by ladies, if they are wearing our MILLINERY, they are considered well "hatted." We have the Newest Shapes, the Smartest Styles, and the Lowest Prices for the quality. Come and see them, 15/11, 19/11, to 35/.

FURS: In the fashionable Pointed Black, Smoked Grey, and White Fox sets, also Stone Marten, Mink, Bear, Marmot, Posquine, etc. Come and see them. We will convince you prices are right. Sets from 19/11 to 24guis; Muffs, 6/11; Necklets, 2/11 up.

Our lady patrons congratulate us on our COSTUMES for cut, fit, smartness in finish, and contour. Come and see them. We will convince you prices are right, 19/11, 25/9, 29/9, to 47/15.

We are showing in our Showroom the latest in JACKETS, smart as to cut and finish, and still more attractive are the prices, ranging 9/11, 12/9, 15/11, to 110/.

SEQUIN OVERDRESSES, in White, Black, and a few special colours, quickly adapted ready for wear. Now and Cheap Dress Notes, white or black, 1/23, 1/54, 3/11, to 5/11 yard, double-width; silver and gold metal tissue and Sat.

PLAIN VELVETEENS, in great variety and grand value, 1/8, 1/4, to 3/3 yard; Amethyst, Laurel Wine, Navy, special qualities, for Dresses, 29/6 and 39/6 each dress.

Special Value in NET LACES, in White, Cream, and Paris. Usual price 7/6 and 8/6, now 2/6 yard, usual price 9/6 and 1/7, now 4/6 yard; usual price 1/3 and 1/8, now 6/11; usual price 1/9 and 1/11, now 8/10; usual price 2/ and 2/3, now 10/6; usual price 2/11, now 1/6.

CREAM NESTLING CLOTH, just received, 5/2in wide, for Child's Coats, Hats, etc., 3/6 yard; Corduroy and Plain Velveteens, 1/34 to 3/3 yard; Cream Taffeta, 1/34 to 2/11; Cashmere and other children's cloths, all colours, 1/15, 2/6.

Special Purchase of LAINES and BOYS' STRAIGHT LEATHER BELTS, good quality, in Black, Navy, Light and Dark Brown, Green, Champagne, and Tan; 14in. at 10/6, 1/4, 1/3, and 1/6 each; 15in. at 1/7, 1/3, 1/6, up; Suede Belts, at 1/9 to 2/11.

Our JOB TWEEDS at 1/6 are giving great satisfaction. Some are worth 2/6 and 3/ yard, and will be available for next few days. The composite robe, plain coat, and check skirt pieces are 19/11 and 20/11 each.

THREE-DOME WHITE KID GLOVES, 1/11; Dent's, in Beaver and Brown, 2/6; Violet and Navy Kid, 3/11; Long White Kid, 3/11; Black ditto, 4/11; Long Silk Gloves, 1/6, 1/11, 2/6; Fabric Gloves, 10/6, 1/7, 1/3, 1/6, up; special line of Ribbed Cashmere Hose, 9/6; superior ditto, Plain or Ribbed, 1/3 up.

Special Lot of Attractive ALL-WOOL BLOUSE FLANNELS, attractive prices, worth 1/6d, now 1/3; Flannelette, 4/6, 5/6, 6/6, 7/6, 8/6, up.

Write for patterns also of our Sedan finished all-wool Cloth in fashionable shades, unshrinkable 2/11, and our noted 3/11 Cloth, now 3/6, all shades.

**McCULLAGH and GOWER.**  
The People's Popular Drapers, AUCKLAND.



**ROAST MUTTON, ROAST BEEF,**  
and all other joints (hot or cold)  
are rendered enjoyable and appetising  
by the addition of

# LEA & PERRINS'

## SAUCE

**CHEESE** has an exquisite delicacy imparted to it if a little of this Sauce be used.



The original  
and genuine  
WORCESTERSHIRE

By Royal Warrant to  
H.M. THE KING.

"LINSEED COMPOUND." The "Stockport Remedy" for Coughs and Colds. Of 40 years' proven efficacy.

"LINSEED COMPOUND" for Coughs and Colds. Loosens phlegm, allays irritation.

# The World of Fashion

(By MARGUERITE.)

among the designs for the winter is not a little reminiscent of the old "fishwife" skirt, which in the remote eighties was the most popular form of attire, especially where summer frocks were concerned, and which is still to be seen in faded photographs looked in the hand-painted albums of that period. This is fashioned with a closely-kitted under-skirt and a



THE LATEST TOQUE.

Of white fox fur, with heavy gold ornament and cords.

## Quaint Hats of Pure White Marabout.

NO detail of dress has excited half the interest and attention which has been devoted to the new and wonderful creation of an absolutely Puritan plainness which is succinctly termed the "robe sac." This is usually carried out in velvet, the long, straight lines giving the curious effect of a priest's cassock to the gown. No waist-line whatever is visible, and not a single hint of trimming on the material itself, the gown being cut into a plain square at the throat and filled in with pleated net, muslin, or silk, as the case may be, while it is fastened down from the left shoulder to the hem with a serried row of huge buttons in the same colour and material, the long, tight-fitting sleeves terminating over the knuckles of the hand.

To add to the absolute simplicity of the gown, it is usually carried out in soft shades, such as mouse or elephant grey, smoke, or aluminium, or in lieu of this in rich, dark tones of plum, wine, and myrtle-green. A new colour, too, in which it has appeared with signal success is a rich, bright, reddish brown, some-

ferent skins are used for the making of these toques, but more often they are chosen in one fur and trimmed only with long Mephistopheles quilts, sharply pointed at the ends, or with the long antennae mounts, which are at their smartest when they are tipped with Impycan pheasant plumage.

A large toque of this kind, carried out in ermine, is made in a soft shape which can be pinned to the hair in any fashion that may happen to suit the wearer. On one side, and forming the sole trimming, there are two long antennae in a vivid shade of emerald green. An ermine stole, adorned with many tails, and a huge granny muff to match, both of them lined with emerald green satin, will ac-



FOR THE EVENING.

White satin coat with hood lined with pink, embroidered with pink and gold roses and fastened with black silk sash.



SOFT WHITE SATIN GOWN.

With chiffon bodice and sleeves, and bands of black chiffon velvet ending in a stole down the front, finished with fringe. Black jet band and feathers in the hair.

thing between chestnut and pomegranate, which has a wonderfully good effect in velvet, while in Russian violet or mahogany it proves very becoming to a fair woman.

One of the most popular hats of the moment is that fashioned of marabout in various colours, which resembles nothing so much as a large, inverted basin. White marabout is very soft and pretty for a young girl, provided her complexion can stand the somewhat severe test, which is by no means always the case, and a novel method of treating this little model is that of trimming it with mitred straps of cloth caught down with little cloth buttons. A couple of the new and quaint feather fantasies, which are hardly more decorative than the backbone of a fish, are added, and also caught with huge coiled motifs of gold cord, which bring the only touch of relief into the scheme.

Novel designs are by no means wanting in the realms of the skirt pure and simple, and a jupe which has taken its place

short tunic or overdress, which is turned up at the edge to the depth of about four inches, where it is hemmed with satin in different shades, and is knotted loosely behind. The same band of satin appears on the kilt some four inches above the edge, and is repeated on the little over-sleeves, which are turned back over long transparent cuffs, the effect produced being very much that of the ci-devant gown, which really owed its origin to the "fishwives" of Scotland or Brittany.

## The Latest Millinery.

Large toques made entirely in fur, and softly mounted on a silk lining without any stiffness of wire beneath, lead the way triumphantly in the world of millinery, and seem likely to remain in fashion as long as there is a vestige of coldness left in the temperature, to excuse their presence. Sometimes two dif-



A WINTER RAIN COAT IN BROWN.

company this toque. The whole set will be worn with a perfectly plain, close-fitting gown of white cloth, buttoned down one side from throat to feet, and finished at the neck with a small turn-down collar of embroidered muslin and an emerald green satin cravat.

Ermine is being used also for other toques, and a very pretty effect is arrived at in the case of a gown of embroidered cloth, carried out in quite a new shade of Malmaison pink, with a double skirt, the hem of which is bordered with a narrow band of ermine. The toque in this case has a deep brim, and is worn drawn down low on the forehead, while at the back there are three Malmaison pink ostrich feathers, arranged to fall softly over the hair. In this case again, an ermine stole and muff to match have been provided, lined with Malmaison pink Ottoman silk.

**The Cult of the Opera Coat.**

The cult of the opera coat offers many bewilderingly beautiful and seductive temptations to the smart woman just now.

Much of this is doubtless due to the fact that for the moment the tight and small sleeve, be it short, long, or three-quarter in length, reigns supreme. There are thus no large sleeves or draperies to crush, and the average woman

prefers the comfort of a sleeve, so that it combines easiness also.

This the new models undoubtedly do, as witness the following which I was recently privileged to interview.

In materials this coat was of sapphire-blue Liberty velvet, cut en Directoire, with huge lapels and a collar of chinchilla, while down the entire front ran—extravagant fancy, I admit, but one most eminently decorative—a row of large chinchilla covered buttons.

The deep Directoire cuffs were of chinchilla also, and the sleeves, while of seeming tightness, were so cunningly cut that they would slip off and on in the easiest way in the world; while, lined as they were with thinly quilted satin, even an open motor-car would hold no terrors for their fortunate wearer. The rest of the coat was lined with white satin, and had an interlining, I was told, of silk flannel, a new material, which, while it possesses all the warmth of flannel, will yet drape itself in the folds which fashion dictates.

Altogether an ideal garment for wear on the chilly evenings.

Coat No. 2 was composed of satin souple in a shade of mauve, the very newest colour of the moment, I am assured; and, again—an extravagant fancy, I am forced to admit, but a most enticing one—this model was lined with its own material, or rather with a deliciously warm yet light woollen satin in a slightly fainter shade than that of the coat itself.

The broad (Directoire again) revers were embroidered with dull silver, and the upstanding collar, quietly cut so that it only reached to each ear on either side, was simply adorned. Giant buttons, satin covered, and adorned with touches of the same embroidery, went the whole length of the front in a double row, beneath the second of which the coat fastened invisibly.

Again another example offered infinite possibilities to the woman who had to manage on a limited dress allowance.

This was of black marquis, in cut somewhat resembling an Empire coat, but with the huge revers which are the distinguishing features of the newest models. The long tight sleeves with their gauntlet cuffs, were embroidered in black and white silk with touches of silver, and the coat was lined with a shot mauve and black woollen satin; a clever choice, for since it was not dark enough to be dowdy, it was certainly calculated to wear right well and not to show soil with unbecoming eagerness.

Again, for a quiet young girl, also obliged to study economy—bateful word!—there was displayed a model of singular simplicity and charm. Of a heavy make of woollen safin of exceedingly good quality and a dull ivory in hue, it was of pure Directoire cut.

The revers and collar were embroidered with appliques of the satin, outlined with dull gold. The sleeves matched, and it was a noteworthy fact that in both cases the embroidery was removable, being mounted on false revers, which could be unstitched and cleaned, while the coat itself, strangely, yet I was informed, truly, enough, would wash. It was lined with its own material in a less costly make, and its numerous buttons were of mother-of-pearl, with much silver filigree work upon them; altogether a quite charming example for the wear of youth and beauty—and, think of it, ye mothers of many and marriageable girls, an opera coat that will wash! It sounds almost too good to be true.

Yet another example at the other end of the scale of costliness, and higher, was of lace mounted on silver-blue chiffon velours. This had five highwayman's capes of the lace, similarly mounted, and edged with heavy silver cord, while the highwayman collar bore cabochons of silver at either point, and silver tassels and danglers adorned the front of the capes.

Not a few sportswomen have decided upon the introduction of the plain self-coloured coat with a heather mixture tweed skirt supplemented with a huge check of subdued description, and there is no denying the fact that this provides a very smart ensemble which is by no means easy to excel. One change in attire which is worthy of consideration is the fact that the deep hem of leather or suede, which was such an indispensable feature of the sporting costume last year, has been to a great extent discountenanced, and the plain, pleated

skirt is unadorned, except for a hem of its own material trimmed with buttons, even the hip yoke being alike discarded in the majority of cases. A cloth or suede waistcoat is, however, a feature which has much to commend it, and will be adopted by the majority of women, some of the newest designs being crossed over and cut into the same sharp points as were shown in the case of the waistcoat which distinguished the summer gowns, while the expedient of carrying out this waistcoat in thick linen dyed exactly in the same tone as the tweed gown, and fastened with neat linen buttons, represents an innovation which many sportswomen are glad to adopt on the score of coeliness.

This year the Norfolk jacket without a belt, or with one only extending halfway on either side, is one of the favourite descriptions of garment, and women seem to have declared, in favour of the loose coat in preference to that which fits with trim exactitude to the figure. The conventional Norfolk jacket has, in fact, enjoyed such a long reign that the absence of the belt creates a welcome change, and in no wise detracts from the simple workmanlike character of the costume, while dull oxidised silver Norwegian buttons are used by one of the leading maîtres couturiers for his Scotch schemes, leather collars a shade lighter than the coat itself representing the almost invariable accompaniment.



AN EFFECTIVE TOILETTE OF HIGHWAYMAN GREEN CLOTH TRIMMED WITH FOX FUR.



SMART WINTER COSTUME.

# P.D

## CORSETS

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



The  
1909  
Figure

*Produced by the  
W. B. Long Line  
Hip-reducing Cor-  
set.*

**W.B. CORSETS**

The decrees of fashion have ordained that the fashionable figure shall now be as represented in the sketch which borders this advertisement. And with this mandate no lady complains, for the present mode is an exquisite conception of harmonious symmetry of form and carriage.

Very specially do Weingarten Bros. direct the attention of ladies to the corset here portrayed. It is their latest innovation and creation, and every lady knows well that what Weingarten Bros. design to-day the world wears to-morrow.

This latest model of theirs is destined to be the most popular and greatly worn corset of all, for the simple reasons that it procures for the wearer the most distinguished elegance of figure and the most superlative excellence of carriage which could possibly be acquired.

This new model is designed to fit every figure. Tall ladies, short ladies, spare ladies, and stout ladies will find that in each case it bestows on them beauty, grace, and style. Those generously endowed with adipose tissue will find it has a remarkably chastening effect, for it creates those graceful long lines and subdued hips which are essentially necessary for the wearing of Princess gowns and the latest modes of stylish dress now in vogue.

# W. B.

## LONG LINE HIP-REDUCING

# CORSETS!

The First Shipment of these Fashionable Corsets are now on view, and we cordially invite inspection.

A Shape for Every Figure. A Price for Every Purse.

OBTAINABLE FROM

# Smith & Caughey,

LIMITED.

QUEEN STREET, AUCKLAND.

## The Question of the Day

The question of to-day, of to-morrow, and of every succeeding day is

**HAVE YOU USED PEARS' SOAP?** If you have not, you have not done your duty by your skin and complexion. If, on the other hand—that is on both hands, and on the face, and on the skin generally—you **HAVE** used **PEARS**, you can feel happy, for you will have done the best that possibly can be done for the skin's health and beauty. There can be no question about that.

**PEARS** has been making beautiful complexions for nearly 120 years.

# PEARS

**MATCHLESS FOR THE COMPLEXION**

# Verse Old and New

## The Music of Erin of Old.

**S**WEET as the sound of far-away bells,  
 Ringing and chiming over the dells,  
 Deep in the heart of memory dwells  
 The music of Erin of old.  
 A smile and a tear, a zephyr of June,  
 An evening of love, a wreath and a rune,  
 Soul of a song and life of a tune,  
 Rose and shamrock, girdled in gold—  
 The music of Erin of old!  
 Strong as the roar of thundering seas,  
 Soft as the rustle of leaves in the breeze,  
 Light as the wind over blossoming leas—  
 The music of Erin of old;  
 Voice of a hero and prattle of child,  
 Gentle and fierce as the wail of the wild,  
 Flashing and crooning, caressing and mild,  
 True and tender, pleading and hold—  
 The music of Erin of old!

## The Paragon.

She's as dear and as dainty a darling  
 As ever delighted the view;  
 Her hair is a glorious golden,  
 Her eyes the most beautiful blue.  
 Her features are simply perfection,  
 Her skin is like peaches and cream,  
 She's so pretty and witty and winsome,  
 The slangsters would dub her "a dream."  
 Her voice is the voice of an angel;  
 She can play the piano, and cook;  
 She lacks only one thing—existence—  
 This girl that I found in a book.

## Rondeau Redouble.

I hate a dun. It makes me fairly sick,  
 This letter asking me to "please remit."  
 If I could pay I'd do it mighty quick,  
 I can't, however, so I wish they'd quit.  
 They will not, though, let up a little bit,  
 But threaten suit—a very shabby trick,  
 Considering the suit was poor in fit.  
 I hate a dun. It fairly makes me sick.  
 That is the worst of getting things on tick.  
 I wish that I had waited for my kit.  
 This curt reminder makes my conscience prick—  
 This letter asking me to "please remit."  
 Credit is an invention of the pit,  
 A thing devised for torment by Old Nick.  
 I can't grow calloused. I am tired of it.  
 If I could pay I'd do it mighty quick.  
 When I am broke, that is the time they pick  
 To pester me, to threaten with a writ.  
 To satisfy them I'd at nothing stick;  
 I can't, however, so I wish they'd quit.  
 It seems as if they had but little wit.  
 One can't get blood from turnip, stone or brick.  
 Well, with the statement I my pipe have lit,  
 That ends it. I shall simply let 'em kick.  
 I hate a dun.

## The Fereleper.

The gull shall whistle in his wake, the  
 blind wave break in fire,  
 He shall fulfil God's utmost will un-  
 knowing His desire;  
 And he shall see old planets pass and  
 alien stars arise,  
 And give the gale his reckless sail in  
 shadow of new skies.  
 Strong lust of gear shall drive him out  
 and hunger arm his hand  
 To wring his food from a desert nude,  
 his foothold from the sand.  
 His neighbour's smoke shall vex his  
 eyes, their voices break his rest,  
 He shall go forth till South is North,  
 sullen and dispossessed;  
 And he shall desire loneliness, and his  
 desire hall bring  
 Hard on his heels a thousand wheels,  
 a people, and a king;  
 And he shall come back in his own  
 track, and by his scarce, cool camp;  
 There he shall meet the roaring street,  
 the derrick, and the stamp;  
 For he must blaze a nation's ways with  
 hatchet and with brand  
 Till on his last won wilderness an Em-  
 pire's bulwarks stand.  
 —Rudyard Kipling.

## I Would Not Be the Housed Soul.

I would not be the housed soul—not I—  
 In the pale limit of one dwelling set,  
 Having my treasures in a cabinet,  
 And of these lovely lands—this dawn  
 hung high—  
 Pale copies done in oil hung coldly by,  
 Books in a careful row lest I forget,  
 In place of field romances dewy wet  
 And that perpetual tender page—the  
 sky.  
 Not this, O god of the Open, god of the  
 Sea,  
 God of the Air, whose every breath  
 is change!  
 Let thy star-set, illimitable distance be  
 My body's house; for my possessions all  
 Thoughts, and one Dream forever  
 great and strange;  
 And for my feet one path running ever  
 out of call.

## The Human Note.

Through the harmonies of heaven stole  
 a note of throbbing pain,  
 Touched with longing, tingling with  
 sadness, seeming in its birth;  
 Seeming less the staidness music that is  
 meet for such domain,  
 Than the cry of some dazed mortal,  
 yearning backward towards the  
 earth.  
 But it did not sound forever, this stray  
 note so passionate;  
 Soon the singer, now all angel, sang  
 with others round the throne;  
 "Glorious, glorious!" Past forgotten, life and  
 love beyond the gate,  
 That before had set his singing to a  
 tragic undertone.  
 Yet there vanished then a richness more  
 than psalter or lute  
 Could outpour, though seraphs plucked  
 them, worshipping the Lord anear;  
 For within the vibrant grieving, now for-  
 ever hushed and mute,  
 Lay the pathos of endeavour, hope and  
 heartbreak, love and fear;  
 Yea, the wistful human groping, and  
 the doubt that makes it dear.  
 —Richard Burton, in the "Outlook"

## An Old Violin.

In far Cremona centuries ago  
 This little sighing, singing thing was  
 wrought,  
 Of dreams 'tis fashioned and its tones  
 are fraught  
 With sweetness only centuries bestow;  
 But give an artist hand the slender  
 bow.  
 And hark the tumult of impassioned  
 thought—  
 The Heaven we missed, the earth we  
 vainly sought  
 Within our shaken pulses ebb and flow.  
 Innumerable voices through it rain  
 The music of an unremembered past,  
 Dim echoes of illusive joy and pain,  
 In requiem sob or ringing trumpet-  
 blast,  
 Are merged to one incomparative strain  
 That holds the heart of every listener  
 fast.

## Cause for Thankfulness.

A patronising young lord was seated  
 opposite the late James McNeill Whis-  
 tler at dinner one evening. During a  
 lull in the conversation he adjusted his  
 monocle and leaned forward toward the  
 artist. "Aw, y' know, Mr. Whistler,"  
 he drawled, "I passed your house this  
 mawning." "Thank you," said Whistler  
 quietly. "Thank you very much."

## In Use.

"I say, Tommy," called the man who  
 had just driven up to the passing  
 youngster, "come and hold my horse for  
 a while, will you?"  
 "Can't," came the unexpected reply.  
 "Shall you be late for school?"  
 "Ain't goin' to school—goin' 'ome."  
 "Will your mother beat you if you are  
 a little later than usual?"  
 "Not much."  
 "Then why in the name of goodness  
 can's you earn a few coppers by holding  
 my horse just five minutes?"  
 "Cos I ain't got no buttons on the  
 back of my trousers, an' I ave to keep  
 my 'ands in my pockets to old 'em up,  
 an' if I old your 'oss it'll be all over with  
 'em." And as he walked away he  
 whistled.

# Anecdotes and Sketches

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

### No Difference.

**A**T dinner one day, Dr. Whately,  
 Archbishop of Dublin, sat near  
 a young aide-de-camp, and in the  
 course of meal latter asked his  
 Grace, "Do you know the difference be-  
 tween an Archbishop and an ass?" The  
 Archbishop was too taken back to reply,  
 and seeing his hesitation the aide-de-camp  
 continued: "One wears a cross on his  
 mitre, the other wears it on his back."  
 Dr. Whately looked the young man over  
 with the utmost gravity, and without  
 relaxing a muscle of his face he propounded  
 another conundrum. "Do you know,"  
 he said, "the difference between an aide-  
 de-camp and an ass?" "No, I do not,"  
 replied the other. "Neither do I, sir!"  
 thundered his Grace.

\*\*\*

### No Consideration.

There was a small gathering of friends  
 at an Auckland home not long ago,  
 among the guests being a young man  
 of somewhat retiring disposition, the  
 possessor of a extremely good and  
 powerful voice. The evening was grown  
 somewhat old when the hostess sug-  
 gested that the young man in question  
 favour them with a few songs. "I would  
 be charmed—that is, you flatter me—  
 but, er—really, the neighbours, you  
 know," he suggested; "these party walls  
 are so thin, and they have possibly  
 retired." "Oh, never mind the neigh-  
 bours!" the hostess replied in unsymp-  
 athetic voice. "I don't intend to have  
 the least consideration for them here-  
 after, and they will just have to stand  
 it. Some one of them poisoned our dog  
 last week."

### As the Twig Is Bent.

"I hope you were a good little boy  
 while at your aunt's and didn't tell any  
 stories," said his mother.  
 "Only the one you put me up to,  
 ma," replied her young hopeful.  
 "Why, what do you mean, child?"  
 "When she asked me if I'd like to  
 have a second piece of cake I said, 'No  
 thank you, I've had enough.'"

### Located.

Josiah Quincy, a prominent Boston  
 politician, was walking near the city hall,  
 when he heard an Irish labourer accost  
 another thus: "That's Josiah Quincy?"  
 "An' who's Josiah Quincy?" the other  
 asked. "I never see such ignorance,"  
 rejoined the first. "He's the grandson of  
 the statute you see in the yard."



"Gosh—all—hemlock! What—er—er!"  
 "Merely the latest fashionable trim, a la poodle."

### An Opportunity Lost.

Napoleon once received Blucher at the  
 Castle of Finkenstein, while he was pre-  
 paring for the siege of Danzig. He  
 drew him to a window in an upper  
 story and paid him compliments on his  
 military gifts, and Blucher, going away  
 delighted, described the interview to  
 his aide-de-camp. "What a chance you  
 missed!" exclaimed the latter. "You  
 might have changed the whole course  
 of history." "How?" "Why, you might  
 have thrown him out of the window!"  
 "Confound it!" replied Blucher. "So I  
 might! If only I had thought of it!"

### Respectable England.

When General Schenck, whose greatest  
 fame rests upon his having introduced  
 the game of poker into England, first  
 arrived in London as American minister  
 to the court of St. James he took a  
 little of his spare time to visit the  
 sights of the British capital. Among  
 other places he visited Mme. Tussaud's  
 wax works. "And what did you think  
 of our great wax work exhibition?"  
 asked a friend. "Well," replied the  
 general, "it struck me as being very like  
 the ordinary English evening party."

### The Phases of Life.

According to the "Christian Register,"  
 this is a report by a young English  
 schoolgirl of a lecture on "Phases of  
 Human Life—Youth, Manhood, and  
 Age": "In youth we look forward to  
 the wicked things we will do when we  
 grow up—this is the state of innocence.  
 In manhood we do the wicked things of  
 which we thought in our youth—this is  
 the prime of life. In old age we are  
 sorry for the wicked things we did in  
 manhood—this is the time of our  
 dotage."



FINANCIAL GENIUS.

"Pa, will you please tell me what a financial genius is?" "A financial genius, my child, is a man who can spend money that he has never had, and which the people who think they are getting it will never see."



THE LAST STRAW.

"Ma, carry me!"

THE ARM OF THE LAW.

Pension Inquiry Officer: "Have you ever been in the hands of the police?" Applicant: "Well—er—sir, you see I used to be a cook! Girls will be girls! Besides, it was a good many years ago, and he was a sergeant!"

QUITS.

"You are an iceberg!" exclaimed her elderly but well-preserved adorer, pale with anger and mortification. "A dozen Cupids, with a hundred arrows each, could never find a vulnerable place in your flinty heart!"

"Not if they used an old beau to shoot with," coldly replied the beautiful girl.

PLENTY OF MATERIAL.

Manager: "We must put in a great deal of realism into this forest scene. Can you get someone to growl so as to resemble a bear?"

Assistant: "I think so. There are several chorus men who have not received their wages for three weeks. I'll call them."



"There goes the most-talked of man in this club." "Who talks about him?" "He does!"

DOG POSITIVE.

Well: "I'm afraid Mr. Guzzler had too much to drink at the dinner last night." Beller: "What makes you think so?" Nell: "When the charlotte russe was served he tried to blow the froth off."

A NICE DISTINCTION.

"Did he say he knew me when I was a girl?" "No; he said he knew you when he was a boy."

AN IMPOLITE COMPARISON.

She: "Do you think the married men really envy the bachelors?" He: "Ask me if I think a barnyard fowl envies the wild duck."

TOO TRUE.

Hope is born, and dies, at least seventeen times in a man's heart before the woman who is calling on his wife, and has risen to go, reaches the front gate.

THE MORNING AFTER.

Watts: "There is no such thing as telling the quality of whisky that you taste these days, is there?" Lushforth: "No. The only test is the feel." Watts: "The feel?" Lushforth: "Yes. And you have to wait till next morning for that."



Irate Parent: "I will not have you smoking this pernicious rubbish, my boy. Don't you know it'll stop your growth!"



Teacher: "Now what is the noble Red Indian's wife called?" Tommy Jones: "A squaw, miss." Teacher: "Quite right! And what are the Red Indian babies called?" Tommy Jones: "Squawkers, miss!"