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How will women use their influence? Chiefly, Dr. Findlay thinks, by means of sentiment. He explains his meaning by saying that if it should be said that women contributed nothing but sentiment to politics, it could rightly be said that the mass of the people contributed little else, and that when their sentiment was right, it was of more value than the thinking of the statesmen. When the conditions of factory life in Britain were a disgrace to civilisation, men so large-hearted as Bright and Cobden set themselves against reform, and opposed the sentiment of the masses because they argued about it instead of listening to their own hearts. In the long run it had been found that the sentiment of the masses was right. If the control of women grew in our political life, it would grow for the better. It might be that the sphere of individuality would have to be circumscribed and that the freedom of the individual made more subject to the State and to Society, but he could not help thinking that if the virtues that were characteristic of women were associated with that control, the result must be good. When that great reform for which the women of New Zealand were struggling had been achieved, their zeal would find new channels, and he believed—or, at least he hoped—that the women's influence in politics would be one of the profoundest influences for good which this or any other country had seen. The great danger is, as Sir Robert Stout pointed out, when the women's franchise was before the House, lest too much should be attempted in the way of legislative experiments for remedying social evils. An ill-considered remedy is often worse than the disease.

and 231,553 Sunday scholars, and 6413 church buildings. The Methodist Church in the United States raised \$4,000,000 as a centenary effort, the largest sum raised by a single church in a single effort in Christian history. The significance of such stupendous facts as these has to be reckoned with when the power, the place, or the triumph of Methodism is in any way challenged.

The Decadence of Kipling.

Mr. Kipling has written a poem, "The City of Brass," that can only be pronounced as one of the most remarkably bad poems ever written by a writer of repute. The poem has been most severely handled by all the critics, and had not Kipling signed his name to it, it would have been impossible to believe that "The City of Brass" could have been written by one who has given us "The Islanders," "Recessional," "Sussex," and "The English Flag." The meaning of the poem is obscure. It resembles Calverley's "Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese, and so for the meaning it's what you please." The metre is rugged and awkward. "Justice" rhymes with "lust is," "hardship" with "wardship," "understanding" with "commanding." We presume that Kipling intends to paint a picture of John Bull, for he tells of a people who

Ascribed all dominion to man in his factions conferring.
And have given to numbers the Name of the Wisdom unerring,
They chose themselves prophets and priests of minute understanding,
Men swift to see done—and outrun—their extremest commanding—
Of the tribe which describe with a jibe the perversions of Justice—
Pandars avowed to the crowd whatsoever its lust is.
They said: "Who has hate in the soul? Who has envied his neighbour?
Let him arise and control both that man and his labour."
They said: "Who is eaten by sloth? Whose untruth has destroyed him?
He shall levy a tribute from all because none have employed him."
They said: "Who has toiled? Who hath striven, and gathered possessions?
Let him be spoiled. He hath given full proof of transgression."
As for their kinsmen far off, on the skirts of the nation,
They harried all earth to make sure none escaped reprobation,
They awakened unrest for a jest, in their newly-won borders,
And jeered at the blood of their brethren betrayed by their orders.
They instructed the ruled to rebel, the ruler to aid them;
And since such as obeyed them not fell, their Viceroys obeyed them.
When the riotous set them at naught they said: "Praise the upheaval!
For the show and the word and the thought of Dominion is evil!"
They unwound and slung from them with rage, as a gag that defiled them,
The imperial game of the age which their forerunners pined them.
They ran panting in haste to lay waste and ambitter for ever
The well-springs of Wisdom and Strength which are Faith and Endeavour,
dragged forth and exposed to derision
They nosed out and dugged up and

The Week in Review.

NOTICE.

The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration Short Stories and Descriptive Articles illustrated with photos, or suggestions from contributors.

Bright terse contributions are wanted dealing with Dominion life and questions.

Unless stamps are sent, the Editor cannot guarantee the return of unsuitable MSS.

The Characteristics of the Native-born.

DR. FINDLAY has varied his discourses on taxation by giving a most interesting address on "The Characteristics of the Native-born." That at least was the title of his lecture, but as a matter of fact he dwelt mainly on the influence of women in politics. He began by saying that seventy per cent of the population of New Zealand were born in this country, and a few years hence the population would be almost entirely native-born. The speaker dwelt on the New Zealander's spirit of equality, as shown in the opposition to pretensions of rank and birth, in the diminished respect for parental control, and for the discipline of religion in the ready susceptibility to appeals made on behalf of the poor and distressed, and in our civil liberty and religious tolerance. From the tone of the speech we gather that the Doctor views this spirit with approval, but it has its dangers. There may be less respect shown for rank and birth, for parents, and for religion. There is, however, a great respect shown for worldly success, and for riches, however acquired. It is all nonsense to say that we have no social distinctions; but they are the distinctions of pounds, shillings and pence.

Parents are over-indulgent to their children, children are rapidly growing to regard their parents as encumbrances. How many children ever dream of providing for their parents in their old age? Very few. That duty is left to the State. An intolerance of the discipline of religion may show a fine spirit of independence and of equality—presumably with the Almighty—but that does not make for the righteousness that alone exalteth a nation. That we are susceptible to appeals of every kind can hardly be denied. No people in the world are more ready to give testimonials, whether to the merits of a new pill or to a warehouse clerk who is moving from this street into the next. But are we prominent in the real charity, the charity that suffereth long and is kind; that envieth not; that vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up; that seeketh not her own? Are we?

Women in Politics.

When the Doctor comes to the subject of the influence of women in politics, he has much to say that is good. He points out that in a very few years we shall have more women than men in New Zealand, and the influence of women will preponderate. In 1864 the proportion of women to men in the colony was 61.53; in 1906 it was 88.65; the present generation will live to see the numerical proportions reversed. Already in seventeen of our most important electorates—Auckland West, Auckland East, Grey Lynn, Eden, Parnell, Egmont, Wellington South, Avon, Christchurch North, Christchurch East, Christchurch South, the four Dunedin electorates, Clutha, and Invercargill—there are more women than men on the roll. This fact alone is significant, especially in view of the fact that at the second ballot, when there was no local option issue, 77.9 of those on the roll recorded their votes. This shows that it is a great mistake to suppose that the chief political interest of women lies in the licensing question.

The Growth of Methodism.

It is surprising that we have never had until now a complete history of the origin and progress of Methodism, but "The New History of Methodism," which has just been published in England, amply atones for the incompleteness of previous books on the subject. Representative historians and specialists of the several branches of Methodism have combined to write this remarkable history of difficult achievement and marvellous progress, utilising the results of recent study upon the origins of the Methodist Church, manifesting the growing sense of their unity, and setting forth worldwide Methodism as a branch of the Church Catholic, with its own notes, and an essential unity underlying its several forms in many lands. The work has taken more than five years to complete; its historical value is worth the waiting. Methodism has to-day 52,000 ministers in its pulpits, and 30,000,000 adherents in its pews. It has built 96,000 separate churches; it teaches in its schools every Sunday more than 7,000,000 children. The branches are in some respects more vigorous than the parent stock. In Canada out of a population of less than 6,000,000, nearly 1,000,000 are Methodists. Every ninth person in Australasia belongs to Wesley's Church, the figures showing that the Church owns 975 ministers, 4576 lay preachers, 150,750 members and probationers, 3973 Sunday schools, with 24,322 officers and teachers,

All doctrine of purpose and worth and restraint and prevision: And it ceased, and God granted them all things for which they had striven, And the heart of a beast in the place of a man's heart was given, and so on for sixty lines. We have had some dreadful doggerel before from Kipling, notably in his lines on the Transvaal, but surely nothing quite equal to this effusion!

A Local Navy.

It would appear that New Zealand's Dreadnought will take the form of one or more cruisers, and that these cruisers will form a part of the Pacific squadron, and be employed in New Zealand waters for local defence. This will undoubtedly be far more popular than a ship in far-away, distant waters, as we shall feel a local pride in the vessels, and shall have "something to show for our money." The British Government seems willing in every way to meet the desire of these colonies for an Australian navy. Fast cruisers are to form the nucleus of this navy, and the Commonwealth will retain the fullest possible control in times of peace. In case of war, the ships will be placed under the Admiralty's control if, and when, the necessity arises. It is, of course, obvious that in war-time there must be one central, undivided control. It may thus be possible in time for Canada and Australasia to control the Pacific, leaving the entire British fleet free to act in Home waters.

Indian Problems.

Dhingara, who was condemned to death for the murder of Sir William Wyllie and Dr. Lalcaca at the Imperial Institute, met his end with stoical indifference, and will doubtless be regarded as a martyr by thousands of his fellow countrymen. For they will regard his act as a blow struck in the cause of liberty and against British rule in India. Recent events have made it abundantly clear that the present situation in India is a grave one. The government of this great possession has never been an easy task. We have had to deal with a huge native population of conflicting types and characteristics, and this task has been made more difficult during the past 18 months by the growing unrest amongst a large section of the people. The masses are for the most part illiterate, and they are being roused by the educated extremists. Political agitators have preached the boycott and incited to riot and acts of violence, holding out alluring prospects of the many blessings that would follow the restoration of native rule, and the deposition of the British. The trouble has been in deciding how best to deal with the movement. For a long time the British Government was averse to anything in the nature of strong measures for stemming the tide of sedition. The ordinary criminal procedure, however, proved insufficient for the simple reason that the peaceable section of the native population desired not give information against the offenders. An informer, if detected, paid the penalty for his loyalty with his life. As a consequence, it became increasingly difficult to secure evidence against offenders, and the law fell into contempt.

Is India Doomed?

It was to meet this state of affairs that the Government decided to fall back on its power to deport political agitators. These deportations are made without trial, and on that account have been condemned as contrary to the spirit of British justice. But extraordinary situations require extraordinary remedies, and that the situation is a grave one is proved by facts adduced by a writer calling himself "A Bengal Civilian," and published in the "Nineteenth Century" for last month. "It is not necessary to be an alarmist," says the writer referred to, "or to be blind to the existence of various hopeful symptoms, to recognise that India is passing through a very critical period in her history, and that the whole welfare of the country, its present prosperity, and its future progress, depend on the manner in which the Government faces the present situation. Anarchy and assassination cannot be allowed to prevail, but the ordinary law has proved powerless as a means of checking their growth. If the abnormal, but still mild, measures taken fail to eradicate them, or at any rate keep them within bounds, it is inevitable that still

more drastic measures should be taken, and measures which will affect a far larger section of the people than has been affected by the deportations. Military law has been spoken of in some quarters, and, though no responsible person would contend that anything which has yet occurred would justify its introduction, it is there as a last resort, and as an alternative far preferable to the unthinkable one that a British Government should fail through sheer inability to

govern." The martial races, the Mohammedan community, and the illiterate millions may seem to stand apart from the political agitators, but they watch with keen interest the course of the struggle between the Government and the extremists, and it is imperative that the British should not allow any lawful instrument for the suppression of anarchical violence to be discarded. Any sign of weakness would probably mean the loss of India.

Cold Grey Stones.

We now come to the second line: "On thy cold grey stones, O sea." On this line the following remarks are suggested for the use of the teacher. "We see at a glance that we are not looking at the chalk cliffs that are so marked a feature in the coast scenery of our island. The cold grey stones would have no place there. Nor can we make the mistake of supposing that we are in the regions of crystalline rocks, against whose escarpments the waves would beat without the disintegrating effect that produces cold grey stones. Those who have studied geology intelligently will be able to classify these rocks, and to say whether they are Devonian or Carboniferous, whether they consist chiefly of sandstone, limestone, or shale." This would help enormously to a better understanding of the poem, especially if the teacher dipped into historical geology and explained clearly the Cretaceous, the Oligocene, and the Pleistocene systems. Coloured diagrams could be usefully employed.

Tennyson's Deficiencies.

The last two lines: "And I would that my tongue could utter the thoughts that arise in me," afford food for much sound moral teaching. On these lines the Model Lesson makes the following comment: "This is a state of mind with which we are all too familiar. Unless the mind be strictly disciplined by such mental processes as lead to habits of concentration, it is certain that much time will be wasted in vague and formless thought, or rather in that hopeless incoherence that results when thought and its expression are not trained by patient labour to go hand in hand. Against such mental laxity let us all be warned. If the poet could have expressed his thoughts in clear and well-chosen words, the poem would doubtless have taken a happier form, and the relief to his mind would have been great. Refer to Darwin's 'Emotions' and Herbert Spencer's 'Psychology.' We note with sorrow the struggle for adequate expression, which, indeed, must have added tenfold to the sorrowful thoughts of his brain. The greatness of the man makes us regret the more any deficiency in his mental culture." The teacher is urged to end the lesson with this sublime thought, and the pupils will doubtless reflect on the heights to which Tennyson might have risen had the deficiencies in his mental culture been rectified by a course of Model Lessons in English literature.

Model Questions.

Then follow four questions on the lesson:

1. Give etymology and derivation of the word "break" as used in this poem.
2. Scan the line "Break, break, break," and compare the metrical effect of "Ding, dong, bell," and "Ye, lo, fum."
3. Discuss the influence of geological strata on poetry.
4. Express in good prose the thoughts that the poet would fain have uttered, and indicate the reason of his disability. Happy children, who wander thus through the pleasant lands of literature. Had Tennyson only lived to read this Model Lesson, we feel sure that "the thoughts that the poet would fain have uttered" would not have been capable of being expressed in prose sufficiently pure and chaste to bear reproduction in any self-respecting paper. His "struggle for adequate expression" would have been noted with sorrow, tempered with regret for the deficiencies of his mental culture.

Young Mr Charles was plainly embarrassed, and Miss Smith knew what was coming, or thought she did.

"Er—Miss Smith," he said feverishly, "could I—er—see your father for a moment or two?"

"Certainly, Mr Charles," and excusing herself, she swept from the parlour.

Presently the old man came in, and, after a short conversation with Mr Charles, he stepped to the door and summoned his daughter.

Mr Charles, whose face was radiant, said, "As I have a long ride before me, I think I will say good-night."

"Oh, papa," pleaded the girl immediately her lover disappeared. "Did he—did you—"

"I did," broke in the old man.

His daughter fell on his neck and kissed him. He held her at arm's length. "I did," he repeated. "I lent him fountaine to get home with—that was what he wanted me for."

English as She is Taught

A MODEL LESSON—SIDELIGHTS ON LITERATURE

By Dog Toby.

The Introduction.

HERE is nothing on which we plume ourselves more than our modern methods of education, and when we contrast the ancient and present day systems we have good grounds for rejoicing that we live in this enlightened age. The "Journal of Education" gives us from time to time Model Lessons, showing how subjects should be taught, and those of us who were taught on the old lines cannot help feeling envious of the children of to-day who are taught on such up-to-date principles. The Model Lesson on Tennyson is admirable. The teacher is first given advice and encouragement. "Let no one fear," says the Journal, "to enter into the great world of literature as a teacher. Wide are its landscapes, lofty are its peaks, dark and thick are its forests. But are there not made roads for its travellers? Are there not guide posts at every point? The would-be teacher needs but confidence. Let him rally around him those who are young, and say, 'Come, my children, we will see this pleasant land, and all will go well.' This means that if you use this particular formula your lesson will be an assured success. The 'Come, my children,' is the Abracadabra of the teacher's craft; without it you are doomed to failure."

The Equipment.

The teacher is urged to provide himself with an encyclopaedia, a dictionary, and one or two text books, in order that he may give a really instructive lesson on Tennyson's poem "Break, break, break." You are told to begin the lecture like this: "Meaning, form, and limitations of the lyric. We have seen how its modern development is to throw off all that may pertain to folk-songs, and to confine itself to the expression of emotions, which are common to all peoples, and to all times, and yet come as from the personal experience of the writer. Here show pictures of lyre, harp, zither, and other musical instruments." The New Zealand child might be shown also actual specimens of a mouth organ, an accordion, a concertina, and a gramophone. The teacher might introduce appropriate selections on each. Bagpipes and penny-whistles might be used with effect. We cannot but feel that these things would lead to a more real and deeper appreciation of Tennyson's lyric than any amount of verbal commentary.

A Moral Lesson.

After the musical interlude the teacher is told to explain the state of mind of the poet when he wrote this poem, and to draw a moral lesson from the weakness displayed, offering such apology as he can. This Model Lesson says: "The lyric in question is merely an instance of that state of mind that permits one dominant thought to gain undue ascendancy and to subjugate the powers that make for reason and strength. It is a condition by no means uncommon, especially to the imaginative and poetic mind. Give a few remarks by the way on monomania and Byronism." This is excellent, and admirably adapted to the child mind. You could illustrate it by dwelling on a taste for lillies. A temperance lesson could, with advantage, be introduced at this point. These things all help to a proper understanding of the poem.

Geographical Illustrations.

We now leave the subject of the lyric in general and come to the actual verse. The teacher is told to produce a map and give a short lecture on Bristol. This is essential, because Bristol is only sixteen miles from Clevedon, and Clevedon is given as "the scene of the poem." Tennyson himself said the poem was written in Lincolnshire, but he was probably mistaken. (You could give a short lecture on delusions of great poets, the result of the monomania mentioned above.) The history of Bristol is to be given in brief; this would include a list of exports and imports, together with the gross and net tonnage of its shipping. Mention would, of course, be made of the Bristol riots in 1832. There was plenty of "Break, break, break," when the mob pillaged the Mansion House, and a lot of people had their heads broken. The position of Clevedon is to be pointed out on the map, and the children could be told that it is on a branch line of the G.W.R., and that you change at Yatton Junction to get there. The fare, single, is one and fourpence. These things all help us to grasp the poet's meaning.

The Word Break.

Now we begin the first line. The teacher begins by explaining all the different meanings of the word "Break." You tell the children that it may mean "a lumbering vehicle designed to carry a party of people, and differing from an omnibus in construction, though performing the same function. The same sound, though the etymology is different, is preserved in the word 'brake,' meaning a thicket of wood or fern. . . . the common brake or bracken-fern constitutes a feature of the scenery in such localities. The association of ideas will call to mind various places which have been seen on holiday rambles when botanical or entomological specimens may have been sought for." The children should be taught to distinguish between the transitive and intransitive uses of the verb. Illustrate,—a mistress breaks a cup, the maid always says "the cup broke." The action passes over from the mistress to the cup, in the other case the cup breaks itself. The teacher could point out that the word "brake" is used to denote a contrivance for retarding by friction the speed of carriages. It is also used to denote a lever.

On Waves.

The meaning of the word in this poem is thus explained: "The wave-form moves in wave lengths of compression and rarefaction. Illustrate on black-board. This characteristic of wave-motion is the transmission of a certain state of things or state of motion without any corresponding transmission of matter. Keeping this in mind, we shall understand what Tennyson was looking at when apostrophising the sea." The word "break" is thus put before us in all its various significations, and the idea of a wave made plain and clear to the meanest intelligence. Needless to say, the teacher would utilise this opportunity to introduce a short lesson on tides. He could illustrate it on the black-board as before.

Sayings of the Week.

Cloud-scenery.

THE scenery of cloud and sky belongs to the same category as the vast scenery of dreams—to that which is phantasmal, protean, infinitely fine; capable of interpreting the gentlest moods of the soul, as well as her great terrors. Cloud-scenery, especially when sketched against big mountains, has the two qualities of expressing immense power and exceeding delicacy, power, by means of sheer size, depth, and grandeur of form; delicacy, by the silken tracery of the torn edges that float away into the viewless air. Cloud-scenery touches all notes in the scale, runs through the entire gamut of the soul's emotions.—*Mr Algernon Blackwood.*

Under Two Flags.

Surrounded by place-seekers, Ministers resembled a party of Russian travellers attacked by hungry wolves. Asked to go out to propitiate them, he readily did so, but the wolves had fled. The Premier had made a dramatic exit from New Zealand to arrange regarding Dreadnoughts and future loans. He (Mr. Hogg) had made a dramatic exit from the Cabinet to awaken the people to a sense of their danger. The Premier's danger signal was the Jingo flag; his was the flag of freedom from land-grabbers and usurers.—*Mr. A. W. Hogg, M.P.*

Why Does a Chinaman Take Less Than a European?

My basis of fairness is that wages should be according to the value of the work, and what is done in the hours of work. Wages are not paid out of capital; but are paid out of the product of labour. Why does a Chinaman take less than a European? Because his standard of life is lower. And it proves that if the workers decide they want a higher standard they can, if they organise, demand a higher wage than is determined by competition in the labour market.—*The Bishop of Tasmania.*

Nothing Like It in History.

The South African Union was a wonderful issue out of all the divisions, controversies, battles, bloodshed, devastation and horrors of war. He did not believe the world had shown anything like it in its whole history.—*Mr. A. J. Halfour.*

A Friend of the Young.

His Excellency Lord Plunket would be remembered as the Governor who took a keen and lively interest in the young people of this country, and in their proper training and upbringing.—*Mr. O. J. Parr, Chairman Auckland Board of Education.*

The Sight of a Lifetime.

There would in May be a total eclipse of the sun, visible, at the edge of Tasmania, and if it turned out that this and Halley's comet could be seen in conjunction, they would be the sight of a lifetime. Owing to the fact that the sun's light would be hidden the comet would be seen at its best. The shipping companies should give people facilities for making the trip to Tasmania to witness this remarkable sight.—*Professor Segar.*

A New Autocracy.

It will be recognised that we have in New Zealand created a form of industrial-legal autocracy which may prove to be as inimical to the masses as a political or any other form of autocracy, and I think the Unions must be advised to rely less on the present established legal powers and more on their powers of organised control.—*Mr D. McLaren, Waterside Workers' Federation.*

Why Women Are Underpaid.

The women in some of the English unions get the same wage as men for the same work, but only because they are in the unions. As a rule, women are underpaid only because they demand a lower standard of life than a man. But it is monstrously unfair. Why should a widow be compelled to manage with less than a widower?—*The Bishop of Tasmania.*

A National Observatory.

It was worth considering whether the time had not arrived for the foundation of a national observatory in this country. New Zealand stood easily third amongst the Australasian States in population and wealth. New South Wales had long possessed a fine observatory and Victoria one of the greatest telescopes in the world, and these great observatories had been founded when these States had not the population and wealth of the New Zealand of to-day. We inherited the scientific knowledge that had been gained by our ancestors, and it was both our duty and privilege to do all that was

A Reduced Domesticity.

He thought there was noticeable among our women a reduced domesticity. He did not point this out to condemn it, but merely as a fact. In the days of our mothers it was thought scarcely respectable for a woman to be too much out of her own house, but women were now taking an increasing part in wider activities, and though this might have its drawbacks, he thought it was ennobling and elevating them. There was an enormous amount of good that a woman could do outside her own home. Women had more active sentiments than men, and were more disposed to respond in action to a social stimulus. While men were thinking, women liked to find a solution in conduct.—*Hon. Dr. Findlay.*

Imperial Unity.

The full self-government which the great dominions enjoy is recognised by Great Britain, as much as by you, as one

concerning the common defence of the Empire, and each part thereof, will be welcomed by us, not only as a help towards securing the safety of each territory—and in this there is no sort of kind of aggression, for our relations with all the great nations are friendly—but also as evidence of a feeling of common patriotism and devotion for the purpose animating us all.—*Mr James Bryce.*

What Preference Does.

The value of preference had been already proved. It had been proved in the case of Canada, to which colony, before preference was granted, our exports were steadily diminishing, while those of our competitors were increasing; and since the granting of preference Great Britain's exports had steadily and rapidly increased. It had been proved also quite as conclusively by the short experience which Great Britain had had of the pre-



TIME OBLITERATES.

possible to extend its boundaries.—*Professor Segar.*

The Preference Clause.

You may talk about the curse of drink, but the curse of casual labour is far worse than the curse of drink. Many a good man had been driven to drink by the curse of casual labour. You might talk about preference as much as you liked. What had preference done here? The union had swelled its membership, swelled its finances, and largely helped to bring about the curse of casual labour. Owing to the existence of this very curse, men were driven to commit crime. They could see men charged in the criminal courts with offences. "What is your occupation?" the magistrate would ask. "Wharf labourer" would perhaps be the answer. That was why the wharf labourer was looked down upon.—*Mr A. J. Jones, at the Waterside Workers' Conference.*

of the most effective weapons for securing both your own welfare and the sense of Imperial unity binding us together. Any and every effort you and the other great dominions are disposed to make

ference with New Zealand—a preference which had had a most wonderful effect in increasing the trade to New Zealand.—*Mr A. Bonar Law, of the English Board of Trade.*

HEALTH FOR THE CHILDREN

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

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

Stearns' Wine of Cod Liver Oil

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

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

The Club Smoking Room.

By HAVANA.

Why Pantomime is Popular.

PANTOMIME," remarked a veteran playgoer, "is still as popular as ever, judging by the crowded houses it attracts. There still lingers a kind of popular theory that it is intended to please the children, but I fancy it is quite as popular with the grown-ups. We get tired of problem plays, and even the excitement of melodrama palls in time, but catchy music, gorgeous scenery, well arranged ballets, and pretty girls, will always attract. To my mind, the pantomime is better than most musical comedies, and vastly superior to the majority of plays staged at the present day. Somehow, we don't seem to get any really good songs now, and the comic interludes are often feeble in the extreme. But for spectacular effects, we are far ahead of the east generation. I often wonder, by the way, when we are going to produce a really great dramatist? The success of spectacular pieces is largely due to the fact that the majority of our dramas are pure rubbish. It is difficult to sit some of them out."

tion that you were the counsel in question. Did the jury pity him for his choice of a defender?"

A Curious Verdict.

"Not at all," replied the lawyer. "I was not the defending counsel. I was merely a spectator. The counsel was the local squire, and the jury were mostly men who were in one way or other dependent on him. He advanced the astonishing plea that his client had stolen the goods in a fit of absence of mind. It was, of course, an utterly absurd defence, and the Judge disdained to comment on it, beyond making a few sarcastic references to people who wasted the time of the Court. The jury retired, and returned in a few minutes. In reply to the usual question whether they found the prisoner guilty or not guilty, the foreman said that they knew nothing about guilty or not guilty; they found for the squire. The Judge refused to accept this very unusual verdict, and explained that the squire was only defending the prisoner. The twelve good men and true thereupon acquitted the prisoner, and the squire had gained a brilliant victory. I have read of cases even more absurd, but that was the funniest I ever came across personally."

British Justice.

"I often think," put in the M.P., "that our British justice is not all it is cracked up to be. What chance has a poor man of gaining an acquittal? Precious little as things are at present. You take a man who is absolutely ignorant of the methods of a Court of Law, and put him in the dock, and tell him he is at liberty to defend himself. The very fact that he is in the dock is against him; his ignorance is still more against him. To oppose him, you get the best lawyer you can find—a man who has spent his life in the atmosphere of Courts, and who is an expert in the art of marshalling facts, and examining witnesses. The Crown pays all its witnesses and all its own costs of the trial. The unfortunate prisoner has to pay all his costs out of his own pocket. You know the thing is most grossly unfair. I have

known a perfectly innocent man to be fifty or sixty pounds out of pocket. If the Crown pays the cost of the prosecution, it ought to pay the cost of the defence. It is in the public interest that justice should be done, and under our present law there are frequent miscarriages of justice."

Where Was the Money?

"You are quite right," answered the lawyer, "but it seems to be a matter in which nobody takes much interest. The expenses of a good defence are often very heavy. I remember a barrister telling me that a man came to him to defend him on a charge of stealing fifty sovereigns. The barrister undertook the case for £50, cast in advance. His client went away, and returned in a few hours with the money in gold. The man of law secured an acquittal by representing that his client had never shown any sign of being in possession of a large sum of money. If the sovereigns had been taken by him, where were they? The man was quite a pauper, and there was no evidence that he had been flush of cash, and so on. It was ingenious, and succeeded with the jury."

"Which goes to show," commented the cynic, "that lawyers may be the best promoters of honesty, since their rapacity in the matter of fees makes pilfering decided unprofitable. They probably get the lion's share of the profits, whether the case is civil or criminal. If you wish to make money out of crime, it is better to be a lawyer than a professional burglar. It is also safer."

At Washington the newspaper correspondents are telling the following story about Mr. Walter Brownlow, of Tennessee: Recently he called up somebody at White House. He had a fierce time. "Central," who tried to get the number for him, appeared to be inexperienced or asleep. Mr. Brownlow, ordinarily the most patient of men, finally lost his patience. "Look here!" he shouted; "quit this foolishness! Either get me the White House or give me some place where I may at least talk to my intellectual equal!"

Silence for a moment, and then over the wire came a good loud "Hello!" in a man's voice.

Mr. Brownlow was much relieved.

"What place is this?" he asked.

"The Government Hospital for the Insane, across the river," came the answer.

Mr. Brownlow is now endeavouring to ascertain that central's name. He wants to have her promoted. That's what he says to the newspaper men.

That everything should be neat and shipshape is most important aboard a yacht. A writer in the "Mariner's Advocate" tells the story of the captain of a certain sloop, who crossed the deck in a hurry, seemingly very much perplexed. A lady stopped him and asked what the trouble was.

"The fact is, ma'am," he said, "our rudder's broken."

"Oh, I shouldn't worry about that," said the lady. "Being under water nearly all the time, no one will notice it."

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celv.	Wh. Taku.	Mangapū.	Bay.
1st—11.45 a.m.	3.45 p.m.	2 p.m.	4 p.m.
3rd—9.30 a.m.	9.30 a.m.	No str.	9 a.m.
6th—9.30 a.m.	10 a.m.	8 a.m.	No str.
8th—9.15 a.m.	11.45 a.m.	10 a.m.	Noon
10th—9.15 a.m.	11 a.m.	No str.	11 a.m.
13th—9.15 a.m.	1 p.m.	Noon.	No str.
15th—11.45 a.m.	3.45 p.m.	2 p.m.	4 a.m.
17th—9.30 a.m.	9.30 p.m.	No str.	9 a.m.
20th—9.15 a.m.	11 a.m.	9 a.m.	No str.
22nd—9.15 a.m.	11.45 a.m.	10 a.m.	Noon.
24th—9.15 a.m.	1 p.m.	No str.	1 p.m.
27th—9.15 a.m.	1 p.m.	Noon.	No str.
29th—11.45 a.m.	3 p.m.	1 p.m.	3 p.m.
31st—9.30 a.m.	9.30 a.m.	No str.	9 a.m.

*Goods outward by steamer leaving on following dates, viz., 2nd, 6th, 10th, 17th, 20th, and 31st must leave up-country stations by afternoon train previous day.

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TENDERS FOR INLAND MAIL SERVICE FAIRLIE-HERMITAGE.

General Post Office, Wellington, 16th August, 1909.
Sealed Tenders will be received at the Chief Post Office, Timaru, until Noon on THURSDAY, 16th September, 1909, for the conveyance of mails by coach or motor car between the undermentioned places for a period of six years from 1st November, 1909, to 31st October, 1915.

POSTAL DISTRICT OF TIMARU.—Fairlie, Kimbrell, Burke's Pass, Lake Tekapo, Balmoral, Lake Pukaki, and Hermitage, from 1st November to 30th April, twice weekly; Fairlie, Kimbrell, Burke's Pass, Lake Tekapo, Balmoral, and Lake Pukaki, from 1st May to 31st October, once weekly; also Fairlie, Kimbrell, and Burke's Pass, from 1st May to 31st October, once weekly. The Government-owned stables at Gientamer (four stalls), and at the Hermitage (four stalls), may be hired from the Department of Tourist and Health Resorts by the successful contractor during the term of his contract at a nominal rental.

The lowest or any tender will not necessarily be accepted.

The attention of intending tenderers is specially directed to the terms and conditions of contract printed on pages 4 and 5 of the tender forms.

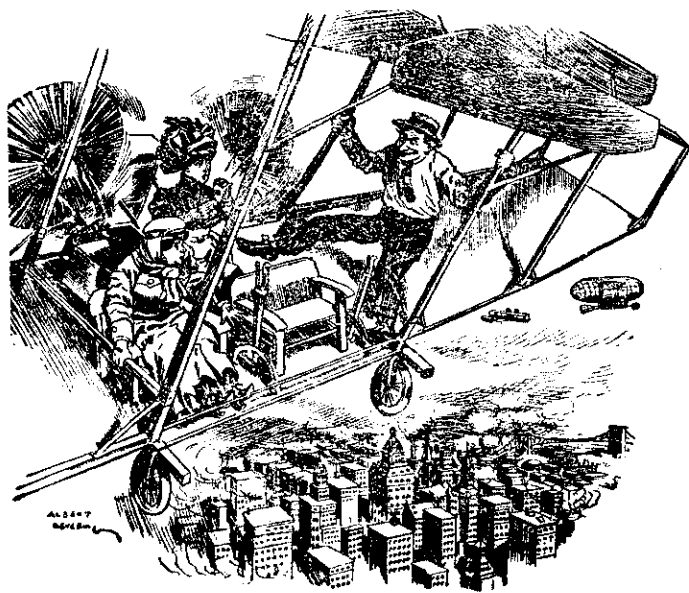
The mode of conveyance to be either by coach or by motor car. The successful tenderer will be required to show that he is in a position to satisfactorily carry out the service. The number of horses to be used in a coach service, and the horse-power and number of motor cars, to be stated.

The contractor whose tender may be accepted must be prepared to carry out the service according to the time-table framed by the Department.

Forms of tender, with the terms and conditions of contract, may be procured at the Chief Post Office at Christchurch, Timaru, and Dunedin, and at the office of the Postmaster at any other office. No tender will be accepted unless made on the printed form.

Tenders, indorsed "Tenders for Fairlie-Hermitage Mail Service," to be addressed to the Chief Postmaster, Timaru.

D. ROBERTSON, Secretary.



INEVITABLE.

The fool who rocks the airship.

The Drama of Life.

"The drama of real life," said the lawyer, "is often far more interesting than anything presented on the stage. I often get enough material in a day to make half-a-dozen really good plays. Take any sitting of our Supreme Court, and note the tragedies enacted between the four walls of the hall of justice. There is a great element of luck about our methods of criminal procedure. You never have the faintest idea what a jury is going to do. I never abandon a case as hopeless, for the simple reason that verdicts seldom depend exclusively on the evidence. I remember a case in the Old Country, where a man was tried for theft. He had been caught in the act with the stolen goods in his possession. Pretty desperate, eh? But he got off, though his counsel was an absolute duffer, and the Judge naturally summed up dead against the prisoner."

"How did that happen?" queried the cynic. "I assume from your descrip-

AUCKLAND HOSPITAL AND CHARITABLE AID BOARD.

NOTICE OF LEVYING A RATE.

The Valuer General hereby notifies that he has levied under the provisions of the Rating Act, 1908, and the Hospitals and Charitable Institutions Act, 1908, a Hospital and Charitable Aid Rate of six pence in the pound on all rateable property situate in the Manukau Riding Outlying of Manukau County for the period commencing on the first day of April, 1909, and ending on the first day of March, 1910, such rate to be payable in one sum on the 15th day of September, 1909, to the Secretary, Auckland Hospital and Charitable Aid Board, Auckland.

P. HEYRS,

Valuation Department, Valuer General, Wellington, 10th August, 1909.

News of the Dominion.

OUR WELLINGTON LETTER.

WELLINGTON, August 21.

REGRET is, of course, the predominant feeling at the moment, inspired by the death of the member for Rangitikei, who did not, men are saying, with a touch of pathos in their tone, long survive his wife. The late Mr. Remington was a member most loyal to the Liberal Party, and very attentive to the interests of his constituents. It was his theory that no member could do justice to his constituents unless he lived at the capital, and with that as his headquarters made constant journeys into the electorate. It is an expensive theory, and he acted up to it with his customary thoroughness. He was not a brilliant politician, and he had not a brilliant career. On the contrary, he was one of those to whom political promotion comes slowly. It was not for want of exertion on his part, and he began in the orthodox manner at the bottom of the ladder of local government, and slowly worked his way up from office to office of the offices in the Government of his fellow-countrymen until he judged his experience to be ripe for the wider scope of the General Assembly. But he had to endure many defeats before he reached the goal of his ambition so carefully trained in good work. But once in the saddle he was found to be firmly seated, probably through the long local training he had gone through, which gave him such an insight into the minds of his people and furnished him with a well-balanced appreciation of their requirements. Hence at the last general election he had little difficulty in making good his claim to the seat in the face of many comers, defeating even the redoubtable George Hutchison, who, by the way, was only third on the poll. Friends of Mr. Remington were wont to say in the later years of his career that he would, if he lived, work his way to Ministerial rank one day with the same plodding doggedness that had made him master of the position he had reached. He was certainly uncommonly well furnished in some ways as a politician. But as he has not lived it is scarcely necessary to discuss what he might have done had he not died. The primary feeling among the party is, as I have said, regret for his loss.

The next is a determination to leave no stone unturned to secure the vacancy for a successor of equally Liberal views. The Opposition people are of the same mind precisely with the obvious difference. In this way the two parties find the one subject of agreement between them. It is early days yet to speak of the chances. The local opinion seems to be that Mr. Smith, who came second on the poll at the General Election, is "a moral." Outside opinion leans to the side of Mr. Hutchison, who is believed to be preparing for a vigorous campaign, a thing in which he has had considerable experience, and out of which he has made many scores. It will take a good man locally well grounded to beat him. Looming up behind these two are a number of old crooks, who imagine themselves still able to gallop politically, but nobody pays any attention to them. The Cabinet has not yet picked the man who shall carry their colours; not even determined whether they will take any part in the election. It is hardly conceivable, however, that the first by-election of the Parliament will find them apathetic.

The Opposition have raised their battle cry early. It takes the form of an earnest appeal to the electors to beware of the Government which is proclaiming the intensity of its desire to increase all taxation, and especially the taxation which is borne by the farmers, the backbone of the Dominion. The first note was sounded some time ago (just before Mr. Remington's death) by Mr. Massey, but it is coming in useful to his people.

He did so in his reply to the demolition he had sustained at the hands of the Ministerial champion. Dr. Findlay had shown that so far from increasing the taxation the Government has in many ways diminished it largely. Taking the figures prepared by the Registrar-General dealing with the taxes on four articles of consumption—food, non-alcoholic drinks, alcoholic drinks, and tobacco, he had

shown that though the amounts imported had largely increased, the taxation collected was actually less on three of these articles, the alcoholic drinks making a different appearance. In these matters, then, it was clear from the figures quoted that the great majority of the consumers paid less than they paid in the first years of the Liberal regime. The Doctor showed, in addition, that the direct taxation now reached 41,000 more payers than in the earliest days of its incidence, while the great bulk of the incomes and the properties paid nothing at all. From these results, he inferred without fear of contradiction, which he challenged, that the taxation had diminished by twenty to thirty per cent during the Liberal regime. It was a complete reply to the Opposition Leader's contention that the Registrar-General's statement of the increase of one pound something per head measured the all-round increase carried by the popular back. Dr. Findlay analysed the figures so that their real meaning was apparent, and challenged Mr. Massey to upset the analysis. The Leader of the Opposition contented himself with repeating that he had quoted the Registrar-General's figures. Thus the Attorney-General's demonstration that the taxation on the great bulk of the people of the Dominion, including the small farmers, who are continually being taxed out of house, and that they will shortly, unless they make a change of the Government, be taxed out of home, has been actually reduced, stands unrefuted. The failure of the Opposition Leader to upset that conclusion, his neglect, indeed, to meet it at all, will tell on the electors of the Rangitikei. Like all Britishers, they prefer a man that fights to the man who runs away.

The war cry in the election will be backed by criticism of Dr. Findlay's exposition of the Government policy from the dawn of the Liberal regime. It is, on the whole, a mastery exposition, and it has the additional merit of being scholarly as well as statesmanlike. The Opposition cue is to deride it as academic and above the comprehension of the people. But the people who follow these utterances are finding them very simple and most digestible.

The cry of the waterside worker is heard in the land. The Arbitration Court has failed him because it has set up the barrier of preference to unionists, and buttressed it by the open door. The workers have passed a resolution calling on Parliament to legislate so as to limit the number of workers in their calling to "the number that can make a living at it." It is felt all round to be a tremendous order, very far-reaching. In a sense, it is most important. It is the cry of the unskilled against the undue competition that is brought upon them by the increasing concentration in the towns, which is intensified at present by the check to the general prosperity. The cry will be answered by an increase of vigour in the policy of decentralisation, distribution, and land settlement. It will be answered, in fact, in the only possible way. In the light of this great and well-founded cry of unskilled distress, the mastery expositions of the Attorney-General of the philosophy of all government, of the primary object of this one to prevent waste of all kinds, and to ensure the useful employment of all energies, will find many friends. They are the rational and detailed explanations of an instinctive popular movement, which began eighteen years ago, in the right direction, and they will be the guide for that movement to further successful enterprise.

Just now, however, there are signs that the pressure is about to slacken. The committees of the unemployed find reason to believe that after they have spent £3000 (they are near to it now), and relieved between five and six hundred men, their work will be nearly over. At the same time, the Labour Department reports that all the farm hands arriving by late ships are absorbed into the country districts easily, while the cry from those districts is still for more labour.

Opening my paper this morning, I read with amazement that Mr. Allen had told the Opposition meeting in Auckland that if his leader had liked he might have been Prime Minister of the Dominion! I sallied forth accord-

ingly to investigate, and ran against various breathless Liberals. Had they heard anything of this before? Heard of it! Had they heard that the sun had fallen out of the sky? I never saw a number of such flabbergasted men in my life in one day. This they think the newest attempt of the Opposition Leader to pose as a Liberal. It is quite logical on the part of his friends to imagine that the man who has persuaded himself and his small section of the political world that he has suggested all the best Liberal good ideas and tried his best to keep out the bad ones should be asked by the Liberal party to become the Liberal chief. But imagination, no matter how logical, is not the same thing as fact. How Mr. Massey managed to persuade himself that he was ever likely to be made chief of the Liberal party, which fights with such unswerving and fierce consistency, is the mystery perplexing all the Liberals at the present moment. They are all rejoiced, of course, at the reception he got from his folk yesterday, and they are ready to congratulate him on the substantial form it took in one respect. So far they are ready to go as personal friends of Mr. Massey, whom we all admire as a fine fellow; but the idea of piling on to their congratulations the gratitude they do not feel and have no business to feel amuses them beyond anything. The new masquerade is evidently intended for Rangitikei.

Spiritualism Rampant.

The spiritualist craze continues, but the tide of adoring followers is falling. People are no longer willing to pay two guineas to be entertained. They now think it ought to be done for five shillings. This is the consequence of further exposures. Mr. Bailey has been discovered haling from the vasty deep a spirit who never went there at all—the ghost of a professor who was alive at the time of quotation. The professor's letter of protest has been published. He said not only that he was alive, but that he never professed the sentiments imputed to him by the Bailey creature; and as for the lecture credited to him in the "spook" state, he would be ashamed to have his name associated with such platitudinarian humbug. But the faithful few continue to believe in their man and to fill the newspapers with tremendous letters about him and his wonders. This week these leaders are more remarkable for a new brand of casuistry than for the kind of fighting that pays. As before-mentioned, however, the price of "Baileys" has fallen in the open market.

Taking It Lying Down.

Some of us who take interest in the meat trade are a little disappointed that the Prime Minister in London has turned a deaf ear to the proposal to revive the Seldon project of opening retail shops, which once so frightened the Smithfield butchers. They are also a little put out by the statement imputed to him by the cable that the proper course is to regulate supplies, whatever that may mean, if it does not mean the reduction of the increase of

the stocks and a stoppage in the fattening of stock for the market. They prefer the policy which won't take it lying down, but wants to face the open world and force a way into all the new markets possible. They know of the new market awaiting us in the United States and Canada, neither of which countries can show a single sheep worth eating. It's all very well to quote the figures adduced by the Nelsons. But we do not care for a Nelson who expects every farmer to do his duty by taking it lying down. We like the kind of Nelson who associated his signals with fighting, not with running away.

New Zealand Coinage.

The Government is in communication with the Federal Government in regard to the currency question. An endeavour is being made to secure an arrangement for minting New Zealand coinage in Australia.

The information contained in the above telegram is rather meagre, and would give the impression that the New Zealand Government is desirous of having silver coins specially minted for New Zealand in the Australian mint. It has been suggested that the Dominion should share in the profits of Australian minted silver, since an ounce of silver valued at about 2/ is converted into 5/6 worth of coin. The profit, on the face of it, would appear to be very considerable; but it has to be remembered at the same time that the mint has to buy back at coinage value those coins which have, through wear and tear, lost much of their weight value. An authority on the currency question contends that the impression given by the Wellington telegram that a Dominion coinage is to be introduced is a mistaken one. In the first place, it is difficult to understand how any arrangement could be come to for minting silver coinage for New Zealand without first obtaining the consent of the Imperial Government, as the Federal Government of Australia has done. The amount of silver coinage required for some years to come is not likely to be over large, as ample stocks are now held. There would also be the difficulty of withdrawing worn coins from circulation. An ounce of silver, as stated, costs about 2/, and is coined into 5/6. As the worn coins were withdrawn, however, they would be only valued at the market price of silver for the day. Moreover, a fair amount of Australian silver coin must come over to this Dominion, through the agency of tourists and others. It is difficult to see how the Government could possibly place any restriction on the banks in dealing with Australian silver coins. It is hardly likely that the New Zealand shopkeeper could be prevailed upon to refuse to accept an Australian shilling when tendered to him, and he would unquestionably want to give as much value for it as for an English or Dominion coin, presuming that the latter should be introduced. The banks would very soon have customers up in arms if any embargo was placed upon Australian coins. In fact, it is doubtful if the tellers could, in the time at their disposal, sort out Australian from New Zealand and British silver. The question

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met with difficulties, and as the amount of profit accruing to the Dominion would not be worth speaking of, it is impossible to understand where the advantage of attempting to keep out Australian silver coins, or introduce new Dominion coinage, would come in.

New Fever Hospital.

The Wellington Hospital Trustees adopted last week, for presentation to the conference or local bodies, plans for a new fever hospital, which will provide accommodation for 41 patients. An estimate of the cost is £10,900 if the building is erected in brick, or 10 per cent less if in wood.

The Cornwall's Immigrants.

The steamer Cornwall, due in Wellington on September 5, is bringing 107 immigrants, 51 from England, 49 from Scotland, six from Wales, and one from Ireland. The men include farmers, labourers, and miners, and among the women are domestics, dressmakers, and nurses. They are booked as follows:—To Auckland, 31; Wellington, 28; Dunedin, 11; Lyttelton, 10; and the balance divided between Westport, Greymouth, Bluff, and Napier.

Wharf Labourers' Grievance.

Some of the delegates to the Waterside Workers' Conference in Wellington complained about the poor lighting provided in the holds of ships which are used as timber or coal carriers. One delegate said that hurricane lamps were of no use, and that "flare-ups" were injurious to the health of the persons working below. In Wellington, it appears, the lighting of holds is chiefly done by electricity, and there is little to find fault with. In other places, however, it would seem that the workers have a genuine grievance. A motion was passed calling the attention of the Government to the matter.

Gazette Notices.

Mr A. W. P. Hewitt has been appointed deputy-registrar of births, deaths, and marriages for the district of Dargaville; Messrs G. Illingworth, W. F. E. Stewart, and W. C. McDermott, registrars of marriages, births, and deaths for the districts of Morrinsville, Te Awamutu, and Cambridge respectively; Messrs J. W. Blowne, of Auckland, and Henry T. Mitchell and C. W. Rogers, of Rotorua, to be president and members of the Waitariki District Maori Land Board; Tamuera Tangata to be resident agent at Mauke (Cook Islands), vice Tararo (deceased); Mr Albert Bruce, of Thames, as coroner within the Dominion of New Zealand.

The colonial auxiliary forces long-service medal has been awarded to Sergeant Charles Bate (Auckland Garrison Volunteer Band), with 20 years and 125 days' service. Lieut. Roy William Cumming (Gordon Rifle Volunteers) has been appointed as adjutant to First Battalion Auckland Infantry Volunteers (Countess of Ranfurly's Own), with rank of lieutenant, to take effect from May 1, 1909.

The Unemployed.

New regulations under the Lands Improvement and Native Lands Acquisition Act of 1894 are gazetted. Their main object is to assist deserving men out of employment or those unable to obtain land to become self-supporting.

A Heavy Fine.

William Alfred Masters, commercial traveller, who arrived from Sydney by the Moeraki last week was charged in the Magistrate's Court with having in his possession 100 tins of opium, valued at about £300. Masters was fined £100, and an order was made for the forfeiture of the opium.

Dominion Defence.

An apparently inspired statement in connection with the Defence Conference has been published in London to the effect that, under an arrangement entered into between Sir Joseph Ward, Prime Minister of New Zealand, and the Admiralty, the contribution offered by the Dominion of New Zealand to the British navy is not to be in the form of a Dreadnought or Dreadnoughts, as at first proposed, but of cruisers.

The cruisers to be provided will, says the published statement, form part of the Pacific squadron, and be employed in New Zealand waters for local defence.

The "Times" emphasises that the statements heretofore, or which may hereafter be made, on unofficial authority, regarding the results of the Defence Conference, must be accepted with due reserve, and cannot profitably be made the subject of detailed comment.

The "Daily Telegraph," without mentioning Sir Joseph Ward's alleged arrangement with the Admiralty, an apparently inspired account of which was circulated through Reuter's Agency, remarks that Australia and Canada are definitely committed to the creation of local fleets.

Other newspapers are silent, evidently awaiting authoritative official information.

No official information regarding the Defence Conference will be forthcoming until the overseas delegates return to their respective dominions and explain the situation fully to their own people and legislatures. The "Times" says: "Not until Sir Joseph Ward is once more in New Zealand will the conclusions of this historic and possibly one of the most momentous of Imperial gatherings be officially revealed."

The so-called inspired statement circulated in London on the 19th inst., to the effect that Sir Joseph Ward had agreed with the Admiralty that New Zealand's offer should take the form of cruisers for coastal defence in lieu of a Dreadnought, is now declared to be incorrect.

Your own correspondent is informed that New Zealand will provide a Dreadnought as originally offered, and also continue to pay the present naval subsidy of £100,000.

New Zealand's Dreadnought will be attached as the admiral's ship to the China-Pacific station, and will make occasional visits with the fleet to New Zealand.

The Home Government will build and pay for as part of the same command two cruisers, three destroyers, and two submarines; these to have their headquarters in New Zealand waters.

It is not correct to say that the Commonwealth contribution is to be limited to cruisers. The Australian unit will include the provision of submarines and destroyers, and possibly also a battleship for Australian waters, in which case Britain may give a partial subvention.

These altered arrangements will virtually give three or four units or squadrons in Pacific waters.

A Definite Scheme.

The Hon. J. A. Millar, Minister for Railways, speaking at a social given to him in Dunedin, avoided controversial matters, his most important statement having reference to Sir Joseph Ward's home-coming after the conference with British naval and military authorities. He said that no doubt some definite scheme for the defence of the Empire would be dealt with during the coming session. Those who watched European affairs knew that the struggle of the future would not be a struggle for territory, but a struggle to retain trade, and unless Britain was prepared to defend her trade she was going to lose it. Not knowing Sir Joseph Ward's proposals, he could not make a definite statement, but no doubt there would be a long debate in Parliament upon the question of defence, and without doubt the question of compulsory training would occupy Parliament, and if the country had no desire for a standing army, the people must admit that it was the duty of every adult male to know something about how to handle a gun.

The Acting-Minister of Defence (Hon. G. Fowlds) was entertained by the Christchurch Garrison Officers' Club on Monday night. Speaking on defence matters, Mr Fowlds said he was himself a man of peace, but he entertained a profound respect for the men and women who were devoting time, comfort, and convenience to their country. The Dominion had indeed reason to be proud of those who were leading in its defence. There was at present an almost universal cry for universal military training, and the trend of opinion throughout the English-speaking world was certainly in favour of the adoption of a scheme of defence of this character. He considered, however, that those who had been strenuously advocating the adoption of such a scheme in New Zealand had made a very grave mistake in depreciating the efficiency of the volunteer forces. Both officers and men in very considerable numbers had made great sacrifices in fitting themselves for the defence of their country, and they had attained a standard of efficiency which should be acknowledged rather than depreciated as it had been

in some quarters. He was certain that if military training were made compulsory the backbone of the defence system would still be the volunteer force, for in neither quality nor capacity would pressed men rank equal with volunteers.

AUCKLAND.

Great Fire in Auckland.

DAMAGE ESTIMATED AT ABOUT £70,000.

One of the most destructive fires experienced in Auckland for years occurred on Monday night, August 16, in the four-storey Queen-street block, belonging to Mr. Arthur M. Myers, and known as the Strand Arcade. The place of origin is variously stated, but the alarm was given at 7.40 p.m., and so fiercely did the flames rage that it took the combined city and suburban brigades to quell the blaze and confine it to the Arcade. The fortunate absence of wind helped the firemen to prevent the flames from spreading, and even as it was the Albert and Thistle Hotels on either side, and the Albert Brewery at the back, had the narrowest possible escapes. The really heroic efforts of the fire-fighters triumphed in the end, but not before the whole of the Strand Arcade building had been reduced to cinders, together with the contents of the numerous shops and offices in various parts of the building.

News of a fire spreads even more rapidly than do the flames, and Queen-street and all surrounding points of vantage were soon filled with excited crowds of people. Roars of cheers from the rapidly-swelling crowds greeted the turning on of each fresh lead of hose as the gallant firemen took up their hazardous positions on the brink of the roaring furnace. All the available police were soon on the scene, and, aided by six companies of Volunteers who responded to the call for reinforcements, the crowd were controlled and moved out of the danger zone.

Meanwhile the leaping sheets of flame, rolling masses of smoke, the crash of falling masonry and splintering glass, combined to make an awe-inspiring spectacle, such as, happily, is but seldom witnessed. Soon the crowds were the witnesses of a gallant rescue. Mr. E. Crouch, indent agent, who had entered the building to secure some valuables from his office, was cut off by the flames, and stood on the top fire escape balcony, frantically calling for help. Mr. J. H. McCarroll and Mr. T. McPherson dashed to the rescue, but the former, who tried the stairway, was beaten back by smoke and flame. Mr. McPherson, however, amid ringing cheers, managed to reach Mr. Crouch from the outside, snatching him from his terrible position into safety. Thereafter the crowd cheered continuously, principally for the firemen, for whom no place seemed too dangerous, too hot, or too high for them to climb to.

Meanwhile from the blazing pile poured showers of sparks and cinders, while every now and then could be heard the heavy thud of a gas explosion and the tearing crash of falling floors. Fears were entertained for the safety of the front wall, and then a side wall overtopping the Thistle Hotel was seen to sway, and then with a deafening crash tons and tons of masonry smashed the roof of the hotel. Two firemen had narrow escapes, and Mr. McPherson, the hero of the previous rescue, received serious injury. Several others were hurt, principally from falling glass, masonry, and beams.

After 9 p.m. the firemen began to get the upper hand, but for hours afterwards the ruins smouldered and crowds watched the vigilant firemen and the play of the never-ceasing hoses until long after midnight.

All the following day the roadway and the opposite footpath were thronged with interested spectators, the crowd being so dense at times that the tramway service had to be run at reduced speed. The building presented a melancholy sight, great cracks and fissures running through the blackened brickwork, and many were the comments on the danger threatening firemen and others whose business took them under those towering walls.

The total damage is estimated at between £60,000 and £70,000. The damage to the Arcade itself may be set down at about £30,000.

The insurances show that the losses are spread over a large number of offices, those that had taken large lines having

reinsured down to comparatively small amounts. The New Zealand office, whose total amounted to £7850, had this sum reinsured to £1500. The total insurances on the building destroyed and the contents are about £30,000.

Workers' Homes.

The Acting Premier, referring to the subject of workers' homes in the course of a speech at Gisborne, said his colleague, Mr. Millar, was inclined to think the workmen's homes up to the present had been rather a failure, and proposed to obtain an amendment of the Act. Some of these buildings were tenanted, and Mr. Millar was inclined to think it would be wise to provide that able in the end to make them their own. Those taking up these homes should be given a right of purchase, and the right of tenancy.

Cut Out.

Keynell and Gunn have decided to cut out New Zealand from their theatrical itinerary henceforth, and confine their operations to Sydney and Melbourne, with a company in each place, and a third touring the Commonwealth. Heavy shipping charges, recurrent travelling expenses, and the quiet state of things in New Zealand, have led to this decision.

No Ground for Calumnies.

We are told (says the "Sydney Evening News") that New Zealand is poverty-stricken; that her people are oppressed by a heavy burden of taxation; that, in spite of prohibition and local option, she drinks too much. We are also assured that her population is decreasing by reason of emigration to the more favoured and prosperous Australian States. It is, in fact, widely asserted that our enterprising neighbour is financially, socially, politically, and in most other directions, in a bad way. Her Premier, however, when in Sydney, flatly contradicted all these rumours, and emphatically stated that there was no ground for such calumnies with regard to the young Dominion. And (the "News" continues), we believe that Sir Joseph Ward was thoroughly justified in this repudiation of hostile criticism—New Zealanders are not the kind of people to suffer deterioration. Their climate, their national record, their superior type of politicians, absolutely forbid any supposition of the sort. And, at any rate, their representative in England has taken the lead of Australasia, as evidenced by his speeches, in statesmanship and patriotism. The King, in the conversation which followed on the audience given to Sir Joseph Ward, also gave the Premier a message for the Dominion, expressing the Royal satisfaction with its progress and its patriotic aspirations. Edward VII. and his advisers may not know everything; but they know enough to withhold congratulations and appreciation from any decadent State.

New Queen-street Wharf.

An important stage in connection with the harbour scheme undertaken by the Board was reached on Friday, when the Ferro Concrete Company of Australasia, Limited, completed their contract portion of the new Queen-street Wharf, which is being constructed in ferro-concrete. As an intimation to those concerned that it was very dry work the workmen hoisted a flag and surmounted it with a barrel.

The general manager of the company (Mr. W. A. Robertson) told a "Star" reporter that the work was commenced about two years ago. Operations at the start were delayed for about eight or nine months owing to certain works being carried out in connection with the breastwork, and then the preparations for the reception of the American fleet meant another delay of quite two months. The first section of the wharf being that portion on the western side and extending from Queen-street to the first tee, with an area of 75,000 square feet, was completed some time ago, and the completion of the remaining portion at the top end of the eastern side marks the termination of the original contract. This section is shorter but wider than the first and considerably larger, the total area being 78,000 square feet. The company also constructed the new ferry tee on the western side of the wharf, the area of this work being 33,100 square feet. The wharfrage accommodation put down by the company in connection with the Queen-street

Wharf thus totalled 186,000 square feet. The contract price was £82,296. A full staff of workmen was employed up to within a month ago, then hands were blackened gradually until only eight or ten men were left, when the work was finished yesterday.

The inner section of the eastern side of the wharf is being constructed by the Board's own workmen, who have made good progress so far.

The Seddon Memorial College.

The foundation stone of the new Technical College was formally laid on Aug. 17th by his Excellency the Governor, and speeches appropriate to the occasion were made by Lord Plunket, the Mayor of Auckland, the chairman of the Education Board, and Mr. George George. We need hardly say that we endorse heartily most of what was said about the value of technical training as a means of promoting our industrial and commercial prosperity, and we congratulate all concerned upon the success of their efforts to place technical education upon a broad and firm basis in this city. It is very likely, as Mr. George said, that a much larger building would have been preferable if we could have afforded it; but, considering the circumstances of the case, and in view of the heavy public expenditure needed for other forms of education, we think that those interested in technical training here should be very well pleased with what they have got. And we regret that it is necessary to remind our readers that in all probability the large sum of money subscribed would not have been available if the appeal for funds had not been originally associated with an object that was not even mentioned at yesterday's function. It seems to us a remarkable and unfortunate fact that in not one of the speeches, as reported, do we find a single reference to the name of Seddon. Yet it is well known that this institution, when funds were being gathered for its establishment, was always referred to as a "Seddon Memorial" College, and that it was under this title that public interest was first attracted towards it. We have no doubt that the public sympathy for the cause of technical training would in any case have produced some material response to this appeal. But it would be interesting, if it were possible, to discover whether the Savings Bank would have voted £10,000, and Government would have given its subsidy, and the general public would have subscribed quite so freely, if the name of Seddon had not been connected with the undertaking, and if one of its avowed objects had not been to do honour to a great patriot and statesman. But, however this may be, there can be no doubt that it was as a Seddon Memorial College that this technical institution first appeared before the public, and it is in our opinion much to be regretted that such an occasion as last week's ceremonial should have passed by without so much as a single mention of the great Premier's name.

The Opposition Leader.

The Choral Hall was packed to the doors on Friday, on the occasion of the presentation of a national testimonial to Mr. W. F. Massey, Leader of the Opposition. Mr. F. W. Lang, M.P., presided, and other parliamentary representatives present were: Messrs. James Allen, W. H. Herries, F. Mander, D. H. Guthrie, D. Buick, W. C. Buchanan, F. M. B. Fisher, J. Bolland, and L. R. Phillippa. On the platform were also seated Messrs. Richard Monk, ex-M.P., A. E. Harding, ex-M.P., D. Reid (Dunedin), A. R. Wallis (Invercargill), and T. Peacock, ex-M.P.

A number of telegrams and letters of apology from all the absent members of the Opposition, and from other prominent supporters, were read by the chairman.

Mr. Allea presented Mr. Massey with a cheque for 1000 guineas and a handsome grandfather clock, to which was affixed a suitable inscription on a silver plate; also a solid silver table service and a costly diamond bracelet for Mrs. Massey. There was prolonged cheering when the presentation was made, the crowd singing, "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow."

Mr. C. D. Morpeth, secretary of the Wellington Stock Exchange arrived in Auckland on Wednesday by the express, and put up at the Royal Hotel. Mr. Morpeth was present as a guest at the noon call of the Auckland Stock Exchange.

SOUTH ISLAND.

No-License in Invercargill.

A few months back Mr. Ranking, Queensland Magistrate, visited New Zealand on a tour of investigation into the results of No-license in parts of this country. On returning to Brisbane, Mr. Ranking gave expression to remarks of a character not altogether favourable to the condition of things under the "dry" regime, especially in the South. These adverse criticisms have brought forth a sworn declaration from William Benjamin Scandrett (of Invercargill), as follows:—"That I was Mayor of the Borough of Invercargill in the year in which No-license was carried there, and continued Mayor for almost three years afterwards; that in the year following the carrying of No-license in Invercargill, the capital value of property in the borough increased by £139,904 in round figures; although the license fees had been lost to the revenue, the rates levied by the Council were reduced by three-sixteenths of a penny in the pound, and they have not been raised since; that since the carrying of No-license in Invercargill, the outward signs of energetic business life are more apparent; many shopkeepers extended their businesses, and large verandahs have been erected along the business front in the main thoroughfare. In pursuance of instructions from the Municipal Council of Invercargill, the Borough Inspector, on 7th September, 1908 (two years two months after the bars had been closed), reported as follows:—"I am fully aware of the fact that slanderous statements have been circulated in respect to the present condition of hotels and boarding-houses, as against the time of license, but, after carefully investigating all the facts for and against the changed conditions, I am firmly of the opinion that hotels and boarding-houses at the present time are as good, and in some cases better, than under former circumstances."

New Zealand Salmon.

In all probability there will be no necessity to import any more quinnat salmon ova into New Zealand, as there is reason to believe that future supplies can be obtained from the fish in South Island rivers. Last season large numbers of quinnat salmon went from the sea up the Waitaki River and its tributaries, and the Marine Department collected 238,000 ova—a record for New Zealand. The ova has been hatched out at the Hakataramea depot, and the fry liberated in the streams close by. The Department has decided that next year it will liberate some quinnat salmon fry in one of the rivers on the West Coast of the South Island.

Slackened Demand for Coal.

Owing to the slackened demand for coal, the Westport Coal Company have knocked off the second shift at the Millerton mine. Two hundred and fifty men have received notice dispensing with their services.

The Otrra Deadlock.

The "Star's" correspondent advises that the Otrra tunnel deadlock continues. Police reinforcements were sent up on Friday. They created an angry feeling amongst miners, who, at a meeting held last week, decided to telegraph to the Minister for Justice requesting their withdrawal.

If he thought that those who described the Maoris as savages did not use the word in its true meaning, for the natives were not human beings in a constant state of rudeness, untaught and without cultivation of mind and manners. It might not be a pleasant thing for Europeans to learn, but it was quite true that the better class of Maoris in the early days, and to a certain extent at the present time, regarded the average white man as one possessing extremely bad manners.—Mr A. Hamilton, Director of the Dominion Museum.

Some people say that the Government should give everybody a job. But I don't know how it would work out. It would demoralise everybody. Some say, "Put we Socialists in and you will see heaven." But I don't trust you Socialists for being better than anybody else. I wouldn't like to be in the power of a Socialist Government. Think of the bullying up of Government houses.—The Bishop of Tasmania.

The Wide World.

The Pacific Squadron.

THE Ottawa correspondent of the "Times" states that official sources declare that there is no difference between the Admiralty and the daughter States regarding naval contributions, but that there is an opinion that both Canada and Australia will persist in their decision for the allocation of ships.

Canada's Pacific coast will not, it is stated, be satisfied with any decision of the Defence Conference which leaves the Pacific free to an enemy.

Germany's Air- fleet.

Germany possesses three military airships designed by Major Gross, four of the Parseval type, a Cluth steerable, one airship constructed by the Rhine-Westphalian Company, and another from America. All these are ready for service, in addition to the Zeppelin II.

Another Zeppelin and another Parseval and an airship by Schutte will be ready in a couple of months.

Faction Fight in Ireland.

A fierce fight occurred last week at Lurgan, County Armagh, Ireland.

A band of Protestants returning from farewelling immigrants were attacked by Nationalists. The rival mobs attacked each other with stones, many windows

being smashed. When the police arrived and endeavoured to restore order, the Protestants and Nationalists jointly assailed them, and a serious fight ensued.

The Riot Act was read. The police made numerous charges on the crowd, using their batons.

Twenty-two constables were injured, some having broken jaws and broken ankles. Thirty civilians were wounded.

A Mad, Wicked Movement.

The Maharajah of Jaipur has warned his subjects to avoid the mad, wicked movement against English rule.

He has ordered the prosecution and punishment of preachers of sedition, whether their campaign be conducted publicly or privately.

All Quiet in Catalonia.

Catalonia is now quiet, and the state of siege in the province has been abolished, but the constitutional guarantees remain suspended throughout Spain.

Prevalence of Infanticide.

The City Coroner, Sydney, in making recommendations for coping with the prevalence of infanticide, describes it as a very serious disease in the body politic calling for drastic remedy. He declares that the limitation of families is almost entirely confined to persons living in easy

"Four years ago I had to stop shearing, as I suffered so with rheumatism, caused by the damp sheep. As the liniments and medicines I tried did me no good, I thought seriously of going to the hospital, but was induced to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla. From the first bottle I began to get better. I took seven bottles in all, and I now am free from pain, and can eat and sleep grandly. I feel like a new man."



A. H. WATSON,
Gawler, S. A.

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circumstances. The avoidance of the cares of maternity, excessive desire for social gaiety, and the mode of life generally, are the chief causes of small families.

He adds: "If the present practice continues the whole political control of the State must eventually fall into the hands of the working classes. In my opinion, no State can be prosperous, in the widest acceptance of the term, if ruled by one class alone."

The Missing Waratah.

The reinsurance rate for the Waratah is slightly easier, and business was done on August 20 at 80 guineas per cent.

Quite a number of people outside the market are anxious to back the belief that the Waratah outlived the storm experienced the day after she left Durban.

The Paparua, Goslar, Ayrshire, Arawa, Tasmania, and Geelong from South African ports and various ports in Australia, are on various courses on the lookout for the Waratah.

The steamship Jeanne D'Arc, bound for Kerguelan Islands, is also on the look out, likewise the Dauro and Sutton Hall, bound up the coast for Mauritius.

It is officially announced that the Capetown Government and the Admiralty have abandoned the search for the Waratah.

Disloyalty in Ireland.

Placards have been posted near Dublin and in other parts of Ireland in large type, with the inscription, "Ireland honours Dhingara, who was proud to lay down his life for his country."

Spain's Little War.

Spain is sending two naval divisions to Melilla to shell the coastal villages, whence the Moors are harassing the rearguard of the troops now operating against the Rifis entrenched upon the slopes of Mount Gurugu.

From the Speaker's Chair.

Mary Westenhols, an elderly spinster, entered the Folkething at Copenhagen, took the Speaker's seat, rang his bell, and proceeded to pour forth a fiery denunciation of the Premier, M. Neergaard, in his capacity as Minister for Defence, and his colleagues of the Cabinet as a band of unpatriotic hirelings and the betrayers of Denmark's honour.

The Whakatane.

The Whakatane, which was damaged in collision with the French steamer Circe, in the English Channel, last week, and beached at Dover, was refloated last Friday, and towed round to London. She is now discharging her cargo at the Royal Albert Docks. The New Zealand Shipping Company, in view of the legal aspect of the affair, have been very reticent about giving information to the Press, and they were considerably annoyed at the way in which the accident to their vessel was placarded all over London, with great headlines, stating that there were 300 passengers and 200 valuable horses on board. Certainly their annoyance was tempered by amusement and astonishment at the inventiveness of the newspapers, in magnifying three passengers into 300, and two horses into 200.

From inquiries made this week, I am able to state that the damage done to the cargo is much less than was at first supposed, and certainly much less than in the case of the Tongariro, when she and the Drumlanrig were in collision last November. In the first place, the Whakatane had a much smaller cargo than usual, and in the second place, only about 600 tons, representing one-sixth of the total cargo, is irretrievably damaged. The balance, amounting to 3,000 tons, is to be transhipped to the Waimate, and dispatched to New Zealand on July 21. The Whakatane herself will go into dry dock for repairs as soon as she has finished discharging, and it is confidently expected that she will be ready to leave again for New Zealand at the end of August.

The Whakatane was struck amidships by the Circe's bows. They drove right through the iron plates, leaving an ugly gash in the hull, damaging the plates for ten feet on either side, and wrenching and twisting the stanchions within. To put new plating is a comparatively simple matter, but the buckled stanchions will take some time to replace.

The major part of the cargo at pre-

sent unloading—into lighters on the water side of the dock—is for Auckland, and is, to all appearance, entirely undamaged. This hold, is, however, above the water-line in fair weather; what may appear below is conjectural, and no one can, or, rather, will, vouchsafe even an opinion on the subject.

The opinion of waterside workers on board, expressed with expletive eloquence during the lunch hour, was that the Whakatane had had a marvellous escape. A continual clanging of hammers in the engine-room, and an accumulation of debris thereabouts, argues certain damage in that quarter, but the inevitable group of experts always to be found on such occasions were profanely positive that if she had chosen the spot where a collision would do her least harm, the Whakatane could not have had misfortune visit her with less serious results. "Might just as easy 'ave been cut in two," was the general verdict agreed to unanimously by one who was on board at the time.

Millennium by Decree.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie, in a pamphlet published by the Peace Society, suggests that the eight chief naval Powers have only to decree that disputes among the civilized nations must be settled by an International Supreme Court or by arbitration, and war would become a thing of the past.

The Papal Jubilee.

The "Chronicle" states that a movement has been started to present a colossal organ to St. Peter's, in Rome, to commemorate the Pope's episcopal jubilee.

Shackleton's Expenses.

In the House of Commons last week Mr. Asquith announced his intention to recommend a grant of £20,000 towards the cost of Lieutenant Shackleton's recent Antarctic expedition.

Atlantic Blue Ribbon.

The Mauretania crossed the Atlantic westwards from Liverpool to New York in 4 days 14 hours 28 min, establishing a new record for the westward journey on the short route.

Australia's Navy.

It is understood that the arrangements between the Admiralty and the Commonwealth in connection with the Defence Conference, and subject to the Commonwealth's ratification, are entirely satisfactory to Australian national sentiment.

It is stated that the Commonwealth will retain the completest possible control of the Australian navy in peace times, and that the ships will not pass automatically under the Admiralty's control in war time, but be placed at the Admiralty's disposal by the Commonwealth if and when the necessity arises.

It is fully recognised that the navy in war time must be under one central and undivided control.

The Australian navy scheme agreed upon, while providing the best form of defence for Australia, will constitute a really effective part of the Imperial defence whenever and wherever Imperial interests are assailed. The plan is described as being in complete consonance with the ideas of the Admiralty, and may be regarded as a triumph for Australia.

There is reason to believe that a Dreadnought as such will not be the form of the Commonwealth contribution.

The Admiralty has shown its desire to do its utmost to meet Australia's aspirations to possess its own navy. It has been pointed out that the value of a Dreadnought alone in Australian waters would not be great, and that the advantage will be seen in substituting fast cruisers.

While Australia's warships at the outset must be built in England, and the men and officers drawn for some time from the Imperial navy, ample provision will be made for the interchange of officers. Thus the Australian navy, if not an integral part of the Imperial, would be of the same standard in all essentials, and one of the great Australian ports would remain an Imperial naval base.

The establishment of one or more training colleges in Australia, while forming no part of the conference programme, must be regarded as the foundation upon which the Commonwealth is to

build the personnel of an Australian navy.

Mr Deakin states that though he has not yet received any statement from Col. Foxton (Australia's defence delegate) with reference to the acceptance of the Commonwealth naval proposals, judging from the Press cables they have been accepted from first to last.

The fact that the Commonwealth is to keep the completest control of the boats of her unit in time of peace will no doubt be extremely gratifying to Australians. This does not include the Dreadnought, since such a vessel could not display her full efficiency in the oceans in the neighbourhood of Australia. The unit will consist principally of cruisers, one of which will probably represent the highest present development of swift cruisers.

The proposals also provide for harbour defence, as well as arrangements for an Australian base. He estimated the upkeep of the new unit at £750,000 to a million annually. It was part of the arrangement that the Commonwealth is to have the right to determine whether an emergency at any time is such as to justify Australian vessels passing to Imperial control. This means in effect that the Federal Government will decide whether an emergency has arisen. An important feature is that the boats, as far as possible, will be both officered and manned by Australians.

Wreck of the Maori.

An official inquiry at Capetown showed that the cause of the Maori disaster was the abnormal inset of the current, due to heavy gales.

The captain and officers were exonerated from blame.

The inclusion of Captain Nicole's name among the missing in connection with the loss of the steamer Maori clears all doubt as to whether he commanded the ill-fated ship, a suggestion having been published that Captain Charman had possibly been transferred from the Rangitira to the Maori when the former vessel was sold a few months ago. Though Messrs. Hutchison (engineer) and Devvis (greaser) are the only members of the crew definitely known to be drowned, it is almost a certainty that those whose names are given as missing also perished.

PERSONAL NOTES.

A Legislator's Death.

Mr. A. E. Remington, M.P. for Rangitikei, died at his residence in Tinakori road, Wellington, at an early hour on Tuesday morning, August 17. The deceased gentleman, who was only 53 years of age at the time of his death, had been in failing health for some time, and only a few months ago returned from a health trip to Australia. He had been member for Rangitikei since the general election of 1902, when he was chosen as the Liberal candidate by the late Mr. Seddon.

The Late Mr. G. Payling.

George Payling, one of the most prominent citizens of Christchurch, who had been in somewhat bad health for a long time, died suddenly at his residence, near Bealey-avenue, last week. Mr. Payling had taken very active interest in the public affairs of Christchurch for many years, and his name is closely associated with the municipal progress of the city. Amongst the public positions held by Mr. Payling were those of Mayor of Christchurch and chairman of the North Canterbury Hospital Board. Before being elected Mayor, he was for many years a member of the Christchurch City Council, and presided as Acting Mayor during Sir John Hall's illness at Exhibition time. As a member of the City Council he did a great deal of excellent work as the chairman of the Reserves Committee, and as Mayor he entered with great vigour and enthusiasm into the movement, which largely through his efforts resulted in the inauguration of the high-pressure water supply system, which is now being installed in the city and suburbs. On the Hospital Board, where probably he did most of his public work, he showed great sympathy towards a scheme for the establishment of a consumptive sanatorium, and in other ways he did much to help those in distress. He was also intimately associated with the administration of the sport of trotting in Christchurch, and as chairman of the New Zealand Trotting Association, he did good work.

Mr. D. Buick, M.P. for Palmerston

North, arrived in Auckland by Thursday's express, and put up at the Royal Hotel.

Mr. D. C. Halley (of Christchurch) was a passenger by Thursday's Wellington express for town. He put up at the Star Hotel.

Mr. F. J. McQuarrie, of Wellington, arrived in town by Wednesday's through express, and took up his quarters at the Grand Hotel.

Mr. A. R. Wallis (of Dunedin) arrived in town on Thursday by the Main Trunk express, putting up at the Grand Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Thomson (of Wellington), who have been staying at the Grand Hotel, left on Thursday for Rotorua, on their way home.

Mr. J. A. Wilson, of Fiji, arrived in Auckland by the Navua last week on a visit to town. He spends a week or so at the Royal Hotel.

Messrs. R. and A. Allan, of Nelson, who have been spending a stay in Auckland at the Central Hotel, leave on their return home by Thursday's express.

Mr. C. E. Austin, a well-known resident of Foxton, who has been staying at the Royal Hotel, left on a week's visit to the Whakatane district on Friday.

The Mornington Borough Council has appointed Mr. Frank Young, at present Town Clerk of Gore, to the position of Town Clerk and tramways manager.

Mr. H. S. Appleton, of New York, was a passenger by the Navua from Fiji last week. Mr. Appleton, who intends touring New Zealand, put up at the Grand Hotel.

Mr. A. L. Humphries, one of the selectors for the North Island Rugby team, returned to New Plymouth by the Rarawa, which sailed from Onehunga on Wednesday.

A Press Association message from Nelson reports the deaths of Mr. W. Ront, sen., founder of the firm of Ront and Sons, financial agents, and of Councilor Gill, of Whakapuaka.

Mr. H. B. C. Johnston, of Melbourne, arrived in Auckland from the South on Thursday, and put up at the Star Hotel. He left by the Sydney steamer on Monday on his way home.

Mr. W. W. Spargo, of the s.s. Tofua, has passed his examination for a chief's certificate in marine engineering. He rejoined his ship on Tuesday, and left for the Islands and Sydney.

Messrs. C. E. and B. Dodge, of New York, arrived at the Grand Hotel last week, having come by the Navua from Suva. They intend to proceed to Rotorua and other tourist resorts.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Shaw, of England, arrived by the Island steamer Navua, and put up at the Royal Hotel. They proceed shortly to Rotorua, subsequently leaving on their return home.

Mr. and Mrs. E. de Benicsky, of Hungary, arrived in Auckland by the Navua, and took up their quarters at the Grand Hotel. They leave shortly for Rotorua to commence a tour of New Zealand.

Messrs. J. McMaster, of Wellington, and A. D. Campbell, of Christchurch, were passengers north by the Main Trunk train on Friday, and are staying while in Auckland at the Star Hotel.

Messrs. C. E. and B. Dodge, and H. S. Appleton, all of New York, who arrived in Auckland by the Navua, left the Grand Hotel on Thursday, proceeding to Rotorua by the express en route for Wellington.

At a special meeting of the Invercargill Borough Council Mr. John Sturrock, of Wellington, 15 months out from Scotland, was appointed town engineer out of 34 applicants.—Press Association.

Last week Mr. Claude Hope, of the Hamilton Telephone Exchange, who has been in the hospital for some time, was presented with a cheque for £28, as a tangible expression of goodwill by a number of friends.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Shep-Dixon, of Wellington, and Mrs. Tyer, of Featherston, came to town from Rotorua by the express on Wednesday. They spend a few days at the Royal Hotel prior to returning home.

Captain Gairdsie Tipping, of London, who has been a guest at the Star Hotel for the past few days, left for Waihi and Rotorua on Friday, and will travel through the Dominion to Dunedin before leaving for home.

Miss Violet M. Greg, M.A., at present first assistant in the Waitaki Girls' High School, has been appointed head-mistress of the Napier Girls' High School, in succession to Miss Spencer, resigned.—Press Association.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Shaw, of Fiji,

White to play and mate in three moves. Forsyth Notation: 8; 4p3; 4Q3; 4B3; 4h3; 8; 4K3; 8.

AUCKLAND C.C. Game played recently in the first-class tournament.

Table with two columns: White and Black. Lists chess moves and player names like Mr. O'Loughlin, Mr. K. R. 2, etc.

NOTES.

- (a) This move hinders the development of the king side pieces. (b) Black would have done better by going on with the game, Kt-B3, for instance. (c) White is anxious to get back the pawn even at the expense of his own position. (d) Very risky, especially seeing that Black has an open file with which to attack the White king at once. (e) White is at Black's mercy, and the end is only a question of time. (f) The winner has made the best of his opportunities.

A GEM.

"PHILIDOR'S DEFENCE."

Table with two columns: White and Black. Lists chess moves like 1 P-K4, 2 P-Q3, 3 Kt-KB3, etc.

Boten, a native of Hull, England, working in London, was a chess genius first, an artist next.

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Volunteer Notes.

By RIFLEMAN.

LIEUTENANT H. JOLLY, of the Seddon Horse, has been granted a certificate for the rank of captain.

The College Rifles in Wellington have succeeded in carrying off the Battalion Cup for semaphore signalling.

The College Rifles in Wellington have succeeded in carrying off the Battalion Cup for semaphore signalling.

Several promotions have recently been made in the No. 2 Native Pte. Geo. Cook becomes lance-sergeant, and Ptes. F. Small, Shedden, Clark, and K. Oxenham lance-corporals.

Colonel Wolfe, O.C.D., will in the early part of September visit the Whangarei district, and will inspect the Manukau Mounted Rifles, Mounted Cadet Corps, and Whangarei Rifles and Cadets.

Mr C. M. Walker (says the "Star's" London correspondent) visit the New Zealand candidate so far for shooting honours at Blisley. There are five teams from South Africa, and one each from India and Canada.

The presentation of medals, cups, and other trophies in various Auckland corps will take place at a function to be held in the Drill Hall within about a fortnight's time. No further details are yet available.

Lieutenant and S.M. Dormer, of the First Battalion Auckland Infantry, has been transferred to a similar position in the Fourth Regiment A.M.R. Lieutenant Dormer, who was very popular amongst local volunteers, will be much missed in Auckland.

The appointment of Lieutenant W. L. Robinson, of No. 2 Co. N.Z. Engineers, to be a lieutenant in the New Zealand militia, has been approved in last week's "Gazette." Lieutenant Robinson is one of the four officers who are proceeding Home for military training.

The following is the result, as announced in last week's general order, of the competition for the New Zealand Medical Corps challenge shield, 1908-9:—Field Ambulance No. 2, Dunedin, 127 points per man, first; No. 5, Wellington, 116, second; No. 1, Auckland, 87, third; No. 4, Nelson, 82, fourth. Canterbury did not compete.

A creditable turn out was made last Saturday week, by the members of No. 1 Co. G.A.V., who proceeded to Fort Bastion to calibrate the guns there, a successful afternoon's work being put in under the command of the chief artillery instructor, Captain Richardson. The corps fired eight shots in all, the results being, I am informed, excellent.

Church parades have been ordered for Dominion Day (September 28), and, as far as Auckland is concerned, these will be held in the churches, and not in the open air. The parade will take place in the morning, the preliminary muster being probably held at the Drill Hall, either St. Mary's or St. Matthew's will be the church selected for the parade.

It will be seen in a cable from Hong Kong that Colonel R. H. B. Linton, of the New Zealand forces, is to be attached to the Imperial Staff during the military manoeuvres in September. The compliment thus paid Colonel Davies by army officials is a high one, and should prove indirectly of much advantage to our forces, considering the value of the experience thus gained.

Captain Murdoch (active list unattached) delivered an interesting address to the Garrison Officers' Club last week, on the subject of universal training, the speaker emphasizing the desirability of initiating some scheme for this end. Captain Richardson, chief artillery instructor, also submitted his suggestions as to plans of this nature, and pointed out how far below effective strength our forces were at the present time.

The appointments of the undermentioned non-commissioned officers of the Royal New Zealand Artillery as instructors for engineer services have been confirmed, with effect from 15th December, 1908, and their names placed on the militia staff as from that date:—Auckland, Sergeant-instructor H. C. McKillop; Otago, Sergeant-instructor W. Colbert; Canterbury, Sergeant-instructor J. N. Grover; Wellington, Sergeant-instructor W. J. Browning.

After the parade of No. 2 Native Rifles last week at Kingsland Hall, Corporal C. Speary was the recipient of a newly-engraved gold medal, presented by Lieutenant Hill Skelton for competition at the Penrose rifle range. Corporal Speary, who is only a young member of the company, is a very promising shot with the rifle, and won the medal competing against several old hands.

The final results of the Empire Schumacher competition show that the remarkable total of 2238 points, put up by H. M. S. Pembroke, was easily first, the 91st Punjab coming second with 2038. The best Australian score—made by Ballarat Infantry No. 202, and that was over 900 points better than the picked Randwick team—could do. It is abundantly evident, remarks the "Sydney Mail," that we have something to learn yet about the peculiar Schumacher conditions.

A recent "Gazette" intimates that Capt. W. H. Parkes, of the New Zealand Medical Corps, has been promoted to the rank of major, and that Captain Henry John Clifford (active list), on the active list (attached), has also been raised to that rank. Amongst the appointments notified is that of Hugh McCall Holden, Auckland Mounted Rifles, to be lieutenant. Lieut. J. D. Bodley, No. 2 Co. Native Rifles, has resigned, and has been transferred to the active list (unattached).

The A Battery's firing scheme for the ensuing year will be much the same as last year, and will include firing from concealed positions behind cover. Captain Richardson, chief artillery instructor, desires the battery to select a new firing ground this year, and Captain Sherson and his officers will pay a visit shortly to the country between Papatoetoe and Manurewa to see if a suitable range can be found. The targets in this case would, of course, be over towards the foreshore of the Manukau harbour.

It is gratifying to note that some finality has now been reached regarding the possibility for the establishment of an officers' training corps in connection with the Auckland University College. It is proposed that the first company be formed of unit-regular status, with as many members of the College Rifles as are necessary to bring it up to the required strength, and the second company of the other members of that corps. The matters are being referred to the Students' Association.

A recent general order just issued states that the undermentioned staff sergeants-major instructors from Auckland have been promoted to warrant rank:—Staff-Sergts.—Binjor Chester, J. Coleman, and M. McDonnell. The promotion of Lieutenant G. B. E. Mickle to be captain in the Royal New Zealand Artillery has been approved, as have also the appointments of Edgar John Clough (formerly lieutenant in the Tenth New Zealand Contingent), to be lieutenant and Charles Michael Dowd as acting lieutenant in No. 3 Squadron Waiuku Mounted Rifles. The Colonial Auxiliary Forces Officers' Decoration has been awarded to Lieutenant-Colonel Jowsey, New Zealand, and Captain S. M. McGee, active list (unattached). Major G. Knight, V.D., has relinquished his duties as medical officer in No. 1 Co., Auckland Field Ambulance.

At the conclusion of the parade of the Gordon Rifles last week, the balance of the shooting prizes won during the past year, and the efficiency badges, were presented to the following members of the corps by Capt. W. Kay:—Abbott Shield competition: Col-Sergt. Martin, 10; Pte. Wright, 9; Sergt. Ashton, 8; Pte. McBeath, 7; Marksmen badge: Col-Sergt. Martin, Sergt. Graham, Sergt. Ashton, Sergt. Keenan, Corp. Johns, Corp. Bond, Pte. E. Wright, Pte. Hall, B Class trophy (rank 2): Corp. McBeath. Signalers' badge: Sergt. Ashton. At the presentations, Capt. Kay, referring to the Battalion Efficiency Shield competition, which commences at the end of the month, urged the men to do their best to have the company's name engraved on the shield. Capt. Kay also congratulated the members of the corps who had gained their certificates for non-commissioned rank in the late examination.

In addition to the team selected by the Dominion Rifle Association to compete at the Jubilee prize meeting of the National Rifle Association of New South Wales, at Randwick rifle range, commencing on October 8th, and finishing on the 19th, it is stated that several other marksmen contemplated going over on their own account. Otago and Southland have decided to send a team. A general desire was expressed by the members of the team that Colonel Collins, I.S.O., executive officer of the Association, should go in charge, but as this officer's special duties as secretary of the Treasury will prevent him from being absent from the Dominion at that time, Major R. Hughes, V.D., of Wanganui, the next senior member of the executive of the D.R.A., was appointed commandant of the team. The team will assemble in Wellington on Friday, September 24th, and leave on the same day for Sydney. This will give them an opportunity of having a week's practice in Sydney before the meeting. Competitors outside the team will be allowed the same concessions in steamer fares as the members of the representative teams, on obtaining from Colonel Collins, executive officer, certificate as to their being bona-fide competitors.

The news that science had at length discovered the means of destroying the germ of the last ill which flesh was heir to called forth rapturous rejoicings throughout the world.

"Henceforth perfect health will reign universally!" people everywhere exclaimed, and gave themselves up to congratulations.

But that was not to be—in the very next day's paper was the account of somebody having invented a microscope so powerful as to reveal a lot more germs, which meant, of course, that it would be no time at all until everybody was sick again.

AN AWFUL CASE OF ECZEMA

Promptly Cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

They Drove the Trouble out of this New Zealander's Blood.

Persons who have Eczema or other skin troubles, causing disgusting and irritating blotches and pimples, should aim at clearing their blood of the impurities that cause the trouble. They will never be cured until they do this. It is not reasonable to expect pastes and ointments rubbed on the surface to clear the blood. They are really bad for the complaint. Greasy things only clog the pores of the skin. A cooling wash may be useful to relieve the itching, but that is all.

Something for the blood is needed. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have cured many cases of eczema and skin disorder because they make rich, new blood that drives out the impurities, and imparts a glow of health.

There has just been reported a rather astonishing cure of a most severe case of Eczema by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, particulars of which we give. The sufferer was Mr. Ernest A. Tron, of Bedford-st., Belfast, N.Z. He says:—

"I don't think anyone had sounder health than I did, but how I contracted eczema was this way. I cut my knuckle badly while working, and it was bound up with a bandage that was not clean. Two days after, the second finger on the left hand started to swell. The swelling went round the wrist to the elbow, and up to the arm pit. I had a lump there as large as a hen egg, and couldn't put my arm down to my side. My fore arm puffed out to an enormous size, so did the finger and hand. You could make a dent that lasted several minutes. There was no pain, only a numb prickly feeling. For some weeks I was treated at the hospital, but got no benefit. I tried all sorts of things, every possible remedy that I heard of. The left arm and hand were covered with water blisters and the itching of them nearly drove me mad. I went up to Hawke's Bay, and consulted doctors, and yet got no cure. I would prick the blisters and let out the water, which was the colour of pale tea. After it left the arm it spread all over my body, legs and thighs, chest and back. I was nearly frantic, and at times just a bundle of bandages. I don't know how I lived through it. My blood must have been in an awful state. I went to a skin specialist, but I only got worse and worse, and I was laid up in bed for seven long weeks. Large blisters kept forming and the flesh below was red and angry looking. I had to be most careful over my diet. When I was laid up my mates used to come over and keep me company, and recommend various remedies, salad oil, alum water, sulphur, lard, etc., but all in vain. I had poultices, too. My skin seemed literally on fire—I'd feel like tearing myself to pieces. I could never enjoy myself or get any pleasure out of life. My skin was covered with thousands of tiny blisters. After going to various doctors, and spending every penny I could spare, and more, I read of a case of Eczema up at Gisborne being cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and that decided me to give them a trial. First of all, I found the irritation getting less and the fiery pain decreasing. The skin became much less tender and far more healthy-looking. At Easter I was actually able to go to the races and wear ordinary tight boots. I owe my recovery solely to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. My general health is vastly better. I eat splendidly and feel as fit as ever."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are 8/ a box, 6 boxes 16/6, of all dealers, or Dr. Williams' Medical Co. of Australasia, Ltd., Wellington.

The little girl was very fond of pleasant days, and at the close of a heavy rain-storm petitioned in her prayer for fine weather. When, the next morning, the sun shone bright and clear she became jubilant, and told her prayer to her grandmother, who said:

"Well, dear, why can't you pray tonight that it may be warmer to-morrow, so that grandma's rheumatism will be better?"

"All right, I will," was the quick response; and that night as she knelt she said: "O Lord, please make it hot for grandma."

Music and Drama.

By BAYREUTH.

BOOKINGS.

(Dates Subject to Alteration.)

AUCKLAND—HIS MAJESTY'S

August 24 to September 7—Hamilton Dramatic Company.

THE OPERA HOUSE.

En Season—Fuller's Pictures.

WELLINGTON OPERA HOUSE.

August 16 to 25—Nettie Stewart.
August 30 to 31—Miss Harding Matby.
September 2 to 10—J. C. Williamson.
Sept. 17 to Oct. 16—Allan Hamilton.
Sept. 25 to Nov. 13—J. C. Williamson.
Nov. 15 to Dec. 8—J. C. Williamson.
December 10 to 18—M. Branscombe.
Dec. 23 (for six weeks)—J. C. Williamson.

THEATRE ROYAL.

En Season—Fuller's Pictures.

PALMERSTON NORTH MUNICIPAL OPERA HOUSE.

1909.
Aug. 30 and 31—Julius Knight.
Sept. 1—Hayward's Pictures.
Sept. 2—Children's Ball, C. Williamson.
Sept. 7—Orchestral Concert.
Sept. 8—Hayward's Pictures.
Sept. 13—Taylor-Carrington Dramatic Co.
Sept. 15—Hayward's Pictures.
Sept. 21—Hayward's Association.
Sept. 22—Hayward's Pictures.
Sept. 23 and 24—Technical School.
Sept. 28—Hayward's Pictures.
Sept. 29 and 30—Jack and Jill Panto.
Oct. 5—Hayward's Pictures.
Oct. 6 and 7—J. C. Williamson.
Oct. 13 to 27—Hayward's Pictures.
Nov. 1 to 6—Hugh Ward Musical Comedy.
Nov. 20 to Dec. 1—Poltard Opera Co.
Dec. 9—Local Concert.
Dec. 27 to 29—Carter, the Magician.
1910.
Jan. 20 to 24—J. C. Williamson.
Feb. 14 and 15—Scarlet Troubadour.
March 28 to 31—Allan Hamilton.
April 21 and 22—Geo. Marlow.
May 19 and 20—J. C. Williamson.
June 4 to 6—Meynell and Gunn.
June 8 and 9—J. C. Williamson.
June 20 to 25—Fred. Gerstman Musical Comedy.
June 30 to July 2—Meynell and Gunn.
Aug. 18 and 19—J. C. Williamson.
Aug. 25 and 26—J. C. Williamson.
Sept. 30 to Oct. 1—J. C. Williamson.
Oct. 31 to Nov. 5—Allan Hamilton.
Nov. 10 and 11—J. C. Williamson.

The Newest Music.

NOVELTY never dies. The newest music is spoken of by the London press as emanating from Monsieur Debussy, whose opera, "Pelleas et Melisande," founded on Maeterlinck's beautiful and pathetic play, has lately been given in the metropolis. Debussy has had some vogue in England, thanks to Mr. Thomas Beecham, the conductor of the New Symphony Orchestra. Whilst the older bodies, like the London Symphony, Queen's Hall, and Philharmonic Orchestra, have only given casual prominence to living composers, Beecham has gone into the modern school of writers with whole-souled enthusiasm. Debussy and Frederick Delius (one of the most promising men of the day) has been brought prominently under the notice of the British musical public, together with a number of other composers, such as Landon, Ronald, and Granville Bantock.

After the performance of his now celebrated opera at Covent Garden, M. Debussy was interviewed by the Press. He has something very interesting to say, but before proceeding further it is necessary to look over the evolutions of the opera before we can get the composer into focus with more familiar names. The landmarks of the evolution of opera have been placed by original and fearless composers, and every one of them, as is the case in all branches of art, brought the art world, and then the general public, but slowly to his views. The first "opera" was the work of an Italian, the Florentine Monteverde. It was called "Orfeo," and the orchestra comprised only thirty-six instruments, which merely played a modest accompaniment to the singing.

The next step was taken by Rameau, whose orchestral score completed and emphasized the words, added new meaning to them, and even commented on them at length. Mozart went further still. The orchestra is no longer there to beautify, as it were, and sustain the lyrics; the music is part of the "action" itself, and often the main part. Beethoven, too, understood what "opera" should be, and in his "Fidelio" we have vague but interesting suggestions of what was to become that "symphonic opera" which was created by the genius of Berlioz and Wag-

ner. Those who have heard and understood "Tristan" or "Siegfried," for instance, must have realized the victorious force of the blow which the German giant dealt to the purely "melodic" opera so dear to the Italians.

The last stage in the evolution of the lyrical drama is represented by M. Debussy's "Pelleas et Melisande," which is almost as distant from Wagner's ideals as those are from the old Italian notion of opera. Indeed, the French composer is the creator of the "newest" music, which many already consider as the music of the future.

M. Claude Achille Debussy is the most talked-of French composer of the day. He is a broad-shouldered man of about forty-five years of age, with a strong, round face; dark, sunken eyes—stern, but not devoid of a gleam of humour—and a thoughtful brow, over which hangs thick, black, waving hair. His dark beard is curly and pointed, and his heavy moustache throws a shadow over full and mobile lips. He reminds one of a musketeer of the days of Louis XIII., or of one of those healthy and jovial Dutch gentlemen whom Franz Hals painted so well.

Speaking of the production of "Pelleas et Melisande," to an interviewer, M. Debussy said: "It reminds me of the controversy seven years ago when my opera was produced in Paris at the Opera Comique

"As a rule," the composer continued in answer to a question about his music, "the public seems to make no distinction between music and song. According to the public, all that is not song is not music. My view is precisely the contrary. When one writes lyrical music one must not write songs, for the simple reason that the rhythm and the definite 'shape' of a song cannot adapt themselves to the sentiment and the atmosphere. If, in an opera, you deal on one hand with the music and on the other with the sentiment, thus making a distinction between the two, the result must needs be a failure. I know that my 'Pelleas et Melisande' has called forth more criticisms than any other work in recent years. I have been, and am still, accused of having forgotten to place any melody in my opera. (Here M. Debussy burst into good-humoured laughter.) The fact is, there is nothing else but melody in 'Pelleas.' Only, it is not cut, it is not divided into slices, according to the old—and absurd—rules of opera. My melody is intentionally uninterrupted, never ceasing, for it aims at reproducing life itself. I know it is impossible to hum or whistle an air from my opera after having heard it, and I am aware that the barrel organs will never adopt fragments from my music. Needless to say I am delighted at this thought. There are no songs in life. It has rhythm, atmosphere, and colour; but these, though always varying, go on for ever without pause."

"I sat at Covent Garden," I said, "next one who remarked that as Melisande appears alone near a lake at the opening of the first act she might 'give us a song.'"

"How could she?" the composer exclaimed. "She is exhausted and has lost her way in the forest. Did your neighbour really think that in these conditions Melisande could feel like shouting a pretty aria in three or four verses, not counting the 'encore'! In the fourth act I have been told that Pelleas, who is waiting for the woman he adores, in a sylvan haunt at night, and by a romantic fountain, ought really to burst into a thrilling love song. Those who make such suggestions have no imagination. Otherwise they would not expect my unfortunate young hero to supply them with a cavatina at a moment when his soul is impatient, fearful, and a prey to conflicting emotions. Music for the stage is not drawing-room music."

Are Choruses Necessary?

"Several English critics," I said, "have wondered whether you object to choruses. There are none to speak of in your lyric drama."

M. Debussy smiled. "I take no exception to them; on the contrary. But I had no occasion to put any in 'Pelleas.' Wagner, by the way, after he had completed the Tetralogy, resolved never to write a chorus again, and published a volume on their absurdity; but he filled 'Parsifal' with them. A chorus is a very

difficult thing to compose. It is the voice of a crowd; a voice that must be spontaneous and instinctive. Have you ever heard in any opera that strange and mighty voice?"

"What about one or two of the choruses in 'Carmen,' or the voice of the crowd in Charpentier's 'Louise'?" I suggested.

Here M. Debussy hesitated. "You cannot have the men on one side and the women on the other," he said at last, "singing the same words, in turns or together. The voice of the crowd is made up in a thousand different expressions and various shades of feeling. The musician must aim at giving an impression sudden and vivid, yet subtle and mysterious. Only an impression; never more than that."

"You are an impressionist, M. Debussy."

"I have been called the 'Whistler of music.'" And he added whimsically, "They have dubbed my friend Maeterlinck the 'Belgian Shakespeare.' People love such pompous names. This has not prevented Nordau from calling Maeterlinck degenerate, and many critics from considering me as a visionary or an 'apostle of oddity and self-advertisement.' So far as I am concerned, I can only say that my one engrossing ambition in music is to bring it as near as possible to a representation of life itself."

No Duets.

"Then that is why there are no duets in your 'Pelleas'?"

"Exactly. When two persons talk at the same time they cannot hear one another. Besides, it is not polite, and the one who interrupts should stop. I have never written a duet, and I never shall!"

M. Debussy, whose favourite composer is Bach, has already achieved much, and will no doubt achieve more in the future. He is a sincere, independent, and fearless artist. His sympathies are wide, and the aim he pursues is far from deficient in higher motives. It may be pronounced revolutionary or subversive, but his originality is genuine. The man who composed "Pelleas et Melisande" has not only done something new, he has done something well. His work is the latest, if not the final, stage in that dominating endeavour of the age in all forms of art to reproduce as closely and as faithfully as possible human life.

"A Modern Aspasia."

Mr H. Hamilton Fyfe, one of the more promising and struggling English playwrights of the present generation, has had a new play, entitled "A Modern Aspasia," produced by the London Stage Society. "The Daily Telegraph" does not give it a kind reception, for the reason that its dramatic critic is notoriously British. That is to say, it is impossible to get past his prejudices, and one of his prejudices is that plays dealing with sex questions ought to be banned. "Mr. H. Hamilton Fyfe's play, produced by the Stage Society, is interesting but uncomfortable. It starts a problem for which it offers no solution: it deals with some of the gravest elements of human nature, leading up to the most serious issues, and leaves them precisely where they were before the discussion began. This, of course, is precisely the method of the Socratic dialogue; but there is all the difference in the world between a philosophical discussion which can be perused at leisure and returned to again and again, and a stage piece which must make its effect at once, if at all, and which more likely than not is written from a partial and arbitrary point of view. Possibly the present generation does not read Charles Reade's novels, and is, therefore, not acquainted with one of the very best of them all, 'Griffith Gaunt.' In 'Griffith Gaunt' you have a hero, balanced, as it were, between two different kinds of women, to both of whom he is, in a sense, married. Katherine Gaunt, the legal wife, is the embodiment of haughty pride, passionate hate, and religious devotion. Mersey Vint is the incarnation of sweetness, humility, and tenderness. And the hero himself, who is thus tossed to and fro between opposite poles of love and devotion is a brave, lusty, Englishman, mad in anger, mad in jealousy—in short, a sort of English Othello. Mr. Hamilton Fyfe's theme is precisely that of 'Griffith Gaunt,' but his characters are not so firmly drawn. Edward Meredith possesses as his wife, Muriel, a selfish, casual, easy-going woman, unwilling to bear the responsibilities of matrimony, utterly regardless of what her husband does in his times of leisure, so long as she is happy and contented. Edward Meredith

is by no means a Griffith Gaunt; his temperament does not offer the same excuses for his lapses as that of the hero of Charles Reade. But because his ideal of marriage is that of mother and children, he establishes Margaret Warren, a tender, innocent, domesticated creature, in a cottage in Surrey, where he has two children, adored by both mother and father. This double menage has been going on for some years when the play opens, but the arrival of an old friend and spiritual father, the Bishop of Patagonia, brings matters to a crisis. The cottage in Surrey is discovered, together with its occupants and when, in a subsequent act, the two women, Muriel and Margaret, confront one another, Meredith's double life stands revealed to the naked eye. Here is a man who practically has two wives to suit apparently opposite sides of his nature, one of whom he respects without loving, the other whom he loves without any great respect. What is to be done now that concealment is no longer possible? We turn to the Bishop of Patagonia to solve the problem for us. For all practical purposes he is as dumb as the oracle of Delphi. None of the others can offer a suggestion—not Edward Meredith, nor Muriel, nor a very foolish young man, Walter Bretherton, who calls himself her friend. So as there is nothing to be done, the only resource is to ring down the curtain, to shrug one's shoulders, and proclaim, as though it were a virtue, our helplessness."

Forthcoming Events—"The Breed of the Tresnams."

On Monday, September 6th, Mr. J. C. Williamson will present at H.M. Theatre, Auckland, Mr. Julius Knight and a fine supporting company in Dix and Sutherland's play, "The Breed of the Tresnams." The drama deals with a romantic period of English history in thoroughly romantic fashion, when Cavalier and Roundhead fought for supremacy. It runs through four acts, and the plot is said to be strong in tragic, emotional elements. Mr. Julius Knight will appear as the Royalist adventurer, Lieutenant Reresby, "The Rat." It is asserted that of all the varied things Mr. Knight has done in Australia, Reresby is the best of all. A complex rascal is this free lance and debonnaire soldier of fortune.

... A ...

SPLENDID CHANCE.

Good Pianos Cheap.

As we are relinquishing the agency for the Rogers and the Rud Ibach Sohn's Pianos, we have decided to reduce the instruments in stock by 20 per cent.

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A man at variance with the world, every man's hand against him, and his against every man's—cynical, reckless, devil-may-care, disappointed man, caring not a jot for the world's opinion, but really a gentle creature at heart, and full of human kindness. The character has been moulded upon that of Sydney Carter in "The Only Way" (which in turn derives its inspiration from Dickens' "A Tale of Two Cities"). The dominant note is unselfish and heroic self-sacrifice.

Bengough.

Bengough, Canadian cartoonist and entertainer, is to arrive in New Zealand shortly from a tour of Australia, and will commence a tour of the Dominion at Wellington on the 27th inst. This is what the Sydney "Star" says of him:—"Bengough proved the most delightful of entertainers. His great gift for the humorous in art has been developed to its perfection, so that from a sweep or two of his crayons, and a few touches of colour, on the white sheets of his easel, takes sudden shape, some queer figure, whose humour tickles the fancy of the audience upon the instant. The cartoon with Bengough is as ready as the uttered jest of the ordinary humorist. The quaint fancy or airy trip of wit, chancing to strike him, is expressed with the facile strokes of a magic crayon, that gives a jest a shape, and emphasises its humour. His methods seem of the simplest, but his simplicity is the mere perfection of the artist. The line and the curve have their deliberate meaning. Signatures, he will declare, appear to him to suggest the personality of their owners. The audience ponders upon his meaning, while he writes down some signature in chalk upon the sheet. Then they realise. The name 'Cohen,' he tells them, suggests a Hebrew friend of his. 'Cohen,' he writes, and there is certainly something Hebraic in the shaping of the letter 'C' as he forms it; and when he deftly tinges the letters with red chalk, marks forth a figure in a few strokes, accentuates this or that point, a gentleman of the race of Abraham is represented, who certainly looks like 'Cohen.' Similarly the word 'coon' suggests the coloured champion. The word is written down, the crayon glides hither and thither, and in a trice, affable and beaming, stands Johnson over his fallen opponent. Bengough has discovered humour in most things. Who would believe there is humour in Euclid? There is a triangle, according to Bengough. The triangle is lined forth, its sides curve slightly; a dot, a few dashes, and the head of a Cheshire cat grins at the audience. The continuous shading blots out the feline smile, a barn-door fowl replaces it, the whole sketch develops thence through an ingenious dissertation upon the hidden political economy of the rhymes of "Mother Goose" to conclude suddenly with a pointed admonition to young would-be benefactors of the perils of hen-pecking. Putting himself by his easy geniality into touch with his audience, Bengough plays upon their tastes and prejudices. For his Australian audiences a few blurs and smudges develop magically into a squatter, with a truly Australian waistcoat. He has a store of witty anecdotes to draw upon; he mimics excellently the Scottish accent or the Italian; as cartoonist, traveller, light and airy poet, and musician, Bengough is in himself a host—and a host of the most genial entertaining order.

Bengough is assisted by Miss Rosina Buckmann and Mr. Philip Newbury, with Miss Lilian Delany as accompanist.

Miss Amy Castles.

Now that Miss Amy Castles is home again in Australia, it is somewhat difficult to realise that this artist has been absent for seven years. It is a period, however, that has brought to maturity a voice already known to Australians as a rich and pure soprano, and now we are to hear her at its full strength. Miss Castles brings back the reputation, based on the assertion of a German critic, of being one of only three great bel canto singers living, while her temperament, methods, and voice have earned her the title of "The Australian Jenny Lind." In these circumstances it is as appropriate as it is gratifying to find that she has been accorded a welcome in keeping with her high reputation. Starting at Perth, where the Governor of the Western State and Lady Strickland invited her to lunch, and where the Mayor of the city paid her the distinguished compliment of a civic reception, she came on to Adelaide and Melbourne to meet equally cordial demonstrations of welcome. She will subsequently visit New Zealand.

TAKING FORBIDDEN PHOTOS.

New Zealand Journalist's Weird Experience— Preaching in Practice

By E. W. G. Rathbone, late Editor "Weekly Graphic."

THE editorial mind, nothing appears easier than the obtaining of photos, of people or things of public interest whom those mainly concerned ardently desire to keep from the eye of the camera. A day at the Albert Docks with a quarter-plate reflex camera, personally engaged in harvesting views of the injured Whakatane and her allegedly damaged cargo, has tended to modify this opinion of the ease of other person's labours. Of course, the pictures were obtained, but at an expenditure of exercise, temper, and a bearing of the brunt of waterside persiflage not exactly contemplated on setting forth on the expedition. The journey to the Royal Albert Docks by Fenchurch-street—the back door entrance and exit to London with a vengeance—is of itself not exhilarating, nor is the task of finding a particular vessel in those vast basins of water one to compose the feelings on a day one-quarter fog, one-quarter thunder, and the rest unmentionable.

The Whakatane once reached more-over, showed an unblemished and entirely idle side towards the Dock shed side, the damage being toward the water, where the cargo and coal from damaged bunkers were being discharged into lighters. Now, as a means of exercise of some violence, bringing every muscle into play, and most portions of the anatomy into painful contact with bulkheads, hatches, steel ropes, etc., etc., the merry game of attempting to cross a dock by an anchored string of barges, into which a great liner is discharging coal and cargo, has perhaps much to recommend it. To a man of pronounced short sight, a trifle slack in the knees, and carrying a valuable camera, it is, however, too well, shall we say too stimulating to be entirely enjoyable.

The joyous and entirely unrestrained laughter of lighter men (no pun intended), the unrestrained profanity of mates and foremen, should not, of course, be taken amiss, nor, after all, should a truly philippic photographer object when a hot roast potato, fresh from the galley ashes, catches him between the nape of the neck and the collar, and sends his hat into a lighter full of steam coal and dust. Such events are, as editorially one has frequently remarked to members of the "Graphic" photo. staff, but part of the day's work. True, hot potatoes and coal dust down one's neck are not pleasant, and even the strongest sense of humour may be strained by seeing a dusky coal-heaver convulse his co-workers by attitudinising with a hitherto spotless panama; but what's a potato, more

or less—and the hand of an honest man imprinted indelibly on 40/- of head gear should, after all, be honoured by any proper thinking journalist.

But to probe the delights of stealing forbidden photos to the depth, let me recommend tipping a swarthy and apparently friendly wharf labourer into allowing one to descend into the third hold of a 10,000 ton ship during the lunch hour, the idea being to take a picture on the resumption of work. Getting down is a matter more complicated than it seems or sounds, and not (after one has done it) to be described—in printable English.

"Wot's this?" yells an infuriated foreman, as one starts.

"Orl right, George," soothingly replies one's friend; "left art dollar for beer 'e as; from the 'Daily Graphic,' I think."

"'Daily Graphic' be blowed; 'e's the bloomin' 'Daily Mirror,' 'e is. Look at 'is adjectived—'glasses,' shouts another.

Loud and appreciative laughter greets this allusion to London's rival daily illustrated papers, vastly renewed when a youth with an inimitable accent says reproachfully, "gar'n, gar'n; can't you see as the gent's a puffet 'Sk-tch'?"

In the good temper aroused by this quick fire of pleasantry, permission is obtained to take the snap. The whistle roars for recommencement of work. The men pose a second, and command the windlass man to "hold on." A face—my old friend—appears over the edge of the hatch. "What the blanky blank is going on down there," and then, catching sight of yours truly, pours out a spout of profanity, so spontaneous, so fresh, so varied, and so unique, so "hors, con-cours," so to say, that I shall ever lift my hat in thinking of it.

After getting his breath he inquires, "What the Hades is that bespacledd—doing below?"

"Taking photos," I begin.

But the sentence is never finished. "Heave the — up in a cargo net, Jem," he cries.

It is done.

"Glasses, with care," shouts one.

"Bly'me, if he ain't precious; done up in chamois leather," says another. (Leather waistcoats are a fashion this year.)

"Right ho!" sings out a third.

The rest is unprintable, but the inextinguishable roar of laughter from a few hundred throats ceased not as I tore frantically to the station, and will ever ring in my ears.

I am bruised and stiff; but, after all, it "was" a lark—painful perhaps, but still a lark.

in 1904, and secretary for Queensland in March, 1909. Mr. Hemery joined in Melbourne in 1872, and was appointed district secretary for Auckland, N.Z. in 1883, and resident secretary for Tasmania in 1904. Mr. Lucas joined at Adelaide in 1881, and was appointed accountant in West Australia in 1896, and resident secretary there in January, 1909.

AN INTERESTING MONUMENT.

This Canadian monument bears the words, "Erected in Honour of Sir James Hector, K.C.M.G., geologist and explorer to the Palliser Expedition of 1857-1860, by his friends in Canada, the United States, and England. One of the earliest scientists to explore the Canadian Rocky Mountains. He discovered the Kicking Horse Pass, through which the Canadian Pacific Railway now runs from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean."

SIR J. G. WARD, K.C.M.G.

In our illustrations will be seen a photograph of a bust of the Right Hon. the Premier, which has been executed by Mr. P. C. Ryle (of Auckland), under the auspices of the Elam School of Art. The bust is in plaster, three-quarter life size, and is, on the whole, a commendable piece of work.

For a young sculptor, Mr. Ryle shows considerable aptitude. His modelling is direct, and full of strength. He shows qualities that only require experience to mature, and should his future work proceed as well as what he has already accomplished, there is no reason why it should not attract the notices of wider centres than New Zealand. Reproductions in bronze and imitation marble are to be made from the original shown in our illustrations.

ANGLO-COLONIAL NOTES.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

LONDON, July 16.

The appeals entered in the Stirling divorce case by Mrs. Stirling and Lord Northland have been withdrawn. In the Court of Sessions yesterday counsel for Mrs. Stirling and Lord Northland each stated that their client had decided not to proceed further with the appeals, and the court gave effect to the motions.

Mr. Clyde, for Mr. Stirling, said there were pending in England, between the same parties, a litigation, at Mrs. Stirling's instance, for the recovery of £4000 and a considerable sum of accumulated interest. There was also a litigation in regard to certain jewellery. Some time ago intimation was given that the appeals were not to be proceeded with, and in these circumstances it was Mr. Stirling's intention, upon condition that this other litigation was got rid of, which counsel understood was being done, and in view of the fact that there was no marriage settlement for the child of the marriage, and that Mrs. Stirling was quite unprovided for, to secure an annuity of £250 for Mrs. Stirling, with reversion to the child after her death.

The Lord President said the court had nothing to do with that.

A girl typist was cited as the co-respondent in a petition for divorce brought before Lord Salveson in Edinburgh on Saturday by Mrs. Isabella Smith, or McLeod, against her husband, Alfred George McLeod, formerly district manager in Aberdeen of the Liverpool, London, and Globe Insurance Company, and the Central Insurance Company (Limited), now said to be residing at or near Wellington, New Zealand. The petitioner said that the marriage took place in May, 1903, by declaration before the sheriff. Some months later the parties were married in a church at Capetown, where the respondent was sent to act as district secretary for the Central Insurance Company. The witness knew a typist in her husband's office at Capetown, and at the beginning of the present year she received a letter from the typist's father, who informed her that Mr. McLeod had been guilty of misconduct with the girl. The girl's father on a previous occasion had endeavoured to communicate with the witness, but Mr. McLeod had intercepted the letter. In May last Mr. McLeod wrote a letter from New Zealand stating what had taken place in South Africa. The wife's petition was granted.

Our Illustrations.

DIAMOND JUBILEE OF THE A.M.P. SOCIETY.

THOUGH the A.M.P. Society made no giant strides in its swaddling clothes, it was conceived, born, and nursed in a healthy atmosphere, and in this it has continued up to the present time, and is likely to continue for all time. Probably there has never been a Society with a cleaner past than that of the A.M.P. It is indeed an institution of which all connected with it have good reason for genuine pride. To suitably mark the passing of the sixtieth year, the resident secretaries of the other Australian States and the Dominion of New Zealand were invited to Sydney to assist in the Jubilee celebrations.

Mr. Teece entered the Society's service in July, 1860, and seven years later was appointed chief clerk at head office, becoming secretary in 1887, and general manager and actuary in 1890. Mr. Cam-

eron, though Mr. Teece's junior by a year, dates his service from the opening of the Melbourne office in 1863, and in 1877 was appointed resident secretary for Tasmania, becoming resident secretary for South Australia in 1884, and secretary at head office in 1890. Mr. Lowe, who is a few months younger than Mr. Teece, joined the service in June, 1868, and was appointed accountant at New Zealand, when that branch was opened, July 1, 1871, becoming resident secretary in 1877. Mr. Bridges joined at Sydney in February, 1870, and was appointed accountant in South Australia in 1885, resident secretary there in 1895, resident secretary for Queensland in 1904, and resident secretary for Victoria in March, 1909. Mr. Schultz joined in Sydney in October, 1877, and was appointed accountant in New Zealand in 1894, accountant in Victoria in 1902, and secretary for South Australia in 1904. Mr. Amies joined in Melbourne in December, 1877, and was appointed accountant for New Zealand



—Armstrong, J.C.



See "News of the Dombition."

THE MORNING AFTER.

ALL THAT WAS LEFT OF THE STRAND ARCADE, AUCKLAND, WHICH WAS DESTROYED BY FIRE LAST WEEK.
THE DAMAGE WAS ESTIMATED AT £70,000.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE STRAND ARCADE, AUCKLAND, AFTER THE GREAT FIRE.



THE THISTLE HOTEL, SHOWING THE DAMAGE CAUSED BY THE FALL OF A WALL DURING THE DESTRUCTION OF THE ARCADE.

THE MORNING AFTER.



THE TOWN HALL IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION.



THE NEW COURT HOUSE.

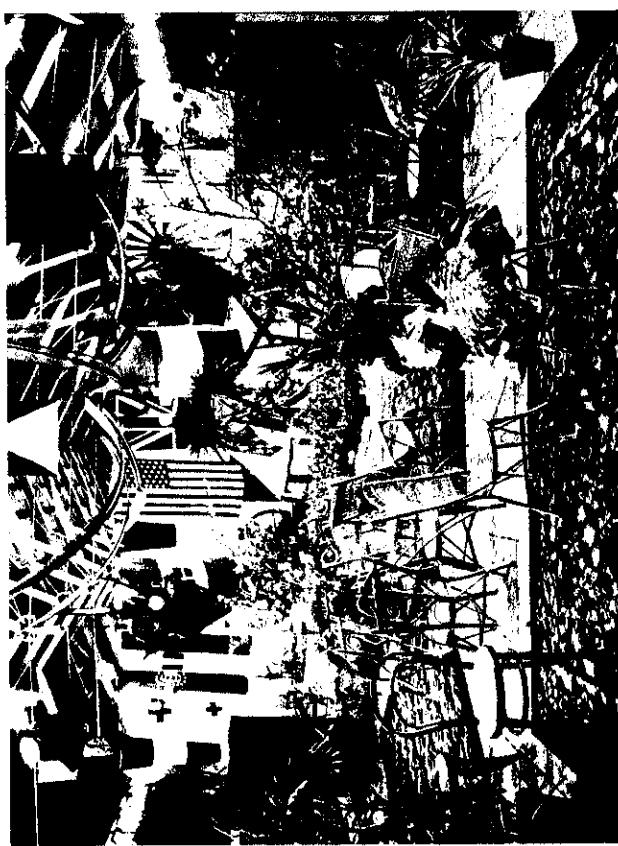
NEW PUBLIC BUILDINGS IN CAMBRIDGE.



A FEATURE OF THE DECORATIONS AT THE GARRISON BALL. Military Tent, with the regimental colours, shells and field-guns, and the daffodil garden in the foreground.



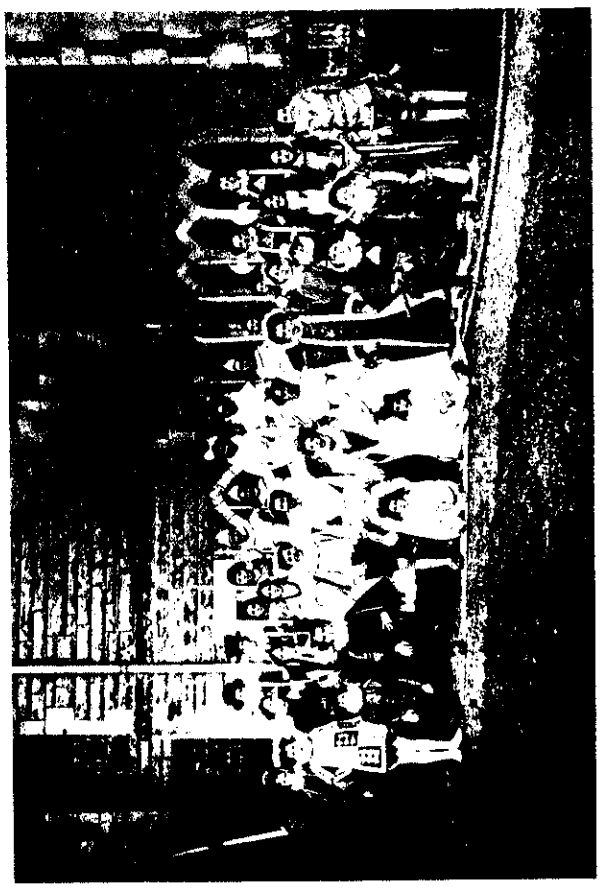
CLOCK PRESENTED TO MR. MASSEY, M.P. See "News of the Dominion."



THE GARRISON BALL AT AUCKLAND. A GENERAL VIEW OF THE RECEPTION ROOM.



JUVENILE FANCY DRESS BALL. A group of children at the fancy dress ball given by Mrs. Grant at the Foresters' Hall, Mulhens street, Palmerston North, for the benefit of the children from the "Al-Straits" Home, who were all present. E. Denton, photo.



CHILDREN OF ST. MATTHEW'S CHURCH, AUCKLAND, WHO TOOK PART IN THE CANTATA "THE ARMADA."



Schaefer, photo.

SNAPSHOTS IN THE WELLINGTON ZOO.

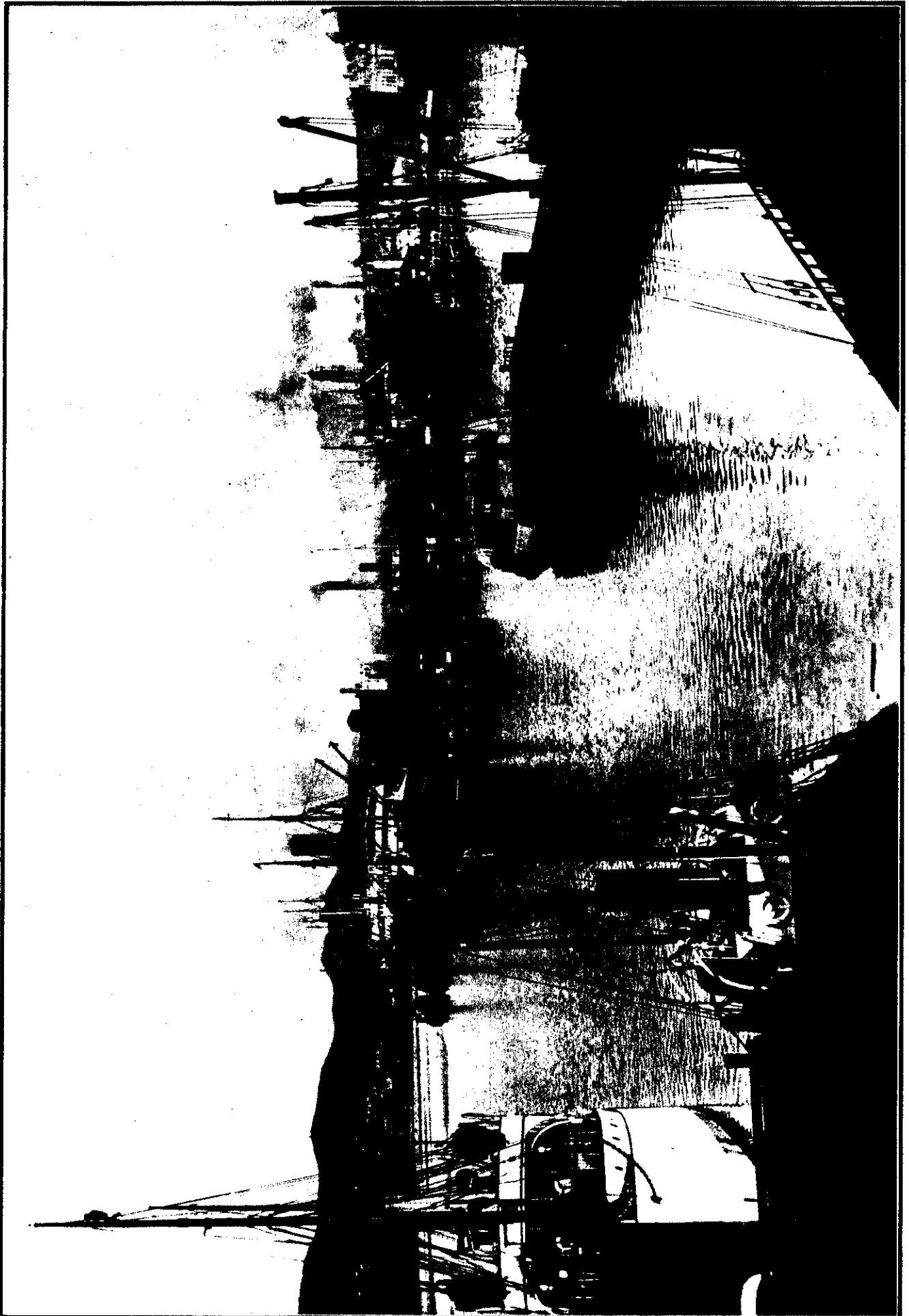
(1) The emu. (2) A couple of hog deer. (3) Keas. Note the long curved beak which has played such mischief among the flocks on Southern sheep stations. (4) The camel.



H. J. Sefton, photo.

ON THE ROUTE OF THE NORTHERN RAILWAY.

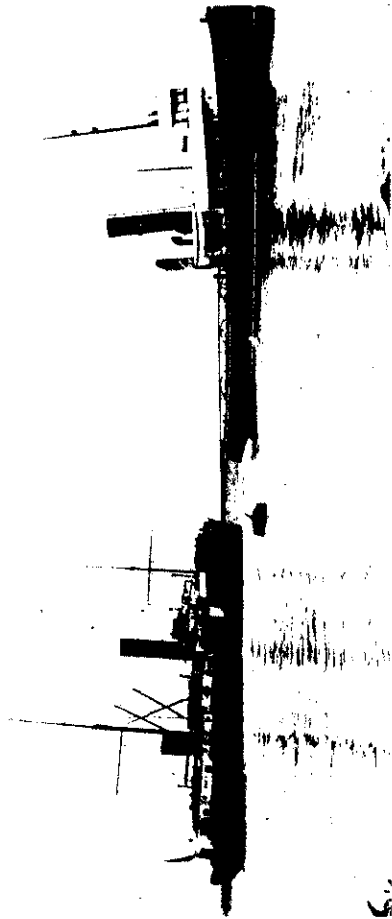
The Mangakalia River and Gorge, through which the line of the North Auckland Main Trunk railway will lie.



NEW ZEALAND'S SEA-BORNE COMMERCE.
A VIEW OF THE QUEEN'S WHARF, WELLINGTON, FROM THE CUSTOMS HOUSE.



THE WHAKATANE BEING TOWED INTO DOVER.

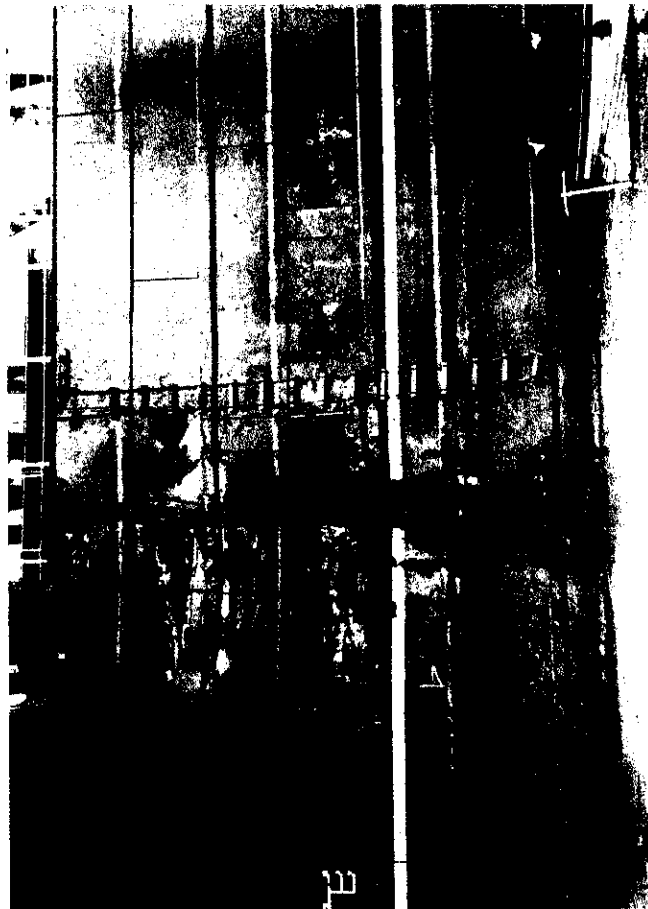


THE WHAKATANE BEACHED AT DOVER.

The tugs are endeavouring to drag the damaged steamer into water deep enough to float her.



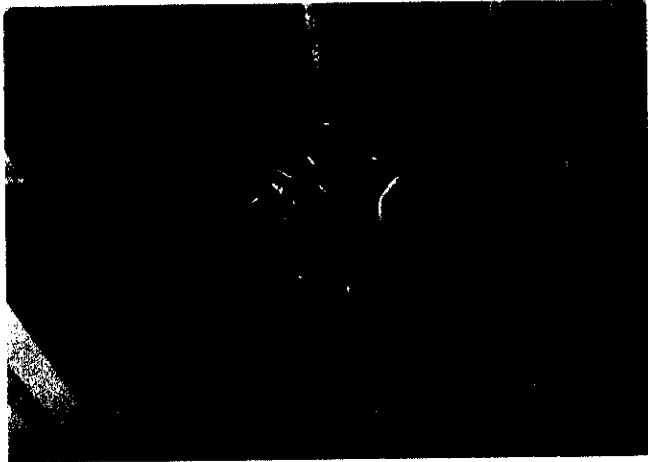
THE WOODEN SHEATHING OVER THE RENT IN THE VESSEL'S SIDE.



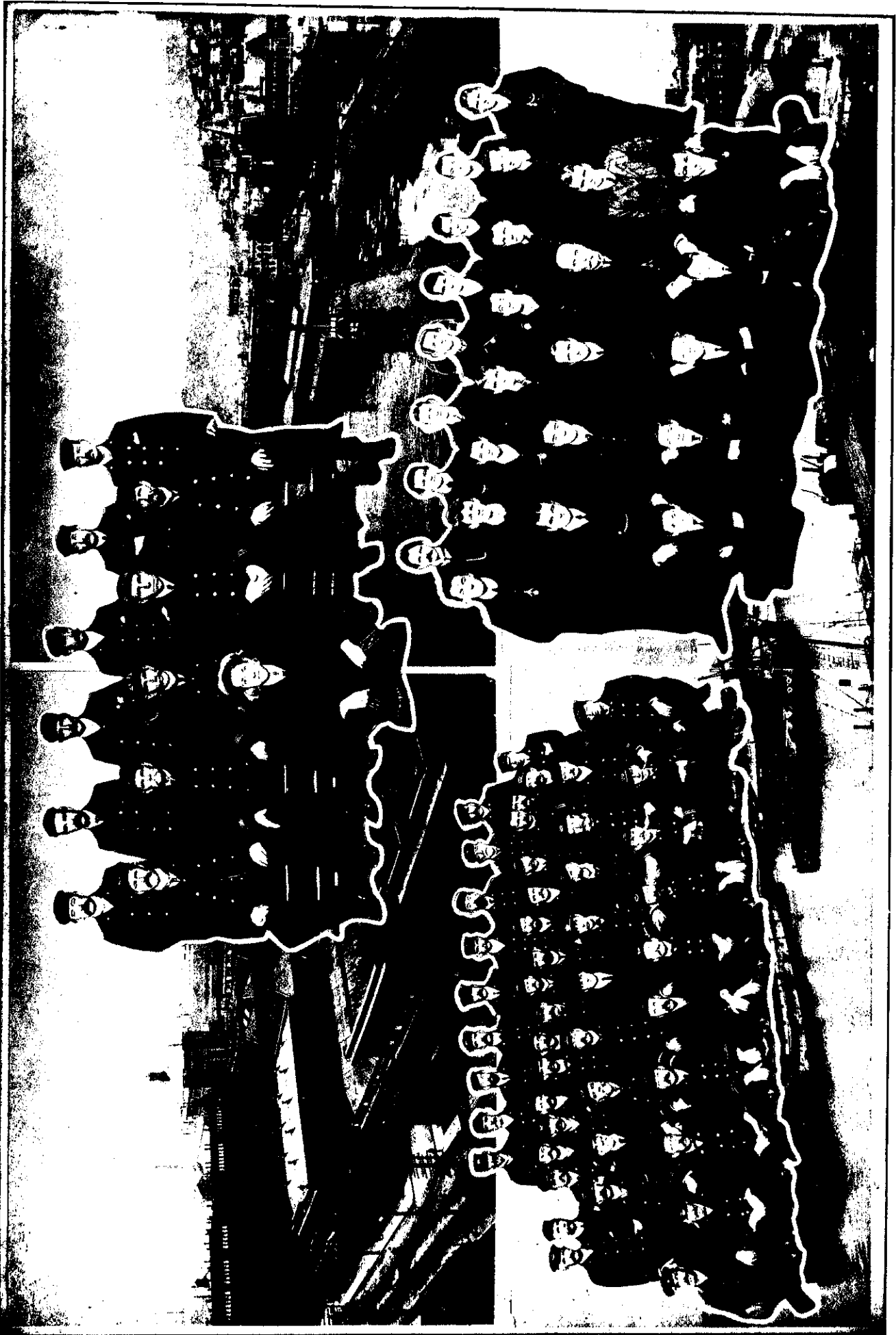
WHERE THE CURVE STRUCK THE WHAKATANE.

THE WHAKATANE IN COLLISION—FOG DISASTER IN THE ENGLISH CHANNEL.

The Whakatane, a cargo steamer belonging to the New Zealand Shipping Company, left London on July 4, with a miscellaneous cargo and three passengers for New Zealand. A dense fog hung over the Channel, and about a mile off the ill-famed Cape of Dungeness, she was run down by the French steamer "Circe." The Whakatane was towed into Dover badly down at the stern and holed, but later was temporarily repaired with wood sheathing and towed to London. (An amusing special article with reference to the taking of some of the above photos, will be found on page 13.) See "News of the Dominion."



TEMPORARY REPAIRS AND DAMAGED PLATES ON THE WHAKATANE.



THE RAPID EVOLUTION OF THE CAPITAL PORT.

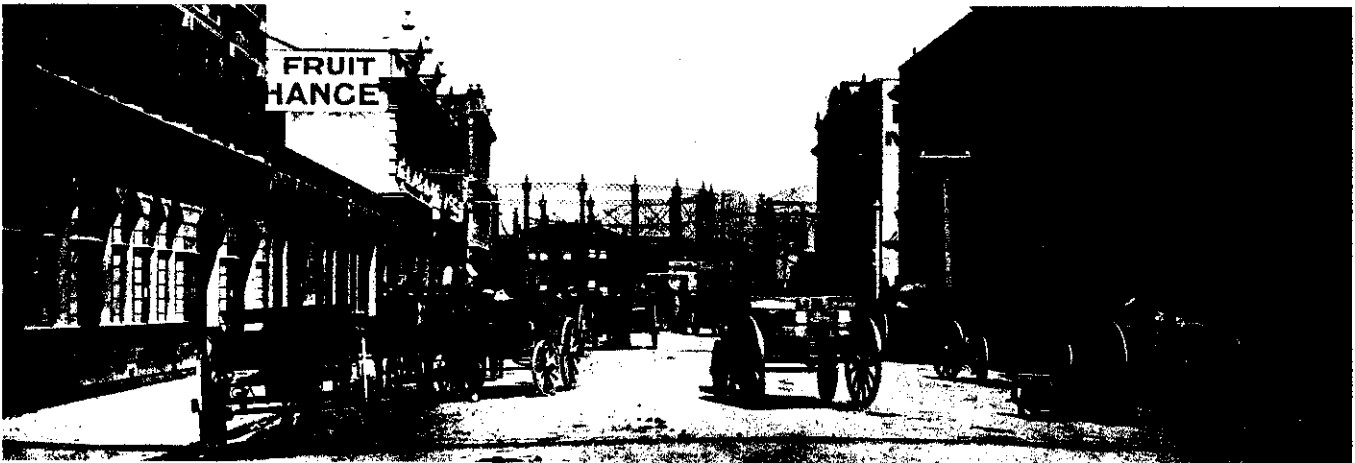
SOME OF THE 300 ODD PERMANENT EMPLOYEES OF THE WELINGTON HARBOUR BOARD.

The top photo shows the harbourmaster's staff, with Captain Johnson seated in the centre. The group on the left shows the wharfinger, assistant wharfinger, and tally clerks. Mr. A. V. H. Mouro (wharfinger) is seated in the centre. The third picture shows the accountants' staff, with Mr. J. E. Gamble (accountant) seated in the centre.

The Rapid Evolution of the Capital Port.



On the left is the Thorndon reclamation, showing the Harbour Board's shed, which has recently been commenced to replace the one destroyed. **THE GLASGOW AND RAILWAY WHARF**



ALLEN-STREET, WELLINGTON—A BUSY CENTRE OF THE SHIPPING TRADE.



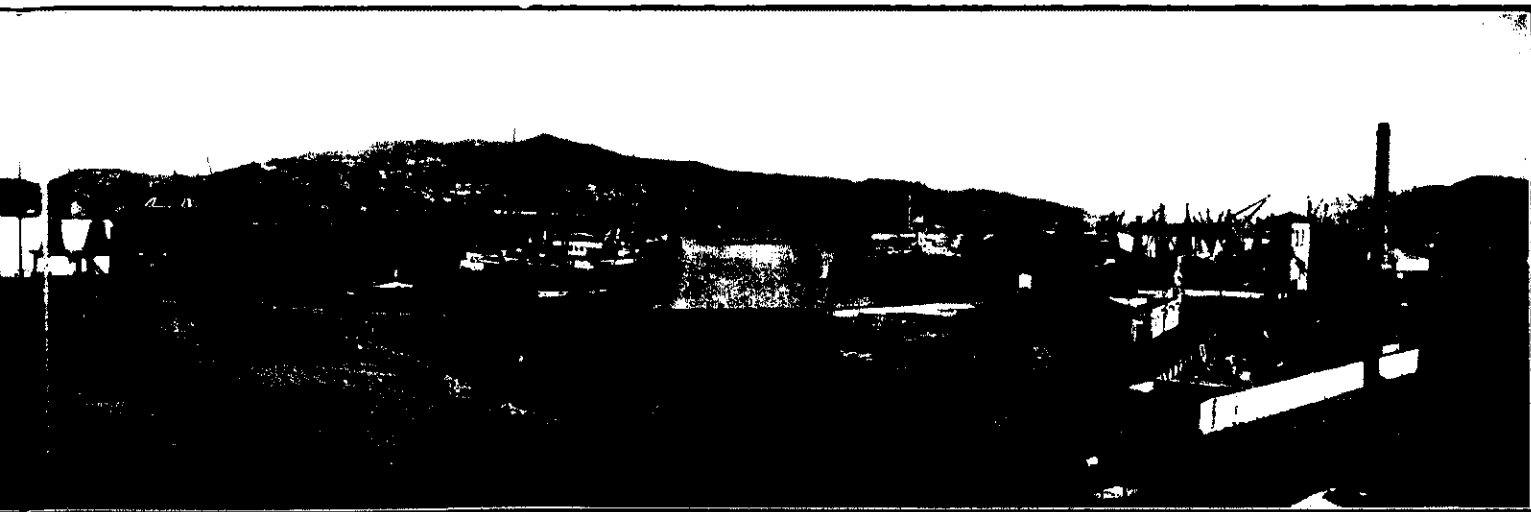
MR. T. M. Chairman of the



Tibbitts, photo.

WELLINGTON'S £200,000 DOCK

Extensive Harbour Works in Progress at Wellington.



QUEEN'S WHARVES AND THE THORNDON RECLAMATION.

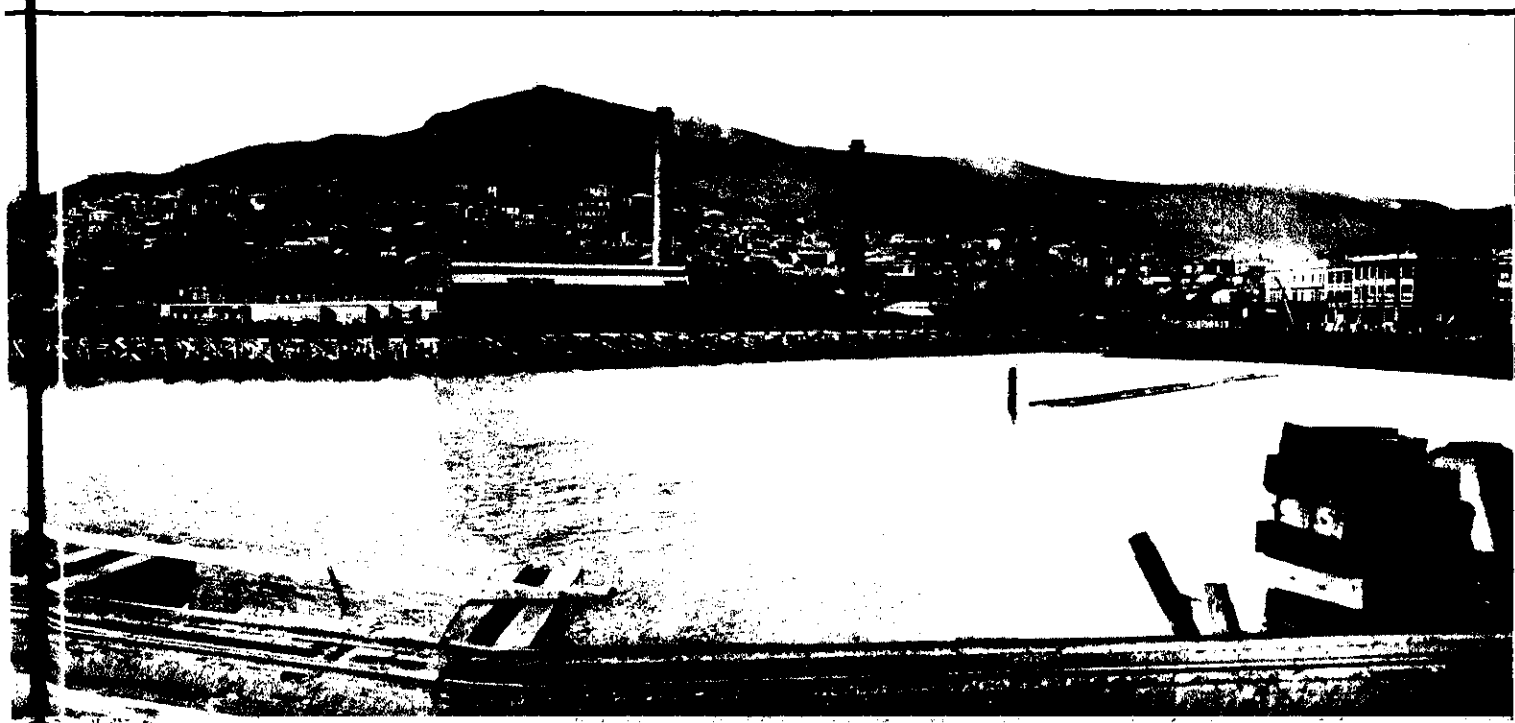
destroyed by fire some time ago. On the right are the Glasgow and Railway wharves, from which the big liners took their departure for the Old Country.



J. G. FORD, M.P.,
the Wellington Harbour
reclamation.



THE HEART OF WELLINGTON CITY, WITH QUEEN'S WHARF IN THE DISTANCE.



THE COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION.



AUCKLAND'S NEW TECHNICAL COLLEGE—SKETCH PLAN OF THE BUILDING AS IT WILL APPEAR WHEN COMPLETED.

(Reproduced by permission of the architect, Mr. J. Mitchell.)



MR. G. GEORGE.

Director of Technical Education at Auckland.



MR. C. J. PARR,

Chairman of the Education Board.



THE RANGITIKEI SEAT.

Mr. G. Hutchison, ex-member for Waitotara, and later for Patea, who is going to contest the Rangitikei seat, rendered vacant by the death of Mr. A. E. Remington, M.P.



See "Personals."

THE LATE MR. G. PAYLING.

Mr. George Payling, one of the most prominent residents of Christchurch, who died at his residence near Bealey Avenue last week.

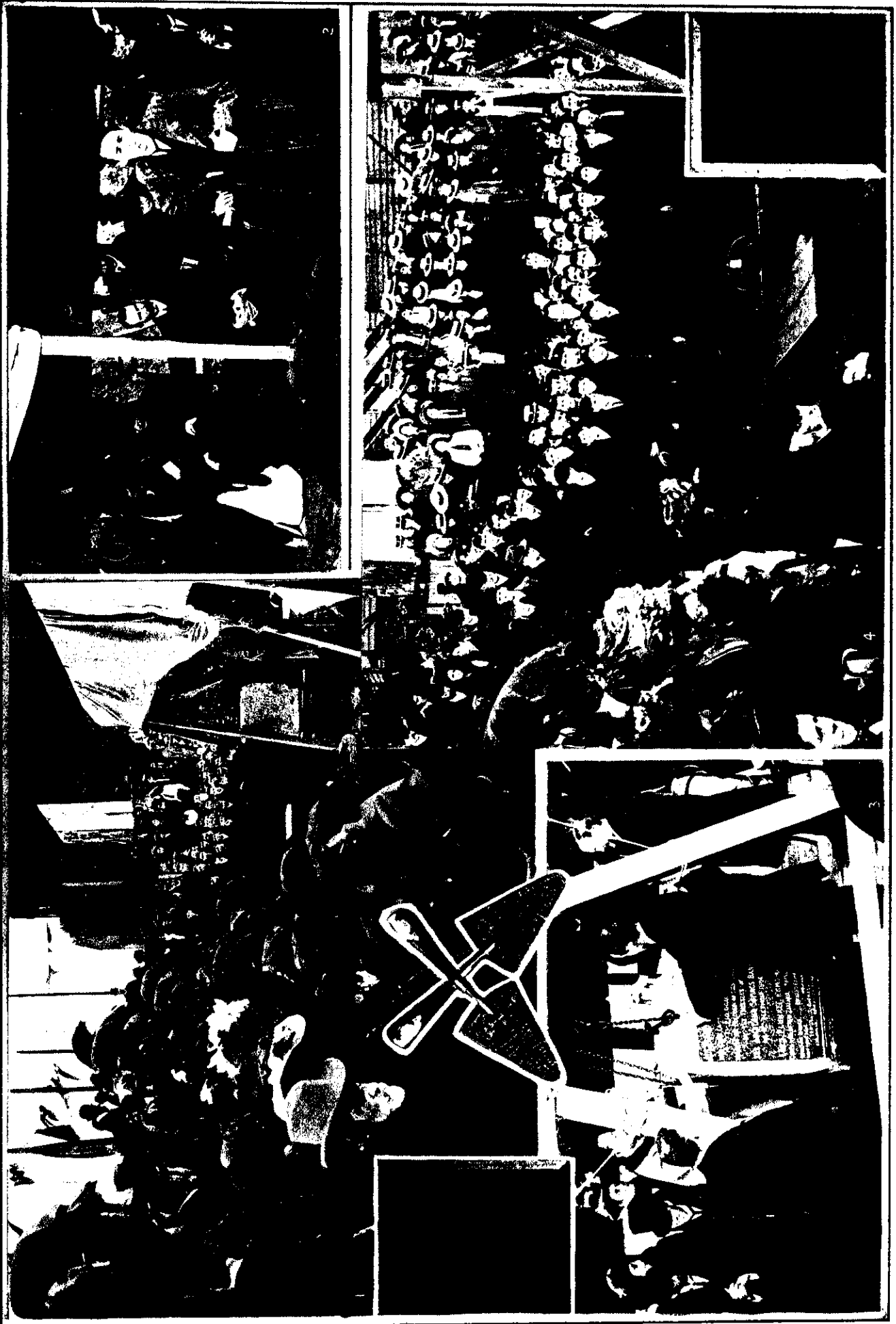


Schmidt, photo.

THE STAFF OF THE AUCKLAND TECHNICAL COLLEGE, 1909.

FRONT ROW: Messrs. L. Cullis, G. Lange, G. J. Allen, J. Sate, H. S. Morran, C. Haines. SECOND ROW: Messrs. F. J. Gibson, A. D. Trendall, H. Wallace, George George, J. Payne, S. I. Crookes, R. H. Paterson, Serjeant-Major Atwell. THIRD ROW: Messrs. N. Lambourne, F. C. J. Cockburn, Miss G. Probert, Miss M. H. Cook, Miss A. Turner, Miss A. Campbell, Miss E. Lawson, Mrs. Heap, Mr. H. H. Morgan. FOURTH ROW: Messrs. F. W. Hare, C. Wilson, N. H. S. Law, J. Auld, A. J. C. Lind, W. Kay, F. H. Brown, H. S. Sturge. BACK ROW: Messrs. C. C. Allen, H. C. Tempest E. Heydock.

THE SEDDON MEMORIAL TECHNICAL COLLEGE, AT AUCKLAND.



THE ARMAMENT OF INDUSTRY—TECHNICAL EDUCATION.
LAYING THE FOUNDATION STONE OF AUCKLAND'S NEW TECHNICAL COLLEGE.

It was not until 1906, after the death of the late Premier, that the need for a new technical college for Auckland assumed definite shape, the trustees of the Auckland Savings Bank donating 400,000 towards the erection of the building. Teachers are to be called for the first three storeys of the building, the sum of 425,000 being available for the work. Even the new college will not be sufficient for requirements, but the Board has had to cut its coat according to its cloth. In the first photograph his Excellency the Governor is shown laying the foundation stone of the new building. (2) Mr. George George, director of technical education, addressing the gathering. Reading from the left in the front row are: Lady Blunket, His Excellency, Mr. C. J. Farr chairman of the Education Board, Mr. C. D. Grey (Mayor of Auckland). (3) Mr. C. J. Farr laying the commemorative stone. (4) Some of the school children who attended the ceremony.

See "News of the Dominion."



A WELL-KNOWN AUSTRALIAN SONGSTRESS.

Miss Amy Castles, the "Australian Jenny Lind," as she is sometimes called, who is to give a series of concerts in New Zealand under the management of Messrs. J. and N. Taft.



A POPULAR AUSTRALASIAN ACTOR.

Mr. Julius Knight as Lieutenant Reresby—the Rat—in "The Breed of the Freshams," which opens under Mr. J. C. Williamson's management, at His Majesty's Theatre, Auckland, on Monday, September 6th.



Tesla Studios, photo.

A MILITARY BALL AT WANGANUI.

A flashlight photograph of the recent Wanganui Garrison Ball, which was held in the Drill Hall, and proved to be a great success.



SIR J. G. WARD, K.C.M.G.

A bust of the Right Hon. the Premier designed and executed by Mr. P. C. Ryle, under the auspices of the Elton School of Art, Auckland.

See "Our Illustrations."



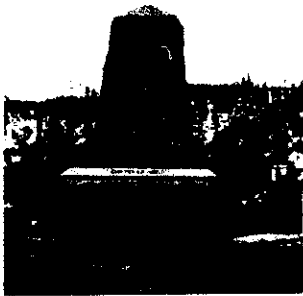
WAIRARAPA HOCKEY REPRESENTATIVES.

This team met and defeated the Hawke's Bay representatives at Napier on Aug. 14th, by 3 goals to nil.



A FAMILY OF NATIVE INTERPRETERS.

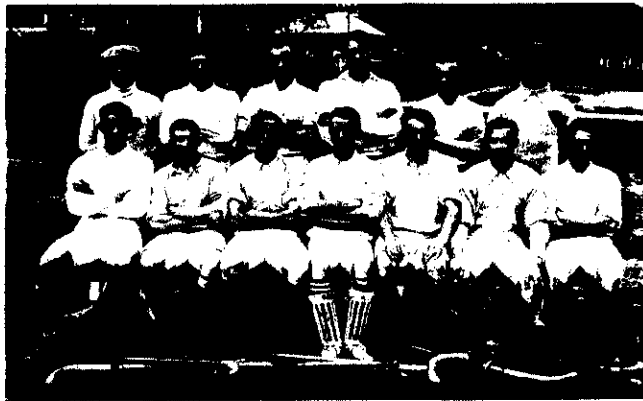
The Phillips brothers, who are all native interpreters in various parts of the Dominion. Standing: F. Phillips, Legislative Council; J. Phillips, Public Works Department; Sir G. Phillips, Wanganui; Gray Phillips, Levin.



AN INTERESTING MONUMENT.

Erected to the memory of the late Sir James Hector.

See "Our Illustrations."



THE HAWKE'S BAY TEAM.

Sorrell, photo.



A LEGISLATOR'S DEATH.

Mr. A. E. Remington, M.P. for Rangitikei, who died at his residence in Tinakori-road, Wellington, on August 17. See "Personals."



THE GRIP OF WINTER ON THE MAIN TRUNK.

The houses of the chief engineer and the medical officer at Raurimu during the cold snap.



A CRITICAL MOMENT.



PARKER UPTON DRIVING.

THE CONTEST FOR SUPREMACY IN GOLF.

The Auckland championship was decided on Saturday at Cornwall Park, resulting in a win for J. C. Burns, who defeated P. Upton by 4 up and 3 to play.



MR. J. C. BURNS (winner) on the left and MR. P. UPTON (runner-up.)



AN INTERESTED GROUP.



UPTON PLACING THE BALL. AUCKLAND GOLF CLUB'S CHAMPIONSHIP.



A QUARTET OF SPECTATORS.



MISS K. RATTRAY. Thrice N.Z. Champion.



A GROUP OF CHAMPIONS AND CUP WINNERS. STANDING: Miss K. Rattray (Dunedin), Mrs. Bidwell (Wairarapa). SITTING: Mrs. Guy Williams (Masterton), Miss Christie (Oamaru), Miss Stephenson (New Plymouth).



MEMBERS CHECKING CARDS.



MRS. GUY WILLIAMS DRIVING.



ON THE PUTTING GREEN.



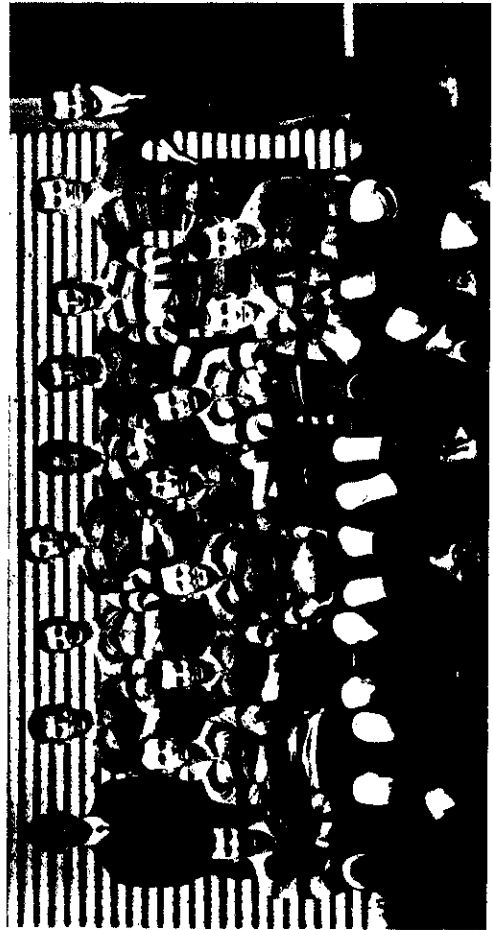
MRS. BEVAN DRIVING.



See "Our Illustrations."

THE DIAMOND JUBILEE OF THE AUSTRALIAN MUTUAL PROVIDENT SOCIETY.

The diamond jubilee celebrations of the A.M.P. Society were celebrated in Sydney in May, and the photograph shows a number of the principal officers from the head office and branches who took part in the commemoration. BACK ROW (reading from the left)—Mr. C. A. Scudlitz, resident secretary, Adelaide, S.A.; Mr. Arthur Adams, resident secretary, Brisbane, Q.; Mr. Gavin Lane, resident secretary, Melbourne, Vic.; Mr. Robert B. Cameron, secretary, head office; Mr. Richard Trease, W.A.; F.F.S.; resident secretary, Melbourne, Vic.; Mr. Robert B. Cameron, secretary, head office; Mr. Richard Trease, W.A.; F.F.S.; general manager and actuary, head office; Mr. E. W. Lowe, resident secretary, Wellington, N.Z.



Tessa Stoddon, photo.

WANGANUI REPRESENTATIVE RUGBY TEAM.

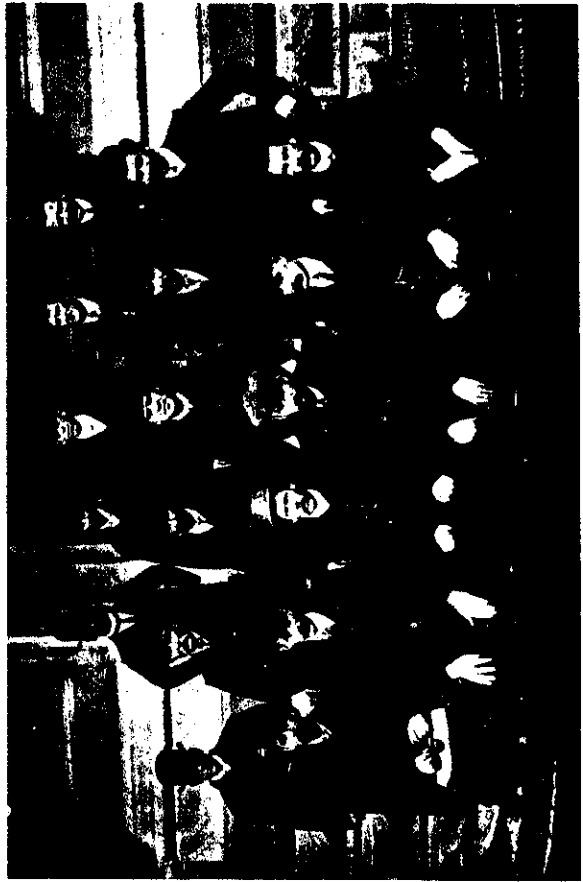
The Wanganui team suffered defeat at the hands of the Poverty Bay team on Tuesday August 17, by three points to nil. The names of the players are as follows: BACK ROW (reading from the left) W. Gibson, captain; F. Leahy, A. Scumill, P. Russell, C. Campbell, P. Murray, A. Hight, W. Dunlop, R. Drinkley, then see, FITZROY ROW: J. Moodie, A. Cox, D. Lowe, J. McLeod (capt.), Bishop, Milner, G. Aitken, E. Scatter.



SAVAGES WHO VISITED WELLINGTON.

Eadie, photo.

Some of the members of the Palmerston North Savage Club, who visited the Wellington Savages on August 14th. BACK ROW (reading left to right): Messrs. Arthur Hopwood, Wm. Smith, S. Jockell, T. J. Rodgers, Wm. Pittman, L. Scott, F. Litchfield, A. Bennett, Fred Verrick, P. J. Wilson. SECOND ROW: Messrs. J. Nash, A. A. Martin, "Tom," F. W. Durrwood, Harry Palmer. FRONT ROW: Messrs. W. H. Hawkins, Marshall Wood, Reg. Davis, W. Mundy, P. Hanley, P. Jeffries.



Tibbitt, photo.

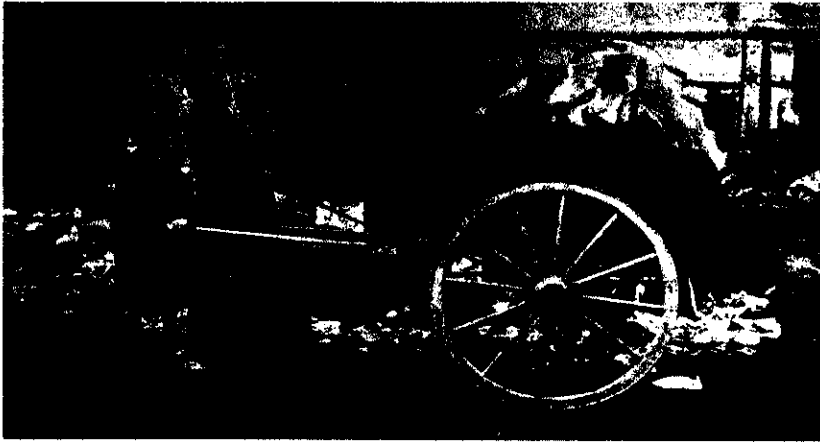
DELEGATES TO THE WATERSIDE WORKERS' ANNUAL CONFERENCE.

The third annual conference of the New Zealand Waterside Workers' Federation was opened in the Tower Hall, Wellington, on August 18. The delegates to the annual conference were: BACK ROW—E. G. Cass (Gisborne), W. Morrie (Auckland), T. Clegg (Napier), D. McCarthy (Dunedin), H. Vance (Dunedin), Middle Row—A. J. Jones (Wellington), F. Larch (Lyttelton), G. Wood (Dunedin), F. McCann (Wellington), D. Agnew (Wanganui), J. Purck (Timaru). FRONT ROW—J. Braith (Wellington), D. McLaren, M.P. (Wellington), J. Reed (Lyttelton), J. Jackson (Greytown), J. W. Lamont (Westport).



HAULED UP FOR THE WINTER—SCENES ROUND THE WAITEMATA FORESHORE.

(1) A corner of a Farnell Beach. (2) At Devonport. (3, 4, 5, and 6). Some Parrell boats. (7 and 8). St. Mary's Beach, Ponsonby. (9) Some North Shore yachts. (10) A few of the motor boats. (11) In-picting the small craft.



PARISIAN RAG-PICKERS CARTING AWAY THEIR SPOILS.

lowest grade; they are the *coureurs*, who pick here and there wherever they can, poaching occasionally upon the preserves of the *placiers*, but generally seeking a spare living amongst the leavings of their "betters" and in the unfrequented nooks and corners where the *placier* would scorn to penetrate. In the scale between the *placier* and the *coureur* is the *tombereautier*, who mounts upon the carts have been emptied, *SURDILUPMEWYP* or *tombereaux* into which the *poubelles* have been emptied, and if the *Ishmaelitic* *coureurs* have not taken already what has been left by the *placiers*, some pickings remain for them there. The *tombereautiers*, however, are dustmen, employed by the city authorities, and thus they do not depend for a living entirely upon their exertions as rag and bone men.

The Ragmen's Morning March.

Although a few colonies of these penurious folk may be found in the city, most of the rag-pickers of all grades have their homes beyond the fortifications, so that in the earliest hours of the morning, in summer and in winter, whole families of *ramasseurs* may be seen streaming into Paris, the very poorest on foot, others riding in all manner of ramshackle carts, some drawn or pushed by members of the family, others hauled along by a sorry hack, lean as a rake—which threatens at every step to become itself appropriate matter for the attentions of the rag and bone gatherers, and suggests that possibly it would sell for more money dead than alive.

For three or four hours the pace is fast. Settling upon refuse, they pick a shroud of crumpled paper here, an old shoe there, a bottle, a piece of string, a scrap of iron, a tin, a worn-out scrubbing-brush, an end of a broken strap, a part of a shattered wine-glass; a bone abandoned by a dog, the wreck of an umbrella. Here comes the little girl of the family with a disreputable pair of

THE REGENERATION OF REFUSE.

THE ARMY OF RAG-PICKERS IN PARIS AND LONDON—HOW REFUSE IS GATHERED AND DISPOSED OF—WHAT UTILITARIAN CHEMISTRY EXTRACTS FROM THE DUST HEAP.

HERE is a suburb of London in which one may meet sometimes a man of rubicund face, whose easy air and look of great content have earned for him the sobriquet of "Hail Smiling Morn!" He saunters along as one who has infinite leisure, his hands in his pockets, an empty sack flung carelessly over his left shoulder, and, looking neither to one side nor to the

countrymen; for French frugality on its cheese-paring side, French systematisation can scarcely be seen more clearly than in the way in which no rags or tatters of the fair city's cast-off clothing, not so much as the shreds of Lutetia's shoe-strings, or the crumbs from her table, are permitted to lurk unprofitably in unregarded corners.

valuable before the arrival of the dust-cart, which comes to take away that which the *placier* rejects.

Meanwhile, however, in the brief interval between the departure of the *placier*

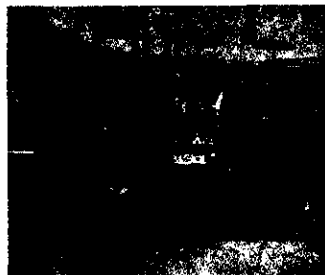
Lutetia's Rag-bag.

Each day, in Paris and its suburbs, about 10,000 men, women, and children scurry round the city, picking up the unconsidered trifles which the more prosperous have crused to be flung into the dust-bins, or *poubelles*, as they are called there in honour of M. Poubelle, the Prefect of the Seine, who in 1883 began to insist upon this receptacle for household rubbish. The value of these rag-gatherers' gleanings amounts to £300,000, £400,000, or even more annually.

It must not be thought that in Paris a rag-gatherer is necessarily simply a rag-gatherer. Problems of grade and questions of precedence have had to be fought out and settled in the world of *ragmen* just as much as at the Court of St. James'. First in rank comes the *placier*. By an arrangement with those all-powerful individuals, the *concierges*, he has the sole right at certain houses to the first exploitation of the family *poubelle*. Rapidly he passes from *poubelle* to *poubelle*, deftly collecting what he deems



BRINGING SLAG FROM THE PIT'S MOUTH—SOUTH WALES.



"TOMBREAU-TIERS" LOADING THE CART BEFORE STARTING FOR THE DEPOT.

other, but gazing into the sky, he trolls, "Rag, bottle or bone; rag, bottle or bone," without, however, displaying any sign that he ever expects or hopes to receive any of these commodities. The eyes of most rag-gatherers are downward bent, but he is not so much like Bunyan's man with the muck rate as he is like one who dreams that bones and bottles are to be found in association with cumulus clouds, and that rags have haply been used for the putting into curl of Berenice's hair.

Other towns, other *ragmen*. In the North of England is one who sourly disdained a silk hat, abandoned only upon the previous day by its wearer, because it was not a fashionable shape. Another, out of his great good nature, offered to remove some old clothes that were put forward, if thereby he could confer a favour; but who was full of assurances that the garments were of no earthly use to him. In another town, however, there was formerly a *ragman*, "Tinker Tommy," a tall, frail old man of somewhat aristocratic appearance, who did take his business seriously. He was reputed rich and a miser.

Probably "Tinker Tommy" knew it not, but, notwithstanding the English name which the street urchins had bestowed upon him, his diligence was more like that of the Parisian rag-gatherers than like the easy apathy of his own

and the arrival of the dust-cart furtive figures may be seen taking odds and ends from the *poubelles* and from other places. These are the people who stand in the

corsets as a great prize, there the boy pounces upon an old hat, which goes into the bag without reference to its fashionable or unfashionable shape.



A BEWILDERING MASS OF RUBBISH WHICH WILL BE TURNED TO VARIOUS USES BY ONE OF THE CO-OPERATIVE ASSOCIATIONS.

Their gains during the summer fall to one-half, for many families are away in the country, and their town houses are closed. The best season of all comes in April, for during that month a large number of families move from one house to another, and many things are hurried remorselessly to the poubelles.



REFUSE GOING INTO DUST DESTRUCTOR AT FULHAM TO PRODUCE ELECTRIC POWER.

The Rag-picker's Union.

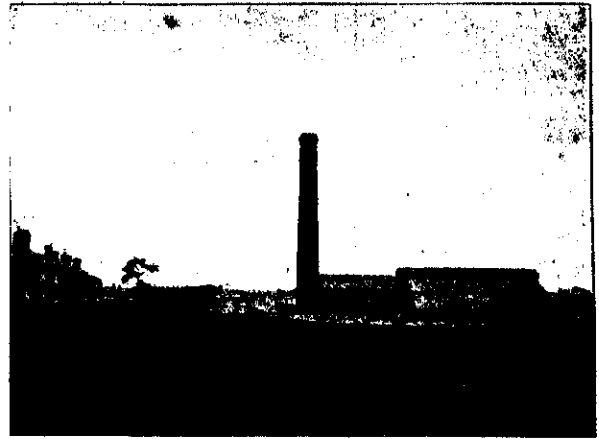
When the accumulations of each day have been sorted and classified, the next step is to dispose of them to a master rag-picker, unless it happens that those who have gathered the refuse are members of one of the Co-operative Societies which

more have survived, and one of the most important has its premises in the Avenue Michelet a St. Ouen, where one may find sheds, store-rooms, a sorting-room and other departments, erected at a cost of about £85, a sufficiently large sum when it is remembered that amongst the fifty members are some who are but *coureurs*.

Co-operative Profits.

One of the co-operators attends at the headquarters of the society and receives each day all the refuse that the members have been able to gather and classify. He weighs what is brought, and the price is fixed in accordance with a fixed scale. The price is entered in the rag-gatherer's memorandum book, and at the end of the half-year, the members receive a share based upon their industry and good fortune. The total profits vary with the fluctuations of the market, but the members of these societies receive more than the men and women who are compelled to deal with the middlemen. But in any case their reward is not great. To accumulate a hundredweight of crumpled paper needs some patience, and then the price is but 5d. For other refuse the prices range from 5d to 1/8 per hundredweight according to the value of the material collected. If any one had sufficient patience to collect a hundredweight of pins he would receive £3 for his pains.

A further sorting of the rubbish is made in the sheds of the co-operative society. Some material may have risen in price, and this is separated to be disposed of to greater advantage. Members attend in turn at the headquarters to render



THE "HORSEFALL" DESTRUCTOR AT LOWESTOFT. Which destroys forty tons of refuse in twenty-four hours.

over amounts to four or five million francs annually. The principle which guides him is that everything is useful to some one somewhere. Who are the people who want it most, and what is it precisely that they do want? Thus even the most careful sorting of the rubbish by the placiers or even by the co-opera-

divisions it needs almost the subtle eye of a Turner to do the work with the necessary accuracy and speed. The age and cleanliness, too, of the rags must be taken into account.

Odds and ends of string and cord are subjected to the same scrutiny, for they may be intended for use in the manufac-



INTERIOR OF ONE OF M. VERDIER-DUFOUR'S DEPOTS.



WOMEN PICKING RAGS AT VAUXHALL, LONDON.

the Parisian chiffonniers began to form amongst themselves some years ago, at the time when the middlemen were assuming a harsh and hostile attitude, pretending to scorn what was brought to them and endeavouring to lower the price.

It was not easy to form co-operative societies amongst a people so poor, but the first union achieved success, and so others followed quickly. Some societies ended in disaster, still, half a dozen or

assistance, and the manager is a member elected by the other co-operators.

The King of the Rag-pickers.

The most these co-operators can do is to secure a living. The members do not grow rich. The making of a fortune out of what other people have thrown away has been reserved for a few. Far removed from the humble *coureur* is Monsieur Verdier-Dufour, the *roi du chiffon*, the king of the rag-pickers, whose turn-

tors does not satisfy this exacting gentleman. Rags which come to him in one class are subjected to a more searching analysis by hundreds of women, who sit surrounded by a score or more bags. They snap up the pieces of silk, or linen, or woollen, rapidly feel the texture, glance at the colour, and cast each scrap into its proper bag. It is the duty of these women to be acquainted with all the complications of textile fabrics, and as each tint has a great variety of sub-

stance of cigarette papers, or they may be remade into ropes for the well, the church bell, the ship or the hangman. Bits of elastic that are picked from ladies' cast-off clothing or from surgical stockings often enter the world again in pneumatic tyres, and the parts of a pair of corsets, pulled asunder, are classified into about a dozen categories.

Scientific Precision.

The women who make these classifications are paid according to the amount of work they do, and each bag is examined by an expert to see if the analysis has been made with sufficient precision. The materials are packed into bales by hydraulic pressure.

At Monsieur Verdier-Dufour's establishment, which occupies several acres, and comprises buildings three and four storeys high, 150 tons of old papers are examined carefully every week, for some of this waste is made into brown paper, some into the thick paper for children's masks, some into the most superfine writing-paper and so on, all through the wide range of the paper-maker's operations.

How the Rubbish is Transformed.

In London, if there is less of organisation and industry in gathering refuse, there is, perhaps, more efficiency and promptitude in its disposal and in making use of it after purification by fire or chemical bath.

The refuse from towns has long been regarded as a very valuable product; but its utilisation has, until quite recently, only been dealt with at the expense of the health of the community.

Even now, "tips" are to be found all over the country, where the contents of



WOMEN ARE LARGELY EMPLOYED BY M. VERDIER-DUFOUR IN SORTING THE RAGS.

the dust-carts are "dumped" and sorted over by wretched individuals of both sexes and all ages. Numberless building sites, since covered with dwellings, have been made up with this dumped material, which lies festering and giving off noxious gases to the present day. Barging refuse out to sea has been practised in many cities, but the expenses attendant upon such a means of disposal are very often prohibitive. Some few years ago the authorities of New York City found it necessary to send their refuse 60 miles out to sea so as to ensure its non-return. At Liverpool, only a year or two back, the corporation was consigning its refuse to the ocean depths at the distance of some 24 miles from St. George's Pier, a system entailing a considerable annual expenditure.

The modern refuse destructor—garbage crematory is its name in the United States—has already gone far to revolutionise our methods of refuse disposal. It is, of course, primarily intended for the incineration of waste and refuse-matter which would otherwise be a nuisance to the community; but to such perfection have the installations now arrived that they are rapidly becoming profitable investments. It is not necessary to describe in any detail a refuse destructor plant, which after all consists in the main of a row of cells—batteries, as they are called—in which the refuse is burned until nothing is left but a hard clinker.

How Refuse Destructors Pay.

The chief products to be looked for as a return for money invested are: Heat, clinker, and flue dust; while old tins,

ity of electricity obtainable in a good combined station—that is, one where the electricity and the destructor installations have been put in together—with average 60 to 70 Board of Trade units per ton of refuse burned, although this figure may be much exceeded.



A MOUNTAIN OF SLAG.

Utilising Refuse Clinker.

Coming now to the clinker produced from the cells, we find that when ordinary town refuse is burned there remains a clinker residue averaging from 25 to 33 per cent by weight of the original refuse. This is crushed and screened, and is then suitable for a variety of purposes, including mortar, dusting roads (in slippery weather), and, when mixed with coarse broken clinker, for concrete. The material is also broken down and screened to special sizes for sewage filter beds, the expense in connection with which is otherwise very large. It has also been used for ballasting a line of railway, with satisfactory results. The manufacture of concrete paving-flags has of late years grown into quite an important industry. The clinker is finely ground, mixed with Portland cement, and subjected to hydraulic pressure of some 60 tons per square foot. These flags can be sold for about 2/6 per square yard, or about half the price of the York stone flagging. The manufacture of bricks, too, is developing into quite an important industry, and in this case the clinker and lime are finely ground in a pan mill, mixed and pressed. After pressing, the bricks are subjected to steam saturation for eight hours at atmospheric pressure, when they are ready for use.

Where what is known as a dust-catcher is installed, fine flue dust is collected to the extent of about one ton per 120 tons of refuse burned. This dust is used among other purposes for plastering, and it has been found to form an excellent "base" for disinfecting powder. Mixed with 15 per cent of crude carbolic acid, it makes a very cheap disinfectant. By heating old tins in suitable furnaces, about 100lb of solder per ton of tins is obtained. The solder is worth from 6/8 per lb. At first the "scrap" left was a trouble to dispose of owing to its bulk; but a press has now been devised which, by the action of a powerful screw, compresses it into



A "PLACER" EMPTYING A "POUBELLE."



ON THEIR ARRIVAL AT M. VERDIER-DUFOUR'S DEPOTS THE SACKS ARE CAREFULLY SCHEDULED.

and fish and slaughterhouse offal, may be sorted out at the works before incineration. We find that heat may be utilised in a number of ways. The burning process under a powerful forced draught results in the production of gases at a temperature of from 1800 to 2600 degrees Fahr., and from a battery of cells burning two or three tons of refuse per hour a practically constant volume of gas at a nearly constant temperature may be obtained. The most important use to which this heat may be put is in the product of steam, of which from one to two pounds may be obtained from every pound of refuse burned.

There should be no difficulty in keeping up a constant pressure of 300 pounds per square inch, and the value of steam produced from a destructor plant will be from 1/ to 2/ per ton of refuse consumed, which should well repay the cost of labour, estimated at 9d per ton.

The steam may be utilised for the ordinary pumping of water and sewage, the driving of air compressors for lifting sewage from low-level sewers, the pumping of water under high pressure for hydraulic power distribution, the heating, lighting, and hot-water supply of dwellings, and the driving of machinery in municipal workshops. For all these purposes the steam obtained from the incineration of house refuse has been used with complete success. Electrical undertakings are now frequently installed in the same scheme with a system of refuse destruction, and many towns are lighted entirely by using the heat obtained, and not only lighted, but the whole of the requisite power for its system of electric tramways obtained, without the expenditure of one penny upon coal. The quan-



AN INTERESTING GROUP.

Mr E. V. Fulljames, of Devonport, Auckland, and his two sons, Alfred E. and Sydney V. Fulljames, in the uniforms respectively of Drum-Major First Regt. Auckland Mounted Rifles Band, bandsman, and the Devonport Fire Brigade.



A POPULAR HOSTELRY IN NELSON.—THE TRAFALGAR HOTEL, CONDUCTED BY MR. W. LONG.

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hales of a convenient size, and what was practically waste material is converted into a saleable commodity.

Pulverising Refuse.

Pulverisation is another form of dealing with town refuse. The Clero crusher reduces the refuse to a fertilising manure in a single and practically instantaneous operation. The material is fed into a hopper, and the machine—belt-driven by an engine—macerates it into the condition of a rich black "mould." Broken pots, crockery ware, glass bottles, school slates, tins of every description, paper, rags and vegetables, even old shoes and bits of leather, go through the machine

and get instantaneously broken up, crushed, pulverised, and assimilated; so that the output can be safely handled without injury. Screws, nails, keys, steel bolts, chain links, and so forth, which occasionally find their way into the machine, are quickly thrown out, or, if too large, are eventually taken out without causing any damage. A clock weight of solid steel, 4in long by 1in in diameter, found its way into one of these machines recently, and was cleared out after a short interval, broken in half, but without having inflicted any injury. A single machine using about 30 horse-power can dispose of something like 15,000 to 18,000 tons of material per annum.

If one goes into details concerning the transformation of waste materials, one reaches at once the magical domain of modern science, where, to quote Lord Playfair, "chemistry, like a thrifty housewife, economises every scrap." From the goldmine to the dustbin the wand of the enchantress has reached, until nothing in the wide world can be described as having reached the end of its usefulness.

Gold Mine Waste Heaps.

The waste heaps, or "tailings," of gold mines were known to contain a fraction of the precious metal, even after the most searching process of extraction by the best machinery. But as there was

no known method by which this residual fraction of gold could be profitably extracted, the tailings were regarded as practically worthless. With the discovery of the McArthur Forrest or cyanide process, it has, however, become possible to recover large quantities of gold from these discarded tailings.

The success of the industry may be inferred from the fact that in one year, shortly after the introduction of the new process, more than £1,250,000 in gold bullion was recovered by this process from tailings in the gold mines of South Africa alone.

Slag—the refuse of mines and furnaces—was one of the most completely useless things imaginable a few years ago. Now

ARMY MANOEUVRES AT ALDERSHOT—FILLING A MILITARY BALLOON.



PREPARING THE BALLOON FOR FILLING FROM THE GAS CYLINDERS ON THE WAGGON.

The silk envelope is carefully laid out in a fairly open space, over a canvas covering, and connected to the cylinders by rubberised tubing, as shown.



FILLING THE BALLOON.

The gas is compressed in the cylinders at high pressure, and is gradually released, a squad of engineers holding the balloon down, and shaking out the folds as it fills. It is only the work of a few minutes to complete the operation, attach the car, and send the balloon aloft for purposes of observation.

it is converted into paving stones, slag glass, and slag sand; mortar for building purposes, achieved by grinding the slag sand with about 8 per cent. of slaked lime; artificial stone, moulded into chimney pieces, window heads and sills, wall-coping and other ornamental work for builders; and the latest use which has been found for it is in making wool or silicate cotton, so called from its semblance to cotton wool. This is chiefly used for covering boilers or steam pipes, being a non-conductor of heat.

Coal Slag and Coal Tar.

Coal slag has been for years another troublesome waste. Now, however, this is being used for building purposes. The builders in Lyons are credited with being the first to use coal slag mixed with slaked lime, treated as concrete. The

mass hardened very quickly, and even after a few days the walls were firm enough to support the joist framings. A notable feature about the new composition is that it is quite fireproof.

In one case, where a nitro-benzene factory was burned down, the enormous heat even melting the machinery, the walls, built of coal-slag bricks, were scarcely affected by it, and sustained without repair the ceiling and roof of the restored building.

From coal slag to coal tar is but a step, but that step takes us to one of the fairy tales of science contained in the history of the utilisation of coal tar and its products.

Coal tar was at one time classed as the most useless and inconvenient of waste products. As the refuse of gas-works, it was even expensive, for gas

companies actually paid for permission to drain it into common sewers as the simplest way of getting rid of it. Now it supplies more marketable commodities than any other waste product. Antipyrin, one of the most valuable medicines in nervous diseases, is one of the products of coal tar; so, also, are salts of ammonia, benzole, creosote, carbolic acid, and, amazing to relate, saccharin, a substance 300 times sweeter than sugar, and much more expensive. Scores of chemicals are produced from this oily, dirty waste by a process of distillation which chemists and experimentalists have developed.

To crown all, the whole series of beautiful colours called aniline dyes are produced from coal tar. This discovery marked an epoch in the history of the dyeing industry.

"Any Old Iron."

The "old iron" which forms half the burden of the ragman's song, and was a few years ago considered of absolutely no commercial value, is the basis of a business whose output is assessed annually at hundreds of thousands of pounds. Every piece of old iron, wrought or cast, rusty or clean, can be utilised. Old cast iron is sent to foundries and puddling-furnaces, old wrought iron—bars, sheets, and plates—is sent to the rolling-mill. Cast iron sent to foundries is remelted with pig iron, and begins a new life of usefulness.

Wrought iron goes to the scrap piles in rolling-mill yards. There it is sorted and cut to convenient lengths, then

Continued on page 54.

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H 6246—Plain Design Sugar and Cream Stand, Silver-plated on Nickel Silver, 32/6



H 6543—Clear-glass Butter Dish, Silver-plated Frame and Knife, 7/6



H 8565—Silver-plated Sugar Basin and Sifter, 7/6



J 652—Clear-glass Jam Dish, Silver-plated Mount, Lid and Spoon, 5/6



F 7720—Flint Glass Jam Dish, Silver-plated Frame, Lid and Spoon, 17/6



H 470—Silver-plated and Cut-glass Cruet with Spoons, 15/6



H 4984—Silver-plated and China Cake Dish, 7/6 Larger Size at 10/6



H 8404—Silver-plated and Clear-glass Pickle Frame, 25/-



F 7874—Flint Glass Jam Dish, Silver-plated Frame, Lid and Spoon, 25/-



G 8995—Silver-plated Toast Rack, 10/6



H 6754—Silver-plated Muffin Dish, 21/-



E 1938—Silver-plated Mustard Pot with Spoon, Glass Lined, 9/6 Salt to match, 5/6



G 8978—Clear-glass Butter Dish Silver-plated Frame and Lid, 12/6

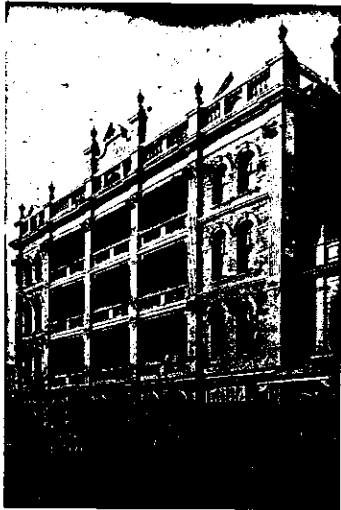


E 7275—Cut-glass Salts, Silver Mount and Spoon, 6/6



G 1063—Solid Silver Mustard Pot and Spoon, 16/6 Salt Cellars to match, 6/6

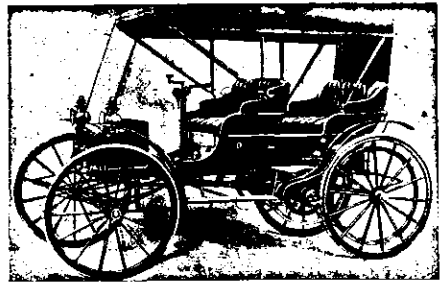
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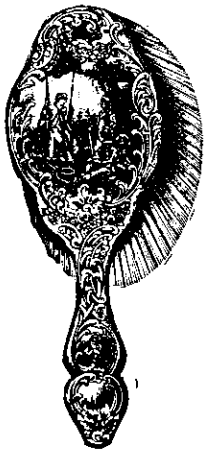
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A 804. Watteau Mirror, £5 5/-.



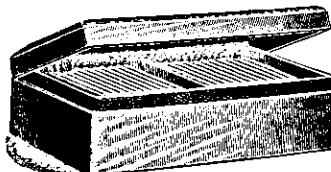
A 803. Watteau Brush, £2 6/-.



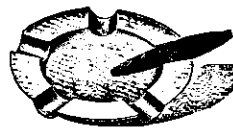
A 805. Watteau Hat or Cloth Brush, 27/-.



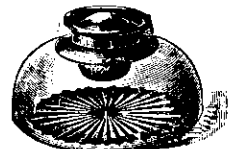
A 832. Old Dutch Design, 22/6.



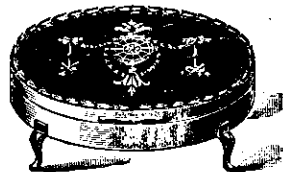
A 871. From £3 8/- to £15.



A 874. Ash Tray, 29/-.



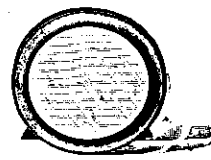
A 908. Ink Bottle, 15/- to 30/-.



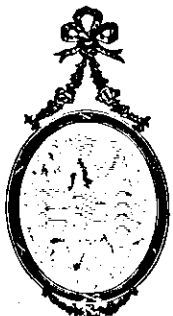
A 1165. Inlaid Shell Box, 75/-.



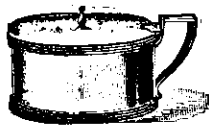
A 884. Vase, 6in., 55/-; 8 1/2in.; £6 10/-.



A 1130. Photo Frame, From 5/-.



A 1127. Photo Frame, 4 1/2in., 65/-; 8 1/2in., 80/6.



A 884. Mustard, 40/-.



A 873. £3 5/-.

FINEST QUALITY LONDON MADE SILVERWARE.
MOSTLY REGISTERED DESIGNS THAT ARE NOT TO BE FOUND IN ANY OTHER COLLECTION IN NEW ZEALAND.

Catalogue and full particulars on application.

By Special Appointment to His Excellency the Governor.

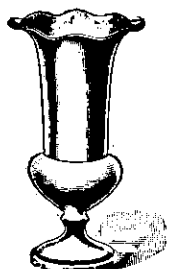
W. Littlejohn & Son,

224-222 LAMBTON QUAY, WELLINGTON.

CASH DISCOUNT, 5 per cent.



A 875. Watteau Vase, 6in., 75/-.



A 870. Vase, 6in., 32/6.

Life in the Garden.

Practical Advice for Amateurs.

SEEDS TO SOW THIS MONTH.

Flowers.—Asters, Candytuft (giant flowering), Empress Carnations, Clarkia, Dianthus, Godetia, Hilychrysum, Larkspur, Lupins (annual sorts), Mignonette, Nemophila, Shirley Poppies, Schizanthus, Stocks, Sweet Peas.

Vegetable.—Asparagus, Broad Beans, Cabbage, Cauliflowers, Cape Gooseberry, Early Horn Carrot, Cress, Leek, Lettuce, Mustard, Onions, Peas (William Hirst, Gradus, Daisy), Parsley, Parsnip, Radish, Spinach, Tomato, and White Turnip.

Planting.—Potatoes, Artichokes, Rhubarb, Herbs, Cabbage, Cauliflower, Lettuce, Onions, Shelter and Fruiting Trees and Bushes, Roses, Gladioli Bulbs, Lilies, Tuberoses.

GENERAL GARDEN WORK.

SPRING always brings us face to face with any amount of work in our gardens, and some amateurs are occasionally puzzled what to set about first; we would strongly urge that first place be given to planting such things as roses, fruit trees, or shrubs, which may have been overlooked or have arrived late; all such should be got in at once. Then choose a dry situation in which to plant early potatoes; some of the fine old Kidneys are again on the market, and are well worth growing. Continue to plant broad beans for successional crops. Sow early peas. Onions can still be sown this month, and autumn sown onions can be transplanted. Continue planting out cabbage, cauliflower, and lettuce. Saladings should be sown every ten days, where a succession is required. A few early carrots and parsnips may be sown on deeply-dug ground. Carnations, hollyhocks, antirrhinums and penstemons can be planted out when soil is suitable. Dig over all vacant land in readiness for future work. Where seedlings are being raised in frames or greenhouse, see that air is freely admitted, without cold draughts. Unless this important point is carefully attended to, the seedlings will get "drawn," and will never make nice, bardy, "stocky" plants.

Finish pruning and regulating the branches of fruit trees. Any grafting required is best done during August. Where fruit trees have not received their winter wash, they should be attended to without further delay.

DAFFODIL SPECIAL.

Our Daffodil Special is now in course of preparation, and we hope to publish same about the end of this or early next month.

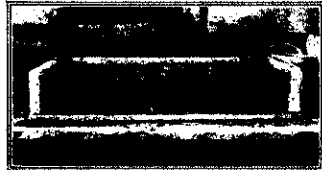
SOWING SEEDS IN BOXES.

Many kinds of seeds cannot be successfully raised outside, and it is often necessary, in order to have early results, to sow indoors some kinds which can be raised outside. A greenhouse or a hotbed frame are the most desirable structures in which to raise seedlings, but where the amateur has none of these

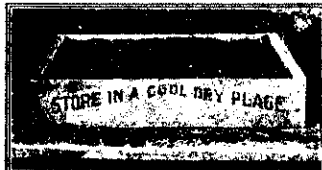
a few boxes and several panes of glass will serve the purpose for most things, boxes are easily made, a kerosene case or soap-box can be made into two or more in a few minutes. They should not be more than 3½ inches deep. Bore three or four holes in the bottoms for drainage, over which place a large piece of clinker or part of a broken flower pot. Coarse screening should be placed over these, and then fill the box to within ½-inch of the top with finely-sifted soil, which should be firmly pressed down, especially in the corners. When sowing the seeds, make rows with a strip of wood, regulating the depth according to the size of the seed to be sown; it is not advisable to make rows for very fine seeds, such as petunia or lobelia (these are best sown on surface which has been made perfectly smooth, and then very slightly dusted with sand). After having sown the seeds, cover lightly with fine soil and sand mixed, water thoroughly through a very fine rose. This must be carefully done so as not to disturb the seed.



Bore Holes in the Bottom of the Box and Use Gravel or Clinkers for Drainage



Put in Coarse Material and Cover it with Finer Soil in Which to Sow the Seeds



Make Rows with a Marker so as to Sow the Seeds at an Even Depth



Don't Look at the Packet but at the Ground, to See How Thick the Seeds Are



After Sowing, Firm the Soil with a Damp Brick; Soil Sticks to a Dry One

SOME NOVEL GARDENS

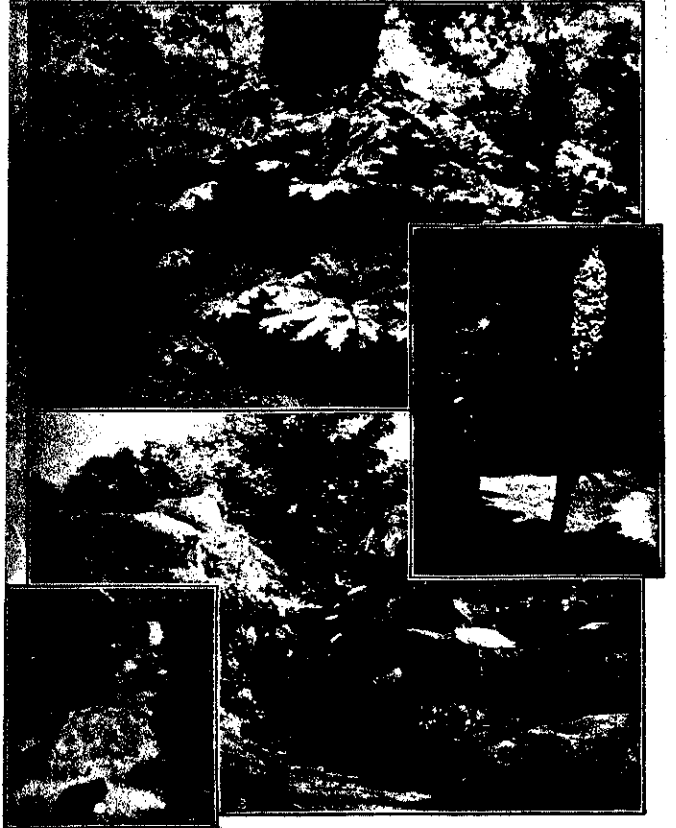
TRANSFORMING SITES BY LANDSCAPE GARDENING—A MINIATURE MATTERHORN—FORMAL DESIGNS—TOPIARY—TROPICAL AND WATER-GARDENS.

By S. LEONARD BASTIN

THE modern gardener is nothing if he is not original. A few generations ago those who followed the art of horticulture were content to keep closely to the well-worn paths of their predecessors. With the dawn of the twentieth century a

cumstances it is not surprising to find a wholesome rivalry amongst the devotees of the gentle art.

It frequently happens that the places in which it is most desirable to live are not very richly endowed with natural beauties. The site which the busi-



(1) Gunneras are most effective plants for the sub-tropical garden. (2) An example of the Yucca, another sub-tropical plant. (3) A rock garden. (4) An artificial waterfall.

vastly different state of affairs arose, and to-day we see an interest in gardening such as has never been witnessed before in England. The movement is one which has affected all classes, and a nation which a few years ago was singularly indifferent to garden literature, now supports a small army of horticultural journals. In these cir-

ness man chooses for his residence must be within easy reach of the metropolis or some other large city, and will probably be a very ordinary piece of meadow-land. To transform it into something which might well be a slice of Derbyshire at its best is no mean achievement, yet it is an achievement which the modern landscape-gardener



CARPENT BEDDING: A CLEVERLY FORMED CREST.

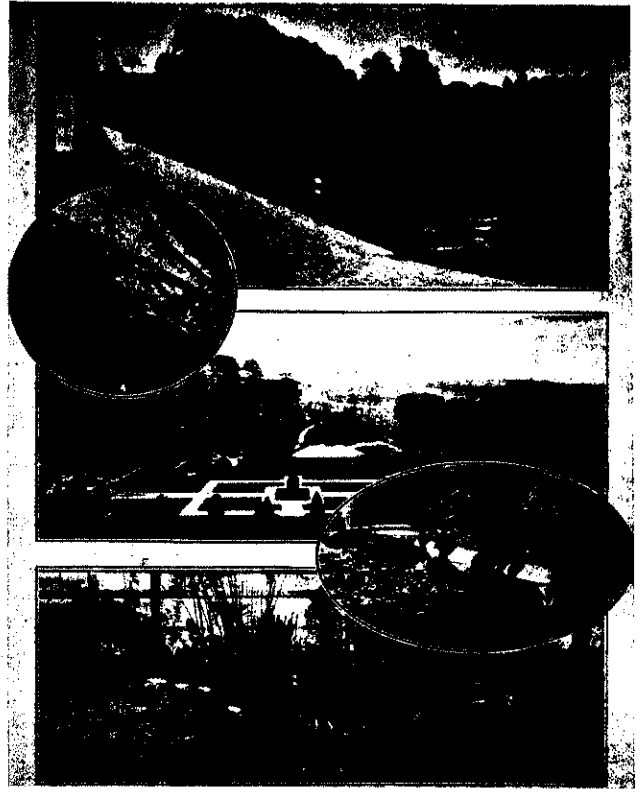
will undertake with composure, and, moreover, will bring to a conclusion in a wonderfully short time.

Turning Meadows Into Hills.

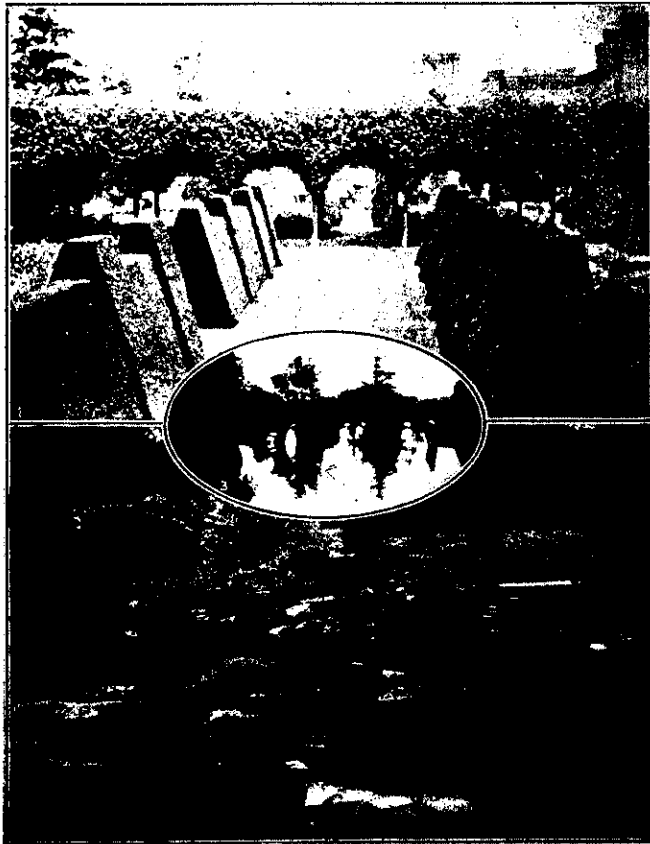
If the land is flat it is probable that the owner will desire that some of it should be of an undulating nature, and the initial stages of the work will be concerned with carving out valleys and casting up hills. On a large scale, this will involve a prodigious amount of manual labour, and it is quite likely that hundreds of men will find employment on the scene. Here and there a tree will have to be taken up and replanted, and every scar which is made with the spade on the land must be clothed again with suitable vegetation. Of course an estate will be nothing without its rock gardens, and it is likely that no stone will be available in the district at all. The material will probably have to come all the way from Yorkshire in the form of roughly hewn blocks. In one instance several thousand tons of rock were worked into an

The Alps in England.

On occasion the enthusiast will ask the landscape-gardener to carry out for him a very ambitious scheme, as when a well-known city man requested a firm to construct him a replica of the Matterhorn at the back of his mansion. The order was accepted, although it was pointed out that its execution would mean the expenditure of a small fortune. The work took several years to accomplish, but at the end of that time a really wonderful scheme had been brought to perfection. Standing at the door of a typical Swiss chalet, one gazes up the slopes of what appears to be a formidable mountain, the sides of which are relieved by the silver streaks of cascades. Towards the summit the dark masses of pine-trees cluster round a peak which seems to be covered with eternal snow. This effect is obtained by the use of the purest white crystal, a substance which had to be specially imported from abroad. This Matterhorn in miniature is not made merely to look at, for one may stroll up the slopes and revel in all the glories



(1) A low terrace planned so as to preserve the view of the valley below. (2) An example of landscape gardening. (3) An indoor water-garden. (4) A bit of wall gardening. (5) An out-door water-garden.



(1) An old English garden with yew hedges and pleached walks. (2) Open wild garden. (3) How a curious illusion is obtained by two lakes, one on a higher level than the other.

estate in the South of England during five or six years. Each piece of stone must be put into its place, so that it will look as if it had been in the position since the dawn of time. On occasion the gardener will put in a "rocking stone," entirely artificial, of course, but not to be distinguished from the natural ones which abound in some parts of England. The attraction of the rock garden will be much enhanced by the addition of cunningly devised cascades and pools. Perhaps water is not easy to obtain, and the designer may have to go far afield for his supply. The writer knows of a case where the water for several large lakes and innumerable pools and cascades is drawn from a town supply—expensive for the owner of the estate, but a very satisfactory thing from the water company's point of view! As soon as the rocks are in position, a number of gardeners come on the scene and establish all kinds of creeping plants in the crevices. The final result has a marvelously natural effect, so that the visitor cannot believe that all he sees has been wrought by artificial means.

of the Alpine flora—yet the whole affair barely covers an acre of land!

Carpet Beds and Clocks.

The days of the formal garden are not entirely gone, for within the last few years there has been a distinct revival in "carpet bedding." This is really rather effective if it is well done, and the clever gardener will produce some striking designs. An unusually fine example of a crest is shown in an accompanying photograph. One of the most interesting forms of designed beds is that known as the floral clock. This is usually on the lines of a circular bed divided into twelve sections, each division representing one hour, from six in the morning to five in the evening. It is a well-known fact that certain plants display their blossoms at a particular time each day, and this they do with surprising regularity. By a careful selection it is possible to find species which will almost cover the period from dawn to dusk of a summer's day. A collection of plants on the lines of the following list would make an interesting addition to any garden:

- 6 o'clock. Hawkweed (*Hieracium aurantiacum*).
- 7 " Marigold (*Calendula pluvialis*).
- 8 " Venus' Looking Glass (*Specularia speculum*).
- 9 " Corn Marigold (*Calendula arvensis*).
- 10 " Clovewort (*Arenaria rubra*).
- 11 " Mountain Dandelion (*Taraxicum montanum*).
- 12 " Fig Marigold (*Mesembryanthemum*).
- 1 " Carnations.
- 2 " Pyrethrum corymbosum.
- 3 " Red Hawkweed (*Hieracium*).
- 4 " Lady of the Night (*Mirabilis dichotora*).
- 5 " Catchfly (*Silene noctiflora*).

How to Obtain Tropical Effects.

Perhaps one of the most difficult tasks is the designing of the sub-tropical garden. Herein the gardener must strive to produce an effect as foreign as possible to our northern clime, so that the observer will think himself in the favoured regions of the south. Of course there are a number of perfectly hardy plants available, which give a distinctly foreign appearance, and of these the gardener will make full use. Numbered amongst these species are the Yuccas, and the South American Gunneras, the last-named being perhaps the most striking plants grown in English gardens. A fine specimen resembles nothing so much as a huge rhubarb; actually it is of such colossal dimensions that a man can easily shelter under one of its broad leaves. There is at least one palm (*Chaermerops fortunei*) which is quite hardy, only needing protection during the occasional severe winters which are experienced in this country. A few examples of this tree planted in shady positions give a pleasantly tropical effect. Again, the gardener will call into requisition a number of the graceful bamboos, which by

A Revival of Topiary.

Of late years there has been a great revival in the interest surrounding the art of topiary, and the garden of clipped trees is quite a necessary addition to the modern estate. It is characteristic of the times that it is no longer necessary to produce the trees by years of arduous cuttings, for it is possible to obtain any number of perfect specimens all ready prepared and reared in nurseries. Of course the examples are decidedly expensive, and good designs may cost as much as fifty guineas apiece; but even this amount is not excessive when it is remembered that the grower may have had the trees in hand for ten years or more. The most ambitious subjects are attempted, and strikingly original representations of animals, birds, and serpents, not to mention a host of inanimate objects, are carried out with a marvellous ingenuity. One of the best collections of topiary work contains a hundred or more clipped trees, which are tastefully arranged on grass lawns with a number of artistic sundials. In the same garden is to be seen a rather clever mode of arranging a couple of small lakes. They have been designed in such a way that an observer standing at distance experiences a most strange illusion. Across one of the lakes are a number of stepping-stones, and if any one should be going over, he appears from a short way off to be wading waist deep through the water. This effect is obtained by having the near lake somewhat higher than the one on its farther side.



Carnation, Her Majesty.
Colour yellow with deep-purple edge.

Their feathery foliage very much add to the general effect. During the four summer months, from June to September, the appearance of the sub-tropical garden is much enhanced by the addition of specimens from the hot-house. Many of the tropical palms and tree ferns will not suffer if they are placed in a sheltered situation. It is a usual plan to bury the tubs containing the examples in the ground, and if they are being arranged on a lawn, to cover in all trace of the receptacles with turf, so that the plants look as if they were permanently growing out of dooms. Some most charming effects have been obtained in this way.

Wall Gardens.

A most delightful phase of horticulture is wall gardening. As is well-known, many plants are perfectly at home in the crevices which abound in old walls, and when in bloom the most beautiful effects are obtained. It is not every gardener, however, who is the possessor of an old wall; still it is well worth while building one especially for the culture of suitable plants. Old bricks are generally used, or better still natural stone. It is not considered wise to employ more mortar than is necessary to make the erection strong, as the lime is injurious to plant life. Of course the wall may be any height or length, but it must be of sufficient elevation to bring the top well up into the light. The object in the construction is always to arrange for plenty of crevices into which small quantities of rich soil are pressed. In the spring or autumn, the gardener sprinkles quantities of seeds of such plants as wall-flowers, snapdragons, pinks, evening primroses, to mention only a few out of a large number of possible subjects. Under the care of a careful gardener, the wall garden will even in a couple of years appear to be quite hory with age.

Water Gardens.

Closely following the wall gardens in interest, are the water-gardens for the cultivation of all kinds of aquatic plants, and those which grow on the margins of pools. There are very few situations where it is not possible to establish a small water-garden, and indeed some most interesting collections of moisture-loving plants have been formed in washing-tubs! Of course the ambitious gardener tries to secure as natural an effect as is possible by forming a pond, or making use of an existing one. Foremost among the aquatics are, of course, the water-lilies, and, thanks to the work of the famous plant breeder, M. Marliac, many perfectly hardy forms of these plants are available which produce coloured flowers. A very large number of plants suitable for the margins of the water-garden are obtainable, and some of these are very striking. During the last few years a great deal of attention has been directed towards the establishment of indoor water-gardens. Some of the most beautiful of the water-plants will not stand the British climate, and can only be grown under glass. The giant Victoria Regia, with leaves five feet across and flowers in proportion, stands at the top of the list of splendid tropical water-plants which may be grown in a hot-house. Many of the smaller species produce blossoms which are coloured blue, pink, and yellow in the most brilliant fashion. Some of the best indoor water-gardens are so cleverly constructed that it is not easy to realise that the observer is standing in an English greenhouse and not on the banks of a lake far away in some tropical region.

WANGANUI HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

There was a good attendance at the annual meeting of the Wanganui Horticultural Society. The president, Mr. C. C. Hutton, was unavoidably absent, and Mr. C. W. Babbage was elected to the chair.

The revenue account showed a debit balance of £29 5/2, and the assets were stated to be £38 9/4.

Referring to the prize money and the expenditure, Mr. G. Smith said that the difference was far too great. Only £60 had been given as prize money and the expenses had amounted to about £200.

The following officers were elected:—President, Mr. A. Robinson; vice-presidents, Messrs. A. Allison, C. W. Babbage, F. H. Allen, G. Smith, and D. R. Walker; committee, Miss Bayley, Messrs. Braik, R. Garrett, jr., and T. Jones; auditor, Mr. D. R. Walker; secretary and treasurer, Mr. F. R. Field. The committee was given power to add to its number.

Story of the Wright Bros.

The little city of Dayton, Ohio, U.S.A., claims the distinction of being the birthplace of the now famous brothers, Wilbur and Orville Wright. Bishop Milton Wright, the head of the family, went to Dayton from Indiana 40 years ago. He was a minister of the United Brethren Church, and for many years edited the "Religious Telescope," afterward being chosen bishop. Dayton is the national head of the church. Bishop Wright is now past 80, but vigorous and active and modestly proud of his sons.

Wilbur and Orville Wright have two brothers—Eusebia, the eldest of the family, now living in Kansas; and Lorin, now in charge of the flying machine business when the brothers are away. Miss Katherine Wright, their only sister, has been their friend and helper in fair weather and foul, and during the last six months she has been with them in Europe.

Until recently she was a teacher in the Steele High School of Dayton. Last September, when her brother Orville was injured in an accident at Fort Myer, the news came to her in the school room. Immediately she closed her desk, and in two hours was on her way to Washington. She remained at her brother's bedside in the hospital until he was able to leave, and then accompanied him to France.

All through their struggle with the problem of aviation the brothers have had the earnest support of all members of their family. The sister first encouraged them and aided them in their shop work, and later took up the duties of secretary, and looked after their correspondence when it became voluminous. Their brother Lorin gave up his own business, and looked after the aeroplanes when Wilbur and Orville began to be called to other parts of the world. The two brothers have always insisted upon sharing equally all honours or adversities. When the citizens of Dayton proposed a complimentary reception to Orville after he had broken all records at Fort Myer the arrangement was firmly de-

clined, and the Dayton people were informed that no public demonstration could be countenanced until Wilbur, then in France, could be present. When the French Government tendered to Wilbur the decoration of the Legion of Honour he is said to have made a similar reply.

Headache, indigestion, Constipation and Biliousness.

The immense number of orders for Frootoids, sent by post direct to the Proprietor, is convincing proof that the public appreciate their splendid curing power over the above named complaints.

Frootoids are elegant in appearance and pleasant to take; they are immensely more valuable than an ordinary aperient; they remove from the blood, tissues and internal organs waste poisonous matter that is clogging them and choking the channels that lead to and from them.

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

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

Frootoids act splendidly on the liver; a dose taken at bed-time, once a week, is highly beneficial.

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

Price, 1/8. Chemists, Medicine Vendors, or the Proprietor, W. G. Hearne, Chemist, Geelong, Victoria.

YATES' Vegetable Seeds

YATES' Flower Seeds

Hand-sorted Seed Potatoes

YATES' Special Lawn Grass Mixture

Lawn Mowers

Of all the Best Makes.

ARTHUR YATES & Co. SEED MERCHANTS

AUCKLAND

PLANT NOW

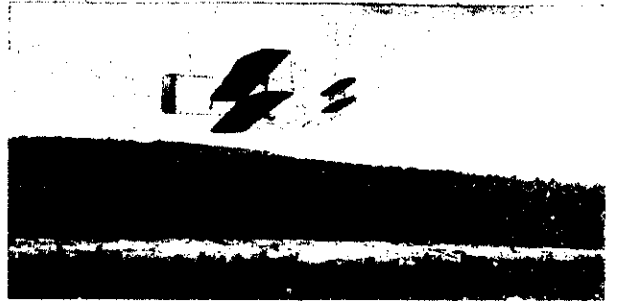
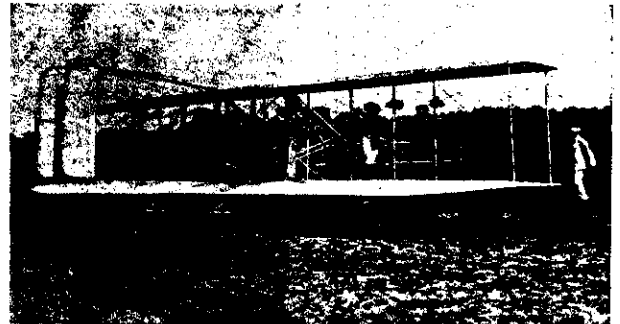
Ornamental Trees and Shrubs, Hedging Plants, Shelter Trees, Fruit Trees, all kinds of Nursery Stock. BEDDING PLANTS in great variety. Town agent for JIPPIATT'S FAMOUS ROSES. Plant now SWEET PEAS all the Newest and Best for sale. Everything for the garden at **MACKAY'S 196 QUEEN STREET, AUCKLAND. Nursery—Onehunga.**

D. HAY AND SON

Montpellier Nurseries, Auckland.

Respectfully solicit the attention of intending planters to their large, varied and most complete Assortment of General Nursery Stock, consisting of Fruit Tree, all the most Popular and up-to-date varieties for commercial and private orchards. Ornamental Trees and Flowering Shrubs, Shelter Trees, Hedge Plants, Climbers, Greenhouse and Decorative Plants. CAENATIONS, over 100 named varieties; ROSES, splendid collection of over 400 varieties, including latest and best novelties; Annual and Biennial Seedlings, etc. Eclair Knapsack Spray Funnels, Secateurs, Budding and Pruning Knives, Vermorel and other Gardening Requisites. Write for Catalogues, post free on application.

12 PACKETS Assorted Vegetable Seeds, 1/1; 12 varieties Flower Seeds, 1/1; 24 Varieties Giant Sweet Peas, named, separate, 2/2. — W. Abraham, Farnell, Auckland.



UP-TO-DATE ENTERPRISE.

The Wright aeroplane which is being imported by Messrs. J. and N. Tait of Melbourne. The machine will in all probability be brought on to New Zealand after flights have been given in Australia.

THE WORKINGMAN SHARES

THE RIPEST PLEASURE OF THE EPICURE WHEN HE USES

MELLOR'S SAUCE

WITH FLESH FISH or FOWL



THE DRINKING HALL AT MARIENBAD.

Fighting Fat at Marienbad

By JAMES HUNEKER

Of course, you must have fat to fight, else a trip to north-western Bohemia, where lies the charming little town of Marienbad, may result in the acquisition of avoirdupois, for oh, brethren! Pilsen is only two hours away—Pilsen where the amber brew is beautifully brewed! And once in Pilsen farewell shapes of alimness, farewell normal necks and wrists and waists!

When you have achieved the eminence from which you gaze across your own bulk upon your fellow beings, it is time for a reduction cure at Marienbad. You will believe me when I tell you that I had reached that interesting period when my friends did not hesitate to poke me in the ribs—or where the ribs should have been—and to advise me joining the Fat Men's Club, any member of which must weigh not less than two hundred pounds or be expelled from that paradise of clam-bakes and beef-steak dinners. So I went to Marienbad, and, incredible as it may sound, stopped at Pilsen only long enough to drink a glass of water. The water was not cold, though the day was tropical in its heat, and the water cost one penny for the glass. But I paid it. I had taken the first step of the path that leads up the Mount of Martyrs.

Marienbad is not difficult of access. Ten hours from Berlin, twenty-four from Paris, and if you happen to be at Carlsbad, you can go over in less than two hours. Yet I'll wager few care to leave Carlsbad for the rival establishment. The reason is that Carlsbad is jealous, and so Carlsbad shrugs its shoulders disdainfully at the stories of superior scenery, air, hotels, and cures of its neighbour. All these Continental watering places are alike in one particular; no matter the ailment you fetch with you, there is a magic spring within a stone's throw that will cure you, cure anything from palpitations to pessimism.

It may be seen that I am not a fanatic on the subject. Every train load winding through the valleys and over the mountains of Bohemia carries few sceptics. Your reasonable objections are pooh-poohed out of court, and the most fabulous tales are related of friends losing ten pounds a day for thirty days and then gaining thirty pounds an hour for thirty hours—or some such rigmale. The number of Germans I met on the Kaiserstrasse, the main street, after my arrival, convinced me that the Lord loves a good liar, no matter what his nationality.

Two conspicuous things at once smote my consciousness when I had been in Marienbad ten minutes. One was the great number of fat, healthy looking men and women I saw; the other was the unusual display of food, whether in delicatessen shops, in confectionery stores, in bakeries; food—and drink—was the staple of the town. It took some time before I conjoined these two signs and discovered the closeness of cause and effect. Twenty-four hours after a tour of the restaurants and cafes, it burst upon my benumbed imagination that

people went to Marienbad to eat and drink; that the cure was only an incentive to hunger and thirst; that even if your particular shoul was paved with good intentions the temptations to gorge and guzzle were manifold. Where, this side of the fabled city in which roasted larks fall from the skies, can you find such a bewitching array of good things to eat as in Marienbad? The



LOOKING VERY LIKE A PROSPEROUS HEBRAIC WALL-STREET BROKER, THE KING OF ENGLAND WENT BY.

windows are stuffed to overflowing with fowl, game, fruit, and the extraordinary cakes called oblaten. At dusk, as you return after a thirteen mile walk, foot-sore, thirsty, starving—you, being an obedient patient, have had cold ham and, later, weak tea for dinner—and suddenly is flashed upon your eyes by the artful shopman a stupendous array of food and drink. You stand agape at the Tantalus-vision, and then, if you are strong you pass sadly on to more cold ham, more weak tea.

I modified this first judgment later, for in a collection of many thousand people there are a few who are consistent, who adhere to the rules laid down by their doctors. But the authorities should not allow the weak-minded to be tempted. The shop windows should be closed after dusk, and the restaurants forced to hide diners behind screens. A very ascetic fresh from his Thobaid would shiver at the sight of all these well-fed persons stuffing meat—I have actually noticed potatoes—pouring down Pilsner from jugs fit for the throat of a giraffe.

Infinitely discouraged, then, during my first evening at the pagan-like evidences of revolt, I could not help thinking of Aesop and his choice fable, wherein the members rise up in rebellion against the stomach, and are speedily quelled by

that admirable organ. The doctors, I reflected, may prescribe the strictest regimen; the waters may be religiously drunk every morning, and at eight o'clock in the evening that primal old rebel, that Lucifer among the bodily organs, the stomach, will exact due toll and homage for the hardships imposed upon it during the daytime. Wondering why I did not stop over at Pilsen, I fell asleep, and dreamed of a brewery, in which the waiters and guests were awful appearing skeletons. The next day I sought a physician. Both an individual and a type, he regarded me with cynical, roguish eyes. He explained. I listened. I became humble, and went away determined to give the cure a working chance.

At six o'clock the next morning I was awakened by a Bach Choral and some excellent old-fashioned overtures from forgotten operas of Auber and Meyerbeer. It matters little which one, for it proved good company for the gray gray thoughts of the neophyte as he hurriedly dressed himself. Out upon the esplanade where the band played, I fancied myself in fairyland; it was the sort of operatic landscape one sees on the stage. The huge promenade was bustling with humans; men in silk hats and jackets; women in bath-robes wearing diamonds; Galesian Jews with oily side curls, their eyes bent upon the earth muttering their prayers as they paraded; fat people and lean; fatter people than I ever saw before congregated together—and all carrying graduated glasses pharmaceutical in appearance, and sipping, chattering, staring. Then there was a mad rush to a certain point; even the long line of those who patiently awaited their turn at the spring, was broken. Somebody of eminence approached. Looking very much like a prosperous Hebraic Wall-street banker, the King of England went by with a remarkably spry gait for a man of three score. He was accompanied by his old friend Captain Fitz Ponsobny and Sir Stanley Clark.

Emperor of the Indies comes down every morning of his two weeks' sojourn at seven o'clock precisely. His valet hands him a glass, a glass tube, and a red napkin. He starts to drink, to walk, to talk; and, if the day is fine, to laugh. Such a hearty, unaffected laugh you do not hear often from the lungs of a young man. Everything amuses him. He has forgotten affairs of State, forgotten, too, tedious ceremonial. He wears a loose-fitting flannel or tweed and sports an Alpine stalker upon his imperial brow. When he stops several thousand people stop; when he pauses to pay a pretty shop-girl in the Colonnade a compliment, a gratified murmur is heard in the vast mob. He has done a popular thing, and that girl is marked for life. She will tell her grandchildren of the royal blue eyes and the perfect royal German accent. A few secret service men keep close to the exalted visitor, but, as one old Bohemian grimly said, "The King of England can do what the King of Austria cannot even in his own realm!"

The day the King of Greece appeared, and with Mr. A. Chamberlain stood and gossiped with Edward VII., excitement ran so high that the next day the Burgomaster plastered the town with the announcement that such enthusiasm must be gently discouraged. Carlsbad, boiling over with envy, was in the seventh heaven. "Mobbed the King of England" was the headline in the local newspapers. But when the King went over one afternoon to Carlsbad in a motor-car, he was literally forced to go indoors so persistent was the eight-seeing crowd of that place.

However, kings and dukes, princesses and dames of high degree are so many bubbles on the surface of the tranquil Marienbad waters. We go there to be cured—or to get a new appetite, or bath; and while it is mildly exhilarating to rub shoulders with the mighty ones of the earth, it is far more important to secure a seat at Utscheg's for breakfast.

After many futile experimentings, climbing to Cafe Panorama or Cafe Eggerlander for the first meal, I came to the conclusion that man may dispense with landscapes at dawn of day if his coffee or tea be interesting at hand. So to a modest little chalet I repaired at eight o'clock, resolved to drink weak tea and eat but one soft boiled egg. Alas! I always drank coffee and ate two eggs. My doctor had said, "Do not starve yourself"—he does not favour rapid loss of flesh. Then arose the important question: What walk should one take? If you are not lucky enough to secure permission from your doctor to bathe at the Turkish or mud baths there is nothing left for you but walking. The walks of Marienbad! It is a proud municipal boast that not in Bohemia, Germany or France is there such a variety of shaded, romantic and toilsome walks. This seems to be true. The hills are not so high as at Carlsbad; they are prettier, and the sweep of country you catch at the top of the Cafe Panorama or at Cafe Rubezahl is most inspiring. The Bavarian mountains, the Bohemian forests; a country that rolls with green reverberations in the golden sunshine; a romantic natural landscape cunningly improved by artistic landscape gardeners; a mass of marble and granite structures, imposing in size, graceful in architectural line; all these framed by pine trees and a melting southern sky—you feel, as you fill your lungs with the pure air, that there are few more favoured spots on the globe than Marienbad.

And the everlasting twisting and turnings of the forest paths; the mysterious twilight of the wooded avenues; the



THE KREUZBRUNNEN COLONNADE AT MARIENBAD.

sheer ascent to some remote peak where coffee and conversation crown your toiling footsteps for a moderate fee. And then in some sudden secret glade which seems all your own as you dream of St. Wenceslaus, the patron saint of Bohemia, of brave John Huss, of the rustling melodies of Antonin Dvorak—you understand the music of Dvorak, here, in his native land—a ponderous figure bars your progress. It weighs at least three hundred and it smilingly attempts to pass. When fat meets fat then comes the tug of politeness! Two hats are lifted as the weaker goes to the wall, or sits down, or crunches against the mountain side. Your dream is thus shattered about a dozen times a day. Then, as the monster noisily puffs out of sight, you say to your companion, tentatively: "I hope I'm not as bad as that elephant!" The answer is not consoling, though invariably the same: "No; but you soon will be if you don't obey the doctor!"

Yes, the doctor, mild as are his injunctions, is not always obeyed. There are rainy days when the whole scheme seems ridiculous. There are hot days

and its perpetual eating and drinking and weighing machines. When you are tired of the music, you get yourself weighed. When you are weary of talking, you listen to the band. There are less interesting watering places on the map than Marienbad—and there is always Pilsen and Pilsner 40 miles away! So if you would fight your fat pleasantly, go to Marienbad, but do not forget to close your eyes when you pass the confectionery shops and the cafes. That way lies fat.

Yes, the waters; rather not the waters, but no water at your meals! The secret of Marienbad's is yours when you have mastered this point in your cure. The waters! They are mild, almost tasteless; two or three glasses a day is all you are asked to consume. Glauber salts is the chief ingredient. At the Rudolf-squelle the relief from gouty pains is rapid. But are the waters everything at Marienbad? The answer to this is decidedly a negative. Remember that thousands—some 22,000—are annually cured of various ills. Of this there can be no doubt. But I am now considering the reduction of fat. Is Marienbad the only place on the globe? Again I must truthfully reply—no!

In 22 days I lost 22lb. Walking, dieting, early in bed, early rising, incomparably fresh air—all these make for health, for muscle building, for fat destroying. Yet I affirm with all the solemnity of a man who gained his tissue back six months after he arrived in New York, that the secret of reduction is so simple that it almost escapes the attention of the patients who travel over 3000 miles to find it.

and its perpetual eating and drinking and weighing machines. When you are tired of the music, you get yourself weighed. When you are weary of talking, you listen to the band. There are less interesting watering places on the map than Marienbad—and there is always Pilsen and Pilsner 40 miles away! So if you would fight your fat pleasantly, go to Marienbad, but do not forget to close your eyes when you pass the confectionery shops and the cafes. That way lies fat.

Humour Defined by Humorists.

Asking a funny man what humour is is like calling on a distant cousin unannounced. It flusters him. The humorist, like the housewife, should have twenty-four hours' notice. When the question was hurled at John Kendrick Bangs he leaned nervously back in his chair and said: "That is a serious question. I have been on its trail several times in the last twenty years, but I do not feel competent to take the witness stand. You must give me more time. I am busy just now, but some time I will take a week off and answer that question."

Charles Battell Loomis, who owns up to "Cheerful Americans," is America's most serious humorist—that is, as far as looks go. His face is so long and serious that no strange, ever cracks a joke in his presence without first looking to see if there is a band around his eye. Mr. Loomis arose to the occasion manfully: "Humour is an incongruous background purposely set behind some serious thing. There is nothing so sacred, nothing so ghastly, nothing so pathetic or awe-inspiring, or soul-stirring, or so deadly dull that it may not yield a legitimate laugh if it be placed in the right juxtaposition with the right incongruity."

"There is nothing humorous to me in the fact that to-day I drop a hammer on my toe. I am filled with vexation and pain! But to-morrow, in relating the occurrence to some friends, I am removed from the scene, and my recollected self; what then made me literally hopping mad has now become funny to me, and I relate the circumstance and win the laughter of my friends. The place for a hammer is not on the toe, and we all laugh at a thing in an improper background."

A man in U.S.A., in 1897, wrote, "Oh agin, oh agin," gibe agin—Finnigin, and woke to find himself a humorist. He has since bought and paid for a house costing £5,000 from, as he says, humour, poetry, and nerve. Without doubt such a man ought to know what humour is. Says Stickland W. Gillilan:

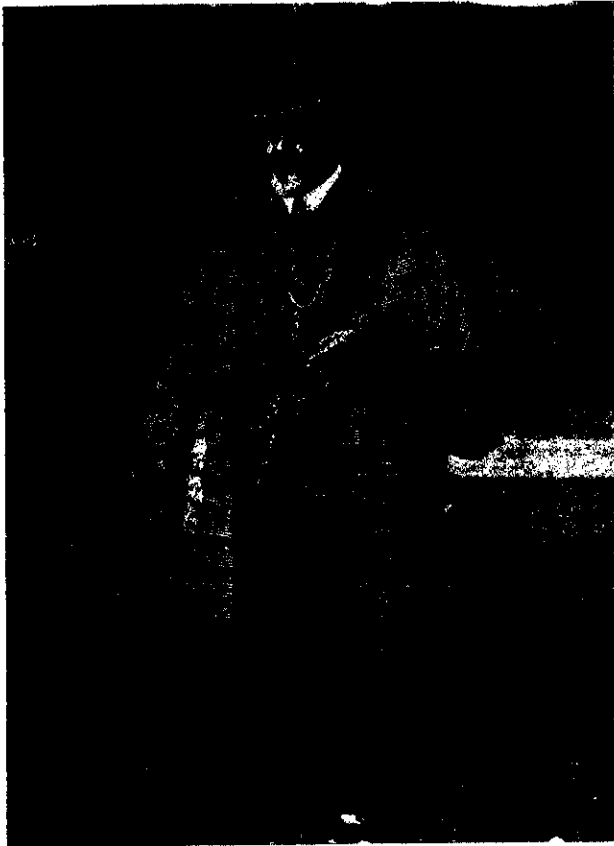
"Humour's perpetual and leading characteristic is its secrecy. It is that element in literature or speech, or situation that brings about a pleasurable emotional agitation through a departure from the prosaic or monotonous. It is not always laugh provoking, but it is always exquisite and exciting. The power to appreciate or to create humour arises from quick sympathy, keen sensibilities, and mental agility that enables its possessor to see things from various standpoints, both natural and assumed. The humorous view point is usually assumed in a self-defensive spirit by a keenly sensitive temperament with the tendency to suffer keenly from tragedy or monotony. The truest humour is optimistic and uplifting."

Irvin S. Cobb is one of the best story tellers in New York:—

"What is humour? Well, good humour is five cents a word, sometimes more, if you're lucky. The other kind grades down cheaper. The best humour is like bread cast on the waters—if it comes back to you after many days, with some other fellow's name attached to it."

"But if you're asking me to analyse humour for you, I'm blessed if I know what to say. Generally speaking, you might assume that humour is the art, or the knack, or the misfortune of seeing and pointing out in one way or another the funny side of things that are not funny. The underlying principle of humour, the bottom crust, so to speak, is the pain or discomfort, or the undoing of somebody or something. When a fat man falls down with abruptness and emphasis we laugh, not because he fell down, but because we figure that he must have hurt himself. Anyhow his dignity has suffered, and suffering always begets laughter."

Said Darby to his old wife, Joan, "We, side by side, have aged and grown. But here I tell you plump and plain. You shall not outlive me again! There's something now to cure one faster Of cough or cold than mustard plaster. No more these listers I'll endure, I'll purchase Woods' Great Peppermint Cure."



THE KING OF ALL BRITAIN AND EMPEROR OF THE INDIES IMMEDIATELY AFTER A SUCCESSFUL FAT-FIGHTING SOJOURN AT MARIENBAD.

when the sight of an ice-cream shop drives one to delirious thoughts. There are sombre evenings when you see fat men drinking cool Pilsner—but why continue? These things happen to everyone. They are not considered serious deterrents. Then there are the brave days when you walk 15 miles, live on tea—without milk or sugar—spinach (oh, that doeful, gritty spinach!), and the eternal ham; yet the scales tell you agreeable things, and your head feels as cool, as empty as a gourd in a cellar. You sneer pityingly at the fattest man—he weighs over four hundred, wears a red necktie, and is always eating gandy or ices—and you feel that life is worth while. On such days you sit down on the rustic seat where Goethe composed his "Wanderers' Night Song"—he was a visitor in 1821—or else go gase upon the house where Richard Wagner lived in 1845. Then you have yourself weighed again and exultingly retire. You have lost ten pounds in ten days!

How did it come about? Your doctor looks wise and tells you that the waters

It is this: Don't drink at your meals! Tea, coffee, water, wine, beer, vinegar, poison! Don't drink two hours before or after your meals! All the mountain air, scenery, carbonic acid waters avail nought if you take liquids at meal-time. This is the famous Schweiniger cure that Bismarck found so beneficial. He lost enormous fat by adhering to it. If you plainly ask your doctor—there are many medical men camped in and about Marienbad—he will answer you in devious speech. The full force of the discovery dawns on you when you leave the town. In Central Park you can take waters, walk from 60th to 110th streets and back; go home, eat breakfast, avoid liquid at meals; and four weeks you will have pulled down from 10lb to 20lb. You can't escape the logic of this argument.

But there is the sea trip; there is the lovely land of Bohemia; there is Marienbad, a fair, white city of miniature palaces, its castellated heights—in the moonlight the Ruberahl looks like a frozen fairy tale—it's air, its moderate costs, its freedom, the fashionable crowds of walled-in Carlsbad; its romantic walks

For Coughs of Children.

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Dear Sirs,—I would be very ungrateful indeed if I did not acknowledge the good Angier's Emulsion has done to my little girl after an attack of bronchitis. Her cough has now almost gone and her general health is much improved. The best of it is, she likes it so much that it is quite a treat when emulsion time comes not to have to resort to the usual threatening, coaxing and bribery, as with all other medicines. Thanking you for the good your Emulsion has done my little one.

(Signed) MRS. BEATRICE ABBOTT.

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Reminiscences of Taranaki Pioneers

By DEVONIA

No. 1

ALTHOUGH in the early years of last century a few adventurous Europeans cast in their lot with the Taranaki district, it was not until between 1836 and 1845 that serious settlement was undertaken. Taranaki boasted almost the earliest Pakeha Maori of whom we have any record. He is known to story as Jimmy Mowry who was spoken of before 1810 as a white man living among the Maoris. We have little record of this man whose real name is unknown, that by which he was recognised being obviously but a sailors' invention.

Who he was, whence he came, and what his real name, will ever remain a mystery, but he it was who first initiated the Maoris of Taranaki into customs and ways of Europeans and began to arouse in them a sense of curiosity regarding the strange white people who lived on the other side of the great dividing seas.

In the year 1810 there was a shipwreck on the shores of Poverty Bay, the name of the vessel was the Agnes, and her crew nearly all perished at the hands of the natives who coveted the wreckage. Only one European eventually survived. His name was John Rutherford, and he married a chief's daughter, who had protected him and he became a Pakeha Maori.

He met with many strange and terrible adventures, and left an account of his life among the Maoris. He tells us an interesting story of how the tribe with which he was connected journeyed by overland and forest tracks from Poverty Bay to Taranaki. He accompanied the party, his Maori wife and many other women also taking the trip. The women were laden with food baskets, and each one drove a little pig, which she held by a string and which must have been a troublesome companion. When the travellers arrived at Taranaki, Rutherford was surprised and overjoyed to find the white man Jimmy there, and the two Europeans fraternised, exchanging stories of their perilous adventures and experiences.

The Poverty Bay natives remained a month, rejoicing and feasting with their friends. The visit was one of friendship, so that there does not appear to have been any serious fighting or cannibalism on this occasion. Every day there were games, sham fights, and trials of strength in which the Maoris took great delight. Finally the visitors took the homeward ways laden with many presents and tokens of goodwill.

Barrett and his companions arrived early on the scene in Taranaki and paved the way for other Europeans. They were there to welcome the first arrivals by emigrant ships and to interpret for them, Barrett's wife being skilful in this respect. Taranaki was first colonised from Devon, England, under the auspices of the New Plymouth Company, and the first ship to carry a number of immigrants thence was the barque "William Bryan," which set sail from Plymouth, November, 1840, having on board a number of people who became Taranaki's most esteemed pioneers.

I cannot resist letting my readers peep behind the scenes for a moment while this article is being prepared. Imagine then my good fortune when I am able to tell you truly that at my elbow as I write sits one, still hale and hearty who was a passenger upon the ship and was at that time old enough to note keenly all that passed for he was then a boy of fourteen years of age.

Yes, indeed, I have captured such a pioneer as this, and here he sits smiling benignly upon his captor. Although he is eighty-four years of age, he does not really look more than about sixty-four. He has delightful clear blue eyes that are undimmed by time and would seem to have caught and kept the colour and depth of the sweeping seas during that long voyage in the far back past. His expression is frank and fearless, his countenance is little wrinkled, his memory is keen, and he walks erect without

a stick. He is just a little deaf, and that is the only thing that troubles him. He cannot read or write having never learned. He says he never could get the hang of the thing try how he would, though his sons and daughters have tried their best to show him the trick. Thus he always makes his mark when he signs his cheques which are of a substantial character, as God has blessed his store. His faculties are not loaded with artificialities, and perhaps that is why he is so fresh and his mind and memory so keen and clear. I met him on an Auckland tramcar, and hearing him talk, I captured him forthwith, and brought him home as a prize! Far more interesting than any book.

He was one of a family of fourteen who embarked on board the "William Bryan," to seek better prospect than Devon afforded. "We were all Devon folk," says the old man, "and all like as though we were all one family. Captain Maclean was in command, and there was Mr. Cuffield with his good wife, and Mr. and Mrs. Richard Chilman; and many another. We took our houses with us, all ready for putting up when we should land. They were all in sections like a pack of cards, and put together like a puzzle. When we were off and getting away from land, the women cried, but we boys were glad to get away to the wonderful new land. My father, he was glad, too - he knew what it was to try to feed a family in Devon.

"There were fine doings seeing us off, and more than one wedding, for several couples got married just before we sailed. They were all one family, as you might say - Kings and Canas and Cuffields and Hoskins, all intermarried or brothers and sisters. Many children were on board. We had fine weather nearly all the way out, so that we used to dine on deck at tables spread underneath awnings. We set sail in November, and were just four months at sea."

Warning of the approach of land was given by a little dog on board. It showed great excitement the day before New Zealand shores appeared upon the horizon, barking, jumping, sniffing the breeze, and running hither and thither on the deck, looking in the direction in which land subsequently appeared. Dogs appear to possess an instinct which enables them to anticipate the approach. By and bye the passengers also discerned a change in the air, and detected the perfume of woods and fern. Next day their sight was gladdened by the appearance of the long white cloud, and at length by blue mountains, and by the snowy heights of Egmont, cut clear against the morning sky. Their long voyage was ended, and their new home safely attained.

The spirits of the pioneers, however, sank low in doubt and fear, and they were unable to decide on landing immediately. The "William Bryan" proceeded southwards, and entered Cook's Straits, dropping anchor tentatively at Port Underwood. Here there was a little settlement, and the whaling station of the Guard family.

The Guards were some of the earliest pioneers of the Straits, and had met with many strange adventures. Descendants of the family live in that neighbourhood still. But a short time back one of the Miss Guards of the present day had an exciting adventure with a whale, to which she gave chase in a small boat in company with a clergyman, the whale only just escaping their spirited pursuit. Some of the young men of the family accompanied the latest scientific expedition to the Campbell Islands. The young people are showing themselves worthy of those traditions which are among the most exciting in our New Zealand annals.

Captain and Mrs. Guard were shipwrecked at the foot of Mt. Egmont in the year 1834. Their vessel going to pieces on the rocks left them with their crew at the mercy of the natives. A ferocious attack was made upon the shipwrecked mariners, who endeavoured to shelter behind barricades and made a

spirited resistance, having saved some arms and ammunition. Nearly all the castaways were killed, and formed material for a cannibal feast.

Mrs. Guard had two children with her, and she was with them seized by the natives, and carried off into the interior of the country. She believed her husband to be dead, but he in reality escaped with one or two others, and made his way along the Taranaki shore until he reached a friendly settlement. Although convinced of the deaths of his wife and children, he would not rest satisfied without ascertaining their actual fate. Contriving to reach Sydney he succeeded in getting an expedition fitted up to search for traces of the lost one. With two transports, and Her Majesty's ship "Albatross," he arrived off the coast during the following year, and ascertained that his wife and family were still living, and in the hands of the natives.

Mrs. Guard had meanwhile met with most extraordinary adventures, the natives sparing her life in hopes of a ransom, and through the influence of some of their women.

One of the children was taken from her, and given as a curiosity to another tribe, leaving her the infant in arms to guard and nourish. For many months this unfortunate woman lived among the Maoris often being treated with barbarism, and sometimes with kindness.

When the convoy from Sydney arrived off the coast the Maoris carried Mrs. Guard further inland, and concealed her while they parleyed, hoping to extract a greater ransom. When at last restored to her husband, she had been about eight months with the Maoris. Both children survived, and were eventually recovered. The Guard family afterwards settled in Cook's Straits, and were very kind and hospitable to new arrivals. They received and welcomed as many of the "William Bryan" company as were able to land.

Already a Wesleyan Mission station was established at Port Underwood, and our passengers visited the spot and saw for the first time many things peculiar to New Zealand, and were introduced to Maoris, and to Maori women, with mutual curiosity and interest. There they joined in pigeon shooting for the first time; the eyes of my pioneer glisten as thick in the dense bush, and very tame, having been little disturbed by destructive man.

During the last week in March the "William Bryan" again approached the Taranaki shore. The weather was rough and they were sore afraid.

The breaking waves dashed high
On that stormy rockbound coast
And

The heavy night hung dark
The shores and waters o'er,
When that band of exiles moored
their bark
Near that wild New Zealand shore.

It was difficult to provide even necessities for the new immigrants. There was no preparation of any kind for their

reception, and they were in hourly fear of an attack from native savages. They were not without a welcome, however, for the brothers Carrington were already there. Mr. F. A. Carrington had been appointed the year previously by the Government to go to New Zealand and choose a site for a settlement. He was accompanied by his brother, Mr. Octavius Carrington. They had arrived by different ships, and had made their way to Taranaki, where they were already busy taking a survey of the country. They now welcomed the arrivals by the "William Bryan," and did all that was possible to reassure them, and to assist the women and children. The portable cottages were carried ashore, and put together, tents put up and rough shelters constructed. The first few nights were very trying, as the new arrivals experienced a great deal of alarm from the demeanour of the natives, even their dances of goodwill terrifying the quiet Devon folk. There was also much discomfort from the wild weather.

It was a very busy scene as may be imagined. There was a great deal of discussion as to the site of the future town, which was eventually fixed where it is now, about two miles east of the Sugar Loaves, and there tents and whares were put up for the settlers, and stores erected to receive their goods. There were no animals of any kind to assist in traction, so that all the goods and stores had to be conveyed in handcarts and wheelbarrows, of which there were six. The properties were thus conveyed along the beach from the landing place to the future town. The people were satisfied to recognise the leadership of Mr. Outfield and of the Carringtons, who issued commands and gave directions.

Two very spirited settlers were Mr. and Mrs. Chilman. It is very pleasant to note in the records of these early days the cheerful and enterprising spirit of the new settlers, who most of them, laughed at discomfort, and delighted in experiments which might lead to useful knowledge.

(To be Continued.)

NO TRUMPS.

Bridge teacher: Now, if your partner is dealer, and has a dreadful hand, what will she make it?

Mrs. Baker: No trumps.

Bridge teacher: Why, you don't know anything about bridge?

Mrs. Baker: Possibly not; but I know all about my partner.

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THE SEASONABLE BRIDEGROOM.

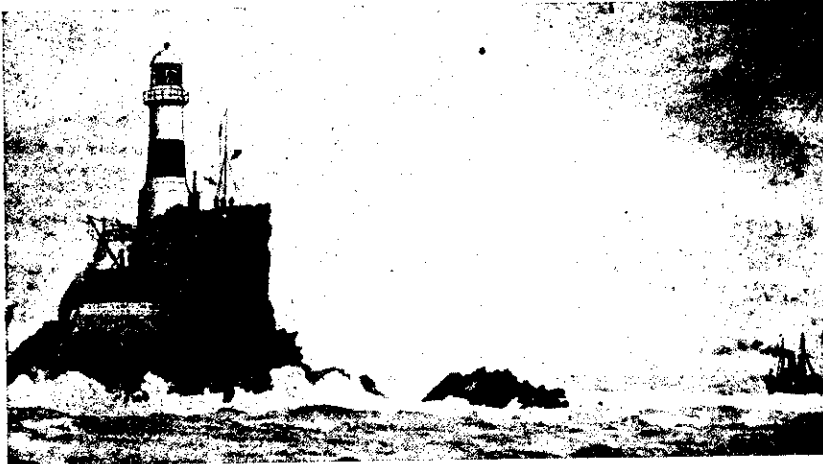
A primitive suffragette movement.

Progress in Science.

The Fastnet Light—The New Beacon of the Outpost of Europe

FOUR and a half miles out at sea, separated by a treacherous narrow channel from Cape Clear, the most south-westerly point of Ireland, stands a jagged rock bearing the sentinel which guards the gateway to the English Channel, the Fastnet Light. To mariners it is a point of great importance, for not only does it warn them of the perils of venturing too close to a dangerous coast, but it is the last and first station from which out-going

paired as far as practicable, but at last it was decided by the Irish Lights Board, which is responsible for the protection of the coasts of the Emerald Isle, to erect a new lighthouse. Designs were prepared by Mr. William Douglas, the eminent engineer to the Commissioners. As a result of personal investigations upon the rock he drew up proposals for a masonry tower of the latest type, 147ft in height, which has cost altogether £84,000.



THE FASTNET ROCK, SHOWING THE ORIGINAL LIGHTHOUSE AND THE NEW TOWER IN COURSE OF ERECTION.

and incoming Atlantic vessels are "spoken" to London. To-day, owing to wireless telegraphic developments, its importance from this point of view is somewhat diminished; but on the other hand its necessity has greatly increased owing to the crowd of maritime traffic which passes this point. For the first half of the last century there was no warning light from this wild point, and navigators, upon whose minds its perilous repute was deeply impressed, erred on the side of safety by giving it a wide berth. As steamship travel increased between Liverpool and the ports of the North American continent, the necessity of a light was strongly urged, and in 1848 the first structure was erected. This was a cast-iron tower, 91ft high, which threw a flash of 38,000 candle-power for fifteen seconds every two minutes. The requisite rotation was provided by a belt from a weight-driven clock. The flash projected at a height of 143ft above high-water mark, the rock itself rising to 93ft above high-water mark.

The Fastnet rock in reality comprises a reef of considerable extent, the lighthouse standing upon the main pinnacle. Separated therefrom by a narrow channel 30ft wide is another smaller rock, known as the "Little Fastnet," while in the vicinity are two other dangerous peaks, one covered to a depth of 11ft at low-water spring tides, and the other submerged at high tide. As the Fastnet is exposed to the full fury of the Atlantic during south and north-west gales, it was soon found that the cast-iron tower was too unstable to withstand the severe buffetings of the waves. They often dashed over the top of the lantern, 173ft above. On one occasion a full cup of coffee, standing on the table in the top room, was thrown to the floor when a heavy wave thundered against the rock and submerged the tower. Under this continual pounding large masses of rock were dislodged from the pinnacle, undermining the tower. From time to time this erosion was, at great expense, re-

The New Light.

The necessary expenditure was voted in November, 1895, and preparations for the task were hurried forward, Mr. C. W. Scott, the present engineer to the Commissioners, acting as the designer's first lieutenant until his retirement through ill-health before the work was finished, when Mr. Scott took over the entire responsibility for its completion.

With the characteristic daring of the engineer, Mr. Douglas decided that the most suitable site for his projected tower

was the ledge of a chasm that had been eaten out by the waves on the extreme western edge of the rock at the point where the fullest fury of the waves was experienced. The base of the tower would thus receive the heaviest seas before they rose to their full height, and as the base of the tower is composed of solid masonry, and arranged in steps, it would serve as an excellent buffer. A special steamer had to be built at a cost of £10,000 to transport the building material and men to the rock. Owing to the rise and fall of the tide, and the swift currents swirling round the rocks, landing up on the islet is a matter of serious difficulty, and it is practically only possible to step from the boat to the rock in the calmest weather, the slightest swell rendering close approach impossible. The usual method of landing the men was with a rope lowered from the derrick, and caught by the landing party. The men then placed their feet in the stirrups—two men being carried at a time—and clutched hold of the hoisting cable. The winding gear of the derrick was then set in motion, and with a "right away," the men were whipped into the air, steadied in their

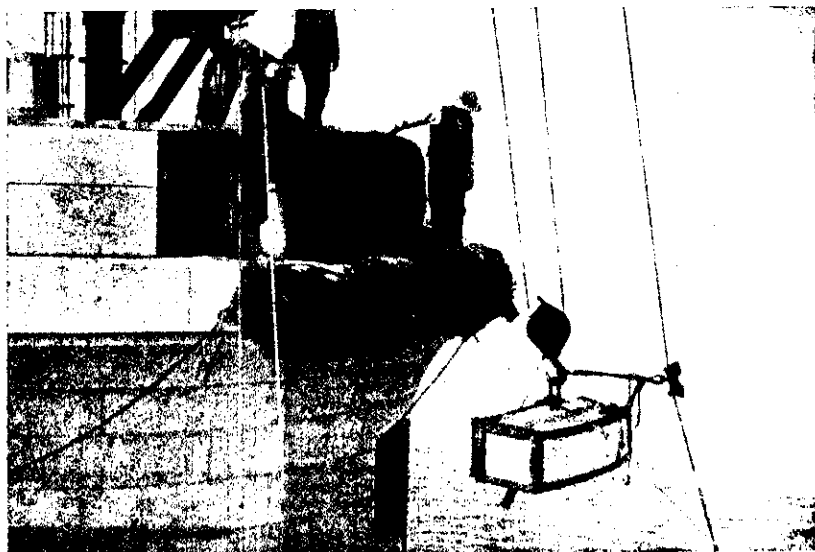


A THRILLING MOMENT, Landing on the rock by means of the derrick.

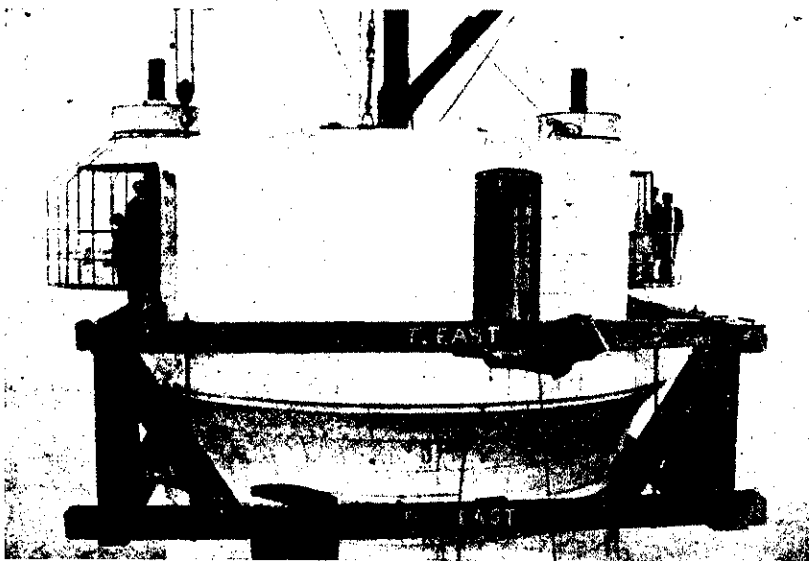
ing 3250 gallons for the supply of the keepers; while above this level the tower extends for 88ft to the lantern gallery, divided into eight floors reached by a spiral staircase. A heavy teak door guards the entrance, further protected in stormy weather by a pair of massive gun-metal doors which are swung to from the outside over the former, to shut out the storm.

Lantern and Fuel.

The first floor holds the magazine of cotton-powder charges for the fog signalling apparatus. On the second floor are the oil-tanks, each of 130 gallons capacity, together with a small pump which lifts the liquid up through a conduit to a small service tank in the lantern whence the burners directly derive their supply. Above the oil-room is a spare bedroom for the convenience of casual visitors to the lighthouse, usually workmen; the apartment is fitted with four comfortable bunks, wardrobe, and other furniture. The fourth floor is a general storeroom, and above this are the domestic quarters proper of the keepers. The first is a kitchen, 15ft in diameter by 9ft high, fitted with cooking-range, circular table, scullery, and culinary utensils, bookcase, and other incidentals requisite to the comfort of the inmates. One flight up the spiral staircase leads to the lightkeeper's bedroom, furnished upon the same lines as the spare chamber below, and this in turn is followed by the service-room immediately beneath the



HOISTING A STONE FOR SETTING IN POSITION.



THE TEMPORARY LIGHT.

When the masonry tower was completed it obscured the old light on one side, so two ordinary lightship lights were rigged up.

lantern. All the rooms average 8ft 9in in height, are well-lighted, ventilated, and spacious. Through the centre of each room extends a wide hollow cylinder like a gigantic axis. This is the cylindrical path for the up and down travel of the 290lb weights which rotate the lantern giving the familiar occulting flashes.

The whole of the granite used in the erection of the structure came from Cornish quarries. Here every stone was carefully selected and fashioned so as to dovetail into its neighbour. In fact, the lighthouse was first erected in sections of eight courses at the quarries, so that the work of fitting it upon the rock might be reduced to the minimum. The stones are secured by dovetail joints, so designed that it is impossible for any stone to be wrested out of its allotted position without every one above

it being first removed; and even then, to extract it from its bed the bottom joint by which it is secured to the stone below must be broken. In this manner it will be realised that the tower is most rigidly and strongly built, and the fear of destruction, even under the terrific blows of the wildest storms, is absolutely overcome. Altogether 2074 stones were worked into the structure, which, together with extra masonry for the foundations, represents 4633 tons.

The work of construction had to be carried out spasmodically, owing to the fitfulness of the weather. The workmen's quarters were made as comfortable as possible, so as to remove any longing on the part of the men to pay a visit to the mainland, except at rare intervals. This was necessary since although they might go ashore in perfectly calm weather, a sudden change was suffi-

cient to prevent their return for several days. A humorous incident occurred in connection with the fitting up of the oil-pipes. A plumber went off from the mainland to carry out this part of the construction, but he became so frightened, after his first day on the rock, by the wildness and loneliness of the situation that nothing would induce him to remain, and he was accordingly taken back by the lifeboat.

The lighthouse apparatus itself is of the dioptric type, the light being derived from a series of incandescent burners giving a power of 1200 candles. The oil-burner installation was designed by Mr. C. W. Scott, and in this device the oil is vaporised by passing through a spraying apparatus under pressure similar to the carburation of petrol in motor-car practice, and fed to the Bunsen burners. The advantage of this system is not only the production of a much more powerful light than is possible with the ordinary wick burners, but a considerable economy in the consumption of oil, which averages 1.2 pints per hour. The lenses in their frames revolve on a bed of mercury to reduce friction, and the total weight of the apparatus is approximately six tons, while the 290lb weight falling 49ft per hour is sufficient to revolve it three times per minute. In the event of the incandescent installation breaking down, there is in reserve a four-wick oil-burner, which can be brought into service in less than one minute. The power of the rays thrown from the 1200 candle-power burners is intensified by the lenses to some 750,000 candle-power, of extreme white brilliancy, closely resembling the beam projected by an electric searchlight. This single flash recurs every five seconds, the duration of the flash being about 3.25th of a second. The rays themselves on a clear night are visible for some 20 miles, but the reflection of the beams in the sky can be observed for a considerable distance farther.

Illuminated Baseball.

One of the baseball grounds in Cincinnati has been equipped with electric lamps, so that it will be possible to play the game at night. The lamps are placed on tall steel towers surrounding the grounds, and searchlights directed upward permit the players and spectators to follow a fly ball that is batted high in the air. The illuminated grounds were tried out quite recently by one of the National League teams, and proved quite a success. It is predicted that illuminated baseball will become quite an evening entertainment, and should be very popular with those enthusiasts who are unable to get off of an afternoon to witness their favourite game.

The Legal Status of the Snail in France.

The French Minister of Agriculture, after a careful examination of the subject, has established "the legal status of

the snail" by issuing a circular in which snails are defined as animals injurious to vegetation, and therefore legally subject to capture and destruction at all times and seasons. The decision has created excitement and dismay among the numerous persons who earn a livelihood by collecting snails for market. Snails are in high favour with French epicures, and immense numbers of these mollusks are eaten in Paris. In the winter of 1900 the consumption of snails in the French capital amounted to 800 tons. The consumption has since diminished, but more than 80 million snails are still received annually by the Halles Centrales, the great market of Paris.

Zoological Collections Decimated.

The severity and sudden changes of temperature of the past winter proved very destructive to the inmates of zoological gardens. Animals in captivity require a fairly uniform temperature. The zoological collections of Antwerp and Hamburg were decimated by the cold, and of 5748 animals kept at Regent's Park, London, 1737 perished. The reptiles, especially the smaller specimens, suffered most, although their quarters were heated with great care. The most important losses were those of two great snakes, a boa and a python, which died of pneumonia. Two giant tortoises from the Galapagos Islands, one of which was two hundred years old, succumbed to the same disease.

Peculiar Property of Rubber.

India rubber under tensile stress contracts strongly when its temperature is raised. Work is done by its contraction at the expense of the energy of the heat. Hence, according to Prof. S. P. Thompson, it would be possible to construct a thermal engine in which the working substance is India rubber, instead of steam or hot air, and operating by contraction, instead of expansion, of the working substance.

ACUTE BILIOUSNESS.

Bile Beans and Seven Long Years of Suffering.

The writer who said there are only two really bad things on earth—SIN and BILE—may be right. Misdirected action is sin, misdirected BILE is BILIOUSNESS. Think carefully over your own sensations, and see if they are not similar to the symptoms briefly described below, which are all the direct outcome of biliousness. Every thought of food is nauseous. Every time the room gets warm you feel very uncertain as to whether you are going to be sick. If you hurry to catch a car or a train, there's the feeling again! Headaches, turning off with sickness, a nasty coated tongue, are other symptoms of biliousness, and a symptom most distressing to the female sex is the fearful greenish-yellow colour, which the face comes to have if biliousness is allowed to continue. All this arises from misdirected bile, which is due primarily to improper liver action. For all disorders of the liver, and all forms of biliousness, Bile Beans are a never failing remedy.

Mrs E. Miller, of Calder-street, North East Valley, Dunedin, N.Z., says:—"For seven years biliousness and heartburn afflicted me. At times I suffered so acutely that I was altogether unable to attend to my household duties. I tried several so-called remedies, and, having gained no relief whatever, came to the conclusion that my complaints had become chronic. I subsequently heard how Bile Beans had proved so successful in curing fellow-sufferers, which induced me to give them a trial. The first few doses afforded relief. Thus encouraged, I underwent a thorough course, extending over several months, with the result that I am now rid of both complaints. It is now six years since my cure was effected, and I have had no return of the trouble. I cannot speak too highly of Bile Beans as a remedy for biliousness and kindred ills. As a general family medicine they are unsurpassed."

If you are suffering from biliousness, indigestion, headache, liver disorders, constipation, piles, debility, female derangements, nervousness, bad blood, bad breath, anaemia, disturbed sleep, loss of appetite, rheumatism, or influenza after-effects, take Bile Beans, the surest and best family medicine.



THE NEW LANTERN IN COURSE OF ERECTION.

The Bookshelf.

By DELTA.

Some Swinburne Appreciations.

PROBABLY no eminent poet, if we except Gabriel Dante Rossetti, has been more slandered than the late Algernon Swinburne, and it is with great pleasure that we present these appreciations of him by some of England's most eminent writers, who have recorded their opinion of him as a poet and a man, without fear and without favour. Mr. Frank Harris, in "Vanity Fair" tells us that about eleven years ago he dined with Swinburne and Mr. Theodore Watts at "The Pines," Putney Hill, the home of these two great poets, and inseparable friends. Mr. Harris, while strongly impressed by Swinburne's charm, was struck by his extreme excitability. His body was, so to speak, over-engined by his brain, as Shakespeare's was. Indeed, says Mr. Harris, he reminded me in a thousand ways of what Shakespeare must have been—the same swiftness of speech and thought, the same nervous excitability, the same physique, the little podgy body, the domed forehead, the auburn hair, only the eyes were different—Shakespeare's a light hazel, Swinburne's a greenish grey.

Professor Saintsbury claims that Swinburne was unique, for while other poets gradually crept up to their zenith, Swinburne came to his own pretty early, and never lost it. Nor did he ever imitate. He had a way with him, declares Professor Saintsbury, which captivated his readers willy nilly. This "way" consisted in throwing over whatever subject the poet treated, an atmosphere of poetic glamour—a word for which, much as it has been abused, there is no synonym and no substitute. Swinburne's personages, as personages, might almost be those of the Period of Allegory. If Swinburne's readers want personal company, then Swinburne's poetry is not the poetry for them. Which explains in part why Swinburne never became a popular poet. But if the reader wants poetry he can feast and revel to his heart's content with Swinburne. There may be had judgment, bad taste, bad several other things in this poet's work, but never bad poetry. Swinburne, concludes Professor Saintsbury, was "notoriously one of the most scholarly poets of literature which can boast of Milton, Grey, Coleridge, and Landor, and his knowledge of English poetry was unique, or only matched with fine allowance, by Southey's." In short, Swinburne may not be judged by ordinary canons. Mr. James Douglas gives us not only a glimpse of the poet-writer, but the man, his circle, his tastes and his environment. Swinburne, for most men, was a very mysterious figure. Very little has been written about him, and of that little a great deal is false. His friends re-

spected his wish for privacy, and the testimony of his enemies is untrustworthy. So that for the present it is necessary to take everything that has been printed about him with a grain of salt. Guy de Maupassant has been his greatest traducer. In 1882 Swinburne went over to Paris with Theodore Watts, to be present at the fiftieth anniversary of "Le Roi s'Amuse." Victor Hugo gave a dinner in honour of the English visitors, and in the speech-making that followed, mentioned Swinburne. After this dinner, at the Theatre Francaise, Swinburne was observed conversing with Victor Hugo in his box. Afterwards the "Figaro" published such canards about Swinburne's doings, during his visit to France, that a repudiation appeared in the "Athenaeum" of December 2, denying in full the statements made by the "Figaro." Swinburne afterwards stigmatised de Maupassant as "The Prince of Liars."

Swinburne went to Balliol in 1856. There he joined a literary set, the chief members of which were Professor John Nichol, T. H. Green, A. V. Dicey, G. Burbeck Hill, and George Rankine Luke. John Nichol founded the literary coterie called the "Old Mortality." He also edited a publication called "Undergraduate Papers," 1857-8. There were three numbers, each of which was marked, "Price Fourpence." Nichol said that this publication was to their set what "The Germ" was to Rossetti's. It is now scarcer than "The Germ," and a complete specimen of it was sold only a short time ago for £100. When Swinburne first went to Balliol, he was orthodox. Nichol, who was a rationalist, was, it is said, responsible for Swinburne's unorthodoxy. Other contemporaries at Oxford were Sir Michael Hicks Beach and the Right Hon. James Bryce. At Balliol, too, he came under the spell of Jowett, whom he afterwards visited in company with Mr. Watts-Dunton, at Boar's Hill. The triple friendship that followed was commemorated by Mr. Watts-Dunton in his "Sonnets," entitled "The Last Walk from Boar's Hill." In 1860 "The Queen Mother and Rosamond" was published. After leaving Oxford he went to reside in "chambers in London, upon a small allowance from his father, who tried in vain to keep him out of London life." In 1864 we find him visiting Italy in company with his father and mother. In Florence he met Landor, for whose work he had a passion. Landor told Swinburne that "his presence made him happy." He says he found Landor "alert, brilliant, and altogether delicious." Landor died the following year to Swinburne's keen regret, for he had dedicated his best work "Atalanta in

Calydon," to Landor, who is said not only to have inspired that exquisite poem, but also "Erechtheus." Swinburne, however, allowed the dedication to stand. The influence, says Mr. Douglas, of Victor Hugo, Baudelaire, and Gautier can be traced in "Poems and Ballads," as well as the influence of the Pre-Raphaelites.

Then for some time Swinburne lived the *vie de Boheme*. Eventually he came into contact with Mr. Watts-Dunton, and after a friendship of seven years, Swinburne, in 1870, deserted the life of Bohemia for the regular life of "The Pines," Putney Hill, where he resided with his inseparable friend, Mr. Watts-Dunton, until his death, in 1909. Mr. Douglas quotes from his own book on Theodore Watts-Dunton, from a pen picture drawn by that poet writer, as the best picture of the literary life of that period, and we regret that the quotation is too lengthy to reprint here. Nearly every living man of letters found his way to "The Pines" from time to time. After Rossetti's death in 1882 the two poets went to Guernsey and Sark. Here their prowess as swimmers provoked a mock challenge from Hengist Horne, author of "Orion," the "Parting Epic," to swim him round Sark. Needless to say, the challenge was not accepted. At Cromer, later, Swinburne met Grant Allen. Mr. Thomas Hardy, too, visited them at "The Pines." But as Mr. Douglas says, "the story of that golden summer and mellow autumn with his friend of friends, will not be read until Mr. Watts-Dunton writes his promised biography." Mrs. Cornish's article in the "Bookman" deals mainly with Swinburne as an Etonian. In a letter to the headmaster of Eton, dated March 10, 1891, Swinburne, while enclosing the famous Ode, written by him to commemorate Eton's ninth Jubilee, reminds Dr. Cornish that "Eton was the Mother of English Comedy," Dr. Udall, headmaster in the days of Henry VIII, having written for the boys to act the very first comedy in the language; "and a first-rate little comic poem it is, both in fun and versification, as I dare say you know as well as I." Swinburne was at Eton from 1844 to 1849. Most of what has been written of Swinburne's unhappy life at Eton is to be taken as false, as his life there was that of the ordinary Etonian. In 1848 Mrs. Cornish tells us that Swinburne won the Prince Consort's prize for French, and in the same year he won first prize for Italian. Of the genius and influence of Swinburne, Edmund Gosse says that he may be written down as the greatest cosmopolitan poet. William Michael Rossetti declares that, although in thought Swinburne was naturally a rebel, an insurgent, disdainful of conventions and compromises, his disdain of these was balanced by an enthusiastic reverence for what he acknowledged as noble and exalted: In his later years, however, he dropped the role of insurgent, and became strongly Imperialistic. Swinburne, continues Rossetti, was, in

short, "the very model of a gentleman." Zangwill thinks that Swinburne was the greatest singer that ever lived, and Walter Crane considers his power of combining words musically greater than his powers of thought. George Bernard Shaw thinks it a pity that Swinburne did not do more work as a translator, as, though Putney could not set him thinking, the Periclean age could. Swinburne needed a literary inspiration; he was nearly always a paraphraser, rising to the ideas of the author paraphrased, with a power quite astonishing in a man who could not rise to the life and action around him at all; who was indeed blind to the natural objects around him, though he had paraphrased them again and again. A splendid sounding board, vibrating grandly to other people's conception; and, if he had not spent his life turning Greek thought into English music he would have enriched the nation enormously. He was an odd phenomenon, this supporter of Dublin Castle, who was a republican and regicide when Russia was in question; always distinguished and powerful at second hand, always commonplace and futile at first hand; great on paper; insignificant on Putney Hill. Though the pleasure of reading Swinburne was great while it lasted, Mr. Shaw declares it as cloying as raspberry jam. St. John Todhunter eulogises the Atalanta, and thinks Swinburne in some ways the most remarkable of the Victorian poets. The editor of the "Century" asserts that the treasury of English verse is richer through him, with a new and unsurpassable richness. George Brandes (the eminent Danish critic) declares, and we are in perfect agreement with him, that Swinburne was essentially a poet for the learned and cultured; even his paganism is cultured; and concludes—"I do not think that the English public venerated him as he deserved, and it is a disgrace to the Scandinavian North that he did not win the Nobel Prize." Much as these writers differ on minor points or non-essentials, and we regret we have not space to publish their opinions in full, they are all agreed as to Swinburne's right to be handed down to posterity as England's sweetest singer and a great poet.

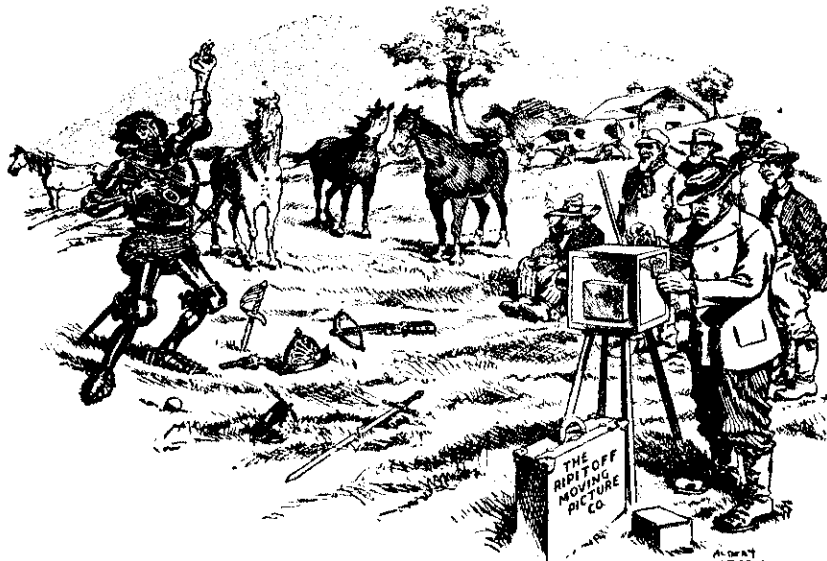
REVIEWS.

Where Billows Roll. Allen Raine. London: Hutchinson and Co., Paternoster Row.

A new novel from the pen of a well-known or much-loved author is sure of an enthusiastic reception from that writer's admirers. But when, as in this case, it is known the message sent forth through the medium of the story is the last that will ever reach them by a source from which has never emanated anything but the highest ideals, profound, sympathetic, human understanding, and lofty, if simple sentiment, then is that enthusiasm tinged with a keen regret and sorrow that is almost personal. For loving influence, such as the late Allen Raine wielded, takes no count of distances, climes, or creeds, or colour, and few who came under her spell but regarded her as a friend removed from personal contact only by the limitations of the material body. In "Where Billows Roll," we have the same quaint pictures of remote Welsh life—the same simple love story, the same misunderstanding which mars the course of true love—the same comic and tragic happenings, and the touch of mysticism that is always inseparable from any true delineation of Welsh life. Though "Where Billows Roll" is somewhat more triste than its predecessors, it excels in arresting quality any novel of this authors since "A Welsh Singer."

The Fashionable Adventures of Joshua Craig. David Graham Phillips. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

Mr. Phillips' nostrum, we use the word nostrum in its highest sense, for the cure of neuritis, though drastic, is undoubtedly a wholesome, and an effective one. Were this nostrum universally prescribed, but we fear there are not enough of the type to go round to the emmed individuals that live and move and have their being in the fashionable quarters of America's chief cities, neuritis and several incidental diseases, would soon be stamped out. "Margaret Severance," the ultra-fashionable daughter of a fashionable mother and grandmother, has been raised



"MOVING" SHAKESPEARE—GETTING THE FILMS.

Richard—"A horse! A horse! My kingdom for a horse!"

In the artificial life that is in vogue in the aristocratic quarter of the capitol, and has had daily and hourly drilled into her the necessity of making a rich marriage. To this end, though the Severance's are poor for their station, she is sumptuously clad and envied, with the result that all that was natural in her is reduced to such infinitesimal proportions as would necessitate microscopic observation to detect it. And Margaret is very unhappy. Then enters upon the scene a primitive man who, rejoicing in the nomenclature of "Joshua Craig," is a giant in stature, an Apollo in face and form, a Demosthenes in oratory, a Daniel in judgment, and a plebeian of plebeians in manner and conduct. Then ensues a struggle between these two opposites, in which exigency, expediency, desire and love plays each its part. And, of course, love wins, and neuritis and her satellites take to themselves vampire wings, and fly, but being cruelly buffeted by the wholesome air they cannot breath, drop in the Gehenna of lost souls. Mr Phillips, by this scathing indictment of a vogue that is slaying all that is natural, wholesome, healthy and moral in the leisured sheltered life of America's aristocracy, has gone far to remove the unpleasant taste left in the mouth by his "Old Wives for New."

Princess Zara. Ross Beekman. (New York: W. J. Watt and Co.)

We had thought ourselves nauseated with Russian stories in which nihilism was the leading theme. But Mr. Beekman, in choosing the martyred Alexander's reign as the period in which to erect his stage and set his scenes, has achieved an interest not to be acquired by a writer who chooses a modern setting. Take Czar Alexander, Prince Michael Gortschakoff, a trusted familiar of the Czar, but a nihilist in spirit, the hero Daniel Derrington (an American, and a powerful foe to nihilism) in love with Princess Zara, who is a nihilist of nihilists, throw in as chief villain a captain of crossacks, hopelessly in love with Zara, mix with the lines that have suggested the theme of this story, and it should not be difficult for the experienced reader to guess the trend and the denouement of this truly exciting romance. And if the reader cannot, we advise him to do as we did, viz. read the book, which we have received through Messrs. Wildman and Arvy.

Walks in Paris: By Georges Cain. Translated by Alfred Allinon, M.A., with many illustrations. (Methuen, 7/6 net.)

Always vivacious and interesting, having a mind enriched by stores of historic lore and a graceful literary style, M. Cain, the presiding genius of the Musée Carnavalet, is an ideal companion in expeditions about Paris. Notre Dame becomes vivid with memories of seven hundred years of French history, and its neighbourhood coloured with literary associations from Villon to Balzac. The Bastille, the Palais de Justice, St. Sulpice, the Halles quarter, the Colonne Vendôme, the Place de la Concorde, prompt mention of many grim, picturesque, pathetic incidents of the days of the Revolution, and before. Indeed for M. Cain Paris is everywhere alive to-day, especially with the personages and events of the Revolution. He gives good descriptions of such historic buildings as the Pantheon and St. Etienne du Mont; but, besides, he takes us to charming places we should not otherwise know of, such as the Hotel Sainte Anne, a little, known old house, and a gem of the seventeenth century art. In and about the Latin Quarter he is the most entertaining and informing of guides. He points out the Hotel de Banes in the Rue Visconti, where Racine died, where a generation later Adrienne Lecouvreur lived and died. At an adjoining house Balzac carried on his printing business, and two storeys above his office is the studio, once occupied by Delacroix, then by Delacroix. About the Abbaye-aux-Bois he has much to tell: it was there Madame Recamier lived and was visited by her constant admirer, Chateaubriand, in his old age. The gifted musician Massenet contributes some very bright and amusing recollections of his young student days in the old Boulevard du Temple.

There is not a page of this book which does not contain pleasant and interesting information. It will be most appreciated and valued by those who already have some knowledge of French history and literature; indeed in his fun M. Cain sets out by declaring that—for the benefit of the charming Parisiennes who bewail that they do not know their city,

as they should—he is going to make himself a superior and better-informed Cook's guide. Though written primarily for French people, the book is this excellent translation will be welcomed by multitudes of English readers. The illustrations are mainly from etchings and drawings, and are as delightful as they are numerous.

The Dog World and Anti-Cat Review: Written and Illustrated by Dog for Dogs, assisted by Walter Emanuel. 1/- net. (Lawrence and Jellicoe.)

Mr Walter Emanuel has written an amusing book which he has entitled "The Dog World and Anti-Cat Review." In an absurdly whimsical foreword, Mr Emanuel declares that every section of society is represented by a journal to look after its interests. "There are even Fly Papers" he reminiscently remarks, and then proceeds to put into dogs mouths the complaints, desires, absurdities and philosophies that have hitherto been voiced by man. "Here you have dogs writing of man as man has hitherto written of dogs." The book is profusely and crudely illustrated, as is to be expected of a dog essay. "But the art of the illustrations lies in their laughable crudity, and the merit of the whole book lies in the delightful spirit of gaily and sly humour that pervades it from cover to cover."

The Bancrofts: Recollections of Sixty Years. By Marie Bancroft and Squire Bancroft. With portraits and Illustrations. 15/- net (John Murray).

Amongst the recollections of the Bancrofts, is the history of their first essay at the management of a theatre when Lady Bancroft was yet Miss Marie Wilton. The Bancroft capital was originally a loan of £1000—when the theatre opened it was £150 only—and Byron and Miss Wilton were to draw a salary of £10 a week each; the rent was £20 per week and the house could have been bought outright for £10,000 less than is paid as annual rent by any of the leading West End houses to-day. Tom Robertson laid the foundation of the Bancrofts' wealth and incidentally of his own, raising himself from poverty by the series of plays he wrote for them. When Byron first met the Bancrofts and offered them "Society" which had been refused by almost every London manager—he was in deepest want, often, according to his own testimony "dining off my pipe." Dickens, Ruskin and Browning were appreciative patrons of the Bancrofts, Ruskin declaring that a good play helped him in his work. Into the hands of no less than three playwrights was placed "Vanity Fair," for adaptation, but with no success. Charles Reade opposed strongly some suggested amendments of "Masks and Faces," which he and Tom Taylor had written from "Peg

Woffington"; then wept at rehearsal and let the Bancrofts have their own way. It was the last play Charles Reade ever saw in a theatre; and Gladstone among others praised it. Wilkie Collins, when his play "Man and Wife" was produced, passed the evening in a dressing room, in a state of nervous terror painful to see: "he became subsequently a confirmed opium-taker, his nightly dose at the last being enough to kill several men." There are pen-pictures of the most diverse personages "ranging from 'Hang-Theory' Rogers and Lord Russell, of Killowen, on the one hand, to Henry Labouchere and Whistler on the other. Not least amazing in their piquancy are those of the editor of "Truth," seated in a foreign restaurant between two clergymen and delighting them with his characteristic anecdotes, or arbitrating with the worldly wisdom of a modern Solomon, on the claims of High and Low Church services to the attention of an English tourist. Indeed it would be difficult to name half a score of celebrated Englishmen who are not mentioned, briefly or otherwise, in this eminently readable book.

In a letter which has reached us recently from the author of that delightful book "Uncle Sam and His Family," he tells us that he is engaged upon a new book which should interest New Zealanders, and which is to be entitled "Personal, Political and Historical Retrospect."



OVERSHADOWED.

(Through Sir Joseph Ward's personality, Maoriland has quite eclipsed the Commonwealth at the Imperial Defence Conference.)
John Bull: "That's a son of mine—a fine fellow. He does me credit. I wonder who that may be sitting back there in the shadow?"—Melbourne Punch

Making a Man of Him.

By JOSEPH C. LINCOLN.

Author of "Cap's Err," "Mr. Pratt," etc.

CAPTAIN PENNIMAN and Mrs. Bradley looked at the boy, and the boy, stared fixedly at the carpet centre of the braided rug mat on the floor of the little sitting-room. The three faces, with the lamplight shining upon them, differed widely in expression. Mrs. Bradley, the Captain's widowed sister, had been crying, and her eyes were wet. Captain Penniman's mouth was tight shut, his brows were drawn together in a frown, and he appeared to be holding his temper under control by main strength. Ed Copeland, the nephew, an overgrown youngster whose age was sixteen but who looked three years older, was frowning also, and his whole attitude indicated sullen obstinacy.

"Oh, Eddie," pleaded the widow, "won't you go with your Uncle Zeke? He'll make a man of you; you heard him say so yourself. You will, won't you, 'Zekiel'?" "You bet!" replied the captain, with decision. "Eddie" sniffed contemptuously. "No," he declared. "No, A'nt Elvira, I ain't goin'! I don't want to be no whaler. If you want to get rid of me, hand over the money that belongs to me, and I'll start for California. There's gold out there and injun fightin' and all kinds of fun, I'll go there quick enough. All I want's the chance."

"If you want fightin'," the Captain suggested tartly, "you ship along of me and I'll give you all you want. Don't lay awake nights worrin' about that."

Mrs. Bradley tried again. "Now Eddie," she coaxed, "California ain't the place for a boy of your age. Everybody says so. It's a dreadful wild country, and you might be killed. And you know you ain't to have the money till you're twenty-one; 'twas left so in your ma's will. I was to be your guardian and look out for you till you come of age. 'Takes my boy, Sarah says to me on her dyin' bed, 'and take care of him.' Sarah loved me more'n anybody else in the world, poor thing."

"Darn funny way to show love!" growled Captain Zeke.

Eddie kicked the corner of the mat. "Then take care of me," he retorted. "Let me stay here in Bayport, then. I'd rather go gold-huntin', but if I can't, I'll stay here. Anyhow, I won't go whalin' with Uncle Zeke."

"But you can't stay here, Eddie. I'm scared to have you, the way you act and the company you keep. You're

in' up North. That's more fun than a barrel of California-buskies to trade with, and bears to shoot, and—and—" Here the captain's invention failed him and he paused, then added briskly: "Come on, Ed! you've got the makin's of a decent feller in you, and three years under me'll fetch it out. What d'you say? Will you go?"

"No, I won't. I'll stay to home, and when I'm twenty-one I'll have the money that was left to me to do what I please with. I won't go; that's settled."

Captain Zeke rose to his feet. "Elviry," he roared, addressing the widow, "you go into the for'ard cabin and shut the door. I've offered this critter the chance of one kind of whalin', and now I'm going to give him the other kind. No lubber can talk to me like—Let go of my arm, you fool woman!"

But Mrs. Bradley would not let go. Indeed she clung more tightly to her brother and sobbed wildly.

"No, no, 'Zekiel!" she begged. "You mustn't! Don't you know you mustn't! I promised Sarah the very last thing never to whip him. He's a proud boy, says she, 'and I wouldn't have his spirit broke for anything.'"

"S'perit be hanged! You go in the other room, Elviry Bradley; and if you hear anything smash in here, don't fret yourself that it's his spirit. Who's that?"

Some one had knocked at the door that opened from the porch into the dining-room. Captain Zeke dropped his threatening arm. His nephew, who had turned pale and was half-way to the stairs, regained courage and came back to his chair. Mrs. Bradley wiped her eyes, brushed her hair smooth, and peeped under the window-shade.

"I declare, it's Squire Pepper," she whispered. "What do you s'pose he wants?"

Squire Pepper was chairman of the Bayport board of selectmen. At the name Captain Zeke started. An expression of guilty triumph shone in his eyes.

"I don't know," he muttered hastily. "Come to say good-bye to me, maybe. He knows I sail to-morrow. Let him in, why don't you?"

Squire Pepper entered the room with the dignity pertaining to portliness and high rank. He bowed condescendingly to Mrs. Bradley and her brother, and regarded the would-be gold-seeker with stern disapproval.

"Elvira," he puffed, "I have—er—come on an errand of—er—er—on an unpleas-

"No, 'Zekiel," he replied; "no, I ain't goin' to arrest you. I've come to speak concernin' that young man," indicating the trembling Eddie with a nod. "The board has about come to the conclusion that he is a element—er—a had influence in the town, and that it may be necessary to send him to the reform school."

"The reform school!" Mrs. Bradley repeated the words in a horrified whisper. Her nephew turned white.

"Yes," said Mr. Pepper, nodding ponderously. "The reform school up to Boston. Bayport folks are long-sufferin', as a general rule, and they think high of you and the cap'n, Elviry; but this boy here has gone on cuttin' up one dido after another until he's reached a stage where he's a dangerous influent—er—element—er—as I said afore. Melon patches and apple orchards are bad enough, but—"

"Why, Solon Pepper!" exclaimed Mrs. Bradley, "how you talk! When you was a boy I remember you stole father's apples more'n once; and as for melons—!"

The Squire seemed rather taken aback by this attack from a supposedly friendly quarter. He cast a troubled glance at Captain Zeke.



"If you want fightin' you ship along of me."

"Yes, yes," observed the latter promptly, "but hookin' melons and apples ain't all Eddie's done. You was goin' on further, wa'n't you, Squire?"

"I was—ahem—yes. As I said, we can forgive apples and melons, boys bein' boys, but stealin' chickens and smokin' and drinkin' and—"

"Drinkin'!" screamed the widow. "Eddie Copeland, do you drink?"

"No, I don't. All I ever took was some lemonade Gus Cummins had at the billiard saloon."

"Humph!" grunted Cap'n Zeke. "I callate there was a stick in that lemonade, wa'n't there? I know there usually it."

snatched—a surprising procedure for a bloodthirsty, would-be Indian killer.

"A Penniman sent to the reform school!" sobbed Elvira. "The family is disgraced forever."

Captain Zeke felt that now was his time to come to the front.

"Well, now, Squire," he said, "let's see. I callate that you ain't real set on sendin' the boy to the reformatory providin' he's took care of and trained proper. We was just settlin' on a plan when you come in. I start to-morrow for Boston to join my ship. I've offered to take Eddie whalin' with me, and he's been thinkin' it over. What do you say now, Ed? Is it the Lucky Strike or the reform school?"

Young Bradley looked at the trio before him. His aunt, her hands clasped, was gazing at him appealingly. Captain Zeke was smiling with the confidence of a victor. Squire Pepper's face wore a stern and uncompromising frown.

"I don't know as it won't be triffin' with my duty," observed the Squire, "but I'll take the responsibility. If you sail with the Cap'n, boy, we'll let you off on the reform school. But it must be one or t'other."

Eddie rubbed his coat-sleeves across his eyes. He sniffed, glanced once more at the stern face of the Squire, and muttered, "I'll—I'll go with you, Uncle Zeke."

On the porch, with the door carefully shut, Captain Zeke took leave of his visitor.

"Ever so much obliged to you, Squire," he whispered. "It worked fine, didn't it? Do you know, I clean forgot you was comin'? You scared him, all right. But for the land sakes, don't let Elviry know we fixed it up aforehand."

II.

Captain Zeke and Eddie boarded the little packet schooner at 2 o'clock on the following afternoon. Passengers are now whizzed from Bayport to Boston, on the express train, in two hours and ten minutes, but this was before the days of Cape Cod expresses, and packets, like the whaling industry, were not yet obsolete.

Mrs. Bradley came down to the beach to see them off. A spinster cousin from Orham was coming over to live with her, so she would not be altogether alone; nevertheless, her farewells were rather tearful. She was used to seeing her brother only at long intervals, and then merely for a few weeks at a time; but Eddie had been her charge for ten worrisome years. It was a great relief to know that he would be away from temptation and under watchful care, but she would miss him dreadfully.

"Take good care of him, 'Zekiel, won't you?" she pleaded. "Remember, he's your Sarah's only child."

"Only child!" repeated the Captain, in amazement. "Great land! you ain't hankerin' to have him twins, are you? He'll be all right. Three years of fun, and then come home to find money in the bank waitin' for him to spend. That and his wage and share'll give him a pretty pocketful. Big luck, I call it. Hey, Ed?"

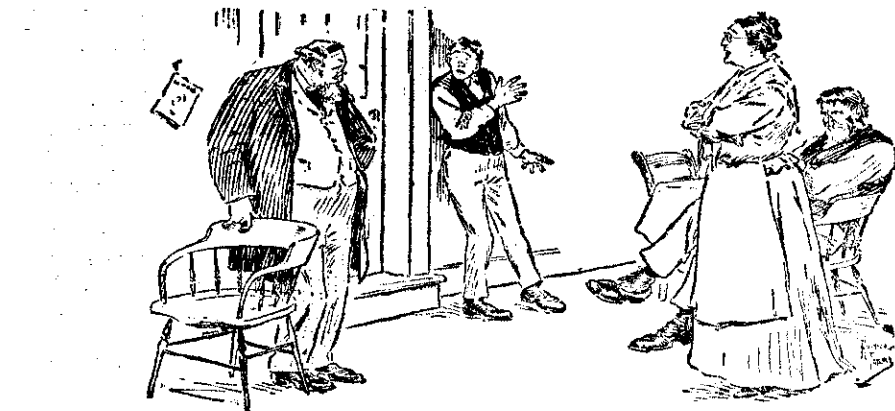
As an additional guard against possible rebellion on the part of the nephew, the captain was taking with him fifty dollars of the money left by the boy's mother, to be deposited at interest in a Boston bank. When the new whaler should return from his arctic adventure, this sum would be his to spend as he pleased.

The packet, with a fair wind to help her, moved out from her anchorage. Before the sandy bluffs of Bayport had sunk below the horizon, Eddie was heartily homesick. Seaside he was not, having had considerable experience in sailboats, but, as the fear of the reform school became more remote, the dread of the long voyage under his uncle's iron discipline grew stronger.

He had a taste of the discipline during his first hour aboard the packet. Captain Zeke had found a irony among the passengers, another old salt, one Cap'n Solomon Badger of Harniss, who also was going to the city to set sail for foreign parts. Eddie, not finding the conversation of the skippers particularly interesting, had wandered forward. His uncle suddenly became aware of his absence.

"Here, Ed!" he hailed. "Where's that boy gone to? Hi, Ed! What you doin' up there? Come aft and set down alongside."

Eddie, leaning over the rail, did not stir. "I'm all right," he answered lazily. "I like it better here."



"It may be necessary to send him to the reform school."

goin' right straight to the dogs, and I know it. Oh, dear dear!"

She broke into sobs, covering her face with her apron. Her brother clenched his big gnarled fists.

"I wish to thunder Sarah'd made me your guardian," he declared savagely. "You wouldn't be robbin' hen-yards nor hangin' round billiard saloons, if she had, I bet you! Oh, see here, Ed! look at the chance I'm giving you. I'll take you to Boston with me on the packet to-morrow, buy you a first-class seamen's outfit, ship you as cabin-boy on the Lucky Strike, and for three years you and me can be blubber-kustin' and money-mak-

ant errand. I am sorry that my business is—er—er—what it is, but, holdin' the position which I do, it is sometimes necessary to—to—er—yes—ahem!"

The widow looked frightened. Eddie cast another glance in the direction of the stairs. Captain Zeke, however, was surprisingly calm.

"Set right down, Squire," he urged. "Sorry you've got unpleasant business, but let's got through with it quick, as the feller who married the homely woman said to the parson. Ain't goin' to have me took up, are you?"

The chairman of selectmen refused the proffered chair.

"How do you know, Zeke Penniman?" asked his sister suspiciously.

The Captain, monocularly embarrassed, hesitated. Squire Pepper came to the rescue.

"I guess 'twas't lemonade," he said. "But that's neither here nor there. The selectmen have decided that your nephew must be taken care of. It's as much for his sake as anybody else's. And at the reform school, under strict discipline, there's a chance to save him. You've told me often, Elvira, that you can't handle him, so it's our duty to step in. Ahem, yes."

The widow began to cry. Eddie, too,

The next minute a tar-toughened thumb and finger closed on the lobe of his left ear, and he was led past a dozen grinning passengers and fo'mast hands, back to a seat near the wheel. Into this seat he was plumped without ceremony.

"When I speak to you, son," observed the Captain serenely, "you want to do two things right off. One is to say, 'Aye, aye, sir,' and t'other is to mind on the jump. It's your skipper that's bossin' you now, not your A'nt Elviry, and the sooner you splice that into your memory the better for you. I'm shippin' this young fellow, Cap'n Sol," he added to his friend from Harniss, "as cabin-boy, and I want to begin right. His



The captain was smiling—grimly, but smiling nevertheless.

antie's spiled him a little, but I callate to fix that in a day or so."

Captain Badger nodded. "A good beginnin' saves a bad endin'," he remarked sagely. "You mind your superior officer, boy, and you've learned the first lesson of a seaman. I've been aboard ships where answer same as you gave your uncle would land you in the scuppers with your toptriggin' busted. Yes, indeed."

Eddie, very red in the face, and with a tingling ear, made no answer; but, like the famous parrot, he thought much. The two captains were discussing a salt-water subject—namely, the ethics of the process known as "shanghaing" sailors.

"I don't believe in it myself," affirmed Captain Sol. "It don't seem to me Christian nor moral. And yet there's times when—"

"I agree with you exactly," concurred Captain Zeke. "I never shanghaied a fo'mast hand in my life. Me and my first mate, Obel Collin—you know him, Sol; one of the Nautucket Collins—we've had more arguments than a few about it. Whalin's whalin', I give in to that, and men are hard to get for 'vyages that last same as nine go. But I won't shanghai nobody, and I tell Obel so. 'If you want to take the responsibility,' I says to him, 'I won't interfere; but I don't want to know nothin' of the details.' Then my conscience is clear, anyhow."

"And yet," continued his companion, "I s'pose it's just as well for 'em as to be gettin' drunk in crimps' boardin' houses. All's done, they tell me, is to put a little sleepin' stuff—opium or such—in their grog, and there they be. Wake up aboard a clean ship, out of temptation's way, and no chance to drink nor fight. Lookin' at it that way, it seems 'most a mercy to 'em, don't it? And the sleepin' stuff don't do 'em no harm."

"Harn! Not a mite of it. Why, I tell you, Sol, I'm subject to rheumatiz when I get amongst the ice or in cold weather ashore, and when it's got me good I can't sleep nights. Old Dr. Penrose, down home, he gave me some opium pills. One of 'em stops pain, and I get to sleep soon; I turn in. Got a couple of boxes now in my satchel. Well, one time I was sort of absent-minded—been havin' dinner with some fellers I knew—and I took two of them pills by mistake. Sleep! Say! I slept fourteen hours on a stretch, and they had to stick pins into me to wake me up. But I felt first-rate after it; nothin' but a little headache, same as anybody's likely to have after a dinner like—after a dinner. I could take fifty of them pills and not mind it. No, no! drugs may hurt a land-lubber, but a

sailor's head's too tough. What's the matter, boy? Goin' to sleep?"

Eddie looked up. "No, no, sir," he replied. "I was thinkin', that's all."

Captain Zeke smiled approval of the "air."

"That's the way to talk, my son," he said. "You'll learn, give you time."

"Yes, sir," said Eddie. "I guess so." His meditations had brought him to a definite conclusion, namely, that he would run away as soon after arriving in Boston as was possible. He would not go on that whaling voyage.

The packet reached the city in the early hours of the morning. First of all, on landing, Captain Zeke arranged for his trunk and his nephew's box to be sent aboard the Lucky Strike. The ship was lying at Long Wharf, and she was to sail at nine that evening, "goin' out on the ebb," her skipper said. Then satchel in hand, the Captain led the way uptown.

"Hadn't I better go aboard the ship and wait for you, Uncle Zeke?" asked Eddie, with studied carelessness.

"No, no, son. You come right along with me. Got errands to do, you and me have. Got to buy your fit-out, for one thing. You can't go to sea in them shore togs."

Eddie covered his chagrin with a question. "What you takin' that satchel for?" he asked.

"Got papers and one thing or 'nother in it. Besides, it's handy to put bundles in."

They walked through lower Commercial Street, lined, at this period, with ship-chandler's stores, seamen's boarding-houses, shipping offices, and the like. The city was brand new to Eddie, and he looked about him with wide-eyed interest. Captain Zeke nodded to various acquaintances whom he passed.

"Who's that?" inquired the nephew, referring to one of these, a burly, red-haired man in soiled shirt-sleeves, who was standing in the doorway of a dingy shop, the windows of which were filled with bottles. Various signs hung about indicated that "Choice Wines and Liquors" were sold within, that "Comfortable Beds" might be had at thirty-five cents a night, that sailors could secure berths in ships for all parts of the world, and that "Passages for the Gold Diggings" might be booked at reasonable prices.

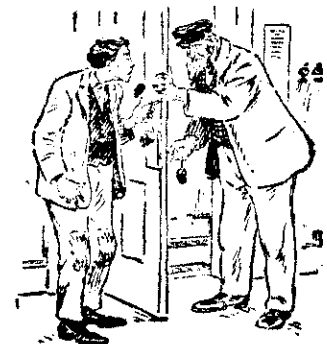
"Him?" replied the captain absently. "Oh, his name's Reilly. Runs a sailor's boardin'-house and— Well, what do you want?" This to the red-haired man, who had run after them.

"Why, Captain," said Mr. Reilly, "I just wanted to say that them two fo'mast hands you need ain't turned up yet, but I'll—"

"I don't want to know nothin' about it," was the quick reply. "That's between you and Mr. Collin. I can't stop to talk. I'm busy."

They hurried on. Eddie appeared fascinated by Mr. Reilly and his place of business, for he kept glancing back as if to fix the locality in his mind.

By noon many errands had been done. In a little clothing-store, kept by a former Cape Codder, Captain Zeke bought his nephew a sailor's outfit, including everything needed for a long voyage in an arctic climate. The purchase consumed much time, for nothing was bought at the price first named, and the "beating-down" process was lengthy and argumentative. The shopkeeper finally agreed to "throw in" a black and yellow neckerchief, for good measure, and on this basis the deal was made. At last, the satchel being stuffed to the top, and the boy's arms filled with bundles, they entered the door of the Bay State House, a hotel on Hanover-street. Here also the



"You ain't goin' to lock me in, are you?"

captain was known. After an interview with the clerk, they climbed four flights of stairs to a room under the eaves.

"There!" exclaimed Captain Zeke, dumping satchel and bundles on the bed. "There, Ed! here we be and here you'll stay until it's time to go aboard ship. You can get on your new togs and look out of the window till I come back. I got to see my owners and the like of that."

He opened the satchel and extracted a bundle of papers. Then he turned to the door and fumbled with the key.

Eddie had received the command to wait at the hotel with marked cheerfulness. Now, however, he looked thoughtful. "You ain't goin' to lock me in, are you?" he inquired anxiously.

"That's what, son. I brought you here for just that reason. If I leave you in a room up under the hurricane-deck with the door locked, I callate you'll stay put till I come back. Otherwise I wouldn't be so sure. By-by. Think of the fun you'll have blubber-huntin'; 'twill keep you from gettin' lonesome."

The door slammed and the key rattled. The disappointed "blubber-hunter" thumped on the panel.

"Aw, Uncle Zeke," he pleaded; "let's have dinner first. I'm hungry."

"Well! fed later on, son," was the muffled response. "A sailor has to 'arn to do without reg'lar meals."

His footsteps died away on the stairs. Disconsolately, Eddie turned to survey his prison. His first move was to open the window and peer out. Roofs and chimneys across the street made up the discouraging prospect in that direction. There was a transom over the door, but it was too small to crawl through. Obviously there was no escape.

The Captain's satchel lay open on the bed. For the sake of doing something, the boy began looking over the purchases of the morning. He took out one bundle

the door, but if they sent somethin' up perhaps they could push it through that little skylight."

He indicated the transom. "Humph!" grunted Captain Zeke. "So they done it, hey? Well, I must say I like your brass. And me chasin' around to banks depositin' your money and goin' without my own fodder while you're livin' like a fighting cock! All right, I'll have you aboard ship pretty soon, and then we'll see. How, much did them victuals cost?"

"Oh, they was the cheapest I could pick out; though things are dear here, ain't they? But I've saved some for you, and the coffee ain't cold yet. Do have some coffee, anyhow. I'll feel better about orderin' it if you do."

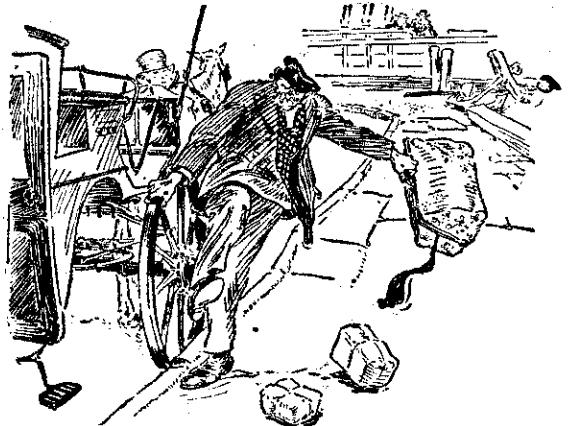
His uncle hesitated. His smart nephew had stolen a march on him, but the food was there, and it must be paid for, so

He sat down beside the table. "Here's your cup, Uncle Zeke," said Eddie. "I'll fill it for you. One spoonful of sugar, ain't it, sir? You always take one at home."

"Put in two. Might's well—got to get my money's worth somehow. Here! let that bread alone. You've had yours."

He finished the last of the eatables. Then, his temper somewhat improved, he sat, sipping his coffee and complacently regarding his companion. The latter returned the look. In fact, he watched his relative with a curious intentness.

"Humph!" grunted Captain Zeke, putting down the emptied cup and peering into the coffee-pot. "Took care not to leave more'n was good for me, didn't you. All right, son, I ain't complainin'. I s'pose you figgered you sort of got a leetle mite the best of the old man on this grub business. Well, maybe you did, but your Uncle Zeke ain't so slow that he can't catch himself. I callate you wouldn't have come along with me on this trip if it hadn't been for Squire Pepper—would you, hey?"



The captain alighted, or, strictly speaking, fell out of its door.

after another. Beneath those that contained the boy's outfit were other bundles hurriedly thrown in by the skipper before leaving Bayport. A small package, wrapped in white paper with writing on it, caught Eddie's eye. He picked it up and read the inscription. Then he started violently. "throw in" a black and yellow neckerchief, for good measure, and on this basis the deal was made. At last, the satchel being stuffed to the top, and the boy's arms filled with bundles, they entered the door of the Bay State House, a hotel on Hanover-street. Here also the

The captain's business with his owners took more time than he expected. He visited the bank also. It was nearly 4 o'clock when he unlocked the door of the room "under the hurricane-deck." Eddie, dressed, as per orders, in his new sea-going clothes, was seated by the window.

"Well, boy," observed the skipper approvingly, "now you begin to look like salt water, sure enough. Hungry yet, are you? That's all right. Waitin' for grub helps a feller's appetite. Hey! What's that?"

He pointed to the little table by the bed. On it stood a coffee-pot, a plate of bread and butter, and another of cold ham.

"Why, Uncle Zeke," explained Eddie, "you didn't come back, and I got awful empty. There's one of them pipes that you talk through in the wall, over there, and I boller'd down-stairs and told 'em I wanted somethin' to eat. They said, 'Come down and get it.' I told 'em I couldn't, 'cause you'd gone off and locked

"I don't know, sir." The boy was very respectful.

"You don't know? Well, I know. And you had a suspicion that you might slip your cable and run away when you struck the city. Hey! How about that?"

Eddie flushed and hesitated; also he appeared somewhat alarmed. The captain chuckled.

"Lord love you, son," he exclaimed; "did you s'pose I was as green as that comes to? I ain't been handlin' men and boys all these years for nothin'. But 'twas funny to see your face when I locked that door. Haw! haw!"

He laughed uproariously. His nephew laughed too, just a little. His momentary alarm had vanished, and, for no apparent reason, he seemed easier in his mind.

"Now, son," continued Captain Zeke, "I'm goin' to give you a few p'int's regardin' what you're to do aboard the Lucky Strike. You'll have to work, understand. Bein' relation to the old man don't count aboard a vessel of mine. But, at the end of the 'vyage, if you ain't a well-behaved, good-habited, spry young feller, I'll eat my hat. Now, listen."

Eddie listened. Captain Zeke's few points were not so few, after all. The prospective cabin boy gathered that his berth was to be anything but a sinecure. Also he noted that his uncle's discourse was becoming a trifle incoherent.

"As I was sayin'," went on the captain, "as I was sayin'—you'll have to . . ."

to . . . I don't see what makes me so overcastly sleepy."

He yawned cavernously. Eddie, in his chair by the window, smiled.

"A body'd think," observed Captain Zeke, "a body'd think—th-think—th—that—"

His eyelids drooped, and he leaned sidewise in his chair, saving himself from falling only by a violent effort.

"A body'd th-th-think . . ." said the captain.

"A body'd think," remarked Eddie nonchalantly, "that you'd been shanghaied, wouldn't they?"

"Hey! If hey? Wh-whash that?"

"But never mind, Uncle Zeke. There's no harm in it. Drugs may be bad for a landlubber, but a sailor's head's too tough. Nothin' but a little headache same as anyone's likely to have after dinner. I—"

"Boy!" The captain probably had an idea that he was shouting, but his utterance was merely a husky whisper. "Boy, whash been doin'? Has—have you . . . er . . ."

He paused, staggered to the bed, and, murmuring that he guessed he'd "turn in for a spell," fell fast asleep.

III.

Obed Coffin, first mate of the Lucky Strike, was distinctly nervous. He was anything but a nervous man, generally speaking, but at 11 o'clock, with the tide three hours on the ebb, full crew aboard, and the ship waiting to be cast off,



"It's your skipper that's bossin' you now."

it was disquieting to be minus a skipper. And Captain Zeke Penniman was usually the most punctual of men.

"Land knows what's become of him," he said to Mr Nye, the second mate. "Somethin' happened, sure. If 'twas three hours ahead of time I'd expect him any minute; but more'n two hours behind . . . I'm scart."

"Maybe he's drunk," suggested Nye, who had never sailed with Captain Penniman.

"Drunk! Zeke Penniman! Don't talk foolish; he's a teetotaler—on board ship or night sailin' time, anyhow."

The second mate spat disgustedly. "Thunder!" he exclaimed. "He ain't, is he? Why didn't you tell me that afore I signed articles? A teetotal whaler! I didn't believe there was such a thing."

"Well, there is, and . . . Hi! I callate this is him now. Yes, 'tis. But how in the world did he come to be so extravagant with his money? Zeke Penniman in a hired hack! I'll believe the millennium's struck, pretty near."

It was Captain Zeke, sure enough, and in a cab. The captain alighted from the vehicle, or, more strictly speaking, fell out of its door, and staggered to the string-piece of the wharf.

"Obed," he called. "Obed Coffin, where in time are you?"

"Aye, aye, skipper," replied the wondering first mate. "I'm mighty glad to see you. I was beginnin' to think—"

"Shut up! Goin' to stand talkin' all night? Pay this feller—indicating the cab driver—"fifty cents—no more, understand. Hurry up, will you! Oh, Lord, my head!"

Mr. Coffin paid the driver, and the Captain of the Lucky Strike prepared to climb aboard his vessel. He seemed to find it a difficult task.

"Hear!" he growled. "Give me a hand, won't you? And be lively about it!"

Obed helped him over the rail, while Mr. Nye assisted by holding a lantern. "Ain't sick, air, are you?" asked the first mate.

"No!" sputtered Captain Zeke, savagely.

"Course he ain't!" put in Nye, hugely delighted. "You're all right, hey, skipper? Sea legs ain't on, that's all." Then in Mr. Coffin's ear he whispered: "This what you call a teetotaler?"

The Captain heard him. "What's that?" he demanded. "You dast to hint that I've been drinkin' liquor, and I'll—oh, my head!"

"Hadn't we better get under way?" asked Obed, hurriedly.

"Have you—have you seen anything of—of a nephew of mine?" Captain Zeke blurted out the question.

"No, sir. Was that the new cabin-boy? He hasn't turned up. Thought you was goin' to fetch him from Bayport."

The skipper groaned aloud. In his coat pocket was a note, which he had found in the room at the Bay State House after being shaken into wakefulness by the night clerk. Its every word was burned into his memory. It ran as follows:—

"Dear Uncle Zeke,—I decided not to go whaling, and I put two of your rheumatiz pills in that coffee you could drink. You said yourself you could take fifty of 'em, so I know two won't hurt you. I'm off to dig gold. When I come back rich maybe I will call on you and Aunt Elvira.

"Your loving nephew,
Edward Copeland.

"P.S.—I took what money you had in your pockets to pay my fare. You can take enough to make us square out of the bank, where you put my fifty."

"Shall I get under way?" repeated Mr. Coffin, watching his superior. Captain Zeke, sick, wrathful, and humiliated, his head splitting, and his stomach turning somersaults, groaned again.

"I—I guess not, Obed," he stammered. "I callate we won't sail to-night. We ain't got a full ship's company, so—"

"Yes, we have, sir. Reilly fetched the final pair aboard about eight. Had to shanghai 'em, of course. He come pretty nigh not gettin' the last one, but luck was with him. Seems a green young feller in sailor's rig drifted into his place, and asked for a ticket to Californy; wanted to go to the diggin's, like the rest of the fools. When he found out what passage would cost, he was consider'ble set back—hadn't got money enough, you understand. Then he wanted to know if he couldn't ship as fo'mast hand aboard a 'Prisco vessel. Reilly see that Providence was helpin' us along, and he asks the young cub to have somethin' just for sociableness. Well, you know what that means—means the Lucky Strike's got her full crew."

The first mate laughed at Mr. Reilly's little joke. Captain Zeke did not laugh.

"Where did this young chap want to go?" he demanded excitedly.

"To Californy. He—"

"What sort of a lookin' feller was he? How was he dressed?"

"Oh, he's quite a likely youngster, I should say. Freckle-faced and sort of tow-headed. Had a nice new fit-out of tugs, blue shirt and—"

"Obed Coffin, don't you lie to me! Don't you dare say that shanghai'd lubber had on a speckled yeller neck-handkerchief if he didn't! Don't—"

"But he did. How'd you know? A yeller handkerchief with black spots. Want to see him? He's down in the fo'castle now, sleepin' like a lamb."

A few minutes later, Mr. Nye, holding the lantern by the forward companion, looked full into the face of the skipper, as the latter ascended the ladder from the fo'castle. The Captain was smiling—grimly, perhaps, but smiling nevertheless.

"Obed," queried Captain Zeke, turning to the first mate, who was behind him on the ladder, "three years is quite a spell, ain't it?"

"Why—why, yes, sir."

"I callate in that time, and with proper discipline a skipper that knew his business might make a man even out of a young rip like that one down there, hey?"

"Aye, aye, sir. I 'spose he could." "Yes. And anyhow," Captain Zeke's grim smile broadened, and his right fist clenched, "anyhow he could have consider'ble fun tryin'. Mr. Coffin, you may get the ship under way, sir."

Little Stories of Big People.

Mr Lloyd George, Chancellor of the Exchequer, whose Budget caused such a sensation, is described as one of the greatest workers of the day. For several weeks while his budget was in preparation he worked eighteen hours a day. Anybody who wanted to discuss anything with him found that he had every hour of the day engaged from the minute he arose. When there was no other hour free to him for which to make an appointment he invited the person to breakfast.

His breakfasts at 11 Downing-street became quite famous. They often began as early as 8 o'clock, and Lloyd-George would enter with his little daughter Megan on his back, his bright black eyes reproduced with extraordinary fidelity in the bright eyes of the laughing little maid herself. Surrounded by some of the most important men in England, he would then fall to discussing politics, and utilise every minute with something of importance, while still finding time to say something to his little daughter. Usually the party was confined to officials from the treasury with whom he was discussing details of his budget, but often men of the opposite party were present. In all this combination of interests, however, no hint ever escaped of what was forthcoming.

Max Darewski, Unspoiled Prodigy.

"The soul of Mozart is in your body," was the original way in which Mme. Patti expressed herself to Max Darewski, the boy musician. Considering the precocious record of this musician there

are those who might believe that there was as much truth as wit in this assertion. He was only five when he composed his first waltz and has written many other things of great merit. At the age of seven he conducted a band at Bournemouth, but probably the most wonderful thing he ever did was to conduct the massed band at the Crystal palace a few years ago, on which occasion he had no less than 400 instruments under his charge.

In spite of his success Max never has become spoiled—he is always polite. Some time ago a little girl friend offered him a peppermint, which he promptly accepted and put in his mouth. It was particularly strong and made his eyes water. He bore it for some time without a word, but at last he took it from his mouth and laid it on the table. "Why do you do that?" asked his little friend, in surprise. "I want it to get a little cooler," replied Max.

Hedin's Experience in Thibet.

Sven Hedin, the celebrated Swedish explorer who recently returned from a journey through unknown parts of Tibet, has had many narrow escapes from death in the course of his adventurous career. He was once rescued by an auxiliary expedition when he had been lost for several weeks on the "Roof of the World." The doctor in the party describes his appearance at the time he was found: "His tongue was white, dry, and swollen, his lips bluish, his cheeks sunken, his eyes dull and glassy."

Speaking of that experience, Dr. Hedin tells that he found a small pool of water after going three days without a drink. In ten minutes he had absorbed five pints of the fluid.

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Copyright Story.

The Grove of the Hundred Pines

By OWEN RHOSCOMYL.

RAIR lie the waters of Llyn Alo, between the dark woods of Rola and the grey front Craig Eidal. On the level spread of wondrous green at the head of the llyn rises the old embattled House of Rola, looking down the shining length of the lake to the Grove of the Hundred Pines, that lift so tall and stately straight, above its foaming outlet.

In the old Colonel's days any wanderer might roam at will in the oaken shades of Itola, but his eldest son, the Captain, changed all that, as soon as he succeeded. He wasn't going to have all this crowd from the Spa down the valley tramping and screeching all over his place, he said. And up went the notices to trespassers, that fringed the woods and barred the paths, whichever way you turned for a mile and more.

You may depend upon it that the Spa—Trevell was its name—had its own opinion of the Captain, Captain Morgan. Spendthrift and gambler, said the milder people, sipping at the Pump Room. "Scoundrel!" retorted the others, summing him up and dismissing him in that one finishing word.

Still, there frowned the signs on the oaks—"Trespassers will be prosecuted, by order," and yet there was one trespasser that—well, one would have liked the Captain to meet her, to see if he dare prosecute such a trespasser as that.

She was anything you like from 16 to 20, according to the mood in which she turned her eyes on you—dark eyes that were so appealing or so inschivevous, so sympathetic, or so demure, all according to which notion was shooting across her fancy at the moment.

Slender—yes; and that frock of hers shimmered like mother-of-pearl in the sunlight, while the gipsy tint in her cheek had just enough of the wild rose in it to go well with the chestnut mass of her hair, ordered and piled so demurely under her broad-leaved hat. And yet a stray tress or two had escaped, curling and glinting down by ear and cheek for dear rebellion's sake.

When she lifted her skirt to pass wet places, you might see how straight she was poised on her slender ankles, and how daintily she picked her way. Every movement of her as she walked was a notice, plain as those on the trees—"Susceptibles, beware!"

The Grove of the Hundred Pines attracted her. She looked up and approved of their majestic height; she nodded encouragingly at the huge girth of their trunks. She plainly summed them up as emphatically something like ancestral trees. Through the midst of them she walked to the edge of the lake.

There she sent a defiant gaze and a rebellious nod across the shining waters to the House of Rola yonder. "It's like your impudence!" she said indignantly. "But you'll see. I wonder what you'll say when you find I'm not there. I hope father will tell you why; but I suppose he won't. There ought to be fairies here in such a place instead of you."

Fairies there were none, however, so, maybe for lack of them, she turned and started round the edge of the lake to her right. "I wonder if the gardeners are as wonderful as they say!" she said to herself.

As she came to the outermost of the Hundred Pines she stopped astonished. At the base of the giant trunk was a great scath, as if the axemen years ago had begun to chop it down, but had been stopped just in time to save it from falling yet not in time to save its life, apparently, for death was stealing through the branches overhead, leaving most of them black and bare against the white and blue of the sky.

She looked at that for a moment, and then she turned a flashing eye on the house again. "That's a downright sin!" she exclaimed. "And just like you!" she ended. Then she moved on again.

Close and green grew the grass along the edge of the lake, where the long-armed oaks just failed to reach the water, and as she walked she put her foot down as though she were a connoisseur of greensward, revelling in this. More than

once she lifted her eyes as though she wished to say something sarcastic in the direction of the house, but a little rocky promontory, jutting into the water just ahead of her, lifted its gorse-clad crest exactly high enough to bar the view of it. It was just as she cleared the base of this jutting cape that she came to the biggest oak of all, one so huge in girth and spread that it seemed to have a acre to itself, while its roots stood out like buttresses about it. Her eyes sparkled. "I'll sit in those roots and watch. Perhaps I'll see him when he comes back fuming. I wonder if he'll switch the heads off the roses like they say he does when he's angry?"

She was so pleased with her plan, and kept her eyes so close on the house, that she was within a yard of the side of the trunk facing the lake before she was aware of a man, sitting in the very nook of the roots she had intended for herself. Her lips parted in the prettiest dumb gasp imaginable.

She was very indignant. What right had a horried man to hide himself and startle people like that! And in such coarse clothes, too! She reddened with horror at herself for showing herself so startled and then, as she turned to go, the man turned his face to her. Oh, not horrors! Nay, not anything but pity—for the face, the goodly face, was blind.

She checked and caught her breath in sudden pain at seeing the long lashes of the closed eyes quivering in the pale face that lifted enquiringly in her direction, as if waiting humbly to know who was there. The helpless patience of that waiting look seemed to pull at her heart-strings, so that she felt she could not take herself away till something should break the silence between them. And while she waited it came, in his low-voiced greeting. "Boreu da," he said ("Good morning").

"And to you," she answered in the same quiet tone—and the same language.

He smiled at once, that smile which seems so like a radiance in the faces of the blind. "The llyn must be very beautiful this morning," he said, tone and manner unmistakably no boor's.

"It is," she answered. And then, as if the tragedy of blindness only came home to her through that one word "must," implying that he had once had sight, and now in the dark of his blind-

ness remembered the glory of the world then, a sudden rush of fresh horror of such a fate made her burst into words of unwise pity. "Oh, if you could only see how lovely it is!" she cried, making a quick step towards him.

He heard that step of impulse, as well as the distress in her voice, and his own tone took on a winning pathos as he asked again. "You have come past the grove of pines; but perhaps you didn't notice if they are all still standing in their beauty; did you?"

"I came past the pines," she answered quickly. "But—"

A sudden caution for his sake checked her. That grove might be one of his dearest recollections, and his last look at it might have been in a day when every tree of it was perfect. How could she blight the picture of it in his mind by telling him that one kingly tree of the grove had been mortally stricken, and was dying in a gaunt skeleton as it stood. A woman's instinct to put off pain drove her to temporise. "But," she began again. "If I just go out to the point of this rock, that runs into the lake here, I can see the pines from there and tell you."

"If you will," he said, and said it in that winning way still. "There is a path to the point of the rock."

How keenly he was remembering all his eyes once used to dwell on in its loveliness, she thought. Perhaps he used to come to this very point of rock to stand and gaze at the pines. Her own eyes were suddenly misty with tears for him as she hurried along the rocky path at the rim of the water, and when she came to the farthest standing place, where the grove of giant pines burst on her view, she could not answer him truly. "There they stand!" she cried. "Oh, how splendid they look across the water!"

She was cozening herself that she was telling the truth because she was telling a truth, and all the time she felt a guilty certainty that she was wickedly telling an awful you-know-what. Only her heart did warm so when she heard the gladness in his voice as he cried out: "Ah, they are splendid! I must have another look at them—in my dreams" he added softly, finding the path and starting with quick feet towards her.

He reached her with a sureness that eased her pain for him a little. He was less helpless than she had feared, and that somehow eased her guilt about the trees too. She was ready to continue the deception and carry it off with a high front. The water-lilies, gleaming beautiful a couple of yards out from her feet, gave her an excuse.

"And how beautiful the lilies are in the water just here," she went on, as he reached her and turned his face with unerring remembrance towards the pines.

"Ah," his face turned down to the

lilies at once. He was remembering them too. "Are they open then? They used to be splendid here, and—there was a stone I used to step on, and then I could just reach them. Here's the stone, isn't it?" he ended, extending his foot, feeling with it towards where a stone did actually lie with its tip above the water.

"It is," she answered him—and then broke off with a quick scream of dread as he let that foot down on the stone. For the stone tilted, and down he went, feet first, into the black deeps of the cleft between them and the lilies. In her horror she made a frantic clutch to save him, lost her balance, made a wild stride for the stone too, missed it, and went headlong after him into the lake.

She was scarcely in before she was up again to the surface, and her terrified clutch at the shore found firm hold of the ledge she had been standing on. In the same moment she found foothold on a niche of the ledge below the water, and her thankfulness broke out in a gasp of "Oh, I'm saved!"

That brought her wits back to the blind man, and in the same breath she felt his body at her knees. With another frantic clutch she caught it and brought it to the surface, the pallid face coming first and showing a thin trickle of blood from the temple the moment it rose above the water. "Oh, he's killed!" she gasped in fresh horror.

But the man moved with returning consciousness, and his hand went out gropingly to seize some hold, touching the ledge and holding fast instinctively at the touch. Then his strength came to him, and in another minute they were both back on the ledge, where she began to lead him gingerly back to the oak, half in a fright at the horror she had just escaped, half in horror at the fright she must look, all wet and bedraggled like this.

He began to speak as they went. "I'm very, very sorry. But there used to be a firm stone there. And now you'll have spoiled all your pretty clothes, and you'll catch your death of cold, too, if you don't get a change at once."

"I'll make them give me dry clothes at Rola," she said, with a sudden gust of anger that warmed her blood wonderfully.

"But I don't live at Rola," he said patiently.

"No," she interrupted, at poise between quick laughter at the notion of his living at Rola, and a sigh of sure pity at his simplicity. But he was continuing.

"Come now to the house; it's just through the wood here, and Gwen Phillips will lend you some clothes while she dries yours. She'll be glad, because she's from the same district as you, by your dialect—Yatrad Towy, isn't it?"

"It is," she said, suddenly thankful that she had learned Welsh in the summers at her father's old home in the



THAT VISIT TO THE DEAR OLD FOLKS ON THE FARM.

The Metropolitan Tower and the Zeppelin II.

TWO STRIKING COMPARISONS.

Two very big structures which are more or less constantly in the public eye are the new Zeppelin airship, which recently met with disaster, and the Metropolitan Tower, which overlooks every building in New York. Very few realise, perhaps, how huge the Zeppelin airship and the Metropolitan Tower are, largely because we must ordinarily deal with their dimensions in numbers. To present their immensity more forcibly, we have performed the photographic miracle of overturning the Metropolitan Tower and of floating the "Zeppelin" over the Louisiana, one of the newest American battleships.

On a clear day, the white shaft rises magnificently in the sunlight to a height which justifies the title "Campanile of New York," that has been given to the building. The stupendous shaft of pure white marble towers to a height of 700 feet above the sidewalk. It has a base measurement of 75 feet by 85 feet.

We have previously had occasion to comment upon the height of this marvel of American tall building construction, and we cannot do better than to recapitulate briefly some of the facts previously brought out. Fully one half of the tower looms above the skyline drawn by New York's cornices. So tall is the structure, that the snowy pinnacles catches the rays of the rising sun while the street below is still in darkness.

When the sun sets behind the Orange Mountains of New Jersey, and the street lamps light up one by one, its rays will fall upon the top story of the Metropolitan Tower.

The Metropolitan Tower is the loftiest habitable structure in the world. For sheer height, however, it is surpassed by the Eiffel Tower, which is not an office building, and therefore hardly falls in the same class. The Zeppelin airship, on the other hand, stands without a rival in aeronautic hugeness. Since the craft was primarily intended for military use, it is but fitting to compare it to a modern battleship, for the Zeppelin is a warship of the air, even though it is not likely that it will ever be armed with guns, because of the enormous volume of explosive hydrogen carried in the gas bags. Absolutely accurate figures of the Zeppelin's size are not available, but from the best information at hand, we gather that the airship is 446 feet long, and that the diameter of the gas bag is 38 feet. That the Zeppelin is comparable in size with a modern battleship is fully borne out by one of our illustrations, in which the craft is shown hovering over the United States battleship Louisiana in a position never likely to occur in actual experience. The Louisiana measures 450 feet on the water line, and 456½ feet over all, so that a very good idea of the bigness of the airship may be gained simply by contemplating the Louisiana. Unfortunately, the two vessels are so widely different in character, that further comparison is practically impossible. The battleship floats on water, the Zeppelin on air. A rather far-fetched comparison might therefore be drawn between the

tonnage of the Louisiana and the lifting capacity of the Zeppelin; in other words, between 16,000 tons of the Louisiana and the 7082 pounds of the Zeppelin. The result shows simply how little can be expected of an airship in carrying capacity, and how very necessary battleships will always be in order to carry heavy guns.

THE REGENERATION OF REFUSE.

Continued from Page 37.

made up into "box" piles or faggots, heated to a white heat in furnaces, and run through the rolls, which first weld the pieces into a solid billet, and then reduce the billets to bars. Another profitable enterprise was the conversion of the refuse from the puddling-furnaces in the South Staffordshire iron district into an article of commerce. This refuse—locally known as "tap-cinder"—is a prominent if not very picturesque feature of the landscape in the Midlands. Hundreds of acres of land have from time to time been acquired in the vicinity of large ironworks upon which to deposit this supposed worthless material. An eminent German chemical analyst discovered that tap-cinder contained a percentage of phosphorus, which rendered it valuable as an ingredient for the production of basic steel. The result was that it was bought in large quantities for the German market; and now, among steel-makers, tap-cinder has

a recognised use, and has acquired a commercial value of from 4/ to 5/ a ton.

Slaughter-house Refuse Transformed.

A few years ago, tons of blood, fresh from slaughtered cattle flowed unheeded through the sewers into the stockyards. To-day this blood is saved, put through several processes, and comes out as a fertiliser, or in the form of cakes, which are sent to sugar refineries to assist in clarifying the sweet liquor. Heat and hydraulic pressure are the agents which separate the water from the albumen in the red fluid, and prepare the dried blood for the pulverising process which fits it for use as a fertiliser. After being boiled down, pressed, crushed, and ground to a powder, the dried blood is mixed with potash and phosphoric acid, and sent out as a complete fertiliser.

The carcasses of worn-out and dead horses, which at one period had no commercial value to speak of, come out from factory yards as marketable products, the flesh as oil for soapmakers and leather-dressers, and the bones as oil, fat, glue, and as a product for clarifying purposes. Old bones of any description, in fact, are now converted into an amazing number of articles, such as egg-spoons, toothpicks, penknife handles, tooth-brushes, and so on. Even the smaller pieces chipped off when these commodities are being made are not lost, for they are burnt into a powder and make an excellent material for cleaning the teeth. Besides this, there are large works which do nothing else than turn bones into superphosphate manure.

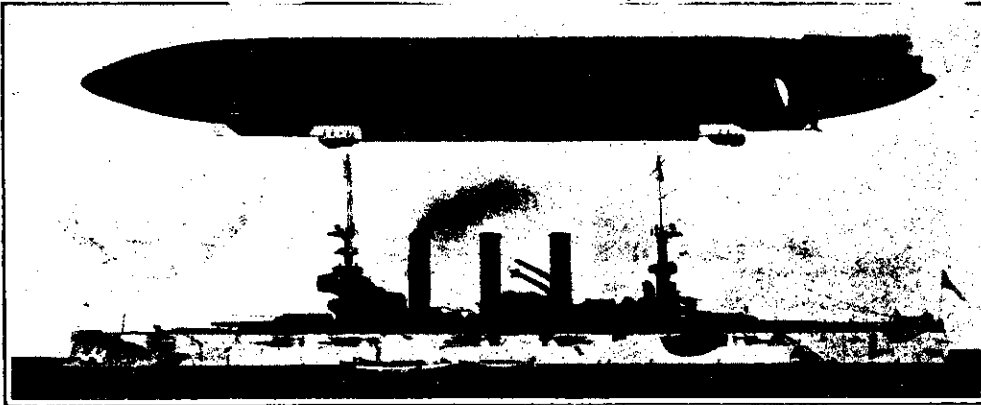
Artificial Fertilisers.

An excellent artificial manure, sulphate of ammonia, is derived from passing the obnoxious fumes that iron furnaces used to belch forth into the atmosphere unchecked through certain materials. So even furnace fumes are forced into the service of man, and made to contribute materially to the ironmaster's income. The tannal industry of Newtown, in Wales, throws off a fluid refuse which has been found to be of considerable value to agriculturists, one hundred-weight of it being worth, for this purpose, more than a ton of London sewage. Yet it was formerly drained off into the nearest streams, where it became a source of pollution.

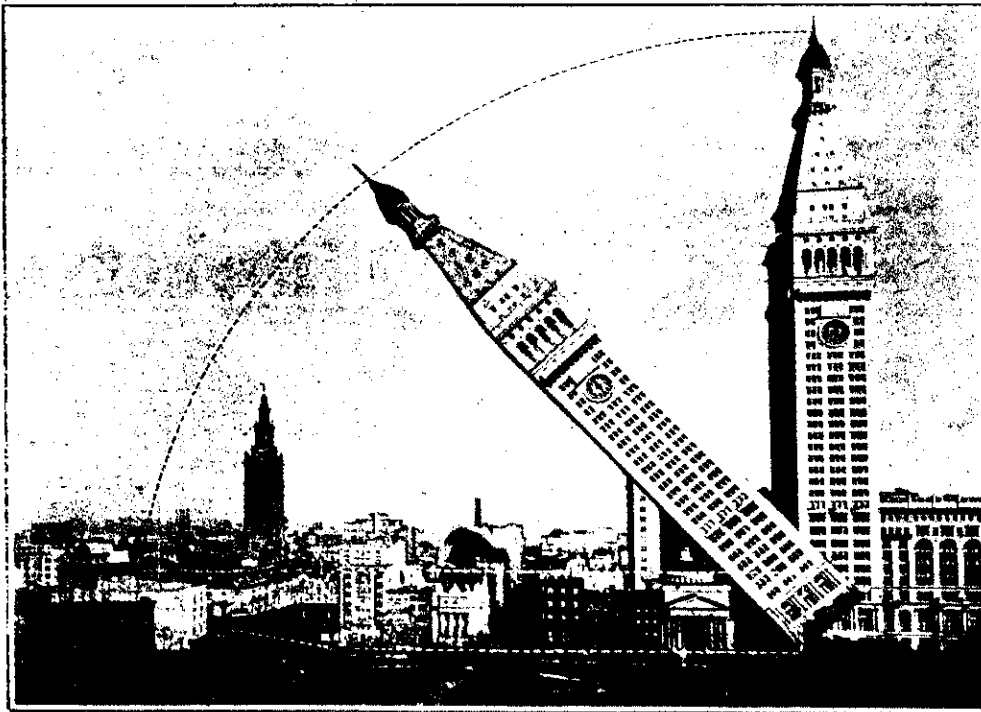
Treasures from the Dust-bin.

Few industries are more interesting than paper-making, one of the amazing features of which is that paper, beautiful snow-white paper should be produced from such a conglomerate mass of dirty rubbish. In fact, the variety of worthless things used in the making of paper seems to be only excelled by the variety of uses to which the manufactured article is put. From newspapers to street paving, and from banknotes to railway carriage wheels there is a wide range of usefulness.

Not, in conclusion, must we omit to emphasise the fact, which of course is now known to almost everybody, that radium, a substance of almost incalculable value is extracted from pitchblende, which was formerly regarded as worthless rubbish. The discovery of radium, in fact, is universally admitted to be one of the most remarkable results of chemical research and investigation that has occurred in modern times. The romance of its discovery is fitly crowned by the knowledge that it must ever be regarded as perhaps the most marvellous instance of the utilisation of waste products.



The "Zeppelin II" is nearly as long as the battleship "Louisiana."



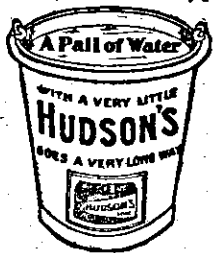
THE METROPOLITAN TOWER AND THE "ZEPPELIN II."

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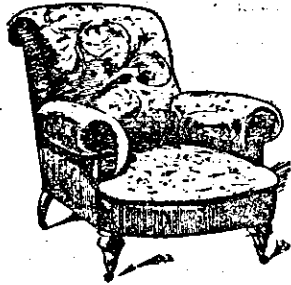
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Topics of the Day.

By Our London Correspondent.

THE HANDEL FESTIVAL.

TRIENNIAL GATHERING AT CRYSTAL PALACE.

(By a New Zealander.)

LONDON, July 9.

THE triennial Handel festival was made the occasion to commemorate the centenary of the birth of Mendelssohn, and selections from the works of both composers were given to the public, on a scale that can only be described as gigantic. The chorus and orchestra numbered nearly 4000, and comprised the finest vocalists and instrumentalists within the Kingdom, all being skilled musicians, conducted by Dr. Frederic Cowen, who had wielded the baton at the two preceding festivals. Four days' performances were given.

The first day was devoted to a general rehearsal. The National Anthem was sung, first verse by the whole mass of sopranos, with organ accompaniment, second verse by the alto (with organ), the conductor insisting upon a second trial in order to secure a better rendering of the line, "Scattering his enemies"; the third verse by chorus, orchestra, and organ, revealed the massiveness of their full strength. The symphony to the "Hymn of Praise" was rehearsed in full; several solos were given, the first by our old friend Mr. Watkin Mills, who received a warm welcome, the same being accorded to Miss Agnes Nicholls (the leading soprano), and to Madame Clara Butt, one of the most popular of artists here, as elsewhere. The chorus was severely tested in the more difficult numbers from the "Messiah," "Israel in Egypt," "Elijah," and "Hymn of Praise." The day's work was evidently very trying to those in the chorus and orchestra, and occasional gaps were made in the ranks through ladies succumbing to the heat.

On the second day "Elijah" was given in its entirety. The appearance of Sir Charles Santley was accompanied by a genuine outburst of applause from all present, which greatly moved him, and his emotion was apparent throughout the early numbers of the oratorio. There was a lack of his old vigour in the air "Is Not His Word Like a Fire?" but in all other respects his singing was superb and unrivalled throughout. Madame Butt excelled in her delivery of the "Jezebel" recitations. Mr. Ben Davies recalled some (though not all) of the form of Sims Reeves, in the tenor solos. Miss Agnes Nicholls gave an admirable and artistic rendering of the air "Hear Ye, Israel," her high notes being especially fine. The chorus was excellent both in the power of the fortissimos and in the tenderness of the subdued passages. The words were distinctly audible throughout, the attacks were unanimous, and the tone was wonderful. The singing of the "Baal" choruses was thrilling in its dramatic effect. Such numbers as "Be Not Afraid," and "Behold, God the Lord Passed By," gained much added dignity through being taken at a slower tempo than usual.

On the third day, part was devoted to selections from the works of Handel. The first item was the opening chorus of "Samson." This was not a good introduction to the works of the great master. The voices were unsteady, the runs were confused, and the whole may be described as the one failure of the festival. There was, however, ample compensation in the selection of double choruses from "Israel in Egypt." These were all magnificently rendered. The difficulties of "He Led Them Through the Deep" vanished completely before the body of trained voices; the antiphonal singing of the "Hallelujah" chorus and "The Horse and His Rider" was such as to arouse the audience to demand their repetition. Other choruses were given with marvellous precision. Selected airs from the less familiar works of Handel were given by Madame Butt, Mr. Watkin Mills, and Mr. Kenneth Runford, the two last named being entrusted with the duet "The Lord is a Man of War," a number which might with advantage have been allotted to the

chorus. The first part ended with the "Gloria," from the Utrecht Jubilate.

Next followed a signally successful programme of Mendelssohn's "Lobgesang," or Hymn of Praise. The orchestra (500 in number) gave an interpretation of the beautiful symphony in a manner that could not be surpassed for massive treatment of the forte passages, and the most delicate pianissimos. The strings, wood-wind and mass revelled in their masterly rendering of the work. The chorus sang magnificently. Miss Nicholls was again most successful in the soprano solos. Mr. Walter Hyde gave evidence of good dramatic power in the tenor part, but his voice is somewhat too throaty to be wholly agreeable. Special mention must be made of the duet "I Waited for the Lord," in which the subdued voices of the tenor and bass chorus were subordinate to those of Miss Nicholls and her colleague, Miss Evans. The sublime chorus, "The Night is Departing," was invested with a grandeur almost overpowering to the senses. Its performance was a veritable triumph to all concerned.

On the fourth day Handel's "Messiah" was performed, the principals being Miss Nicholls, Madame Butt, Mr. Davies, and Mr. Robert Radford. All did their work excellently well, and the choruses were another testimony to the skill of the conductor in holding such a large body of singers under restraint, and in aiming at expression rather than mere noise. Dr. Cowen has proved how a body of 3500 can, under proper direction, be trained to produce with perfect unanimity a double pianissimo as with an outburst of "Hallelujah."

"RASPLATA" (THE RECKONING).

THE DIARY OF A RUSSIAN NAVAL OFFICER.

By Commander Wladimir Semenov, Imperial Russian Navy. John Murray, 10/6 net.

The publication of this book, which contains the diary kept by a Russian naval officer during the blockade of Port Arthur, and the voyage of Admiral Rozhdestvensky's fleet, which ended so disastrously, made a sensation when first it appeared in Russia. Prior to the outbreak of the war with Japan, the author held an appointment on the staff at Cronstadt, and was A.D.C. to Admiral Makaroff, the Port Admiral. When war became imminent in Manchuria, he volunteered, and arrived at Port Arthur just after the attack by the Japanese fleet on the Russian warships at Port Arthur. His description of the state of affairs at that place at the beginning of the war is a severe indictment against the administration of Admiral Alexieff, whom he charges with gross favouritism, and the suppression of anything like independent enterprise. "Risk nothing," he says, "was the maxim to which they clung—Alexieff at sea, Kuropatkin on land." It destroyed all enthusiasm, and prepared the way for the disasters that followed.

The arrival of Vice-Admiral Makaroff infused a new spirit into the operations of the squadron. He adopted effective means to thwart the Japanese efforts to block the entrance to Port Arthur, and brought the Russian ships into a condition which held out a prospect of being able to assume the offensive. Unfortunately, the catastrophe by which he lost his life and the battleship Petropavlovsk, through the vessel striking a mine laid by the Japanese on the preceding night, brought to naught the hopes which his vigorous action had inspired. How sudden the disaster was, is shown by a note which the author made at the time: "9.43, explosion on board Petropavlovsk"; and then, "9.44, all over." The battleship had been struck in its most vulnerable part, causing an explosion in its own magazine, which utterly destroyed the vessel. Rear-Admiral Prince Utkonsky, who succeeded to the command, immediately gave orders to re-

turn to port, but when steaming back the Pobieda struck another mine, and began to heel over. What followed is thus graphically described:—

"The formation was lost, and the whole squadron got mixed. Suddenly, guns went off everywhere, here and there ships were struck by shell, projectiles whistled over our heads, and splinters struck the ship's side." Panic seized the entire squadron, and the ships began to fire at random. "Mingled with the thunder of the guns, came cries such as: 'It is all up with us!' 'Submarines!' 'The ships are all sinking!' 'Fire, fire!' 'Save yourselves!' The men had completely lost their heads. They hauled the hammocks out of the nettings, and tore the belts out of each other's hands. Some were standing by to jump overboard." The Diana, on which the author was serving, was struck by a Russian shell, and the officers had to drive the men away from the guns; it was with the greatest difficulty that order was finally restored. If the Japanese had concentrated their fire on this huddled-up mass of ships, scarcely any could have escaped, but they did not take in the situation in time to act, and order was finally restored, which enabled the ships to re-enter Port Arthur, after saving seventy persons from the sunken battleship.

The subsequent operations at Port Arthur on the Russian side were most disheartening, but the author was fortunate in being on one of the ships which finally escaped in the sortie made when it became manifest that Port Arthur would fall, and the vessels be taken possession of by the conquering Japanese. The ship dismantled at Saigon, and Semenov rapidly made his way back to Russia, where he obtained an appointment on board one of the ships of the Baltic fleet, then on the point of departure for the East. His account of the condition of the fleet, the lack of discipline among the crews of the ships, and the incidents of the voyage explain the final disaster. Many things that were before obscure, especially the attitude of France and Germany towards the fleet, are made clear. With regard to the firing on the North Sea fishing fleet, which caused so much indignation in England, Commander Semenov was at first inclined to ascribe the trouble to error and panic on one of the ships, which began the firing. Subsequently, however, he changed this opinion, on very inadequate grounds, and came to the conclusion that Japanese torpedo boats were really seen among the fishing boats. The demands for reparation made in England caused considerable perturbation in the fleet, which was intensified by the shadowing of the Russian vessels by British cruisers on their way to Tangier. The evolutions carried out by the escorting squadron were watched with envy by the Russian officers. "All their movements," writes Commander Semenov, "were so regular, all manoeuvres were carried out at such speed and with so much precision, that they did not look as if they were due to un-

expected orders, but as if a well-rehearsed play were being enacted before our eyes, in which neither the stage manager nor the prompter could be noticed. "Do you admire this?" I turned round. "Behind me stood the Admiral, who could not take his eyes off the English cruisers. "Do you admire this?" he repeated. "That is something like. Those are sea-men. Oh, if only we..." and he ran down the ladder without completing the sentence. In his voice there was suppressed anguish; an expression of so much suffering passed over his face that I suddenly understood... I realised that though he did not allow himself any hopes which could not be realised, though he well knew the true worth of his squadron, yet he was faithful to his trust, and would cede to no one the honour of being the first in the ranks of those who were voluntarily hastening to pay the reckoning."

Throughout his book the author defends the Admiral, and maintains that no one could have accomplished more than he did. He blames the Home authorities for dispatching a fleet that was foredoomed to failure, and for sending orders which delayed its voyage and militated against any small chance of escape from disaster which might have remained to it. He blames them also for not recalling the squadron when the fall of Port Arthur rendered its mission absolutely futile. In all these criticisms Commander Semenov will be supported by the weight of public opinion, which must be further strengthened by the strong array of evidence which he brings in support of his conclusions.

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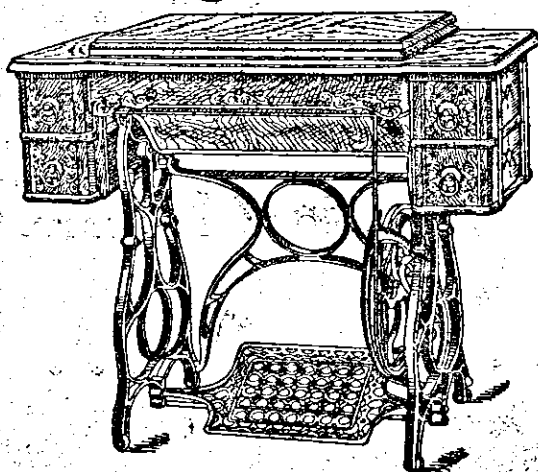
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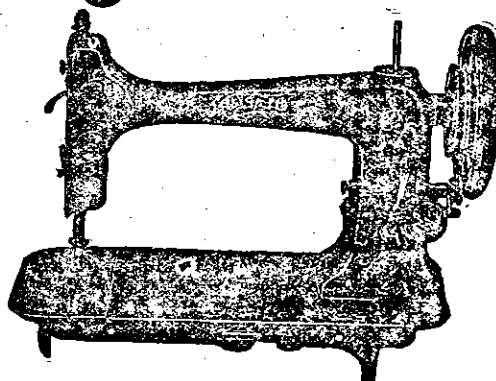
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and love to see the pictures and read about Buster Brown.—I am, dear Cousin Kate, your's truly, Cousin NORA. P.S.—I send you a photo of my sister and myself. I am the dark girl.
[I hear Cousin Nora.—I was charmed to receive the very pretty photo of your sister and yourself. What a contrast you make; one fair and one dark! I would like to have you for a cousin immensely. You are well off for pets. The seaside is lovely to visit, is it not? I must confess that Buster Brown has quite an in-

terest of his own. Would you mind giving me your full name, Cousin Nora, so that I can send you your badge?—Cousin Kate.]
± ± ±
Collingwood.
Dear Cousin Kate,—This is my first letter to you, and I hope you will receive me as a cousin. I am nine years of age, and am in Standard V. I go to the Kaituna school, and like school very much. I have three goats, Daisy, Billy, and Snowy. My father takes the "Weekly Graphic," and I feel

the greatest interest in the children's page.—With best wishes from Cousin WARDEN.
[Dear Cousin Warden,—And so you like reading the children's page? We have some real children in New Zealand, children who like children's pages and children's games and all those things. Some of these children are clever, too. I was playing a game of rhyming with one little girl the other night, and she could make up the verses quicker than I could. Give my kind regards to your goats.—Cousin Kate.]



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ENGAGEMENTS.

No Notice of Engagements or Marriages can be inserted unless Signed by Our Own Correspondent or by some responsible person, with Full Name and Address.

The engagement is announced of Miss Olive Mills, third daughter of the Hon. C. H. Mills, to Mr. Harbottle, of the Union S.S. Co., Wellington.

From America comes the announcement of the engagement of Miss May Sutton, the ex-champion lawn tennis player, to Mr. H. B. Hall, a banker and capitalist, of Mexico City.

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STEEDMAN—FRASER.

ONE of the prettiest weddings ever seen in Coromandel was solemnised in St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church on 12th August, by the Rev. T. A. Norrie, when Miss Fraser, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Fraser (of Coromandel) was married to Mr. A. F. Steedman of the Bank of New Zealand, Thames, and youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Steedman, of Waikawau, Thames. The church was beautifully decorated for the occasion by the friends of the bride. The bride, who was given away by her father, looked charming, attired in an ivory Empress satin gown, trimmed with silk Maltese lace, and wore the orthodox wreath and veil. She carried an exquisite shower bouquet, and was attended by two bridesmaids, Miss Helma Fraser (sister of the bride), and Miss Helen Fraser (niece of the bridegroom). Miss Helma Fraser was gowned in a handsome embroidered primrose silk, with a large black velvet picture hat, and ostrich plumes. Miss Lillian Fraser wore a lovely cream silk, with black picture hat. Both bridesmaids carried shower bouquets of daffodils, and wore dainty gold brooches, the gifts of the bridegroom. The bridegroom's gift to the bride was a very handsome gold cable bangle, and the bride's present to the bridegroom was a dressing-case. Mr. F. P. Burgess acted as best man, and Mr. Charles Fraser as groomsmen. After the ceremony, the guests were entertained at breakfast at the residence of the bride's parents, and Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Steedman left by steamer for Auckland, en route for Dunedin and the Southern Lakes. The bride's travelling costume was a dark green tailor-made, with violet and green bee-hive hat. Mrs. Fraser (mother of the bride) wore a handsome black silk dress and black sequin toque, and Mrs. J. B. Steedman was attired in black corded silk and stylish black and white bonnet. Amongst the guests, beside the large number of relatives, I noticed:—Mrs. Captain Swindley, in a brown velvet costume with mauve toque; Mrs. (Dr.) Cheeseman, stylish cream gown and black picture hat; Mrs. Tait, dove grey with large black hat; Mrs. Norrie, dark blue tailor-made, and brown hat; Mrs. J. G. Ralph, green striped silk, and smart green hat; Mrs. R. B. Hudson, navy blue costume, and toque to match; Mrs. W. Fraser, green and brown tweed costume, hat to match.

DOUGLAS—MACGOWN.

A wedding of considerable interest was celebrated in St. Paul's Pro-Cathedral, Wellington, on August 18, the Rev. T. H. Sprott being the officiating clergyman. The bridegroom was Mr Ronald Allan Douglas, of the Bank of New South Wales, Wellington, eldest son of Mr W. St. George Douglas, of Dunedin, and the bride Miss Mary Park MacGown, of Carterton, eldest daughter of the late Mr Robert Park MacGown, of Invercargill. The bride, who was given away by her brother-in-law, Mr Howard Booth, was most charmingly frocked in ivory ecollene in semi-Empire style over a foundation of chiffon tulle; deep inverted box pleats and lines of buttons trimmed the skirt, and the swathed bodice had a guimpe and sleeves of tucked silk net, and was finished with a gold girdle which terminated at the back and front in wide gold buckles. Her beehive shaped hat was of course white plaited straw, with an encircling band of gold sequins and a finishing bunch of ospreys, and she carried a shower bouquet of lovely cyclamens, freesias, and asparagus fern. Attending her was her sister, Miss Ray MacGown, who wore a dainty white Swiss muslin robe en princesse, with a front panel of net over glace, outlined with motifs of broderie; she added a big violet straw hat trimmed with cerise berries, and carried a bouquet of violets and pale pink cyclamens and fern. The bridegroom was supported by his brother, Mr Hamilton Douglas, of Levin. Mrs Booth was attired in pineapple silk made on a glace foundation, and a champagne straw hat lined with pale blue and trimmed with bunches of red berries. Mrs Douglas, the bridegroom's

mother, chose a handsome brown tulle chiffon gown and hat to match. Mrs MacTavish had a saxe blue coat and skirt, a handsome black feather box, and a saxe blue hat en suite.

CROSBY—STEVENS.

A pretty wedding took place at the residence of Mrs M. A. Stevens, Stout-street, Whataupoko, on August 11, the contracting parties being Miss Ella Stevens and Mr Thomas Crosby. The Rev. Mr Grant officiated. The bride was given away by her uncle, Mr H. Craill, and was prettily attired in a cream ninon de soie dress, Empire style, trimmed with tucked chiffon and tulle silk, with the orthodox wreath and veil, and carried a handsome shower bouquet of maidenhair fern and snowdrops. The bridesmaids were Miss Ruth Sadler and Miss Alice Stevens, who wore cream tulle dresses, trimmed with tucked net and insertion. They also carried bouquets of daffodils and ferns. Mr Alex. Cameron acted as best man and Mr H. Stevens as groomsmen.

JONES—SCANDLYN.

An interesting wedding ceremony was performed at New Plymouth on August 17, when Mr Lewis Jones, second son of Mr Tom Jones, of Uruti, was married to Miss Mary Elizabeth Scandlyn, of New Plymouth. The marriage took place at the residence of the bride's mother, where a number of friends were entertained at the wedding breakfast. The Rev. Guy officiated. The bridesmaids were Miss E. Jones (sister of the bridegroom) and Miss Scandlyn (sister of the bride). Mr G. Oxenham acted as best man, and the bride was given away by her uncle, Mr Petch, of Carrington-road.

COLD-SORES HEALED.

Zam-Buk is Invaluable for the Skin in Winter.

The keen, biting winds and the damp, raw days of winter are responsible for those rough patches on your face, those cold-sores round your mouth and nose, and the chafings on your back. These breakings-out having taken place, however, the only way to stop the smarting, clear away every blemish and make your skin smooth, strong and clear, is to apply Zam-Buk. Regular applications of Zam-Buk will bring the skin back to complete health, and make the tissue sound and strong, so that it can withstand the cold blasts of winter.

The daughter of Mrs E. Bourke, a resident of College-street, Camperdown, Sydney, has experienced Zam-Buk's soothing and healing powers for eruptions on the face after a cold, and writes:—"My daughter had a breaking-out on her face arising from cold. The eruptions spread over her face and threatened very serious results, but for the timely application of Zam-Buk. A friend advised us to use this balm, and relief was derived from the first application, the heat and irritation being immediately soothed. In a very short time my daughter's face was completely healed and her skin quite clear. I cannot speak too highly of Zam-Buk as a handy household healing balm and will always recommend it."

The home that always keeps a pot of Zam-Buk handy is furnished with an ever-ready healer and perfect skin-cure, and with the one reliable remedy for winter eczema, any scalp sores suddenly appearing among the children, the obstinate piles and bad legs of the worker, festering and swelling from blood-poisoning, and any burning, irritating and itching sores which are among the daily perils of this season. Zam-Buk is obtainable from all chemists and stores, 1/6 and 3/6 per pot.

EVERY HOME NEEDS ZAM-BUK.

LENFANT TERRIBLE.

Lady: Will you send this rug on approval?
 Salesman: Certainly, ma'am.
 Little girl (who is with her mother): Hadn't you better tell him to be sure and get it there on time, mamma? You know we give the party to-morrow night.



To make Women's Work Lighter and Easier is part of the Mission of BISSELL'S "Cyco" Bearing Carpet Sweepers

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In addition to this, they save carpets and rugs, confine all the disagreeable dust and dangerous germs within the pads, accomplish the work of sweeping in one-fifth of the time, and with 95% less effort than the corn broom requires—a word
 Carpet Sweepers make sweeping day a pleasant duty, instead of a positive drudgery. No woman having even one carpeted room should let a day pass without procuring a Bissell Sweeper, if she is not already using one.
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 Buy a Bissell "Cyco" Bearing Sweeper now of your dealer, attach the purchase slip and we will send you FREE a neat, useful present. Send for free booklet.
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The Face-Cream without Grease.

Parisian Beauty Experts all condemn creams that leave a greasy mark on thin white paper. In all countries where greasy creams are much used sallow complexions are very plentiful. These facts explain why you should use only the famous "face-cream without grease."



Iceilma Fluor Cream

This exquisite cream cannot grow hair as greasy creams all do, needs no powder, and does not soil the clothing. It prevents stagnation and so clears the skin; it protects from heat, cold, wind or age, and gives a cool, fresh, clean feeling that can be felt immediately. Nothing else in the world is at all like it—its virtues are due entirely to the Iceilma Natural Water it contains.
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 Ralph H. Farnham, Chemist, North Shore.
 A. Eccles, Chemist, Queen Street, W. H. Woolhouse, Chemist, Queen St.
 Fluor Cream, 4/- per pot.

YOU PRONOUNCE THE "Y" LIKE AN "I."

Most people are uncertain as to the correct pronunciation of the name—**SYDAL**

and pardonably so, for it is just a "coined" word. If, however, you sound the "y" like the "i" in "sigh," you will have it a nicety. SYDAL, which used to be called Wilton's Hand Emollient—is the best Skin Tonic on this orbit. It may have a rival in Mars, but that doesn't concern us.

ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES SELL IT AT 1/6 A JAR.



TENDERS FOR INLAND MAIL SERVICES FOR 1910, 1911, AND 1912.

General Post Office Wellington, 11th August, 1909.

Sealed Tenders will be received at the General Chief Post Office in the Dominion until MONDAY, the 27th September, 1909, for the Conveyance of Mails between the undermentioned places, for a period of THIRTEEN YEARS, from the 1st January, 1910, to the 31st December, 1912.

POSTAL DISTRICT OF AUCKLAND.

- 1. Auckland Chief Post Office, Railway Station, and Wharves, as required.
2. Auckland, clearing receivers, within a radius of four miles of Chief Post Office, by motor car, three times daily and once on Sunday.
...
50. Kaipara, clearing receivers, within a radius of four miles of Chief Post Office, by motor car, three times daily and once on Sunday.

- 64. Kihikihī and Waimau (rural delivery), three weekly. (Alternative to No. 53.)
65. Kihikihī and Waimau (rural delivery), daily. (Alternative to No. 54.)
66. Leigh and Whangateau, weekly. (Alternative to Nos. 184 and 185.)
...
172. Tairāhema and Kawakawa, weekly; Kawakawa, Pakarua, Ohaeawai, Te Ahuahu, Okaihau, Utakura, Mararoa, and Horeke, three weekly; Ohaeawai, Ngawaha, and Kaihako, weekly.

- 173. Taunā and Onehunga, daily.
174. Taunā and Pukekū, three weekly.
175. Waerenga Railway Station, Te Kāwhaiti, and Waerenga Post Office, three weekly.
176. Waihorohoro and Kāmaunani, as required.
177. Waihorohoro and Post Office, as required.
178. Waihorohoro, Muripara, and Te Whaiti, three weekly.

SEA SERVICES.

- 1. Auckland, Tryphena, Okapu, Whangapara, and Port Fitzroy, weekly.
2. Auckland, Whangaroa, and Maungoni, weekly.
3. Dargaville, Honga, Tangowahine, Māpua, Kirikopu, and Tangitiroia, three weekly.
...
7. Russell, Pahia, and Opua, as required.

Landing nets must be provided by contractors and used in all cases in which cargo is landed or shipped by boats. The lowest tender will not necessarily be accepted.

The attention of intending tenderers is directed to the terms and conditions of contract printed at the back of the tender form.

Successful tenderers will be required to show that they are in a position to satisfactorily carry out the services. Contractors whose tenders may be accepted must be prepared to carry out the services for which they tender according to the time-tables framed by the Department. Where the tender is over £500 for any one service, the attention of the tenderer is directed to clauses 20 and 27 of the terms and conditions.

Forms of tender, with the terms and conditions of contract, may be procured at any post office. No tender will be considered unless made on the printed form.

Tenders, indorsed "Tenders for Mail Service, No. " to be addressed to the Chief Postmaster of the postal district to which the tender may specially refer.

D. ROBERTSON, Secretary.

*Services may be affected by railway extension and may be terminated by the Postmaster-General on his giving one month's notice in writing.

In delivering and receiving mails at railway stations it is understood that contractors deal with the guards of trains, and that delivery of the mails is to be made into the railway-vans if required.

*Special conditions attach to these tenders. Particulars may be ascertained from Chief Postmasters.

*Clause 7 of the special conditions attaching to tourist services does not apply to these services.

A SLUGGISH CIRCULATION, begotten of sedentary habits, leads to congestion of the brain, liver and other organs. It best remedy for this undesirable state of affairs is to stimulate the activity of the whole bodily economy by taking a wine-glassful of "HUNYADI JÁNOS" natural mineral water every morning.

corsage; Mrs. Barnett (Putaruru), becoming dress of white silk trimmed with silver; Mrs. Walters, white silk and lace gown; Miss Edie Brown, debutante, a becoming frock of creme Oriental satin; Miss E. Hill, white silk; Miss Swayne, white muslin; Miss Watt, pink gown trimmed with black velvet; Miss M. Fisher, pale pink silk; Miss Gavey, pink muslin; Miss Sanders, black silk and net; the Misses Pitcher, white muslin; Miss Chitty, a lovely white Indian embroidered crepe frock, with bretelles of lace and crimson poppies in her coiffure; Miss C. Fisher, pale blue silk; Miss Dickenson, white silk frock inserted with Paris lace and much tucked; Miss E. Dickenson, a pretty pale blue muslin frock; Miss Kelly, black gown and heliotrope ribbon threaded through her hair and on her corsage; Miss McIntyre, pink muslin, trimmed with creme lace; Miss N. Watt, pale blue muslin, and pink ribbon in coiffure; Miss M. Taylor, an exceedingly pretty frock of black chiffon, trimmed with black lace insertion over white glaze; Miss Bell, white satin gown; Miss Hally, white muslin; Miss Gwynneth, black silk and net gown; Miss Dougherty, white silk; Miss Jennings, a lovely shade of wild rose-pink chiffon taffeta, with yoke of white tucked net; Miss King, pale green silk; Miss McVeagh, black evening dress; Miss Rose McVeagh, white silk; Miss L. McNeish, white muslin; Miss Kubas, white silk; Miss Wallis, white muelin; Mrs. Isherwood, creme voile, trimmed with lace.

Musie and Bridge.

On Thursday evening Mrs. James Hally, of "Valmai," gave a large musical and bridge evening in honour of Mrs. A. J. Edmunds, of Helensville, and Miss Ferguson, of Wellington. The fine large drawing-room, which was gay with flowers, was used for bridge. The winners were Miss Gavey, 1st prize; Mrs. A. J. Edmunds, 2nd; Mr. Hill, 1st prize; and Mr. A. H. Nicoll, 2nd.

Amongst those I noticed were:—Mrs. Hally, who received her guests in a lovely heliotrope crepe de chine over glaze of the same shade, made in semi-Empire style with a Directoire panel of lovely white Bruges lace down the front of the dress, starting from the yoke, which was of tucked white chiffon, and was bordered with the same lace, and a little touch of green bebe velvet, and beaten silver scarf; Mrs. A. Gibbons, a cream voile frock; Miss Hally, a becoming dress of black charmeuse satin, made in semi-Empire style, with yoke back and front of white tucked net, bordered with gold passementerie; Misses A. and K. Hally, white muslin frocks tucked and inserted with French Valenciennes lace; Mrs. A. J. Edmunds, a beautiful dress of reseda taffeta semi-Empire with pointed vest of cream lace, embroidered with a gold thread, and finished gold guimpe and tassels; Miss Ferguson, white silk trimmed with lace; Mrs. B. Couper, full evening dress of black crepe de chine over black glaze, and cream lace scarf; Mrs. Dr. Roberts, reseda and white striped chiffon taffeta, made in semi-Empire style, and trimmed with velvet of the same shade; Mrs. A. J. Nicoll, white chiffon taffeta decollete finished with lovely Duchess point lace, and large pale pink rose; Mrs. Farnall, pale blue silk blouse trimmed with little frills of the silk, edged with lace, and white tucked net yoke, black silk skirt; Mrs. W. A. Scott, black silk embroidered net over black glaze, with Directoire sash, and the decollete finished with cream pink applique; Miss A. Hesketh (Auckland), white satin skirt, and white net blouse spangled with sequins, wreath of pink roses in her hair, and pink Victoria scarf; Mrs. (Dr.) Edmunds, cream voile, made in Directoire style; Mrs. A. Souter, black silk and net gown; Mrs. Bunyard, black chiffon taffeta with white net yoke and sleeves and bretelles of the taffeta; Mrs. Isherwood, cream voile trimmed with lace; Mrs. F. Ross, a very pretty pale pink silk gown; Mrs. C. Nixon, green crepe de chine; Mrs. M. Butler, black silk and lace dress; Miss Butler, white muslin; Miss Gleeson, cream crepe de chine trimmed with bows of cardinal velvet; Miss —, Gleeson, a lovely pale blue Irish poplin gown; Miss E. Gleeson, pale blue silk; Miss I. Ruddock (Auckland), white silk frock with a touch of pink; Miss Taylor, black silk and lace frock; Miss M. Taylor, white lace blouse and black skirt; Miss Willis, brown velvet; Miss Gwynneth, heliotrope silk blouse, and black silk skirt; Miss K. Willis, white satin and net blouse, and cream skirt; Miss Peggy (Melbourne),

white silk blouse with square yoke of lace and black silk skirt; Miss M. Pickering, white muslin; Miss Gavey, black evening dress trimmed with gold; Miss Keating, white silk and lovely lace; Miss Pasley, black evening dress trimmed with cream lace; Miss Brooks, pale pink blouse and black silk skirt; Miss P. Ferguson, white silk frock; Mrs. Nairn, black silk and Maltese lace collar; Miss Stone, pale blue; Miss L. Stone, white muslin; Mrs. Wilkinson, pale blue blouse and black skirt; Miss E. Hill, white silk; Mrs. George, handsome black silk, and white lace yoke; Miss Chitty, Indian embroidered white crepe de chine.

ELSEIE.

HAMILTON.

August 21.

Golf Club Ball.

One of the most successful and enjoyable balls of the season took place on Friday evening, given by the Golf Club in the Town Hall. The floor was in capital order, the supper most tempting and dainty, and the music (Lanigan's band) all that could be desired. Extras were played (and greatly appreciated) by Misses M. Chitty, Holloway, Gillespie. It would be difficult to enumerate the number of pretty dresses. Amongst them I noticed: Mrs. Gillies, in white silk, handsome lace trimming; Mrs. J. B. Thompson, handsome cream satin; Mrs. Going, pink satin; Mrs. Ward, white silk; Mrs. English, pink satin, embroidered with sprays of rosebuds; Mrs. Browning, maize silk; Mrs. Seville (Morrisville), black, relieved with white; Mrs. Douglas, white silk; Mrs. Huddleston, pink silk; Mrs. Vere Chitty, dark green silk; Mrs. E. F. Peacocke, white silk and lace; Mrs. Douglas, black; Mrs. McKinnon, pale pink silk; Miss Williamson (Auckland), cream silk, with touches of crimson; Miss H. Ring (Hinuera), black, blue trimmings; Miss D. Ring, pink; Miss Hunter, green; Miss V. Hunter, maroon, with cream lace berthe; Miss McAllum, pink; Miss J. McAllum, blue and white; Mrs. Stevens, black silk; Miss Stevens, pink; Miss Willis (Cambridge), black, white lace trimming; Miss K. Wallis, brown velvet; Miss Richardson, black silk, cream lace berthe; Miss Wells (Cambridge), white satin; Miss H. Wells, pale blue frock; Miss Sandes, white silk; Miss Mason, cream; Miss Chitty, black; Miss Katie Chitty, pale blue with velvet trimming to match; Miss M. Chitty, white; Miss Holloway, black; Miss C. Holloway, pink; Miss Jackson, pale green; Miss Rothwell, grey shot silk, cream lace trimming; Mrs. Langley Shaw, black silk, handsome jet trimming; Mrs. Eben Wilson, black silk, silver passementerie trimming on bodice; Miss Cussen, pale blue silk; Miss Pickering, yellow frock, black velvet straps trimming bodice.

Hockey.

A team of the Girls' Hockey Club journeyed from Hamilton on Saturday last for a match with the Te Awamutu Club. The weather was most unpropitious, almost the whole of the game being played in pouring rain. In spite of the gallant efforts of the captain (Miss Wilkinson) and her team, the victory fell to the home club, and Hamilton was defeated by one goal to nil. The visitors were most kindly entertained in the Town Hall, where a most enjoyable tea was served, and afterwards by the Misses Ricketts at their home, where a musical evening filled in the wait for the team most agreeably.

Golf.

The ladies' eclectic competition in connection with the Hamilton Golf Club was concluded on Wednesday last, Miss Mason coming first, Mrs. Seifert second, and Miss Primrose third. Other competitors were: Mrs. Douglas, Miss Graham, Miss M. O'Neill, Miss L. Mason, Miss Swarbrick, and Miss V. Hunter.

Hospital Ball.

We are delighted to see that the balance-sheet of the above ball shows a surplus of £27 11/5, after paying all expenses. The committee are indeed to be congratulated, as, with the Government subsidy, the Hospital Board will thus find its funds augmented by nearly £22.

Personal.

Mr. Glen, who has severed his connection with the B.N.Z., Hamilton, left by Sunday night's express for the South. Mrs. Sate (Dunedin) is at present on a visit here. She was warmly welcomed

back by a host of old friends, whom she had left when Mr. Sate was transferred about two years ago to the management of the Dunedin branch of the Loan and Mercantile. A very pleasant afternoon tea was given for her last week by Miss Sandes.

Mrs. A. MacDiarmid (Thames) has been visiting her relatives here. Miss Williamson (Auckland) is on a visit to Mrs. H. Gillies.

Miss I. Peacocke (Rotorua) is spending a few weeks with Mrs. E. F. Peacocke, Weston Lea.

ZILLA.

ROTORUA.

August 21.

A Successful Evening.

On Wednesday last the Misses Empson entertained a number of friends at their residence in Arawa-street. Games and music were the order of the evening, the principal game being "celebrities," when the prizes for guessing the greatest number of names were won by Miss Donne and Mr. Jewel. Songs were given by Miss Empson and Miss S. Empson, Miss Malfroy, Mr. Algie, Mr. Munson, and Mr. Macquarrie. Mrs. Empson was wearing a black taffetas gown, Miss Empson, cream voile, and Miss Stella Empson, wedgwood blue silk blouse and black silk skirt. The guests were: Mrs. Maxwell, Miss Ireland, Miss C. Smith, Miss Donne, Miss Malfroy, Miss Cussen (Hamilton), Miss Pownall, Miss Boek, Miss Hawkesworth; Messrs. Tripe (Wellington), Thacker, Jewel (Palmerston North), Algie, Wanlies, Munson (Westport), Hampson, MacAlister (Wellington), Macquarrie (Auckland), Dr. Endlotzberger and Bertram.

Golf.

On Wednesday last the ladies' driving and putting competitions were held at the links, Mrs. Grove winning the driving and Mrs. Sheriff the putting.

Personal.

Miss Davey, Matron of "Brae-side" private hospital, leaves for England next week to see her father, who is seriously ill. Her place will be taken by Matron Brunton, of Ballarat and Melbourne.

Nurse Cecily, of the Sanatorium, has been ordered a month's rest owing to indisposition.

RATA.

GISBORNE.

August 19.

Hon. Carroll Entertained.

Gisborne has been quite en fete this week, the Acting-Premier, Hon. James Carroll, paying his constituency a visit, and Gisborne people have been doing their best to show their appreciation of their representative's efforts on behalf of the Poverty Bay district. On Monday—a glorious day—a picnic was arranged. Everyone present expressed themselves delighted with the day's outing, the country looking particularly green and inviting. On Tuesday night a complimentary social was tendered to the Hon. Carroll in the Garrison Hall. There was a large and representative gathering, the Acting-Premier being met on arrival and welcomed by the Mayor (Mr. W. D. Lysnar), County Chairman (Hon. Captain Tucker), Harbour Board chairman, (Mr. J. Townley), Mr. W. D. Macdonald, M.P., County and Municipal Councilors. The music, which was excellent, was supplied by the City Band, the extras being played by Wootton's orchestra. During the evening a handsomely framed illuminated address was presented to the Hon. Jas. Carroll, who suitably responded. At the conclusion of his response cheers were called for the Acting-Premier and Mrs. Carroll. On Wednesday afternoon, at the Farmers' Union Club Rooms, Mr. Carroll was presented with a silver inkstand and gold pendant, and in the evening again was the recipient of a pair of silver mounted bowls by the members of the Te Rau College Bowling Club. Mr. Carroll finished up the evening by attending with Mr. and Mrs. D. Lysnar, the Hunt Club Ball.

Hunt Club Ball.

The Hunt Club ball, held on Wednesday night, was an unqualified success, a success which must have been extremely gratifying to the committee of ladies and gentlemen appointed to carry out

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the various duties in connection with the dance. Flowers were in abundance everywhere, the stage and supper table being very prettily decorated with lilies and daffodils. The flower decoration on the supper table was confined wholly to yellow daffodils, these being very artistically arranged by the ladies. The music was excellent. I shall endeavour to give you a description of some of the dresses worn, but the numbers forbid my including them all. Mrs. W. D. Lysnar wore a charming gown of white satin covered in gold sequined net; Mrs. Dornier, a beautiful gown of pale blue satin, double overdress of pale blue chiffon, the outer robe being hand-painted in flower panels; Mrs. Wilson, pale blue silk covered in paler shade chiffon; Mrs. Sheratt, black chiffon glace, daintily covered in non de soie, draped with scarves of silver chiffon; Mrs. Thornleigh Sheratt, black silk; Mrs. G. Reynolds, white satin striped non de soie, Merry Widow sashes of gold embroidered net; Mrs. Jex Blake, pale blue satin princess robes, Zouave bodice of gold embroidery; Mrs. W. Jaekmann, brown non de soie; Miss Scott, pale blue silk and lace; Mrs. Palmer, white silk and lace; Mrs. Scott, heliotrope silk, touches of green on skirt and bodice; Mrs. Black (junior), a bride, wore her wedding gown of soft white satin charmeuse, daintily trimmed in lace; Miss Black (Christchurch), white silk covered with net; Mrs. G. Thomas pale blue silk, lace berthe; Miss Tulloch, pale geranium satin; Miss R. Reynolds, black silk, real lace yoke Mrs. Poynter, cream satin; Mrs. Matthews, pink satin and lace; Miss Watkins, white silk, large pink roses in corsage; Miss Monckton, uncommon and pretty gown of striped grey and white silk, veiled in chiffon, with black embroidered hem; Miss Reynolds, white silk and net overdress; Mrs. John Scott, black silk; Mrs. C. Busche, pale blue chiffon glace; Miss McCready, pale pink satin; Miss H. Sherratt, pale blue silk; Miss M. Sherratt, apricot silk; Miss K. Sherratt, white silk; Miss Fergusson (Ireland), rose-pink satin; Miss Nolan, white satin and chiffon; Miss Wachsmann, orange silk and lace; Mrs. Murray, black silk; Mrs. Bennett, white silk, black lace overdress; Mrs. Stokes, pale blue silk, overdress of pale blue flowered non de soie; Mrs. F. Sherriff, black taffetas, pink satin ribbon trimming; Miss Dunlop, pink satin; Miss Ensor, rose-pink chiffon glace, trimmed with silver embroidery; Miss Pyke, pale blue satin, with mauve velvet bands on bodice and skirt; Mrs. G. Busby, vieux rose crepe de chine, yoke of real lace; Miss Nixon (Dunedin), pale blue silk; Mrs. C. Gray, black silk; Miss Gillingham, brown velvet and lace; Miss B. Black, pale pink satin charmeuse; Miss Crawford, pale yellow satin, strapped orange velvet; Mrs. R. Williams, pink satin; Miss Murray, sage green glace; Mrs. Humphries, lilac satin, berthe of violets; Miss Beere, pale blue satin; Miss E. Barker, white silk, lace overdress, touches of pale blue; Miss H. Black, black glace; Mrs. Falconer, black silk and lace; Mrs. Biddles, pale blue embroidered chiffon glace, white lace berthe; Mrs. Pattallo, pink silk; Mrs. Murphy, Princess robe of blue satin, covered with blue chiffon; Miss Bradley, heliotrope satin; Mrs. H. Williams, black silk; Mrs. Hughes, maize-coloured satin, embroidered chiffon berthe; Miss Bennett, pink satin, overdress of pink mouseline de soie; Miss de Latour, white silk muslin; Mrs. Willock, violet velvet gown; Mrs. Blair, pink glace, trimmed with latticed pink strappings; Miss Evans, pink floral mouseline de soie; Miss Williams, mauve satin charmeuse; Miss Busby, pale heliotrope silk; Miss Williams, geranium pink satin, velvet strappings; Miss Z. Williams, flame-coloured glace silk, cream chiffon overdress; Miss Day, cream lace gown over pale blue satin; Mrs. Sainsbury, cream silk; Mrs. Stephenson, white silk; Mrs. Hine, black glace silk, strapped black velvet; Mrs. R. Scott, handsome dress of black silk velvet, zouave yoke of black headed net.

Personal.
Mrs. Symes and her daughter have gone North, visiting Mrs. Pitt in Auckland, and going on to Rotorua.
Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Barker and Miss MacLean left for Napier on Wednesday last, travelling by the Main Trunk railway to Auckland, and thence to Rotorua.
Great sympathy is felt for Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Rees, who have just received news by cable of the death of their son, Mr. E. A. Rees, residing in South Africa. The flag were flying half-mast yesterday, the S.M. Court also adjourning as a mark of respect to one who was generally liked and respected in Gisborne.

ELSA.

NAPIER.

August 21.

Musical Competitions.

The only event of interest I have to chronicle this week pertains to the musical competitions, which have held the boards at the Theatre Royal every evening. We borrowed your Auckland musical, Dr. Thomas, for the occasion, and we have been putting our amateur criticisms against his professional ones, with very often disastrous results to our humble efforts. The competitions have more than justified their existence, and have brought to light, musical talent, especially vocal talent, of a high degree of excellence, which, in some of the young people, is quite remarkable. In the elocutionary division, much kudos has been won. In such a difficult number as "Wolsey's Speech from Henry VIII.," which I think is essentially a man's piece, the first three places were won by ladies. There were competitors from most of the big towns in the Dominion. Dr. Thomas was entertained by the Musical and Elocutionary Committee on Thursday afternoon, and taken to the various places of interest in and around Napier. He is very enthusiastic about our climate, and speaks in laudatory terms of our town.

An "Othello" Evening.

Miss M. M. McLean gave another of her interesting literary lectures on Friday evening last. She chose Shakespeare's "Othello" as her subject, and, as usual, delighted her audience with the manner in which she treated her theme. Miss Duff added much to the pleasure of the lecture by recitations. There was quite a good attendance in spite of the counter-attraction in the musical competitions.

Personal.

Mr. and Mrs. Waterhouse (of Mangawhare) were in town on a visit last week.
Miss Pike (of Palmerston North) is on a short visit to Napier.
Miss Morrin (of Otahuhu, Auckland) is spending a holiday in Napier with her sister.
Mr. and Mrs. Groome (of Te Onepu) are visiting friends in town.
Very sincere regret has been felt here at the death of Mrs. W. W. Moore (wife of Dr. Moore, medical superintendent of the Hospital). Mrs. Moore was very popular in society circles, and was an ever-willing help in charity works. She was only 32 years of age.
Mr. and Mrs. McCrae Peacock and their daughter (of Waihua), who have been on a visit to England, returned to Napier on Wednesday last.
Mr. and Mrs. Kissing (of Auckland) are visiting Napier.

MARJORY.

HASTINGS.

August 2.

Children's Dance.

The juvenile dance given by Misses Wellwood and Beere, was held in St. Matthew's Hall on the 19th. The children danced very cleverly, and reflect the greatest credit on their teachers. It would be impossible to describe all the pretty fancy dresses worn by the children, as they changed their costumes so often for the dances. Among the children present were Misses Beamish, Perry, Bennett, Halse, Newbigen, Gregory, Wellwood, Jones, Fraser, Gallien, Scott, Evans, Brook-Taylor; Masters Maedonell, Newbigen, Gregory, Tosswill. There were also present: — Lady Price, Mesdames De Lisle, Gascoyne, Beamish, Brodie, Halse, Newbigen, Maedonell, Wellwood, McLeod, Murray, Douglas, Stronach, Brook-Taylor, M. Smith, Gregory, Wallace, Misses Beere, Wellwood, Baird, Cuthbert, Taylor (2), Evans, Hodges.

Personal.

Sir Francis and Lady Price have returned from Christchurch.
Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Stead have returned from the South.
Lady Russell has returned from Wellington.
Miss Duff has returned from Christchurch.
Mrs. Pope (New Plymouth) is visiting friends in Hawke's Bay.
Miss Williams has gone back to Gisborne.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Ormond have returned from Christchurch.
Mrs. Wain is visiting friends in Christchurch.
Mr. and Mrs. W. Evans and family (Canterbury) are visiting Hastings.

SHEBA.

FEILDING.

August 20.

Musical Competitions.

Feilding has been very successful in the musical competitions held in Napier. The members of the Wesley choir led with Hastings (last year's champion choir), and divided the prize money with them. They returned to Feilding on Thursday, and were given quite an enthusiastic reception and entertained at afternoon tea. They were heartily congratulated by the Mayor, Mr. Fred Pirani, and Mr. John Cobbe (their host). During the proceedings most complimentary references were made to the conductor (Mr. H. Temple White), who was still in Napier.

Bridge.

On Friday afternoon Mrs. Halliday gave a most enjoyable little bridge party. There were three tables, and some of the players were: Mrs. McAllum, green tweed coat and skirt, saxe blue toque; Mrs. Montgomery, dark blue coat and skirt, mole velvet hat; Mrs. Porter, black voile skirt, white silk blouse, black hat with feathers; Miss Mitchell, saxe blue costume, hat to match; Mrs. Horrocks, dark blue coat and skirt braided with black, black hat with pink roses; Mrs. Barton, grey tailor-made faced with pale blue, becoming black hat; Mrs. Carr, Gobelin blue coat and skirt braided with black, black hat; Mrs. Gillespie, dark blue, large black hat; Mrs. Aymer, brown; Mrs. Miles, brown coat and skirt, brown hat with pink roses; Mrs. Miller, very becoming grey costume, black hat with feathers; Mrs. Sid Fitzherbert, coat and skirt, black hat. The hostess received her guests in a black voile dress. The prize was won by Mrs. Carr.

Golf.

Mrs. Mostyn Jones and Mrs. Harold Stewart are the only two ladies from the Feilding Golf Club playing in the N.Z. Championship Contests, now being held in Palmerston North.

TUI.

SOUTH TARANAKI.

HAWERA, August 20.

Successful Ball.

The Hawera Football Club held their annual ball in the Opera House last Wednesday evening. The music was supplied by Crozier's Sextet Orchestra (Mar-ton), and was all that one could desire. The supper table was prettily decorated with yellow flowers. Among those present were: Mrs. Holder, very pretty white chiffon taffeta, trimmed with sequin trimmings; Mrs. Webster, maize coloured silk; Mrs. Koch, white silk, relieved with blue; Mrs. McDiarmid, pretty oyster white satin Empire gown, trimmed with duchess lace; Mrs. Wallace, white satin Empire gown; Mrs. D. Fantham, white crepe trimmed with silver braid; Mrs. Pantham (Wanganui), scarlet chiffon taffeta; Mrs. Nolan, black chiffon taffeta; Mrs. Smith (Okaiawa), black satin, corsage trimmed with black Spanish lace; Mrs. R. McLean, pale blue taffeta with silver trimmings; Mrs. H. Livingston, heliotrope satin; Mrs. J. Hobbs (Stratford), black velvet; Mrs. O'Callaghan, pink mouseline de soie with black velvet trimmings; Mrs. Glenn, black silk, corsage trimmed with Maltese lace; Miss Caplen, cream paillette satin, trimmed with silk insertion; Miss E. Caplen, pretty green charmeuse satin, the corsage being finished with Oriental trimmings; Miss McLean, pink floral glace trimmed with cream insertion and touches of black velvet; Miss Koch, black satin; Miss Newing, cream brocade corsage finished with velvet; Miss Honeyfield (Patea), apple green satin; Miss Riddle, handsome frock of pink chiffon taffeta; Miss Nolan, black chiffon taffeta; Miss B. Nolan, pretty frock of blue satin de chine, the corsage being trimmed with Oriental insertion; Miss Moore, white muslin embroidered in gold; Miss Coutts, dainty frock of blue charmeuse satin; Miss Young (Otakohu), white muslin, the corsage relieved with yellow; Miss Russell, pale blue taffeta, floral sash; Miss O. Glenn, blue chiffon taffeta trimmed with wide insertion and net; Miss Williamson, pink silk; Miss Alexander, pretty frock of blue chiffon; Miss Douglas, pale pink taffeta with touches

of rose velvet; Miss Brett, blue taffeta Empire gown with cream insertion on corsage; Miss Reeve (Gisborne), white net with silver sequins; Miss McMichael, white chiffon taffeta; Miss Stringer, blue silk; Miss W. Stringer, white Louise silk with white chiffon on the corsage; Miss Scaton, white finished with gold braid and tawels; Miss Greaves, blue silk with sequin trimmings; Miss White, eau de nil taffeta trimmed with a darker shade of velvet; Miss Reilly, emerald green velvet Princess robe trimmed with point lace; Miss Laisley (Wellington), heliotrope satin trimmed with violet velvet and violets; Miss Morrison, dainty blue chiffon taffeta frock; Miss Jackson, pink taffeta Empire frock with sequin trimming; Miss Wilson (Eltham) looked dainty in a pink chiffon taffeta frock; Miss Ryan, pink chiffon taffeta, Maltese lace berthe; Miss Hair (Mania), blue silk.

Personal.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Buchanan have gone for a two months' trip to the Fiji Islands.
Miss B. Nolan has returned to Hawera after a long holiday spent in Auckland.
Mrs. and Miss Tomlinson (Nelson) are visiting Mrs. Turnbull.
Bishop and Mrs. Wallis (Wellington) are paying a short visit to friends in Hawera.
Miss Spraggen, who has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Caplen, has returned to her home in Dunedin.

JOAN.

PALMERSTON NORTH.

August 20.

The Theatre.

The Nellie Stewart Company played a short season here last week to crowded audiences. On different occasions there were present: Mrs. (Dr.) Wilson, wearing a black satin toilette, old rose opera coat; Mrs. O'Brien, black crepe de chine, grey coat; Miss O'Brien, black velvet frock; Mrs. Putnam, crimson silk, with touches of black, cream coat; Mrs. Hankins, black chiffon taffeta, with cream lace and touches of pale blue; Mrs. Sutherland, rose pink crepe de chine; Mrs. Louissou, cream lace over silk, large pink rose on corsage, pale blue accordion-pleated silk coat, with white swansdown; Mrs. Gillespie (Feilding),

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rose-coloured satin, cream coat; Mrs. W. L. Fitzherbert, black silk and cream lace; Mrs. F. S. McRae, cream silk and lace; Mrs. Randolph, black crepe de chine, bodice finished with embroidered chiffon, long black and white coat; Miss F. Randolph, pale blue crepe de chine, with cream lace and pale blue silk fringe; Mrs. P. Sim, cream voile and lace; Mrs. Bendall, in cream silk, grey and pink coat; Mrs. D. O. Shute, white silk, pale blue coat; Mrs. R. S. Abraham, black toilette with point lace berthe; Mrs. Jannister, black net over taffeta; Miss Jannister, white crepe de chine with touches of silver; Mrs. S. Fitzherbert (Feilding), black silk, Maltese lace berthe; Miss Marjory Abraham, old rose silk voile, with pink silk fringe; Mrs. Pasch, cream satin Empire frock; Mrs. R. Davis, white satin, with silver trimming, pale blue coat; Mrs. Warburton, embroidered champagne toilette; Mrs. Stebban, black silk, cream lace berthe; Mrs. A. Guy, black silk, cream coat; Mrs. Morrah, cream silk and lace; Mrs. Pickett, cream satin, crimson velvet coat with fur trimming; Mrs. W. Strang, cream satin, long embroidered cream coat; Mrs. Greig, black silk and chiffon; Mr. and Mrs. Danniels, Mrs. Barker (Hawke's Bay), Mr. and Mrs. H. Cooper, Mr. and Mrs. Bond, Mrs. Holmes, Mr. and Mrs. Spain (Feilding), the Misses McLeman, Mr. and Mrs. McIsop, the Misses Fraser, Mrs. Lloyd, Miss Kelly, Mr. and Mrs. Porritt, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Innes, Mrs. Freeman, Mr. and Mrs. Vernon, the Misses Martin, D. Strang, Freeman (2), Bell (2), Graham (2), Porter, Collins, Fulton (Wellington), and many others.

Golf Championship.

The event of the week is, of course, the Ladies' N.Z. Golf Championship Tournament, which was commenced on the Hokowhitu links yesterday. The entries establish a record in every way—as regards numbers in every event, in quality of players, and in number of clubs represented. Included in the entries are: Miss Rattray (Dunedin), Mrs. W. E. Bidwell (Wairarapa), Miss N. Gorrie (Auckland), Miss Christie (Champion, Oamaru), Miss Martin (Auckland), Miss Alison (Waitemata), the Misses Hindmarsh (Napier), Mrs. Holmes (Wellington), Miss Beakson (Hastings), Miss G. Gorrie (Auckland), Miss E. Bell (Wellington), Miss Crockett, Wilson (Christchurch), Mrs. Duncan (Wellington), Miss B. Wood (Christchurch), Miss Snodgrass (Westport), Mrs. Bevan (Otago), Mrs. Freeth (Wellington), Miss Hamlin (Napier), Miss Knubley (Timaru), Mrs. Acheson (Hokitika), Mrs. A. Bloomfield (Auckland), Mrs. G. Williams (Master-ton), Miss D. Kettle (Grey-mouth), Miss N. Campbell (Christchurch), Mrs. Sharp (Nelson), Miss A. Humphries (Christchurch), Mrs. Turnbull (Wellington), Miss Tansley (Dannevirke), Miss Gray (Miramar), Miss Gould (Otago). All the above have entered for the championship. There are many other visitors playing in the handicap events. In the first round of the championship there were two surprises—Miss Rattray (Otago), four times champion, going down to Miss Braithwaite, of Hastings, and Mrs. Bidwill, of Masterton, losing on the home green to Miss B. Wood, of Christchurch.

Savages Visit Wellington.

A party of members of the Savage Club went to Wellington last week on a visit to the "Savages" of that city, and enjoyed themselves thoroughly. Those who contributed to the programme were: Dr. Martin, Messrs. Palmer, Davis, Woolhouse, Rogers, Jeffries, Marshall, W. Wood, Durward, Kitchen, and Hamley. Savages W. Beck, Hopwood, Hickell, Smith, Bendall, Scott, Litchfield, Wilson, Young, Meyrick, Morrah, Haukins, and others also went.

VIOLET.

WANGANUI.

August 10.

The Shakespeare Club.

The Wanganui Shakespeare Club held their first Open Reading "Twelfth Night" in the Museum Hall, on Saturday, 14th August. Dr. Hatherly, the president, made a few preliminary remarks, and the reading was a great success, all the characters being well personated. Amongst those present were:—Mrs. Bahlaga, who wore a black silk gown with jet on her bodice, and transparent lace yoke, and wide lace collar with ruffle; Mrs. Mason, electric blue cloth gown with vest of net, and made in Empire style with touches of

black satin on the bodice; Miss Jardine, black silk gown with wide black watered silk sash, and square cut corsage with cream and gold embroidery; Mrs. Ramsay, a smart wine coloured silk made in Empire style with choux of cream lace on her corsage, and slashed sleeves showing cascades of cream net and lace; Miss Richmond, black net gown over black glaze silk with black sequin net on her corsage, and tucker of cream net; Miss Reichart, white silk blouse with lace and insertion, black skirt; Mrs. H. Surjeant, electric blue velvet made in Empire style with square cut gold embroidery and Brussels lace; Miss Moore, black and crimson striped silk blouse with transparent cream lace yoke, black skirt; Mrs. James Watt, black chiffon taffetas with berthe of black sequin net, and tucker of cream tulle, cream chiffon shoulder scarf; Mrs. Jacob wore a black silk gown with high tulle ruffle; Mrs. Godwin, black brocade with Vandyck collar bordered with silver embroidery; Miss Norris, white silk gown with bands of insertion; Mrs. Greenwood, white silk blouse with yoke of cream lace, and bands of insertion, black silk skirt; Miss Huxtable, pale pink floral silk with insertion, black skirt; Miss O'Brien, tucked white silk blouse with lace, black skirt; Mrs. Spenser, black and white silk gown; Mrs. Fairburn, black silk with jet on the corsage and sleeves, cream lace, and chiffon ruffle; Mrs. Fattie Izett, black silk with lace on her corsage, and smart opera coat; Miss Willis wore a becoming white gown; her sister also wore a dainty white frock; Miss Brewer, black silk with cream lace; Miss D. Bret-targh, blue ninon with cream net and lace, made in Empire style, with sash at the side, slashed sleeves, showing cream net; Miss O. Stanford, white silk with the bodice beautifully embroidered in white, floral design; Miss Bret-targh, pale pink silk frock with net and lace on her corsage; Miss Steven-son, turquoise blue gown with square cut corsage, edged with wide cream insertion and transparent lace yoke; Miss Kerr wore a cream velvet, made in pinafore style with ornamental buttons of the same material, and tucked yoke of cream silk; Mrs. Milne, white silk blouse with Valenciennes insertion and lace, black skirt; Miss Luxford, white silk with chiffon and lace on her corsage, and gauged net sleeves; Mrs. M. Jones, black silk with lace; Miss P. Jones, black silk, the corsage being prettily trimmed with lace motifs and strappings of floral silk; Miss Ash-croft wore a white silk gown; Miss W. Anderson, black skirt of Oriental satin, with lace and chiffon, crimson opera coat; Miss Hawken wore cream with pale grey chiffon opera cloak.

Golf.

On Monday a golf match was played at the Belmont golf links between the Napier ladies and the Wanganui ladies. The Napier team consisted of Misses Hindmarsh, Newbould, Davies, B. Hindmarsh, Brabant, Hamlin, Mesdames Moore, Russell, Edgar, and Snodgrass. The local players were: Miss Ove, Miss Cowper, Miss Bates, Mrs. Sarjeant, Mrs. Izard, Mrs. Imlay Saunders, Miss O. Stan-ford, Mrs. Lomas, Miss Gresson, Mrs. D'Arcy. Wanganui were the winners with 5 up. Foursomes over 10 holes were played in the afternoon, the Napier players being Miss Hamlin, Misses Hindmarsh (2), Miss Newbould, Miss Davies, Mrs. Russell, Mrs. Moore, Mrs. Edgar, Mrs. Snodgrass, and Miss Brabant. Wanganui: Mrs. Imlay Saunders, Mrs. Izard, Mrs. Sarjeant, Miss Cave, Miss A. Cow-per, Miss B. Taylor, Mrs. Lomas, Miss C. Anderson, Miss Parsons, and Mrs. Howarth. Wanganui won with 1 up. Amongst the onlookers were Mrs. Palmer, Mrs. Harold, Mrs. Mackay, Mrs. Brook-field, Miss Moore, Miss Brettargh, Miss Brewer, Mrs. Lomas, Mrs. Paterson, Miss Harding (Hawke's Bay), Mrs. John An-derson, Miss W. Anderson, Mrs. Barni-coat, Mrs. Cave (Waverly), Miss Hawken.

Personal.

Mrs. Wood, of Nelson, has been staying in Wanganui with Miss Fraser, Girls' College.
Mr. Butterworth, of Christchurch, is staying in Wanganui with his son, Mr. Butterworth.
Mrs. Cave, of Waverly, is staying in Wanganui for a short visit.
Miss Hamlin, of Napier, has been staying in Wanganui with Mrs. Gonville Saunders.
Miss Brabant and Miss Harding, of Hawke's Bay, have been the guests of Mrs. John Anderson, of Wanganui.

Miss N. Cowper, of Wanganui, is the guest of Mrs. Innes, in Palmerston North.

Mrs. and Miss W. Anderson, of Wanganui, have gone to Palmerston North for the golf tournament.

Miss A. Cowper, of Wanganui, is staying in Palmerston North.

Miss Wilford, of Wanganui, is the guest of Mrs. Hewitt, in Palmerston North.

Mrs. H. Good, of Wanganui, is staying in Palmerston North for the golf tournament.

Miss J. Mason, of Wanganui, is the guest of Miss Humphreys, in Palmerston North.

The Misses Hindmarsh, of Napier, have been staying in Wanganui.

Mrs. Wall, of Wanganui, has returned from her visit to Wellington.

HUIA.

NELSON.

August 10.

Golf Ball.

The Nelson Golf Club's annual ball was held in the School of Music on Friday evening, and was a great success. The large platform was used as a drawing-room, and was handsomely furnished for the occasion with carpets, tables, lounges, and easy chairs, with several tables for bridge. Supper was served in the large class hall and two other rooms, the tables being charmingly decorated with snowdrops and yellow daffodils. An excellent band was stationed on the stage, which was artistically decorated with large palms. Mrs. J. H. Cook wore a handsome gown of black taffeta, with berthe of Limerick lace; Miss Cook, black glaze with lace scarf; Mrs. C. Y. Fell, white corded silk; Mrs. A. J. Glasgow, black satin, the bodice trimmed with black sequins; Mrs. Webb, pale grey brocade with handsome lace; Mrs. Leg-gatt, black silk; Mrs. Booth, brown satin charmeuse, trimmed with bronze sequins and cream lace; Mrs. Blundell, black chiffon velvet; Mrs. Gillies, gold sequined net over black glaze; Mrs. C. King, black long coat of mauve cloth; Mrs. W. H. Price, white silk, sky blue cloth coat; Mrs. Lightfoot, black silk; Mrs. Rich-mond Fell, handsome gown of rose; Mrs. Burnes, becoming yellow satin Empire dress brocade; Mrs. Hoby, saxe blue messaline over glaze; Mrs. St. John, handsome dress of cream satin and chiffon; Mrs. F. Richmond, becoming black sequined lace over satin; Miss F. Richmond, white brocade; Miss Rich-mond, pale blue gauze over silk; Mrs. P. Moore, effective gown of pale green silk, with touches of pale pink; Mrs. D. Edwards, graceful gown of pink taffeta trimmed with chiffon; Mrs. de Castro, black relieved with white net and lace; Miss de Castro, pretty white lace frock; Misses Cook, reseda green satin with Oriental trimming; Miss Ledger, handsome gown of pink ninon; Miss E. Ledger, white satin charmeuse, made in the Empire style; Mrs. Hair, black velvet and white lace; Miss Hair, pale pink taffeta; Miss Hair, pretty white chiffon over silk; Mrs. Coote, becoming gown of yellow charmeuse trimmed with white lace; Miss Houlker, handsome dress of gold sequined net over cream satin; Miss Hodson, black sequined net over black glaze; Miss H. Blundell, Empire gown of yellow satin, yellow osprey in her hair; Miss Booth, cream satin made in the Empire style; Miss Glasgow, mauve satin with lace medallions; Miss G. Harley, white satin Empire gown; Miss P. Fell, striking gown of brown ninon over powder blue taffeta; Miss S. Fell, white satin Empire frock; Miss Leggatt, pretty pale blue ninon; Miss Lightfoot, smoke blue taffeta; Miss F. Maginnity, pink chiffon taffeta, trimmed with Maltese lace; Miss Roberts, pink mery with touches of black velvet; Miss Huddelston, handsome gown of black net over white glaze; Miss Glendenden, white silk with crimson roses; Miss M. Clark, pretty old rose taffeta; Miss F. Clark, pink gauze over pink glaze; Miss Langley-Adams, becoming dress of turquoise satin; Miss Coster, green; Miss Bielew, pretty white silk Empire gown; Miss Bisley, green satin trimmed with bands of darker green velvet; Miss Bamford, pale green taffeta; Miss V. Bamford, white brilliant over white satin; Miss A. Manoy (Motueka), lovely gown of pale blue satin, with pearl embroideries; Miss Lealie (Motueka), mauve colienne with panels of pale blue; Miss Rogers (Tadmor), pink silk; Mrs. Rogers, black silk with white lace. Some of the men present were: Messrs. J. H. Cook, R. Fell, Coote (2), W. H. Price, Burnes, Booth, P. Moore,

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A Welcome Social.

A social was held at the Stoke Public Hall to welcome the Rev. Mr. Carr, the newly-appointed vicar to the district. The hall had been very tastefully decorated for the occasion, and there was a large attendance. Mr. J. W. Maraden, on behalf of the vestry of St. Barnabas' Church and residents, welcomed Mr. Carr to the district in a happy speech. Songs were sung by Mrs. Woods and Messrs. Wilmot, Alport, and Scott, a duet by Mrs. P. Andrew and Mrs. Izard, and a reading by Dr. Andrew completed the evening's programme. Among others present were the Bishop of Nelson, Mrs. Mules and Miss Mules, Dr. and Mrs. Andrew, Mr. and Mrs. Izard, Mr. and the Misses Adams.

DOLBE.

BLENHEIM.

August 19.

Hockey Dance.

The Marlborough Hockey Club held a dance in St. Patrick's Hall last Friday evening, which was most enjoyable. The supper-table was most artistically arranged with violets and snowflakes, and strands of navy and white ribbons (the club's colours). Some of those present were: Mrs. Western, black crepe de chine; Mrs. Smale, black silk; Mrs. Pearlless, pale blue charmeuse satin with lace; Mrs. Redwood, pale grey satin, with gold Oriental trimmings; Mrs. Walker, white muslin, with touches of heliotrope; Miss Esther, black silk, and red roses; Miss Scott-Smith, white muslin; Miss M. McNab, pink crepe de chine; Miss Macalister (Picton), white muslin; Miss Moutat, black velvet; Miss E. McDonald, pale green crepe de chine; Miss C. Western, black velvet; Miss Leslie, blue taffeta, with silver trimmings; Miss C. Western, blue silk; Miss C. Greenfield, white crepe de chine; Miss D. Horton, black velvet; Messrs. McShane, B. Moore, Smale, Clouston, Grace, Parker (2), Scott-Smith, Paul, Tidey, Wiffen, Mitchell, Matheson, and Broadmore.

Gift.

Last Saturday afternoon quite a number of ladies and gentlemen journeyed to the Riverland golf links, where a dainty tea was provided by the lady members. Some of those present were: Mesdames Innes, Mills, Corry, MacLaine, Symons, Misses C. Clouston, Foster (Seddon), Chapman, Ross, Douglas, McLaughlin, Messrs. Davey, Reid, B. Clouston, McShane, B. Moore, Hart, Smale, and Lambie.

A Concert.

On Tuesday evening the Musical Competition Concert was held in the Town Hall. For such a splendid programme the audience was somewhat small; probably the rainy weather was the cause. The Mayor (Mr. A. McCallum) presented the prizes won at the competition. The audience, before leaving the hall, had the privilege to vote the most popular number. Mrs. Canavan secured first medal, and Mrs. Nash second. Some of those I noticed among the audience were: Mesdames Innes, McCallum, Northcroft, Mills, Bull, Corry, Hay, Bennett, Walker, Revell, Rose, Lucas, Misses New-

biggen, Hay, Lucas, Rose, Fisher, Messrs. Mills, Tuke, Bull, Hay, and Dr. Bennett.

Personal.

Miss M. McRae, who has been staying with Mrs. Neville, "Thurston," has returned to Attimarlack.

Mr. A. Bell has returned from his visit to Christchurch.

Mr. W. Adams, "Langley Dale," is on a visit to Wellington.

Mr. J. Coleman, who has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. B. Coleman, "Vernon," has returned North.

Mr. P. Hulme has gone on a visit to the Empire City.

Mrs. Maitland (Picton) is on a visit to Mrs. McNab, Maxwell-road.

Mr. J. Conolly has gone for a holiday to Auckland.

Miss McGeec has returned to Auckland.

JEAN.

CHRISTCHURCH.

August 20.

A Military Ball.

The military ball which was given by the officers of the North Canterbury Mounted Rifles took place on Friday evening in the Alexandra Hall. It was a most enjoyable affair. His Excellency the Governor and Lady Plunket were present. They were received by Colonel Chaffey, and the ball was then opened by an official set of Lancers. Lady Plunket wore a beautiful gown of old rose satin charmeuse trimmed with gold embroidery and lace, diamond tiara, necklet and earrings; Miss Hill, Empire frock of white satin and gold spangled tulle; Lady Clifford, gown of rich black satin and lace, relieved with touches of white, diamond ornaments; Miss Clifford (Blenheim), white and gold striped chiffon, trimmed with embroideries of gold; Mrs. Colomb, emerald green chiffon worn over heliotrope satin, with velvet ribbon bows of the two colours; Mrs. Denniston, black striped nixon, relieved with white lace; Mrs. Waterfield, cream nixon de soie and lace; Mrs. George Rhodes, an Empire gown of black satin charmeuse, with black sequined tulle, diamond ornaments; Miss Hawkins, frock of white satin and chiffon; Lady Price, rose pink satin and cream lace; Mrs. Russell Grace (Wellington), sage blue chiffon velvet, diamond ornaments; Mrs. J. D. Hall, rose pink radium silk, diamond ornaments; Mrs. Charles Dalgety, gown of cherry coloured satin and chiffon; Mrs. J. D. Ormond (Hawke's Bay), ivory satin and lace; Mrs. Algar Williams (Wellington), Princess robe of silver tissue trimmed with sequined net and touches of pale blue silk; Miss Boyle, pale blue satin with tunic of pale blue nixon; Mrs. Abbot (Wellington), gown of duck-egg blue satin; Mrs. Lindo Ferguson (Dunedin), amber velvet and pale blue silk; Mrs. Henry Wood, black satin charmeuse, with gold embroideries; Miss Gladstone Robinson (Dunedin), silver net over pale blue satin charmeuse; Mrs. Arthur Elworthy (Pareora), white satin and lace; Mrs. Herbert Elworthy (Craigburn), black chiffon over pale blue satin; Mrs. Hamish McLean (Mt. Hutt), pale pink satin and silver tissue; Mrs. Donald McLean, gown of dark green satin; Miss Russell (Palmerston North), emerald green tulle with touches of gold; Miss Nicholls, rose pink satin charmeuse; Mrs. E. Reid (Timaru), cream net with insertions of gold embroidery over pale blue satin; Mrs. Gower Burns, gown of cream and gold brocade; the Misses

Burns, Empire frocks of pale rose satin and silver tissue; Miss Moore, frock of cream net with bands of cream satin; Miss Knight, cream satin and lace; Mrs. Fergus, emerald green satin and gold embroideries; Mrs. Savill, white satin and chiffon with touches of gold; Miss Anson, white nixon de soie over satin, sash of pale blue chiffon; Miss Barker (Woodbury), pink and white floral taffetas; Miss Guthrie, Empire frock of white silk with silver embroideries; Miss Humphreys, white satin frock, relieved with touches of heliotrope; Miss A. Humphreys, pale blue gown of crepe de chine, trimmed with black satin; Miss Campbell, violet silk voile and silver tissue; Miss Duff (Napier), white crepe de chine and chiffon; Mrs. P. Johnston (Wellington), pale pink satin charmeuse and lace; Miss Phillips, Empire frock of pale green satin; Miss E. Rhodes (Timaru), pale pink satin and lace; Miss Park, white crepe de chine and chiffon; Miss Rita Wilson, cream satin and gold embroidery; Miss Mendelsohn (Timaru), cream embroidered chiffon; Miss R. Anderson, frock of pale blue satin charmeuse; Miss Thomas, white chiffon over satin, and silver sequins; Miss Symes, Empire frock of vieux rose satin; Mrs. Montgomery (Little River), pale blue satin and lace; Mrs. Thunder (Ashburton), prune coloured velvet and lace Princess robe; Mrs. Fisher (Wellington), cream satin and lace; Mrs. Maurice Harper (Timaru), pale blue silk; Miss R. Humphrey (Wellington), ivory satin and lace; Mrs. Strachey, black sequined robe with cream embroidered scarf.

Musical Afternoon.

was given by Mrs. Gower Burns, at her residence in Chester-street. The decorations of spring flowers were lovely, and much admired. The hostess, during the afternoon, sang several songs. Mrs. Wilding and Mrs. Percival Smith contributed pianoforte solos. Mrs. Burns wore a rose-pink Shantung silk, relieved with black velvet; the Misses Burns, navy blue lace blouses and pleated skirts of navy blue silk. Amongst the guests were Mrs. Julius, Mrs. Westera, Mrs. Denniston, Mrs. G. G. Stead, Mrs. Russell Grace, Mrs. Arthur Elworthy (Pareora), Mrs. J. Williams (Geraldine), Mrs. Lindo Ferguson (Dunedin), Mrs. E. Reid (Timaru), Mesdames Knight, Symes, E. C. Studholme (Waimate), W. Stead (Napier), Wilding, Beals, J. Grigg (Longbeach), Colomb, Laneer, Jane, Buckley Murchison (Lake Coleridge), Archer, Gubbins (England), Murray-Aynsley, Gibson, and Fergus. Misses Duff (Napier), Wells (Amberley), Denniston (Dunedin), Gladstone, Robinson, Mendelson (Temuka), Russell (Hawke's Bay), Nancarrow, Barker (Woodbury), Rhodes (Timaru), Humphreys and Strachey.

Personal.

Mr. and Mrs. Algar Williams (Wellington), Miss Russell (Palmerston), and Miss Anson have been staying with Mrs. Boyle (Riccarton).

Miss Bristoe (Wellington) is staying with Mrs. Andrew Anderson (Opawa).

Miss Gladstone Robinson, who has been the guest of Mrs. Denniston, has returned to Timaru.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Grigg (Longbeach), have been staying with Mrs. Wigram at Park Terrace.

Miss Campbell, Miss R. C. Wilson, Miss Symes, Miss B. Wood, and the Misses Humphreys (Christchurch) are attending the championship meeting at Palmerston North.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Ormond, who have been staying with Mrs. Pynn (Bealey Avenue) have returned to Hawke's Bay.

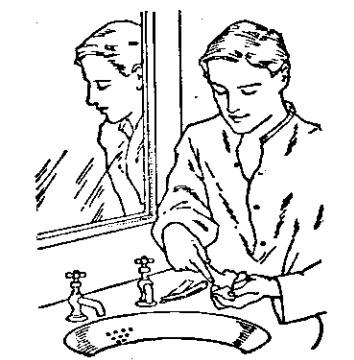
Miss Knight (Racecourse Hill), left Christchurch last week for a visit to Gisborne.

Mr., Mrs., and Miss Izard (Christchurch) are visiting in South Canterbury.

DOLLY VALE.

It's most consoling, when you're ill, To think about the doctor's bill, And add unto the time you've lost, The money his attendance cost; And realise 'twas lack of sense That caused you all the great expense, Because when first your chest got wheezy, Wood's Peppermint Cure would have made things easy.

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FOR TENDER FACED MEN

Cuticura Comfort for sensitive skins is shaving, shampooing, bathing and anointing with Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment. For eczemas, rashes, itchings, irritations, redness and roughness of the skin and scalp, with dry, thin and falling hair, as well as for every use in preserving, purifying and beautifying the hair and skin Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment are invaluable.

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Prices are Right.

D.S.C., Ltd.

The World of Fashion.

By MARGUERITE.

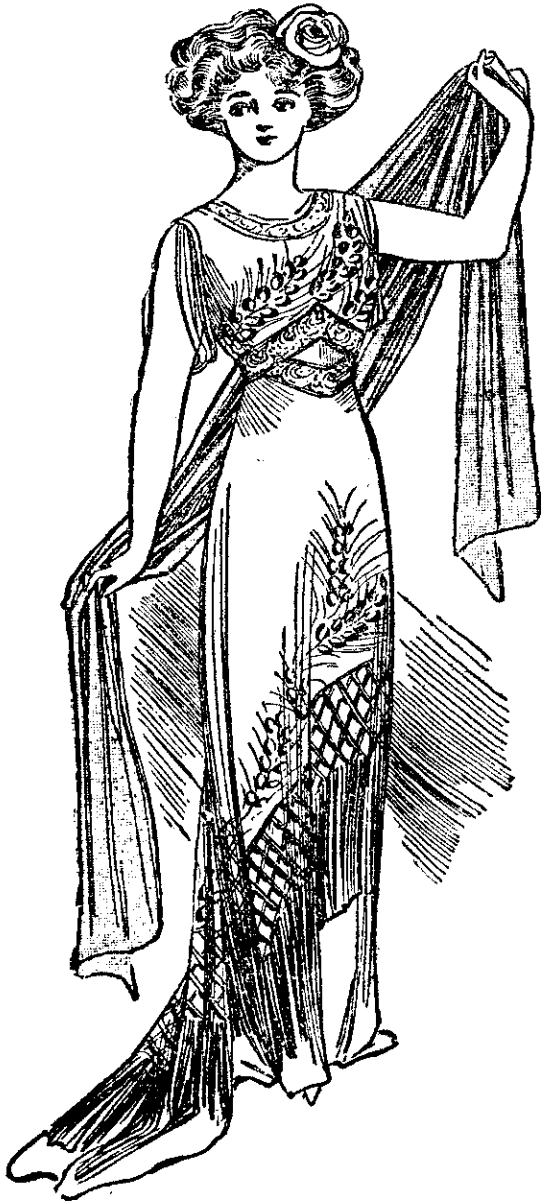
Smart Walking Gowns.

AMONG the pleasant dispensations of the modern mode must be reckoned that sensible regulation which permits the wearing of quite short walking skirts, even although the gowns to which they belong are carried out in the prevailing and Empire and Directoire styles. The long train which it was absolutely impossible to hold up gracefully, while endeavouring at the same time to carry a muff, a handbag, and possibly an umbrella, is, happily, a thing of the past, so far as gowns for street wear are concerned, although for afternoon frocks and for evening dresses the flowing skirts are still de rigueur, and are being made, as a matter of fact, considerably longer than they were last season.

Feather Collars and Boas.

For street wear there are any number of pretty feather and ribbon neck pieces.

The marabout and ostrich feather stole we have always with us, and as soon as the fur boa is cast aside, women, who know the value of soft, becoming feathers about the face wear these for beauty as well as warmth. This year something of the kind will be essential for those who adopt the collarless bodice or one with the Dutch collar. For those who do not like the long feather stole there are the short natty collars. Some of them are made entirely of feather, with ribbon ends; others are made of a combination of feathers and ribbon. All of these high feather collars are intended to fasten tight about the throat in the Pierrot ruche style. They come in white, black, and all the fashionable colours, so that it is possible to have the feather collar match the hat or gown, either of which is correct. There are also high, close fitting collars made entirely of bias pieces of satin, which come in both light and medium colours; these are intended to be worn under the coat collar, and will be quite a sufficient protection on warm spring days. High ribbon collars and ruches to be worn outside the coat are similar to those shown in ostrich and marabout though they generally have a



CHARMING EXAMPLE OF A GIRL'S CLASSICAL FROCK.

Of white crepon, embroidered in silver wheat-ears, fringed with silver, and having a cincture of silver galon. Such a garment would also be effective carried out in black, and the lines of the skirt are peculiarly becoming.



WHITE SERGE COAT AND SKIRT OF THE MOMENT, WITH BIG WHITE CROCHET BUTTONS, AND A BLACK SATIN COLLAR.

The trend of 1860 in the shape of this coat is partially evident. The skirt, plain at the top, is pleated from where the coat ends. This is worn with a rustic, burnt straw hat, with trimmings of black.

line of white ruching at the top. Short tulle ruches, with long ribbon ends, are always in good style, and will be seen as soon as the weather is sufficiently warm.

The Tailor-made Costumes of the Moment.

So far as tailor-made gowns are concerned, there seems likely to be but little alteration. The morning frocks, for instance, show for the most part walking skirts of a sensible shortness, in many instances pleated all the way round, while the coats remain of the long Directoire shape, cut with short-waisted fronts, but made with very long tails at the back. With plain skirts of cloth, three-quarter length coats in wide-ribbed Ottoman silk are worn, matching exactly the colour of the cloth, and trimmed with large silk-covered buttons and loops of silk cord to correspond. There is no decrease so far in the button epidemic, and many of the newest coat-and-skirt costumes display more buttons than one would care to count. With regard to tailor-made frocks for afternoon wear, more variety in style and shape is found, although here also long rows of buttons seem determined to assert themselves with a pertinacity which threatens to become monotonous. The clinging fourreau gowns in fine soft cloth still hold their own, moulded closely to the figure, and showing no line of demarcation at the waist. In many cases,

in fact, the cloth is carried up smoothly, as high as the arms, where it meets a straight empiecement of fine silk embroidery, worked in many different tones of the same colour on a ground of fine net in gold or silver. At the back of the bodice the same kind of trimming is repeated, while flatly draped fichu folds on either side enclose a square chemisette of finely tucked ivory-white net, continued in the form of a high collar-band, bordered along the top with a Valenciennes lace frill. Cloth sleeves to the wrist fit closely to the arm, and are turned back with a neat little cuff of net frilled in the same way as the collar with Valenciennes lace.

For travelling and for morning are small toques of cloth, satin, and Ottoman silk. Save the folds of the materials, arranged with consummate art, they have no trimming. A toque of shirred silk has a rather droll air, with its narrow brim slightly lifted and its high box crown surrounded with a wreath of tiny flowers.

Fruit appears as a trimming on the newest hats in all the shades of the green as well as the ripe fruit. Among new artificial flowers is the beautiful lily of Japan. Its soft petals, touched with black, are marvellously effective pinned to the coat or muff. It has quite displaced, for a corsage bouquet, the long-loved chrysanthemum. New, and also chic, for the corsage, is the royal poinsettia; splendid in its smooth, velvety petals of an exquisite red. Only one flower is worn. It lightens splendidly the most sombre costume.

In their place we are glad to welcome many really beautiful picture hats, a little large perhaps for the comfort of the matinee audience, but not intended to be worn at the theatre, unless they are carried in the hand while the performance is going on. For paying calls, for driving, or for smart functions generally, however, these large hats will prove the most delightful of headgear. The slight shadow, too, which they cast upon the upper part of the face makes them becoming to wearers of almost any age. Carried out as a rule in fine dark straws, although they are seen now and again in chip and crinoline, these picture hats are being made, almost without exception, in shapes with wide brims which curve down closely over the hair on one side, while, on the other, they are turned up very sharply, the brim being rolled over until it rests against the crown.

A large hat of this description, in mole-grey straw, looks exceedingly well, trim-

med only with one long and very lovely ostrich feather in a soft shade of Saxe blue, and worn with a gown of mole-grey cachemire de soie and a Saxe blue ostrich feather boa. Another hat of the same shape—which, by the way, will prove more generally useful since it can be worn with gowns in almost any colour,—is carried out in fine black straw, and wreathed round the crown with a mass of ivy foliage, caught on one side with a large knot of ivy-green silk ribbon. A very charming hat is made in dark brown straw, in a modification of the same shape, but in rather a smaller size, and trimmed only with a huge bow of leaf-green velvet ribbon, tied with many loops, and so cleverly arranged that it first holds together the crown and brim, where the shape is turned up at the side, and afterwards forms a full trimming round three parts of the hat, leaving, however, quite a plain piece of straw at the back, the effect of which is exceedingly smart.



Sleeves are becoming larger, and there are many quaint tuckers being invented, one of which is depicted above, part of a crepon gown heavily soutached upon the corsage.

Concerning the New Millinery.

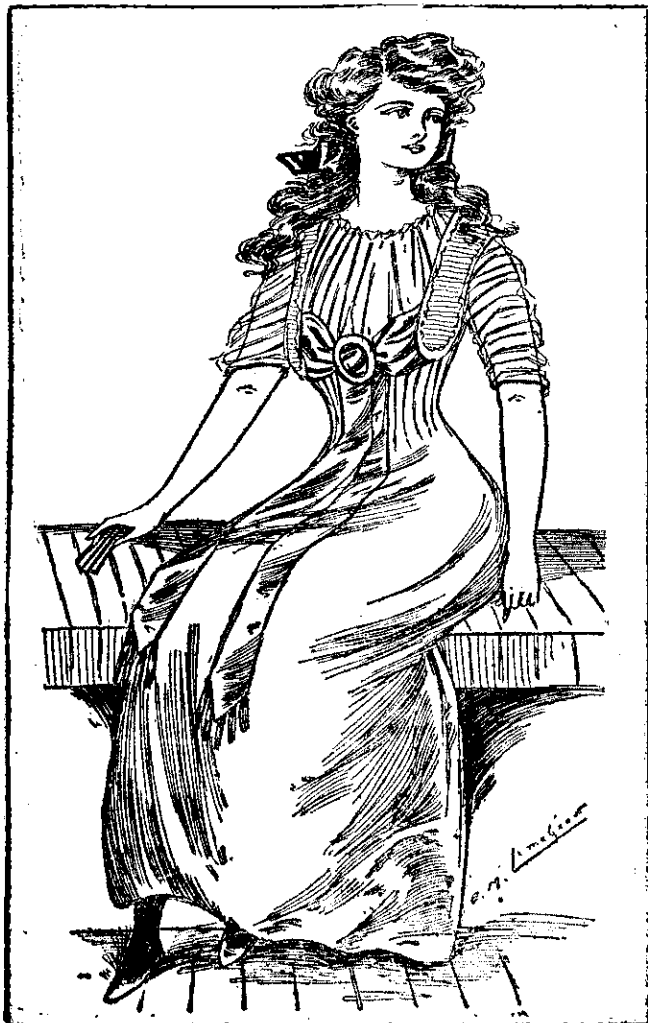
During the last few weeks a change which is distinctly one for the better has come over the new millinery, and it would seem as though some good things were in store for us after all, in spite of the

bogey with which we were threatened earlier in the season. The more or less hideous hats, entirely destitute of brim, have enjoyed but a brief existence, and only a few of these shapes remain to testify to their extreme ugliness and to prove the fact that they were universally unbecoming.



A COAT AND SKIRT TOILETTE.

Of rust-brown Ottoman Shantung, designed after the Louis XIII. period, showing the very long vest and another novelty in neckwear, a double collar of embroidered cambrie with a satin one sandwiched between.



DRESS FOR A YOUNG GIRL.

In soft white satin, with chiffon yoke and sleeves, and plain blue satin sash drawn through a buckle falling in fringe ends.

P. D CORSETS

confer that suggestion of rare distinction which marks the gentlewoman. They give to an effective costume the necessary note of personal quality, the indefinable grace of style. Wear no other. All stores sell them.

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