

THE WEEKLY GRAPHIC

AND

NEW ZEALAND MAIL

VOL. XLIII.—NO. 11

SEPTEMBER 15, 1909

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

CONTENTS

Week in Review	1	Arrival of Immigrants in Wellington	23
"Which Should Be Boss?" by "Dog Toby"	2	Scenes on the Midland Railway	24
Sayings of the Week	3	Dynamiting a Sunken Vessel	26
News of the Dominion	4	Piercing the Southern Alps	28
Personal Paragraphs	4	Interprovincial Rugby	31
Share List	6	Floods in the Northern Wairoa	32
Fear at the Pole	7	Will the America Fly to the Pole (Illustrated)	33
The Wide World	8	Life in the Garden	38
Sports and Pastimes	9	Last Years of Arctic Work (Illustrated)	42
Volunteer Notes	12	Progress in Science	45
Turf Gossip	12	The Bookshelf	46
Sky Chart	14	Trying it on the Dog (short story) ..	48
Music and Drama	15	Saint Peter (short story)	50
"Our Illustrations"	16	The Kidnapped Author (short story) ..	53
ILLUSTRATIONS—		Children's Page	58
The Taranaki Rifles	17	Orange Blossoms	63
Unshipping a 50-ton Boiler	18	Society Gossip	63
The Loss of the Maori	19	The World of Fashion	68
Commander R. E. Peary	20	Versé, Old and New	71
First to Fly Across the Channel ..	22	Anecdotes and Sketches	71
		Our Funny Page	72

of a class of willing, but unemployed, workers. He had ascertained that the number of waterside workers in the Dominion amounted to 3,486, and the average earnings of many of them only amounted to 10/ per week. That meant that many of these workers were really unemployed. He proposed as a remedy that some scheme should be devised whereby the waterside worker could be provided with a house and sufficient land upon which he might employ his spare hours, days, or weeks in producing food for his household consumption, and, if he desired it, for sale. He reviewed at some length experiments that had been conducted elsewhere in this direction, especially those made in the United States. He said that carefully prepared accounts showed that many workers who had been placed on quite small sections had been able to make up to £50 clear profit in good years. All real improvement, he maintained, must begin in the home, and nothing could be hoped for whilst whole families were living in poverty and squalor.

proprietors, as the cost of it is only a pound or two. The only way to check excessive speed in the past has been by stop-watches.

Prosperous Australia.

If any reliance is to be placed on travellers' tales Australia would seem to be exceptionally prosperous just now. Money, we are told, is plentiful, and another thirty millions are expected to come into the country from this season's wool clip. The Lord Mayor of Sydney declares that already there are ample funds for all projects, public and private, and he has been offered large sums at very low rates of interest. What they will do with the extra thirty millions he doesn't know. Mr. Booth, of Christchurch, thinks that most progress is being made in Queensland. A North Canterbury farmer, who had bought land on the confines of the Darling Downs at 4/6 per acre, assured him that the land was equal in quality to that of Willow Bridge, which is considered worth from £35 to £45 an acre. Australia has had a succession of good seasons, and this year abundant rains have fallen over nearly all the continent. The uncertainty of the rainfall constitutes the great drawback to Australian prosperity, and in good seasons the wise man makes provision, not for the proverbial "rainy day," but against the days when rain will not come.

Regulating the Speed of Motor Cars.

Hardly a week passes without some fatal accident being recorded in connection with motor cars, and hitherto the police have been practically powerless to check excessive speed. If a motorist was summoned, such different estimation of the pace at which the car was travelling would be given that bewildered magistrates hesitated to convict. It would seem, however, that at last the police have managed to get ahead of the man who always disputes the charge of furious driving. An extraordinary device has been invented, by which the moment a motor car exceeds the speed limit a bell starts ringing, and continues to ring until the speed has dropped to one allowed by the regulations. And that device the Chief Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police has informed all proprietors of motor buses and taxicabs that he will require them to adopt.

Baptist Missions.

In opening a large bazaar in Ponsonby, held in aid of the Baptist Church in the neighbourhood, and of the Indian Mission fund, Mr T. W. Leys made reference to Baptist missions. He said that a militant missionary spirit testified to the vitality of a congregation, and contributed materially to its success. He believed that the Ponsonby Baptist congregation had done more, in proportion to its numbers, for missionary work than any other congregation in Auckland, and it was very evident that they recognised their duty to the starving, ignorant, and helpless people in the sphere of missionary labour. In this connection, it is interesting to note that the work of modern missions began in the obscure shop of William Carey, a Baptist shoemaker at Kettering. The strongest and most fruitful impulse to mission work came neither from bishops nor from ministers, but from a Baptist and a cobbler. Teaching a poor school, brooding over the map of the world which he pasted up for his geography lessons, and seeing how vast a part of the globe was covered by waste places, fertile in sorrow, he read at a meeting of ministers a paper on the duty of attempting to spread the gospel among the heathen. At first he met with little support, and the first sum subscribed for him was only £13 2s. 6d., but he planted the grain of seed which has since grown into a mighty tree.

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 Value of Polar Exploration.

WHAT the average man wants to know in regard to Polar expeditions is what is actually gained by anyone reaching either the North or the South Pole. Many people, indeed, seem to have found cause for regret that the tragic mystery of the Polar solitudes has at last been dispelled. The Pole is no longer one of the unattainable things of the world, and the stimulus to endeavour has been removed. What, then, has been gained by the discovery? Scientists say they know of no problem likely to be solved. There is no astronomical observation that can be taken at the Pole, which cannot be taken just as well at many other points in the Northern Hemisphere. Geological knowledge may be enlarged, but any geological investigation of a useful character requires a large and well-equipped party. The same holds good of biological discoveries. An explorer travelling alone could only hope at best to collect a few photographic records. The chief scientific value of Polar exploration, and discovery lies in the extension of the frontiers of meteorological and oceanographical research. But the dominant motive of Polar explorers has been to achieve the unachieved. The conquest of the Pole will be a standing witness

to the indomitable courage, pluck, and perseverance of the human race.

Arts and Crafts.

The exhibition of handicrafts and arts in connection with St. Matthews Church, Hastings, was most successful, and the vicar, Mr. Hobbs, has every reason to feel gratified at the result of his venture. Sir William Russell, in declaring the exhibition open, made some pertinent remarks on the value of manual training. He said that the education system of New Zealand was excellent, and everyone, no matter how poor, provided he had the capability, could rise from the lowest rung to university honours, but the system lacked attention to the practical side, and the present exhibition set an example in the encouragement of handicrafts and arts. Sir William deprecated the assumption that handiwork was not intellectual. No person, no matter what his mental attainments, could be happy unless he could do something with his fingers. Beginners should not be discouraged by small failures; they should persevere, and the more they tried the more success would attend their efforts. These exhibitions of handicrafts should undoubtedly prove of great value in encouraging manual training. For some reason or other technical education in New Zealand does not seem to make as much headway as it ought. Complaints are frequent as to the lack of pupils for technical classes. We claim to be a practical people, yet we neglect the most practical of all forms of education.

The Influence of Home.

Dr. Findlay's lecture on "Casual Labour—Its Waste and the Remedy" was conceived in his best vein. He began by referring to the efforts being made at Home to improve social conditions, and declared that New Zealand must at all costs prevent the continued existence

The Threatened Lords.

They say that threatened men live long, and that remark certainly seems to apply to the House of Lords. The Lords have been threatened with extinction, and threatened with various

schemes of reform, but they still pursue their way undeterred by threats, and as yet unreformed. Mr Winston Churchill has boldly challenged them to ordeal by combat and a fight to a finish. Mr John Redmond threatens to rouse up the Irish party against them, and to himself lead the campaign, and now the "British weekly" urges the formation of a Free Church League against the Upper House. Dr. Clifford, like a modern Peter the Hermit, has volunteered to lead this new crusade to rescue radical legislation from the infidels. It is likely to be a warm time, take it altogether, for our hereditary legislators.

Why They Live

Foreigners are apt to look with wondering eyes both at the House of Lords itself and at the perpetual threatenings that apparently are as ineffectual as the cursing of the Jackdaw of Rheims. The truth is that Englishmen are the most conservative of people. They dislike doing away with anything that is ancient and long-established. Partly this, and partly they recognise in the Lords, strangely enough, a medium for enabling expression to be given to the real will of the people. For it often happens that a British Government continues in power long after it has lost the confidence of the nation. It is by no means certain that the people are with Mr. Asquith. In eighteen months there were 28 bye-elections. In 27 of these there was a substantial increase in the votes cast for Mr. Balfour's party. There was an increase of 31,325 in the Unionist vote, and a decrease of 27,163 in the Liberal. The Lords reject all legislation involving radical changes in order that the matter may go to the people. The people thus regard them as a bulwark against changes that may not be in harmony with national sentiment.

Street Hawkers.

Economic problems are more puzzling and more perverse than the celebrated "Pigs in clover" per 33lb. When one little pig gets into the coveted position another little pig seems to roll out of his. This applies to the question of street hawkers. The ordinary person likes to get cheap fruit, and to him the hawkers come like the Waverley pen as a boon and a blessing. Were it not for them he would often be unable to buy fruit at all. The grower, also, likes to sell as much fruit as possible, and he finds the hawkers good and profitable customers. The hawkers themselves also make a tolerably good living out of their calling. But against this must be set the loss inflicted on the retail shopkeepers. These people pay big rents and large sums in rates and taxes, and they affirm that they cannot compete on equal terms with men who pay no rent and no rates or taxes beyond a small license fee. If hawkers continue the consumer benefits at the expense of the shopkeeper, if hawkers are abolished the shopkeeper benefits at the expense of the consumer. The game of life seems to be a perpetual effort to shift burdens on to somebody else. This is seen in the case of the British Budget, where everybody is trying to shift the burden of taxation on to other people's shoulders, from the yacht and motor-car millionaire down to the humble and modest consumer of beer.

The new United States ships of the Dreadnought type, among other novelties of construction, will embody three electric passenger elevators. They will have a lift of a little over 20ft, and they will be used mainly by the watch officers whose duty takes them from fireroom to fireroom. The elevators are rendered necessary by the fact that there are no doors between firerooms on the new ships. The first elevator to be used in the United States navy was installed on the hospital ship Solace during the Spanish war.

Which Should be Boss?

HUSBAND OR WIFE?—HANDLING THE REINS

By Dog Toby.

Antiquated Ideas.

IT is delightful in this age of progress and revolutionary creeds to come across people who hold old-fashioned views and quaint ideas and who have the courage to give expression to these views. It is like meeting Rip Van Winkle in the flesh, or like hearing the whisper of the last enchantments of the Middle Ages. Such a person apparently is Mr. Kettle, the Stipendiary Magistrate in Auckland, who is reported to have said that the husband is the head of the house. True he qualified the remark with the addition that at least he used to be considered so some time ago, but it is quite evident that he considers the husband should be head. He quoted from an old document said to have been drawn up by Osmund, Bishop of Salisbury, in 1085, to the effect that a woman should love, honour and obey her husband. He might as well have quoted St. Paul or Hammurabi, who was King of Babylon in the year 2100 B.C. This sixth member of the First Dynasty of Babylon thought that if a wife was wasteful and extravagant, always running about and neglecting her husband, she should be thrown into the river. Fancy anybody in this enlightened age saying, as Mr. Kettle did, "Women have their rights, but there is one right a woman cannot have, and that is to boss the home where her husband lives. Somebody must rule in a house, two people can't drive a coach." No wonder an indignant matron described Mr. Kettle as retrogressive.

Unbroken Colts.

We live in an age of suffragettes and co-education and women's rights, not in the age of Hammurabi, or St. Paul, or even Osmund. We live in an age of progress. When a French deputy suggested last year that the word "love" should be inserted in the wife's part of the marriage contract he was greeted with shouts of derisive laughter. Women have rights and men have duties. The woman's right is to boss the home, the man's duty is to earn sufficient money to support it. No one suggests that two should drive the coach, it is the woman's place to handle the reins. Even Osmund admitted that the man should endow the woman with all his worldly wealth, and this means that the woman should have sole control of all finances. The difficulty is that many women are so inexperienced that they do not know how to rule properly, and they have not learnt the art of making the husband submissive. A husband is like a horse. If he is properly broken in at first the coach can be driven easily enough, but it is always dangerous to attempt to drive with an unbroken colt.

About Boots.

Husbands have an irritating habit of wearing dirty boots about the house. This should never be permitted, and it is a fault quite easy to cure. Some women insist on the husband standing on a mat just inside the door and removing his boots there. To do this he has to stand on one foot while he removes the boot from the other, and he then has to walk over the cold oil-cloth to find his slippers. This is bad, and is apt to produce what is known as "foundering." A better plan is to

provide a little ledge just inside the door on which he can sit, with a small shelf underneath where he can keep his slippers. The total cost need not exceed eightpence. He should be trained to carry his dirty boots into the scullery and place them underneath the wash-up bench, ready for him to clean in the morning. A case is reported of a husband who actually went to bed in his boots. This is serious, and is generally caused by drinking too freely at the trough when overheated. It can generally be cured by giving more solid food and less liquid.

How to Cure Swearing.

Swearing in a husband is like snorting in a horse, and is a very difficult matter to deal with. Snorting in horses is often caused through some irritation in the nostrils, and swearing is often due to some irritation in the soft, grey matter of the brain. Men have an idea that it relieves the irritation, but this idea should not be encouraged. Some women try the effects of piously worded tracts in curing the habit, but these are apt to accentuate the disease. You may remove the cause of irritation, but this would often involve abandoning some of women's most cherished rights. Swearing is a sign of too vivid an imagination, too copious a vocabulary, and too firm a belief in mediaeval conceptions of the nether regions. Such books as Dante's "Inferno" should be rigidly tabooed, and books like Farrar's "Eternal Hope," showing the falsity of mediaeval ideas, substituted in their place. A horse will sometimes snort at his feed box in order to blow away the chaff and get at the oats, and a husband will sometimes swear at his meals for similar reasons. But the horse has afterwards to eat the chaff by itself if he is hungry, and the husband should be made to do likewise.

Shying at Bills.

Shying is a very common and a very disconcerting fault. Many men shy at the house bills and dressmakers' accounts. Some women use blinkers, so that things likely to cause fright are not easily seen, but the best thing is to take the husband right up to the object and let him have a good look at it. He must learn to get accustomed to these things. Very often shying is only a sign that he has been having too much hard feed. If he shies at the house bills, you want to give him only the plainest and most unpalatable of meals, on the ground that you are trying to keep the bills down. Give him everything you know he doesn't like. Similarly with milliners' accounts. Go to some function at which you know he desires you to look your best, dressed as shabbily as you can. Tell him you can't afford anything better. This will often cure him of what is really a most distressing habit.

The Best Boss.

Some few women like to groom their steed, and curry comb him and brush him and turn him out looking sleek and fat. They kiss his nose, and feed him with lumps of sugar from their hand. He will then show his best paces and whinny with joy at their approach. These are wise women; wiser still are those who do not attempt to drive, but who are content to let Cupid take the reins and guide his two-horse chariot where he will. He alone knows how to avoid the rut.

NORTHERN STEAM SHIP COMPANY, LIMITED.

Weather and other circumstances permitting, the Company's steamers will leave as under:—

For Russell.
CLANSMAN Every Monday, at 7 p.m.
For Russell, Whangara, and Mangonui.
CLANSMAN Every Wednesday, at 5.30 p.m. No Cargo for Russell.

For Awanui, Waiharara, Houkera, Whangara, and Mangonui.
APANUI Every Monday, at 2 p.m. No Cargo Whangara and Mangonui.

For Whangaruru, Helena Bay, Takakaka, and Whananaki.
PAEROA Tuesday, 20th July, 1 p.m.

For Great Barrier.
WAIOTAHU Every Wednesday, midnight
For Waitheke and Coromandel.
LEAVE AUCKLAND.
DAPHNE Every Mon. and Fri. forenoon
LEAVE COROMANDEL, VIA WAIOTAHU.
DAPHNE Every Tue. and Sat. early

FROM ONEKUNGA.
For Hokanga.
CLAYMORE Every Thursday
For Raglan and Kowhai.
CLAYMORE Every Monday

WHANGAREI SERVICE.
Steamers leave Whangarei as under:—

S.S. ROAFUI.	Train Whangarei to S.S. Coromandel to Wharf.	Mangapai.	Parua Bay.
1st—11.45 a.m.	3.45 p.m.	2 p.m.	4 p.m.
3rd—*Preva. day, 9.30 a.m.	No str.	No str.	9 a.m.
6th—*Preva. day, 10 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 p.m.
17th—*Preva. day, 9.30 a.m.	No str.	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.	8 p.m.
31st—*Preva. day, 9.30 a.m.	No str.	No str.	9 a.m.

*Goods outward by steamer leaving on following dates, viz., 3rd, 6th, 10th, 17th, 20th, and 31st must leave up-country stations by afternoon train previous day.

NORTHERN S.S. CO., LTD., Agents.

THOS. COOK AND SON.

Passenger Agents for P. and O. Co. White Star Orient R.M. Line Cape Lines N.D.L. (German) Mess. Maritimes N.Z. Shipping Co., etc., etc.

Before Booking your Tickets to London or elsewhere write for "COOK'S SAILING LIST" (posted free), giving FARES by all lines, and Sailings in advance. No Booking Fee. Special Advantages. Apply COOK'S SHIPPING OFFICE, Queen-st., Auckland.

TENDERS will be received at the Office of T. B. Clay, H.M. Arcade, Auckland, up to 12 noon on FRIDAY, 25th October, for the Coal Mining Rights in the Estate of the late H. Lang, Avocon, Northern Wairoa.

The coal is of very high quality, easily mined, and is suitable for either Steam or Household Purposes. Samples of coal and specifications can be seen at Mr Clay's Office. The highest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

HAVE YOU A BAD LEG

With wounds that discharge or otherwise, perhaps surrounded with inflammation and swollen, that when you press your finger on the inflamed part it is swollen, and red, if so, under the skin you have poison that defies all the remedies you have tried, which, if not extracted, you never can recover, but you are suffering till death releases you. Perhaps you know your knees, the joints being ulcerated; the same with the ankles, round which the skin may be discoloured, or there may be wounds; the disease, if allowed to continue, will deprive you of the power to walk. You may have attended various hospitals and had medical advice, and been told your case is hopeless, or advised to submit to amputation. But do not, for I CAN CURE YOU. I DON'T SAY PERHAPS; BUT I WILL. Because others have failed is no reason I should. Send at once to the Drug Stores for a box of GRASSHOPPER OINTMENT and Pills, which is a certain cure for Bad Legs, Housemaid's Knee, Ulcerated Joints, Carbuncles, Poisoned Hands, Tumours, Abscesses, Bone Throats, Bronchitis, Bunions and Ringworm. See the trade mark of a "Grasshopper" on a green label. Prepared by ALBERT & CO., ALBERT HOUSE, 7, FARRINGTON ST., LONDON, ENGLAND.

Sayings of the Week.

He wants to Know.

I present my mind is full of wonder as to how this enormous Australian continent, with all its possibilities, has so small a population. Another thing is how, in a country which ought to be dependent, and, I presume, is dependent upon its natural resources, such a tremendous proportion of the population is in the towns. I am anxious to find out why the second generation of Australians gets attracted to the towns. It is no use for Australia to have its great possibilities, unless those possibilities become actualities. You cannot make them actualities unless you have the population, and, not only the population, but money. Investors are looking around to see where to invest their money. They are pouring millions into Canada, and millions into the Argentine. Why are they not doing it here? I would like to find out.—*Mr Foster Fraser.*

A Debt that Pays Itself.

Surely the increase of debt which not only pays itself, but has helped to enrich thousands of our people, is not a national disaster. Surely the people so enriched can scarcely complain that the growth of their wealth calls, at the old rate of levy, for a little larger payment in the shape of direct taxation. Most of the 800,352 people in New Zealand who have not sufficient land or income to call for taxation wish, I doubt not, they had the same cause of complaint.—*Hon. Dr. Findlay.*

Who is Boss?

The husband is the head of the home; at least, he used to be considered so some years ago, until of recent years certain things have come to pass—women's rights have come to the front, and things are somewhat changed.—*Mr C. C. Kettle, S.M.*

The Canon and Football.

Of the many physical games in vogue, one of the oldest, as well as the best, was football, and he did not think there was a single game that combined in itself more than this one did all the elements necessary for the perfecting of a man's physical and moral life if he was to be a useful member of any society or corporate body whatsoever. Self-denial, discipline, loyalty to orders, self-sacrifice—playing an unselfish game—were absolutely indispensable if one was to be a footballer worthy of the name. Football, if honestly and gentlemanly played, as he believed it was played by schoolboys all the world over, was probably the best game in the world for helping boys when they became men to play a much more difficult and intricate game—the game of life.—*Canon Mayne, Napier.*

With a Stick in it.

A man would be seen on a street corner in Portland, Maine, with a rather solid-looking walking-stick, and could be heard occasionally tapping the side-walk. When the initiated recognised the signal, the owner of the stick would walk off round a corner or two and down a back street, followed by his customer. A sufficiently lonely spot having been reached, he would unscrew the top of his stick, and the thirsty one would slake his thirst out of the receptacle, which just held one drink!—*Mrs Steenson, American lecturer.*

Puddles and Splashes.

The small fry of the Tory party had been splashing actively in their proper puddles, and he only hoped their performances had given satisfaction to their employers, the brewers and ground landlords.—*Mr. Winston Churchill.*

Australia Felix.

The dominant feature in New Zealand was apparently the shortage of money, and, oddly enough, the reverse appeared to be the case in Australia. He had been told by one man that Australia had a fairly abundant supply of money for public and private purposes, and that man said that he did not know what they were going to do with the money that would be available when this season's wool clip account was paid; for which 90 millions sterling would be received.—*Mr. G. T. Booth, Christchurch.*

The Plunket Nurses.

The community would derive great benefit from the establishment of the institution which had been formed in New Zealand by Lady Plunket for the training of nurses for giving advice to young mothers not too well supplied with the goods of this world, as to how to bring up their children. The institution should be supported not only by the mothers and fathers, but it was of such importance that it should be supported by the State itself. If the nation were to continue, it was absolutely necessary that the death-rate of infants should be lowered.—*Mr. C. C. Kettle S.M.*

Billiards and Beer.

A man has no right to be hanging about billiard rooms, and shouting beer for his friends when his wife and family are in want of support, and when a man comes and tells me he has been doing this he goes to gaol.—*Mr. C. C. Kettle, S.M.*

The Child is Father of the Man.

If I should call upon you boy scouts later on in life, the sense of patriotic responsibility and discipline acquired in boyhood will enable you to do your duty as men in the event of danger threatening the Empire.—*His Majesty the King.*

Fight to a Finish.

If the Lords win they will have asserted the right to control the finances of the country. If they lose, we will smash their veto to pieces. The fight will be a fight to a finish, and the fullest forfeits will be exacted from the defeated foe.—*Mr. Winston Churchill.*

Laymen and Lawyers.

Laymen must abide by the legal results of documents they enter into even where those results were not seen by them, if they omitted to avail themselves of the guidance of a legal adviser.—*Mr. R. McVeagh, Solicitor, Auckland.*

Would Suit Diogenes.

Mr. Massey is honest and straight in his convictions, sane, sensible and broad-minded, clean and above board in his tactics, a born fighter, tireless and indefatigable, with only one aim and object in view—the betterment of the conditions of life for all sections of the people.—*Mr. F. F. Hockly, Rangitikei.*

A Nice Distinction.

When you speak you must use discrimination and not say that all the New Zealand people are not nice—only a certain class are not nice.—*Mr. Hwang, Chinese Consul.*



THE CONSERVATIVE POINT OF VIEW—THE RED RAG.

The Cattle Driver: "Lor, mum, dean't 'e be afeard. Fer the loife of 'im, 'e duren't touch ye.
Mistress Budget: "Y-y-yes; but, you forget, I've never had quite so much red about my dress before."

—*"Pall Mall Gazette."*

The Australian Desert.

When I am told "Australia is chiefly desert" I do not believe it. I have seen so many cases in other countries. Siberia was looked upon as a region of eternal snow. That is not true. They have from five to seven months of winter there, but a most charming summer; and if you went there to-day you would find them fighting mosquitoes. So far as I have seen, Australian men appear to be more American than British, but the women look distinctly British.—*Mr Foster Fraser.*

A Melbourne Scandal.

There is one thing that should be put a stop to, and that is the selling of papers in the street by little girls. I don't know whether you have them here as we have them in Melbourne, but I hope not. It is a scandal and a disgrace to civilisation and should not be tolerated for one moment.—*Rev. G. H. Cole, at Christchurch.*

Our Volunteers.

He had been five years in New Zealand and was able to appreciate to the full the good work done by every rank of our volunteers. People of every shade in politics recognised that the work was done under difficulties, and nobody would contend that the volunteer system of New Zealand was perfect. But, considering the difficulties which existed, he wished to say very respectfully how much he admired the work of the New Zealand volunteers.—*Lord Plunket.*

State-help and Self-help.

State or collective action can do much more than it has yet done in New Zealand to uplift the level of social life and bring to each willing man and woman a better opportunity of improvement in its ethical and material aspects, but in that growing partnership (even in the ideal democracy) between the individual and the State, the State must ever be the junior partner. If the State does more for the maintenance of its able-bodied citizens than it asks them to do for themselves, it will inevitably breed a race of social parasites. The animal kingdom (including man) everywhere shows that a parasitic generation soon follows the removal of the need of real exertion. A genuine spirit of self-help must meet State help more than half-way.—*Hon. Dr. Findlay.*

What We Need.

What the world needed to-day was men of character, men who were true to themselves and God when no human eye saw them.—*Mr. Virgo, Secretary Y.M.C.A.*

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.

"He is the straightest and most upright man I know."
"How's that?"
"He is a pillar of the church."

Womanly Strength and Beauty

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

Stearns' Wine of Cod Liver Oil

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

News of the Dominion.

OUR WELLINGTON LETTER.

The Rangitikei Election.

THE Rangitikei election occupies the chief part of public attention. The leading feature of the week is the withdrawal of Mr. Hutchinson from the candidature. The Opposition men say that he is a sort of archangel who has preferred the interests of the Tory party to his own ambition. The other side take a less exalted view of his conduct. They want to know how the thing has been done. They profess to believe that the charms of the Wanganui seat (prospective charms) have borne themselves in upon the Hutchinson mind with considerably more force than they did a week ago. By dint of hard riding Mr. Hutchinson has attained to the knowledge of his own unpopularity. The result is that everybody regards him as having been from the first a negligible quantity. The number of votes he leaves free is held to be immaterial so far as Mr. Hockley, the official candidate of the Opposition from the first, is concerned. That gentleman will get the same number of votes, about, as he would have got had Mr. Hutchinson remained in the contest.

There is disappointment on the Liberal side, of course, that some similar process has not been gone through by one or more of the candidates carrying the Liberal colours. But there is time during the week. In the meantime no one imagines that there will be a victory for any one in the first ballot. There is much more of the personal equation on this occasion than of political proclivities. All the candidates are of the freehold colour, and from that point of view it may be anybody's game. From the Liberal point of view the cards held by the candidates of the party are all trumps. Nothing has occurred to change the significance of that fact. Had there been a new deal one might have expected anything. But with the old cards, and the good record of the Government, there is no need to anticipate anything but eventual victory. The first ballot, it is thought by the cognoscenti will give the victory to no one. Therefore, it is held by many that the second ballot is a somewhat good institution.

Unemployment—Its Remedy.

While the talk of the British reformer is of insurance against unemployment, and the demands of the British Trades Unionist on behalf of Labour generally finds the talk of his Government on the subject of insurance satisfying, the Government of the Dominion is by no means dead to its responsibilities as a reforming Liberal Government. Dr. Findlay has followed up this week the series of his demonstrations with a pronouncement on the subject of unemployment and its remedy. It was apropos of the cry from the waterside workers which I spoke of last week. The Doctor said that casual labour is a necessity of commercial life in this country, but that it ought to be provided for in some way by the State and all the parties interested. To that end he announced that there is on foot a scheme for providing land for the casual labour at the waterside to enable the men to do some work for themselves on their own patch of ground during the times that work is scarce. The idea is felt throughout the Liberal party to be good. But at present, in the absence of any definite announcement as to the lands available for the scheme, it is too early to speak. The announcement of the Attorney-General on the subject is regarded as, at all events, a sign that the Government is on the alert and not retrograding.

Tattersall's Club.

There is a suttler about the Club of Tattersall. Some of the party are scandalised. They cannot forgive the presence of two Ministers of the Crown at the opening of the Club of the Bookmakers. As private individuals no one would have had a word to say against their patronising anything they choose, or against their taking up any sport or pastime they might think fit. But the Acting Premier and the Minister of Railways ought, many people think, to

have left the Tattersall Club severely alone on its opening day. Other Ministers were invited, but declined the honour. This is the opinion held very generally without any condemnation of the men who are the backbone of the club. So long as the bookmaker is permitted by law so long will it be better for him to be under some decent club control as are the votaries of sport in other forms. It is recognised that the above members of the Ministry meant well. But they ought, many of their best friends think, to have left it to other people to do what they think well.

A Good Idea.

Is there balm in Gilead? The Minister for Lands thinks there is. He has told the world recently that he has under survey 1,300,000 acres of land (including the lands passed by the Maori Land Boards), and in addition between 60,000 and 70,000 acres for the improved farm settlement system, to be started forthwith. There are, it appears, 400 sections ready for settlement under the system. We are all waiting to see whether the offer will raise a half-battalion of working, prosperous farmers. There ought not to be much doubt about the matter. The idea is good, and the land is good, and so are the terms on which the men can acquire their interests. It was wrong of the Minister, from the Opposition point of view, to mention this little arrangement during the progress of an election. But are all things to stop during an election, in order that the opponents of the Government may make the hay which consists of critical analogies unreplied to by facts?

A Commercial Invasion.

Commerce in all its levels is delighted with the determination of the Government to have the delegates of the Chambers of Commerce Conference met and personally conducted through the country from Auckland to the Bluff. The rest of the world is equally delighted with the determination of our own Chambers to do some of the personal conducting, within the borders of their own districts. I cannot say there is much speculation as yet about the possibilities in this connection. The increase of the Imperial trade has been mentioned with some emphasis by some of the delegates, and their words have reached here on the wings of the cable. But our people have no definite ideas on the subject. Their definite ideas lead to the belief that the British merchant will, through the eyes of his representatives, see what manner of man he is dealing with, what manner of security he has to offer for credit, what manner of truth there is in the charge that capital is flying before the spread of anarchy, and what manner of slump the affairs of the Dominion are still wallowing in. In plain English, the visitors are expected to see for themselves how hollow is the pessimism of certain circles, which mistake it for patriotism, apparently because it begins with the same letter.

Testing the Spirits.

The medium has left us for a time, but he is to come back for the crucial trial which the Fourth Estate has, to put it euphemistically, arranged for him. It is a new departure for the Press. But the Press has backed its opinion, and that is always a good move with the public. Whether the medium will be game to the last remains to be seen. He is to be properly searched, properly examined, and properly tied up. There is a general impression that his spirits will have a hard row to hoe, and the name of the big gooseberry of the silly season is understood to be Bailey.

Mrs. Hislop's Death.

The city has been much saddened by the death of the lady who for four years filled the position of mayoress. Among the poor there is substantial grief, for she was truly the helper of affliction and distress of all kinds. A more kindly, gentle spirit, of most active practical benevolence, unobtrusive withal, there never was. An immense funeral cortege testified to the general respect in which Mrs. Hislop was held, and to the widespread sympathy felt for the husband and his great, irreparable loss. The Mayor (Dr. Newman) voiced the general feeling in noble, simple words. "She had," he

said, "during the last four years maintained the highest ideal of civic government. Wherever there was wrong or wretchedness, or poverty, there was Mrs. Hislop trying to bring relief. She had spared neither pains nor trouble in her efforts to help the poor, and wherever there was good to be done she was ready to do it. That was the modern idea of civic government." It is a noble tribute, to which the whole city said "Amen" when it read the well-chosen words.

No Choice But Hobson's.

There is trouble among the School Committees. A leading lawyer has advised that the Education Board has the right in drawing up its list of teachers for recommendation to the committees, to place only one name on the same, practically leaving the Committees no choice but Hobson's. They feel that this is not in the spirit of compromise in which the clause of the Education Act was drafted. The man in the street declares that if this change is to be made it should be made in a straightforward manner, not fished by the misuse of language. The Legislature is to be invoked to uphold the original understanding. But if that proves impossible, then the change must be made on its merits. To pretend that the Committee have a power which they have not got, is felt to be unworthy of an honest people.

Railway Tariffs.

The Minister of Railways gave the fruit-growers' deputation one of his very decided "Nos" when they wanted a reduction of freight for the encouragement of their industry. But when he said that the reduction of from one sixteenth to a tenth of a penny per pound would benefit nobody but the middle men, there was not much forthcoming on the other side. The incident is valuable as having called forth another announcement from the Minister that nothing will be done in the way of alteration of the railway tariffs until after the expiry of the year, he promised on taking office, to devote to the study of the railway system in every one of its aspects. Whatever happens, it is clear that the three per cent limit of profit will not be maintained in its pristine rigour. If the operation of the existing freights is to raise the profits above that level they will not be interfered with. As that will be a sign that the users of the lines are not discouraged by the existing rates, there does not seem to be any good reason why they should be altered. Business will always be business with the railway management if what the Minister has often said is an indication to be followed. After all, why not? The number of people is increasing who think that the railways have done enough for the development of the country by way of concession.

An Improved Lifeboat.

Another improved lifeboat has been patented by a Wellington resident, Mr. Edmund Hannan, of Franklin-avenue, Nairn-street. The invention relates to a reversible lifeboat, or raft, and consists in providing an adjustable floor, means for regulating the position of such floor, rudder, centre-board, rowlock lines, and other accessories capable of automatic adjustment to positions of the boat. The lockers, mast holes, etc., are equally accessible, whichever side of the boat is uppermost. The peculiarity of the boat is that it cannot be upside down, as whichever side is up can be used by the passengers. The top and bottom of the boat are of a V type, and are exactly similar in all respects, so that whichever way it enters the water it is ready for immediate use. The floor is made to slide automatically on bars to the bottom of the boat, and in it is a locker for masts, oars, etc., which can be opened from either side. Steering lines can be handled from either side. One of the great advantages claimed for the boat is that there is no baling out of water to contend with, as the buoyancy of the boat, due to air tanks, is in the sides and ends, and in the event of any water being shipped, it will run out through joints in the floor. Owing to the shape of the craft and beam, it is said that it will be able to carry thirty people. In construction the boat is provided with the usual double ends of a whale boat, in which are placed watertight lockers, or other receptacles, for food, and water, etc., the ends being connected to the sides formed of air-tight casings. These casings are to be divided into a number of independent air-tight compartments.

Importance of Bee Farming.

In the preface to the new Bulletin on Bee Culture issued by the Agricultural Department, Mr. Hopkins, the well-known apiarist, observes that the economic importance of commercial bee-farming is now universally recognised, and nowhere has this been more fully demonstrated than in the United States of America, where, according to the latest official report, there are 700,000 beekeepers, producing annually 20,000,000 dollars' worth of honey and 2,000,000 dollars' worth of beeswax. In British colonies this means an aggregate value annually of nearly 24,500,000. Further, the report states that the honey-bee probably does more good to American agriculture as a pollenising agent than as a honey-producer. The extraordinary progress made since the New Zealand Department of Agriculture considered bee-culture worthy of recognition has fully warranted the assistance it has received. Nothing has contributed more to this advancement than the passing of the Apiaries Act. It has put new life into the industry.

The Rangitikei Election.

The following candidates have been nominated for the Rangitikei seat.—F. F. Hockley, Opposition; Geo. Hutchinson, Opposition; W. Meldrum, Government; R. E. Hornblow, Government and Labour; James Georgetti, Independent; E. W. Smith, Government and pledged to freehold.

Opening of Parliament.

Parliament is to meet on Thursday, October 7.

Shackleton's Profits.

Considerable interest has been aroused by the report that Lieut. Shackleton proposes to enter into negotiations for the sale of the Nimrod, in which he made his voyage of discovery into the South Polar sea. In conversation with a newspaper representative at the offices of the British Antarctic Expedition, Mr. Shackleton said: "I cannot say whether I may use the Nimrod again myself. An offer to purchase it would, of course, be considered. The vessel could be used for a series of scientific investigations in the polar regions, being fitted with all the necessary apparatus, without being refitted for another expedition. I have been in communication with one scientific body with a view to the ship's being taken over for this purpose. No definite arrangement, however, has been made for its sale." Mr. Shackleton hopes to bring the vessel up to London about the end of September, and the general public will probably have an opportunity of viewing it. Our London correspondent writes under date July 30: "I understand that the report that Lieut. Shackleton will clear a profit of £60,000 after paying all the expenses of his recent South Polar expedition is very wide of the mark. The money advanced to equip the expedition and maintain it in the Antarctic has all to be repaid by Lieut. Shackleton out of his earnings, and the current expenses that have to be met, such as the upkeep of the Nimrod and the salaries of some of the scientific staff, are still considerable. The profits from his book and his lecturing engagements will be sufficient to meet all obligations and leave a handsome profit, but certainly nothing like £60,000."

Unemployed Difficulty Over.

That the unemployed difficulty is over now (says a Press Association telegram) is evident from the state of the Public Works. Mr. McKenzie mentioned that 700 men were put on during the period of pressure about June last, but 600 men left in July, and no good man need now be afraid that he cannot secure a place on the railway construction works. To preserve more uniformity of employment all the year round in future Mr. McKenzie has decided that in the summer special attention will be paid to the construction of culverts on railway routes, and the carrying out of preliminary work, which will enable construction to advance in the winter without much delay through bad weather. Road construction cannot be so well done in the winter, and the Minister will consequently draft batches of co-operative labourers to road formation during the fine weather, and keep them busy in the winter on railway construction, instead of swelling the unemployed ranks in the cities.

"By using a little judgment we will find no difficulty in keeping the men going all the time," remarked the Minister. "This is one of the advantages of combining the Roads Department with the Public Works Department. We have the same engineers, and I have only to say that 20 men are to be moved from the railway to a road work for it to be done without difficulty. It frequently occurs that there are large road and railway undertakings in the same district which can be worked together."

One of the most interesting State enterprises in New Zealand is to be found at Rotorua, where, as is generally known, the Government has practically complete control. Mr. C. R. C. Robieson, director of Tourist and Health Resorts, who had just returned to Wellington from an eight days' stay in the town of hot baths and bubbling springs, informed a "New Zealand Times" reporter that since the Department took charge of Rotorua, in October of 1907, forty-six new buildings had been erected at a total cost of £19,500, all of which was private capital. Among the new places were eight boarding-houses, while five other boarding-houses had been enlarged. At the present time two large boarding-houses are in course of erection, and plans are being prepared for a couple more. These figures, it was explained, refer only to the inner (or business) area of the town, many places having gone up outside. During the winter months a very satisfactory volume of business has been done by hotel and boarding-house keepers, while the patronage of the baths has been greater than for many years past.

A Big Social Question.

Interviewed on the subject of criticisms upon his recent utterances at the opening of Tattersall's Club on the subject of sport, the Hon. Jas. Carroll said he was rather pleased to see they had received so much comment. Apart from personal allusions, this was a big social question, which had to be considered. In his opinion, there are only two ways of dealing with it—either by an organised movement, which will minimise the attendant evils, or by repeal of the law, and abolition of the totalisator. He did not care which.

Singing in Schools.

One of Wellington's most experienced headmasters, conversing with a "Post" representative, and commenting on the allegation made by the deputation which interviewed the Minister for Education at Auckland on Tuesday, said that the teachers would cheerfully welcome the advent of a specialist to train the children's voices, but he contended that the deputation's statements had been greatly exaggerated. In his opinion the musician's self-interest was blamable for an insinuation of "ruined voices," not at all warranted by the facts. In Wellington, for instance, the Education Board paid an expert musician to give lessons in singing to pupil teachers once a week, and during the whole time of the two years' course at the Teachers' Training College, the students had voice culture as one of the subjects. Under such a system, the average teacher should be competent to put the children through the necessary singing lessons.

AUCKLAND.

FUTURE OF NEW HEBRIDES.

French or British?

The growing ascendancy of French influence in the New Hebrides, and the gradual ousting of the British settler, is a subject which has been receiving more than the usual amount of prominence lately, and recent cables have proclaimed that the outlook in the islands is all in favour of France, and that British settlement is practically at a standstill.

On Wednesday H.M.S. Prometheus arrived in Auckland from the New Hebrides, and a "Star" representative was afforded the opportunity of a highly interesting interview with Commander J. C. E. Glossop. For the last two years, he, as senior officer in charge, Commander Glossop has naturally spent a good deal of his time in the group, and he was previously there on H.M.S. Royalist. "So that altogether I have spent a considerable period amongst the islands of the group," added the commander of the Prometheus, "and I can claim that I know a little more about the Hebrides than most people. In view of my experi-

ence, I cannot understand the attitude taken up by the Australasian Press in regard to the present condition of affairs in the group. The sub-leader in the Auckland "Star" of September 4, for instance, just about represents the sentiments of most of the Australian newspapers. In the course of the article in question, it is stated that 'the outlook is now, as it has been for many years past, all in favour of France. The French settlers are assisted in every way by the French Government; the French steamers are subsidised by the State, and the interests of the French settlers are most carefully guarded by the French members of the Anglo-French Commission. . . . The British settlers are being slowly but surely ousted from the group, and superseded as traders and settlers by more enterprising and less scrupulous neighbours. . . . If the Imperial authorities had taken the advice urged upon them by the Australian and New Zealand Governments, the New Hebrides would never have been lost to us.'

Never Were British.

"The latter contention," continued Commander Glossop, "is one that always astonishes me. The New Hebrides never were British, but are no less British now than they were originally; in fact, are a good deal more so since the declaration of the 1906 convention between Britain and France, which established a joint occupation. The reason of the non-success of the British settler and trader in the New Hebrides is very simply explained. The products of the French settler are imported free into Noumea, and a substantial bonus is given. In fact, every possible inducement is held forth to the French colonist in the Hebrides. Then take the unfortunate position of the British colonist. His only outlet is practically closed, inasmuch as the Commonwealth Government heavily handicaps him by levying duties on what he exports to Australia. As a single instance, take the production of coffee—one of the principal products of the group. Coffee cannot be grown in Australia; therefore, what can be Australia's object in taxing coffee? Yet the tariff barrier has been raised, and cultivation of coffee amongst the British settlers in the Hebrides has been killed, for the simple reason that it does not pay to grow it. Maize-growing is another pursuit open to the inhabitants of the group, and the Federal Government does allow a slight rebate. That rebate, however, is not at a rate pro rata to the amount grown, but simply a rebate on the whole sum involved in transactions. So that when maize is grown in any quantity, the concession works out at nothing at all."

New Zealand May Save Situation.

"The Australian papers are always bringing this question up, but it is entirely Australia's own fault. It cannot be said that New Zealand is in any way to blame, because it does not trade to any extent with the New Hebrides. That brings forward the question, however, of the desirability of the Dominion opening up trade relations with Vila. In my opinion, it would be the saving of British interests in the Hebrides if this were done. The Union S.S. Co's boats used to trade with the Hebrides at one time, but in recent years it has been allowed to drop off, and Australia now provides the only outlet for British produce from the group. The banana trade at one time flourished in the group, but that was absolutely killed as a result of the Commonwealth putting on a restrictive duty with a view to encouraging the cultivation of bananas in Queensland. At present Great Britain and France pay the cost of maintaining authority in the Hebrides, including the British residents, judges, and officials.

Unsatisfactory Land Tenure.

"The second cause of the lack of success," added the Commander, "is that the land title is unsatisfactory under the present system. Until the joint courts are fully established, no definite title can be given, with the result that fresh British traders will not settle on the land. In the case of the French traders, however, there is a large land company which has a very considerable area of land, and they are able to continually place fresh settlers on the areas which they have at their disposal. The result is that under so many disabilities the British trader has no incentive to cultivate coffee and similar products, and has to be content to devote himself to trading almost entirely in copra."

The statement cabled from London that the British Resident is holding aloof

from the settlers and traders, and is chiefly concerned in avoiding anything that may hurt the feelings of his French colleague, is ridiculed by the commander of the Prometheus. The British Resident is a gentleman thoroughly qualified to deal with the many intricate matters coming within the scope of his administration, and in struggling against the tremendous odds such as already outlined, he has a difficult duty to perform.

A Dying Race.

The statement made by Mr. Jas. Burns, of Burns, Philip and Co., to the effect that the natives are decreasing so rapidly that it seems only a matter of time before the whole of the race will be wiped out, is confirmed by Commander Glossop. There has, he says, been a steady decline in all the islands, and it looks as though consumption and other scourges will lead to the ultimate extinction of all the natives in the group, thus seriously hampering all the settlers, owing to lack of labour.

The islands generally, Commander Glossop says, are very quiet, and in a more satisfactory state than they have been for a long time. The final settlement has been made in connection with the Grieg massacre, and the prisoners have been removed to Fiji, the whole party having been captured, with the exception of the man who was shot. Four months were spent in visiting all portions of the group, and the voyage to Auckland was without incident worthy of comment.

Foster Fraser in Australia.

"At present my mind is full of wonder as to how this enormous continent, with all its possibilities, has so small a population," remarked Mr. John Foster Fraser to a Melbourne interviewer. "Another thing is how, in a country which ought to be dependent, and, I presume, is dependent upon its natural resources, such a tremendous proportion of the population is in the towns. I am anxious to find out why the second generation of Australians gets attracted to the towns. It is no use for Australia to have its great possibilities, unless those possibilities become actualities. You cannot make them actualities unless you have the population, and, not only the population, but money. Investors are looking around to see where to invest their money. They are pouring millions into Canada, and millions into the Argentine. Why are they not doing it here? I would like to find out. I took up the map of Australia, and saw great chunks of it marked 'terra incognita'—desert. The desert used to be the great trouble in Canada, but within the last generation all parts previously known as 'desert' have become some of the most prosperous wheat-growing countries in the Dominion. Therefore, when I am told 'Australia is chiefly desert,' I do not believe it. I have seen so many cases in other countries. Siberia was looked upon as a region of eternal snow. That is not true. They have from five to seven months of winter there, but a most charming summer, and if you went there to-day you would find them fighting mosquitoes. So far as I have seen, Australian men appear to be more American than British, but the women look distinctly British."

A Big Lift.

The new sheerlegs recently placed at Calliope Dock were put to the first test last week, when the old boiler of the Northern Company's steamer Ngapuhi was lifted out of the vessel. The boiler, weighing 46 tons, was hoisted out of the vessel and placed on the wharf without a hitch. The Delfin berthed at the wharf on Friday to discharge the new boiler for the Ngapuhi, and again the process of transhipment passed off without a hitch. The lifting out of the old boiler was witnessed by a number of representatives of shipping firms in the city, who expressed themselves as being well satisfied with what they had seen. The sheerlegs are capable of lifting any weight up to 80 tons.

Yachtsmen in War Time.

Captain A. S. A. Whitney proposed to a meeting of yachtsmen at the Howard Hotel, Norfolk-street, recently, a scheme by which yachtsmen might participate in the naval defence of the country, writes our London correspondent. Mr. J. C. Scholey, the owner of the Aeolus, presided. Captain Whitney said that, in return for the time yachtsmen gave to become efficient in the several branches

of naval defence, it would be necessary for the Government to offer some encouragement and assistance. The Government should offer a rank and gazetted commission to those yachtsmen who made themselves thoroughly efficient by passing through drill and examinations in subjects laid down. The subjects he would propose were:—(1) Coastal navigation, together with the handling of small craft, such as a torpedo-boat and a fore-and-aft sailing vessel; (2) the use of the commercial and Margatt's code and flash signals for night work; (3) the construction and working of motor engines; (4) the handling and running of torpedoes; (5) the handling of small arms, quick-firing guns, and light field guns for landing parties; (6) efficiency at rifle practice at moving targets. He also suggested that the yachts, whose owners joined this scheme, should be provided by the Government with two small powerful motor-engines for each yacht, of sufficient power to attain the required speed, so that at any time, with twenty-four hours' notice, these yachts could be converted into 18 or 20 knot torpedo-boats. It was decided to approach the Admiralty, and, if Captain Whitney's suggestions were favourably received, to call another meeting, and form a committee.

Tokomaru Freezing Works.

The contract for the erection of freezing works at Tokomaru Bay has been let to Bull Bros., of Napier, the price being £39,000. Seven tenders were received from contractors in Christchurch, Napier, Wellington, Auckland, and Gisborne. The works, which are expected to be ready in October, 1910, are to have a capacity of handling 2000 sheep a day.

SOUTH ISLAND.

Valuable Nugget Found.

A nugget of gold weighing 114 ozs. and valued at £450, was discovered a few days ago in the Ross Borough, within a claim of the Ross goldfields claim. Two men, Shary and Scott, were working a small piece of abandoned ground near Donnelly's Creek, where they had picked up a couple of small nuggets, and were encouraged to continue operations when they came on a large lump, which is about the size of a white stone turnip, containing a little quartz. The nugget was bought to-day, and it is proposed to name it after the Minister for Mines.

PERSONAL NOTES.

Mr. C. Hickson arrived from Wellington on Thursday and is staying at "Cargen."

Mr. Richard Hobbs returned last week by the Atua after a six weeks' trip to the Islands.

Mr. John Rowe, Mayor of Onehunga, left by the express train on Thursday on a visit to Rotorua.

The Hon. Thomas Fergus, of Dunedin, and Mr. T. K. Hartley came up to Auckland from Rotorua on Thursday.

Mr. David Bell, of Eildon, came up by the Main Trunk train on Friday, and is stopping at the Royal Hotel.

Commander Glossop, of H.M.S. Prometheus, made an official call on His Excellency the Governor on Wednesday.

Captain Sewell, of Gisborne, who arrived from the south by the Main Trunk train on Friday, put up at the Star Hotel.

Mr. B. V. Wood, of Christchurch, was a passenger by the Main Trunk train on Wednesday, and is putting up at the Grand Hotel.

Mr. Barry Coney, of Auckland, was awarded two silver medals at the last examination of the Royal Academy of Music in London.

Mr. Justice Edwards left by the Main Trunk train on Friday for New Plymouth, where the Supreme Court sessions opened on Monday.

Mr. W. S. Cedarwell, manager of the Gisborne Freezing Works, is at present on a visit to Auckland, and is a guest at the Star Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. T. T. McCarthy, of Wellington, who have been staying at the Royal Hotel, left for Rotorua by the express on Friday.

Dr. W. C. Mumford, an English tourist who is visiting the Dominion, came down by the Rotorua express last night, and is staying at the Central Hotel.

Madame Melba, in the course of an

interview, stated that it was her intention in about two years to retire, and settle on the land in Australia.

Mr. and Mrs. T. P. Omerod, of Christchurch, and family, arrived by the Main Trunk train on Thursday on a week's visit, and are staying at the Star Hotel.

Mr. T. E. Bassett, who has been visiting interesting places in the Dominion, arrived by the express last evening, and is at present staying at the Central Hotel. Archbishop Redwood leaves Wellington for Sydney this week to attend the Roman Catholic Congress, to be held in Sydney under the presidency of Cardinal Moran.

Bishop Lenihan will leave for Australia on Monday next to attend the triennial Roman Catholic Congress of Australasia, which will be held shortly in Sydney.

Mr. N. A. Winter, B.A., who has resigned from the headmastership of the Thames High School, intends to spend a year in Europe studying languages and educational methods.

Colonel John P. Watt last week handed over to Major Hughes command of the Wanganui Volunteer Battalion, with which he has been associated for 43 years.—Press Association.

Mr. T. W. Whitson, secretary of the Union Steamship Company, who has been in charge at Auckland while Mr. Irvine has been away, returned to Dunedin via the Main Trunk line last week.

Before his Honor, Mr. Justice Edwards, in Chambers last week, Mr. C. B. Buddle was on the application of Mr. H. P. Richmond, admitted as a barrister of the Supreme Court.

Mr. H. W. Bishop, S.M., the Royal Commissioner in the police inquiry, returned from the Thames on Wednesday, and put up at "Cargen" for a day or two before proceeding to Wellington.

Dr. Trevor, of Ashburton, who has been dangerously ill at Auckland for several weeks past, is reported to have taken a turn for the better, and is expected to return to Ashburton before long.

Messrs. Chas. Brodie, of Wanganui, and The Rev. Canon Jordan was a passenger by the Karawa for New Plymouth on Sunday.

Mr. F. E. Baume, M.P., left on a brief visit to New Plymouth by the Karawa on Sunday.

Messrs. H. G. Didsbury and D. M. Beere, of Wellington, came up by the through train on Sunday, and are staying at the Star Hotel.

Mr. A. S. Biss, of Wellington, was a passenger by the Main Trunk train on Tuesday, and put up at the Star Hotel during his stay in Auckland.

Mr. T. Barle Giles, Conciliation Commissioner, returned on Sunday from Taranaki, after a most satisfactory settlement of dispute in the dairying industry.

Mr. A. R. Secombe and Miss Secombe, of Whangarei, who have been spending a holiday in Australia, returned by the Mowioa on Sunday, and proceeded home on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. T. P. Omerod, of Christchurch, and family, who have been staying at the Star Hotel, went up on a visit to Rotorua on Monday, whence they will return home.

The Minister for Justice (Hon. Dr. Finlay) is expected to officially open the new post office at Huntly on the afternoon of Friday. Mr. Thompson, who for several years has been on the Auckland telegraph staff, will be the first postmaster.

The death occurred to-day of Mr. Harry Shine, a well-known comedian, who last year toured New Zealand with the "Mother Goose" Pantomime Company.—Sydney cable.

A unique gathering took place in Gore on Wednesday (says the "Standard"), when the members of the MacGibbon family assembled to celebrate the centenary of the late Mr. John MacGibbon. There were present some 40 members of the family, which, with their children and grand-children, now number 81.

Messrs. A. H. Casey (Wellington) and T. Deehan (Dunedin) will attend the forthcoming (Catholic) Young Men's Societies' Conference at Sydney as the representatives of the Federated Catholic Clubs of New Zealand. Mr. Casey is the president of the federation, and Mr. Deehan is a vice-president of St. Joseph's Club, Dunedin.

Professor Ernst Carroll, who represented the Tasmanian University at the international celebration of the Geneva University, met Sir Robert Stout, Chancellor of the University of New Zealand, who was attending the celebrations. "He is," says Professor Carroll, "about the most indefatigable battler New Zealand has got, and deserves credit for

the way he speaks for his country. There is no stinking fish about him."

The death has occurred at his late residence, Brown-street, Ponsonby, of Mr. Chas. Bater, an old veteran of the Maori Wars, and a colonist of long standing. The late Mr. Chas. Bater served in H.M. 18th Royal Irish Regiment through the Waikato and Wanganui campaigns from 1863 until 1868, and he was also in the New Zealand forces as bugler, and afterwards sergeant for over 20 years. Recently he got the V.D. decoration from the War Office for long service and good conduct, and he also had the medal for the New Zealand War, and the Colonial Long Service Medal. He had been an employee of the City Council for over 34 years, and was foreman for the North Ward for over 25 years. A man of genial and kindly disposition, his numerous friends will generally regret his death. He leaves a devoted wife and a large family to mourn their loss. Mr. G. Bater, the well-known Rugby footballer, is one of his sons.

The late Mr. John Gibb, the artist, whose death occurred last week at Christchurch, was a prolific producer, and exhibited no fewer than 500 pictures at the various exhibitions of the Canterbury Art Society. Examples of his work are to be found in various galleries in Australia. One of his most notable works: "Will She Weather It?" was acquired by the Auckland Art Society as far back as 1887, and is now in its permanent collection. One picture exhibited by the late Mr. Gibb at the Indian and Colonial Exhibition at London was reproduced by the "Art Magazine," which gave it a full page engraving, and a particularly favourable notice. The deceased artist was a native of Scotland, having been born in Dumbartonshire in 1831, so that he was in his 78th year of age at the time of his death. In his young days he studied in the studio of the late Mr. John McKenzie, the prominent Scotch artist, and arrived in New Zealand with his family in the year 1876, settling at Christchurch, where he has ever since resided. He was a life member of the Canterbury Society of Arts, and had been a constant contributor to that Society's exhibitions since its inception, having shown no less than six pictures last year. He was also, up to about ten years ago, a regular contributor to the exhibitions of the Auckland Society. The late artist's son, Mr. W. Menzies Gibb, follows the same profession as did his father.

NEW ZEALANDERS ABROAD.

LONDON, July 30.

Dr. Clayton, of Christchurch, after completing his visits to various hospitals in which he takes an interest and incidentally combining a little pleasure with his work, proposes to leave by the "Oswestry Grange" with some 460 emigrants, for Queensland. Dr. Clayton expects to arrive in Wellington about the end of September, changing to the Union Co's boat at Sydney. The "Oswestry Grange," having slightly damaged her propeller, may, however, be delayed for a couple of days before leaving London.

Mr. and Mrs. Gerald L. Stead, of Christchurch, who arrived here by the Ruapehu, on June 15, intend returning by the Rimutaka, via Capetown and Hobart on September 2. They are on a pleasure trip to the Old Country, and are spending most of their time in motoring through the country in a Spyker car, which Mr. Stead has bought.

Mr. Lionel H. Fagg, of Wellington, who arrived here recently by the Suez route, intends combining business with pleasure, and hopes to gain a good deal of knowledge as to new methods of both British and manufactures before his return. The date of his departure from England is at present uncertain.

Mr. John W. Marshall and Mr. Henry Wilson are the latest New Zealand recruits to the ranks of the Royal Colonial Institute. Mr. J. S. O'Halloran will retire from secretaryship of the Royal Colonial Institute on July 31, after 28 years service, in consequence of failing health, and the Council have appointed Mr. James R. Boose, the Librarian of the Institute, to take up the duties from that date as acting-secretary. Mr. O'Halloran has been elected as honorary Fellow from the date of his retirement as secretary.

Mr. W. C. MacKnight, of Dunedin, who arrived in England on July 17, by the

Langton Grange, does not intend to make a long stay. Most of his time will be spent in London, where he intends to work in some of the hospitals.

Mrs. Fox, the widow of the late Colonel Fox, and daughter of Sir William Russell, was a passenger for London by the Rimutaka, which arrived last Sunday. She is accompanied by her little daughter. Captain and Mrs. and Miss Temple of Timaru, arrived by the same boat on a pleasure trip to the Old Country.

Among the young Antipodeans at present pursuing the literary path in London, is Mr. Leslie Purnell, of Christchurch. He came Home by the Persic in March last, and has up to the present time been principally concerned with the pursuit of pleasure. Now, having had his "good time," he has settled down to serious work. He has not yet made up his mind whether he will stay in England for any length of time, as he fears he may find the winter here too trying to his health.

On July 26, at St. Mary's Villa, Cambridge, the death occurred of Mrs. Elizabeth Inwood, widow of the late Mr. George Inwood, of Christchurch, New Zealand. Deceased was in her 85th year.

Miss Laura Harrison, of Broadfield, Canterbury, arrived in London last month by the s.s. Ruapehu. She intends paying extended tours to the chief points of interest in Great Britain and Europe before leaving for New Zealand. After a few days spent visiting the sights of London, Miss Harrison went north to Manchester, where she is staying some time with her brother, Mr. H. L. Harrison, who has a position at present on the University staff. During the month of July Miss Harrison had a week in the delightful Derbyshire country, and also a week in North Wales, enjoying the lovely scenery of the Welsh hills. A few days have been spent in the Lake district visiting Windermere and the other lakes. Next week Miss Harrison leaves for Scotland, having in view a long tour round the lochs and west coast firths, crossing thence to Dublin for a short stay in Ireland. She leaves for New Zealand about the end of October, travelling via Suez, and before leaving England has several visits to pay in Devonshire and the south.

Edinburgh Degrees.

SUCCESSFUL NEW ZEALAND STUDENTS.

The medical graduation ceremony in connection with Edinburgh University was held last Friday. New Zealand was represented on the platform by Sir Robert Stout, Chancellor of the University of New Zealand. Honorary degrees were conferred on the Right Hon. George Wyndham and (in absentia) Madame Curie, the discoverer of radium in pitchblende. Amongst the 64 candidates upon whom the degree of Doctor of Medicine was conferred were six New Zealanders. Following are their names and the titles of their theses: The Degree of Doctor of Medicine.—Claude Ernest Addison Coldicutt, M.B., Ch.B., 1907, a contribution to the Bacteriology of Diphtheria; Arthur Thomas Patterson, M.B., Ch.B., 1907, the Treatment of some Diseases of the Air Passages; Charles Fuiton Pattie, M.B., Ch.B. (with first-class honours), 1907, Reconstruction of the human Foetal Pelvis, a Study of its Development; Francis Lidderdale Scott, M.B., Ch.B., 1907, the Cutaneous and the Ophthalmic Reactions in the Diagnosis of Tuberculosis, with Notes on 100 cases; Cyril Horken Tewsey (M.A.), M.B., Ch.B., 1906, Burns and their treatment; (in absentia), Geo. Herbert Ussher, M.B., Ch.B., 1907, the Present Position of Spinal Analgesia.

Dr. Charles Fulton Pattie was awarded a gold medal for his thesis, and he also gained the Goodsir Memorial Fellowship. Dr. Coldicutt and Dr. Scott were commended for their theses.

For the degrees of Bachelor of Medicine and Bachelor of Surgery 103 candidates qualified, of whom five were New Zealanders.—M.B. Ch.B. Degrees.—George Law Cawkwell, William Purvis Chrystal, Herbert George Feltham, Joseph Howard Lawry, William Stewart Robertson. Mr. Lawry passed the examinations with second-class honours.

THE CHEMIST'S REMORSE.

A chemist had made a mistake in his weights, and poisoned a customer. When the fatal tidings were brought to him he exclaimed: "Wretch that I am—and my best customer, too!"

SHARE LIST.

Paid-up.	Liability per Share.	Company	Last Quotation.
a. d.	£		a. d.
3 4 8	34	BANKS—	8 5 0
2 10 0	40	New Zealand	1 7 0
40 0 0	45	National	104 0 0
20 0 0	50	Australasia	50 0 0
20 0 0	20	Union of Australia ..	44 10 0
		New South Wales ..	
2 0 0	8	INSURANCE—	3 12 6
0 10 0	Unid	New Zealand, Limited ..	1 0 0
0 10 0	44	Northern Coal Co., Ltd.	2 12 0
0 18 0	94	Taupiri Mines	1 2 6
		Standard	
0 10 0	64	FINANCIAL—	0 2 6
1 0 0	NIL	N.Z. Loan & Mercantile ..	1 15 6
		N.Z. and River Plate ..	
0 7 6	26	COAL—	4 18 6
1 0 0	NIL	Hikurangi	0 12 6
1 0 0	NIL	Northern Coal Co., Ltd.	1 0 3
2 10 0	14	Taupiri Mines	6 12 6
		Westport	
5 0 0	NIL	GAS—	1 2 3
5 0 0	NIL	Auckland (10/- paid) ..	14 15 0
1 0 0	NIL	Auckland	0 5 0
1 0 0	NIL	Christchurch	2 11 0
1 0 0	NIL	Felding	2 10 0
10 0 0	NIL	Gisborne	24 0 0
2 0 0	8	Hamilton	3 7 8
2 0 0	8	Napier	8 8 0
5 0 0	NIL	New Plymouth	8 5 0
1 18 0	12	Wellington	16 5 0
5 6 0	44	Wellington	14 5 0
4 10 0	44	Palmerston North ..	7 15 0
1 0 0	NIL	SHIPPING—	1 14 0
8 0 0	NIL	Union Steamship	7 2 6
0 14 6	26	New Zealand Shipping ..	0 12 6
0 7 0	26	Northern S.S.	0 7 0
1 6 0	NIL	Devonport Ferry	1 20 0
5 0 0	NIL	WOOLLEN—	5 0 0
2 10 0	14	Kaipoi	2 17 0
		Mosgiel	
1 13 0	NIL	TIMBER—	1 12 6
0 15 0	18	K.T. Co.	0 15 0
1 0 0	NIL	Leyland-O'Brien Co. ..	1 2 0
0 18 0	27	Louth & Beau Co., ..	1 2 0
1 0 0	NIL	Parker-Lamb	1 6 6
7 10 0	24	MNAT	10 10 0
10 0 0	NIL	Canterbury	10 10 0
6 0 0	NIL	Christchurch	6 4 6
4 0 0	1	Wellington Meat Ex. ..	4 19 0
2 12 4	24	"	3 0 6
1 0 0	NIL	Goat	2 12 0
4 0 0	NIL	"	10 6 0
1 0 0	NIL	MISCELLANEOUS—	1 2 6
1 0 0	NIL	Auckland Elec. T.	1 0 6
1 0 0	NIL	New Zealand Drug	2 7 6
1 0 0	NIL	Sharnland & Co.,	1 1 8
1 14 0	67	Union Oil	1 0 8
1 0 0	NIL	N.Z. Paper Mills	1 2 3
1 0 0	NIL	N.Z. Portland Cement ..	2 1 6
1 0 0	NIL	Wilson's	1 19 0
5 0 0	NIL	Donaghy Rope	2 0 0
1 0 0	NIL	Wgton. Opera H. Ltd ..	1 2 3
			7 17 6

MINING.

1 0 0	Ltd	Waipi	9 11 0
1 0 0	Ltd	Waipi Grand Junction ..	2 13 6
0 18 0	Ltd	Taliaman Con	2 17 6
1 0 0	Ltd	Blackwater Mines	1 8 0
1 0 0	Ltd	Consolidated Goldfields ..	1 0 0
1 0 0	Ltd	Progress Mines	0 17 0
1 0 0	Ltd	N.Z. Crown Mines	0 7 2

"These pyjamas are good stuff. You'll never wear them out."
"No; they're hardly suitable for street wear."

A P O L O G Y.
EDWARD A. DARGAVILLE, ESQ.,
AUCKLAND.

Sir,—It having been reported to me that you had made certain statements which I considered reflected upon my character, I admit that, in spite of your statement to me at the time, and without giving you an opportunity of satisfying me on the subject, I, on Saturday evening last, when, as it now appears (though unknown to me), no persons were about the premises, entered your bedroom whilst you were dressing, and, being armed with a riding whip, committed an aggravated assault upon you when in a defenceless state. I now and that such reports were misleading, and I ought not to have relied on them. Further inquiry having convinced me that I should have accepted your statement as satisfactory I accordingly tender you my sincere apology for the assault, and unreservedly express my regret for my conduct towards you. I trust that you will accept this apology as some reparation for my action. You are at liberty to publish this in the newspapers.

O. STYERL.
Witness:
E. McWRAGH,
Solicitor, Auckland.

PEARY AT THE POLE

LONDON, September 7.

Reuter's Agency has received a cable from Commander R. E. Peary, U.S.N., sent from Indian Harbour, Labrador, stating that he had at last "nailed the Stars and Stripes to the North Pole."

The Governor of Newfoundland is in receipt of a similar telegram, containing Commander Peary's congratulations because the captain and crew of his steamer, the Roosevelt, were Newfoundlanders.

A cable from New York states that Mr Herbert L. Bridgman, secretary of the Peary Arctic Club, has received a message in Commander Peary's code, stating that the Pole had been reached, and that the steamer Roosevelt is safe.

The "New York Times" states that Commander Peary telegraphs from Indian Harbour, via Cape Ray, as follows:—"I reached the Pole on April 8. I expect to arrive at Chateau Bay on September 7. Secure control of wire for me there, and arrange to expedite transmission of a big story."

Mr McMillan, a member of Peary's party, cabled to the Worcester Academy, Massachusetts, where he was instructor of mathematics:—"Top of the earth reached at last. Greetings to the faculty and boys."

Commander Peary telegraphed to his wife:—"Have made good at last. Have got to the old Pole. Am well. Love. Will wire again from Chateau Bay."

Mrs Peary replied; "All well. Best love. God bless you. Hurry home." The "Times" recalls that Commander Peary stated before he left:—"If I reach the Pole the coming winter, my friends will hear of my triumph between August 15 and September 15."

When Dr. Cook was informed of Commander Peary's success, he said: "He must have reached the Pole by quite another route than mine," adding: "There is honour enough for two."

The newspapers unreservedly accept Commander Peary's cables.

Vice-Admiral Sir George Nares (who commanded the Arctic expedition of 1875-76) suggests, in view of the coincidence of the almost simultaneous announcement of the discovery of the Pole that it is possible that Dr. Cook learnt of Commander Peary's success, and was making an effort to reach civilisation first, with priority of the claim of discovery.

NO TRACE OF COOK.

LONDON, September 7.

The captain of the Roosevelt states that Commander Peary saw no trace of Dr. Cook.

If ever a man deserved success by undaunted courage, heroic endurance, and invincible constancy to a great purpose, Robert Peary well merits his hard-won triumph. For nearly 20 years he has devoted himself to the arduous and dangerous work of polar exploration, and in spite of the intolerable hardships he has passed through and the heart-breaking disappointments he has encountered, he has never lost hope. He started a year ago on his eighth voyage to find the North Pole, and despite all that he had endured, he was more confident than ever that this time he would reach the goal. "He has gone forward," says one of his many admirers, "in the face of every reverse: a broken leg could not turn him back, nor could the loss of seven tons by freezing, nor the dissensions that nearly caused the failure of one of his expeditions, nor the sinking of one of his ships with all on board, nor a narrow escape from starvation on the Greenland ice-cap"—and almost alone among great explorers he has had to raise the funds for his numerous expeditions chiefly by his own personal exertions. It is such unshaken perseverance as this in the performance of a set task that always ultimately commands success; and, though Peary is 53 years old, and he bears the indelible marks of his struggle with the uncontrolled forces of Nature in the polar zone, the triumph so long expected and so long delayed has at last crowned his career.

Considering the extraordinary importance that attaches to this great achievement, the personality of the bold explorer is of more than passing interest. "Perhaps no man who ever sailed the Polar seas," we are told, "was ever more thoroughly prepared in all respects. In the prime of life, Peary was as perfect physically as it is ever given to a man to be." Tall, and sinewy, deep-chested and clear-eyed, he is described when he set forth on his first journey as the ideal of a sportsman and a pioneer voyager. From his youth he had been accustomed to swimming, boating, and making expeditions on foot, through the hill country of Maine. He was a remarkably enduring and tireless pedestrian, and his companions on his Arctic tours always describe him as far and away the best walker in the expeditions. With these physical powers go a capacity for enduring pain and hardship that can only be described as heroic. When his leg was broken at the outset of his

1891 expedition, he had himself strapped to a board after the limb was reset, and, in spite of excruciating agony, he was carried forward by the party till he was able to stand again. Returning from his trip across the Greenland ice-cap in 1895, he and his faithful negro retainer, Henson, were all but starved to death, and Peary has drawn a harrowing description of their plight when at last they reached food and shelter; "for days," he tells us, "they lay and rested, scarcely able to move, sickened by the food they ate, bleeding at the nose, their legs swollen to twice their natural size." Yet so potent is "the call of the wild" that Peary could never resist its summons, and again and again he has returned to dare the same perils and endure the same torments once more. A man of few words, and strong in his own convictions, he possesses to an unusual degree the capacity for inspiring confidence in his followers. "The accounts of his expeditions contain many instances, in which, after all the other men were completely exhausted and disheartened, the strength and nervous energy of their leader seem to lift up and carry forward the whole burden of the work, to inspire and enliven the weary men, and to make impossibilities possible." And not the least impressive feature of this characterisation is that its main points are vouched for by Dr. F. A. Cook, who acted as surgeon on two of Peary's earlier expeditions, and has now unexpectedly emerged to challenge pride of place with him as the discoverer of the Pole.

The mention of Dr. Cook naturally raises once more the question whether we are to accept without reservation the claim that he has put forward. Apparently Dr. Cook admits that he made use of the Eskimos whom Peary had previously employed for his expeditions; finding them ready at Etah, the base that Peary had established, he took advantage of the opportunity. We may defer consideration of the moral aspects of this action till more light is thrown upon the "bona fides" of the alleged discovery; and it is noteworthy that while the majority of the eminent scientists whose opinions have been made public are inclined to credit Dr. Cook's statements, serious discrepancies have been pointed out in his narrative, and in his own country his story has not yet been unconditionally accepted. Admiral Nares has gone so far

as to suggest that Dr. Cook, hearing of Peary's success, beat him in the race back to civilisation, so as to forestall the news of his triumph. This is, of course, a very serious reflection upon a traveller and scientist whose past record seems hardly to justify such an imputation. The fact that Peary is extremely popular in America, and that his many gallant attempts to reach the Pole have so well deserved success, has, of course, prejudiced public opinion against Dr. Cook. But even if by some fortunate accident Cook has been able to anticipate Peary, he may console himself with his rival's reflection that "there is enough honour for two"; and in any case it is Peary who will always be regarded as the man who first made the discovery of the North Pole possible, even if he was not the first to reach the goal.

The Rival Explorers Sail for New York.

LONDON, September 8.

Commander Peary, aboard the Arctic steamer Roosevelt, has left Indian Harbour, Labrador.

As he did not know that the telegraph office at Chateau Bay—where he intended to lodge his story for transmission to America—had been recently closed, a messenger was sent after him to suggest that he proceed to Red Harbour, 30 miles west of Chateau Bay, or Blanc Sablon, 85 miles west, and telegraph thence.

It is expected that Commander Peary and Dr. Cook will both reach New York about September 20.

The Royal Geographical Society has congratulated Commander Peary and invited him to lecture, but no invitation has been sent to Dr. Cook.

Before leaving Indian Harbour Commander Peary telegraphed to the director of the American Museum of Natural History at New York:—"I am bringing a large amount of material for the museum."

Reuter's Agency reports that Commander Peary has telegraphed that Dr. Cook's two Eskimau companions say that he went no distance north, and was not out of sight of land.

Other men of the tribe, he adds, corroborate their statement.

COPENHAGEN, September 11.

Dr. Cook was accorded an enthusiastic farewell at Copenhagen, all the shipping displaying flags. He has sailed direct for New York.

Cook's Reception in Denmark.

COPENHAGEN, September 8.

The King of Denmark has conferred the gold medal of the Royal Geographical Society of Denmark upon Dr. Cook, who afterwards gave a lecture lasting for an hour, in the presence of their Majesties and the Royal Family, the Ambassadors, and Ministers.

Dr. Cook revealed little beyond what was contained in the "New York Herald" article. He explained that if he had taken another white man a double Eskimau force would have been necessary, and this would have halved the efficiency of the expedition. He added: "The ice about the Pole moves between two and four miles daily."

COPENHAGEN, September 10.

The Copenhagen University conferred an honorary degree upon Dr. Cook at a brilliant and representative gathering today, including the Crown Prince and other members of the Royal Family, Mr Otto Sverdrup, of Fram (Nansen's expedition) fame, the Ministers of Instruction and Commerce, and the United States Minister.

Dr. Cook stated that he intended to send to Etah and fetch the two Greenlanders who accompanied him on his journey to the Pole, in order that they might be examined by unbiassed judges.

Summary of the Journey.

LONDON, September 9.

Home and Canadian papers are already claiming the North Pole under the old boundary arrangements between Britain and America.

Commander Peary telegraphed to President Taft: "I have the honour to place the North Pole at your disposal."

The President replied: "Thanks for your interesting and generous offer. I do not know what to do with it. I congratulate you sincerely."

Commander Peary has sent by "wireless" from Battle Harbour, Labrador, via

Newfoundland, the following summary to the "New York Times."

"After wintering at Cape Sheridan, Grant Land, the sledge expedition left the Roosevelt on February 15, and started north of Cape Columbia on March 1. We passed the British record on March 2, and were delayed by open water until the 11th, when we crossed the 84th parallel.

"We encountered an open lead on March 15. We crossed the 85th parallel on March 18, and the 86th on the 22nd. We encountered an open lead, and passed the Norwegian record on the 23rd, and the Italian record on the 24th. We encountered an open lead on the 26th, and passed the 87th parallel on the 27th, and the American record on the 28th.

"We were held up by open water till the 29th. We crossed the 88th parallel on April 2, the 89th on April 4, and reached the Pole on April 6. We left on April 7, and reached Cape Columbia on the 23rd, arriving aboard the Roosevelt on the 27th.

"The Roosevelt reached Cape Sheridan on July 18, and passed Cape Sabine on August 8, and Cape York on the 26th.

"Professor Marvin, one of the members of our expedition, was drowned on April 10, 45 miles north of Cape Columbia, while returning from the 86th degree in command of a supporting party. "All the other members of the expedition are in good health."

LONDON, September 10.

The "Times" has received the second portion of Commander Peary's narrative from the "New York Times."

From August 18 until near the 88th parallel, when Captain Bartlett, commander of the Roosevelt, turned back, in accordance with the pre-arranged plan, to organise the supporting parties, the narrative records monotonous experiences amid the snow and haze.

Frequently leads of water were met with, the difficulty of negotiating these adding to the trials of the journey.

"Don't Worry About Cook."

NEW YORK, September 9.

Commander Peary has telegraphed: "Don't worry about Cook. I have him nailed."

The "New York Times" publishes a letter Commander Peary wrote in May, 1908, as a record, stating that Dr. Cook had located himself at Etah (Greenland). "This," he wrote, "has been my depot for years. He appropriated the Eskimau I trailed, and has taken the dogs I collected ready for my coming."

Commander Peary concludes: "Cook's action in going north *sul rosa* for the admitted purpose of forestalling me is one of which no man possessing a sense of honour would be guilty."

Cook's Reply.

LONDON, September 9.

Dr. Cook states that he will not degrade himself by answering Commander Peary's allegations.

His denial will not be forthcoming until accusations based on scientific data are made.

He is willing to lay himself and his observations before a council of scientists of all nations.

The Eskimau whom he employed were no man's; they did not belong to Peary. He had paid them tenfold what they asked.

Peary's Rapid March.

The "Morning Post" comments on Commander Peary's remarkable rate of travel, which equals that of Dr. Cook. It shows that during the days of actual marching Peary covered 16 miles daily, while the closing stages of the northward journey were covered at the rate of 35 miles a day.

This phenomenal rapidity suggests the possibility of Commander Peary having miscalculated his position.

Dr. Cook's partisans claim that Commander Peary's figures confirm Dr. Cook's story.

Captain Amundsen, discoverer of the North-west passage, declares Dr. Cook to be the most honest man he ever met. He justifies him in not risking his instruments and observations on the long and dangerous sledge journey from Etah to Upernivik.

The Polar War.

NEW YORK, September 10.

The Polar war is eclipsing all other topics in America, where partisans of Commander Peary and Dr. Cook are engaging in a campaign of vituperation.

The Wide World.

CABLE NEWS IN BRIEF.

Home and Imperial.

THE Budget is still causing much debate. Mr Winston Churchill laments that the Conservatives have no foe worthy of his steel. He says the fight with the Lords will be a fight to a finish. The President of the Trade Union Congress warmly supported the Budget, and declared that it was the greatest financial reform of modern times. Mr Redmond threatens vigorous action if the Lords reject the Irish Land Bill; a Free Church League is suggested against the Lords. Keir Hardie thinks many of the Labour claims will be admitted by Parliament. The Conservatives are opposing the Development and Road Improvement Funds Bill as tending to nationalisation of the railways, and as giving too much power to the Executive in raising and spending money, though they approve of many clauses. The closure is being used to pass the Licensing Bill. A party of suffragettes waylaid Mr Asquith and Mr Herbert Gladstone and broke some of the windows in Mr Asquith's house. Six imprisoned suffragettes refused food and had to be released.

Mr Churchill deprecates compulsory wireless for merchant ships. Two wireless stations are to be equipped in Australia. Sir B. Browne is in favour of colonial arsenals and dockyards.

Colonel Lynch, who served a sentence for high treason, has been elected unopposed for West Clare. A general election is possible next January. A select committee reported against the complete abolition of imprisonment for debt.

Dr. Jameson regards a coalition in South Africa as impossible. Great Britain is still ready to welcome a scheme for the reduction of armaments if Germany will move in the matter.

Eleven thousand boy scouts were inspected at the Crystal Palace and received a complimentary message from the King. The prospects of the English hop crop are said to be poor owing to blight. Lord Kitchener was tendered immense ovations on his departure from Simla for the Far East. Great Britain is building a super-invincible with a speed of 30 knots. The new port dues for London are estimated to produce £70,000. Merchants are endeavouring to secure a reduction of the dues. The Trade Union Congress has protested against treaties made without consulting the people, and has also condemned any compulsory enlistment of the working classes into the Territorials. Stockall, a jeweller, who was found bound and gagged, has admitted that he himself stole the jewels supposed to have been stolen by the men whom he alleged bound him. Trade unionists are not in favour of State assistance for unemployed members. Owing to high water Board charges many business firms in London are sinking artesian wells for water. The Lord Mayor of Sydney proposes that the £85,000 subscribed for a Dreadnought shall be devoted to a naval college and training farms.

Foreign Affairs.

The agreement between China and Japan in regard to Manchuria has been signed at Peking. Serious discontent exists in Noumea over the action of the French Government in stopping public works. Five persons have been arrested at Chalons on suspicion of complicity in the theft of the plans of a new machine gun. It is thought that the plans have reached Germany. Germany has gained a strong footing in China by means of railway concessions. Eight armoured cruisers have left San Francisco for a cruise to the Philippines. Germany is launching four large battleships and a small cruiser. The Belgian Crown Prince is said to be deeply grieved at the state of things in the Congo. The Czar has abandoned his visit to Rome and Constantinople, owing to the Carina's health. The Swedish strikers are returning to work. Prince Hermann of Saxe-Weimar, has renounced his title and the succession in order to marry an actress. The Moorish Pretender has been sentenced to be caged till death. Herr

Mr B. S. Osborn, secretary of the Arctic Club of America, threatens when Commander Peary sets foot in New York to have affidavits and facts published, stamping Peary as the most colossal faker America has ever produced.

Mr Osborn alleges that he has an affidavit proving that Commander Peary opened Dr. Cook's trunk and read his observations, and opened a letter addressed to Mrs Cook.

Dr. Cook's friends allege that the quarrel between Peary and Cook began during the Polar expedition of 1901, through Peary monopolising all the comforts.

Several explorers attach no importance to what the Eskimos say on one side or the other.

The question is also raised, on the authority of Dr. Cook's companion, Professor Parker, whether Cook ever ascended Mt. McKinley.

Dr. Cook, in climbing Mt. McKinley, in Alaska, was accompanied by Mr Barille, and the book which he published giving an account of the exploration included a photograph which ostensibly showed Dr. Cook standing upon the summit of the mountain, waving the American flag.

Why Doubt Cook?

GREYMOUTH, Friday.

Mr Clement L. Wragge, who is at present on a visit to the West Coast, writes as follows to the "Greymouth Argus" regarding the discovery of the North Pole:

"As a scientific man, I wish to enter my emphatic protest against the absurd jealousy and bickerings rampant among the adherents of Dr. Cook and Commander Peary. Interesting scientifically though the journey has been, such miserable petty feeling is calculated to bring the whole business into disrepute. By what right has doubt been cast on Dr. Cook's observations? Surely he knew how to apply corrections for refraction? One might as well question Shackleton's observations. Let us be true to our nationality and treat every man as honest till the reverse has been conclusively proved. In the light of the eternal universe, and in the name of noble science, what does it matter who first set foot on the Pole? Englishman though I am, I trust I should be the last to refuse honour to a fellow man, when honour is due, no matter what his nationality.

"We are all brothers, or ought to be. As a fellow of the Royal Geographical Society of over 35 years' standing, I regret that the Society has apparently snubbed Dr. Cook, and that Admiral Nares has seen fit to apply the minus sign without further knowledge. The petty jealousy of which, as to results, I have had much experience, is most utterly contemptible and disgusting, and is beneath any man who claims to be a true scientist."

An Attack on the South.

NEW YORK, September 12.

Commander Peary's exploit in reaching the North Pole has given a great impetus to the American idea of flying the Stars and Stripes at both Poles.

There is renewed talk all over the States of equipping an Antarctic expedition to make a dash for the Pole ahead of the Scottish and French expeditions already on the way.

Air Like Frozen Steel.

LONDON, September 11.

Continuing its narration of Peary's record, the "Times" says that the explorer, when beyond the 88th parallel, covered 20 miles in one day, the dogs sometimes running. The ice was grinding in every direction.

Keen air like frozen steel was experienced. A few miles from the Pole there was scarcely any snow, and Peary covered 40 miles in 12 hours.

Peary stopped 30 hours at the Pole, with four Esquimaux, and planted the American flag there.

No special incident marked the party's return to Cape Columbia, where they arrived almost lifeless with fatigue.

What Peary Will Prove.

NEW YORK, September 11.

Commander Peary telegraphs that he will prove that Dr. Cook never reached the Pole.

The United States Geodetic Survey Department has offered to arbitrate between the claims of Peary and Cook.

Zealand in continuation of her voyage from London, shortly after midnight on Wednesday, August 4th. There was a fair sea running at the time, but the night was comparatively clear.

Forty minutes after leaving the breaker, with the engines going at full speed, the vessel struck a huge rock, which seemed to stand well out of the water. Then came three awful bumps, and back the big vessel slid into the water, as the engines were put full speed astern. Almost immediately the sea was breaking over the decks. The skipper shouted to the chief that the vessel was filling, and as there was no time to be lost, ordered every man on deck. His command was repeated below, and the men hastily made their way to the deck. The vessel carried six boats, but only three of these were lowered. While the men took to the boats the skipper remained on the bridge, and was the last to leave the vessel. He was seen to cross the bridge, making his way to one of the boats on the weather side, which he is stated to have boarded.

Fearing the rocks, the chief officer decided to stand well out to sea. The water was heavy, and the men thinly clad, soddened with rain, and shivering with the bitter cold of the night, found it a matter of extreme difficulty to keep the boat's head to the sea that were rolling in. It was eventually decided to stand in for what proved to be Chapman's Bay. The chief officer saw ahead what looked to be a stretch of white sand, and the bows of the boat were turned in that direction. Immediately afterwards a heavy breaker struck the craft from behind, and the next minute the lifeboat was smashed upon a rock with terrific force. All the occupants were flung into the water, and with what little strength remained after the struggles of the night, all succeeded in clutching hold of the gunwale of the boat.

By almost superhuman effort the boat was righted, and though she was taking in water freely, through the hole caused by the collision with the rock, the others managed to make the beach between eight and nine o'clock in the morning.

The survivors, numbering nine, after a rest, made their way through the bush, and eventually reached Slangkop Farm, where the inmates gave them attention. Thereafter information of what had occurred was wired to Simon's Town.

Heroism and Tragedy.

What was left of the Maori on Friday, was found to be lying in a bay some three miles from Duyker Point. The after part was above water, but the huge breakers that came smashing in swept the fore part of the vessel. A cold, cutting wind from the sea also helped to make communication with those on the vessel—or what was left of it—a matter of extreme difficulty. The seas were terrific. That part of the bay in which the poop lay was like some huge cauldron. This was studded with black, jagged rocks, and the water was churned to a foam as the seas broke upon them. The ferocity of the breakers was amazing. It was curious, however, that while at times nothing could be seen of the fore part of the ship that remained, it was only, at odd intervals that a big sea swept over the poop rendering those on board absolutely invisible.

The Maori's poop was just thirty yards from the rocks. It might as well have been half a mile, as things turned out. Within, say, twenty-five yards was a huge rock, over which the breakers continually washed—there were another ten yards between that and the next big rock and—safety.

There were heroes on the rocks, and they were really heroes who leaned so nonchalantly against the after rail of what was left of the ship. On shore there were deeds of heroism performed by simple, honest fishermen, who, in the face of grave danger, risked their lives to save those of the men who attempted to come ashore. A fisherman named Messina, by superhuman effort, succeeded in reaching a big rock midway between the wreck and the shore, and shouted to those remaining on the doomed vessel that news of the disaster had been wired to town, and that assistance was being sent. First a light line was whirled from the vessel's poop, and was seized by Messina, and to this a stout hawser was attached, which slowly but surely was drawn taut and ashore, and from the wreck the men cheered and cheered again.

The First Attempt.

How far it would sag was not seen until the first attempt was made. There was no discussion on board as to what

Martin declares that in ten years Germany will have a thousand dirigibles and ten thousand aeroplanes. Germany is testing the possibilities of wireless to the Cameroons, a distance of 3,000 miles. Those responsible for recent massacres of Armenians have escaped with mild punishments. The Spaniards again defeated the Moors. The Pope gave £40,000 to the Messina sufferers. The State of Arkansas is asking for a fine of 13 millions sterling from the Insurance Trust. Professor Lowell, of Boston, claims to have observed an oxygen atmosphere on Mars. The deposed Shah has left Persia. Mr. Harriman, the American railway magnate, died of acute indigestion. Stocks are likely to be seriously affected by his death.

Accidents and Fatalities.

A witness stated that Lord de Clifford, who was killed by the overturning of his motor-car, chanced his own life to save another. The engineer of the wrecked steamer Maori says the Cape coast is the worst lighted in the world, and that extra lights would save many ships. The natives of New Hebrides massacred the crew of a French trading schooner. Nearly all the public buildings at Osaka, in Japan, were destroyed in the recent fire, as well as 13,000 houses. A cyclone in Sicily destroyed 3,000 houses, and killed 60 people. The death is announced of Mr. Clyde Fitch, the dramatist, in his 44th year. A band of train robbers in Pennsylvania derailed a train, killing two passengers, and injuring 20. An Allen liner ran ashore off Newfoundland, but the passengers and crew were safely landed. The liner is a complete wreck. The only son of the Governor of Madras was killed whilst hunting. M. Lefebvre, a well-known aviator, was killed in France whilst making a trial flight with a new machine. Lieutenant Hofer was testing a mine he had invented, when it exploded, and killed him and two others. Dr. Glenn, a missionary, died suddenly whilst on a voyage to Australia. Gould, who murdered Mrs. Levin, has died at Cayenne. Cholera is causing 25 deaths daily in St. Petersburg.

The dangers of aviation were further illustrated by the death of a balloonist in New York, who was killed by his parachute failing to open. Two aviators in Italy were seriously injured by the fall of their aeroplane. Two French aeronauts narrowly escaped being killed by a train.

A masked gang in Russia robbed a post office, after killing four men and wounding ten others.

Sports and Pastimes.

Ross walked from London to Brighton, a distance of over 50 miles, in 8 hours 11 minutes, establishing a record. Emilia Longhi ran 700 yards in New York in 1 minute 27 2-5 seconds, a record for the distance. Mr. S. F. Cody made a flight of 41 miles in 63 minutes at a height of 250 feet. Some pumped-out footballers at Adelaide were re-inflated by having oxygen pumped into them. The result was to make them quite fresh again. Johnson fought ten rounds with Kaufman. No decision was given, but the negro had all the best of it. Johnson out-hit, out-fought, and out-generalled Kaufman all through.

WRECK OF THE MAORI.

SURVIVORS' NARRATIVES.

DETAILED STORY OF THE DISASTER.

PLUCKY RESCUE WORK.

Files of the "Cape Times" give full particulars of the wreck of the Shaw, Savill steamer Maori, which occurred at Duyker point, near Capetown, on the night of August 4th, and resulted in terrible loss of life.

The Maori left Table Bay for New

Sports and Pastimes.

was to go. It was simply a case of taking the risk. O'Brien, an intelligent young trimmer, said he would. He put his leg into the bight of the improvised life-saving apparatus, and there was a cheer raised as he slid down the rope. He got to the centre of the rope, and there he stuck. It sagged dreadfully, and just as he got to that point a huge breaker came smashing in. For a moment there was nothing to be seen but this mass of churned milky-white water. Then, just as everyone expected that O'Brien had died the death of many others, he made a reappearance.

It was a slow business. Those on shore and those on board could not do anything. It lay with the man who was on the rope. And what puny efforts he could make! Imagine a stripling, almost, for he is very slight of build, etanding the cold of two nights—-anxious nights they were, too, from his story—without food since the vessel struck, putting what puny efforts he could against the fierce breakers coming in! But he managed it. He went forward by inches only. It was a fierce struggle with the waves, but with safety so near he exerted every effort. Slowly and surely he made his way along that strand of manilla, and when near shore he was grasped by ready hands and taken to a place of safety. Both sides cheered.

By means of the wire the loop was hauled back to the ship, and Middleton, the third engineer, stepped forward to make the journey. The breakers seemed to come in with redoubled fury, and he came in contact with the rocks on his way to shore. But they hauled him in, grasped his hands, and the men on the vessel cheered and cheered again.

The Man on the Foremast.

It was at this moment that a tragic incident happened. Gladman, who had been hanging on to the cross-trees of the foremast since the vessel struck, made a movement as if to come down the rigging. The sea beneath him was terrific, and everyone realised that it was hopeless for him to attempt to reach the poop.

"Good God, look!" shouted a fisherman. "He's going to swim. Stop him! Stop him!"

Everybody looked. Sure enough Gladman had one foot on the first rung of the ladder. O'Brien and Middleton were at the time talking about their experiences. The last-named was lying on the ground staring at the vessel, half-conscious at times of what was going on around him. Suddenly he jumped up. He realised as he came to his feet, with one hand across his face.

Everybody was relieved when Gladman turned round, and was seen to be making his way back to the perch where he had remained for so many hours. Re gaining his position, he made no further movement. Middleton seemed to breathe a sigh of thankfulness, sank to the ground, and continued to talk.

But he was on his feet a moment later. He stood with one hand pointing to the ship, and on his face there was utter despair. Everyone seemed rooted to the spot when they saw what was happening. Gladman was going to try again.

Most of those on shore became frantic in their shouted appeals to the man to refrain from going to what was certain death.

"It's madness," declared an old fisherman. "My God!" ejaculated Middleton, with a gesture of despair, for Gladman was actually leaving the rigging and taking to the mast, with the evident intention of sliding into the water and making a desperate struggle to reach his comrades. The scene cannot be described. Everybody simply stood still, unable to say a word. With horror-stricken faces they watched. Middleton, exhausted, sank back on the ground open mouthed, glaring at the scene.

'If He'd Only Waited.

Gladman left the cross-trees. He slipped down the mast. The silence was intense. He reached the water; a tremendous breaker broke over him, and he was lost to sight. A second passed—then his head appeared above the water. The two arms followed.

In the turmoil of water the exhausted man was powerless. Absolutely nothing could be done to save him. The onlookers had simply to watch a grim struggle with death. Another great roller broke about the foremast, and again he disappeared. One minute passed; two minutes— "My God, he's gone!" said a bronzed old fisherman, and turned away. O'Brien and Middleton sank back despairingly. It was only too true. The fireman was seen no more, though something black that floated on the water was thought to be

him. The scene on shore was remarkable. The tragedy seemed to strike at the heart of everybody who had watched that battle, and not a few eyes were filled with tears. It was some minutes, however, before the majority seemed quite to realise what had happened. "If he'd only waited!" moaned Middleton.

To Work Again.

Then they set to work with redoubled energy. In addition, by common consent, everybody sent a cheering message to the men on board, encouraging them to stand by the ship.

There were now thirty men on the hawser. At considerable risk Mr. Marais and Mr. Molteno managed to get on to the razor-like rock and release the big rope, which had caught the pinnacle further out. They were successful, and other helpers on shore pulled it in. When all was ready, they shouted across to the men on the ship, and soon a greaser named Attridge was noticed to be placing one leg through another loop. But in the centre of the rope there was a big knot, and about this everybody was dubious. At any rate, Attridge slid down the rope. He went down at a pretty good rate until he came to the knot. What would he do? Middleton and O'Brien, the former now clad in a big overcoat, which a soldier had lent him, were down on the rocks. Just below Attridge was a rock which was every minute covered by the seas. As he was seemingly making an attempt to overcome the obstacle a tremendous breaker dashed in. Those on shore held on to the rope, but when everybody thought they had seen the last of the man, he suddenly reappeared and waved his hand. Then he was seen to be struggling with the loop in which he had thrust his leg. Scarcely ten yards could have separated Attridge from safety, but just how those ten yards were to be negotiated was the difficulty. It was decided to throw a line, but for what purpose was not apparent. A fisherman came forward and threw. The light rope whizzed through the air, but it fell a few inches from the man's fingers. In the line came again.

At length, at the fifth attempt, Attridge clutched the light line. He was standing on the half-submerged rock at this time, glancing back at the on-coming breakers. Then in a moment he slipped his leg out of the loop, stood on the rock just a second for the purpose of getting a firmer grasp of the line, and plunged boldly into the surf. The water was comparatively calm for a moment, and those on the fringe of the rock cheered, so certain were they that a rescue would be effected. But this did not happen. When he was within two yards of safety, a cry of horror broke from the spectators as a huge breaker burst into the space between the rocks. It was a fearful moment. Attridge could not be seen, and those on the rock pulled at their line so as to get in the slack. Attridge seemed to go under the rock then—the end of the line fell on the rock. Everybody rushed to the rock at this time, and were gazing into the water, expecting the man to rise. Another big breaker followed, scattering the spray far inshore. Then Attridge reappeared, just round the corner of a big rock, in what looked like comparative safety. In a trice someone was down to help the bleeding and semi-conscious man. Attridge managed to put forward a hand, and a man leaned over riskily to grasp it.

Lost—by a Foot.

There was a foot between them. But the backwash, followed by a big wave, filled up what looked to be the calm cove, and the unfortunate man was swept away into the waters of the bay. This second tragedy, so near to safety, came with startling suddenness. The pity of it was stamped on the faces of the two men who had been rescued, and who had rushed down to lend what aid they could.

Operations ceased. It was seen that it would be useless to try anything of the sort again, and all that could be done was to shout words of cheer to the waiting men on the steamer's poop. Another party of soldiers appeared with the rocket apparatus, after a fearful journey to the spot. But the unfortunate part of the business was that the life-line, an essential part of the apparatus, had not arrived. It came along, however, and just about 6 o'clock the apparatus was fixed up ready for use. By this time darkness was just setting in. The ten that were left were still standing on the poop with impulsive faces.

The rescue of the remaining ten was effected in the early hours of Saturday.

CRICKET.

THE AUSTRALIAN XI IN ENGLAND.

The Fourth Defeat.

The match at Scarborough with Lord Lonsborough's Eleven resulted in the defeat of the Australians by 133 runs.

Following are the scores:—

ENGLAND XI.—First Innings.	
J. Ironmonger, c McAlister, b O'Connor	21
F. A. Tarrant, c Macartney, b Whitty	8
E. G. Hayes, c McAlister, b O'Connor	16
Geo. Gunn, lbw, b Armstrong	11
V. P. S. Crawford, b Armstrong	12
A. C. MacLaren, lbw, b O'Connor	0
A. O. Jones, b O'Connor	2
A. A. Lilly, c Macartney, b O'Connor	3
C. P. Buckenham, b O'Connor	28
S. F. Barnes, c Hopkins, b Trumper	13
C. Blythe, not out	17
Sundries	9
Total	140

Bowling analysis:—O'Connor took six wickets for 42; Whitty, one for 12; Hopkins, none for 26; Armstrong, two for 27; Trumper, one for 24.

AUSTRALIA.—First Innings.

R. Hartigan, b Buckenham	18
W. Bardsley, b Carr	23
V. Ransford, c Hutchings, b Rhodes	3
A. J. Hopkins, c Spooner, b Carr	23
Noble, run out	0
C. G. Macartney, c and b Carr	1
A. Carter, c Thompson, b Rhodes	1
H. Carter, b Rhodes	1
W. W. Armstrong, b Rhodes	16
J. A. O'Connor, b Carr	2
F. Laver, not out	4
Sundries	21
Total	113

Bowling Analysis: Rhodes took four wickets for 29, Buckenham one for 23, Thompson none for 17, Carr four for 27.

ENGLAND.—Second Innings.

J. B. Hobbs, at Carter, b Armstrong	39
W. Rhodes, b Hopkins	5
J. T. Tyldesley, c Carter, b Armstrong	89
R. H. Spooner, b Noble	3
F. L. Fane, b Macartney	0
K. L. Hutchings, c Armstrong, b O'Connor	78
G. Hirst, lbw, b O'Connor	15
G. J. Thompson, at Carter, b Armstrong	3
C. P. Buckenham, not out	18
D. W. Carr, c Noble, b Armstrong	4
D. Hunter, c Noble, b Armstrong	1
Sundries	21
Total	276

Bowling Analysis: Macartney took one for 85, Hopkins one for 26, Armstrong five for 48, Noble one for 11, O'Connor two for 50, Laver none for 23, Cotter none for 33.

Australian analysis is inaccurate.

AUSTRALIA.—Second Innings.

M. A. Noble, c Hirst, b Buckenham	5
J. A. O'Connor, b Carr	0
F. Laver, lbw, b Carr	5
F. C. Macartney, run out	30
W. Bardsley, lbw, b Hirst	3
R. Hartigan, b Carr	7
V. Ransford, run out	20
W. W. Armstrong, b Carr	28
A. J. Hopkins, b Rhodes	11
A. Carter, c Hunter, b Rhodes	21
H. Carter, not out	9
Sundries	14
Total	159

Bowling Analysis: Carr four for 78, Buckenham one for 17, Thompson none for 1, Rhodes two for 30, Hirst one for 19.

FOOTBALL.

RUGBY.

Auckland v. Taranaki.

The return match between Auckland and Taranaki was played at Alexandra Park on Saturday. The weather was splendid for football, there being very little wind, while the ground was fast and dry. The attendance was estimated at about six thousand. Amongst those

present were his Excellency Lord Plunket (who was accompanied by his private secretary, Mr. H. C. Waterfield), and the officers of the warships now in port. His Excellency, on arrival, was met by Mr. A. E. Devore (president of the A.R.U.).

The ground was in beautiful order with a slight breeze blowing from the western end. It was ten minutes past three when Gillett led Auckland on to the field, being followed immediately afterwards by Taranaki, who were captained by Mynott. Auckland won the toss, and played with the sun at their backs, and a slight breeze in their favour. Pini kicked off for Taranaki at 12 minutes past three o'clock, the kick being recalled. Murray feided the second kick, and found the line at half-way. Auckland secured from the scrum, but no advantage was gained. The visitors were awarded a free kick, and play went to Auckland's territory, a free kick to the locals, however, regaining lost ground. Play was of a loose character, till Thurston whipped up and sent to Cameron, who kicked high, and Renwick failing to take, matters looked serious for Auckland, but Gillett saved, and the forwards, getting round, rushed play down field, the visitors being hard put to it to avert a score. The yellow and black forwards cleared their line, Crowley heading a forward rush, which took play to half-way, where, from a scrum, Thurston secured, and a passing run, to Mynott, to Diva, to Beamish, saw the latter well stopped by R. Magee. Auckland cleared, and Cameron, failing to field a kick of Wilson's, play settled at the half-way. The blue and whites gradually worked play back, and the forwards, screwing the scrum, rushed the game on to Taranaki's line. C. Sheehan just saving in the nick of time. Auckland set up a hot attack, O'Leary throwing away a chance by failing to take an easy pass from Magee. Auckland were still attacking hotly, and first Hayward and then Williams made a dash for the line. The defence was solid, and they were unable to get through. Shortly after, Webb snapped up a clever mark, and O'Leary had a shot at goal, which was rushed down, and the visitors got breathing space. It was only temporary, however, and the blue and whites were soon back, and Wilson streaked for the line, being thrown out near the corner. From the throw-in Gillett secured, and, cross-kicking, put rather too much weight into the effort, and the visitors forced. Auckland were more than holding their own, and the visitors were again put on the defence from a high kick of Wilson's, which the forwards failed to take the full advantage of, and a chance was lost, the visitors being forced shortly after from a kick at goal by Francis, from a mark. The kick was a good one. Auckland returned to the attack, Cameron getting his side out of difficulties, sending play past the centre. A free kick gained the yellow and black further ground, which was increased by Mynott with a good kick, finding the line well inside Auckland's 25. The blue and whites gradually relieved, Williams showing prominently in a loose rush, which was spoilt by Sellars getting off-side, and Cameron, with a long kick, put Auckland on the defensive again. It was only temporary, however, as the home team quickly cleared, Murray and Gillett being prominent. The visitors were eventually forced by a long kick of McGregor's. Returning to the attack, Auckland looked like scoring, but Con. Sheehan stopped their progress. The blue and whites still threatened danger, and Webb cross-kicking, Murray threw away a certain score by failing to take cleanly. Auckland were not to be denied, however, and Bob Magee, making a splendid opening, ran to Dixon and then passed to Sellars, who shot across and drew first blood for Auckland, after twenty-eight minutes' play. O'Leary's kick was a good, but unavailing one.

Auckland	3
Taranaki	0

Play went to half-way from the kick-out, where some even exchanges were witnessed, till Auckland put Taranaki on the defensive again with a passing run, Webb to Gillett, to Magee, who missed the pass, and Taranaki relieved, but were compelled to force a few moments later from a forward rush, headed by Herring. The visitors worked play to Auckland's

25, but failed to hold their advantage, and the homesters, with a passing rush, Gillett to Francis, to Hayward, to Williams, to Sellars, put the yellow and blacks again on the defensive, but over-eagerness threw away a chance, and Taranaki got relief with a free kick, which was well followed up by Beamish and Sheahan, Wilson saving his side with a nice kick. Taranaki, aided by a kick by Dive, took play to the centre, where O'Leary sent the ball across to McGregor, and the Auckland three-quarter, out-pacing Beamish and Sheahan, looked like scoring, but unfortunately just went into touch, and a certain try was lost. Cameron was responsible for a couple of clever runs for the visitors, but the relief was only temporary, and Gillett made two splendid openings in succession, but faulty handling by O'Leary nullified his efforts. Auckland, however, was at length rewarded, Gillett making another opening, and shooting out to Murray, the latter dribbled past Beamish and Dixon and scored Auckland's second try. O'Leary's kick failed.

Auckland	6
Taranaki	0

Auckland returned to the attack from the kick-out, and O'Leary made some amends for his previous mistakes with a tricky run, which threatened the visitors, but the effort was not sustained, and the ball rang for half time with the score unchanged.

Francis set the ball rolling in the second half, T. Sheahan being unable to take his place in the Taranaki team, the vacancy being filled, by Swanson. The ball was twice recalled, but eventually from the kick play settled in Taranaki's twenty-five. The yellow-and-blacks relieved, and C. Sheahan kicked to the centre. Auckland were soon back, Webb finding the line in Taranaki's twenty-five. The yellow-and-blacks relieved, but the home team was soon back again, Dixon saving, and Taranaki rushed play over Auckland's line, where Wilson foolishly tried to run out instead of forcing his pass to McGregor being forward, and play settled on Auckland's line. The blue-and-whites broke away from the scrum, Gillett and Wilson, by combined play, taking the leather down the field. Taranaki retaliated with a passing run, Mynott to Dive, whose pass to Cameron was faulty, and a chance was lost. The yellow-and-blacks were still attacking, and Auckland were compelled to force. The visitors were making great efforts to score, McGregor giving his side relief, but Taranaki were soon back again. C. Sheahan made a dash for the line, and although he got over Renwick just succeeded in forcing him into touch a few yards from the line, the Auckland full back getting a nasty knock, and play was stopped for some time. Renwick had to be carried from the field, his place being taken by Miller. On re-summing, Taranaki again attacked, and Mynott, working the blind side, passed to Sheahan, who was thrown into touch in goal. Play was stopped for another few minutes, Francis getting a knock which incapacitated him for a few moments. Taranaki were keeping play in Auckland's 25, but were unable to break through. A free kick relieved Auckland, and Gillett kicking high, Dive secured, and running round the Auckland forwards, sent to Cameron, whose kick was weak, play settling in the centre. The visitors secured on the line out, but their passing run was straight across the field, and availed them nothing. Another passing run, Mynott, to Beamish to Cameron, saw the latter make a very feeble attempt to get through, and Wilson gave his side relief, and the forwards chipping in, carried play to Taranaki's 25, where Francis claimed a mark, which was not allowed, and Dixon kicked into touch near the 25. From the line out Herring secured, and sent to Hayward, who shot over the line with Tamu hanging on to him. Magee failed to convert.

Auckland	9
Taranaki	nil

Auckland returned to the attack, and Waddell got over, but lost the ball, and Taranaki forced. Loose play followed the kick out, the visitors taking the leather to Auckland's line, but the homesters were soon back, Gillett putting the yellow and blacks on the defence with a long kick. From the ensuing scrum, Gillett again secured, and sent to O'Leary, to Wilson, who, when tackled by Cameron, sent it back to O'Leary, the latter scoring. Gillett failed with the kick.

Auckland	12
Taranaki	nil

Auckland were now playing a winning game, and some excitement was caused by a passing run, in which half a dozen of the Auckland forwards took part. A free kick was awarded the home team, and Gillett, kicking high, followed up fast, taking the ball from Dixon past infield, and after it had gone through half a dozen hands, O'Leary secured, and shot across to Murray, who failed to take, but McGregor, whipped in, secured, and with a brilliant run scored. Wilson failed to convert.

Auckland	15
Taranaki	0

The game was now very fast, and Mynott started a passing rush, Cameron secured, and badly beating Wilson, Murray, and Miller, scored close to the posts, amidst very considerable applause. Dive converted.

Auckland	15
Taranaki	5

Taranaki were put on the defensive again soon after the kick off by a long kick of Murray's. Fast and exciting exchanges now resulted, Auckland just missing scoring, and play ended at the centre. The home team was still keeping up a hot attack, Dixon saving cleverly, and the visitors shifted the scene of play down field, where Cameron made another electric flash, Wilson retaliating for Auckland. The blue and whites had the visitors again defending, but McGregor following up fast, beat Sheahan and Beamish, who held him, but the Auckland three-quarter broke clear, and racing for the line, scored Auckland's sixth try. O'Leary failed at goal.

Auckland	18
Taranaki	5

The bell rang shortly after with the score unaltered.

Inter-Varsity Match.

The second test football match between the Sydney University and a New Zealand University team was played at Wellington on Saturday, the New Zealanders winning by 17 points to 14.

Otago v. Wellington.

The interprovincial fixture between Otago and Wellington was played at Dunedin on Saturday, the Northerners winning by 13 points to 3.

The Australian Game.

The first representative match between Auckland and Canterbury (Australian rules) was played at Christchurch on Saturday. Auckland won by 7 goals and 8 behinds (50 points) to 6 goals and 17 behinds (47 points).

Manawatu Beats Wairarapa.

In fine weather and on a good ground, Manawatu proved much too good for Wairarapa, which did not play up to its old-time reputation. Owing to a misunderstanding on the part of two forwards, who thought the game started at three instead of 2.30, Manawatu played the first 15 minutes two short. Ford and Buchanan scored tries for Manawatu in the first spell. In the second spell M. Carroll scored a try, which Buchanan converted, and C. Carroll also scored. Then McKenzie scored for the Wairarapa. Ball converted. The game ended: Manawatu 13, Wairarapa 5.

Wanganui v. Taranaki Maoris.

In a Rugby match between Wanganui and the Taranaki Maori representatives, played here on Saturday afternoon, the visitors won by 20 points to nil.

Napier Matches.

A match between the Hastings Rovers and Aburiri to-day for the Hawke's Bay Rugby Union's championship challenge shield ended in a draw, each side scoring six points.

Wallabies Beat Kangaroos.

The Wallabies beat the Kangaroos by 15 points to 5 on Saturday. The Wallabies played a brilliant game, completely outclassing their opponents.

HOCKEY.

Auckland Defeats Thames.

The match between the Auckland and the Thames representative teams ended in a win for Auckland by 4 goals to 1.

GOLF.

LADIES' GOLF UNION.

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

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

Nga Motu.

In a match against a team from Wanganui, the home team won by six matches to one. Following were the scores:—

WANGANUI.		NGA MOTU.	
Miss Cave.....	0	Miss Stephenson	1
Miss O. Stanford	0	Miss Standish....	1
Miss G. Stanford	1	Miss Brewer.....	0
Mrs I. Saunders	0	Miss Percy Smith	1
Miss Gresson.....	0	Miss Read.....	1
Miss Anderson..	0	Miss Fitzherbert	1
Miss Parsons.....	0	Mrs Paton.....	1

The Nga Motu ladies were unfortunate in the days chosen for their first open meeting, and owing to the bad weather experienced, the scores were not good. The prize for the best gross score for 3 holes, made in the two days, Medal competitions of 18 holes each day, was won by Miss Stephenson—101 and 107.

The leading scores in the first day's Medal Handicap were:—

Miss Brewer	105—21—94
Mrs. Gray	121—37—94
Miss Orbell (Stratford).....	122—35—87
Miss Coutts (Hawera).....	111—23—88

SECOND DAY'S MEDAL HANDICAP.

Miss O. Stanford (Wang.)	112—21—91
Mrs. McLean (Hawera).....	123—29—94
Mrs. Haslam	138—40—98
Miss Standish	114—15—99

BOGEY HANDICAP.

Miss Stephenson (5)	9 down
Mrs. McLean (22)	9 down
Miss Standish (11)	10 down
Miss Fitzherbert (24).....	10 down

Approaching Competition.—First prize, Miss Brewster; second prize, Mrs. Jones. Driving Competition.—First prize, Miss Fitzherbert (154 yards 2 feet); second prize, Mrs. McLean (147 yards 2 feet).

Prizes for putting were won by Miss Brewster and Miss Fitzherbert.

The following is the result of the senior medal, played on Tuesday, 7th September:—Miss Mills, gross 98, handicap 11, net 87; Miss Graham, 100—91; Mrs Turnbull, 108—16—92; Miss Green, 108—11—97.

The following is the alteration in the L.G.U. for September:—Miss Gould, handicap 4.

Manawatu.

The Otaki Club sent a mixed team to play a match with the Manawatu Club on Saturday, September 4. The Manawatu men defeated the visitors by 10 1/2 games to 2 1/2, and the local ladies also beat the Otaki ladies by 4 games to 1. The ladies' games resulted as follows:—

Manawatu.		Otaki.	
Mrs Abraham ...	0	Mrs Bevan	1
Mrs Melliss ...	1	Mrs Simcox	0
Mrs McBee ...	1	Miss Robinson ..	0
Miss McLennan ..	1	Mrs Winterbom ..	0
Miss Slack	1	Mrs Jennings ..	0

Seventeen entries have been received for the club championship. Two qualifying rounds of stroke play will decide who are the eight to finish the contest by match play.

Feilding.

A match was played between the ladies of the Kimbolton and Feilding Golf Clubs on Saturday, with the following results (Kimbolton players being mentioned first):—Mrs Baudley v. Mrs Stewart (1 up), Mrs Beedie (3 up) v. Miss Bruce, Miss Crabb (1 up) v. Miss Prior, Miss McBeth (2 up) v. Mrs Montgomery, Mrs McBeth (6 up) v. Mrs Fitzherbert, Mrs Pratt (3 up) v. Miss Haybittle.

Hawera.

At Hawera last Friday a match was played between the Wanganui and Hawera Ladies' Clubs, which resulted all square. Hawera were represented by Miss Coutts, Mrs O'Callaghan, Mrs Mc-

Lean, Mrs Hawken, Mrs Foyster, and Miss Douglas. Mrs R. McLean was the only successful Hawera golfer that competed in the Taranaki tournament. She succeeded in winning the Bogey Handicap, and came second in the Driving Competition.

Wellington.

At the championship tournament of the Miramar Golf Club, Miss Elsie Grey carried off the honours for the seniors, and Miss McKellar for the juniors. Mrs Froeth and Miss Steuart came next in order of merit.

Golf Tourney.

The golf championship tournament commenced at the Auckland Club's links at One Tree Hill on Monday. The conditions were all that could be desired—the weather was perfect, and the links have never been in better order for play. The putting greens were very smooth and closely cropped, and played very fast, and the ground was pleasantly dry, but not too hard for the long game. The course has been lengthened for the championship, and as it is now, it is the longest course that has yet been played on the Cornwall Park links. This morning the first round of the Open Championship, which is decided by four rounds of match play, was concluded.

For some reason or other it is not the habit of golfers to play their best games in bright weather, and taking this into consideration, the play was of a high standard and the scores low. The best card handed in was that of J. C. Clements, the present holder in the open championship, who showed a score of 80: Out—5, 4, 43, 6, 4, 3, 5—40; home—4, 3, 4, 4, 4, 5, 5, 6, 5—40; total 80. Mr. Clements played a splendid round marred by one indifferent stroke, at the 17th hole. He finished five strokes ahead of Bogey on stroke play, and six holes up in match play. In view of the fact that Bogey has not been increased since the links were lengthened, the score was a very creditable one indeed. A good deal of interest centred round the game between A. D. S. Duncan, the brilliant Wellington amateur and erstwhile holder of the open championship, and F. G. Hood, the Auckland Club's professional. The players finished all square with a score of 82. Duncan's score read: Out—5, 4, 5, 5, 5, 5, 4, 5—42; home—4, 6, 3, 3, 5, 4, 6, 4, 5—40; total 82. Hood's score was: Out—4, 5, 4, 6, 4, 5, 6, 3, 6—43; home—4, 5, 3, 4, 5, 4, 5, 4, 5—39; total 82. It is generally admitted by those who witnessed the match that Hood was playing a sterling game rather better than his score indicates, while Duncan, who was playing perhaps a little below his best form, was favoured by very decent luck. H. C. Smith, the present amateur champion, played only a medium round in 90, three strokes worse than his opponent, David Hood, the Hagley Park professional. Hood played an indifferent game out, which included two sevens, in 48, but on the home journey put up the fine score of 39, thus finishing in 87. Another very fine round was played by J. Forbes, of the St. Clair Club, Dunedin, whose card showed the score of 83.

Following are the scores in the first round: A. D. S. Duncan 82, F. G. Hood 82, A. J. Abbott 83, J. Clements 80, J. C. Bidwill 82, J. Watt 93, H. C. Smith 90, D. Hood 87, B. B. Wood 88, J. MacCormick 91, H. B. Lusk 85, C. Martin 85, J. Harold 89, C. C. Holmes 89, J. R. Crowley 88, A. Strang 100, A. N. Barrard 94, A. B. Laurence 95, P. Upton 93, H. T. Gillies 87, A. M. Howden 104, Colonel Tuson 99, W. Reid 90, J. Forbes 83, H. D. Bamford 86, E. D. O'Rourke 96, W. B. Colbeck 89, C. K. Sams 89, J. C. Burns 84, K. D. Duncan 94, W. Strang 93, Kennedy 94, P. Trolowe 100, W. R. Barkes 99, N. K. Cox 88, E. A. Dargaville 101.

(Incomplete.)

The "Hammer Hurling Hoax."

(By HOLM GREENE.)

PROPOSITION.—The stroke should be of the nature of a swing rather than a hit.

This was one of those delightfully dogmatic axioms which our fathers used to regard as part of the golfer's "Shorter Catechism," and which a more sceptical generation has learned to look on with suspicion. Mr. P. A. Vails, supported, or, at least, countenanced, by so eminent a player as George Duncan, has declared the axiom to be a shibboleth, and hints that the idea has neither meaning nor sense.

But that is going a great deal too far. The newer theorists, in their wild hunt for originality, are much too ready to pooh-pooh those ancient rules of play, which, although perhaps neither literally correct nor scientifically accurate, are yet generally based upon a very true conception of the game. In boldly stating that the club should be swung, and not hit, at the ball, the old writers meant nothing different from what we will believe to-day, but they couched their advice in the dogmatic form most likely to drive it home.

It is noticeable, for instance, that Mr. Horace Hutchison, one of the stoutest advocates of the "swing, don't hit" theory, warns his disciples against the "hammer-hurling heresy," which results from an exaggerated and over literal interpretation of the advice to make the stroke a swing. He points out that the motion of the club should never approach to that of the hammer, which the athlete is about to send hurtling through the air; in other words, the stroke must be in the nature of a swing, but it must not be purely a swing.

It is much more dangerous, however, to let it become purely a hit. For one thing, the Golf club, though not quite the "instrument singularly ill-adapted for the purpose" of striking the ball, which it has been dubbed, is certainly not formed for hitting. Let anyone test this for himself by suspending a golf ball on a string a foot or so from the ground, and striking it with his driver; he will be surprised how seldom he hits it clean. The truth is that it is not at all a simple thing to strike a golf ball clean with a slim-shafted club, and it needs the mechanical accuracy of the swing to make the stroke a reliable one.

There is only one thing in athletics with which the stroke of the golf club can fairly be compared, and that is the motion of the bowler's arm in cricket. The ball is not thrown; it is slung from a revolving arm. But no one would pretend that the motion of the bowler's arm is a pure swing.

I do not wish to say either that it is not possible to make the stroke a "hit" because I have seen it done. Cricketers, who are taking up golf for the first time, commonly "hit" the ball with great success in using their iron clubs—and are unable to touch the ball at all with their wooden ones. I was witness in one case of the first attempts at the Royal and Ancient game made by a number of Highland shinty players. They drove a fine ball with the wooden clubs, long and straight, and the stroke they employed was almost a pure hit; indeed, so little did it partake of the ordinary golfers' swing that they usually stood some distance behind the ball, and took two or three quick steps forward, in order to gain additional impetus for the stroke.

It is, therefore, impossible to lay down an absolute rule that the ball must not be hit, but, on the other hand, there is no doubt that in the case of the best players the features of the swing predominate. Nor is it difficult to see why this should be so. When the club is swinging at full stretch in an accustomed circle, it ought only to need the eye being kept upon the ball to ensure the accuracy of the blow. In the case of a hit, there is no such mechanical safeguard, and the factor of aim becomes of much greater importance. Similarly, when the head of the club is moving in a fair approximation to a true circle, the possibility of it swinging across the line, and imparting an undesirable spin to the ball, is greatly diminished.

The temptation to hit, in the case of most players, arises from the ever-present desire to get more distance out of the stroke, and the assumption that more force is obtained by hitting the ball. There is, however, a fatal flaw in the logic of this—it does not follow that because more force is exerted, more force is obtained. Doubtless it is possible to bring a larger amount of muscular power into play by departing from the simplicity of the pure swing, but it is at the expense of some part of the force which the mere action of gravity imparts to the descending club.

Moreover, it is not the ball which is struck with the greatest force which necessarily travels the greatest distance. The action of the loft of the club in imparting a backward spin is requisite to ensure the farthest carry. But in the case of a hit the action of this is much less thorough.

For, consider the way in which the

club is moving. In the case of a swing it is moving as nearly as possible in a circle at the full stretch of the golfer's arm. Any departure from this motion, such as is inevitable when the stroke is more in the nature of a hit, tends to shorten the radius of this circle, and consequently to sharpen the curve at the point where the club meets the ball. The immediate consequence of this is that the club head, during the brief interval of time while club and ball are in contact, is less able to insinuate itself under the ball than in the case of the more open curve, and so the amount of back spin which it produces is not so great.

CHESS.

All communications to be addressed to the Chess Editor, "The Weekly Graphic and New Zealand Mail," Auckland.

Answers to Correspondents.

H. N.—The question is being continually asked, but owing to the endless number and variety of combination that are possible over the board, it is impossible to give more than an approximate theoretical and practical comparison of the relative powers of the men. Staunton's "Handbook" gives the approximate mathematical value as follows:—Taking the pawn as the unit, the knight is worth 3.05; the bishop, 3.50; the rook, 5.48; and the queen, 9.94.

KING.—As you rightly observe, many players do not make good use of their king in end play. However, after considerable experience and study in pawn endings, the player will realise that the power of the king is stronger than that of a knight or a bishop.

BEGINNER.—There is no particular opening by which you could obtain a superior position; indeed, if a royal road were possible for White, having first move, to force Black, by a series of moves, into an inferior position, the game of chess would no longer be the noble pastime that it has been considered since its introduction into civilised countries.

Solution to Position No. 4.

K-R2, K-R2; K-R3, K-Kt2; Kt-Kt3, K-R2; K-B4, K-Kt3; K-Kt4, K-R2; K-R5, K-Kt2; K-Kt5, K-R2; K-B6, K-Kt; K-Kt6, K-R; K-B7, K-R2; rook mates.

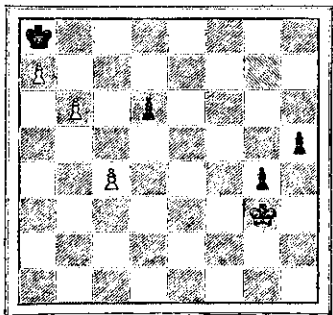
Solution to Position No. 5.

Key move: R x P.

Position No. 6.

End Game Study.

Black.



White.

White to play and win.
Forsyth Notation: k7; P7; lP1p4; 7p; 2P3pl; 6K1; 8; 8.

Chess in Ireland.

A fine consultation game, played during Mr. F. J. Lee's visit to Ireland.

"Petroff Defence."
White.
Boffe and Peake. Parnell and Lee.
1. P-K4 P-K4
2. Kt-KB3 Kt-KB3
3. P-Q4 Kt x P
4. Kt x P Kt-KB3
5. P-QB3 P-Q3
6. B-Q3 P-Q3
7. Kt x Kt (a) P x Kt
8. Castles B-K2
9. P-KB4 (b) P-Q4
10. Kt-Q2 P-B4
11. Kt-B3 P x P
12. Kt x P Castles
13. K-R P-B4

14. Kt-B5 Q-B2
15. Kt x B ch Q x Kt
16. B-Q2 Kt-K5
17. Q-B2 P-B4
18. QR-K (c) B-K3
19. P-B4 (d) P-Q5 (e)
20. P-QB3 (f) R-H3
21. P-QK4 B-R3
22. K-K4 Q-R5
23. P-R3 R-K3
24. R x Kt Q x RP
25. K-B2 P x B
26. B x P P-Q6
27. B x R B x KP (g)
28. Resigns.

Notes.

- (a) Kt-B3 is better. It is seldom good to exchange in this manner.
- (b) A move that greatly weakens White's position. B-K3 is probably as good as anything.
- (c) B-R3, with the object of playing QR-KB and B-K is more attractive.
- (d) B-K3 for the purpose of B x Kt, followed by Q-KB2, would have given White a more level game.
- (e) Black has now a fine position, with a powerful passed pawn.
- (f) There is no time for this pawn play. R-K2 and B-K are almost necessary.
- (g) The ending is played in a masterly manner.

Concerning An Ancient Opening.

- 1. P-K4 P-K4
- 2. Kt-KB3 Kt-QR3
- 3. B-B4 B-B4

In practice, 3... Kt-KB3 yields good results, but is the sacrifice of a pawn in the "Two Knights Defence" theoretically sound?

- 4. P-B3 Kt-KB3

A move often played, but not good. Black's most logical reply is P-Q3

- 5. P-Q4 P x P
- 6. P x P B-Kt5 ch
- 7. Kt-B3

This move, occurring in Greco, has been quite abandoned—why, I cannot say. It has considerable worth. The sacrifice of a pawn leads to a very lively attack, and makes an extremely interesting game.

In 1895, at the Hastings International Tourney, Steinitz played a memorable game that was accounted the finest in the contest. His adversary, M. de Bardeleben, replied 7... P-Q4 (we shall see later that 7... Kt x KP is equally disadvantageous), and the continuation was 8 P x P, KKt x P; 9 Castles, B-K3. The game showed that the defence adopted by Bardeleben was not good. For a long time it was thought that Black got a good game by

- 8. Castles 8. B x Kt
- 7. Kt x KP

If now 9 P x B, then P-Q4, etc. But M. Moller, of Stockholm, had the ingenious idea of continuing

- 9. P-Q5!

and the defence becomes very difficult for Black.

Next week I will give a summary of the conclusions arrived at, after a lengthy and minute analysis of this interesting opening, by D. Janowski, M. Teichmann, Herren Palindrich, and Victor Tetz.

BRIDGE.

Defensive Spades.

Some few weeks back I gave, at the request of my readers, some of the pros and cons in favour of and against an original spade. I must confess I used to be a very strong and firm supporter of a defensive spade make, but lately I have had my confidence a good deal shaken, and am beginning to think that though one must frequently go down when leaving it on a really rotten hand instead of declaring spades original, yet in the long run one wins in the aggregate number of points. Quite lately I had the two following hands dealt me:—

1. Hearts: Nine, seven.
Diamonds: Six.
Clubs: Nine, eight, six, four, two.
Spades: Knave, nine, eight, six, two.
A defensive spade call if ever there was one. The score was love all in the second game, and, contrary to my usual custom, I passed. My partner called hearts. A led king of diamonds, and my partner put down—

Hearts: Ace, king, queen, knave, ten, six.
Diamonds: Knave, nine, three.
Clubs: King, queen.
Spades: Queen, seven.

A led ace of diamonds the second trick, and I trumped with the seven of hearts, and led a small club, which A took with the ace, and (wrongly) led ten of spades; B won with the king, and played the ace back. A failed, and B played another, on which I put the eight, Dummy overtrumping with the ten, and, leading another diamond, I made my nine of hearts, and we scored 24 below and 80 above, a total of 104. If I had made spades we should have made one club, one heart, and three spades, and lost 4 below and 4 above, a balance of 112 in favour of leaving it in this case, to say nothing of the fact that from 24 in our next deal we won the game and rubber.

2. I took up:
Hearts: Six.
Diamonds: Ten, seven, six.
Clubs: Nine, seven.
Spades: Knave, ten, seven, six, four, three, two.
I passed, Dummy called no trumps. A club was led, and Dummy put down:
Hearts: Ace, ten, seven.
Diamonds: Ace, queen, nine, three, two.
Clubs: Ace.
Spades: Ace, king, nine, five.

and we made seven spades and the other three aces, or 48 below and 100 above. If I had called spades we should have made 11 tricks, or ten below and 4 above, a balance in favour of leaving it (in this case) of 134, to say nothing of the rubber which this game won. The balance of points in my favour by leaving these two calls was actually 246, quite omitting the fact that two rubbers were practically won by these "passes."

Now, I am not arguing from results; there are many instances showing that leaving it on such hands was attended with disastrous results, and tricks and games were lost on an expensive call by dummy even with a good hand. But what I want to point out is the fact that in two games only I was 246 points to the good, and that balance will stand a loss of 20 tricks in no trumps, 30 tricks in hearts, 40 tricks in diamonds, or 60 in clubs before it is dissipated, to my leaving it, the value of which may be put down at 300 points at least, and with the bets on the rubber as 500. Therefore, I shall go on with that balance in hand, and if I occasionally lose one or two tricks in hearts or no trumps, when I pass on a rotten hand, I might for a long time consider that I am well to the good. Of course, such strong calls from dummy are an exception, but it must be remembered that if you hold a knave only, there are 15 other court cards to be divided among three, and your partner may have your share as well as his own. I, therefore, was prepared to risk an occasional loss for the chance of doing much better.

Of course, I am always assuming that your partner is a player, and not a person who calls hearts on a pass with queen and three small ones, and a guarded king in another suit; or no trumps also on a pass, with no guards in the red suits. If I were blessed with such a partner I should become more of a spade caller than the greatest advocate of the defensive game, but I am thankful to say that I don't play with many who are so unwise. Of course, I am not saying that the above two hands prove anything, for they are extraordinary hands in their way, but from the statistics which appeared in an American paper some months back, it certainly seems to me, provided that those statistics are correct, that in the long run one wins in points. On the other hand, it must be remembered that in that long run you are probably playing with a number of partners. And of these partners, those with whom you go down will certainly not bless you—in fact, they will probably do the reverse.—"Araez," in the "Australian Star."

It is said that a new supply of radium has been discovered by Portugal by Thomas H. V. Bower, a member of the American Institute of Mechanical Engineers. A certain stream, was reputed to have therapeutic properties. Mr. Bower followed the stream to its source, and discovered that it ran over a bed of uranium phosphate.

Volunteer Notes.

By RIFLEMAN.



(By WHALEBONE.)

THE regimental rifle meeting of the Mounted will take place early in November, at Penton's range. Amongst the trophies to be competed for will be the Wiseman Belt.

The final match for Hallenstein Bros.' trophy was fired last Saturday week by the members of the A Squadron, A.M.K., and after a close finish, Mr. Holden proved the winner.

The First Regiment A.M.R. will parade at Papakura on Dominion Day, Pukekohe, Clevedon, Franklin, and Auckland squadrons taking part. The men will assemble on Saturday, parade on Sunday, and disperse on the same evening.

The following are the dates for the annual training camps of the Auckland Garrison Artillery for this year—No. 2 Co. G.A.V., January 7th, 1910, to January 22nd, 1910; No. 3 Co. G.A.V., January 14th, 1910, to January 29th, 1910; No. 1 Co. G.A.V., February 4th, 1910, to February 19th, 1910.

Specialists of the A Battery—gun layers, range takers, etc.—last week commenced the instructional course preparatory to the annual camp. The classes are held every Tuesday night under the direction of the battery officers. It is hoped, as soon as the weather is favourable, to go for a week-end trek out towards Pānui district, and give all ranks some practical instruction.

The No. 2 Co. G.A.V. are still recruiting well; so well, in fact, that the company has ordered from Gibson & Sons, London, another £170 worth of full uniform uniforms. The last shipment, which arrived two months ago, has already been served out.

The company routine orders issued by Captain E. S. Moran, of the No. 3 Co., Auckland Division, will contain notice of the approval of the following promotions:—Corps, McIntyre and Urquhart to be acting-sergeants; Bombs, Hood, Skeates, Golden, and Brothers to be acting-corporals.

No. 3 Natives' football team, by their defeat of Collyer's side, are pointing to have practically won the Hazard Cup. It was a ding dong go, and attracted a "full house." The reminder to the officers that their presence at these contests would not be out of place, and that it would be to their heart, and I noticed quite a number of them sound the line at the match.

The undermentioned officers, having passed an examination under the Central Board of Military Examination, have been granted certificates of rank:—For major, Captain A. W. Jones, No. 1 Company, N.Z.E.V., and Captain G. Sherson, A Battery, N.Z.E.A.V. For captain, Lieutenant C. E. Andrews, No. 1 Company, N.Z.E.V., and Lieutenant P. B. Greenhouse, No. 1 Company, Auckland Garrison Artillery.

A military correspondent of the London "Daily Telegraph" writes:—"The short rifle is, it seems, already doomed, and a new weapon with a more satisfactory recoil-bolt action and a better system of sighting, is to be adopted. As reported, the committee of experts recommend the issue of the new rifle as soon as possible, although at the same time there is to be a consensus of opinion amongst them that this, the next Army rifle, will only be a stop-gap prior to the introduction of some form of automatic firearm."

General orders by the New Zealand Council of Defence include the following announcements:—Obituary: Captain W. P. Wall, late of the Royal New Zealand Artillery, August 10, 1909. Lieutenant J. H. M. (captain), New Zealand Militia, obituary list, July 27, 1909. Lieutenant W. L. Robinson, No. 2 Company, N.Z.E.V., has been appointed a lieutenant in the New Zealand Militia. Leave of absence for 15 months has been granted to Captain R. S. Matthews, N.Z.M., with permission to be absent from the Dominion. Capt. W. H. Parkes, M.B., N.Z. Medical Corps, has been gazetted major.

It is desired that very complete arrangements for Dominion Day church parades should be made. The instruction will be issued of the Defence Forces. Parades are to be local no train expenses to be allowed. It is left to the option of the O.C. District to hold a large open-air service or to arrange for services at the various churches. The latter plan has been adopted. The impressiveness of an open-air service is impaired by the fact that only a portion of the troops can hear the sermon, while the sight-seeing public is not always conspicuous for reverence. Arrangements as to the churches they will attend are left in the hands of officers commanding battalions, etc. The Auckland troops will precede in Friess-street. The band will move along the column playing the church call, and ending with a hymn, after which the troops will be marched to their respective churches.

The question of recognizing members of the St. John Ambulance Brigade as a reserve for the regular army medical service in the Dominion is being considered for some time. The St. John authorities have been in communication with the Defence Council about the matter, and there is a likelihood of the

proposal being put into operation. There are but five Bearer Corps in the Dominion, and it is recognised that, however efficient these corps may be, they would be quite incapable of conducting in connection with a large body of men and heavy casualties. The St. John Ambulance Brigade has a membership of 1300, out of which it would be easy to find a large proportion willing to act as a reserve. They would require to undergo some extra training in sanitation, etc., and examination by one of the Defence Forces' medical staff would be necessary before a man was enrolled. The proposal is an exceptionally valuable one, and the offer should be availed of by the Defence Council.

The following items of general interest appear in the latest routine orders issued by Lieut.-Col. G. W. S. Patterson, O.C. Auckland Division N.Z. Garrison Artillery Volunteers:—The appointment of Mr. Charles Willis Coles as acting-lieutenant in No. 2 Company is approved. The resignation of Lieut. Thomas Vaughan, No. 2 Company, has been accepted. The under-mentioned non-coms. have passed the qualifying examination for certificates:—Richard Maxwell, Thomas Battersby, and Robert Black, of No. 2 Company, for sergeant; Robert Golden, No. 3 Company, for sergeant; Edgar Skeates and Kenneth Urquhart, of No. 3 Company, for corporal. It is notified for general information that the under-mentioned staff sergeant-major has been promoted to warrant officer:—Alfred Cheator, Joseph Coleman, and Michael McDonnell. The attention of officers-commanding companies is directed to the fact that form No. 3 (appointment of volunteers), is an important form, and should be made out in ink, all questions on the face of form should be fully answered, and in the case of apprentices a certificate from the employer must accompany the form. Every soldier who takes that form reaches the office in a good state of preservation. Sergt.-Major J. E. Hill, No. 2 Company, N.Z.G.A.V., is transferred to the reserve of his corps.

Now that attention has again been directed to the comprehensive scheme of Dominion defence, propounded by Captain Richardson, chief instructor of artillery—one of the most capable officers in New Zealand—the following resume of his proposals will be read with interest:—

The army will consist of: First line—National Guard; second line—Reserve to National Guard; third line—Special reserve. The first line will consist of all men between the ages of 18 and 24 who reside at the larger towns or on the main railway routes, and after serving three years would be transferred to the second line or reserve. The second line would comprise all men who had served three years in the first line. Married men in the second line might at their own request be transferred to the third line. The third line would consist of all men between the ages of 18 and 24 (other than those in the first and second lines), or away from the main line of communication, and would, therefore, be unable to attend drills or receive the same amount of instruction as men of the first line. On reaching the age of 18 every male would report himself to the nearest military register, and be allotted to that branch of the service for which he was considered most suited. Claims for consideration of postponement, would be considered by a local militia committee board. The figures work out that in 1910 the total men thus raised would be 7900, while at the end of six years it would be 47,489. It is proposed to ever exceed this number under arms in peacetime, otherwise the force would grow to an undue size. After serving six years in either the first and second lines or in the third line, men would be discharged, thus permitting the establishment to be stationary at 18,000 for the first line, 18,000 for the second, and 11,480 for the third. Officers and non-coms. would be retained if possible, and retired only under an age limit. The number of retired men at the end of 12 years, apart from any augmentation from the volunteers, would be 94,440, in 24 years 188,880, and in 30 years every man between the ages of 18 and 48 would be trained to arms, giving practically an armed nation with an available force of 200,000 men. Dealing with the supply of officers, Captain Richardson suggests the establishment of a District Officers' Training Centre, from which officers could be drafted to all vacancies. This training could be adopted quite easily, with very little strain on the present staff for the first year, if the officers and non-coms. of the first line were trained under the new conditions, and the men were arranged in the three lines according to their ages, the present units to be re-numbered and form the nucleus of the new force. All units would be organised on the same basis as the Imperial service. The training would be carried out without interfering with business, the instruction being given as follows: One half-day in the first year, one day in the second, one day in the third, one day in the fourth, one day in the fifth, one day in the sixth, one day in the seventh, one day in the eighth, one day in the ninth, one day in the tenth, one day in the eleventh, one day in the twelfth, one day in the thirteenth, one day in the fourteenth, one day in the fifteenth, one day in the sixteenth, one day in the seventeenth, one day in the eighteenth, one day in the nineteenth, one day in the twentieth, one day in the twenty-first, one day in the twenty-second, one day in the twenty-third, one day in the twenty-fourth, one day in the twenty-fifth, one day in the twenty-sixth, one day in the twenty-seventh, one day in the twenty-eighth, one day in the twenty-ninth, one day in the thirtieth, one day in the thirty-first, one day in the thirty-second, one day in the thirty-third, one day in the thirty-fourth, one day in the thirty-fifth, one day in the thirty-sixth, one day in the thirty-seventh, one day in the thirty-eighth, one day in the thirty-ninth, one day in the fortieth, one day in the forty-first, one day in the forty-second, one day in the forty-third, one day in the forty-fourth, one day in the forty-fifth, one day in the forty-sixth, one day in the forty-seventh, one day in the forty-eighth, one day in the forty-ninth, one day in the fiftieth, one day in the fifty-first, one day in the fifty-second, one day in the fifty-third, one day in the fifty-fourth, one day in the fifty-fifth, one day in the fifty-sixth, one day in the fifty-seventh, one day in the fifty-eighth, one day in the fifty-ninth, one day in the sixtieth, one day in the sixty-first, one day in the sixty-second, one day in the sixty-third, one day in the sixty-fourth, one day in the sixty-fifth, one day in the sixty-sixth, one day in the sixty-seventh, one day in the sixty-eighth, one day in the sixty-ninth, one day in the seventieth, one day in the seventy-first, one day in the seventy-second, one day in the seventy-third, one day in the seventy-fourth, one day in the seventy-fifth, one day in the seventy-sixth, one day in the seventy-seventh, one day in the seventy-eighth, one day in the seventy-ninth, one day in the eightieth, one day in the eighty-first, one day in the eighty-second, one day in the eighty-third, one day in the eighty-fourth, one day in the eighty-fifth, one day in the eighty-sixth, one day in the eighty-seventh, one day in the eighty-eighth, one day in the eighty-ninth, one day in the ninetieth, one day in the ninety-first, one day in the ninety-second, one day in the ninety-third, one day in the ninety-fourth, one day in the ninety-fifth, one day in the ninety-sixth, one day in the ninety-seventh, one day in the ninety-eighth, one day in the ninety-ninth, one day in the hundredth.

FIXTURES.
Sept. 15 and 16—Ashburton County R.C. Spring.
Sept. 15 and 16—Rangitikei R.C. Spring.
Sept. 18, 22, and 25—Avondale J.C. Spring.
Sept. 23 and 25—Wanganui J.C. Spring.
Sept. 30 and Oct. 1—Geraldine R.C. Spring.
October 2, 4, 6 and 8—A.J.C. Spring.
October 7—Ohoka and Eyreton J.C. Annual.
October 13 and 14—Dunedin J.C. Spring.
Nov. 17, 20—Otahuhu Trotting Club Spring.

Lady Regal, by Regal—Idis, has foaled a filly to Soult.

The local coursing season was brought to a close at Middlemore Park, Otahuhu, on Saturday.

At Glenora Park, Erry Roe, by St Hippo—Eleris, and St. Edith, by St. Leger—Pisidilla, have both foaled fillies to Soult.

Up-to-date is again in work at Flemington after a month's spell, which seems to have done him a lot of good.

Mr E. J. Watt has presented the Hawke's Bay Jockey Club with a cup as a trophy for the Hawke's Bay Cup Handicap of 1910.

The well-known light-weight, B. Hatch, has been retained to ride for Messrs Stead and Greenwood, and is to leave F. Higget at once.

W. H. Peatson, who was disqualified for life by the Wairoa Jockey Club, is now riding at the Wellington Pony and Galloway Meetings.

The two-year-old filly by Soult—Boxana, purchased from Mrs. J. Lennard by Mr. Tommy Burns, is to be shipped to Australia on Monday next.

The three-year-old colt St. Amans, by Soult—Lottie, has resumed work again at Eleris, and is back in his old quarters at F. Macmanemina's.

Capitol is to be treated to a spell, after his exertions during the winter, and he is enjoying an easy time of it at his owner's place at the Thames.

B. Deeley will ride the Soult—Vexation filly in the Avondale Stakes, and M. Ryan will have the mount on the Gluten—Goldweb colt in the same race.

At Cambria Park, Anadyemene, by Dreadnought—Aphrodite, has foaled a colt to Eton; and Guinevere, by Sir Lancelot—Oriental, a colt to Obligate.

Trainers at Eleris are experiencing considerable difficulty in getting suitable boys to attend to horses, and one or two horses are out of work in consequence.

Reports from Christchurch state that Hecuba, runner-up in the New Zealand Cup last year, is coming on nicely in her preparation for this year's big handicap.

Consequent on his victory in the Marton Handicap at the recent Marton meeting, Sandstream, by Sun Fran—Ua, has incurred a 5lb penalty for the New Zealand Cup.

Tyranny's record continues to read well, he having now won on five occasions out of six starts, three on the flat and twice over hurdles. His only failure so far has been in the Tutuenui Welter, at Marton.

Mr M. McGrath, writing to a Sydney paper with reference to the alleged backing of names named for the Epsom Handicap, states that he has not supported his horse for that event.

R. Hatch, the well known jockey, is said to have been the victim of a robbery in a hotel, where he was staying recently. The sum abstracted from his room was of no inconsiderable amount.

Two of Mr George Currie's mares arrived from Wanganui during the week on a visit to Soult, another son-in-law in Herby's being brought from Oamaru also to be mated with the Glenora Park champion.

The two three-year-old geldings in D. Bannatyne's stable have had the following names claimed for them:—B. g. by Soult—Brown Rose, "Monocle"; b. g. by Soult—Aprilion, "Spectre".

The annual report of the stewards of the Wellington Racing Club states that the profits on the year's working amounted to £3724. The stakes distributed during the season totalled £37,170.

Mr H. R. McKenzie has purchased from Mr Hill, of the Waikato, two brood mares,

one by Cyrenian—Paulina, and the other by Leonius, out of the Cyrenian—Paulina mare. The former is to visit Stjepak and the latter Soult.

The following names have been claimed for three of the two-year-olds in F. Macmanemina's charge:—Colt, by Obligate—Tourmanemina, "Asby"; colt, by Gluten—Goldweb, "Doughboy"; colt, by Soult—Lady B, "His Highness."

The Leonitis gelding Le Bear is stated to have quite recovered from the accident which befel him while contending the C.J.C. Grand National Steeplechase, and has been entered for the hurdle events at the Ashburton meeting.

The Merrilee gelding Tumut was to have made his Australian racing debut at the Canterbury Park meeting on Saturday last. Seeing that he had not done a great deal of work, however, it is doubtful if he would be asked to go on with the engagement.

A. Oliver, the well known Southern horseman, who is to ride Frovocation and Artillerie at the Australian Race Club's meeting, left for Sydney last week. He may return to the Dominion in time for the spring meeting at Trentham.

While working at F. Tiley's private track at Fordell on Friday last, Frisco broke down, and his turf career has closed. He won the New Zealand Cup two years ago, and made his last appearance in a Cup race last November. He may take up stud duty in the Matiborough district.

The American horses have been racing with considerable success in England this season. At the Goodwood meeting in July, the Stewards' Cup fell to the American owner, Mr E. L. Butler, through the services of Mediant, a three-year-old filly by Medler—Balastrae.

The Whangarei Racing Club Committee has decided to have a trotting race on each of the days of this annual race meeting, provided the consent of the New Zealand Trotting Association can be obtained. A stake of £15 will be offered in each instance.

H. Gray, who was recently reinstated by the Auckland Metropolitan Club, was not long out of the saddle, and his satisfaction of riding a winner at his first attempt, steering First Consul to victory in the Maiden Plate. He also had the mount on Duke, his winning engagements, and altogether had a good meeting.

The promising young horse Mandarene is this season to be at the service of breeders of trotting horses. Mandarene, which showed great paces in his races last year, is a beautifully bred horse, with perfect action, and as he is to be limited to a dozen mares, owners would do well to make early application. Full particulars can be obtained from W. Orange, of Kohimarama.

The well-known trainer, P. McLaughlin, had a narrow escape from a serious accident on Monday last. He was leading the mare Tarina into the paddock, when something started her, and, rearing, she struck out with her front feet, just grazing the trainer's head and shoulders, but catching his hand and tearing it badly. Another few inches and the consequences would probably have been serious.

The Auckland Trotting Club have drawn up their programmes for their spring and summer meetings, and from them I gather that the club has increased the stakes for the two gatherings just on £500. At the spring meeting there is an event for trotters only on each day, and at the summer meeting there are no less than five events for each day, and the club has also been well catered for, and altogether the club have provided a most liberal bill of fare.

On all of Mr. J. Wren's courses in Melbourne there is a betting flag steward, whose business it is to report any changes in the price of the competitors to the stipendiaries. At a recent meeting at Richmond Anam receded in the market, and before the start the rider of the son of Manu got a hint from one of the officials as to how his riding of the gelding might be viewed. Anam won, but only by half-a-head, from the favourite, Maids.

The Stead Memorial Gold Cup, which is raced for at the C.J.C. Metropolitan meeting next November, is a handsome and artistic trophy of solid 18-carat gold, and, with the plinth, stands twelve inches high. The cup, which is of classical design, is a goblet shape, having two small handles. The lid is embossed with the name of the same design, is repeated at the base of the cup. The plinth is perfectly plain with the exception that at the foot there is a small replica of the acanthus design on the lid.

Last season the Auckland Trotting Club offered purses of £100 for any horse capable of lowering the time for a mile...

Mr. D. Twohill has received advice from Mr. W. Lyons that the ship to be named after him was more serious than at first anticipated...

At the annual meeting of the Stratford Racing Club, Dr. Page, who has always been a staunch supporter of the staidly steward movement, moved that it be recommended to the committee...

The Horowhenua Cup on Wednesday last attracted serious attention for the fact that the top-weight for the New Zealand Cup, All Red, was one of the starters...

Mr. John Rowe, president of the Auckland Trotting Club, at the annual meeting of the club, referred to the great loss sustained by the sport in the death of Mr. G. Payling...

There is not much satisfaction to be gained from lodging complaints against handicappers in England; at least, that is the opinion expressed by Mr. R. Glover...

In reference to the Victorian trainer, Walter Hickenbotham, "Milroy," of the "Hydney Mail," recites an old-time incident as follows:—It may not be generally known that Walter rode in the famous mile race...

At the annual meeting of the Auckland Trotting Club, Mr. John Rowe, the president, recommended the committee to increase the stakes at least £100 per day, which would

be an increase of £800 on the amount distributed last year. With regard to the existing programme for records the club would again place purses at the disposal of owners...

TURE TALK FROM THE SOUTH.

CHRISTCHURCH, Friday. Gwendolyn has been enjoying a short respite since the Grand National meeting, hence her withdrawal from her engagements at the National meeting...

The yearling brother to Provocation has been named Ovation. He figures in most of the C.J.C. classic races to be run next season.

The Lake County Jockey Club held their annual meeting recently, when it was decided to give away 475 sovs. in stakes on December 10 and 11.

The yearling Martian—Gossip filly has been aptly named War Scare. This filly is half sister to Aberbrock and is going in for extensive improvements on the course at Addington.

The death of a horse in Australia was announced by the cable last week, is a full sister to the hurdler Rangihata. He started seven times in New Zealand last season without registering a win.

AVONDALE ACCEPTANCES.

The following acceptances have been received in connection with the Avondale Jockey Club's spring meeting, which opens on Saturday next:—

- AVONDALE STAKES of 200sovs. Four furlongs. Bay filly, by South—Miss Annie Chestnut filly, by Seaton Delaval—Orange and Blue...

- Michaelson 7.3, Plock 6.10. Maiden Handicap, six furlongs.—Subima 9.0, Winstan 7.13, Royal Scotland 7.10, Prince Leo 7.10, Monsieur Roubt 7.10, Fleet Arrow 7.9, Urania 7.8, Admiral Scott 7.8, Heka 7.8, Dainty 7.8, Phoebe 7.4, Spectra 7.4, Cenozo 7.4, Lady Phoebe 7.4, New 7.4, Garuda 7.3, Sibire 7.2, Loyola 7.2, Fusa 7.0, Lady Doo 7.0, Flying South 7.0...

HOROWHENUA RACES.

LEVIN, Wednesday. The weather is fine, but cold, for the Horowhenua Racing Club's meeting to-day. The course is fast, and there is a fair attendance. Results: Maiden Handicap, six furlongs.—Dolce, 7.10, 1; Shannon Lass, 8.5, 2; To Roti, 7.11, 3. Won by half a length. Scatched: Wairari and Messenger.

SECOND DAY.

LEVIN, Thursday. Splendid weather prevailed, the course was in good order, and the attendance large for the second day of the Horowhenua Racing Club's Meeting. The totalisator turnover for the two days amounted to £7560. Levin Handicap of 60sovs, seven furlongs.—Lord Sout, 9.3, 1; Waitata, 6.10, 2; Hermia, 7.3, 3. Scatched: Inez and Pukana. Won by two lengths.

High-weight Handicap.—Buoyant, 8.2 (Lambert), 1; Te Diane, 8.2, 2; Waipouni, 8.14, 3. Also started: Rangikura, Cobour, Merry Messenger. Won by a neck, a head between two second and third horses. Time, 1.21.

WANGANUI SPRING MEETING.

WANGANUI, Thursday. The following weights have been declared by Mr George Horne for the open handicap events to be run on the first day of the Wanganui Jockey Club's Spring Meeting:—Flying Handicap, six furlongs.—North-east 9.5, St. Hill 8.12, Tipias 8.9, Longers 8.0, Moya 7.13, Gold Lace 7.12, Wimmera 7.12, Pohutu 7.11, Diamond Star 7.9, Sir Antrun 7.9, Boanerges 7.2, Overtime 7.1, Te Kaurangi 7.1, Morrivonla 7.0, Waitata 6.14, Alma 6.9, Nectine 6.7.

AUSTRALIAN RACING.

SYDNEY, September 11. At the Sydney Tattersall's Club's meeting at Randwick to-day the following were the results of the principal events:—CHELMSFORD STAKES, One mile and a furlong. J. Baron's Prince Foote, 1.2.3. J. Whitworth's br m Artillerie, 1.2.3. J. E. O'Brien's b c Mait King, 1.2.3. Prince Foote won comfortably by a couple of lengths.

UNDER DIFFERENT CIRCUMSTANCES

Artist: Have you noticed that long hair makes a man look intellectual? "Well, I've seen wives pick them off their husband's coats when it made them look foolish."

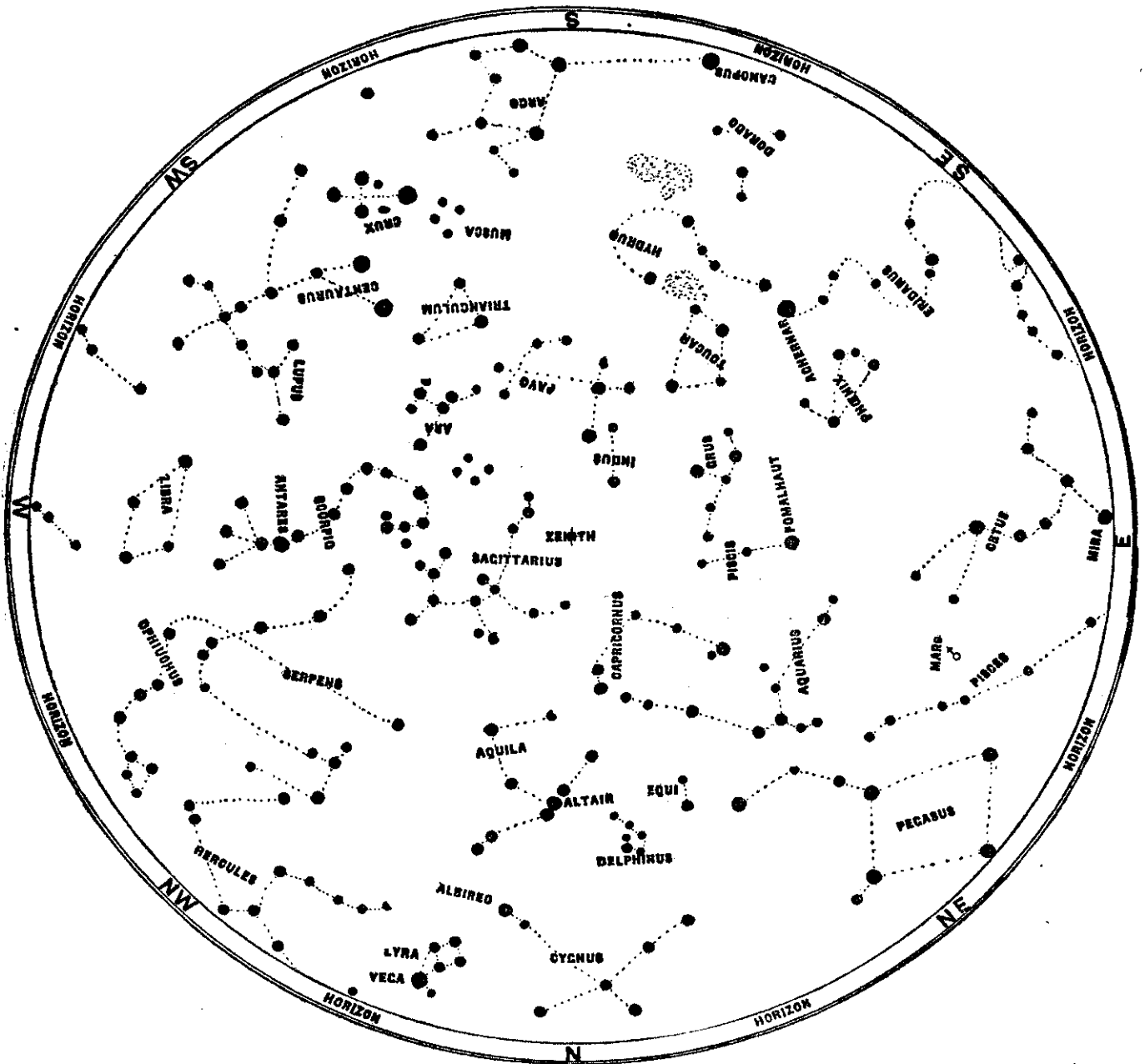
FOR TIRED PEOPLE

Who overstrain in one way and another there is nothing so beautiful or so restful as a cup of good Tea, made right and served right. But it must be good. The high-water mark of excellence is reached by "CHOYSA" Brand Tea. It is delightfully refreshing and fragrant, and has a delicious flavour all its own.

Camera Excellence. IN PHOTOGRAPHY, the sifted science of the world has at length produced an absolutely perfect Camera. The Camera that combines and unites all the good points of all the others with some exclusively its own is The Century! Prices from £2126 to £250. FOR A DEMONSTRATION OF THE QUALITY OF THESE CAMERAS, GO AND SEE Sharland & Co., Ltd., Lorne St., AUCKLAND. Sharland & Co., Ltd., Photo Depot, LAMBTON QUAY, WELLINGTON.

THE NIGHT SKY IN SEPTEMBER

THE STAR CHART BELOW IS SPECIALLY PREPARED FOR THE "N.Z. GRAPHIC" BY MR. J. T. WARD, DIRECTOR OF THE WANGANUI OBSERVATORY.



THE stars and other celestial bodies are shown on the above chart as about 8 p.m. of the 15th. They may be seen in the sky at observer being aware that any star rises, and comes to the meridian about four minutes earlier each succeeding evening, will see, that for an earlier date than the 15th, he must look later in the evening for the same appearance, while for a later date earlier by about four minutes for each day. If the chart is held to show the southern aspect it must be reversed. In any case the compass point that corresponds with the direction under observation must be underneath, then the chart which show the stars as they appear

in the sky. By comparing the above chart with that for August it will be seen that several constellations then visible in the western sky have now disappeared, which others have now come into view above the eastern horizon. Turning to the north we see that Cygnus, the Swan, is now on the meridian, with Aquila, the Eagle, a little west of it and higher. The Great Square of Pegasus has risen in the north-east, and the little Dolphin lies over Cygnus. Pisces, just now the abode of the red planet Mars, is slightly east of Pegasus, with Cetus just south of the east point. Aquarius and Capricornus are over Pisces and the southern Fishes, with the bright star

Fomalhaut to the right with Grus, the Southern Crane. The long trailing shape of Eridanus the River, with the bright star Achernar, is in the south-east with Phoenix and Toucan, Hydrus, and the two Magellanic Clouds. Low down, east of south, Canopus, the brightest of Argo, may be seen, while slightly to the right the Cross and the two bright "pointers" may now be seen working down towards their lower transit. Centaurus is conspicuous over the south-west, with the Triangle above it. Libra is near the horizon in the west, followed at some distance by the Scorpion and Sagittarius near the zenith. The interlaced forms of Ophiuchus and Serpens with Hercules

fill the north-west quadrant, with Lyra and the brilliant Vega low down west of the northern meridian. The planet Mars is now the prime object of attraction, his brilliant presence securing the attention of the most casual observers; seen in the telescope at this time he is a most interesting object. His southern polar cap is disappearing rapidly, while the dark bordering around it is especially prominent at this opposition. On the evening of the 24th the three bodies—the Sun, Earth and Mars—will be in line—the earth, of course, in the centre—and telescopists should lose no opportunity of scrutinising our neighbours interesting surface at this time.

NOTICE BY THE PUBLIC TRUSTEE, UNDER "THE PUBLIC TRUST OFFICE ACT, 1908," PART II, UNCLAIMED LANDS.

To the owner or owners of a parcel of land containing 10 acres more or less, being Allotment No. 19, Settlement of Tangaruru, Suburban Section 2, in the Parish of Waipipi, in the Provincial District of Auckland, bounded on the North-east by a road 606 links, on the South-east by Allotment 18, 1851 links, on the South-west by Allotments 14 and 13, 606 links, and on the North-west by Allotment 20, 1851 links.

The land is registered in the name of Thomas Parkin, described as of Wellington, Engineer, who cannot now be traced. WHEREAS the Public Trustee has instituted inquiries, and has not thereby ascertained who the owner or owners of the above-described land is or are, and believes that such owner is, or owners are, not in the Dominion.

NOW this notice calls upon such owner or owners, within six months of the date of the publication of this notice in this Gazette, to establish to the satisfaction of the Public Trustee, his or their title to the land specified in this notice; and, if such owners do not so establish his or their title, so far as limited, so establish his or their title, the Public Trustee will exercise the powers and authorities granted to him in and by "The Public Trust Office Act, 1908." Dated this 17th day of August, 1909.

J. W. POYNTER, Public Trustee.

NOTE.—This Notice was published in the New Zealand Gazette on the 19th day of August, 1909.

TENDERS FOR INLAND MAIL SERVICE FAIRLIE-HERMITAGE.

General Post Office, Wellington, 18th 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, Kimbell, Burke's Pass, Lake Tekapo, Balmoral, Lake Pukaki, and Hermitage, from 1st November, 1909, to 31st October, 1915, twice weekly; Fairlie, Kimbell, Burke's Pass, Lake Tekapo, Balmoral, and Lake Pukaki, from 1st May to 31st October, twice weekly; also Fairlie, Kimbell, and Burke's Pass, from 1st May to 31st October, once weekly. Alternative to twice weekly and once weekly, previously advertised.

[Note.—The Government-owned stables at Glentanner (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 Offices at Christchurch, Timaru, and Dunedin, and at the Post Office, Fairlie.

No tender will be accepted unless made on the printed form. Tenders for Fairlie-Hermitage Mail Service, to be addressed to the Chief Postmaster, Timaru.

D. ROBERTSON, Secretary.

BANK OF NEW SOUTH WALES
Established 1817.

HEAD OFFICE: George St., SYDNEY
Paid-up Capital £2,500,000
Reserve Fund £1,650,000
Reserve Liability of Proprietors... £2,500,000
£6,650,000

Directors:

The Hon. C. K. Macellar, M.L.C., President
The Hon. Sir Norman MacLaurin, Kt., M.L.C.
Senator The Hon. James Thomas Walker
The Hon. Rev. James Black, M.L.C.
Thos. Buckland, Esq.
Richard Blainie, Esq.

Auditors:

William Harrington Palmer, Esq.
Shepherd Edgecliff Laidley, Esq.

LONDON OFFICE:

64 Old Broad Street, E.C.

With Branches in all the Australian States, New Zealand, and Fiji, and Agents and Correspondents throughout Tasmania, the United Kingdom, Europe, India, China, Japan, and East Africa, Canada, the United States, South America, Honolulu, and the West Indies.

Cable remittances made to, and Drafts drawn on Foreign places DIRECT. Foreign Bills negotiated or collected. Letters of Credit and Traveller Notes issued NEGOTIATED.

J. RUSSELL FRENCH, General Manager.

TENDERS FOR INLAND MAIL-SERVICES FOR 1910, 1911, AND 1912 (Additional).

General Post Office, Wellington, 2nd September, 1909.

SEALED TENDERS will be received at the several Chief Post Offices in the Dominion until MONDAY, the 27th September, 1909, for the conveyance of mails between the undermentioned places, for a period of Three Years, from the 1st January, 1910, to the 31st December, 1912.

POSTAL DISTRICT OF AUCKLAND.

- 74a. Ngaruawahia, Te Akatea, Huntly Finger Post, Waingaro, and Raglan Landing, twice weekly; and Waingaro, Waimai, and Pepepe, weekly. (Alternative to Nos. 73, 74, and 74b.)
- 74b. Ngaruawahia, Te Akatea, Huntly Finger Post, Waingaro, and Raglan Landing, thrice weekly; and Waingaro, Waimai, and Pepepe, weekly. (Alternative to Nos. 73, 74, and 74a.)
- 128a. Raglan Landing and Raglan, twice weekly, by launch. (Alternative to No. 128b.)
- 128b. Raglan Landing and Raglan, thrice weekly, by launch. (Alternative to No. 128a.)
- 164a. Te Kuiti, Plopio, Paemako, and Maheoaui, twice weekly. (Alternative to Nos. 163 and 164, and No. 1 New Plymouth District.)

Sea Services.

- 6a. Horeke, Kohukohu, Rawene, Onohi (Colonial Noke's Landing), Koutu, Rangitapu, Opouhiti, and Omapeke, thrice weekly; steamer or launch as required. [Note.—If steamer used, speed not to average less than 9 knots; if launch, to be not less than 5-horse power, and not less a speed than 7½ knots.] (Alternative to No. 6.)

[This advertisement is additional to the advertisement appearing in the supplement to "Gazette," No. 68, of 13th August, 1909. The conditions of tenders are as previously advertised.]

D. ROBERTSON, Secretary.

TENDERS FOR WANGANUI RIVER MAIL SERVICE.

General Post Office, 19th August, 1909.

Tenders will be received by the Chief Postmaster, Wanganui, up to NOON on the 30th September, 1909, for the Carriage of Mails by Steamer between Wanganui and Pipiriki, also between Pipiriki and Taumarunui, from 28th January, 1910, to 30th April, 1915.

Frequency of service to be five times weekly from 1st November to 30th April, and thrice weekly from 1st May to 31st October, in each year, for the service between Wanganui and Pipiriki; and thrice weekly from 16th December to 30th April, and twice weekly from 1st May to 15th December, in each year, for the service between Pipiriki and Taumarunui.

Tenderers will be required to specify the speed, power, and capacity of the steamers to be employed in each of the services. The general and special conditions to which the services will be subject can be ascertained on application to the Secretary, General Post Office, Wellington, or to the Chief Postmaster at Auckland, Wanganui, or Wellington.

The lowest or any tender will not necessarily be accepted.

D. ROBERTSON, Secretary.

TENDERS FOR WANGANUI RIVER MAIL SERVICE.

General Post Office, 7th Sept., 1909.

The time for receiving tenders for the above service has been extended to NOON on the 14th October, 1909.

D. ROBERTSON, Secretary.

Music and Drama.

By BAYREUTH.

BOOKINGS.

(Dates Subject to Alteration.)

AUCKLAND.—HIS MAJESTY'S.
In Season — Julius Knight.
September 20 to October 2—(Announcement not available).
October 4 to 16—Allan Hamilton.
October 18 and 19—Shipman (cancelled).
October 20 to November 6—Pollard's Opera Company.
November 8—Boxing Association.
November 13 to 27—Allan Hamilton.
Xmas Season—J. C. Williamson.

THE OPERA HOUSE.

In Season — Fuller's Pictures.

WELLINGTON.—OPERA HOUSE.

In Season — "Jack and Jill."
Sept. 17 to Oct. 16 — Allan Hamilton.
Oct. 25 to Nov. 13 — J. C. Williamson.
Nov. 15 to Dec. 9 — J. C. Williamson.
December 10 to 18 — M. Branscombe.
Dec. 28 (for six weeks) — J. C. Williamson.

THEATRE ROYAL.

In Season — Fuller's Pictures.

PALMERSTON NORTH MUNICIPAL OPERA HOUSE.

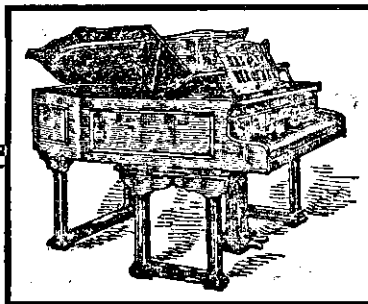
1909.
Sept. 15 — Hayward's Pictures.
Sept. 21 — Boxing Association.
Sept. 22 — Hayward's Pictures.
Sept. 23 and 24 — Technical School.
Sept. 28 — Hayward's Pictures.
Sept. 29 and 30 — Jack and Jill Panto.
Oct. 5 — Hayward's Pictures.
Oct. 6 and 7 — J. C. Williamson.
Oct. 13 to 27 — Hayward's Pictures.
Nov. 1 to 8 — Hugh Ward Musical Comedy.
Nov. 29 to Dec. 1 — Pollard Opera Co.
Dec. 9 — Local Concert.
Dec. 27 to 29 — Carter, the Magician.

The Play That Moved the British Millions.

"An Englishman's Home," staged by the Julius Knight Company in Auckland for three nights, was greeted by packed houses. Public curiosity, so sedulously fed by the cable man from London in the first place, was literally bursting to see the play that is reported to have moved

the British millions. The play did not in Australia repeat its English successes, and it is doubtful whether it will achieve anything greater in New Zealand. It purports to be serious modern drama embracing its most pronounced tendencies towards realism. It is, in short, a play with a purpose. Major du Maurier, the author (who, by the way, is a descendant of the illustrious George, of "Punch" fame) is possessed with an overwhelming sense of conviction that unless the England he pictures gives up its demoralising mania for silly music hall songs and football matches in favour of military training, the country will be overwhelmed by the first invasion successfully planned by foreign foes. To inspire his audience with this conviction he takes "Mr. Brown" as a characteristic type of the great mass of the British public—he and those associated with him in his family circle. Mr. Brown's sense of possession and the rights of private property are worthy of a landowning peer or a Rothschild. He is represented as a man without a particle of that particular patriotic sense which believes in military training for the defence of his country. For him it is sufficient that an Englishman's home is his castle, and that diabolical is a fearfully fascinating game. Only one member of his household, Paul Robinson, takes a serious interest in volunteering, and for his "sense of military duty" is made the butt of paltry witticisms by the rest of the household. Even Maggie Brown, with whom he is in love, when he seeks to win her, intimates that she might care for him more if only his uniform fitted him better. To the inmates of the Brown family, the author adds a lamentable representation of the hopelessly incompetent British volunteer.

The reception of the play by Auckland audiences was a very interesting aspect of the production. For the most part they ignored the intensity, if not



The 'GRANDETTE' Piano

As you know, the tone of the grand piano is much fuller and rounder, has more volume, than an upright instrument. The chief reason for the greater popularity of the latter has hitherto been the awkward shape and ungainly appearance of the grand.

But there is now a grand of artistic shape—the GRANDETTE—made by the world famous piano house, A. ALLISON & CO.

The GRANDETTE represents the greatest advance in piano making for a century. Musically and artistically it is the most nearly perfect piano ever made.

In it you get purity of tone—tremendous power and volume—in the smallest possible dimensions. Its shape is symmetrical—it graces a room no matter where you place it.

You are cordially invited to inspect the Grandette in our showrooms. You will find the new piano interesting.

E. & F. PIANO AGENCY, LTD.,
s. COLDICUTT, Manager.

191 Queen St., Auckland, near H.M. Theatre.

England is the Home of Good Tailoring— London the Fashion Centre of the World.

AN IMPORTANT SAVING
Can be effected if you order your clothes from London.
JOHN J. M. BULT,

Cash Tailor,
140, Fenchurch St., London, Eng., has a Special Department in his business for attending to the requirements of those abroad, where the same personal attention is given which has built up his reputation at home. He guarantees the best quality cloth—the best styles also.

PRICES are as follows:
Frock Coat and Vest . . . from 85/6
Dress Suit (Silk-lined) . . . 85/6
Nelson and Knicker . . . 65/6

A choice of Tweeds, Flannels, Cheviots and Serges may be had. Kindly state which required—and the colour—when writing for patterns. Self-measurement forms on application. As a register is kept of all Customers' measures, an accurate fit is guaranteed.

RIDING BREECHES
cut on the most approved lines from 35/6

ridiculously, serious vein underlying the whole situation and laughed uproariously right through to the third act, until the old man Brown was led out by the invaders and summarily shot. There was no mistaking the attitude of the audience. They treated the first two acts of the play as though it were a musical comedy, and not a few went away with the impression that the author, after providing such excellent humour, let them down rather badly by finishing the old man and his family off so tragically. The bombardment of the house, the boom of distant guns, the scream of the shells followed by the explosions, the ceaseless rifle fire, and the constant shouting of orders, gave melodramatic flourishes to the action and thrilled the house with enough sensations to last them for a month. The realities of the third act woke the audience up to the fact they were witnessing a tragedy. The final scene, however, when the skirl of the pipes is heard, and a mixed assemblage of Highlanders, bluejackets and troopers rush in and make a sort of tableaux representing a glorious conquest for the British Army, simply destroyed at the psychological moment the whole moral of the play. It was a piece of theatrical jingoism designed for the special benefit of the gallery, and for which the author was not responsible.

Major du Maurier shows a characteristic lack of insight into the real condition of his own country. He is dominated entirely by the military point of view—which takes little or no regard for the social and industrial conditions under which the great bulk of the British public live. Mr. Brown and his family are no more characteristic of the Homeland than a gentleman in a red shirt and a slouch hat is typical of New Zealand. They are at best caricatures of a grotesque and entirely laughable type. It is almost ridiculous to think that any intelligent playwright could picture such types as characteristic of a great army of people, who work ten, twelve and fourteen hours a day in factories, offices and shops; to whom the struggle for existence is one continual grind and rush. To expect these people to undergo the rigours of military training whilst the hours of labour are what they are in Britain is only to show the height of ignorance. The picture of the typical Englishman's Home, which colours the pessimism of the author at every turn, is merely a signpost of his imagination. There is no typical Englishman's home. There are a variety of places in which people live, such as the Park Lane mansions, the country seats of peers, and retired manufacturers, the Baywater mansion, or the Bloomsbury boarding house. There is for the middle class of England numerous suburban villas around every great centre, but for the millions of Britain the homes are mainly crowded tenement dwellings and flats, miles of depressing rows of brick houses and great areas of slum properties, wherein filth, disease, social degeneration and infant mortality are rife. Far from presenting any realistic state of affairs, Major du Maurier's play is simply a caricature of types that exist chiefly in a popular imagination fed by shoddy stage and music hall productions and cheap comic journals. His representation of the British volunteers as typified in Captain Finch, was conceived much in the same vein. He is evidently too much of an officer and a gentleman to touch on a matter so delicate as the alleged efficiency of his brothers-in-commission, and their prototypes who so conspicuously adorned the field in South Africa as they do Piccadilly and Pall Mall to-day. The satires are, to say the least, not happily chosen. The overwhelming sense of caricature dominating the whole production could only overcome a colonial audience with laughter and wonder why such a play could have excited such interest in England. It must not be forgotten in this connection that the Mother Country is made up of distinct classes and clear-cut political types. There are many people there who think, with the author, that it is high time compulsory military service was introduced and musical hall songs and football crazes done away with, quite regardless that these evidences of thirst for popular pleasures are largely the reaction of the public mind against the depressing and wearying conditions under which the bulk of the people are compelled to live and work. It is, moreover, traditional with Englishmen to satirise the British volunteers. "Punch,"—that organ of popular prejudices—has been doing it for years. It is a highly debatable point whether the so-called inefficiency of the citizen soldier is as lamentable as it is represented. Major

du Maurier, in his conception of Captain Finch and the Blinkshire Volunteers, is little better than "Reggie Brown," against whom all his thinly veiled bitterness is hurled. He has to descend to caricature in order to try and drum it into the British imagination that there is only one thing that can save England, and that is conscription. However foreign this idea may be to the Anglo-Saxon conception of liberty, there is no doubt there is a considerable section of a British public who dearly love a military drama. When you add to that a furious bombardment lasting through two acts, make your invaders unmistakably German, and, lastly, have your play boomed by a powerful and jingoistic press, it is easy to understand the tremendous success of "An Englishman's Home" in Britain. So far as the Australasian colonies are concerned, the play only confirms what has already been shown, and that is the popular successes of the day in England can be by no means certain of an overwhelming reception from a colonial audience. The class prejudices of the Old Land soon die in the cosmopolitan environment of the colonies. Major du Maurier's play is essentially one teeming with class prejudices. Hence its reception at the hands of colonial audiences.

The Performance at His Majesty's.

The characterisation by the Williamson Company was on the whole fairly good. The "Geoffrey Smith" of Mr Aubrey Mallalieu, "Reggie Brown" of Mr Thos. H. E. Foeter, and "Captain Finch" of Mr. Leslie Victor were capital representations. Mr George Chalmers (whom I cannot help regarding as one of the most promising members of the company) made an excellent Col. Sergt. Harris. Mr Winter Hall's "Mr Brown" was a decidedly vigorous and determined old gentleman, who stood in effective contrast to the strong, though somewhat melodramatic characterisation of Captain Prince Voland by Mr Sydney Sterling, Mr Julius Knight had quite a minor part as Adjutant Lindsay to what he usually takes, and it fell on his shoulders with all the ease and grace of the accomplished actor. Miss Beatrice Day, with Miss Lempriere and Miss Wilson, gave effective renderings of their respective parts. The characterisation of the women in the play by the author, gave but little scope for prominent acting.

The play was preceded by a fine one-act curtain-raiser from the French entitled "The Sacrament of Judas"—a thrilling piece, beautifully balanced, and excellently staged. Mr Julius Knight, as the priest who had forsaken his vows, gave the character a powerful reading, and was well supported by the four other members of the company who took part.

Grieg and His Music.

A few years ago Mr. Henry T. Finck contributed to the "Living Masters of Music" series a monograph on Edvard Grieg. The volume now published is practically a second edition of that work in an extended form, the most interesting additions being the letters, now printed for the first time, which the author received from the lamented composer. Some of these relate to business matters, and need not be quoted here, and others are chiefly interesting where, incidentally they throw light on the writer's musical sympathies. Thus, in one letter, a reference to Mr. Finck's book on Wagner prompts the following utterance: "You are, like myself, one of the greatest admirers of the incomparable master, but not one of the Wagnerites. In my opinion this rabble constitutes his worst enemies!" Then, in another letter, this, of Brahms: "For me there is no doubt concerning Brahms. A landscape, torn by mists and clouds, in which I can see the views of old churches, as well as of Greek temples—that is Brahms. The necessity of placing him by the side of Bach and Beethoven is as incomprehensible to me as the attempt to reduce him ad absurdum. The great must be great, and a comparison with other great ones must always be unsatisfactory."

Although emphasis is laid by the biographer on Grieg's modesty, the composer would seem to have been not a little sensitive to criticism. "Believe me," he writes on one occasion, "I have hitherto nearly always fared badly with the so-called critics. Where there was sympathy there was no comprehension, and for so-called comprehension without sympathy I do not give a penny." More especially does the musician appear to have resented the charge frequently—and unjustifiably—brought against him

that he derived most of his inspirations from his country's folk-music. In this connection Mr. Finck's remarks deserve quotation: "Only about five per cent" (of the songs, he points out, "were thus borrowed, and even these were adorned with harmonies entirely his own, though, like his own melodies, redolent of Norway. Many of the critics who charged him with borrowing did so not from malice, but from insufficient information. I myself did not know till he told me that of his songs only one, 'Solweig's Lied,' is based on a melody not of his own creation."

Incidentally, we find in the book a pleasant little anecdote, which tells how one day at Bergen, Grieg went out fishing in a small boat with his friend, Frants Beyer. After a while a musical theme came into his head. He took a piece of paper from his pocket, quietly jotted it down, and put the paper on the bench by his side. A moment later a gust of wind blew it overboard. Grieg did not see it, but his companion did, and picked it up. He read the melody, and after putting the paper in his pocket, whistled it. Grieg turned like a flash and asked, "What was that?" Beyer answered nonchalantly, "Only an idea I just got." Whereupon Grieg retorted, "The devil you say! I just got that same idea myself."

But Mr. Finck's volume does not deal largely in anecdotes. Rather has the author been content to set forth in straightforward fashion the various phases in the musician's somewhat uneventful life, and the salient features of his artistic career, both as composer and pianist. The latter part of the biography is devoted to a consideration of his works, and although the author writes himself down an ardent admirer of Norway's most representative composer, his opinions are not open to the reproach of being merely those of an indiscriminate hero-worshiper. Among some critics there has been a tendency to disparage Grieg on the ground that, as a worker, in the main, on a small canvas, he could scarcely claim a place among the great musicians. Judgment of this kind, based on comparisons, never can be satisfactory, and in the case of a composer like Grieg, of rare originality, freshness of outlook, and an extraordinarily deli-

cate feeling for atmosphere and poetry, the result must inevitably be to do him something less than justice. The strange thing about Grieg is that, enormously popular as some of his music has become, that which is really widely known represents a very small proportion of the whole. His songs are among the loveliest things of their kind ever bequeathed to the art. Yet, save for the few which have become what is called hackneyed, they remain unhonoured and unsung. Grieg, in a word, has yet to come completely into his own, and if the volume under notice helps to that end it will not have been published in vain.

Caruso is Cured.

Caruso, the great Italian tenor, was reported in America recently to have lost his voice completely. Latest advices from Milan say that he is cured.

Caruso is cured. To-morrow the public at Ostend, where the king of tenors has undertaken to give three concerts, for which he will be paid £2000, will have the pleasure of enjoying the first notes of his marvellous voice since the operation on his throat.

The operation was particularly delicate and difficult. Professor Della Vedova, under whose care Caruso placed himself, gives some curious and interesting details regarding the affection which, for a time, seemed to threaten the termination of the great tenor's operatic career. The malady from which he suffered was a nodular growth on the right vocal cord, which it was necessary to extirpate.

For ten days after the operation Caruso had to maintain the most absolute silence. On the tenth day the surgeon permitted him to speak in a whisper, and ten days later still the great singer was able to try his voice. It was an anxious moment, but the result of the trial gave immediate certainty that the cure was perfect. The timbre of the various notes displayed all its former marvellous purity. Then Caruso signed a contract which was proposed to him for three concerts at Ostend. While Caruso was on the way to Paris, Mr Gatti Casazza, director of the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, concluded with him a new contract for three years. Caruso is thus engaged to sing in New York until 1914.

Our Illustrations.

A BOY ATHLETE.

AMONGST our illustrations on page 26 will be seen a picture of Master David James Pinton, 13½ years of age, and a pupil of the Port Ahuriri School, H.B. He is a promising young athlete, and his record includes the following:—Winner H.B. Schoolboys' championship, 1909; winner Hastings Schoolboys' Race, 50yds, 1909; winner Port Ahuriri Schoolboys' Handicap, 35yds, gold medal and silver cup, 1909; winner Napier Schoolboys' Handicap, 50yds, 1908. He gained the N.Z. Amateur Swimming Association's certificate for swimming 800yds, 1909, and also holds the N.Z. certificate, 1908, 440yds, Napier Carnival gold medal, 1908, and prizes for numerous other events. Thus it will be seen that this boy holds an uncommon record for his age.

DIAMOND WEDDING AT CARTERTON.

Mr and Mrs Seth Hart, of Carterton, celebrated their diamond wedding on September 12. The Methodist Church of Carterton, of which they are members, commemorated the event at a public function on September 13. Mr Hart was born in Birmingham, and brought up in Manchester, and as he was born in 1828 he is now 81 years of age. He emigrated to Australia in 1839, where he followed the pursuit of mining for over 20 years, and in 1864 he came to New Zealand. He resided for a short time in Hokitika, and then removed to the Wairarapa, where he lived as a farmer. He has been a member of the Methodist Church for 75 years, and was a local preacher for 55 years. Their children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren number about 70, and, needless to say, the old folk are held in very high esteem.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOUR.

The biennial convention of the Council of the New Zealand Christian Endeavour

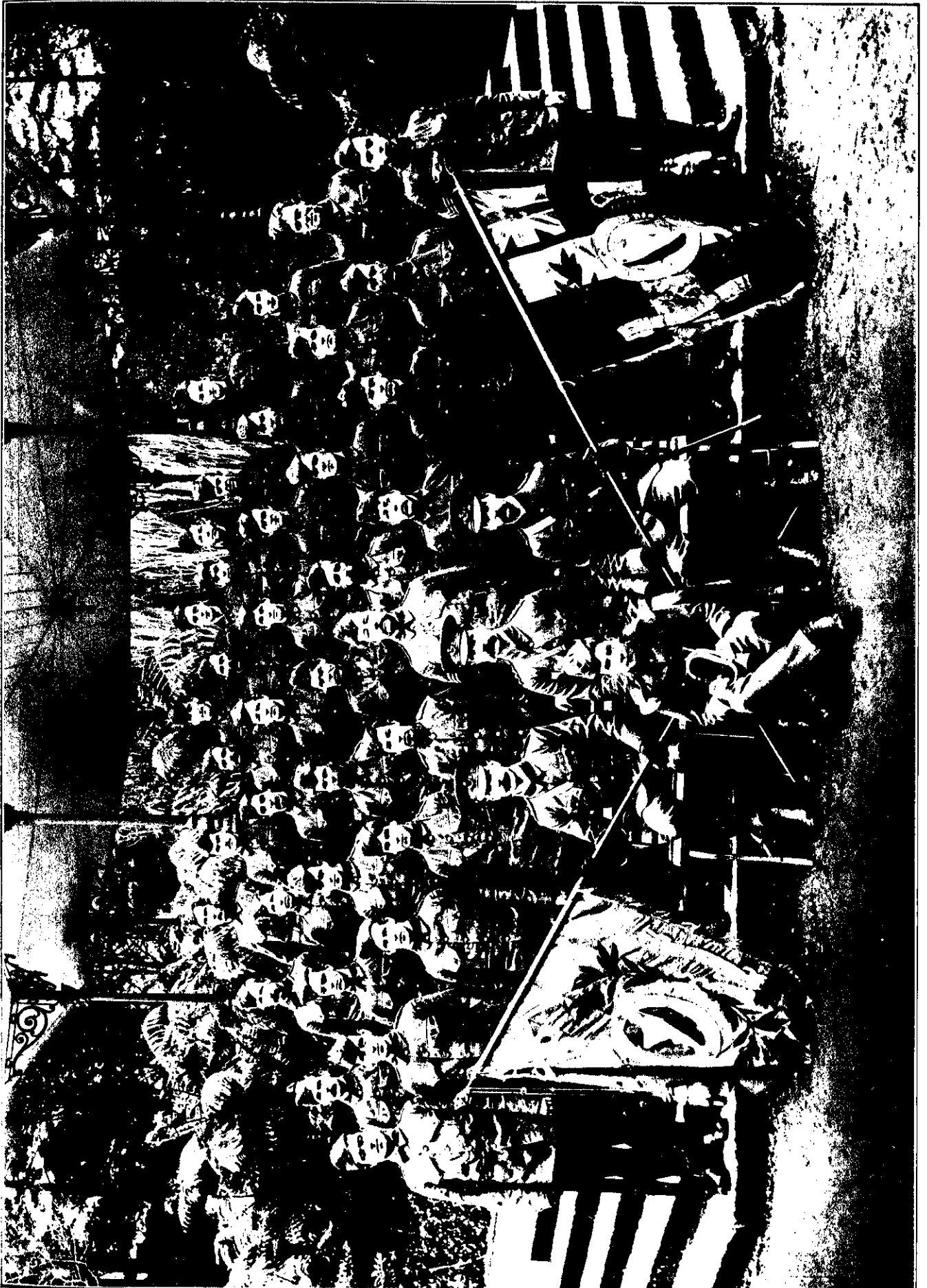
your Union took place in Wellington last week. Our illustration shows the delegates who took part in the convention. Their names are as under:—Front row: Mr A. H. Fowles (Wellington), Rev. E. Bandy (Dunedin), Rev. Kerwood (Auckland), Tr C. R. Mackie (N.Z. Secretary), Rev. J. T. Pinfold, M.A. (President), Mr J. S. Wilson (Treasurer), Rev. K. Ewen (President Wellington Union), Mr A. B. Chappell, Mr E. Hampton. Second row: Misses Hall, Binley, Williams (Wellington), Mrs Heit (Oamaru), Miss Bilman (Auckland), Mrs Eggers (Wellington), Mrs Griffen (Wellington), Miss Packer (Wellington). Back row: Mr Heit (Oamaru), Mr G. J. Clarke (Wellington Union Secretary), Mr L. J. Clark.

One simple dish
is a feast when
seasoned with

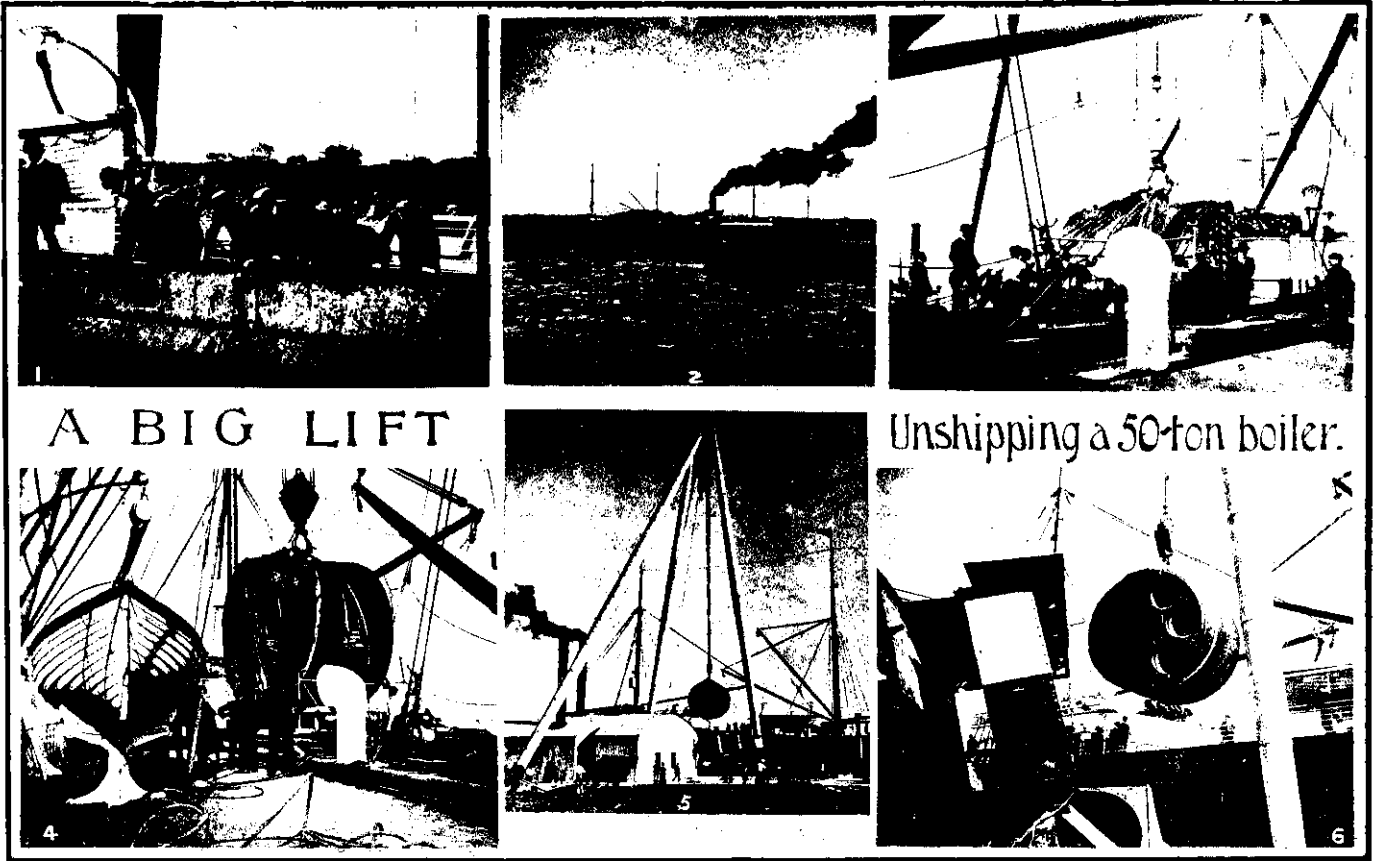
MELLOR'S

GENUINE WORCESTER

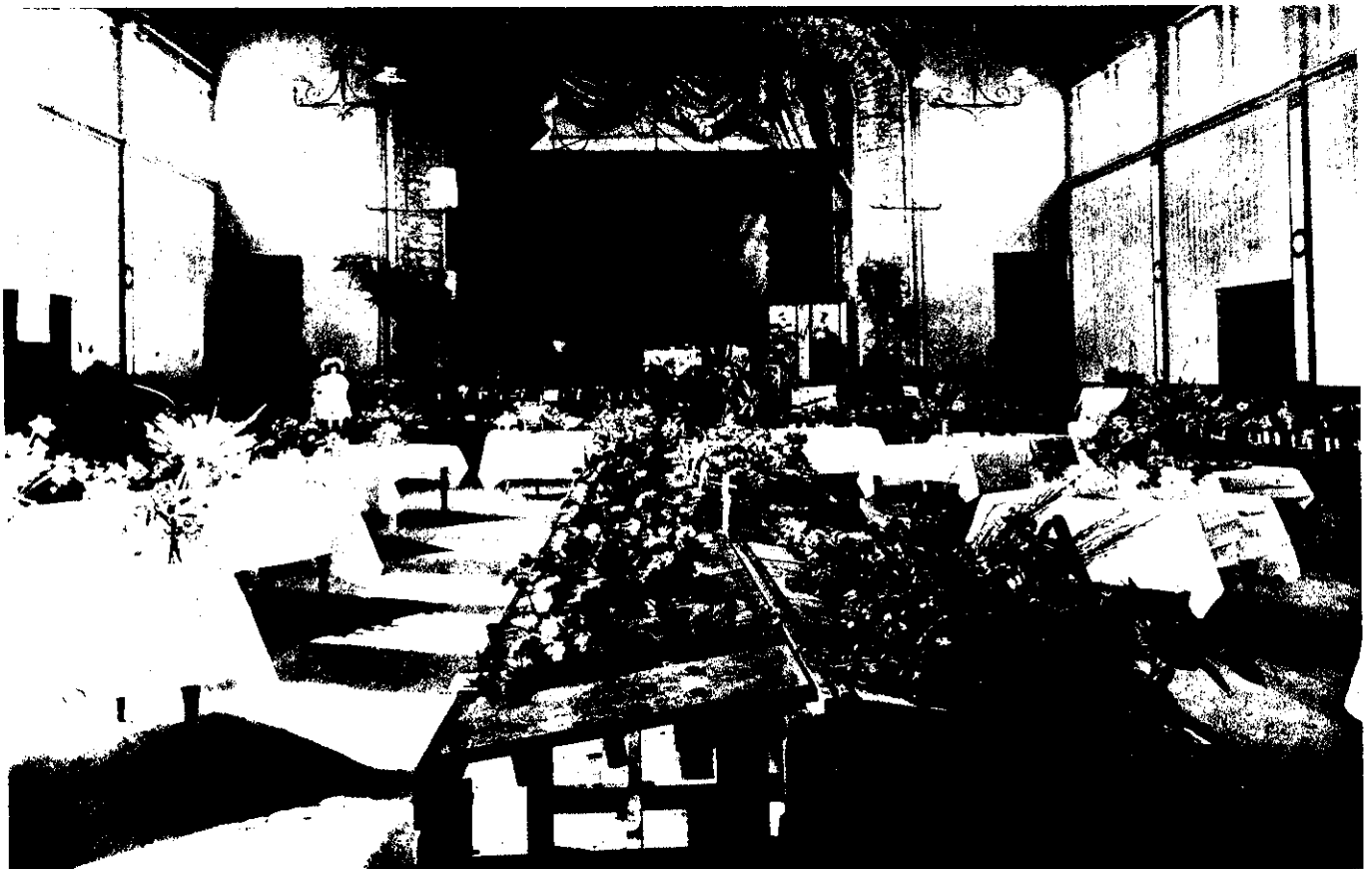
SAUCE!



THE TARANAKI RIFLES WITH THE REGIMENTAL COLOURS.
THIS COMPANY IS THE OLDEST IN TARANAKI, AND IS COMMANDED BY CAPTAIN BELLINGER, WHO IS SEATED IN THE MIDDLE OF THE FRONT ROW.

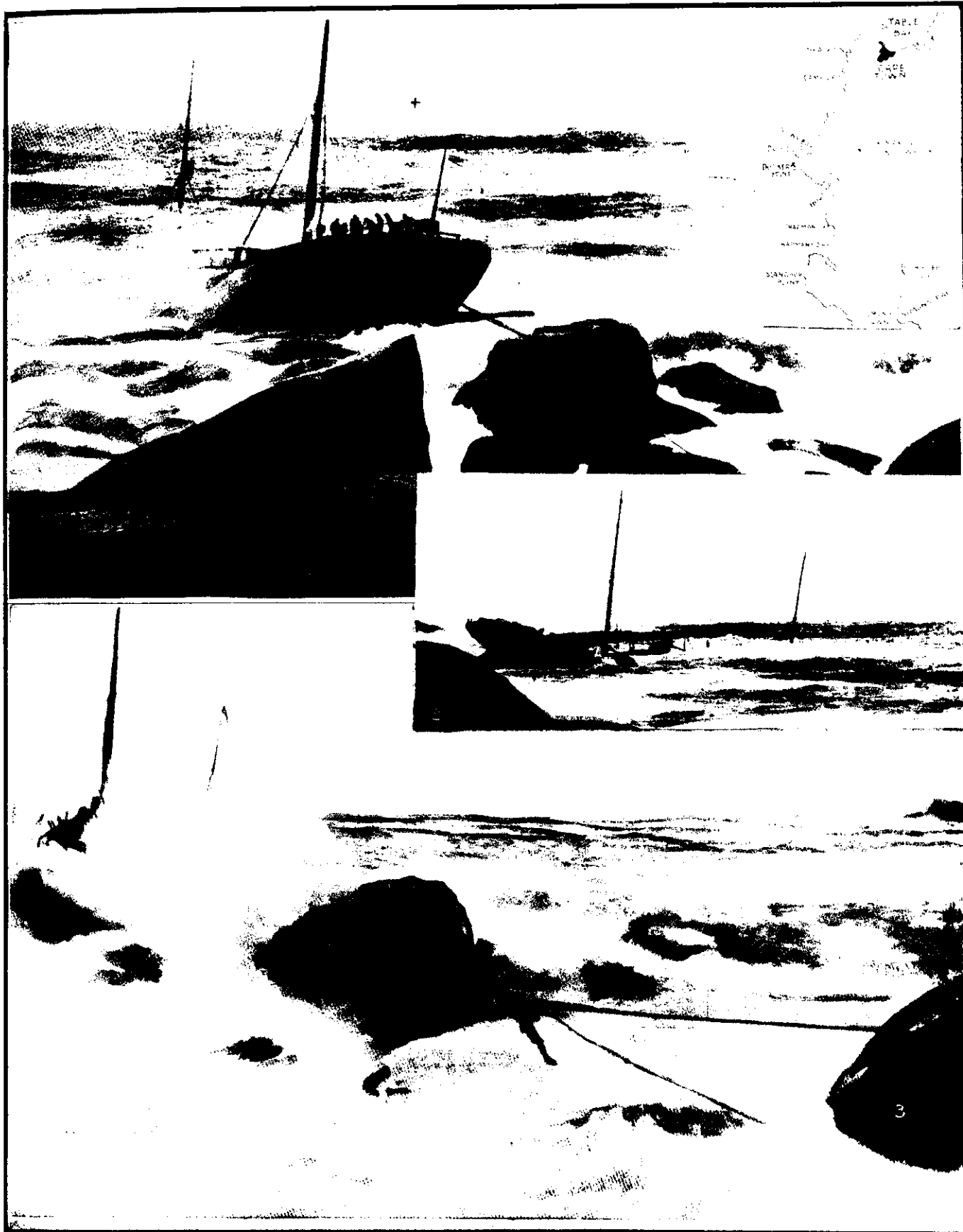


The great sheer-legs erected at Calliope Dock were put into use last week, when a 50-ton boiler for the Ngapuhi was lifted out of the Delphic and swung on to the wharf. The working capacity of the sheer-legs is 80 tons and the whole machinery worked smoothly and successfully. (1) Watching the preparations for the lift. (2) The Delphic steaming up to the Calliope Wharf. (3) The boiler emerging from the Delphic's hold. (4) A view showing the size and arrangement of the tackle. (5) The lift accomplished. (6) The boiler being lowered to the wharf.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE HAMILTON HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY'S SPRING SHOW.

The Show was held in the Town Hall, and was most successful, both financially and as regards the quantity and quality of the exhibits. (Note.—A number of views of the prize exhibits will be given next week in "Life in the Garden.")



A TERRIBLE TRAGEDY OF THE SEA—THE LOSS OF THE MAORI.

The photographs show the position of the wrecked New Zealand trader Maori, which went ashore in rough weather close to Capetown, when outward bound from London to Wellington. The wreck was rendered especially dramatic by the discovery of a number of the crew, who had been overlooked, aboard the vessel a day or two after the catastrophe. The photos show very plainly how difficult was the task of their rescue, despite the fact that the partly submerged steamer was stranded quite close to the rocks. A more adequate notion than is possible by any word description is conveyed of the inhospitable nature of the coast line and the difficulties of effecting a landing. A dramatic account of the wreck is given in our news columns.

1. The figure of Gladman, afterwards drowned, cut off from his fellows, can be seen on the foremast. The cross marks the rock where the unfortunate steamer is presumed to have struck. 2. Another view of the Maori. The figure of Gladman is again noticeable. 3. The men left on the wreck were rescued mainly by means of a life-line, shot on board the vessel by a rocket. The photo shows Attridge on the life-line just before he was dashed to his death by the breakers. His death was the only casualty in the use of the line, by which ten men were safely brought ashore. The map in the right hand corner shows where the steamer lies, some eight miles east of Table Bay.

See "The Wide World."



DICK DEAD-EYE—
Mr. W. J. Melville.



LITTLE BUTTERCUP—
Miss Ada Freeman.



RALPH RACKSTRAW—
Mr. P. Hansard.



HEBE—
Miss Belle Robertson.



RT. HON. SIR JOSEPH PORTER,
K.C.B.—Mr. R. Robertsshaw.

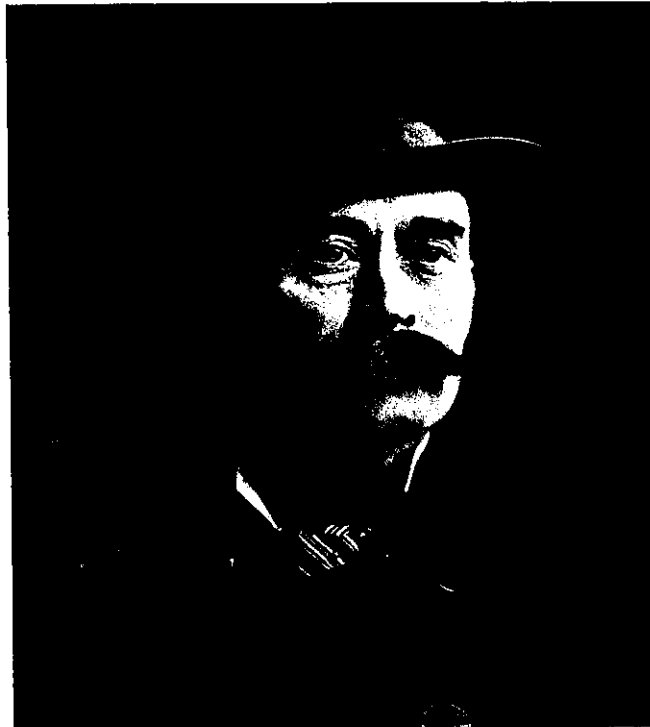
AMATEUR THEATRICALS IN DANNEVIRKE.

The Dannevirke Amateur Operatic Society commenced its career in 1906, with the production of "Trial by Jury," followed in successive years by the "Pirates of Penzance," "The Mikado," and on September 16 and 17 of this year they will stage "H.M.S. Pinafore." For the first three years the Society was under the conductorship of Mr. J. R. Russell, but on this occasion Mr. G. W. Wright, formerly of Auckland, wields the baton.

A. Henderson, photo.



A. Henderson, photo.
MISS BELLE PETTEE
as Josephine in "H.M.S. Pinafore."



See special articles and news column.
COMMANDER R. E. PEARY, WHO REACHED THE NORTH POLE
ON APRIL 6, 1909.



A. Henderson, photo.
MR. D. K. WILSON
as Captain Coreoran.



Tibbitt, photo.

LAYING THE FOUNDATIONS OF WELLINGTON'S NEW POST OFFICE.

The site of the new post office for the capital city is on reclaimed land of some years' standing, and, consequently, the work of putting in the foundations necessary to carry a building of such size and extent is a protracted task.



Sorrell, photo.

COMMITTEE OF THE HAWKE'S BAY AGRICULTURAL AND PASTORAL SOCIETY.

BACK ROW—Messrs. R. H. Tod, J. Macniven, F. W. Williams, W. Reidman, D. H. Potts, D. A. Baxter, H. Campbell, and G. Elliot. MIDDLE ROW—Messrs. J. H. Williams, B. Chambers, J. R. Lanauze, S. Miller, Amb. Wellwood, C. Douglas (secretary), H. McDonald, and J. H. Coleman. FRONT ROW—Messrs. A. McLean, R. D. McLean, R. Wellwood, Cartwright Brown, N. Kettle (president), T. Tanner, G. Hunter, J. Beaton, and Sir William Russell.



A BOY ATHLETE.

Master D. J. Polinton, 13½ years of age, of the Port Ahuriri School (H.D.), who is the possessor of an invincible athletic record for his age.

See "Our Illustrations."



THE MAIN SCHOOL PRIZE MEDALLISTS.

Reading from the right—Seymour Farnin, Daisy Knuck, Louie Jordan, Thelma Griffin, and Winifred Jordan.



TWO YOUNG MUSICIANS.

Master J. P. A. Brisson, age 15 years, silver medallist for the senior violin solo, 1909, and gold medallist for the Junior violin in 1908. Master A. H. P. Brisson, age 12 years, gold medallist for the Junior piano solo, 1909, besides which he just missed a place in the intermediate section.



Sorrell, photo.

NAPIER MUSICAL AND ELOCUTIONARY COMPETITIONS.

NAPIER COMBINED MAIN SCHOOL CHOIRS. These combined choirs took part in the recent competitions, and were placed second. The conductor, Mr. T. St. L. Toner, and Mr. J. Hishop, the headmaster are seated in the centre.



(The Daily Photo)

FIRST TO FLY ACROSS THE CHANNEL.

See "The Wide World."

BLERIOT'S TRIUMPH.—THE FRENCH AVIATOR'S RECEPTION IN ENGLAND.

(1) M. Bleriot's reception on leaving Victoria Station for the Savoy Hotel. (2) M. Louis Bleriot in his monoplane with M. Anzani, the constructor of the motor, standing alongside. (3) The famous monoplane, photographed at Dover, just after the completion of the Channel flight.

INTERPROVINCIAL SOCCER—WELLINGTON V. AUCKLAND.



AUCKLAND—CHALLENGERS FOR THE SHIELD.

BACK ROW: J. Halford, J. Northwick, I. Seath, J. Shergold, R. G. Gardner, C. Bennett, A. J. Drake, D. J. Haresnappe. FRONT ROW: G. Speed, H. Whittle, A. Marshall, E. V. Sale, W. Forshaw, J. Mikleson, J. Takle.

WELLINGTON—DEFENDERS AND WINNERS OF THE SHIELD.

BACK ROW: W. Gibson, J. Hall, J. Pye-Smith, H. Smallbone, R. Gibson, E. Thimberley, H. Waters. FRONT ROW: A. Williams, M. H. Kirschberg, F. Oldhall, J. Ash, W. J. Taylor, J. Blackwood, J. Paton.

See "Our Illustrations."



FRUIT BROKERS' PRESIDENT.
Mr. Townsend, who is a member of the firm of Townsend and Paul, Ltd., Wellington, was elected president of the Fruit Brokers' Association last week.



Tesla Studios, photo.

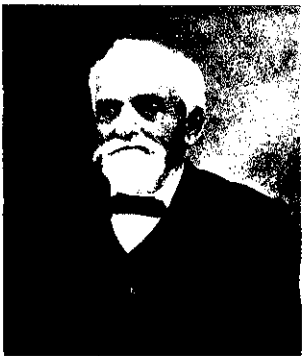
WANGANUI ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL TEAM.

This team was defeated by Auckland by 3 goals to 1 on September 7th. Reading from the left—Back row: Black, Milne (secretary), MacFelaish, Oliver, Morrison, Stevens, Findlay (chairman of the Association), Bannerman. Front row: Walpole, Martin, Shewan (captain), Beckett, Robson, Beckett.

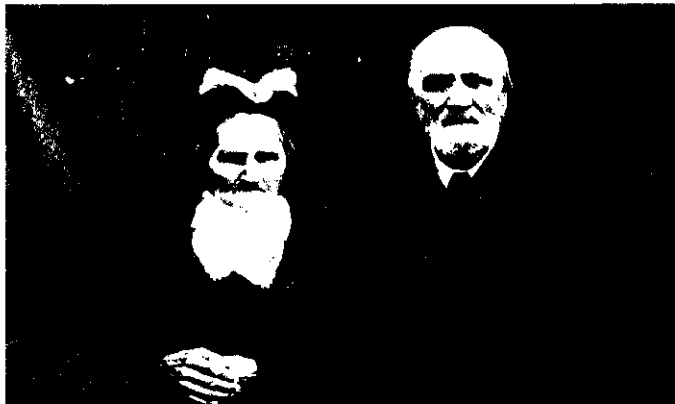


FIRST TO THE POLE.

Dr. Frederick A. Cook, of Brooklyn, U.S.A., who claims to have reached the North Pole in April, 1908, a year in advance of Commander Peary's expedition.



Muir and Mackinlay, photo.
MR. C. HILL,
President of the Te Hiri Bowling Club, Island Bay, Wellington.



R. Shankland, photo.

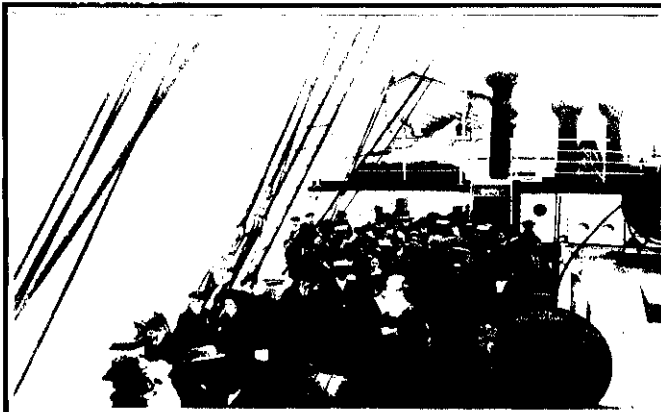
DIAMOND WEDDING AT CARTERTON.

Mr. and Mrs. Seth Hart, of Carterton, who celebrated their diamond wedding on September 12.

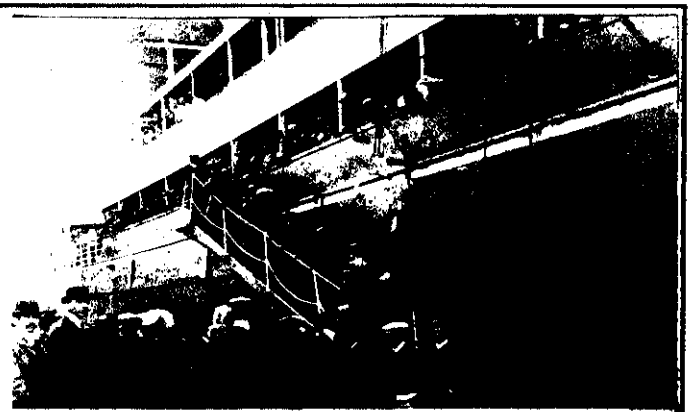
See "Our Illustrations."



Muir and Mackinlay, photo.
MR. A. A. CARTER,
President of the Petone Bowling Club, Wellington.

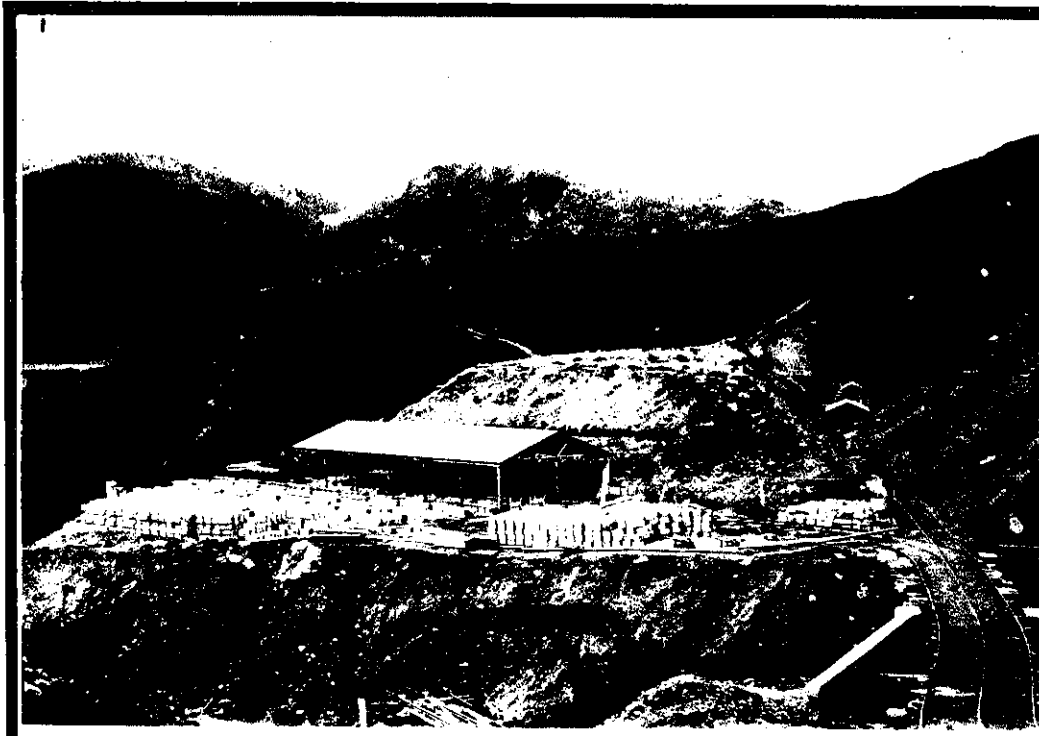


Tilbutt, photo. A GROUP OF THIRD-CLASS PASSENGERS.

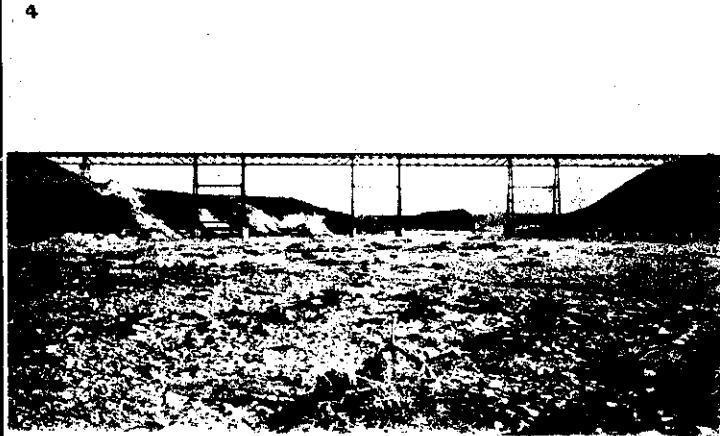


THE ARAWA, ALONGSIDE THE WHARF.

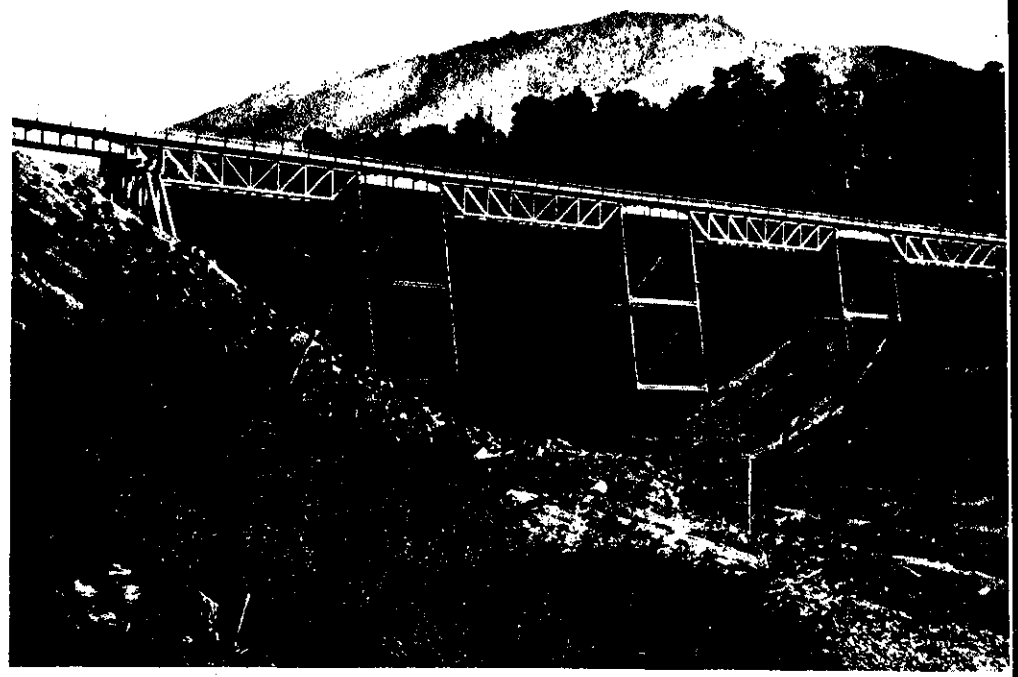
ARRIVAL OF IMMIGRANTS IN WELLINGTON.



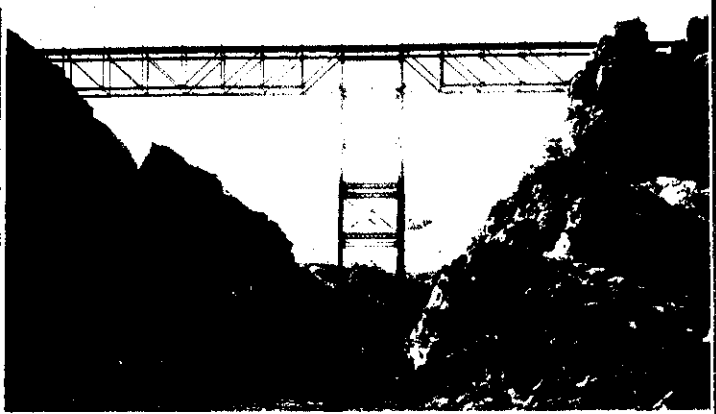
DINKING UP (CANYON)



(1) Making concrete blocks on the Midland railway. (2) Testing the Staircase Viaduct. (3) Paterson's Creek bridge, the furthest point reached by Surolova's photos. (4) Another view of the Waimakariri River from Otarama. (6) Another view of the Waimakariri River. (7) The Staircase Viaduct, 230ft. in height.



BURY & WESTLAND.



AND RAILWAY.





C. E. Newham, photo.

DYNAMITING A SUNKEN STEAMER AT WANGANUI.

The steamer Charles Edward, which was wrecked in the Wanganui Channel last December, has been a great source of trouble to vessels, but a diver and assistants sent up last week from Wellington succeeded in completely shattering the sunken hull.



E. Denton, photo.

A GROUP OF OFFICIALS.

Left to right: Sitting—P. H. McHardy (capt.), H. Gifford Moore, L. A. Abraham (secretary), H. Cooper (president), Allan Strang, W. Strang. Standing—Messrs. Foster Pratt (judge), Harden (treasurer), and Dr. Stowe.



IN LONDON.

Sir J. G. Ward outside the Foreign Office in Whitehall, London.



THE WINNER DRIVING.

Kirupo Tareha, of Napier, who beat O. H. Druce (Manawatu) in the final for the championship.



J. C. BURNS (AUCKLAND) IN SEMI-FINAL.

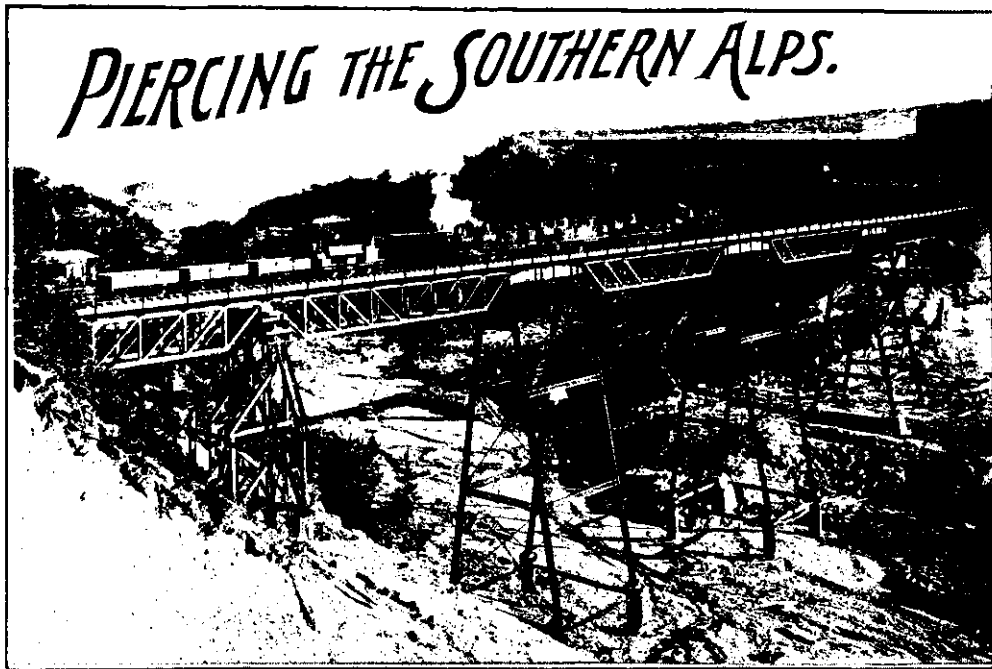


MR. BARRAUD (MANAWATU CHAMPION), DRIVING.



MR. O. H. DRUCE IN THE FINAL WITH TAREHA.

MANAWATU GOLF CLUB'S CHAMPIONSHIP.



TESTING PATERSON'S CREEK BRIDGE.

THE MIDLAND RAILWAY AND ITS TUNNEL

Written specially for "The Weekly Graphic," by W. Wilson, B.E.

NOTE.—Since the above was written, the Power Station at the Devil's Punch-bowl has started work, and boring is proceeding favourably from that end.

THERE is something specially attractive in the building of a railroad through a country where Nature has interposed almost insuperable barriers to communications

of any kind. In no way is the value of man's ingenuity brought more directly home to us than when he has to overcome the difficulties which mountain chain, gorge, and cataract throw in his way. The search for the weak points in Nature's ramparts, the devising of the best methods of utilising them, when discovered, to the best advantage, and finally the carrying out of the elaborat-

ed plans by means of the great and costly achievements of modern engineering, are all as interesting as steps in a campaign between two skilful generals. The spoils of victory in the former case more surely entail the prosperity of the victors, for few operations are more beneficial to a community than the establishment of communication between its various districts.

There is no place of the small proportions of our own Dominion where such great difficulties in attaining this end have been met with and successfully overcome. This has been the case from the earliest times, for the first line to be completed, that between Lyttelton and Christchurch, included a one and a half mile tunnel through the wall of an old volcanic crater, the drilling of which taxed the best resources that the world could produce. The line from Auckland to Wellington was not possible without the adoption of bold measures involving great trouble and expense, and the Midland line, which is to fulfil the important function of connecting the East and West Coasts of the South Island, is at present making its way as laboriously through the heart of the great range of snow-capped peaks that so effectively stand in the way of access from one side to the other. Though much shorter than its northern predecessor, it yet possesses a feature special to itself in the great five and a-half mile tunnel, only exceeded in length by the four big European tunnels, which forms the culminating link in the chain of difficulties encountered in penetrating the Southern Alps. This is being constructed by New Zealand enterprise only, an Auckland firm having beaten rivals from all over the world in competition for the contract. A brief description of the line should, for these reasons, be of interest.

The prime function of the Midland Railway is to connect the communities on the east side of the range with those on the west. The separation existing between these two districts so near to each other has always been keenly felt, and one of its first results was to cause the secession of Westland from Canterbury in the old days of Provincial Government. A partial remedy was carried into effect ten years after the landing of the settlers, in the form of a mountain road involving great hardship upon its constructors, and an expenditure of £175,000, leading from Christchurch to Hokitika, a distance of about 150 miles. At the same time the provincial authorities projected a railroad following approximately the same route, which, however, they never carried into effect.

No further steps were taken until about 1880, when a private company was formed to exploit the line, and started work soon afterwards. They completed about eighty miles, not only on the inter-coastal line, but also up the West Coast,



THE TOP AND BOTTOM HEADINGS OF THE OFIRA TUNNEL.

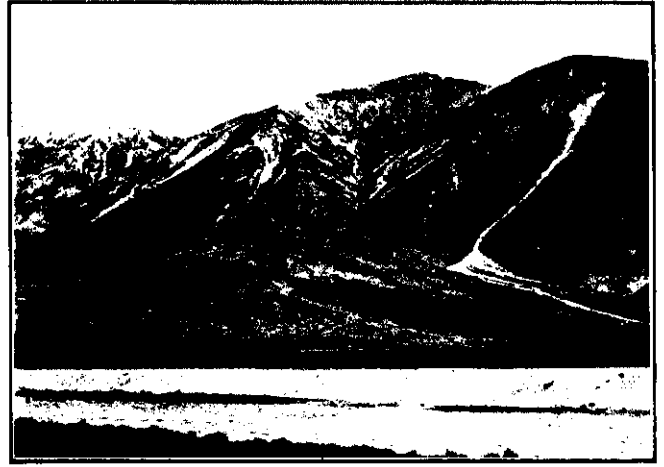


EIGHT HUNDRED FEET ABOVE THE RIVER BED. Showing the brink of the fall at the Devil's Punch-bowl, 700 ft. above the river bed below. The tunnel passes right underneath this waterfall.



MT. BINSER AND THE WAIMAKARIRI RIVER.

The coach road is shown in the foreground.



PASSING MOUNT ST. BERNARD.

The railway formation works are shown in the foreground, while further back, at the foot of the mountain, may be seen a great shingle fan, the largest in New Zealand.

In which direction they hoped to connect with Nelson. They then became bankrupt, and the work passed into the hands of the Government, who are now carrying it on. Some twenty-seven miles yet remain to be done before the gap between the east and west railheads is bridged, and an army of men, about

whereby these exploits have been accomplished.

A glance at the map will show roughly the route traversed. Like all mountain railways, it follows as far as possible the courses of rivers, making use of the breaches they have formed in mountain and hill. The Waimakariri on the east and the Terenakaiti on the west have been thus utilised, and it is only when they become mere alpine cataracts at the summit of the range that an artificial opening, in the shape of the big tunnel, is required.

The first part of the journey from Christchurch is made on a previously existing portion of the Government railways. This section extends to Springfield, a distance of 44 miles, during which we are ascending the gentle, though constant, slope of the Canterbury Plains. From the start we can see the snowy peaks in the distance through which we are to make our way, and those with previous knowledge can distinguish the opening of the Waimakariri Gorge, to the right of the three-peaked Mount Torlesse, which forms the actual gateway into the region beyond. Beside the line are pastoral and agricultural scenes of every kind. Meadows extend as far as the eye can reach, mostly grass covered, but some showing the rich browns of cultivation. Almost everywhere sheep are seen, grazing in the fields, modestly ignorant of the fact that they are the chief means of wealth for all this broad district. Thus we pass through Islington, with its big freezing works, Templeton, Aylesbury, Darfield, and Sheffield, all sleepy villages of very rural aspect. Finally the train, which is a semi-express, stops at Springfield, the last of the country towns, where the coaches used to start on their long pull over Porter's Pass, before the opening of the first part of the new line, not quite four years ago.

At this point the character of the country entirely changes. We have already risen to a height of over 1200ft., and are

about to plunge from the flat plains into the wild scenery of peak and precipice through the gap just ahead. From the carriage window Mount Torlesse can be seen looming high above us, with its majestic cap of glistening snow, if the date is towards the middle of the year. Almost immediately after re-summing our journey, we race over a high viaduct, approached on either end by deep cuttings in the shingle of the river terraces. A smaller one follows, then a bushy valley crossed by means of an embankment and culvert; and after passing through a patch of bush near the base of the mountain, we emerge upon a terrace beside the steep side of the great gorge which is to accompany us through the most arduous part of the journey. It is a striking scene, all the more so in that we come upon it with so little warning. The gorge is a narrow cleft about 150ft. deep, at the bottom of which the blue waters of the river wind hither and thither on a bed of grey shingle. The sides are sparsely bush-clad, though blackened stumps show where a richer covering once formed the picture into one of singular beauty. Even now it has many charms for the occupant of the insignificant looking railway carriages traversing the little ledge cut out for their accommodation along the top of one side. The first tunnel follows; and now that we are through the gap in the mountains, we have embarked on one of the most expensive nine miles of railway in the whole world.

Although we are here barely five miles from Springfield, a change of the most complete description has already taken place. All traces of the green fields and grazing cattle are lost, and their place is taken by a landscape in which not one patch of level country is visible, except the old flood plains at various heights up the gorge, whereon the water once flowed at earlier periods of its ex-

istence, centuries before it had cut its present bed downwards through the solid rock. These are the terraces, or "flats," to use the local term, which are often so useful for carrying the railway formation.



THE DEVIL'S PUNCH BOWL.

The dotted line shows the direction in which the tunnel will traverse the hills beneath the waterfall through beds of solid slate. Power will be taken from the fall for driving the tunnel.

five hundred strong, are at present toiling at the completion of the work. One who makes the journey to-day will therefore be enabled to witness, not only the big exploits that have been performed, but also the actual methods in operation



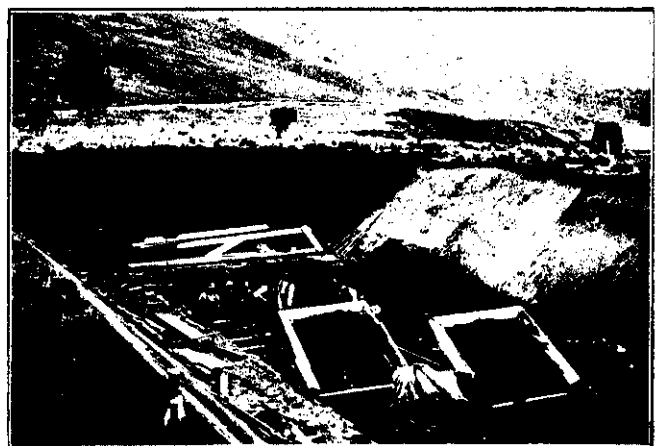
THE LINE OF THE TUNNEL.

Looking exactly over the line of the tunnel, with the summit of Arthur's Pass (3923 ft.) in the distance and the rough road below winding over it.

Entering the Gorge itself are tributary streams, usually flowing in deep channels, like the parent river, and constituting formidable obstacles to the engineer.



A SIDE CUTTING AT THE SPRINGFIELD END OF THE MIDLAND RAILWAY.

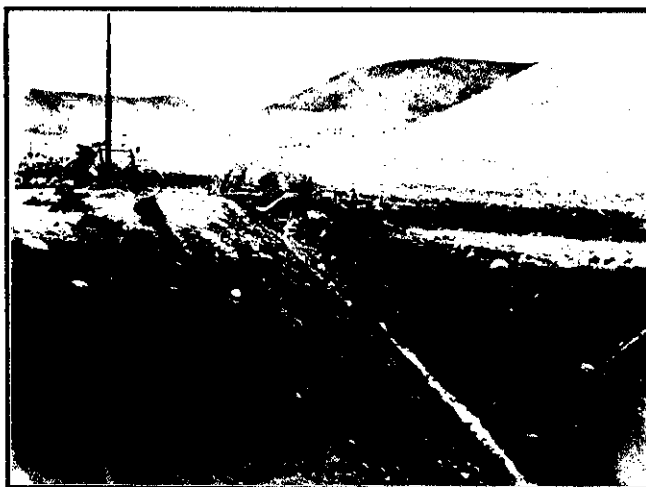


AN OPEN CUTTING AT THE SPRINGFIELD END OF THE RAILWAY.



A CONSTRUCTION GANG AT WORK.

The dividing range may be seen in the distance.



IN THE AVOCA VALLEY.

Easy going for the construction gangs through the sheep country.

Shutting all in, so that we seem to be ever moving in a narrow enclosure, but never leaving it, are the minor peaks of the Alps, each with its flank clothed in luxuriant bush, and its top crumbling into slopes of grey shingle, barely visible in all but bad weather under a covering of snow. The train is winding its way onwards, at the top of the right bank. Now we are in a cutting, now inside the hill in a tunnel, now rushing across tributary gorges on spidery viaducts more than 200 ft. above the water below. In this short stretch of line no fewer than 17 tunnels occur, so that at times we catch but a fleeting glimpse of the blue water beneath us before plunging into the darkness again. There are four big viaducts, one of which, crossing the Devil's Staircase, is 230ft. high, and the next, at Broken River, is scarcely less so. Between these come cuttings, embankments, culverts and fills without any level formation worth speaking of. In one place the train leaves a tunnel, hurries over a yawning gulch, and immediately enters the almost vertical cliff opposite in a tunnel about two-thirds of the way up. In other places a concrete wall has been built on to the wall side of the gorge, to afford a ledge for the track. Shortly before the end of the tunnels we pull up at Broken River Station, fitted into the space formed by a flat. Here we dismount from the train, for the next section will not be opened for a month or two, although practically completed for about ten miles.

terminus, though the track now extends right up to the mouth of the big tunnel, 53 miles from Greymouth. The intervening distance is still crossed by the stage coach, and climbing into our seats just outside the Broken River station, we proceed on our way.

Three miles after leaving the station the road begins to descend from the side of the hill, and on the other bank we can see the line also descending, till both are running in the valley bed, crossing and recrossing each other repeatedly. The stream is a small one,

the last of the great bridges, which is not yet in use. Ahead are still the mountains, growing higher the further we penetrate into the interior, till after about fifteen miles of serpentine travelling the main or "dividing" range, with its coating of perpetual snow, is visible in the distance. Before this we have reached the source of the valley, and surmounted the saddle beside Mt. St. Bernard, with its huge single fan stretching out towards us. Then, descending for a change, we skirt the shores of Lake Sarah, past the Sugarloaf, and come once more in sight of the Waimakariri, at its junction with the Cass.

At the latter stages the men are to be seen busy in many places putting finishing touches to the rails, now all but ready for the train. It has been rather a commonplace section after the wildness of the Gorge, and construction has not been a difficult matter, a few cuttings and a large number of culverts being the worst of the work. Beyond the picturesque dwelling of the workmen dotted about the valley, and the homestead of the big Craigieburn sheep station, passed about half-way, there have been few signs of life. But once over the saddle, we come upon a region much more interesting.

We have now stretched before us a more extended panorama than that seen in the narrow valley. Several ranges are to be seen, besides the dividing range. On the right is the wide valley of the big river, running past Mt. Binger, a conical peak on the far side. Mt. Enys Range, too, is prominent just ahead of us, and our road can be described making its way over Goldney's Saddle, between two not very lofty hills

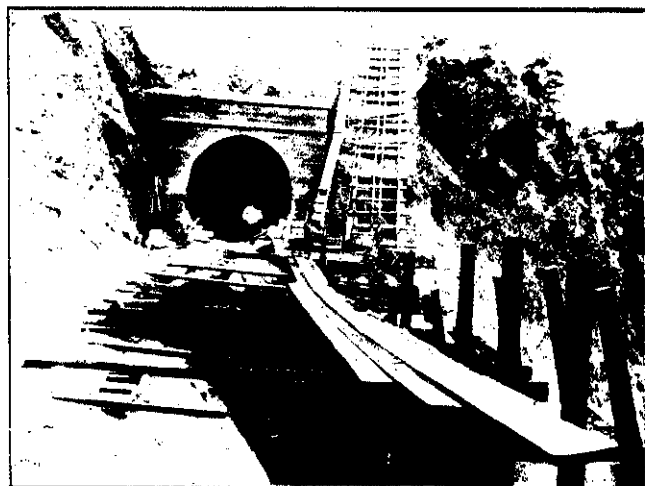
Continued on page 51.



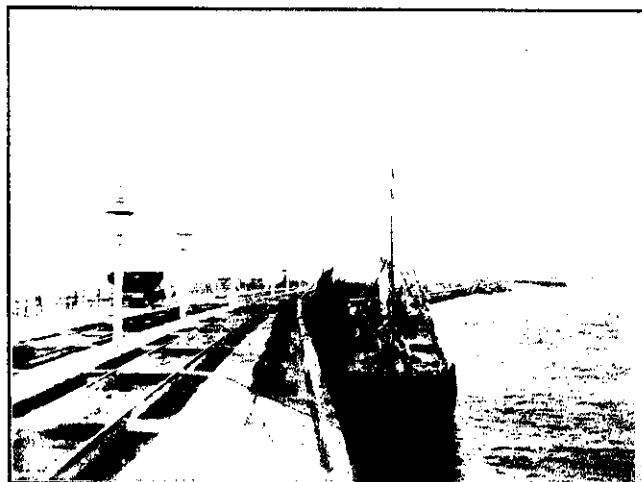
HOW THE COMPRESSED AIR DRILL IS HANDLED.

No more are we skirting the precipitous gorge, but are ascending instead a tributary valley, that of the Avoca, the steady grade and smooth going of which make travelling less difficult.

and has been straightened in many places by means of short canals, which take the water out of the way of the railway embankments. Immediately behind us is the Sloven's Creek viaduct,



BUILDING UP THE TRACK ON THE SIDE OF THE BROKEN RIVER GORGE.



THE TERMINUS WESTPORT COALING WHARF. Westport is at the end of the Buller Gorge section of the line.



AUCKLAND WAITING FOR TARANAKI.



A HALT IN THE GAME.



O'LEARY TRIES AT GOAL.



CUNNINGHAM WAITING FOR A PASS.



A TIGHT SCRUM.



STOPPING A RUSH.

See "Sports and Pastimes."

INTERPROVINCIAL RUGBY—AUCKLAND DEFEATS TARANAKI.

About 6000 people witnessed the return match between Auckland and Taranaki on Saturday. His Excellency the Governor was amongst those present. The game ended in favour of Auckland by 18 points to 5.

DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC WORKS
AUCKLAND HARBOUR BOARD



Reproduced by permission of the architect, Mr A. Wiseman.

AUCKLAND'S NEW FERRY BUILDINGS, TO COST OVER £50,000.

The Auckland Harbour Board, in committee, last week accepted the tender of W. Philcox and Sons, for the erection of the new four-storied ferry buildings at the entrance to the Queen-street wharf. The amount of the tender was £53,585, with an extra £1492 for ferro-concrete floors.



J. P. Hanna, photo.

TARANAKI REPRESENTATIVES WHO DEFEATED AUCKLAND.

The match between the Auckland and Taranaki rugby representative teams was played at New Plymouth on September 2, and resulted in a win for Taranaki by six points to three. **BACK ROW**—Swabston, Smith, O'Sullivan, Pitt, Crawley, Tamm. **MIDDLE ROW**—Dive, Thurston, Tom Sheehan, Mynott (captain), Cameron, Dixon, Stone. **FRONT ROW**—Osborne, Con. Sheehan, Cain.



E. Denton, photo.

PALMERSTON NORTH OLD BOYS' TEAM.

This team defeated Kia-Toa in the semi-final for the Abraham Cup at Palmerston North on September 4. **BACK ROW**: Reading from the left, Waters, Lawson (President), Jamieson, Penton, W. Smith, Coates, Freeman, Freas, Mullus, Nash (referee). **MIDDLE ROW**: Whitegrave, Godfrey, Purcell, Hall, Munro (Captain). **FRONT ROW**: Reid, Robertson, Miles, C. Smith.



Sefton, photo.

SEARCHING FOR COAL IN THE FAR NORTH.

Drilling operations are being carried out on Mr. Wright's farm, at Aroha, Northern Waikato, in the hope of locating payable seams of coal.

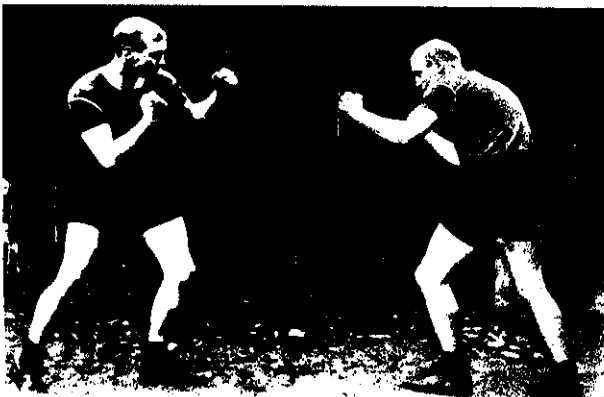


LOGS AND DEBRIS CARRIED DOWN BY THE FLOOD.



THE RAILWAY STATION YARDS AFTER THE FLOOD.

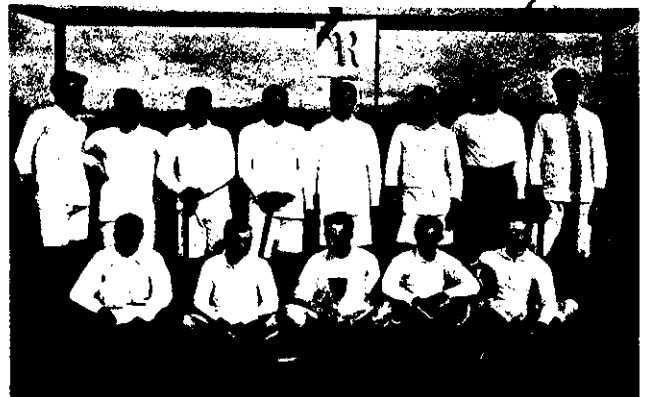
WHEN THE KAIHU RIVER OVERFLOWED.



D. A. Eddie, photo.

AN IMPROVEMENT ON SHADOW SPARRING.

The above photographic novelty shows Geoff. Watchorn (Palmerston North) indulging in a boxing bout against himself. Watchorn is credited with having given the most scientific display during the recent Dunedin championships.



F. Bottrill, photo.

THE RUAHINE HOCKEY CLUB.

Winners of Armstrong Challenge Cup, 1909. The season's record is: Matches played, 8; won, 6; drawn, 2; lost, 0. **STANDING**: Left to right, W. T. Irvine, R. Fraser, A. Webber, N. W. Simpson, G. Gee, A. Smailey, R. Tansley, C. D. Barker (vice-captain). **SITTING**: T. McDowell, H. Walker, F. Bottrill (captain), D. Thornbury, — Swinbourne.

Will the America Fly to the Pole?

By WALTER WELLMAN.

Illustrations from Photographs by the Author.

[NOTE.—A recent cablegram stated that the Wellman airship had started for the Pole, but was unable to proceed owing to the guide rope becoming damaged.]

IN seeking the North Pole in an airship, it is no toy that we are playing with. The America is no plaything, no fragile, short-lived balloon built to run for a few hours as the wind listeth, and then succumb—but a machine, big and stout, steel-muscled, full-lunged, strong-hearted, built for war, for work, for endurance, able to fight the winds that sentry the Pole and perhaps to defeat them. It is no flight of rhetoric to say that this airship is huge. It is gigantic. Its length is 183 feet, and its greatest diameter 52.5 feet. The steel car under-

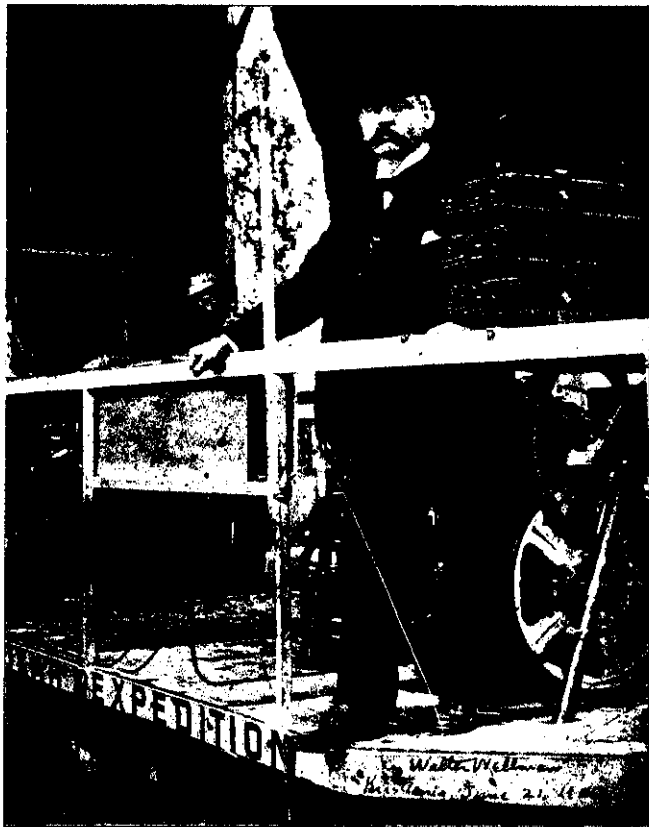
If we add the weight of the hydrogen in the reservoir—1,875 pounds—we have 22,840 pounds of men and materials moving northward in this engine of the air.

Using Surplus Gas As Fuel.

We need have little fear lest the lungs of our machine fail us. In point of fact, it is pretty certain that we shall have gas to spare, and it is unnecessary to give further answer to the oft-asked questions: "Can you make more gas on the way?" "Can't you carry a supply of gas with you, compressed in steel tanks?" Actually, instead of needing new supplies of gas en route, we shall have gas "to burn." And we propose to burn it—that is to say, burn the surplus, be it much or little. The more we work the motor, the more rapidly we reduce the weight of the load carried; and the more the load is reduced, the more gas we have to dispose of. Ordinarily, this surplus gas is released, deliberately, through the valves into the surrounding air. But when we remembered the high calorific value of hydrogen, that its heating power per pound is more than three times that of gasoline, we said: "A pity to waste so much energy, to throw away, when it lies within ten feet of our motor. Can't we burn it as fuel?"

In response to this, Chief Engineer Vaniman rigged a motor with a two-way valve. Through one inlet came gasoline, through the other hydrogen. To experiment, he started the motor with the liquid fuel, then shut off the gasoline and turned on the gas. Instantly the motor accelerated its rate. This change from fluid to gas, and from gas back to fluid, was effected by the mere turn of a valve. The system worked perfectly. With check-valves to avert the danger of back-fire, and a small metal pipe leading to the gas-reservoir overhead, we see no reason why the surplus hydrogen cannot be used as so much fuel for our engine.

And how many miles per hour can the ship make at full speed? From fifteen to eighteen statute miles, which is equivalent from thirteen to sixteen sea-miles. This, of course, is the rate of progress it could make in a calm. The French call this the "proper speed" of an airship, meaning thereby its movement by its own motive power through still air, regardless of the effect of the wind. If we reckon the speed at fifteen miles per hour, and assume that the ship must go against a wind of ten miles per hour, the progress will be five miles per hour. But if the wind is blowing ten miles per hour with the course, the progress will be twenty-five miles per hour. It is apparent that, if our engineering has been sound, and the America can make about fifteen sea-miles per hour for 150



PORTRAIT OF MR. WELLMAN, TAKEN ON THE DECK OF HIS POLAR AIRSHIP, AMERICA.

The nacelle or car shown in this picture was the one built for 1906. For 1907 an entirely new car, all of steel, has been constructed.



PAUL BJOERVIG,

Norwegian sailor, now at Dunes Island for the winter. Bjoervig has thrice accompanied Mr. Wellman on his Arctic expeditions. In the winter of 1898-9 he was one of two men left by Mr. Wellman at an outpost in Franz Josef Land. His companion died, and for two months of Arctic darkness he slept beside the body of his dead comrade, which he was unable to bury.

neath it is 115 feet long, and from the bottom of this car to the top of the gas-reservoir, the distance is 65 feet, the height of a four-storey house. The surface of the gas-reservoir or balloon is 21,000 square feet, or more than half an acre, and the weight of the envelop of cotton, silk and rubber is two tons.

When the ship sets out upon its voyage, it will embrace, all told, 20,965 pounds—ten tons—of material and cargo.

hours with the gasoline carried, or 180 hours with both liquid and gaseous fuel, our radius of action, assuming the winds neutral, would be from 2250 to 2700 sea-miles—an allowance which seems to us ample.

It may be asked how we can speak with so much confidence of the speed of an airship that has never been tried in the air, that has not even been launched. The answer is that, just as in

miles, and reasonably certain to arrive at her destination if the storms and winds do not too much hamper her, and she can avoid the dangers of shipwreck or other disaster. There is this difference: the voyage of the ocean yacht would be in known waters, and the adverse effect of the winds upon her progress would probably be not very great. In our case the influence of the winds or other weather conditions might be



SIDE VIEW OF THE POLAR AIRSHIP, AMERICA.

The immense length—one hundred and eighty feet—is suggested by the figures standing near and under the balloon.



THE PROW OF THE POLAR AIRSHIP, AMERICA.

The nose that is to be pointed toward the North Pole.

marine engineering it is practicable to design a vessel with certain displacement, weight, lines, and power, and to calculate within a fraction of a knot her speed in actual trial, so with airships the art has now so far developed that, with a little less certainty and accuracy perhaps, the performance may be known in advance.

It appears, therefore, that our ship is much like a large yacht, able to carry enough fuel for a voyage of 2000 to 2500

controlling, and it behoves us to inquire with care what these conditions are likely to be and how well our craft is adapted to meet them.

The Arctic is the Best Field for Airships.

Most people think of the Arctic as the region of all the world least favourable for an airship voyage. They live in mind the intense cold, the frightful

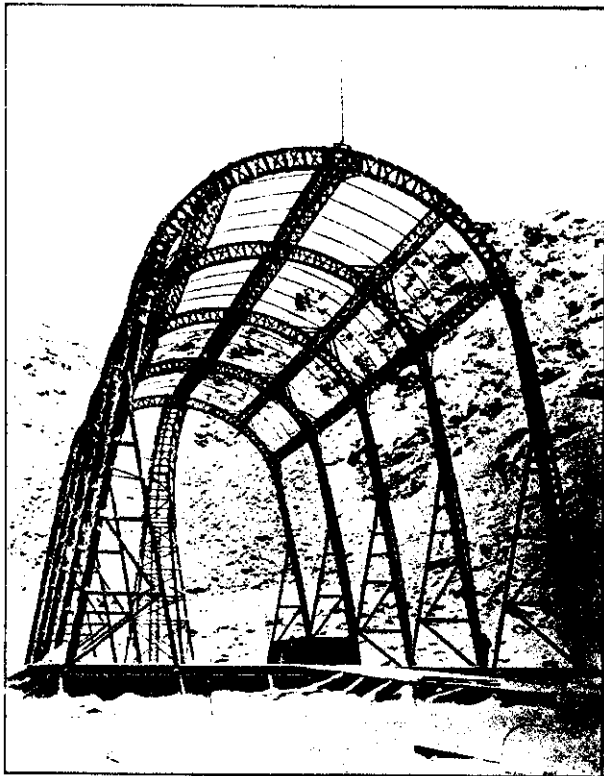
storms, of which they have read so much. They wonder how a sane man can propose to encounter such dangers in a fragile contrivance of silk, cotton, steel, and gas. But the truth tells quite another story. In point of fact, the Arctic, instead of the worst, are actually the best region in which to navigate an airship through a long distance. We do not mean that it is the best region in all

regulator of the vertical variations of the ship carrying it, since, by simple self-adjustment, it places its weight on the ground as the ship falls, or on the car as the ship rises. In the Arctic we can use this valuable auxiliary to its full advantage, because of the absence of houses, forests, shrubbery, fences, railway and telegraph lines, and all the obstructions which civilisation puts in the way

considerable weight, else it would fail to perform the functions expected of it in the handling of such a large ship. The more weight, within reasonable limits, the more safety. An ordinary steel cable would not only cut through the crust of snow generally found upon the surface of the polar ice-floes and so offer great resistance, but it would also sink in water, and should the airship pass over the sea, the steel line would become a mere dead weight dragging the ship down—and, furthermore, all the weight would be of material useless for other purposes.

What we wanted was a snake, a gliding serpent, moving over the ice-floes with the minimum of resistance, riding the snow-crust instead of cutting through

could not pass into its neighbours. Within the skin of the serpent we pack food—bacon, ham, bread, and butter, the bread inside the meat and butter. Should a little salt water get in, it could not hurt the fat meats and could not reach the ships biscuit enclosed in them. There was at least a little danger that the outer surface of this snake, in crawling a thousand miles over polar sea ice, might be abraded, torn, or disrupted. What to do about that? Again Mr. Vaniman was equal to the occasion. He riveted upon the leathern tube, all round, thousands of little scales of thin steel, one lapping the other, like the scales of a fish, protecting the leather from abrasion and forming an ideal gliding surface,



THE SKELETON FRAME OF THE WELLMAN AIRSHIP HALL WITHOUT ITS SKIN OF SAIL-CLOTH.

Eighty-two feet wide, eighty-five feet high, and one hundred and ninety feet long.

particulars—there are disadvantages as well as advantages. But comparing the polar ocean with France or America, and writing up the debit and credit account for each, the balance strikes heavily in favour of the far northern field.

The intense cold of which one instinctively thinks when the Arctic are mentioned, does not exist—in summer, in winter it is a grim reality. The Arctic summer is relatively mild. At the North Pole itself, as we know from scientific inference, the mean temperature for July and August is only two or three degrees below freezing in the shade. This condition obtains in all the region lying about the Pole. Here nature has formed on a scale of a million of square miles the very conditions known in the laboratory of physics as "the melting point of ice": an ice-sheeted sea, the sun constantly in the heavens, at midnight as well as at midday, great and constant evaporation from wastes of snow and ice, high humidity, much cloudiness, fog, and mist.

More important than the relative mildness of the temperature is the fact that over the polar ocean the summer temperature is the most constant to be found anywhere in the world.

Storms, properly speaking, are unknown in the Arctic in the summer months of July and August. The best meteorological records in that region were obtained by Dr. Nansen during the three years' drift of the "Fram" across the polar basin. The highest rate of wind encountered in the three years was thirty-eight miles per hour.

The Ballast Question.

Ballast must be serviceable in many ways. Most of it, as I have said, consists of the fuel in our tanks, but besides this we have the guide-rope, the primary purpose of which, as it hangs from the car with its lower end trailing on the surface of the earth, is to keep the airship in continuous contact with terra firma. This guide-rope is an automatic

of cross-country travelling.

Important as it is to overcome these minor fluctuations, it is still more essential to prevent the airship from rising too high. In the Arctic great altitude means danger to an airship.

We were certain that a guide-rope was necessary, but how best to make it was a question. Obviously, it should have



IN THE MACHINE SHOP AT CAMP WELLMAN.

it, and swimming, if need be, upon the water. Above all, the interior of this serpent must be stuffed full of good food, well protected from loss or injury, and the weight of this useful material, in proportion to the unuseful skin of the snake, must be as great as possible. The principle was easily framed, but it remained for the ingenuity of Chief Engineer Vaniman to find the practicable means of putting the principle into effect.

The Sausage Guide-rope.

The serpent is made of leather, one-eighth of an inch thick, fashioned into a long tube six inches in diameter. This leather has high tensile strength, and the snake will withstand a pull of four tons before parting—an ample margin of safety. It is divided into sections of about ten feet in length, each section a clove compartment, so that if, by chance, water should get into one, it

since the snake is expected to crawl but in one direction, and that, of course, as a fish swims, with the tips of his scales to the rear. This serpent or sausage guide-rope displaces 13.4 pounds of sea-water per foot of its length, itself weighs two pounds per foot, its stuffing 8.8 pounds making the total 10.8 pounds per foot, leaving for buoyancy in water 2.6 pounds per foot, or about 20 per cent. With a snake 130 feet long, we have a grand total of 1150 pounds of useful material against only 265 of unuseful, so to speak, a percentage of 81. Certainly this is vastly better than carrying a simple steel cable of a thousand pounds or more, which might do fairly well as a guide-rope (though not as well as the serpent), but would prove dreadfully disappointing if, through some mischance, the crew should wish to eat it.

The guide-rope serpent is made to glide with the least possible friction or resistance. Experiment has shown us that its



THE OLDER AND Surer METHOD—TAKING ONE OF THE SLEDGES OVER A PRESSURE RIDGE.

retardation of the speed of the America is likely to equal about one and a-half miles per hour at the beginning of the voyage, when all of the weight of the serpent is down upon the ice, and to only half a mile per hour after thirty hours

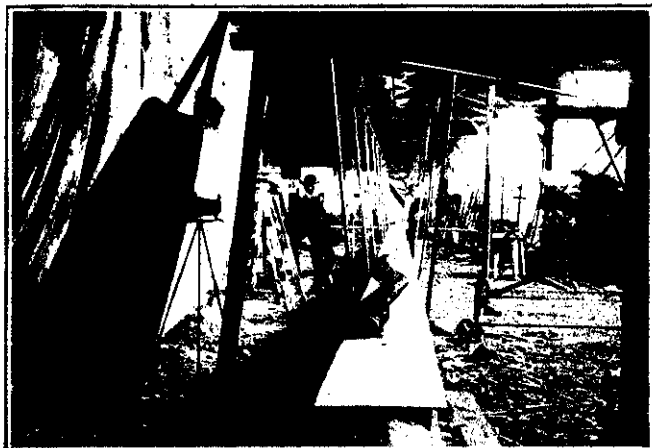
in form, was invented to meet a very different purpose. My former explorations had proved to me that the polar fields of ice afford an excellent surface for anchoring a balloon or airship in case of need. I have already pointed out that

chor (for the principle is the same as that employed by sailors for many centuries), is the result of experiment on similar surfaces, to a maximum of about 1000 pounds, which corresponds to the pull of the airship stationary in a wind of nineteen miles an hour. In winds of less force than this, the retarder would hold the ship firmly; in higher winds it would drag, the ship's speed being proportionate, of course, to the velocity of the wind. In a twenty-mile breeze we should lose a mile or two an hour; in a thirty-mile wind, eleven or twenty miles an hour. By using a gliding instead of a fixed anchor, we keep the strain upon tackle, car, and balloon within the limits of safety. With firm anchorage there would always exist danger that high winds or gusts might cause something to give way and involve us in serious trouble, if not actual disaster. With the retarder, all strains will be

limited, and, moreover, will be cushioned to softness through the weight and sag of the long steel cable by which the serpent is let down upon the ice.

The retarder serpent is made in the same way as the guide-rope, saving that here the intention is to get the greatest maximum resistance in the snow and ice in proportion to the weight of the device. Instead of with smooth scales, we coat this serpent with sharp, protruding points of steel, which are made to engage in the snow; taking care to have nothing so large or strong that it could by any possibility hold fast enough to make firm anchorage.

I have said that we carried no useless material; but to be strictly accurate, I must explain that we do carry at the outset a small quantity of sand ballast which we throw over at the very beginning of our ascent. The airship, thus lightened, rises until the steel cable of



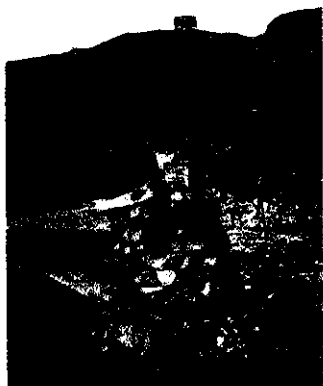
ENGINEER VANIMAN (AT THE LEFT) WITH HIS HALF-BUILT CAR.

The platform immediately covering the gasoline tank forms the flooring of the car. Upon it rests, by chance, a section of the guide-rope serpent. At the left is shown a blade of one of the twin steel screws.

of motoring and gasoline-burning has lifted a thousand pounds of the snake from contact with the earth. In compensation for this small loss of speed, due to friction, we gain safety of operation and more than a thousand pounds of reserve food.

Sail When You Can—Anchor When You Must.

One other appliance, somewhat similar



CAIRN MARKING THE SPOT WHERE ANDREE INFLATED HIS BALLOON.

This unlucky spot is but a short distance from where the America will start on her voyage.

our ship is to have a proper speed of about 15 knots per hour for from 150 to 180 hours. But as we do not by any means intend to confine the voyage to that number of hours,—indeed, we reckon upon twice or perhaps thrice as many in the aggregate,—the question arises as to what we intend doing during the hours the motor is not working. This brings us to one of the most important features of the project.

Our plan is to use the fuel in the motor and keep the screws in motion only, in favourable winds or in the lighter of the unfavourable winds. When winds are both strong and contrary,—that is, when it would be uneconomical to use the motor, because we should get very little result in miles covered, for the fuel expended,—we propose to profit by the peculiar advantages offered by the presence of the ice-floes underneath, and anchor the ship to the surface of the earth. Thus, while unfavourable conditions prevail, we lose neither fuel nor position, but hold our own without cost.

By anchorage we do not mean a fast and firm anchorage, but the employment of a simple device—and here is the second appliance I spoke of—called the retarder. It is the strange-looking object that hangs from the forward part of the car, like a huge snake, covered with pointed steel scales, designed to offer the maximum of resistance in proportion to its weight, in gliding over the surface of the ice-floes. This surface, by the way, is not as rough as it is generally pictured or imagined; instead of mountains of ice and rugged masses of irregularly shaped pieces, it is, generally speaking, a series of undulating, snowy plains. The resistance of this retarder, or drag-



THE START FOR THE POLE.

A Little Customer of RENDELLS



Baby Outfit Parcels

No. 1 BABY OUTFIT.—

- 6 Shirts, or 3 Silk and Wool Vests
- 3 Night Gowns
- 3 Day Gowns
- 3 Long Flannels
- 2 Flannel Blinders
- 2 Swathes
- 1 dozen Turkish Towelling Squares
- Puff, Box, and Powder
- 1 Nice Robe or Shawl

£2 the lot, carriage paid. Money refunded if value is considered unsatisfactory.

We have been sending these Baby Linen Parcels all over N.Z. for the last ten years.

No. 2 BABY OUTFIT.—

- 6 Shirts, or 3 Silk and Wool Vests
- 3 Night Gowns, 3 Prettily trimmed Day Gowns
- 1 Monthly Gown
- 2 Flannel Blinders, 2 Swathes
- 1 Silk or Woolen Jacket
- 3 Long Flannels, scalloped
- 1 dozen Turkish Nursery Squares
- 1 Waterproof Cot Square
- 1 Long Skirt
- Puff, Box, and Powder
- 1 Handsome Robe or Shawl

£3 the lot, carriage paid.

Short Clothes

Cashmere Dresses, in Cream, Sky, Pink, and Red, 3/3 to 6/6, all are extra wide in the skirts.
 Lovely little Jap. Silk Dresses, own make, hand feather-stitched skirts and yokes, 8/6
 Plumer Styles, lace trimmed, 5/11
 Dainty Afternoon Dresses in White Muslin, trimmed lace and embroidery, 2/11 to 15/6
 Cream Cashmere Dresses, 8/11 to 42/-
 Some very choice ones from 12/6 to 18/6
 Infants' Silk Bonnets, lovely designs, from 2/11 to 6/11
 Infants' Pinifores, our own make, with wide Erib, lace edging, 1/6
 Special range at 2/11, tucked embroidered and lace insertion, no two alike.
 No extra charge for postage.

Rendells Ltd,

General Drapers, AUCKLAND

Queen Street and Karangahape Road

the guide-rope is lifted, and the balloon balances in the air. After that, equilibrium is maintained automatically, the guide-rope adjusting all small fluctuations, and the loss of buoyancy through the burning or the leakage of gas equalising the weight of the gasoline consumed and the fuel eaten.

At the beginning of the voyage the rafter is carried on the airship, without touching the surface of the earth, but ready to be let down at any moment. The guide-rope serpent is trailed on the ice or in the water. Both serpents are worked on the same cable, which passes through a winch in the car, and is therefore under the control of the crew. They can raise one and let the other down at will.

At the start of the voyage, 1400 pounds is to be the weight of the guide-rope serpent in contact with the earth. But as each hour of motoring makes a net gain of 33 pounds of lifting force, instead of burning or letting out gas at this stage of the voyage, we hold the gas and use it to lift from

the earth its equivalent of the weight of the serpent. At the end of 30 hours of motoring, about 1000 pounds would have been so lifted, and would then hang vertically from the car. Now, if there should come a great accumulation of snow or frost or moisture upon the ship, tending to over-weight, we have between the craft and the ice the combined weight of the two serpents and their operating cable, a total of more than 1500 pounds. All this could go down upon the ice in case of need, relieving the ship of its load to that extent, and compensating the weight accumulated from the elements, even if this accumulation were much in excess of a thousand pounds.

Melting the Snow-cap off the Balloon.

Rain we do not fear. But wet snow or sleet might produce a considerable adhesion of weight to the envelop.

Continued on page 41.



FINE BURNT CHIP, TRIMMED BROAD BAND VELVET, in NAVY, MOSS, TOBAC, VIEUX ROSE, PRUNELLA, 8/11

THE NEW MILLINERY

— AT —
McCullagh & Gower's
 are STRIKINGLY BEAUTIFUL, and Emphasize Quite a New Note in
HATS, TOQUES and BONNETS.

INSPECTION INVITED.
 Ex late arrivals, we have just opened a very Big Range of
 Ready to Wears at 6/11, 8/11, 9/11, 10/9, 11/9,
 12/9, 15/9, 18/9, 21/-

McCullagh & Gower,
 MILLINERS and COSTUMIERS, QUEEN STREET.

Travellers' Samples.

We have just purchased the whole of Messrs. Gavin Gibson & Co.'s indent samples

At Over 50% Under Landed Cost.

These are beautiful goods, comprising MEN'S, WOMEN'S, and CHILDREN'S of every description, and are now on view, and being cleared at

HALF USUAL PRICES

At Miller's Boot Palace,
 Victoria St., Auckland

Stewart Dawson & Co.

N.Z. LIMITED,
 QUEEN STREET, AUCKLAND.

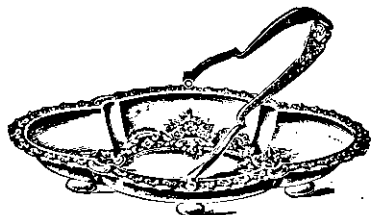
In purchasing from us you will find that our prices mean a saving of fully 10 to 20 per cent. We do not keep inferior goods. Our low-priced articles are all of good make and finish, and we have by far the largest variety in Auckland to choose from.

To ensure receiving our goods it is necessary to deal with us direct at our AUCKLAND TREASURE HOUSE, as we do not employ Agents or Travelling Salesmen. On receipt of remittance we forward goods post free, to any address. We also supply Illustrated Catalogues free to anyone interested.



G 8278—Best Silver-plated Embossed Afternoon Tea Set, 3 pieces, £3 12 6

Price of Single Pieces.
 Teapot, 25/-; Sugar, 25/-; Cream, 22/6



H 2712—Embossed Silver-plated Cake Basket, 12 inches long, £2 12 6



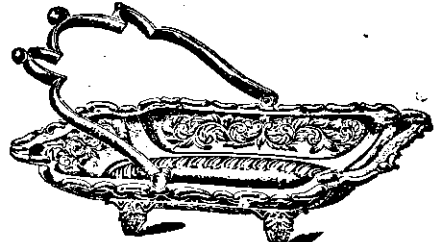
F 6527—"King James" Design Afternoon Tea Service on Tray, Silver-plated on Nickel Silver, complete, £5

Similar Set, size smaller, £4



G 4846—Best Silver-plated Embossed Afternoon Tea Set, 3 pieces, £3 10 6

Price of Single Pieces,
 Teapot, 40/-; Sugar, 21/-; Cream, 18/6



H 2592—Embossed Silver-plated Cake Basket, 12 inches long, £2 7 6



H 294—Chased and Best Silver-plated Full-size Teapot, 18 6



G 3822—Chased and Best Silver-plated Full-size Teapot, 25/-



F 2983—Best Silver-plated and Embossed Full-size Teapot, Ebonite Handle, £3



F 1285—Engraved and Silver-plated Full-size teapot, 18 6

EMPIRE HOTEL,

WELLINGTON.



Cable, "Empire" Wellington.

Box G.P.O. Wellington, 385.

THIS HOTEL HAS BEEN ENTIRELY RENOVATED THROUGHOUT, and is the PREMIER HOTEL in the CITY OF WELLINGTON. Visitors to the Dominion will find their comfort thoroughly catered for. COOK'S TOURIST COUPONS ACCEPTED.

MRS F. POOL, Proprietress.



SUTCLIFFE AND MOUNCE, 6, Hepburn Street, AUCKLAND.

Box 608.

Artesian Well and Coal Borers.

WE HAVE completed a large amount of boring during the last seven years, and where water has been located by water diviner, we have had universal success. We can send water diviner and can guarantee a supply of water under above conditions. For terms, etc., apply above address.

G. BRANDAUER & Co's, Ltd. Circular Pointed Pens.

Seven Prize Medals.

Works: Birmingham, England.



These series of Pens neither scratch nor spurt. They glide over the roughest paper with the ease of a soft lead pencil.

Attention is also drawn to their patent Anti-Blotting Series.

Ask your Storekeeper for an assorted Sample Box.

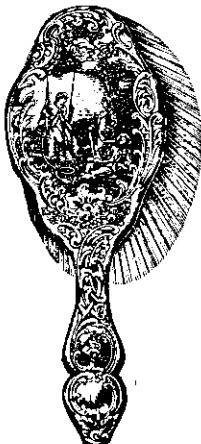


HYDROLEINE SOAP
FOR WASHING BLANKETS
Saves at every point. Coarse things easily washed by delicate women. Fine things safely washed by strong women. Directions on each package. HYDROLEINE saves most of the wear because it

Saves most of the rubbing



A 804. Watteau Mirror, £5 5/-.



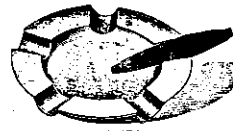
A 803. Watteau Brush, £2 6/-.



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



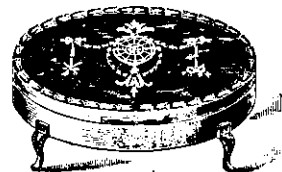
A 802. Old Dutch Design, 22/6.



A 874. Ash Tray, 20/-.



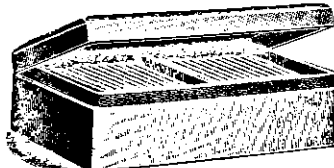
A 908. Ink Bottle, 15/- to 30/-.



A 1163. Inlaid Shell Box, 15/-.



A 984. Vase, 6in., 55/-; 8 1/2in., £6 10/-.



A 871. From £8 8/- to £15.

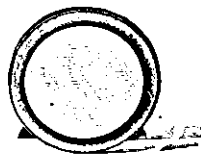
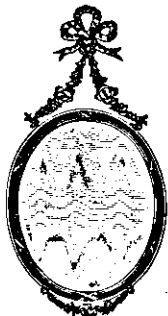


Photo Frame, From 5/-.



A 1127. Photo Frame, 4 1/2, 6 1/2, 8 1/2, 10 1/2.



A 884. Mustard, 40/-.



A 873. £5 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.

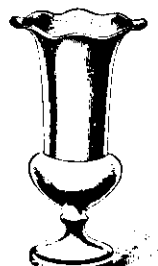
W. Littlejohn & Son,

224-222 LAMBTON QUAY, WELLINGTON.

CASH DISCOUNT. 5 per cent.



A 975. Watteau Vase, 6in., 15/-.



A 970. Vase, 6in., 32/6.

Life in the Garden.

Practical Advice for Amateurs.

SEEDS TO SOW THIS MONTH.

Flowers.—Candytuft, Clarkia, Carnation, Calliopsis, Chrysanthemum (annual sorts), Dianthus, Escholtzia, Godetia, Helichrysum, Lupinus, Larkspur, Mignonette, Marigold, Poppies, Phlox Drummondii, Sweet Peas.

Vegetables.—Broad Beans, Peas, Carrots, Cabbage, Cauliflower, Lettuce, Onion, Parsnip, Parsley, Spinach, Saladings, Turnip. Sow under glass: Tomato, Celery, Vegetable Marrow.

Plant Roots of Rhubarb, Potatoes, Gladioli, Lilies, Tuberoses.

Trees.—Roses, Lemons.

Plant Out Cabbage, Cauliflower, Lettuce, Onion, Stocks, Antirrhinums, Carnations.

GENERAL GARDEN WORK.

SEPTEMBER is one of the busiest months in the garden, and those who have had their land turned over rough will now be enabled to make good headway, as the soil will be easily broken up, but those who neglected, or had no time for this work, will find it a difficult matter to get the land which is sodden with rain and "baked" into a proper tilth. Any trees or shrubs still unplaced should be planted immediately in those districts where frosts are frequent. Lemons are more likely to succeed when planted in spring; rhubarb roots may still be planted; continue planting out cabbage, cauliflower, lettuce and onions. Several sowings of peas should be put in during the month; where stakes can be provided such tall growing kinds as Telephone, Telegraph, Alderman, Niphus Ultra or Duke of Albany may be sown; where stakes cannot be provided, or where dwarf growing sorts are preferred, then use Little Gem, Stanley, Daisy, or others of similar height. Make a sowing

of Carrots—Early Horn or Guerande are two very good sorts for early work, also parsnip, and white stone or Munich Turnips. Continue sowing saladings where required. Plant a good breadth of potatoes, using sound tubers, and avoid stringy eyed ones.

The flower garden requires a lot of attention. Plant out Carnations where this work has been deferred. No time should be lost in getting these into their flowering quarters. Plant out Ten-week Stocks; we prefer when planting these to put in two plants every 5 or 6 inches, so that where single flowers show they can be pulled out without leaving so many gaps. Of course, when singles are not objected to, this need not be done. Gladioli of all kinds can be planted, and where a succession of bloom is desired, two or more plantings should be made at intervals of two or three weeks. These bulbs are so easily grown and make such a gorgeous display, they should be planted in every garden. Lilies may still be set out. Antirrhinums, Penstemons, and Delphiniums may be set out where they are to flower, keeping a watchful eye for slugs and snails, especially, as these pests are very destructive of young Delphiniums.

In the orchard, grafting should be finished, and peaches and nectarines sprayed with Bordeaux Mixture or Vermorel for the prevention of leaf curl. We recommend two sprayings, with 10 days or so between, and the last spraying should be done just before the buds burst. If the spraying is thoroughly done it is effectual, and clean healthy foliage will be the result.

Among the Daffodils.

The Auckland Daffodil Show was held in the Choral Hall on Thursday and Friday. The season for these flowers had been, up till within a few days of the show, very favourable, but a week before

that date we had a succession of heavy gales and much rain, which undoubtedly spoilt many blooms, and prevented several exhibitors from staging in some sections, besides giving to some flowers that were set up a rather tattered appearance. We were agreeably surprised to find on entering the hall such a fine display. One of the first things a daffodil enthusiast does on getting inside the show is to make a bee-line for the collection competing for the champion daffodil vase, value 20 guineas. This year, as last, Professor Thomas secures the trophy easily. There can be no two opinions as to the quality

in the stand. Dream of Beauty, a seedling, which has been shown before, was again staged and attracted considerable attention. Mrs. Camu (white trumpet) was the best in this class. Nice, well-flowered specimens, in excellent condition, of Incomparabilis. Lucifer was a very beautiful example, the large white perianth setting off the bright orange red cup in a very striking way. Gloria Mundi was also very fine, the red colour in the cup being specially good, and we noticed in many stands good examples of this variety, which is now so deservedly popular. Ariadne (Leedsii) is a very striking



TWO FINE SPECIMENS.

On the left is Professor Thomas' "Bonanza," and on the right, Mr. J. Kirker's "Admiral Makaroff."

of the flowers here set up, and one only wonders how such a collection, with one or two exceptions, can have been staged under the weather conditions prevailing in such clean and almost perfect condition. Weardale Perfection is one of our finest bicolor trumpets, and the vase of these flowers in Professor Thomas' stand was, in our opinion, one of the finest in the whole show, and would be very hard to beat anywhere. Duke of Bedford, Mrs. Walter Ware, Empress and Victoria were some of the other varieties of bicolor, all in good condition. In yellow trumpets, King Alfred was shown in first class form, with great long stalks, and this fine variety was one of the best yellows

bloom, and one greatly admired; the perianth is white, with ivory white cup very daintily filled at the margin. Johnstoni, Queen of Spain, and Posticus Prioix Grandiflora were also fine blooms.

Mr. J. Kirker's stand contained some fine varieties, and it was here the judges awarded the championship for best bloom of yellow trumpet in the show, the variety being Van Waveren's Giant, first time exhibited here, and a valuable bulb. This daffodil is of great size, perianth primrose, trumpet bright yellow with large open mouth; it is one of the largest varieties in commerce, but we question if it will be as good a doer as King Alfred. Weardale Perfection, the champion bi-



G. J. MACKAY'S EXHIBIT AT THE SPRING SHOW OF THE AUCKLAND HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

colour, was also in Mr. Kirker's lot, and it was a noble flower. Mr. Kirker had some good yellow trumpets, such as Admiral Togo, Admiral Makaroff, and Hamlet. Cynosure and Red Coat were shown in excellent condition, the latter having the red cup beautifully coloured.

In the collections of 30 varieties (bulbs of which must not exceed 5/ each), Mr. H. B. J. Bull had fine examples of Red Coat, Mrs. Cumm. Golden Spur, Mary Anderson Horsfieldii and Orphee (Barri)—this popular sort was in splendid condition. Mr. Rosser's lot bore evidence of having suffered considerably through wind and rain, still it contained good blooms of Red Coat, Gloria Mundi, Sulphur Phoenix, and Golden Rose (doubles).

In the class for 20 varieties (Poly. Narcissus excluded), Mr. A. E. Grindrod, who took second place, had fine blooms of Amabilis, C. W. Cowan Princeps, C. J. Backhouse, and Red Coat. For ten varieties Mr. N. R. Thomas showed Cornus, Empress, Beauty, M. J. Berkeley, and Orphee; whilst Mr. C. Hesketh had Princeps, Victoria, Cynosure, and Orphee, etc. Mr. Marriner gained the Cartwright and Goodwin prize for nine varieties. This included C. W. Cowan, Sir Walter Raleigh (very fine), Snowflake, Cabaceras, Empress, Marchioness of Loene. Polyanthus Narcissus were shown by Mr. A. Nicoll, his varieties being White Pearl, Golden Queen, States General, Mount Cenio, and Grand Soliel d'Or. These fine old sorts are now very much neglected, most growers having relegated them to the backyard.

Professor Thomas secured premier place for his seedlings—a very promising lot. We were specially taken with one named Remuera (trumpet); Massive Gold, another trumpet variety, pure golden yellow, and rose lining, apricot-tinted cup quite distinct. Some of the other seedlings were Egmont, Hillboro, The Pearl, and Marsden. We expect to hear more about these before we are much older. Some enterprising bulb merchant may induce the Professor to part with some of his choice novelties, and give growers a chance of buying a few bulbs for comparison.

Mr. Brett, of Lake Takapuna, who usually sets up a fine table of choice flowers, was not one whit behind his former efforts; indeed, in early sweet peas he has gone ahead. We counted six distinct colours of these early sorts. The hyacinth spikes were large, well-formed, and the individual bells of great size, showing good culture. Cyclamens, as usual, were excellent, whilst the stock, for variety, length of spike, and richness of colouring, were perfection, and the table was tastefully arranged and attracted considerable notice.

Messrs. C. S. McDonald and Sons (Epsom) had a tastefully arranged group of plants, which were awarded first prize. Splendid specimens of Boronias in full bloom, salvias, cyclamens, etc., interspersed with ferns, palms, etc., were some of the plants in this lot.

Mr. McFettridge had the honours for cyclamens—a fine lot of both old and new varieties. This gentleman also showed some blooms of tulips. Mr. Collins had camellias. Mr. Bull had some very good ranunculus, but anemones were rather poor.

Table decorations were exceedingly



EXHIBIT BY MESSRS. C. S. McDONALD AND SONS AT THE AUCKLAND HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY'S SPRING SHOW.

good, showing excellent taste in arrangement and choice of colours. The floral work on exhibition from Mr. G. Maekay was one of the features of the show.

Some of the violets shown were of great size and substance, and the artistic manner in which these were used in the various devices was very telling.

grafting stems, and wild stock of the different kinds of fruit-trees to local authorities. It is a notable fact that these establishments are training schools of the best possible type, in that young men are encouraged to work on the farms for wages, and given every opportunity to learn fruit culture. As well, yearly competitions have been inaugurated by the State, in which prizes are awarded to the heads of those parish councils who can show the largest increase of fruit-tree stock in their neighbourhood. Such a system has given an enormous impetus to the question of fruit-growing on sound lines.

An Ambitious Programme.

About four years after the starting of the first State fruit farms, it occurred to some one in the Ministry that yet

Orchards by the Roadside.

How the Hungarian Ministry of Agriculture took steps to increase the number of Fruit Trees in Hungary. A Suggestion for this country.

By S. LEONARD BASTIN.

IT is, perhaps, a special failing of modern mankind to overlook the obvious. A new invention is brought forward, a fresh way of carrying on an industry is started, and the world says how strange that no one ever thought of that before. Of this there is probably no better instance to be found than the custom of planting fruit-trees by the roadside, which has proved such a remarkable success in Hungary. The origination of the idea came about as the result of a chance thought. In the



Pear Trees by the Roadside at Letchworth.

year 1892 the Hungarian Ministry of Agriculture—a very energetic body, by the way—decided that the country was not producing anything like the amount of fruit which it should do. In spite of the fact that many of the districts may be numbered amongst the best fruit-growing districts in the world, Hungary was importing an amount of this material equal to two-thirds of that grown on home soil. Accordingly, steps were taken to increase the number of trees, especially plums for drying purposes, and to this end several State farms were established for the sole purpose of supplying the various divisions with stock. In the decade from 1892-02 the number of Government orchards was more than quadrupled. These "popeneries," as they are called, distribute at a very low rate, or in certain cases free of cost, seedlings,

another way existed in which the value of fruit-growing might be brought home to the peasantry in the more remote districts. "Plant fruit-trees by the roadside in every parish in Hungary," said the proposer of the scheme, "see that these are looked after on modern lines, and then the people will find out how profitable a thing it is to grow this kind of produce. Moreover, the returns from the proceeding will be such that every district will speedily benefit to a considerable extent." Such an ambitious programme was, of course, not a thing to be carried through in a year, and it was wisely seen that the system must be gradually extended throughout the country. In Hungary the main roads are under the ownership of the State, whilst the subsidiary highways are managed by the parish and county councils.



THE CHARM OF THE DAFFODIL.

The splendid bloom on the left is Mr. J. Kirker's "Golden Bell," and on the right is Mr. Grindrod's "Codlins and Cream."

A special survey of all the State highways was undertaken to determine the kind of trees best suited to the different localities. Then three of the Government orchards were set aside specially to supply young trees for planting in the different districts. The State railways lent assistance to the fulfilment of the idea by charging for the transit of this fruit tree stock only half the usual rate. As one would expect, the scheme is meeting with the greatest success—beyond that expected by its advocates, although the work is not by any means completed. In ten years' time Hungary will certainly be, without fear of a challenger, the premier fruit-producing country of the world.

Fruit Trees by Act of Parliament.

To come to actual figures, at the present time there are about 250,000 fruit trees on the Hungarian State highways.

be worth the attention of the various boards of directors.

The Garden City of Letchworth.

It is pleasant to be able to record that in one place in England private enterprise has initiated the custom of roadside fruit tree planting. Many reforms in connection with town planning have been carried into effect at the famous Garden City of Letchworth, but none has done so much to beautify the thriving settlement as the practice of placing handsome trees and hardy herbaceous plants by the side of the highways. The estate forester has fearlessly overlooked the traditional plane and lime avenues of the typical British town, and has introduced a large number of lovely trees rarely seen except in gardens. Moreover, he has gone one better than this, in planting rows of fruit trees, or walnuts—the crops being used for the bene-

Old-fashioned purgatives are worse than useless, as the dose which may relieve to-day will have to be doubled in a week, trebled in a fortnight, and so on. Bile Beans are gentle in action, permanent in effect, and, being entirely free from harsh minerals and drastic drugs, may be administered to children and invalids with absolute safety. In fact, Bile Beans are the ideal remedy for constipation, as Mrs. M. Barry, of Ryan-street, Petone, Wellington, N.Z., testifies:—

"For many years," this lady says, "I suffered from constipation, liver disorder, and asthma, for which I tried many so-called remedies, but without benefit. I decided to give Bile Beans a trial, having heard good reports of their efficacy. After taking a few doses I felt relief, and continuing with them, I was restored to health, and even the asthma was to a certain extent relieved. Bile Beans are, without doubt, a first-class medicine, and I strongly recommend them to fellow-sufferers."

Bile Beans are the standard family medicine, and the only genuine and reliable remedy for all symptoms of liver, stomach, digestive, and bowel disorders. Of all chemists and stores.

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 Trees, 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. CARNATIONS, over 100 named varieties; ROSES, splendid collection of over 400 varieties, including latest and best novelties; Annual and Biennial Seedlings, etc. Eclair Knapsack Spray Pump, Secateurs, Pruning and Gardening Requisites. Write for Catalogues, post free on application.

PLANT NOW

Ornamental Trees and Shrubs, Hedging Plants, Shelter Trees, Fruit Trees, all kinds of Nursery Stock. BREEDING PLANTS in great variety. Town agent for LIPPATT'S FAMOUS ROSES. Plant now, SWEET PEAS, all the Newes, and Best for sale. Everything for the garden at

MACKAY'S

195 QUEEN STREET, AUCKLAND. Nursery—Onehunga.

12 PACKETS Assorted Vegetable or Flower Seeds, 1/1; 250 Giant Sweet Peas, 7d; 10 Giant Pansy Plants, 7d. — W. Abraham, Parnell.



Garden Plants by the Footway at Letchworth.

Perhaps one of the most astonishing facts is that all the trees planted, save an insignificant 6 per cent, are doing well—a striking testimony to the thoroughness with which the whole matter has been carried through. Undoubtedly the success is largely due to the care with which the keepers of the trees have been educated. The writer is indebted to Mr W. H. Shrubsole for permission to use the photograph of the State highway. On the county and parish roads the work goes on much more slowly, owing to the fact that, up to the present, the Government orchards have been fully occupied in supplying the need of the State highways, and until these are fully planted there is no surplus to be used in other directions. By a special Act of Parliament the various parishes are bound to establish orchards for the purpose of producing growing fruit trees to plant upon the roads under their control. These are quite independent of the State orchards, but now and again the Government farms make grants of wild seedlings and even grafted stock, whilst in the case of those places which seem to merit a reward for good management, a money allowance is drafted to the overseers. In fact, everything is done to induce the local authorities to lend their aid towards the accomplishment of the great ideal which sees Hungary as a great fruit garden. Moreover, the children are trained from childhood to regard the roadside crops as sacred.

One cannot help thinking that, in the direction of roadside tree-planting, Great Britain might well take a hint from Hungary. The country is admittedly one of the best for the production of many kinds of fruits in the world; on either side of the roads there are miles and miles of land which do not serve the least purpose, yet in all, these represent a vast area that might be turned to profitable account. Surely it would not be a wrong development of Socialism if the local authorities were to cultivate the waste patches in the manner indicated for the common good. In order not to injure the existing growers, let the fruit be grown for drying or bottling purposes. By adopting the new idea of drying fruit by artificial heat, the former process could well be carried on in England. Perhaps this is a little too much to expect at the present time, but a suggestion might be offered to the great railway companies. By the side of the permanent way there is a large amount of land available—could not some of the best dividends be retrieved if this space was planted with productive fruit trees? One would think that the idea would

fit of the community. It is felt that the sight of the different sorts of fruit trees flourishing so well will be the strongest possible inducement to the many small holders, to attempt the cultivation of similar kinds. To further this cause all the trees and shrubs are carefully labelled so that there is a perpetual object-lesson before the eyes of those living in Garden City.

YEARS OF CONSTIPATION.

BILE BEANS EARN A NEW ZEALAND HOUSEWIFE'S PRAISE.

Constipation is the cause of quite two-thirds of the ailments which form the doctors' daily practice, especially among women. The direct results of constipation are anaemia, indigestion, biliousness, liver troubles, piles, skin eruptions, palpitation, sleeplessness, headaches, neuralgia, nervousness, and a general disturbance of all the bodily functions.

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

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



An Hungarian Highway, showing the Pear Trees planted by the Government.

Will the America Fly to the Pole?

Continued from page 36.

Against this we have a second method of protection. Every hour the motor runs, it burns 44 pounds of gasoline, releasing in combustion about 200,000 calories of heat. Four-fifths of this heat is converted into useful work, or taken up by the jacket-absorption. One-fifth, or 40,000 calories per hour, is thrown off in the exhaust which makes such a chatter in the surrounding atmosphere. It occurred to us that this was an enormous quantity of heat to throw away, since one calorie is sufficient, theoretically, to raise the temperature of a quart of water nearly two degrees Fahrenheit. Why not throw this waste heat, or part of it, up into the balloon to warm the gas, and, by keeping the skin of the reservoir a few degrees above the temperature of the surrounding air, melt away any snow or sleet that might adhere to the roof?

This device is part of our system. In a steerable balloon, it should be noted, provision is made to pump air into the interior of the balloon, or, rather, into a balloon within the balloon, called the balloonet, for the purpose of preserving a fairly constant pressure within the gas-reservoir. The use of this pressure is to maintain the form of the balloon, to keep its skin taut, so that it may always present a smooth outward surface to the wind, without infolding. This interior pressure takes the place of stiffening frames such as have been tried with ill-success in some constructions, and it usually ranges at from two to four pounds per square foot. The method is old and highly efficient. To pump air into the interior of the balloon, which must be done quite frequently, a small independent motor is usually carried, though the air-pump may be worked from the large motor, and also by hand, as an additional precaution. Instead of pumping in cold air, as others have done, we propose to pump in hot air.

Our Unique Car.

Now for the car of the America. Aeronautic engineers in France have expressed their admiration for the skill and adaptability shown in its design and construction. V-shaped, it realises the highest possible ratio of strength and rigidity to the weight of the materials employed. Inasmuch as we had to provide for the storage of about 1150 gallons of gasoline (6800 pounds), which must be carried in absolute safety and therefore in strong metal tanks, and inasmuch, further, as the weight of such tanks must be from 1000 to 1200 pounds, the question arose: Was it not possible to avoid carrying so much dead weight or useless metal, and make the tank a structural part of the car? The problem was solved by constructing a tank as long as the car itself, forming the bottom of the V, and thus becoming a stiffening and strengthening part of the structure as well as a place of storage. The tank is made of thin steel, divided into fourteen sections, so that if by chance there should be leakage in one, there need be no loss from the adjacent sections. As required, the gasoline can be pumped from any of the sections, thus trimming ship.

What It Means to Navigate An Airship.

The navigation of this ship of the air, running through an uncharted sea, is not going to be a simple thing. For our direction we must, of course, depend largely upon the compass, though at times we can steer roughly by the sun. Our compasses must be carefully adjusted and compensated, and we shall find it necessary to "swing the ship" for this purpose at our base, precisely as is done in preparing the compasses of any other steel ship for her voyage on the ocean. We shall carry three main compasses, two in the car, and one, a "jump" compass, swung below the car, beyond the influence of the steel of that structure, and designed to serve as a standard or corrector, from time to time, of the other instruments. The needle of the compass works normally in the Arctic Ocean—that is, as it is expected to work. The magnetic pole is far to the south of the mathematical pole—1200 miles. In other words, the magnetic pole is as near Winnipeg, Canada, as to the North Pole.

From the compass we shall get our

direction with fair accuracy. But it is not going to be easy to write the log of the ship. We shall know quite accurately the rate of movement imparted to the craft by the screws, but we shall be able only to guess what the influence of the winds is upon the movement, favourable or unfavourable. With a little practice we may be able to guess with fair accuracy, should the weather conditions be such as to enable us to see the icy surface of the earth. But in mists and fogs, which are quite frequent, we shall be floating in space with but faint idea of the velocity at which we are moving. We have designed a log, an instrument attached to a cable, which we let down to the earth's surface, learning from the rate at which the cable runs out an approximation of the speed at which we are moving. But it can be nothing better than an approximation. The real test of position must, of course, be by observation of the sun for latitude and longitude—especially the former, since, in the Arctic regions, longitude is a minor factor, steadily diminishing as we approach the Pole, till, at the Pole itself, it becomes zero. It is not at all improbable that days together may pass without our being able to make more than a guess as to our longitude; but the latitude we hope to be able to secure almost every day.

The answer to the question so often asked, "How will you know when you are at the Pole?" is here. We shall know precisely as the navigator at sea knows where he is at noon of a given day—by observation of the sun for its latitude and longitude. There is no other way. In our case, the difficulty is to get to the Pole, not to know when we are there.

Once there, if conditions are favourable, we can anchor the America, and, by means of tackle we carry for the purpose, one or two of us can climb down and carry out a series of observations.

A Busy Voyage.

To navigate toward the Pole a craft that most people call a balloon, but which is no more a balloon than a raft is a steamship, may seem a simple matter; actually it is very complex. We must watch our barograph for our height above the earth, which we hope always to keep between two and six hundred feet; our sextant, to know whether we are rising or falling; our various manometers, which tell us of the pressure of the gas in the reservoir and of the air in the balloonet, as steam gauges tell of the pressure in boilers. The log must be thrown every few minutes for the rate of our progress; the compasses must be watched every moment for direction; and every fifteen minutes the record or log of the voyage must be written in a book prepared for that purpose. Gasoline must be pumped, now from one and now from another section of the tank, to trim the ship, the motor and all the machinery must be watched with eagle eyes for the first signs of trouble; the valves of the aerostat must frequently be tested, to make sure there is no derangement; solar observations must be taken at every opportunity; the retarder and

guide-rope serpents must be worked according to circumstances; and, above all in fogs or thick weather all ears must be strained for the first signals from the automatic alarm which is to tell us of our too near approach to the earth, since contact of our delicate steel car with the rough ice-floes might spell destruction.

Such an automatic alarm we have; it is simple and should be effective; a steel bottle containing mercury is suspended by a cord 100 feet long; when the ship is within 100 feet of the earth, the bottle touches, is tilted as it drags, the mercury in the bottom of the receptacle makes contact, an electrical circuit is established, and a bell is set ringing in the navigating deck. On the whole, we are likely to be quite busy.

The Personnel of the Crew.

Our intention is always to have three men on duty—the navigator in charge, a man in the engine-room, a third to attend to the winch which controls the retarder and guide-rope serpent and other apparatus. This will necessitate at least eighteen hours per day for each man, with the man off duty liable to be called into action at any moment. There will not be much sleeping during the cruise of the America; no one will wish to sleep more than is absolutely necessary; to keep body and soul together. We shall have comfortable bunks, and hot meals are to be served if we can find time to cook them.

The three men who, together with the writer, will constitute the crew of the America, are provisionally as follows:—First, Major Henry Blanchard Hersey, member of the Rough Riders, inspector in the United States Weather Bureau, representative with the Expedition, last year and this, of the Government and of the National Geographic Society of Washington. He was aide to Lieutenant Frank Lahm in winning the James Gordon Bennett Cup in Europe in September, 1906, and is executive officer and scientific observer of this Expedition. The second is Melvin Vaniman, an American, now resident in Paris, where he has built a mechanical flight machine which shows great promise, and where, for the past nine months, his skill and energy as designer and constructor have been devoted to the rebuilding of the airship America, which contains nothing whatever of last year's construction except a part of the envelop of the gas-reservoir. The third man will probably be either Dr. Walter N. Fowler, of Bluffton, Indiana, surgeon of the expedition last year and this, and also a competent mechanic, or Felix Riesenberg, of Chicago, now in charge of the expedition headquarters at Spitzbergen—sailor, navigator, scientific observer. With a crew of only four, each man must be a specialist; not only that, every one must be an understudy in the parts of all the others.

How long do we expect the voyage to take? We have only a vague idea. With a south wind of 10 or 15 miles per hour, it would be practicable to go to the Pole in a single day. With calm or neutral winds, it would take two days. With winds directly contrary, blowing at the mean force of the region and season, ten miles per hour, it would take five days. With winds blowing always contrary and at a mean force considerably higher than the general average, we could not get there at all.

Four Strings to Our Bow.

We intend to return. We have no desire to pose as martyrs. There are four strings to our bow, as follows:—

First.—We believe we have a fair chance to go to the Pole and back to our headquarters or to land within ten days or two weeks from our departure, navigating with our own power as a true ship of the air.

Second.—If that fails, and the motor and fuel serve only to carry us to the Pole, after the gasoline is exhausted we can use motor and machinery, much of the car and tank, and many other appliances, for ballast, throwing them overboard piecemeal, and thus counteract the losses of lifting force through leakage, and keep the America afloat in the air, simply as a drifting balloon, for a total of from 25 to 35 days from the start. And in that length of time the chance that the wind would drift us far to the south is a very good one indeed, since the distance from the Pole to land and safety is a mean of only 860 miles, which a fresh breeze might compass in two or three days.

Third.—Should the airship serve to carry us to or near to the Pole we have in our equipment a complete sledging outfit, with a dozen picked dogs from Siberia, and we believe that within two months or more of light remaining it would be practicable to sledge back over the ice to Spitzbergen or Greenland. Sledge expeditions propose to travel from land to the Pole and back again; if the airship takes us to the Pole we have but the return journey to make, with the drift of ice helping us on our way, an average of from two to four miles per day.

Fourth.—Thanks to the increased carrying capacity of our enlarged airship, and to the economical disposition we have made of the serpent principle, we are able to carry with us enough food, so that if by any chance the America should be blown to some remote spot in the great unexplored area, far from any land, or if accident or ill conditions or other circumstances should make it inadvisable to attempt a sledging return in the autumn, we can pass the entire winter where we come down, making a snug hut of the immense quantities of cloth and other material of which the ship is composed, and leading the simple life, hibernating like bears, without fear of starvation, subsisting wholly upon the supplies taken with us. If this should happen, we should sledge back the following spring, when polar-ice travelling is better than in the autumn, and have enough food to carry us till the first of June.

In anticipation of all possible emergencies, we are taking with us the latest, most minute and authoritative data, maps and charts of all lands surrounding the Pole, procured through the co-operation of our own and other governments and of various geographical societies—information as to tribes, game, outposts, trails, timber, water-courses, depots of supply in Franz Josef, Novaya Zemlya, the great stretch of Siberian coast, Greenland, the northern part of British America and its outlying islands, and Alaska. No matter where the wheel of fortune may drop us, we hope we are prepared for all eventualities—food enough for a wintering in our own larder, and much more food, if nature favours, in our rifles and cartridges.

Should it be necessary, we could pass the long night of the winter at the North Pole itself, be it land or ice-shoofed sea—the six months' night, with the moon, the stars and the glorious aurora for our illuminant—and there await the coming of the six months' sun, before setting out on the long journey homeward.

APPROVED BY THE MEDICAL COUNCIL.

The 'Allenburys' Foods.

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

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

PAMPHLET ON INFANT FEEDING SENT FREE.

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

The Last Years of Arctic Work

By ROBERT E. PEARY, U.S.N.

THE kernel of an Arctic expedition of the present day is the sledge journey, whether the object of that expedition be the Pole, or the highest north, or the exploration of unknown Arctic lands. Such Arctic lands as are accessible to a ship have been charted long ago, and neither the Pole nor the highest north is likely to be reached directly by a ship. I recognize, of course, the possibilities of the drift method, as originated by Nansen, and fully appreciate the wonderful success of the "Fram's" voyage. On the other hand, however, contrast the dreary, helpless time that must be given to this method (time so wearing that even Nansen's enthusiasm succumbed to it, and drove him out prematurely to his work), and the probability that even the "Fram" would

Conger, and with others proceed north from there, either via Cape Hecla, or the north point of Greenland, as circumstances might determine.

I wanted to start the first division on the 15th February, the second a week later, and leave with the third March 1st; but a severe storm, breaking up the ice between Etah and Littleton Island, delayed the departure of the first division of seven sledges until the 19th.

Along the Northern Edge of the North Water.

The second division of six sledges followed on the 26th, and on March 4th I left with the rear division of nine sledges. Three marches carried us to Cape Sabine, along the curving northern edge of the "north water." Here a northerly gale with heavy drift de-

question of food for my dogs gave me no choice but to attempt an advance. At the end of four hours we were forced to burrow into a snow bank for shelter, where we remained till the next morning.

In three more marches we reached Cape von Buch. Two more days of good weather brought us to a point a few miles north of Cape Defosse. Here we were stopped by another furious gale, with drifting snow, which imprisoned us for two nights and a day. The wind was still bitter in our faces when we again got under way, the morning of the 27th, and the ice-foot became worse and worse, finally forcing us out on the broken pack. Cape Lieber was reached on this march. At this camp the wind blew savagely all night, and in the morning I waited for it to moderate before attempting to cross Lady Franklin Bay.

A Kill of Musk Oxen.

While we were waiting, the returning Eskimos of the first and second divisions came in. They brought the very welcome news of the killing of twenty-one musk oxen close to Conger. They also reported the wind out in the bay as less severe than at the Cape.

I immediately got under way, and reached Conger just before midnight of the 28th, twenty-four days from Etah, during six of which I was held up by storms.

The first division had arrived four days, the second two days earlier. During this journey there had been the usual annoying delays of broken sledges, and I had lost numbers of dogs.

The process of breaking in the tendons and muscles of my feet to their new relations, and the callousing of the amputation scars, in this, the first serious demand upon them, had been disagreeable, but was, I believed, final and complete. I felt that I had no reason to complain.

The herd of musk oxen so opportunely secured near the station, with the meat cached here the previous spring, furnished the means to rest and feed up my dogs. A period of thick weather followed my arrival at Conger, and not until April 2nd could I send back the Eskimos of my division.

The Choice of a Way.

On leaving Etah I had not decided whether I should go north from Conger via Cape Hecla, or take the route along the north-west coast of Greenland. Now I decided upon the latter. The lateness of the season and the condition of my dogs might militate against a very long journey; and if I chose the Hecla route, and failed of my utmost aims, the result would be complete failure. If, on the other hand, I chose the Greenland route and found it impossible to proceed northward over the pack, I still had an unknown coast to explore, and the opportunity of doing valuable work.

Later developments show my decision to be a fortunate one.

I planned to start from Conger the 9th of April, but stormy weather delayed my departure until the 11th, when I got away with seven sledges.

At the first camp beyond Conger my best Eskimo was taken sick, and the

following day I brought him back to Conger, leaving the rest of the party to cross the channel to the Greenland side, where I would overtake them. This I did two or three days later, and we began our journey up the north-west Greenland coast. As far as Cape Sumner we had almost continuous road-making through very rough ice. Before reaching Cape Sumner we could see a dark water sky lying beyond Cape Brewort, and knew that we should find open water there.

From Cape Sumner to the Polaris Boat Camp in Newman Bay we cut a continuous road. Here we were stalled until the 21st by continued and severe winds. Getting started again in the tail end of the storm, we advanced as far as the open water, a few miles east of Cape Brewort, and camped. This open water, about three miles wide at our end, extended clear across the mouth of Roberson Channel to the Grinnell Land coast, where it reached from Lincoln Bay to Cape Rawson. Beyond it, to the north and north-west, as far as could be seen, were numerous lanes and pools.

The next day was devoted to hewing a trail along the ice-foot to Repulse Harbour, and on the 23rd, in a violent gale, accompanied by drift, I pushed on to the Drift Point of Beaumont (and later Lockwood), a short distance west of the Black Horn cliffs.

The ice-foot as far as Repulse Harbour, in spite of the road-making of the previous day, was very trying to sledges, dogs, and men. The slippery side slopes, steep ascents, and precipitous descents, wrenched and strained the men and animals, and capsized, broke, and ripped shoes from the sledges.

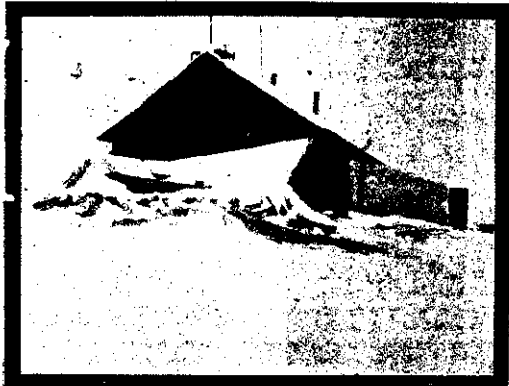
Open Water and a Moving Pack.

I was not surprised to see from the Drift Point igloos that the Black Horn Cliffs were fronted by open water. The pack was in motion here, and had only recently been crushed against the ice-foot, where we built our igloo.

I thought I had broken my feet in pretty thoroughly on my journey from Etah to Conger, but this day's work of handling a sledge along the ice-foot made me think they had never encountered any serious work before. A blinding snow-storm on the 24th kept us inactive in a camp which could well be called "Camp Woeful." When we awoke in the morning it was snowing heavily, and some three inches had already fallen. We could scarcely see across the ice-foot.

Eskimos Became Hysterical.

While we were drinking our tea one of the younger Eskimos fell in a fit, and the others became hysterical. I felt a peculiar dizzy sensation myself. Recognising the effect of our alcohol cooker in the close atmosphere of the igloo, with every aperture sealed by the newly-fallen snow, I hurriedly kicked out the door and a portion of the front wall. This relieved matters, and I sent three of the Eskimo outside to get the benefit of the fresh air, while I took the two worst ones in hand personally, and finally succeeded in quieting them down. After this they were "ankooting" all day. The open water ahead of us, the grinding pack close beside us, the bad weather, and the, to them, mysterious attack of the man



FORT CONGER, WHENCE TWO MAIN ROUTES LEAD NORTH.

not survive a second attempt—contrast this with the quick, effective spurt of the Duke of Abruzzi, which, in a single year, placed him ahead of Nansen. The man who can so utilise his personnel and material as to accomplish a march of 500 miles each way over the polar sea will win the Pole, for we know now that the attainment of a base within that distance of the Pole is a matter only of time, patience, and money.

The Longest Sledge Journey in the Arctic Circle.

It was in the spring of 1900, in pursuance of a definite and coherent plan of Arctic exploration, under the auspices of the Peary Arctic Club of New York that the sledge journey, which is the subject of the following pages, was made. Though the start was made some 350 miles south of the starting points of previous expeditions in this region, a point 150 miles beyond their farthest was attained, the northern extremity of the Greenland Archipelago; the last of the remaining Arctic land groups reached and rounded, and the most northerly known land in the world (probably the most northerly land) achieved.

This journey, in respect to latitude covered and distance in a direct line from start to finish, is the longest of all sledge journeys within the Arctic Circle. The air-line distance from start to finish was such that, had my starting point been in the same latitude as that of Abruzzi, it would have taken me to the Pole; or had my starting point been in the same latitude as Nansen's, or on the northern shore of Grinnell Land, it would have carried me beyond the Pole.

Northward in Three Divisions.

My general programme for the spring work of 1900 was to send three divisions of sledges north as far as Conger. From Conger I would send back a number of the Eskimos, retain some at

tained me for two days. Three more marches in a temperature of 40deg. F. brought me to the box house at Cape D'Urville. Records here informed me that the first division had been detained here a week by stormy weather, getting away only on the 4th, the day I left Etah; while the second division had left but two days before my arrival. I had scarcely arrived, when two of the first division Eskimos came in from Richardson Bay, where one of them had severely injured his leg by falling under a sledge. One day was spent at the D'Urville house drying our clothing, and on the 13th I got away with seven sledges on the trail of the other divisions, the injured man returning to Sabine with the supporting party.

I hoped to reach Cape Louis Napoleon on this march, but the going was too heavy, and I was obliged to camp in Dobbin Bay, about five miles short of the Cape.

The next day I hoped, on starting, to reach Cape Fraser, but was again disappointed, a severe wind storm compelling me to halt a little south of Hayce Point, and hurriedly build snow igloos in the midst of a blinding drift.

All that night and the next day and the next night the storm continued. An early start was made on the 16th, and in calm but very thick weather we pushed on to Cape Fraser. Here we encountered the wind and drift full in our faces, and violent, making our progress, from here to Cape Norton Shaw, along the ragged ice-foot, very trying.

The going across Scoresby and Richardson Bays was not worse than the year before; and from Cape Wilkes to Capt Lawrence the same as we had always found it. These two marches were made in clear but bitterly windy weather.

Imprisoned by Storms.

Another severe northerly gale held us prisoners at Cape Lawrence for a day. The 20th was an equally cruel day, with wind still savage in its strength, but the



CAPE LAWRENCE IN MAY, LOOKING NORTH, BY THE LIGHT OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN.



A CAMP IN TRANSIT.

ing, had combined to put them all in a very timid and unsteady frame of mind.

Testing Young Ice at 25 deg. Below Zero.

The next day I made a reconnaissance to the cliffs, and the day after set the entire party to work hewing a road along the ice-foot. That night the temperature fell to -25 deg. F., forming a film of young ice upon the water. The next day I moved up close to the cliffs, and then, with three Eskimos, reconnoitred this young ice. I found that by proceeding with extreme care a man could move across it in most places. With experienced Ahsayoo ahead, constantly testing the ice with his seal spear, myself next, and two Eskimos following, all with feet wide apart, and sliding instead of walking, we crept past the cliffs. Returning, we used our feet like brooms, brushing the thin film of newly-fallen snow off the ice for a width of some four feet, to give the cold free access to it.

Around a Great Barrier.

I quote from my diary for the 27th:—"At last we are past the barrier which has been looming before me for the last ten days, the open water at the Black Horn Cliffs. (The Black Horn Cliffs are one of the crucial points in the traverse of the Greenland north-west coast. They extend for several miles along the shore, and, rising vertically from the water, no ice-foot can form at their base. Flanking them by a detour inland is an arduous undertaking for an experienced mountaineer with a light pack, and a physical impossibility with loaded sledges. The great depth of water and the strong current in front of them keep the ice broken at all times, and for the greater portion of the year cause a large area of open water here. Familiar with the trying experience of Lockwood and Brainard at these cliffs 17 years before, and knowing the present season was an open one, I had, from the time we reached Cape Sumner, been certain we should find open water here, and had been praying that it might not be extensive enough to turn us back.) This morning sent two of my men, whose nerves were disturbed by the prospect ahead, back to Conger. This leaves me with Henson and three Eskimos. My supplies can now be carried on the remaining sledges. Still farther stiffened by the continuous low temperature of last night, the main sheet of new ice in front of the cliffs was not hazardous as long as the sledges kept a few hundred yards apart, did not stop, and their drivers walked a few yards away to one side. Beyond the limit of yesterday's reconnaissance there were areas of more recent ice, which caused me considerable apprehension, as it buckled to a very disquieting extent beneath dogs and sledges, and from the motion of the outside pack was crushing up in places, while narrow cracks opened in others. Finally, to my relief, we reached the ice-foot this side the cliffs, and camped."

The Ice Opens Behind Us.

The next day there was a continuous lane of water, 100ft. wide, along the ice-foot by our camp, and the space in front of the cliffs was again open water. We had crossed just in time.

Up to Cape Stanton we had to hew a continuous road along the ice-foot. After this the going was much better to Cape Bryant. Off this section of the coast the pack was in constant motion, and an almost continuous lane of water extended along the ice-foot. A little west of Cape Bryant I killed two musk oxen, which my dogs highly appreciated.

An Advance Party of Three.

From Cape North a ribbon of very young ice on the so-called tidal track, which extends along this coast, gave us a good lift nearly across Nordenskjold Inlet; then it became unsafe, and we climbed a heavy rubble barrier to the old floe-ice inside, which we followed to Cape Bennett, and camped. Here we were treated to another snowstorm.

Another strip of young ice gave us a passage nearly across Mascart Inlet until, under Cape Payer, I found it so broken up, that two of the sledges and nearly all of the dogs got into the water before we could escape from it. Then a pocket of snow, thigh and waist deep, over rubble ice, under the lee of the cape stalled us completely. I pitched the tent, fastened the dogs, and we devoted the rest of the day to stamping a road through the snow, with our snowshoes. Even when we started the next day, I was obliged to put two teams to one sledge, in order to move it."

Cape Payer was a hard proposition. The first half of the distance round it we were obliged to cut a road, and on the last half, with twelve dogs and three men to each sledge, pushed and pulled them, snowplough fashion, through the deep snow.

Distast Cape was almost equally inhospitable, and it was only after long and careful reconnaissance that we were

the record and thermometer deposited there by Lockwood eighteen years before. The record was in a perfect state of preservation.

Undiscovered Land Sighted Ahead.

One march from here carried us to Cape Washington. Reaching the low point, which is visible from Lockwood Island, just at midnight, great was my relief to see, on rounding it, another splendid headland, with two magnificent glaciers debouching near it, rising across an intervening inlet. I knew now that Cape Washington was not the northern point of Greenland, as I had feared. It would have been a great disappointment to me, after coming so far, to find that another's eyes had forestalled mine in looking first upon the coveted northern point. Nearly all of my hours for sleep at this camp were taken up by observations and a round of angles. The polar pack north from Cape Washington was in a frightful condition, utterly impracticable. Leaving Cape Washington, we crossed the mouth of the fjord, packed with blue-top-floe-bergs, to the western edge of one of the big glaciers, and then over the extremity of the glacier itself, camping near the edge of the second.

The Place Where Floebergs Are Born.

Here I found myself in the birthplace of the "floebergs," which could be seen in all the various stages of formation. They are merely degraded icebergs—that is, bergs of low altitude, detached from the extremity of a glacier, which has for some distance been forcing its way along a comparatively level and shallow sea bottom.

A Polar Bear Hunt.

From this camp we crossed the second glacier, and a short distance beyond our eyes were gladdened by the sight of a polar bear.

We were crossing the mouth of one of the fjords, and I was behind with my sledge, making a sketch of the fjord, when I heard the cry of "Nannooksoah!" (hear) from Henson, and looking up, I saw the animal coming toward us from seaward. For a moment all was excitement. I had scarcely time to seize the upstanders when my dogs were off. As we neared the bear, all the dogs were loosened, and were at him like a cloud. He continued to approach until they were close to him, when he turned and ran for the ice-foot, where he was brought to bay, followed up, and a couple of bullets from my carbine quickly transformed him into dog meat for my faithful teams.

Northern Cape of the World Discovered.

It was now evident to me that we were very near the northern extremity of the land, and when we came within view of the next cape ahead, I knew that my eyes at last rested upon the Arctic Ultima Thule. The land ahead also impressed me at once as showing

Finding a Predecessor's Marks.

A long search of Cape Bryant finally discovered the remains of Lockwood's cache and cairn, which had been scattered by bears. At 3.30 p.m. on the 1st of May I left Cape Bryant to cross the wide indentation lying between Cape Bryant and Cape Britannia. Three marches,



CAMP ON THE POLAR PACK AT 83 DEGREES, 39 MINUTES N. DEC NORTH OF CAPE MORRIS K. JESUP.

mostly in thick weather, and over alternating hummocky blue ice and areas of deep snow, brought us at 1 a.m. of the 4th to Cape North (the northern point of Cape Britannia Island). From this camp, after a sleep, I sent back two more Eskimos and the 12 poorest dogs, leaving Henson, one Eskimo, and myself, with three sledges and 16 dogs, for the permanent advance party.

able to get our sledges round it, along a narrow crest of the huge ridge of ice, forced up against the rocks. After this we had comparatively fair going, on past Cape Ramsay, Dome Cape, across Meigs Fjord, as far as Mary Murray Island. Then came some heavy going, and at 11.40 p.m. of May 8th we reached Lockwood's cairn, on the north end of the island. From this cairn I took



A ROAD ALONG THE ICE-FOOT.

the characteristics of a musk-ox country.

The cape was reached in the next march, and I stopped to take variation and latitude sights. Here my Eskimo shot a hare, and we saw a wolf track, and traces of musk-oxen. A careful reconnaissance of the pack to the northward, with the glasses, from an elevation of a few hundred feet, showed the ice to be of a less impracticable character than it was north of Cape Washington. What were evidently water clouds showed very distinctly on the horizon. This water sky had been apparent ever since we left Cape Washington, and at one time assumed such a shape that I was almost deceived into taking it for land. Continued careful observation destroyed the illusion. My observations completed, we started northward over the pack, and camped a few miles from land.

The two following marches were made in a thick fog, through which we groped our way northward over broken ice and across gigantic, wavelike, drifts of hard snow. One more march in clear weather, over frightful going, consisting of fragments of old floes, ridges of heavy ice thrown up to heights of twenty-five to fifty feet, crevasses and holes masked by snow, the whole intersected by narrow leads of open water, brought us at five a.m. on the 16th to the northern edge of a fragment of an old floe, bounded by water. A reconnaissance from the summit of a pinnacle of the floe, some fifty feet high, showed that we were on the edge of the disintegrated pack, with a dense water sky not far distant.

Mapping the Arctic Ultima Thule.

My hours for sleep at this camp were occupied in observations, and making a transit profile of the northern coast from Cape Washington eastward.

The next day I started back for the land, and, having a trail to follow, wasted no time in reconnaissance, and reached it in one march, and camped.

Leaving this camp on the 18th, as we were travelling eastward on the ice-foot an hour later, I saw a herd of six musk oxen in one of the coast valleys, and in a short time had secured them. Skinning and cutting up these animals, and feeding the dogs to repletion, consumed some hours; we then resumed our march, getting an unsuccessful shot at a passing wolf as we went.

Within a mile of our next camp a herd of fifteen musk-oxen lay fast asleep. I left them undisturbed. From here on, for three marches, we reeled off splendid distances, over good going, in blinding sunshine, and in the face of a wind from the east, which burned our faces like a sirocco.

On Around North Greenland.

The first march took us to a magnificent cape, at which the northern face of the land trends away to the south-east. This cape is in the same latitude as Cape Washington. The next two carried us down the east coast to the eighty-third parallel. In the first of these we crossed the mouth of a large

fjord penetrating for a long distance in a south-westerly (true) direction. On the next, in a fleeting glimpse through the fog, I saw a magnificent mountain of peculiar contour, which I recognised as the peak seen by me in 1895 from the summit of the interior ice-cap south of Independence Bay, rising proudly above the land to the north. This mountain was then named by me Mt. Wistar. Finally, the destiny of the fog compelled a halt on the extremity of a low point composed entirely of fine

20th, from Etah, via Fort Conger, and north end of Greenland. Left Etah March 4th. Left Conger April 15th. Arrived north end Greenland May 13th. Reached point on sea-ice, Lat. 83deg. 50min. N., May 16th.

"On arrival here had rations for one more march southward. Two days' dense fog have held me here. Am now starting back.

"With me are my man, Mathew Henson; Ahngmalokto, an Eskimo; sixteen dogs, and three sledges.

"Copy of Record in Cairn on Cape Jesup.

"May 13, 1909, 5 a.m.

"Have just reached here from Etah via Fort Conger. Left Etah March 4th; left Conger April 15th. Have with me my man, Henson; an Eskimo, Ahngmalokto; 16 dogs, and three sledges; all in fair condition. Proceed to-day due north (true) over sea-ice. Fine weather. I am doing this work under the auspices of, and with funds furnished by, the



BRINGING THE LINE ACROSS: CROSSING A WIDE LANE ON A RAFT MADE OF OUR SLEDGES.

glacial drift, which I judged to be a small island in the mouth of a large fjord.

The Last Look Northward.

From my camp of the previous night I had observed this island (?), and beyond and over it a massive block of a mountain, forming the opposite cape of a large intervening fjord, and beyond that again another distant cape. Open water was clearly visible a few miles off the coast, while not far out, dark water clouds reached away to the south-east.

Out of Provisions—Turning Back.

At this camp I remained two nights and a day, waiting for the fog to lift. Then, as there seemed to be no indications of its doing so, and my provisions were exhausted, I started on my return journey at 3.30 a.m. on the 23rd of May, after erecting a cairn in which I deposited the following record:—

"Copy of Record in Cairn at Clarence Wyckoff Island.

"Arrived here at 10.30 p.m. May

"This journey has been made under the auspices of, and with funds furnished by, the Peary Arctic Club of New York City.

"The membership of this Club comprises Morris K. Jesup, Henry W. Cannon, Herbert L. Bridgman, John H. Flagler, E. C. Benedict, James J. Hill, H. H. Benedict, Frederick E. Hyde, E. W. Bliss, H. H. Sands, J. M. Constable, Charles P. Daly, Henry Parish, A. A. Raven, E. B. Thomas, and others.

"(Signed) R. E. PEARY,
"Civil Engineer, U.S.N."

The fog kept company with us on our return almost continuously, until we had passed Lockwood Island, but, as we had a trail to follow, did not delay us as much as the several inches of heavy snow that fell in a furious arctic blizzard, which came rushing in from the polar basin, and imprisoned us for two days at Cape Bridgman.

At Cape Jesup, the northern extremity, I erected a prominent cairn, in which I deposited the following record:

Peary Arctic Club of New York City.
"(Signed) R. E. PEARY,
"Civil Engineer U.S.N.

"May 17.—Have returned to this point. Reached 83deg 50min North latitude, due north of here. Stopped by extremely rough ice intersected by water cracks. Water sky to north. Am now going east along the coast. Fine weather.

"May 26.—Have again returned to this place. Reached point on east coast about North latitude 83deg. Open water all along the coast a few miles off. No land seen to north or east. Last seven days continuous fogs, wind, and snow. Is now snowing, with strong westerly wind. Temperature 20deg Fahrenheit. Ten musk-oxen killed east of here. Expect to start for Conger to-morrow."

Lockwood's Record Carried North.

At Cape Washington, also, I placed in a cairn a copy of Lockwood's record, from the cairn at Lockwood Island, with the following endorsement:

"This copy of the record left by Lieutenant J. B. Lockwood and Sergeant (now Colonel) D. L. Brainard, U.S.A., in the cairn on Lockwood Island, south-west of here, May 16, 1882, is to-day placed by me in this cairn, on the farthest land seen by them, as a tribute to two brave men, one of whom gave his life for his Arctic work.
"May 29, 1909."

A Glimpse of the North Coast Mountains.

For a few minutes in one of the marches the fog lifted, giving me a magnificent panorama of the North Coast Mountains. Very sombre and savage they looked, towering white as marble with the new fallen snow, under their low, threatening canopy of lead-coloured clouds. Two herds of musk-oxen were passed, one of 15 and one of 18, and two or three stragglers. Four of these were shot for dog food, and the skin of one, killed within less than a mile of the extreme northern point, has been brought back as a trophy for the club.

Ice Piled Mountain High by a Storm.

Once free of the fog off Mary Murray Island, we made rapid progress, reaching Cape North in four marches from Cape Washington. Clear weather showed us the existence of open water a few miles off shore, extending from Dome Cape to Cape Washington. At Black Cape there was a large open water, reaching from the shore northward. Everywhere



THE TENT AFTER A GALE.

Progress in Science.

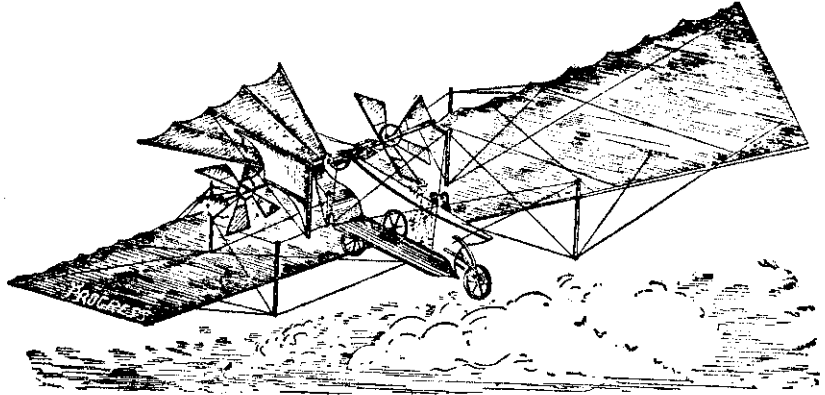
A New Scotch Elevating Ferry.

THE illustration shows the new elevating vehicular ferry steamer recently constructed at Port Glasgow for the trustees of the Clyde Navigation Co. The vessel was launched with machinery aboard and steam up, the illustration being a photograph taken immediately after the launching. It may be stated that the elevating platform which carries the vehicles has a range of 17 feet, and is carried on eight double threaded buttress screws of forged steel. A triple-expansion, three-crank engine raises or lowers the main platform. An automatic gear is fitted to this engine so that the platform may not be raised or lowered beyond its intended travel. A brass gauge in the engine-room also indicates the position of the platform in feet and inches. The lower or main deck is of steel plating, and has no projections above ten inches, and as a result the platform may drop to its lowest level. The vessel carries no rudders, but is manoeuvred entirely by the propelling machinery.

never got past the model stage, this early inventor deserves a high place in the records of aviation, for he anticipated everything that has been done in our time. He worked out his model on the very lines of the monoplanes we know to-day, and he declared, sixty years before the Wrights, that the very method of ascension adopted by the now famous brothers was feasible.

The machine was designed to represent a bird with wings and tail. The bird's body was a car carrying a steam engine of 40 h.p., the wings were outstretched above the body, each made of a light, strong framework of bamboo or other wood hollowed, covered with oiled silk; the tail was arranged for raising or lowering the plane of flight. The wings were carried on two masts rising out of the car and braced to them, "making the whole one trussed beam of light construction." To supplement the steering of the tail, which was to act vertically only, there was a vertical rudder to do the lateral steering. The function of the wings was confined to that which is

performed by the wings of the bird, when it is skimming through the air at speed, and they were to exercise a retarding power in descent, after the manner of the parachute. The inventor, however, relied entirely on the tail action for bringing the machine down at such a flat incline that impact with the earth would be entirely without shock. For starting the machine he preferred an inclined plane like the side of a hill, and he proposed to allow the machine to run forward down the incline, the propellers being first set in motion. He thought it would be found that in a short time they would act sufficiently upon the air to cause the machine to leave the incline and proceed in



HENSON'S AERODROME, SIXTY YEARS AGO.

The Mastery of the Air.

HENSON'S AERODROME, 1842.

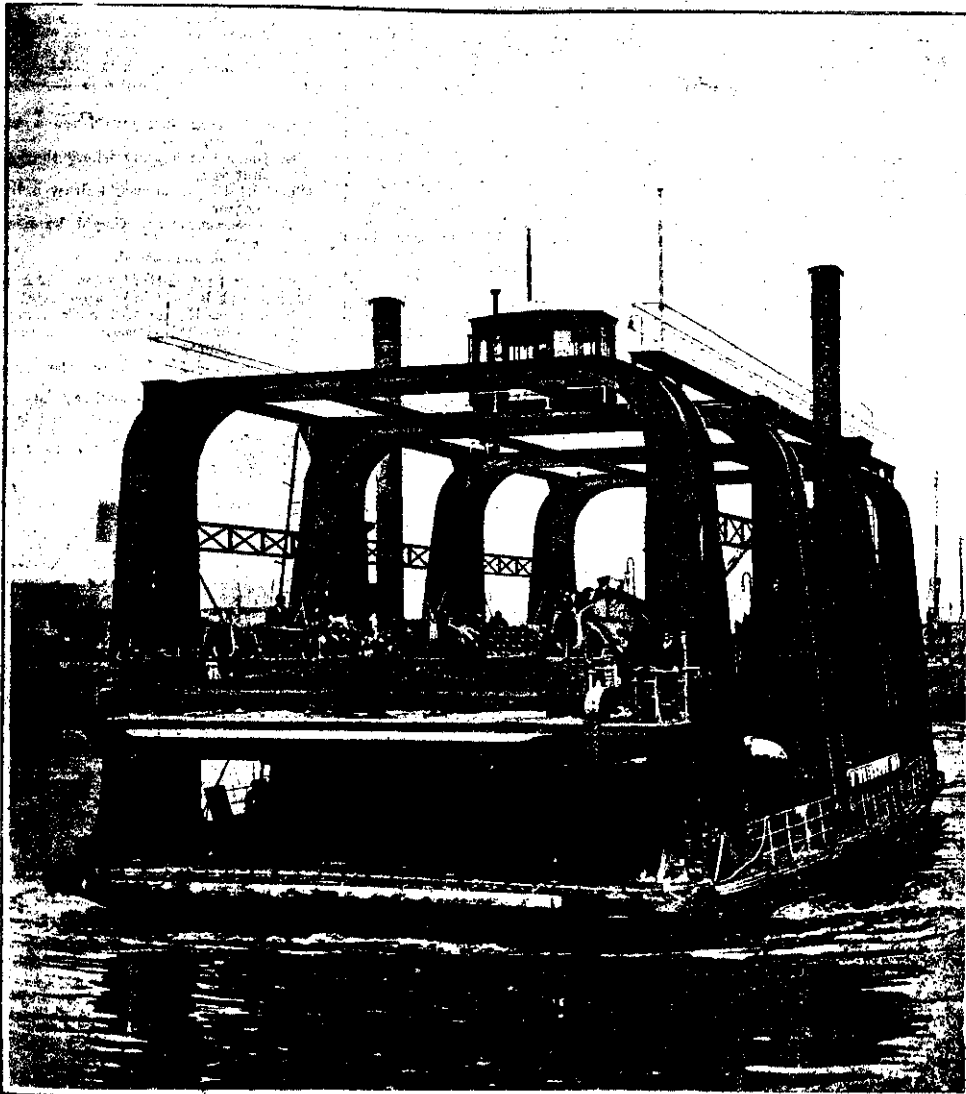
Sixty-seven years ago Henson's aerodrome was patented, and although he

any desired direction. These propellers were fan paddle wheels working at the sides of the machine.

This machine was never flown, though it was heard of again the next year as the machine of Henson and Stringfellow. But whatever happened to it, its design was too remarkable to be passed over in silence. The design was the forerunner, the core, so to speak, of the inventions of the present day.

We have only to add on the present occasion that the feats of the Wrights, Farman, Santos Dumont, Delagrangé, Bleriot, and others have all borne their testimony to the soundness of the ideas of the singularly prophetic inventor of the aerodrome of 1842, who anticipated all their details, and but for the lack of a light motor would have done what they are doing now sixty years ago. What those years might have brought forth after such a stimulus is an interesting subject for speculation. It is useless, of course, to follow the speculative line. But it is permissible to suggest that in all probability the inmost part of the secret of flying by machines heavier than air might have been discovered; in other words, man might now be flying in machines of his construction without limitation from distances, no matter how vast nor from wind conditions how boisterous and apparently baffling.

Our illustration is reproduced by kind permission of "Progress."



A NEW SCOTCH FERRYBOAT WHICH HAS A DECK THAT CAN BE RAISED AND LOWERED FLUSH WITH THE LANDING.



By Appointment.

CEREBOS

SALT

GUARANTEED

PURE, WHOLESOME AND BENEFICIAL.

Agents—L. D. Nathan & Co., Auckland.

KIA ORA BOARDING HOUSE
 HIGH STREET, MOTUEKA.
 First-class accommodation for Tourists and Visitors. Rates moderate.
 MRS. BRADLEY, Proprietress.

The Bookshelf.

By DELTA.

BOOKSHELF NOTES AND COMMENTS.

HERE can be no greater argument shown in favour of an education in which the humanities play a leading part than is evidenced by so many members of the learned profession, and especially the members of the legal profession, turning to the gentler art of literature as a relief, either from the barrenness of the harvest which the legal profession yields to less fortunate individuals of her harvesters, or as a solatium to the sterner labours of the law. Sir Charles Darling, who has been judge of the King's Bench Division of the High Court of Justice since 1897, and Conservative member for Deptford from 1888 to 1897, is one of the latter individuals, and while choosing literature as a recreation has elevated it to a high art. From time immemorial evidence has existed that the most successful members of the legal profession have been men of ready wit, infinite resource and executive ability, who were often better acquainted with the Greek classics than with English literature. But seldom, indeed, do we find learned judges unbending to the extent shown in the extremely vivacious verses appended below, entitled "The Print Shop" and included in a little book of verses which bears the somewhat infelicitous title of "On the Oxford Circuit."

Estampe galante. 'Tst so you name
This somewhat free and easy etching,
Of mondaïn Abbe, sprightly Dame,
And Cupid at his bowstring stretching!

Monsieur, who leans the hand to kiss
Of Madame, at her toilette sitting,
Affection she affects to miss—
La mere, who bonds intent on knitting.

*L'Escaupolette." How indiscreet,
The French might say—we English,
shocking—

To swing, till slippers fly from feet,
In skirts that show such length of
stocking.

"Le billet doux"—a motif trite—
All see the subtly hidden letter,
The ink, too, is a trifle light,
Before the neuron it were better.

The coloured plate, by young Le Prince,
That shepherd, Diane's nymphs alarm-
ing—

Where Jaminet improves Lawrance
Beauvariet, after Boucher, charming!

Other of this brilliantly facetious writer's
publications are "Scintillæ Juris," "Medi-
tations of the Tea-room," and "Seria
Ludo."

Appropos of the many books that have
for their theme the failure of marriage
and the faults of the marriage law as it
now stands, we reprint, as echoing our
own views, an excerpt which has been
taken from "The Cage," Mr. Harold Beg-
bie's latest novel, and which we shall re-
view fully in a later issue. Mr. Begbie
says:—"Marriage has given woman her
position of honour and respect. To pre-
serve that position is essential. Like mu-
sic, woman either exalts man or degrades
him. . . . Civilization is the work of
men, but it is in the hands of women.
I believe that discipline is
more essential than gratification. . . .
Isn't it possible to exaggerate the wretch-
edness and to attribute to marriage the
misery which is really due to quite dif-
ferent causes? You spoke about people
tied to each other in one house. In the
words of Miss Potter, They did it them-
selves! That remark of hers can be de-
veloped. I don't believe that any differ-
ence can be irreconcilable between a man
and a woman who have been married.
They may make it so, but in fact it is
not. It is inconceivable that any feud
should be everlasting and hopeless be-
tween two people who have been man and
wife. There must be somewhere, on one
side or the other, the materials for a good
understanding. Then the question fol-
lows, Is it better for them that they
should fly asunder and follow their own
inclinations wherever they lead, or that
they set themselves to fulfil their vows,
practice forbearance, seek points of agree-
ment, and make the best of each other?"

A new book by Lucas Malet, daughter
of Charles Kingsley, and author of "The

Wages of Sin," etc, her father's favourite
aphorism, is announced as shortly to be
issued, and is entitled "The Score."

That delightful, if seriously disposed
writer, writing under the nom de
guerre of "Alien," is giving, in "The Red
Funnel," a sketch or interview with some
popular author. In one of the recent
numbers we noticed one of Mr. Tom Gal-
lon. Now, Mr. Tom Gallon, ever since we
read his "Christmas at Poverty Castle,"
has been a very special favourite of ours.
To begin with, he reminded us of Dickens,
and that was passport enough to entitle
him to our regard. Afterwards, we liked
him for himself. Alien went to call upon
him at his home in St. John's Wood,
where he and Miss Gallon, his sister,
have pitched their tents together. At
fourteen he began to earn his own living
in a business house in a poor part of
London. Afterwards he acted in the
relative capacities of clerk, usher in a
private school, and private secretary.
His health breaking down, and with but
£5 in the world, he started out on a
walking tour through England in search
of health, and under these circumstances
wrote "Tatterley." With "Tatterley" he
arrived, and at least the bugbear of
poverty, though it has provided him
with experience, has ceased to fetter his
ambitions and his real vocation. But,
though popular as a writer of humanitar-
ian novels, he has discovered that "the
play's the thing," and no author in Eng-
land to-day is more sought after as a
playwright. If looks count for anything,
a recent portrait of him in "The Book-
man" shows him to be, if gentle in spirit
and strenuous in warm, human feeling,
decidedly frail in physique.

New Zealand Writers.

The inquiry so often and so invidiously
made of late as to whether there is
such a thing as a New Zealand school
of writers has, we think, been satis-
factorily demonstrated by Mrs. Searle
Grossmann in a splendid address deliv-
ered by her before the Lyceum Club
in London. The Lyceum, as no doubt
a great many of our readers know, is
a woman's club, whose membership in-
cludes nearly every woman artist of note
hailing from the colonies, who find this
club invaluable, as, in addition to the
ordinary privileges of membership, it
undertakes to place upon the market
the wares of those colonial writers who,
primarily because the sale of their work
in the colonial market is restricted, seek
a wider outlet. Mrs. Grossmann, though
not, we believe, colonially-born, has,
since her residence in New Zealand, on
every possible occasion used her pen,
which is an uncommonly versatile one,
in unstinting praise of New Zealand, its
people, and its institutions. And though
we do not wholly agree with Mrs. Gross-
mann as to the merits of some of the
poets whose work she eulogises, we feel
sure that whatever doubt has hitherto
existed in the minds of honest inquirers
as to whether a school of New Zealand
writers exists, it will be effectually dis-
pelled. For Mrs. Grossmann has made
out an exceedingly good case indeed.
While regretting that the length of the
address makes it impossible to insert it
in full, we append at least the cream
of a paper that is more than ordinarily
interesting on account of its local applica-
tion. In presenting her address, Mrs.
Grossmann said:—

The subject of "New Zealand Writers"
has not been fully introduced to the
British public, although a very slight
sketch was published this February in
"Cassell's Magazine." If we are to find
appreciation and encouragement any-
where, we know it will be amongst
Imperialists. Their leagues and societies
show such generous hospitality person-
ally to colonials, and have such a strong
sense of the newer, saner meaning of an
Empire of peace, that they cannot fail
to extend their generosity to the infant
literature of the Dominion. There will
in time be a nation, and there will be
literature at the antipodes. Anti-Im-
perialists are doing their best to make
both, while in their plastic stage, hostile
to England by carping criticism, but
against their attacks we have to set the
untiring efforts of Imperialists to pro-
mote fellowship and to strengthen the
natural bonds of race.

But even friends may ask whether
there is anything like a school of New

Zealand writers. There is only an infant
at present, but the infant is alive and
its life is its own. In deciding whether
a country has a national literature
there is one test: Could its writings
have been produced in any other country,
or have they some vital connection with
the land and its story? The distinctive
marks of New Zealand verse and prose
are the enthusiasm for progress and
the desire of reform, especially notable
in the Utopias and in a good many of
the poems. Next there is the New
Zealander's love of Nature, which is
quite different from anything found in
twentieth century English literature. It
is not simply that we get tussock, fern,
raupo, tui, and bellbird instead of the
English oak and ash and ivy, nightingale
and swallow. There is a special New
Zealand sentiment between poet and
earth. Nature dominates man and man
conquers Nature alternately. Nature
seems vaster than man, and yet he is
subduing it. The New Zealander's love
is still something of the conqueror's
and the fighter's. And the rapture of
discovery is in it. Amongst the first
generation we get an intense sensation
of exile, but that is already passing
away, and the native-born colonials have
as sincere and deep-rooted a feeling of
patriotism towards the island Dominion
as their forefathers had for England or
Scotland. Another "distinction" is that
there is less art and more Nature. More
spontaneity and less polish. The literary
work has the freshness of all new things;
it suggests spring, open spaces, youth,
and the continual outlook into the
future; English poetry is autumnal, and
suggests shadows and seclusion and
antiquity; it is contemplative, while the
colonial is more emotional and active.

But in spite of these differences, there
is a most noticeable continuity with
English (and especially with older Eng-
lish) literature. This is not the case in
Australia, where amongst the non-im-
itative group there has been a violent
breaking away, whereas in New Zealand
there is a gradual moving off from the
common origin. Australian writers are
un-English; that is scarcely ever true
of the New Zealanders. This resemblance
is not due so much to imitation as to
the fact of many similarities, especially
in the important matter of climate and
the insular character, as contrasted with
the continental character.

Australia up to the present is ahead
of the Dominion in the development of
a distinct art and literature. The
speciality of New Zealand has been
the building up of a new social system.
Its best poet, Jessie Mackay, is an
ardent Socialist, a moderate Feminist,
and a Prohibitionist. Besides this
drain upon its energies, the fact that
there are four small centres, each
equally absorbed in its own local in-
terests instead of one predominant
centre, makes it exceedingly difficult
for a local poet or novelist to get any
publicity. Then even within the Do-
minion local writers have to compete
with a large mass of English books
imported every season, with all the

prestige of London publication. The
result is that there is not a single
professional author of any kind—novel-
ist, poet, or scientist, or historian.
There is just one compensation—books
are written for the love of writing; no-
thing is manufactured to suit de-
mands; the authors "simply pipe be-
cause they must."

The best representative of New Zea-
land's infant literature is its poetry.
But it must be remembered that it
comes out of a simpler phase of life
than is possible in England. Some of
the best is more like folk songs than
like the elaborate work of scholars.
It is not necessarily a failure because
it is different from the poems of Mr.
Austin Dobson or of Mr. Stephen Phil-
lips. It does not belong to the same
class, and it would be absurd to com-
pare the two merely as inferior and
superior. Some of our poets are in-
clined at their worst to run off into
versified prose, an occasional tendency
of Thomas Bracken's. But some of
them are travelled and cultured men
and women, and the standard of educa-
tion in the Dominion is remarkably
high.

The earliest noticeable poem is
Domett's "Ranolf and Amohia," a
lengthy narrative. Browning called it
"a great and astonishing performance of
very varied beauty and power," and
Tennyson found in it, "intellectual sub-
tlety, great power of delineating deli-
cious scenery and imaginative fire." As
a very large specimen of poetic topo-
graphy, "Ranolf and Amohia" is excel-
lent. It is the sort of book you enjoy
reading when you are on the spot
described, and never think of reading at
any other time. It is the work of a
colonist, not of a born colonial, and
represents a preliminary stage.

Thomas Bracken was a colonial by
nature, and he is still the most popu-
lar of our New Zealand poets. He ver-
sified simple human feelings in an un-
affected and matter-of-fact style, which
easily pleased a democratic public of
traders, miners, shearers, and artisans.
His best known poem is "Not Under-
stood," the gist of which is in the last
verse—

Oh, God! that men would see a little
clearer,
Or judge less harshly where they can-
not see;
Oh, God! that men would draw a little
nearer
To one another. They'd be nearer
Thee,
And understood.

"Sturt's Last Letter" is on a pioneer's
theme, and is especially appropriate to
this subject, if you will rank amongst
other unrewarded pioneers those of col-
onial literature.

Do heroes always wear the crown
they've won?
Do honours always wait for pioneers
Who brave the Arctic snows and tropic
sun,
To earn out greatness for the future
years?



POETS ARE BORN NOT MADE.

New Arrival (blithely): "Hail, Father! tend'rest word the language holds!
Give me thy hand ere down the Stream of Life
We slowly drift with drum and merry fife
The voyage to cheer."

"The same theme is treated, though very differently, by Miss Jessie Mackay, in "The Gray Company." In "The March of Te Raurapaha" Bracken reached his highest level, and it is also one of the best pieces of Anglo-Maori poetry that we possess.

Moan the waves as they wash Tainui,
Moan the waters of dark Kawhia,
Moan the winds as they sweep the
gorges,
Waiting the sad laments and wailings
Of the spirits that haunt the moun-
tains;

Warrior souls, whose skeletons slumber
Down in the caverns lonely and dreary,
Under the feet of the fierce volcano,
Under the slopes of the Awaroa.

The war chant has something of a
Maori ring, but, unfortunately, the Red
Indian, who got into literature before
the time of the Maori, is always being
thrust into every representation of our
native race.

New Zealand has given birth to one
singer, who is now taking her rightful
place throughout Australasia—Miss
Jessie Mackay. Her verse may have
faults, may be unequal, but it has pure
lyrical inspiration, and very few poets
in or out of New Zealand have that.
You do not know where the fancy and
the music come from, nor where they
will go, nor what they will touch on,
but they stir and penetrate like a pass-
ing wind or a perfume, like the song of
a bird. There is the same rare qual-
ity, not to be analysed or grasped, that
there is in Christina Rossetti's lyrics,
though Miss Mackay is more
simple and less polished. It makes her
poetry quite apart from anything to be
found in Domest or Braeken. Take the
poem which she calls "A Folk Song."
The name is suggestive, because her best
lyrics have the qualities of the truest
and loveliest folk songs of Scotland and
of Germany.

I came to your town, my love,
And you were away, my way;
I said she is with the pale white saints,
And they tarry long to pray.

Or take the childlike and antique sim-
plicity, blent with reflection, in the
"Heart of Mary":—

Mystery, mystery!
Love upon love!
When the rose of high Heaven
Came down from above.

He drew not the Levite
Nor lord by his grace;
And Mary, the sinner,
Was given the place.

No kingdom, my Lord,
But the greatly forgiven,
Who begs but to serve
When the good ask for Heaven.

"For Love of Appin" is one of the most
sincere and heartfelt poems of
exile in the language, and it comes
naturally from one of the "far-wandered"
Mackays, who, as another song of hers
tells us, were "ref't away" from Strath-
naver. It is as if some austere Covenan-
ter had told his heart out in these lines:

But it's O for fame and Appin;
The heather hills o' Appin!
The thousand years o' Appin, where the
leal men lie!
The bairns will tak' a root
By the mighty mountain foot;
But we, we canna sever;
It's no for us whatever;
We hear, nae earthly singing,
But it sets Lochaber ringing,
An' we'll never smile again
I' the sunlight or the rain
Till our feet are on the lang east trail—
The siller road to Appin;
East awa' to Appin—
The siller road to Appin, runnin' a' the
way to God.

But though Miss Mackay's imagina-
tion goes to the land of her forefathers,
she belongs also to the New World and
shares its energies, activities and its hope
of the future.

Miss Mary Colborne Veel is of all our
colonial poets the nearest to England
in feeling and the most correct and
polished in style. Though born in the
Dominion, she is at heart an exile from
England, and one of her finest poems is
"Emigrant," with its refrain:—

In an English lane
Where the primrose patches blow,
And the sweet spring rain
Shine jewels high and low.

Dora Wilcox stands between the Old
and the New Worlds in divided moods,
looking by turn each way. If you want
the new, ardent optimism and the suf-
fering spirit of the pioneers you will find
it in Miss Mackay, but if you want the
feeling and colour of our plains and hills,
and especially of Banks Peninsula, it is
truest in Miss Wilcox's verse, as, for
example, in "The Last of the Forest":—

Hast thou not heard, O white man,
through a troubled dreaming,
On some still night, when all the world
lay stark,
Sharp through the silence, moaning by
the sea, and screaming
Of night-birds in the dark?

Mr. Reeves, as a poet, combines Eng-
lish culture and a knowledge of English
moods with an appreciation of New Zea-
land and its task. Of "New Zealand"
he sings:—

God girt her about with the surges,
And the winds of the masterless deep,
Whose tumult uprises and urges
Quick billows to sparkle and leap.

Mary Richmond belongs to the same
class as Mary Veel, and is as completely
English as if she had never been in the
colony. Arthur Adams, on the other
hand, belongs wholly to New Zealand,
and is in exile anywhere else. His domi-
nant note is patriotism.

A number of New Zealand poets are
mentioned, but Mrs. Grossmann con-
siders them so nearly equal that it would
be invidious to single out which should
rank highest. But she specially eulogises
Miss Baughan's "Shingle Short,"
Mrs. Glenn Wilson, Johannes Andersen,
Professor Wall, and Herbert Church. The
Maori as a prose theme has found its
most realistic exponent in Judge Man-
ning's account of Hone Heke's of the Urewera;
and in Sir George Grey's "Polynesian
Mythology." In poetry that deals with
the Maori, though the legends are often
truthfully reproduced, the Maori atmos-
phere is lacking.

"Those who could best preserve it are
the graduates and scholars of the Young
Maori party, and it is a pity that they
have not yet felt inspired to interpret
their race to the world, with its
savagery, its dignity, the fancy that even
in its grossness has the charm of pre-
Homerian myths of Greece."

A country that has so often led the
van in social, economic, and political
reform is bound to have contributed its
quota to the literature of Utopia. Out
of a world-wide list, two can be claimed
for New Zealand, Butler's "Erewhon"
and Swenven's unique "Limanora." The
scene of the former is laid in New Zea-
land, in the latter the scene is laid in
the mythical Island of Progress.

Besides "Erewhon" and "Limanora"
there are Mr. Watson's "Decline and Fall
of the British Empire," and Sir Julius
Vogel's "Anno Domini 2000."

New Zealand novelists worth consid-
ering are much fewer in number than the
poets, says Mrs. Grossmann and "G. B.
Lancaster" (Miss Edith Lyttelton) be-
hance the list. We heartily endorse
this opinion, in spite of her Kiplingese
tendency, and think her work would
rank high in any country. Mr. Sat-
chell's work is favourably commented
upon, and richly deserves it. His "Elixir
of Life," published a year or two ago,
though startling, and imaginative to the
last degree, was a splendid piece of work,
which, had he been better known, must
have brought him fame, if only for its
originality. Marriot Watson is a New
Zealander, mentioned by Mrs. Gross-
mann, that has only contributed one
novel descriptive of New Zealand to
its literature. But Mr. Marriot Watson
cannot, with strict propriety, be included
in any list of New Zealand writers, as,
though he spent 13 years of his early
life, and received his education in New
Zealand, he was born in Melbourne, and
lived there until he was nine years old.
Mr. A. Adams' "In Tussock Land" is re-
markable for its wealth of description,
while Alien's (Mrs. Baker) work shows
that true New Zealand feeling for nature
in its grander moods that is for-
eign to twentieth century writers. In
the descriptive and topographical class,
Mr. Reeve's "Long White Cloud" is,
in its own line, a classic both by style and
information.

In the hearts of New Zealanders Judge
Manning comes first; his books are so full
of life—and such life—grotesque, comic,
savagely picturesque. There are two long
passages which are quite unrivalled—his
Maori version of the Treaty of Waitangi
and the war, which might have been

written by a Maori, and the weird,
ghastly, humorous and pathetic tohungs
scene, which I commend to any future
novelist of New Zealand. Lady Barker's
"Station Life in New Zealand" has the
unaffected charm of all her writings.
There are some good histories, e.g., Mr.
A. Saunders' "History of New Zea-
land." Another speciality has been
books of natural science, each one
an authority on its own subject:—
Buller's "Bird of New Zealand," Kirk's
"Forest Flora of New Zealand," Laing
and Blackwell's "Plant Life of New Zea-
land," a handsomely illustrated volume
on New Zealand entomology by V. G.
Hudson; Drummond's "Animal Life of
New Zealand," and the recently published
anthropological researches on the Native
race by Professor Macmillan Brown,
"Maori and Polynesian."

Though New Zealand journalists have
a high reputation, magazines do not
flourish owing to the competition of Eng-
lish and American magazines and re-
views. But this, we are convinced, is
largely due to the insufficient inducement
that is offered this class of writer to
contribute his or her best, and also in a
measure to the limited outlook afforded
by an enforced insular residence, and not
to lack of ability on the part of this class.
For the names of successful contributors
to "Home" and American magazines and
reviews we turn to Mrs. Grossmann's
list, and discover the familiar names of
Jessie Weston (C. de Thierry), Miss Con-
stance Barnicot, Hilda Keane Rollett,
and G. B. Lancaster, who has lately
essayed the short story and article. "If
it interesting to note that in New Zea-
land, where the sexes are almost equally
free, women come first in poetry and fic-
tion, and apparently in review journal-
ism, while in history, practical journal-
ism and in all scientific work, natural or
sociological, men have almost a monopoly,
and this without any artificial restric-
tions. This may be partly an accident,
but it certainly suggests a natural differ-
ence."

To continue Mrs. Grossmann's felicit-
ous figurative simile we are convinced
that the infant born in New Zealand to
the arts of poetry and prose literature,
though not full fledged, is within appreci-
able distance of flight. Though to some ex-
tent hampered by the traditions and the
Mede and Persian-like laws that have
governed the flight of its parents, it
aspires to control its own methods of
flight because the currents are different.
And though it may eventually incor-
porate the best traditions of the English
school with its own, it must ever stand
out distinct in the qualities of sociology,
economy, spontaneity and natural de-
scription. The best thanks of New Zea-
land writers are due to Mrs. Grossmann
for her very pertinent and justly eulogis-
tic championship.

REVIEWS.

The Goose Girl: Harold McGrath.
With illustrations by Andre Cas-
taigne. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-
Merrill Co.

The type of story exploited with such
distinction and success by Mr. Anthony
Hope has been essayed by Mr. Harold
McGrath no less successfully. The scenes

of the book are laid in one of the
outlying principalities of the German
Empire, and the plot revolves round the
fortunes of a goose girl, who is obviously
of aristocratic extraction if looks and
bearing count for anything. The plot,
though far from original, has some novel
features, and the pictures shown of
German peasant life charm both
by their undoubted faithfulness to detail
and quaint homely setting. Unmistak-
ably German is the pen portrait drawn
of the buxom landlady of the Black
Eagle, who declined re-marriage on the
ground that she has once crossed the
frontier of marriage and "never again!"
yet who thinks no day wholly successful
that does not at least yield her one
proposal of marriage. The story opens
where the goose girl is driving her geese,
whose lives are so soon to be converted
into Strasbourg pates, into the town
of Dreiberg. Like so many old towns,
the streets were narrow, and seeing a
party of horsemen approaching, the
goose girl (Gretchen) tries to drive her
geese to the shelter of walls of the
houses. But the geese, terrified at the
clatter, flew everywhere, one bolder than
the rest alighting on the shoulder of
the Grand Duke, who headed the caval-
cade. Sorry for the havoc wrought
amongst the flock, the Grand Duke offers
compensation, which is gratefully, if
timidly, accepted. Mr. Carmichael, the
American Consul at Dreiberg, who is
riding with the Grand Duke, is struck
both by the beauty and the mien of the
goose girl, and soon after rescues her
from some insulting gallantry of one of
the Duke's aides. Carmichael is very
deeply, very honestly, and very hope-
lessly in love with the Grand Duke's
only daughter and heiress, Princess Hil-
degarde, who is shortly to be betrothed
to the neighbouring King of Jugendheit
for State reasons. The Princess, how-
ever, reciprocates Carmichael's love, and
envies the goose girl, who is free to
marry whom she will. As a baby, the
Princess had been abducted, and the
Grand Duke had laid the blame on
several of his suite, and had banished
them across the frontier. Nor did he
find the child until she had grown to be
a woman. In the meantime, the King
of Jugendheit has been masquerading
as a vintner in Dreiberg, and has fallen
in love with the goose girl, and like
the Princess, is torn between love and
duty. How this tangle is straightened
out that the two pairs of lovers may
marry and live happily ever after must
be discovered by readers themselves.
But we must confess that, though we
knew that Mr. McGrath would find a
way out, we were not prepared for the
villainy of the chanceller, whom we
thought a model of fidelity, though we
guessed the identity of the vintner, the
mountaineer, the watchmaker, the
butcher, etc. But this is more than a
love romance: it contains shrewd, clever
characterisations, a wealth of descrip-
tion, and an unerring instinct for local
colour. The illustrations, which are both
profuse and superexcellent, add not a
little to the charm of a book whose
only fault, if fault it be, lies in the
fact that it is a little long drawn out.
We are indebted to George Robertson
and Co., booksellers and stationers, 107-
113 Elizabeth-street, Melbourne, for our
copy of this book.



THAT PILLAR OF SALT.

Perhaps it was some other woman's hat which caused Mrs. Lot to look back.

TRYING IT ON THE DOG

By ELMER BLANEY HARRIS

Illustrations by May Wilson Preston

HERE'S many a slip between the ink-pot and the box-office. Even the greybeards among the dramatists now and then bag a goose-egg at some Broadway theatre, and the work of a year—perhaps a lifetime—goes into stock. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that I, coming green from the campus, stuffed like a Christmas gobbler with Aristotle, Kant, Boileau, should at my first shot miss the bull's-eye. In a way I resembled "Brick." "Brick" took eight years to graduate. At commencement, when his name was called, he rose, accepted his parchment, shook it in the face of the faculty, and cried, "Educated, by gum!" I was educated.

When I had learned it backwards and pleaded for another poem, she asked: "Reggie, how old are you?" "Twenty-two." A pause—a long pause. Feeling obliged to make conversation, I began: "Lola, did you ever hear of the 'Dingansich'?" Lola hadn't heard. So I launched into a dissertation on Kant, ending with a definition of Being, thence jumping to an aesthetic analysis of the curve on a Greek vase. I must have been a wonder. Little by little, Lola's manner changed, changed in a remarkable way. She began to counsel economy in my expenditures, scolded me for tipping too generously and for taking a hansom when a car would have done as well. She



I read my production with expression

I shall never forget that first hot summer in New York. I had the buttons put on the inside of my trousers and bought a belt. My window looked down upon the "L" and acres of sizzling roofs. Here, in a roar and tumult which set the window-panes chattering, I perpetrated my first play. By what inspiration of modesty I made it one act instead of five I do not remember, but into that one act I crowded all I knew. So far as concerns theory, it was a masterpiece: it began, it rose to a climax, it ended. Also, it had a plot. The only swear-word in it was "Sdeath!" With what I must have considered Swiftian humour, I named it "Excelsior": I was on the twelfth floor, with prospects of going higher.

Now, it happened that I knew an actress who was out of a job. There is nothing unusual in an actress's being out of a job. The unusual part of it was that I should know an actress at all, for my father was a Methodist born in the pew. This actress and I dined at a restaurant in Sixth-avenue, where one ate yards of spaghetti and drank something red with an edge on it. Her name was Lola. She was amazingly pretty, I thought, carried her head high, and wore her clothes well—and plenty of them. While she was waiting for a suitable part and a friendly manager, we read French together, and she taught me to recite that little morceau from Hugo's "Contemplations" which begins:

"I never gave Rose a thought.
Rose came to the wood with me.
We talked about something,
But I have forgotten what!"

And ends something after this fashion:

"I didn't see she was beautiful
Until we emerged from the great, deaf wood.
"So be it: let's not think of it any more!"
said she.
But, since, I think of it—toujours!"

evinced an almost maternal interest in my clothes: helped me to select the exact shade of Oxford gray for afternoon, corrected the block of my top hat, had me exchange some new-bought gloves for a size smaller, also a tie which refused to make up well, being cut on the bias. She went as far as my underwear, writing a note apprising me of a sale of linens at Wanamaker's, for summer comfort: she couldn't bear to see my face grow shiny in a public place. Nothing escaped her. If my hair needed trimming, she knew it before I did. "But," she admonished, "not much off the sides!" (My ears stick out some.) She made me discard an opal, and asked if my shoes pinched. The answer?—Mothering a broiler!

Not until she's mothered me for some time did I tell her about my play. She pounced upon the idea with an excess of enthusiasm that elated me beyond words. Had we been anywhere but in a cab, I should certainly have hugged her. Nothing would do but I must read it to her that evening. She waited in the foyer of my hotel while I got the manuscript, and we whipped up to her flat on Ninety-first-street. The flat I remember distinctly: a dear little silken nest, perfumed, soft-lighted. Lola drew the curtains, arranged the drop-lamp, gave me a footstool, a cushion at my back, and I read my production with all the expression I had left after a two-year course in forensics. Lola's applause was not as spontaneous as it might have been, and I reached for the ice-water. She clasped her hands back of her head and frowned at the ceiling. I lit a cigarette and waited. Finally she came over, perched up beside me, and ran through the manuscript thoughtfully, biting her finger.

"Dear boy," she said, as she reached the last page, "it's great. But it's not life."

"Art, Lola, is not life as it is, but as it should be." Believe it or not, that's what I said.

"In vaudeville—and that's the only place you can use a one-act play—they want humour. Now if you could just make them laugh—"

"It's not a humorous subject," I objected.

"Reggie, dear, life is not all sad. It has some humour, even at its worst. Humour makes it possible, sweetens it: it's the salt that keeps the sea fresh. Don't you see?"

I grew dogged. "There are no laughs in 'Ghosts.'"

"I know. I've played Mrs Alving. But Americans don't want depressing, morbid revelations; they want joy and song."

"This is not a comic opera."

"Now, dear—I mean Reggie—don't lose your temper. I know what I'm talking about; you simply must amuse your public. Here, I've got a joke-book I've kept for years—"

"I don't want a lot of jokes pasted on my play like labels on a suit case. This is a 'criticism of life.'"

"But before you criticise a thing, you must know it—and know it hard." Lola grew gentle as I grew brutal.

"Do you mean that I don't know life?" I demanded, a little indignant. "I've suffered!"

What answer she made, if any, I do not remember. But she looked at me with a certain wistfulness, and when I innocently touched her hand as I held the play open for her perusal, she coloured, laughed uncomfortably, and, drawing away, returned to her chair. The movement, the little laugh come back to me now, with the breath of her hair, like mignonette, and a responsive thrill follows that stirs depths which then were— Well, the point is, she took the play and promised to see it staged.

Lola found no difficulty in interesting an agent who owned his own theatre. "Miss Lola Henriki forsakes the Legit. for Continuous in one-act drama by Mr Reggie Forbes!" was one of the scare-headers from the Telegraph which I pinned on my wall under her picture, between prints of Moliere and Goethe. The play was first to be "tried on the dog"—on an audience outside of Broadway. Then, if it got over, the star would be booked for periods ranging from three weeks to three years, and at as much salary as she could command. Two thousand dollars, I learned, was sometimes paid for a single act. My attraction, of course, would not receive that amount.

But suppose they paid seven hundred. My ten per cent would give me seventy a week, two hundred and eighty a month, over three thousand a year. The sketch had taken a week to write. Relieved from temporary embarrassment by the seventy, I could easily before the year was over produce twelve acceptable short plays. Thirty-six thousand a year! I should soon be earning more than the president. And it is strange how elastic it made my step, how lowly my twelfth floor rear. Current events, such as failures in Wall Street or the departure of the fleet for foreign waters, shrank to proportions insignificant.

The rehearsals were like sitting by the bedside of a sick child: I hoped it would get better. Lola had secured the use of one of the large theatres, and here we four—the valet, the hero, the star, and the author—met at eleven one summer day when the horses wore bon-

nets and the mirrors had got into their tights of mosquito netting—and the metamorphosis of written words into living, moving humans began. Oh, the thrill of it!—the marvel! What had I done! Caught an idea, on the fly—an idea, that impalpable oversoul of molecular brain-changes—and so propelled it through the medium of alphabetical symbols as to awaken a like vibration in the cranium of my audience. O Inspection! O Psychology! O Mystery of Mysteries! O Fiddlesticks! Yet such were those darling sophomore days, when ambition was new and cheek youth-painted, and this glorious pageant of the senses was all Why, and never What nor How!

The speeches didn't flow. I can still see Lola in the golden glare of the footlights, with the grass mats and canvases trees of the regular show heaped against the wall, contracting my "do nots" to "don'ts," dropping my "thats" and "whiches," and breaking the blades of my beautiful, rhythmic periods, forged and tempered by the sweat of my brow, to make the characters talk in quick, short sentences, but without regard to repetition or balance. Mildly I demurred, but Lola, in her sweetest voice, met me with the fiat that movement was all-essential. Obediently I bowed at the shrine of experience. But when the hero split an infinitive, I rose on my hind legs. I refused to see my baby carried head downward in this shiftless fashion. The rehearsal paused while I, as politely as possible, lectured the wrong-doer on the intransigibility of the infinitive. At this point the doorkeeper, a solemn, wintry figure, withdrew into the shadow.

"And I should prefer 'I believe seriously to make this effort' to 'I believe to make this effort seriously,' because 'effort' is the important word, and should, therefore, be placed where it has the most emphasis, which is at the end of the phrase. And why do you keep crossing all the time?"

"I can't stand in one position during the entire scene!" retorted the man, with some impatience.

"Mr. Forbes is quite right," agreed Lola. "You must have a reason for crossing; you will come over here to get the match-box. You occupy yourself with the match-box until I say: 'Harold! Harold!' Then you say: 'Elizabeth, the rejuvenation of a naive delight in beauty for beauty's sake—' so and so, so and so, so and so, and cross back on my answer. And when the valet enters and says: 'Oh, sir, the press has denounced you!' you cross naturally to get the revolver. Now try it again, please, from my entrance."

I shall not give you the entire play. I should have done so then. I should have set you down on the street corner, in a drawing-room filled with people, in an elevator, on a tack—anywhere—and read you the whole sixty pages with all the deadly purpose of the squab playwright. Now, however, for fear we might sometime meet, and having myself some respect for the dead, I shall spare you further excerpts from "Excelsior."

Finally the day of the try-out arrived—the great day. Everything was in readiness. The "props" were assembled, the "plots" compiled. I had bought a new suit and written a speech. Lola had advanced the hero half his salary, and he had appeared in a clean shirt. Two newspaper men I had dined at some length, and I had received an inch of fine print in each of their papers. I had heard of



She leaned toward the mirror and dipped her toes into the black.

lying by inches, but it works both ways. Then, at the eleventh hour, the valet resigned! It took Lola fully ten minutes to say what she thought of him. It was the best "copy" for a mad scene I had ever heard. Then:

"Reggie, you'll have to play that part yourself."

"Yes, you. You know the lines, and I can't possibly find another man and get him up in them before train-time. The little hypocrite! The turncoat! Oh!—!"

On the way to the Grand Central: "Reggie, you must stop smoking cigarettes. You've smoked one after another ever since I gave you that part."

"Lola, I'll queer the show."

"Didn't you say you'd played in college?"

"Yes, but—"
"Just put enough noise and speed into it, and you'll do nicely."

I was almost sick with fear. The more I smoked, the worse I got. When I bought the tickets, I left a dollar on the window. Lola handed it to me with a perplexed frown.

"Boy, you are not going to your own funeral. Take a brace. You're shaking like a double order of wine jelly. And don't you leave your money lying about when you're not making any."

"Thanks awfully."
"I think you'd probably feel better if you ate something. You've got me down here half an hour before train-time."

"Really, I couldn't eat a thing."
"Perhaps I could."

I apologised, and hurried her across Forty-second Street, she chucking at my stage fright, and declaring if I pulled so I'd have to buy her a new arm.

"Where are you taking me!" she exclaimed, as we pushed into a bar, and a group of men, with one foot on the rail, turned, glasses lifted, and started at this rumpied vision of loveliness which I was kidnapping.

We backed out.
"Lola, what does he say when you sit on the hassock?"

"Who are you talking about?"
"The valet."

Lola laughed outright. "Well, you ought to know; you wrote the play."

"Yes, but I can't remember a word. Everything is gone from me."

A bite, and we boarded the train. I did feel better, but in the sulphurous breath of the tunnel I had an attack of hay-fever. I wheezed and sneezed: was literally led to the slaughter by the "doze."

It would have taken the tongue of Job wagged at both ends by the wit and bitterness of Heine to describe that journey. My eyes were full of tears, my lips parched, my face, as I caught sight of it in the glass, was haunted and haggard. The only friend I had in the car was the water-tank at the far end, and after shaking hands with it five times I

will take them in and supply gas-lamps. There were neither names nor numbers on the streets. We asked everyone we met, from the baggage-master to the barber, where the theatre was, before finding that hump-backed edifice. It stood next to a grocery where bushel baskets of potatoes, pyramids of beets and cabbages lured marketing housewives. On the steps was a parcel of ragamuffins shooting craps. Above them stood an easel of photographs: this week's attractions! Lola, in the centre, chin on hand, around her, like the doves of Venus, The Sisters Pinko, the Coloured Comedy Entertainers, Pillule, the Mind-Reading Dog. And across the top: "To-day! Bring the children to-day. Prize matinee! To-day!"

Now, I know Garrick and Mrs. Siddons as well as if we had been to school together, and from our acquaintance I had familiarised myself with the glamour of the greenroom. But as I carried Lola's suit case to the cellar, my dreams got a tap on the solar plexus. We had to wade. The star gathered up her silks and heeled it along a pine scantling to dressing-room No. 1.

"Reggie, come in when you get dressed and I'll make you up," she said.

My dressing-room was a beach—spell with a "p" if you don't mind mixing your metaphors—where the theatrical tide had left stranded all the flotsam and jetsam of the profession—wafers of soap, grease rags, vaudeville ads, and a near-bald comb, its eye-teeth missing. And a gas-jet that had swallowed something whole hid its light under a bustle. There being neither nails nor hickory limb, I hung my coat on the door knob and repaired to Lola's room.

How pretty she had made her table. And how pretty she herself looked, in her lace bodice and curls, as she leaned toward the mirror, and dipped her lashes into the black. She threw off her dressing-sack and hooked her skirt.

"Reggie, you'll have to button me."
"Button you—!"

"Hurry; it's getting near. Goodness, how cold your hands are! Stop trembling—you give me the Willies! Try a hairpin. Oh, let the collar go! Here—!"

With sleeves rolled back, she massaged my face with cold cream, mopped it, chalked it with pink, and blotted it with poudre de riz. Next, she combed out some crepe hair, soldered it on parallel with my ears, and barbered it beautifully.

"Oh, you cunning thing!" she exclaimed, in admiration of her handiwork. "You'd make a lovely coachman. If any of the Astorbites are in front, I'll lose you sure. Now, button my boots."

"Lola, my mouth feels as though it had been dried out with a crash towel. What's that a sign of?"

"Oh! You cunning thing!" she exclaimed.

"Ouch!" she cried, as I pinched her with a button-hook. "You're taking it off in chunks!"

From an adjoining room, female voices—
"Say, I kin strike C without an effort. Send for A and I'll show you my C"—no sooner said than done.

"Get the hook! Light on something! D'yuh call that C?" "Say, I wonder who got the idea we could be a quartet!" "Maybe, are you every going to change that skirt?" "No; it was washed on." "Minnie, the guy in the monkey cage out front wanted to know how you pronounced your middle name." "Tell him I don't pronounce it; I inhale it!"

"The Sisters Pinko," explained Lola. "Do we have to play on the same bill with them?"

"Yes, honey. And it may do them good; if they'd only learn that rejuvenation beauty speech of yours, it might help some. Now, for heaven's sake, Reggie, talk up loud."

"Shall I have to make a speech, Lola?"
"I don't think so." And she said it with a straight face.

The stage was cramped and populous. Here and there a shaft of light lit huddled heads, as the mechanics and stage-hands passed judgment on a sketch which was just then being done. At one of the entrances stood the author, not so intent on sprinkling an um-

water, and she was back, almost before the applause ceased:—

"I loved a lassie,
A bonnie blue-eyed lassie;
She was pure as the lilies in the dell—"

"Can't sing!" commented the man on the heater

His companion, chewing gum, shook his head—spat.

"How do you like vaudeville, Reggie?"

I looked at Lola, her skirts clutched to protect them from the floor, and felt a shamefaced regret at having let her in for such an experience. I apologised.

"All in a life-time!" she replied



"And where, oh! where did you pick up the valet?"

brella with a watering-can that he failed to laugh at his own jokes.

"Pipe the feller that wrote it!" whispered a scene-shifter in a green-striped sweater.

Just then, one of the actors, perspiring through his paint, sauntered to the door, and, dropping his party smile and voice, hissed at the author:—

"Where the h—'s the will?"

The Coloured Comedy Entertainers did theirs next. They were two, in a check so generous that it required both suits to contain the pattern. The distinguishing feature of their performance was the mouth of one, as mobile as a red-rubber band. I remember a line—

"Speakin' ob rain, Mista' Johnsing, how'd jew like t' go fo' a boat-ride dis afternoon?"

"I ain't much on de water."
"Nd' on de soap t'her, hum?"
It went with a scream.

As I got better acquainted with our competitors, my nerves steadied, my predicament grew less dire, and I was able to observe and profit by my surroundings.

Pillule, the Mind-reading Dog, added, subtracted, multiplied; told one young lady in the audience how many babies she wanted by slyly hesitating at twelve, and finally choosing the cipher. Another scream.

While they were setting the stage for "Excelsior," the girl impersonator dia hers before the drop, while a grey-haired woman waited near a dressing-table in the wings. Off came the girl, panting from a dance. Off came her waist, skirt, and one pair of stockings, while the men standing round, hands in pockets, surveyed her with the detached interest of bettors inspecting a filly in the paddock. The girl herself, one ear on the music, so far as they were concerned, was alone with the grey-haired woman.

"I'm going to cut that line; they never get it!" she panted.
"I would, dearie."
"My kilt!"

With sure, quick fingers she changed to the Scotch costume, the woman tying her shoes while she dived into the jacket. A smudge of powder, a sip of

cheerfully. "This is only a bad imitation of the real thing, but you can regard it as a college supplement. Are you gathering wisdom?"

"Lola, do you think they'll do anything to 'Excelsior'?"

The only consolation she offered was: "Watch and pray!"

Out of deference to Lola, the management had saved our attraction till the last, save, of course, the motion-pictures. It gave us more time than we expected, and I began to feel quite cocky before the curtain rose; but when it did lift finally, letting in a flood of light over the lawry "set," at war in every detail with the aesthetic tastes of my hero, and exhibiting ensconced in the stage box a group of New York managers, there expressly to see Lola's act, my temporary composure departed. And the rest, even at this distance, swims in thin, hot haze.

My last distinct impression was of the leading man, clearing his throat, and feeling his tie before entering, after which I had a touch of blind staggers. I accidentally set off the door-bell, which refused to be choked, and had to be carried out into the alley and smothered, like a dangerous lamp. I fell into the room and dropped a breakfast tray—thank heaven, the audience thought it intentional. I opened my mouth, but no sound issued forth, and the hero said the line for me. Lola prompted me, but it was no go: I couldn't even repeat what I heard. When I came off, the man on the heater said:—

"Say, kid, who wrote this skit?"
Even that failed to rouse me: I was in a trance, a nightmare. I had to sit down somewhere to keep my legs from giving away as after a long illness, and chase Lola's hat. I missed my next cue, and she had to come after me:—

"Reggie, the newspaper, for mercy's sake!"

I tried to say, "The Press has denounced you!" but Lola took the words out of my mouth, and then, in an aside: "Don't come in again; I'll get the revolver."

If I hadn't written the play myself I should have thought that a threat. Thus excused from my last entrance, I began to recover. The first thing I noticed was that the stage-hands were acting like men at a circus: they were coming from the other side, from the loft, from



"Oh! You cunning thing!" she exclaimed.

grew shy of the passengers. Lola was no friend of mine:
"Oh, Lord, Reggie, be still! Do you think you're the only one who's nervous?"

Now, if only she hadn't said that! To add to the general gloom, it began to rain, and pollywogs of silver effaced the moving-pictures framed in the window. I tried to study my part; I couldn't. I got up. I sat down. I stared around to see if anyone was looking, and heard someone behind say:

"I wonder if they've just been married, or are just going to be?"

It was a little go-in-when-it-rains-down, one of many that cling to the petticoats of a big city, hoping the next charter

the property-room, to see what I looked like. They stared at me in silence and walked away.

"Kin yuh beat it!" one of them said. I peered cautiously at the audience: the New York managers had left; the box was empty—one of the chairs was tipped over, though I don't offer that as evidence. Poor Lola!

When the curtain fell, there was an oppressive silence in the house. Somebody's baby began to cry. There was an ominous rustle of programmes. The agent who had secured the try-out came on the stage.

I opened the umbrella, and we walked slowly back to the depot.

"Now, Reggie, listen. You've had a play produced; you've seen how the wheels go. There's only one thing more you need to learn."

"What's that, Lola?"

"Life."

There may have been try-outs since, many failures, some successes. Through them all Lola has stood by. Invariably, when I read the plays to her, if she clasped her hands back of her head and frowned at the ceiling, they were sure to fail; if, instead, the laughter rippled

was the incarnation of good fellowship, but in business he was adamant.

The imposing case that contained the illustrious Apostle was standing near the doors, ready for delivery, and only waiting to be signed for, when the padre's eye caught sight of evident signs of damage. He was far too old a hand to accept delivery without inspection—he knew the ways of the transhippers in Calcutta. The agent, realising that it was too late to head him off, reluctantly agreed to have an examination made of the contents of the case.

The revelations were distressing. The figure, executed in plaster of Paris over a wooden core, was gorgeous to behold. In white, purple, and gold, a chain of aldermanic proportions around his neck, on which hung the keys—and such keys; truly the authorities in Heaven had never attempted to modernise the locks—but, alas! one arm was broken at the shoulder, and the neck had a most suspicious crack in it.

The agent first broke the painful silence, by cheerfully exclaiming: "That will be all right. I will have it sent up for you, and get a man to fix up that arm and neck, and make it just as good as ever it was."

The Padre was not easily won over to this plan—hundreds of coolies and native merchants, some of whom were converts, had seen the damage; the go-down was full of spectators, and well the padre knew that the Oriental had no use for a broken saint. If a saint who could work miracles could not be trusted to take care of himself from Calcutta to Chittagong, he would never hold the respect of an Eastern multitude.

The agent, watching from the tail of his eye, could see that the day was going against him, and when the Padre declined to accept delivery, and notified his intention of claiming damages from the company, he was by no means surprised; but, as befitting a good business man, he put up a most strenuous protest.

The padre was immutable.

"Well," said the agent, to conclude, "if you won't take delivery of that highly-gilded Apostle, I shall take him up to my bungalow and make a cockshy of him, to your everlasting discredit. Fancy your converts seeing splinters knocked off the door-keeper of Heaven."

The padre crossed himself, and delicately inferred that such being the case he would stretch his claim to the utmost limit; also (this impressively, and to the gallery, coolies and others), that "God could be trusted to protect his own, and to duly reward each according to his deserts in His own good time."

There is much give and take in an Anglo-Indian community, and the padre was neither surprised nor yet greatly shocked when he heard that St. Peter was installed in the big bungalow on the hill—but he bided his time, with the wisdom of an old and wise school.

The agent was a personality that demands more than a passing notice. Young and wealthy, he dispensed hospitalities lavishly. He kept a great number of horses; his turn-outs were exceptional, and his polo ponies were the cracks of Further-India. The various religious denominations had at various times, and in divers ways, made assaults upon him for some confession of faith. But he gave to all alike, and the nearest admission that could be wrung out of him was "that he believed in driving tandem on Sundays"—an article of religion that he invariably lived up to.

He was the despair of Smith, the Anglican parson, whose hopes of him were fostered by the fact that he sent down flowers for church decoration once a month.

Smith, by-the-by, was at one time a Methodist, who (his enemies declared) had crept through on to Anglican pastures, attracted thither by their superior grazing qualities. He now affected extreme High Church ritual.

As far as St. Peter was concerned, the agent made good his threats. After breakfast, at 11 a.m., when the guests were enjoying their cheroots, the long lounge chairs would be drawn up in line at the end of the verandah, a wide stone pillared colonnade that went round three sides of the house. The bearers would bring whisky-pegs and revolvers, and at a range of about twenty-five yards fire would be opened at St. Peter for sweepstakes.

It must be confessed that the shooting was atrociously bad for men who numbered amongst them some of the best shots in Further-India; the faithful would attribute this to the Divine influence of the Saint; scoffers averred that it was the malign influence of the Spirits. Be that as it may, in the

course of a week or two his Saintship bore an extremely battered look, the addition of a briar pipe (the bull's eye), accentuating his Bow-street Monday-morning appearance. The wall against which St. Peter was propped formed a stop in the verandah some thirty feet from the rear line of the building, which was a very considerable size, covering a square of some one hundred and fifty feet. At the back of this wall was a room that formed an annex to the Agent's suite, and around it were ranged on rests, brackets, and horses, saddles of very kind—riding, racing, hunting, and side saddles, tandem and four-in-hand harness, dog-cart aprons and fancy cushions, polo gear, and all the multifarious trappings that a man of wealth of sporting tastes can accumulate, and in which the Agent took a peculiar interest and delight. The treacherous wall against which St. Peter reclined in battered state was a hollow sham, but some four feet upwards were solid brick and concrete; the upper part was fine bamboo-matting carried up on studs, and tightly stretched and white-washed until the outer surface resembled the solid lower portion.

It was on a Sunday morning, when about to follow his religious custom of driving tandem that the Agent aroused the entire household with quaintly expressed and vigorous variegated swear words.

It did not require much looking for by the guests to decide the cause—through the upper part of the wall all ill-directed shots, ricochets had sped, here was a saddle ploughed up, there a trace cut, polo sticks ruined, everywhere damage irretrievable.

The contemplation of this was bad enough, but when coupled with the knowledge that the Padre was quite human enough to make a monstrous pile of capital out of it, it became intolerable. Condolences were out of the question, and, well, the guests knew that borne on the mysterious waves of the native intelligence department the story of how the Great Saint of the Holy Padre had miraculously revenged himself on the scelerigious heretics, would even now be buzzing in every bazaar to the uttermost confines of the Indian borders.

It was indeed so; inside of a week circumstantial tales of how the suffering Saint had been seen to deflect bullets with a wave of his sacred keys, how mysterious repairs had been effected by unseen, unheard hands, how the Padre's prophecies of disaster publicly made had been publicly fulfilled—these and many other stories, gilded with all the wealth of Oriental imagery, were to be heard daily where native merchants mostly did congregate.

So mysterious are the ways of Providence that the first to feel the influence of these happenings was neither of the two human principals. To Pastor Smith was assigned that fate. Unaccountably his little flock of native converts diminished—not all the stately influence of Colonel L——, the Commissioner, reading the lessons, nor yet the impressive and dignified snores of Judge H——, could prevent the defection. The most promising pupils at Sunday School grew fitful and lax in attendance and finally on a High Catholic Feast-day they openly deserted to the little Roman Catholic mission church, wherein was enthroned in magnificent state a glorified replica of the battered image that lay already overgrown with weeds in the deep nulls at the back of the Agent's compound.

During this phase of the drama neither by word, nor gesture, did the Padre or the Agent betray their feelings. The Padre, cheery and genial, always had a friendly greeting to bestow on the Agent; the Agent, on his part, always had a cover at table and unlimited whisky-pegs and iced hook for the Padre. The centre of the trouble was shifted to Pastor Smith, who viewed with increasing dismay the desertion of his congregation to the aegis of such a powerful Saint as that enshrined in the rival church; his troubles weighed heavily upon him, and the collections manifested a most dismal and unfortunate shrinkage. Could he but conjure up a Saint that—though apparently a battered idol, could make revolver bullets go whither he would, he might hope to regain his lost prestige and sinking financial status.

Whilst Smith troubled thus, the Padre went round and that with no little ostentation, to collect funds for the enlargement of his church; his fame was great, and wide-spread converts from



"Say, who got the idea we could be a quartet?"

"Miss Henrici," he said, taking Lola's hand, which trembled a little, "you were charmin'; they never seen better actin' in this house. But where, in heaven's name, did you get the vehicle? The rehabilitation of beauty fer beauty's sake—! Say, why didn't you let him kill himself as he wanted to? Your jokes went great (Lola's jokes!), but the rest of the dope—!" He concluded with an expressive rotary gesture near one temple.

"It was only an experiment," explained Lola, sweetly.

The agent gave a glance towards me and dropped his voice: "And where, oh, where did you pick up the valet?"

We dressed. As we entered the street, we saw the hero's coat-tails vanishing between two swinging doors.

from her lips, or the tears gathered beneath her lashes, their success was signed and sealed. Lola knew. I am now of a mind that the whole secret lay in that one word—Life. She is sitting opposite as I write, more mature, more gentle, more lovely than ever, despite these busy years. She puts down her books, looks over, hands folded beneath her chin, and asks me how it goes. And I remember again the little verse of Hugo's:—

"Je ne vis qu'elle etait belle
Qu'en sortant des grandes bois sourda.
"Soit; n'y pensons plus" dit-elle.
Depuis, j'y pense toujours."

Why?

Because we're married now.

SAINT PETER: THE STORY OF A MIRACLE

By Chas. E. C. Worthington

THE age of miracles, we are told, has gone. The days in which saints lent their powerful patronage and help to faithful devotees in time of extreme need has passed away on the advent of motoring, bridge, and other modern religions.

A quarter of a century has brought about this change, for no one who reads this plain tale can have the hardihood to doubt that the spirit of the prototype of our hero did not actively assist in meeting out punishment to sacrilegious hands.

Under the sweltering heat of the eternal summer that obtains in Chittagong, the worthy padre awaited with impatience the arrival of the British India steamer from Calcutta. By her was expected a magnificent new statue of St. Peter, which was to adorn the little Roman Catholic chapel that nestled in all its white-washed purity amid the dense olive-green of the tropical foliage that shaded the mission compound.

The arrival of the weekly steamer from Calcutta was an event of note, for by her

came the only supplies of ice that tempered the "whisky peg" of the perspiring white man. Incidentally, there were mails and cargo that had also to be landed, and the agent was, on that day, a busy and much-worried man.

The padre was anxiously flitting about the go-down, hoping to catch a glimpse of the package that contained the life-size presentment of the janitor of Heaven, when the agent's eyes lit on him.

"Not to-day, Padre; not to-day. Come to-morrow, and don't forget the bill of lading," he said.

The morrow came, and the usual sweating, yelling mob of coolies were engaged in sorting and delivering goods, directed by soft-voiced, oily Babus, who in turn were being loudly cursed into activity by white merchants' clerks.

The work was proceeding apace when the padre and the agent came along, arm-in-arm, chatting pleasantly. The padre was a genial soul, while the agent was famous for his hospitality and his ponies throughout the entire East; as a host, he

other Christian denominations were falling in and in metaphorical sackcloth and ashes did Parson Smith vainly regret that he had not preached a creed of more severe outward austerity. Alas! his leaning towards the gauds of High Church ritual had but paved the way towards the defection of his flock. Too late he recognised the good use he might have made of denouncements of the Scarlet Woman and other Babylonish inventions. To the Agent came the Holy Father with his subscription list. The Rangoon Cup was about to be contested, and the Agent had his colours represented by one of the best nags in the East, and he was more than hopeful of success. To the Padre he was more than sympathetic, and said to him: "Yes, Padre, I must admit you had the beat of me over that St. Peter deal. By-the-by, your claim was seventy-five rupees in excess; but to show I bear no malice I will give you one hundred rupees towards your Church, and if my horse wins the Rangoon Cup, I will make it up to five hundred. If your new St. Peter is half as good as the old one (which I doubt), between you, you should manage it easily for me." The Padre smiled broadly, and drank his iced peg with evident relish. "We'll try," he said.

Some three weeks later at a most uproarious breakfast, at which the winner of the Cup was toasted in long aleveers of iced hock and champagne, the Agent rose up and said: "It does my heart good to hand over to our esteemed mutual friend, the Padre, this little bit of paper for the good of the Cause." The Padre, replying on behalf of the Cause, expressed himself somewhat to this effect: That as a junior partner in a great and going concern, he had done his level best.

Smith is back in the Methodist fold, and on the subject of the methods of Rome is forcible and illuminating.

Piercing the Southern Alps.

Continued from page 30.

near its extremity. At intervals we come upon gangs of workmen busy with trucks or barrows. Some of the men are filling the vehicles, which, when full, are wheeled away, to be tipped at low-lying parts of the track. Among such scenes we leave Lake Sarah behind us, cross the Caes, and climb the brief ascent over the saddle, to share once more a highway with the Waimakariri.

We have now left the railway, which will pass round the end of the range not far to the right, and thus avoid the saddle. It will then follow the river upstream for a little distance, before crossing to the other bank by a low bridge, the preliminaries for which can be seen in progress below us. From there the road and rail proceed on opposite banks, almost till the tunnel is reached. We, in the coach, are by this time negotiating a kind of exaggerated switchback, cut out of the side of a hill beside the river. At one minute the road is almost level with the water, at the next it is climbing to a point high above it, only to sink again to the water's edge, this somewhat vexatious grading being adopted apparently with the sole purpose of avoiding blasting. After that a straight run of about four miles brings us to the Bealey, where we pause for dinner at the Glacier Hotel, one of the ancient landmarks of Canterbury. Little time is wasted over the meal, and in half-an-hour we have started again, and are splashing across the mile-wide ford through the Waimakariri, to its tributary, the Bealey.

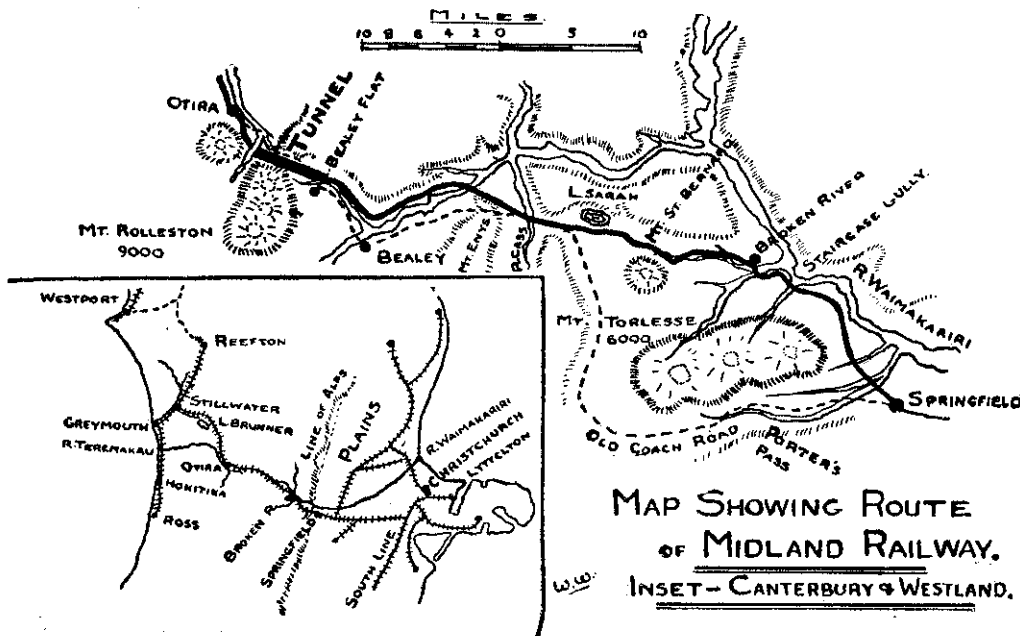
Now the full beauty of the Southern Alps bursts upon us. Everything around us—mountain, valley, and cataract—is on a scale sublime and magnificent. On our right is a beautiful conical mountain, thickly covered with the glorious verdure of the bush, while across the valley are other peaks, also bush-covered. The road lies in a slender clearing cut through the forest on the right bank, so that we seem to be ever travelling in a fairy dell, surrounded by ferns and shaded by all-but-interlacing branches of black birch. At one instant we descend to cross a little stream, the shingly bed of which forms an opening in the bush, and reveals a valley stretching up to the snowy heights above. At the next we are climbing up the hillside again to avoid a bend of the river, which threatens to encroach upon the highway, were it not placed

at a respectful distance from the torrent. Now and then, where an even stretch of shingle presents itself above the level of the watercourse, we venture out on the floor of the valley, and pursue a swift journey beyond the reach of the bush. At length, while we are rounding a rocky point and descending into one such open space, a little village comes suddenly into sight opposite, a scar on the mountain side, which is surrounded by men and horses working, and numerous other signs of industry. This is the

of white wooden huts fronting the coach road, from the capacious chimneys of which sundry streams of blue smoke are issuing, signs of warmth and comfort inside. The store occupies a central position, displaying rows of tinned fruits, milk, and meat, articles which occupy so important a place in the diet of the backwoodsman. At the far end of the township, which, by the way, is called "Bealey Flat," are the stables for the sturdy horses that haul the wagons of stores and contractors' material over the pass, from the railhead at Otira. The

waiting to develop 600 horse-power in the form of electric current, which will pass along the cable line seen reaching to the mouth of the tunnel, and entering a large shed containing the air compressors for the drills.

As we continue our way up the pass these details fall behind us, and we are conscious only of a road leading through thick foliage, rising continually towards the V-shaped gap in the heights in front of us. Once we cross the cataract by a picturesque little bridge, and after a steady pull, and a wide sweep around



MAP SHOWING ROUTE OF MIDLAND RAILWAY. INSET - CANTERBURY & WESTLAND.

point where the railway enters the rock, on its underground journey to the lower country beyond the watershed.

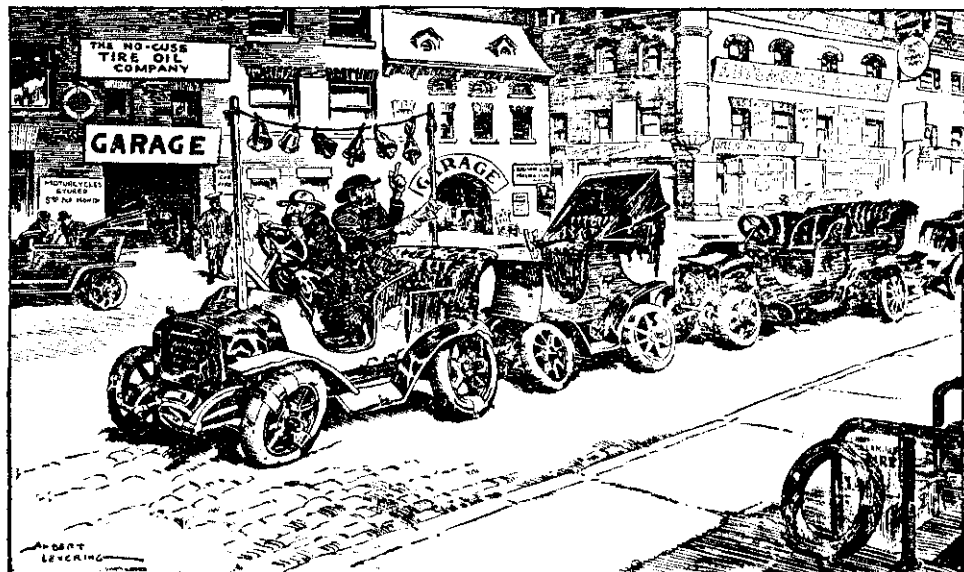
We are making our first inspection of the tunnel at an appropriate place, for at this end, where work has but recently commenced, we are able to study the first stage in the process of boring. We can observe the pick and shovel men removing the layer of stone broken and rotted by age, frost, and weather, before the face of solid rock is reached for the drills to work upon. A wooden bridge helps to indicate the direction of the approach, making a narrow angle to the surface of the hill. Trucks of spoil are continually being drawn by horses over the bridge, to be tipped at the end of the embankment on our own side of the river. During their spare time the workmen are housed in the double rows

pass itself is now directly ahead of us, forming a remarkably low gap through the high and precipitous peaks on either side. About 600ft of ascent are before us, in the course of the two and a-half miles before the summit is reached.

A few minutes after leaving the village, our attention is transfixed by the sight of a great waterfall, plunging through a slit in the rock above the riverbed on a 700ft leap into the valley below. Long before reaching the bottom, its waters are whirled into foam by the mere force of its headlong descent. Magnificent though it is, the Devil's Punchbowl, as a scenic attraction, is doomed, for a black line of pipes leading down the rock to the right of the fall is ready to take away its waters into the roughly built powerhouse at their lower extremity. Inside, the Pelton wheels and dynamos are

the big shingle slip at the summit, we see before us the marvellous gorge of the Otira, a narrow rift with all but vertical walls. At the bottom, far below us, the river can be seen, appearing from our coign of vantage, a mere glistening thread extending in a shaly line down the slope. The road can also be seen disappearing round the cliff at the bottom, a ledge cut out of the rocky side or built by means of concrete or trestle-work on to it. Its course may be traced along the precipice to a point immediately below us, from which it ascends by a series of zigzags. Standing above the whole, and completing the exquisitely striking picture, is the white top of the mountain just beyond the lower extremity of the gorge, surely a worthy headpiece to so noble a scene.

Down into the gorge the coach rushes, swinging around the most awful corners



A COMING PROFESSION.

"Cash Paid for Old Autos!"

without slackening speed. For five miles we are swiftly descending in this way between walls covered by ferns and moss, through which make their way an endless succession of waterfalls. Gradually the road becomes less steep, and after a glimpse of a broad valley through the end of the gorge, we emerge into the open, and splash across the Oira River just below its confluence with a larger stream coming from a tributary gorge on the left. Again we encounter the railway, leading straight ahead to the West Coast, and up the Rolleston Gorge in the opposite direction to the Oira mouth of the tunnel, about three-quarters of a mile from the junction of the two streams.

For the first time since leaving the Plains we find ourselves in the midst of a fairly large community; for the extensive works at the end of the big hole has swelled the population to about 300. Little wooden huts are seen everywhere, either scattered about in picturesque situations at the fancy of their proprietors, or grouped in a township of over 50 on the left bank of the high railway cutting leading up the Rolleston. A cluster of superior dwellings on the opposite side of the cutting constitutes the "married quarters," for men who have brought their family to live with them. Past these, the railway curves sharply across the river upon a substantial steel and concrete bridge, leading directly to a black hole in the bushy spur forming the side of the gorge. This is the tunnel which has brought the community into existence, and which already penetrates over half a mile into the sandy slates of the Southern Alps.

Signs of internal industry are not wanting all round the mouth. In front is a broad platform, composed of broken stone from the interior, continually being augmented by trucks bringing out more spoil from the drills. Lines of rails radiate in all directions, and horses and a petrol locomotive are busily employed in hauling rolling stock about the yard. On the left is the old compressor house, containing the steam pump which did duty before the electric plant at Holt's Creek, on the opposite side of the gorge, was completed. The boiler is still used to supply hot water for the men's bathrooms, where shower and plunge baths may be had at any time of the day or night. It also supplies steam to the pipes that heat the drying room, where the damp clothes of the shift coming off duty are hung, to be ready for them when they go on again 16 hours later. The electric compressor house is in the river-bed on the right of the embankment, and is connected by a line of poles and cables with the power station at the foot of the narrow rift, wherein Holt's Creek falls down to the Rolleston and yields 600 horse-power to the pelton wheels in the station. Near the com-

pressor house is the carpenter's shop, where electric tools assist in the construction of the trucks and other wooden plant used on the works. Nearer the bridge is the concrete block factory, containing a large concrete mixer and a stone-crusher, both operated electrically. Shingle is collected by a tramine on the bed of the river, and lifted by an electric elevator to a large bin, where it is stored for making into concrete. On a terrace about 50ft above the mouth are the dwellings of the manager and engineers and the offices. All the shops and houses and the yard and pathways are lit by electric lamps, as work is continuous by night and day.

Inside the tunnel the main scene in all this activity is being enacted. Seven drills are usually at work here—three in excavating the lower part of the hole, technically known as the "bottom heading," while following them up are the remainder, boring at the "top heading," or breaking down the rock intervening between the two. The working face in the heart of the mountain is the forefront of the attack, and may be reached by riding in on the empty trucks returning for a further load of spoil. It is about 8ft wide and 7ft high—just large enough to accommodate the two machines working there, for all the world like machine guns firing into the rock, emitting a succession of reports in the most martial manner, and controlled by a workman rotating a hand wheel at the back of each. Light is afforded by acetylene lamps, which enable us to see the steel rods forming the drills proper, executing a rapid scene of hammer-blows on the rock. A labourer is by each of these, attending to the water jet which keeps the tool cool and washes out the dust and chipped stone. Twelve holes are made about 6ft long, and are filled with plugs of gelignite. The men retire to wooden shelters a few chains back, and wait for the explosion to take place. The broken material is then cleared away, leaving a new working face 6ft nearer the other side of the mountain. Boring begins again, and by a constant rotation of this cycle of operations, ceasing only at 11 p.m. on Saturday night, and recommencing at 1 a.m. the following Monday, the little band of tunnellers is moving into the range at the rate of about 80ft weekly. They do not always attain this amount of progress, for a band of extra hard rock will slow down the drilling very much. There is also the chance that a considerable spring may be tapped, letting water in on the men. On these occasions the shift consists of six hours instead of eight, the men being paid for the full time as compensation for having to work in soaking garments.

After inspecting the face, we return to the mouth on foot, noting the survey marks on the timbering overhead, by

means of which the engineers keep the tunnel from deviating from the true line, and ensure the two portions meeting in the heart of the range. This is perhaps the most impressive part of the whole undertaking to the unversed visitor, who can see no method, apart from instinct, of feeling one's way correctly through miles of solid rock. But as we near the mouth we can observe some of the proceedings by which the feat is being accomplished, for straight through the opening we can see, at the other side of the Gorge, a humble little building with a kind of short flagstaff projecting above the roof. This staff is exactly on the centre line of the tunnel, and provided the drive is always made in a straight line from this point, the error cannot exceed a very small margin, such as a few inches at the meeting point of the two drives. When we have finally emerged we can see how the position of the staff was obtained by the most direct and natural process in the world. Extending right over the spur, from the tunnel mouth to the other extremity, is a clearing in the bush, and a straight line has been surveyed and accurately marked right along this. The line has also been continued across the gorge, and up the mountain on the other side, so that the engineers have only to keep working upon this same line produced into the hill, to reach finally their desired goal.

Leaving the tunnel we make our way back to the Oira Valley, and continue into the quaint little town of Oira. From here we take the train to Grey-mouth, a distance of just over fifty miles. Much of this is a varied repetition of our previous experience, mountain, forest, and river uniting to present to us an exquisite succession of pictures that never lose their charm. The beautiful Lake Brunner is passed, and then a stretch of heavily wooded country where sawmills are busy cutting timber all along the line for dwellings in the Eastern province. Nearer the coast, signs of the coal industry are plentiful, and we actually travel directly past the big Brunner mine, where the fearful tragedy of about fifteen years ago took place. Now following the Grey River, in the bed of which dredge and nozzle are busy in the search for gold, our train stops its journey at the estuary port, the chief commercial town of that wonderful province where almost every mineral known to mankind is found.

Had we wished, we could have continued our journey northwards to Reefton, for the Midland Railway already extends beyond this point on its way to Westport, the metropolis of the coal trade. Forty-five miles of river scenery intervenes, not yet traversed by the rail, and a further gap of about the same distance separates this section from

Kiwi, the present terminus of the Nelson portion. A long time must elapse before the whole of the line projected by the old Company is linked up. The most needed stretch, however, that through the Alps, will be completed in some four year's time, shortly after the two gangs meet each other in the centre of the Dividing Range.

FIND FOR FAT FOLKS.

HOME MIXTURE THAT TAKES OFF THE FAT RAPIDLY—CAUSES NO WRINKLES—NO STOMACH ILLS AND NECESSITATES NEITHER DIETING NOR EXERCISE.

Too much fat is both uncomfortable and dangerous, but fleshy people usually prefer to put up with its inconvenience rather than punish themselves with the tiresome exercising usually prescribed, or endanger their health by taking the so-called "cures" and much-advertised specifics.

This sacrifice of comfort and health is entirely unnecessary, for there is a homely recipe that is far superior in every way to anything money will buy for reducing superfluous flesh. It is said that this simple mixture will take off the excessive fat at the rate of at least a couple of pounds a week without causing wrinkles. Moreover, it does not disturb the stomach, but is a good thing for the system, clearing the skin; and, best of all, it does not interfere with the diet. You are permitted to eat whatever you like. The recipe is as follows:—One half-ounce of Marmola, one ounce of fluid extract of Glycyrrhiza B.P., one ounce of pure Glycerine B.P., and Peppermint Water to make six ounces in all. You can get these ingredients at any chemist's. Take two teaspoonfuls after each meal and at bedtime. The result will be eminently satisfactory, both as regards beauty and health.

You can lose your situation,
You can lose your rank or station,
You can lose your reputation,
You can even lose your wife!
But if this advice you follow
When your cough sounds harsh and hollow,
And Woods' Peppermint you swallow,
You will never lose your life.



Never say that you do not like Sardines until you have tasted "Skipper" Sardines—they are so very, very different from the old sorts. The "Skipper" is a Sardine with a personality. Ask gently but firmly for "Skipper" Sardines.

ANGUS WATSON & CO.
Newcastle-on-Tyne, England.

Sole Agent for New Zealand—
HENRY BLACKMAN, Box 60, Wellington.

RHEUMATISM

The best remedy for Gout, Rheumatism, Sciatica, and Lumbago, and the one that has stood the test of time, is that celebrated medicine

BLAIR'S GOUT PILLS

Why? Because they are sure, and safe, and have relieved and cured thousands. Try them. They never fail.

All Chemists and Stores at 1/4 and 2/6 per box



NO HARM DONE.

Old Gentleman: "You idiot, you thick-headed numskull! This isn't the tree I told you to cut down. It was that one."
The New Man: "O—oh! That one. Golly, boss! Yo' didden' come roun' one minnit too soon."

THE VITAL SCIENCE HEALERS
treat: Deafness, Partial Blindness,
Rheumatism, Catarrh, Asthma, Bronchitis,
Dyspepsia, Paralysis, and Tumors.
THE VITAL SCIENCE HEALERS
relieve Pain, Neuralgia, Insomnia,
Epilepsy, St. Vitus' Dance, and All
Nervous Diseases.
THE VITAL SCIENCE HEALERS
Office, 51, City Chambers, Corner
of Queen and Victoria sts., open 10 to 12 and

A

Prize for Good Cooks!

Three Guineas for Two Recipes.

ARE you one of those who "just stay at home"—one of those whose duty it is to keep the home well ordered, to prepare meals to fill the hungry mouths—then, perhaps you have just that originality, that deft-handedness, that experience which makes the perfect cook. Here is a chance to earn cash by your brains. The St. George Preserving Company are offering prizes of £2 2/- and £1 1/- for the two best recipes for serving the "St. George" Pie Apricots and Apples. The fruit is already prepared, cooked and sweetened, it needs only to be heated to be exactly like fresh stewed fruit; but there is plenty of room for originality in serving.

Suppose you get a tin from your grocer and experiment with it; however you use the fruit it will be wholesome and delicious dinner for the family. Send us your recipe, ENCLOSE THE LABEL FROM THE TIN (entries sent without a label will be disqualified). The prizes will be awarded on the decision of a competent judge, whose award must be final. If the number and quality of entries justifies it, additional prizes will be given.

The Competition closes on SEPTEMBER 30th, 1909. Address to "Cooking Competition," Irvine & Stevenson's St. George Co., Ltd., Danedin.

THE BEST CANDLE



"SYLVIA" WAX

LOOKS WELL BURNS WELL AND IS MOST PLEASANT TO USE.

THE WORLD'S CURE FOR

Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Influenza, Whooping-Cough, Hoarseness, &c.

Orbridge's Lung Tonic

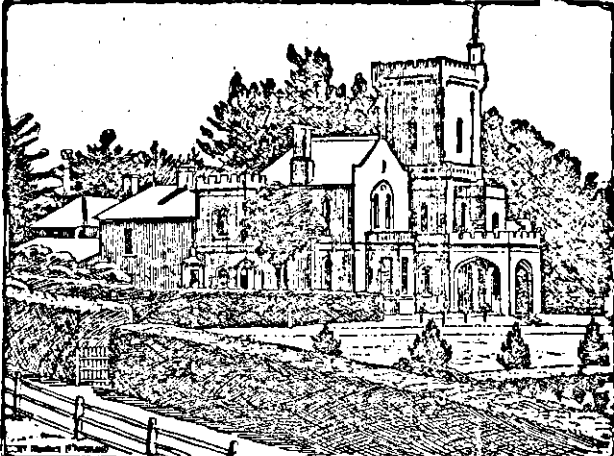
The enormous success of Orbridge's Lung Tonic could not have been soon, and continues to increase after 30 YEARS, apart from its great intrinsic merits as the most efficacious remedy ever known. Beware of Substitutes; ask for "ORBRIDGE" when buying Lung Tonic and TAKE NO OTHER.

Sole Agents:
H. J. B. & Co., Ltd.
111, Victoria Street, Auckland.

The Ladies' College, Remuera

FOR GIRLS OF ALL AGES.

The beautiful and extensive property known as Cleveland House.



This first-class Private School provides Modern High-class Education and Moral Training on Christian but Unsectarian principles. Home life is combined with the Culture and Disciplinary influences of School under Maternal Supervision and with Selected Companionship. Full staff of Resident and Visiting Professors and Governesses, English and Foreign. Prospectus on application of Messrs. Upton and Co., or Principal.
MRS. S. A. MOORE-JONES, M.R.C.P., M.M., C.M.I., B.K.

CANADIAN-AUSTRALIAN ROYAL MAIL STEAMSHIPS.

UNDER THE BRITISH FLAG.

Via FIJI, HONOLULU, and VICTORIA (B.C.) to VANCOUVER,

IN CONJUNCTION WITH THE CANADIAN-PACIFIC RAILWAY.

CHEAPEST AND MOST INTERESTING ROUTE

Choice of all ATLANTIC Mail Lines from Montreal, Halifax, Boston, New York, &c., &c.

TO CANADA, UNITED STATES AND EUROPE.

MINING—BRITISH COLUMBIA, YUKON, CALIFORNIA, &c.

FARMING—THE GREAT NORTH-WEST, MANITOBA, MINNESOTA, &c.

MANUFACTURING—Winnipeg, Montreal, Toronto, Chicago, New York, &c.

Via SUEZ, SOUTH AFRICA, CHINA, JAPAN, &c.

Passengers from New Zealand may join Mail Steamers at Sydney or Suva, FIJI.

For Maps, Guide Books, and all information, apply

UNION STEAMSHIP COY. OF NEW ZEALAND, Ltd.

ALWAYS IN CONDITION



DOG'S HEAD GUINNESS

THE **STOUT** YOU'RE USED TO

NOTE THE ABOVE DOG'S HEAD LABEL IS ON EVERY BOTTLE

DOGS HEAD GUINNESS DOGS HEAD GUINNESS DOGS HEAD GUINNESS DOGS HEAD GUINNESS DOGS HEAD GUINNESS

In the Old Country



Mother's greatest helper is

Hudson's Soap

In New Zealand, too, it is just as helpful. Sweet and wholesome, it may be used for every kind of washing and cleaning.

FOR Linen, Lace, Laundry and Home Cleaning. IN PACKETS.

Grandmother used Bonnington's!


For over 46 years Bonnington's Irish Moss has been the standard cough remedy. Grandmother used it, your mother used it, and you probably use it yourself and give it to your children.

Bonnington's CARRAGEEN Irish Moss.

There is no medicine like it for breaking up coughs and colds, healing inflammation in the bronchial tubes and preventing serious lung troubles.

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

Get what you ask for, and ask for **Bonnington's Irish Moss**—there is no remedy "just as good."



DAWSON'S Perfection SCOTCH WHISKY

SOLE AGENTS: HIPKINS & COUTTS, Auckland

"LINSEED COMPOUND." The "Stockport Remedy" for Coughs and Colds. Of 40 years' proven efficacy.

"LINSEED COMPOUND" for Coughs and Colds. Lowcost, pleasant, always efficacious.



It is more effective to breathe in a remedy, to cure disease of the breathing organs, than to take the remedy into the stomach.

Vapo-Cresolene

Established 1879.

Whooping Cough, Croup, Asthma, Coughs, Bronchitis, Colds, Diphtheria, Catarrh, Influenza.

CRESOLENE is a sure remedy for Croup and Whooping Cough. Thousands of mothers have testified to this. If you suffer from Asthma, or a severe Cough and it is impossible to sleep, one night's use of Cresolene will prove its value. Try it. You simply light the little lamp which vaporizes the Cresolene while you sleep. Vapo-Cresolene is a standard remedy, used for 30 years.

Sold by Chemists.

Descriptive booklet supplied by Australian Drug Co., Sydney; N.Z. Drug Co. Ltd.; Sharland & Co., Ltd., Auckland.

THE VAPO-CRESOLENE Co., New York City, U.S.A.

METAPHYSICAL HEALING.

DISEASE and its Cause being Mental, material "remedies" only relieve temporarily. Consult Mr. Henry, Psycho-Physician. No Drugs. CORNER OF SYMONDS-ST. AND WELLESLEY-ST. Telephone 2718.

"LINSEED COMPOUND" for Coughs and Colds. Of proven efficacy for chest complaints.
"LINSEED COMPOUND" for Coughs and Colds. Relieves asthma and difficult breathing.

The Best Soap

While You're Looking the Work is almost done and just because you have seen the

Vital Necessity of using the VERY BEST BRAND OF SOAP. Thousands of very busy housewives are

Satisfied and Delighted With "TANIWAH" SOAP

Indispensable on washing day—A necessity for general household work—Every economical and shrewd housewife orders it—Every grocer has to stock it, and the

Phenomenal Increase in Sales demonstrates beyond dispute that this

Popular Brand is a soap of the purest and most effective quality. It would not

Hurt a Baby or injure the most

Delicate Fabric.

Taniwha



Trade Mark A. J. Entrican & Co., Ltd. Auckland, Agent. CANNOT EXPLODE

"THAT DULL, HEAVY, DEPRESSED FEELING."

A MODERN SCIENTIFIC REMEDY.

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

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

Laxo-Tonic Pills are sold by all chemists and stores at 10/3 for the Regular Size, or 1/6 for the Double Size, or post free upon receipt of the price in stamps from the Laxo-Tonic Pill Company, 15 O'Connell street, Sydney, N.S.W.

DR. J. A. MCGILL'S TREATMENT

Ladies are advised to use DR. MCGILL'S SIMPLE "PASTILLE TREATMENT," as its merits are daily realised. Apply to Mrs A. ALPHEA, Box 411, Wellington. Lady Agents wanted.

"LINSEED COMPOUND" of 40 years' proven efficacy, for Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, etc.
"COAGULINE," "KLINK," "TENASITINE." Cements for breakages, manufacturing purposes, etc.
"LINSEED COMPOUND." Trade Mark of Kay's Compound Essence of Linseed for Coughs and Colds.



YOUNG NEW ZEALANDER!

Which Road will you Take?

THE LOWER ROAD—
The road that leads to Failure—is paved with self-indulgence and good intentions.

THE UPPER ROAD—
The road that leads to SUCCESS—is paved with self-sacrifice and industry.

Every successful man has been a worker.

What are you doing with your spare time?

We have a course of lessons suited to your needs—to help you along that upper road we have been speaking of.

Let us send you our illustrated booklet, "Education by Mail."

It may mean much to you. Ask for prospectus "G."

GILBY'S Correspondence College, CHRISTCHURCH.

FITS CURED
From the first dose of OZERINE fits cease in almost every case. It has cured permanently the very worst cases of Epilepsy when every other remedy had failed. English Price 4/8 and 11/- Thousands of Testimonials. Of all Chemists, Stores, &c. Wholesale Agents: SHARLAND & Co., Ltd., Auckland & Wellington, N.Z. Prepared by W. MCGILL, Pharmaceutical Chemist, 25, HIGH STREET, BELFAST, IRELAND.

New Zealand Insurance Company, Ltd.

FIRE, MARINE, ACCIDENT and LIVE STOCK.

Established 1859.

CAPITAL—£1,500,000

NET REVENUE FOR 1908—£647,300

PAID-UP CAPITAL AND RESERVE—£735,000

LOSSES PAID BY COMPANY TO DATE

£7,098,471

HEAD OFFICE - AUCKLAND.

DIRECTORS

Mr. MATTHEW A. CLARK (Chairman)
L. J. BAGNALL, Esq.
THOMAS BIDDLE, Esq.
R. C. CARR, Esq.

HON. S. THORNE GEORGE. (Deputy Chairman)
H. HORTON, Esq.
C. V. HOUGHTON, Esq.
ARTHUR M. MYERS, Esq.

C. RHODES, Esq.

Represented throughout the World, and well supported on account of its Financial Strength and Liberal Settlements.

CHAS. F. MINNITT, Inspector.

JAMES BUTTLE, General Manager.

HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE.

Those who have taken this medicine are amazed at its splendid healing power. Sufferers from Bronchitis, Cough, Croup, Asthma, Difficulty of Breathing, Hoarseness, Pain, or Soreness in the Chest, experience delightful and rapid relief; and to those who are subject to Colds on the chest it is invaluable, as it effects a complete cure. It is most comforting in allaying irritation in the Throat and giving Strength to the Voice, and it neither allows a Cough nor Asthma to become chronic, nor Consumption to develop. Consumption is not known where "Coughs" have, on their first appearance, been properly treated with this medicine. No house should be without it, as, taken at the beginning, a dose or two is generally sufficient, and a complete cure is certain.

Small Size, 2/6; Large Size, 4/6 Sold by all Chemists and Medicine Vendors, and by the Proprietor, W. G. HEARNE, Chemist, Geelong, Victoria. Forwarded to any Address, when not obtainable locally.

Copyright Story.

The Kidnapped Author

By THEODORA W. WILSON, Author of "Bess of Hardendale," Etc.

HARLEY-STREET in the blazing sun seemed interminable. "You see!" exclaimed the young editor of the "All Round Magazine," with great irritation.

His sister's face was as white as his own.

"It will dry straight, Edward!" she returned, cheerfully.

"Six months' complete rest! The man is a villain! It is tremendous. It is ruin, Nan!"

"Tremendous if you like; but not ruin. Let us find a tea shop."

Settled in the luncheon rooms Edward began with renewed excitement. "You see the 'All Round' was running the 'Up-to-Date' neck and neck! And we were winning. However, it is all over now. I'll see Graveson this afternoon, and put an end to the whole sickening business!"

Nan looked at her brother thoughtfully. Yet there was a half comical, half wistful expression in her bright eyes.

"You don't think, my beloved brother, that I have been editor's assistant in cog for all these months to be set aside when the pinch comes? It is I who am determined to beard the snarly old dog in his den!"

"As you like!" he said, with a weary indifference. His head felt gripped by a tight band, growing smaller every minute.

A spasm of misery shot through his sister's heart at the tone.

"Buck up, Edward!" she exclaimed. "We have pulled through worse than this!"

"Have we?" She could have cried at the look in his eyes.

"Don't be idiotic!" she said.

"Miss Meaburn to see you, sir."

"Ah—Miss Meaburn!" said the proprietor of the "All Round," dubiously. "What can I do for you? Oblige me by sitting down."

"Anything to oblige him!" she thought, as she sat down.

"Very important business, you say?" and the proprietor turned over her card.

"It is about my brother, Edward Meaburn."

"Ah—his sister! Well?"

"Dr. Ray says he is on the borders of a severe brain collapse. He is to travel for six months, and I have called to ask if you will be good enough to allow me to keep his position open until his return."

"You edit the 'All Round,' madam?" Mr. Graveson's face was a study in incredulity and scorn.

"Only just for six months!"

"Only for six months!" he repeated, in a dry, satirical voice. "Perhaps, madam, you are hardly aware of the extremely critical position of the magazine. I am stretching every point to place it above the front rank. At this precise juncture a new man—"

"That is it!" Miss Meaburn broke in, eagerly. "You cannot afford a new brain with untried traditions. We have found the line that has caught on, and we must go forward!"

"We?" and the proprietor knitted his brows.

"I beg your pardon!" and she dropped into her easy, nonchalant manner. "Perhaps I ought to confess that I have worked intimately with my brother—written the editorials and—"

"You have written the editorials?"

"Most of them, lately, and—"

"I never heard of such a thing! It is monstrous! Why, I was intending to have a long talk with your brother to-morrow. We must somehow get round some of these popular authors without paying their preposterous charges. I am setting my face against them, and—"

"Yet the 'Up-to-Date' takes them on," suggested Miss Meaburn mildly.

"Yes, yes!" he muttered uneasily.

If the proprietor had not been so consumed with himself, he might have noticed a faint blush on the cheek, and

a quick flash of excitement lighten the eyes of his visitor.

"Suppose I could get Mr. Anthony Boyle—the great detective writer for you?"

"You are a novice, evidently, madam!" and the man laughed sarcastically.

"Yet if I could get you Mr. Anthony Boyle's exclusive work for the 'All Round' for six months, would you guarantee me the editorship?"

"At ordinary column rates?" snapped out the proprietor.

"At ordinary column rates, of course, unless the circulation justified an additional fee later."

"It is not the usual method!" sniffed the proprietor.

"No, it is not usual, but it is workable," said Nan.

Two days later Miss Meaburn took the express to her old home near Redthorpe. She only stayed a few hours at Stagholme Towers, but during that time she talked instructively to her housekeeper, Mrs. Benson.

But she talked to Jonah even more. Jonah was an old army man, who took her instructions intelligently enough.

"For the honour of the family, Benson. Remember that!" she said on leaving. "Mr. Edward's good fortune depends entirely on you!"

"Very good, miss," he had returned, and there was a look of responsible anticipation on his clean-shaven countenance.

Mr. Anthony Boyle was exceedingly pleased with his new quarters up the old peel turret of Stagholme Tower. As he walked up the narrow winding stair, he noticed by the light of the June evening, and the lantern, the thickness of the walls, the narrowness of the windows, and the old Norman arches. "Ideally romantic!" he thought instinctively.

Then the quiet luxury of the small suite was unexpected, and then again these were her rooms evidently.

Moreover, he was exceedingly pleased with himself. Worried to death by friends and relations, he had at last found a refuge where none should find him: Peace and comfort, and infinite leisure for writing.

After sleeping late next morning, he rose and descended the stair to discover if there were any sign of breakfast.

"Where on earth is the handle?" he muttered impatiently, as he came upon a massive oaken door.

"Step back, sir, and I will open the door," and the key turned heavily in the lock.

A tall, massive Westmorelander came through the narrow entrance, and the door closed with a snap.

"Breakfast, sir!" and he saluted.

"What did you lock that door for?" asked Boyle irritably.

"Orders, sir."

"Whose orders?"

"I've had my orders, sir, from Miss Meaburn that you was coming to lodge here, and that I was to keep off all intruders. 'Like grim death'—them's her own words, sir. And Jonah Benson, late of Her—I mean His—Majesty's 18th Westmorelanders, and sent to the colonel himself—he understands orders, sir."

"You great fool!" laughed the author. "Keeping intruders off is one thing, but I don't intend to reside in this tower for the rest of my natural life! Come, get out of the road!"

"It is best to be straight, sir," said the man, noticing that nature had not adorned the gifted author with a superabundant bodily frame. "My orders is, sir, that you make yourself comfortable here until this day six months!" And he drew a letter from out of his breast pocket.

In his astonishment, Boyle ascended the stairs, and, gaining the sitting-room, read the epistle.

"Dear Mr. Boyle. With reference to our talk in the of-

see the other day, I may say that I shall be glad to receive your copy at your earliest convenience. For this copy I am, of course, prepared to pay our ordinary column rates; but should the circulation of the 'All Round' justify it, I shall advance on this price.

"According to your own instructions, I have given the very strictest orders to my man to guard you from intrusion, and to forward me the copy when completed.

"Trusting that you will be comfortable,

"Believe me,

"Yours sincerely,

"THE EDITOR."

The great detective novelist stared at the letter, and Benson looked at him warily.

"Hurry up with that breakfast, there's a good fellow!" was all the Author said, to the man's infinite disappointment.

The moment he had gone, Boyle examined his quarters critically.

But the editor had known what she was about. The place was indeed a survival from the thirteenth century. From the narrow windows there was a wild view over the sandy stretch, scantily covered with coarse herbage, over which a few Stagholme sheep wandered.

Escape was apparently out of the question, apart from a bloody conflict with Benson, and bloody conflicts of paper were not to the author's liking.

Taking out his pocket-book, he wrote a note therein:

"I, Anthony Boyle, Detective Novelist, have at this date been kidnapped by Helena, otherwise Nan Meaburn."

"Extraordinary woman! Wants cheap copy, eh? What a stroke of genius!"

He spoke with artistic admiration, for according to that recent conversation in the "All Round" office, one hundred and fifty thousand words was the task coolly set him by this girl, for a paltry 150

guineas, out of which he was going to pay her two guineas a week for his board!

In a flash as he sat there, he recalled a certain afternoon at a tennis party, when Miss Meaburn had laughingly maintained that if he once got inside one of his own detective stories he would never get out with credit to himself.

Kidnapped in 1908! He could not get over the idea at all, so taking up his pipe, he applied himself to the situation.

"She will get frightened in time—women do. They can't carry out schemes of this sort to a consummation! Meanwhile she is profoundly mistaken if she thinks she will get her copy.

"By-the-by, Benson," he said, after a comfortable morning in an easy chair, lazily examining Miss Meaburn's library; "you don't happen to have any tobacco on the premises fit to smoke?"

"Certainly, sir. 'Brown Rover,' sir."

The Author brightened, for "Brown Rover" was his pet of pets.

"You have not done much writing, sir," said the man meditatively.

"And pray what has that got to do with you, sir?" said the Author stiffly.

"My orders was that no tobacco was to be supplied unless there was writing done. Three full sheets for a pipe. Them's my orders, sir."

The Author positively gasped.

"Hang it all, then!" and he threw a sovereign down on the table.

"Three sheets to a pipe, sir, and free pipes on Sunday," said the man, ignoring the gold and quietly leaving the room.

Now Anthony Boyle was not devoted to exercise, as any one might see. To do without his liberty was a trifle, until he saw his way to the next move. To stop the swelling of his already over-swollen bank account was also comparatively unimportant—but to do without his pipe!

"Miss Helena Meaburn is a genius of



The Hero's Wife: Henry, think of me before you do it.

the first magnitude," so he wrote in his diary. But there were five days till Sunday.

He examined his pouch, and being essentially a man of the moment, he was for that day content. True, at night he looked critically at his very last pipe-full, wondering if he should leave it until the morning; but the moment afterwards he was scraping out his bowl and filling up luxuriantly.

The next morning he sniffed at his empty briar, and placed it carelessly between his teeth, hastily withdrawing it as he heard Benson on the stairs.

All that day he maintained a nonchalant attitude, and the paper lay white on the desk.

For three hours that night, he could not rest for the blood-curdling denouncements that were rioting through his brain.

The next day he capitulated.

He tore up the first couple of sheets, then fell to work—wrote until he forgot everything—till the ground was littered with the flying sheets.

Benson coming in later, immediately withdrew at the sight, and returned with the tobacco allowance, which he placed within reach of the writer.

The Author grumped at him absently, and went on with his work.

Yet, as the door closed, the recovered treasure was grasped with a pathetic ecstasy, and as those irreplaceable fumes once more waivered around him, the Author unconsciously changed the threatened tragedy of his tale into buoyant comedy.

And meanwhile the "All Round" prospered gloriously. Posters triumphant-ly announced the sole engagement of the great Anthony Boyle.

The name of Anthony Boyle, and the "All Round" became indissolubly linked in the public mind.

The Editor truly received curious specimens of threatening letters, over which she smiled as she locked them in a private drawer. On the days of their receipt she sent off to Mrs. Benson selections of the most seasonable delicacies calculated to soothe the manly palate.

But the circulation flew up by tens of thousands, and the rival paper became hysterical.

The waiter at the Author's Club grew anxious as letters accumulated for Mr. Anthony Boyle. But his directions had been unmistakable.

"Don't you send me on any of my wretched correspondence until you hear from me."

It was not even possible to get up a scare of foul play, for his copy was coming out week by week regularly in the "All Round."

The conclusion arrived at by Boyle's intimates was, that he "was a beastly clever dog" and had proved his word "up to the hilt" about effectively "doing a bolt."

It was the twenty-third of December, and the Author, having dispatched his final batch of copy, suddenly realised that the six months was over, and as he usually took his work and play in fits, as all his friends knew—a desire for a very riot of play consumed him.

Presently he was conscious of a strange voice outside, and he could scarcely control his excitement as he heard someone talking to Benson on the stairs.

"Mr. Edward Meaburn," announced Benson, and a brown, weather-beaten man came in.

"I beg your pardon, Boyle, for coming in at this unearthly hour—but I am just back from Australia—a boat earlier than my sister expected me by—so I ran down for the night. Benson tells me my sister let these rooms to you."

"Is that how she puts it?" asked the Author with a half-laugh. "Delighted to welcome you to my room! Have some breakfast?"

"If you can put up with my company. I am dying to hear all the English gossip. I hope you have found plenty of good plots in this neighbourhood. Reeking with queer tales if you know how to get at them!"

"I don't doubt it! I have discovered one at any rate of quite absorbing personal interest!" and he smiled a little slyly, the visitor thought.

"I wired my sister that I should come up to town to-day. She has been editing the "All Round" in my absence—but there—you must know all about that! There is some of your stuff in this week. I see. You may be sure I bought an "All Round" the moment I came off the boat. She made

me swear that I would keep my hands off it while I was away. They must be pretty flush to afford you! I should never have ventured within a bowshot of you!" And Edward smiled his boyish sunny smile, which his sister would have rejoiced to see. "I hope they make you comfortable down here! Benson caught a rattling good cook for his wife!"

"The cooking has suited me quite excellently," said the Author.

"Got the hump about something or other," thought Edward, so he went on cheerfully.

"Staying down for Christmas?"

For the life of him Anthony Boyle could not bring his mind to explain the absurdity of his position.

"I thought of going up to Town tomorrow; but if you are going earlier, perhaps you would be good enough to take your sister this last lot of copy. You might present my compliments and tell her it is my turn now."

"I don't understand the message—but I'll take it gladly. But Boyle, why can't you come up to-day? You could cram your things together in half an hour surely!"

"Five minutes, so far as that goes. Yes—I believe I will. The racket of London will be a relief after six months' burial."

"You look as if you had been sticking to it," said Meaburn innocently.

When Benson was called by his master to help with the packing, he did as he was told, and kept his own counsel astutely.

"You are an excellent servant!" said the Author on parting, as he thrust some crisp paper into the man's hand. "Your mistress is fortunate!"

"Orders sir," said the man, as he grinned his thanks.

"Beautiful district, don't you think?" asked Edward as they drove off.

"What I have seen of it—very. But it grows monotonous in time."

"Perhaps!" said Edward dubiously.

On the journey, Edward found it impossible to keep off the subject of the Magazine and his sister's enterprise.

"Now just look at this paper! Not a dull paragraph in it! Fact, is, she's a brick of the finest clay. All the time I was going to pieces, she stuck to the office, and plodded through the detail. How on earth she persuaded the proprietor to let her take over the Editorship I can't conceive, and as for your engagement! Well I am confounded. The risk of it!" and he laughed joyously. "Why Graveson flew at me like a tiger once, when I proposed you! I'd uncommonly like to know what we are paying you!"

The Author smiled.

"The terms are at present between me and the Editor—Ask her!"

"I will! Do you know it is the queerest thing, but I am wild to see her, and to smell the stuffy odour of that office. It is odd that a trip to Australia should have that effect upon a man!"

"And it is odd that a six months' residence at Stagholve Tower should have precisely the same effect!" said the Author mildly.

.....

"Edward!" exclaimed Nan delightedly. "Oh how splendid you look—you dear old boy. Wherever did you spend the night?"

"At Stagholve."

She started, but he was too excited to notice.

"And—what a good sort that man Boyle is! He tells me he has been boarding there," and Edward began fumbling in his breast pocket.

"Oh yes—here it is!" and he gave the message. "I persuaded him to come up with me."

"And he told you nothing more?" she asked incredulously.

"Tell me anything!" he looked at Nan suspiciously.

"Yes—tell you that I—Edward it is fearful! It never struck me as so fearful until I see you safe and sound! But I did it deliberately. I meant to do it, and I will stand to it whatever happens!"

"What do you mean?"

"You see I kidnapped him."

"You what?"

"I kidnapped him. He has been locked into Stagholve Tower ever since the 23rd June. I bound myself to Mr. Graveson to get the copy out of him, somehow, as a bribe to get the editorship, and it was the only way I could get the copy at Graveson's price."

"You mean you have imprisoned a man for six months?"

"Yes—and now I suppose I shall have to go to gaol myself! But nothing matters any more. You are well again. The

"All Round" is a secured success, and I—"

"Mr. Anthony Boyle. Will you see him?" asked the office boy, in some excitement, knowing that his world had been searching for this man.

"Certainly," said Edward, resolutely, though he had turned quite grey.

"How do you do, Miss Meaburn, after all this time?" said the author. He was hopelessly at his ease.

She put out her hand mechanically. "Did your brother give you my message?"

"Yes!" and she raised her eyes. The fright had already fled from her face. "I carried it through, you see, Mr. Boyle."

"The first part," he said. "It is now my turn to—"

"To put me in gaol!" she interrupted. "You are at liberty to do your worst now. I shall not shirk! You can't get damages out of me, for I have no assets. I am tired of editing—very tired—and gaol will come as a welcome relief. As for the advertisement of the trial for you, Mr. Boyle—it will be tremendous, and the 'All Round' will share in the triumph. You see I have thought it all out."

"Yet the fare in gaol will hardly be the fare of Stagholve," suggested the author.

But Edward interferred.

"Boyle, I am absolutely dumbfounded at what my sister has only this instant told me! That you should have suffered in this outrageous way, and that my sister should be—"

"Such a consummate genius," suggested the author. "My dear sir, to tell you the truth, when this little plot dawned upon me in all its superb completeness, I was amazed with the keen relish of amazement. But I now admit to you,

Miss Meaburn, that I never thought you would carry it out to a consummation. I was patient, because I expected day by day that you would come down and beg my pardon!"

But Edward was not to be put off. "Sit down, Boyle!" he cried, impatiently. "Let us talk this thing over! I would not have had—"

"Let Mr. Boyle go, Edward!" exclaimed Nan, impatiently. "Let him bring his warrant. It is not fair to delay him!"

But Edward went on, ignoring his sister.

"As to compensation, Boyle—hang it! Why, I have only the Tower to offer you. If you will accept that—"

"Thanks! My soul no longer lusts after Stagholve Tower!"

"Then, how can we square you?" asked the returned editor. "Anything which either I or my sister can compass—"

"Suppose you invite me for Christmas!" said the author, dryly.

Nan's cheeks were suddenly dyed scarlet.

"How dare you compound felony like that!" she said, with a dying effort after rally.

But the author had risen.

"Then you will come?" said Edward. "I will certainly come," said the author, and he regarded the glowing cheeks of the editress with merciless coolness. She was stooping over a drawer.

Suddenly she raised her head.

"See! This is yours, Mr. Boyle—the balance owing you from the 'All Round.' Payment at as high a rate as you ever mentioned to me. I wrung it from Mr. Graveson this afternoon."

He put out his hand—took the cheque and looked at it thoughtfully. "That was very good of you," he said, with an odd lift of his brows. "To-night we will consider the personal debt, shall we?"

Builds up Strength.

As a recuperative in all cases of lung, stomach or bowel weakness, or after any severe illness, Angier's Emulsion has no equal. Bland and pleasant, it promotes appetite, aids digestion and builds up strength. Angier's Emulsion is the ideal tonic and builder, because it is soothing and healing as well as strengthening.

Angier's Emulsion

(PETROLEUM WITH HYPOPHOSPHITES.)

"AM GRADUALLY GAINING WEIGHT."

Leicester.
Dear Sirs,—I have been taking Angier's Emulsion on the advice of my doctor, and cannot help writing to tell you how much better I feel in every way. I am now on the second bottle, and am gradually gaining weight, my appetite is much better, and I have no indigestion. I have recommended it to many others, and they say how much better they are feeling since taking it. (Signed) E. GODDARD.



Free Sample Coupon.

Name _____ AU 8
Address _____

Fill in Coupon and send with 4d. for postage to the
ANGIER CHEMICAL CO., Ltd., 7 Barrack St., SYDNEY.

By Appointment to His Majesty the King.

BOVRIL

is ALL beef—prime beef in a readily digestible form.

That is why BOVRIL is so invigorating a beverage, so strengthening a food, why Cooks find it so useful, why Doctors and Nurses recommend it, why the sensible housewife will have nothing in place of it.



ROAST MUTTON, ROAST BEEF,

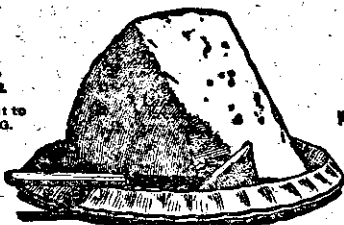
and all other joints (hot or cold)
are rendered enjoyable and appetising
by the addition of

LEA & PERRINS'
SAUCE

CHEESE has an exquisite delicacy imparted
to it if a little of this Sauce be used.



By Royal Warrant to
H.M. THE KING.

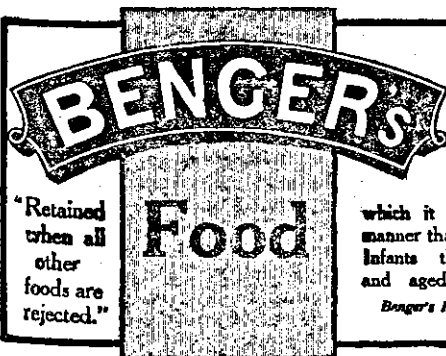


The original
and genuine
WORCESTERSHIRE

Photographer
of Children.

ELLERBECK,

NEWTON.



The **BEST SOLUTION**
of the **HAND-REARING**
PROBLEM.

In course of preparation
it changes the indigestible
curd of the milk with
which it is mixed in such a
manner that it is easily assimilated.
Infants thrive on it; delicate
and aged persons enjoy it.

*Benger's Food is sold by Chemists,
&c., everywhere.*

"Retained
when all
other
foods are
rejected."

MOTHER

SEIGEL'S
SYRUP

= cures =

INDIGESTION

AND MAKES FOOD NOURISH YOU.

Mother Seigel's Syrup is made of
the extracts of certain roots, berries,
and leaves, which have been found
to exert a remarkable emollient and
tonic effect on the stomach, liver and
bowels. Taken daily after meals it
regulates the bowels, aids digestion,
makes food nourish you and thus
cleanses and strengthens the whole
system. As a digestive tonic and
remedy for biliousness, indigestion
and other stomach and liver disorders,
Mother Seigel's Syrup has no equal.

Mellin's
Food

UNTOUCHED BY HAND.

Prepared in a moment—without cooking.
The ideal substitute for mother's milk.
Mellin's Food may be given with safety
even to a new-born child. No starch—
no dried milk.

Mellin's Food may be obtained at all chemists, stores, &c.



THE CLEANEST THE LIGHTEST TOWERS THE MOST COMFORTABLE

POMMEL SLICKER

and
cheapest in the
end because it
wears longest

EVERY GARMENT
GUARANTEED
WATERPROOF

A. J. TOWERS Co.
MELBOURNE - SYDNEY - BRISBANE - PERTH - AUCKLAND
FACTORIES AT BOSTON, U.S.A.

HORLICK'S
MALTED MILK

FOR ALL TIMES AND ALL CLIMES

For all ages, from the nursery
upwards, Horlick's Malted
Milk is an ideal food—
easily digested,
nourishing, and vigorat-
ing. It is indispens-
able to invalids
and the aged,
and provides
a full diet
in each
meal.

Horlick's
Malted Milk is
a delicious substitute
for tea, coffee and cocoa.
It is prepared in a minute,
and requires no cooking.

Of all Chemists and Wholesale and Retail Stores,
&c., &c. Samples: 8d. Pitt St., Sydney, N. W.
MALTED MILK Ltd., Slough, Bucks, E. W.

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



HAVE now com-
menced busi-
ness in com-
modious
premises with water
frontage, and are
prepared to supply
Designs and Esti-
mates for all classes
of work. Motor
Launches and Repair
Work a Speciality.

47 Customs Street, Auckland.

Cheap Books
for Bookbuyers.

Books are offered in Mudie's Clearance
List at a Reduction of from 50 to 80
per cent. under published Prices.

All lists sent gratis and post free on
application.
Reviews and Magazines can be supplied new
or second-hand. Rates for these and News-
papers, etc., on application.

Mudie's Library, Ltd.,
30-34, NEW OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.C.

The **OCEAN** Accident and Guarantee Corporation
LIMITED.

GROSS ASSETS (1907) £2,343,727.

RESERVES, £1,651,412.

INCOME, £1,430,715.

ACCIDENT.

BUSINESS TRANSACTED.

GUARANTEE.

FIRE.

Auckland Office:

14 SHORTLAND STREET.

C. Brockway Rogers, District Manager.

Head Office for New Zealand:

117 and 121 Customhouse Quay, WELLINGTON.

Chas. M. Montefiore, General Manager and Attorney for New Zealand.



To Our Young Readers.

Our young readers are cordially invited to enter our wide circle of cousins, by writing to

COUSIN KATE, "The Weekly Graphic," Shortland Street, Auckland.

Cousin Kate is particularly desirous that those boys and girls who write should tell her whatever it interests them to tell, about their games, their pets, their holidays, or their studies. Their letters and Cousin Kate's replies will appear in the "Weekly Graphic," in the Children's Pages.

All cousins under the age of fourteen are accounted Junior Cousins, all above that age Senior Cousins. Cousins may continue writing until quite grown up, and after, if they wish to do so; for we are proud to number among our cousins some who have passed out of their teens. A badge will be sent to each new cousin on the receipt of an addressed envelope.

COUSINS' CORRESPONDENCE.

Dear Cousin Kate, - As it is two months since I sent you my last letter, I think I ought to write. Frank came down for his holidays on the 1st inst., June 15, and stayed nearly a month. I am going to town to a boarding school after New Year. Four of my real cousins will also be there, and I am sure I shall like it. I made a dress for my little doll. Mother cut it out, a big rat got into the coop and took two chickens. We have a pet sparrow, and we call him Dicky. One day he hopped right into the scullery. Terence is two and a half years old. He loves jumping over mats and things lying on the ground. He helps Phil to bring in wood, and keeps the wood-box full. From Cousin FIEDLA.

Dear Cousin Freda, - I am so glad to hear from you once more, and to know that you had such a good time when your brother came home. I should think you will have a very happy time at your school. But you must be prepared to miss the lovely freedom of pretty Waiheke a little. Give little Terence my love. - Cousin Kate.

Dear Cousin Kate, - I always read the Children's Page in "The Weekly Graphic," and would very much like to become one of your many cousins. I live in Papanoa, but do not care for it very much, as I am used to the town. I have no pets to tell you about, as we have just come here, but hope to have some later on. I am 11 years old, and in Standard IV. Cousin MIRO.

Dear Cousin Miro, - I am very pleased to welcome you as a cousin. I hope our correspondence will help to brighten up the country life for you. But it will be more interesting to you at Papanoa when you get more used to it. - Cousin Kate.

Dear Cousin Kate, - I have just been reading the cousins' letters. I was out this morning looking over the paddock, then we rode through one paddock, then we had to tie our horses up and walk - we could not get through the gate. It was too boggy. We saw one little lamb that could not find his mother, and a sheep kept bumping him over. We have one pet lamb, and if he is not tied up he will run after everybody. I rode to town yesterday for my music lesson. With lots of love to you and the other cousins. Cousin RITA.

Dear Cousin Rita, - I am glad to see that you know how to live in country life. I should not have thought a sheep could be so unkind as to butt over someone else's lamb. Your pet lamb must be as friendly as a pup. - Cousin Kate.

Dear Cousin Kate, - I was quite pleased to see my first letter in print. I will be able to write often now, because we are getting the "Graphic" every week. We have started a new school, and I like it much better than the old one, for there are a lot more

children going. I have a little friend who says she is going to write to you. I do not come from Home, but father and mother both do. With love, Cousin AMELLIE.

Dear Cousin Amellie, - I am so pleased to hear you are getting the "Graphic" every week. I will be so much nicer to see it every time, won't it? One seems to lose interest when they do not see a paper regularly. I am so glad you like the new school, and expect you will have to work harder there are more in your class. You ought to get on well, for the Papanoa must be a very nice place to live - plenty of fruit and sunshine. I shall be pleased to hear from your little friend. With love from Cousin Kate.

Dear Cousin Kate, - My sister Ethel came back from her holiday last Tuesday. My birthday was on July 21st, and I was thirteen. Do you like the moonlight on the water, Cousin Kate? I do. I went to the Winter Show at Hamilton, and my sister went into Kater's summer Casino and into the laughing gallery, and to see the snake charming. We are only milking seven cows, but at the end of this month we will have about 40 cows on milk. With lots of love to all. Cousin LENA. P.S. - My pet cow has got a little red and white calf. Will you give me a name for it, please, Cousin Kate? - C.L.

Dear Cousin Lena, - What a lovely long holiday for Cousin Ethel. Forty cows sounds like business; but I think you little cousin folks have a good time, don't you? The Winter Show would be far more interesting to you country cousins than us town-folk. Call you calf "Blossom." - Cousin Kate.

Dear Cousin Kate, - I went for five weeks holiday, and I enjoyed it very much. It is best in the country, because there is more room to play. While we were at New Plymouth, we went to the Recreation Grounds, and fed the swans and ducks, and saw some peacocks and guinea fowls and Russian geese. We went to the beach and saw the waves come in, and gathered shells. With lots of love to the cousins and yourself. - From Cousin ETHEL.

Dear Cousin Ethel, - I am glad you had such a nice holiday. New Plymouth Recreation Grounds are very fine, and the beach is very pleasant. - Cousin Kate.

Dear Cousin Kate, - I have been reading the "Cousins' Letters" for a long time now, and the elder cousins' letters especially have always interested me very much. I have not noticed any of Cousin Hilda's letters for a good while now. I go to St. Hilda's College, and am exceedingly fond of school. I think I enjoy dancing more than anything else in the way of games. We had a parrot that would say almost anything, but it ate some poison one day and died. We were so sorry, because it brought it up from a baby. - Cousin LENNIE.

Dear Cousin Lennie, - I am pleased to welcome you as a cousin; and I hope that you will write again and tell us more about your interests. What subjects do you like most at school? It is a long time since Cousin Hilda wrote, but I hope that she will find time to send us another letter soon. Cousin Ethel too, we should be glad to hear from again. I hope she will not make us wait until she has another holiday. I am sure she is one of those who can find matter in life's everyday round. How sad about your parrot. - Cousin Kate.

Dear Cousin Kate, - May I become one of your cousins, please? I am very fond of reading the children's letters in "The Graphic." I play hockey, and think it is a very nice game. I am eleven years old, and in Standard V. We are going to have a concert here on September 1, given by the boys and girls of the school. We have five pet cats, five fowls and 10 chicks, a dog, and a cow, and it is hard to say which is the greatest pet. - Your loving Cousin ZELLA.

Dear Cousin Zella, - Certainly you may become a cousin. You are very well on at school for your age. I hope the concert went off well. - Cousin Kate.

Dear Cousin Kate, - We have had to close up our school for scarlet fever, and we are going to have a whole month's holiday. We were only able to have three exams, so we will have the rest when we go back to school next term. I have been going down to the skating rink, and I have learned to skate. I think it is just lovely fun, but I have had some accidents. I have a nice riddle for you, Cousin Kate: "When is water not water?" Have you ever read a book called "The Little Shepherd of Klugdom Comed"? It is so nice. Last week I

was staying at one of my friend's places. On Saturday afternoon we hired bicycles and went for a long ride. We both made some toffee one night, but it didn't turn out a success, because when we were straining it, it all went hard in the cloth. What a lot of new cousins join each week, don't they? With much love for you all. - From Cousin MARJORIE.

Dear Cousin Marjorie, - The closing of your school gave you time to write me, which was a good thing for me. I think tumbles on a rink must really hurt more than tumbles on ice, and they are quite hard enough. Is your answer "When is dripping?" I have not read that book. I enjoy Ralph Connor's books very much. What a lovely time you must have had. Write to me many of you to try to strain toffee. - Cousin Kate.

Dear Cousin Kate, - May I become one of your cousins? I am ten years of age and in Standard II. I have no pets, but my brother has a cat. I have to walk one mile to school, isn't Buster Brown funny? Love from your affectionate Cousin MAUD.

Dear Cousin Maud, - It seems to me to be fairly raising Nelson cousins. I am pleased to have another. I should be glad, however, if my new cousins would remember about sending me an addressed envelope. Sometimes they forget. Yes, Buster is funny. - Cousin Kate.

Dear Cousin Kate, - Thanks very much for my badge. We have had an exciting week on account of the musical competitions, which were held in Auckland. What a lot of cousins you have. I have been reading the letters with much interest. I think the only cousin I know is Cousin Marjorie. I think in my last letter I forgot to tell you that I learn to play an organ very fond of it. I love reading. The books I like most are those of Ethel Turner. Now, I will close with a riddle for the cousins: "Why is the Prince of Wales like a cloudy day? With love and all good wishes. - From Cousin MILDRED.

Dear Cousin Mildred, - You would find the musical competition very interesting. There were some illustrations in "The Graphic" in connection with them. Yes, Cousin Mildred, there are a lot of cousins. I am glad you love music. Ethel Turner has a sister writing now. - Cousin Kate.

Dear Cousin Kate, - May I become one of your "Graphic" cousins? I am very fond of like to see the pictures of Buster Brown. There is going to be a society at our school on the 27th of this month, and all the children have to recite and sing. We had our examination about a month ago, and I got the competency certificate. Our fowls are subject very well now, but our ducks are not laying yet. We have one dog named Jack, and he is as old as my youngest brother. With love to all. - From Cousin HATTIE.

Dear Cousin Hattie, - I am always glad to have a new cousin. Well done! In what subjects did you especially shine? Are you recite or sing, which? Probably your ducks are laying by now. - Cousin Kate.

Dear Cousin Kate, - I am sorry to say that I have not received my badge. I have a little cripple brother, six years old. Dear Cousin Kate, I have a little brother like Buster Brown. He is always into mischief. My bulbs are coming into flower now. I have been making a vegetable garden all the week. I've had a doll three years. Please will you give me a name for her. We have to send her now, but we cannot forget yourself. - From Cousin MAGGIE.

Dear Cousin Maggie, - I am so sorry that your badge is unrecalled. I have posted you another. Your poor little brother. It is a comfort to remember that some of our greatest men have been sufferers. You must always encourage him to look forward to a useful life. Call your doll "Cinderella." - Cousin Kate.

Dear Cousin Kate, - May I join your happy band, please? I have been reading the cousins' letters for a long time now, and somehow I never could pick up enough courage to write, although now I do not feel as if it wants such a lot. You have not seen any cousins' letters in this week. What have you done with them all? I hope they have not deserted you. I am fifteen years old, and have left school two years ago, when I went to the High School. I was teaching at a week before I left, while the head teacher was away. It was rare fun. I hope I see the debates next time. With love to all the cousins, also yourself. - Ever yours, "Cousin E."

Dear Cousin E., - Indeed, I am not at all formidable, and I am glad that the

agress whom you have conjured up has, at last, been laid by your commensure. I am glad to say that the senior cousin has not deserted us, though when they first cross the boundary line into seniorhood, perhaps the readers would not detect the advance. Still, I like the Seniors to take themselves a little seriously, and tell me what they are reading, or what plans they have with regard to recreation or self-improvement. - Cousin Kate. What had the most fun, Cousin E. you or the class? Would you mind sending me your Christian name. We do not employ nouns de plume. - Cousin Kate.

Bainham. Dear Cousin Kate, - May I become one of the "Graphic" cousins? I enjoy reading the cousins' letters, and I will be glad to see mine in the paper. I am ten years old and am in Standard V. I have a pet calf, and its name is Molly, and I can ride it. Love from Cousin ELSIE.

Dear Cousin Elsie, - You certainly may become a cousin. I am glad you like the letters of J.L. Doesn't your calf mind? - Cousin Kate.

Dargaville. Dear Cousin Kate, - May I become one of your many cousins? I go to the convent school, and like it very much. I am nine years old and in Standard II. We have a parrot called Jim; he can talk, but sometimes will not say anything for days. I have one sister and three brothers. Father has taken the "Graphic" for a year, and we all like Buster Brown, and look to see what mischief he is up to. I was down in Auckland in June, and had a lively time. - From Cousin THELMA.

Dear Cousin Thelma, - Welcome to our "Cousins' Society." I am glad to hear you like school, that will help you to get on. Does your parrot talk? Auckland is a pretty place for a holiday. - Cousin Kate.

Wellington. Dear Cousin Kate, - I was very pleased when I saw my letter in the "Graphic." I will send you a photo of the school. I go to Brother takes photos. We send the "Graphic" to my cousin in Australia every week. We are going to a concert next week, in aid of the unemployed. Diabolo is all the same now; I like it very much. With love to all. - Cousin JESSIE.

Dear Cousin Jessie, - I should be much interested in that photo, if you can really spare me one. Would your cousin join our Society, or any of your Australian friends? I hope the concert was a success. - Cousin Kate.

Kakahi. Dear Cousin Kate, - We have taken the "Graphic" every week. I would be delighted if you would accept me as one of your cousins. I am thirteen years old, and in standard IV. I have two brothers, and one sister. We can see the smoking mountain from our house, and it looks very nice indeed. When it was in eruption the smoke was very black, but now the smoke is white, as the mountain is quiet. - From Cousin JESSIE.

Dear Cousin Elsie, - I am pleased to welcome yet another new cousin. I do not think I should care to live where I could see a smoking mountain. I shall be glad to hear again. - Cousin Kate. P.S. - I hope you are better. - C.K.

Dargaville. Dear Cousin Kate, - May I become one of your many cousins? I am Thelma's brother. I am in Standard III. I have two brothers, and two sisters. My little baby brother has been very ill, but is getting better now. I was down in Auckland in June for a fortnight, and I enjoyed myself very much. I like riding in the trams. Mother took us over to Cheltenham Beach, and we had a paddle in the water. - From Cousin DICK.

Dear Cousin Dick, - Welcome to our society. You must be very glad your baby is better. - Cousin Kate. Cheltenham Beach is lovely. - Cousin Kate.

Stoke. Dear Cousin Kate, - I received my badge safely, and I was very pleased with it. Last week we had a snowstorm, and the hills all round were covered with snow, which looked very pretty. Have you ever been to Stoke? It is a very pretty place, with the sea in front of it, and the hills behind it. I like riding in the trams. The Nelson freezing works are also in Stoke. I went to a concert which the blue jackets of H.M.A. Encounter gave, and I enjoyed the comic songs very much. We are moving to a new house, and we will enlarge the hall. I like hockey, football, and cricket. I go into the Technical School to learn woodwork. With love to all. - Cousin VINCENT.

Dear Cousin Vincent, - What a splendid lot of interests we have. I do not know Stoke, though I know Nelson. The first time I saw the snow capped mountains it almost took my breath away. Aren't sailor's songs breezy? I used to play hockey, and what was a child in short frocks, cricket, which I thought good fun. I am much interested in wood work. - Cousin Kate.

New Plymouth. Dear Cousin Kate, - Just to let you know how pleased we are to your suggestion. No one has given one like it, and I think my teacher will have it carried out. Some people here have been star-gazing, and trying to see ships, but have not succeeded. - From Cousin KATE. I am afraid you do not find my letters very interesting, but never mind, I will try to make them better each time. Our headmaster says that our banner is going to beat all others ever had

In New Plymouth. With love to yourself and all our many cousins.—Cousin ALISON.
 [Dear Cousin Alison.—I am pleased that my suggestions seems likely to be of use. What about singing and reciting competitions? They would help your evening programmes, besides adding interest to the function. My sister saw the airship. She said it appeared like a luminous football, of changing colour. The trouble with letters is that owing to the number we have to cut them down. We need "much in little." Success to your business.—Cousin Kate.]

THE SILVER QUEEN.

(Written specially for the Cousins, by Cousin Kate.)

She is a queen, a queen with a silver crown, a crown of silver hair—soft and bright, like spun silk. Her voice has

grown pleasant to listen to—for she has used it in saying kind and encouraging words for over seventy years. Her hands—if you take hold of them, you will notice that they feel—a little bit too much as though you could not hold them fast—they are so soft and frail.
 The big boys and girls, her own big

boys and big girls, with children of their own, will take her in their arms and kiss her, as she once kissed them. They can quite well remember the feel of the soft gown she wore, in the days when they used to fall asleep with their curly heads nestled against her breast. These big boys will bend down their heads even now to let her run those white fingers



of hers through their hair. Nothing else feels quite like that to them.

The little boys and girls, the children of these big boys and big girls, go to her when they have been naughty, and (though she often says that fathers and mothers are not so strict as they were when she was young) she will very likely beg them off being punished. If she does not beg them off, she will carefully comfort them afterwards, perhaps with some of those special lollies which she always keeps by her. She has an inlaid cabinet, and in it are old-fashioned photos, and trinkets, and some curling locks of hair, belonging to the babies who grew up, and the babies who died; and there are old letters, which were sealed up without envelopes, and a queer valentine, like a sheet of notepaper, with hearts all round, and a youth and maiden at the top, and a church at the bottom of the sheet; an old silver thimble and a seal; all of great interest to the little girls.

And those who love her are careful that the floor is not too shiny, nor the carpets rucked, lest she should trip her gentle feet. They do not tell her all the sad things. They sometimes praise her soft colour, and say how young she still looks, and they tell her that she must live a long, long time yet. And those who have not a Silver Queen of their own to love, love her, and wish she was their own—everyone loves her, and we call her—

World's Richest Boy.

The richest boy in the world has arrived in London. John Nicholas Brown, aged ten, is heir to a fortune of five millions sterling, which was bequeathed to him by his grandmother, the late Mrs. John Carter Brown, who was the widow of one of New York's most successful financiers. John Nicholas has been brought to London by his mother, one of the three beautiful Dresler sisters, another of whom is Mrs. Vanderbilt. Mrs. Brown lives in a continual fear lest her boy should be kidnapped, and she takes elaborate precautions to ensure his safety. She often receives letters threatening serious consequences to her child unless a considerable sum of money is paid. The family mansion in New York is constantly watched by detectives. The windows are protected with steel bars, and the boy's playground is enclosed by a strong barbed wire fence patrolled by an armed guard.

Attempts at abduction have several times been made, causing the mother a degree of distress leading to nervous breakdown. Her present visit to England is, it is understood, to secure a reasonable amount of safety for her boy. John Nicholas Brown is reputed to be the most pampered child in America. His nursery contains the costliest toys obtainable. Its walls, from

ceiling to floor, are decorated with paintings of every known animal. It is staked with mechanical toys, including whole armies of soldiers that may be wound up to walk. Master Brown is also the lucky owner of the most complete child's library in existence. In it is every book worth reading that ever was written for a child—all bound in the brightest colour and stamped in gold with his initials. We wonder if he hates them very much.

feet of the earth's surface. The same pressure which had turned his surroundings into solid rock and had filled up his ancestral valley had done this.

More centuries went by, and then a miner, working in a silver shaft, blasting far underground, put a blast on the toad's sepulchre. Blown to pieces was the limestone—and out of his cell was rolled the toad, blind, white with age, but still alive—to be for a scientific age one of its chief enigmas and greatest marvels.

Off to the Zoo in New York City, in a glass jar, with a little oxygen in it, went the toad. There it cheered up sufficiently to eat a few flies, give a few ancient croaks, get some of its colour back, and then—it died. Too much freedom did it. For, although the toad of the ages could survive earthquake and dynamite blast and a few centuries of starving, liberty and the menus of the new age were too much for him.

But Methuselah—that is what they christened him—had served his purpose. He was blown out of the limestone to mystify science, upset a few cherished theories, and propound the as yet unanswered question—How did he live and how long did he live that way?

There is a strange condition of life that is called one of suspended animation. In it all the vital forces are at their lowest ebb; waste and decay are at a minimum; there is a spark of life that persists, and apparently that is all.

A Thousand-year-old Toad.

Some time away back before Columbus discovered America a spadefoot toad sat croaking along the edge of a hillside. All at once there was an upheaval, a mighty earthquake, probably, and down, down went the toad, five hundred feet beneath the surface of the earth. The croak he had begun under the stars he never finished. Instead, he squatted in a little pocket that had formed around him in the mud and silt in which he was buried, and went to sleep.

Centuries went by, and the little chamber in which he lay became a cyst or pocket in a tremendous block of limestone that had formed itself slowly. Other geologic changes had taken place, too, and the little batrachian had been raised from his depth of five hundred feet to within one hundred and fifty

A GURE IN AUCKLAND

"I found my health giving way some time ago," said Mrs Alfred Sueddon, 13, St. Mary's-rd., Ponsonby, Auckland. "I didn't seem to pick up at all as time went on. Some days I could eat well, and other days I wouldn't care if I never saw food. My strength failed. A little bit of work seemed like a heavy load and would fairly tire me out. I was depressed and wretched in spirits. If I stood for any time my ankles would swell as if the blood was watery. If I cut myself hardly any blood would run through. I had disasy turus, and in the morning I'd feel so tired out that I could hardly rise. I lost flesh considerably, and all my colour went. Every now and then I'd have a sharp shooting pain under the heart like a knife thrust. Some days I'd feel better and some days worse, but I generally felt unstrung, and I was very nervous. My friends would pass me in the street, not recognizing me, as I had altered so. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills brought back my health. I began to put on flesh and gain colour. My strength returned and now my health is excellent."

JUST ONE THING TO CURE ANAEMIA.

INCREASED BLOOD SUPPLY
THE ONLY TREATMENT.

A Weak, Run Down New Zealand Woman Relates how She Built up her Blood and Became Well.

Here's the case of Mrs E. Southall, corner Vauxhall and Burgess roads, Devonport, Auckland, which is a pretty fair example of what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will do in Anaemia.

"I was always inclined to be delicate," said Mrs Southall. "My appetite was never good. Sometimes I couldn't keep down what food I had taken. My hands were clumsy and my feet cold. I could not stand for long, my ankles and feet felt so weak and puffed up. I had nervous shooting headaches that nearly distracted me. They lay in the temples and on top of my head mostly. Sometimes I had attacks of indigestion. My eyes would go unusually bright, and my mouth was always parched. The least surprise brought on hysterical fits. I hadn't the strength to do any housework. I'd be tired out in a few minutes. I was just nervousness itself. The least sound would start me trembling. My circulation was very feeble. From any cut in my finger, for instance, the blood would be light and watery, and hardly run at all. My back often ached so much, I'd

have to go and lie down. My heart would palpitate wildly without apparent reason. I slept very restlessly. I was subject to Neuralgia also, but all these troubles yielded to a course of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I tried them three years ago. After the third box I felt so much better that I left them off and took three more boxes later on. They toned up my system wonderfully. I feel quite a different woman now, and am glad I tried them."

CORRECT TREATMENT FOR ANAEMIA.

ONE THAT INCREASES THE BLOOD SUPPLY.

This Woman, on the Verge of a Decline, found a Valuable Remedy.

"I gradually got very run down some time back, as I had a great deal of work to do, through I am naturally a strong woman," said Mrs Abel Webber, Adderley-st., Westport, N.Z. "Bit by bit my appetite failed, till at last, some days I'd only have a crust of bread and a sip of tea. All day I'd have such a sinking feeling in the stomach, and I'd be nearly doubled in two. After I had cooked a dinner it was quite enough; I couldn't touch a morsel. I fell away in flesh till my clothes just hung on me. As to colour, I hadn't a scrap of it in either face or hands. I could only get through the day by lying down half of the time, and then doing a little bit of work after I was rested. I'd lie awake at night for hours at a time. I'd hear the clock striking the hours one after the other, and in the morning I'd be as tired as when I went to bed. I had no life in me at all. I was so nervous I was always glancing over my shoulder thinking some one was following me. I used to go out whenever I could for a breath of fresh air, but I'd feel so tired that I could hardly get home sometimes. Across the waist I had that empty horrid sinking feeling. I'd get neuralgia attacks sometimes. I took quantities of quinine, and for my strength I tried all sorts of foods and tonics, but I got no better. I went to Wellington for a change, but I came back as bad as ever. Then through an acquaintance who had a very high opinion of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, I tried them last January. Before I started them I was always fagged out. It seemed a trouble to drag one foot after the other. My system didn't seem to have any good blood at all. But the second box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills made a surprising difference in me. I found myself eating quite heartily; I was always hungry, and I began to fill out again. My blood became every so much richer, and my colour came back. That dragged out feeling went right away, as did also the sinking, done up feeling. All my old energy returned in the most gratifying way. I've never been better than I am now."



Why Look Old Before Your Time?

Too many women and girls look old before their time—why? In nine cases in ten it is a matter of health. Work, worry, confinement indoors and lack of exercise cause the health to run down; then faces become thin and pale, lines appear, there are headaches, backaches and a constant tired feeling.

Women and girls who feel well, look well. Therefore improve your health and you will look better. Hundreds of N. Z. women and girls owe the robust health they enjoy to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They make new blood and impart the rosy look of health, bright eyes and firm step.

Price 3s. a box, 6 boxes 16s. 6d., of all medicine dealers, or Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. Australasia Ltd., Wellington.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills

The Last Years of Arctic Work.

Continued from page 44.

along this coast I was impressed by the startling evidences of the violence of the blizzard of a few days before. The polar pack had been driven resistlessly in against the iron coast, and at every projecting point had risen to the crest of the ridge of old ice along the outer edge of the ice-foot, and pouring over this, had descended upon the ice-foot in a terrific cataract of huge blocks. In places these mountains of shattered ice were 100ft or more in height. The old ice in the bays and fjords had had its outer edge loaded with a great ridge of ice fragments, and was itself cracked and crumpled into huge swells by the resistless pressure. All the young ice which had helped us on our outward passage had been crushed into countless fragments, and swallowed up in the general chaos. Though hampered by fog, the passage from Cape North to Cape Bryant was made in 25½ marching hours. At 7 a.m. on the 6th of June we camped on the end of the ice-foot, at the eastern end of the Black Horn Cliffs. A point a few hundred feet up the bluffs, commanding the region in front of the cliffs, showed it to be filled by small pieces of old ice, held in place against the shore by the pressure of the outside pack. It promised, at best, the heaviest kind of work, with a certainty that it would run abroad at the first release of pressure.

A Dash Across Floating Broken Ice.

The next day, when about one-third the way across, the ice did begin to open out, and it was only after a rapid and hazardous dash from cake to cake that we reached the old floe, which, after several hours of heavy work, allowed us to climb upon the ice-foot at the western end of the cliffs. From here on rapid progress was made again, three more marches taking us to Conger, where we arrived at 1.30 a.m., June 10, though the open water between Repulse Harbour and Cape Brevoort, which had now expanded down Robeson Channel to a point below Cape Sumner, hampered us seriously. In passing I took copies of the Beaumont English Records from the cairn at Repulse Harbour, and brought them back for the archives of the club. They form one of the finest chapters of the most splendid courage, fortitude, and endurance under dire stress of circumstances that is to be found in the history of Arctic explorations.

Pain, Labour and Joy.

We had been in the field from the 4th of March until the 10th of June. From Etah to Cape North we had slept in snow igloos. From Cape North on, and during the return march, a light tent formed our shelter. From Etah to Conger, along the terrible ice-foot which borders the Grinnell Land coast, the work had been of the most arduous and trying nature, and the weather through these eternally wind-swept channels extremely bitter. From Conger to Cape North there was a slight but imperceptible amelioration of conditions. From Cape Washington on, the glare of the summer sunlight became almost unendurable, and from Cape Jesup the east wind, blowing full in our faces, burned them till they cracked. Only the continued use of the darkest glasses kept us from snow blindness.

From Cape Bryant to Conger, on the return, our clothing was constantly saturated—at first only to a little above the knees, from traversing the pools on the ice-foot; later, from head to foot, in traversing the treacherous sea-ice in front of the Black Horn Cliffs, and at Cape Bryant, and under the cliffs of Cape Sumner. Yet, in spite of all the hard work, the discomforts, the annoyances, the uncertainties, the physical wear and tear, I never felt before—I never expect to feel again—the same exhilaration of spirit, the same mental exaltation that I felt from the time we reached and passed eastward of Cape Washington till we returned to it. It was a feeling which lifted me above such petty things as weariness and hunger, aches and pains and bruises, smarting eyes and face, and all the other irritations of serious Arctic work.

By Right of Discovery.

This whole grand coast, fronting the central Polar Basin, never before seen by human eye, was mine. Each jutting cape, each ragged glacier, each snow-topped mountain, each spreading fjord, had been dragged by me from obscurity,

and was mine by the great right of discovery. A mild form of lunacy, perhaps; yet the feeling has been in the heart of every man who has trodden for the first time on new lands, and will be in the hearts of a few more men yet before the earth yields up its last unknown mile.

Peary's Greatest Achievement.

In this journey I had determined conclusively the northern limit of the Greenland Archipelago or land group, and had practically connected the coast south-eastward to Independence Bay, leaving only that comparatively short portion of the periphery of Greenland lying between Independence Bay and Cape Bismarck indeterminate. The non-existence of land for a very considerable distance to the northward and north-eastward was also settled, with every indication pointing to the belief that the coast along which we travelled formed the shore of an uninterrupted central polar sea, extending to the Pole, and beyond to the Spitzbergen and Franz Josef Land groups of the opposite hemisphere.

The origin of the floebergs and paleo-crystic ice was definitely determined. Further than this, the result of the journey was to eliminate this route as a desirable or practical one by which to reach the Pole. The broken character of the ice, the large amount of open water, and the comparatively rapid motion of the ice as it swung round the northern coast into the southerly setting east Greenland current, were very unfavourable features.

Not the Way to the Pole.

The complete change of character of the coast from Cape Jesup eastward is an interesting fact to be borne in mind. Another interesting item is the comparative abundance of game observed and secured along a coast which the experience of two previous expeditions had indicated as being practically barren of animal life. Two musk-oxen were killed by me in the Cape Bryant region in the upward march, and five by my supporting party on their return. One bear, as already noted, was killed east of Cape Washington, and east of Cape Jesup 42 musk-oxen were seen, of which ten were secured. One hare was killed in this region, a wolf seen, and traces of lemming, ermine, and ptarmigan observed. Numbers of hare were killed in the neighbourhood of Repulse Harbour.

1902—Another Way to the Pole Tried.

With the Greenland route eliminated, there yet remained the Cape Hecla route, and this I attempted in the spring of 1902. It is not necessary here to go into the details of this attempt, farther than to note that, as a result of added experience, perfected equipment, better acquaintance with the region traversed, and, in spite of the supposed handicap of its being my fourth consecutive year of Arctic work and life, the arduous journey from Cape Sabine to Conger was accomplished in 12 marches; the equally arduous, but shorter, journey from Conger to Hecla in eight more. I now found myself, after nearly 400 miles of travel in the severest part of the Arctic

year, just at the beginning of my real work, the conquest of the polar pack.

After fighting my way northward for fifteen days over a pack of extremely rugged character, the latter portion of the journey being over ice in motion (not motion sufficient, as has been erroneously understood, to carry me far out of my course; but sufficient, by the wheeling of the floes, to open up continually new leads, and form new pressure ridges across my route), I was driven to the conclusion that further advance for my party was impracticable. Personnel, equipment, and methods were satisfactory and effective, as evinced by our speedy and safe return, not only to Hecla, but also to Cape Sabine.

When I say that I regarded further advance as impracticable, I mean that a rate of advance capable of producing the objects I had in view—namely, the Pole itself, or, if not that, a pronounced highest north—was not practicable under existing conditions, with a party of the size I had with me.

How to Go to the Pole.

So far am I from considering the general proposition of advance over the Polar pack impracticable that I have no hesitation in saying I believe that the man who, with the proper party, the proper equipment, and proper experience, can secure a base on the northern shore of Grinnell Land, and can begin his work with the earliest returning light in February, will hold the Pole in his grasp.

As bearing upon the soundness of my conclusion, it is, I think, fair to note that I have already made four sledge journeys in these regions, of such length that the average air-line distance between the starting point and the terminus of the four is equal to the distance from the northern shore of Grinnell Land to the Pole. If it be contended that the character of the travelling is so different as to make the comparison hardly a fair one, it may be said that increased experience, improved methods, and a large party, will, I believe, fully counterbalance this.

The Pole Can and Will Be Reached.

The proper method for an effective attack upon the Pole may be summed up in a paragraph, viz.:

A strongly-built ship of maximum power; a minimum party, utilising the Eskimos exclusively for the rank and file; the establishment of a permanent station or sub-base at Sabine; the formation of a chain of caches from Sabine to Hecla; the establishment of a main base somewhere on the North Grinnell Land coast; forcing the ship to winter quarters there; the redistribution of the entire tribe of Whale Sound Eskimos, taking the picked men of the tribe on the ship, and distributing the others in a series of settlements along the Grinnell Land coast, with the rear on the perennial walrus grounds at Sonntag Bay and the head of certain summer navigation at Sabine, and the van at Hecla; and, finally, an advance, in the earliest returning light of February, from Hecla northward over the polar pack, with a small, light, pioneer party, followed by a large, heavy, main party, from which at

intervals two or three sledges would drop out and return, until on the last stage there would be but two or three sledges left.

Never mind the why or wherefore. You've a nasty cold, and, therefore, That's time your health to care for You must surely recognize. Let not old-time drugs ensnare you, Or the pills that grand-ma gave you. Woods' Great Peppermint Cure will save you From a premature demise.



DOROTHY DOWNES OF WHOM THE STORY IS TOLD.

The story of mothers who constantly use SCOTT'S Emulsion for their ailing babies, always embodies the highest praise. Mrs. Downes, 7 George Street, Erskineville, N.S.W., writes (21.8.08): "My little daughter Dorothy was very ill with bronchitis, rickets and wasting disease, but after taking SCOTT'S Emulsion for a few months, she is now perfectly healthy and strong, and I am pleased to give SCOTT'S the credit of saving my child's life." A long and continually increasing record of mothers' successes—that is what best explains the difference between SCOTT'S and every other emulsion.

Of all chemists and dealers in medicines.



THE MARK BY WHICH YOU PICK OUT YOUR CURE!

"Having held a position as field umpire to the South Australian Football Association, and having to go under rather severe training, my constitution had a very severe strain. The tonics I took did not benefit me. I then tried Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and can faithfully say that it did me a wonderful amount of good. In fact, it built my system up so that I could go through my training without an effort.



PHIL A. BLACKMAN, Now of Penola, S. A."

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

imparts force and vigor, and builds up the whole system to withstand the severe trials and tests which sooner or later come to all of us.

As now made, Ayer's Sarsaparilla contains no alcohol. Be sure you get the old reliable Ayer's Sarsaparilla, not some other kind that will only disappoint you.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass., U. S. A.

Everybody knows how liable the skin is to suffer from disfiguring blotches and eruptions; and how liable it is, also, to get cut and hurt in all conditions of life—at home, at work and at play. There isn't a woman in the home, or a man in the street, but

Needs

ZAM-BUK BALM to-day or to-morrow. It may be to check a sudden outbreak of skin disease, heralded by an itching rash or inflamed swelling; perhaps to soothe and heal a nasty cut or burn; to remove an unsightly pimple or sore; to strengthen a sprained joint, or to "pull out" a nail. For all these things there's nothing like

Zam Buk "RUB IT IN"

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 Vera L. Dall, daughter of Mr G. B. Dall, to Mr A. R. Andrews, late of Nya-saland.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Pearl Fleming, of Nelson, to Mr J. R. Holland, of Wellington.

The engagement is announced of Miss Nona Telford, youngest daughter of Mrs Telford, of "Waimarino," Carterton, to Mr Murryat Dugald Hornsby, only son of Mr and Mrs Hornsby, Belvedere-road, Carterton.

The engagement is announced of Mrs J. C. Andrew to Dr. Bett, of Nelson. Mrs J. C. Andrew was Miss Morrison, of Blairlogie, Wairarapa, where she is at present staying.

Among the recent engagements is Miss Maud Luxford, daughter of the Rev. Luxford, Wanganui, to Mr Cyril Brown, solicitor, of the same town.

HEADACHE and MIGRIM. two curses of modern civilised life, are in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred closely connected with functional disturbances of the bowels. The simplest and best of all remedies for the latter trouble is a wine-glassful of "HUNYADI JANOS" natural spicery water the first thing in the morning every second or third day.

GILBERT J. MACKAY,
FLORIST, 195 QUEEN ST.
AUCKLAND.

The best for
WEDDING BOUQUETS,
CUT FLOWERS
FUNERAL EMBLEMS &
FLORAL REQUISITES

Mavis

GOLD WIRE, any name. 3/6, post free.
DENNES BROS., Queen-st., Auckland

GOOD SUNLIGHT SOAP



DON'T BE AFRAID
that Sunlight Soap will spoil your clothes. There are no injurious chemicals in Sunlight to bite holes in the most delicate fabric.

The fact that ten million bars of Sunlight are sold every week amply proves its purity; but \$1,000 are offered to anyone finding adulteration in Sunlight Soap.

Orange Blossoms.

SKEELS—NORGROVE.

THE wedding of Miss Maud P. Norgrove and Mr Tasman Skeels (of Hobart) took place on the 11th in St. Matthews Cathedral, Auckland, with the Rev. W. E. Gillam (incumbent) as the officiating clergyman. The bride, who was attired in a lovely gown of white chiffon taffeta, with corsage of finely tucked net, and Empire panels of Maltese lace, was given away by her uncle, Mr. Chas. Norgrove, J.P. Her veil was of Brussels lace with wreath of orange blossom, and she carried a lovely shower bouquet, while her long Court train was borne by two little pages (Willie and Bertie Norgrove), who wore suits of brown velvet with white vests and cuffs, and large King Charles hats of white felt with ostrich plumes. The bride was attended by four maids, the Misses Stella Skeels (sister of the bridegroom), Alice Greene, and Dorothea and Gladys Taylor. Their dresses were of dainty white muslin, finely tucked, and trimmed with a wealth of insertion, while the two first bridesmaids had Empire panels of lace. Their hats were of pure white chip with choux of white chiffon. The two first carried baskets of daffodils and asparagus fern and the others had horsehoes (for luck) made of freesias and fern. The first bridesmaid wore a dainty gold brooch (the gift of the bridegroom), and the rest received gold rings (engraved) as mementoes of the occasion. The bridegroom was attended by Mr. Edward McAuley as best man, and Messrs. Frederick Norgrove and Leslie Horner. After the ceremony a wedding breakfast was held at the residence of the bride's uncle (Mr. Chas. Norgrove), at Richmond, where the usual toasts were honoured. During the afternoon the bride and bridegroom left on their honeymoon trip, the bride looking sweet in a tailor-made gown of brown cloth with violet stripe, and the new beehive-shaped hat of brown straw, trimmed with brown and violet tulle and bunches of violets. In the evening a social was held in Queen's Hall, when about 200 friends responded to the invitations, and dancing was kept up till a late hour.

PATERSON—HOLMES.

A very pretty wedding was celebrated at St. Mary's Church, Halswell, when Miss Minnie Holmes, eldest daughter of Mr. G. G. Holmes, of Christchurch, was married to Mr. C. C. Paterson, son of Dr. Paterson. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a beautiful Empire gown of soft Duchesse satin, with a wide panel of silk lace, and yoke and sleeves of tucked chiffon. She also wore the usual wreath and veil, and carried a shower bouquet. The bridesmaids were Misses Gertrude and Norah Holmes and Miss K. Bloxam, who wore pretty frocks of pale blue messaline silk, with slashed skirts trimmed with buttons, and large black hats with pale pink roses. Two smaller girls, Misses Kathleen Holmes and Audrey Kay, wore dainty white embroidered muslin dresses and muslin hats and pale blue sashes. Little Miss Shelagh Holmes, the tiny niece of the bride, acted as train-bearer, and wore soft white muslin and lace and a bonnet of pale blue gathered chiffon and lace. Mr. Huntley Holmes acted as best man, and Mr. Andrew Holmes as groomsmen. At the conclusion of the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. G. G. Holmes entertained their guests at their residence "Knock Lynn," Mrs. Holmes wearing a handsome gown of black ninon de soie and lace over white glaze, and a hat to match.

SHERA—KINDER.

The quaint little chapel of St. John's College was the scene of an exceedingly pretty wedding on Tuesday, September 7th, when Miss Eva Kinder, eldest daughter of Mr. H. Kinder, manager of the Newmarket Branch of the Auckland Savings Bank, was married to Mr. G. Stuart Spera, youngest son of the late Mr. J. M. Spera. The service was conducted by the Rev. W. Beatty, M.A., assisted by the Rev. E. Strong (acting-warden). As the bride entered the chapel, which was decorated with arum lilies and clematis, the students sang

"The Voice that Breathed O'er Eden," Mr. Chitty, the blind student, officiating at the organ, and later playing the Bridal March. The bride, who was given away by her father, looked very sweet and graceful in an ivory white satin charmuse Princess robe, draped with Limerick lace, the bodice had long Juliet sleeves, and was swathed with Limerick lace and silver cord. A wreath of orange blossoms fastened her point lace veil and she carried a bouquet of lovely white primulas and lilies. She wore a handsome pearl ring, the bridegroom's gift. The bridesmaids, Miss Madge Pollock (Sydney), cousin of the bride, and Miss Kathleen Spera, the bridegroom's sister, were charmingly attired in white muslin frocks made en Princesse, inserted with fine lace and embroidery; Miss Pollock wearing a white Charlotte Corday hat with white satin strings, and Miss Spera, the same style, in delicate blue. They wore blue satin shoes, and carried large shower bouquets of natural violets with pale blue ribbon streamers. Their souvenirs from the bridegroom were gold bar jewelled brooches. Mr. Hal Spera attended the bridegroom, and Mr. Harry Dawson acted as groomsmen. After the ceremony a reception was held at "Woodcroft," the residence of Mrs. (Dr.) Kinder, Arney-road, Remuera, where the happy couple received congratulations.

MOODY—LEAN.

At St. Matthew's Church, Napier, on Wednesday last, a quiet but pretty wedding took place. The contracting parties were Mr. Ernest George Moody, second son of the late Mr. Richard Moody, of Napier, and Miss Edith Ethel Lean, third daughter of Mr. F. Lean, of Paraparaumu. The bride was given away by Mr. W. Heiford, and wore a dainty frock of white crystalline trimmed with lace, and she wore a wreath and veil, and carried an exquisite bouquet. The brides-

maids were Misses Edith and Violet Moody, sisters of the bridegroom, and Miss May Heiford, niece of the bride. The first two wore pretty creme frocks and becoming hats, and Miss Heiford wore a dainty embroidered gown. Mr. Percy Oliver was best man. The guests were subsequently entertained at the residence of the bride's sister. The honeymoon is being spent in the South.

TUDEHOPE—GORDON.

The marriage of Miss Marion Gordon, youngest daughter of Mr. A. Gordon, of Napier, and Mr. T. Tudehope, accountant in the Lands and Survey Department, Wellington, and late of Napier, was solemnised in St. Augustine's Anglican Church, Napier, on Thursday morning by the Rev. Archdeacon Ruddle.

Finger-Prints.

Do your fingers show the imprint of hard work? Have they that bright, clean, healthy appearance that they ought to have? Are they firm and soft or do they feel like a bricklayer's?

These questions affect every lady. If your hands are not in perfect condition, then the quicker they are, the better you and others will be pleased. Try **SYDAL** (Wilton's Hand Emollient). It is not a grease, but a scientific skin preparation, which rids your pores of impurities, softens the skin, and leaves it smooth and healthy.

SYDAL is the best possible remedy for chapped hands, sunburn, or skin irregularities.

In Jars, 1/6. All Stores and Chemists.

NEW GLOVES For The New Season.

The importance of correct fitting gloves, especially with Summer Dresses, is too well known to need special emphasis. It is, however, important to advise our Country Customers that we have a very comprehensive assortment just now, and advise immediate selection.

- "IDEAL" KID GLOVES—
In White, Tan, Brown, and Pastel shades. At 3/11 a pair
- CALVAT'S 4-DOME KID GLOVES—
In Tan, Beaver, with plain points. At 5/6 a pair
- CALVAT'S CHEVRETTE KID GLOVES—
Two and three domes, in Grey, Tan, Brown, Beaver and Black. At 6/6 a pair
- "THE MAVIS" KID GLOVES—
Pique Sewn, two large Pearl domes, in Pastel shades. At 7/11 a pair
- CAPE GAUNTLET GLOVES—
With strap at wrist. At 5/6 and 6/6 a pair
- SAXE GAUNTLET GLOVES—
In Doerakin in Tan and Grey. At 5/6 a pair
- SAXE GAUNTLET KID GLOVES—
In White and Beaver. At 3/3 a pair
- 8-BUTTON MOSQUETAIRE KID GLOVES—
In Black, White, Beaver, Tan, Brown, Navy and Green. At 6/6 a pair
- 10-BUTTON MOSQUETAIRE KID GLOVES—
In Black, Brown, Tan, Beaver, Navy and Green. At 6/6 a pair.
- 12-BUTTON MOSQUETAIRE KID GLOVES—
In Sky, Blue, Reseda, Pink, Heliotrope. At 7/6 a pair
- 8-BUTTON MOSQUETAIRE FABRIC GLOVES—
(Fown's) In Oak, Drab, Grey, Fioelle and Pastel. At 2/9 a pair
- 8-BUTTON FABRIC GLOVES—
In Oak, Drab, White, Black, Fioelle and Pastel. At 1/9, 2/6, 3/6 a pair
- CHILDREN'S 2-BUTTON FABRIC GLOVES—
In White, Oak and Drab. At 1/4 to 1/9 a pair

Kirkcaldie & Stains, Ltd.
Department 13,
WELLINGTON.

Society Gossip.

Special to the "Graphic."

NOTICE.

The Editor desires to draw the attention of occasional contributors of any items to the Society Gossip columns that name and address must be given with copy, otherwise any such communication cannot be recognised.

AUCKLAND.

September 13.

A Successful Function.

THE beautiful residence of Dr. and Mrs. Lindsay was the scene of a gay afternoon tea on Friday, when Miss Lindsay entertained her lady friends with music and a "guess game." The mysteries of the latter, which were entered into with much spirit, consisted in finding as many peanuts as possible in fifteen minutes, the said peanuts being disposed all over the house, from the drawing-room to the morning-room, halls, staircases, balconies, and even the tower. The winner of this interesting excitement was Miss Madge Ruddock, who received a silver-topped trinket box as first prize, while Miss Gladys Erson won the second—a silver golf bat pin. During the afternoon some enjoyable music was provided by Miss Stephens (Nelson), who is a guest of Mrs. Lindsay just now. She contributed several pianoforte solos in a most artistic manner, while songs were given by Miss Dorothy Buckley (England), and the Misses McLean, Ralph, Ruddock, and Kent, and were highly appreciated. A very dainty tea was served in the morning-room, which was beautifully decorated with daffodils, violets, and purple anemones, the other parts of the house being carried out to match, with the addition of palms, ferns, and trails of smilax, and the whole presented a charming ensemble. Mrs. Lindsay was effectively gowned in a lovely white lace and net blouse, with rich black taffeta skirt and gold girdle; Miss Lindsay wore a golden-brown taffeta costume with net gosse, and her sister was in white muslin spotted in pale blue silk with silver tissue belt; Miss Ally Stephens (Nelson), was in pink and black striped voile, prettily trimmed with passementerie and black velvet; Mrs. Col. Wolfe, dark green taffetas, hat trimmed with roses; Mrs. Harry Keating, black and white tailored gown, with black hat; Mrs. Lionel Benjamin, gown costume; Mrs. Buckley (England), tailor-made costume, with white feather boa and black hat; Miss Buckley, creme dress, with black hat; Miss D. Buckley, creme striped costume, heliotrope hat; Mrs. Milnes was in claret-coloured velvet, with hat to match; Mrs. Tom Macky, pretty fawn coat and skirt, green hat with brown velvet; Miss Bagnall, effective champagne costume; toque trimmed with crimson roses; Miss Gwen Nathan was in a cream cloth dress; Miss Cooper, in brown; Miss E. Frater looked well in a brown costume; Mrs. G. Roberts, violet cloth; Mrs. Oliphant, fawn tailor-made gown; Mrs. Donald, violet cloth; Mrs. Steer, navy silk voile. Other guests present were: The Misses Kent (2), Oliphant (2), Ruddock (2), McLean (2), and Mesdames Brandon, Eva (Dunedin), Wallace, Oldham (Dunedin), Baume, F. E. Baume, Eastgate, and the Misses D. Benjamin, E. Keating, L. Towle, Henderson, J. Frater, N. Hellaby, Kenderdine, Williams, Fish (Dunedin), Eastgate, Prickett, F. Walker, M. Geddes, E. Runciman, D. Bourne, Erson, A. Ralph, and V. Caro.

"Melmerley" Old Girls' Club.

On Friday evening the "Melmerley" Old Girls' Club held a most successful dance in their old schoolroom, Miss Thompson (principal) most generously allowing them the use of the whole establishment. The schoolroom was tastefully decorated with flags, arums, and greenery, the supper table being carried out in a design of narcissi, white brown and blue ribbons (the club's colours) were daintily arranged over the cloth. The club was honoured by the presence of Canon MacMurray, who has always taken such kind interest in the "Melmerley" girls; also Mr and Mrs Moss (nee Miss Hill), their old principal. Marriage's orchestra supplied splendid music, and the floor was all that could be desired for

dancing. The members of the committee were as follows:—Miss Maunsell, white chiffon taffeta, with silver trimming; Miss Morrow, heliotrope silk gown; Miss Elsie Commons looked well in a simple gown of white silk; Miss M. MacCormick, white chiffon taffeta, the bodice trimmed with gold embroidery; Miss Daphne Hay, Empire gown of pastel blue silk adorned with Oriental trimmings in shades of blue; Miss Eramie Young, lovely gown of figured blue silk; Miss Myra Reid, white chiffon taffeta; Miss Mabel Thornes was much admired in shell pink souple satin, the bodice finished off in white net and gold; Miss Brooke-Smith, pale blue silk relieved with silver; Miss Vera Duthie, pale shade of blue souple satin, and bunch of violets on corsage. Among others present were: Mrs. Moss, who was gowned in black crepe de chine, relieved with cream lace; Mrs. Dewes wore a black silk toilet; Mrs. Hanna, grey silk; Miss Thompson, lovely bottle green silk; Miss A. Thompson, black velvet, softened with lace; Mrs. Hay, black chiffon taffeta, relieved with cream chiffon; Mrs. MacCormick, cream toilet; Mrs. Goldie, white satin, relieved with pearl trimmings and lace; Misses Miller, Directoire gown of old gold satin; Miss Margaret Miller, heliotrope silk, relieved with silver; Miss M. Saunders, pale blue chiffon taffeta; Miss Hay, charming Empire gown of green and pink floral silk; Miss Mildred Hay, pale blue chiffon taffeta; Miss Blanche Devore, cream net over white silk, bunch of violets on corsage; Miss Elsie Sloman, pale blue crepe de chine; Miss Maggie Frater was gowned in white; Miss Birch, Empire gown of pale blue silk; Miss Gladys Ruddock looked well in white satin; Miss Hilda Steele, pale blue silk; Miss Minnie Steele, shell pink silk relieved with cream net; Miss Thelma Hanna, sage green silk; Miss Eileen Lundon, black satin gown; Miss Carr, Empire gown of pale blue chiffon taffeta; Miss D. Cowan, black net over black silk; Miss Ward, white silk; Miss M. Dewes, cream net over silk; Miss P. Boul, pale blue chiffon taffeta. Gentlemen present: Messrs J. Dineen, H. Goldie, Jacobson, Robson, Sloman, Barry, Steele, Bloomfield, Beale, Guttridge, Hanna, Mowbray, Dargaville, Thomas, A. Mills, Vickerman, Bedford, Finn, Seaward, Hobbs, Hume, Craig, Clarke, Rutherford, Cumming, Evans, Duthie, the officers of H.M.s. Encounter, and many others.

Bridge Club.

A most enjoyable afternoon at bridge was indulged in by a Ladies' Bridge Club at Mrs. Pittar's residence, Symonds-street, Onehunga, on Friday afternoon last. Mrs. Pittar received her guests in a black velvet gown relieved with Maltese lace; Mrs. Payne, black silk; Mrs. Martin, black coat and skirt; Mrs. Jones, black silk gown; Mrs. Sowerby, black silk; Mrs. Cobby, creme; Mrs. Clarke, creme costume; Miss Brookfield, brown coat and skirt; Miss Bertha Oxley, pale grey coat and skirt; Miss Etta Martin, stone grey costume; Miss Stewart, navy blue skirt, white silk blouse; Mrs. Lake, black; Miss Davy, brown skirt, creme silk blouse; Mrs. Scott, wine coloured coat and skirt; Mrs. Laurence Taylor, grey gown.

"Book" Afternoon.

The Misses Mabel Nicholson and Gertrude Douglas entertained a number of their girl friends at afternoon tea on Thursday of last week at the residence of Mrs. Oliver Nicholson, Mt. Eden. The afternoon was spent in guessing the names of books, the fortunate winners being the Misses Webb, Hungerford, and Parker. Mrs. Nicholson who assisted the young hostesses, wore a cream gown, while her daughter Mabel was in pink; Miss Gertrude Douglas wore a pretty brown velvet frock. Among the guests were the Misses M. and N. Douglas, Stella Nathan, Ruth Horrocks, Isabel Devore, Kathleen Mair, Jessie Goddes, Bessie Watt, Judy Barnard, Phyllis Baker, Pauline Doney, Mabel Lays, Muriel Payton, Greta Hungerford, Gwen Beale, Elinor and Bertha Young, Dolly Stop-

ford, Idaline Vaile, Elsie Hopkins, Nora Frater, Stella Johnston, Phyllis Macfarlane, etc.

Personal.

Miss Fraser, daughter of Mr. W. Fraser, M.P., is staying at "Glenalvon." Mrs. I. L. Wilson, of Wellington, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Wilmoughby Kenny, of Parnell, has left for Rotorua where she intends spending some weeks.

Mrs. E. W. Alison is visiting the Hon. and Miss Millar in Wellington, where Miss Ivy Alison has been a guest for some time past.

Mrs. C. W. Adams, of Hutt, and Mrs. Gore-Adams, have arrived from Wellington. Mrs. Adams will spend a month here with her daughter, Mrs. Spicer, and Mrs. Gore-Adams intends visiting her people in the Whangarei district.

PHYLLIS BROWN.

WELLINGTON.

September 10.

An Interesting Engagement.

Nothing very gay has occurred since last week, and I have the usual mixed budget to forward. A new engagement of much interest is that of Mrs. J. C. Andrew to Dr. Bett, of Nelson. Mrs. Andrew was formerly a Miss Morrison, of the Wairarapa. It will be remembered that Mr. Andrew lost his life in the bush some few years ago under very sad circumstances.

A Successful Gathering.

"The Pan-Anglican Conference" was the subject of an address given by Mrs. Wallis on Tuesday, Mrs. Spratt acting as hostess. Together with the Bishop of Wellington, Mrs. Wallis attended all the meetings of that historic gathering, she herself being a delegate from the diocese of Wellington. Mrs. Wallis' address was extremely interesting, and served to recall the incidents of the congress most vividly, although time had somewhat dimmed most people's recollections. At the conclusion of the speech Mrs. Spratt entertained the guests at afternoon tea, her daughter (Mrs. Coleridge) and a bevy of girls assisting her. Mrs. Wallis wore mulberry cloth, with a guimpe and sleeves of tucked amethyst silk, and a picture hat of black with plumes; Mrs. Spratt was wearing black voile de soie, with a scarf of Spanish lace and a black hat with tips; Mrs. Coleridge, gendarme blue cherron tweed, the Directoire coat much braided in black, wide blue hat with black wings; Mrs. Head, navy tailor-made braided with black, blue hat with wings; Miss Brandon, rifle green tailor-made smartly braided in black, black hat with wings; Mrs. Tweed, purple cloth and toque of the same shade massed with violets; Mrs. Chatfield, brown tailor-made, white feather boa and brown hat; Miss Duncan, stone-coloured cloth, the lace guimpe having a soupcon of vivid green, picturesque hat with green plumes; Mrs. Quick, black voile, blue and brown toque; Mrs. G. Campbell, brown tweed and brown toque; Mrs. Litchfield, grey voile de soie with lace guimpe, mole-coloured hat lined and trimmed with pale blue; Mrs. Edwin, black dress and long seal coat; Miss Fitzgerald, black tailor-made and black hat; Miss Fitzgerald, green tweed and green and blue toque; Mrs. Fisher, sapphire blue tailor-made and emerald green velvet hat; Miss Turner, blue coat and skirt, blue hat, and white furs; Mrs. Mestayer, black coat and skirt, and black hat; Miss Mestayer, white silk and brown hat; Miss Fancourt, crimson cloth, with lace yoke outlined with black, black picture hat; Miss J. Rattray, green coat and skirt, biscuit hat lined with black; Mrs. Hwang, golden brown cloth, and dull purple toque with shaded roses.

Mrs. Wylie's Tea.

Mrs. Wylie's tea on Tuesday was a very big affair, and was given as a house-warming. The rooms are spacious, and most artistically decorated, the flowers used being arums, azaleas, daffodils, and narcissi, in silver vases. The band, on the upstairs landing, played cheerful and familiar music, while elsewhere there was a capital little amateur concert. Miss Wylie flouting among the performers. The hostess wore pale grey crepe de chine, the lace guimpe having tiny silver buttons; Miss Wylie's blue souple cloth was made en princesse with a Directoire sash, and embroidered in a shade of bois-du-rose; Mrs. Samuel, brown cloth

with Eastern embroideries, and a brown hat; Mrs. Ethrington, dark blue tweed, and blue hat; Mrs. Seaton, blue and black striped cloth, and black hat with cherries; Mrs. Head, blue cloth, blue hat with blue and green wings; Mrs. Dean, brown tailor-made; Miss Dean, pastel mole cloth, the ultra-Directoire coat slashed and faced with dark mole satin, and finished with pipings and buttons of the material, black and white hat; Mrs. Bethune, black voile de soie, picture hat of the palest shade of grey with grey plumes; Mrs. Blundell, black tailormade, and black and white coat; Miss Payne, sapphire blue cloth, and blue hat; Miss Chapman, lotus blue cloth, soutache in the same shade, black picture hat; Mrs. Knox, blue cloth, blue and black hat; Miss Knox, striped velvet Directoire coat and skirt, mauve hat with violets.

A Jolly Dance.

Exceptionally jolly and cheery was the dance given by the hospitable "Toreadors," who this time were Messrs. Chaffey, Witteford, Hull, Pearce, Porter, Thorne-George, Ayrin, and Salmon, and Captain Stott. Toreador House has been the scene of more than one delightful dance, and the rooms are ideal for that purpose. Big folding doors, thrown open, give a splendid dancing space, and the floor itself was perfection. Upstairs there is a balcony with an enchanting view of the city and bay, and the lower verandah is picturesquely shaded with creepers; so, counting in the garden and shrubbery, there were splendid opportunities for sitting-out. The supper—a champagne one—was lavish and elaborate, and every detail had been carefully thought out by the hosts, who are experienced entertainers, as one or other of them is always figuring on a dance committee. Mrs. Kennedy wore black crepe de chine and lace; Miss Kennedy, pastel charmeuse with jewelled lace; Miss Simpson, ivory satin and lace; Miss Ewen, sky blue chiffon taffetas, and lace vest; Miss Fulton, ivory satin with floral design; Miss Miles, ivory satin with draperies of lace; Miss Nathan, palest pink crepe de chine; Miss Mackenzie, white satin and lace; Miss Russell, palest pink charmeuse; Miss Jones, pale blue taffetas and silver.

Civil Servants' Association.

The Civil Servants Association had a very successful "At Home" the other night. First of all there was a concert programme, after which the floor was cleared for dancing. The supper-room was done with yellow and white daffodils, and in the ball-room the walls and ceiling were hung with flags. Mrs. Seddon wore black silk and lace; Miss Seddon, black crepe de chine and jet; Mrs. Tregear, sapphire taffetas with Oriental embroideries; Miss O'Reilly, pale blue charmeuse and lace; Miss Nash, white nylon, with a satin stripe; Miss Martelli, embroidered chiffon over palest mauve; Miss Fotherham, black crepe de chine and lace; Miss Trevithick, pale, blue charmeuse and lace; Miss Fern, white silk and silver embroideries; Miss Cox, poppy-red charmeuse; Miss Harrison, maize mes-aline.

Cinderella Dance.

The last cinderella dance at the Hutt was so delightful that it made everyone regret that there will be no more till next year. The girls are to be entertained next week by a dance, got up in their honour by some of the men who have been their guests. Mrs. Elliott wore black satin and jet; Mrs. Treadwell, black charmeuse; Miss Hayward wore pale blue eolienne and silver sequins; Miss Humphrey, palest green taffeta, hemmed with darker velvet; Miss Matthews, green charmeuse; Miss Foster, black lace and net; Miss Wilson, pale pink crystalline; Miss Elliott, black esprit net; Miss West, lilac chiffon elaborately embroidered in pastel tints; Miss Fulton, floral chine; Miss Wilson, white soie de chine; Miss Wylie, white charmeuse; Miss Allport, rosea crepe de chine.

Lady Douglas's Death.

The news of Lady Douglas' death was received by her many friends here with great regret. During her residence in Wellington she did much good work, in organising bazaars, tableaux, etc., for various charitable objects, and could always be relied on to give assistance whenever it was required in any good cause. Her originality was her strong point, and the key-note of the very successful entertainments she got up in aid of the Veterans' Home, "More Men Fund" (contingent), etc. Essentially broad-minded, she worked with a will for what

ever she took in hand, and was much missed when she left for England seven years ago. Sir Arthur Douglas joined her a few months later, and they had been living in England ever since. It was known that Lady Douglas had been in indifferent health for some time, but no serious consequences were anticipated. Unfortunately, an operation for appendicitis was deemed necessary, and she did not recover from that, but died on July 20th at Hygrove, Minsersworth, Gloucestershire. Lady Douglas leaves three daughters—Mrs. H. Bridge, Mrs. Leybourne Popham, and Miss Claud Douglas. Lady Douglas was the daughter of the late Rev. Wm. Foster, M.A., Stubbington, Fareham. Her marriage to Lieutenant Arthur Douglas, R.N. (the present baronet), took place in 1871.

Mrs. Hislop's Death.

It is with great regret that I record the death of Mrs. T. W. Hislop, which occurred on Monday, September 6th. Although she was ill so long, no one knew the end was so near, so it came as a great shock. Mrs. Hislop was an energetic and tireless worker, the welfare of women being her special subject. She filled many public positions with good judgment and sound, common sense, while she was most generous in her assistance to all who were in need. As mayoress of Wellington, Mrs. Hislop did an enormous amount of work, and her value to her husband during his public career was incalculable. Miss Joan Hislop is her only unmarried daughter, the other two being Mrs. Cooper (Christchurch) and Mrs. Shand, wife of Dr. Shand.

OPHELIA.

HAMILTON.

September 9.

Horticultural Show.

On Thursday last the annual spring show of the Horticultural Society was held. The fact of this show being held in the Town Hall—a very much bigger place than that usually used—combined with a day of glorious spring sunshine, resulted in a delightfully large attendance, both afternoon and evening, when crowds of nicely-dressed women, with a fair sprinkling of the sterner sex, might be seen enjoying to the full the wealth of floral beauty displayed. The championship in the bulb classes was won by Mrs. Harry Valder, with a lovely flower of Victoria, the champion pot plant being a beautiful pot of maidenhair in Miss Siarank's collection, and the best flowering shrub proving to be a lovely yellow heath exhibited by Mrs. Pemberton. The floral decorations were very numerous, and with one or two exceptions were really very beautiful. The show was formally opened by Dr. Findlay, the Minister for Justice, supported by Mr. Greenslade, M.P. for the Waikato. Both gentlemen made very happy and eulogistic speeches, Dr. Findlay especially expressing his delighted astonishment at the gorgeous display before him, which he had no idea the Waikato could produce. By the time the auction of the flowers, etc., was over, we were all very weary and worn, though thoroughly delighted with the success of the day's undertaking, including the receipts at the door of no less than £18, which quite exceeded our expectations. In such a crowd it was difficult to see and remember individual dresses, but a few of those present were: Mrs. Going, in pretty elegant brown silk voile, trimmed with cream net tucked and handworked with silk, hat of brown and pale blue; Mrs. Harry Valder, in dark red coat and skirt, brown hat and furs—the joint secretaries and treasurers of the Society; Mrs. Purby, black silk, black toque relieved with white; Mrs. Jolly, black with black hat; Mrs. Bennet, blue tailor-made, pretty blue and green toque; Mrs. Douglas, black; Mrs. Brewis, dark blue coat and skirt, pretty toque; Mrs. Allan Bell, very pretty smocke grey silk poplin with grey silk sleeves and berthe, with touches of black, grey and black toque; Mrs. Ebon Wilson, smart grey coat and skirt, black picture hat; Mrs. Atkin, in brown, large brown hat; Mrs. Nicoll, brown tailor-made, small brown toque; Mrs. F. Wilson, cream Etan coat and skirt; Mrs. Tyldon, cream costume; Miss Holloway, grey Etan coat and skirt, black hat; Mrs. Manning, cream costume and hat, white feather hat; Mrs. Loughnan, striped brown costume and brown hat; Miss Loughnan, navy Etan costume, navy hat; Mrs. Tredman, mole-coloured costume; Mrs. Stevens, navy tailor-made, navy hat; Mrs. Tompkins, mole-coloured velvet

blouse and crepe de chine skirt, kingfisher blue toque; Mrs. Cornfoot, brown costume, wine-coloured hat; Mrs. Hunter, pretty black silk, large white hat with violet velvet bows; Mrs. Jackson, navy tailor-made; Mrs. F. E. Smith, dark green cloak, cream toque; Mrs. Pettit, navy costume, navy hat with roses; Miss Hunter, navy costume; Mrs. Smith, navy tailor-made and green toque; Mrs. Hyde, navy costume; Mrs. Pemberton, green dress and toque; Miss Bayly, cream costume; Mrs. Thomson, green; Mrs. Primrose, grey costume; Mrs. Bayly, navy costume, pretty toque; Mrs. Holden, blue costume, black hat.

ROTORUA.

September 7.

An Enjoyable Entertainment.

Quite a number of people turned out to see the entertainment given by the lady members of the Rotorua Literary and Debating Society in the Parish Hall last week. The Rev. C. A. Tisdall occupied the chair. A short musical programme filled the first part of the evening, songs being contributed by Miss Malfroy, Miss Stella Empson, Mr. Aigie, Mr. Chilton, and the Maori Mission Quartet. Mr. Pawson gave a 'cello solo. The second part of the programme consisted of a most amusing locally-written burlesque, entitled "The Breach of Promise Case," which was first produced by the lady members of the Debating Society for the benefit of the society. They consented to produce it a second time in aid of St. Luke's choir fund. His Honor, Justice Jeffreys was represented by Mrs. Tisdall, and the local members of the bar were represented by Mrs. Crowhurst and Miss Malfroy (for the plaintiff, Miss M. Landon) and Miss French and Mrs. Hill (for the defendant, Miss Landon). Miss Stella Empson filled the role of Court Orderly and Miss Ada Wylie was attendant constable. Very learned did the lady barristers look in their wigs and gowns, and most imposing were the coated and helmeted "bobbies." The jury consisted of twelve well-known ladies, and there were several witnesses who gave their conflicting evidence in most amusing fashion in reply to the unusual tactics employed by the learned counsel. The burlesque abounded in smart local hits, and was greatly enjoyed. At the conclusion three cheers were given for Mrs. Crowhurst, who wrote the greater part of it.

Golf.

At the golf links on Saturday I noticed Mesdames Judge, Dyson, Grove, Kusabs, Goudie, Hill, Urquhart, Campbell-Smith, Iles, Russell (Waikato), Misses Pownall, Empson, Ireland, Smith, Phipps, Corlett, Landon, Symes (Gisborne), Messrs. Dyer, Kusabs, Ryan, Thacker, Graham, Whitelaw, Grove, Urquhart, Goudie, Cherry, Empson, McFarlane, Judge, Worthington, Rutherford, and R. Graham. It was a glorious afternoon, and those who were out put in a delightful time. The semi-finals for the ladies' championship take place on Wednesday next, when Mrs. Grove plays Mrs. Kusabs, and Mrs. McKinder plays Miss S. Empson. On Saturday the men play off for their semi-finals, when Mr. Grove meets Mr. Kusabs, and Mr. Worthington meets Mr. Whitelaw. The winners of the monthly medals, played for last week, were Miss S. Empson and Mr. Gordon Empson.

Personal.

Mrs. F. Rhodes has returned to Rotorua with her little daughter, who has been ill, but is now convalescent. Mrs. Leckie, of Devonport, has taken a cottage in Rotorua, where she intends to stay, with her family, for some time. Mrs. D. Landon, of Rotorua, has gone to Wanganni on a visit to her daughter. Mrs. Frank Dyer, of Wellington, is staying at the Grand Hotel, Rotorua; Mrs. Russell, of Waikato, is spending a few weeks in Rotorua, and staying at Waivera House. The Hon. C. M. Luke and Mrs. Luke, of Wellington, are visiting their daughter, Mrs. L. Birks, at Rotorua. Mr. and Mrs. Birks entertained a number of friends and the staff and employees of the Tourist Department at their residence on Saturday evening. Mr. Neville Wandless, who has been stationed at the Tourist Enquiry Office at Rotorua for the last two years, left for Wellington last week. Before leaving he received a presentation from the officers of the Department. His departure is much regretted by a large number

of friends, with whom he was very popular. Mr. H. W. Bishop, S.M., and Mr. Dinzie, Commissioner of Police, were in Rotorua for two days this week. Mr. W. D. S. Macdonald, M.P. for the Bay of Plenty district, has just spent a week in Rotorua. He was entertained at a complimentary social by the townspeople on the 7th inst.

GISBORNE.

September 9.

Euchre Party.

A most enjoyable euchre party and dance in honour of Miss Nixon, the guest of Mrs. W. R. Barker, took place at "Midway" on Friday evening last. The hall-room, in which euchre was played, was beautifully decorated with daffodils and freesias. Miss Bennett and Miss J. Lusk, as the result of a draw, cut for first prize, Miss Bennett winning a silver hatpin. Mr. Grant received a shaving tudy as first gentleman, Miss MacLean and Mr. Busby carrying off the booby prizes. Supper was laid in the dining-room, the table decorations also being in daffodils and freesias, yellow and white ribbons draped from chandeliers giving a canopy appearance. The hostess, Mrs. W. Barker looked charming in dainty black satin, trimmed with vieux rose; Mrs. F. Barker, a pretty gown of pale blue taffeta trimmed with pearls; Mrs. Donner, beautiful white chiffon, with pale pink roses embroidering it; Miss Nixon, pale pink resida, trimmed with silver and beautiful lace; Miss E. Barker, pale blue taffeta; Miss L. Barker, maize embroidered chiffon over pale blue; Miss McLean, white satin, pink roses; Miss Donner, pale pink crepe de chine; Miss Bennett, pink chiffon over satin slip; Miss White, vieux rose satin, with Oriental trimming; Miss Black, gown of black satin; Miss B. Black, pale pink satin, trimmed with gold passementerie; Miss de Lantour, mauve crepe de chine; Miss Nolan, soft black taffeta, Maltese lace berthe; Miss Reynolds, black taffeta; Miss Swan (Invercargill), white silk, trimmed with green; Miss Pyke, white muslin founced dress, the founces edged with pale green; Miss Tucker, white satin, trimmed Oriental passementerie; Miss Knight (Christchurch), pale pink crepe de chine; Miss Seymour, white net over silk, gold trimmings; Miss Gray, white net overdress, satin slip; Miss Williams, soft white brocade, trimmed with gold; Miss B. Bradley, pale blue taffeta; Miss Ferguson (Ireland), pale blue chiffon, trimmed with Parma violets; Miss Brookfield (Auckland), very pretty gown of pale green taffeta, with touches of silver; Miss Foster, black silk, touches of pink. Amongst the gentlemen present were: Messrs Barker (3), Willock, Gully, Dodgshun, Curtis, Jeffreys, Nolan, Busby, Reynolds, Donner, MacLean, Bennett, Hamilton (2), Gray, Black, Grant, White (2), Bradley, Smith, Symes (2), Kissling, Tucker, Arthur.

Personal.

Mrs. Mason (Napier) is at present visiting Gisborne. Mr. Dewing, who has been visiting Rotorua, returned last Wednesday. Mr. C. A. J. Fenwick returned last Wednesday from a visit to Christchurch and Dunedin. Mr. A. F. Kennedy has again left for Rotorua. The Misses White (Canterbury) are at present visiting their aunt, Mrs. H. White, at "Acton," Whataupoko, Gisborne.

ELSA.

NAPIER.

September 11.

A Dance.

The Foresters' Hall was beautifully decorated with tapestries, mirrors, curtains, and Japanese fans and sunshades on the occasion of Kirkcaldie and Stains' dance last week. The hall was very prettily lighted, and a curtained alcove, fitted with tiny glow lamps, formed a cool retreat for tired dancers. The supper tables were beautifully decorated with spring bulbs and palms. Many very handsome gowns were worn. I noticed: Mrs. C. C. Willis, in white organdie muslin, with satin trimmings; Mrs. L. Freedman, pale pink satin charmeuse gown, silver trimmings in key pattern; Mrs. G. Wills, cream frock, with turquoise; Miss Brigham, black and white chiffon velours; Miss K. Brady, white frock; Miss Baldwin, black paillette de chene, luce trimmings; Miss

Halpin, pale blue crepe de chene, black trimming; Miss Sweetapple, creme messaline, silver trimmings; Miss E. Sweetapple, white organdie; Miss Denton, pale blue crepe de chene; Miss Eagleton, white embroidered frock; Miss Higgins, pale green crystalline moss green trimmings; Miss Benson, salmon pink silk; Miss N. Benson, creme taffeta silk gown; Miss R. Prince, soft white muslin; Miss Bailey, shrimp pink silk; Misses Tankard wore creme taffeta; Miss M. Turner, pale blue crystalline; Miss Robinson, frock of mauve voile; Miss Morton, pale blue silk; Miss Elliott wore pale blue taffeta; her sister wore lilac silk; Miss Letty Wear, mauve and apple-green silk; Miss Skudder, tomato-red frock.

Personal.

Miss Partridge, of Wellington, who has been in Napier for a long holiday, has gone to stay with Sir William and Lady Russell at Hastings, and returns home shortly much improved in health. Mrs. Sead, of Wellington, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. E. Courtenay Bowen. Miss Luke has returned to Napier after a long holiday in England. Miss I. Grouchy has returned from a visit to Wellington. Miss Daisy Simpson is visiting Wellington, and goes on to her home in New Plymouth. Mr and Mrs R. B. Smith, of Wellington, are on a holiday visit to Napier. Miss Warren and Miss McCaul have returned to Pahiatua, after an enjoyable time in Napier. Mr Eric Woodbine Johnson has returned from a long holiday in Gisborne. Miss Feil, of Nelson, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Levien. Mr and Mrs Harding, of Helensville, have been visiting Mrs J. R. Morgan. Miss Ross, Mohaka, is visiting Mrs Dewes. Mr and Mrs Nicholas Reid, Wellington.

HAD ECZEMA FORTY YEARS

Off and On — Mass of Small, Watery Spots Came on Hands, Feet, Legs and Head — Irritation was Fearful — Sought Different Doctors and Skin Hospitals in Vain.

FOUND "WONDERFUL" CURE IN CUTICURA

"I have suffered off and on with eczema for forty years in my hands, feet, legs and head. It always came in a mass of small spots and a considerable quantity of watery matter used to come from them. I have been under many different doctors and in different hospitals for the treatment of the skin (in one for sixteen weeks and it only got worse) but derived little or no benefit. Last year I commenced using the Cuticura Remedies. The first tin of Cuticura Ointment began to heal the sores and gave me great relief from the fearful irritation. Since then I have used two more tins of Cuticura with Cuticura Soap and Pills and am quite well which, considering the years I have suffered with eczema, I consider wonderful. I can candidly say the Cuticura Remedies alone were the only things that cured me. I have already persuaded one of my friends to give them a trial, and shall continue to recommend them. Too much can never be said in Cuticura's favour. Mrs. Maria Spencer, New St., Covent Garden, London, W. C., Eng., July 10 and Sept. 29, 1908." Reference: R. Towns & Co., Sydney.



Little Mother

Delights in the use of Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment in the cure of skin and curative treatment of cutaneous affections which torture and disfigure little ones and make life miserable for parents. No other emollients so safe, speedy and economical. Absolutely pure. Cuticura Remedies are sold everywhere. Price 25c. The Cuticura Ointment is sold in 10c. tins. Paris 5, Rue de la Paix; Australia, R. Towns & Co., Ltd., 30, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C. 4, Eng. U.S.A. Potter, Drug & Chem. Corp., Boston. 24-26 N. Centre Street, New York, N.Y. Sole Importers for New Zealand: R. Towns & Co., Sydney.

men, are in town, and staying at the Masonic.

Mr and Mrs Fred Knight and Miss Young are visiting Napier, and staying at the Masonic.

Mr and Mrs Tetley are also visitors at the Masonic.

Mr J. B. Gillilan, Auckland, has been spending a few days in Napier.

Canon Mayne returned from a trip to Christchurch on Thursday last.

Mr and Mrs J. H. Sheath, who have been on a holiday trip to New South Wales and the Islands, returned on Thursday.

MARJORY.

HASTINGS.

September 8.

Industrial Exhibition.

St. Matthew's Industrial Exhibition proved a great attraction last week, the Drill Hall being packed during the evening. Good business was done at the refreshment tables, which deserve a word of praise for the artistic way in which they were adorned with various shades of pink camellias. The young ladies who waited wore dainty white frocks and pink satin rosettes in their hair. The tea-rooms were under the management of Miss E. Williams, assisted by other ladies. Mrs. (Dr.) Toaswill presided over the flowers. She was wearing a charming gown of pink and black. The needlework, under the control of Mrs. A. H. Russell, was much admired, some very beautiful articles being on view. The other sections were controlled as follows:—Cookery, Mrs. Mackersey; produce, Messrs. Wellwood and Masters; sweet stall, Misses Baird, Newbigen, Brook-Taylor, Maddison, and Wellwood. These ladies all wore white mop caps tied with blue ribbons. Fancy goods, etc. Meadames Hobbs, Beilby, Lanauze, Brodie; wood and metal work, Mr. J. Faulkner; photography, Mr. Brook-Taylor; post-card and stamps, Rev. J. Hobbs. The side-shows were under the direction of Mrs. J. C. Scott. Last, but not least, came the theatre. Mrs. Scott undertook the charge of this, and gave three items during each evening.

The Poster Competition.

The poster competition was a beautiful sight, 22 exquisite toilettes, worn by representatives of the various establishments, and each lady carried a wand bearing either a banner or some emblem notifying the business which the wearer represented. It would be impossible to describe all the poster frocks correctly only having had a view from the audience. The two first prizes, namely, "The most beautiful poster" and "the most original," were won by Miss Staek (representing M. Johnston, draper) and Miss Keith (for D. Keith, builder and contractor), respectively. Mr. Johnston had gowned his poster in a beautiful misty blue satin trained Directoire, with handsome silk embroidered lace Empire yoke, lovely pale blue straw hat with bunches and streamers of peach bloom ribbon; in her hand she carried a high wand with golden banner suitably inscribed. Mr. Keith had his poster within a miniature cottage, which caused great amusement as the lady inside moved the cottage as she walked, and waved through the tiny windows to the audience. Miss Ritchie, representing her brother (gasfitter and windmill expert), took second prize. She was gowned in a shell-pink silk frock and Napoleon hat of cream straw with crimson roses; she carried a miniature windmill complete, and her dress was adorned with the trade accessories.

Following this item, a dramatic farce entitled "A Pair of Lunatics," by Mr. S. Ribbands and Miss A. Evans, was successfully staged.

Last on the programme came the "Magic Mirror," in which Mr. Ribbands and Mr. Daly played the parts of Magician and Prince respectively. As the magician waved his wand different characters, impersonated by the following well-known ladies, appeared. Miss Luckie (Grecian girl) looked perfect in a white and gold robe, holding a large trumpet; Mrs. Stronach (abbess); Miss Smith, of Napier (Duchess of Devonshire), rich peach-blossom silk, with black plumed hat, staff mounted with roses and streamers, beautiful sequined berthe; Miss Danvers made a charming Hag and Tatters, carrying a basket of flowers; Mrs. de Lisle (British Queen) was most imposing in a lovely white silk brocaded with pearls, crimson robe with ermine, gold jewelled crown and sceptre; Miss Newbigen, an Japanese lady, looked daintily in blue silk kimono embroidered in shades of pink, cherry-sau-

themums in hair; Mrs. Macdonell (Spanish lady) wore a cherry silk robe, black lace mantilla caught with crimson roses, large gold circular earrings, and showed a dainty little gold-tipped cigarette in her fingers; Miss F. Hobbs (Gipsy) looked very pretty in red costume, velvet souave, large pearls and tambourine; Miss Blake (Zealandia) wore a full Maori costume, and looked really attractive, receiving loud applause; Mrs. Stronach (Sweet Seventeen) looked very pretty in a white muslin frock, garden hat tied with blue ribbons; Mrs. Chas. Scott (Old Seventy) was very good, her make-up being that of a very old weather-beaten dame; Mrs. Jack Miller (Fair Juliet) had on a soft gown of lace, and jewelled cap; Miss Austin (Shadowland) appeared as an angel, white robe and wings, and tiny lamp on head; Mrs. Murray appeared in full bridal array, gown of soft white chambruse satin, embroidered chiffon berthe, silk tulle veil, coronet of orange blossoms, and beautiful bridal bouquet.

During the poster competition, Mrs. J. Miller (mayorress), in a pretty speech, asked Mrs. Scott's acceptance of a beautiful bouquet and handsome silver jewel casket on a carved oak tray, from the poster and magic mirror ladies, as a token of their esteem, and in appreciation of Mrs. Scott's kindness. Mr. Scott thanked them on behalf of his wife. Among the audiences I noticed: Mesdames Nairn, Russell, Williams, Beamish, Barcroft, Watt, Beilby, Dean, Reid, Newbigen, Lawlor, Gregory, Mason, Mackersey, Wallace, Toaswill, Hobbs, Brodie, Evans (Canterbury), Wellwood, Brook-Taylor, Misses Williams, Wellwood, Cutshbert (Canterbury), Smith (Napier).

SHEILA.

PALMERSTON NORTH.

September 10.

Juvenile Fancy Dress Ball.

Most successful was the children's fancy dress ball given in the Opera House last Friday night, in aid of the funds for an old men's home. For months past a small army of children have been rehearsing fancy dances, and on Friday the largest audience ever seen in the Opera House was present to witness the result of their efforts. Altogether, there were about 400 children dancing, and in their fancy frocks and costumes made as pretty a picture as it is possible to see. The dance was repeated on Monday night, to give the hundreds who could not get seats on Friday an opportunity of seeing the children. Mrs. W. T. Wood was the originator of the idea, and it is to her and her many capable assistants that thanks are due for the substantial sum realised. A few of the most attractive costumes were worn by: Gladys Law, colleen; Muriel Law, fairy; Nita Hutton, poppy; Violet Henley, Belle of Mayfair; Tottie Jack, bluebell; Rosie Joseph, ivy; Dolly Lee, camellia; Ina McDonald, Gretchen; Mary McKeeman, Bo-Peep; Dolly Millar, romp; Maisie Martin, butterfly; Doris Newth, old English; Dulcie Osborne, fairy queen.

Spring Flower Show.

The weather was very bleak on Wednesday, the first day of the Spring flower show, but still the attendance was most satisfactory, and the display of flowers glorious. Particularly beautiful and striking was the display made by Mr. W. Strang in the class for best collection of pot plants made by amateurs employing gardeners. There was the usual daintiness in the table and mantelpiece competition, Mrs. F. S. McRae taking first prize in the former competition, Mrs. S. Hume coming second, and Mrs. Mellsoop winning the latter competition, Mrs. McRae second. Amongst other ladies present I noticed: Mrs. F. Pratt, wearing a green striped tweed coat and skirt, small green hat with black wings; Mrs. Barker (Hawke's Bay), navy skirt, sealskin coat, hat swathed with old rose silk; Mrs. Porritt, brown coat and skirt, grey green tweed hat with wing; Mrs. Lloyd, black skirt, black velvet coat, black hat with emerald green silk and black wing; Mrs. Harper, navy blue coat and skirt, hat with blue silk ruching; Mrs. Stowe, brown and black striped coat and skirt, tweed hat; Mrs. Warburton, brown striped coat and skirt, sable toque with cream brush feather; Miss Warburton, navy blue coat and skirt, braided in black, hat with anse blue silk and wings; Mrs. Hewitt, long violet coat, black hat, with black and white wings; Miss F. Park, long green coat, small navy toque with emerald green silk and scarlet berries; Mrs. Knight, grey coat and skirt, brown hat with black tulle and wings; Miss Knight, green tweed coat and skirt,

black hat with clusters of pale blue flowers; Mrs. S. Hume, black mourning costume; Mrs. Scott, navy coat and skirt, black hat with chiffon and white ospreys; Mrs. Opie, blue-grey striped coat and skirt, green hat with velvet wings; Miss Innes, grey coat and skirt, green hat with green wings; Mrs. Randolph, black costume, white revers, braided in black, black hat with wings and touch of emerald green velvet; Miss Randolph, in a navy blue hat with wings; Mrs. Connell, green striped coat and skirt, cream lace vest, showing touch of pink, green and pink hat with ospreys; Mrs. Coombs, black coat and skirt, black hat with black feathers; Mrs. McKnight, navy coat and skirt, braided in black, mole-coloured hat with green wings; Mrs. Rennell, long fawn coat over navy blue costume, black plumed hat; Miss Baddeley (Kimbolton), navy coat and skirt, pale blue hat; Mrs. Paimley, green tweed coat and skirt, green hat with pink and crimson roses; Mrs. McPherson, navy skirt, sealskin coat, green hat with wings; Mrs. Shute, bright navy blue coat and skirt, violet hat with bright pink flowers; Mrs. Lane, long grey coat, navy blue skirt, hat with shaded pink roses; Mrs. Putnam, green tweed coat and skirt, green tweed hat with fawn wing; Mrs. Thompson, blue coat and skirt, hat with wings; Miss Wilson, green coat and skirt, black hat with black wings; the Misses Abraham, Mrs. J. M. Johnston, Mrs. Mellsoop, Mrs. Joly, the Misses Gardiner, Mrs. F. S. McRae, the Misses McLennan, the Misses Glendining, Miss Kelly, and many others.

GOLF.

A visiting team of golfers from Otaki, including Mrs. Bevan, the winner of the New Zealand championship, visited Palmerston last Saturday, and played a match with a local team. Mrs. Bevan, of the visitors, was the only lady to win her match. Mrs. Bevan, Mrs. Winterburn, Mrs. Jennings, Mrs. Simcox and Miss Robinson represented Otaki, and Mrs. L. A. Abraham, Mrs. Mellsoop, Mrs. McRae, Miss McLennan, and Miss Slack upheld the honour of the local club. Thirteen men also came and lost to our men. I don't mean to say they all lost, but the team as a whole did.

The following entries have been received for the Manawatu local ladies' championship:—Mrs. Seifert, Mrs. L. A. Abraham, Miss Sybil Abraham, Mrs. Mellsoop, Mrs. Warburton, Miss Monro, Mrs. Innes, Mrs. Porrett, Miss O'Brien, Mrs. McRae, Miss Slack, Mrs. P. Sim, Mrs. Moore, Miss McLennan, Mrs. McPherson, Mrs. Cohen, and Miss Wylde.

The men's tournament being played on the Hokowhitu links at present has attracted large entries from all the leading clubs in the Dominion, and includes such prominent players as Messrs Bidwell and C. C. Cox (Wairarapa), Kurupo Tareha, Kapi, C. D. Kennedy (Napier), Burns, Gillies, W. Colbeck, Upton, E. A. Dargaville, W. Bruce (Auckland), Colonel Tuseo, W. Reid, K. Duncan, E. S. Pearce, Kirkby, G. Johnston, C. Pearce, W. H. Bell (Wellington), H. Harmon, C. Treweek, P. Trolowe, H. Hudson (Christchurch), A. Lewis, G. Saunders (Wanganui), J. Baechus, St. George, G. Simcox, M. Simcox (Otaki), and a large number of local entries.

Children's Parties.

As is usual during school holiday time, the children are revelling in parties. Mrs. Holmes, Park-road, gave a party for her small son, Leger, on Tuesday night. Mrs. C. Loughnan, Fergusson-street, gave one last night, and Mrs. L. A. Abraham, Park-road, is giving a dance for her little daughter, Betty, to-night. Mrs. Homan, Fergusson-street, has issued a very large number of invitations for a children's dance in the Foresters' Hall next Wednesday night.

Bridge.

The Bridge Club played at Mrs. James Bell's, Fitzherbert-street, on last Thursday night. Mr and Mrs C. E. Waldegrave, Mr and Mrs H. Waldegrave, Mr and Mrs Morrah, Mrs. Coombs, Mrs. Bell, Mrs. Tripe, Mr E. Dell, Mr Armstrong, and Mr Manson (Melbourne) were the players.

On Tuesday night Mrs. Coombs, Featherston-street, entertained a few friends at bridge. Mr and Mrs J. P. Innes, Mr and Mrs Guy, Mr and Mrs W. Rutherford, Mr and Mrs A. Rennell, Mr and Mrs C. E. Waldegrave, Mrs. and Miss Coombs, Mr Fuller, Mrs. Tripe, and Mrs. Armstrong were the party.

Personal.

Miss Smallbone (Wellington) is staying with her sister, Mrs. J. L. Barnicoat, Union Bank. Mr Manson (Melbourne), who has been

on a visit to Palmerston, left for Australia yesterday.

Miss Kandolph has returned from Christchurch.

Miss Baddeley (Kimbolton) is staying with Mrs. A. Kennell, Linton-street.

VIOLET.

NEW PLYMOUTH.

September 11.

An At Home.

A very pleasant "At Home" was given last Tuesday evening in St. Mary's Hall by the Vicar and Mrs. Evans to the church workers of the parish. Contributors to the musical portion were Misses Deacon, Standish, Taylor, R. Baker, M. Evans, and Mr. R. Baker, while Rev. Mr. A. Colville gave a realistic recitation. Mrs. Evans received her guests in black velvet relieved with cream lace; Miss Wade, pale pink flowered muslin; Mrs. W. Webster, black;

WHEN IN AUCKLAND STAY AT "MONA HOUSE"

12 LOWER SYMOND ST., opp. Choral Hall First-class Accommodation. Superior Bedrooms, well furnished and lofty. Excellent Table. Every Comfort and convenience. Prompt attention to letters and telegrams. Splendid View of Harbour and Domain. Telephone 293. Special Terms to Permanent Boarders. **MRS. L. GICK.**

RING UP OR CALL AT "BURWOOD"

PRINCES ST. Opposite Albert Park, AUCKLAND. A few Vacancies for Visitors and Permanent Boarders. Close to the City. One minute from tram. Central Position. Splendid View. Telephone 1484. **MRS. HEMUS.**

Housekeeping Troubles are smoothed away



BIRD'S

Home Specialities.

BIRD'S Custard Powder.

BIRD'S Jelly Crystals.

BIRD'S Concentrated Egg Powder.

BIRD'S Pudding Powder.

Storekeepers can obtain supplies of the above locally from their merchants, they again ordering through Home Houses only, from **ALFRED BIRD & Sons, Ltd., Birmingham, Eng.**

Miss Webster, cream velvet. Miss W. Baker, chocolate brown, relieved with cream; Miss O. Baker, pale blue silk blouse, dark skirt; Miss R. Baker, cream silk, pale blue ceinture; Miss Wilson, pale blue flowered muslin, silk folded belt; Misses Bedford (2) white embroidered muslin; Miss Q. Glenn (Hawera), pale blue silk blouse, dark skirt; Mrs. Cooke, black silk, cream tucked silk yoke finished with sequined net; Miss Cole (Auckland), cream silk, pale blue ceinture; Miss Blundell, white embroidered muslin; Mrs. Skinner, black silk; Miss Skinner, white voile muslin, blouse slashed with scarlet ribbon, black skirt; Miss Mathews, pale pink muslin; Miss B. Mathews, cream-silk; Miss B. Evans, cornflower blue voile, cream lace yoke, finished with black velvet ribbon; Miss F. Evans, brown and white striped muslin with bands of brown silk; Miss B. Smith, black; Miss Curtis, rose pink silk blouse, cream lace yoke, dark skirt; Miss Taylor, white silk, gold ceinture; Miss N. Fookes, rose pink silk blouse, dark skirt; Miss R. Knott, cream muslin, pale blue sash; Miss Standish, pale blue muslin, with yoke inset with white lace; Miss Wood, brown taffetas; Miss S. Thomson, cream silk; Mrs. A. Jones, white silk and lace blouse, black silk skirt; Miss A. Hempen, moss green silk, white muslin fichu; Miss Hamilton, black silk, cream lace yoke; Mrs. Baker, black; Miss Baker, cream lace blouse, cream voile skirt; Miss Ahier, grey striped voile; Mrs. F. Webster, black; Mrs. H. Fookes, cinnamon, brown taffetas; Miss Godfrey, pale heliotrope silk blouse, black silk skirt; Mrs. Dockrill, black finished with jet; Mrs. Iush; Miss Mace, black silk; Mrs. Addenbrooke, grey and white striped muslin over white silk; Mrs. Kyngdon, black; Miss Pelham, black, with cream silk yoke and sleeves; Mrs. Devenish, black silk, cream lace yoke threaded with violet bebe ribbon; Miss Devenish, black silk, etc.

A Ball.

In the Theatre Royal last Thursday evening the North Taranaki huntsmen gave a most enjoyable ball, and, having been so successful, it was decided to make it an annual affair. The supper was served at small tables, each being beautifully decorated with spring flowers. Amongst those present were: Mrs. Bewley, black velvet, lovely real lace berthe; Mrs. Glasgow, pale green taffetas, kimono bodice finished with cream lace; Mrs. Halcombe, cream frilled lace over lace; Mrs. Stocker, black silk, real lace berthe; Miss M. Fookes, canary-coloured sequined net over satin of the same shade; Miss O. Glenn (Hawera), very pretty French blue taffetas, trimmed with wide bands of cream silk lace insertion; Miss Brewster, cream net; Miss Colson, cream silk, semi-Empire; Miss Kirkby, violet crystalline Empire frock, trimmed with panels of black and violet flowered guimpe; Miss Saxton, pale blue striped voile, with bands of cream lace on corsage; Miss B. Evans, cream lace; Miss F. Evans, cream embroidered silk; Miss Kyngdon, pretty rose pink silk, decolletage finished with bands of gold guimpe; Mrs. Claud Weston, pale blue embroidered net over silk taffetas; Miss Jackson, scarlet velvet; Miss Leatham looked well in a pretty cream satin charmeuse with front panel and bib yoke of rich cream lace; Miss Lallie, very pretty wine-coloured velvet, decolletage, finished with gold sequined embroidery; Miss Mathews, pale pink silk; Miss B. Mathews (debutante) looked winsome in white satin charmeuse veiled in net; Mrs. MacDiarmid, black taffetas; Miss MacDiarmid, cream taffetas trimmed with silk fringe; Miss Webster, pale green taffetas; Miss L. Webster, cream silk; Mrs. Penn, pale blue satin charmeuse, front panel profusely tucked; Miss E. Penn (debutante) looked well in a dainty Liberty satin, with bands of silver sequined net on decolletage, and she carried a lovely shower bouquet; Miss S. Capel, pale blue taffetas, with black velvet belt and choux; Miss N. Capel, rose pink taffetas, finished with cream lace, and violets on corsage; Miss V. Simpson, canary-coloured silk; Miss D. Simpson, cream taffetas, relieved with scarlet; Miss Fraser, pale blue satin charmeuse, veiled in beige blue embroidered net, decolletage finished with gold fringe; Miss Kerr (Wanganui), shell pink satin charmeuse, corsage finished with cream lace; Mrs. Southall, black silk, real lace berthe, pink rose in coiffure; Miss Bedford, black taffetas; Miss D. Bedford, pale blue muslin; Miss Hanna, turquoise silk; Miss N. Hanna, cream silk; Mrs. G. Kibbell, pretty black satin charmeuse, cross over bodice finished

with motifs of cream lace; Miss Robinson, shell pink crepe de chine; Miss E. Robinson, cream silk voile, corsage trimmed with pink; Miss Orbell, pale blue taffetas; Miss F. Orbell, rose pink taffetas; Miss Baker, cream taffetas; Mrs. Horne, lettuce green taffetas, trimmed with wide bands of pink floral trimming; Miss Wade, cream silk, finished with heliotrope; Miss Humphries, black satin; Miss H. Humphries, pale yellow silk; Mrs. Street, black taffetas; Miss Street looked extremely well in cream taffetas, with silk fringe trimming; Mrs. Symes (Cheviot), sky blue satin charmeuse; Mrs. Gunston, turquoise blue silk; Miss Hoskin, rose pink silk; Miss K. Hall, pale blue muslin, red roses on corsage; Mrs. Gilmore, cream taffetas; Miss C. Macklow (Auckland), pale pink satin charmeuse; Mrs. H. Oswin, canary-coloured silk with Oriental trimming; Miss O. Mackay, cream embroidered net over lace; Miss D. Roy, cream mousseline; Miss G. Roy, white silk messaline trimmed with cream silk lace; Mrs. Wylie, black taffetas, real lace berthe; Mrs. S. Nolan, cream silk, bodice trimmed with pale blue; Miss Patt, pale pink velvet Princess robe, sequined berthe; Miss Kirkby, pale green net, embroidered with silver sequins; Miss Abbott, pale blue silk; Mrs. Leatham, black net robe over white silk; Miss Skinner, black lace over silk, emerald green silk Empire belt; Miss Douglas (Dunedin), rich cream lace over glass; Miss Standish, pale blue taffetas, with silver sequined guimpe; Mrs. Malone, cream silk; Miss Lepper, white embroidered muslin; Miss E. Russell, cream silk trimmed with bands of black; Miss Blundell, cream taffetas; Miss R. Clarke, cream taffetas; Miss M. Clark, ivory satin, with cream lace panel; Miss Fitzherbert, pale blue taffetas, decolletage finished with cream lace. During the evening Mr. Stewart McGuinness (president of the club) presented Mr. J. Wilkie with the gold medals won by him in the three point-to-point steeplechases.

Bridge Party.

Mrs. R. A. Gray gave a very pleasant bridge party last Friday evening in honour of her guest, Miss Kerr (Wanganui), and the prizes were won by Miss Standish and Mr. A. Bewley. Mrs. Gray, wore pale grey silk voile over taffetas, trimmed with cream lace; Miss Kerr (Wanganui), cream taffetas, cream silk lace bib yoke; Miss Fraser, cream taffetas, gold guimpe; Miss Bedford, cream silk, emerald green ceinture; Miss Leatham, cream silk voile, cream lace yoke; Miss Hanna, turquoise silk; Miss Standish, pale blue muslin, trimmed with black velvet ribbon; Miss Brewster, pale pink floral muslin, trimmed with pink silk bands; Miss Blundell, white muslin; Miss Bayley, black silk, real lace berthe, and turquoise ornaments; Miss Read, cream silk, with Oriental trimmings.

Personal.

Rev. A. Colville has returned to Auckland after his pleasant trip to New Plymouth, where he was the guest of Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Evans.

Miss Kerr, who has been visiting Mrs. R. A. Gray, New Plymouth, has returned to Wanganui.

Miss O. Glenn has returned to Hawera after her short visit to New Plymouth, where she was the guest of Mrs. Bedford.

FEILDING.

September 11.

Children's Fancy Dress Dance.

Mrs. Glasgow gave a most enjoyable children's fancy dress dance on Wednesday, 8th September. The hall was nicely decorated and the supper table prettily arranged with spring flowers. The small guests were invited at half-past six until nine o'clock, when they had supper. The grown-ups danced after the little ones had gone home until about two in the morning. The grand march at seven was a pretty sight. Miss Joan Glasgow received her guests dressed as a Marguerite. Miss and Master Roberts looked very nice as "Jack and Jill"; Miss Gorton, "Red Riding Hood"; Miss M. Geison, "Waiting Maid"; Miss Tai Geison, "Sea Nymph"; Miss Addie and Jessica McCullum looked sweet as "Collen Bawn"; Miss D. Fitzherbert, "Daisy"; Miss D. Levin, "Spanish Girl"; Miss Marian Atkinson, "Nurse"; Miss Margaret Atkinson, "Winter"; Miss Eileen Miller, "Orange Girl"; Miss Stella Fitch "French Maid"; Miss Dulse McGuire and Miss Freida McGuire, "Ancient and

Modern Ladies"; Miss Rita Jackson, "Japanese"; Miss Betty Fitzherbert, "A Rose"; Miss Roselind Jones, "A Rose"; Miss Molly Holt, "Fairy"; Masters C. Geison, "Nigger"; R. Geison, "King's Herald"; I. Millar, "Huntaman"; Brewster, "Sailorboy"; J. Lawson, "Cook"; C. Willis, "Little Boy Blue"; I. Atkinson, "A Girl"; D. Richmond, "A Cricketer"; F. Gorton, "Chinaman."

TUL.

SOUTH TARANAKI.

Hawera, September 10.

Bridge.

The Bridge Club this week met at Mr. and Mrs. Coutts', and proved quite as successful as former ones. We are all sorry to think that these enjoyable little bridge evenings have come to an end. Those present were:—Mr., Mrs. and Miss McLean, Mr. and Mrs. Sutton, Mrs. and Misses Williamson (2), Mrs. and Misses Caplen (2), Miss Spragen (Dunedin), Mrs. Inlay Saunders (Wanganui), Mrs. Glenn, Misses Nolan (2), Miss Coutts, Miss Reilly, Messrs. D. Caplen, Tudehope, Webster, Wilkie, Chalmers, Stewart, Dr. Campbell.

Personal.

Mrs. Inlay Saunders, who has been the guest of Mrs. Coutts, has returned to Wanganui.

Mr. and Mrs. Gillies have gone to Palmerston North. Mr. Gillies is competing in the Manawatu Golf Tournament.

Mrs. Finch has returned to Wellington.

The many friends of Mr. G. Glenn (Mania) will be pleased to hear the operation he underwent in a private hospital, in New Plymouth, was successful. We wish him a speedy recovery.

Miss Harrison (Wanganui) is the guest of Mrs. Good.

JOAN.

WANGANUI.

September 10.

A Successful Show.

A very successful flower show was held in the Museum Hall last Friday and Saturday. The display of spring bulbs, anemones, etc., was excellent. Amongst those present were: Mrs. W. Anderson, in a green Harris tweed coat and skirt, green and cream-striped blouse, black hat of crinoline straw with black coque feathers; Miss Anderson, navy blue coat and skirt, with pale heliotrope cloth waistcoat effect, navy blue hat; Mrs. Montgomerie, black coat and skirt, black bonnet with white, and white aigrette; Mrs. Rawson, navy blue coat and skirt, cream vest, becoming hat to match; Miss Reichart, green cloth costume, with cream net and lace, tucked sleeves with ornamental buttons, green hat with silk to match, and wings; Mrs. H. Bayley, heliotrope cloth coat and skirt, with black military braid and paler shade cloth revers and collar, cream vest, brown fur stole and muff, heliotrope hat with silk and flowers; Mrs. Cromby, navy blue coat and skirt, with collar and revers of Oriental shaded floral silk, embroidered design, cream net vest, electric blue hat with quills; Mrs. Harold; Mrs. Stewart; Mrs. H. Sarjant; Miss Hawkin, violet-shaded tweed coat and skirt, with wide cuffs, collar, and revers of cloth of paler shade edged with ornamental braid, cream vest, large violet hat with wreath of flowers and foliage; Miss R. Hawken, rose-pink crepe gown with black satin buttons on the front of the skirt, pale green knitted scarf, black straw hat with chiffon and wreath of pink roses and foliage; Mrs. O. Lewis, navy blue serge coat and skirt with black military braid, collar and revers, black velvet toque with heliotrope ribbons; Mrs. Stevenson, smart brown costume, with military braid and buttons, brown hat with chiffon and shaded flowers; Miss Brewer wore a green gown with hat to match; Mrs. John Anderson, stylish coat and skirt in heliotrope, shaded with wide military braid, heliotrope hat with shaded flowers; Mrs. Cowper, black coat and skirt, black hat with pale violet flowers; Miss Alexander wore a dark navy coat and skirt with vest of cream net and lace, navy blue silk hat with shaded blue ribbons and quills; Mrs. Mackay, navy blue coat and skirt, cream vest, brown fur stuff, large black picture hat with long ostrich feathers in it; Mrs. Wilford, black serge coat and skirt with black military braid and ornamental buttons, purple hat with the same shaded flowers and coque feathers, brown fur

stole and muff; Miss Wilford, smart navy serge coat and skirt, grey fur stole, navy blue velvet toque, with emerald green wing at the side; Mrs. Palmer, navy blue cloth coat and skirt, black hat with chiffon and feathers; Miss Cameron, brown tweed coat and skirt, brown hat with silk and wings; Mrs. A. Cameron, green tweed coat and skirt, cream vest, green hat with silk and fawn flowers; Miss Mason, navy blue coat and skirt, brown hat with silk and coque feathers; Miss J. Mason, tweed coat and skirt, brown hat with silk to match; Mrs. Barnicoat, navy blue serge coat and skirt with black military braid, cream straw toque with black jet ornaments on the brim; Mrs. Wall, pale grey cloth coat and skirt, green mushroom hat with green velvet ribbon and festoons of tiny pink roses and foliage; Mrs. Moore, fawn

Ballantyne's

YOUR SHOPPING CENTRE

IF YOU WANT
THINGS FASHIONABLE

The Best
FROM EVERY LAND.

A Priced Catalogue and Pattern,
of Materials Sent post free.

J. Ballantyne & Co.
CHRISTCHURCH.

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
Flour 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.

(Iceilma is pronounced—eye-silma.)

Obtainable from
Ralph H. Farnham, Chemist, North Shore.
A. E. Chemist, Queen Street.
W. H. Woodham, Chemist, Queen St.
Flour Cream, 1/- per pot.

cloth coat and skirt, with brown Marabout stole, rose pink straw hat with silk and quill; Mrs. G. Saunders, navy blue coat and skirt, burnt straw hat with shaded pink chrysanthemum, white fur stole and muff; Mrs. Mason, smart navy blue coat and skirt, with buttons of the same material, green velvet toque with green satin ribbons; Mrs. Babbage, crimson striped tweed coat and skirt, with black military braid, and cream vest, straw hat with blue shaded ribbons in it.

Golf.

Last Friday at Hawera a golf match was played between the Wanganui and Hawera Ladies' Clubs, which resulted in all square. The Hawera team were: Mrs. Foyster, Miss Coutts, Mrs. O'Callaghan, Mrs. McLean, Mrs. Hawken, Miss Douglas; Wanganui players were: Miss Cave, Mrs. Good, Miss Parsons, Miss W. Anderson, Mrs. Imlay Saunders, Miss Gresson. The result of the match played at New Plymouth last Thursday between the Wanganui L.G.C. and Nga Motu was a decided win for the latter by 6 to 1. The Nga Motu players were: Miss Stephenson, Miss Standish, Miss Brewster, Miss Percy Smith, Miss Read, Miss Fitzherbert, Mrs. Paton; the Wanganui team consisted of: Miss Cave, Miss O. Stanford, Miss G. Stanford, Miss Gresson, Miss W. Anderson, Mrs. Imlay Saunders, Miss Parsons.

Personal.

Mrs. Montgomerie, of Wanganui, left this week for Wellington.
Miss H. Anderson, of Wanganui, is staying in Wellington with friends.

HUIA.

NELSON.

September 9.

Afternoon Tea.

A very enjoyable afternoon tea was given by Miss Harkness for Miss Rochfort, of Christchurch. Some of those present were: Mrs. Barr, Mrs. S. Gibbs, Miss Bamgart, Misses Gibbs, Miss Atkinson, Miss Boor, Miss Trolove, Miss A. Rochfort. A clever floral competition was won by Miss M. Atkinson.

Progressive Euchre.

Mrs. Richmond gave a large progressive euchre party for Mr. E. Scanders, who is spending some weeks in Nelson. The prize-winners were: Miss Hilda Blundell, who received a silver sweet dish; and Mr. Jack Coots, who won a silver snuffbox. Other prizes were won by Miss F. Trolove and Mr. Cecil Leven. The supper was very daintily served on tables decorated with purple iris and yellow bulbs. Miss E. Richmond received her guests, wearing white taffeta made in the Empire style, relieved with pink ribbon velvet; Mrs. F. Richmond, becoming gown of black taffeta and sequins; Miss K. Scanders, pretty white silk, with red poppies on corsage. Miss F. Richmond, pale blue silk with sequins; Mrs. D. Edwards, pink chiffon Empire frock with lace panels; Mrs. Hoby, lotus blue chiffon with silver embroidery; Mrs. G. Ellis, white satin; Mrs. R. F. Fell, white sequined net over silk; Miss Blundell, white embroidered muslin; Miss Clark, red silk; Miss Gibbs, green flowered muslin; Miss Booth, blue taffeta; Miss Hodson, black silk with white chiffon; Miss Maginity, green muslin; Miss F. Maginity, white with blue sash; Miss Webb, pale blue muslin; Miss Sealy, handsome black taffeta, with white lace; Miss Leggett, pale pink; Miss Blackett, oyster glaze; Miss S. Blackett, floral silk; Miss Trolove, rose chiffon taffeta. Miss F. Edwards, pink nixon; Miss Ledger, white chiffon; Miss Houliker, cream satin with sequins. Messrs. Richmond, Scanders, Edwards, Fell, Coots, Hoby, Houliker (3), Clarke, Hamilton (3), Rowley, Hanron, Heape, Bunny, Booth, Ward (Wellington), Leven, Blundell, Broad, Dr. Barr, and Dr. Bett.

A Successful Dance.

A very successful dance was given by the Messrs. Hamilton at "Mayroyd." Thirty couples were present, and the music, floor and supper arrangements were all perfect. The decorations in the supper room were white cherry blossom with scarlet Japonica, and scarlet ribbons across the table from corner to corner. Mrs. D. Edwards, who acted as hostess, wore black silk net over silk, with insertions of gold and green galon; Mrs. Hoby, green net over glaze; Miss Richmond, white nixon relieved with pink; Miss Leslie (Motueka), mauve eolienne; Miss Booth, white satin; Miss Ledger, black net; Miss F. Ed-

Wards, pink chiffon; Miss Grubb (Wairarapa), green nixon; Miss Houliker, blue taffeta; Miss Leggett, pale pink nixon; Miss G. Harley, blue satin Empire gown; Miss Blundell, white taffeta Empire dress; Miss Douglas, white silk with gold sequins; Miss A. Kelling, mauve taffeta; Miss Webb, black satin; Misses Clark, red silk with berthe of white lace. Messrs. Hamilton (5), Edwards, Clark, Booth, Hair, Rowley, Leggett, Baumgart, Hanron, Heape, Grace (2), Jackson, Houliker (3), Hoby, Williams, Colclough, Dodson, Bunny, Harley, Harris.

Personal.

The Garrison Officers' Club gave a welcome social to Colonel Webb last Saturday.
Mr. Eric Scanders has returned to Wellington.
Mrs. J. Andrew is visiting friends in the Wairarapa.
Miss Blackett has returned from Wellington.
Dr. Pollen has been staying in Nelson.
Miss Grubb (Martinborough) is the guest of Mrs. Henry Edwards.
Miss A. Rochfort (Christchurch) is staying in Nelson.
Mr. H. R. Duncan has gone to Sydney.

BLenheim.

September 8.

Surprise Party.

A most enjoyable surprise party visited Mrs. W. Clouston and her family at St. Andrew's last Friday evening. Some of those I noticed were: Mrs. W. Clouston, black taffeta; Mrs. B. Clouston, white silk; Mrs. Bennett, pale blue voile; Mrs. Hulme, white muslin; Mrs. Adams, black silk; Mrs. Walker, black sequin robe over silk; Mrs. Lucas (Christchurch), black silk; Misses M. Clouston, black taffeta; C. Clouston, pink silk; D. Clouston, floral muslin; L. Clouston, black velvet; F. Chaytor, white silk; McKenzie (Dunedin), black silk relieved with white; Leslie, black silk; E. Mowat, white muslin. N. Mowat, floral muslin; N. Coulter, white crepe de chine; M. Goulter, red silk; E. Goulter, white taffeta; G. Rutherford, pink taffeta. A. Neville, pink silk; Annie Neville, white silk with sequin trimmings; C. Western, black velvet; C. Greenfield, white crepe de chene; Coleman, white silk voile; McKee, white muslin; Scott Smith, white muslin; R. Horton, floral silk; D. Horton, black velvet; Horne, white muslin; MacLaine, white silk; Nevin, white taffeta gold trimmings; U. Grace, spotted muslin; M. Bell, black taffeta. Messrs. Clouston (2), Scott Smith, B. Moore, McShane, Churchward, Reid, P. Hill, Goulter, Munroe, Lucas, Grace, Luke, Horne, A. Bell, Davey, M. Horton, G. Griffiths, Hodson, Mowat, F. Greenfield, Drs. Bennett, Adams, and Anderson.

A Dance.

Mr. and Mrs. Barnett entertained a number of friends at an enjoyable dance on Wednesday evening at their home at Tua Marina. A delicious supper was arranged in a large marquee near the house. Mrs. Barnett received her guests in black silk, and Miss Barnett white silk. Some of those present were: Mrs. Walker, Mrs. Fearless, Mrs. Western, Mrs. Fisher, Misses Western (2), Horton (2), F. Hutcheson, E. Ball, L. Scott, Smith, E. Mount, N. Mowat, C. Clouston, L. Clouston, Messrs. Mowat (2), Barnett (2), Clouston (2), P. Hill, Loder, B. Macey, Fearless, Fisher, Western, Scott Smith, and Parker (3).

Personal.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Mills and Mrs. Bull have returned from their trip to Kai-koura.
Mrs. Lucas (Christchurch), who has been visiting Mrs. Vavasour ("Ugbrooke") has returned home again.
Mrs. Vavasour and Miss Gwen are visiting friends in the North Island.
Mr. J. Conolly has returned from Auckland.
Miss Chaytor has gone South for a holiday.
Miss McKenzie (Dunedin) who has been the guest of the Misses Chaytor's, "Marchlands," has returned.
Miss G. Rutherford "Kekerangau," who has been visiting Mrs. Howard, has returned.
Miss E. McDonald has returned from Christchurch.
Miss D. McIntosh (Wellington) is the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Bennett, Maxwell Road.

JEAN.

CHRISTCHURCH.

September 10.

A Wedding Reception.

A wedding reception was given by Mrs. G. G. Holmes, Christchurch, at her residence, "Knocklynn," on Thursday, on the occasion of her daughter's marriage to Mr. C. C. Paterson. The bride wore an Empire gown of rich white satin Duchesse, with lace panel, yoke and sleeves of tucked chiffon. The bridesmaids, six in number, were the Misses C. and N. Holmes and Miss K. Blaxam, wore pretty frocks of pale blue mesaline, with slashed skirts trimmed with buttons, black picture hats with blush roses. The smaller girls, Miss K. Holmes and Miss A. Kay, wore white muslins, with pale blue sashes, white embroidered hats (tied with blue ribbons); Miss Shiela Holmes (train-bearer) had a frock of white muslin and lace, with pale blue sash, pale blue bonnet of gathered chiffon and lace. Mrs. Holmes, a handsome gown of black nixon de soie over white taffeta, black and white hat; Mrs. Holmes (grandmother of the bride) wore black chiffon taffeta, with black and white bonnet; Mrs. L. V. Kay (Levin), brown silk eolienne Princess robe, sage blue hat with brown quills; Mrs. G. Gordon Holmes (Holmes' Bay), an Empire frock of pale heliotrope satin charmeuse, violet toque with shaded roses; Miss Allan (Dunedin), white embroidered muslin, white hat with pink flowers. A very large number of guests were present. The rooms were beautifully decorated with spring flowers, and a band was in attendance. The bride's travelling dress was a tailor-made costume of lotus blue cloth, with white facings and buttons, black hat with blue flowers.

Afternoon Tea.

Mrs. Wigram (Park Terrace) gave an afternoon tea in honour of Miss Mathias. The guests were Mrs. Vernon, Mrs. Beswick, the Misses Humphreys (2), Pyne (2), Sanders, Symes, Harley, Hill, Bris-

towe, Inman, Moore (2), Cook (2), Anderson (2), Gosset, Bowen, Holderness, Wright, Mrs. Alan Campbell, and Mrs. Williams.

Bridge Party.

A bridge party was given on Wednesday evening by Mrs. Hammer at Fendalton. Amongst the players were: Mrs. and Miss Gerard, Mrs. E. Turrell, Miss Nedwill, Mrs. A. Murray-Aynsley, Messrs. Hammer, Gresson, Dr. Nedwill and Dr. Courtney Nedwill. The prize was won by Miss Gerard.

The Shakespeare Club.

The Shakespeare Club held their meeting at Mrs. Chilton's house in Hereford street West. The play read was "Romeo and Juliet." The members present were: Mrs. Westenaar, Mrs. Bevan-Brown, Miss Reeves, Mrs. and Miss Neave, Mrs. Gower-Burns, Miss J. Wilkin, Mrs. Morton, Mrs. Wood, and Miss Cox.

Golf.

The monthly medal match was played at the Shirley links on Monday afternoon. Miss Harley won in the senior division, and Miss Thomas in the junior.

Personal.


Mrs. John Deans (Riccarton) returned to Christchurch on Wednesday, September 8th, from China, where she had been present at her daughter's marriage with Captain Harris.
Miss Westenaar (Christchurch) left on Wednesday for a trip to Napier.
Mrs. W. Wood (Christchurch) is staying with friends in Dunedin.
Miss Lard (Christchurch) is paying visits in Wanganui.
Mrs. Wardrop (Christchurch) is staying with Mrs. Smithson at Timaru.
Visitors to Christchurch include: Mrs. Gibson (Timaru), who is the guest of Miss Morton at Benley avenue; Mrs. E. Le Cren (Timaru), Mr. and Mrs. A. Roberts (Dunedin), Mr. and Mrs. R. Rhodes (Blacksills), Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Firth (Wellington).

DOLLY VALE.

THE HIGH-CLASS WASHING MATERIAL

Viyella

(Regd.)



DOES NOT SHRINK.

FOR DAY AND NIGHT WEAR. •

Shirts, Pyjamas, &c.

ECONOMICAL BECAUSE DURABLE.

From Leading Hosiery, Outfitters, &c.

SEE THE LABEL ON THE SELVEDGE.

THE HIGH-CLASS WASHING MATERIAL

Viyella

(Regd.)

DOES NOT SHRINK.

FOR DAY AND NIGHT WEAR.

ECONOMICAL BECAUSE DURABLE.



From Leading Drapers

The Queen says: - "You can wear it for night-dresses all the year round!"

SEE THE LABEL ON THE SELVEDGE.

The World of Fashion.

By MARGUERITE.

WITH Spring here, it is time that one's wardrobe was replenished without delay, and now the wonders and delights of new materials and new colours are spread before us, it should not be difficult to choose.

Two of the daintiest colours are a soft mushroom pink and straw. The latter is exactly the tone of straw as it leaves the threshing floor, and in the satin cloths, which still remain the most popular fabric, is particularly chic. I noticed a frock of this colour made in tunic style, with the top of the corsage and underskirt of glistening net. On this a handsome scroll design of the cloth is applied with good effect.

Embroideries still play an important part, but on the new models bolder designs are being used, carried out in self colour in a great many cases, while in others a small piece of rich Oriental colouring gives relief to a gown of more sombre hue.

A material that has been greatly improved in texture and wearing qualities is Shantung. Indeed, it would be difficult to believe that those prepared for this season are the same as the old-fashioned Shantung, which could only be bought in the one natural colour. Shantung rayon is the name of one of these varieties, a silk having a thick grain, almost like a poplin, only silkier, and this can be had in some exquisite shades.

For elegant race coats Shantung rayon is an ideal material, and for dainty frocks lends itself to the careful drapery so essential to the success of a dress of to-day.

That frills at the top of our collars are doomed by the best dressmakers seems a foregone conclusion, but only a few will be able to wear the Puritan collars without neckbands. This style is very becoming to young girls with round faces and moderately long

throats; but what are the women with necks three inches long to do?

In lawn, very deep and plain, a collar of this description will enhance the cream serge coat for summer wear, and many of the blouses of ample make and material are showing them. For those who prefer their throats covered, I recommend a collar-band and tiny vest of fine net and lace, and then the turn-down collar, cut rather lower than usual, fixed to the dress itself.

Trimming from the Back is to be one of the Features of the New Millinery.

There are no end of charming hats in the new spring millinery. At first the array is bewildering, and it seems as though every hat was a different shape. Then, as one gradually becomes accustomed to them, a faint family resemblance is discovered in several, and one soon finds that it is the new and clever arrangement of trimmings which has considerable to do in making this diversity of shapes.

New straws, new shapes, new trimmings, and new colour schemes are shown in greater number than ever before, so that the women who are always seeking something entirely different from what they have seen before must, for once, acknowledge that a feast has been provided for them. Yet the woman who is a bit more conservative in her taste, and prefers something to which her eye is more accustomed, has by no means been forgotten, though the shapes that are reminiscent of the past season take on new dimensions or some new curve that makes them even more attractive.

SUBDUED TAPESTRY COLOURS.

Praises without end could be sung in favour of the new millinery colours.

They are those soft, subdued, artistic tones only to be found in old tapestries. Straws, flowers, feathers, and ribbons

are all shown in these beautiful tones, and, while at first thought blue, purple, and even green roses are anomalies, it may be hard to accept, after one sees the clever combination of several of these odd blossoms upon one of the new hats, conversion is instantaneous.

Colour is to be an important factor this season, for while the all-black hat



This is an eccentric, but novel, variety of the "granny" bonnet, in Tuscan fancy straw, with a band of black velvet across the front, while the crown itself is covered with shaded purple and yellow wisteria blossoms.



Upon this beautiful evening gown, flowers made of ribbon with foliage embroidered upon the gown form a most effective decoration.

will be worn in most instances, the black shape will be trimmed with both coloured flowers and ribbons. One very striking black hemp hat is of the Louis XVI order, having a slightly upturned brim at the left side. The high crown is draped with wide black moire ribbon, and several stiff little bows of narrower moire ribbon are placed on the moderately-wide brim. Two moderately-long willow plumes are fastened at an angle of 90 deg to the front of the hat. This hat could quite as well be worn with several costumes, as could the all-black Neapolitan poke. This, too, has an enormously high crown, with a rather narrow front brim that gradually widens until at the back it is of goodly dimensions. The high crown is draped with a soft satin ribbon sash-width, the ends of which are drawn through a cut jeb buckle in the back. These ends are fully a yard and a-half long, and are intended to be worn either hanging down the back or crossed in front and fastened with a jewelled brooch. Other black hats that are trimmed with black have coloured facings, preference for this purpose being given to satin finished crepes and to chiffon. Thus the woman to whom black against the face is trying—and there are many such—may wear the useful black hat by having it faced with the colour which is most becoming to her, of course taking into consideration to some degree the colour which will harmonise with the majority of her costumes.

BLACK HATS TRIMMED WITH COLOUR.

The black hat trimmed with a colour is mostly found among the flower-laden hats. One of the most attractive of these models is of the new mushroom shape, the sole ornamentation being an encircling band of fine flowers of various colours mingled with a discreet amount of foliage. Another model suitable for a young girl, but which could be copied with other flowers, is literally covered with large white daisies. Only the blossom is used for this trimming, it being sewn flat to the shape, and there is a bow of light blue ribbon at one side.

While the coloured hat is to be the dominating hat of the season, this does not necessarily imply that the hat must match the costume with which it is to be worn. The fashion idea is rather that the coloured hat shall harmonise with the costume, so that there is considerable latitude in the choice of the coloured hat. To be sure, there are women who will prefer the hat to match the costume, and with the amethyst gown will select an amethyst hat, for a green dress a green hat, and so on throughout the entire range of colour. But the up-to-date woman will choose a hat of one of the new indefinite shades, and so give the latest style touch to her toilet, and this will be particularly true for the tailored suit.



This shows us another practical linen tailor-made costume, in this instance all in white. It is trimmed with white soutache, whilst the skirt, which just clears the ground, is pleated and corseleted. A coat and skirt made in this style is always delightful with little tucked batiste blouses. The hat is of Tuscan tagel straw, and trimmed with a deep band of coral and roses.

TRIMMED FROM BACK.

A particularly happy combination of colours is a model in rough grey straw, ornamented with a paradise feather in several shades of amethyst and with a band of dull green velvet encircling the

crown. Another grey mushroom model is trimmed with small pointed amethyst wings. The novelty consists in the way the trimming is posed as the dozens of little wings are pointed from the back toward the front.

This trimming from the back is to be one of the features of the new millinery, particularly for the hat of moderate size. This is due to the fact that the majority of these hats set down over the head, for the hat this season is really a head-covering. The new hats mean death to the pompadour, to the physician's pet abomination, the rat, and the roll. For these wise men say that these articles keep the head so warm that they are disease breeders of the

worst kind. So they should be strong upholders of the new styles in millinery, which will cause the hair to be modestly parted in front, and then waved and slightly extended at the sides, with the mass of hair arranged in puffs or big knots at the back of the head.

Garlanded With Blossoms.

Asked to determine what was the most beautiful trimming the present season of dress has been given for the evening toilette, an authority decided in favour of the floral garniture seen upon a robe made for a recent regal occasion.

It was a robe of shaded blue tulle that was thus decorated, and the shading graduated from a pale grey-white to an azure of blue. Upon this effective background roses were arranged, roses made of ribbon so natural in their lovely pink and "tea" shades that they looked as if they had been plucked from the bushes. The foliage that surrounded them was embroidered on the tulle, another proof of the skill of the workwomen responsible for a singularly fascinating toilette.

Announcement

By Special Appointment to

 The Earl and Countess of Glasgow.
 By Special Appointment to

 The Earl and Countess of Ranfurly.

NODINE & CO

Ladies' Tailors, WELLINGTON.

The Oldest and Best Firm for Ladies Tailoring in Australasia,

Have opened up their

NEW GOODS

Mr. NODINE will do the fitting.

Patterns and Self-measurement Forms sent on application.

Coats and Skirts from £5 5s.

Skirts (lined or Un-lined) from 30s.



A NEW PIECE OF MILLINERY.

Worn tilted high at one side, and drooping at the other.



P. D. CORSETS

give the figure the ideal poise and swing. With perfect support, they give perfect gracefulness. Modelled on true hygienic principles, they conduce to perfect health. The P.D. is the modern Corset par excellence, alike for the working woman and the woman of fashion.

The Question of the Day

The question of to-day, of to-morrow,
and of every succeeding day is

HAVE YOU USED PEARS' SOAP? If you have not, you have not done your duty by your skin and complexion. If, on the other hand—that is on both hands, and on the face, and on the skin generally—you **HAVE** used **PEARS**, you can feel happy, for you will have done the best that possibly can be done for the skin's health and beauty. There can be no question about that.

PEARS has been making beautiful complexions for nearly 120 years.

PEARS

MATCHLESS FOR THE COMPLEXION

**International Exhibition,
CHRISTCHURCH,
1906-1907.**

THE FOLLOWING HIGH-CLASS MILLED, DESICCATED AND DELICATELY PERFUMED

**LONDON MADE
TOILET SOAPS**

WERE EXHIBITED BY THE MANUFACTURERS—
PRICE'S PATENT CANDLE Co., Limited
(LONDON and LIVERPOOL)

"REGINA"
"REGINA CREAM" "REGINA VIOLET"
"COURT" "BUTTERMILK"
"PALMITINE BATH" "GLYCERIN CREAM"

These Soaps may be obtained through any CHEMIST or STORE-KEEPER Wholesale in

AUCKLAND, CHRISTCHURCH, DUNEDIN, INVERCARGILL, &c.	NAPIER, NELSON, NEW PLYMOUTH, WELLINGTON, &c.
--	---

THE COMPANY ALSO SHOWED SPECIMENS OF THEIR LEADING BRANDS OF:

CANDLES NIGHT LIGHTS GLYCERIN

And of their Celebrated—
"GAS ENGINE OILS"
MOTOR OILS AND LUBRICANTS

51 HONOURS and AWARDS.
2 Grand Prizes Franco-British Exhibition, 1908.

NATURAL

ENO'S

HEALTH-GIVING

FRUIT

REFRESHING

SALT

INVIGORATING

HILL & PLUMMER, Ltd.,
Wholesale and Retail Merchants,
QUEEN ST., AUCKLAND.

Importers of:
OILS, PAINTS, WHITE and RED LEADS, PICTURE MOULDINGS, PAINTERS' BRUSHWARE, VARNISHES, etc.
PLATE, SHEET, SILVERED and ORNAMENTAL GLASS.

We stock every requisite for PAINTING, PAPERHANGING and GLAZING.
We are manufacturers of BEVELLED PLATE GLASSES and MIRROR GLASS.
We have the most COMPREHENSIVE STOCK OF ARTISTIC

Wall Papers and Friezes

In the Dominion. New shipments arriving every month. Call and see them. Our showroom is always at your disposal. Send for patterns, and state what rooms you require for, and price you wish to give.

Agents for:
Sherwin Williams' Coach and House Paint.
We warrant this paint to last as long again as paint prepared from White Lead, although it only costs the same. Color card on application.

HILL & PLUMMER, LTD.,
Telegrams: "HILMER," Auckland.

Verse Old and New.

Old Ships.

If men could learn what you ships know,
Leaning along the quay,—
Old giants crippled by the loud
Wild anger of the Sea,—
Surging in awe and wonderment
The souls of men would be!
Could you but tell the stately joy
Of your effectual day,
When worked by anxious hearts you
swung,
Sounding the channel-way,
Under a sun-splashed foreign head
Into an unknown bay!
Oh, that some master caught the song
Sung round your flashing wings,
Your coppered prows, and found the full
Calm sense of awful things
You ships have felt who made the road
For faiths and men and kings.
Heading out for the dark world ends
Where fate with the human wars,
Your every plank was a story brave,
Song spoke from your bending spars,
Your halliards rang to the morning wind,
Your topmasts frightened the stars!
We've seen the summer horizon take
On white ships going South
Fair dreams and desires of stranded men
Into its flaming mouth;
Ships drive far over the rich, bright Sea,
Men droop in a land of drouth.
They watch your goings and muse in awe
Of all that the high ships know
Of mammoth billows that rise and wreck,
Of jagged rocks grinding slow,
Of unknown wonders, away, beyond,
Where never the landmen go.
The salt that burns and the dreadful
death,
Hoarse cries from desolate throats,
Ropes wrenching loud while the moun-
tain seas
Flick men from the decks like motes;
Not in green fabulous isles, but here

Romance's ensign floats!
Romance! That dream's a lie! You fought
The hideous battle and chance,
Heard brown men curse at the frightful
things
That harass a ship's advance—
But you've been far out where the world
is new,
You've fathomed the real Romance!
You set in the frowning forest off
The germ of an opulent town;
The statesman's empire-plans have
spread,
And he's thrown the engines down;
Now the years came sad to you dying
ships
Without hope and alone.
Though you have found the Ocean sweet,
Though you have known him cruel,
Though your lights flared like the beacon
fires,
Your planks shall split for fuel.
Now you've limped up the river slow,
Fagged, beaten in the duel!
Brave death in a storm is not your
doom;
They towed you as worn-out slaves
Far from the reach of your restless wild
Old enemies, the waves;
For Ocean chafes at the masterful ships
And black revenge he craves!
You found fresh worlds with your slim,
swift prow,
Learned more than the greatest shall;
But a shameful track to death awaits
Four-master and caraval;
You rot with the black coal-barges round
In a smoke-befogged canal!
Old ships! Old ships! It's battle and
bear—
The nights blot out the sky,
A strong man offers this one shamed sob
And a maiden her wept "Good-bye,"
As they turn in the dark from the hal-
lowed place
Where the old ships come to die).
When off in the caverned night men
muse

On life's locked mystery,
Search for the truth in place and power,
The has-been and to-be.
The answer comes in visioned death,
Death and the visioned Sea,
And you have strode that opal Sea,
Touched that enchanted sky,
Fought in the night, and loved our sun
And worked your part—Good-bye—
For all your knowledge rots with you
As all your sorrows die.
—Furnley Maurice, in "The Speculator."

The Disappointed Lover.
I will go back to the great sweet
mother—
Mother and lover of men, the Sea.
I will go down to her, I and none other,
Close with her, kiss her, and mix her
with me;
Cling to her, strive with her, hold her
fast.
O fair white mother, in days long past
Born without sister, born without
brother,
Set free my soul as thy soul is free.

The Babe.
From underneath a coverlet of rags
There peered a dainty, smiling infant
face
Whose innocence and beauty quite trans-
formed
The tatters into strands of rarest lace.
Another face upon the pillow lay,
But no such crystal pureness lingered
there.
"How came," I asked myself in wonder-
ment,
"From commonplace such sweetness
rare?"
But in the woman's eye there flashed a
gleam
Almost transfiguring her; and then I
knew
The star-eyed beauty of the tender babe
Was but the mother's ardent hopes
come true!

O fair green-girdled mother of mine,
Sea, that are clothed with the sun and
the rain,
Thy sweet hard kisses are strong like
wine,
Thy large embraces are keen like pain.
Save me and hide me with all thy waves.
Find me one grave of thy thousand
graves,
Those pure cold populous graves of
thine,—
Wrought without hand in a world
without stain.
I shall sleep, and move with the moving
ships,
Change as the winds change, veer in
the tide;
My lips will feast on the foam of thy
lips.
I shall rise with thy rising, with thee
subside;
Sleep, and not know if she be, if she
were,
Filled full with life to the eyes and hair,
As a rose is full filled to the rose-leaf tips
With splendid summer and perfume
and pride.

The Man Shopper.
The man who goes a-shopping hasn't any
chance at all—
He gets slammed against the counters
and gets smashed against the wall;
In their element fair shoppers give him
jolts and elbow pecks,
And in other ways apprise him they are
of the gentler sex;
The floorwalker's directions make his
head begin to swim,
And the clerks are patronising and supe-
rior to him—
Oh, their glances, how they quell him,
Oh, the fairy tales they tell him,
Oh, the kind of junk they sell him—
Yes, indeed, his chance is slim.

This woven raiment of nights and days,
Were it once cast off and unwound
from me,
Naked and glad would I walk in thy
ways,
Alive and aware of thy waves and thee.
Clear of the whole world, hidden at home,
Clothed with the green, and crowned
with the foam,
A pulse of the life of thy straits and
bays,
A vein in the heart of the streams of
the sea.
—From "The Triumph of Time," by A.
C. Swinburne.

Anecdotes and Sketches.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Her "Grace."

A CERTAIN duchess was renowned, both for her exquisite toilettes and her slowness in paying for the same. One creditor, after being repeatedly refused admittance to the ducal palace, sent her small daughter with a bill. The child was carefully instructed as to her department, the mother's parting admonition being: "And when you address the duchess-be sure and say 'Your Grace.'"
The child promised, and hurried to the palace, where she easily gained an audience. Presenting the bill to her Grace, she folded her hands as if asking a blessing, and said: "Fer what we are about to receive, Lord, make us duly thankful." The bill was paid.

A Steady Flow.

A truly eloquent parson had been preaching for an hour or so on the immortality of the soul.
"I look at the mountains," he declaimed, "and cannot help thinking, 'Beautiful as you are, you will be destroyed, while my soul will not.' I gazed upon the ocean and cried, 'Mighty as you are, you will eventually dry up, but not I!'"

The Caustic Caddy.

President Taft plays golf fairly well, but on his return from Cuba, away back in his career, he did not make a good impression on the links. After some pretty bad work on the first two holes, he said apologetically to his caddy, a stranger from the East: "I'm certainly out of form to-day. I've been on a sea-voyage, you see. It must have upset me."
"Played before, have ye?" said the caddy.

Poor Judgment.

The Paris critic, Martin, once only had taken his chocolate in a place other than the Cafe Foy, and he then found it not good. This happened at the Regence, and the young woman at the desk, to whom he expressed his displeasure, said: "You are the only one to complain. All the gentlemen of the court who come here find it good." "They also say, perhaps, that you are pretty," he replied, slowly.

Poor John.

A Philadelphian who was formerly a resident of a town in the north of Pennsylvania recently visited his old home. "What became of the Hoover family," he asked an old friend. "Oh," answered the latter, "Tom Hoover did very well. Got to be an actor out West. Bill, the other brother, is something of an artist in New York; and Mary, the sister, is doing literary work. But John never amounted to much. It took all he could lay his hands on to support the others."

A Reason for Everything.

According to the story, widely believed throughout Islam, a dog approached Allah while the latter was engaged in the construction of Eve, and seizing the rib which the Almighty had just taken from Adam's side, ran off with it. Allah, it is said, followed in hot pursuit, and managed to grasp the tail, which the dog had neglected to tuck away. The tail remained in Allah's hands, the dog escaping with the rib. Allah thereupon, faute de mieux, utilised the dog's tail instead of Adam's rib for the construction of the mother of mankind, and it is owing to this, according to the Arabs, that woman is just as incapable of remaining quiet and motionless for two minutes together as is the tail of a dog.

No Blessed Pigeon.

For the first time the old lady was about to make a railway journey in England, and when she arrived at the station she did not know what to do. "Young man," she said to a porter, who looked about as old as Methuselah, "can you tell me where I can get my ticket?" "Why, mum," he replied, "you get it at the booking office, through the pigeon hole." Being very stout, she looked at the hole in amazement, and then she burst out in a rage: "Go away with you! How can I get through there? I aint no blessed pigeon."



SOINCE AND HILTH.

"That's a very foony place to be takin' yer aise, Hogan. Aren't yez cowid?"
"Oi tink Oi am, but Oi'm not. Oi've become a Christian Scientist."
"But wuddent yez be more comfortable on the bank?"
"That's the divil uv it, Flaherty; Oi'd tink Oi wuz, but Oi wuddent be!"

The Fate of Wagner.

At a London dinner years ago, and now described in a book of recollections, Edward King, the author, was most enthusiastic in his praise of Wagner, not only as a musician, but as a poet. "I have no doubt," he said, at length, "that in coming time Wagner will be ranked above Beethoven and Schiller." "I quite agree with you," responded L. Alma Tadema, the famous painter, "for certainly Wagner was a greater musician than Schiller and a greater poet than Beethoven."

Getting Even.

A young man late one cold and wintry night, found the door of his college locked against him. The young man outside argued with the doorkeeper inside, cajoled, and entreated, but to no avail. Eventually he slipped half a sovereign under the door and was admitted. It was a financial deal wisely thought out on strict business lines. Once inside, he informed the janitor (falsely) that unfortunately, after taking the half-sovereign out of his purse, he had dropped the purse itself on the doorstep. The attendant went out to secure it, but once on the chilly, wet doorstep, the door was slammed. Then the deal was repeated, for the shivering mercenary was not allowed into his warm abode until he had slipped the half-sovereign back again.

Worse Than the Others.

There was a certain Bishop of Amiens, who was consulted by a lady as to whether she might wear rouge. She had been with several directeurs, but some could not satisfy her conscience, and therefore, was come to monseigneur to decide for her, and would rest by his sentence. "I see, madame," said the good prelate, "what the case is; some of your caustics forbid rouge totally; others will permit you to wear as much as you please. Now, for my part, I love a medium in all things, and, therefore, I permit you to wear rouge on one cheek only."



GOOD ENOUGH FOR ALGY.

"Algy, dear," remarked a young wife to her husband, "I wish you would taste this milk and see if it is perfectly sweet. If it's the least bit sour I mustn't give any of it to dear little Fido!"



NOT NECESSARY.

"You never come to the club, now, do you?"
 "No, my wife's away from home!"

A LONG TIME AGO.

Hubbubs: "Hello, Subbubs! Have you a good cook now?"
 Subbubs: "I really don't know. I haven't been home since 8 o'clock this morning."

BREAKING IT GENTLY.

Jack: Perhaps you don't like my style of dancing?
 Orme (in distress): Well, there is rather too much sameness about it.
 Jack: Er—how may I vary it?
 Orme: Suppose you tread on my left foot once in a while.



Little Girl (at fete held in interests of Stage Orphanage): "Mamma, why do actors have orphans?"

TAKING THE BLAME.

Young lady (to Tommy, who has just announced that he is engaged to a lady aged twelve): Why, I thought you always promised to marry me!
 Tommy: Yes, yea, I know I did. I blame myself entirely.

APPENDICITIS OR CURIOSITY.

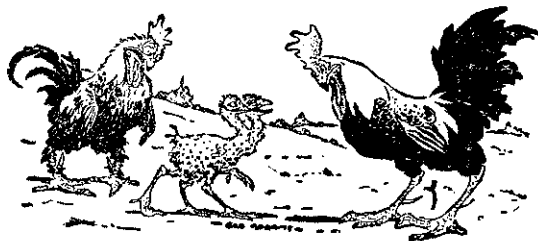
"Did you ever have appendicitis?" said the insurance man. "Well," answered the sceptic, "I was operated on. But I never felt sure whether it was a case of appendicitis or a case of professional curiosity."

A COMPARISON TO HAND.

Pertinent was the rebuke administered by a police magistrate, who is a keen horseman, to a bluejacket who had been using his liberty more for the benefit of sundry saloon-keepers than himself. "You men," said the judge, "earn your money like horses and spend it like asses!"

A MATTER OF FORM.

The evils of tight lacing,
 Why should they raise a storm!
 For wearing stays, nowadays,
 Is only a matter of form.



"Hello, daddy! We are that double-yoked egg mother's been setting on."

AMOR VINCIT OMNIA.

Mother: "And when he proposed, did you tell him to see me?"
 Daughter: "Yes, mamma; and he said he'd seen you several times, but he wanted to marry me just the same."

IMPOSSIBLE.

"But why don't you believe that I have a friend who is much more beautiful than I am?"
 "Because it is impossible that she should be your friend if she is really more beautiful than you."

WHAT COULD HE HAVE MEANT!

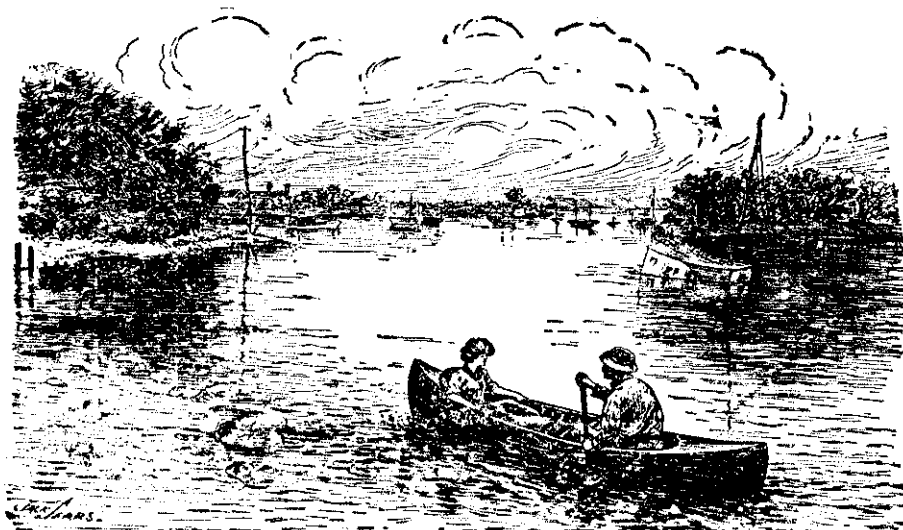
"Do you ever write on an empty stomach?" asked the mere man.
 "Sir!" exclaimed the literary person, "I am a poet, not a tattoo artist!"

A NEW INSOMNIA.

Wigwag (trying to think of insomnia): "When you haven't been able to sleep for about a week, what do you call it?"
 Youngpoo: "What is it—a boy or girl?"

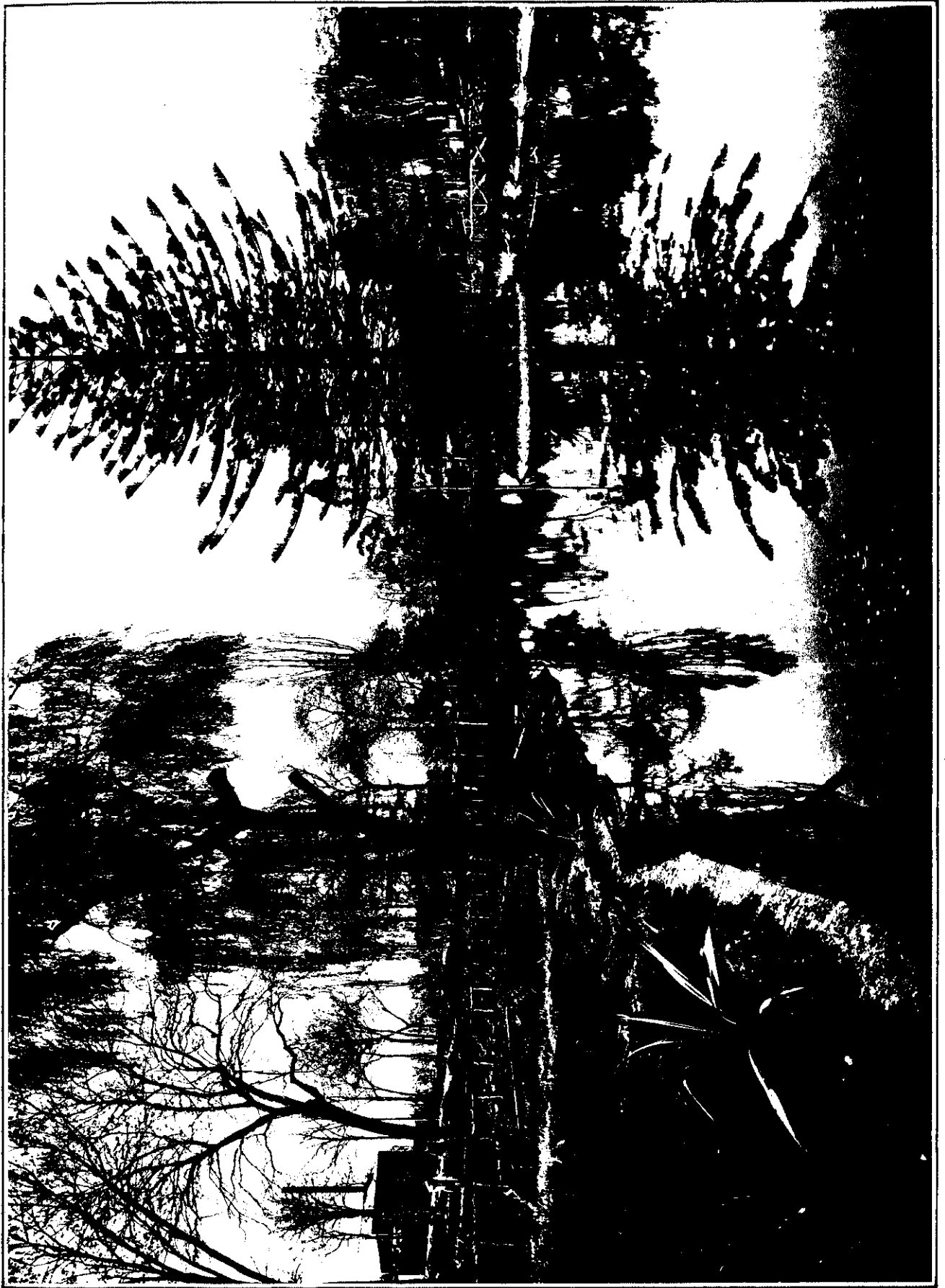
WHEN DIPLOMACY FAILED.

Mistress: "Bridget, it always seems to me that the crankiest mistresses get the best cooks."
 Cook: "Ah, go on wid yer blarney!"



WHAT DID SHE MEAN!

He—"I would kiss you if we were not in a canoe."
 She—"Sir! I wish to be taken ashore instantly."



IN THE DOMAIN. AUCKLAND.

A pretty aspect of the new ornamental ponds, which mark a decided advance towards the beautification of the largest of Auckland's public reserves.