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" But the greatest of these is Charity."

THE FOURTH GENERATION.

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By Sir Walter Besant.

Author of "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," "Herr Paulus," "The Master Craftsman," "Armour of Lyonesse," "The World Went Very Well Then," "All in a Garden Fair," "Children of Gibeon," etc., etc.

CHAPTER X.I.

WHAT HE SAID.

Leonard received him with resignation rather than surprise.

"More trouble, I believe. You are the third member of this unlucky family who has looked in this afternoon. Pray, my dear Uncle Christopher, what is wrong with you?"

"Social ruin. That is all. Social ruin for all of us. And the alienation of my own family from their parent," Christopher replied, in a broken voice. "That is all, that is all. That is why I come to you."

He finished his confession and the tale of the catastrophe, at last.

"I understand, I think," said Leonard, whose face had been gradually darkening—indeed it was a saddening story. "Some of the story I have already heard. You got through your fortune early in life, in riotous living, in company with your brother. There was some trouble about a cheque, I believe. Quite so. You say that it was my Uncle Fred's trouble. He says, on the other hand, that you did it. Don't think I wish to inquire into the horrid story. I have found out quite enough shame and degradation among us without raking up that old business."

"If Fred says that, it is simply disgraceful. Why, everybody knew—but, as you say, why rake up old scandals?—at the time when it happened—but why, as you say—"

"Why, indeed? Except to make quite sure that there is no longer a shred of family pride possible for us? Well, and then you married and entered upon a general course of imposition and deception, by which you have managed to live ever since, and to maintain your family with credit."

"Excuse me, I don't call it deception. Nobody is deceived, except pleasantly. Is it wrong to present a fellow creature in an agreeable and quite unexpected character before the world? Can you blame me for raising the standard of after-dinner oratory? Can you blame me for creating reputations by the dozen?"

"I make no doubt that you persuaded yourself that it was laudable and honourable. Nevertheless—"

"You must consider how it grew. First, I was myself a good after-dinner speaker. Next, I was hard up. Then a man—old friend, of course, now a colonial judge—came to me for help. I wrote him a speech and he bought it—that is to say, he lent me ten pounds for it—really he bought my secrecy. That's how it began. Money was necessary. There was an unexpected way of making money. So it spread."

"I have no doubt that the practice of imposition was duly paid for."

"You must consider—really. There is nothing envied so much as the reputation of good after-dinner speaking. I supply that reputation. People go where they are likely to hear good speeches. I supply those speeches."

"I do not deny the position. But you are, nevertheless, helping a man, for money, to deceive the world."

"To deceive the world? Not at all. To delight the world. Why, I am a public benefactor: I open the purses at charity dinners; I send the people home in good temper. Do you think the people care two pins who is speaking, if they can be amused?"

"Then—why this secrecy?"

"Why not?" He walked about the room, swinging his arms and turning from time to time on Leonard as he made his points and pronounced his apology. "Why not? I ask. You talk as if some fraud was carried on. Nobody is defrauded; I earn my fees as much as any barrister. Look you, Leonard, my position is unique—and—and—yes—honourable—if you look at it rightly."

"Honourable? Oh!"

"Yes, I am the Universal After-Dinner Speaker. I supply the speeches for every occasion. I keep up the reputation of the city for eloquence.

Why, we were rapidly sinking; we were already acknowledged to be far below the American level. Then I came. I raised the standard. Our after-dinner speeches—mine—are becoming part of our national greatness—why? Because I, sir, I—Christopher Campaigne—took them in hand."

"Yet in secrecy?"

"I carry on this business alone—I myself—hitherto without recognition. The time may come when the national distinctions will be offered to the—in fact—the After-Dinner Demosthenes."

"You look so far forward?"

"I confess that the work is light, easy—to me at least—and pleasant. It is also well paid. People are willing to give a great deal for such a reputation as I can make for them. Nobody ever wants to see me. Nobody knows who I am. Nobody wants to know. That is natural, come to think of it. The whole business is done by correspondence. I work for none but persons of wealth and position. Confidence is respected on both sides. Sometimes the whole of a dinner, so to speak, passes through my hands. I have known occasions on which I have sat, unrecognised, at a dinner table and listened to my speeches being delivered well or ill, through the whole evening. Imagine, if you can, the glow and glory of such an evening."

"A ruddy hue—of shame." His uncle took up his hat. "I came for advice," he said, "not for reproaches. Find me, if you can, a better way of livelihood."

"I don't know that any reproaches would improve the position. Why did you come to me?"

"I came for advice—if you have any to give. I came because this misfortune has fallen upon me, and you are reputed to be wise beyond your years."

"The fact of your occupation is misfortune enough."

"Well? You have nothing to say? Then I must go."

He looked so miserable that Leonard forgot his indignation and inclined his heart to pity.

"You are afraid of exposure," he said, "on account of your wife and children."

"On their account alone. For my own part I have done no wrong and I fear no exposure."

"They were brave words, but he was as the donkey in the lion's skin. He spoke valiantly, but his knees trembled."

"I should think," Leonard replied, "that this young man, for his own sake, would be careful not to spread abroad his experience, because he would expose himself as well as you. He proposed, deliberately, to impose upon the audience, as his own, an oration prepared by another man and bought by himself. That is a position, if it were known and published, even less dignified than your own. I think that Algernon should put this side of the case to him strongly and plainly."

"He may leave himself out and whisper rumours abroad."

"Algernon should warn him against such things. If, however, the man persists in his unholy ambition to obtain a false reputation he will probably have to come to you again, since there is no other practitioner."

Mr Creditor jumped in his chair.

"That's the real point. You've hit it. That's the real point. I'm glad I came here. He's not only got his ambition still, but he's got his failure to get over. He must come to me. There is no other practitioner. He must come. I never thought of that." He rubbed his hands joyfully.

"He may not be clever enough to see this point. Therefore, Algernon had better put it to him. If Algernon fails you must make a clean breast to your wife and daughter, and send it round openly among your personal friends that you are willing to supply speeches confidentially. That seems the only way out of it."

"The only way—the only way, Leonard. There will be no clean breast at

all, and that venomous beast will have to come to me again. I am so glad that I came here. You have got more sense than all the rest of us put together."

"Nothing more can happen now," said Leonard, talking over the melancholy disclosures of the day. "One of us brings in a bill for the maintenance of a wife, a mother and a grandmother. That he is going to be a bankrupt is a trifle. Any gentleman may become a bankrupt. Another had failed in a fraudulent attempt to pass off a shop in a shanty for a great house of business, and a third confesses to living by imposition and deception."

"We ought certainly to have heard the worst," Constance replied, with no word of consolation. "But there seems no worst in such a case as this."

"Let us go together to the village church and bury the family honour with the ancestors who guarded it."

"You guard it still, Leonard. It could not be in better hands. You must not bury your own soul."

"Nothing more can happen," he repeated, with despair.

"There is no worst. But we have heard enough. And, oh, Leonard, how long is this horrid nightmare to last? When shall we forget it and go back to our old pursuits? Will it last for ever?"

CHAPTER XVII.

THE HAND IS STAVED.

"Will it last for ever?" Constance asked, thinking of this strange Possession which held them both.

There seemed no reason why it should not last for ever. They had all the facts before them. Nothing more could ever be discovered. But the end was nearer than they thought.

It came the next day, which was Sunday, and in the morning. It was nearly eleven o'clock; the church bells all round were clanging and clashing, tuneless or discordant, the air was laden with the melody, or the jangle, of their chimes.

Then Constance looked in, shyly. Her share in the question that could not be solved, and the doubt which could not be answered, caused a certain hesitation. The former frank and open candour was changed. The new manner implied common interests and a common pursuit in which there was no rivalry.

Leonard was sitting at his table, doing nothing, brooding over the general wreck of all he had held precious. He turned his head, and greeted her with a doubtful smile.

"You would rather be left alone?" she asked. "Let me stay and talk a little. My friend, we must have done with it. After all, what does it matter to us how a crime was committed seventy years ago?"

"It concerns your own ancestor, Constance."

"Yes. He, poor man, was killed. Leonard, when I say 'poor man' the words exactly measure the amount of sorrow that I feel for him. An ancestor of four generations past is no more than a shadow. His fate awakens a little interest, but no sadness."

"I should say the same thing, I suppose. But my ancestor was not killed. He was condemned to a living death. Constance, it is no use. Whether I will or no the case haunts me day and night. How long since I first heard of it through that unfortunate old lady of the Commercial Road? Three weeks? It seems like fifty years. As for any purpose that I had before, or any ambition, it is gone, quite gone and vanished."

"As for me, I am haunted in the same manner."

"I am like a man who is hypnotised—I am no longer a free agent. I am ordered to do this and I do it. As for this accursed Book of Extracts—" he laid his hand upon the abandonment "I am forced to go through it over and over again. Every time I sit down I am prompted by a kind of assurance

that something will be discovered. Every time I rise up it is with disgust that nothing has occurred to me."

"Are we to go on all our lives, looking for what we can never find?"

"We know the whole contents by heart. Yet every day there is the feeling that something will start into light. It is madness, Constance. I am going mad—like my grandfather, who killed himself. That will end the family tale of woe, so far as I am concerned."

"Send the book back to its owner."

He shook his head. "I know it all. That will be no use."

"Burn the dreadful thing."

"No use. I should be made to write it all out again."

"I hope I am not adding more fuel to the trouble," said Constance, "but I have found two or three letters, written by my unfortunate ancestor to his wife. They seem quite unimportant, but I have brought them to be placed with the other documents. Will you read them first?"

They were yellow with age and falling into pieces at the folds.

Leonard took the letters and began to read them aloud. They were written by the unfortunate man a few days before the end, and they were written from Campaigne Hall, where he was staying. He spoke about his brother-in-law.

"My little dispute with Algernon is still unsettled. He makes a personal matter of it, which is disagreeable. He really is the most obstinate and tenacious of mortals. But I shall not budge one inch. Last night in the library he entirely lost command of himself and became like a madman for a few minutes. I had heard of the ungovernable side of his character, but had never seen it before. Since Philippa is happy, she has certainly never seen it."

In another letter he spoke of the same dispute.

"We had another row last night. Row or no row, I am not going to budge an inch. We are going to discuss the matter again, quietly, he promises. My dear child, I am ashamed to see this giant of a man so completely lose control of himself. However, I suppose he will give way when he must."

"There seems to have been a slight dispute," said Leonard. "A little quarrel made up again undoubtedly."

"Now, Leonard," said Constance, "let us once more and once for all sum up from the whole case, and let us swear that this shall be the last time."

"We may swear what we like. We shall come back to the case again tomorrow."

"We will not. Let us resolve. Nay, Leonard, you must not continue. To you it is becoming dangerous."

Leonard sighed. "It is weary work. Well, then, for the last time." He opened the book. "It is always the same thing. Whenever I open the book there is the same sense of sickness and loathing. Are the pages poisoned?"

"They are, my friend."

He began the old round. That is to say, he read the case as they had drawn it up, while Constance compared it with the evidence.

"These are the facts of the inquest, of the trial, of the effects of the crime, the evidence of place and the evidence of time."

"The two leave the house. They walk together through the park; they cross the road, they get over the stile, they enter the wood. Then the squire turns back—"

"After some short time," Constance corrected. "According to the recollection of the ancient man who was the bird snarer, he went into the wood."

"Then the squire walked homewards rapidly. If the housekeeper gave the time correctly, and it took him the same time to get home as to reach the wood—I have timed the distance—he may have been ten minutes, a quarter of an hour in the wood."

"Two hours or so later, the boy saw a working man whom he knew well by sight and name, enter the wood. He was dressed in a smock frock and carried certain tools or instruments over his shoulder. He remained in the wood a few minutes only, and then came running out, his white smock spotted with red, as the boy could see plainly from the hillside. He ran to the farmyard beyond the field, and returned with other men and a shunter. They entered the wood and presently came out carrying 'something' covered up. The boy was asked both at the inquest and the trial whether any one else had entered the wood or had come out of it. He was certain that no one had done so, or

could have done so without his knowledge.

"The men carried the body to the house. They were met on the terrace by the housekeeper, who seemed to have shrieked and run into the house, where she told the women servants, who all together set up a shrieking through the house. Some one, after the mistress was thus terrified, blurted out the dreadful truth. In an hour the squire had lost his wife as well as his brother-in-law.

"At the inquest, the squire gave the principal evidence. He said that he walked with his brother-in-law as far as the wood, when he turned back."

"Not 'as far as the wood.' He said that on entering the wood he remembered an appointment and turned back. Remembering the evidence of the boy and your timing of the distance, we must give him some little time in the wood."

"Very well—the longer the better, because it would show that there was nobody lurking there."

"Then John Dunning deposed to finding the body. It lay on its back; the forehead of the head was shattered in a terrible manner; the unfortunate gentleman was quite dead. Beside the body lay a heavy branch broken off. It would seem to have been caught up and used as a cudgel. Blood was on the thicker end.

"A medical man gave evidence as to the fact of death. He reached the house at about one, and after attending the unfortunate lady, who was dying or dead, he turned his attention to the body of the victim, who had been dead some time, probably two hours or thereabouts. The valet deposed, further, that the pockets were searched, and that nothing had been taken from them.

"The coroner summed up. The only person who had gone into the wood after the deceased gentleman was the man John Dunning; who but John Dunning could have committed this foul murder? The verdict of the jury was delivered at once: 'Wilful murder against John Dunning.'

"We have next the trial of John Dunning. Mr Campaigne was so fully persuaded in his own mind of the man's innocence that he provided him, at his own expense, with counsel. The counsel employed was clever. He heard the evidence, the same as that given at the inquest, but instead of letting it pass, he pulled it to pieces in cross-examination.

"Thus, on examining Mr Campaigne, he elicited the very important fact that Mr Holms was six feet high, and strong in proportion; while the prisoner was no more than five feet six, and not remarkably strong; that it was impossible to suppose that the murdered man would stand still to receive a blow delivered in full face by so little a man. That was a very strong point to make.

"Then he examined the doctor as to the place in which the blow was received. It appeared that it was on the top of the head, behind the forehead, yet delivered face to face; he made the doctor acknowledge that, in order to receive such a blow from a short man like the prisoner the murdered man must have been sitting or kneeling. It required, said the doctor, a man taller than Mr Holms himself to deliver such a blow."

Leonard stopped for a brief comment. "It shows how one may pass over things. I passed over this point altogether at first, and indeed, until the other day, perhaps because the newspaper cutting is turned over at this place. The murderer, therefore, was taller than Langley Holms, who was himself six feet high. The point should have afforded a clue. At all events it effectively cleared the prisoner.

"It appears that the crime created the greatest interest in the neighbourhood. There were kept up for a long time after the acquittal of John Dunning discussions and arguments for and against, as to his guilt or innocence. No one else was arrested, and no one tried, and the police left off looking after the case. Indeed there was nothing more than what I have set down in these notes.

"The friends of Mr Campaigne, however, speedily discovered that he was entirely changed in consequence of the double shock of the deaths of brother and sister, brother-in-law and wife in one day. He ceased to take interest in anything; he refused to see his friends; he would not even notice his children; he gradually re-

treated entirely into himself; he left his business affairs to an agent; he dismissed his servants. He sent his children to the care of a distant cousin to get them out of the way; he never left the house at all, except to walk on the terrace; he kept neither horses nor dogs; he never spoke to anyone; he had never been known to speak for all these years, except once, and then two or three words to me.

"The following," he went on, "is also a part of the case:

"We have been a very unfortunate family. Of Mr Campaigne's three children the eldest committed suicide for no reason discoverable, the next was drowned at sea, the third married a bankrupt tradesman and dropped very low down in the world. Of the next generation, the eldest, my father, died at an early age, and at a time when his prospects were as bright as those of any young member of the House, his second brother has just confessed that he has led a life of pretence and deception, and his younger brother, who was sent abroad for his profligacy, told me yesterday that he is about to become bankrupt. While another member of the family is threatened with ruin, and, to judge from his terror, with worse than ruin."

"There are still two or three facts that you have omitted," said Constance. "We had better have them all."

"What are they?"

"You have not mentioned that the boy went into the wood early in the morning and found no one; that the woman in the cottage—this was the voice of the grave that we asked for and obtained—said that nobody at all had been through the wood that day until the gentlemen appeared; and you ought, perhaps, to add the only words which your grandfather has spoken through all these years. They are very strange words: 'I can end it if I speak.'"

"We will put down everything. But, remember, Constance, we are sworn not to go through this ceremony again, whatever the force that draws us."

"And there is the evidence of these letters—another voice from the dead. Leonard, is it not wonderful how much we have learned since we began?—I mean this evidence of the quarrel, and the squire's ungoverned fits, and his madness in the evening, and—and—oh!" She held out her hands as one who feels a sudden pang, sharp and agonising. "Oh!" She sprang to her feet; she trembled and shook; she turned white. Leonard caught her, but she did not fall. She laid her hand upon his shoulder and bowed her head. "Oh, God help us!" she murmured. "Leonard! No one—no one—no one was in the wood but only those two—and they quarrelled, and the squire was taller than his brother—and we have found the truth. Leonard, my poor friend—my cousin!—we have found the truth!"

She drew herself away from him and sank into a chair, hiding her face in her hands.

Leonard dropped the papers. "Constance!" he cried. For in a moment the truth flashed across his brain; the truth that explained everything—the despair of the wretched man, the resolve to save an innocent man, a remorse that left him not by day or night, so that he could do nothing, think of nothing, for all the long, long years that followed; a remorse which forbade him to hold converse with his fellow man, which robbed him of every pleasure and every solace, even the solace of his little children. "Constance!" he cried again, holding out his hands as if for help.

She lifted her head but not her eyes; she took both his hands in hers. "My friend," she whispered, "have courage."

So for a brief space they remained, he standing before her, she sitting, but holding both his hands, with weeping eyes.

"I said," he murmured, "that nothing more would happen. There wanted only the last—the fatal blow."

"We were constrained to go on until the truth came to us. Leonard, this thing should be marvellous in our eyes, for this is not man's handiwork." He drew away his hands. "No. It is vengeance for the spilling of blood."

She made no reply, but she roared, dashed the tears from her eyes, placed the papers in the book, closed it, tied it up again neatly with tape, and laid the parcel in the lowest drawer of the table.

"Let it lie there," she said. "Tomorrow, if this Possession is past, as I think it will be, we will burn it—papers and all."

"What are we to do with our knowledge?" he asked.

"Nothing. It is between you and me. Nothing. Let us nevermore speak of the thing. It is between you and me."

The unaccustomed tears blinded her eyes. Her eyes were filled with a real womanly pity. The student of books was gone; the woman of Nature stood in her place; and woman-like, she wept

over the shame and horror of the man."

"Leave me, Constance," he said. "There is blood between us. My hands and those of all my house are red with blood—the blood of your own people."

She obeyed. She turned away; she came back again.

"Leonard," she said, "the past is past. Courage! It is the fourth generation. The Hand of the Lord is stayed. The Day of Forgiveness draws nigh."

Then she left him, softly. (To be continued.)

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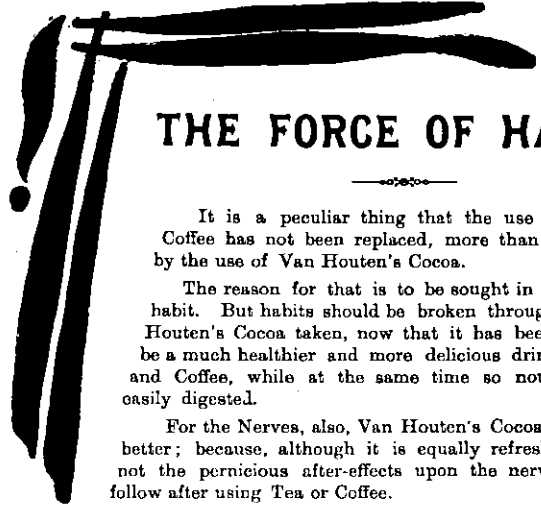
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SERIAL STORY.

HER LAST THROW.

BY "THE DUCHESS."

CHAPTER I.

"Nor do they trust their tongues alone. But speak a language of their own; Convey a libel in a frown, And wink a reputation down."

"But who is she, dear Lady Severn? That is what we all want to know. It is so awkward having people drop upon one from the clouds, as it were, without a single word as to their antecedents."

"Well, if they drop from the clouds there can't be much the matter with them," says Lady Severn, arching her pretty brows, and smiling in a somewhat amused fashion.

"Ah, that is just it. For politeness' sake one suggests the clouds, but what if a next-door neighbour, such as she is, should have ascended. That would be awkward—very."

The speaker, a huge, florid woman of sixty, fans herself heavily, and purses up her lips, and looks so many things that her hostess gives way to a sense of fatigue.

"Very, for her!" says she, somewhat flippantly, it must be confessed. Her pretty kindly face has taken a distressed expression. This dreadful Mrs. Wilcott! Will nobody come to relieve her of her detested tete-a-tete. Fate seems to be conspiring against her. On every other Friday people have flocked in to see her, and play tennis on her charming grounds, and just to-day, because she wants them, her day is left unto her desolate. Even if Fay would only come in and stop this sharp examination that threatens to be a very cross one.

"Oh, and for us, too, dear Lady Severn. Now, you, as Sir George's wife, should know something about her."

"I can't imagine why you should think there is something wrong," says Lady Severn, with a swift frown. "We have all met her; she is charming—she is lovely; perhaps, a little maliciously, 'that is her fault.'"

"Not so far as I am concerned," says Mrs. Wilcott, promptly. "I don't think her lovely; I merely speak in the interests of society—in your interests, in fact. Sir George being her landlord, and in a sense responsible—"

"Oh, no; I disclaim that."

"Well, I am afraid the county won't let you. But—er—as I was saying, Sir George being in a measure her sponsor, and considering the tie that soon must connect your family with mine—here Mrs. Wilcott, whose late lamented had made his money in Manchester by rather nefarious means largely connected with sugar and old bones, looks one overpowering smirk and Lady Severn shinks palpably—"

"I think I would give you a little hint as to what is expected of you."

"I am a very dull person," says Lady Severn, with a slight touch of hauteur. "What is expected of me?"

"Why, I told you. We want to know who and what Mrs. Barrington is."

"And who is 'we'?" asks Lady Severn, the little sneer round her lips increasing.

"The county!" replies her guest, with all the solemnity due to the occasion. Evidently the county is her fetish—her god—to whom she bows, not only in the morning and at noon, but every moment of the day.

"I'm sorry I can't enlighten it," says Lady Severn, now with a genuine laugh. The touch of humour born with her has overcome her anger, and she is struggling with a wild desire to give way to mirth as she watches Mrs. Wilcott's growing impatience over her deity. "I'm afraid, indeed, I can't do anything to alleviate your anxiety. Sir George's lawyer might be able to lift this weight off your mind, but I'm afraid neither Sir George nor I can be of any use. We have been—you make me feel it—disgracefully culpable. But the fact is, the Priory was so long on our hands, that we were delighted to get any tenant for it. We expected a frowny old person of eighty or so—it is not our fault, at all events, that Mrs. Barrington should have turned out young and lovely."

"Young!" says Mrs. Wilcott. "Thirty if a day."

"Well, you know

'A woman's as old as she's looking. A man's as old as he feels.'

Mrs. Barrington, whatever her age, has the *beaute du diable* about her still."

"Very much the diable, in my opinion," says Mrs. Wilcott, with an awful sniff.

"You quite startle me," says Lady Severn, smiling. "I confess I am not in a position to say anything for my tenant. Am I, however, to understand that you know something against her?"

"Oh, no, no. Dear me, no! I should be the last person in the world to find fault with any one. I am on your side, of course, and I hope all things for this Mrs. Barrington, but you know there are others. There are a great many troublesome people in the world," says Mrs. Wilcott, with a sigh of deepest resignation.

"There are others," says Lady Severn, with a sigh that beats it thoroughly. "Put the tea on the table over there, Thomas," pointing to a three-legged, most dangerous thing, at the very furthest limit from Mrs. Wilcott.

"Fay will want her tea," she says, absently. She goes to the window and looks with eager concern round the corner to where a portion of the eastern tennis court can be seen. No sign of Fay—the little step-sister, who has come to live with her, with Sir George's full and eager consent. A penniless child—a pretty, petulant, charming creature of seventeen, to whom all things seem possible, and nothing in the world impossible. A little, lovely fairy, as dear to Lady Severn almost as the first baby—her very own—lying in its cradle now upstairs in the big airy nursery. After all, the tiny step-sister had been given to her to watch and ward by a dying mother when it was only a baby, too.

A soft, exultant laugh catches her ear as she is turning back to give Mrs. Wilcott her conversation once again, and, a far easier thing, her tea. It comes from Fay surely. Yes, there she is; in full flight; with two of the small Severns beside her. Lady Severn's little stepsons—pretty boys; Severns all through—of about nine and ten years of age.

Mrs. Wilcott, who is watching her, having nothing else to do, seeing the growing brightness in her face, goes to the window also.

"Ah! your step-sister?" says she.

"Yes. She will come in now."

"One can see you are fond of her," says Mrs. Wilcott. "Every step-sister is not beloved. But I always say, why not? For my part," with a fat laugh, "if I had a step-sister younger than myself, I should encourage her largely. Half the world, you see, doesn't know about the 'step,' and it adds so much to one's own youth, don't you know?"

"Oh, yes, one always knows," says Lady Severn, with ill-concealed disgust. How could the late Sir George have encouraged an engagement between Ernest his youngest son, and the daughter of this terrible woman? No amount of money could make up for the annoyance of it. And Ernest himself! however he might have felt in his boyish days, when the engagement was hurried on and completed, she is quite sure he cares nothing now, judging by the dilatoriness with which he pays his visits to his beloved when in the country. Of late, too, he has seemed to find a terrible difficulty in gaining leave from his colonel for even a day. He who used to spend weeks at a time with them! And as for Jessica! Does she care either? A pretty creature—a little Jewish in profile. But so silent, so impassive, so uninteresting—as Lady Severn thought.

However, the engagement was of such an old standing that there was no use in going against it now. Jessica had had from infancy a large fortune, accented and sweetened by sugar and old bones, and Sir George's father, who died last year, had

thought her dot a capital thing to secure for his third son, who was comparatively penniless—if one excepts the noble income he derived from a Hussar regiment as captain. The girl had seemed attracted by Ernest Severn, and he by her. There had been several months of hot flirtation, and then—the denouement. In a foolish moment, after a dance, just before the carriages were ordered and the lights began to burn low in gardens and conservatories, Ernest had asked Miss Wilcott to be his wife, and in just as foolish a moment Jessica Wilcott had said yes. I don't think either had been influenced by mundane considerations. She had not thought of his birth; he had not thought of her money.

Next morning both had felt a little startled at what had been done, but not enough to make them undo it. At that time neither cared for anyone else, so the mischief accomplished did not seem so bad as it really was.

The late Sir George had been delighted when the news was conveyed to him in somewhat laggard fashion by Ernest. Now, his third son, and his dearest, the one who had been left to him as a special charge by his dying wife, was in a fair way to be comfortable for life.

"In clover! By jingo!" said the old man, slapping his thigh. He squirmed at the idea of a Brunnamgem wife for his youngest born, but still thought fondly of her wealth.

His second son, Pasco, would have enough of his own. All his poor mother's property, who had been a big heiress, and owned property both in the north and south. Therefore Ernest was the one to be considered.

And the old man died, not seeing his desire accomplished, and still the engagement holds good; Jessica and her betrothed being always on excellent terms until quite lately—until, in fact, a month ago, the beginning of his summer, when Mr. Wylding, a barrister, had come down from London to recruit a rather overtried if distinctly clever brain at The Park, where his aunt, Mrs. Wilcott, lived—and Jessica.

"Your step-sister has come to live with you definitely?" asks Mrs. Wilcott, reseating herself, and evidently preparing for a fresh campaign.

"My sister will live with me—yes," says Lady Severn. "You have not met her yet. I think, though Jessica and she are quite friends already." She looks out of the window again and succeeds in attracting the girl's attention. "Fay, come in, darling!" cried she, in her clear, sweet tones.

CHAPTER II.

"Surely nature must have meant you for a queen when she sent you."

That sweet voice and glittering hair."

There is a response in a joyous voice—a little rush of feet across the grass, a patter-patter of high-heeled shoes up the stone steps of the terrace, and presently Miss Ashton stands revealed, framed in by the ivy-clad woodwork of the open window.

"You called me?" asks she, addressing her sister.

"Yes. Come in, Fay, and let me introduce you to Mrs. Wilcott. I have been telling her that you are already acquainted with her daughter—Jessica."

Fay steps lightly into the room. She is a slight, small creature, as delicately as she is exquisitely proportioned. A very gypsy in colouring, so dark she is, with here deep velvet eyes, and the soft, nut-brown rings of

hair that curl around her dainty head. She had been well named "Fay," a long time ago, though she had not been given that fantastic name of baptism. It suits her, and seems to belong to her of right. She is an extreme contrast to her step-sister, Lady Severn, who is tall and fair, and who, it may not uncharitably be supposed, will be stouter as the years go by.

Fay, on the contrary, is slim as a willow wand, and vivacious almost to a fault. A lovely thing of light and air, and one that might be termed soulless as a butterfly, save for the depth in the dark eyes, and the rather passionate curve of the red lips. A good little friend, no doubt, and a rather dangerous little foe. But one who, if she did love, would count the world well lost for her heart's desire.

At present her heart is entirely in Lady Severn's keeping. Between the two there exists an affection far deeper than is usually known to sisters who are even of the same blood. A great deal younger than Lady Severn, Fay has ever been treated by her as a child, a beloved gift left to her by her dead mother.

"How d'ye do?" says Fay, advancing, and giving her hand to Mrs. Wilcott. "Yes, I have met Miss Wilcott."

"So she told me," says Mrs. Wilcott, smiling her elephantine smile. "I hope you and she will suit each other. So few people in a small neighbourhood like this with whom one cares to associate."

"So true!" says Fay, with considerable meaning. She moves to a big arm-chair and drops into it with a sort of indolent grace. Her charming dark head shows out agreeably against the amber satin behind it. She makes, indeed, a perfect picture as she so sits—or lounges. Every gesture is expressive, every turn of her lithe body a study in itself.

"But Jessica—"

"Jessica is delightful," says Miss Ashton, quickly, but without emotion, more as if to stop the other than from any enthusiasm about the subject in hand.

"She has been considered so," says Mrs. Wilcott, heavily. As a fact, she and the fair Jessica do not pull together very well, but to hear Mrs. Wilcott talk about her daughter is to know what a mother's love must really mean. "Jessica is very distinguished," goes on Mrs. Wilcott, not knowing exactly what she means. "I have heard her described as being rather special. Her manners leave nothing to be desired; they are—"

"Of that kind that

"Stamps the cast of Vere de Vere," says Fay, idly furling and unfurling the huge red fan she holds, and endeavouring nobly to suppress the yawn that is dying to divide her lips.

"Eh?" says Mrs. Wilcott, but receives no answer save a slight glance from the girl from under her slumberous lids.

There is a pause. Through all Mrs. Wilcott's density there grows a fancy that this pale, slender child can be guilty of flippancy—and to her! She draws herself up. "What on earth did she mean? Who were the De Veres?"

"We are not connected with people of that name, so far as I know," says she, austere. "The De Veres are a northern family, I fancy."

Fay, after one swift glance at Lady Severn, who frowns down imperatively any attempt at collusion, gives way to an irrepresible little laugh.

"No? Yet one notes the resemblance," says she, naughtily. "I'm sure there must be a cousinship somewhere."

She beams at Mrs. Wilcott, and her low, soft, yet clear voice rings prettily in the ears of the elder lady. De Vere! A good name. Evidently this queer little girl has sufficient common sense about her to know that she—Mrs. Wilcott—is a person of no ordinary distinction. She will ask Jessica about these De Veres when she gets home. Jessica knows a good deal.

When she does ask Jessica there is a remarkably bad quarter of an hour for somebody!

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"We were talking about Mrs. Barrington, that pretty woman who has taken The Priory," says Lady Severn, rather hastily, hardly knowing what Fay may do or say next. "Mrs. Wilcott, I am afraid, is not prepossessed in her favour."

"What?" cries Fay. "That lovely woman—oh—"

"You are wrong, quite wrong, I assure you, Lady Severn," exclaims Mrs. Wilcott, growing warm. "On the contrary, I admire Mrs. Barrington immensely—quite immensely. So agreeable in her manner, and er—er—in such evident good circumstances. I have always rather fancied her, for myself! Quite an acquisition to the neighbourhood. I have always considered her—only—"

"Ah, we are coming to it now!" says Fay, leaning forward with an appearance of great interest that is perhaps a little overdone.

"Only—I am afraid you are a mischievous little girl," cries Mrs. Wilcott, pausing to shake a playful forefinger at Fay, and evidently wishing Fay was the forefinger. What I was going to say was, that one likes, you understand, to know who one is talking to, no matter how charming they may be."

This exclusive sentiment coming from the daughter of the Manchester tradesman is bound to be admired. Fay, to judge by her face, admires it immensely. She laughs lightly—a soft, little laugh, that, coming from the depths of the big arm-chair, sounds rather mocking.

"I don't think it matters half so much who you are as what you are," she says.

"Well, that is pretty much the same thing, isn't it?" says Mrs. Wilcott. "When one knows what a person is—whether belonging to the county—"

"Or to trade. Precisely so," says Fay, with a lovely little nod of intelligenence that almost gives the lie to the earlier phrase below. "But after all I don't mean that. What I call important is the discovery of whether a fresh acquaintance is charming or detestable, lovable or disagreeable!"

"You must pardon my saying that that is a very youthful remark," says Mrs. Wilcott in her deepest bass.

"Well! Fay is young," says Lady Severn, diplomatically. What is that mad little thing going to say next?

"That will mend!" says Mrs. Wilcott, with a forgiving smile that is almost as good as a retort. "As for your new tenant, Mrs. Barrington, what I was going to say about her was that she—"

"Ah! You need say no more. The mystery is solved!" cries Fay, rushing out of her chair and running to the window. "Surely I hear the approaching wheels of her chariot, and therefore Mrs. Barrington's reputation is assured. She is an angel! The moment we began to talk of her she appeared! An infallible sign. Yes, I was right," nodding and smiling and kissing her hand to somebody down below. "See, Nettie," turning to Lady Severn, "here she comes."

"Proof positive, of course," says Lady Severn, smiling, as she always does at her little sister's bursts of nonsense.

Two pretty ponies have just been pulled up at the Hall door, and the tall, slender woman who has been driving them, giving the reins to her groom, descends to the ground. Almost as she does so a horseman rides up, springs to earth, and just fails in being in time to give her his hand. He does not fail, however, in winning a smile from her as a greeting.

"Ah! your brother-in-law, Mr. Pasco Severn!" says Mrs. Wilcott, whose curiosity has compelled her to go to the window also. She is staring through a formidable pince-nez at the young man who has just sprung down from his horse. "Very devoted there, I hear. Eh?"

"I seldom hear," says Lady Severn, calmly. She might perhaps have said something more, but that by this time Mrs. Barrington has entered the Hall, and is being ushered by the footman into the drawing-room. She rises to welcome her.

CHAPTER III.

The curious questioning eye. That plucks the heart of every mystery.

"How d'ye do?" says she, rustling towards her. "A delicious day, is it not?"

"Perhaps a little too warm," says Mrs. Barrington in a gentle, slow sort of way.

She is a tall woman, as has been said, of about thirty—not more, certainly. She is singularly pale and

singularly beautiful. Nature seemed to have given all her time to the creation of her. No fault is visible. And her form is as perfect as her face. Every movement is a suggestion of grace—every glance a charm. Her large eyes—a deep grey, almost black—are filled with a strange light, that might be melancholy or fear, or memories of past unhappiness—or only a mere freak of Nature for the matter of that, but whatever it is, it lends a delight to them that few eyes possess. Her mouth is beautiful, not small, large rather, but without a flaw, for all that. Her bright brown hair has a tinge of gold in it. She is dressed in half mourning, very fashionable, if very quiet. It is worn for the late Mr. Barrington, says the neighbourhood, but nobody can remember that Mrs. Barrington had ever said so. Afterward, they remembered that she hadn't. But just now it seems the reasonable thing to imagine, and as reason is everything, of course nothing else matters. She does not wear a widow's bonnet, but the extremely pretty article that covers her head has a good deal of crape about it.

As she entered the room, a young man had followed her. Pasco Severn, the handsomest of all the handsome Severns. A tall man, with a haughty, rather severely cut face, and an earnest expression. Sir George, the oldest of the three brothers, is handsome, too, in a big, burly fair fashion; but Pasco, who is ten years his brother's junior, is as shapely as a man can be, and well set up on all points. He lives at a place called "Fensides" (for no earthly reason, apparently, but because there isn't a fen within a hundred miles of it), a place inherited from his mother, who had left it to her second son with the two thousand a year belonging to it.

"You, Pasco!" says his sister-in-law, giving him her hand and a smile. "We didn't hope to see you to-day."

"Well, I didn't hope it myself until half an hour ago," says Severn. "I found then I had business in this part of the world that compelled my coming in this direction. It was the first time in my life," laughing, "that I found business a pleasure."

He smies appreciatively all around, but somehow at the last the smile settles on Mrs. Barrington, to gain an answering smile there.

"How dusty the roads are to-day!" says Mrs. Wilcott, turning to the latter. "A perfect cloud of dust. I suppose, Mrs. Barrington, you came by the lower road that overlooks the sea? So much the prettier drive. By-the-by, your name reminds me of old friends of mine, now, I regret to say, beyond my knowledge; we have lost sight of each other for so many years. I allude to the Barringtons of Norfolk. Your husband, perhaps, was connected with them?"

"I don't know, really; but I think not," says Mrs. Barrington, slowly. She has grown a little pale. The day is certainly abominably warm.

"Ah, there are Barringtons in the north, too. Very good people?" interrogatively.

"Are there? No, thank you, Miss Ashton, no sugar."

"Yes, have you not heard of them?" goes on Mrs. Wilcott, unreluctantly.

"Yes, I have heard of them," says Mrs. Barrington, playing with her spoon.

"Oh, you have!" as if scenting prey. The northern Barringtons she can prove to be nobodies in a moment—if this woman is connected with them.

"Yes," said Mrs. Barrington, with a lovely smile directed straight at her tormentor, "From you. Now!" Mrs. Wilcott cast a furious glance at her that is only partly concealed beneath a bland laugh.

"Ah, so clever. But you are very clever, I hear," says she, meaningly.

"I think Barrington a charming ing name," says Lady Severn, nervously.

"So do I," acquiesces Mrs. Wilcott. "There are Barringtons in Ireland, too; in Dublin. You haven't heard of them?"

"I have never been in Ireland, I regret to say," Mrs. Barrington murmurs in her low voice that has something of determined suppression in it.

"Oh, you are like me," cries Fay. "I always feel I want to go to Ireland to see those poor tenants and those poorer landlords. It would be so interesting."

"Dear me! Miserable savages—all!" says Mrs. Wilcott, uplifting her hands in horror. She has not done with Mrs. Barrington yet, however. The kindly intention of taking her off the trail is unsuccessful so far. "Your husband was in the army, I think?" says she, addressing the newcomer with her most insinuating smile.

"No," says Mrs. Barrington, sharply. She looks round her as if for support. For a moment she has lost her self-control. A brilliant flush has risen to her cheeks, a strange light to her eyes.

"I hate army men," says Fay hastily, who, in truth, had never met an officer in her life to speak to, having only just returned from a school at Brussels. "They are so conceited. I'm so glad, Mrs. Barrington, your husband wasn't one," she laughed nervously, a glance at Pasco having started her. He is singularly pale, and he is looking a little—a little dangerous, thinks Fay to herself. What on earth does that vulgar old woman mean by her examination of that pretty Mrs. Barrington—a distinctly cross one, too.

Lady Severn, at this moment, leans towards Mrs. Barrington.

"I hear your conservatories are lovely this year," she says, kindly. "I dare say my flowers are not to be compared to yours, judging from all I hear," with a gracious smile; "yet I should like you to see them. They say my late calceolarias are quite a success. Pasco!" turning to Mr. Severn, "will you take Mrs. Barrington through the houses? It won't take you very long, Mrs. Barrington," turning back to her; "and knowing you to be quite a connoisseur about flowers, I should like you to give your opinion."

"Yes, come, Mrs. Barrington, I assure you my sister's calceolarias are

not to be despised," says Pasco, stooping over Mrs. Barrington and taking away her tescup. She rises still in a strangely nervous, half-conscious, fashion, and moves with him across the room and into the first conservatory at the end of it. Presently they are lost to view.

"She has money, one can see!" says Mrs. Wilcott. "I dare say, after all, it won't be so bad a match for dear Pasco as it looks!"

Lady Severn makes a movement that her little sister understands. It means that her dearest Nettie is going to be angry. She therefore steps hurriedly into the breach. Because, when Nettie is angry, she is so sorry afterwards that the little sister cannot bear to see it.

"Who has money?" cries she, in her pretty, inquisitive way that means so little. "And is Mr. Severn going to make a good marriage?" She has been so short a time at home that she has not yet brought herself to call Pasco or his brother Ernest, who stays with him when on leave, by their Christian names.

"You have so lately come amongst us," says Mrs. Wilcott, with truly terrible bonhomie, "that you cannot be expected to know the ins and outs of our small interests. But I have heard that Pasco is very much eprix with Mrs. Barrington, and that—you know whether there is truth in the report, dear Lady Severn, don't you?"

"I don't, indeed," says Lady Severn, icily. She has so far recovered herself that she can now speak with the regulation calm. "I never permit myself to pry into the concerns of my neighbours."

Her look is a direct sneer. Mrs. Wilcott wisely accepts it as a dismissal. She rises and bids Lady Severn adieu with the happiest air in the world, squeezing her hand and looking all the friendliest things possible at Fay, who refuses to acknowledge them.

CHAPTER IV.

She's fancy free, but sweeter far Than many plighted maidens are.

"Well, wasn't she a pig?" says Miss Ashton, after Mrs. Wilcott has gone, turning to her sister.

"Oh, darling child, what a word!" reproachfully.

"A very good one," with a wilful grimace. "Just suits her."

At this moment the door opens and Captain Severn—Ernest—the third of the brothers, enters the room.

"Who are you awathematising?" asks he. Fay is as new to him as he is to her, and therefore they regard each other with a good deal of interest. As yet their acquaintance is only a week old, and during that time they have only met twice.

"Ah, you have come just in time to defend me," cries Fay, saucily. "I was just calling Mrs. Wilcott bad names, and Netties was scolding me." She has heard nothing about his engagement to Miss Wilcott, and therefore makes this little speech about his fiancée's mother with all the insouciance in the world. Lady Severn colours warmly, but Ernest bursts out laughing.

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"You can hardly call her bad names enough to satisfy me," says he, mischievously, rather enjoying Lady Severn's confusion. "Pelt her with them and I'll give you every assistance in my power."

"My dear Ernest," says Lady Severn rather shocked at his treatment of his prospective mother-in-law. After marriage it is generally allowable, but before!

"You see he quite agrees with me," says Fay, nodding her little dark head. "She is a very horrid old woman. I like her daughter a great deal better than I like her. Don't you, Captain Severn?"

Severn gives way to mirth again. "Well, she's younger," says he, as if cautiously, "but on the whole—"

"Certainly—yes. She isn't much, either," says the girl, with a dainty shrug of her shoulders.

"Oh! well, I can't go so far as that with you," says Severn gravely. "I'd say she was very much. There is a good deal of her, don't you think?"

"Ernest, it isn't right of you," says Lady Severn, frowning. "You should not lead Fay on to say things she will regret after."

"I shan't regret a word about the Wilcotts," says Fay. "I don't care for them at all. Not a little bit."

"Captain Severn is engaged to Miss Wilcott," says Lady Severn, abruptly. Fay turns and looks at him. Slowly the hot blood mounts to her brow.

"Oh!" says she in a low tone. There is a world of reproach—of anger—of contempt in the exclamation. Then she throws up her head. "I am sorry I cannot congratulate you upon your choice," says she, with distinct defiance.

"Poor Jessica!" says he, flushing in turn under that contemptuous glance. As if indeed he finds it more than he can endure, he now addresses himself to Lady Severn.

"You will be at their tennis party to-morrow, I suppose?" says he.

"Yes, if the day is Ashton," with a slight look at Fay, who is standing at the window with her back turned to him, "has not seen The Park yet, I suppose?"

"Not yet."

"I hope, Miss Ashton," teasingly, "it will please you more than the unhappy possessor of it. It is quite perfect in its way."

No answer.

"Yes, quite a show place," says Lady Severn, hastily, who knows her little sister well enough to understand that she is now in one of her naughty moods.

"If you said 'showy,' it would suit its mistress thoroughly," says Fay, without turning round. "I shan't go with you, Nettie. I hate places where one is expected to admire, and wonder, and praise at every moment."

"I don't think they will ask you to fatigue yourself to that extent," says Severn, plainly amused. "By the bye, may I ask you what you are admiring and wondering at so diligently out there? Let me see if I can't wonder, too."

He crosses the room, and taking up his position by her side, pretends to study the landscape, until at last Fay, whose tempers are at all times the vaguest clouds, gives way, and with a half-shy, half-coquettish glance at him from under her long lashes, breaks into a soft little laugh.

Having achieved his purpose, and restored her to good humour, and a seat where he can watch the passing expressions on her charming face, Severn gives his attention once more to his sister-in-law.

"Did Mrs Wilcott tell you that Wylding is staying with them again?"

"Her nephew? No. I thought there was some disagreement there. That she—well—expressed a wish that he would keep away from The Park."

"I expect Jessica over-ruled all that. At all events, he came down yesterday."

Jessica seems very fond of him. She treats him quite like a brother.

"Ye-oh!" says Severn, in a peculiar tone, his eyes on the ground. Then: "I suppose you saw he was victorious in that case, 'Bunter vs. Shields.' Carried all before him. A very eloquent defence. The winding-up, I hear, was splendid. They say he is one of the most rising barristers in London."

"He looks clever—and he is certainly interesting. At least, I think him so."

"So does Jessica!" with the same curious air as before. "I think him a good sort of fellow enough. He makes the best part of his income out of theatrical squabbles. They call him the stage lawyer in town."

"Ah, well, I daresay it pays him," vaguely. "Do you know you just missed Mrs Barrington?"

"Was she here?"

"Yes. And Pasco—came in almost with her."

"Not quite, you think?" laughing. "No," said Fay, suddenly. "The moment after. I saw him ride up to the door. Don't you think—eagerly—that she is lovely?"

"I do indeed. You see there is one point on which we can agree," says he. "I think her even more than that—distinctly fascinating."

"Pasco is—," Lady Severn hesitates. "Do you think, Ernest, that he—"

"It has grown beyond thinking," says Severn. "I never saw a fellow so much in love in my life. And really one can scarcely wonder at it."

"But," nervously, "who is she?"

"Oh, Nettie," cries Fay, with amused reproach. "That is just what Mrs Wilcott was saying all the time. She has contaminated you. What does it matter who Mrs Barrington is so long as she can look like a beautiful dream?"

"Yes. That is all very well until it comes to a question of marrying her," said Lady Severn. "And I confess Mrs Wilcott has made me feel nervous about her. You see, if—if she wasn't anybody—if she turned out to be a person of low birth, I mean—it would be very awkward for Pasco."

"Perhaps she is an adventuress, a criminal, a female poisoner," says Ernest. "Good heavens! What should we do then? She might make away with the entire family!"

"Still, it isn't quite a jesting matter," says Lady Severn.

"I expect Pasco will make it his business to find out before finally committing himself," says Lady Severn, contentedly. "And if she does happen to belong to Manchester or Birmingham I confess I for one could forgive her old account of her face."

"So could I," cries Fay. "I should like to have her for my sister. I think she has such a sweet expression."

"Yes, such a good face," agrees Lady Severn. "She looks just like a woman who has never had a bad thought in her mind in all her life. It is to me the purest face."

"Barrington isn't half a bad name, either," says Ernest.

"And certainly she has money," says Lady Severn, in a practical tone.

CHAPTER V.

Love he comes, and love he carries. Just as fate or fancy carries; Longest stays, when sorest children; Laughs and flies, when pressed and bidden.

It is now close upon evening—a hot, languorous evening. There had been rain last night, and to-day, as if to make up for it, has been more than usually sultry. Up above in the pale blue sky not a cloud is to be seen, and down below, where all the earth lies heavy beneath the sun's hot rays, not so much as one sweet, cool, refreshing breeze comes to stir the drowsy air.

The very river that runs below the tennis grounds, though swollen by the torrents that fell at midnight now flows but lazily between its banks as if too overcome by the great heat to make any haste toward the great ocean—its goal—far, far away behind the misty hills.

The broad, placid bosom of this river lies white, silvery, tremulous, beneath the burning glances of old Sol, its waters flush with the green meadows that guard it on either side. Large white lilies lie tossing sleepily from right to left, their broad green leaves dipping every now and then into the cooling water as though to refresh themselves.

The banks are crowded with the yellow irises that rise tall and stately, and on them rest every now and then gaudy flies of all hues, their iridescent wings showing brilliantly against the sunlight.

Far into the distance a quivering purple mist speaks of heat intolerable, and here on the tennis courts they have for the most part thrown aside their rackets at last, and are lounging in groups of two and three under huge white umbrellas, with a view to saving themselves from sunstrokes.

Still, some adventurous spirits are to be found, strong to brave the maddening heat. A slight, meagre girl, bloodless to all appearance, and with a skin distinctly yellow, is playing with a young man her direct counterpart, he being short, massive, ponderous. He is plainly suffering as he runs hither and thither after the balls, but courage sustains him, and an undying desire to shine. In one sense he is shining as brilliantly as ever he him-

self could desire, but as a player his efforts are distinctly weak. He is evidently determined, however, to do or die.

"It will be 'die,' I think," says a lean man of about thirty-five who is talking to Jessica Wilcott—has, indeed, been her shadow all day, if one can imagine so desirable a thing on such a tropical afternoon. Perhaps Miss Wilcott has imagined it. She certainly looks cooler—in better case—than those around her. Her pale, handsome face shows no sign of undue warmth. Her eyes are calm as usual. She looks, indeed, delightfully undisturbed.

"Absurd, a man of his weight exerting himself like that on such a day!" she says, contemptuously. She talks with a curious drawl, not unpleasant, but as if life was low within her.

"Why? Very sensible I call it. I dare say he wants to reduce it." Her cousin, Gilbert Wylding, laughs as he says this, and looks at her. One has a vague feeling that he likes to look at her, that her cold, still manner, her clear-cut profile, her dark, long Jewish eyes have a certain fascination for him.

He himself is an intelligent man with the unmistakable legal stamp "plain writ" upon him. He wears no moustache, no beard. His face, indeed, is devoid of covering of any sort, and one feels it is well that it is so. A remarkable face, not easily read, with a strong, square lower jaw and immense breadth of forehead.

A stern face and hard, yet without, not without much human kindness. There is, too, a trace of humour in it, that, but for his calling and the severity of the work that claims him, might have been far more pronounced.

"His partner doesn't want reducing, at all events," says Miss Wilcott. "Did you ever see so thin a girl? They say it is because she begins to play tennis at dawn, and never leaves off until the short night falls. She won everything last year at the tournaments. Do you admire her?"

"I don't care for lemons, as a rule," says Mr Wylding, "except in claret cup."

"That is rather severe, isn't it?" "Not so severe as she is, at all events. Mark what balls she serves to that poor old man, her adversary. What on earth is he playing for at his time of life?"

"He will do it, you know," says Miss Wilcott, with a little shrug. "Nobody can prevent him. He is old Major Adams, and is popularly supposed to have been born before the flood. He still, however, goes on as gayly as ever. He, indeed, has never learned the trick of growing old gracefully."

"Is that the old major?"

"Yes, the old man in the white flannel, a foretaste of his shroud, I should—"

"Hope?" suggests her companion.

"Oh, no; I'm not so selfish as that. The world is wide enough for us all. But I thought you knew him; you should. He's been born a long, long time. I have heard that Adam was his younger brother; but one hears so many things."

"Who is severe now?" says Wylding.

"Am I?"

"Rather; however, I don't complain so long as you are not severe to me. What a number of people you have here to-day."

"Yes, and some new faces. That little girl over there, for example. You can just see her between the branches of the trees; she is sitting on the swing. She is Miss Ashton, a step-sister of Lady Severn's."

"Yes, I can see her."

"You can admire her, at all events."

"Can I? I'm not sure," with a meaning laugh. "Is that Ernest Severn with her now?"

"Yes," with a slight frown; but whether at the name, or the insinuation in his speech. Wylding is at a loss to be sure.

"I have noticed her," says he, carelessly. "She has chosen a capital place to escape the sunshine—"

"Or observation," says Miss Wilcott, indifferently.

In truth, the leafy shelter that Fay has chosen is so far out of the present world that surrounds her as to make her practically alone with Captain Severn.

She is sitting on a fantastically arranged swing, and is idly tilting herself to and fro with the help of one small foot. She is evidently enjoying herself, and is looking supremely happy. No smallest idea of flirting with Ernest Severn has entered her head. She is, indeed, too young to life, to society, that the very fact that she knows him to be engaged to Jessica Wilcott would seem to her a thorough bar against amusement of that kind.

That she likes Ernest she has admitted frankly, not only to herself, but to her sister, many times. That she thinks Jessica quite unsuited to him, she has admitted to herself alone, as yet.

Captain Severn is looking very happy, too. There is no denying that. The certainty that his betrothed is being all things to her cousin at this moment seems to have no power to check the contentment he is feeling. It is eight days now since Fay came to stay with her sister, and already—already he has known bad hours, where regrets that must be vain (there lies their sting) have harassed him. Just now, however, he is free from every care, and is ready to enjoy life with a glad heart.

"What is your real name?" asks he suddenly of the little creature who has been chattering gayly to him for the last half hour.

"Fay."

"Oh, nonsense!"

"Fairy, then. Fay would be the pet name for that, would it not?"

"Nonsense again! I don't believe you were actually christened by that eccentric though charming title."

"No?" She laughs a little, and glances at him provokingly, and swings herself lightly away from him and then back again. "Well, you are right for once. That must be a refreshing sensation for you!"

"So it is, but—you don't answer me, however."

"Answer?"

"Yes. I want to know your real name."

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"For what?"
 "It will make you yourself seem more real to me."
 She laughs.
 "Well, it is—Ashton."
 "Oh, of course!" huffily. "If you don't wish me to know it—"
 "I do, I think, after all," says she, with a rather insincere air however.
 "It is— You won't like it. But it is— That's why I couldn't bear to tell you. But—it is— Now, what would you think of a person who could call a poor, unconscious baby— Susannah?"
 "I know what I should think of some one who should tell me stories. I don't believe in that name, either."
 "Well, 'Fancy' then."
 "Fancy Ashton, of course."
 "Oh, 'Fancy' as a name!" He gives way to mirth in spite of himself. "I don't believe there was ever anyone so provoking as you," says he, regarding her lovely, saucy little face with ill-disguised admiration. "Well, it suits you, but—"
 "But! Unbeliever!" cries she, with a pout. "There is no pleasing you."
 "Oh, yes, there is," with a meaning glance at her.
 "You had better make up your mind to the Susannah," says she.
 "I couldn't. I don't believe any clergyman worthy of the title would dare to christen you Susannah."
 She breaks into merry laughter. Is there something mocking in it?
 "Ah! There is no deceiving you," cries she, still bubbling over with mirth. "One can see that. Never mind. I forgive you, although my best efforts have been thrown away. In vain have I dissembled. Come," slipping from her swing to the ground, "I see an empty court, and the day is cooler now. Let us try victory again."
 "So you really won't tell me," says he, looking at her. "I don't care. I shall find out from your sister."
 This defiance seems to amuse her more than all that has gone before.
 "Do," says she. "And be sure you ask her if it isn't Susannah."
 "Certainly sha'n't ask her anything as absurd as that," says he.

However, when he does ask her, it is to learn, to his discomfiture, that Susannah is her name. This little Delilah had beguiled him.
 On their way to the court they met poor old Major Adams coming away from it, crestfallen, defeated, warm to a terrible degree. Fay, stopping, says a few pretty words to the tired old bore.
 "How kind you can be," says Severn, as he and she walked on again.
 "I am always kind to everybody, am I not?"
 "Not to everybody. Only just now you have been very unkind to me."
 "Oh, to you," saucily. "You are—" eloquent pause.
 "Thank you."
 "A sort of brother-in-law," says she, promptly, with the most innocent air in the world. "You are Nettie's brother, and as Nettie is my sister, why, of course," triumphantly. "there you are!"
 "Never heard anything clearer," says Severn.
 "As to being kind to that poor old major," says Fay, presently, "somehow I always feel one should be kind to very old people."
 "But with a limit, surely? Once let the major begin to talk, and—"
 "Ah! That is just it! Old people, as a rule, always want to talk. It is the only thing they want to do. They can't run about as we can. I like to let them say as much as ever they can. I always seem to remember, when with them, the one sad fact, that they have got so little more time left them in which to talk. Soon—terribly soon, the grave must open for them!"
 Her tone has changed. She has grown strangely earnest.
 Severn looks at her in great astonishment.
 Who would have thought so frivolous, so bright, so flower-like a thing could have thought so deeply? In a moment, however, she has recovered herself, and has cast—apparently—all sentiment behind her.
 "There is Jessica," says she, pointing to where Miss Wilcott is sitting, talking laggidly to a gaunt old lady.
 "Perhaps, after all, you had better go and ask her to play this set. She is

alone now. I," earnestly, "can get some one else to be my partner."
 "I have no doubt of it," says he, with unintentional bitterness. "Do you wish me to go to Jessica?"
 "Well— you see, Mr Wylding has gone away," says she, quite without meaning. "Now she has got rid of him, she will of course be wanting you."
 "Of course. And so Wylding has left her?"
 "Yes. He is over there at the other end of the court with Pasco."
 "I wonder why you call Pasco by his Christian name, and not me?" says he.
 "You?" She ponders for a second. "Yes, it does sound funny, doesn't it? But I'll call you Ernest, if you like."
 "I should," says he. "And may I call you—"
 "Susannah?" mischievously.
 "No, Fay."
 "Yes. There, go to Jessica."
 "It looks as if you wanted me out of your way," says he, with a slight frown. "By the bye, you told me your opinion of Jessica yesterday."
 "Oh! That is unkind. You know I meant nothing—and as you would not let me know anything, you should be the last to bring up that subject. I admire her immensely. I think her really lovely!" says she, with enthusiasm.
 "You have no fault to find, then! with a rather sarcastic intonation that ruffles her.
 "One," says she. "If I must admit it. Her voice annoys me. It is so slow—so drawly. It is irritating. It is lifeless. She talks as though she were a fly in October." Captain Severn laughs rather constrainedly.
 "Oh! And is it in October flies talk?" says he. "How interesting! After all, the one subject never quite mastered is natural history. It is always full of surprises."
 "I am going to sit down here," says Fay, very stiffly stepping short beside a long garden-chair, on which Lady Severn is seated talking to Mrs Adams.
 (To be continued.)

TEACHING CORRESPONDENCE.

It seems a very strange fact that, in these days of higher education for both men and women, any woman seeking a means of earning a living should be able to make an excellent income teaching people how to write their letters properly. And yet such is the case, and the woman in question not only makes a fair living, but has more to do sometimes than she can attend to. According to the woman herself, it came about like this:—
 "I was hard pressed at one time for some way of earning an honest penny, and I had thought, and thought of how I might do it, and there were no tangible results to be obtained, seemingly. One day a girl came to see me, and in the course of conversation said:—
 "'Miss B—, I would give anything in the world to be able to write as well as you do. You never seem to be dazed by any complication. You always write the proper thing in the right place. Do you know, I wish you were poor, and I would get you to teach me your art."
 "'My dear,' I cried, 'I am poor, and at my wits' end to get some way of making money. You have put an idea into my head, and you may help me to make a beginning. Let us form a 'correspondence class.'
 "'It was rather uphill work at first, but after the first class was formed another soon followed, until I have as many as twelve or fifteen going at once. I find that a class is most beneficial, as the pupils correspond among themselves, and, by reason of their numbers, provide a greater variety of subjects.
 "'It does not necessarily follow that a girl is unintelligent or badly educated who is a poor correspondent. This gift comes naturally to some, while to others it is denied, and these latter unfortunates would do better to cultivate it than to be indifferent to their proficiency in the art of letter writing."

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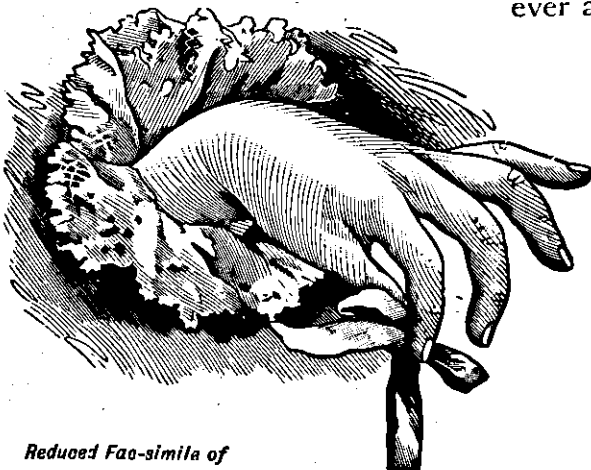
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Complete Story.

A Lady of the First Water.

"Say, Jim, who is the pretty girl that has just arrived by the stage? Ain't she a beauty?"

Bessie Stanford was a pretty little maiden of about twenty summers. She had a handsomely rounded figure, beautifully cut features, and bright blue eyes, while the gracefulness of her movements and the winning smiles which lit up her youthful countenance made her look as sweet and pure as the lily.

When the stage-coach pulled up at the Monte Christo Hotel in Red Gulch mining camp, Bessie, who was the only passenger, stepped out and hurriedly entered the somewhat crude and unpretentious building. The rough and noisy rabble that generally surrounds such places of resort grew painfully silent, and consternation and blank astonishment were stamped on every countenance. A woman was a curiosity in that rough mining camp, but when one who had the appearance of a queenly lady made her advent it was considered nothing short of an angelic visitation. The gruff and burly hotel-keeper for once in his life was outwitted, nervous, and excited. He had never entertained such a distinguished guest, but, with a forced effort of self-composure, Bessie was shown to the "best" room in the house. When he returned, it was with difficulty he could elbow his way through the gaping crowd which had surrounded his desk. In his hand he carried a dainty white card, and, while curious eyes looked over his shoulder as he took up the rusty pen and dipped it into the muddy inkbottle, he wrote in the register:

"Bessie Stanford, San Francisco, Cal."

He looked at the autograph with a smile of satisfaction on his face, and then said—"There you are, gents, in black and white."

"But who is she?" came the question from the motley crowd.

"That I don't know; but she is a lady of the first water. I ain't seen one like her in a long time before, but I know a lady when I sees her, that I do, and she shall have the best in the house."

When Bessie entered the dining-room she was the object of universal admiration. With womanly instinct she fully realised that all eyes were directed towards her, and it was with some show of bashfulness she tried to evade these by letting her own eyes fall in a becomingly modest manner, and a faint indication of a blush would lightly steal over her pretty face.

Billy Woods, one of the silver kings of the camp, sat directly opposite to her at the table, and her beauty seemed like an irresistible magnet from which he could not draw his enraptured gaze. Once or twice she timidly raised her eyes, and every time she encountered those of the pioneer miner. Billy was hopelessly in love with her. And all could see it, for when the fairy who had so entranced him daintily wiped her rosy lips and arose and left the room, he sighed audibly and wandered back to the office, unconscious of the fact that he had scarcely eaten a mouthful.

"Look here, Gus," he said, addressing the landlord, "who do you reckon she be? Mebbe it's one of those things that come from up yonder, you know. Oh, but ain't she a beauty, Gus?"

Just at this moment Bessie entered the office, wrapped up for the street, and politely asked the landlord if he would kindly direct her to the office and store of Swindleton and Co.

"It's away down at the mor' end of this street, my leddy; but houses are very much alike in our town—it is mighty hard to find them out. Billy, you go 'long and show 'er where it is."

"I—I—I can pint them out from here," stammered Billy, "if you'll jest step this way, Miss."

"Pintin' ain't showin', Billy. Dig up yer manners, an' go along with the leddy."

"I would be so much obliged if you would, sir," said the sweet-voiced Bessie; "I have some business to transact there, and I am anxious to get done with it this afternoon, so that I can make my return journey for home to-morrow morning."

Billy's heart was set a-jumping, and as he could not resist the sweet appeal they walked out together. As they

went down the street they encountered a group of drunken miners, and as Bessie came near them she more than once grasped Billy's arm, the touch of which sent a thrill through his entire being.

"Don't be scared, Miss," he replied; "long as yer with me no harm will run agin you. Ther ain't two men in the camp can handle me, an' besides ther ain't nobody in the diggin's that would harm a leddy. A man as'd raise his han' to a woman in these diggin's 'd find himself a-standin' on nothin', a-kickin' at the air, jes' as soon as the boys could get him under a tree."

"I have often heard and read of the miner's respect for women," she softly answered; "it respect that sometimes amounts to reverence. Why is it, do you know?"

"Cause o' recollections, Miss. All o' them left mothers or wives or sisters or sweethearts away back home, and when they see a woman they think o' them."

When they reached the store of Swindleton and Co., Bessie kindly thanked Billy for his attention, but would not ask him to wait for her, as she would find her way back herself.

Billy slowly retraced his steps, but his eyes were fixed on the ground, as if in deep reflection. "Was he thinkin' back? No, he was thinking of the vague future with its possibilities. He seemed oblivious of everybody and everything around him, and although many inquiries were made regarding the girl, these were answered in a very brief and perfunctory manner.

Arriving at the hotel, Billy threw himself upon a couch in the sitting-room and completely lost himself in thought. On his part it was clearly a case of love at first sight.

A few minutes had but elapsed when he was aroused from his reveries by a light step in the doorway, and the angel of his musings stood beaming with smiles before him.

"I had not the least trouble," she said, "although it was the very first business I was ever entrusted with. You wouldn't have dreamed that I had two thousand dollars in this little handbag as we walked down the street, would you?"

"In gold, Miss?"

"Oh, no, indeed. That much gold would have been too much for me to carry around, wouldn't it? It was in paper California gold notes. You see, papa is President of the Gold Coast Bank in 'Frisco, and he had to deliver the money to Swindleton and Co. to-day as the amount due on some contract, I think. And he did not know any one he felt like trusting with the money; he asked me to undertake its delivery. The idea frightened me at first, but now that I have delivered it safely I can laugh at my fears, for who would ever imagine that a little puss like me had all that money."

"You are sartinly a brave leddy," replied Billy; "but you know it was safer wid you than with the express, for sometime they get held up, Miss."

"Well, I'm glad it's all over now; and papa will be awfully pleased when I get back again. He'll be real proud of me."

"Of course he will. Anybody would be proud o' you. Your papa's a banker, you say?"

"Yes, sir. Perhaps you may have heard of Henry Stanford, President of Gold Coast Bank?"

"I think I have heard the name, Miss; and—and—I had a sort o' notion to ax you to do me a favour."

"I should be glad to do anything in my power to return the kindness you have shown to me. What is it?"

"Wal, you see, Miss—Miss Stanford, me an' my pardner struck it pretty rich in the 'Silver Empire,' and we have been sellin' considerable dust lately. You see, thar's no bank up here, and I have been keepin' my share in an old trunk under my bed till I should find some place to put it in. I was goin' to send it to 'Frisco by the express, but, you see, they get held up so often that I was scared and gave up the notion. Now, if you'd be so kind as to take it down to yer pap, you'd do me a monstrous favour. It's only about five thousand, and it's all in gold notes."

"Oh, Mr Woods, I was feeling so greatly relieved by getting rid of that other money, and now you ask me to

carry a greater amount to the bank. Oh, excuse ma, but I cannot do it!"

"Why, yes you can, Miss. It don't weigh nothin', and nobody will ever suspect you got anything. Jest chuck it in your bag, and it won't be a bit in your way. Be a big favour, yes it would; and when I come down to 'Frisco I shall buy you something nice."

Bessie protested, and Billy insisted, until at length she reluctantly consented to take the money.

Just before the stage coach started next morning, Billy banded her his handsome pile, and as she shook hands with him she said:

"Papa will write you, Mr Woods, and send you a certificate of deposit; that's the way they do such things, you know."

"All right, Miss; and when I come down I reckon it will be all right to look up and see you again?"

"Oh yes. Papa will certainly bring you home to dinner, and I will try to make your visit as enjoyable as possible. You have been very kind to me, and mamma will be glad to welcome you. Good-bye, and I thank you again for your kindness."

Billy's eyes grew dim and a choking sensation took possession of his throat as he stood and gazed at the slowly disappearing coach, and when it was finally lost to view he felt as if the joy of his life had gone out of him. All day he moped around the hotel in a somewhat distracted sort of mind; and when night came sleep came not to his bloodshot eyes. Ere another day had dawned he had determined to go to 'Frisco by the first stage, and make some business excuse to Miss Stanford for his early reappearance.

Next morning he was early astir, and after dressing himself in his best attire he informed the landlord that he

intended going West on the morning stage. While waiting for breakfast, a man, white with the dust of a long journey, hurriedly dismounted in front of the hotel, hitched his horse, and hastily entered. He at once went to the register, and, pointing to Miss Stanford's name, asked the landlord: "What sort of looking woman was that?"

The landlord described her.

"Is she here?"

"No. Went down on the stage yesterday morning."

Wild with passion, he cursed his luck and, stamping his foot, he turned to the landlord and said:

"Get me some breakfast, quick; and a fleet horse at any price. I am the Sheriff from Sierra County, and I am after that girl for turning a thousand dollar trick over there. She is Jessie Morgan, the slickest confidence woman on the coast."

Billy stood amazed, and turned pale. In another moment he was at the store of Swindleton and Co. Yes, they remembered the lady's visit of yesterday. "Did she leave any money with you?"

"Yes. Fifty cents. Bought a handkerchief and some candy."

In due course Billy arrived by the stage at 'Frisco, and on the street he met the Sheriff, who had arrived a few hours before. The girl had left the stage somewhere on the road. The driver didn't know where. Passengers get on and off at every station, and he hadn't noticed her.

"Did she get into you, too?" the Sheriff asked Billy.

"No; only asked about her through curiosity. I was at Red Gulch when you were there, you know."

All that Billy recovered was his heart. He never again heard of pretty Bessie Stanford, nor his five thousand gold notes.

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IN NO MAN'S LAND.

(An Australian Story.)

By A. B. PATERSON (Banjo).

Author of "The Man From Snowy River."

CHAPTER I. IN THE CLUB.

It was summer evening in Sydney. The north-east wind, coming down from New Guinea and the tropical islands over leagues and leagues of warm sea, brought on its wings a heavy depressing moisture. The air was hot and damp. In the city streets people walked listlessly about their business, and perspired and mopped themselves, and abused their much vaulted climate. It was like being in a Turkish bath, and each freshening of the breeze brought wave after wave of hot, moisture-laden air. Everyone who could manage it was away out of town, either on the heights of Moss Vale or the Blue Mountains, escaping from the Inferno of Sydney in summer.

In the Cassowary Club, weary pallid waiters brought iced drinks to such of the members as were condemned for their sins to spend the summer in town. The dinner gong had sounded, and in ones and twos the members shuffled out of the smoking room and went into dinner. At last only three men were left, and as they talked together at the far end of the big empty smoking room, they looked like three small stage conspirators at the end of a very large robbers' cavern. One of the three was a short, fat red-faced man, who looked like a combination of sea captain and merchant, and who was, in fact, the local representative of one of the big English steamship companies that trade to Australia. His connection with the mercantile marine had earned him the nickname of "The Bo'sun." On one side of him sat Pinnock, a lean and bilious-looking solicitor; while the third man was an English globe trotter, a colourless sort of person, of whom no one ever took any particular notice, until they learnt that he was the eldest son of a big Scotch whisky manufacturer, and had £10,000 a year of his own. Then they suddenly discovered that he was a much smarter fellow than he looked. These three men were evidently waiting for somebody. The man who answered to the nickname of "Bo'sun" seemed to have a grievance, and was relieving his mind by speech. He rose from his seat and walked up and down between the smoking room chairs, brandishing a telegram as he talked, while the attorney and the globe trotter lay back on the lounge and admired his energy.

"I call it a shame," he said, facing round on them suddenly "I could have got up to Moss Vale for a day or two, and now old Gordon of Kuryong wires to me and asks me to meet a new chum and entertain him. Just listen to this: 'Young Carew, friend of mine, on Carthaginia. Will you meet him and show him round, oblige me.—W. G. Gordon.' I met the old fellow once or twice at dinner, when he was in town for the sheep sales, and on the strength of that he foists an unknown callow new chum on to me. People are always doing that kind of thing."

"Leave this friend of his alone, then," said Pinnock "don't have anything to do with him. I know his sort; Government House young man the first week, Coffee Palace at two shillings a night the second week, boiler on the wharf the third week, central police court the fourth week, and then exit so far as all decent people are concerned."

The Bo'sun stuffed the telegram away in his pocket, and sat down again.

"Oh, I don't suppose he will be so bad," he said. "I've asked him here to dinner to-night, so that we will see what he is like, and if he's no good I'll drop him. But it is the principle of the thing that I object to. Country people are always at this sort of thing. They'd ask me to meet an Alderney bull, and entertain him till they send for him. What am I to do with an unknown new chum? I'd sooner have

an Alderney bull—he'd be easier to arrange for. He'd stop where he was put, anyhow."

Here the globe trotter cut into the conversation in his unimpressive style. "I knew one Jim Carew in England," he said, "and if this is the same man you will have no trouble taking care of him. He was a great man at his Varsity triple blue, or something of the sort. He can run and row and fight and play football, and all that kind of thing. Very quiet spoken sort of chap—rather pretends to be a simple sort of Johnny, don't you know, but a regular demon, I believe. He got into a row at a music hall one night, and they sent the chucker out to cast him into outer darkness, and he threw the chucker-out in among a lot of valuable pot plants, smashed the pot plants, and irrevocably ruined the chucker-out; he never was any good afterwards."

"Nice sort of man," said the Bo'sun. "I've seen plenty of his sort, worse luck; he'll be found borrowing fivers after the first week. I'll put him on to you fellows."

The globe trotter smiled a sickly smile. "What's old Gordon like—the man he is going to?" he said, by way of changing the subject. "Squatter man, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes, and one of the real old sort, too," interposed Pinnock. "Perfect old gentleman, you know, but apt to make himself deuced unpleasant if everything doesn't go exactly to suit him; sort of old chap who thinks that everyone who does not agree with him ought to be put to death at once. He had a row with his shearers one year, and offered Jack Delanty a new Purdey gun if he'd fire the first two charges into the shearers' camp at night."

"Ha!" said the globe trotter. "That's his sort, eh? Well, if this Carew is the Carew I mean, he and this old fellow will be well met. They'll about do for each other in the first week or two."

"No great loss, either," said the Bo'sun. "Anyhow, I've asked this new chum to dinner to-night, and Charley Gordon is coming too. He came into my office to-day, but he had not heard of this new chum. Charley Gordon is a member here now—he has joined the club."

"What is he like?" said the globe trotter. "Like his namesake that wanted the shearers killed?"

"Oh, no; a good fellow," said the Bo'sun, taking a sip at his sherry. "He's old Gordon's nephew, and the old man has kept him out on the back stations nearly all his life. He was out in the Gulf country in the early days, got starved out in drought, swept away in floods, lost in the bush, speared by blacks, and all that sort of thing. He was out pioneering in the days when men camped under bushes and didn't wear shirts. He's gone a bit queer in the head, I think, but he's a good chap for all that."

Pinnock looked at his watch. "Well, I wish they'd come along," he said. "It's too hot to eat, but we might as well go in and drink something."

As he spoke a buttony boy came in and walked up to the Bo'sun. "Gentleman to see you, sir," he said. "Mr Carew, sir."

The Bo'sun hurried off to bring in his guest, while Pinnock called after him, "Mind your eye, Bo'sun. Be civil to him. See that he doesn't kill a waiter or two on the way up. Not but what he'd be welcome to do it, for all the good the waiters are here," he added, glomily, taking another sip at his sherry and bitters; and before he had finished it the Bo'sun and his guest re-entered the room.

The guest was an absolutely typical young Englishman, of the sort that the universities turn out by the hundred—all cast in the same mould, all with the same mannerisms and appearance, differing only in physical shape or size. They had expected to see a Hercules, a fiery faced, fierce eyed man; but this was merely a

broad shouldered, well built youth, about 23 years of age, with a square rather stolid face, clean shaved, brown complexioned, with honest eyes and a firm set mouth. He was clean and wholesome looking, and his clothes fitted him. As he stood at the door he adopted the absolutely wooden expression which the university man always adopts in the presence of strangers. He said nothing on being introduced to Pinnock, and when the globe trotter came up and claimed acquaintance, defining himself as Throckmorton of Balliol, the stranger said he didn't remember him, and regarded him with an aspect of armed neutrality. After a sherry and bitters he thawed a little, and the Bo'sun started to cross-examine him.

"Mr Gordon, of Kuryong, wired to me about you," he said. "I suppose you came in the Carthaginia?"

"Yes," said the stranger, speaking in the regulation English university voice, a little deeper than usual. "I left her at Adelaide. I'm going out for bush experience, don't you know. I'll get you to tell me some place to stop at till I leave, if you don't mind."

His manner was distinctly apologetic, and he seemed anxious to give as little trouble as possible.

"Oh, you stop here," said the Bo'sun. "I'll have you made an honorary member. They'll do you all right here."

"That's awfully good of you. Thanks, very much indeed."

"Oh, not at all. You'll find the club not so bad, and a lot better than where you're going with old Gordon. He's a very demon to make fellows work. It's pretty rough on the stations sometimes."

"Ah, yes; awfully rough, I believe. Quite frightened me, what I heard of it, don't you know. Still, I suppose one must expect to rough it a bit. Eh? What?"

"Charley Gordon will be here in a minute," said the Bo'sun. "He can tell you all about it. Here he is now," he added, as the door swung open and the long waited for guest entered the room.

The newcomer certainly looked the character of a far out man to perfection.

He was tall, wiry framed, and very dark, and his figure was so spare and lean that he did not seem to have an ounce of superfluous flesh anywhere about him. His face was as hard and impassive as the face of a Red Indian, and looked—so did his hands—almost black by contrast with his white shirt front. He had thin straight hair, high cheek bones, and a drooping black moustache. But his eyes were his most remarkable feature. Very keen and piercing they were, deep set in the head, and even when he was looking straight at anyone they seemed to be peering into endless space, over and beyond the man in front of them. Such eyes men get from many years of staring over great stretches of sunlit plain, where there is no colour to relieve the blinding glare—nothing but dull grey clumps of salt-bush and the dull green Mitchell grass.

He was quite 6 feet in height, and as straight as a ramrod, with long stringy looking arms and legs and muscular hands. His whole bearing spoke of infinite determination and self-reliance—the square chin, the steadfast eyes telling their tale as plainly as print.

The Bo'sun introduced him to the stranger in the usual stereotyped mumble: "Let me introduce Mr Carew from England, Mr Gordon, of—Where are you located now, Gordon?"

"Well, I am a resident of No Man's Land at present," said the bushman. "I'm off to the edge of nowhere to take over a cattle run. You came out to my uncle, didn't you, Mr Carew?"

"Yes. But I don't know where I am to be sent, nor when I am to begin work. I've made no arrangements at all so far."

The bushman looked keenly at him for a while, as though sizing him up. "I expect he'll send you with me," he

said. "He won't send you to the old station. He hates the sight of Jackaroes any time."

"What is a Jackaroo?" said the Englishman. "Sort of animal, eh?"

"A new chum—a colonial experimenter—you're a Jackaroo. He mostly sends them out to Coorawatha. Lord help you if you go there."

"Why, is that a rough place?"

"Rough? Yes; rough as a pile of stones. The last Jackaroo that came out to my uncle was a lord's son—not such a bad sort of fellow for all that—but he expected that when he got out there he would have to do the De Rougemont business and have a fight with the blacks every day of his life. Instead of that, the old man sent him out with his food and blankets and a pack horse, to live in a hut on the run by himself, and cook for himself, and the work he had to do was to tar gates; and at the end of two days' work they went out to see how he was getting on, and they couldn't tell which had the most tar on—the gates or the new chum."

Here the Bo'sun interposed. "Come on; let us get to dinner," he said. "What does Mr Carew know about tarring gates? When we've had something to eat we can make some plan for later on."

CHAPTER II.

IN "PUSH" SOCIETY.

The dinner had the usual effect on men who meet for the first time—it made them more friendly than a week of ordinary acquaintanceship, and everybody got to think very highly of everybody else before the meal was over. The bushman told stories of his adventures that would have made De Rougemont sick and envy, and Carew listened with deferential interest. They tried to draw him in as to his opinion on various subjects, but he seemed so eager to admire everything and agree with everything, and asked so many questions, and was so thankful for instruction, that they rather doubted whether he wasn't purposely keeping dark. He admired the harbour immensely, liked the town, found the climate rather hot, and agreed that Australian cricket was wonderful; but he wouldn't talk about himself at all. As they were finishing dinner the Bo'sun proposed an adjournment to the billiard room. "It's too hot for the theatre," he said, "and there are only blood and thunder pieces on, anyhow. Do you play billiards, Carew?"

"Oh, yes, I play a little."

"Play a good game, I suppose?" said the bushman, interrogatively. "Oh, nothing at all wonderful. I'm not a first flight man by any means," said the other. "I happened to win the cue one year at the 'Veracity, but it was a weak year."

"You'll be able to take some of the fellows down out our way, I expect," said Gordon. "They fancy themselves out there a bit, some of them."

The Englishman stared at him.

"Why, surely, you don't have billiard tables out in the wilderness, do you?" he said; "I thought it was quite a wild place—snakes and all sorts of things like that. I never expected to see a billiard table." The bushman laughed quietly. "It's rough enough for most people," he said. "But there is a billiard table at Logwood township, about a hundred miles away. It's wonderful how they take the tables out to those places. Wherever there's men and money, there's billiards and women. But of course, you know, I'm not going back to the station just now. I'm off to take over a cattle run that has fallen into my uncle's hands—a place that the ticks swept clean, and the late owners have decided to abandon. My uncle had a mortgage over it, and now he's got to take the place over. It's what I call 'no man's land' now. You'd better come out there with me, and get the roughness over straight away."

"Not much billiards there, I expect?" said Carew.

"No," said Gordon, "not likely. But we'll soon find something else to do. All about the bush there are real good athletes of all descriptions; regular red hot men—English fellows mostly, that daren't go back into civilisation."

"How do you mean 'daren't' go back?" said the Englishman, puzzled. "What's to stop 'em?"

"Oh, half of 'em are sort of in hiding there—sent out there to get away from some trouble over women, or stamped paper, or something of that

kind. The other half are sort of in hiding there—sent out there to get away from some trouble over women, or stamped paper, or something of that

sort. Lots of men there aren't go back until suddenly somebody dies, or relents; and then off they go, to blossom out into howling swells in the old country. You'll find plenty of men up there who will take you on at any game you fancy yourself at. But the question now is, what are we going to do with ourselves this evening? I'm not fond of billiards myself."

By this time they had finished the dessert, and had adjourned to the smoking room for coffee; and the Bosun, more in fun than anything else, proposed an adjournment to a larrikin dancing saloon. A lively debate ensued.

"I should like it awfully," said the Englishman. "I've heard such a lot about the Australian larrikin. What they call a Hooligan in England, isn't it? er, what? Sort of rough that lays for you with a pal, and robs you, eh?"

The Bosun rang for cigars and liquors, and then answered the question. "Pretty much the same thing as a Hooligan," he said, "but with a lot more science and dog cunning about him. They go in gangs, and if you hit one of the gang, all the rest will 'deal with you,' as they call it. If they have to wait a year to get you, they'll wait, and get you alone some night or other and set on to you. They jump on a man if they get him down, too. Oh, they are regular beauties.

"Rather roughish sort of Johnnies, eh?" said the Englishman. "But we might go and see the dancing? No harm in that." Pinnock said he had to go back to his office; the Globe Trotter said he didn't care about going out at night, and the Bosun tried to laugh the thing off. "You don't catch me going," he said. "There's nothing to be seen—just a lot of flesh young rowdies dancing. You'll gape at them, and they'll gape at you, and you'll feel rather a pair of fools, and you'll come away. Better stop and have a rubber at whist."

"If you dance with any of their women, you get her particular fancy man on to you, don't you?" said Gordon. "It's years since I've been round that sort of place myself."

The Bosun, who knew nothing about the matter, assumed the Sir Oracle at once.

"I don't suppose their women would dance with you if you paid 'em 5s a step," he said. "There would be sure to be a fight if they did. Are you fond of fighting, Carew?"

"Not a bit," said that worthy, filling himself another brandy. "Never fight if you can help it. No chap with any sense ever does. Better be a coward all your life than a corpse half a minute."

"That's like me," said Gordon, reaching over for the decanter. "I'd sooner run a mile than fight, any time. I can fight like a rat, if I'm cornered, but it takes a man with a stockwhip to corner me. I never start fighting till I'm done running. But we needn't get into a row. I vote we go. Will you come, Carew?"

"Oh, yes, I'd like to," said the Englishman. "I don't suppose we need get into a fight."

And so, after many jeers from the Bosun, and promises to come back and tell him all about it, they walked forth together—a pair of men quite as capable of looking after themselves as one would meet in a day's march. They were both in immaculate evening dress, with gold watch chains, diamond studs and white ties. Each had a large fat cigar stuck in the corner of his mouth, and with a good dinner under their waistcoats they felt fit for anything. Stepping into the street, they called a cab.

"Where to, sir?" said the cabman. "Nearest dancing saloon," said Gordon, briefly.

"Nearest darning saloon," said the cabman. "There ain't no parties to-night, sir; it's too hot."

"We're not expecting to drop into a ball-room without being asked, thank you," said Gordon with elaborate irony. "We want to go to one of those saloons where you pay a shilling to go in. Some place where the larrikins go. My friend here wants to see the town."

"Ho, is that it, sir?" said the cabman, taking a good stare at them. "Well, I'll take you to a noo place, most selectest place I know. Git up, 'orse." And off they rattled through the quiet streets, turning corners and crossing tram lines about every 50 yards apparently, and bumping against each other in the most fraternal manner, as if they had known each other all their lives.

Soon the cab pulled up at the foot of a flight of stairs, leading up to an upper room in a dingy house, in a narrow ill-lit street. Instructing the cabman to wait, they hustled up the stairs, and were confronted at the top by a man who took a shilling each from them, and then did not appear to be too sure whether he would let them in or not. He didn't seem to like their form exactly, and muttered something to a by-stander as they came in. They saw a long, low room, brilliantly lighted by flaring gas jets. Down one side, on wooden forms, were seated a row of girls all flashily dressed—the larrikinesses on their native heath; barnmaids from cheap, disreputable hotels, shop girls, factory girls, all sharp-faced and pert, young in years but old in knowledge of evil.

The demon of mischief peeped out of their quick-moving, restless eyes. They all had their hair done into an elaborate fringe in front, and their dresses were short, exhibiting well-turned ankles and legs.

A large notice on the wall stated that "Gentlemen must not dance with maids in their boots. Gentlemen must not dance together."

"That blocks us," said Gordon, pointing to the notice. "Can't dance together, no matter how much we want to. Look at these fellows here."

On the side of the room opposite the women there sat and lounged a score or two of youths, wiry, hard faced little fellows for the most part—but there was scarcely a sizeable man amongst them. They were all clothed in what is recognised in push society as evening dress—black bell bottomed pants, no waistcoat, very short black paget coat, white shirt with no collar, and a gaudy necktie tied round the bare throat. Their boots were marvels of ornamentation, being very high in the heel and picked out with all sorts of colours down the sides. They looked "varminty" enough for anything, but the shifty eyes, low foreheads and evil faces gave our two heroes a sense of disgust. The Englishman thought that all the stories he had heard of the Australian larrikin were much exaggerated, and that any man who was any use at athletics could easily take his own part among such a poor looking lot. The whole spectacle was disappointing. The most absolutely decorous order prevailed. No excitement, no rough play was noticeable, and their expedition seemed likely to be flat and unprofitable.

Proceedings were, in fact, conducted according to a strict etiquette, and later on this fact was forced upon their notice. The bushman stared down the room with his far-seeing eyes, apparently looking at nothing, and contemplated the whole show with bored indifference.

"Nothing very dazzling about this," he said. "I'm afraid we can't show you anything very exciting here. Better go back to the club, eh?"

Just then the band (piano and violin) struck up a slow laboured waltz, Bid Me Good-bye and Go, and each black coated male, with languid self-possession, strolled across the room, seized a lady by the arm, jerked her to her feet without saying a syllable, and commenced to dance in slow convulsive movements, making a great many revolutions for very little progress. Two or three girls were left sitting, as their partners were talking in a little knot at the far end of the room.

One of these girls was conspicuously pretty, and she ogled and smirked at our two heroes in a very pronounced way.

"There's one hasn't got a partner," said Gordon. "Good looking Tottie, too. Go and ask her to dance. See what she says."

The Englishman hesitated for a second. "I don't like asking a perfect stranger to dance," he said. "Go on," said Gordon. "It's all right. She'll like it."

Carew drew down his cuffs, squared his shoulders, and assuming his most absolutely stolid drawing-room manner, walked across the room a gleaming vision of splendour in his immaculate evening dress, and stood before the girl.

"May I—er—have the—er—pleasure of this dance?" he said, with most elaborate politeness.

The girl giggled a little, but said nothing. Then she rose to her feet and took the arm.

As she did so, a youth among the conversationalists at the other end of the room looked suddenly round, and stared for a second. Then he moistened his fingers with his tongue, smoothed down the hair on his temples and started down the room at a swaggering walk, with elbows held out from his sides, shoulders hunched up and under-jaw well stuck out, and bare down on our hero and the girl.

This happy couple were just getting under way when he came up. He took not the slightest notice of Carew, but touched the girl on the shoulder with a sharp peremptory tap, and brought their dance to a stop.

"Ere," he said, in commanding tones. "Oo are you darning with?" "I'm darning with 'im," said the girl pertly, indicating the Englishman with a jerk of her head.

"Ho, you're darning with 'im, are you? 'E brought you 'ere, perhaps?" "No, he didn't," she said.

"No," he said. "You know well enough 'e didn't."

While this conversation was going on, the Englishman maintained an attitude of dignified reserve, leaving it to the lady to decide who was to be the favoured man; but at last he felt that it was hardly right for an undergraduate of Oxford, and a triple blue at that, to be discussed in this contemptuous way by a larrikin and his "donah," so he broke into the discussion, perhaps a little abruptly, but using his most polished and polite style.

"I—ah—asked this lady to dance, and if she—er—will do me the honour," he said.

"Ho! You arst her to dance? And wha right had you to arst her to

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darnee, you lop eared rabbit?" said the burkinn, raising his voice as he warmed to his subject. "I brought 'er 'ere. I paid the bleedin' shillin'. Now, then, you take your 'ook." He went on pointing sternly to the door, and talking in the tone of one addressing a disobedient dog. "Go on, now. Take your 'ook."

The Englishman said nothing, but his jaw set ominously. The girl giggled, delighted at being the centre of so much observation. The band stopped playing, and the dancers crowded round. The word was passed down the room that it was a "toff darcnin' with Nugget's donah," and from various parts of the room black coated dupliques of Nugget hurried swiftly to the scene of action.

The man at the door turned to Gordon. "You'd better get your mate out of this," he said. "These are the Rocks Push, and they'll deal with him all right."

"Deal with him, will they?" said Gordon, looking at the gesticulating Nugget. "They'll bite off more than they can chew if they interfere with him. This is just his form, a row like this. He's a bit of a champion in the rough and tumble. I believe."

"Is he?" said the doorkeeper, sardonically. "Well, look 'ere now, you take it from me, if there's a row Nugget'll spread him out as flat as a newspaper. They've all been in the ring in their time, these coves, There's Nugget, and Ginger, and Brammy—all red 'ol. You get 'em away."

Meanwhile the Englishman's ire was gradually rising. He had got past the stage of reflecting whether it was worth while having a fight over a factory girl in a shilling dancing saloon, and the desire for battle blazed up in his eyes. He turned and confronted Nugget.

"You go about your business," he said, dropping all the laboured politeness out of his tones. "If she likes to dance—"

He got no further. A shrill whistle rang through the room; a voice shouted, "Don't it 'im; 'ook 'im!" His arms were seized from behind and pinioned to his sides. The lights were turned out. Somebody in front hit him a terrific crack in the eye, at the same moment that someone else administered a violent kick from the rear. He was propelled by some invisible force to the head of the stairs, and then—whizz! down the steep stairs he went, with one prodigious leap, clear from the top to the first landing.

Here, in the pitch darkness, he grappled one of his assailants; for a few seconds they swayed and struggled, and then rolled down the rest of the stairs, over and over each other, grappling and clawing, each trying to tear the other's shirt off. When they rolled into the street, Carew recognised that he had got hold of Charlie Gordon.

They sat up and looked at each other. Then they made a simultaneous rush for the stairs, but the street door was slammed in their faces. They kicked at it violently, but without result, except that a sea of faces peered out of the first floor window and hoisted at them, and a bucket of water was emptied over them. A crowd collected as if by magic, and the spectacle of two gentlemen in evening dress trying to kick in the door of a shilling dancing saloon afforded unmitigated delight.

"Ker's two toffs got done in all right," said one.

"What ho! Osear, won't she darnee with you?" said another; and somebody from the back threw some banana peel at them.

Gordon recovered his wits first; the Englishman was fairly Berserk with rage, and glared round on the bystanders as if he contemplated a rush among them. The cabman put an end to the performance. He was tranquil and unemotional, and he soothed them down and coaxed them into the cab. As they drove off, the band in the room above resumed the dreamy waltz music of "Bid Me Good-bye, and Go!"—and they went.

In the cab the Englishman subsided in the corner, breathing hard and feeling his eye. Gordon leant forward and peered out into the darkness. They were nearly at the club before he spoke. Then he said "Well, I'm blessed! We made a nice mess of that, didn't we?"

"I'd like to have got one fair crack at some of 'em," said the Englishman with heartfelt earnestness. "Couldn't we go back there now?"

"No. What's the good? We'd never get in. Let the thing alone. We needn't say anything about it. If once it gets to be known that we were

chucked out we'll never hear the last of it. Are you marked at all?"

"Got an awful swipe in the eye," said the other briefly.

"I've got a cut lip and my head nearly screwed off. You did that. I'll know the place again. Some day we'll come back and get a few of the right sort to go with us, and we'll just go there quietly, as if we didn't mean anything, and then, all of a sudden, we'll turn in and break the whole place up. We'll pitch 'em all out of that window. Come and have a drink now."

They had a silent drink in the deserted club. The mind of each was filled with a sickening sense of defeat, and without much conversation they retired to bed. They thanked heaven that the Bo'sun had disappeared elsewhere.

Even then Fate hadn't quite finished with the bushman. He was a newly joined member of the club, and had lived a life in which he had to shift for himself a good deal, and the ways of luxury were new to him. Consequently, when he awoke early next morning he saw a man moving with cat-like tread about his room, and absolutely taking the money out of his pockets before his very eyes. He sprang out of bed with a bound and half throttled the robber. Then, of course, it turned out that the supposed thief was the bedroom waiter, who was taking his clothes away to brush them. And this contretemps, on top of their overnight mishap, made him very determined to get away from town with all speed. When he looked in the glass he found that his lips had swelled so much that his moustache stuck out in front of him like the bowsprit of a ship. At breakfast he joined the Englishman, who had an eye with as many colours as an opal. Also, he had a tired look about him, and his boots were dusty.

"Are you only just up?" said Gordon, as they contemplated each other.

The Englishman had resumed his mantle of stolidity, but he coloured up a little at the question. "I've been out for a bit of a walk round the town," he said. "Fact is," he added, in a burst of confidence, "I've been all over the town lookin' for that place where we were last night. Couldn't find any place like it at all."

Gordon laughed at his earnestness. "Oh, bother the place," he said. "If you had found it there wouldn't have been any of 'em there. But now, about ourselves. We can't show out like th's. We'd better be off to-day, and no one need know anything about it. Besides, I half killed a waiter this morning. I thought he was some chap stealing my money, when he only wanted to take my clothes away and brush 'em. Sooner we're out of town the better. I'll wire to the old man that I've taken you with me."

So saying, they settled down to breakfast, and by tacit agreement avoided the club for the rest of the day.

Before leaving Gordon had to call and interview Pinnock, the lawyer, on business, and left Carew waiting outside while he went in. He didn't want to parade their injuries, and said nothing of their over-night adventures. He knew that Carew's eye would excite a remark, while, by keeping his upper lip well down over his teeth, he hoped his own troubles would escape notice.

"Seems harmless sort of chap, that new chum," said Pinnock.

"He'll do all right," said Gordon, casually. "I've met his sort before. He's not such a fool as he lets on to be. Shouldn't wonder if he killed somebody before he gets back here, anyhow."

"How did you get on at the dancing saloon?" said Pinnock.

"Oh, slow enough. Nothin' worth seeing. Good-bye."

And then the two of them sneaked on board the steamer without meeting the Bosun or anybody else, and before evening were on their way to No Man's Land.

(To be continued.)

BOOKFELLOWS AND TOBACCO

You can't dogmatise on a subject so variously and supremely important as Tobacco. Here, also, one man's food may prove to be another man's poison. And you must not attempt to frame arbitrary rules for Poets. Indeed, I doubt whether poets can be seriously considered as smokers; I have always felt that pipe of Tennyson's was more or less of an affectation, a mere effort at harmony with the hair and cloak and general Tennysonian manner. And as for your bush-poet—I can only imagine him, in this great connection, as sitting half-disconsolately on a stockyard fence (I suppose the thing has a fence), frittering furtively with a damp cigarette, what time he gently woos to counsel a cynical wisp of moon. Bush-poets, if they would attain to perfection—the sounding note, the virile ring—should come into the city, and live our hard, free, athletic life for a year or two. No decent poet can afford to coddle himself.

But for mere ordinary persons, like myself. Here is the One Mixture—discovered, too, by myself, after many desolate years of harrowing experiment: Eight ounces of "medium" Capstan (this is the backbone of the Mixture, so to speak, and if you go beyond "medium," you ruin the whole thing, infallibly); 2oz. of Pioneer (this lends a saving fragrance to the after taste); 1oz. of Latakia (adds delicacy to the conception, subtlety, distinction); and 1oz. of first-quality, first-strength Negrohead (adds grip and actuality); rub all well together, and keep close in a cool jar for a fortnight before sampling. This is the only mixture worth considering, and the bookfellow who does not yield to it all his fealty, once tried, ought to give up his fellowship and take to cricket, or some other form of crime. For this is not a mixture, in the ordinary sense; it's an institution.

But pipe-smoking is an ordinary, respectable, work-a-day business, when all is said. I affirm that the pipe only opens up a minor form of tobacco enjoyment. This is heresy, of course; but I don't care. One's pipe is one's companion; one's solace when all things else turn dog on one, and one is naturally very fond of one's pipe; but, admitting all that, it is surely ridiculous to talk of one's pipe in purple periods, attributing to its influence more than lies within its scope and function. The pipe, in short, soothes, cheers, stodies, and companions one; but it does not inspire. When Barrie wrote "My Lady Nicotine," it was the genius of Tobacco he worshipped, and only the pipe incidentally, because the pipe was his familiar at that time; the Presbyterian conscience, which is a thing very great and terrible, has still a sub-current of idea that cigars are ungodly; and Barrie is far too sensible a man to smoke cigarettes. The Kingdom of the Cigarette is, indeed, of all things, most inexplicable to the serious smoker. The provoking thing has no substance, and only the thinnest of savours; it probably injures one's health, and (which is a greatly more serious matter) it certainly makes the deuce of a mess with one's fingers. One can imagine a modern woman finding a certain charm in a cigarette; because one knows that every woman who smokes, whatever her grade, flies consciously in the face of her conventions. But the cigarette has no such element of allurements for man. Nowadays all men smoke; it is becoming disreputable not to smoke. But the cigarette is a foolish thing, as I was saying. Mind you, I do not deny that it has occasionally its uses, accidentally even its charms. It can never generate the finest shred of emotion; but now and then it may chance to spice an emotion very prettily. Thus there are two things, amongst others, that add appreciably to the delight of a hot bath (start at 115deg., and warm up by delicate gradations till your blood thickens); these two being a Turkish cigarette and a novel of Marcel Prevost. Mem.: There is a good deal to be said for the hot bath as a form of pure enjoyment, in face of the fact that we moderns have taken to cold showers, and other barbarous indulgences.

No! to get tobacco in its best form—to know the full sweetness and the full stimulus of it—you must still turn to the cigar. Other forms are tobaccoish; the cigar is tobacco. The stronger the cigar the better: the ripe maduro, compact of old-world fragrance and the sun, rich with the rejuvinated essence of the finest flavours

of Gargantuan sins, but bright as the eyes of Hebe, crisp and tonic as the morning sunlight of a winter's day. Myself, I like the Indian weeds, with their penetrating perfumes and their curious nitric snap; and the cheap but savourous Burma cheroot . . . do you remember how daintily the nut-brown damsels of Hangchow roll the moist pungent leaf on the naked plumpness of their thighs, bared daily for that purpose? Or there is the twisted cigar of Manila, the glory of the Philippines. Sent out in twists of three, each cigar is made like a corkerew in shape; and as for the quality of the inspiration (if you get them strong enough) these ugly customers run at the rate of an epic to the inch. And there is the little Canadiana cheroot, much favoured in Bengal, pregnant of odorous suggestions of celestial song, of unexplained situations in pure comedy.

Mind you, you must keep your nerves well strung and your senses quick, if you would rise on wings of pink-shot azure to the full joys of a cigar. You can't even enjoy my mixture, if you are cursed with Philistine prejudices and a chest of whose pipe has passed through many fires and become spiritualised. When I smoke it, it sings a courtly message to the stars; and my present chief of staff, who is a delicate man, says things that almost hurt me. If you have the nerves of an ass, such delicate things are wasted on you; and if you must smoke at all, you had better look for a shop where they will sell you colonial Derby at threepence the ounce.—Frank Morfon, in the "Bulletin."

PEGGOTTY'S HOUSE SOLD.

"Well, I'll be gormed if that don't beat all!"

Words to this effect would very probably be uttered by Mr Peggotty if any one were to tell him that his famous house at Yarmouth had just been sold for the large sum of £460 (2300 dollars). The imprecation therein has been chosen advisedly for the reason that Mr Peggotty's favourite expletive was some tense of the terrible and inexplicable passive verb "to be gormed."

Yet this will not seem a large sum to those who have read "David Copperfield," and who know how many romantic incidents are clustered round it.

David Copperfield describes it minutely for us. A real boat once, it was never designed for a habitation on dry land, and this was its chief attraction in the eyes of little David. It had a roof and little windows and a door cut in the side, and, as one entered the main room, one saw a table, a Dutch clock and a chest of drawers, and on the latter was "a tea tray with a painting on it of a lady with a parasol, taking a walk with a military looking child, who was trundling a hoop."

In the entire domain of fiction there is no home quite as unique or as fascinating as this. Wherever English is read the life story of David Copperfield has Dickens alone could pen it, has had thousands of readers enthralled, and they know well how much of the interest of this marvellous story depends upon the incidents that are connected with Mr Peggotty's ark at Yarmouth.

A STORY OF GENERAL BULLER.

Sir Redvers Buller was on one occasion proceeding to Canada with a regiment of soldiers. Off the entrance to the St. Lawrence River, however, the vessel was enveloped in fogs and delayed, so that provisions ran short. On an islet near by was a station for shipwrecked mariners, and Sir Redvers went ashore in a boat to ask for assistance. When he arrived he found the stores in charge of a woman, to whom he applied for assistance. "No," she said, "the supplies he for they when shipwrecked, not for such as you!" "But this is a Government depot, and we are servants of the Crown," replied Buller. "Can't help it; you're not shipwrecked." Now Sir Redvers thought he recognised the intonation of the woman's last remark, so he at once assumed the Cornish accent, and said: "What! not for dear old One and All, and I a Buller?" "What! be yew from Cornwall, en' a Buller? Take everything there is in the place; you're hearty welcome!"

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Feeney, photo.

PROFESSOR BERTIE & MR. A. M. SAMUEL,
Prior to giving a Life-saving Exhibition at Thorndon Swimming Club.



Feeney, photo.

MR. J. M. HAMILTON,
Representing the colony at the Championship Swimming gathering held in Australia.

Topics of the Week.

STEADY, BOYS, STEADY.

From one end of the colony to the other, comes news of wildly enthusiastic patriotic meetings, some in aid of the widows and orphans of the killed and for the wounded; some for purchase of more horses, and some for the sending of further contingents. At the moment of going to press, the Auckland people are emulating those of Dunedin and elsewhere, and are working themselves into a state of boundless enthusiasm and overflowing generosity, at a monster meeting in the Drill shed, where songs and patriotic speeches are preceding a mighty collection in aid of the widows and orphans of those killed and the wounded in the Transvaal.

It is evident that there is no want that patriotic feeling is lacking in the colony, or that there is any tendency to neglect our responsibility in the matter of paying for the privileges of Empire which we enjoy. On the contrary, there seems more need at present to sound a slight note of warning as to the danger of over excitement resulting in reaction. All that has transpired up till the present is right and proper. The display of loyalty and generosity in all matters connected with the war does this colony the highest credit, and will assuredly be remembered by the Mother Country for all time. But it would be a pity if excitement, feeding on excitement, were to breed amongst us any of that hysteria which marked a certain section of the American people and press over the war with Spain. Our action, so far, has been one to command universal admiration, but if we lose our heads with patriotic fervour we may stand some chance of a loss of dignity. We must never forget how closely the sublime and the ridiculous sometimes approach, and that in endeavouring to reach too high a point of the former, there is grave danger of falling into the latter. With the sending off of a second contingent, and our substantial donations to the widows' and wounded fund, we shall have shown in unmistakable manner that we are willing to share the Empire's troubles and anxieties. If a sufficient amount of money can be raised voluntarily and without effort for the dispatch of a third contingent, well and good. It will be greatly appreciated, no doubt, and will still further emphasize our loyalty. But it does not seem to me that any further urgent appeal should be made to the people either privately or by Parliament until further occasion arises. If indeed "the Empire calls" again, it will find us ready, but at present it is perhaps the better position to wait. The exaggerated cry of "the Empire in the hour of danger" is to be deprecated. The Empire is not in danger, and has not yet been in any. The reverses we have had to endure, and which may yet have to be met with, are but incidents of a tough campaign, and must not be magnified into national calamities and disasters. So far as can be seen at present, a third contingent would more than meet all requirements, and it is to be hoped that there will be no tendency to overdo matters. If we do, reaction is bound to set in, and another time, when perhaps assistance is even more needed, the ill-effects of our excitement may be felt.

OUR CATHOLIC CLERGY.

The enormous cortege which followed the remains of the late Father Walter McDonald to the grave was a significant and worthy tribute of the universal love and esteem in which that most notable man was held in Auckland. Father Walter occupied a position which was positively unique in our midst, and not only is there no one left to take his place, but there is no chance nowadays of anyone growing into it. Arriving amongst the pioneer settlers, Father Walter was from the first a personage, immediately gathering round him a circle of friends and warm admirers, and this was constantly being added to, as every new arrival was promptly introduced to him, and further, as the children of the men who had been his friends themselves grew into men, and in turn spoke to their children of the love in which the genial Father was held, and so passed on and increased his popularity from generation to generation. Older and more privileged friends and older

pena than mine are, however, at hand to do justice to the qualities which made Father Walter so great a favourite with all classes of the community. It is not my intention, therefore, to attempt an eulogy of the truly good man laid to rest on Wednesday last; but it is perhaps worthy of remark that wherever you find a great churchman occupying in different communities a similar position to that held here by the late Father Walter, you will find that that man is a Catholic priest. Neither any Anglican nor any Dissenting priest ever seems to achieve the universal popularity which falls to certain Catholic prelates in different quarters of the globe. The Anglican may be worshipped by members of his own Church, the Dissenting minister may be loved by his own sect, but you can never find either one or the other the object of a universal affection such as was lavished on say, Father Walter here, and Father Nugent in Liverpool, or, indeed, England. There must be many in this colony who knew Father Nugent, and know of the enormous influence he wielded and the universal love he inspired in Lancashire, but more especially in Liverpool. It was in his case, as in the case of Father Walter, his extraordinary geniality and charm of manner that won him his position in the hearts of all sorts and conditions of men. This geniality, this charm of manner, is indeed characteristic of the Catholic priesthood, and there are few places where you will not find Catholic priests who seem to be everybody's friend, quite irrespective of creed or religion. The reason is, I think, because the Catholic priest is as a rule far more able to, if one may express one's self slangily, "sink the shop" than the clergy of other creeds. He seems to remember that he is a man as well as a divine, and to enter far more fully into the everyday lives, joys, worries, and temptations of the people than others do. He seems to understand human nature better, and he is almost invariably gifted with a sense of humour too often entirely lacking amongst Church of England divines, and with notable exceptions almost non-existent in Dissenting bodies. And a sense of humour is a truly great possession for anyone who has to do with gaining the love of his fellows. A greater tolerance for human weakness, a better understanding of temptation, and above all an absolute freedom from any regard for class distinctions, are also characteristic of the Catholic priesthood, and help to make it more popular, and amongst its own people more powerful than any other. Then, again, there is a bonhomie and almost a Bohemianism (if one may so say it) amongst them which you will rarely find elsewhere. They are not always looking after their dignity, and they seem to realise that they can legitimately share in the enjoyments of laymen without in any way detracting from the position they hold as priests. There is, for instance, a prelate in Auckland who can sing a better comic song than anyone in the community, and who does not hesitate to do so at the Savage Club or other similar institutions. Yet it would be a bold man who would challenge his spiritual influence amongst his flock, or to assert that he in any way loses the dignity which belongs to his noble calling and high position in the community. Can one recall the instance of an Anglican or a Dissenting divine who would not feel he was doing something "unseemly" if he sang a comic song or gave a pantomime and musical sketch at a smoke concert? In fact, in a word, the Catholic priesthood has far more humanity in it than that of other denominations. They are not better men—they may possibly not do any more good—but as has been said they win more love. Our own clergy of the Anglican Church and that of the Dissenting bodies might, I think, advantageously take a lesson from their Catholic brethren in this respect, for it is certain that the man who can best win the affections of the community is he who can most easily influence their choice of good or evil.

"THE SPORT OF KINGS" AND — ?

Racing has long been known as the sport of kings, and most assuredly it requires a royal fortune to engage in the fascinating game as an owner in these days, when, even in New Zealand,

if you want to pick up the most likely yearling, to develop into a whizzer, you must give fourteen hundred guineas for him. To the man whose education in turf matters has been neglected, and who knows and cares nothing about breeding, to give upwards of one thousand four hundred pounds for an infant animal who may succumb to half a score of ailments, accidents and disasters before he can even begin to prove whether he is a duffer or no seems an act of sheer lunacy. And even those of us who occasionally patronise the races, and, perchance, attend the yearling sales as interested spectators, must frequently have wondered if such a youngster as the Hotchkiss—Rose of Wellington colt is really all that vast amount of money better than, say, the smart-looking colt by the same sire from Ouida, which fetched only 250 guineas. Truly, 1150 guineas seems a terrible margin between these two. The highest priced youngster of the year before this at the great Northern sale was the £1050 for Hengist, which has as yet done nothing to justify his price, save winning the moderate stakes attached to the Visitors' Plate, for which, despite his high price and fancied breeding, he started a rank outsider. But there is little use to argue, for the faith of racing men passes every other sort of faith, and it affects everyone who goes on to a racecourse, from the wealthy owner to the poverty-stricken punter with his half-dozen of half-crowns, not one of which he can properly afford to lose, but which he parts with with the utmost enthusiasm, firm in the faith every time that he will land a grand coup. It is shown, this amazing faith, in dozens of different ways, but in none more than in the obtaining, retelling and absorption of what is quaintly termed "information." The writer has been to some hundreds of race meetings, but he has yet to visit one where literally every man, woman and (in the colonies) child is not in receipt of some "information," which they will impart with much mystery, usually asseverating that it comes "straight from the stable." No doubt there is not a little guile amongst the racing fraternity, but the average racegoer, with his or her amazing airs and assumption of wisdom, is about the most credulous and simple-minded person possible to imagine. Personally, I know about as much about horses and racing as I do about flying, but a certain run of luck some years ago earned for me at one time quite a reputation as "a knowing card," and I have absolutely had a remark of mine repeated to me fourth or fifth hand as from "someone in the know." Such an occurrence was sufficient to kill the very small reverence for racing lore which I then cherished, and if anything were wanted to keep it dead, it is the perpetual misfortune which follows the enthusiastic fanatics who talk horse from year's end to year's end, and who really and honestly believe that they will make money out of backing horses. I have been young, and now am old, but the man who has made even a moderate income by betting on horses has yet, for my knowledge of him, to be born. Yet faith, indubitable and invulnerable, leads hundreds of mistaken folk to put such capital thought, careful planning and real hard work into the endeavour, as in any other direction would infallibly realise for them a comfortable competence. The fact that they are always hard up never seems to bring the true facts of the case home to these optimistic people, whose motto must surely be "Hope on, hope on for ever." The worse they are beaten in one encounter the more confident they are for the next. Verily, so far as the turf is concerned, it is "a mad world, my masters, a mad, mad world."

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Minor Matters.

They have a quaint old mad woman at Carlton, Vic. She is small and perfectly wizened and dressed quaintly in frocks of many colours and numerous bits and pieces. Wherever she goes she is accompanied by a dog, or at least she accompanies the dog, and her confidence in that small wall-eyed tyke is the peculiar characteristic of her madness. The dog leads, she follows, and if she starts out to go across the way her ever getting there depends entirely upon the pup. She trots after the dog in all his devious windings, and often fetches up, exhausted, in unheard of places, and has twice been caught wading in the sea in devout emulation of the responsible dog. The sight of a little old woman jiggling exuberantly up and down, playing follow-my-leader to an eccentric, bob-tailed terrier has ceased to be a novelty in her own neighbourhood, but in other suburbs she draws great crowds, and is frequently seen with a frenzied, unwavering optic glued on the dog, and followed rapturously in her wild career by three day-schools and about five hundred unemployed.

In a very little time we shall have an addition to our street cries. "Ere's yer fine liquid air, only thurppence a gallon." And, the gallon, weighing 8lb, has the cooling power of 800 of ice. Any hot afternoon, by regulating the escape of air from your gallon jar, you will be able to keep your room at any temperature. If you require ice you will be able to make it in a minute. The odd part of it is that although the air is liquid, it is thoroughly dry, and if thrown over the most delicate silk dress will leave neither stain nor mark; and the supply is inexhaustible. Before the year 1900 is out every householder will be able to have his own freezing chamber, and spoiled food in summer time, even in the muggiest weather, will be a thing of the past.

This story hails from near Swan Hill (Victoria), and relates to a man on whose behalf the cake for immovable annu is claimed by enthusiastic neighbours. Bradbery is inhumanly phlegmatic, and it is told that he was patiently fishing off a stump in the Murray on a recent afternoon. He had been fishing for hours, and had neither bite nor sup, but nothing ruffled his deadly calm. Two weeks or so previously his wife Hannah had gone missing, but that fact did not weigh on his mind either; he was simply a human vacancy so far as emotions were concerned. At last, just after sunset, Bradbery hooked something, and cautiously drew to the surface a length of skirt. Taking hold of this he towed a body ashore. After looking at the face in a disinterested way for a few moments, he said, "Blowed if it ain't Hannah!" Then he went on fishing.

A curious case has been attracting attention in the United States. A Yale freshman was in a Newhaven restaurant with a female companion, and while assisting her to put on her cloak he kissed her on the cheek. The couple were at once arrested by a policeman, and Judge Dow sentenced the youth to fifteen days' imprisonment for kissing the girl, and a like sentence was imposed on her for being kissed. It is not surprising to learn that this curious sentence has been appealed against.

This the Timaru "Herald": There is a weak spot in the management of the railways somewhere between here and the South Pole. Nearly all, if not all, the special trains from Dunedin to Christchurch have been late, sometimes hours late, in passing through Timaru, and that means through Canterbury, so that intending passengers have had to wait so long at the stations, kicking their heels or otherwise practising patience, or showing impatience, as their temperament inclined them. Passengers by the regular expresses have also had to suffer in a similar fashion. On Boxing Day, for example, both expresses from Dunedin were over an hour late at Timaru, through a perfect muddle of management on the section between Dunedin and Waitaki. So far as we can make out the through traffic was interfered with for the sake of local excursion traffic, which would not have caused any harm at all if the expresses had had the lines kept clear for them.

Heartrending stories connected with the Christmas goose were heard on all sides in Melbourne this year. The careful people who bought a pair cheap from hawkers, and allowed them to live luxuriously in the backyard, so that they would be "nice and fat" by the time they were wanted, had them punctually stolen a few days before the sacrifice. The plan was a simple one, depending for success on the hawkers who sold the birds. These ingenious gentlemen noted the houses, and removed the geese by night, just as they had reached the "nice and fat stage."

Here is a wrinkle for the "erok push" in New Zealand. The following curious case of a prisoner convicted by circumstantial evidence occurs in Lord Eldon's "Anecdote Book":—"I remember, in one case where I was a counsel, for a long time the evidence did not appear to touch the prisoner at all, and he looked about him with the most perfect unconcern, seeming to think himself quite safe. At last the surgeon was called, who stated that the deceased had been killed by a shot, a gunshot in the head; and he produced the matted hair, and the stuff cut from and taken out of the wound. It was all hardened with blood. A basin of warm water was brought into court, and, as the blood was gradually softened, a piece of printed paper appeared, the wadding of a gun, which proved to be the half of a ballad. The other half had been found in the pocket of the accused when he was taken. He was convicted, and hanged." This is a reminder of the Chemis case at Wellington, in which somewhat similar evidence was given, but was not strong enough to convict.

Letter from a Lancer published in northern N.S.W. paper:—"We have had our first day in South Africa at about 30 miles from Capetown at a town named above if you can only pronounce it. What an experience we have had, and only lasted about 24 hours. This morning, about 9 o'clock, we saw about 30 blackfellows, South African natives, getting flogged. My word, they got it properly, they were tied across a log stark naked, and the strongest and ablest men were chosen to use the whip. Each got from a dozen to two dozen apiece. All the Lancers saw the performance. I have often heard of poor devils getting flogged, but little did I think we would ever see anything like what we saw this morning. How they did sing out. When the flogging was finished a tinfal of brine was obtained, and about a pint was poured over each one's back. Whilst the flogging was going on they had about 300 other fellows watching the performance, and they were told if they caused any disturbance in the night they would be dealt with in a similar manner. The boss over them asked them if they understood and each one said "Oh! yes, boss, we know." A disturbance had arisen the previous night and one of their mates was badly handled—nearly killed in fact. I think he must die, and if he dies three of these fellows are to be shot." The cruelty of the Boers towards the local nigger is one of the strong points in the case against Kruger's crowd, yet it would seem (says a Sydney paper commenting on the above) as if the life of the Cape Colony nigger isn't unadulterated beer and skittles either.

A Tê Aute boy, who walked from Gisborne to his home near East Cape, thus writes:—"This part of the country seems very dull. On our way along the coast we hardly saw anyone in the kiangas. All the men and younger people are engaged on the sheep stations: This is the first time I have ever seen so many people working during our summer holidays. Nobody is to be seen loafing about now." Surely (remarks a Hawke's Bay exchange) this is good news, and augurs well for the future of the Maori race.

Some little time ago a discovery was made in the Upper Wanganui of a deposit of fossil bones. Specimens of these were sent to Wellington to the Surveyor-General who submitted them for the inspection of Sir James Hector. Sir James pronounces the find to be of considerable interest, and the bones to be those of some large marine animal of the cetacean species. The

specimens sent were evidently of immense antiquity, having been found embedded in a large round boulder of flinty hardens, out of which they had to be riven by dint of gad and hammer. The fossils are now deposited in the Colonial Museum, Wellington.

An old New Zealander who went Home a couple of years ago, writes to the "Graphic" that smart as we think our colonial larrikin, the "arab" of the English cities can (to use my correspondent's own words) give him weight and a beating. He says: "The other day I was an accidental listener to a conversation which still further opened my eyes—already well opened to the cuteness of the rising generation. It was during one of those troublesome showers with which we have been indulged so frequently of late that I made the following discovery of childish ingenuity and grown-up gullibility. The scene was a wide covered entry, which provided a convenient shelter for myself and some eight or ten other pedestrians from the short but heavy fall of rain which had otherwise drenched our umbrellaless forms. I was standing well at the back of a little crowd, waiting for the coming lull in the storm which would enable me to reach the office, when I heard a small voice at my elbow exclaim in a triumphant whisper, 'I've got five already.' 'That's nothing,' replied the young companion whom he had addressed, 'Our Sam got twenty-one last week for two bad 'uns.' Now, all this was rather puzzling to uninitiated ears, but my unerring instinct led me to believe that I had once more lighted on an unknown phase of life, and in a few minutes I was able to satisfy myself that my conclusions were correct. The first youngster, it appeared, had secured a bad egg, which, though ordinarily regarded as anything but an enviable possession, was in this particular case a treasure of no small value. Holding it in his little hand, the artful lad had already frequented most of the small grocers' shops in the vicinity, with the plausible tale: 'Please, sir, you've given mother a bad egg.' Of course, every shopkeeper did not accept the youngster's uncorroborated tale, but the fact that he had already secured five fresh eggs proved that some of the tradesmen had credited his assertion that the egg had been bought at their shops, and replaced the bad article with a fresh one. I have since been wondering whether this ingenious fraud is practised to any great extent, or whether the particular case which came under my individual notice was a solitary instance of misdirected juvenile precocity." The "Graphic" would add, "New Zealand grocers, please take notice."

The Dannevirke "Press" reports that an interesting breach of promise case is on the "tapis." The parties live in Waipawa and Waipawa respectively, and it is alleged they were to have been married this Christmas, but the affections of the male defendant having been transferred to another lady living in Wanganui district, the plaintiff is bringing the action for substantial damages.

A pick-pocket on a Wellington train was bowled out the other day (says a Taranaki exchange). He had deftly removed a purse from a lady's dress, and when the guard came round the lady found her purse missing. Fortunately another lady had observed the theft and promptly informed the guard. The light-fingered individual expostulated and denied all knowledge of the affair, but the guard was obdurate and insisted on seeing the contents of his pocket, with the result that the purse was restored to its owner, and the thief dropped at the next station.

Jim-jams affect many men in many ways (writes some one who signs himself "Snell"), and the impression that every dispenser suffering the recoil is visited by the same kind of fantom is a popular error. True, the mild maniac who lies still, and patiently picks mauve spiders off the edges of his bunk, is frequently met with, and there are certain kinds of crimson snakes afflicting a numerous class; but scores of liberal drinkers have their pet particular and private fantom, a sort of registered blue devil, all rights reserved. One gentleman whom I knew very well, always signalled the beginning of the end by persistently and patiently lighting

matches. He sat at his hut door, striking the vesta, and watching the flame in a pained and troubled way, and would get through a couple of dozen boxes before working off his attack of beer-fever. Another interesting drinker when possessed or devils spent his time anxiously digging little holes with a shovel, and very carefully burying nothing. A third—a publican—when afflicted, would squat out in the middle of a big cleared paddock, and derive great satisfaction from monotonously pounding a tin dish with a stick.

VITADATIO

THE GREAT HERBAL REMEDY. WONDERFUL CURE OF "ENLARGEMENT OF THE LIVER," "WEAKNESS OF THE HEART," and "BLOOD POISONING" and ALWAYS FRESH TESTIMONIALS COMING IN.

7th August, 1899. Mr S. A. Palmer, the "Vitaldatio" Institute, Bourke-st., Melbourne.

Dear Sir,—Having been completely cured by your wonderful medicine, "Vitaldatio," after very many years of suffering, I beg to hand you this testimonial, in heartfelt thanks, and for the sake of other sufferers. The facts of the case are as follows:—In the winter of 1898 I was attacked with severe pains in the region of the heart, which by the first doctor was pronounced to be "ENLARGEMENT OF THE LIVER," later on by other members of the Medical Faculty as "WEAKNESS OF THE HEART," then, again at the Melbourne General Hospital, they told me I was suffering from "BLOOD POISONING." On account of sudden fits of giddiness, I had to give up my business, that of a general contractor, and from that time up to about a month ago, I was never out of the doctor's hands in Melbourne alone I had seven (?) of the very best doctors; also, others in South and West Australia. None of them could cure me, or, at least, a matter of fact, give me relief. I also left the Melbourne General Hospital in the same state as I entered it. When ALMOST DESPAIRING OF EVER BEING CURED, I was persuaded by Mr. Filtzroy, of Brunswick-st., North Fitzroy, to give "Vitaldatio" a trial, and I am pleased to state that after having taken only three bottles I felt great relief, and by the time I had finished the fifth bottle the pain had completely left me, and I feel a new man, and am now able to resume my work.

I shall be pleased to give anyone a personal trial, and I will inform him all that "Vitaldatio" has done for me. Several friends of mine, knowing my case, have given your medicine a trial, with admiring results.

You are at perfect liberty to make what use you like of this testimonial. With heartfelt thanks, I remain, Sir, JOHN E. C. TURNER.

543, Rae-st., North Fitzroy. H. D. VIMPALE. 7th August, 1899.

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Cuba-st., Wellington. Dear Sirs,—I received your Cuff Links, also Watch Chain and Pendant. I must confess I did not expect to get the Watch Chain and Pendant, as there are so many misleading advertisements in the papers now. However, I enclose 4/6 for another pair of Cuff Links, along with a Watch Chain and Pendant for a lady friend of mine.—H. MOORE.

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The most perfect Hair Dye. Produces a permanent brown or black which cannot be removed. Ask for Rowland's at all Grocers of Hatton Garden, London. Sold by Stores and Chemists.

Current Comment.

A CHAPLAIN FOR THE CONTINGENT.

I understand, writes a Mr Brown to the Wellington "Post," that the Rev. Mr Dove has volunteered to serve as Chaplain for the Contingent, and there is a very strong feeling amongst many of the leading citizens that the Government should accept his services, especially as there can be no doubt that those leaving for the seat of war will have to go into action, whilst many thought that the last Contingent would probably arrive after the war was over. At present the Government state that there will be no room on the steamer, but surely the services of a chaplain should be considered as important as those of a doctor, the spiritual welfare of the force being surely of the first importance considering the certain danger they are going into, and many very likely to a soldier's grave.

OUR CONSERVATIVES AND THE UPPER HOUSE.

The Conservatives in New Zealand have always hankered after an elective Upper Chamber with a property qualification for both candidates and electors, so that they could in that Chamber nullify the people's will, as expressed through the House of Representatives. Fortunately, says the Wanganui "Herald," the majority of the people of New Zealand have prevented anything of so baleful a change being made in our Parliamentary Constitution, and the Upper House is, as far as possible, kept in touch with popular feeling, by the occasional calling to its membership of new blood from the Liberal phalanx, which serves to leaven the whole, and make it possible for the Government to do what it was quite unable to compass when it first took office, and attempted to place Liberal measures on the Statute Book. The Conservatives just up to the date of the late general elections were so cocksure of "dishing the Whigs" and routing the Seddon Government, that their leaders had actually drawn up a list of large landowners and capitalists who were to be called to the Legislative Council to once more make up a Tory majority in that branch of the Legislature. The Seddon Government was, however, not routed, but its opponents were, and badly so.

NEW ZEALAND DEFENCE.

There was a time when we grudgingly almost a colonial military expenditure, believing it unnecessary. Now the whole situation is changed. We have deliberately shown a determination to participate in the wars of the Empire, and must expect to be treated by any Great Power that may come to blows with Britain as a part of the Mother Country that should, if possible, be rendered powerless. That would mean that we should be attacked in the beginning unless it were known that we were effectively weaponed for defence. We must pay the price as well as secure the reward of our patriotism, and the first cost will be incurred in a largely augmented and reorganised volunteer force, armed with modern rifles which the men who handle them can use to kill.

CRIME STATISTICS.

The crime and offences record of the year just closed shows a diminution of 21 in the number of cases reported and of 82 in the number dealt with by the Courts as compared with the returns of 1898. The number of commitments was 85, only three of the alleged offenders being females, while of the total but two females and 50 males were convicted. There was a slight increase in the number of burglaries and serious robberies brought before the Court—25 as against 20, but there was a gratifying drop in indecent assaults, which last year numbered 2 as against 7 during 1898. Drunkenness also showed a marked diminution, the number of cases for 1898 being 770, whereas last year there were only 642—a drop of 138. Of the other offences the figures for the years 1898 and 1899 respectively are—Selling liquor during prohibited hours, 22—

6; keeping licensed premises open during prohibited hours, 4; allowing liquor to be consumed on licensed premises after hours, 0—4; prohibited persons on licensed premises, 3—13; abusive and threatening language, 24—31; common assaults, 120—120; assaults on police, 28—12; assaults occasioning bodily harm, 9—8; assault and robbery, 2—1; conspiracy to defraud, 7—12; cruelty to animals, 17—17; wife desertion and failure to provide for children, 102—83; disobeying orders of the Court, 129—117; cruelty to children, 4—1; false pretences, 37—23; forgery and uttering, 14—20; indecent behaviour, 16—11; malicious injury to property, 59—34; neglected and criminal children, 37—28; theft (undiscovered), 404—439; theft from dwellings, 74—26; theft from the person, 29—16; vagrancy, 23—37; neglecting to send children to school, 18—36. There were 91 cases of failure to support parents and near relatives—a return that did not appear in the records of 1898. Breaches of by-laws reported to the police during the past year numbered 229, distributed as follows:—City Council, 185; Harbour Board 13; Government Railways, 13; Melrose Borough Council, 13. The number of prohibition orders issued was 67.—Exchange.

FORWARD.

It is an inspiring sight, that of mankind leaving the ruins of the dead year and stepping forward with uplifted head and eager eye upon another stretch of the long, long journey that reaches away in front. There is (says the "Taranaki Daily News") no need to look back over the past; we bear about us abundant evidence of its failures and disappointments, we have nothing to hope from it, and its record is irrevocable; and so the race does wisely to centre its hopes and build up its expectations on what is to come rather than on what has been. The instinct of Hope is one of the saving elements of humanity; without it men would soon lose courage and become the victims of despair, but with it they are nerved to face the future, and to battle on with grim determination and courage unquenchable. And thanks to this, surely, if slowly, the hostile forces are becoming subdued in one form after another. The mind of man has wrestled with social and economic problems, and by legislation and invention brought about improvements undreamt of a few generations back. We do not say that these have all, or any, been unmixt blessings, but it is certain that the general good has, on the whole, been advanced.

RUSSIA IN ASIA.

Our cable messages have recently reported the sending of large bodies of Russian troops to the borders of Afghanistan, but it was added that no immediate action was anticipated. Before the last mail left England such a movement was known to be in progress. The explanation there accepted was that the Amter of Afghanistan is seriously ill and practically insane, and that as soon as he dies or otherwise ceases to reign, there will be disturbances in the country, which may affect the Russian border districts, and which the Indian Government will be powerless to prevent. The generally received opinion is that if, in such an event, Britain finds it necessary to move forward again to Kandahar, Russia will go on to Herat.—Hawke's Bay "Herald."

HUMILIATION OR THANKSGIVING.

The Rev. Hugh Price Hughes may (thinks the "Lyttelton Times") have conceived to interpret the Nonconformist conscience, as some Boer sympathisers declare, but at least he retains the faculty of giving direct and forcible utterance to sound common-sense. His reply to the proposal that a day of humiliation and prayer should be observed in connection with the Transvaal war should be taken to heart by those who have made a similar suggestion in New Zealand. We may admit, without irreverence, that such ceremonies appear to be going out of fashion, or at least that there is a tendency to reserve them for occasions of very grave national danger. In Australia the frequent recurrence

of days of humiliation has led to something approaching a reaction, and a drought would have to be excessively prolonged and exceptionally severe to induce such an appeal now. But, in truth, the present is no time for the sackcloth and ashes of woe and despair. There is more nobility in Mr Hughes' proposal of a "day of thanksgiving for the readiness of Britons to surrender life itself to ensure freedom and justice for their kinsmen." It is well that the Churches and the people should pray daily, as they do, for the safe return of gallant men to their homes. Cardinal Vaughan was but expressing the thought that is in the heart of the nation, when he directed a public united supplication for the speedy success of the British arms and the consequent conclusion of the war. We will neither forget nor ignore the reverse that our forces have sustained; but we need not magnify them into national calamities.

SHOULD OUR PRIVATE MARKSMEN BE DISCOURAGED.

It seems to me (writes "Club Shot" to a Wellington paper) that, whatever of success we have achieved in the war has been largely due (apart from the superb infantry rushes in the face of accurate deadly rifle fire) to the accuracy of our artillery fire at all ranges. Now, the whole training of an artillery man is aimed at making the soldier an accurate shot with the field gun. But it is an admitted fact that artillerymen are usually better rifle shots than infantry men. Why? Because the same knowledge of effects of wind, light, and distance bear on the accuracy of big gun fire apply to small-arms fire, and it is only common sense to assume that if the infantry man's training was centred more in the effective use of the rifle than in the usual company and squad movement his shooting with the small arm would equal that of his comrade of the field gun. In New South Wales rifle club men may purchase ammunition from the Government Storekeeper at the rate of 8/3 per hundred rounds. The New Zealander may get his ammunition where and how he can, which means that he pays 11/ per hundred for a very inferior article (when he can get it at all).

With the great bulk of club men the question of a little Government assistance in the shape of cheap ammunition is a vital one. There are many young men of 17 to 20 earning a very small wage to whom three shillings on Saturday for practice is a prohibitory price. Consequently after one or two tries with the rifle they drop out, and are seen no more on the range. To many rifle shots this weekly sum is a mere trifle, but they well know that unless the youngsters can be assisted to continued practice the club must sooner or later die.

Club men desire only moderate help, but they think that help should be given them as a right, not a something to be begged for on bended knee, cap in hand. They know their value to the country is at least as great as that of the ordinary volunteer, and they are cheered by the knowledge that at last the value of the expert shot is likely to be better appreciated by the community.

KIPLINGESQUE WAR.

Long courses of Rudyard Kipling have created in the English mind a conception of war and the part played therein by Tommy Atkins, utterly at variance with facts. Poems and tales, based wholly upon English experiences in fighting savages, have taught the slaughter-loving section of the English public to expect a British regiment to "disperse" any enemy that stands up to it within the hours provided by the Early-closing Act, and come home comfortably to tea. The modern Major-General must live up to this ideal or perish, so far as his status as a peevish, or sentimental copy is concerned, and if he doesn't stand well there he had better be out of service. All the Generals, from the beginning, have been playing to the gallery. The idea that there was any opposition in front worth reckoning has not, before this last week or two, struck any of them. Their business was not merely to win—that was a task too ridiculously easy to worry over—but to win a la Kipling—to take the Afriander position before breakfast—to march serenely like Kiplingesque demi-gods through the entrenchments of the enemy. Methuen's and Buller's attacks were made in front, in daylight, seemingly without reconnaissance, apparently without precaution against ambush or surprise, and with

the fixed idea that the enemy stand in the same intellectual relationship to themselves as a six-tooth wether to a Supreme Court Judge. The business of the enemy was to act after his kind—i.e., after the kind of Kipling's enemy, the enemy depicted in Kipling's military tales—and disperse before the superior genius, resolution and equipment of the British. As to strategy, why should a British general strategise? White attempted that at Nicholson's Nek, and fell in. If he had only been content to stick to the tactics which press and public (instigated by Kipling) demand, the successes at Elandslaagte and Glencoe might have been continued indefinitely. The methods of the British leaders must obviously be short, swift, and business-like. Kipling has explicitly laid down the plan and specifications to which British generalship is expected to conform. A battle between Briton and Boer must satisfy the expectations of the nation, trained for ten years in the mapping school, or it had better not take place. "Up then comes the regiment, and pokes the 'cathen out," was the ideal set up by the Jingo; hard, and the regiments were accordingly set to the task of realising it.—Sydney "Bulletin."

GOOD HEALTH WITHOUT DRUGS.

3.—THE WORK OF LIFE.

Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cococa is not in any sense a medicine. It is simply a nourishing beverage, and in that respect it plays a most important part in the prevention of functional disorders. In these important organs and others, it has a wonderful faculty of giving power to the involuntary muscles of the body. By involuntary we understand those muscles not controlled by the will. Those muscles which carry on the work of life without our consent, and unless looked at carefully in many instances, without our knowledge; such as the beatings of the heart when asleep, the breathing of the lungs, the action of the kidneys, and the digestive process. Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cococa acts on these in a nourishing and strengthening sense, conserves the strength of these involuntary muscles, prevents undue waste, and by its beneficial action gives health and vigour to men and women. As people become more intelligent, they see that they should try and prevent disease. It seems strange, when one comes to consider it, that the efforts of medical science are directed to curing, when preventing would seem to be a more rational proceeding.

Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cococa has proved itself victorious over every other food beverage in the market to-day. Anyone can satisfy themselves on this point, and if anyone who reads this is suffering from a deranged or sluggish liver, let him or her leave off gulping down spirits, beer, toads, drugs of all sorts, and try and prove this most wonderful food-beverage, which will do more to promote and maintain a healthy action of the liver than all the so-called remedies. To the sedentary brain-worker, who sits hour after hour in a stuffy room, coining his thoughts into current literature, to the lawyer poring over his brief or reading hard; to the quill-driver; we say, take to Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cococa, and you'll find after a week or so of Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cococa you'll be in that happy state that you won't know you have a liver, and your life will be full of sunshine.

The unique vitalising and restorative powers of Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cococa are being recognised to an extent hitherto unknown in the history of any preparation.

Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cococa in 83d packets and 1/1 and 2/2 tins can be obtained from all Chemists, Grocers and Stores, or from Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cococa, Limited, 2, 9 George-street, Sydney.

Merit, and merit alone, is what we claimed for Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cococa, and we are prepared to send to any reader (a postcard will do) who names the "N.Z. Graphic" a duty sample tin of Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cococa free and post paid.

ORNAMENTAL HAIR.—Ladies requiring Artificial Hairwork of any kind should send for Illustrated Catalogue of Tails, Chignons, Fringes, Wiglets, etc., just issued by A. M. Hendy, Ladies' Hairdresser, Princess-st., Dunedin, together with practical hints on the Dressing and Treatment of the Hair. This book will be sent post free to any address in any colony on application to A. M. HENDY, Ladies' Hairdresser, Dunedin.—Cheapest House in N.Z. for all kinds of hairwork.

Sports and Pastimes.

TURF FIXTURES.

NEW ZEALAND.

January 10 and 11—Woodville District J.C. Summer
 January 28, 29, February 1 — Takapuna J.C. Summer
 Feb. 10 and 11—Te Aroha J.C. Annual
 February 17, 21, 24 — Otahuhu Trotting Club Summer
 March 7—Totara J.C. Annual
 March 10—South Auckland Racing Club
 March 17, 19—Hawke's Bay Jockey Club
 March 27, 28—Napier Park Racing Club
 April 14, 17, 21—Auckland Racing Club Autumn
 May 24 and 25—Takapuna J. C. Winter
 June 8, 11—Auckland Racing Club Winter
 June 20, 22—Hawke's Bay Jockey Club
 June 28, 29—Gisborne Park Racing Club
 June 21, 25—Napier Park Racing Club

DATES OF COMING EVENTS.

NEW ZEALAND

January 21—Wellington Cup

NOTES BY MONITOR.

The Auckland Racing Club paid away last week the large amount of £7,324 10/ to the successful winning owners at the recent Ellerslie meeting. Messrs L. D. and N. A. Nathan are at the head of the list with the tidy sum of £1491, which was chiefly accounted for by the aid of Explosion. Mr A. F. Scott, of Napier, received £760 for Bluejacket's win in the Auckland Cup, while the Hon. J. D. Ormond (another Napierite) comes third on the list with exactly the same amount opposite his name. Mr Dan McLeod is well up with £703 to his credit, and then comes Mr G. G. Stead, whose cheque amounted to £460 15/. Mr E. J. Evans follows with £380, while Coronet was responsible for Major George follows with the same amount; then comes Mr J. Chaeffe with £232 10/, while Mr P. Chaeffe, by the aid of Nor-west and his other representative in the Steeplechase, receives £275 10/. Mr J. Roulston received £270 15/, Mr C. Lovatt £266, Mr J. Taylor £171, Hon. H. Mosman £152, Mrs Macmanman £128 10/, Mr J. T. Ryan £123 10/, and then follow several other names whose cheques amounted to under £100.

The ex-Australian colt Chesney, who, it will be remembered, was very nearly lost on the voyage Home to England some little time ago, is said to be fast recovering from his mishap, and it is expected the colt will be seen out with the colours up early next season.

The profit made by the Manawatu Racing Club over the Transvaal Relief Stakes was £72 11/, which will be handed over to the fund being raised in the colony.

The entries received by the Takapuna Jockey Club on Friday last must be considered in every way satisfactory. The meeting is to take place on January 29, 31, and February 3, and the Club are giving away £2150 in prize money. The principal event on the opening day is the Takapuna Cup of 300sovs., run over 12 miles, and for this there is an excellent field entered. The Steeplechase, of 100sovs., comes up for decision on the second day, while the Summer Handicap, of 120 sovs., will be the chief event run for on the concluding day.

Nearly all the visiting horses that took part at the recent A.R.C. Meeting have returned to their respective homes. The Hon. J. D. Ormond's trio, Jabber, Renown, and Ideal, were on board the Te Anau, which sailed on Saturday Inst.

Mr A. F. Scott, who owns Bluejacket, the Auckland Cup winner, was not present at the meeting to see his fine horse win the event, and, in fact, he was not at all sanguine as to the colt's ability to annex the big race. The result, therefore, was a big surprise to the Napier sportsman, who has had the good luck to win an important event with his new purchase the first time of asking.

The Second Handicap Steeplechase, which was postponed owing to a dispute arising during the third day of the Auckland Trotting Club's meeting, was re-run at Potter's Paddock last Wednesday afternoon, and resulted in a win for Brooklet, who won easily by fully 30 lengths. Nelly and Karaka were the only other starters.

Mr G. G. Stead's three representatives, Screw Gun, St. Hario, and

Skobloff, were shipped back home to Christchurch by the s.s. Te Anau, which left port on Saturday last. The yearling colts by St. Leger—Cissy, St. Leger—Rose of Wellington, Hotchkiss—Frailty, and Hotchkiss—Lady Evelyn, bought at the Wellington Park sale last week, were also among the passengers.

A souvenir of the recent successful meeting of the Auckland Racing Club will be found in these pages, this comprising a series of views of several of the best known competitors. Among these will be found Explosion, who won the Summer Cup and A.R.C. Handicap, while another of Messrs Nathan's representatives is that speedy two-year-old Beddington. The handsome Coronet, who came to the fore on the concluding day of the meeting is also given, as well as a snapshot of Nor-West taking the double, while the son of Sou-West is also depicted with Dingy clearing the water-jump. An interesting picture is that showing the finish of the Royal Stakes, in which Screw Gun had such an easy victory. No more exciting race has ever been seen than that between Seahorse and Explosion in the Auckland Plate, therefore a large picture showing these two equine heroes returning to scale after their famous battle will serve to recall the most exciting incident of the recent summer meeting.

Mr G. G. Stead is evidently a believer in Wellington Park. He has bought many yearlings in the past, and some of these have indeed turned up trumps. At the recent sale he was strongly in evidence, and for the seven youngsters which went to swell the Yaldhurst string he gave no less a sum than 3,990 guineas. With a few more sportsmen like this in the colony there would be no outcry from studmasters that it does not pay to breed high-class stock nowadays.

The 'chasers Nor-West and Crusado are putting in good solid work every day at Ellerslie with a view to North Shore engagements. The latter seems to have improved considerably since he was placed in Peter Chaeffe's hands, and all going well with the black horse he should have something to say in the settlement of the Steeplechase. At the present stage Chaeffe seems to hold a mortgage over the race.

The Southern burdle horse, Master Stockburn, who was taken by Sergeant Hazlett with the first contingent for the Transvaal, died on the voyage to Capetown.

It was thought by many that the English champion three-year-old Flying Fox would easily defeat Isinglass for the record stake-earner. The latter during his racing career won £57,000, and as Flying Fox had annexed over £40,000 up to the close of his three-year-old career, it looked a good thing for the latter. "There is many a slip between cup and lip," however, and the death of the Duke of Westminster renders all the Fox's engagements null and void, and he is thus debarred from competing in any of the £10,000 stakes next season, all of which seemed completely at his mercy. It is hard luck that this absurd rule should thus debar a great horse from taking a record, which, by right, should belong to him, and it is quite time such an out-of-date regulation should be abolished.

The hurdler Marian, who was made such a sensational favourite for our last G.N. Hurdle Race, was submitted to auction during last week at Palmerston North. The highest bid realised for the mare was £210, but she was passed, the amount required being £300.

A full brother to Drum Major was sold to Mr J. Churton last week for 200 guineas. This seems rather a long price for the son of Cuirassier, who, up to the present, has shown no particular pace, but as he is reported to be well up in the jumping business it may be that he will return his new owner something for his plucky venture.

In looking back on the recent Summer Meeting I notice that the English horse Seaton Delaval comes out at the head of the list of winning sires, no less than eight races falling to his progeny—Miss Delaval (2), Beddington (2), Blue Paul, Jim Kenne, Rosella and Mara were the successful ones acting on his behalf.

THE WELLINGTON PARK YEARLINGS.

The fourteenth annual sale of yearlings held at Wellington Park took place last Wednesday, when, contrary to general opinion, the prices realised proved higher than has been the case for many years, the total sum received being no less than 6652 guineas. This splendid result was largely due to the plucky bidding of the Southern sportsman, Mr G. G. Stead, who gave nearly 4000 guineas for seven lots. The strongest competition took place when the colt by Hotchkiss—Rose of Wellington was led into the ring. For the possession of this handsome youngster a most determined duel occurred between Messrs Stead and Dan O'Brien, and it was not till the big sum of 1400 guineas had been reached that the latter gentleman cried enough. Another which fell to the nod of Mr Stead was a handsome bay colt by St. Leger from that good mare Cissy, which should not prove dear at 725 guineas. Two hundred guineas less secured a brown colt by Hotchkiss—Lady Evelyn for the same owner, who also apparently got a bargain in a near relative, a chestnut filly by Hotchkiss from St. Evelyn. Frailty's colt, by Hotchkiss, also joined the Yaldhurst string, and at 665 guineas he should not prove dear, for the old mare's representative is one of the best-looking that she has ever thrown. A pretty brown filly by St. Leger from Hilda went to the bid of Mr W. Nicholls for 410 guineas after a spirited competition.

The several prices realised for the 29 lots submitted will be found hereunder, as well as a table giving the highest prices which have been realised in former years.

Brown colt, by Hotchkiss from Eve, D. O'Brien, 45 guineas.

Bay filly, by Castor from Lady Wellington, Wyven Williams, 14 guineas.

Chestnut colt, by St. Leger from Valentina, A. Moss (Dunedin), 41 guineas.

Brown colt, by Hotchkiss from Lady Evelyn, G. G. Stead (Christchurch), 525 guineas.

Brown colt, by Hotchkiss from Queeu Cole, W. Lancelwood, 57 guineas.

Brown filly, by Hotchkiss from Gannet, W. Lyons (Sydney), 50 guineas.

Grey colt, by Castor from Vivandiere, A. Moss (Dunedin), 105 guineas.

Bay filly, by Castor from Bangle, D. O'Brien, 60 guineas.

Chestnut colt, by St. Leger from Lady Curton, L. de Pelichet (Napier), 200 guineas.

Chestnut filly, by Hotchkiss, from St. Evelyn, G. G. Stead, 110 guineas.

Bay colt, by St. Leger from Gannet, A. Moss, 205 guineas.

Brown colt, by Hotchkiss from Lady Augusta, George Wright, 200 guineas.

Chestnut filly, by Hotchkiss from Agnes, D. McKinnon, 20 guineas.

Chestnut colt, by St. Leger from Forma, G. G. Stead, 225 guineas.

Brown filly, by Castor from Lady Walsley, J. B. Williamson, 80 guineas.

Chestnut colt, by St. Leger from Lady Peer, J. G. Ralph, 95 guineas.

Brown filly, by Castor from Lyrellinus, W. Percival, 20 guineas.

Brown colt, by Hotchkiss from Frailty, G. G. Stead, 665 guineas.

Brown filly, by St. Leger from Hazel, W. Nicholls (England), 105 guineas.

Brown colt by Hotchkiss from Rose of Wellington, G. G. Stead, 1400 guineas.

Bay filly by Hotchkiss from Sapphire, R. H. Nolan (Hawera), 50 guineas.

Brown filly by Hotchkiss from Crescent, J. T. Ryan (Waiteauri), 50 guineas.

Bay colt by St. Leger from Cissy, G. G. Stead, 725 guineas.

Chestnut filly by St. Leger from Farme, G. G. Stead, 325 guineas.

Brown colt, by Hotchkiss from Ouida, J. B. Williamson, 250 guineas.

Brown filly, by Hotchkiss from Brown Alice, H. H. Hayr, 70 guineas.

Brown filly, by Cuirassier from Ganza, Walter Garrett, 25 guineas.

Brown filly, by St. Leger from Necklace, A. Moss, 500 guineas.

Brown filly, by St. Leger from Hilda, W. Nicholls, 410 guineas.

The following table shows the highest prices that have been paid in the several years for yearlings at Auckland sales:—

1877—Forest Queen, by Musket—Sylvia, Mr. J. Chirside	1700
1877—Bert, by Musket—Chirside, Mr. T. Chirside	1640
1888—Necklet, by Musket—Locket, Mr. J. Marshall	670
1889—Steadfast, by Nordanfeldt—Nelly Moore, Mr. W. A. Wilson	1240
1889—Zalusski, by Nordanfeldt—Frailty, Mr. W. A. Wilson	900
1890—Mousquetaire, by Nordanfeldt—Frailty, Mr. H. Gullian	825
1891—Culloden, by Nordanfeldt—Nelly Moore, Mr. H. Gullian	1000
1891—Tireur, by Nordanfeldt—Frances McCarthy, Mr. H. Gullian	150
1892—Huccio, by Nordanfeldt—Frailty, Mr. W. A. Wilson	270
1892—Novelette, by Nordanfeldt—Ouida, Mr. S. Horden	700
1894—Astronome, by Castor—Frailty, Mr. W. A. Wilson	1575
1894—Cravat, by Castor—Necklace, Mr. S. Horden	1650
1895—Edith Curton, by Castor—Frailty, Mr. W. A. Wilson	450
1896—St. Conon, by St. Leger—Sapphire, Mr. T. H. Lowry	510
1897—Altair, by Castor—Cissy, Mr. G. G. Stead	420
1898—Lancaster, by Hotchkiss—Frailty, Mr. I. Foulsham	1000
1898—Bay colt by St. Leger—Hilda, Hon. H. Mosman	1050

Various illustrations of the sale appear in this issue of the "Graphic," and they should prove of interest to all sportsmen, as many of the youngsters submitted are probably destined to become known throughout the colony.



TAKAPUNA JOCKEY CLUB SUMMER MEETING.

Mr Wynyard on Friday received the following general entries for the T.J.C. Summer Meeting:—

FIRST DAY.

Maiden Handicap, 1 mile: Khama, Belfast, Solo, Bouquet, Corsair, Chancellor II., Conspirer, St. Innis, Bar-the-Door, Brigham Young, Castoria, Catsaade, Napoleon, Bloomer, Pihwarauroa, Leo, Lady Dash, Hon. H. Mosman, 700.

Calloope Handicap, 6 furlongs: Balbrnie, St. Elyn, Wellstock, Deliah, Aleger, Landock, Lady Avon, Matamataharakiki, Zealous, Miro, Kismurry.

Zealandia Handicap, 5 furlongs: St. Elmo, Sultan, Tolstol, St. Innis, Bluecap, St. Jack, Toroa, Tiki, Cuirassier, Halbadier, Puhia, Moment, Minerva II., Kettle-drum, Porangi Potae, Bairaia.

First Hack Handicap, 7 furlongs: Perseverance, Sammy, Sly Miss, Chancellor II., Cadiz, Kaitiri, Swiftfoot, Tiki, Waterloo, Sunlight, Belfast.

Hurdle Race, 2 miles: Waitress, Verdi, Tina, Volcano, Favona, Straybird, Dingo, Voltigeur II., Barbarossa, Turk, Whare, Korowal.

First Pony Handicap, 7 furlongs: Custine, Clansman, Trooper, Edison, Lena, Blue Paul, St. Hario, Athel, Chief Miss, Major, Pihwarauroa.

SECOND DAY.

Hobson Handicap, 5 furlongs: Aiywa, Balbrnie, St. Elyn, Wellstock, Deliah, St. Oira, St. Peter, Landock, Lady Avon, Myrene, Matamataharakiki, Zealous, Minerva, Motor, Kismurry.

Hack Handicap, 5 furlongs: Sidar, Perseverance, Sammy, Milo, Sly Miss, Cadiz, Guards, Hon. H. Mosman II., Cadiz, Mimosa, Della Rose, Kaitiri, Castaside, Athel, Strathavon, Turk, Donnybrook, Swiftfoot, Tiki, Waterloo, Sunlight, Froben, Bairaia, Belfast.

Anniversary Handicap, 7 furlongs: Porangi Potae, Bavaria, Wairongomai, Red Lancer, Freely, Regalia II., Lillie, Pickering, Adair, Hawke, St. Oira, Bairaia, St. Peter, Laetitia, Dayntree, Bluecap, St. Jack, Napoleon, Leo, Lady Dash, Toroa, Regulus, Cuirassier, Halbadier, Doctor, Cavalier, Moment, Minerva II., Knight of Athol, Belfast.

Stewards' Handicap, 5 furlongs: St. Elmo, Hohoro, Red Lancer, Regalia II., Lillie, Tolstol, Brilliant, St. Peter, Laetitia, Dayntree, Bluecap, St. Jack, Lady Dash, Toroa, Tiki, Cuirassier, Halbadier, Doctor, Cavalier, Moment, Minerva II., Knight of Athol, Belfast.

Suburban Handicap, 5 furlongs: St. Elmo, Khama, Solo, Hohoro, Little Wonder, Sultan, Corporal, Tolstol, Brigham Young, Kiri, Volcano, Favona, Straybird, Voltigeur II., Barbarossa, Turk, Whare, Korowal.

Pony Handicap, 5 furlongs: Clansman, Trooper, Edison, Lena, Blue Paul, The Slave, Athel, Chief Miss, Major.

THIRD DAY.

Maiden Hurdle, 11 mile and 10yds: The Native, La Belle, Bar-the-Door, Rangitoto, St. Lemon, Kohwal, Chandelier, Stockman, Whare, Freshoot, Korowal.

Handicap Handicap, 5 furlongs: Khama, Solo, St. Elmo, Little Wonder, Sultan, Corporal, Tolstol, St. Innis, Aleger, Della Rose, Laetitia, Landock, Corsican, Lady Avon, Teichon, St. Jack, Telchona, Tiki, Cuirassier, Halbadier, Puhia, Kettle-drum, St. Oira, Bairaia.

Handicap Hurdle, 11 mile: Verdi, The Native, Tina, Volcano, Favona, Straybird, Voltigeur II., Barbarossa, Turk, Whare, Korowal.

Pony Handicap, 5 furlongs: Clansman, Trooper, Edison, Lena, Blue Paul, The Slave, Athel, Chief Miss, Major.

Devonport Handicap, 6 furlongs: St. Elmo, Hohoro, Red Lancer, Jim Keen, Pickering, Brigham Young, Bairaia, Kaitiri, Dayntree, Bluecap, St. Jack, Lady Dash, Toroa, Tiki, Cuirassier, Halbadier, Doctor, Cavalier, Moment, Minerva II., Kettle-drum, Porangi Potae.

Handicap Steeplechase, 3 miles: Crusado, St. Lemon, Dingo, Voltigeur II., Glenlora, Stockman, Whare, Opa, Summer Handicap, Miro, Auld Lecker, Wairongomai, La Gloria, Red Rankie.

OPERA HOUSE

BLAND HOLT'S

Drury Lane Venture (the rights of which have been secured through MR. ARTHUR COLINGS) "THE WHITE HEATHER." Written by Messrs. CECIL KALEIGH & HENRY HAMILTON.

With suggestions by the late Sir Augustus Harris.

ARTISTIC TABLEAUX

Executed by MR. JOHN BRUNTON. ON CALEDONIA'S RUGGED BREST. The Picnic Party, Ponies, etc. THE DIVERTING REHEARSAL SCENE. THE LONDON STOCK EXCHANGE. CYCLE ROW, BATTERSEA PARK. Wheels supplied by MASSEY-HARRIS CO.

BOULTER'S LOCK

Sensational Descent to the BED OF THE OCEAN. "THE WATERS UNDER THE EARTH" BRILLIANT FANCY DRESS BALL. Box Plan at Wildman's. Early Door Tickets at Williamson's and Partridge's.

Music Drama

Bland Holt is still doing booming business in the northern capital. The "White Heather" was staged on Monday last, and will by present indications run just as long as the genial actor-manager likes to keep it on. The play is unquestionably clever, and the novelty of the situations makes it attractive even to those who do not usually like melodrama. The magnificent scenery was duly appreciated and the undeniably clever acting met with round after round of applause. The plot of the "White Heather" has been described in this paper, and the play itself has already been seen in most of our larger cities, so either a description in detail or a eulogy such as the piece deserves would be voted stale news. But, if this should meet the eye of any person in the colony who has not seen the play, and who is now in Auckland, let him take good advice and go straight way and reserve his seat.

The Brough season in Christchurch has proved a brilliant success. The "Liar" is pronounced by the "Press" critic—who is always sound—to be one of the finest and best acted plays the Broughs have ever brought us. The "Adventure of Lady Ursula" is more sketchy, but is entirely satisfactory from an amusement point of view. "Lord and Lady Algy" is remarkably clever and bright, and the whole repertoire does not contain a dull play.

The Dargaville Dramatic Club have produced "Done on Both Sides," and "Tweedleton's Tail Coat." The performance is said to have been very creditable.

The "Stranger in New York" and "Trip to Chinatown" Company are doing better business down South than they did in Auckland.

The Pollard season in Wellington has proved a regular "boom." "The Geisha" proves as big a success as it has anywhere, which is saying much. May Beatty is once more to the fore, her Molly Seamore being the feature of the performance.

Speaking of Madame Patti, who gave a concert just before the last mail left, the "Times" says:—"Each year that Madame Patti returns to us in full possession of her wondrous gifts she necessarily arouses a greater feeling of amazement and admiration. There seems, in very truth, to be no fore-warning shadow of an approaching limit to the brilliancy or the duration of her unique career. That the public will gather to hear her, so long as she may choose to sing, and in numbers that no other single artist can attract, can be predicted without the slightest rashness. In addition to the multitudinous that have tasted the delight of listening to her, both in the opera-house and the concert-room, there are always the countless thousands of the rising generation to whom Patti is still but a name. They want to hear her too; and I could quote some words that fell from a group of young folks near me the other evening to show, if evidence were needed, that the almost girlish freshness of her tones and the still unsurpassed beauty and ease of her vocalisation are as much a matter of wonder to our critical youngsters as to the grey-haired enthusiasts whom they have heard raving about her all their lives."

Titheradge is again a success at home. A critic speaking of the new play, "The Messenger from Mars," says:—"Another admirable performance of a somewhat sombre character

as is necessitated by its being a foil to Charles Hawtrey's lightness is that of Mr Titheradge as 'The Messenger from Mars.' In less skilful hands the part might easily have let down the piece to a point from which it never could have again risen, but by sheer earnestness Mr Titheradge most skilfully avoided any such catastrophe."

To give some idea of the interest taken in pantomime at Old Drury in London, it may be quoted that the first application made for seats on Boxing Night next is dated December 28, 1895. Since then the demands for accommodation on the opening night of "Jack and the Beanstalk" have been rolling in snowball-like in thousands, and the management is faced with a more than ordinarily formidable task.

A LADY SAVED FROM A NASTY FALL.

Our readers will be gratified to hear of a popular young lady's escape from a nasty accident. Particulars of the affair were brought in by our reporter just as we were going to press. It appears that acting without delay upon information received, he called upon Miss Petra Peterson, at her residence in Featherstone. The lady accorded him an interview without hesitation.

"I hear, Miss Peterson," he said, "that you have been saved from a nasty fall."

"Yes, indeed," said the lady, "but the occurrence of which you speak occurred some time ago. It was this way. Suddenly, whilst walking through a room, I found myself falling, head first, to the floor."

"How were you saved from injury?"

"Well, I just had presence of mind enough to clutch at the furniture. I then sank down in a chair exhausted. This occurred on more than one occasion, for I was fearfully weak, and at times everything would swim before me. These attacks came on as a result of anaemia from which I had suffered for several years. First I began to grow thin and pale-faced; my lips became bloodless, and I felt fearfully weak. Then I was afflicted with heavy headaches and total loss of appetite. I could not sleep at night, and I would be taken with cramp in the legs, the stinging, tingling pain of which was so great that I used to scream aloud. My family and friends were dreadfully concerned about me. If I even went upstairs an attack of heart palpitation would result, and I had to rest till I recovered my breath. Sometimes my heart was so weak that I had not the strength to speak. Several doctors attended me; they described my complaint as anaemia, but their treatment did not seem of benefit. I also suffered from a bad eye. I dragged on in this distressing state until June, 1897, when I saw Dr. Williams' pink pills advertised in the "Evening Post." In the advertisement a young lady who had suffered like me told how she had been cured by them, so I purchased a supply. After the third dose I felt a little improved. I continued with Dr. Williams' pink pills, following the directions carefully until I had used nine boxes; then being perfectly cured I discontinued them. I have had no occasion to take them since, so there is no doubt about my being cured permanently. I am bright and happy now, free from headaches, sleeplessness, cramps, heart palpitation, and all my former complaints. I can do a day's work without feeling fatigued, and I take a real interest in life. My appearance has been greatly improved, and my complexion is quite rosy to what it used to be. Several of my friends have used Dr. Williams' pink pills since my cure, and have also been benefited greatly. Besides removing the anaemia the pills cured the bad eye I spoke about." Dr. Williams' pink pills assist young ladies to develop properly and regularly. They enrich their blood, strengthen their nerves, free them from anaemia and the danger of consumption. Sold by chemists and storekeepers and the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Wellington, N.Z., three shillings per box, six boxes sixteen and six, post free. Through their tonic action on the blood and nerves Dr. Williams' pink pills cure measles, rheumatism, neuralgia, acetic acid, bronchitis, consumption, pneumonia, pleurisy, after effects of influenza, fevers, and excesses of any nature; St. Vitus' dance, rickets, erysipelas, skin diseases, irregularities, etc. Upon application list of testimonials will be forwarded to any address in New Zealand.

Complete Story.

The Flight of the Liberty.

A STORY OF PASSAMAQUODDY BAY.

(By Herbert Bates.)

It was a bright August morning in the year 1780. Under the dark cliffs of Moose Island, the Eastport of today, lay a barge, almost hidden by the jutting rocks. She was a large boat, built for sixteen rowers, altogether disproportioned to the little crew of four that now occupied her weather-beaten thwarts—a man and three boys, whose combined strength could hardly propel her against the gentlest of Fundy tides. But her small mast, around which was lashed a huge discoloured spritsail, showed that they did not rely upon their own strength. And the stealthy look of the little vessel, lurking in the shadow of the overhanging rock, the attitude of her little crew, crouching low behind her bulwarks, and still more, the muskets that lay beside them in readiness,—all these signs might well have made an observer suspicious of her peaceable intention.

It was as well that she was not visible to the watchful glasses on board His Majesty's sloop of war, *Blenheim*, which lay opposite, over a mile away, under the rocky headlands of Harbour de Lute. It was especially fortunate that none of His Majesty's officers could see the face of the man who, glass in hand, was scanning the river to the north. He was a man noticeable at the first glance for his resolute manner, and for the alertness and vigour of his bearing. His eyes were quick and bright under his heavy brows, and his close-shaven face showed the firm lines of the face of one accustomed to command.

One needed but to glance at the three boys who crouched beside him barefooted, in the rough homespun of the colonists—to see in their faces a resemblance that showed them, not only his sons, but sons worthy of him in energy and intelligence.

Yet it was as well that he and his sons should remain unseen by the officers of the *Blenheim*, for his brilliant courage had made his face only too familiar to them, and had made his capture the one aim of their ambition. For this was no other than the noted Colonel Allan, the man who, almost by his unaided genius, had so far kept the country east of the Penobscot out of the power of His Majesty's Government.

In spite of his military title, his command was of the most informal kind. By commission from the Provincial Congress, the Massachusetts Colony, and, later, from the United States, he commanded the post at Machias, and had, by his skilful management, kept the fickle Indians faithful to the side of the colonists.

His history was romantic. The son of an English officer resident in Nova Scotia, he had been forced, on account of his sympathy with the Americans in their rebellion, to leave his home by night and flee in an open boat across the stormy Bay of Fundy to find shelter among his new friends, whose friendship had cost him so dear. And none could say that this shelter had not been well repaid, for in him they had found the leader that was needed, a leader whose devotion to the cause of freedom was but strengthened by his indignation at the injustice that he had suffered from the English.

His wife, whom in his perilous flight, he had had to leave to the mercy of his enemies, had found no mercy. Her home buried to the ground, she was driven out, in midwinter, into the fields, and later suffered the most brutal insults in an English prison, while Allan's sons had reached their father only after years of imprisonment. No wonder, then, that the remembrance of this made John Allan bitter against the British, and no wonder that his sons, remembering their mother's sufferings and their own, were ready to aid him in every undertaking against their enemy.

These undertakings had been many. It was not only by rare tact and policy that Colonel Allan had held the Indians to the side of the colonists. True, with these means he had done wonders. In spite of the bribes and promises of the British he had kept the restless tribes of the frontier—Micmacs, Quodlids and others—in at

least a semblance of content. He had led them to see in him the spokesman of George Washington, the Great Father, who would some day repay them many fold for their services. But to hold them to belief and helpful friendship more than words were needed. He must appeal for success to their admiration.

He must always keep before them some evidence of activity, some picturesque achievement. Sudden incursions into British lumber camps, bold attacks on isolated boats detached from British frigates, venturesome raids into the very heart of loyal provinces—such deeds won for him the respect of the Indians, for in them they saw displayed a craft and a courage that would have done even them credit.

Indeed Colonel Allan was in woodcraft almost an Indian himself. He knew every stream, every portage, every inlet in the intricate Passamaquoddy coast. He could paddle a canoe as skilfully as the best Micmac, could tramp the forest all day unwearied, following a trail that would be invisible to untrained eyes, and could speak the language of every tribe along the shores of Fundy. It would be hard to imagine a man better fitted for the peculiar work that he was called upon to undertake. Certainly no man could have accomplished more. Without money, with few weapons, with little help from the colonies, busied in their own defence, he had so far—merely by his promises and by the spell of his personal influence—kept the eastern Indians from joining forces with Great Britain.

And just now, when the immediate influence of Burgoyne's surrender was passing away, when the news from the southern battlefields came slowly, he felt that it was time for him—if he would keep the Indians encouraged—to strike another blow. No ordinary success would suffice. To impress the Indian nature there was needed some dramatic vividness, some startling novelty, some such clever feat of daring as those in which they themselves excelled.

It was the opportunity of such a feat that now offered itself. Already, as he and the three boys peered forward cautiously around the point of rock that concealed them, they could see emerging from behind the distant promontory at the northern head of the island a clumsy raft of lumber, moving sluggishly with the wind and tide, impelled by a great square sail of dingy canvas. A dozen men lay sprawling about the deck, basking in the August sunlight, while another stood at the stern, steering with a long oar. A few empty boats dragged behind. On either side, in marked contrast to the disorderly crew, there rowed two barges of bluejackets and marines, evidently an escort to ward off such attacks as that which Colonel Allan was apparently meditating.

It was a raft of lumber for New York, where indeed it was much needed. It was to protect it that the sloop of war had been sent convoying the little schooner that lay humbly beside her warlike companion, waiting for her load. It was not the first time that the English had tried to carry lumber from the Bay of Passamaquoddy. Previous attempts had taught them to respect Colonel Allan and neglect no precaution.

Now, however, the men guarding the raft felt thoroughly at ease. They had passed the narrower part of the river, and were now in sight of their own vessel. There remained nothing but to transfer the lumber to the schooner and bear away to New York. Certainly there was no need to anticipate trouble from Allan here, in sight of the redoubtable banner of the English navy.

Apparently the boys by Allan's side were struck by some such thought, for they looked anxiously at their father. At last John, the eldest, ventured a question.

"We shall have to give it up, shan't we, father?" he asked, doubtfully.

His father laughed. "Wait a little," he said. "Remember those fellows are at least as sure that there's no danger as you are. And remember, too, that they're anxious to get back to the brig and have a long talk with their friends. Of course they may stay with the raft, but if they do, I shall think that Johnny Bull is learning

wisdom. No, boys, we won't give up yet."

Indeed, even as he spoke, there was going on, between the raft and the boats, a conversation that boded well for his designs.

"Good-bye, Pierre," the young officer in charge of the boats was saying. "We can't wait for your slow craft any longer. We've brought you so far, and the rest of the way we'll let you shift for yourselves. Don't let Allan catch you! You ought to be able to take care of yourselves for the next mile or two."

His companion, an older man, evidently, however, of lower rank, touched him timidly by the arm. "Excuse me, lieutenant," he said, "but don't you think it would be a little safer to follow our orders out literally and stay with them till we reach the frigate? If anything should happen, you know, the commander gave special instructions."

The young officer hesitated a moment, then laughed.

"Don't be fussy, Hawkins," he said. "One would think you believed the silly stories of the men, that Allan is in league with the devil. If he isn't, you can see as well as I that there's no possible danger from him. He'll never dare fight in the open, much less under the guns of his majesty's man-of-war. I'll take all the responsibility. You can see that the men are wild to get back after their week up river!"

"See here, my boys," he went on in a louder tone, addressing the men, "here's a shilling apiece to the crew of the boat that first reaches the Blenheim. Give way!"

Off they dashed, their oars tearing the green water, toward the distant vessel, whose bulwarks were already lined with the faces of their expectant companions.

So great was their excitement in the race, so close was the interest with which those on the Blenheim watched their approach, that no one noticed the dull sail that had come dancing out from under the sombre cliffs of Moose Island. And had they noticed it, they would probably have paid it but little attention, for they would have seen only a fisherman's boat, with one man at the helm and a heap of nets in the bow. They could not have seen—unless they were singularly sharp-eyed—the three boys who lay close under the windward gunwale, watching their father's face excitedly, nor could they have detected, under that heap of soiled canvas, a little swivel which, once before at Machius, they had heard speak with no uncertain voice.

"Lie low, boys," Allan was saying. "Don't let your heads show over the gunwale. John, help Mark and Will load the muskets, and be sure to see to the priming. And all of you crawl up a little farther to windward. It's blowing up in the channel. Be quick about the loading, for we shall need the guns soon. She's walking fast."

Waiting she was, heeling far to starboard as she went, and leaving a hissing wake behind her, her big spritsail swelling out finely to the north wind that now swept in black gusts down the river. She was making almost straight for the raft, yet aiming a little above. Evidently Allan was planning to put it between her and the guns of the Blenheim. Far off close under the side of the sloop of war, one could see the two boats, and could hear the hearty shout that welcomed the victors in the race.

Allan smiled. "They'll be too tired to give us a hard chase," he said. "But we'll have no time to spare at best. Get ready, boys! John, have your match ready, and when I give the word, snatch the canvas off the swivel and give them a ball. Try not to hit them—they're Frenchmen and half-breeds; for some may be on our side. I don't think there'll be any fight in them. If one shot doesn't do the work, give them the pistols and muskets, and keep at them with the swivel till they run. We can't stop to fight. The first shot will set the whole hornet's nest after us."

The boys prepared in silence, while the Liberty dashed on toward the raft. Already they could see the swarthy faces of the French and Indian crew, who were now watching them with idle interest. Then suddenly Allan raised his hand. "All ready, boys!" he shouted. "Let them have it!"

In an instant the Indians had sprung to their feet, the tarpaulin was stripped from the cañon, the priming dashed, and the whole boat shook with the recoil.

As soon as the yellow smoke drifted from their bows, they saw that the raft had become the scene of the wild

excitement. The men on the deck had sprung to their feet, the man at the oar had dropped it and all had in to where their boats were secured. A few more bullets from the muskets, chipping the planks behind them, added to their panic. Into their boats they tumbled, crazy with fright, and went splashing and puddling off in ludicrous confusion toward the Blenheim, keeping, as Allan had probably foreseen, exactly in the line of fire, so that it would be impossible for the British to fire upon the raft without the risk of hitting them.

"Take your hatchets!" shouted Allan. "Ready to board, boys! Don't leave a lash on the whole. Send every stick adrift. And don't waste time, for they're after us already!"

Indeed, a glance toward the Blenheim had shown him that the two boats had already turned and were rapidly nearing. But even as he spoke the bow of the Liberty darted alongside of the abandoned raft, and the boys leaped out, hatchets in hand. It was but short work to sever the lashings, and almost before the spectators could have realised what was going on, the raft was drifting, in scattered planks, down the turbulent tide rips of the St. Croix River, while the little Liberty, with a fair wind, was tearing off toward the shelter of the southern cliffs of Moose Island, the striped banner of the colonists flickering defiance from her dipping mast-head.

But they had been none too quick, for by this time the two boats from the Blenheim were drawing close in furious pursuit, dashing between the bouts of frightened fugitives. Fortunately they, too, came directly in the line of fire, so that there was nothing to fear from the cañon of the man-of-war.

"Trim her well, boys!" cried Colonel Allan. "It's lucky the wind is strong, or you might get another chance to try Halifax prison fare. But they'll push us hard. The king's men are not always quick witted, but they can row like the very mischief."

Certainly they seemed to be doing it. The oars struck the water in flashing cadence, and the spray leaped in cloudy puffs from the flying bows. No fear that the crew of the Blenheim would not do their best. The chance of capturing Allan—and they all recognised his handiwork—was not one lightly to be lost. They thought of the rewards offered, and each boat strove to be the first at the finish. Which would have the honour and the rewards certain to come to whoever should take the Yankee leader?

It was hard to foresee the outcome of such a race. On one side were the ranks of sturdy seamen, plying every nerve to drive their boats through the hissing water; on the other the skilled skipper, making the utmost of a breeze that flucked the dark water with leaping whitecaps. The boys clung to the windward gunwale, while Allan, braced firmly, with iron muscles, held the veering bow true to the course.

And yet, for all the wind, the pursuing boats were gaining. The Liberty, deeply ballasted with rock, sailed heavily. Indeed, the prospect of final escape seemed doubtful. To hold their course could lead them only to the abrupt southern shores of Moose Island, where the rocks rose abruptly above deep water.

Yet it was to the southern extremity of this cliff that Colonel Allan steered. Beyond it lay open water, where there was a dim possibility that he might tire out his pursuers if the wind—which already had begun to weaken—held strong. Was this his purpose? Certainly it looked so, and the pursuing boats pressed on hopefully.

Slowly but surely they gained. Only a few hundred yards separated pursuers from pursued. Already a marine had risen in the bow of the foremost boat and sighted his musket. Allan saw him.

"Lie down, boys!" he shouted. "Down they dropped, just as a bullet snickered spitefully through the taut canvas. Another and another followed, one chipping a long splinter from the weather gunwale. Yet Colonel Allan sat upright, and still he held the boat straight toward the southern promontory of the island, a promontory whose keen edge jutted out knife-like into the bay, crested with fir and spruce.

Against its foot the waves leaped viciously. Beyond one could catch a glimpse of windless water. For a sailboat, pursued by oars, to enter such a lee seemed the height of mad-

ness. The boys looked anxiously at their father, whose set face gave no hint of his purpose.

The cliff loomed overhead. Already they heard from behind the exultant shout of their pursuers. But Colonel Allan showed no dismay. Leaning suddenly forward, he pushed the tiller hard to port and hauled the sheet home. The boat, swerving sharply, turned the abrupt corner of the cliff, and shot—under its own momentum—into the glassy water beyond, out of sight of the British boats.

In an instant Colonel Allan was on his feet and sprang forward, snatching out the wooden plug that passed through the bottom of the boat. The water poured in in a flood.

"Overboard with you, boys!" he shouted. "Swim for the shore. We must make the woods before they see us. Don't stop till you make the top of the hill. Jump!"

Jump they did, and Allan, pausing only to make the sail fast, followed. The boat was now close under the shore, and it was but the work of a moment to splash to the beach and dash into the evergreen thickets beyond and up the steep hillside. There, burrowing deep into the dense underbrush, they peered out cautiously to see the fate of the abandoned Liberty.

They had no need for anxiety. Heavily ballasted with rock and weighted besides with the heavy swivel, the little vessel had filled almost instantly, and had sunk like a stone into the deep water. Even the ripple that she made in sinking had vanished from the surface before the first boat of the pursuers rounded the point. The little core lay as placid as if never disturbed by keel. The second boat came up and lay beside the first, while their crews, resting breathless and exhausted upon their oars, gazed about them in blank bewilderment.

Some pointed to the woods, others at crevices in the cliffs, but neither seemed to offer a satisfactory solution. Some evidently advised landing, but caution prevented that. How could they tell that Allan had not lured them there on purpose—that those dark and silent woods were not filled with ambushed Indians? Besides, there was about the whole thing—this sudden attack and abrupt disappearance—a mystery that made them uneasy. Allan's exploits were necessary enough at the best, and the strangeness of this last feat seemed to confirm the worst fears of the superstitious. Many an honest sailor felt at ease only when he had left the black wall of that mysterious core well behind.

Reluctantly the officers ordered the men to give way, and the boats pulled off, firing as they went one last spiteful shot that went splintering harmlessly through the tree-tops. Then, at last, the chilled adventurers could emerge into the sunlight and dry their clothes and wait for the re-appearance of the Liberty.

For the Liberty was not lost. She lay softly on the seaweed bottom in quiet water. They had only to wait till the tide went down—the tides in Fundy fall over twenty feet—and there she lay, high and dry. All the water had drained out by the hole through which it had run in, and Colonel Allan, who had carried the plug in his pocket, had but to put it back, and there she was, seaworthy as ever, ready for new exploits.

The main object of the adventure—the admiration of the Indians—was more than secured. Lurking along the wooded headlands, their scouts had seen the whole attack and flight, and they bore back to their woodland brothers enthusiastic praises of the daring and cunning of the white chief. But in the ward-room of his majesty's sloop-of-war Blenheim there were many hard words uttered. Apparently, Colonel Allan's lesson in vigilance had not been appreciated. As for the men between decks, they were more than ever confirmed in their belief that the American leader was in league with the powers of darkness.

At a farm in Yorkshire one of the horses was constantly escaping from its stable at night, and it was thought some boys had been playing pranks and let it out. The groom decided to sleep in the hayloft, to discover, if he could, how it was managed. He found the horse broke the halter, went to the door, pulled the latch up, and galloped into a field near with the cows and sheep, and so the mystery was explained.

AUTOMOBILE GUNS.

THEY SOUND THE KNELL OF THE BATTERY HORSE.

The knell of the battery horse is sounding. Soon the stirring sight of guns tearing into action with the drivers lashing at the frantic horses as the pieces are taken at a gallop along rough and uneven roads, the swift halt on the firing line, and the whirling around of the guns will be but a memory, useful only for descriptive writers and painters. The guns of the future will be taken into action on an automobile carriage. There will be no whirling around, for the gun will be pushed to the front with its muzzle pointing in the direction of the enemy. There will be no swift gallop through a cloud of dust with the guns dancing and prancing over obstructions. The new gun will move silently and smoothly forward on pneumatic tyres.

The motor gun carriage consists of a carriage having double driving wheels and single steering wheel, placed well forward. The motor and driving machinery is inclosed in the body of the carriage, over the rear axle, while the gun is mounted in front of the operators with its muzzle extending forward over the steering wheel.

The forward seats provide for a gunner and a motor man, while the rear seats carry two men, one being an ammunition tender, and the other a reserve in case of one or more men being disabled.

The large fuel tank is placed under the forward floor so as to be well protected from danger, and fuel for 200 miles can be carried. The tank is of heavy, seamless sheet iron, and is practically bullet-proof.

The motor and driving machinery are substantially identical in design with that used for the regular motor vehicles, and were much admired by Major Davidson, because of their compact arrangement, light weight, and extreme simplicity, all of which contribute to great reliability. There are but few delicate parts, so that the chances of being disabled by bullets and hard use are very remote; and duplicates can be easily carried of all the small parts, so that repairs can be effected in short order, anywhere.

The motor is always ready to start by a single touch of the crank and will continue in operation without attention until it is desired to stop. Its muscles never tire, it is not likely to get lame or sick, it requires neither stabling nor grooming, and is in many ways an exemplary servant. For long distance movements this battery can make at least five times the distance possible with horses, in a given time. Its four men are fighting units, and food supplies need only be carried for them.

The gun carries bullets of 44-calibre, having a range of 4,000 yards, and firing at the rate of 400 shots per minute. It is therefore a whole regiment in itself. The operation is automatic and continues so long as the trigger is pressed or ammunition belts kept in the feeder; the recoil of the gun being arranged to reject the used shell and insert a new one.

The total weight of the battery is but 1,000 pounds, or about the weight of a horse, and it is equipped with large pneumatic tyres so that soft ground is not much of an impediment. It carries 10,000 rounds of ammunition.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

Cruel words seldom cut a lazy person to the quick.

Circuses will soon be referred to as in the past tenses.

Some men become crooked in trying to make both ends meet.

Nothing worries some people like the absence of worry in others.

It's sometimes difficult to get even with a man who credits you.

Women probably talk most because men are too polite to interrupt them.

Work is nature's physician, but most people prefer some other doctor.

Spain's next Cabinet would do well to adopt a submarine insurance policy.

Some people prune their genealogical trees by cutting their poor relations.

Nothing contributes more toward alleviating domestic storms than a clear conscience.

Some men go abroad to complete their education, and others marry for the same purpose.

The criminal judge may be a man of few words, but he is not always a man of short sentences.

People who denounce the stage should remember that the minstrel is never as black as he is painted.



MRS LAURENCE MOSS.
(Nee Miss Sybil Moss-Davis.)

prosperous times so that they can get plenty to eat.

Fathers of families are generally too busy earning a living to decide the fate of a nation in the corner ginmill. They have too much to do to be chasing the band waggon of every political agitator that comes along.

Fathers of families are not the "floating vote" that makes campaign expenses count up.

Indirectly voting by children will work still greater wonders.

Men desert their families now and leave their wives to struggle over the wash tub to support six small children. Now, if every one of those children means one vote, what father is going to

desert them? Throw away his six votes? Not much.

There are widows now by the thousand, left unprovided for, with hungry little mouths to feed. Let the children count as votes, and the more "encumbrances" the widow has, the more men she will find ready and willing to marry her.

Only the bachelors would be unrepresented, and that would be their own fault. If they wanted to vote, let them go and get married. If they were anxious to get into politics, let them marry a widow with a ready-made family.

That's how it would be if I were boss.

SOLOMON SLOAN.

HOW TO RUN THE UNIVERSE.

AS TO VOTING.

Mr Editor:—

If I were boss—

The man who had six children would have six votes, and the man who had no children would have no vote.

A government by the people ought to include all the people, and children

are people when it comes to taking a census.

Let voting be based on children and the women will be satisfied. They will get all the representation they want.

A government in which the man with three children gets three votes and the man with ten children ten votes will be a good government.

Fathers of families want good schools for their children to go to, clean streets for them to play in, moral surroundings for them to grow up in,



THE BRIDE AND HER BRIDESMAIDS.



Photos. by Haana.

THE GUESTS AT "HAMURANA," THE RESIDENCE OF THE BRIDE'S PARENTS.

THE MOSS—MOSS DAVIS WEDDING.

THE WELLINGTON PARK SALE.

Mr Thomas Morrin, as usual, had a splendid yearling sale this year. The assemblage around the ring was a representative one of the whole colony, and no less than 1,400 guineas was given by Mr G. G. Stead for a magnificent colt by Hotchkiss-Rose of Wellington (full-brother to Screw Gun). Our artist has succeeded in getting a splendid picture of Mr J. P. Philson, the auctioneer, selling Screw Gun's brother, and Mr Stead can be seen on the improvised rostrum. The picture of Mr Keneally, the stud groom, bringing the brother to Screw Gun into the sale ring is clearly brought out. Another capital reproduction is that of the Hatchkiss-Frailty colt, who brought 660 guineas. The picture of Screw Gun's brother (No. 2) was specially taken for the "Graphic" after the sale, and the colt's many good points are well brought out. The colt is held by his faithful attendant, A. Cochran. The scene of those who assembled around the sale ring has also been done justice to. Altogether the pictures form a fine memento of one of the best sales Mr Morrin has held.

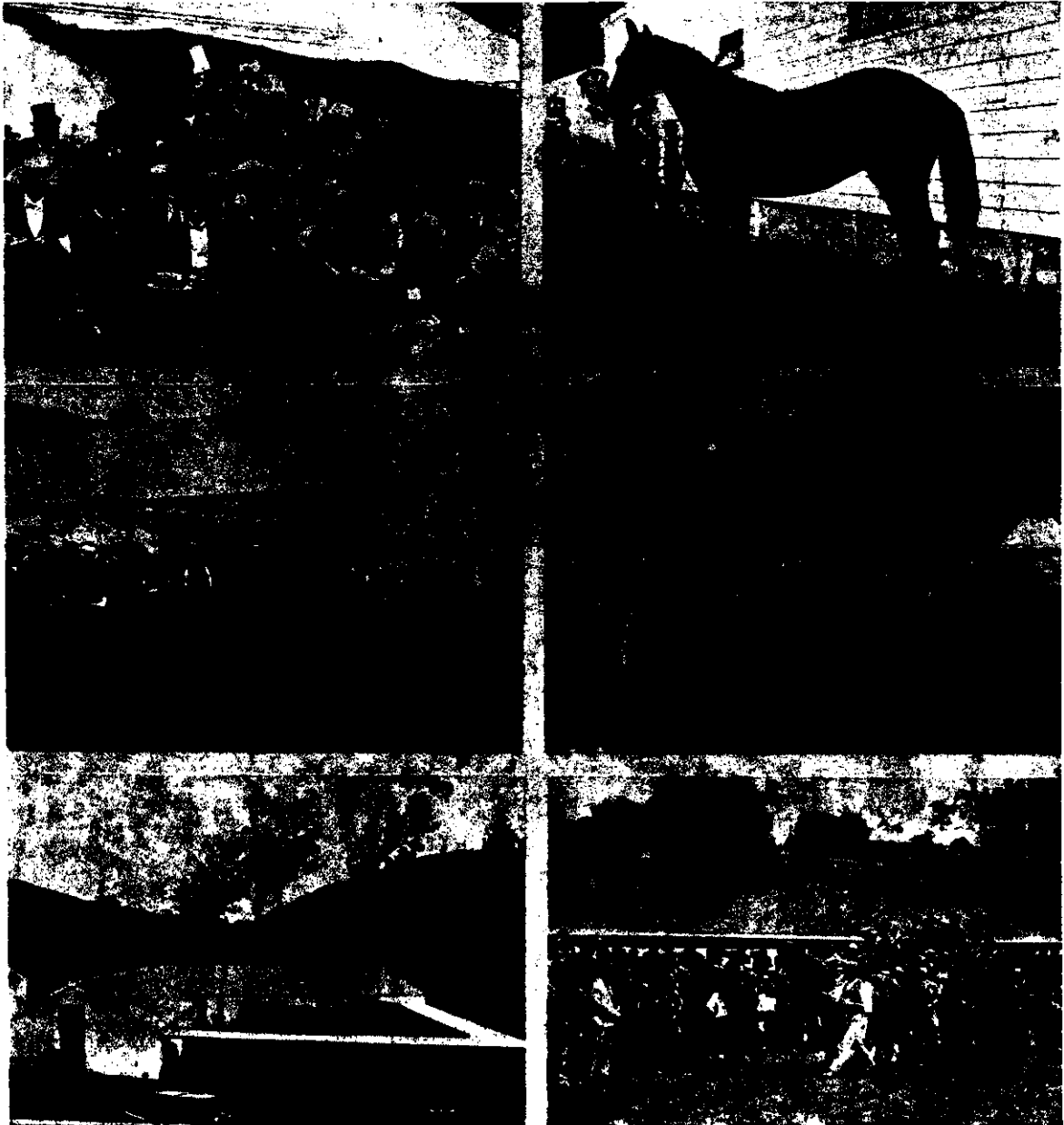
GENERAL GATACRE AS A FIGHTER.

General Gatacre, who commands the Third Division in South Africa, is one of our youngest generals (says a writer in "M. A.P."). He first won distinction in Chitral, and then had the good fortune to be sent out to the Upper Nile to command the British brigade that fought at the Atbara. This was a step to the command of the British division at Omdurman. Gatacre has the reputation of being rather a hard man. He holds that plenty of work is the best way of keeping soldiers in good condition, and in the Sudan he sometimes seemed to go out of his way to invent work for his brigade or division. He is a "first-rate fighting man." At the Atbara he charged in the first rank, and was himself busy pulling down the thorn hedge of the zereba, when a Dervish rifle was aimed at him at close quarters. He went on tugging away at the mass of thorns, simply saying to the man next him: "Shoot that fellow," and the Dervish was dropped before he could make up his mind to fire. When the zereba hedge was passed, and the hand-to-hand fight began, Gatacre was in the thick of it, and ran one of the enemy

through with his sword. Some very good soldiers still doubt if he was in his right place in this beau sabreur performance, and say that a brigadier, even during the assault, ought not to be out in the front fighting like a company officer, but in the midst of his brigade, where he can bring up support to a weak point or check any temporary disorder. As a divisional commander the brave young general will be safe from temptations to such displays of personal prowess. In this same Atbara fight Gatacre showed in one point distinct originality. It is generally laid down that it is useless for soldiers to fire without halting while actually moving forward. But Gatacre trained his brigade to fire while on the move, and during the advance on the zereba there were volleys from the foremost ranks. "Do you suppose that many Dervishes were hit?" Gatacre was asked by a critic of this novel departure. "I am sure that we hit very few," he replied, "but I am quite as sure that we prevented them from hitting a good many of us. If we had halted to fire, we should have lost time. If we moved on without firing, they could have taken many a cool shot at us. But our fire must at least have made them jumpy and spoil their aim a bit. So I think we did the right thing."

CHILDREN AND EARLY RISING.

To the children no day ever dawns too soon or can begin too early. They wake before the singing birds and open their happy eyes with the daisies; so at once they become fearfully and instantly awake without going through any of the preliminary drowsiness known to later years. One impulse is common to them all, and inevitably follows their awakening: for the child's first thought and natural instinct is to leave its own snug, warm nest, and straightway proceed to arouse some unfortunate grown-up individual with whom he is on sufficiently familiar terms, for, strangely enough, these unwelcome visitations are marks of high favour. "Do wake up and make some room for me," is the imperious mandate, as a pair of abnormally cold little feet are mercilessly thrust into the pleasant warmth of bed; and while the quilt and blankets are torn ruthlessly aside, the pitiless autocrat makes the further demand, a foregone conclusion where children are concerned, "Now tell me a story." Expostulation or anger in such a case are vain; once awake, no power can bring back that blissful half-way house of dreams, so that the sleepy martyr, perforce, lets resignation take the place of Giant Despair.



1. Mr Philson selling Screw Gun's brother—"For the last time, 160 guineas." 2. The Hotchkiss-Rose of Wellington colt (brother of Screw Gun). 3. Lot No. 27, Outrassier-Ganza filly, entering the ring. 4. Lot No. 18, Hotchkiss-Frailty colt. 5. General View of Sale. 6. Beginning of sale.

Watrou, photo.

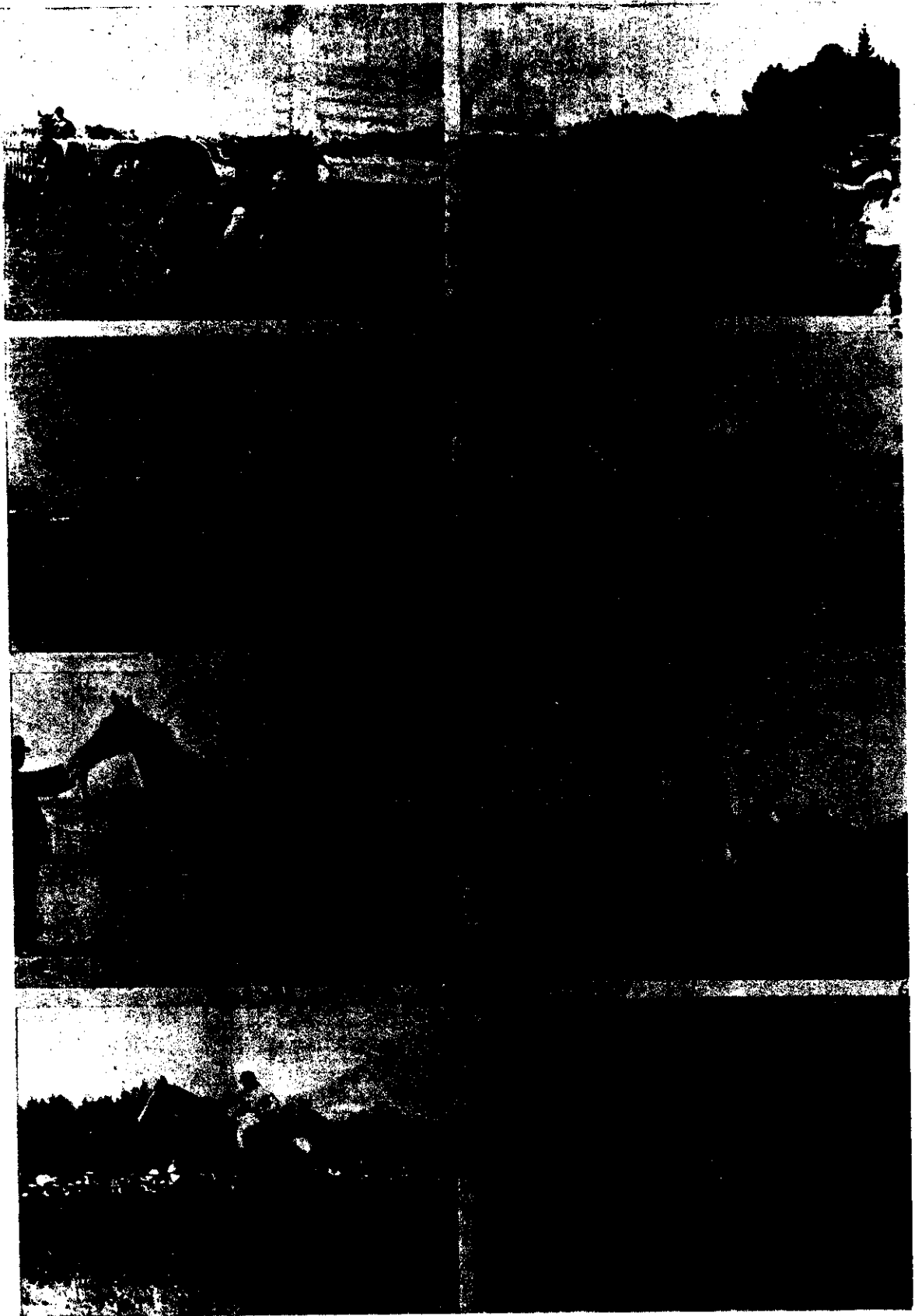
The Sale of Thoroughbreds at Mr. Thos. Morrin's Wellington Park Stud, Auckland.



THE HEROES OF AN HISTORIC BATTLE.

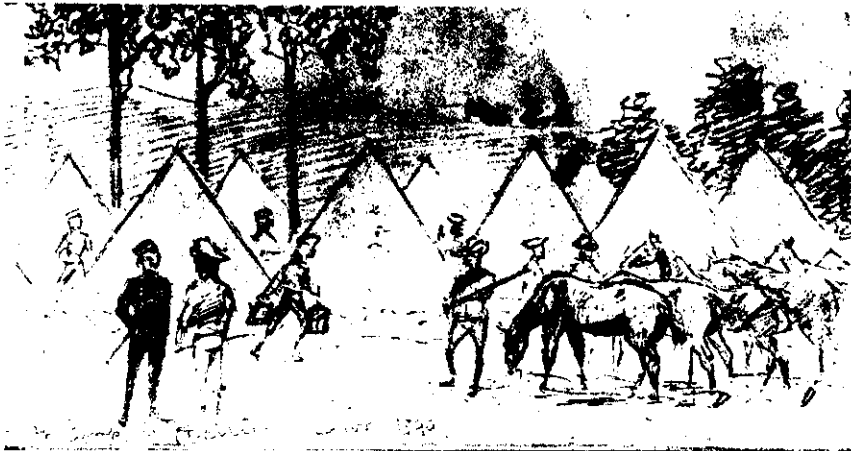
SEAHORRE, led by Clerk of the Course Selby; EXPLORER & SAMP HARRIS entering the Volghing-In Paddock after the never-to-be-forgotten struggle for the Auckland Plate.

N. Z. Graphic



1. Explosion, after winning the Racing Club Handicap. 2. St. Ursula, winner of the Ascot Handicap. 3. Outside Railway Station on Race Day. 4. Coronet, winner of the Grand Stand Handicap. 5. Beddington, winner of Sylvia Handicap. 6. Nor-west, winner of the Steeplechase, going over the Double Jump. 7. Dingo and Nor-west at the Water Jump. 8. Screw Gun winning Royal Stakes. Photos. by Walrond.

Races at Ellerslie, Auckland, January 1st. and 2nd.



The New Zealand contingent on their way from the dock to their camp at Durrheim.

Sketches from the Transvaal.

Specially Sketched for the "Graphic."



THE GARRISON BAND PLAYING AT FATHER WALTER'S FUNERAL.

PROFANITY A DRAWBACK TO TRAINING.

SOME EXPERT OPINIONS ON THIS PETTY VICE.

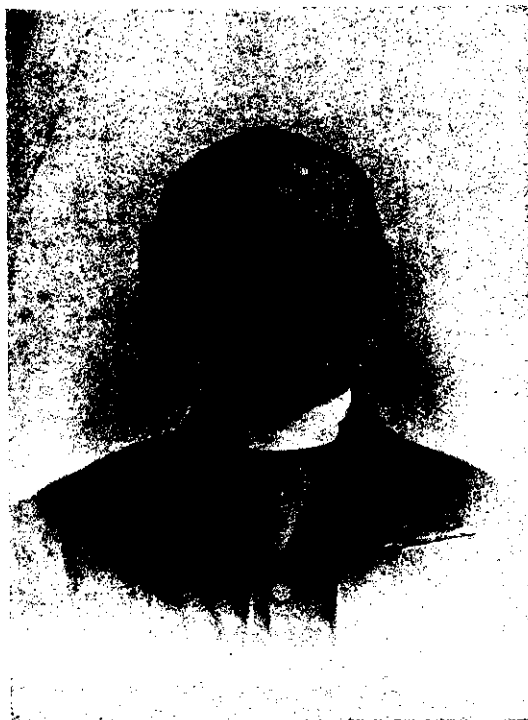
Clergymen and ethical writers have had a great deal to say about the evils of profanity. The field against this petty vice has now been taken by another class of men altogether, one also which has a great deal more influence with most young men than clergymen usually have—physical trainers, coaches and team captains. This information will undoubtedly startle many young aspirants for athletic honours, who consider a sweater, a pair of lurching shoulders, a mincing gait, a cigar and a loud and profane manner very "manly," and the proper outward characteristics of an athlete. But it is a fact, nevertheless, that the leading trainers and lovers of athletics, both here and in England, have started a crusade against profanity, the former considering it a great drawback and hindrance to getting into condition quickly and easily, or to putting on weight, and the latter fearing an unenviable reputation and the setting of a bad example.

The new president of Yale, who is himself a believer in sensible athletics, is reported to have advised some action by the leaders of athletics at that university on this very subject. A few of the societies at both Cornell and Pennsylvania Universities have already adopted several resolutions to govern the students on this subject. President Faries, of the Intercollegiate Amateur Athletic Association of America, now the director of physical education in the University of Pennsylvania, in speaking about this bad habit, so prevalent among athletes, says:—

"Profanity is a very bad habit, which greatly interferes with physical as well as mental harmony. When anyone uses oaths it is frequently because the person has been irritated.

The impression made on the brain is far from pleasant, and this impression is often transmitted through the whole nervous system to the muscles, making the effect felt there. Moreover, the results from the impression

beats, and in this way an athlete who is addicted to the habit becomes winded before he would if he did not use profane language. This last effect is extremely marked in all men when exercising who become greatly ex-



THE LATE VERY REV. MONSIGNOR WALTER McDONALD.
Who died at Panmure, Dec. 31st, 1899.

made by swearing are an improper co-ordination of movements, which diminishes the speed or accuracy, or both, of the athlete, according to the sport in which he is engaged.

"The proper co-ordination of movement caused by swearing also tends to alter the respiration and heart

cited. I would not have anyone think for a moment that all athletes swear, because they do not. Yet as to those who have acquired the habit it will readily be seen from the foregoing influence on the body that it is a great gain to an athlete to conquer this habit."



ARRIVAL OF THE CORTEGE AT PANMURE.

MR CHAMBERLAIN'S CIGAR.

Although Mr Chamberlain has plenty of "nerve," more so than any of his colleagues, there is not one in the Cabinet, with the probable exception of the Duke of Devonshire, who is more entirely devoid of what is known as "nerves." He is the most self-possessed man that it has ever been my lot to meet, and gives at no time stronger evidence thereof than when making a public speech. True, he does not, like his friend and ally, the Duke, pause in the middle of his discourse to yawn, and then explain, by way of apology, that the speech is so dreadfully dreary. But his utter absence of nervousness is displayed in the most amusing manner by the management of his cigar. When making an after-dinner speech most men become quite oblivious of the fact that at the moment of rising they are smoking, and they permit their cigars to go out. Not so Mr Chamberlain, whose weed is still alight at the close of even his longest speech. He manages this in a wily and even effective way by employing the intervals occasioned by applause in attending to his cigar. It is an edifying thing to see him reviving his half-extinguished weed while the applause is ringing, and malicious persons have been heard to say that "Joe makes his best point when he sees that his cigar needs attention." It may be added that Mr Chamberlain has exceptional advantages, inasmuch as his speeches are always plentifully broken in this way. But all the same the feat is indicative of the clear-headedness, coolness, and absence of all nervousness on the part of the man.

It has been said that speech was given man to conceal his thoughts. This is not the true answer. Speech was given to men to prevent other people from talking.



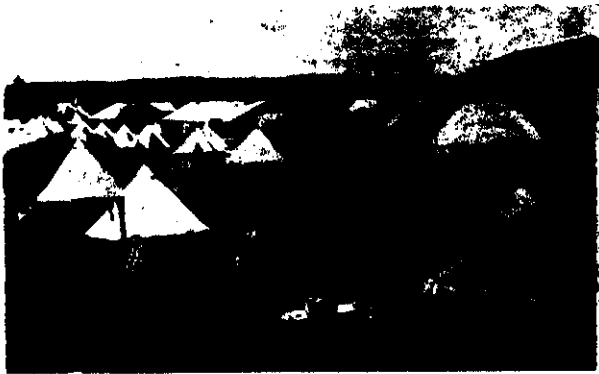
BEARING THE COFFIN INTO THE CEMETERY AT PANMURE.



FATHER WALTER'S HORSE, "HERO," AT HIS FUNERAL.



The Funeral of the Late Monsignor Walter McDonald passing the Free Library and Albert Park.



ORANGE STATION CAMP.

PART OF THE BILL.

THE PATHETIC SIDE OF WAR.

We have all been busy cheering Tommy off to the war, says a writer in the "Daily News," and now we are giving attention to those near and dear to him whom he has left behind. You see it is so very easy to shout encouragement to the fellows who are going to fight for you. Behind all the glamour of the departing transports lie almost countless little human tragedies. The tears and sobs, and clinging embraces upon the quays are sad enough in all conscience. Even they, for a moment, make us vividly conscious of the terrible realities of war. But then these piteous scenes of heart-breaking good-byes are modified by the bright and stirring strains of the bands, and the enthusiasm of the cheering crowds. They, therefore, are incapable of bringing home to us in all their nakedness the dread realities of war, as they work themselves out, in the daily round of feverish anxieties, silent prayers, and dumb sorrows of thousands of little homes. It is in these places where the real tragedies of the war are to be found; it is in this direction towards which the generous hand of the nation should be extended.

Many employers have shown the sincerity of their patriotism by making some provision for the dependants of their workmen who have been recalled to the colours. Some have done nothing. In other cases the "Reserve" men have been engaged in casual employment, where no provision has been made. During the past week I have called at the homes of several reservists. Let me tell you a bit of what I have seen and heard, only suppressing real names.

Mrs Nicholls is a bright-faced old lady of somewhere about seventy, living in one of the dingy little streets

of South Bromley, not far from the gasworks. If she were as lively upon her feet and with her hands as she is in her smiles and conversation she would be reckoned a woman in the prime of life. Such, however, is not her luck. She has had to lead a hard life, for up to the time of his death, eighteen years ago, her husband was merely a gas-stoker. When he was

permanent victim to rheumatism. Rheumatism is really such a very common acquisition down in East London that it seems quite needless to mention so simple a matter. Nor should I mention it but for the further fact that it prevents Mrs Nicholls earning a living for herself while her two sons are away "at the war." You see, that is just what I was coming to. Mrs Nicholls has two sons. One is married, and has two children. Still, he has helped the old lady. The other is not married, and helped her still more. The first is a stevedore, and lived in a neighbouring street, allowing the old lady what he could afford each week. It was usually half-a-crown or three shillings. The other has worked as a docker, and lived with his mother, the old lady sleeping in the bedroom, and Jem utilising the "parlour," the two rooms being the extent of their residence. The old lady has now got one room, and has fears even of being compelled to give this up, and to go to the workhouse, for there is no allowance from the employer of either of the sons. The patriotism of which we have heard does not appear to run to the length of casual labourers. Dockers and stevedores are mostly casual. Mrs Nicholls talks much and pathetically of the war.

"You see, sir," she said, "they both went off from Southampton. I wanted very much to see 'em off, but money wouldn't run to it, and, besides, you see, sir, it might 'a bin a bit orkit me

In fact, Bill's time would 'a been up by Christmas. You see, their father and their Uncle Tom had both been in the Army. Their father saw somethin' of the Crimea, and was always a-talkin' to the boys about the Roosshans, and I expect that's what made 'em both want to go into the army; but Jem wouldn't a gone into the army only he got out of work, and couldn't get nothin' to do, and the next I 'eard was a letter from him, sayin' as 'ow 'e 'ad gone into the army."

"I suppose you were very much surprised when you heard that your two sons were recalled to the colours?"

"No, it looked like comin' for some days, but when it comed it nigh knocked us all of a 'eap. 'O' course, I said, 'Ard luck boys, but you must go for Queen and country, and very likely your old mother 'll be dead afore you get back. Hut never mind, course, she's 'ad 'er time.' Then, o' course, they wants to know what'll become o' me, and Bill's wife and kiddies, cause what Bill's wife gets from the army while 'e's away ain't nothin' to speak of. So I ups and tells 'em not to bother about us, but to go and do their dooty."

"Owsomever, atween you and me, sir, it's a bit 'ard on the likes on us that there ain't no real pervision made like what there is for officers' people, although Bill said afore 'e went that the Government would raise some money to keep the likes on us from the workus. I ain't seen it yet, and o'



THE WOUNDED VOLUNTEERS IN HOSPITAL AT PIETERMARITZBURG.

alive she took in washing. When he died she still did laundry work. Domestic laundry work is usually paid for in cash and in kind. The cash has been absorbed in keeping the woff from the door. But Mrs Nicholls has been handsomely paid in kind. In other words, she has become a per-

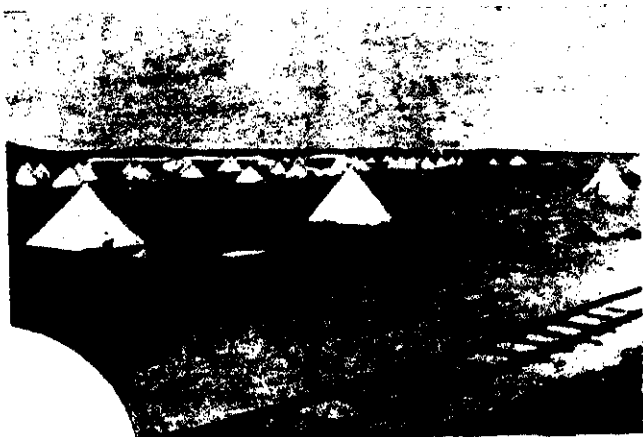
son getting back again, what with my roomatics and the crowd, and my not being used much to trains, and neither o' the boys able to come along back with me."

"And how long had they been in the Reserves?"

"Oh, Bill had been out of the reg'lars for close on five years, but Jem, 'e'd been at 'ome about four years,

course I've 'ad to go to Uncle's pretty much. What I says is, if the rich men wants the poor men to do the fighting for 'em, let 'em pay 'em well, and look arter their poor old mothers, and little uns while they're away gettin' killed and wounded."

I told Mrs Nicholls that I thought her views very reasonable, and slipped a coin into her hand.



INFANTRY CAMP AT DE AAR.



HOW THE INFANTRY ARE TAKEN TO AND FROM THE CAMP, ORANGE RIVER. From "Black and White."

MISS F. KELLY, Artistic Worker
in Natural Flowers, Florist to
His Excellency the Governor.
Bridal Bouquets a Specialty.
Sprays, Boutonnieres, Wreaths,
Crosses, and all the Latest Nov-
elties. Country Orders promptly
attended to. Show window in
Canning's, Queen-st., opposite Bank
N.Z.

Mr Moss Davis for himself and Mrs
Davis, and Mr "Ally" Moss Davis re-
quested for the ladies. After the break-
fast Mr Hanna took some photos,
which are reproduced in this issue.

THE DRESSES.

The bride looked lovely and sweet
in a dress of white Duchesse satin,
transparent tucked chiffon yoke and
sleeves, polonaise shaped skirt, falling
over accordion-pleated chiffon, full
train, trimmed with orange blossoms,
handsome Brussels net veil, trimmed
with true lovers' knots, and customary
orange blossoms in hair, to which the
veil was fastened; she carried a lovely
shower bouquet of asparagus fern,
white sweet pea, rosebuds, carnations,
candytuft and orange blossoms. The
bride also wore a necklace of diamonds,
with pendant, which was the gift of
the bridegroom. She was attended by
her three sisters, Misses Blanche,
Muriel and Ruby Moss Davis, and
Misses Roie and Gladys Nathan as
bridesmaids. Miss Blanche Moss Davis,
white silk, with ecru lace guipure trim-
ming, transparent yoke and sleeves of
ecru chiffon, relieved with a touch of
turquoise blue at the waist, white fichu
on decolletage, cream picture hat, with
loops of tulle and feathers, and large
gold buckle, carried a white shepherd's
stave, which supported a white bouquet
of flowers; Misses Muriel and Ruby
Moss Davis were similarly attired in
white silks, tucked chemisettes, white
tulle fichus, and relieved with a touch
of turquoise blue at the waist, white
picture hats, trimmed with chiffon and
feathers, finished with gold buckles,
carried white shepherd's staves, which
supported a pretty posy of yellow car-
nations, sweet peas, yellow rosebuds,
fine asparagus fern, and a few red
roses brightened the bouquets (all the
bouquets, beside the button-holes, etc.,
were the work of Miss Kelly, the
expert florist, and did her the
greatest credit); Misses Roie and
Gladys Nathan looked pretty in
long white accordion-pleated silk
frocks, white hats tied beneath chins,
with bows, and carried basket of white
geraniums and roses; Mrs Moss Davis
(mother of the bride) wore a handsome
oyster grey brocade, caught at the
waist with black velvet and buckles,
chemisette and shoulder sleeves of
white tulle and ruffled chiffon, a
toque of velvet hydrangea, swathed
in folds of tulle of the same shade,
carrying a bouquet of deep violet peas
and ferns; Mrs Ernest Moss Davis wore
a pretty white muslin, en traine, with
blue figured floral design, white hat,
trimmed with plumes. The bride's
going-away dress was a cream Eton
coat and skirt, large collar of white
satin and point lace, white picture hat,
trimmed with lace and pink roses. The
bridegroom's gifts to the bridesmaids
were muff chains. Mrs Charles Haines,
white satin, veiled in black net, with
lace figured pattern, bright cherry-
coloured toque; Mrs Humphrey Haines,
dainty costume of pinky-grey bengaline,
with red Swiss velvet belt, collar
and cuffs, charming pink tulle toque,
with wings; Mrs Thomas Morrin, fawn
silk, handsomely trimmed with embroi-
dery, transparent cream silk yoke,
black hat, with plumes; Miss Morrin,
pretty white embroidery muslin, with
transparent yoke and sleeves, white
Leghorn hat, turned up at front, with
rosettes of tulle; Miss Stead, cream
ordine, with deep hem on skirt of silk
embroidered pattern, white Leghorn
hat, with plumes; Miss Kate Hay (Syd-
ney), galois grey bengaline, trimmed
with blue and fawn lace, black toque,
with plumes; Mrs Hope Lewis, green
delaine, flowered with pink and blue,
white chemisette, white toque, with
wreath of pink roses resting on hair;
Mrs Markham, white pique, cream hat,
with pink tulle and wheat-ears; Mrs
Sidney Nathan, pink silk, veiled in
fawn satin striped canvas, bonnet of
roses to correspond; Mrs Alfred Na-
than, black and white striped silk,
with pink ruffled tulle yoke and shoul-
der sleeves, the skirt vandyked over
pink folds, white tulle hat, trimmed
with pink chiffon, and large bird;
Mrs Napier looked well in a mode grey
corded silk, with lace applique lovers'
knots trimming, white tucked silk
chemisette, and shoulder sleeves, toque
of heliotrope flowers and black velvet
bow and aigrette; Mrs Louis Myers
wore an extremely striking costume of
shot flame silk, made with apron skirt
and founcees, black velvet revers veiled
in ecru lace, cream straw hat with
ostrich feathers and tulle, white tulle
strings; Mrs J. M. Dargaville, black
silk; Miss Dargaville, pale grey with
white chemisette, and shoulder sleeves
relieved with black velvet, white Leg-
horn hat with plumes and tulle; Mrs
(Dr.) Sharman looked distinguished in
a bright rose corall underskirt with
rows of founcees, black lace polonaise,
black hat turned up one side with
plumes; and her sister wore a dainty

dove blue silk with rows of frills on
hem of skirt, the bodice was hand-
somenly trimmed with silver passemen-
terie, blue hat and parasol en suite;
Mrs Archdale Taylor, black costume
with yoke of old gold finishees with
ecru lace, cream hat with black veves
and wallflowers; Mrs Kerr-Taylor and
daughters wore white costumes, hats
en suite; Mrs Brigham, very striking
costume of chocolate voile, with white
satin let in at the bottom of skirt in
vandyke shapes edged with rich gold
passementerie, soubare of the same
white satin, bonnet en suite with pink
roses; Miss Brigham, white silk, with
ecru lace, pink empire sash, brown
straw with tulle trimming; Mrs Cotter,
very stylish English costume of black
merveilleux, with v shape let in back
and front of bodice of emerald green
veiled in cream lace, and finished with
ecru guipure, under pink, black toque
with coiffure a la Pompadour; Miss
Cotter, royal blue silk en traine with
cream chemisette, cherry coloured
toque; Mrs Ranson, very effective
costume of white merveilleux veiled in
black plain silk grenadine, white tuck-
ed voile yoke and shoulder sleeves,
black and white chip hat with tulle
and aigrettes; Mrs Roberts, very rich
heliotrope merveilleux veiled in black
net with figured floral design, with
tucked heliotrope bodice, black tulle
bonnet with black wings in front, and
wreath of heliotrope flowers round
brim, black fan; Miss Coates, hand-
some black moire made in coat and
skirt style, lined with strawberry silk,
cream lace bow, black lace toque with
crimson and pink cabbage roses; Mrs
(Dr.) Lindsay, black skirt, grey blue
striped satin blouse, with yoke out-
lined with green passementerie, black
hat with white plumes; Mrs Keogh,
black costume finished with white
satin veiled in black, black bonnet re-
lieved with white; Mrs Spooner, black
silk with cream chemisette, brown
bonnet with pink roses; Mrs Rathbone,
very smart costume of black broche
with yoke and v shape let in back and
front of bodice of white silk finished
with ecru guipure, ecru guipure
toque with black wings and
white tulle; Mrs Louis Myers,
oyster grey silk veiled in black
chiffon, gold beaded bonnet with white
tulle; Mrs William Coleman was much
admired in a mode grey mirror silk
with lace embroidered design in lovers'
knots on bodice, white tucked silk
chemisette, slashings of emerald green
velvet ribbon threaded round corsage,
emerald green waist band of folded
velvet, black hat with plumes and
wreath of maize coloured flowers rest-
ing on the hair; Mrs Harry Jackson,
handsome white muslin profusely
tucked and adorned with embroidery,
black hat with velvet and plumes;
Mrs L. D. Nathan, wore an English
costume of silver grey pongee made
with tulle silk bordered with cream
lace braid in a fancy worked design,
canary tulle vest, black bonnet with
pink roses; Mrs Edward Lewis, rich
black satin with jet ornaments, black
bonnet; Miss Dolly Davis, canary de-
laine flowered with heliotrope, cream
hat trimmed with flowers; Mrs Stead
(Christchurch), sweet costume of
azure blue silk veiled in satin striped
blue chiffon, the bodice was veiled in
ruched biscuit coloured tulle, trans-
parent yoke and sleeves, pale
blue straw toque, the crown was
veiled in jewelled net, with a
rosette high on the left upturned
side of pale blue velvet with two
wings; Mrs Lionel Benjamin, attrac-
tive costume of cream voile made with
tulle skirt and lace underskirt, lace
bolero, white tussore, silk revers and
collar, blue velvet waistband, bonnet
of green leaves and blue flowers; Mrs
Louis Benjamin (Wellington), black
moire veiled in chiffon, white tucked
yoke and shoulder sleeves, black net
toque; Miss Hart, black silk veiled in
tulle; Mrs Marks, black striped silk
skirt, tucked pink silk blouse, white
hat with green and pink chiffon; Mrs
Bachelier, heliotrope flowered French
muslin, coral hat en suite; Mrs Nel-
son, navy silk figured with white de-
sign, the lapels were finished with
white tulle, extremely pretty bonnet
of black tulle with aigrette of wheat
ears and rosette of blue tulle and
wreath of blue forget-me-nots; Mrs
Ruck, black silk skirt, cornflower blue
striped with white silk blouse, black
bonnet with pink roses; Mrs Kilgour,
elegant striped costume of gold and
black, with pipings of green satin rib-
bon, black bonnet with yellow roses;
Mrs Gamble, grey satin braided with
black, black bonnet with pink roses;
Mrs Lawry, black silk with white voile
tucked chemisette and shoulder
sleeves, black hat with black plumes;
Mrs Sam Morrin, slate grey costume
with white bodice, grey soubare, black
hat with pink flowers; Mrs Wilkin,

black silk costume with lace cape re-
lieved with amava, bound on suite;
Miss Wilkina, fawn tussore silk, with
white lace soku across shoulders,
white hat with plumes; Mrs Hutchin-
son, very handsome black merveilleux,
with vest and revers of white finished
with guipure, black hat with black
and white ostrich plumes; Mrs Caro,
black merveilleux, en traine, pink
tucked silk and chiffon chemisette
and shoulder sleeves, black bonnet
wreathed with roses of a deeper
shade; Miss Caro looked pretty in
white; Mrs Barry Keating, bluey grey,
fancy silk trimmed with cornflower
silk; Mrs Edmiston, rich indigo
figured French muslin, on black ground,
blue silk chemisette, hat with pink
tulle; Miss Hancock, white grenadine
with pink floral design, transparent
yoke and sleeves, toque composed of blue
and pink tulle finished with a wing;
Mrs Thorne George, rich black brocade,
en traine, white tucked silk chemi-
sette and shoulder sleeves, black bon-
net relieved with white; Miss Thorne
George, spring green silk veiled in
ecru net with lace founcees, white hat
with bunches of violets; Mrs (Dr.)
Naylor was much admired in a blue
silk veiled in white embroidery mus-
lin, with zouave of blue embroidery,
black hat with roses of a dark shade;
Mrs (Colonel) Dawson, rose-pink silk
veiled in striped fawn canvas, cherry
coloured toque; Mrs Lonsdale Pritt
looked well in a black silk costume,
black bonnet relieved with violets;
Miss Stella Alexander, white silk,
white picture hat with black ribbon
ends; Mrs Nicol, cream lustre skirt,
cream taffeta blouse flowered with
small pink sprigs, yellow straw toque
with tulle trimmings; Mrs Armitage,
cream Liberty silk tucked from waist
to hem, with cherry coloured silk fin-
ishings, white hat with plumes; Mrs
Isidor Alexander wore an extremely
rich costume of lavender brocade
veiled in black net, bonnet to corre-
spond; Messrs L. D. Nathan, Alfred
Nathan, Crombie, Rathbone, Mitchel-
son, Napier, Sidney Nathan, Myers (2),
Leo Myers, Philips, A. Taylor, E.
Lewis, Louis Benjamin, Lionel Ben-
jamin, Caro, Hutchison, Brigham, Dr.
Naylor, Lieut. Innis (H.M.S. Taur-
anga).

SOME OF THE PRESENTS.

Owing to the number of presents
awaiting them in Sydney we cannot
give a full list.

Bridegroom to bride, single stone
diamond necklace; Mr and Mrs Moss-
Davis, grand piano; Mr and Mrs J. C.
Smith, scent bottle; Mr and Mrs D.
Goldie, silver fruit-dish; Mr and Mrs
W. S. Wilson, silver fish-slice; Mr and
Miss Horton, silver scent bottles; Mr
and Mrs Coleman, silver sweet dishes;
Mr and Mrs L. Castleberg, Doublon
vase; Dr and Mrs Haines, silver ink
bottle; Lieut. Innes, silver ink
bottle; Mr F. Wilson, jewel case; Mr
and Mrs Alfred Nathan, large marble
clock and opera glasses; Mr P. Myers,
coffee-stand; Dr and Mrs Naylor, bis-
cuit barrel; Mr Mark Davis, silver
spoons; Mr and Mrs Brigham, silver
gong; Mr and Mrs Leo, Myers, silver
flower bowl; Mr and Mrs Louis Ben-
jamin, crystal and silver flower vases;
Mr and Mrs Alexander, silver cream
jug and sugar basin; Miss Alexander,
silver liqueur bottle; Dr and Mrs Wil-
kins, silver sweet dish; Mr and Mrs
Spooner, silver egg-stand and salver;
Mr Percy Harris, jam spoons; Mrs
Edmiston, silver frame; Mrs Maria,
salt cellars; Mrs Thomas Morrin, gold
bangle; Mr and Mrs Aronson, silver
mirror; Mr and Mrs Ziman, silver
dish; Mr James Coates and Miss
Coates, field glasses and manicure set;
Mr Herbert Thompson, bread platters;
Mr and Mrs C. C. McMillan, vase; Mr
and Mrs George Roberts, writing
board; Mrs Louis Myers, silver
thru Myers, silver cream jug and
sugar basin; Mrs Thomas Cotter, in-
laid vase; Mr and Mrs G. G. Steud,
silver scent bottle holder; Mrs John
Reid, silver sweet dish; Miss McCafferty,
silver toast rack; Mr and Mrs
Thorne George, silver puff box;
Blanche, Muriel, and Ruby Davis, sil-
ver mirror; Ruby Davis, picture; Mr
and Mrs Napier, picture; Mr and Mrs
H. Keating, crystal flower vases; Mrs
Dargaville, pair crystal and silver puff
boxes; Mr and Mrs Duthie, silver shoe
horn and button book; Dr and Mrs
McArthur, silver and ivory paper
knife; Mr and Mrs Archdale Taylor,
silver cake knife and fork; Dr and
Mrs Hope Lewis, set of Ruydard Kip-
ling's works; Mr and Mrs Louis Caro,
silver-mounted toilet-table set; Mrs
Edward Isaacs, pair crystal and silver
peppers; Mr and Mrs Hatchelder, crys-
tal and silver scent bottle; Mr H.
Myers, jam dishes; Mr and Mrs H.
Haines, silver jam covers; Miss Coates,
silver frame; Miss Julia Nathan,

ORANGE BLOSSOMS

MOSS—MOSS DAVIS.

The wedding of Miss Sybil Moss
Davis, second daughter of Mr Moss
Davis, of the firm of Hancock and Co.,
of Auckland, to Mr Laurence Moss, of
the Sydney firm of Mosses, Moss and
Co., was solemnised at the Auckland
Synagogue on Thursday afternoon,
and was a most brilliant and interest-
ing affair. The wedding was fixed for
half-past two, and long before that
time there was a large crowd outside
the Synagogue, and invited guests be-
gan to arrive and take their places in-
side the building, admission to which
was granted by invitation card only.
The interior of the edifice was pro-
fusely and tastefully decorated for the
occasion with white flowers, lycopodium,
and other graceful plants, in-
tertwined with white satin ribbon,
knots of which were also fastened in
true lovers' knots at the end of each
seat. The Amenah, or reading
desk, where the registers lay was
completely smothered in flowers, etc.,
etc., the effect being very beautiful.

As the Synagogue filled rapidly, and
as there was no overcrowding, the
spectacle as seen just before the bride
arrived was a very brilliant one, the
richness and beauty of the costumes
worn by the ladies showing off to the
best advantage in the pretty surround-
ings. A minute or so before the half
hour the Churpah, or canopy, bearers
took their places. They were: Messrs
H. Moss Davis, A. Davis, A. B. Davis
(Sydney), and Maurice Caro.

Punctually to the appointed mo-
ment, the bride (whose dress will be
described hereafter) entered on the
arm of her father, and followed by the
bridesmaids, the groom, and the en-
tire bridal party. The very poetical
and interesting Jewish marriage cere-
mony was then proceeded with, Rabbi
Goldstein performing the same in a
most impressive manner. His ad-
dresses to both bride and bridegroom
were full of kindly thought and pre-
gnant with good and homely advice.

When the wine-glass had been
broken and crushed under foot by the
bridegroom, the registers were signed
in full view of the congregation, and
a very beautiful and, to those who had
not seen it before, absorbingly inter-
esting ceremony was at an end.

Leaving the Synagogue, the guests
walked the few yards to "Hamurana,"
the residence of the bride's parents.
This, too, had been decorated for the
occasion. Mr and Mrs Moss Davis re-
ceived their guests at the entrance to
the suite of drawing-rooms, the guests
then passing on to where the happy
couple stood underneath a floral bell
to receive the congratulations showered
upon them.

A short space was spent inspecting
the numerous and costly wedding pre-
sents, and listening to the string
band on the verandah, and an ad-
journment was then made to a large
marquee, where an elaborate wedding
breakfast had been set forth. The
following was the menu:—

FROID.

Aspic de Foie Gras.
Tartines aux Concombers.
Poulet.
Saumon.
Trifle aux Gateaux.
Meringues a la Vanille.
Creme de Bavaois.
Macedoine de Fruit.
Gelee a la Creme Fouettes.
Gelee du Vin.
Gateau Assortes.
Fruit Salad.

GLACES.

Creme de Vanille.
Creme au Cafe.
Strawberries and Cream.
Fruit de Saison.

The.
Cafe Granite.

Speeches and toasts were, of course,
the order of the afternoon, and were
honoured with much enthusiasm in
bumpers of Pommery and Creno. Mr
Goldstein proposed the bride, the Rev.
C. M. Nelson the bride's parents, and
the Rev. Father Egan the ladies. Mr
Moss responded on behalf of his wife,

afternoon tea cloth; Mr and Mrs B. Keating, silver frame; Col. and Mrs Dawson, picture; Mr and Mrs Armistead, paper knife; Mrs L. Davis (Christchurch), Doultton vase; Mr Lazarus (Fiji), silver frame; Mr and Mrs J. Myers, silver gong; Mrs Kilgour, vase; Mr and Mrs T. W. Leys, silver gong and bowl; Miss Dora and Ainee de Beer, table cover; Mr and Mrs Oliver Nicholson, silver hot water kettle; Mr and Mrs Robert Moss, chest of silver; Mr and Mrs Ernest Davis, stag's antlers; Mr Edward Lewis, greenstone paper knife; Mr and Mrs Ernest Benjamin, silver sweet dishes; Mr and Mrs Treiston, pair painted plaques; Mrs Nigel Markham, smell-bag-salts bottle; Mrs Lawry, leather bag and point lace mats; Mr and Mrs T. Hutchison, flower vase; Mr and Mrs Sharrman, greenstone knife rests; Miss Hay, silver puff box; Mr F. Crombie, silver pie-servers; Mr and Mrs Churton, silver cardcase; Mr and Mrs Baume, pair silver sweet dishes; Mr and Mrs Sydney Nathan, silver fruit spoons; Mrs D. Caro, silver mustard pot; Mr and Mrs Gleeson, cheque; Mr and Mrs Nelson, greenstone paper knife; Ernest Davis, silver cigarette-case; Mr Alfred Walker, silver hat pins; Mr and Mrs Mitchelson, inlaid cabinet; brewery employees, oak and silver tray and salad bowl; Mr A. Beaver, silver pin tray; Mr Sidney Davis, silver cream jug; Mrs Pratt, black satin handbag; Mr and Mrs Shrimski, silver afternoon tea spoons; Mr and Mrs J. J. Craig, silver and china strawberry dishes; Mr and Mrs J. M. Mowbray, pair handsome inlaid vases.

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RETURN OF THE WAIWERA

THE FIRST CONTINGENT AT THE FRONT.

REVIEWED BY GENERAL FRENCH.

SCOUTING TOWARDS ARUNDAL.

(By Telegraph-Press Association.)

CHRISTCHURCH, January 8.

The steamer Waiwera which conveyed the first New Zealand contingent to South Africa, arrived at Lyttelton this morning. The Press Association special correspondent, writing from Naauwpoort (camp on November 30, describes the journey from Maitland Camp. On the march from the latter camp to the station the horses got very much alarmed at the electric trams. During one of these alarms Trooper McCabe's horse got out of hand, and gave the trooper a nasty fall. He was shaken and hurt slightly, but was able to come on. No. 1 Company went in the first train, in which also went Major Robin, the veterinary, and Lieut. Neale.

As soon as the horses were entrained the Company marched away from the horse-loading platform through a portion of the town to the troop-loading platform, being headed by the band and the Cape Highland volunteers.

The short distance traversed was thronged with people, who cheered most enthusiastically.

Half-an-hour later No. 2 Company went through, and the same performance followed No. 2 train under command of Capt. Maddocks.

Just before leaving the destination of the contingent was again changed to De Aar, and we were told we were being hurried on to

JOIN LORD METHUEN'S FORCE for the relief of Kimberley, which had already commenced operations, and had just fought a battle at Belmont.

All heavy baggage was left at the depot in Capetown, and a man had to be detailed to remain behind to look after it and send on everything required from it. Trooper Copper was selected for the duty, as his health had been bad for some time past.

The train journey was hot, dusty, and wearisome.

The horses were watered and fed at certain appointed stations, where the men were also able to snatch a hurried meal, nearly all the time being taken up watering the horses, which was a difficult and nasty job.

One or more of the men had to get right inside each truck among eight horses packed in them, mostly frightened, and some kicking; however, our boys were quite equal to the job, and they worked splendidly.

AN ACCIDENT.

One man in No. 1 train was unfortunately hurt. He was slightly crushed and strained his side. He was attended to by the army doctor, who was there, and was picked up by No. 2 train at one of the crossings station.

A rumour floated round the train that a load of Boer prisoners was coming by, but it turned out to be a hospital train, carrying about ninety wounded men. It stopped but a few seconds opposite us, and that was enough. We passed two more later on, but these were not nearly so painful to see as the first. In fact, in the last one most of the men looked quite happy and cheered us; then didn't we just cheer them not before, for fear of disturbing them. At our cheer as the train passed a white, wan hand was seen feebly tapping the window, nothing else being visible through that window except a mass of bandages. The incident was full of pathos. After the second night in the train we arrived at De Aar about breakfast time. Here again came fresh orders. We were apparently too late for the relief of Kimberley, and had to move on now in one train in all haste to Naauwpoort. There was barely time to water and feed the horses before we were bustled off towards our new destination. This portion of the journey was more exciting, as there was a chance of being attacked or fired on en route, and we had to be prepared; but nothing happened. The train went very carefully over one bridge, which had been tampered with by the Boers. There is not much comfort to be had at Naauwpoort. Our lines are on the side of a slight hill sloping down to the

railway, a bare patch of sandy ground with rock a few inches below the surface. The sand is in the most malignant type, very fine red in colour, and mingled with sharp stones. It smells unpleasantly, and on the slightest gust of wind it flies about, penetrating into everything, and at the same time choking up your nose and throat. The heat is intense when there is no wind, and when it blows there is a sand storm. Naauwpoort lies in a hollow, with flat topped hills all round, and at first sight appears to be in a most disadvantageous position for defence, but the hills overlooking it, although appearing to a new comer to be a mile or so distant, are really four or five miles away. The distances in this clear atmosphere, are most deceptive, almost incredibly so. On December 3

GENERAL FRENCH INSPECTED US

at 8.30 a.m., and put us through the various movements. The wind was blowing and the dust blinding, consequently we all thought we drilled disgracefully, but when the General formed us up and addressed us he said he was very much pleased with what he had seen, and had no doubt that in a short time we would be the finest body of mounted volunteers in the world, though the Natal lighthorse would take a lot of beating. He had found the later absolutely reliable in action, and had no doubt in a short time we should be the same. He particularly enjoined us and all to practise judging distances, which in this country are so absolutely misleading, and after a few more hints and words of advice we returned to camp and finished most unpleasantly a hot and dusty day. Late in the evening we received orders to move out at 4 a.m. the following day and

SCOUT TOWARDS ARUNDEL.

which is half way to Colesberg. Shortly after 4 a.m. we were marching out of camp alongside of the railway line. eW advanced for about 10 miles throwing scouts three or four miles out on each flank. We then halted withdrawing scouts and sending on a line of observation posts to a range of hills a few miles ahead. The main body then formed up and rested until 3 p.m. General French was with us and was very pleased at the way we worked. He wishes we were armed with swords or lances as well as with carbines. He is evidently not a believer in mounted infantry for this war, and is going to use us more as cavalry. During the day he made us fix bayonets and charge, and see how it would work. The improvised lance was not a great success, being too short. However it apparently satisfied him as he was full of praises, and we were styled 'Independent Cavalry' in that evening's orders. We saw no Boers as expected, though there were several false alarms. We got back to camp just before dark, and at once received orders to strike camp and again move out towards Arundel at 6 a.m. next day.

THE HEALTH OF THE MEN.

Lieut. Canavan's mare bolted with him one day at drill and coming down in a hole the lieutenant hurt his side, sprained his wrist, and has been laid up ever since.

Lieut. Chaytor has a sore throat and bad chest which has kept him a prisoner several days.

Trooper Kells has been sent back to the hospital at De Aar, and Trooper Harold Smith also, the latter with a poisoned arm.

Trooper McCabe remained there as he was still suffering from the fall he had at Capetown.

Trooper Patterson is in hospital here with sciatica.

Others in hospital are only suffering from minor complaints and will all be out again in a day or two. At least three of them have been kicked by horses.

The horses are fairly well, but don't seem inclined to feed as well as one would like. I think the heat is affecting them a little. Everyone tells us they are such a useful looking lot, and I know they will prove to be so.

TELEGRAM TO THE GOVERNMENT

(By Telegraph-Press Association.)

WELLINGTON, January 8.

The Agent-General wires under date London, January 7, that General French is occupying a position overlooking Colesberg. He repulsed a Boer attack, but they are being re-inforced. A sortie from Mafeking on December 26th was repulsed, our loss being about 50. The engagement at Moltens was merely a skirmish.

TO THE ABSENT-MINDED BRITON.

BY JOE KERR.

Rudyard Kipling's new war poem, "The Absent Minded Beggar," in which he makes an appeal for funds for Tommy Atkins' family, has been parodied by several American writers. One of the best of the parodies is the following:—

When your absent minded beggar has been punctured by a Boer. When you've finished killing Kruger with your guns and rifles. Will you kindly quit, or will you keep on fighting more and more. And fertilizing earth with mothers' sons? O absent minded Englishman, with weaknesses so great, You spend too much of precious time to "wipe off from a slate" When Peace is sweet and War so bitter-blighting?

Coster's son—King's son—son of a hundred guns. (My thousand horse and foot, eager for any fray) Keep 'em at home for your credit's sake (let 'em look after their sons) And you'll need no post-imporing you to "pay-pay-pay!"

Just suppose he "married secret, asking us permission to." Knowing well he wouldn't get it if he did; Suppose there's "coal and victuals and the house rent falling due." And suppose there is a rather likely kid; If the English warring weakness would let Tommy stay at home. The Boers would and his family wouldn't miss him; But if Bull is for ever causing Tommy A. to roam. So far away his own girl cannot kiss him.

Lord's son—footman's son—son of a bally earl, Son of a gun from Pimlico—no matter what the country wouldn't call. Keep him away from your wicked wars (let him look after his girl) And there'll be no Rudyard's Kipling you to "pay-pay-pay!"

Those families by thousands who, too proud to beg or speak, Would chuck their stick and bedding up the spout. And live on nothing, doubled, paid in cipher twice a week. 'Cause the man and wages both are ordered out. Needs't have their pride no crippled, If the country wouldn't call. So often for the man and always find him. And Tommy wouldn't have to chuck his job and leave it all. And the happy future, once before, behind him.

Duke's job—Jew's job—baronet, sweet, or count, Stable or palace or butcher's shop—none need go away; Each can be home at a work of play, (drinking at pleasure's fount) And you'll pass no hat for this or that and "pay-pay-pay!"

Just manage, England manage, when you look best in the face, To arbitrate,—we know that you'll prefer— Save your temper and your empire, keeping Tommy in his place. And he (not you and me) will care for Her. We are absent minded beggars and we may forget that name, Fight a wee bit, but England, dear, we prize you; And we know that you'll be sensible and quickly, plainly see. That you're competent to jolly and advise you.

Queen's home—prince's home—home of a costermonger. (Fifty million horse and foot—ready for any fray). Give us to work and go to work (you older ones old younger) And have no Rudyard's Kipling you to "pay-pay-pay!"

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- CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR CARDS
- INVITATION CIRCULARS
- "AT HOME" CARDS
- BALL PROGRAMMES
- WEDDING CARDS AND INVITES
- CONCERT AND OTHER TICKETS
- PROGRAMMES ON FLAIN AND FANCY PAPER
- CALLING CARDS

ALL THE LATEST STYLES. MANAGER, "GRAPHIC" OFFICE,]

EGG BATTLES.

There is a little mountain town in Kentucky, where pitched battles between egg-throwers are said frequently to take place. The diversion is known locally as "egg-throwing." Each band of egg-throwers has a captain, and is composed of about twenty men. The heaviest battles take place on Saturday night. Then every man is expected to provide himself with two dozen eggs. A description given of one of the battles in the Chicago "Record" shows them to be lively affairs.

It was about nine o'clock when the throwers lined up for the fray. Every member of the two companies was present with his full quota of eggs. The captains did no throwing, contenting themselves with directing the movements of the men; but if they threw no eggs, they received many upon their persons. They were its targets towards which much of the ammunition was directed.

The first volley resulted in the striking of six of the enemy, but when the volley was returned seven more bore upon their clothing the marks of the enemy's prowess, and worse still, the captain's hat was swept from his head by a well-directed shot.

Then the egg-throwing became fast and furious, and no more attempt at regular volley-work was made. Every man used his eggs to the best advantage, according to his judgment, and the battle did not cease till the last of the four hundred and eighty eggs had been smashed, and a large proportion of them had done execution. When all the ammunition was exhausted, experienced judges decided upon the result of the battle, and gave the victory to the band that appeared to have done most execution.

The moonlight showed a strange scene when the conflict was brought to an end. There was scarcely a man who had not been many times hit, and the captains were splattered from head to foot. Houses, sidewalks, and fences were battle-stained, and egg-shells crunched beneath the feet of the spectators as they pushed forward to greet the victorious band.

QUAINT CATASTROPHES.

Brooding over tombstones does not sound exactly like a cheerful occupation, and one certainly would not think of retiring to the graveyard in search of liveliness. Nevertheless, those who for antiquarian or other reasons spend much time in the deciphering of old inscriptions are occasionally rewarded by "finds" of an unexpectedly entertaining sort. Here is an epitaph recently discovered by a seeker for ancestral tombs in a village churchyard in England. It assuredly ought to be pathetic, but—!

Here lies the body of Mary Ann Flower Brief, Alias! was her earthly hour. Sweet Buds must fade and Cankers eat Blossoms most Delicate and Sweet: Thus did this Flower in May Time Bloom Perish untimely to the Tomb Slain in the Spring Time of her Year By an Insect Ent'ring at her Ear.

Unfortunate Mary Anne! Her death was certainly peculiar, and therefore, according to old-fashioned ideas, impressive. It was long fashionable to record upon gravestones the manner of any death that was unusual. "He fell over a Precipice and Entered ye Heavenly Gate," says an old epitaph; "It made his exit from a World of Sorrow on ye Horns of a Cow," says another, "And found Peace beyond," while a third, in the Old Hill Burying-ground at Newburyport, records of an esteemed housewife that "she sweetly breathed her life away" after "swallowing a pea at her own table." At Lichdene, England, there is a stone which chronicles doubly the catastrophe by which the deceased perished.

The clinging earth his earthly part did slay And freed his spirit and it flew away.

So says the memorial verse; while above, a less poetic version gives, with name and date, the grim explanatory statement: "Being fallen therein Head Downwards, he died of Sticking in ye Mud."

EMILE ZOLA'S LATEST JEREMIAD.

It is painful to attack a prophet who has won the suffrages of the outside world by heroic martyrdom in his own country, but M. Zola's last book, "Fecondite" (Charpentier, Paris), provokes and justifies hostile criticism, even from an alien admirer. Zola apparently is not satisfied with the role of mere prophet. He has elected to become an evangelist. He informs us that "Fecondite" is the first of a series of novels to be included under the general title of "The Four Gospels." The hero of "Fecondite" is called Matthew. Doubtless the hero of its successors will be Mark, Luke, and John. The blasphemy of this conception will appall one section of his public, the luck of courtesy, of urbanity, and of good taste will disgust the other, while the attendant pornographic monstrosities will appall and disgust both. M. Zola looks upon himself as a man with a mission. That mission is to warn the French people of the cumulative progress of their degeneracy. So he issues a degenerate "gospel"—a gospel of uttermost intrinsic filth—to redeem France from its prophesied national degeneration into uttermost filth.

"Paris at the point of death!" he cries, through one of his characters. And again: "In France we are going backward. We are returning to chaos. France, which once counted for a fourth of Europe, now counts only for an eighth. In a century or two Paris will be dead on its site, like ancient Rome and ancient Athens, and we shall have fallen to the rank of contemporary Greece." He paints another character, who, "as his confidences increased in intimacy, shrank from no secret of his alcove." M. Zola has the same fault as his imagined character. To combat indecency in action he sinks to the lowest possible level of indecency in word. To be sure, his attitude is that of defiant "realism." He will be absolutely frank, absolutely truthful; he will throw aside hypocrisy and cant. He forgets that reserve is not hypocrisy

and decorum is not cant. He fails to recognise that it is France's failure to recognise this truth which is hurrying her towards the abyss that he dreads.

THE TREATMENT OF PRISONERS OF WAR.

The unfortunately large number of our men who have been captured by the Boers prompts the question, How are prisoners of war treated by the capturing belligerent? International law recognises the right of the belligerent so to deal with its prisoners as to prevent their escape, but no greater severity is to be exercised towards them than is necessary to effect this object:—"Imprisonment in the full sense of the word," says one writer, "is only permissible under exceptional circumstances, as after an attempt to escape, or if there is reason to expect that an attempt to escape will be made. If a prisoner endeavours to escape, he may be

KILLED DURING HIS FLIGHT, but if recaptured he cannot be punished except by confinement sufficiently severe to prevent the chance of escape, because the fact of surrender as prisoner of war is not understood to imply any promise to remain in captivity." Prisoners of war are maintained at the expense of the Government in whose power they are, and sometimes a money allowance is made to them, although it is hardly likely that on the present occasion the Boers will carry generosity to this extent. Prisoners may be put to work suitable to their condition, but not to such as has direct relation to the war.

An Irishman went before the priest to have his sins forgiven. After confessing several small sins that he had committed, he said, "Now, Father, I must tell you the greatest sin of all. I was very very hungry and I stole neighbour Ryan's cow." The priest replied, "Well, Pat, that was very wicked of you, you will go to perdition on the cow's horns." "Sure," replied Pat, "that's a lie, Father, for it was a poly one."



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Of these our Stock is so Large and Varied that only a visit of inspection will convey any idea of its magnitude, and the prices range from the least expensive to that of high-class productions. The following are special:— **350yds. 42in. FANCY DRESS**, in good Colouring Mixture Effects, 10/3. **400yds. 42in. NEW SPOT DRESS**, in Navy, Brown, New Blue, Royal Black, etc.—Good value, 1/ and 1/11. **700yds. 42in. NEW TWEED and BENGALINE EFFECT**, in Fawn, Grey, Green, Blue, etc. Extra value, 1/8 and 1/9. **1,075yds. 42in. ALL-WOOL COATING**, in New Blue, Fawn, Grey, Electric, etc., 1/3 and 1/9. **3,500yds. ALL-WOOL CASHMERE and MERINOS**—Our Celebrated Make—in every shade, 1/8, 1/9, 2/3, 2/4 to 2/11.

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COMPETITIONS OPEN.

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION.

FIRST PRIZE.....	15s.
SECOND PRIZE.....	10s.
THIRD PRIZE.....	5s.

The above prizes are offered for the best photographs taken by amateurs during the forthcoming holidays. At almost every picnic and excursion nowadays someone takes a camera, and there are unlimited opportunities for snapshots in the streets, on the wharves, or at the races at Christmas and the New Year.

The prizes will be awarded to the photographs which the Editor and our own Special Photographer (Mr Walrond) jointly consider the best.

The size of the picture is immaterial.

The name of the subject and the name and address of sender should be written on the back of the photo, in pencil only.

NO COUPON NEED BE SENT WITH THE PHOTOS.

Photos must NOT be mounted.

The "Graphic" reserves the right to publish any photo sent in for this competition.

NEW GEOGRAPHICAL COMPETITION.

In answer to many requests we give another—and on this occasion—very easy Geographical Competition in this issue. There are only five names to discover, and there are few alternatives in the missing endings to the words. The names and full details will be seen on the Coupon on the second page of the present issue.

Some More Anecdotes.

The following comes from America: A duck, a lamb, a frog, and a skunk were desirous of attending a circus. The admission was a dollar. Now the puzzle is how many gained admittance and by what means.

The duck "presented his bill" (Americans call bank notes "bills").

The lamb had four quarters (1/4 in America is commonly called a quarter.)

The frog had a green back (an American note).

The poor skunk was the only one unable to gain admittance, as he had but one cent (scent), and that was a bad one.

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TOO CLOSE QUESTIONING.

Sharp Yankee Lawyer: "Now, tell me, did the defendant promise to give you \$5 for giving evidence?"

Darkey Witness: "Yes, sab."

"Did he speak in the first or the third person?"

"Dey was no turd pissen; dey was only me and him."

"Did he say I will give you \$5?"

"No; you name wasn't mentioned, 'cepting he told me if I ever get into scrape you was the best man to foul the judge and jury; you was the best lawyer in de Union to kiver up rascally."

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Once a man, whose name was Monk, came into a bar-room, where an old officer named Scully was sitting.

Monk, being glad to see Scully (as they were very old friends), said, "Halloo, Scull, how are you getting on?"

Scully turned around, and said to Monk, indignantly, "What do you mean by calling me by that name?"

Why, if you deprive me of my last letter (s), add it on to your own name, which will make you "Monky."

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A friend called on Michael Angelo, who was finishing a statue. Some time afterwards he called again; the sculptor was still at his work. His

friend, looking at the figure, exclaimed, "You have been idle since I saw you last."

"By no means," replied the sculptor. "I have retouched this part and polished that; I have sootened this feature, and brought out this muscle; I have given more expression to this lip, and more energy to this limb."

"Well, well," said his friend; "but all these are trifles."

"It may be so," replied Angelo, "but recollect that trifles make perfection, and that perfection is no trifle."

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Violet must not kill flies, so she is told, yet they know how fond of it she is. She is overheard having a conversation with one. The flies' answers she kindly supplies:

"Are you dood little fly?"

"Es."

"Do you love Dod?"

"Es."

"Would you like to go to Dod?"

"Es."

"Bang! bang! bang! Violet looks round triumphant."

One day two Irishmen went into an hotel to have dinner. While the waiter was getting it for them, one of them took a spoonful of what he thought to be jam, but which was very hot chutney. His mate looked at him and saw the tears streaming from his eyes.

he said, "What's the matter, Mike?"

"I was just thinking of my poor old grandmother who was drowned when she came to see me off from the Old Country. Try some of this, Pat, passing the dish containing the chutney, Pat took a spoonful, soon the tears were streaming from his eyes. "Now what's the matter with you, Pat?" said Mike. "I was just thinking it is a great pity you were not drowned with your grandmother."

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While electioneering at Riverton, Lord Palmerston was greatly bored by a Radical butcher, who wished him to support a certain Radical policy. Once, at the end of one of Lord Pal-

merston's speeches, the butcher called out, "Lord Palmerston, will you give me a plain answer to a plain question?" After a slight pause, Lord Palmerston replied, "I will." The butcher then asked him, "Will you or will you not support this measure?" — a Radical Bill. Lord Palmerston hesitated, and then, with a twinkle in his eye, replied, "I will." Immediately the Radicals cheered tremendously. "Not," Tremendous Conservative cheers. When these ceased Lord Palmerston then finished his sentence with these words, "tell you," and immediately retired.

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A youth of four years old, and his young sister, saw a rat hasten into a hole in the barn door. Said he, "Sis, the Bible says, 'Watch and pray.' You pray while I watch the hole, and I'll swat him across the snout when he comes out."

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Mr Dakota: "It actually gets so cold up in our country that the flames freeze to the back of the grate and have to be chopped off with an axe."

Mr Mexico: "That's nothing; why, we have to feed our hens on chopped ice to keep them from laying boiled eggs."

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A PARSON'S STORIES.

The Rev. C. H. Grundy, M.A., has a paper in the "Temple Magazine" on "The Humorous Side of a Parson's Life." Poor people bring their children to the parson to be lectured. Once an excited mother brought a great, stupid-looking girl into Mr Grundy's study, shouting—"Now, talk to her, I told Maria I'd bring her to you; now you just give her a good talking to." "What has she done?" "Never mind what she's done, you talk to her." "Maria," I said,

"I'M ASHAMED OF YOU."

How dare you cause all this trouble to your mother! At your age you ought to know better. Don't let me hear any more of this sort of thing, or I shall be very angry indeed." They departed, and to this day what Maria had done remains a mystery.

How easy it is to convey a wrong idea to a congregation through untidiness of mind or sheer nervousness was illustrated in a church not far from Brookley, where the vicar solemnly announced that "the collection next Sunday will be for the propagation of Jews in foreign parts"; and a month or two afterwards, having a curate particularly ugly, stated that "the collections next Sunday are for the C.M.S. and the curate," adding, "Please give liberally to

THESE TWO GREAT OBJECTS."

The curate has since left. The other day a clergyman told his congregation that in future the collection would not be made in the unsightly wooden boxes as hitherto, for a lady had presented him with "a new pair of bags!" Some of Mr Grundy's stories have, of course, been printed before. A young curate who had preached before Archbishop Temple tried, as they walked home together, to gauge the Bishop's opinion of his discourse by saying in an artless way, "That was not a bad text of mine, your Grace." "Oh," snapped out the Archbishop, "there was nothing wrong about the text." As an illustration of

A CERTAIN LACK OF HUMOUR,

may be mentioned the preacher who threw up both his big fat hands in the pulpit, exclaiming, "Pause, my brethren, pause!" Bishop Thorold once found himself face to face with a pillar, obstructing his view of the congregation. On returning to the vestry he said, very quietly, "There are some advantages in preaching to a pillar; it doesn't yaw, it doesn't blow its nose, and it doesn't take out its watch."

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

"Some years ago, a terrible female settled down in our neighbourhood. Her husband had a fair post in the railway department, and was a quiet, inoffensive man. Mrs K. wasn't long amongst us, when she managed to put our hitherto quiet-going women folks into a state of intense excitement. She gave them a public lecture, in the course of which she said that they had been all their days in a deceitful stream, with the foot of the monster nun firmly planted on their yielding necks; and a lot more of similar stuff. It was all reported in our local paper, and it sounded mighty tall. She next started what she called "the Woman's League of Liberty"; and, without my

knowing anything about the fact, for a while, she

PERSUADED MY WIFE TO JOIN THE ASSOCIATION

and attend the meetings. . . . Eventually she got the position of secretary of the organisation, and she would sit for hours, at her writing up of the books and so on, without speaking a single word, while I had to rest mum in my arm-chair, with my pipe and the newspaper to comfort me.

At length, when this had gone on for about a year, I was beginning to feel myself a stranger in my own abode, and, in fact, a sort of interloper and ne'er-do-well. I felt that I could stand it no longer; so, one evening, when she had laid out all her papers on the table of the sitting-room, preparatory to starting, I opened fire, determined to have the affair settled, one way or another. . . .

"What's the meaning of all this silence and gloominess?" I asked. "It's more than mortal can stand; and I don't mean to do so any longer."

"We must stand up for our rights," she said, in a faltering way.

"Oh, that's it, is it? Your rights?"

"And what rights is it I've ever withheld from you, Minty! . . ."

Now, answer me a question or two, about the way I've kept my vows, and given you your rights. You had a

RIGHT TO BE WELL FED—

have you been?"

"Oh, yes."

"You had a right to be comfortably clad, and not to be overworked—has it been so?"

"Certainly."

"You had a right to be kindly spoken to, and lovingly treated by me—has it ever been different?"

"No."

"You had a right to my society, to a good share of it at least, during my leisure; and you had also a right to my confidence and trust—have these ever been withheld?"

"Oh, no."

"Well, then is there anything else in the way of rights that you can think of, that you haven't got? If so, please mention it. Now's the time; and I'm open to be convinced."

No answer.

"Well, as you don't speak, we must take it for granted that you've got all your rights. Now, we'll say a word about a few things you've got, over and above your rights. It's shabby to mention them; but you force me to do it. First, for a number of years, I've let you have five hundred dollars on your birthday, to do what you like with; and it is now a nice little sum, apart from everything else, that you have by you, in case of anything happening in the way of misfortune. Then, when

YOUR FATHER LOST HIS ALL

in that wretched mine, and some of my money too, I wouldn't let him start work again; but, as I had prospered so well myself, I allowed him six hundred dollars a year, so that he and your mother could live on in decent comfort, in the village where they were born. This was for your sake; and I'll certainly keep it up so long as they live. Then when your cousin got a present of those diamonds from her husband, and I saw you'd like some, I bought them for you; although I don't profess to be so rich as a big stockbroker of Wall-street. There are many other things, including the pony and buggy I bought lately for your own special use, and which you've been driving about to your branches of the League in, letting that horrid woman take the reins, too, and whip the cob most unmercifully."

"Long before I had finished, poor Minty had come to her senses, and was in a very melting and repentant mood. It wouldn't do for me to minutely describe the scene that followed, or all the nice names she called me. I had to

RESTRAIN HER BY FORCE,

from putting the League books and papers into the stove. Once the spell was broken, how she opened out on Mrs Krugget. I sat and laughed my sides sore. It was worth all the tribulation to see the change. She wanted to march straight off and give her chief a bit of her mind. But, she did far better. At the next meeting she gave her reasons, in a powerful speech, for resigning her secretaryship; and she denounced the whole thing as a delusion and a snare, and as a breaker of hearts and of the peace of homes."

"Our Cabin Table."

CONFIDENT.

George: Do you think that your father will consent to our marriage?

Ethel: Oh, yes! He has always honoured my silliest wishes.

Society Gossip

PICTON.

Dear Bee,— January 1.
A very Happy New Year to you. This seems to me to be the best way to begin my letter on the first day of the new year.

BOXING DAY

was spent very pleasantly here. Friends came from Blenheim to visit friends here, and besides that pleasure there was the fun and excitement of seeing excursionists land from the "Taravera." There were about one thousand, counting those who had free passes. Some as usual went on by train to Blenheim, but the majority scattered about the shady spots of the town, and picnicked. Our beautiful double-flowered mauka was in full bloom, and appeared to be the admiration of all the excursionists.

On Tuesday evening a goodly crowd assembled on the wharf to bid adieu to the second.

MARLBOROUGH CONTINGENT,

who are off to South Africa. They had a good send-off, with cheers for the New Zealand Contingent, three times three for the Marlborough men, and three each for Captain Chaytor and Captain Spence. "Soldiers of the Queen" was also sung by the people on the wharf and steamer.

A party went down to Te Awaite, Tory Channel, on Thursday, by the steam launch "Phoenix," and spent a pleasant day. They were Mrs and the Misses Fell (2), Mrs Fitzgerald and family, Mrs and Miss McIntosh (Wellington), and Mrs Carey (Blenheim).

Several Wellington yachts are cruising about the Sounds, among them are the "Ngaire," the "Greyhound," and the "Mokau." A very tiny yacht was brought over by the "Hauipi" on Saturday to take part in the regatta to-day, and several new boats built in the Queen Charlotte Sound are also going in for the sailing races. Quite a little fleet of yachts embellished the harbour.

The Blenheim Garrison Band came into town by break, and played selections on Nelson Square, and during the evening near the wharf. The proceeds of the sacred concert on the Square, amounting to £2 7, they handed over to the ladies who are canvassing Picton.

NEW YEAR'S DAY

was simply a perfect day, bright, warm, and sunny, with just enough of a breeze to make the yacht races enjoyable. The locally built boats came well to the front. More than ever Picton was a favoured resort, and a bigger crowd than ever on championship day arrived from all parts—the Sounds, Blenheim, Spring Creek, Tua Marina, and over a thousand by the "Rotomahana" from Wellington. Some excursionists, as usual, had to be left behind lamenting on the Wellington wharf.

THE REGATTA.

so far as the sailing races were concerned, was well contested, and a pretty sight in the harbour. The skiff races were all won by outsiders, Wellington being well to the fore, and Picton nowhere. Mr Scott, of the freezing hulk "Edwin Fox" (flagship), hoisted a white flag, in token of the surrender of the prestige of the local rowing club, who simply took no interest in the regatta, leaving it to a few energetic townspeople, and the owners of sailing boats to keep the annual regatta afloat. Mr C. D. Stuart, the secretary of the regatta, worked very energetically to make the affair what it was—a success.

THE PATRIOTIC CONCERT

in aid of the War Fund was as great a success as holiday concerts usually are, when everybody is tired to death with sight-seeing and entertaining visitors. The Blenheim Garrison Band, though tired out with playing all day in the broiling sun, besides celebrating Hogmanay for the benefit of the townspeople, again came to the fore and played outside the hall to attract attention to the concert, a kindness which Picton people will not readily forget. Mr A. P. Seymour, Mayor, opened the proceedings with a patriotic speech, which was received with cheers and applause. Other items were:—Overture, "The Siege of Paris," Miss L. Fuller; "Soldiers of the Queen," Mr Wilmot; "The British Flag," Miss Allen; recitation, "The Laccum Theatre," Mr Froyburg; song, "Alone on the Raft," Mr Riddell;

"Apost," Miss E. Lloyd; "The British Lion," Mr Robertshaw; "Bafferty Woe the Mile," Mr Edwards; recitation, "How We Saved St. Michael's," Mr Hounsell; song, "Scarlet and Blue," Miss V. Fuller; "Truth is Absence," Miss Gibb; "At the Empire's Call," Miss Howard; "The Skipper," Mr Wilmot; "Half-Mast High," Miss McIntosh; "Our Boys," Mr J. Price; "Britannia, the Pride of the Ocean," Mrs Flood; recitation, "The Absent-Minded Beggar," Mr W. Esson; "Tinga-Linga," and "Meet Me at Half-past Nine," Mr Edwards; duet, "Life's Dream is O'er," Miss McIntosh and Mr Hawthorn; and by special request of the audience, "The Death of Nelson," Mr Wilmot. Mr Cheek volunteered his services as stage manager, Mr A. T. Card did all the advertising free gratis, and Mr Cragg gave the hall free, so that there was absolutely no expense, and the promoters—Mrs and the Misses Allen, Miss C. Nash, and Miss Cragg—have to acknowledge kindness and courtesy from all sides. Mr Card also printed neat copies of Rudyard Kipling's poem, which he gave to the collectors for sale for the cause. Among some of those present at the concert were the Rev. A. and Mrs Sedgwick, Misses Greenhill (2), Mrs Lloyd, Mrs Stow, Mrs and the Misses Fell (2), Miss McIntosh, Miss I. Seymour, Mr and Mrs Farmer, Mrs and Misses Cragg, Miss Campbell, Mr and Mrs D. Fuller, Misses Fuller (3), Mrs and Miss Price, Mr Andrews, Mr Stableton, Mrs Hardy, Mr and Misses Card (2), Misses Allen, and hosts of strangers.

JEAN.

NEW PLYMOUTH.

Dear Bee,— January 3.
THE SECOND DAY OF THE TARANAKI JOCKEY CLUB'S SUMMER MEETING.

The weather was far from pleasant. The sky looked very threatening during the morning, and about two o'clock a slight drizzle fell and a thick mist set in, making things very uncomfortable, so the ladies were not able to set off their pretty dresses to advantage. Among those present were Mrs Rennell, black; Miss E. Rennell, navy blue costume; Mrs Nathan, fawn costume; her friend looked well in a black silk skirt, white silk bodice, veiled in black lace; Mrs Crocker, black satin, and pink trimmings; Miss Crocker, blue; Mrs J. Russell, black silk; Mrs H. G. Goldwater, heliotrope silk blouse, black silk skirt, hat en suite; Miss Wood, pretty grey and pink costume, trimmed within pink; Miss Colson, cornflower blue, trimmed with white, black picture hat; Miss Spence, black and pink costume; Mrs McKellar, grey; Miss McKellar, blue blouse, dark skirt; Misses Holdsworth; Miss E. Standish, blue and white; Mrs W. Bayly, grey and white costume; Mrs Ellis; Miss Ellis, black coat and skirt; Miss I. Ellis, pink; Miss Brewer, pretty cornflower blue and white costume; Mrs H. Leatham; Mrs W. Webster, black; Misses Webster; Miss Glynnes, check costume; Mrs Taunton, grey and white costume; Miss O. Stanford, black and white; Mrs W. Newman; Mrs Paul, handsome black costume, trimmed with pale blue; Miss Paul, heliotrope check costume, cream satin vest, hat en suite; Miss Cunningham, green French muslin over green; Miss S. Cunningham, violet and black costume, white satin yoke; Mrs Halford, black satin, cream hat; Miss Bedford, blue blouse, white pique skirt, cornflower blue hat; Mrs Keith, black broaded silk, violet hat; Miss M. Scott, dainty white silk, veiled in muslin, and profusely trimmed with insertion, white hat, with ostrich plumes; her friend wore white muslin; Mrs Brewer, black and magenta costume, bonnet to correspond; white silk blouse, white skirt, black hat; Miss Maule, fawn coat and skirt; Mrs Brewer, white; Mrs D. Teed, grey; Miss Tuke, grey figured costume; Miss B. Tuke, holland costume, pink tie; Mrs Cholwell, blue; Mrs Broad, grey and white costume; Miss Lawson, blue; Mrs A. D. Gray, grey silk, trimmed with a paler shade; Mrs Hail, biscuit-coloured costume, trimmed with black; Mrs Holmes, green silk blouse, dark skirt; Mrs S. Teed, fawn; Miss B. Rennell, dark green costume; Miss V. Rennell, pretty cream costume, trimmed with pink, hat en suite; Miss C. Bayly, green silk blouse, dark skirt; Mrs Gilmore, white; Mrs J. Hempton, grey and white; Misses Cornwall; Mrs Watson; Mrs R. Cook; Mrs Pollen, white costume, etc., etc.

ON THURSDAY EVENING

"A Stranger in New York" was staged by Messrs Hoyt and McKee's

Company, and the Theatre Royal was again packed, and the hearty and emphatic applause which greeted the performers' efforts must have been eminently gratifying to all concerned. Among those present were Mrs A. Fookes, green silk; Mrs Holdsworth, black; Mrs Halford, cream silk blouse; Mrs Paul, black; Mrs Hall, green silk blouse, cream skirt; Mrs Samuels, black satin; Mrs Turton; Mrs Brewster, black satin; Mrs Anderson (Wanganui), cream; Miss Hursthouse, white silk blouse; Miss E. Hursthouse, yellow; Miss Holdsworth, pink; Miss G. Holdsworth, blue silk blouse, white fichu; Miss Humphries, yellow blouse, dark skirt; Miss Paul, white; Miss Newitt; Miss S. Cunningham, scarlet evening blouse, white skirt; Miss M. Newitt, cream blouse; Mrs H. Weston; Miss A. Hoskin; etc.

On the same evening a PROMENADE CONCERT

was held in the Recreation Grounds, which were illuminated with acetylene gas and Chinese lanterns, giving it a fairy-like appearance. All of the arrangements were carefully carried out, and as the grounds were crowded, the items were well applauded.

ON FRIDAY AFTERNOON

the cycling and athletic sports were held on the Associated Sports Ground, Fitzroy, but although the weather looked very threatening there was a great crowd there. The ladies' tandem drive was a very pretty event, and great credit is due to Mr L. M. Taunton for the way in which he trained them. An exhibition of trick riding was given by Masters R. Avery and E. Bayley, which was very cleverly done. The Town Band (Mr Garry) was in attendance, and discoursed some lovely music.

The final performance of the Williamsou and Musgrove Company, "TEXAS STEER," attracted another large audience on Friday night in the Theatre Royal, and Mr Conor again delighted the audience by his quiet humour. This company has done much to add to the pleasure of carnival week, and thoroughly deserved the large measure of support accorded them.

A fitting conclusion to carnival week was a

BALL,

held in the Drill Hall on Friday night, many of the people going to the theatre first, then the dance afterwards. The music was in the able hands of Mr McKinnon Bain's orchestra, so dancing was carried on until the "wee sma' hours," and the floor was in excellent order, and a splendid supper was provided by Mr Lealand. The extras were played by Misses Standish, Paul, S. Cunningham, Kirkby, and Skeet. Among the merry throng were:—Mrs Walter Bayly, white silk and heliotrope; Mrs Anderson (Wanganui), white silk; Mrs Paul, black satin; Mrs C. T. Mills, black; Mrs Hall, heliotrope satin; Mrs Gray, green striped blouse; Mrs Standish, black; Mrs Robinson, black; Mrs Davis, pretty black and white trimmed with pink tulle; Mrs Fenton, yellow; Mrs Penn, green satin; Miss Kirkby, cream and yellow; Miss Smith (North Shore), green; Miss S. Cunningham, yellow silk, and scarlet ruffles; Mrs Leatham, black; Mrs Pollen, yellow silk skirt, white chiffon blouse; Miss Skeet, white silk; Miss L. Jackson, pink and black; Miss Hamerton, white; Miss E. Cornwall, white silk; Miss Edgcombe, white; Miss Jackson, black; Miss Harley, green and scarlet flowers; Miss Arrow, white; Miss Stanford, white; Miss Pearce, white silk; Miss Pearce, green; Misses Hursthouse, white muslin; Miss West (Thames) looked well in yellow; Miss Jacob, black velvet and pink flowers; Miss Knight, black; Miss Robinson, pink satin; Misses Fookes, blue and pink respectively; Miss — Fookes, white; Miss Dalziel, black; Miss H. Humphries, black and pink; Miss M. Humphries, pink; Mrs Paul, yellow silk blouse; Miss Walker, black and scarlet; Miss Fraser, flame-coloured silk; Miss R. Fraser, cream and gold; Miss Holdsworth, pink and white chiffon; Miss G. Holdsworth, pink silk; Miss E. Standish, white muslin; Miss C. Bayly, pink; Miss B. Bayly, blue silk; Miss E. Rennell, green silk; Miss M. Skeet, scarlet silk blouse; etc. Among the gentlemen were: Messrs Penn, Teed, Straits, Beckett, Humphries, Parker, Siggs, Millar, Grey, Paterson, Symes, Skeet, Thomson, Webster, Cornwall, Robinson, Bacon, Mills, Didsbury, Killick, Holdsworth, Squires (Nelson), Halse, Knight, Branch, Noble, Paul, Standish, Lusk, Stanford, Whitecombe (2), etc. Great praise and credit is due to Mr L. M. Taunton, secretary to the carnival committee, for the splendid success of the week.

NANCY IEE.



**Stop
Right
Here**

AND JUST THINK for a moment how much it costs you every year to replace your Linen Shirts, Collars, Cuffs, etc., etc., which you send to the Laundry week after week, and after being washed a few times your Shirts, Cuffs, and Collars, are all frayed out, caused by common soaps.

x x x

This never occurs when

'FLORA' SOAP

is used.

x x x

You can get it at any Grocer's. Get a package with your next Groceries, and judge for yourself.

**Dyspepsia
and
Its Cure.**

Dyspepsia is one of the worst Stomach troubles any person can experience. You are even afraid to eat the plainest of food, fearing the results. Dr. Guy's Infallible Dyspepsia Tablets will not only give you relief, but will permanently cure you.

x x x

Cut this out. It may save your life.

- Dr Guy's Infallible Dyspepsia Tablets
- Dr Guy's Infallible Dyspepsia Tablets
- Dr Guy's Infallible Dyspepsia Tablets
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- Cure all Stomach Troubles.
- Cure all Stomach Troubles.
- Cure all Stomach Troubles.
- Cure all Stomach Troubles.

Sold Everywhere by all Chemists.

BLENHHEIM.

Dear Bee, January 1, 1900.

The Military Sports held by the Mounted Rifles at Spring Creek last Tuesday were notable for several reasons. First, that the arrangements were good, many entries being made for each event, which was well contested; then the attendance of the public exceeded that of previous years, and lastly the presence of the troopers who had volunteered for South Africa, who were to leave for Wellington that afternoon. Many of those who had taken part last year as competitors and officials were missed, as they are now in South Africa; but those who took their places discharged their duties most efficiently. The Garrison Band, conducted by Mr Curry, added to the pleasure of those present, by their tastefully played music, and as the weather was delightfully fine there was nothing to mar the enjoyment of those present, except the thought of those who were about to leave, who might, perhaps, never return. At the conclusion of the programme the company formed, the volunteers for the war being on the right. These were Troopers Jack, Kennington, L. Horne, E. Robinson, O'Dwyer, J. Clarke, A. Western and Kelsall, and Troopers Patchett and Henderson, who will probably go later on. They were then addressed by the Mayor, Mr R. McArtney, in a brief, but impressive speech, whose call for hearty cheers was enthusiastically responded to. Later, when they had assembled on the platform of the Spring Creek station, they were photographed, and afterwards Major Rogers addressed them, making an eloquent and encouraging speech. They embarked at Picton that evening, a large crowd assembling on the wharf to see them off, who cheered them heartily as the steamer left.

The Garrison and Hibernian Bands patrolled the town on Christmas Eve playing carols, and each collected a respectable sum, the former £14 and the latter £10.

Mr Walter Dobson, youngest son of the late Alfred Dobson and of Mrs Dobson, Alfred-st., was married to Miss Maggie Mathews, daughter of Mr R. Mathews, of "Sunnybourne," Spring Creek, at Marlborough town, on Christmas Day.

On Christmas Eve the children of the Church of the Nativity Sunday School, under the conductorship of Mr C. Powell, sang Christmas carols, and the offertory, which amounted to £7, is to be devoted to the War Relief Fund. Miss Girwood officiated as organist.

The Mayor has convened a meeting to be held on Wednesday evening, in connection with the South African Patriotic Fund, and a people's subscription list has been opened at the Marlborough Express Office, to which the subscriptions are not to exceed 10s, nor be less than 1s. A considerable number of donations have already been received.

Among the Christmas advertisements from tradespeople was one deserving special mention—a Yule Tide Gift Album, sent by Mr F. Shaw, the chemist in Market Place. It contains some beautiful views of N.Z. scenery, and also some views of Blenheim, under different aspects—in the wet, when a portion of the town was inundated; in the sunshine, on Jubilee Day; and on one of the rare occasions when snow had fallen on the plain. These are all from photographs by Mr Maery. There are also pieces of vocal and instrumental music by eminent composers, and copies of well known pictures. The whole is beautifully printed, and is something worth having.

The aspect of our town is being greatly improved, two new brick shops, built by Messrs Smale and Hay, replace the two small shops, lately adjoining their premises; and the gap between Fell Bros, and B. Allen's shop is being filled with two large brick shops. Then two small buildings near the "Express" office will be removed to make room for Mr R. McCullum's new two storied offices.

FRIDA.

CHRISTCHURCH.

Dear Bee, January 3.
A Happy New Year to you! We are starting with a new number, and though it is a sealed book to us what 1900 will reveal we cannot help wondering at the beginning what inventions and strides science may not have made before the close. A prophet in our midst says that in the next ten years we shall see the realisa-

tion of much; that the steady onward movement of science the last fifty years will mature with rapid strides, so some of us may see.

The last week has been a blank unless for family gatherings, and many of these took the form of picnics. The weather has been very hot, and more like an old-fashioned New Zealand Christmas.

On Saturday an open-air concert took place in Cathedral Square, a platform erected at the back of the Lyttelton "Times" office, a window of Warner's Hotel, acting as a doorway, made a capital stage, the back of it being draped with the three national flags—English, Scotch, and Irish. During the concert the sale of "The Absent-minded Beggar" amounted to £70, which, needless to say, is for the patriotic fund. The "More Men Fund," started by the "Press," is now over 5,000 shillings. Mrs (Dr.) Mickle is asking for new Crimean shirts, in large sizes, with collars attached, to send by this contingent to the wounded, and Miss Cabot is supplying patterns of the "Nightgale," or flannel bed-wrap for the same purpose, to any one willing to make one.

The Theatre Royal has been largely patronised during the week. Everyone is so pleased to welcome Mr and Mrs Brough, and they are generally very ably assisted, and this visit is no exception to the rule. Among those who have been are Mr and Mrs G. Gould, Mr and Mrs Wardrop, Mr and Mrs Ranald Macdonald, Mr and Mrs E. Turrell, Mr and Mrs J. Turnbull, Mr and Mrs G. Kettlewell, Mr and Mrs H. Cotterill and Miss Ronalds, Mr and Miss Cowlishaw, Mr and Mrs L. Matson, Mrs and Miss Roberts (Dunedin), Mrs E. C. J. Stevens, Mr John and Miss Anderson, Mr and Mrs J. H. Beswick, Dr. and Mrs Jennings, Dr. Levinge, and others.

The many friends of Misses Nora and M. Gardner were very sorry to hear of their sad New Year's morning, when the death of their aged mother was made known in Christchurch. Mrs Gardner had been confined to bed only about three weeks, and was a wonderfully well preserved and interesting lady to talk to till within a few months of her death, and she had reached the great age of 85 years. Mr Maitland Gardner, her second son, was up from Dunedin on a visit at the time of her death.

New Year's Day was a perfect one for weather, and the regatta at Lyttelton drew the largest crowd, some 15,000 travelling through to Port, though some of these went further afield by the various excursions to the bays. The submarine explosion was a great success, and completely destroyed a vessel with the effigies of Kruger, Joubert, and Cronje lashed to the masts. Mrs Radcliffe, wife of the Mayor of Lyttelton, pressed the button.

DOLLY VALE.

AUCKLAND.

Dear Bee, January 9.
THE AUCKLAND RACING CLUB'S SUMMER MEETING.

STEEPLECHASE DAY.

The Auckland Racing Club brought their Summer Meeting to a conclusion at Ellerslie yesterday. The weather has been extremely hot and sultry during the past month, drying up all vegetation, so the enclosure had a very burnt and dried up appearance, and the stiff south-westerly wind, which continued throughout the preceding day, was again found in evidence, with the result that clouds of dust were raised. Even the lawn was not secure from its ravages, and as the ladies paraded they were nearly choked with the dust storm, which now and then swept across the lawn, intermingled with particles of dried grass. Amongst those present were Mrs L. D. Nathan (President's wife), wearing a handsome terra flame silk, striped with white, black lace zouave, trimmed with jet passementerie, black ribbon Empire sash swathed the waist, black bonnet, with pink and yellow rosettes; Mrs Stead (Christchurch), white ondine silk skirt, pale pink silk blouse, veiled in chiffon, handsomely braided with black chiffon round vest, and white tulle toque, with black edgings; Mrs Campbell (Christchurch), navy blue tailor-made gown; Miss Stead, dark skirt, light blouse, sailor hat; Mrs Isaacs, black broche, relieved with mauve; Mrs Anseune, brown holland skirt, black and white check blouse, sailor hat; Miss Atkinson, white skirt, green striped silk blouse; Mrs J. T. Armitage, black silk, white chemisette, black hat, with wallflowers; Mrs Alison, striking violet cloth, with attach-

lagn, vest of white silk, collar and under-vest of white tuckéd silk, toque of black, with pink roses; Miss Atkinson, white muslin, canary sash; Mrs. Bland Holt, yellow satin under skirt veiled in navy mousseline de soie, handsomely trimmed with ecru lace braid, tunic and skirt bordered with canary silk, canary silk vest, with black velvet bands, violet toque, with pink roses and bird garniture; Mrs George Blomfield, white pique, feather box, sailor hat; Mrs J. Lucas Read-Blomfield, grey wave-traced costume, black hat, with plumes; Miss Binney looked well in a black lustré, white tuckéd yoke, black hat, with violets; Mrs Kingswell, black skirt, canary silk blouse, veiled in canary muslin, with purple design, purple waistband and collar, black hat, with violets; Miss Harrie Ireland (Bland Holt), blue and white striped skirt, with white tuckéd blouse, veiled in white crinkly chiffon, white toque, with small flowers; Miss Buckland, grey; Miss M. Buckland, white voile; her sister looked well in a white pique skirt, striped blouse; Mrs Alfred Nathan, black moire skirt, biscuit-coloured silk blouse, trimmed with embroidery lace, black toque, with wings; Mrs Duthie looked pretty in a white skirt; green chiffon blouse, tucked sleeves, with ecru lace trimmings, burnt straw hat, with pink tulle trimming and wings; Mrs Bold, gobein blue costume; Miss Bold, dark skirt, pink blouse; Mrs E. Burton, white; Miss Spiers, white; Mrs Bodle, white pique costume, black hat, with plumes; Miss S. Cruickshank, white skirt, grey blouse; Mrs Cotter, stylish English costume of Sycas green silk, veiled in black lace, with bands of black ribbon running horizontally round skirt, the bodice was finished with steel passementerie, black toque; Miss Cotter, beige costume, with shoulder sleeves and yoke of ecru embroidery, black hat, with flowers; Miss Millie Cotter, white silk skirt, blue tuckéd silk blouse, with yoke of lace, toque of blue to correspond; Miss Winnie Cotter, biscuit-coloured costume, with white braiding, black toque; Mrs Roberts, grey check costume; Mrs Creagh, black; Miss Creagh, pale green French muslin, edged with black tulle, white hat; Mrs Ching, grey costume, with buttercup silk yoke and stripe applique, finished with lace, toque with ostrich feathers; Miss Ching looked well in a vieux rose silk, veiled in French muslin of the same hue, with yoke of ecru embroidery threaded with bands of black velvet, cream hat, trimmed with black fringed ribbons; Mrs Niccol and Miss Phillips were studies in grey; Mrs Collins, emerald green striped costume, hat en suite; Mrs Devore, grey, veiled in black; Mrs J. M. Dargaville, black silk; Miss M. Dargaville, white; Mrs Donald, black costume, cream vest, black toque; Miss Donald, blue, veiled in white muslin; Miss Moss Davis, white silk skirt, blue (dome) blouse, black hat, with ostrich feathers; Mrs E. Moss Davis, pale grey costume, cream hat, with cherry ribbons; Mrs H. Dunnett, grey silk, finished with ecru embroidery and narrow bands of green velvet; Miss Dunnett, grey tailor-made gown; Mrs (Col.) Dawson, rose coral silk, veiled in striped fawn net, rose coral chip hat, with flowers; Miss Dawson, canary; Miss Muriel Dawson, white skirt, lavender silk blouse; Miss Devereux, grey check; Miss M. Devereux, brown holland with red trimmings; Mrs Maikill, white skirt, pale blue striped blouse, sailor hat; Mrs Dignam, white pique; Mrs W. Clayton (Wellington), sage green tailor-made gown; Miss Ida Thorne George, grey muslin, profusely trimmed with frills, pink sash, white hat with bunches of violets; Mrs Hutchison, brown cloth with white facings and lace applique, cream bergeré hat with flowers; Miss Horne, lavender silk, faced with white, black hat with lavender flowers, white satin parasol, hand painted with wistaria; Miss F. Clapcott, white skirt, heliotrope flowered blouse; Miss Charlton, white pique; Mrs J. Ireland, dark skirt, fawn jacket; Miss Duvey, white skirt, pink chiffon blouse, hat with pink roses; Miss Esme Elliott, matze-coloured silk veiled in white embroidery; Mrs John Reid, stylish combination of black, with ruffled spring green collar and V-shape let in neck, back and front, toque to correspond; Mrs Wilfred Colbeck, pale grey; Miss Snell, white skirt, green striped silk blouse, hat with green trimmings; Mrs A. Carrick, dark skirt, cream French muslin blouse; Mrs Archie Burton, blue check gingham, cream vest; Miss Fenton, brown holland with white braiding, black hat with nasturtium yellow silk; Mrs Markham, brown holland; Mrs R. Macfield (see Miss Wylie-Brown), stylish grey coat and skirt, handsomely braided with silver, vest of white tuckéd silk, black

flop hat trimmed with tulle; Mrs Goodhue, black costume; Mrs Angus, Gordon, dark skirt, heliotrope blouse; Mrs Lawson, white pique, sailor hat; Mrs Hope Lewis, grey; Miss Williams and Miss Tilly were studies in white silks; Mrs Thomas Morrin, black chenille costume, black bolero, white silk under-vest, black hat; Miss Morrin, grey frock with revers of white braided in black; Mrs Cook (Dunedin), white ondine silk tuckéd and bunched profusely, white hat with plumes, red parasol; Mrs (Dr.) Naylor looked well in a fawn silk striped with white revers, and slashings of green silk; Miss Sutton (Christchurch), pale grey muslin; Mrs H. O. Nolan, very becoming costume of white fancy silk, pink straw hat with flowers; Mrs Shepherd, grey costume, dark blue blouse with lace embroidery, epaulettes, brown bonnet; Miss Shepherd, black costume, white chemisette; Mrs Fred Yonge, white skirt, blue blouse, sailor hat; Mrs Grey, flowered muslin; Mrs J. C. Smith, cornflower blue flower muslin; Miss Smith, looked pretty in white, white hat with ostrich plumes; Mrs Hudson-Williamson, black with green vest; Miss Thomas, pink; Mrs Rathbone, pale green, blue, and fawn striped canvas over pink silk, black velvet bretelles, black hat with plumes; Miss Lusk, dark skirt, green tuckéd silk blouse, black hat with plumes; Miss O. Lusk, dark skirt, blue striped silk blouse, white hat with plumes; Mrs Ruck, electric grey, white collarette; Mrs Windsor, slate grey; Mrs Cattannach, white skirt, flame-coloured silk blouse; Miss Stevenson, fawn; and her sister wore a French muslin; Miss Scherr (2) were studies in French muslin, with large floral design, one wearing yellow, the other a pink design; Miss Maggie McDonald, grey; Mrs Walker, white costume, pink hat; Mrs (Dr.) Sharrman, white silk with tunic, skirt edged with black velvet, black velvet hat; Mrs Woodroffe, maize silk veiled in black grenadine, with yellow stripe, and trimmed with ruffled yellow bebe ribbon, white hat with yellow; Mrs Martelli, pink muslin with pink sash, white hat with ostrich feathers; Mrs Worsp, dark skirt, green plaid blouse, pink floral toque; Miss B. Worsp, grey; and her sister wore a white embroidery muslin; Mrs Hanna, dark skirt, blue blouse; Miss Jourdain, flowered muslin; Mrs Judge Von Sturmer, brown holland trimmed with red vest; Miss Otway, white; Mrs Hamlin, black silk relieved with white; Mrs Hamlin-White, white skirt, flowered Pompadour silk blouse; Miss Rees-George, white.

Clarke's World-Famed Blood Mixtura.—The most searching Blood Cleanser that science and medical skill have brought to light. Sufferers from Scrofula, Scoury, Eczema, Bad Legs, Skin and Blood Diseases, Pimples and Sores of any kind are advised to give it a trial to test its value. Thousands of wonderful cures have been effected by it. Bottles 2s 9d each, sold everywhere. Beware of worthless imitations and substitutes.

THOMSON'S

NEW Model, "GLOVE-FITTING" CORSETS

ENGLISH MADE throughout.

These World-Renowned Corsets have been entirely Re-modelled, and are now the Perfection of Shape, and meet the prevailing fashion of long waists.



THE MOST COMFORTABLE AND DURABLE CORSET MADE, AND THEREFORE THE CHEAPEST. N.B.—Our Metal Corsets always in stock.

TO BE HAD OF ALL DEALERS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

Mrs. W. S. Thomson & Co., Ltd., London

Personal Paragraphs.

A portrait is given in this week's issue of Mr William Reece, of Christchurch, who after some pressure on the part of a large number of influential citizens consented to stand for the Mayoral office for the present year. Mr Reece, it was felt, would make the best Mayor the city could have for the Jubilee celebrations, which will be held this year, he being a New Zealander born. Mrs Reece, of whom a portrait is also given, is one of the most popular ladies in Christchurch society, and will ably aid her husband in the discharge of his social duties as Mayor.

Mr Dan O'Brien, who came up to Auckland for the Wellington Park sale, has returned South.

The resignation of the Rev. J. Milne from St. Andrew's, Auckland, is the cause of general regret. He returns to Scotland at an early date.

The Hon. Mr Benton has left Auckland for Fiji.

The members of the Mangere Presbyterian Church have presented the Misses Wallace and Mistress John Wallace with a gold watch and chain each as a mark of the affection in which they are held, and a token of gratitude for the many services they have rendered the church.

Mr J. M. Hamilton, of the Thornton Swimming Club, whose portrait appears elsewhere in this issue, is probably the most graceful as well as the best swimmer in the colonies. He represented New Zealand at the Australasian championship meeting in Sydney, but according to cables to date failed to score.

The Chief Justice (Sir Robert Stout) and Lady Stout, of Wellington, are taking a fortnight's holiday tour in Dunedin and Invercargill.

Mr A. M. Burns, of the United Press Association, was presented by the journalists of Wellington with a very handsome silver entree dish as a wedding gift upon his approaching marriage as a small token of their esteem and good fellowship. Mr J. L. Kelly, the President of the Wellington branch of the Journalists' Institute, made the presentation on their behalf on Thursday evening last, a very large and representative gathering of journalists having assembled in honour of the occasion.

Sir Walter Buller has been elected a member of the Council of the British Empire League, and has also been elected a member of the Executive Committee for the ensuing year. Sir Walter Buller and Miss Buller are spending the winter in Dresden.

The wedding of Miss Johnston, daughter of the Hon. Walter Johnston, of "Highden," Palmerston North, to Mr Harry Holmes, of the Wairarapa, is to take place on the 10th of January at "Highden," and a very large number of invitations have been issued for the occasion.

Professor and Mrs Clark, of Christchurch, are paying a visit to Mrs Clark's parents, the Hon. Dr. and Mrs Grace, in Wellington, for some weeks.

Mr and Mrs Alec Crawford, of Miramar, Wellington, accompanied by Miss Turnbull (Wellington), leave for a visit to Europe and America early in the year.

Mr and Mrs W. Ferguson (Wellington), with their son, leave Wellington for their visit to England and the Continent early in March, travelling Home via San Francisco.

Mrs Macpherson (Wellington) is spending a few days at "Fareham," Featherston, with Mr and Mrs W. Barton.

Mrs Grace (Wellington) gave a very large and enjoyable garden party on Thursday afternoon at her charming residence in Hawkestone-street. The many guests present spent a delightful afternoon, strolling about the beautiful grounds and greenhouses, or listening to the strains of the Austrian band, which discoursed sweet music on the lawn, under the shady trees. Afternoon tea, fruit salads, and ices were dispensed in the dining-room, the table being most artistically decorated with bright yellow flowers and maiden-hair ferns. Among the many guests present were Professor and Mrs Clark (Christchurch), Dr. and Mrs Fell, Professor and Mrs Easterfield, Mrs Adams, Mrs. Miss and Mr Guy Williams, Dr. and Mrs Henry, Mrs H. Crawford, Miss Turnbull, Mrs Newman, Miss Hindfield (Marton), Mrs Wallis, Mr and Miss Johnston, and many others.

Mr Guy Williams (Bay of Islands) is spending Christmas with his relatives in Wellington.

Miss Bell (Nelson) is visiting Mrs Travers at the Hutt, Wellington.

Mr and Mrs Duncan (Wellington) are spending the Christmas holidays at their residence at Lowry Bay, as are also Mr and Mrs A. Pearce, and Mrs H. D. Bell (Wellington), all of whom have large house parties for the occasion.

Miss Holmes (Wellington) is spending a few weeks with Mrs (Dr.) Collins at her country residence at "Motorua."

The weather in Wellington during the Christmas and New Year holidays was all that could be desired, and the accommodation power of all the hotels was severely taxed during their continuance. The presence of the second contingent "for the Transvaal," who are camped in Newtown Park, proved a never-ending source of interest to visitors from the country, and the arrivals of fresh members for its ranks nearly every day from the other centres have caused the "Empire City" to assume, for the nonce, quite the appearance of a garrison town.

Dr. and Mrs Adams (Wellington), with their family, are paying a visit to Mr and Mrs W. Barton, at Fareham; Featherstone.

Mrs H. D. Crawford (Wellington), and her children are the guests of Mr and Mrs W. Bidwill, in the Wairarapa.

Dr. Levinge (Christchurch) is making a short stay at the "Hermitage," Mount Cook.

Miss Hadfield (Marton) is spending a short time in Wellington with her aunt (Mrs T. C. Williams) and Mrs Wallis, Bishopscourt.

Mr A. Kaye, of Christchurch, left for Australia to meet Mrs Kaye on her return from England, and after spending a week or two in Adelaide will return to Christchurch.

Mr and Mrs F. M. Wallace are due in Christchurch in a few weeks.

Miss Kinsey (Christchurch) is spending a week with Mrs Ensor, Mount Grey, recruiting after influenza.

Miss Haase (Wellington) is spending a short holiday in Christchurch.

Mr and Mrs J. Slater (Christchurch) have gone to Dunedin for a week.

Mr and Mrs Guy Mantering and children, who have been staying at Greta Peaks for a few weeks, came down to Christchurch yesterday, and return to Hastings by the steamer.

Mrs E. C. J. Stevens, of Christchurch, has issued invitations for a garden party on the 18th.

Mr Dilworth Fox (Walkare) is in town for a few days.

Mr and Mrs Walcot Wood, of Christchurch, and family are at New Brighton for a month.

Mr H. Warton, "Highfield," Amuri, returned from England last week, greatly benefited by the trip. Mrs Warton does not return just yet.

Captain and Mrs Bone, having decided to make their home in Christchurch, are busy house-hunting.

Miss Dolly Campbell (Dunedin), who came up to Christchurch for the race week, was taken ill, and was in one of the nursing homes for about six weeks. She is now convalescent, and has been with her sister, Mrs C. B. Shanks, for a few weeks, and is now at Sumner spending a little time with Mr and Mrs W. Lake, who are down there for the holidays.

Mr, Mrs and Miss Eichelbaum (Wellington) are taking a holiday in Christchurch.

Among the visitors to Picton for New Year are Mr and Mrs Andrews and family, from Wellington, Mr and Mrs Arthur Green and family, Mr and Mrs P. Douslin, Mr and Mrs J. B. Stoney, Mr and Mrs Cheek and family, from Blenheim.

Misses Isabel and Ethel Seymour, "Tynesfield," are in Picton for a few weeks staying with Mrs Scott. Mrs H. C. Seymour spent a couple of days with Mrs Riddell and Mrs Allen, but returned home on Saturday.

Miss Clara Farmer (Blenheim) is also staying with Mrs Scott (Picton) for the New Year.

The Hon. Hermon Stableton (Auckland) is visiting his cousin, Mr Riddell, in Picton.

Mr and Mrs Henry Howard (Blenheim) spent the New Year in Picton with Mrs Duncan.

Mr C. H. Mills, M.H.R., with Mrs Mills and the Misses Mills, were in Picton for New Year's Day.

Miss R. McIntyre, of Wellington has come to Blenheim to spend a portion of the vacation with Miss M. Douslin.

Mrs and Miss Clark (Blenheim) spent a few days in Picton this week.

Mrs Griffiths "The Barton" (Blenheim) spent last Wednesday in Picton with Mrs Fell, having gone there to meet her niece, Miss Broadbent, of Carterton, who has come to spend a fortnight with her.

Miss Bull, who has been enjoying a short visit to Wellington, returned to Blenheim last week.

Captain Chaytor, of the Mounted Rifles (Blenheim), left on Tuesday evening with the men, Troopers Kellall, Western, Kennington, L. Horne, E. Robinson, J. Clark, Jack and O'Dwyer, who have gone to join the N.Z. Contingent in Wellington.

Mr Percy MacShane, of Toko, near Stratford, is on a visit to his mother, Mrs MacShane, Blenheim.

Miss Powell (Westport) and Miss N. Barron (Wellington), who have been staying with Mrs Simson, in Blenheim, left for Wellington last week.

Mr and Mrs Ryburn, of Wellington, are visiting friends in Blenheim.

Mrs Lines, of Napier, is staying in Dunedin.

Dr. and Mrs Bernau, of Napier, are gone for a visit to Auckland.

The Misses Spencer, of Napier, are spending the Christmas holidays with friends in the country.

Dr. and Mrs Thompson, of Napier, have left for Wairoa, their future home.

Dr. Irving, who has been taking charge of the Napier Hospital for the last nine months, is leaving there for Christchurch, where he intends to take up his residence. His place will be taken by Dr. Guinness.

Miss Heath, of Napier, has arrived home, after several weeks' visit to the country.

Mrs Mathias, Raglan, spent a day in Hamilton last week en route for her home at Te Akau, after spending a week in Auckland.

Miss Wright, North Shore, and Miss R. Walker, are on a visit to Mrs C. H. Kelly, Hamilton.

Miss Sandes, Hamilton, is spending her holidays with her sister, Mrs de C. Drury, at North Shore.

Mr and Mrs Thos. Mahoney, Ponsonby, passed through Hamilton last week after spending some days at the Thames and Te Aroha.

Mr and Mrs de C. Drury and family, Hamilton, are spending the holidays at North Shore.

CURE YOU WHILE YOU SLEEP.

SILENT, SAFE AND SURE.

BILE BEANS FOR BILIOUSNESS.

A medicine that is taken at night (if good) has advantages over all others. The body is at rest, the mind inactive; and the nerves are dormant. Bile Beans are taken at night, and that they cure while the patient is asleep is very capably illustrated in the case of Mrs Shergold, Wilton Street, Merewether, who said to a reporter: "They would almost save you from your coffin." When asked by a Newcastle "Herald" representative as to the genuineness of her cure from the use of Bile Beans for Biliousness, "I shall ever be grateful," she added, "to the lady who advised me to try them. I had been suffering for four or five years more than I could describe, and these Bile Beans have cured me. I am now able to do that which I could not think of attempting before."

"What were your symptoms?" inquired the reporter. "I had been bad off and on for nearly five years, suffering from general weakness and a bad stomach and for 19 years I had suffered with my head. A little over a year ago I consulted a doctor, and he gave me a prescription for indigestion. This gave me no permanent relief. Then I tried another doctor in Maitland, who said I had rheumatism in the head. He, too, failed to do me any real good, and as month succeeded month I grew worse, and the more I tried to rest the more tired I became. My nights were a perfect misery to me, for the want of sleep, and when I got up in the morning I could not eat, and on one occasion I ate next to nothing for a whole week, and never could I take a breakfast until very late in the day, my stomach always feeling sick when I first got up, and many a time my husband

has come home and had to prepare his own meals. I got so bad eventually that it was not only a difficulty for me to walk, but it was painful to even bow my head. I commenced taking the beans about eight months ago. I felt a relief after the first couple of doses, and in a short time I felt completely well; I can now eat and sleep splendidly, and it is a pleasure for me to take a walk out. Yes," added Mrs Shergold, in reply to another question, "you are at perfect liberty to publish my testimony. It's the truth I have told you, and while I tell the truth I don't care if it is placarded all over Merewether."

Bile Beans are an undoubted specific for biliousness, sick and nervous headache, indigestion, constipation, influenza, colds, piles, female weakness, pale-faced girls, bad breath, pimples, dizziness, all liver and kidney troubles, dyspepsia, pain in back and side, fulness after eating. Bile Beans are obtainable from storekeepers and chemists generally, price 1/1j per box, post paid. Australian Depot of the Bile Bean Manufacturing Co., 29 Pitt Street, Sydney.

SOLDIER MAN AND SAILOR MAN

'Ere's a 'at on a rifle-barrel to the name of the English-born,
'Ere's rouser to the bugle an' the drums;
'Ere's a 'and-link that is better than a cold and steele fetter,
'Ere's a glass to Mr Atkins an' 'is chums!

There's a soldierman we're watchin' oversea,
An' 'is barrack-yard is starin' dumb an' lone,
But 'e left it at the call of you an' me
For to go an' fight a nation on 'is own,
'E has gone out in the Autumn grim and grey,
'E is dressed in yellow khaki, like the leaves,
'An' if 'e falls as silent cold as they,
We will cherish every lovin' 'urt that grieves.

England loves 'er soldierman, 'e's a pal of ours—
Officer an' ranker good an' true.
By the rifle an' the sword,
An' the lance an' the bugle-cord,
You are 'elphin' us to pull the Empire through.
Hip, Hurrah! Tommy's off to war,
Just as if the reds was English clover;
An' the lassie by 'is side,
Who is going to be 'is bride,
Says the violets will be growing when the war is over.

There's a salty little sailorman in blue,
'E's a salty little empire on 'is own,
'E screws aside the sea an' 'is rackets through,
The biggest kbad of blizzard ever blown,
An' yesterday the sea giv' up 'er sons
To smoke an' sweeter with a Tommy corps;
An' she rolled up both 'er limber an' 'er guns,
With the salty little sailor to the fore.

Salty little sailorman, you're a pal of ours—
Plucky little sailorman in blue,
By the ship's name on your cap,
You're a 'andy sort of chap,
An' you're 'elphin' us to pull the Empire through.
'An' a port! That's the bloomin' sort,
'Ere's to when we're back again at Dover."
There's a silence that is felt,
There's a puff across the weld,
An' another Boer gun swingin' about 'arf seas over.

There's a fellow who is 'ardy, spick an' span,
'E's suited down to steele an' to bone,
'E's a crack shot with a rifle, 'e's a man
Which 'as edged the British Empire on 'is own.
'E's done the pioneerin' an' the traf-fickin',
'E's a nut that Cronje finds it 'ard to break,
An' 'e's keepin' up 'is end just now at Mafeking—
'E's shootin' in 'is sweat for England's sake.

Plucky young colonial, you're a pal of ours,
Keep your ready rifle on the go,
By the slouch 'at on your 'ead,
By the burghers that are dead,
You 'ave giv' the Empire something of a show,
You're a tough, never 'ad enough—
Takes a lot to make you fellows glum.
By the bandolier an' gun,
By the work that you 'ave done,
You're a ranker, you're a Briton, you're a chum!

'Ere's a 'at on a rifle-barrel to the name of the English-born,
'Ere's rouser to the bugle an' the drums;
'Ere's a 'and-link that is better than a cold and steele fetter,
'Ere's a glass to Mr Atkins an' 'is chums!

P.H.

A BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION.

Apply Sulpholine Lotion. It drives away pimples, blotches, roughness, redness, and all disfigurements. Sulpholine develops a lovely skin. In bottles. Made in London.—Advt.

A DUKE AS A SURGEON.

The sixtieth anniversary of a very notable man was recently celebrated in Germany. It is that of Duke Charles Theodore of Bavaria, who has acquired high distinction by his work as a philanthropist and by his skill as a surgeon. For many years he has been treating persons afflicted with diseases of the eye, and he has up to date performed operations on three thousand persons suffering from cataracts. The removal of cataracts is indeed the work to which he now devotes almost his entire time.

At first he declined to accept any fees from patients. Physicians throughout the country, however, seeing that he had practically a monopoly as regards the removal of cataracts, addressed a petition to him some time ago in which they requested him to charge the customary fee, on the ground that otherwise he would be doing an unintentional injustice to other physicians, and the Duke at once promised to comply with their request.

He planned, therefore, to charge his wealthy patients a good round sum and to spend the money, when it reached him, in establishing three hospitals, where the poor afflicted with eye diseases could be treated, one in Munich, another in Meran, and a third in Tegernsee. As the money, however, did not come in as quickly as he expected, he began to build the hospitals at his own expense, and the cost

of their maintenance to-day comes almost wholly out of his own pocket. This amounts to about \$20,000 a year. Of his many wealthy patients few pay him for his services, and they know well that he will never press for payment.

A BUSY FAMILY.

Such ingratitude would deter many men from continuing in their philanthropic work, but the Duke is not labouring in order to earn gratitude or money. As a matter of fact, he and his family, in order to maintain the hospitals, have been obliged to reduce their living expenses almost to a minimum. Like most Germans the Duke loves a good horse, but to-day almost all the stalls in his stable are empty. His wife, who was the Princess De Praganza, and his children have also given up many luxuries in order to be able to continue the good work.

About thirty patients visit the Duke daily, and from hardly one of them does he receive a fee. If he is very busy his daughters, Elizabeth and Mary, receive the patients as they arrive and give them any immediate relief that may be necessary. That they are competent to do so, will be clear from the fact that they have both studied medicine and have given great attention to their father's work.

The Tegernsee hospital occupies an entire wing of the castle in which the Duke and his family reside. Poor patients on their arrival receive at once a hearty meal and a bath. Then the young ladies examine them and re-

port to their father in regard to the condition of each.

If there is imperative necessity the operation is performed without delay, but otherwise not for several days, or until the patient has regained strength by a comfortable rest at the hospital. During these days of rest the patients receive the best possible food and care, so that, as has been well said, the Duke does not only keep a free hospital but also a free restaurant and a free home.

PAUL JONES'S BODY.

Paul Jones's body lies mouldering in some unknown place in Paris, where he died in 1792. Americans in Paris, including Mr Vignaux, the First Secretary of the American Embassy, interested to find where the grave of the pirate and naval adventurer is, commissioned M. de Ricaudy, a Paris Journalist, to make inquiries. This gentleman has found that Paul Jones was buried in the churchyard of the Rue Grange-aux-Belles, which ceased to be used as a burial place in 1803, and is built over. According to Monday's Paris "Figaro," it has been decided to acquire the ground, demolish the houses, and dig for the remains. How to identify what remains of the pirate's ashes is not explained.

"Hungary János" has, in my hands, given invariably satisfactory results. It is one of the most valuable of curative agents at our disposal."
YIRCHOW.

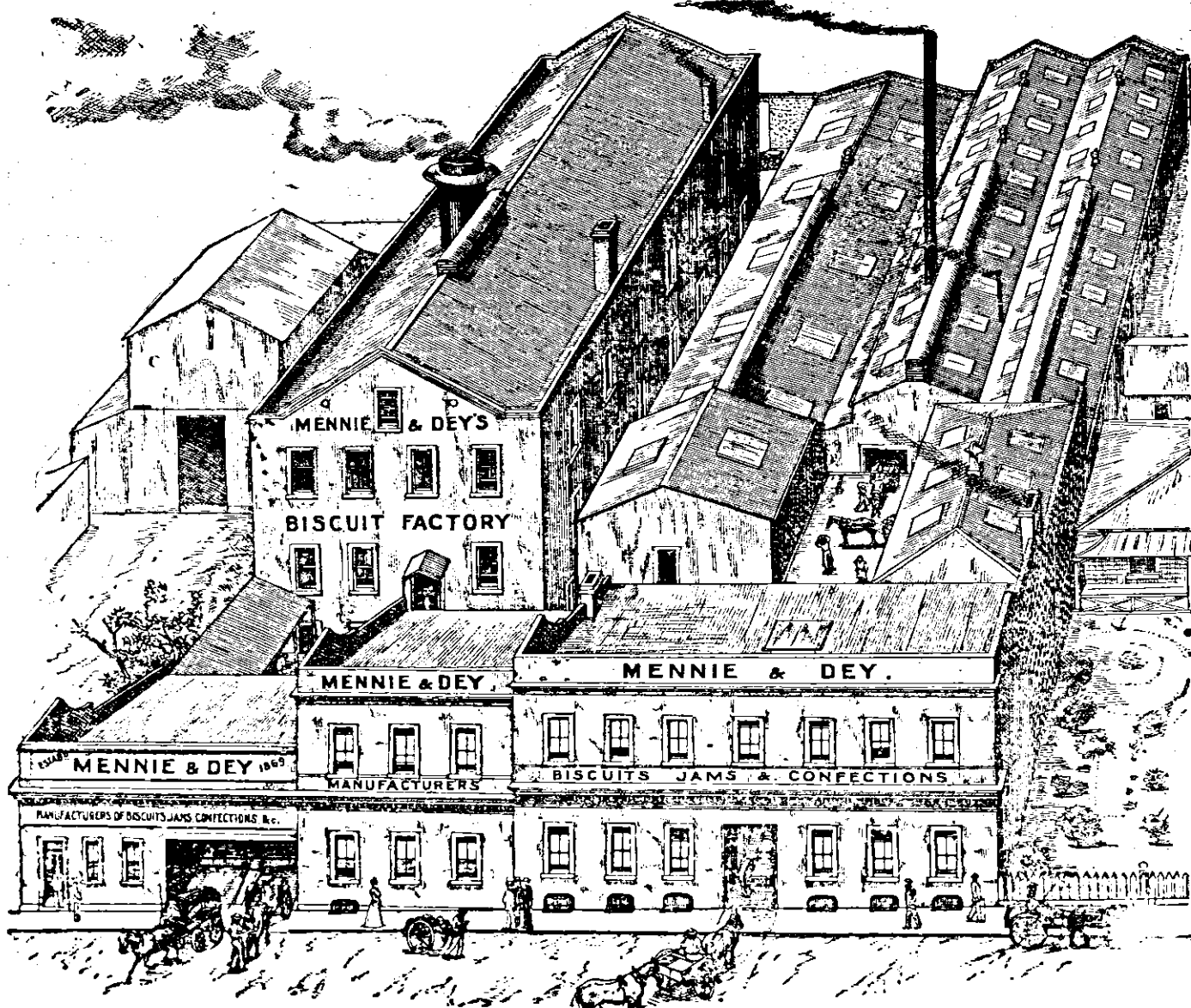
"Hungary János" is 'the most concentrated of the saline group.' Natural Aperient Waters are vastly superior to artificial solutions, however skilfully prepared."
SIR HENRY THOMPSON.

"Hungary János" has established itself as a customary Aperient in all climates. It is remarkably and exceptionally uniform in its composition and free from the defects of other Hungarian Bitter Waters."
BRITISH MEDICAL JOURNAL.

"Hungary János" Of the many Oen or Hungarian Bitter Waters now offered to the public, careful selection should be made. We have found that only HUNYADI JÁNOS answers all purposes, owing to its remarkable uniformity and gentle action, which render it preferable to all others."
VIENNA MEDICAL JOURNAL.

Gold Medal Biscuits.—Best Value in the Market.

Gold Medal Jams.—Beat all comers for Quality.



Gold Medal Confections, largest variety, best quality. Gold Medal Conserves. Peels. Only makers Cupid Whispers in the Colony.



THE BOER WAR. SHOOTING A SPY AT LADYSMITH.



The Cavalry Charge on the Boer Camp.

At Besters General French got his force within striking distance of the enemy before they realised what was happening. Then the Cavalry suddenly burst upon their laager, and drove everything before them.

From the London "Illustrated Mail."



"Retire—Be Hanged!"

At the Battle of Elands Laagte some of the enemy sounded our bugle-calls "Cease Fire" and "Retire." The Gordons commenced to retire. Their boy bugler, shouting "Retire—be hanged!" rushed forward and blew the "Charge," the Gordons again swept on, and the battle was won.



H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT.

The Duke requested to be sent on active service, but his request was refused.

ROMANCE OF A JUDGE.

The grave has just closed on a man whose gloomy life romance reads like a chapter out of Wilkie Collins.

How it was that David H. Stewart, of the tiny hamlet of Kalamo, State of Michigan, could become the slavish admirer and afterwards the husband of a woman whom he believed to be a murderess, and whom he had first denounced for a crime, and afterwards to be sentenced to imprisonment for life—by what freak of Cupid could such a man be brought to spend his days in adoration of such a woman, was ever a mystery to those who knew him and knew the tragic beginning of his infatuation. But now David H. Stewart is in his grave, carrying the secret with him. The woman, who by his exertions was made to pass 14 years of her life behind prison bars, and whom afterwards he made his wife, is alive and well and the possessor of an ample fortune, and abundant traces of that beauty which in her girlhood brought scores of young men to her feet.

Mary Bradley as a girl was as wilful as she was beautiful. Of all the young men who came wooing, none suited her imperious fancy. Her parents urged her to marry one after

another of them, but she would not heed their counsels.

Then suddenly, before even it was fully suspected that the fortunate one was a suitor, she announced that she was going to marry Simeon Brooks—a man old enough to be her father.

Her parents begged her to consider. But it was in vain. Simeon Brooks she would marry, and did marry; and she seemed so happy with her elderly husband that her parents regretted their opposition. Brooks was a wealthy and hospitable man, and the new establishment had for its guests the best people in that part of the State. The married life seemed ideal in its happiness, so when one night Simeon Brooks was taken ill and was a dead man by morning, everybody spoke sympathetically of the cruel grief the wife and widow must bear. But when the widow's grief was spoken of in Stewart's presence his face grew stern, and finally he came boldly out with a tale so strange that people who heard it believed rather that Stewart was mad than that his story was true. Practically he accused Mrs Brooks of murdering her husband. And the story he told was this—

A few days before Mr Brook's death he came to his house and found Mrs Brooks there. He had with him a bottle of arsenic he had bought to kill rats, and unwrapped it in her presence. She was interested in the

poison—asked about its effect and how much it would take to kill, and wound up by asking Stewart to give her some of the drug. He refused, and put the bottle away.

A few days after came Mr Brooks's sudden death. The arsenic episode crossed Stewart's mind, but he did not give it a second thought until he went to get his poison bottle and found it in its place, nearly empty. Not a soul in his house had touched it.

MRS BROOKS WAS A FREQUENT VISITOR.

and knew where it was kept. In a word, Stewart flatly said he believed Mrs Brooks had stolen the poison and killed her husband.

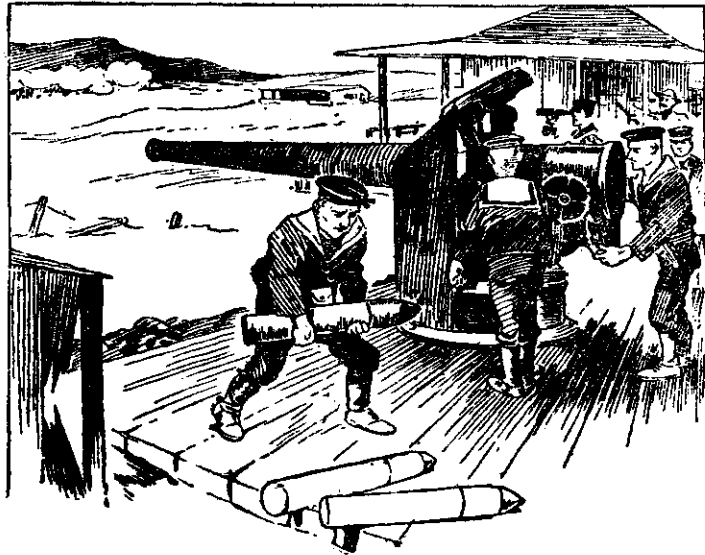
The prosecuting attorney reluctantly took up the case. An autopsy revealed that Mr Brooks had died of arsenical poisoning. Mrs Brooks was

ed, and the strange marriage took place. From that time Stewart and his wife lived apart from the world. They shunned society even more sternly than society shunned them. And now Stewart is dead, and his wife, still beautiful, and with the combined fortunes of two husbands, is living on her isolated life in Kalamo, the village where the tragedy-romance began and ended.

A GOOD JOKE.

Gusetaf Gustafston is a Swedish watchman who is employed in the neighbourhood of the docks.

One morning he turned up with a black eye and several bruises on his face, but smiling and apparently exultant. This was his cheerful answer to inquiries:—



BLUEJACKETS AT LADYSMITH. The Gun that silenced "Long Tom."

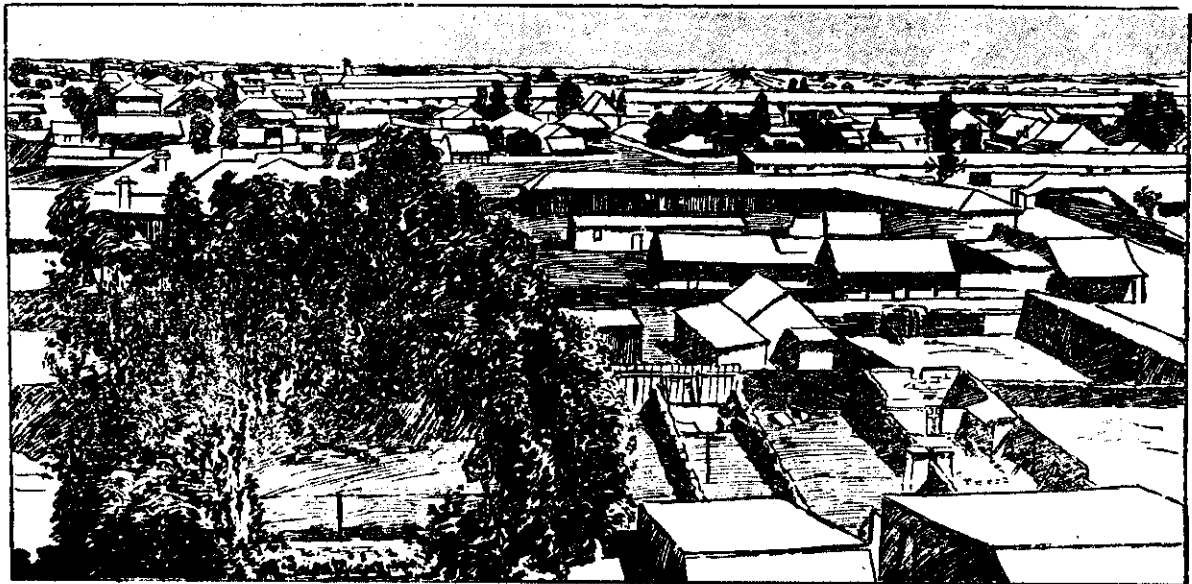
arrested, tried, and convicted almost entirely on Stewart's evidence. She was sentenced to life imprisonment, and locked up in the penitentiary. But hardly had the keys turned on her in her cell before Stewart was at work trying to get her pardon. It became the fixed idea of his life to make the woman free whom he had made a prisoner. Year after year he kept on at his task. His own wife died meantime, and he was a widower. He toiled more assiduously than ever for Mrs Brooks's pardon. At last, after 14 years, he was successful, and the woman whom he now admitted he madly loved was free. He begged her to marry him. She refused and went into retirement. Stewart persisted, and Mrs Brooks at last consent-

"I haf sooch good joke on Yon Yonson—I haf to laugh, he be so good. I go down to de dance at Town Hall las' night, an' Yon he be dere, an' he be vera droonk. He says to my sweet-heart Tina—

"You dance mit me?" "Den she say—'No, I no dance mit you. You go away; you be droonk.' "An' he say to me—

"You come out here, Gusetaf Gustafson; your sweetheart, Tina, no dance mit me. I beat you head!"

"He take me outside, he beat my face, he hit me one, two time vera hard, he jump on me, he—haw! haw! sooch good joke, I haf to laugh—he call me blaams Norwegian scoundrel, an' I be Svede man all de time!"



BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF KIMBERLEY.

AS SEEN THROUGH WOMAN'S EYES.

CLEVER WOMEN INVENTORS.

Men acquainted with the field say that fully 75 per cent. of the patents taken out by women in the last five years are yielding profitable returns. The woman who invented sachel-bottomed paper-bags, for instance, had an offer of £4000 for her patent before she left Washington. A simple glove-buttoner is bringing to the woman inventor an income of £1000 a year. A woman clerk in a department store invented a parcel delivery system which netted substantial returns. One milliner herself an inventor, enjoys the right to several patents that represent the ingenuity of the women operatives in her employ. She shares profits with the inventors, and one of the devices first put in operation in this factory brings in £4000 a year.

It often happens that a woman employer, from familiarity with the machinery or business methods in use thinks out some time and labour-saving scheme. She shows the model to the manager of her department. He tells the firm of its merits, and they arrange w.—the employee for the exclusive use of the invention. The employee goes on quietly with her work in the store or mill. The public never hears of her, but success has been a stimulus, and she keeps on the lookout for further inventive opportunity.

Much of woman's present activity in inventions is ascribed to the better educational facilities now obtainable. The college standard in high and popular courses in sloyd and manual training have taught women to use their hands as well as brains. Notwithstanding this a large proportion of the more successful women inventors are those who have had only medium or limited educational advantages, but have been daily toilers in the various lines of industry. A Rhode Island woman invented an improved button-hole cutting machine that measures the distance between the button holes automatically with much profit and convenience to garment makers. A lock with 3000 combinations is a woman's invention, also a letter box for the outside of homes that shows a signal to the postman to collect, an invention now in constant use. A woman has just perfected a valuable apparatus for removing wool from skins by electricity, showing that women are quick to adopt the modern facilities of the age to practical purpose. The first woman to take out a patent was Mrs Mary Kies, who in 1809 invented a process for weaving straw with silk or thread. During the next twenty-five years only fifteen patents were granted to women. In the next twenty-five years thirty patents were granted, and it was not until after the civil war that there was any marked increase in the number of women inventors. There were 152 models of women's inventions exhibited at the Atlanta exposition, and since then the Patent Office has had a specially classified list of women's inventions prepared for public inspection.

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THE LATEST THING.

FADS, FASHIONS, AND FANCIES OF THE MOMENT.

The Latest Fad.—The fad is to place your faith in dreams, and to order your day by what you have dreamt about at night. If you dream of elder-flowers, thorns, thistles, or plum trees, either in fruit or flower, you are supposed to have bad luck for twenty-four hours. If, on the other hand, your wanderings are through oak and apple trees, and you should meet a fig-tree on the way, you will have a very long life. To dream of a four-leaved clover is to have good luck, both in marriage and cards.

For an Unused Doorway.—There is a very good way of making a cupboard for china or books out of an unused doorway or recess. You take a piece of Utrecht velvet or velveteen, and line the recess. Then you have some plain deal shelves made, which you cover with the same velvet. Then drape the opening with two Oriental striped curtains; and, if you have a spear, you can pass it through the top drapery and hang at one end of it a Chinese lantern or Oriental lamp. Then place books and china unevenly upon the shelves, and you will find the effect extremely good; and the whole thing can be done for about thirty shillings. If you prefer it, you can hang a little

curtain on a rod on the bottom shelf, which you can draw at will. It is a wise addition in London, for then the books and china on that particular shelf will be somewhat protected from the blacks.

A New Use for Lace.—To be quite correct at the present moment you must decorate your hair very much in the evening; and the last new idea on the subject is quite charming. Everyone has some cherished bits of old lace—too small to be of any real use, and yet too valuable to be put on one side. These little pieces are made into bows, and stiffened and tucked into the hair, standing up like butterflies; and the younger you are, or the greyer, the more becoming will be the effect.

A New and Artistic Wall-hanging.—Many of us who are condemned to live with ugly and unattractive wall-paper, which untoward circumstances forbid us to get rid of, and so to hide the eyesore, must use hangings of some kind. A most beautiful new drapery of this kind has just been brought out. It is woven in neutral-coloured linen, with a deep frieze of stags in blue. Between their antlers is a deep green fleur-de-lis. Against old oak rafters and with oak furniture the effect is charming, and looks like valuable tapestry.

Put out our Skirts.—The tight, sel-like skirt that we have been miserably wearing all this past year, and have been thoroughly uncomfortable in, is likely to go out as quickly as it came in. No less a person than the prince of Paris dressmakers has declared that he considers in the highest degree unbecoming, and that graceful folds that softly fall from the waist are much to be admired, and in the face of such an opinion fashion cannot but bow. Englishwomen at present are of far too active habits to endure such an uncompromising skirt for very long, and will hail this change with heartfelt delight.

Our Shoes.—What woman who has a small and pretty foot is not justifiably proud of it? And no one blames her if she chooses to put on it the daintiest and newest footgear she can get hold of. A very charming fashion for shoes is just now in vogue. This is to use tooled leather for shoes and slippers, of the same kind that is used in book-binding. Coloured straps, worked with beads, cross at the instep, and look most attractive. Another idea is to have green and black leather shoes, with silver buckle and big bow of ribbon. Another idea is to use violet-scented leather, of the same colour as the former, and worked with gold sequins.

How to Utilise Lace Handkerchiefs.—Who of us has not got one or two cherished and delicate handkerchiefs of priceless old lace that we keep among our most cherished possessions? and how often we pine for the opportunity of showing them to our admiring friends! A new use has come in for them which is attractive in the last degree. This is to remove the cambric centre and to use the lace as a yoke on a costly frock. Then, again, we can wear them as a frill at our neck, as a knot, or fold them so as to use as a collar to a silk or muslin blouse.

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OUR FEET GROWING LARGER. SO SAY SHOEMAKERS AND HABERDASHERS.

Shoemakers and haberdashers who cater to the wants of the elite assert that their patrons this year demand hosiery and shoes averaging from one half to one and a half sizes larger than they did five years ago. The majority of the dealers believe that the average length and breadth of men's feet have been steadily increasing since the wane of the fashion which demanded a pointed toe and tight-fitting shoe.

This they explain by saying that the effect of the style in vogue six years ago was to cramp and distort the natural development of the feet. When the style changed and comfort became the criterion of fashion nature again exerted itself. Feet which had become distorted during the reign of the narrow shoe and pointed toe slowly began to broaden and adapt themselves to their new surroundings.

The change being gradual, went for a long time unnoticed, and not until the merchants recently began to compare their sales of five years ago with those of to-day was it found that the

average increase has been approximately one size.

Several well-known shoe dealers said that when they first began to notice the apparent change they became interested and studied the problem. They found that when fashion demanded the use of narrow shoes feet were closely confined and by degrees became small. As styles changed and an easy fit was alone desired the feet seemed to expand and grow steadily larger until the fashion again required a small, neat foot, when the process would be repeated.

One merchant, versed in ancient and Oriental history, pointed out to me the fact that in countries where the sandal or other loose foot covering is generally worn the feet of the inhabitants are comparatively large, and in countries where a big shoe is in poor taste small feet are in the majority.

A well-known Broadway hosiery, when I told him the theory advanced by other haberdashers and shoemakers, smiled incredulously and said:—"I'll tell you what my experience has been; perhaps it would be interesting. When times are hard I notice that men order large socks, and when there is plenty of money that they prefer close-fitting ones. It can all be reduced to a question of economics, in my opinion. Large hose wear longer than those of perfect fit, but they are not so comfortable. Most well-dressed men are the first to feel the pressure of hard times, and then they begin to economise. They would probably deny it if you should confront them with the statement that for the sake of saving a quarter they were wearing a pair of misfit socks, but under those conditions nine times out of ten the accusation would be true."

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TAKING CARE OF CATS.

One of the most interesting discoveries made by the Cat Club of Chicago is that the love of a cat "can be won by merit only. A dog," these experts scornfully add, "will love any wreck of humanity that chances to own him, but one needs to be self-respecting to earn the love of a cat."

Animals so sensitively organised that they can judge of the "merit" of human beings are bound to have troubles of their own. The Cat Club's pamphlet, which we quote, tells how to guard against these afflictions. High-bred cats, it says, are peculiarly liable to indigestion, resulting from overfeeding. It is best to allow them only two meals daily. A light repast in the morning and a hearty dinner at night is the prescribed system of diet.

The breakfast should consist of cream or bread and milk, varied with boiled rice. A bit of lean meat now and then is allowed, and for an appetizer an egg or an oyster. The evening meal may include plenty of raw meat, mutton being preferred, with asparagus, corn on the cob or any vegetable which cats may relish.

Boiled liver should be added several times a week. Fish should be given sparingly. Kittens should be fed every three hours with scalded milk, sweetened or salted. When six weeks old they should be weaned and taught to lap warm milk.

A bit of scraped raw mutton or beef once a day conduces to strength and vitality. Sour milk should be given once or twice a week to prevent the accumulation of worms in the stomach.

Cats reared in a flat should have an occasional saucer of freshly cut grass. Fresh water, to which has been added a rusty nail or a lump of sulphur, should be accessible to the cat day and night. Cats should not be washed oftener than once a month, otherwise their fur will be harsh and brittle.

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WOOLLEN VERSUS COTTON.

I was asked lately to say whether I prefer cotton or woollen underclothing, and to give my reason for the preference. My correspondent kindly adds:—"I may say I have been accustomed all my life to linen and cotton things, but one is never too old to learn, and I shall be glad of your opinion. What you say is always to the point, and so sensible." Now, my readers, even at the risk of appearing egotistical and vain, I could do no less than give my reply to such a nice letter the first place in our page this

week. Besides, I consider the subject itself a very important one, especially at this time of the year, when changes in underwear are to be thought of. I have, however, no hesitation in deciding in favour of woollen underclothing, which, I consider, infinitely preferable to cotton or linen. Of course, if people like my kind correspondent have been accustomed to the latter class of garments, and if they find they suit them, there is no reason at all why they should make a change; but for the ordinary person, woollen is greatly to be advised. And the reason for this is not far to seek, it is also based on scientific grounds. For as woollen materials are "bad conductors" of heat, they keep the heat of the body in, and the excessive heat of the sun out; cotton, on the other hand, is a good and rapid conductor. It lets the heat escape freely, and for this reason it is good neither for winter nor summer—at least, not as underwear. For in summer, when we easily get over heated, it allows the heat to go so quickly that we feel chilly and cold afterwards, especially as the cotton garments themselves are left damp and clammy afterwards; while in winter it is also unsuitable, as it does not help us to retain the heat we possess in our bodies. Woollen garments absorb the perspiration, and thus they keep the skin dry and comfortable—a very different effect to that of the damp, clammy cotton underwear. I have no hesitation, therefore, in giving my vote for woollens, especially for anyone that takes cold easily, or is inclined to rheumatism.

SKIN IRRITATIONS Instantly Relieved by CUTICURA

For irritation, itching, and inflammation of the skin, for scaly eruptions of the scalp, dry, thin, and falling hair, for red, rough hands and facial blemishes, nothing so pure, so speedily effective, as warm baths with CUTICURA SOAP, followed by gentle anointments with CUTICURA, the great skin cure and purifier of emollients.



Never Look Old



There is no need of it. You can look at thirty as if you are sixteen. Then why look as if you are sixty?

Thick and glossy hair belongs to youth. Thin and faded hair to old age.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

It Never Fails to Restore the Natural Color to the Hair

It gives to the hair that soft, glossy appearance so natural to early life. For men, this means the look of strength and power. For women, it is the one ornament of youthful beauty.

Remember that pimples, rashes, and like disfigurements of the face may be thoroughly removed by taking a course of treatment with Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It will make the skin smooth and the blood rich.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass., U. S. A.

NURSING KAFFIRS IN CAPE COLONY.

"A Nurse in South Africa," writing in "The Hospital Nursing Mirror" on "Nursing Kaffirs in Cape Colony," says:—Kaffirs are very quick at languages; a few weeks' residence in hospital, with just a little instruction from a fellow patient, will enable a man to speak enough English to make it possible for him to talk to the nurses, to whom he is almost always respectful in as far as he knows how, usually addressing them by a name which in Kaffir means literally "the chief's daughter," and is **THE HIGHEST TITLE OF RESPECT** that can be given to a woman. The word "please," or its equivalent, is not found in the Kaffir vocabulary. A native trying to express himself in English invariably says, "You must give me," etc. He will say "Thank you" with a broad grin upon his good-natured face. It is by no means unusual for Kaffirs, even children, to be able to speak Cape Dutch, English and sometimes a little German. Enteric patients, as a rule, do well if they come into hospital in the early stages of the disease, for the Kaffir does not find it irksome to have to lie still, and the amasi, or sour milk, which is the diet usually prescribed, is a favourite article of diet with him. He cheerfully gives himself into the doctor's hands to be treated as he deems best. Both men and women are fond of medicine, and it is often a grievance when, as a patient becomes convalescent, the medical superintendent stops the mixture. To see other patients getting medicine and he none, is a thing a Kaffir cannot stand. Upon one occasion a nurse in charge of the native wards, which were very full of bad cases, found a difficulty, owing to

THE SMALLNESS OF THE NURSING STAFF

and the limited number of native servants, to get some of the cleaning done. Those convalescent patients who are able to do so are expected to assist in the cleaning of the utensils if desired. The nurse accordingly handed a Kaffir a tea kettle, requesting him to polish it; he refused. The need was pressing, and a happy thought struck her, and, turning to him, she said, "If you do not clean this kettle, I will not give you any medicine." In a short time the man returned with the kettle, nicely polished, and received his reward—a dose of cough mixture, composed principally of camphor.

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HAIR CURLING AN ART.

In the curling of the hair there is a certain knack to be acquired before attaining that much desired result, so dear to every owner of straight locks—the naturally curly look. Even a pretty face is improved by the addition of curls, and a plain one is softened and made more attractive by turning the harsh outline into a wavy mass; for the faces are few that can stand the classic severity of a Grecian coiffure.

The question, therefore, is how to manage one's unruly locks, how to supply, to the best of one's ability, what Nature has denied—the pretty, rippling tresses which will elicit from some good natured acquaintance the remark that she always "thought your hair was naturally curly."

First, there are the numberless appliances for turning one's head into a bristling porcupine by night. When a girl surveys herself in her mirror before retiring and catches a glimpse of a disfiguring halo, which, even the addition of blue bows will not render becoming, she sighs reflectively, considers the discomfort of sleeping on knobs of hair, and takes to the inevitable—curling irons. To obtain most satisfactory results, a tight curling is not advisable. That destroys any possible look of Nature's handiwork—and surely straight locks are preferable to "frizzes."

A very important factor is that of curling the hair artistically, for there can be no illusion about a beautifully curled pompadour while the back hair is uncompromisingly straight. If a low style of coiffure is worn it is only necessary to curl the front and sides, but where the hair is dressed high it is most important not to neglect the back of the head. This will, at first, be awkward work, but will grow less difficult with practice, and nothing is prettier than a soft outline at the nape of the neck.

NARROW AND HEARTLESS.

There are two sisters whom everybody who will read their story here has met, in cities or farmhouses, at home or abroad. They have eyes and ears, the full complement of all the senses belonging to ordinary human beings, but they go through a life blind and deaf.

Every morning, when they rise, God opens the world before them like a full book to tell of His power and love. The sunshine, the wind, every flower in the field, every insect in the grass, all the countless living things about them, have some word to speak of Him. They see and hear nothing of it all.

Around them, all through the days, press multitudes of men and women, each working out a little tragedy or comedy of life, each differing from the others, mean or noble, pure or vile, but all alike struggling along a path where help may be needed and life's burdens made less hard to bear.

These women have brains and hearts, but they never use them for the benefit of a single soul. They hold out no helping hand, they give no friendly thought to any fellow traveler.

Why? One of them is made blind by her sense of her own importance. The petty cause of her importance is known only to herself. There was a man of title among her forefathers; or she has a larger sum in the bank than her neighbours; or she numbers some fashionable women among her acquaintances; or she has costly gowns. But she wraps herself in this remembrance as in a robe of state, and so struts proudly through life.

Her sister has a grievance; usually a different one each day; an aching limb; a small income; an idle servant. These cover her as his cloak covers the monk. She thinks, dreams, talks under their pressure.

These women thus shut themselves in and are kept apart through life from the influence and help of nature, of their fellow-men, and of God.

It would be wise to ask ourselves, now and then, if we are in their case. Do we give out healthy, happy, influences to people about us, as we go through the world? If not, what cloak do we wear that shuts us in to our own littleness?

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HOW CHINA STRIKES AN ENGLISHWOMAN.

In an illustrated interview with Mrs Archibald Little in "The Young Woman" we are told that China strikes an Englishwoman as being like the house of a drunken woman. "Nothing," says Mrs Little, "has ever been repaired or put in order. All the bridges which were made in very grand style under the old dynasty, have fallen into decay, and there are no roads. It is exactly opposite to Japan, where a storm is hardly over before the poor people are hard at work repairing everything. The streets are extraordinarily crowded, and very, very narrow. They are full of shops, and all the shop signs, gaudily coloured, hang perpendicularly, producing a very interesting perspective. All the business that can be done out of doors is done in the streets.

"The Chinese," Mrs Little continues, "when meeting with foreigners, frequently ask—'Does the sun shine in your country?' and when they see so many Europeans come to China, they look upon the hillsides and say—'You have no mountains like these—no rice grows in your country, no fruit?' They fancy people go there because these things are only to be found in China. It is always polite for a visitor to say—'No; in my miserable country there is nothing like this—no grand mountains, no fruit.' I am afraid they think me very rude, for I always say to them—'My country is magnificent; our grains are ever so much bigger than yours.' I think it is a great pity to intensify their notion that theirs is the only great country in the world. The

PEOPLE ARE AMAZINGLY IGNORANT.

and imagine that the whole world is centred in China. I have never met with a Chinese who knew the name of Gladstone. Many of them have heard of England, Germany, France, Russia, and America, but they think these countries consist of rough bor-

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FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS.

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The Best Nutritive and Tonic in all cases of Weakness of the Chest, Lungs, and Throat. Invaluable in Consumption, Bronchitis, Difficult Breathing, and Loss of Voice.

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A PROPOSAL

TO EVERY LADY TO MAKE DELICIOUS CUSTARD WITH

BIRD'S GUSTARD POWDER

A DAILY LUXURY!



BIRD'S Custard Powder makes a perfect High-Class Custard at a minimum of cost and trouble. Used by all the leading Diplomates of the South Kensington School of Cookery, London. Invaluable also for a variety of Sweet Dishes, etc., etc. or which accompany every packet.

NO EGGS! NO RISK! NO TR-UBLE!

Storekeepers can obtain Supplies from all the leading Wholesale Houses.

der tribes, always fighting among themselves. In the city where I live, Chungking, a wealthy city about the size of Lyons, the people imagine that I am a very near relation of the Queen; and when I went back from England two years ago, they came to ask me how often I had seen the Queen, to which I replied quite truthfully. Then they would say—"Did she ask you to sit down?" When I came to England again very soon afterwards a story was set about that the Queen was getting old and could not do without me! There you have an idea of the impressions the Chinese have of England and the grandeur of the Queen. They believe we are a people with poor morals and no manners, and they are confirmed in this view by our style of dress. They speak of our clothes as "made up of scraps."

THE WOOLING MAN AND HIS METHODS.

(By a Man.)

Many and various are the ways men have of going about the business of winning a woman. I think the average girl has enough perception to be able to distinguish between the sincere and insincere suitor—to distinguish between the man who is genuinely and honestly in love with her, and the man who is merely after her money, or who is desirous of entering a certain circle of society by marrying a girl who moves in that circle.

Now, let us take the example of a pretty girl who has a comfortable home and is admired, and whose people are in good circumstances, and who is no particular hurry to get married. She has several lovers, or men whom her family and friends regard as lovers. Perhaps she will dismiss them all; perhaps she will eventually accept one of them. Anyhow, let us see how they go to work to win this pretty maid.

THE IMPETUOUS MAN.

Now, a man's methods of courting depend largely upon his temperament. An impatient, impetuous man will often harm his chances by rushing at a girl as a bull charges into a gate. He starts by falling violently in love with her at first sight, and declares his passion in about a fortnight's time. The girl may like him a little bit, but he hasn't given her long enough to get to know him, and so he is refused, and goes away with his head full of revolvers, poisons, and other violent cures for hopeless passion. Of course he doesn't do himself any damage; he calms down in about a week, and realises that he has been in far too much of a hurry, and so, if he be a wise man, he will curb his impatience and set himself to win this pretty girl by slower and surer methods.

THE MAN WHO CAN WAIT.

Another suitor is of an entirely different nature; he is a strong man—one who can wait. That's how Kitchener conquered the Soudan, by waiting, waiting, waiting! He waited for thirteen years, and then he got his chance.

Some men—not many—wait almost as long as this for a girl. If a man waits all that time, and the girl has not surrendered her heart elsewhere, he will probably get her, and to be sure he deserves her.

There are some girls who take an infinite amount of winning—even if they like a man they won't show it for a long time—a long, tedious time. Often an accident brings about a betrayal of their affection, or it may be the man is about to take a voyage, or to go away for a long period, and on the eve of his departure the girl cannot restrain her real feelings, and the man goes away happy, knowing that he is beloved.

Then there is the man who tries to impress a girl with his cleverness, to fascinate her with his stronger brain power. He will touch on many subjects that she cannot understand, and in time she may come to stand in awe of his intellect, and perhaps fall in love a little bit on that account. It is only humanly natural to admire those things in others which we do not possess; to look up to people who can do things which we cannot do. Hence hero-worship.

Perhaps a man has a good tenor voice, and will use it to some effect on the ears of his lady love. Ent, bless you! a girl will not marry a man because he has a tuneful larynx.

A sensible girl won't. He must be a good deal more than a good singer.

THE POET.

There is the man who drops into poetry, and sends a young lady long sonnets written by himself about her—and sometimes other people's sonnets written about other girls. This is hardly a sheep-walk to a girl's heart. Or perhaps a man will put into practice that very useless method of trying to buy the girl by sending her costly presents, by taking her out and spending money on her, by remembering her birthday only too lavishly, and the season of Christmas even more so. The girl may be pleased with his gifts at first, but I don't think she will like him much the better for them. No harm in a man giving a girl presents when they know each other intimately, and the "little affair" is approaching a climax; but previously to this—but a right-minded girl always knows what to do. Accepting a present from a man is encouragement. You can't get away from that.

AND SOME OTHERS.

There is the man with the fluent tongue, and the man who makes jokes. Both make the time pass if they don't stop too long. But what is it that a girl accepts a man for? Is it for his conversation, his voice, his figure, his face, his desperate wooing, his apparent indifference?

It is for none of these. If a man loves a woman, and a woman loves a man, there is a subtle communication between their two hearts which tells them so. Sooner or later a girl will sift her admirers—will separate the wheat from the tares, the gold from the dross.

She will, let us pray, give her heart to the man who loves her sincerely; who intends to devote his life, brains, and body to her service; who wants her to double his joys and divide his sorrows—to be his friend and companion until death parts them.

SLEEP WHEN WORK IS DONE.

During the late summer (1896) I passed several weeks in a foreign city nearly 700 miles further south than London. We had about ten days intense heat, and for six nights, when it was worst, I do not think I slept as many hours altogether. The resulting nervous collapse was simply awful. My brain reeled, I could neither understand nor do anything rightly. I walked, as the good Book says, "in a vain show." What a blessed thing is sleep; how destructive, how killing to lose it.

In healthy sleep the nervous system is inactive—more especially that of the brain and spinal cord. The body lies quiet, the muscles relaxed, the pulse slower than when we are awake, and the breathing less frequent but deeper. Then nature—wise keeper of the House of Life—proceeds to renew the energies expended through the day. To miss this renewal, even in part, is to tread the edge of insanity and look into the mouth of death.

"Methought I heard a voice cry, 'Sleep no more; Macbeth doth murder sleep!'" So said Macbeth himself; but there is a power which murders more sleep than ever did Duncan's assassin; and to that Mrs Beattie alludes when she says of her daughter, "She got no sleep."

"In May, 1891," writes the lady, "my daughter Letitia fell into a low, weak condition, and could not get up her strength. She had no appetite, and what little food she took gave her great pain at the chest and side. She got no sleep at night, and became very nervous and low-spirited.

"As time passed by she grew weaker and more feeble, and we thought she would never get better. A doctor attended her, but none of his medicines seemed to suit her case, and for two years she continued to suffer.

"One day she read in a book about Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup and what it had done for others. She got a bottle from Mr Nicholls, chemist, Donegal Place, and after taking it began to improve, being able to eat, and her food agreeing with her. After having used this medicine a short time she was strong and well as ever, and has since been in good health. For a long time I myself suffered from weak-

ness and indigestion, and seeing what good Mother Seigel's Syrup had done, I took it and was completely restored to sound health. You may use this statement as you like. (Signed) (Mrs) Mary Beattie, 23, Trinity Square, Belfast, August 14th, 1896."

"In the early part of 1894," writes another, "I began to suffer from indigestion. I had a poor appetite, and all food gave me pain at my chest and a gnawing feeling at the stomach. No matter how light the food I took I had pain and sick headache.

"For over a year I was tormented like this, when Mr John Weir, living in this place, told me how he had been cured by Mother Seigel's Syrup, and recommended me to try it. I did so, and soon all pain left me, and I have since enjoyed good health. I know many persons residing in this district who have been benefited by taking the same medicine. Often in my shop I hear persons say what it has done for them. You are at liberty to publish this letter. (Signed) Alexr. Wilson, General Merchant, Castlewelan, New-

castle, Co. Down, Ireland, Aug. 15th, 1896."

Indigestion or dyspepsia destroys the power to sleep by starving, and thus weakening the nervous system. Indeed the whole body starves, and is thrown into profound disorder. Food may be taken into the stomach, but, as people constantly say, "It does no good." No; but in a sense it does harm. Fermented, soured, undigested, it develops poisons which act upon the system somewhat as a pestilence does upon a community. Flesh is lost, strength gives way to trembling weakness, courage is supplanted by fear, and life is dreary and desolate. That Mother Seigel's Syrup should be able to cure a disease so common and so terrible is reason for gratitude to us all. For the healthy—work and sleep.

Clarke's B 11 Pills are warranted to cure Gravel, Pains in the back, and all kindred complaints. Free from Mercury. Established upwards of 30 years. In boxes of 6d each, of all Chemists and Patent Medicine Vendors throughout the World. Proprietors, The Lincoln and Midland Counties Drug Company, Lincoln, England.

Ideal Milk



Enriched 20 per cent. with Cream.

STERILIZED—NOT SWEETENED.

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UNQUESTIONABLY THE BEST DRESSING FOR THE HAIR

- ERADICATES SCURF AND DANDRUFF
- PREVENTS HAIR FALLING
- PROMOTES GROWTH.
- IS DELIGHTFULLY CODDLING & REFRESHING.
- CONTAINS NO OYE



The Celebrated Authoress, MRS E. LYNN LINTON, says—
"I have used your 'KOKO' ever since Jane Austen, and I have not only stopped the falling out, which had been excessive, after a severe illness, but have an entirely new growth of hair, while the old hair is longer. As I am not a young woman, but an old one, I think this is a convincing test of your preparation."

1/2, 2/6 & 4/6

OF ALL CHEMISTS, STORES, ETC. KOKO MANUFACTURED BY, LTD., 16, BEVIS MARKS, LONDON, ENGLAND.

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

By MARGUERITE

Beauty is a prerogative of woman, and we all know what dress—if carefully chosen—can do towards enhancing our beauty or hiding our defects. As a matter of fact, the perfect woman is not; and if she were, what a bore the world would be! The very essence of manly appreciation is linked to that superb, yet fond, condescension with which he regards the adored one. In spite of her faults—"all" her faults, was it not? We, therefore, must be taken as we are, sparkling eyes or dull, pale cheeks or rosy, with our various imperfections on our head. Men, luckily for themselves, are independent of the fatal gift. Given a decent pair of shoulders, a good tailor, and a plain man of Adam may wreak havoc in his generation. But lovely woman must not fail to be lovely; if she does, the penalty is great.

Never before in the history of fashion have such exquisite costumes been seen as those designed for 1900. Dainty and Graceful is our motto, graceful frocks, clinging skirts and trailing draperies. The idea of softness is suggested everywhere. We have escaped early Victorian period—the most tasteless epoch in woman's history—of cloth boots and crinolines. Instead, we find ourselves with an army of arts, which may make a very good cause with "pleasing appearance," and not merely a "peg" for our dressmaker to hang her "latest creations."

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SEASIDE NOVELTIES.

Two prettily arranged gowns are shown in another sketch, and one is a sort of tailor effect in navy blue of a rather faded shade, trimmed with navy blue braid, and combined with navy blue and white striped cloth. The bodice is the most striking thing about the gown, having the front scalloped deeply and buttoned with opaque green buttons, which, by the way, is the latest Paris fad. Another odd feature is the little capes or collars which set out over the shoulders and are of the spotted cloth. Where the gown opens at the throat it is filled in by a black velvet stock.

The hat is a smart affair of green straw with bows and loops of navy blue gauze folded over the feather-bone.

The other gown is of black and tan coloured canvas. The main part of the gown is tan colour and the collar and skirt beneath the tunic are of tan, spotted in black and bordered by narrow rows of black velvet ribbon. The bodice has the new box tucks running down the body, and it is fastened with tiny turquoise buttons.

In the remaining sketch are shown a handsome redingote costume and a young miss's frock.

The redingote costume is of sage green with let-in tucked pieces of lavender silk and a front of black and white spotted cloth. There are large crystal and gold buttons on each side. The girl's frock is of slate blue combined with red and black spotted cloth and frilled with white taffeta

silk. A white kid belt and white silk stock are worn. There are three skirts, all edged with bias folds. The hat is of red straw, trimmed with red silk in large rosettes.

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VOILE, GAUZE, AND A BIG BOUQUET.

Voile and gauze are quite amiable friends, and the newest gauze, while extremely expensive, is happily tolerably hardy, and lives with more tenacity than the ordinary kind, besides being uncrushable. Have you noticed how much nosegays are coming in? They certainly help to "furnish" a Princess toilette.

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A simple graceful tea-gown is revealed in this figure. It is made in Princessé at the back and sides, is trained, and hangs in long soft folds down the front from beneath a dainty bolero of black guipure lace, with high spreading collar of the same. This model was in automobile red satin mere, and a knot of black ribbon velvet finished the bolero at the bust, hanging in long ends below. Fringes are being much employed in Paris on recent models at the big houses, and those of the most unadulterated description, such as our grandmothers affected in the dark ages of the early sixties. It is only the ultra stylishly built woman who will carry these off successfully. For the ordinary woman they must spell dowdiness in capital letters.



A PRETTY TEA-GOWN.

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The Princess gown, for indoor wear, is a good specimen of the prevailing taste for this graceful style. The original was of the newest shade of heliotrope silk-warp canvas. The yoke and epaulette part of the sleeves were of tucks silk and lace, bordered with fine applications of lace edged on one side with narrow black and white frilling. Three rows of a similar trimming appear on the slightly trained skirt, while the whole robe is laced up the back. It is easy to see that this design lends itself to many modifications. Thus, for evening wear, or semi-dress occasions, a black velvet or good velvet would be both useful and becoming, the yoke being transparent and composed of jetted net or white lace. For a tall and slender figure there is nothing more graceful and dignified than a Princess robe, and certainly no design could be more comfortable or more in accordance with the laws both of art and hygiene.

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The girl of twelve or sixteen, usually so ill-provided for by fashion's dictates, is just now very well catered for in the pretty frocks and blouses of the moment. It is, I think, imperative that we should dress our growing daughters neatly, prettily and in an up-to-date style, as they are usually very sensitive on the matter of dress, and it is as well that they should be accustomed to pretty, neat clothes, and to know how to keep them neat and in good order. They are far less likely to, ever indulge in dress later on if this

plan is kept to. I saw some particularly nice frocks made for a family of daughters recently. For a little girl of twelve there was one of the time-honoured sailor suits of blue serge, but the kilt of this boasted three little



A PRINCESS GOWN.

© © ©

edgings of pale blue braid on the hem, and the breadth in front was unpleated and fairly wide. This dress was made with a closely-fitting waistcoat or vest inside of pale blue cloth, and the single-breasted square-cut reffer coat bore a collar of pale blue edged with pale blue braid. Another pretty frock of a very different style was of red cashmere with a white silk spot all over it. The full bebe bodice was gathered round a yoke of shirred muslin by means of two rows of narrow velvet ribbon run in and out of the



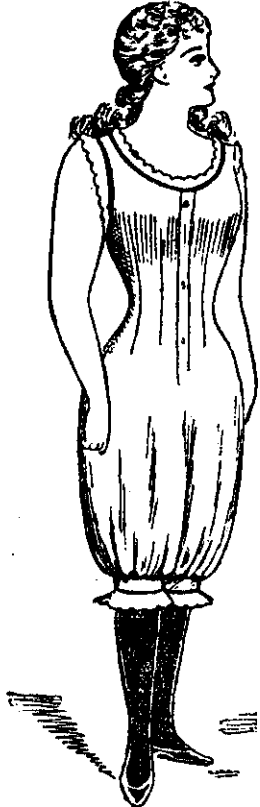
A PRETTY SCHOOL DRESS.

cashmere and tied in bows on the shoulders, and red velvet formed the belt. A third frock for a girl of some fifteen years of useful and yet charming detail was of figured grey material, with a plain skirt and blouse bodice, box pleated in front, and trimmed with two groups of five cordings either side. A broad turned-over collar and cuffs to match of white washing silk, prettily hem-stitched, and a bow of darker grey velvet tied at the throat, the same velvet at the waist, made a charming and distinctive touch. The



frock I am showing you is of Venetian red serge, the large collar and sailor's knot tie of velvet in a darker shade of red, the cuffs and belt of the same, whilst the changeable vest is of red foulard silk spotted with white.

I have given a useful pattern for combinations; for so many folk prefer the combined garments to separate chemise and drawers, that I fancy I shall be supplying a much-felt want. Here the picture really describes itself for it is so clearly sketched, and the general arrangement of the garment is too well-known to need any words



EASY COMBINATIONS.

of mine upon the subject. This garment may be made as much more elaborate as any individual may desire, by the introduction of trimming in the way of lace frills and bands of insertion set perpendicularly across the upper part of this comfortable garment.

WORK COLUMN.

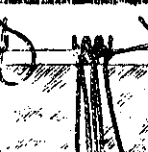
Perhaps it is the reaction likely to follow upon the fatigue of ever such an enjoyable picnic that makes me think of a cosy corner. Knowing my readers' predilection for the greatest effect arrived at with the least possible outlay, I no sooner saw the design reproduced here than I decided that I had it copied for their special needs. It really speaks for itself, but in order to assist you in filling up the details, let me tell you that it is a very simple piece of upholstery, by no means beyond the capabilities of the village carpenter, only you will probably have to buy the visible wooden fitment in the rough, which you will then stain green, unless of course you prefer its being white, when you will use enamel. With regard to enamel, care must be taken to exclude the air if the tin is put away before being emptied, and a stick must always be kept handy to stir the paint frequently, as



THE COSY CORNER.

there is a thickness which settles at the bottom and clogs the brush if too much stirred with that. If towards the last the paint seems too thick, a little turpentine can be stirred in, but this must be judiciously done, or it what is technically termed "flats" the paint. When the enamel is required very thin indeed it is better to mix equal parts of copal varnish and turpentine and stir this in. Where two coats are required, it is cheaper to put on the first coat in water paint, leaving it to dry thoroughly, and then apply the enamel, which is more expensive. A plain coloured art muslin of the best quality is used for the fulling at the back, while lace and cretonne combined form the covering for the seat and back. With a few cushions, this will make a very charming little angle-nook, the bookcase resting on the upper shelf being merely a matter of individual taste, for its place can easily be taken by vases or photographs.

Even if we are not disposed to indulge in embroidered towels for our own use, still there is no denying the fact that they give an impression of painstaking care to the spare bedroom



AN EMBROIDERED TOWEL.



DETAIL OF EMBROIDERY



HOW THE FRINGE IS MADE

in the eyes of guests. So I give here a sketch of a particularly pretty towel, bordered in Russian cross stitch in either red or blue, or a combination of both. Diagrams for making the fringe are also shown, though these perhaps are unnecessary, as it is so easy to buy a huckaback towel already fringed. The initials of the owner should of course be embroidered in one corner in the same colours as are used in the border.

I Cure Fits. You are not asked to spend any money to test whether my remedy does or does not cure Fits, Epilepsy, St. Vitus' Dance, &c. All you are asked to do is to send for a FREE bottle of medicine and to try it. I am quite prepared to abide by the result.

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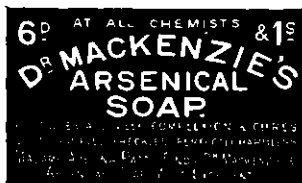
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CHILDREN'S PAGE



CHILDREN'S CORRESPONDENCE COLUMN.

Any boy or girl who likes to become a cousin can do so, and write letters to Cousin Kate, care of the Lady Editor, 'Graphic' Office, Auckland.

Write on one side of the paper only. All purely correspondence letters, with envelope ends turned in, are carried through the Post Office as follows:—Not exceeding 4oz. 1d.; not exceeding 4oz. 1d. for every additional 2oz. or fractional part thereof, 4d. It is well for correspondence to be marked 'Press Manuscript only.'

Please note, dear cousins, that all letters addressed to Cousin Kate must now bear the words 'Press Manuscript only.' If so marked, and the flap turned in, and not overweight, they will come for a 1d stamp in Auckland, but a 1d from every other place.

THE 'GRAPHIC' COUSINS COT FUND.

This fund is for the purpose of maintaining a poor, sick child in the Auckland Hospital, and is contributed to by the 'Graphic' cousins—readers of the children's page. The cot has been already bought by their kind collection of money, and now £25 a year is needed to pay for the nursing, food and medical attendance of the child in it. Any contributions will be gladly received by Cousin Kate, care of the Lady Editor, 'New Zealand Graphic,' Shortland street, or collecting cards will be sent on application.

DOLL DRESSING COMPETITION.

Dear Cousins,—Many of you did not receive your dolls till too late to dress for Christmas, I fear. In order that you may not be disappointed I am going to start another doll dressing competition, and you can keep your dolls and go in for this. I will tell you about the prizes later on. They will not be money prizes, as I find many parents object to these, but they will be very, very nice. You can send for dolls any time you want for the next competition.

Boxes containing dolls should be marked—"Very fragile; with care." The stamps should on no account be stuck on the box, but on a small luggage label attached to it with string.

COUSIN KATE.

THE PIGS WHO WOULD BE MEN.

"Oui, Oui, it's very tiresome here," said the Pink Pig to the white one as they sat in the pen after a hearty breakfast. You know, of course, that pigs are the only animals that speak French, and if you want to test it, the next time you see a pig ask it "Parlez vous Français, Monsieur?" and it will surely answer "Oui, oui."

The boy who fed them had forgotten to close the gate of the pen so it was easy to follow the thought of dissatisfaction by making their escape. When they reached the green forest they stopped to rest and consider what was to be done next. It was agreed that both wished to be men and live like them, for then said they:—

"We shall never have to return to live in a pen."

Spying two coats on the ground that had been put there by some wood-choppers it was the work of a moment to help each other to put them on, and even though the coats were rather large and long, they sighed with satisfaction, saying:—

"How stately we are now!"

But at every other step they fell on all fours; and they had never thought it was so hard to walk upright. After some practice they found it a little easier though it made them so tired that they were glad to see an inn, where they thought they would go in and order some human food, and rest.

They found the chairs very uncomfortable to sit on. They picked up the bits of fare and decided to have soup and meat, just like their keeper always had.

"That is better than the everlasting sour milk," grunted the pink pig.

But the innkeeper asked if they wouldn't have a little sour milk, to which both contemptuously grunted, "Pful, pful!"

He mistook this for assent and hastened to bring it, at which the pigs cried to one another:—

"We are found out."

In a flash they rushed past the astonished innkeeper on all fours. All out of breath they stopped after running a mile away, and said:—

"Our outfit is incomplete, we must improve on our disguise."

Pink Pig found a bit of charcoal and drew eye-brows and a mustache on his face, while White Pig came up quietly behind the school master who was sitting fast asleep under a tree in his garden, and stealing his big eye-glasses, put them on his nose. Now we are safe from detection, thought they, and forward they went. A peasant woman met them on the road, and she laughed, saying:—

"Look at those feet."

The pigs had not thought of shoes. That night as they lay down by the road to rest, White Pig said:—

"We were not careful enough. Tomorrow morning early we will go into town and steal what we need."

And so they did. When the baker, the tailor, the shoemaker and glover met for their morning gossip they had great news. Each one had been robbed. Bread had been taken from the bakery, the shoemaker was short two pairs of shoes, the tailor missed two pairs of trousers, and the glover could not find two pairs of gloves. Strangest of all, only the smallest sizes of each article had been taken.

While they were talking it all over, Pink Pig and White Pig were behind a hedge enjoying the bread and putting on the stolen garments. Now they were dudes, indeed, and, bold as brass, they decided to go to a picnic that was being given near town. The pigs didn't miss anything. They rode on the carousel, drank beer, ate peanuts and pop corn, and even danced with the girls.

"Oh, how fine it is to be men!" said they a thousand times.

Two of the girls especially attracted them, and again and again they danced with them.

"They must be Frenchmen, for they say nothing but 'oui, oui,' and they dance so funny," said the girls.

They treated their companions to ice cream and ate it themselves, though it was terrible to handle the spoons instead of just putting their snouts into the saucers and taking it all at a gulp.

As evening drew on the fireworks were announced, and every one started toward the lawn, where they were to be set off. Pink Pig straightened his tie, gave his arm to his partner, and marched with the others, but White Pig dropped behind, for he had seen their master among the picnicers, and feared recognition. Right in the middle of the green was a fine pond, and when Pink Pig saw it he

thought "how nice and cool and quiet it is!" but he looked at the fireworks and tried to forget the pond.

All at once a rocket fell into the crowd, and this was more than he could stand. He forgot his fair partner, he forgot his fine clothes, he forgot the joys of being a man, and falling on all fours he made a bee line for the pond. White Pig had but to see this, when, with a quick "oui, oui," he, too, rushed for the pond. Oh, how fine and cool it felt in the pond—this was better than being men. They lost their cravats, their shoes and gloves, but the pigs only grunted "oui, oui," in utter contentment.

"Well, if those are not my pigs, 'Pinky' and 'Whitey,' cried their owner, and he rushed into the pond, seized them by their tails, and drove them home. Then they got nothing to eat for three days to punish them for running away. The boy carefully closed the gate of the pen; they were pigs once more, and, to tell the truth, they had enough of being men.

THE CAT AND THE SUSPICIOUS TERRIER.

Never was there a more exemplary mother, so diligent and practical a mouser, or a more sleek, tidy, velvet footed cat than Kittums; and yet even she could not escape the breath of scandal.

It happened in this way:—Upon each occasion that Kittums brought a family into the world several of the unfortunate little creatures were promptly condemned to the water bucket, and many were the expedients to which the mother resorted in order to save her young from their premature and violent death.

With this end in view she would carry them out in her mouth from one place to another, but without being successful in finding a safe asylum, until at last she discovered in an old disused well a ledge which admirably served her purpose.

Now it happened upon a certain occasion that a scared mouse peeped out of this hole just as the cat passed by with the last little bundle of fuf in her mouth, and communicated the news to another member of his family.

"In which direction was the tabby cat going?" asked the second mouse of his informer.

"Towards the old well, I think," replied the first mentioned.

"And you say that she had one of her kittens in her mouth."

"Without doubt she had, for I heard it mewing."

"That's very strange," remarked the second mouse, and in turn he passed on the story to a friend as follows:—

"What do you think?" said he. "Brown saw the tabby cat going to the well with one of her kittens in her mouth. Now, what do you make of that, my friend, as a rather curious circumstance?"

The third mouse did not say much, but sat up on his hind feet and sniffed the air suspiciously, and shortly passed the story on to a neighbour rat, as a certain fact, that the first mouse had seen the tabby cat carrying her kittens one by one to the well, with the object of drowning them.

Now, a terrier dog that lived in the same house, and upon the best of terms with the cat, chanced to be watching for rats when he overheard one of the vermin telling the same story—that the tabby cat had been actually seen to carry her kittens to the old, disused well and deliberately drop them in there, one by one, and drown them.

"Is it possible," he thought, "that my cat can be such a monster?" Then, recollecting that her demeanour and movements had certainly been very suspicious of late, and being by nature himself an inquisitive dog, he determined to discover what truth there might be in the story. So he trotted off to seek out his home companion.

"I say," he barked on finding the cat; "I say, what is this story I hear about your kittens?"

On being thus accosted the cat,

fearing that a heedless back on the part of her friend might disclose her aiding place to their mistress, discreetly went on washing her face as if she had not heard the question.

"Am I, then, to understand by your silence, madam," continued the dog, "that the report is not without foundation?"

"You may understand what you like, sir," replied the cat, as she sprang up a tree out of his reach; for upon occasions she appreciated the fact that the dog could be over rough in an argument. "You are a stupid thing anyway."

"Oh, monster of a cat!" exclaimed the irate dog, while his voice quavered with scorn and indignation. "Is it possible that I could have sunk so low as to be upon intimate terms with so vile a creature!"

The cat, on being called by such names, looked down upon the dog in undisguised astonishment and asked him by such abusive language.

"You fiend!" shouted the angry dog. "What language can be strong enough to use towards a beast that deliberately drowns its own offspring? How can you wash your wicked face with the same paws that have consigned to a watery grave your innocent kittens?"

"Who accuses me of consigning to a watery grave my innocent kittens?" retorted the cat, as she arched her back in resentment.

"I do, madam," barked the dog, vehemently.

"Upon what authority, sir?" demanded the cat.

This was rather an awkward and pointed question, for the dog, when he came to think over it, did not like to refer to the rats as his only source of information, so he was obliged to reply evasively that it was upon the authority of a creature of whose veracity there could be no question, and as he uttered the words they nearly choked him, for he began to feel that some how he had got into an untenable position and did not quite see his way to make a graceful escape.

"Mr Pluto," said the cat, judiciously, "at times, I confess, I have thought that you have barked too much, for discretion, but now, I am sorry to say, I shall have to regard you as an untrustworthy gossip. Your informer is evidently a scandalmonger of the worst description, for the information upon which the report is based must be of the very flimsiest. As it happens my kittens are alive and in the best of health in the place where I have hidden them away from our mistress. Would you like me to produce one to prove the absurdity of your accusations?"

The dog saw clearly enough that figuratively he was then standing upon nothing but vapour and that there remained only one thing for him to do and that was to strive and reach terra firma again by way of profuse apology and with the loss of as little dignity as possible.

"Pluto, Pluto," said the cat, looking down upon her old companion, as she allowed her injured feelings to become gradually mollified. "How could you ever believe such a thing of me?"

WHICH WAS COLONEL BROOKS?

In a big, sunny barn-chamber stood a basket filled with hay. In this soft nest a proud mother cat was purring her four babies off to sleep.

One was Maltese, with sky-blue eyes. Two were black and white. But one was black all over; not a white sock to his foot, nor even a white necktie under the dear little chin. He was the one I chose.

I named him Colonel Brooks. A pretty big name for a kitty-baby, wasn't it?

Well, he was a darling from the very start. He loved and trusted everybody. You should have seen him step up to our big dog, Rufus, without one sign of fear, coaxing him to be friendly with the sweetest of love-making.

And old Rufus, who up to that time had hated the very sight of a cat, fell in love with the little colonel on the spot.

Colonel Brooks had never slept by himself, so he would have been very homesick if Rufus had not shared his bed with him. Uncle Will made it his business to see that they went to bed early.

But one night when Uncle Will was very late in coming home, he found a black kitty on the front door-step, crying to be let in. He supposed, of course, it was Colonel Brooks, so he

picked him up, put him on the cellar stairs, and told him to go straight down to bed.

Then Uncle Will seated himself to read the evening paper. But no sooner was he settled in the easy chair than a black kitty, for all the world like the colonel, jumped into his lap, purring like a small steam-engine.

"Is this you, Colonel Brooks?" cried Uncle Will. "Didn't I just put you down cellar? How did you get up here?"

Uncle Will hardly could believe his own eyes; so he took the cat under his arm and went down the cellar stairs to have this strange matter explained.

But when Uncle Will reached the foot of the stairs, the queerest thing happened.

Another black cat came out to meet him!

And what was the most puzzling of all, the cat on the cellar floor was just like the cat in Uncle Will's arms; and the cat in Uncle Will's arms was just like the cat on the cellar floor. Not a white hair on either of them, and just the same size! Oh dear me! How was Uncle Will ever to know which was his own dear kitty?

Just then a snore came from the box where Rufus lay asleep.

"Oho!" cried Uncle Will, "I'll take both cats over to Rufus. He'll know which is Colonel Brooks inside of two minutes."

Inside of two minutes! I should say so! In just one tail-wag Rufus knew what to do. He gave a growl that sounded like a small clap of thunder.

And lo and behold! the kitty under Uncle Will's right arm leaped to the top of the wood-pile, hissing with anger and fright.

But the little black kitty under Uncle Will's other arm gave a spring straight into the heart of Rufus's warm bed, and began to rub noses with his big friend.

Then Uncle Will knew that this one was Colonel Brooks. But if it hadn't been for that wise old Rufus, he might never have found out to this very day.

EMILY J. LANGLEY.

HOW CHARLIE SPOILT HIS HOLIDAYS.

A COMPLETE STORY.

"Just think how jolly! We are to go on board the Seahorse this afternoon, and see the big guns tref!"

And Colin, breathless with excitement, nearly tumbled upstairs in his haste.

"How too beautiful! I shall take my camera, and take snapshots of the guns as they go off."

Gladys spoke so fast that her words seemed to be running a race to see which would get out first.

"Captain Henderson only asked three of us," went on Colin, utterly reckless with his grammar. "Me and Charlie and May! So you can't go this time, Gladys; but next time they are sure to ask you."

Gladys gave a great groan at this unwelcome piece of news; but she tried to make the best of it cheerfully, as if she had always wanted to stay at home.

"Very well, then. May shall take my kodak and bring me back some pictures, and Vera and George and I will eat up the whole of my birthday cake at tea, icing and walnuts and all, and the chocolate creams as well."

"Oh, I say! I would much rather stay at home!" pleaded Charlie, at hearing this dream of delight.

"No; you have to go, anyhow, for Captain Henderson is your godfather, and he said you were to be sure 'not to miss."

So there was nothing for it but for Charlie to go and put on a clean collar and be ready to start at two o'clock. Father was going into the town, so he drove them in the dogcart, and dropped them at the dockyard gates.

"I see Reynolds waiting for us," and Vera nearly jumped out of the dogcart as she spoke.

"Please, sir, the captain said I was to meet the young gentlemen here, and take them to the ship in the launch."

But nothing was so attractive as the Seahorse when they got aboard, and Colin would have said directly that he really now meant to be a sailor, but he was afraid the others would laugh at him.

"Will you go down to my cabin, or will you stay and see the guns fired?" Captain Henderson had boys of his

own up in Scotland, so he wasn't surprised when they refused to leave the deck when anything so entrancing was going on.

Even Vera stayed, for she suddenly remembered the kodak and the photographs she had promised to take for Gladys.

Bang! bang! bang! went the guns; and puff! there came a white smoke out of them that looked so pretty in the sunlight.

And snap! snap! went Vera's kodak as she took pictures.

What a lovely time they had! For after the three guns were fired they went all over the ship, on the decks and between them, and saw all kinds of lovely things.

"Would you like a kitten, miss?" one of the sailors asked Vera. "Our cat has three, and you shall have this black one if you care to."

"Oh, I shall love it! Thank you so much!" And she held out her arms to the pretty wee thing as she spoke. And when they went into the ward-room for tea, pussy had a saucer of cream all to herself in a corner.

"Can we go on deck again, please?" the boys asked, after they had to say "No, thank you," to the cake and bread-and-butter.

"Yes, if you promise not to get into mischief and not climb on to the guns. And Vera and I will find a ribbon to put on to pussy's neck."

"I should so like to get on a gun, wouldn't you?" Charlie confided to Colin after they had been up and down the deck at least a dozen times.

"Yes, but we promised not to."

"No, we didn't promise, though we were asked not to. There isn't any danger—just see!"

And Charlie cautiously climbed up on the gun, only to slip the next minute and come down on the deck with a run, with his foot under him.

How it hurt when he tried to get up! And the sailors had to get him ashore with a lot of trouble and carry him to a cab to send him home. Captain Henderson wasn't a bit cross; but he told Charlie he was disappointed in him, which was much worse than being angry.

And Vera's brother was quite big before Charlie was able to run about, and everyone had been to the Seahorse for all sorts of delightful things many times over, while he had to stay at home. But he knew all the time while he felt so dull that it was his own fault entirely.

A GOOD LICKING.

In one of the principal streets of a railway company recently deposited a large cask of golden syrup at the door of a grocer's shop. It was a baking-hot day; the street—recently cleaned by heavy showers—glared white to the eye; and the grocer postponed rolling in the cask for an hour or two. When, at last, he and his assistant attempted the task, a curious thing happened. The cask, possibly as a result of the heat, burst, and its luscious contents spread themselves in an ever-increasing stream down the gutter, on to the flags of the footpath, and over the clean "cobble" of the road.

News of the incident spread like wild-fire among the juvenile population of the district, who flocked up, armed with utensils of any kind, from a broken jug to an empty sardine tin, eager to secure some of the plunder. But the neighbouring shopkeepers, aided by a couple of policemen, formed a cordon, while the unlucky grocer, assisted by some reliable volunteers,

endeavoured to save some of the spill syrup. The youthful marauders were for a time being nonplussed. What would be left after the legitimate salvaging operations were over would be hardly worth gathering up, so two or three of the leading spirits concocted a plan. A small confederate was chosen—a plump little boy of some four or five years old—who received instructions as to his part in the plot. Then he was quietly led to the outside of the cordon.

At a given signal two of the confederates pushed him with considerable force between a couple of the "guardians," and the little fellow fell prostrate in the stream of syrup. Deeming it an accident, some of the adult spectators picked him up, and his elder conspirators volunteered to see him home. But he was only conveyed to a neighbouring alley, where, like a swarm of bees, the youngsters gathered round him and literally "licked" him for all he was worth. Whether on his return home with syrupy garments he received another licking of a different kind, from an irate parent, history sayeth not.

THE LITTLE SINGER.

There's a funny little fellow in a coat as black as jet,
And he lives down by the meadow in the grass;
And if the day be pleasant, or if the day be wet,
You will hear him singing as you pass.
So when the summer's ended and the days are dark and cold,
While close you sit beside the glowing fire,
From a corner, dark and hidden, you hear the cricket bold
Still chirp his song and never seem to tire!
Agnes Lewis Mitchell.

AN ACORN.

Norna had been sick a long while, and she was so tired of lying in bed that all the family tried to amuse her. Papa brought her a little musical box, and mamma gave her picture-books. Tom bought a new game for her, and Dotty a bunch of grapes; even baby offered her an acorn which he picked up under the great oak tree.

What a beautiful little thing it was, fitting neatly in its tiny saucer, and what a dainty saucer, too, with row after row of wee brown scales folded so prettily over each other.

Mamma tied a string around the acorn, hung it over a glass of water, and told Norna that now she could see it grow.

"But how can it find its way to the water, mamma?" asked Norna.

"Watch and see," said mamma, smiling.

The next day Norna thought the acorn looked a little larger, but soon after that, oh dear! there was a dreadful crack all along its side.

"It is spoiled, mamma," sighed Norna. "It will never grow now."

"Watch and see," said mamma again.

Norna did watch. At last she saw something white and something green coming out of the crack. The white shoot grew down into the water and made a root, but the green shoot grew upward and made two little leaves. And so the acorn turned into a baby oak.

And Norna so enjoyed watching it all that she forgot she was sick, and was almost as happy as if she had been outdoors in the sunshine.

"Your little girl is much better," said the doctor to mamma. "She is well enough to play in the yard. This new medicine has helped her."

And nobody knew that the little acorn had helped her as much as the medicine.

ZOETH HOWLAND.

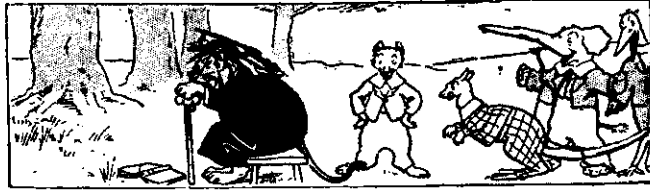
"I say," said the business man to the detective, "some fellow has been representing himself as a collector of ours. He has been taking in more money than any two of the men we have, and I want him collared as quickly as you can." "All right, I'll have him in jail in less than a week." "Great Scott, ninn, I don't want to put him in jail; I want to engage him."

Photographer: That is certainly a good picture for an amateur—very good. How did you manage to get such a pleasant expression on the gentleman's face?

Amateur: I told him I wasn't going to charge anything.

JUNGLE JINKS.

A GAME OF LEAP FROG WHICH NEARLY HAD A PAINFUL ENDING.



1. It was Saturday, and the Jungle Boys were taken into the fields by Dr. Lion to spend the afternoon. "Now, boys, you may play about here as long as you like," said Dr. Lion; "I'm just going to have a little rest on this seat;

but don't let me catch you up to any mischief."

"We'll be as good as gold, sir," said Jumbo; but as he spoke there was a very mischievous twinkle in his eye.



2. It was a very hot day, and Dr. Lion thought he would just take forty winks while the boys were not looking. But no sooner did he fall asleep than Jumbo began to look about for mischief. "Here! you with the spring heels!" he cried, turning to young Kangaroo, "see if you can go leap-frog

over old Lion's head. I'll bet you two acid drops you dare not do it."

"Can't jump that!" cried young Kangaroo, indignantly. "You just watch."

"Right you are, then," chuckled Jumbo. "Are you ready? One, two, three, and a hop!"



3. "But unfortunately poor Kangaroo's tail caught round Dr. Lion's neck; and before he could say 'Jack Robinson' the Doctor had him fast in his clutches."

"You good-for-nothing little rascal!" cried the schoolmaster. "I'll teach you to play tricks on me!"

"Oh, let me off this time," said Kan-

garoo, "and next time I'll jump clean over. I will, really!" But the Doctor said it was highly impertinent to jump over your head-master at all, and if it occurred again there would be a caning for somebody.

So Kangaroo has given up leap-frog altogether lately.

