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Off with the Old Love; on with the New.

# IN NO MAN'S LAND.

(An Australian Story.)

By A. B. PATERSON (Banjo).

Author of "The Man From Snowy River."

## SYNOPSIS OF OPENING CHAPTERS.

The scene opens at the Cassowary Club, Sydney, in blazing midsummer. A certain member, nicknamed "The Bosun," who has been detained in town to meet and entertain a new chum named Carew, who has just come from Home to go to one of the numerous stations belonging to a wealthy squatter yeoman, "Old Gordon," of Kur-yung, Gordon's son, a typical "far-out man" from "No Man's Land," meets young Carew at the Bosun's dinner party, and each talks immensely to the other. Carew is the typical Oxford athlete and sturdy, impulsive Englishman; Gordon, a specimen Australian gentleman of the best bush type. After dinner they agree to try and see something of Sydney "push" society, and attend a pub dancing saloon. Carew's attentions to one of the "donams" results disastrously, and the two friends are ignominiously chucked out. Both men are much afraid of the story getting about and making them ridiculous. Carew agrees to accompany Gordon back to station in "No Man's Land," and next day they leave for the "way-back" country.

## CHAPTER III. EN VOYAGE.

Behold now our two heroes fairly embarked on their journey to No Man's Land. Day after day their ship ploughed along through the smoothest of blue water up a sort of sea lane, with the white line of breakers of the Great Barrier Reef for one fence, and the Australian Continent for the other. Between the two, where the steamer held her course, was a long stretch of sea, calm as any harbour, with no swell nor rolling waves, but just little tiny ripples made by the wind. It was like a scene in a picture book. Round the ship shoals of porpoises sported and played, while flying fish in dozens fluttered above the surface for a few seconds and then disappeared, and now and again the black fin of a shark cut knife-wise through the smooth water.

Over all was the cloudless blue Australian sky and the vivid sunlight. The ship and her surroundings brought to mind the Island hymn; every prospect pleased, and only man was vile. Not that the passengers were a particularly bad lot by any means, but the steamer charged sixpence for every drink of spirits served by the stewards, while a bottle of whisky, containing about twelve large drinks, could be bought for about three and sixpence. Consequently everyone had a bottle of whisky in his cabin, and in place of afternoon teas, a regular round of visits from cabin to cabin had to be paid every day, with a drink of whisky at each cabin. The Englishman did not take kindly to this sort of thing at all, and therefore was not in much favour with the passengers.

The lady passengers were few and not much to look at. A few fat old dowagers, the wives of the squatters on board; an actress, all scent and face powder, going north to join a travelling company; and a hard-faced damsel, on her way up to a station to be married. These constituted the principal items.

The first night at dinner Carew found himself next the actress—a much-coveted post, that he did not seem to value very highly; and next morning a young squatter asked him if he would mind changing places, explaining with great frankness, "I'd like to get your seat. That's an all right bit of muslin next you, ain't she?" The girl next me's pretty enough, but she's too stand-off for me, and I've got no time to waste on her. I'd like to hock on to that actress. She's given me a wink or two, and if you don't want that seat particularly—"

The Englishman, with the instincts of a true sportsman, consented to the alteration, and next night found himself sitting beside a brown-faced girl of about twenty-two, who was obviously a lady, and a quiet, self-possessed, well bred young lady at that. She was tall and slight, with a well rounded, supple figure, and a clear olive complexion. Her eyes were brown, and very frank and honest. When talking to him she always looked him full in the face, with a serious sort of gaze that prevented him from talking the usual inanities of board ship conversation, and made it clear

to him why the squatter had not appreciated her society.

The chief officer, who was better as a navigator than as a lady's man, introduced them in a hurried manner, blushing furiously while. Neither caught the other's name, but before long they were chatting away quite merrily.

Carew had little conversation except the topics of the "Varsities" and the English sporting set. To his surprise this girl met him half way, and talked of Hurlingham, the Oxford week, Henley—all the old pass words that he thought he had left far behind him. His somewhat slow brain was a good deal puzzled. What could she be doing in this company? She was apparently travelling alone, as she made no reference to any friends, and indeed seemed disinclined to talk about herself. With female tact, she learnt all about his affairs while telling him just as much or as little about herself as she chose. Before long she allowed him to learn that she was travelling by herself, going up to a far back station to fill a situation as governess. This news surprised him a good deal, and he studied it over for some time. "Her people must have been well off and lost their money," was his reflection. He refrained from asking any questions, and, if possible, treated her with more deferential courtesy than before. After dinner he told Charley Gordon about her; and he, having no squeamish delicacy in asking questions, found out from the captain that her name was Miss Ellen Harriott, and that she was just out from England, and was going up to a squatter's family as governess. More than that he did not know.

"Nice lookin' girl, too," said Gordon. "All quality; a real lady, isn't she? Different from that painted hussy there," he added, pointing with his cigar at the dimly seen figure of the actress, who was hidden away in the shadow of one of the ship's boats, carrying on a great flirtation with the young squatter.

Carew felt an interest in the girl as being English, and of his own people, and as he refused to join in the drinking set of the men, while she kept herself aloof from the women, they were thrown a good deal into one another's company.

One day he asked her if she would like to go forward and see the crew—the foci of an Eastern and Australian Steamship Company's vessel is a Tower of Babel on a small scale—and before long they were engaged handing bunches of lucerne hay to some placid cows that were bound for the long journey to Hong Kong. Gordon and the Captain looked down on them from the chart room, where they smoked all day and told unpeppery stories, and discussed the history, career and morals of everyone on board.

"There's your new chum," said the Captain, pointing down through the chart-room windows at the square-shouldered figure below. "Making great running with that governess, eh? What is he like? Got any money? Seems a quiet young fellow. Fine big lump of a chap, too."

Gordon walked to the window beside the Captain and looked down on them contemplatively.

"I think he's a good sort," he said. "I don't know whether he's got any money or not. He came out to my uncle, and I happened to meet him, and I never asked him who sent him out, or how much money he's got, or anything."

"I expect your uncle knows," said the Captain.

"Just as likely he doesn't. He might meet a man at dinner, and the man might say, 'Gordon, you've got some stations. I've got a young fellow that's no use at home—nor any where else for that matter—can't you oblige me, and take him and keep him out of mischief for a while?' And if the old man had had about a bottle of champagne, he'd say 'Yes, I'll take him for a premium'; and if he'd had two bottles, he'd say, 'Send

along your new chum—I'll make a man of him or break his neck'; and perhaps in the next steamer out the fellow would come, fresh as paint, and no one would know much about him. I shouldn't wonder if the old man don't even know this new chum's name. I'm told this is a red-hot all round athlete," he continued, "but he don't look like it. In fact, I'm not certain whether he's the man I think he is. We got into a bit of a row together at a dancing hall in Sydney, and he got that swipe in the eye. You noticed his eye was black, didn't you?"

The Captain nodded. "Didn't he hit the fellow back?" he said.

"Oh, he was plucky enough, you understand, as far as that goes; but as soon as he got hit, a lot of fellows pushed him out of the room. You know the way these harrikins do, and I went out after him to see fair play, and they shut the door on the two of us—never gave us a chance to get back."

"That was a pity," said the Captain. "You'd like to have got a swipe at some of 'em, I expect. Would this chap have fought, do you think?"

"Oh, yes, he'd have fought all right. He didn't like comin' away at all—he'll be a taken-in for some of these chaps on the ship if they play any tricks on him. They generally do humbug a new chum a little. Any fellow that interferes with him can watch out for trouble, believe me."

"I expect so," said the Captain, "but I don't want any nonsense on board, you know. Come down and see the refrigerator work"—and off they went smoking their eternal cigars, leaving the Englishman and the girl still feeding the cows with lucerne where they attracted the attention of some of the other passengers, who were making their usual pilgrimages from cabin to cabin in quest of strong drink. As already explained, Carew was not popular with the passengers, who mistook his shyness for "stand-offishness," and his polished manner for hideous affectation.

He had brought on board enough gear to start a colony. Gun cases, fishing rods, portable baths, air pillows, helmet hats, riding boots, khaki suits, india-rubber boots, every kind of invention for making life a burden in a foreign land was included in his outfit. He was obviously a new chum of the new chums, and his nice-fresh appearance, his extensive rig-out, and his deferential and polite manner induced some of the smarties on board to try to "take a rise out of him."

One afternoon they started telling him all sorts of ridiculous back-block stories, to which he listened with his usual expression of anxious politeness, blinking his injured eye at intervals, and agreeing with everything that everybody said. Several times he seemed about to start some story on his own account, and, as the floor is always accorded to a stranger on such occasions, several men paused in their fabrications to let him tell his story.

Gordon sucked away at his awful black pipe, and wondered what the Englishman was going to talk about. When at last he did join in the conversation, he said, "Did any of you ever come across a man named 'er—Considine—Patrick Henry Considine?"

The men looked at each other, thinking it was a catch of some sort. None of them cared to remember ever having met anyone named Considine. At last a young fellow on his way to the opal mines stepped into the breach and said:

"What about this Considine, anyhow? What do you want him for?"

The Englishman lit his pipe, and sucked at it vigorously, and then began to talk, staring in front of him like a man about to repeat a lesson.

"It's rather a long story," he said, "but it boils down to this: I'm looking for this Patrick Henry Considine, but I don't know what he's like. I don't know whether there is such a chappie, in fact, but if there

is, I've got to find him. A great uncle of mine died out here, an awful long while ago, and we believe that he left a son; and if there is such a son it turns out now that he would be entitled to an awful heap of money. The money has been heavin' up for years in Chancery and all that sort of thing, you know," he added vaguely. "My people thought I might meet him out here, don't you know—and he could go home and get all the cash, you see. They've been advertisin' for him."

"And what good will it do you?" said the opal miner, with practical directness, "supposing you do find him. Where do you come in?"

"Oh, it doesn't do me much good, don't you know, unless of course there is such a Johnny, and he dies without making a will—then the money would all come to my people. But if there is no such Johnny, it all goes to another lot of the family."

The opal miner thought the matter over for a while. "What you want," he said, "is to find this man, and find him dead. If you come across him away out in the back country, they will soon arrange his death for you if you make it worth their while. Nasty gun accident, or something like that, you know. Soon arrange a will and all, I believe."

The Englishman laughed. "Well," he said, "there's another thing," and here he sank his voice to a troubled whisper. "You know, I believe this Patrick Henry Considine, if there is such a man, is a black man, or at any rate, a half-caste."

"Why?"

"Well, our old uncle was a rummy old chap, you know; he was a bit cracked, I think, and he wrote home years ago, and said he had married a native. Do people ever marry the black women here?"

"I never heard of anyone doing it," said the opal miner. "No law against it, I suppose. But you know they call all Australian-born people 'natives.' Most likely your uncle married a colonial girl, and wrote home that he had married an Australian native."

"Do you think that was it, eh? I hope so. Be awfully unpleasant, you know, taking a half-caste chappie home as your cousin. Make people think all sorts of things, don't you know?"

"Be awfully dreadful, wouldn't it?" said the opal miner, with a wink at the company; "but come on, you fellows, let's us go and see how that man from Rockhampton is getting on. He hasn't left his cabin these two days—fairly lives on whisky, I believe. Perhaps his name is Considine. We'll go and ask him." And off they trooped, leaving the Englishman rather sorry that he had brought up the subject.

## CHAPTER IV.—A NEW CHUM IN SEARCH OF A RELATIVE.

The result of Carew's story was that everyone on board made it his life's work to find Patrick Henry Considine, and by degrees the matter became the standing ship joke. Every pilot that came on board was called Considine, much to his mystification. One of the passengers, a big fat man, one of those animals whose only idea of humour is to harass other people, constituted himself chief humourist, and took on himself to be funny at the Englishman's expense over this Considine business. The Englishman was apparently quite unconscious, and was frightfully polite, and questioned each new Considine in turn, to the great delight of the humorists in general, and of the fat passenger in particular. All sorts of stories were current about Patrick Henry Considine. One man had known him in gnat, another as cook at a shearing shed, another as a billiard marker, another as a canvasser. One passenger remembered a man of that name being tanned and feathered in a far northern township, and another had seen him fall down a forty-foot shaft in Coolgardie.

It took the young Englishman a long time to see that he was being laughed at. He was always polite and dignified, and apparently saw nothing amiss.

The girl gave him the first hint of it. She had pretty well gathered the state of things from casual conversations that she had heard on board, and she at once ranged herself on the side of her new acquaintance. She was no half-measure partisan either.

She earnestly wanted to see the young Englishman put his enemies to confusion. The first thing was to put him on his guard as to what was going on. She started very diplomatically.

"What is this joke about some lost relation of yours, Mr Carew?" she said.

The Englishman looked blankly at her. "I don't know of any joke. What joke did you hear?"

"Oh, nothing much—only that a lot of the passengers are always talking about some Considine you are looking for, and they pretend that the pilots are all called Considine. I heard the passenger that sits next the doctor saying that he had heard of a new Considine for you in the stokehole, so I thought that you must have been having some joke about it."

"Thank you awfully for telling me," he said. "I don't know that they were talking so much interest in my affairs. I am trying to find a man named Considine, but I don't expect to find him in the stokehole, don't you know. If they are getting up a joke about it, they may find that the joke isn't all on one side. Let us go forward," he added, abruptly changing the subject, "and see how the old cows are getting on."

They went forward, and he started pulling lucerne out of the bales for the old cows; and meanwhile he thought deeply. It takes some time for a slow-witted man to get thoroughly angry, and the longer he thought it over the more angry he got. By the time they went aft again he was thoroughly aroused, and only awaiting a chance to set about putting a new complexion on things. Nothing further happened that night, but at daybreak next day they arrived at a little coastal port, and the fifth consecutive pilot named Considine came on board and was warmly welcomed by the fat passenger. Carew took no notice of him, but went forward and held solitary commune with the old cows. The Considine joke fell flat for that day, but trouble arose in another manner.

While waiting for his bath that morning Carew produced from one of his boxes a large, heavy pair of Indian clubs, and began steadily going through a lot of evolution with them on deck, to the great delight of some of the passengers, who gathered round and looked on with hypocritical admiration.

Gordon, who had a horror of publicity remonstrated with him. "I wouldn't go through that exercise of yours before the passengers," he said. "They're all laughing at you."

"I don't see," said the Englishman stiffly, "what it matters a bit what some howlers think. Why shouldn't I do it? I must do something to keep in form, don't you know. It doesn't hurt them what I do."

"Oh, all right, please yourself," said Gordon. "I expect you will find they'll put up some joke on you."

"Oh, I don't think they will, don't you know," said the other with his most vacant air. "I don't see what it has to do with them anyhow—eh, what? I hear they're getting up some joke about this Considine I'm looking for. I'll be ready for 'em."

"All right, go ahead. Don't let 'em bluff you. If there gets to be any funny business, hit the first man you come across a crack on the nose. If he's the wrong man, you can apologise afterwards. They are tryin' to take a rise out of you over that Considine business, and they'll have a go at you over this, I expect."

He proved a true prophet. Next morning when the Englishman came out to do his club exercises he noticed that a great number of men seemed to be up, waiting for their baths. He stepped on to the hatch where there was clear room and began to swing his clubs. He had hardly done more than a couple of swings when he heard roars of laughter from all parts of the ship. Looking round hastily, he saw that the fat Chinese head steward, or "Number One Boy," as he was called on board, had taken up a position immediately behind him, and was solemnly and jerkily brandishing two empty beer bottles in vindictive imitation of his movements. Carew stood it for a while, but the laughter of the onlookers and the solemn bland expression of the Celestial drove him to madness. Leaping forward, he seized Lin Tiy by his loose jacket and the slack of his voluminous pants, and shook him as a terrier shakes a rat. Lin Tiy aimed a blow at him with the bottle, that, if it had got home, would have settled his account

at once. The Englishman dodged cleverly, and gave Lin Tiy another shake that made his eyes start out of his head. "Now then, you damn ruffian," he said, "who put you up to this? Tell me who put you up to this and I'll give you half a crown."

Lin Tiy struggled savagely to get away. "Who for? Who catches me? Who for?" he screamed. "I no b'long your pidgin."

"What's the row now?" said Charley Gordon, appearing on deck with the captain.

"This damned Chinaman," said Carew, ablaze with anger. "I'll kill him."

"Here, here, this won't do," said the skipper. "I can't have you knocking my Number One Boy about, Mister Carew. It's no good talking to the boy. He doesn't understand any English scarcely. What's the trouble?"

"What was he swinging bottles for, then?" said Carew, glaring round on the audience. "If I could find the man who put him up to it I'd—I'd know what to do."

"Swinging bottles," said the mystified captain. "If I catch him swinging bottles, I'll bottle him. Who put him up to it?"

No one cared to take the responsibility. "You go about your work, Lin Tiy," said the captain. Carew looked round the deck with a face black with anger, and stalked off to his bath.

Late that evening, a knot of passengers, having a final drink before going to bed, heard, with strained ears, the following dialogue which issued from the stewards' pantry.

Carew (slowly and with great emphasis): "Who was it told you to get up on the hatch to-day and swing those bottles?"

Chinese Voice (obviously Lin Tiy): "No savvy."

Carew: "Oh, yes, you do savvy. You've got to savvy. Who was it? Was it one of the passengers?"

Lin Tiy (vaguely, and without any interest in the subject): "No savvy passenger."

Carew: "Was it one of the officers?"

Lin Tiy (vaguely, as before): "No savvy officer."

Carew: "Well, how much did he give you? I'll swear you savvy that. See here, here's five shillings I'll give to know who it was."

Lin Tiy (rapidly and with animation): "Passelger b'long topsi", all same b'ling if bottles."

Carew: "Passenger b'long topside. Upper deck you mean, eh?"

Lin Tiy (with a pleased laugh): "Yeh, b'long topsi."

Carew: "A passenger from the upper deck brought the bottles, did he? What was his name?"

Lin Tiy: "No savvy."

Carew: "Well, look here, I'll come out early to the bath to-morrow morning, you savvy. (Lapsing into Pidgin English.) Bath first time to-morrow b'long me—and I'll wait and you show me the passenger. You savvy?"

Lin Tiy (light-heartedly, having evidently pocketed the five shillings): "Yeh, I savvy. You want catchee bath now. All it; can do."

Carew: "No, no, no! I don't want the bath now, you ass. I want you to show me the passenger to-morrow. You savvy?"

Lin Tiy (in a tired voice): "No more."

Now in pidgin English, "no more" means "I can't tell you—I don't understand—I haven't got it—I never had it—I gave it back—I wasn't there—I didn't see it—I am tired of the subject;" in fact, any and every possible form of denial, refusal, or contradiction. It apparently nonplussed Carew, as he at once strode wrathfully out of the stewards' pantry into the saloon, under the gaze of the half dozen or so passengers drinking there. He looked hard at them. They had intended to laugh, but they changed their minds suddenly, and became absorbed in contemplation of their drinks as he stalked through the saloon, and upstairs to his camp on the upper deck. He told Gordon of the affair, and they were thinking over various schemes for carrying the war into the enemy's camp, when the old "causus belli" once more presented itself in the most unexpected manner. The fat passenger who had been prominent in the Considine joke had met a friend who came aboard at one of the ports, and who was also humorous; and before long they put it about the ship that he had found another Considine, and were going to have no end of fun with the new chum. This news, of course, came to Gordon's ears, and

he told Carew what to expect. "Whatever they do," he said, "hit one of 'em first, and ask for explanations afterwards," and the Englishman promised faithfully that he would.

They hadn't long to wait. One day the fat passenger and his mate came aft to Carew, and told him that a man was on board named Considine, and that he had better come and have a look at him; he might see a family likeness. The Englishman said he should like it awfully. He assumed his most fatuous mechanical smile as he went forward with the two humorists, Gordon slouching along after them with his fixed stony glare. As he marched along the alley way Lin Tiy stepped for a second out of the gloom of the stewards' pantry. He touched Carew on the shoulder, pointed at the fat passenger, swung his arms once round his head as if brandishing a pair of beer bottles, and disappeared into his pantry again like a rabbit into a burrow. Carew and Gordon exchanged glances, and solemnly marched on after the fat passenger. This individual, unconscious of his impending doom, stepped briskly along, and, with a great flourish, threw open the door of a deck cabin. "Mister Patrick Emery Considine," he said, "come out, and let me introduce you to Mr. Carew, of England. I believe he's a relation of yours."

The supposed Considine stepped slowly out, blandly smiling. He was one of the black Zanzibari stokers, who happened to be off watch—a nuge nigger, as black as jet.

A loud guffaw burst from the assembled passengers, but it didn't last long. Even while they had been talking, Carew had been measuring his distance. He paused only for one brief instant, and in that instant caught sight of Miss Harriott leaning over the railings above, and watching the proceedings with breathless attention. She had seen the whole thing.

The thought flashed through his brain. "It won't do to hit the fellow before a lady," but just as he thought it, he caught her eye, and he saw a kind of fighting gleam in it that said, as plain as print, "Hit him!" Coolly and methodically, and without the least fluster, as became a pupil of Bat Mullins, he hit the fat passenger one awful punch in the ribs that doubled him up like the kick of a horse. In a second Gordon had thrown his arms round the Englishman and dragged him away with great violence, whispering in his ear, "Good, that'll do now. We'll give him all he wants later on, if he wants any more."

He made a great parade of forcing the Englishman away to his cabin, and Carew found himself engaged in a kind of stage struggle on the deck. He looked up at the rails; Miss Harriott had disappeared.

There was no more fight. The fat passenger and his friends had a

meeting and talked rather big about giving the new chum a hiding; but Gordon, who had a mania for match-making, dropped in on their meeting and said that his man was perfectly willing to fight any two of them, either singly or both at once, just as they pleased, and tried hard to get some wagers on about it. Then they complained to the captain, who told them that they had brought it on themselves, and among a lot of talk and rumour the matter fizzled out without any further result, except that no one seemed to have heard of any more Considines after this and the new chum found himself quite a popular man. Every one asked him to have a drink, and so he made his first acquaintance with the great Australian thirst—that consoling desire to drink ardent spirits at all hours of the day and night, that is one of the main characteristics of the great Australian nation. Even Gordon, who was no teetotaler, was looked upon as a haughty individual, who set up to be better than other people, because he wouldn't drink oftener than every half hour or so. Everyone else swilled away merrily all day long, and in the constant trips from cabin to cabin, and discourses on various subjects, they passed the time till they arrived at their destination, a small coast town by a muddy inland river.

It was dark when they made fast to the pier. The other passengers bustled off in a great hurry to get up and have a drink at the nearest hotel, regardless of the number of board ship drinks they had disposed of. Carew and Gordon, after arguing and quarrelling over the former's mountains of luggage, at last came amicably down into the saloon together to give the fat "Number One Boy" a tip. Here, in the lonely saloon, they found Miss Harriott sitting at the table with an open telegram before her. Her face was buried in her hands, and she was crying softly. When she heard them come in, she rose and hurried towards her cabin, but Charley Gordon placed himself in her way. He had hardly spoken to the girl on the voyage, but had the absolute naive self-confidence that comes to a man far away in the bush, where the "boss," or man in authority, is like a general in command of an army, and has to see into everyone's troubles and make all arrangements for everything. To him it was a most manifest and obvious duty to inquire into this girl's affairs. "What is it, Miss Harriott?" he said. "Can we do anything for you?"

Something in the simple kindness of his tone touched the girl. She turned and looked at them with eyes in which the tears still shone; she tried hard to choke the sob down and to speak calmly.

"You are very good," she said, "but

## THE BEST CHOCOLATE.

When placing on the market the new product Van Houten's Chocolate (for eating), some months ago, the manufacturers had before them the object of offering buyers a nutritive and digestible Chocolate of irreproachable composition, while at the same time more delicious in flavor than any of the already existing kinds; in other words, a Chocolate which, both from the point of view as to health as well as to flavor, should satisfy the most exacting demands. The universal good opinion concerning Van Houten's Chocolate, seems to prove that this object has been attained; and it is recognised as being superior to other Chocolates, as Van Houten's Cocoa is superior to other cocoas. When travelling, picnicking, or bicycling, it proves of great service.

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# THE FOURTH GENERATION.

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By Sir Walter Besant.

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

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### THE TIDE BEGINS TO TURN.

When Leonard was left alone he looked about him as if expecting to see something. He opened the drawer in which the book lay, but mechanically. To his great surprise he was not compelled to take out the book or to read in its accursed pages. Further, the pages of that book no longer floated before his eyes as had been their abominable habit for three weeks. For the moment, at least, he was free of the book. More than this, although the discovery—the horrible discovery—was fresh in his mind, he found himself once more free to think of other things. While he considered this phenomenon a strange weariness fell upon him. He lay down on his couch, closed his eyes, and instantly fell asleep.

It was then noon. When he awoke the room was dark; he got up and turned on the light. It was midnight. Again he felt the heaviness of sleep; he went into his bedroom, undressed, lay down, and again fell fast asleep. He slept till noon next day. He had slept twice round the clock, so great was the relief from the long tension of the last three weeks.

He dressed, expecting the customary summons to the Book and the Case. None came. He took breakfast and opened the paper. For three weeks he had been unable to read the paper at all. Now, to his surprise, he approached it with all his customary interest. Nothing was suggested to his mind as to the book. He went into the study, he even opened the drawer; he was not afraid, though no compulsion obliged him to take out the book; since he was not constrained, as before, to open it, he put it back again. He remarked that the loathing with which he had regarded it only the day before was gone. In fact, he heeded the book no longer; it was like the dead body of a demon which could do no more harm.

He turned to the papers on his writing-table; there were the unfinished sheets of the article for the "Quarterly Review." He took them up with a new-born delight and the anticipation of the pleasure of finishing the thing; he wondered how he had been able to suspend his work for so long. There was a pile of letters, the unopened, unanswered letters of the last three weeks; he hurriedly tore them open; they must be answered without delay.

All this time he was not forgetful of the Discovery. That was now made; it was complete.

He sat down, his mind clear once more, and made out the steps by which the truth had been recovered. To give his thoughts words, "We started with two assumptions, both of which were false; and both made it impossible to find the truth. The first of these was the assumption that the two were fast and firm friends, whereas they were for the moment at variance on some serious affair—so much at variance that on two occasions before the last, one of them had become like a madman in his rage. The second was the assumption that the squire had turned and gone home at the entrance of the wood. Both at the inquest and the trial that had been taken for granted. Now the boy had simply said that they went into the wood together and that one had come out alone.

"In consequence of these two assumptions we were bound to find someone in the wood who must have done the deed. The boy declared that no one was in the wood at half-past five in the morning, and that he saw no one go in till John Dunning went in at noon. The cottage woman said that no one at all had used that path that day. The squire must have seen anybody who was lurking there. If we remove the two assumptions—if we suppose that they entered the wood quarrelling—if we remember

that the evening before one of them had become like a madman for rage—if we give them ten minutes or a quarter of an hour together—if we remember the superior height of one, which alone enabled the blow to fall on the top of the other's head—if we add to all this the subsequent behaviour of the survivor, there is no longer the least room for doubt. The murderer was Algernon Campaigne, Justice of the Peace, Master of Campaigne Park."

All this he reasoned out coldly and clearly. That he could once more reason on any subject gave him so much relief, that the blow and shame of the discovery were greatly lessened. He remembered that the event happened seventy years before; that there could be no further inquiry; and that there was no need to speak of it to any other members of his family.

By this time, what was left of the family honour? He laughed bitterly as he reflected on the blots upon that fair white scutcheon. Suicide—bankruptcy—the mud and mire of dire poverty—forgery—shame and pretence, and at last the culminating crime beyond which one can hardly go—the last crime which was also the first—the slaying of a man by his brother—MURDER!

A knock at the door roused him. Was it more trouble? He sat up instinctively to meet it. But he was quite calm. He did not expect trouble. When it comes one generally feels it beforehand. Now he felt no kind of anticipation. It was in fact only a letter from Constance.

"I write to tell you that the misfortunes of your House are over. There will be no more. I am certain of what I say. Do not ask me how I learned this, because you would not believe. We have been led to the discovery which ends it all."

"Constance."

"The Discovery," he thought, "which is worse than all the rest put together. No more misfortunes? No more consequences, then. What does she mean? Consequences must go on."

You remember how one day there came one who told of trouble, and almost before he had finished speaking there came also another with more trouble, and yet a third with more.

This afternoon the opposite happened. There came three, but they were not messengers of trouble, but of peace and even joy.

"The first was his cousin, Mary Anne. 'I've come,' she said, 'with a message from my brother. Sam is very sorry that he carried on here as he says he did. I don't know how he carried on, but Sam is very nasty sometimes when his temper and his troubles get the better of him.'"

"Pray do not let him be troubled. I have quite forgotten what he said."

"It seems that he brought his precious bill against Granny and showed it to you. He says that he's put it in the fire, and that he didn't mean it, except in the hope that you'd lend him a little money."

"I see. Well, my cousin, is that all?"

"Oh, he begs your pardon humbly. And he says that the builder has got the bank to back him after all, and he'll wait now for his share of the accumulations."

"I am sorry that he still entertains hopes in that direction."

"As for Granny, she's so vexed and put out about his showing you that bill—and so am I—that a grandson of hers should do such things, that we've arranged to part company. Granny will live with me—I can afford it—and mother will go on with Sam. And I do hope, Mr Campaigne, that you will come and see her sometimes. She says have you read the book?"

"Yes, I will go to see her sometimes. Tell her so. And as for the book, I have read it all through."

"And did it do you good to read the book? To me it always makes that old gentleman so grand and good,

finding lawyers for the poor innocent man and all."

"Tell her the book has produced all the effects she desired and more."

While she was still speaking Uncle Fred burst in. Mary Anne retired, making way for the visitor, who, she perceived from the family likeness, was a large and very magnificent specimen of the Campaigne family.

"My boy," he cried, "I am going back again. Barlow Brothers must be saved. Nothing short of a national disaster must be averted."

"Indeed! I am glad. You are now going to make a company of it, I suppose?"

"Perhaps," he replied with decision. "The City has had its chance and has refused its opportunity. I now return to Australia. The firm of Barlow Brothers may rise conspicuous and colossal, or it may continue to be a purveyor of sardines and bottled butter."

At this point his eye fell upon a letter. It was one of the documents in the Case; in fact, it was the letter from Australia, which came with John Dunning's memorandum. By accident it had not been put away with the rest. He read the superscription on the seal—"John Dunning's Sons."

"John Dunning's Sons?" he asked. "John Dunning's Sons?"

"It's an old story. Your grandfather helped John Dunning in early life." Leonard took out the letter. "They write to express the gratitude, a post-mortem gratitude, of the late John Dunning to the family generally. Would you like to read it?"

Uncle Fred read it. His jovial face became grave, even austere in thoughtfulness. He folded the letter and put it in his pocket. "By your leave," he said. "My dear boy, the Dunnings are the richest people in the colony. I am a made man. Their gratitude amply warms my heart. It inspires belief in human nature. With this letter—with this introduction—Barlow Brothers vanish. — the sardine boxes! Fred Campaigne returns to Australia and Fortune smiles. My boy, farewell. With this letter in my pocket I start to-morrow."

There remained one more—Christopher, the speechmaker.

He came with a subdued joy. "They know all, Leonard. I've had a terrible time with the wife and the daughter. But now they know it."

"How do they know?"

"That BEAST called at the house, went upstairs, and told the wife. There was a terrible scene."

"So I should suppose."

"Yes, it's all right, though. I persuaded them, with a good deal of trouble, that the profession was rather more holy than the Church. I produced the facts, especially the income."

"That would be a serious factor in the case."

"Yes. And I pointed out the educational side—the advance of oratory. So they came round little by little, and I clinched the thing by offering to go back to the Bar, in which case we should have to live at Shepherd's Bush, in a £40 a year semi-detached, while Algernon went into the City as a clerk at fifteen shillings a week, which is more than his true value."

"Well, since it did well I congratulate you. The profession will be continued, of course?"

"Of course. But I confess I was surprised at the common sense of Algernon. He will immediately enter at the Bar; he will join me; there will henceforth be two successful lawyers in the family instead of one."

"And what about the threatened exposure?"

"Algernon has gone to see the BEAST. He is to promise him that if a word or a hint is dropped, everybody shall know where he, the BEAST, buys his stories and his poems, and his epigrams, as well as his after-dinner speeches. Algernon has fished it all out."

So with a chuckle of congratulation the weaver of speeches went away.

I don't know what you can do. This telegram—I've just got it. I came up to be—governess"—she half hesitated over the word—"at this station, and now, it seems, they don't want me. There has been some mistake, and I—"

Gordon looked at the telegram. "And you've come all the way from Sydney up here, only to find that they've changed their minds. Of course, you can make them pay later on, but I suppose you don't know what to do now, eh?"

"I really don't," she said. "I've spent all my money," she went on, her face crimson, "and I—I really don't know what to do."

Gordon's mind worked quickly. With the most ready smile in the world he turned to the Englishman. "Why," he said, "isn't this an extraordinary thing, Carew? Wasn't I just saying to you yesterday, that I've been looking everywhere for someone to teach my nephews and nieces down at the old station in New South Wales! My mother asked me to look out for some one. Now Miss Harriott, if you are willing to go straight back in the ship, and go up to my mother at the old station, it would be a real godsend to her. Will you go? It will save you a lot of trouble."

She looked at him for a while keenly, but the deep set eyes and motionless features told her nothing. Gordon had the face of a born poker player.

"Do you really mean this?" she said at last.

"Of course I mean it. Ask Carew here if I haven't been hunting all over Sydney to send someone up. Why, it's the best luck I ever heard of. Suits all of us splendidly!"

She looked at the two men again. Women always know instinctively a man that they can trust, and after a moment's hesitation she made up her mind.

"It's very good of you," she said, speaking in a low voice. "But I am quite a stranger to you. I came out here to get my living by teaching, and I'd like you to see some letters I've got, so that you'll know who I am."

"I am quite satisfied about that, Miss Harriott," said Gordon. "You go down and give the work a trial. You'll find my mother very hard to please, and the youngsters you'll have to teach are born imps of Satan, everyone of 'em. You're in for a real hard time. My sister has been teaching 'em and she's struck work—got worn out at it. Now say you'll go, and I'll see to all the arrangements. You'll have to go, in fact—I'll take no denial."

And so it came about that in the space of ten minutes Ellen Harriott became engaged as governess to a family she had never seen by a man who knew nothing of her. Gordon arranged all about her steamer passage, and handed her an envelope which he said contained a cheque for railway and other expenses. He gave her full directions for the journey and said good-bye with quite an air of proprietorship, and left her to face the long journey back to Sydney.

Then our two heroes went up to the little town to arrange about their trip inland. They walked along in silence, meditating on their late experience.

Carew broached the subject first. "Are there any nephews and nieces of yours to teach, eh?" he said. "All humbug, I s'pose. Wanted to pay her passage back, eh?"

"Not at all," said Gordon, very earnestly. "I've got a lot of nephews and nieces at the old station, and my sister teaches 'em, and a band of demons they are. Now that girl can have a try at it, anyhow, and see how she gets on. I'll write to the old lady to tell her she's coming, and I'll put Pincock on to these people that turned her away, and I'll make 'em sorry, I promise you. It's no way to treat a girl like that to be sending her tramping up and down this coast after a lot of hoodlums not fit to black her boots. Come on, now, and see about getting that mountain of baggage of yours into the hotel. We'll have to get 'em to dump it down in the yard and erect a buildin' round it. I expect. Then we'll go back to the ship and see that girl off."

(To be Continued.)

Mick: "Do you think O'm a mug?"  
Pat: "A mug, me bhoy? Ye're a regular challenge cup!"

Only the day before Leonard would have received this communication with disgust as another humiliation. The way of deception—the life of pretence—was kept open. It would have been a tearing down of more family pride. Now, it was nothing; part of the pretence which keeps society going. It no longer belonged to himself, any more than that ugly old story common to the two brothers, in which somebody's name was put to something—why should he trouble about that grimy old legend? As for the coarse and common cunning of the struggling solicitor—what did it matter to him? How was he affected when his distant cousin Sam wanted to get money from him by threats or by cajoling? He was hardly conscious that so great a change had fallen upon him. Nor did he, as yet, attribute it to the Discovery, which had at first thrilled his soul with horror.

Had the children been visited enough? If the old man was of the first generation, then he was of the fourth. "Unto the third and fourth." Why then, in his own person, the visitation, whether Consequence or Punishment, should come to an end.

CHAPTER XIX.  
SPEAKS—AT LAST.

Was it really, at last, the last day of Visitation? Punishment or Consequence, would there be no more?

Punishment or Consequence. One thing more happened on this eventful day. It came in a telegram from the ancestral housekeeper.

"Please come down as soon as you can. The master is going on queer. I think he is changing."

Changing! When a man is ninety-five what change do his friends expect? Leonard carried the telegram to Constance.

"I think," he said, "it must be the end."

"It is assuredly the end. You will go at once—to-day. Let me go with you, Leonard."

"You! But it would only distress you."

"It will not distress me if I can take him, before he dies, a simple message."

"You sent me a message. How did you know that it was a message?"

"I knew it was a message because I saw it with my mind's eye written clear and bright, and because I heard it plain and unmistakable."

"You said that all the misfortunes were over. Yet now we get this telegram."

"Why—do you call this a misfortune? What more can we desire for that poor old man but the end?"

"They started at once; they caught a train which landed them at the nearest station a little before seven. It was an evening in April. The sun was sinking, the cloudless sky was full of peace and light, the air was as soft as it was fragrant; there was no rustle of branches, the birds were hushed."

"It is the end," said Constance, softly, "and it is peace."

They had not spoken since they started together for the station. When one knows the mind of his companion what need for words?

Presently they turned from the road into the park. It was opposite the stile over which, seventy years ago, one man had passed on his way to death, and another, less fortunate, on his way to destruction. Then the girl spoke.

"I have been looking for this," she said. "Yesterday I sent you that message. I knew it was a true message, because there fell upon me, quite suddenly, a deep calm. All my anxieties vanished. We have been so torn"—she spoke as if the House was hers as well—"by troubles and forebodings, with such woes and rumours of woes, that when they vanished suddenly and unexpectedly, I knew that the time was over."

"You are a witch, Constance."

"Many women are when they are interested. Oh, Leonard! what a happiness that there is always an end of everything—of sorrow, nay of joy! There must come—at last—the end, even of Punishment or of Consequence."

She looked up and round. "The evening is so peaceful—look at the glories of the west—it is so peaceful that one cannot believe in storm and hail and frost. It seems to mean, for us, relief—and for him—forgiveness."

Everything was, indeed, still—there was no sound even of their own footsteps as they walked across the springy turf of the park, and the house when they came within view of it was

bathed in the colours of the west, every window flaming with the joy of life instead of the despair of death. Yet within was a dying man.

"Death is coming," said Constance, "with pardon upon his wings."

The housekeeper met them, weeping, as women servants always weep, at the approach of Death, "in 'He's in the library," she said.

"He went out this morning as usual, but came back after a bit and went in and sat down. I offered him a glass of wine, but he shook his head. At one o'clock I took him his dinner, but he could eat nothing. Presently he drank a glass of wine. At four o'clock I took him his tea, but he wouldn't touch it. Only he drank another glass of wine. That's all he's had since the morning. And now he is sitting doubled up, with his face working terrible."

They opened the door of the library softly and went in. He was not sitting "doubled up," he was lying back, in his ragged old leather chair, extended—his long legs stretched out, his hands on the arms of the chair, his broad shoulders and his great head lying back—splendid even in decay, like autumn opulent. His eyes were open, staring straight upwards to the ceiling. His face was, as the housekeeper put it, "working."

It spoke of some internal struggle. What was it that he was fighting in his weary brain?

"Leonard," the girl whispered, "it is not despair in his face. It is not defiance. Look! It is doubt. There is something he cannot understand. He hears whispers. Oh, I think I hear them, too! I know what they are and whose they are." She drew down her veil to hide her tears.

The sun had now gone down. The shadows of the twilight lay about the corners of the big room, the rows of books looked ghastly; the western light began to fall, and the colours began to fade. A fire burned all the year round; the flames began to throw flickering lights and shadows about the room; they lit up the face of the old man, and his figure seemed to stand out clear and apart, as if there were nothing in the room but himself; nay, as if there were no room, no furniture, no house, nothing but that one sole figure in the presence of the unspeakable presence—of the Judge.

His face was changing; the housekeeper spoke the truth. The defiance and the stubbornness were going out of it. What was come to take their place? As yet nothing but doubt and pain and trouble. As for the whispers, there was no proof that there were any whispers, save from the assurance of the girl who heard them with the ear of faith. Leonard stepped forward and bent over him.

"Sir," he said, solemnly, "you know me. I am your great-grandson—the grandson of your eldest son, who killed himself because he discovered a secret—your secret. And he could no longer endure it and live. I am his grandson."

The words were plain, even brutal. Leonard intended that there should be no mistake about them. But, plain as they were, they produced no effect. There was not even a gleam in the old man's eye to show that he heard.

"You are ninety-five," Leonard went on. "It is time to speak. I have brought with me one who will recall a day—if you have ever forgotten it—of tragic memories—the day when you lost at once your wife and your brother-in-law. You have never forgotten that day, have you?"

The old man made no reply. But he closed his eyes, perhaps as a sign that he refused to listen.

"Sir, I have a message for you. It is from the man whom you saved from the gallows; the innocent man whom you saved at a trial for murder. He sent a message from his death-bed—words of gratitude and of prayer. The good deed that you did has grown and borne fruit a hundred-fold—your good deed. Let the grateful words of that man be some comfort to you."

Again the old man made no sign. At this point an unexpected interruption took place, for the door was opened and a man, a villager, came clumping in noisily. It was the boy who had done the bird-snarling.

"They told me," he addressed Leonard but he looked at the figure in the chair, "that you were here—and they said that he was going at last. So I came. I minded what you said. Did never a one suspect? That's what you said. I don't care for him now."

He nodded valiantly at the figure of his old master.

"He won't hurt no one—no more." He clumped across the room, being rheumatic, and planted himself before the chair, bringing his stick down with a bump on the floor.

"Did never a man suspect?" He looked round and held up his finger. He suspected. And he knew. "Old man"—he addressed himself directly to the silent figure—"who done that job? You done it. Nobody else done it. Nobody else could ha' done it. Who done it? You done it. There was nobody else in the wood but you before John Dunning came along."

Leonard took him by the arm and led him unresisting out of the library. But he went on repeating his story as if he could not say it often enough to satisfy his conscience.

"I always meant to tell him some day before I died. Now I have told him, I'll tell all the people too—all of them. Why should I go on putting it away and hiding it? He ought to ha' swung long ago—he ought. And he shall too. He shall yet—though he be ninety years and more. Who done it? Who done it? Who done it? He done it. He done it. He done it. He done it, I say."

They heard his voice as Leonard led him to the door; they heard his voice when Leonard shut the door upon him, repenting his refrain in a smile sing-song.

"What matter?" said Leonard. "Let him sing his burden all over the village. The time has gone by when such as he can hurt."

But the old man still made as if he had heard nothing. He remained perfectly impassible. Not even the Spinx could be more obstinately fixed on, betraying no emotion. Presently he stirred; perhaps because he was moved; he pulled himself up with difficulty; he sat supported by the arms of the chair, his body bending under the weight of the massive head and broad shoulders, too heavy at last, even for that gigantic frame; his head was bent slightly forward; his eyes deep set, were now fixed upon the red coals of the fire which burned all the year round to warm him; his face was drawn by hard lines which stood out like ropes in the freelight. His abundant white hair lay upon his shoulders, and his long white beard fell round him to the waist.

And thus he had been for seventy years—while his early manhood passed slowly into the prime of life, while the first decay touched his locks with tiny streaks of grey, while early age fell upon him, while his face grew furrowed, while his eyes sank and his cheek bones stood out, while his teeth fell out and his long face was shortened and his ancient comeliness vanished. So he had remained while his neglected children grew up, while Consequences fell unheeded and unknown upon his house, ignorant of what went on in the outer world, though a new world grew up around him with new thoughts, new ideas, new standards, and a new civilisation. The Great Revolution which we call the Nineteenth Century went on around him, and he knew nothing; he lived as he was born, in the eighteenth century, which was prolonged to the days of King George the Fourth. If he thought at all in his long life, his thoughts were as the thoughts of the time in which he was born.

Did he think at all? Of what could he think when day followed day and one was like another and there was no change; when spring succeeded winter unheeded; and cold and heat were alike to one who felt neither; and there was no book or newspaper or voice of friend to bring food for the mind or to break the monotony of the days.

The anchorite of the Church could pray; his only occupations were prayer and his nightly wrestling with the Devil. Since this anchorite of the Country House could not pray there was left with him, day and night, the latter resource. Surely, after seventy long years, this occupation must have proved wearisome.

"You said once," Leonard went on, "that you could end it if you would only speak." The old man made no sign. "Speak then. Speak, and end it. Speak, and tell us what we already know."

There was still no reply. "You have suffered so long. You have made atonement so terrible; it is time to speak and end it." His face visibly hardened.

"Oh! It is no use," Leonard cried, in despair. "It is like walking into a brick wall. Sir, you hear me—you understand what is said. You cannot tell us one single thing that we do not know already." He made a gesture of despair and stepped back.

Then Constance herself stepped forward. She threw herself at his feet—like a Greek supplicant she clasped his knees and she spoke, slowly and softly: "You must hear me. I have a right to be heard. Look at me. I am the great-granddaughter of Langley Holms." She raised her veil.

The old man screamed aloud. He caught the arms of the chair and sat upright. He stared at her face. He trembled and shook all over; inasmuch that at the shaking of his large frame, the floor also trembled and shook, and the plates on the table and the fender rattled.

"Langley!" he cried, seeing nothing but her face. "Langley! You have come back. At last! At last!"

He could not understand that this was a living woman, not a dead man—he saw only her face, and it was the face of Langley himself.

"Yes," she said, boldly. "Langley come back. He says that you have suffered long enough. He says that he has forgiven you long ago. His sister has forgiven you. All is forgiven, Langley says. Speak—speak—in the very presence of God Who knows. It was your hand that murdered Langley. Speak. You struck him with the club in the forehead so that he fell dead. When he was brought home dead your punishment began with the death of your wife, and has gone on ever since. Speak!"

The old man shook his head mechanically. He tried to speak. It was as if his lips refused to utter the words. He sank back in the chair, still gazing upon the face and trembling. At last he spoke.

"Langley knows—Langley knows," he said.

"Speak!" Constance commanded. "Langley knows—"

"Speak!"

"I did it!" said the old man. Constance knelt down before him and prayed aloud.

"I did it!" he repeated. Constance took his hand and kissed it.

"I am Langley's child," she said. "In his name you are forgiven. Oh, the long punishment is over. You are forgiven."

Then a strange thing happened. It happens often with the very old that in the hour of death there falls upon the face a return of youth. The old man's face became young; the years fell from him; but for his white hair you would have thought him young again. The hard lines vanished, with the crow's-feet and the creases and the furrows, and the soft colour of youth re-appeared upon his cheek. Oh! the goodly man—the splendid face and figure of a man. He stood up, without apparent difficulty; he held Constance by the hand—but he stood up without support, towering in his six feet six, erect and strong.

"Forgiven?" he asked. "What is there to be forgiven? Let us walk into the wood, Langley. Let us walk into the wood. My dear, I do not understand. Langley's child is but a baby in arms." His hand dropped.

He would have fallen to the ground but that Leonard caught him and laid him gently on the chair.

"It is the end," said Constance. "He has spoken."

It was the end. The Recluse was dead. (To be concluded.)

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SERIAL STORY.

HER LAST THROW.

BY "THE DUCHESS."

CHAPTER VI.

Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news Hath but a losing office; and his tongue Sounds ever after as a sullen bell, Remembered knolling a departed friend.

Mr Wylding and Pasco Severn, having isolated themselves somewhat from those around, are engaged in an unaimed conversation. Pasco had seen a good deal of the lawyer in town, and had taken a tremendous fancy to him—a fancy warmly returned. Just now Wylding seems to have flung aside the man of law and become as idle as the rest of them. It is a relief to find himself at last at anchor beside Pasco, who has always appeared to him to be a singularly earnest, strong man—a tenacious man in the midst of a frivolous generation. Of the three brothers Pasco seems, to the thinking man of the world, by many miles the best. Sir George is big, burly, good-natured; Ernest is well, hardly worth considering, according to Wylding's private belief. A mere society butterfly. It would be invidious to suggest that circumstances rather than honest help have brought to birth this severe criticism.

Pasco, although pleased to be with Wylding, has always an occupied air. He seems to be perpetually looking round for something, some one, dithering absent. As a fact, Mrs Barrington, late though the hour is, has not put in an appearance. What has kept her? Suddenly his face brightens, his eyes light up.

"Oh! there she is!" says he, involuntarily.

Wylding grows amused. "No? Really?" says he. At this Pasco laughs, amused too. "Was it a betrayal?" says he. "Well, she is worthy of it. As I have committed myself so far, I may as well take you on to the end. Don't you think there is—something very special about her?"

He points to a group standing a good way off.

"She's a very pretty girl, no doubt," says Wylding, who in his soul thinks the person he is regarding distinctly plain.

"She's not a girl," says Severn, pleased, however, at the tribute to his love. "She's a widow."

"A widow? Why, any one—"

He breaks off suddenly, and fumbling impatiently for his eyeglasses, presses it into his right eye.

"My Jewel!" says he, as if his breath had been taken away.

"What?"

"What the deuce brings her here?"

"Who?" asks Pasco again.

"Why, that—woman. The one standing at the right of the group."

"A card, I suppose. That's Miss Aldworth."

"Nonsense! I know her. I mean the woman with the lilac flowers in her bonnet."

"The lilac. Why, that is Mrs Barrington," says Pasco.

"Mrs—" he pauses. "Mrs Barrington! Who told my aunt to ask her here?"

"What do you mean?" says Severn, with a sudden glance that has something savage in it.

"Mean? I mean that that woman over there has no right to be there. She—"

"Speak, man!" says Severn, seeing he pauses, Pasco's face is livid now; there is something murderous in his eyes.

"Why, my dear fellow," Wylding hesitates, as if overwhelmed by thought, and now bursts forth: "By George! it will be a blow to my aunt! Speak. It is I who can speak! Why, that woman over there was the most notorious woman in town three years ago. She—"

"Damn you, sir! How dare you say such things of her?" cried Pasco, violently. He is as white as death. He has grasped Wylding by his arm, high up, and makes as though he would spring at him. Wylding, by a sharp movement, not a bit too soon accomplished, shakes himself free.

"Great Heavens!" says he. "I never suspected this, I thought, when you spoke, it was the girl down there—"

"You are a liar—a damned liar!" says Pasco, trembling from head to foot. "If you have a last remnant of manhood left in you, you will—"

"Be silent," says the other, quickly. "Think of all these people. Already they are looking our way. Be careful, Severn, if only for—the words stick in his throat—for her sake." They must, however, be said for his sake.

"Come here, then," says Pasco, drawing him behind a heavy laurel hedge. "Now, then, sir, speak! The truth! Believe me, you shall answer to me—in blood—for every lie you have uttered against that lady!"

"For every lie! I would to Heaven they were lies, and that my blood could wash them out," says Wylding, passionately. "You know how I have regarded you, Severn, that never before have I given a man my friendship—until I met you, I lived on acquaintance alone. It sufficed me, but to you I have given my best. Would I willingly hurt or insult you? I entreat you to be calm."

"To the point, sir!" cries Pasco, in a miserable attempt at superiority. The other's evident and most unmistakable sorrow has sunk into his soul and withered it; truth lies within that grief.

"You would know all?" says Wylding, very pale now, but thinking it best to conceal nothing.

"All?"

"I defended her," says Wylding in a low tone. He now is trembling. God alone knows how he shrinks from his task. "You must have read it in the papers. The case of that dancing girl, Corn Strange, and her claim on the property of the late Lord Ilton?"

"Corn Strange—oh, no, no!" says Severn, violently. "I apologise for that word 'Jie.' Wylding; but you mistake—yes, mistake! You—"

fairly. "There is a mistake somewhere."

"There is no mistake here," says Wylding, slowly, yet with decision. "As I tell you, I defended her, and she won her case. He left her all his money. At least, as much as he could."

"Well, but she might have been a cousin, a niece, a daughter. Nowadays, people of great respectability go upon the stage. Who is to say that she—"

"She was his mistress!" says Wylding, in a whisper almost, but without an attempt at compromise. There is a silence that might well be termed fearful. Anguish unspeakable fills it. Wylding, expecting nothing but an attack, judging by Severn's wild face, stands waiting, but Pascoe does nothing. He stands silent, motionless. He has forgotten all about the other. This horrible thing that has fallen into his day has destroyed all minor sentiments. He can feel no longer. Neither grief, nor rage, nor fear—all is a blank.

Wylding, frightened by his appearance, at last rouses him.

"Go home," says he. "It can't have gone so far yet. Be thankful that you know the truth in time; many a man—"

"I am not thankful," says the other in a queer tone. "And as for knowing—after all, it makes no difference. It would have been better otherwise—different—but—we—we love each other."

"You are not well, Severn. Go to your own house. Rest will bring sense, knowledge, comfort."

"Comfort!" Oh, the desolation in that good word!

"Certainly," says the other, with a far greater assurance than he feels. If he had not been safe in the belief that Pasco's admiration was that ugly girl, would he ever have made that disastrous disclosure? Yes, yes, surely. What sort of a friend would he be to know a thing of that sort and yet conceal it? Yet now at heart he is sore indeed, that his should have been the hand!

"Would you rather have learned it later?" asks he, his own grief making his tone stern. "Hear me, Severn. She was a dancer. Nothing but a ballet girl. Of good family, I believe,

but she ran away from home early and gave herself up to ambition—of a sort. She happened to meet with Lord Ilton, an elderly man, and of good character, I understand. But men are mortal, and he fancied her. His own wife was in a mad house, hopelessly insane for fifteen years before he saw Miss—Mrs.—you know," confusedly, "and according to our clever laws he could not therefore marry again so long as the mad wife lived."

"Tell me this: if he could have married her, would you have advised him to take that step?" asked Severn, laying a cold, clutching hand upon his shoulder. Wylding's eyes sink, but a determination to stop this disastrous affair at all risks is strong enough to aid him to a just answer.

"No," says he, reluctantly, but certainly. "Her life before that was—"

"Oh!" cries Severn, releasing him with a gesture that almost compels his silence. "Oh!" and that only. It is the merest sound, but he stutters back and covers his eyes with his hands. His friend has dealt him his death-stroke. He moves away, walking like a drunken man. Wylding follows him.

"This will wear off, Severn," says he, stupidly, nervously, hardly knowing what he says.

"Never!" vehemently. "And see here." He turns to Wylding with a sort of dogged fury in his look and tone. "You may all round her down and try to ruin her and drag her in the dust, and though I might believe all you say, still I shall be true to her so long as she remains true to me."

"If that is your last word," says Wylding, "I warn you that I shall take means to prevent your achieving your mad purpose."

Severn hurls at him a savage word, and disappears.

A determination arrived at by a man of Wylding's stamp is not lightly laid aside. Making his way to Sir George Severn's side, he stubbornly leads him away from the others, and pours into his horrified ears the true history of Mrs. Barrington.

"But, my dear fellow, you must be mistaken," says Sir George, horror-struck.

"She is a most respectable person—excellent references. My man of business will tell you all about her. I've let her my own house—small place—Priory, you know."

"The Priory?—a fit residence for her, on my soul," says Wylding, with a harsh laugh. He is terribly disquieted still, as he thinks of that last glance Pasco had given him. "I tell you, Sir George, there is no mistake. I tell you, too, it is your duty as his brother to go to her, to lay the facts before her, to—"

"Good Heavens! The grave must be a good place, after all," says Sir George, groaning heavily, and lifting protesting hands to the sky.

CHAPTER VII.

"Thy leaf has perished in the green."

"Never morning wore To evening, but some heart did break."

When he enters her drawing room next morning, however—though his heart is dying within him, still his demeanour is all that of the ordinary courteous, if somewhat abrupt, Englishman. He has seen very little of his tenant up to this. But Wylding had given him to understand that she would probably be an unscrupulous person, and that if Pasco had proposed marriage to her, would keep him to his bargain, or else make another very advantageous one for herself.

The room is in shade, all the blinds having been pulled down in a vain endeavour to exclude the heat. These are silk blinds of a soft rose colour.

"Meretricious!" mutters Sir George to himself, being naturally prejudiced. The room being empty, he has time to make reflections and to look around him.

It must be confessed it is a charming room—a very bower of roses. Exquisite bowls and foreign vases are filled to overflowing with rich, drooping Glôire de Dijons, while other homelier roses lie in rich profusion on every table and cabinet. The floor is waxed and partially covered by a huge Turkish carpet; here and there are Persian prayer-rugs; in the corners tall palms rest against dainty screens, and the long walls are covered here and there, at long distances, by a few carefully selected water-colours.

Sir George is looking at one of one of these, when the door opens and Mrs. Barrington comes in. She is looking singularly lovely even for her, and advances to meet him with a bright smile. Something in his return gaze, however—something—what is it?—kills her smile almost at its birth. Her heart gives one great leap, and that old, horrible physical pain seems to clutch it again. She feels she has grown white to her very lips, but she so far struggles with the growing faintness that is threatening to overcome her, to stand upright, and even speak to him with at least an assumption of calm.

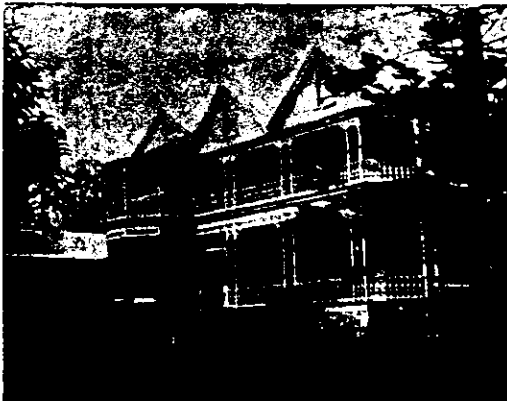
"You wish to see me—to speak to me?" says she, her voice cold as death, and as hard. That sudden destruction has come upon her she knows perfectly. It is all over, that one mad dream of respectability—of hope—of rest and peace.

"Yes," and on a rather unhappy business," says Sir George, staring at his hat and wishing himself dead. "You—er—you—"

"Yes?" in an uncomprising tone. If he had hoped that she would have helped him she finds himself mistaken; and yet, after one short, nervous glance at her face, he sees that she knows.

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"Mrs Barrington," says he, quickly, "believe me when I say that it is with terrible regret I come here to-day. Be frank with me. Perhaps," doubtfully, "perhaps, after all, you will be able to explain to—"

"Perhaps," says she, with a strange smile. Some note in her voice and a touch of defiance in her eyes hardens him toward her. Her very lips are white, but there is an open determination to fight it out to the last that angers him and lowers her still further in his estimation. If she had given in at once, had had recourse to tears, to entreaties—but she looks strong, here, almost bold.

"You can answer me one question, at least," says he stiffly. He has not sat down, and now rests his hand upon the back of a chair near her. "Who was Mr Barrington?"

"An unfortunate question. It is indeed the one I cannot answer—"

"You cannot?" sternly. "You refuse?"

"Certainly not. I merely said I could not."

"You mean by that—"

"That I don't know myself." She looks at him fixedly. "There was no Mr Barrington," says she.

"Ah! I am then to understand—"

"Anything you wish. I suppose I am to understand that you would like a new tenant here?"

"That, of course," says Sir George, coldly. "There is, however, something more. I have heard—I have been told—that my brother Pasco has been seen here very frequently of late."

"Have you?"

"I have said so," returns Sir George, frowning heavily. "I see I may as well speak openly. All your early life has been made known to me, and therefore it is desirable that any—friendship between you and my brother should at once come to an end."

"That is a matter for his consideration," replies she, calmly, almost insolently. Her beautiful face is set like marble. She is quite composed now, with an ease and a grace unspeakable.

She leans backward, takes a huge fan off a table behind her, and opens it. Her consummate self-possession destroys the small grins of it that Sir George can command.

"I am to understand—" says he again, stammering. He stops short, and she breaks into a low but mirthless laugh.

"You are bent on understanding a great deal, it seems to me," says she. "I am afraid it will prove too much for you. Why don't you give it up, or else say plainly what it is you do want to understand?"

"I will," says Sir George, with sudden fire, the blood mounting to his brow. No one likes being held up to ridicule. "Do you mean that under the circumstances you are still determined to keep my brother to any rash proposals he may have made to you?"

"I don't think he thought them rash."

"They were, nevertheless, under—" He pauses. He has been about to repeat himself and again incur further ridicule. He is not to escape, however.

"Under the circumstances," supplements she, smiling, "there is nothing like iteration, after all. It impresses one so. You were saying, Sir George—"

She leans toward him.

"I was asking you," says he, "whether you meant to keep my brother to his word?"

"What word?"

"To any offer of marriage he may have made you."

A thought seems to strike her at this instant. It renders her mute. Once again that awful pain grasps her heart. He—he—could he have sent this man?

"Am I to regard you as your brother's envoy?" asks she, with parched lips. "Has he sent you here to-day—to ask that question?"

"He is entirely ignorant of my coming," replies Sir George, who is far too much of a gentleman to even see the grand opportunity he has created for himself. The old copy-books tell us that "an opportunity once lost is never

to be regained." Sir George has lost his.

Mrs Barrington leans back in her chair, and to the first time since Sir George entered the room a soft flush colours her cheeks. He has not been false, then! All is not lost yet. And this man—his brother—by what authority has he come here to insult her? Alas, she ought to be used to it! Has not insult, open and covert, been her food through life? Save from one only—that man who now lies dead! Yet, had he lived, would she have been true to him? She had not loved him. She had never loved until she came down to this quiet, remote little country spot, so hidden away from the wide, horrible, staring world that she had believed she and her past would be safe here—safe from discovery. She had only desired peace from it, and lo! it had given her all things. Love. Such love. She clinches her hands together. Oh, remorseless Heaven! Does he know? Have they told him?

"He—your brother—he knows nothing, then?" Her lips can barely frame the question.

"I can not go so far as that. Yes. He knows. He knows everything—except that I am here to-day."

To this she says nothing. He knows!—and has not come to her. A wild storm of passion seizes upon her and shakes her very soul. Ah! to see him!—to have him near her!—to compel him to look into her eyes. By the power of her own love, that seems to rend her in this her last hour, she knows she can bring him back to her, be his revolt never so strong. Sir George's voice breaks in upon her reverie and brings her back to the present.

"You have not answered me," says he. "If there was an engagement between you and him, I wish to hear from your own lips that now it is at an end."

"You will never hear that from me," cries she, rising suddenly and confronting him like a thing at bay—some fierce, wild thing that will not be

tamed. "Who are you, that you should come here to-day to interfere between him and me? How dare you come? I will give you words—no assurance. He is mine—mine, I tell you!" throwing out her arms with an indescribable gesture. "I defy you—mine, all of you, to take him from me. Take everything else—my hopes—my name—my character!" She breaks into terrible laughter here, and raises her hands and presses them with all her force against each side of her head. "My character. . . But you can not take him!"

"I know mine is a difficult mission," says Sir George, now growing once again a little uncertain, "but, of course, compensation would be made you; you would suffer, and we—"

She has turned upon him now like a tigress. Her beautiful eyes are glaring.

"He?" she gasps. "No, no! He, of course, has nothing to do with my proposition," says he, feeling cowed, in spite of his honest manhood that has nothing to reproach itself with. "But—if you will permit me to—"

He stops dead short. She has come a little closer to him and has raised her right hand. It points to the door. Not a word passes her lips, yet mechanically he obeys her. He takes up his hat, makes her a silent salutation, and goes down the room. A bitter feeling is his as he takes his homeward way. He has gained nothing by his visit to her, and he has lost his sense of dignity. She—that woman—had ordered him from her presence as though he were a whipped cur, and he had obeyed her. And she will marry Pasco in spite of all. Of that he feels assured.

A turn of the road brings him face to face with the latter.

CHAPTER VIII.

I'll give thee misery, for here she dwells; This is her house, where the sun never dawns.

A moment's glance at his brother's face makes him thankful he had walk-



WAITING FOR PEARLS.

ed. It would have been thoroughly unpleasant to have had a groom as witness of the scene that is so surely coming. Pasco's eyes are brilliant, his mouth forbidding. There is something dangerous in his whole air. No one knows save he himself and One other how he got through that night. The morning, at all events, has shown the marks that terrible vigil has left upon him. He is changed—so haggard that Sir George's kindly heart bleeds for him. Has it gone so far?

"You have been with her?" says Pasco, striding up to his brother with a murderous hatred in his glance. "What have you said to her?"

"You shouldn't take it like this," says Sir George. "It was for your sake I went at all."

"What have you said to her?" repeats the other, in a dull, wild sort of way. "Very little, and that to no purpose."

"I'm glad of that, if I can be glad of anything. What had you to do with it? Look here," savagely, "I'm going to her now, and if I hear you have insulted her in any way, brother or no brother, you shall answer to me for it."

"You don't know what you are saying," says Sir George, contemptuously, losing his own temper in a degree. "As to insulting—"

The sneer is hardly past his lips when the other, maddened by misery, has sprung upon him. There is a silent swaying together of the two bodies and then Sir George, being far the stronger, presses his brother back against the wall that bounds the right side of the road.

"Are you mad?" says he, breathing heavily. "Pasco—think! There! panting still and looking at his brother as the latter stands staring back at him—a little sobered perhaps. "I've done all I can for you. Follow out your own destruction as quickly as you can. I shall not interfere with you again."

"You have come to a wise conclusion. It would be useless," says Pasco doggedly. "I asked her to marry me on Tuesday. Last night I am going to her now to ask her to renew the promise she gave me then."

"I suppose you know what you are doing?"

"I know that I shall lose all belonging to me, but I shall gain her!"

"Gain indeed!" with increasing bitterness.

"I know all that you would say. I am prepared for everything. I have thought it all out. If she will come with me, there are other worlds where one's past misfortunes are unknown."

"Other worlds! With your own world well lost."

"Well lost, indeed," feverishly. "If it is for her. There. Go. You cannot understand. He turns away."

"Stay! One moment!" says Sir George, striding after him. "Pasco! for heaven's sake, pause; take a day—to consider. It is your whole existence, remember, that lies in the balance; forget what we shall feel—think of yourself only. Do not willfully fling your entire life into—with an expressive, passionate gesture—"the gutter."

"I shall give my life to her!" says Pasco, doggedly, and throwing off his brother's restraining arm, strides away.

He had had no doubt of the truth. This thought strikes Sir George forcibly as he sees him disappear up the road and into the gates of The Priory. No doubt, and still! Sir George, with a smothered and vehement exclamation gives up hope, and goes homeward with a bent head and a most sorrowful spirit.

She is sitting quite still. It might almost seem that she had never stirred since Sir George's departure. Her head is a little bent; there is a terrible look in the usually calm, reserved face. She rises as he enters, and stands confronting him—not giving the hand or the welcoming smile that has grown so dear to him; nothing but that long, long gaze that seems as though it would drive saunter the veil that conceals his soul from hers.

Life, too, makes no advance. He stands silent, just looking at her with such a world of reproach and despair in his face as almost kills her. She would scarcely have known him. His beautiful face is lined and aged with misery. His eyes are dull. Almost sorrowful sternness curves his lips.

At last it grows beyond bearing, and she speaks.

"You have found me out," says she, the words dropping frozen from between her parched lips. She shows no sign of feeling, however, except that the purple panacea at her throat are quivering. He can see that.

"It is true, then?" says he.

"All true! All! You have come as my judge and executioner—"

She would have braved it out, but suddenly she chokes, and her eyes fall before his; her head droops. "Oh!" moans she, as if dying. In truth, at this moment the bitterness of death is hers.

"Sir George was here?" He has not attempted to go near her.

"Yes."

"He was—"

"You must not blame him. Not a word must be said against him," says she in an eager whisper. "He was kind, forbearing. Oh, too kind to such as—"

"Be silent!" interrupts he, sharply. "Let us talk this out. It has nothing to do with him or another, only with you and me. That man they tell me of—"

"Lord Ilton," says she, very quietly. It is the quietness of despair. You would know about him. You had hoped perhaps that there was some mistake somewhere that I might have cleared up. But there is none. You have heard the real truth at last. My name is not Barrington! I was never married! And he—Ilton—he—she sinks heavily into a chair as if gasping for breath—"I was his mistress."

A strange silence has fallen upon the room. The fitful sunbeams straying from place to place rest at last lovingly on the hands that cover the poor, shamed face.

"You loved him?" says Severn, at last. His tone is so unreal that it startles her.

"Oh, no, no!" cries she, wildly. "I have wronged you in every way, but not in that way. Not there. He was a good man. Was kind to me. I think he loved me. He would have married me but that his wife was alive in a mad house. Within six months he died."

She pauses and pulls at the laces around her throat as if suffocating.

"He left me all he could leave me. It was a great deal. There was a lawsuit, and Mr Wylding defended me. He told you?"

Severn makes a gesture of assent.

"Ah, yes! There is no escape—none," says she. "Well—well—absently and slowly, as if hardly equal to the task of keeping her mind on her subject, "he died and left me without fear of poverty. I did not love him, but I was grateful to him. I think," hurriedly, "I was more grateful to him for his kindness to me living than for his kindness when he was dead. But I did not know that until it was too late to tell him. He was," slowly, "the best man I ever knew."

"And yet—"

"And yet all I had to give him, living or dead, was a bald gratitude. I gained my suit. Mr Wylding gained it for me. He was enthusiastic about it, I remember, and was very sympathetic, and congratulated me afterwards on my victory. I wish he had been able to congratulate me on my death, rather. See," with a sudden desperate gesture, "what has come of it."

She rises and flings open a window, as if gasping for air. Pasco is sitting quite still, his eyes on the ground.

"Don't go on," says he now, but in a lifeless sort of way.

"Oh, yes, I must make a finish. Such a story as mine," bitterly, "should not be left incomplete. The last chapter is always the best. There the wicked woman comes to grief—according to her due—and so I—"

A heavy sigh that is almost a sob, chooses her. "Well! I thought if I came down to some obscure little village—some place well hidden away from the big, terrible world—I should find safety in it for me and my secret. England, I told myself, must be full of such places. Sweet country villages, where such lives as mine are never even heard of—where I should have no fear of meeting any one who had ever known me before. I craved, above all things, rest and security. I thought I might even do some good amongst the poor of my ideal village—something that might be regarded by God as reparation—"

She pauses, and two heavy tears roll down her cheeks. Yet she does not seem to be crying. She does not even seem conscious of those two miserable betrayers of the supreme

gift within her. She recovers herself almost immediately, and goes on in the dull monotone she has adopted—a note well suited to her woeeful tale.

"It was a foolish hope," says she, sighing, oh! so sadly. "Where is rest to be found for such as I am? Not in this world! I came, and what follows you know. For eight weeks I was divinely happy. Eight weeks' happiness out of twenty-seven years of misery! A small allowance, surely. But it is all I have ever had. No. In this world there is no hope for—some poor wretches!"

Her head sinks upon her bosom, she covers her eyes with her hand.

He has risen to his feet and has come closer to her—quite close now. "There are other worlds," says he, hoarsely. "Let us go in search of one together, Janet."

She regards him strangely for a moment. Is he like all the others? No—even if he means that. He can not be like them. He is giving up something—a great deal—all his life here—when he speaks of this foreign scheme.

"Oh, no," says she, gently. She shakes her head. "I shall leave this place, of course, and go back to London. After all, that is the one place where true isolation may be found."

"You will live there alone, with no friends to speak to you—to comfort you—"

"I have one friend," says she, simply. "She was a dresser at the theatre where I—danced!" It seems to give her positive physical agony to say this. "She grew attached to me when I was there, and when Lord Ilton died I asked her to come with me and be my housekeeper. She was faithful—I could trust her, and she was some one to whom I could speak—of—the cruel past. She accepted my proposal—she came with me—she has proved a friend indeed."

"She can travel with us," says Severn, slowly. "When we are married and you are going abroad, you can take her with you as your maid."

"Married!" says she. She has turned very white.

"Yes."

"You would marry me after all—after—"

"When first I saw you, I knew you were the only woman I should ever marry. I think so still. When can you be ready?"

"Never—never!" says she.

"Janet, what are you saying?"

"What I mean! Do you think—passionately—"that you are the only person who can be generous? Do you suppose that I—I—who love you, am going to be the one to spoil your life? No! Don't look at me like that! I tell you if you knelt to me for a thousand years I should still refuse to link my wretched life with yours!"

She means it. All at once it has come to her—the terrible truth—that she cannot marry this man—that she dare not destroy his life—the life most precious to her. She has thought she could do it—she has defied Sir George, and told herself, whilst looking at him, that she could carry through her cruel determination to make his brother her own. But now—the very power of her love constrains her. She must let him go free, and endure to the end the utter loneliness that Fate has allotted as her portion. There is no other hope—no escape.

"What has George been saying to you?" asked he.

"I told you. He was particularly careful. He did not influence me in any way. Do you think I can not judge for myself where you are concerned?"

"I do not ask you to stay here," says he in a low voice. "Not even in this country. There are other lands where everything will be unknown."

She breaks suddenly into a low, fierce laugh. Unknown! What land can they go to where he will not know? It is a wild laugh that shakes her slender frame.

"You can laugh," says he, too wretched himself to mark the wretchedness of her mirth.

"Why not—why not?" cries she, vehemently. "Shall I not have no crying to do by and bye, think you? Do not grudge me my laughter now. My laughter!"

There is now such misery in her tone that it rouses him from his own abstraction, and compels him to hear it.

"What do you mean?" says he, quickly.

"Nothing—nothing—nothing!" She puts her hand to her head. "There, go! leave me!" cries she, violently. "It is all over—all at an end!"

"Not if you love me."

"Who could believe in my love?" exclaims she. "If now you love, do you think the time would not come when doubt would creep in—when you would say, 'She pretended to me, as she pretended to others?' No," lapsing into a sullen mood, "I tell you—go! whilst there is yet time."

"There is no time when I shall leave you," says he, "unless, indeed, you drive me from you."

"That time has come, then," says she, looking like death.

"If you send me away now I shall return again."

"I think not—I hope not. When we part to-day, it will be finally; it is our last hour. Pasco. In the future do not dwell remorsefully upon that. Always remember it was a worthless woman who arranged our parting. After to-day we shall never meet again—Never!"

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"We shall meet again in a year," says he, with a settled determination in his tone.

"No, no! I refuse to listen to that. To-day will see my own happy little tour at an end. Remember always that it was my doing," says she, feverishly. "I should like you to remember that. Even though I am a most worthless woman, I did that one good deed. It should count for me. Good-bye now!"

"To return!" says he, doggedly. "In the meantime, if ever you should want me—I shall leave you an address. . . I shall send it to you by post. It will find me always. It will be sent on to me."

"I shall not want you!" says she, her head bent, her hands tightly folded on her knees.

"That is the first time you have ever said what was not true to me," says he. "Is it not so?"

"Perhaps? But how about others?" She lifts haggard, defiant eyes to his. "Do you think I have not known how to lie? There! there! there!" wearily. "I am not worth so great a coil." Some phrases belonging to her old life at the theatre still cling to her.

"In a year," says he, "I shall return. That time I will give you to make up your mind as to whether you will link your fate with mine, or . . . But there is no alternative. I will not suggest one. You love me and I love you. Our love is strong enough to blot out all the past. In the meantime—for the first time he approaches her and takes her hand—"you will not forget me."

"I pray God that in that time you will forget me," returns she.

"Pray for something else. You will not get the desired answer to that. Pray for something possible. I shall go abroad next week; we shall be better apart for a little while until you have time given you in which to arrange your thoughts. This is June. The 21st of June. Some day like this next year you shall hear from me. I shall send you a sign to say I am coming."

"A sign?"

"Yes. It sounds rather second-class, doesn't it?" says he, with a most mournful attempt at a smile. "What Colin would say to his Phyllis. But I'll leave it so! And the sign shall be pansies, such as these," touching the bunch of drooping purple things at her throat. "They shall be a sign from me to you that I am coming."

"Ah!" says she, sharply. "They are for death!"

"No! For thoughts."

"For death, I've always heard. These purple blossoms are made to lie on graves. You have chosen a proper symbol. Death! It is the one thing left me to hope for!"

"Don't talk like that," says he, roughly. "We will change the sign, then."

"No," hastily; "no; let it be so. I like it. It is your own choice. I like it! And, after all, what does it matter? I shall not get those pansies!"

"You think I shall forget?"

"I hope you will forget."

"But you do not think it I see." There is a touch of triumph in his tone. "After all, you understand me," says he. She is deathly pale.

"You said you were going," says she, looking at him. She is evidently trying to command herself. She is so white that he fears she is going to faint.

"Yes, I am going." He takes her in his arms and holds her close against his breast.

"Good-by, my soul!" says he. She hardly returns the embrace, and even struggles a little as if to release herself. He lets her go.

"Janet! Remember!" says he in a hoarse whisper. She makes a little vague gesture that he can not understand, and turns aside. He moves toward the door. Suddenly a faint sound reaches him. He turns.

She is standing where he had left her, holding out her arms to him.

"Oh, Pasco! Oh, darling! Oh!—one moment!"

Could there be a worse moment than that? He asks himself that question when she has at last pushed him from her, and he finds himself walking home through the soft evening air, with happiness lying a dead thing behind him.

(To be Continued.)

Complete Story.

# Hide and Seek.

Assuredly Godfrey Morland had at last achieved his triumph. It had come to him after long waiting and much labour. Here was a picture to capture the eyes of the critics and the heart of humanity. It was large and bold, for his genius loved a wide canvas, but withal it was painted with the patient fidelity of a miniature even to the tint on the petal of the primrose and the gleam on the wing of the goldfinch.

So close was the scene and so real that as one stood by the picture the branches seemed to hang out into clear air, and one was tempted to lean forward and dip a lazy hand in the flow of the limpid water. The heart ached with vague longings at the calm loveliness of the scene.

Three years ago the artist sat before a wide, vacant canvas and dreamt it all, and behold, after three years of patient labour, his vision took form and light and beauty, and was visible to the eyes of the world. When his artist friends praised his picture—more by their eyes than by their lips—or when he stood alone in his vacant studio gazing almost reverently on his masterpiece, as a thing distinct from himself, his heart rejoiced with the triumph of artistic creation.

But success meant more even than artistic triumph for the young painter. It meant human love and happiness as well. The face of the maiden in the picture with the rose-leaf cheeks and eyes of forget-me-not blue, was no ideal beauty. Alice Lyle, who had loved him when the world frowned, was now to share his triumph.

No petty rivalries marred the full and rounded harmony of his happiness. His comrades all rejoiced with him in his triumph, and Ernest Beauchamp, his chief and dearest friend, was most hearty of all in his rejoicing. Yet here, perhaps, if anywhere, a little twinge of jealousy might fairly have been pardoned, for Ernest and Godfrey were brother artists, and had worked together, and Ernest had easily distanced his friend at first. His work was of that light and graceful school, with a touch of sardonic humour that appealed to the fashionable world. His reputation was quickly made and easily held; but now, with a picture that appealed to the human heart, Godfrey had outdistanced him for ever.

Nor was Ernest less his rival in love than in art. It was he who had first found Alice Lyle amid the roses of a country rectory, and he had wooed her in his own sportive fashion, half jest, half earnest, till Godfrey came and saw and won. But his sunny temper was unruined. He was loudest in his praise of the great picture, and he insisted that he should be his friend's best man at the approaching marriage.

The picture which still stood in the artist's studio soon grew to be the common talk of the artistic world of London. The dealers flocked to the place as miners to a newly-discovered gold country. Foremost amongst them all came the king of picture dealers, Jacob Goldmirk. A staid looking man was Jacob, but his life was full of excitement and adventure. He had discovered miracles in reputed dauls. He had bought old masters for old songs in every corner of Europe, and made the fortune of a score of picture dealers, while he had made his own bigger than all the rest combined.

Godfrey had refused all offers for his masterpiece till after the exhibition. In his heart he loathed the thought of parting with it; but Goldmirk had purchased a battle piece which Godfrey had painted just before. It was a fine bold canvas, a shade smaller than the last, and full of life and power; but the subject, the charge of the Irish brigade at Fontenoy, had hurt the susceptibilities of the British public, and so the picture had hung unsold. Now Goldmirk purchased it for a fair price.

"A fashionable painter, my dear fellow," he said, "may paint just what he likes and it is sure to sell. You'll be the fashion presently."

They had a little supper in the studio to celebrate the purchase, Ernest Beauchamp, Jacob Goldmirk, and Godfrey. They sat late without lamps till the white light stole in through the broad window and found here and there bits

of colour and life and beauty on the pictures round the walls.

Mr Goldmirk bubbled over with good humour like the champagne he sipped so freely; but Ernest Beauchamp was in a meditative mood, and looked out silently through the open window, bathing his soul, as he said, in the moonlight. The room grew chilly, and Goldmirk at last called him to shut the window and fasten it like a good chap. Godfrey added, "I don't want burglars after the picture."

The words have a certain importance in view of what followed.

Next morning after breakfast Godfrey started for the country. He was under promise to bring Alice to afternoon tea and a last look at the masterpiece before it went to be framed.

He left at eleven. About half-past twelve Mr Goldmirk called to see him, and was told he had gone to the country.

"I'll wait for him," he said, "in the studio."

He threw off his light overcoat, planted a chair opposite his purchased battle piece, planted himself astride on it, lit a huge cigar, and was left smoking.

He was smoking still, but had drawn a fat picture catalogue from his pocket and was noting the prices with a stump of lead pencil when Godfrey and Alice came into the studio two hours later.

Goldmirk started from his seat and turned his round, good-humoured face half over his shoulder.

"Halloa, Godfrey!" he cried. "So you have sent the masterpiece to be framed already. (Beg pardon, didn't see you had a lady with you. How d'ye do, Miss Lyle.)"

But Godfrey Morland did not hear the last words, for one quick glance told him that the easel at the far end of the room was vacant. His picture was gone!

"Heavens! it has been stolen!" he gasped out.

He turned pale as a ghost, and Alice clung trembling to his arm, but the shrewd picture-dealer kept his wits about him.

"Nonsense, man," he said; "don't look so frightened, Miss Lyle. One cannot steal a big picture like that as easily as a postage stamp. It may have been shoved somewhere out of the way. Let us have a look round."

The honest confidence in his face and voice were as a cordial to Godfrey. They all three made a search of the room; but their hopes quickly evaporated. The picture was nowhere to be found. They found, indeed, a large wooden frame on which the canvas had been stretched lying against the wall without any attempt at concealment. The picture had not been cut, but stripped from the frame by drawing the jacks that held it. Not a particle of the canvas remained. Lying on the floor close to the window were a claw-headed hammer, a turn-screw, and a sharp scissors. The mewing of the hammer was plain enough, but the scissors puzzled them at first.

Godfrey started the others by a sudden cry as he came to the window. The fastening was undone. He threw up the sash and found a knotted rope hanging from the iron work of the balcony into the street. There was a running noose on the rope, and apparently it had been flung up from the street until it had caught in over the spiked heads of the railing of the balcony. The method, at least, of the robbery now seemed plain enough. But who was the thief?

A moment afterwards Alice made a still more startling discovery. It was a large, handsome mother-of-pearl button, which Godfrey instantly recognised as a button from the brown velvet studio jacket of his friend, Ernest Beauchamp. He took it from Alice's hand gingerly.

"I don't believe a word of it," he cried vehemently, answering the unspoken accusation in his own mind.

"Don't believe what?" said Goldmirk, coming up to him. "Oh!"

He looked suspiciously at the button which Godfrey held in the palm of his hand, and which he instantly recognised.

"What is that?" asked Alice.

"Only a button from Mr Beauchamp's jacket," Goldmirk said.

"Oh, no, he didn't do it; he couldn't do it!" cried the girl passionately.

"We'll soon know," added Godfrey, and he sat down to his writing-table and scribbled a note.

"What are you writing?" Goldmirk asked cautiously.

"A note telling Ernest the picture has been stolen."

"Do you think it safe—to warn him?"

"Perfectly. I'd pledge my life he'll come. But I'll write a line to Scotland Yard at the same time."

"One moment before you stand up," said Alice, glancing over his shoulder. "There is a very clever woman—a lady detective, Miss Dora Myrl. I have heard wonderful stories about her. You might ask her to come."

Godfrey wrote a third note, Alice directed it, and all three were despatched with the servant.

"Take a hansom, John, and lose no time."

While John was away yet another discovery was made. This time by Miss Lyle. In the bottom of an old cupboard she found a pile of strips and scraps of canvas cut small with a sharp scissors and smeared here and there with paint.

For a moment Godfrey was chilled with the thought that his great picture had been cut to pieces; but a second glance told him that the pile was not a twentieth part of the bulk of the canvas of the picture, and the fragments were let lie without more notice where they were found.

Ernest Beauchamp was the first to arrive, pale and wild-eyed with excitement.

"Stolen!" he cried, excitedly. "Impossible! Why, it was here while we were at supper last night. Who was in the studio since then?"

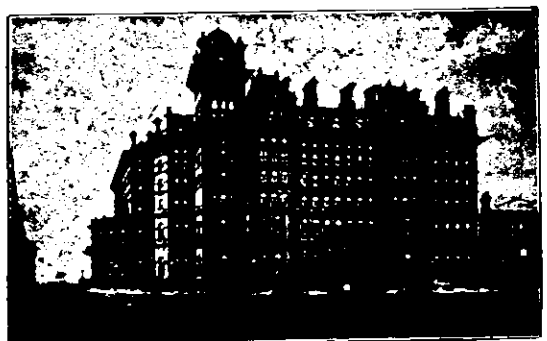
Mr Goldmirk turned on him angrily.

"I was," he said, "for two hours. I came about twelve, and I was here when Godfrey returned at two. I

POSITION UNRIVALLED IN LONDON.

## THE LANGHAM HOTEL

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never left the place for a moment, the servant can prove that."

"Who talks of proving?" cried Ernest. "No one suspects that you stole the picture."

"But someone stole it," said Goldmirk doggedly.

"Why, what do you mean?"

For answer Goldmirk pointed to the button.

"That was found on the studio floor," he said.

Ernest started and turned pale at the sight.

"Mine!" he gasped out.

"The window was open; there was a rope hanging from the balcony," Goldmirk went on remorselessly.

"You don't believe this, Godfrey? You don't believe this, Alice?" Ernest cried indignantly, with a catch as if a sudden sob in his voice.

Before either could reply Inspector Worrall from Scotland Yard appeared on the scene. He shook hands with Mr Goldmirk, whom he knew—Mr Goldmirk knew everybody—and bowed to the others.

"Now, if you please," said the inspector briskly, "we'll go to business."

With methodical precision he picked up the clues. Mr Goldmirk, who kept his wits about him, briefly detailed the facts of the supper the night before his visit to the studio that day, and the disappearance of the picture, and setting out in order the various discoveries they had made. He forgot to mention the finding of the scraps

of canvas which no one regarded as important.

The Inspector, with the button in his hand, stood at the open window and examined the fastening.

"It is plain it could not be opened from the outside," he said. Then, after a pause, "Was it opened last night?"

Then the remembrance of Ernest's "bath of moonlight" for the first time came back to Godfrey, but he made no reply. But Ernest Beauchamp himself interposed.

"I was at the window," he said; but what of that? I closed and fastened it when I came away. Surely you must remember that, Godfrey. You remember, Goldmirk?"

"I remember Godfrey told you to fasten it," said Goldmirk slowly.

The Inspector shuffled on his feet and coughed an embarrassed little cough.

"I hope it will come all right," he said at last. "I do indeed; but as things stand it is my duty to arrest Mr Beauchamp on the charge of felony."

He laid his hand on the young painter's shoulder.

"You are not bound to say anything," he began, relapsing into the monotonous drone of the customary formula, "but anything you do say may be used—"

"I beg your pardon for one moment, Inspector," interrupted a clear, musical voice from the further end of the room, and a dainty little lady stepped clear of the pictures. She

was dressed in a neat tailor-made costume of some dark tartan, softened by a nestling lace frill instead of a hard man's collar at the throat. She wore a sailor hat with a gay ribbon and feather. The face she turned to the Inspector was full of mocking good humour.

"Miss Myrl?" he cried. The Inspector's voice was civil, almost deferential. All the same he did not seem to be too well pleased at her sudden appearance.

"Precisely," she answered pleasantly. "I'm a bit late I'm afraid. Your man caught me at home, Mr Morland." She singled out Godfrey at a glance. "But I had two urgent letters to write first so I came over after him on my bicycle. You were all so busy you did not hear me come in, and as you were going over the case with my good friend, Inspector Worrall, I thought it would be rude to interrupt, so I waited, using my own eyes and ears in the meantime."

"And you think, Miss Myrl—?" the Inspector began hesitatingly.

"Haven't quite made up my mind yet. Must have a look round for myself."

She just glanced at the hammer and scissors and turn-screw that were lying on the table together. The button she took in her hand for the fraction of a second. She leant out over the balcony and examined the rope.

Straight to the fireplace she went, looking into the ashes, and fished out a few charred fragments of paint-stained canvas. These she examined

with such care that Alice was tempted to say timidly:

"I found a lot of other pieces just like those in the bottom of the cupboard."

"Ah!" said Dora sharply; "I heard nothing of that before."

She seemed excited for the first time as she rummaged amongst the pile of canvas which Alice showed her, and finally bundled them all out on the floor of the studio, and set to work fitting them together. Under her deft fingers they began rapidly to assume a regular shape.

Presently Alice went down on her knees, too, and helped her without a word, while the four men watched silently. The canvas scraps seemed to have been deliberately hacked to pieces; but the girls' quick eyes and fingers found and fitted the edges and angles. Gradually the pieces took the shape of a large picture frame about three inches deep spread out on the studio floor with two slight gaps in it where the bits of canvas had been half burned.

Dora leaped up from her work, her eyes bright with triumph.

"Well," said Inspector Worrall jestingly, "have you found the picture?"

"Yes," she answered with a smile. "I have found the picture!"

"They looked round the vacant studio in blank amazement."

"Wait just one moment," she said. "Let us dispose of those things first. This hammer and turn-screw and scissors," she said to the Inspector; "can you suggest why the thief should leave them after him if he got away with the picture himself?"

"You mean when he got away. I suppose, Miss Myrl?"

"I said 'if,' Inspector; but it really does not matter. Now look at the rope. You see the knot at the noose is quite soft. If a man had gone up and down that rope the knot would be as hard as a nut."

"Then you really think—" the Inspector began when she cut him short again.

"We are coming to that. Oh! the button is next on the list. You'll appreciate this point," turning to Alice with a smile. "You see this button has been cut off, not dropped off. The threads are still packed tight in the holes. It was not likely, was it, Inspector, that Mr Beauchamp would cut off his own buttons for the purpose of shedding them about his friend's studio from which a picture was stolen?"

"Now I come to the canvas. We are getting 'hot,' Inspector, as the children say in their little games. You will notice those bits of canvas of importance. There was a vain attempt to burn them before they were hidden in that cupboard. Will you kindly examine that canvas frame, Mr Morland, and tell me is it not about the size of the canvas of the missing picture? Remember I have never seen the picture, though I hope soon to have that pleasure. The outside of the frame seems to me exactly the same size. And the inside? Come it's not fair to mystify you any further. Will someone kindly hand me that turn-screw and hammer; they must do duty for the second time to-day."

With the tools in her hands she walked across to the big battle piece which Mr Goldmirk had purchased, sat on Mr Goldmirk's chair in front of it, and before they guessed what she was at, loosened the tacks and tore off the canvas. Underneath the stolen picture showed neatly stretched on the framework, its edges clipped to make it fit unseen.

"Why," cried Morland in sudden inspiration, "this was Goldmirk's picture; it was to be sent home to-morrow, and mine would have gone with it. Then it was Goldmirk who—"

He looked round, but Mr Goldmirk had, to borrow a Parliamentary phrase, "walked out."

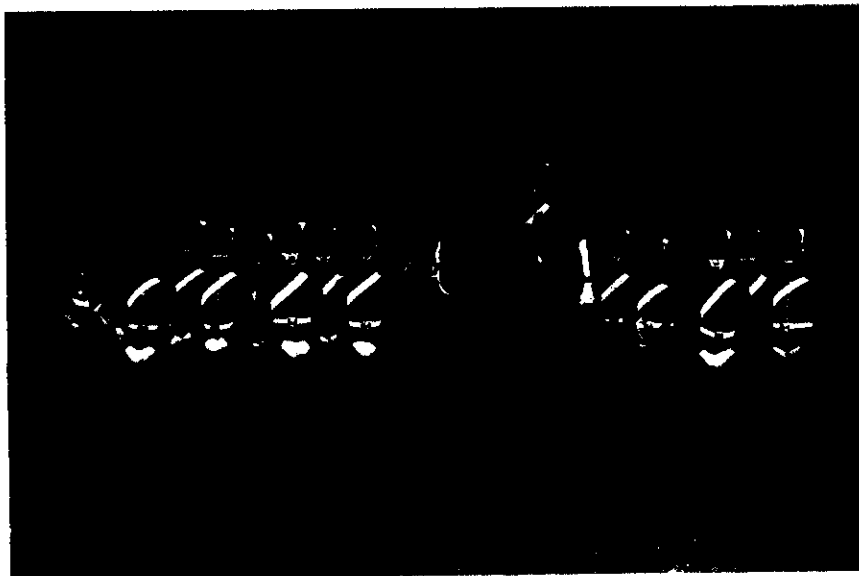
From "Pearson's Weekly."

#### OUR VOLUNTEER DEFENDERS.



Feetley, photo.

"D" BATTERY, N.Z., R.A.V.



No. 1 GUN DETACHMENT, "D" BATTERY, N.Z. R.A.V., WELLINGTON.

It is interesting to note that an Australian, Miss Nellie Stewart, Drury Lane's "principal buy," collected the largest amount individually at the chautauk organised by Mrs Brown-Potter at Claridge's Hotel last Saturday. Her sale of cigarettes realised no less a sum than £76, far more than their weight in gold, and she was in consequence awarded the pearl necklace offered by an anonymous donor to be handed to the lady who should head the poll as saleswoman, a position Miss Stewart easily secured.

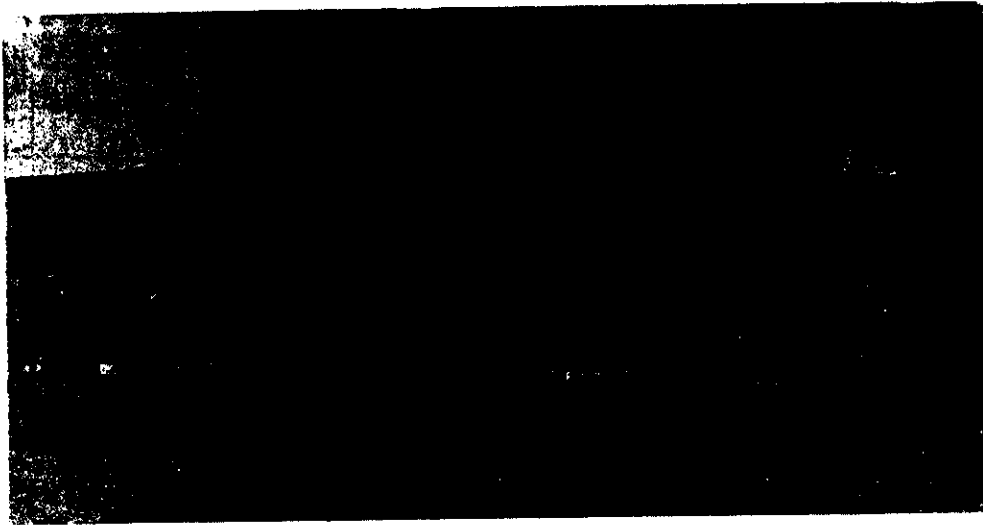
MUST MARRY WIDOWS.

There is a Bachelors' Club in the West whose only rule to which members swear allegiance when they join the club is, "Marry a widow." Young girls and old maids alike are barred.

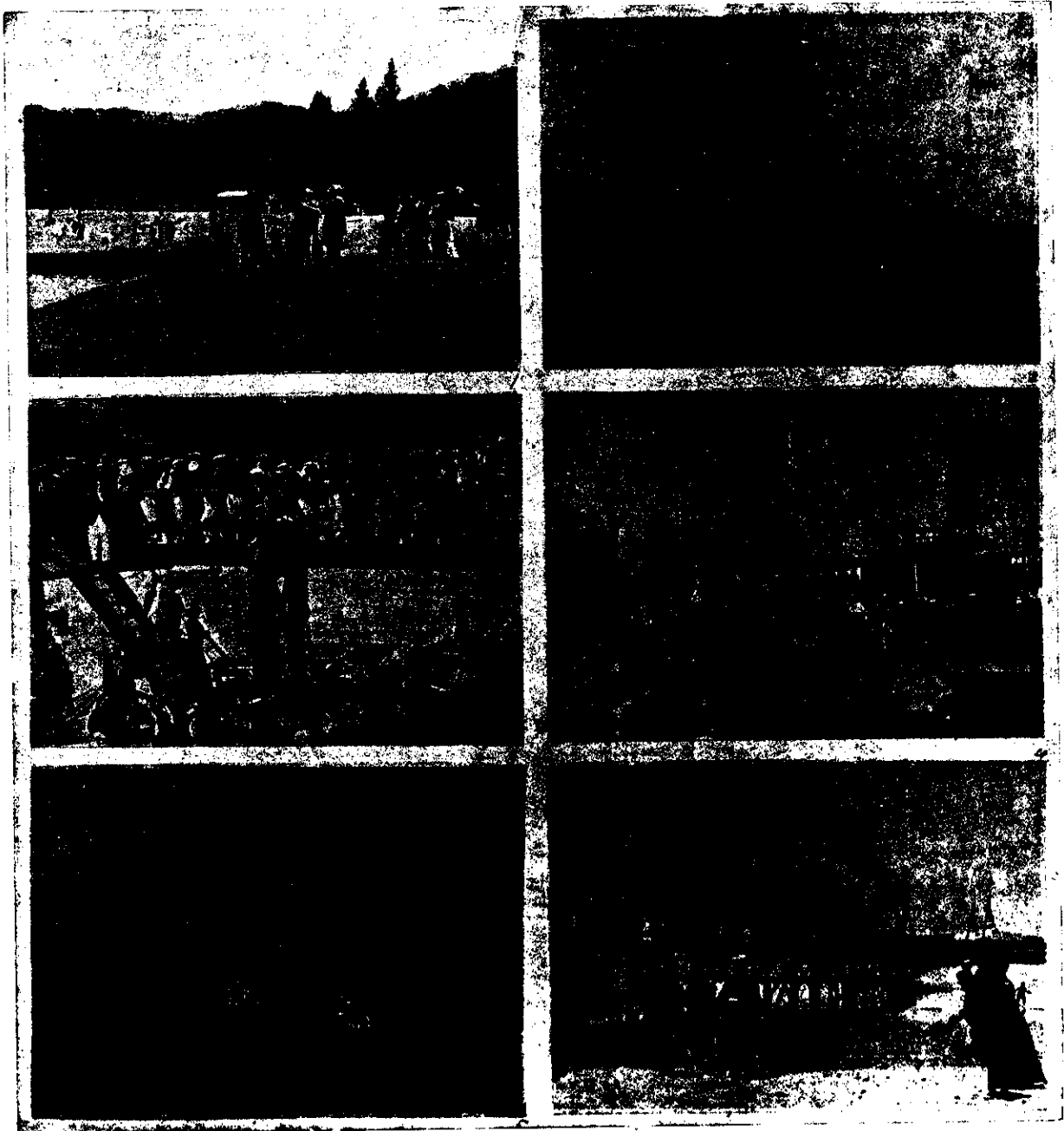
One explanation of this rule, given by a member, is, "We consider it the part of wisdom to marry some one who has already discovered that men are not angels."

Another member gives this philanthropic reason: "Young girls always have the best chance with their fresh, blooming faces, and we think the widows ought to be given a show, as their lives have been in a measure blighted, as it were. Anyway, they seem to understand a man better."

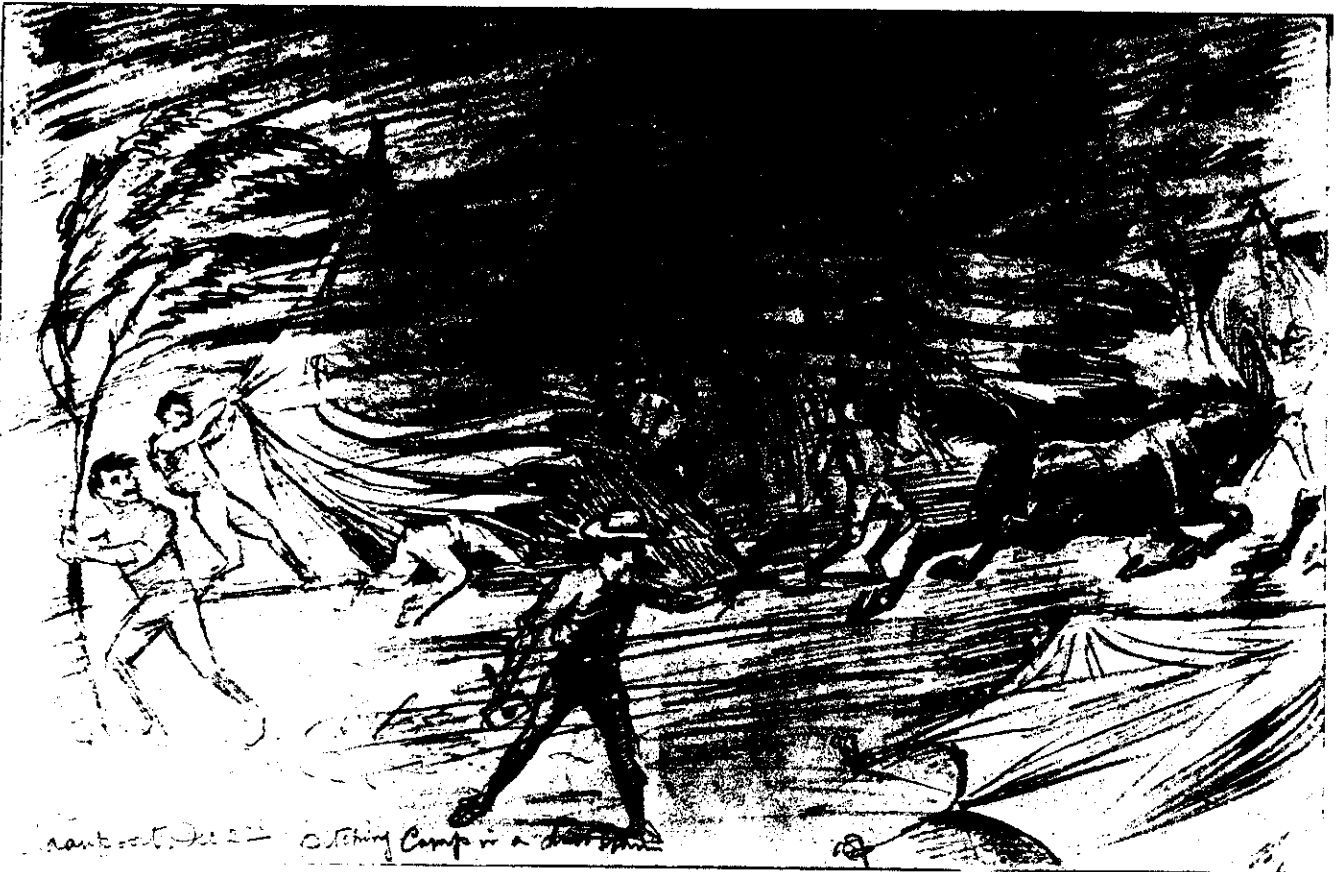
Another view of the case is the fact that anything forbidden suddenly acquires wonderful interest. A lot of bachelors who pledge themselves to marry widows are sure to discover the hitherto unappreciated charms of all the maidens in town. No marriages to widows have yet been announced, but several engagements of members to young girls have been confessed. The rules of the club provide for this contingency by demanding a fine of \$5 and loss of membership.



A PICTURE OF CHELTENHAM BEACH, NORTH SHORE, AUCKLAND.



AT WAIHEKE, AUCKLAND, ON REGATTA DAY.  
1. On the beach. Auckland yachts in Cowes Bay. 2. Ready for the Greasy Boom. 3. The return—Going on board the "Wakare." 4. Enjoyment for the little ones. 5. Passengers landing in Cowes Bay.



*Naumbrook, Dec 22. Pitching Camp in a bushy area.*



*In Camp at Naumbrook. The horses will not stand still.*

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Topics of the Week.

THE DISBURSEMENT OF THE PATRIOTIC FUND. SOME DIFFICULTIES AHEAD.

The truly splendid generosity of the people of this colony, as manifested by the contributions to the Patriotic Fund, will result in a few days' time in some very large sums of money being remitted Home to the Lord Mayor of London. Probably the total sum forwarded will be considerably above rather than below £20,000, and it is but right that the subscribers of so noble a sum that some thought and attention should now be directed to the question as to how the Lord Mayor's Fund is to be administered, and to see if there is not some chance of a misapprehension as to our own position arising in the minds of those at Home who will have charge of the disbursement of the princely wealth poured in from every town and hamlet of the Mother Country, as well as from the uttermost corners of the Empire. If the matter is properly understood, if no misconception exists, there is no doubt, I take it, that the sufferers in our own Contingent would be treated with full justice by the trustees. But unless the matter is made very clear to start with, there is at least a danger that the trustees of the Lord Mayor's Fund might imagine that our own fund for our own men was quite sufficient to meet our own cases, and that the very fact of our sending some large sums was evidence that this was a surplus over our own requirements. That this is not a chimerical danger is, I think, evidenced by the fact of the "Daily Mail" contributing £500 to the New Zealand Patriotic Fund. Now, if it had been understood that our money was to be remitted Home to the Lord Mayor's Fund, and that our claims would come on that fund in due season, what was the object in the double transaction, and in giving us money to hand back again? As yet we know nothing of the lines on which the trustees for the fund will administer it. If of course each colony or portion of the Empire is to be allotted a lump sum in exact proportion to that it itself contributed, the incident of the "Daily Mail's" donation of £500 would be explicable, for it would show a desire to swell our subscription in order that our dividend might be the more handsome. But it is to the highest degree improbable that this is the method which will be followed. There will be, I take it, a committee of investigation, who will examine the claims sent in, and will deal with them as generously as they are able, and as the facts of the various claims suggest. If this is so, it must be at once patent that the situation of our own wounded, or the relatives of our own killed, will not be in as satisfactory a position as it should be. How are they to receive the help which is their due? Who is to investigate their cases? If they send Home direct, as is not inevitable that the Home committee will write out here for the formal enquiry, and will have to be replied to; and then, again, to reply granting the claim; so that under the swiftest and most favourable circumstances, with the minimum of red tapeism possible, it must be fully six months before a claim could be established. And it is not probable that the circumlocutionary methods which are so apt to creep into affairs of this sort managed thirteen thousand miles away would cause a very much longer period to elapse before the relief which might be urgently needed could be forthcoming. Take, for instance, the case of poor Trooper Bradford, the first of our brave lads to lay down his life for his Empire. Happily, we learn, he had no relatives here and no one dependent on him. But supposing there had been, and that the help had been wanted (as it may be in other cases) urgently by one of those families "too proud to beg or sneak." To whom would they apply. There is no executive in New Zealand. Once the money has been remitted our part in the operation is finished. It cannot be argued that urgent cases are improbable. Trooper Hunt, who returned injured in the Waiwera night easily have proved the contrary. His kit had been sent to the front, and when he had to make the return voyage all the clothes he had were a pair of patched trousers and an old coat which were given to him. Fortu-

ately, he was his place to find out if they were incompetent, and if they were to insist on their being replaced, The War Office, the Intelligence Department, may be hopelessly incompetent, but that is not our concern. The blame must be sheeted home to them by the Government in due course, but so far as we are concerned it is the Government who stand on trial. If their service is incompetent, it was their place to have discovered it and to have provided a competent one. Theirs is the sole and entire responsibility, and if there is disgrace to be borne, it is they who must bear it. It is a hard law, but it is the only one for public safety. The P. and O. captain whose ship is lost through the fault of a subordinate, must go, and the same applies to Governments. There have, the "Times" points out, been 8000 casualties before the enemy's territory has been reached, and the deaths and wounds of these men cry aloud for explanation. Does Mr Halfour pretend that in this terrible list there is not weight of responsibility enough to crush even so strong a Government as that to which he belongs? Does it sit lightly on his shoulders? If so he must be a remarkable callous, unemotional and unimaginative man. Does the crass stupidity of the Intelligence Department, where no intelligence apparently existed, does the parsimony which hired slow tubs for transport, do the muddles of the War Office really leave his withers unwrung? If so it is time the public forced him to see and to feel the heavy responsibility that lies on every member of his administration. We cannot do or say much yet. We must "see it through" now; but when we have time the sense of responsibility and the burden thereof should be brought home to those concerned in such fashion as the world will never forget.

ent, or his ship was not properly found. It was his place to find out if they were incompetent, and if they were to insist on their being replaced, The War Office, the Intelligence Department, may be hopelessly incompetent, but that is not our concern. The blame must be sheeted home to them by the Government in due course, but so far as we are concerned it is the Government who stand on trial. If their service is incompetent, it was their place to have discovered it and to have provided a competent one. Theirs is the sole and entire responsibility, and if there is disgrace to be borne, it is they who must bear it. It is a hard law, but it is the only one for public safety. The P. and O. captain whose ship is lost through the fault of a subordinate, must go, and the same applies to Governments. There have, the "Times" points out, been 8000 casualties before the enemy's territory has been reached, and the deaths and wounds of these men cry aloud for explanation. Does Mr Halfour pretend that in this terrible list there is not weight of responsibility enough to crush even so strong a Government as that to which he belongs? Does it sit lightly on his shoulders? If so he must be a remarkable callous, unemotional and unimaginative man. Does the crass stupidity of the Intelligence Department, where no intelligence apparently existed, does the parsimony which hired slow tubs for transport, do the muddles of the War Office really leave his withers unwrung? If so it is time the public forced him to see and to feel the heavy responsibility that lies on every member of his administration. We cannot do or say much yet. We must "see it through" now; but when we have time the sense of responsibility and the burden thereof should be brought home to those concerned in such fashion as the world will never forget.

WHEN THE BRITISH AT THE CAPE WERE DISLOYAL.

Just at present, when we are all so naturally indignant at the disloyalty amongst a section of the colonists at the Cape, it is curious to recall the fact that once on a time the discontent amongst Britishers at Capetown approached disloyalty and open rebellion so closely as to lead them to attempt to starve the Governor, to boycott the officials and troops, to refuse to victual Her Majesty's ships, and even to commence arming themselves. Few people have, I believe, heard the story, which is really of considerable interest, as well as being in its way amusing. The Colonial Office was practically unknown in those days. Every one spoke of Downing Street when they had any grievance to complain about. South Africa was a Crown colony, and Earl Grey was the powerful personality at Downing Street who nearly drove our English colonists to treason. It was in 1849, and the occasion of the disturbance was the obstinacy of the Government in insisting on landing transported convicts at the Cape, thus making it a penal settlement, against the wishes of the colonists. Appeals, entreaties, petitions, and prayers were not only absolutely ignored, but Earl Grey deliberately stated that the colonists in South Africa wanted the convicts, or at all events had no earthly objection to landing as many shiploads as the Government thought fit to send. Patience being at an end, it was resolved to make things so mighty uncomfortable for the Governor and Government officials that he would be obliged to advise the authorities at Downing Street to yield. Accordingly one fine morning His Excellency found that there was no milk for his multitudinal meal, and hardly had the irritation caused by the supposed forgetfulness of the vice-regal milkman subsided, when the horror-stricken house steward reported with ashy countenance that neither the butcher, the baker, the greener, or any tradesmen would supply one six pennyworth of provender for Government House. While this pleasant item of information was being digested (it seemed as if it would be all His Excellency would have to digest), messages began to pour in from all Government officials and employees telling the same tale of woe. The people had cut them off, boycotted them, as we should now say. They could get neither provisions nor service. The state of mind of a somewhat rough customer like Sir Harry Smith may be better imagined than described. Argument was useless; the traders were firm. If Sir Harry wanted anything for his own house, or for the employees of the Government he must send an armed

THE COMING STORM.

It has long been evident, that a very unpleasant quarter of an hour would sooner or later have to be faced by these in authority, with regard to the blundering ignorance, and unpreparedness which have caused the extremely serious and unpleasant present state of affairs in South Africa. "Somebody will have to answer for all this," has been for some time back the universal thought, but according to recent cables the day of reckoning is to commence somewhat sooner than we had at first imagined. The "Times" and the "Standard" are the great organs of the Conservative Party, and it is very significant and very ominous for those who have blundered, that the severest strictures and the most imperious and imperative demands for an explanation, should come from these two papers, which, as everyone knows, speak not hastily, or without a due sense of their great responsibility. We may take it for granted, that the feeling in England of indignation and anxiety must be universal, and terribly tense, when such papers as these speak in such unmistakable tones of disapprobation and distrust, and when it is necessary to call Parliament together for explanations after so very brief a recess. Mr Halfour has tacitly admitted that there is blame (and a heavy load it is), but has remarked light-heartedly that it is divided up over so many shoulders that the burden will press heavily on no one or no office. This pronouncement will not increase the prestige of the leader of the House of Commons, nor will it be favourably received by the public, who will most assuredly insist emphatically on making some units feel the responsibility, and on making them feel it heavily. The burden Mr Halfour is likely to find out will be made to fall with such crushing weight on some shoulders or other, that they will never emerge from under it. It is necessary for our safety that this should be so. We would not for a moment tolerate the assertion of the commander of a steamer, that the responsibility of a wreck or a collision

made no resistance. Such a state of affairs could not, however, continue, and the Governor, with no doubt a very ill grace, was obliged to promise that he would not allow another convict to land until he had made representation to Downing Street and got a reply. Meanwhile the anti-convict movement grew in vigour. Tradesmen, workmen, artisans, boarding-house keepers, hotel hosts, drinking saloon keepers, boatmen, in fact the entire population, bound themselves by a solemn oath to refuse to sell anything to a convict or to give him shelter or employment, and they agreed, moreover, to treat as a traitor anyone who did any of these things. At this juncture the convict ship Neptune, with a full complement of convicts, arrived at Capetown and dropped anchor in the harbour. Not a convict was allowed to land, and the ship, with all her officers, etc., were immediately taboned. Not one atom of fresh meat, not one drop of water, or any provisions would the inhabitants supply. The captain himself went ashore in a blazing passion. He could obtain nothing; the people would hold no intercourse with him, and he had to return on board hungry and thirsty to dine on salt junk, for the fresh meat supply had been entirely exhausted on the voyage. Further than this, to coerce the Governor into sending the ship away, the Government House starvation tactics were again set in operation. Contractors for the supply of all Government departments declined to fulfil their contracts, and sacrificed their deposits. No printer would print placards calling for new tenders, and written notices attracted not one single tender. The loss and suffering entailed on shop keepers was naturally very severe, but with magnificent esprit de corps they manfully held out from September 19, 1899, till the middle of Feb. in 1850, when despatches arrived, ordering the Neptune away. Had the colonists had arms they would certainly have risen before then, and there would have been a war which might have resulted in the history of South Africa being very different from what it is. The story is worth recalling, as it shows that in one instance at least there is truth in what has been said concerning the disloyalty of the Cape, namely, that it is to some extent due to an inherited belief that English and Cape interests are not identical. Of course now that the Cape is self-governing this cannot be urged, but amongst the Dutch and Anglo-Dutch old prejudices and old beliefs die hard, and pass from father to son, so that the hatred bred in the Cape for Colony days has ripened into active disloyalty long after causes for discontent have disappeared.



RED TAPE IN EXCESS.

It is our custom, and the custom of most of our friends, to regard New Zealand as one of the most progressive and enlightened countries in the world, and we are prone to specially congratulate ourselves on the absence of that strict convention and rigid regard of custom which forms in the eyes of ex-New Zealanders one of the drawbacks of residence in the Old Country. It might have been imagined then that we should have abolished in this colony that plague of "red tapeism" which is the bane of almost every government department at Home and on the Continent. This, however, is not the case, and we stick to, cherish and encourage a system of red tape in our Government service which is equal to anything believed in England, or anywhere else so far as I know.

As an instance let us take the methods of the Post Office Savings Bank. One deposits a trifling sum, say one and sixpence. It is added to one's book and one takes one's departure. Some ten days after, one receives by letter carrier a sealed acknowledgement from Wellington, that the money has been received. Now what does this mean? It means an advice has had to be sent from the clerks at your local post office to Wellington, and an advice from them back to you and the local office, besides the necessary entries in ledgers in Wellington and here. In similar institutions not managed by Government you would have been given a receipt for the money, have had it entered in your book, and there, save for one entry in the ledgers, would have been an end of the matter so far as clerical business went, that is, three letters of advice and postal delivery would have been saved. But the same of red tapeism in this department.

friend just during the last few days. A certain gentleman had died leaving my friend, whom we will term A, one of the executors with two others. In going through the estate in the usual manner, it was discovered that there was a trifle of some three and sixpence in an account (which the deceased doubtless imagined he had closed) in the Post Office Savings Bank. Armed with the probate order from the Supreme Court, and accompanied by the two other executors, Mr. A. presents himself before the authorities and essays to close the account. But no, the probate order, which gives full power to deal with the thousands of pounds in the estate, which allows the absolute buying or selling of everything, or anything, is not to be accepted by the Post Office Savings Bank! What all other business firms, banks, lawyers, companies, etc., accept without question the Savings Bank authorities refuse. They must have the certificated copy of the will forwarded to Wellington and examine it themselves, though this has already been done by their own judge of the Supreme Court and pronounced correct. Endless delay is caused, quite inexcusable expenditure is thus incurred, and the only object served is the employment of so many more civil servants! Can one word be said in favour of this monstrous procedure! It cannot be that safety and caution are the objects. Surely what is sufficient for all other portions of the estate and parties connected therewith is good enough for the P.O. Savings Bank! If the department would release one or two of their clerks from useless labour of this sort and allow them to relieve the pressure on the absolutely necessary portion of money order and savings bank business, much irritation would be saved. Both these departments are outrageously under-manned so far as the counter is concerned. Just before the holidays there was a crowd ten deep and fourteen or fifteen abreast in front of one harassed clerk at the Auckland Post Office Savings Bank Department, and at the money order counter one has usually to wait from a quarter to half an hour to be attended to. The same state of affairs prevails in all our large cities, and the matter wants setting right at once.

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, "Vitadatio" Institute, Bourke-st., Melbourne.

Dear Sir,—Having been completely cured by your wonderful medicine, "Vitadatio," after very many years of suffering, I wish 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 1888 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 in the same state as "HEART," then, again at the Melbourne General Hospital, they told me I was suffering from "BLOOD POISONING." On account of sudden fits of sickness, 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 (7) of the very best doctors; also, others in South and West Australia. None of them could cure me, or, as 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 Beaddy, of Brunswick-st., North Bridge, to give up my business, 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 interview, and tell them all that "Vitadatio" has done for me. Several friends of mine, knowing my case, have given your medicine a trial, with admirable results. You are at perfect liberty to make what use you like of this testimonial. With heartfelt thanks, I remain, dear Sir, JOHN E. C. TURNER.

543 Rae-st., North Fitzroy, H. D. VISHANI. 7th August, 1899. Head Office for N.Z.: 28, HANSEBURY-ST., WELLINGTON. Sole Proprietor and Manufacturer: W. WEBBER, Lancaster, Tas. S. A. PALMER, Agent General for Australasia, India, Ceylon and Japan. Ask your Chemist or Grocer for it.

Exchange Notes.

The advance in rates of interest consequent upon the war is affecting business on the Exchange.

Standard stocks met with little inquiry, and the tendency is towards lower prices.

Auckland Gas shares changed hands at £13 5/.

N.Z. Insurance Company had a good year, and paid the usual dividend.

Insurance stocks generally are neglected.

Barrier Reef shares sold at 6/10 and 7/, and more could be placed at the former figure.

Thames mining stocks are very dull. May Queens sold as low as 4/1, and New Wales receded to 6id.

N. Z. Crown Mines clean up for December yielded £4471 from 2170 tons, making the year's output from this mine £71,836.

The prospects of the May Queen mine show considerable improvement of late, and good crushings are expected from now on.

Orion shareholders met this week to consider the financial position of the Company, and resolved to continue working on No. 1 lode. Three calls of 3d will clear liabilities.

Waikato Grand Junctions are in demand at 30/.

Kauri Timber Contributing shares have been asked for at 94d. L.O.B. Timber had inquiry at 26/, but no sales were made.

Crown Mines shares were dealt in at 15/ this week.

The Hauraki Company's return showed considerable improvement this month, 143 tons of ore and 120lbs of picked stone having yielded £1363 18/4.

Ten tons of ore from the Golden Pah yielded bullion worth £209.

The Royal Oak returns was a poor one this month, 70 tons of ore having yielded only £69 3/11.

Kauri gum of the approximate value of £569,068 was exported from Auckland during the past year.

Sales of dredging shares were made in Dunedin last week as follows:—Glyde, 60/ 10 shares; at 62/8; Golden Clay, 135/; Hartler and Riley, 187/ 188/; 188/6; 189/ 190/; 187/6; Matau, 80/; New Alexandra, 48/6.

Kurunui-Caledonia tributaries' return for December totalled £1062 18/10, the product of 53 tons of ore and 247lbs of specimens.

The gold yield of the colony for the past year totalled 554,300 ounces, being an increase over the previous year of 17,242 ounces. This is the largest yield for the colony for the past 17 years.

Three weeks' return from the Kauri Freeholds Gold Estates prior to Christmas amounted to £1410 from 1280 tons of ore. Only 786 tons were, however, put through the cyanide vats.

The Tararu Creek Company having surrendered the option over the City of Auckland mine, work is to be resumed by that Company.

The yield of gold for the year 1899 was the largest since 1873, when exports were 303,337 ounces, valued at £1,087,423.

Nice dabs and colours of gold are seen in the ore won from the Cambria reef in the Moanaiari mine, Thames.

The silver exported from the colony during the 12 months of 1899 was valued at £40,288, and for the 12 months ending December, 1898, £33,107, an increase for the 12 months in 1899 of £7,181. All this comes from the Hauraki fields.

During December tributaries in the Buffalo Company's mine, Coromandel, crushed two loads of ore for a return of bullion valued at £86 4/2.

At the Karangahake Mines the batteries are suffering from shortage of water supply, the river being very low. The Talisman Company are utilising steam power to keep the battery going.

The final clean up at the Waikato mine for last year's operations resulted in £14,253 being obtained from 4922 tons of ore.

The manager of the Waitahiri mine has decided to sink another 100 feet and open up fresh reserves of ore.

The Waikato-Silverton mine and plant

It is expected the Progress Castle Rock Company's battery will be at work next month.

The year's output from the Waikato mine was £306,136, an increase of £43,663 upon the yield for 1898.

STAND BACK AND THEN LOOK.

"Madam," said a wise old physician to a woman who had brought a feeble, anaemic, and poorly developed daughter to him for examination. "Madam, the treatment of this girl should have been begun two hundred years ago."

"Sir," she exclaimed, "I don't understand what you mean."

"Probably not, madam," replied this student of men and of medicine, "and you wouldn't even should I try to explain it."

How do you best see a picture on the wall? Why, by standing back and looking through your hollowed fist or through a tube. Well, then, let us first read Mrs. Coombes' letter, and afterwards get a little of what painters call perspective on it and see if we can understand the lesson it teaches.

"In the spring of last year, 1895," she says, "I had an attack of pleurisy, which left me low and weak. Subsequently I could not get up my strength, do what I would. My appetite was poor, and after eating I had severe pains about my chest, at my side, and between my shoulders. I had muscular pains in my arms and shoulders—in fact all over me. I got little or no sleep, and felt quite worn out in the morning."

"As time went on I got weaker and weaker and was scarcely able to get about. I came to be so low that I thought I never should be better again. I saw a doctor and took medicines, but nothing did me any good."

"In December (1895) my sister, who lives at Oxford, told me of the benefit she had derived from Mother Seigel's Syrup. I got a bottle from Mr Cooper, chemist, Oldbury Road, and after taking it found great relief. I could eat well, and food agreed with me."

"I now gained strength, and after taking four bottles was well as ever and free from all pain, muscular or otherwise. I know others who have been benefited by the same medicine. You can publish this statement as you like. (Signed) Charlotte Coombes, 177, Oldbury Road, West Smethwick, Birmingham, October 8th, 1896."

That is her letter—a plain, truthful, and well-written letter. But what do we see behind the simple facts as she sets them down? Is there anything suggested by that attack of pleurisy she speaks of? Was that the beginning? No. Pleurisy is the name given to an inflammation of the spaces or cavities in which the lungs rest. When the inflammation attacks the lungs themselves we call it pneumonia; if the bronchial tubes, bronchitis; and so on. But they are the same thing, from the same cause—namely, impure blood. When the blood is thus polluted, the smallest provocation a slight cold—may set up any of the above ailments. Rheumatism (which Mrs Coombes had) belongs to the same group or family of maladies.

But how comes that impurity or corruption of the blood in which these things arise? I'll tell you, in the hope that you will remember it. Indigestion, dyspepsia, fermentation of food in the stomach, torpid liver, which leaves the bile acids in the blood instead of removing them, poisonous dirt and filth from the stomach getting into the circulation—that's where the trouble comes from. So we see that in cases of pleurisy, etc., there is always what the doctors call a "history" of dyspepsia. Although this lady had been dyspeptic symptoms after the pleurisy, a previous impurity of her digestion—whether she realised it or not—laid the foundation for the pleurisy, the rheumatism, and all that followed.

Now that is what we see as we stand back and look. And this is the practical use you are to make of the knowledge: Take care of the condition of your stomach, and the first day you feel anything wrong with it, resort to Mother Seigel's Syrup without waiting to find out whether you are going to be worse or not. When your house takes fire you don't wait to see how bad it is likely to be; you stop it immediately. Do so with indigestion. The old doctor was right in what he said to the woman about her daughter. The girl couldn't help the neglect of

# Minor Matters.

The New Zealand Railway Department is (says an exchange) not likely to undergo the experience which the Victorian Department has had during the past few years, and is still liable to—viz., the robbery of or total loss of railway station safes. It is not an uncommon thing in the colony named not only for burglars to rob the station safes when they could conveniently do so on the premises, but to cart them boldly away at times so that they might be looted at leisure. The New Zealand Railway Department has recently ordered that all station safes shall be solidly embedded in concrete, and at the present moment there is hardly a railway station safe that is not burglar and fire-proof. In a short time there will not be an unsafe safe in connection with the Government railway system. Not only are these strong rooms secured by concrete, but iron bars are embedded in the casing material to "make assurance doubly sure."

Here are a few definitions and axioms from what an Australian writer terms his new boarding-house euclid. A landlady, we are told, is an oblong angular figure, which cannot be described, but is equal to anything. All the other rooms in a boarding-house being taken, a single room is said to be a double room. Boarders in the same boarding-house and on the same floor are equal to one another. Amongst the "postulates," we find that "a pie may be produced any number of times." Any two meals at a boardinghouse are together less than two square feeds. The clothes of a boarding-house bed, though produced ever so far both ways, cannot meet. The landlady of a boarding-house can be reduced to her lowest terms "by a series of propositions." A bee line may be made from any one boarding-house to any other boarding-house. If there be two boarders on the same floor, and the amount of side of the one be equal to the amount of side of the other, each to each, and the wrangle between one boarder and the landlady be equal to the wrangle between the landlady and the other, then shall the weekly bills of the two boarders be equal also, each to each. For, if not, let one bill be the greater; then, the other bill is less than it might have been, which is absurd.

The agitation for uniformity in the pitch of pianos is producing some funny stories. One man, for example (according to the "Triad") has written to an eminent firm of piano manufacturers to say that his piano is out of tune. He confesses that he knows nothing about it himself, but says that his daughter is of the opinion that the piano needs tuning very badly, being now at least seven or eight octaves below concert pitch. Then Paterfamilias goes on: "What is this new normal pitch that I have been hearing about? If it makes the piano keep in tune longer, I wish you would kindly supply me with one. Would a second hand pitch do, though? I suppose it is not expensive, and that it can be easily fixed to the old piano?" This is as good as the story of the theatre hand who, getting an order to have the piano lowered in pitch, sawed an inch off the bottom portion of the case!

The anti-bike fiend is abroad in Nelson just now. The other evening a young man cycling from the Port discovered that some person had placed large tacks and boot protectors upward on the track near Auckland Point. The discovery was led up to by a badly punctured back tyre, and a bad fall was narrowly averted. To discover the perpetrator of such actions is well high impossible, and it remains only that good care be taken when detection results that an adequate punishment is inflicted. In Christchurch the malicious puncturing of cycle tyres with a pocket knife was met by imprisonment without the option of a fine, and the cases are analogous.

"A splendid cycle brigade is in service at Capetown for carrying military dispatches from the barracks to 'The Castle.' The corps is about fifty strong. It belongs to the British Army and went over from England. The cyclists are all slight fellows, none being under 5ft 10in. Their uni-

and stockings, their head gear being a (leisurely) cap with red and white checker band. The whole uniform is much lighter and more comfortable than that of the cycle corps of New Zealand. The riders all wear shoes. No side arms are carried. No military cyclists have gone to the front so far as I am aware. I do not think they would be any use, as the country is unsuitable for them."—(From an interview with Trooper Hunt by the "N.Z. Wheelman.")

It must (writes "Boyet") be an exciting day in a man's life when he finally sheds the plain "mister" for the glorious "sir." Even up to seven in the morning (the time paper arrives) he is still plain Mr Cornelius-Cornflower. His gardener, who maybe, has had first peep at the paper, startles him a little by asking, "Will her ladyship take the booky her ladyship's own self into town, or shall I send it to the office, Sir Carnalius?" Then the parlour-maid, who is all simpers, asks "my lady" what time John is to have the carriage ready, and it is certain cook and housemaid are listening to the parlourmaid's maiden effort by the sounds of shuffling down the passage. Presently the post arrives with a bundle of letters to plain Mr and Mrs., but an early bird in the shape of a charitable institution secretary, who heard rumours over-night, has addressed Sir Cornelius-Cornflower in a big bold hand on a large blue envelope, with a request for a subscription from Sir Cornelius and Lady Cornflower inside, and gets it, of course. The trying ordeal is the train journey to town. Every man has read his paper, and Sir Cornelius is Sir Cornelius to his heart's content, the station-master leading the way. All day long the bombardment goes on. "Congratulate you, Sir Cornelius," "Delighted, Sir Cornelius, I'm sure," "So well deserved, Sir Cornelius," "It's a warm day, Sir Cornelius; what do you say to a glass of wine, just to commemorate the occasion?" The glory must make a man feel as if he were walking on air. If ever I am knighted the state of exhilaration will, I am sure, be so overpowering that the first man who calls me "Sir" I shall be forced to give half-a-crown, at the very least.

A little while ago the British public was virtuously indignant because the refugees from Johannesburg, having used up all the available stock, were forced, in their anxiety to get away from the doomed city, to actually travel in open trucks. Yet, somehow or other (says a writer in an Australian exchange), the Australian seems to accommodate himself with ease to the much inferior method of transport provided by our own railway authorities at holiday times. So far as I have been able to discover, only one man has protested against the existing method of crowding men, women and children into coal trucks for the so-called "excursion" to Fern Tree Gully; and this gentleman only mildly protests on the ground that he was nearly shaken to death, and that his wife was forced to take to her bed after the trip. Such is the ingratitude of human nature. This man had paid first-class fare, and instead of the ordinary monotonous journey, he had thrown in gratis all that exciting sense of danger which makes our young men volunteer for the Cape. For an expenditure of about 3/6 he was allowed to experience all the emotions felt by those who never know when they will come back alive, and yet he was not satisfied.

Mr Leslie Stuart, the author of the popular song "The Soldiers of the Queen," which has been on everybody's lips of late, has just been saying: "The funny thing about the song is that originally I wrote it as a satire; it wasn't at all the patriotic song it has since become," said Mr Stuart. "It came out in the 'Artists' Model,' and it fell flat—the public wouldn't stand the satire. No wonder I withdrew it and re-wrote it. I felt sure I had a good inspiration in the tune, and now I think my belief has proved right. Of course, I was very grateful to Queen Victoria for having a diamond jubilee just at the right time. That began its popu-

has become the "Marselline" of England. The song is selling at an average rate of 12,000 copies a week.

How a fortune was missed from lack of restraint was told (says the Otago "Daily Times") by Mr Justice Edwards in giving judgment in the case in which David Wilkie, of Waitotara, claimed from his brothers, John and Adam, a share of the profits of the contract for the construction of the Southern Cross (Coolgardie) railway, in Western Australia. His Honor says that under the terms of the partnership articles the plaintiff was admitted without being called upon to find any capital whatever, and without even a nominal liability to find capital, to a full share in a partnership which, if he had observed the conditions upon which he was admitted, would have earned in his acquiring in two and a-half years a fortune of between £50,000 and £80,000. This probably exceeded the most sanguine hopes of the partners, but from the beginning it was evident that they anticipated making very large profits from the contract, for the terms upon which the defendant John Wilkie agreed to find the plaintiff's share in the capital were that he should receive a percentage upon the plaintiff's share of the profits up to £10,000. The plaintiff contributed nothing to the common stock of the partnership save his industry, his intelligence, and his special knowledge of contracting matters. To render these of any value it was essential that he should keep himself sufficiently sober to attend to his duties. The provision that if he failed to do so he should lose all interest in the contract, and should be paid £6 per week only for the period during which he attended to his duties, was, under such circumstances, neither harsh nor unreasonable. By his expulsion from the partnership he lost nothing that he ever had, although he forfeited the splendid prize which was within his grasp if he could have overcome his craving for drink but for a few months longer. His Honor gave judgment for defendants, with costs, including the expense of taking evidence on commission in Western Australia. The costs of court alone amounted to £300.

A young Sydney matron was advised (writes "Gaia") by the family doctor to take her three children, who were looking "droopy," to the seaside. Not being well enough off to take a furnished cottage or rooms at a hotel, she devised a plan for herself. Taking a monthly steamer ticket to Manly for herself, "general," and eldest child (the other two being under the paying age), she sets out every morning at 7 and only returns in time to put the children to bed. In this way they have all the benefits of the blow there and back, bathing, and sea air, and, in addition, are becoming hardened sailors. To save the expense of a caretaker, the butcher's bulldog has been borrowed at the rate of 1/ per week.

He had been spending the evening not wisely, but too well. It became a matter of doubt with him whether he should get his boots off, or turn in with them on. His wife, good woman though she was, would not listen to the latter alternative. Boots are very useful, but the bulk of us are agreed that they are out of place in bed. In this case they were removed, after an effort that occupied some minutes, and involved no small amount of labour. Then, as the man contemplated his achievement, he heaved a sigh of resignation, and thanked heaven that he was not a quadruped.

A great many tomato-growers about Sydney have been puzzled to notice fine healthy plants suddenly dying. The disease has appeared on a large scale in the Gosford district. Specimens sent to the Government experts have been examined, and found to be infested with the "sleeping disease of tomato," a fungoid disease known as Fusarium lycopersici. The entomologist, Mr Proggart, states that this is a very common disease in England, where it causes great losses to market gardeners growing tomatoes. It is likely to spread, as if the plants are attacked when in full fruit, as is often the case, the fruit may ripen and appear, even under the microscope, to be perfectly sound, yet the seeds from such tomatoes if planted will produce diseased plants. As the fungus first attacks the roots, and then creeps up the stem, where it discolours the tissue and causes the sudden death of the plant, there is no remedy for the plant when once attacked; but they should

quick-time to destroy the spores and keep the disease from spreading.

A Baptist and a Methodist minister were by accident dining at the same house (relates the "Triad"). As they took their seats there was an embarrassed pause, the hostess not knowing how to ask one minister to say grace without offending the other. The small son quickly grasped the situation, and half rising in his chair, moved his finger rapidly around the table, reciting—

Eny mene may mo.  
Catch a mazer by the toe.  
He ended by pointing a finger at the Baptist minister and shouting "You're he!" The reverend gentleman accepted the decision and said grace, but it lacked the usual solemnity.

Evidence is not wanting that the spirit of patriotism is inured in the minds not only of the adults of the colony, but of the children also. At the railway station at New Plymouth the other day, when some of the volunteers were entraining to join the New Zealand Contingent at Wellington, one of them approached a newsboy and offered a penny for a copy of a paper. "Paper, sir, certainly," said the lad, "but as you are one of the volunteers who are going to fight the Boers you can have it for nothing. The penny will be my contribution to the fund." The volunteer took the paper, and felt inspired at the thought that even the boys of New Zealand were patriots.

The man with the snake story is back from his holidays in Australia (says the "Australasian"), and the anglers have been sitting round him in admiration at the lunch table. "I camped out," he said, "for the three days by a little creek with a clear, open, sandy patch in front of my tent. There was a State school about a mile away. Well, you know what a smoker Christmas Day was? However, it didn't take away my appetite, and I had a good dinner, and drank all you boys' healths several times, and then gradually went off to sleep as sound as a top. I awoke about five—at least a swishing noise in the sand woke me—and, raising myself on my elbow, I looked out, and what did I see? Why, a big black snake making all sorts of whirrigigs, curves, bows, and loops in the sand, just as if he'd been taken ill with colic. He took no notice of me, but kept at it, stopping every time after a fresh move, and looking up at a row of little snakes, evidently his youngsters, dangling over the side of a log, watching him. You know, I've had pretty good experience with snakes, and am a bit of a naturalist. I was, however, fairly puzzled by this fellow's antics, until my eye fell on the State school. Then it struck me at once. You know what initiative things snakes are, don't you. Well, this fellow was just teaching his youngsters the alphabet, and —" But the inexpressibly shocked anglers had disappeared.

Luck, it is pretty generally admitted, plays a very prominent part in Turf affairs, and it may also be accepted as a truism that none are more subject to its influence than jockeys. "Nothing succeeds like success" is a motto particularly applicable to knights of the pigskin, and when a jockey keeps on riding winners he never has to complain of a lack of mounts. Directly, however, that fickle jade, Fortune, sets her face against him, and, as a result of a succession of mounts on bad animals, he cannot get first past the judge, owners of horses turn their backs, forgetful, apparently, of the late George Fordham's well-worn axiom that "you cannot come without the horse."

DOCTORS TAKE IT.  
THE VALUE OF  
**Bragg's Vegetable Charcoal**  
As a remedy for Affections of the Stomach, Bowels, and other digestive organs, it is endorsed when eminent physicians, surgeons, etc., use it themselves, and give it to their children.  
Invaluable for Indigestion, Diarrhoea, Inflammation, etc.  
Indispensable as a preventive.  
KEEP IT IN THE HOUSE, IT WILL SAVE MANY AN ILLNESS.  
BRAGG'S CHARCOAL POWDER,  
BISCUITS AND LOZENGES,  
OF ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES.

# Current Comment.

## THE BUSHMEN'S CORPS.

If the Bushmen's Corps, which some wealthy Australians propose to recruit for South Africa, is sent to the front, it will (says the Lyttelton "Times"), and so say all of us, be one of the most useful bodies of men in the ranks of the British Army. The "Bushman," "bush-riding," or "kangaroo-shooter," as he is variously called, is described as a plucky rider, and a marvellous flying shot. His height ranges from about five feet eight inches or nine inches to almost anything up to seven feet. He has been in the saddle ever since he could "toddle," and in some cases, even before that. His life has been spent in districts where food and water are often scarce, and he has learnt to make the most or best of whatever difficulty or predicament he may find himself in. He is always in the pink of condition, "as hard as nails," and is without the faintest knowledge of the word "fear." Above all, he recognises the value of caution and presence of mind, and as he never loses his head, he can be counted upon to pull himself out of any "corner." He rides as no other man in the world can ride. He has a pretty, workman-like seat, from which nothing short of a "regular crumple" will shift him. Withal, the Bushman will tend and nurse a sick mate as gently and kindly as will a woman. He will fight any man, even if he is "as big as a house." He will drink anything from "post and rails" down to turpentine, pain-killer, and boiling water; and he has subsisted on mutton and damper all his life. A better soldier for service in South Africa it would be almost impossible to obtain.

## PATRIOT OR JINGO.

The finest sentiment may be reduced to an absurdity; the most pathetic and artistic story the more easily burlesqued in the hands of an incapable amateur. We have no wish to deride the fine patriotic spirit which led this colony, among others, to show the world that the Empire was united by sending forth her sons to fight in the cause of the Motherland. But are we not assuming a little too much? (says the Hawke's Bay "Herald.") It would really appear that England is in a terrible fix, and that only by the assistance of New Zealand will she be able to extricate herself. The sympathy and assistance we have accorded to Britain have shown that with the rest of the Empire we are one in our determination to maintain its integrity, and that is all England requires at our hands. To presume that our rate of help will in any way change the course of events is to cast a slur on England's military prestige. Britain is quite capable of managing the affair herself, as events will in a very short space of time tend to prove. But for the dilatory action of the War Office the war would have been practically concluded. As it is this negligence has been remedied, and although the campaign has been rendered doubly difficult by the delay there can be only one end. When the reorganised British forces get fairly to work the Boer horde will crumble before them like a house of cards in a gale of wind.

## THE EFFECT OF A "LADY COUNSELLOR."

To a casual observer it would almost appear that the Mayor and gentlemen councillors were anxious to avoid debate in the Council because of the well-known conversational and argumentative ability of the lady councillor who sits at the table with them. There can be no doubt that Cr. Yates may be equal to any one of the others in debate, but surely she is not equal to nine, with the Mayor included. If this be admitted, they pay a very high compliment indeed to Cr. Yates. Yet, on the other hand, the business of the Borough suffers in consequence.

## CYCLISTS AND PATRIOTISM.

No stone should be left unturned to prove that the athletes and cyclists of this glorious little land are, in their patriotic fervour, not one whit behind any similar body of Her Majesty's subjects throughout the length and breadth of that Empire upon which the sun never sets. The cycle man (says the "Wheelman") not have done

much, if anything, in the past to add to the lustre of England's glory; but it is not to the past we have to look; the future is more important than the past, and in this respect it will be found that the cycle will be an important factor in the destinies of the British Empire. We do not altogether refer to the military aspect of the question. The bicycle will doubtless ere long be a sine qua non in all future military achievements; but what will be its general effect upon the British as a race?—and for as New Zealand is concerned—and we speak authoritatively—the tendency of the cycle has been to improve the general health and physique of those who have used it. It has been a loud cry during the past two or three decades that the race is degenerating; that the Britons of to-day are not to be compared with the Britons of Trafalgar and Waterloo; that we are too civilised, too well fed, too luxurious to last long as a dominant race; many go so far as to say that there are already strong signs of national decay. Whether this is so or not we do not pretend to say, but one thing we do know, and that is that the cycle has a strong and undeniable tendency to physical development; and further, and more important still, it is a potent means of bodily exercise for women as well as men.

## WAR OFFICE MISMANAGEMENT.

Events are daily demonstrating that the English War Office has blundered; it has under-estimated the Boer forces, and has been caught unprepared for a campaign, the gravity of which ought to have been foreseen. The War Office appears to have had no accurate knowledge of the number of troops which the Dutch Republics could put in the field, or of the strength and quality of their artillery. There can be no excuse for the British artillery being inferior in range to that of the enemy. With our relatively small army, compared to the vastness of the Empire, it seems scarcely credible that we should have to suffer severe reverses in order to ascertain that the artillery possessed by the Boers is superior in range to our own. It is melancholy to reflect (comments the Wanganui "Chronicle") on the disasters that have been the direct consequences of the want of foresight and dilatoriness of those in authority.

## WHAT KITCHENER HAS TO DO.

Now, the difficulties which Kitchener has to overcome are transport, the present insufficient diet of the army, and to improve the general condition of the men. Though matters have been kept very quiet (says the "Waikato Star"), still, if Buller, with his 33,000 troops cannot move any distance from his base, and must leave White to his fate, the causes of his inability are pretty obvious. The railway is probably in a very dilapidated condition by this time, especially as it is only a single line, unfit for the heavy traffic to which it has been lately subjected. There must be great difficulty and delay in getting the necessary supplies. But this is not the only evil. The army cannot move from its base unless it keeps in touch with the railway. Now the task before Kitchener is to organise such a system of transport as Roberts may be able to attempt a flank movement in order to turn the position of the Boers, otherwise, as Cronje remarks, the more English soldiers who come so much the better for the Boers, as they only get in one another's way.

## OUR DEFENCES.

If Britain be engaged by any Continental Power as a consequence of the present struggle in South Africa she will undoubtedly have the support of all English-speaking people, and the ultimate result of any conflict hereafter will never be in doubt. But there is this to be considered: British colonies (says the "Southern Standard") offer great inducements to privateers, and it might happen that while the main strength of her navy was engaged elsewhere stray cruisers could inflict heavy damage on our seaports. In the face of all this it is desirable that our coastal defence should be strong enough to

enable attack to be resisted, as the very fact of the colony being strongly defended would save us from attack. We have no doubt but that the representations of the Dunedin Chamber of Commerce will be heartily supported by other Chambers of Commerce, and we notice that since the above was written the Invercargill Chamber of Commerce has generally endorsed the Dunedin Chamber's resolutions, which doubtless will promptly be given effect to by the Government if occasion demands.

## RUSSIA AND ENGLAND.

Whatever the motive by which Russian authorities are actuated in their present policy (says the "Otago Daily Times") it is not one which Great Britain can regard with complacency. It is plain that if it is not checked British interests in Asia are likely to suffer. Fortunately, however the Foreign Office at the present time in the hands of a statesman upon whom the Empire can depend to see that its rights are safeguarded. The Marquis of Salisbury will have been kept fully informed with respect to Russian designs, and he will unquestionably be fully alive to the possibilities of the situation. It is more than likely, indeed, that he has foreseen the present position, and in this consideration we may find the true explanation of the refusal of the British Government to employ the Indian forces in the Boer war. The Indians may be required nearer their own homes.

## THE COST OF THE CONTINGENT.

It is only natural that Mr Seddon, as Colonial Treasurer, should look with considerable favour upon the manner in which the public are trying to convince him, as Premier, that a third contingent should be sent to the assistance of the British forces in South Africa. Every penny subscribed to the War Fund will be so much saved to the Treasury, and so much taken off the responsibilities of the Government. But we still doubt, argues the Lyttelton "Times" in a thoughtful article, whether it is desirable that a large part of the funds required for the colony's military expenditure should be obtained by voluntary subscriptions. As a practical demonstration of the people's loyalty these are well enough. The man who backs up his expressions of loyalty with a handsome donation to the War Fund may at least hope to escape the charge of insincerity. But in a democratic country like this, where every section of the community is represented in the Legislature, the cost of any national movement, whether for war or for peace, should be borne by the general exchequer.

## TO OUR SECOND CONTINGENT.

Go, Brothers.

Our fathers fought for liberty;  
Go ye, and brave as they,  
Encounter bravest enemies,  
And honour's call obey.

Go, not in wrath's unrighteousness  
As monsters seeking prey,  
But clad in blameless consciousness,  
Go crush a lawless sway.

Go, brothers, where our standard waves  
Before audacious foes,  
And teach oppressors that all slaves  
Are freed wherever it goes.

As Justice rears it to the sky,  
And Truth protects its fame;  
Your valour shall the proud defy  
And grace your country's name.

For God, our Empire, and our Queen,  
Be resolutely brave,  
Till nations learn that all things mean  
Are hastening to the grave.

God be your shield where dangers fly;  
God guide you mid the fray;  
The God of Battles from on high,  
By you His will display.

Dunedin, January 8, 1900. R.N.A.

## TROOPER HUNT'S ADVICE TO THE SECOND CONTINGENT.

"My advice to fellows going in the next contingent is to take any private things in a small bag, including a small looking-glass, to shave with. Any requisites that cannot be taken on can always be sent back from Capetown. If you go with the Government kit alone you are without razors or anything of that kind, and they are most particular about shaving. Above all, a man should take a 'house wife' for sewing on buttons. I would also advise a pair of rubber shoes for use on board in wet weather. They won't chafe in you

wearing them, although you have to work barefoot at stables. I would not have met with my accident if I had had rubber shoes on."

## A TRULY SENSIBLE SUGGESTION.

Among the many projects which have been put forward in connection with the settlement of South Africa after the war, one by the "Spectator" is deserving of notice. This is that some thousands of the reservists should be settled in the country, thus forming a body of men with military training, who could be depended upon to support the British authorities in case of need. It is considered that by this means the necessity for keeping a large garrison in South Africa might be considerably lessened. Assuming that a reservist or time-expired man was willing to settle in South Africa, there would be a saving of his transport and keep, perhaps £20. Land suitable for farming is plentiful without resorting to any large measure of confiscation, and allotments might be given to these military settlers, together with such sums of money as would enable them to make a start in farming. But that is not all. When the war is over the Government will have an enormous quantity of stores, horses, mules, carts, tents, sheds, and many other things, from tarpaulins to chaffcutters, which it may not be worth while to take home, and which would have to be sold for very little to dealers. It is suggested that such of these articles as might be distributed among them. The reservists would continue to receive their pay from the British Government, and it is proposed that the local government or governments should add an equivalent sum as an extra inducement. The military colonist would thus have something to live upon during the first few years, the most trying time of his farming. The "Spectator" thinks that it should not be insisted on that the men must become farmers. Any reservist with a trade or handicraft suitable to a new country, such as carpentering, bricklaying, blacksmith's work, etc., should receive similar encouragement. Such a scheme would, of course, involve some trouble and expense, but if carried out successfully it would materially help to lessen the difficulties of the situation. "If," concludes the "Spectator," "the Government had on the spot 10,000 reserve men, all of whom had their baptism of fire, who could be called to arms almost at a moment's notice, we should hear much less about the awful difficulties we shall be placed in by having to keep a great military garrison in South Africa."



## Chills

Ever become chilled through and through?

The acute sensation of cold is followed by feverishness and aches in all parts of the body. Finally the whole trouble settles in the throat and lungs in the shape of a cough. There is nothing so bad for a cough as coughing.

# AYER'S Cherry Pectoral

will cure these chills and coughs. A few doses are sufficient at first. More time is required later on.

Stop coughing and you will get well. Keep coughing and you invite bronchitis, pneumonia, or even consumption itself. Better stop your cough at once and thus end the whole matter.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass., U.S.A.



# Sports and Pastimes.

## TURF FIXTURES.

### NEW ZEALAND.

January 20 and 21—Foxton R.C. Summer Meeting  
 January 23 and 24—Wellington R.C. Summer Meeting  
 January 25—Stratford R.C. Annual Meeting  
 January 23, 31, February 3—Takapuna J.C. Summer Meeting  
 February 7 and 8—Taranaki J.C. Autumn Meeting  
 Feb. 19 and 20—Te Aroha J.C. Annual Meeting  
 February 14 and 15—Egmont R.C. Summer Meeting  
 February 17, 21, 24—Otahuhu Trotting Club Summer Meeting  
 February 22 and 23—Poverty Bay Turf Club Annual Meeting  
 February 22 and 24—Canterbury J.C. Summer Meeting  
 March 1—Bay of Plenty J.C. Annual Meeting  
 March 7—Rotorua J.C. Annual Meeting  
 March 9 and 9—Wanganui J.C. Autumn Meeting  
 March 10—South Auckland Racing Club Meeting  
 March 17—Hawke's Bay Jockey Club Meeting  
 March 17 and 19—Ohinemuri J.C. Annual Meeting  
 March 21, 22, and 23—Dunedin J.C. Autumn Meeting  
 March 21, 22—Napier Park Racing Club Meeting  
 April 4 and 5—Manawatu R.C. Autumn Meeting  
 April 16 and 17—Canterbury J.C. Autumn Meeting  
 April 16, 17, 23—Auckland Racing Club Autumn Meeting  
 April 26 and 27—South Canterbury J.C. Autumn Meeting  
 May 2 and 4—Wellington R.C. Autumn Meeting  
 May 24 and 26—Takapuna J.C. Winter Meeting  
 May 24 and 26—Dunedin J.C. Winter Meeting  
 June 9, 11—Auckland Racing Club Winter Meeting  
 June 20, 22—Hawke's Bay Jockey Club Winter Meeting  
 June 20, 22—Gisborne Park Racing Club Winter Meeting  
 June 27, 29—Napier Park Racing Club Winter Meeting  
 July 18 and 20—Wellington R.C. Winter Meeting

### DATES OF COMING EVENTS.

### NEW ZEALAND.

January 22—Wellington Cup  
 January 23—Takapuna Cup

## NOTES BY MONITOR.

One of the oldest identities connected with the famous Wellington Park stud has joined the great majority. This is that well-known brood mare Frailty, who in her day has thrown some of the champions of the turf. Her first foal was Trenton, which she produced to Musketry, and his fame is sounded throughout the world. Niagara by Anteros was another good one, so also was Cuirassier. A noted pair from the same dam were Zaliniski and Havoc, the latter fetching the highest price ever obtained at Wellington Park. In this latter respect he was run a close second by another of Frailty's descendants in Mousquetaire, who, however, turned out a failure. Frailty was bought in Sydney by Mr Edward Perkins, having been bred at the famous Toral Stud (N.S.W.), and was afterwards purchased by Mr Morrin, the best deal probably the latter gentleman ever did, as she must have proved a veritable gold mine to the popular stud-master. She had reached the age of 22 years at the time of her death.

News is to hand that the three-year-old Dewey has been sold for 2000 guineas, the destination of the colt being India. Dewey, who is by Lochiel from Donna, won the Spring Stakes at Randwick and the Caulfield Cup last year, and ran second to Merriewe in the V.R.C. Derby, besides getting third in the Melbourne Cup. He proved a most consistent horse, and should be heard of in the next race for the Viceroy's Cup.

The Wellington Cup will be run for on the 22nd inst. The field has been divided down to eight, a very small number to compete for such a valuable race. Boreas is at the top of the list with 9.7, a weight that he is fully master of, as he won the Great Easter Handicap with 9.2 and the Anniversary Handicap at Dunedin with 9.8. Sylvia Park with 8.6 as his best, would be very dangerous, but I am inclined to think that the hard going will tell its tale. Tortulla's weight has been raised to 8.6, but Boreas is more likely to be the stable choice. Djin Djin with 7.11 reads a likely one, but the mare to which I must pin my faith is Messrs Nathan's representative Rosella, who with 7.9 seems the pick of the basket. Possibly she might prefer a short course, but I cannot help thinking that she will prove fully equal to taking care of the opposition.

That good horse Merlocius who went to India last year has been successful in winning the Viceroy's Cup, the most important of all the Indian races. The big son of St. Swithin registered many good performances in Australia, and his victory in the

Indian race came as no surprise to his many colonial admirers. He ran in the colours of Mr Defoyssa, who gave 1600 guineas for him.

Trainers are busy getting their charges ready for the coming meeting at Takapuna. Owing to the withdrawal of Bluejacket and Coronet from the Cup Miss Delaval has been left with the top weight. Notwithstanding this she is much fancied for the race in question, and has been freely coupled with other horses in doubles. For the Cup and Steeplechase popular picks are Miss Delaval and Nor-west, La Gloria and Volcano, La Gloria and Opua, and Laetitia and Nor-west.

J. E. Brewer, the well-known Victorian trainer, had two successes recently in England, when he won at the Newmarket Steeplechase Meeting with Manzouza, who romped home with 12.4 in the saddle, the top weight. Toruado was the other winner, securing the Sundry Hurdle Race at Kempton Park with 11.11. In the former event Brewer piloted the winner to victory. He is schooling The Grafter and Battalion over the hurdles, at which game they should excel.

Sir J. Blundell Maple has had a long run of ill-luck since Common was retired to the stud. He has now determined to try what good riding will do, as he has retained the crack horseman San Louates at a salary of £2000 a year to ride for him the next three years.

Three more American jockeys in the persons of Taral, Mahor and Spencer intend crossing the Atlantic to ride in England next season. This further invasion has no doubt been caused by the success of Sloan, Reiff, and Martin. With these six crack American horsemen against them the English jockeys will have to look to their laurels.

The absence of Messrs Nathan's horse Explosion from taking part at the Wellington Meeting is due to the fact that the severe racing which he went through at the recent meeting at Ellerslie had resulted in muscular soreness. It has been decided, therefore, that the Summer Cup winner should be treated to a short spell instead of sending him to fulfil his Southern engagements.

It seems probable that the ponies First Whisper and Blue Paul will be sent across to Sydney shortly. There are any amount of pony meetings held in and around Sydney, so that the two Aucklanders, who are by no means novices at the game, will have every opportunity given them of winning a few good races.

Among the entries for the Handicap Maiden Plate to be run at Takapuna appears the name of Blossom. She is a pony by Lord Cochrane from Orange Blossom, and is owned by Mr A. Hughes. The mare is reported to be a very speedy customer, but at present is somewhat short of work.

The Otahuhu Trotting Club are in the field with a programme for a three days' meeting, which will take place on the 17th, 21st and 24th prox. The chief item on the bill of fare is the Mahuhu Trotting Cup of 1000sovs., over 2 miles.

Seahorse is being kept up to his collar in his work, and if at all leniently treated by the handicapper will no doubt be sent across to compete in the great Victorian Autumn Campaign. If brought to the post fit and well he will certainly not disgrace himself when asked to measure strides with the Australian cracks in the big 2 1/2 mile event.

As an example of imbecile nomenclature a horse entered at Ashburton recently would be hard to beat. This equine was encumbered with "Pauline, you are a Belle," although it is not stated what the poor unfortunate brute had done to deserve such a fate. This reminds me of a horse that used to be seen out at Kempton Park and other South of England racecourses, who rejoiced in the curious name of "Tommy Up a Pear Tree."

Mr S. Tyree, of New Plymouth, secured a bargain at Hunter and Nolau's sale last week, when he picked up Donneraile for 25 guineas. Although not a champion, the son of St. Leger

and Balista has often shown a good turn of speed, and he should easily repay his new owner for the small outlay.

The list of nominations for the two big Australian handicaps run in the autumn are very heavy ones. In the Newmarket Handicap 84 are listed to compete, among the number appearing the name of Major George's champion, Seahorse. In the Australian Cup 51 are entered, the New Zealander being among the list. Much interest will be taken by local sportsmen in the declaration of the weights as to how the Victorian adjuster will sum up the chances of Nelson's son as against Merriewe, Parthian, Bobardil and Company. The nomination for the two races are given elsewhere.

## TAKAPUNA J.C. SUMMER MEETING.

Mr W. Knight has declared the following weights for first day's events to be run on January 23:

First Hack Handicap, 50sovs, 7 furlongs.—Chancellor II, 8.10, Swiftfoot 8.6, Belfast 8.4, Sly Miss 8.4, Cadiz 8.4, Waterloo 8.0, Starlight 7.6, Perseverance 7.9, Sammy 7.7, Kaffir 7.7, Tikl 7.0.

First Pony Handicap, 50sovs, 7 furlongs.—Lena 9.5, Blue Paul 9.5, The Slave 8.12, Cuisne 8.6, Pipwharuroa 8.4, Major 8.4, Edisun 7.5, Chansman 7.2, Trooper 7.2, Chief Miss 5.2, Atel 5.0.

Handicap Maiden Plate, 50sovs, 1 mile.—Lady Dash 8.13, Chancellor II, 8.10, Belfast 8.5, Napoleon 8.2, Blossom 7.12, Leo 7.12, St. Inis 7.0, Red Rover 7.3, Corporal 7.7, Conspirer 7.7, Ego 7.7, Klama 7.7, Pipwharuroa 7.6, Toia 7.5, Custaside 7.4, Remus 6.12, Brigham Young 6.12, Castoria 6.7, Fouquet 6.7, Tikl 6.7.

First Handicap Hurdles, 20sovs, 2 miles.—Volcano 12.0, Barbarossa 11.12, Tim 11.4, Voltigeur II, 10.4, Waitress 9.10, Dingo 9.10, Favona 9.7, Straybird 9.5, Verbl 9.0, Whare 9.0, Kerowit 9.0, Turk 9.0.

Zealandia Handicap, 75sovs, 5 furlongs.—Sultan 9.5, Minerva II, 9.0, Kettledrum 8.12, Cuirassier 8.6, Blairina 8.0, St. Elmo 8.0, Moment 8.0, St. Jack 7.11, Toisto 7.2, St. Elmo 7.0, Alcege 7.12, Minerva 7.12, Bluecap 6.10, Toroa 6.9, Tikl 6.7.

Stewards' Handicap, 100sovs, 6 furlongs.—Daytree 8.12, Minerva II, 8.12, Cavalier 8.12, Hoboro 8.12, Cuirassier 8.4, Lady Dash 8.0, St. Elmo 8.0, Moment 7.12, Red Lancer 7.12, Laetitia 7.12, St. Peter 7.10, Little 7.7, St. Jack 7.7, Knight of Atol 7.7, Toisto 7.6, Doctor 7.2, Hubbard 7.2, Rogalia II, 7.0, Toroa 6.9, Bluecap 6.9, Brilliant 6.7, Tikl 6.7.

Callope Handicap (two-year-olds), of 100sovs, 6 furlongs.—Zealou 8.7, Landrock 8.7, Balbirnie 8.5, Lady Avon 8.4, St. Elyn 8.0, W. Black 8.0, Alcege 7.12, Minerva 7.10, Matamauharaki 1.5, Kismary 6.10, Dellah 6.10, Toroa 6.10.

## WOODVILLE RACES.

The Woodville Racing Club held a two days' meeting on the local racecourse last week, when some very interesting sport was shown. Although the weather was brilliantly fine the attendance was only moderate, notwithstanding which fact the totalisator return showed a considerable increase over the corresponding meeting last year, the total takings amounting to £723 for the meeting. Rosepot was in good form winning both the Flying Stakes and the Stewards' Handicap, in the former of which the good dividend of £12 13/ was returned. Famous was another double winner, as the Borough Handicap fell to him, while he also accounted for the High-weight Handicap. The Woodville Handicap fell to Jadoo (by Jet d'Isau—Violet), who defeated Honorable very easily. In the Summer Handicap Will-o'-the-Wisp was successful, while Turpo survived a protest in the Railway Handicap, which she won from Quilina.

## AVONDALE JOCKEY CLUB.

The following nominations have been received for classic events:—

AVONDALE STAKES of 1500sovs (For now Yearlings).

Second horse to receive 100sovs, and third horse 50sovs out of the stake. Colts, 8.0; fillies and geldings, 7.9. By subscription of 5sovs each, payable on the night of general entries for Spring Meeting, 1900, unless forfeit of 1sovs is declared by first Friday in June, 1900. Should there be any surplus arising from the subscriptions it will be given to the race. No money required at time of nomination. Distance, four furlongs.

Run at Spring Meeting, 1900.  
 Mr Thomas Morrin's ch c by St. Leger—Valentin  
 Mr Thomas Morrin's br c by Hotchkiss—Ouida

Mr Thomas Morrin's br c by Castor—Vivandiere  
 Mr Thomas Morrin's b c by St. Leger—Janet  
 Mr Thomas Morrin's b f by Castor—Lady Wellington  
 Mr Thomas Morrin's ch f by Hotchkiss—Azzura  
 Mr Thomas Morrin's br f by Castor—Lyrellus  
 Mr Thomas Morrin's br f by Cuirassier—Gannet  
 Mr Thomas Morrin's br f by Hotchkiss—Crescent  
 Mr Thomas Morrin's br f by Hotchkiss—Brown Alice  
 Mr Thomas Morrin's br f by Castor—Hazel  
 Mr Thomas Morrin's ch f by St. Leger—Forme  
 Mr Thomas Morrin's br f by St. Leger—Necklace  
 Mr Thomas Morrin's br f by Castor—St. Cecily  
 Mr Thomas Morrin's br f by Hotchkiss—Hilda  
 Mr Thomas Morrin's br c by Hotchkiss—Queen Cole  
 Mr Thomas Morrin's br c by Hotchkiss—Lord Augustus  
 Mr Thomas Morrin's ch c by St. Leger—Forma  
 Mr Thomas Morrin's br c by Hotchkiss—Evelyn  
 Mr Thomas Morrin's br c by Hotchkiss—Rose of Wellington  
 Mr Thomas Morrin's ch c by Hotchkiss—Lady Peep  
 Mr Thomas Morrin's ch c by St. Leger—Lady Cureton  
 Mr Thomas Morrin's br c by Hotchkiss—Frailty  
 Mr Thomas Morrin's br c by St. Leger—Cissy  
 Messrs L. D. and N. A. Nathan's ch f by St. Leger—Campania  
 Messrs L. D. and N. A. Nathan's b g by Seaton Delaval—Liquilition  
 Messrs L. D. and N. A. Nathan's b f by Seaton Delaval—Lecount  
 Messrs L. D. and N. A. Nathan's b f by St. Hippo—Bellona  
 Messrs L. D. and N. A. Nathan's ch c by Seaton Delaval—Barente  
 Messrs L. D. and N. A. Nathan's ch c by St. Leger—Eilerslie  
 Mr J. G. Ralph's br c by St. Hippo—First Love  
 Mr Wm. Hildesley's b f by Regal—May  
 Mr John Leonard's b g by St. Hippo—Ida  
 Mr John Leonard's br g by St. Hippo—Vieux Rose  
 Mr John Leonard's br c by St. Hippo—Dorothy  
 Mr G. T. Tiers's b f by Regal—Vassator  
 Mr T. B. Bell's br f by Hotchkiss—Rebecca  
 Mr T. B. Bell's br g by Hotchkiss—Manilla  
 Mr P. A. Price's br g by Sault—The Shalsh  
 Messrs R. and R. Duder's br f by St. Hippo—Anna  
 Messrs R. and R. Duder's br c by Cuirassier—Duchess  
 Hon. H. Mousman's ch c by Musketry—Katipo  
 Major F. Nelson George's ch c by Nelson—Heath  
 Major F. Nelson George's ch f by Nelson—Mona  
 Major F. Nelson George's ch f by Nelson—The Duke  
 Major F. Nelson George's br f by Nelson—Sister Arnes  
 Mr D. McKinnon's b f by Lochness—Dreadnought  
 Mr D. McKinnon's b g by Lochness—Pikau  
 Mr W. Walters' b c by Sault—Cressida  
 Mr W. Walters' b f by Sault—Lady Emaline  
 Mr W. Walters' b f by Sault—Helen McGregor  
 Mr W. Walters' b f by Sault—Rose and White  
 Mr W. Walters' br f by Sault—Hinnorina  
 Mr W. Walters' b f by Freedom—Happy Thought  
 Mr W. Percival's br g by Ben Godfrey—Lady Blair

## AVONDALE GUINEAS of 100sovs

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Run at Spring Meeting, 1900.

Mr Thomas Morrin's ch c by St. Leger—Valentin  
 Mr Thomas Morrin's br c by Hotchkiss—Ouida  
 Mr Thomas Morrin's br c by Castor—Vivandiere  
 Mr Thomas Morrin's b c by St. Leger—Janet  
 Mr Thomas Morrin's b f by Castor—Lady Wellington  
 Mr Thomas Morrin's ch f by Hotchkiss—Azzura  
 Mr Thomas Morrin's br f by Castor—Lyrellus  
 Mr Thomas Morrin's br f by Hotchkiss—Crescent  
 Mr Thomas Morrin's br f by Hotchkiss—Brown Alice  
 Mr Thomas Morrin's br f by Castor—Lady Walsley  
 Mr Thomas Morrin's ch f by St. Leger—Forme  
 Mr Thomas Morrin's br f by St. Leger—Hazel  
 Mr Thomas Morrin's br f by St. Leger—Necklace  
 Mr Thomas Morrin's br f by Castor—Bankin

Mr Thomas Morrin's br f by Hotchkiss - Spillure  
 Mr Thomas Morrin's ch f by Hotchkiss - St. Evelyn  
 Mr Thomas Morrin's br f by St. Leger - Hilli  
 Mr Thomas Morrin's br c by Hotchkiss - Eve  
 Mr Thomas Morrin's br c by Hotchkiss - Quinn Cole  
 Mr Thomas Morrin's br c by Hotchkiss - Lady Augusta  
 Mr Thomas Morrin's ch c by St. Leger - Forlia  
 Mr Thomas Morrin's br c by Hotchkiss - Lady Evelyn  
 Mr Thomas Morrin's br c by Hotchkiss - Rose of Wellington  
 Mr Thomas Morrin's ch c by Hotchkiss - Lady Peer  
 Mr Thomas Morrin's ch c by St. Leger - Lady Curston  
 Mr Thomas Morrin's br c by Hotchkiss - Frally  
 Mr Thomas Morrin's br c by St. Leger - Cissy  
 Messrs L. D. and N. A. Nathan's ch f by St. Leger - Campanila  
 Messrs L. D. and N. A. Nathan's b g by Seaton Delaval - Liquidation  
 Messrs L. D. and N. A. Nathan's b f by Seaton Delaval - Locant  
 Messrs L. D. and N. A. Nathan's b f by St. Hippo - Bellona  
 Messrs L. D. and N. A. Nathan's ch c by Seaton Delaval - Charette  
 Messrs L. D. and N. A. Nathan's ch c by St. Leger - Ellerslie  
 Messrs L. D. and N. A. Nathan's ch f by St. Hippo - Waiemata  
 Messrs L. D. and N. A. Nathan's br c by St. Hippo - Inisfall  
 Mr W. Adams' ch c by Fabulous - Hippocrampus mare  
 Mr D. McKinnon's br g by Lochness - Agate  
 Mr J. G. Ralph's br c by St. Hippo - First Love  
 Mr Wm. Handley's b f by Regal - May  
 Mr John Lennard's b g by St. Hippo - Ida  
 Mr John Lennard's br g by St. Hippo - Vieux Rose  
 Mr John Lennard's br c by St. Hippo - Dorothy  
 Mr G. T. Tigher's b f by Regal - Vassator  
 Mr T. B. Bell's br f by Hotchkiss - Rapproch  
 Mr T. B. Bell's br g by Hotchkiss - Manilla  
 Mr E. A. Price's br f by South - The She-lah  
 Messrs R. and R. Duder's br f by St. Hippo - Anna  
 Messrs R. and R. Duder's br c by Cuir-assier - Dulcie  
 Hon. H. Mossman's ch c by Musketry - Katipo  
 Major E. N. George's ch c by Nelson - Hestia  
 Major E. N. George's ch f by Nelson - Moonga  
 Major E. N. George's ch f by Nelson - The Maid  
 Major E. N. George's b f by Nelson - Sister Agnes  
 Mr D. McKinnon's b f by Lochness - Dreamland  
 Mr D. McKinnon's b g by Lochness - Pikau  
 Mr W. Walters' b c by South - Cressina  
 Mr W. Walters' b f by South - Lady Em-racine  
 Mr W. Walters' b f by South - Helen Mc-Gregor  
 Mr W. Walters' b f by South - Rose and White  
 Mr W. Walters' br f by South - Hippocorina  
 Mr H. Weal's b f by Freedom - Happy Thought  
 Mr J. Fitch's br g by Ben Godfrey - Lady Blair

CRICKET.

The various matches in the four grades instituted by the Auckland Cricket Association were confined on Saturday in the early morning in looked as though an adjournment would have to take place, as the weather was most unpromising. However, during the forenoon the wind veered round to the south-west, and the afternoon was as pleasant as one as could be desired. The question as to how the wickets would play was keenly debated amongst cricketers, and opinions were much divided on the point. In the Gordon-United match the former won the toss, and elected to bat, and many thought that Lusk had made a mistake, especially when the four first wickets fell for 23 runs. The remaining batsmen, however, showed that the failure of the first few batsmen was not due to the wicket, which was really a very easy one, the amount of rain that had fallen only serving to take the sting out of the bowling. The principal feature of Gordon's innings, which closed for 261 runs, was the bludge of McRae, who knocked up the splendid score of 110. His innings was about the most brilliant exhibition of cricket seen on the Domain, and fairly delighted the crowd, who, as McKrae made big hit after big hit, were worked up to a tremendous state of enthusiasm, and gave the player a tremendous ovation both when he completed his century and when he retired, splendidly caught in the deep field by D. Hay. A few more scores put up in McKrae's style would go far to revive the interest in cricket in Auckland, as spectators without doubt dearly like to watch a batsman who indulges in free and big hitting. To show the rate at which McKrae scored, it is only necessary to state that only 43 runs were scored at the other end whilst he was running his total.

In the Parnell-Ponsonby match the former won the toss, and sent Ponsonby in to bat. The scoring in this match was very low, and also exceedingly slow compared to that on the

adjoining wicket. Whilst Ponsonby were compiling their total of 75, the Gordon team had scored close on 200 runs, a rather marked difference. Parnell did but little better with the bat than their opponents, and it is hard to account for the poor display of batting given by the two teams.

At North Shore there was also some rather sensational scoring. Auckland, after getting rid of the locals very cheaply, started in a most disastrous manner, and lost 4 wickets for 13 runs. Then Hiecks and R. Neill became associated, and put on over 150 runs, the former passing the century, his total being 110.

GORDON V. UNITED.

Gordon, batting first, opened with Williams and Ansenne, and the former after obtaining 11 runs misjudged a ball from Stenson, and was caught in the slips. Neil, Kallender, and Lusk all failed to make any stand, and 4 wickets were down for 23 runs. Kyd then joined Ansenne, and the total was carried to 61 before the latter got out, leaving having played very carefully for his 19 runs. McKrae and Kyd then made the stand of the innings, and both showed splendid form. Kyd scored 40 runs, and then had the bad luck to play the ball on to his wicket. His innings was a most useful one and deserving of the highest praise. Going in at a critical stage, he took no risks, but at times brought off some fine strokes, and then when joined by McKrae he was content to keep up his wicket whilst the latter did the scoring. McKrae's innings has already been spoken of, and it was certainly a masterpiece. He fairly broke up the United bowling, and towards the end the bowlers did not seem to know where to pitch the ball. Included in his 110 were 16 boundaries, and he gave only one chance, a big hit towards deep square leg, which was dropped close to the boundary. Edwards and Secombe, the last two batsmen added over 50 runs, the former, who batted in really nice style, obtaining 27, and Secombe was not out with 29 to his credit, the result of free and attractive cricket. Gordon's total, batting one man short, was 261, an excellent score, especially taking into consideration the bad start. United on going in to bat also started badly, Clayton being caught and bowled by Williams in his first over. Shortly afterwards D. Hay was caught in the slips off a bumpy ball from the same bowler. Stenson got 14 in quick time, and then in trying to pull a straight one from McKrae was clean bowled. C. Hay and N. Lusk then played out time, the former getting 22 and the latter 15. Hay, however, was badly missed at point off McKrae's bowling.

GORDON—First Innings.

N. S. Williams c Lusk b Stenson	11
J. Ansenne lbw b P. Hay	15
J. H. Neil c Sloman b Stenson	9
R. B. Lusk b P. Hay	19
J. R. Kyd b Sloman	40
W. McKrae c D. Hay b Walton	110
C. Edwards st Brown b Sloman	27
A. Secombe not out	29
Dr. Pabst, absent	0
Extras	5
Total	261

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	Ovs.	Mds.	Rns.	Wkts.
W. Stenson	17	1	79	2
P. Hay	19	8	43	3
C. Hay	4	1	11	1
H. Walton	4	1	35	1
D. Hay	9	—	25	1
A. E. Stoman	8.3	—	43	2

UNITED—First Innings.

F. Clayton c and b Williams	6
D. Hay c Edwards b Williams	0
W. Stenson b McKrae	14
C. Hay not out	22
N. Lusk not out	19
Total for three wickets	57

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	Ovs.	Mds.	Rns.	Wkts.
Williams	6	—	26	1
McRae	7	—	21	2

PARNELL V. PONSONBY.

Ponsonby, who were without London, batted first, and made a very poor stand against the bowling of Resteaux and I. Mills. Kemp (18) and Plummer (17 not out) were the only batsmen to reach double figures, the remainder seeming to be in trouble right from the start. On Parnell going in some heavy scoring was anticipated, but they did very little better than their opponents, 8 wickets being down for 78 runs when time was called. W. Mills was the principal cause of Parnell's failure, capturing 6 wickets at a cost of 39 runs. His analysis would have been much better had he not in his last few overs thrown up several loose balls, which were sent to the boundary. Young (23) was top scorer for Parnell, and he is playing in great

form at present and seems always good for a few runs when they are badly required.

PONSONBY—First Innings.

F. Sanders c Sagar, b Rosteaux	2
Sims, b Resteaux	9
R. Sanders, b Resteaux	9
W. Mills, b Resteaux	9
Beave, c Lawson, b Resteaux	6
White, run out	6
Kemp, b I. Mills	18
Robertson, c Gavin, b Mills	4
Plummer, not out	17
Langsford, lbw, b Mills	10
Wallace, b Resteaux	1
Edmonds, run out	1
London	0
Extras	9
Total	78

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	Ovs.	Mds.	Rns.	Wkts.
Resteaux, six wickets.				
I. Mills, three wickets.				
Gavin, no wickets.				
Young, no wickets.				
Lusk, no wickets.				
Lawson, no wickets.				

PARNELL—First Innings.

I. Mills, b W. Mills	11
Ohlson, c Langsford, b Mills	11
Lusk, b Mills	11
Young, c Plummer, b Mills	23
Gavin, c Langsford, b Wallace	12
Sagar, b Mills	1
Lawson, b Wallace	2
Richards, not out	2
Plummer, b Mills	0
Resteaux, not out	0
Extras	1
Total for eight wickets	76

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	Ovs.	Mds.	Rns.	Wkts.
G. Wallace	13	2	28	2
W. Mills	12	1	39	6

AUCKLAND V. NORTH SHORE.

Batting one man short, the Shore team were dismissed by R. Neill and A. M. Beale for the small score of 85 runs. T. Ball (20) and G. Mills (21) were the highest scorers, and both played careful cricket for their runs. Most of the other batsmen seemed to lack confidence, and the exhibition of batting was poor in the extreme. With two good wickets down for no runs, the start of Auckland's innings did not look very promising, and matters did not mend until Hiecks joined R. Neill, when over 180 runs were added. Hiecks obtained 116 by dashing and free cricket, his hitting all round the wicket being, as a rule, extremely good. He had, however, a good deal of luck, being badly missed on several occasions. Despite these blemishes his display was a really fine one, his bad strokes being mostly attributed to carelessness. R. Neill obtained 77 not out, and his innings was a really sound display of cricket. In fact, the veteran seems better than ever this season, both with the bat and ball.

NORTH SHORE—First Innings.

Swanson, b A. M. Beale	3
Hall, b R. Neill	20
G. Mills, c Stone, b A. M. Beale	21
W. Wynyard, b A. M. Beale	10
H. Buddie, c A. M. Beale, b R. Neill	9
A. Sutton, c Stewart, b R. Neill	10
C. Denby, c Stone, b R. Neill	14
R. Wynyard, b A. M. Beale	5
J. Burgess, not out	5
H. Holland, st Stewart, b R. Neill	0
Extras	1
Total (batting one man short)	85

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	Ovs.	Mds.	Rns.	Wkts.
R. Neill	15.3	3	57	5
A. M. Beale	18	7	57	6

AUCKLAND—First Innings.

Clayton, b Denby	0
T. Neill, b Mills	0
R. Neill, not out	77
C. E. Brown, c Stone, b Denby	11
M. Hiecks, c Sutton, b R. Wynyard	116
Nicholson, not out	6
Greville, c Wynyard, b Denby	4
Extras	2
Total for five wickets	209

SECOND GRADE.

AUCKLAND V. UNITED.  
 Auckland resumed their first innings which closed for 196. United commenced their second innings with four men short. St. Paul's bowling again proved too much for them, he obtaining the whole six wickets for 25 runs, the total being 47, to which Robinson contributed 15. Foster 13, and Coom 10 (not out). Auckland thus won by an innings and 71 runs.  
 Auckland: First Innings—196.  
 United: First Innings—78. Second Innings—Lichstein, c Airey, b St. Paul; Foster, c St. Paul, b St. Paul; Long, c Small, b St. Paul; Robinson, b St. Paul; Coom, not out; Sanderson, b St. Paul; Lambert, c and b St. Paul; First, c Fearon, b Anderson and Yates, absent; extra, 1. Total for six wickets, 47.  
 Bowling Analysis: For Auckland, St. Paul took six wickets for 25 runs.

Y.M.C.A. A. V. GORDON.  
 Y.M.C.A. won by an innings and 84 runs. This performance is equal to 19 wickets and 84 runs. It may be put down as one of the best of junior cricket in Auckland. After the match, the president of the winning club presented J. Staal with a bat, in recognition of his meritorious performance. Staal was not out, the first century of the Y.M.C.A. C.C.  
 Y.M.C.A.: First Innings declared closed, with one wicket down and 136 runs. Gordon: First Innings, 71. Second Innings—Kissling 0; Thomson 4; Cullerne 8; Moore-Jones 6; Keesing 0; Ward 0; Wright 1; Dalton 3; Halliwell 4; Coles 9; Holmden 1; extras 5. Total, 41.  
 Bowling Analysis: For Y.M.C.A. T. Southall took two wickets for 19 runs; G. Stephenson six for 9; R. Wheatley one for 1; Whitelaw seven for 8.

WANDERERS V. PONSONBY.  
 Wanderers won by 86 runs. S. Mills Hobson and Waddingham did good work with the bat, and Mills and Hobson shone in the bowling. For Ponsonby Clark and Sanders reached double figures. Scores: Wanderers: Hobson 86; Mills 40; Hobson 3; Sanders 31; Freeman b Carrick 2; S. Mills b Sanders 3; T. Wakely b Carrick 3; S. Laver b Sanders 3; C. Waddingham not out 14; Smith 19; Sanders 0; Burfoot b Sanders 11; Pritchard run out 1; T. Mills b Braund 4; extras 10. Total 123. Second Innings—Hobson b Braund 1; Freeman b Sanders 0; S. Mills b Braund 14; Wakely b Sanders 0; T. Mills b Braund 1; Laver b Braund 3; Waddingham b Braund 1; Burfoot b Braund 3; Fletcher not out 1; Fritchard b Braund 17; Smith b Braund 0; extras 7. Total 52.  
 Ponsonby: First Innings—C. Sanders b Wakely 0; C. Whitelaw b S. Mills 4; R. Ryan b S. Mills 0; F. Wilson b S. Mills 7; T. White b Wakely 5; I. Clark thrown out 11; B. Firth b Wakely 10; A. Braund b Wakely 0; McKillop b S. Mills 7; B. Carrick b S. Mills 3; P. Greshend not out 0; extras 3. Total 52. Second Innings—I. Clark b S. Mills 4; Greshend b Sanders 2; Firth b S. Mills 1; White b Hobson 0; Ryan b Mills 0; Wilson b S. Mills 1; Whitelaw b S. Mills 0; Sanders b S. Mills 1; McKillop b S. Mills 6; Braund not out 0; Carrick b Hobson 0; extras 2. Total 32.

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PARNELL V. NORTH SHORE. This match ended in a draw, Parnell scoring 112 and 144 for 20 wickets, and North Shore 125 and 77 for two wickets.

Parnell: First Innings—H. E. Lynch b L. P. Smith 9; H. Tomlin at Roberts 9; L. P. Smith 2; C. Cooke 8; R. B. McKenna 1; W. Thorpe 6; McKenna 3; C. McLean at Roberts b L. P. Smith 8; J. F. Murray c Pitts b H. H. Smith 3; E. J. Gulland not out 35; J. Roberts 12; W. Murray b H. H. Smith 4; two absent; extras 10. Total 112. Second Innings—E. J. Gulland c Pitts b McKenna 14; C. Cooke c Pitts b Gulland 19; Roberts 15; Gulland 13; W. Thorpe 13; Gilmour 15; F. Murray b Gouddie 31; H. E. Lynch not out 26; C. McKenna not out 3; extras 1. Total for five wickets (innings declared closed) 144.

North Shore: First Innings—L. P. Smith b Gulland 9; H. H. Smith b Tomlin 25; Bartley b Gulland 1; Cave c Cooke b Tomlin 35; Lees c Cooke b Tomlin 22; McKenna c and b Lynch 12; Roberts b Gulland 7; Gouddie b Tomlin 12; Grace c and b Tomlin 6; Pitts not out 4; Gilmour c Roberts b Lynch 3; extras 17. Total 137. Second Innings—Gouddie not out 42; H. Pitts c Lynch b Murray 20; McKenna b Murray 9; Roberts not out 8; extras 2. Total for two wickets 77.

THIRD GRADE.

Auckland v. Y.M.C.A.—The Auckland Eleven won by 11 runs. Y.M.C.A., who required 103 runs to win, ran the innings up to 81 before the last wicket fell. For Y.M.C.A.: A. Burton played a very good game for his score of 25. St. Albans won by 41 runs, scoring 60 and 75 as against the 12 and 22 of Excelsior. For Excelsior, F. Jones (19) and Gouddie (10) batted freely for their runs, and the game proceeded steadily. Bowling for St. Albans, Wilson took four wickets for 26 runs, Roberts three for 32, and Williams two for 6.

FOURTH GRADE.

St. Albans v. Auckland.—Auckland won by 46 runs. For the winners, E. McCoy captured seven wickets for 17 runs, Von der Hyde two for 18. Von der Hyde (29) and McGregor (17) batted well. For St. Albans, Brighton (31) and Smithyman (6) were the highest scorers. Gordon captured five wickets for 30 runs, and Hutton three for 40. Ponsonby v. North Shore.—Ponsonby won by one wicket and three runs, the scores being: Ponsonby, 114, and 40 for nine wickets; and North Shore, 89 and 46. The chief scorers for Ponsonby were: N. Wallace (18 not out) and G. Dalton (19). Otahuhu v. Y.M.C.A.—Otahuhu won easily by 100 runs, scoring 141 and 121 for four wickets, against 37 and 50 of the opposing side. For Otahuhu, Selby made 24 and 32 not out, Whiteley 26, Walker 23, Collins 19, and Goodwill 17, all batting well. For Y.M.C.A., Whiteley and Stevenson 18, batted best. Spurway bowled well for the winners, taking six wickets for 19 runs, and six for 16, while Whiteley took three for 23 and three for 30.

OTHER MATCHES.

Wakefield v. Pitt-street.—This match was won by Wakefield on the first innings by 31 runs. For Wakefield: Wakefield, 14 (McKay 52, Higgins 23, Magee 25, Preston 11, W. Magee 10); Pitt-street, 52 (Pascoe 12, McConnell 20). Bowling for Wakefield, Magee took 3 for 30, Higgins 3 for 12, Pascoe and Gillespie bowled well for Pitt-street. Victoria Rifles v. Mennie and Dey.—Victoria won on the first innings by 48 runs. Victoria Rifles scored 52, while Mennie and Dey scored 22 and 10, respectively. In the second innings Mennie and Dey scored 45 for five wickets, Fisher (12) and Rowe (15) were the double-figure scorers. In the second innings Mennie and Dey scored 45 for five wickets, Fisher (12) and Baillie (10) being best scorers. Martin, Rowe, and Manning divided the bowling honours for the Factory.

LAWN TENNIS.

WAIPAWA (HAWKE'S BAY) TENNIS TOURNAMENT.

On the second day of this tournament there were a large number of visitors, and tea was given by Mesdames Bibby and Todd, and Miss Reed.

The following are the scores:—

LADIES' HANDICAP SINGLES.

First Round. Miss Van Asch (5) beat Miss M. K. Simpson (20), 60-50. Miss Gore (10) beat Miss Williams (20), 60-44.

Second Round. Miss Gore beat Miss Baker, 60-46. Miss M. Simpson beat Mrs A. E. Eames, 60-44.

MEN'S HANDICAP SINGLES.

First Round. McKellar (40) beat J. Witheron (35), 81-79.

Second Round. H. Gore beat D. Potts, 81-79. W. Dinwiddie beat F. Walsh, 80-72. Hooper beat E. White, retired. Fisher beat Loughnan, 80-78.

LADIES' HANDICAP DOUBLES.

First Round. Misses Marchant (5) beat Misses Baker and Howard (15), 60-54.

Misses Simpson and Van Asch (scratch) beat Misses Inglis and Wilson (scratch), 60-43. Mrs Rhodes and Miss Ward (25) beat Mrs White and Miss Gore (10), 60-54.

Second Round.

Mrs Rhodes and Miss Ward beat Misses Marchant, 60-46.

MEN'S HANDICAP DOUBLES. First Round. Druce and H. Gore beat J. and L. Reed (30), 80-76. McKellar and Devenish (30) beat G. and T. Williams (30), 80-77.

Second Round. Hooper and Collins (50) beat Norris and H. White (50), retired. On Saturday afternoon tea was given by Mrs Baker, Mrs Jull and Miss Lynn, and the events were as follows:—

LADIES' HANDICAP SINGLES.

Second Round. Miss Gore (10) beat Miss Baker (15), 60-50.

Third Round. Miss Van Asch beat Miss Gore, 60-57. Miss M. Simpson beat Miss Howard, retired.

LADIES' HANDICAP DOUBLES.

Final. Misses A. Simpson and Van Asch beat Mrs Rhodes and Miss Ward, 60-48.

MIXED HANDICAP DOUBLES.

First Round. Miss Gore and Collins (scratch) beat Miss Inglis and Wilson (45). Miss Marchant and Devenish (25) beat Miss Watt and Herrick (45), 80-63.

Miss Baker and Loughnan (40) beat Miss Todd and Balfour (50), 80-70. Miss Simpson and C. Gore (10) beat Miss Reed and J. Reed (25), 81-79.

Miss Ward and Price (40) beat Mrs Rhodes and H. Gore (10). Miss Spencer and White (40) beat Miss Price and Godfrey (50), 80-76.

Miss Van Asch and Dinwiddie (35) beat Miss White and E. White, 80-54. Mrs White and H. W. White (40) beat Miss Williams and Walsh (40), 80-66.

Second Round.

Mrs White and White beat Miss Ward and Gore. Miss Marchant and Devenish beat Miss Simpson and C. Gore.

Third Round. Miss Simpson and Hooper beat Miss Ward and Price, 80-70. Miss Van Asch and Dinwiddie beat Miss Spencer and E. White, 80-70.

MEN'S HANDICAP SINGLES.

Second Round. H. Gore beat J. Begg. W. Dinwiddie beat F. Walsh, 80-72.

Third Round. J. Collins beat G. Williams, retired. F. Fisher beat A. McKellar, 80-73. H. R. Hooper beat J. L. Reed, 80-62. H. Gore beat D. Potts, 80-77.

Fourth Round.

F. Fisher beat Collins, retired, 80-76.

MEN'S HANDICAP DOUBLES.

Second Round. Hooper and Collins beat Norris and White. Druce and Gore beat White and Wilson.

McKellar and Devenish beat Baker and Begg, 80-53. Price and Herrick beat Standley and Todd, 80-65.

Third Round.

McKellar and Devenish beat Hooper and Collins, 80-55.

Fourth Round.

Gore and Downs beat McKellar and Devenish, 80-70.

CHAMPIONSHIP SINGLES.

First Round. Hooper beat Gore, 62-63. Gore beat Collins, retired.

CHAMPIONSHIP DOUBLES.

Hooper and Collins beat Druce and Potts. Gore and Gore beat Fisher and Begg, 62-63.

Final. Gore and Gore beat Hooper and Collins.

COMBINED HANDICAP DOUBLES. Fourth Round. Miss Van Asch and Dinwiddie (rec. 55) beat Miss Gore and Collins, 60-45.

Final. Miss Van Asch and Dinwiddie (rec. 35) beat Miss Simpson and Hooper, 80-65.

LADIES' HANDICAP SINGLES.

Miss Simpson (scratch) beat Miss Van Asch (rec. 5), 60-58.

MEN'S CHAMPIONSHIP SINGLES.

Hooper beat H. Gore, 6-2, 6-1. C. Gore beat Collins.

Final. Hooper beat C. Gore, 6-0, 6-4. After the tournament was over and Mr A. E. Jull had congratulated the players, the prizes were presented by Mrs Rathbone, wife of the President of the Club. On Friday evening a delightful dance was given for the players in the Oddfellows' Hall.

BOWLING.

(By No Bias.)

Note.—Secretaries of Bowling Clubs throughout the colony are requested to forward notices of meetings and results of games played—in fact anything of benefit to bowlers generally—to "No Bias," Graphic Office.

Saturday last was a perfect day from a bowler's point of view, the rains of the previous day freshening up the lawns and giving the roller a chance to do its duty by putting a face on the runks. Notwithstanding that many members were away from their clubs, visiting Remuera to witness the presentation of the flag and shield, each of the clubs seemed to have a full complement of runks employed. The following is an account of the games played on Saturday last, and also of some of the club trophy matches played during the week:—

AUCKLAND CLUB.

No. 1 Rink: Lawson, Schischka, Squirell, Cullip (skip), 15, v. Leser, L. Myers, Husking, Toway (skip), 10. No. 2 Rink: Scott, J. W. Jones, McCallum, Dr. Hooper (skip), 24, v. Gilmour, Tundale, Buttie, Lyons (skip), 16. No. 3 Rink: Lewis, Philips, Crawford, Holland (skip), 14, v. S. Jones, Carnie, Woodhead, Edwards (skip), 32. No. 4 Rink: McMaster, Reid, Allen, Perrett (skip), 4, v. Brooke-Smith, Lea, McKenzie, Shackelford (skip), 22. No. 5 Rink: Dingle, James, Handcock, Carlaw (skip), 16, v. Rogman, Mennie, Lambert, Ledingham (skip), 19.

The following teams have been finally selected to represent the club at the forthcoming tournament:—Dingle, James, Handcock, Carlaw (skip), and Rogman, Mennie, Lambert, Ledingham (skip).

PONSONBY CLUB.

No. 7 Rink: D. J. Wright, J. Montague, J. Newell, W. J. Hines (skip), 25, v. J. J. Payne, T. Steadman, E. Dutton, A. Stewart (skip), 10. No. 8 Rink: C. Blomfield, R. Quinn, T. Watson, A. Coutts (skip), 22, v. H. Munro, G. Leighton, J. Warren, R. Ballantyne (skip), 20. No. 9 Rink: A. Bartlett, Burton, D. B. McDonald, T. Peacock (skip), 21, v. J. C. Robinson, G. Gee, J. Hutchison, J. Becroft (skip), 17.

NEWMARKET CLUB.

No. 2 Rink: Butts, T. Wilson, G. H. Laurie, J. Kilgour (skip), 28, v. C. Spooner, W. Steeden, A. Brookes, H. W. Brookes (skip), 12. No. 3 Rink: A. Kent, H. E. May, J. Cahill (skip), 19, v. J. Smithurst, J. Von Sturmer, G. Custer (skip), 14. No. 4 Rink: Milligan, A. Wright, A. Holmes (skip), 30, v. A. Anderson, Fletcher, H. Y. Collins (skip), 15. President's Prize: H. Kent, 11, v. G. Frost, 19; G. Cutler, 21, v. Garland, 23; T. Cottle, 13, v. A. Brookes, 24; the Rev. MacMurray, 16, v. A. Holmes, 26. Vice-president's Prize: J. Cahill, 22, v. T. Wilson, 19. Champion Singles: Fletcher, 28, v. A. Brookes, 43. Novices' Match: A. Kent, 25, v. Fletcher, 13.

MOUNT EDEN CLUB.

No. 1 Rink: Newland, Shepherd, La Roche, Robins (skip), 22, v. Warren, Mountfort, Benton, Gray (skip), 11. No. 2 Rink: Owen, Rendell, Esam, Ferguson (skip), 19, v. Eudy, Mahony, Pooley, Garland (skip), 18. No. 3 Rink: Hurns, Hudson, Ross, Brookes (skip), 11, v. Brown, Brimblecombe, Coe, Hooper (skip), 20. Afternoon tea was provided by Mesdames Gray and Robins.

DEVONPORT CLUB.

No. 1 Rink: Murbie, Jackson, Webster, Symes (skip), 21, v. Buddie, Hall, Gardner, Worboys (skip), 15. No. 2 Rink: Kerr, Crosher, Entrican, Montgomery (skip), 21, v. Bockart, Creech, Phillips, Best (skip), 15. No. 3 Rink, championship teams, 21 heads—Brookes, Taylor, Heron, Harrison (skip) 27, v. Glenister, H. Niccol, Eyre, Eagleton (skip), 20. No. 4 Rink: Dacre, Laver, Wood, Harvey (skip), 25, v. Jones, Twentyman, LeHeve, Mitchell (skip), 19.

Matches: First year's players—Rev. Ferguson, 20, v. Warren, 1. McGlashan, 21, v. Bickler, 19. Handicap singles: Gardner, 22, v. Jones, 14; Symes, 21, v. Twentyman, 12. Afternoon tea was dispensed by Mesdames Best and Twentyman.

MOUNT ALBERT CLUB.

F. D. Woodroffe, E. Barker, T. Tichenor, A. A. White (skip) 15, v. C. T. D. Harrison, J. W. James, T. A. Ashton, J. L. Harrison (skip) 14. J. Bouckill 20, v. T. Hodgson 12. Championship Singles.—T. A. Ashton 22, v. T. Hodgson 11; T. Hodgson 21, v. J. Bouckill 19; J. W. James 19, v. J. Bouckill 8. Championship Pairs.—J. L. Harrison, T. Tichenor (skip) 19, v. Barker, C. T. D. Farley (skip) 17.

CAMBRIDGE CLUB.

There was a good gathering of members on the Cambridge Domain ground on Wednesday last. A great deal of interest is being taken in the local tournament to be played there on Monday, the 20th, and members are practising assiduously each evening, so close contests are anticipated. No. 1 Rink: C. Boyce, A. Wallace, F. People, W. Wright (skip), 21, v. T. Richards, J. Robertson, W. Riley, M. McDermott (skip), 7. No. 2 Rink: E. Hill, Geo. Clarke, T. Cole, Dr. Laishley (skip), 12, v. W. D. Richards, J. Ingham, Brydon, W. F. Buckland (skip), 22. No. 3 Rink: Geo. Clark, J. Irwin, McDermott (skip), 14, v. C. Roberts, J. Irwin, T. Richards (skip), 17.

REMUERA BOWLING CLUB.

CHAMPIONSHIP SHIELD AND PENNANT PRESENTED.

On Saturday afternoon an important event took place at the Remuera Bowling Club Green, when Mr J. Kirker, President of the Auckland Bowling Association, on behalf of the Association, presented the pennant flag and champion shield and bowls to the Remuera Club. A large number of visitors were present.

Mr Kirker said he was glad to say that the double event had been won by the Remuera Club, and he congratulated them on again having the proud possession of the pennant flag. The members of the club were not all young players, and it was with extreme pleasure that he noticed that the Remuera Club had won the flag a second time. In conclusion, he wished the club all future prosperity, and he said that if his (the speaker's) own club did not win next year, he hoped it would be the Remuera Club that would. He then asked the vice-president to hoist the flag, and called for three cheers, which were heartily responded to. Mr Kirker said he had much pleasure in handing Mr Laxon the shield, and the fact of its having been won by the Remuera Club, and he congratulated it, together with the names of the members of the winning team, viz. Messrs A. Holden, J. Browne, J. M. Lennox and J. M. Laxon (skip), and he gave them for those gentlemen, and a set of bowls presented to each.

Mr Chas. Ranson, vice-president in the absence of the President, thanked Mr Kirker for his good wishes towards the Remuera Club. He stated that it would be many a day before the pennant flag would be taken down from the club's pavilion by competition. He congratulated the Remuera Committee and made special mention of Mr Laxon's team, and called for three cheers for the winners, which were given with much enthusiasm; also for Messrs Kirker and Blades, whom he characterized as the backbone of the association, and men who devoted much time to the sport.

The challenge shield came in for a lot of admiration being of polished oak, and mounted with a silver plate, with the inscription, "Northern Bowling Association Champion Fours," also a smaller shield, with the names of the winning team inscribed thereon. Last year the shield was won on the play-off of a tie by the Newmarket Club, the Devonport Club acting as runner-up.

Afternoon tea was given by Mrs Lennox, Miss Lennox and Miss Beadall assisting her.

The following games were, then played:—

No. 1 Rink: Rev. G. B. Monro, T. W. Cottle, G. Heron and J. Edmiston (skip) 19, v. B. Wallis, A. Woodcott, H. S. Rutledge and D. E. Clerk (skip) 19. No. 2 Rink: J. Macky, T. Buddie, J. M. Geddis and J. Kirker (skip) 17, v. H. Maxwell, Major Pirie, J. Blades, D. Dingwall (skip) 22. No. 3 Rink: J. M. Lennox, C. Rhodes, J. Spreckley and J. M. Laxon (skip) 19, v. A. Valle, Garland, J. Brown, Jno. Court (skip) 26. No. 4 Rink: A. Rose, W. Frazer, H. Campbell and W. Gorgie (skip) 19, v. Sutherland, A. Walsh, F. W. Court, C. Ranson (skip) 21. No. 5 Rink: H. Kent, Dr. Erson, A. Holden, R. Hull (skip) 14, v. Moore-Jones, C. Cousins, Buchanan, J. Litter (skip) 21.

BOWLING NOTES.

As there appears to be a diversity of opinion re the runners-up for the champion flag and shield of the Auckland Bowling Association last year, I herewith supply the positions of the different clubs. In the final for the Pennant, Ponsonby beat Mt. Eden, which caused Remuera, Mt. Eden, Auckland and Newmarket Clubs to tie. In the Champion Shield Newmarket defeated Devonport, which brought about a tie between Remuera, Devonport, and Newmarket. In playing off the tie in the Pennant flag Remuera beat Mount Eden by 52 to 25, Newmarket defeating Auckland by 41 to 40, Remuera receiving

a bye. The final between Newmarket and Remuera ended in a win for the former club by 57 to 28. Thus Remuera were the runners-up for the Pennant.

In the play off for the tie in the Champion Shield and Bowls Newmarket met Remuera and defeated them by 33 to 10, Devonport receiving a bye. In the final between Devonport and Newmarket the latter won by 35 to 14. Thus Devonport are justly entitled to be called runners-up for the Champion Shield, and Remuera runners-up for the Pennant.

I am informed that the match committee of the Auckland Bowling Club have included Mr A. Hegman in the team to play at the Tournament, and judging from the way he has been putting down the "big guns" in the champion singles of his club he justly earns his place.

A very handsome shield has been presented to the Devonport Bowling Club by Mr H. Kohn, jeweller, etc., of this city, who is a life member of the club at the marine suburb. The shield is to be held by the winner of the champion singles, to be competed for annually, and is to remain the property of the club, the winner having his name engraved upon it and to hold the same until defeated. It will be remembered that this club had a champion cup which on being won twice in succession was to become the property of the winner. Mr J. W. Harrison, vice-president of the club, annexed this last season.

Jim Pooley, Mt. Eden Club, has succeeded in breaking the ice this season. After playing close matches with C. G. Brookes, S. Burns, and T. Hoyte in the club's singles, he managed to score against Simpson, the first win for two years. Cheer up, Jim!

Another surprise in bowling turned up on the Newmarket green on Wednesday last, when J. Cahill, hon. secretary of the Club, succeeded in defeating T. Wilson, who is considered one of the strongest singles players in the Club.

Mr W. Lyons, formerly of Auckland, and well known as a good hand with the cue, is one of the team representing Australia in the tournament to be held here. Mr Lyons was practising on the Mt. Eden rinks last week, and I am informed he is a "tough nut." He also paid a visit to the Auckland green, and expressed himself favourably as regards the appearance and appointment of the local club.

It is to be hoped that Remuera rinks will play better when the tournament for the clocks takes place than it did on Saturday last; bowlers all round complaining. I am sure this is not the fault of the Superintendent or the Caretaker, but merely from the fact that Remuera lacks a good water supply.

Newmarket Club had a visit from Mr B. Campbell, President of Auckland Bowling Club, on Saturday afternoon last. He expressed himself favourably as to the condition of the green, remarking that the rink was the best he had played on this season.

In a first year's players' match on the Devonport rinks the Rev. Ferguson performed the feat of scoring 21 points to his opponent's (Warren) one point.

A. Coult, one of Ponsonby's colts, defeated H. Ballantyne in a full rink match by 22 to 20 after a close game. T. Pearce, of the same club, had the best of J. Hecroft in a fours match by 28 to 17.

I paid a visit to the Auckland (Grafton) green during the week, and I must say that if appearances go for anything the rinks should be in good trim for the tournament. The management appear not to be sparing in time or expense to get a good growth of grass, and this they have certainly procured. The members are content to play on the upper green in order to give the larger lawn an opportunity to do its best under favourable conditions.

A close game of fours was played on Grafton green on Saturday, the teams being skipped by W. Culpin and A. Towsey, the scores being sixteen all.

Dr. Hooper, of the Grafton Club, skipped a rink against W. Lyons (one of the Australian team to play in the Tournament) and had a win by eight points, the scores being Lyons 16, Hooper 24.

At Newmarket, J. Kilgour, who is in splendid nick this season, easily defeated H. Brookes in a full rink go by 26 to 13.

Shackelford, a young skip of the Grafton club, had the best in a fours match against Perrett, winning by 23 to eight.

Two of Newmarket's promising colts skipped a rink match on Saturday last, the contestants being J. Cahill and G. Cutler. The former proved too good by 19 to 14.

A trial go between Mount Eden Club's representative teams on Saturday ended up in a win for Hooper's rink by three points. Scores: C. Brookes 17, Hooper 20. In a second go of some 14 heads the scores stood even—12 all.

At Devonport green the rinks picked to play in the tournament had another trial of strength. This time Harrison's team had the best of Engleton, the scores being 27 to 26. It was a 31 heads match, and must be considered a very satisfactory finish.

A close and interesting game was played at Mount Albert in the club's champion doubles. The contestants were J. L. Harrison and T. Tiebbon (skip) v. Barker and C. D. Farley (skip). The game ended in favour of the former by one point, the totals being 18 to 17.

GOLF NOTES. (By Bogey.)

In my notes of last week I deprecated the fact that the new rules were copyright. In the files just to be read from the Old Country I am pleased to see that through the intervention of the Royal and Ancient Club of St. Andrews the publishers have agreed to forego their right to the copyright of the new rules. The question seems to have aroused a very large amount of discussion in the golfing press, but the generous action of the publishers has soothed the troubled waters.

Several Australian visitors have played over the links during the past week. The grass is now very short, and the rains of last week, though insufficient to bring on a growth of fresh grass, have softened the ground and made the game more enjoyable.

My readers will be very pleased to hear that Mr Grimshaw, who has been seriously ill for the past two months, is now much better, though still very weak. One of the best signs of his recovering health is that his golf temperature is rising, and he hopes to be on the links some time in February.

I must heartily congratulate one of our rising golfers, Mr J. R. Hooper, on his again winning the Lawn Tennis Championship of the colony. May he soon add to it the Golf Championship, for he is undoubtedly the most promising player in the Auckland Golf Club, and his play is remarkably good considering he has only played some eight months.

Playing in a foursome with Mr Aronson of Sydney, Mr Gillies, the champion of Australia, made a very fine stroke. Playing the second stroke, from just over the creek at the first hole, with his driver, he laid the ball within 3 feet of the hole, and his partner holed out. The measured distance of this stroke was 206 yards.

Taylor, the well-known golf professional, who, curiously enough, was rejected for the army on account of his eyesight, has made the suggestion to his brother professionals that a day should be fixed on which the earnings of the profession should be handed over to the War Relief Fund. As all fees taken on that day are to be devoted to such a good object, it should prove an arduous day's work.

The suggestion is also made that an endeavour should be made to obtain positions as caddies for those soldiers who may be unfortunate enough to lose an arm in the war. A good caddie in a leading club has almost constant employment, and can make very fair wages.

PEOPLE YOU KNOW

NO. 2.—THE POSTMAN.

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AQUATICS.

THE "DONALD" CUP YACHT RACE.

On Saturday afternoon the general handicapped race of the Auckland Yacht Club for the cup presented by Mr A. B. Donald took place in the Auckland harbour, and was won by the Rainbow. The competing yachts were Rainbow, Thelma, and Viking, and as the breeze was a moderate one all the yachts were on scratch. The course was from the Queen-street wharf round the mark off the Bastion Rock, thence round chequered buoy in Rangitoto Channel, finishing at starting-point, twice round. The Rainbow got the best of the start, but Thelma took the lead in the Rangitoto Channel. On the beat back Rainbow assumed the windward position. The mark off the Queen-street wharf was rounded at the end of the first round as follows: Rainbow, 4h 6m 55s; Thelma, 4h 8m 40s; Viking, 4h 11m 15s. Running down before the westerly breeze Rainbow increased her lead, and on the final beat home she gained a further advantage. The race finished: Rainbow, 5h 20m 42s; Thelma, 5h 26m 21s; Viking, 5h 33m 12s. Although Rainbow won the race the cup goes to Thelma, which had five points to her credit in previous races. With the two points which she gains by the second place on Saturday she wins the cup outright. The Yacht Club officials for the day were Messrs H. Haines, K. S. Reynolds, P. F. Battley, and G. H. Bellamy.

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# THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA.

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## SCENES AT DURBAN.



LANDING OF A FIELD HOSPITAL AT DURBAN WHARF AND RAILWAY STATION.



TRANSPORT WITH CHIEF OF THE STAFF'S OFFICE AT DURBAN.



ARMOURED TRAIN ENTERING STATION AT DURBAN.



ORDON HIGHLANDERS AFTER LANDING AT DURBAN.



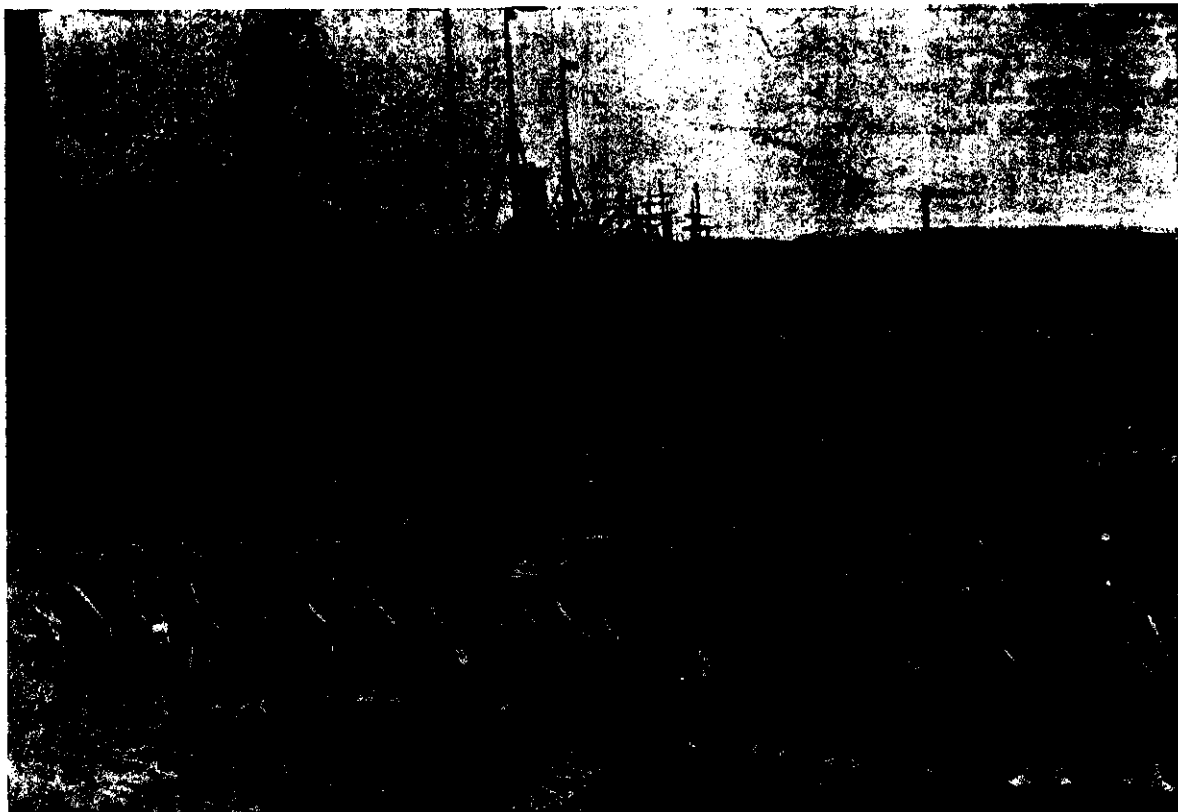
ENTRAINING IN ARMOURED TRAIN.



KING'S OWN RIFLES LANDING AT DURBAN.



DURBAN VOLUNTEER REGIMENT awaiting Armoured Train before the Disaster near Estcourt, when some were killed and others taken prisoners.



DISEMBARKATION OF GORDON HIGHLANDERS AND FUSILIERS FOR THE FRONT.





TAKING NAVAL GUNS FROM H.M.S. TERRIBLE THROUGH DURBAN. ON THE WAY TO THE FRONT.



D. L. I. OFF TO THE FRONT

DURBAN LIGHT INFANTRY CORPS OFF TO THE FRONT.



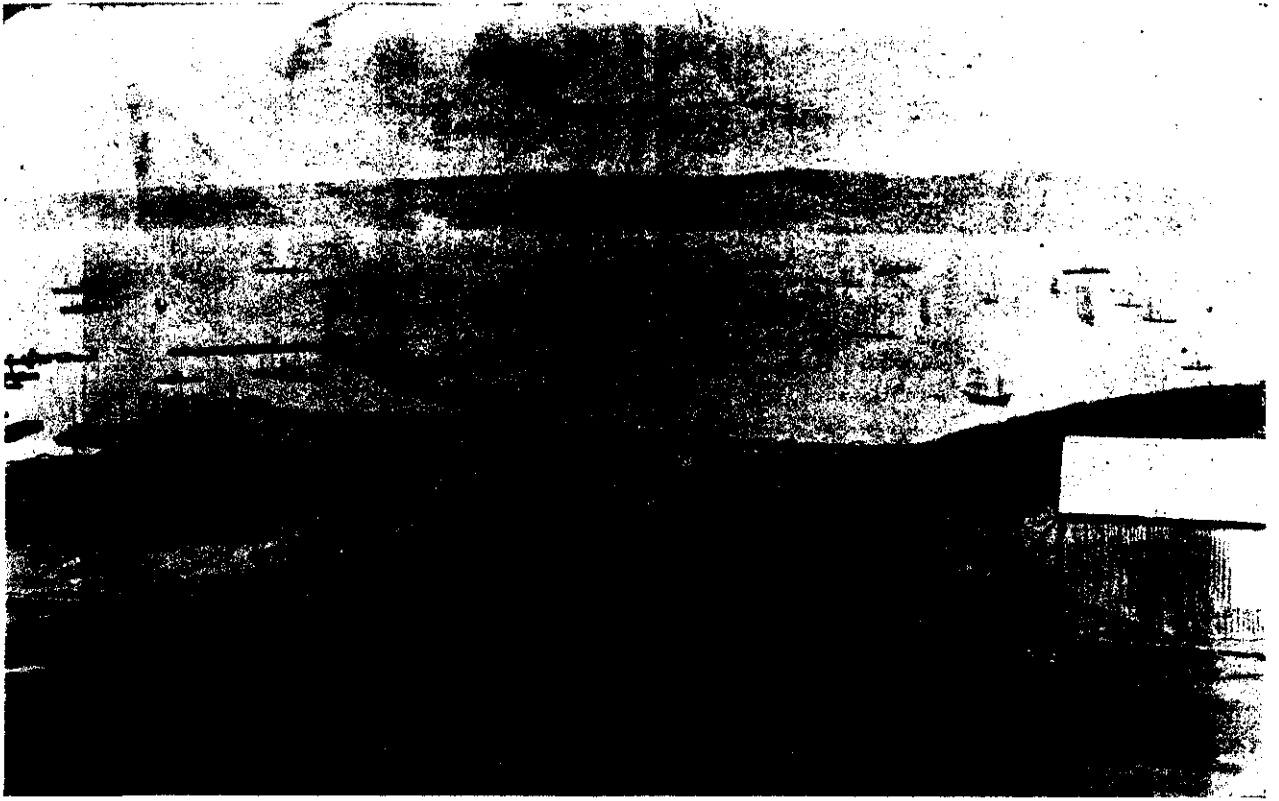
AMBULANCE OUTSIDE LADYSMITH.



CAMP AT LADYSMITH.

*THE SCENE OF THE PRESENT SIEGE.*





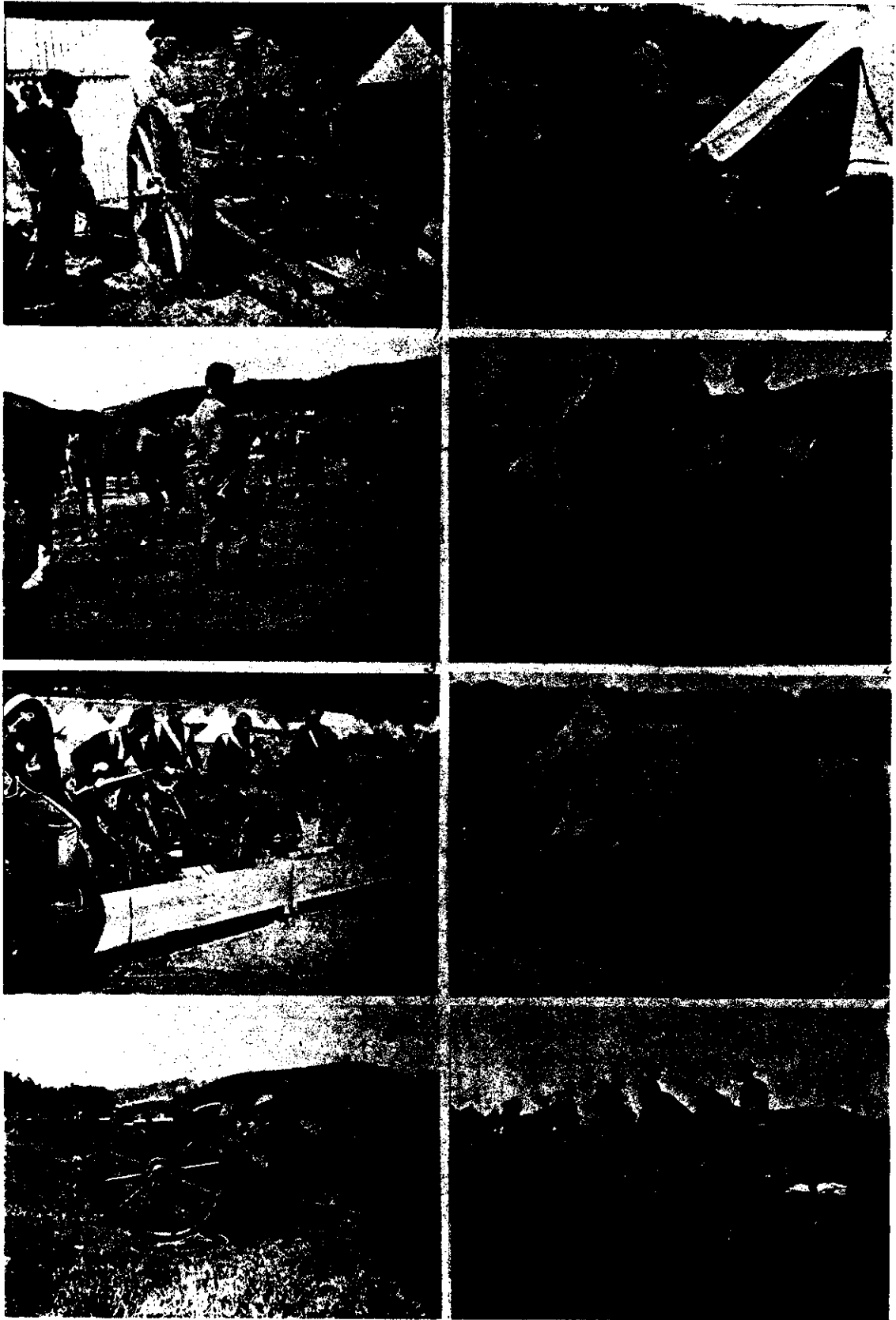
TRANSPORTS AT CAPE TOWN.



Specially obtained for "N.Z. Graphic."

THE CAMP AT MAITLAND.

It was here the N.Z. Contingent slept the First Night after Landing.



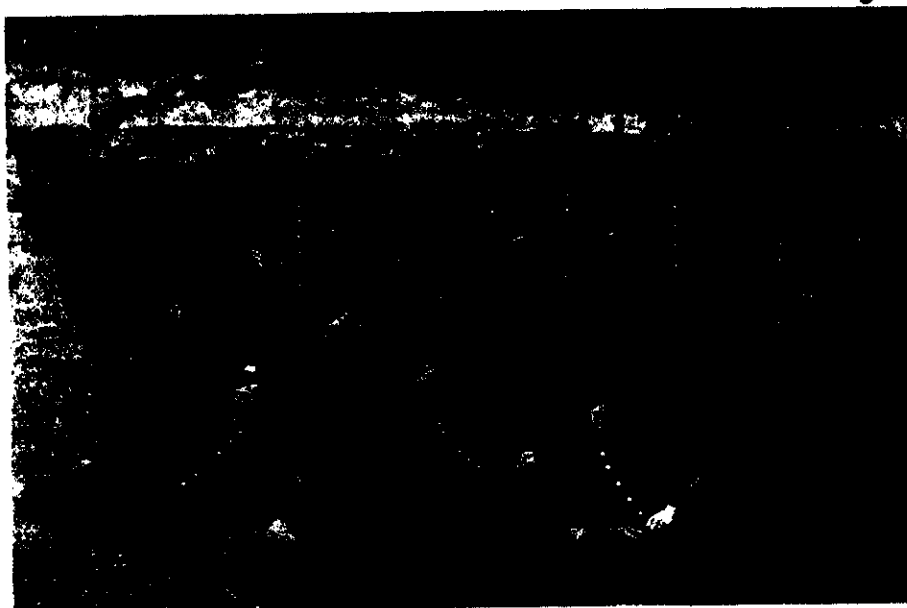
1. Cleaning a Maxim. 2. The Post Office Tent—A Letter from Home. 3. A Bugler (Murray). 4. Noting his points (Farrier Sergeant McKenny).

5. Back from the Butts—Thirsty Troup of Horses. 6. Officers issuing orders. 7. Hotchkiss Contingent—Practising with Maxims.

Hooper, photo.

8. Forming up Officer—Captain Hayhurst.

**New Zealand Second Contingent in Camp at Wellington.**



FIRST ARRIVALS OF THE CANTERBURY MEN.



IN CAMP, GETTING READY TO FEED THE HORSES.



A QUIET HALF-HOUR BEFORE PARADE.



THE LATE LIEUT.-COL. DICK CUNYNGHAM, V.C.

Wounded Elands Laagte, killed at Ladysmith.

THE LATE LIEUT.-COLONEL DICK CUNYNGHAM, V.C.

Universal regret will be felt at the death of that brilliant and dashing officer Lieut.-Col. W. H. Dick-Cunyngham, V.C., who after facing almost certain death half a score of times, with triumphant results, has, at the early age of 45, terminated a career such as must make every Briton proud to feel he was the countryman of such an intrepid, fearless officer and so gallant a gentleman. As will be remembered, Lieut.-Colonel W. H. Dick-Cunyngham was wounded in the storming of the Boer position at Elands Laagte, when four of the officers of the Gordon Highlanders were slain and nine wounded. His record was one of bravery. He commanded the Second Battalion of Gordons at Rawal Pindi during the frontier war in 1897. Colonel Dick-Cunyngham also bore a distinguished part in the Afghan war of 1878-80, for which he was mentioned in despatches, received the medal with two clasps and bronze star, and won the Victoria Cross by a display of personal heroism which inspired the Gordons to a victorious charge near Cabul. He had experience of South African warfare, having served in the Transvaal campaign of 1881. He was 45 years old. The family is a very old one, the residence being near Edinburgh.



THE EARL OF AVA.

Heir to the Marquis of Dufferin, killed at Ladysmith.

THE LATE EARL OF AVA.

A feature of the present war is the number of men of old and distinguished birth who have been killed at the head of their men. To the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava (than whom no British nobleman has rendered greater services to his country) the sympathy of all classes will go farth in the loss of his son and heir, the Earl of Ava, at Ladysmith. As will be seen from our picture, the late Earl was the very ideal of a high-born English gentleman, and his bravery and his end showed that his face and bearing did not belie him. He was only 36 years of age.

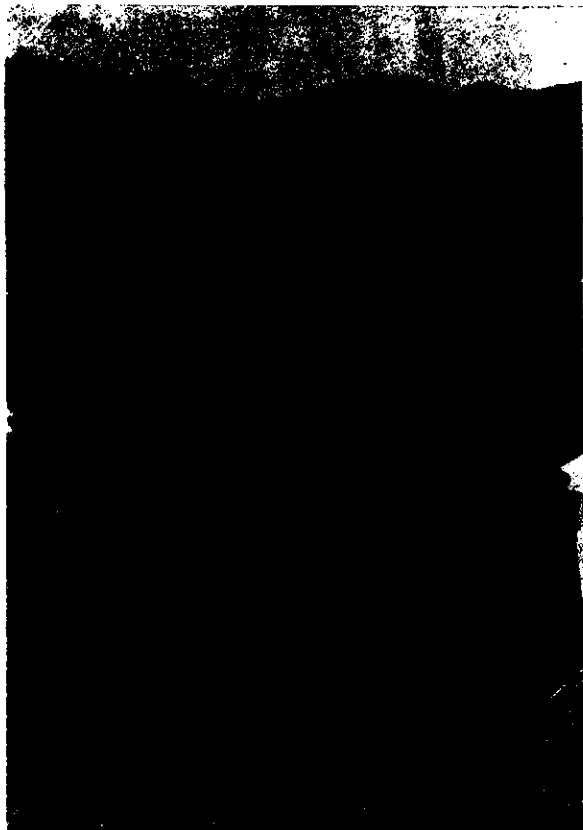


Hemus. photo. CAPTAIN REID.  
In command of No. 1 Company of the Second Contingent.

fact, things have become so bad in this respect that it is any odds that at least three out of five horses are given some kind of dose. I have even had trainers tell me in all honesty that the proportion is higher than this. Under existing circumstances it could be only a question of time when such a custom would be exported to England, and I hear it stated that it is already in use there. This, of course, I cannot personally vouch for, but this at least I can—and it is really remarkable in view of the existence of the rule already quoted—that trainers are willing to confess freely to outsiders, such as newspaper men, from whom as a rule they are most anxious to hide this class of secret, that they are "doping" their horses.

THE PROPER WAR TACTICS.

It is fortunate that the war authorities have at length recognised that the proper course is to thoroughly cannonade the enemy for days before the infantry is rushed to the attack, for, as General Gatacre found when the enemy opened on him at point blank, such a situation without artillery is the very month of hell. The inclination of the tyro in battle is to duck his head to the harmless distant bullet, fix his bayonet, and rush on the foe. Many lives will be spared by the new tactics, so, at least, says the Hawera "Star," and the "Graphic" agrees.



LIEUT.-COL. SOMERVILLE,  
Officer in Charge of Camp at Newtown, Wellington.

THE DRUGGING OF RACEHORSES.

Although the practice of administering drugs to racehorses is not common amongst English trainers, it appears to be pretty generally adopted in America, and since the Yankee "invasion" there have been ugly rumours on this side of American horses having been "dosed" just prior to their races. Writing on this subject in the "Sporting Chronicle," the New York correspondent of that journal says:—It looks as if the racing authorities in England may be forced into considering points that, while they have been overlooked under the more dignified turf methods of the Old Country, have been forced into prominence here. Part of one of our Rules of Racing reads as follows: "Any person who shall be proved to have affected the speed of a horse by the use of drugs

internally, whether administered by hypodermic or any other method, or who shall have used appliances, electrical or mechanical, other than the ordinary whip or spur, . . . shall be ruled off." The administration of "dope," i.e., drugs, consisting mainly of nitro-glycerine, cocaine, etc., as stimulatives, has reached such a point at our minor meetings, such as the one just closed at Aqueduct, that an attempt to enforce the rule in question has been made. I have previously spoken of the impossibility of proving "doping."

The thing, which, as the rule indicates, began with the use of the hypodermic syringe or needle, has been perfected until a capsule containing the necessary drugs can be administered under the very eyes of the most vigilant officials. Last Saturday a horse acted so absolutely rankly that the stewards at Aqueduct were forced to some suspicion, and the entries of the owner were refused and the trainer's license suspended. As a matter of



Feehey, photo. VIEW OF CAMP AND HORSES. NEWTOWN PARK, WELLINGTON.



Dr. Purkes has returned to Auckland from his brief holiday. Mrs Parkes, who went to Wellington a fortnight before he did, is still there, enjoying the sight of her many friends and old haunts.

Mr H. O. Featon (Christchurch), after a few days' holiday in Dunedin, has returned to his duties at the Masonic Grand Lodge in time to take the tenor solo in "I Will Sing of Thy Power" at the special war service in Christchurch last week.

The Rev. Sydney and Mrs Hawthorne (North Shore) left Auckland for a short change last week.

The Rev. F. and Miss Larkins (Mt. Albert) have gone to New Plymouth for a fortnight.

Bishop Verdon, of Dunedin, has arrived in Rome for the purpose of making arrangements for a pilgrimage of New Zealand Catholics to Rome in the Holy Year. He will remain in Rome for two months and will, says the "Westminster Gazette," shortly be received in audience by the Pope. The extent of these pilgrimages can be estimated by the fact that between 20th and 25th of this month there will arrive in Rome 30,000 pilgrims, accompanied by 40 pilgrims for the celebration of the Pope's Jubilee Year.

Mr Chas. McCormick has returned to Auckland after a brief but enjoyable trip to Sydney.

Mr Pittar (owner of the Rainbow) left with his yacht on board the Waihora for Sydney on Monday.

Mr Arthur Brett, of Lake Takapuna, has gone on a trip to Sydney.

Mr Burton, the Auckland solicitor, returned home after a short holiday in New South Wales on Monday.

Mr William Percy, of 11, Grantham Road, Clapham, S.W., is anxious to hear from his brother, Mr George Percy, formerly of Wellington, but who some four years ago resided in Ferry Road, Linwood, Christchurch.

Mrs W. Bloomfield has been spending some time at Waiwera.

Mr A. H. Mason, of Whangarei, who with his son, Mr Finch Mason, came to England by the Oratava last June, on pleasure bent, has decided to return to New Zealand by the Ophir, leaving London on January 5th. His son, however, remains here for some few months. Mr Mason has had a most enjoyable time touring in Ireland and in the West and North of England. Whilst in London he has delivered several illustrated lectures on New Zealand under the auspices of the Clare College Mission in the East End.

Captain Holgate, of Auckland, has returned from Wellington.

It is understood that should Lieut. Todd, of Auckland, succeed in obtaining an officer's commission in the second contingent, his place will be kept open for him, and his employers will, furthermore, make a most generous grant for his expenses.

Archdeacon Harper says he is proud to know that he has three relatives actively engaged in the war. One of his nephews was navigating-lieutenant on a cruiser doing useful work in intercepting contraband of war; one cousin was in one of the batteries with Lord Methuen, and another, a doctor, was shut up in Kimberley.

The Right Hon. G. H. Reid, ex-Premier of New South Wales, was interviewed in Wellington re New Zealand and Federation. He says it is a matter we must think out for ourselves. But it is evident he thinks we should join.

Mr J. M. Ritchie, of Dunedin, is spending a few days in London. He is much better in health for his sojourn in Harrogate, Scotland, and Torquay, but still looks far from strong.

Mr J. H. Witheford, of Auckland, entertained the Commander and officers of the American transport Abanda and several members of the Harbour Board in a very extensive luncheon last Saturday. A sumptuous luncheon was served first at one of the principal hotels, after which the party crossed the harbour and were driven to Mr Witheford's residence. Here some time was spent listening to a magnificent band, and the guests were then driven to a large peach orchard and invited to help themselves. After a further drive dinner was served at Mr Witheford's, and speeches and toasts were the feature of the evening, after which the guests were driven to the North Shore Wharf and returned home.

Professor and Mrs R. J. Scott have returned from Ireland to their old haunt, the York Hotel, Albemarle St. They leave shortly for the colony.

Amongst the arrivals in Auckland by the Mararua was the Rev. Archdeacon Dudley, of St. Sepulchre's. The rev. gentlemen, who left here in a very precarious state of health several months ago, has vastly benefited by his holiday and looks exceedingly well. Quite a number of friends assembled to greet him on the wharf, and his arm must have been nearly shaken off before he reached his carriage. His Lordship the Primate was amongst those who greeted the popular Archdeacon on his return.

Mr C. W. Hursthouse, of the Surrey Department in Auckland, who has been transferred to Wellington, was farewelled at Kihikihī, in which district he has done a lot of work and made a host of friends. Mr Hursthouse was enthusiastically toasted, and responded in modest terms. The presentation—a flask, a bag and a travelling rug—were suitably acknowledged.

Lord and Lady Hanbury and the Ladies Constance and Eileen Knox have returned to Government House again from their fishing excursion to Waikanae, and His Excellency and Lady Hanbury were present at the service held at the camp at Newtown Park on Sunday last, and were afterwards entertained at luncheon by Major Cradock and the officers of the contingent.

Mrs Rhodes, of the "Grange," Wellington, was to entertain all the officers and members of the New Zealand contingent at a garden party in her lovely grounds at Wadestown on this day (Wednesday) from 2.30 until five o'clock.

Mr and Mrs James Mills (Dunedin) are paying a visit to Lake Waikaha.

Miss Hilda Moorhouse (Wellington) has sufficiently recovered from her long illness to go to Otaki for change of air, and leaves for a trip to England early in the year.

The Misses Heary (Wellington) are spending their holidays with Mrs C. C. Graham in Dunedin.

The members of the Wellington Cycle Corps entertained Lieut. Hudson, Corp. Wighton, and Private Runtree of their corps, who have recently joined the New Zealand contingent for the Transvaal, at a social in St. George's Hall on Thursday evening last. Lieut. McKay occupied the chair, and the usual loyal and patriotic toasts having been duly honoured, Lieut. McKay, on behalf of the corps, presented the three guests of the evening with riding whips, that given to Lieut. Hudson being mounted in gold and the other two in silver. When making the presentation Lieut. McKay said the corps was exceedingly proud that it was to be so very well represented in the contingent, and especially proud that the only officer who had been chosen in the city for the con-

IN YOUTH AND OLD AGE

Dr. WILLIAMS' Pink Pills GIVE HEALTH AND STRENGTH.

This is because they attack the foundations of disease, not by the weakening process of purging or moving the bowels (as all so-called blood purifiers do) but by giving direct STRENGTH and NOURISHMENT to the BLOOD and NERVES. Thus it is that in Youth and Old Age they are able to cure so many different diseases.

A LITTLE LIFE SAVED.

Some time ago Mrs Maria Ruppert, of Teutoburg, near Landsborough, Queensland, wrote as follows:—"For two years I have been expecting my adopted daughter, Emilie Mary Ruppert to die. She has been ill ever since her birth. She suffers terribly from chronic indigestion, consumption of the bowels and lungs, bronchitis, and fits of coughing, which are so severe that vomiting follows. Even milk food cannot be retained, owing to weakness of bowels and stomach. I dare not give her any solid food, or she will cry all night. Her poor little heart is so weak that she will not be able to stand very many more of the attacks which so often overtake her. She is now suffering intensely from bronchitis, and is in high fever. Her diet consists of milk and egg, but I have little hope of her living much longer, as although over four years of age, she weighs only 24lbs. I have taken her to three doctors, and she is said to be incurable. I have tried everything, but she is getting worse every day. No-

you would not have given her an hour to live. I am quite confident that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills alone effected this perfect cure of my child." (Signed) Very gratefully yours,

MARIA RUPPERT.

A WEAK CHILD MADE STRONG.

Mr D. M. Baird, Bookseller and Stationer, Firebrace Street, Horsham, Vic., writes:—"My son Albert, when 5 years old, contracted scarlet fever. Since then he has been weak and nervous. He sweated freely every night, and fearful dreams troubled him. He would get up from his bed and walk about, unknown to himself, yelling, and muttering, apparently afraid that some wild animal was going to eat him. We used to wake him by walking him about the bedroom. We were told he had worms, so we treated him for them in every way, but found no trace. Eventually I tried Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and obtained most satisfactory results. I gave him one half-pill after each meal. The night terrors have left him, and he does not sweat at all. He is stronger than he ever was. It has been a wonderful relief to my wife and self to think that his nerves and general health are so different to what they were, for the mental strain he has passed through has been very severe. I trust this testimonial will be the means of curing other children subject to the same complaints. Yours very respectfully, D. M. BAIRD."

BAD LEG FOR 30 YEARS.

(From the "Steiglitz Miner.") A reporter of the "Steiglitz Miner" called upon Mrs Margaret Mulrooney, of Long Gully, Steiglitz, Vic. She said: "I have been a resident of Steiglitz district for 43 years, and for 30

years to September, 1897, I was unable to wear a boot, for I suffered most excruciating pain from what is commonly known as a bad leg. It affected my whole system, and life had become such a burden that death would have been a happy release. No one can form the remotest idea of how much I have suffered! I could not sit up, and often had to crawl about upon my hands and knees. I spent I know not how much in doctors and medicines but the relief I obtained was temporary, and at last I was given up as practically incurable. In September, 1897, my daughter forwarded me a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills from Geelong. I am delighted to say I soon received relief, the whole of the pain disappeared, my leg healed up, and I was able to wear my boots and walk any distance. I took several boxes altogether, and I am now in perfect health. At times my limbs used to ache with the gnawing pains of rheumatism, and my muscles would become quite stiff; but since taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills this disease has also been driven from my system. Although I am 68 years of age, I am now quite as active as any of the younger members of the family."

A SEPTUAGENARIAN CURED.

Mr Henry Osborne is a hale and hearty gentleman of 75, and is caretaker of the Mines Department, Perth. Interviewed by the "West Australian" he said:—"The stairs leading to my apartments are almost perpendicular, so their ascent is difficult. Once I could scarcely crawl up. Doctors told me I had a weak heart. I had great pains in the side and near the heart, and also suffered from feverishness, nervousness, heart palpitation, and pain in the chest. I could not hold myself upright, and had to crawl. The doctors prohibited tea, ale, and tobacco. Whilst particularly bad I happened to see an old friend who had been very ill. He had taken Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and remarking on the beneficial change that they had wrought in him, he replied: 'I feel as if only twenty years of age.' My friends marvellous restoration to health made such an impression upon me that I began Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Towards the end of the fourth box I felt myself becoming much better, and one morning found myself running up these stairs. My wife thought it was the postman, never dreaming it could be me. I feel like a young man, so complete is my cure, and I have no difficulty in mounting the steepest stairs at a rapid pace."



LITTLE EMILIE, After Her Cure, Aged 4.

thing further was heard from Mrs Ruppert for some time, when the following grateful letter was received:—"I am overjoyed to tell you of the miraculous recovery of my child. I decided to see whether Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People would benefit Emilie, so I obtained some. From almost the first their effect was magical, my little girl soon being able to get some sleep. But what a change awaited her after the use of six boxes! She is now like other children; sleeps soundly, and instead of being a mass of disease, and a sorrowful sight, is full of childish pranks, and has a good appetite. Had you seen her before,



MRS. MULROONEY, After Her Cure.

DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS are sold by the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Wellington, N.Z., 3/- per box, six boxes, 16/6 post free, and by Chemists and Storekeepers. DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS (when used according to directions) invariably cure Effects of Influenza, Anæmia, Neurasthenia, Debility, Dyspepsia, Insomnia, Chronic Headaches, Dysentery, Paralysis, All Skin Eruptions, Rickets, Irregularities, etc.



tingent, Lieut. Hudson, was a member of the Cycle Corps. The toast of the guests of the evening was then drunk with musical honours amid great enthusiasm, and suitably replied to by them all. A very pleasant evening was then spent, songs and recitations being contributed by Lieut. Hutson, Sergt. Fountain; Privates Irwin, King, Meadows, Gurney, Cole, Walsh, and Hood, and Messrs Dudley and Montgomerie. Private Meadows playing all the accompaniments.

His Excellency the Governor, attended by the Hon. Hill-Trevor, A.D.C., made a tour of inspection of the Contingent camp at Newtown one afternoon last week, being escorted round the camp by Captain Craddock. They expressed great admiration of the horses in the lines, and with the appearance of the men, and watched the proceedings going on in the parade ground (where nearly all the members were engaged under their officers and the staff sergeant-majors) with great interest. The Premier and Native Minister, Hon. J. Carroll, were also present, and paid the closest attention to all the arrangements of the camp.

Dr. Fenwick reports that the health of all the members of the Contingent at the Newtown camp is first-class.

Mr and Mrs W. F. Barraud, of Wellington, have left for Sydney, en route for a visit to Europe, and intend to be absent from Wellington for about a year.

The Right Hon. G. H. Reid, accompanied by Mrs Reid, are staying in Wellington, at the Royal Hotel, and when interviewed the ex-Premier of New South Wales expressed himself greatly pleased with New Zealand, and with the high state of prosperity to which the colony had attained.

Lieutenant J. E. Hume, son of Colonel Hume, Wellington, who has been stationed at Lyttelton with the Permanent Militia, is to go to the front for service with the Imperial forces, and will travel to the Cape with the New Zealand Contingent in the troopship Waiwera.

Mr George Humphries, of the United Press Association, Wakapuaka, was on Monday last presented with a very handsome wedding gift, in the shape of a silver railed and mounted polished oak tray, suitably inscribed, by the newspaper men of Wellington. As Mr Humphries left for Wakapuaka immediately after his marriage, advantage was taken of his return to Wellington last week to present the gift, the earliest opportunity of doing so having occurred. Mr J. L. Kelly (chairman of a very representative fore-gathering) made the presentation, and in a few well-chosen words expressed the good wishes of all present for Mr and Mrs Humphries' future happiness and prosperity. Mr Humphries having suitably replied, the pleasant little reunion broke up with mutual expressions of good fellowship and esteem.

The Hon. J. G. Ward is at present in Wellington, and is to be entertained at a banquet by his constituents very shortly, the banquet probably taking place at Winton on the 25th.

Mr and Mrs Percy Baldwin (Wellington) are staying at "Highden," Rangitikei, with the Hon. Mr and Mrs W. Johnston.

THE FOUNDATION STONE

of the very handsome church edifice, designed by Messrs Mitchell and Watt, architects, for the Congregationalists worshipping at Mount Eden, was laid by Mr George Fowlds, M.H.R., President of the Congregational Union, on Saturday last. The grounds and platform were decorated with flags and looked quite brilliant in the bright sunshine. A considerable number of ladies and gentlemen gathered to witness the ceremony, which was of an interesting and instructive character. Addresses were delivered by the Rev. Wm. Day, the Rev. Joseph Parker and Mr Fowlds, and an appropriate service of sacred song was rendered by the choir under Mr Hooton. In laying the stone Mr Fowlds used a silver trowel, presented to him by the contractor, Mr W. E. Hutchinson. The stone was presented by Messrs Houskill and McNab, and a pulpit chair by the architects, Messrs Mitchell and Watt. The Rev. Wm. Day announced that the total cost of the edifice is estimated at £3200, towards which £2000 has already been subscribed. The building is to be cruciform in shape, and Italian in design. A new feature in church seating is to be adopted, the pews being raised from the front and either side of the pulpit on a staged floor.

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

ENGAGEMENTS.

The engagement is announced of Mr C. Perry, of Christchurch, brother of Mr F. Perry, to Miss Watt, of Napier; and of Miss Harper, eldest daughter of Canon Harper, to Mr Vipon, one of the officers of the s.s. Paparua, but formerly on the Waikato during her memorable drift. It is understood he will leave the sea before long.

In Napier the engagement of Mr Hassall to Miss Groome, of "Ouepo," is announced.

ORANGE BLOSSOMS

WEBB-GRAY.

A quiet, but very pretty wedding was solemnised on Monday, the 18th December, at the Holy Trinity Church, Otahuhu, when Miss Martha (Patty) Gray, youngest daughter of Mrs W. P. Gray, of Peyton Villa, Otahuhu, was married to Mr William Webb, of Spring Bank, Rangiora, second son of Mr H. R. Webb, of Te Wepu, Merivale, Christchurch. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Canon Gould. The bride looked very pretty in a gown of white silk with a demi train. The bodice was trimmed with sprays of orange blossom and beautiful silk lace. Round her neck was a long gold chain, a present from the bridegroom. Miss Gray, sister of the bride, and first bridesmaid, was attired in a pretty heliotrope muslin dress and white fancy straw hat trimmed with white tulle and feathers. Miss Nancy Chapman, second bridesmaid, wore a pretty cream cashmere frock trimmed with white silk and lace, and a large Leghorn hat. Both bridesmaids wore presents from the bridegroom in the shape of a wishing-bone gold brooch and a gold chain. The bride was given away by her brother, Mr John Gray, and the bridegroom was attended by Mr E. Webb as best man. Mrs Gray, mother of the bride, wore a black silk dress, relieved with white chiffon trimmings; Miss Spicer, black silk dress and white trimmings; Mrs George Lawlor, black silk dress, and white silk vest covered with black lace; Mrs Dampier-Crossley, black figured cashmere with cream silk yoke, and silver belt; Mrs Fred. Yonge, green silk blouse and white skirt; Mrs Jack Gray, blue sateen with insertion trimmings and narrow black velvet belt; Mrs A. Spicer, black and white costume; Mrs (Dr.) Kenderdine, black cashmere; Miss Kenderdine, crush strawberry silk blouse and dark skirt; Miss M. Spicer, canary muslin with insertion and lace trimmings; Mrs Wallace-Lawson, white pique; Miss Sheppard, white dress; Miss Gould, black and white check jacket and skirt; Miss L. Gould, white blouse and dark skirt; Miss Alice Smales, blue muslin; Miss McLaughlin, silk blouse and white skirt; Miss Wingate, silk blouse and black skirt; Miss Brown, white muslin blouse and dark skirt; Miss Peacocke, white pique jacket and skirt and blue silk vest; Miss Matthews, white blouse and dark skirt; Miss E. Matthews, white blouse and black skirt; Miss Violet Gray, pink zephyr blouse trimmed with white silk, dark skirt; Miss Eva Gray, blue zephyr blouse, white silk tie, and black skirt. Among the gentlemen present I noticed Rev. Canon Gould, Mr E. Webb (brother of the bridegroom), Mr J. Gray, Master W. Gray, Mr F. Yonge, Mr Geo. Lawlor, Mr H. Forde, Mr F. Long. The happy pair left for their honeymoon trip to Rotorua by the five o'clock train. The presents to the bride were numerous and costly, amongst them being numbers of cheques. The bride and bridesmaids carried beautiful spray bouquets made

by the bride's niece, Miss Violet Gray. The afternoon tea was held in a large marquee on the lawn, and the table was beautifully decorated by Miss Gould with maiden hair fern, water lilies and white flowers. The church was very prettily decorated by some of Mrs Webb's girl friends, and over the altar rails was a large arch, and suspended from it a bell of white flowers.

GRAY-WILSON.

A fashionable wedding took place at St. Michael's Church, Christchurch, on Wednesday afternoon, January 3rd, when Mr Heathcote Gray, second son of the late Hon. Ernest Gray, of Hoon Hay, was married to Miss Emma Cracroft Wilson, third daughter of Mr F. H. Wilson, of Cashmere. The Rev. L. FitzGerald officiated; Misses Wilson, Westra (2), and Woodhouse were bridesmaids, and Mr Marmaduke Bethel was best man. The church was filled with guests and on-lookers.

BICKFORD HARRISON.

On Thursday last, January 11th, at St. Paul's Cathedral, Auckland, Miss Edith L. Harrison, second daughter of Mr John Hunter Harrison, of Mt. Roskill, was married to Mr Chas. Fred. Bickford, of England. The Rev. Canon Nelson, officiated. The bride looked charming in white silk with a chiffon fichu and orange blossoms. Her tulle veil fell in soft folds over a wreath of orange blossoms, and she carried a lovely shower bouquet.

Miss Harrison and Miss Jessie Harrison, sisters of the bride, were the bridesmaids. They were attired in pink silk dresses and white chiffon hats, and carried staffs of beautiful flowers tied with ribbons. Mr Chas. Ratjen was best man, and Mr P. Marshall of the Grammar School staff was groomsmen. After the ceremony, Mr and Mrs Harrison entertained a large number of guests at their residence, Mt. Roskill. The bridegroom's presents to the bride were a handsome gold bracelet set with opals and diamonds, and a diamond ring. The presents to the bridesmaids were gold rings with initials.

The bride was the recipient of a large number of beautiful and valuable presents, which included several cheques.

Amongst the guests present were Mrs Ninnis (grandmother of the bride), who wore a brown moire silk and black lace mantle, and bonnet to match; Miss Ninnis, black, trimmed with white satin, and a white hat; Mrs Harrison, black silk relieved with canary-coloured silk, and bonnet to match; Mrs R. Harrison (Coromandel), handsome black and white costume; Mrs Billing (Coromandel), very pretty white silk, and hat to match; Miss Edwards, white silk blouse and pique skirt, and very pretty white hat relieved with pink roses; Mrs Keogh, black and white costume; Miss Eileen Keogh, dainty pink muslin; Mrs S. H. Harrison (Awhitu), pretty pink muslin, white hat; Miss Alison, pretty white dress, and hat relieved with heliotrope; Mrs Cowan, black and white check costume, hat to match; Miss Nicholas, dainty white muslin lined and trimmed with pale green, and Leghorn hat with pink roses.

The bride's travelling costume was a very beautiful fawn coat and skirt, cream satin vest braided, pretty white hat trimmed with ostrich feathers.

Early in the evening the bride and bridegroom left for Ellerslie en route to Rotorua on their honeymoon trip. From Rotorua they will travel to Taupo and down the Wanganui River, thence through the South Island and then to Australia.

McDOWELL-MURRAY.

What was pronounced to be a very pretty wedding was celebrated in St. Mary's Church, New Plymouth, on Wednesday morning, January 3, the contracting parties being Dr. W. C. W. McDowell, of Auckland, and Lilian, eldest daughter of Mr J. C. George, of New Plymouth.

Miss Winnie George was chief bridesmaid, assisted by two little girls, her sister Geradine and Evelyn Murray, daughter of the bride.

Mr R. H. George, in the unavoidable absence of Dr. Somerville on account of sickness, acted as best man, the Rev. F. G. Evans officiating at the ceremony, and the bride being given away by her father.

The bride looked charming in a handsome gown of electric grey silk, rep trimmed, with point lace, and a white chiffon toque, and she carried an exquisite shower bouquet of delicate pink and cream roses and maitland hair fern.

The chief bridesmaid looked very pretty in a soft yellow and white muslin gown and a Leghorn hat, trimmed with chiffon and tips, her bouquet being composed entirely of yellow. The two little bridesmaids were dressed prettily and simply in white muslin over yellow, Leghorn hats, trimmed with chiffon, and carried baskets of yellow and white flowers.

The bridegroom's present to the bride was a handsome gold necklet, set with pearls; to the chief bridesmaid, a gold dagger brooch, set with pearls and rubies, and to the two little ones dainty turquoise bangles.

The bridal party proper was augmented by Mrs J. C. George, Miss George, Mr and Mrs J. O. George, Mr and Mrs Harvey (Danvers), Mrs and Miss Watt (Wellington), Miss Hoskin, Mrs F. G. Evans, and Masters Eric and Bertie George. Immediately after the ceremony the whole party were entertained at luncheon at "Glenfield," the residence of Mr George, and during the afternoon Mr and Mrs George gave an "At Home" to a large number of their friends. Mrs George receiving her guests in a very handsome gown of electric blue merveilleux, trimmed with passementerie and white satin and lace, and a dainty bonnet to match. Some of the more vigorous spirits of the party entertained themselves and the company by games of lawn quits and tennis. In the evening the juvenile members of the family entertained a few of their young friends with cards and music, and spent a very pleasant time. Among the guests during the afternoon were Mr and Mrs W. Bayly, Mr and Mrs H. Baily, Mr and Mrs A. B. R. Fookes, Mrs Cuff, Miss Hirst, Dr. and Mrs Home, Dr. and Mrs Leatham, Mrs W. A. Collis, Mrs J. Hempton, Miss and Miss A. Hempton, Miss Bayly, Miss Hay, Mrs and Miss Ada Jackson, Mr and Mrs Mills, Dr. and Miss Walker, Mr and Mrs J. C. Davies, Mr and Mrs McAllum, Mr and Mrs P. S. Whitcombe, Miss Taylor, Miss Spence, Mr and Mrs R. Cook, Mr and Mrs Westmacott, Mr and Mrs G. F. Robinson, Mr and Mrs Newman, Misses A. and C. George, Mr and Mrs Samuel, Mr and Miss Stanford, Mrs and Miss Rawson, Mr and Mrs Paul, and others.

DR CLIVE LOWE-BELL.

The marriage of Dr. De Clive Lowe, only son of the late Surgeon-Major Thos. Lowe, M.L.C.S., etc., etc., Madras Sappers and Miners, Royal Engineers, and Miss Edna Gwendoline Bell, eldest daughter of W. T. J. Bell, Esq., of "Ardfallen," Devonport, was solemnised on Wednesday morning, January 10th, at Holy Trinity Church, Devonport, the Rev. Sydney Hawthorne officiating. The ceremony was of the quietest description possible, only the immediate friends being present. The bride, who was given away by her father, looked winsome in a very stylish grey travelling costume, trimmed with white moire, and with a vest of white mousseline de soie. She wore a large white hat trimmed with white moire ribbon, and lined with white mousseline de soie.

Miss Vera Bell attended as bridesmaid, and looked very well in white. After the ceremony the bride and bridegroom drove to the residence of the bride's parents, where breakfast was served. The presents, of which there were a large number, were both handsome and useful.

Owing to the doctor's professional engagements the bride and bridegroom do not contemplate leaving town at present.

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Cuba-st., Wellington.  
Dear Sir,—I received your Cuff Links, and 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.—R. MOORM.

# Music & Drama

Heavy rehearsing is the order of the day with the Bland Holt Company, who hope to put on a new play before leaving Auckland, where they are still doing what can only be termed holiday business, though the holidays were well over long ere this. Every evening standing room only is the cry. The "White Heather" was especially successful, and would have drawn audiences for another week had Mr Holt cared to try the experiment. Yet it is amazing how much of the smart dialogue, which rises now and again to the level of high comedy, passes over the heads of the average theatre-goer. Mrs Holt has especially many brilliant lines which she delivers admirably, but which fail to meet with the recognition which is their undoubted due.

In the new play under rehearsal, Mrs Holt will, unless I am mistaken, play a coxter girl part; that she will do it as capably as she played a great aristocrat I have not the smallest doubt.

"The Absent-minded Beggar," the war drama which Mr Holt hopes to present "all hot" to Auckland audiences shortly is evidently an exciting affair. A London critic says: "Gilbert Hay comes galloping into the camp at Glencoe, having ridden with despatches from General Yule to Ladysmith, and having returned amidst a terrific thunder-storm. Hay detects the features of Van Buren, now a Boer spy, in a pseudo-British officer, the Africander having donned the garb of a slain English captain, and having tried to frighten Kathleen from exposing him by threatening to have her child at Durban killed. A rascally, braggart Boer, named Peter Hoch, intends to despoil his friend, Van Buren, of the expected fair booty. Kathleen, Hoch commands a party of Boers who attack the fugitive women and children under the strangely inadequate escort of three raw recruits from London.

At the beginning of Act 4, Van Buren, sentenced to be shot as a spy, is allowed to have a farewell interview with his mother at her house at Lad-

smith. Disregarding his pledge to make no attempt to escape, the villain robs his mother, half murders her, and would have got clear away had he not been shot dead by the waiting Kaffir whom he had formerly ill-treated.

A change takes us to the enemy's position on the heights which are being stormed by the English. This scene should be worked more slowly, and thus greater effect would be given to the treacherous use of the white flag by the Boers to procure the temporary cessation of firing. The Boers use their quick-firing gun vigorously during the brief respite thus afforded them, but their treachery was of no avail, for the heights are carried in most splendid fashion."

As the Sydney pantomime will eventually come over here under charge of a combined company of Pollard and Mr Williamson, some particulars will be of interest. Mr Williamson appears to have produced "Little Red Riding Hood," at Her Majesty's Theatre, with all the usual accompaniments of splendour. The Sydney "Morning Herald" enthusiastically describes it "as magnificently staged, rich in the contrasts of colour and period, at one time giving the audience a glimpse of rustic England under its most charming aspect, at another revealing a palace lifting to the eternal summer of an Italian sky. Little Red Riding Hood is the central figure of the legend. Miss Dorothy Vane looks the part admirably. Her scarlet cloak and glossy golden curls give colour and brightness to the weird scene wherein is depicted the phantom forest, where the gnarled and twisted branches of the shadowy wood assume an almost human form of angry menace. Red Riding Hood is captured by the Wolf, and the next tableau reveals a Moorish castle of solid gold, standing high on a mountain steep—a wicked Wolf haunting in the face of the entire British army, which assembles at its foot with the evident intention of storming the stronghold. The entrance of the different regiments, with their hands playing, is an exhilarating spectacle. There were diminutive Jack Tars representing the Naval Brigade, then the Grenadier Guards,

the Royal Irish, the Gordon Highlanders, and the New South Wales Lancers. The Highlanders and Lancers, beautifully dressed, and smartly drilled, were cheered to the echo, and after a number of picturesque evolutions, Prince Voliant, in the person of Miss Carrie Moore, gave a spirited rendering of Mr F. W. Weirter's melodious patriotic song, "Children of the Empire, Hear Britannia Call." Miss Carrie Moore, in a marvellously well-fitting costume, made a dashing little lancer, and led her troops to the summit of the steep in gallant fashion, the advance being covered by the Naval Brigade. When the tiny tars nimbly wheeled forward their mimic guns, what a cheer rent the air. All hearts were far away upon a sterner field; and the curtain fell whilst the enthusiasm was still red hot."

"How London Lives" was to go on at the Auckland Opera House this evening, and will unquestionably prove a big attraction. It was a big success in Australia and the South, and is certain to repeat its triumphs in Auckland.

## ELECTION COMPETITION RESULT.

No one succeeded in guessing the exact number of votes polled in the four principal cities at the recent election. We make the number 169,471, and the nearest to this is Mr C. V. Roberts, Warden's Office, Thames, who hazarded 169,543, and Mr K. A. Lordaw, Streamland, Warkworth, who gives 169,777. The prizes of 10/ each will be forwarded these gentlemen.

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*Society Gossip*

OUR LONDON LETTER.

Dear Bee, December 1.  
You will think me an "Absent-Minded Beggar" for having allowed such a time to elapse since my return from Scotland before writing to you, but we have all been so busy over the war that one scarcely seems to have time to write letters. I wonder if you can realise from the cables the tremendous excitement that prevails all over the country among all classes, and the universal desire from poorest to richest to do something for our soldiers. No entertainment is complete unless somebody sings or recites "The Absent-Minded Beggar," and makes a collection, the ecstatic audience generally showering money upon the performer. A fisherman sends a box of "smokies" to be sold for the benefit of the fund, Miss Ada Reeve gives her first week's salary, an anonymous Australian a cheque for £10,000. Those who cannot spare money give their services, and work Tam-o'-Shanters, flannel shirts and socks for the troops. As for tobacco, plum puddings, whisky, haggis, and the like, I verily believe that before the year is over there won't be trains enough to carry them to the front.

Of course, the gift that arouses most interest is the Queen's "little personal New Year's present" to her soldiers, to every man Jack and Tommy of them, some 100,000 in all, a box of half a pound of chocolate. Fry, and Cadbury, and Rowntree are busy making "the Queen's" chocolate, and special boxes are being prepared which can be kept as souvenirs. As the colonial troops are to receive these souvenirs also, no doubt some of your contingent will soon be exhibiting their presents to you. On a red ground there will be a gilt medallion of the Queen in the centre of the cover of the tin, and the design will include the Royal monogram in red, white and blue, and the words "South Africa, 1900." The Queen has herself seen to such little details as the rounding off of the edges, so that the boxes may be carried comfortably by their owners. In every way she is showing her solicitude for her people. You in your democratic lands have little idea how much comfort is brought to the English by a sympathetic message from the Queen, or even a glimpse of her. When she was in Bristol the other day, in the crowd assembled to see the Royal procession were found a mother and son weeping, the little fellow endeavouring to console his mother by telling her that after seeing the good Queen his father had gone away to fight for she must now dry her tears. When the feeling of loyalty and devotion is so strong at such a crisis, you can imagine the intense indignation excited by the caricatures of the Queen in the Continental papers. Jokes on her heart bleeding so comfortably for her soldiers are not uncommon, but the French papers come out with indecent cartoons, obscene suggestions, and scurrilous abuse, of which the following, from the "Libre Parole," is a fair sample:—"The Queen's gift," it says, "is a box of chocolate—made of mud—the mud of England's treacheries and iniquities and perfidies—hardened with blood, the blood of all those who have fallen already for the most odious of causes."

Small wonder that the Queen has decided to spend her spring next year, not in France, but in Italy, at the Hotel Angst, in Bordighera, where the Empress Frederic made a long stay last season. Where the Queen goes English are sure to follow, and the French will find that their raving and foaming has only driven away their best customers. "Serve them right," I am sure you will agree.

The Princess of Wales, too, is not behindhand in good works. The hospital ship, the *Midnight Sun*, which now bears her name, and has already left for the Cape, was equipped at her instance, and fitted with £9000 balance of the Princess' fund raised at the time of the Soudan campaign, with £1000 added by the Princess herself for the luxuries and comforts of the wounded soldiers who are to be its occupants. The Central Red Cross Committee has been put on its mettle by the efforts of the American ladies to furnish their ship, the *Maine*, with all the newest appliances. The result has been that both vessels will be model hospitals. The roominess and airiness of the old pleasure cruiser

four of which are named after members of the Royal family. The *Alexandra* ward, with its forty cots, is on the main deck, and extends along the whole breadth of the ship. Its cots swing with the motion of the ship, but can in a moment be made stationary if required. Each bed has a movable frame, which can be raised to support the head and back at any angle, and each has one of those convenient tables, which, at a touch, moves across the bed, so that his food, book or writing materials are straight in front of the patient. In addition, each bed with its patient can be lifted and carried off to the promenade deck. Electricity lights the ship and ventilates her by fans, heats the cooking stoves, and does the disinfecting. The clusters of the lights make operation easy, and the Rougen ray apparatus presented by the Duke of Newcastle will enable the bullets of the Boers to be easily located. With its three refrigerating chambers, its easy chairs, its supplies of books and games, lounge garments, briar pipes, tobacco and cigars, and its staff of highly trained and nursing sisters, the *Princess* is a veritable hospital de luxe. And bear in mind, dears, that all this comfort is designed, not for the officers—to whom only one small ward with four beds has been assigned—but for the rank and file, of whom it will hold 200.

The American hospital ship, the *Maine*, will hold about the same number of patients, but has needed a great many more alterations than her English rival, as she was formerly an old cattle boat. She is to be fitted up much in the same way as the *Princess*, and will carry a staff of surgeons from the Roosevelt Hospital and of trained nurses under Miss M. E. Hubbard, the chairman of the Order of Spanish-American War and Army Nurses. The *Maine's* nurses were in the Cuban war, so are well fitted for the task of mercy they have undertaken. Lady Randolph Churchill, the head of the committee of American ladies, was said to have intended accompanying the *Maine* to the Cape, but is now waiting for further news of her plucky son, who is a prisoner at Pretoria.

At the Cape military convalescent homes have been established on several of Sir James Sievwright's properties, about 30 miles from Capetown, and Miss Cunningham Page has just sailed to become superintendent of the Camp of Rest, where nurses as well as soldiers will convalesce. The nurses at the front, as they get worn out, will retire to the homes, their places being taken by those who have had quieter work at the homes.

I sincerely hope that before these ships and homes will be in full working order the war will be over, but father and Tom seem to think that we must suffer more heavy losses before we finally subdue the Boers. I must confess that my feelings are exactly those of the small boy who, sending a contribution to the Widows and Orphans Fund, wrote: "I should be proud if my father were a soldier, but at present I am glad he is not."

Talking of nursing, did you know that the mother of army nursing, Florence Nightingale, is still alive? Although she is herself on a sick bed she wrote the other day to the Cape of Good Hope Society for aiding the sick and wounded, sending this sympathetic message: "This is a sad, painful business, but how much good it has called forth. May we hope that the nurses, every one of them, will prove themselves worthy of the great opportunity afforded by God's goodness. I wish I could go, but am chained to my room by illness. Three cheers for you wherever you go—cheers to strengthen, not disturb the sick."

In England too private individuals are making preparations to give our convalescent soldiers a home. Tom often tells me the hospitals cured but badly needing fresh air and a good rest in order to be properly set up. An old house in the Midlands, standing in pleasant grounds, has been already given for the purpose, and an excellent suggestion has been made that those who have empty cottages on their estates should lend them to the wives of soldiers and reservists whose invalid husbands might thus have a good chance of recruiting on their return.

old who gave their jewels, even their hair, in their country's cause.

Perhaps the sacrifice of our hair would be hardest after all. I wonder if the pluck came if Mrs Brown Potter would be willing to shear her Auburn locks? Luckily at present she and her sisters of the dramatical and musical professions are called on for no such sacrifice, but aid the cause of charity best by putting on their smartest frocks and most bewitching airs. Mrs Brown Potter, Mrs Tree, and Mrs Langtry-De-la-the have all been very much in evidence in rousing the patriotic fervour in the general glamour of Union Jacks, Stars and Stripes, Absent-minded Beggars, Rule Britannias, and God Save the Queens.

My colleague tells me that he has already given you some account of Mrs Potter's The Concert, but I don't suppose he gave you any account of her costumes. I believe she intended appearing in a regular Joseph's coat of many colours, but owing to a family bereavement she wore a long clinging gown of black mirror velvet which I have no doubt set off her beauty a great deal better. The skirt, which shows that we are no longer to be cribbed in last year's sheath-like garment, was quite simple in front, and had the back and sides gathered into a band. Fringe, which is one of the features of the autumn trimmings, played a conspicuous part in the costume. A thick black fringe on the petticoat of the skirt covered a band of gold frieze, showing at times a golden gleam, while the bodice was covered with black fringe, under which was a pleated vest of white satin. A large picture hat of tucked black panne-velours was turned up with an under brim of white satin, and crowned with black ostrich feathers whose gloom was relieved by a long string of white tulle draped with careless abandon about the throat and a creamy white muslin ruffle tied in a large loose bow and terminating in ends of chenille.

On Tuesday last Mrs Potter gave the "Absent-minded Beggar" a rest, and after a military display of kilts and khaki and blue jackets at the Empire declaimed "Ordered to the Front," some spirited lines by Mr Henry Hamilton, concluding with the words:

True Country, and tried Colonies, God keep you safe, serene,  
With one voice, reach the Union Jack to sing "God Save the Queen."

and of course leading to the National Anthem from the audience.

Mrs Tree, who was the first "Beggar" at the Palace, donned for the occasion a delicate combination of the Red, White and Blue, which is thus described: "The under-skirt is of old rose brocade, trimmed with a panel of embroidered gold and silver lace down the frock. The over-dress is of simple moire, of the colour of old rose. This opened over the embroidered under-petticoat. The bodice was a full baby waist, finished with a little fichu of gold and silver lace. The sleeves were small puffs of the elbows, opening on the outer part of the arm over gold and silver lace. The trimming which finished the baby waist in front was a pale pink embroidered in blue. A little chiffon rosette was on one side of the bodice and red, white and blue ribbons were knotted at the waist, and fell to the bottom of the skirt."

Mrs Tree by the way faced with great intrepidity the shower of coins which fell round her on the stage the first night. Mr Charles Morton that night instead of thanking the audience for its warm-hearted charity and asking them not to throw money on the stage, as it was dangerous to Mrs Tree, came out with us tactless remarks as I have ever heard about "outrage" and "insult," against which Mrs Tree protested vehemently by shaking her head and crying "No, no."

Mrs Langtry was not to be outdone, and she determined to kill two birds with one stone by celebrating the 100th performance of the "Degenerates" and presenting every member of the audience with a copy of the Absent-minded Beggar and Canon Woodville's drawing on white satin. The audience began to arrive at 6.30 a.m. In the afternoon tea and cakes were supplied by Mrs Langtry's orders to the long queue, and when at last the doors opened thousands of people were congregated round the theatre, of whom but a fraction got in. After the "Degenerates" was over, came the inevitable

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one" by Mrs Langtry, with an accompaniment by the band of the boys of the Duke of York's School.

Mrs Langtry was gowned as befitted the occasion, and, like Mrs Potter, in a figured panne, but of a simple, creamy white. The plain bodice was slightly crossed on the left side, two gently scalloped edges being outlined with delicate gold and silver lace, beyond which appeared the finest Point de Paris lace. The skirt, which was tight fitting round the hips and widened out into the folds of a long and graceful train, disclosed three deep plaunces of lovely lace. At the back two pieces of the gold and silver and of the lace met at the waist. On the right shoulder was fastened a knot of black tulle, from which two long streamers fell to the edge of the skirt, each finished off with an insertion of gold and silver lace and an edging of Chantilly. The costume was completed by a hat of black tulle pinned to the hair by two diamond daggers, and lit up by a Union Jack under the brim.

Talking of Mrs Langtry reminds me that I have never yet told you of the language which, according to "The Degenerates," is spoken by society nowadays. It rather resembles the gibberish which we used to chatter at school. According to Mr Grundy the ladies of high life add to the first syllable of every word "ie," drop the rest of the word, and thus have an abbreviated language of their own. For instance, Mrs Bennett-Boldero, the lady journalist in the play, remarks, "I must send a fellie to that expie woman to send me a deevie costume for that tremie ball." "Telegram, expensive, divine, costume, and tremendous are the words thus mutilated. If you want to be quite up-to-date you will, therefore, call your sweetheart your tweest, your undergarments your undies, your mackintosh your mackie, your umbrella your umbrie, and so on.

Other "war" shows are still in store for us. The American women give an entertainment on the 4th, then we are to have a grand military and patriotic concert at the Albert Hall the following night, where actresses are to be dressed as nurses, and to sell red, white and blue favours and Union Jacks to the audience, while the singers are to carry red and white cross bouquets tied with the national colours. But the biggest show of them all is to be Mrs Arthur Paget's performance early in January at Her Majesty's. There are to be crowned heads in the audience, and all the beauties of the aristocracy are to take part in the theatricals, a masque entitled "War, Peace and Love"; living pictures, representing a dream of fair women, and a tableau of Great Britain and her dependencies, while the massed bands of the Guards are to complete the harmony of the night. I would fain see this galaxy of beauty, but, alas! even the cheapest seats in the house will, it is said, fetch not less than a guinea each.

I was almost forgetting to tell you of the Dogs' Brigade that the Ladies' Kennel Association is raising to collect money for the war fund. It is to consist of 1000 dogs, divided into companies, consisting of cavalry from English greyhounds, Scottish deerhounds, Irish wolfhounds, and Borzois (Russian auxiliaries); artillery, mastiffs, bloodhounds, Mount St. Bernards, great Danes, and Newfoundland; and infantry, "The British Bulldog," or "English Company" (bulldogs, bull terriers, toy bulldogs, white English terriers); "The Die Hards," or "Scotch Company" (Scotch terriers, Aberdeens, Dandie Dinmonts, and Skyes); "The Daredevils," or "Irish Company" (Irish terriers, Welsh terriers, Airedales, and Bedlington); "The Loyal Dutchmen" (pugs, Schipperkes, toy griffons); "The Ladies' Own" (toy spaniels, Pomeranians and toy terriers); "The Sportsmen's Own" (retrievers, sporting spaniels, setters and pointers, and hounds of all varieties not enlisted in the cavalry and artillery, and fox terriers); "The British Watchdog" (old English sheepdogs, Scotch collies, and houseguard dogs of any breed, or of none); "The Friendly Foreigners" (to be recruited from "Foreign Dogs," Chows, Dalmatians and Mongrels of all sorts and sizes). Lord Wolseley's dog is to be field marshal. The dogs are to be sent out collecting, and paraded at the Earl's Court Dog Show before the end of the year, to receive their colours, decorations and honours. Twenty medals and cups are to be presented to the dogs who collect the largest sums. The brigade is to have their own band.

to be gazetted to their respective ranks in order of merit based on the amounts collected. So we combine music and charity, while sisters, sweethearts, mothers and wives gather sobbing round the War Office to read the list of casualties posted after each glorious victory. Comedy and tragedy inextricably interwoven.

My interests, of course, are centred in the colonial contingents, and I have been watching—but so far in vain—for any organised movement on the part of the Anglo-Colonials in London to send our men Christmas boxes. It is not yet too late, and Tom suggests that I should at once interview the Agents-General myself. Perhaps I will. Our fellow colonists' Christmas should be cheered by some substantial signs to assure them that those who are resident in the Mother Country have not forgotten them, but are anxiously awaiting news of them, confident in their acquitting themselves courageously and hoping that they may all be spared to return safe and sound to their native land.

WELLINGTON.

Dear Bee, January 11.

Last Thursday Mrs Grace entertained a large number of guests at

A GARDEN PARTY

at her lovely residence in Hawkestone-street. The weather was beautiful for such an occasion, and the guests could wander about at rest in the comfortable chairs and seats arranged about the grounds. Tea was served in the dining-room. The table looked very pretty, being artistically decorated with vases of yellow and white flowers, and simply laden with every imaginable dainty and sweet, including the ever welcome dish of strawberries and cream. The drawing-room was also made fragrant with bowls of sweet flowers and pot plants. The conservatory was a perfect picture of loveliness, with all its pots in full bloom.

Mrs Grace received in a stylish gown of dark blue and white figured silk, the bodice cut down to form a yoke, filled in with white satin under lace. Her daughter, Mrs Clark, of Christchurch, wore a pretty gown of pea green silk, figured with a small spray. The trained skirt was ornamented with numerous frills, and the bodice lightened with a little white lace, green straw hat trimmed with chiffon and plumes, and flowers under the brim. Her younger sister was in a pretty soft white frock and white hat. Some of those present were:—Mrs Charles Johnston, who wore a skirt of grey and black check with a short black jacket, with cream lace revers and vest, black hat trimmed with light tips and chiffon; Miss A. Johnston, a cream and pink figured gauze with yoke of lace, white Leghorn hat trimmed with pink chiffon and tips; Mrs Wallis, pale grey gown trimmed with white satin and lace, white hat trimmed with chiffon and roses; Countess de Courte in a grey costume and black feathered hat; Mrs Tilly, sen., black satin gown and jetted velvet cape, black bonnet trimmed with pink; Mrs O'Connor, black brocaded gown trimmed with lace and a black bonnet brightened with blue velvet and tips; Miss O'Connor, a deep royal blue satin gown, draped with cream lace and a blue straw hat trimmed with chiffon and bright yellow; Miss E. O'Connor, dull sage green gown with rounded yoke of white silk and lace, white hat trimmed with chiffon and pink roses under the brim; Mrs Parfit, dark grey tailor-made gown and toque trimmed with two shades of pink; Mrs Turnbull, dull blue cloth gown slightly trained and a short jacket of a darker shade, black hat trimmed with white tulle and yellow roses; Mrs Baldwin, neat blue tailor suit, burnt straw hat trimmed with red ribbon and chiffon and corn; Mrs Pell, handsome black and white check silk gown with white silk and lace front, black bonnet with tips; Mrs Waldegrave, a mauve and biscuit coloured gown and small hat to match; Mrs Adams, rich green and black brocaded gown with cream lace on the bodice, black hat with flowers; Mrs Hislop, black tailor-made costume and black bonnet trimmed with pink flowers; Miss Hislop, pale blue and white figured muslin gown and a blue straw hat trimmed with white chiffon and pink flowers; Mrs Watson (Dunedin), dull green striped gown, the yoke of magenta silk and the over skirt lined with the same, small straw hat with yellow roses. Mrs W. Macdonald.

with white lace, pretty white satin toque with tips; Mrs Smith, black and white gown; Mrs Erron, dark tailor-made costume and black bonnet with yellow roses; Mrs Edwin, black brocade, black and pink bonnet; Miss Edwin in a fawn gown trimmed with rows of velvet, hat to match; Mrs Crawford, black tailor-made suit with revers of white lace, light hat trimmed with red and pink roses; Mrs C. Pearce, white muslin and lace gown, white straw hat with flowers; Mrs Ewart, black coat and skirt; Miss Harcourt in white embroidered muslin and white and pink hat; Miss Hadfield (Marion), fawn coat and skirt with lace revers and vest, toque with flowers; Miss Scully, pretty dark blue and white figured silk gown with bands of white insertion, black hat trimmed with pink and red roses; Miss Coleridge in a white muslin gown and hat with flowers; and her younger sister in a dark coat and skirt.

AT THE OPERA HOUSE.

Last night the Opera House was packed from floor to ceiling, when the Pollard Opera Company gave a special performance of "The Geisha" in honour of the second contingent now preparing for the Transvaal. A very large number of officers and men attended the performance, which went off with unusual spirit. His Excellency the Governor, attended by Hon. Mr Hill-Trevor, was also present. During the evening the usual patriotic songs appropriate for the occasion were sung, the audience rising and joining in with great enthusiasm.

OPHELIA.

CHRISTCHURCH.

Dear Bee, January 8.


The Broughs still hold sway at the Theatre Royal, and are having good houses, and on Wednesday night the building was packed, a large wedding party from Cashmere considerably swelling the audience. It was unfortunate that a piece of so little merit as "The Gay Lord Quex" was on the boards, but Mr and Mrs Brough smoothed over

many a difficulty; and were ably assisted by the Company. Among those present were Mr and Mrs Harry Lance (Waikare), Mr and Mrs Northcote, Mr and Mrs Fred Wilson, Mr and Mrs J. D. Hall, Mr and Mrs J. Turnbull, Mr and Mrs W. B. Fox, Mrs Studholme, and Mr and Mrs W. Studholme, Mr and Mrs G. Rhodes, Mr and Mrs E. D. O'Rourke, Mr and Mrs Harold Macdonald, Mrs and Miss Reeves, Mr and Mrs Hamner, Misses Nedwill, Haslam, Harley, Wilson, Westera (2), Mr DeWorth Fox (Waikare), Misses Leau (2), and Prina, Mr and Mrs L. Matson, Mr and Mrs W. Watson, Mrs E. and Miss Garrick, Mrs H. Rose, Mr and Mrs and Misses Waymouth, and others.

On Thursday night Tuam Street Hall was packed with such an audience as Christchurch has never seen before for enthusiasm, the stirring band music, the decorations of red, white and blue, and the crowd all enthusing to the finger tips, was a scene which will long be remembered. The Opera House was glowing with colour, every window-sill was a mass of flowers in red, white and blue alternately; a mounted cannon was on either side of the stage and surrounded by some of our gallant defenders; on the stage were the Mayor (Mr W. Reece), Messrs C. Lewis, W. W. Collins, G. Launson, M.H.R.'s., Colonel Dalgety, and others. At the back was a beautifully designed V.R. and crown in flowers, and draped over the proscenium were the flags of England, Scotland, Ireland and New Zealand. The whole dress circle was garlanded with flags, interspersed with patriotic mottoes, and the back of the hall hung with red, white and blue. A number of songs were well rendered by Mrs Howie, Miss Graham, Messrs A. Millar, W. Day, Pooley, and some stirring selections by the various bands at intervals. Miss Graham, wearing a black evening dress with a red, white and blue badge, sang "The Red, White and Blue," and this roused the audience to an immense state of excitement, even greater than when Mrs Howie, looking very handsome in a trained green velvet with beetle wing trimming, stepped out to sing "Tommy Atkins." About £220 was collected at this meeting, but there are so many lists out now it is difficult to know

FAC-SIMILE OF

# ROYAL TESTIMONIAL



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Berlin  
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the exact amount that has been subscribed.

Last night that clever little company, "The Bright Hours Children," gave one of their engaging performances for the War Fund, and which will add considerably to the children's efforts on our soldiers' behalf. We can only talk and think war, and weave it into our work and play; even some of the Sunday collections are given to the War Fund. Miss Cabot's call for "Nightingales" has been answered to the number of 174 (up to date), and I have not yet heard the result of Mrs Mickle's appeal for Crimean shirts. Our War and Patriotic Funds, combined, amount to over £5000, and are still growing. The sale of the "Absent-minded Beggar" has been phenomenal, and is still going on now, set to music.

DOLLY VALE.

NELSON.

Dear Bee,

January 8.

It is not often Nelson people have such trying weather to put up with as they had on New Year's Day. A strong, scorching south-westerly wind raged, not only all day and night, but continued its mad frolic into the next day as well. The heat was excessive, far greater than anything experienced here this summer, and the clouds of dust made one think that rain was an

unknown quantity in these parts. But still a great many people braved the elements, and enjoyed their picnics, the Port and Rocks Road being, as usual, the favourite resort; and many went by train into the country. Nelson has begun the New Year badly with the re-appearance of the

FIRE FIEND.

Three fires in two days seems a great deal for this quiet community. The first fire was a large unoccupied building in Lower Hardy Street. The Brigade was quickly on the spot, and hard at work, but saw it was useless to try and save the building, so turned all their attention on the surrounding buildings, and by splendid work they were able to save them. In the afternoon the bells again rang, this time it was a scrub fire in Washington Valley, which was threatening some residences with total destruction. The Brigade again turned out, and saved the buildings. The inevitable third fire was on Tuesday evening, when it was found that a stable in Lower Collingwood Street was on fire. The building was a mass of flames when the alarm was given, so nothing could be done to save it.

ON NEW YEAR'S DAY THE NELSON AMATEUR ATHLETIC AND CYCLING CLUB

held their annual sports in Trafalgar Park. In spite of the terrible wind and heat, a great many people were present; in fact, the crowd was so

great it was almost impossible to recognise one's acquaintances. The ten kiosk did a good business. The profits from the kiosk and the gate money will yield a substantial sum towards the Patriotic Fund. The Garrison Band gallantly braved the wind and provided the indispensable music. The officials worked well, and got the events off with the Club's usual punctuality. Some of the visiting competitors were Messrs Hatrass and Bradley (Wellington), Gage, Otterson, Purser, Tait, Parsons, Scott, Seymour (Marlborough), and Bait, of Wai-iti. Unfortunately the success and pleasure of the meeting was to a large extent marred by a

SERIOUS ACCIDENT

to Mr Otterson. Curtin, who was leading in one race, touched the track with his pedal and came to grief, escaping injury. Otterson, in trying to steer clear of Curtin, ran into the fence. The front part of his bicycle was doubled up by contact with a post, and he was thrown with such force that he received a severe jagged cut on the back of the head, which rendered him unconscious. He was taken to the Hospital, where it was found, in addition to the serious head wound, that two of his ribs and collarbone were broken. Mr Otterson is going on slowly but satisfactorily, though it will probably be some time before he is able to leave the Hospital.

PHYLLIS.

BLenheim.

Dear Bee,

January 9.

What a change from the torrid heat of last Monday is the chilly weather that has been our portion since the middle of last week. Jack Frost made us a most untimely and unwelcome visit on Friday, and nipped pumpkins and cucumbers show his progress, so that, as fires are vogue, we begin to feel that winter has set in. Tuesday was quite as hot as Monday, but more unpleasant, as a high wind raged all day, and the whole landscape was grey with the dust whirled into the air.

Excursion trains were run to Pictou on New Year's Day, and were crowded, the attraction being the usual regatta, and the arrival of an excursion steamer from Wellington. On the steamer—the Rotomahana—were over a thousand excursionists, who had an unpleasant trip across the Straits, nearly all suffering from sea-sickness, and many being drenched with spray. Though rough in the Straits, there was hardly sufficient wind for the sailing races, and in one race the boats just drifted in, three abreast for third place. There was nothing remarkable about the rowing races, except indifferent rowing.

According to custom, a party of gentlemen came from Wellington to take part in a tennis tournament with the members of the Marlborough Tennis Club on New Year's Day. They were Messrs Rose (2), Barraud, Jackson, Broad, and H. Reid. Out of nine games the local players won six, but by points the visitors won their score being 742 to 741. There were six singles and three doubles. In the former, Dr. Anderson, Mr Hawley, Mr L. Griffiths, Mr Fish, and Mr G. Broad played; and in the latter, Messrs Orr and Fish, L. Griffiths and G. Broad, and Hawley and Dr. Anderson. A tempting luncheon was provided by Mesdames Orr, Anderson and Griffiths, and a few other members, which was set out in the pavilion. Mrs Griffiths wore a becoming black and white muslin dress, and black hat with heliotrope trimming; Mrs Orr, black skirt and pink blouse; Mrs Anderson, pretty white blouse over yellow, white skirt; Mrs Petre, pale pink crepon, green trimmings; Mrs B. Clouston, white muslin dress, becoming white hat with ostrich tips; Mrs Greenfield, yellow muslin dress; Mrs Richardson, Trilby muslin; Mrs H. Horton, white pique; Miss Gill (Wellington), white skirt, pretty blouse of shot silk; Miss Waddy looked sweetly pretty in a white muslin dress and white hat with chiffon and pink roses; Miss Bourne, a pretty dress of white muslin over heliotrope, black hat; Miss Farmer, green muslin; Miss Broadbent (Carterton), white muslin over pale green, white hat trimmed with chiffon and roses; Miss Robertson (Nelson), green and white striped muslin, white hat with roses and lace; Miss Ferguson, white dress. There were also the Misses Rees, Nurse Trolove (Nelson), D. Redwood, E. Waddy, Bull (3), Seymour, Green, and Messrs Griffiths, Greenfield, Seymour, Browning (Wellington), Bourne, Garland (Wellington), Horton (2), and others. On Monday evening Mrs Griffiths entertained the Wellington visitors and others at a progressive euchre party at her house, and some of those present were Mrs Black; Mrs Anderson, pretty pink and white blouse, black skirt; Mrs Petre, old gold silk blouse, black skirt; Mrs B. Clouston, black dress relieved with red; Mrs H. Horton, pretty white merveilleux dress; Miss Robertson, heliotrope silk; Miss Trolove, red silk blouse, black skirt; Miss Nurse, black merveilleux dress with red roses on shoulder; Miss Waddy, pale blue satin dark skirt; Miss E. Waddy; Miss Ferguson, black merveilleux; Miss Farmer, pretty pale pink silk dress; Miss Gill, Miss Broadbent; and Messrs Griffiths (3), Horton, Broad (2), Greenfield, Garland, Barraud, Jackson, Rose (2), H. Reid, etc. The next day (Tuesday) the visiting players from Wellington invited a party to a picnic to White's Bay, to which they drove. In consequence of the heat and wind, the journey there was unpleasant, but once there their troubles were over, as there was shelter from wind and sun. The wind dropped and a gentle breeze sprang up from the opposite quarter in the evening, so the drive back was delightful.

The Misses Robertson and Trolove, who cycled here from Nelson, returned home last week by steamer.

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Second to None

ington, where they had been making a brief visit.

Mrs Harold Beauchamp, Wellington, has been spending a week with Mrs Louis Bright, but has now returned home, and Mrs Bright has gone with her. FRIDA.

**NAPIER.**

Dear Bee, January 17.  
The playgoers of Napier were well entertained last week at the Gaiety Theatre by Messrs Hoyt and McKee's Company, under the direction of Messrs Williamson and Musgrove. They performed for four nights, and gave "A Stranger in New York," "A Texas Steer," and "A Trip to Chinatown." Amongst those present during the season were Mrs Norton, who looked remarkably well in a dress of rich black silk trimmed with jet; Mrs Carline, in black and white; Miss Florence Watt, in blue glace silk, trimmed with white chiffon; and Mrs Hartley, in rose pink silk adorned with lace; Mrs Morris' gown of pale green velvet had cream silk muslin as trimming; Mrs Fannin was attired in heliotrope cashmere, the bodice being veiled with cream guipure lace; Mrs Wright had a skirt of black silk and bodice of chiffon in a deep rose pink colour; Mrs Canning was in oyster coloured silk and black lace; Mrs Moore, in white; and Miss Kitty Williams, in cream silk, with a soft lace fichu; Miss Hegg had a rose pink blouse with a black skirt; and Mrs Ormond's black dress was trimmed with lace; Miss Ormond wore petunia colour; Mrs Hovell's green dress had cream lace on the bodice; Mrs Hamlin was in black with trimmings of velvet; Miss Howard had a cream blouse and dark skirt; Mrs Lawrence was in black silk; Messrs Williams, Hartley, Stuart, Jones, Moore, Hoadley, Sainsbury, Cornford, Smith, Clarke, Grumit, McLean, Coleman etc., were also amongst those present.

There was an immense congregation at the Cathedral on Sunday, when a patriotic service was held in connection with the Transvaal war. The City Band played the voluntary as the choir and clergy, His Worship the Mayor, the City Council, the officers and members of the Napier Fire Brigade, the veterans, wearing their war medals, and the volunteers entered the church. A most impressive sermon was preached by the Dean, and probably there has never been a more notable service in the Cathedral since that which celebrated Her Majesty's Jubilee in 1897.

MARJORIE.

**HASTINGS.**

Dear Bee, January 12.  
For the benefit of the Transvaal relief fund a special performance was given on Wednesday evening last by the Waipawa Dramatic Society at the Waipawa Town Hall, which was lent for the occasion. The programme consisted of acts selected from the dramatic comedy "Betsey," and the parts were taken by Mr Birkett, who played Dick Whittington; Miss E. Flynn, who made a capital Betsy; Miss H. Flynn, Madame Polentor; Mr S. J. Williams, Captain McNamus; Mrs Peters, Dick Talbot; Dr. Reed, Mr Dawson; and Mr Standley, Adolphus. There was also a selection of songs and various pieces, which were contributed by musical friends and a combined band. The function was arranged and carried out under the patronage of the Waipawa volunteers, Mr. Sydney Johnston, Chairman of the County, H. W. C. Smith, and the Waipawa Town Board. It was attended by a large and representative audience, and was altogether a great success. The Orchestral Society played several overtures, and was conducted by Mr J. A. G. Cosgrove. As a result of the performance £30 will be handed to the war relief fund. After the play a presentation was made to Dr. Reed thanked the club appropriately, on behalf of the members of the club on the occasion of his approaching marriage. It consisted of a cut glass salad bowl and servers. Dr. Reid thanked the club appropriately for their kindly thought, after which some songs and recitations brought the proceedings to a close.

DOROTHY.

"HUNYADI JANOS." Professor Virchow, as one of the first to recognise the value of this popular Aperient Water, testifies to its having given him invariably satisfactory results. He considers it one of the most valu-

**PICTON.**

Dear Bee, January 8.  
For once there was some excitement over the election of a SCHOOL COMMITTEE

in place of those who lately resigned on account of friction with the Education Board. A large number of householders turned up at the school, and the committee who had resigned to test the confidence of the householders were elected by a very large majority. In this way the householders informed the Board that the committee had their entire confidence, and that their actions had their approval. The chairman was re-elected. Several ladies, some who enjoyed the householders' franchise and others who were not so privileged, were present. The meeting was perfectly orderly, and only the voting showed which way the wind blew.

Mr G. J. Riddell gave a jolly little DINNER PARTY at the Pier Hotel on Friday evening to the senior cricket team of which he is captain. A most recherche little dinner had been provided, and the proceedings were of a very enjoyable description.

On Thursday a party took advantage of the mild day to go on a fishing picnic to Ruakaka Bay, where the s.s. Phoenix left them and picked them up on her return from Te Awaitaie. Among the party were Mr and Mrs Riddell, Mr and Mrs Welford, Misses Seymour and Farnar, and Mr Stableton.

A good many Blenheim people came down on Saturday to visit H.M.S. Ringdove now in port.

On Saturday a CRICKET MATCH,

Picton v. Ringdove, was played on Nelson Square, resulting in a win for the locals. The visitors seemed to enjoy the game immensely, and there were a good many spectators, among them being:—Mrs Fell, wearing black; Mrs Riddell, green skirt, green silk blouse, and black hat with violet bows; Mrs A. P. Green (Blenheim), fawn skirt, violet coat, and hat with pink roses; Mrs Robertshaw and Mrs Allen both in black; Mrs Howard (Blenheim), white costume; Miss M. Speed, blue frock with frills edged with lace; Miss E. Seymour, pink frock, white hat; Miss Farnar, white; Miss Hallett, white pique costume; Miss Allen, black skirt, black and white blouse; Miss N. Allen, brown costume; Miss Fell, fawn cashmere costume, white hat; Miss M. Fell, black lustre costume; Miss McIntosh, blue frock trimmed with white braid, sailor hat. Others on the field were:—Mrs Mills (Wellington), Mrs McIntosh (Wellington), and Misses Allen (2), Jackson, etc., etc.

The Picton collectors for the war fund, assisted by Mrs (Captain) Baillie, Para, and Mr Simmonds Koromiko, are fixing up a concert to be held shortly in aid of the war fund at the Waitohi Valley school. Considering that every branch of the civil service, and every little post office all over the district has its own particular list to contribute to, and solicit subscriptions for, the Picton collectors are doing very well, but of course all the civil service lists will go to swell the Government list, and that from the district will be small in proportion.

JEAN.

**THAT**

feeling, so prevalent in the hot weather, which makes us tired of life and work, is becoming more common every year. Many attribute this to the climate; and, in fact, the climate is responsible—very slightly, however. If you feel

**TIRED**

and lack of energy, you may rest assured that your blood is thin, weak, or impure; if it were rich and pure, it would impart vitality and energy to every nerve and organ in the body, and the whole system would be robust and healthy. When the system is run down from weakness of the blood, you become

**WEARY**

and are only able to do a very slight amount of work without feeling great fatigue. You have a constant desire to lie down, and at the end of the day feel utterly worn-out and dispirited. You may, by force of will, overcome that worn-out

**FEELING**

for a time, but this course acts on the nerves, and results eventually in "nervous prostration." The blood only becomes impure when the stomach, liver and bowels are not in good working order, and the digestion is poor. The liver fails to perform its functions in cleansing the blood, and the system becomes "run down."

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are the best remedy for complaints of this sort. They enable the stomach to do its work quickly and thoroughly, help the liver to help itself, and do away with constipation and indigestion. Rich blood is the result, and with a stream of red, pure blood flowing through your veins you will be free from disease, and lack of energy will be a thing of the past. For a general toning up of the system, there is nothing like Bile Beans for Biliousness. They put things in order, so that Nature can do her work, which is all that is required.

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MAJOR-GEN. W. F. GATACRE.



LORD SALISBURY'S SON, Who is in danger at Mafeking.

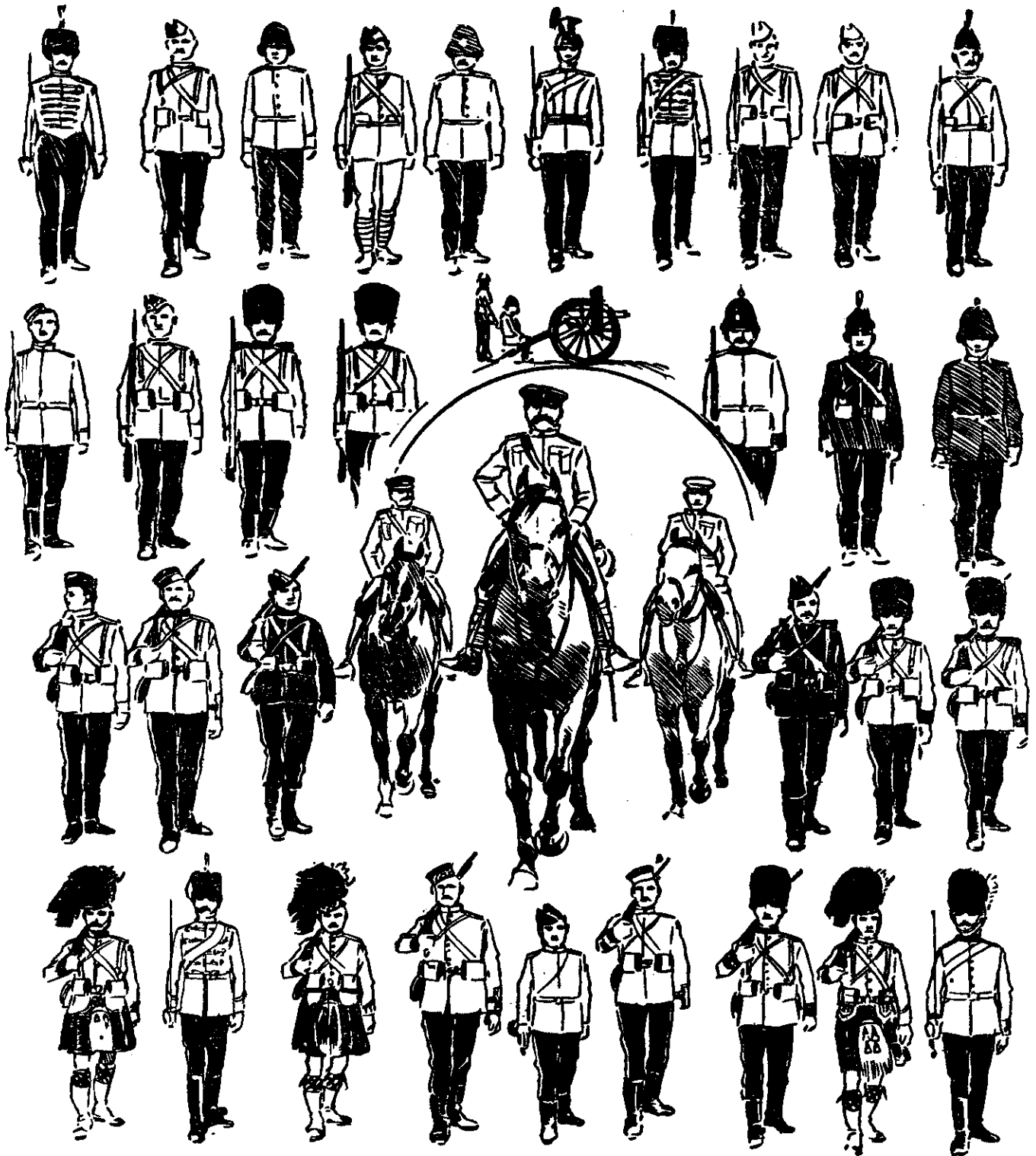


THE STORY OF THE CIGARETTES.

"We have several wounded Boer patients, and it is really amusing to see our large-hearted Tommy Atkins fraternising with the enemy. A touching little scene happened yesterday. One of the Gordons had his arm amputated. A Boer in the next bed had had his arm taken off in exactly the same place. I took charge of the latter as he was brought down from the theatre, and on his becoming conscious the two poor fellows eyed each other very much, till our good-natured Tommy could bear it no longer. "Sister," he called, 'give him two cigarettes out of my box. Here is a match; light one for him.' I took the cigarettes and the message to the Boer, and he turned and looked at Tommy in amazement, and then, quite overcome, he burst into tears, and Tommy did the same, and I am afraid I was on the point of joining in the chorus, but time would not permit it."—A Nurse's Letter from the Front.



GENERAL HILDYARD,



The First Army Corps.

Above are shown types of some of the various regiments and branches of the service now at the war. Each man is in the exact uniform of the regiment or corps he represents as worn on home service. The following table contains the names of the various regiments and corps represented, numbering from left to right of each row:—

- FIRST ROW.  
 1.—Royal Horse Artillery.  
 2.—2nd Devonshire.  
 3.—Army Pay Corps.  
 4.—Mounted Infantry.  
 5.—Bearer Company.  
 6.—5th Lancers.  
 7.—10th Hussars.  
 8.—West Yorkshire.  
 9.—2nd Northamptonshire.  
 10.—Post Office Volunteers.

- SECOND ROW.  
 11.—Army Service Corps.  
 12.—Highland Light Infantry.  
 13.—Royal Welsh Fusiliers.  
 14.—Dublin Fusiliers.  
 15.—Machine Gun Detachment.  
 16.—Royal Engineers.  
 17.—2nd Royal Irish Rifles.  
 18.—Army Medical Corps.

- THIRD ROW.  
 19.—East Surrey Regiment.  
 20.—Grenadier Guards.  
 21.—1st Rifles.  
 22.—Staff Officer.  
 23.—General Sir Redvers Buller, V.C., commanding.  
 24.—Staff Officer.  
 25.—2nd Rifles.  
 26.—Royal Scots Fusiliers.  
 27.—Royal Fusiliers.

- FOURTH ROW.  
 28.—Black Watch.  
 29.—11th Hussars.  
 30.—Seaforth Highlanders.  
 31.—Scots Guards.  
 32.—Bugler.  
 33.—Coldstream Guards.  
 34.—Royal Irish Fusiliers.  
 35.—Argyle and Sutherland Highlanders.  
 36.—Scots Greys.



Rewarding Boer Treachery at the Modder River.

"After the cessation of hostilities at Modder River when the first company passed the farmhouse they were fired on. The second company surrounded the place and found a party of Boers, who got their deserts for their treachery."



COLONEL CODRINGTON AND CAPTAIN SELHEIM'S EXPLOIT AT MODDER RIVER.

At the Modder River fight, Colonel Codrington, Captain Fiddling, of the 1st. Colchester, with Captain Selheim, of the Queensland Permanent Force, and two dozen men, forded the river on the right, being made parts of the whole time, and when they reached the other bank the Hottentots was turned on them. They were not supported and had to retire. On the return passage the river being very swift and up to their necks, two of the men were nearly drowned, but the party joined hands, and tied their pithies together, and the bank was reached safely.



# AS SEEN THROUGH WOMAN'S EYES.

## WHISPERS.

### TO THE GIRL WITH NOTHING A YEAR.

A Hat that Costs Threepence.—How often, when you cannot buy it have you pined for a new and pretty hat? You look around in your wardrobe and only see a sun-stained, dirty sailor hat that has once been white. You shake your head and close the door again and look at a purse that only contains a few coppers, and make up your mind to go shabby a little longer. But if, instead of despairing, you bought three penny-worth of green enamel paint and painted the dirty straw, and turned the old ribbon on to the other side, after sponging well with black tea, and put in a quill if you have one, you will look as well for that small outlay as if you had spent several shillings on a new hat.

Cheap Fur and Feathers.—Fur that is bought second-hand is often quite as good as if it is got new out of the shop. To clean it, cover with perfectly dry flour or fine oatmeal, and then shake and brush off vigorously, when it will come with a gleam and the fur look as good as new. For feathers, buy any old dirty ones that you can find at a sale or in a second-hand shop, and dye them some dark colour and hang on a line. When nearly dry, shake at a distance from a fire until quite dry, and then curl with a blunt ivory paper knife.

How to Take Tea Stains Out of Cloth.—Why is it that if tea ever elects to spill on to one of our frocks is sure to be the very newest one we have, put on for the first time? And if our frock is of light coloured cloth there will be a horrid little stain left that ruins the whole thing. To get rid of this sponge at once lightly with clean cold water, and when dry iron on the wrong side with a warm—not hot—iron, and the stains should then be a thing of the past.

A Wrinkle about Fringe Nets.—We all know that the way in which our invisible nets tear at every excuse, and the way they have of disappearing bodily after we have worn them once or twice; and though they only cost a few pence each, yet in time we seem to spend a small fortune on them. With clever fingers and a little patience you can easily make them at home. Make a cardboard frame the size of the net required; then take some of your longest hairs and tie them across the frame; then thread a needle with another hair and pass across each hair, tying as you go. With a little judgment as to what hairs to use you will soon have a neatly finished net ready for use.

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### WIVES WHO STUDY IN ODD HOURS.

How often a young wife and mother bewails the fact that she has missed her opportunities of an education. There need be no such thought to her. She has her life before her, and it lies with her whether it shall be an interested, happy progress, or an aimless giving way to what she deems inevitable. No child is the worse for its mother picking up the ends of her time and devoting them to study. No husband is less happy that his wife is a cheerful student as well as a housekeeper. There is much truth in the theory that one finds time for the things she really loves to do. One woman studied for the medical profession while tending her baby daughter and during the preceding months when she needed some pleasant occupation of mind. One has since her marriage reviewed and advanced in many of her studies at school, besides taking up French and becoming quite a proficient reader of that language, and after a very few lessons is also able to do quite creditable work in oil painting. There are the odd minutes, and even hours, in every woman's life which might better be employed in study, or pleasant reading than in knitting lace, gossiping, or brooding over one's lot, and mourning after past joys and lost opportunities.

## SEASONABLE NOVELTIES.

### PEACH DELICACIES.

Peach Kisses.—Have ready twelve fine ripe peaches pared and halved. Boil one pint sugar and one-half pint water until it is brittle when a little is dropped in cold water. It should break with a snap when tested. Dip the halved peaches, one after another, into the syrup, and set away on a buttered dish in a cold place to harden. While they are hardening, whip the whites of four eggs until the bowl containing them may be inverted without dropping them. Mix lightly in five tablespoons white powdered sugar and two tablespoons blanched and rather finely chopped almonds. Drop in large spoonfuls in a pan of boiling water and cook for a minute or two, then lift out carefully and place on a large plate. Fill each of the peach halves with this mixture, rounding the tops slightly, and keep in a cold place until time to serve. These are delicious. May be served with or without whipped cream.

Peach Floating Island.—Cut the top off a loaf of rather stale sponge cake, scoop out the inside, leaving a base and sides about an inch thick. Fill with fresh sliced peaches, sprinkled with sugar, and heaped with whipped cream. Set on ice for a short time. Just before serving pour round the cake a nice soft custard.

Peach Trifle.—Put a layer of sliced and sweetened peaches in a deep glass dish, and cover this with a thick layer of sponge cake crumbs. Pour over this a soft custard while yet warm, reserving two of the whites, to which add two tablespoons white sugar, and beat for the meringue. Serve very cold.

Peach Cobbler.—Put a quart of pared and sliced peaches in a two-quart granite pudding dish; add one-half cup of water, and place, covered, on the back of the range, and let simmer until tender. Sprinkle a little sugar over them, and little bits of butter. Rub two rounded tablespoons of butter into two rounded cups of flour; add one teaspoon sugar, one-half teaspoon salt, and two rounded teaspoons of baking powder. Mix well; then stir in lightly one cup of water, but do not beat it. Place it in spoonfuls in a circle upon the fruit, leaving a large opening in the centre. It will spread in rising so as to nearly cover the centre. Bake in a brisk oven, and serve hot with any nice, sweet sauce, or with cream, if preferred.

Peach Meringue.—Pare and slice one-half dozen fine, ripe peaches; sprinkle over them one cup granulated sugar. Place them in a granite pudding dish. Scald one cup milk; add to it the yolks of three eggs (beaten with three tablespoons sugar) and one dessertspoon corn-starch stirred smooth in a little cold milk. Cook this custard until thick; then pour it over the peaches. Beat the whites of the eggs very stiff, add two tablespoons white sugar, spread over the custard, and brown delicately in a quick oven. Serve very cold.

Peach Rice Meringue.—Cook four tablespoons well-washed rice in one pint milk until tender, add two tablespoons of sugar, and whisk in the yolks of four eggs. Continue whisking until quite a light froth is made. Whisk up the whites of the four eggs to a stiff snow; add to them four tablespoons white sugar and one drop of essence of almonds. Put the whisked rice on a deep pie dish in a heap, spread the whites over it, dust with sugar, and brown slightly in a quick oven. When done put sliced peaches around the base, sprinkle with sugar, cover with whipped cream, and serve.

Peach Sandwiches.—Beat together four eggs and their weight in powdered sugar, butter, and flour. Add a pinch of salt. Beat for quite ten minutes. Butter a shallow baking pan, pour in the batter, and bake for twenty minutes. Let it cool. Spread half the cake with peach jelly or jam, place the other half over it, press lightly together, then cut into finger pieces.

Compte of Peaches with Custard.—Make a syrup with three-quarters of a pound sugar and one-half pint water. Let it boil ten minutes; then

turn in at two pounds of fine, ripe, peaches, pared and sliced; let stand till cold, then turn into a deep glass dish. Serve with a rich custard.

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## AN EMBARRASSING HONEYMOON.

Since Admiral Dewey and his bride arrived in New York for their honeymoon they have been overwhelmed by the attentions of the public. Whenever the Admiral appears in the streets he is at once surrounded and followed by staring mobs. He and his wife have resorted in vain to the simplest and most unpretending style of dress and equipage, for some enthusiasts always identify them, and by raising a cheer attracts a crowd. The nuisance culminated when the Admiral and his bride were on a shopping expedition. They were so mobbed by an enthusiastic crowd that they had to take refuge in a shop until the police had temporarily dispersed the people. The crowd, however, gathered again, and constantly increasing in numbers followed the embarrassed couple to a second shop on Broadway. Here the shop assistant considerably locked the doors, and after a while the Admiral came out alone, and appealed to the crowd, which now numbered some thousands, literally packing the street from side to side. A way was then opened for the Admiral and his wife to their carriage, in which they returned at once to their hotel.

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## SLEEPING IN STAYS!

The one thing which prevents corsets killing off a considerable proportion of the female population of the United Kingdom, says the "Medical Press and Circular," lies in the fact that during sleep the body is allowed to resume the shape and movements with which that most perfect product of Nature has been endowed. It will come as a shock to most of the sterner sex to learn that the practice of sleeping in stays is discussed in some quarters as an accepted fact.

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## AN AMERICAN WOMAN'S HINTS TO GIRLS.

Has it ever occurred to you, girls, that any one of you has the power to make herself mightily attractive? It doesn't matter whether the Lord has given you straight features, a perfect figure, and wavy tresses or not; of course, they are nice to have, these endowments which make the path of womanhood such a lot more rosy, and goodness knows I'm not scoffing at them, but I want all the girls who are not so gifted by the gods to know that they can make themselves attractive and lovable if only they will find out their good points, make the most of them, and keep them.

It's the little things, girls. No matter how pretty and attractive a girl may be if she comes down stairs after one of these hot days in a limp or grubby affair, a mussed neck ribbon, and a dab of powder on her nose, she isn't dressed, and she isn't attractive, and she will not count for 6 cents against her plainer little sister who appears in a crisp pique skirt and an immaculate waist. This last little person is always as fresh as the bunch of sweet peas she keeps picked for her hostess' table. Her hair is always cared for and her hands and nails never by any chance neglected. And she is not a pretty girl, but she attracts every one by her sweet, clean wholesomeness, and dainty femininity. Think goodness, there are more girls of this sort now than there used to be, but still there are not enough for your Prissilla, who thinks none of you should settle back contented with being homely. True beauty means, I think, not the perfection of face and figure, that few of us have, but always dainty care and cleanliness about everything. And above all, girls, don't worry. Surely I need not warn you against beauty's most deadly foe, the wrinkle, which follows each little worry as surely as night follows day? I often think that there are so many big things in the world that one must worry and think over, that simply worry won't be put away, that to allow little every-day cares to fret us is the sill-

est thing we women do. So what I'm telling you to do is to be cheerful and sweet and clean, and you can't help making people glad you are near them.

ORNAMENTAL HAIR.—Ladies requiring Artificial Hairwork of any kind should send for Illustrated Catalogue of Tails, Chignons, Fringes, Wigs, etc., just issued by A. M. Hendy, Ladies' Hairdresser, Prince-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 the colony on application to A. M. HENDY, Ladies' Hairdresser, Dunedin.—Cheapest House in N.Z. for all kinds of hairwork.

Everyone in England is talking of the wonders produced by



The following beautiful women use and highly recommend: Madame Patti, Madis, Douste, Florence St. John, Edith Cole, Dorothy Irving, Miss Fortescue, Fanny Brough, Ellaline Terris, Cynthia Brooke, Sophie Larkin.

New Zealand Agents—SHARLAND & CO., Auckland and Wellington.

## How to be Beautiful.

LADIES are delighted when they receive the BOW Beauty Box (price 10s.), which contains a bottle of Beauty Cream, a box of Beauty Powder, a bottle of Rose Bloom, a tube of Lip Salve, an Eyebrow Pencil, and a silk pocket Powder Puff, with a book of directions and a treatise on AIDS TO BEAUTY. Packed free from observation; no advertisement on outside wrapper. Send P.O.D., Postal Note, or stamps for 10s. Address: European Import Co., Pitt St., Sydney.

REAL ROOM: To Ladies, Dressmakers, Brothers, etc.—PERFECT FIT AND STYLE. By Using the Magic GARMENT CUTTING. Care for Ladies, Gents, or Children. Easy to Learn. Taught through P.O. Terms and particulars from sole N.Z. Agent: MISS M. T. KING, 81, Willis-st., Wellington. AGENTS WANTED.

## Supre Cure

### For General Weakness.

The debilitating effects of a warm climate and exposure to all kinds of weather are sure to bring on disorders of the blood and weaken the system. Mr. Charles Geddes, of Mt. Malcolm, W.A., sends us his photograph, and tells of a sure cure for these conditions.



"For some time I have been landlord of the Royal Hotel in the Mt. Margaret gold fields district, eighty miles from the nearest railway. I have sold a great deal of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and it gives the most universal satisfaction. When miners, prospectors, and others become run down by lack of fresh vegetables and fruits, and from exposure to all kinds of weather, their blood becomes very impure, and the whole system greatly weakened. But

## AYER'S Sarsaparilla

is always a sure cure. I have known miners to send a hundred miles for it, such is their faith in it. To cure constipation, biliousness, indigestion, and sick headache, there is no remedy equal to Ayer's Pills. Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass., U.S.A.

FAIS IN UMBRELLAS.

SOME HAVE HANDLES SERVING A DOUBLE PURPOSE.

The winter girl shows a decided fondness for making one thing answer the purpose of two. But it is not for the sake of economy that she is so inclined. It is merely the novelty of the idea that attracts her.

The handle of her umbrella is called upon to act in this double capacity. To the casual observer there is nothing strikingly new about the handles. They are more elaborate than in other years, but that is all. But the up-to-date girl can prove to you in a minute that they are not quite so commonplace as they seem. There is the handle of natural wood, for example, with a large round top of gold set with a miniature. The winter girl will allow you to admire it, and if you are a special friend of hers she may surprise you by touching a little spring just under the miniature. If she does the top will fly up and there you will see a bit of a mirror and a tiny powder puff ball.

Or she may carry an umbrella with a long silver handle, which has a pug dog for its top. One naturally thinks this surely can be no powder puff box. But the pug when he is stroked according to directions will suddenly divide in half and astonish every one by proving that he is just as much a bonbon box as he is a pug.



Handles of gold, many of them set with jewels, have the tops made for holding change as well as bonbons. Of course, all the umbrella handles are not those surprise affairs. Among the prettiest of those which are umbrella handles and nothing more is one which is a combination of Dresden gilt and leather. The handle is unusually long. The lower part of it is green leather, arranged to look like scales. Above this the handle is Dresden china. It is scattered with flowers, which appear as if hand-painted and ornamented with gilt in a Morocco design.

Mother of pearl handles, inlaid with silver and also with gold, are much in favour. All the new handles this year on the best umbrellas are considerably longer than last year.

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Here is an idea which will use up all sorts of pieces of coloured silk, one with a pattern being employed on the outside and a plain silk for the inside, or it can be made of Madras muslin with the outlines of the design embroidered, the bag being, in this case, lined



RECEPTACLE FOR KNITTING.

with plain-coloured muslin. A ruche finishes off the top and is tied at the four corners with little ribbon bows. The little framework for the bag is easily purchasable at any shop where white wooden articles are kept. This, of course, must be enamelled or painted with some of the glistening metallic paints, which, if successfully used, have much the effect of old lacquer. It makes a delightful receptacle for knitting and all kinds of bulky fancy work, and though not expensive to turn out is very readily sold for quite a decent sum at a bazaar.

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SOME LUCKY KISSES.

A merry schoolboy at a Christmas party crept behind the chair of an old lady with a little sprig of mistletoe in his hand, and, holding it over her head, gave her a hearty kiss. She laughed, well pleased with the compliment, and pretended to box his ears. Years passed, and he had quite forgotten the trifling incident. His merry boyhood had merged itself into a troubled manhood. Misfortune dogged his footsteps, and the struggle of life was growing ever harder, when one morning a letter reached him from a firm of solicitors stating that a client of theirs had just died, bequeathing to him a legacy of five hundred pounds. When he reached the lawyer's he found that it was the old maid lady who had remembered him with affection. As she said in her will, she had never forgotten the kiss under the mistletoe.

Still more fortunate, though in quite another way, was the gentleman who, when leaving home hurriedly to catch his train, was stopped by his little daughter, who ran after him to bid him good-bye. He caught her up quickly in his arms, and she gave him such an impetuous kiss on one of his eyes that it drove some of the lashes in, which hurt him so much he was obliged to delay his journey. A few hours after he learned that the very train which he had intended travelling by had collided with another, and that several of the passengers were killed and injured, and among the former being the friend whom he was to have joined for the journey.

Another lucky kiss to be recorded was that where an important position in a large firm was obtained through a kiss. Many candidates for the vacant post were gathered in the outer office awaiting an interview, when the senior partner passed through with his favourite dog at his heels.

Suddenly the dog left his master and made straight to where a young man was standing and, jumping on a chair near, kissed him, as much as to say, "This is the one for the place." His master observed the act, and chose the recipient of the kiss, declaring that he had so much faith in his canine favourite that he thought he could not be much at fault. He never had cause to regret his dog's selection.

An even more lucky kiss is on record. A wealthy old lady had a serious difference with her relatives, and for many years had refused to have any communication whatever with them. Her money, she said, would go towards the founding of an institution for sick animals, and her friends need not expect a penny from her.

One day, as was her wont, the old lady was being wheeled along the street, accompanied by her two little pet dogs, when one of them happened to pause for breath near a young schoolgirl. With an exclamation of delight the latter caught up the little animal in her arms and pressed a quick kiss on its head and then set it tenderly down and continued her way again.

The old lady was a witness of this mark of attention to her favourite. Much pleased, she called the girl to her. Among other inquiries she asked her name, and then learnt that the schoolgirl was a granddaughter of hers, who was as surprised as she to learn of the relationship. That simple little kiss pressed on the dog's head was the beginning of a reconciliation between the old lady and her relatives. Sufficient to say, her money did not go after all to found an institution for sick animals.

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A LADY'S UGLY FEET.

HOW THEY BROUGHT DISASTER UPON FRANCE.

Great events are often brought about by very small causes, so it is quite possible that had the Princess

Bismarck only had pretty feet the Franco-Prussian War might never have been.

Count Bismarck (as he then was) was unfriendly to France, but the Empress Eugenie, knowing the power of her great beauty, and hoping to influence him for the good of her country, invited him and his wife to visit the French Court.

The invitation was accepted, and on the evening that Count and Countess Bismarck arrived at the Tuilleries, there was a great reception. The Empress received her guests in a toilette which made her look so ravishingly lovely that even Bismarck, stolid German as he was, and thoroughly in love with his wife, stood and gazed at her in rapt admiration. Eugenie, not slow to mark the effect of her beauty upon him, summoned him to her side.

He came with his wife leaning on his arm.

Now, the Countess Bismarck was tall and gaunt, and her feet were of generous proportions, and as she walked she exhibited them fully.

While Bismarck was talking to the Empress an audible titter was heard along the line of ladies. Quick as thought, he followed the glance of their eyes, and saw that his wife's feet were the cause of the unseemly merriment. He was deeply offended, and from that moment the political history of France was changed.

A year later the Prussians were besieging Paris. Bismarck himself fired a cannon, and as the ball sped on its way, those who were near heard him shout: "Take that for the feet of the Countess Bismarck!"

Thus was the insult avenged.

## BIRDS CUSTARD POWDER

Sing a Song of Sixpence  
a pocket full of Five  
A DISH of DAINTY CUSTARD  
IMPROVES AN APPLE PIE

BIRD'S Custard Powder makes a perfect High-Class Custard at a minimum of cost and trouble. Used by all the leading Diplomas of the South Kensington School of Cookery, London. Invaluable also for a variety of Sweet Dishes, recipes for which accompany every packet.

**NO EGGS! NO RISK! NO TROUBLE!**  
STOREKEEPERS CAN OBTAIN SUPPLIES FROM ALL THE LEADING WHOLESALE HOUSES.

*Is NOT FARINACEOUS and is ENTIRELY FREE from STARCH*

# MELLIN'S FOOD

**FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS.**

When added to diluted Cow's Milk it produces a complete and perfect diet, suitable for the strong as well as the sickly Babe. Adapted for use in all Climates.

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## MELLIN'S EMULSION

**OF COD-LIVER OIL.**

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.

MELLIN'S FOOD & MELLIN'S EMULSION MAY BE OBTAINED OF ALL DEALERS.

**ODD CONCEIT FOR A SHELF.**

Women who poke into odd corners in the Japanese stores may have seen and wondered what earthly use could be made of the grotesque masks and faces which are piled into large baskets set here and there on the counters. There are all kinds and sorts and conditions of them. Some are solemn, some are jolly, some are sad, while old Satan has a generous representation among these apparently useless articles of bric-a-brac. They are fashioned of a dark reddish brown metal, and are as a rule the most outlandish looking objects.

Well, a new use has been found for them. An inventive woman having a shelf over her doorway to ornament conceived the idea of putting up a row of these Japanese masks, something after the fashion of the singing cherubs. So down she went to the Japanese store and selected about a dozen of the oddest of these many old heads, and then she arranged them artistically and placed them on the edge of her shelf, where they looked like the front row of a grotesque chorus.

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**A BACHELOR GIRL'S "DEN."**

Every girl loves her own den. There is an air of independence about it that is charming. A girl with a den has a place which is all her own, and

where she can shut herself in or invite her intimate friends to help her enjoy it. All of her artistic tendencies work out in the decoration of this den.

A girl I know was recently given a small room to do as she liked with, and which had been made ugly by an old black marble mantel in one corner. She took up the worn out carpet and had the best parts of it made into a woven rug, stained the floor around the border, hung up fancy bead portieres, arranged all of her pictures on the walls in artistic confusion, made up a dozen pillows for her couch in one corner, and filled in other spaces with writing table, tea table, lamp stand, and various other knickknacks.

But the mantel troubled her, until she conceived the idea of covering the whole thing up, and called in a carpenter. He arranged a series of shelves, with a dividing partition in the centre of the lower part, and a long shelf over the top of the mantel itself, and another a foot below the top. On one side were shallow spaces and on the other side deep places, in which she found it convenient to arrange her collection of old and new fancy dishes and bric-a-brac. The space over the mantel was papered with a red velvet paper for a background for odds and ends of pictures and plaques.

The red velvet paper extended over the lower part of the mantel, back of

the shelves, and a Roman striped piece of silk was draped across the top shelf and hung in folds on either side. A small tabourette held an Oriental jardiniere, filled with ferns on one side, and a palm finished the other end.

No one ever suspects that this artistic corner was once an ugly fireplace and old mantel.

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**HER COLLECTION OF MONOGRAMS.**

A college girl owns a collection of monograms which is the envy of all who have seen it. She has collected monograms only from college friends, so that each one has a special significance. She has used these monograms for ornamenting an immense picture mat, upon which she has mounted photographs of her college friends—boys and girls. With them are several group pictures of girls, classes, and classes in couples, football elevens, and baseball nines.

She first placed the pictures as she wished them mounted on the big card, and then began the arrangement of monograms, addresses, class and secret society emblems, college pennants, college mottoes, and class pin-crests, such as had been used on paper and could be cut out and transferred to the mat.

A cream white mat was used, against which the gold, silver, red, blue, and yellow shone in beautiful contrast. The monograms in white and gold were formed into a sort of necktie around the edges of the pictures, and the fancy colours festooned about them in graceful curves and figures.

All of the decorations were cut as close to the design as possible, with embroidery scissors, so that when mounted with fine library paste they looked as if they were originally impressed upon the mat. The largest and handsomest pieces were used in fancy designing, and as there were scarcely any two alike, the whole piece when finished presented a most odd and interesting appearance. There was a story connected with every picture and every decoration. The addresses were the only straight lines in the entire picture, and formed a pleasing contrast to the otherwise great regularity of design.

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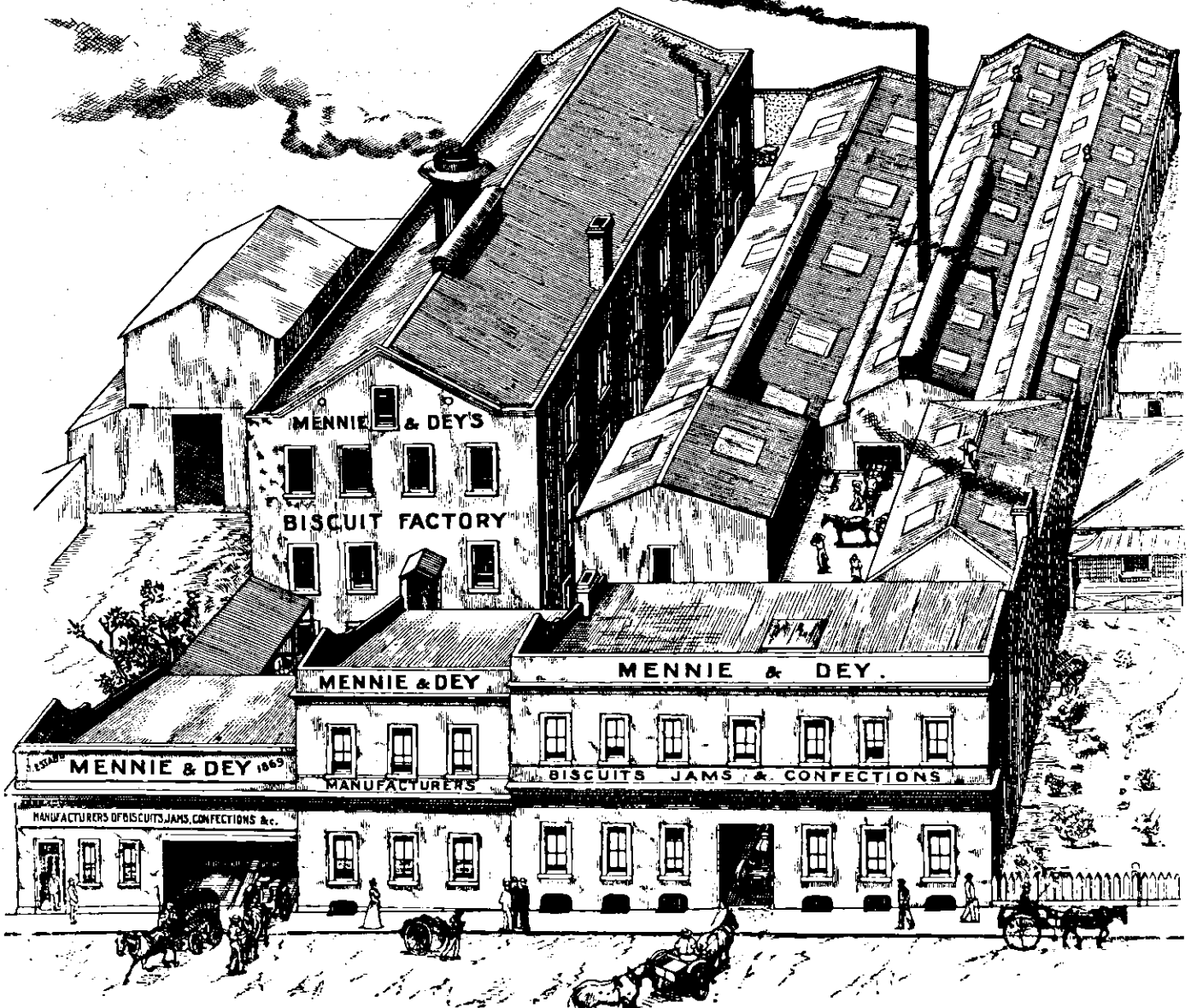
Lady: "Oh! what a nice, clean little baby that is!"

Little Girl: "Yes'm; she's only two weeks old yet."

Miss Helen Keller, who is blind, deaf, and dumb, has passed the entrance examination to Radcliffe, the Women's College at Harvard University, taking but three out of the four years assigned for preparation.

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 Conserve. Peels. Only makers Cupid Whispers in the Colony.

# THE WORLD OF FASHION.

BY MARGUERITE

Undoubtedly in the art of dress, headgear is a very important factor. Scanty locks, ill-groomed and ill-coiffed hair take away much beauty from the prettiest head, and an unbecoming hat will ruin the smartest costume. The hair is still worn very high on the head. For the theatre or evening it is rolled up in a pompadour in front, and the back hair drawn far forward to meet the pompadour on the tip-top of the cranium. The idea is to display a long line over the crown to the nape. But do not make the grievous mistake of allowing the back hair to draw tightly up from the neck, nor must you let uneven hairs straggle out behind. If your hair does not naturally wave give a slight undule to the back hair, draw it up loosely but smoothly, and insert some small combs in the base of the coil, and if you wish an invisible net will keep the hair firm and even. Hard crimped waves and heavy fringes are quite out of fashion. A few tendrils of hair only stray over the brow. For day wear many smart women wear the hair low on the neck, and it is a very graceful style; but whether the coiffure be elaborate or simple, it must be well dressed. For evening ornamentation flowers are much used, sometimes in a little clump either side of the head. Jap. fashion, sometimes as a wreath, or else a single rose. A twist of white or coloured tulle threaded through the hair is another pretty fashion, and jewelled combs will be worn again. America has many unique styles of its own, ideas that one finds nowhere else. For example, at balls and dinners the belles dress their hair most gracefully with chaplets and leaves of natural flowers, and the effect is lovely. It has an old-fashioned charm that is fetching. One belle appeared in a chaplet of grape leaves, with small bunches of real purple grapes, forming a lovely frame for her beautiful face. Another young lady wore a chaplet of roses, and one girl had masses of berries in rich orange in her black hair. One beautiful blonde girl was all in yellow gauze, and about her fair head she wore a close wreath of yellow asters. She looked like a golden beauty, for she was the kind of blonde to whom yellow is so strikingly becoming.



A PICTURE HAT.

The picture hat has been so much in evidence of late, a sketch of it in one of its latest moods is given in Fig. 1 as a suggestion for our readers who are on smart gatherings and promenade intent. This model is of fine black chip straw, has a "Directoire" crown, and the broad brim bent down quite flat at the back. It has three rows of narrow black ribbon-velvet round the crown, three black ostrich plumes, a big bunch of crushed pink roses under the side of the brim, and narrow black ribbon-velvet strings.

The ubiquitous sailor hat, to be correct this season, is large and low of crown and narrow of brim. It is worn low on the forehead and the hair must be carefully dressed undule beneath. Under these conditions it is again quite de rigueur, and as yet the knock-about hat for holiday wear that is to take its place has not been discovered.

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All sorts of out-door recreations will continue in full swing yet awhile, and to this end I have designed you a new tennis or golfing blouse, and one that will comfortably replace the



A CHARMING EVENING GOWN.

White satin and soft lace embroidered in green, with chiffon chemisette; bows and waistbelt of green velvet.



A GRACEFUL TEA GOWN FOR EVENING WEAR.

In "Liberty" wool crepe and soft silk, finished with hand embroidery.

lighter ones of hotter days. This example is of green taffeta silk, not a thin and frippery lace, as these wear so badly, but a good thick taffeta. The cuffs and large collar are of white silk or linen, with a broad hemstitched hem. The collar round the throat is of the same, under which is tied a little bow of green velvet. The blouse, you will see, is made with three box pleats, and is by no means difficult to comprehend. The large collar forms a square behind. The hat is natural coloured straw, bound with black, and trimmed with two white quills thrust through a chou made of white taffeta ribbon. This green shirt bears

One needs a very good figure in order to wear successfully some of the latest frocks, as the cut is so ex-



A NEAT AND USEFUL GOWN.

treinely simple as to show off every curve of the body. But if you will only take my oft-repeated advice and buy good corsets and often, I think you will find quite an average figure passes muster well. The little gown I have sketched for you here is a very charming one, either for travelling or daily wear, and its exquisite plainness is very French. The material is navy blue, the revers of the double collar being faced with a fancy plaid silk, which also forms the waist-band. The vest is of guipure with a mousseline de-soie cravate. The bodice is not quite tight-fitting, but blouses slightly in



A TENNIS BLOUSE.

the advantage of looking well with either a navy blue, a black, or a white skirt.

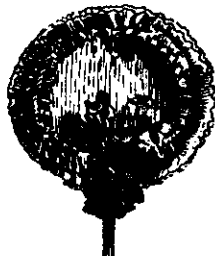
front. The toque is of blue crumpled straw, with one large chou of navy blue taffeta ribbon through which is thrust a black and grey quill, and at the other side of this is a bunch of blue lobelia.

• • •

This costume is of pale blue foulard, spotted with white, the skirt of which is quite tight in the upper part, the width developing gradually to the bottom. It is trimmed with three flounces, at equal distances, each gathered, and headed with narrow black lace and bordered with narrow black insertion laid on flat. The corsage is gathered, without seams, beneath the waistband, and is quite supple. It opens widely down the centre, and has pointed lapels descending to the waist, faced with gathers of black lace. Between each arm runs a band of black lace inser-

**WORK COLUMN.**

In my sketch I give a design for a very pretty hand screen. The foundation is one of the palm leaves that can be bought at any fancy warehouse, and its decoration consists of the accordion-pleated tissue paper which we see in such attractive colours almost everywhere we turn. First of all the paper must be stretched over the fan and gummed at the back, and then



A FANCY HAND SCREEN.

another piece put over the back, turned over the edge and gummed down to the front about an inch from the edge all the way round. Then a very full and lussy frill must be made; this is much more effective if two or three well-blended colours are put together, and the paper should always be doubled, so as not to have any edges showing. The screen is finished off at the handle with a large spray of artificial flowers. Some clever fingers might make these out of the tissue paper itself. A big bow of ribbon may be substituted if preferred. An artistic combination of blue and green might be made, when large cornflowers or poppies would be a suitable finish to the whole thing. The children may think I overlook them sometimes. It is not always easy to find something that little fingers can commence and carry out by themselves, but I think they might manage a group of book-markers if they are very careful and only set to work with clean hands. And I am sure they will find some church or reading-desk in their neighbourhood which will appreciate their efforts. Take several twenty-four inch lengths of half-inch corded ribbons in bright colours, plain, hand-painted or embroidered, fold each in two, gather the lower end into a point finished off with tassels, twist the top into a coil, suspend it to a handle formed of a 1-inch wadded roll covered with faille or galon, and add to it a cord describing a drooping loop, button-holed over with silk twist.

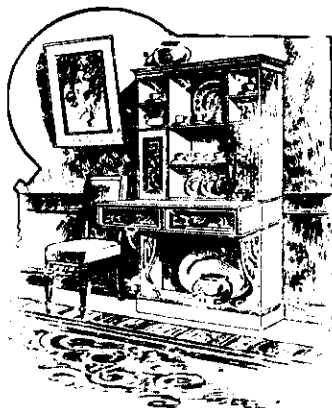
It occasionally happens that we become possessed of some bits of old oak, maybe neglected panels of some old pews, long since torn up to make room for modern seats, or perhaps some that ornamented a quaintly fashioned four-post bedstead. I saw some the other day, most decoratively adapted, and here is the design, showing how four panels might very well be utilised. The piece of furniture is one of those nondescript kinds which can be used as a sideboard in a dining-room, or as a what-not for china in



BLUE AND WHITE FOULARD DRESS.

tion, which runs round the back. The chemisette is of soft white lawn, trimmed with black lace in lozenge patterns.

The neck trimming is of blue foulard, veiled with black lace insertion, and the collarette of gathered lace. The sleeves are very tight; they are trimmed round the wrists with black lace flounces. The hat which completes the costume is of Italian straw, with a wide brim turned down in front and behind, and slightly turned up at the sides. It is ornamented on the left side with a garland of tea roses without foliage. The crown is low and flat, and is bound with narrow black velvet, and ornamented with a square strass buckle in the centre in front. At the back of the crown are four heads of white ostrich feathers drooping over.



OLD PANELS.

either morning or drawing-room. Two of the panels decorate the large drawers in the table part, while the other two appear reversed in position on either side of the two cabinets, the rest of the cabinet consists simply of narrow shelves, which are carved with

a small conventional design in harmony with the treatment of the panels. It will be found very effective, and one which can easily be carried out by that favourite workman of mine to whom I always allude as the "local carpenter."

**10 DARKEN GREY HAIR.**

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She: "It breaks my heart to see you come out of the tavern." He: "A man can't tell what to do. This morning the minister made a lot of talk because he saw me go into the tavern, and now you are scolding because I'm coming out."

Little Johnny: "Mamma, let's play I am your mother, and you are my little boy." Mamma: "Very well, dear, how shall we play it?" Little Johnny: "I'll tell you; you start to do something, and I'll tell you not to."

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**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 enclosure ends turned in are carried through the Post Office as follows: Not exceeding 1oz. 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 4d 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.

Dear Cousin Kate,—I have not forgotten to write, but I have not had much time. As Christmas Eve fell on Sunday, most people kept it on Saturday. On Saturday night my auntie took my sister and I down town. The town was crowded, especially Queen street, in which the people were walking on the road. Most of the shops did not close till 12 o'clock. We stayed in town till 11 o'clock, then we went to Newton for a little while, and it was past twelve when we got home. I saw the dolls in town, in the shop window, a few weeks ago. We had a breaking-up concert and the distribution of prizes last Monday fortnight. Wynnie got one prize, Evelyn got two, and I got one for reading, which I am very fond of. I have not succeeded in filling the collecting card; may I keep it longer? As we live very near to the beach, we go for a bath nearly

every day; it is lovely. My brother came home on Tuesday night. He had been out yachting for his holidays. I saw the result for the dolls' competition in the 'Graphic.' I know Cousin Dora and Cousin Ella very well. I think the hardest things to make were the shoes and stockings. Wishing you and the cousins a very happy New Year.—I remain, Cousin Clare, Ponsonby.

[Dear Cousin Clare.—Thanks very much for your letter. I was in town, too, on the Saturday before Christmas. It was a wonderful sight, was it not? I am glad you got a prize on the breaking-up. The bathing must be very nice this weather, I think. Write again soon and tell me how you enjoy your holidays.—Cousin Kate.]

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Dear Cousin Kate,—As I have not had a doll yet I write now to ask you to send me one. I shall not dress it to win a prize. I know very well that I cannot dress it well enough. I think the dolls described in last week's 'Graphic' must have been very pretty, especially the one dressed as a bride, or the court lady. But of course I shall not dress mine if I get one in anything but some plain stuff like print, or something that will wash well. You must not expect much in the way of sewing, because I do not care for sewing, and I never did much with my hands, although I make most of my own clothes; but I make them with the machine. There have been fires up in the Wakarara lately, and it has been very smoky about everywhere. The weather has been very changeable lately. Christmas Day was very hot, and then it got cold towards evening, and we had to have a fire, and the last two nights it has been so chilly that we have had a fire. I am afraid we are not going to have much fruit this year. We have no plums at all, and of course the apples never are very good now that we have the codlin moth. What awful war pictures those were in the last 'Graphic.' I hope we shall have some good photos of the contingent in the 'N.Z. Graphic.'—From your Graphic Cousin, Anna.

[Dear Cousin Anna.—I have sent you a doll with the address you put inside your letter on it, so you ought to get it quite safely. I am sure you will dress her very nicely indeed, and that some little girl will be made very happy with her. The weather here was just like you say it was with you for Christmas, but it has been lovely for the New Year. All the Cousins seem too busy holiday making to write much just now, but I expect I shall get a fine lot of letters soon telling me all about the good times the Cousins have been having. I am sorry to say our plums will be a failure too this year, and we had very few strawberries also, so it has been a very poor fruit season hasn't it.—Cousin Kate.]

**BERTIE'S OUIING.**

**A COMPLETE STORY.**

"Bertie, if you do that again I shall have to punish you," said Bertie's mother to him one wet afternoon. "I told you about a dozen times already. Come away, there's a dear little boy, and play with your toys." Bertie did not say a word, but a very sullen look came on his face. He left off drumming on the window pane, and presently commenced tapping the ground with his foot. "Oh, Bertie, do be quiet!" said mother again. "Oh, it is a shame!" said Bertie. "I'm not allowed to do anything. I can't go out, and I mayn't do as I like."

"You know why you can't go out, dear," said mother. "You are only just up from having had the measles, and it would be very dangerous if you went out in this cold wind; and I've let you have all your nice toys to play with, but you won't play with them."

"I know all that!" snapped Bertie, who, I am afraid, had got rather spoilt whilst he was ill.

Mrs Franks did not keep up the argument, but went on with her writing. Bertie then tried to play with his toys, but gave that up very soon.

"Mother," he began, "can't Harry come and play with me for a little while?"

"Harry? My dear sonnie, don't you know that if little Harry was to come and play with you he would get ill next. No, my dear boy, try to be more contented, and you'll soon be well enough to play with little Harry again."

The room in which Bertie and his mother were looked on the garden and had a large French window. Bertie went again to this window and looked out. He could see into the road beyond, and watched the passers-by.

Mrs Franks went on writing. She was writing a letter to her father, who had gone to India, and she had to catch the mail. Bertie felt very lonely, and then such wicked thoughts came into his little head.

"Mother is so busy, she'd never hear me go out into the garden, and I must get that lovely red apple that has just fallen down. Oh, I wonder, if I could?"

The thought gave way to intense longing, and the temptation was too strong almost. Still, he fought against it, and turned his eyes from the apple. What was that? Surely the sound of a band! Yes, certainly it was a band, and he could see through the trees that some soldiers were marching along the road, followed by a large crowd of boys and girls.

The band was playing Bertie's favourite tune, "The Soldiers in the Park."

"I must go!" he said. Then he very quietly unfastened the window, and stood and listened, to see if his mother heard him. But no; she still kept on writing. Then, quick as thought, he slipped out and ran down the steps, and picking up the apple as he went, he ran into the street just in time to see the soldiers passing.

Bertie's delight made him forget all else, and he joined in the crowd, never thinking that he was still in his overall and had no hat. He was delighted to be out once more, and it was grand to follow such splendid soldiers. But he wished they wouldn't go so fast, as his legs felt so funny.

He struggled on till the soldiers were right out of the village, and he was determined to see them go into barracks. Oh dear, oh dear! how his legs ached! And such a funny sensation seemed to be coming over him. The band didn't play so loud, he thought, and the people were melting into thin air; and then—

"Hallo, my little man, what's the matter with you?" said a gruff but very kind voice.

Bertie opened his eyes, and saw he was in the arms of a great tall soldier.

"I—don't know," Bertie faltered. "I followed the band, and my legs felt funny, and then I don't know what happened."

"Well, you are a rum 'un," said the soldier laughing. "Have you been ill? You don't look quite A1."

"Yes, I've had the measles," said Bertie.

"The measles! Good gracious! You oughtn't to be out. What ever was your mother thinking of to let you out?"

Bertie blushed, and struggled out of the soldier's arms.

"Mother doesn't know!" he said, and he burst into tears.

By degrees the big soldier got the whole story from Bertie.

"Well, I don't know what is to be

done," he said, "because no one can take you home to-night."

Bertie's sobs increased. Oh, how he wished he hadn't come out!

"That'll do, little 'un," the soldier said. "I know what we'll do; we'll send a telegram to your mother to tell her you are safe, and perhaps she will send for you."

So the telegram was sent, and the kind soldier took Bertie in to his wife, who lived in the "married quarters," and she gave him some tea, and looked after him. But Bertie felt very miserable and ill. About nine o'clock there was a knock at the door, and nurse stood there. Bertie rushed up to her, and clung to her sobbing.

"Oh, Master Bertie, what a turn you have given us, to be sure. Your poor mamma is quite ill."

Bertie and nurse went home in a cab which nurse had brought. Poor Mrs Franks was overjoyed at seeing her little son again; and I am glad to tell you that after all his outing did him little harm.—From the "Playbox."

**GIVING PUSSY A BATH.**

Most pussies wash themselves so much that they very seldom need other people to wash them. But most of them want a bath occasionally. The best plan is to have someone to talk to and pet pussy while another does the actual washing.

Make a nice lather with water of about 98deg, and soap, and stand very gently in this. Wash her in this, using your hand instead of a sponge. When her fur is quite clean, rinse her in clean water of the same temperature, lifting her from one to the other very gently, so as not to frighten her.

Then wrap her in a blanket or a nice warm towel, and dry her before the fire with nice warm towels; and don't let her run off on her own account till she is thoroughly dry, or the chances are that she will make herself as dirty in ten minutes as she was before, and your labour will be thrown away, because her fur, when damp, will catch the dirt more quickly than when dry.

You must remember to be very gentle always. Pussy won't enjoy her tubbing, probably; but don't make her hate it.

**WHEN TO FEED PET  
BUNNIES.**

For breakfast at half-past seven, crushed oats and a little sweet milk. Not much milk, for rabbits need very little to drink if you keep them well supplied with food.

The next meal should not be given till two o'clock. For Mr and Mrs Bunny generally take a nap in the middle of the day, and don't like being disturbed.

For this meal you can give any of the following: Clover, vetches, dandelion, thistle, swede, turnip, carrot, mangold, beet-root, apples, savoy or cauliflower leaves, and a little bran. So you see you have plenty of choice for your dinner menu.

Green food must not be given wet, so it is best to cut it the day before and spread it in a nice cool place to dry.

For supper, between six and seven— or earlier in winter—give either crushed oats, boiled potatoes mixed with a little barley or oatmeal, or barley-meal mixed with scalding water or milk.

Don't give more food at a time than they are likely to eat, and don't, whatever you do, forget to give them any.

Tourist: "What's the name of that noble mountain?" Native: "Dunno as it's got any. We call it 'th' mountain.'" Tourist: "No name for that grand eminence?" Native: "Vot's the use of it havin' a name? It's the only mountain here."

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JUNGLE JINKS.

HOT CHESTNUTS WHICH CAUSED A HOT QUARREL.



1. "There is nothing in the world so nice as baked chestnuts," murmured Jumbo, as he held the shovel full of nuts over the schoolroom fire. "Here, Jumbo, you just clear out and let another chap have a bit of the fire," exclaimed Rhino; "you are not the only fellow who has a bag of chestnuts." "Get away, kiddy, and don't bother; I

got here first, and I mean to stay," replied the elephant, putting a nice hot chestnut into his mouth with his trunk.

"Ho-ho!" thought Jacko, "there will be a row in a minute, and if I don't have baked chestnuts for tea, call me an ape."



2. The row wasn't long in coming, either. Jumbo wouldn't budge an inch, so Rhino just kicked him over and seized the shovel. "Now I can get to work with my bag of chestnuts," he said, "I shouldn't sit on the floor if I

were you, old boy; it's awfully uncomfortable, especially when you are sitting on red hot chestnuts." It was certainly a most undignified position for Jumbo, and he fairly boiled with rage.



3. "I'll teach you to make a fool of me before these kids!" he cried, as he bounced on his feet. And in a moment the pair were at it, hammer and tong. "Take that, Longnose!" cried Rhino. "Call me Longnose again! I'll show you!" shouted Jumbo, very irate. "I don't wear a tooth on top of my nose,

like you!" But while the couple were busy fighting, Jacko and Hare were busy eating. What they couldn't eat they put in their pockets, and when the others finished their quarrel there wasn't a chestnut to be seen. Moral: Don't Quarrel.

THE THREE INSEPARABLES.

A BOARDING SCHOOL STORY.

The three "Inseparables" were sitting in the big bay window of Dolly Rivers' room at the Misses Primrose's Boarding School for Young Ladies and looking as glum as could be. And this will seem strange when I tell you that the Christmas holidays were on'y ten days off, and their young heads should have been full of such joyous things as visions of home comings, sleigh rides and plum puddings.

The trouble was this:—Both Dolly and Julia Norris had received a note saying that their midyear examinations in English history and geography had been so poor that unless they were prepared to take another examination in each study before they went home for Christmas the Misses Primrose would be obliged to give them home work to do.

Now, to have to study during the holidays was too horrible to contemplate. It would spoil half their fun, and, moreover, it was a sort of disgrace which both girls would have felt keenly.

It was rather strange that both of them should have been found deficient in the same studies, and also strange that Edna Williams, the third of the "Inseparables," should have passed everything. It was nothing but pure luck, as she was decidedly the poorest scholar of the three.

Edna had invited both Julia and Dolly home with her for the holidays, as Julia's home was in the Far West, and Dolly's sole relative—her father—was still abroad.

"Isn't it too dreadful for anything!" exclaimed Dolly, with tears in her eyes, as she gazed blankly at the note.

"I see nothing for us to do but to burn the midnight oil between now and holiday time," said Julia, despondently.

"What! Study your eyes red and worry yourselves half to death just to please our dear teachers?" demanded Edna. "Why, I won't hear of it. So just put that idea out of your head at once."

Edna was a healthy, robust girl of fifteen, and, being older than her two friends, she had assumed a sort of guardianship over them which they did not dispute.

"All right, Edna," said Dolly, meek-

ly. "I am not over anxious to work myself sick, but what do you propose to do?"

"Let me have till tomorrow morning to think out a plan, and I'll promise you to find a way out of your trouble."

The two worried ones had unbounded confidence in Edna's ability to get them out of any scrape, and now, with sighs of relief, they dismissed the matter from their minds, and, going out in the school play grounds, they had a merry romp till it was time to dress for dinner.

The next morning at breakfast a telegram was brought to Edna. She opened it, frowned and bit her lip. "So provoking!" she murmured.

"I trust there is nothing wrong at home, Miss Edna!" said Miss Tabitha Primrose, looking over her spectacles at her pupil.

"Why, my cousin Nora, who lives but a few miles from here, wants me to spend a couple of days with her. She is not well and her husband is away on business. She says the carriage will be here for me in an hour or so," replied Edna, and she handed the telegram across the table to Miss Tabitha.

"I am very sorry to have you miss any recitations at this time," said Miss Primrose. "But, of course, you must go if you think it necessary."

"Yes, I think I had better go," replied Edna, and hurrying through the meal, she excused herself, and went to her room to get ready for her departure. Here Julia and Dolly found her ten minutes later.

"You're a nice one!" cried Dolly, breathlessly, "running off in this fashion, when you promised to get us out of our scrape."

Edna burst out laughing. "My dear children," she began, "my little scheme to help you out of your scrape."

"Two long drawn eloquent 'Ohs!' came from the other two.

Edna went to her little desk and picked up some slips of paper.

"Here, girls," she said, "take these papers. They contain a list of questions in English history and geography. Learn the answers perfectly. It won't take you long. Now, my dears," she went on, "don't be surprised at what may happen during the next two or three days. All I ask of you is to learn the answers to these questions and give them when they are asked of you. And now, good-bye for a little while."

"But Edna!" cried Julia, "please tell us more. What does it all mean?"

"The less you know—now—the less danger there is of my little plan going amiss," retorted Edna, and not another word could her two friends draw out of her.

That night at dinner Miss Tabitha made the following announcement to the school:—

"I have just received a letter from Miss Mary Clark, who is (so she informs me) a teacher in a Southern school for girls. She says that she has heard of our excellent method of instruction and she is going to take the liberty—as she expresses it—of calling here to-morrow. She says she would like to spend a few hours attending our various classes with the idea of studying our methods.

"I need not tell you," Miss Tabitha added, "that I shall be most pleased to entertain Miss Clark, who, I am sure, must be a very fine woman, judging from her nice letter. Of course, I trust all you young ladies will make it your special duty to be well prepared for to-morrow's recitations, as I shall naturally feel a pride in your making a good showing before a strange teacher."

Dolly looked at Julia and Julia looked at Dolly. Then they grew red in the face. Presently they both stole from the table and went straight for Dolly's room.

(To be Continued.)

AMUSING ANTICS OF THE ANIMALITIES.



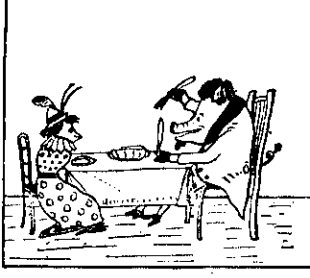
HER IMPERTINENT CHILD.

Old Mrs Ewe was chopping wood. When up walked her young Lamb. Said he, "It does my heart much good To thus behold ma-dam." "Impertinence! Well, this quite tops The whole hay stack," hissed she. "To think a mother's mutton chops Could fill a lamb with glee."



THEIR FUNNY ARITHMETIC.

"If one and one is two, and two is four and six is ten, How many oysters in a stew?" Once asked a silly Hen. The Walrus very solemn grew. And got his pencil out. Said he, "If one and one is two, A stew is two, about."



THE PIG'S FINE ETIQUETTE.

The Pig agreed to teach the Wren Good table etiquette. Said he, "Don't use your napkin when Your face with soup is wet— The tablecloth is best for that— Shy coffee from your fork, And never drop bones to the cat, And never ask for pork."



THE POSSUM'S EXPLANATION.

The Possum wrestled with the Pig. And threw him with great ease. Although he was not quite so big Nor strong about the knees. They say he tells the story best, Although with some conceit; Says he, "I rapped him on the chest, And wrapped him round the feet."



AN IMPORTANT DECISION.

"I laid the egg," the one Hen said. "I hatched it," said the other. The Rooster asked Judge Possum's aid To designate the mother. "The Court upholds the hatching hen," Said he (his spleen did thicken); "It has been proved by legal men: A hen can't lay a chicken."



AN IMPUDENT BUID.

The Bumble Bee and Katydid Were walking on the sand. And chanced to meet a saucy Buid. Who caught Miss Katy's hand. "Why, air, how dare you thus presume?" The Bumble Bee loud cried. The Buid replied, "If you're a groom, I'd like to kiss your bride."

The new house-surgeon, having examined the injured man, said to his wife, "I fear your poor husband is dead." "No, I ain't," said the supposed corpse. "Hush, John, be quiet," said the wife; "the gentleman must know better than you what's the matter with you."

Chairman (at a concert): Ladies and gentlemen, Miss Discordant will now sing "Only once more!" Sarcastic Critic: Thank Heaven for that! Chairman (coming forward again): Ladies and gentlemen, instead of singing "Only once more," Miss Discordant will sing "For ever and ever," Collapse of S.C.

# The GRAPHIC'S FUNNY LEAF

WIT  
JOKES  
MATURE

Some philosopher says: "The contented man is never poor; the discontented never rich." That may be all right as far as the man himself is concerned, but it is discouraging to be a member of a contented poor man's family.

Brown: "My wife objected to having a burglar alarm put in the house."  
Jones: "Why?" Brown: "Well, she says that if there is no alarm, burglars may finish their work quietly without waking anyone, while, if she ever heard an alarm ring she'd be sure to have hysterics."

"Have you anything beside this photograph by which I can identify him?" asked the detective. "Yes, I have," replied the hard-featured matron, whose husband had deserted her. And going to her bureau drawer she took out a bunch of ginger-coloured hair, tied with a ribbon. "Him and me had some words one day," she said "and I pulled all this out of his head."

Mrs Pepper: "You don't act much like it now, but when you proposed to me you told me that you fell in love with me at first sight." Mr Pepper: "And it was the truth. I certainly didn't have the gift of second sight, or I never would have done it."

Employment Agent: "Why did you leave a place in which you have worked so many years?" Domestic: "Well, you see, the missus died last month." "The house is lonely now, I suppose." "Taint that; but now the missus is dead the master blames everything on me."

"As to military occupation — Mildred," said her father, "I am willing that the young lieutenant who comes here should make a coaling station of my house again this winter, but if ever he hints at annexation you may tell him I am unalterably opposed to it."



### VALIANT.

Chrissie (reading letter): "To please you I would penetrate the pathless forest; I would traverse broad oceans and explore the unknown regions of the earth; I would ascend the loftiest peaks of the mightiest mountains, and brave the raging torrents which pour down their precipitous sides; I would assault the Arctic ice-pack, and, overcoming every obstacle, carve my way to the undiscovered Pole; for you dear, I would dare anything and everything." Oh, the brave boy! (Continuing.) P.S.—I will come and see you to-morrow if it doesn't rain."

Mistress: I saw two policemen sitting in the kitchen with you last night. Bridget. Bridget: Well, ma'am, yez wouldn't have an unmarried lady sittin' with only one policeman, would yez? The other was with a chaberon.

Ella: To think that it is two years since we met and you know me all at once. Then I haven't changed much after all. Bella: Oh, I knew you by your bonnet. Who would have thought there was so much wear in it?

"Jones called up his first wife at the sennce last night, and what do you think he said to her?" said Smith. "Goodness knows," replied Brown. "He asked her if she would give his second wife her recipe for mince-meat."

He (at breakfast): My dear, the paper says there was quite a fire in our block early this morning. It was supposed to have been incendiary. She: Well, don't let a little thing like that worry you. He: Why, what do you mean? She: Nobody will ever accuse you of building it.



### THE STAMP OF TRUTH.

First Fellow Citizen: "I see you got a bad cold id your head. Led me tell you a sure cure for it. Juss ged a liddle asofedity ad a liddle oi' of tar, ad taig a spoonfuh e'ry ted midgets. It w' cure you id haf a hour. Hoo-chee-koo! hoo-chee-koo! hoo-chee-hoo-chee-hoo-chee-koo!"

Lucy: "Such an exquisite skirt your dear little daughter wore at the children's fancy-dress party! Was it your design?" Ella: "Not exactly. You see, the time was very brief, and I just let her wear the shade of the drawing-room lamp."

Doctor: "Now, what have you had to drink to-day?" Patient: "Do you mind looking in the passage, doctor?" Doctor: "Certainly, but that will not tell much." Patient: "No, that's just it. But, you see, I thought my old woman might be listening at the door."

"Boss: "I don't know whether to discharge that new boy or raise his salary." Manager: "What has he been doing?" Boss: "He rushed in my private office this morning and told me there was a man downstairs who would like to see me." Manager: "Who was it?" Boss: "A blind man."

Mr Citimann: "To save my neck I can't understand why the crowds at the ferries always have such a happy look." Mr Suburb: "It's simple enough. After the day's work in the city we're always glad to get out of it; and after eight or ten hours in the country, we're always glad to get back."

"Leonidas," exclaimed Mrs Meekton, suddenly interrupting herself, "do you remember how this argument started?" "Yes, Henrietta. You said that I always insisted on arguing a point, and I said that you did, and then the conversation developed."

"Mamma," said the sweet young girl, "I think Mr Meadows loves me and is beginning to have serious intentions." "What," the fond mother asked, "has brought you to this opinion?" "He laughed heartily at one of papa's jokes last night."

"This," said the professor, "is my conception of a perfect day." "How so?" asked the doctor. "I am comfortable without either a straw hat, an overcoat or an umbrella."

Maude: George, I think I oughtn't to marry you, for I don't believe you love me at all. George (ardently): Why, my darling, I am passionately, desperately, madly in love with you. I worship the very— Maude: You talk well enough, George, but those letters you wrote to me when you were away were so cold that they froze my heart. One would think you were writing to your washer-woman about her bill. George: I was engaged—to a girl—once—before, and when she sued me for breach of promise, all my letters to her were—read—out—in—open—court.

**THE USUAL WAY.**  
Smeltzer: Farmer has found traces of gold on his place.  
Panner: You don't mean it! What's he going to do about it?  
Smeltzer: Going to start a company of course. Then, if the gold does not pan out well the expense won't all fall upon him, and if he does strike it rich he will simply freeze out the other fellows.



### ON SENTRY DUTY.

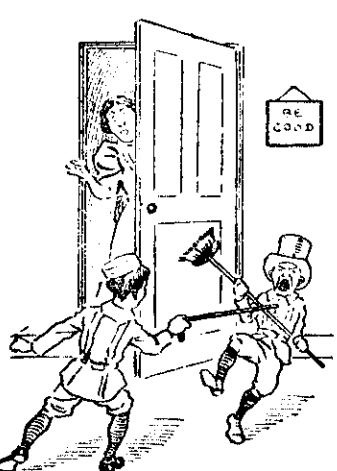
Caller (to child whose mother has left the room for a moment): "Come here to me, my dear."  
Enfant Terrible: "No, I musn't; mmmma told me I must stay sitting in the chair because there's a hole in the cushion."  
George: Say, John, you've been married several years. How much does it cost a couple to live? John: Hard to strike an average, George. Sometimes it costs all I can rake and scrape and borrow, and sometimes hardly anything. "That's queer. How does that happen?" "Sometimes we've got a girl and sometimes we haven't."

"No," said Mr Cumtux, "I don't think I shall ever try to run one of those other— that is to say, one of those there horseless carriages." "It's not at all difficult," said his daughter. "Maybe it's not for some people. But I'd get my mind so tangled up tryin' to pronounce the thing's name that I'd be sure to let it run away with me."

"Jack," asked the father, "are you going in for any of the school sports this year?" "Yes, daddy," replied the unsuspecting boy. "I'm going to try for the mile race." "Good!" returned his father. "I have a letter to be posted, and it's about a mile to the post-office and back. Let me see what time you can do it in."

"You say you want to marry my daughter. Have you spoken to her?" "Yes, sir," replied the young man, "and have gained her consent." "Well, if she has said 'yes' that settles it. Anything I might say or do would not have the slightest influence." Then the young man went home, and wondered if he were not too young to marry such a girl.

"I'll wager something handsome that the Rev. Dr. Pilger wishes he hadn't gone away on his summer vacation and left his parish in charge of young Psalmson." "What did young Psalmson do?" "Married the richest widow in the church, and she's promised to set him up in a parish of his own."



"Young man," said the pompous party with the big watch chain, "I laid the first foundation of my fortune by saving tram fares. I ——" "Ah, that may be so," remarked the flippant youth, "but you must remember that a conductor couldn't do that sort of thing nowadays, with these punch bells and the check system."  
(Citizen (breathlessly): "Is Snapshot guilty?" Court Officer: "I don't know." "Jury still out?" "No, Jury's in." "Disagree?" "They agreed." "Eh? (gave a verdict?" "Yes." "Well, what was the verdict?" "Guilty." "Why in creation didn't you say so in the first place?" "Say what?" "Guilty." "You didn't ask me what the jury thought about it. You asked me if the man was guilty—a different thing altogether."

Tommy! Whatever are you besting Willie like that for?  
Well, you see, we're playing at soldiers at war. I'm the British and he's the Boers, and—er—well—er—I'm winning.