

The New Zealand Graphic

And Ladies' Journal.

VOL XXIV. - No. V.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1900.

[Subscription—25s. per annum; if paid in advance 20s. Single copy.—Sixpence.



The Last Shy.

"Here goes for another shy at the old beggar, and hang the expense."

IN NO MAN'S LAND.

(An Australian Story.)

By A. R. 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 Basher," has been detained in town to meet and entertain a new chum named Carew, who who is out from Home to go to one of the numerous stations belonging to a notorious squatter yclept "Old Gordon," of Kuryong, Gordon's son, a typical "far-out man" from "No Man's Land," meets young Carew at the Basher's dinner party, and each takes immensely to the other. Carew is the typical Oxford athlete and sturdy, impassive 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 push dancing saloon. Carew's attention is on one of the "donahs" 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 a station in No Man's Land, and next day they leave for the "way-back" to the station.

Chapters III and IV, relate the experiences of Carew and Gordon on the trip up the coast. They make the acquaintance of Miss Harriott, who is journeying northwards to attend to a business on an up-country station. Carew, being a new chum, is made the butt of some practical jokes concerning a relative named "Cassidy" he is going to look out for. He shows his tormentors that he is able to look after himself, and thereafter enjoys peace. Chapter IV, closes with the cancellation of Miss Harriott's engagement by her employer, and Gordon at once engages her for his nieces and nephews on the horse station in New South Wales. She goes back to Sydney, and the two friends make a start on their journey inland.

CHAPTER V, describes the arrival of Gordon Carew at Barcoo, a typical up-country town. Mr. Paterson is here in a very elegant, and a remarkably realistic picture is drawn of the wretched little galvanised iron township, and the extraordinary antics of a blackfellow after a debauch of rum. The description of the subsequent Police Court proceedings, where Gordon as the Jap Pee, a mounted policeman, and the black delinquent all behave in a remarkably unconventional manner, is related with great spirit. Carew takes the repentant blackfellow, who is called "Frying-pan," for his servant, and all adjourn from the court to the hotel for drinks.

© © ©

CHAPTER VI.

AT THE OLD STATION.

And now, before introducing some new dramatic personae, we must call a halt, and ask the reader to plod through a few details relating to stations in general, and Kuryong, or the "old station," as Gordon called it, in particular. The non-Australian reader must understand then that all Australian stations are not exactly alike. There are few countries in the world with such varieties of climate as Australia, and while some stations are out in the great red-hot frying wastes of the Never-Never country, others are up in the hills where a hot night is a thing unknown, where snow falls occasionally, and where it is no uncommon thing to spend the summer evenings by the side of a roaring fire. In the matter of improvements, too, stations vary very much. Some are but little removed from the howling wilderness; others have telephones from the homestead to the out-stations, the jackeroos dress for dinner every night, and the station hands are cowed into touching their hats and saying "Sir." Also stations are of all sizes, and the man who is quite a big squatter in the settled districts is small potatoes and few in the hill beside the magnate from way back, who shears a hundred and fifty thousand sheep and has an overcraft like the national debt.

In the old days, the "stations" or "runs" were all held on lease from the Crown at a low rent, and when wool was twenty pence a pound, and fat cattle worth twelve pounds a head, squatting was twice as profitable as gold mining and fifty times as pleasant.

Just when squatting was at its best, as a rapid and sure way of making a fortune, there arrived in Sydney two young men of good family, with a fair amount of capital, a lot of dour Scots welse and no end of a belief in themselves.

These were Andrew and Wilbraham Gordon. Of Wilbraham we have already had occasion to speak. His was the offer of the new Purly run to Jack Delanty if he would fire it at the shearers, and, later on we shall hear a good

deal more of him. Andrew Gordon has little to do with this story, except as the father of Charley Gordon, whom we have already met, and of Hugh and Mary Gordon, whose acquaintance we have yet to make. These two brothers, Andrew and Wilbraham Gordon, went up country as jackeroos, and battled with the original inherent inbred sin that inhabits all kinds of Australian live stock. They learnt at first hand, and by bitter experience, the sullen melancholia of the merino sheep, the inconceivable stupidity of the bullocks, and the hysterical lunacy of the horse. They worked on outlying stations, where supplies came as Providence and the bullock drivers willed, and where they had to sift the live stock out of the flour before they could eat it. They drove bullock teams, sunk dams, put up fences, shored sheep, broke in horses and branded cattle, until at last they left it to buy a station for themselves.

After inspecting many properties, they decided on buying Kuryong, a station of about 60,000 acres, the property of an ex-army captain, who had made a fortune, and was desirous of returning to the Old Country to drink himself to death comfortably among his friends and relations. This station, like all others of that date, was held under lease from the Crown, and was stocked with cattle and sheep.

The station "homestead," so lovingly descanted on in the advertisement, consisted of a two-roomed slab hut; the "woolshed," where the sheep were shorn, was made of gum tree trunks, roofed with bark. The wool went down to Sydney, and station supplies came back in huge waggons, drawn by 18 or 20 bullocks, that travelled 9 miles a day on a journey of 300 miles. There were no neighbours, except the publicans and storekeeper, at the local township of Kiley's Crossing, which consisted of two public houses and a store. It was a rough life for the two young "squatters," but there was money in it—heaps of money. As the expenses were practically nil, the return was certain, and the profits were enormous. The two brothers worked away for a couple of years, and were soon in a fair way to make their fortunes.

Andrew Gordon, on a visit to Sydney, fell in love with and married a dainty girl, daughter of an old French family. This girl, refined, well educated and fragile looking, seemed about the last person in the world to take out to a slab hut homestead to be a squatter's wife. But there is an old saying that blood will tell; and with all the courage of her Huguenot ancestry she faced the roughness and discomforts of the bush life. On her arrival at the station the old two-roomed slab hut was plastered and white-washed, additional rooms were built on, and quite a neat little homestead was the result. Wilbraham migrated to an out station that was established at the far end of the "run," and here he reigned supreme, in the full enjoyment of the services of a married couple, and in the company of a long legged horse breaker and the ration carrier, who took out to the shepherds their fortnightly supplies; and the two brothers might have gone on shearing sheep and selling fat stock till the end of their lives but for the advent of what are called the free-selection days—the year of '61.

In this year the Legislature threw open all the leased lands to the public for purchase on easy terms and conditions. The idea of this manoeuvre was to settle an industrious peasantry on the lands hitherto leased by the squatters.

The actual result was that the squatters set to work and bought all their own lands, employing their station hands to act as dummy purchasers. The expense was enormous, as in addition to the price of the land itself, the dummy purchasers had to be well paid for their trouble in residing on their selections, and all sorts of useless improvements had to be put on the land to comply with the act.

The Gordons managed to secure most of their land, but they found themselves with their property loaded with debts incurred in purchasing and improving land that did not return them one shilling more than it did in the old pre-selection days. A few bad seasons came in succession. The bank which had advanced them money became pressing for repayment, as it was in turn being pressed by its Scotch depositors—a hard-faced body of Presbyterians, who made themselves particularly obnoxious by the persistent whining way in which they wanted to know where their money had gone. On Andrew Gordon the whole blunt of the trouble came. He was the business partner of the two, and many were the consultations that he and his wife held while Wilbraham was serenely smoking himself to sleep in his slab residence away at the out-station. Things looked black for the brothers. They cut down station expenses to a minimum, but even then they could not make ends meet. They struggled on with stout hearts for a few years, but the high interest on their borrowed money was eating them up. Just as things were at their worst, Andrew Gordon died, leaving his widow with her four youngsters to face the troubles. Then was the time that Wilbraham Gordon came out of his shell. He had up till then been a harum-scarum youth, taking no thought for the morrow, nor for the day after it. He had relied entirely on his elder brother's guidance, and it was thought that without his brother's counsel he would soon pilot affairs to ruin. To everyone's astonishment this wastrel, forsaking the company of jockeys and loose women, set to work with amazing pertinacity. He cut down expenses even lower than before; he coaxed and persuaded irate bank managers and directors into letting the account run on; he fought hostile selectors; he impounded their cattle; he caught them stealing sheep and prosecuted them. He took risks in stock dealing that earned him the name of "make-or-break man"; but with it all progress was very slow, and at last he resolved on a big coup. Cattle were very low in price, owing to the prolonged drought, and he decided to have what he called a "splash in cattle." To do this he had to pledge the already mortgaged station still deeper in debt, and he did not care to involve his brother's widow and children in his risk. He therefore bought them out of the station, paying more than their interest was really worth, and then sent messages out west, north and south to all the stock agents, "Buy cattle. Buy cattle."

In a few weeks all the stock routes were lined with dusty droves of thousands of cattle, toiling down towards Kuryong, and Wilbraham Gordon's fate hung on the weather. Everyone said he was mad, but fortune favours the brave. That week the drought broke, the rain came down in floods, cattle jumped up in price £2 a head, and Wilbraham Gordon was a made man. After that his luck never left him. He went into Queensland cattle stations, into Western sheep properties, into South Coast farms—always the same make or break style—and he was always successful. If he bought sheep with the price down next to nothing so sure as did the rain come and send them up to double their former value. By dint of buying into properties in all parts of the colonies, he managed to shift stock from one station to another, and to buy and sell to the best advantage. His colossal "dummying" and his spirited dealings with hostile selectors had left him monarch of all he surveyed around Kuryong, and most of the industrious peasantry that the free selection Act should have settled on the land were hiding away up the gullies at the back of the run, stealing sheep for a living. All the real rich river frontage land was in the hands of "old man Gordon," whose dummies transferred their purchases to him with lamb-like docility, as soon as

they had completed the conditions. Year in and year out the mobs of Queensland cattle, wild as hawks, and ready to toss a man over a fence on the slightest provocation, came travelling down the great stock routes to be fattened and made into prime butcher's meat on the rich Kuryong flats. Year after year the sheep were mustered in from the huge paddocks to the shearing shed and stripped of their golden fleeces, which were sent across the sea to be turned into golden sovereigns for "old Bully Gordon." All these properties and all these sheep and cattle, and the sovereigns that they represented, were the old man's exclusive private possessions. He had bought his brother's share of the station in the days of peril and he now reaped the fruits of his bargain, but he always treated his nephews and niece as his own children, and they were looked upon as certain inheritors of his great wealth. Far and wide, over all Australia, the boys only had to describe themselves as nephews of the Old Man Gordon to be assured the most respectful consideration. As for Old Billy himself, he always acted as if he thought that the earth was his and the fulness thereof. Inasmuch as he owed his success to sheer "nigger" luck, he, of course, considered himself a most astute individual, and laughed at the failures of others to make money. "Judgment, Sir," he would say; "it's all judgment. Any man with judgment can make money squatting." Everyone knew that sheer luck had pulled him through, but no one cared to tell him so.

He was a great old dandy, very neat and natty in his dress, very crusty in his temper, living alone at the Crack Club in Sydney, and generally making himself a terror to all connected with him. He was an unreliable friend, but a first-class enemy. He had seen rough life enough in his early days, and like most men who rough it in their youth had settled down into a regular old Sybarite and man of the world, damning the waiters profusely at the club and growling at the cookery at Government House—he who had camped for weeks under a bogged bullock drag, living on salt junk and damper cooked by himself. After making his successes with the stations he handled their management over to his nephew, Charley Gordon, contenting himself with growling at everything that was done. He managed all the buying and selling himself. His operations were colossal. In good years his profits were enormous, and in bad years his losses were disastrous. But he was a rare plucked old boy, and at the worst seasons he only set his teeth and bought fresh sheep to replace those that had died of hunger, and plunged with all the energy of a Stock Exchange gambler into the great squatting gamble which is a struggle of man with nature, with a shade of odds against man. He went up to the old station sometimes and bullied Charley and Hugh, and exacted all sorts of little attentions from Mrs Gordon and Mary. He didn't stay long on the station as a rule, and returned to the club on the slightest pretext. He went in for racing to some extent, and bullied the jockeys and taught the trainers their business. In fact, under the blue Australian sky there was never a more bouncable, dictatorial old fiend than Wilbraham George Gordon, commonly known as Bully Gordon. And he had every reason to be satisfied with himself, for at the date of our story he could stand on the verandah of Kuryong homestead and look all around him as far as his eye could reach over his own property, some of the finest land in Australia.

And now, how can I hope to give the reader any correct idea of a station homestead in the mountain country? The house itself had originally consisted of the two-roomed slab hut, which had been added to from time to time. Kitchen, outhouses, lachelors' quarters, saddle rooms and store rooms had been built on in a kind of straggling quadrangle, with many corners and unexpected doorways and passages, so much so that it is recorded that a swagman, having got his dose of rations from the kitchen, went away, and, after turning two or three corners, got so tangled up in his bump of locality that when he led him back to the kitchen he didn't recognise it, and asked for rations over again, in the firm belief that he was at quite a new part of the house. The old original building was still the main living room, but the house

had spread and grown till it comprised about 20 rooms. The slab walls had been plastered and coated with snowy whitewash, and a wide verandah ran all along the front, and round the house were acres and acres of garden, with great clumps of willows and cacias, where the maples sat in the heat of the day and sang to one another in their sweet low warble. The house stood on a spur running down from the hills, and looking down the river from the house, one saw the level flats waving with long grasses, in which the solemn cattle waded knee deep. Every here and there clumps of willows and stately poplars waved in the breeze. In the clear dry air all colours seemed startlingly vivid, and round the nearer foot hills most wonderful lights and shadows played and shifted, and sometimes a white fleecy of mist would drift slowly across a distant hill like a film of snowy lace across the face of a beautiful woman; and away back of the foot hills were the grand old mountains, with their snow clad tops gleaming in the sun.

The garden was almost as lacking in design as the house. There were acres and acres of rambling trees, with prairie grass growing at their roots—trees whereon there grew great luscious peaches and juicy egg plums; long vistas of grape vines, with little turnings and alleys off them, regular "lows" walks, where the strong scent of the honeysuckle intoxicated the senses. At the foot of the garden was the river, a beautiful clear stream, fed from the snow on big mountains, and rushing joyously over clear gravel beds, where the million tumbled pebbles at the bottom flashed in the sunlight as if the river were running over a bed of opal.

In most parts of Australia it is difficult to tell summer from winter, so little difference do the seasons make, but up in this mountain country each season had its varying attractions. The spring, when the flats were green with lush grass, speckled with buttercups and bachelors' buttons, and the willows put on their new leaves, and the air was full of the song of birds and the calling of animals, and all manner of shy, dry scented bush flowers bloomed on the ranges. The summer, when never a cloud decked the arch of blue sky overhead, and all nature drew into the shade of the big trees till the evening breeze sprang up, bringing the sweet scent of dry grass and ripening grain. The autumn, when the leaves of the English trees turned bright yellow and crimson, and all manner of colours, and the grass in the paddocks turned brown, and the big bullock teams worked from dawn till dark hauling in their loads of grain from the cultivation paddocks. And most beautiful of all was the winter, when the log fires blazed in the huge fireplaces, and the white frosts made the ground crisp, and the stock, long haired and shaggy, came sniffing round the stables, picking up odds and ends of straw, and the old grey snow clad mountains looked but a stone's throw away in the intensely clear air, and the wind brought a colour to the cheeks and a tingling to the blood that made life worth living.

Such then was the Gordons' "homestead," and here lived Charley's old mother and sister, his brother Hugh, and a horde of youngsters, his nephews and nieces, the children of a brother, who had died in Queensland. They were as lively a lot of youngsters as ever lived, and were known in a body as the "Kelly Gang," after the famous outlaws of that name. No mischief was afoot but the Kelly Gang were in it. No one but their grandmother ever seemed to know exactly how many there were, or to be able to tell 't'other from which. They were of mixed sexes and various ages, as the stock returns say. They had lessons half the day from their aunt Mary, and the rest of the day they spent rambling about the bush, and gaining an acquaintance with the natural history of Australia, that many a scientist might have envied. In pursuit of the wary opossum, and the nest of the sagacious cockatoo, girls and all had become fearless climbers and expert with the axe. They only feared one person—their grand-uncle, old Wilbraham. Whenever that potentate visited the station they lived in a state of unrest, and when they saw him going in any direction, say, south-south-west by south-a-quarter-south, they invariably found business

that took them north-north-east by north-a-trifle-north, or as near it as they could get.

It was for the benefit of these children that Ellen Harriott had been engaged; and the manner of her arrival and the consequences thereof may now be left for another chapter.

CHAPTER VII.

THE NEW GOVERNESS.

Things were unsettled at the old station when Charley Gordon's letter arrived announcing Miss Harriott's engagement as governess. Old Billy the Bully had just paid them an unexpected visit.

Hugh was away when his uncle arrived, so the old man rode round all the paddocks with the head stockman, and found fault with the way the sheep and cattle were looking, and "sacked" two boundary riders, whom he found smoking in their huts instead of being out on their horses riding round their paddock fences. In the evening he returned, hot and tired, and prepared to make himself thoroughly disagreeable; and, as ill-luck would have it, he experienced ample provocation without the slightest delay. One of the men had shot a wild turkey, and had sent the bird to the kitchen to be cooked for the house. At dinner it came in steaming hot, rich and brown, looking most toothsome. The mouths of the Gang watered, and they nudged one another furtively and looked expectantly at their grand uncle, who with great dignity started to carve the turkey. He cut into it, and a weird, unholy smell arose that filled the room and drifted out into the garden. The old gentleman sniffed at the turkey once or twice, and then looked around at the Gang. "What is this?" he said, "some of your infernal work?"

The Gang looked virtuously indignant and said nothing.

The old lady interposed in her soft voice. "Wilbraham," she said, "I'm sure no one expects to enjoy the turkey more than they do. Why do you suppose they would want to play tricks with it?"

"What's up with it, then?" he roared. He turned to the maid servant who stood by.

"Do you know what's the matter with this beastly bird?"

Her big round eyes goggled with horror. She was speechless from sheer terror at having old Billy speak to her; but after a while she gasped out that she didn't know what had happened.

"'Twas a lovely turkey as ever I see," she said.

The old man lifted a large spoon and plunged it into the interior of the turkey, and withdrew it full of a sticky greenish mass that gave forth an ancient and fish-like smell. He peered at it and smelt it critically. Suddenly he jumped to his feet.

"Grasshoppers!" he roared, brandishing the spoon. "Grasshoppers, by the Holy Piper! She's forgotten to take the crop out, and she's cooked the infernal thing with its gizzard full of grasshoppers. D—me if I stay here to be poisoned!" So saying, he dashed down the spoon, ordered the buggy at once, and departed for town by moonlight, without the formality of saying good-bye to anyone.

On the top of all this trouble came Charley Gordon's letter, saying that he had engaged a nice ladylike girl as governess, and wished his mother to give her a trial. The "old lady," as Charley always called his mother, was a thoroughly kind hearted woman, as fine a character as ever lived, but to her acute feminine instinct it appeared very strange that a girl should be travelling alone without friends or relations; and, woman like, she had made up her mind to expect the worst.

Her son's judgment in matters feminine was not greatly esteemed by the old lady. She concluded that some quite impossible person had touched Charley's susceptible feelings, and so she took her daughter Mary with her as support in case of emergency, and together they walked down to the garden gate to meet the coach, that could be seen in the distance like a toy chariot making its way up the road from Kiley's. It a solitary lady passenger was quite as eager to see Mrs Gordon and her daughter as they were to see her. She did not know what an Australian

lady squatter might be like, and she half expected to meet a kind of female Boer—a lady in bluchered boots and a red petticoat, with perhaps a pipe in her mouth. She was greatly relieved to see two tall, refined ladylike women walking down to meet the coach. Both mother and daughter were tall and slight, but the old lady's face was clear cut and aquiline, with an unmistakable resemblance to her son Charley; while the daughter was fuller and rounder of face, with olive complexion, red lips, and lustrous lazy Spanish eyes. When the coach stopped Miss Harriott got down from the box, and advanced to shake hands. The old lady had nerved herself to be very distant until she knew something of the stranger.

She had not the faintest idea what sort of woman to expect, and when she saw a slim, brown haired, ladylike girl in a faultless tailor-made costume, she wished, for one brief moment, that she had put on her best dress. Then she went forward with just a shade of the grande dame in her manner, quite prepared to patronise the new comer; but the girl's quiet assured air rather nonplussed her. Before long she had her in the house, and there ensued a long series of questions and answers, the old lady quietly and conversationally putting the girl through as severe a cross-examination as ever a witness had to face, but it did not take long to satisfy her that the girl was obviously what she made herself out to be, but it remained a mystery why such a girl, who should have had plenty of friends, should have chosen to come out alone to a terra incognita like Australia. Still there she was, cool and confident—looking the old lady straight in the face with her brown eyes, and obviously considering that there was no need for further explanations; so at last the old lady gave up puzzling her head about the matter, and handed the newcomer over to Mary, who carried her off to show her her room and help her unpack.

The noblest study of mankind is man, but the most fascinating study of womankind is another woman's wardrobe, and the Australian girl found something to marvel at in the

quality of the visitor's apparel. Dainty little shoes, tailor-made jackets, fashionable short riding habits, mannish looking riding boots, silk under garments, beautiful jewellery—all were taken out of their packages and duly admired. The girl had an outfit more suitable for an empress than a governess. Every article she possessed seemed to be absolutely of the best of its kind. As each successive treasure was produced Mary's eyes grew round with astonishment; and when, out of a travelling bag, there appeared a complete dressing table outfit of silverware, silver backed hair brushes, silver manicule set, silver hand-glass, and so forth, Mary Gordon drew a long breath of wonder and admiration.

"What lovely things," she said. "How is it you have to work when you have got such beautiful things?"

The English girl gave a little sad laugh.

"It seems strange, doesn't it?" she said. "One doesn't like to talk of oneself like a lodging house keeper that has seen better days; but I suppose you ought to know it, so, if you like, I will tell you all about myself."

"Don't talk about it if you would rather not," said Mary Gordon.

"Oh, you might just as well know it all," said the young lady. "It won't be very exciting, I am afraid. I've lived in England all my life till now. My father and mother both died when I was very young—quite a little child—and I was brought up by Aunt Ellen, mother's sister. She was a name-sake of yours. She married a Mr Gordon, but I don't suppose he was any relation of yours."

"No," said Mary Gordon, "I don't think we have any relations in England, except some that we hear from every now and again."

"Well, I'm glad he wasn't a relation of yours, because I think he must have treated my aunt very badly while he was alive. Aunt never would speak of him at all. I believe he died soon after I went to live with her. I never saw him that I remember. But Aunt Ellen had a great deal of money of her own, and we travelled all over the place—to the Continent and Egypt and everywhere—and when I came out I went to everything—all the balls and the races—

KING'S COLLEGE, AUCKLAND.
BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR BOYS.

VICTOR—REV. W. BEATTY, M.A.
PRINCIPAL—MR. GRAHAM BRUCE, B.A. (with Honours of the University of London).
Assisted by a Staff of thirteen Masters, of whom five are resident.



SUCCESSORS,
1897-99.
Four Boys, Senior Civil Service
Twenty-three Boys, Junior Civil Service
Eight Boys, Matriculation
Two Boys qualified for Board of Education Senior Scholarships, 1898, obtaining fourth and fifth places.

Prospectuses may be obtained from the Principal, or on application to Messrs. Upton & Co. Queen Street.

A SILVER WATCH FOR NOTHING.

WE hereby undertake to give one of our Famous Silver Watches (Lady's or Gentleman's) to every Man, Woman, or Child who sends us the correct reading of the following P.T. 2217.
The only condition is that if your answer is correct, you purchase one of our SOLID TERLING SILVER CHAINS to wear with the Watch.

Don't Miss This Chance.

NO SEND NO MONEY.

Simply forward your answer and enclose stamped and addressed envelope, so that we may inform you if you have won a Watch. We are making this offer solely with the object of introducing and advertising our Goods.

GOLDSMITHS COLONIAL COMPANY,
C/o A. A. ELLISON, 284, QUEEN STREET, AUCKLAND.

and oh! I did enjoy myself. Have you ever been to England?"

"No," said the Australian girl. "I hope to go some day, but I haven't been yet."

"Oh, you must go. You can't believe what it is till you see it. It is just the best of everything," and her quick face lit up, and her eyes brightened as she spoke of her past splendour as an angel might speak of a lost paradise. And then after a while my aunt lost her money in shares or something, and we were quite poor, and lived in a little place in Devonshire, and then she died, and I had to do something for myself. A lot of our friends offered to take me as companion, but you know how dreadful that would be, to go to all the old places as a dependent, where I used to enjoy myself so much. I couldn't bear it. So at last I ran away, or at least it came to that. I made up my mind to come out here and earn my own living. I didn't see why I shouldn't."

Mary Gordon looked admiringly at her; she was quick to appreciate the courage of this girl in coming so far among strangers.

"Had you no friends here?" she said.

"No; I did not know anybody, but I did not see why I should not come. Men go out and get their own living."

"It's different for women," said Mary Gordon.

"You're right. Indeed it is different for women. I answered all sorts of advertisements, and I tried to get on the stage, and I presented some letters of introduction, but everyone seemed to think I must have done something desperately wicked to be actually trying to get my own living without some one to look after me. They didn't say so, but I could see it. And I wasn't to be too civil to them. I'm afraid," she went on, with a snap of the white teeth and a hardening of the firm under jaw. "I didn't like being patronised and all that, so I really didn't get any help at all. If I had been dressed in shabby clothes and old boots I daresay people would have done more for me, but they all seemed to think I was going governing for amusement. Quite a mistake, I assure you. And then at last I got that engagement up in Queensland, and I was on my way there when I met your brother. Of course you know how my engagement fell to the ground, and he sent me down here. And really it is the only one kind thing that anyone has done for me since I have been trying to work for myself. Oh, if I ever get wealthy again—and here she paused, and her eyes blazed at the recollection of some past misadventures—"if I ever get money again I'll use some of it to make some people very sorry they weren't more considerate to me!"

Clearly the young lady was of a combative disposition, and Mary Gordon hastened to change the subject.

"I'm afraid you'll find it very dull here," she said. "There are no neighbours at all, except Foss and Binjie, two young fellows on the next station. The people in the town are just the publicans and storekeepers, and all the selectors around us are a very wild lot of people. Very few strangers come that we can have in the house. They are nearly all cattle and sheep buyers, and either they are too nervous to say a word, or they talk about horses. They always come just after meal times, too, and we have to get everything laid on the table again—sometimes we have ten meals a day in this house. And the swagmen come all day long, and mother or I have to go and give them something to eat; and of course there is plenty to do in the house. I'm going away for a change now that you have come, but before I go I will show you everything, so you will know what the place is like. I'll leave you to finish unpacking now and I'll go and find the children and bring them up to be introduced to you. There will be lunch in a few minutes, and I'll try and have them mustered for inspection by the time it comes in."

(To be continued.)

One Hundred Pounds Reward.

Copyright. Published by Special Arrangement.

By JOHN K. LEYS, Author of "A Million of Money," "The Thumb-print," "In the Toils," "The Broken Fetter," etc., etc.

The level rays of the winter sun poured through the west window of the church, throwing vivid patches of purple and blue, yellow and crimson, over the dark oak pews and the stone floor of the nave. Here and there the colours of the stained glass fell on wreaths and crosses of evergreen; for it was Christmas Eve, and the church had been decked out according to the old custom in honour of the festival. The decorations were almost completed; most of the helpers had left the building, and Molly Stephens, the sexton's wife, had already begun to sweep up the scraps of holly and laurel that littered the floor.

But away in the chancel two young people yet lingered over their pleasant toil. A tall young fellow of twenty stood on a ladder, filling in the interstices of the stone carvings with bits of scarlet flannel, while at the foot of the ladder stood a brown-haired, brown-eyed girl, who handed up to him what he required. It was easy to see from the girl's dress and bearing that she belonged to a higher rank of life than her companion; but it would also have been evident to anyone standing by that they were on terms of intimacy with each other. The fact was that Evelyn Marsh, the squire's daughter, and John Fairfield, the rector's son, had been playmates in their childhood; and something of the old familiarity yet lingered about their manner to one another, especially when they were alone.

"I suppose you know that this is to be my last Christmas here?" he said quietly.

The girl did not answer at once. The fact was that she found a difficulty in steadying her voice to the proper key in which she wished to speak. But she succeeded. It was in a tone of friendly interest, such as one of Johnny's old schoolfellows might have used, that she replied—

"Of course you will be back here often, so this is not your last Christmas by a great many. But I heard that you were going into the Manilla Company's office."

"But the other Christmases won't be like those we have had in the past," said Johnny.

"Oh, I don't believe in that sort of thing," said the young lady, with a bewitching turn of her neck. "I don't see why people shouldn't go on getting jollier and jollier every year till they are quite old people."

Johnny sighed. He saw that the girl did not choose to see his meaning, and if she did not—why, there was no more to be said. But the sigh came from his heart, and it found a silent echo in the girl's breast. She was more sorry than she would confess, even to herself, that she was going to lose her old playmate. But not for a moment must he be allowed to know this. So she talked away to him on indifferent topics for the few minutes that they remained together. Johnny saw that the precious minutes were flying—the minutes to which he must look back for many weary months—and that they were being wasted. But he could do nothing to give a more serious turn to the conversation, for he had always been somewhat slow of speech.

He got down from the ladder and stood holding the girl's hand in his own for a few moments, looking in her face as he did so. He did not know—to do him justice, he had not the slightest idea—that the love in his heart was burning in his eyes. He could not understand why Evelyn blushed and dropped her eyes on the lettered pavement on which they were standing.

"So this is our good-bye, then?" he asked, as her fingers slipped out of his grasp.

"Oh, no! We expect you up at the Hall on Boxing Night."

"I think I shall be going to London that day."

"That's only pretence," said Evelyn, with one of her old pouts.

"Well, I will come, since you are kind enough to ask me. But will you promise me one dance, Evelyn? Do, for old time's sake."

"Come, and see what Fortune does for you," said the girl, in a mischiev-

ous whisper. "It is quite an informal affair, you know—no programme. But one shouldn't speak of these things in church. It is very naughty of you." And before Johnny could find a word of self-vindication she was gone.

Of course, the young man stayed over Boxing Day, and of course he went to the informal dance that was always held at the squire's on that night. But the evening was not a success, so far as John Fairfield was concerned. He had one delicious round dance with Evelyn, and many a time afterwards he told himself that that made up for everything. But after he was forced to surrender Evelyn to the care of a great, stout, pompous young man named Minton, a nephew of Sir Frederick Minton, managing director of the Manilla Company, Johnny was acutely miserable. In few minutes he slipped out of the house. In the porch he found the squire smoking a cigar.

"You young folk have driven me out of my den, but I'll have my revenge. What, going, are you? Off to London to-morrow morning? Ah, yes, to be sure! You'll be coming back one of these days as rich as Midas, and cutting out us poor country folk, I suppose. Well, good-bye, my lad, and God bless you. Be a man like your father, and you won't do badly."

The squire's genial farewell did something to soothe the young fellow's quivering nerves, but his heart was too sore to let him rest that night. He knew that it was madness—mere midsummer madness—to think of Evelyn at all. But then, Johnny could no more help thinking of her than he could help breathing.

The first thing Fairfield thought of when he reached town was to find a comfortable room—he could only afford one—at a rent that would be proportionate to his salary, which was on a very moderate scale. He found what he wanted, after some trouble, in the house of two maiden ladies, Miss Julia and Miss Jemima Cook.

Johnny's room was at the back of the house, on the first floor. On the first night of his tenancy he pulled his chair to the fire after tea, lit his pipe, and rang the bell.

"Oh, Mr Fairfield," said a squeaky voice at his elbow, "I must beg you to put out that at once. The gentleman in the drawing-room can't hear the smell of common tobacco—only cigars."

"Sorry to hear it, Miss Cook, but I think he must put up with it for a week—till I find other quarters."

Receiving no answer to this, Johnny looked round, and saw to his surprise and consternation that the little lady's eyes were filled with tears. Johnny's heart smote him. He at once laid down the offending pipe.

"Don't let what I have said annoy you," he said. "It would have been better to tell me at first that you objected to smoking."

"It's not that we mind, sir, but it would be a sad thing if we were to lose the gentleman who has taken the drawing-room floor."

"You needn't be afraid, Miss Cook. I will go out when I wish to smoke."

The next day he discovered to his immense disgust that the gentleman who objected to smoking was none other than Mr Frederick Minton. The two young men passed each other in the hall without a word, though each remembered the other perfectly well; but it was impossible that this reserve could be kept up, as Minton was like Johnny, one of the staff of the Manilla Company, Limited.

More than once Johnny determined to change his lodgings, so that he might be away from Minton and have complete freedom in the matter of smoking, but as often as he began to draw near the subject, in conversation with Miss Cook, she would say: "Oh, I do hope you are not thinking of moving, sir!" in such a piteous tone that Johnny had to shut

up at once, and resign himself to the inconvenience of smoking in the street for the time being.

The result of this was that Miss Cook's long expressed maternal instincts began to go out to the big young man who inhabited her back room. She did many a little thing for him for which he, not knowing anything about it, never even thanked her. And then Miss Cook, seeing that she was secure against any notice being taken of her little benefactions, multiplied them more and more.

Easter came, and Johnny went down to see his father and mother and the rest of them at the Rectory. But Evelyn he saw not. She was visiting an old school friend at Edinburgh. In his short summer holidays he was equally unfortunate. His father had let the Rectory to a brother clergyman, and had gone with his wife and family to the seaside, so that Johnny had not the faintest excuse for going to the neighbourhood of Marsh Hall. So he was forced to restrain his impatience, and look forward to Christmas for his next sight of Evelyn.

About the end of December the chief cashier of the Manilla Company became ill, and Fairfield, who as junior clerk had to serve as man-of-all-work, was transferred to that department for the time being to help the assistant cashier.

Johnny was counting the days, almost the hours, till Christmas Day, for he knew that he would be able to see Evelyn then, if it were only for a few minutes. On the twenty-first of December, Mr Pennefather, one of the directors, an old friend of Johnny's father, came down to the office. It was very seldom he showed his face there, except at a board meeting, and he never interfered in the work of the staff. The clerks were entirely under the control of Sir Frederick Minton, who was the managing director.

Having occasion to go into the cashier's office, Mr Pennefather found Fairfield there alone, his fellow clerk having gone out for lunch. The great man greeted the junior clerk—who was twice his own height in inches—affably enough, and told him that he was not looking well. "The confinement is telling on you," he said, laying his hand in friendly fashion on the young man's shoulder. "If I get leave for you, will you take a three days' walk before you go home for the holidays?"

Of course Johnny said he would. Mr Pennefather's belief in a walking tour as a remedy for all the ills that flesh is heir to was well known in the office.

"Very well, my lad," said the old gentleman. "I'll make it all right with Sir Frederick before I leave this afternoon. You needn't trouble about it, but set off to-night by train, so as to be ready to start in the clear country air to-morrow morning."

Greatly elated at the prospect of having three days' extra holiday, Fairfield worked very hard all that afternoon, so as to leave everything straight behind him. Everybody seemed to be busy that day; and though he meant to have asked Sir Frederick if he had granted Mr Pennefather's request, he could not find an opportunity for doing so. Even when he had to go into the great man's room to get his signature to a cheque Sir Frederick was so hurried that it was impossible to speak to him about so very insignificant a matter as the holiday of a junior clerk.

It was very annoying to young Fairfield. He even doubted whether he should not sacrifice a day of the promised holiday rather than leave without first speaking to Sir Frederick. However, he was very unwilling to make this sacrifice; and when he left the office late that evening he told his fellow clerks that he would not be back till after Christmas.

Fairfield was unable to leave town that night, but he caught a train very early next morning, and by the time he reached Warwick it was a lovely morning, frosty, bright, and sunny. Having given his bag to a porter, with instructions to have it sent on to his own village, Queen's Langton, by the first train, he started on his walk, intending to reach home on the 24th of December.

But there was wrath and indignation in the office of the Manilla Company that day. Mr Pennefather, faithful to the habits that had earned for him the reputation of being the

DEAD PHIL MAYS' WINTER ADVENTURE. A MARVELLOUS SHILLING-WORTH. IMPORTANT FEATURES—Numerous Full Page and Small Illustrations, by Phil Mays and other Artists, in Stories by the Best Leading Authors of the Day. THE CHEAPEST & BEST NUMBER YET PUBLISHED. Order at once of your Bookseller or News Agent. W. THACKER & CO., Publishers, London

worst business man in the City of London, had forgotten to beg for Johnny's extra holidays, and had gone off to visit a married daughter who lived in the west of Ireland without a thought of his broken promise. Sir Frederick was indignant at the junior clerk daring to be unwell at such a busy season; but when the messenger he despatched to Burton Crescent, where Johnny still had his lodgings, brought back word that Mr Fairfield was not lying on a bed of sickness, but had gone off on a walking tour in the country, the baronet's wrath knew no bounds. He speedily determined that the young man should be cashiered at the next Board meeting.

Frederick Minton, Fairfield's fellow clerk, was secretly glad that the young man had got himself into such a scrape; and although he felt pretty certain, from his knowledge of Fairfield, that his absence could be satisfactorily explained, he was not such a fool as to give utterance to his thoughts. It suited him that Johnny should be dismissed, for during the last summer he had made love to Evelyn with signal want of success, and by dint of questioning the girl's little brothers he had come to the conclusion that Johnny was his rival. If he were to be dismissed from the Manilla Company it would be a blow in the face to the young man from which, Minton told himself, he would take a long time to recover.

On the morning of the following day, the twenty-third of December, Sir Frederick sent as usual for his bank-book, that he might check it, and to his surprise he saw an entry for a cheque for three hundred and fifty pounds that he could not in the least remember signing. It had been made payable to "J. Davis," and had been cashed only the day before.

With rapid fingers Sir Frederick opened a locked drawer in his safe, and took from it the book of forms of cheques—the Manilla Company printed their own cheques—which was then in use. He remembered that young Fairfield had handed it to him the evening before he ab-

sconded—that was the word Sir Frederick used in his own mind—and it had remained in that unopened drawer ever since.

As a rule the Company only paid cheques once a week, and the baronet was ready to swear that the cheque-book had not been touched since he received it from the hands of the junior clerk. He swiftly turned to the last counterfoil, and as soon as his eyes lighted upon it he recognised it as the one he had signed two days before. It was for thirty-nine pounds ten shillings, and was made payable to the order of Findlater, Green and Co. But another blank cheque had been torn out of the book. The counterfoil was there to witness to the fact. And on the counterfoil there was no writing whatever—not a scratch. Sir Frederick made up his mind that the cheque for three hundred and fifty pounds was a rank forgery, and that it would be found that its number corresponded to that on the blank counterfoil. If so, it would be plain that Fairfield had abstracted a cheque, filled it up, forged Sir Frederick's signature, got some confederate to present it at the bank, and then bolted with the proceeds.

The baronet sent for the cheque, and found that it was as he expected. The cheque for three hundred and fifty pounds was certainly a forgery, and it was the cheque which had been torn out of the book without authority, after the one to Findlater, Green and Co. had been taken out.

What was to be done? It did not take Sir Frederick long to decide. He telephoned to New Scotland Yard, and in less than an hour he was closeted with Mr Corbett, an intelligent officer of the Criminal Investigation Department.

Naturally enough, Mr Corbett wanted to know all about the clerk who had been acting as assistant cashier, and who had made out the cheque payable to Findlater, Green and Co., and Sir Frederick called his nephew into the room to see whether he could give any information about the missing man. Frederick could

say very little, however, beyond the fact that Fairfield lived in Burton Crescent.

"Has he been addicted to betting or gambling?" asked the detective.

The young man started slightly as the question was put to him, and he stammered a little as he replied: "Not to my knowledge"—a circumstance which the baronet did not observe, but which the sharp-eyed officer noted at once.

"Did you think of offering a reward, Sir Frederick," said the detective blandly.

"Certainly—if you think it will increase the chance of a capture."

"It generally has that effect, sir. Men are naturally more interested —"

"Oh, very well, then. Make it a hundred pounds. There's no use in doing things by halves."

The officer withdrew well satisfied. He considered that the hundred pounds was as good as won. His first step was to go to the Bank of England and get a description of the person who had cashed the forged cheque. The description did not apply to John Fairfield, but the detective had not expected that it would. He supposed the young man would scarcely have the hardihood to cash the cheque himself. But at the same time he obtained the numbers of certain bank notes which had been handed over in payment of the cheque. It had been paid partly in notes and partly in gold.

The detective's next step was to send a telegram to Queen's Langton to inquire through the local police whether Fairfield had been seen in the neighbourhood of his home. It was not likely, but it was possible, that he had had the audacity to pay a visit to the Rectory. The local superintendent, much astonished at the inquiry, replied that Mr John Fairfield was not at Queen's Langton, and had not been there for several months.

While waiting for a reply to his message, the London detective paid a visit to Johnny's lodgings, and made a thorough search among his clothes and books, without finding anything

of any importance. He then asked Miss Cook for a photograph of her lodger, and the request put Miss Cook into a painful state of mind.

She had been shocked and distressed beyond measure at the visit of the detective, but she refused to believe that her young gentleman had done anything wrong. She was determined that in any case she would do nothing to help his persecutors. She had a photograph of Johnny in her desk upstairs—a portrait which he had given her as an acknowledgment of some little kindness she had shown him—but she would rather have died than surrender it for such a purpose. So when the harsh voice of the detective sounded in her ears—"You had best let me see the photograph, ma'am. I see by your face that you can get me one," the poor old lady turned and left the room grieved to the heart.

But as she went slowly upstairs it occurred to her that her first-floor lodger, Mr Minton, had had some photographs taken lately. She had seen them lying about in his room. If she were to hand one of these to the detective it could do no harm. The mistake would be set right at once, and in the meantime if Mr Fairfield had made a slip, it might give him time to get away if she put the detective off the track. So she turned into the drawing room, took one of a number of photographs of Mr Frederick Minton that she found on the mantelpiece, and then went downstairs, and handed it in silence to the detective. The officer studied it carefully, and then deliberately put it into his breast pocket. This was more than Miss Cook had bargained for. She protested loudly, but the detective was deaf alike to her threats and her entreaties, and walked off with the portrait. He immediately had it copied, and distributed the copies, along with a memorandum of the numbers of the notes, among the members of the police force in the metropolis.

In the meantime Johnny had been taking Mr Pennefather's prescription with much pleasure and with great advantage to his health. He carried only a light haversack over his shoul-

The ONLY GOLD MEDAL

ever awarded at any International Exhibition in the world for Toilet Soap was obtained by

Pears

SOAP MAKERS

By Special Appointment

TO HER MAJESTY

The Queen,

AND HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE

Prince of Wales.



Reduced Fac-simile of
GOLD MEDAL
awarded by the jurors
of the
Paris Exhibition,
1889.



der, and never doubted that the porter to whom he had given his bag had forwarded it to Queen's Langton. As a matter of fact the porter forgot all about it, and in the end it was taken to the left luggage office, where it was found a week afterwards. By the evening of the twenty-third of December Johnny had reached a village called Oldhampton, about ten miles from his home. He might have walked on to Queen's Langton after dinner, but he felt that he had walked far enough that day, and decided to spend the night where he was.

About four o'clock that morning the town of Oldhampton was aroused by a man rushing through the streets shouting "Fire! Fire!" at the top of his voice. People crowded out of their houses in great alarm, but the majority went back again when they learned that the fire was at Leigham Court, the residence of a Miss Kettering, about three miles off. Some, however, threw on their clothes and set out for the scene of the fire, and among these was Johnny Fairfield.

When Johnny and his companions reached Leigham Court they found that in a sense they were a day after the fair. The front of the house was a mass of flames. Chairs, tables, beds, books, pictures, and household stuff of every description were scattered over the lawn; and an excited crowd, which had never been of the smallest service, watched the progress of the flames with scarcely concealed satisfaction.

Suddenly, a frightful scream was heard, then another and another. "It's the horses," said somebody in the crowd. Up to that moment they had been forgotten.

The people ran round to the back of the house, where a narrow courtyard separated the stables from the main body of the house. Already the fire was demolishing the windows and filling the courtyard with volumes of smoke, huge fragments of burning wood and occasionally bursts of lurid flame. Nobody dared to cross the fiery furnace of the courtyard to open the stable door and set free the horses. Some of them had broken loose in their terror, for the noise of their plunging could be heard above the roaring of the fire, and their screams were piteous to hear.

As it happened, Johnny had had from his boyhood a faculty of calming excited animals by his touch and the tone of his voice, and he thought that if he were in the stable he would be able to get the horses out. But it did seem madness to cross that zone of fire.

At length he could bear the sound of the screams of the terrified horses no longer. He took the key of the stable from the hand of the coachman, who stood near by, snatched a small shawl from the head of his wife, dipped it into a pail of water, and after wringing it out tied it loosely over his head and face.

Thus equipped he watched his opportunity and ran swiftly across the yard. A moment later he had the stable door open, but now, as he had foreseen, the hardest part of his task began. The animals, mad with terror, would not face the courtyard. There was nothing for it but to blindfold them and back them one by one through the open doorway.

Some of the men now mustered up courage to go to Johnny's assistance, and at length the horses were all got out alive. The work was almost done when a mishap occurred. A handsome mare, usually one of the gentlest of her kind, let out savagely with her heels, and Johnny, who unluckily happened to be standing behind her, received the full force of the blow on his breast and arm. Half a dozen willing arms were around him almost as he fell, and he was speedily carried off to the lawn and laid on a couch of feather beds and rugs under the direction of Miss Kettering herself. There was little wonder that Johnny did not turn up at the Rectory on Christmas Eve, as he had said he would.

It was just four o'clock on that day (Christmas Eve) when an officer of the Criminal Investigation Department on duty at St. Pancras Railway Station gave a start of delighted surprise and hurried down the platform. He had received, like all men on duty at the railway stations, a notice of the reward offered for the apprehension of John Fairfield, together with a copy of the photograph which Miss Cook had given the numbers of the bank notes with which the forged cheque had been paid. He had had the words "One Hundred Pounds Reward"

ringing in his head all day, and now hurrying along the platform so as to catch a train that was just on the point of starting was the original of the photograph, John Fairfield himself. The detective was after him like a shot, but there was not even time to stop him. Before he could reach the delinquent the train began to move, and both men, the pursuer and the pursued, jumped into the carriage which happened to be nearest to him.

The detective, whose name was Marks, settled himself down for the journey with a chuckle of delight. He was glad he had not managed to arrest the forger on the platform. He decided to follow him and see whether he could not lay hands on some part of the stolen money.

So he watched every platform the train stopped at, and when at length Frederick Minton—for of course it was he—got out, Marks was close behind him. He saw with some surprise that the young forger got into a stylish dogcart driven by a groom in livery, but with a sapient shake of his head he reflected that temptation comes to all alike, gentle and simple. So he ascertained that the stylish dogcart belonged to Squire Marsh, of Marsh Hall, and then he betook himself to the Railway Arms for supper. Being tired with his day's watching and his journey he soon went to bed, promising himself a visit to Marsh Hall in the morning.

If Mr Marks had gone on to the village instead of going to bed he would have heard a good deal about John Fairfield. It may be that one of the local police had been indiscreet; at any rate it was generally known that a large sum of money had been stolen from the Manila Company—some said three thousand pounds, some thirty thousand—and that the Rector's son was suspected of having appropriated the money. At all events he had not come home, as he ought to have done, and a reward was offered for him.

At the Rectory the news was received at first with absolute incredulity; but as the hours dragged themselves along and no news came of Johnny, a good deal of anxiety was mingled with the incredulity. The Rector and his wife did not lose faith in their son, but they went to bed that Christmas Eve thoroughly wretched.

The subject of the robbery cropped up at the squire's dinner table. Of course the squire scouted the notion that his old friend, John Fairfield, "as honest a soul as ever was christened," could be guilty of a dishonest action. Evelyn listened to him with shining eyes, and, knowing that Fred Minton was a fellow-clerk of the accused man, she turned to him to see what he would say in the matter. But Minton declined to commit himself one way or the other. He sat turning his wine glass round and round in silence, till at last Evelyn turned away her head with a smile on her pretty lips which, luckily for his peace of mind, Fred Minton did not perceive.

There were sad hearts at the Rectory next morning, for Johnny had not turned up; but neither the Rector nor his wife believed for a moment that their son could be guilty, so they wore smiling faces to the world, and wished their neighbours a Merry Christmas as heartily as though nothing had been the matter.

The service in church was over; and the Rector, having taken off his surplice, was passing down the aisle, when the sound of loud voices outside the porch fell upon his ear. He hurried forward, and was just in time to hear a strange voice say—

"Then, if you won't come quietly, I arrest you, John Fairfield, in the Queen's name, on suspicion of forgery!"

The man who had spoken had his hand on the shoulder of Frederick Minton, who was looking about him with a bewildered air. But the pompous words of the detective were greeted with a shout of laughter, and the man became aware that in some way he did not understand he had "put his foot in it."

"You have made a foolish blunder, my man," said Sir Frederick, who had come to spend the day at the Hall, stepping forward. "This is not Mr John Fairfield, but my nephew, Frederick Minton." He might have said more; but he caught sight of the Rector, and stopped himself in time. The detective dropped his hand at once, but he did not lose his self-possession. Putting his hand into the breast pocket of his coat, he drew forth a slip of

paper and two bank notes, and handed them to the baronet.

"It seems that there has been a mistake somewhere, Sir Frederick," said he. "but perhaps you would kindly ask the young gentleman where he got hold of these two notes, which I took out of his portmanteau half an hour ago, while you were at church. I thought I was searching the luggage of John Fairfield, or I wouldn't have touched it. But seeing that I did find the bank notes in the young gentleman's portmanteau, it might help us a bit if he would kindly say where he got them."

There was a little crowd hanging about—the squire and his daughter among the others; and every eye was turned upon Fred Minton, who turned red and white by turns, but did not say a word.

"Come, sir," cried his uncle. "I can't imagine why you don't answer the man. It is not so long ago; surely you can remember who paid these notes over to you—I suppose you had nothing to do with the forgery?"

"Upon my life and soul, sir, I had not!" cried the young man, earnestly.

"Well, of course, I believe you. But where did you get the notes?"

"I—I believe—in fact I am sure I must have got them at the club."

"Which club do you mean?"

"The Horseshoe."

"The Horseshoe! My nephew was a member of the most notorious gambling hell in London! But perhaps you only looked in out of curiosity?"

Fred Minton was silent.

"I see how it is," said his uncle, bitterly. "This explains many things. But I should like to know who paid the notes to you—or rather, who produced them in the course of play?"

"I think it was a man called Wendelmann. He is with Findlater, Green and Company, I think."

"Findlater, Green and Company!"

The baronet stood for a moment deep in thought. Then he turned to the detective, and said: "This puts a different aspect upon the affair altogether. Be good enough to telegraph to New Scotland Yard for me, and tell them not to take any further steps in the affair of the forged cheque till they hear from me. I will call on Messrs Findlater, Green and Company as soon as I get back to town. I should not wonder if it is found that there is a vacancy in their staff by this time."

The truth had suddenly flashed upon his mind—it might have flashed upon it sooner if he had not been so heady and self-opinionated—that in sending the cheque to Messrs Findlater, Green and Co., Fairfield had torn two cheques out of the book by mistake, folded them up together, and posted them in the same envelope. Then one of Findlater and Company's clerks, being in straits for want of money, and finding the means of committing a forgery ready to his hand, had done the dishonest trick, and had afterwards gone to the gambling table in the hope of multiplying his ill-gotten gains.

The group of people—the squire, his wife and daughter, Sir Frederick and his nephew, the Rector and one of two of his family, as well as the detective and one or two loungers—proceeded slowly to the gate of the churchyard;

and they had just reached it, when a carriage driven at a foot pace came round and blocked up the way.

"Hallo, Miss Kettering!" cried the squire, as an elderly lady got out of the carriage. "What are you doing here? Is anything wrong?"

"Only that I have had my house burned over my head. And I would have had my poor horses burned alive, if it had not been for my young friend here, who saved them at the risk of his own life. As it was, he got dreadfully burned, and had an arm and two ribs broken; and I am taking him home. The foolish fellow was slightly delirious last night, and he raved so about being home on Christmas Day, that I brought him over.—Oh, Mr Fairfield, how do you do? I hope you are proud of your son. If you aren't, you ought to be."

Johnny had been feeling very uncomfortable while this too laudatory speech was in progress, but he could neither get up and go away, nor tell Miss Kettering to hold her tongue. At length he stole a look at Evelyn, and their eyes met. For an instant she blushed a fiery red, and then they both burst out laughing, which saved the situation.

"I'm not half as much hurt as Miss Kettering makes out, sir. I shall be up and about in a day or two," Johnny said to his father, speaking out of the carriage window.

"You will be nothing of the kind, sir," said the old lady, with much severity, as she bade the coachman drive on to the Rectory.

Neither Mr Corbett nor his subordinate ever touched a penny of the reward. When Sir Frederick called at Findlater, Green and Company's the day after Boxing Day, he found that one of the clerks had not come to the office that morning—and that clerk was never seen again in London.

Evelyn had already refused more than one offer of marriage—to the surprise of everybody, including the gentlemen who proposed to her. But when, some months later, Johnny Fairfield stammered out some half-incoherent words, he met with such a response that he was transformed to the seventh heaven of happiness—only to be dashed down to the depths next moment, when he remembered that the squire would naturally have something to say in the matter.

But when Miss Kettering heard how matters stood, she declared that she would not have her old favourite, Evelyn Marsh, balked of her fancy on any account—that was how she chose to put it—and told the squire that she intended to buy Johnny Fairfield a partnership in an East India house as soon as he was old enough, and that in any case she would leave him half of what she had.

This introduced a fresh element into the affair; and the result was that by the time another Christmas came round the two young lovers were publicly betrothed, with the full consent of the authorities. Everybody says they ought to wait three years at least; but there are some people—Miss Kettering is one of them—who are of opinion that before another Christmas comes round their wedding bells will ring. [THE END.]

NATIONAL MUTUAL LIFE

ASSOCIATION OF AUSTRALASIA (Ltd.)

A WORLD-WIDE INSTITUTION.

The First in the World
To Liberalize Life Assurances

THE NON-FORFEITURE OFFICE.

Invested Funds and Reserves exceed £2,765,571.

Annual Income exceeds £474,000.

All profits belong to the Assured, and are divided every three years. In cases where claims are made, or endowments terminate between the triennial periods, policies will have the exact proportion of bonuses to date added to them, thus giving policy-holders the very fullest advantage that could accrue from an annual bonus.

Rates Low. Bonuses Large. Conditions Liberal. Security Absolute.

Arrangements as to Surrender, Non-Forfeiture, Loans on Policies, Immediate Payments of Claims, Free Residence, etc., are specially liberal.

Five Important Principles Introduced by this Association.

1. No policy allowed to lapse on account of non-payment of a premium so long as there is a Surrender Value sufficient to pay the premium overdue.

2. No member compelled to pay a higher premium than that set opposite his age on the published table of rates.

3. The age of members taken at the NEAREST birthday.

Copy of New Prospectus, forms of Proposal and every information supplied on application. Send for Prospectus.

HEAD OFFICE FOR NEW ZEALAND:

NATIONAL MUTUAL BUILDINGS, WELLINGTON.

ORTON STEVENS, Resident Secretary

Complete Story.

Twenty Years Ago and After.

(BY LADY FLORENCE DIXIE.)

Author of "Across Patagonia," "In the Land of Misfortune," "Aniwee, or the Warrior Queen," "Gloriana," "The Young Castaways," etc.

1879.

Our camp was pitched on the edge of a vast primeval forest. Far away out of sight, across the forbidden border—low down beneath the heights we had ridden up—lay the great lone pampas of Patagonia. In front of us uprose the vast snow-clad barrier of the great Andes chain—the Cordilleras—while deep down beneath yawned enormous forest-clad valleys, silent and unexplored.

For weeks we had been living the life of the breezy plain, hunting the ostrich and the guanaco that roamed thereon, visiting the roving Indians—those far-famed giants of old—in their tolderias, joining in their hunting expeditions, and doing a modest trade now and again whenever a deal was possible. We had drifted at last across the forbidden border, and entered not the Promised Land, but one full of mysteries and wealth which hitherto the Andes range on one side, and the lonely, far-stretching pampas on the other, have kept concealed from the eyes of men, and may they long do so!

Here, under the greenwood tree, we had rested ourselves awhile, while our ostrich hounds basked in a genial sun, and our trouppiglia of horses browsed merrily and contentedly in the green and fertile valleys denied to the pampas, revelling in their change of fare and surroundings as unexpected as they were delightful.

But after some days of rest, the dolce far niente had become oppressive, and our party, consisting of eight men and myself, had broken up and gone forth on expeditions of discovery—at least, portions thereof had done so, for there still remained in camp one Arius by name, nondescript of no nationality, Gregorio, a half-bred Gaucho Indian, and myself, who had remained behind to write up my journals, and generally put matters straight.

However, the restless fit seized upon me as it had done with the others, and I, too, prepared to go forth discovering. Gregorio, who was ever willing to go where the senora led, was summoned; and in a few hours all was ready for our expedition.

We took with us some stout lazos, two rifles, ammunition for same, and a sixteen-bore gun, two blankets, and an indiarubber canoe, which could be rolled up and carried on a saddle, to be filled out with air for use at will, while in our belts we stuck strong hunting knives, and Gregorio carried with him a roll of black tobacco and the inevitable mate pot. Arius, the nondescript—he was very like a monkey—we left in charge of the camp.

Climbing some hills the day before, I had caught sight of a great winding lake, gleaming and glinting through a snake-shaped valley miles away; and it was this queer, lonesome tract of watery mystery that I was now bent on exploring. It seemed to fascinate and lure me on, inviting me to penetrate into its lonely seclusion and fathom the mysteries surrounding it.

Many hours of rough riding had we to undergo before we reached the shores of the Serpent Lake; but richly repaid one felt as one stood upon those shores, surrounded on all sides by scenes of weird and mighty grandeur. To describe them were well-nigh impossible; to forget them, once having looked upon them, equally so.

We dismounted, unloaded, and hobbled the horses, turning them loose to graze, their services being for the time no longer required. Then we filled out the canoe, placed our saddles therein, lit a fire, made hot the mate, feasted on its sustaining beverage, and after an hour's rest and a light meal of dried ostrich steak, roasted on sticks, we got into the canoe, and launched forward into the unknown.

Gregorio sang Spanish songs as he sat in the bows of the canoe and paddled; I, half-steering, half-paddling, reclined in the stern and listened to him. We seemed to skim along at a great pace, and it was inconceivable to me how we could make such headway with such light tackle.

"Cease paddling, Gregorio," I called to him after a bit; "there is some current taking us along, assuredly."

"Without doubt, senora," laconically replied the Indian as he obeyed me. Then he went on with his song.

The shades of evening had begun to fall, and I looked about me rather anxiously for a landing place. The lake was not broad, more like a very wide river, but on either side the shore land had disappeared, and the sides of the Serpent Lake became girt with steep rocks, over which brushwood and creepers hung down to the water's edge. The dark primeval forest rose up on either side, and high above all towered the snowy Cordilleras, the crash of whose avalanches startled us now and again as they poured their heavy loads down from their erie fortresses on high. Occasionally, as we sped along, the forests opened out in green glades, wherein milk-white cattle and a beautiful specimen of golden deer could be seen grazing; while ever and anon, trouppiglia of wild horses would whirl round in a ring startled at the sight of the canoe, cast hurried glances thereon, retreating precipitately up rugged heights which one would have imagined it impossible for four-footed animals to climb, but which they breasted with an alacrity and agility truly amazing.

And all the time the Serpent Lake kept narrowing, and as it did so the rocks rose higher and higher on either side, and down their faces at intervals great cataracts came rushing, stirring the waters through which we were gliding into foam and covering us with spray and mist. Several times Gregorio and I tried to arrest the progress of our light canoe, but finding it impossible we were forced to ship our paddles and wait for the end, whatever that might be. I cannot pretend that I was not anxious, for I was. We were clearly in a dilemma.

"How shall we get back?" I kept repeating to myself, and Gregorio could not enlighten me, for when I put the question to him *viva voce*, he replied laconically, "Quien sabe?" which, translated into English, means "Who knows?"—a reply eminently reassuring and encouraging!

Suddenly, from above, high up amidst the everlasting snows that crown the Andes range, rang forth the sound of a mystic bell. Its notes were clear and distinct, and resembled more than anything else the ringing of the church bell at the great St. Bernard Hospice, which I had heard when visiting the monastery the previous year. What could it be, and whence came it? Spite of oneself, it filled one with awe, and it is easy to understand how it is that the Patagonian and Araucanian Indians refuse to enter the forest regions which girt the pampa plains, for these sounds fill them with superstitious terrors, and they declare that the forests and the mountains are inhabited by a wild, hairy people, and that a great city lies hidden somewhere therein.

Night came on, and the Serpent Lake grew into a gloomy gorge, till the kind moon shone out and helped to illumine our way. The current appeared to be growing less powerful, however, and after a time I found to my relief that the paddles could be used to arrest our progress at will. We were drifting at a much slower pace, and I determined, therefore, to let the canoe proceed in order that we might penetrate the mystery of this strange watery way. As we were growing sleepy, I told Gregorio that I would take first watch, and that he could seek the arms of Morpheus for an hour, when I would call him, and take my rest in turn. He assented, rolled his blanket round his neck, clasped his hands about his knees, leant his head forward until it rested upon them, and in a few minutes this strange, silent, but faithful half-breed was asleep.

I settled myself to watch and thought occupied itself busily the while. It made the time fly, and I was surprised when, later on, I consulted my watch to find that, instead of one, two whole hours had flown,

and that Gregorio had obtained a longer siesta than I had apportioned him. So I shouted to him to arouse himself, and after a grunt or two he uncloised himself from his cramped position, rubbed his hands together sharply for a few minutes, turned round in his seat till he faced forward, and dipping his paddle in the water took over from me the responsibility of the helm. I was now at liberty to take my turn will sleep, but just as I was about to do so I was startled by Gregorio uttering in a quick, sharp tone the words, "Look forward, Senora."

I did look forward and beheld rising up in front of us what appeared to be a very high building with a huge, yawning aperture in the middle, into which our river lake flowed. I at once called upon Gregorio to help me to arrest the progress of the canoe, and cautioned him against letting it enter the dark opening. This, of course, meant no sleep for me, and for several hours until the pale moon went out and morning dawned we were kept busily employed with our paddles. We sustained ourselves by drinking cold mate and chewing a piece of ostrich meat, and Gregorio sought comfort in a pipe of tobacco.

Glad indeed was I when morning dawned and we could more clearly make out our whereabouts. What had appeared a high building turned out to be a mighty towering rock, and the aperture a cavern into which the water flowed. All was dark inside save in the distance, where a blue light appeared to be burning, which, however, cast no radiance on the gloom around. After some hesitation, and not a little misgiving, I determined to make our way in. The water had grown very shallow and we kept hitting the bottom as we proceeded with our paddles, and this bottom appeared to be an inclined plain. It grew so shallow at last that we decided on wading and pulling the canoe after us, and in this wise and proceeding slowly and cautiously we reached the blue light. Its cause became at once apparent. As on looking upwards I saw that it proceeded from a great open cleft, through which I could see the sky of heaven. The stream here widened into an immense pool of water, girt on one side by what appeared to be a large courtyard. It was to me who had seen many strange, weird scenes, and the ground of the courtyard appeared to be covered with a fine shingle that sparkled like gold. Entering the canoe once more we paddled round the big pool and found an outlet at the far end, the water appearing to flow into a low aperture, too low for us to enter. We returned, therefore, to our shingly courtyard, and pulling the canoe on to terra firma prepared to explore the cave.

It was a winding sort of place, and we had at one part to pass through a narrow passage which led us into another cavern, also illumined from above by a wide opening. The sides of the rocks were covered with rough tufts of thick grass, giant creepers, and a mass of tangled short bushes, but the sides were very precipitous and rugged all round.

All of a sudden a low rumbling sound attracted our attention. A weird shriek rang through the cavern, the ground on which we stood heaved up and down; we could hear the crash of falling rocks and the lashing of water in the direction from which we had come. Instinctively we threw ourselves on the ground and clutched at the shingle as if searching for support. The sensation was the reverse of pleasant.

"It is an earthquake! We must fly, Senora!" exclaimed Gregorio in quick, anxious tones.

We sprang to our feet, and made tracks for the narrow passage through which we had come. But we were suddenly brought to a full stop before a huge jagged rock which barred all forward progress and prevented any exit that way.

"My God!" I exclaimed. "Gregorio, we are buried alive!"

It was even so. The earthquake had passed away, leaving us entombed. Gregorio appeared stupefied, and I for some minutes stood dazed and confounded. Then I tried to pull myself together and collect my senses. We were alive and unharmed. While there is life there is hope; I felt we must not give that at any rate.

"Cheer up," I exclaimed. "We shall find some way out, Gregorio; let us look well round."

"Quien sabe, cui bono, Senora?" he muttered as he followed me round the cavern. I examined every corner and nook thereof, patiently, minutely. Unavailing indeed; there was no outlet.

"What was to be done? Lie down and die. That appeared to be the only solution of the problem. Well, not without a fight for life at any rate. As I looked up the face of those rough, forbidding rocks and caught sight of the blue sky above, I made up my mind how that fight was to be waged. "Gregorio, you have the lazos, thank God," I exclaimed, "and we have our knives with us."

"Cui bono, Senora?" inquired the man.

"We must scale these rocks and escape through the opening above," I replied.

The half-breed looked at me and "hook his head."

"I can ride, Senora, and shoot; I can do most things, but I cannot climb," he said.

"Nonsense, Gregorio," I answered sharply. "We must try. Better to climb and fall, and so be killed, than die here of starvation. Now, look here, I will go first. I will take the lazos with me. If I reach the top I will make them fast and lower them to you. By their help you will be able to reach the top. Anyhow I mean to try; knct them together."

"Bene, Senora," he answered laconically.

He saw it was our only hope. As he knotted the lazos together I prepared for the fray, and tied one end of them round my waist. Then I examined the rock carefully and chose my starting point.

I took hold of a piece of pointed crag above me and drew myself up. Then I caught hold of a creeper, and slowly and carefully dragged myself into a standing position on the crag. It may sound easy, but it was not so. It took all my strength, and I hung on and took breath. As I did so I cast my gaze upwards and perceived across a narrow belt of sandstone a piece of rock stretching hollow-wards. If I could only reach this I felt I should be enabled to scale some thirty feet of the precipice, and so reach a mass of thick interlacing creepers, strong with the growth of ages, which would be of great assistance to me in my desperate climb. The sandstone vein had to be negotiated first, and there was but one way to do so, namely, by cutting foot-holes in it, a task by no means easy. Yet it must be attempted; there could be no flinching. Letting myself down on to my knees, I drew out my knife from my belt and cut into the sandstone while holding on with the left hand. The first hole I managed fairly well, and at once regaining my former position I next cut a hollow or grip for the hands above, and another beyond it. Then I took the knife in my teeth, put both my hands into the highest cut and drew myself up, planting my feet in the lowest. Slowly and surely, notch by notch, I made my way across the sandstone vein in the same wise. Life was at stake. I was very careful. It was a glorious moment when I grasped those primeval creepers. For the next thirty feet it was plain sailing. Then another sandstone vein had to be crossed, and once more all was jeopardy. Over an hour was occupied in negotiating this horrible pass. The perspiration poured off my forehead. Often I felt I must let go and fall, but I struggled on, and battling with my weakness summoned all the strength and courage I possessed

Bracing!
Refreshing!
Invigorating!

ADD A LITTLE
CONDY'S FLUID
TO YOUR BATH.

The Strengthening Effect is Marvellous
BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES. Insist on Buying "CONDY'S FLUID."

—and won! Bagged rocks and creviced crags now faced me, but these were easy after that awful sandstone, for there was footing room and creepers to hold on to and support me. Slowly and surely I worked my way up, and at last, within two hours of making the attempt, I gained the summit and freedom.

It was a splendid moment—a moment worth all the danger and toil I had passed through—to feel myself free once more. I gave a shout of triumph, but there was Gregorio yet to save, and no time to be lost in doing so. I let the lazos down to him, and made fast my end to one of the giant trees hard by. Then I called down to him to catch hold of the hills, hold on for dear life, and follow in my footsteps.

It was a terrible suspense, and I shall never forget the feelings with which I watched his upward climb. Every moment I expected to see him crash backwards into the arms of Death, on to that cruel, shingle-strewn floor below. It seemed like a lifetime, but at length he reached the top. His tongue was dry and parched, his eyes protruded from their sockets. He appeared completely unnerved.

I drew up the lazos and wound them round my waist. What should we have done without them? Yes, what indeed?

We were worn out. I felt that I must have a sleep or die. Gregorio felt so likewise. We sought out a shady nook, and lay down and slept for several hours. When I awoke the sun was high in the heavens.

It would take columns to recount how we got back to camp. Our canoe we never saw again, nor did we desire to re-enter that weird and horrible cavern in which we, for a time, had found a living grave. It took us several days of weary walking before we came once more upon the scene of our start from the shores of Serpent Lake. Our horses were happily found close by, where we had left them, and that night we rode wearily into camp, famished and well nigh worn out and prostrate. Oh, the savoury smell of that guanco broth which was cooking on the fire as we arrive! I shall never forget it. Verily it is good to suffer when relief comes to the rescue.

"Where have you been?" queried many voices as the speakers gathered round us.

"I will tell you to-morrow," I gasped out, as I dismounted. "Give me to eat, and let me have a sleep, and then I will tell all. At present it is all like a fearful dream."

1899.—And as I look back through the mists of twenty years I often ask myself: "Is it a dream?" But no, it was even as I recount it, and perhaps I may see it all again. Anyhow, far away in those silent forests winds snake-like that Serpent Lake, flowing ever onwards into that gloomy cavern which so nearly proved our grave.

Complete Story.

Stashus, the Camp-Follower.

An old cork sun-helmet, large enough for a "big brass general," appeared to be running about by itself, unsupported, at a height of some four feet from the ground. That was what came into my mind when I first sighted it dodging along the Nile bank at Shellal. We were all so busy there that afternoon that nobody stopped to look twice for anything save his own luggage; for at Shellal we transferred from the cars, which had brought the Soudan expedition up from Cairo, to the steamers upon the river.

The temperature was one hundred and six degrees that afternoon. There was haste, confusion, and anxiety. Everybody was trying to find, unaided, what belonged to him and get it aboard the steamer by hook or crook. In the midst of the pushing, shouting throng, that old cork helmet appeared again, nearly underfoot, as I rushed up the river bank, and this time I saw that there was really something under it—something that looked like one of Palmer Cox's little elfin men—a lean imp of a boy whose swart face and black eyes were nearly invisible beneath the helmet.

Two dingy yellow cotton garments made up the rest of his wearing apparel. His legs were no thicker than gun-wheel spokes, but he now carried over his shoulders a great canvas bag, which bulged with the corners of a box as big as a hand-organ. A preposterous load it looked for such legs!

As my eye fell on him he bent over, as if to gain an impetus, and made a dive up the gang-plank of the steamer to get on board. The guard grabbed him. "Hi, you! St! p! Come back here, you little scamp! You don't belong aboard!"

The soldier failed to catch him. Bag and sun-helmet shot up the plank, darted round a tier of grain sacks, and disappeared like a squirrel in a woodpile. The guard muttered, and looked uneasily after him, but could not leave his post to pursue.

Stirring events were in progress. A battle with the dervishes was expected, and we newspaper men had much to occupy our minds and pencils. I did not see or think of that old cork helmet again till the night we reached Um Turef, thirty miles north of Omdurman. Passing that quarter of the zeriba, where three or four British battalions were stationed—the Warwick, the Lancashire Fusiliers, and the Lancers—I heard uproarious laughter, and stopped to see what was going on, for, as a rule, the men were not much given to mirth after those hot desert marches. Within the mimosa hedge a crowd of privates and petty officers were collected about two or three lanterns which had been set down to give light for it was dark.

"Two to one on the slugger!" I heard from the outside. "Even money on the pet!" "Turn 'em loose, Stashus!" "Let 'em go!" "Don't rattle 'em, Stashus!"

On pushing in, I once more caught sight of that old cork helmet with the brownie boy under it. He stood in the midst of an improvised ring. "This time he held an empty 'bully beef' can in each hand, and was treading down the sand with his bare feet. As he trod, he held forth to the grinning "Tommy's" in untranslatable Cairene patois, and ended by turning out the contents of the two cans in the ring—a wicked looking scorpion and one of those huge, yellow, hairy Soudan spiders called by the "Gyppies" Abu Gebek (Father of spiders).

The gamin had arranged a match between these ugly creatures for the amusement of the Tommy's, who evidently appreciated the effort, as the press and enthusiasm around that ring abundantly proved.

Scorpion and spider fought at sight, and were rolling over in a death grapple. Bets multiplied, and the lanterns were in danger of being upset by the throng. The "slugger"—that is, the scorpion—won, I believe, and then the motive of the brownie urchin in making the match was apparent. He moved about the ring, offering bunches of cigarettes at sixpence each: "Cigaro! cigaro! Napans booch."

Amidst much laughter the men bought a good many bunches. I now learned that the gamin of the old cork helmet was "Stashus," and that he was a Greek boy from Cairo, where his mother kept a little restaurant. In

reality he was thirteen, although he did not look to be larger and older than ten; he had accompanied the army on this arduous expedition of twelve hundred miles into the deserts of the Soudan to sell cigarettes to the soldiers. That great bundle, or box, in the sack which I had seen on his shoulders at Shellal, contained his stock-in-trade, hundreds of bunches of cigarettes, brought all the way from Cairo. As he had no permit to accompany the army and was not "officially recognised," he was obliged to slip past the guards and conceal himself on the cars and steamers, and also live by his wits in the matter of food.

Despite these disadvantages for campaigning Stashus soon became the most popular "man" in the expedition with the rank and file, particularly among the English Tommy's, who gleefully contributed enough buscuit and bully beef from their rations to keep his small wants supplied.

Bully beef, indeed, gave the English soldier as much trouble in the Soudan as "embalmed beef" did his American cousin in Cuba and Porto Rico. It was much the same, and came in three-pound cans, and what was left in a can spoiled in an hour after being opened. In consequence the line of march was strewn with bully beef cans half emptied only, affording a feast for the pariah dogs and prowling Arabs. I am sure that fully half of all the canned beef issued to the men was thus wasted.

Such a favourite was Stashus—his full name was Anastasus—that the messes actually quarrelled to have him with them. In fact, the imp was a valuable acquisition. He knew how to catch Soudan rabbits, and ever after we left the Abarra the mess to which he attached himself rarely missed a fresh stew. There was a kind of ring-dove, too, in the bushes along the Nile that he contrived to knock down.

But what most of all endeared Stashus to the Tommy's was the knack he possessed of stopping the noise of a braying donkey. There were nearly three hundred Egyptian donkeys attached to the expedition, and the home-sick Brayings of these beasts at night when the men were trying to sleep after the awful heats of the day was one of the sorrows of their lives and a source of endless profanity. Stashus had been a donkey boy in Cairo, and he alone knew what to whisper in a jackass' ear to stop his "whinger."

One afternoon, an hour or two before we reached Tel el Taib, I espied Stashus scurrying about in the bushes to the right of the marching column. A little way ahead one of the frequent desert mirages suddenly took form—palms, green shrubbery and a dashing waterfall. As Stashus drew near this queer optical illusion he was all at once transformed into a giant, his helmet assuming the size of a white dome, while in his hand dangled what looked to be an ostrich. Villiers, one of the war correspondents, caught sight of the phenomenon, and attempted to take a snap-shot at it with his camera, but failed to secure a distinct picture.

September second, early on the morning of the great battle of Omdurman, where the dervishes were well nigh annihilated, I saw Stashus running in to take refuge inside the zeriba just as the long, white lines of the enemy came in sight on the plain towards the hills. He had been out looting and was dragging in a bundle of gibbets tied to a spear, which he had picked up near the scene of a skirmish the previous afternoon.

Later, while the conflict was raging, in the midst of the awful din of battery fire, when every soldier was at the zeriba firing as fast as possible and the Allah-shout of the advancing Arabs sounded nearer every moment, I saw Stashus driving a "drink camel" up from the river bank, loaded both sides with a slopping "zia," or metal water tank. The man properly in charge of the camel had been shot, or had bolted, and Stashus had assumed command on the strength of his own good notion of what was most wanted. He still had hold of the dervish spear, and was thrashing and prodding the camel towards that part of the line held by the Warwick's. I heard afterwards that the water was urgently needed there for the "Jackets" of the heated Maxim guns.

But Stashus possessed a greed for "loot." After the dervish charge was repulsed and the Khalifa's army had given way, leaving fully ten thousand dead on the sandy plain in front of the zeriba, he stole out there along with other camp followers, to enrich himself. There is rarely much in the way of valuables to be found on a dead dervish, but many of the emirs and other chiefs possessed gold watches, silver-mounted scimitars, and even jewels.

It was a rich field for a Cairo street gamin, if he had the courage to harvest it; for the whole plain was white with the dead. Stashus was not lacking in pluck of a very practical sort, and possessed great cupidity. To a poverty-stricken Greek lad the sight of bejewelled dead men must have been a tempting spectacle.

Kings, watches, and gem-handled daggers, boundless wealth in his eyes, were to be had there for snatching. Like a ferret Stashus darted, tacked and doubled among the slain, loading himself with plunder. He even made caches, burying heaps of loot in the sand, as a dog buries a choice bone, to hide it from other dogs.

What a revel that must have been to him! With marvellous nimbleness he kept ahead of other plunderers and flitted with keen eyes from one to another of the better-habited dead.

But he strayed too far and came to grief. As soon as the dervishes were repulsed the English and Egyptian battalions obliqued from the zeriba, pursuing the enemy towards Omdurman. Meantime, a body of the Khalifa's forces, fifteen thousand in number, concealed behind the Kerrerri ridge on the right flank, had suddenly shown themselves and resumed the battle, falling furiously on our rear guard under Colonel McDonald.

Some squadrons of Baggara cavalry, advancing at a gallop across the plain, cut off Stashus' line of retreat. One of the savage troopers rode him down, and in passing struck savagely at that cork helmet. It came near being a fatal blow for Stashus. Not only was the cork cut through, but the lad's scalp was deeply gashed and the skull-bone nicked. He fell senseless, his arms full of loot, and lay there for an hour or two.

A squad of Egyptian infantry from one of the battalions fell in with Stashus as he was coming to himself and trying to get on his feet. He was a gory object, but declined assistance, and also resisted attempts on the part of the "Gyppies" to dispossess him of a part of his booty.

Late that afternoon he rejoined his firm friends, the Warwick's, at a suburb of Omdurman, in rather bad shape, however, and inclined to fever and light-headedness. The Tommy's took him in hand at once. They soaped his wound, scissored away the hair, and stuck the edges of the cut together with court-plaster. They also patched up the old helmet. It was cloven across the top, but they brought the cut together and confined the edges of that, too, with strips of court-plaster. Thus repaired, it was the oddest object I ever saw on a boy's head, but the Warwick's would not hear of his wearing anything else.

In two or three days he was up again and running about Omdurman, where his energies seemed chiefly directed in turning into English money the loot he had acquired. The urchin had a good Greek head for business, and some of his confidants among the Warwick's said that he had picked up over a hundred pounds in money, besides several rings containing emeralds and two beautiful dervish daggers with rubies in the hilts with which he would not part.

He still wore that old patched helmet the last time I saw him, which was on board the rickety river steamer Metemneh, en route for home, and I have little doubt that he reached Cairo safely.

But what an experience for a boy of that age. No doubt he was a "great man" among the donkey-boys of the Egyptian capital after his return, and had wonderful stories to tell them of the war and his exploits in the Soudan.

ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL FOR THE HAIR.

Preserves, Beautifies, Nourishes and Restores it more effectually than anything else; prevents grey hair and scurf. For Ladies and Children it is the best preparation; also in a Golden Colour for fair or grey hair.

ROWLAND'S ODONTO FOR THE TEETH.

Whitens and Preserves them, prevents decay, sweetens the breath. Ask for Rowland's articles, of Hatton Garden, London. Sold by Chemists and Stores.

I Cure Fits.

You are not asked to spend any money to test whether my remedy does or does not cure Fits, Epilepsy, St. Vitus' Dance, &c. All you are asked to do is to send for a FREE bottle of medicine and to try it. I am quite prepared to abide by the result.

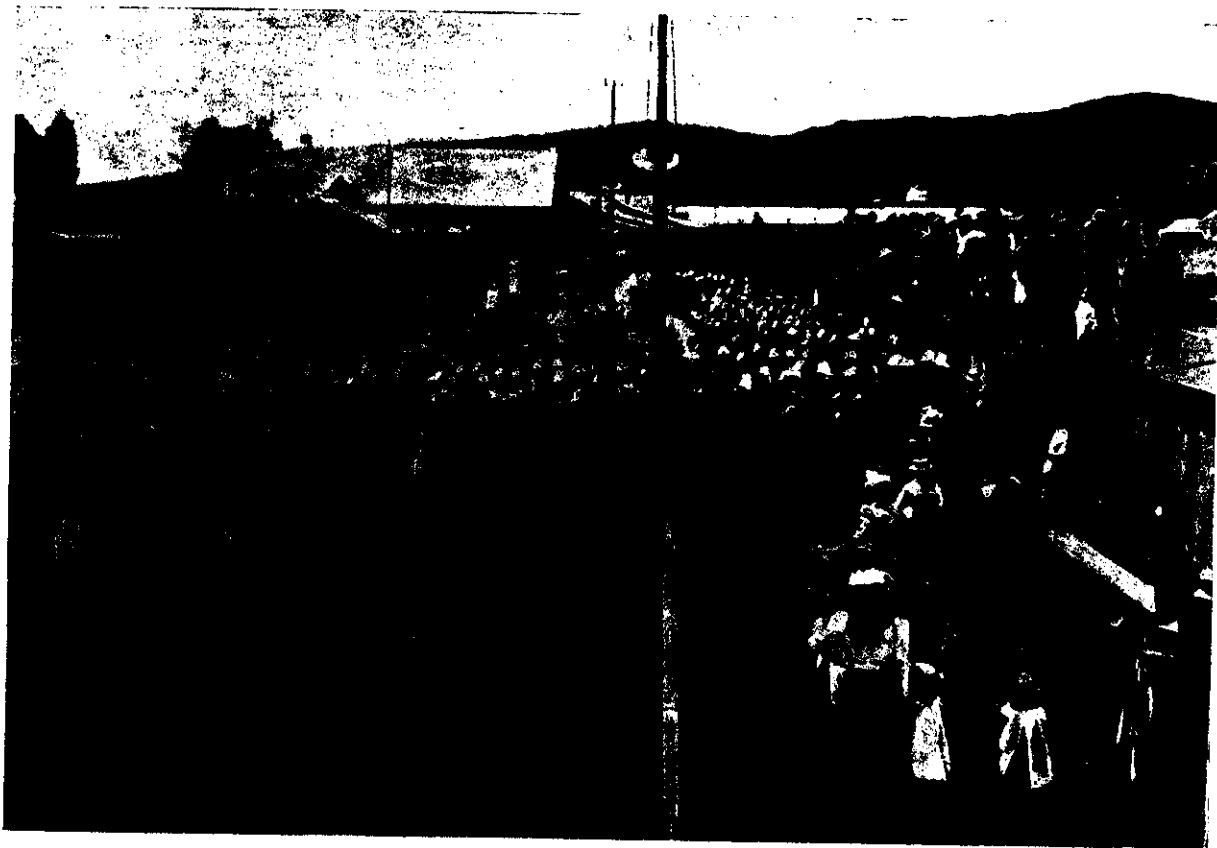
A Valuable and Safe Remedy.

APPROVED BY THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.

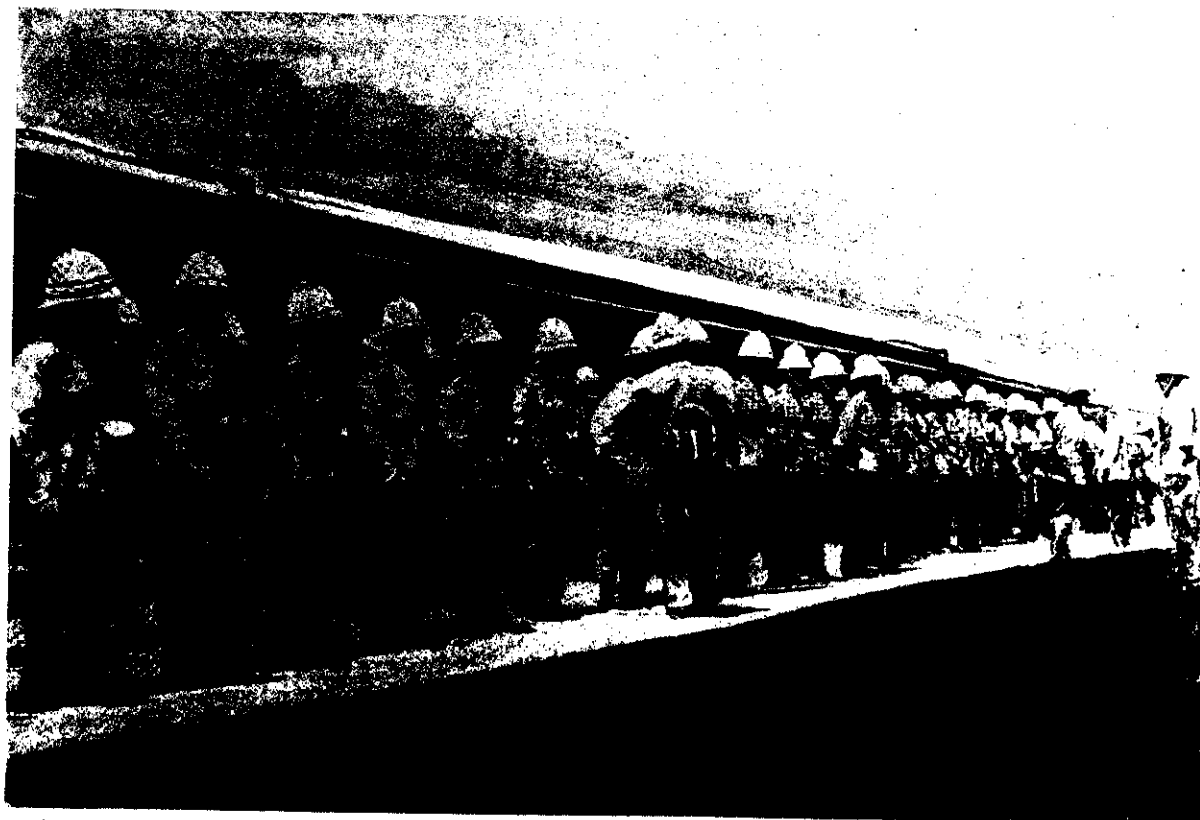
H. G. ROOT, 28, Redditch Green, LONDON.

ORNAMENTAL HAIR.—Ladies requiring Artificial Hairwork of any kind should send for Illustrated Catalogue of Tulle, Chignons, Fringes, Wigs, etc., just issued by A. M. HENDY, Ladies' Hairdresser, Prince-st., Duncannon, 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, Duncannon.—Cheapest House in N.Z. for all kinds of hairwork.

The War in the Transvaal.



PRISONERS TAKEN BY THE BOERS MARCHING TO THE RACECOURSE AT PRETORIA.



CANADIANS ABOUT TO ENTRAIN FROM CAPETOWN.



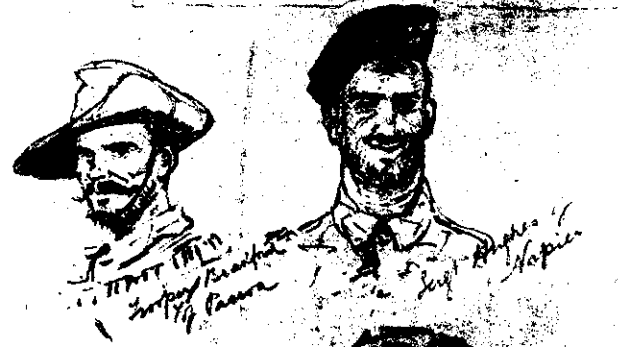
*For all night waiting
in the trenches - too hot to lie down*



On the line of Bulford



*Weather of Christchurch
is the first New Zealand
very sultry*



*THEY ARE
Sergeant Kinschott
of Palmer*

*Exp. Officer of
Napier*



The Surge

*Exp. Officer of
Auckland*

*Some of our boys after a week's work
April 7th*

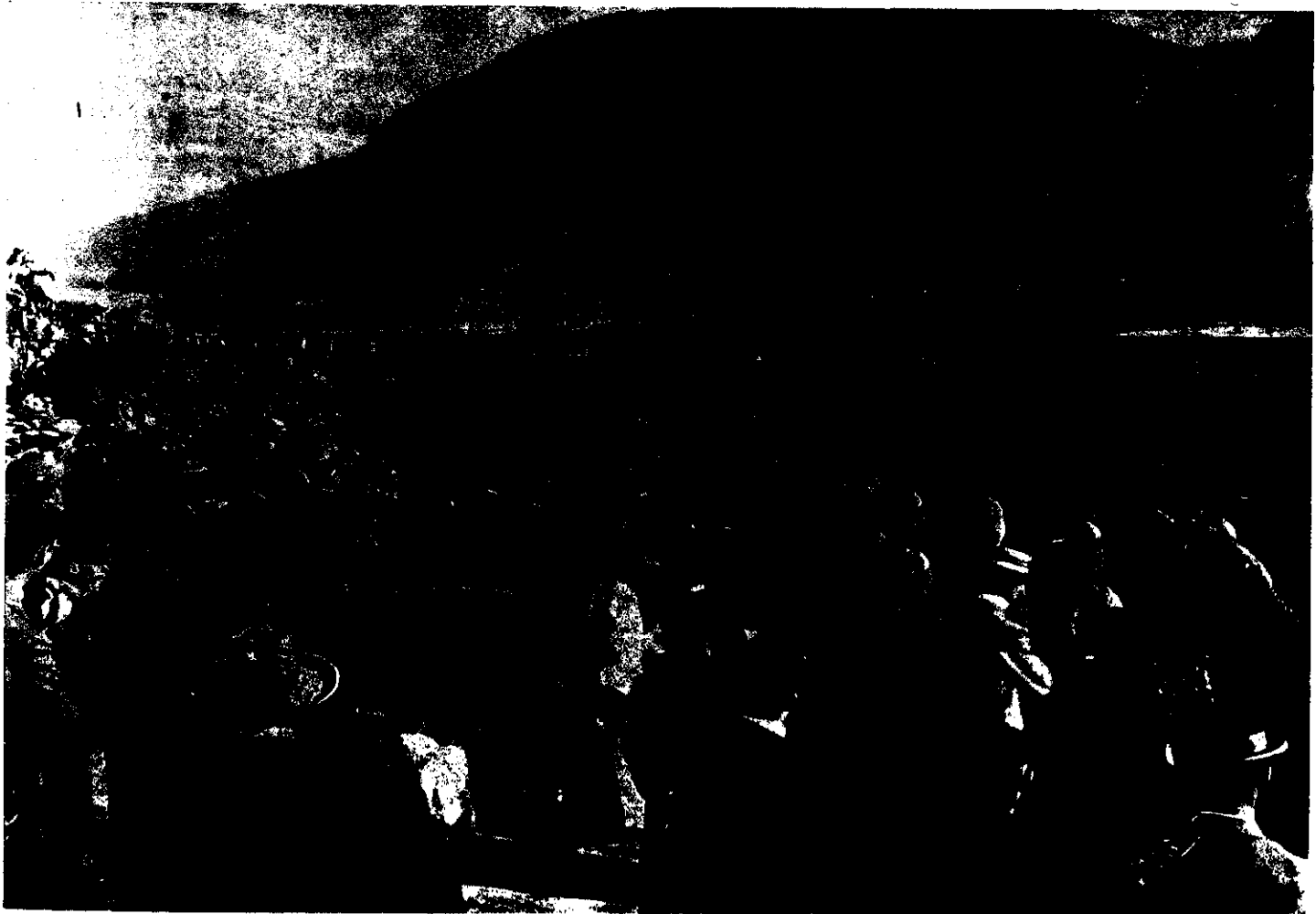


By Our Special War Artist.

With the New Zealand Contingent at the Front.



A GROUP IN CAMP AT THE FRONT.



NEW ZEALAND TROOPS ENTRAINING AT CAPE TOWN FOR NAUWPOORT.



Specially Sketched for the "Graphic."

"Steady—!!!"

TROOPER BYRNE, OF THE N.S.W. LANCERS, BEING GUIDED BACK TO CAMP BY HIS BOER PRISONER. A RECONNOITRE BY THE WAY.

THIN



HAIR

One thing you may rely upon—



makes the hair healthy and vigorous; makes it grow thick and long. It cures dandruff also.

It always restores color to gray hair,—all the dark, rich color of early life. There is no longer need of your looking old before your time.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla purifies the blood, and clears the complexion.

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

"The New Zealand Graphic."

(PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK.)

Office:

SHORTLAND-ST., AUCKLAND, N.Z.

TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS:

Per Annum - - £1 5 0
(If paid in advance, £1)

Single Copy: Price Sixpence.

By sending direct to "The Graphic" Office Twenty Shillings sterling, which you may pay by Post Office Order, Postal Note, One Pound Note, or New Zealand stamps, you can have "The Graphic" posted regularly to you every week for a year.

Cheques, Drafts, etc., and all Business Communications to be addressed to the Manager.

Literary Communications Photographs and Black and White Work to be addressed to the Editor.

Society Notes and Correspondence relating to matters of special interest to ladies to be addressed to "The Lady Editor."

The Editor will carefully read all manuscripts submitted to him, and all communications will be regarded as strictly confidential by him.

All unsuitable MSS., Sketches or Pictures will be returned to the sender, provided they are accompanied by the latter's address and the requisite postage stamps, but contributors must understand that we do not hold ourselves responsible for the preservation of the articles sent us.

NORTH ISLAND, N.Z.

WELLINGTON BRANCH OFFICE

Of the

"NEW ZEALAND GRAPHIC"

"AUCKLAND STAR"

"NEW ZEALAND FARMER"

13, CUSTOM HOUSE QUAY, near G.P.O.

Where Files can be referred to, Copies obtained, and where Advertisements, Subscriptions and Accounts will be received by

MR J. I. LOTT.

Managing Agent for North Island.

Topics of the Week.

THE ONE AND ONLY TOPIC.

Have you ever considered how largely the war monopolises our attention? We go about our business or our domestic affairs, and for the time being take an interest in them. We fulfil our social duties, and take our pleasure as formerly, but we never get away completely from the war. To paraphrase the old song—Our hearts are in Africa, our hearts are not here. A-chasing the Boer, and following the Free States. When we awake in the morning our first impulse is to see the paper and learn the latest news. When we go abroad our first instinct is to discuss the news with everyone we meet, and to speculate on what is going to happen. Lunch finds the same topic of conversation and reflection on the table, and after business hours we go home to read the evening paper and to ruminate on the position. The world outside of South Africa seems almost to have come to a stand-still, to have paused in its business and pleasure witness the struggle of Briton v. Boer. At all events nothing that occurs in it seems to us of much consequence. Men take up the paper and declare what an astonishing dearth of news there is outside the war; there is absolutely nothing doing. As a fact, however, that can scarcely be the case. It is not the world that has grown suddenly empty of incident and void of interest, but we who are so much engrossed in one matter that we have ears for no other. Things of vital import might transpire now, and we would scarcely take note of them. The time might be rich in portents, and we would not read their meaning. At such a moment as this the great man passes away unmarked by a generation that at another time would have bewailed his loss; the book of obvious genius is launched on the market, and there are few to welcome it; the great invention or discovery is announced, and there is silence. The din of battle—the shout of victory and the wail of defeat—drowns all other noises, and alas! the sweeter harmonies become unheard too.

© © ©

TALES OF THE WAR.

Though the newspapers with their ubiquitous correspondents in the field give us columns of information regarding the special doings of our boys at the war, all they can print—did they print nothing else but war news—will be but a drop in the ocean of war literature with which we shall certainly be deluged when the boys return to tell their own tales. Think of it! Some six hundred fellows, all with a story to tell. Compared with the colonial soldier, the ordinary Tommy Atkins is an unobservant, unimaginative, unthinking sort of beggar, but even he has something to tell of the battles he has seen. With what thousand and one tales then will the wide-awake colonial youth who has gone through the campaign regale his admiring friends. How often, oh, how often, shall we hear that prologue to some wonderful yarn. "When I was with the troops in South Africa," The Latins had a proverb, "Ex Africo semper aliquid novi," meaning that from Africa there was always something new coming. And for years to come we shall certainly find ourselves entertained with novelty from the same inexhaustible source. We shall grow familiar with war and listen with unblanched cheek to tales of horror and blood. Now all that will, of course, be most interesting, and calculated to enliven the somewhat humdrum current of our lives here, but what we must beware of is giving too easy credence to everything we hear. Among our soldier boys there are no doubt a few endowed with a natural love of admiration and a warm imagination; and then will be the opportunity for these lively spirits. I would be the last to question the honesty of any member of the contingents, but the temptation to play the role of Baron Munchausen will be almost irresistible. Consider, how you would feel yourself if you were a returned volunteer. Don't tell me you would abjure hyperbole. Not you. The chances are that the one liar you were lucky enough to pick off before he drew on you would soon grow to a dozen like Falstaff's men in buckram. It has always been a privilege

of soldiers to draw the long bow, and the amateur warriors, as most of our boys are, take special advantage of that privilege. But we poor, stay-at-home civilians will have to be on our guard, not merely against the men who have been at the war, but also against the crop of pretenders who, to gain our attention and sympathy, will assure us they were there. Already I notice a tendency among our young men to flich a little of the glory from the actual volunteers for the front by making out that it was only through some untoward circumstance that they were denied the delight of going to Africa. The best instance of this came under the notice of a friend of mine the other day when travelling between Sydney and Auckland. He happened—as one does on shipboard—to strike up an acquaintance with a young fellow in whose tale he became interested. He was a lieutenant in the New South Wales Permanent Force, was the stranger, according to his own account, and unfortunately through an illness had been prevented from joining the last contingent. He was then taking a pleasure trip to recruit, but, he explained, he had been ordered to report himself and the state of his health to Sydney by cable at every town he stayed in this colony, so that as soon as he was sufficiently recovered the New South Wales authorities might requisition his valuable services for the Cape. Many were the stories the ingenious young man told of camp life and many were the regrets he gave voice to on account of his being kept away from the war. My friend could not help admiring the ardent spirit of the young soldier, and of course expressed a sincere hope for his speedy recovery. Nor did he cease to admire his acquaintance of shipboard after he had left the vessel till just the other day he came across the lieutenant in a warehouse in Auckland using his ready and persuasive tongue to enlist the sympathy of the head of the house, not in the war, but in some patent axle grease for which he was travelling. Then a cloud came o'er my friend's brow, and he's feeling sorry that he displayed so keen an interest in that pseudo-soldier.

© © ©

AN IMPORTANT QUESTION.

The position taken up by a considerable section of the Auckland Harbour Board, with regard to the proposed public park and recreation ground, is provocative of more than merely local interest for, it is a striking instance of the danger a community may run of having its wishes, and, indeed, its rights, disregarded by a small body of men, who are to all practical intents and purposes answerable to no one for their actions, and who are at the same time in some sort representatives of the public. The public of Auckland unquestionably desire that the new reclamations shall be made into cricket ground and recreation reserve, etc., etc. They are, however, utterly incompetent to prevent the Harbour Board making this for ever impossible by leasing the ground for building purposes. The members of the Board are, it will be understood, not elected directly by the people. They are elected by the City and Borough Councils, the Government, etc., while the merchants also have their representatives. Whether this system works well in ordinary matters connected with the Board need not now be discussed, but there are at least two great "modern instances" of the dangers which may arise to the community through it. Firstly, it will be fresh in the memory of all, how perilously near the Board went to losing all Mr. Witteford had gained for Auckland from the Admiralty with regard to the establishment of a naval station here. Whether the fawning, the prostration, and the dangerous endeavours to bluff and play hot and cold with the Admiralty were the outcome of ignorance of the benefits the establishment of a naval base in Auckland would afford the port, or whether a mean and ignoble jealousy in certain directions was answerable for the conduct of the Board at the time, it would be little good to enquire. Whichever was the way of it, it was bad and we are convinced it was but the murmur of uni-

versal disapprobation of the foolish policy being adopted, and the stringent remonstrances of both morning and evening papers which saved the situation, and prevented the Board from throwing away a chance which, once lost, would never again have been offered. In this case the Board "backed down" to public opinion, but there can be no doubt it was a decidedly near thing. They had absolute power to have thrown away this opportunity, and had they done it there was no direct means of calling individual members to account. Now, over the matter of this reclamation ground, the danger is again to the fore, and there are indications that this time the Board will not "back down" to public opinion, and that the finest, if lost, opportunity Auckland will have of securing a breathing space in the most populous quarter of the city, will be sacrificed to small-minded selfishness, ignorant prejudice, and selfish interests. There is, we believe, a lot of highly virtuous talk, of the matter being a trust, and that the duty of the Board is to extract the last farthing from the reserve for the improvements of the harbour. Rubbish! The first duty of the Board is to the health and well-being of the port, and that will best be served by the creation of this much-needed breathing space. But, is it not common talk, that the miserable local jealousy which has from time to time done such incalculable harm in the colony is once again responsible for much of the opposition? One suburb is afraid of some special little interest being affected. Another, that if this side of the harbour is made so attractive there may be fewer inducements to cross the water. Out upon such narrow-minded selfishness and folly! Is it not obvious that the more attractive we make the port and city as a whole, the better it will be for every suburb and every individual? Developments will be awaited with interest, for if the desire of the people is thwarted on this occasion, there will be a general movement to render the repetition of the matter by such quaintly-elected public bodies impossible. No doubt this would prove a somewhat intricate business, but of course it can and may yet be done.

© © ©

A LESSON FROM THE DEAD.

That the death of Ruskin should have been passed over almost absolutely without comment by our leading newspapers is a significant sign of the times, as showing how absolute is the monarchy of war news at the present time, and how ruthlessly it trends under foot all other subjects for reflection and thought. And though it is only right and natural that the crucial affairs of the Empire and the lives and fortunes of those who fight our battles for us should assume a paramount position in our thoughts, it is, I think, to be doubted if it is entirely wholesome to absolutely exclude all other topics of conversation and all other subjects of thought to the extent most of us are doing at present. It is well that we should do full honour to those who are now achieving glory for us on the field, but it is surely also well that we should not forget those who have done us mighty service in the past, and that when such men die we should at least snatch a moment from our present absorption to do reverence to their memory and to record our appreciation of their work. "Peace hath her victories, no less than war," and the work and life of John Ruskin was, if we look at it aright, a record of splendid victory.

"Loves of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime."

Longfellow, and the lesson we can all learn from Ruskin is so obvious that I should apologise for referring to it were it not just one of those things which, obvious as they are, we are always disregarding. The lesson we can learn from Ruskin is, it seems to me, honesty of utterance, independence of thought, and a punctilious conscientiousness in work which will not tolerate us to offer anything to the public which we are not satisfied is the very best we can achieve. The revolution in public taste and in public opinion in matters of art, led, conducted, and achieved by Ruskin alone, is so complete that the present generation can hardly realise that there was any victory for Ruskin to achieve. But the courage needed to put forth the views which we now all accept and agree with was at the time when Ruskin declared them a courage of no mean order. He was flying—an unknown youth, but one brilliant and intensely ambitious—direct-

ly in the face of the opinion of the day, and the pronouncements of its most famous critics and writers. The storm of ridicule, contempt, and even vituperation to be faced was no light matter. It meant practically chancing utter extinction, a sacrifice of all ambition, on the altar of absolute conviction. He never stopped to ask those questions which we so constantly put to ourselves nowadays—Will it pay? Is it discreet? Will it not suit us best to compromise with our conscience and the truth? He said: "This is the truth, and this I must set forth, come what may." The lesson is clear; it did pay in Ruskin's case, and provided we are right it will always pay in ours, if we have the pluck and pertinacity to stick to our convictions as he did. The tendency of the times is to "trimming"; back-bone is becoming every day a more noticeable because a rarer attribute amongst us. How many of us have the courage to say what we really think, how seldom it is not a mere reflection of what we know the world will applaud us for thinking. Almost every day one may hear such a remark as this: "Yes, my dear boy, that is all very true and very right, and we all know it; but in these days one can't say and do these things; it wouldn't pay." You can apply it to any business, trade, or profession—the sacrifice of truth and outspokenness is universal. Yet the mistake is an egregious one. It would pay if we only did it. There are scores of cases besides Ruskin's which would prove it. But we are sunk so deep in that quagmire of "business is business" (detestable phrase) that we don't seem to care to get out, and try to convince ourselves that it is really better for progress than the firm, fair law which surrounds it.

lasts, and men and women love excitement. But as a means of making money, dabbling in gold mining shares is about as futile an operation as the heart of a man can conceive. The few who succeed, stand on a vast but invisible mountain of failures, and from that eminence attract attention. Your stricken speculator like your wounded animal, slinks off to hear his trouble unseen, and is unnoticed. It is only the cases of unique specimens such as our judicious and successful friend that we hear about, and it is more than probable if he continues that this £1200 will too be swallowed up by the gambling Moloch.

Exchange Notes.

Business has been quiet during the week on the Exchange.

Waikato Extended shares advanced from 9½ to 1/3 during the week owing to a quartz reef having been met with in the bore.

Several quartz veins have been met with in the eastern crescent in the Imperial mine, which lends to the belief that the ore body sought after cannot be far distant.

The Cameron pumps recently put in the May Queen mine have been working satisfactorily during the past week, keeping the No. 7 level dry, but pumping the water up to the level above, from which it finds its way to the Big Pump shaft.

Ohinemuri stocks had most demand this week on the Exchange. Barrier Reefs were wanted at 6/ to 6/6, but no sales were reported. Waikato Silvertons were in demand at 7/11 and afterwards at 7/6. Talismans sold at 12/3, and are still wanted at 11/6, and Waitakauris at 39/.

At the New Four in Hand mine two additional stampers have been erected and have been running on ore won from the "Cuirassier" section of the mine.

Capital progress has been made with the erection of machinery for the Progress Castle Rock battery. It is expected to have the battery sufficiently completed in order to have the preliminary run this week.

Devonport Ferry shares changed hands during the week at 38/- with buyers left at 37/.

The usual dividend of sixpence per share will be paid by the N.Z. Accident Insurance Company besides increasing the re-insurance fund to £15,000.

Occasional inquiries are made for Waikato Grand Junction shares at 30/.

The foundations for the Maratoto Company's battery are now completed and good headway is being made with the water race and other works.

Steady inquiry exists for Auckland Gas shares at £13 5/.

Komata Reef shares continue to firm in price, being now wanted at 1/10.

A tramway has been constructed on the Golden Belt property from the tip-head inwards along the tunnel for a distance of 340 feet. New rails and sleepers have been laid down throughout, and will be continued to the face of the drive.

One of high grade is being met with in the Barrier Reef mine at the top of the rise from No. 2 level. Good progress is being made with the battery foundations.

The Junction Electric No. 2 dredge obtained 110 oz of gold last week, the Electric 125 oz, the Magnetic 20 oz, Manoharun 21 oz 10 dwt, and the Ernclough No. 2, 49 oz 6 dwt.

Central Electric dredge shares changed hands at 80/- and Tupeka at 39/6.

The assessors appointed by the Thames Drainage Board have submitted a comprehensive scheme for assisting in draining the flat. The cost of effecting which is estimated at £1,550.

Hurley and Riley dredge shares sold this week at 204/- and 205/.

Mr H. A. Gordon was this week elected chairman of the Thames Drainage Board. The assessments of drainage contributions for the year were made as follows: Kurunui, £80; Mountairi, £607 10/-; Kurunui Caledonian, £427 10/-; Waitohi, £495; Victoria, £485; May Queen, £1,485; and Thames Harbour, £200. Appeals will be heard on February 6th.

Minor Matters.

A correspondent in the "Road" points out that a veteran cavalry horse partakes of the hopes and fears of battle just the same as his rider. Writing from his own observations, he remarks:—"As the column swings into line and waits, the horse grows nervous over the waiting. If the wait is spun out, he will tremble and sweat and grow apprehensive. If he has been six months in the service, he knows every bugle call. As the call comes to advance the rider can feel him working at the bit with his tongue to get it between his teeth. As he moves out he will either seek to get on faster than the should, or bolt. He cannot bolt, however. The lines will carry him forward and after a minute he will grip, lay back his ears, and one can feel his sudden resolve to brave the worst and have done with it as soon as possible. When the troopers begin to cheer and the sabres to flash, the horse responds. An exultation fills his heart; he will often scream out and his eyes blaze and are fixed steadily in front. No matter how obstinate he was at the start, he will not fail as the lines cover the last fifty feet of space. If a volley comes and he is unhurt, he will lower his head and toss it right and left, and then take a sudden breath for the crash. If charging infantry, he will bound straight at a man and knock him down, if against a line of horsemen, he will lift his head and front feet as if going over a fence."

silver brooch, on which the letters "S.A." were inscribed. This was worn by the young lady when she left Shannon. It is said that not a scrap of clothing, nor even the saddle, could be found, and the bones had been eaten to whiteness. The mosquitoes are very thick in this locality, and it is supposed that in the twilight they assailed the young lady and her horse and devoured them.

The perfect blending of the real and ideal has been recently advertised by Paris milliners, who have come to use oats from the fields to trim the bonnets of their fair customers. The adventure which befell one such bonnet and its wearer is related by a foreign newspaper.

A lady, dressed beyond the reach of criticism, was crossing a broad boulevard. A cab bore down upon her and she stepped hastily back and stopped in front of the curbstone, unmindful of a horse and cart standing immediately behind her. The horse quietly sniffed the oats and then, deciding that they were genuine, began to munch.

He was thus engaged when the lady, quite unaware of the pleasure she was affording the hungry animal, started forward. But the horse was far from satisfied, and planting his forefeet on the lady's skirt, continued his repast.

The lady, supposing the horse about to devour her head, promptly fainted, and she was removed to a druggist's shop near by, where happily she soon recovered.

The moral of the story is that every field of oats should have a fence about it.

The heartfelt remarks of the drunkard who has reached the serious and meditative stage are sometimes amusing. Not long since I stepped into a railway carriage. It was already crowded, and amongst them was a "gentleman" who had dined not wisely but too well, and who was making his homeward journey in the seriously argumentative stage.

On the platform a brass band belonging to some rioting beanfeasters was playing a more or less accurate version of "God Save the Queen."

My friend recognised the good old tune, but it not only failed to excite any feeling of loyalty whatever, but as we moved slowly out of the station he glared round on us and muttered indignantly, "Gord Save the Queen!"

As no one took any notice of him, he repeated in a voice of great contempt, "Gord Save the Queen!"

We still ignored him, so he made one more attempt to impress us with his views of the National Anthem.

"Gord save the Queen, indeed!" he snorted, in a tone of the deepest indignation. "Gord save me, I say, and never mind about the Queen." Then, to our great relief, he relapsed into silence.

A well-known Christchurch citizen had offered to stand attired as Kruger at the garden fetich which was carried out by Mrs Stedholme, and allow shies to Aunt Sally at him for a consideration, the amount collected to go to the fund. He was to be padded in the body so as to avert the consequence of too good an aim, and, as to his head, "Well," he said, "I'll dodge the blooming sticks." But unfortunately, business claims prevented him from being present. The "Press" relates that he came to the Mayor's room to inform him of the fact, and suggested that a well-known journalist should take his place. The pressman objected. "But see," said the gentleman, who thiristed to represent Kruger. "You are so popular that not a soul would shy at you to hit you, and there would be a lot of money in it for the fund." But the Fourth Estate representative was not taking any joy then.

Down Tarata way, larrikinism is rampant just at present. Two or three settlers had their traps removed from their premises by these hoodlums and had them left on the road some distance from their homesteads, while another farmer had his trap tied up in his shed so intricately that when he wanted it in the morning to go to the factory it took him a long time to get it loose. Another settler, Mr C. Dunn, who lives opposite the dairy factory, had some of his gates taken off his hinges, and let some cattle into his garden, and growing crops, causing a good deal of damage. Mr T. Taylor's milk cans were also upset on Sunday night, presumably by the same party, and the cans left in the middle of the road, which might have caused a serious accident had anyone happened to pass with a horse and trap.

There is a good deal of speculation (says "The Times") at Home as to who will be the first Governor of Federated Australia. Lord Onslow and the Earl of Kintore are named, but it is said that Lord Kintore's acceptance of the position, if it is offered to him, will depend upon Lady Kintore's health. Lord Onslow, a former Governor of New Zealand, has let his home at Clendon Park, an American millionaire, Mr Drexel, for a term of five years, and it is believed that there is something in his gradual withdrawal from all outside engagements that points to his being the Imperial Government's nominee for the post.

A merchant of New Orleans tells to a newspaper writer of that city a story which impressively illustrates the danger of coming to a conclusion hastily, and on insufficient evidence. He says that one day he had by an accident smeared one of his hands with paint, and stepped into a hotel where he was well known to wash it off. He took from his finger a valuable solitary diamond ring and hung it on the faucet while he was washing his hands. Then he dried his hands on a towel and went away, forgetting the ring. Half an hour later, at a friend's office, he missed the ring, and rushed back to the hotel to look for it. It was gone. He called the porter, who told him that he had seen one of the bell boys take something from the faucet a few minutes before and hastily disappear through the back door of the house. He told the name of the boy, and the gentleman started off to raise an alarm. On his way through the office he shouted out the boy's name, and declared that he had stolen the ring and escaped. He warned the hotel people to have the boy arrested

The Manawatu "Farmer" is responsible for the following tragic story:—A very sad affair is reported from Shannon. A young lady, whose friends reside in Wellington, came up by train last week, and being desirous of getting a ride on horseback, she was accommodated, and started alone in the direction of Tokomaru. As she did not return when expected, her Shannon friends went in search, and met three labourers, who said they had discovered the skeleton of a horse and a human being between Makena and Tokomaru. The whole party went to the spot, and found as it was said. Fortunately there was a clue to the identity of the human skeleton by a

on sight. Then he went out and gave the same word to a couple of policemen who were near. Within ten minutes he had made a tour of the neighbourhood, telling every one that the boy, whom he named, had stolen his diamond ring, and asking them to do what they could to find and apprehend him. Then he went to his store, hot and excited, and there, near his desk, stood the bell-boy with the ring in his hand, waiting to give it to him. He had found it on the faucet, and knowing the merchant and that it was he who had left it, had proceeded with it directly to his store to deliver it into his hands. The merchant was full of shame when he saw this proof of the boy's honesty and faithfulness, and reflected how widely he himself had spread a false and damaging report against him. He gave the boy ten dollars, and did his utmost to see every one who had heard the accusation; but he has little doubt that the story was repeated to some who will never hear, or will not believe, the correction. A false report not only travels swiftly and widely, but it is next to impossible for a denial to follow it everywhere. The suspicion against the boy may remain long in the neighbourhood.

At the meeting of the Centre of the New Zealand League of Wheelmen last week, a delinquent, who had been fined £1, wrote calling attention to the fact that he had been fined £100, and could not understand the reason of it. The Secretary was asked with reference to the subject, and said that he had written the fine £100, and he could not for a moment understand how anyone could think that the Council had imposed such a fine as £100. According to the "Press," the mere mention of the fact that the cyclist thought he had been fined £100 was sufficient to paralyse the Council.

The school holidays are being turned to good account by some of the boys down South who are collecting birds' eggs and heads. On one occasion recently a lady was asked by a small bare-legged urchin for permission to climb her trees, and on gaining the necessary consent was soon busy screwing the heads off a number of young birds, much to the horror of the lady, whom he very politely thanked for the money he would make out of that "push."

"How long have you been in Christchurch, young man?" queried a bailiff who was subjecting a lad to a searching cross-examination in the Magistrate's Court (reports a Christchurch contemporary). "All my life," was the answer. "And you mean to say you don't know me?" almost gasped the interrogator. The witness, who was a typical specimen of the colonial youth, imperturbable and ready of repartee, solemnly assured his questioner that he had not yet made his debut in such polished society, but that he would doubtless be "brought out" when he got older. The examination was brought to an abrupt conclusion.

Harvest has now begun in the neighbourhood of Timaru. In a fortnight or three weeks a large quantity of grain should be ready for the reaper. So far the harvest prospects are exceedingly good, and if no damage is done by gales and destructive rains a yield as heavy as that of last year may be looked forward to. The area under crop has not yet been made known, though the statistics were collected some time ago, but it is thought to be about the same as last year. The Hessian fly is reported to have done some damage on the down lands west of Timaru (says the Bruce "Herald"). Owing to the favourable spring, feed is very plentiful, and a considerable quantity of hay has been made. While the spring was favourable to growing vegetation, it was too damp to suit turnip sowing, and great delay has been experienced in getting in the seed.

A most sordid and despicable action, and one which every honest grower of wool will have no hesitation in denouncing, has just been brought to light at Timaru, says the "Morning Post." At the last wool sale, a bale of wool was sold to a local buyer at a fair price. On opening the bale it was discovered that the outside had been carefully packed with wool of a good quality, while a large bulk of the wool, packed in the centre like the shape of up-to-date reading? Something like a barrel, consisted of bellies and scraps worth about 1d a pound. Steps are proceeding to make the offender

—who evidently lacks any trace of manliness—to make good the fraud, and probably more will be heard of the matter. Had the bale gone to the London market the damage to New Zealand growers would have been most serious. It is well for New Zealand that there are not many such characters in the trade.

A Masterton youth who is very anxious to join the Third Contingent to be despatched from New Zealand, went out on Monday to practise rough riding (relates the Wairarapa "Star"), so as not to be rejected on this test. He got on well indeed, climbing hills, crossing river-beds, jumping barbed wire and other fences. He was putting his mount to a rather high fence, when she came down, rider underneath. The result was that the youth's spur was driven into his left heel, almost covering its neck. With the assistance of a companion he extricated the spur, and is now only able to walk with the aid of sticks. It is probable the youth's departure for the Transvaal will be deferred.

Bishop Watterson, of Nebraska, was once mistaken for a travelling salesman by a commercial traveller who met him in a railway train. "Do you represent a big house?" asked the traveller of the bishop. "Biggest on earth," replied the bishop. "What's the name of the firm?" "Lord and Church." "Hum! Lord and Church! Never heard of it. Got branch houses anywhere?" "Branch houses all over the world." "That's queer. Never heard of 'em. Is it boots and shoes?" "No." "Oh, dry goods, I suppose?" "Yes, they call my sermons that sometimes."

The arrangements for applying the Westinghouse brake to the railways of the North Island will be carried out by Mr Nesbit, engineer for Australasia for the Westinghouse Air Brake Company, who has been sent for from New South Wales. The cost for the Wellington, Napier, and New Plymouth lines is estimated at £51,000, and for the whole colony at £275,000.

Among the great crowd which thronged the Christchurch railway station yesterday morning was a Boer boy, who had stowed away on the Waiwera, and who had come to seek a more peaceful life in New Zealand. On the facts being known he was at once taken in hand by the Dunedin volunteers, who intend to look after him, and if possible to turn him out a soldier of the Queen.

Nature, after having specially equipped the spider for the purpose of catching flies, by way of an afterthought, it must be supposed, set to work to produce a fly whose mission in life is to catch—and eat—spiders. When and where first observed is unknown, but as a matter of fact it exists in several parts of New Zealand—notably in the environs of Oamaru. A recent visitor to the "freestone city" says:—"I was much interested and amused in watching the proceedings of the spider-eating fly—a big fellow somewhat after the fashion of the dragon fly, but of more aldermanic proportions behind the waist, and furnished with, besides serviceable mandibles at the one end, a formidable sting at the other. I had thought the friends with whom I was staying were telling me a 'fairy tale' when they spoke of the spider-eating fly, but doubt gave place to astonishment when I saw one of the big-winged and shining black bodied avengers of their species deliberately attack a web fortification, and, capturing the fat garrison of one, proceeded to eat it—rather, to extract, ahem—its juice, with keen relish, its gauzy wings vibrating with pleasure. Whether the—to me—stranger hunts and feeds upon other insects I could not learn, but probably it does so when the supply of succulent spiders runs short. I tried to catch one, but although I had a handkerchief ready to put over him my courage gave way at the thought of the sting, which is said to be more painful and poisonous than that of the bee. Personally I don't like spiders, for they can sting (or bite) too, but am by no means certain that I should prefer an invasion of flies which seem, somehow, to reverse the natural order of things. And what is to become of that tragic story-teller we all learned in infancy. 'Will you walk into my parlour, said the spider to the fly?' 'Won't it want 'Won't you breathe the fresh air said the fly to the spider, or if you won't come out yourself just open the portal wider.'"

The interesting process of catching trout by killing them by exploding dynamite was being carried on in the

Mangatoro River on Friday, when the ranger, Mr Hamilton, appeared on the scene, and legal proceedings will follow. Some of the trout killed were brought to Danesvirke by Mr Hamilton. Two of them were 5lb fish, while another weighed 4lb.—"Advocate."

The Mangaweka correspondent of the "Raungitikei Advocate" reports an unusual case occurring in the local Court. James McDonald was charged, on the information of the police, with having given beer to a lad named Albert Lilley, whereby his life was endangered. The evidence was to the effect that the boy was sent on an errand and did not return. The father returned home at three p.m., and went to Mr McDonald's, and on looking through the window saw his boy and another named Luckey lying on the floor. He went for Constable Black, and not being able to effect an entrance by the door they took out half the window. When they got inside they found accused and the two lads hopelessly drunk. The boy Lilley, being the worst of the two, was given an emetic, he being in a very dangerous state, and was unconscious and frothing at the mouth. Drs. Smith and Jeffries were sent for, and their evidence went to show that the boy Lilley was in a very dangerous condition. McDonald was committed for trial at Wanganui.

A BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION.

Apply Sulpholine Lotion. It drives away pimples, blotches, roughness, redness, and all disfigurements. Sulpholine develops a lovely skin. Is bottled. Made in London.—Advt.

GOOD HEALTH WITHOUT DRUGS.

4.—MOTHERS AND CHILDREN.

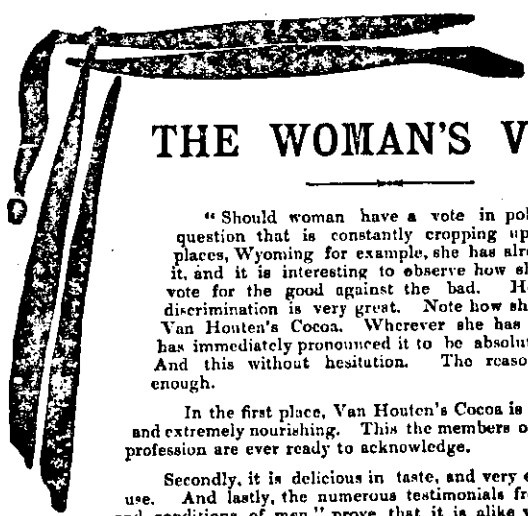
Mothers who would keep their children in good health should give them morning and evening Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa, made with hot milk. Delicate men and women who have weak lungs, to be hale, robust, and healthy, should use Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa morning and evening, and all men who have to be exposed to the bleak uncertainty of our trying climate should fortify themselves before they face their daily toil with Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa, and they can then brave the fury of the elements with equanimity. The writer speaks from personal experience and from observation of beneficial effects on others. Tea opens the pores and temporarily excites; coffee stimulates the action of the heart, whilst Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa gives strength, stamina, and builds up and strengthens the lung tissues. It is indeed a wonderful food beverage. Nothing has ever been discovered that can approach it in giving lightness of heart, joy of life, fleetness of foot, and that general feeling of comfort which only comes from a full capacity to enjoy every pleasure, moral, intellectual and physical.

Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa, in 5jd packets and 1s 1d and 2s 2d tins, can be obtained from all chemists, grocers and stores, or from Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa, Limited, 269, George-street, Sydney. Merit, and merit alone, is what we claim for Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa, and we are prepared to send to any reader (a post card will do) who names the "N.Z. Graphic" a dainty sample tin of Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa.

MOIR'S
ANCHOVY PASTE.

In Tins about 2 ozs.

Manufacturers:
JOHN MOIR & SON, LIMITED,
LONDON, ABERDEEN, & SEVILLE.
Head Office—9 & 10, Great Tower Street, London, E.C.



THE WOMAN'S VOTE.

"Should woman have a vote in politics?" is a question that is constantly cropping up. In some places, Wyoming for example, she has already obtained it, and it is interesting to observe how she uses it to vote for the good against the bad. Her power of discrimination is very great. Note how she appreciates Van Houten's Cocoa. Wherever she has tried it, she has immediately pronounced it to be absolutely the best! And this without hesitation. The reason is evident enough.

In the first place, Van Houten's Cocoa is pure, soluble, and extremely nourishing. This the members of the medical profession are ever ready to acknowledge.

Secondly, it is delicious in taste, and very economical to use. And lastly, the numerous testimonials from "all sorts and conditions of men," prove that it is alike valued in the palace, and prized in the cottage.

The moderate cost places it within the reach of all, for it is less than one farthing per cup; and it is so easily assimilated and digested that all may take it, be they weak or strong.

HAVE YOU TRIED
VAN HOUTEN'S Eating CHOCOLATE?

Current Comment.

WOMEN AND THE WAR.

NEW ZEALAND DEFENCES.

A little Brisbane girl, we are told by "The Worker," stopped the march of the second Queensland contingent to present the captain with a letter inciting him to "make mincemeat of them," the them being of course the Boers. Also gentle mothers are busy writing hysterical letters to the papers demanding more Boer blood at any price, and subscribing to the patriotic fund under various nom de plumes. All throughout this ghastly business one can hear as in a deep undertone the bloodthirsty clamouring of the gentle sex for the slaughter—that sex whose mission on earth is commonly supposed to be to soothe the fevered brow, and to be full of sympathy, and charity, and pity. The long and the short of it is that woman, being a lesser development than man, is in spite of her many good qualities a more vindictive animal, and being a nearer approach to the primitive savage she has still a good deal of the savage lust for blood left in her veins. Also the bands and the uniforms appeal to her stronger than the most powerful logic and put her off her hysterical head, and she doesn't reason about the matter, and she lacks the ballast therefore that reason gives. "Make mincemeat of them!" Surely a fine sentiment this to put into a child's head, and a fine sentiment also for the vile and vulgar daily press to exalt and glorify as emanating from the personification of all innocence and gentleness—a little girl child.

WAR OFFICE BLUNDERS.

It appears that the chief difficulty which stands in the way of the efficiency of the army is the curious system by which Civil servants absolutely devoid of military knowledge are allowed a controlling influence in military affairs. The Secretary for War is almost always a man who has never seen service and who is ignorant of the scientific aspects of the matters under his control. At the best he is a man of business and has a not unpraiseworthy desire to prove his tenure of office to have been economical if not otherwise satisfactory. In addition, there is the constant obstruction on the part of the Treasury, the constant unwillingness to find money for purposes which do not always appeal to the un instructed mind, the constant desire to end the year's business with a balance on the right side. Indeed it is only since the elevation of Lord Wolseley to the supreme control of our military organisation that any real attempt has been made to put an end to our military shortcomings. The result of his labours has been admirable. Few people appreciate the fact that the army now operating in South Africa is double the strength of any which we have put into the field at any period of our history. And yet the military machinery, new and untried as it was, has worked with absolute regularity, except in one particular. That was a matter of clothing. The civilian heads of the War Office, hoping and believing that Mr. Kroug would "climb down," and that it would not be necessary to spend money on war-like precautions, refused to allow khaki clothing to be prepared, with the result that some portion of the army left England in a much worse condition in this respect than the first New Zealand contingent.

MR. SEDDON.

AUCKLAND'S OFFER OF HORSES.

The Government of which he is the chief need not be expected to spend a pound even to further the cause of the Empire unless they are to receive the full credit for so doing. If the people propose, out of a feeling of loyalty and patriotism, to do anything they must do it all. We hope our Auckland friends will not be discouraged, and will not abandon the project simply because of the lack of Government sympathy. Their business is simply to get as much money together as they reasonably can and forward as many horses as the fund will permit of.—Wanganui "Chronicle."

Acting upon the lesson taught by the present war as to the value of mounted infantry (says the "New Zealand Times"), the Government has also resolved to encourage the formation of a number of mounted corps in the country districts. This is an excellent idea, and one that will prove very popular; but probably the Legislature will have to prepare itself for an increase of the defence vote, and especially for a more liberal expenditure on training camps and rifle meetings. While all this is satisfactory as far as it goes, it is to be feared that the strengthening of our defence forces and their better equipment cannot be fully accomplished in time to anticipate European intervention in the Transvaal struggle. The British arms and ammunition factories are all too busy at present to pay immediate heed to colonial orders, so that for present purposes we shall have to rely upon the armaments and ammunition in the colony. Even so, there is no occasion to doubt the ability of this country to repel any invasion that may be directed against it. The Transvaal campaign has demonstrated the enormous advantage enjoyed by an armed force that knows thoroughly the arena of operations and acts on the defensive. The men of New Zealand, even with the obsolete weapons, would be found ready in resource, unflinching in courage and determination, and able to render a good account of the enemy. The achievements of "our boys" in South Africa are an earnest of this, and we feel assured that, when it comes to defending their hearths and homes, the thousands in this country would acquire themselves in a way worthy of their race and its traditions. Stripped of the elements of party animosity and incipient panic the present demand for an immediate increase of the defence forces is proved to have very little, if any, solid reason behind it. Mr. Seddon has shown so much energy, resource and initiative in connection with the raising and equipment of the two contingents for South Africa that the people of New Zealand may with perfect confidence leave the question of defence in his hands.

THE WAR FUNDS.

Is it time for the Committee of our own Patriotic Fund to consider the position, or do they intend to go on receiving money from the public, and sending it Home for certain objects for which it appears there are already sufficient funds available? Since the urgent need for more troops became apparent, we, ourselves, have urged that the most effective way of helping England is not by sending her money, which she does not want, but mounted men, of whom she is certainly in urgent need. We do not know whether this view now commends itself to those who have charge of the Patriotic Fund, but we certainly think that the time has come when they ought to reconsider the position. If they are not disposed to help in fitting out a third contingent, they might consider the propriety of retaining future contributions for the benefit of New Zealand sufferers by the war. The inauguration of the Fund was worthy of all praise, but the circumstances have changed so completely since it was inaugurated, that, in justice to the public, the Committee ought to reconsider the matter in the light of recent events.

COLD STEEL.

With the bayonet "Tommy Atkins" is now, as ever, invincible, declares the Wanganui "Herald," and has in this war shown that for close quarters cold steel is the most convincing argument that can be used, as it is far deadlier than the bullet, seeing that few of those who are wounded with the bayonet about the trunk recover, whereas men with several bullet wounds are quickly convalescent, and ready for active service again in a few weeks; not only that, but many of them during action when struck by Mauser bullets go on fighting for some time, a thing no one could do after receiving a thrust in the body with a bayonet,

the wound from which, if not fatal, would take months perhaps to heal sufficiently to allow of the receiver returning to active duty again.

THE SILENT VOICES.

The Angel of Death—"tenderest, mightiest angel, Azrael"—has already (says the Otago "Daily Times") been busy in the high places of English literature, though the year is but three weeks old. A few days ago it was Martineau, the wise and eloquent; to-day it is Ruskin, still more eloquent, more famous, though perhaps not wiser; certainly more wayward and capricious. One by one they go, the golden-mouthed masters, and, as we mourn them, we are tempted to ask: Are there any really great writers left? Nor need we be counted all to blame for asking such a question; it is no mere croak of the sentimental laudator temporis acti, though, of course, we should be on our guard against the sentimental prejudice. There is a tale told of a once famous Wesleyan preacher, who was fitly rebuked for his melancholy attitude in this respect. In the course of a funeral sermon he waxed ever gloomier and gloomier in recounting the victories of Death, until at last he ventured on the hopeless statement, "All our great men are dead." "Thank God that's a lie!" was a prompt retort of an enthusiastic old lady in the congregation. Well, such a reminder is salutary; and yet—is it applicable just now? Have the literary losses of, say, the final quarter of the century been made up to us by fresh arrivals? George Eliot, Tennyson, Browning, Matthew Arnold, Carlyle, Emerson, Longfellow, William Morris, Dante and Christina Rossetti, Froude, Stevenson, Ruskin. It is a notable list, and who are the successors? Well, there is Kipling, and—but no!—why should we wantonly offend a section of our readers? Each to his taste; opinion is free, and there is no moral sinfulness in the notion that George Eliot's place has been filled by—but there again we stop.

EXCELLENT LEGISLATION.

If there is progress and development in the new method of settling labour difficulties, there is also a compensating balance of conservatism, which is pleasing to the employer who wants to be left alone. Before the passing of the Act employers never knew where they were. They would be threatened with a strike after they had made all their calculations and had entered into contracts for the supply of certain quantities of goods at certain prices, within a given time. A strike or a lock-out would upset all their arrangements and unbalance their businesses. All this is obviated by the Arbitration Court decisions. Manufacturers are now able to make future contracts with confidence, since the awards of the Court usually fix all the conditions of labour for one or two years ahead. In these circumstances it is not difficult to realise that many employers are regarding the Act as affording them immunity from further apprehension; or, as one confessed to Mr. Lloyd, the situation is now one of "perfect comfort." Very soon, we may expect, the last shroud of opposition to the Act will cease, because results have more than justified the anticipations of its advocates and have falsified the prophecies of industrial stagnation and disaster uttered by its opponents. No one, of course, pretends that the prosperity of the past five years have been altogether brought about by legislation. Sufficient that New Zealand continues to prosper and that the good sense of her people makes them submit cheerfully to industrial restrictions and orders of the Court, so that there has been no necessity to invoke the "compulsory" or penal clauses of the Act. So satisfactory on the whole have been the results of our advanced labour legislation that the example we have set is being warmly urged upon the adoption of other countries where industrial warfare is feared alike by masters and men.—"N.Z. Times."

GERMANY AND AFRICA.

There is a persistent rumour, cropping up from time to time in cable messages, and confirmed by much that appears in the publications received by the mail, which goes to show that in the present crisis Germany is not the friend, and would

not object to be the enemy, of Great Britain. The theory is this, that the expansion of England and the growth of her power are stumbling blocks in the path of Germany's advancement. The paramount want of Germany is room for its surplus population, but not merely that. Room there is already and to spare for all the Germans ready to emigrate, but the ground is not German territory, and the Germans feel, or their rulers profess to feel, that the need is pressing for the cultivation of an overseas empire on the English pattern. The Hohenzollern has his dream no less than the Romanoff, and both know that the day is coming when they must fight against each other for the half of Continental Europe. It has been said, and the statement discloses keen insight, that without Austria there can be no Europe. The polyglot dominion of Francis Joseph is, indeed, the keystone of the European arch. In another sense it provides a guarantee against Russian expansion on the one hand and against German aggression on the other. So long as Austria-Hungary remains the flint of the Slav, they cannot well strike the steel of the Teuton.

ON ENGAGEMENTS.

"Courting," said an Irishman, "is like dying; sure a man must do it for himself; and indeed so pleasant is the occupation that it is only those who are abnormally shy who wish to do it by proxy. There is a great difference between flirtation and courtship. The first is attention without intention. It was well described by "Punch" as "a spoon with nothing in it," but the latter, though it may be a "spoon" too, is a spoon with something in it—that is to say, the intention to marry. "Oh, what a recreation it is," exclaimed an Irishman, "to fall in love; it makes the heart beat so delicately that you can't get a wink of sleep for the pleasure of the pain!" "Do you drame of me, Mike?" asked a girl of her young man, also Irish. "Drame of you, is it, me darlin'?" why, I can't get any sleep for dreaming of you." After a while, however, it is felt to be a relief to exchange this painful pleasure, this restless dreaming, for the sweet security of being engaged. No doubt there are human butterflies who flit from flower to flower, who weary of what they possess, and who think no hills green except far off ones. The old measure of wild hunters like Esau is the chase. Very different are home-loving Jacobs. No toil or anxiety is too much for them if they are allowed to put engagement rings on the Rachel's of their choice, and can hope one day to settle down with them. Readers of Charles Kingsley's biography will remember how a friend describes going to see him at his little curate's lodgings, and finding him packing a portmanteau, into which he was jumping in and out and exclaiming, "I'm engaged, I'm engaged, and am off to see her!" Edwin or Jim has proposed to Leonora or Lizzie, and to her father (a not equally pleasant task), and has been accepted. He now establishes a protectorate over the young lady! The wedding will be annexation. Being a protector, he must be perfectly chivalrous and pure-minded. One is expected to give enthusiastic congratulations upon hearing of an engagement, but it is not easy to do this. Will the engagement ever be carried out, or does it mean as little as did Beau Brummell's affair of this sort? He thought it a part of politeness to get engaged to all his lady friends.

THE HON. WILLIAM ROLLESTON.

We are glad to see that the Hon. William Rolleston is not to be allowed to take his departure for England without receiving some expression of the high esteem in which he is held by the people of Canterbury. Happily Mr. Rolleston is not leaving the colony altogether; he is merely paying a visit to the scenes and friends of his youth and early manhood; but it would have been a great disappointment to his fellow-colonists if he had started on his journey without giving them an opportunity to say farewell. It is not necessary to enter the region of politics to find many reasons why the people of Canterbury, indeed, the people of the whole colony, should delight to honour Mr. Rolleston. His services as Superintendent of the Province are notable enough; they form a record of which any public man might well be proud; but they sink into comparative insignificance when compared with his services as a member of Parliament and a Minister of the Crown.

CALLOPE HANDICAP of 100sovs. Six furlongs.

218-Mr G. Wright's b f Alerger, by St. Lager-Brown Alice, 132 (Buccan...

ZEALANDIA HANDICAP of 75 sovs. Five furlongs.

37-Mr H. Frank's br g Tolstoy, by Step...

TAKAPUNA CUP of 200sovs. One and a half miles.

23-Messrs R. and R. Duler's b g Doctor, by Cuirassier-Hune, 5yrs, 6.10 (Kaiser Myster)..... 1

FIRST HACK HANDICAP of 50sovs. Seven furlongs.

15-Mr J. Chaeff's ch e Cadiz, by Nelson-Hestia, 3yrs, 8.4 (J. Chaeff, Jun.)..... 1

FIRST PONY HANDICAP of 75 sovs. Two miles.

35-Mr S. Coombes' ch g Favona, by Regal-Friendship, 5yrs, 8.7 (Buras)..... 1

FIRST PONY HANDICAP.

10-Mr C. Lindsay's b & Trooper, by Tasma-Jockey, 5.5 (Kaiser Myster)..... 1

STEWARDS' HANDICAP of 100sovs. Six furlongs.

191-Mr H. Frank's br g Tolstoy, by Step...

CANTERBURY JOCKEY CLUB'S MID-SUMMER MEETING.

Mr Henry has declared the following weights for the principal event of the Canterbury Jockey Club's meeting:-

his position, but in the run along the back he was joined by Hohoro, and the pair raced neck and neck some lengths in advance of the remainder of the field.

SECOND DAY.

The second day of the meeting will be continued to-day (Wednesday) when a good programme has been drafted.

TO-MORROW'S RACES.

The following acceptances have been received for the principal events to be run on the second day of the meeting which takes place to-morrow (Wednesday):-

Table with 2 columns: Race Name, Participants and Odds. Includes Suburban Handicap of 60sovs. Five furlongs.

Table with 2 columns: Race Name, Participants and Odds. Includes Hurdle Handicap of 12sovs. One mile and three quarters.

Table with 2 columns: Race Name, Participants and Odds. Includes Pony Handicap of 30sovs. Six furlongs.

Table with 2 columns: Race Name, Participants and Odds. Includes Takapuna Jockey Club Handicap of 100sovs. One mile and a quarter.

Table with 2 columns: Race Name, Participants and Odds. Includes Hobson Handicap of 60sovs. Five furlongs.

Table with 2 columns: Race Name, Participants and Odds. Includes Hack Handicap of 50sovs. Five furlongs.

Table with 2 columns: Race Name, Participants and Odds. Includes Anniversary Handicap of 100sovs. Seven furlongs.

Table with 2 columns: Race Name, Participants and Odds. Includes Canterbury Jockey Club's Mid-Summer Meeting.

Table with 2 columns: Race Name, Participants and Odds. Includes The Midsummer Handicap of 30 sovs. 1/2 mile.

CRICKET.

AUCKLAND ASSOCIATION MATCHES.

The only senior match played on Saturday was United v. Gordon, and contrary to the expectations of the majority, who anticipated a close finish, the game ended in a decisive win for United.

In the junior matches in the Domain there was nothing particularly brilliant recorded, though Auckland II, after being behind in the first innings and then making a very bad start in their second innings succeeded in defeating Wanderers after a very interesting contest.

FIRST GRADE.

UNITED V. GORDON.

D. and P. Hay continued batting for United, and very shortly after play started the former was missed by Williams off his own bowling, and a little later on gave a chance of stumping off the same bowler.

as being a monstrous one, as they state, that the ball pitched several inches outside the line of the wickets. After this the Gordon team apparently lost heart and the remaining batsmen collapsed and were all disposed of for 75 runs, leaving United victorious by 175 runs.

Scorecard for United-First Innings and Second Innings, listing players like F. Clayton and D. Hay with their runs and wickets.

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

Table with 4 columns: Ovs., Mdns., Rns., Wkts. for bowlers like Edwards, Dr. Neil, Williams, Kyd, McRae, Kallender.

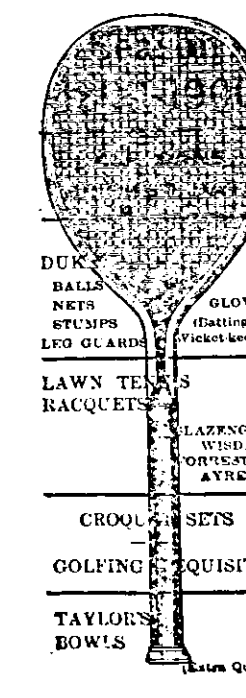
GORDON-Second Innings.

Scorecard for Gordon-Second Innings, listing players like N. Williams and J. Aussenne.

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

Table with 4 columns: Ovs., Mdns., Rns., Wkts. for bowlers like P. Hay, Stemsou, Sloman.

There is a great amount of grumbling amongst the members of the Gordon team over the upping in their match against United. It is stated that in D. Hay's two innings he was appealed against no less than six or seven times for legs out on at least three or four of these occasions.



E. PORTER & CO., Queen and High Streets, AUCKLAND.

YOUTH All-Cane CRICKET BATS, 6s., 6s. 7s. WISDEN'S Men's, 10s. 12s. 15s. 18s. 21s. CRAWFORD'S Patent Excelsior WARSOP'S Superior, 22s. 6s. Selected, 27s. DARE'S Cork Handle, 28s. GROVES' Compressed Treble Rubber, 17s. 6d.

DUKES BALLS, 8s. 10s. Special, Match, and Gut-Sewn, 4s. 6s. 7s. 8s. Eclipse and Compo., 10s. 12s. 3s. 4s.

LEG GUARDS-Skeleton, Kip and Gold Calf Batting and Wicket-keeping GLOVES SURREY SHIELDS NETS

TENNIS RACQUETS-E.G.M., Demon, and Demco Special E.P.M. Pelican, Fish Lice, Ronshaw, Vow, Etc. Etc. and Selected Champion Club Match Standard Sinder Unicorn Alliance

AYRES' Klougator and Fresno

SLAZENGER'S Best TENNIS BALLS FORRESTER'S Faultless Ball (Guaranteed) FORRESTER'S Champion Under-sew

MARKERS NETS and NET WINDERS GRIP-PAST HANDLES BALL CASES MARKING PINS PRESSERS

Then when Gordon were battling there were two queer decisions. The decision in Kallendar's case has already been referred to, and finally Kyd was given out caught when spectators state that the fieldsmen was standing outside the boundary. In this case the umpire decided the question solely on the statement of the fieldsmen, who said he was inside. It must not be thought that there is the slightest intention of imputing that P. Hay, the fieldsmen in question, willfully misled the umpire, as no doubt he really thought he was "in bounds" when he caught the ball. However, as a matter of fact, as he made the catch Hay, unconsciously, no doubt, moved forward a pace or two, and so until then did he look down to see where he was standing. In any case, when any doubt arose, surely the batsman was entitled to the benefit of it.

Though no doubt there was more dissatisfaction expressed over the umpiring in this match, it is not by any means a single case, as there have been numerous complaints this season about the qualifications of the umpires supplied by the Association. One gentleman recently, who had apparently passed the "three score years and ten" limit, in an appeal for caught at the wicket, said that he could not hear it, though the click was clearly heard by the spectators fifty or sixty yards away. On still another occasion an umpire absolutely refused to move a little to one side when asked by the batsman to do so, as he was behind the bowler's arm.



SECOND GRADE.

Y.M.C.A. (A) v. North Shore.—After a very exciting game Y.M.C.A. won by 2 wickets and 5 runs. Y.M.C.A.—First innings, 117. Second innings—8 wickets for 63 (R. Wheatley 17, Clark 19, W. Bell 10). North Shore—First innings 25. Second innings—150 (H. H. Smith 13, Cave 30, Goudie 27, W. McKenzie 24, C. P. Smith 11). Bowling for Y.M.C.A. G. Stephenson took 7 wickets for 39.

Auckland v. Wanderers.—Auckland won by 25 runs. Auckland—First innings 106; second innings 103 (Cossey 11, Colwill 10, E. McCormick 33 (not out), E. C. Beale 19, A. Grindrod 11). Wanderers—First innings 116; second innings 68 (Lavers 19, S. Mills 17, Waddingham 10). Bowling analysis: For Wanderers Wakely took two wickets for 39 runs, S. Mills four for 23, Waddingham two for 14. For Auckland St. Paul took three wickets for 28, Airey one for 11, McCormick one for 9, Cossey three for 16.

United v. Y.M.C.A. (B).—Y.M.C.A. won by 70 runs. Y.M.C.A.—First innings 68; second innings 81 (E. Stephenson 17). United—First innings 49; second innings 50. Bowling analysis: For United Robinson took five wickets for 10 runs, Anderson two for 19, Lambert one for 8, Coom one for 24. For Y.M.C.A. Wilkinson took five wickets for 15 runs, B. Murdoch two for 10, F. Murdoch one for 2.

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.

NORTHERN BOWLING ASSOCIATION.

WELCOME TO VISITING BOWLERS.

There was a large and representative muster of Auckland bowlers present at the Auckland Bowling Club greens on Saturday last to welcome the visiting bowlers who had put in an appearance from various portions of the North Island to assist at the Northern Bowling Association Century Tournament. Soon after half-past two o'clock Mr. J. Kirker, president of the Auckland Bowling Association took a prominent place in front of the pavilion, and gathered next to him were Messrs Wm. Gorrie, J. Kirkwood, Hugh Campbell, Kingswell, W. Lambert, Arthur M. Myers, T. Finlayson, Dr. Hooper, A. Holden, A. W. Thomson, and many others.

Mr Kirker, on behalf of the Auckland bowlers, gave the visitors a hearty welcome. He regretted the absence of Mr Spurdle, of Wanganui, representative of the North Island Bowling Association, but in his substitute, Mr. A. W. Thomson, vice-president, they had a genial and popular bowler, who

would perform the duties well. He was sorry some of the clubs were not represented, notably Wanganui and Taranaki, but they had their old friend Mr J. Paul with them, and players would be able to look on his genial face on the green next week. Mr Paul was a host in himself. He regretted the teams from Australia were not with them that afternoon, but it was felt that to put off the welcome would have seriously cut into the time. However, their welcome would be none the less hearty on their arrival, for complete arrangements had been made for the entertainment of visitors. Mr Kirker concluded by giving all a hearty welcome, and said he hoped that the best teams would win. Three cheers were then called for the visiting bowlers, which were heartily responded to.

Mr A. W. Thomson replied. He said that it fell upon him, on behalf of the Northern Bowling Association of New Zealand, and in the unavoidable absence of their president (Mr Spurdle, of Wanganui), to thank the bowlers of Auckland for the very hearty reception they had given that day to the visiting bowlers from the South, and by implication to those also from New South Wales. From what the visitors had seen and heard of the arrangements for the Century Tournament they had no doubt that everything that wisdom and experience could devise would be done to promote the convenience and comfort of the visitors, and to add to their pleasure at this function. Those bowlers who had visited Auckland on like occasions in former years were aware of the good reputation the Auckland clubs enjoyed for kindness and generous hospitality to their visitors, and at this tournament Auckland would be no exception, fully maintain its excellent character in that respect. He must not take up "too much green"—(laughter)—but "go narrow and firm for the jack," provided he had "back bowls." Well, his back bowls were to give a few concise details regarding the tournament to commence in Auckland on Monday, 20th inst. The Northern Bowling Association consisted of 26 clubs, and he was informed by the secretary (Mr Mentiplay) there was a further probable accession of strength this year. (Applause.) At the tournament there were 16 clubs represented, and 128 players. The clubs taking part in the contest were: Wellington, Hawera, Hastings, Bluff Hill, Napier, Gisborne, Feilding, Palmerston North, Sydney, Newcastle (New South Wales), Auckland, Ponsonby, Remuera, Newmarket, Devonport, Mount Eden. In conclusion he would call upon the visitors to give the three cheers for the bowlers of the Auckland district, and three cheers also for the local committee arranging and preparing for the visitors' comforts, coupled with the name of their worthy and indefatigable president (Mr James Kirker). This was done very heartily.

A friendly match was then arranged of 12 rinks, Allcomers v. Auckland teams (in which the men of the latter were selected from the various local clubs). The result of the match was that the Allcomers defeated the Aucklanders by 35 points, the totals being respectively 265 and 220 points.

- The following are the scores:—
 No. 1 Rink.—Allcomers: Curtis, Goodbehere, Sandilands, Young (skip), 13, v. Auckland: Dutton, Perrett, Lawrence, C. G. Brookes (skip), 24.
 No. 2 Rink.—Dingle, McKenzie, Gray, Bull (skip), 13, v. Edmiston, Prime, J. W. Geddis, Kirker (skip), 27.
 No. 3 Rink.—Thomson, Leithbridge, Bray, Saywell (skip), 13, v. Stichbury, A. Myers, Ross, Ledingham (skip), 26.
 No. 4 Rink.—Budley, J. Thomson, Crawley, Tabuteau (skip), 29, v. Gottle, Morran, Haslett, H. Brookes (skip), 19.
 No. 5 Rink.—J. Syme, Haughey, G. Syme, Pallington (skip), 17, v. Mackenzie, Woodhead, Hooper, Holden (skip), 13.
 No. 6 Rink.—Davidson, Connell, Parkinson, Tait (skip), 14, v. Butt, Steadman, Dr. Hooper, Culpan (skip), 23.
 No. 7 Rink.—Sir Ed. Gibbes, D. McLean, Russell, N. McLean (skip), 22, v. Butler, Towsey, Edwards, A. W. Thomson (skip), 14.
 No. 8 Rink.—Reich, Bell, Mentiplay, Ballinger (skip), 39, v. Thorua, Finlayson, Crawford, J. J. Holland (skip), 15.
 No. 9 Rink.—Frazer, Barrett, Bayley, Dixon (skip), 16, v. W. S. Jones, Squirrel, Rhodes, Tudhope (skip), 21.
 No. 10 Rink.—Holt, Simmons, Bennett, Lyons (skip), 40, v. D. Ross, Morrison, Dunstun, H. Campbell (skip), 14.
 No. 11 Rink.—Young, Balck, Haybittle, Nash (skip), 24, v. Hignham, Morley, Shackelford, Gorrie (skip) 20

No. 12 Rink.—Thacker, Russell, Bunting, Mowlem (skip), 21, v. Lasser, McMaster, Purchas, Pettie (skip), 15.
Total—Allcomers 265; Auckland, 230. Majority for Allcomers, 35.

When the result was announced by Mr Kirker, three cheers were called by the Aucklanders for the Allcomers, and these were heartily reciprocated by the former.

Mrs Hugh Campbell (wife of the President of the Auckland (Grafton) Club, assisted by a number of lady friends, dispensed afternoon tea.

The Newton Band, under Bandmaster Macmahon, performed a programme of selections during the afternoon.



MEETING OF TOURNAMENT COMMITTEE.

A meeting of the Tournament Committee took place on Saturday evening at the Metropolitan Hotel. Mr A. W. Thomson (vice-president of the North Island Bowling Association) presided. There was a large attendance. Mr James Kirker made a suggestion, which he submitted for the approval of the committee, as tending in the way of entertaining the visitors. He said if a match were played, Australia v. New Zealand, he had no objection to his green being used for the purpose. Members of clubs would be guests. The match would be played on Saturday afternoon at half-past two, and a steamer would leave Queen street Wharf at 2 p.m., which would enable the visitors to see the harbour, calling at the Ponsonby Wharf, which was adjacent to his grounds, at 3 p.m. or a quarter past three, and thus enable them to see the finish of the intercolonial match. A resolution was passed, on the motion of Mr Ballantyne, seconded by Mr Gorrie, thanking Mr Kirker for his hospitable offer, and approving of the proposed arrangements, which would admit of the match being played on a first-class green. The Secretary (Mr Mentiplay) was instructed to convey the thanks of the committee to Mr Kirker. It was decided to commence the first round of the competition for Stewart Dawson and Co.'s clocks on Saturday forenoon, so as to enable the contest to be finished in good time on Tuesday Thursday evening next at 8 p.m. There are likely to be a large number of entries. It was resolved that the entrance money be divided into two equal moieties, the one-half to be awarded to the runners-up, and the remaining moiety to be divided to the other runners-up as third and fourth prizes. The money is to be expended in the purchase of trophies. The following committees were appointed to take charge of the greens:—Auckland (Grafton), Messrs D. Ross, Simmons, A. W. Thomson (secretary); Ponsonby, Messrs Esam, J. Butts, J. Blades (secretary); with power to appoint substitutes. Mr Thomson announced that in the way of entertaining visitors there would be a smoke concert on Friday evening in the Choral Hall, and that he would on Thursday entertain the wives and lady friends of visiting bowlers by taking them to Lake Takapuna, where there would be afternoon tea.



The Bowling Tournament, held under the guidance of the North Island Bowling Association, opened at the Auckland (Grafton) and Ponsonby Club's rinks on Monday last, great interest being taken in the event by all local and visiting bowlers. Eight rinks were reserved on each ground; the wind somewhat interfered with play on the Ponsonby ground.

At the Grafton Road Green play commenced at 9 o'clock. There was a large attendance of bowlers, and also of visitors, who watched the play with the keenest interest. Their green was very keen, and at times a gust of wind slightly interfered with the calculations of players. Play commenced with a full green of eight rinks, 64 players in all. On the upper green also there were a number of scratch matches played, so that the ground presented a very gay scene. Every arrangement was made for the entertainment of visitors, marquees having been erected for the supply of refreshments. One was for the accommodation of bowlers only. In another on the Domain side of the green Mr Stillwell provided luncheon in his accustomed style, while the matter of supplying afternoon tea and refreshments to lady visitors was in the hands of Mrs G. Kent, of Newmarket, Mrs Louisa Myers (mother of the Vice-President of the Auckland Club) and Mrs W. Coleman courteously presiding at the tables.

At the Ponsonby Bowling Club's green, Jervois Road, six rinks were

occupied with tournament matches to-day. Play commenced at 9 a.m., and was continued throughout the day. The arrangements, which were carried out under the direction of Mr Jas. Kirker, president of the local Bowling Association, were admirable, and gave complete satisfaction. Luncheon and refreshments were served in a large marquee, and a tent was erected for the convenience of the players, while afternoon tea and light refreshments were provided in the pavilion. The installation of a telephone in the pavilion proved a boon to the bowlers, who were thus able to communicate with the Auckland Green, and learn how the games were proceeding there.



The following are the names of teams representing the various clubs engaged in the tournament:—

- Wellington: Sir Ed. Gibbes, Messrs D. McLean, J. Russell, N. McLean (skip); J. Reich, N. Bell, J. H. Mentiplay, T. Ballinger (skip).
 Hawera: Messrs J. Syme, J. Davidson, G. Syme, C. E. Pallington (skip); A. Haughey, J. Connell, W. A. Parkinson, H. Tait (skip).
 Hastings: Messrs F. Clarke, D. O'Reilly, J. Holt, J. Bentson (skip); P. Martin, G. Land, F. Hazard, G. Ellis (skip).
 Bluff Hill (Napier): Messrs Webster, C. W. Badley, Simpson, W. J. Tabuteau (skip); Bull, H. A. Banner, A. Kennedy, E. Paullly (skip).
 Napier: Messrs Smith, J. P. Smith, Lucas, Evans (skip); Bridy, Cherry, Yates, Stubbs (skip).
 Gisborne: W. Hennessy, S. Humphries, W. Gaudin, J. Ponsford (skip); C. W. Ferris, W. Petry, McGowan, J. Coleman (skip).
 Feilding: Messrs P. Thomson, T. F. Lethbridge, C. Bury, G. H. S. Saywell (skip); A. B. Curtis, E. Goodbehere, W. A. Sandeland, R. Young (skip).
 Palmerston North: Messrs Thacker, J. R. Russell, F. W. Bunting, F. Mowlem (skip); J. Young, J. L. Buick, H. Haybittle, J. A. Nash (skip).
 Auckland (Grafton): Messrs J. V. Carlaw, R. James, G. M. Handcock, J. Carlaw (skip); A. Hegman, J. Mennie, W. Lambert, W. Ledingham (skip).
 Ponsonby: Messrs D. Stewart, A. S. Russell, A. Littler, R. Ballantyne (skip); J. Court, Jas. Stichbury, A. Courts, T. Brown (skip).
 Remuera: Messrs D. E. Clerk, F. W. Court, D. M. Dingwall, G. W. Court (skip); J. M. Geddis, Maxfield, A. Holden, J. M. Laxon (skip).
 Newmarket: Messrs H. C. Haselden, W. Southwell, G. H. Laurie, J. Kilgour (skip); C. G. Laurie, H. Kent, A. Brookes, H. Brookes (skip).
 Mount Eden: Messrs H. O. Brown, G. F. Brimblecombe, J. Coe, A. F. Hooper (skip); C. Hudson, D. G. Burns, C. G. Brookes, R. R. Ross (skip).
 Devonport: Messrs G. H. Brookes, John Taylor, J. Stewart, J. W. Harrison (skip); Harry Nicol, G. Glenister, M. Nicol, R. Eagleton (skip).
 Sydney: Messrs Sheather, Follock, Horrocks, Hannigan (skip); Giles, Gordon, Rogers, Porter (skip).
 Newcastle: Bruce, Warren (subs.), Richmond, Hardie (skip); Josephson, Elphinstone, Harris, Barnes (skip).



The following is the result of the games played up to the third round for the banner, the aggregates of the two teams being counted:—

- FIRST ROUND.**
 Auckland beat Ponsonby by 16 points
 Remuera beat Palmerston North by 1 point
 Wellington beat Gisborne by 8 points
 Feilding beat Mount Eden by 13 points
 Napier beat Hawera by 12 points
 Newmarket received a bye from Newcastle
 Bluff Hill beat Hastings by 10 points
 Sydney beat Devonport by 11 points
- SECOND ROUND.**
 Hastings beat Hawera by 9 points
 Wellington beat Bluff Hill 14 points
 Ponsonby beat Napier by 10 points
 Auckland beat Gisborne by 5 points
 Palmerston North beat Newcastle by 9 points
 Newmarket beat Devonport by 1 point
 Sydney beat Mount Eden by 6 points
 Remuera beat Feilding by 5 points
- THIRD ROUND.**
 Wellington beat Hawera by 43 points
 Remuera beat Newcastle by 4 points
 Gisborne beat Bluff Hill by 28 points
 Feilding beat Sydney by 8 points
 Napier beat Auckland by 5 points
 Palmerston North beat Devonport by 12 points
 Ponsonby beat Hastings by 24 points
 Newmarket beat Mount Eden by 6 points

The following ode to bowlers, written by Mr John McGlashan for the Tournament of 'M. might well be repeated here:—

THE BOWLING TOURNAMENT.

AN ODE TO BOWLERS.

For weeks an' weeks a-fore the time, We start to prepare, To mak' o' bowlin' Tournament A really grand affair.

Then Committees for this an' that Was made frae day to day; An' a' was done by Joe an' frien' To get it under way.

That summer morn was scarcely born Before we had begun; An' lika man put to his ban, Preparin' for the fun.

They brought a tent that some ane lent, We tried to keep it straight; An' pots an' pans, an' grates an' stans O'naist enormous weight.

We'd flags on poles, an' flags themselfs Hung round about the wa; Some thought "this here," some thought "that there," Would mak' the place look brae.

Some ca'd the roller up an' down, Some ran about the banks; Some dug out holes for haulin' poles, An' some nailed up the planks.

Some cried, "dae this," some cried, "dae that," Some cried that baith was wrang; An' some seemed cruin' at theirsel's Tae help the work along.

Then cairns an' cabs, wi' bowls an' slabs, Was stantin' round the door; An' down in came frae far an' near, An' gathered by the score.

We'd biscuit thin frae Gray an' Dunn's, An' kists o' bundled tea; An' staks o' loaves o' scamin' roon', An' cauds o' hame-made cheese.

We'd hampers crammed wi' lemonade, An' jars o' Mountain Dew; An' lots o' beer, baith brisk an' clear, To stak each tustly mou.

Then bowls an' jacks, an' chalk an' mats, Men tearin' here—men tearin' there— Men gie'n their bowls a ceau.

Some lost their coats, some wet their throats, While some begin to play; Some gang to draw, to see which twa Will meet to play that day.

Then after mony oot an' ins, At last they get begun; An' folks a' dressed up in their best Stan' roon' tae see the fun.

Then some gets ane, an' some gets mair— Some measurin' for twa; Some's sowin' angry at their men, Some's laivin' doon the law.

Some ramp an' stamp, an' stamp an' ramp, Because the bowls' ower far; Some roars, "Come in," some roars, "Keep out," Some roars, "Stop whaur you are."

Some's growlin' here, some's praisin' there, Bath up an' doon the green; Some's ca'd the best, some's ca'd the worst, That ever stood in shoos.

No. 2 Rink: Perkins, G. Cozema, A. C. Stevenson, H. S. Ruddock (skip), 17; v. Dr. Erson, N. Gamble, Rev. G. B. Munro, R. A. Bodle (skip), 22.

No. 3 Rink: Woolcott, E. B. Valle, F. Sanderson, G. Heron (skip), 9; v. E. Burton, W. Frater, D. W. McLean, J. M. Lennox, (skip), 23.

No. 4 Rink: Club fours—Dr. Laishley, Garland, T. Wilson, G. H. Laurie (skip), 18; v. H. V. Collins, A. Kent, C. Spooner, A. H. Brookes (skip), 16.

No. 5 Rink: Club pairs—Dr. Laishley, H. C. Haselden (skip), 17; v. H. V. Collins, Geo. Cutler (skip), 24.

Champion Singles: C. Spooner 27; v. W. Southwell, 33; C. Tims, 25; v. A. Anderson, 32.

No. 1 Rink: La Roche, Owen, Jones, Brown (skip), 23; v. Eady, Newland, Esam, Pooley (skip), 16.

No. 2 Rink: Smith, Hedstone (skip), 15; v. Pawcett, Tregaskis (skip), 17.

No. 3 Rink: Bockaert, Napier, Ericsson, Symms (skip), 17; v. Ker, Ferguson, Leherre, H. Niccol (skip), 29.

No. 4 Rink: D. Miller, Webster, Gardner, Stewart (skip), 15; v. Taylor, Bennett, Twentyman, Brookes (skip), 34.

No. 5 Rink: Armstrong, Creeth, Montgomery, Harrison (skip), 16; v. Mitchell, Murchie, Glenister, Craig-mille (skip), 14.

No. 6 Rink: Ricketts, Napier, Ericsson, Symms (skip), 17; v. Ker, Ferguson, Leherre, H. Niccol (skip), 29.

No. 7 Rink: D. Miller, Webster, Gardner, Stewart (skip), 15; v. Taylor, Bennett, Twentyman, Brookes (skip), 34.

No. 8 Rink: Ricketts, Napier, Ericsson, Symms (skip), 17; v. Ker, Ferguson, Leherre, H. Niccol (skip), 29.

No. 9 Rink: D. Miller, Webster, Gardner, Stewart (skip), 15; v. Taylor, Bennett, Twentyman, Brookes (skip), 34.

No. 10 Rink: Ricketts, Napier, Ericsson, Symms (skip), 17; v. Ker, Ferguson, Leherre, H. Niccol (skip), 29.

No. 11 Rink: D. Miller, Webster, Gardner, Stewart (skip), 15; v. Taylor, Bennett, Twentyman, Brookes (skip), 34.

No. 12 Rink: Ricketts, Napier, Ericsson, Symms (skip), 17; v. Ker, Ferguson, Leherre, H. Niccol (skip), 29.

Three clubs without a loss the first day of the Tournament, viz:—Wellington, Remuera, Newmarket.

Arrangements and management of the Tournament for the comfort of bowlers and visitors a great success.

Mr J. Blades, secretary, worked energetically in connection with the arrangements for the tournament.

GOLF NOTES.

(By Bogey.)

Hard ground and tricky putting greens are still the order of the day, but in spite of both troubles a large number of players are golfing. The pond at the long wall is perfectly dry, and the grazing tenants are seizing the opportunity of digging out the pond to a depth of 5 feet in order to give a greater depth of water for the stock in dry weather.

Mr Musson was so pleased with the results attained by Cheung's fescue on several of the greens that he took back with him a quantity of this hardy yet fine grass in order to try its effect on some of the Sydney greens. It does very well on light soils, and forms a beautiful solid yet fine turf when it once gets a firm hold, and I should think it would do very well on some of the light Australian soils.

A very good move has been taken by the committee of the Auckland Golf Club in providing for the use of the club a book which is called the "fluter's book."

Mr Josephson, brother of the Josephson who visited our tournament about four years ago, is a player for the Newcastle team.

Saynell (Feilding) was a host in himself at the end of the rink, and Peter Thomson did his part well on the lead.

Young, the other Feilding skip, I have seen play better; but he wants two or three games out of him before he warms up to his work.

Sydney has the name of playing short heads and drawing only, but Hannigan, the skip, has shown the Auckland players he can drive as well as draw, and full length of the green at that.

Huselden (Newmarket) has been put on the lead, and I consider he is now in his place. His drawing on Monday was good.

A very pleasing little event took place on the Mount Eden Bowling Green on the eve of the tournament. J. M. Morran, Esq., J.P., senior vice-president of the club, called the members elected to represent the district at the tournament together, and presented each with a tie of the club's colours.

J. Carlaw (Grafton) skipping against T. Brown (Ponsonby) had a real tussle for supremacy, tanking a drawn game by drawing the shot with his last bowl. T. B. is no slouch of a skip, and should have been given a chance to skip long before this. Carlaw also played a tie against Evans, one of the Napier skips.

OTHER MATCHES ON SATURDAY.

PONSONBY CLUB.

No. 8 Rink: J. J. Payne, T. Mitchell, J. Moutague, J. Beroff (skip), 20; v. D. J. Wright, G. H. Webb, H. Munro, R. J. Hurdall (skip), 16.

No. 9 Rink: J. Courtis, J. H. Hudson, A. Bartlett, A. Littler (skip), 15; v. G. Easton, J. B. Massey, W. J. Rees, T. Watson (skip), 25.

No. 10 Rink: C. Blomfield, D. B. McDonald, J. Newall, A. Stewart (skip), 17; v. J. Court, J. Buckman, A. Courtis, T. Brown (skip), 24.

No. 11 Rink: Niccol, Captain Dader, M. Ross, D. Stewart (skip), 17; v. G. Ramson, B. Keals, J. Ramson, J. C. Robinson (skip), 18.

REMUEA CLUB.

No. 1 Rink: D. E. Clark, F. W. Court, D. M. Dingwall, G. Court (skip), 15; v. Rev. W. Beatty, H. Maxfield, R. Hall, J. M. Lawson (skip), 26.

WHY SHOULD I BUY a Bevel Gear Chainless Bicycle when a chain wheel costs less?

- 1. Because under ordinary conditions the bevel gears run easier than the chain. This is for the reason that the bevel gears are always free from grit, mud, and dust, and are always perfectly lubricated. 2. Because, owing to the peculiar strength and rigidity of the chainless bicycle, no jerking, jerky cramps or twisms under any strain that is put upon it. This accounts for the supremacy of the Chainless in hill climbing. 3. Because, owing to the absence of the side pull of the chain, the frame never gets out of line unless as the result of a serious accident. In this latter case the bevel gears are quite as likely to emerge in a useful condition as the chain and sprockets. It is usually the rider of the chainless who goes on first after a road race smash up. 4. Because the chainless calls for less attention than the chain wheel. To clean the chainless is a very easy task, which is desirable for preserving its appearance. Neglect does not impair the running qualities of the gearings. 5. Because the bevel gear construction is peculiarly simple, direct, and effective, calling for relatively few separate parts. This ensures freedom from breakage and from annoying accidents. 6. Because the bevel gear chainless is by far the handsomest wheel on the market.

PRICE, £25.

With Westwood Steel Rims and Dunlop Tyres.

YEREX & JONES CO., VICTORIA STREET, WELLINGTON.

Sole Agents for the Famous Columbia Bicycles, Chain and Chainless.

FOR BEEF TEA SOUPS, SAUCES AND GRAVIES

ASK FOR (and see that you get) GEAR COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT

Made solely from Cattle passed by the Government Veterinary Inspector. Guaranteed Absolutely Pure and of the Very Highest Quality. 1s. Per Jar. From Stores, Chemists, &c. 1s. Throughout the Colony.

NO COMBING OFFERS OR CONDITIONS TO COMPETE WITH. FREE. FREE. FREE. In order to introduce our Goods into every home, a Ladies' or Gent's Mexican Silver Watch Chain and Pendant will be presented entirely free to each purchaser of one pair of our Special Cuff Links, price 4/6. Please note that we send the Watch Chain and Pendant complete in case with warranty, along with the Cuff Link. Immediately we receive your P.O. or stamps for 4/6. If three stamps extra are enclosed, goods will be sent by registered post, and thereby save any risk of breakage. Address: Introdueff' Company, Box 458, Auckland, New Zealand.

TESTIMONIAL. Cuba-st., Wellington. Dear Sirs,—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. MOORE.

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 by eminent physicians, surgeons, etc. use it themselves, and give it to their children. Invaluable for indigestion, diarrhoea, influenza, fevers, etc. Indispensable as a preventative; Keep it in the house, it will save many an illness. BRAGG'S CHARCOAL POWDER, BISCUITS AND LOZENGES. OF ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES.

BATES'S SALVE. Established 80 years. The Household Remedy. For instantly relieving Pain, and curing Rheumatism, Red Swellings, Boils, Burns, Scalds, and All Sores. NOTHING TOUCHES BATES'S SALVE. Proprietors and Manufacturers, BATES & Co., 1 Regent Sq., London, W.C.

*New Zealand's - -
- - Second Contingent.*

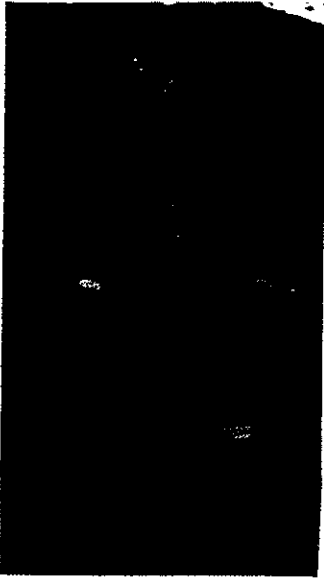
Some Pictures taken during the last days spent at Newtown Camp.



Photos. by R. H. Hooper.



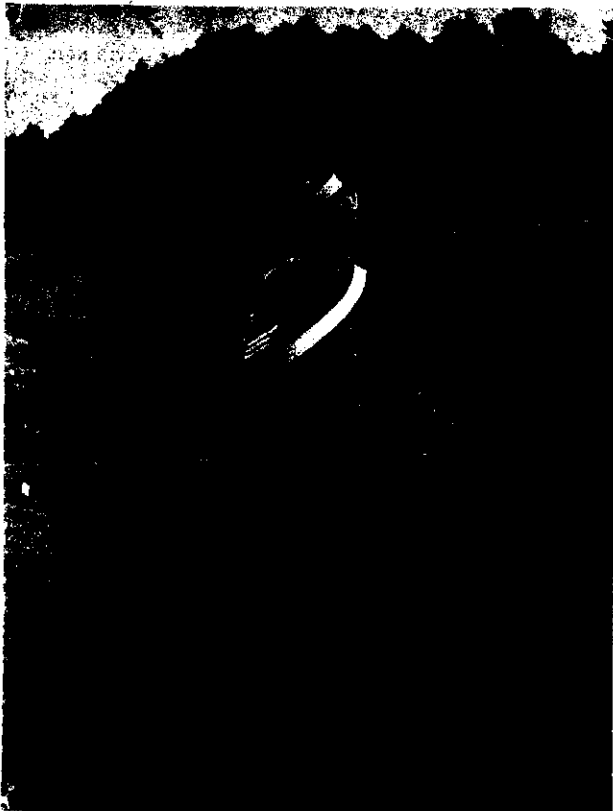
THE VICE-REGAL PARTY.



A BUDDING MILITAIRE.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE CAMP, NEWTOWN PARK.



Feeny, Photo. SERGEANT-MAJOR FREETH, D BAT. Sergeant-Major of the Second Contingent.



A GLIMPSE AT THE MEN'S DUNKS ON BOARD THE WAIWERA.



THE LAST MEN OF THE CONTINGENT LEFT IN CAMP.



THE CONTINGENT AT PLAY.—Mrs RHODES' "AT HOME."—THE TUG OF WAR.

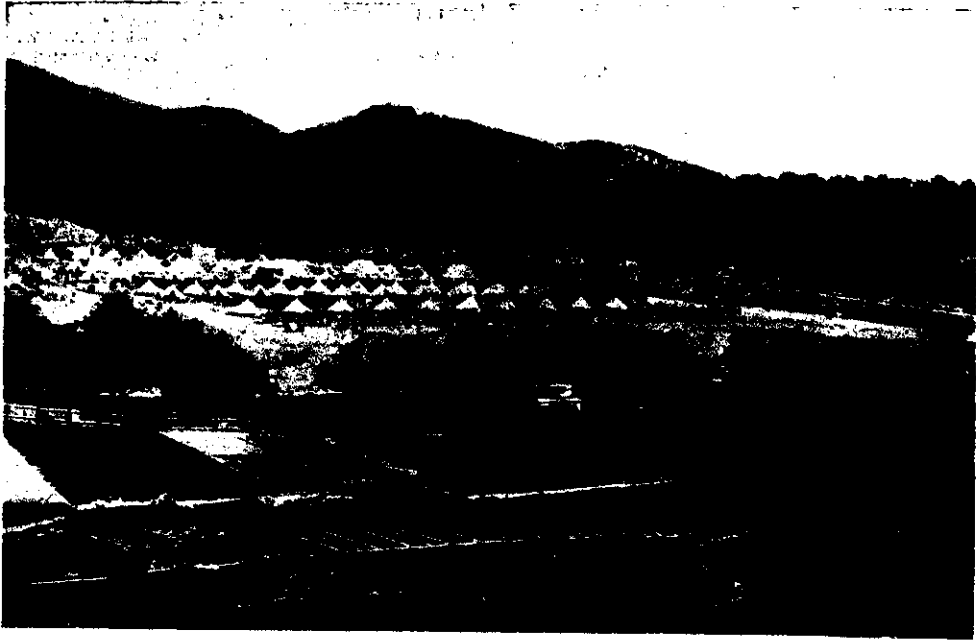


THE CONTINGENT MARCHING PAST THE GOVERNOR.



Photos. by R. H. Hooper.

THE NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS OF THE SECOND CONTINGENT.



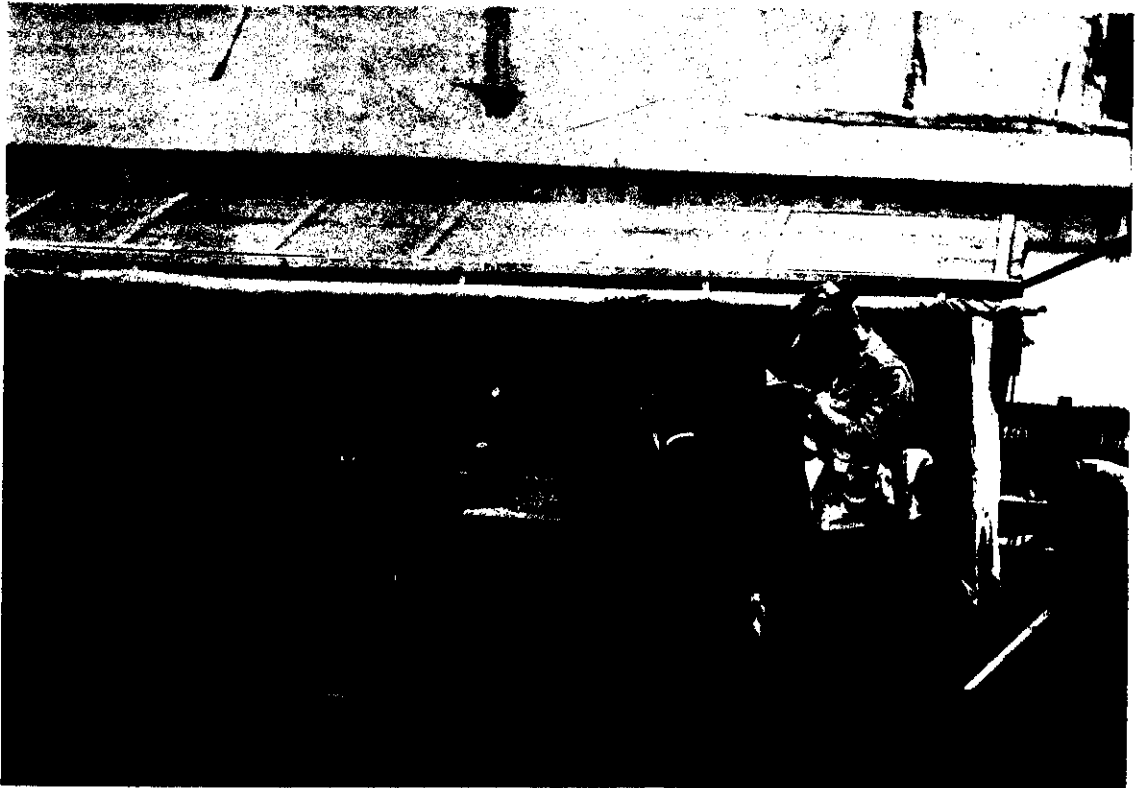
BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF CAMP.—GUARD TENT AT EXTREME RIGHT.



THE PREMIER MAKING PRESENTATION OF HUMANE SOCIETY'S MEDAL TO TROOPER LONDON, OF TAURANGA.



THE VETERANS.



SOME OF THE HORSE STALLS ON THE S.S. WAIWERA.

The Departure of the Second Contingent from Wellington.

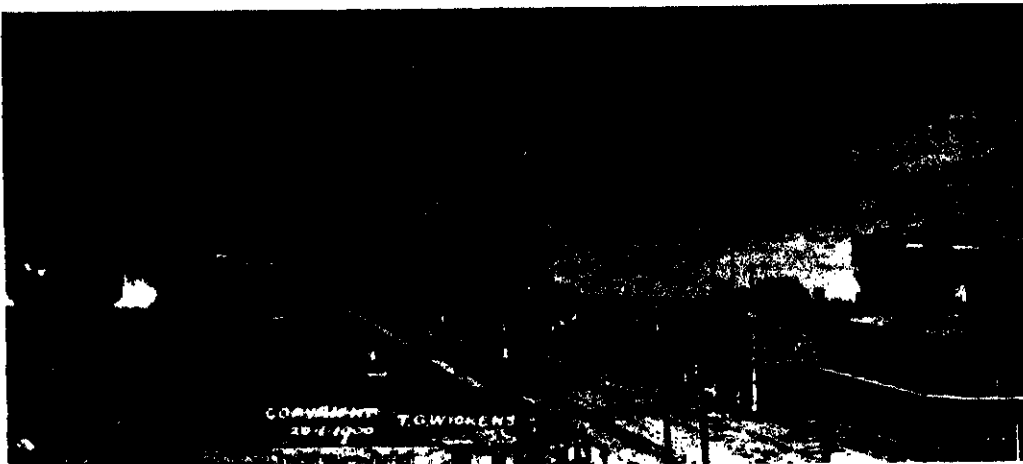


THE CONTINGENT BEING ADDRESSED BY THE PREMIER.



THE CONTINGENT MARCHING ON BOARD THE WAIWERA.

Photos. by Prouse.



WAIWERA STEAMING FROM THE WHARF.

CHEATED OF GLORY

GENERALS WHO HAVE FALLEN IN THE MOMENT OF VICTORY.

The death of Sir William Penn Symons unhappily adds another name to the illustrious roll of leaders who have fallen in the moment of victory. Some of the most distinguished of these may be briefly mentioned here.

John Graham, of Claverhouse, Viscount Dundee, who led the Jacobite Highlanders against the forces of William the Third, at Killiecrankie, received his death wound as he was waving on his cavalry to charge the broken English regiments.

A bullet struck him beneath the cuirass; as he fell from his saddle a soldier named Johnstone caught him in his arms. "How goes the day?" said the dying hero. "Well for King James," answered the soldier, "but I am sorry for your lordship." "If it goes well with him it matters the less for me," said Dundee, and they were the last words he ever spoke.

James Wolfe, the hero of Quebec, was another notable instance of a leader falling in the hour of his triumph. On the night of September 12th, 1759, he, with five thousand men, silently descended the heights of Abraham in the darkness (a feat which has had few parallels in war), drew up his forces on the plains above, and forced Montcalm, the French General, to give battle. While leading a charge of Grenadiers Wolfe had one of his wrists shattered by a shot, but wrapping a handkerchief round it he kept on.

Another shot struck him, but he still advanced, when a third lodged in his breast. He fell down in a swoon. As he returned to consciousness, he heard someone near him exclaim: "They run; see how they run!" "Who run?" asked Wolfe eagerly. "The enemy; they give way everywhere!" was the reply. With a sigh of relief, the dying General turned on his side and, murmuring "Now God be praised, I will die in peace," breathed his last. His gallant rival, the French General, Montcalm, was also mortally wounded, and only survived Wolfe by a few hours.

Sir Ralph Abercromby purchased the glory of his great victory over the French at Alexandria on March 21st, 1801, at the cost of his life. Ever reckless in his contempt of danger, he was riding in front of his men when a musket bullet struck him in the thigh.

"What have you placed under my head?" asked the wounded General, as they laid him down on the field of battle.

"Only a soldier's blanket," was the answer.

"Only a soldier's blanket!" said Abercromby irritably. "make haste and return it to him at once." He died on board Nelson's flagship, the Foudroyant (recently broken up at Blackpool), to which he had been removed, but he lived long enough to know that his victory had been complete, and that he had once and for all shattered Napoleon's dream of the Conquest of Egypt.

Sir John Moore, whom Lord Wolseley considers to have been a greater soldier than Wellington, fell at the moment when he had crowned a masterly retreat with a brilliant victory. He was watching the troops which he had so skilfully withdrawn in the face of overwhelming odds, as they drove back the French from Corunna, when a cannon shot struck him on the left breast, hurling him from his horse and so mangling him that he knew his end was come. Whilst the surgeon tended him he repeatedly asked if the French were beaten, and when at last he was assured that they were, he exclaimed: "It is a great satisfaction to me to know that." Then, turning to his old friend, Colonel Anderson, he said: "You know I always wished to die this way. I hope the people of England will be satisfied! I hope my country will do me justice!" Those were his last words; a few moments later he died, and every schoolboy knows the immortal verses in which his burial has been celebrated.

The successful assault of Ciudad Rodrigo, one of the most brilliant feats of arms in the Peninsula War, was led by General Robert Craufurd, who commanded the Light Division, a man of fiery temper and a discipli-

narian of the sternest type, but one whom his men would follow anywhere.

"Soldiers," he said as he formed them for the attack, "the eyes of your country are upon you. Be steady; be cool; be firm in the assault. The town must be yours this night!"

A few minutes later the signal for the assault was given. "Now, lads, for the breach!" cried Craufurd as, sword in hand, he sprang forward at the head of his men; he was half way up the breach when a bullet struck him and he fell back mortally wounded. But his gallant Division rushed on, stormed the ramparts, and terribly avenged his death.

He was buried the next day on the spot where he had so gloriously fallen, and even the eyes of the Iron Duke himself were moist as he saw his heroic colleague laid to his last rest, while many of the veterans of the Light Division, who had loved and fought with the dead hero, cried like children.

It was in leading the successful charge which utterly broke the French cavalry at Quatre Bras that Sir Thomas Picton (the famous "Fighting Picton") received a ball which smashed his ribs. But he kept the knowledge of his serious hurt from all but his body-servant. On the morning of Waterloo the wound had begun to mortify, but Picton paid no heed to it. He placed himself at the head of his brigade, and, waving them on with his sword, cried: "Charge! Hurrah! Hurrah!" At that moment a ball pierced his skull and he dropped dead from his saddle, as his men swept on to victory. He lies buried in the crypt of St. Paul's, side by side with Nelson and Wellington.

The most dashing and brilliant soldier that the Indian Mutiny brought to light was, without doubt, John Nicholson. "If ever there is a desperate deed to be done in India," said Sir Herbert Edwards, "John Nicholson is the man to do it." And never was there a more desperate deed to be done than the storming of Delhi.

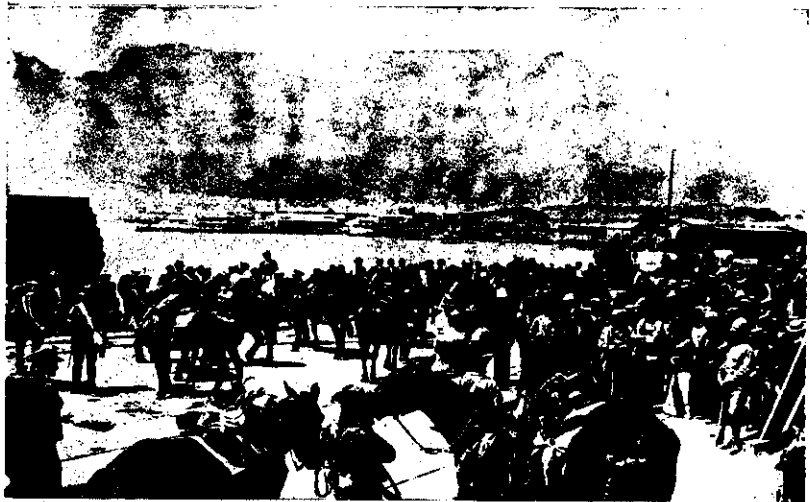
In the face of an appalling fire, Nicholson led his column through the narrow streets, after the ramparts had been carried. Officers and men were falling fast. Staggered by the awful carnage, the men halted and wavered.

Then John Nicholson sprang forward, sword in hand, to cheer them on. His voice of thunder rallied them in an instant, but his grand, colossal figure was too easy an object to be missed. A Sepoy took deliberate aim at him from a window, and John Nicholson fell with a bullet through his chest. But he lived long enough to know that the great work which he had set himself to do was accomplished—that Delhi was taken and the mutiny shattered at its head.

The list given here might, no doubt, be largely increased, but only one name need be added to round off the noble roll—the name of Horatio Nelson. Everyone knows that story, and there are, perhaps, no words ever uttered by a dying hero that have stirred British hearts more deeply than the simple "Thank God, I have done my duty," with which passed away the spirit of the greatest seafaring the world has ever seen.



WITH THE FIRST CONTINGENT AT THE FRONT.—PITCHING CAMP NEAR ARUNDEL.



LANDING OF THE FIRST CONTINGENT AT THE CAPE.



Our Special Photographer. REVIEW OF THE NEW ZEALAND FIRST CONTINGENT JUST BEFORE JOINING THE IMPERIAL FORCES.

With the First Contingent at the Front.



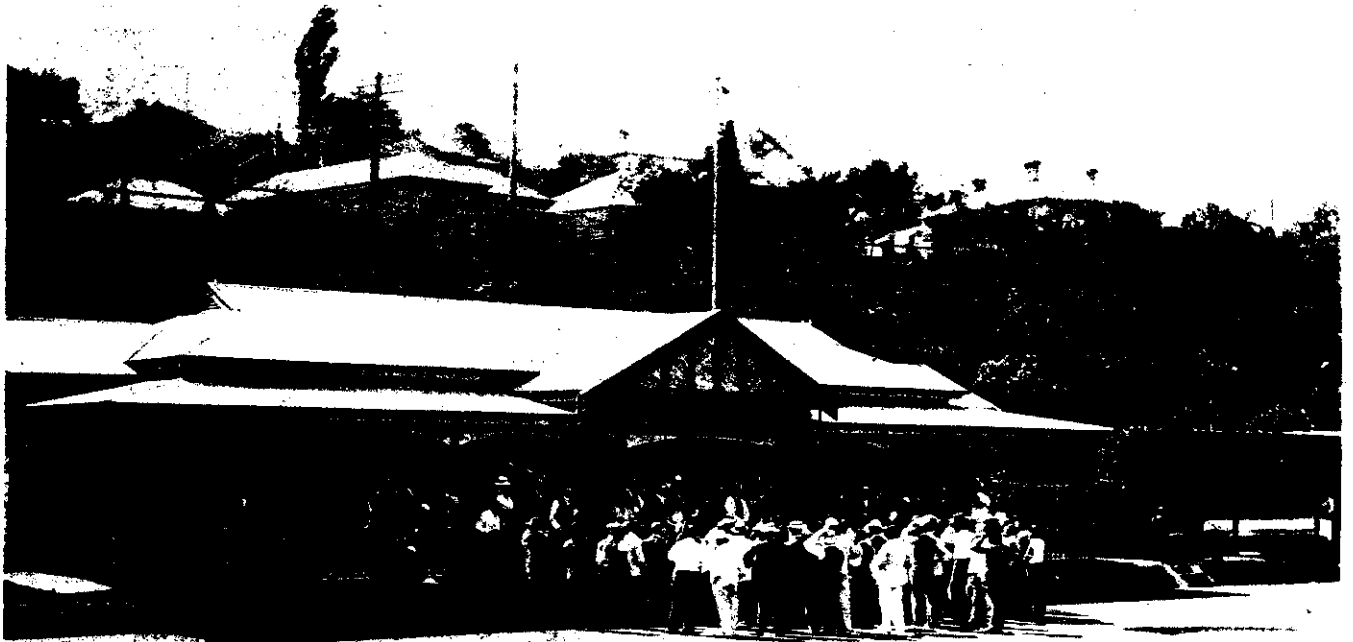
[See "OUR ILLUSTRATIONS."

THE BRITISH REPULSE AT MAGERSFONTEIN.

The Northern Bowling - - - - Association's Tournament.

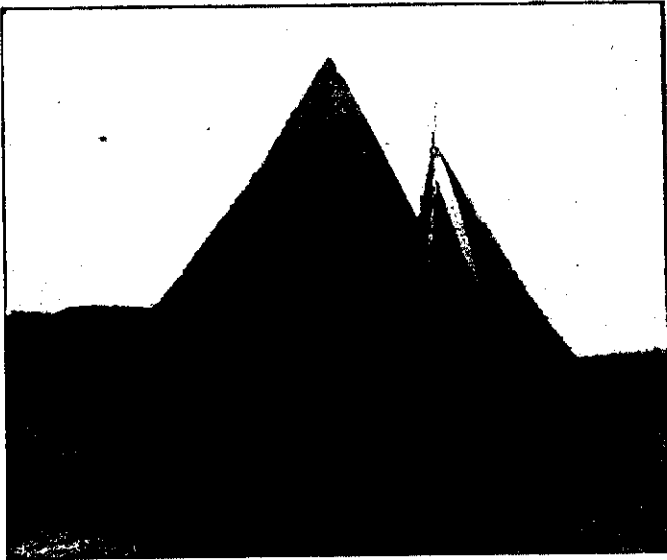
.....

THE RECEPTION OF VISITORS ON THE AUCKLAND GREEN, SATURDAY, JANUARY 27.

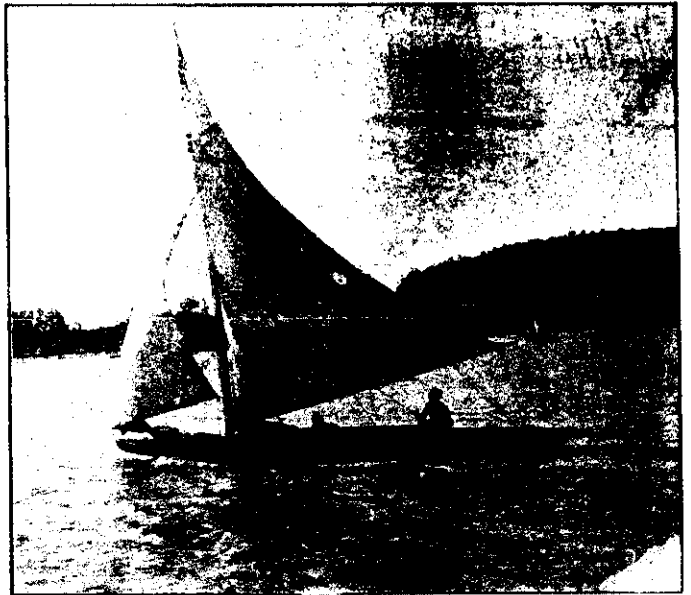


THE PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS.





MR A. PITTAR'S RAINBOW.



MERCIA. One Rater.

THE INTERCOLONIAL YACHT RACES IN SYDNEY HARBOUR.

[See "OUR ILLUSTRATIONS."

SHORT COURTSHIPS.

Mr Robert Harrison and Miss Tinsley, of Prince George County, U.S.A., had plighted their troth. All was arranged; cards were sent out, and the repast was prepared. In the meanwhile, however, the bride had quietly been married to another man. Though greatly annoyed Mr Harrison determined not to disappoint his invited guests, so throwing himself at the feet of his faithless love's sister he prayed her to assist him in his quandary, and so vigorously did he press his suit that on the day originally fixed the two were made man and wife.

A few months since a Birmingham tradesman, whom we will call Jones, received on his marriage morn a notification that his fiancée, a certain Mary Smith, had the evening previous eloped with another man. He took his disappointment in philosophic part, regretting only that the license would be wasted.

"We can get over that," remarked his best man, of whom he had made a confidant. "I've got a cousin of the same name who has a snug income and wants a husband. She lives close by, so if you hurry up we shall be in plenty of time. Are you agreeable?"

Jones was. So, too, was the lady, and after a courtship which lasted from her house to the church door, the couple entered the sacred edifice and were made one.

In October, 1898, Miss Delphine Love, daughter of a doctor well known in St. Louis, U.S.A., married after a two days' courtship, Mr Chas. V. Cohn. Though she married in haste she certainly did not, if we may judge from her words, repent at leisure, but also in haste.

"Yes," she is reported to have said. "I married him, but it was a girlish whim. I now regret the step. At 3 p.m., Saturday, I met him and we were married. I left him at 5 p.m., joined my friends at dinner and did not see Cohn again until next night, five minutes before my train left for St. Louis. I am heartily sick of the whole affair."

Not long since an eccentric old gentleman named Rutley left all his money to a nephew, conditionally on the latter marrying within a stated period. Now, it chanced that the legatee was abroad at the date of the old man's death, and although sought and advertised for it was not until the day previous to the expiration of the stipulated time that he learnt the conditions of his uncle's will. He was, however, a man of resource, and made such good use of the time still at his disposal as to lead to the altar a buxom widow just ten hours after he had made her acquaintance.

At Scranton, U.S.A., a lecture was delivered two years since by Professor McShane, entitled "Love, Courtship and Marriage," which he illustrated

by selecting from his audience five couples suitable for each other. So strongly did his arguments go home to Mr John Ward and Miss Mattie Weaver that, though they had never before set eyes upon each other, they at the conclusion of the lecture were joined together for better or worse.

Some few years back a factory girl named Hemming, at the risk of her own life, saved two little boys from drowning. This brave act coming to the ears of a wealthy merchant, who was in the neighbourhood on a visit,

so aroused his admiration that he procured a marriage license in their joint names. The next day he presented himself at the place where she worked, and having stated his name and fortune asked her hand. She gave it, and there and then he bore her off to the church where the ceremony was duly performed.

Having failed in England Charles Tilson was off to seek his fortune in the colonies. On the morning previous to his departure he foregathered with a stranger who, in the course of

casual conversation, remarked that he had an excellent post open in Sydney for a young married man, and inquired whether he was eligible. Though a bachelor, Tilson promptly replied in the affirmative, and soon afterwards, quitting his acquaintance, returned to his hotel, and without more ado proposed to the chambermaid, who, charmed with the good-looking young man's offer, blushing accepted. Tilson then procured the license and the couple were wedded next morning ere the vessel sailed.



Hanna, photo.

SHIPPERD-DARGAVILLE WEDDING.—THE BRIDE AND BRIDESMAIDS.

MEMORIAL SERVICE FOR TROOPER BRADFORD.

A memorial service was held at Paeroa yesterday in connection with Trooper Bradford of the New Zealand contingent, who was sergeant-major of the No. 2 Auckland Battalion in the Transvaal. The demonstration was confined to members of the battalion, and was participated in by the Thames-Hauraki Rifles, under Captain Harper and Lieutenant Lucas, No. 3 Ohinemuri Rifles, Waihi, under Capt. Walmesley, the Te Aroha Rifles, commanded by Capt. O'Meagher, and the No. 1 Ohinemuri Company (Paeroa), under Lieut. McArthur. The whole battalion was under the command of Adjutant Porritt. Waihi's splendid band of 28 instruments, in charge of Bandmaster Bestic, and the Hauraki Rifles' band, under Bandmaster E. Williams, formed an important adjunct to the proceedings, whilst the hearts of all true Scotchmen were gladdened by the strains of martial music delivered by Pipers Crawford and Gallie from Waihi. The Rev. W. H. Wilson, chaplain to the Battalion, delivered a splendid address in the theatre, which was packed, and at the conclusion a collection amounting to £17 10/ was taken up. In the afternoon an open-air concert took place, and an additional sum of £6 5/ was collected, making a total of £23 15/ in aid of the Patriotic Fund.

Some Names We See in Our Cables.

SOME PROMINENT BRITISH GENERALS.



MAJOR-GENERAL N. G. LYTTLTON.



MAJOR-GENERAL A. FITZROY HART.



MAJOR-GENERAL GEOFFREY BARTON.



MAJOR-GENERAL H. J. T. HILDYARD.



MAJOR-GENERAL HUNTER.

THE BLOOD OF TROOPER BRADFORD.

Just a leap into our saddles at command;
Just a heavy nervous gripping of the rein;
Just a quenching of our faces,
For we know 'tis Death that races
By our side in that wild rush across the plain.

Just a ringing of our horse hoofs on the rocks;
Just a rattle of the Mausers on our right
(Like a whip-crack, long extended,
Or a hundred whip-cracks dieneed)
As we gallop from the songs into sight.

Just a stinging of the bullets overhead,
And the patter where they strike the rocks around;
Just a moan he cannot stifle,
And the clang of loading rifle,
And no reins and paces upward to the ground.

And he died, as many gallant ones have died—
Sons of Britain who have held their lives as naught—
But his name will live in story,
And his death be framed in glory,
As the symbol of a lesson newly taught.

And the lesson! Look across the world to-day
(For the nations, too, have learned as we went as we)
It is seen the whole world over,
It is felt when dangers hover
O'er our Empire, stretching over land and sea.

For those children, launched in many lands afar,
Where'er the British heart was first to lead,
Have arrived at manhood's station,
And to-day become a nation—
A greater Britain risen up, indeed.

And the Empire's call has reached the sunset-born,
And has come back across her plains of snow,
And the Great South States, outvying each the other, in replying
Send their best and bravest forth to meet the foe.

And the first to fall a martyr to the Bond
Was Bradford, of the first New Zealand Horse,
Now by tranquil Waikato's waters
Fair Zealandia's Bounteous daughters,
Weeping, mourn in vain their own, their country's loss.

But the Blood Bond still is binding as of yore;
It has forged again the great Imperial chain.
'Twas our love the spell that wound it,
And the dark red seal that bound it
Was the blood of Trooper Bradford on the plain.

24/2/1900. —M.H.W.

It is a fact worthy of notice that at the patriotic concert held in Hamilton on Friday evening two Crimean veterans were present, Capt. McPierston, who formerly belonged to the 93rd Highlanders, and Mr W. Nelson, formerly of Hamilton, but now of Waiharo, who was Sergeant in the famous Scots Greys. The latter wore his clasps for Balclava, Inkerman and Sebastopol, and two Crimean medals. He came all the way from Waiharo in order to be present at the concert.

AN ASSEMBLAGE OF GREAT WRITERS.

A glance at the current newspaper notes regarding contemporary scholars and men of science will always present to the mind one remarkable fact. No matter how diverse their occupations may be, the greatest names in every field of activity are to be found among the contributors to the Ninth Edition of the "Encyclopaedia Britannica."

Not only men of learning, scholars, divines, masters of science and philosophy, but also men of action, statesmen, soldiers and sailors, financiers, jurists and surgeons, artists, and engineers, manufacturers, sportsmen, and travellers, have contributed to the pages of this standard national library of reference. It is this policy of securing the very best writers that gave the "Encyclopaedia Britannica" its undisputed pre-eminence as an authoritative work. It made it, also, a costly work, and the price at which the publishers sold the twenty-five massive volumes was a price prohibitive to the general public.

The London "Times" (New Zealand Office, Wellington), now offers for a short time to supply the complete work, unabridged and unaltered, at less than half the publisher's price, and offers, too, the option of serial payments of one guinea per month to those who do not care to pay out the entire sum at once. The whole set of twenty-five volumes is delivered upon the preliminary payment of one guinea.

OPERA HOUSE.

**TO-NIGHT (WEDNESDAY),
AND LAST NIGHT OF
BLAND HOLT'S**

**IN LONDON TOWN.
GLIMPSES OF THE GREAT CITY.
FIVE-TREE FARM, ESSEX.
A GRIM THOROUGHFARE IN LON-
DON.
A PARK LANE MANSION
THE SERPENTINE BY NIGHT.
AND THE FRUSTRATED CRIME.
ON THE HOUSETOPS.
THE Sensational and Thrilling Denouement.**

**THURSDAY EVENING NEXT.
First Production in New Zealand of the
Eventful Stage Story,
THE WAR OF WEALTH.**

LAST PRODUCTION OF THE SEASON.

Box Plan at Wildman's.
Early Door Tickets at Williamson's and Partridge's.

Music & Drama

Bland Holt's season in Auckland has now been prolonged for some time over the period he first intended to stay when he opened, but there is no sign that he has overstayed his welcome. The plays he has of late staged command as large and as enthusiastic audiences as those which greeted his first productions. "The New Babylon," which ran the greater part of last week, had an enormous popularity, and "In London Town," which succeeded it on Saturday, was an equal favourite. This latter play is now being performed for the first time in Australasia. Though it scarcely gives the same opportunity to the stage mechanist that some others of Mr Holt's productions do this melodrama, the joint work of Messrs George R. Sims and Arthur Shirley affords much better scope to the players. Consequently although from a spectacular point of view it falls below some that have preceded it, it is more than usually attractive from the genuine dramatic standpoint. Of course Bland Holt's audiences look to him to give them first of all startling stage effects, but they can appreciate a good drama even wanting these extrinsic adornments.

The "Trip to Chinatown" Company now in Christchurch has done much better business in the South than it did in Auckland. Wallace Brownlow, the leading juvenile in the comedy, proved a great draw in Kipling's song "The Absent-minded Beggar." The money thrown on the stage at Wellington in answer to his "pay, pay, pay" totalled £31 in five nights. After playing in Dunedin, Oamaru, Timaru, the company will catch the outward Frisco mail at Auckland on the 19th inst.

Although the "book" of Williamson's pantomime "Little Red Riding Hood" now on at Her Majesty's, Sydney, is confessedly weak, the superb mounting has carried the production along most successfully. No less than £1800 was taken at the doors the first week, and still the houses are full.

The Rev. Chas. Clarke, piloted by Mr R. S. Smythe, will include New Zealand in his forthcoming Australasian tour.

The Bronzhs have been doing excellently in Dunedin. Their next stay will be in Auckland, where they open on the 12th inst., and remain till March 3rd. While in Dunedin they gave a matinee and the whole of the proceeds of the performance were handed over to the Otago Patriotic Fund.

Dante's brother, who is also known as Dante, has been mystifying the Waikato and is now working southwards towards Wanganui.

Mr St. Clair, long connected with "The Firm," is now with Mr Chas. Holloway, who is making good headway at the Sydney Lyceum with "The Power and the Glory."

The Canterbury "Times" says: "Mr H. Rossiter, the well-known composer of the New Zealand anthem 'Zealandia,' has set to music a new patriotic song, the words of which are written by Mr J. S. Wearn, of this city. The music is written in march time, and is of a character likely to become popular, being bright and inspiring. It will be sung at an early date at a concert to be given in Christchurch in aid of the War Fund."

The Georgia Magnet is now magnetising Invercargill.

Amongst the leading artists who are soon to arrive in Sydney under engagement to Mr Harry Rickards, is Ludwig Amann, "Europe's greatest mimic" (says Sydney "Telegraph"). This performer will open with the "Tivoli" Company at the Criterion Theatre on Saturday night, February 3rd. Amann not only makes a study of faces, but pays great attention to the physique and general appearance of the noted men he wishes to impersonate. "If," he said, in the course of a recent interview in America, "I have attained any success, it is due to the most arduous study. I do not take up a character casually. I always prefer to see the original whom it is my intention to endeavour to portray." His performances seem to have been recognised everywhere as marked triumphs in the art of mimicry. Referring to one of his London appearances, "Punch" said:—"Mr Amann, the facial artist and impersonator, is admirable in his line, rapidly making himself up and changing himself in sight of the audience into all sorts of distinguished personages, and in spite of the dictum of Burns that 'Amann's amann for a' that,' this artist in clothes and colour completely destroys its own identity."

AN OBSTACLE TO BEAUTY.

To a pretty girl or handsome young man pimples are an abomination. To have perfect features spoiled by little red blotches all over the face is exceedingly annoying, to say the least, yet nearly all young people of the present day are troubled more or less with this complaint, which, by the



way, cannot be treated properly by the use of cosmetics. The only real remedy for pimples is the one that will prevent impure matter circulating in the blood vessels, and this can only be done by acting on the liver and various digestive organs, enabling them to clear all waste matter out of the body. This latter is the especial object of Bile Beans, and acting, as they do, direct on the liver, causing it to create the natural purgative for the body, i.e., the bile, they obtain a beneficial result in the safest, surest and quickest manner. 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 pimples will be a thing of the past. Bile Beans are sold everywhere, at 131d per box. Remember, their greatest cures are effected when all else has failed.

**TEN PUDDINGS EACH OF A PINT
CORN FLOUR.** The Best Corn Flour

BROWN & POLSON'S

PATENT BRAND—

Is a trifle dearer than ordinary Corn Flour, but the difference in price cannot be noticed when divided over ten puddings. The superiority in flavour and quality can be distinguished at once. Brown and Polson have been making a speciality of Corn Flour for nearly forty years. They guarantee what they sell. See that your grocer does not substitute some other make. Many articles are now offered as Corn Flour, usually without the maker's name, and sometimes bearing the name of the dealer instead, which can only bring discredit on the good name of Corn Flour.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

INTERCOLONIAL YACHT RACE.

AUCKLAND YACHTS TO THE FORE.

In the Intercolonial Yacht Race, sailed in Sydney harbour last week, the Auckland-built yacht Mercia, owned by Mr A. Pittar, of Auckland, sailed a fine race, beating White Wings and Bona.

The weather conditions were good, a nice steady breeze blowing, and the race was well contested throughout. White Wings led past the flag mark, the rounding times being: White Wings, 2h 45m 31s; Rainbow, 2h 46m 40s; Bona, 2h 49 19s. The New Zealand-made up the lost ground on the return journey, the finishing times being: Rainbow, 4h 26m 31s; White Wings, 4h 29m 11s; Bona, 4h 33m 12s. The race was sailed under the Y.R.A. rules, which favoured the build of all boats, but White Wings. The winner was finely sailed by Mr Pittar, who had with him as pilot Mr George, one of the best amateur pilots here. Assisted by a stiffish north-east breeze the New Zealander cut out. White Wings just after rounding the flag mark, and led to the finish, winning without her time allowance.

In the Royal Sydney Yacht Squadron Race, sailed on the following day, Bona, with 30sec time allowance, and Rainbow, owned by Mr A. Pittar, of Auckland, with 1 min 37sec time allowance, finished a dead heat. Meteor, with 13min 37sec time allowance, finished third. The wind was fairly strong, but uneven. Bona, though more than once interfered with by passing vessels, led over the greater part of the course, and there was an exciting finish. Rainbow, closing up fast, managed to make a dead heat of it with her time allowance.

Rainbow, Bona and Meteor are Auckland-built yachts, the former being built by Logan Bros., of this city, and the Bona and Meteor by C. Bailey, Junr. The Rainbow is a handsome and speedy 36-footer yacht, built in 1898 by Logan Bros. for Mr A. Pittar, who recently took her over to Sydney to compete in the intercolonial races there. Bona, also a 36-footer, is the property of Mr John Chinnery, of Sydney. Meteor is a 30-footer, built some time back by C. Bailey, Junr. Mr Pittar took her over to Sydney, where she beat all competitors. She is owned by Dr. Elliott, of Sydney. White Wings was designed by the well-known yacht designer Fife.

The Yacht Mercia, built by Logan Bros., also won a race on Saturday in Sydney harbour.

The Mercia is a one-rater yacht, and was built in Auckland just prior to the North Shore Regatta of 1898-99, when she competed in the intercolonial one-rater race. She is now raced in Sydney.

In the Prince Alfred Yacht Club (Sydney) Handicap Race, for all yachts, Mr S. Hordern's 100 guineas trophy, sailed on January 20, the Zinita, which only arrived in the New South Wales capital on that morning, was got ready and started, finishing second. The Aoma won, with Zinita second, and Meteor third, these three being Auckland built yachts. The other starters were Bona, Isea, Herreshoff and Sapphire. The wind was very fluky.

Pictures of the Rainbow and Mercia appear elsewhere in this issue.

The sensational features of this battle were the tremendous slaughter of the Highland Brigade at the opening of the day, and their several charges against the Boers' entrenched positions, which were protected by barbed wire, fixed about eighteen yards ahead of their earthworks. The entire absence of artillery on the enemy's side, their splendid bravery, and the remarkable manner in which they kept themselves invisible, all were extraordinary.

The Pollards have been putting in a good time on the West Coast of the South Island, earning good money for themselves and record contributions towards the patriotic fund.

As showing the evergreen popularity of John F. Sheridan's "Fun on the Bristol," it is stated that during the first week's run of the present season in Melbourne, the takings were £1,347—a record for the Theatre Royal, where the company is housed.

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 kept dyspeptic symptoms after the pleurisy, a previous imperfection 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 her ancestors; but we can do something towards taking care of ourselves.

THE WILY BURGLAR.

Mrs Potts: "I hear, Mrs Derby, that your husband has two revolvers and a Winchester for any burglars who may call."

Mrs Derby: "He had; but they came the other night and took them."

Society Gossip

WELLINGTON.

Dear Bee,
January 22.
The interior of Government House presented a brilliant scene on Thursday evening last, when the Countess of Ranfurly held a large RECEPTION IN HONOUR OF THE COMMANDER AND OFFICERS OF THE CONTINGENT.

The officers were also entertained at dinner before the reception, and others who were honoured with invitations to dine were Colonel Pole-Penton, Right Hon. the Premier, Hon. J. McKenzie, Hon. J. G. Ward, Hon. J. Carroll, Hon. W. C. Walker, Hon. Hall-Jones, Hon. T. Thompson, Sir Arthur Douglas, the Mayor (Mr J. G. Aikin), Captain Stuart (H.M.S. Tauranga), and Captain Stuart (s.s. Waiwera).

The spacious rooms were beautifully decorated for the occasion with large pot plants, etc.; at one end the ball-room was a high stand, entirely composed of handsome hydrangeas, with a background of greenery. At the far end of the main corridor, in a bower of greenery, Minnie's band of six performers discoursed sweet music during the evening. A sumptuous supper was laid in the dining-room, the table looking very pretty with pot plants and flowers among the beautiful cut-glass and silver.

His Excellency the Governor and Lady Ranfurly received at the entrance to the drawing-rooms. The Countess was dressed entirely in black, owing to the death of Colonel Goff, a cousin of Lord Ranfurly's, who was killed in action at Magersfontein. Her gown was of lovely Duchesse satin, trained, and the corsage trimmed with cut jet, and black algrette in her hair; she also wore her beautiful diamond necklace and ornaments. The Ladies Constance and Eileen Knox were dressed in simple and pretty frocks of white muslin, trimmed with lace frills and insertion. There were some very handsome gowns worn on this occasion; one of the handsomest in the room was that worn by the Countess de Courte; it was of the richest white satin, made with a very slight train, the skirt was entirely veiled with fine black chiffon, exquisitely embroidered with glistening jet and steel, and the bodice was trimmed with the same; Mrs Seddon, black brocade, with white lace on bodice; Miss Seddon, white satin, trimmed with chiffon; Mrs Wallis, pale yellow silk gown, trimmed with chiffon to match; Mrs Grace wore a very lovely gown of grey satin, with a train of rich brocade, the skirt was draped with deep black lace, and the bodice had a little pink chiffon on the corsage and sleeves; Mrs Capt. Stuart, pale grey silk, with white lace round the corsage; Lady Douglas, red silk gown, trimmed with deep white lace and red chiffon tips; Lady Osborne-Gibbs, black satin, with passementerie round the corsage; Mrs Duncan, black brocade, with pretty white lace on the bodice; Mrs Richardson, black satin, the bodice having epaulettes of white satin under lace; Miss Richardson, white satin, trimmed with chiffon and fur shoulder straps; Mrs Izard, black satin, with white lace fichu, white and mauve cap; Miss Izard, white silk gown, trimmed with white and yellow chiffon; Mrs C. Izard, black silk and chiffon, trimmed with green; Mrs Bell, rich oyster and gold brocade, with a little blue satin and white lace on the bodice; Miss Bell, white satin and chiffon, the bodice trimmed with dull red velvet; Mrs Dyer, white silk, with lace; Mrs Sprott, black, trimmed with brown and green brocade and white lace; Miss Sprott, white and pale blue gown; Mrs W. Reid, black satin, with lace; Mrs Montgomery (Wanganui), black satin and white lace fichu; Miss Montgomery, black, trimmed with white chiffon; Mrs Bean (Christchurch), white silk; Mrs Collins, dark red velvet gown, with white lace on the bodice; Mrs Faneourt, black, with white lace; Mrs Riddiford, handsome crushed strawberry brocade, with lace and chiffon on the bodice; Miss Riddiford, white satin, trimmed with figured chiffon and flowers; Mrs Edgar (Featherston), white satin, trimmed with pretty lace; Mrs Gore, black brocade, with white lace on the bodice; Miss O. Gore, pale blue silk, the bodice trimmed with white accordion chiffon; Mrs Warren, white satin, with chiffon on the bodice; Mrs Barclay, black and white; Miss Barclay, black

silk, trimmed with jet; Mrs Becholz, pretty white satin and lace; Mrs Field, black, trimmed with black and white chiffon; Mrs Hislop, black silk and lace gown; Miss Hislop, black satin, trimmed with pale blue velvet; Mrs Arthur Russell (Palmerston North), black satin, the bodice trimmed with white satin and lace; Miss H. Williams, pale grey silk gown, the bodice veiled with white lace; Miss U. Williams, pale pink brocade, trimmed with pale pink brocade, trimmed with cream lace; Miss G. Williams, white merveilleux, trimmed with lace and chiffon frills; Mrs Loughnan, black satin, with lace on the bodice; Mrs Brown, white gown, trimmed with chiffon and flowers on the bodice; Mrs Travers, black satin, the bodice of chiffon, covered with a trellis pattern of narrow white gathered chiffon; Miss I. Coleridge, cream figured gown, trimmed with lace; Mrs Hutchison, black satin and jet gown; Miss Hutchison, black satin, the bodice trimmed with white lace and pink ribbon; Mrs Tuckey, black silk, with soft cream chiffon fichu; Mrs Alan Strang (Rangitikei), pretty white satin, trimmed with chiffon; Mrs Quick, heliotrope satin, veiled with black lace; Miss Quick, black satin, trimmed with jet embroidery; Mrs T. Young, white satin gown, trimmed with silk embroidery, and fichu of chiffon; Mrs Lees, black gown, the bodice veiled with jewelled net; Mrs A. Crawford, white satin, with chiffon on the bodice; Mrs Henry, pale grey silk, with white chiffon round the corsage; Mrs J. Hume (Lyttelton), black satin gown, with red flowers on the bodice; Mrs McPherson, cream figured silk, with lace; Mrs A. Martin, black satin, the bodice trimmed with blue velvet and white lace; Mrs Waldegrave, heliotrope silk gown, trimmed with white lace and pansies; Mrs C. Pearce, black satin, with jet; Mrs M. Ross, grey silk, veiled with white figured gauze and orange satin on the bodice; Mrs L. Wilson, black silk and lace; Miss Wilson, pale blue, trimmed with white lace; Miss Ashcroft, black satin gown, with white lace on the bodice; Miss Douglas, pink chiffon gown; Miss M. Douglas, in soft white silk and lace; Miss A. Haddield, black satin, with white lace epaulettes; Miss Bell (Nelson), white figured silk, trimmed with lace; Miss Fraser, white merveilleux gown, with chiffon; Miss Holmes, black satin, trimmed with jet and lace; Miss Harcourt, white figured silk, with lace on the bodice; Miss E. Richardson also wore a pretty white gown; Miss J. Skerrett, pink brocade, trimmed with chiffon and lace; Miss Smart, yellow silk, trimmed with chiffon to match; Miss Reid, cream brocade, trimmed with chiffon and lace; Miss Stowe, white silk and chiffon gown; Miss Greenfield, black. I am afraid that is all I can remember, though there must have been numbers more that I did not see. There was a number of strangers present, whose names I did not know; one young lady wore a very pretty pale green satin and chiffon gown, and another a very rich white satin, with finesses of chiffon on the skirt, and paste buckles

here and there on the chiffon corsage. Another stranger wore a soft cream gown, prettily trimmed with lace and black velvet.

Among the gentlemen I noticed the Right Hon. the Premier, Sir Robert Stout, Colonel Penton, the Rev. T. H. Sprott, Drs. Collins, Henry, and Martin, Cahill, Count de Courte, Messrs Duncan, Fraser, Harcourt, Travers, Richardson, etc., etc.

The excitement in Wellington on Saturday afternoon, when the second contingent left for South Africa, was very great. Perhaps the most animated scene was in and about the enclosure in Jervois Quay, where thousands of people had assembled to witness the proceedings and hear the speeches made by His Excellency the Governor, Mr Seddon, and the Mayor (Mr Aitken). Lord Ranfurly was accompanied by Lady Ranfurly, Lady Constance Knox, Captain Alexander, and Mr Hill-Trevor. Lady Ranfurly was looking very nice in a black gown, with broad collar of open, white lace, very pretty black straw hat, trimmed with drooping jetted feathers and chiffon; Lady Constance wore a crushed strawberry coloured dress, and a white lace trimmed hat.

OPHELIA.

PICTON.

Dear Bee,
January 22.
On Tuesday there was quite a procession of visitors to "Haere-mui Kianga" at Waikawa, among them being Mrs Robertshaw and family, Miss Hallett, Mrs Duncan, Mrs Smith, Mrs and the Misses Greenhill, etc. Waikawa Bay, from the Snout to Wata-manga Point, is a happy hunting ground for those desirous of following Isaac Walton's occupation. So that all visitors who wish for that sort of fun are taken out a-fishing, and sent home with the spoils of the deep. During the afternoon the campers entertained their visitors with an all fresco concert, Miss Howard and Mr Insor being the principal soloists, though most of the young people sang a verse of a song or nursery rhyme, the chorus being invariably "Rule Britannia." Our visitors went home highly delighted with their day's outing.

On Wednesday morning Mrs and the Misses Allen left camp for a day, to go to a concert at the Waitohi Valley Schoolhouse, which had been fixed up previously, in aid of the war fund. The weather was rather threatening, and that kept people from a far distance from coming; but still the room was well filled, and a most enjoyable evening spent, over six pounds being taken, the prices being one shilling, with sixpence for children. The most interesting part of the performance was Mrs (Captain) Baillie's music. It is not often that so brilliant a performer on the pianoforte is heard in Picton—or, indeed, anywhere else—and Mrs Baillie played the overtures and most of the accompaniments. Other performers were Mrs and Miss Hart, Miss France, Miss Allen, Mr J. Greenhill, Mr Simmons, Mr Masters, Mr Bathgate, Mr W. Baillie, Miss Bragg, and Masters Bragg and Simmons, who gave a capital exhibition of

Stop Right Here

AND JUST THINK for a moment how much it costs you every year to replace your Linen Shirts, Collars, Cuffs, etc., etc., which you send to the Laundry week after week, and after being washed a few times your Shirts, Cuffs, and Collars, are all frayed out, caused by common soaps.

FLORA SOAP
This never occurs when
is used.
You can get it at any Grocer's. Get a package with your next Groceries, and judge for yourself.

Dyspepsia and Its Cure.

Dyspepsia is one of the worst Stomach troubles any person can experience. You are even afraid to eat the plainest of food, fearing the results. Dr. Guy's Infallible Dyspepsia Tablets will not only give you relief, but will permanently cure you.

Cut this out. It may save your life.

- Dr Guy's Infallible Dyspepsia Tablets
Dr Guy's Infallible Dyspepsia Tablets
Dr Guy's Infallible Dyspepsia Tablets
Dr Guy's Infallible Dyspepsia Tablets

- Cure all Stomach Troubles.
Cure all Stomach Troubles.
Cure all Stomach Troubles.
Cure all Stomach Troubles.

Sold Everywhere by all Chemists.

MANUFACTURES ROYALES.
FRENCH P.D. C CORSETS.
THESE...
WORLD-RENOWNED CORSET
Have been awarded
10 GOLD MEDALS
AND
DIPLOMES D'HONOURS
And whenever exhibited have obtained
THE HIGHEST HONOURS.
OBTAINABLE FROM
ALL LEADING DRAPERS
Throughout New Zealand.
IN MANY VARIETIES,
SHAPES, AND STYLES

Indian clubs. The Valley people had provided coffee and cakes for the Picton contingent, who all enjoyed the drive out and back immensely.

On Thursday Mr and Mrs Andrews and family drove down to the camp at Waikawa to spend the day, and returned in the evening laden with fish.

On Friday Picton was a gay and busy scene, three steamers coming up the harbour at once, two of them full of excursionists for Wellington to see the Second Contingent off. The train brought in a great many Blenheim people, also Mr, Mrs and the Misses Mills from Spring Creek, and Mr. Mrs and the Misses Chaytor from "Marshlands," Tuna Marina. The Blenheim Garrison Band, with the volunteers, arrived at 9.30, and proceeded on board the Tutanekei. There was a large number of volunteers on board, and several ladies from Nelson and the coast. The wharf and vicinity was a very gay scene, with the men in khaki and blue strolling about the town and working off the effects of sea-sickness and too much sun.

Nearly every night the dwellers in "Haere-mai Kiangi" have a huge bonfire on the beach. They also—when not fishing or boating—play all sorts of games, such as "congo," French blind man's buff, etc., etc. The work of a bi-weekly paper also takes up a considerable deal of their time.

RETURN OF THE VOLUNTEERS.

On Sunday evening the churches were pretty well forsaken by patriotic people, who were anxious to meet the returning volunteers from Wellington, and hear the latest—if any—war news.

The Tutanekei steamed up the harbour about seven p.m., having taken the Marlborough men the round trip to Nelson, which they greatly enjoyed. After the men were disembarked and called to "attention" on the wharf, Mr Mills, M.H.R., spoke to them from the deck of the Tutanekei of the mission they had been on, and of our brave boys at the front. He also spoke of Captain Post in glowing terms, and called for three cheers for him, which were heartily given. The volunteers then marched off, preceded by the Garrison Band playing inspiring music. At the top of High Street they were ordered to halt, and Major Rogers made an eulogistic speech in

favour of the member of the district, who, he said, was indefatigable in making arrangements for the comfort and convenience, not only of the volunteers, but also of the Fire Brigade. Captain Litchfield, for the brigade, acknowledged the indebtedness of his men and himself to Mr Mills, and that gentleman replied to both compliments in suitable terms. Cheers were given for Mr Mills, and the volunteers marched on board the train and left for Blenheim to the music of the band, the singing of "Soldiers of the Queen," and a general demonstration of patriotic feeling.

JEAN.

BLENHEIM.

Dear Bee, January 12.

After a holiday of a month, the Borough schools re-opened last Monday, with a scanty attendance. The action of the School Committee in ignoring the wish of the Education Board to give six weeks' holiday determined many parents not to allow their children to attend school within that time, so perhaps in the future the Committee will understand that the wishes of the Board and parents should receive more consideration.

A delightful little dance was given by Mrs Waddy and Mrs J. Black, conjointly, at Mrs Waddy's house in Maxwell Road on Friday evening for Miss Black, who is here on a visit from Melbourne, and for Mr George Waddy (Auckland), who is spending a few weeks with his mother. The large dining-room was cleared for dancing, and the drawing-room and closed-in verandah were pleasantly cool for those who chose to sit out. The lovely fresh moonlit night tempted many into the garden. A dainty little supper was served in the smaller dining-room. Mrs Waddy looked well in a handsome black dress; Mrs Black, sen., handsome black dress; Mrs J. Black, black dress with handsome trimming; Mrs Petre, black silk trimmed with pink silk, veiled with black lace; Mrs Griffiths, black skirt and black and white bodice; Mrs Anderson, black dress, spray of pink roses on the bodice; Mrs Lucas, black dress; Mrs P. Douslin, broadcated dress in pale shades of pink and blue, the square-

cut bodice filled with white lace; Miss Black (Melbourne), pale blue bougainvillee; Miss Bourne, white silk skirt and chiffon bodice; Miss Hagar Smith (Sydney), black dress, the frills on the body edged with white; Miss Potts (Reefton), shimmering pale blue satin; Miss Horton, red dress, with chiffon frills of the same colour; Miss Waddy, black skirt, blue evening blouse; Miss E. Waddy, white; Miss M. Rogers, black skirt, pink silk blouse; Miss Seymour, white dress; Miss Mackintosh (Wellington), black satin skirt, evening bodice of pink silk covered with cream silk muslin. The following gentlemen were also present: Messrs J. Black, McIntosh, Howard, P. Douslin, Waddy (2), Stov, Stubbs, Fish, Bourne, G. Broad, Appleby, G. Seymour, L. Griffiths, etc.

A party from town drove out to spend a musical evening with Miss and Mr Bourne last week, and a very pleasant time was spent. Amongst those who went were Miss Waddy, Miss Black, Miss Seymour, Miss Jo Horton, and Messrs G. Seymour, L. Griffiths, Stov, Stubbs, G. Broad, etc.

A lovely afternoon on Saturday tempted a large number to assemble at the Marlborough Tennis Courts, when the Misses Anderson dispensed delicious tea and cakes, and, to their great dismay, about five o'clock some rolling peals of thunder were succeeded by some exceedingly heavy showers, and it was amusing to see how the players, both on the tennis courts and croquet lawn, flew hither and thither to collect their parasols, etc., before seeking shelter in the pavilion, where a number had to stay for more than an hour before the rain cleared. Then the sun came out again, and a most glorious rainbow was visible, with a double, only slightly less brilliant.

Crowds assembled at the Railway Station on Friday evening to watch the Blenheim Rifles, Mounted Rifles, and Garrison Band en train for Picton, where the Tutanekei was awaiting them to convey them to Wellington, to assist in the "send off" of the Second Contingent. Volunteers from the West Coast and Nelson, to the number of about 300, were already on board, so, with the addition of our men, there would be little more than standing room.

FRIDA.

NELSON.

Dear Bee, January 22.

The ever popular "Pollards" visited Nelson this week and gave two performances in the Theatre Royal, "The Geisha" and "The Belle of New York," were the operas chosen, they both being new to Nelson. The acting, dancing, stage effects, etc., were as usual excellent. A large and fashionable audience was present each night. I will try and describe a few of the dresses, but it is very difficult to see what one's friends happen to be wearing in such a gay crowd. Mrs Renwick, black silk relieved with a handsome white lace collar; Mrs Robertson, black, white cap; Miss Robertson, pretty heliotrope dress, trimmed with silk of the same shade; Mrs Andrew, black silk evening dress, brightened with pale pink silk; Mrs Richardson looked very well in a pretty soft cream dress; Mrs Richmond, black, white and pink cap; Miss Richmond, black silk skirt, pink silk blouse trimmed with black; Mrs Kingdon, yellow silk blouse, black skirt; Mrs Burns, pretty silk blouse, dark skirt; Mrs Ben Lewis, bright pink blouse, dark skirt; Mrs Houliker, green silk; Miss Houliker, forget-me-not blue silk blouse, dark skirt; Mrs A. Glasgow, petunia coloured silk blouse, black skirt; Miss Mabel Glasgow, buttercup yellow silk dress; Mrs Blackett, black; Miss Blackett, green evening blouse, black skirt; Mrs Levien, black silk; Miss Levien, evening dress; Miss Laery (Wellington) looked well in a black evening dress, and her sister wore white; Mrs Kissing, pretty silk blouse, dark skirt; the Misses Stevens (2) were becoming evening dresses; Miss Moore, black evening dress, white opera cloak; Miss T. Atkinson, white; Mesdames Leggart, Bell, Harris, Webb-Bowen, Butt (Wellington), Bunny, Roberts, Green, Booth, Atkinson, Robinson, Stevens, Lemmer, Misses Leggart (2), Day, Trolove, Duff, Ledger (3), Edwards (3), Butt, Sealy, Webb-Bowen, Bunny, Bell, Fell, Preshaw, Robinson, Harris (2), Curtis, Dixon.

THE STUDENT SUMMER SCHOOL is holding its annual business session in Nelson, there being over one hun-



F A I R



F A I R

Smith & Caughey's

F A I R

G R E A T

SUMMER CLEARANCE FAIR

IS NOW PROCEEDING,

DOORS OPEN EACH MORNING AT 10 O'CLOCK.

Every Article reduced to Bona Fide Clearing Prices.

Smith and Caughey.

F A I R

F A I R



F A I R



dred members here this year. The mornings and evenings are devoted to Bible-readings, business meetings, and lectures, while the afternoons are given up to recreation. On Monday afternoon a very enjoyable garden party was given by the Nelson Ladies' Committee on the Girls' College Grounds. The Bishop of Nelson in a short speech, extended a most cordial welcome to the visitors, whose hearty thanks were voiced by Dr. Pain. On Friday afternoon the Bishop and Mrs. Mules entertained the "Students" at their lovely residence, Bishopdale. On Monday evening Mr Sharp, organist of the Napier Cathedral, gave a most successful organ recital in the Presbyterian Church.

About one hundred and eighty VOLUNTEERS

left Nelson on Friday morning by the "Tutanekai" for Wellington, where they will witness the departure of the Second New Zealand Contingent for the Transvaal. The Mayor (Mr J. A. Harley) and Mrs. Harley, Mr and Mrs Francis Trask, and two or three other citizens also took passage by the same boat.

PHYLLIS.

CHRISTCHURCH.

Dear Bee, January 22.

There would have been a little dissipation to tell you of if the weather had not played such tricks last week. Mrs E. C. J. Stevens had made extensive preparations for her garden party last Thursday, in honour of the bride, Mrs Heathcote Gray, nee Miss Wilson of Cashmere, but the rain came down pretty steadily from 11 a.m. for two or three hours, and that kind of proceeding considerably damps a garden party. However, a watery smile or two from the sun induced between fifty and sixty of Mrs Stevens' guests to call upon her, but it was a great disappointment to all.

On the same day Mrs (Dr.) Mickle had arranged a garden party for a host of her little friends, but she very kindly postponed it to the next day, and Friday was perfect, the children having a very happy time.

On Saturday afternoon an unusual scene took place at the Christchurch railway station, on the departure of the nurses and dresser (Mr C. W. Pierson), who accompanies them to South Africa for service. The railway station, as they took their seats for Wellington, looked as if the whole hospital was on the move, the distinctive nurses' uniform being present in great force, while the four selected nurses and the dresser in khaki wore the red cross badge, with the addition of a fern leaf across it, worked in white. There are six nurses—four sent by the ladies of Canterbury, Nurses J. E. Peter (chief), G. H. Webster, A. H. Hiatt, and G. Littlecol, and Nurses E. Brooksmith and J. Jeffries, going on their own account, but all have been accepted by the Imperial Government, a telegram arriving from Mr Seidon as they were going on board the steamer, which naturally pleased them very much. On arrival at Lyttelton there lay the large cargo steamer Lincolnshire, not very inviting looking, as a great part of the lower deck was a mass of loose coal; but the quarters for the nurses were very comfortable, the first and second officers having given up their berths to them, and all were supplied with new bedding, the gift of various firms in Christchurch; and I must say in passing gifts have been showered upon them. The large supply of bed-wraps and other comforts for the wounded collected by Mrs (Dess) Mickle and Miss Cabot were on board, in charge of Nurse Peter. As the steamer moved away from the wharf three hearty cheers were raised for the nurses by the assemblage seeing them off, and one more for the Dr. and dresser, hats and handkerchiefs waving in all directions. The steamer replied by blowing her whistle, a neighbour ng one firing two guns, and many engines were dipped. But this was only a miniature performance of what was taking place in Wellington that day. The Lincolnshire anchored in the stream, and by latest advice was ordered to Durban instead of Capetown, for which port she sailed at 4 a.m. on Sunday morning, January 21.

DOLLY VALE.

NAPIER.

Dear Bee, January 26. There was a large and fashionable attendance at the Hawke's Bay Tennis Courts on Saturday, when afternoon tea was given by Mrs Carille, assisted by the Misses Macfarlane. Some interesting tournament matches were

played both in the combined and men's doubles, when Mrs Hartley and Mr Anderson beat Mrs McKay and Mr Pavitt, Miss Locking and Mr Clarke beat Miss Una Hitchings and Mr S. Macfarlane, and Messrs Brabazon and Clarke beat Messrs Cooper and Dinwiddie. Mrs Carille's white pique dress was trimmed with black, she wore a white sailor hat with a black ribbon; Miss Macfarlane wore white, trimmed with heliotrope; Mrs Swan's pale blue muslin gown was trimmed with white, her large hat being relieved with blue flowers; the Misses McVay wore pink muslin with black hats; Miss Florence Watt was in pink; Miss Simcox was in white muslin; Mrs Nantes wore white, with a becoming hat of black chip, with pink bows; Miss Nellie Cotterill was in white; Mrs McKay wore black and white zephyr; Miss Perry (Master-ton) had a white gown and a sailor hat; Miss Kate Hitchings' white dress was trimmed with pale green bunny ribbon; Miss Una Hitchings wore white, with a rush hat; Miss Kennedy was in white muslin; Miss Amy Kennedy (Christchurch), grass lawn trimmed with pale blue; Miss Hoadley was in white pique, and wore a pretty heliotrope toque; Mrs Macdonald (Auckland), dainty grey and white muslin, toque to correspond; Mrs Brabazon was in heliotrope.

MARJORIE.

NEW PLYMOUTH.

Dear Bee, January 26.

The event of the week has been the PRESENTATION OF CERTIFICATES to the members of the local branch of the St. John's Ambulance Association by Lady Ranfurly. Our distinguished visitors arrived on Wednesday morning by the Tutanekai, and after dining at the Criterion Hotel attended the Theatre Royal, where the presentation took place, the stage being tastefully decorated with flags and ferns. His Excellency the Governor congratulated the members on the great success of their first year's work, and instanced the splendid work achieved by the parent Society in the Transvaal. Lady Ranfurly, who was presented with a lovely bouquet by Miss J. Skinner, then presented the certificates and medals to the members, and Lord Ranfurly made the presentation of a clock to Mr. H. Ainsworth, on behalf of the men's ambulance classes, as a mark of their appreciation of his services as secretary, after which a practical demonstration of ambulance work was given by some of the members, including the treatment of a street accident and bush-felling catastrophe, both carried out in a workman-like manner. There was a large and interested audience amongst whom I noticed: Lady Ranfurly, who looked handsome in a black tailor-made costume with front and revers of cream lace; Lady Constance Knox, pink; Mrs Dockrill; Mrs E. M. Smith, black; Mrs Collis, black; Miss Walker, grey and yellow; Mrs Allan, straw-coloured dress; Miss Reid, blue blouse, dark skirt; Miss Tester, white pique; Mrs Pridham, black; Miss Pridham, blue silk blouse, white skirt; Mrs Hull, fawn; Miss K. Hall, red silk blouse, black velvet skirt; Mrs Tribe looked handsome in black silk; Miss Tribe, pretty cream dress trimmed with white satin; Miss G. Fookes, white blouse, dark skirt; Miss E. Baker, green; Miss E. Fookes, white blouse, blue tie, black skirt; Mrs Johnson, brown coat and skirt; Mrs Fenton, white pique; Miss West, pretty blue blouse, dark skirt; Miss O. Baker, white; Mrs Kerr, black; Miss M. Kerr, white; Miss Stanford, blue relieved with white; Mrs

Dowling, heliotrope; Mrs George looked stylish in fawn trimmed with green velvet; Miss T. Skinner, white muslin over yellow; Mrs Berage, black; Miss Berage pink; Mrs Blyth, blue figured muslin blouse, dark skirt; Miss Hempton, pink and white; Miss Knight, white blouse, dark skirt; Mrs Evans, blue muslin; Miss B. Evans, pretty muslin; Miss Rockford, white blouse, black skirt; Miss Renell, cream silk blouse, dark skirt; Miss G. Morey, white; Mrs Newman, scarlet blouse, black skirt; Misses Humphries, black; Mrs Dr. Home, dark blue costume; Mrs H. Gray, blue blouse, white pique skirt; Mrs J. Falkner, fawn; Mrs Oswin, blue blouse; Miss Reynolds, black with yellow and white bow; Miss Roy, white; Mrs Bird, black costume, cream front; Mrs Paul, cream and black; Miss Paul, fawn and violet; Miss Douglas, black and pink; Miss Tukey, fawn costume; Mrs W. Ambury, black; Miss Barnett, blue and white; Miss O. Stanford, white blouse, black skirt; Miss Standish, white blouse, dark skirt; Miss Penn, grey; Miss B. Kirkby, white blouse; Mrs Skinner, holland costume with plaid silk front; Miss Drew, brown; Miss M. Ambury, blue and white; Miss K. Ambury, white.

NANCY LEE.

HASTINGS.

Dear Bee, January 26.

A highly successful

CONCERT

and set of tableaux vivants were given on Tuesday evening in the Princess Theatre, under the able management of Miss Luckie, in aid of the Transvaal War Relief Fund. The hall was filled with a densely packed audience, and the relief fund will benefit considerably from the proceeds of the entertainment. Amongst those present were Mesdames Fitzroy, Williams, Nairn, Russell, Manning, Luckie, Price, Crosse, Patterson, Fraser, Nelson, etc. The programme of the concert was well varied and most attractive. The Town Band, Hastings Volunteers, and Fire Brigade led a procession to the theatre, after which the proceedings began. The majority of the accompaniments were played by Miss Chadwick. One of the most enjoyable parts of the concert was the charming violin playing of Mrs E. H. Barber, who contributed a solo. Messrs R. Pirie, B. Brandon, J. Morrison, Macfarlane, McKinnon and Macdonald created a great impression by their national dances, the Irish jig, sailors' hornpipe, Highland reel, etc., which were vociferously redemanded. Mr C. D. Kennedy's song "The Absent-Minded Beggar," given with a rare mixture of pathos and fun, also received enthusiastic applause; the Misses St. Hill, whose charming voices are always appreciated, gave a duet "Faintly Flow." The Misses B. Chadwick and Wright gave a piano duet, the "Sirdar March." The Hastings Liedertafel sang with admirable precision and effect, "Hark the Merry Drum," and "On the March." Mr G. Wright sang "Britons Brave and True," with much feeling, and with Mr Mackay, "Love and War." Miss Nellie Caulton gave "Rule Britannia;" Miss May Towsey played "A Norwegian Dance," with admirable execution. There were several most effective tableaux; one, "The Night Before the Battle," with the men in camp, was exceedingly good, as was the one of "Britannia and Her Colonies." Indeed, the whole performance was most successful, and reflects the greatest credit on those who took such pains and trouble in getting it up.

Mr Tully, of Clive, has organised a volunteer corps there, and has already 60 members, who have offered their services to the Government. Mr Tully has been very energetic in the matter, and is to be congratulated on the success of his efforts.

DOROTHY.

AUCKLAND.

Dear Bee, January 30.

Despite the fact that the weather for out-door entertainment is perfect, socially speaking, Auckland just now is at its dullest. Everybody has gone away for their holidays. Mrs (Major) George, of Wapiti, Epsom, is at Rotorna. Miss Esme Elliot, of the Telephone Department, leaves on Saturday for Dunedin, where she will stay for three months, having exchanged with Miss Hutchison, of Dunedin, sister of Mr T. Hutchison, of this city, who will take her place during her absence.

EDEN AND EPSOM TENNIS LAWNS.

Last Wednesday, Mrs Chapman and Miss Hall gave the afternoon tea. The lawns were well filled with energetic players in spite of the many who have gone to the seaside. The croquet members have been very busy playing off their matches for a trophy, a rose bowl, presented by Mr Heather, president. Amongst those present were Miss Paton, dark skirt, black blouse spotted with white, white sailor hat, and her sister wore black; Mrs Hudson Williamson, stylish black costume with nil green silk let in at the neck, black lace hat; Mrs O. Brown, mode grey, relieved with white, black hat; Mrs Morrison, galois grey coat and skirt, black bonnet; Miss F. Peacocke, pale seafoam green costume, sailor hat, and her sister wore a grey skirt, white blouse; Mrs Udy, dark skirt, black and white plaid blouse, black hat; Miss Atkinson, white zephyr, sailor hat; Miss Nicholson, blue and black gingham, and her sister wore a blue striped gown; Mrs (Dr.) Baldwin, brown gown with pink floral stripe costume, brown hat with pink; Miss Kitty Brown, white pique skirt, canary blouse; Miss Coates, white; Mrs Chapman, blue zephyr; Miss Hall, grey skirt, white blouse; Miss Stewart, brown holland relieved with red, and her sister wore brown holland skirt, white blouse; Mrs Watkins, green and black fancy material, black bonnet with yellow flowers; Mrs Oldham, green skirt, white blouse, sailor hat; Mrs Clayforth, khaki coloured skirt, canary blouse; Miss Bleazard Brown, dark skirt, white blouse; Miss Frost, navy skirt, blue blouse; Miss Gorrie, dark skirt, white blouse; Misses Ledingham, dark skirts, light blouses; Mrs Neil, canary costume, sailor hat.

On Friday last a very enjoyable day was given to the children attending the Streets and Lanes School, Auckland, by the Misses Hughes. These ladies kindly invited Mrs Williams (the Deaconess) and Sisters, to bring the children attending their infant school, to a picnic at Hughenden. The party left the Home about 10 a.m., and after a most delightful day returned about 7 p.m. Games of all descriptions were thoroughly enjoyed in, and I am sure the children will long remember "the happy day at Hughenden." It was extremely kind of the Misses Hughes to throw open their beautiful home in this charitable way, and I sincerely hope others who have lovely gardens will follow their good example, thereby giving pleasure and happiness to those who could not otherwise obtain it.

"NO BETTER FOOD EXISTS."—London Medical Record.

THE
'Allenburys' Foods.

A Succession of Foods which affords nourishment suited to the changing digestive powers from birth upwards.

The "Allenburys" Milk Food No. 1	especially adapted to the first three months of life.	Complete Foods, needing the addition of hot water only.
The "Allenburys" Milk Food No. 2	similarly adapted to the second three months of life.	
The "Allenburys" Malted Food No. 3	hitherto known as "ALLEN & HANBURY'S MALTED FOOD," is adapted to, and has proved all that can be desired for infants after five or six months of age.	

Pamphlet on Infant Feeding free on application.
 The Malted Food has also been found of great value to CONVALESCENTS, INVALIDS, and the AGED.

Food Manufactory / Ware Mills, Hertfordshire.
Allen & Hanburys Ltd., London.

BOWLING TOURNAMENT.

The opening of the North Island Bowling Tournament at Auckland attracted a large gathering to the Auckland Bowling Club's pretty green, Grafton Road, on Saturday. There was a strong muster of bowlers from all parts of New Zealand, but the ladies were not so well represented as one might have expected. Mrs Hugh Campbell, wife of the president of the Club, provided a sumptuous afternoon tea, and was assiduously assisted in entertaining the guests by a number of young ladies. The Newton band discoursed pleasant music throughout the afternoon.

The real business of the meeting commenced on Monday, when there were large gatherings of gentlemen in bowling costume both on the Auckland and Ponsonby greens. The lady patrons of the game were more numerous than on Saturday, but still the gatherings were not so large as the occasion warranted. Apparently the fair sex resent a little the unsociality of bowls, from the joys of which they are rigidly excluded. On both greens, however, liberal hospitality was dispensed. Mrs Myers, mother of the vice-president of the Auckland Club, assisted by Mrs Coleman, and Mrs Kent of Newmarket, presiding at the tables in the Grafton pavilion, and Mrs Kirker, wife of the president of the West End Club, and Mrs Ballantyne, discharging similar duties on the Ponsonby green. Both days were warm, so that a refreshing cup of tea, or cooler drinks, were heartily appreciated. Some spirited games were played. Among the ladies present on both days at the greens were:

Mrs Hugh Campbell, rose pink plaid stripes on cream ground, black velvet waistband, white lace epaulettes, black hat with red ribbons and wreathed with flowers; Miss Mowbray, black skirt, blue blouse, black hat; Miss Myers, brown holland skirt trimmed with satin bands, white blouse, black hat wreathed with violets, dash of black ribbons in front; Miss Etyve Myers, white pique skirt, pink blouse, sailor hat; Miss M. Coleman, black skirt, royal blue silk blouse, black hat with plumes; Mrs Walker, white pique, white lace vest, pink waistband and necktie, sailor hat; Miss Reed, white skirt, pink plaid blouse, sailor hat; Mrs William Coleman, Prussian blue figured skirt, yellow silk blouse veiled in white muslin, black hat with plumes; and her daughter wore a pink and green floral muslin, white picture hat; Miss Nathan, white muslin, white hat; Mrs Hooper, black skirt, white pique coat, hat with pink roses; Miss Cooper looked well in white muslin, sailor hat; Mrs Thomson, black silk, black lace cape, black bonnet; Miss Thomson, grey flowered print, sailor hat; Mrs Donald, white pique, black toque; Miss Donald, blue costume, white hat; Mrs O'Rielly, black; Mrs Jervis, white skirt, blue plaid blouse; Miss Mary Stewart, brown coat and skirt, sailor hat; Mrs Kirker's handsome emerald-green silk was covered with black silk figured grenadine, white silk vest, green straw bonnet with gold spangled net and heliotrope flowers; Miss Queenie Kirker was frocked in a pretty white muslin, with lace insertion over blue, Leghorn hat with white feathers; Mrs Myers, white and black waved striped muslin over gold, sage green silk vest, black bonnet with steel spangled bows, and heliotrope flowers; Mrs Coleman wore a pale blue floral muslin blouse with ruffled white ribbon, navy and white spotted foulard skirt, large black picture hat with plumes; Mrs Ballantyne, green check blouse, black skirt, white hat with a black band; Miss Myers looked very well in a cool white embroidered lawn, large black hat; Miss E. Myers, white cambric blouse with black pink spot, pique skirt, white sailor hat; Miss Dawson, pink and white chine silk blouse, white pique skirt, white hat with pink; Miss M. Peacock, rose pink with white spot muslin, trimme across bodice with white lace insertion, white chip hat with white chiffon wings and feathers; Mrs Reisch (Wellington) was attired in a pretty dove grey, with ruffled ribbon on skirt, to form an apron, white toque with pink roses; Mrs T. Reid, cream chine blouse, white pique skirt, white hat with black band; Mrs Gorrie, black broche, stylish violet velvet bonnet with light shade chiffon wings; Miss Gorrie, white with black bayadere stripes, rose pink straw hat with black wings; Miss Hooper, white cambric, front of blouse embroidered with black, white and black hat; Miss C. Morrin, white and black striped silk blouse, green skirt, white Leghorn hat with white feathers; Miss M. Morrin, white cambric, white Leghorn hat with white

silk choux; Miss Towsey, blue floral French muslin, white chip hat with white feathers and touches of blue; Mrs Pritt, rich black satin, black and petunia bonnet; an effective dress, which was much admired, was worn by Mrs (Prof.) Segar, of white muslin with flounce on skirt, edged with lace and insertion, transparent yoke of embroidery, white chip hat, clusters over crown of cerise roses; Miss Mabel Hudson, cream silk with scrolls of ruffled ribbon, white Leghorn hat with feathers; Mrs (Dr.) King, white French muslin with a heliotrope design, heliotrope revers covered with lace, brown hat with brown tips; Miss Cooper, pale pink cambric skirt trimmed with stripes of embroidery, cerise velvet ceinture, brown straw hat with natural ostrich feathers; Mrs M. McLean, sapphire blue and white striped silk blouse, with black lace bolero pattern, outlined with white silk cord, black skirt, black toque, with sequins and black and white feathers; Mrs N. McLean (Wellington) looked exceedingly well in white pique, yellow tie, white sailor hat, with navy and white spotted silk bow and white wings; a very stylish dress was worn by Mrs Hainibal A. Williams, which was of royal blue voile over blue silk, and trimmed with cream lace insertion on border of polonaise, black Directoire hat, with folds of white tulle; Miss Mabel Hauna, China blue muslin; with black pin spots, made with semi-train, white silk yoke and fichu across shoulders, edged with Honiton lace, black hat, turned up in front and caught with blue chiffon bow; Mrs Fenwick, black silk grenadine, heliotrope silk full vest under black lace, black and heliotrope bonnet; Mrs Buttler, peacock blue silk shot gown, black hat, with blue ribbon bow and pink roses; Miss Sommerville, green and blue shot check, green straw hat, with bow; Miss J. Runciman, holland costume, black Leghorn hat, with folds of white chiffon; Miss McLachlan, ecru grass lawn, black Leghorn hat, with black feathers and violets; Mrs W. S. Douglas, electric blue, white tucked chiffon plastron, black hat, with chiffon and straw trimming; Miss Mabel Douglas, white muslin over pink, white hat; Mrs E. Lewis, black satin, trimmed with jet, black bonnet, with sea green bow; Mrs Sydney Nathan, grey check, with double pointed overskirt, cornflower velvet folds on bodice, black hat, with blue; Miss Coleman, grey figured voile, white silk vest and revers, with steel incrustations, black picture hat; Miss Gieddes, black silk, white silk yoke, covered with Honiton lace, black hat, with feathers; Mrs Donald, white pique; Miss Donald, white embroidered lawn, Czar blue straw hat; Miss Eva Leighton, pretty turquoise blue broche blouse, trimmed with velvet of a darker shade, white pique skirt, white hat, with black band and wing; Miss L. Leighton, blue and white striped frock, with blue tucked yoke; Miss Muekay, black moire, white yoke under black silk braid, black picture hat; Mrs Edmiston, royal blue and white figured foulard, white hat; Miss Rita Edmiston, holland frock, trimmed with white waved braid in points in front of skirt and bodice, white Trelawny hat, with poppies and wheat-ears; Mrs Littler, white and sapphire blue striped silk blouse, trimmed with blue velvet, white pique skirt, white lace Directoire hat, with black and white feathers; Mrs W. Lambert, white and black stripe silk blouse, pique skirt, white hat; Mrs Meanie, black silk grenadine over cerise silk, black bonnet, with cerise roses; Miss Mennie, cream, piped with pale blue, white Leghorn hat, with white ostrich feathers; Mrs Atkinson, black satin, white silk vest, black bonnet, with pink roses; Miss Atkinson, pale green and white French muslin blouse, pique skirt, white chip hat, with green bows; Miss Preece, pale blue, with pink broche bodice, black and white check skirt, white hat; Mrs Langford, black and white spotted silk, black and white bonnet; her daughter wore a holland costume; Mrs McArthur, black moire, white silk vest; Mrs Ross, black silk, white vest and epaulettes, covered with black lace, magenta bonnet; Miss M. Edmiston, green blouse, white pique skirt, white hat with black band; Mrs Smith, cornflower blue skirt, chine silk blouse, black hat with white roses; Miss Lewis, white and grey French muslin, pink silk yoke and epaulettes covered with cream Paven lace, white hat with folds of grey tulle, bows of velvet and dried grasses; Mrs Bionard Brown, fawn tweed tailor-made skirt and coat, check vest, brown velvet bonnet with white and orange ribbon bow; Mrs Coe, China

blue and white floral French muslin; Mrs Brimblecombe, prune skirt, white pique jacket, white hat.

GARDEN PARTY.

A most enjoyable garden party was given by Mr and Mrs W. H. Smith for the members of the Central Mission at the "Grange," Ponsonby. A large marquee had been erected on the grounds, where refreshments were dispensed, and a very pleasant afternoon was spent in games and in wandering about the beautiful grounds attached to the residence.

Our Cambridge correspondent writes:—We have not been very gay in Cambridge of late, so many friends having been away for holidays, but last Thursday a very pleasant afternoon was spent at Mrs Brooks', who gave a "parcel" afternoon, the parcels being restricted to 4 inches, and must not contain wearing apparel or eatables. Some of the contents were very comical. The prize fell to Miss Dunn, who successfully negotiated thirteen guesses. Amongst the guests were: Mesdames Conner, Priestley, Eppison, Wels, Carr, Jno. Hally, Jas. Hally, Rout, Jno. Ferguson, Misses Priestley, Young, Gwyneth, Carley, Hewitt, Cotgrove (2), Crave, Cameron, Bouillon (2), Wright, Dunn, Banks.

The concert given by Mr S. Adams and local friends was a decided success from every point of view, the proceeds, which were in aid of the war fund, amounting to about £30. This, with £55 collected by the postmaster, makes a respectable total.

Rowls seems to have quite taken on with the gentlemen. About twenty are to be seen on the green every night, and a tournament is to be played shortly for four one guinea prizes.

Mrs Newton and Miss Caro gave the afternoon tea on the Parnell Tennis and Croquet Lawns last Saturday. Miss Caro, white muslin, sailor hat; Miss Caro, pretty pink French floral muslin, white picture hat, with flowers; Mrs W. B. Colbeck, white pique skirt, pink plaid blouse, black hat, trimmed with green; Mrs Tewlesy, white pique skirt, very becoming and stylish green and white striped blouse, white hat, trimmed with green; Mrs E. C. Smith, dark skirt, white blouse, sailor hat; Miss Buchanan, black and white floral muslin, sailor hat; her sister wore a white skirt, white blouse, with black spots; Mrs Roach, very handsome

white pique skirt, with black braided design on deep flounce, turquoise blue French floral muslin blouse, with transparent sleeves, black hat, wreathed with purple flowers; Miss Davy, white zephyr, sailor hat; Mrs A. V. Holmes, white skirt, pink plaid blouse, sailor hat; Mrs Colebrook, white pique, sailor hat; Mrs D'Arcy, pink delaine, trimmed with black bands, floral toque; Mrs Hill, pale blue zephyr; Mrs Steel, black and grey plaid gingham, sailor hat; Mrs Macneill, white skirt, blue plaid blouse, sailor hat; Misses Preece were both attired in white; Mrs Cuff, black and grey plaid costume, black bonnet; Miss Cuff, white skirt, blue plaid blouse, sailor hat; Miss Annesley, white pique, black picture hat, with plumes; Mrs Lyons, brown holland, pink straw toque, relieved with black and white lace, and blue wings; Mrs E. W. G. Iathbone, black silk skirt, blue check blouse, black hat, with plumes, red parasol; Mrs Keuderline, white pique, white picture hat, with pink loops of tulle; Miss White, white pique, white picture hat, with canary loops of wired tulle; Mrs Ashley-Hunter, white skirt, pink plaid blouse, black hat, with flowers; Mrs R. Walker, dark skirt, pink blouse, large black hat, trimmed with white tulle; Miss Atkinson, white skirt, yellow blouse; her sister wore a white cambric, yellow sash.

Mrs R. Hobbs, of Ponsonby, Auckland, is at present on a visit to Tasmania.

Mrs N. McLean, of Wellington, accompanies her husband, who is taking part in the bowling tournament in Auckland.

PHYLIS BROWN.

TO DARKEN GREY HAIR.

Lockyer's Sulphur Hair Restorer, quickest, safest, best; restores the natural colour. Lockyer's, the real English Hair Restorer. Large Bottles, 1s 6d, everywhere.—(Advt.)

AND HE WAS.

Sheriff (on the morning of the execution): "Was the prisoner impudent when you told him to get ready for the scaffold?" Deputy: "Er—he told me he'd be hanged if he would."

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.

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.

BOTH SIDES of the CASE.

IS IT WORTH WHILE TO BUY THE ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA ?

When a man asks himself whether it is worth while to buy a book, the burden of proof rests upon the book, and not upon the purchaser.

The *vis inertiae*, the rule that change and movement shall not occur without a cause, is the elementary law that keeps the planets in their places, and it is as sound a rule of conduct as of physics. There is the money at the banker's, capable of transformation into any one of a thousand pleasing forms, and desirable in itself, without any transformation; a power in reserve, a sword in the scabbard; and a sword that does not rust, but grows longer and sharper day by day; doubling itself after a few years, if one leaves it undisturbed. Yet within the last year more than twenty-five thousand of the people of Great Britain and her Colonies have exchanged money for copies of the "Times" Reprint of the ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA, believing that the books are of more use to them than the sovereigns would have been.

Why?

To begin with first principles, every man lives by the exercise of his wit, the use of his mind; the capitalist and the landowner as well as the merchant and the professional man, for it needs as much intelligence, nowadays, to keep money when one has it, as to make money in the first place; the percentage of persons who are unable to take care of the money they have, and to get the best value for the money they make, being quite as large as the percentage of persons who are unable to acquire money. The brain is the watchdog as well as the money-getter; the housekeeper as well as the breadwinner. Thought has taken the place of physical force. The cave-dweller who could run fastest and strike hardest brought home the largest store of meat and pelts, when the world was young. Nowadays the man who thinks quickly and accurately is the man who attains his object in life; whether it be power or pleasure, power for good or for evil, enjoyment for himself or for other people. The cave-dweller had to eat meat and wear skins in order to gain the strength to seek for more meat and more skins, and we have to spend money in order to train our minds. During the earlier years of life we give nearly all our time and energy to this training, but it is only the foundation that we can hope to build before the struggle begins. A man cannot cease to read and think when he has completed the process of formal education, any more than he can cease eating when he attains adult stature. His mind works with or without his consent; it is a ship in deep water; it may be guided, but there is no anchorage; it must move in one direction or another. Of all the winds and currents which affect its course there is one influence that never ceases to act—the influence of the printed page. Everybody reads, everybody thinks about what he reads. If he reads nothing but jests, his thoughts never rise above a titter; if he reads nothing but the weekly police reports, his mind never escapes from the fog of crime and misery; if he reads nothing but cheap fiction his mind never grasps the essential facts of life. Every one, however, reads one thing worth reading, nowadays, the daily newspaper. The man who has not heard of the South African campaign, or any one of the dozen topics of the day, is unimaginable; he ceased to exist when popular education became part of our national life. And the reading of the news of the day is in itself a keen stimulus to mental activity. Fiction is mixed with the facts; matters not worth a thought must find their place in

the newspapers, as they do in the world's history, which it is the function of the newspaper to chronicle from day to day. But on the whole, the world's doings yield sound food for thought, and every man who reads his newspaper, and thinks about what he reads in it, is using his mind to good purpose. If he does not think about it his time has been wasted; he might as well have been shaping the paper into boats, like a child, or tearing it with his teeth, like a puppy.

It is when he begins to think about his newspaper that he finds the need of books. The newspaper may print a war map to help him to understand the movements of an army, but it cannot print a treatise upon every subject to which the news of the day invites attention. Yet the treatise must be accessible if the news is to be clearly apprehended; the reader must refresh his recollections in one case, acquire new information in another case, in order intelligently to form his opinions. Books are as indispensable to the newspaper reader—and therefore to everyone—as a chart is to a navigator. A library of some sort is a necessary of intellectual life.

The question, then, changes. Is it worth while to buy the ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA rather than some other systematised library? A systematised library it must be, since its function is to answer questions, to meet any one of the doubts that present themselves from day to day. Here, again, the consideration of cost, of the other uses for money, must be faced. The "Times" Reprint of the Ninth Edition of the ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA is a much lower-priced book than the original impression, completed nearly ten years ago, although it is a verbatim reprint—the same words in the same type, the same illustrations, no abridgment or curtailment. But, notwithstanding the reduction in price, it costs, even now, in the cloth binding, £17, or, in monthly payments, 17 guineas, at the rate of one guinea a month.

Can an equivalent library be purchased for less money? Not in the form of a work of reference, that is certain, because there is in the English language no other work of reference which attempts to treat in detail any such a variety of subjects as are included in the ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA; it is, in its own field, quite without a competitor.

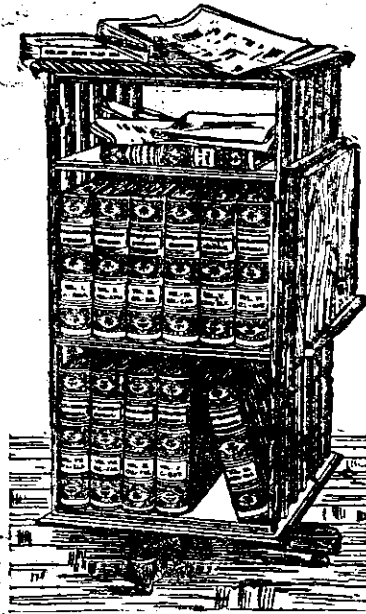
Cannot a man, however, purchase isolated treatises, dealing with the various branches of knowledge, for his money?

That is a question which everyone can answer for himself; it is a mere matter of figures, and the calculation will, in itself, furnish agreeable and instructive food for thought.

Of the sixteen thousand articles in the work, at least fourteen thousand are brief essays. There are certainly not more than two thousand subjects which are such important enough to justify the existence of a separate book upon each subject. Of these not more than five hundred are long enough to make each a book in itself. Upon nearly every one of these five hundred subjects separate books have been published; many of them written by the same men who wrote the articles for the ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA. Everybody knows roughly what books cost—a good history so much, a good biography so much, a good handbook upon any special subject so much.

The most satisfactory way to answer the question at the head of this column is to take pencil and paper and estimate the cost of five hundred good books.

If the total be more than a hundred guineas, as against seventeen guineas, there is very little room for doubt, and the above order form presents itself opportunely.



THE SPECIAL BOOK CASE.

Some persons may hesitate to take advantage of "THE TIMES" offer, simply because they have no shelf-room for the volumes. "THE TIMES" cut down the price of the "ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA" by over 50 per cent., but the size of the volumes—like their quality—remains unchanged. And the cost of a bookcase large enough to hold the 25 massive volumes would, under ordinary circumstances, be a serious addition to the cost of the "ENCYCLOPÆDIA."

TEMPORARY PRICES FOR THE 25 VOLUMES.

Sufficient provision has been made for the filling of orders promptly posted; but applicants who hesitate may find that the number of Sets reserved for New Zealand has been exhausted, and that the offer has been withdrawn, without further notice.	CLOTH BINDING	17 Monthly Payments of One Guinea each, or, if Cash in Full accompanies the order, Publisher's Price for this style of Binding, £17.	£17
	HALF MOROCCO (which we recommend)	22 Monthly Payments of One Guinea each, or, if Cash in Full accompanies the order, Publisher's Price for this style of Binding, £22.	£22
	FULL MOROCCO	28 Monthly Payments of One Guinea each, or, if Cash in Full accompanies the order, Publisher's Price for this style of Binding, £28.	£28

The Sets will be delivered to Subscribers carefully sealed in Tin-lined Cases. The first 500 Subscribers in New Zealand will receive their Sets delivered FREE of Cost as far as Wellington.

Order Form—Cash Payment.

Subscribers who elect to send Cheque in full with the order have the advantage of an additional saving of one shilling in the guinea, as shown above, and no order form is required. Cheques should be drawn to the order of the Bank of New South Wales, Wellington, and sent to THE TIMES (London), New Zealand Office, at Government Life Insurance Buildings, Wellington, N.Z.

ORDER FORM—MONTHLY PAYMENT.

(Date)

TO THE MANAGER, "THE TIMES" (LONDON), NEW ZEALAND OFFICE, GOVERNMENT LIFE INSURANCE BUILDINGS, WELLINGTON.

I enclose One Guinea. Please send me THE TIMES REPRINT OF THE ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA (9th Ed.).

- BOUND IN**
- (a) CLOTH, for which I agree to make to you, or to anyone you may appoint, 16 additional monthly payments of one guinea each.
 - (b) HALF MOROCCO, for which I agree to make to you, or to anyone you may appoint, 21 additional monthly payments of one guinea each.
 - (c) FULL MOROCCO, for which I agree to make to you, or to anyone you may appoint, 28 additional monthly payments of one guinea each.
- (Strike out two of the paragraphs marked a, b, & c respectively, leaving the one which names the style of binding required.)

my next payment upon delivery of the complete volumes, and my succeeding payments on the corresponding day of each month following. Until such payments are complete, I engage that the volumes remain your property, and shall not be disposed of by sale or otherwise. I further agree that if, owing to unforeseen circumstances, of which you shall be the judge, the volumes cannot be delivered, the return of this deposit of one guinea to me shall cancel this agreement.

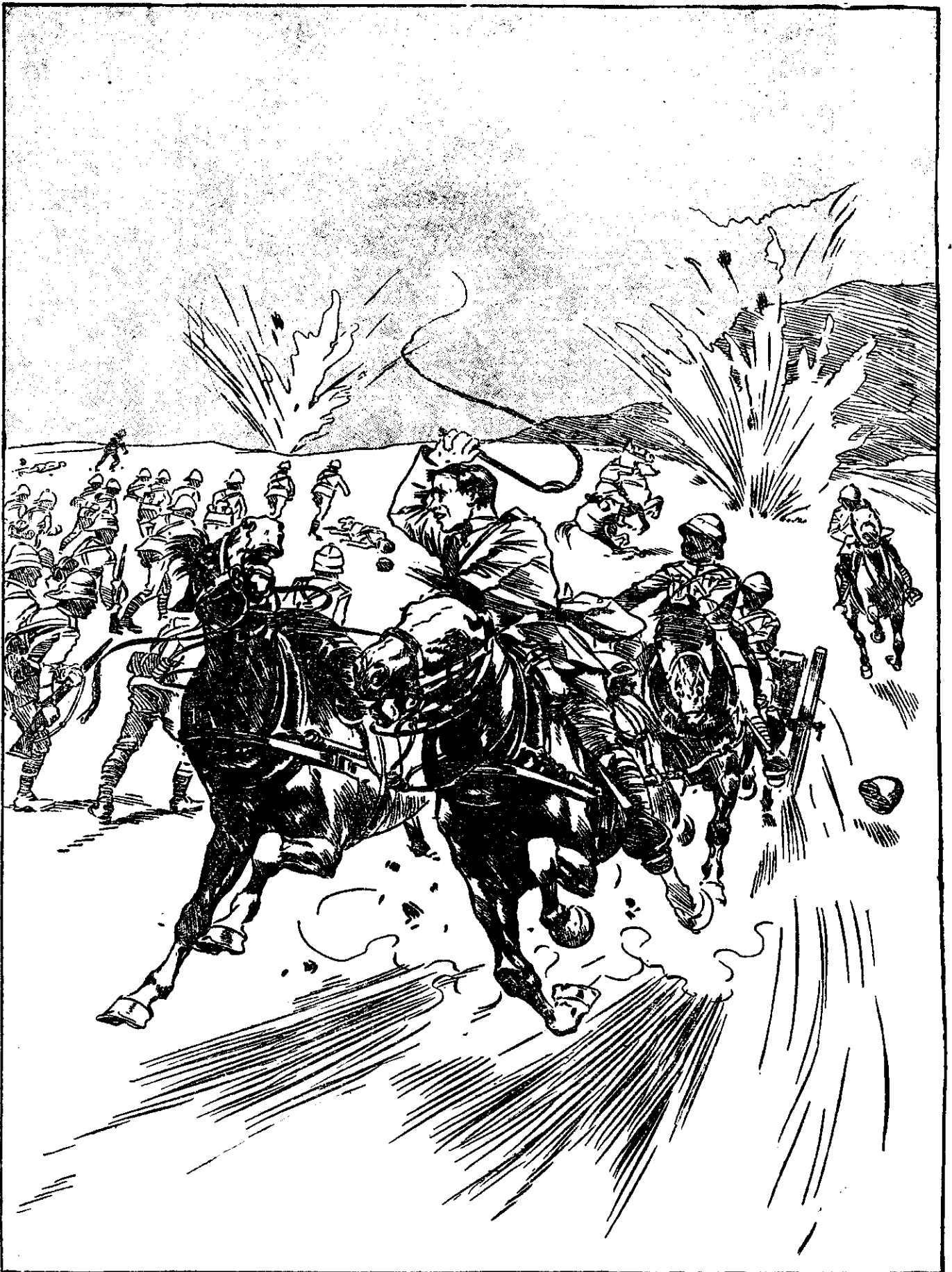
Please also send a revolving Bookcase, for which I agree to make three further monthly payments of one guinea each, after the payment for the books are complete. (Strike out if Bookcase is not desired)

Signed

F.A. U.S. Graphic

Address

If the books are to be delivered elsewhere than in Wellington, the purchaser shall add here the name of the carrier in Wellington to whom delivery is to be made.



Saving the Guns at Nicholson's Nek.

AT NICHOLSON'S NEK TWO GUNS OF THE 53rd FIELD BATTERY WERE SO KNOCKED ABOUT THAT THEY WERE UNABLE TO BE BROUGHT OUT OF ACTION. EVENTUALLY A NEW TEAM AND LIMBER WERE BROUGHT UP FOR THEM THROUGH THE RANKS OF THE INFANTRY UNDER AN AWFUL FIRE, AND THE GUNS RESCUED.



The War in the Transvaal.

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE PICTURE.

Complete Story.

Weighed and Found Wanting.

"It's really an extraordinary story, Miss Myrl. But I suppose you are quite surfeited with marvels?"

"Don't suppose anything of the kind, Dr. Stewart. Remember increase of appetite doth grow with what it feeds on. I'm always hungry for excitement."

"But your whole life is made up of strange stories!"

"Many of my stories have no end to them."

"Why, I thought there was always a happy ending—that you never failed?"

"Don't think nonsense, much less talk it. Of course I fail often. I don't publish my failures; it's only my successes that are worth talking about. But you are evading the real question, Dr. Stewart; what is this wonderful story of yours?"

"There's a bad puzzle-headed ending to my story."

"That doesn't matter; besides I can see you are just longing to tell it. I believe you have come here for the express purpose of telling it."

"You have found me out," he said, laughing a little, but visibly abashed at the girl's shrewdness; "there is no use playing diplomacy with you. Just give me another cup of tea and you shall have my story as far as it goes so far, for I do trust the end is not yet."

"I don't know, Miss Myrl," he went on, "if you ever happened to hear of Major-General Sir Anthony Collingswood?"

"Of course, I met him the night before last, a grizzled veteran of fifty, as strong and as glum as a bear."

"Do you know his nephew, Alan?"

"Yes, and like him."

"That's all right; so do I, better than any chap I know. Well, about two months ago Alan Collingswood, who had been a chum of mine at school and college, came quite unexpectedly into my study. I had thought he was in India."

"I want you to do me a trick of your trade, old man," he said the moment after we shook hands.

"An operation?" I asked.

"Yes, I suppose you would call it an operation."

"You are chaffing, Alan," I said.

"You look as fit as a Derby favourite."

"I'm in dead earnest!" Alan answered. "Look at this."

"He rolled up his coat and shirt sleeve from an arm that was like a prize-fighter's and showed me a healed scar about two or three inches long in the fleshy part of his arm."

"Well, what's the matter with that?" I asked.

"Feel it," he said shortly.

"Then I'm afraid I spoke a bad word—I was so surprised. I couldn't tell what to make of it. The wound was not like a gunshot wound, yet I was almost certain I could feel the bullet bedded pretty deep in the fleshy part of the arm above the elbow."

"Alan nodded reassuringly."

"Oh, it's there all right," he said, "and I just want you to cut it out."

"Does it trouble you much?" I asked.

"Not at all, but I want it out," he persisted.

"It's a very simple job to cut it out," I said, "but a bit painful. Will you take chloroform?"

"Not a sniff. I'll have it out with my eyes open and my mouth shut. I had no chloroform when it was put in."

"I laughed at this as a good joke, but afterwards I found the meaning of his words."

"When do you want the operation performed?" I inquired.

"If you're ready, now," he said. "I'm ready."

"Don't be frightened, Miss Myrl, I'm not going to inflict on you the details of a surgical operation. Alan bore it like a brick, never so much as winced when the knife cut into the flesh, and I made a clean incision and picked out the 'bullet' with a forceps. He even smiled a queer sickly smile as I laid the 'bullet,' which struck me even at the time as an odd shape, carelessly aside, and brought the lips of the wound together to heal at the first intention."

"Meanwhile the 'bullet' lay neglected on the table. I saw that Alan's

eyes were on it and thought he would like it as a memento of the incident. It was covered with blood, so I picked it up again in the forceps, dipped it in a bowl of tepid water, and brought up the most glorious diamond I had ever seen!"

"Hand it over, old man," cried Alan, laughing at my amazement.

"Then the whole story came out. Six months ago in a remote district in India Major-General Collingswood had the good luck to save the life of the Rajah of Ranganore. A tiger had the Rajah in the ground and was mauling him as an ill-trained dog mauls a wounded partridge when Sir Anthony walked up as cool as if he were out partridge shooting, put the muzzle of his rifle to the tiger's ear, and blew a jagged hole through its skull. Those Collingswoods are a plucky lot."

"The Rajah was quite unusually grateful. He gave Sir Anthony a big diamond, a very big diamond, which he had dug out for the purpose of this gift from a grotesque wooden idol. It proved a dangerous gift. You have read Wilkie Collins' 'Moonstone,' Miss Myrl?"

"Of course, I delight in it."

"Well, it was the same thing over again. The natives tried to rob the Major-General of the diamond half-a-dozen times. Twice he had a narrow squeak for his life. Now it chanced that Alan was coming back to England on leave, and he volunteered to carry the diamond home with him and sell it. Sir Anthony objected at first."

"How do you mean to hide it, Alan?" he said.

"That's my affair, sir," replied the other. "I promise you I'll hide it where those beggars won't find it, anyway."

"Well, take it and take care of it," said Sir Anthony at last. "It is as much your affair as mine, or more."

"For it seems the price of the diamond was to go to pay off the incumbrances on a family property which Alan was to inherit."

"I will guard it as if it were part of myself," Alan answered laughingly.

"The surgeon of the regiment was a great friend of his—no one can know him without being a good friend of his—and he persuaded the surgeon to hide the diamond where I found it. The clean cut healed within a week and gave him no trouble afterwards, and the precaution saved the diamond if not his life. He was twice waylaid by the Indians on his long journey to the coast, and stripped stark—I mean he was thoroughly searched, but nothing was found, of course. So the diamond came with him to England, and first saw light again in my study."

"The next thing to do was to sell it. He asked my advice, for in such matters he was as innocent as a baby. Luckily or unluckily, as the case may be, I knew a diamond merchant named Solomon. Perhaps you have heard of him?"

"I have."

"You seem to have heard of everybody, Miss Myrl. You may also have heard that he has the reputation of being the most liberal man in the trade, pays the very highest price per carat for all classes of stones. He is a living proof besides that honesty is the best policy, for he's amazingly rich."

"To Solomon Alan went by my advice. The old man weighed the stone carefully himself before we two. It was just forty-nine carats. He frankly confessed it was a brilliant of the best shape and the very purest water, and he gave Alan on the spot a cheque for £5,700, which was the outside price at the weight."

"Alan lodged the cheque to his uncle's credit, and sent him the docket from Mr Solomon containing the price and weight. The letter crossed one from his uncle, saying that he, too, had got leave, and hoped in a short time to start for England."

"So far the story has run smoothly enough. Now comes the nasty part. About a fortnight ago, without the slightest warning, Sir Anthony Collingswood with the docket in his hand burst into his nephew's rooms while he was at breakfast, and denounced him as a cheat and disgrace to his family and his uniform. If it was anyone else, Alan told me, and I don't in the

least doubt it, he'd have knocked him down on the spot. But his uncle had always been like a father to him. He kept his temper wonderfully, and his coolness made his uncle the more furious."

"Still, somehow, Sir Anthony managed to bring out what he had come to say. He had himself, it seems, weighed the diamond carefully in Lucia in the fine scales of his portable medicine chest and found the weight to be sixty-five carats. This, as you know, Miss Myrl, is a still more serious difference in the question of value. The price of a diamond increases at least by the square of its weight, and even in the case of larger diamonds by the cube of the weight. If Sir Anthony was right the diamond, instead of £5,700, was worth at least £18,000, or probably £20,000."

"Well well," said Dora a little impatiently, "you may assume I know a little about diamonds. Do tell me what happened next; your story is getting interesting."

"Alan heard him out without a word, and then he rang the bell and sent a district messenger straight away for me."

"I found the two men in the easy chairs at the opposite ends of the room, glowering at each other."

"Stewart," said Alan, "this is my uncle, Major-General Sir Anthony Collingswood."

"I bowed. Sir Anthony gave a stiff half-inch nod. My uncle, Alan went on in the same even tone, keeping the brake hard down on his temper, 'my uncle does me the honour to call me a cheat. It's all about the infernal diamond,' he broke out suddenly. 'I wish I had never touched it.'

"I wish so too, sir," growled the uncle."

"Stewart," said Alan, pulling himself together wonderfully, 'I want you to tell my uncle the whole story.'

"May I ask," said the Major-General, fixing me with a cold stare, but pointedly addressing his nephew, 'who this gentleman may be—a friend of yours, I assume?'

"I was a bit riled at this, you weren't wonder, Miss Myrl. But I was determined to keep my temper well in hand. I saw, of course, that there was some trouble between uncle and nephew, and hoped to settle it."

"I told Sir Anthony my name and address and position as quietly as I could."

"He'll probably say you're lying, Stewart," said Alan bitterly, 'you're the friend of a cheat, you know.'

"But Sir Anthony interposed with stiff, old-fashioned courtesy: 'I beg your pardon, Dr. Stewart, if there was anything in my manner calculated to give you offence. I will most willingly hear any explanation you can give me of what certainly seems a black business.'

"I plunged into the story right away. When I told him—I tried to do it dramatically—when and how the diamond was hidden and found I certainly made an impression. His face softened, and he glanced admiringly at his nephew, who doggedly refused to meet his eye. But he hardened again as I went on to speak of the sale."

"This Mr Solomon of yours," he asked sharply when I ended, 'has the reputation of an honest dealer?'

"Not merely honest, but off-hand," Sir Anthony said.

"You were with my nephew when he first brought him the diamond?"

"No, but I was with him when he sold it, and saw the stone weighed and the weight entered in a docket."

"Ah!"

"He evidently found something—I could not tell what—in my answers for his suspicion to feed upon."

"Can I see this Mr Solomon?" he asked, after a short pause.

"Certainly; I'll be most happy to

take you there. But frankly, I'd like to know first what the trouble is about?"

"Haven't I told you all already? Alan interposed bitterly. 'I've cheated him in the sale of his infernal diamond.'

"Sir Anthony grew cool as the other grew hot. He took not the least notice of his nephew by word or look, but drew me quietly from the room."

"Good-bye, uncle!" cried Alan mockingly; 'some devil had got hold of him. You will beg my pardon yet for all this.'

"With a strong effort the other still restrained himself."

"I will beg your pardon, sir, if I am wrong, if I am right I will disown you."

"We were in the street walking in the direction of Mr Solomon's when he spoke again."

"When can you make it convenient to take me to this man—this Mr What's-his-name that bought the diamond?" he asked."

"We are going there now."

"But your appointments?"

"My appointments must wait. This matter is urgent, and your nephew is my friend, Sir Anthony."

"There was another pause and we walked on briskly."

"Dr. Stewart," he said at last, very earnestly, 'you must not think me a mere Indian pepper-box—a man without a liver or a heart. I have behaved badly in this business. I know, I have been brooding over it on the boat all the way home, and my temper got the better of me just now. But I feel it is too serious a thing to get riled about.' (Another pause). 'The truth is, I have always loved my nephew as a son and have been proud of him. I would willingly have thrown the diamond and the price of it to the devil if he could come clean out of this bad business.'

"He will," I answered confidently. "Mr Solomon received us very civilly. He willingly showed us the diamond, though he refused to let it out of his own hand."

"You will forgive me," he said courteously, 'for what may seem to savour of suspicion. But I make this an invariable rule, and where there are no exceptions there should be no offence.'

"However, he weighed the stone in our presence. It was a shade under forty-nine carats, and he allowed us to test the weights and scales for ourselves."

"Sir Anthony hardly spoke at all, going through the business quietly and stolidly. When we got out into the street, he confessed that the diamond which he had seen was precisely similar in shape to the one given him by the Rajah."

"It seemed to me smaller," I said incautiously and without reflection. "The next instant I was sorry I said it."

"That's my notion, too," he answered hastily and hotly, 'there must have been a substitution before the weighing and the sale, and it's not easy to see how that could be managed without my nephew's connivance.'

"We had another trial of the diamond's weight last week. This time Alan was present and several experts. It was weighed again in our presence and the weights and scales tested before and after with exactly the same result. Alan was positive it was the same diamond he had got from his uncle and sold to the merchant. This time I was inclined to agree with him. I suppose I naturally thought it larger when I took it first from its strange hiding place. But unfortunately I had already committed myself on this point to his uncle and there was no use telling my second thoughts about the size."

EVERY LADY SHOULD SEE

"MYRA'S JOURNAL."

THE BEST MONTHLY FASHION PAPER

Each Number contains 48 pages of Illustrations and Articles of the greatest interest to the young. Newest Styles of Dress, Interesting Serial Story, Cut Out Paper Patterns of Fashionable Garments, Coloured Fashion Plates with Five Designs, Hints on the Nursery and Toilet, Etiquette, Economical Cooking, Household Hints, Palmistry, etc., etc.

"MYRA'S JOURNAL" HAS BEEN ENLARGED AND GREATLY IMPROVED.

The price has been reduced by **ONE HALF.** It can be obtained from your news agent, or will be mailed from London for twelve months for 5/- prepaid to

BEEETON & CO., LTD.

20, AND 22, FETTER LANE, LONDON, ENGLAND.

"I'm tiring you, Miss Myrl, I'm a bad story-teller. But, luckily, there is little more to tell.

"Sir Anthony sticks to his point. His diamond, he says, unquestionably weighed sixty-five carats; this only weighs forty-nine. It cannot be the same; there must be trickery somewhere. The fierce old boy completely broke down at Alan's place last night, and with tears in his eyes urged his nephew to confess, promising him forgiveness. But Alan ordered him out of his room.

"That's how things look at present; they could not well look uglier. The two men are all the more angry because they are so fond of each other, and because each in his own way is as proud as Lucifer."

Dora Myrl did not seem to hear him. She sat for full five minutes after he stopped speaking, with puckered forehead and lips tight closed.

"What do you think?" she said at last abruptly.

"I'd pledge my life on Alan's honour!"

"That does not carry us very far."

"I can go no further—can you?"

"Well, yes," she answered with a smile lighting up the whole face, "I think I can—I'm almost sure I can. But I must put my notion to the test. Can you arrange a final interview with Mr Solomons?"

"I think so, but he is naturally a bit crusty about the business."

The interview was arranged for the next day but one. The doctor reported to Dora he had no trouble with Mr Solomons. Sir Anthony was eager to come, but Alan was as obstinate and sulky as a pig. "I'd much sooner," he said, "that he'd put me in the dock straight away and have done with it." At last, however, he too consented.

They found Mr Solomons in a spacious office on the ground floor at the back of his premises in Hutton Garden. A very broad, massive, mahogany counter, highly polished, divided the room longitudinally into two sections.

In the outer section, which was thickly carpeted, there were tables and chairs. Behind the mahogany counter, facing his visitors, sat Mr Solomons on a high easy-chair, with the scales and a powerful magnifying glass in front of him. There was a large safe at his right hand and a small American roll-top writing-desk and a book-case near the wall.

Mr Solomons was a handsome and venerable-looking man, about seventy years of age, with a flowing white beard and bushy white eyebrows, from whose shade his large dark eyes looked mildly out upon a wicked world.

His manner was a little cold to the party, but still courteous. He pushed the scales and weights across the counter without a word, to be examined and tested.

The scales was a most delicate piece of mechanism. The discs were polished steel attached to the arms by fine gold wire, and the beam played on a diamond pivot. So perfect was the poise that a hair dropped in one scale brought it down with a tap on the table. The scales and weights were carefully tested with others brought for the purpose and handed back to Mr Solomons. Then he unlocked the safe, took out the diamond, and put it in one disc of the scales. Slowly one after another he put the weights in to the other disc. At forty-nine carats the disc with the diamond slowly rose, and the weighted disc came down with a tap on the counter.

As she stood there, with her pretty crook-handled parasol resting on the mahogany counter right in front of the scales, Dora Myrl looked a gay Society butterfly; nothing more. She was daintily dressed in a green water-silk dress, with an elaborate trimming of shiny beads of steel and jet, and a wonderful toque, with a bright red feather in it, perched amid her glossy, wavy hair.

Dr. Stewart noticed that she seemed to take no interest at all in the testing of the scales and weights, and very

little in the weighing. Even now she seemed rather bored and abstracted as she stood close to the counter plucking carelessly at the tassels of the bead trimming of her dress. A bunch of the beads came away loose in her fingers, and leaning forward she set them on the glossy counter close to the scales just as the weighed disc came down. The jet rested where they were laid. But the tiny steel beads rolled rapidly away across the counter, and disappeared under the rounded edge of the weighted scale.

So quietly was the thing done, and apparently so carelessly that no one noticed it but Mr Solomons. As the steel beads vanished under the scales, Dora raised her bright, keen eyes, and looked meaningly in his. His face changed instantly to a ghastly pallor, and his trembling hands fell limply from the scales.

With a quick jerk of the crooked handle of her parasol she brought scales, weights and diamond, all together, across the counter.

Mr Solomons neither spoke nor moved.

"Now weigh the diamond again!" said Dora sharply.

They weighed it at the table with the same weights and scales—it was sixty-five carats full!

For a moment they looked from one to the other, dumb with surprise. Dr. Stewart spoke first.

"I cannot understand," he began.

Dora pointed to the little white speck of steel beads now clustered close together on the dark, glossy surface of the mahogany.

"A powerful magnet," she said, "has been let into the wood from below; the mahogany is only skin deep over it."

Sir Anthony did not give a second look or thought to the diamond. He turned to his nephew.

"Alan," he said simply, "I beg your pardon."

"Don't mention it, sir," said Alan, and the two men gripped hands.

The only SAFE AND SURE REMEDY for HEADACHE is BISHOP'S CITRATE OF CAFFEINE.

A Booklet on HEADACHE will be sent Free on Application to our Australian Depot, 18, O'Connell-st., Sydney, N.S.W.



HEADACHES CURED

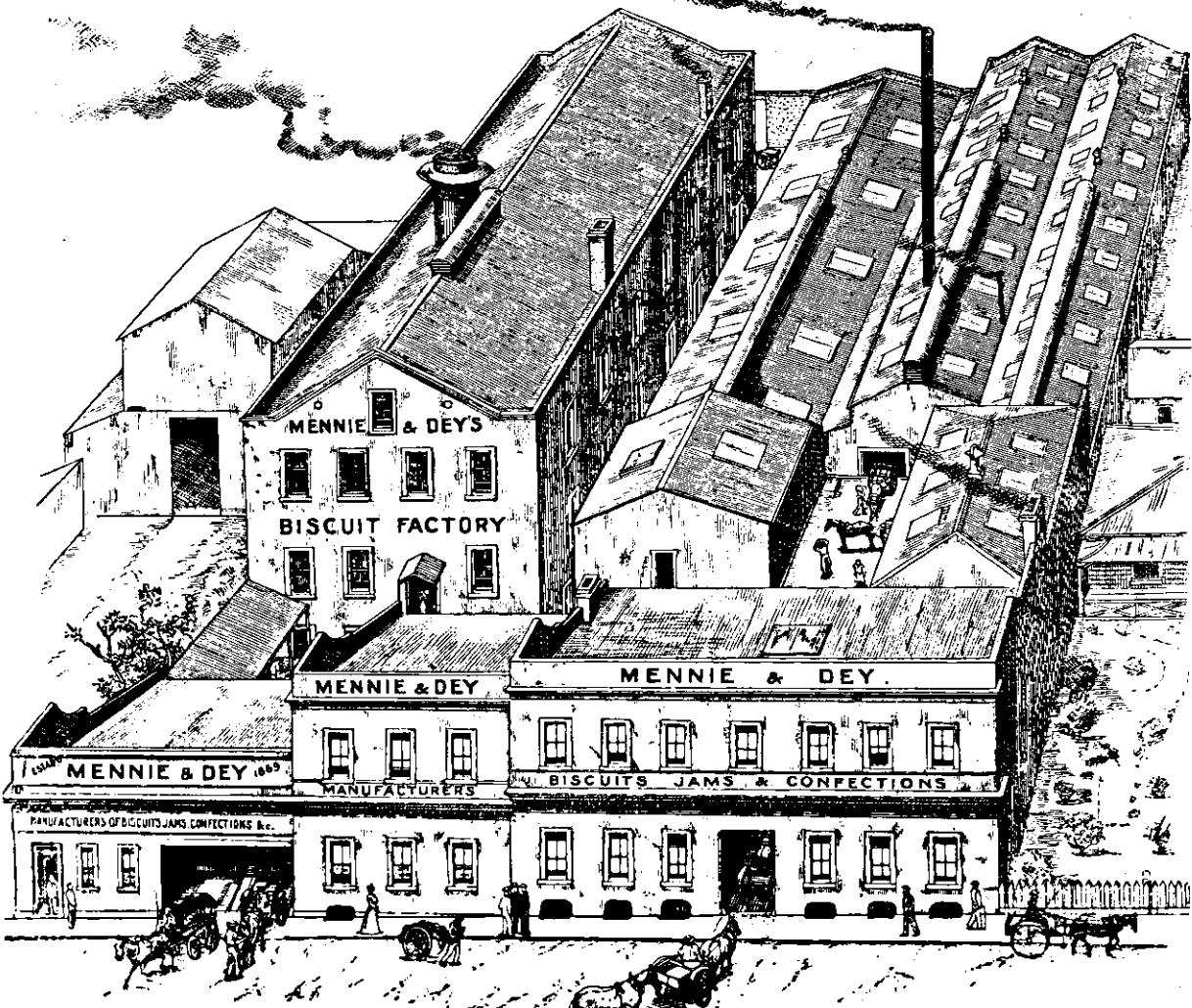
HEADACHES CURED

Of all Chemists

A REAL BOON To Ladies, Dressmakers, Mothers etc.—PERFECT FIT AND STYLE By Using the Magic GARMENT CUTTER. CUTS for Ladies, Gents, or Children Easy to Learn. Taught through Post Terms and particulars from sole N.Z. Agent: MISS M. T. KING, 81, Willis-st., Wellington. AGENTS WANTED

Gold Medal Biscuits.—Best Value in the Market.

Gold Medal Jams.—Best all comers for Quality.



MENNIE & DEYS BISCUIT FACTORY

MENNIE & DEY

MENNIE & DEY

MENNIE & DEY 1869

MANUFACTURERS OF BISCUITS, JAMS & CONFECTIONS &c.

Gold Medal Confections, Largest variety, best quality, Gold Medal Conserves.

Peels, Only Makers Cupid Whispers in the Colony.

AS SEEN THROUGH WOMAN'S EYES.

NEW IDEAS FOR PICTURES AND PICTURE FRAMES.

For those who want to brighten up their walls at a small outlay, the following idea as to pictures, evolved from an ingenious young lady's brain, is a very good one to utilise the number of magazine reproductions of famous paintings which are to be found in most houses.

The best are well known classical subjects—as Madonnas, copies of paintings by well-known artists, etc., which should be cut out and mounted, as this young lady did them, on grayish blue blotting paper, the neutral tint of this bringing out the value of the picture. A relative of mine, also of an inventive turn of mind, mounted some engravings on the thick gray blue paper used for packing, and also on brown paper, and in each case the effect was very good—only, of course, the pictures must be very carefully and evenly pasted on.

As to frames, very cheap gilt ones, or plain modern ones stained either with oak stain or painted black, were used with very good results.

Most boys are able to use a few plain tools, or are fond of carpentering, and with a long strip of wood or four short ones they can easily manufacture a frame. The corners require to be cut off and fitted carefully, then nailed together, and a little groove made along the inner side of the frame, for the glass and picture to be put in. The wood requires no planing, and may be as rough and coarse-grained as possible, in fact the coarser the better, and merely requires painting over with liquid gold. I have one now framing a large sketch of mine, done exactly as I have described, made for me by a boy who was anxious to turn his knowledge of carpentering to some account, and the effect is decidedly good.

Here are some more hints for making large and small frames, for the deft-fingered ones, all of which I have either utilised or seen done, so I know the effect of all I am recommending.

First of all, let me mention a use for broken bits of cork, and it will be something for the smaller ones to do to break these up in quite tiny pieces for the elder ones to use. The frame may be made of rather thin wood, that from a starch box or packing case will do, and, as in the former case, the rougher the better. Make it of the size required, hollow out the groove required for the glass and picture, and then paint over the right side rather thickly with glue, and before it is set sprinkle the bits of cork over pretty thickly. This decoration may be made, either in a strip in the centre, or in the corners; in fact, as the tastes of the frame makers may indicate. When cold, the whole can either be painted over with liquid gold or bronze, which is quite inexpensive, enamelled, or stained, as preferred.

I have seen small shingles used, instead of cork, but they may make the frame too heavy, and so I advise cork or bits of wood.

Again a piece of hurlen or coarse sacking, stretched over the foundation, and then bronzed or gilt, will make a very effective frame; while those who live in the country can use up acorns and acorn cups, small cones, and a great many other things to be had for the picking up. One of the very prettiest frames I have seen was at one of the Royal Academy Exhibitions, and was evidently the artist's own work. The frame was broad and flat, and of unplanned wood, as I have just explained, while in the corners were long irregular trailing branches of bramble, with leaves and berries. The whole was bronzed, and a most artistic and effective frame was the result. Such a design, however, would only apply to a large one.

In conclusion, I may say that there are many other things that can be used, which, after the foregoing remarks, may suggest themselves to my readers.

Many pretty frames can be made for photos and small pictures by using several layers of cardboard instead of wood for the foundation.

SOME FEARS OF FAIR WOMEN.

The cause that implants the spirit of fear in the bosom of the gentle sex is a subject that may well puzzle the most devout student of human nature. The mouse is considered one of the most harmless of creatures, and yet it has been responsible for more cases of hysteria than any animal many times its size.

One woman, who all her life has carefully searched beneath her bed before retiring, at one time found herself in possession of a folding monstrosity, the intricacies of which she had first to solve before taking her well earned rest. But such is the force of habit, after pulling down the bed, she would carefully look beneath it, for no other reason than that she had done so ever since she was a child.

A favourite illusion is that of having one's legs seized, either from behind in going up stairs, or on getting into bed. Women have been seen scuttling up stairs in the dark, setting at defiance all the laws of locomotion in a ludicrous attempt to keep their legs some distance ahead of them and beyond the reach of a mysterious clutch. Girls will also make flying leaps into bed to eliminate the same improbability.

Many women search diligently in closets, bureau drawers, and all sorts of impossible places before resigning themselves to sleep. An old house-keeper, whose table silver, in two baskets, was always placed in her bedroom after the evening meal, was one night awakened by what she considered suspicious sounds from the lower regions. Cautiously leaving her room laden with silver, she pitched both baskets into the hall below, calling out as she did so, "Take it all and please go," then fled precipitately and barricaded herself in her room. Needless to add, she found both baskets and scattered contents the following morning, a little worse for the rough handling she had given them.

OUR BOYS' CLOTHES.

Some mothers who are quite particular about what the girls should wear think anything will do for the boys. Now, this is a great mistake, for the boys are apparently quite indifferent to what they put on, yet our personal appearance has a very marked effect on our character, and so no dirty, untidy boy is ever likely to do full justice to himself. I don't want to try and "fake" your boys up—far from that, for I know full well what a business it would be, both for you and the lads; but what I do insist on is that care should be taken that a boy is neatly clothed. Especial care should be taken that he keeps himself clean. It's wonderful, though, what a natural affinity there seems to be between a healthy boy and dirt! So that especial care must be taken as regards the removal of this affinity. But there comes a time in a boy's life when he begins to think a little of dress—don't let this be teased out of him—it is a very healthy and natural sign of growth. He is finding his outward self-respect. Don't try and laugh him out of it; better far a few shillings wasted on gaudy ties and fancy waistcoats than that your lad, growing now somewhat out of your dominion, should incline to slovenliness. Remember, too, neatness does much for a boy outside his home—an employer likes to see his people neat, though not dressed beyond their means, of course, and when your lad is sent messages for him it does him good, and his master good, too, for him to present a neat appearance. And what does neatness do for a lad inside his home—a good deal in many ways—in the home of his youth, as well as in the home he may one day make for himself. Ah, wives would have an easier time if mothers insisted more on the habit of neatness in person and things with their boys.

© © ©

THE CARE OF LAMPS.

Unfortunately for the busy woman, lamps need more attention than any other means of light, and many women know but little of the best methods of treating them. If lamp chimneys are cleaned with a cloth

dipped into alcohol, instead of soap and water, the result is better, and if the wicks are soaked in strong vinegar and thoroughly dried before using they will not smoke. The burners will become clogged in the course of time, and ought to be treated to a ten minutes' boiling in a quart of water in which an ounce of washing soda has been dissolved. Wipe with a cotton cloth and they will be as good as new. This really ought to be done every month.

© © ©

IS YOUR COMPLEXION MUDDY?

If so, I am quite sure that you desire to have a pretty pink complexion, and according to a medical man this may be within your reach.

The remedy he suggests is phosphate of soda. Take a teaspoonful of this in a glass of hot water every night on going to bed, and repeat the dose in the morning before breakfast. For the first week the same dose should be taken before each meal, but after that it is enough to take it night and morning. Two weeks of this treatment should be sufficient, it is said, to work the desired improvement in the complexion. Anyhow, the remedy is simple, so it is worth trying. Phosphate of soda is neither expensive nor nasty to take.

© © ©

FASTING IS RECOMMENDED FOR INVALIDS.

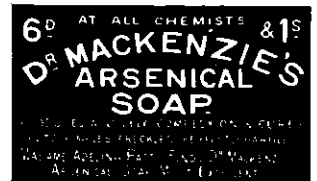
It is a strongly implanted idea that when a person is ill, feeding up must be necessary, and all the more so when no appetite for food exists. This is quite an error in many cases, for it may be that an entire rest is needed so that the digestive organs should have rest, in order to do their work as well as ever again. Nature may generally be trusted not to lead one

astray, so when there is a lack of appetite, or even a feeling of repulsion for food, it is, as a rule, wise to abstain from eating until the desire for food returns.

The other day I heard of a person who, suffering acutely from indigestion, cured himself by a fast lasting several days, during which he satisfied his thirst with water, but took nothing else. On the second day he experienced the pain of hunger, but he persisted in his fast, and though, I believe, it lasted six days, he was able to do all his work as usual, and without the slightest inconvenience. Then when he took food again he found that his dyspepsia had vanished, and he was able to digest ordinary food, which he had not done for a long time.

This man simply applied the treatment advocated by Dr. Emmet Denmore, who says: "The more serious the attack of illness, the longer duration of fast needed. From three to six days will be found usually the time

Everyone in England is talking of the wonders produced by



The following beautiful women use and highly recommend:—Madame Patti, Mella, Dousta, Florence St. John, Edith Cole, Dorothy Irwin, Miss Fortescue, Fanny Brough, Ellaline Terriss, Cynthia Brooks, Gophie Larkin.
New Zealand Agents—
SHARLAND & CO., Auckland and Wellington

FAC-SIMILE OF

ROYAL TESTIMONIAL

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

ROYAL TESTIMONIAL I
ROYAL TESTIMONIAL I

Berlin
Alsenstrasse
Feb 25th 1896

"Koko" for the hair, is the best dressing I know. It keeps the head cool, promotes growth, and is in every way excellent.

Princess Holenboke

KOKO FOR THE HAIR

Eradicates Scurf and Dandruff, Prevents Hair Falling, Promotes Growth, and its unique Testimonial has proved it to be undoubtedly the Best Preparation for the Hair. Perfectly Harmless, Clean, Cool, & Invigorating. 1/- a 6 & 4 6/12, of all Chemists, Stores &c. THE KOKO MANUFACTURING CO., LTD., 16, Bevis Marks, LONDON, E.C.

indicated; but one, two, or even three, weeks fasting will be found advisable in extreme cases.

"Let Nature be absolutely trusted. When the patient has been denied food long enough to overcome the inflammation, which is liable to be mistaken for appetite, then give nourishment as soon as, and no sooner than, the patient craves for food."

Of course, I do not advocate fasting in case of a serious illness, for that should be under a physician who will order diet as well as medicine, but I strongly recommend dyspeptic people to see what a little fasting will do for them.

© © ©

THE IMPORTANCE OF A BUTTON.

A somewhat unprofitable controversy has come to a satisfactory close at Liverpool. Miss Shaw, a young lady from Ireland, who desired to enter the workhouse infirmary at Brownlow Hill as probationer, complained that Miss Stewart, the superintendent, in an interview on the subject, made some disparaging remarks about Irish girls. Subsequently, Miss Stewart candidly admitted that she said untidiness was a failing of Irish girls, but denied that she charged them with being "dirty." The absence of a button on the jacket of Miss Shaw seems to have suggested the charge of untidiness; but all aspects of the dispute were ventilated at a full meeting of the Liverpool Workhouse Committee last week. In justice to Miss Stewart, it should be stated that Miss Thorburn, one of the committee, mentioned that the superintendent had told her that

SOME OF THE VERY BEST NURSES

she had were Irish girls; and she also gave instances of the devotion and affection of Irish nurses to their patients and to Miss Stewart, as well as of Miss Stewart's fondness for her Irish nurses. The committee, therefore, did well to reject the hypothesis that Miss Stewart has any prejudice against Irish nurses merely because she used the word untidy in her conversation with Miss Shaw. As she herself observed, she has also found plenty of English and Scotch nurses untidy." But if Miss Shaw had not lost that button on the way to Brownlow Hill, the heated discussion on the question of national characteristics would not apparently have arisen.—"The Hospital Nursing Mirror."

© © ©

MAKING THE MONEY FLY.

Hon. Carroll D. Wright's new book, "Outlines of Sociology," contains this passage:—

"A poor man may make a criminal use of wealth as well as the rich. He may use it in the purchase of those things that perish with the use, and that result in no good to himself or his family. He may spend it in some form of riotous living, or in the insane attempt to keep up appearances which are not legitimate.

This ought to be profitable reading for several millions of people; indeed, for that vast majority who are living on small incomes, and who never think of themselves as "poor." The rich are few; they have no monopoly of moral responsibility, either for getting or for using. The man who has but a dollar is "wealthy" to that extent, and he is under the same law with him who has a million.

But why talk of "criminal uses of wealth?" Because one may be quite as selfish and dishonest in wrongfully using as in wrongfully getting.

Husbands and wives may really steal from each other and from the household in order to spend on personal gratifications. The man will have his beer and tobacco, and the woman her gawags and trumperies, even if house and children are robbed of things necessary to their welfare. Why not call it a breach of trust?

But the waste of means, on the part of those who can least afford it, often results from mere light-mindedness. Not a few people ought to appreciate the feeling of the woman who had come into possession of a very small fortune. She pruned away to the village store, with some coins burning in her palm, and asked, in a glow of self-importance, "What has ye got that I can buy for two shillings?"

A MAN WHO LOST £20,000,000 TO WIN A WOMAN.

A TRUE LOVE ROMANCE.

The recent death of Cornelius Vanderbilt, the well-known American millionaire, recalls to mind one of the most sensational romances on record, in which that gentleman's eldest son played the leading part.

It was intended that Cornelius Vanderbilt, jun., should inherit most of the many millions of his father, but owing to his marrying a lady of whom Vanderbilt, sen., did not approve, the bulk of the money now goes to a younger brother.

The intended heir was educated with the greatest care, in view of the enormous fortune of which he would one day have the control; and his father felt much satisfaction at the steadiness and strength of character which his offspring gradually developed.

But, while a student at Yale, the latter appears to have met and conceived a strong attachment for Miss Grace Wilson, the beautiful and charming daughter of another of New York's millionaires. Whether it was because the young lady was some eight years his senior has not transpired, but Mr Vanderbilt flatly refused to consent to the young man's marriage with her.

He insisted that she was not a suitable partner for his son; and, when the engagement was announced, he went so far as to send out a statement to the newspapers to the effect that "the engagement of C. Vanderbilt, jun., is against his father's express wish and without his consent."

Failing to break off the match by any other means the aggrieved parent finally threatened to deprive the obstinate lover of all share in his vast fortune, but even this prospect failed to shake the young man's determination to wed the damsel of his choice. In reply to the threat he is reported to have said, "Father, I am going to marry this girl, and the fact that I shall lose 100,000,000 dollars, or all the money in the world for that matter, will not make the slightest difference to me."

The wedding was fixed to take place in June, 1896, the bridegroom then being twenty-one, and the bride twenty-nine years of age. But, as if to give him further time for repentance, young Vanderbilt fell ill the day before that fixed for the ceremony, which had therefore to be postponed till August.

In the meantime, Cornelius Vanderbilt had another interview with his son in the hope of being able to dissuade him from the contemplated union. In this he was no more successful than he had been before, the only result being that immediately after the interview he was seized by a stroke of apoplexy, which was the primary cause of his death three years afterwards.

While the elder Vanderbilt was lying at death's door, the marriage was performed at the house of the bride's parents; the bridegroom, it should be mentioned, being the only representative of the Vanderbilt family present thereat.

Such were the dramatic circumstances under which the intended heir acquired a bride at a cost of £20,000,000. Never in the whole history of the world had a man made such a sacrifice of wealth for the sake of a woman's hand and heart.

American society took an absorbing interest in this unrivalled love romance, and was much divided upon it. The Vanderbilts were of course all in the one camp, but there were powerful influences, such as the Astors' and Goelets', who strongly favoured the other side.

After spending a brief honeymoon at Saratoga, the newly-wedded pair went on an extended tour through Europe; and in the meantime the bridegroom's father slowly struggled back to life.

His right side, however, remained partially paralyzed, so that he was never again able to resume the direction of his vast affairs. Twelve months ago he was attacked by a second stroke of apoplexy, which, though only slight, clearly showed that he might succumb at any moment to the malady.

When the end came, a few weeks

ago, it was so sudden that before a doctor could reach the house Mr Vanderbilt was dead.

The deceased millionaire would never listen to any suggestion of reconciliation with his daughter-in-law; and there was only a partial reconciliation between him and his disinherited son, whom he did not even meet until more than two years after the marriage which was the cause of their estrangement.

The only wife in the world who cost £20,000,000 is the daughter of a man reputed to be worth four or five million pounds. She is said to be extremely pretty, fair-haired, slight of form, and of great vivacity. She is credited with an admirable taste in dress, and all her costumes are described as of exquisite neatness. Of sunny disposition, she has made herself beloved by all who know her by her cheerful and unrestrained ways.

The second surviving son displaced his elder brother in the father's will. He only came of age last summer, and a few months ago started on a voyage round the world, receiving the honours reserved for the prospective heir of the Vanderbilt house.

When his coming of age was celebrated, his disinherited brother was not even invited to the rejoicings, though known to be present at the time in the little town in which they took place.

Secrecy is observed as to the exact disposal of the Vanderbilt millions; but it is understood that the originally intended heir to the most of them will receive a handsome fortune, though deposed from the position of chief beneficiary.

He does not repent of his bargain, which, though financially the dearest on record, is no less dear from another and less sordid point of view.

© © ©

A FIREFLY DRESS.

On the occasion of a garden party at Benares given by the Viceroy a wonderful dress was worn by the Countess Palovolovetch, which excited much admiration. Seen from near at hand the gown seemed to be made up of tongues of blue flame, with occasional streaks of bright light flashing across, and all resting on a bed of liquid fire. Then the appearance would change, and its wearer seemed to be wrapped in multi-coloured flame. It was noticed that the Countess never sat down, but was constantly on the move. During her perigrinations a friend asked her about her marvellous costume, and discovered that it was a simple gown of rich brocade, ornamented with fireflies. There were five hundred and thirty-five of these little creatures, each in a tiny net, fastened to the dress. During the evening no doubt a good number of them died, but the majority of them glowed brightly till the Countess returned to her bungalow, and doffed what is said, and probably rightly, to have been the strangest costume worn at a fete in India or elsewhere.

THE EARRING RETURNING TO POPULARITY.

Earrings are coming in again, and while fashion's slaves are mockingly protesting that they will not wear the barbarous things, they will undoubtedly submit in the end.

The idiot has gone forth that earrings are to be worn again, and the jewellers are prepared for an immediate demand for that article of jewellery, which was relegated to oblivion ten years ago.

One drawback to the revival is that nine out of every ten women will need to have their ears pierced again, and every woman has an acute remembrance of that painful ordeal in the past. It was the custom to pierce the ears by putting a cork behind them, stretching the lobes of the ear tight over the cork, and then piercing them with a needle, afterwards drawing a silken thread and a gold ring, made specially for the purpose, through the hole.

Pearl or diamond screw rings will hold their own for a long time in woman's favour, but there are some new and startling fancies shown in the way of earrings.

Herr Rasmussen's
ALFALINE
Herbal Remedies.

More marvellously successful and affectional than ever! Have been before the Public for OVER FOURTEEN YEARS, and CURED THOUSANDS.

For the Blood, Skin, Nerves, Liver, Rheumatism, Piles, Kidneys, etc.
A Special Remedy for each complaint.
Send for Book (posted free) containing valuable information and testimonials. Advice Free.
Correspondence Strictly Confidential.
HERR RASMUSSEN,
81, Lambton Quay, WELLINGTON.

PIMPLES
PREVENTED BY
Cuticura
SOAP

The most effective skin purifying and beautifying soap, as well as purest and sweetest, for toilet, bath, and nursery. It strikes at the cause of bad complexions, red, rough hands, falling hair, and baby blemishes, viz. the clogged, irritated, inflamed, overworked, or sluggish PORES.

Sold everywhere. British depot: F. NEWBY & SONS, London. French depot: J. MIDY, Paris. Australian depot: H. TOWSE & CO., Sydney. POTTER, DUNN AND CO., Ltd., Sole Props., Scotch, U. S. A.

BIRDS' CUSTARD POWDER

Sing a Song of Sixpence
a pocket full of Rye
ADISH of DAINTY CUSTARD
Improves an APPLE PIE



BIRD'S Custard Powder makes a perfect High-Class Custard at a minimum cost and trouble. Used by all the leading Dishes 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!
HOUSEKEEPERS CAN OBTAIN SUPPLIES FROM ALL THE LEADING WHOLESALE HOUSES.

ON BEING PRETTY.

It is a gruesome fact to a woman that a tip or a tilt of her nose in the right or wrong direction may mean a brilliant or a beggarly career. The inclination of an eyebrow, the pout of a lip, the curve of a chin; the effect of colour between dusky pink complexion and brown hair, between fair freckled skin and red hair, or cream pale face and black hair, all go to direct a woman's course through life. So little is there to complete the difference between a plain woman and one who is pretty, that a certain quality of smile is enough to give a homely face the local distinction of being pretty. Outsiders fail to see the connection until informed that the face grows on one. But the owner of the smile flourishes in her own land; the reputation of its magic keeps confidence in herself well balanced. She is as sure of its effect as physically perfect women are sure of their special beauty, and she never fails to make use of it at the right moment. Other tricks of the trade are pretty hands, or a neatly curved ear, some wealth of hair, or a slim waist. But there are no women who are so sure of a foremost place in social importance as those who, though far from beautiful in feature, are confident of well-set shoulders and a prettily turned ankle. These last are, further, more comparatively free from the fierce criticism which poisons the blossoms on the flower-strewn paths of the strikingly beautiful. Beautiful women are adored by the multitude, tolerated by their friends, and seriously annoyed by their neighbours. Either they have a mind above the petty details of backbiting, or they worry wrinkles in amongst the beauty because of the unkind criticism to which they are subjected, or they remain quite happy in the possession of a mind unworthy of even being worried. A plain woman with a mind has her clear advantages, but a beautiful woman with a mind is impregnable.

What might be called the curse of being pretty is keenest in childhood; one is so entirely thrown on the stupidity or clear-headedness of one's elders for help from the besetting critics. And the mind of one's elders in this respect is oftentimes fogged beyond redemption. The one idea in the staid thoughts of good parents when their girls grow up young flowers of loveliness is: "Do not let them know they are pretty. To be pretty when one is grown up is a different matter. The rough, out-of-elbow schoolgirl begins to qualify at the corners, to show a distinct dignity of carriage, a purity of complexion, a regularity of feature. Immediately she discovers a new weight attached to her opinion, a new deference to her desires. She finds she has grown pretty, and the world is at her feet. Very probably her immediate relations are necessarily there also, and she little scruples to set the ball of humanity rolling wheresoever she pleases. For there are none so inately selfish as the very beautiful. There is a good-humoured, apparently unconscious, condescending selfishness, which has the look of a pleasant quality, but means slavery to the underlings. The best invitations, the dearest sought favours gravitate naturally to the pretty girl. Else she claims them as her birthright. And really when one considers the matter, who wants the plain members of a family to flock to receptions or put the arrangements of a dinner party out of drawing? By all means let us scramble for the figure-heads to grace our assemblies; by all means let us discourage the commonplace and the ugly. So follows the martyrdom of the plain, a martyrdom which finds its solace in "good work" or in trained craftsmanship, or in running a domestic agency, or in losing all its fine points of temper in a life of ladylike indolence. The ideal woman is the beautiful unselfish woman. When a plain person, however, survives the ordeal of being hideously jealous, becomes philosophical and reasonable, then finally happy, she makes one of the sweetest tempered, most companionable women the world knows. To want desperately but hopelessly to be pretty, to appreciate beauty and to be personally destitute of it, forms one of the most

difficult knots in the skein of life which a woman is set to unravel. Experience either drives her to philosophy and good temper, else to hob-nail boots and the gospel of extremes.



A NEW USE FOR PERFUMERY.

While many a housewife has made it a habit to lay away the bed linen in lavender scented closets, it was not until recently that the perfumed pad invaded the bed itself. This pad is a thin quilted affair, which has one layer of cotton plentifully besprinkled with the favourite scent—either rose, lavender, or violet—in a sachet powder. From time to time the powder is renewed around the edges. The pad is laid between the mattress and the lower sheet. Pillows are also opened at the corners and sachet powder shaken into the feathers. Those who are fond of the smell of pine woods gather pine needles during the summer and use them about the wide hems of the pads and pillows, making special little sacks for the needles and filling them in flat.

Milkmaid



BRAND
Milk
Full Cream.

Largest Sale in the World.

The Little Martyr.

The Most Remarkable Cure Effected by Modern Science.

A Victim of Sunstroke, Hysteria and Decline, Discharged from Two Hospitals as Incurable, Cured and Transformed into an Active Rosy Boy by

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

The whole case thoroughly investigated and reported upon by a "Quiz and the Lantern" Special.

"The following account of this extraordinary cure probably unprecedented in the annals of medical science is taken from an independent report made at our request by 'Quiz and the Lantern,' and is illustrated by actual photographs."

A BOY'S ESCAPE

"I was," writes a reporter of the "Quiz and the Lantern," "informed the other day of a startling affair in which a boy living at Bagot Street, Hilton, near Adelaide, figured, and I personally verified the absolute truth of the statement, Mrs Carty, when spoken to, said that three years ago her son, Edward, received a sunstroke which brought on violent hysterical fits, troubles of the bowels and urinary

but in spite of all medical care and attention—for which his mother is deeply grateful—the Hospital authorities pronounced the case to be utterly hopeless. The nurse in charge expressed the opinion that Ernest would not live through the night. The morning found him still alive but very low. He could assimilate but little food, and what sleep he got failed to benefit him. His hands were pale and waxen, and his face wan and drawn with pain. Being regarded as incurable, Mrs Carty took him home to die. Now commenced the most fearful period of Mrs Carty's busy life. The sick child was reduced to a miserable skeleton, and would frequently be afflicted with violent screaming fits of hysteria, his condition after each paroxysm being corpse-like. Acting again on medical advice Mrs Carty took her boy to a Children's Hospital, but it was pointed out that as the case was absolutely hopeless and a special nurse and isolation were required, it was better to remove him. So once more the poor lad, now merely skin and bone, was carefully conveyed home and the end awaited. One day, however, Mrs Carty's attention was drawn to several of the wonderful cures effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. She said to herself "I wonder if these pills would help my poor boy in his awful suffering." She procured some, and a few days after taking them the patient's condition improved. His bowel troubles abated somewhat, gradually the hysterical fits ceased, his appetite improved, and he began to put on flesh. In a few weeks he was up and about, and it was not long after that before he was completely cured, looking strong and robust, with a good appetite and plenty of energy. "The neighbours," said Mrs Carty, "used to come round sometimes in their kindness to help me, thinking that the poor boy could not live till morning, and I have often had three and four of them waiting to perform the last



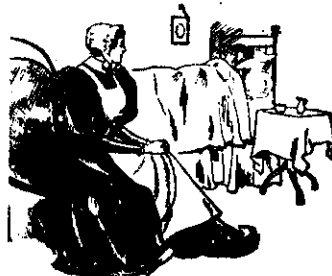
The Little Martyr.

rites. Both my son and myself will for ever and ever bless Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

MANY OTHER CASES.

This is, of course, only one case among thousands which Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have cured, though from its interesting nature it has attracted great attention. When, however, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure such hopeless cases as this, still more will they benefit the less severe ailments of daily life. The cures include cases of paralysis, locomotor ataxia, rheumatism and sciatica, also all disorders arising from impoverished blood, scrofula, rickets, consumption of bowels and lungs, anaemia, loss of appetite, nervous headaches, debility and hysteria. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are genuine only with full name in red ink on white wrapper. Sold by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Wellington, N.Z., 3/ per box, six boxes 16/6, and by all chemists and storekeepers.

BUT MIND YOU ASK FOR DR. WILLIAMS'.



The nurse said he would not live till morning.

organs, and general decline. I sought the best medical advice," she continued, "and a leading specialist advised that Ernest should be taken to the Hospital." Here he was treated by eminent physicians and surgeons,

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

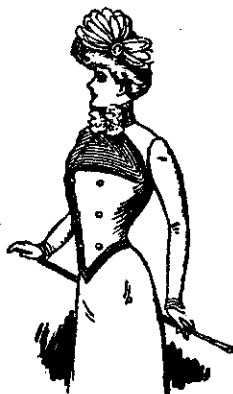
By MARQUETTE

Nowadays no one is old. Those over whose heads have passed some eighty summers are only "elderly," and up to sixty we are mere boys and girls. It may be this juvenile spirit that has slighted and elbowed aside the bonnet for hats and toques, which are favoured by all short of septuagenarians. But there are still some conservative matrons who consider it more decorous wear than the more frivolous toque. Whether bonnets pure and simple are to be worn again—according to the disturbing prophecies which have been made of late—there are some smart bonnets which bid fair to be a power in the land of millinery this autumn and winter. There is one type in evidence which is not quite built on the lines of the bonnet, and yet cannot be classed exactly as the up-to-date toque. It is really more like the "Sappho" shape of past seasons, broad across, quite shallow from back to front, where it turns up, and trimmed to accentuate the breadth by spreading feathers right and left. Butterflies are receiving much attention at the present moment for decorative purposes at the hands of the milliner and modiste. Many bonnets consist of one big butterfly of gauze, lace, feathers, or crepe daintily marked with embroideries, jewels, or spangles. These, of course, are very large, and rest on a foundation of net, tulle, or lace. Butterflies will also flutter over gowns, handkerchiefs, and veils, and all the small belongings of our toilet.

Some brides, and I almost think they are wise, are eschewing the regulation white satin gown, and wearing instead a white serge coat and skirt, or (in summer) a pretty muslin with a hat. White, I think, is always the nicest if the bride is still a girl; of course, if she has been married before it is different, and then I should advise a delicate grey or coloured gown. If a white satin gown is wished, be sure and have it good, though it may be plain, for if you do not possess old lace, it is better to have a rich satin simply trimmed alone with chiffon, than yards of second-rate lace, second-rate pearl embroidery, and multitudinous frills. Of course, nothing is more charming than old lace, and the most useful way of having a white satin wedding gown made is to have a removable yoke. Then the gown is ready for the first dinner party or ball you may be called upon to attend, without having to go again to the dressmaker's to be tossed about and altered. In my picture I have given a design to suit quite a moderate purse, and one with only a small amount of old lace, namely, a long

ed myrtle, whence it cascades down the fastening of the bodice, caught on the hip with a diamond ornament, and falling thence to the feet, partially hiding the skirt fastening. Underneath, the lining of the bodice should lace. An ample tulle veil is worn, gathered together on the top of the head with orange and myrtle blossom.

I give you, too, the neatest little idea in the way of a coat, and personally I consider a coat and skirt like this perhaps the most useful type of "going away" gown. This is of mastic coloured covert coating, the shape a crossed bolero, pointed in front, the high turned-over collar and deep re-



A SMART COAT.

vers stitched closely with silk, stitched several times round the edge, and buttoned with carved ivory buttons. At the neck a dainty little jabot of lace appears, and the toque worn is of mauve chenille platé, a big bow of chiffon at the side held up by a gold buckle. I wish you to notice the collar of the coat particularly, as all the latest are made in this way, high up, before they turn down. I should complete this very simple costume with a petticoat of mauve silk, with many kilted frills, and a blouse of mauve crepe-de-chine, striped down with guipure insertion from a small yoke of guipure at the neck. Good crepe-de-chine wears beautifully.

Bridesmaids are a vexed question. They materially add to the cost of a wedding, but, of course, they form a charming entourage. If bridesmaids are chosen, it is well to select some costume the colour and style that will suit all, for often do I see an otherwise pretty red-haired maid miserably



THE BRIDESMAID'S DRESS.

clad in pink, a sallow brunette in pale blue, and so forth, suffering all the more in contrast because the colour suits the rest of the bevy so well. Black hats are enormously worn for bridesmaids, but I fail to see their universal becomingness, and think they look somewhat hen-like with their general nodding plumes. White gowns, with a touch of blue, are always be-

coming, and usually pale grey is so too. The gowns should be of a kind that will be useful afterwards for garden parties, bazaars, dances (with another bodice), and so forth. The bridesmaid's costume sketched here is of pale grey crepe-de-chine, and no material is more popular or more graceful. The skirts are made quite plainly over grey lace; the sleeves are also plain, and the rest of the bodice is of grey silk mousseline, in tucks roundways, just meeting at the top and bottom. The very graceful fichu is of white muslin, and drops quite low over the arms, attached at the waist, and falling in long ends to the feet. Of course, this is quite detachable. The hats are of pale grey felt or chip, with grey ostrich feathers, and turquoise-blue rosettes of softest Liberty satin, for at a wedding, you know, you should have "something old and something new, something borrowed and something blue."

An example of a bonnet of the moment is given in this figure, which we represent in profile to show at the same time the latest mode for dressing the hair for bonnet or toque wear. The shape here is a black chenille and straw one, and it is trimmed almost solely by black ostrich tips. These are placed with the stems in the centre, where one of the large dull-gold buckles holds them, so as to produce the broad effect before referred to, and two are arranged to stand up in the centre. Small twists of orange-coloured velvet show here and there, a chou or rosette of the same standing on either side of the knot of hair at the back. Apropos of the latter, it will be seen it is gath-



THE NEW BONNET.

ered close to the head some quarter of the way up by a slide, and then arranged in a Grecian coil above, instead of being gathered right to the top as for hat or indoor wear. It is still dressed much over the ears, but this is a mode requiring great discretion, it being one that suits the few only. It suits Miss Edna May delightfully, but alas! we cannot all claim such beauty as the belle of New York, and there are many injudicious women who, ignoring this patent fact and assuming this style, gey themselves and add to their apparent age tremendously, whereas, by dressing their hair more in accordance with their appearance, they might pass muster and relieve themselves of the credit of several fictional and unnecessary years.

In this figure two of the most recent novelties in bonnets are expressed—the chenille and straw shape—the mammoth butterfly. The chenille shapes are very much the vogue, being quite the dernier cri, and not being easily cheapened, will probably be one of the favoured features in millinery lore during this autumn and winter. The chenille is rather thick, and in waved or vandyked lines hkl together, lace fashion, by the thinnest possible straw threads. The hats and bonnets thus built are of necessity very unsubstantial, and will endure no rough wear, and, being so very open in make, require in many cases silk lining, which gives the opportunity for

introducing colour or effect when desired.

The magpie combination, which has obtained so much during the past season, is still in high favour, and is in evidence in our model under discussion. The black chenille shape here, which is prettily undulated round the edge, is lined with white



A CHENILLE AND STRAW BONNET.

silk, and a large white butterfly of feathers with black feather head and black markings, makes, as it were, both crown and trimming. White strings tie on the left side, the only touch of colour being a group of deep red crushed roses under the left side of the brim.

Many hats, toques, and bonnets are being trimmed with velvet folds and bows edged with rows of stitching, white on black or dark colours, black on white, pink, or yellow. The stitching craze is tremendous.

Recently I had me to interview the latest shirts and blouses for summer wear, and charmingly seductive and dainty I found them. The style I admired the most and which seemed to be the one more generally approved of, I have sketched minutely for you here—minutely so that you should observe the detail. For detail is the beginning and end of the shirt fashionable to-day. This one is of mauve spotted muslin, and is turned



A MUSLIN BLOUSE.

back with revers (merely of double muslin) edged with a narrow insertion of old-coloured imitation Valenciennes, and then a frill of muslin, edged again in its turn with narrow Valenciennes lace to match the insertion. The collar band, which heads the little vest inside, is of five rows of the insertion whipped on to each other, and the vest itself is formed by strips of white lawn, tucked crossways in checks, very finely, and insertion of the Valenciennes. The waist is tied by a sash of rather broad, pink, corded, silk ribbon. The revers form a square sailor collar behind, the sleeves are small bishop, and the cuffs match the vest. The blouse is lined with mauve batiste. These blouses were



A BRIDAL GOWN.

scarf which we will suppose the mother or grandmother of the bride to have given her. This dress is made in princess like most of to-day's wedding gowns, with a fair amount of train and long plain sleeves. These last are fixed on to the yoke, not the dress, and this yoke, which is of tucked and gathered white mousseline de soie, is quite removable, being made on the thinnest lining of muslin. The dress itself is cut quite décolleté, and trimmed merely with the scarf of lace, held together in front by a sprig of orange blossom or the more favour-

made in all sorts of figured French cambrics and "linons," and several bore skirt to match which bore a deep flounce, headed and edged by a narrow machine-stitched strapping.

③ ③ ③

A general aspect of flatness is still chiefly observable in our clothes, flat shoulders, close-fitting sleeves and flat trimming effecting this look.



A BLOUSE OF MOUSSELINE AND LACE.

Never for a long while have bodices been so tight-fitting and skirts so clinging. The loose style of blouse-bodice is not worn at all, though many bodices call themselves blouses if they "blouse" ever so slightly over the waist band. Of this order is the dainty little evening blouse pictured here, which is composed of finely-pleated rose-pink mousseline-de-soie, over pink taffeta silk, broad bands of guipure decorating the bodice, and crossing the tops of the sleeves, which are rucked at the elbow. This blouse is useful for theatre wear particularly, and looks equally nice in black and white, and other colouring. Broad guipure insertion, silk muslin, and an old bodice of an evening gown may accomplish it successfully, but the lining must fit well, as all linings must to-day.

③ ③ ③

The very best and most practical lining for thin materials takes the form of a Princess slip, which is complete in itself and allows of wearing one gown over different colours, if the wearer is so minded. Skirts and bodices are shown, but as they both entail different thicknesses at the waist and danger of parting, the slip is



LADIES' PRINCESS SLIP.

greatly preferred. It should be fitted with care, the waist boned and the skirt stiffened at the bottom. It will be enhanced by the addition of reefs in the back width, which keep it in perfect shape and allow the thin outer skirt to fall free in soft, graceful folds. The materials best suited for the purpose are taffeta, silk, percaline and

lawn, all of which can be found in the prevailing colours of the season. The slip is cut in five pieces—front, back, side-back gore, upper and under sleeve. It is fitted by means of a centre seam and side-back seams, arm and double bust darts, and is closed invisibly at the centre front by means of hooks and eyes. It may be low-necked, with only strap sleeves; high-necked with elbow sleeves, or high-necked with no sleeves, as one may prefer. The boning should be done with care, the seam being stitched twice to form a casing, as any evidence of stitching on the outside would spoil the effect. As illustrated the material is taffeta in leaf-green. The trimming at the bottom is a bias frill, lace edged, and the neck and arm-holes are finished with lace of the same sort. To make this slip for a lady in the medium size will require twelve yards of twenty-two-inch-wide material.

③ ③ ③

For thin and slender folk the princess form of gown is having, and will have, the greatest favour. But for this style one must possess a fairly good figure, and the perfection of dress-making skill. The princess gown here sketched, which strikes a decided note of elegance, is of grey silk, embroidered with a silken dot in relief. It is fastened all down one side with



AN ELEGANT GOWN.

little tabs drawn through small steel buckles; the revers are of lace, the chemisette of white. I saw this dress worn with a charming hat of softly swathed grey tulle, and shaded grey ostrich feathers with the happiest effect. For a smart afternoon costume the style is excellent.

③ ③ ③

Here is a pretty little model for our small girls to wear at parties. Velvet, silk, or cashmere should form the overdress, and the little under-bodice and sleeves should be composed of a soft China silk, mull muslin



CHILD'S PARTY FROCK.

or a clear white Swiss muslin, just as we will. A wide sash of soft ribbon must be tied round the waist into a big bow at the back. This is a quaint and pretty style, and is easy to arrange at home.



BOY'S SUIT.

When girls are ugly babies then their mamas quite insist That they by us against our wills be Kissed, Kissed, Kissed. But when the girls are sweet 16 their mamas say we shan't, And though we'd like to kiss them, then, we Can't, Can't, Can't!

GOOD MEDICAL ADVICE.

Graduate: Now that I have my medical diploma, Professor, where would you expect me to practise for wealth? Professor: In any first-class health resort.

All Tired Out

Pale, Thin, Poor Blood, No Energy.

These are the symptoms of impure blood, starved blood. Take out the impurities, feed the blood, and health quickly returns.

Mrs. George Mitchell, of Yulle St., Buninyong, Victoria, send us her photograph with the following story:



"I suffered terribly from general debility. I had no energy. I was tired in the morning as at night. It did not seem possible for me to keep up. I was thin and pale and my blood was very poor. I had no appetite. I gradually grew weaker and weaker. When almost completely exhausted I read about

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

I immediately tried it and began to improve at once. A few bottles completely restored me to health."

You cannot get the best results from Ayer's Sarsaparilla if your bowels are constipated. Take just enough of Ayer's Pills each night to cause one good free movement of the bowels the day following.

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

THE CELEBRATED C. B. CORSETS.

(Patented and Registered.)

BEAR WELL IN MIND

that all efforts to dress to advantage upon a moderate expenditure are vain, unless perfect shaped Corsets are worn. The expenditure of a few shillings in purchasing a

C. B. CORSET

will do more to enable you to dress well than the expenditure of as many pounds in purchasing any other article of dress.

C. B. CORSETS

are perfect in shape, most comfortable in wear, and are sold in good reliable qualities at

3/11, 4/11, 6/11, 8/11, 10/6, 15/6, and 21/-, etc..

BY DRAPERS AND OUTFITTERS EVERYWHERE.



THE BAYSTAR CORSET PATENTED

By Special



Appointment

TO HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR, LADY RANFURLY, Etc., Etc.

A. WOOLLAMS & Co., LADIES' TAILORS.

THE VERY LATEST FASHIONS ALWAYS ON HAND.

ARTISTIC DESIGN. Superior Cutters and Fitters. SUPERIOR FINISH. ALL WORK DONE BY MEN TAILORS ONLY. Patterns, Sketches, and Measurement Forms sent on application. COSTUMES FROM FOUR GUINEAS.

RIDING HABITS.

We would draw attention to the fact that our Habits are GENUINE TAILOR-MADE, perfect in hang, and superior in workmanship. All Habits fitted in the Saddle, which is on the premises. N.B.—PRIVATE FITTING ROOMS, with Lady Attendant in charge, to wait upon customers attend sitting on, etc.

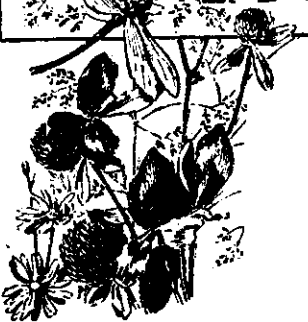
A. WOOLLAMS & Co. LADIES' TAILORS.

TELEPHONE 184.

168, QUEEN STREET.

AUCKLAND

CHILDREN'S PAGE



CHILDREN'S CORRESPONDENCE COLUMN.

Any boy or girl who likes to become a cousin can do so, and write letters to 'Cousin Kate,' care of the Lady Editor, 'Graphic' Office, Auckland.

Write on one side of the paper only. All purely correspondence letters with envelope ends turned in are carried through the Post Office as follows:—Not exceeding 100, 1d; not exceeding 150, 1d; for every additional 50 or fractional part thereof, 1d. It is well for correspondence to be marked 'Press Manuscript only.'

Please note, dear cousins, that all letters addressed to Cousin Kate must now bear the words 'Press Manuscript only.' If so marked, and the flap turned in, and not overweight, they will come for a 1d stamp in Auckland, but a 1d from every other place.

THE 'GRAPHIC' COUSINS' COT FUND.

This fund is for the purpose of maintaining a poor, sick child in the Auckland Hospital, and is contributed to by the 'Graphic' cousins—readers of the children's page. The cot has been already bought by their kind collection of money, and now £23 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 suppose you must think that I have quite forgotten to write to you and tell you I received my prize. I was so glad that the little girl you told me about was pleased to get the doll, for I am sure it must be dull always having to stay in bed all day long. I do hope you will be having another competition for dressing dolls next year. Do you think you could manage to have a special competition for the cousins next year? I noticed in the Christmas Number of the 'Graphic' several stories written by grown up people, but I did not see any written by small children. I am enjoying my holidays splendidly, and I am very sorry to say I have only a couple of weeks left. I go for a bath every day; sometimes we go in the evening; it is much nicer than in the middle of the day, because you don't get sunburnt. Last week I went to 'White Heather.' I enjoyed it very much. I would like to go to every one of Bland Holt's plays; he

always has such splendid scenery, and I think the acting is splendid. I think Miss Ireland and Mr. Baker are the best in the company. Mr. and Mrs. Holt are very good indeed; they keep the audience in fits of laughter. I must now conclude, wishing you every success for the next doll dressing competition.—I am, your loving cousin Dora. P.S.—I have not filled my card yet, but I will send it in as soon as possible.

[Dear Cousin Dora,—I am glad you were pleased with the prize, and that you are having a good time during the holidays. I am, alas! stuck closely to my desk all these hot, muggy days. I, too, saw the "White Heather," and think you are a very good critic, for in my opinion, too, Miss Ireland and Mr. Baker are the best. Mind you enter for next year's competition, for we are sure to have one.—Cousin Kate.]

© © ©

Dear Cousin Kate,—Thanks very much for the prize I received, but I did not expect to get one. We have been to picnics in the Domain and to Sulphur Beach. I have been staying at a friend's place for a week, and I enjoyed myself nicely. I have seen the Museum, the Art Gallery, and the Free Library during part of the holidays. I hope you have had as nice a time as I had. I did enjoy reading the letter about the Christmas tree; it was almost as good as if I had been there. I often pass the Hospital, and often look at it and think of the little children who are suffering in there, and it makes me thankful that I am well and strong.—I remain, yours truly, Cousin Vivian.

[Dear Cousin Vivian,—It was very nice to hear you were pleased with your prize, and, as I said before, you well deserved it. You certainly seem to have made very good use of your holidays. I wonder which of the pictures at the Art Gallery you liked best. I could have told you stories of one or two that would have made them interesting. Some day I think we will get all the cousins to go to the Hospital and see the children, for I am sure we none of us realize how grateful we should be to be really well. What is Sulphur Beach like? When you write tell me all about it.—Cousin Kate.]

© © ©

Dear Cousin Kate,—I am very sorry to say that I did not receive the doll nor collecting card or badge. I was very glad to see by the "Graphic" that you had such a beautiful Christmas tree for the children. I am going to try for the next doll competition. Will you be so kind as to send the collecting card and badge and the doll as soon as possible. It would be nice to take a trip to Auckland now.—From Cousin Florrie. P.S.—I hope you spent a merry Christmas, and also a happy new year.—Florrie.

[Dear Cousin Florrie,—You simply cannot imagine how glad I was to get a letter from you. Months and months ago I sent a doll addressed to you at the only address you put on your letter, that is OERO. The Post Office people said there was no such place!! I insisted there must be, or how could you have written from there. This answer seemed to puzzle the Post Office clerk, and he promised to try and find you. And, my dear little cousin, try they did. From one end of New Zealand to another post-masters tried to find out where Oero was, but nobody seemed to know, and about two days ago a messenger brought word that I must take the parcel back, as the Post Office could find no one to deliver it to. So then your letter came. Curiously enough, the post marks were almost entirely invisible, only PAT of one word being clear. It was quite like one of our "Graphic" puzzles, was it not? Then we saw the other post mark, though very faint, was Kaihora North, and

that it was in the Napier district. I therefore judge that the PAT I can see on the other post mark is Patangata, and by to-morrow's post I am sending you a badge, collecting card, and two dolls, one for yourself for your disappointment, and one to dress. Dear Cousin Florrie, try and collect as much as you can, for we are in dire need of money for the cot. I am going to say something to all the cousins about it soon, so you can read that. Meanwhile, dear Florrie, if the address is not right this time please send me a letter at once giving your full address.—Cousin Kate.]

THE REVOLT OF THE NURSERY RHYMES.

A STORY FOR THE CHILDREN.

(By F. Lindsey.)

Outside the snowflakes were falling in soft white showers, covering the bare branches of the trees and the poor frozen glass with a lovely white mantle, drifting against the panes of the nursery window, and freezing into icicles on the window sill.

Inside, bright flames flickered up the chimney from the nursery grate, warming the short, black-stockinged legs of the little girls sitting in front of the fire roasting chestnuts and reading the nursery rhymes.

Presently the little girls grew sleepy with the heat of the fire, and if anyone had been watching closely enough they would have seen the leaves of the book of Nursery Rhymes, which had fallen on the floor, begin to flutter as Jack Horner popped his head out and, looking round cautiously to see if anyone were about, stepped out. He held his Christmas pie carefully in his hands. After him came Miss Muffit and the Spider, then Jack and Jill, carrying their pail of water, followed by the Mouse of Dickory Dickory Dock.

on the arm. "I am so sick of it, I'm not a greedy boy, but because I once pulled out a plum with my thumb—which, by the bye, is a most difficult thing to do—I am never seen without this thing"—and he held it out to Nellie in disgust.

"Thank you so much," he said gratefully, as the little girl jumped up on a stool and deposited the pie on the lowest shelf of the nursery cupboard. "Couldn't you persuade this wretched spider to leave me in peace for a few minutes?" begged Miss Muffit, in a plaintive little voice, clinging to Nellie's skirt. "He is such a nasty creature, and I do so hate spiders!"—shuddering and her pretty blue eyes filled with tears.

"I will do my best," said Nellie, feeling a little bewildered. She went up to the spider, who was just then amusing himself by teasing the other spider out of the nursery rhyme book—the one who owns a parlour—by running in and out of his web and stealing his flies. "Mr Spider," she began, politely, "don't you think you could keep away from Miss Muffit for a little while? She would enjoy her visit to our nursery so much more if you didn't sit down beside her." The spider made a face at the well-known quotation.

"Don't do that!" he said, sharply, and looked at her quite wickedly with his little horrid eyes. Poor Nellie, who shared Miss Muffit's hatred of spiders, tried to smile in order to put him in a good temper.

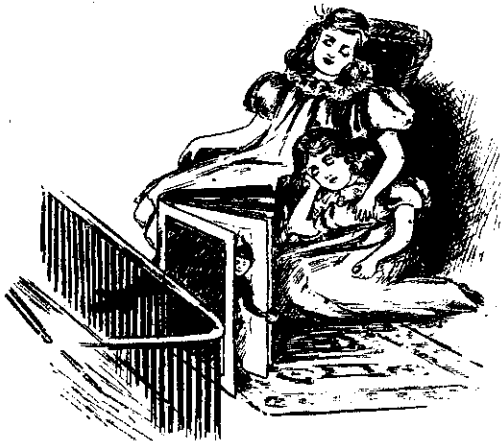
"All right," he said, ungraciously; "I won't go near the little idiot until we have to go back. I'm having rare sport here with this fly"—and he laughed.

Nellie hastened to comfort Miss Muffit.

"Will you share my curds and whey?" asked that quiet little person. Nellie was very fond of curds and whey, and they grew very friendly over their little meal.

In the meantime Dollie had been chatting with Jack and Jill. They were grumbling about their pail of water.

"It is so monotonous," they complained to their interested listener, "always having to do the same thing over and over again. We so seldom have any change, only an occasional new frock and a different coloured pail when we come out in new editions at Christmas time. I don't know who



"PRESENTLY THE LITTLE GIRLS GREW SLEEPY."

Then the three Blind Mice and the Farmer's Wife ran off together, next Little Bo-Peep with her sheep, and Little Boy Blue with his sheep, until the nursery was quite full. Poor Robin had to perch on the window sill, and the other birds wherever they could find room on the pictures and cupboards.

Such a noise they all made, all chattering at once! Grumbling and laughing, chirruping and squealing, until the two little maidens in front of the fire rubbed their eyes and sat up in amazement.

"What can have happened?" cried one.

"Oh, how delightful!" exclaimed the other. "We were reading about them before we began to roast the chestnuts, and here they all are! It must have been that dear old Santa Claus who invited them to come"—and she jumped off her chair with delight.

"Do find some place where I can put this horrid pie down, there's a good girl," said Jack Horner, touching her

got us this holiday to-day. I expect it is because we have all been grumbling so much lately. With so many strikes going on we have lately been holding meetings to consider whether we cannot have one, and put a stop to the monotony of the nursery rhyme book."

"Oh, I do hope you won't do anything so dreadful!" interrupted Dollie. "Everybody grumbles sometimes, and we children are all so fond of you, the new rhymes are never so nice as the old, and then you're always the same; you can't think what a comfort that is."

"I'm glad any way, that you are fond of us," said several of the children's favourites, who had been listening to the conversation between Dollie and Jack and Jill.

"Of course, we are most original, and nothing ever happens in real life like it does in our rhymes," remarked Betty Blue, complacently, "and it would be a great loss to future generations of children"—grandy—"if we were done away with."

Ridiculous Things the Animals Do.



"BACK YOU ALL GO TO THE LAND OF THE NURSERY RHYMES."

"Quite true. Now did you ever meet anyone like Humpty Dumpty in real life?" asked Jill. "Why, a real person as fragile as that would never have even dreamed of sitting on a wall; it would have been a nightmare if he had."

"Oh, Nellie, what darlings!" cried Dollie, leaving Jack and Jill to grumble to each other; "who are they, and why are they crying?"

"It's that naughty old woman who lives in the shoe," said Nellie, indignantly; "she was just going to whip them and put them to bed. Aren't they pretty?"—kissing the two little rosy, tear-stained faces.

"Let's play with them, and give them some sweets."

Presently the hubbub increased; it was Jack with the pail and Jack Horner talking at the top of their voices; they were evidently the ring-leaders and head of the strike agitation.

"I don't care what anyone says!" cried Jack with the pail. "I shall throw the pail away, and stay here until a grown-up person sees me out of the book, and then I can't go back, but shall turn into a real boy, and not have to exist only in that horrid book."

"So shall I," agreed Jack Horner. "I shall stay, too; it will soon be the children's tea-time, and nurse will be coming in. What a lark it will be! She will be surprised!"

"I'll stay, too!" "And I!" "And I!" cried all the most venturesome of the well-known characters. "We shall enjoy ourselves."

"What shall we do with them all?" sighed Dollie and Nellie, in dismay. "I'm sure they were ever so much nicer in the book; one knew just what they would say and do. I can't think what nurse and mother will say. Well, it's not our fault," said Nellie; and the two little girls tried to persuade their turbulent friends to go quietly back into the book again; its blank pages looked strange and sad to the children without the familiar faces on them.

Bo-Peep began to cry; she wanted to go back, and was getting tired and frightened. Little Boy Blue, too, was whimpering, and his sister, little Betty Blue, was hunting everywhere for her shoe. "I shall go back to the book at once," she declared.

Nellie fetched her another shoe, and she was delighted, and away she went, the first of the crowd to disappear between the pages of the empty book. She was soon followed by most of the little girls and by nearly all the birds, except the robins, who started fighting, and were only frightened into peace by the cat with the warm coat. Dollie and Nellie began to hope that they would be able to get all their visitors away by the time nurse came up with the tea.

"Oh, dear, Johnnie Stout," begged Nellie, "do get your cat and try and chase those mice back towards the fireplace; they are trying to get into the cupboard after Jack Horner's pie."

Johnnie Stout picked up his cat and went after the mice who were already nibbling the pie. They soon scampered away at sight of the pussie's sharp claws:

"How I wish Mother Goose would come to our aid!" said Dollie. "She would soon make them obey. Just look at that black sheep; he's eating the tablecloth." She caught up a toy spade and gave him a good smack. Up went his heels, and round and round the big nursery he scampered, the little girl following him and banging his woolly back with the spade. At last, when she was getting out of breath, he stopped in front of the book, which was now propped up on end, and looked like a little door. Nellie gave him a parting smack as he pushed open

the door with his nose, and with a whisk of his tail disappeared. The spade broke off in her hand.

Nurse was calling out; "I shall be up with the tea in a minute, children; what a noise you are making up there!"

"Let's wish as hard as ever we can for Mother Goose," suggested Dollie as a last resource; they were both tired out with the vagaries of their unruly visitors. "Hold your breath and shut your eyes, and wish, wish, wish." And there, sure enough, was Mother Goose sailing through the snowstorm on her broomstick with her faithful black cat behind her. She tapped at the nursery window, which the little girls gladly opened.

"What's all this noise and grumbling about?" she demanded, in a peremptory tone, as she alighted on the nursery floor. The last spark of rebellion faded out as she appeared.

"Back you all go to the land of the nursery rhymes! Now, then, Jack Horner, get your pie. Pick up your pail, Jack and Jill."

She picked up some of the little ones and seated them on her broom, and, driving the rest in front of her, made them pass through the door of the book back into the land from which they had strayed in her absence. She had been lurching with Father Christmas, and helping him in his choice of Christmas presents.

The two little sisters had just time to jump into their chairs in front of the fire as nurse came in with the teatray.

"Well, you have been having a fine game, dearies," she said, pleasantly. "I thought the ceiling was coming through into the workroom. What was the game, Dollie?"

"We were playing with nursery rhymes, Nana. "It would never do," she whispered to Nellie, "to tell her they have all been here, and I don't think she would believe it."

Luckily Nana didn't notice the broken spade, nor that the corner had been nibbled off the tablecloth!



DIFFERENT SORTS OF LESSONS

BIRDS AND PUSSIES HAVE THEM AS WELL AS YOU.

"Quack! quack!" says Mother Duck. "Jump right in! Think what good luck. To have a pond in perfect trim. See! This is the way—Scratch! Scratch! Where baby ducks can learn to swim!"

"Cluck! cluck!" says Crocodilewren. "Here's a fat worm; take it down. One—two—three! Now only try! Learn your own fat worms to catch."

Says Mother Bird, "Now do your best. Children, you must leave the nest. One—two—three! Now only try! That's the way to learn to fly."

Says Mother Puss, "Just wait till dark! We'll have supper. Hark! hark! hark! There's a mouse by the pantry wall—One bold spring, and that is all."

"What a journey—Papa, see!—From the table to my knee!—My's mamma. "Ah! not too fast. Baby'll learn to walk at last."



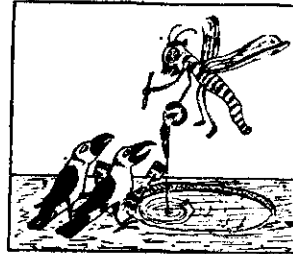
BROKE THE NEWS GENTLY.

The Tiger met the Billy Goat. And muttered with a frown. "I've got a bread crumb in my throat and want to get it down." Poor Billy through his scheme did see. And wrote his wife a note. "Dear Nannie, don't wait up for me." Wrote he. "I've missed by boat."



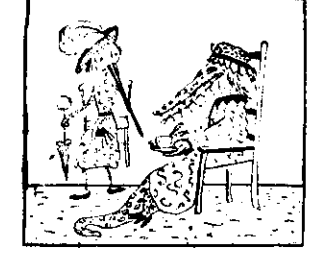
HAD A SECOND KEY.

The Donkey could not find his key. When he got home one night. The rain was pouring, too, and he Was in an awful plight. At last he found another key. Which brought his mad wife down. Some say it was the key of D. And roused up all the town.



THE FOOLISH DUET.

The Dragon Fly was eating curds And whew above a spring. When up came two gay Mockingbirds. And thus began to sing:—"Do, sol, se, me!" the first did cry. "Sol, do!" his mate did say. "Such grammar," yelled the Dragon Fly. "Has made me lose my whey!"



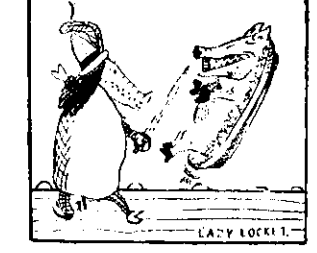
IMPORTANT FAMILY NEWS.

Miss Gallinipper called to see Old Madam Crocodile. She happened to be taking tea In very gorgeous style. Said she, "I'm glad you happened in; I've got the sweetest news; I just now sold my husband's skin To make a case of shoes."



HIS AWFUL SENTIMENT.

The June Bug with his sweet guitar Sang "neath Miss Robin's nest. Sang he. "Next to a good o'lar I love Miss Robin best. Miss Robin in loud tones did beg Him straight to leave the place. And then she took a robin's egg And hit him in the face."



HIS FATHER'S GHOST.

A smart young shoit once thought to play A drama on the stage. He had a tragic face, they say. And lots of tragic rage. As Hamlet he did swear to hack His father's sulien ghost. The latter was a razorback. And proved to be a roast.

"Hunyadi János" has, in my hands, given invariably satisfactory results. It is one of the most valuable of curative agents at our disposal. VIRCHOW.

"Hunyadi János" is 'the most concentrated of the saline group.' Natural Aperient Waters are vastly superior to artificial solutions, however skillfully prepared. SIR HENRY THOMPSON

"Hunyadi János" has established itself as a customary Aperient in all climates. It is remarkably and exceptionally uniform in its composition and free from the defects of other Hungarian Bitter Waters. BRITISH MEDICAL JOURNAL.

"Hunyadi János" of the many uses of Hungarian Bitter Waters, now offered to the public, careful selection should be made. We have found that only HUNYADI JÁNOS answers all purposes, owing to its remarkable uniformity and gentle action, which render it preferable to all others. VIENNA MEDICAL JOURNAL.

KEATING'S POWDER KILLS KEATING'S POWDER KILLS KEATING'S POWDER KILLS KEATING'S POWDER KILLS

BUGS, FLEAS, MOTHS, BEETLES, MOSQUITOES.

HARMLESS TO ANIMALS, HARMLESS TO ANIMALS, HARMLESS TO ANIMALS, HARMLESS TO ANIMALS.

but is unrivalled in destroying FLEAS, BUGS, COCKROACHES, BEETLES, MOTHS IN FURS, and every other species of insect. Sportsmen will find this invaluable for destroying flies in their dogs, as also ladies for their pet dogs.

The PUBLIC are CAUTIONED that packages of the genuine powder bear the autograph of THOMAS KEATING, Sold in Tins only.

KEATING'S WORM TABLETS. KEATING'S WORM TABLETS. KEATING'S WORM TABLETS. KEATING'S WORM TABLETS.

A PURELY VEGETABLE SWEETMEAT both in appearance and taste, furnishing a most agreeable method of administering the only certain remedy for INTENSIVE or THICKENED WORMS. It is a perfectly safe and mild preparation, and is especially adapted for Children. Sold in Tins, by all Druggists. Proprietor, THOMAS KEATING, London.



MISCHIEF, NOT HUNGER.
 "Now, is not that pathetic?" said a benevolent-looking old gentleman, standing with a friend in a doorway. "See how the poor crave ice this sultry weather. You and I who can get any sort of refreshment drink whenever we want it can't imagine what a luxury it is to them. That little fellow is happy because he has rescued a morsel of ice from a filthy gutter. Come here a minute, my boy."

The child approached by cautious detours, shifting his ice from one hand to the other.
 "Here is a penny for you," said the old gentleman kindly. "Go buy yourself a glass of lemonade. You mustn't eat that stuff, it may make you sick."
 "I wasn't goin' t' eat it," replied the gamine, seizing the coin.
 "Indeed!" exclaimed the philanthropist in surprise. "What did you want with it, then?"
 The urchin grinned.
 "I wanted ter put it down de blind man's back," he replied.

THE HORSELESS AGE.
 Tommy: Say, paw?
 Mr Figg: Well?
 "What is the horseless age?"
 "Eight. No horse ever gets past seven."

CUTTING OFF HIS RETREAT.
 "My income is small," said a rather dilatory lover, "and perhaps it is cruel of me to take you from your father's roof."
 "But I don't live on the roof," was the prompt reply.

HOW THEY WORK.
 First Detective: "There really isn't any evidence against him." Second Detective: "Why did you arrest him?" First Detective: "Well—er—there isn't any evidence against anybody else."

A PROOF INDEED.
 "Is Mrs Beverly so highly cultured?"
 "Yes; she can look at a hole in a newspaper without wondering what was cut out."

ANOTHER THING.
 Doctor: "I must forbid all brain work."
 Poet: "But may I not write some verses?"
 Doctor: "Oh, certainly."

THE SWEET YOUNG THING.
 "Did you know there is a man in the moon no longer? Someone has discovered a woman in the moon."
 The Savage Bachelor: "No wonder the man left."



"Mamma: Ethel, is the cook dressing the chickens?"
 "Ethel: No, Mamma, she is dressing them."

SHE HADN'T DROPPED OFF.
 "Delia!"
 "Yis, ma'am."
 "I am very tired, and I am going to lie down for an hour."
 "Yis, ma'am."
 "If I should happen to drop off call me at five o'clock."
 "Yis, ma'am."
 So my lady lies down, folds her hands, closes her eyes, and is soon in the land of dreams. She is awakened by the clock striking six, and cries indignantly:
 "Delia!"
 "Yis, ma'am."
 "Why didn't you call me at five o'clock as I told you to do?"
 "Shure, ma'am, ye tould me to call ye if ye had dropped off. I looked in on ye at five, and ye hadn't dropped off at all! Ye was lyin' on the bed in the same place, sound asleep."

TRUE LOVE.
 "And do you really love me, George?" she asked.
 "Love you!" repeated "dear" George, fervently. "Why, while I was bidding you good-bye on the porch last night, dear, the dog bit a large chunk out of my leg, and I never noticed it until I got home. Love you!"

DECEITFUL SIGNBOARD.
 Owner of Fishpond (to man who is trespassing): "Don't you see that sign, 'No Fishing Here'?"
 Angler (with an injured air): "Yes, and I dispute it. Why, there's good fishing here; look at this stringful. The man must have been mad who put that board up."

HER WITCHING WAYS.
 "He says his wife has witching ways."
 "I believe it. I hear she has a habit of riding over him with the broom stick."

"Have you seen Dash's new book?"
 "No. What's the title to it?"
 "The 'Unmasking of Humbug.'"
 "It must be his autobiography."

THE PROSAIC.
 Miss Rosa Dawn: Don't you think those hills are lovely, Mr Tire? You should see them in the early morning when the sun is climbing grandly over them in his fiery chariot."
 Mr Plumford Tire (who has just come over them): It may be all right in a chariot, but I'd like to see him do it on a bicycle.

THE BETTER PART.
 Annette: I have just been having a delightful stroll with Harold. Can anything be more poetical than a walk in the moonlight?
 Jeannette (five years older): Poetical, no doubt, Annette, but when you have had my experience you will know that a dark corner of the stairs is equal to ten moonlight nights.

REASON ENOUGH.
 Philanthropist: How did you happen to become a tramp?
 Well, my father neglected to leave me a fortune, an' I wuz too proud to work, so wot could I do?

HE WAS MORE OF A MARKSMAN.
 Indignant Citizen: "Your boy threw a stone at me just now and barely missed me."
 Mr Grogan: "Ye saye he missed ye?"
 "That's what I understood myself to remark."
 "Then it was not my boy."

PAPA HEARD.
 Laura: When Bob proposed last night did you know what was coming?
 Lucretia: No, I didn't know papa was within hearing; neither did Bob. Poor Bob.

NUMBER TWO.
 "I always look out for number one," said the selfish man. "Don't you?"
 "Well, hardly," said the person addressed, who happened to be a widow. "I am looking out for number two."

THE BEST POLICY.
 Jim: "Honesty is the best policy after all."
 Bill: "How?"
 "Remember that dog I stole?"
 "Yes."
 "Well, I tried two hull days to sell 'im an' no one offered more'n a bob. So I went, like an honest man, an' guv 'im to the 'ol lady what owned 'im an' she guv me 'alf a sovereign."

HIS INTENTIONS.
 Fond Mother: "Has Mr Brown, with whom you have been dancing all the evening, at last declared his intentions?"
 "Yes, mamma."
 "Thank goodness! What did he say?"
 "He declared he would never get married."

FELINE AMENITIES.
 Miss Million (of uncertain age): "The only thing that worries me is the wedding tour. It will be perfectly horrible to have people know—"
 Miss Rosebud (viciously): Oh, don't worry. They'll think you are his mother.

Finnicus: You can't judge a man by the clothes he wears.
 Cynnicus: But you can by those his wife wears.



THE DANGER OF WORK.
 Reverend Sothsed: Now, my son, why don't you go out and work? Hard-work never killed anybody.
 Loafing Bill: That's an infernal lie, I've lost four wives that way.

Returned Traveller: And is young Softleigh still paying attention to your daughter?
 Parent: Oh dear no, I wish he would.
 Returned Traveller: Indeed; did he jilt her?
 Parent: No; but he married her.

WHAT WE HAVE TO PUT UP WITH
 Mistress: Why were you dismissed from your last place?
 Up-to-date Servant Girl: Well, I like your inquisitiveness. Did I ask you why your last girl left you?

THE MODERN BOY.
 Old Gentleman (to boy on twelfth birthday): I hope you will improve in wisdom, knowledge and virtue.
 Boy (politely): The same to you, sir.

THE OTHER SIDE.
 "If I should tell all I know," said the detective, with a solemn shake of the head, "it would create a sensation, and don't forget it."
 "If you would refrain from telling what you don't know," returned the sarcastic man, "it would create even a greater sensation."

FALSE TO LIFE.
 Mrs Wickwire: What ridiculous, impossible things these fashion plates are.
 Mr Wickwire: I know they used to be, but most of them are engraved from photographs nowadays.
 Mrs Wickwire: This one can't be. Here are two women going in opposite directions both with brand new gowns on, and neither looking back at the other.



"But Jones is satisfied with little."
 "That's true. He's satisfied with himself."

ON OCCASION ONLY.
 Gentleman (entering): Do you work here, boy?
 Office Boy: Only when the governor is looking.

THE CHURCH CREASE.
 She: Why, Will, those trousers look as if you had been sleeping in them.
 He: I have. I wore them to church last Sunday.

NOTA BENE.
 A learned physician says: "You should always breathe through the nose when asleep." So if you should chance to awaken and find your mouth open, get up and shut it.

SHE WAS MERCENARY.
 He: "Marry me and I'll be willing to die for you."
 She: "I would, if I thought you had anything worth willing."

THERE'S THE TROUBLE.
 Gilback: "I am surprised, Colonel, at your time of life, that you should have any trouble in managing your wife. All you have to do is to let her think she is having her own way."
 Colonel Quailer: "Yes, but the trouble is that everybody else thinks so, too."

THE MOBILE COUNTENANCE.
 "So the bicycle face isn't the latest?"
 "No. The motor car has brought forth the mobile countenance."

JUST A GLIMMER.
 Papa: "By the way, who is the lady that bowed to us as we left the carriage?"
 Dorothy: "The one with the black silk skirt, the rose petticoat, plaid silk waist, purple collar with silver clasp, tan coat, black hat with purple tips, carrying a silver mounted card case."
 "Papa: "Yes."
 Dorothy: "I don't know. I just caught a glimpse of her."

SHAKESPEARE AT FAULT.
 "You don't agree with Shakespeare that the child is the father of the man?"
 "Not always. She is sometimes the mother of the woman."

SORRY FOR THE BOY.
 "Why, Mrs Jamesby!" exclaimed a neighbour across the backyard fence, "do you beat your own carpets?"
 "Yes," replied Mrs Jamesby. "I don't mind it. It's good exercise."
 "I should think you'd have Tommy to do it."
 "Poor Tommy!"—resuming her exercise. He belongs! (whack!) to a gymnastium, and! (whack!) he's so tired when he comes home! (whack!) "that I haven't the heart to ask him! (whack!) to take hold of any work like this." Whack! whack!