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Municipal "Jim-Jams."

—THE ANNUAL ATTACK OF WATER SCARE.

Negative no.
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IN NO MAN'S LAND.

(An Australian Story.)

By A. B. PATERSON (Banjo).

Author of "The Man From Snowy River."

SYNOPSIS OF OPENING CHAPTERS.

The scene opens at the Cassowary Club, Sydney, in blazing midsummer. A certain member, nicknamed "The Bosun," has been detained in town to meet and entertain a new chum named Carew, who is out from home to go to one of the numerous stations belonging to a wealthy squatter sylept "Old Gordon," of Kur-Young. Gordon's son, a typical "far-out man" from "No Man's Land," meets young Carew at the Bosun'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 "nob" society, and attend a push dancing saloon. Carew's attentions to 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" country.

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 take a governess' place on an up-country station. Carew, being a new chum, is made the butt of some practical jokes concerning a relative named "Conside" he is going to look for, but 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 niece and nephew on the home station in New South Wales. She goes back in the steamer, 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 in a remarkably realistic picture is drawn of the wretched little galvanised iron township, and the extraordinary antics of a blackfellow, by a debutant. The description of the subsequent Police Court proceedings, where Gordon as the Jap Pee, a mounted policeman and the black delinquent at bench, in a remarkably unconventional manner, is related with great spirit. Carew takes the repentant blackfellow, who is called Fryngpan, for his servant, and all adjourn from the court to the hotel for drinks.

Chapter VI. tells how "old Gordon" made his money by buying cattle during a drought just before rain came, and what a disagreeable, purse-proud, violent-tempered tyrant he must have been.

Chapter VII. relates a misfortune to a roast turkey and old Gordon's departure from the station for Sydney in a violent temper. Miss Harriott, the governess who Charlie engaged on the boat, arrives, and proves to be charming but somewhat of a mystery, as she has such very smart things for a governess. She explains how she was brought up by an aunt and how that aunt lost her money, and Miss Harriott being too proud to go about amongst her old friends as an orphan and dependent, emigrated to Australia.

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CHAPTER VIII.

POSS AND BINJIE.

At lunch the new governess met her future pupils, and after lunch she decided that she would spend the afternoon in cultivating their acquaintance. With this end in view she walked out into the big garden to see what they were doing. Mary Gordon had gone about some household concerns, and the old lady was in the kitchen supervising some jam making so the coast was left clear for her.

There was a quiet, restful feeling in the air. All nature seemed to be taking a siesta out of the fierce sunlight. The horses had drawn in under the shade of the trees, standing in pairs side by side, head to tail, each keeping the flies out of the other's eyes with his tail. Under the big willow tree in the yard the team of bullocks was drawn up, the big black beasts placidly chewing the cud, some standing up and some lying down, while the bullock driver was yarning over the fence with one of the maids. The locusts kept up a reposeful buzzing, and out of the depths of the shade trees an occasional magpie woke up and warbled sweetly and went to sleep again. Far away sounded the soft low gurgle of the river. The inexpressible quiet and restfulness of the scene were rudely broken by a vision of the children trooping off to their haunts at the back of the stables. Evidently something unusual was afoot. One of them carried a chaff bag, another had

a wire trap containing some small animal, and all the dogs on the place trooped at their heels, in a state of the greatest expectancy. Miss Harriott, feeling inclined to see what was going on, went over to them, and was shyly greeted by the two little girls. One of them, a blue eyed infant, who might have sat as model for an angel, but who, like Judas Iscariot, carried the bag, explained the situation. She said—

"We have got a native cat. Would you like to see it?" at the same time holding up for inspection the wire rat trap, in which there cowered a black and white spotted animal, with a muzzle like a ferret's.

"What a pretty creature," said Miss Harriott with hypocritical admiration—for, in fact, the creature was a spiteful looking animal enough. "What are you going to do with it? Make a pet of it?"

"No-o-o!" replied the cherub scornfully. It's an old one. It would never get quiet. We're going to put him in the bag with a dog."

So saying she opened the mouth of the bag, dexterously released the spring of the trap, and the native cat disappeared into the depths of the bag. Instantly all the small terriers began to whine and howl dolefully, evidently under the influence of excitement and fear combined. The big dogs jumped about, and barked in a frenzy—the din was awful.

"What is the matter with the little dogs?" said Miss Harriott, very much puzzled. "What are they howling for?"

"They know one of 'em has" said go in the bag and scruff the cat," said one of the boys.

"And don't they like it?" said Miss Harriott.

They would sooner settle the cat in the open," he said; "but in the bag it bites 'em and scratches their eyes. Sometimes the other dogs get excited and worry the bag, and the one inside has a bad time. Which one will we put in, Emily?"

Emily's eyes roved round the assembled candidates, who, with one accord, howled dolorously.

"Put Thomas Carlyle in," she said at last, with decision, looking at a small Scotch terrier, whose weirdly wise face bore no slight resemblance to the seer of Chelsea. "Put Thomas in. He was one of the beds this morning, so he deserves to go in the bag."

"Well, don't talk so loud till I grab him," said the boy, looking furtively over his shoulder at the dog, who at once began to look uneasy. "If he hears his own name he'll be off like a shot. There he goes now!" he exclaimed, as Thomas Carlyle suddenly tucked his tail, and set off at a sharp trot for the house.

"Here, Tommy, Tommy," he called, but the sage tucked his tail in tighter, and simply flew for dear life; pursuit was evidently useless. He was soon a small speck, tearing round the corner of the house.

"He doesn't want to go in, evidently," said Miss Harriott. "Where is he going to?"

"Oh, he'll hide in the wood heap till the war is over, I expect," said the eldest boy. "But any place where there is no bag and no cat is good enough for him," he added, gazing after him with considerable disgust.

"He's an awful cove about the bag. He's game enough at anything else. Well, who is to go in?" he repeated.

"Let old Pinch have a go," said the girl who answered to the name of Emily. "He hasn't had a go for a long time"—and a villainous looking, one-eyed fox terrier, who was simply quivering with excitement, was hoisted up and dropped into the bag, which was immediately tied at the top. Then a magnificent contest raged in the bag. It rolled over and over, in apparent convulsions, while from the inside came the howls of the dog and the sharp snarl of the cat. The children clapped their hands and danced with delight, while Miss Harriott looked on horror stricken.

across the open flat and lost itself in the timber.

"Nothin'," said the children, both together.

"Then what is there up that way?" she said, waving her hand up towards the foothills and the blue mountains. "There must be some pretty flowers to go and look at up there."

"No, there isn't," said the children.

"Well, let us go into the woods and see if we can't find something," she said, determinedly; and with her reluctant charges she set off, trudging across the open forest through an interminable vista of gum trees. After a while one of the girls said "Hell, there's Poss!"

Miss Harriott looked up, and saw through the trees, first of all, a large and very frightened bay horse, with a white face. On further inspection, there appeared a youth of about 18 or 20 on the horse's back, but he seemed so much part of the animal that one might almost overlook him at the first glance. The horse had stopped at the sight of them, and was visibly affected with terror. They advanced slowly, and the animal began snorting and sidling away among the timber, its rider meanwhile urging it forward. Then the child cried, "Hello, Poss!" and at once the horse gave a snort of terror, wheeled round, jumped a huge fallen tree, and fled through the timber like a wild thing, with its rider still apparently glued to its back. In half a second they were out of sight.

"Who is it? and why does he go away?" said Miss Harriott.

"That's Poss," said the child carelessly. "He and Binjie live over at Duntalligo. He often comes over here. They and their father live over there. That's a colt he's breaking in for Aunt Mary to ride when it's quiet enough. He's very nice. So is Binjie."

"Well, here he comes again," said Miss Harriott, as the horseman reappeared, riding slowly round them in ever lessening circles, the colt meanwhile eyeing them with every aspect of intense dislike and hatred, and snorting between whistles like a locomotive engine.

The child waited till the rider reached the nearest point of contact, and said, "Poss, this is Miss Harriott."

The rider blushed, and half lifted his hand to his hat. Fatal error! for the hundredth part of a second the horse seemed to cower under him as if about to sink to the ground, and then whizz! the animal tucked his head between his front legs and his tail in between his hind ones, forming himself into a kind of circle, and began describing Catherine wheels in the air at the rate of a hundred revolutions to the minute; while, in the air above him, his rider also described a Catherine wheel or two before he came to earth, landing on his head at Miss Harriott's feet. The horse Catherine wheeled himself out of sight, making bounds in the air that would have cleared a house if one had been in the way. The rider got up, pulled his hat over his eyes, brushed some mud off his clothes, and came up to shake hands as if nothing had happened, his motto apparently being *Toutjours la politesse*.

"My word, can't he buck, Poss," said the child, pointing to the horse, now a speck in the distance. "He chucked you all right, didn't he?"

"He got a mean advantage of me," said the young fellow in a slow drawl. "Makes me look a fair chump, doesn't it, getting chucked before a lady. I'll take it out of him when I get on him again. How do you do?"

"I'm very well, thank you," said Miss Harriott. "I hope you are not hurt. It was my fault going to shake hands. What a nasty beast! I wonder you aren't afraid to ride him."

"I ain't afraid of him, the cow! He can't sting me fair work not the best day ever he saw. He can't buck," he added in tones of the deepest contempt, "and he won't try when I've got a fair hold of him; only goes at it underhand, like when I'm leaning over like that. It's up to me to give him a hidin' next time I ride him, I promise you."

"Where will he go to?" said Miss Harriott, looking for the vanished steed. "Won't he run away?"

"He can't get out of the paddick," drawled the youth. "Let's go up to the house, and get one of the boys to run him in. He had a bit of a go-in this morning with me—the bit kem out of his mouth somehow, and he did get to work proper. He went round and round the paddick at home with me on him, buckin' like a brumby. Binjie had to come out with another 'orse, and run me back into the yard. He's

"Old Pincher always howls," said the eldest boy. "He got one eye scratched out at this, and he doesn't like it now."

Just then a piercing yell from the dog inside showed that the cat, for a time at any rate, was holding its own.

"Got Pincher by the lip, I reckon," said the cherub. "Good old Pinch! Stick to him!" she screamed. The other dogs were dancing round, frantic with excitement, and when the bag gave an extra leap into the air they could contain themselves no longer. They threw themselves on it, and commenced to worry it in a frenzy of enthusiasm, while the children kicked them and struck them with sticks.

The new governess looked on aghast for a few seconds, not knowing what to do. Then she dashed into the fray. "Stop it at once!" she said. "You naughty children!"

"It's all right, Miss," said a slow, masculine voice behind her, and looking round she saw the bullock driver, a large Herculean colonial, who had lounged over, and was looking on critically, leaning on his whip. "They won't come to no 'arm, bless—Ho, me leg!" he yelled. "Let go me leg!"

While he was talking, Charley Gordon's blind old bulldog, long ago pensioned off, had come limping down to the fray, glaring round with his sightless eyes. He pined for his share in the sport that was going on, and Providence was good to him, as the very first thing he walked against was the bullock driver's leg, on to which he immediately fastened. He had to be scientifically choked off by the eldest of the gang, while the bullock driver in vain tried to keep down the oaths that rose to his lips. Miss Harriott fled in horror, leaving the children to empty out of the bag the body of the cat—and Pincher, bleeding, breathless, but triumphant. Then she called the children up to the house, and read them a lecture on cruelty to animals in general, and native cats in particular—a lecture that did not appear to profit them much. Indeed, the youngest child—a youngster too small to talk distinctly—after listening to her with the utmost scorn, said:

"'Hoo! Zhay tattes'er till shickensh!"

and was inwardly of opinion that the taking of chickens was only reasonably atoned for by combat to the death in the bag. By way of improving matters they gave their governess an invitation to go with them to see some 'possums burnt out. This entertainment consists in setting fire to the butt of a dead tree, and as most Australian trees are hollow, the fire is soon drawn up into the trunk and lower limbs on the principle of a factory chimney. The 'possums, who are asleep in the hollow limbs, then have to hustle out, quick and lively, to avoid being roasted alive; they climb to the very top of the burning tree, where they sit and blink in the daylight, the picture of misery, till the tree burns through beneath them; then down they come a terrific crash, 'possums, branches and all, and the dogs rush in among the smoke and cinders, and worry the 'possums to death, and all is joy from the juvenile point of view. Luckily for herself, Miss Harriott thought it better not to join in this entertainment, as the cat and bag episode had been quite enough for one day, so she let the boys go off to their 'possum burning, while she took the two little girls for a walk.

Now, no true Australian, young or old, ever takes any trouble or undergoes any exertion, or goes anywhere, without an object in view. They are like the fish in Lewis Carroll's book, who never went anywhere without a "porpoise." So the two little girls obviously considered it the height of stupidity to walk simply for the sake of walking, and they kept asking where they were to walk to.

"What will we see if we go along this road?" said the teacher, pointing with a dainty parasol along the dusty wheel track that meandered away

a pretty clever colt, too. The timber is tremendous thick in that paddick, and he never hit me against anything; Binjie reckons any other colt'd have killed me. Come on up to the house, or he'll have my saddle smashed before I get him."

As they hurried home, Miss Harriott had a good look at the stranger, a pleasant, brown-skinned, brown-handed youth, with the down of a little black moustache showing on his upper lip. His face was an easy one to read, his countenance being as open as a well. He looked with boyish admiration in his eyes at Miss Harriott, and she, reading him like an open book, immediately stooped to conquer, and began an animated conversation about nothing in particular—a conversation which was broken in upon by one of the little girls.

"Where is Binjie?" she asked. "Isn't he coming over?"

"Not he," said the youth with an air of great certainty. "We're busy over at our place, I tell you. The water is all gone in the nine-mile paddick. Binj' an' me and Andy Kelly had to muster all the sheep and shift 'em across to the home paddick. There's 5000 sheep in that paddick. Binj' is musterin' away there now. I just rode over to see Hugh about some of your sheep that's in the River paddick."

"Won't Binjie be over then?" pursued the child.

"No, of course he won't. Don't I tell you he's got three days' work musterin' there? I must be off at daylight to-morrow, home again, or the old man'll know the reason why."

By this time they had arrived at the homestead, and the youth, with the children, went off to the stables. Here he secured the "knockabout horse," always kept saddled and bridled about the station for generally useful work, and set off at a swinging canter up the paddock after his own steed. Miss Harriott went in and sought out the old lady at her jam making.

"Well, and have you found anything to amuse you to-day?" said the old lady, in her soft, even voice.

"Oh, I've had quite a lot of experiences," said the younger woman. I saw a most awful fight between a wild cat and a dog in a bag, and the bullock driver got bitten and said the most dreadful things. And I went for a walk and met Poss. Who is Poss?"

The old lady laughed as she gave the jam a stir with a spoon. "He is young Hunter," she said. "Was Binjie there?"

"No; and he isn't coming either, he has work to do. I learnt that much. But who is Poss? and who is Binjie? I'm greatly taken with Poss."

"He's a nice looking young fellow, isn't he?" said the old lady. "His father has a small station away among the hills, and Poss and Binjie are the two sons. Those are only nicknames, of course. Poss's name is Arthur, and Binjie is George, I think. They are nice young fellows, but very bushified. They have lived here all their lives. Their father—well, he isn't very steady, and they like to get over here when they can, and each tries to get over without the other knowing. Binjie will be here before long, I expect. They are great admirers of Mary's, both of them, and they come over on all sorts of ridiculous pretexts. Poor fellows, it must be very dull for them over there. Fancy, week after week without seeing anyone but their father, and the station hands and the sheep. Now that you are here I expect they will be here more than ever."

As she spoke the trample of a horse's hoofs was heard in the yard, and looking out, Miss Harriott saw a duplicate of Poss, dismounting from a duplicate of Poss's horse. And Mrs Gordon, looking over her shoulder, said, "Here is Binjie. I thought he'd be here before long."

"Why do they call him Binjie?" said Miss Harriott, watching the new arrival tying up his horse. "What does it mean?"

"It's a blackfellows' word, meaning 'moustache,'" said the old lady. "He used to be very fat, and the name stuck to him. Good-day, Binjie!"

"Good-day, Mrs Gordon. Hugh at home?"

"No, he won't be back till dark," said the old lady. "Won't you tell your horse to go?"

"Well, I don't know if I can," said the new arrival thoughtfully. "I've left Poss at home clearing the sheep out of that big paddick at the Crossing. There's five thousand sheep and no water there; I'll have to go back and help him. I only came over to tell Hugh that there were some of his

wearers in the river paddock. I must go straight back or Poss will make a row. We have a lot of work to do."

"I think Poss is here," said Mrs Gordon.

"Poss is here, is he? Well, if that don't beat everything! And when we started to muster that paddock, I went to the top end and he went the other way, and he reckoned to be at it all day. He's a nice fellow, he is! I wonder what the old man'll say."

"Oh, I expect he won't mind very much. This is Mr George Hunter, Miss Harriott."

Binjie extended much the same greeting as Poss had done, and by dinner time that evening (or as it is always called in the bush, tea time) they had all made each other's acquaintance, and both the youths were worshipping at the new shrine. Light heartedly they consented to stay the night, in hopes of seeing Hugh, to deliver their message about the wearers—they seemed to have satisfactorily arranged the question of the sheep. And when Miss Harriott said, "Won't your sheep be dying of thirst in that paddock, where there is no water?" both brothers replied, "Oh, we'll be off at crack of dawn in the morning, and fix 'em up all right."

"They always say that," said Mary to Miss Harriott, "and generally stay three days. I expect they'll make it four now that you are here."

After tea they all gathered in the quaint old fashioned, low ceilinged sitting-room, and sat round the fire, for though it was summer the evenings were chill. The gang were gravely and quietly sharpening some terrific looking knives on small sharpening stones. The old lady had some needle work, and Mary and Miss Harriott and Poss and Binjie sat in a semi-circle round the fire, and talked about horses, which was practically the only topic open to Poss and Binjie. After a time Mary said, "Won't you sing something?" and Miss Harriott sat down at the piano, and sang to them. Such singing no one there had ever heard before. Her voice was a contralto, deep and powerful, and at the same time flexible; it was obvious that she was a well trained singer, and beyond the power of voice, and beyond the training, she had the great natural gift of putting "feeling" into her singing. The children sat spell-bound. The station hands and house servants, who had been playing the concertina and yarning on the wool heap at the back of the kitchen, heard the singing, and stole down to the corner of the house to listen; outside the house was stillness as that wonderful voice went out into the night. So it chanced that a horseman, arriving home late, heard the singing, and, after letting his horse go, stole softly to the door, and looked in, listening for a while, before anyone saw him. Then, as Miss Harriott finished a song, and turned on the music stool, she looked at him face to face, and Mary Gordon said, "Miss Harriott, this is my brother Hugh."

She saw a man of about 25, tall, slight and wiry, dark of complexion and burnt almost black with the sun. He was a bushman in dress, and had a healthy, breezy, out-door appearance generally; but the face was the face of an artist, a dreamer and a thinker, rather than that of a practical man. The quick moving features, the slim brown fingers and the thoughtful eyes all spoke more of the man of ideas than the man of action. His features were clear cut and resolute enough, but wanting in something of masculine coarseness that distinguished Charley Gordon's face. And, indeed, the two men's faces were true indications of their characters. Charley, from his earliest school days, had never read a book, except under compulsion, had never stayed indoors when he could possibly get out, had never obeyed an unwelcome order when, by force or fraud, he could avoid doing so, and had never written a letter in his life when a telegram would do.

Hugh, on the other hand, was a reader and a thinker, and had ideas—not quite practical always, and often much at variance with Charley's views, in which imagination had little part. Hugh had the face of a man who would make troubles for himself, of a man inclined to worry, and lacking that effluence of hide which is a good blessing, only purchased to stupid people; and they do not appreciate it because they, from their very stupidity, don't know what a priceless gift they possess. He greeted Miss Harriott with a frank courtesiance, and at once asked her to sing again, and stood by the piano as she did so. She wandered from one song to another,

and her thoughts seemed to be far away, away in the land of which she was singing, on the banks of Loch Lomond, or on Rotobesay Bay. Then she began to sing the old ballad, Old Folks at Home, and when she reached the words—

Oh, darlings, how my heart grows weary,
Far from the old folks at home.

she dropped her head on her hands and burst into tears, and then hurried off to her own room. Mrs Gordon, going after her later on, found her sitting on the bed crying as if her heart would break. She offered no explanation, beyond saying, "Oh, I am so stupid to break down like this; but you know I am tired and strange after my long journey; and, Mrs Gordon, it won't happen again, I promise you."

The old lady comforted her, and left her to sleep, and coming back to the room simply answered the inquiries of Mary and Hugh by saying, "Poor girl, she is tired—and perhaps she has had some troubles in her life that we know nothing about."

(To be Continued.)

PEOPLE YOU KNOW.

NO. IV.—THE NURSE.

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"PAID."

By ANNIS MACLEOD.

(This story was among those highly commended in our Knax Story Competition.)

I. Oh, I see the love that I lost long ago, I touch the hope that I may not see, And all that I did o' hidden shame, Like little snakes they hiss at me.

I was not particularly young in those days, so that the vivid impression the facts of the case made upon my mind cannot be set down to youthful imagination and romance. Also, since then, I have travelled much and afar, and of moving accidents by flood and field have experienced not a few; but now, looking back upon the mists of the past, many figures are seen but dimly, which at one time played a big part in my life, whilst others scarcely less important have vanished altogether, or serve but to colour with brighter or darker hues the memory-veil whereon is woven in faint, pale tints the halting story of the days that are dead. But the man, and more especially his music, are with me to this day. I have only to put my hand across my eyes and I see him now, as plainly, as clearly in every detail, as I see the black and white of the page before me. Only to cover my eyes with my hand, and again, across the dancing firelight, above the crash of the outside storm, and the roar of the mountain wind, comes that devil's melody setting every pulse afire, giving one glimpses of heaven such as never man had, and anon drowning his shuddering soul in the unfathomable sea of the world's pain and despair.

Autumn set in early that year. The great rugged mountains at the back of my hut had already received their first covering of snow, and the wind which thundered down from the black gorges and hurled over the plain before my door, promised much for the severity of the coming winter. Indeed, the night upon which I saw Mortimer Cassidy for the first time, might well have been the incarnation of winter itself—winter, as it is experienced in Central Otago alone, of all New Zealand.

How I can recall that night! I piled up the coal in the open fireplace, and inwardly thanked a kind Providence that had placed the mine from which it came at my very door. Darkness and desolation might rage as they liked outside, but they could never reach my cosy fireside. How the rain lashed at the solitary window!

I had been out on the hills all day, and was consequently too tired to do anything but smoke, even had there been anything else to do. The whole hut was enveloped in one uniform roar of wind and rain. It was impossible even to hear one's self think, and I was glad, for what use is there in thinking when the past is but a living regret and the future a dead, desolate waste overshadowed by the brooding wings of might-have-been? I must have dozed a little, I think, or the knock that fell upon the door would not have startled me as it did. Just a single clear tap, and before I could jump up the door swung back on its hinges, and a man entered and quickly closed it again after him, seeming to forcibly shut out the sudden rush of wind and rain that clamoured for entrance. I saw nothing but his face at first, as I can see it now.

Afterwards other details thrust themselves upon my notice, and I observed with wonder that in spite of the deluge, through which he must have passed, his clothes were dry, and that he carried a long oilskin bag under one arm.

Without a word he crossed the room, drew a crazy box from the corner, and sat down upon it, spreading out his thin hands to the blaze.

Have you ever noticed what character is expressed in anyone's hands? Say what one will the facial expression is less, but these are the bare representation of the man himself. This man's hands were the thinnest and longest I had ever seen—and the cruellest.

Surprise at the fellow's sudden entrance had held me dumb for a moment; and besides, his face fairly fascinated me. Presently he looked up and laughed a little.

"You seem to take my sudden appearance quite as a matter of course," he remarked. "You don't know how

thankful I was to see the light in your window. There isn't another living being within miles of us, I take it, and yet apparently you are not oppressed with a sense of loneliness."

His glance travelled in a leisurely fashion round the room, and then came back to my face. My wits began to return slowly.

"Oh, no, it isn't particularly lonely," I made shift to answer. "The station homestead is only eight miles away, and the main road half as far again. Moderately solitary of course."

"I don't think you will have any visitors to-night," the stranger remarked, quizzically. He drew out the oilskin bag and examined it anxiously. "I wouldn't have this get damp for everything I possess."

I suppose I looked inquiry, for in answer he slipped the case off, revealing a violin of some dark unpolished wood. For a moment he looked over it carefully, and then one long white forefinger crept up and lightly brushed the G string.

"My heaven! Was it magic? Just that one vibrating note pulsing through the room, and dying away in the fitful rush of the storm that roared without—but such a note! I was benumbed—paralyzed in every sense."

I opened my mouth to speak, but the other put up a finger enforcing silence, and the words died on my lips. Slowly he leaned forward—stealthily, cat-like—listening. For a second it was thus; then a low laugh of triumph escaped him. He looked past the dingy walls of the hut, far away into nothingness. I saw him put the violin to his shoulder. For an instant the bow hung poised, and almost without my will my hands locked together, and I leaned forward—tensely as he. I could not take my eyes from his face. It was full of a dreadful eagerness, and a cruelty surpassed only by those creeping hands.

Presently just a faint, fan-away whisper of something infinitely sweet, infinitely pathetic, seemed to fill the whole room, and through a mist of tears I became aware that the man's bow lay upon the strings, and that it softly swayed from side to side under his directing hand.

It was not music at all. Just at first, unless a vast wave of longing and love, and hope, made perceptible, and flooding the whole soul, can be called such. In that supreme moment I felt intensified a million times, all the hopeless longing after the higher and unattainable which all men feel at some time, and which is as incapable of being crystallised into words as is the song of the sea—the speaking silence of the dawn. Then the music changed—subtly imperceptibly—and my soul swayed with it, like a reed in the wind. My God! What a life had been mine. How I had spoiled the bread and spilled the wine.

The player's eyes were upon mine—their magic held me. On—the music flowed—louder and louder—agony upon agony. For how long I never knew. My very heart's play seemed suspended, when suddenly across the outer storm, borne on the roaring wind—felt, rather than heard—came a faint human cry—a cry for help.

In a moment the spell was broken; but an instant more and the player—the music which had been heaven and hell—were nothing. I saw the first, and felt the second no longer. Without a thought of either I jumped up, sprang to the door, and dashed out into the driving sleet and wind. At last I was awake. My heaven! had I been dreaming? There was someone fighting for life in the Darveen swamp while I had been sitting open-mouthed like a mesmerised schoolboy, listening to a cranky violinist.

For one second I strained my ears in the direction from which I knew by instinct the cry had come. Yes, there it was again—clearer and quite near, and coming, as I had at first thought, from the Black Sinking.

Now there was only one small patch in all that vast swamp that could be called in any way dangerous, and that was a pond of black ooze, about a score of yards in diameter, and lying

but a short distance from my door. All efforts to drain it or to clear up the mystery of its existence had been alike useless. Black, unfathomable, mysterious, it defied all attempts at explanation, and remained unchanged and unchangeable from year's end to year's end. How was it possible that, on such a night, a human being could have found his way into this desolate region at all, much less have stumbled upon the dread Black Sinking? My mind was perfectly collected in a moment. Speed and agility could alone avail.

Blind to everything but that which I sought, I dashed back to the hut, seized my lantern and a coil of light, strong rope, and in another minute was running through the rain and wind in the direction from which the cries still came fitfully. I had not far to go. The swamp lay but a few hundred yards away, but I thought I should never reach it. The whirling force of the wind almost swept me from my feet, and the rain and snow blinded me. Years seemed to have passed when at length, having stumbled and tripped a thousand times in my desperate haste, I reached the brink of the Sinking and flashed the light across the darkness before me, fearful only of what it might not reveal. But no, thank God, I was not too late, for even as I did so another cry burst forth—a cheerful "hooray," strangely out of place in the rain and darkness, and in the first lantern flash I saw a sight never to be forgotten—that of a man with coat sleeves rolled back intently binding up his left arm just below the elbow—a man buried past the waist in black ooze, and still sinking rapidly, but seemingly as unaware of the fact as though he had been already dead—as calmly as if he stood on a ballroom floor with the chandeliers above and the crash of dance music in his ears. Then, quick as thought, he raised his head, and that "hooray," the amazing cheerfulness of which I shall never forget, rang through the dark night.

So it was thus, framed in the circle of fierce light cast by the bullseye, that I saw Mortimer Cassidy for the first time. Mortimer Cassidy, with the death sentence upon him, and yet, all the days of our camaraderie, the blitheliest and happiest nature I had ever known. Mortimer Cassidy, never heart-weary, never downcast, drawing one to the higher path whether one would or no—in that short year remaining to you, you rescued one soul, and perhaps, for ought I know, others too, from the road that leads to darkness—even while you knew in your own heart that you were doomed—doomed, and for the wrong thought, the false deed, of one short minute. Ah, Mortimer!

With the aid of the strong rope I had seized on leaving the hut he was soon as high and dry as could be expected under the circumstances. Nor did he appear at all overcome by the fact that he had been saved from a cruel death. Though covered from the waist downward with thick, black ooze, he seemed quite oblivious of the fact. As I flashed the light upon him in some curiosity, he put out his hand and gripped mine with a quick

smile. "Thanks," he called across the wind, and that was all.

We turned and went back to the hut together. On the way I recalled the musician half wondering, but when we reached the door and went in the hut was empty.

II.

It was late indeed when Mortimer Cassidy finished his story, and turned to face me with a half-laugh. "There," he remarked, light-heartedly, "you have it all—all; and this is the first time the story has ever passed my lips. You are the man that will see it played out, though, or I am the more mistaken. I knew I would have to tell you everything directly I saw you—a trifle Ancient Marinery, isn't it? Heigh-ho! Next time third and last. I wonder if I have anything like a decent time left." His eyes grew thoughtful. "Two years between this episode and the last. Well, I'll make the most of it, if it's only a day."

He was roughly clad in some old clothes of mine, and as he leaned far back in the crazy chair, his bare foot, with its attendant black shadow, swung lazily in the firelight. It seemed like his own life, with the ever-following doom, and I shuddered. How he could take it all so quietly I could not guess. To me the bare recital had been so terrible that I grew chilly once more at the very remembrance.

Presently he brought his chair back upon four legs with a crash, and began to justify himself, looking into the fire the while with far-away eyes.

"They say a woman is at the bottom of every bad deed—every unholly thought or action—and it is so—is so, I tell you. When I cut the rope and sent him hurtling over the precipice, it was not in order to save our lives (though it did do that); it was because the road would be clear to Eva Hilton. That was the little devil's whisper far, far down in my soul. He heard it, and knew what no one else knew—that I had followed its teaching. Yes—Eva, Eva. Far up among the snow and ice—climbing, climbing always, higher and higher—hers was the face that always shone yet one step above me. Creeping along ridges and across chasms where it was death even to whisper, hers was the voice I heard ever, murmuring sweet and soft for a moment, and then ringing clear and true, flying from crag to crag, until it died away in a faint whisper far down in the bottom of some ice-bound ravine. Was it my fault that it should be so? And yet, to think that she was for neither of us! . . . And why, too, had he joined our expedition?—after we had started, or I should not have gone. It was fate, I tell you—the pitiless horror that is tracking me now—that has tracked me ever since that day—that will track me until I have followed the witch music and have given my life, even as I took his. Why was he behind me, that day of all days? Just after, I used to wake up in the night, and feel once more the sudden sharp jerk of the tightened rope; I didn't sleep afterwards. . . . The first time I heard the music I followed it just as I did to-night. I see nothing—

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feel nothing—hear nothing but it. I don't even know how I tore my arm." He put out his hand with its blood-stained bandage. "When I was in the bog, and the death-cold creeping higher and higher, I found the warm blood trickling down—the first time I had noticed anything was the matter." He paused for a moment, and then went on more quickly: "When I was saved the first time (even as you rescued me to-night) thought came, and I remembered what a master of the instrument he had been in life." He stopped, gazing into the fire with eyes that saw I know not what strange scenes, then flung his head back with a laugh.

"Ah, well," he cried, gaily, "let us eat, drink, and be merry, for I don't think it will be to-morrow that we die."

I was startled by the suddenness of the change, and yet I never knew him serious—never heard him speak a grave word—from that time to the end.

It was scarcely odd that we should become friends hard and fast from that hour. He had obtained a billet on the station to which he had been going on the night of the storm, and as the homestead lay only eight or nine miles distant, we saw a good deal of each other. He never again alluded to his coming fate after that one night of serious outpouring, and I am quite sure I am the only man on earth at this moment who knows his story. For the first month or two his face wore a strained, expectant look, and he continually turned his head sharply and quickly, as one who listens for distant voices of which he can only just catch the faintest of far-away whispers. By-and-bye, however, when the winter had passed and the glorious Otago spring stole gradually upon us, this tense look passed. The lurking shadows died out of his eyes, and the summer sunshine settled there instead. I know he was happy that last year; who could doubt it, looking at his face?

I began to wonder if the story he had told me was true—I mean the part that referred to Eva Hilton, when he had said he cut the rope, not to save the lives of his comrades, but because the road would be clear to the woman he loved. His was such a bright, buoyant nature that I could not imagine such a deed on his part. And yet, who knows? If Mortimer Cassidy were guiltless, why did the dead man's vengeance follow him so relentlessly, for surely if any see clearly the dead do?

Days flowed into weeks and weeks into months and still Mortimer had no further hint of his coming fate. Gradually, in the bustle and gladness of summer days and summer work, the memory of that night of storm and darkness grew less vivid, but not so the picture of the master musician himself, which above all else I shall carry to my grave unmarred and undimmed.

Mortimer's teaching, too, had begun to show one another path than that upon which I toiled with bitter heart and aching feet. A path straight and true; a path where the fresh air of heaven blew gently, and over which the golden sunshine played temperately. When my time comes, Mortimer, may I have done as much for another in all my life as you for me in your one year.

The last month of summer was well advanced when the end came. Did he feel his fate draw near? I trust not. May it have come suddenly, without any days of foreboding or nights of repentant anguish. He said no word to me in those last weeks of a fear that the sword was about to fall; and I think he would have done so had the dread been there.

And the thing befell in this wise. The house party at the station had long looked forward to an expedition to the summit of the Marwera Range and at last the date, after many alterations, had been definitely fixed. Mortimer was to go, of course. I also, but in a humbler capacity.

The day dawned gloriously I was awake at the first paling of the stars, and as the pink light stole gradually down the great brown range a foreboding—a feeling of deepest sadness took possession of me, fading only when the great sun rose resplendent and the new day—the last of Mortimer's short life—began.

There was the usual delay in starting our journey and three o'clock had passed before we reached the topmost peak on the range. All were gay and light-hearted when they sat down to lunch. Mortimer the gayest and brightest of all. Ah, how clearly I can see him now—my life's benefactor—with his cheerful face, his quick, blithe speech, and deft, helpful ways. He was the life of the party that day. I could see how the others sought him and deferred to him continually; how the womenkind hung upon his words. How quickly the hours fled.

We had turned to go back, and still all was well. My depression of the early morning had completely passed away. About half-way down the hillside the sun set—for us—and we passed into the shadow of the mountain. Then presently a miracle of beauty, the moon rose, and her silvery rays mixing impalpably with the soft twilight, we moved in a fairy world. Such an evening! Far away, the soft hazy hills from which the sunlight had died. Just opposite, the great silver shield of the new moon floating on a faintly tinted sky. The air fresh, crisp and exquisitely clear. How I can feel and see it now.

We were picking our way slowly round the edge of a deep, rock-fringed gorge, the stream far below showing but as a faint steely gleam now and then. One of the women had dismounted, and I saw that Mortimer, some yards in front of me, was leading two horses—his own and another.

Suddenly he stopped and turning his head back over his shoulder looked past me, up the track down which we had come. Then indeed slow horror

took possession of me, when I saw and felt that he was listening—listening.

I had come close to him by this time—close enough to see that his face shone white in the strange half-light, and that his eyes glowed like coals.

And then I knew, even though this time I heard nothing.

"Mortimer," I tried to say, but the word would not come. "Mortimer." It was a whisper, short and quick, but it had barely passed my lips when he had let fall the reins he held and was already many yards up the hill, running swiftly, surely, and without trip or stumble up the narrow path. One or two had noticed his hurried departure, but none attached any importance to it.

"Dropped something," I heard one say. "He'll be back in a minute."

But I knew better. I had seen his face as he passed me, and the sight had burned into my brain like a white hot iron. Mortimer Cassidy would never come back. I saw him reach the spot where the path turned out of sight. Then I saw him pause, spring lightly on to a jutting crag that overhung the deep ravine, and stand for one second silhouetted blackly against the pure sky.

"Mortimer," I tried to cry again, but the word died in a choking gasp, and I fell forward on my face senseless.

When consciousness returned I found they had brought him up—my friend. He was cruelly shattered, but his face—his gracious, noble face—was untouched. For that much I shall remain thankful always.

At last he had paid his debt. Paid for the minute's cruel madness; and I, thinking over his story in these later years—thinking of the good he wrought to one who else had never sought or dimly found the light, think too, that even as he paid the price of wrong in this life, so will he pass blameless unto that other which is behind the veil.



WAITING FOR PEARS.

Complete Story.

The Shadow on the Path.

Yesterday, in a company of young women, of whom the oldest was not more than twenty-two, the subject of marriage between couples of widely different ages was introduced by a gentleman rather inclined to mischief. You know, perhaps, that this question has lately been the subject of wide discussion in English periodicals. They have propounded this question to their readers, asking for replies. There is at present a fad for the open discussion of such problems.

I observe that the readers have responded generously. It appears that young English girls are not averse to marriage with older men. The pessimists hold that they are pleased in such a union to accept an established position, a fortune already acquired, even glory occasionally, honours at least. Many answered that a young woman may expect from an older man a tenderness that his experience alone renders possible, a firmness of moral character, a delicate, protecting affection.

All these points, and others besides, were discussed on this occasion, the gentleman lending his aid to keep the argument alive.

Among his pretty listeners there were many who only smiled. The most unresponsive of all, one who did not reveal her secret thoughts by even so much as a smile, handed him the next day the manuscript of the following, entitled "The Shadow on the Path":

I.

It is four o'clock. The drawing-room is trim and dainty. A quantity of pretty bibelots are scattered here and there. There are flowers everywhere. A tea-table with snowy cloth and delicate porcelain awaits visitors. It is growing dark.

Madame Langlee is reclining at ease near the fire in the depths of a Louis XV. armchair. She is reading for the hundredth time a telegram received in the morning. "I shall call to-day," it runs. "It is your day at home, I believe. Shall I see you alone? Alas, I fear not, though I desire it urgently." Signed, "Robert Sirieux."

Bertha glances at the jewelled clock on the mantelpiece, a gem of delicate workmanship. It is already half-past four.

She rises and wanders restlessly about the room, rearranging a fold of drapery, changing a cushion, tilting a flower. She is a woman of perhaps thirty, tall, slender, refined. In her trailing robe of violet velvet with a touch of creamy point, she is elegantly yet simply gowned. The sombre, rich hue of the velvet, relieved by the yellowish tone of the lace, throws out the dazzling tints of her fresh skin, the clear blue of her eyes, the tawny gold of her hair.

Madame Langlee is evidently possessed by unrest to-day. The dainty clock strikes the hour. She trembles. It is five o'clock. And, resisting no longer an inclination that overwhelms her, she runs to the window and presses her forehead against the cool glass. Her quick breath frosts the pane. The trees along the driveway seem to take note of it and stare at her in astonishment. She drops the light curtain and retreats to her corner by the fire.

The darkness deepens and a servant enters quietly to light the lamps. It is a quarter-past five. He hasn't come yet. Her fingers crumple the telegram, her thoughts are far away. This feverish uncertainty, half-frightens, half-charms her. "Will he come?" she says to herself. "He loves me, of that I'm certain. I cannot doubt it. He is coming to tell me that he loves me. The avowal that he began last night at the ball, among the flowers, with the sound of that waltz in our ears, he is going to repeat to-day in this calmer atmosphere, in the intimacy of my own home. He is coming, of that I am sure; and yet can I be sure—can I be sure of such a man—a man so fated, so distinguished, so much sought after as he is—a man that a trifle might turn from me?" Hark! a carriage stops, a door slams, there is the tinkle of a bell! It is he! Ah, no, not he! There is a swirl of silken skirts and a young fashionable woman enters.

"Oh, it is you, my dear girl!"

"Yes, it's I. I had just one mo-

ment and I stopped to say 'How do you do?' to you. Why, my dear, how pale you are to-day!"

"No, no, I am not pale," says Mme. Langlee, hastily. "Won't you let me give you a cup of tea?"

"Thank you. Do you know, my dear, how beautiful you were last night at the ball. It appears that Robert Sirieux found you bewitching. The effect of those roses in your hair was perfect. I saw him just a moment ago at the Baroness'. He spoke of you in a tone—well, my dear, I'll say no more. He wishes to paint your portrait for the salon. I heard him ask the Baroness to get your permission, and I've made haste to tell you about it, because, 'entre nous,' the Baroness is madly in love with the handsome Robert herself, and you can guess how she received the commission."

"Did she say she would ask me?"

"Oh, yes, of course, she said she would be delighted and all that sort of thing, but she immediately went on to say what a devoted wife you were, what an incomparable mother, and then she added that your husband, while a very fine man, is old, a gray-beard, in fact, old foggy beyond a doubt, and that he would probably think Sirieux's request a little—well, a little impertinent! And, now, my dear, I must go. I have so much to do, a dress to try on, a hundred little errands besides, but I wanted particularly to tell you about that conversation. Beware of the Baroness!" and with a soft rustle of lace and silk: the pretty, girlish Countess X—departs.

II.

Two logs have burned slowly, sending a warm glow throughout the room. The little clock strikes the half-hour, but Bertha does not hear it. She leans her head against her slender hand, pensively. She is thinking deeply, her eyes are dreamy. The chatter of the little Countess, who is gay and thoughtless and full of spirits as a bird, has suddenly cooled the fever of impatience that was burning in her veins. A healing calm steals into her mind.

The words of the Countess ring yet in her ears. So she has been talked about—abroad—in doubtful terms. She understands perfectly that her husband's name has been spoken with a shade of irony, and yet, after all, what has she done? She is beautiful, still young. She accepted, for a moment, at a ball, where every one could see, the arm of a man whom everybody was eyeing, an artist whose fame is made, a man whom it is the fashion to lionize. She scarcely knew him. She had accepted after a short conversation a rose, a favour of a collation that she had not danced. What did it all amount to! Nothing in reality, yet already people are gos-

siping about her, her husband, her children. Passionate resentment fills her heart. She rises, walks uncertainly across the room. Her fingers twist the bit of yellow paper. Just at this moment a carriage stops again. She trembles violently and with swift decision she turns, rings and says to the servant, "I am not at home to anyone else. Say that I am indisposed." The bell resounds. There is a moment's pause. Then the heavy door swings shut and the sound of the carriage wheels dies away. With a sudden throb of relief she slips to her knees in front of the fire and throws the fragments of the yellow paper into the flame. A joyous flaring blaze lights the room for a moment, then the charred scrap of paper floats lightly up the chimney. She smiles in spite of herself, pathetically, and resumes her languid position in the armchair.

It is a precious chair to her, a present from her husband after the birth of their son. She recalls with what tenderness he gave it to her, what care he had taken to see that it was soft and comfortable and deep, so that she might be at ease, happy, to take up life again after the month of illness. It was in this armchair that she held her little son for the first time in her arms. Then with quickening recollection the picture rises again in her mind. The little fellow in the long white clothes. They put him in her arms, then the nurse goes away, and her husband comes and kneels at her feet. He takes the tiny hand of the baby in his, then her own slender white one, then he kisses them both softly.

In the midst of her reverie the door opens and M. Langlee enters. He is a fine, vigorous man, with white beard and clear eyes, carrying bravely his sixty years. He comes to his wife's side. She raises her eyes. He sits down beside her and laughs a ringing youthful laugh.

"Why do you laugh?" she asks.

"Just let me tell you why, dear; as I was coming along the street who should I meet but that duncie of a little F—, and he said to me with his insufferable air of importance—because he's twenty-five, you understand, and a member of the club, he thinks he need stop at nothing—'My dear Langlee,' he lisped, 'the news delights me a portrait of Mme. Langlee by Robert Sirieux! It will be a beauty, the sensation of the salon, no doubt?'"

Mme. Langlee trembles and pales and steady her voice with difficulty asks: "And what did you reply?"

"Fugh! The little dandy looked so utterly inane, with his hair parted down to the back of his collar and that ridiculous English overcoat dangling to his heels, that I only burst out laughing; then, recollecting myself, I made him a profound bow and said: 'My dear Baron, accept my compliments. Madame Langlee will be delighted, no doubt, with this news that you are so good as to send to her through me!'—another profound bow—'My dear Baron.' The poor little Baron looked bewildered. And I, well, I laugh-

ed again, heartily, in a way those fellows no longer know how to laugh. It astonishes them to hear anyone really laugh. It's said that laughter is French. That's true, but as to Frenchmen, it is men of my class who are French, not those fellows. Our sons will be French if we bring them up in the good French fashion. As to that generation of mannikins, with their London clothes and London manners, oh, they are too ridiculous!" And again his fine ringing laughter fills the room.

III.

It is seven o'clock. They are at dinner. There is a sparkle of crystal and a perfume of flowers. Mme. Langlee is lost in reverie. She is not eating. Her eyes wander from the silvery hair of the father to the blonde heads of the children. They are so happy and are chattering over the events of the day. The father answers their questions, playfully teasing them. She is saying to herself, "God! for just a moment's gratification, because of a longing desire to taste a feverish emotion that is unknown to me, an excitement that I have read of, I was willing to go to him. Oh, the hideous disgust that would have followed—the lie, the horror—to have lived a shameful lie—to have felt myself unworthy of my husband, my children. How could I have thought of such a thing for even a second? How could I have weighed in the balance such treasures and such dross?"

She lives over the past. It comes back to her vividly. She recalls the days when she was a young girl just blooming into womanhood, when he, who is now her husband, came often to her father's house. He regarded her as a child, had the feeling for her that a father might have, and her pretty assumption of dignity amused him. She had listened to his words. His voice lingered in her ears. His fine, hearty, joyous laughter enlivened the whole household. He talked well, too; he said things to her which made her dream hours away when he was gone. And of all the number of young men who fluttered in the light of her smiles, she wished none. It was he whom she wished, he alone! People said she was too young—a mere child, scarcely twenty years old—think of it! and he almost fifty, all the best part of his life gone. But such a life, however! What a noble life, full of wholesome pride, energy, independence, with a spice of audacity, perhaps, but that did not offend the girl. Was not the life of a man such as he a thousand times preferable for her? The thought that such a man should love her filled her girlish heart with pride. The tenderness of his eyes, the tone of his voice when he spoke to her were so sweet. Such a husband would make her life so happy. He would be indulgent, would sympathize with her whims, would grant her everything.

"Every wish of yours shall be granted," he had said to her on the day of her engagement. "Everything that is good for you, my little girl, you shall have. Everything that will be good

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PUBLIC APOLOGY.

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For the First Edition.

By J. L. STEFFENS.

for you to have it shall be my joy to give you. We'll gather all the flowers along the path, every one, every one, sweetheart; but those things which are like the nettles of the fields, the thorns, those we will leave. They would do you harm." His voice had been so tender, so caressing when he said this. She could hear it yet. Then she had taken his hand, she had kissed it. "You shall decide these things always for me," she had replied. She knew why she had spoken so to this lover. It was because he had lived a clean life of which she was proud and had before him a future still large, an autumn full of promise.

Ten years of her life with him have passed—happy, upright, full of mutual confidence and love. She has two lovely children and a husband who is as devoted as on the first day. She has lived happily, and now, after ten years, a shadow has fallen on her path, the first! A ballroom, a young and brilliant man, the lion of the hour as yet unknown to her. The man crossed her path, thought her beautiful. "Who is this woman?" he asked. "Madame Langlee," some one had answered. "Ah, the wife of Langlee?" "Yes." He came up to her, offered her his arm. He spoke to her of music, flowers, dancing, painting, travel, in language like that of books, learnedly, very learnedly, sincerely—perhaps. He had looked at her fixedly, held her eyes to his for a moment, then they fell. She felt herself thrill strangely. This man was sought after by women. But he did not speak to her in terms that she chose for other women. She realised that. She felt the subtle fascination of his manner. He had brought her an ice and his fingers had brushed hers as he handed it to her. As she was going he had given her a rose, a flower perhaps meant to be cherished by her in memory of him. Then the telegram this morning. "And why has he dared all this? she whispers to herself. "Because for one instant I could not turn my eyes from his. In that instant he read consent in them. So for a moment I forgot my duty, betrayed a sacred confidence. In a moment's madness I would have sacrificed—lost, all the happiness that is mine, the life that I chose willingly—in an instant of forgetfulness I would have ruined it." A wave of shame swept over her.

"What is the matter, dear one," asked her husband. "You are so silent this evening. Are you not well?" "No," said she aloud, "my head aches a little."

"Already I am driven to a lie!" she whispered to herself.

IV.

An hour later, after the children have been sent to bed, M. Langlee comes to his wife.

"Bertha, dear, there is something wrong. I can see it. Tell me what it is. It troubles me."

Then, overcome by the tenderness that he shows for her unfaithfully, she kneels before him, puts her burning face in her hands, and, shaking with emotion, she sobs convulsively. He, surprised, waits silently till she is calmer, stroking her bowed head.

"Bertha, dearie, tell me what it is." She raises her head and turns to him her eyes filled with tears, then she says slowly, simply, "Forgive me, love. I found one of the poisonous flowers that you told me about, among some thorns on my path. The thorns have wounded me but the flower—oh, my husband, I did not gather it and I am so glad. You see," stretching out her hands wet with tears, "the thorns hurt me, the blood flows yet. But the flower, husband, is gone; it is far away, it has withered."

And he, understanding suddenly, is filled with a great pity for her, feels a deeper affection for her than ever; he stoops and kisses her forehead.

"Bertha, little woman, don't cry. We cannot control our thoughts. They run far from us in paths where we do not wish them to go. It is our will that brings them back. The perfume of a flower intoxicated you, but you resisted; you are ennobled, not degraded in my eyes. What would be the merit of constancy if uncertainty, temptation, choice did not exist! I love you, wife, more than ever. My love cannot change."

And Mrs. Langlee, doubly grateful for her re-found happiness, lifts her head and encircles her husband with her loving arms; then, in a burst of thankfulness and love, she whispers in his ear the passionate avowals of their first happy days together, truer, deeper, more living to-day.

Itzig, the reporter's boy, was lying sound asleep on the sofa in the office one morning. His day of work began at four o'clock, so when he did not go early to bed the night before he was apt to be sleepy by eight o'clock. It was eight o'clock now.

The morning was dull, with no sign of news, so the city editor had no cause of complaint. But the sight of Itzig's great, fat, moonlike face, so placid and so red, suggested an idea to him.

"Itzig!" he called, sharply. "Yes, sir. All right. Where's the fire?" The boy was on his feet, alert and eager.

"There is no fire, Itzig. There is nothing at all. That is why I call upon you, sir. You go down to the emigrant bureau and get me a story. A ship is in with two hundred Russian Jews aboard."

The city editor turned to his desk. Itzig looked at him a moment, then asked: "Make or fake?"

"No fake, sir. Make a story, a good one, for the first edition."

Itzig was soon on his way to the barge office, which is the reception place, at present, for the immigrants who land in New York. The officials all knew him, and he passed in with a nod and a "Good morning," through gate after gate, from one "pen" to another, gliding in and out among the crowd of immigrants from the ship which had come in overnight. There were men, women, and children in all sorts of odd, gay-coloured peasant costumes, but the general effect was anything but gay. It was most depressing.

These people, ignorant, poor, able to speak only some dialect of a tongue unspoken in this strange, new country, were waiting for they knew not what, to go they knew not where or how or when. All looked troubled, some were weeping. Itzig knew they would be cared for in time, so he turned away from group after group of fearful people, saying to himself that sad stories were bad stories, and he was ordered to get a good story.

"Suppose I found a jolly immigrant!" he thought. "Wouldn't that be news?"

He chuckled, and over the vale of tears he looked in search of a smiling face. Not one. He passed on among the peasants, seeking everywhere. Not a smile could he see.

"Oh, well," he said, "I'll take what I can get."

A laugh! He heard a laugh from the detention-pen downstairs, and off he scurried in his chase of merriment. The peasants below were held for a close examination that day. They were the most frightened lot in the building, for they had seen their ship-mate acquaintances passed into America, out through the front door, while they were sent back for reasons not told to them. But in the gloom of the dark, low room Itzig caught the face of the laugher. It was a young man's, and it was still smiling as Itzig approached the group.

The young man was a sort of peasant dandy, and not a very pleasant chap to look upon, for he looked bad. Itzig took a dislike to him at once. The other peasants evidently held him in some awe, for their attitudes were deferential, and their attention was fixed upon him.

Itzig saw, too, that he had his story, for on the young fellow's arm was a girl. She was a round, roly-poly maiden, with large red cheeks, a weak but good-natured mouth, and eyes that showed she was good. Itzig liked her rather; and for that reason he disapproved of the match. That fellow ought not to have that girl.

But he slipped along to a bench in the darkest corner, near by, and listened. An east side Jew himself, Itzig understood most of what was said. "He's a soft one," said the dandy. "He'll never make a fortune in America, and how can he support a pretty wife? He needs a wife who will support him, so I'll just take his girl, and let him get one here who will take care of him."

The crowd smiled, the dandy laughed, and although the girl hung her head, she seemed to agree.

Itzig peered round through a break in the circle, and saw a plain young man sitting on a small trunk, with his face buried in his hands.

"So my story isn't all gay," thought Itzig.

"I think of a fellow bringing a girl to America, and then leaving her alone on the ship!" the dandy was saying. "He was seasick," said the girl, gently.

"Well, would you marry a man who gets sick when you might be drowning?"

The girl hung her head again. "And what would you have done for company if I hadn't treated you to cakes, and American candy, and all the good things?"

The girl said nothing. "Is that so?" asked Itzig, turning to the old man next to him. "Did he treat the girl to good things when her lover lay sick?"

"Yes. He spent money like water. He had fifty roubles, and he spent all but five. Not on her alone, though. He treated everybody; most of all himself; but next to himself he treated her the most."

"And did her lover know all about it?"

"Yes, but he couldn't help it. He was sick—oh, very sick, and the other people told him about it. But what could he do?"

"Who paid her passage out?" asked Itzig.

"Her lover. He wants to get married now, and the other fellow won't let the girl go. She wants to, but they all laugh at her, and she is bashful."

Itzig walked off. "I've got half a story," he said to himself, "but it isn't a good story, because it ends bad. I must make a good ending, and I must make it for the first edition."

He hurried back through the throng, passing all the officials till he reached the office of the examining board. There were the commissioners reading the papers, talking to friends, or smoking in silence. They all looked up when Itzig entered, and he beckoned them to gather up around him.

"Now shut the door, and shut it from the outside," he said to the attendant.

That was done, and what Itzig said to the commissioners he never told. In a few minutes, however, the bell rang, the attendant went in, and the board had come to order.

"Bring up Numbers 13, 67, and 103," said the chairman.

The attendant disappeared, and when he came back he had with him the peasant dandy, the girl, and the poor fellow who had lost her by seasickness.

"What's your name?" asked the president of the girl. The interpreter gave the question in Yiddish.

"Anna Meyerowitch," she said, swallowing a big lump.

"How old are you?"

"Eighteen."

"Who paid your passage?"

She pointed to her bereaved lover. The chairman turned to him.

"And you, what's your name?"

"Benjamin Kladdisch."

"What did you bring the girl here for?"

"To be my wife."

"Well, why don't you marry her, then?"

"This other man got her to love him."

"Did he? How do you know?"

"He says so."

"What does she say?"

"Nothing."

"Well, that isn't the way we do in America. Why don't you ask her?"

"She has a tongue, let her speak."

"The girl was about to speak, but the chairman stopped her with, 'No, wait.' He turned to the dandy, who was not laughing now. He looked as frightened as the others.

"Pincus Schlimmerwitz."

"What do you want with this other man's girl?"

"Oh, I was just having a little fun."

The girl glanced up at him, then drew away.

"Well, did you have your fun?"

"Yes, sir." He was growing bolder now.

"Did it cost you much money?"

"Yes, sir."

"How much have you got left?"

"Five roubles."

"Any friends or relatives in this country?"

"No, sir."

"Well, sir, five roubles are not enough money with which to land. You'll have to go back to Russia."

"The dandy's hands dropped limp beside him.

"How much have you got?" asked the president of Benjamin Kladdisch."

"One hundred roubles," answered Benjamin.

"You didn't spend much on the ship?"

"No, sir, I was sick."

"You may land."

The girl was the next one to be questioned by the president.

"How much have you?"

"None, but Benjamin—"

"Yes, Benjamin has, but you love Pincus."

"No, no, I don't!" and the girl began to cry.

"Well, you may go back with Pincus or stay with Benjamin. But if you stay with Benjamin, you must marry him now, and live ever after happily with him. Will you?"

"Yes, sir." And she and Benjamin fell into each other's arms, the girl murmuring a plea for forgiveness.

The rabbi was sent for, but Itzig could not wait. It was high time to be getting back for the first edition, and he and Pincus Schlimmerwitz went out together, Itzig up Broadway, Pincus to the "return pen"; Itzig with a good story to tell, Pincus with a bad one.

"TONE."

Tone is the condition of the body when all is in good order, the blood rich, the nerves steady, the spine and back strong, stiff and vigorous, the skin clear, the man or woman well and happy.

People who lack tone and fly to medicine are often made worse. Purgatives weaken the body and derange the digestion, so do tonics, so called, and they irritate the nerves too. That is because they are used haphazard, without proper preparation.

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used according to the careful directions that come with them, are THE ONLY TRUE TONIC, they cannot do harm, they only do good.

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If you are quickly tired, lack energy, feel weak in the back, cannot relish your work, if you are nervous and have headaches, it is a Tonic you need. But take care to get these Pills.



Don't try "something else." "Something else" is no good, except for the man who tries to sell it to you, in order to make a bigger profit. Mind you ask for Dr. Williams'.

Complete Story.

An Interrupted Trip.

To my mind the case presented great difficulties, for, owing to the unaccountable stupidity of the district police superintendent, news of the outrage did not reach Scotland Yard until two days after its occurrence, and, of course, by that time the perpetrators had had plenty of opportunities to get clear of England, while their trail would be completely absorbed in the mazes of the great City.

However, my instructions were to go and do my best, and I immediately proceeded to Richmond. On arriving at the house I found the victim still weak from the shock his system had sustained, but he was able to give me a very good and lucid account of the whole affair, which—as nearly as I can remember—was as follows:—

"My name is Robinson—Major Robinson, of the 109th Foot. As you perhaps know, my regiment was the one chiefly employed in quelling the little native disturbances in the Highlands of Hindustan some seven or eight years ago, but since then I have retired from the service and lived in this neighbourhood.

"When engaged in punishing the Affitros for their cruel massacre of British subjects we destroyed their villages, sacked their temples, and all that sort of thing, as victors generally do, and our men—in fact, all of us—look whatever valuables we had the luck to find, and I must tell you that I was particularly fortunate in that respect, for I managed to secure jewels and golden ornaments from the gods in the temples to the value of nearly £10,000. These treasures I brought back to England with me, for they occupied a very small space, and while living here I kept the most valuable locked up in the safe, while the curios were displayed in a glass case in the same room.

"Well, our native camp-followers afterwards told us that the persons who had relieved the timber idols of their trinkets had incurred the anger of the Affitro gods, who cried for vengeance, so that the priests of the temple had sworn they would never rest until the jewels were restored, and the desecrators' lives offered as a sacrifice to appease their deity's wrath.

"But, as you can imagine, this information caused me much more amusement than anxiety. The gods' anger wasn't worth a second thought, and as to the priests' oath for revenge, how were they to know that I in particular had their treasures, or where I was? For only one or two men of my Company—I was captain at the time—knew I possessed them. Or even if they knew both, how could they follow me to do me any harm, especially when I was in England?"

"No, the idea that my life was in danger seemed absurd, and my mind was in perfect repose until a week or two ago, when I received a mysterious message, saying the avenging priests were pursuing me. That upset me rather, but on the morning of the outrage another came, which exploded my peace of mind like a bomb-shell. Just hand me that drawer, will you?" and giving it to him he took from it a little scroll of dirty parchment, tied round with a piece of grey silk thread, and handing it to me he told me to read it. Unfolding it, I saw written in peculiarly-formed, cramped characters the following:—

"Let the vile Ferringhee sahib tremble. The outraged gods cry for vengeance; they cry for the diadems which once adorned them; they cry for the heart of the thief, the robber, the despoiler. After this night they will cry no more, for they will be avenged, and you, dog, shall die! Kali hath spoken!" and then followed some curious undecipherable marks, which looked like Hindustani letters or words.

"Please resume," I said to the Major, returning the scroll to him without comment.

"Well," he went on, "that fairly unnerved me. I didn't know what to do. Clearly the priests were on my track, for no one in England knew how I became possessed of the jewels—excepting Stimpson, and he, I felt sure, wouldn't breathe a word about them even if he remembered, which was doubtful. Stimpson, I should tell you, was my orderly while I was in the service. We always got on well together, and when he left the colours he came and asked me if I could give him some employment.

general 'handy-man,' but I didn't let so I took him on as gardener and him sleep in the house. I had a room fitted up for him over the coach-house at the end of the garden.

"But what upset me most of all was the mysterious way in which these messages came: not by the post, nor delivered by hand. They came by invisible means, and simply tied round with a piece of silk thread, just as you see this one, and on both occasions they were deposited, by some unseen power, before me on my secretaire, as I sat there writing, in front of my study window each morning. There is something very uncanny and awesome about that, for the doors and windows were closed, and no one else was in the room, nor even near it.

"I closely questioned my house-keeper and servant, but they denied all knowledge of the matter, as also did Stimpson.

"Did anyone call yesterday, while I was out?" I asked.

"Not a soul came to the door, sir, except in 'the tradesman,' the woman replied.

"Oh, yes, there was someone called too," said Stimpson to the house-keeper. "I saw you at the front door talking to a man."

"That was nobody, sir," the woman explained. "Only a man who left a card about a detective agency."

"A detective agency?" I cried. "Have you got the card still? If so, let me have it at once, Mrs. Barnes." She brought it to me, and on it I read:—

"Harrison's Private Inquiry and Detective Agency, Beaumont Street, Clerkenwell. Satisfactory issues guaranteed to all cases undertaken. Only specialists employed. Strictest secrecy. Immediate attention. Terms moderate."

"I wired to Harrison's Agency, and within an hour and a half the principal was with me. I put the whole affair unreservedly before him. He was very grave; said it was a most serious situation altogether, and hardly knew how to act in the matter, so would like a few minutes to think it over.

"I had lunch served for him, of which he partook alone. As a result of his cogitations, he said he considered I was in great danger, for the scrolls were undoubtedly sent by the priests, and as a rule when Hindus were bent upon revenge no power on earth would prevent them getting it, and he told me terrible instances of similar cases he had heard of, which fully substantiated our fears. Further he said he felt convinced that an attempt would be made to recover the jewels and take my life that night, but owing to his ignorance of the priest's probable method of attack, he scarcely knew what precautions to take.

"Eventually it was decided that he should come and sit out the night with me and await developments. Both of us, armed with revolvers, were to sit together in darkness in the room containing the treasure, and upon hearing the slightest suspicious sound we should switch on the electric light and shoot upon sight.

"So that evening I let Harrison in, unknown to my domestic, and after seeing that all doors and windows were securely fastened we proceeded to the library, and, sitting side by side, but facing in opposite directions, Harrison turned out the electric lights, as he was nearest the switch, and sitting there in tense silence, with revolvers cocked, and fingers on triggers, we awaited the coming of my foes.

"Then came oblivion, for I remembered no more until the next afternoon, when I found myself lying in bed, very dazed and giddy, while a doctor, nurse, and my servants stood at my side. Presently they told me what had occurred. It appears that when the housekeeper entered the library that morning she found a sickly, overpowering odour pervading the place, and then noticed me in an easy chair, my head lying back and mouth opened wide, as if dead, while a revolver lay on my knee.

"Screaming 'Murder!' she sent the housemaid for a doctor and policeman. The doctor said I had been heavily chloroformed, and feared I was gone past recovery; yet he managed to bring me round, you see, but only just. The constable found that the safe and curio-case had been

ransacked and all their contents stolen, while my keys were found hanging in the safe door.

"Of course, the whole affair is as clear as the day, especially when I tell you that Stimpson has disappeared. Undoubtedly he and Harrison cleverly planned the affair between them; he must have told Harrison of my treasure and how I acquired it, so they worked upon my fears by means of these scrolls.

"You see, while Harrison and I sat side by side in the darkness he simply chloroformed me, and, taking my keys, he opened the safe, took all my valuables, and letting himself out by the front door, calmly walked away unquestioned. Now, what I want you to do is to catch him and restore to me the jewels."

"Which is much more easily said than done, considering the two days' clear start he has had," I replied. "How is a man to be traced after this lapse of time? He may be—goodness only knows where, by now."

"Perhaps so," the Major replied, "but of what use are detectives if they are not smarter than ordinary people? If the police alone were able to catch the men, it would not be necessary to trouble you."

"Did you notice any peculiarities about Stimpson or Harrison?" I asked.

"N—no, can't say that I did; only—yes, now that I come to think of it, Stimpson was remarkably like Harrison; wonderfully so. I remember he once told me he had a brother exactly like him, and, by Jove! I'll bet any money that Harrison was his brother, the rascal!"

"Indeed! That information is most valuable. Do you happen to have a photo. of him?"

"I have not, but perhaps Susan, the housemaid, has; he was rather attentive to her. I will ask her." He did so, and returned with a photo., which I took for purposes of identification.

"Yes, that is the image of Harrison," said the Major, "only Stimpson has dark hair, while his brother's is red."

"Thanks; I'll make a note of that. Any trait of Stimpson's that you have noticed?"

"No, only once or twice I saw him poring over a perfectly blank piece of blue paper, and upon asking him what he was doing he replied, 'Studying the water-mark.'"

"Funny thing for a man like that to study!" I remarked. "Now I must go and make a few inquiries;" but I was by no means hopeful of success after the villains' long start.

I found that Harrison's Private Inquiry and Detective Agency offices consisted of one room, which contained nothing but a chair and table. The "principal," "specialists," and clerks were all absent, which was not surprising considering that Harrison comprised the lot, and the "Agency" was run for the sole object of relieving Major Robinson of his valuables.

The muchly condensed "staff" boarded and lodged in the same house as the office was situated in, but the landlady had seen nothing of Harrison since the evening before the outrage on the Major. Yet she was anxious to know his whereabouts, for he went off owing two weeks' board and lodging.

"He didn't leave nothin' behind, neither; only a 'ired typewriter as a man is goin' to call for pres'n'ly, an' some papers an' an' empty box!" the worthy old soul volunteered.

"Oh, a typewriter and some papers! May I see them?" I asked, telling her who I was.

"Cert'nly, sir," she replied, taking me up to the rogue's private room. The typewriter was a wornout affair without a ribbon, although intended to be used with one. The mechanism was very shaky, while the carriage roller was deeply indented with innumerable blows of the type. "Where are the papers you spoke of?" I asked the landlady, who stood looking on.

"There!" she replied, pointing to several unsoiled sheets of blue writing-paper, which lay on the floor with some used blotting-paper.

"Only those!" I cried, disappointedly. "They are no good; merely blank sheets."

"Well, they's them as I spoke on. There ain't no others."

I picked up one of the pieces of blotting paper, and noticed some

strange marks upon it, which led me to form conclusions and scrutinize it more closely. As a result, I carefully picked up the other pieces, and had difficulty in restraining a triumphant "Hurrah!" as I examined one white sheet which was unused and unsoiled, for now the two rascals were as good as arrested, and the jewels returned to their previous possessor. It was the luckiest find I had ever made by accident, for here at the very beginning of what promised to be a difficult quest, I had an explanation of Stimpson's "study of water-marks," as well as a certain clue to the whereabouts of the smartest couple of rogues out of prison.

Returning to Major Robinson, I cried: "Major, I've discovered where your men and treasure are, and I want you to come immediately to Newcastle with me to identify them. Get ready while I go to procure a warrant for their arrest," and soon we were flying to the busy northern city as fast as steam could take us.

This is how the clean sheet of blotting-paper told me where to look for the rogues. When "Harrison"—who was once a typing clerk—wished to send to his brother any communication relative to the plot, he adopted the following ingenious idea, in case the letter should fall into the wrong hands. He removed the ribbon from the typewriter, and, putting a piece of blotting-paper under the blue letter-paper, struck the keys of the machine rather hard. The result was that the words were printed in colourless typewriting, which was deeply impressed in the paper, yet unless it were held in a certain light the letters would be practically invisible, so that an ordinary person would take it to be merely a piece of blank paper.

But of course the letters were impressed on the blotting-paper beneath as well, so much so as to be perfectly legible, only, fortunately for me, "Harrison" did not notice this. He used a clean sheet of white blotting-paper for the underlay of the last letter to his brother, consequently the communication was as plain on it as on the paper whose water-mark Stimpson was "studying."

"Harrison" never did a sillier thing than leaving his blotting-paper behind, for this is what I read on it:—

"Be ready to shift to-night. Shall have shiners for a certainty. Game has worked A 1. Going to keep house with the old boy for the night, so it's all gay. But we mustn't be seen together, so book to Liverpool and from there to Newcastle. No disguise; simply look dirty and careless. I book to Hull, then on to meet you. We will get a light job on the Maggie May sailing on Monday for Ostend. I've arranged with the skipper, so it's all right. We'll have a jolly time on the Conti, with all that cof. They can't possibly catch us. Burn this.—BILL."

But with all his cunning "Harrison" was as foolish as the ostrich that buried its head in the sand, and then calmly thought its whole body was hidden. Never was there a more surprised pair of rogues than the two awkward coal-heavers whom we arrested and brought ashore with their parcels from the steam-collier Maggie May, which was just weighing anchor in the Tyne for her voyage to Belgium.

And instead of "having a jolly time on the Continent" they were employed in the arduous, but useful and necessary occupation of quarrying at Portland for a term of five years.

—From "Tit-Bits."

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An Incident of the Tugela Battle. A Duel on the Field.

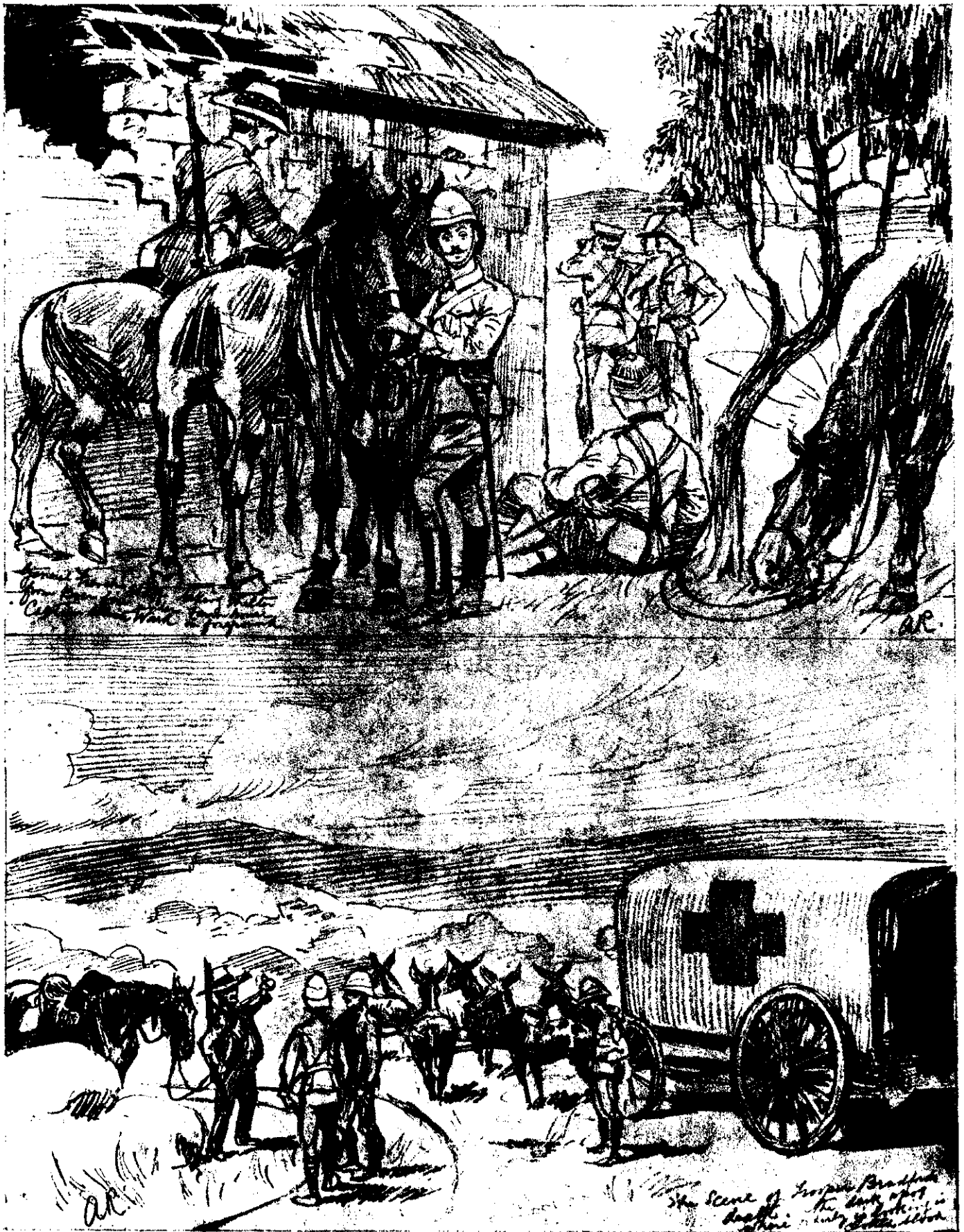
Lieutenant Ponsonby, who was ordered to retire, remained behind with a wounded man, dressed his injuries, and then tried to carry him to safety whilst so engaged his helmet was perforated by a bullet. The injured man's life was short, this bullet killing him. Lieutenant Ponsonby took shelter for a time and then passed on, receiving an arm wound. Seeing his condition, a Boer advanced within a short distance to make sure of his victim, but Lieutenant Ponsonby shot him dead with his revolver.



Specially sketched for the "Graphic."

Australian Lancers Among the Enemy

The enemy occupied every kopje and when they were driven from one it was only to flee to another. Once, however, a small detachment of New South Wales Lancers did catch a party fairly in the open and cut them up.



By Our Special War Artist.

With the New Zealand Contingent at the Front,

Topics of the Week.

DRAWING CLOSER.

The tide of Imperialism rises higher every day throughout the colony, and little places which were always regarded as away from even the minor channels of current public feeling are in a state of flood. Indeed, it seems not unlikely that before long we shall have become more fervid in our patriotism, more devoted in our loyalty, and more abandoned in our generosity than the folks in the Old Country. We have been taught to regard the true nerve centre of Imperialism as situated in Great Britain itself, but one is sometimes tempted to think that it has shifted to the colonies. We appear to be so active in our enthusiasm, so deeply moved. To borrow a homely simile, we know very well that it is the dog that wags the tail, and not the tail that wags the dog, though the restlessness of the caudal appendage might suggest that the vital force of the animal hid its seat there: but really in the case of the colonies and the Mother Country, the law that holds good with the canine is by no means so well established. The forces of Imperialism are working just as strongly at the circumference as at the centre of the Empire. All around, on all sides, marked centripetal tendencies are drawing the colonies inward. Now, the general tendency throughout nature is rather the reverse. The young birds and beasts leave the parent house and never return; the hive year after year sends off its swarms, which form communities quite apart from the original one. To pass to the history of colonial development in the past, one finds similar tendencies at work. The American colonies wrenched themselves apart from the Motherland; and many predicted that sooner or later these colonies of to-day would follow America's example. But on the contrary, we find not a trace of the disintegrating spirit, but a stronger desire than ever to cleave to the old land. Out of the perfect independence in which we have been nurtured since our birth as colonies has come the true Imperial spirit. The germ of this was really planted when the Mother Country gave us the government of these lands into our own hands, reserving nothing. It may be said, but the right to protect us in time of danger. Events are daily proving how great has been the success of that experiment in colony making, and justifying the policy of non-interference.



THE MOST POPULAR COLONIAL PASTIME.

What is really the most popular of our pastimes in this colony? At first sight the answer seems obvious, and the universal verdict would give the pride of place to either football or cricket. But, while these are unquestionably in one sense the national games, I doubt if they really are the most popular from the point of view of number of people playing them, and from the enthusiasm manifested in the games by players. Both cricket and football are, if one may so express it, spectacular games, and rely more for their popularity on the number of persons who gather to witness the games, than on the actual number of persons who enthusiastically engage in them. In the football season a large section of the community in these colonial centres is entirely interested in life on football, but 90 per cent. of these enthusiasts have never played the game themselves, and are interested in football only as spectators, and, of course, critics. The same, to a slightly more modified extent, prevails in cricket, and I really think that if we were to decide what is the most popular pastime from the number actually interested in the same from a playing standpoint, we should have to give the palm to bowls! The oldest of all English pastimes, bowls, has taken a hold in the colonies which seems to increase every year, and so far as New Zealand is concerned we believe that in proportion to her inhabitants there are more greens and more players within her shores than in any other portion of Her Majesty's dominions. The ever-growing popularity of the ancient game in this colony is easy to understand. Our climatic conditions (especially in the North) are extremely favourable thereto, in the first place.

The sub-tropical heat and relaxing effect of our summer months incline attention to a game which combines the most extreme exercise of skill and the maximum of excitement, with the minimum of violent physical exertion, such as has to be exercised in cricket, tennis, and in its season football. The only possible rival of bowls in the direction of mild exercise combined with skill is golf, and though we hear much of the "golf fever," etc., that game can never be mentioned in the same breath with bowls, so far as general popularity is concerned. Golf is essentially a game of the classes. In New Zealand we have no aristocracy, nor have we any "gentry" in the sense that word is used in county circles in England—no class, that is to say, which claims and is accorded a certain position from the circumstance of birth, quite apart from wealth or other worldly circumstances. Our only classes are the small ones we set up for ourselves, which depend on the various amounts of money owned by individuals. Golf, then, in New Zealand is the game of our moneyocracy, and of the moneyocracy alone. Bowls, on the other hand, is unfettered by any such restrictions, and it is no small part of its value to the commonwealth that its whole tendency is to utterly break down the vulgar distinctions and barriers of wealth, out of which we with such execrable taste are perpetually endeavouring to build up local class distinctions, in absurd imitation of those which exist from natural causes in the Old Country. This is no doubt another reason for its constantly increasing popularity. The game is, moreover, remarkable at the present time for the generosity it brings out in the matter of giving trophies for competition. I do not think there is any game or pastime which can compare in this matter, even in the most distant manner, with bowls. One is perpetually hearing of this and that well-known firm making some splendid presentation for competition by one or other of the clubs in the colony. Obviously, then, bowls makes men generous and open-handed. The game has by no means always been regarded with such favour as it is at present. It was at one time regarded as a godless and wicked form of amusement, and bowling greens and bowling alleys were held up to execration as places of vice and debauchery. No doubt some of them were no better than they should be, but the real reason for the suppression of the greens in the reign of Henry III., was that the King feared that so much time was being devoted to the fascinations of bowls that the young men would neglect the practice of archery, in which our army had always excelled, and which was of the most paramount importance. Edward III. and Henry VII. confirmed laws against bowling in public places. Anyone worth over £100 a year could be granted a license to play privately in their own grounds, but public alleys were supposed to be sternly suppressed. No doubt the law was constantly evaded, and, indeed, pretty generally disregarded, but in the reign of George II. offenders were committed to prison, and bowling alleys were once and for all stamped out. A species of nineties reigned in its stead for a short time, but soon died down. As soon as the game was outlawed for the common people it became highly fashionable in what Mr Toole would call the "hipper circles"; indeed towards the end of the eighteenth century and the beginning of the nineteenth no gentleman's grounds were considered complete without a green. But as a club or popular game bowls did not revive till well on into the present century, though there was a bowling club established in Glasgow, and called the Willowbank Club, at the very commencement of the present century. It is, however, only in the last decade that bowling has gained the enormous hold it now has on the affections of the public, a hold which, judging from the Century Tournament now drawing to its close, is destined to increase as enormously in the future as it has in the past.



THE VERY LATEST PROHIBITION PLATFORM.

It is frequently asserted that the proudest boast of a Britisher is that he never knows when he is beaten. In common fairness to that hard-fighting body, the Prohibition League, it must be admitted that the fanatics of the temperance movement are imbued with this characteristic to a truly remarkable extent. Not only are they satisfied with the terrific thrashing bestowed on them at the recent licensing and general elections, but they have actually convinced themselves that the aforesaid thrashings—which were of the completest description—were in reality glorious victories, and on the strength of these they are now setting up a platform, which exceeds all previous efforts in the direction of absolutism and thorough going tyranny. They now propose the unconditional amendment of the Constitution of New Zealand, on the basis:—"That no person shall, within the colony of New Zealand, manufacture for sale, or for gift, any intoxicating liquor, or import any of the same for the sale or gift, or to keep, or sell, or offer the same for sale, or gift, barter, or trade, as a beverage. The House of Representatives shall by law prescribe regulations for the enforcement of the provisions of this article, and shall thereby provide suitable penalties for the violation thereof."

So far as the manufacture of beer, wine or spirits in the colony is concerned, the first clause is clear enough. It must cease absolutely. The breweries must be closed, the hop fields destroyed, the vineyards allowed to relapse into a state of wilderness, and the cider orchards be left unreservedly to the attentions of the codlin moth. It is when we come to the matter of importing, that matters pick up a certain interest. This clause is by no means so clear as the former, but as I read it, I take it that if this arrangement becomes the law of the land, I may not import any inspiring and intoxicating liquor to sell, give, barter, or exchange, but that I may do so for my own personal consumption if I do so choose.

If this is so—and this is the way the clause will read to most persons, New Zealand will become a country with singularly quaint customs. Those of us who like what Mr Swiveller termed a "modest quencher," will be restricted by law to a perpetual "tonic hand" or as it is known in the rich vocabulary of colonial slang—"a slinter." Should you come to spend the evening with me, I should have to outrage my hospitable intentions and mix my toddy before your very eyes without offering you anything stronger than say a decoction of the lemon peel which I had cut up for the flavouring of my own special brew. At a dinner party the host would be the only person able to drink a glass of claret, and had I bidden you to an oyster supper, I should be in the unhappy position of having to finish the stout myself. Of course this would soon breed a change of habits. People who liked a moderate amount of alcoholic refreshment, would most assuredly not be bluffed out of it by the prohibition tyrants, so the custom would rapidly be established of each guest bringing his or her own "refreshment." No doubt, the prohibitionists will insist on some means of ensuring that the individual receptacles for liquor belong to the persons drinking therefrom, and we shall see the vast demijohn of Mr Hardscase with his name emblazoned thereon, while Miss Oldmaid's modest little, containing "just the smallest taste," will also have to have set forth therein her full name and address. The case of husband and wife will too be peculiar, for they will both have to import their individual supplies, and if Mrs Jones takes nothing but claret (or gin) and contracts a violent cold, her affectionate husband will be a criminal and a breaker of the law if he allows her to make a comfortable hot and curative toddy out of his whiskey. To be serious, however, I have treated this subject in a comical strain because it is impossible to treat so posteroso a platform seriously. The "reductio ad absurdum" is the only method one can employ in such a case. But if one admits for a moment that such a platform could be carried and the constitution altered so that alcohol was absolutely unprocureable save as a drug in New Zealand, cannot the prohibitionists see the danger that we should run of an increase in the morphia, the cocaine, the hashish, and other drug habits? There are men and women who require some stimulant or sedative, and alcohol in different cases supplies either of these. If these be forcibly withheld be sure nature will insist, and the innate goodness of human nature will provide a different and perhaps a substitutive which will perhaps be worse than the original evil.

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THE STRENGTH OF SILENCE.

Are we British becoming a nervous people and losing that fine sang froid which was always regarded as one of the chief characteristics of the race? I confess I have some difficulty in answering that query when all around me and throughout the Empire I hear and see such evidences of apprehension and unrest as the war has occasioned. Whenever the Boers score a trifling success we are in the dumps, and the cablegrams announce a similar depression of spirits in the Old Country. Or, if it is the other way about and the news comes that the Boers have suffered a defeat, our exaltation is correspondingly exaggerated. Surely such demonstrativeness is rather French than British. The typical Briton of the old days was a man not easily moved from his calm equanimity. Like the hero of Horace's ode, he was a self-contained mortal whose well-balanced mind neither success nor defeat could greatly affect. If he did a noble thing, he was nobly unconscious of his merit, or at any rate it was one of the traditions of the race that he should appear to be unconscious. He met danger with brave indifference, accepted victory or the reverse with stoical calmness, cherished a supreme confidence in himself, and for the rest was generally silent under all circumstances. That was the Englishman of the past, and we still tell ourselves that he is the Englishman of to-day; but in the very vehemence of our protestations there is the note of weakness. As Mr Sidney Low recently pointed out in an article in the "Fortnightly," it is not suggestive of a calm, self-contained spirit in the nation when the people are constantly congratulating themselves on their calmness. As if, even at the most critical moment that has yet passed in South Africa there was the least reason that we should wail hysterical. Englishmen love to tell the story of Drake, who when interrupted in a game of bowls by the news that the great Armada was bearing down on England, cheerfully declared that there was plenty of time to finish the game and beat the Armada afterwards. There is the spirit that Englishmen admire. And it did not pass away with the Armada days; for in the never-to-be-forgotten storm of foreign and domestic complications which threatened England at the end of last century, the nation displayed the same quiet belief in itself. The excess at one time of despondent outcry and at another of loud jubilation, which has accompanied the later stages of the war does not suggest that strong placidity, but rather tempts one to think that the nation is suffering from an attack of nerves—certainly an un-British complaint. Can it be that with access of wealth and power and luxury and ease we have lost something of the virile character that belonged to the old John Bull? Or is it merely that, like other civilized peoples, we have fallen a victim to the habit of loquacity that forces us to declare ourselves on every occasion and to make public our every mood instead of husbanding our strength in silence? But whatever the fault, I have a strong belief that it only requires the shock of a really great crisis for the nation to concentrate itself and to meet the danger that threatens in that calm and fearless spirit in which their ancestors encountered the slings and arrows of apparently outrageous fortune. The talk, the bluster and the fluster, the needless depths to which we allow ourselves to fall, or the absurd heights to which we are raised are but surface phenomena, born of superficial tendencies.

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A MODERN HELEN.

Only last week Italy and Turkey were nigh coming to loggerheads over a young Italian girl who had been placed in the seclusion of a Turkish officer's harem. The Turks declared that the lady, Sylvia Gemiti, had embraced Islamism before she took up her abode in the seraglio, but the Italian version of the story is that the woman was put there against her will, and the Italian Government sent an ultimatum to the Porte declaring that unless the maiden was given up, Italy would know the reason why. The Porte after some fluster saw fit to give way. There is quite a romantic flavour about the incident. One does not nowadays find a woman so obviously, and directly the causa belli, though indirectly the sex may still wield a potent influence in the diplomacies of the

world. It is for gold or territory, or national honour that modern wars are waged, and there is small chance of a repetition of that tedious affair of Troy which is the example par excellence of a woman's war. Not, I believe, that we are less chivalrous than the people of those days, but we would find easier methods of settling a quarrel over a kidnapped girl than fighting for ten solid years with her kidnappers. As a fact I doubt very much whether Helen, although Homer represents her as the initial cause of that struggle, had really so very much to do with it. In those days they had little else besides fighting with which to occupy themselves, and were glad of any excuse for a quarrel. Besides they had not the short cuts to wealth that we enjoy, and looting an enemy's city afforded one of the surest ways of amassing a fortune. After all one can hardly suppose that all the heroes were so interested in the domestic scandal of Menelaus' household that they would cheerfully spend a decade of their lives to avenge the insult put upon the gentleman by that impudent youth Paris. Depend upon it they had their eye on the loot. In this modern version of an old tale it would seem that the lady played quite as important a part as in the original. There is nothing to suggest that the Italians were picking this quarrel with "the Unspeakable" from ulterior motives. Their one object was to rescue their Sylvia Gemiti from the Turkish harem. The matter seems too trivial to give ground for actual hostilities, but the Turk, although he has not the most exalted notions of woman-kind is singularly touchy, as to any interference with that part of his domestic establishments of which Sylvia had become a part, and it seemed not impossible that there might be serious trouble. Wars may have their origin in small beginnings, and who could say that the wrongs of this modern Helen might not have set a-going that dreaded international imbroglio in Europe as those of her prototype disturbed the ancient world.

WOMEN AND MARRIAGE.

UNHEALTHY WOMEN SHOULD NOT MARRY.

MEN SHOULD BE VERY CAREFUL IN THEIR CHOICE.

It is not always the prettiest women that are the most popular with the sterner sex. You will often find that one of the plainest girls, if she be good natured, light hearted, and witty will be the most sought after by the men. When it comes to marriage a careful man takes pains that the woman of his choice is healthy and robust. He considers it a duty he owes to himself and to posterity that his companion in life should be as nearly perfect from a physical standpoint as possible. Many a man's life has been ruined by marriage with a frail and delicate woman. It is in these sort of matches that find marriage a failure. Not that the woman is so much to blame, as in many cases she does not know of a remedy for her ills. A woman who is run down, nervous, or irritable is not a helpmeet to a man in any way. If she suffers in this way sooner or later she will be taken with fainting spells, dizziness, and back-aches, accompanied by a heavy, crowded feeling in the abdomen. There is no need to suffer with any of these ailments when Bile Beans are close at hand. They act gently (as all medicines for women should), and are, therefore, to be recommended. Bile Beans put the liver in perfect condition, and prevent the ducts connecting the various digestive organs from becoming stuffed up. In this way they prevent biliousness. When a cure, however, is required they cause the liver to secrete increased quantities of this fluid, and thus flush the whole digestive system and carry off all waste matter from the system, clearing off at the same time all surplus bile. Once tried (they are only 13d per box) they will be found beneficial, and their use continued until the system will be toned up, the appetite returned, the circulation improved, and general health restored. A healthy woman is always interesting, she is happy, and her spirits are contagious. Good health and good nature are inseparable. Secure the first by using Bile Beans for biliousness and the latter will take care of itself.

Minor Matters.

The New Zealand "Times" says it is informed that a kind-hearted country settler has found employment on his dairy farm for the poor, cripple over whose maintenance for Wellington and Masterton Benevolent Trustees have been squabbling. The brief history of the case is as follows:—For seven years the man was a station hand in the Castlepoint district. Two years ago he was suddenly stricken with paralysis. For nine months he was an inmate of the Masterton Hospital. Thence he was sent to Roturua, where he benefited much by the treatment. Before he was quite cured, his legs being still weak, he was sent to Wellington, and entered the Old Men's Home. In a fortnight he left voluntarily, and for the last twelve months he earned his livelihood stone-breaking for the City Corporation. The substitution of machine-broken for hand-broken metal lately threw him out of employment, and the City Benevolent Trustees thereupon passed him to Masterton.

Up to within a few minutes of the departure of the Moravian, with the New South Wales and Tasmanian contingents, from Port Melbourne, a sentry was kept patrolling the wharf. By-and-by the crowd became so thick that he could not move. He stood erect and solemn, his bayonet gleaming on his rifle, and he took no notice of what went on around. His comrades passed to and fro, kissing every girl that came in reach of them, yet the sentry moved not a muscle. Two girls watched him intently for a minute, then one advanced, and pulling down his head as if to ask a question, kissed him. The other girl went through the same deliberate process. The sentry uttered no word, but looked straight to his front. His commanding officer was behind him. "You forget you are on guard, sir," said the officer; "you were kissing those women." The soldier dropped his rifle to attention, saluted, and answered, "No, sir; they were kissing me." This same sentry was nearly left behind. When the Moravian was casting off the commanding officer overlooked him in the crowd, thinking, no doubt, that he had been already recalled. The sentry saw the gangway pulled up, the hawsers drop from their mooring posts, and the streak of blue water between the vessel and the pier grow wider and wider. Yet he made no sign. No Roman sentry at Pompeii stood his ground more firmly. When it was beginning to look as if he had been completely forgotten, he was remembered, and it was only a matter of luck that he was able to jump on board as the stern swung inwards.

The old maids of New Zealand thoroughly endorse the "more men proposal"—they say the more men the merrier!

While the accounts were being passed at the Christchurch Hospital Board meeting the other day, the Chairman came to the item "spirits, £36." He paused, and looked up at the other members sitting round, but they only reflected his look of astonishment. He paused again, and then looked towards the secretary. That official, with pardonable eagerness, hastened to explain that the bulk of this was consumed in a variety of ways, during Christmas time. "Brandy for the puddings, I suppose," replied another member blandly. The item was then passed without further comment.

No introduction is considered necessary to gentlemen in khaki going to South Africa (writes Winifred to a Melbourne paper). A tall Queenslander was stamping letters at the General Post-office. Presently a damsel dropped her handkerchief and stooped to pick it up. "I beg your pardon," said the man as their heads bumped. "It was my fault," said the girl. "No, altogether mine," said the man. "I was looking at the letters on your shoulder," she confessed. "Yes, I knew you were, and I was trying to look at you while you studied them," he said smiling. "You are brave to go. I am so proud of you all," she said. "Thank you," he answered; "I won't forget that."

He opened the door for her, and together they posted their letters. Then he looked round and said, "Because I am going away, will you shake hands with me and say good-bye, and because I may never come back will you forgive me asking this?" "Yes," she said, as she let her hand rest in his. "But instead of good-bye, I will say may God be with you, and come back to me." And with a smile on her lip and a tear in her eye she ran down the Post-office steps.

Labour is at a premium in the Bruce district just now, owing no doubt to the number of hands required by the contractor for the Fortification Coal Company's railway line, and to the needs of the approaching harvest. The means devised to secure a share of the good things in the shape of wages ruling are many and varied (says the smart local paper); indeed, strikes were of common occurrence at several local industries within the past month, and were made excuses for seeking employment elsewhere. However, for originality and grim determination worthy of a better cause, the following incident is highly amusing: It is related of one young fellow that he obtained a half-holiday and permission to ride his employer's horse during that time, and he set off round the district and procured employment, which he had had in view, at a neighbouring farm. It was almost a week later (when the farmer incidentally inquired of his neighbour if he had secured anyone), that anything was known of the intended change; and a warm quarter of an hour ensued when the late employer and his employee met. The former is not lending horses to the servants now.

The late Colonel Ingersoll was riding in a street car one day, when the Rev. De Witt Talmage (the man with the big mouth who visited New Zealand some years ago) got in, and they presently fell into an argument. Finally Ingersoll said: "Then you would like to live in a place, Brother Talmage, where everyone had to be good by law?" "Certainly," said Talmage. "You would like to live where everyone had to go to church regularly every Sunday?" "Yes, that would suit me." "Where no man could get a drink, and swearing was not permitted?" "Yes, that's the place for me." "And where every man would have to keep regular hours?" "That would be heaven on earth," said Talmage, smiling and striking his knee with his open palm. "Well," said Bob, looking over his glasses, "you'd better go up to Sing Sing Prison. That's the way they do there."

Illness amongst post office employees in Melbourne has recently developed alarming proportions. This unfortunate state of affairs is not due to the ravages of an epidemic, for the bacilli to which the illness is due are of such a nature as to defy bacteriological science and the most stringent preventive measures that might be devised by the Health Department. According to a return submitted to the Postmaster-General, the employees are suffering through the decision of the Cabinet to allow them full pay for sick leave. As soon as that concession was granted, it is observed, the health of the staff began to seriously decline. In December, 1898, only 55 officers were reported as being ill, and they were absent from their duties for a total of only 73 weeks. In December last, when the full pay was commenced, 155 officers declared on the sick list, and they were absent for a total of 189 weeks. Mr Watt has but little sympathy for the majority of these weaklings. He has given instructions that returns of the sick lists must be submitted to him at the end of every month, and that a sharp look-out must be kept for the detection of malingers.

The Queen, it is announced, has expressed satisfaction on learning that a gentleman in England has five sons and a nephew in the army, three of whom are serving in South Africa. This colony can better that. Mr J. H. Legge, of Gosford, has five sons for the front—two there, and three on their way. That is probably a record for the current war; and it is certainly far ahead of the English case mentioned.

Current Comment.

A Dunedin man paying a visit to Invercargill remarked that it must be very cold there in the winter, being so far north. "Well," replied a full-fledged Invercargillite, "I think it maun just be as cauld whaur ye cam' frae." "Why do you think that," questioned the Glasgow man. "Weel, because a gey lot o' ye have red noses."

The common, but neither safe nor sensible practice of throwing a sack over a chimney that has taken fire, was the cause of a ringing of the fire-bell and considerable excitement in Invercargill the other day. A chimney in a house in Don-street had taken fire, and in order to smother the flames a sack was thrown over the exit. The consequence was that the stifled smoke poured out through the joints of the brickwork, filled the wall spaces and showed alarmingly through the weatherboarding, some of which at the back of the chimney was hastily torn off. This caused a general impression that the house was on fire. When the brigade arrived the true cause of the trouble was noticed, and the sack being removed things resumed normal conditions. Moral: Stop the draught in a burning chimney at the fireplace.

Here is a capital "old time" yarn of sheep driving-days, as told by a writer signing himself "Omega". It was a cold night and we were all huddled round the camp fire, with our blankets drawn over our heads, yarning. It had been wet all day, but the rain had cleared off at sundown. There were six of us all told, including the cook, and we were travelling with sheep. We were a mixed lot, but taken all round I never worked with a better crowd, bar the cook. He was a bit of a fraud, with his patent stew, which he gave us six meals out of ten, but so long as he was not in liquor he was not too bad. When he got drunk, which he did pretty regularly, he was a fair knock out. He came from the North of Ireland, and although generally as peaceable and inoffensive as a child, when he imbibed freely nothing would serve his turn but blood. We were camped at the Quarries a few miles outside Bourke. It had been raining for days, and the whole country for miles around, bar the little bit of high land on which the tent was pitched, was six inches under water. After yarning feebly for some little time and smoking a pipe or two we all turned in—bar the man on watch and the cook, whom we had not seen since tea-time. We were just dropping off to sleep when suddenly we heard a fearful howl. Out we scrambled, and there was Mister Cook, stark naked save for his hat and boots, chasing poor old Bill—the chap on watch—with an axe and shouting like a madman. He was gaining at every stride, and the prospects of an early funeral looked particularly bright when old Bill, hearing our cries, twisted suddenly and came rushing towards the tent with the cook after him yelling like a fiend. Into the tent darted Bill blowing like a grampus and fairly done up, with the lunatic on his heels, and striking the pole as he fell brought the tent down on top of them both. By David, you should have seen the wriggler! Bill battled for his dear life and screamed like a woman, while the cook howled enough to wake the dead. Luckily for poor old Bill there was no room for any axe work, but by Jove when we got the tent off, which we did particularly smart, the cook had his teeth in the old fellow's throat and was tearing at it like a mad dog. It was the nearest kind of thing for Bill that you ever saw, for we had to hit the cook over the head with a tent stake and knock him senseless before he'd let up. We tended Bill's throat, which was hanging in flaps and bleeding a hurricane. After a long time we fixed it up until morning, and then ran him into Bourke in the cart. As for the cook, we just tied his hands and feet with grebehide and dumped him down outside naked as he was to sleep it off. My colonial! If you'd have seen that cook in the morning after the mosquitoes had done with him, and with a lump on his head as big as an emu's egg, you'd have said that you never saw a sicker or sorer man in your life!

BOGUS BIDDING AT AUCTION.

On the subject of "trotting," or bogus bidding at auctions, the "Morning Post" of Timaru makes some very sensible remarks. It says: The system of "trotting" has now grown, by common practice, to be so much a part of the auction system that people are never certain whether a bid is genuine or not until the lot is knocked down and the buyer announced, and not then very often. This uncertainty unquestionably demoralises and retards genuine competition, sellers as well as buyers too frequently suffer injustice, and the true market value or demand for goods or stock sold cannot, in consequence, be accurately ascertained. Ostensibly, a sale by auction means that "the highest bidder shall be the purchaser," but this is not strictly so in probably the majority of cases, for "trotting" so discourages bidding of the genuine order, that many people refuse to bid, and lots have to be sacrificed because of the mistrust of the system. Public confidence is shattered because of the prevalence of "trotting," and a remedy is loudly called for. It is proposed to make "trotting" illegal by statute, and to impose legal restrictions upon auctioneers and bidders alike, in order to stop it; but the matter really rests with the auctioneers themselves, in a very large measure. If they were to set their faces collectively against the system it would almost disappear; but that is hopeless, for while some are anxious to stop it, others will not attempt improvement.

IS THIS TREASON?

A WORKING MAN (?) AGITATOR'S OPINIONS.

British nation! British Government! What do these people mean? Are there certain territorial areas owned by the whole people of the areas? Are there certain legislative bodies which control these areas in the interest of the whole peoples of the areas? If so, then it may be a question for debate as to how far the people of one area may go in wiping out another people whom they may regard as opposed to their ideal of life and progress.

But as an old-fashioned Internationalist, resting my logic upon the truth of the class war—worker versus capitalist, I have believed that there are no nations and no governments in the true sense of the word. What we have in all countries alike is the means of life monopolised by a class. What we have in all countries alike is a legislative club in which members of this class sit and make laws in the interest of their class. The peoples have no country; the peoples have no Government. What, then, do these men mean when they shout, "I'm an Englishman!" I stand by the Government! The first means to me that I happen to have been born in a certain spot of earth in this country. But I have not any of the country! I am simply a landless and tool-less creature to be exploited by the people who have nobbled these. If I had been born in France, in Germany, in America, there are the same people who have got the means of wealth, and I should simply have been a bit of food for their exploitation.

And yet we know that the bulk of the workers are in this position. And yet we know that the so-called Governments of the nations treat the millions of the people in this manner, and our so-called Socialist gentlemen would encourage them to shout, "My country! My Government! I'm an Englishman," and would waste their energies in petty race quarrels! Fie on them! Fie on them! I would rather be a dog and bay at the moon, than such Englishmen.

John Tamlyn in "Justice."

SOLDIERS OF THE NATION.

WAR BY DEMOCRACY.

The fact that this war is being waged under new conditions is slowly coming home to the British people. It is not only fought "under a microscope," every detail being subjected

to close and instant scrutiny in a way which, as Mr Asquith says, might have unnerved our Marlboroughs, Clives, and Wellingtons, but it is the first great war conducted by England as a democracy. The momentous struggle against Napoleon was carried on by an aristocracy, the Crimean war by a Government controlled by the middle class. This, observes the "Australasian," is the first time that the democracy in power has entered upon a struggle of real magnitude; for there can be no doubt that it is the masses of the nation who have given the word for war, and are resolute to see the contest through. Until their consent was obtained—until, as Ministers phrase it, the country was at their back—they dared take no decisive step. Hence the backwardness of our military preparations, which a bureaucracy like Germany would have quietly completed long before the dispute with Pretoria grew critical.

One of the most striking circumstances associated with this change is the solicitude which the democracy displays for the safety and welfare of its soldiers. This is a development which may be separated from the all-round amelioration that has taken place in the conditions of every sort of service during the century. Brutalising floggings in the army and navy, and the general treatment of the men as belonging to a lower species, are ugly features which have dropped out of memory, not because the democracy has the reins, but because the age has undergone a softening process. But it has been reserved for the governing masses to attach a new preciousness to the safety and comfort of those who take the field. So far from being neglected and underrated as of old, the soldier is nowadays far more likely to think privately that his exploits and perils are magnified by the millions who wait in quivering expectancy at home.

TO THE EMPIRE'S CALL!

ARE THE LAND-OWNERS RESPONDING LOYALLY?

You can stand upon the highest point of land round Waipukuruan, Hawke's Bay, and get a view of thousands of acres of land that is contributing nothing towards the equipment of those willing to go to the front, and the reflection is forced upon our minds that its numerous owners are doing nothing towards the maintenance of their ancient titles. For the honour of our race, if not from a sense of the obligation handed down from the days of old, let those of our sheepfarmers who have not yet contributed, now come forward and find the means to put at least 100 robust yeomen under the Union Jack in South Africa. We have nothing to do with what other provinces are sending, urges "W.A.C." in the local journal, and for so rich a district 100 is not a great number when we consider that under the feudal system from one estate less in area than many in Hawke's Bay a much greater number would have been led forth by the owner of the land to battle for the Crown. The workers and small settlers will supply plenty of men if the moneyed men will divert sufficient from their usual accumulations to pay the piper.

ARMOUR-CLAD SOLDIERS.

Several newspapers in Great Britain have seriously taken up the question of supplying the troops of the British army with armour. Though they do not go to the length of suggesting that each man should have a thin sheet of Krupp armour to hang in front of him as he advances to the attack, they do not think it is wise to pass the thing over with a mere laugh, as many people, at first glance, are naturally inclined to do. One writer, who elaborates the idea in "Engineering," and who seems to be quite fascinated with it, avers that the armoured soldier is not so rare to-day as might be believed. The fairly large supply of coats of mail, he says, indicates a much greater demand than can be produced by capitalists and royalists in dread of assassination. He asserts positively that coats of mail were adopted in expeditions against enemies who used somewhat antiquated weapons, and he surmises that a good many have gone to South Africa, though he doubts their utility against modern bullets, except when the latter are fired from long distances.—Lyttelton "Times."

THE RIVAL CABLES.

We think that Mr Seddon is quite right in looking somewhat askance at the gifts which the Eastern and Australian Cable Company are offering us in the shape of an "all red" cable line via the Cape, says the "Press." We have not the least objection to such a line; on the contrary, we should welcome it. The point to be borne in mind, however, is that it may be purchased at too dear a price. The Eastern Company have at present a monopoly, and they are naturally very anxious to preserve it. It is to the interest of these colonies that the Pacific Cable should be constructed, if only for the purpose of breaking that monopoly. What we have to be careful about, therefore, is that the concessions we make in favour of the Cape Cable are not such as to render it unprofitable for the colonies to undertake the construction of the Pacific line, as they proposed to do.

WELLINGTON AND THE PLAGUE.

There are hundreds of houses in Wellington not connected with the sewerage system, and many old drains, and we are infested with rats. These invite the plague. If the plague were to spread the death-rate might rise as high, as long as it was with us, as it did in London in 1665 in our year. If it did the deaths would be about 7000, and if we consider the misery and the loss of trade that the plague would cause, the injury to Wellington would be incalculable. Property would fall in value, landlords would not get their rents, the shipping would have to be done from other centres, and the loss to the city alone would be more than a million. It would take many years before Wellington recovered. Parliament would have to meet in some other centre, and all who have means would flee from the city. And yet (writes "Alarmed" to the "Post"), with all the possibilities of what this dire scourge might be, our municipal functionaries seem to be exceedingly quiescent. No proper or efficient effort has been made to compel sewerage connection, to shut up old drains, to kill the rats, and to insist on cleanliness, and I believe there are other cities in the colony just as bad as Wellington.

Ideal Milk



Enriched 20 per cent. with Cream.

STERILIZED—NOT SWEETENED.

A Perfect Substitute for Fresh Milk.

REAL BOONI
To Ladies, Dressmakers, Mothers, etc.—PERFECT FIT AND STYLE.
By Using the Magic
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,
44, W. Market Street, Wellington.
AGENTS WANTED.

THE BITTER CRY OF THE PROFESSIONAL AGITATOR.

That precious claptrap scribble "Hyatander" in the Queensland "Worker" thus vents his ill temper concerning the magnificent outburst of loyalty in the colonies. Freedom of speech adverse to the war is suspended by order of the venomous and vulgar jingo mob. Citizens are being assaulted by larrikin barrackers, egged on and encouraged by the braggart press, and the boycott against business people holding opinions not in accord with the vulgar oligarchy is covertly commended and applied. Fatman's prerogative of "the sack" is also threatened and acted upon, and the consequence is that timid opponents are cowed into silence or submission. Against this gross violation of the common rights, the men and women who believe as firmly now as ever that the present war is a brutal and unjustifiable aggression will need to assert themselves. That other large section of the public who deem that the liberty to think and speak as their convictions, and not the daily press, dictate, is a right worth fighting for by itself, will need to manifest themselves. The jingos are afraid of criticism. They are endeavouring by brute force to apply Carrington's doctrine preached recently to the English workers and summed up in the sentence "Stop thinking until the war is over." Let every honest man oppose this cowardly and slavish doctrine, whether he be German or Scandinavian, or Britisher. Against such attempted brutal coercion let him assert his mental independence without fear, or be for ever proclaimed a coward or a slave.

It is useless, the "Graphic" thinks, to be angry with a creature who writes in such a strain, but, gracious powers, how one would delight in seeing the fellow well ducked in a horse pond.

A COLONIAL ARMY CORPS.

The supercilious indifference with which the War Office at first treated the offers of armed assistance made by the colonies has utterly broken down in the face of the very surprising developments of the South African campaign. This is in a measure due, thinks the "Daily News" of Taranaki, to the unexpectedly heavy demands of the situation for which the British army was quite unprepared, and also to the high efficiency and usefulness of these colonial troops now on the scene of action. The British military authorities have had their cheap opinions of colonial volunteer troops quite altered, and thially veiled contempt has given way to open admiration—so much so that we may expect to hear of our men taking an increasingly prominent and important part in the war operations.

RAILWAY ACCIDENTS.

One of the most interesting features of railway management in this colony is the comparative immunity from serious and fatal accidents. Once in a quarter of a century there is a Rakata disaster, and now and again a careless passenger falls off a train and is killed, or an over-confident and reckless shunter is injured fatally. It may even happen that two porters, as was the case last month, may be killed within a week, but this goes no way to prove that such accidents are the results of mismanagement or defective rules for the guidance of the Government railway employees. That accidents are less frequent than they are is due to some extent to the improved modes of working our railways, and the various mechanical appliances which have been adopted to secure the safety of the travelling public and railway servants. There are few countries in the world that have a greater mileage of railway in proportion to population than New Zealand. Over our 2090 miles of open railways over five millions of passengers were carried last year. There were 4433 employees engaged, and the figures with respect to accidents, inclusive of the Rakata disaster, showed that seventeen persons were killed and four hundred and two injured. Some people are inclined to blame the Railway Department for this loss of life, but that is altogether unwarrantable and absurd. We know that the officials exercise the utmost care to prevent accidents. Despite their vigilance, accidents will occur, and frequently the persons affected are themselves blameworthy.

OUR BRAVE BOYS.

The colony has now sent a second contingent in order to maintain the sceptre of Britain in defiance of foreign aggression. The enthusiasm that marked the departure of our troops from Wellington on Saturday was unbounded in the extreme, and the patriotism shown by the vast concourse of spectators must have sent a thrill of warlike ardour into the minds of the troopers as the troopship put out to sea. We are but a small segment of the British nation, and are separated from the Mother Country by a vast expanse of ocean; yet we are facing the roar of cannon regardless of the dreaded consequences. Our troops are doing noble work in the field, and are tasting the bitterness of the ghastly struggle now going on in order to assist in setting the nation free from the dominant insults of the Boers. Their gallantry has been acknowledged by the cream of British commanders, and when the struggle is ended the reception that will be accorded them on their return by the people of New Zealand will be such as has never before been witnessed in these parts. There is one thing to be said as a compliment to our colonial soldiers, and that is: Although we have lost members of our own kith and kin in the fray, we have gained the confidence of the Empire in our endeavours to show the British soldiers what can be done by colonials in the field. Our troopers are not one whit behind their compeers in dashing field work, and their capacity for individual fighting is up to a standard that few could expect from men that have been in regular training only for a short time. Their intrepidity has been especially noticeable throughout the campaign, and goes to prove the quality of the stuff our troops are made of.

ANOTHER APPEAL FOR CHRONIC "DRUNKS."

It is high time that the provisions which are made under the Inebriates Institutions Act, 1898, were brought into operation in order that helpless and incorrigible slaves to the drink habit might be removed from temptation and deprived of the power to work evil in the community. When that measure was before the Legislature those in authority exerted all their powers of persuasion to make it law, and last session the Government again displayed some anxiety to give effect to a statute which, up to that time, had been a dead letter because no institutions had been provided. But there is even now no practical result of all this solicitude, and the statute might just as well have never been passed. Confirmed inebriates—shocking examples of self-abandonment—run their course unhindered, as though it did not matter what became of them, or that they shed a malign influence on all around them. This is to be greatly deplored, for there are numerous persons addicted to the habit whose friends, as well as the public, would be glad to know that they were where they could not continue their self-abasement—where they would cease to annoy and corrupt others, and where there would be some hope of their reformation being effected.—Oamaru "Mail."

PUBLISHING OUR SOLDIERS' PRIVATE LETTERS.

SENSIBLE REMARKS ON THIS BY THE WANGANUI "CHRONICLE."

The free use that is being made of the letters of the members of our First Contingent, now on active service in South Africa, by publishing them in full in the newspapers of the colony, with the names of the writers attached, is likely to cause some embarrassment to our men, and very likely a good deal of annoyance, and of ill-will on the part of other colonial troops whose conduct has been severely inasmadverted upon, when our New Zealand newspapers arrive in camp. We have ourselves printed private letters from some of our Wanganui boys—but we have taken care to excise passages in such letters that were evidently only intended for the recipients of the letters, and the publication of which might have subjected the writers to unpleasant comments from their comrades in the field had they been published. In most of the letters that have been published recently passages occur in which the writers speak with pride of the appreciation in which they are held by the Major-General in command, and of the honour that has been conferred upon our contingent in being attached to the Royal Horse Artillery—but some of the writers go much further, and

speak contemptuously of the New South Wales Lancers, and tell of the snubbing they received from the General for turning out late one morning, and so on. Now, all these things are perfectly legitimate subjects for the freest kind of comments in letters that are intended to be kept strictly private, or that are merely to be circulated among the writers' private friends. But it is quite a different thing when they are allowed to appear in print, and without the slightest editorial supervision being exercised over them.

"The Art of Advertising: its Theory and Practice," is the title of a neat little booklet, with 37 illustrations, by William Stead, Jun., and published by the enterprising firm of T. B. Brown, Ltd., 167, Queen Victoria-street, London, E.C.; at 3/6, or, with postage added, 5/. It is an attempt to explain in a lucid fashion the relation of advertising to modern business enterprise. The importance of advertising to secure success is now everywhere recognised by the enlightened business and industrial world. Many persons have not fully grasped the significance or rightly appreciated advertising as a necessity, and it is mainly for these that the booklet is issued. The first part of the work is devoted to the theory of advertising as a science, its elementary laws are carefully laid down, the mastery of which is essential to successful advertising. The second part is the practice of advertising, exemplified by some very successful firms, giving specimens of their methods employed. Part three devotes some interesting chapters to press advertising and its extraordinary development. We have no doubt but that the chapters will greatly interest the advertiser and the general public, dispelling erroneous impressions which are prevalent among those who have never used advertising as the propelling power to business success. The book can be ordered from any stationer.

A WELL-KNOWN LADY OF BRIGHTON CURED BY WEBBER'S VITADATIO (THE GREAT HERBAL REMEDY).

DOCTORS SAID MUST HAVE AN OPERATION TO SAVE HER LIFE. THERE IS NO OPERATION REQUIRED WHEN VITADATIO IS GIVEN A "FAIR TRIAL."

INVESTIGATE THIS CASE, AND PROVE FOR YOURSELF THAT IT IS GENUINE.

"Warleigh House," Bay-st., Brighton: Mr E. A. PALMER.—Dear Sir.—It affords me the greatest pleasure imaginable to add my testimonial to the many received by you praising the wonderful Herbal Remedy, "Webber's Vitadatio." My wife, who was one of the multitudes of women in the colony, suddenly took ill last Christmas, and was confined to bed continually for six months. Medical men came to the conclusion there was little hope of her recovery unless an operation was performed, they being under the impression that there was an internal growth (cancer or tumour). My wife, however, declined to go under this operation. Acting on the advice of a lady friend, you were called in, and after putting a few questions, pronounced my wife to be suffering from "Hydatids," and you vowed "WEBBER'S VITADATIO WOULD CURE HER." She acted on this advice, and after taking four or five bottles, two bags of Hydatids, at different times, came away. She continued and took a few more bottles of Vitadatio, and I am pleased to say that she is now, to the astonishment of all who see her, the "very picture of health" and as strong as ever. I believe in giving "praise to whom praise is due."

Yours very gratefully, J. FALKINGHAM. 17th October, 1899.

"VITADATIO" is a wonderful Restorative in cases of Influenza, and counteracts the usual depressing after-effects; therefore get a bottle to-day and prove for yourself that there is no quack about it.

Price of Vitadatio, 5/6 and 3/6. Indian Oil of Cream, 2/6.

HEAD INSTITUTE: 71, BOURKE STREET, MELBOURNE. S.A. PALMER, Sole Agent for Australasia, India, Ceylon, and Japan. Sole Proprietor and Manufacturer: W. WEBBER, Launceston, Tasmania. Head Office for N.Z., 39 Manners-street, Wellington.

"Given up for Dead. Restored to Perfect Health"

Only three bottles cure severe lameness from rheumatism, flesh is regained, eyesight improved, and natural health returns.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla



"I have been a great sufferer from rheumatism and liver complaint, and was very lame. My brother, who was very ill, was given up for dead by the doctors. But Ayer's Sarsaparilla put new life in him, and he and my father, hearing I was so ill, recommended this medicine to me. Before I had taken three bottles I felt improved. My lameness began to leave me and I began to feel like a new woman. I also regained much flesh which I had lost. Strange though it may seem, my eyesight, which had become weak, gradually became stronger, until it was perfectly natural."

This testimony from Mrs. Mary Bright (whose portrait is here given), of Cornish Town, Cobarr, New South Wales, must strongly impress all who read it. It tells of the wonderful power of Ayer's Sarsaparilla to drive disease out of the system.

How could a testimonial tell more? How could a remedy do more? Put your confidence in Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

"The World's Greatest Family Medicine."

Because other medicines have failed should not discourage you. One great medicine is left for you—Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It acts directly on the blood, takes out all impurities.

AYER'S Sarsaparilla That Cures.

It Makes the Blood Pure, Rich, and Red.

Ayer's Pills are Gentle Laxatives, Produce Natural Action.

Sports and Pastimes.

TURF FIXTURES.

NEW ZEALAND.

February 7 and 8—Taranaki J.C. Autumn
 Feb. 10 and 12—Te Aroha J.C. Annual
 February 14 and 15—Egmont R.C. Summer
 February 14—Kaukapaka Racing Club
 February 17—Waitekauri Hack Racing Club
 February 17, 21, 24—Otahuhu Trotting Club Summer
 February 22 and 23—Poverty Bay Turf Club Annual
 February 22 and 24—Canterbury J.C. Summer
 March 1—Bay of Plenty J.C. Annual
 March 3—Napier Hack Meeting
 March 3—Waikiki J.C. Meeting
 March 7—Rotorua J.C. Annual
 March 8 and 9—Wanganui J.C. Autumn
 March 10—South Auckland Racing Club
 March 17, 19—Hawke's Bay Jockey Club
 March 17 and 19—Ohinepuni J.C. Annual
 March 21, 23, and 25—Dunedin J.C. Autumn
 March 27, 29—Napier Park Racing Club
 April 4 and 5—Manawatu R.C. Autumn
 April 16 and 17—Canterbury J.C. Autumn
 April 16, 17, 21—Auckland Racing Club Autumn
 April 26 and 27—South Canterbury J.C. Autumn
 May 2 and 3—Avondale Jockey Club Autumn
 May 2 and 4—Wellington R.C. Autumn
 May 24 and 25—Takapuna J.C. Winter
 May 24 and 25—Dunedin J.C. Winter
 June 3, 11—C.J.C. Championship Cup
 June 20, 22—Hawke's Bay Jockey Club
 June 26, 27—Gisborne Park Racing Club
 June 27, 28—Napier Park Racing Club
 July 18 and 20—Wellington R.C. Winter

DATES OF COMING EVENTS.

NEW ZEALAND.

February 7—Taranaki Cup
 March 3—V.R.C. St. Leger
 March 6—Australian Cup
 March 6—V.R.C. Champion Stakes
 March 6—Wanganui Cup
 March 21—Dunedin Cup
 March 27—Hawke's Bay Cup
 March 19—Hawke's Bay Stakes
 March 27—Napier Park Cup
 April 16—A.R.C. Easter Handicap
 April 16—A.R.C. Champagne Stakes
 April 17—A.R.C. Century Stakes
 April 16—C.J.C. Championship Cup
 April 16—C.J.C. Great Easter Handicap
 April 17—C.J.C. Great Autumn Handicap

NOTES BY MONITOR.

The Takapuna Jockey Club's Summer Meeting is now a thing of the past, and the Club takes every reason to congratulate themselves, favoured with excellent weather, the attendance on each day was large, which accounted for the increase of the total returns of £3,769 over their corresponding meeting last year.

The Taranaki Jockey Club commence their two days' autumn meeting to-day (Wednesday), and will be concluded to-morrow. The fields listed to compete in the majority of instances are small, but some interesting finishes should eventuate. In the Taranaki Cup there is a field of seven engaged, and of these I like Coronet's chance best. For the Stewards' Handicap of seven furlongs, Crusoe reads well, and in the First Handicap Hurdle Race, Light, 9.12, should run prominently.

Jim Keane, who was thought to possess a chance second to none in the Welter Handicap on Saturday last, failed to run into a place, although he showed great dash and gameness at the finish. The son of Seaton Delevall and Lottie has furnished a lot lately. Thorpe has him looking very well at present, and he should well repay watching in the future.

Nor-West showed us at the late Takapuna meeting that he is a champion over country. The big son of Sou'Wester, although carrying the crusher of 13.5, had the race won at any part of the journey. I hear it is his owner's intention to take him over to Australia before long, and he should be quite capable of winning many an important jumping event on the other side.

The racehorses Hastings, Rosella, and Biddington returned to Auckland in charge of Joe Gallagher on Sunday last. They look none the worse for their recent racing in the South.

The Australian bred gelding Tornada, showed winning form at a recent meeting held at Gatwick (England), when he accounted for the Maiden Hurdle Race. Tornada is owned by Mr J. C. Brewer, who has also the Grafter and Battalion under his care. The latter horses are being educated to race over obstacles and should do well when thoroughly seasoned.

Everyone was glad to see Red Lancer's owner score a win at Takapuna. The son of St. Clair won the Summer Handicap in good style, and was looked upon as the best of good things for the Devonport Handicap. The gelding, although made a strong favourite on the machine, failed to run prominently in any part of the race, and appeared to me to be very sore after it was over.

The gelding Tiki, which annexed the Hack Handicap on the second day of the recent meeting, showed fair form in the Welter Handicap on the concluding day, in which event he was at the head of affairs for the greater part of the journey. Tiki was bred privately by the Messrs Allison Bros. at Motokorea, and is a four-year-old by Regal from Pearl. He should do well when raced over sticks, as I am told he knows how to jump and is just about the right stamp for the illegitimate game.

The unruly Hohoro was the unlucky horse at the Takapuna meeting. The son of Tasman started in three of the sprint events, and on each occasion had to be content with second position. That this gelding is a speedy customer there is not a doubt, and he was well looked after by the handicapper during the meeting.

Crusoe ran a right down good race in the First Steeplechase, acting as runner-up to his stable mate Nor-West. On the concluding day the Steeplechase was looked upon in the light of a moral for the black horse, but weight told its tale, and he could only gain third position to Voltigeur II. and Stockman.

The speedy Telephone showed us last week that he has lost none of his dash in sprinting. Getting well away the cobby little chestnut made every post a winning one, finally getting home in front of the well-bred Tolstoi by a length. Telephone went amiss a little time back, but his new owner managed to patch him up for the recent meeting.

Australian and New Zealand bred horses are strongly in evidence in some of the big coming events to be decided in the Old Country this season. In the Lincolnshire Handicap of 1 mile, run for on March 27th, the New Zealand Gold Medalist is among the acceptors with 8.12 opposite his name, while Oban 8.11, Survivor 8.3, and Syerla 7.13 have also accepted. In the Liverpool Grand National Steeplechase, run for on March 30th, the ex-Auckland Levanter has 9.8 to carry, which weight should not trouble Captivator's son, who has also accepted for the Lancaster Steeplechase, in which race he has 11b. less to carry. In the Great Northamptonshire Stakes of 1 1/2 miles, run on April 3rd, Maluma, 9.3, is down to compete, and in the Great Metropolitan Handicap of 2 1/2 miles, run for on May 9th, Battalion, 7.10, has accepted. In the Chester Cup The Grafter is given 8.10, while in the Kempton Park Jubilee Stakes Gozo's son has 8lbs. less to carry. For the City and Suburban Handicap the ex-New Zealander Multiform, 8.11, is among the list of acceptors, as is also The Grafter, 8.10, Maluma, 8.11, Survivor, 8.2, and Syerla, 7.6.

The pony Athel, which annexed the Pony Handicap on the concluding day, showed great speed and ran the five furlongs in good time, never leaving the issue in doubt from the rise of the barrier. Athel is a three-year-old bay mare by Muskapeer, and is in John Booth's stable.

Mr St. Coombes' Favona was in great form at the Shore last week. The big chestnut won all three hurdle races in a tradesmanlike manner, and although raised 23lbs. on the concluding day he romped home in front of the light weight Korowai by a couple of lengths.

Mr Alex. Phillips had bad luck at the Takapuna meeting in losing his chestnut gelding Opan. The son of Emu Bay was going in great style when he made a faulty jump at the post and fell twice on top of the hill and came to grief. On the horse getting up it was found he was severely injured, and on examination it was seen he had broken his shoulder, and a friendly bullet had to be brought into requisition to end his sufferings.

TAKAPUNA JOCKEY CLUB'S SUMMER MEETING.

SECOND DAY.

The Takapuna Jockey Club's Summer Meeting was continued on Wednesday afternoon last, the weather being again gloriously fine and the attendance fairly large considering it was not a public holiday. The arrangements were in every way thoroughly up-to-date, and everything passed off without a hitch under the careful direction of Mr Robert Wynyard, the popular secretary. Mr F. Lawry, M.H.R., was in the judge's box, and his decisions gave general satisfaction in every case. The starting was as usual in the hands of Mr Geo. Cutta, who got his fields away in fairly good order. During the afternoon the sum of £7,821 was passed through the totalisators, under the management of Mr W. Bloomfield.

Proceedings were opened with the Suburban Handicap, for which the dozen figuring on the card went to the post. Minerva II. was the popular pick, while of the others Hohoro and St. Elmo were not without friends. The field were let go to an even start, Telephone's colours being the first to show out prominently, and after he had made the running for about three and a-half furlongs, the favourite closed up and a ding dong race resulted up to the straight ending in a win for the ex-Sydney mare by a nose.

In the Second Handicap Hurdle Race the field was small, only four runners lining up behind the barrier. The Napier owned Barbarossa was a slightly better favourite than Favona. Immediately the barrier rose Favona's colours showed in front, and the big son of Regal jumping in faultless style throughout, practically was in front all the way, winning by two lengths from Korowai.

The Pony Race followed, and of the six starters The Slave was made favourite. The little daughter of The Workman fully justified the confidence placed in her by romping home two lengths in front of Lena.

In the Takapuna Jockey Club Handicap four of the five listed to compete went to the post. The Doctor on his running in the big event on the first day was made favourite, while the top weight, St. Ursula, was also in request. Immediately the barrier flew up St. Ona showed out and made the running across the back; but when the top stretch was reached the favourite went to the front and for a time flattered the hopes of his backers. The big son of Chivassier held his own until rounding the turn for home, when St. Ona put in her claim, being hotly pursued by St. Ursula, who seemed to have been kept too far from her field throughout the race, and had to be content with second place to Mr Laycock's chestnut mare, who won by half a length.

The Hobson Handicap attracted a field of half a dozen runners. Alger on her previous performance was made favourite, while St. Elyn and Lady Avon also received a fair share of support. The race resulted in somewhat of a surprise, as the lightly thought of chestnut filly Kissmary, who got all the worst of the start, fairly romped home by nearly three lengths in front of St. Elyn.

The First Handicap Steeplechase followed and was contested for by a field of five, the top weight Nor-West being the popular pick. And that the public were right in their judgment was fully demonstrated by the way Sou'Wester's son won. Crusoe was responsible for all the running until the water jump was reached the last time. Here Nor-West, who had been laying bandy throughout, shot to the front, and coming away in great style won by fully three lengths from his

stable mate. During the race Opan had the bad luck to fall and break his shoulder. He was finally put out of his misery by the aid of a friendly bullet.

There were no withdrawals from the Hack Handicap. Perseverance was made favourite, while the local horse Tiki was next in demand. When the barrier went up Delia Rose was the first to show out, and she led for the greater part of the journey. When once in the straight Tiki put in his claim, and, running with great gameness, won by three parts of a length from Mr McEie's mare.

The day's racing closed with the Anniversary Handicap, for which a large field went to the post. Cavalier was a slightly better favourite than Knight of Athol and Red Lancer. Immediately the barrier rose Cavalier was seen in the front, closely followed by Knight of Athol and Picklock. When once in the straight Knight of Athol came very fast and won comfortably from Lillie by fully a length and a-half.

THIRD DAY.

The meeting was brought to a conclusion on Saturday last, under very favourable circumstances. Again the weather was perfect and a large number of people were conveyed across the harbour by the Devonport Ferry Company to witness the final day's sport.

The good sum of £4255 was passed through the totalisators under the management of Mr W. Bloomfield, making the total returns for the three days £26,169, as against £22,400 for the corresponding meeting last year, an increase of £3769.

The ball was opened with the Maiden Hurdles, for which Korowai was installed a warm favourite in a field of eight runners. The daughter of Hotchkiss got well away and led over the first obstacle, closely followed by St. Lemon. Holding her own for the rest of the journey Korowai won rather easily by four lengths from La Belle.

In the Borough Handicap Telephone was made a strong favourite, while of the others Kettle drum, Tolstoi and Blairina were all well backed. The race itself calls for little description, for the speedy Telephone, who got well away, made the running throughout and won by half a length from Tolstoi.

The Summer Handicap followed, and for this a field of nine lined up behind the barrier. Waikorongai was made favourite, while Knight of Athol also had an army of followers. Porangi Potae and St. Ona were the first to show into prominence, and they made the running for the first part of the journey, when Red Lancer was taken to the front, closely followed by Lillie, and although the latter made a bold bid to get on terms with the leader she had to put up with a two lengths' defeat by St. Clair's son.

For the Third Handicap Hurdle Race six went to the post, the Napier-owned Barbarossa being made favourite, while Favona also was well backed. Voltigeur made the running for the first part, the favourite laying bandy. On running round the second time Favona was in front, closely followed by Korowai, and this order was maintained for the rest of the distance, the big son of Regal finally winning by a couple of lengths from the brown daughter of Hotchkiss.

The Pony Handicap drew out a field of seven runners, Clansman being made favourite. This race calls for little description, for Athel, who jumped away at the start, made every post a winning one, eventually getting home by three lengths from the local-owned Trooper.

Then came the Devonport Handicap, for which a field of nine lined up behind the barrier. On his running in the Summer Handicap Red Lancer was sorted out as the best of good things, but never once did St. Clair's son look dangerous. Kettle drum and Lady Dash made the running for the greater part of the journey. When once the straight was reached St. Elmo came with a great run and never left the issue in doubt, winning by two lengths from Hohoro, while the grey horse, Daytree, filled third position.

The Second Handicap Steeplechase followed, and of the four competitors

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Crusado was made a red-hot favourite, while Voltigeur II. was also well supported. The favourite was never at any time dangerous, and could only manage to run into third position.

The curtain was rung down on the meeting with the Welter Handicap, for which Jim Keane was most in request, while of the others Admiral Hawke carried most money.

The following are the results:—

MAIDEN HANDICAP HURDLES of 50 sovs; 11 mile and 100yds.

- 209—Mr T. B. Bell's br m Korowai, by Hochkiss—Mantilla, 6yrs, 107 (J. Stewart) 1
52—Mr W. J. Hunter's blk m La Belle, aged, 3.10 (Wright) 2
42—Mr J. Deeble's b g Stockman, aged, 3.10 (Wright) 3

BOROUGH HANDICAP of 60sovs. Four furlongs.

- 413—Mr F. B. Ross's ch g Telephone, by Billingsgate—St. Clair mare, aged, 8.5 (Gillies) 1
119—Mr H. Frank's br g Tolstol, 3yrs, 2 (W. Clarke) 2
33—Mr J. McLeilan's br m Puhia, 5yrs, 7.0 (Tate) 3

SUMMER HANDICAP of 120sovs. One mile.

- 198—Mr E. A. Joel's b g Red Lancer, by St. Clair—Red Ensign, aged, 7.0 (Tate) 1
141—Mr E. Thorpe's b g Lillie, aged, 7.8 (Duff) 2
90—Mr S. Laycock's ch m St. Ona, 6yrs, 8.2 (W. Stewart) 3

THIRD HANDICAP HURDLES of 20sovs. 1 1/2 mile.

- 213—Mr S. Coombes' ch g Favona, by Rogel—Friendship, 5yrs, 11.2 (F. Burns) 1
75—Mr T. B. Bell's br m Korowai, 6yrs, 9.0 (J. Stewart) 2
314—Mr R. Connors' b g Barbarossa, aged, 11.0 (C. Neill) 3

THIRD PONY HANDICAP of 60sovs. Five furlongs.

- 92—Mr J. Henderson's b m Athel, by Muskaper—Buy Bess, 3yrs, 6.7 (Abbott) 1
45—Mr C. Lindsay's b g Trooper, aged, 7.0 (W. Stewart) 2
101—Mr J. E. Thorpe's b m The Slave, 3yrs, 8.4 (Duff) 3

DEVONPORT HANDICAP of 100sovs. Six furlongs.

- 128—Mr Peter Chaffee's h h St. Elmo, by Custor—Welcome, Kate, 6yrs, 8.0 (Duff) 1
130—Mr C. Lovett's br g Hohoro, 3yrs, 8.5 (R. Hall) 2
119—Mr J. Taylor's br h Daytree, 4yrs, 8.10 (W. Stewart) 3

beating Hohoro by a length and a half, with Daytree close up third. Culrasset finished fourth, and Red Lancer fifth, Time, 2.25. Dividends: Inside, £9 1/2; outside, £3 1/2.

SECOND HANDICAP STEEPCHASES of 100sovs. About 3 miles.

- 214—Mr F. B. Ross's gr g Voltigeur II., by Lionel—Norah, aged, 11.2 (F. Burns) 1
69—Mr M. Deeble's b g Stockman, aged, 9.7 (Deeble) 2
521—Mr P. Chaffee's blk g Crusado, aged, 11.8 (R. Hall) 3

St. Lemon led for the first round, but when the water jump was reached on the second round Stockman assumed command, and he led St. Lemon on the flat and up the hill. Early in the third round St. Lemon tired, and Stockman showed Voltigeur II. and Crusado the way over the water jump.

WELTER HANDICAP of 60sovs. One mile.

- 168—Mr H. Frank's br g Tolstol, by Stepjack—Harry, 3yrs, 10.4 (W. Clarke) 1
49—Mr S. Coombes' ch g Brilliant, 5yrs, 7.7 (Satman) 2
39—Mr S. Laycock's ch g Tolstol, 10.7 (Moberley) 3

capital start was effected, the colours of Khama, St. Ona, and Tolstol being the first to become prominent. When the straight was reached Khama had two lengths the best of Tolstol and Khama.

GOLF NOTES. (By Bogey.)

Copies of the new rules are now to hand, and I was pleased to see the amount of interest they created among several of our golfers, who have been very innocent in knowledge of the finer points of the game.

Miss Gillies has been appointed hon. secretary pro tem of the Ladies' Club, and she will take on Miss Amy Barstow's duties until the general meeting of the Club.

The Americans are now certainly producing some very fine golf clubs if those which I have recently inspected are to be taken as a sample. Messrs Partridge and Co. have just received a shipment of clubs from the Bridgeport Gun Implement Company of America, and the manner in which these clubs are finished are a credit to everyone concerned.

The ladies' clubs turned out by the R.G.I. Company are models of neatness in every way. I had a letter from Mr Dunn recently in which he stated that the growth of golf in the States is

progressing by leaps and bounds, and that the R.G.I. Company alone was turning out 150,000 clubs per annum. If one adds to this number the other clubs manufactured in America, and the enormous number of imported clubs, one gets some idea of the hold the game has taken on our cousins.

An even greater idea of the spread of golf in America is given by a well-known New York Golf journal, which states that two hundred golf clubs were formed during the months of September and October of last year, and that the total number of clubs formed during 1899 amounted to the almost incredible total of one thousand.

CRICKET.

The final games of the first round of the Association First Grade matches were commenced on Saturday. Though the weather was beautifully fine and the wickets, as a rule good, the scoring was much lower than was to be expected.

UNITED V. AUCKLAND.

F. Clayton won the toss from his brother, and of course United batted first. D. Hay accompanying his captain to the wickets. A very useful stand was made, both batsmen playing nice, though rather careful cricket.

Just after the score had passed 50 Clayton was caught off R. Neill for 22, and D. Hay did not survive him, being bowled by Neill for a nicely played 32. P. Hay and Stemon did not give much trouble, and then N. Lusk and C. Hay made a fair stand. The former obtained 29 by hard hitting, but his innings was not at all good.

PONSONBY V. GORDON.

Ponsonby won the toss and batted first, but with the exception of Sanders and Mills none of the batsmen showed very good form. Sanders obtained 32 runs by careful batting.

NORTH SHORE V. PARNELL.

The local team batted first and started very well, but after the first few wickets fell the remainder went in quick time, and the total only reached 112. G. Mills (56) made top score and his innings was about the best he has shown this season.

There seems to be an impression that the article in last week's issue of this paper on the umpiring in the United-Gordon match imputed partiality to the umpire. There was, however, no such intention, and if such an impression exists I beg to correct it. Although it was contended that the umpires in that match made several very bad mistakes, still no one for a moment contends that the decisions given were not the honest opinions of the gentlemen acting as umpires.

Of course, the umpires make mistakes; still players recognise that any error made by them is a mistake, and are convinced that the decisions are the honest opinions of the giver. In every respect the umpiring, since the Association took charge, is a great improvement on the state of affairs that previously existed.

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

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.

THE NORTH ISLAND BOWLING ASSOCIATION'S CENTURY TOURNAMENT.

NEWMARKET CLUB (AUCKLAND) WIN THE CHAMPION FLAG, SHIELD, AND SILVER-PLATED BOWLS.

WELLINGTON GAIN SECOND HONOURS.

GRAFTON CLUB (AUCKLAND) RECEIVE ASSOCIATION'S CERTIFICATE FOR THIRD PLACE.

The Century Bowling Tournament of the Northern Bowling Association for the year 1900 has come and gone, and with it, too, remembrances that will never be forgotten. In the first instance, the weather from the commencement to the finish of the play was simply perfect, and the Tournament itself may be said to be the largest ever held in New Zealand, no less than 32 teams being employed, engaging 128 players at one time. Another feature of the affair was the good representation of players from Sydney and Newcastle, thus bringing together gentlemen from the land of the kangaroo to compete against those of the island at one time traversed by the moa. That we may have many more of such gatherings is the earnest wish of the writer. Last week I was only able to give you the results of the first three rounds, and now supply the rounds to a finish.

FOURTH ROUND.

Sydney beat Remuera by 26 points.
Devonport beat Newcastle by 26 points.
Newmarket beat Feilding by 11 points.
Palmerston beat Mt. Eden by 4 points.
Bluff Hill beat Auckland by 10 points.
Napier beat Hastings by 3 points.
Hawera beat Gisborne by 6 points.
Wellington beat Ponsonby by 5 points.

FIFTH ROUND.

Ponsonby beat Gisborne by 1 point.
Wellington beat Napier by 9 points.
Devonport beat Remuera by 12 points.
Hawera beat Bluff Hill by 1 point.
Hastings beat Auckland by 1 point.
Newcastle beat Mt. Eden by 16 points.
Newmarket beat Sydney by 2 points.
Feilding beat Palmerston by 7 points.

SIXTH ROUND.

Newmarket beat Remuera by 5 points.
Palmerston beat Sydney by 6 points.
Auckland beat Hawera by 38 points.
Wellington beat Hastings by 38 points.
Ponsonby beat Bluff Hill by 7 points.
Napier beat Gisborne by 2 points.
Feilding beat Newcastle by 17 points.
Devonport beat Mt. Eden by 18 points.

SEVENTH ROUND.

Bluff Hill beat Napier by 13 points.
Wellington beat Auckland by 9 points.
Hastings beat Gisborne by 13 points.
Ponsonby beat Hawera by 22 points.
Feilding beat Devonport by 13 points.
Remuera beat Mt. Eden by 12 points.
Newmarket beat Palmerston by 15 points.
Sydney beat Newcastle by 13 points.

EIGHTH ROUND.

Hastings beat Sydney by 3 points.
Palmerston beat Auckland by 9 points.
Newcastle beat Hawera by 10 points.
Wellington beat Feilding by 36 points.
Newmarket beat Napier by 1 point.
Bluff Hill beat Devonport by 2 points.
Mount Eden beat Gisborne by 5 points.
Ponsonby beat Remuera by 7 points.

NINTH ROUND.

Newmarket beat Bluff Hill by 14 points.
Ponsonby beat Devonport by 8 points.
Remuera beat Gisborne by 8 points.
Napier beat Mt. Eden by 5 points.
Palmerston beat Hastings by 9 points.
Wellington beat Newcastle by 7 points.
Auckland beat Feilding by 5 points.
Sydney beat Hawera by 5 points.

TENTH ROUND.

Mt. Eden beat Bluff Hill by 46 points.
Remuera beat Napier by 3 points.
Gisborne beat Devonport by 17 points.
Newmarket beat Ponsonby by 13 points.
Auckland beat Newcastle by 26 points.
Sydney beat Wellington by 3 points.
Palmerston beat Hawera by 38 points.
Feilding beat Hastings by 5 points.

ELEVENTH ROUND.

Mt. Eden beat Ponsonby by 8 points.
Newmarket beat Gisborne by 8 points.
Napier beat Devonport by 5 points.
Remuera beat Bluff Hill by 2 points.
Auckland beat Sydney by 15 points.
Wellington beat Palmerston by 6 points.
Feilding beat Hawera by 29 points.
Newcastle beat Hastings by 21 points.

TWELFTH ROUND.

Auckland beat Remuera by 37 points.
Mt. Eden beat Wellington by 14 points.
Newmarket beat Hawera by 7 points.
Devonport beat Hastings by 5 points.
Napier beat Newcastle by 3 points.
Sydney beat Bluff Hill by 10 points.
Ponsonby beat Palmerston by 6 points.
Feilding beat Gisborne by 1 point.

THIRTEENTH ROUND.

Auckland beat Mt. Eden by 14 points.
Newmarket beat Wellington by 12 points.
Devonport beat Hawera by 27 points.
Remuera beat Hastings by 5 points.
Bluff Hill beat Newcastle by 1 point.
Napier beat Feilding by 3 points.
Gisborne beat Palmerston by 3 points.
Sydney beat Ponsonby by 11 points.

FOURTEENTH ROUND.

Feilding beat Bluff Hill by 17 points.
Napier beat Palmerston by 12 points.
Gisborne beat Sydney by 6 points.
Ponsonby beat Newcastle by 8 points.
Mt. Eden beat Hastings by 9 points.
Wellington beat Devonport by 29 points.
Auckland beat Newmarket by 16 points.
Hawera beat Remuera by 1 point.

FIFTEENTH ROUND.

Wellington beat Remuera by 2 points.
Auckland beat Devonport by 13 points.
Newmarket beat Hastings by 5 points.
Mt. Eden beat Hawera by 1 point.
Palmerston beat Bluff Hill by 24 points.
Napier beat Sydney by 7 points.
Newcastle beat Gisborne by 9 points.
Ponsonby beat Feilding by 18 points.

From the foregoing summary it will readily be seen the victories achieved by each club, also the number of points obtained by them over their opponents.

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THE CHAMPION BANNER AND BOWLS.

The following table shows the wins and losses to the credit of each team at the close of the Tournament:—

Club.	Wins.	Losses.
Grafton (Auckland).....	11	4
Bluff Hill (Napier).....	5	10
Devonport (Auckland)....	5	10
Feilding (Rangitikei)....	8	7
Gisborne (Poverty Bay)...	5	10
Hawera (West Coast)....	2	13
Hastings (Hawke's Bay)...	3	12
Mount Eden (Auckland)...	6	9
Napier (Hawke's Bay)....	10	5
Newcastle (N.S.W.).....	5	10
Newmarket (Auckland)....	14	1
Palmerston (Wellington)...	8	7
Ponsonby (Auckland)....	10	6
Remuera (Auckland)....	9	6
Wellington.....	12	8
Sydney (N.S.W.).....	8	7

SMOKE CONCERT.

A smoke concert was held on Friday, Feb. 2, in the Choral Hall. Mr J. Kirker, president of the Auckland Bowling Association, presided, and was supported by Messrs A. W. Thomson, vice-president Northern Bowling Association; J. H. Mentiplay, hon. sec. N.B.A.; H. Campbell, president Auckland Bowling Club; E. Mahony, president Mt. Eden Club; T. Finlayson, Remuera Club; W. Gorrie, vice-president Auckland Bowling Association; and J. Blades, hon. sec. A.B.A. The tables were arranged lengthwise in the hall, and the catering was well carried out by Mr A. F. Stilwell. About 200 were present. A capital musical programme was gone through, under the direction of Messrs A. Towsey and Culpan. The following items were given:—Piano overture, Mr A. Towsey; "Soldiers of the Queen," Mr J. R. Russell; "The Banks of Allan Water," Waikata Quartet; recitation, "The Bartender's Story," Mr Haybittle; violin solo, Master Mowlem; "Oh, Where's the Girl of Whom I'm Fond," Mr Denton; organ solo, Mr Towsey; "The Absent-minded Beggar," Mr G. Reid; "Let Me Like a Soldier Fall," Mr A. L. Edwards; "Her Bright Smile Haunts Me Still," Mr Nash; recitation, Mr W. B. Eyre; "In Collar Cool," Mr N. Bell; "E Dumbo Where 'e Are," Mr A. Horrocks. The programme was heartily enjoyed, almost every item being encored. A collection was taken up during the singing of "The Absent-minded Beggar," the amount given being £12 15/2. The chairman announced that Mr A. F. Stilwell and staff had given a cheque for £10, making the total £22 15/2. With the approval of the meeting he intended handing the money to the "more men" fund. (Hear, hear.)

After the toast of "The Queen" had been honoured the chairman proposed that of "The Visitors." He expressed his pleasure at seeing among them bowlers from Australia, and hoped all the Australian colonies would be represented next time. He would ask the assembly to drink the healths of the vice-president of the N.B.A. (Mr A. W. Thomson) and the secretary (Mr Mentiplay). Mr Mentiplay was the backbone of the Association. They regretted the absence of the president, and that Taranaki was not represented at the tournament. The toast, coupled with the names of Messrs Thomson, Mentiplay, and Horrocks was warmly honoured.

Mr Thomson replied, stating that the hospitality shown bred the warmest feelings in their hearts. Mr Mentiplay also responded. Mr Horrocks returned thanks for the kind way the Sydney players had been entertained. They had tested the calibre of the bowlers, and were quite satisfied.

In proposing the toast of "The

Ladies" Mr Coleman referred to the kindness of those who provided afternoon tea during the play. Mr D. Stewart replied on behalf of the ladies.

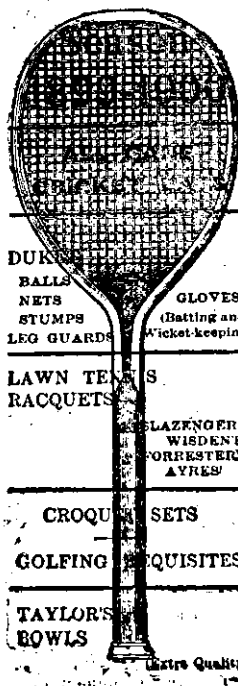
The toast of "The Press" was proposed by Mr J. Campbell and duly honoured, after which Mr Mentiplay proposed "The Winning Teams," congratulating the Newmarket on their win, which was a good one. Mr H. W. Brookes responded.

A hearty vote of thanks was accorded Messrs Stewart Dawson and Co. for their gift of clocks as trophies.

NEW SOUTH WALES V. NEW ZEALAND.

A VICTORY FOR NEW ZEALAND.

The inter-colonial bowling match New South Wales v. New Zealand was played on Saturday afternoon on Mr Kirker's private bowling green, Ponsonby, and resulted in a win for New Zealand by twenty three points. Play commenced at 2.30 and finished shortly after five. The majority of the large number of spectators who availed themselves of Mr Kirker's general invitation to all bowlers and their friends to be present proceeded to the wharf at 2 p.m. and embarked on the Eagle, which Mr Kirker had thoughtfully provided for the convenience of his guests. Most of the visiting bowlers—those who could tear themselves away from their love for half an hour took advantage of the President's hospitality to view the beauties of the "last, loneliest, loveliest" harbour, and altogether the boat was well filled. As the boat left the wharf Hunter's band, with its usual eye to effect, struck up "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep," but beyond this suggestion of roughness the trip was a perfectly smooth one. After a short cruise round the harbour, during which time the band provided popular and patriotic selections, a course was shaped for Ponsonby wharf. On the way the U.S. transport Abrenda was passed, and amid the strains of the "Absent-Minded Beggar," salutations passed between the two boats. The Ponsonby wharf was then made, and those on board proceeded to Mr Kirker's green, all having enjoyed their trip, more especially the visitors. On arrival at the green it was at once seen that Mr Kirker had made the most sumptuous preparations for the entertainment of his guests. The whole of his spacious grounds had been thrown open and seats and chairs had been placed round the green for the convenience of onlookers. In the pavilion near the green refreshments of all kinds were provided for thirsty bowlers, while a large marquee at the end of the grounds provided light ballroom fare of the most sumptuous description for visitors. The tables were tastefully laid out, and the excellent arrange-



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E.C.M. Demon, and Demon Special
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Bistar Unicorn
Blanco
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ments made by Mr Stillwell, caterer, who has done the whole of the catering for the tournament. Hunter's band discoursed sweet music on the lawn, and altogether everything was done that could be done for the comfort of visitors, and Mr Kirker's praises were heard on all sides. The afternoon was certainly a fitting climax to an enjoyable week.

The most interesting point about the play was the intense interest which the spectators displayed. Although the visitors were outclassed in two rinks out of three, and were defeated by a substantial majority, yet the onlookers carefully followed the game, and impartially applauded every good bit of play. The applause at times indeed resembled that which greets the Bland Holt Victoria Cross Lieutenant when he rescues the heroine from the clutches of the cashiered and villainous Major. On rinks No 2 and 3 New Zealand won easily, while on Rink No. 1 the visitors gained a victory. The issue was, however, never in doubt, for the Selection Committee had done their work well, and the home team was a strong one. The visitors' play was, however, by no means to be despised, and though beaten they were not disgraced. Play in the inter-colonial match finished a little after five, and shortly after bowlers and visitors dispersed thoroughly satisfied with their afternoon, and loud in their praises of Mr Kirker.

The following are the results:—

NEW SOUTH WALES V. NEW ZEALAND.

No. 1 Rink: Josephson, Gordon, Richmond, Horrocks (skip) 24 v. Tait, Saywell, Mowlem, Ballinger (skip) 10. No. 2 Rink: Sheather, Fallick, Hardy, Hannigan (skip) 10 v. C. J. Laurie, Ballantyne, Laxon, Ledingham (skip) 28.

No. 3 Rink: Giles, Baines, Porter, Rodgers (skip) 15 v. Ponsford, Beatson, Crowley, Evans (skip) 25.

Totals: New South Wales, 49; New Zealand, 72.

THE STEWART DAWSON CLOCK COMPETITIONS.

An interesting competition followed the main tournament. After several close games the contestants were narrowed down to four rinks. The following are the results of the concluding rounds:—

THIRD ROUND.

Evans (skip), 23, beat F. W. Court (skip), 13.

Hoyte (skip), 21, beat Ponsford (skip), 20.

A tie occurred at the 21st head, and was played off, with the result that Hoyte was the victor.

Ballinger (skip), 29, beat Bunting (skip), 15.

H. W. Brookes (skip), 19, beat Crowley (skip), 16.

FOURTH ROUND.

H. W. Brookes (skip), 22, beat Evans (skip), 13.

Ballinger (skip), 27, beat Hoyte (skip), 15.

Winners to play off.

Wellington: Reich, Bell, Mentiplay, Ballinger (skip), 22.

Newmarket: C. G. Laurie, A. H. Brookes, G. H. Laurie, H. W. Brookes (skip), 21.

The game throughout was of the most exciting character, and one of the best and cleverest played throughout the tournament, the result being in doubt till the last bowl was played. Newmarket required 3 to tie and 4 to win. Two points were laying in Newmarket's favour when the skips left the end to play their bowls. Ballinger drove with both bowls and missed, and Brookes drew with both, and when the shots were measured the Newmarket skip's bowls counted out by 3 inches, leaving Wellington the winners by one point, after one of the closest and keenest fights ever seen on an Auckland bowling green. The Wellington team leave for home at 2:30 to-day.

BOWLING NOTES.

Northern Bowling Association's Century Tournament a pronounced success.

Newmarket win first honours, Wellington and Auckland following next in order.

The win for the Champion Flag and Bowls very popular amongst the visiting clubs.

Mr Hannigan, skip of one of the Sydney rinks, was at the tournament held in Auckland some four years back.

Mr Porter, skip of the Newcastle team, re-visits Auckland after a lapse of 35 years.

The catering at both greens in the hands of Mr Stillwell, Parnell, gave every satisfaction.

A record game was played between Ponsby and Newmarket as regards the total scores of two rinks. Mr Kilgour's rink (Newmarket) making 15 points, and Mr T. Brown's team (Ponsby) scoring 13—making a total of 28 points for 21 heads—the best performance throughout the tournament.

Next to this comes the total of Mr Coleman's rink (Gisborne) 12 versus Mr Brookes' rink (Newmarket) 17—making a total of 29 points for the 21 heads.

Everyone loud in their praises of the management of the tournament. Thanks to Mr Kirker and his officers the affair was carried out in "tip-top" style.

Mr T. Brown (Ponsby), of whom I have previously spoken in these columns as a real good player, fully established the confidence placed in him by his club in making him skip of one of the rinks. Tom is one of the best drawing men I have seen at the tournament.

The veteran Paul, from New Plymouth was present throughout the tournament. Mr Paul has never been known to miss a tournament held in the North Island.

The match, New Zealand v. New South Wales, played on Mr Kirker's private green, Ponsby, ended in a win for the New Zealanders.

Fully 300 visitors present at the New Zealand—New South Wales match.

Mr Jas. Kirker will ever be remembered by bowlers from far and wide for his generous hospitality during the tournament.

J. M. Geddis (Remuera) played a very consistent leader's game throughout the tournament. He also skipped a team through the first round for Stewart Dawson's clocks successfully.

Mr Evans (one of Napier's skips) has earned the reputation of being a very lucky player.

If you were to ask who was the most popular and genial bowler at the tournament the answer would be Mr Horrocks, of N.S.W. Things were always lively and pleasant in his rink.

Mr Simmonds, President of Palmerston North Club, was present on the lawns throughout the tournament, his happy remarks and attention to the players being much appreciated.

A bowl must be wholly outside the limits of a rink before it is counted "dead." Should any part of it touch or overhang the cotton it is counted "live." I give this ruling because it was awarded otherwise during one of the games in the tournament.

H. Brookes made ties in three different games with his last bowls—against Remuera, Hawera and Bluff Hill—requiring two points in first two, and three in last, which he got by drawing the "jack."

A "tight go" was expected between Wellington and Newmarket, but the local men found that by drawing they could well hold their own, and won comfortably.

Mount Eden had "hard luck" in not being further forward in the averages. They play a very strong game, and beat Wellington easily.

Grafton's (Auckland) teams, skipped by Hancock and Ledingham, was the only club to defeat Newmarket, and the win was mainly due to the good play of Mennie and Dunshen.

All Counts played a very consistent third in T. Brown's rink for Ponsby. His running shots were very telling.

THE WINNING TEAM.

DESCRIPTION OF THE PLAYERS.

In this issue we give photos of the teams competing for the Northern Bowling Association's Champion Flag

and Shield; it is needless to say that the task of getting the men together and procuring pictures worthy of reproduction was no easy one, nevertheless I think Mr Walrond has done his work with credit, and obtained happy results. It may not be out of place to give a few remarks re the winning Newmarket teams.

Mr J. Kilgour (skip of No. 1 team) is a six season's bowler, and has been a representative at different tournaments for about four years. He is a real canny skip, with little to say, and can draw and drive with most players. Mr Geo. Heron was the first to instruct Mr Kilgour how to use the bowl.

Mr Geo. Laurie (third player), in No. 1 team, is a real good drawing man, and spoken of as the fastest driver seen in the colonies. He is rather quick in his movements, and sometimes hasty in his judgment, but can always be relied upon in a critical moment. The success of his team was in a great measure due to his accurate driving.

Mr Southwell is a bowler of the old school, good at placing his shots, and can also run the "jack" when it is wanted. He is a good single player.

Mr Haselden, the leader for the same team, is generally a bit on the strong side, but as the team played the back game, he was the right man in the right place. Mr Haselden had an unbroken record as a single player when a member of the late Parnell Club, often winning matches from behind scratch.

Mr C. G. Laurie (in the No. 2 team) is one of the best leads in Auckland. His strong point is that he can throw the "jack" to within a foot or two of where he requires it. Throughout the tournament he had the best of every leader he met. Mr Laurie is President of the Newmarket Club, and to show the esteem in which he is held has been elected unopposed for three seasons.

Mr H. Kent, the No. 2, is a very nervous player, but can draw a real good shot when he likes. He also showed some of the teams that he could play a fast one when his side was in trouble. Mr Kent represented his club in the champion tournament held in Wanganui last year, when his team tied for third place.

Mr A. H. Brookes, third player, is a very pretty "drawer," and is quick at getting the jack out with the running shot. He has a real good record as a single player, and can also fill the end of a rink with credit.

Mr H. W. Brookes, skip of the No 2 team, may be called the coach of the club, for he has taken a great interest in the preparation of the teams for the tournament. He is well-known to all bowlers—having been a representative at tournaments since he was a six months' player. He draws well, and is very deadly on the open "jack."

WHY WRITE TO THE EDITOR?

Why write to the editor, and sign yourself "A Constant Reader" or "An Old Subscriber," if you want to know when Captain Cook first visited New Zealand, or the date of the great fire of London, or what is good for whooping cough?

It is true the editor is only too willing to oblige you, but why get your information at second hand? Is it not better to have it in your hand, ready for use at all times, and to realise in its full significance that "knowledge is power?" All knowledge is useful, but well-assorted, well-digested knowledge will enable one to meet any emergency in life.

How is the best way to acquire this knowledge? Not by a stray question asked at odd times, but by having at hand, in convenient form, the best and most carefully-arranged compendium of human knowledge extant.

More than one thousand scholarly men, well versed in all branches of knowledge, selected on account of their eminence in the professions which they adorned, laboured for years to produce in concentrated form a comprehensive library of all useful facts.

The result of their labours was the "Encyclopaedia Britannica." It is a wonderful work. It contains a history of all things, and an explanation of natural phenomena. It is as useful to the carpenter as it is to the poet.

It remained for the London "Times" to place this useful work within reach of the people, in New Zealand. On payment of a guinea a day any ambitious man may make himself master of any art, and have at home a li-

brary that will be the pride and delight of his wife and children. Our readers will notice that the "Times" offer of the Encyclopaedia is to be withdrawn on February 20th.

"GRAPHIC" STORY COMPETITION.

PRIZES 1900.

- First Prize.....£5 0 0
Second Prize.....£3 0 0
Third Prize.....£2 0 0
Fourth Prize.....£1 0 0

The Stories MUST NOT be less than 400 or more than 500 words in length, and free from anything unsuitable for all classes of readers. It will be seen by Rule 2 that the broadest scope is allowed. So that the scene of the story is laid in New Zealand, the choice of subjects is unlimited.

NOTICE TO AUTHORS.

1. A photo instead of the writer's name must be written under the title of the story. The author's real name must be enclosed in a separate envelope addressed to the editor, and ALL SUCH ENVELOPES MUST HAVE THE MOTTO AND WORDS "STORY COMPETITION" ON THE TOP LEFT CORNER. This envelope must be placed in the MS. packet and MUST BE POSTED SEPARATELY. It must also contain a declaration that the work is original and entirely the sender's own.

2. Every MS. must be prepaid, and if left open at both ends will be carried at book rates. It must be addressed "Editor NEW ZEALAND GRAPHIC, Shortland-st., AUCKLAND." THE WRAPPER ABOVE THE ADDRESS MUST BE CLEARLY INSCRIBED THE MOTTO MENTIONED IN RULE 1.

3. Any competitor who may desire to have his MS. returned in the event of it not being successful must clearly state his wish in a note attached to the above declaration, and must also enclose stamps for return postage. When such a desire is not expressed the MS. will become the property of the GRAPHIC.

4. All contributions must reach the office before May 16, 1900.

5. Choice of subjects rests with the writer. BUT THE SCENE MUST BE Laid IN NEW ZEALAND AND BE OF SPECIAL INTEREST TO NEW ZEALANDERS. It may deal with any subject, natural, supernatural, love, heroism, adventure, life on the goldfields, gold mines, or country, search for treasure, fighting, or peace; in fact, anything bright and interesting, and free from anything unsuitable for family reading.

6. Write clearly on one side of the paper only.

7. Writers who fail to comply with the above simple rules and conditions will be rigorously disqualified.

THOMSON'S NEW Model, "GLOVE-FITTING" CORSETS

ENGLISH MADE throughout.

Advertisement for Thomson's Corsets featuring an illustration of a woman in a corset and descriptive text: 'These World-Renowned Corsets have been entirely Re-modelled and are now the Perfection of Shape, and meet the prevailing fashion of long waist. THE MOST COMFORTABLE AND DURABLE CORSET MADE; AND THEREFORE THE CHEAPEST. N.B.—Old Metal Corsets always in stock.' Below the illustration: 'TO BE HAD OF ALL DEALERS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD. Mrs., W. S. Thomson & Co., Ltd., London'.

Mrs., W. S. Thomson & Co., Ltd., London

WARNING! The public are hereby warned against obtaining Herr Russmann's Ailino Herbal Remedies in Auckland or any other town in New Zealand, as he is not in Auckland, and his genuine Herbal Remedies can only be obtained from his own office at 91, Lambton Quay, Wellington. E. H. BREWSTER will be given to the first person who gives information leading to the apprehension of any imitator.

MOROCCO HORRORS.

The following account of the present condition of things in Morocco is reprinted from Mr Budgett Meakin's luminous volume on "The Moorish Empire."

The summary jurisdiction of the Kaid affords some striking scenes. Picture a reclining official supported by cushions on a raised dais in an archway. Before him an excited group of litigants and witnesses are all attempting to be heard at once, contradicting one another, abusing one another, uttering volleys of oaths, gesticulating wildly as they crouch on the ground, or excitedly rise with declamation and protests, hardly pausing when the judge speaks; they may all be hurried off to prison to reflect together; there are no formalities to intervene, and a word from the governor puts any man in or out. Often thrashings are inflicted, brutal flagellation with a rope or stick on the bare back of a victim held face downwards by four men, or on the soles of the feet tied to a short pole. Women are sometimes flogged in this last manner, being thrown back seated in a basket tightly tied round the waist.

Hundreds of lashes are often inflicted, at once or at intervals, the sufferer being bucketed to restore animation, or carried, faint from pain and loss of blood, to the comfortable goal. Flogging is specially employed to extract information as to hidden treasure, or to extort money. In the prisons, which are reeking, unhealthy courtyards or cellars, without any furniture or even a supply of water, usually overcrowded, many are thrust into ankle, wrist, or neck rings of heavy iron. The latter are reserved for special cases, unless on the march, when they are common to all, a number of them being threaded on to a heavy chain. This being riveted at the ends, if one dies, or even falls sick by the way, his head is cut off to release his body, and is brought into town to show that he has not escaped.

Such heads, as well as those of rebels killed in battle, are pickled by the first Jews on whom hands can be laid, if the distance to go be great, to preserve them, just as formerly used to be done in England. In the towns there is a separate prison for women, chiefly those caught on the streets, in charge of an arif or wise woman, where they are not much worse off than at home.

Other tortures, which depend on individual caprice, are frequently resorted to, such as starvation in under-

ground granaries, cutting off a hand or an ear, or gouging out an eye for theft; bastinadoing round the town, mounted, face backwards, on a donkey; or filling the hand with salt and binding the doubled fingers with raw hide, leaving it so until the nails grow into the palms. Many other tortures might be mentioned, such as the "wooden shirt" lined with spikes, but they are very rarely employed, and their emuneration would only convey a false idea of Moorish cruelty. The terrible deeds of a bygone age,

which make the pages of their history so black, are seldom approached by the Moors of these days, and they are better forgotten.

THE LATE TROOPER HAROLD JOSEPH BOOTH.

Trooper Booth, of the New Zealand contingent, who was killed the other day in the action near Rensberg, belonged to the North Otago Mounted Rifles, which corps he joined in June, 1895. He was then the youngest recruit in the ranks. Coming straight from the Dunedin High School Cadets, he bore the reputation for being a first-class shot, and that reputation he continued to hold. A few days before he left with the contingent for the Transvaal he fired for the marksman's badge and put up a possible at two ranges out of three. On the following day he won the Troopers' Champion



MR. HAROLD BOOTH, KILLED AT RENSBURG.

Cape, and was leading for the Troopers' Champion Belt. Personally, young Booth, who was just 21 years old at the time of his death, was a great favourite. He was known as "Happy-go-lucky Harold," and was always in requisition at camp revels. His loss will certainly be severely felt among his comrades in Africa, as well as among his relatives and friends in the colony. Booth was acting as General Clements' orderly, and was holding the General's horse when he was killed by a shell.



THE FOUR SERGEANT-MAJORS OF THE SECOND CONTINGENT. Reg. Quarter-Master Sergeant J. G. Clark, Col. Sergeant C. Crosbie, Reg. Sergeant J. C. Fresh, Feeney, Photo.



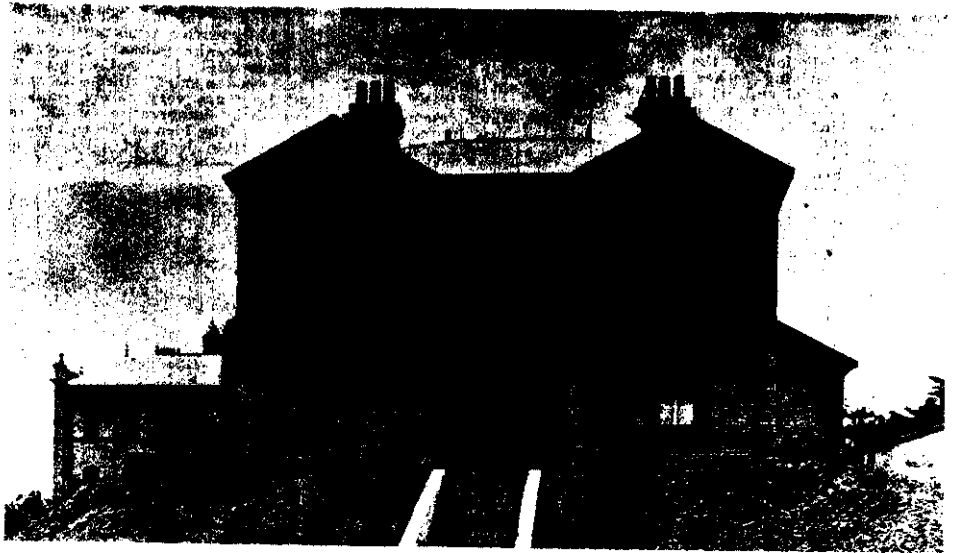
THE COLONIAL SQUADRON OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN LIGHT HORSE PASSING THROUGH ADDERLEY-STREET, CAPE TOWN.

The New Police Barracks, Auckland.

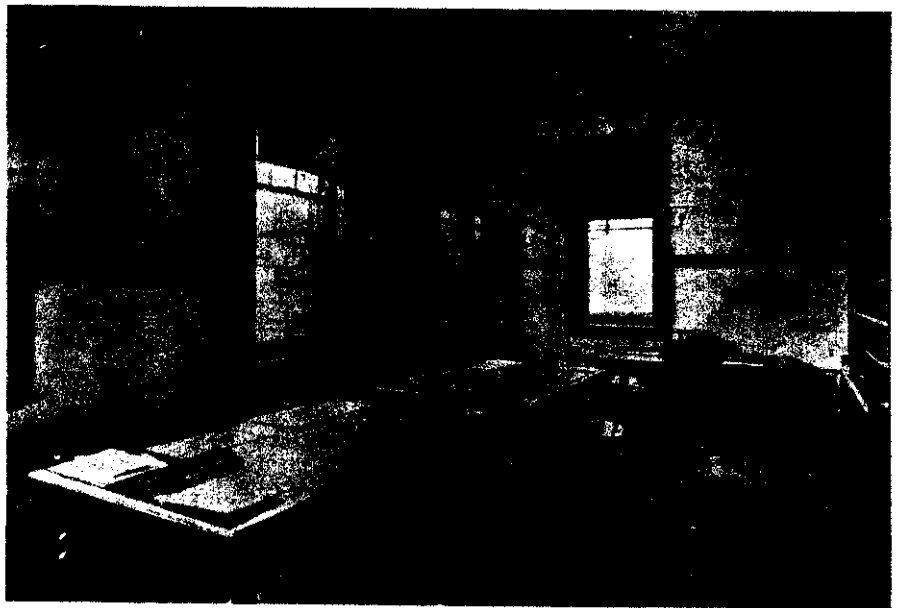
Aucklanders have reason to be proud of the fine police barracks erected by the Government in O'Rorke-street for the accommodation of the police and detective department of the city, as will be seen from the series of views given in this issue. The whole establishment is more on the lines of a "club" than a police barracks. On the first floor is a nice sunny room for the convenience of the Inspector, well fitted and furnished with every office convenience. Opposite is the clerk's room, another private, well fitted and spacious apartment with a good outlook. The chief detective also has a comfortable office for himself, with up to date accessories and an iron safe for keeping valuables, and adjoining is an elaborate room for the detectives, fitted up with shelves and other office fixtures, so that everything can be kept in its place. There is also a special room for keeping records and stationery fitted up with all conveniences, also a room where the police keep their uniforms, each being given an allotted space and a number which corresponds with their bedroom number on the top storey, and also with a number given to them in the basement, where a room is set apart for cleaning boots and keeping the blacking and brushes. The billiard room is the largest in the barracks and it contains one of Alcock's best tables, subscribed for by the men themselves, and five long comfortable seats upholstered in leather. It is also otherwise elaborately fitted up. A library has been started and two shelves containing books are neatly placed in one portion of the billiard room. At present there is a very fair stock of books in the library, but provision is made for a stock of 3000 volumes. Opposite the billiard room is another apartment which will be used as a reading room and a place for filing newspapers, while there will also be accommodation to enable the police to write reports on departmental matters. In the top storey bedroom and other accommodation is provided for forty men, the iron bedsteads and mattresses in use having been imported from England. A special room is also devoted in case one of the police take ill, and has a cheerful look out. There are baths on this floor fitted with hot and cold water and shower, and also lavatories constructed on the latest principles. There are also lavatories on the first floor. On the basement is a storeroom for boxes and portmanteaux owned by the police, and a boot-cleaning room. There is likewise a fine big airy and well lighted kitchen with an extensive range and hot water service, and adjoining is a bright dining-room which is connected from the kitchen with a serving slide. The rooms in the barracks are well lighted, airy and cheerful, and the whole are fitted up with incandescent lamps. In the yard attached to the barracks is a commodious pantry, coal house, lavatories and brick stable containing two loose boxes and a stall, besides a forage and saddlery room and a hay and straw loft. In the first and second storeys and stair cases linoleum is laid down. A different constable each day is set apart to keep the place in good order, and in the afternoon a visit of inspection by the inspector takes place. In addition there is a cook engaged and also an assistant. A good number of the police being married men the whole of the bedrooms are not occupied. Altogether the police barracks is a building that for comfort cannot be excelled, and with the billiard room, library, and new means of having a social chat it should all tend to raise the men in the local force. At present Sub-Inspector Wilson continues located in the High-street station, and the lock-up keeper and cells remain in the same building.

A PENNY OFF THE LOAF.

One day an Irishman was taking a walk in a small town when he met an old friend. After walking along the road together, Pat's friend said to him: "Have you heard the latest good news?" "No; what is it?" answered Pat. "There's a penny off the loaf." "Bedad!" exclaimed Pat, "an' I hope it's off the penny ones."



THE WELLESLEY STREET ENTRANCE. SHOWING THE SERGEANT'S QUARTERS.



THE DETECTIVES' ROOM.



T. Leedham, photo.

THE DINING ROOM.

FROM THE NEWSPAPERS.

One of the cleverest journalistic medleys ever published was printed in London "Fun," and afterward widely copied in other English papers. It brings in the names of most of the London periodicals quite ingeniously.

In the early part of the "Nineteenth Century" of the "Christian Era" a "Citizen" of the "World" strolled at night along "Pall Mall" on his way from "Belgravia" to "Whitehall," accompanied only by the "Echo" of his footsteps. An old "Engineer" and soldier of the "Queen," he had traversed by "Land and Water" the greater part of the "Globe" and had, since his "Broad Arrow" days, fought under more than one "Standard."

Taking out his "Tablet" he stood and wrote as follows: "The study of "Public Opinion" offers a wide "Field" for the intelligent "Spectator" and "Examiner" of the "Times"—"

At this moment a "Watchman," who had been a close "Observer" of his movements, approached and said, "Come, my noble "Sportsman," you must move on!"

"And what if I refuse?" demanded the other, standing like a "Rock," with his back against a "Post," immovable as "Temple Bar."

"To be "Brief" with you, my friend, I shall in "Truth" stay here a "Week" if I think proper."

"Well," rejoined the "Civilian," "I am the appointed "Guardian" of this thoroughfare "All the Year Round," and I protest against your making any "Sketch" or "Record" here. Are you a "Bulldozer"?"

Instantly a grasp of "Iron was laid on his arm.

"Do you wish me to "Punch" your head?" asked the "Traveller."

"Oh, no," replied the other, all of a "Quiver;" "pry don't; I was only in "Fun"!"

MONARCHS AS ORATORS.

In our democratic age it is becoming more and more necessary (says the "Leisure Hour") that princes and kings should have something to say, and know how to say it. The speeches of European rulers are scanned with the closest scrutiny, for although "the King's mouth" no longer orders peace or war, men are prone to look to their words for an index of the trend of events.

In the case of the German Emperor, that most eloquent of monarchs, statesmen and journalists have long recognised that, although his orations are often overladen with the ornaments of rhetoric, he generally knows when to speak and what impression to make. His speeches are his own composition, usually spoken on the spur of the moment. His voice is clear, every syllable correctly enunciated. In his speeches he uses what are known as "head notes" as opposed to "chest notes."

His grandfather, the old Emperor, was a silent man. The Germans say he conquered the French with his steel cannon, but his grandson will conquer them with his silver tongue.

Queen Victoria always reads any speech more than a sentence or two long, but her voice is a beautiful one, carrying far.

The Queen of Spain is always nervously trembling when she reads her speeches; Moemi says she never raises her eyes from the manuscript in her shaking hands.

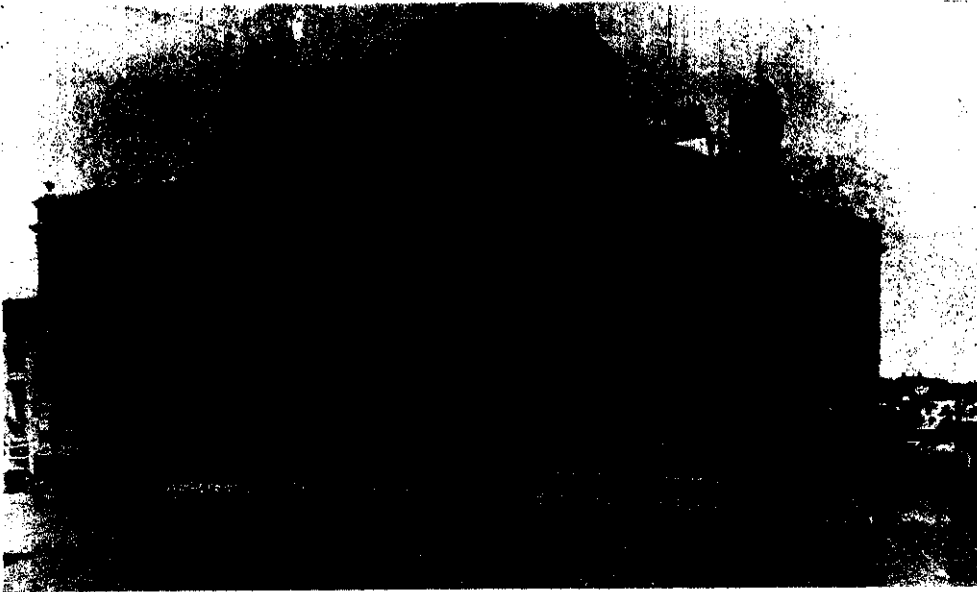
The young Queen of Holland has a childish, clear voice; each word comes clear as a bell.

Ferdinand of Bulgaria is no orator. He hurries over the first few sentences only to pause in the middle of his speech. He evidently obtains inspiration and relief from a gentle rubbing of his beard.

The Austrian Emperor is shy of speaking. He seeks to avoid all functions where a speech is expected. He memorises his addresses after they are written for him in large letters on sheets of white foolscap.

King Humbert has an excellent voice, but is an indifferent speaker. Anything over a sentence or two is memorised from a manuscript supplied by his secretary.

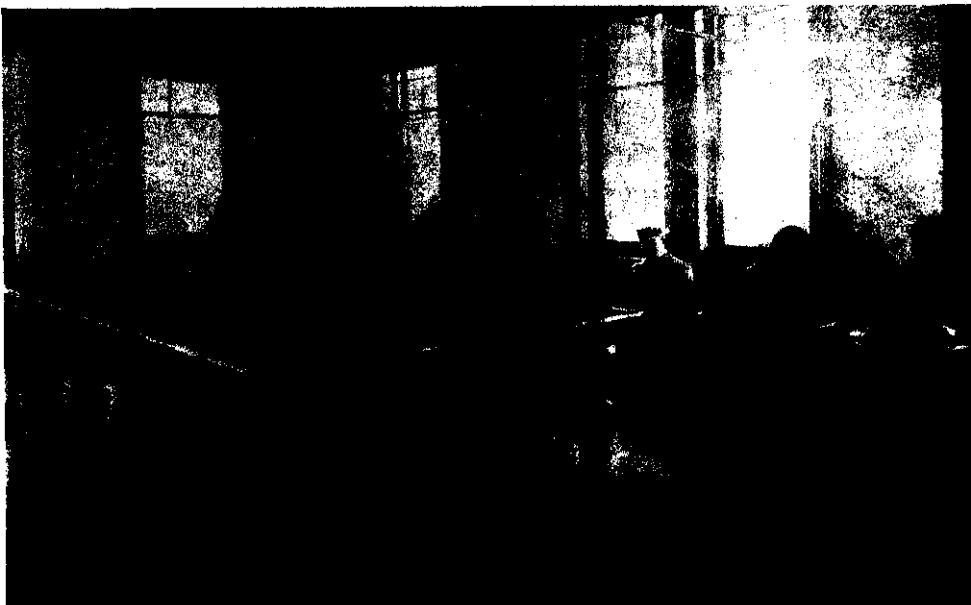
The Queen of Italy is a brilliant speaker, fluent, eloquent, tactful. Unfortunately her gifts as an orator are seldom in request.



THE NEW POLICE BARRACKS (From Albert Park Entrance).



THE INSPECTOR'S ROOM.



THE BILLIARD ROOM.



NEWMARKET. Winners of the Northern Bowling Association's Flag and Shield. H. W. Brookes (skip), A. H. Brookes, H. Keut, C. Laurie, J. Kilgour (skip), G. Laurie, W. Southwell, H. C. Haselden.



DEVONPORT. G. H. Brookes, J. W. Harrison (skip), R. Engleton (skip), J. Taylor, M. Niccol, J. Stewart, H. Niccol, G. Glenister.



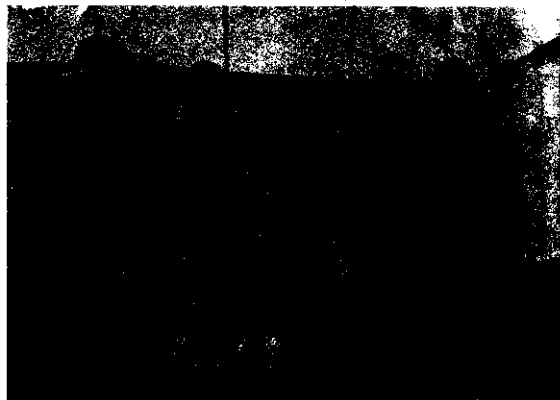
REMUERA. J. M. Laxon (skip), J. M. Geddis, A. Holden, H. Marfield, D. Clerk, F. W. Court, G. Court, D. Dingwall (skip).



POINSONBY. A. Coutts, J. Stichbury, D. Stewart, A. Russell, J. Court, T. Brown (skip), R. Ballantyne (skip), A. Littler.



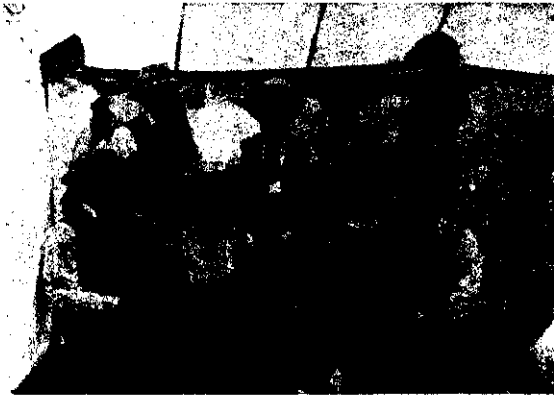
AUCKLAND. W. Lambert, A. Hegman, J. Mennie, W. Ledingham (skip), J. Carlaw (skip), G. Hancock, James, Dingle.



MOUNT EDEN. H. H. Ross (skip), A. H. Hooper (skip), A. Hudson, C. E. Brookes, G. E. Brimblecombe, G. S. Burns, O. G. Brown, J. Coe.



HAWERA. A. Haughey, J. Connell, W. A. Parkinson, R. Tait (skip), J. Syme, J. Davidson, G. Syme, C. E. Farrington (skip).



GISBORNE. H. McGowan, W. Pettie, J. Coleman (skip), C. W. Ferris, G. Humphrey, J. Pousford (skip), W. J. Hennessy, W. Gaudin.

The North Island Bowling Association's Century Tournament.

THE TEAMS WHICH COMPETED.

Photos. by Walrond.



NAPIER.
A. Stubbs (skip), W. C. Yates, T. Cherry, R. Bristy,
E. Evans (skip), R. H. Lucas, J. P. Smith, W. Smith.



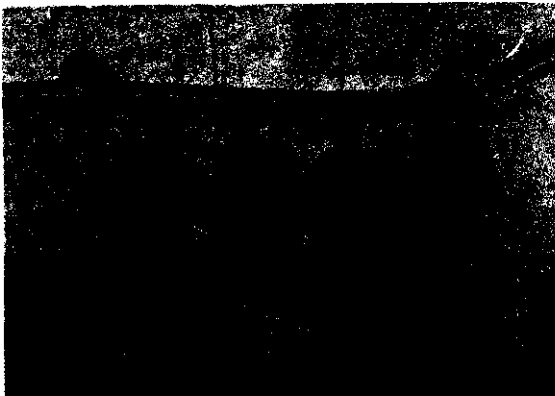
BLUFF HILL (Napier).
F. Bull, — Radley, H. A. Bunnet, Geo. Weber,
F. Simpson, W. J. Tabuteau (skip), E. Crowley (skip), A. Kennedy.



WELLINGTON.
J. Reisch, N. W. Bell, J. Montplair, J. Ballinger (skip),
Sir Edward Gibbs, D. McLean, J. Russell, N. McLean (skip).



PALMERSTON NORTH.
F. W. Bunting, J. Young, J. R. Russell, H. W. Haybittle,
S. Thacker, J. A. Nash (skip), P. Mowlem (skip), T. L. Butck.



FEILDING.
W. A. Sandelands, F. Y. Lethbridge, E. Goodbelieve, C. Bray,
P. Thomson, R. Young (skip), G. Saywell (skip), E. R. Curtis.



HASTINGS.
H. S. Hazard, D. O'Relley, J. Laud, T. Clarke,
P. Martin, G. Ellis (skip), R. Holt, J. Beaton (skip).



NEWCASTLE.
J. Richmond, Bruce, Lennox, J. Harly,
A. L. Edwards, A. W. Josephson, Buchanan, Gilles.



SYDNEY.
J. Heather, J. Fallick, A. Horsocks, J. Hankan (skip),
H. Gilles, G. Gordon, J. Rodgers, J. Porter (skip).

The North Island Bowling Association's Century Tournament.

THE TEAMS WHICH COMPETED.

Photos. by Walrond.

[See Bowling Column.

The Despatch Rider.

The good people of Vrystad, grown peevish and small-minded on a six-weeks' diet of American tinned beef and weevilly biscuits, gathered in sullen knots and cursed the good people of Kronburg.

The good people of Kronburg, on the other hand, dallied in the women's laager (whose legitimate occupants were five) and asked each other why on earth Vrystad had not answered their last message, and whether anything could have happened to Sergeant Jan Pieters, who bore it.

The Commandant was put out, not

to say enraged. He entertained his long-suffering second in command to a vegetarian lunch in his quarters; and the topic of the moment formed the subject of their discourse.

"It's like Vrystad's beastly cheek," said the Commandant, "to send for ammunition at a time like this. And it's like their wretched ingratitude," he added, "not to acknowledge receipt of my refusal. I am sure it was courteous enough, all things considered. Eh! What did you say?"

"I didn't say anything," replied the second in command.

"I notice you never do. You're an awfully nice chap, Smythe; but you're beastly depressing. And," he added,

in a sort of plaintive whisper, after a pause, "you're so beastly confiding."

"I suppose you are alluding to the fact that I sent Pieters with that message!"

"Of course I'm alluding to that. Abstract theories aren't in my line just now. But what on earth induced you to send that Dutchman?"

"Only the consideration that he was the best man for the job."

"Why?"

Oh, well," said the second in command, "to begin with, he's a good rider and a good shot. He knows about eighteen Kaffir dialects, and, of course, Dutch. Then he's also

lutely trustworthy and as loyal as they make 'em."

"Wh-a-t?" from the Commandant.

"Fact, I assure you. Of course, he doesn't care much for the Queen or the Union Jack or the Glorious Constitution of the British Empire. But he's devoted to the corps. He's keen on getting his commission and he's death on niggers. So as long as niggers and gold braid last out he'll stick to us."

"But what's a Dutchman doing in the Northern Police, anyhow? I suppose there's a family farm knocking about somewhere; and an old man and a ma and sisters an'-er-things. You can't persuade me that your Dutchman would give up the family crib and brave the family wrath and break stale bread with the Kooineks for all the gold lace in Christendom."

"Well, as to that," answered the other, "I believe his people are the next thing to Arme Boeren. Besides which, there was some trouble when he was a youngster. He let off a gun or something by accident, and—well, the ancestral estates had to be worked short-handed for a bit, and they buried the niggers, and Pieters came down country quick. He has never been back home since, I'm told. Doesn't seem to want to. Don't believe he's got a shadow of a soul; but he's a grand man for the Police, and he'll get that commission as sure as anything if he sticks to it. 'Pon me word, I should be downright sorry if anything happened to Jan."

But something had happened to Jan. Smythe never knew, because he was only 28, and so many exciting events occurred during the next few days that Jan quite passed from his memory. The column from the north came down and relieved Vrystad and Kronburg (who loved each other rather less in peace-time than during a state of war, for they were trade rivals and vying in obscurity). And a combined sortie was made on the surrounding Boers, who, having lost their only towel, were placed at a grave disadvantage. They tried to remedy the defect with a pocket-handkerchief, discovered after much search; but this also failed to act in the desired manner, being of the wrong hue. Compelled, therefore, to resort to the ordinary subterfuges of civilised warfare, they were hopelessly beaten with much slaughter; and the column from the north captured their only gun and thirteen cases of Cape brandy.

In the midst of all this fun, then, little wonder that all interest in the fate of Sergeant Jan Pieters, missing, should die a natural death. But the tale is on the border, and it illustrates one of the many disadvantages which attend the game of war, especially when played on all-against-all principles. It will bear re-telling.

Sergeant Jan Pieters, when ordered to saddle up and carry a message into Vrystad, was highly elated. He had killed a compound boy (black) in pure joyousness of spirit. He could almost have shaken hands with him, had it ever occurred to him, so tolerant was his mood. But habit is everything, and his happiness found more natural expression in the hearty manipulation of a stirrup-iron. His soul leaped within him at the thought of all the possibilities which the situation offered. The V.C., a commission, six months' leave on full pay to Europe, where he believed Paris was, and Paradise; and the combined thanks of the Mayors and Corporations of Kronburg and Vrystad emblazoned on vellum. Therefore he bore himself with an air of very elaborate carelessness, and rode leisurely out of the camp, replying to the loud-voiced good wishes of his comrades with a brief "So long, boys," and saluting his commanding officer with an air of ineffable condescension.

Picking his way carefully out of the township and into the tangle of bush which lay behind it, Sergeant Jan Pieters took out his pipe and proceeded to light it. He rode thus for some time, then after bearing to the left, he gingerly threaded his way out of the bush into the nearly open veldt which lay beyond it. There he reined up his horse and pondered. Straight before him ran a sort of beaten track leading to Vrystad. Where he stood, the track branched off to Kronburg on the left, skirting the bush in its progress, and to a dismantled homestead which lay in a hollow to his right. Here fires were burning, and a group of Boers were sitting, dawdling over the midday meal. They numbered about fifty all told, and

The Northern Bowling Association Tournament.



"AT HOME" AT THE PRESIDENT'S (MR. J. KIRKER) RESIDENCE.



Walrond, photo.

INTERIOR OF REFRESHMENT MARQUEE ON THE PRESIDENT'S GREEN.

their horses were contentedly grazing at a little distance. Pieters, unseen, stood watching them for some time. Then he pocketed his pipe and pushed boldly forward. The Boers in the hollow continued their placid meal; the sound of their raucous laughter was borne softly to him by the breeze, and also the smell of half-roasted ox. He was just wondering whether they had thrown out any sort of a picket, when he became aware of a dirty felt hat showing above a yellow kopje. "If that yellow boulder," he argued, "could shelter one dirty felt hat, it could shelter twenty." Wherefore he produced a large table napkin, the property of Kronburg's only hostelry, and held it high above his head.

The expected shot never came, and Sergeant Jan Pieters, highly contented with the result of his strategy, rode onward, meditating upon the foolishness of all mankind, especially of the members thereof who do not fire upon flags of truce. He was consumed by no feeling of shame. Fighting was fighting and cunning was cunning, and to the Vermeaker the spoils. Thus, much contented, he folded up his peace-offering and continued his meditations.

It struck him, and he was much amused at the thought, that perhaps one of the very Boers whom he had so recently defrauded of an easy and valuable capture was his own father. The old man had a farm somewhere in the district, he knew; for months before, he had received a letter, the usual mixture of business and bluntness, apprising him of the fact that a fat Englishman had visited the Larren farm in Griqualand, and had paid over a large sum of money, exact amount unspecified, for the privilege of scratching the earth upon its surface. Whereupon, the Almighty had appeared to Jan Pieters senior in a dream, and had advised him to trek northwards, which he had done. And Jan the younger, was enjoined to quit the House of the Evil One and the companionship of the Uitlanders, and to trek northwards also. Jan had replied to that letter because he had loved his mother when he was a calf. But he had no notion of giving up his chances of a commission and the V.C. The last-named he hankered after because it condoned many little breaches of discipline, and furthermore enhanced a man's value in the marriage market. The commission was dear to him because of the memories which his mind held of the officers' mess in King Williamstown and the rustling ladies who were for ever driving there and drinking tea and driving away again. Wherefore he sent merely filial messages to his parents; and hinted that he had received many offers of marriage, including one from

a General's daughter, who was, however, too thin.

At this point in his pious reverie, Sergeant Jan's horse took a slanting leap at a small stuit, and the officer's murruppon broke. There was a flaw in the iron, and the compound boy's head had done the rest. "Sis!" said Sergeant Jan Pieters, "but that boy will have to look out when I get back to laager."

Then he awoke to the fact that the sun had almost set and that a body of Boers, carrying a multi-coloured flag of fearful and wonderful design, were upon him. His first instinct was to make a run for it, but inborn cunning told him better.

He reined up easily and enquired in Dutch, and with a great air of friendliness, whether five drunken Shangans, riding Basuto ponies, had been observed in that direction by Mynheer Veldcornet or any of his command.

The reply was both negative and surly, and was accompanied by a request that our hero should hand over his arms and consider himself a prisoner. With a very good grace under the circumstances, Jan complied, and presently found himself riding in rear of the column in company with two young Boers, both amiably drunk and unwontedly communicative. The commando, it appeared, was bound for a certain farm some five miles distant, within the British border, where a great demonstration was to be held in support of Afrikanerdom versus Englishmen, and which it was confidently expected would be attended by all the nobility and gentry of the neighbourhood. A resolution would be put favouring the proclamation of a United Dutch Republic from Victoria Falls to Robben Island inclusive; and arrangements had been made for this motion to be carried unanimously. The kaleidoscopic banner which led the procession was the standard of the new Republic; and it had been specially designed therefore by a German Jew of artistic temperament, who had aspirations after freedom—and a salt concession. Then there was some confabulation at the head of the column, and the Veldcornet rode down accompanied by an extremely dirty burgher with grey sidewhiskers. At the sight of him a strangely puzzled look came into Jan's eyes. Then he whistled, and, safe in the disguise of a big brown beard, chuckled softly to himself.

The situation was explained to him. Proceedings were in contemplation, which could have no possible interest to a rooibatte, and a policeman to boot. Therefore, he would be quarantined in an adjacent farmhouse under the charge of the owner thereof, the gentleman with the side whiskers. A guard would be provided as far as the farmhouse, and once there his movements would be adequately con-

trolled by Grey-whiskers and a loaded Mauser. Mr Policeman's horse would accompany the column; walking was too good for an Englishman, anyhow. As to Jan's ultimate fate, Mynheer Veldcornet was not yet decided; he would probably be shot. But Sergeant Jan Pieters only smiled softly to himself.

During the short journey to Grey-whisker's residence, Jan had little to complain of in the manner of his guardians. They were friendly almost to the point of cordiality. The guard consisted of the aforementioned twain; and as these had made an equal division of Jan's accoutrements and arms, they felt very kindly disposed towards him.

Arrived at the farmhouse, Jan was ushered into the living-room, which was also a most excellent hen-roost, and the young burghers took an effusive if triumphant farewell. Grey-whiskers, after securing the door, then courteously offered his prisoner some refreshment, at the same time mentioning that there was no need to feel afraid. Jan assured the other that he did not—still smiling. Then he half-opened his mouth as though to speak, checked himself and murmuring, "Wacht en beetje, wacht en beetje," fell to devouring the black bread and biltong which had been placed before him. His host, drawing near, then informed him furtively and with many backward glances, as though he knew the very roosters on the beams loathed treason, that he did not hate the Rooineks—very much—himself. At this Jan smiled again and asked, Why?

"Well," said the farmer, "to tell you the truth, Englishman, I have a son with your people myself. He lives in the old colony, with the police, and he is married to a daughter of the Queen's chief General."

"Indeed," said Jan. And he smiled again.

"Ja," pursued the farmer, "and I hear she is very beautiful, only not fat. Now, myself, I like fat women. It is the sign of good health and a good heart. My present wife (I have had three. God be praised!) is the fattest woman in the district."

Here Jan interrupted to inquire very anxiously after his wife, and he seemed very pleased to hear that she was well. Her absence and that of his many daughters were explained by the farmer. The young ladies were attending the demonstration before referred to; whilst the good mother was assisting, in the capacity of consultant, at some farm operations in the near vicinity.

After further conversation, the farmer became greatly interested in Jan's position and prospects. He was surprised to learn that his prisoner

was a full major, and furthermore that he was engaged upon very urgent and secret business. As he imparted this piece of information, the captain looked closely at his gaoler, and seemed more amused than ever.

Into the eyes of our farmer came a greedy, crafty gleam. He looked down at his hands and then at the prisoner. The latter had thrown aside his jacket and disclosed a little wallet—the obvious receptacle for documents of State—attached to the rough leathern belt about his waist. The Pretoria war-chest was very full—Grey-whiskers' hands twitched—and—

He looked up. "Urgent business, eh?"

"Very urgent," in an important tone from the prisoner. Then with a loud laugh, "Why don't you—"

"Quick, look! at your feet!" broke in the farmer suddenly.

Jan looked down, expecting to see he knew not what.

The other quietly raised his Mauser and shot him through the head.

Grey-whiskers abstracted the pouch. Then he raised the body very gently and laid it across a wooden settle.

None surpasses your honest Boer in reverence to the dead.

MR WINSTON CHURCHILL'S ESCAPE.

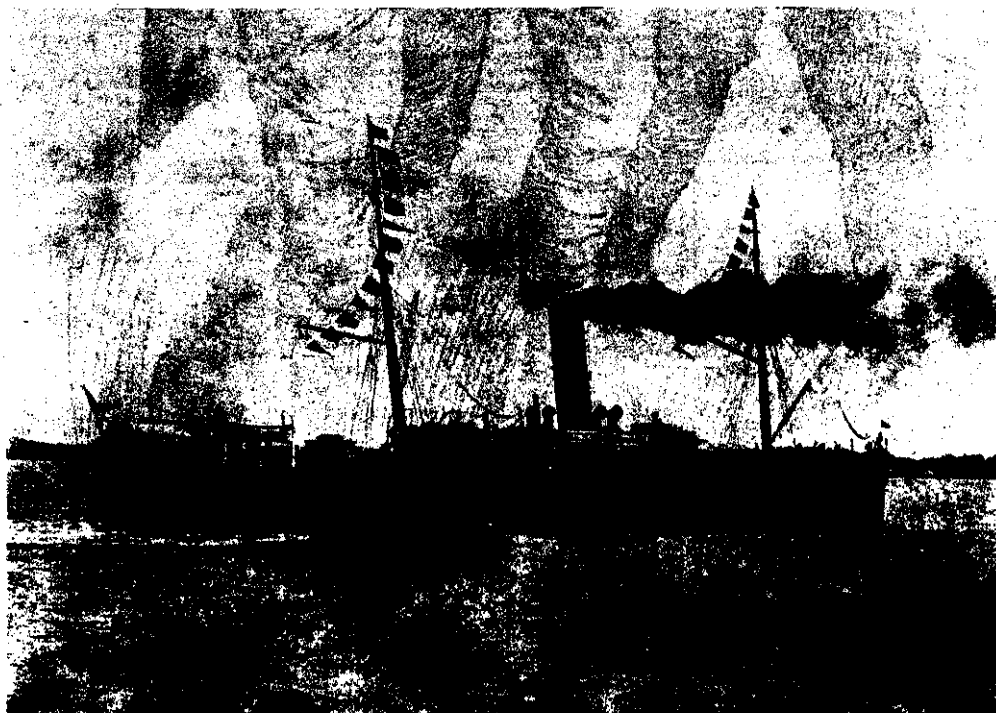
We give in this issue an interesting picture of Mr Winston Churchill, the special correspondent of the "Morning Post," on his arrival in Durban after his escape from Pretoria. It may be remembered that he reached Delagoa Bay on getting away from his captors, and was taken by the Induna to Durban. There was a great crowd gathered at the latter port to meet him, and when his boyish face was descried on the captain's bridge a rousing cheer went up from those on shore. Mr Churchill bowed his acknowledgments.



MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL'S RECEPTION AT DURBAN.

The cheering was continuous and enthusiastic, and amid it all could be heard voices shouting, "Well done, sir," and such like complimentary exclamations. No sooner were the engines of the steamship stopped than the more demonstrative units of the crowd sprang on the deck of the Induna, and, without waiting for the gangway to be unshipped, seized the gallant liberty-lover and hauled him on the ship alongside. Thence he was lifted shoulder high, and, amid a scene of much excitement, carried to the main wharf. Leaping terra firma Britannica, he was immediately taken in charge by Mr James Cumming, Reuter's special correspondent at the front, who happened to be on a hurried visit to Durban, and seated in a riksha; but the crowd would not permit his departure in peace. They cheered him, and crowded round to shake hands and congratulate him, and, finally, would not be content till he had favoured them with a speech, crowding round him near the African Boating Company's offices, and hemming him in.

'HUNYADI JANOS.' This favourite Natural Water, in habitual use throughout the world, has established itself as a customary Aperient in all climates. Remarkably and exceptionally uniform in composition; free from defects incidental to others. (Brit Med. Journal, Annual sale, six million bottles.—(Advt.))



THE S.S. MARAROA LEAVING AUCKLAND FOR THE GREAT BARRIER ON THE EXCURSION IN AID OF THE PATRIOTIC FUND.

After the Battle!



The wounded soldier being helped from the battlefield by his comrades is one of the sorrowful incidents of almost every fight of the war. Often the succour is afforded under fire, and the acts of heroism which have been thus performed are countless.

From the London "Illustrated Mail."

SPECIAL WAR LETTER.

From Our War Correspondent.

THE CAMP, RENSBERG, January 7, 1900.

We have had a great time ever since Christmas, including a record hail-storm on Boxing Day, which nearly killed the horses with cold and terror. All the artillery horses broke loose and galloped through our lines, where we and our horses stood shivering, and the tents were all flooded. The ground was white for hours after. The Boers must have had a great time, as they have no canvas. Next day the Boers fell back from their position into Colesberg, and we advanced to here with very little firing. We have been fighting more or less every day since our arrival here. We came across a grave marked "Bradford, N.Z. Contingent," and a Boer prisoner told us he died ten days after they picked him up, and that he never recovered consciousness, as he fractured his skull when he fell from his horse, although no doubt he would have recovered from his wound.

We have been under fire, especially shell, lately, but no more were hurt. We all confess to feeling very anxious between the booming of an enemy's gun and the landing of the shell, which generally fails to burst, although they are using English ammunition captured at Tugela, but they don't understand the time fuse.

Young, of the Heretaunga, has gone to hospital at De Aar with a strained back, done when his horse received a wound at Valkop. The rest are all very well—cheerful, dirty, and very thirsty, and anxious to see who are amongst the next lot we hear are coming from New Zealand.

We received a lot of presents at Christmas from New Zealanders in Capetown—tobacco, pipes, tea, etc.—which were very acceptable.

We shift camp at 3 a.m. to-morrow. Nobody knows where we are going. The place is so full of spies that nothing is safe.

THE DAY OF BRADFORD'S DEATH.

Messrs T. Maunder, Keith Gorrie, and N. McDonald, Waikato members of the first contingent, forwarded the following vivid account of the fighting, written by the first-named, on December 18, to friends in the Waikato:

On Sunday, the 18th inst., we had some hot work close to our camp. In the evening of Saturday we were all paraded before the Regimental Sergt-Major to see what men would be sound enough for duty to-morrow. Both companies were formed up into sections in close order, and, of course, all ears were open to learn what he had to say. He said the General commanding us was very pleased with our work, and was satisfied from what he had seen that we could be trusted in case of danger. On Monday, the 19th, we were in the saddle at 3 o'clock to escort a battery of artillery (ten guns), an honour not to be despised, and no doubt some of the regiments from Home considered we were not entitled to the position. We have the credit of being the General's pets. I am not romancing when I say we are always first to line up in the saddle at the first sound of alarm, thanks to our Sergt-Major. I am, however, getting away from the point. As I have stated, we were out at 3 a.m. to cover the battery. The Boers' guns carry 8000 yards, whereas ours only carry 4000 yards odd. The order was to take the Long Toms, as they call the Boer guns, even if we lost our whole battery; but luck was against us. We had to march about ten miles from the camp. To cover the guns we had to form in column of division all round them, so as to hide them from the enemy. We arrived in position just as day was dawning, but could not locate their position. We were in range of a rebel farm, so we shelled it. Then No. 1 Company, under Capt. Davies, advanced on the house, dismounted and fixed bayonets. When we reached the house the enemy had cleared. I am No. 3 in our section, and Keith Gorrie No. 4. The gallant 2nds, as we are now called, took up a position close to the house, having led our horses up. All the Waikato boys are in the 2nd Division, under Lieut. Lindsay, and a fine fellow he is. We had no sooner taken up our position when the enemy was seen approaching a line of kopjes on the right flank of the house. We were ordered to mount and take the kopje before the Boers. We cut off several of the beggars, but were too late to do any good. Our rifles spoke up and poisoned a few Boers. The Boers were too strong, numbering over 300 against our small

party. We were blocked at a high wire fence and could not get over. We eventually got some shelter on the left side of the kopje, when we were in full view of 350 rifles. By Jove, they did pepper us for about 20 minutes. They were only about 250 yards away. Our boys dropped a few Boers when we were ordered to retire. Our boys could have held the kopje against the enemy until the guns came up if it had not been for the danger we were in with our horses. Altogether we had only 189 men and the guns against 2000 Boers. As soon as we retired they advanced and opened their magazines on us. We were in a tight fix, and I don't want another like it. We were in three distinct lines of fire—one in front, another on our right, and the shell from the Long Tom dropping within 20 yards from us on our left. The Boer shell is inferior, although they fire straight enough, if they exploded. It is a pity we had no cover for the horses, as we had good cover for ourselves. I had a close call, and the Boers nearly knocked me over. I got a bullet score on the wrist, another one right through the neck of my water bottle, and one through the sling of my rifle, quite close. We had most of our horses wounded and one shot dead when we were retiring. The General complimented the officers and men upon our return. He said the twenty men on the kopje under fire were a credit to the British army. He never expected to see us return alive.

LETTER FROM A NEW ZEALANDER.

THE FARM INCIDENT.

Mr T. T. Shaw, son of Mr Shaw, of Paeroa, writing to his brother under date of Arundel, December 19, gives an interesting account of the stirring affair in which the New Zealanders took part the previous day. He says: Yesterday we escorted the Royal Horse out to a Boer farm, where there was supposed to be about 500 of the enemy. We arrived there at three in the morning, after a ride of twenty miles. The contingent was in the front to hide the guns. When within 2000 yards of the farm the order was divisions right and left; we split in two and galloped to the rear. Then the cannons commenced as pretty a piece of work as you would wish to see. The ten guns kept shelling for half an hour, then fire ceased. Our men galloped up, about 40 strong, to take the farm. We had to cross a dam full of water, hemmed in on one side by a wire fence, on the other a stone wall. We arrived at the farm safe, seeing no sign of the enemy after searching everywhere. The table was laid for breakfast by the Boers. When the shells came they had to clear out and leave it. Lucky for them, as a shell exploded and blew the side out of the house, tearing the furniture to pieces. After having a good look around we retired to the guns, when General French galloped up and asked us to hold the place for a while. When we got back we were met by a fusillade by the Boers. Our fighting is done on foot, so we dismounted, passed our horses over to No. 3 of section (a section consists of 4 men, No. 3 always holds the horses), and taking cover returned the fire, which was kept up for an hour. The Boers numbered about 250, armed with magazine rifles and accompanied by their "long Tom," a gun that throws a shell of 59 lbs 10,000 yards. They made it so hot for us that the General gave the order for us to retire. Up to this no one had been hit. As soon as we were mounted and got clear of the dam poor old Bradford received a ball in the hip, fell backwards off his horse, and was left for dead. One of the horses was shot dead under his rider, but a sergeant stopped and took him up behind him. He afterwards caught Bradford's horse and rode out of danger. Strange to say all who were in the thickest of it were Auckland boys. The General came and complimented us, saying the way we fought was a credit to the British army. The ambulance waggon went out in the afternoon, accompanied by four Boer boys, to get Bradford's body. They were met by a Boer leader who told them he was not dead, but had a bullet through the thigh. The Boer doctor dressed his wound and sent him on to their second camp, where he will be kept prisoner until he is either released or exchanged. We are now to have three days' holiday to rest our horses. We have been riding on an average 60 to 75 miles a day. The day of the fight I left my own horse at camp, and was given a fiery black mare, so that I could act as right flanking scout, which is a dangerous position. We seem to live

under a lucky star to escape such a storm of bullets. The worst of the lot is the shells from "Long Tom." You can see a puff of smoke, then hear a screeching sound, then the roar of the gun, and lastly you wait to see who the poor devil is to go under. The suspense is trying.

A black who escaped from Colesberg says there is 25 tons of dynamite under a bridge at the entrance to the town, ready to blow it up at the approach of the British.

We have only one thing to complain of, and that is the tucker. Our ration for a day is a pound of tinned beef and a pound of bread or biscuit; lately we have had mutton. The New Zealanders commandeered 1000 sheep and 50 head of cattle.

Tributers in the Kurunui-Caledonian mine, Thames, crushed two loads of quartz for bullion worth £54.

A dividend of ten per cent was declared this week by the Hikurangi Coal Company.

D.S.C. shares changed hands during the week at 10/6, and more could be placed at a shade under that price.

Waiki South shares showed slight improvement this week, probably because the drive has entered a most promising class of sandstone for the existence of reefs.

South British Insurance have steady buyers at 53/6, and N.Z. Insurance at 61/.

Inquiry set in this week for Grace Darlings at 1/8, as the battery is now approaching completion.

The colony's gold output for the December quarter was £401,290, of which Auckland mines contributed £182,380.

The return from the Hartley and Riley dredge for the week was 68oz 17dwts of gold.

The Taupiri Coal mines have been granted the use of the Government diamond drill.

The three stamps prospecting battery at Makikirau has been taken over by the Government for £898.

Traces of gold and silver are found by assay in the borings from the Waiki Extended mine. Shares sold this week at 1/1 and 1/.

The Government Geologist, Mr McKay, has reported that there is not

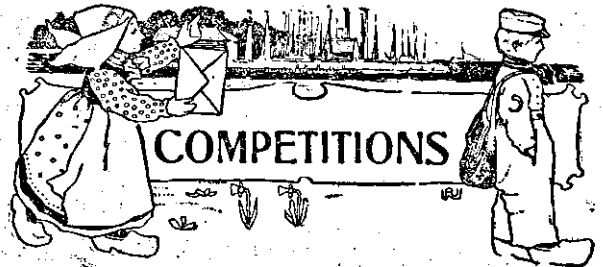
Exchange Notes.

Outside of Ohinemuri companies there was little inquiry on the Exchange to-day for mining stocks.

The total quantity of gold exported from the colony last year was £1,513,173, an increase of £432,483 upon the output for 1899.

Auckland Gas, old issue, sold this week at £13 7/6. The usual dividend of 7/6 on fully paid-up shares, and 5/3 on partly paid, has been declared.

Waitekauri shares are in demand at 39/, but holders ask higher figures.



COMPETITIONS

FOURTH GEOGRAPHICAL COMPETITION.

THE RESULTS.

The Editor of the "Graphic" has much pleasure in announcing the results of the Fourth Geographical Competition.

The five names of places in New Zealand which the competitors had to find out are:—

- WAIPORI
- TOKOMARU
- TE ARAI
- SEATOUN
- PORTOBELLO

No competitor guessed all the five correctly, and only one guessed four right. There were a great many who managed to give three names correctly.

The four consolation prizes, therefore, go to the competitor who guessed four and the three competitors (among those who had three names right) whose envelopes were first opened.

The names of the four successful competitors are as follow:—

- MISS CONOLLY, Remuera, Auckland.
- DAGMAR GILFILLAN, "Lyndhurst," St. Stephen's Avenue, Parnell.
- MISS JACK GULLY, Nelson.
- GORDON WITTY, Kaiti, Gisborne.

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MANUFACTURES ROYALES.
FRENCH P.D. 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.

a formation on the Cape Colville Peninsula but has coal more or less, though generally it is traces.

More pumping machinery arrived this week for the Waibi Grand Junction Company.

Thirty pounds of picked stone won by tributors in the Hauraki Associated mine yielded 8oz of gold.

N.Z. Shipping shares were inquired for this week at 91/6, but no sales resulted. Northern Steam changed hands at 7/1, with further buyers at 6/10.

Twenty loads from the Bunker's Hill Company, Coromandel, yielded 52oz 3dwts melted gold, value £157 15/1.

It is some time since a buying quotation was reported for Taupiri Coal. This week 17/ was offered, but no sales resulted.

Owing to the scarcity of water the Moanatairi Company was unable to commence crushing last week. The mill has now started, and there is a fair tonnage of ore from the Cambria lode at No. 3 level to be treated.

At each section of the May Queen mine development work is proceeding satisfactorily, and a good class of quartz is being broken out.

The reef has been cut at No. 4 level in the Imperial mine, Karangahake, and the stone shows colours of gold in the dish.

The parcel of 32 tons of concentrates sent from the Monowai mines, Waitema, to the Dapto Smelting Works, N.S.W., for treatment yielded at the rate of £10/0/11 per ton.

N.Z. Talisman shares had a sharp rise this week, owing to good news from London. The amalgamation with the Consolidated Group was agreed to on favourable terms. A dividend of 7 1/2 per cent. is to be paid Talisman shareholders. The new company will have £25,000 working capital.

Good progress is being made with the Barrier Reef Company's battery. The masonry and concrete works are nearly completed, and timber is on the ground ready to be put in position. Several teams are kept busy hauling the machinery to the mill site from the bay. Excavations and other outside works have been nearly completed.

Work has been stopped on the Kapowai Block pending completion of titles. The Kauri Company has assented to the surrender of all claims applied for on the Kapowai Block, but the assent of the Melbourne Board is required by the Government before the Warden can grant a license. The form of surrender will be forwarded to Melbourne as soon as it is received from the Warden's office, and will as soon as possible be returned completed in about three weeks from now.

A BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION.

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



The Grip

In that tickling cough of yours there lurks a crouching tiger! It's ready to spring just the moment you're off your guard. Damp feet, a little more exposure, moist air, or some little change, and you are down with pneumonia. Take no chances with such a dangerous foe.

You may not have the Grip hard, but there is always danger of pneumonia.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

Is the great preventive of serious lung disease. It's a prompt and certain cure for the Grip. Your hacking cough stops at once, the soreness in your chest passes away. Your escape from pneumonia is complete.

In Large and Small Bottles.

A cure is guaranteed by placing over the chest one of Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral Plasters. Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass., U.S.A.

OPERA HOUSE. Under the Direction of MR ROBERT BRUGH. Representative—Mr Allan Hamilton FOR A SHORT SEASON ONLY. MONDAY, FEBRUARY 12.

THE BROUGH COMEDY COMPANY. Return to Auckland after an absence extending over two years, of MR AND MRS ROBERT BROUGH. MR AND MRS ROBERT BROUGH.

MONDAY, TUESDAY, & WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 12th, 13th, and 14th. First Production in Auckland of THE LIARS. An Original Comedy in Four Acts, by HENRY ARTHUR JONES.

THURSDAY, FRIDAY, & SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 15th, 16th, & 17th. First Production in Auckland of THE GAY LORD QUEX. THE GAY LORD QUEX. By ARTHUR W. PINERO.

Admission—5s, 3s, 1s. Box Plan at 3/1 and Lyell's. Tickets at Partridge's.

Y.M.C.A. HALL—THURSDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 8. MR HANNIBAL A. WILLIAMS. KING HENRY THE FOURTH (Part I.). With the Humorous Concerts of Sir John Falstaff.

Tickets, with Reserved Seat, 2/6, at Upton and Co.'s. SYDNEY Press comments on "King Henry IV." "Herald"—"Stirred his hearers to enthusiasm by his dramatic fervour and scholarly interpretation of the text."

Music & Drama

Mr Bland Holt closed his Auckland season on Saturday. His stay in the North has been a succession of triumphs, and he left on his Southern tour with the assurance that his presence will always be welcome in Auckland. Although the season extended considerably over the period originally intended, Mr Holt's popularity was not a whit less when he left than when he began. It was a matter for regret that the company was not able to produce their latest drama, "The Absent-minded Beggar," while in Auckland.

After an absence from Auckland of over two years the Brough Company opens a short season on Monday next in the Opera House. To the Broughs, New Zealand owes the production of high-class pieces, which but for them playgoers here must have been content to know by name only. Lovers of the drama, therefore, have been looking forward to the return of this powerful organisation with no little pleasure. On this occasion the Broughs bring with them several new plays which have been in turn the event of the London dramatic season. Acted in Australia, these productions by the leading playwrights of the day have scored a wonderful success, and there is every reason to anticipate a similar popularity here. The company will stage as its opening piece Henry Arthur Jones' comedy "The Liars." This will run three nights and will be succeeded by Piner's great success "The Gay Lord Quex." Following these during the season will come "The Adventures of Lady Ursula," by Anthony Hope; "The Physician," by Henry Arthur Jones; "Lord and Lady Algy," by R. C. Carton, and some of the old plays with which the name of the Broughs is inseparably connected in the colonies.

"The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," "Dandy Dick," "Sowing the Wind," and of course "Niobe" will be amongst these. Amongst the new faces we shall in Auckland be called on to welcome are Mr Carne, who has earned high favour down South, Messrs Lovell, Dartry and Victor, all of whom are well spoken of. Miss Bessie Thompson, Miss Evaline Marthese, Miss Laura Hanley, are amongst the new actresses. Mrs Brough is sure of a warm welcome, and the same may be said of those old favourites, Miss Noble and Miss Temple.

Maggie Moore and Harry Roberts are reaping a good harvest in the States. Their "Erisco" season opens in a few weeks.

Mr Musgrove is said to be making a clear profit of £1000 a week over "The Belle of New York," which has been running two years without a break, and promises to run a year longer.

Mr J. C. Williamson will produce his pantomime "Little Red Riding Hood" in Melbourne on the 24th inst. The Princess has been taken for the production, which will be on the same scale of magnificence that characterized the staging of the piece in Sydney.

The Fitzgerald Bros. are booked to open at Invercargill next week, and thence will tour New Zealand. The circus has had a most successful time of it in Australia, playing to big money. Since they were last here the brothers have added to the attractions of their entertainment, and among the new wonders to be shown here are the lion, elephant and bicycle act, the riding tiger—a wonderful act; the Waldorf troupe of statue artists, 13 in number, with their own limelight effects; Miss Daisy Shand, a lady rider; Miss Neredah Leon, hurdle act rider; the Rizzio troupe of leapers, tumblers, and riders; Madam Sarina, a wonderful trapeze artist; the sisters Wingate, one of whom does a slide for life, hanging by her teeth, from one end of the tent to the other; Miss Rose Aquinaldo, a contortionist from Cuba, who does a most marvellous feat, balancing on her teeth in a bending position.

The Pollards are now in Christchurch, their trump card at present being "The Geisha."

There was a badly sold man at the Christchurch theatre on Thursday night, says the "Press." When Mr Brown came on as the waiter in "A Trip to Chinatown" and commenced whistling, one of the audience leaned over the dress circle and looked into the orchestra to see who was playing the piccolo. But there was no one, and the sound did not proceed from the orchestra, but from the stage, where Mr Brown was busy mixing cocktails. There was no one more enthusiastic in redemanding the clever item than the one who took it to be an instrument.

Madame Antoinette Trebelli, writes to a friend in New Zealand that there is a strong probability she will visit this colony again shortly.

Harry Rickards is spending £2000 in alterations to the Adelaide Bijou Theatre, which will be opened at Easter.

It is said that Mr George Musgrove is coming to Australia with an entirely new company, and will open about four months hence in the Princess Theatre, Melbourne.

Mr J. C. Williamson has secured the Australasian rights of the new Savoy Opera "The Rose of Persia," and also of all the old Gilbert and Sullivan operas for three years.

Mr Walter Bentley, with his newly organised company, is now at Newcastle. He intends to visit Tasmania and New Zealand shortly, and meditates a tour through India. His repertoire will include "The Silver King," "The Bells," "Garrick," "Rigoletto," "The Prisoner of Devil's Island," and several Shakespearean dramas.

Mr Sydney Bracy, son of Mr Henry Bracy, of Williamson and Musgrove's Opera Company, has left Australia for London.

The following letter has been addressed to Mr Hannibal A. Williams, whose season of Shakespearean recitals concluded last week:—Auckland, N.Z., Jan. 27, 1908, Mr Hannibal A. Williams, Grand Hotel, Auckland. Dear Sir,—The two recitals given by yourself and Mrs Williams, under private patronage, have afforded so much pleasure and gratification to those who heard them that we shall be glad if you can make arrangements either to prolong your stay among us or return here to give a few public recitals. Your interpretation of the plays of Shakespeare, of which we have had a taste in the rendering of "As You Like It" by Mrs Williams, and "The Taming of the Shrew" by yourself, is so pleasing and delightful, and characterised by such simplicity, elegance, and artistic finish, that your recitals cannot fail to be of the highest educative value to all who may be privileged to hear them, and particularly to our young people. We therefore hope for a further opportunity of hearing both yourself and Mrs Williams in the delineation of the masterpieces of dramatic composition. Faithfully yours, Hugh Campbell, J. F. Montague, J. C. Smith, J. M. Brigham, C. M. Calder, A. Wight Thompson, D. W. Durbie, Frank E. Hauke, H. Pentland Norton, C. J. Parr, J. G. Watson, Frank Jno. Whittaker, William Coleman, T. Buddie, E. Weymouth, Graves Aickin, H. Giblin, jun., J. Hemus.

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Society Gossip

AUCKLAND.

Dear Bee, February 6.

A VERY LARGE AT HOME was given by Miss Dunnet, as a reunion of Auckland hunting lady friends last Wednesday afternoon at her residence, "Patea," Hamilton Road. Miss Dunnet was ably assisted to entertain her many guests by her sister-in-law, Mrs H. Dunnet, and the Misses Percival, who received them in the reception room. Afternoon refreshments, consisting of claret cup, tea, coffee, trifles, etc., were served in the dining-room, the table being prettily decorated with miniature sunflowers and gladioli intermingled with giant daisies and greenery. Miss Dunnet was looking well in black Roman satin skirt, pink silk striped with satin blouse, coiffure a la pompadour; Mrs H. Dunnet, galois grey mirror silk with ceru lace yoke and shoulder sleeves with bretelles of green velvet, fichu drapery of grey silk was arranged on bodice, the skirt was trimmed with ceru lace in apron style; Miss Percival, black skirt, pink silk blouse with white lace fichu; Miss Ethel Percival was much admired in white pique skirt, tucked muslin blouse with lace insertion let in sleeves, coiffure a la pompadour; Mrs Thos. Morrin, white silk figured with dome blue and trimmed with black lace applique, white hat trimmed with black and dash of blue silk, coiffure a la pompadour; Misses Morrin were similarly attired in white tucked muslin with lace insertion, transparent yokes and sleeves, with straw hats with pink ribbons; Miss Roberts (Panmure), white pique, cream hat with red berries and red velvet loops; Mrs Furby, blue and black figured delaine, trimmed with black bebe ribbon, black lace toque with pink flowers; her sister, handsome salmon pink corduroy material, white silk chemisette, pink straw hat; Mrs Bedford, black and white check skirt and reefer jacket, white vest and revers, black Trelawny hat with ostrich feathers; Miss S. McLaughlin, white pique skirt, pink striped blouse, green hat with pink roses; Mrs William Read Bloomfield, white silk, white hat trimmed with cherries, coiffure a la pompadour; Misses Buckland (2) were studied in white silks, black hats; Mrs Craig, white pique costume, azure blue vest, white sailor hat trimmed with blue; Mrs Kerr Taylor, white; Misses Kerr Taylor, pink; Mrs Hutchinson, fawn tussore silk with lace insertion, black velvet hat with dash of pink; Mrs Loveridge, grey flowered French muslin, violet chip toque with flowers; Mrs Masefield, black silk trained skirt, blue striped silk blouse, black hat with pink; Mrs R. Masefield, lavender flowered French muslin on white ground, white picture hat with lilac flowers and feathers; Miss Gladys Masefield, white Indian muslin with rows of white lace insertion, white Leghorn hat with white chiffon and ostrich feathers, choral roses resting on coiffure; Miss Wyld-Brown, white Indian muslin with rows of white lace insertion, white Leghorn hat with white chiffon and white ostrich feathers, heliotrope resting on coiffure; Mrs Jackson, brown cloth coat and skirt; Miss Kerr (Bland Holt), canopy silk veiled in white embroidery muslin, white hat; Miss Gill (Bland Holt), brown holland; Mrs Dufaur, black skirt, pink plaid silk blouse, black hat; Mrs (Colonel) Dawson, grey flowered French muslin, pink Empire sash swathed the waist, grey chip toque of the Toreador shape with violet flowers.

GARDEN PARTY.

The bowlers attending the Inter-colonial Bowling Tournament were entertained on Saturday afternoon by Mr James Kirker, President of the Auckland Bowling Association, at a garden party held in his beautiful grounds at "Patea," Ponsonby. A large marquee had been erected, where a recherche cold collation was spread under the direction of Mr Stilwell, caterer. The canvas of the marquee was so extended as to bring within it a line of ornamental shrubs, which formed a beautiful background to the tables. The steamer Eagle left Queen Street wharf at two o'clock, crowded with visitors and accompanied by a band. After cruising round the harbour the steamer proceeded to Ponsonby wharf, where the

guests were landed in close proximity to Mr Kirker's residence. By four o'clock between six and seven hundred guests were gathered on the lawn, the majority of whom watched with interest the progress of the Inter-colonial bowling match, New Zealand versus New South Wales, which was played on Mr Kirker's spacious green, admittedly the best in Auckland. Others wandered through the grounds or grouped themselves in sociable knots for afternoon tea and gossip. The hand discoursed appropriate airs at intervals. Everyone was delighted with the excellence of the arrangements and cordial hospitality of Mr and Mrs Kirker, and the weather being simply perfect a very pleasant afternoon was spent.

Mrs Kirker received her guests in black with yellow heliotrope broche yoke and collar, black bonnet with jewelled net and heliotrope flowers; Mrs Hugh Campbell wore a stylish cream floral French muslin over cerise silk, black toque with folds and chou of cerise silk; Mrs Carrick, black costume; Mrs J. Blades, black; Mrs Findlayson, black and white check skirt and coat, striped vest, black lace straw toque; Mrs Fenton, black silk and jet; Mrs Hardie, handsome black broche, black bonnet brightened with heliotrope silk; Mrs Reisch (Wellington), pretty pearl grey cashmere, trimmed with rows of ruffled ribbon on apron front, white chip toque with touches of cerise; Mrs Tibbs, black silk, pink silk yoke, brown and pink bonnet; Mrs W. S. Douglas, holland costume with cornflower blue revers and cuffs, black chiffon hat; Mrs Edmund Mahony looked exceedingly well in white muslin with lace and insertion, black and white hat; Miss Hooper, very pretty nil green lustre, white hat with white silk edged with black bows; Mrs Masefield, electric voile with rows of satin ribbon in bayadere rows to waist, over pink silk, black and white tulle bonnet, black and white chiffon boa; Miss Gladys Masefield, white, Leghorn hat with coral roses; Miss Winnie Leys wore a stylish floral muslin over yellow silk, Leghorn hat with ostrich feathers and wings; Miss Wilkin (Christchurch), pretty white lawn tucked blouse, white Swiss muslin skirt, white chip hat with white silk, and caught up the side with a cluster of maiden blush roses and resting on her hair; Mrs Wilson Smith, white pique, white Trelawny hat with black velvet and ostrich tips in front; Miss Cooper, pale pink cambrie with lace insertion in stripes on skirt, brown chip hat with natural coloured ostrich feathers; Mrs McLean, black, with yellow silk vest, black toque with jet and white flowers; Mrs N. McLean (Wellington), navy and white figured foulard, white hat with navy silk, chon and white wings in front; Mrs Holland, black and white stripe, black bonnet with pink and orange roses; Miss Holland, China blue plaid zephyr, white hat with navy band; Miss Essie Holland, pale green cloth frock, white silk vest, Leghorn hat with feathers; Miss Upton, fawn cloth tailor-made skirt and coat, white hat; Miss Gorrie, white Swiss muslin over heliotrope silk, sea-foam tulle hat with clusters of hydrangea; Miss N. Gorrie, white lace insertion blouse over conquelet red silk, pique skirt, Leghorn hat with ostrich feathers; Mrs (Rev.) Robertson, black, black bonnet with touches of Nil green; Mrs W. S. Jones, black silk grenadine over automobile road, black bonnet with cerise; Miss Jones, black and white check skirt and jacket, white revers enusted with black braid, Leghorn hat with white silk; Miss A. Stevenson, grey and white floral French muslin, white hat; Miss M. Peacock, cream China silk trimmed with ruffled ribbon, white chip hat with chiffon wings; Mrs (Rev.) Sommerville, black, black and white bonnet; Mrs Spreckley, black costume; Miss Dingwall, grey shot, with pale blue silk yoke; Mrs Loddier (Sydney), handsome black broche, violet silk

vest, black velvet bonnet with clusters of small white roses; Mrs Oberlin Brown, black and white check trimmed with fancy white braid, black toque; Miss Brown, white muslin, Leghorn hat with ostrich feathers; Miss M. Edmiston, pink and white striped blouse, pique skirt, white hat; Miss Nellie Edmiston, cornflower blue costume, hat en suite; Miss Slater, white muslin, black velvet picture hat; Mrs E. T. Hart, white pique, floral toque; Mrs Parr, black satin, white pique jacket, rose pink straw hat with wings; Mrs W. Lambert, white pique costume; Miss Lambert, white pique, white chip hat; Miss — Lambert, white muslin with green spots, white chip hat trimmed with white ribbon; Miss Kennedy, heliotrope blouse, pique skirt, white sailor hat; Mrs Price (Gisborne), white and green spotted muslin blouse, black lustre skirt, large Leghorn hat; her friend wore a gazelle brown costume; Miss E. Ball, grey French floral muslin, pretty white chip hat, with white silk and flower; Mrs A. Russell, rich black silk, pink floral silk bodice, black bonnet with pink flowers; Miss Russell, white Swiss muslin; Mrs Court, handsome black satin; Mrs H. Brookes, black; Mrs Smith (Northcote), holland costume trimmed with white fancy braid; Mrs Masefield, black silk, floral bonnet; Mrs Easton, black and white check silk blouse, dark skirt; Mrs McKenzie (Taranaki), white and pink striped muslin blouse, dark skirt; Miss McKenzie, fawn; Mrs S. Hanna, light green cloth skirt and jacket, black hat with yellow roses; Miss Ivy Crawford, black, white pique jacket, rose pink straw hat; Mrs Littler, black silk, black and white plaid vest, white Plauen lace hat with black and white ostrich tips; Mrs Morrin, grey and white figured silk bodice, black silk skirt, black bonnet with heliotrope flowers; Miss Morrin, white and pink striped cambrie; Miss Geddis, white muslin blouse, dark skirt; Miss Steel, white; Mrs Mennie, grey silk; Miss Mennie, white; Mrs E. Butler, pale green skirt and coat; Miss Butlers, grey Japanese silk, trimmed with black ruffled ribbon, black and white hat; Mrs W. Hutchinson, silver grey sarah silk, white chiffon hat,

AFTERNOON TEA.

Miss Dunnett gave a large afternoon tea at her charming residence, "Patea," Hamilton Road, Ponsonby, on Thursday. After chatting for some time in the drawing-room, the guests wended their way to the dining room, which was requisitioned for the dainty four o'clock repast, where excellent tea and other delicacies were enjoyed. The hostess was assisted in entertaining her guests by Mrs H. Dunnett and Miss Oldham.

Miss Dunnett, dainty pink silk blouse, black silk skirt; Mrs H. B. Dunnett looked pretty in cream silk; Mrs Martell was charming in yellow muslin, white silk sash, large black picture hat; Miss Oldham, buttercup silk blouse softened with lace, black skirt; Miss Rose, black satin veil in black chiffon, black toque; Miss Laird looked bewitching in a blue muslin, cream silk lace fichu, black hat; Mrs Hart, white pique, large blue hat wreathed with forget-me-nots; Miss Devore, French grey and crushed strawberry costume; Mrs H. Griffiths looked extremely well in dove grey, yoke of white satin braided with silver, hat en suite; Mrs Sheath, black and heliotrope; her daughter wore white; Mrs Windsor, pale grey gown with touches of white, white hat; Miss Tye, shell-pink silk blouse, black silk skirt, sailor hat; Mrs Morpeth, pretty checked silk blouse, black skirt, large hat to match; Mrs J. R. Hanna, bright blue, with vest of Nil green; Miss Hanna was much admired in pale blue muslin, long lace fichu fastened on shoulder, black hat softened with blue chiffon and black plumes; Mrs Watt, pale grey silk, edged with white chiffon, pretty little white toque brightened with violets; Mrs Hughes, black silk; Mrs Townsend looked stylish in a white jacket

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and skirt, white hat; Miss Frances George, navy skirt, cream silk tucked blouse, black hat; Mrs Phillips, black satin, white sattu vest; Mrs Hughes Jones, white pique skirt and jacket, sailor hat; Miss Owen, black and white checked costume, large hat; Mrs Crawshaw, green gown, large black hat with plumes; Mrs E. Butler, gobelin blue coat and skirt, black picture hat; Miss Hughes, pretty white muslin gown, large white hat; Mrs Macindoe, handsome black silk gown, bonnet to correspond; Miss Lillian Phillips, black and white striped skirt and jacket, pretty brown hat; Miss Kennedy, grey and white gown, white and black hat; Mrs Oldham, black silk; Mrs Gittos, black satin; Mrs C. J. Parr, stylish shot brown gown, hat en suite; Mrs Gulliver, black satin, black hat with ostrich feathers; Mrs Reynolds; Mrs Walnutt, white pique with cerise bows, black toque; etc., etc.

OPERA HOUSE.

Successful plays always influence the fashions of the moment. The charm of the First Empire Period toilettes are illustrated by the frocks worn with such effect by Miss Ross, of Bland Holt's Company, in "New Babylon" and "The War of Wealth." The frocks worn by the other members are also beautiful. In the former play Mrs Holt looked charming in a coquettish red satin bodice and apron over a red mousseline de soie pleated skirt, red roses in her hair. Miss Ross' first evening dress was of pink silk, over which was worn a lovely electric blue cloak, with masses of frothy chiffon frills. Her second was a vivid crimson broche, with roses of the same shade a la jap, in her coiffure. Miss Ireland looked very winsome in green muslin, with numerous little frills on skirt. However, I think the dresses worn in "The War of Wealth" were even more lovely. Mrs Holt's emerald green silk, with an overskirt of jeweled white net, suited the wearer to perfection, and the new style of coiffure, with coronet and aigrette, added much to the general effect. Miss Ross looked superb in an Empire frock of ivory satin, with a wreath of bright pink unmounted roses round the short waist and over the shoulder, chaplet of roses round her hair, which was ar-

ranged on top of head. Miss Ireland wore a pretty evening frock of Eau de Nil silk, vandyke polonaise, over a silver embroidered white silk skirt. Among the audience I noticed Mrs (Dr.) King, in a black satin evening dress, brightened with jet encrustations; Miss Cooper, turquoise blue mousseline de soie evening bodice, dark skirt; Miss Morrin, white; Mrs Geddis, cream chine silk; Mrs Moss Davis, black satin evening dress; Miss Moss Davis, white silk, with touches of blue; Mrs (Dr.) Scott, rose pink silk blouse, with black lace insertion down sleeves, dark silk skirt; Miss Thorne George, black chiffon evening bodice, black satin skirt; Mrs Loder (Sydney), black broche, with touches of purple; Mrs Douglas, black and white plaid silk; Miss Mabel Douglas, shell pink frock; Mrs Percival, pale pink blouse, white pique skirt; Mrs Watt, grey silk, trimmed with white chiffon; Mrs Maschell, electric blue voile over pink silk; Miss Scherrf, white.

Mrs Roach and Mrs D'Arcy gave a very

LARGE AFTERNON TEA

on Saturday last at the Parnell Tennis Lawns. The table was picturesquely decorated with azure blue embroidery centre piece relieved with vases of bogavilla. Mrs Roach wore a pretty lilac flowered French muslin on white ground, the waistband and collar were of mauve silk, black hat with yellow roses; Mrs D'Arcy, white skirt, green flowered blouse, green hat profusely trimmed beneath the above brim with red and white roses; Mrs Holmes, white skirt, pink plaid blouse, sailor hat; Miss Phillips, white pique skirt, white muslin blouse, black waistband, sailor hat; Mrs Colebrook, black skirt, white blouse, sailor hat; Mrs Newton, brown holland, sailor hat; Miss Cuff, lilac cambric, white hat; Mrs Preston Stevenson, pink striped costume, sailor hat; Miss White, green plaid costume, black hat; Miss Moss, brown striped costume figured with blue and also trimmed with the same shade of blue silk, burnt straw hat with floral decorations; Mrs Walker, white skirt, pink blouse, sailor hat; Mrs Ranken-Reed, white skirt, blue plaid blouse, black picture hat turned up with yellow roses, the crown was wreathed with white ostrich feathers; Mrs

Steele, white skirt, canary blouse, sailor hat; Mrs Ashley-Hunter, white pique skirt, violet check blouse, black hat; Mrs Rathbone, black figured fancy lustre skirt, black silk blouse with white design, white hat profusely trimmed with black and white ostrich feathers; Mrs Hunt, white pique coat and skirt, pale biscuit coloured straw hat with absinthe green ribbon, and white coque feathers; Mrs Segar, pretty white costume with embroidery insertion skirt, while the bodice was cross-ways lace insertion, black hat with black ostrich feathers; Mrs Thorne-George, handsome black silk costume, white silk v shaped vest with revers of black and white stripe, black hat with violet flowers; Miss Thorne-George, white costume, red tie, sailor hat; Mrs W. B. Colbeck, white skirt, pink silk blouse, with fawn lace stripes, white hat; Mrs Uphl, white skirt, pink silk blouse, sailor hat; Mrs E. C. Smith, green figured muslin edged with white lace, black hat; Mrs Lucas Read Bloomfield, white skirt, royal blue and white check blouse, black hat with flowers; Mrs Lyons, bright rose pink silk veiled in grass lawn with cream lace braid pattern, rose pink sash with streamers swathed the waist, pink toque to match; Miss Jordan, blue and white check costume, with transparent lace chemisette, black hat with plumes; Mrs Hudson (India), brown holland, sheath skirt and coat, blue straw hat trimmed with blue silk; Miss Mowbray, black skirt, blue blouse, black hat; Mrs C. Brown, biscuit coloured shawl, muslin made in tunic style, finished with lace insertion, black hat; Mrs Wittchell, brown holland trimmed with white braid, black hat with white feather; Miss Wittchell, brown holland skirt, blue blouse, white Leghorn hat with flowers, and ribbon; Miss Pickmere, white skirt, grey plaid blouse, white sailor hat; Miss Horton, heliotrope flowered muslin trimmed with heliotrope silk; Mrs Tewlsley white skirt, blue plaid blouse, hat with plumes; Mrs Munro, white cambric, white sailor hat; Miss M. Pasley, brown holland skirt, pink blouse; Miss Preece, white skirt, blue blouse; and her sister wore white; Miss Lusk, white skirt, pink muslin blouse; and Miss Olive Lusk, white skirt, blue floral muslin blouse, sailor hat; Miss

M. Ledingham, brown skirt, blue blouse; Mrs A. P. Friend, and daughter wore white cambric costumes; Miss Caro, white muslin relieved with blue silk; Miss Atkinson, white pique skirt, white muslin blouse, white chip hat with loops of ribbon; Miss M. Atkinson, white skirt, canary blouse, sailor hat; Miss Atkinson, dark skirt, pink blouse, sailor hat; Miss Fenton, brown holland skirt, blue blouse, black hat; Miss Waller, pale oyster grey costume, black hat with white plumes; Miss Hesketh, black skirt, white blouse, black and white sailor hat; Miss Buchanan, black and white floral muslin, black hat with plumes; and her sister wore a white costume; Mrs Hill, white skirt, canary blouse; etc.

Next Thursday, February 8th, the Parnell Tennis Lawn hold their annual "At Home" from two o'clock until seven. And on the Thursday following, February 15th, the Eden and Epsom Tennis Lawns give their annual ladies' picnic.

WELLINGTON.

The weather was perfectly lovely on Saturday last, and a large number of ladies and gentlemen drove out to Miramar to witness the polo match between Wellington and Oroua, which resulted in a victory for the latter team. The play was most interesting, and at times exciting, though the win was a comparatively easy one. In a large tent, erected on the ground, delicious afternoon tea and all kinds of dainty cakes were served by a number of ladies, among them being the Misses Skerrett (2), Cooper, Izard, Higinson, etc. Some of those I noticed on the ground were Mrs Crawford, Mrs Parfitt, Mrs Baldwin, Mrs Capt. Stuart, Mrs W. Moorehouse, Mrs J. Barker (Hawke's Bay), Mrs Pole-Penton, Mrs and Miss Hislop, Mrs Paul Hunter, Mrs Ernest Izard, Miss Izard, Mrs Arthur Russell (Palmerston North), the Misses Williams, Mrs Strang, Mrs and the Misses Reid, Miss Cooper, Mrs and Miss Gore, the Misses Johnston, Miss Smart, the Misses Bell, Miss Riddiford, the Misses Fitzherbert, Mrs and Miss Friend, the Misses O'Connor, Haseldene, etc.

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Smith and Caughey.

FAIR

The weather here during the last week has been beautifully fine, but almost too hot for comfort. During this spell of summery weather the ladies had an opportunity of donning their best frocks, and some of them are very pretty. Among the wearers I have noticed Mrs Barker (Hawke's Bay), in a very pretty white muslin gown, profusely trimmed with insertion and lace, and a light straw hat, trimmed with pink ribbon loops; Mrs C. Johnston, skirt of soft black silk, figured with white, short black jacket, with white lace revers and vest, red straw hat, trimmed with tulle and flowers to match; Mrs Ernest Izard, pale grey gown, the bodice having a deep collar of silk, covered with open white lace and rows of narrow black velvet, black toque, with pink flowers; Mrs T. Young, soft white silk gown, the bodice prettily tucked and trimmed with frills of lace, brown straw hat, trimmed with brown and pink ribbon; Mrs A. Russell, very stylish black and white striped grenadine gown, short feather boa, and small black hat, trimmed with white chiffon and tips; Mrs Samuel, pretty pink and white figured muslin, trimmed with frills, tucked silk yoke, and finished with narrow rows of green velvet, hat trimmed with flowers; Mrs Parfitt, dark grey coat and skirt, and toque composed of mauve velvet and violets; Mrs Strang, neat fawn tailor suit and scarlet straw and tulle hat; Mrs Turnbull, black skirt and pretty heliotrope glace silk blouse, with lace-covered revers, straw hat, trimmed with two shades of mauve ribbon; Mrs Elgar, navy blue coat and skirt, with white lace revers, black straw hat, trimmed with yellow flowers; Miss H. Williams, red cloth costume, with white lace revers, black hat, with plumes; Miss Smart, cool white gown, and white tulle trimmed hat, with flower under the brim.

On the 28th of this month there is to be a large garden fete and entertainment held in the Government House grounds in aid of the War Fund. It is being organised by Lady Douglas, and I believe a great deal of trouble is being taken over it. The chief item on the varied programme is to be a performance of Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream" by well-known amateurs. Another novel item will be Drill Exercise by a number of young ladies dressed in khaki. If only the day is fine this carnival ought to be a great success.

OPHELIA.

NAPIER.

Dear Bee, February 2.

In aid of the "More Men" Fund for South Africa a most successful supper was given at the Masonic by Mr Frank Moeller, when a number of the most prominent citizens were present, and His Worship the Mayor presided. Numerous speeches were made, notably by Major Chicken, Major Blythe and Mr Cornford. The latter proposed the health of "Lieut. Hughes," who left here with the first contingent, and whose promotion from the ranks will be heard of with delight by his many friends. Songs, recitations, etc., were given by Messrs Fielder, W. Hodgson, Morton, Parnell, T. Parker, Simpson, Harry Swan, and Taylor. The accompaniments were played by Mr W. Newbould. The National Anthem and "Rule Britannia" brought a most delightful evening to a close.

Tea was given by Mrs Bowen at the Tennis Courts on Saturday, when a large number of people were present, amongst others being Lady Whitmore, in terra cotta silk; Mrs Bowen, well-fitting black and white check; Mrs Carlile also wore black and white; Mrs Nantes, white; Mrs Macdonald (Auckland), black and green; Miss Florence Watt, white pique; Miss Simcox, white drill. The Men's Doubles Tournament has been won by Messrs Clarke and Brabazon. The Combined Doubles are not yet finished.

MARJORIE.

NELSON.

Dear Bee, January 29.

The Misses N. Trolove and M. Duff have closed their popular

TEA KIOSK,

which has been a favourite resort of many for the last year or two. Everyone expresses regret at it being closed, but Miss N. Trolove has received an appointment in the Wairua, and of course Miss Duff could not carry on the business alone. Last Saturday night

A SURPRISE EUCHRE PARTY

was held, as a farewell to Miss N. Trolove, and the closing of the kiosk. There were not very many present, but they all managed to thoroughly enjoy themselves. The dearest supper was provided, to which full justice was done after euchre. The first prizes were won by Miss A. Trolove and Mr J. Tomlinson, and the "booby" prizes fell to the lot of Miss Day and Mr Mackay. Some of those present were: Mrs Trolove and Mrs Harris, the Misses Trolove (2), Duff, Tomlinson, Leggett, Day, Blackett, Bunny, Preshaw, Robertson; Messrs Tomlinson (2), Leggett (2), Mackay, Preshaw, Levien, Hamilton.

Miss Renwick Robertson gave a small

EUCHRE PARTY

last week at the residence of her aunt, Mrs Renwick. There were mostly young people present, as it was given for Miss Mary Hodgson (Blenheim), who is the guest of Mrs Renwick.

THE STUDENTS' SUMMER SCHOOL was brought to a close last week, and all the visiting delegates have returned to their homes. On Saturday they had a picnic up the "Maitai," which is a charming place at this time of the year for picnics. On Monday they had a very large farewell picnic to Cable Bay. A few bicycled, but most preferred driving, there being no less than five large drags.

PILVLLIS.

BLenheim.

Dear Bee, January 29.

Since I last wrote to you some amateurs here have given two performances of "The Magistrate," and seldom indeed are the members of a professional company so uniformly good as these were. As a rule, two or three in a company are really good, and the rest mere sticks; but in this case all were above the average, and what was rather surprising in those who acted for the first time they were absolutely word perfect. Mr C. J. W. Griffiths, who took the part of Mr Fosket, is a veteran in amateur theatricals, and to his competent stage management is the great success of the play mainly due. Mr P. Douslin was "Mr Bullamy"; Mr L. Griffiths, "Colonel Lukyn"; Mr Geoffrey Horton, "Captain Vale"; Mr G. Broad was "Captain Gid Farrington"; Mr E. Bull, "Achille Biond"; Mr K. Moore, "Isidore"; Mr Dunn, "Mr Wormington"; Mr C. Simson, "Inspector Messiter"; Mr S. Connolly, "Sergeant Lugg"; Mr B. Moore, "Wyke." Mrs P. Douslin, as "Agatha Fosket," looked very graceful and acted her part splendidly. She wore a handsome black silk dress, lined at the hem with delicate pink silk, the upper part of the bodice filled in with pink, veiled with black lace and sparkling with steel passementerie. In the second act she wore a handsome red evening cloak which came to her feet, and was richly trimmed with dark fur, and a becoming black picture hat with red roses under the brim. Mrs Anderson was a charming and vivacious "Charlotte," and wore a blue silk dress, the upper skirt of which was cut in large scallops, falling over a lovely deep flounce of white lace; the bodice was cut square, and had long white angel sleeves of white lace, with bands round the arms to the elbows. She wore a French grey evening wrapper, with sleeves, in the second part, and a smart black hat with pink roses. Miss Hague-Smith (Sydney) was "Beattie Tomlinson," and Miss B. Smith "Popham." The overture and music between the acts was played by Mrs Lucas and Miss May Lucas on both nights, but on the second Miss Potts (Reefton) played some of Chopin's music charmingly. Among the audience on both nights I noticed Messdames Black (Melbourne), J. Black, Waddy, Cleghorn, Griffiths, McIntire, C. Watts, Nelson, Shaw, Richardson, Stoney, J. Bell, Morton, (Hulls), Lucas, Purser, Mackintosh (Wellington), Horton, Reid, Monro, H. Horton, the Misses Black (Melbourne), Potts (Reefton), Browning (Dunedin), Browne (2), Seymour, Waddy, Bell, Bourne, Neville (3), Purser (2), C. Farmer, McCallum (2), Archibald (Wellington), Mackintosh (Wellington), and Messrs Bright, J. Black, Bourne, Seymour (2), Sturrock, Stoney, Trevor, Purser, Reid, G. Waddy, and many others.

On Thursday afternoon Mrs J. Conolly gave a large garden party for Mrs Cleghorn, who is leaving here next week on a trip to Europe, before settling down in Napier. The early part of the afternoon was rather threatening, with an occasional spatter of rain, but fortunately it cleared

off, and there was nothing to spoil the pleasant afternoon, though our hosts must have experienced great anxiety of mind, as the tea tables were arranged out of doors; but all's well that ends well, and nothing could have been more successful. Tennis was played all the afternoon, one quartette succeeding another. Mrs Conolly wore white over bright pink, hat to match, and was assisted by her sisters, Mrs J. Mowat, who wore pink spotted muslin, and the Misses Gard, who both wore blue and white, white hats trimmed with the same colour. Mrs Cleghorn looked very pretty in a brown dress, relieved with cream, and very becoming hat of yellow covered with black lace; Mrs Anderson wore a stylish dress of white muslin over blue, the bodice elaborately tucked, hat to match; Mrs Mackintosh (Wellington), wore a handsome black dress, with front of pale pink satin with cream lace sprays, black hat with pink roses; Miss Black, black jacket and skirt with revers of white bengaline, braided with black; Mrs Clouston, fawn and cream dress, yoke of cream silk closely tucked, trimmed with cream lace, becoming hat; Mrs P. Douslin, electric blue cloth. Others present were Messdames Gard, Mowat, A. Mowat, Huddell, Monro, McIntire, C. Watts, Dobson, Macalister, Petre, Lucas, MacShane, White, Moore, Currie, Collins, Griffiths, B. Clouston, C. H. Mills, Orr, C. Symons (Ashburton), Black (2), Waddy, R. Bell, Douslin, Rogers, Mead, Stoney, McIntosh, Richardson, Reid, Jackson, H. Dodson, Mitchell, Horton (2), Goulter; the Misses Nurse, Potts, Mackintosh, Johnston, Harley, Hutcheson, M. McCallum, M. McLaughlan, Waddy (2), Rees, Bell, Browning, Mead, C. Farmer, Dobson, MacLaine, M. Rogers, Harkness, Bourne, Redwood (2), McLaurin, E. Fulton, Giblin, J. Horton, Archibald, J. Horne, E. Goulter, Ward, (2); and Messrs Conolly, Horton (2), Burden, P. Trolove, A. Symons, B. Moore, Black, Corbett, K. Moore, Orr, R. McIntire, Fish, Stow, J. Bell, MacLaine, G. Broad, Mead, L. Griffiths, Bourne, Stoney, McIntosh, Trevor, Bunting, Stubbs, G. Waddy, J. Mead, Reid, Lee (Wellington), C. H. Mills, and others.

Friday was Mrs Griffiths' day at home, and among her visitors were Messdames Black (2), Armstrong, MacShane, Collins, Mowat (senr.), C. Symons, P. Douslin, and the Misses Smith, Anderson, Harris, Hague-Smith, Black, etc.

FRIDA.

CHRISTCHURCH.

Dear Bee, January 29.

It is a well-known fact in Christchurch when Mrs Studholme has a function, no matter how small or how gigantic, it is sure to be done well. Thursday, the day fixed for her garden party for the War Fund, broke as unpropitiously as it possibly could,

and for several hours the rain poured down, until the very elements seemed ashamed of themselves, and after a few smiles and tears cleared into a beautiful afternoon. In spite of all drawbacks everything was ready to time, and visitors began to arrive, until somewhere about 3000 were scattered over the lawns and among the shrubberies. Tents were numerous, and various photography, a phonograph, a gipsy, palmistry, Punch and Judy, Kruger and Schreiner for Aunt Sally, a number of side shows, including the Fuller Vaudeville Co., a concert tent, where three concerts and two recitals by the Chinatown Co. did splendidly; a flower stall given by Dr. Levinge, and in charge of Messdames O'Rourke and H. O. B. Menres, was lovely to behold; while the nut-hole sellers were legion. Mrs Wilding arranged the concerts, and was assisted by her daughter, Messdames Howie, Burns, Vernon, and Beswick, Misses Millie Heywood, Toddhunter, Messrs Ibbes, Izard, Reeves, and March, and the Christchurch Liederkrauzchen. A variety tent, in which were three stalls under the control of Messdames Secretan, Staveley, and Stringer, assisted by Messdames A. C. Wilson, Bridges, and Cuddon, Misses Worsley, M. Tabart, Maling, Anderson, Henderson, Patterson, Kinsey, Martin, E. Secretan, Merton, Edwards, Davies, Stead, I. Reece, G. Merton, Walker, Humphreys, and E. Wilson. These ladies all wore white, and badges of red, white and blue. Messdames Reeves and Ronalds had a tea tent, and were assisted by Messdames Mathias, Beswick, Misses Mills, Helmore, and Hennell. Mrs Studholme had a free tea tent, the following ladies assisting: Mrs J. and W. Studholme, W. Reece, Ballantyne, Hardy-Johnstone, E. Garrick, Jones, Muriel, Christian, Misses Williams, Maud, Garrick, and others. A tea tent, provided by Freeman, another by the D.I.C., in charge of Miss Duncan and Mrs Stokes. The tea tents all had splendid returns, notwithstanding the free one. Miss Saunders, Messrs J. Studholme, and Rhodes got up some bicycle events. Miss L. Bowen won a prize for best decorated bicycle; Miss Izard the egg and spoon race; Mr B. Izard the tortoise race; Mr C. Garsia "the thread the needle," and a tandem consisting of Misses N. Campbell and Poulter and Mr C. Garsia was much admired. An auction in the evening, conducted by Mr E. G. Staveley, and Dutch auctions by Messrs Razward and Hallenstein, caused any amount of fun. The whole finished up with fireworks by Messrs Biekerton and Stokes, and three cheers for Mr and Mrs Studholme. I forgot to say two bands were very attractive; the Garrison Band under Bandmaster Handmaster R. Trist Searell. The proceeds, including an art union of a sealskin jacket, jewellery, and some curios is expected to reach £500.

It is with deep regret I have to notify the death of Mrs Scott, wife

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of Mr Archibald Scott, manager of the Standard Insurance Company in Christchurch. Influenza was the first cause of illness, complications afterwards setting in, but it has all been so sudden many of Mrs Scott's friends did not even know of her illness. She died on Friday, at "Braidwood," Salisbury-street West, and the deepest sympathy has been expressed on all sides for Mr Scott and his son, Mr Andrew Scott, in their bereavement. Mrs Scott was well known for her charitable works, and many a home in Christchurch will sadly miss her kindness. Dr Barnardo will also miss a staunch supporter; for years past a large box has always found its way to him with wonderful regularity, Mrs Scott managing to interest a number of her friends in the good work.

January 31.

We are to have the honour of sending off the third contingent, "The Rough Riders of New Zealand," and the work of training is going on vigorously at the camp at the Addington Show Grounds. On Sunday a large number of people visited the camp, all very interested to see the men who have chosen to go and do what they can now "the Empire calls."

Mr Robison, late manager of the Bank of N.S.W., was presented with a gold watch and chain from a few of his friends and admirers at a little gathering last week, and also one for Mrs Robison, who has occupied the position of President of the Women's Political Association of Christchurch for several years; in fact, she was the prime mover in it ever since its inception. Mr, Mrs and Miss Robison leave for England by the Mokoia on Friday on a pleasure trip, but we hope to see them back again in New Zealand some day.

DOLLY VALE.

ENGAGEMENTS.

The engagement is announced between Miss Gibson, Principal of the Nelson Girls' College, and Dr. Talbot, resident surgeon of the Nelson Hospital.

The engagement is announced of Miss Emily Brett, youngest daughter of Mr H. Brett, of "Te Kiteona," Lake Takapuna, Auckland, to Mr Peter Wood, of Christchurch.

ORANGE BLOSSOMS

DODD—MOLE.

The marriage of Mr H. R. Dodd, of Johnsonville, with Miss Ellen Mole, eldest daughter of Mr David Mole, of Napier, was solemnised in St. John's Pro-Cathedral, Napier, on Monday, January 29th. The chancel was prettily decorated with ferns, white flowers, etc. The bride entered the church accompanied by her father. She was followed by her sister, Miss Mabel Mole, and Miss Dodd (sister of the bridegroom). The bride wore a gown of rich white silk, the bodice draped with lace, and held a bouquet of white flowers. The bridesmaids' costumes were composed of white silk. Their grey felt hats were trimmed with pink roses and grey ribbon, and they wore gold and pearl brooches, the gift of the bridegroom. Mr H. B. Mole supported the bridegroom as best man. The Rev. Allan Gardiner performed the ceremony. In the afternoon Mr and Mrs Dodd left for Danevirke, en route for Johnsonville, their future home. One of their handsomest wedding presents was from the Cathedral choir, of which the bride has long been a member.

ALDIS—HERRICK.

A pretty wedding took place on January 31st in All Saints' Church, Auckland, when Mr Albert Edward Aldis, of Te Kopuru, was married to Miss Olga Herrick. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Canon Calder. The best man was Mr W. S. Russell, and the four Misses Herrick acted as bridesmaids.

The bride was attired in a white figured lustré, trimmed dress, trimmed with gathered chiffon, true lover's knots and orange blossoms, chiffon yoke and sleeves. She wore a tulle veil and carried a shower bouquet.

The two eldest bridesmaids wore dresses of Valenciennes lace and embroidery over yellow, large white Leghorn picture hats; they carried yellow shower bouquets. The two children were dressed in long white silk dresses,

with hats to match, and carried baskets of flowers.

The bride's travelling dress was a fawn tailor-made costume, with white silk vest, white gem hat.

The bridegroom presented both the bride and bridesmaids with gold brooches.

ELLIS—STEWART.

A pretty home wedding took place last Wednesday, when Miss Florence C. Stewart, second daughter of the late Mr Andrew Stewart, of Home Bay, Ponsonby, was married to Mr Albert Fuller Ellis, manager of the Pacific Islands Company, Sydney. The Rev. T. F. Robertson officiated. The bride, who was given away by her brother, Mr J. W. Stewart, looked charming in white brocaded lustré. The toilette was artistically trimmed with chiffon and orange flowers, and was completed with a veil over a coronet of orange blossoms, and a lovely spray bouquet. She wore a handsome gold watch and chain presented by the bridegroom. Misses Nellie and Beatrice Stewart were bridesmaids, and were daintily attired in cream striped lustrés, and carried beautiful spray bouquets. Their souvenirs were gold dove and chain lace brooches. Mr W. F. Stewart was best man. After the ceremony the guests were entertained at the wedding repast, when the usual toasts were proposed and duly honoured. The wedding presents were numerous and beautiful, bearing testimony to the high esteem in which the bride is held by her friends and acquaintances. Mr and Mrs Ellis left later in the afternoon for the country until Monday, when they proceeded to Sydney, whence they set out for a four-month cruise among the Pacific Islands before settling in their home in Sydney. The bride's travelling costume was a grey tweed tailor made coat and skirt, white and grey silk vest, grey hat and black and white chiffon boa.

Mrs Stewart (bride's mother) wore a handsome black silk, with heliotrope silk fichu, and carried a beautiful bouquet of heliotrope flowers. Among the guests were, Mrs Thomas Brown, who wore an English dress of grey foulard, patterned with white geranium, made with an overskirt, bodice trimmed with white chiffon and yellow lace; Mrs J. W. Stewart, black silk figured grenadine over black silk; Mrs James Stewart, black silk; Miss Stewart, China blue muslin; Miss L. Stewart, white; Miss A. Stewart, white; Mrs J. Gorrie, black silk; Miss Minnie Gorrie; Miss Gorrie, black silk; Mrs William Gorrie, black broche; Miss Gorrie, white Swiss muslin frock, over heliotrope; Miss M. Gorrie, white lace insertion blouse, over red, white pique skirt; Mrs A. F. Gorrie, white pique skirt, ecru canvas blouse; Mrs Alf Vickerman, light costume; Mrs Robertson, black silk; Miss Upton, fawn Venetian cloth costume; Miss Tregay, black silk; Messrs J. Stewart, J. Gorrie, W. Gorrie, A. F. Gorrie, Vickerman, D. Brown, T. Brown, R. L. Stewart.

BOOKS AND BOOKMEN

"THE WORLD'S DESIRE."

I am glad to meet "The World's Desire" in the blue-green uniform of Longmans' Colonial Library, for the book deserves even a wider popularity than it has already attained. There is certainly a sufficient diversity in the known modes of thought and expression of the two authors whose names appear on the title page to warrant the expectation of something pleasantly interesting in a collaboration from their pens, and "The World's Desire" does not disappoint such an expectation. The impress of Mr Haggard's powerful, if sometimes rather undisciplined, imagination, is as plainly seen in its pages as are Mr Lang's polished scholarship, and that sympathetic appreciation and reproduction of the old Greek spirit and atmosphere which naturally belong to one of Homer's most successful translators. For those who care for such things there is a fine allegory in the book, and for the rest it is an account, full of strength, colour, and harmony, of the later unrecorded adventures of Helen of Troy and Odysseus. The Pharaoh that knew not Joseph comes into the story, and we look, through Greek eyes, upon the Israelites who spoiled the Egyptians before following Moses and Aaron into the wilderness. There is a lot of very full verse effectively introduced, and the reader will meet with one particular piece that is very much more than fair,

"RUPERT, BY THE GRACE OF GOD."

Dashing Prince Rupert, the gallant and untiring fighter for a losing cause, has ever been as great a favourite in the pages of history and fiction as he was in flesh and blood, in the years of grace when he headed King Charles' cavaliers. So Miss McChesney's present novel, which boasts the gallant Prince for its chief hero, is likely to find many warm admirers, and it deserves to do so, for, though the book is not without its blemishes—most notable among these a not very effectively constructed and developed plot, and a certain touch of unreality about some of the characters and incidents—it shows plenty of care and thought on the part of the writer, contains plenty of bright coloured stirring description of events in the Civil War, and is really interesting throughout.

"LITTLE NOVELS OF ITALY."

The five stories which lie within the covers of this volume are certainly not all of equal merit and interest. The vagaries of the love-making of the sonnet-writing, aesthetic, Inatrocito gallants, which make the backbone of two of the stories, are described with much humour and evidence of much discriminating reading of the literature of that time; but they are just a trifle tedious. However, these stories are short, and the other three are very brightly and piquantly written and full of strong human interest. We retain in our minds, when we close the "Little Novels," some wonderfully vivid pictures of the strange life of passion and intrigue and desperate adventuring which seethed between the skies and the soil of mediæval Italy.

"RICHARD CARVEL."

The exploits of Winston Churchill have brought his name to the knowledge of the millions who are following with the keenest interest the progress of the present war in the Transvaal, but comparatively few know anything of Winston Churchill as a writer of books. Such of his writings as I have come across I have always found much to my liking, and "Richard Carvel" I can honestly pronounce to be really excellent. It is a bulky novel, but it is so vigorously written and so full of interest from start to finish that no one is at all likely to complain that it is too long. The novel in many respects is suggestive of Thackeray's "Virginians," especially those parts which relate to the hero's young days in Maryland, at the time when Maryland was still a colony, and to his later experiences in London when he saw life in the company of Lord Holland's brilliant son, Charles James Fox. The author gives us charming descriptions of that early Maryland and of the large-hearted, free-spirited Marylanders who dared to be loyal to themselves, though it made them disloyal to their king. The feelings and opinions which prevailed respectively on each side of the Atlantic in regard to the questions which led to the revolt of the American colonies, are much discussed, though the author's sympathy is wholly on the side of the Americans, whose cause in that war the judgment of posterity has almost universally pronounced to have been a righteous one. A capital love story runs through "Richard Carvel," starting in the first chapter in the child affection of a pair of little playmates, and through the tantalising wilfulness of the charming heroine, meeting with many ups and downs before it reaches a happy orthodox ending.

"STALKY AND CO."

Though not, in my opinion, up to the mark of Rudyard Kipling's best work, "Stalky and Co." cannot fail to be read with much entertainment and instruction. The invincible triumvirate's doings and misdoings certainly form interesting reading, since they are marked by distinct characteristics which set them quite apart from the doings and misdoings of ordinary schoolboys. But we have only to read a little of their conversation and note the fashion in which their ideas are evolved and developed to realise that "Stalky and Co." are not ordinary schoolboys. How, indeed, could they be? Since the immortal Rudyard Kipling himself, in the person of Beetle, is one of the trio, and not the most remarkable one either, if the author's admiration for Stalky has not misled him. Still, those three abnormal boys are very human, though perhaps a trifle less human than the masters. The glimpses we have of the latter, directly and through the boys' eyes, are capital. King, the elaborate glib, is altogether delightful; he is so very real.

"VALDA HANEM."

This is a story, put into the mouth of an English governess, descriptive of life in the harem of a Turkish Pasha in Cairo. A tragic love story connected with the good Pasha's beautiful young wife, Valda Hanem, forms motif of the novel, which is written conscientiously and interestingly, and should be very useful in correcting many erroneous notions prevailing in Western civilisation with regard to life in Turkish harems.

"MIRANDA OF THE BALCONY."

Those acquainted with Mr Mason's previous writings will be prepared to like his latest book, now published in Macmillan's Colonial Library. "Miranda of the Balcony," though it is not so aboundingly blessed with exciting and adventurous incidents as "The Courtship of Maurice Buckler," is, nevertheless, fairly gifted that way, and is a vividly interesting romance. Miranda herself is a charming personage, and, like the rest of the characters, is cleverly drawn. Some of the most thrilling scenes are laid in Morocco.

"NO SOUL ABOVE MONEY."

In the power of writing such a story as this—a story of life amidst peaceful rural surroundings, in which a tragedy of the grimest and most pathetic caste gets itself inextricably the motif of the novel, which is written scarcely be surpassed. He quietly and graphically makes his reader realise, ultimately and affectionately, the scenes and characters he introduces them to, and then he brings on his unexpected tragedy. It adds immensely to the pathos of the situation to find that it is not his bad characters who are the actors in the tragedy, but his good, who, by some baleful fate, are thrust into crime and into the bitterest and most terrible expiation. "No Soul Above Money" is finely written from start to finish, with not a word too much or too little, and strongly holds the reader's interest.

The Australasian edition of the "Review of Reviews" for January, now to hand, contains an article, or rather three articles, which should be of special interest to New Zealanders. Under the title of "Why Mr Seddon Won the New Zealand Elections" it gives the views of a Government supporter, an Oppositionist, and a New Zealand lady on a question that has been the subject of much discussion here. The Government view of the victory and its cause is presented by the Hon. J. M. Twomey, M.L.C., while the Oppositionist view of the matter is given by Mr Scobie Mackenzie. The New Zealand woman who contributes her opinion to the enquiry is Stella M. Henderson, M.A., LL.B. Another article in the number of general interest to Australasians is the Rev. W. H. Fitchett's first paper of a series on "What an Australian Sees in England." The number is rich as usual in interesting excerpts, and Mr Stead is to the fore in more than one part of the periodical.

At the present time, when the microscope of patriotism is so vigorously at work in our blood, a march entitled "Queen of the Isles," with a portrait of Her Britannic Majesty on the cover, ought to be sure of meeting with a favourable reception on coming before the public. Such a march, for the piano, by Leopold D. Schurer, has just been sent me by its publisher, Mozart Allan, 70, South Portland-street, Glasgow. In addition to its title, it has other strong claims upon popular favour, for it has a tuneful, well-marked melody, and is extremely easy of execution.

"The World's Desire," by Rider Haggard and Andrew Lang — Longmans, Green, and Co. (W. Mackay).
 "Rupert, by the Grace of God," by Dora G. McChesney—Macmillan & Co. (Champtaloup and Cooper).
 "Little Novels of Italy," by Maurice Hewlett—Macmillan & Co. (Wildman & Lyell).
 "Richard Carvel," by Winston Churchill—Macmillan & Co. (Wildman & Lyell).
 "Valda Hanem," by E. H. Fryce—Macmillan and Co.
 "Stalky & Co.," by Rudyard Kipling—Macmillan & Co.
 "Miranda of the Balcony," by A. E. W. Mason—Macmillan & Co.
 "No Soul Above Money," by Walter Raymond—Longmans, Green, & Co.

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Monthly Payments of One Guinea Each.



SEVERAL Thousand people of these islands are to-day considering whether they shall or shall not buy The London "Times" Reprint of the Ninth Edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," and it may be assumed that in almost every instance their hesitation is due to comparisons which they are making between the "Encyclopædia" and some other object which can be procured at about the same cost. Hardly anyone who is likely to read this advertisement is so circumstanced that the immediate payment of twenty-one shillings, and the prospect of making certain further payments of twenty-one shillings each, need be very alarming. But even among the more fortunately-situated classes there is a limit to the number of available guineas, to the number of procurable pleasures. Opportunities to spend money increase at a rate of compound interest which surpass even the power of money to beget money. From the child with the halfpenny in its palm, making its choice among the sweets in the shop window, to the landowner who doubts which one of two estates he shall add to his possessions, we are all forced to forego one acquisition for the sake of another. Is the acquisition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" that which should be foregone?

It is the purpose of this advertisement to settle some of the doubts which delay the purchase of the "Encyclopædia," and this can only be done by endeavouring to give these doubts, which are prone to be themselves somewhat vague and formless, a definite and assumable form. At best this is but a conjectural task. The wisest of the 1,100 wise men who made the "Encyclopædia Britannica" never knew and never will know why certain people do not buy the book. He helped to make it; he knows that it is a book worth buying; he is proud of it, and can defend it against any criticism. If a man said to him, "Sir, I desire, since you are one of the writers who wrote this book, to explain to you upon what grounds I refrain from purchasing it," he would be interested, and if he were in the humour for chopping logic, he would no doubt find it easy to convince his adversary. But all written descriptions of a book go out into silent space like pieces of paper tossed into the air from the car of a balloon. One reader recognises the fact that a great opportunity is presented to him, and he buys the book. The next man who reads the advertisement is unconvinced—perhaps because he thinks the book costs too much money, perhaps because he thinks it takes too much room, perhaps because he thinks he is too old to read it, perhaps because he thinks his children are too young to read it, perhaps for no other reason than that he has glanced at the offer and thought no more about it. If he has given any consideration to the advisability of buying or not buying the "Encyclopædia Britannica," he has perhaps thought of it as a book, and thought of its price as the price of a book. Herein lies an error. One must, for convenience of speech, call it a book, but all sorts of confusion will be avoided if one does not think of it as a book.

It is in truth a library of books, a collection intended for reading, study, and reference.

If its five-and-twenty quarto volumes were reduced to small octavos, the "Encyclopædia" would occupy half-a-dozen shelves of an ordinary bookcase. If 500 of the more copious among its 45,000 articles were printed as distinct volumes they would make a library of 500 of the most valuable books one could have. But all this matter has been run together for convenience. It was not necessary to try to make a short story into a long story in order that a brief discussion of some one subject might be made to fill a volume, nor was it necessary to cramp the writer's thoughts and distress the reader's eye in order that a spurious incisive should be forced between the two covers of an arbitrary size. A further advantage of this plan of arrangement is that one copious index can definitely point the way to all that is in the various books.

In the ordinary way, when one takes a book from a book-shelf one has to turn page after page and even search through chapter after chapter before one finds the isolated statement, the solitary phrase, the one thing in all the book that is any service in that moment of immediate need. In the "Encyclopædia Britannica" the reader does not even have to read the whole of an article. At the cost of enormous labour a running digest is printed on the margins of each of the longer articles, so that a page is in many cases broken up into four or five perceptible divisions. All these elaborate methods of sub-division increase the value of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," and serve to mark it as a library, a collection of books, as contra-distinguished from a single book.

This view of the work is the only just point of departure for an examination of its price.

The twenty-five volumes in the cloth binding were originally catalogued by the publishers at £27. The "Times" Reprint has recently been sold, and will be sold until the 20th of this month, for £17 in the same binding. Under the novel system of monthly payments which have been adopted, the purchaser, instead of sending a cheque for £17 to the Manager of "The Times" (New Zealand Office, Wellington), need only pay one guinea before the twenty-five volumes have been delivered to him, and then complete the purchase by sixteen further monthly payments of one guinea each.

What other library can be bought for such a sum?

One may buy an edition of the standard poets, but the standard poets do not answer questions. One may buy a collection of engravings for the same money but there is no such collection in existence which, like the nine thousand illustrations of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," may be called a systematized pictorial library of art and science. No matter how many other books one may have bought before one buys the "Encyclopædia Britannica," and no matter how many other books one may hope to buy after one has bought the "Encyclopædia Britannica," the "Encyclopædia Britannica" is the book to buy next. It is not, however, possible to arrive at this conclusion and go no further. One cannot say "Yes, I will buy the "Encyclopædia Britannica" before I buy any other book; I will buy the "Encyclopædia Britannica" after Quarter Day," for when quarter day comes it will be too late to buy the "Encyclopædia Britannica" at the present price and upon the existing terms. The "Times" Reprint was published in accordance with certain arrangements made by "The Times" and by Messrs. A. and C. Black, the publishers of the "Encyclopædia Britannica." These arrangements make it possible for the moment to procure the "Encyclopædia Britannica" at a reduction of more than 55 per cent. from the original publishers' price, but on the 20th of this month, one month cent. from the original publishers' price, the "Times" Reprint of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" was first offered to the New Zealand public, these arrangements cease to be operative, and those who fail to buy the work within the limited time, will, if they desire to procure it on the 21st of March, be obliged either to do without it or to pay double price for it.

All of the other arguments in favour of the purchase of the work could have been equally well advanced ten years ago, when the Ninth Edition was completed, and will be equally valid ten years hence. But this is the argument of the hour, this is the consideration which appeals to the purchaser who wants to get the best value for his money.

To buy "The Times" Reprint of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" is not a formidable undertaking. It is not like buying a house that one must compare with other desirable houses, that one must visit and revisit, that the drains and the walls and the sub-cellars must be examined and tested, the title deeds to which must be scrutinised by solicitors.

It is only necessary to send a guinea to the New Zealand Office of "The Times," Wellington, accompanied by an order form in order to secure the immediate delivery of the twenty-five volumes. It is indeed one of those operations which anyone who is unconsciously classes them among the things which one can do at any time, from which one turns away to do more complicated things. But if one postpones it until to-morrow, one will be very likely to postpone it for two or three weeks, until he loses altogether the greatest bargain which is to be found in the whole world of books.

SPECIAL TO INTENDING PURCHASERS.

Letters and telegrams have been received from various parts of New Zealand enquiring how long it will take for the "Encyclopædia Britannica" to arrive from London.

In reply to such, we desire to state that all shipments are made direct from Wellington, where a sufficient quantity of stock for filling IMMEDIATE orders is in hand. Those who make prompt application, therefore, can have their books supplied AT ONCE.

TEMPORARY PRICES FOR TEN DAYS MORE.

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, Publishers' Price for this style of Binding, £27.	£17
	HALF MOROCCO	22 Monthly Payments of One Guinea each, or, if Cash in Full accompanies the order, Publishers' Price for this style of Binding, £25.	£22
	FULL MOROCCO	29 Monthly Payments of One Guinea each, or, if Cash in Full accompanies the order, Publishers' Price for this style of Binding, £28.	£29

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 PAYMENTS.

(Date)

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

I enclose One Guinea. Please send me THE TIMES REPRINT OF THE ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA 9TH EDITION.

(a) CLOTH, for which I agree to make to you, or to anyone you may appoint, 16 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 desired.)

(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.

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 recognise 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 running Book-List, for which I agree to make three further monthly payments of one guinea each, after the payments for the books are complete. (omit if not desired)

Signed

Address

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

Personal Paragraphs.

Mr and Mrs W. Atkinson have arrived in Nelson from Fiji. They are the guests of Mrs William Atkinson, Ngaitama-street.

Mr Herbert Watson (Wanganui) was in Nelson for a few days last week.

Miss Mabel Trolove has left Nelson for the Wairau.

Dr. and Mrs Mackie have returned to Nelson from Wellington.

Mr and Mrs McQuarrie, Dr. and the Misses Gibbs (2), and Miss Houliker left Nelson last week for a trip to the Southern Lakes. They will stay some days in Dunedin, as Dr. Gibbs has been appointed one of the examiners for the medical University this year, and he will there be able to conduct the examination.

Miss F. Webb-Bowen (Nelson) has gone for a visit to Wellington.

Miss J. Pitt has returned to Nelson from Wellington.

Dr. Hudson (Nelson) has gone to Wellington for a short holiday.

Mr and Mrs Percy Adams have returned to Nelson from Auckland. Unfortunately Mr Adams has not derived much benefit from the trip, owing to a severe attack of influenza, which has left her in a delicate state of health.

Mr J. S. Browning has returned to Nelson from a short trip to Christchurch.

Mr Seater, who left Blenheim several months ago for Canada, returned last week from Manitoba, where he found the cold very severe, and he is very glad to get back to our genial climate.

Mrs C. Watts (Nelson) is staying with Mrs McIntire, in Blenheim, for a short time.

Mrs Duckworth left Blenheim last week to drive with her sisters, the Misses Eyes, to Kalkoura, where she will spend a few days, then to the Haunui Springs. After a short stay there they will go on to the Bluff, and from there to Melbourne.

Mr Jenkins drove from Blenheim to Nelson last week, to bring Mrs Jenkins, who has been visiting friends there, home. They returned on Wednesday evening.

Mr Bull, Chief-Postmaster, Blenheim, has, with Mrs Bull, gone to Tauranga to spend a few weeks.

Mr A. P. Green left Blenheim last Monday for Wellington, en route for Oamaru, where he will take the management of the Bank of New Zealand.

Mr and Miss Kate Ball, of Blenheim, are making a visit to Sydney.

Mr and Mrs J. Bell, of "Hillersaden," Blenheim, are spending a week in Wellington.

Mrs Hurschouse (Nelson) is visiting her sister, Mrs Chaytor, at "Marshlands," Blenheim.

Lady Ranfurly has promised to present the certificates for the past season to the St. John Ambulance Associates upon the return of the vice-regal party from Auckland.

The Premier has acceded to the request of the Committee of the Industrial Association in Christchurch to act as one of the vice-patrons of the Canterbury Jubilee Exhibition.

Miss Studholme, of Waimate South, is spending a few days in Wellington, where she is the guest of Mrs W. B. Rhodes, at "The Grange."

Mrs Alex. Boyle (Christchurch) is the guest of Mrs Williams (Wellington), en route for the West Coast, where she joins Lord and Lady Ranfurly at New Plymouth.

Professor McKenzie, of the Victoria University, Wellington, is visiting Dunedin in order to be present at the Burns' Anniversary held there.

The Premier and the Hon. Mr Carroll (Native Minister) returned to Wellington from Napier on Friday night.

Mrs Montgomery (Wanganui) has been visiting friends in Wellington, having arrived there to see her son off for the Transvaal, he having joined the second contingent.

Mrs Bean (Christchurch) is visiting her relatives in Wellington.

Dr. De Lisle, of Napier, met with a bicycle accident last week, and has been confined to the house for some time.

Miss Perry, of Masterton, is staying with her sister (Mrs Mackay, of Shakespear Road, Napier).

The Misses Hadfield have returned to their home at Marton.

Mr Wood, of the Napier High School, has returned from his visit to Dunedin.

Mr and Mrs F. M. Wallace have returned to Christchurch from England, looking extremely well, only Mrs Wallace had the misfortune to slip on the Melbourne wharf and in falling sprained her arm. Mr Wallace looks very brisk and is anxious to get to work again. He studied the violoncello in London, under a very famous master, and has now added that to his other accomplishments. Mr and Mrs Wallace are not taking up housekeeping for the present, but have rooms at Mrs Everest's, Montreal-street. Masters Frank and Alex. Wallace came down from Wellington to spend a few weeks with their father and mother.

Mr O. J. Alpers, Christchurch, has returned home, having spent a delightful holiday in Sydney and Melbourne travelling overland between the two places.

Mrs J. T. Peacock, "Hawkesbury," gave a small luncheon party in honour of Mrs Rhind (Wellington) one day last week. Mrs Elmslie, Mrs A. C. Wilson, Mrs Curnow, and one or two others were among the guests.

The Misses Vincent returned to Christchurch last week from a long visit to England. The annual meeting and re-union of the Motett Society takes place to-night, when Miss Vincent, their late secretary, will have an opportunity of meeting many old friends.

Bishop and Mrs Wallis, of Wellington, were in Christchurch.

Mr and Mrs Henry Wood, Christchurch, returned from a visit to Swycombe on Saturday.

Mrs Robert Young (Greymouth) arrived in Christchurch on Sunday, and is staying with her brother, Mr W. Aiken, Hereford-street, Linwood.

Mrs Lascelles is staying at "Riverlaw" with Mrs Murray-Aynsley, having come down from Lake Heron to say good-bye to her mother and father (Mr and Mrs Hobson) prior to their departure for England.

Miss Maude leaves for England this week; she intends to continue her studies in nursing, adding other branches to her already extensive knowledge, and return to Christchurch in about a year.

Mrs James Henderson, with her two daughters, purposes paying a long visit to Australia very shortly.

On dit, Judge and Mrs Denniston are going to England on a pleasure trip, only there is an "it" (in this case) a substitute can be found. It is a well-earned holiday, and though we shall miss them very much hope it will come off.

Mrs and Miss W. Johnston are visiting Wellington, at present staying with Mrs Percy Baldwin.

Mrs Barker has been paying a visit to her mother (Mrs Cooper) lately.

Bishop Julius and Miss P. Julius (Christchurch) passed through Wellington a few days ago on their way home from a visit to Mrs Bishop Wilson (nee Miss Julius) at Norfolk Island.

The Misses Armitage, Australia, are the guests of Mrs T. C. Williams, in Wellington.

Mrs W. Johnston, Highden, Rangitikei, and Miss Johnston are visiting Mr and Mrs Arthur Pearce, at Lowry Bay, Wellington.

Mr Wynn Higginson, Wellington, has gone to the Cape on the last voyage of the Waiwera, as purser, replacing Mr Kenneth Duncan, who filled that position during the voyage of the troopship when taking over the first contingent.

Mr Winston N. Barron, the popular teller of the Bank of Australia in Napier for the last five years, has received well deserved promotion to the Dunedin branch of the bank.

Lady Douglas, Wellington, is organising a carnival, which is to be held in Government House grounds, Wellington, early in February, in aid of the fund to assist the New Zealanders injured in the war. Among the most attractive features of the many events on the programme will be a company of young ladies, numbering sixty-three, who are to perform a military drill, dressed in khaki, and they are thoroughly well versed in their evolutions, as they are being drilled for the event by a well-known volunteer officer.

Among those who have volunteered for the Rough Riders Contingent is Mr Guy Williams, of the Bay of Islands, second son of Mr T. C. Williams of Wellington, who was for some time

lieutenant of the "D" - Battery of Artillery, in Wellington.

Bishop Julius, of Christchurch, returned from his trip to Bishop and Mrs Wilson at Norfolk Island, by the Monowai, from Sydney, on Thursday last, having spent a few weeks in Sydney, en route for New Zealand.

Judge and Mrs Denniston, Christchurch, accompanied by their family, leave very shortly on a trip to England.

Dean and Mrs Hovell, Napier, are paying a short visit to their friends in Wellington for two or three weeks.

Miss Whittaker, daughter of the late Sir Frederick Whittaker, returned from New Zealand to Singapore, via Sydney, by the last mail steamer, and will be married very shortly after her return to the Straits settlement.

Dr. and Mrs Mackie, Nelson, have been up the Wanganui river, and on their return, Mrs Mackie, who is a relative of Lady Ranfurly's, spent a few days at Government House, in Wellington.

Miss Constance Lingard returned to Christchurch the end of last week after a very pleasant holiday in Auckland.

Mr and Mrs W. D. Wood, Christchurch, are still away at Swycombe, Kaikoura.

Mr Morton Anderson, eldest son of Dr. M. Anderson, has returned to Christchurch, his health having broken down in London, necessitating his abandoning his medical studies.

Mrs (Dr.) Morton Anderson has been paying a long visit in Dunedin and is still away.

Mrs J. H. Bewick, Fendalton, had a girls' croquet party for Miss Freda Bewick one day last week, by way of farewell her.

Mrs J. Studholme, junr., Mrs W. Studholme and Mrs Alec Roberts have been guests of Mrs Studholme, Merivale, during the week.

Mrs Ogle and Miss Palmer have gone to stay at Summer for a short holiday.

Mrs E. D. O'Rourke, Elmwood, had an afternoon tea one day last week to say goodbye to Miss Maude, when a number of friends were able to wish her bon voyage.

A public luncheon takes place to-day for the Hon. W. and Mrs Rolleston, at which a large number of ladies and gentlemen have signified their intention of being present. They leave for England on Friday.

A garden party takes place this afternoon at "Riverlaw" the residence of Mr H. P. Murray-Aynsley, under the auspices of the Horticultural Society. The garden at Riverlaw is always a picture, and the members should have an enjoyable time.

Rev. Mr and Miss Larkins have returned to Auckland after visiting New Plymouth.

Rev. F. G. and Miss Evans have returned to New Plymouth from an exchange with Rev. Chatterton, Nelson.

Mr (Glasgow) of Wellington passed through to Auckland after spending a day in New Plymouth.

Rev. Mr Walker of Waitara undertakes his new duties as Vicar of Ellerslie and Epsom early next week.

Mrs J. C. George of New Plymouth is on a visit to Stratford.

Mr McTaget of Lepperton is staying in New Plymouth.

Mr and Mrs Freeth of New Plymouth are making a stay at Masterton.

Mr and Mrs W. Bayley of New Plymouth have gone on a visit to Stratford.

Miss Perry of Mania has returned to her home after a long visit to New Plymouth.

Miss Kent has returned to Auckland after visiting New Plymouth.

Miss Wallace of the Grammar School, Auckland, has returned to her home after visiting New Plymouth.

Mrs Lodder, of Sydney, is visiting her many friends in Auckland.

Mrs Collins, of Lake Takapuna, Auckland, is going to Melbourne shortly on a visit.

On Thursday last a conversation was held in St. Sepulchre's Parish Hall, when a presentation was made to the Rev. J. Campbell, M.A., who has been acting as Vicar during Archdeacon Dudley's absence in England.

TO DARKEN GREY HAIR.

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

NATURE'S REASON FOR PAIN.

When one of Dr. Abernethy's patients remarked that it gave him great pain to lift his hand to his head, the eminent physician responded that, in such case, he was a fool for doing it. The observation was both brutal and unprofessional. The very fact that the act was painful indicated a condition calling for medical treatment and to provide that, if he could, was the doctor's duty.

Still, one might get on in comparative comfort without lifting his hand to his head, if that were the only source of pain about him. But when a bodily operation which is absolutely indispensable to life, becomes constantly painful, the situation is vastly more serious. And that was what happened to Mrs Emma Elwen, as related in her letter herewith printed for our information.

"In the spring of 1889," she says, "I began to feel weak and ailing. From being a strong, healthy woman, I gradually lost all my strength and energy. My appetite was poor, and all food gave me pain."

Be good enough for a moment to fix your mind on that statement. Nature has so arranged that all necessary acts or movements of the body shall be painless, if not distinctly pleasurable. Were it otherwise, we should avoid them to the extent of our power, and so produce incalculable mischief. And, above all, the act and consequences of eating were meant to be, and in health, are, one of the highest of our physical enjoyments. This lady having suffered from her food, then, signifies a state of things unnatural and dangerous.

"I had fullness and pain at the chest," she continues, "between the shoulders and down my back. I had also a deal of pain at my side, and my heart palpitated so much that I got but little sleep or rest on account of it. My breathing was short, and difficult. I was unable to do any housework, and often wished I were dead."

The words, "I wish I were dead," are often on the lips of the victims of what seems to be hopeless disease, and they are sad and chilling words to fall on the ears of those of us who love them. They make us look despairingly around for the help which is so slow to come, and too frequently never comes at all. Is there, then, no medicine which has power to save?

"I grew to be so weak," adds the writer, "that I was from time to time confined to my bed, and at other times had to lie down on the couch. I lost flesh rapidly, and was like a mere skeleton—my clothes hanging upon me. For three years I suffered in this way, no medicine that I took doing me any good."

"In February, 1892, the Rev. Mr Knight, of Bishop Auckland, recommended me to take Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. Acting on his advice I procured a bottle from the Co-operative Stores at Bishop Auckland, and after taking it I began to improve. My appetite returned, and food agreed with me, and I felt easier than I had done for years. The pain at my heart was less severe, and I gained strength every day."

"Seeing this, I continued to use this remedy, and gradually I recovered my health, gaining three stone weight. Since that time I have kept in good health. My husband has also benefited by the use of Mother Seigel's Syrup when suffering from indigestion. You are at liberty to publish this statement as you like. (Signed) (Mrs) Emma Elwen, Primrose Hill, Newfield, Wellington, near Durham, October 30, 1896."

If Mrs Elwen were the only woman in the district wherein she lives who had suffered in this manner, the fact should excite the interest of the intelligent reader, but there are multitudes of others all over the land, all over the world. Her ailment was not heart disease, it was not any form of consumption, it was not rheumatism. It was dyspepsia—the disease that counterfeits most others and has many of their most painful symptoms. It is idle to say that dyspepsia might be prevented, for we are not yet wise and careful enough to prevent it. Some day we may be. At present, however, it is inspiring to know that Mother Seigel's Syrup cures it even in its worst stages. Still, it is better to cure it when it first appears. Watch yourself, and use the Syrup on the day your food and you do not agree

SCENES AT THE FRONT.



A BATCH OF WOUNDED LEAVING FOR CAIRO.



ARMS AND ACCOUTREMENTS OF DEAD. STRETCHER MEN WAITING TO CARRY OUT DEAD.



THE BIG NAVAL GUN "JOE CHAMBERLAIN."

SIR ALGERNON WESTS' "RECOLLECTIONS."

Sir Algernon's father was a barrister, who became Recorder of Lynn and a Commissioner of Bankruptcy. The boy used to go to his father's chambers in Lincoln's Inn to do his lessons, and listened on his way home to speeches on the hustings under the clock of the church in Covent Garden. The youth overheard many smart retorts, of which the following are specimens:—

Speeches on the hustings then played a prominent part in elections. Admiral Rous said that more votes were won by clever repartee than people knew. "If I vote for you, what taxes will you repeal?" said a dirty fellow in the crowd. "Why," said Rous, "on soap for your sake."

George Craven was standing for Berkshire, and, knowing more about fox-hunting than politics, used to carry his speeches, which were prepared for him by a friend, in his hat for ready reference. "What 'ave you got in your 'at?" cried a man. "Why, a d—d sight more than you 'ave in your 'ead!" cried Craven.

Sir Algernon West's entertaining work runs over with anecdotes, some new, some old, but even the old ones seem to have gained point in their telling. Here are some disconnected samples:—

The Cosmopolitan Club is housed in Watts' old studio, on the walls of which is a fresco of a nude woman. It was a standing joke of Stirling-Maxwell's to say to any inquirer into the subject of the picture: "You have no doubt heard of Watts' hymns; that is one of his hers."

Lord Orford was invited to become President of the Norwich Bible Society—an application from which he thought his well known character should have exempted him. He replied: "I have long been addicted to the gaming table. I have lately taken to the turf. I fear I frequently blaspheme. But I have never distributed religious tracts. All this was known to you and your Society, notwithstanding which you think me a fit person to be your President. God forgive your hypocrisy."

Lord Broughton bore a strong resemblance to one of the doorkeepers at the opera. A nouveau riche told him to call his carriage, which he did, and then turned, saying, "I have called yours, perhaps you will now call mine: I am Lord Broughton." He had a peppery temper, and one day Thackeray had at his dinner a special bottle of Madeira. There was one glass left, and Thackeray, patting Lord Broughton on the back, said, "There, my dear old boy, you drink that." "I am not your dear boy, I am not old, and d—n your wine," said Lord Broughton.

In Sir Algernon West's earlier days it was the fashion for young men to go up in balloons with old Green, the aeronaut; and Albert Smith ascended one day before an admiring crowd of onlookers, and, waving his hand to a young lady, an acquaintance of his, as he was starting, he said, "If I come down again I will bring you back a sky-terrier."

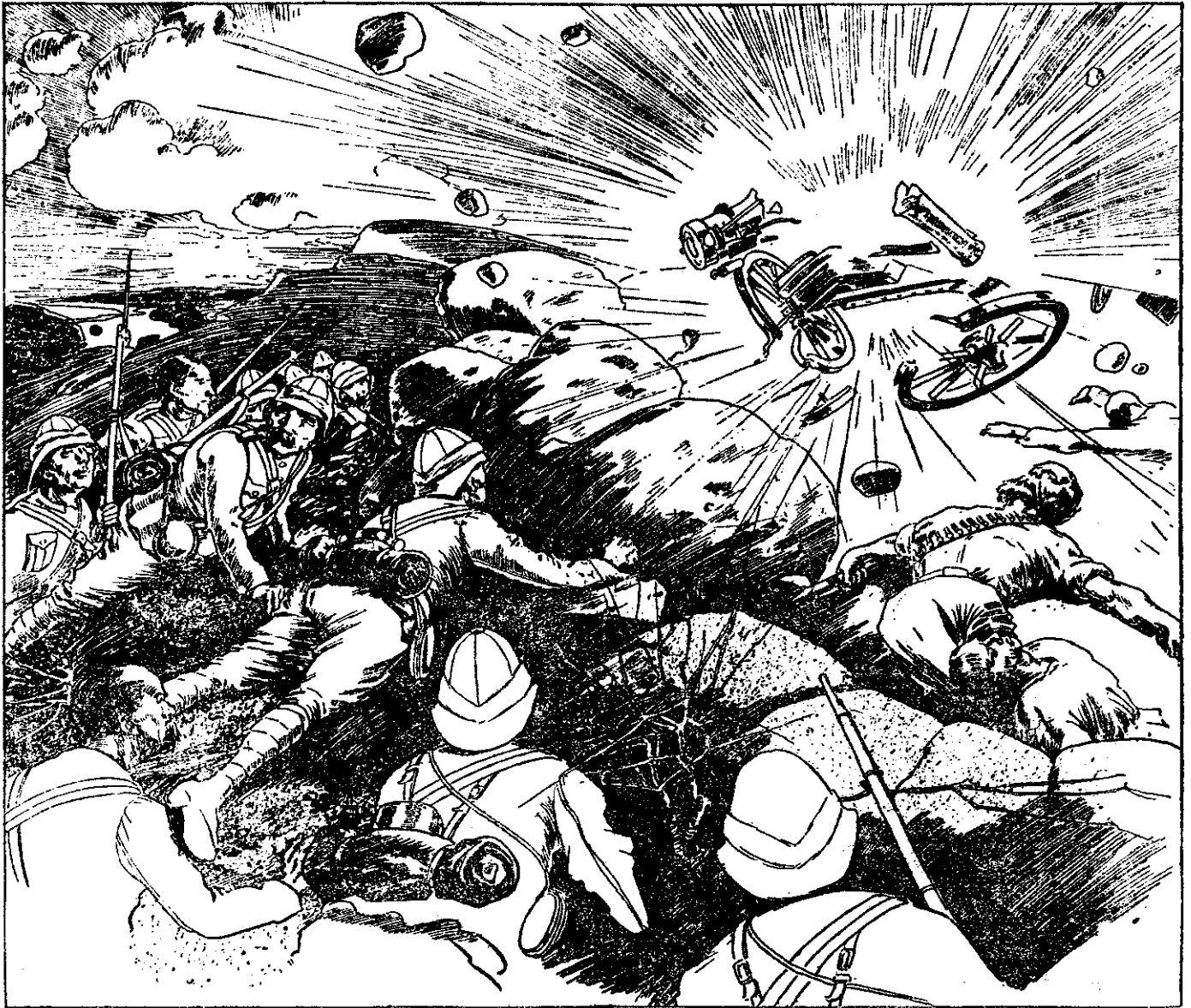
Lady Fitzwilliam told her husband he ought not to be so entirely in his servants' hands, and should sometimes visit his offices, which the next day he did, and, finding a boy as the solitary occupant of the lower regions, he asked him who he was. "Why," said he, "I am the boy who does all the work in this 'ere 'ouse, and who the devil are you?" Lord Fitzwilliam told his wife that he had done as she asked him, but he could hardly say it was a success.

The narrative does not carry us any further than 1886. There is a graceful Envoi, and the pleasant chapters come to a close all too soon. The great charm of the book is in its wealth of anecdote, and in the humour that brightens every page of political and social reminiscence.

OLD MRS WIGG.

Old Mrs Wigg, of Poppleton, is, says the "Church Times," precluded from reading the newspaper herself by her age and infirmity, so her granddaughter reads it to her. Police cases are sought out first. One day, the old lady being specially interested in a case, she asked the magistrate's name. "Byron, granny," said Jenny. "Byron," soliloquised Mrs Wigg; "I should have thought he had been dead a long time ago. But there, to be sure, it may be his child, Harold."

The Destruction of Long Tom at Ladysmith.



A sortie by the Natal Volunteers and the Imperial Light Horse from Ladysmith with the object of capturing the Boer position on a kopjie known as Gun Hill was admirably carried out and entirely successful. The Boer position was carried, and one of the Long Toms (a 6in. gun), a 4.7 Howitzer, and a Maxim captured. The two former were destroyed with gun cotton, but the Maxim was taken back in triumph to Ladysmith.

From the London "Illustrated Mail."

Shooting a Boer Spy for Poisoning Our Horses.



A Boer spy who was caught trying to poison horses at the front was tried and shot. He was made to dig his own grave, and stand over it when it was finished, twelve men being marched out to compose the firing party. The rifles of six only of the party were loaded, so that it was not known whose bullet actually killed the man.

Hans Smit—Boer.

A SHORT COMPLETE STORY OF THE TRANSVAAL.

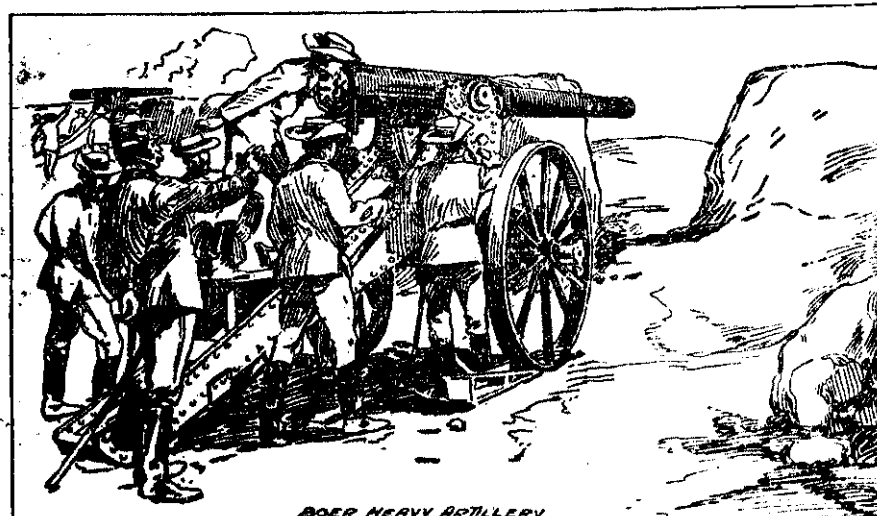
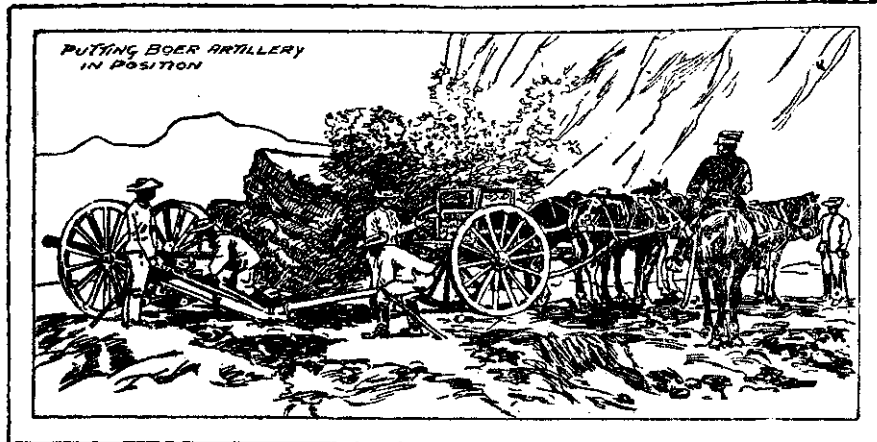
I first made the acquaintance of old Hans Smit during the latter part of 1896. Smit is a common name in the Transvaal, and Hans was a fair specimen of the family. He is—or rather was, for Hans has recently joined his forefathers—a typical stolid, bleary-eyed, narrow-minded septuagenarian of the Dopper brand of Dutchman; highly religious, parsimonious, and the very man to keep a keen eye on over a dead in stock, mealies, or forage.

I had to make a journey up into the northern districts on preparatory business in connection with an important engineering scheme, and it was during this trip I first struck the old farmer. During a severe thunderstorm I was forced to seek shelter at a farm I spied just off the main track, not from choice, but from sheer necessity, as the nearest store was ten miles ahead. It chanced to be the homestead of Hans Smit. He eyed me suspiciously from his sheltered seat on the stoep as I rode up and craved permission for a temporary shelter for myself and beast. As soon as I had opened my mouth and displayed a lamentable ignorance of the taal (the Dopper vernacular), and some hesitation in expressing myself, he commenced to curse volubly in his language (it's a way most religious Dutchmen have), and swore that never a rooinek should cross his threshold, and ostentatiously called for his rifle. Then two of his sons appeared from within, and in broken English—so I might understand a little of what was meant, I presume—joined in the tirade. I waited until they were seemingly exhausted, and then politely and diplomatically referred to my hapless, soaked condition, and mentioned something about being connected with a railway which might benefit the farm should it be found practicable to construct in the locality. I also had a flask of gin, plenty of tobacco, and would pay handsomely for accommodation. They wavered for just a minute, and after a whispered consultation between the trio, I was graciously allowed to descend, and a Kafir called to attend the horse. The outcome, of it all was, they eventually made a big hole in my tobacco, polished off the gin, and borrowed a sovereign in advance to send to a store for another round, which in some mysterious manner failed to turn up. As the rain still kept on, and the day was already far advanced, I was ultimately obliged to accept their hospitality for the night. And such a night! At sundown we supped on a fuddle of Boer meal brensd and bil-tong, washed down with a weak, greasy fluid I learned to be coffee. At seven we retired. The farm-house consisted only of a general living-room and a stuffy loft above, reached from the outside by means of a rickety ladder.

His two sons' wives and their eight lantern-jawed, pale-faced daughters, of ages ranging from six to twenty, occupied the lower apartment, depositing themselves on the single bedstead of the establishment, and when that was replete, about the floor on skins and sacks. I had the pleasure of sharing the upper storey with old Hans and his sons and their male progeny. Hans had sort of half-apologised for the limited accommodation at his disposal, for his family circle was temporarily extended. The prevalence of rinderpest and Government restriction of ox transport had rendered them unable to proceed as usual to Pretoria for nocturnal (a national religious festival celebrated periodically), and therefore they had gathered together at the farm that Saturday night to worship the following day on their own account. And they did it. Shortly after three I was aroused from a fitful slumber by someone below picking out the notes of a hymn tune, with painful musical effect on a wheezy concertina; the shrill voices of the children and women folk joining in in questionable time and melody. Then Jan, one of the sons, rose from his couch alongside me, and informed me that the festival had commenced, and that we should descend. It had to be suffered, I told myself; but the sight was one I am glad now I was enabled to witness. The entire family gathered together in the gray, chilly dawn, with stern-set faces (old illiterate Hans in the centre, with a greasy-thumbed family Bible upon his knees—open only for the sake of appearance and useless for reference—giv-



A SORTIE COLUMN CLEARING THEIR WAY BACK TO LADYSMITH.





LIEUTENANT-COLONEL PLUMER.

Lieutenant-Colonel Herbert Plumer belongs to the York and Lancaster Regiment, of which he became Lieutenant in 1876, Captain in 1882, and Major in 1893. Colonel Plumer served in the Soudan expedition of 1884 under Sir Gerald Graham as Adjutant of the First Battalion of his regiment, and was present in the engagement at El Teb and Tamai. He was mentioned in dispatches and received the medal with clasps, the fourth class of Medjidie, and Kheive's Star. Colonel Plumer's operations in the Matopos Hills, in Rhodesia, also gained him considerable credit.

ing solemn utterance to the words of a Psalm he knew by heart), proved a picture of rude simplicity and devoutness that will never be effaced from memory. With prayers and more hymns they passed the time till an hour after sunrise, when I had to take my departure. Hans declined to take my hand as I was leaving, but made no mention of payment. Possibly he had memories of a sovereign previously subscribed. But he said nothing, neither did I, for a good many reasons: one being that he asked me to call in again on a week-day, and he could perhaps give me some shooting. Someone had told him the rooineks were saying the Boers were not such good shots since the decrease of the game and the necessity for hunting for a living, but they were vastly mistaken. He would show me, one day how he could dispel that idea, and he did not go back on his word.

Well, time went on, and the following June it became necessary, in connection with the preliminary survey of our work, to pitch a camp somewhere in the vicinity of Hans's Farm, and, water being scarce thereabouts, I fixed it up with the old man for a pecuniary consideration, a promise of purchase of farm produce such as we might require during our stay, to allow us to take up quarters near a spring on his domains, about half-a-mile from, and in full view of, the farm. Britishers, he had sworn, he would never allow to trespass on his property under penalty of running foul of his pet rifle—an antiquated muzzle-loading instrument he had done duty with at Bronkhorst Spruit, on the stock of which some two-and-twenty small notches were cut, representing the number of rooi-boois (red-bois, i.e., British red-coats) he had accounted for at that massacre. Some how he seemed to have taken a liking for me, and repealed for the nonce his bloodthirsty decision.

About the middle of the month one of our staff received a letter from a friend on the land giving a gorgeous synopsis of the proposed record reign celebrations in Johannesburg, and urging us to be present if it could be managed. Of course, the idea was out of the question, situated as we were, and one and all dolefully acknowledged the fact. Then it struck one particularly bright individual of our community—five, all told, and Britishers to the finger-tips—why not have a celebration of our own? A day's holiday for ourselves and the Kaffir hands, a couple of bottles of whisky, and something extra in the way of grub instead of bully-beef or sardines. But, best of all, we would invite Hans to come over and drink her Mujes's health in a bumper of his favourite dop! The former suggestions were endorsed on the spot, and we set about making preparations forthwith, and everything the night before the eventful day appeared to be complete. But we had forgotten something. We should have provided our national flag to flutter from the pole of our mess-tent, beneath the shadow of which to banquet and toast our beloved Sovereign.

It was at that time impossible to procure any semblance of a Union-Jack, and consequently there was a slight depression over the little loyal convalesce. But X—, our bright unit in the shape of a hot-headed Hibernian, came to the rescue in a novel manner. He repaired to the office tent for a quiet hour or so after the rest had turned in, and the result of his labours, as displayed to his delighted admirers in the morning, was a passably designed, fair-sized Union-Jack painted in water-colours on a sheet of tracing cloth. After breakfast we attached it to a strip of bush-stuff and nailed that to the mess-tent pole, giving three hearty cheers as the operation concluded. Then we sent over one of our Kaffirs with a polite verbal message to old Hans to come and join us in a drink. The boy returned more rapidly than we supposed possible, badly blown, and in a pitiful state generally. He had just finished telling us that he had experienced a bad time of it, and that Hans had wrathfully expressed his intention of replying promptly to the message himself, when a bullet sang just above our heads, and in its flight cut a hole clean through our flag on the bottom corner nearest the stick. We just gave a hurried glance in the direction of the farm to catch sight of a wreath of smoke spreading, and then there followed a unanimous stampede for a small isolated clump of bush at the back of the camp. Here we should be in comparative safety, and beyond danger from any marksman at the farm. Then a second bullet passed over the mess-tent with a slight snip, and buried itself in the hillside beyond to the right of us.

"This is getting beyond a joke, boys," I half-whispered. "I wonder what game that old devil thinks he is playing with us now?"

"We stood there for another uncomfortable five minutes, then, as no more shots followed, I ventured to peep round the trees.

"The old villain has shot our flag away!" I announced, as I drew back again into cover. The maker of our national banner started to curse, and then stopped suddenly.

"I'll show him what stuff we are made of!" he said quietly, though defiantly. And before we were aware of his intention he had stepped out into the open and was making towards the flagless tent. We called out to him not to be a fool and return to cover. But he paid no heed to the warning, and we therefore had to await eventualities, fearful lest a tragedy were in store.

A couple of minutes later, peering eagerly round the edge of the bush, we saw X— mounted on a camp stool, hammer and nails in one hand and the broken stick with the flag attached in the other, in the act of fixing it up again in its former position. Not a sign of wavering or nervousness did he display, though it took him fully a minute to complete his purpose. Still there came no shot to break the agony of our suspense. The action satisfactorily accomplished,

X— lowered his hands from their position above his head, turned round on the stool and shook his clenched fist menacingly in the direction of the farm, crying as he did so, "God save the Queen and Rule Britannia you silly old fool!"

That was as far as he got if he intended holding forth any further on the subject, for we watchers at that moment spotted a puff of smoke over in front of the farm, and fell back as one man into cover as a third bullet snipped over the same line of fire, and splattered on a rock not twenty yards distant.

A loud, prolonged curse from the Irishman announced the fact that his artistic production had again kissed the red dust at his feet!

"That was enough for me. "We must fetch him in, boys, or there'll be murder done next shot," I cried. "We can manage it before the old man has time to reload and take aim."

It took is all our time and strength, but we bore him out of danger, kicking and struggling like one possessed. We were all of us cowards not to back him up. Why should a dirty, ignorant Boer be permitted to insult our flag with impunity? He was furious and slanged our chief till I really feared it would lead to ultimate dismissal, despite the extenuating circumstances, for B— was a bit of a martinet with his assailants when it came to disobeying orders after fair warning.

However, by the time he had cooled down somewhat, and under decent control again, one of Hans' Kaffir hands appeared on the scene, and halted some distance off uncertainly.

"What do you want, you black imp?" I shouted to him in Dutch. B— was not an adept at either Kaffir or Dutch, and I invariably acted as his mouth-piece on such occasions.

"Baas says, put that flag up again, and he shoot you all next time!" came the startling reply. "You put up Transvaal-English flag and he no shoot more."

I did not quite comprehend the latter part of the message, and turned to repeat it to the others. But X— was equal to it.

"Curse his insults!" he thundered; "he means the white rag!" Then, turning to the Kaffir, "I'll baas Hans we'll see him and all his breed further first! Now voetzak, you black devil, or I'll knock your head off!"

The boy, thinking he was in for a hiding, took to his heels before I had time to interpose and moderate the reply he was the bearer of.

However, we had not long to wait for an answer, for very soon after we heard the sounds of hoots as Hans jolted up to the tents on his sturdy Basuto pony and called to us that he wanted a few words. Motioning to the others to keep X— in check, I, as the most likely one to deal successfully with him at the outset, went out to interview the daring old Dopper.

The veteran sat there on his pony, rifle in hand, flourishing a vierkleur—a small bunch of red, white, blue and green ribbons tied to a sjambok—the Transvaal national colours.

"Good morning, mynheer rooinek."

he said, roughly, as I coolly walked up to and halted alongside of him. I returned the verbal salute but refused the weather-beaten, dirty paw he extended with curt dignity.

"You refuse my hand?" he grunted. "Certainly," I retorted, "after what has happened. Do you know I could demand satisfaction from your Government for such an outrage on inoffensive and unarmed men?"

The old man lifted up the front of his hat brim and smiled at me amusedly. "I only wanted to let you know that no British flag of that colour ever flies on my farm. If you want one take this and stick it up." He held out his vierkleur. I hesitated and looked him full in the face.

"Then we must honour our Queen under that for a flag?"

He nodded. "Then we'll do without one," I said decisively. "You understand me. If our flag can't go up without murderous interference on your part you may take my word for it yours doesn't take its place. And what's more, you try the business on and—"

At this juncture, watching my opportunity, I dexterously jerked the rifle from his grasp, shouted to the other fellows not to be alarmed at the report, and pulled the trigger with the muzzle pointing harmlessly to earth at twenty yards range. It kicked a bit, but I didn't mind that. Then I handed it back politely to the astonished old Dopper and warned him not to attempt to load it again, or I should get angry with him. We neither of us spoke for close on a minute, but gazed at each other steadily. Presently he motioned me to take back his weapon whilst he dismounted. I complied, but waited for him to speak again first.

"Rooinek," he began at last, "I've never met one like you and your friend who put back the flag before. You've pluck that would do you credit as one of Oom Paul's burghers. . . . But let us say no more about this. It was only my fun, and I wanted to show you the Boers are as good shots as they were in the old days. I will tell the other rooinek I am sorry. I do not tolerate your flag. You will have none of mine. We respect each other and are satisfied. Let us drink and be friends, and then I must leave you to celebrate your festival alone. It is not for me or mine to join in your rejoicings."

After due deliberation I accepted the penitent Hans' apology on behalf of the camp, and when a little later he was prevailed upon to drink to the Queen as vrouw, as he termed it, without betraying his rude, staunch patriotism and lessening his hatred of the British as a community in the slightest degree, even X— thawed a trifle. He met us as temporary boon companions and it ended where it began, and I have no hesitation in expressing my opinion that the old Dopper returned to his squalid farm with a clear conscience of having done his duty to his God, to us, and to his beloved land and folk.

If his precepts had only been as straight as his shooting!



NAVAL BRIGADE OFFICERS.

AS SEEN THROUGH WOMAN'S EYES.

ALWAYS MODISH.

Pearls are never out of fashion, so a present of these exquisite gems is always a safe one to give.

There are people who fear that pearls are not as durable as other gems, but excepting damp they have few enemies. They may be washed, but they must not be put away in a damp place. There is no danger of their disintegration if the precaution of keeping them dry is taken, and they will outlive their wearer and their wearer's descendants.

There are pearls of many colours and descriptions. Black and pink pearls are tolerably well-known, but there are purple pearls, too, and especially lovely they are. The rarity of a gem is one reason for its being sought, but there can be nothing more beautiful than the exquisitely pure white pearls, little round globes of iridescent light, with "skins" of milky whiteness. Pearls are particularly becoming to fair skins and women of the delicate spirituelle type not often seen in these days of robust women; they are charming, however, on any clear skin. The black pearl has a great attraction for some people. It is not more expensive than the white pearl, and is less in demand, as it does not attract in numbers.

It is no old woman's tale that many owners of pearls wear them always, under their dresses very often, to keep them in perfect health, and it has been known that pearls have been submerged in the sea to restore them to their pristine beauty.



BELTS FOR THE NECK.

The latest foundation for the popular stock collar is fitted with a finely tempered steel spring, which clasps the neck closely and holds the stock in place without any trouble.

It does not bind the neck, as it is very light and yields to each movement, and, although it looks firm, it does not choke.

This light spring, crossing a little at the back, somewhat like a key-ring or bracelet, can be bought and covered at home, and can be re-covered many times, for the steel never wears out.

A metal stock which does not require to be covered, but is intended as an article of jewellery, is quite a fad now. These stocks or collars are very much like a dog collar or belt. They are made in a great variety of form and pattern—plain, jewelled, silver and gold.



DAME NATURE TO THE RESCUE.

A fashionable and observant shoemaker says that just at the age when young women are anxious to have dainty feet, Nature comes gallantly to the rescue and shapes the feet smaller than they were when their owners were growing girls.

"The feet of girls about seventeen or eighteen," adds this shoemaker, "are generally large and shapeless. When the girls get older, however, and the foot becomes settled, new boots on the old last will be found too large."



LETTERS OF INTRODUCTION.

There is, perhaps, no branch of letter writing so generally abused as that which embraces letters of introduction. It is another phase of the indiscriminate introduction business, which is frequently carried to an extreme.

The utmost diplomacy should be exercised in soliciting an introductory letter. Indeed, unless there be some very excellent reason for the request, it is better not preferred. You ask a double favour, for not only is it a favour on the part of your friend to comply with your request, but he in turn must ask a favour of his friend in your behalf.

Too often these little misdeeds are given for no other reason than because they are requested, and without the slightest thought of the trouble and inconvenience their delivery may entail upon the one to whom they are addressed; for, as La Fontaine says, a letter of introduction is like a draft, it must be cashed at sight. It is absolutely incumbent upon the one receiv-

ing it to extend some sort of courtesy, such as an invitation to dine, to drive, to lunch or to sup.

The only real justification of an introductory letter rests upon warm and intimate relations between the writer of the letter and its recipient. In nine cases out of ten the degree of intimacy does not warrant it, for even supposing that these relations exist, it does not follow that your friend should love every one held in high esteem by you. Just to show how little a letter of introduction really means, and how it is frequently regarded by all parties concerned, let us suppose a case.

Let A be the writer, B the bearer and C the recipient. There may be perfect accord between A and B, also between A and C. The feeling existing between B and C of course is a doubtful quantity. C receives the letter, and, from a sense of duty, extends courtesies to B, thereby often neglecting his own private pursuits and engagements.

These attentions worthy of a long friendship being extended to a stranger, if, is, of course, apparent to B that duty is the mainspring of the act. This can scarcely be an agreeable reflection to B. C's affairs suffer, his attention being called in another direction. He considers it a hardship, and it is. The result is that C is greatly bored, while B is bored according to his intelligence, and the letter of introduction has served no material purpose.

So one should be very wary in giving these letters, and one should never ask for one except in unusual circumstances. In business affairs they are frequently necessary. In the case of an old and valued friend who intends visiting a place where resides another friend who is regarded as warmly, and to each of whom one feels that the acquaintance would be agreeable, they are permissible. But there are few other circumstances in which they are warranted.

A letter of introduction should be brief and simple. For instance:

"My Dear Mary: This will introduce to you my friend, Mrs C. F. Blank, of whom, I am sure, you have heard me speak. She intends spending a few weeks in your city, where she is an entire stranger. Any kindness that you may show her will be warmly appreciated. Sincerely yours,
"BEATRICE F. BROWN."

The letter should be left unsealed, to be closed before delivery by the one introduced. A second and private letter should then be sent to the friend to whom the letter of introduction is addressed, stating the case exactly. It should explain whether Mrs Blank is a widow, a divorcee or what she is, whether young, old or delicate, and any particular fad that she may possess.

The bearer of a letter of introduction should leave it, with his or her visiting card, without asking to see the person to whom it is addressed. If one cannot deliver it one's self it is more courteous to send it by messenger than by post. A man should leave the letter himself, calling later the same day, or he may leave his card with the note and not call until invited to do so. If the letter be to married people and the one who presents it be a man, then the husband should call upon him at his club or hotel. The stranger should return the visit at once, unless, as will probably be the case, he receive immediately an invitation to dine, drive or go to the play.

If, however, the letter be to a lady, the gentleman waits to be summoned before making the second call. If it be a woman who bears the letter of introduction, she will probably at once receive an invitation to dinner or lunch.

A card is sometimes inscribed with these words above the engraved name: "Introducing Mr So-and-so." This has merely its face value and imposes no social obligation.

I shall be very happy to answer any questions on the subject of good form that may be sent to this office.



FAMILY JARS.

There is rather an old-fashioned flavour, perhaps, about the expression "family jars," but I am afraid that the condition of things conveyed by

this expression has not gone out of fashion altogether, as in these days of general enlightenment one might have hoped that it would. It seems to me that modern young men and young women, with all their boasted culture, and their advanced views, have failed altogether to realise the simple fact that there is nothing more vulgar or more objectionable than that everlasting bickering and fault-finding, and the holding up to scorn of each other's small failings, which seem unhappily to be inseparable from certain family circles. These young people seem to forget, while they are busily finding out the vulnerable points in the armour of their brothers and sisters, that all these contradictory answers and sharp sayings must needs prove an utter weariness of the flesh to those unfortunate people who are obliged to listen while these unamiable conversations continue. As a rule, of course, when "company" is present, the family behaves itself fairly well, and the surface appears to be calm and unruffled, although it is more than likely that some of the younger members may be administering under the table surreptitious kicks to certain other of the juniors whose remarks may possibly have been considered offensive and ill-timed.

This is bad enough, of course, though in the case of schoolboys and schoolgirls, it may be readily excused on the score of youthful impulsiveness. Far worse, from every point of view, are the sniks and sarcasms indulged in by the elders. A frank criticism from one of the brothers as to his sister's unbecoming gown, or a triumphant allusion to her evident efforts, and probable failure, to bring young So-and-So to the proposing point, will draw upon his devoted head a torrent of sarcasm not altogether undeserved, perhaps. His sis-

ter immediately reproaches him with his extravagance in taking a first-class season ticket on the suburban railway, when his mother and the girls have always to travel third for the sake of saving a few pennies here and there. She dwells upon the number of new, expensive ties he has indulged in since the beginning of December, and his many pairs of boots, scarcely worn at all, but reposing in rows upon his bedroom floor. And so it goes on, with hard hits on both sides, until one or the other gives in, and subsides into a state of sniks, a condition which is, after all, sometimes worse to put up with than active animosity. The young woman with a grievance, who considers herself misunderstood, who answers not at all, but who sits gazing before her into vacancy, is responsible often for more serious family jars than her sharp-tongued sister, whose vehement attack is soon over and forgotten.

I do not mean to say, for a moment that this is a true picture of what goes on in every household where there is a family of grown-up sons and daughters. But in some instances, I know that the cap will fit, and fit pretty closely, and where that is the case, I would strongly urge the young people among my readers (and the elders too, if they also plead guilty) to throw off this foolish habit of contradicting, and arguing, trying always to get the last word, and never hesitating to say what you may happen to consider smart and clever, entirely regardless of whether you may wound some one else by your unkindness. This perpetual jarring does not often express the real feelings of the combatants, who may be, at heart, honestly fond of one another. At the same time it quickly becomes a habit, and a very evil one, which should certainly be discouraged by every means in our power.

"KOKO"

UNQUESTIONABLY THE BEST DRESSING FOR THE HAIR

ERADICATES SCURF AND DANDRUFF

PREVENTS HAIR FALLING

PROMOTES GROWTH.

IS DELIGHTFULLY COOLING & REFRESHING.

CONTAINS NO DYE

The Celebrated **Ambrose**,
MRS E. LYNN LINTON, says—

"I have used your 'KOKO' now since June last, and I have not only stopped the falling out, which had been excessive after a severe illness, but I have an entirely new growth of hair, while the old hair is longer. As I am not a young woman, but an old one, I think this is a convincing test of your preparation."



1/-,
2/6 & 4/6

OF ALL CHEMISTS, STORES, ETC.
KOKO MANUFACTURING COY., LTD., 16, BEVIS MARKS, LONDON, ENGLAND.

THE "MASCOT."

"Do you possess a 'Mascot'?" is the title of an article appearing in "Casell's Saturday Journal" which deals with a subject of wide interest. Says the writer:—

On the Continent, faith in the "mascot" is wide-spread. The human luck-bringer is frequently a man-of-hack. People who bet will frequently rub their ticket on the cripple's hump, "to bring luck," and if they win there is a little gratuity for him. One cripple who died some years ago made quite a respectable income in this way, his biggest haul being when a fair gambler, who had touched his back with two lottery tickets, won a prize of two thousand pounds. The inanimate "mascot" is sometimes a coin that a man has had in his pocket when for the first time in the season he has heard the cry of the cuckoo. For that year anyone possessing the coin will, it is alleged, never be pushed for money. Besides wearing mere "charms"—which may be "lucky" pigs, beans, bells, flies in amber, a four-leaved shamrock, or a double hazel-nut—many women, perhaps more particularly in America, treasure a "mascot" of some sort or other. Naturally enough, there being scope for the indulging of individual fancy, queer things find their way into the collection—buttens from the coats of popular heroes; the heel of an actress's shoe; eyes from Eastern idols; nails from the horse-shoes of speedy trotters; small dried lizards, pressed flat and carried in the purse; and even live "lucky" beetles. Trinkets and ornaments of quaint and if possible almost weird designs are popular, and some manufacturers have found it worth their while to turn out these, each of a different pattern, and, consequently, fetching a high price. The plain round armlets of pliable twisted silver wire, worn by the Kafirs of the Cape, are by some people thought to bring good luck. A certain English millionaire, for instance, keeps one on his arm. Some of our great families possess "lucky" jewels, which, if disaster came, would be the last things they would part with. On the stage the "mascot" flourishes exceedingly. Actors and actresses frequently exchange "lucky" presents, and over dozens of dressing-room doors in London alone, horse shoes may be seen nailed up. Superstition is, of course, rife in stageland, and things that you may not do and particular articles that are taboored are simply legion there. The late Sir Augustus Harris would never have a peacock's feather in his theatre; and he on one occasion discarded an expensive costume from a world-famed French house because it was trimmed with such "unlucky" plumes.

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A TINY WATCH.

There is a Berlin man who, it is said, is the proud possessor of a time-piece which is considered to be the most marvellous piece of mechanism ever put together. Ingenuity and human skill have been brought into operation, with the result that a watch has been constructed which measures less than one-quarter of an inch in diameter, or one with a face of about the size of the head of a large-sized tack or nail. The case is made of the very finest of gold, and the whole watch weighs less than two grains Troy. In Troy weight it takes 480 grains to make an ounce, and 12 ounces constitute a pound, or 5,760 grains are contained in a pound. This wonderful piece of mechanism weighs only one 2,880th part of a pound. So great a curiosity was this midge-considered that its owner paid £400 for it, and would not sell it for twice that amount. The numerals on the face are in Arabic, and if the hands were put end to end they would not measure five twenty-fourths of an inch in length, the large one being less than one-eighth and the small one less than one-twelfth of an inch long. It has besides, just as an ordinary watch or clock, a second indicator, which is about as large in diameter as the small hand is long, and the hand of this second indicator is less than one-sixteenth of an inch in length. The works and hands are made of the finest tempered steel, and set throughout in diamond chips. It is constructed on the most improved plan, being wound by the stem and set by pulling the stem out a short distance.

NECKLACES AND PENDANTS.

Shop windows are at present vying with each other for the best display of necklaces and pendants, writes our Paris correspondent. These jewels, usually suggestive of balls, low-cut gowns, and dazzling shoulders, have had their sphere extended, and special styles are shown for wearing with house and street dresses. As we have arrived at the age of art moderne, where everything from hat-pins and side-combs to shoe buckles repeats this fad, it is only natural that this new neck decoration should follow suit. They appear in all shapes, forms, and designs, and are made for all tastes and purses. There is the more modest, slender chain supporting an Egyptian charm in turquoise or royal blue enamel, the fascinating Greek designs, and all sorts of Oriental necklaces—originally and eccentricity being the drawing cards. But the predominant collars consist of several rows of chains, no two links alike, stayed by antique coins or modern art medallions, and measure from a foot and a half to two feet in length. Just as the large silver-fox boa which the ultra-fashionable miss twines about her throat, makes you think for a moment that the wearer must have absentmindedly snatched up the fur rug lying before her fireplace, so the appearance and clang of these chain collars suggest shackles, prisons, and other gruesome thoughts. They are new, they are the fad—that suffices to silence all objections from an artistic point of view; and at the last Auteuil races I counted no less than fifteen of these ornaments worn by well known society ladies.

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HOW TO CARVE.

Carving can be made a fine art by any one who takes some pains to acquire it. It needs, in the first place, a little knowledge of the anatomy of the bird or section of the animal served up.

A saddle of mutton should be carved in long slices, half lean, half fat. A cut should be made down the whole length parallel with the backbone, and slices cut diagonally from the centre of the back to the end of the ribs.

A shoulder of mutton is as easy to manipulate, once the right side to cut is decided on; this can easily be ascertained by trying where the fork goes through on the forepart, the meat being then cut in rather thick pieces. The under or inside should be carved in thinner slices lengthwise.

A sirloin of beef having two qualities requires different treatment, the upper part being cut lengthways with the rib, the undercut being sliced across. Some very delicate fat will be found at the end of the undercut, a tiny portion of which should accompany each helping.

It is usual to carve the undercut before commencing the upper side, and the slices, though cut thinly, should be less so than those from the top. Cut right down to the bone very straight, leaving no holes or ridges, a portion of the streaky fat, or thin end, being given with the meat from the upper side.

A loin of veal should be cut across through the thick part in very thin slices, and a small piece of the kidney and its fat should be sent to those who like it.

The fillet is carved in thin slices horizontally, like a round of beef. When carving a tongue cut straight through the thickest part, leaving, however, just sufficient to keep the two parts together. The slices should not be too thin, and of a wedge shape. A ham should be cut from the knuckle end (which should be turned to the carver's left hand), in thin slices, sloping toward the right.

The carving of a fowl is not quite such an easy matter, and a certain amount of practice is required before complete success can be obtained. Insert the fork into the breast of the bird and pass the knife between the legs and the body, pressing the former outward and dividing the joints.

Next cut along the breast, a little way down the side, leaving some of the white meat on each side of the breastbone; then cut down until the joint is reached and take off the wings. Now remove the merry-thought by inserting the knife across the breastbone sloping it outward, and cut the slices on each side the central bone. In carving a capon a succession of slices must be cut from the breast, taking the first slice from the rear wing.

BABY'S LANGUAGE.

An infant with "no language but a cry" can make itself quite intelligible to those who understand the various meanings of its voice. When baby persists in a loud violent cry, temper and nothing more is indicated, and the mother or nurse should cope with the mood firmly yet pleasantly, and with a full determination to put an end to such an exhibition of naughtiness. The peevish, whining cry shows that the child is in poor health or continued discomfort. A paroxysmal cry, especially when the legs are drawn up, denotes colic. A cry that nothing will quiet means usually hunger, thirst, or an irritation of the skin. In lung troubles the cry is short, because it takes air to produce screams. A sleepy child cries fretfully, and usually rubs its eyes and nose. The child that never cries is rarely met, and when a wee one who has once been a brave screamer waxes absolutely quiet and quite lethargic, his mother frets, for she knows her darling cannot be well to be so good as that. The voiceless weakness of a child sick unto death is a terrible state of being to look upon.

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HOW TO FIT A SHOE.

"People would find less difficulty in suiting themselves with ready-made shoes," said an experienced shoemaker, "if they would stand up to have them fitted. Nine persons out of ten require a particularly comfortable chair when they are having shoes tried on, and it is difficult to make them stand for a few minutes even when the shoe is fitted. Then, when they begin to walk about, they are surprised that the shoes are less comfortable than they were when first fitted. The reason is simple. The foot is smaller when one sits in a chair than it is when one is walking about. Exercise brings a considerable quantity of blood to the feet, which accordingly swell. The muscles also expand. These facts must be borne in mind when one buys one's

shoes, or discomfort and disappointment are sure to be the result. People who are not comfortable in ready-made boots should have both feet measured. The result will generally be the discovery that they have feet of different sizes and therefore need specially made boots."



Good
for
Itching
Backs

MOTHERS! Mothers! a hot bath with CUTTURA SOAP, when followed by a single application of CUTTURA Ointment, the great skin cure and pre-est of emollients, will afford the most grateful and comforting relief in the severest forms of itching, burning, and scaly skin and scaly humours, rashes, and irritations, and point to a speedy, permanent, and economical cure when all other remedies and even the best physicians fail.

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FOOD

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MELLIN'S EMULSION
OF COD-LIVER OIL.

The Best Nutritive and Tonic in all cases of Weakness of the Chest, Lungs, and Throat. Invaluable in Consumption, Bronchitis, Difficult Breathing, and Loss of Voice.

MELLIN'S FOOD & MELLIN'S EMULSION MAY BE OBTAINED OF ALL DEALERS.

THINGS WHICH CAN BE MADE OUT OF OLD GLOVES.

Everyone has lots of old gloves, and as a general rule when they are soiled or worn they throw them away as useless. The most careful amongst us may send them to clean once or twice, but when they show signs of wear and the kid rubs, then they are cast aside as of no further use. This is quite a mistake; there are many little things which can be made of old gloves if only a little pains and trouble be expended upon them.

First of all there is the midget photo frame. Cut a piece of stout cardboard the desired shape; the form of a heart is quaint and pretty, but a square, and oval, or a round would look equally well. Cut out with a sharp penknife the space for the photograph. Take a pair of gloves—grey, tan or stone colour—and cut off the unworn portions at the back of the hand. The part which extends from below the fancy stitching to the wrist will be found in excellent condition. Clean it with rubbing over with benzine, then lay the cardboard on it, and cut the required shape. Gum or glue it with liquid glue firmly round the edges and press. When dry decorate the rim where the photo fits with an application of gold paint. If the worker is artistic she may paint a small spray of flowers in the left-hand corner, or if the frame be a heart-shaped one decorate it with arrows outlined in gold paint.

A back and support must be cut out of cardboard and firmly glued on. If glass is desired it will be found the best to purchase a small sheet at any glaziers and get him to cut it into the required sizes. The glass should be glued in before the back and support are fixed in place.

A double heart-shaped frame to hold a couple looks exceedingly pretty.

Card cases may be made by doubling a large thick postcard and covering it with suede in some delicate colour, and

then lining the inside with silk and stitching on pockets of the suede. The outside of this dainty case may be ornamented by a monogram in gold.

An exceedingly novel pin-cushion for the dressing-table may be made by cutting off a glove at the wrist, sewing up the vent, and stuffing it with bran or cotton wool until it looks as if a hand were inside it. When stuffed, this quaint pin-cushion may be gilded or coated with pale pink enamel and finished with a bow of ribbon, or a loop to hang it up by.

Out of evening gloves dainty belts may be made with very little trouble. Get a length of stout Peterham the required width, and cover it with suede in any of the delicate shades sold for evening gloves. One pair of gloves will make a belt, and the tops, when rubbed with benzine and ironed on the wrong side, make a charming belt, which is ornamental and new.

The join down the centre of the back should be concealed by a row of silver sequins sewn on thickly, and the effect is even more pleasing if a row of the sequins be sewn round the upper and lower edge of the belt. It may be fastened with hooks or eyes, or an ornamental clasp may be bought for a few pence at any fancy shop and attached.

Dainty little needlebooks may be made in the same way as the card case, only the inside should be filled with graduated leaves of flannel, pinked out round the edge and arranged in two colours. The leaves should be held in place by a strap of baby ribbon in a contrasting colour. A very pretty little needle-book would be grey suede or doeskin, lined with white satin, and filled with alternate leaves of white and pink flannel, held in place by a strap, and closed by strings of pink or green baby ribbon.

Small pocket pin-cushions, so beloved of all ladies who indulge in country walks or bicycling trips, can be made by cutting out of cardboard two little rounds the size of half-a-crown, cover-

ing them with flannel and suede, then seaming the two halves neatly together, and sticking pins closely round the edge.

Both pin-cushions and needle-books are improved by a monogram painted on in gold, or a single flower, such as a pansy, depicted in natural colours.

A useful stamp box can be made by covering any ordinary cardboard box with vermilion, indigo, and gold. A simple heraldic device looks the most effective, and can be traced with the use of tracing-paper from the design in an old book. The little boxes used by jewellers are the best for this purpose, and when neatly covered and lined make the most ornamental of adjuncts; while for the literary person they are invaluable. One may be used for nibs, another for paper-clips, and a third for stamps; while a long bracelet box treated in the same way will hold a hat-pin, pen-holders, pencils, or hair-pins.

RECIPES.

Peach Fritters.—Cut the fruit in half; sprinkle with sugar moistened with maraschino and roll in powdered macaroons before dipping them in butter. Serve with a sauce flavoured with brandy or cherry.

Peach Cake Pudding.—Line the bottom of a deep pudong dish with thick slices of stale sponge cake soaked in sherry. Fill the dish with fresh peaches, sliced and well sprinkled with sugar. Spread over the top a meringue made of white of egg beaten lightly with sugar in the proportion of a tablespoonful of sugar to one egg, and leave it in the oven just long enough to brown. Set the dish on ice and serve very cold.

To Clean Tins.—In washing tins add ammonia to the water, rinse well, and dry thoroughly.

KEATING'S POWDER KILLS BUGS. KEATING'S POWDER KILLS KEATING'S POWDER KILLS KEATING'S POWDER KILLS

BUGS. FLAR. MOTHS. BEETLES. MOSQUITOES.

HARMLESS TO ANIMALS. HARMLESS TO ANIMALS. HARMLESS TO ANIMALS. HARMLESS TO ANIMALS.

but is unrivalled in destroying FLEAS, BEETLES, MOTHS IN FURS, and every other species of insect. Sportsmen will find this invaluable for destroying fleas 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.

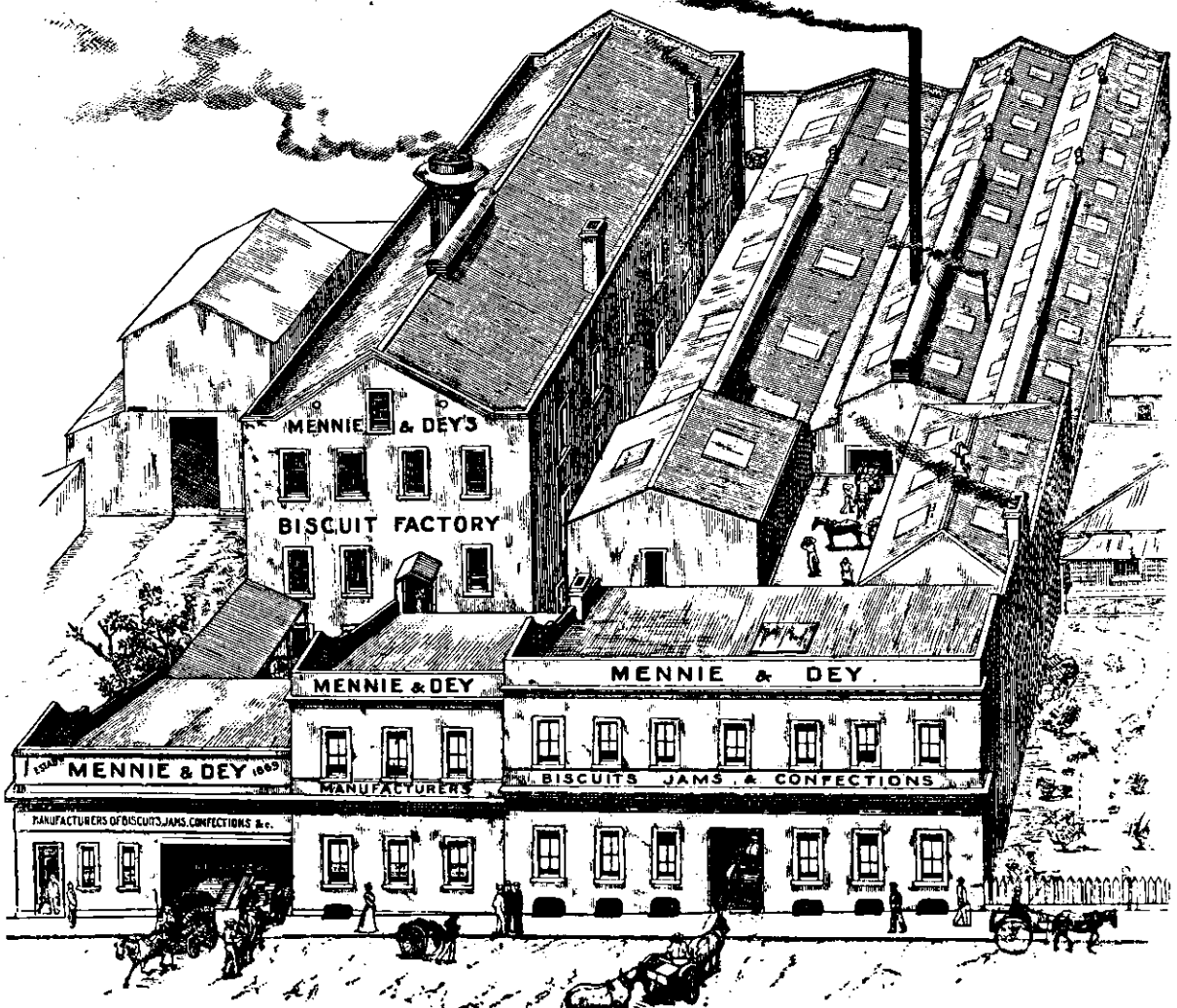
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I Cure Fits. You are not asked to spend any money to test whether my remedy does or does not cure Fits, Epilepsy, St. Vitus' Dance, &c. All you are asked to do is to send for a FREE bottle of medicine and to try it. I am quite prepared to abide by the result. A Valuable and Safe Remedy. APPROVED BY THE MEDICAL PROFESSION H. G. ROOT, 28, Endelstet St., LONDON.

Gold Medal Jams,— Best all comers for Quality.

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Gold Medal Confections, largest variety, best quality. Gold Medal Conserves. Peels. Only Makers Cupid Whispers in the Colony.

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

BY MARQUERITE

"My tailor" is now as familiar a phrase with ladies as "my dress-maker," for the tailor-made coat and skirt are permanent institutions now in the wardrobe of womankind. A matter of no mean importance is to be satisfactorily suited with a tailor of perfect fit and of moderate charges—a union of qualities so rare. If, however, a tailor can be found whose terms are reasonable, and whose tractability is such that he will listen to the description his fair patron gives him, he is a jewel well worth knowing. For the benefit of my readers who would be tailor-made par excellence, and yet cannot afford a lavish expenditure, a number of suggestions have been gleaned from the very best authority. First of all, the skirts are to be long, dipping in demi-train behind. They will be fitted glove-tight round the hips. Coats are to be lightly-fitting, and two small pockets are cut in below the waist in front. Horn buttons in two rows deck the fronts of double-breasted coats. Single-breasted coats, fastening straight down the front, will often be left unbuttoned, to disclose a double-breasted vest in some brilliant colour, such as scarlet, burnt-orange, or turquoise blue.

• • •



A GOWN FROM VIENNA.

motifs, finely stitched upon the cloth. These and the edge of the tunic look like ivory, and like motifs also trim with great profusion the otherwise quite plain front of the robe.

Two little buttons define the waist, and there are others to hold down the velvet strappings that apparently support the tunic robe. These are of plain polished ivory, one of the latest freaks in fancy buttons.



A LINEN DRESS.

This is a linen dress trimmed with bands of the same, and prettily arranged so that the bodice has a slight basque. Both the bodice and skirt are decorated with narrow bands of silk braid, fastened across and fixed with tiny flat gilt buttons.

• • •

TUCKED AND HEMSTITCHED LAWN IS IN HIGH REPUTE.

One criterion of a good dressmaker is the art she expends upon the back view of her toilettes. It looks as if we should soon have to consider these with rather more diligence than heretofore. Regard for example the dress sketched from a beautiful model which hails from Vienna. It is very elaborate in design, and yet the tout ensemble is simplicity.

The little white tucked and hemstitched bodice is almost covered by the Princess robe of the palest dove cloth applied with large white



AN AUTUMN MODEL.

A charming toilette designed by one of our most exclusive modistes is shown in this figure. It was of fine brown holland as to skirt, and short Eton jacket, with a bordering of some two inches wide of dark blue silk embroidery edging jacket, and having two lines running down the skirt. The under shirt was of very pale blue silk with tiny tucks from top to bottom. This design might be very successfully carried out in cashmere, still retaining the tucked silk shirt which is so dainty and dressy. The adapting of the preceding little velvet coat might be successfully achieved in less extravagant materials. A brown velveteen, for instance, with cream silk revers, or a green cloth with green silk revers, would be both stylish and picturesque, the lace jabot and front being retained in either case.

An all-absorbing topic now — the War—is even affecting our fashions. Red is predominating as a colour, Hussar trimmings are obtaining, and the latest hat shape is the "New South Wales," a reproduction of the gallant Lancers' headgear of that ilk.

This figure is a sketch from one of the models in question, which are being shown in all coloured felts, with various shades of coq plumes. The base of the crown is completed by crossed bands of ribbon the same colour as the felt, a flat knob of which fastens the plume behind the turned-up side of the brim. Our model is entirely of rifle green. The extremely pretty idea of hand-painted fabrics for gowns is now being applied to felt and velvet hat shapes, a spray of flowers being artistically fixed on the



A NEW SOUTH WALES HAT.

high crown or broad brim by the dainty and capable brushes of lady flower painters, who are happily finding an active means of adding to slender means in a very pleasant way. Revers and cuffs to tailor-made gowns are also receiving this pretty decoration.

• • •

A USEFUL TOILET.

FOR THE HOLIDAY SEASON IT IS JUST THE THING.

I think it so often happens at this season of the year that one wants a special type of evening gown, one that is not an evening toilette, if you follow my meaning. A friend asks us to dine with her and her husband just "en famille," or we are asked to grace a children's party, or to go to a very quiet concert. Here is just what we want.



A SIMPLE EVENING DRESS.

A sweet little demi-toilette of cashmere or voile, delicately embroidered on the front of the skirt and side of the bodice with that pretty white lace that has a black cord run through it.

The velvet revers are decorated to match, and a wired lace collar stands up at the back. A black chiffon wash

drawn through a paste back complete the details of an elegant costume. It could be carried out effectively in any other colour, such as pale blue, rose, or rose pink.

• • •

WORK FOR BUSY FINGERS.

TWO USEFUL MODELS THAT ARE WORTH THE ATTENTION OF THE NEEDLEWOMAN.

A few suggestions as to the materials of which it would be a good plan to compose the smart shirt shown in the sketch below should be of service. Great are the possibilities of the flannels for the coming autumn. They are smart, warm, and the very opposite of their dowdy predecessors. A few years ago a flannel shirt spelt all that was distressingly homespun, but now, with the addition of a lace vest, such as the one in the picture shows, mounted on silk, or a silk one without any lace, flannel achieves quite a smart bodice.

There should be some handsome buttons on a garment of this sort to give it a special cachet, and the shops are showing some marvellously smart crystal ones in delicate colours, with gold wire running through them to make them look as if they were stitched on to the fabric by its means. Velvet bindings and sleeve straps are also conducive to smartness.



FLANNEL BEAUTIFIED INTO EXCELLENCE.

• • •

The picture was made from a gown of leaf green with a pattern in the softest cedar brown. The lace trimming used toned with the cedar, and the hat and its floppy strings were



SUMMER BY THE SEA.

of the same soft shade of brown with green leaf trimmings and pale blue flowers. The big bow on the bodice finished it very prettily.

**MOURNING IN SUMMER.
A GREATER CHOICE OF FABRICS
THAN FORMERLY.**

Condemned to wear "black" in hot weather! How sincerely one used to sympathise with those whom bereavement forced to such an unpleasant necessity. Now it is quite wasted sympathy that pities anyone who must don the garb of woe. One may be very grieved for the cause, but there are fabrics so cool and of such light weight, instead of the once heavy paramattas and the ugly bombazines, that no one need go about in



A DEMI-MOURNING TOILETTE.

discomfort any longer. Moreover, no toilette can be made more truly becoming than the black or black and white gown.

Black gauze over white silk, with straps of black ribbon or crepe, and a vest of white lisse, worn with a white chip hat lined with black gauze and trimmed with white poppies and a big black paradise plume, is pictured here. It is a graceful mourning gown, and withal a light and eminent-ly cool one.

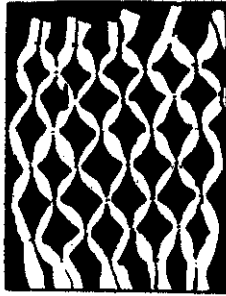
But it might equally well serve as a model for a dress in colours.

WORK COLUMN.

HINTS FOR THE HOME.

There is not quite the rage for "smocking" garments for grown up people that there was a few years back, but really nothing has been found to supersede it for children's dresses, overalls and skirts. I am surprised that more is not done with "ribbon smocking," which is a particularly pretty variation from the ordinary kind. When the ribbon is smocked on a background of a contrasting colour the effect is particularly pleasing. The smocking may be done in silk to match either the ribbon or the background. The ribbon can be easily marked in the following manner:—Run a drawing pin through the first hole in any row of your chart, then through the end of the ribbon and fasten both securely to a board; stretch the ribbon along the row of holes in the chart and with another drawing pin secure both ribbon and chart to the board at the last hole of the same row. Dot the ribbon in the usual manner, and take care when shifting it to dot another length, that the drawing pin at the first end of the chart pierces exactly through the last dot on the ribbon. When you have marked a sufficient quantity of ribbon, cut into the required lengths and gather it. For the first few rows the gathering of the ribbon is a little troublesome, as the ends are rather unmanageable. However this difficulty lessens as you proceed. When gathering take care that the exact centre of the ribbon comes to the right side and all the edges to the wrong side. Each length of rib-

bon forms one pleat. In the illustration the ribbon used was three-sixteenths of an inch wide, and the dots were marked three eighths of an inch apart. For ribbon half an inch wide the dots should be marked an inch apart.



RIBBON SMOCKING.

Among home made gifts there is nothing that will meet with more general appreciation than a pretty wrap. It is so chilly that going out in the evening without something over the head is attended with considerable risk. At the same time a light wrap is required, as a too heavy one will hopelessly disarrange one's hair. White Kashmir wool of the finest size will be the best for working a head wrap like the one sketched, which is about a yard square. Choose a hook to fit the wool. It is begun in the centre. Make a little circle of the wool, and draw through this a single, work 3 chain, 1 d.c., 3 chain, 1 d.c. in this circle to make 8 loops, fasten this round with a c.d. in the middle stitch of the next loop, and in the same hole make 3 chain, 1 d.c. (this will be the corner and is worked in the same way every round), 3 chain, d.c. in the middle stitch of the next loop, then the corner again, and repeat. All the centre of the shawl is worked in this way with the hook through the middle stitch of the 3 chain of the last round, taking the stitch double on the pin to keep the work close and even. Work about 34 rounds, then begin the border, first



HEAD WRAP IN CROCHET.

ascertaining that there is an odd number of loops between the corner loops. The border: 1st round—In the corner loop work 2 treble, 2 chain, 2 treble, 2 chain, 2 treble, 2 chain, 2 treble, *Make 1 chain, d.c. in the centre stitch of the next loop of the last round, 1 chain; 2 treble, 2 chain, 2 treble in the middle stitch of the next loop; repeat from * till the corner, which work like the last. 2nd round—Work 2 treble, 2 chain, 2 treble, into every loop of 3 chain of the last round. 3rd round—Make 1 chain, d.c. between the two trebles of the last round, 1 chain; in the corner loop work 2 treble, 2 chain, 2 treble, 2 chain, 2 treble, 2 chain, 2 treble. * 1 chain, d.c. between the 2 trebles of the last round, 1 chain, 2 trebles, 2 chain, 2 trebles into the next loop, repeat from *, work the corner as before. Make the border about 12 rounds deep. The edge is done after a repetition of the second round. Join the round, make 3 chain up at the back of the work, 3 treble into the next hole, then work 3 chain fastened by a single into the stitch below the chain three times in the same hole, then three treble in the same loop,

the last round, 1 chain, 3 trebles, 3 loops of 3 chain, 3 trebles into the next loop, and continue all round * 1 chain, d.c. between the trebles of from *. Run a ribbon the width of the first holes of the border all round the shawl, fastened by a stitch at each corner, and tie a looped bow on the right side out of the upper folding over corner as in the illustration.

This music-case can be made in many pretty shades of colour, none of which, however, makes a more suitable background than a certain shade of grey-green; and when it is embroidered with a wavy line of dark pink-petalled daisies treated very conven-



DETAIL OF MUSIC CASE. tionally, as will be seen in the sketch, and a centre piece of tulips worked with silk in pink, yellow and white, "laid" after the old Florentine fashion, and the foliage worked in satin stitch.

has an extremely pretty effect. The cover comes slightly beyond its foundation, and is buttonholed round the edges in silk exactly matching the canvas.

I end with the drawing of an orchid pin-cushion which delighted me immensely the other day when I saw it hanging from a dressing-table looking-glass. It was made of delicate mauve shaded silk, the shade carefully managed so as to repeat the natural colouring of the flower, the curved leaves are simply strained over wires bent in the shape indicated, and the pouch parts are either left open as pockets or filled up to serve as a pin-cushion. This would make a charming little gift to a friend, and it is surprising how many birthdays there are.



A PRETTY TIDY.

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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

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COSTUMES FROM FOUR GUINEAS.
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We would draw attention to the fact that our Habits are GENUINE TAILOR-MADE, perfect in hang, and superior in workmanship. All Habits Eased in the Saddle, which is on the premises.
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TELEPHONE 181A.

CHILDREN'S PAGE



CHILDREN'S CORRESPONDENCE COLUMN.

Any boy or girl who likes to become a cousin can do so, and write letters to 'Cousin Kate,' care of the Lady Editor, 'Graphic Office, Auckland.

Write on one side of the paper only. All purely correspondence letters with envelope ends turned in are carried through the Post Office as follows:—Not exceeding 4oz. 4d; not exceeding 4oz. 1d; for every additional 2oz 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 4d stamp in Auckland, but a 1d from every other place.

THE 'GRAPHIC' COUSINS' COT FUND.

This fund is for the purpose of maintaining a poor, sick child in the Auckland Hospital, and is contributed to by the 'Graphic' cousins—readers of the children's page. The cot has been already bought by their kind collection of money, and now £25 a year is needed to pay for the nursing, food and medical attendance of the child in it. Any contributions will be gladly received by Cousin Kate, care of the Lady Editor, 'New Zealand Graphic, Shortland street, or collecting cards will be sent on application.

DOLL DRESSING COMPETITION.

Dear Cousins.—Many of you did not receive your dolls till too late to dress for Christmas, I fear. In order that you may not be disappointed I am going to start another doll dressing competition, and you can keep your dolls and go in for this. I will tell you about the prizes later on. They will not be money prizes, as I find many parents object to these, but they will be very, very nice. You can send for dolls any time you want for the next competition.

Boxes containing dolls should be marked—"Very fragile; with care." The stamps should on no account be stuck on the box, but on a small luggage label attached to it with string.

COUSIN KATE.

Dear Cousin Kate.—Mother, father, Charlie, Amy, and myself went to Nelson. We left Dunedin on the 15th of December in the Te Anau, got to Lyttelton on the 16th, spent a day there and had a look all round, left at night in the Rotomahana, arrived at Wellington next day, but it was pouring with rain and blowing a gale of wind, so we did not go anywhere, but changed from the Rotomahana to the Mapourika, left Wellington that night for Nelson, arrived next morning. We had lovely weather all the time we were away. We all enjoyed ourselves very much, and like Nelson better than any other place we called at. We came back to Wellington in the Rotomahana, and spent two days in Wellington, and came to Dunedin in the Westralia. Altogether we were in seven different steamers, counting the two little steamers that took us from the Hecus and the one that brought us back. We like the Westralia better than any of them, she is such a fine

big boat. I was so pleased to hear that the children were pleased with the dolls. With love to all the cousins and yourself.—I remain, your loving Cousin, Nettie.

[Dear Cousin Nettie.—I hope you will have by this time got a badge and collecting card. I sent them off yesterday. The account of your trip was most interesting, and I enjoyed reading about it immensely. What fun it must have been going in all those steamers, specially if you are a good sailor; and I expect you are or you would have said how miserable you were on board. I have been two trips in the Westralia and like her very much. She is a most comfortable boat.—Cousin Kate.]

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Dear Cousin Kate.—I have not written to you for about three months, so I suppose you think I have forgotten you, but the only reason I can give for delaying to write is that I kept putting it off. The Sunday School picnic is to be held on Monday at Totara Point, and we will start about half-past eight in the morning, as it will take some time for the brakes to reach their destination. At the beginning of the year a friend in the South sent my sister and I a present of a pound each, which we enjoyed spending very much. We start school on the 5th of February, and I shall not be sorry to get back again. I must close now as it is nearly bedtime, so with love to yourself and all the cousins.—I remain, your loving Cousin, Lilly (Thames).

[Dear Cousin Lilly.—I am very glad to hear from you again, but hope you will not keep me waiting so long for a letter another time. I hope the picnic was a great success. You had a lovely day for it, did you not. A pound was a very large present I think. What did you spend it on? Can you collect a little for the Cot?—Cousin Kate.]

ALMOST A DILEMMA.

"I don't care if you do think it's tream! We've borne it long enough; and it's time a stop was put to it!" said Violet Tremaine to her younger sister Daisy.

"But, Violet, you know you deserved it!" said Daisy.

"Oh, shut up! You're as bad as she is!" almost screamed Violet.

"Well, promise me you won't do what you said," remonstrated Daisy, looking very anxious.

"I sha'n't promise anything of the sort!" And Violet dashed out of the room and banged the door.

Violet and Daisy were the only daughters in a large family of boys, and I am afraid Violet was a little bit spoiled. She was a very pretty girl, and had had a great deal of notice taken of her, which did not fall to the share of the plainer Daisy.

The little girls had been taught by their mother until they were eleven and twelve years old, and then Mrs Tremaine engaged a governess to undertake their education. Miss Hall was quite young, and a very sweet girl into the bargain; and at first Violet had taken a violent fancy to her, and gushed over her as much as possible; but, then, Violet was on her best behaviour, and Miss Hall thought her elder pupil was a very sweet girl. Then the summer holidays came, and Violet went to stay with her god-mother, who spoilt her unmercifully, and the consequence was, when school began again, Violet was a changed girl. She put on grown-up airs, and would not bear any contradiction at all. Things had gone from bad to worse for a month, and Violet was constantly in disgrace with her governess.

The day before our story begins Violet had cheated at her arithmetic. She could not do a rule-of-three sum, and was all the morning over it, not

trying in the least, but sulky and naughty; and Miss Hall had told her she could not go out till the sum was done. When lessons were over, Miss Hall and Daisy went out, and Violet was left alone in the schoolroom. A very wicked thought came to her. Why should she not look at the key to her arithmetic book, which she knew was in the cupboard? No sooner thought of than done, and she put down the answer quickly on her slate, and put the book away hurriedly. She did not notice a small piece of paper that had fallen out of the book, and was lying on the table; but when Miss Hall came in, and Violet showed her the sum, she saw the piece of paper, and at once taxed her pupil with looking at the key. Violet denied it stoutly; but Miss Hall knew she was telling an untruth, and so she had to be severely punished.

There was to be a grand tea-party in honour of Robin's fourteenth birthday. Robin was one of the boys, and Violet's punishment was that she was not allowed to join in the fun, but to go to bed instead. So that is why she was so cross.

She had formed a plan in her own mind how "to pay Miss Hall out," and had taken Daisy into her confidence.

Her plan was this: Miss Hall's brother, whom she had not seen for years, was in England, and Mrs Tremaine had invited him to come and spend the week-end with them and see his sister. Beatrice Hall was delighted, and her brother had gladly accepted the invitation. Now, Violet decided that he should not come. She would contrive to send him a telegram telling him not to come.

JUNGLE JINKS.

HOW DR. LION WAS BURNT AS A GUY.



1. For several days before the Fifth of November the Jungle boys were extremely quiet and well-behaved in school. Dr. Lion couldn't make out the reason, but suspected that there must be some mischief on foot. If only he had visited a certain spot round the corner in the playground, he would have seen something that would have surprised him not a little, and made him decidedly angry, or "waxy," as Jumbo put it.



2. "Hallo, boys! Another guy!" cried Jumbo, on the morning of November 5th, when he and Rhino carried their guy through the streets. Such a noise they made. Bruin and the young Hare blowing trumpets as hard as they could go, and the others shouting out "Please to remember the Fifth of November, the Gunpowder Treason and Plot!" The people in the house all came to the windows, and laughed heartily when they recognised the guy. "The young rascals!" exclaimed Mr Hippo. "If their master saw them, he would give them something."

Tenpence-halfpenny was collected for the guy, and the boys all rushed to the firework shop to spend it.



3. In the evening they made a bonfire to burn the guy. "Come along, you fellows! Now we have lit the fire, let's have a dance!" And, joining hands, they formed a ring, and danced round the Doctor's dummy. "Guy! Guy! Guy! Stick him in the eye!" they all cried together. But retribution was soon to overtake them; for in the middle of the dance Dr. Lion appeared on the scene, and gave them something that they will remember for a good many Fifths of November.

"Not to write. "Oh, Jack, what do you mean?" Miss Hall cried.
 Then an explanation took place.
 "But who could have sent the wire?" Mr Hall asked. The little girls were in the room, and to everyone's surprise Violet spoke.
 "I sent it."
 "You? Oh, Violet, how could you?" Miss Hall exclaimed.
 "Well, it was to pay you out, and I think I have done so," and Violet tossed her head.

Neither Miss Hall nor her brother spoke. Not a single word of reproach did she hear. Mr Hall took his sister out for a walk and the children were left alone.
 "I suppose she'll go and tell mother," said Violet, when they were alone.
 "And you deserve it," said Daisy. "I never felt so sorry for anyone in my life as I do for Miss Hall."

Violet's heart was hard. She felt she did not care, especially as she was sure Miss Hall would punish her for her wickedness. But in that she was mistaken. No mention was made by her or her brother. In fact, the latter was most kind and chatty to the naughty girl.
 I think this touched Violet more than anything, for on the Thursday night, when Mr Hall was leaving Violet stole up to him and put her hand in his.
 "You don't know what a cad I feel," she said. "Will you—can you forgive me?"
 "Yes, I can and will, Violet," Jack Hall replied. "Only don't be such a mean girl again. A girl with your face must not be mean. You should make your life as good as your looks. Will you try?"

Violet's tears came. She tried to gulp them down, but could not.
 "And you and she never told mother?" she sobbed.
 "Of course we didn't. We are not sneaks."

There was a great reconciliation between Violet and her governess, and now Violet will not hear a word against Miss Hall, for "she is such a brick, you know," she says. And I think she is, too. Don't you?

the village children, and Gyp always followed her wherever she went. If she tried to slip out without him seeing her, he would go to the school and into every room and sit up and beg, and the teacher would say, "Not here, Gyp"; and he would go to the next room, and so on till he found her. Then he would lie down at her feet quite quietly and not disturb the class at all.

But one day the rector died and the family went twelve miles away, because they could not live there any

longer. A little while afterwards Gyp was missing, and could not be found, although they searched everywhere. He had gone to his master's grave and was scratching at it and crying. An old servant of theirs saw him and took him a mutton-chop and some milk, for nothing would induce him to leave the place. After a few days he was carried back to his home again and watched carefully lest he should go to the grave. He was very miserable without his master, but everyone loved him more for his faithfulness.

THE PENNY POSTAGE.

Mr Henniker Heaton, M.P., tells a story of the disadvantage of the universal penny postage scheme. An Irishman in Canada, writing to a friend of Mr Heaton's, said:—"I know you know Henniker Heaton. I know he's a friend of yours. Tell him he has done me a great injury. He has enabled all me poor relations to correspond with me here in Canada, and you know I have a hundred of them in County Clare."



DOG STORIES.

TOLD BY THE LITTLE PEOPLE.

The Pet Dog.—I read once about a pet dog which belonged to a Roman that was very cruel to him. At last the dog ran away, and a kind little girl found him on her way to school, and wanted to pat him, but he ran away and was afraid of her. The next day she saw him again, and after this she brought some crumbs to him every day, and she told her mother he was getting much fatter, and asked if she might bring him home with her, but her mother was angry with her. She took a little meat to him the next day. However, one day after it had been raining she was passing the river and by mistake she slipped into it. A great crowd gathered on the river banks, and at last the dog came. He jumped into the river and brought her back safely, and an Englishman came forward and took her home. After her wetting she was ill, and she was always asking about the dog, and if he was right, so the Englishman went and fetched him for her, and she was so delighted to see him that she was allowed to keep him for her pet after all.

A Clever Dog.—Once upon a time there lived a dog whose name was Spot. His mistress taught him to do many tricks, such as begging, playing hide and seek, pretending to be dead, and many others. One night, when everyone was in bed, a fire broke out in the kitchen, which soon spread through the house. The master was the first to find it out, and, calling to his wife and children to come, he hurried out of the house. But he found that his eldest daughter was not there, so, running to the house, he tried to get to where she was sleeping. All at once he saw Spot running upstairs, and, in a few minutes, he reappeared with his mistress, who was only a little burnt. He dropped down as soon as she was safe, and looked as if he were dead, but with careful nursing he soon got quite well again. But he could never do any more tricks, though the family loved him very much.

Faithful Gyp.—Some time ago there lived a very faithful dog named Gyp. He belonged to a rector's daughter, whom he loved very much. She taught



AN OBJECT IN LIFE.
 Himmus: You say that Col. Coole tackled a tiger with no other weapon than a knife. Did he live to tell the story?
 Leigh: Live to tell the story! Why, man, that's about the only thing he has lived for!

FROM HER POINT OF VIEW.
 Girton Professor: And now, my dear, what is the lowest form of animal life?
 Student (scornfully): Man!

TO THE LIFE.
 The Photographer: Here, sir, are the cabinets that your son ordered of me.
 Fathe (regarding one): The picture is certainly very like him. And he has paid you?
 The Photographer: No, sir.
 The Father: That is still more like him.

A PALPABLE HIT.
 He: Do you really believe ignorance is bliss?
 She: I hardly know. You seem to be happy.

FLATTERING.
 "And, George, if we're divorced would you have any objection to my marrying again?"
 "Certainly not!"
 "Why wouldn't you?"
 "O, I'm not going to waste any sympathy on a fellow I never met!"

QUICK MENTAL GRASP.
 "It is a constant wonder to me," said the student of human nature, "to see how quickly the minds of some men act. I met a man the other evening who had an intellectual grasp that was astounding. I met him in the hall just as he was reaching for an umbrella. 'Is that your umbrella?' he inquired. 'No,' replied I. 'In that case,' he answered, 'it's mine.'"



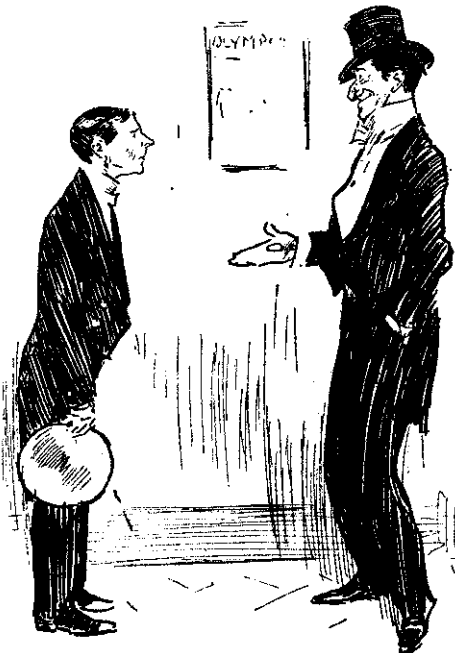
OUTSIDE THE EXCHANGE.
 Beggar: "I've come to propose a scheme by which we can both get 10,000 pounds."
 Stock Broker: "What is it?"
 Beggar: "I've heard your daughter is about to be married, and you are going to give her 20,000 pounds."
 Stock Broker: "Yes."
 Beggar: "Well, I'll take her for 10,000 pounds."

SAD.
 "The most heartrending sight I know of," remarked the cynic, as he snapped the ash from his cigarette, "is an excited woman at an auction bidding against herself."

WHAT BETTER GIFT?
 "I'm looking for something really nice for a young man," said a young and pretty shopper. "Why don't you look in the mirror?" asked the gallant shopman, and she was so flustered that she managed to sell her four different things that she did not want before she knew what she was doing.

A NICE CHAP.
 Mother: You'd better put on a veil. The wind will chap your face.
 Clara: Never mind. A chap never hurts my face. I rather enjoy the sensation.

LOOKING BACKWARD.
 "That clairvoyant said she would show me some ghosts of the past."
 "Well, what of it?" "I told her I had come there and planked down good money to find out whether I had a ghost of a future."



"I shay, waiter, can you give me two shillings for a poo shilling tiece—I mean a per shilling toose?"
 —From "Phil May's Annual."

EVER READY.
 Blobbs: What nonsense it is for newspapers in their accounts of weddings to describe the brides being led to the altar.
 Slobbs: How so?
 Blobbs: Why, most of the girls could find their way in the dark.

AFTER THE SERVICE.
 The Wife: The minister hit you pretty hard to-day, John.
 The Husband: I'm glad you enjoyed the sermon, dear.

AN UNKIND INFERENCE.
 Showman: Here, gentlemen, you see the giant boa-constrictor, who is in the habit of devouring a whole pig for breakfast—for goodness' sake, sir, don't go so near the creature.

SUPERFLUOUS COURTESY.
 Bridget: There's a man in the parlour wants to see you, sir.
 Mr Ardup: I'll be there in a minute. Ask him to take a chair.
 Bridget: Shure, sir, he says he's going to take all the furniture. He's from the instalment company.

YOUTHFUL GREED.
 "Bridget, what is that child crying so wildly for?" "Sure, mum, he's just dranked all his soothin' syrup and ate the cork, and I don't know now what ails him, unless it's the bottle he wants to swallow!"

DO YOU WONDER?
 Visitor: Are you the wild man? Museum Freak: Yes. "H'm! Well, what makes you wild?" "The idiotic questions that are being continually asked of me."

EASY TO CATCH.
 Witner (shortly after the introduction): "I beg your pardon, miss—I didn't catch your name?"
 Miss Smith: "That's strange. Why, it's epidemic!"

THE OLD TROUBLE.
 "I would like to know," said the gruff old father to the young man who had been calling with considerable frequency, "whether you are going to marry my daughter?" "So would I," answered the diffident young man. "Would you mind asking her?"

CHANGED.
 Barber: That's strange. You say you have been here before. I don't seem to remember your face.
 Victim: Probably not. You see it has all healed up now.



NEARLY RIGHT.
 Teacher: "Now, if a boy smites you on the right cheek what are you to do?"
 Johnny: "Why, just give it to 'im wiv me left, of course, mum."

CURED.
 The Eminent whose observation of social incidents is illimitable, declares he knew of the case of a shrewd woman curing her husband of staying out late o' nights by going to the door when he came home and whispering softly through the keyhole, "Is that you, Charlie?" The hubby's name was Tom, and he came home earlier after that, and purchased a stout cowhide in the event of Charlie's appearance upon the scene. The wife refused explanations, but the expedient worked.

BRILLIANT PLAN.
 It was plain to be seen that the rivals for her hand would do each other damage if some arrangement was not soon reached. Just then a happy thought courteously approached her. "Gentlemen, gentlemen!" she cried, amid the boiler shop tumult of their beating hearts, "be but patient and I'll marry you both."
 For she was a firm believer in the usefulness and efficacy of divorce as a means of assuaging the flow of bleeding hearts.

THE FINAL REFUGE.
 Bingo (after arguing one hour and thirty-five minutes with his wife): Now, my dear, what I want to know is this—are you going to give in?
 Mrs Bingo (defiantly): No, I'm not.
 Bingo: Then I suppose I'll have to.

ON THE LINKS.
 Gertie (to cousin, a beginner): And why do they call the boys "caddies?"
 Cousin: Oh—er—because—er—don't cher know the "caddie" holds the "tee."
 Gertie: O—h—h—h!

AUTOMOBILE TALK.
 "He has a great faculty for putting the cart before the horse."
 "Oh, I wouldn't say that. Say he has a habit of trying to make the wheels run the motor."



CHEEK.
 Tramp: "I am the man whom you saved from drowning yesterday."
 Gentleman: "I suppose you wish to thank me, but—"
 Tramp: "Not at all; but I suppose that in saving me you ruined your suit, and I came to ask you to give the clothes to me."

AMENITIES.
 "You Americans," said the Scotchman, "suffer from an itch for notoriety." "An itch for notoriety," responded the American, with spirit, "is better than a notoriety for—" But at that point they clinched.

REALIZED IT TOO LATE.
 Mr Spelter: Oh, you may talk as you please, Jane, but you were an ignorant woman when you married me.
 Mrs Spelter: Yes, that probably accounts for it.

BARELY POSSIBLE.
 Actor: I can't imagine how D'Art manages to get such favourable notices from the dramatic critics.
 Journalist: Perhaps he acts well.
 Actor: By Jinks! I never thought of that.

THE CENSOR.
 Newspaper Man: I should like to telegraph home that the commanding general is an idiot.
 Censor: I regret to inform you that we can permit the transmission of no military secrets.