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A Suggestion For a Fifth Contingent.

BUT WOULD THEY GO?

# 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 called "Old Gordon," of Kuryong, Gordon's son, a typically "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 "push" society, and attend a rush dancing saloon. Carew's attentions to one of the "donahs" results disastrously, and the two friends are ignominiously "knucked-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 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's 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 nieces and nephews 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 is here in his very element, and a remarkably realistic picture is drawn of the wretched little galvanised iron township, and the extraordinary antics of a blackfellow after a debauch of rum. The description of the subsequent Police Court proceedings, where Gordon as the Jap Pee, a mounted policeman and the black delinquent both behave in a remarkably conventional manner, is related with great spirit. Carew takes the repentant blackfellow, who is called Frynpan, for his servant, and all adjourn from the court 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 his money made him.

Chapter VII. relates a misfortune to a roset turkey and old Gordon's rage from the station for Sydney in a violent temper. Miss Harriott, the governess whom 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 she met her present employer, and Miss Harriott being too proud to go about amongst her old friends poor and a dependent, emigrates to Australia.

CHAPTER VIII. Describes the pursuits of Bush children, and what their new governess thought of them. Fred and Binjie Hunter, two typical bush lads, arrive at the Gordons' station, and also fall in love with Miss Harriott. Later in the day Charlie Gordon's brother Hugh arrives home, and is introduced to Miss Harriott. Hugh is a reader and a thinker besides being a bushman, and interesting developments are promised.

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### CHAPTER IX.

#### THE DOYLES AND THE DONOHOES.

At breakfast next morning there was no sign of the overnight trouble, and no one made any reference to it. Poss and Binjie, who had said good-bye all round the night before, on the plea that they had to make a daylight start for home, turned up at breakfast smiling, and explaining that they had decided to stop and help Hugh muster the river paddocks—a two days' job.

They departed on this errand as soon as breakfast was over. It was holiday time for the children, so for that day and for some days thereafter there were no lessons. The new governess went about with the children a good deal, to study their habits and peculiarities. They had no "bringing up" as English people understand the term. They practically ran wild all over the run, spending whole days in long tramps to remote parts in pursuit of game. They had no "play" as that term is known to English children. They didn't play at being hunters. They were hunters in real earnest, and their habits and customs had come to resemble very closely the habits and customs of the

savage tribes who live by the chase. With them she had numberless new experiences. She got accustomed to seeing the boys climb big trees by cutting little niches or "steps" in the bark with a tomahawk, going right away out on to the most giddy heights after birds' nests, or to drag the opossum from his sleeping place in a nollow limb. She learnt to hold a gasping and frenzied fox terrier at the mouth of a log, ready to pounce on the kangaroo rat which had taken refuge there, and which flashed out as if shot from a catapult on being poked from the other end with a long stick. She learnt to mark the hiding place of the young wild ducks that scuttled and dived and hid themselves with such supernatural cunning in the reedy pools. She saw the native companions, those great solemn, grey birds, go through their fantastic and intricate dances, forming squares, pirouetting, advancing, and retreating with the solemnity of professional dancing masters. She lay on the river bank with the gang, gun in hand, breathless with excitement, waiting for the rising of the duck-billed platypus, that quaint combination of fish, flesh and fowl, as he dived in the quiet waters of the river bank, a train of small bubbles marking his track. She fished in the deep pools for the great, sleepy 100lb codfish that sucked down the bait, hook and all, holus bolus, and then were hauled in with hardly any resistance, and lived for days, contentedly, tethered to the bank by a line through their gills.

In these amusements time passed pleasantly enough, and by the time school work was resumed the "new governess" had become quite one of the family. Of Hugh Gordon she at first saw little. His work took him out on to the run all day long, looking after the sheep in the paddocks, or perhaps toiling day after day in the great dusty drafting yards. In the cool of the afternoon the two girls would often go out for a ride, and would canter over the four miles or so of timbered country to the yards, and wait till Hugh had finished his day's work. As a rule Poss or Binjie, or perhaps both, were in attendance to escort Mary Gordon, with the result that Hugh and Miss Harriott found themselves paired off to ride home together; before long he found himself looking forward to these rides with more anxiety than he cared to acknowledge, and in a very short time he was head over ears in love with her.

Any sort of man, being much alone with any sort of woman in a country house, will fall in love with her; but a man such as Hugh Gordon, ardent, imaginative and very young, meeting every day a woman as beautiful as Ellen Harriott, was bound to fall a victim. Hugh soon became her absolute worshipper. All day long in the lonely rides through the bush, in the hot and dusty hours at the sheep yards, and the pleasant lazy canter home in the cool of the evening, his fancies were full of her—her beauty and her charms. It was happiness enough for him to be near her, to feel the soft touch of her hand, to catch the faint scent that seemed to linger in her hair. And he was so absolutely happy. It was an ideal love making. After the day's work they would stroll together about the wonderful old garden, and watch the sunlight die away on the western hills, and the long strings of wild fowl hurrying down the river to their nightly haunts. Sometimes he would manage to get home for lunch, and afterwards, when the children's lessons were done, they would saddle a horse for her, and off she and Hugh would go for a long ride through the mountains, leaving Mary at home to entertain Poss and Binjie. Hugh never lacked an excuse for these excursions. There were always sheep to inspect, boundary riders to interview, and fences to look at, and off they would go, swinging along through the fragrant long grass, with the old white capped mountain towering above them, and looking down

like a friendly spirit. For Hugh these rides were glimpses of paradise. He had for a long time been trying to scrape enough money together to buy a small station of some 10,000 acres further down the river—a bit of splendid land, mostly rich river flat, with a little white walled homestead nestling in among wonderful fruit trees. Here he pictured life with her—the days of cheery exertion and the evenings of content with this beautiful woman by his side.

Such were his dreams. The girl was less conscious of her own feelings—she loved to be near him and to counsel him, but she hardly realised whether she was in love or not. There was nothing by which to try the strength of her feelings—no rival, no jealousy, no absence. The course of affairs seemed to run too smoothly for true love, and yet—when he did not come home at night she found herself vaguely unhappy, and when he was late she found her eyes constantly straying down the road to watch for his horse. It only wanted a crisis, a trial of some sort, to let her know what her feelings really were. For the present she was quite contented to act as his confidante and his adviser, and many a long talk they had together over the various troubles that beset the manager of a station. It would hardly be supposed that a girl could give much advice on such matters, and at first her absolute ignorance of the various difficulties amused him; but when she came to understand things better her cool common sense compelled his admiration. His temperament was nervous and excitable, and he let things worry him. She took everything in a cheery spirit, and laughed him out of his troubles. One would not expect to find many troubles in the rearing of sheep and tending their wool; but the management of any big station is a heavy task, and the management of Kuryong would drive a Job to frenzy.

The sheep themselves, to begin with, seem always in league against their owner. The merino sheep, though apparently estimable animals, are, in reality, dangerous monomaniacs, whose sole desire is to ruin the man that owns them. Their object is to die, and to die with as much trouble to their owners as they can possibly manage. They die in the droughts when the grass, roasted to a dull white by the sun, comes out by the roots, and blows about the bare paddocks; and die in the wet, when the long grass in the sodden gullies breeds "fuke" and "bottle" and all sorts of hideous complaints. They get burnt in bush fires by sheer malice, refusing to run in any given direction, but charging round and round in a ring till they get burnt up. They get drowned in the floods by refusing to leave flooded country, though hunted and dogged and chivied with frenzied earnestness.

Then there were the neighbours. To understand Hugh Gordon's position, it must be explained that the only neighbours within 15 miles of Kuryong head station were a clan of Irish Doyles and Donohoes, bona fide settlers, who lived among the mountains, whose name was legion, whose selections were little patches of a couple of hundred acres of rich land hidden away among the rough gorges, and who lived by simple plunder—finding horses that nobody had lost, shearing sheep that they did not own, and branding and selling other people's calves. They added to their resources by travelling about the country shearing, droving, fencing,

tank sinking, or doing any other job that offered itself; but always returning to their mountain fastnesses ready for any bit of work "on the cross" (i.e. dishonest) that happened to turn up. When they stole sheep, they moved them on through the mountains with great celerity, always having a brother, or an uncle, or a cousin, Jerry, or Timothy, or Martin, or Patay, who had a selection "beyant"—which meant further into the mountains; and by these means they could shift stolen stock right across the great mountain range, and dispose of them among the peaceable folk who dwelt in the good country on the other side, and whose stock they stole in return and brought back. Many a good horse and fat beast had made the stealthy mountain journey, lying hidden in gaps and gullies, when pursuit was hot, and being moved on when things were quieter. These people were a standing trouble to Hugh Gordon. The only man they feared was the priest; and it was remarkable what splendid horses Father Fitzgerald used to be able to buy cheap from them. Besides him, they feared nobody, and the great Kuryong Estate lay open to the raids of the Doyles and the Donohoes much as England in the old days lay open to the attack of the Danes.

The original Donohoe had arrived in the colony by virtue of a system of immigration which resembled the colonial education system, in that it was secular, free of charge and compulsory; in other words, he had been "sent out" for his country's good in the early days, had served his time, and become possessed of a small holding among the mountains above Kuryong, about 20 miles from anywhere in particular. Here he had taken unto himself a wife, and, like Ham, in the Bible, had bred and mustered. The clan as it grew had acquired other selections and leases in scattered holdings all among the mountains—owned, in fact, a good large area of country, but the greater part of it was barren, rugged, timbered land. Inasmuch as like gathers to like, there soon established themselves close handy a clan of Doyles; and these had intermarried themselves with the Donohoes, and spread themselves over the district till no man could keep tally of them. There was Red Mick Donohoe and Black Mick Donohoe, and Red Mick's son, and Black Mick's son Mick, and Red Mick's son Pat, and Black Mick's son Pat; and there was Gammy Doyle, meaning Doyle with the lame leg, and Scrammy Doyle, meaning Doyle with the injured arm, and Bosthoon Doyle and Omadhawn Doyle, a Bosthoon being a man who never had much sense to speak of, while an Omadhawn is a man who began life with some sense, but lost most of it on his journey. It was a common saying in the countryside that, on meeting a man on those mountains, one should begin by saying, "Good-day, Doyle!" and if the man replied, "That is not my name," one should at once say, "Well, I meant no offence, Mr Donohoe." One could generally make a rough guess as to which was which of the original stock, as the Doyles were flat-footed, big-footed, Herculean Irishmen, while the Donohoes were little, foxy-faced, hard-bitten, wiry fellows, great horsemen, enterprising and quick-witted. But when they came to intermarry, there was no telling 'o'other from which. Startling likenesses cropped up among the relatives, and it was widely rumoured that one Doyle who was known to be in gaol, and who was vaguely spoken of by the clan as being "away," was in fact serving an accumulation of sentences for himself and a lot of other members of the family, whose sins he had, for a consideration, taken upon his own shoulders.

It was a great sight to see the joint clans make their annual descent on the little mountain town of Kiley's Crossing at the race time. They took command of the whole place, and woe to the unfortunate who interfered! As a rule, they fought peaceably among themselves; but if any intruder vent-

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ated any opinions against the Doyles or the Donohoes, he stood a first-class chance of going home in a stunned condition, under the seat of the public house wagonette, with several Doyles and Donohoes wiping their new heavy boots on him. Once word came that a district full of Kellys, whose headquarters were over the ranges beyond Kiley's Crossing, had spoken slightly of the Doyle-Donohoe faction, and when the clans met at the Kiley's Crossing races there was trouble. At first both parties were distant and civil to each other, and things went right enough, except for a few isolated fights, until the principal race of the day came on, in which the Donohoes had entered their famous champion "Faugh-a-ballagh," a big horse of undoubted breeding, for whose purchase no member of the family could ever show a receipt; while the Kellys ran their celebrated nag Toe-the-Mark, about whose ownership there was the following history:—When the last busstranger was shot in the district, he was riding a very fine mare. As no owner was forthcoming for her, Kelly the Gaffer—which means means Kelly the Fitch-and-Toss artist—claimed her, and in default of a better claimant, the mare was handed over to him. She produced Toe-the-Mark, who, under the name of Happy Joe, Hard Times, Come-by-Chance, and so on, had been disqualified at every meeting in the country-side, and—constantly reappearing under new names—had made himself a terror to the district. It was looked upon as a certainty that he would beat Faugh-a-ballagh, and as the horses went out, Kelly the Gaffer called out to Red Mick Donohoe, who, for the time being, figured as owner of Faugh-a-ballagh, "I'll give you fifteen bob for that horse, and chance how you ken by him," which in itself was enough to rouse a sensitive and honourable crowd like the Donohoes to boiling point. But worse remained behind; for Kelly the Gaffer, seeing no chance of making any money by betting, had instructed his jockey to pull Toe-the-Mark, and let Faugh-a-ballagh win; while Red Mick Donohoe, thinking his horse must be beaten, had backed the opposition animal, and told his jockey to pull Faugh-a-ballagh, and let Toe-the-Mark win. As there were only two starting, and neither wished to win, the first half-mile was run at a slow hard pulling canter; then the excited clansmen in the bough and sapling grandstand saw both riders pull up, indulge in a good deal of excited gesticulation, and finally jump off and tie up their horses and set about each other with their fists. In a moment every man, woman and child on the course set on across the track to the fight, where young Patsy Kelly, the rider of Toe-the-mark, was giving little Martin Donohoe, who rode Faugh-a-ballagh, the father of a hiding. Martin was doing his best for the family credit, and was fighting as gamely as a bull terrier; but he was clearly overmatched; and as the combatants clinched, the first Donohoe that arrived on the scene hit Patsy Kelly an awful clip on the head. Immediately all hands "chipped in," and—blue gum and stringy bark saplings being available in millions—as elegant a faction fight as one might wish to see was soon in progress. The women screamed encouragement, and rushed clawing at each other. The very dogs on either side rolled into each other; and before long the Doyles and Donohoes drove the Kellys before them, like chaff before a gale. They belted every Kelly above 3 feet high that they could find. They took control of the township, and made every person that they could catch say "Hurray for the Doyles and the Donohoes!" Then they went back to the racecourse and set fire to the grand stand, which was made of dried saplings and bark, and roofed with dry boughs, and consequently blazed merrily; and several prominent Kellys, who had been peacefully sleeping off the effects of drink in the back of the stand, came near being roasted alive. In fact they enjoyed themselves thoroughly, and the Kiley's Crossing races was a great day in the annals of the district.

These were the neighbours whose constant depredations were drawing lines on Hugh Gordon's face. "I wouldn't care," he confided to Miss Harriott, "if they only took a beast or two. But the sheep are going by the hundreds. We mustered five hundred short in one paddock this month. And there isn't a cow among the

Doyles and Donohoes but has three calves at least, and two of each three calves belong to us." He dared not prosecute. No local jury would convict in face of the hostility that would be aroused in every member of the clan. They had made alibi a special study; the very judges were staggered at the absolute calmness and plausibility with which they would get themselves out of difficulties. Besides, they were too dangerous to provoke. A big station, with a lot of hostile neighbours, is like a whale with the killers round it; it is open to attack on all sides, and cannot retaliate. A match carelessly dropped in a patch of grass would set miles of country in a blaze. Hugh Gordon, as he missed his stock and saw his fences cut and his grass burnt, could only grind his teeth and hope for a lucky chance putting some of the enemy in his power; and the chance came sooner than he expected.

(To be continued.)

**THE ART AND ETIQUETTE OF TAKING TOWNS.**

By H. SUTHERLAND EDWARDS.

The British public has been a good deal occupied of late with questions of bombardment, investment and siege, and with the customs observed by civilised nations in connection with the taking of towns by these and other means. Laws on the subject do not exist. But usages do, and it may be interesting at the present moment to consider what these usages are. One may look upon them as established by the practice of the Germans in the war of 1870-71. During that great contest between two of the foremost military nations of Europe the weaker side laid siege to no place whatever. The stronger side, on the other hand, attacked fortified towns in every possible manner. In some few instances, too, it bombarded unfortified towns, but only when they remained occupied by troops which refused to retire at the approach of the enemy. Why enter and attack them in the streets when it was so much easier to drive them out by shell fire from a distance? The French sometimes made a fuss on these occasions, protesting that it was contrary to non-existent "laws of war" to bombard open towns. The immunity, however, of the open town disappears when it is held by hostile forces.

The Germans made one attempt, and one only to take a town by escalade. They attacked in this manner, at the very beginning of the campaign, the fortified town of Toul, which commands the railway to Paris. But the men who attempted to scale the walls were shot down as soon as they showed themselves, and the attempt had to be abandoned. Later on, when siege artillery had been brought up, Toul was taken, like all the besieged towns, except Metz and Paris, by "simple bombardment," with the exception of Belfort, which remained untaken to the last.

If in the Franco-German war no town was taken by escalade, it is equally true that no town was taken by assault. It has been said that escalade was attempted at Toul, but failed. At Strasburg all preparations for an assault had been made. But the town, which had suffered terribly from bombardment, surrendered on a final summons being sent in. The three parallel trenches in front of the weakest side of the fortress had been dug and armed, together with the half parallel in advance of the third. A practicable breach had been made by a cannonade which would have sufficed to batter down the walls of Jericho, and the assault could at once been delivered when the white flag was shown. Here, in a very strange manner, a genuine "law of war" comes in. By the military code of France, as it existed in 1870, every commandant of a fortress who surrendered without meeting an assault, or two assaults, if the first had been successfully repelled, rendered himself liable to punishment by death. Strasburg was the only besieged place at which there was any question of assault. But all over France commandants had rendered themselves guilty of surrendering without encountering an assault which their assailants had no intention whatever of making, and formal condemnation was passed upon them by the military tribunals which assembled in France

after the war to judge the unsuccessful generals, and throw upon them individually the responsibility of the national defeat.

It has been assumed in some quarters, without the slightest reason, that it is customary in cases of bombardment to give notice beforehand, so that the women and children may be placed in positions of supposed safety, or even sent out of the town. Formerly, indeed, it was held by many authorities that the civilian quarters of a fortified town, as distinguished from the citadel, ought not to be exposed to bombardment, but that the fire of the besiegers should be directed against the military quarter alone. In that case, however, the civil inhabitants of a besieged town might be in favour of a prolonged resistance, whereas, themselves exposed to a crushing fire, they generally do their utmost to bring about a surrender. There have been examples indeed of an insurrection in a bombarded town by the inhabitants against the defending garrison. Thus, the bombarders have always a chance of getting the bombarded population on their side.

As for letting the women and children out of the bombarded town, there has never been any rule or even custom on the subject. If the fortified place is to be reduced by "simple bombardment" they may be let out without much injury to the interests of the besiegers. A certain number of women and children were let out of Strasburg during the siege. But not a child would have been allowed to leave Metz, because the surrender of that place was being brought about through famine and not by bombardment, the outlying forts around Metz rendering the "simple bombardment" process impossible. During the siege of Metz a Scotch baronet of humane

propensities asked permission to introduce into the beleaguered city a cart load of provisions. The Prussian general to whom the request was made lost his temper, became violent, and at last exclaimed that some 200,000 of the King's best troops were being kept around Metz in order to starve the place into submission and that the refreshments offered for the solace of the already half famished inhabitants must be taken elsewhere.

General Joubert has been recently accused of disregarding the amenities of the horrible and outrageous thing called "civilised warfare" by opening a bombardment without announcing beforehand the hour at which he proposed to commence operations. He was, of course, at liberty to do as he thought fit in the matter. It has been held, indeed, that to keep in suspense a population threatened with bombardment is to adopt an effective and highly economical means of terrifying them through their imagination. They wonder when the dreaded shell fire is to begin. Their nerve system gets affected. There is a great saving in shells, which, for siege purposes, cost on the average about £80 a-piece, and in some degree the psychological moment is hastened which precedes surrender.

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## A Marriage of Sympathy.

(By Gertrude F. Lynch.)

Night in Union Square. Not the night of God separated from the day by the curtain of blackness, but the night of man, hideous with noise, glaring with electric light, teeming with suggestions to unrest. On the hot pavements, baked by the merciless sun of noonday, still exhaling scorching breaths, still burning the thinly-clad feet of the passers-by, men and women strolled along, coming from the vaudeville, from the restaurants, from the "gardens," where a momentary refreshment of food and drink had palliated the misery of the stifling heat. A cosmopolitan crowd, even the enforced slowness of movement not disguising its excitability, with littleness of aim and motive written in face, clothing, gesture; a middle-class crowd out for an airing, interspersed with women of the street, shop-lifters, pickpockets, disguised by placidity of motion, and now and then a blue-coated policeman, awe-inspiring, not by his individuality, but by the silent power of the institution which he represented; a loitering crowd, many of whom had left hot rooms for a breath of cooler air and now, tired with heat and noise, were returning to them again.

Swirling around curves the cable-cars, stopping here and there to pick up and dislodge passengers, added their not inconsiderable tumult to the general turbulence and unrest.

In the centre of the square an oasis of silence and verdure left by grasping corporations; a splash of fountains, a subtle fragrance of foliage; a majestic outline, of bronze statues; on the asphalt walks which crossed the park; vignettes cut by the moon-like rays from towering arc lights and, overhead, interlacing branches of trees, forming arcades of restful splendour, suggesting solitude, the one beauty in an environment of hideous architecture, death-dealing mechanics, inharmonious humanity.

At about eleven o'clock a young man, leaving the crowded pavements, entered the park at the corner of Broadway and Fourteenth street. He was a young man who had never seen better days. His clothing hung about him, ill-fitting, ragged, and marked with travel stains. It was not a clothing which boasted the benefit of a fundamental note of harmony in its selection, but like those apartments furnished by the caprices of auction-mad inhabitants, had in its completeness a certain grotesqueness, a detail of which the wearer was as unhappily indifferent as he was to most of the unfortunate realities of existence—an amiability which was nature's compensation for generations of subtractions. It was a clothing which had come to him by beggary, by charity, by chance, a sartorial jest bringing a smile to many a face as he pursued his way, unconscious of the buffoon role he was called upon to enact.

He was as much at home in the Square as the birds that fluttered among the trees, as the flowers outlining the fountain's rim. The summer, so hateful to many with its heat and noise, meant to him the opportunity of resting on a park bench in the fresh air of night instead of the stuffy atmosphere of a lodging house, where, for ten or fifteen cents, he could secure a "shake-down," filthy with its odour of past sleepers, in a crowded loft, or a cot in a police station where, under the title of "vagrant," in colder weather, he could obtain a housing at the city's expense.

He had a shock of yellow hair, unkempt, with a tendency to curl; a stubble of beard of slow growth and light, which did not detract from the freshness of his youthful face and big blue eyes, infantile in colour and superficiality of expression, completing a physiognomy which helped him when necessary to establish relations of confidence with his fellow-men.

He was a waif of the streets. Born in a distant State, a foundling, he had been farmed out by the generosity of taxpayers when his age was such as to render the generosity practicable. In the shadow of eternal hills, in a barren village where the anæmic in-

habitants forced by superhuman industry a meagre living from the unfruitful soil, he worked out the first years of his life. Scanty hours of teaching were given him, required by that law which was the only parent he would ever know. His was not the nature which produces a great man from such beginnings. He accepted the educational efforts as he accepted everything else that came to him; as he did everything required of him, without question, without protest, without curiosity. He learned to read, to add a little. He gained a few vague ideas of the world outside his limited horizon—that was all.

His manual information was more exact and more abundant. He learned to hay, to sow, to reap, to saw and cut wood. He was a healthy animal, untainted by the caprice of ambition.

Occasionally in the warmer months he rested in the shadow of a wall whose stony crevices were benignant with running vines, or by the side of a redolent hayrick. In colder weather he sought a corner of the barn loft where he reclined on the golden straw. There, wearied by physical activity, he would spell out painfully random paragraphs from newspapers, or, lured by some hideously artistic nightmare on a yellow-covered, coarsely-printed book which had fallen into his hands, would piece out his scanty store of worldly knowledge by patchwork morsels of fact and fancy.

In the haying season tramps would come demanding work, attracted by the presentiment of food and roof. Then he would listen to their tales of that Southern district toward which, later, like migratory birds, they would start, eager to go as they had been to come.

One night he awoke in the darkness. In the distance he could hear a rumble coming nearer—nearer, nearer. He pictured the approaching monster as he had so often seen it, a long, sinuous trail tearing along the earth, heralded by a luminous eye which fascinated, terrified, emboldened. It was the freight train. Two miles from this tiny attic loft it would wait a half hour on the switch. He knew this as he knew other details of his surroundings. He had never anticipated using the information, he had simply absorbed it as he did the air.

He had a few things in a corner of the loft for which he fought with the rats for possession. A rusty knife with two half blades, a tiny compass he had found in the woods, a pair of mittens, a bright scarf, red and yellow, given him by a Cuban refugee, with whom he had farmed the year before. These he tied together in the remnant of an old bandanna handkerchief. He climbed down the steep ladder which led to the attic, opened the door and pursued his way in the direction of the moving train, controlled by an irresistible impulse to get away; to go somewhere, he knew not where; to do something, he knew not what. He esconced himself in a corner of an empty freight train and, in this way, commenced his vagrant career.

He did not know the name of the town where he was finally ejected with a laugh and curse, nor the names of other towns and cities he visited in turn, and he did not care. There were other things to engage his attention, novelties of buildings, of men and women, of parks, of shops, of slums. He slept in doorways, on benches. He ate when he could. He made transient friends; he did odd jobs of work when impulse or starvation prompted; he stole rides on trains; he got "lifts" on country roads. He walked and rested, then walked again. Sickness he did not know; sorrow and happiness alike were strangers. In time the meagre beginnings of his education were increased by strange additions. He could tell an honest from a dishonest man. He knew when to ask charity and when to abstain. He saw the terrible chasm in the existing social system and wondered, not bitterly, not with any coherence of ideas or reasoning, as he wondered at the cosmic forces, as he wondered at the structure of railroads, sky-scrapers, or bridges. He learned something about laws, those of nature and those of man, and

separating the chaff from the wheat, retained only those which were essential to his own particular needs.

In his blood, which had filtered like that of most ancestries, through kenave and saint alike, there was a predominant trait of honesty, kept alive in its sickly infancy by his training in a New England village where watchdogs were unknown and doors left unguarded at night.

He respected the rights of property. Vagrant he might be, thief he never was. Except for the rides he stole on trains, denoting a mental inability to grasp the fact that corporations can be cheated, a belief shared by older and wiser men than himself, his honesty was almost phenomenal in its simplicity. Companioned often with thieves, he never partook of their bounty, never shared the excitement of search, never betrayed them. To steal one must have wants, and he had none. To betray one must have jealousy, discontent, and he knew them not.

In the ceaseless panorama of men and things which formed his daily life, in the constant and regular succession of irregularities, he saw and heard many wonderful things. Ignorant of the world's necessities, he was unmoved by its achievements and discoveries. In him, the cyclone in Kansas aroused no greater feeling of wonder than the thunderstorm amid the hills of New Jersey; the palatial residences of fifth Avenue no greater interest than the hovels of Chinatown.

One thing alone ever seemed to move him from the inertness of a regard, paralysed by the violent contrasts of an existence which was lived out in city and country, in the north and south, edging luxury, and squalor, the wandering existence of a nineteenth century Ishmaelite.

One thing alone! Sometimes on country roads, sometimes on the city streets, attracted by a light from an unsheltered window, he would peer in to see an interior which suggested permanence, a man and woman with children about them, a happy household. There he would always stop and look a long time, his eyes enlarged in wonder, an indefinitely wistful expression on his unwrinkled face, symbol of something stirring within.

Had his mother, outcast from such a home, stamped on his pre-natal existence a desire for that which she had forfeited? Or was the Divine spark, seemingly extinguished by materialism and indirect strength, seeking this means to establish its possession?

In the streets or parks, in stores or lanes, this domestic tri-union ever attracted, ever drew from him longing looks, ever caused him to turn and watch it wend its way content in its triple completeness.

His Rome was New York, and towards it all his roads led. In New York, Union Square, with its tiny park and its surroundings of constantly changing crowds, high buildings and turbulent movement, was the climax of his desires. To him it was the hub of the universe, the centre of irresistible attraction.

He nodded to the tall policeman as he entered. The latter did not deign to return the salute, but looked at

him not unkindly, remembering him as one who had never given him any trouble, never been drunk or disorderly, never refused to move on as an example to other loungers.

There was a give-and-take comradeship between them, an unacknowledged bond of sympathy. In cold weather when the park was uninhabitable the tall policeman would take him to the station and enter him there as "John Smith, vagrant," and he in turn would often keep guard, watchful of possible accidents, when the policeman, unmindful of duty, was attracted by the coyness of a pretty nursemaid.

The benches were well filled. One or two fashionably dressed men, walking through from angle to angle, had stopped for a moment to untangle some mental problem or, perhaps, for a few seconds' unthinking leisure to enjoy their cigars near the sound of the plashing fountains and the occasional frou-frou of green leaves overhead. A few sodden women with piercing eyes, whose dress and manner betokened a calling which was in its depths; the rest, like himself, vagrants, homeless, with rags for clothes, without ambitions of trained faculties, rousing from somnolence at the approach of the policeman to sink after his departure into the sleep of physical weariness; some under the influence of the night's beer, their only luxury, gained by the thoughtless charity of well-fed philanthropists.

There, was one empty seat lately occupied by a pick-pocket who had waited there the signal of a co-operator. Toward it he wended his way, thankful for the unexpected vacancy.

He sat down, lighted his short clay pipe, and ruminated. A noontid nap in an accommodating barn had satisfied his requirements for sleep, and he liked better to watch the people come and go, the illuminated cars, the tall spectral buildings, the shop windows, the gaily decorated entrance of a near-at-hand vaudeville. He liked the roar of the distant elevated roads, the tinkle of cable cars, the swirl of carriages, the occasional whiplash of hansom cabbies. The life of the pavements exhilarated him, excited him. He watched it a long time until the crowds thinned out, until the cars and pavements were almost deserted, until the ragged denizens of the benches slept and snored profoundly, or moved away to some questionable rendezvous.

Suddenly he roused from growing drowsiness. He had heard no one approach, but felt the subtle presentiment of a presence at the other end of the bench. He turned his head slightly and surveyed the newcomer, the rays from a neighbouring lamp favouring the scrutiny. The intruder was a young woman, rather pleasing in feature, with a pallor of complexion which denoted a shut-in life. Her hair was grotesque in its exuberance of crimpiness and puff; around her neck she wore a brightly-hued ribbon, and her dress combined an exceptional neatness, with a love of decorative effect, dwarfed by incompetence. Even in his first stealthy glances he

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recognised in her a being different from the women who had rested in the square when he first entered, and who had now mysteriously disappeared; different, too, from the women with whom he had occasionally companioned in his zig-zag career, whose presence had not interested him, whose absence had left no regret.

She did not notice him. She sat leaning a little forward, her hands clasped over one knee, and her face turned toward the street with an expression on it of vexation and dissatisfaction. He watched her, furtively turning his head, and finally his whole body to obtain a better view, but his regard was unobtrusive, unfelt.

He had an overmastering desire to do something for her; some modest act of kindness, as he would have given half his apple to a crying child, or helped a blind man across the street.

Finally, stiffened, she relaxed her position and leaned back against the bench, but her eyes still sought the street with a fixed, unseeing stare, and the faint scowl still wrinkled the narrow line of forehead beneath the curled mass of brownish hair.

He slipped his arm out of his ragged coat and, leaning still farther forward, said:

"You'd better take this, it'll soften your back."

She looked at him doubtfully. She knew but two attitudes to assume to young men, one when she repelled their unwelcome advances, the other when she scoffed and jested with them in the hybrid language of the tenement districts.

His eyes met hers, fearlessly, frankly. Without defining her sensations, she felt a welcome easing of anxiety, an unexpected security. She had wondered what the tall policeman would say when he made his rounds, now, some way, she did not care.

She took the coat and looked at it, as she had looked at him a second before. It was not inviting with its rags and odour of stale tobacco, but he was gazing at her wistfully, so she folded it, laid it against the iron bench and leaned back on it.

"It's grand. I didn't know how rough them edges were."

His face was transfigured with gladness at her appreciation, and, half-embarrassed, he puffed vigorously at the extinguished pipe.

They were silent a long time; a silence which drew them together in a tie of mutual loneliness. Finally the burden of irritation and disaster broke through unaccustomed restraint.

"It's that Liz. I wish she was dead."

"Liz?"  
"Yes. She's the woman dad picked up on the street and married. Put 'er ahead of me an' the kids."

He moved nearer, and a fallen sleeve offering the opportunity, re-arranged her improvised cushion, but without a word.

His mute sympathy impelled confidence.

"I hates 'er and she hates me. It's alters the same thing, from mornin' till night, and half the night through. I'm sick of it, an' I get sicker all the time, an' every time I see 'er. Fight, an' fight, an' fight."

Another pause. The tall policeman passed along; stopped a moment to look in the limpid depths of the fountain, glanced at them nonchalantly and went on.

"It used to be somethin' like. The rooms were clean, an' the kids allers had their faces washed, an' minded me, and Sundays we went out in the Park together, an' evenin's talked; then she came an' everything's been at sixes. Yellow-haired —"

The expletive was below her breath. The picture she drew was no strange one. Many a time in his wanderings he had been thrown in contact with a lawless unrestraint of speech and action, leading to recurrent conflicts of domestic unhappiness.

He pitied her, and she felt his pity. The fierce anger died out of her voice, and the tears falling from her eyes trickled in slow drops down the face on which a childish uncertainty of expression was mingled with the faint lines that denoted a bliter experience of life.

He hated to see her cry. He wished he dared. He did dare, and drawing nearer put his arm about her tentatively, awkwardly.

She started to draw away, then stopped, still encircled. She knew intu-

tively that the embrace had in it no element at which she need cavil.

The tears fell faster urged by his friendly nearness.

She had taken off her blue-banded sailor hat and laid it on the grass at her feet.

Thus denuded the act was simplified, and he drew her head to his shoulder with his roughened hand. Through the thin cotton shirt he could feel the warm tears on his muscular shoulder. In that twisted position, which he would not change for fear of disturbing her, he felt happier than he ever remembered feeling before as if something he had not known he lacked had come to him and an unconscious incompleteness had been rounded out.

Finally the sobs came slower, less hysterically. Between them she said timidly, with no trace of the exaggerated passion of irritation which had marked her former confidence:

"To-night she drove me out. Said there was jes' one too many in that there place. The kids laughed. She sets 'em on me now, and they likes to hear us jaw. I didn't know any place to go to, so I walked an' walked, an' walked till I got dead beat an' then I saw the green an' the fountain looked cool an' —"

The sobs broke out again, and again he soothed her with mute touches of a calloused hand.

"There, there; I've seen her kind. I know 'em. She sha'n't fight yer again — never, no more."

In a few moments she was sound asleep, overcome by physical and mental exhaustion.

He sat still enfolding her with his strong arm, her babyish face with its wavering expression, where the damp paths of past tears still showed, with its delicate pallor and its halo of tiny curls, against his willing shoulder. He touched her cheek now and then with his forefinger, it was so soft and warm, and he thought longer, more continuously than he had ever thought before, piecing together past experiences, recalling half forgotten scenes; trying to solve problems, which avoided when first presented, were now demanding a long delayed retribution. Realizing for the first time that life meant something more than the day's food and the night's lodgings; that he was beginning all over again; that all the foolish, unthinking days which he had hitherto lived had led but to that green spot of verdure in the midst of dusty streets, and from there dated a new, undreamed-of, intoxicating existence.

She moved uneasily, cramped by the unaccustomed position, and opened her eyes.

"I've been asleep. I was beat out," and then apologizing: "Did I hurt yer?"

"Hurt me? No; I liked it."  
He rose from the bench and having moved his arms back and forth in a brisk effort to restore circulation, inspected himself and drew her to his side.

She made no protest.

"You didn't tell me yer name."  
"It's Gracie." She spoke proudly. She liked her name. It was significant of the hopes she had never realized, a little above the sordid details of her life. "What's yours?"

It was the first time he had ever wanted a particular name. He had been satisfied with the various cognomens bestowed on him from time to time; they had answered a temporary need, and had been thrown aside carelessly, like a coat or hat when a new one was required. Impenetrance, the fundamental note of his life, was shown in no way more distinctly than in this transformation of names.

Memories of certain police-court experiences returning, he said awkwardly:

"They call me John Smith, some times."

The harsh monosyllables fitted in with the inharmonious appearance, and she made no comment.

Silence had reigned in the streets for a long time, only an occasional wanderer breaking the monotony of perspective, only an occasional clanging car recalling the nearness of inquiet life.

There was a renewed freshness in the air, harbinger of the coming day. In a little while the rumbling carts laden with produce would be heard; in a few moments flocks of daylight replace the vignettes of black lines on the asphalted walks of the Square and colour effects excite the far horizon.

"Gracie?"  
"Yes."  
Their hands were locked together,

and the words were emphasized by friendly pressures.

"Be you a good girl?"  
"Good?" She hesitated. "Well, to'lerable, I s'pose."

"To'lerable." He repeated the qualifying adjective, disappointment plainly discernible.

"Yes. I can't keep from saying things to Liz and about 'er an' I don't go to church. I went to the Mission, but I got tired. They don't want such as me. I ain't had enough or good enough. I guess they got tired, too."

"I didn't mean that —" He hesitated. "I meant —" He wanted to put it delicately, but did not know how. "I mean —" He floundered again amid the betrayal of speech, "do you know many — young fellers?"

She drew away from him indignantly.

"Oh, I see what yer mean. I dunno as I blame yer. It's natural. I s'pose you couldn't help feelin' so arter night. How'd yer know I want allers so?"

She pushed away his seeking arm. "No; I wan't that, I s'war," and he brought his clasped hand against his knee. "I only thought I wouldn't be surprised the way yer set on. I'd like yer jes' the same, only, someway, I hoped yer hadn't."

"Yer needn't be afraid. I've had troubles enough without them."

And, after an impressive pause: "I've seen enough of it, too."

She referred thus enigmatically to some of her girlhood companions who had disappeared into the streets.

"What'll yer do now?"  
"Do?"

"Yes; now she's turn yer out?"

"Oh, she'll be 'round to the factory tomorrow. I know 'er. It's wage day, an' she'll wheedle an' coax till she gets it all away again. Oh, I'm sick of it. I wish I was dead — or somethin'. There don't seem to be nuthin' in life but work an' fights."

"Gracie?"  
"What?"

He stammered; then paused, then stammered again.

"You ain't got nothin' nor nobody that cares for yer. Neither hev I. Couldn't we get married?"

"Married!"

"Yes; an' live tergether by ourselves like others do. You could stay there an' not be driv out, and I'd stay still an' not be movin' round the way I hev. I'm tired of it, an' you're tired of fightin'. Couldn't we, Gracie?"

She did not answer, and he continued:

"I can work. I can do lots of things; but I never cared to afore — that is, for long."

"What things?"

She asked the question to give herself time to think, to overcome the bewildering surprise engulfing her.

"Oh, carpentering an' such like. I'm a good workman when I try. See!"

He showed her some loose coins in his pocket. "We could begin on that."

She was silent a long time, and he waited breathlessly, in tense excitement.

At length:

"Won't yer, Gracie, please?"  
The tone was intense, wistful, sincere.


He held her closer to him, and at length the normal expression of indecision on her babyish face weakened into consent.

With faces transfigured by a momentary happiness, unexpected, inexplicable, lips sought lips in a first kiss destitute of passion, replete with sentiment, the outward sign of an inward convocation of souls.

Like the traveller in the desert, terrified by the vastness of surrounding solitude who calls aloud for a companion, these two waifs, flung together by a chance encounter, drowning in the engulfing waves of life's sea of troubles, were holding out to each other pitying hands; starving in the midst of plenty, they were seeking nothing from the overlaid, but sharing freely with each other their miserable pittance of crumbs; lacking all the world holds dear, choked by the weeds of ignorance, of poverty, of hopelessness, they were giving that which neither riches, nor honour, nor power can bring its possessor, and so,

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Complete Story.

## A Man and a Maxim.

Lance-Corporal Hodgkins, of the Limerick Rangers, was a Cockney bred and born. He was also, I believe, the first Cockney known to exist and maintain his reason in a real Irish regiment. Indeed, he was able even to secure a certain immunity—from bodily harm at least—for his cot-mate, fellow-Cockney, and confidant—one Pitcher. Moreover, he was personally popular among the men. All this was probably due as much to the virtue of punch as policy, for he had a bitter tongue, and was particularly rough-tongued, even for a Briton—that most rough-tongued specimen of humanity.

Hodgkins's profession in his pre-soldier days was probably prize fighting. Certainly he looked it. His tall, sinewy, square-rigged figure; his confident walk and talk, together with a very much broken nose, all suggested the prize ring. Why he enlisted I do not know. Perhaps he had had a Saturday night difference with the "Z" Division; possibly he had anticipated divine vengeance upon a welsker; or he may merely have sought sanctuary from the abuse of a widowed mother. Perhaps all three. Anyway, he was quite an ordinary black-guard in most things, and as good a soldier as ever cursed his colour sergeant.

He was attached to the machine gun section, and was undoubtedly the smartest man in it. His pride in the gun was proverbial in the regiment, and indeed he seemed to consider it his own particular property. It was a light, trial pattern Maxim, with a galloping carriage and limber box and single horse adjustment; and it was for use with mounted infantry. Its mechanism was of never-failing interest to Hodgkins. He would often give it an extra clean up on the quiet, polishing it as never gun was polished.

"Yes," I heard him saying on the day we received the news of the trouble up here. "Yes! you bloomin' humped back cross between a bicycle and a blunderbuss, you're goin' to do some work now, you are. You're goin' to sweat an' sweat an' kill niggers. An' by the great Oom Paul, if you don't shoot strite, may be cordite ate the riflin' out of yer inside. Kim hup there!"

"Ere Pitcher," he continued, "jest take a squint round an' say if you think ole silver-belly 'll do."

"Ay, ay!" replied Pitcher, who was always extremely nautical in his language, having been a Thames lighter-man in his salad days. "You might jest give 'er a swab round abaff the breech block. Then we'll pipe all hands to grog. I've got the price of two."

Hodgkins straightened himself and gazed across the parade ground.

"Here's Kitty," he said. "You skip, me son. I shall 'ave much pleasure in takin' wine wiv' you on a future occasion."

Private Pitcher shook his head. He deprecated all intercourse with the opposite sex, whose influence he regarded as only one degree less demoralising than that of Royal Marines on shore leave. "Go slow, Jim," he said. "Go slow! 'Arf speed!' the word in tricky waters."

Then Hodgkins settled himself comfortably on the gun, and I, unseen, awaited events. He was not, I knew, particularly fortunate in his love-making. He had been pleading his cause to Kitty Gore, who lived in the "married lines," for many months, but with no apparent progress.

With much apparent indifference she went close and spoke soft words to him, and he smiled—the silly, supreme smile of a man who is being fooled by a woman. I do not know what she said or promised; but whatever it was, he believed her.

On the third day we went up—a hundred strong, mounted infantry. Our seats were a bit loose at first, perhaps; but a week's knocking about over kopje and sluit soon put that right.

And it came to pass, after many days of much dirt and no drink, that fifty men and a machine gun were despatched on an all-day expedition outside the safety zone, just to clear the air a bit and—incidentally—bring in any stray cattle they might meet. Hodgkins was the machine gun, and in the heat of the mid-day sun he was brought back to camp on an improvised stretcher, with a newly-acquired cut in his head, the size of his own fist, which was mighty.

The Sergeant explained. Hodgkins had behaved in the strangest manner after leaving camp; he had called him, the Sergeant, a fool to his face and, thereafter asserting that he meant to drive to the devil, had driven himself, the horse, and the gun, into a deep spruit, with the natural results. "It's Cape fever, I'm afraid, sorr," the Sergeant added. "Me brother Tim that was a private in the Munsters died of it out here in '80, sorr."

After dismissing the Sergeant, I sought out Pitcher, who was slightly drunk, tearful, and incoherent, and learned from him that Hodgkins had received a letter.

It was from Kate, who had, of course, changed her mind, if she ever possessed one. She was about to wed. She bade the luckless swain be brave, forget, and find another Nancy. The man of her late choice, however, was the Colonel's coachman, a freeborn Colonial of charming personality, who spoke the taal like a native, and had blue finger-nails. His name was Albert Edward Gladstone.

It was on receipt of this news, so I gathered from Pitcher, that Hodgkins very inconsequently contracted Cape fever. That is to say, he sat on a bucket under a sun, minus his helmet, and drank Cape smoke and brooded.

The doctor who examined Hodgkins said that he had broken two ribs and had acquired a concussion of the brain; furthermore, that he could not live an hour. At the end of that period, however, he was back again to tell me that his patient had regained consciousness. "Perhaps you had better go in and see him, Marsh," he said. "Though I warn you that you'll find him rather delirious."

So with a hungry sigh, I left my bread and bilting and went off to the hospital tent. There were only a few mild cases of fever and heat-stroke there, and the silence was unbroken save for the mutterings of poor Hodgkins. As I entered, he moved his head round with an effort, and though he did not speak I knew that his poor shattered mind held some awful thoughts. Presently he found voice, and anathematised Kitty Gore.

Then he called me Pitcher, and asked me what in creation I stood grinning at him for?

There was an interval of silence; then some more muttering. After which he turned to me again, and I saw by his eyes that a little reason had returned to him.

"Wh— Beg pardon, sir," he said.

"Anythin' the matter, sir?"

"You're in the hospital, my man," I replied. "You have met with a slight—"

"Good heavens. Beg pardon, sir, I remember, sir. That there bloomin'—that there sluit. 'Ow's the gun, sir? Is the little gun orl right, sir? I must 'ave been barmy, I—"

"Oh! don't bother about that," I answered. "Lie quiet. The doctor will be back in a minute."

"Don't bother, sir! I can't 'elp botherin', sir. That there little spit-ter 'ave been a good friend to me. And now—if she ain't orl broke in bits—they'll ge an' give her to some silly kid wot'll jam the riflin' an' an—I don't care. Curse you, Pitcher! Wot are you standin' there for? Give us a drink of water—no, a pipe o' bacca, mate. Oh! it don't matter. I can't smoke. Me 'ead's in me 'eels—me 'ead's in me 'eels. Get away, you fool!"

I tried to steady him. I tried to make him understand that I was not Pitcher, but Lieutenant Marsh, his officer. I asked if there was nothing I could do for him. But he looked at me with awful eyes, and cried out that I should not strike.

"Don't 't me, Pitcher, you mug. You can't 't me. Me 'ead's in me 'eels—in me 'eels. Get away. Go an' 'ang yourself. No, stop. 'Ere's Kitty. Give us a kiss, girl. No; go away. I'll wring yer little neck if you come near me. You're a good girl—a good girl."

"Ere, Pitcher," he continued, "take this 'ere and give it to—'er, you know, 'er." He fumbled in his serge pocket and produced a crumpled photograph; a very amateur effort representing himself.

"She's a goo— 'Ere, find out 'ow the little gun's goin' on. I— But the effort was too much for him, and with a gasp he sank back again, unconscious.

News came in that the gentle Matulus had, so to speak, started a new over, and were blessing the worthy burgers of Blokspruit with their close attentions. Help and food were both required in considerable quantities and quickly. Therefore, to our intense delight, seeing that we had been in the saddle since sunrise, we were despatched to argue with them, taking with us three pieces of ordnance, which included two excellent machine guns, to assist in the deliberations.

So we sallied forth, a somewhat mixed force—Limericks, volunteers, and mounted police—a little over a hundred in all, conveying four large waggons creaking with weevily provender. Poor Hodgkins' pet was one

of the machine guns. The men in charge knew their work well; but somehow they were not as Hodgkins—he had seemed part of the gun—and I had a vague, indescribable feeling of something impending.

It was not a very high-spirited little army. We had been hard at work all day, and were tired and sulky. So we plied on—the men sleeping in their saddles, the officers cursing under their breath—the sandy, bumpy, rugged trail that led to Blokspruit, thirty miles away.

At length the evening wore away and darkness quickly succeeded twilight. Wherefore we had halted and lagered.

A laager is a sort of amateur fortress made of your stores and waggons arranged into a rough circle or square, with the guns stuck at convenient corners. We made a nice little laager. Then we knee-haltered the horses outside and proceeded to retire to rest. The gunners, of course, slept handy to their guns. Some of the other men crawled under the waggons to sleep, but I preferred the inky canopy of the heavens. I had made myself comfortable, and was just dozing off, when I heard the sound of hushed and hurried voices to my left. I guessed at once what had happened; the vedettes had ridden in, a moment later the "Alert" rang out, and all was at once bustle and business.

You see it was this way. The besiegers of Blokspruit, having been worsted, had wandered forth into the wilderness, and there they had met another small impi, also on pleasure bent, with the news of the despatch of our column. So the two had combined and evolved the excellent idea of seeking us first, and having taken us by surprise, and cut us into small pieces, returning to Blokspruit, there to clinch the matter finally. Their sanguine expectations came near fulfilment, too.

We set to work, and quickly had things shipshape. The men were too tired to show any excitement; beside, their knowledge of the foe was of that intimate description which breeds contempt. Much fuel was added to the fire. We were already discovered, so concealment of any kind was futile; whilst we required all the little light which was obtainable for our own purposes. Each man saw to his rifle, and posted himself at a convenient spot in the barricade. In a few minutes we were quite comfortable and ready for anything. We, in our corner, had no idea of the strength of the enemy nor of their exact whereabouts. Meanwhile sounds of the inevitable war dance, without which no well-conducted battle is considered complete up here, began to reach us.



THE MAN AT THE MAXIM REMAINED STARK AND MOTIONLESS.

Suddenly the fun began. A hail of bullets struck the earth into harmless cascades of sand around us, and, with a cheerful yell some eight hundred gesticulating figures, looming big and black in the firelight, sprang up seemingly from nowhere all around us. There were no orders given. The bolts snapped greedily, and the men fired at leisure, each picking off his mark with graceful precision. So far the attack was certainly not formidable. Our friends the enemy were contenting themselves with making rushes at seemingly unprotected portions of the laager, striking them wildly with assegai or axe, and then careering headlong back into nothingness. The whole at the expense of great slaughter, from their own rifles as well as ours. This gradually sifted down into a sort of organised attack, whose terrors, however, were more apparent than real. It pressed hardest upon our quarter, but made little headway. We fired no volleys, but aimed to kill. "Baby" (wvynne (who commanded) gave a grunt and dropped the rifle he had borrowed. "It's only a flesh wound," he said. But he knew it was not. He knew that he would have to say goodbye to his arm, and to the service. It was that shot that gave me my star six months earlier than I expected it. But the work went on, and there seemed every prospect of an easy victory until—our Maxim jammed.

It had been doing good work, and the terror of the thing had already begun to demoralise the niggers; but now, as if in obedience to some unseen hand, it suddenly locked fast. The men unshipped bolts and oiled the breech, and water was poured upon the casing, and a policeman was borrowed to lend expert assistance, but all to no purpose. The gun was jammed, and was as useless for present purposes as a telescope. The enemy, finding the "devil spitter" silent, took heart of grace and renewed the attack upon our corner with added numbers. 'Twas a good omen, they thought. If they could capture the noisy god they might turn his malignant influence upon the white men. We beat them back once, but they came on again and again, killing or wounding one of our men at each rush. I began to feel apprehensive. The salty, sickly smell of blood lay thick around us. The horses, most of whom had been let into the laager as soon as the blacks were scented, were plunging and kicking and snorting. A few of them had been struck, and the steam from their quivering hides rose up in the air. Men lay back and gasped and died.

Suddenly a horse with an unkempt figure upon its back lurched out of the darkness through the startled horde who were swarming round us and crashed against the barricade. The rider, with a curse, sprang over and rushed towards our gun. It was Hodgkins. His eyes were wide and staring—fixed as if of glass. The bandage was still around his head, but it had slipped, the wound had reopened, and the trickling blood was drying on his face. The horse I recognised as my own mare, Tante.

At the mere touch of his hand the gun righted herself. I was watching, and I will swear that he never tampered with breech or lock. He touched the belt and she answered, spitting forth a deadly sting.

"Get back, ye beggars! Get back!" he shouted to the startled black men. "Ye can't shoot me. Me 'ead's in me 'eels—me 'eels—me 'eels!" Kr—kr—kr—kr—kruk—kr—kr—kruk snapped the gun as he swung her round upon the swivel.

"Kin up, ole gal," he cried. "Knock the bloomin' beggars out—kill 'em. I 'eard you callin' directly you left camp. I noo 'twas you. But Katie was wiv'me an' I couldn't leave 'er. But she wen—she went—an' I came. I 'eard you callin' an' I came. An' me 'ead's in me 'eels. Yes, ye God-less 'eathen, me 'ead's in me 'eels, an' ye can't 'urt me. Ho! Back there. Me an' little spivlin' 'ere are goin' ter do for every howlin' mother's son of ye."

And then he cursed and fought, shooting straight and deadly. The ammunition ran out and he called for more, and, running forward to bring it, Pitcher fell dead with a bullet in his throat almost at the madman's feet.

The men from Limerick, ceasing their fire at every opportunity, crossed themselves, and cast shuddering, furtive glances at the gruesome spectacle. But no one attempted to feed the belt, so Hodgkins did it himself—still shrieking. And then, as he set the gun roaring and hissing

again in company, our good Mother Moon came up from behind the hills, covering the earth and sky with her big, white winding sheet. At the sight of her smiling face we gave a mighty shout, for now we could see to fight in earnest.

But for this there was no necessity. The niggers had had enough. Hodgkins and the moon decided them. They declared their innings closed and fled incontinently. The man at the Maxim remained stark and motionless, firing no shot, but keeping the muzzle directed towards their retreating backs.

And when at last, after waiting many minutes for word or sound, we went towards him we found him—dead! The foam was dry upon his lips, and his eyes were dull and glazed. I touched his face and it was ice-cold. But when I assured the surgeon (not the one who had originally attended him) that but ten minutes previously the man had been alive and fighting he laughed and said that the thing was impossible. He was a clever man, and clever men, aided by cold reason, see only the obvious. The phenomenon of Hodgkins was be-

yond the reach of his understanding. So he laughed.

When we tried to wrest the body from the gun we found it gripping it tightly with a grasp of iron. We looked upon the horrible face. Death had not improved it. Then fear came upon us and we dared not touch the thing, but left it there all night, stiff and straight, kneeling to the gun.

THE PRINCE OF WALES'S INSURANCE.

The Prince of Wales is the heaviest risk of any patron of the insurance business, and his death would cost English, German, French, and American companies not less than £2,000,000. "No other person," said a big insurance man, "carries 20 per cent of the insurance, but comparatively little of it is for the benefit of his family, perhaps not more than £200,000.

"It is a curious fact," continued the insurance man, "that £400,000 or £600,000 of insurance, perhaps more than that, has been placed on the life of the Prince of Wales as a

speculation by persons who do not know him and have never had any relations with him whatever. This would not be possible under the insurance laws of the United States, but it is allowed by some of the English companies. In England any man may secure a policy on the life of a neighbour, provided that he can persuade the neighbour to submit to a medical examination, or find a company which has recently had him examined.

"Thus, when the Prince of Wales undergoes an examination for insurance, lots of speculators apply to the same company for insurances on his life, or get certified copies of the report of the medical examiner and use them with other companies. It is pure speculation. They pay a high premium—a margin, so to speak; or, to put it in another way, they book a wager with the insurance companies that the Prince will die before the total of their premiums exceeds the amount of their policy.

"Therefore many persons would be financially benefited if Albert Edward should drop off suddenly one of these fine days."

The Commonest Ailment of the Day

is malnutrition, inability to derive benefit from food taken. Food that does not digest is worse than wasted. The complaint which doctors most often hear is just this:

"I Eat but my Food does me no good."

Food that fails to feed sets up Indigestion, Sluggish Liver, Lack of Appetite, Weakness, Biliousness.

DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS

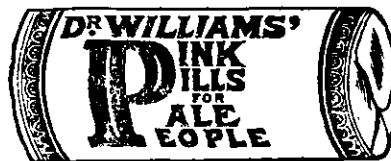
cure these ailments, and give new strength by enabling the blood to take up, and profit by the food we eat. They add threefold to the nourishment; they clear the skin, improve the appetite, renew the energy. They are a true tonic, but they improve instead of deranging the digestion like other tonics; they strengthen instead of weakening, as purgatives do.

Indigestion, Headaches and Disturbed Sleep.

"For many years I have been troubled greatly with indigestion and headaches," writes Mrs. J. A. Mills, of Station Yard, Motilwen (N.Z.). "The headaches were so bad that I did not know what to do to ease them. As I grow older they became worse and more frequent. I could not eat my food with relish, and I generally suffered great inconvenience after eating, even a light meal. My sleep was also affected. I was in a weak and distressing state when I read an advertisement showing how Dr. Williams' Pink Pills had cured cases of indigestion. I bought three boxes and continued with them until I had no necessity to do so. I am now free from indigestion and eat my meals with more relish than I have done for years. Whenever I have an opportunity of recommending Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I will heartily do so."

Pain in the Back, Dizziness and Weakness.

Mr. Samuel Buxton, of Glamorgan Vale, Walloon, Ipswich, writes:—"Many years ago I began to suffer from a serious derangement of the digestive organs. The first symptoms were pain in the back, dizziness, loss of memory, and general weakness. Then my appetite failed and I became very irritable. The weakness increased so much that I had to leave off my work and when trying to walk bad turns came over me, and I had to cling to something for support to save myself from falling. A doctor said I was suffering from biliousness, but there seemed no relief for me. One day whilst reading a paper I was struck by the peculiar name, 'Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People,' and as these pills were advertised to cure indigestion I purchased a supply and began taking them, first using a laxative, as is necessary in such cases. Before long the stupid feeling of dizziness went away, my memory returned, and the terrible pains in my back abated. I took four boxes and am now perfectly cured. I have a hearty appetite, my blood is rich and red, and I feel stronger than ever."



Williams' Pink Pills, which are sold by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Wellington, N.Z., 3/- per box, 6 boxes 16/6, and by chemists and storekeepers.

BUT MIND YOU ASK FOR DR. WILLIAMS'.

Complete Story.

## A Mountain Incident.

Let me say at once that I do not wish to pose as an authority on climbing; neither do I purpose making an attempt to rival the exploits of Sir Martin Conway or Mr Whympere. In fact, I will be quite frank and admit that my experience is distinctly limited. Indeed, until recently, climbing had little more than a passing interest for me, and my efforts in this direction had been entirely suburban. Having, however, accomplished a successful ascent of Muswell Hill in the north, and Shooter's Hill in the south—to say nothing of groping my way to the giddy heights of the monument at an earlier stage of my career—I was only prevented by a modesty that the reader will readily appreciate from bringing my achievements to the notice of the Alpine Club.

Having once tasted the sweets of climbing, though, it became painfully obvious to my friends that the mountaineering fever had attacked me badly. For a time Whympere and Baedeker formed my entire mental pabulum, and after a period of great unrest I eventually found myself in the Zermatt Valley with a companion equally enthusiastic although equally inexperienced. As we sat on the balcony of the Zermatt Hotel upon the evening of our arrival, looking up at the mighty Matterhorn gradually fading away in the gathering twilight, while its snow-covered sides flushed responsively to the reseat fires of the setting sun, my friend drew a deep sigh and said, "How beautiful!" I looked downwards upon the fair form of my dinner companion—a sweet young Bostonian—and as my glance travelled over the gleaming coils of hair that lay upon her shapely neck like burnished gold, I answered fervently, "Yes."

"That's worth gaining," exclaimed my companion, as if following a train of thought, at the same time pointing to the flaming summit of the Matterhorn, and again, with downcast eyes, I answered "Yes."

Fired with youthful ardour, my friend said he would go and consult some of the guides in the grounds of the hotel, and he left me. My fair Bostonian had placed her book aside, for the evening shadows had deepened. Time and place were conducive to the formation of new friendships, and when my friend reappeared on the balcony, after what seemed a ridiculously short interval, my dinner companion rose, and with the sweetest of smiles bade me "Good-night" as she passed into the Hotel.

"It's all right, old chap," said he, slapping me on the shoulder.

"I'm not so certain of that," I answered, with a dubious shake of the head.

"But I've fixed up the whole thing," he replied, emphatically.

"The Devil you have," I rejoined.

"You've been pretty quick about it."

"Quick! What do you mean? I've been away an hour and three-quarters, and I thought you would wonder what had become of me."

I looked at my watch and found it nearly ten, and I marvelled at the flight of time.

"Well, old chap," continued my friend, taking me by the arm, "let's go for a stroll down the village and listen to the band at the 'Mount-Cervin,' then I'll tell you all about it."

To the "Mont-Cervin" we accordingly went, where under the soothing influence of a pipe and soft music he unfolded his plans.

To cut a long story short, the guides, like the prudent men they are, scouted the idea of the Matterhorn as their first climb. No, they said in effect, a man successfully to negotiate the Matterhorn wanted something more than an ice axe, forty yards of rope, and a pair of armour-plated boots; an equipment which had innocently thought would carry us over any obstacle and to any height. My friend had at first expostulated, but the guides were firm, so eventually it was decided that we should climb the Breithorn, a snow mountain nearly 14,000 feet high, whence excellent views were obtainable.

With the enthusiasm born of inexperience my travelling companion suggested we should start the following afternoon, pass the night at the Gaud-

egg Hut, and complete the ascent the next morning. But for reasons it is unnecessary to enter into here I strongly opposed the idea of leaving Zermatt with such unnecessary, and almost unseemly, haste, while I urged the necessity of another day's complete rest so that we might start quite fresh.

As everyone knows who has stayed in that marvellous valley there are only two things to be done in Zermatt. One is to climb, the other is to flirt. If you care for the first-named form of recreation there is ample scope for the exercise of your powers. If, however, the latter is more to your liking, then you have only to sit on the balcony of your hotel, and you will quickly find that there is no need for time to hang heavily on your hands.

My fair Bostonian had, alas! slightly sprained her foot. She was, therefore, reluctantly compelled—as she assured me with a divine smile—to rest throughout the morning. And very charming she looked as she reclined in a basket-chair, and nestled her head against a brilliant coloured cushion. My friend had started early for a climb to the Schwarze Hotel, thinking it would bring him into condition. He had tried to prevail upon me to accompany him, but I assured him that as far as I personally was concerned a perfectly restful day would be more conducive to fitness for the morrow.

Throughout the morning I rested—that is, I remained on the balcony, and only moved when it was necessary to assist my fair companion to a spot where we could obtain a view through the hotel telescope of five poor mortals clambering up the face of the Matterhorn. With breathless interest she followed the movements of the climbers, while I, thanks to a lively imagination, combined with a previous study of Whympere and Baedeker, was able to furnish information concerning the Matterhorn and other mountains that could not have been obtained through the medium of any recognised guide-book. Luncheon and tea came round with startling rapidity, and when, half an hour before dinner, my friend returned jubilant with the result of his expedition, he found me still resting on the balcony, quietly reading a book left by the fair Bostonian on her departure five minutes earlier.

"Well, what sort of a day have you had?" he exclaimed, throwing himself into a chair.

"Delightfully quiet," I replied, as I looked at my watch and hurriedly remarked that we had only just time to get ready for dinner.

The following morning my friend was early afoot putting the finishing touches to his equipment for the ascent. He appeared anxious to make a start, but I soon convinced him that as the Gaudegg Hut could be reached in four hours from the valley, it was of no use starting at a ridiculously early hour. I contended it was for better to "rest" during the morning and start after luncheon. By dint of a little judicious manoeuvring my friend quietly agreed, and, a few minutes later, he disappeared, and did not turn up again until the luncheon bell had rung. Deeming it unwise to exert myself prior to our start, I had been content to spend a perfectly restful morning on the balcony, the conditions being not dissimilar to those of the previous day.

But human happiness is invariably brief, and between two and three in the afternoon our guides came to claim us, and I bade my fair companion adieu with as bright a smile as I could summon up. For a moment our eyes met, and I thought I detected a slight heightening of colour as she said "Good-bye," and hoped I should "have a good time." Good time, forsooth! Happiness seemed impossible apart from my divinity.

Out of the valley we passed in Indian file, and after toiling for an hour and a half up a narrow and dusty mule path, we were able to look down upon the brawling Viap leaping from rock to rock as it rushed through the valley to swell the waters of the Rhone. After a journey of three hours and a half we reached the Gaudegg Hut—a truly romantic spot, and one that fitted well with my frame of mind. Here we arranged to spend the night. The hut, in reality, is little more than a wooden slant, and is perched on the top of some huge rocks on the Lelohenbretter, just above the Theo-

dule glacier. The premises are rented for the season by four sisters from an hotel proprietor in Zermatt, to whom they pay a rental of 1,500 francs annually. The place is open from the early part of June to the latter end of September. All food supplies have to be brought up from the valley by carriers, and as the hut stands at an elevation of 10,000 feet, the task is no light one. As may be imagined, the place is primitive enough. No internal adornment or decoration is attempted. Plain boards and plain tables are the order of the day. The bed-rooms are all on one floor, and are reached by means of a ladder from the basement. The bed-rooms are comfortable and spotlessly clean. The charge for a room is five francs, a similar charge being made for dinner, and four francs is the lowest price of a bottle of wine.

At nine p.m. we "turned in," as the guides suggested that we should start the following morning at three o'clock. 'Tis true it was bitterly cold, but as each bed was provided with two feather beds, one for sleeping on and the other as a covering, it did not take long to get warm. At 2.30 the following morning we were aroused by a knock at the door, and a few minutes later we were looking out of the window anxious to know if the weather was favourable. The wind had partially subsided, and not a cloud could be seen. The stars sparkled in their steel blue setting, and were mirrored in the snowy heights. A hasty toilet, followed by a cup of coffee, with bread and honey, and we were once more outside the trailing across the snow.

The sun had not yet begun to show itself, and the snow was crisp and hard from the night's frost. The scene was not without its weirdness, as, through the dim, uncertain light, we silently trudged along, attached to one another by a rope. Occasionally we came to a crevasse, and the guide would prod the snow surface with his ice-axe to see whether it would bear his weight in crossing. At times we had to make a wide detour in order to gain a crossing, and when the attempt was made we were told to keep the rope taut, so that if the leader fell in we might haul him out. Above us rose the summit of the Breithorn, and up the steep slope we moved with painful slowness, for at times we had to make a foothold in the frozen snow with our ice-axe. Still, there was something so mar-

vellously exhilarating in the air, to say nothing of the charm of our surroundings—that fatigue was fairly kept at arm's length.

Our descent was comparatively easy. On more than one occasion, however, we slipped on the surface of the snow, and might have rolled on into eternity had we not been attached by ropes to our sure-footed guides. As the sun rose and gained in power the snow became softer and softer, so that towards the end progress was somewhat slow and difficult, for occasionally we would sink nearly to our waists. By half-past ten, though, we had regained the hut, feeling a bit tired, perhaps, but still thoroughly well pleased with our first experience of climbing. After a rest and some light refreshment we packed our knapsacks and continued our descent to the valley.

By three o'clock we were back at Hotel Zermatt. Our guides had proved themselves such excellent fellows that we gave each thirty-five francs, this being five more than the recognised charge—a little douceur for which they appeared very grateful.

After a tub and a change of clothing, we felt like men who had been given a fresh lease of life. The hard work entailed in the ascent was soon forgotten, and only the charm and novelty of the experience remained. Our pulses had been quickened by the exhilarating effects of the climb, and although we had made but a small beginning, we began to feel something of that mysterious power and irresistible fascination that mountaineering exercises over its votaries. At dinner we drank success to our first venture.

Later on I once more found myself on the hotel balcony, with the fair Bostonian at my side. Again we watched the evening shadows shutting out the base of the Matterhorn, while golden shafts of light played upon its summit from the dawn going sun.

"And so your venture was in every way a success," said my companion with one of her rare smiles.

"Complete," I answered. "May my next be equally so." I quietly added after a pause, looking down upon her face.

She raised her eyes to mine, and in that glance I seemed to gain a glimpse into futurity.

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ORTON STEVENS, Resident Secretary



# *The War in the Transvaal.*

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NAVAL BRIGADE WOUNDED: AT SIMON'S TOWN.



WOUNDED SOLDIERS ON THE HOSPITAL SHIP SPARTAN, SIMON'S BAY.



**The Price of Boer Victory at Magersfontein.**

The Highland Brigade during their retirement from the attack on the enemy's position came across one of their outlying trenches manned by about two hundred Scandinavians. These they charged with the bayonet killing and wounding the whole.—(Private letter.)



THE RED CROSS PARTIES AT WORK AFTER THE BATTLE OF THE TUGELA RIVER.

The sad duties of our ambulance and bearer parties, after the Battle of Tugela, were rendered terribly arduous by the heavy losses sustained by the troops engaged.

Illus. "London Mail."

DEPARTURE OF THE SECOND N.Z. CONTINGENT FOR THE CAPE



A BACK VIEW OF THE HORSE STALLS ON THE WAIWERA.



Photos. by R. H. Hooper. A FAREWELL SCENE.

RISKS RUN BY WAR CORRESPONDENTS.

During the progress of the war several war correspondents have been killed, while a number have been more or less seriously injured. Any war correspondent worthy of the name, as an English contemporary points out, and more especially any war correspondent who aspires to make a real and lasting success of his chosen risks must face greater dangers than he would ordinarily be called upon to take and to face were he an actual combatant unit of the force to which he may chance to be attached.

In the Franco-Prussian War of 1870 Colonel Pemberton, of the "Times," was thrice warned off the shell-swept battlefield of Sedan, and as often returned to his post of observation. The last venture proved a fatal one for him, for, approaching too near a masked battery, he was almost literally blown to pieces by a well aimed projectile.

The fate of poor Howard, the "New York Herald" correspondent at Omdurman, will doubtless be fresh in most people's memories. Entering the captured city ere our batteries on

the other side of the river had quite done bombarding it, he was struck and killed by a lyddite shell fired from one of our own guns. In the course of the same eventful afternoon, too, Colonel Frank Rhodes, a brother of Cecil of that ilk, was badly wounded in the shoulder.

Long prior, however, to the final overthrow of the dervishes at Omdurman, the Sudan had claimed many victims from among the ranks of the journalistic fraternity. One of the first to fall was the gallant and cheery O'Donovan, of Mery fame, who, as special representative of the "Daily News," accompanied Hicks Pasha's army on its last fatal expedition into the wilds of Kordofan. O'Donovan realised perfectly that, in all human probability, he was going to his death; but he preferred to put duty before even life itself. It must, indeed, have been a march to try the nerves of the strongest. The country through which they passed was a desert. After leaving the Nile, indeed, the ill-fated army met scarcely any living soul; but great flocks of vultures followed them, as if waiting for their prey. Water was hard to get. Food ran short. The capture of a solitary lean and aged cow was hailed as a great event. It must, one

would imagine, have come almost as a relief when the final onslaught was made, and the last man of the doomed force fell gasping beneath the dervish spears.

This was in November, 1883, and a year later Mr Power, of the "Times," the only "special" who was with Gordon in Khartoum, met with his death. Accompanied by Colonel Stewart and about 40 men, he attempted to ascend the Nile in a small steamer, with the object of opening up communications with the advance guard of Wolseley's expedition. But owing primarily to the treachery of an Arab pilot, the tiny craft was cast away on an island and all on board massacred.

Yet another few short months, and Thomas St. Leger Herbert, of the "Morning Post," together with his friend and colleague, John Cameron, of the "Standard," were killed by "snipers" on the evening of the day following the battle of Abu Klea.

These deaths were, it must be admitted, tragic enough; but they were not nearly so tragic or so mysterious as that which overtook the young French journalist, Olivier Pain, who

was despatched by the editor of the "Intransigent" (M. Henri Rochefort) to the Mahdi's head-quarters. For a long time no one knew what had become of the foolhardy youth, and our friends, the French did not hesitate to bring certain absurd charges against the British military authorities of having compassed his assassination. It is now known, however, that he actually succeeded in reaching Omdurman; but, being unable to return, he perished miserably of starvation and exposure.

Mr Bowlby, who represented the "Times" in the Chinese "Opium War," met with an even more dreadful fate. By treachery he, together with several companions, was taken prisoner, carried in chains to Peking, and immured within the pink walls of the "Forbidden City." Exactly what happened after that will probably never be known, and what little is known can never be fully set down in writing. Suffice it to say that the unhappy captives were slowly tortured to death, every hideous and unnatural artifice known to Oriental cruelty being employed in order to prolong their agonies.



THE TALLEST CARBAGE TREE IN THE WAIKATO. A comparison of the tree with the boy on horseback at its base will give some idea of its height. Ellerbeck, photo.



AFTER THE BUSHMAN AND FIRE HAVE PASSED THROUGH. Dawes, photo.

# Topics of the Week.

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## TOMMY AND COLONIAL.

It has grieved a good many folks to learn on the authority of an Australian newspaper correspondent at the front that the colonial troops do not fraternise much. That is not quite how one imagined it would be. On the assumption that patriotism, such as is abroad now, like love, levels all ranks and conditions, we looked to see the British soldier and the Colonial volunteer on the most brotherly and affectionate terms; not merely comrades in arms but comrades in one another's arms. I know for my part I had pictured all sorts of pretty scenes, quite suitable for reproduction as patriotic plates in five colours. And other people pictured them too, and depend upon it that when the war is over there will be many gorgeous lithographs in the shop windows and in the pictorial calendars for 1901, with Tommy Atkins and his Colonial cousin linked in sweetest union. There will be touching incidents innumerable; as for instance "Veteran of the such and such Brigade teaching colonial volunteer how to shoot Boers;" Kind Australian sharing his last pot of jam (home made) with Trooper Atkins;" "Ditto shouting for the entire 63rd Regiment at the camp canteen," and so forth. But, it is to be feared that the intimate camaraderie there depicted has as yet had no counterpart in the actual field. The Colonials do not fraternise with the Tommies, is the dictum of the newspaper correspondent. Well, although it does awaken us somewhat rudely from our dream of fraternity and equality, there is some reason, when one comes to think the matter over, for this failure to amalgamate. One can understand that Tommy and the Colonial scarcely look at things with the same eyes. Drawn from two different classes, reared in totally different surroundings, with different ideals, purposes and traditions in life, and suddenly brought together to a work to which the one is totally unused, is it strange that the Colonial and Tommy should not at once understand one another? There is just the chance, too, that the Colonial thinks himself socially a cut above the Tommy, as he undoubtedly is, and discourages the latter's advances. One would imagine that a sense of their own military inexperience, and a desire to learn from those more familiar with fighting, would make our boys forget these differences in their social position. Apparently, however, the Colonial is burdened with no great sense of his want of knowledge. One correspondent writes that the contingents have received so much taffy from the military authorities that they are getting as full of conceit and self-importance as an egg is full of meat. You can just fancy what it must be like. No one ever taxed the New Zealand youth with overmodesty yet. He generally knows how to assess himself at full market value with ten per cent. added. That our boys are entirely satisfied with the part they have taken in the war goes without saying. That they regard themselves as the backbone of the British army also goes without saying. However the historians of the future choose to describe the war there will in this quarter of the world be but one authorised version of the cause of victory. We did it, we Australasians! Naturally when a body of men get that idea firmly planted in their heads it tends to make them somewhat mighty and exclusive in their demeanour.

## THE KISS OFFICIAL.

What woman does not remember with fear and trembling the terrible punishment which poetic justice has decreed for the girl who gets a kiss and goes and tells her mother. How does the sentence run again?—

"She shall get her head cut off,  
 She shall get her head cut off,  
 She shall get her head cut off,  
 And never get another."

Probably there is nothing so utterly awesome in the whole province of law as that reiterated sentence, and the added finale which, as it were, removes the very last ray of hope. The decapi-

tation is to be complete and ir retrievable. I believe it was the early intimation of that decree which accounts for the exemplary reticence of girls generally in this matter of kissing. You will hear folks say that they do not believe there is much clandestine osculation goes on between the girls and the boys. "I am sure none of my girls would allow themselves to be kissed," I have heard more than one mother declare. But do you think that with that awful threat ringing in their ears since their babyhood the girls are likely to tell their mamas everything? Even if they may not accept the sentence in all its hideous literalness, they cannot help having respect for the principle of silence it inculcates in certain vital moments of a girl's career. The overwhelming contempt which these simple lines, taken metaphorically, pour on the girl who goes and tells her mother when she is kissed is more than any maiden would dare to face. The position, however, is altogether different where the lady is a married woman. When a married woman gets a kiss — of course I mean a masculine kiss, not within the legalised limits—it is her first duty to go and tell not her mother only, but her husband too, and probably the police to boot. If, however, she is merely asked for a kiss the case is by no means so serious, and it is quite an open question whether she should ventilate the matter publicly or not. A concrete example came before the public in Auckland the other day. The attendant at the Art Gallery, after showing a lady round, asked her when she was signing the visitors' book to give him a kiss. The lady told her husband who complained to the authorities, and the result would most likely have been the prompt dismissal of the attendant had he not at once tendered his resignation. There is no little sympathy felt among the male part of the community for the man, who appears to have repented of his gallantry at once, for the same afternoon that he made the request he lodged a complaint against himself. Which of us has not felt on occasions a burning desire to kiss a pretty face? But we were worldly wise enough to refrain. Or to go further might I not ask which of us has not asked for a kiss where we had no right? And probably had there been any chance of trouble in the matter we would have been prepared to deny point blank that we were guilty of the indiscretion. But there was an honourable ingenuousness about our art friend. He confessed his fault and lost his situation, when possibly by prevarication he might have retained it. This circumstance, added to the fact that he was so imprudent as to ask for a kiss, suggests to my mind a simple and chivalric rather than a guileful soul. Still, for all that, I am quite able to understand the public inconvenience, to call it by no other name, which must result from the employment of officials in public places who are liable to such attacks of the tender passion. Public officials do indeed take no end of liberties with the long-suffering public, but the kiss official has not yet been gazetted as among their perquisites.

## THE CLOAK OF PATRIOTISM.

The cloak of religion, antiquated and disreputable vestment though it is, has served the dishonest ends of too many people in this world to be thrown aside. It will always have a certain wide vogue. But another garment of a somewhat similar kind threatens to usurp its functions among us for the time at least. We must be on our guard against those who make a cloak of patriotism. The rogus who can don that mantle becomingly has indeed a rare chance in these days, when the singing of "The Absent-Minded Beggar" can produce a collection that would make the most eloquent preacher green with envy. You might say that for the moment patriotism and loyalty have become our religion, and any appeal that would be effectual in these days must be addressed to these sentiments. Two stowaways who were brought before the R.M. in Auckland the other day, showed a perfect appreciation of the public temper when they sought to avert the arm of the law by declaring that they had come across from Syd-

ney in order to show their loyalty by joining the New Zealand Contingent. Had it been an ordinary J.P. who was in the seat of Justice that day, it is not improbable that this exhibition of patriotism might have had the desired effect, and the offenders gone forth from the Court free, the fines having been remitted, or perhaps paid by the admiring bench. But it happened to be the R.M. who was taking the cases, and he knew too well the ways of stowaways to be hoodwinked by these loyal asseverations. That however was an exceptional case. As a fact, we are glaringly susceptible to any appeal made to our patriotism and loyalty. Whatever the movement or whatever the object in which it is desired to enlist the public sympathy, there is no surer way to do so than by such an appeal. And it is by no means a difficult business to make use of that golden key to our generosity. The ladies of the Auckland Benevolent Society have shown their business acumen by borrowing it for their fete next month. The society is in very low water financially just at present, and doubts whether an appeal on behalf of the poor and suffering who are its special care would move the multitude. So it has had recourse to the sentiment of the hour, and has announced that half of the proceeds at the fete will be given to the war fund. I am not disposed to condemn this use of the patriotic cloak, nor indeed to say much against others hardly so excusable. There have, I am told, been one or two cases where the attempt was made to create capital out of a mere display of patriotism. There is a rumour afloat about a certain gallant individual who offered his services to one of the contingents after he had made certain they would not be accepted. Some domestic trouble, I opine, a sense perhaps, which all men may have that their worth is not sufficiently appreciated, made this carpet warrior vow that he would go to the wars. No doubt he pictured to himself the consternation in his home when his distracted wife and relatives read his name among the list of those who had volunteered for the front; their abject repentance for the way they had behaved towards him; their tears and entreaties to remain; and himself at a single step elevated to the highest niche in the family temple. If the story is true, I should not wonder if that cunning gentleman realised his dream, and now poses as a hero of the very first magnitude in the bosom of his family.

## THE ABUSE OF CARICATURE.

The grossly personal and abusive attacks of the French press on the Queen have derived a still more offensive character from the fact that the President has publicly decorated the author of one of the vilest caricatures of Her Majest. While one is scarcely surprised at the intense hatred of England which such an act betokens, the execrable taste that permitted such a thing is unexpected. As a nation we British have no right to object to being caricatured in a general way, for we are always quick to appreciate our own satirical pencillings of foreigners, their eccentricities and foibles; and we do not object. We laugh at those hideous travesties of English features and English manners which are the delight of foreign caricaturists. Nor would it be becoming in us to take exception to such depictions where the Queen, as visibis head of the Empire, is introduced by the satirist. How frequently do we not do the same with the Kaiser, for instance. When, however, the caricaturist attacks a sovereign in his or her private capacity and makes his pencil an instrument of gross personal abuse there is good ground for complaint. This is what the French caricaturists have been seeking to do. Finding that their countrymen's hunger for insult to hurl at the English could not be satisfied by anything they could produce within the legitimate limits of their art, they descended to cowardly, personal attacks on Her Majesty. The new departure delighted the French who, at once perceiving by the indignation expressed in England that the best way to wound the British nation was to strike unparagingly at its Sovereign, made the very most of their discovery. In cooler moments the French will probably recognise the mistake they have made in pandering to the lowest taste in caricature. Heaven forbid that the caricaturist's art should descend to such depths. It is in constant peril of falling, however, and it is only by refusing to enter for the

## ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL FOR THE HAIR.

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## ROWLAND'S ODONTO FOR THE TEETH.

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larger public that papers like "Punch" preserve their high standard. It is remarkable how little elevated the general public taste in caricature is. Even in these colonies, where good taste and correct artistic perception are by no means wanting, it is surprising to note the keen appreciation of the lower, the weaker and more vulgar forms of caricature. I have seen the crudest of sketches quite redeemed in the eyes of hundreds by their minute vulgarity. On the other hand, humour of the weakest description—the exaggeration of one part of a man's body at the cost of the rest, for instance—seems in a picture to excite the risible faculties of scores of otherwise sensible people. The number of folks who can take pleasure in a vulgar or meaningless caricature is certainly far larger than those who appreciate a coarse allusion or a weak pun, whatever the reason may be, and if the pictorial faculty were as widely developed as is the literary we might look, I think, for a corresponding fall in the prevailing standard of caricature.

NOT WHAT IT ONCE WAS.

There may have been a time when the position of a City Councillor here was a desirable one, and offered abundant compensation for the time spent in civic affairs. But every day the post is becoming less attractive since those new organisations the Ratepayers' Associations have come upon the scene. In the old days the Councillor was his own master, and considering that he gave his services free he felt justified in regarding himself as free also. If he attended the meetings of the Council he always had an underlying sense that he was conferring a favour on the public, and he went about with a sense of creditorship which was not so unnatural. But the Ratepayers' Associations have taken quite another view of the Councillor's position, holding that by the mere fact of seeking and obtaining election he binds himself to work for the municipality just as if he were a paid official; and the Associations, as representing the citizens, at once constitute themselves his masters. And vigilant masters they are too, who mark his every going and coming, and criticise everything he does. He is a marked man, shadowed, in all probability, to a more irksome degree than is a Parliamentary representative. It takes a man of no ordinary circumspectness to feel entirely comfortable in such a situation. Of course he knows that it is only his public civic behaviour that is open to comment, and that no Association of Ratepayers has anything to do with his daily private walk and conversation. But still being the object of such close inspection, it is inevitable that his private life will be more open to comment than that of other men. Such has been the experience of every Parliamentary candidate, many of whom have frequently found to their consternation that it was as much their domestic as their political life that the constituencies made it their business to inquire into. Inconvenient to the Councillor as the somewhat inquisitorial character of these Ratepayers' Associations may be, these organisations ought to have a beneficial effect on municipal government, and rescue the municipalities from falling under the fatal authority of such corrupt councils as exist in America.

ALAS FOR ST. VALENTINE.

Does anyone at all send valentines nowadays, or is the ancient custom dead at last? As that Royal scamp, King Charles the Second, observed apologetically with regard to himself, it has been "an unconscionable time in dying," but it would really seem as if St. Valentine will go out with the century. "Tempora mutantur, nos et mutamur in illis." These, my masters, are the days of Roentgen rays and wireless telegraphy, of lightning express and of lyddite, and the foolish philanderings of our forefathers on the fourteenth of February can no longer be allowed. We have no time for sentimentalities now. Love-making, like everything else, is done with promptness and dispatch, and is conducted on business-like principles. We write no odes to our mistresses' eyebrow. She prefers theatre tickets or ice cream. We do not, as our forebears did, address her as Phyllis or Amaryllis, since to do so would raise unjustified suspicion, nor, to say the truth, should we ourselves manifest

gratification if she called us Corydon. If we carved poems on trees after Orlando's fashion, we should be "run in" for destroying public or private property, and it is much to be doubted if our beloved would attempt to bail us out. No; it is an age of the strictly practical, and the valentine—even the "ugly one"—has no place therein. The origin of Valentine's Day is, by the way, somewhat of a mystery. Certainly, the poor martyr and saint who gave his name thereto had nothing to do with the exchange of love tokens, and pages' d'umour and the sweet-heating customs which up till twenty years ago made the 14th of February the most important of the year to the gentle youth of Britain. St. Valentine, poor fellow, saw little of the brighter side of life, and probably never allowed a thought of love, so far as women were concerned, to cross the stern path of duty which ended with so terrible a death. He was an active and zealous Christian priest in the time of Claudius II., and, being taken, was gradually beaten to death with clubs, wine and other restoratives being given whenever dissolution seemed imminent so as to prolong the agony. When finally the poor tortured body could no longer contain the intrepid spirit an end was made with the executioner's axe, his head being struck off. It is obvious the martyr had nothing to do with the softer rites of Valentine's Day, and these were probably the relics of the feast, Lupercalia, which was held in Rome about the middle of February. Of that feast, and of its rites, it is better not to speak. It was one long orgie of obscenity, vice, and drunkenness. The custom was kept up long after the introduction of Christianity, the priests finding it impossible to stop the license allowed by the day. So, after the wise fashion of the Catholic Church, they made the best of a bad job by minimising its evils and gradually reducing the license allowed, finally fathering the feast on to St. Valentine. Coming to valentines themselves, the absolute sending of the valentines between young people was quite a recent innovation, comparatively speaking, dating only from the days of cheaper postage. The ancient custom, which is centuries old, was that on St. Valentine's Day the young men and maidens foregathered on the village green, and each wrote a name on a slip of paper and put it in a box. The chosen, if he was accepted—that is, if he was also the chosen of his divinity—gave her a present, and as these were supposed to be of the utmost value within the giver's means, they were, in the case of the higher born, often very costly. But the customs of St. Valentine's festival are only a portion of those which disappear with the nineteenth century. Where be our Peace-Eggers at Easter now, where our Waits at Christmas, who goes "a Maying" in our times, and what youngsters bob for apples on All Hallow's Eve? What maidens go supperless to bed on St. Agnes' Eve "and couch supine their beauties hilly white" in the hopes of those "visions of delight," and the "soft adornings from their loves," of which Keats tells us? Nay, who even remembers to eat salt ling fish on Ash Wednesday? All such customs are being rapidly forgotten, or are already forgot. We have no time for such trivialities in these times of bustle and business. There is no money in them, and therefore they must go.

NORTH ISLAND, N.Z.

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Minor Matters.

A very mean trick was played on a passenger by the Wellington express from New Plymouth the other day. He was leaning out of a window while at Sentry Hill station, and as the train moved off some miscreant at the end of the platform made a dash at his hat and knocked it off, thus leaving the owner hatless and considerably irate. Whether the act was that of a thief or an idiot could not be ascertained, but in either case passengers should be protected from this sort of thing.

A Victorian customs officer hails from Blarney, or thereabouts. A Dutch steamer came up the bay, and the officer went off to meet her. He had with him a Tommy Atkins subscription list, on which was written the name of the master of every foreign vessel that had entered the port for months past. "It'll be as good as treason if you show that list to the Dutchman on his own quarter-deck," said a brother officer. "Well see," said the Irishman. The following morning it was duly announced in "The Argus" that Captain Van Eyken, of the Dutch steamer Folmina, had subscribed 7/ to the cause of the British in South Africa.

Dr. Charles Smith, who was for more than fifty years a physician in leading practice in New York, has entered on his 124th year. He was born on the 26th of September, 1776, and claims to have found in New Jersey a fountain of youth whose waters, on analysis, have been proved to have the seven virtues of the Persian Pura. That water was drunk periodically in Persia, and many of the Persians who used it were centenarians. Dr. Smith is a vegetarian and total abstainer. He has used the water since 1869. He looks like a man in the sixties, walks with a vigorous step, has a clear, resonant voice, and is in full possession of all his faculties.

He fought like a true Briton, but was not at all comfortable. At last, turning to a companion, he shouted, "Here, Bill, you take my rifle. Just give me that 'ere brick end, and let's see if it don't feel more 'omelike'."

A rather good story is at present going the rounds, of which the following is a brief version. A member of the legal profession received instructions to enter proceedings against a sea-captain who, it is asserted, had intended to pay a debt with the mainsheet, as the manner of some sea-farers is. Though the vessel was due to sail in fifteen minutes from the time when the limb of the law received his instructions, the necessary blue papers were prepared, but the man of the law was disgusted when, on his arrival at the wharf, the vessel was more than the length of her cable-tow off shore. The legal gentleman, though discomfited, had still an Hibernian fund of fertility of resource upon which to work. Hailing the pilot, he asked whether the skipper was on board. "Aye, aye, sir," came the response. "Throw me a line, and ask him to come on deck." The order was complied with when the man of law deftly tied his blue documents to the end of the line, and these were quickly hauled on board. The captain and the documents were on deck simultaneously, and the man of law triumphed.

There was a little romance underlying a case heard at the Police Court, Christchurch, says the local press, recently. A young man had been charged with being illegally on a lady's premises, and also with failing to leave when requested to do so. The evidence disclosed the fact that the young man's presence had been due to the fascinations of the step-daughter of the prosecutrix, with whom he had been keeping company, and that his lady's wishes were to him more powerful than her step-mother's commands. The prosecutrix stated that she believed the young fellow would have gone away when told to do so if the young lady had not persuaded him to stay. Under the circumstances, the Bench took a lenient view of the case, convicting the accused and ordering him to come up for sentence when called upon, at the same time warning him to refrain from annoying the prosecutrix in future.

In explanation of an application to transfer a section of land which came before the Wellington Land Board the other day, it was stated that the lessee, a cordial manufacturer, intended giving up his business and become a farmer, but the licensing poll having given the publicans a renewal lease he had changed his mind. "What!" exclaimed Mr Hogg, "I understood the carrying of 'no-licenses' would have improved the gingerbeer and lemonade business." "Oh, no, my friend," was the reply, "I was only to be a farmer, but the licensing poll having given the publicans a renewal lease he had changed his mind. "What!" exclaimed Mr Hogg, "I understood the carrying of 'no-licenses' would have improved the gingerbeer and lemonade business." "Oh, no, my friend," was the reply, "I was only to be a farmer, but the licensing poll having given the publicans a renewal lease he had changed his mind. 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One of the press representatives shut up in Ladysmith has been amusing himself by making a calculation as to the number of shells sent into the town by the Boers since the beginning of the siege to the time of departure of his despatches (Saturday, November 25). The grand total is given as 2680, and of that number 1070 went into the town itself, 860 were directed at the Natal batteries, and the remaining numbers reached the different camps. Taking the larger type of shells thrown by the Boers with the smaller, and giving an average value of £17 10s for each shell, it is seen that the monetary value of the bombardment of Ladysmith to the Boers has been about £50,000. Eight of our men have been killed by shells, or one man for every 335 shells. It has thus cost the Boers (according to the statistics quoted) between £6000 and £7000 to kill a man in Ladysmith. It would be interesting to learn the cost to Great Britain of defending the town against the assault of the Boers.

In the "good old days" hangings used to be one of the great amusements of the English populace. Even to-day in France executions are performed in public, and prove very attractive spectacles. But it has been reserved to Sheriff Watron, of Navajo County, Arizona, to turn a hanging into a cheerful social function, to which the notables of the neighbourhood are cordially invited. This up-to-date sheriff has issued to a select circle of friends and acquaintances invitation cards, printed on heavy cardboard, requesting their presence at an execution to take place in the golf-ward of Holbrook on a certain specified date. The following is the wording of this extraordinary document:—  
Holbrook, Arizona, 12/2, 1899.

Mr—  
You are hereby cordially invited to attend the hanging of one  
GEORGE SMILEY, MURDERER,  
His soul will be swung into eternity on December 8, 1899, at 2 o'clock p.m. sharp.

The latest improved methods in the art of scientific strangulation will be employed, and everything possible will be done to make the surroundings cheerful and the execution a success.

F. J. WATRON,  
Sheriff of Navajo County.  
Several hundred persons outside Arizona have received invitations to the hanging, including the sheriffs and some of the chiefs of police in Texas, New Mexico and Colorado. Many prominent politicians have likewise been favoured. Sheriff Watron, it is reported, prides himself upon the form of the invitation, and is not disturbed in the least because of the fact that several Arizona newspapers and clergymen have criticised it severely. To their assertions that the invitation is lacking in good taste and dignity, and brings the majesty of the law into contempt, the sheriff merely replies, "Oh, hosh! Those chaps are not up-to-date." Sheriff Watron, it is plain, is a man who will go far—but in what direction?

There is an anecdote current about an "out-backer" (writes "Abeille" in the "Australasian") who offered his services recently for the front. He was a huge, burly fellow, and galumphed his way to the captain's quarters to announce his errand. "Can you shoot?" asked the officer. "Well, I can't exactly shoot, but I daresay I could learn." "Ever handled a gun?" "No, never handled a gun exactly, but I'd pick it up pretty quick, certain." "Can you ride?" Know how to manage a horse? "No, can't exactly manage a horse, but I'm sure I could stick on." "Humph! Never been on a horse nor used a gun, and you want to fight?" "Yes, cap'n—I'm regular bont on going to the war; I want to have a go at them Boers." "Well," said the facetious, "I'm afraid you won't do for the present contingent, but I expect we'll be sending an elephant battery shortly. Will you go with that?" "Yes, rather. I think p'raps that would be best. I'm sure I could stick on an elephant. You'll be sure and let me know." "Certainly, my man. Good day!"

A lady of fashion who went on a visit to some friends in the country recently, says the Nelson "Colonist," had the following delightful experience. The lock of her dressing-case got out of order, and was sent to the village blacksmith to be opened. It chanced that during a saunter through the village with the hostess they pass-

ed the blacksmith's shop, so the lady stopped and asked him if he had got her dressing-case open. "Yes, ma'am," said the ingenious villager, "it'll open now, but I'm sorry to say in doing it I broke one of the bottles of brandy, ma'am."

A party of Boers, seeking missing ambulance waggons, came upon a detachment of our troops. Three of them approached, and asked if Tommy would give them some water. "Yes," said Tommy, "if you'll say 'God Save the Queen.'" The Boers hesitated, till one of them relieved the situation by piously exclaiming, "Well, God Save the Queen, but damn Rhodes!" They got the water.

It was just by the greatest bit of good luck that a horse-whipping scene did not take place the other day on the Melbourne Cricket Ground, according to a gossip in the "Australasian." A co-respondent in a divorce suit that will soon be "on" was batting, and had got his eye so well in that the ball looked as big as a Long Tom shell. He was just in the height of "piling on 'em on" when a messenger came out from the pavilion to him with a little note. It was in a lady's hand, and only contained a few words. "He is coming to the ground with a horsewhip." The next ball scattered his stumps. With a few bounds he was in the dressing-room, out of his flannels, and into his every-day clothes and making tracks for Richmond station at the same rate of speed that the ball travelled to the fence when he smote it. The husband duly arrived, whip and all, but as the bad man had vanished, the show couldn't come off.

It is not often a leading newspaper gets a chance like this:—

"To Argus Master Sir please will you put it in your paper I want company with a young girl I am respectable steady and good hearted good temper I wd like them to send photo (photo) and age. P S If I get a girl by your paper I will take it after."

The "Graphic" hopes the "Argus" got that subscriber.

An unfortunate loss occurred in the express train for the South last week. A young married couple boarded the train at Timaru, amid a shower of rice, but they had not proceeded far, reports an exchange, before the bride discovered that she had lost her ring. Diligent search was made in the carriage, but the missing ring was nowhere to be found.

WITHDRAWAL OF THE "TIMES" ENCYCLOPEDIA OFFER.

Announcement is made in this issue of the withdrawal on Tuesday, February 20th, of the offer of "The Times" (London) to supply the "Encyclopaedia Britannica" at half-price. The sale of this great work in New Zealand has been unprecedented, and the supply of stock sent out for distribution here is practically exhausted. Our readers may yet participate, providing they act promptly. "The Times" is in receipt of several communications from subscribers and others asking if they may not secure a set of the "Encyclopaedia Britannica" at the present favourable prices, and have deliveries made at a later date. In answer to such, we desire to say that those who fill in an order form (which may be found in another part of this paper) and send it to Wellington with the preliminary payment of one guinea, or full payment as desired, the set of volumes will be delivered to such address as may be furnished, providing such forwarding address is supplied within thirty days of the date of the order. This is a special concession to meet the wishes of many who, for one reason or another would like to defer the delivery of the books for a short time. There will be no extra charge for this, providing all the requirements of the offer are complied with on or before Tuesday, February 20th; after that date no orders will be accepted at any price.

MUTUAL CONGRATULATIONS.  
Geraldine: Both Bertie and Frank proposed to me yesterday.  
Grace: And you refused them both?  
Geraldine: Yes; but how did you know?  
Grace: Why, I saw them shaking hands on the golf links this morning.

Current Comment.

THE PRICE OF EMPIRE.

The blood of our sons has already been shed in the pursuance of this Imperial task: it may be shed more freely before the task is complete—for the Under-Secretary of War has just announced in the Imperial Parliament that "in order to gratify the splendid patriotism of the colonies Great Britain would give the colonial troops an immediate place at the front." This (says the Dunedin "Star") announcement may well cause a shudder of anxiety—swiftly followed and dismissed by a thrill of proud exultation.

CYCLE BY-LAWS AND CYCLE ACCIDENTS.

Speaking of certain new and unpopular cycling by-laws in Christchurch, the Lyttelton "Times" says: As a matter of fact, more accidents are avoided by careful steering than by bell-ringing, and nothing is so liable to startle a foot-passenger, and for that matter a horse, as the sudden ringing of a bell. The truth is that the City Council never intended its by-law to be strictly enforced, and that is just where the weakness of it lies. Similarly, cyclists must now carry a lighted lamp between sunset and sunrise, whereas, of course, there is always a full hour of sufficient light after sundown. The most reasonable provisions of the new regulations are those relating to the pace at which cyclists should ride through the city. Six miles an hour is quite fast enough, and if this provision is strictly enforced a great deal will have been done towards mitigating the bicycle nuisance. The rule regarding corners was dictated by common sense, but the wording is extremely obscure; in effect it seeks to prevent cyclists from turning corners sharply. We believe that the whole difficulty could have been met by making cycles subject to the same rules as other vehicles, and we are sure that in the end that will be found the most practicable plan. The worst nuisance in connection with the traffic is that of "scorching," and the Council has hitherto made no effort to deal with it. Nothing is to be gained by asking a cyclist to ring his bell while passing a tramcar or a hearse, if another is to be allowed to career through the city at the rate of twelve or fifteen miles an hour.

THE PATRIOTIC FUNDS.

In saying men would be more acceptable to Britain than money, we did not (declares the Hawera "Star") forget our own responsibilities in respect to our own men. It is this uncertainty which exists as to the destiny of the sums contributed which should be amended. We should most certainly earmark a fund for the assistance of the wounded and distressed of our three or four contingents. We do not see our way to adopt the suggestion of "The Times," and say the colony alone will provide for the wants of the colonial men, more especially as it is proposed to contribute by the people of Great Britain, to refuse which would be ungracious. We certainly shall have no widows, or very few, to maintain, but just as the colony has to supplement the Imperial pay of the colonial troops by bringing it up to the colonial standard, so benevolent estimates per capita made for Tommy Atkins would not be considered sufficiently high in the colony. These things will be considered, doubtless, when the funds are organised and allocation decided. It would appear that the initiation should come from the mayors throughout the colony.

A NEED OF THE BRITISH ARMY.

A few days ago the War Office gazetted a series of vivid official despatches from the divisional commanders in South Africa, and in one of these General Buller declares that "British officers will ultimately learn the value of scouting, instead of, as heretofore, blundering into the middle of the enemy and suffering accordingly." Insufficient, inefficient, or unreliable scouts have no doubt been largely responsible for many of the minor reverses of the war, and some disasters might have been avoided—the humil-

ating defeat of General Outacre at Stormberg for instance—could the commanders have secured the services of a sufficient number of efficient scouts. Now this great need of the British army is the one that these colonies can best supply, and it is important to keep this fact in view that the country may feel that in sending out as its Third and Fourth Contingents experienced bushmen, who can ride, shoot, and know "the lay of the country" wherever they may find themselves, it is rendering the very service that General Buller—did it rest with him—would ask.—Wellington "Post."

A PESSIMIST'S GROWL.

"Disgusted" writes to the Thames paper: Is it not time to put a stop to all this filigree business, suggestions for Maori war cries for 'our boys,' and other hysterical rantings? I should fancy that when the New Zealanders are called upon to storm a hill, a Talana or a Spionkop, they will need to conserve all their wind instead of wasting it on war cries and other nothings. It is now high time that English-speaking people looked upon this fighting in real earnest. We need to think less of honour and glory, etc., and more of results. A British officer may always be relied on to fall into a trap if it is anywhere within ten miles of him (witness the child-like trusting spirit of the British officer who during the late Samoan troubles accepted the assurance of a German planter that the enemy wasn't about), and the Boers know this well. Another thing that no one can explain is the attitude of the War Office, which, through its censor, suppresses or delays the fighting news, and yet disclosed to the world Buller's plan of attack when he crossed the Tugela. Naturally, after the sanguine anticipations of the success of that manoeuvre, the news of the Spionkop set-back made us look supremely ridiculous. The War Office suppresses its facts, which the public should have, and discloses its intentions, which the public could do without. The immature plans were published, but the results are withheld.

ABSENT-MINDED NEW ZEALANDERS.

WILL THIS WAKE THEM UP?

We would not be misunderstood; many of the wealthy individuals and firms have subscribed in a reasonable spirit—some of them in a generous spirit—and for those we have no reminder. But, says the "Star," are there not others who have done nothing or practically nothing? The obviously prosperous firm who come up with their very little lot—say a ten pound note; the man of many acres or houses who marks the Imperial situation with a donation that (regarded proportionately) is of a beggarly order; the business man whose large wealth or income is beyond question, and who yet hands the treasurer a "five" without a blush—these are the sort that we want to "get at," and we shall scan the subscription lists during the next three weeks with watchful interest. "Perhaps these people have subscribed anonymously," it may be suggested; "they did not want the left hand to know," etc. Not a bit of it! None of the anonymous subscriptions are large enough; besides, most of them have, as a matter of fact, subscribed a paltry something. Dives has thrown the crumbs from his table; we are anxious to induce him to hand over a modest share of the banquet. Just at present it may suffice to assure him that the public—the generally fair and discriminating public—are talking about him, and their language is "frequent and painful and free."

OUR HONOUR IN THEIR HANDS.

Speaking of the Waingauiti men for the third contingent, Mr. Empson, of the Waingauiti Collegiate School (from which several of the contingent hail), observed: "Your glory will be our glory, your dishonour—though I hope the word is absurd—still, your dishonour will be our dishonour. But we know that you will do your duty, know that you will always be alert and obedient to orders, and we trust that one and all of you would rather

die a thousand deaths than fall when the crisis comes which will test all the manhood that is in you. From our hearts we bid you God-speed. If any one of you is destined to lay down his life in Africa, he can die no more glorious death, and his name will be held in admiration and honour as long as this school shall last, while those who by the mercy of God return to their native land may be sure that we shall delight to welcome men who have not only set a splendid example of loyalty, but have fought gallantly for their country and their Queen.

THE DARLINGS OF THE WOMEN.

New Zealand's Premier has no need to utter the prayer, "God give us a guide conceit of ourselves." His natural vanity is great, but it has been so ministered to by his sycophantic worshippers that there is now no holding him, and wherever he goes he imagines that he is the admired of all beholders. At the banquet to the Hon. Mr Ward, at Invercargill, the other day, Mr Seddon had the unblushing impudence to tell his audience that "the late general election had proved that the members of the Ministry were the pride of the men and the darlings of the women of the constituencies." Mr Seddon and Mr McKenzie may be the pride of the men, but it would take a good deal to make us believe that Messrs Walker and Thompson are the darlings of the women of the colony. Mr Seddon is getting his head turned with pride, and is consequently allowing his tongue an amount of freedom that is not likely to enhance his reputation among level-headed people.

WILL IT BE WORTH THE COST?

The English will probably have 200,000 troops in the field before they are able to strike at Johannesburg. It is evident that the merits of the dispute which produced the war sink into insignificance before the magnitude of the price to be paid for eventual success. It is questionable if the cost could have been realised previous to hostilities whether the war would have occurred. The bill to be paid in blood, treasure, and suffering is enormous and terrible. Will the gains of England in South Africa compensate for the outlay? That is a problem which at present cannot be accurately solved because success has not yet been obtained, and therefore its amount and degree cannot be gauged. It is only at present regarded as a future certainty which must be acquired at all costs.—Wairarapa "Star."

BOER SYMPATHISERS.

It is poor patriotism that finds expression in hysterics, or that does not allow for a difference of opinion, either among our own people or among foreigners, as to the righteousness of a war in which Britain may be engaged. Freedom of opinion and freedom of speech bear the best testimony to the liberty that prevails in English-speaking communities. To suggest that people who do not agree with ourselves in the justice of the war with the Boers must either be disloyal, or be spies in the interests of our enemies, is absurd. It is one thing to resent insults levelled at our Queen and our country, and it is quite another thing to lose our heads and display silly anger because everybody does not hold with us in our opinions. At the same time, when a community feels so keenly as to send the flower of its youth to assist in the prosecution of a war in which the Mother Country is engaged, is not the time for those who are totally unsympathetic with the movement, or with the war itself, to flout their opinions in the faces of the community. There is a time when silence is golden, and when it is an evidence of good sense for a man to keep his opinions to himself.—Wanganui "Chronicle."

STRINGENT LAND LAWS.

SOME SUGGESTIONS FOR THE NEW SESSION.

None of the Liberal legislation so far has handled without gloves the prickly barrier to settlement of large or small landed properties of which the owners, for various reasons, choose to keep them either in a state of nature or, what is even worse, allowed, after partial cultivation, to lapse into harbours of rabbits or nurseries of noxious weeds. It is not necessary to go far for striking examples.

are thousands of acres near Invercargill held by people who would not take a fair price if it were offered which are, so far as human occupation is concerned, practically desert. A law that would make it imperative to either employ labour according to area or impose a punitive tax, would, within a very short time change the aspect of a wide area of fertile land from that of blank wilderness to smiling meadows or grain-bearing fields, dotted here and there with comfortable homesteads and thriving villages. Nor would there be anything unjust in principle or unprecedented in practice in such a departure. The gold-mining laws of the colony (although up till now somewhat laxly administered) forbid the tenure, without the employment of a specified amount of labour, of areas of land on the gold-fields—also, to some extent in regard to coal and other mines. Is the utilisation of productive soil of less vital importance to the colony?

THE NEW SHIP CANAL.

To New Zealanders the canal when opened will prove of incalculable benefit; with a fast steam service she will be brought within about twenty days' steam of the great European markets, and the markets on the west coast of America will be within her reach in considerably less time. Australasia would have had good cause to complain had English statesmen allowed the Clayton-Bulwer treaty to stand in the way. No doubt the canal will be a source of profit in which Britain would share did she find her proportion of the capital, but that is a small matter compared with the cultivation of the friendship of the American people.—Waikato "Argus."

CONTINGENTS AND HOME DEFENCES.

Many of us are now beginning to see things are being carried too far opines "Reason" in a letter to the Wellington "Press." The proposal to send 1000 infantry, then another of thousands, plainly shows that such proposals are being made without thought or reason, and with no regard to the colony. The time, attention, and money now being so largely used and contributed to "more men," etc., etc., would be put to the purpose were the three combined and directed towards the defence of New Zealand, for the state of the colony is at present, indeed, serious. Apart from all this, even supposing our defence was thorough, and that the colony could stand the drain of men, it is horses that are wanted,—not infantry. The rough-riders now in preparation for leaving are at this present just overstepping the boundary.

Exchange Notes.

Ohinemuri stocks have steady demand, but others are neglected.

Waikhi Grand Junction shares changed hands at 36/7, with further buyers offering 35/7, and no selling price quoted.

Gold returns reported this week total £12,300.

Central Electric Dredge shares changed hands this week at £4.

Ore of high grade is being won from the rise in the Barrier Reefs mine. Shares are asked for at 6/, but holders want 7/.

The Whangamata Gold Corporation crushed 630 tons of ore last month for bullion worth £1230 5/3.

Komata Reefs sold up to 2/1 this week, and are still wanted at a little under that figure.

The gold export from New Zealand up to the end of 1899 amounted to £35,966,498, and the silver to £276,119, making the total value of the gold and silver exported £36,242,617.

A discovery of coal is reported at the head of Kaueranga Valley, Thames.

Talisman shares sold up to 13/4, when the news of the amalgamation with the Talisman Consolidated arrived. The rise was not, however, maintained, and now 11/9 is the best buying price, probably because £300,000 is a big capital on which to pay dividends.

Hartley and Riley dredge shares sold during the week at 20s/7.

The leader at the winze in the intermediate stopes in the Hauraki Associated mine is still rather pinched, but continues to show gold each breaking down, from which a few pounds of picked stone have been selected.

The Royal Oak Company treated 350lbs of picked stone for the satisfactory return of £358.

Quartz from the reef in the drive from the bottom of the winze in the Butcher's Hill mine shows a few colours of gold.

The return from the Hauraki mine for the past month was £1529 6/6, from 170 tons of ore and 135lbs of picked stone.

The new battery erected by the Grace Darling Company is expected to commence operations on the 15th. As steam is the motive power the dry weather will not hamper crushing operations.

Larger tubes are being used for the new bore in the Waikhi Extended mine. This bore is on the supposed line of reef, but nearer the Grand Junction boundary.

Waikhi shares are offered at easier rates, holders being willing to accept ten guineas as against £11 a month ago.

For a parcel of Crowns 12/6 has been refused.

During the past month the Kapanga Company, Coromandel, crushed 50 tons of ore and 50lbs of picked stone for a return of bullion worth £297 4/.

Thames Drainage Board this week fixed assessments for the ensuing year, but several companies intend to exercise right of appeal to the Warden.

The Moanataiari company's crushing is proceeding with thirty head of stamps. About 50 or 60 tons of ore are being crushed.

Standard stocks showed little alterations this week, with the exception that buyers came in for Devonport Ferry at 37/, Kauri Timber (contributing issue) at 10 1/2d, and Hikurangi Coal at 6/11.

Three loads of general quartz and 15lbs of stone won by tributaries in the Kurauui—Caledonian mine were crushed for a yield of 25ozs 12dwts of gold, valued at £69 16/10.

N.Z. Shipping shares had demand at 91/6, but none were offered.

During the past month the New Four in Hand Company crushed 115 tons of quartz for a yield of £505 1/2.

National Insurance shares were inquired for at 16/, and South British at 53/. Holders asked higher rates.

The new battery erected by the Tairua Broken Hills Company is now about completed, and it is anticipated that crushing operations will commence about the middle of this month.

Buyers of National Bank shares this week advanced to 56/, but no sellers quoted.

Operations are likely to be resumed in the Monowai mine at an early date. Waikhi South shares sold at 10d, and Extendeds were wanted at the same price and Consols at 2d.

Waitekauri shares have buyers at 37/. The return this month was £8346 from 2851 tons.

The selection of 30 tons of ore from the Maratoto mine for shipment for treatment has been completed. It is stated to be of an average value of £20 per ton.

May Queen shares declined steadily until sales were made at 2/9, after which there were regular buyers at 2/6. It is thought by many that this is the bedrock price, as the mine is looking well.

PEOPLE YOU KNOW.

NO. V.—THE DOCTOR.

Dr. T. H. Smith, Royal Colonial Institute, writes:—"I have much pleasure in testifying to the superior qualities of your Vi-Cocoa over any similar preparation in the market. I do this willingly and unsolicited, as I consider it a great boon to the public. I have personally experimented with the cocoas in the market, and find that the great drawback to all of them was the slow process of digestion and assimilation. The diastase in the Malt not only assists digestion in your Vi-Cocoa, but it also accelerates the digestion of other foods that are taken with the Vi-Cocoa. This I have personally tested, and can therefore speak from actual experience. Its wonderful recuperative power after exhaustion from fatigue is marvellous."

No article of consumption has ever equalled the speedy popularity of Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa has positively popular there are remarkably few houses, if any, where it is not now in use. Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa has positively popularised cocoa as a beverage; many people who never could make a habit of cocoa drinking, and only took a cup on a rare occasion, are now regular drinkers of Vi-Cocoa. This is unquestionably a benefit from a public health point of view; as tea, however refreshing and beneficial when taken in moderation, has baneful effects when used excessively, as had too long been common. The progress of Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa has been quite phenomenal all over the country. It has been a steady and rapid advance, showing that people after getting it once wanted it regularly. Its praises are sounded on every hand, and tradesmen un-animously testify to its growing sales, and the continual demand for the wonderful food beverage, which form, even to the veriest sceptics, convincing proofs of the hold it has taken in public favour.

Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa in 8 1/2 packets and 1/1 and 2/2 tins, can be obtained from all Chemists, Grocers and Stores, or from Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa, Limited, 269 George-street, Sydney.

As an unparalleled test of merit, a dainty sample tin of Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa will be sent free on application to any address, if when writing (a postcard will do) the reader will name the N.Z. Graphic.

SEASON 1899-1900.

- CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR CARDS
- INVITATION CIRCULARS
- "AT HOME" CARDS
- BALL PROGRAMMES
- WEDDING CARDS AND INVITES
- CONCERT AND OTHER TICKETS
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"Man's Strength and Woman's Beauty."



NATURE'S GIFTS

Before and since the days of Samson this is what has been said of every luxuriant growth of hair.



AYER'S HAIR VIGOR

preserves and beautifies the hair, giving it length, strength, and luster. It restores the natural color to the hair in every instance.

It cleanses the scalp from dandruff and thus removes one great cause of baldness.

It makes a better circulation in the scalp and thus checks the hair from falling out.

If your blood is poor and thin and filled with impurities, the Hair Vigor cannot do its best. You should take a thorough course of treatment with Ayer's Sarsaparilla at the same time you are using the Hair Vigor. This will cleanse your blood, invigorate your nerves, and improve your health in every way.

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



# Sports and Pastimes.

## TURF FIXTURES.

### NEW ZEALAND.

February 11 - Waitekauri Hack Racing Club  
 February 17, 21, 24 - Otahuhu Trotting Club Summer  
 February 22 and 23 - Poverty Bay Turf Club Annual Meeting  
 February 22 and 24 - Canterbury J.C. Summer  
 March 1 - Bay of Plenty J.C. Annual Meeting  
 March 2 - Papakura Hack Meeting  
 March 3 - Waihi J.C. Meeting  
 March 7 - Rotorua J.C. Annual Meeting  
 March 8 and 9 - Wanganui J.C. Autumn Meeting  
 March 10 - South Auckland Racing Club  
 March 17, 19 - Hawke's Bay Jockey Club  
 March 17 and 19 - Ohinemuri J.C. Annual Meeting  
 March 21, 23, and 24 - Dunedin J.C. Autumn Meeting  
 March 27, 29 - Napier Park Racing Club  
 April 4 and 6 - Manawatu J.C. Autumn Meeting  
 April 16 and 17 - Canterbury J.C. Autumn Meeting  
 April 16, 17, 21 - Auckland Racing Club  
 April 26 and 27 - South Canterbury J.C. Autumn Meeting  
 May 2 and 5 - Avondale Jockey Club Autumn Meeting  
 May 2 and 4 - Wellington R.C. Autumn Meeting  
 May 24 and 26 - Takapuna J.C. Winter Meeting  
 June 3, 11 - Auckland Racing Club Winter Meeting  
 June 20, 27 - Hawke's Bay Jockey Club  
 June 26, 27 - Gisborne Park Racing Club  
 July 7, 28 - Napier Park Racing Club  
 July 13 and 20 - Wellington R.C. Winter Meeting

## DATES OF COMING EVENTS.

### NEW ZEALAND.

March 3 - V.R.C. St. Leger  
 March 3 - Newmarket Handicap  
 March 6 - Australian Cup  
 March 8 - V.R.C. Champagne Stakes  
 March 8 - Wanganui Cup  
 March 21 - Dunedin Cup  
 March 17 - 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. Champagne Stakes  
 April 16 - C.J.C. Champagne Stakes  
 April 16 - C.J.C. Great Easter Handicap  
 April 17 - C.J.C. Great Autumn Handicap

## NOTES BY MONITOR.

The nominations received by the secretary of the A.R.C. for their Autumn Meeting were very numerous and include horses from all parts of New Zealand. Among the list I notice the English horse Cyrenian figuring, and, if brought to the post fit and well, it will be interesting to see how he shapes alongside the local talent. In the Easter Handicap there are 50 engaged, while for the Autumn Handicap 41 horses are down to compete.

Seahorse arrived in Sydney fit and well, and is now being exercised at Randwick, where he is doing easy work. I notice that the scratching pen has been put through his name for the Newmarket Handicap, but this was only to be expected after the harsh treatment accorded to the chestnut in the short race by Mr Dakin. Seahorse has still been left in the Australian Cup, where he figures alongside the Melbourne Cup winner Merriwee, both being allotted 8.10. Australian sportsmen so far seem unable to decide which is the better horse, as both figure in the position as first favourites at 8 to 1 against. The go favourite of these two champions promises to make the race far more interesting than usual, and already one has been backed against the other for large sums.

The Launceston Cup, the chief event of the Tasmanian Turf Club's meeting, was run at Hobart on the 8th inst. There were twelve runners, and the winner turned up in Mr M. Doyle's brown horse Eridaspod, a 5-year-old by Eridaspod from Aore, who defeated Timbrel and Loch Leigh by a length, and returned the small dividend of £2 7/8. The winner is a full-brother to Messrs Nathan's brood-mare Waitemata.

The two principal items of the recent Taranaki Jockey Club's meeting fell to Auckland-bred horses. The Cup was won very easily by Coronet, who is by Castor-Necklace, while the Autumn Handicap was taken by Uhlán, by Cuirassier-Aida, both these horses first seeing the light at Wellington Park. Coronet's performances at the meeting in question were very meritorious, as after carrying 8.8 to victory in the Autumn Handicap by Uhlán, to whom he was conceding 25lbs. In the Farewell Handicap another Auckland-bred came to the front, this being Daystar, one of the Castor-Cissy brand. It will be remembered that Daystar

went seriously amiss some time ago, but now appears to be recovering form as he won his race by sheer determination.

In the list of nominations for the Hurdle Race at the coming Autumn Meeting at Ellerslie appears the name of Verdi. His owner certainly seems to possess pluck in entering this equine, as, after his shocking display at the recent Takapuna meeting, the ordinary individual would feel more disposed to relegate him to the shafts of a cart rather than enter him against such horses as Nor-west, Cannongate, and Co.

At the last monthly meeting of the Auckland Racing Club a sum of 50 guineas was voted to the Auckland Rough Riders Fund. The club has already donated 200 guineas to the Patriotic Fund, so that it cannot be said that they lack generosity. A sum of 5 guineas was also given to the fund which is being raised to place a headstone on the grave of the late Father Walter McDonnell.

Jadoo, by Yule Cake-Miss Novice, defeated Epitome and Aurous and twelve others. Jadoo started favourite at 3 to 1 against, and cut out the five and a-half furlongs in 1min 10sec.

The Autumn Meeting of the Hawke's Bay Jockey Club will take place on March 17th and 19th. The chief item on the card is, of course, the Cup, for which the following are the nominations:—Boreas, Tortulla, Advance, Derringshot, The Crown, Tirade, Daunt, Temeraire, Firefly, Korematuku, Douglas, Coronet, Skobloff, Will-o-the-Wisp, Pitch and Toss, Silver Lock, Mistra, Sirocco, Knight of Athol, Rush Rose, Tire, Jadoo.

The first acceptances for the Newmarket Handicap and Australian Cup are to hand, and from it will be seen that the most prominent withdrawal from the shorter race is the New Zealand Seahorse. There are still 59 left in the Newmarket Handicap, while 33 remain in the Cup. The full list will be found in another column.

At latest advices Sequence was at the head of the quotations for the Newmarket Handicap at 14 to 1. Foret and Saraswati being next at 16 to 1, and Stand Off, Bobadil, Henry, and Silvermoor at 20 to 1 each. For the Australian Cup, Seahorse and Merriewe were at 8 to 1 each, and Parthian at 12 to 1.

The Egmont Racing Club's Summer Meeting will be started to-day (Wednesday), and will be concluded tomorrow. Most interest will attach to the race for the Egmont Cup, in which the Auckland, Coronet, has been allotted top weight of 9.6. He is in such good form, however, that I shall not be surprised to see him win, although Battlexe and Daystar may trouble Castor's son. The Hurdle Race has a fine entry, and this should fall to Light, who has the handy impost of 10.0. The Flying Handicap should produce a good struggle, and it may be that Minerva II. will prove too good for the opposition.

## AUCKLAND RACING CLUB AUTUMN MEETING.

The following nominations were received last night in connection with the A.R.C. Autumn Meeting:—  
 Easter Handicap of 500sovs. 1 mile: Mantle, Armourex, Miss Delaval, Doctor, Hohoro, Sylvia Park, Knight of Athol, Aida Reekie, St. Ursula, Cadiz, Walorogomgal, La Gloria, Solo, Tire, Labourer, Record Reign, Miss Blair, Swordfish II, Sirocco, Victoria Cross, Battlexe, Okoari, Dundas, Autala, Douglas, Oingo, Rex, St. Jack, Laetitia, Rosella, Hastings, Advance, St. Clements, St. Gordon, Minerva II, Telephone, Red Lancer, Tolstol, Dayntree, Firefly, Cyrenian, Coronet, Cuirassier, Bluejacket, Palaver, Lady Lorne, Will-o-the-Wisp, Daunt, Ideal, Jabber.

Autumn Handicap of 500sovs. 1 1/2 miles: Mantle, Seahorse, Armourex, Miss Delaval, Doctor, Hohoro, Sylvia Park, Knight of Athol, Aida Reekie, St. Ursula, Cadiz, Walorogomgal, La Gloria, Solo, Tire, Labourer, Record Reign, Miss Blair, Swordfish II, Sirocco, Battlexe, Okoari, Dundas, Autala, Oingo, Rex, St. Jack, Laetitia, Rosella, Hastings, Advance, St. Gordon, Firefly, Cyrenian, Coronet, Bluejacket, Sant Harlo, Palaver, Lady Lorne, Will-o-the-Wisp, Daunt, Temeraire.

Hurdle Handicap of 200sovs. 1 mile: Korowai, Cannongate, Cannongate, Volcano, Verdi, Dingo, Voltigeur II, Nor-west, Favona, Straybird.

NORTHERN CHAMPAGNE STAKES of 500sovs. Six Furlongs.  
 Mr T. B. Bell's br f Rosipale, by Hotchkiss-Reproach.

Mr J. C. Caulton's ch f Kissmary, by Hotchkiss-St. Mary.  
 Mr J. Chuafe's br f St. Olga, by St. Leger-Satanella.  
 Major F. M. George's ch f Zealous, by Nelson-Moonga.  
 Mrs Lennard's br c Val Rosa, by Seaton Delaval-Vieux Rose.  
 Mr J. Marshall's ch f Balbirnie, by St. Leger-Couscoute.  
 Mr J. Marshall's b c Paul Seaton, by Seaton Delaval-Leocant.  
 Mr Dan McLeod's ch f Matamatahara-kiki, by St. Leger-Bellona.  
 Hon. H. Mosman's b c Hengist, by St. Leger-Hijla.  
 Hon. J. D. Ormond's b f Formula, by Hotchkiss-Formo.  
 Mr L. D. Nathan's br c Beddington, by Seaton Delaval-Miss Letty.  
 Hon. J. D. Ormond's ch c Renown, by Dreadnought-Lyrebird.  
 Hon. J. D. Ormond's blk c Paphos, by Robinson Crusoe-Approdite.  
 Hon. J. D. Ormond's br f Apollo, by Dreadnought-Mount Ida.  
 Mr J. G. Ralph's b f Lady Avon, by Soul's First Love.  
 Hon. J. D. Ormond's ch c Nobility, by St. Leger-Lady Emily.  
 Mr G. Wright's b f Alesgar, by St. Leger-Brown Alice.  
 Hon. G. Wright's ch f St. Amy, by St. Leger-Hazel.

## TARANAKI JOCKEY CLUB'S SUMMER MEETING.

The Taranaki Jockey Club got through with their Summer Meeting on Wednesday and Thursday last, but, although the weather was everything to be wished for, the attendance was very moderate on both occasions. The meeting, taken as a whole, cannot be considered a satisfactory one, and the Southern club will probably make a loss in the fixture. The fields throughout ruled very small, and the racing consequently was robbed of much interest. It seems strange to find only four competitors willing to do battle for such a rich stake as the Taranaki Cup of 350 sovereigns, and yet these were all who faced the starter. There must be some good reason for this poor support, and it may be partly attributable to coming so late in the summer, and also to the insufficient advertising of the meeting. On the first day proceedings opened with the Stewards' Handicap, which Gowrie won from four others by a bare head. In the Hurdles another of the Sou'-wester's showed jumping ability, this being Nayborn, who won very easily from Voltaire and Light. As before mentioned, there were but four starters in the Taranaki Cup, and the race proved something of a gift for Coronet, who easily carried his burden of 8.8 and won very comfortably from St. Jack and Battlexe. The Henui Handicap proved a farce, there being but two starters, Faugh-a-Ballagh winning easily. The Flying Handicap finished the first day's racing, and in this Okoari got home ahead of Faugh-a-Ballagh and Sedgbrook, these being the only runners.

On the second day the initial item was the Grandstand Handicap, which was taken by Sedgbrook, who had St. Jack and Okoari as his nearest attendants. In the Second Hurdles the places secured on the first day were reversed, Voltaire winning from Light and Nayborn. The Huntoki Handicap was another race which only drew two contestants, Gowrie winning from Crusoe. The Autumn Handicap was the main item on this day, and in this race Coronet was asked to carry the Welter weight of 9.9, and although he made a gallant effort it just proved enough to stop him in the last few strides, Uhlán winning on the post by a head. The Farewell Handicap brought proceedings to a close, and this was won by the Castor horse Daystar, who beat Lady Helena on the post by a head. The following are the particulars of the racing:—

Taranaki Cup of 350sovs.—Mr E. J. Evan's b h Coronet, by Castor-Necklace, 8.8; 1; Mr J. C. Booth's b h St. Jack, 6.7; 2; Mr F. Watson's b h Battlexe, 8.6; 3. Also started: Wilson, 7.2. Wilson led for half a mile, when Coronet took command, closely followed by St. Jack, until entering the straight, when Coronet drew away, winning comfortably. Time, 2min 30 2/5sec. Dividend, £2 4/.

Hack Flat, one mile.—Waylay, 1; Lady Helena, 2; Lubra, 3. Also started: Hector, Single Shot, Legion of Honour, Pyroxylin, Lady Belle, Flying Jib, Wild Vixen, Dartmoor, Heart Whist, Raukura, Tito, St. Ada, Calliope. Waylay led all the way, but a desper-

ate finish was won by a head. Time, 1min 46 1/5sec. Dividend, £9 10/.

Henui Handicap, five furlongs.—Faugh-a-Ballagh, by Vanguard—Huntsman mare, 2; Gowrie, 2. These were the only starters. Won easily. Time, 1min 5sec. Dividend, £1 13/.

Flying Handicap, six furlongs.—Okoari, by St. Leger-Musket Maid, 1; Faugh-a-Ballagh, 2; Sedgbrook, 3. These were the only starters. Won right out. Time, 1min 15sec. Dividend, £1 18/.

HACK HURDLES, One mile and a half. Tarrigan, 9.3;..... 1  
 Honus, 10.5;..... 2  
 Kaimate, 10.11;..... 3  
 Also started: Hautonga, 10.11; Kuru, 9.9; Kriha, 9.0; Venus, 9.0. Kuru fell. Won easily. Time, 3min. Dividend, £39 8/.

HAUTOKI HANDICAP, One mile. Gowrie, by Blairgowrie-Emaline, 7.11;..... 1  
 Crusoe, 8.4;..... 2  
 These were the only starters. Won all the way. Time, 1.46 1-5. Dividend, £1 6/.

AUTUMN HANDICAP of 200sovs. One mile and a quarter. Uhlán, by Cuirassier-Aida, 7.12; 1  
 Coronet, by Castor-Necklace, 9.9; 2  
 St. Jack, by St. Leger-Batista, 7.6 3  
 Also started: Battlexe, 8.12; Wilson, 6.7. Wilson led for half a mile, when Coronet went to the front. Coming up the straight Uhlán came gamely under the whip, and won an exciting race on the post. Time, 2.12 2-5. Dividend, £4 19/.

HACK FLAT, One mile and a quarter. Wild Vixen, 8.1;..... 1  
 Dartmoor, 7.12;..... 2  
 Legion of Honour, 8.4;..... 3  
 Also started: Waylay, 8.9; Flying Jib, 7.13; Starlight, 7.12; Heart Whist, 7.7; Tito, 7.0. Won all the way. Time, 2.14 4-5. Dividend, £4 8/.

FAREWELL HANDICAP, Seven furlongs. Daystar, by Castor-Cissy, 8.7;..... 1  
 Lady Helena, 7.10;..... 2  
 Osborne, 9.3;..... 3  
 Also started: Sedgbrook, 9.6; Faugh-a-Ballagh, 7.10; Crown, 7.6; Lasting, 6.10; Cairo, 6.7. Crown and Cairo fell, the former breaking his shoulder, and was afterwards shot. Won on the post. Time, 1.32 2-5. Dividend, £7 19/.

TRANSVAAL STAKES. Won by Dartmoor by St. Leger-Lyrelinus).

The sum of £3094 was put through the totalisator.

## EGMONT SUMMER MEETING.

The following weights have been declared by Mr Henry:—  
 Egmont Cup.—Coronet 9.6, Tortulla 8.11, Daystar 8.6, Battlexe 8.5, Crusoe 8.5, Advance 8.5, Will-o-the-Wisp 7.12, Okoari 7.10, Swordfish 7.8, St. Jack 7.5, Worry 6.10, Wilson 6.7.  
 Handicap Hurdles.—Marina 11.13, Troubadour 11.2, Favona 11.2, Cairo 10.11, Voltaire 10.9, Nayborn 10.4, Tai 10.3, Nipapu 10.2, Light 10.0, Maseated 10.0, Voltigeur 9.10, Hauriri 9.7, Straybird 9.0, Osborne 9.0.  
 Hack Hurdles.—Hauriri 12.0, Kaimate 10.13, Ominia 10.11, Waivera 10.9, Bonus 10.5, St. Vincent 10.2, Yamnisk 10.2, Hautonga 10.2, Tarrigan 10.0, Diamond 10.0, Pohutukawa 9.4, Minah 9.0, Remus 9.0, Siva 9.0.  
 Hawera Welter.—Sedgbrook 10.5, Firefly 9.13, Gowrie 9.13, Minerva II. 9.11, Cuirassier 9.7, Brennan 9.5, The Hemptie 9.6, Voltigeur 9.5, The Needle 9.4, Sundial 9.3, Lasting 8.7.  
 Flying.—Sylvia Park 9.8, Okoari 8.13, Sedgbrook 8.11, Tolstol 8.10, Daystar 8.10, Minerva 8.6, Gowrie 8.0, Cuirassier 7.11, St. Jack 7.9, Sentry 7.5, Lady Lorne 7.4, Faugh-a-Ballagh 7.3, The Needle 7.0.

First Hack Flat.—Doctor Bill 9.11, Scout 9.7, Waylay 9.7, Tommy Atkins 9.4, Vibration 9.3, Foregar 9.3, Single Shot 8.12, Dartmoor 8.11, Pyroxylin 8.0, Whitney 8.7, Mombuki 8.3, Kaimate 8.2, Royal Guard 8.1, Heart Whist 7.13, Haver 7.12, Raukura 7.9, Doncaster 7.7, Stader 7.7, Hanksport 7.7, Mombuki 7.7, Turu 7.7, Golden Crown 7.7, Hawatea 7.7.  
 Second Hack Flat.—Foregar 9.2, Wild Vixen 9.0, Waylay 8.13, Dartmoor 8.0, Whitney 8.5, Single Shot 8.4, Pyroxylin 8.4, Lubra 8.0, Hayda 7.10, Doncaster 7.7, Pohutukawa 7.7, Brown Bill 7.7, Coral 7.7.

## CANTERBURY JOCKEY CLUB'S MIDSUMMER MEETING.

The following handicaps have been declared:—  
 Hurlwell Handicap.—Dundas 11.17, Chink 10.3, Lobo 10.3, Salsbona 10.2, Peiloner 9.7, The Fly 9.3, Osborne 9.0, Hornby 9.0, Welter-Strathairn 8.9, First Blood 10.0, Female Frauchisee

10.0. Hen Farley 9.13, Skirmisher 9.12, The Spinner 9.11, St. Ouida 9.5, Cameo 9.3, Heronosa 9.2, Phryne 9.0, Leather Medal 8.9, Habe 8.8, Silverlock 8.7, Mugg 8.5, Banner 8.4, Gold 8.3, Vulcan 8.2, McCallum 8.0, Rougemont 8.0, Gamaran 8.0, Scottish Mackerel 8.0, Lytleton 8.0, Blaine-Pearson 8.0, Ismeron 8.0, Melita 8.0, Whirlwind 8.0, Warbeck 8.0, Cavalry 8.0, Sara 7.11, Ladykiller 7.9, Macintosh 7.3, Stephanie 7.3, Clytie 7.3.

Craven Plate.—Hlazer 10.2, Benzoin 9.9, Dundas 9.2, Jupiter 9.1, Rochester 8.7, Hen Farley 8.5, First Blood 7.13, St. Ouida 7.10, Suzannah 7.7, Heronosa 7.7, Peemge 7.0, Cornue 6.12, Gw-gaw 6.7.

THE HAWKE'S BAY CUP.

The following nominations have been received for the Hawke's Bay Cup:—Hores, Tortula, Advance, Rerringshot, The Crown, Tirade, Daunt, Temeraire, Piracy, Korenautuku, Douglas, Coronet, Skobelofo, Will-o'-the-Wisp, Otch and Foss, Silver Lock, Mistra, Sincere, Knight of Athol, Bush Rose, Tire, Jadoo.

OTAHUHU TROTTING CLUB'S SUMMER MEETING.

Next Saturday the Otahuhu Club will make a start with their summer meeting, and as very good acceptances have been received for the various events race-goers should get some good sport at Potter's paddock. During the week the privileges were sold by auction, the booths going to Mr Dunn for £127, the gates to Mr Edwards £131, and the race ends to the Scott Printing Company for £60. The total realised shows an advance of £24 on the corresponding meeting last year. In looking through the list of acceptances the following seems worthy of mention as probable place getters:—

- Maiden Trot Handicap: Lady B or Viscount.
- Maiden Pony Handicap: Moetae or Queen Quail.
- Otahuhu Trotting Cup: The Cob.
- Hurdle Race: Fairy.
- Harness Trot: Lady B.
- Suburban Handicap: Moetae or Lady Howitzer.
- Electric Trot: Waitekauri or Victory.
- Flying Stakes: Nannie.

The following acceptances have been received in connection with the above meeting:

**MAIDEN TROT HANDICAP** of 30sovs: 11.0.—Victory 8.9, Lossie 8.5, Lord 8.3, Miss Victor 15.5, Dolly 15.5, Ants 15.5, Scamp 15.5, Lady B, 21s, Darkie 23s, The Mouse 24s, Ben 28s, Black Bess 27s, Discobolus 29s, Mike 31s, 34s, Poinjys 30s, Victor Royal 30s, Viccount 30s, Bugler 30s, Katie 30s.

**MAIDEN PONY HANDICAP** of 20sovs: 6 furlongs.—Cree 9.4, Fairy Tale 8.5, Rattish 8.0, Maked 8.0, Moetae 8.0, Sient 8.0, Matahara 8.0, Sportsman 8.0, Fair Gwen 7.12, Queen Quail 7.4, Moss Rose 7.2, Semolina 7.2, Little Jim 7.2, Taradale 6.12.

**OTAHUHU TROTTING CUP** of 100sovs: 2 miles.—Albert Victor 9.7, Lord Harold 16s, Patron 15s, Dulce 15s, Bob E.T. 20s, Billy Wilson 22s, Johnny 25s, Cob 24s, Hurd Case 25s, Royana 25s, Miss Huon 40s, Madoka 42s, Miss Victor 46s.

**HURDLE RACE HANDICAP** of 25sovs: 1 1/2 mile.—Hilmea 11.5, Nellie 10.6, Fairy 10.5, Venus 9.3, Little Tom 9.12, Brooklet 8.12, The Flower 9.7.

**HARNESS TROT** of 50sovs; 2 miles.—Albert Victor 8.11, Od 8.10, Harold 19s, Bob E.T. 20s, Billy Wilson 22s, Victoria 34s, Pucke 36s, Holly wood 40s, Vera 41s, 49s, Miss 44s, Flic 50s, Lady B 52s, Darkie 54s, Harry 60s.

**SUBURBAN PONY HANDICAP** of 25 sovs: 6 1/2 furlongs.—First Whisp 8.10, Nora 9.10, Lady Howitzer 8.12, Spreydon 8.2, Tompat 8.12, Plover 7.12, Moetae 7.6, Moss Rose 6.12, Semolina 6.7.

**ELECTRIC TROT** of 50sovs; 1 mile.—Bob E.T. 6s, Billy Wilson 5s, Charlie 2s, Victoria 14s, Miss Huon 15s, Waitekauri 16s, Sally 17s, Plover 17s, Hurd Case 15s, Miss Victor 19s, Fibre 25s, Tiptop 25s, Hany 25s.

**FLYING STAKES HANDICAP** of 25 sovs: 5 furlongs.—First Whisp 10.5, Nora 10.0, Stella 9.12, Edithon 9.0, Nannie 8.12, Spreydon 8.10, Cree 8.7, La Rose 8.5, Fairy Tale 7.12, Moetae 7.7, Progress 7.7, Matahara 7.7, Sportsman 7.7, Moss Rose 9.12, Little Jim 6.10.

TE AROHA J.C. MEETING.

The Te Aroha Jockey Club brought off its Cup Meeting on Saturday and Monday last, but the attendance was hardly as good as could have been wished, despite the fact that many metropolitan sportsmen were present. Mr J. W. Reunick, the popular secretary, had all the arrangements efficiently carried out, and everything passed off in a satisfactory manner. The piece de resistance of the meeting was, of course, the Te Aroha Cup, for which five runners weighed out. The popular fancy fixed on Knight of Athol, as the right man, and the big son of Chatterbox fully justified the public confidence by winning somewhat com-

fortably from Admiral Hawke. The winner, who carried the top weight of 8st 7lb, cut out the mile and three furlongs in 2min 27 4-5th sec. The Jockey Club Handicap went to Mr Edwards' Honesty, and that the horse is well named was proved by his consistent running, as in addition to taking the race in question he also secured the Flying Stakes, as well as filling second place in the Tourist Plate and the Forced Handicap. The particulars of the two days' racing are given below:—

Knight of Athol lost the Te Aroha J.C. Handicap through being left at the post. The win of Honesty, however, proved very popular, her owner being a well-known Te Aroha tradesman. The starting and totalisator investments were: 34 St. Ona, 13 Knight of Athol, 61 Admiral Hawke, 19 Castroline, 13 Regalia II., 19 Honesty, 88 Cadiz, 12 Hamoa, 48 Brilliant, J. Stewart rode the winner.

The First Hack Handicap fell to Halata, who beat Rifle II, by a head. Rufus was third. Dividend, £8 1/2.

Only Honesty (8.11) and Repetition started for the Flying Stakes, the first-named winning easily. Three pounds was invested on Honesty, which was returned less the percentage.

Tourists Plate of 20 sovs., 6 1/2 furlongs: St. Elmo, 8.10, 3; Honesty, 8.12; 2; Bavaria, 6.11, 3. Eight started. St. Elmo won by a length and half. Time 1.29 1/2. Dividend, £1 13/4.

Second Hurdles, 1 1/2 miles.—Stockman 1, Snider 2, Nea 3. Won by a length. Dividend £1 10/5.

Te Aroha Cup of 60 sovs., one mile three furlongs.—Knight of Athol, 8.7 (Quinton), 1; Admiral Hawke, 7.8 (D. White), 2; Castroline, 7.3 (Bonner), 3. Also ran: St. Ona, 8.3; Regalia II., 6.12. Time, 2.27 4-5ths. Dividend £1 5/4.

Pony Race: Repetition, 1; Leona, 2; Rufus, 3. Won easily. Dividend £1 11/4.

TE AROHA RACES.

(By Telegraph.—Own Correspondent.)

TE AROHA, Monday.

The Te Aroha Jockey Club meeting was brought to a successful conclusion to-day. The sum of £1014 was passed through the totalisator, making a grand total of £1508 10s for the meeting.

The starters for the Cup, won by Knight of Athol, were: 181, Knight of Athol; 54, St. Ona; 169, Admiral Hawke; 82, Castroline; 28, Regalia II. Knight of Athol got going first, and he led the whole distance, winning with something in hand from Admiral Hawke by a length and a quarter. The time was made 2min 27 4-5th sec for the mile and three furlongs. The winner got a good cheer on returning to scale.

The Second Hack Race fell to Rifle II, who carried 9st 7lb, and paid a £3 4s dividend. Pickpocket, 7st 10lb, was second, and Radical, 8st 10lb, third. The other runners were Haeata, Mandoline, Fuihuo, Musk and Major.

The Forced Handicap fell to Puhia, who carried 7st 12lb, Honesty, 8st 12lb, being second, and Repetition, 8st 3lb, third. The other runners were Yarra, Peerss and Iota. It was a slashing race, and the winner paid £3.

The Publicans' Purse, resulted: Puhia, 1; Brilliant, 2; Lieutenant, 3. Dividend, £1 21s.

The finishes were close and Mr Evtit was praised for his handicapping. The starting did not give satisfaction, and Mr R. W. Handley, owner of Regalia II., handed in a letter to the secretary complaining that in the Cup the starter stood crossways on with his horse when he dropped the flag right in front of Regalia II. The letter was held over for consideration.

WAITEKAURI HACK RACES.

The following acceptances have been received for the above races to take place at Waitekauri next Saturday, 17th February:—

Flying.—Clown 10.0, Every Time 9.8, Rifle II, 9.4, Ladus 9.0, Lightning 9.0, Pickpocket 9.0, Radical 8.12, Madeline 8.7, Kate 8.7, Peerss 8.7, Deception 8.0.

Pony Race.—Radical 9.6, My Lord 9.4, Nen 8.12, Delicia 8.10, Frear 8.7, Mayflower 8.4, Ada 8.4, Dandy 8.4, Slamrock 8.0, Deception 8.0, Ruby 8.0.

Cup.—Arenia 9.9, Every Time 9.2, Rifle II, 9.2, La Belle 8.12, Pickpocket 8.10, Radical 8.10, Ladus 8.9, My Lord 8.8, Will-o'-the-Wisp 8.0.

Members' Race.—Farewell 10.10, K.C.Y. 10.10, Look Out 10.10, Will-o'-the-Wisp 10.8, Ada 10.8, Mayflower 10.8, Deception 10.6, Slamrock 10.0, Flowering 10.0.

Hurdles.—La Belle 11.7, Kura Maori

11.2, Talhoa 11.0, Foulplay 10.12, Nea 10.4, Kate 10.4, Stella 9.7, Victor 9.7. Maiden.—Foulplay 10.0, Lightning 10.0, Farewell 9.0, Key 9.0, Madeline 8.12, Will-o'-the-Wisp 8.7, Ada 8.6, Peerss 8.6, Deception 8.4, Frear 8.7. Trot.—Catch 'Em scratch, Opozooka 15s, Saucy Lass 15s, Te Whariki 30s, Laddie 30s, Laddie II, 30s, Dolly 30s, Mason 40s, Dinah 45s, Dolly 50s, Tim 50s.

KAUKAPAKAPA RACING CLUB.

The following acceptances have been received for the Kaukapakapa Racing Club's Summer Meeting on February 14th:—

Maiden Race: Blaircarrig 10.6, Aoma 9.8, Puffing Billy 9.8, Gipsys Maid 9.0, Banana 9.0, Surprise 9.0.

Handicap Hurdles: Ongu 11.0, Foudroyant 10.6, Cumberland 10.4, Puffing Billy 9.10, Aoma 9.0, Saten 9.0, Lulu 9.0.

Kaukapakapa Handicap: Brigham Young 11.0, Atlanta 10.10, Bar the Door 10.6, Della Rose 10.4, Castoria 10.0, Dick 9.12, Bonquet 9.6, Rodney 9.4, Foudroyant 9.0, Puffing Billy 9.0, Settlers Hack Handicap: Red Rose 10.0, Gaiety Girl 9.4, Dundee 9.4, Surprise 9.4, Fable 9.4, Mars 9.4, Varuna 9.4, Robin 9.4.

Pony Handicap: Red Rose 10.5, Gipsy's Maid 9.8, Gaiety Girl 9.0, Dundee 9.0, Serenade 8.7, Locket 8.4.

Flying Handicap: Brigham Young 11.8, Blaircarrig 9.12, Atlanta 10.12, Bar the Door 10.8, Della Rose 10.6, Castoria 10.2, Dick 9.12, Bonquet 9.10, Rodney 9.5.

Settlers' Welter: Gaiety Girl 9.9, Mars 9.0, Gipsy's Maid 9.0, Prince 9.0, Fable 9.0, Merry Land 9.0, Varuna 9.0, Robin 9.0, The Bike 9.0.

VICTORIA RACING CLUB'S AUTUMN MEETING.

THE NEWMARKET HANDICAP AND AUSTRALIAN CUP.

The following is a list of the horses left in for the principal handicaps to be run at the approaching Autumn Meeting of the V.R.C.:

**THE NEWMARKET HANDICAP**, a sweepstakes of £2sovs each, with 1000sovs added; second horse to receive 200sovs, and third 100sovs out of the stake. Three-quarters of a mile. Run Saturday, 3rd March.

Bobadil	9 15	Drama	8 17
Coralie	9 10	Pirate King	7 7
Tarquin	9 0	Bona	7 7
Stand Off	9 0	Saraswati	7 6
Vanda	8 12	Silvermoor	7 6
Fleet Admiral	8 11	Blattin	7 6
Symmetry	8 11	Bushy Park	7 6
Wild Olive	8 9	Corraquist	7 5
Sequence	8 8	Tram	7 3
Cardamon	8 8	Speculation	7 4
Olaf	8 7	Marie Corell	7 3
Kebold	8 6	Keyless	7 2
Amorette	8 6	Tram	7 3
Perthina (Gate	8 6	Rowdy	7 3
Tramp	8 6	Kawana	7 0
Carrara	8 5	Vengance	7 0
Verdun	8 5	Stock of Ages	7 0
Neva	8 1	Eileen	6 12
Bunderer	8 1	Patna	6 12
Henry	8 0	Gallina	6 12
Cardamon	8 0	Prize	6 12
Once More	7 12	Alx	6 10
Model	7 10	Malvada	6 9
Forest	7 10	Sundowner	6 7
Cardamon	7 10	Jadoo	6 7
Emittance	7 10	Harvest	6 7
Songbird	7 9	Omrah	6 7
Auric	7 9	Scylla	6 7
Cardamon	7 8	Youthess	6 7
Preterious	7 8	Youthess	6 7
Genroy	7 8		

**THE AUSTRALIAN CUP**, a handicap sweepstakes of £2sovs each, with 1000sovs added; second 200sovs; third 100sovs. Two miles and a quarter. (Run Tuesday, 6th March.)

Bobadil	9 10	Royal Purple	7 5
Walt-a-Bit	8 10	La Carabine	7 5
Merrilee	8 10	Waterloo	7 2
Seahorse	8 10	Nitre	7 3
Partizan	8 7	Relic	7 0
Mora	8 6	Geo. Frederick	7 0
Cardamon (Kid	8 6		
Carbineer	8 3	Carbine (Mil-	6 13
Prince Carbine	8 3	ler's)	6 13
Carbineer	8 3	Loch Fad	6 12
Cardamon	8 3	Stratford	6 12
Brazen Lad	8 1	Shell	6 10
Fleet Admiral	8 0	Merry Pilgrim	6 7
The Bride	8 0	Peerss	6 7
Loch Fad	7 13	Stratford	6 7
Terlinga	7 10	Tablik	6 7
Scorn	7 7	Grizzle	6 7
Disfigured	7 5	Spanate	6 7

**THE ST. LEGER STAKES**, a sweepstakes of £2000, with 1000sovs added. One mile and three-quarters. Run March 3.

Mr W. R. Wilson's br c Scorn, by Bill of Portland and Fox Rose.  
Mr J. Gove's ch c Chillago, by Grandmaster—First Love.  
Mr J. H. Davis' br c Tablik, by Malvollo—Major.  
Mr Wilson's b f Gussie, by Off Colour—Merrywing.  
Mr J. Wilson's b f Nitre, by Off Colour—Card of Honor—Earl West—Kings.  
Mr J. Wilson's (jun.) ch f Shell, by Carnegie—Chint.  
Mr H. Power's br c Dik c Merrilee, by Card of Honor—Earl West—Kings.  
Mr C. Gidney's ch c Sheen, by Eiridsport—Little Sister.  
Mr H. N. Lumsden's b c Ropata, by Anarchy—Rauatiri.  
Mr W. P. Crick's b g First Consul, by Correse—Legio.

NEW ZEALAND TROTTING ASSOCIATION.

(By Telegraph.—Press Association.)

CHRISTCHURCH, February 7.

The Trotting Association to-night recommended the Geraldine Racing Club to pay over the stake won by Estella. It referred back to the Drummond Hack Racing Club the disqualification of the horse Guide and the owner, in order that the sentence on the owner be made for a definite period. The Association endorsed all fines and disqualifications imposed by the Auckland Trotting Club at the recent meeting. It was decided that the Association hold a full inquiry into the Little Archie-Allday case. Appeals against disqualifications by the Gore and Taapeka Racing Clubs were adjourned for a week.

GOLF NOTES.

(By Bogey.)

The welcome rains of last week were inadequate to bring the young grass up, but nevertheless they have softened the ground and made play much more enjoyable. This is the time of year when the beginner should commence to play, as the club year commences on 1st March, and it is distinctly advisable that the beginner should gain some knowledge of the game before the wet weather commences. The creek is now no object of fear, even for the tyro, as there is no water in which to lose his ball. Indeed, it is next to impossible to lose a ball anywhere now or during the next two months, and that is distinctly an advantage for a man who does not know where his next stroke will go. I have received the following contribution from "The Pro.," who is well known as a theorist on all golfing subjects:—

WRIST IN GOLF.

A common and very harmful fault which even crack golfers occasionally fall into is the wrong action of the left wrist. In playing the full driving stroke good players seldom go wrong; but in making half and wrist shots it is only too frequently the cause of a ball being hooked, and in but few instances does the player realize what is wrong. More probably he imagines that his stance is wrong, or that he is gripping too tightly with the right hand. It is also surprising the great number of lady players who err in wrist action, even when playing their full shots. There is little difficulty in illustrating the right and wrong wrist action, with club in hand, but it is not quite so easy to do so on paper. The correct action may be described as the same sort of turn one makes in locking a door with the left hand, the wrist turning slowly and gradually, and only making a half-turn. When the movement is made correctly, for example, in a half-shot, it will be noticed that the club-head is pointing directly upwards. To note the position of the club-head on its way back, when the club-shaft is parallel with the ground, is the best guide to a correct idea of the movement required.

When wrong, the club goes back and no turn of the wrist is made, the hand being simply bent over towards the body of the player. It will then be observed that the head of the club points across the line of the ball's intended flight and comes down with the face laid over, meeting the ball as if the intention of the player were to drive the ball, to use a cricketing term, to mid-on. When met in this way, of course the only result possible is a low ball to the player's left. Few books on the game remark upon this wrist action, but I am convinced of its importance to all golfers—novice and expert alike. To realise the difference is the main point, for many, particularly ladies, golf, or, rather scratch away with this millstone round their necks year after year and never can make out why the ball will neither lift nor fly in the desired direction. Of course it is quite possible to go wrong in the other extreme by so exaggerating the movement that the ball is terribly lofted and has a strong tendency to fly to the right. It is splendid practice and an excellent means of strengthening the wrist to take a cleek and go on swinging it, with the wrists, for a few minutes every day, a little at first, and more each day as the wrists become stronger. There is no doubt it is the extra snap of the wrist at the moment the cleek meets the ball that gives power, and, therefore, distance to the stroke.

# 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.

## SYDNEY V. NEWMARKET.

At the Newmarket rinks on Saturday last a match, Sydney v. Newmarket, was played. The Sydney team, who had just returned from Rotorua, were without the services of two of their best men, yet they did not disgrace themselves against such a doughty team as Newmarket. There was a good attendance and advantage was taken of the occasion to unfurl the champion banner won at the late tournament. The sides being chosen the players and spectators assembled near the club house, where Mr C. G. Laurie addressed those present. He congratulated Newmarket on winning the shield and championship banner, a fine performance for so young a club. Its record was a very fine one—thirteen out of fourteen matches being won. He then called on Mrs Laurie to unfurl the handsome champion banner, which she did amid great applause.

Mr Fallick, on behalf of the Sydney players, said they were not hopeful of beating the champions, but they would do their best. He must thank the club and indeed all the bowlers in Auckland for their kindness and splendid hospitality during the teams stay in the city.

Play then began and ended in a victory for Newmarket by 21 points, the scores being Sydney 50 Newmarket 71.

No. 3 Rink: Sydney—Josephson, Sandilands, Fallick, Porter (skip), 14, v. Newmarket—H. C. Haselden, Cutler, Wilson, C. G. Laurie (skip), 21.

No. 3 Rink: Sydney—Josephson, Gordon, W. Lyons, Hannigan (skip)—20, v. Newmarket—A. Anderson, Spooner, A. Brookes, H. Brookes (skip)—21.

No. 4 Rink: Sydney—Elphinstone, Hardy, Giles, Rodgers (skip)—16, v. Newmarket—H. Kent, A. Holmes, Southwell, J. Kilgour (skip)—25. Totals: Sydney 50, v. Newmarket, 71.

At the close of the play the Sydneyites called for three cheers for their opponents, a compliment which the Newmarket men returned.

During the afternoon the handsome championship shield, recently held by Palmerston North, was on view in the club house. The following ordinary games were also played:—

No. 1 Rink: Wright, Sims, Collins, Culpin (skip), 17, v. Kent, Southworth, Garland, H. E. May (skip), 16. No. 5 Rink: Heron, G. M. Main, Cottle, Spreckley (skip), 17, v. Basley, Scott, Dr. Wilkins, Dr. Laishley (skip) 27.

During the afternoon Mrs C. G. Laurie, assisted by Mesdames G. Laurie, Cahill, Holmes, and Misses Laurie, Mackie (2), dispensed afternoon tea, which was greatly appreciated by the bowlers.

## PONSONBY BOWLING CLUB.

No. 2 Rink: G. H. Webb, J. B. Massey, T. Usher, J. Newell (skip), 18, v. J. Hudson, J. Coutts, T. Watson, J. Becroft (skip), 24.

No. 3 Rink: J. McLeod, J. Greenough, J. Blades, W. J. Rees (skip), 22, v. A. Sutherland, W. J. Massey, C. Blomfield, D. B. McDonald (skip), 20.

No. 4 Rink: D. J. Wright, J. Edmiston, A. Bartlett, A. J. Littler (skip), 9, v. H. Dickinson, J. Montague, A. J. Hurdall, J. Buchanan (skip), 25.

No. 5 Rink: J. Ayles, T. Brown (skip), 16, v. E. Dutton, T. Steadman (skip), 24.

## CLUB BUCKLES.

No. 6 Rink: J. Hutchison, J. Stichbury, A. Coutts, J. Court (skip), 26, v. G. Easton, J. J. Payne, J. Warren, R. Ballantyne (skip), 11.

## AUCKLAND CLUB.

No. 1 Rink: Syme, Leser, Tudehope, Evans (skip), 29, v. H. King, Mackie, A. L. Edwards, W. Coleman (skip), 12.

No. 2 Rink: Lawson, Ziman, James, Carlaw (skip), 19, v. Mennie, Plummer, Shackelford, McCallum (skip), 18.

No. 3 Rink: Hosking, Gilmour, Lea, Gorrie (skip), 23, v. Lewis, Allen, Hegman, Allen (skip), 15.

No. 4 Rink: Kayll, W. S. Jones, Deniston, Kingswell (skip), 24, v. D. Ross, Milroy, Buttle, Holland (skip), 26.

No. 5 Rink: Elliott, Squirell,

Thornes, A. W. Thomson (skip), 22, v. Brigham, Moritzson, Woodhead, Dr. Hooper (skip), 16.

No. 6 Rink: Rankin, McMaster, Perrett, Towsey (skip), 19, v. Butts, Schischka, Mahoney, Lambert (skip), 17.

No. 7 Rink: Knight, Beece, Steele, Crawford (skip), 22, v. Reid, J. McK. Geddes, Price, Haslett (skip), 18.

No. 8 Rink: Elliott, Hegman (skip), 22, v. Mackie, McCallum (skip), 13.

## MOUNT EDEN CLUB.

No. 1 Rink: Owen, Gray, Pooley, Burnis (skip), 14, v. La Roche, Moran, Esam, Brimblecombe (skip), 21.

No. 2 Rink: Ferguson, J. Jones, H. O. Brown, Ross (skip), 28, v. Mahony, Benton, Newman, Coe (skip), 10.

No. 3 Rink: Francis, T. Jones (skip), 19, v. Watson, E. Jones (skip), 33.

Handicap Singles: L. G. Owen, 15, v. S. F. Benton, 22.

Prize Pairs: Pooley, Coe (skip), 16, v. T. Jones, Brimblecombe (skip), 20.

Afternoon tea was provided by Mrs Eady.

## REMUERA CLUB.

No. Rink: J. Macky, F. Sanderson, G. Court, D. E. Clerk (skip), 33, v. D. L. Murdoch, G. Heron, R. A. Bodle, R. Hull (skip), 8.

No. 2 Rink: F. Hull, E. W. Burton, F. W. Court, J. M. Geddis (skip), 30, v. J. Hardie, G. Cozens, J. M. Laxson, H. S. Ruddock (skip), 20.

No. 3 Rink: W. Woolcott, N. Gamble, D. M. Dingwall, A. C. Stevenson (skip), 17, v. W. Sibbald, E. B. Valle, A. Rose, J. M. Lennox (skip), 21.

No. 4 Rink: C. Ranson, G. Bruce, R. B. Heriot (skip), 25, v. E. Parkins, Dr. Erson, Rev. Monro (skip), 29.

## DEVONPORT CLUB.

No. 1 Rink: Phipps, J. Miller, Mitchell, Taylor (skip), 20, v. Larner, Ker, Harvey, Syms (skip), 16.

No. 2 Rink: Dacre, Creeth, Glenister, Engleton (skip), 16, v. Gardner, Armstrong, Montgomery, Stewart (skip), 18.

No. 3 Rink: Webster, Murchie, Entrican, M. Niccol (skip), 21, v. Bockaert, Twentyman, Best, H. Niccol (skip), 26.

Club Championship: Taylor, 24, v. Entrican, 13; Engleton, 30, v. Gardner, 9.

Club Pairs: Twentyman and Harry Niccol (skip), 17, v. Bockaert and Brooke (skip), 23. Kerr and Mitchell (skip), 33, v. J. Miller and Phipps (skip), 13.

## CAMBRIDGE BOWLING CLUB.

No. 1 Rink: C. Roberts, W. Wright, M. McDermott (skip), 21, v. W. Poppie, F. O'Toole, W. F. Buckland (skip), 10.

No. 3 Rink: A. Wallace, W. Poppie, W. Wright, M. McDermott (skip), 21, v. W. N. Sturges, F. O'Toole, C. Roberts, H. Brookes (skip), 0.

## BOWLING NOTES.

I gave last week a record team score for 21 heads between a Ponsonby team skipped by T. Brown and a Newmarket team skipped by J. Kilgour, but this has been beaten in a match for Stewart Dawson's clocks between teams skipped by Bunting, of Palmerston North, and a four skipped by A. Rhodes, of Auckland, the scores being 17 for the former and 9 for the latter, making a total of 26 points for the 21 heads, truly a record game.

Sydney bowlers defeated Remuera Club by 3 points in the aggregate, only one team of Remuera scoring a win—that skipped by Mr Geo. Court making 20 points to their opponents' 16. Fallick's team (Sydney) defeated Laxson's by 4 points, and Giles (Sydney) scored a win by 4 points against Dingwall's rink.

There is some talk in certain bowling circles to bring in a rule to penalise deadheads. There is no doubt this would shorten the play somewhat, but I venture to say that the measure is one that will never pass muster before the Northern Bowling Association.

Mr Porter, the Sydney skip, says the cotton dividing the rinks is a great improvement to the play, and intends suggesting its use to his Association when he returns home.

Remuera Club are determined never to have their green dry again, for at considerable expense and trouble, they have fixed a pump, worked by wind-power, which pumps the water into four large iron tanks, when it is then

distributed over the green by gravitation. The tanks are raised about 20 feet from the ground.

J. M. Lennox is not only a good leader, but showed on Saturday last on the Remuera rinks that he can also skip by beating a team captained by A. C. Stevenson by 21 points to 17.

Sydney bowlers were entertained by the Newmarket Club last Saturday, and the players expressed themselves very favourable in regard to the green, but found the rinks a bit too fast for them.

A. Stewart (Devonport) had the best of his club-mate, R. Engleton, in a full rink game by 2 points, the scores being 18 to 16.

Sydney bowlers left Auckland last evening—some for the South, others for home. They take with them the good wishes of all bowlers, and leave behind many friends made during their stay here.

G. Brimblecombe had a day out at Mt. Eden on Saturday; he skipped home a team in the fours with a majority of 7 points, and followed this up by winning a doubles against J. Coe by 20 to 16.

The Bartlett badges of the Ponsonby Club have again changed hands. The holders now are J. Hutchison, J. Stichbury, A. Coutts, J. Court (skip), having won from a team skipped by Ballantyne by 15 points.

Mr Taylor, of Hamilton, has formed a green in the township, but I was sorry to hear from him that the support expected was not forthcoming. This is a great pity, for what better change could visiting bowlers have than a run to Hamilton on Friday, returning in time for business on Monday. Rouse up, Hamilton.

A record game was played at Cambridge last Wednesday, when McDermott skipped a rink against H. Brookes, the scores being 21 to the latter's nil. The green, also, is a record one, it being difficult to know which side of the ball is going to take bias. The green has the prettiest surroundings of anything in the colony, and it is to be hoped that the Cambridge bowlers will strain every nerve next year to make the green a playable one.

Messrs Horrocks and Baines, two of Sydney's best bowlers, were not playing against Newmarket or Remuera, in the friendly matches, as they were enjoying their holiday at Rotorua.

At the close of the games on Saturday on the Newmarket green with the Sydney players, the teams skipped by Hannigan and Brookes changed positions by placing the skips leaders, the

seconds as thirds, and the thirds as skips. The result was that, the Sydneysites won by 17 to 2.

The Wellington team say they would sooner have annexed the banner than 20 clocks. So say all of us.

At the close of the final match for Stewart Dawson's clocks Mr Ballinger (Wellington's popular skip), telegraphed to Capt. Edwin thanking him for the rain of the previous night, saying "it won the clocks."

The Sydney bowlers say that when they return home they will practise the driving game more.

C. G. Laurie, the "don" leader, figured as a skip against Porter, of N.S.W., and got home to the tune of 21 to 14.

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ATHLETICS.

AUCKLAND CYCLING CLUBS' SPORTS IN AID OF PATRIOTIC FUNDS.

The above sports eventuated on Saturday, but I am afraid the name will prove a misnomer as owing to the attendance being smaller than anticipated there is not much chance of the Patriotic Fund benefitting to any great extent. Counter attractions and the doubtful nature of the weather were no doubt the reason for the attendance not being larger than about 2000. The arrangements for the sports were very complete, and the various officials carried out their respective duties most efficiently. The bicycle events produced some really splendid contests, the Reynolds Bros. especially distinguishing themselves. "Teddy" carrying off the scratch race and the half-mile handicap, and getting second in the mile handicap in the cash section, whilst amongst the amateurs W. Reynolds proved himself much superior to any of the other competitors. K. Lewis, the Victorian rider who was expected to take part, failed to put in an appearance. In the foot races there were also some good contests, the mile race especially producing one of the best finishes ever seen in the Domain. The judges gave it a dead heat between Pearson and Farquhar, with the scratch man, Huckstep, only inches away in third place. The time, 4.32-2.50, considering that a strong wind interfered with the runners, was a really splendid performance. The Patriotic Handicap of three events was won by F. Gladding, who easily carried off the first two events. This man is a very finished runner, and unless I am greatly mistaken one of considerable experience, and he must be accounted lucky to have received such lenient treatment at the hands of the handicapper. Another Gladding also competed, and he will probably do much better on a future occasion as how he lost his heat in the hundred yards event is difficult to comprehend. Maiden Handicap, 1 mile, amateur riders.—C. Beaver, 10yds, 1; G. B. Chivers, 30yds, 2; L. Heath, 30yds, 3. Time 2.45-sec.

Two-mile Cycle Handicap, cash riders.—E. Reynolds, 25yds behind scr, 1; R. H. Davies, 25yds, 2; W. Tierney, 10yds behind scr, 3. Time, 1.8-2.5.

Half-mile Handicap, amateur riders.—W. Reynolds, scr, 1; E. H. Wilkinson, 35yds, 2; R. Campbell, 25yds, 3. Time, 1.10-1.55.

Patriotic Handicap, 1st distance 100 yds.—F. Gladding, 7yds, 1; C. E. McCarthy, 7yds, 2; P. Turner, 7yds, 3. Time, 10sec. Won easily.

One Mile Flat Handicap.—W. Farquhar, 25yds, and A. Pearson, 60yds, dead heat, 1; W. Ruckstep, scr, 3. Time, 4.32-3.5.

One-mile Interprovincial Scratch Race.—E. Reynolds, 1; R. Hendy, 2; W. Tierney, 3. Time, 2.21-2.55. Quarter-lap prizes of 5/ each were given in this race. Of these, Tierney won 7, Curteis 6, and Brookes 2.

Patriotic Handicap (second distance), 200yds.—F. Gladding, 12yds, 1; W. G. Abbott, 11yds, 2; C. E. McCarthy, 14yds, 3. The heats resulted:—First heat: A. E. George, 13yds, 1; C. E. McCarthy, 14yds, 2; H. Gladding, 13yds, 3. Time, 20-4.5sec. Second heat: F. Gladding, 12yds, 1; F. H. Somers, 3yds, 2; W. G. Abbott, 11yds, 3. Time, 20-3.5sec. In the final Gladding came to the front in the straight and scored an easy win. Time, 20sec.

Two Mile Wheel Race amateur riders.—W. Reynolds, scratch, 1; R. Campbell, 90yds, 2; F. H. Wilkinson, 11yds, 3. Thirteen started. Reynolds, the scratch man, caught his field two and a half laps from home, and ran into second place near the home turn. Coming up the straight he pulled ahead of Campbell, who was leading, and won by four yards. Time, 5min 6-3.5sec.

Two Mile Metropolitan Wheel Race cash riders.—J. B. O'Sullivan, 130yds, 1; R. H. Davies, 110yds, 2; P. A. Smith, 50yds, 3. Fourteen started. The back markers made abig effort to catch the front men, but were unsuccessful. Reynolds (owing 110yds) gave up a lap from home, and though Tierney (owing 50yds) kept on, he was unable to catch the leaders in the remaining lap. Smith, Davis, and O'Sullivan fought out the finish. O'Sullivan went to the front about 230yds from home, and won by a length from Davis, who came up well at the finish. Time, 4 min 59-sec.

One Mile Bicycle Handicap (amateur riders).—C. Stewart, 20yds, 1; R. Campbell, 50yds, 2; J. Giles, 100yds, 3. Time, 2min 25-sec. The heats resulted: C. Stewart, 20yds, 1; R. Campbell, 50 yds, 2; G. B. Chivers, 125yds, 3. Won

easily. Time, 2min 25-2.5sec. W. Reynolds (scratch) started in this heat, but retired in the third lap. Second heat: J. Giles, 100yds, 1; C. Hides, 50 yds, 2; W. Hendry, 50yds, 3. Won by three lengths. Time, 2min 26-2.5sec. Patriotic Handicap (third distance), 300yds.—F. H. Somers, 4yds, 1; W. G. Abbott, 16yds, 2; F. Gladding, 17yds, 3. Won easily. Time, 32sec.

Man v. Cycle.—In this race E. Reynolds, cyclist, was matched over a 100 yds course against F. H. Somers, pedestrian, both having a standing start. Somers was much the quickest away, and led till within about ten yards from home, when the cyclist overhauled him and won the race.

Bayonet v. Bayonet.—Sergeant Eadean, 1; Private Nazer, 2; Sergeant Tester, 3. The competitions resulted: Eadean beat Nazer by 5 points to 2; Eadean beat Tester by 5 points to 4; and Nazer beat Tester by 5 points to 3.

One Mile Bicycle Handicap (cash riders).—J. B. O'Sullivan, 70yds, 1; E. Reynolds, owes 50yds, 2; W. F. Ramsey, 60yds, 3. The heats resulted:—First heat: J. B. O'Sullivan, 70yds, 1; A. E. Harrison, 80yds, 2; E. Reynolds, owes 50yds, 3. Time, 2min 27-sec. Second heat: W. J. Irwin, 70yds, 1; W. F. Ramsey, 60yds, 2; W. Tierney, owes 25yds, 3. Time, 2min 28-sec. In the final Reynolds, riding hard, caught his field in the last lap, but O'Sullivan kept the lead and won by 10 yards. Time, 2min 25-sec.

Half Mile Flat.—T. George, 50yds, 1; D. Payne, 55yds, 2; A. Pearson, 20yds, 3. Eight started. George and Payne made all the running, and fought out the finish between them, George winning by a narrow margin. Time, 2min 2-4.5-sec.

The team picked to represent the Auckland Amateur Athletic and Cycle Club at the New Zealand Championship Meeting left by the Union steamer Rotofiti. The team consists of George Smith (sprints and hurdles), C. C. Laurie (jump and pole vault), J. Dickey (one and three mile walks), and W. H. Madill (hammer throwing, shot putting and jumps). It was thought that Madill would be unable to get away for the trip, but he has succeeded in making the necessary arrangements, and will accompany the team. The above four may be expected to render a good account of themselves and bring back several of the championships.

CRICKET.

THE VICTORIAN TEAM.

The Victorian team sent across by the M.C.C. arrived on Sunday, and commenced the first match of their tour on Thursday against the Auckland reps. Our visitors, though not representing the full strength of Victoria, are a very powerful combination. Everyone will regret that McLeod, at the last minute, found that he was unable to make the trip. Many critics think the local team could be improved on, and of course the absence of the veteran R. Neill is a great loss, as we have no one who can adequately replace him. Exception has been taken to several of those selected, and I am inclined to think that the team could be slightly strengthened, still the difference between those selected and those left out is not very great, and I trust that the members of the team will one and all make a really good showing and justify their selection.

Gordon v. Thirteen Juniors.—The Juniors, batting first, scored the good total of 22, Gordon replying with 50 for seven wickets. Juniors: McCannings, 6; Deate, c Moore-Jones, b McCrae, 8; Steele, b Kyd, 6; Selby, b Kallender, 8; McCornick, b McCrae, 7; Brown, b Kyd, 1; G. Stephenson, b McCrae, 1; E. Mills, b McCrae, 5; Whitley, run out, 8; Woods, b Coates, 2; W. G. Bell, b McCrae, 3; Small, not out, 1; Spurway, b McCrae, 4; Gilmour, b Coates, 6; extras, 2; total, 22. Bowling analysis: McCrae, six wickets for 6 runs; Coates, two for 6; Kallender, one for 1; Kyd, two for 4; Gordon, first innings; McCrae, 6; Bell, b Stephenson, 2; Kallender, b Gilmour, 8; C. Stone, b Stephenson, 1; H. Moore-Jones, at Small, b Stephenson, 0; Kyd, b Gilmour, 12; Kinsling, b Stephenson, 1; B. H. Jones, b Stephenson, 5; Cullerne, not out, 14; Ward, not out, 2; extras, 4; total for seven wickets, 50. Bowling analysis: Stephenson, five wickets for 22 runs; Gilmour, two for 11.

Y.M.C.A. "B" v. Y.M.C.A. third grade.—Y.M.C.A. "B" first innings, 18 (J. Gilmour not out 42, Rountree 26, Holland retired 20, P. Gilmore 16). Y.M.C.A. third grade (three men short) 200 (Horley 61, E. Stephenson 22, B. Scott 7 wickets for 7 runs, reached double figures. The B team won by 31 runs.

Birkenhead v. Northcote.—This match was played at Northcote, and resulted in a win for Birkenhead by 41 runs. Birkenhead, first innings, 77 (Hutfield 24, Stewart 20, Wrightson 13). Northcote, first innings, 64 (Brooking 33). Bowling for Birkenhead: Wrightson took 7 wickets for 4 runs, McPhill 4 for 12. Bowling for North-

cote, Brooking 4 for 21, Tonar 4 for 44, Ralston 2 for 16.

West End v. Ivydale.—This match was played in the outer Domain, and resulted in a drawn game. For West End Brooking (38) and Vause (17) were the highest scorers.

AQUATICS.

WEST END ROWING CLUB.

The "At Home" and trial fours in connection with the West End Rowing Club took place on Saturday afternoon at Ponsonby, and were attended with great success. The fours were for very handsome gold medals presented by Mr A. Kohn, a vice-president of the club. Several hundreds of guests were present, and were provided with afternoon tea and other refreshments, while excellent music was provided by a string band. The races all proved interesting contests. Mr A. Kohn acted as judge, and Mr B. Lloyd, another vice-president, was starter, the launch for the starting of the races having been lent by Mr Reynolds, a friend of the club. The first gig race was won by R. W. Rees' four, the second by Littleproud's crew, the third by R. Doull, and the fourth by Carder's crew. After a spell of half an hour these four crews went out for the final, and a very close race ensued. The final was won by R. W. Rees' four, R. Doull's crew being second, and Littleproud's third. The winning crew were:—Rees (stroke), F. Stevenson, Noonan, W. Bigelow, and Elliott (cox). After the race the successful oarsmen were presented by Mr Kohn with the medals, and Mr R. Dowden, captain of the club, heartily thanked Mr Kohn for his kindness. Cheers were also given for the donor of the prizes.

ST. GEORGE'S ROWING CLUB.

On Saturday afternoon the fourth set of trial fours of the season in connection with St. George's Rowing Club were held for the gold medals presented by Mr A. Kohn. The races were well contested and proved very interesting. The first heat was won by J. Thomson's crew, and the second by R. G. Busby's four. After half an hour's spell, the final was rowed. Thomson's crew got well away from the start and won by two lengths. The winning crew were: J. Thomson (stroke), C. E. Stone, H. Saunders, J. O'Sullivan, and R. S. Whitley (cox).

LAWN TENNIS.

A team from the Dannevirke Tennis Club visited Waipawa on Wednesday, and was victorious in a match against the Waipawa Club by 11 games. Afternoon tea was provided by Mrs W. White. The following are the scores: Ladies' Doubles.—Misses Baker and M. Howard beat Mrs Hartgill and Miss Guy, 9-2.

Ladies' Singles.—Mrs Hartgill beat Mrs Rhodes, 9-4; Miss Guy beat Miss Godfrey, 9-6.

Combined Doubles.—Misses Howard and Witherow beat Mrs Hartgill and Newenham, 9-6.

Men's Doubles.—Messrs S. White and Downes beat Messrs Clarke and Ransome, 9-4; Messrs Paul and Newenham beat Dr. Keed and Mr E. Johnson, 9-7; Messrs Rickford and Simpson beat Messrs Norris and Malier, 9-4; Messrs R. Guy and H. Deighton beat Messrs W. Witherow and Standley, 9-4.

Men's Singles.—Mr Matier beat Mr Rickford, 9-7; Mr Newenham beat Dr. Keed, 9-6; Mr Simpson beat Mr Norris, 9-3; Mr R. Guy beat Mr W. Witherow, 9-3; Mr Paul beat Mr Johnson; Mr Deighton beat Mr Standley, 9-4; Mr Clarke beat Mr S. White, 9-8; Mr Ransome beat Mr Downes, 9-6.

"IS THIS PIG?"

A young couple were entertaining some friends, and among the guests was one whose continued rudeness made him extremely objectionable to the rest of the company. His conduct was put up with for some time, until at supper he held up on his fork a piece of meat which had been served to him, and in a tone of intended humor he asked, "Is this pig?" "What end of the fork do you refer to?" quietly returned a guest at the farther end of the table.

WHY GIRLS WHO MAKE LOVE SELDOM MARRY.

Probably at some time or other in life every woman wishes to marry. It may be in girlhood, or somewhat later, or perhaps it is only a sort of far-off dream for the future, for though life is merry enough for the unmarried as long as beauty lasts and friends are plentiful, the prospect of a lonely old age is not inviting.

There is such a thing as "single blessedness" even for elderly and really old women, but then they must prepare for it in youth by cultivating their minds and widening their circle of interest beyond the little limits of their homes. Some of the happiest women in that world are spinsters, for they are happy, not in a selfish way, but because they are doing their work in the world and adding to the sum of human happiness. I counsel every girl to try to follow their example, so that old-maidhood—if that be her fate—may be to her indeed a state of "single blessedness."

I do not say that happy wifehood and motherhood are not to be desired, for I am quite convinced that they are very desirable indeed. At the same time, I counsel girls to try to fit themselves for "single blessedness" rather than to try to win husbands. My reasons are, first, because the girl who would make the best old-maid is the womanly girl, who, if marriage were her lot, would also make the best wife, and secondly, because I disapprove of women taking the initiative in matrimonial affairs and doing the courting.

Perhaps it may be thought that I am prudish; I am sure that I am practical. Again and again I have seen bright and pretty enough girls left on the shelf simply because they had not wit enough to see that men like to woo and not to be wooed. A girl who courts a man often appears to receive his admiration, for her attentions flatter and please him, and therefore she enjoys talking to her; but she does not win his love. A man never desires keenly that which is easily won, and directly he sees that a girl is doing all in her power to attract him, he at once cools off. Probably he will go off in disgust, and turn his attention to some one else, whose womanly reserve keeps him on tenterhooks and gives the zest and romance to his courtship which the other affair lacked.

It is possible, however, that pity for the woman who has so openly shown him her love may make him marry her; if so, then what chance of happiness is there for the couple? Fancy a marriage being founded on pity!

Another reason against a woman doing the courting is that she will lose dignity. A man must respect the woman he loves, and how can he respect her if he sees that her own sex look askance on her, as they certainly will do if she takes the part of wooer. Anything more wretched than the position of a woman who has not her husband's respect can hardly be imagined, better a thousand times for her to have remained unwed.

A MEMORABLE CHURCH PARADE.

There was an immense gathering in the Auckland Domain last Sunday, the occasion being a church parade of the local volunteers. The attendance was one of the largest ever witnessed on the ground. The parade, headed by the Navals, marched up Symonds street and through Kyber Pass to the Domain, four bands being in attendance. On arrival at the Cricket Ground, His Lordship the Primate (Dr. Cowie), assisted by the Rev. Canon MacMurray, conducted service. After an address by His Lordship's p, a collection was taken up for meeting the cost of equipping the Auckland members of the Fourth Contingent. The sum subscribed was £185. The gathering concluded with the singing of the National Anthem. Among our pictures will be found two splendid engravings from photos, taken on the occasion.

THE WATERS OF NIAGARA.

A man journeyed 3,000 miles to gaze on the falling waters of Niagara. He exclaimed to the American standing by his side: "Is it not wonderful, sir?" "Humph! Nothing very wonderful about it. It goes over, I suppose, because it can't help it!"

A DISTINCTION.

Ethel: What is the difference between a neck-tie which a girl very much fancies and her young man? Ernest: One is her ideal bow and the other is her beau ideal.



Sketched specially for the "Graphic."

Pencil Sketches from South Africa.



BRITISH PRISONERS AT VRYBURG.

Mr P. Townshend (Bechuanaland News).  
 Mr A. Hellawell (Cape Times & Daily Mail Correspondent).  
 Lelyveldt (Compositor).  
 Native Guide.

"Yes," said a lady, who has devoted her life to making her sisters happy, "we women are altogether miserable creatures. It is being more and more impressed upon me. A man's body and mind seem to have been made independently; but there is such a union between the body and mind of a woman that anything that affects the one is sure to affect the other. A woman enjoys better health if she devotes herself to sweeping and dusting, and does not take into her life any of those things that will cause her mental worry. Women not only are made ill by their own troubles, but by the troubles of other people. Take a man who asks a woman to marry him and she refuses. He may feel a little blue for a time if he has gone so far as to consider that there was only one woman in the world for him, but he goes on with his business and does not lose a wink of sleep or his appetite. It is quite a different matter with the girl. A man has asked her to marry him, and she has refused because she doesn't care for him. But, notwithstanding all this, she will probably lie awake all the night after she has refused him; lose her appetite, perhaps, and be thoroughly miserable for several days. I know of one case where a girl refused to marry someone of whom she had been very fond, though only as a friend. He felt it badly enough, but she was so entirely broken up over the affair that she fell into a nervous condition, and was ill and miserable for over a year. She hardly recovered in time to accept an invitation to the man's wedding."



A FIGHTING FAMILY.

TYPICAL GROUP OF BOERS.



R.H. ARTILLERY CHANGING GUARDS.



BOERS AT TAUNGS STATION.

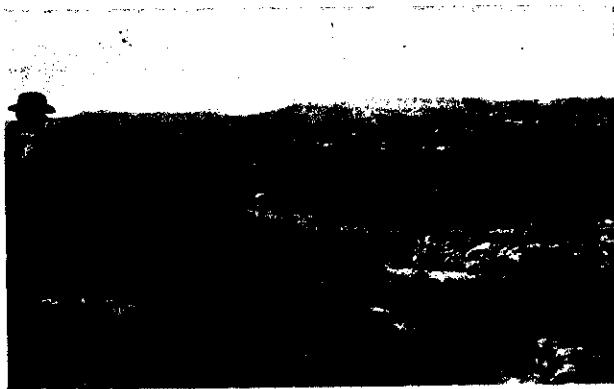


VIEW OF THE CAMP AT LADYSMITH.

The troops at Ladysmith have become so accustomed to the bombardment from the Boer guns that they pursue their ordinary duties in camp in the same undisturbed manner under the heaviest firing as when the Boer artillery have closed down for the day.

WITH THE CONTINGENT AT THE FRONT.

Photos. specially obtained for the "N.Z. Graphic."



BRITISH COLUMN CROSSING THE VELDT.



THE DURBAN LIGHT INFANTRY'S DEPARTURE FOR THE FRONT.



THE BRIDGE AT FRERE, DESTROYED BY THE BOERS.



A PARTY OF NEW ZEALANDERS SCOUTING.

## GENERAL CRONJE, THE BURLY FIGHTER.

While Joubert is the cunning schemer of the Transvaal army, Cronje is its rough and burly fighter. Of the two he is the more representative Boer. Joubert, possibly from his French ancestry, is a man of a certain polish, and can be indirect when policy requires. Cronje is blunt and always to the point. His craft is that of the hunter, and thinly disguises the force that awaits only the opportunity.

General Cronje is greatly admired by the Boers. They think Joubert is a wonderful tactician and organiser, but they love Cronje, the silent man, of sudden and violent action. He is no man's friend. His steel grey eyes peer out from under huge, bushy brows. He never speaks unless necessary, and then in the fewest words. He never asks a favour. When time for action comes he acts, and that with the force of fate and with no consideration for himself or his men.

That is the way he handled the Jameson raid. He saved the republic then, in the opinion of the Republic. He is a man after the Boer's own heart.

Cronje is a soldier and nothing else. He hates form. He hates politics.

though a born leader of men. He was strongly urged to oppose Kruger for the Presidency in 1894, but he would not. He will have none of any rule but that of the rifle. He despises cities. He is a man of the veldt.

These two men, Joubert and Cronje, hold in their hands the fate of the Boer Republics. The one is commander-in-chief, the other is second in command. Of Joubert we have heard much; of Cronje little. The most descriptive picture of Cronje is from the pen of Douglas Story, the editor of the late Boer newspaper, the "Standard and Diggers' News." It was published in the London "Daily Mail" of October 30, and the following is an extract:—

"Wily and far-seeing as is Piet Joubert, no man of them all can handle troops in the field as Cronje. He has the eye of a hawk for position, the nose of a jackal for signs of weakness in an enemy. His manoeuvring of Jameson was that of an Oliver Cromwell.

"Cronje was commandant at Potchefstroom, seventy miles to the south of Krugersdorp, when Jameson crossed the border. He co-operated with Malan and Potgieter, but the conduct of the fight lay with the cool head of Cronje.

"I rode out to the scene of Jameson's defeat sometime after the battle and realized how much of the hunter there is still in the Boer fighting man. No mere soldier would have herded his enemy so patiently into a position

as did Cronje into the fatal corral at Doornkop.

"All through the night succeeding Jameson's attack on Krugersdorp Cronje kept warily flustering his enemy into the place of death. The brave, foodless troopers, heavy with sleep, were driven like sheep into a shambles.

"When the morning broke, to the right, to the left, and in front of them Boer marksmen kept their rifles trained upon the raiders. Escape there was none. But the battle was won in the night hours, while Jameson was helplessly blundering on in front of his remorseless enemy. Cronje could afford to wait until the troopers came within a hundred yards before he gave the merey blow.

"And yet there was a time in the darkness when Jameson almost escaped from his hunters. Cronje's son was badly wounded in the early skirmish. For the moment the father's instinct overcame the general's discretion. He bore his boy back to Krugersdorp and left him with Dr. Viljoen there. It was a father's act, and one strangely unlike the rough farmer's exterior of the man who mastered Sir John Willoughby.

"The lesson learned that pitiful night dictated Cronje's courteous assurance to the defender of Mafeking that the Red Cross was safe from him and his.

"While Cronje was gone, somebody blundered, and the troopers in their blindness very nearly wandered round

the flank of the beaters into safety. But it was not to be, and long ere daylight Cronje was back to repair damage and arrange his final battle.

"That drizzly, misty night made Cronje a war god among the Boers.

"And yet these stolid veldt men give little demonstration of their admiration. The Boers are not a grateful nation as the Americans with their Dewey, or we British with our Kitchener are grateful. Days after the battle I saw Cronje riding heavily down the Kerk straat in Pretoria, a heavy, big boned peasant upon a shaggy, tripping pony. No man touched his hat to him; few accosted him.

"And yet it is significant that Cronje, among the Boers, is always known as 'Commandant' Cronje. There is a rude dignity about the man that compels so much of respect. Other men are known by their Christian names, 'Slim Piet' Joubert, 'Oom Christiaan' Joubert, 'Oom Jan' Hofmeyer—occasionally, but rarely nowadays, 'Oom Paul' Kruger. In a place apart stands 'Commandant' Cronje.

"So far as my memory carries, Cronje was not even specifically thanked by the Volksraad for his great service to the State at Doornkop. He was a burgher. It was his duty to repel the invader. He repelled him, and there the matter rested.

"They would have censured him had he failed. They refrained from comment when he succeeded.

"Cronje, riding back to Pretoria, had no guard of honour to receive him, no great civic function to fete him, no sword of honour to adorn him. He was plain Peasant Cronje, returning heavy hearted from his wounded son's pallet in Krugersdorp Hospital, somewhat weary in the bones from those long hours in the steaming saddle, nowise elated, nowise altered from his everyday demeanour.

"Since then Cronje has received a seat in the Executive Council, and is now a personage with a substantial State salary; but the man is no way changed. He was thought to be a supporter of the President's when he joined the Executive Council, but neither Kruger nor Joubert has found him amiable. He is not of the race that makes the party man.

"He is as individual as Kruger, strong in the faith of his own generalship as Joubert."

### STORY OF A BOER SPY.

"Here is a story of a Transvaal spy that well illustrates the shrewdness and pertinacity which have made the Boer such a tactful and able enemy in the present war. It was just before the erection of the Johannesburg forts. The spy was ordered to report on the defences of Chatham.

While employed in collecting materials he came upon a certain secret subterranean passage connecting Fort Pitt with—somewhere. He tried hard to find out where that "somewhere" might be, but without avail. Rumour said it was Fort Clarence. But Fort Clarence was then and is now, for that matter—used as a provost prison, and access to its interior was strictly prohibited.

One way of getting within the walls there was, and the spy took it. He committed a somewhat serious offence against military discipline, for which he was reduced to the ranks and imprisoned. As he had foreseen, he was consigned to Fort Clarence.

The provost sergeant in charge kept rabbits, which were shut up at night in a sort of underground passage that opened into the moat—at least, so the other prisoners affirmed. The spy ingratiated himself with the warders, and after a week or two he was taken off shot drill, and promoted to the post of rabbit keeper in ordinary to the provost sergeant aforesaid. He looked carefully and conscientiously after his four-footed charges. In fact, he spent the greater part of his time cleaning out and whitewashing their underground apartment, with the result that, on his release, he was able to forward full plans and details to Pretoria.

### The Great Fire at Stratford, Taranaki.



BROADWAY—LOOKING SOUTH. AFTER THE FIRE.



J. McAllister, photo.

ROADWAY—LOOKING NORTH.







Enlarged from a snapshot taken by Mr Pooler.

CHURCH PARADE OF AUCKLAND VOLUNTEERS, HELD IN THE DOMAIN ON SUNDAY LAST, FEBRUARY 11th.

Taken from the Domain Pavilion.

**IN A LONDON 'BUS.**

(From the "Sunday Sun.")

'Bus Conductor: "All the w'y to Charing Cross one penny. Come aw'y, lydy; plenty room."  
 Little Old Lady in Velvet and Silk: "Will you remember to let me out at the second street on the left before you come to the Abbey? I am going such a very little distance that unless you let me out exactly where I tell you I had ever so much better have walked all the way. The second street on the left before you come to the Abbey."  
 Conductor: "Very well, ma'am."  
 Little Old Lady (to pale-faced young man opposite): "I am going to the post-office; and 'bus conductors are so forgetful. They never do what you ask them."  
 Pale-faced Young Man: "It is annoying."  
 Little Old Lady (smiling amiably): "I am only going to the post-office, and if he does not stop exactly where I've told him he will take me too far and I shall have to walk all the way back. (To conductor) You remember where you are to let me out? At the second street on the left before you come to the Abbey."  
 Conductor (nodding his head): "Pares, please."  
 Little Old Lady (after fumbling for a minute in a square-shaped pocket and gazing amiably the while at the pale-faced young man, produces a shilling): "Give me a sixpence and a three-penny bit. (Fretfully.) You've given me five coppers. How tiresome you are. What am I to do with all these coppers? Haven't you got a three-penny bit?"

Conductor: "No, ma'am." (Sotto voce, and shaking his head gloomily): "Wot a life!"  
 Little Old Lady (smiling again to pale-faced young man): "I hate coppers; and the 'bus conductors always give them to me though I ask for silver."  
 Vulgar man (joining amiably in the conversation): "A three-penny bit wouldn't be safe in that pocket of yours, ma'am. It 'ud lose itself altogether."  
 Little Old Lady (viciously): "Don't speak to me, man."  
 Vulgar Man's Friend: "She's a bit of a wasp, eh? There's manners for yer."  
 Vulgar Man: "Some people don't know what manners is. (Raising his voice): It ain't the dress wot makes the lydy, it's the manners. That's wot I s'y, and I don't care who 'ears me."  
 Little Old Lady (sitting quiet for a few seconds): "I wonder if the conductor remembers what I said to him."  
 Vulgar Man: "'E ain't likely to forget wot you've told him, ma'am; you may bet your life on that."  
 Little Old Lady (ignoring last speaker and addressing pale-faced young man): "But conductors never remember what I tell them. Once when I was going to South Kensington the conductor took me on to Shepherd's Bush; though I told him repeatedly to let me out at South Kensington."  
 Vulgar Man: "I shouldn't have thought, now, that 'e'd 'ave wanted to take you any further than you wanted. But it's because you makes yourself so agreeable to 'em, ma'am. They can't get enough of your company."

Pale-faced Young Man (to the little old lady, who is staring fiercely at vulgar man): "I think this is your street, madam."  
 Little Old Lady: "Conductor, you know where I want to get out."  
 Conductor (pulling the bell sharply): "Is this the street, ma'am?"  
 Little Old Lady (sitting quiet for a few seconds while the colour slowly steals into her cheeks): "You've taken me past it. O, dear, dear! How can you be so tiresome? I told you repeatedly where you were to let me me out, and you've paid no attention. Now I must cross the street and walk back. O, how can you be so tiresome? I wish I had never come in your 'bus at all, I do, indeed."  
 Conductor: "I can't keep the 'bus waiting any longer, ma'am. If you don't come out, I'll 'ave to go on."  
 Vulgar Man: "That's right, conductor; pull the bell. We ain't goin' to be kept 'ere all day for a person as makes herself objectionable all round."  
 Little Old Lady: "If you dare to pull the bell before I get out, I'll give you in charge of the police, and you, too, you vulgar creature."  
 Conductor (to occupants of 'bus after little old lady has finally retired): "She's quite upset me, she has."  
 Vulgar Man (addressing occupants of 'bus generally, not omitting the conductor): "That's wot I call a lesson in manners. You never know wot manners is till you 'ave 'em thrown in your face so to speak. I forget wot it was she called me—"  
 Vulgar Man's Friend (laughing): "An odious, vulgar creature."  
 Vulgar Man (fiercely, to his friend): "An odious, vulgar creature. 'All right. That's wot she called me. For w'y? Because I stood up for a poor

man w'ich is the conductor of this 'bus. Well, if I am an odious, vulgar creature, was it manners to s'y so without wot you might call provocation? Manners! Thank 'Eaven I don't pretend to have any if that's wot men call manners. Manners! It ain't manners, it's the want of manners wot's the matter with them as think they've got manners and to spare. Them as don't pretend to 'ave no manners is the best mannered after all. Don't stop the 'bus for me, conductor. I don't believe in making people slaves because you p'ys 'em a copper."

**INDIFFERENCE TO PAIN.**

A very curious thing about the Chinese is their indifference to pain. A great deal of surgical work is done in the great city hospital conducted by the united missions at Canton, and it was at first supposed that there would be endless trouble in persuading the natives to take anaesthetics, but the doctors found, to their surprise, that anaesthetics were rarely needed, and that their patients endured the most serious operations without flinching the fraction of an inch. The average Chinese will assume the required position and hold it like a statue. When the knife touches his flesh he begins a slight, monotonous moan and keeps it up until the ordeal is over, but he gives no other indication of pain. Whether this is due to nerve-bluntness or stoicism, or a combination of both, I have never been able to determine, but the fact remains that the Canton hospital uses less chloroform or ether than any other large institution of the kind on earth.



**CHURCH PARADE OF THE AUCKLAND VOLUNTEERS, HELD IN THE DOMAIN ON SUNDAY LAST, FEBRUARY 11th.**

A View of the Crowd taken from the Western Side of the Domain.

Enlarged from a Snapshot taken by Mr Pouley.

**SOME BANKING ROMANCES.**

Banking is not generally regarded as a romantic pursuit, nor is it so in the ordinary course of business, but, inasmuch as its whole concern is with money, for which man will venture most things, it often marks the centre round which stories of love, ambition, robbery, and intrigue are built up.

It was a love affair that gave rise to the firm of Jones, Lloyd & Co., now amalgamated with the London and Westminster Bank. Mr Lloyd was a dissenting minister in Manchester, and amongst the worshippers at his chapel was Mr Jones, the banker and merchant. Mr Jones' daughter Mary fell in love with the preacher, and, fearing that her father's consent to their union could not be obtained, she agreed to a secret marriage. After a time Mr Jones became reconciled to the young people, and sent his son-in-law to London to start a branch of the banking business there. This proved to be a wise step; Mr Lloyd made a most excellent banker, and for

many years was at the head of what developed into one of the wealthiest banks in the country.

In the early years of the banking house of the Couttises many strange incidents occurred. Thomas Coutts, about 1760, married his brother's housemaid, a farmer's daughter, named Elizabeth Starkey. In course of time she acquired the manners and appearance of a gentlewoman, and brought up her three daughters so well that, with the help of their dowries, they were able to make most aristocratic alliances. Sophia, the eldest, was married to Sir Francis Burdett; Susan, the second, became Countess of Guildford; and Frances, the third, was made the wife of the first Marquis of Bute. Mrs Coutts died in 1815, and three months afterwards, Thomas Coutts, then 75 years of age, married the famous actress, Harriett Mellon. It was for her that Holly Lodge, on Highgate Hill, was bought and stocked with horses, carriages, and luxurious furniture. Thomas Coutts died in 1822, leaving his wife in unrestrained possession of all his personal and landed property, as well as a large share in the annual profits of the banking house. When, some time after, Mrs Coutts became Duchess of

St. Albans, she took care to secure her vast fortune in her own hands, and at her death left it to Mr Coutts' favourite granddaughter, the present Baroness Burdett-Coutts.

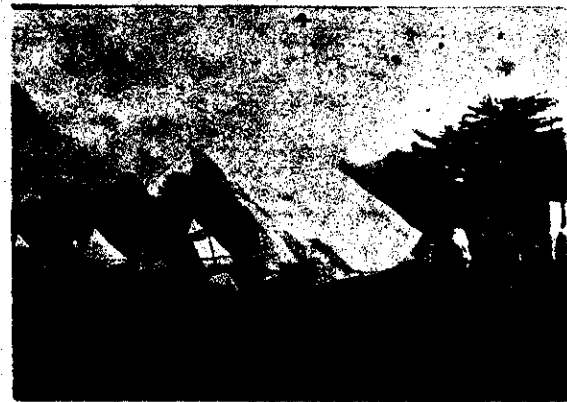
The romance connected with the once famous firm of Thelluson has been partly made use of by Charles Dickens in his "Tale of Two Cities." This bank had a very close relationship with Paris, many of its customers being French. Peter Thelluson had belonged to the Paris firm of Thelluson and Necker; this Necker, first clerk, then a partner, being the great financial minister whose wife was the first love of Gibbon. He migrated to London, and established a bank, which grew to vast proportions in connection with the Paris house.

Peter Thelluson's will was one of the most memorable documents ever drawn up. After leaving modest fortunes to his wife and sons and daughters, he directed his property to accumulate until their descendants should become, under certain conditions, the most opulent of private individuals. Failing such descendants, the money was to go to pay off the National Debt. It has been explained, though with what amount of truth is not known, that the accumulation was partly intended to provide against the possibility of claims being made

by the representatives of such of the bank's customers as had perished by the guillotine in Paris. Had the original bequest been upheld the ultimate inheritor of it would have become the possessor of at least twenty millions. As it was, the lawyers wrangled over the accruing wealth for many years, and in the end an Act of Parliament was passed rendering such accumulations impossible in the future.

The rise and fall of the Goldsmids formed a strange romance. The founder of the house was a Dutch Jew, Aaron Goldsmid, who with his four sons did some clever financing in England during the harassing period of the Napoleonic wars.

The prosperity of the Goldsmids was amazing. The royal family were frequent visitors at the magnificent mansion which Benjamin Goldsmid had built for himself at Roehampton, and so great was the banker's influence with the King that he was able to induce His Majesty to pardon a Jew who had been condemned for forgery, an offence that had never before been forgiven. A league was formed, however, in opposition to the Goldsmids. Traps were laid for them, and they fell into them. So disastrous were their affairs now that they had a daily loss of £100,000, and the end soon followed—they failed.



**THE AUCKLAND DETACHMENT OF THE FOURTH CONTINGENT IN CAMP AT POTTER'S PADDOCK.**

- 1. Lieut. Walker and Berg-Major Evans, A.M.R.
- 2. The stables.
- 3. Cookhouse.
- 4. Erecting tents under difficulties.
- 5. Group of Rough Riders at Drill.
- 6. Lieut. G. Walker, No. 2 W.M.R.

**THE FIRST CONTINGENT.**

**SOLDIERING UNDER GENERAL FRENCH.**

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

RENSBURG, S.A., Jan. 7.

I resume my diary of events since last letter:—

Monday, 1st January.—Under cover of the R.M.A. fire advanced on enemy on the eastern side of Coleskop. There were a few Carbineers, Mounted Infantry and four sections of 2nd Division of our No. 1 Company, making about sixty in all, the New Zealanders leading the way. After remaining under a heavy fire for about half an hour the order came to retire. Our artillery were within range of the enemy's rifle fire and could not silence them, and we experienced for the second time in earnest

**THE WHIZZING OF THE BULLETS** as thick as hail. Marvellous to say, no one was wounded out of the sixty. During the afternoon a division of the Carbineers made a demonstration in the direction of Palmerfontein, on the eastern front, but getting in the line of the fire from the Boers' "Long Tom" gun had to retire with one killed. The guns not engaged on the eastern side of Coleskop did good work with the other Boer cannon and quickly silenced a quick firing Maxim-Nordenfeldt or Hotchkiss, it is not known which. Sixteen wounded and four killed were our British casualties. The Boer losses are not known, but are considered heavy.

Tuesday, 2nd January.—In our absence our tents and baggage had been moved up to the present camp, Rensburg, a farm belonging to a Boer commando. The railway, which in places had been torn up, had been quickly mended, and the trains are now running and are very busy. Last night a line of twenty or thirty trucks containing provisions for 20,000 men, was let loose and started for Colesberg. It being a down grade of a pretty steep kind the trucks made good way to where the Boers had blown up a portion of the line, and there some of them capsized. At day-break, when this was discovered, an engine with some Royal Engineers went down to try and regain possession. It was, however, soon discovered that the enemy had their big gun trained in that direction, and after firing the rum in the trucks the train had to retire, being unable to get close enough to hook on. A railway ganger at the station here was arrested during the day under suspicion of being concerned, but nothing has yet been proved.

Wednesday, 3rd January.—Picket duty at position held during first day of advance. The Boers were very quiet, and practically no shelling, except on lookers at the burning trucks was done. We stayed out all night.

Thursday, 4th January.—We were relieved this morning by the New South Wales Lancers at daybreak. After off-saddling at camp and started breakfast an order came in to saddle and return to position, as the Boers were making a break on that flank. They were, however, quickly checked by our artillery, and at 4 p.m. we returned to camp.

Friday, 5th January.—Last night an escort brought in twenty Boer prisoners, who were captured by the 10th Hussars yesterday. They were sent down to the Cape, and a very dejected, starved lot they looked. They highly appreciated their feed of tinned beef and biscuits. A very slack day this, and we never left the camp.

Saturday, 6th January.—We were routed out at half-past one, and for our right front to draw the enemy's fire and unmask their "Long Tom." At five o'clock our artillery (the Royal Field) opened fire on the kopjes whereabouts the guns were supposed to be situated, and they unmasked their gun and dropped a few well-directed shells. We kept them employed for an hour or two and then returned to camp for the rest of the day. Fine weather still continues; very hot sun during day, and gets cold towards morning. General French expects to get into Colesberg at any moment now.

Sunday, 7th January.—A report has come in that one hundred and thirty-four Suffolk infantry men have been killed and wounded and eleven officers killed. It appears that they made an advance on a Boer laager yesterday morning and were allowed to get right up to them, and then an order was given to retire, and while doing so

the enemy opened fire and out them up badly. This was on the extreme left, behind Coleskop. Roughly speaking, there are about three thousand mounted men and four thousand infantry here, and water for horses is not too plentiful.

**LETTER FROM MAJOR ROBIN.**

**A PERILOUS JOURNEY.**

**THROUGH A HAIL OF BULLETS.**

(By Telegraph.—Own Correspondent.)

Writing from Rensburg to his sister in Dunedin, Major Robin gives some interesting particulars regarding his perilous journey to the relief of his comrades. He says:—"On New Year's Day we carried out the cheekiest order one could imagine. The 'boys', 25 of them, and forty Imperial Mounted Infantry, were sent out, the New Zealand men in front, then an open interval, and then twenty mounted infantry, making three lines in open or loose formation. My orders were to start them off and remain with the Colonel. Well, out they went, and, after going about three-quarters of a mile, got into trouble. There was nothing for it but a run over that three-quarters of a mile through a rain of bullets. Someone you know went, and it was the hottest run he ever had in his life. I think God gave him strength, because his wind and legs held out. From the starting point the Staff anxiously watched, and three thought that he had gone down. Truly, this man you know did fall, but not by a bullet; it was by a stone-trip, and to raise wind. Thank God, up the second line there was a little cover, or he really could not have advanced further (remember our flank was open to be enveloped by the enemy). When the first temptation came, he dropped under good cover to have a swig at cold tea in his water bottle and get a little more wind. An officer who was there said "it was nonsense to go any further, nothing could be done, and only a fool would tackle it," but that fool merely pressed forward, and as he did so the Mauser bullets were tickling up the stones, flicking up the dust, playing tunes, etc. However, twenty-five 'boys' were in that front line in a hole, and only a stranger to bring them out, so this man started off, and then—what bad shots those Boers were—he got there, and bit by bit, man by man in succession was carefully passed over the open space with a hundred marvellous escapes. The Colonel sent a number of horses to the foot of the kopje to help us out. The coming back was easy in comparison to the going. The mounted infantry came out of it without a scratch. On our return it was good to feel that the Imperial officers on the Staff had been watching us through their glasses. They had some spirits ready for this man, and what a relief it was to Colonel Porter when it was reported to him that all were safe. It was cheering to hear his good opinion of the manner in which the men were extracted, and his statement that the fact that no loss was incurred was entirely due to the manner they were brought out. It was necessary to retire for many reasons, because it was a reconnaissance. The boys of the contingent all know it, as it went round like wildfire. Several of the officers have since said, 'Don't risk it again, because the men want somebody to lead them.'"

**LETTERS FROM NEW ZEALANDERS.**

The following are extracts from a letter received from Sergt. E. Harrowell, of the 1st Contingent:—

**RENSBURG CAMP, Jan. 5.**

"We turned out of camp here at 5 a.m. and remained on outpost until 3 a.m. Thursday; then we were relieved by N.S.W. Lancers and came into camp; had fed the horses and just commenced our breakfast when the order came to 'turn out,' and away we went right back to our former post, a four-mile jaunt. The Boers were firing their big guns heavily, and ours did ditto. At 12, midday, our outpost party received orders to return to camp. In the evening 20 Boer prisoners were brought in, captured by our cavalry. Some of these prisoners say that Frenchmen are working their guns. Won't they just get 'frogs' if we catch them, the beggars. The Boers brought in were of a very low type—people one could not trust for one minute. Directly our men charged near them they threw down their arms

and prayed for mercy. Three black fellows were with them, and, like all the others taken, were only too pleased to be rid of their Boer masters, who thrash and ill-treat them most mercilessly. The Boers were sent off to Capetown this morning. We have the Boers about surrounded, but our strength is insufficient to do this efficiently. Last night, however, two regiments of infantry and a field battery came in. The latter's guns have a far more extensive range than our present guns, and will be a great help, for so far the Boer guns have most decidedly had a big advantage in range, especially with their 'Long Toms,' who can reach us at a long distance."

**"COLESKOP, January 6.**

"We turned out this morning at 1 a.m., and at 2.30 a.m. started out here. Our contingent, with 2 guns, is on the extreme left. The guns fired for a long time to find out the locality of 'Long Tom' before he replied. Our guns must have gone very close, for at last the Boers replied, and our guns, being of much shorter range, had to retire. After a bit they went to the front again, and 'Long Tom' soon began snarling. Again they retired, one shell bursting just in the rear of the guns, who took shelter behind us. Then came another from the 'Long Tom' right into our fellows, but luckily neither horses nor men were hurt. We were quite 3½ miles from the gun, so you can imagine the range this piece has."

"We retired 500 yards, and now I am just scribbling these few lines, expecting 'Thomas' to lash out at any minute. On our left, in Colesberg, can be heard the hoarse growl of the Boers' heavy siege guns. Our volley firing heard in that direction has ceased, also artillery. Suppose they find the Boer position too strong to do other than annoy them. 'Long Tom' is on a hill, and it is very funny to see the smoke ascend when it is fired, and half a minute or so to elapse before the sound reaches one; then one hears a mighty screaming sound through the air gradually increasing in volume; next a spiteful thud, and finally a 'bang' as the shell explodes, throwing sand, etc., several feet into the air."

**LETTER FROM THE LATE TROOPER CONNELL.**

The following is an extract from a letter received by an Auckland friend of the late Trooper J. Connell, of the First Contingent. The letter is dated December 22nd, or about three weeks before the writer was killed during the fighting at Rensburg.

"We arrived in Africa 'all well' and at once proceeded to a place called Matiland about four miles out of the town to camp. We got the horses off the boat in good style, but of course we did not mount them to take them away. The Inneskilling Dragoons and some batteries of the Royal Horse were already in camp, and as we came in they turned out and cheered. They then came over and helped us put down our lines, feed our horses, and the thousand and one things that have to be done when putting down a camp. We exercised horses next day, and on the Sunday took the Inneskilling boys over to our canteen and filled them up. Here I met some of the Life Guards, they are very sociable fellows, and we had several drinks together. On the Monday after only three or four days rest, we were ordered to De Aar; so we bundled our horses into the train at the Cape and got away in the afternoon. Several military hands accompanied us to the station, and the music, especially the pipes, made us feel quite warlike. Before leaving we were served out with 50 rounds of ammunition per man; we had been given bandoliers as soon as we arrived at the Cape. We enjoyed the trip up immensely, feeding the horses and watering them being the only work. Each truck had from seven to eight horses in it, and watering them, etc., was attended with no little risk, as if they started to get lively one had no room to get out of the way. When we got to De Aar we did not stay ten minutes, but were at once ordered on to Nauwpoort. There had been some brushes here a few days previous and we were in hopes of having a crack as soon as we got there. However, we were there over a week and had no chance, the time being spent mostly in drill. Drill at a mighty quick pace, too, over all sorts of stones, bushes and big holes. None of us got badly hurt, though it is a wonder. Since landing in South Africa we have had nothing but the ground to sleep on, but we are getting used to it now. We have also learned to live on bully beef

and biscuits, although when possible we have bread. Many and many a meal we have made on dry bread and coffee, and glad to get that. At Nauwpoort, we occasionally went out to see if we could see anything of the enemy, but had no luck. The New South Wales Lancers, however, were fired on once or twice. They do not use the dum-dum here, and one poor fellow we saw at Nauwpoort had four bullet holes in him and was doing well. At last we were glad to hear that an advance was to be made, and we New Zealanders were sent to patrol the railway line towards Colesburg. The first day's march we got as far as Tweedsdale.

Up to this point the line was all right so some other troops were then sent on by train. The following day we all advanced as far as Arundel, from which I write this. Here we took up a strong position, protected by a chain of kopjes, and with the "O" Battery of the Royal Horse and some Dragoons formed a camp here. The next day we heard the first angry shot fired. Our No. 1 Company, of which Whyte is one, answered the enemy's fire, and the No. 2, in which is yours truly, were held in reserve on the plain. After a while the enemy observed us, and started shelling us with a Long Tom they have over there, but the shells fell wide and we retired to cover. Since then we have been fired on pretty often, but the Boers are bad shots. One day we had a horse hit in the leg, and some of ours got hit in the hat, water-bottle, etc. Another day, or rather very early morning, the Boers brought up a big gun to shell our camp. The Royal Horse, however, sent them back with their tails between their legs, smashing up their gun and killing about 100 of them, we think, not to mention horses. It was a sight to see the shells burst over their heads. We and a lot of cavalry were also out, but the range was too long, and we remained inactive. Soon after this something went wrong with my right eye. This country is a perfect hell for dust and sand when it blows; this is what caused the trouble, I think. I had to come to the Red Cross show to have it seen to, and have been here since. I am glad to say it is much better now. As bad luck would have it, I was out of a grand scrap our boys had, in which they laid out three ambulance load of Boers (who were behind cover while they were in the open) and only lost one wounded themselves. The wounded fellow, Bradford by name, was taken prisoner by the Boers. He was shot in the leg, and when he fell from his horse he was stunned. Everyone thought him dead. Some of our fellows were going back for his body, but an imperial officer told them not to, as it would be an unnecessary loss of life. However, some of our ambulance men say he is now doing well in the Boer camp. This camp is getting larger every day. The best known regiments here at present are the 10th and 6th Hussars, the Royal Horse (three batteries), the Inneskilling Dragoons, the New South Wales Lancers, ourselves, and some I do not know the names of. There may be a big battle here any time now. All I hope is that my eye is fit when the time comes."

In the January number of the "Tall Mall Magazine" now to hand, there is an illustrated article on "Notable Houses in South Africa," which should prove of special interest to the general reader at this particular time. Mr William Archer concludes his paper on the American stage, and E. T. Murray Smith contributes the first part of an article, carefully written and capably illustrated, describing the tombs of military heroes in Westminster Abbey, with a commentary on the life history of those valient men whose dust lies within. Mrs F. A. Steele's fascinating Indian serial, supported by several short stories of high merit and interest, represents the fiction which, as ever, this magazine strives with much success to keep far above the commonplace. In "Ex Libris" Mr Henley seems to bear just a little too heavily on Victor Hugo, that idol of his compatriots, whom he charges with being in his life and his writings—his lyrics excepted—insincere and a poseur. The frontispiece "Anne of Cleves," after a portrait of Holbein, is excellent from an artistic point of view, and further provokes us to wonder why the appearance of the lady should have been found so objectionable by Henry VIII.

## Personal Paragraphs.

The Rev. J. P. Kempthorne, of Nelson, has exchanged duties with the Rev. H. P. Cox, M.A., of Westport, for a few weeks.

Miss Gibson, Lady Principal of the Nelson College for Girls, returned to Nelson last week after a pleasant holiday in Christchurch with her people.

The Misses Webb-Bowen, Sealy and Gribben returned to Nelson last week after a most delightful trip to Sydney. Mrs. Daubney and her little girl also arrived from Sydney by the same steamer and are staying with Mr and Mrs Fell, "St. John's," Nelson.

Miss Cuthboys, of Sydney, is staying with Mrs Webb-Bowen (Nelson).

Mrs Watts and Mrs Sweet have returned to Nelson after a pleasant trip to the North Island.

Mrs and Miss Duff have returned to Nelson from Dunedin.

Miss Edith Kempthorne, a pupil of the Nelson School of Music, has won the silver medal offered by the Associated Board, R.A.M., and R.C.M.

Miss Hunter-Brown has gone to Christchurch on a missionary tour, and Miss S. Hunter-Brown has returned to Nelson after a pleasant trip in the South Island.

Miss F. Webb-Bowen has returned to Nelson after a short trip to Wellington.

Miss Ida Crump, a pupil of the Nelson College for Girls, has successfully won a Junior Scholarship of the New Zealand University.

Mr and Mrs C. Johnston and family have gone out to live at their residence, "Holmwood," Karori, for some months for the benefit of Miss Johnston's health.

Miss Bell (Nelson) is visiting friends in Wellington.

The Premier left Wellington on Thursday to attend the banquet given to Mr W. H. Field, M.H.R., at Porirua, and proceeded to Wanganui on Friday in order to be present at the departure of the Wanganui and West Coast Riders, from Wanganui, on Saturday, and also to open the new Opera House there on Friday evening. The Premier leaves for Christchurch early next week to take part in the celebration of the departure of the Third Contingent, so will have a tiring week before him.

Miss Howdon (Canterbury) who has just returned from a visit to England, is spending a few weeks in Wellington with Mrs. Medley.

Miss Doris Johnston, daughter of Mrs Charles Johnston, Wellington, leaves for England in the Itabine in order to finish her education in Europe.

Mr George Hutchinson, M.H.R. for Patea, leaves Wellington this week on a visit to South Africa, having arranged to contribute a series of letters to a leading London paper on the war at the Cape. Mr Hutchinson intends returning to New Zealand in time to take his seat in the House at the opening of Parliament next session.

Mr C. H. Morrison (Wellington), is to be banqueted at the "Foyer," in Wellington, on Saturday next, by his friends and political supporters, in recognition of his plucky fight for the Oraki seat at the recent by-election. Mr John Duthie is to be chairman on the occasion.

During their stay in Wellington Commander Thibaut and the officers of the French warship *Eure* have been most popular, and also most hospitable, having entertained a large number of guests at luncheon and afternoon tea, and on Sunday last the vessel was thrown open to the public, who were most courteously shown over the ship by the officers.

The Rev. Father Goggan has been transferred from Blenheim to Wellington. The Rev. Father was exceedingly popular in Blenheim, both as a priest and as a citizen, having always manifested a very keen interest in church and public matters, and his departure from St. Mary's Church is keenly regretted by his parishioners at Blenheim.

Miss Stuart, of Wellington, who has been visiting Mrs Holdsworth, of New Plymouth, is now the guest of Mrs Meldrum, of Hunterville.

Mrs Hill, of Wellington, is visiting her sister, Mrs Oswin, of New Plymouth.

Mr and Mrs A. D. Gray, who have been on a visit to Auckland, have returned to New Plymouth.

Miss Bedford, of New Plymouth, has been paying Oraki and Wellington a visit, but has now returned.

Mr J. Mills, manager of the Union Company, and his wife, passed through New Plymouth on their way to Auckland last week.

The Hon. W. and Mrs Rolleston left for England by the Mokoia via Sydney on Friday.

Mr and Mrs Isaac Wilson and Miss Wilson, of Kaiapoi, left on Friday for England via Sydney, by the Mokoia.

The Bishop of Christchurch, Mrs and Miss Julius, returned on Friday from their visit to Norfolk Island, having had a most interesting time. Mr and Mrs G. Julius accompanied them from Australia to Christchurch on a visit.

Miss Jennie West returned to Christchurch on Friday from her visit to Sydney, which she has greatly enjoyed.

Mr and Mrs W. D. Wood are back from Swaycombe, looking better for the change.

Polo is still very flourishing in Cambridge, and always well attended, writes our correspondent. During the season I have noticed on different days Messames Thornton, Richardson, Martin, Cooper, Lawford (Ohaupo), Misses Banks, Cave, Wells, Williamson (Hamilton), Gorrie (Auckland), and Messrs Banks, Thornton, Lawford, T. Williamson, Bullock, Webster, Richardson, etc., etc.

Mr and Mrs W. Thornton, of Maungakawa, Cambridge, have gone for a driving tour to Rotorua in their light little American buggy and pair.

Dr. Roberts' new house in Cambridge is just finished, and is very pretty, being of the Queen Anne style and painted cream, dull green and red.

Our Cambridge correspondent writes:—We are all beginning to think of the hunting again, which begins very early in May.

Mrs Chaytor, Marshlands, Tua Marina, and her sister, Mrs Hursthouse, Motueka, were in Pieton last week, and visited Captain and the Misses Kenny, "The Rocks," Queen Charlotte Sound.

Mrs Andrews and family, who have been spending the holidays in Pieton, returned to Wellington on Friday.

Mr and Mrs J. Bond, Pelorus Sound, have gone to Wellington.

Mr and Mrs Masefield, "Manaroa," Pelorus Sound, are spending a few days in Pieton.

Miss Ethel Sealy, Nelson, is staying with her sister, Mrs Seigwick, at the Viearage, Pieton.

Mrs C. Beauchamp, who has been visiting in Wellington and Christchurch for the past three months, has returned home to Pieton.

Miss Robertson, Christchurch, has come to spend some weeks with Mrs Beauchamp at "Anikiwa."

Miss Allen, Pieton, has gone to stay in Wellington for some time with Mrs F. A. Andrews.

Mr James Embling's successor at the Bank of New Zealand has arrived, Mr Litchfield, from Wellington, who is accompanied by Mrs Litchfield.

Mr and Mrs Melville Jamieson have returned from a trip to England, and passed through Christchurch last week on their way home to Timaru.

Mr and Mrs Alister Clark have come over again to visit their friends, and get a rest from the great heat of Australia. They are at present the guests of Mrs Clark's sister, Mrs Heaton Rhodes, "Otahuna," Tai Tapu.

Mr J. Rolleston, a younger son of the Hon. W. Rolleston, is bound for the Transvaal with the Third Contingent.

Mr and Mrs George Humphries, "Danesbury Rookery," gave the use of their pretty grounds for a garden fete and sale of work for Fendalton Church on Saturday, and a large number of people found it a very pleasant outing.

On Thursday Sumner will be en fete. A gala in aid of the war fund is to be held, and judging from the preparations, and the liberality of the movers a substantial reward should be theirs if only the elements are kind.

Mr and Mrs Richard Grice, of Melbourne, are staying at their "Rotorangi Estate," Cambridge.

Mrs Dr. Murdoch has returned to Cambridge. Mr and Mrs Morgan, of Timaru, are staying with her.

Archdeacon Willis and family have returned to Cambridge.

Mr Empson and family left Cambridge for Rotorua last Monday, quite a host of friends being at the station to see them off.

Mr and Mrs W. Earl have returned to Cambridge after spending their honeymoon at Taupo.

The sudden death of Mr John Hoggard, chief clerk at the Wellington Post-office, came as a great shock to his multitudinous friends. In his official capacity at the Distribution Department of the P.O., Mr Hoggard's capacity for hard work was only equalled by his courtesy and good nature. He will be much missed.

Mr Ronson (Auckland), manager of the Westport Coal Co., is enjoying a holiday in the South. Mr W. A. Flavell, of Wellington, is relieving officer in Mr Ronson's absence.

Mr Moore, who is leaving Messrs Court Bros., of Auckland, to take up a position for a large wholesale house, was presented with a gold chain and pendant, as a mark of respect from the employees.

Mr M. A. O'Calaghan, of New South Wales, is visiting Christchurch.

The retirement of Captain Grant from the position of Adjutant for the Auckland district, is widely regretted. The Devonport Coastguard Artillery have, through Captain Napier, written to Captain Grant, expressing their sorrow.

Mr G. Hutchinson, M.H.R., who has gone to Sydney, will be away some few weeks.

Professor Carrollo, the well-known Auckland gymnast and athletic instructor, who has been spending a holiday in Sydney, returned home on Sunday by the Mararoa.

The Rev. J. T. Warlow Davies, formerly Congregationalist pastor in Auckland, and under whose charge the Beresford Street church was built, is with his wife on a visit to Auckland. Mr Davies is now the valued pastor of the Congregational church, Newtown, Sydney.

Mr John Maxwell, Tauranga, is at present on a visit to his brother in Brisbane.

Dr. and Mrs Knight, who with Miss Knight have been down South on a trip, have returned to Auckland.

Earl Beauchamp, the youthful Governor of New South Wales, is enjoying his New Zealand trip with characteristic ardour. He joins Lord Ranfurly at Waikiki.

Mrs D. J. W. Lake has left for Tahiti by the Ovalau after an enjoyable stay in New Zealand.

Mr James Mills of the Union Steamship Company, was in Auckland during the week.

Mr Mestayer, the expert engineer reporting on the Auckland water supply and drainage, has been excessively busy since his arrival in Auckland. Mr Mestayer—the Council are finding out—is a glutton for work.

Judge Mair left Auckland last week to join his colleague, Judge Mackay, at a sitting of the Native Appellate Court.

Mr P. Hansen has returned to Auckland from his recent visit to Wellington, in the interests of the Electric Tramway Company.

Mr R. Angus, of Thomas Cook and Son, will take up his new position in Auckland at an early date. So far as the past is concerned, the Auckland office of Messrs Cook and Co. is one of the best managed in their whole agency. The management is excellent, and those who have done business in the office always go back.

The Rev. Father Ryan and the Rev. Father Mulvihill were in Auckland last week, having come up the East Coast by the Flora.

The Rev. Andrew Doak, M.A., of Free Trinity Church, Aberdeen, is paying a visit to New Zealand, accompanied by Mrs Doak. They are at present in Auckland, but return shortly to Scotland, taking Japan en route.

Mrs F. W. Macbeth, of Auckland, has returned from her visit to Dunedin.

The Rev. Father Salvador, of the R.C. Church, Lyttelton, has been succeeded by the Rev. Father Franklin.

Mr A. Thompson, of the Education Department, was in Auckland last week.

It is said that Mr J. A. Hanan, new member for Invercargill, will move the address-in-reply. Mr Hanan is one, if not the youngest of the new members.

Mr H. Lamb, of Paeroa, who has been transferred from the P.O. there to Wanganui, will be much missed at the goldfields metropolis. He was a universal favourite.

Mr H. J. Simmonds, of the Thames, proceeds to England at an early date on urgent private business. He has received six months' leave of absence from the Thames Borough Council.

Mr H. Pittar, the owner of the successful yacht *Rainbow*, has returned to Auckland from Sydney.

At Invercargill North the other day Miss Ridlands was presented by her fellow-teachers and the scholars of the school with a handsome gold brooch and satin-lined work-basket. Miss Ridlands, who has received a superior appointment, was warmly liked at Invercargill North, and will be much missed.

Dr. and Mrs Charles Haines, of Auckland, have left this city for England. They are accompanied by Miss Kate Isaacs.

Mrs L. D. Nathan, of St. Keven's, Karangahape Road, Auckland, accompanied by Miss Dolly Davis, has left Auckland for a trip to the Old Country.

Speculation is naturally rife as to who will receive the position of Surveyor-General. Mr S. Percy Smith retires as stated in June next. The "probables" are Mr Barron (Under-Secretary for Lands), Mr Marchant, (Commissioner for Crown Lands, Wellington), and Mr G. Mueller (Commissioner for Crown Lands, Auckland). Mr Barron is perhaps the most likely one of the trio to get the position.

A young lady, who accompanied a driving party from Canterbury to the West Coast recently, had a narrow escape from what would have proved a serious, if not fatal, accident. One of the party had taken her bicycle with the intention of indulging in a little cycling. The young lady in question, feeling "done up" after walking up the hill leading to Porter's Pass, essayed to ride down. Before proceeding far, however, she found that the grade was too steep, and, being without a brake, could not maintain control of the machine. As she was being carried downwards—with a drop of some 200ft if the machine happened to swerve from the track, and a rushing mountain torrent at the bottom—she called to her sister, who was in front. Her sister's quick perception took the situation in a glance, and, on appealing to one of the male members of the party, he caught hold of the flying cyclist as she passed him, and dragged her off in a state of collapse, thus averting a serious accident.

Mrs Lusher, of City Road, Auckland, gave a children's party on Thursday

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afternoon, when a large crowd of little folk enjoyed themselves amazingly.

Mr A. A. Carter, of Masterton, who resigned his position in the Post Office there to go to the Transvaal, was prior to his departure presented by the employees of the department with a splendid army pattern revolver. Mr Carter's place has been filled by Mr Wallace, of Kawawawa.

Mrs W. H. Diddams, of Greytown, is at present on a visit to her sister-in-law, Mrs F. J. Kenderdine, of Burleigh-street, Auckland.

Lady Alice Boyle, daughter of the Earl of Glasgow, recently performed the ceremony of christening the armoured cruiser H.M.S. Cressy, which took place on the Clyde. On both sides of the river, crowds of interested spectators had gathered; and a large number of guests assembled on the grandstands. Among the distinguished guests were: The Earl of Glasgow, who came with Lady Alice Boyle, Lord and Lady Blythswood, Colonel the Hon. Robert Boyle, Colonel Cunningham and Miss Cunningham, the Lord Provost and Mrs Chisholm; Sir David and Lady Richmond; Admiral Dennistoun; Mr C. S. Orr-Ewing; Sir John St. George and Lady St. George; Sir James Buchanan, Bart.; Mr A. D. Provand, M.P.; Mr C. R. Renshaw, M.P., and Mrs Renshaw; Mr and Mrs Charles Russell; Principal and Miss Story; Captain Deveral, R.N., and Mrs Deveral; Provost and Mrs Kirkwood; and others. The gowns were, without exception, very pretty. Lady Alice Boyle wore a cerise cloth frock, with vest of cream glace with pinkish design, and black picture hat. A dainty toilette was worn by Lady Augusta Orr-Ewing, of dark blue, with Russian sable cape. Lady Blythswood and Mrs Robert Gourlay wore black. Miss Story came in dark green. Mrs Sorley wore a sealskin and sable coat and stylish dress. Lady Alice was presented with the mallet (enclosed in a silver casket) which she had used in launching the cruiser. Lunch was afterwards served in the drawing-room of the Fairfield Shipping Company.

MISS F. KELLY, Artistic Worker in Natural Flowers, Florist to His Excellency the Governor. Bridal Bouquets a Specialty. Sprays, Buttonholes, Wreaths, Crosses, and all the Latest Novelties. Country Orders promptly attended to. Show window in Canning's, Queen-st. opposite Bank N.Z. Telephone 984.

ENGAGEMENTS.

The engagement is announced of Mr Stanley Beaumont, of Melbourne, Victoria, to Miss Maude Western, of Ponsonby, Auckland.

The engagement is announced of Miss Rita Tole, of Ponsonby, Auckland, to Mr St. Laurence Tonar, of North Shore, Auckland.

ORANGE BLOSSOMS

OTWAY-CLAPCOTT.

An extremely pretty wedding was solemnised on Monday afternoon at Epiphany Church, Newton, the contracting parties being Miss Florence Maud Clapcott, daughter of B. Clapcott, Esq., Ponsonby, and Mr Charles Otway, of Epsom. The bride looked lovely in a rich white silk gown, trimmed with lace and chiffon. She wore a large picture hat, trimmed with chiffon and ostrich feathers, and carried an exquisite shower bouquet. She was accompanied to the altar by two bridesmaids, her sister, Miss Emily Clapcott, and Miss Otway, sister of the bridegroom. They were dressed in dainty gowns of yellow hailstone muslin, with yokes of white satin, veiled with lace, hats trimmed with white feathers and satin ribbon. They carried bouquets of yellow flowers, and wore respectively a locket in the shape of a heart suspended by a gold chain, and a bracelet set with rubies, the gifts of the bridegroom. The groomsmen were Messrs H. Hulme and M.

Wynyard. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. H. Lusk, and the bride was given away by her father.

The guests then partook of breakfast at Mr Clapcott's residence, where the room was most tastefully decorated. A beautiful floral bell was suspended over the newly wedded pair, which was composed of delicate sprays of green and wax-like flowers.

The bride's mother (Mrs Clapcott) was attired in a handsome gown of black and heliotrope, black jet bonnet, trimmed with lace and heliotrope, and white feathers, and her two sisters, Miss Clapcott and Miss Hilda Clapcott, wore white pique. The travelling dress of the bride was very dainty and becoming, being composed of pale grey cashmere, trimmed with white silk, and pretty grey hat, with chiffon and feathers to match. The happy pair left amidst a shower of good wishes, for a trip to the South, after which they will visit Melbourne, Sydney and Tasmania before returning to their Auckland home.

Mr Lusk in a felicitous speech proposed the health of the bride and bridegroom, to which the latter suitably responded. The bride received many handsome and valuable presents. Amongst the guests were the following:—Mrs Otway, mother of the bridegroom, handsomely dressed in black relieved with ruby; Mrs Loftus Otway, in cream muslin, trimmed with lace, becoming hat, with shaded roses and chiffon; Mrs McKinnon, in pink, with narrow black velvet trimming; Mrs Berry, becoming silk blouse and black skirt; Miss Gould, white gown, Miss Kathborne, rose coloured silk blouse, black skirt, black hat, trimmed with chiffon and flowers.

HARDING-McINTOSH.

A very pretty wedding was solemnised on Monday, February 5th, at the Presbyterian Church, New Plymouth, when Miss M. (Patty) McIntosh, youngest daughter of the late Rev. McIntosh, of Stratford, was married to Mr James Harding, Staffordshire, England. The church was crowded, and the ceremony was performed by the Rev. S. S. Osborne, assisted by the Rev. Dr. D. J. Steele, M.A., of Otahuhu, Moderator of the Presbyterian Assembly. The bride, who was given

away by her brother, Mr A. J. McIntosh, manager of the Bank of Australasia, wore a charming dress of white satin, the bodice being profusely trimmed with white chiffon, finished off with sprays of orange blossoms. Her tulle veil fell in soft folds over a wreath of orange blossoms, and she carried a lovely shower bouquet, composed of marguerites and rose buds, which was arranged by Mrs Henry Goldwater. Miss M. Fraser attended as bridesmaid, and wore a white muslin dress, and hat trimmed with scarlet. She also carried a daintily arranged bouquet. The bridegroom's present to the bride was a gold brooch, and to the bridesmaid a gold cable bangle. Mr A. E. A. Clarke acted as groomsmen, and as the wedding party were leaving the church, Mr W. Perry, organist, played the Wedding March. A reception was held at Mr A. J. McIntosh's residence. Mr and Mrs A. J. McIntosh stood either side and received the guests at the main entrance, who then passed on through the prettily decorated hall to where Mr and Mrs James Harding stood at the door of the drawing room, where the wedding breakfast was held. Just above them hung a lovely floral bell. The bride was the recipient of many handsome presents, which were on view in the dining room. The happy couple left by the 4 p.m. train for Hawera, where the honeymoon will be spent. Mrs McIntosh (the bride's mother) wore a handsome black silk, trimmed with white chiffon, dainty white chiffon bonnet; Mrs A. J. McIntosh, grey costume, with pink silk front, braided with black, white hat, with feathers and pink roses; Mrs Ennis (sister of the bride, Invercargill), white muslin blouse, black skirt; Mrs McClelland, black satin, with pink silk yoke, hat en suite; Mrs Paul, grey costume trimmed with white, toque to correspond; Mrs Allen, fawn, white silk front; Miss Jacob, white pique costume, black hat, with blue trimmings; Miss C. Jacob, white, black and pink hat; Mrs H. Goldwater, black silk, white front, hat to match; Mrs Osborne, grey costume; Mrs Stott, black silk, bonnet relieved with white; Mrs W. Bayly, black silk; Misses Bayly, white; Mrs Richmond, white muslin, over scarlet; Mrs Sanderson, slate grey silk, bonnet en suite; Mrs Mac-

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key, black; Mrs MacDiarmid, brown costume; Mrs Fraser, handsome English costume of fawn cloth, braided with narrow black velvet. Among the gentlemen were Messrs A. E. A. Clarke, E. Brash, H. Goldwater, Sturt, MacDiarmid, Richmond, etc.

# Music & Drama

## THE BROUGHS IN AUCKLAND.

The Brough Company, to whose advent Auckland playgoers have been eagerly looking forward for some time past, opened at the Opera House on Monday evening with "The Liars." The fame of "The Liars" as a brilliantly clever and laughter-provoking play, had been waited to us from afar, and all who know the Brouchs and the Company they are in the habit of selecting, could foresee the delightful capabilities of such a play in their hands. It is sufficient to say that the staging and acting of the comedy on Monday night did not fall short of our highest expectations. Mrs Brough, as the naughty, wilful Lady Jessica Nepean, acted with the easy grace and naturalness that always characterises her, and was, as she always is in such roles, irresistibly attractive. It is an innocent indiscretion of Lady Jessica's which she, with an ever-increasing company of reluctant confederates, seeks to hide from her husband's knowledge—that by turning half-a-dozen honourable people into ineffectual raddlers, earns the play its title. Mr Brough as Sir Christopher Deering, the upright, kind-hearted man of the world, the friend and adviser of all and sundry, had a part that he fitted to perfection. In fact, one could not help being convinced that he was Sir Christopher as the author of the play conceived him, and he brought out all his points in his share of the witty, sparkling dialogue with telling ease. As Freddie Tatton, Lady Rosamund's husband, and the "cypher in his own house," Mr Leslie Victor was excellent, and created an infinite amount of amusement. Mr Archibald Coke had a good exponent in Mr Reginald Dartney, and the somewhat limited parts of Gilbert and George Nepean were made the utmost of by Messrs Joseph Carne and Percy Brough. Mr W. T. Lovell, though he did not quite look the part of Edward Falkner, the British physician hero of the hour, and the impassioned lover of Lady Jessica, redeemed his defect by his very clever acting. Indeed, so admirably was every role sustained that the Brouchs have to be congratulated on the all-round excellence of their re-organised company, which ensures to the Auckland public for a short time to come much delightful entertainment, and a class of acting which it has not had the pleasure of witnessing since their last visit to this city.

To-night (Wednesday) will see the last performance of "The Liars," and on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday "The Gay Lord Quex" will hold the stage. "The Adventures of Lady Ursula" will run for two nights, Monday and Tuesday, and on Wednesday and Thursday Sydney Grundy's "Sowing the Wind" will be played. The arrangements for the rest of the season are not yet complete.

The Belle of New York, which has been running for 21 months at the Shaftesbury, London, retired from the stage on the last day of 1899.

The Drury Lane Pantomime this year is "Jack and the Bean Stalk." The "Westminster Gazette" describes the chief scene thus:—"But best of all is the 'fall of the giant.' Represented as a fallen Boer the mighty figure fills nearly the whole stage diagonally. The monster's eyes blink uncannily, its chest heaves in the most realistic way, while from its breast pockets come forth troops of British Tommies, and adown the kopje on which it lies comes a miniature naval brigade of little people; and in front of its mighty hobnailed boots a cavalcade of colonial lancers and mounted infantry on restive Shetland ponies (which strongly object to Wagner) file across the stage."

In the organisation of the east for Mr George Rignold's farewell appearances at Her Majesty's Theatre in "Henry V." Mr J. C. Williamson has made a novel choice, which is certain to excite widespread interest, says the Sydney "Morning Herald." He has offered the part of Fluellin to Mr George Lauri, whose prompt acceptance of the character will thus show him upon the Australian stage for the first time as a Shakespearean actor. In this country Mr Lauri's work has been almost entirely confined to comic opera, varied by the occasional pantomime appearances customary in this part of the world, his engagements in spoken pieces having been in such farcical comedies as "A

Bunch of Keys." His rendering of the fiery and loquacious Welshman will accordingly form a new departure.

Mr J. C. Williamson has obtained the Australian rights of "Rupert of Hentzau."

Mr Chas. Wyndham has forwarded £6011 to the war fund at Home. The money was raised in connection with the opening of his new theatre.

In a letter to the "Era" Mr Caleb Porter, who used to play Nero, rebuts the charge, so frequently made, that to "Quo Vadis," written by Sienkiewicz, a Polish author, Mr Wilson Barrett owed the inspiration for his "Sign of the Cross."

Christchurch critics are unanimous in their praise of Mr Pollard's production of "The Geisha." All the members of the company seem to be well fitted in their parts.

M. Ovide Musin is reported to have settled in San Francisco as a teacher of the violin.

Mr Hannibal A. Williams' last Shakespearean recital in Auckland last Thursday was well patronised, and his rendering of the first part of "Henry IV." much appreciated.

Mr Howard Vernon is now organising an opera company in Australia.

The Masterton Amateur Operatic Society are thinking of producing "Olivette."

Miss Flora Granpner, who has for some time past been seriously ill in a private hospital in Germany, is now sufficiently recovered to bear removal to Australia.

Mr Dave Caston, who has been playing with the Gaiety Company in Auckland, has secured an engagement with Mr Harry Rickards. This is the fourth time Mr Caston has been with Mr Rickards.

Miss Hilda Spong has scored a distinct success in New York, where she is playing the role of Mrs Blumer in Carton's comedy "Wheels Within Wheels." The young lady has gained great praise in other quarters.

The re-organised Royal Comic Opera Company, which will begin work on the other side at Easter, has among its pieces "The Rose of Persia," "Flora Dora," and "Tapu." The latter is a Home production from the pen of Mr Arthur Adams, at one time on the Wellington "Post" staff. The scene, as the name would indicate, is laid in New Zealand.

The Waxworks at the Agricultural Hall, Auckland, commands an extensive patronage.

The Hoyt-McKee Company, which has been playing "A Trip to Chinatown," and "A Stranger in New York," returns to America by the outward Frisco mail from Auckland on Monday next.

The Wellington Amateur Operatic and Dramatic Company have "The Grand Duke" on hand for production later on.

The Georgia Magnet is now in Dunedin.

Among the company which Mr Walter Bentley is bringing to New Zealand is Miss Emma Leahy, of Ashburton, who has decided to take up the stage as a profession.

The Valdares Circus Variety Company has been doing well in Dunedin. The success in London is announced of Miss Alice Simons, the Melbourne singer, who visited New Zealand about a year ago.

The Chevalier de Konski, who founded these colonies some three years ago, has just died at the age of eighty two. He was the first pianist to give recitals in China and Japan.

Biondiu, the tight rope walker, was performing in Wellington last week.

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NOT A BARBER. When a famous archaeologist went into his club the other afternoon, his erudite countenance was ornamented at several points with sticking-plaster, and there was a general inquiry among his friends as to what was the matter. "Razor," said the professor briefly, "Good gracious! Where were you shaved?" asked one of the younger members sympathetically. "It's a strange thing," said the man of learning. "I was shaved this morning by a man who really is, I suppose, a little above the ordinary barber. I know of my own knowledge that he took a Double First Class at Oxford, that he spent several years in other foreign educational centres. I know, also of my own knowledge, that he has contributed scientific articles to our best magazines, and has numbered among his intimate friends men of the highest social and scientific standing. And yet," soliloquised the savant, "he can't shave a man decently." "By jove!" exclaimed the young member, in astonishment. "What is he a barber for, with all those accomplishments?" "Oh, he isn't a barber!" said the book-worm, yawning. "You see, I shaved myself to-day."



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# Society Gossip

WELLINGTON.

Dear Bee, February 8. Yesterday afternoon a large and very enjoyable

### GARDEN PARTY

was given by the Count and Countess de Courte at the French Consulate, Fitzherbert Terrace, in honour of Captain Commander Thibault and officers of the French warship Euro, now in port. The beautiful large garden was looking its best, and on the lawn at the side of the house the scene was particularly animated, when all the guests had assembled there, after being received by the Countess in the drawing-room. Delicious afternoon tea was laid in a small marquee, which was erected at one end of the lawn, while at the other end the Garrison Band was stationed, and after playing a number of selections, concluded their excellent programme with the "Marseillaise" and "God Save the Queen." The weather turned out beautifully fine and bright, so that the guests were able to stroll about and inspect the lovely grounds, which are so admirably suited for such an occasion. Our hostess was wearing a stylish gown of soft dark blue silk figured with white, both skirt and bodice trimmed with numerous frills, each headed with a black velvet band, beautiful cream silk lace fichu fastened with diamond brooches, and a large black picture hat trimmed with plumes. Among the guests were Mrs Seddon, who wore a rich black silk gown trimmed with lace and handsome jet fringe, pretty bonnet trimmed with cream lace wings and mauve flowers; Miss Seddon, soft white silk gown trimmed with chiffon and a black straw hat with white tulle rosette and black tips; Lady Heator, black satin and lace gown, black bonnet trimmed with pink flowers; Mrs Pole-Penton, black silk skirt and pretty blouse of sky blue muslin trimmed with white lace and insertion, cream chiffon hat with black tips; Mrs Richmond, all black; Miss Richmond, soft blue and white figured silk gown and white straw hat with mauve chiffon and tulle; Mrs O'Connor, black silk gown and black bonnet with pink flowers; Miss O'Connor, a pink striped silk gown, the bodice trimmed with white lace, pink and white hat with pink roses and tulle; Mrs C. Johnston, soft black and white silk skirt with black Eton jacket, green straw toque trimmed with tulle; Mrs C. Johnston, soft black and gauze figured with a pink flower, white Leghorn hat trimmed with pink chiffon; Mrs Pharyzyn, a black gown trimmed with lace, and a black bonnet with white flowers; Miss Pharyzyn, white muslin gown, the bodice trimmed with lace insertion and tucks, straw hat trimmed with white and black tips; Mrs Anson, white embroidered muslin over a pale yellow slip, maroon straw hat trimmed with chiffon and flowers to match; Mrs Grace, black figured gown, the bodice trimmed with eoru insertion and lace, black bonnet trimmed with pale blue rosettes and ospreys; Miss Grace, white embroidered muslin with satin sash, white Leghorn hat trimmed with ribbon; Mrs Fitchett, an uncommon gown of pale green silk figured with a brownish pattern, toque to match; Mrs Williams, rich grey silk gown, black satin cape embroidered with jet and steel and a jet and steel bonnet; Miss E. Williams, deep blue muslin gown, the bodice trimmed with white insertion, cerise silk belt and neckband, white straw hat trimmed with blue plumes; Miss U. Williams, very pretty pink figured muslin gown trimmed with chiffon to match, white straw hat trimmed with white feathers and pink chiffon; Miss G. Williams, white skirt and pluk chine silk blouse trimmed with lace, white straw hat with white feathers and blue chiffon; Mrs Medley, black gown and cape and black bonnet with white flowers; Miss Medley, pale blue gown and small white hat with tulle; Mrs Warren, white pique skirt and white silk blouse trimmed with coloured embroidery, small pink and black hat; Mrs Gore, black silk gown with white vest, black bonnet with white tips; Miss O. Gore, white pique skirt and muslin blouse, with a pink sash, straw hat trimmed with white satin, black tips and pink flowers; Mrs H. Gore, white and violet figured gown trimmed with lace, white straw hat trimmed with mauve and white chiffon and lilac; Mrs Hutchison, black figured gown trimmed with chiffon and black

straw hat with tips; Miss Hutchison, grey gown with white tucked yoke, grey straw hat with white tips; Mrs W. Reid, black satin and lace gown, black and white bonnet; Mrs Bell, pale grey striped gown trimmed with pink chiffon, white straw hat with feathers; Mrs Brandon, black gown, black hat trimmed with black and white tips; Mrs Edwards, white silk gown, the bodice tucked, straw hat trimmed with feathers; Miss Edwards, white muslin over mauve, and white hat; Mrs Newman, cornflower blue and black soft silk with deep cream lace tie, red straw hat trimmed with red chiffon and black tips; Mrs Tripe, black gown and embroidered cape, black bonnet with tips; Miss Tripe, pretty white muslin gown trimmed with lace and insertion, white straw hat with tips; Mrs A. Pearce, grey checked gown with black velvet at the waist, red chiffon toque with black tips; Mrs Fancourt, black satin gown and black bonnet with pink flowers; Miss Fancourt, black skirt, pale green silk blouse and black lace hat with green flowers; Mrs Barclay, black silk gown with yoke of green under black lace, black bonnet with pink flowers; Mrs C. Pearce, pretty white muslin gown trimmed with lace and insertion, white hat trimmed with cornflowers and ribbon to match; Mrs H. Rawson, grey coat and skirt, and black and pink hat; Mrs Fulton, white pique gown, green and mauve toque; Mrs Smith, black gown with yoke of light silk under lace, black hat with tips; Mrs Tregear, black gown with a panel of white under black lace down the front, black and white bonnet; Mrs McCarthy, pale fawn gown trimmed with deep white lace, small green hat; Mrs Edwin, black and pink; Miss Edwin, grey lustre gown with yellow silk yoke, grey hat trimmed with yellow chiffon and tips; Mrs Waldegrave, pale biscuit colour embroidered muslin over a mauve slip, and a mauve and tulle hat; Mrs Brown, white figured muslin gown and white straw hat with flowers; Mrs McTavish, a black silk gown and small black hat; Mrs Samuel, cream and pink figured muslin gown and straw hat trimmed with deep pink chiffon and flowers; Mrs Miles, a blue gown trimmed with white embroidery and a black hat with tips and flowers; Mrs Tuckey, black and white costume; Miss Moorehouse, deep cream figured gown with a broad band of claret satin let in the skirt and edging the yoke, cream and pink toque; Miss Duncan, white and pink flowered muslin gown, white hat trimmed with pink and red roses and ospreys; Miss Richardson, white muslin gown trimmed with frills, white straw hat with ribbon and violets; Miss Skerrett, black figured silk gown and pale yellow and white toque; Miss J. Skerrett, peacock blue stripe silk gown, the yoke, sleeves, and front being of yellow silk under lace, fawn felt hat with wings; Miss Harcourt, white embroidered muslin gown and white hat trimmed with feathers; Miss Smart, white gown and hat; Miss Bell (Nelson), cream flowered muslin, pink straw toque with flowers; Miss Fraser, white muslin gown and large white hat trimmed with ribbon; Miss Coleridge, pretty white spotted muslin gown, black hat trimmed with pink chiffon; Miss I. Coleridge, white skirt and lace blouse over pale green, black hat trimmed with green ribbon. Also, the Premier, Sir Robert Stout, Sir James Hector, Judge Edwards, Messrs Richardson, Duncan, Pearce, Brandon, Reid, McCarthy, Warren, Gore, Brown, Buller, Tripe etc. etc.

OPHELIA.

## NELSON.

Dear Bee, February 5. The 58th anniversary of the provincial settlement of Nelson was celebrated on Thursday by the observance of a close holiday. The weather was delightful, though many complained of the heat being too great, and the long absence of rain made the roads very dusty. As usual, as many as possibly could, left the city and traveled by rail or road into the country. The A and P. Show at Takaka proved a great attraction to many, as also did the Sports at Foxhill, whilst large numbers of picnic parties wended their way to the Maitai Valley, Wakupuka and other pleasure resorts. Although we were rather late in starting a Patriotic Fund, it has now reached a very fair amount, and is still steadily increasing. On Wednesday evening the Garrison Band gave one of their popular promenade concerts in Trafalgar Park, which was largely attended, and I hear that several other entertainments, in aid of the same fund, are soon to follow.

## STREET DRESSES.

Mrs A. Glasgow looks well in a smart grass lawn costume, small sailor hat; Miss Levien, dainty white muslin, showered with black spots and trimmed with lace, becoming hat, with chiffon trimmings and pink roses; Miss Heaps, blue and white striped pique, sailor hat; Mrs Selanders, slight mourning costume of black and white; Miss Maud Harris, white pique and muslin, pink clip hat; Miss Mabel Harris, pink muslin, white sailor hat; Miss Fell, grey voile over pink, large white hat, with chiffon and pink roses; Miss Day, cycling costume of navy drill, with large white collar; Miss Richmond, white pique; Mrs (Dr.) Roberts, pink silk blouse, white pique skirt, gem hat; Miss F. Sealy, white muslin and lace over green, sailor hat; Miss A. Robertson, white pique coat and skirt; Mrs Apdrew, pink cambric, sailor hat, with pink; Mrs Kissing, white pique coat and skirt; Miss E. Hunter-Brown, black silk and chiffon, large black hat, with feathers; Mrs Ben Lewis, white pique; Miss Holloway, black and white muslin.

PHYLIS.

## NEW PLYMOUTH.

Dear Bee, February 9. Being fine weather a large number of people assembled on the local TENNIS GROUNDS on Thursday and Friday afternoons to witness the district championship games. Dainty afternoon tea was served in a large marquee at little tables, which were prettily decorated with yellow. During the afternoon music was sweetly rendered by the Town band. The arrangements were ably carried out by Mr H. M. Didsbury, secretary, and members of the committee. Amongst the ladies present were: Misses Kirkby (2), white muslin; Mrs Oswin, blue cheque with cerise neck and waistbands, hat en suite; Mrs Hill, fawn skirt, pink blouse; Mrs Tollen, pink blouse, dark skirt, hat to match; Miss Cornwall, heliotrope; Miss I. Cornwall, white silk blouse, white pique skirt; Misses Stanford (2), blue; Miss Walker, cream muslin over yellow, yellow satin sash; Miss Dalziel, white; Misses Humphries, black, white trimmings; Mrs Leatham, white pique, Tuscan hat trimmed with pink; Miss Costa, fawn; Mrs Reid, black; Mrs Watkins, grey; Misses Bayly (2), white pique costumes, pink and yellow ties respectively; Miss Holdsworth, stripe blouse, black skirt, black hat with violet trimmings; Miss Fookes, white blouse trimmed with heliotrope, dark skirt; Mrs and Miss Nicholson; Miss Paul, white muslin blouse, white pique skirt, hat with lilacs; Miss J. Lawson, blue; Miss B. Webster, white; Mrs McKellar, grey; Miss McKellar, white; Misses Smith (2); Mrs Fenton, blue French muslin, black Tuscan hats trimmed with white; Miss West, black and white silk blouse, white pique skirt; Mrs Pott; Miss Jacob; Mrs Home, grey costume, hat en suite; Miss Grant, blue; Miss Stewart (Wellington), black silk grenadine over white, toque to correspond; Mrs MacDiarmid, brown bonnet with pink; Miss MacDiarmid, blue blouse, white pique skirt; Miss Tuke, white; Mrs Penn, black and white check, braided with black velvet; Mrs Stanford, black; Mrs Bird (North Shore); Miss M. Day, white; Mrs Robinson, black, bonnet with heliotrope; Miss Robinson, white; Mrs Pridham; Miss Thomson, pink; Mrs Meldrum, cream; Miss Carthew, shot grey coat and skirt; Miss Hirst, black; Miss Hamerton, brown; Miss Kent (Auckland), white muslin over yellow; Mrs W. Skinner; Miss I. Skinner, yellow veiled in white muslin; Miss Devenish; Miss Pickmere (Auckland), light costume; Mrs W. Newman; Mrs Wright, pretty blue muslin; Mrs Payne, white and brown skirt; Miss N. Skeet, white; Miss Reid; Miss Powdrell (Patea); Miss Payne (Patea), etc. There was splendid weather for the SECOND DAY'S play, but not so many people to witness it. Mrs Forte was wearing a white pique skirt, pink blouse, white hat; Mrs MacDiarmid, heliotrope muslin, hat with violets; Mrs Baker, fawn; Miss Baker, blue blouse, grey skirt; Mrs Cornwall, black; Mrs A. Fookes, grey costume; Mrs Home; Mrs McKellar, holland costume, trimmed with white; Mrs Penn, black blouse, dark skirt; Mrs Leatham, pretty green silk blouse, cream yoke, black skirt; Mrs Tollen; Mrs B. Webster, fawn; Mrs Standish, black braided satin; Miss Sadler, white blouse, black skirt; Miss Walker, white muslin; Mrs Bird, black; Misses Bayly (2).

NANCY LEE.

## CHRISTCHURCH.

Dear Bee, February 5.

The Tuam-street Hall presented a very festive appearance on Wednesday on the occasion of the complimentary luncheon to the Hon. W. Rolleston, and at which Mrs Rolleston was present. About 300 assembled to do honour to the guest, many ladies amongst them. The hall was gaily decorated with flags and greenery, the five or six long tables sparkling with glass and silver, the floral decorations and many coloured confections making a pretty scene. Rossiter's Band stationed in the gallery played appropriate and patriotic music, and some interesting speeches introduced the various toasts. The Mayor (Mr W. Reece) occupied the chair, and on his right sat the Hon. W. and Mrs Rolleston, the other seats were occupied by the Hon. C. C. Bowen, Mrs Reece, Sir John Hall, Mrs J. D. Hall, Sir Arthur Douglas, the Hon. E. C. J. Stevens, Lieutenant-Colonel Slater, the Hon. W. Montgomery, the Hon. J. T. Peacock, Mr J. Sutherland, Mr G. G. Stead, Colonel Pole-Penton, Mrs Denniston, Mr Justice Denniston, Mrs Bowen, Lieutenant-Colonel Gordon, Mr E. G. Wright, the Editor of the "Press," and Mrs Triggs. The vice-chairmen were Messrs W. D. Meares, J. A. Frostick (President Chamber of Commerce), H. Allan (President Industrial Association), R. Westera and G. J. Smith. Among the many at the luncheon were Mr and Mrs J. Deans, Mr and Mrs R. H. Rhodes, Mr and Mrs A. E. G. Rhodes, Mr and Mrs Joseph Palmer, Mr and Mrs Staveley, Mr and Mrs A. Rolleston, Mr and Mrs G. G. Humphreys, Mrs G. G. Stead, Mrs W. D. Meares, Mrs Gordon, Mrs Slater, Mr and Miss Connal, Mr and Mrs Beswick, Mr and Mrs T. Bassett, Mr and Mrs T. Garrard, Mr and Mrs W. B. Common, Rev. L. FitzGerald, Canon Knowles, Messrs J. B. Fisher, Montgomery, Ferguson, A. Carrick, most of the leading citizens, and many representatives of the country districts.

On Thursday a "Welcome Home" was tendered to Mr F. M. Wallace by the performing members of the Christchurch Musical Union, who gathered in strong force at the Durham-street Schoolroom (their practice room). Mrs Wallace and Masters F. and A. Wallace were present. The annual meeting of the Society was supposed to take place first, but was adjourned, and Mr Justice Denniston, the President, in a few words welcomed Mr Wallace back, especially as he had returned full of vigour and renewed health, to give Christchurch the best he could musically, making particular mention of his new love, the cello, which we hope to hear him perform on before long. Among those present were Mrs Denniston, Mrs Wilding, Mr and Mrs Burns, the latter singing two charming songs, Misses Graham and Bonnington also gave songs; Mrs W. Wilson, Misses Fairhurst, N. Gardner, Mr A. Carrick, Miss Martin, Mrs C. B. Shanks, Mrs Russell, Misses Shanks (two), Miss Vincent, Messrs Izard, W. D. Meares, Mr and Mrs A. Kaye, and many others. Light refreshments were served at 9 o'clock. Work is to be resumed this week for both chorus and orchestra, the latter having the advantage of a lot of new music which Mr Wallace has brought out.

In response to an invitation from Mrs W. Reece (the Mayoress) a number of young ladies acted as collectors for the War Fund on Saturday, being stationed in couples in the business thoroughfares of the city, all wearing white, with a badge of white ribbon and the magic word "War Fund" printed, beside the National faviour. The collecting boxes were red, white and blue, and the small table where each group was stationed was draped with the red, white and blue flag. The siege was carried on from 11 a.m. till 5 o'clock, when all assembled at Freeman's to count the spoil, and the magnificent sum of £150 8/3 was totalled up. The Mayoress was warmly congratulated on the success of her scheme, and at a little later period she was introduced another £3 3/4 was available for her box, making the grand sum of £153 13/3.

At the Camp on Sunday Messrs Allan and Hewitt received voluntary subscriptions at the gate, and another astonishing sum was counted out, £82 0/7, the result of the two days being almost the full equipment of three men.

A very large number of people witnessed a mounted parade in Hagley Park on Saturday afternoon of the Rough Riders, all being surprised at the progress made in a week, but Colonel Slater and those under him are working like Trojans to get the men into shape during the short time. Dis-

hop Julius visited the Camp on Saturday morning, and held service on Sunday at mid day.

To-day Mrs Reece has invited ladies to meet at the Natives' Association Room, Y.M.C.A. Hall, to make "hold-alls" for the Canterbury Troop for South Africa.

MRS REECE'S "BEE" on Monday, which was held in the Native Association's Room, Y.M.C.A. Hall, was very largely attended by ladies interested in our Rough Riders, with the result that over 100 hold-alls and "bus'ins" were made. The long work of cutting out was done in the morning by Mrs Reece and two or three friends, and in the afternoon with the help of seven or eight machines and some sixty workers good progress was made. Among those helping were: Mrs F. Graham, Mrs Stead, Mrs Cunningham, Mrs (Dr.) Jennings, Mrs R. D. Thomas, Mrs G. Harris, Mrs A. Parsons, Mrs Appleby, Mrs Marsden, Mrs Slater, Mrs C. Matson, Mrs W. Watson, Mrs T. Garrard, Mrs (Dr.) Thomas, the Misses Thomas (2), Graham, Harcastle, Pratt (3), Scriveron (2), Marsden, and others. Afternoon tea was provided by Mrs Reece, which for a few minutes only, silenced the whirr of the sewing machines.

Work at the camp is being pressed on, and though the men are being invited to many entertainments those in command rather grudge the time and break of discipline, yet reluctantly give "permission to." The Rough Riders' night at the theatre, at "The Stranger in New York," was a remembrance to take away with them. They will be present one night by invitation of Mr Pollard at the Opera Company, also at Mrs Howie's "snowflake" entertainment. The latter promises to be very pretty. "Bees" are being held for the production of the costumes for this, and some gigantic specimens of the name flower have been seen about.

DOLLY VALE.

## PICTON.

Dear Bee, February 5.

Pleasant—and in some cases amusing—letters are being received from our brave Marlborough boys, at the front. They are gaining a wonderful experience, and it is quite an education for them. Many others are anxious to follow their comrades, but have not the means to furnish themselves and give their quota of £100, which we understand is the rule in regard to the next contingent.

"HAREMATI-KAINGA" is a thing of the past, but its joys will last for some time to come. Very reluctantly the last of the campers tore themselves away from the fascinations of that pleasant abode. The Misses Allen came up on Tuesday, and the Vicar and Mrs Sedgwick on Wednesday.

## PICNICS

are quite an everyday occurrence. The mail-boat generally has a full complement of passengers for the Sound, and family parties are dotted about in the different bays of the harbour, adding to the beauties of our pretty harbour. On Thursday Mrs G. Kenny, Mrs Welford, and the Misses Harris (2), Western, Scott, and Philpotts, Captain Harris, etc., took advantage of the Phoenix going to Tory Channel to pay a visit to Mrs G. Kenny's new home at "Okukuri." They spent a most enjoyable day, and had particularly fine weather. At Mrs Philpott's

## AFTER-NOON

on Friday were Mrs Riddell, Mrs Welford, the Misses Scott, Greensill (2), Western, E. Seymour, etc. Tennis was the order of the day.

On Friday evening we were all startled by hearing the church bell ring out, and there was a general rush to find out where the fire was, and a general stampede to "The Mount," the residence of Mrs Speed, which, it was at first feared, was in flames. Fortunately the fire had broken out in the outbuildings, and owing to the water supply, and the prompt action of the fire brigade, it was kept there, but Mrs Speed suffered great loss through her furniture, glass, and china having been thrown out anywhere to save it. Mrs McNab, who had some boxes of goods stored away in her mother's outbuildings, lost them all, everybody being so intent on saving the house and its contents, that no one thought of anything in the sheds. It was a great upset for the family, and really worse than many moves, for it seemed impossible at first to find anything.

JEAN.

## NAPIER.

Dear Bee, February 9.

There has been an unusual amount of entertainment at the Theatre Royal during the past week, as the Brough Company have been performing there since Friday last. Their repertoire consisted of "The Liars," "The Adventures of Lady Ursula," "Sowing the Wind," "The Second Mrs Tanqueray," "Dandy Dick," and "Niobe." They have been exceedingly well received, and attracted large and fashionable audiences every night, amongst whom were Lady Whitmore, who wore black; Miss Nellie Cotterill, who looked well in white silk trimmed with pale blue satin; Mrs Warren was in a dress of white and buttercup yellow; Mrs Johnston wore black and white striped silk; Mrs King looked well in black, and did Mrs Morris in green satin trimmed with pink roses; Mrs Pearl Seal wore black and green; Mrs Caville was in heliotrope brocade, and of the same shade was the velvet on Mrs Wenley's white dress, with soft ruffles of lace; Miss Cornford was in white and yellow, trimmed with narrow insertion; Mrs Kight, in black silk; Mrs Canning, also in black; Mrs Gore had a black

chiffon bodice and a handsome red silk skirt; Miss Ethel Burke wore black and white; Mrs Von Dadelzen looked well in black silk; Mrs Hoadley wore black silk trimmed with black lace over white; Miss Hoadley was in cream; Miss Kitty Williams had a light blouse and a dark skirt; Mrs Bowen wore cream; Mrs Donnelly, petunia coloured brocade, and a long grey open cloak; Mrs Frank Perry, white, and a handsome pink open cloak; Miss Tanner wore black, the bodice trimmed with red flowers; Miss Bessie Morecroft was in cream; Mrs Davidson, black silk relieved with scarlet; Mrs Sainsbury was also in black; Mrs Coleman, black and white striped costume; Miss Florence Watt, white brocade; Mrs Humphries, black and red.

MARJORIE.

## AUCKLAND.

Dear Bee, February 13.

A very pleasant afternoon AT HOME was given by Mrs Campbell at "Te Kopua," Hepburn-street, on the occasion of her daughter's approaching marriage to Mr Laurie. The after-

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**SOCIAL NEEDS.**

Whatever questions of Social Needs may exist, and however much we may rack our brains to discover satisfactory solutions of them, there is at least one—and certainly not the least important—province, in which the solution has been found. For is not the question "What is our best daily beverage?" of importance to all classes of society? And is any other answer to that question, possible, from disinterested persons, than "Van Houten's Cocoa"? It is more wholesome than any other drink, it is nourishing and easy to digest; refreshing, without acting injuriously on the nervous system, in the way that Tea, Coffee, and other drinks do; and its delicious flavor in no way falls on the taste after continually using the cocoa. As regards its price, it is, as thousands can testify from practical experience, not at all dear to use.

What a pity all social questions cannot be answered as easily as the above one; but their answers require a great deal of thinking about. Those who are busy thinking about them, cannot do better than take a cup of Van Houten's Cocoa daily, as for helping the brain-worker: it is without equal.

**HAVE YOU TRIED**  
**VAN HOUTEN'S Eating CHOCOLATE P**

noon tea table in the dining-room was prettily decorated with vases of white and yellow flowers, and the drawing-room was also made fragrant with flowers. During the afternoon musical selections and songs were given by the Misses Butters, Mennie, and others. Amongst those present I noticed:—Mrs Campbell, black bengaline silk, rich cream lace scarf; Mrs J. J. Craig was graceful in black silk skirt en traine, pink and white striped silk blouse with vest of white chiffon; Miss Campbell, rose pink silk blouse, pique skirt; Miss S. Campbell, white silk trimmed with blue; Mrs Nelson, handsome black silk gown, black bonnet with forget-me-nots; Miss Nelson, sea-foam silk blouse, black skirt, picture hat with white and black plumes; Miss Dunnet wore a very stylish French grey gown braided with black, large black lace hat brightened with magenta; Mrs E. Dunnet, creme embroidered silk with vest and trimmings of electric blue silk, hat en suite; Mrs Laurie, elegant black silk gown with jet white chiffon boa, black bonnet with posies of violets; Mrs Longlands, blue and white striped skirt and jacket, pretty white hat with large satin bows; Mrs Douglas, slate grey gown, black velvet trimmings, large black hat with pansies; Miss Douglas looked sweet in white muslin, long blue tie, cream hat; Mrs Kelly, black silk, black bonnet with violets; Miss Kelly looked exceedingly well in floral blouse with pink bebe ribbon, skirt to match; Mrs Gulliver, black silk, large black hat with plumes; Miss Oxley, dainty strawberry coloured gown, green hat with pink rose; Miss Mennie, white muslin skirt, white silk blouse embroidered with lace, white picture hat; Mrs Mennie, elegant grey gown, bonnet to match; Mrs E. Butler, white pique, black hat with feathers; Miss Butters, stylish grey striped gown, large hat with grey feathers and white wings; Miss Lena Butters, pretty grey muslin, black sash, large black hat; Miss L. Owen, heliotrope, white lace fichu, white hat; Mrs Reynolds, black and gold costume; Mrs Vivien, apple green silk blouse, black skirt and hat; Mrs C. C.

Campbell, dainty pink gown with black velvet bands, tiny brown toque with brown tips; Mrs Hughes, black satin, pretty heliotrope bonnet; Miss Oldham, white pique skirt, buttercup silk blouse, black hat; Miss Henshaw, white; Miss Stewart, white, skirt, pretty purple and white checked blouse, becoming red hat; Miss Farrell, yellow trimmed with chiffon and black velvet, very pretty hat; Miss Kennedy, white silk, white hat; Miss Belle Stewart, white pique skirt, exceedingly pretty green shot blouse, cream top, very pretty blue hat; Mrs Von Sturmer, pretty pink checked blouse, white pique skirt; Mrs Stichbury, pretty green silk blouse, black velvet hat with white plumes; Mrs Hellaby, handsome purple and white silk; Mrs Page, fawn check dress trimmed with baby ribbon; Mrs Main, handsome green broadcated silk, black bonnet; Mrs Smith, gobelin blue; Miss Brame, white; Miss L. Brame, cream; Mrs Shipperd, handsome black broche, black toque with red roses; Miss Knight; Miss Simms, white skirt, silk blouse, cream plumed hat; Miss Raynes, green veiled in white, cream hat with feather; Miss Murray; Mrs McCabe, black silk, black bonnet; Mrs Joseph Craig, black silk, black bonnet; Miss Plumley; Mrs Plumley; Miss Bach, cream and green, cream hat; Mrs Morrison, green muslin, cream plumed hat; Miss Harrison, olive green silk, green hat; plumed; Mrs Brigham, black brocaded silk silk bonnet; Mrs McLeod, black silk, black plumed hat; Miss Raynes; Mrs Mathews, black; Miss Brigham, cream muslin, cream hat; Mrs Heyland, black silk grenadine, heliotrope vest, black and heliotrope bonnet.

**MOST ENJOYABLE GARDEN PARTY** was given by Miss Brett at "Te Kiteroa," Lake Takapuna, on Wednesday afternoon as a farewell to Miss J. Reeve prior to her marriage. Delightful arrangements had been made by the hostess for the entertainment of her guests, who thoroughly appreciated the lovely garden and surroundings and the cool breeze off the water. "Te Kiteroa" is a charming place for an afternoon entertainment. Its beauti-

fully-kept lawns and extensive flower borders extend from the margin in a series of terraces to the margin of Lake Takapuna. At intervals along its shady walks leafy nooks and stone grottoes have been artistically placed, and within the grateful shade of these groups of friends partook of afternoon tea. A marquee had also been erected on the lawn, and a string band discoursed lively music at intervals during the afternoon. The visitors from town had the alternative of proceeding to Takapuna either by coach or by delightful sail down the harbour by steamer. The day being bright and warm the latter mode of conveyance was mostly preferred. Miss Brett, aided by a staff of willing assistants, was most assiduous in ministering to the comfort and pleasure of her guests, and everyone pronounced the function one of the best appointed and most enjoyable of the season. Miss Brett looked winsome in a pale green blouse, white pique skirt, and a heliotrope Marquise hat, and tie; the guest of honour was charming in a check frock, with white pique jacket, pink straw hat; Mrs Brett wore a black crepe, with a design in heliotrope; Mrs Rainger was attired in combination of black and pink, pink hat; Mrs Porter, white pique skirt, blue silk blouse; Miss Shaw (Napier), white muslin blouse, white skirt; Miss Millie Hesketh, pretty grey dress; Miss Grace Hesketh, black silk skirt, grass lawn blouse, turquoise velvet; Mrs Ferguson, very pretty white muslin, with lace; Mrs (Dr.) Lowe, white muslin, cornflower blue hat; Miss Cotter, pink muslin, pink toque; Miss Winnie Cotter, white muslin over green; Miss Cissie Jackson, blue muslin; Miss Waller, all white; Miss Ching, fawn coat and skirt; Miss Frances George, dark skirt, white silk blouse; Miss Muriel George, white skirt, blue silk blouse; Miss Winnie Leys, pretty grey dress, Leghorn hat, with feathers; Miss Nelson, pink muslin, black and white hat; Miss Hattie Brigham, white China silk; Miss Cuff, pretty dress; Miss Williamson, white skirt, blue and white blouse; Miss Boyd, white muslin, black picture hat; Miss Alison,

grey frock, white Leghorn hat; Miss Gorrie, white muslin over heliotrope; Miss M. Gorrie, white insertion blouse over cardinal, white pique skirt; Miss Alice Binney, grass lawn, trimmed with turquoise blue; Miss T. Binney, dark blue, black hat; Miss Porter, fawn costume, pink hat; Miss Wiseman, heliotrope muslin, Leghorn hat; Miss Williams, dark skirt, fawn jacket; Miss Kirk, holland costume; Miss—Kirk, cream cashmere; Miss K. Lennox; Miss May Henderson; Mrs Wilkins, black silk; Miss Wilkins (Christchurch), white; Miss A. Wilkins, white, white chip hat, with maiden blush roses; Miss Dudley, white pique; Miss Dorothy Fenton; Miss Hayward; Mrs Jos. Ansenne, holland costume, blue hat; Miss Gordon, white pique skirt and jacket, white hat; Miss Baill; Miss Jones, yellow muslin; Misses Houchen; Miss Pickering, black and white striped costume, hat to match; Miss K. Pickering, fawn costume, white hat; Miss Cameron, pink muslin; Miss Brabant, white pique; Miss Donald, white skirt, silk blouse, pretty blue hat; Miss Pierce, white pique, black toque, with yellow roses; Miss Reid (England) stylish blue muslin costume, white chip hat, with feathers; Miss Cooper; Miss Devore, grey skirt, white muslin blouse over cardinal, hat trimmed with poppies; Miss Abbott, dark skirt, pink silk blouse, hat to match; Miss Holland, white pique; Miss E. Holland; Miss Goldie, pale green, trimmed with white ribbon; Miss Dawson, white, hat trimmed with black velvet and scarlet flowers; Mrs H. L. Brett, black muslin skirt, lettuce green blouse, trimmed with insertion.

The Auckland YACHT CLUB and NORTH SHORE SAILING CLUB PICNIC was held at Home Bay, Motutapu, on Saturday last. The boisterous and squally weather did not deter many of the pleasure-loving community from starting. The ferry steamer Eagle left the Queen street wharf about half-past two, with a band in attendance, which added much to the enjoyment

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of the proceedings. After the numerous guests were landed at Home Bay, where most of the yachts were already picturesque anchored, a programme of sports was gone through. Motuapika is quite a favourite place for picnicking. The willow and beech trees are admirably suited for this kind of pleasure. They shade from the sun and shelter from the wind, and the mountains behind formed a picturesque background to many a picturesque group. An open air concert was provided in Mr Reid's paddock during the evening. Amongst the items were song, Mr MacCormick; song, Miss Laing; song, Miss Bolton; comic song, Mr M. Lewis, for which he was encored; song, Mr W. George; song, Miss Knight; song, Mr Chambers. The phonograph also contributed many items, as also did the Chumner Quartet. On the return trip a little extra amusement was afforded by somebody meddling with the rudder of the ferry steamer, the consequence being that we nearly landed on a reef. Among the ladies present were:—Miss Lewis, fawn tailor made costume, sailor hat; Miss S. Lewis, navy serge, brown jacket; Miss Clapcott, black skirt, crushed strawberry blouse, sailor hat, cardinal cloth cape edged with black astrachan; Misses Percival (2), dark skirts, light blouses; Miss Richardson, blue cambric, sailor hat; Miss Thomas, dark skirt, white blouse, sailor hat; Mrs Wiseman, blue cambric, sailor hat; Mrs Roach, navy tailor made gown, black sailor hat, and her friend wore a fawn tailor made gown, sailor hat; Miss Anseune, navy serge tailor made gown, sailor hat; Mrs George Read-Bloomfield, dark skirt, navy blue blouse, sailor hat; Mrs Lucas Read-Bloomfield, fawn skirt, sky blue blouse, sailor hat; Miss Laing, white pique, sailor hat; Miss Hattie Bell, white pique, black waistband, sailor hat; Miss Kissling, navy skirt, white blouse; Miss Horton, brown tailor made gown, sailor hat; Mrs Horton, navy serge coat and skirt; Miss Hardie, navy; Miss Ivy Buddie, dark green skirt, white blouse; Miss Waller, navy serge, brown jacket, sailor hat; Miss Harper, black skirt, white blouse, sailor hat; Miss M. Dawson, white costume, sailor hat; Miss Hill, white shower muslin, sailor hat; Miss V. Alexander, dark skirt, light blouse, sailor hat; Miss K. Alexander, white pique, pink blouse, sailor hat; Miss Edith Smith, white skirt, pale green blouse, sailor hat; Miss Rieck, dark skirt, white blouse, sailor hat; Miss L. Wilks, dark skirt, pink blouse, sailor hat; Miss Berry, white pique, sailor hat; Miss Edmiston, white pique, sailor hat; Mrs Angus Gordon, green tailor made gown, sailor hat; Miss MacCormick, navy and white striped gingham, sailor hat; Miss K. Lennox, blue tailor made gown, sailor hat; Miss Cotter, brown; Miss Ware, dark skirt, white blouse, brown cape, sailor hat; Misses Besketh (2), dark skirts, light blouses, sailor hats; Miss Meta Aicken, navy; Mrs C. Stone, navy serge with black braid, sailor hat; Miss Stone, navy skirt, white blouse; Mrs Smith, dark skirt, pink silk blouse, sailor hat; Mrs Windsor, navy serge, brown jacket, sailor hat; Mrs Cartmarch, navy; Miss Windsor, dark skirt, light blouse, sailor hat; Miss Whitelaw, crushed strawberry skirt with bands of black braid running horizontally from waist to hem of skirt, white blouse, sailor hat; Miss Williams, dark skirt, light blouse, sailor hat, etc.

The annual PARNELL LADIES' PICNIC took place last Thursday afternoon at their lawns, when members of all other clubs in the vicinity of Auckland were well represented. Tennis (doubles) matches were the order of the afternoon. Partners were drawn for the day's proceedings. The sets were arranged to be the best out of eleven games. There were about fifty lady competitors. Trophies for the winners at the close of the day were two pairs of gloves for first prizes and boxes of chocolate were given as second prizes. The weather, which has been rather unsettled during the past few days, though unpromising in the morning, luckily turned out into a lovely afternoon; if there was a fault it was a little too warm for the energetic players. The tea tables in the pavilion were prettily decorated with large sunflowers, miniature sunflowers, gladioli, small white flowers, of a native shrub, relieved with broad leaves. The table was literally weighed down with cakes, jellies, fruit trifles, and fruits of every description. The Parnell ladies did every-

thing in their power to promote the pleasure of their many guests, and they must be congratulated on the success of the function. The final march, which was a very long one, and very interesting, was between Miss L. Stewart and Miss Oberlin-Brown (Eden and Epsom Lawn), v. Miss A. Stewart and Miss Kitty Oberlin-Brown (Eden and Epsom). These sets were remarkable for their very brilliant play, the rallying being exceptionally good, and were greatly applauded by the spectators. Miss A. Stewart and Miss Kitty O. Brown eventually won after a closely contested match of three sets. Miss Mowbray, black skirt, white hailstone muslin, black hat, with ostrich feathers; Miss Paton, dark skirt, dark blue blouse, sailor hat; Mrs Tewesley, white pique costume, relieved at the neck with old rose ribbons, black hat, trimmed with old rose ribbons; Miss Price looked well in a white costume, black picture hat, with plumes; Miss Atkins (Remuera), blue floral figured muslin with waistband and collar of ribbon of the same hue, hat with flowers; and her sister wore a heliotrope figured muslin with waistband and collar of heliotrope silk, hat with flowers; Miss Witcheil, white pique skirt, emerald green crinkly chifton blouse, edged with black lace, white hat, trimmed with green; Miss Fenton, blue cambric, black picture hat, trimmed with azure blue; Miss Salmon, white shower muslin, black hat, with flowers and feathers; Miss Power, white skirt, pink blouse, sailor hat; Mrs D'Arcy, white skirt, blue check blouse, sailor hat; Mrs Holmes, brown holland skirt, white blouse, sailor hat; Miss Phillips, white skirt, blue striped muslin blouse, sailor hat; Mrs Colebrook, black skirt, canary muslin blouse, sailor hat; Mrs Newton, brown holland, with white bands, sailor hat; Mrs Cuff, black skirt, black and white striped silk bodice, finished with black lace, black lace hat; Miss Coles, brown holland skirt, canary blouse; Miss Cuff, white pique skirt, canary blouse, sailor hat; Miss O. Cuff, white pique, black hat; Mrs Steele, red and black striped skirt, blue blouse, black hat; Miss Steele, brown holland skirt, blue blouse, sailor hat; Mrs Hill, blue gingham, sailor hat; Mrs Ashley-Hunter, black skirt, pink blouse, black hat, with pink roses; Mrs Neill, pale canary cambric; Mrs E. C. Smith, white skirt, blue blouse with band of lace pattern, sailor hat; Mrs Uppill, white skirt, dark blue blouse, black hat; Miss Davy, red and white striped batiste, sailor hat; Mrs Kenderdine, black skirt, grey blouse, sailor hat; Miss Cameron, brown and white check skirt, white blouse, sailor hat; Miss Sioman, rose pink cambric, sailor hat; Miss Harvey, green and white stripe, and her sister wore blue; Miss Bellairs, white skirt, heliotrope blouse, sailor hat; Mrs Jones, black and white check skirt with black braid, blue blouse, sailor hat; Mrs Rathbone, black figured lustre skirt, pink blouse, lace yoke, crushed strawberry hat, trimmed to match; Miss Duder, white; Mrs Gentles, white pique, large fawn hat with scarlet trimmings; Miss Alison, white; Miss Billington, pink cambric; Miss Bush, brown holland; Mrs Harrop, lilac cambric, black bonnet; Miss Harrop, white muslin; Mrs Niebol, black costume relieved at neck with vieux rose, black bonnet; Mrs McConnell, white skirt, blue floral blouse, sailor hat; Mrs Chapman, green and white stripe cambric, sailor hat; Mrs W. B. Colbeck, black and white checks with facings of white braided in black, sailor hat; Mrs F. Heather (nee Miss

Chatfield), white pique, white hat; Miss Coates, white skirt, pink blouse, sailor hat; Mrs Lyons, white costume with blue stripe, and trimmed with bands of black velvet, pink straw toque; Miss Thompson (Whangarei), cream embroidery silk, sailor hat; Miss Hull, white embroidery muslin, sailor hat; Miss L. Gorrie, grey skirt, pink blouse; Miss M. Pasley, brown holland skirt, white blouse; Mrs Segar, black lace skirt, pink blouse, black hat with plumes; Miss O. Lusk, cardinal skirt, white blouse, sailor hat; Mrs Thorne George, black silk with white trimmings, black hat with violets; Miss Thorne George, white flounced pique skirt, pale pink silk blouse with rose pink sash, black hat with plumes; Miss Ledingham, white skirt, white muslin blouse; Miss M. Ledingham, black skirt, green plaid blouse; Miss Caro, white shower muslin, white picture hat, and her sister wore a white costume, sailor hat; 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 Preece looked very pretty in a white pique with a stripe of drawn thread, black hat trimmed with pink tulle, green ribbons and oats, and her two sisters were also studies in white; Miss Whitelaw, white pique; Mrs (Dr.) Baldwin, white costume with cream lace, white hat trimmed with pink; Mrs Walker, brown holland, hat with flowers; Mrs Newall, brown holland, sailor hat; Miss L. Stewart, pretty white shower muslin, red necktie, sailor hat; Miss A. Stewart, blue and white striped gingham, sailor hat; Miss Brown, green costume veiled in white shower muslin; Miss K. Brown, brown holland; Mrs Keals, white cambric with narrow black stripe and black floral design, sailor hat; Miss Frost, black and white check gingham, sailor hat; Miss Scherriff, white costume, sailor hat; Miss Udy, brown holland skirt, pink blouse, sailor hat; Misses Kerr-Taylor, pink muslins, hats en suite; Messrs Thorne George, Duthie, Pickering, McLean, Witcheil, Uppill, Preston Stevenson, Simpson, etc.

PHYLLIS BROWN.  
LADIES' COLLEGE AT CLEVELAND HOUSE, AUCKLAND.

The long summer vacation is over at last, and schools are opening in every direction. We note that the Ladies' College, Remuera, has removed to Cleveland House, and Mrs Moore-Jones, the principal, is to be warmly congratulated on having secured this truly palatial residence for her young charges. Situated in the most healthy part of Remuera, Cleveland House with its spacious grounds and magnificent outlook, is quite an ideal place for a college, and the house itself is admirably fitted for the purposes to which it will now be put. Cleveland House was, it will be remembered, the residence of Mr Withy when he lived in Remuera, and at a later date was occupied by Mrs Dargaville and her family. The Ladies' College and School of Music offers the highest class education on Christian but unsectarian principles. Pupils are prepared for matriculation and competitive examinations when required, but the college is not a mere cramming institution, and the desire of the principal is to impart a sound and thorough education, and to make the pupils good and useful women, able to take a worthy part in whatever station of life they may be called upon to occupy. A bus under proper chaperonage leaves town daily for the benefit

of day boarders. Resident pupils are under the personal supervision and care of the principal.

WEAK, WEARY WOMEN.  
HOW YOU SUFFER THIS WEATHER.  
ENERGY AND AMBITION GONE.  
THE ABOVE ILLUSTRATES A MELBOURNE MOTHER'S CASE A WHILE AGO.

Summer means agony and suffering to most Australian mothers and sisters. Debility follows the wake of loss of appetite and languor. Complications peculiar to the sex always crop up if the system loses tone, and the inevitable headache, throbbing in the temples, heart palpitation, dizziness, and other female ailments, run riot in the body. Mrs Laura James, of No. 2 Rae Street, North Fitzroy, Melbourne, detailed her sufferings to a reporter of the "North Melbourne Gazette," as follows:—"For quite ten years," she began, "I have been a sufferer from indigestion and dyspepsia, and I feel sure I would still be enduring agony if I had not had the good fortune to have tried Bile Beans. And I can honestly say that a person suffering as I long suffered would be much better dead than alive. No food agreed with me. Even liquid nourishment made me suffer greatly. I dwindled away until I became a mere skeleton, and a burthen to myself and relatives. About eight months ago a friend named Mrs Hood, of Market Street, Fitzroy, advised me to try Bile Beans. The first box seemed to improve me, and, of course, I continued to take them. My case was a bad one, chronic and of long standing, but with each box my stomach got stronger, and I was soon not only able to eat a meal, but to digest it. Altogether I have taken eight boxes, which have cost me less than a single doctor's fee, and I am absolutely and thoroughly cured. I eat good hearty meals and enjoy them. I have no flatulence or heavy feeling in the stomach afterwards, and as you see have fully recovered health and strength. I am many pounds heavier than when I commenced to take Bile Beans, and am putting on weight daily. In my case the cure is little short of a miracle, as I was very far gone. I am deeply grateful for what Bile Beans have done for me, and will never miss an opportunity to recommend them to other sufferers."

Bile Beans are an undoubted specific for Biliousness, Headache, Indigestion, Debility, Female Ailment, Liver Trouble, Costiveness, Piles, that tired feeling, etc. Obtainable at all chemists and storekeepers, or direct from the Australian Depot, 39 Pitt Street, Sydney. Price, 13d per box.

**Herr Rassmussen's ALFALINE Herbal Remedies.**

More marvelously successful and effective than ever!! Have been before the Public for OVER THIRTY YEARS, and CURED THOUSANDS.

For the Blood, Skin, Nerves, Liver, Rheumatism, Piles, Kidney, etc.

A Special Remedy for each complaint.

Send for Book (posted free) containing valuable information and testimonials. Advice Free.

Correspondence Strictly Confidential.

**HERR RASSMUSSEN.**

91, Lambton Quay, WELLINGTON.

The **'Allenburys' Foods.**

A PROGRESSIVE DIETARY, unique in providing nourishment suited to the growing digestive powers of YOUNG INFANTS from birth upwards, and free from dangerous germs.

The "Allenburys" Milk Food No. 1. Specially adapted to the first three months of life.

The "Allenburys" Milk Food No. 2. Similarly adapted to the second three months of life.

The "Allenburys" Malted Food No. 3. For infants over six months of age.

No. 3 Food is strongly recommended for Convalescents, Invalids, the Aged, and all requiring a light and easily digested diet. The London Medical Record writes of it that—"No Better Food Exists."

PAMPHLET ON INFANT FEEDING Free on application to the Wholesale Depot, 586, COLLINS STREET, MELBOURNE.

**Allen & Hanburys Ltd., London, Eng.**

Complete Foods, STERILIZED, and needing the addition of hot water only.

To be prepared, use by the addition of COWS MILK, according to directions given.

# A Haven of Rest.

Old Age Pensioners Spending the Evening of their Days at the Costley Home.

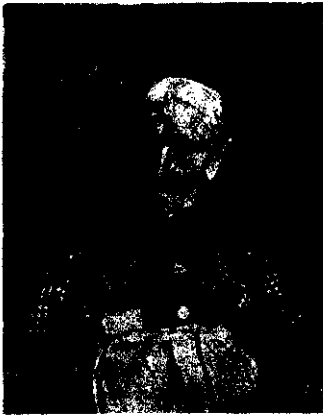
On this page we give some portraits of a few of the oldest recipients of the old age pensions in the colony, who are ending their long and in many cases eventful lives in the home set apart for the aged by the benevolence of the late Mr Costley. With one exception all are in the best of spirits and are as cheery and chatty a set as you might meet in the proverbial day's march. They are happy and contented in their surroundings as well they may be, for the supervisor and matron, Mr and Mrs Moss, are most kindly and sympathetic in looking after the comfort, and what is as important in the case of the very aged, the whims of the inmates of the Home. All are delightful to talk to, and are willing to entertain you with stories of past days. One old lady is a victim of the ultra-Calvinistic belief that she is eternally damned, and this naturally gravely affects her spirits. She nevertheless consented to have her photo taken, but opined that both she, the photographer, and the writer would be better occupied in preparing for the coming fate awaiting them in the next world.



Margaret Thompson. Aged 77. She has been in the colony for from 36 to 37 years. This old lady is, and has been, much respected, and was compelled about three years ago to seek the care and shelter which the Costley Home affords as a refuge from the storms of life which her advanced age ill-fitted her to bear.



Alice Kay, supposed to be nearly, if not over, one hundred years of age. She came to the colony in the very early days, and met with the customary hardships of pioneering. She resided for a number of years in the Costley Home, and passed "beyond the veil" on the 14th December, 1899. She stated with much pride that she had never taken a dose of medicine of any kind in her whole life. Though somewhat coarse and uncouth exteriory, she was nevertheless kind and tender to a degree.



Mary Ann Grant, age 75. Has resided in the colony about 37 years. She came with her husband who was a volunteer in the militia, in which he saw active service in the Maori war. Her husband died ten years ago, since which time she was sorely pressed by adverse circumstances until her admission to the Costley Home nearly two years ago, which means for her, she thinks, a new and extended lease of life.



John Graham, aged 80, Scotch. This old man came to the colony about 35 years ago in the brig "Moa," Captain Robertson. He is a master mariner, having been in command of various coastal vessels for many years subsequent to his arrival, until failing eyesight caused him to relinquish his profession and seek admission to the Costley Home.



Anna Albrechter, German, aged 82 years. Is an old and much respected colonist. The old lady was compelled during the year '97 to seek and gain admission to the Costley Home, because of the weakness and incapacity incidental to her extreme old age.



Joseph Webb, aged 90. This old man came out to the colony in the man-of-war "Emma" with Governor Hobson, in the capacity of valet, in the year 1840. He believes himself to be the oldest living colonist. He kept the Devonshire Hotel in Wyndham-street during the year 1845 and three succeeding years. During 1845 he owned the racehorse "Tampsin," with which he won the first race ever won on Potter's Paddock. The old fellow feels proud of this achievement. He is still vigorous physically and bright mentally.



Margaret Graham, aged 76, is believed to have been in the colony a great many years, and has been a resident of the Costley Home since it was opened, nearly ten years. She is a Scotch woman, and labours under the delusion that she is "lost, lost, eternally lost"—a victim to the very benevolent teachings of orthodoxy. A physiognomical study, depicting the hopelessness of morbid despair as opposed to the philosophy of healthy hope, eh?



Susan Duneen. Aged 89. Came out to New Zealand with her husband, an Imperial pensioner, she thinks from 40 to 50 years ago. She has witnessed many stirring events in the colony's history. Her husband has been dead 20 years this Christmas, '90. The old woman maintained herself in comparative comfort until old age forced her to seek shelter in the Auckland Refuge, whence she was transferred with the other inmates to the Costley Home on July 11th, 1890.

## ELECTROPLATING BODIES.

### THE LATEST EMBALMING IDEA.

Among the topics constantly agitating social and sanitary experts are the difficulties of urban sepulture. The larger cities no longer tolerate burials in the cemeteries within their limits. The expense and trouble that this prohibition involves have given rise to the alternative ideas of incineration and other similar methods for the disposition of the dead. So many details of the present way of conducting funerals have been developed by the progressive spirit of the times that it is no wonder that in this peculiar field also there should be an application of scientific elements.

This is the age of electrical wonders. The area of human affairs into which the mysterious current does not run and revolutionise existing conditions is practically unknown. The domain of the "great majority" is its latest field of operation.

A scientist of most advanced electrical ideas, who recently returned from Europe, is the advocate of an application of electrical methods for the preservation of the dead. He holds that his experiments prove it not only entirely practical, but the genuine end of the age system of permanent embalming. He has been a laborious student of Egyptology, and is familiar with all the discoveries made in the disintegrating of the mummies from their ancient coverings.

During a stay in Rome he visited the famous Cemetery of the Capuchins, under the church of that order, in the Piazza de Cappuccini. Here the vaults contain tombs with earth from Jerusalem. When new interments are to be made the bones longest undisturbed in these vaults are taken out. From these the most ghastly decorations for the walls and roof have been fashioned. While looking at the crumbling remains of the four thousand departed monks lined up against the walls it occurred to him that if the bodies were only treated to the electrical process by which they could be encased in a metallic surface they would thus be preserved intact and life-like for all time.

Experiments followed which the scientist regards as highly satisfactory. To those unfamiliar with the process of electro-plating it may be said that to have a thin film of metal deposited on the desired surface it is first covered with plumbago—more familiar to un-scientific ken in stove polish. Then with an acid bath and the electric current the transfer is effected.

Ordinary metallic platings of table ware and other articles of familiar use are common enough, but experiments had to show that the idea was also applicable to other substances. Meat and vegetable fibres were so treated to his satisfaction and then he advanced to his embalming theory.

In this the body is prepared us for ordinary embalming. The viscera are removed and a preservative liquid is injected into the veins. A coating of metal applied by the electroplating process then hermetically encases the whole frame and it is preserved intact for ever.

In this outer shell gold, silver, copper or nickel could be used to suit the purse and fancy of those having the embalment done. With it coffins and caskets can be done away with. A man could perpetuate himself in enduring brass or more precious metals.

### NO HUMBUGGING OFFERS OR CONDITIONS TO COMPLY WITH. FREE. FREE.

In order to introduce our Goods into every home, a Ladies' or Gent's Mexkenn Silver Watch Chain and Pendant will be presented entirely free to each purchaser, of one pair of our Special Cuff Links, price 4/6. Please note that we send the Watch Chain and Pendant complete in case with warranty along with your P.O. or stamps for 4/6. If three stamps extra are enclosed goods will be sent by registered post, and thereby save any risk of breakage. Address: Introducing Company, Box 40, Auckland, New Zealand.

### TESTIMONIAL.

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



Cattle Studies—Waikato, Cambridge District.

1. Lambs at Mr J. Anderson's, Pukerimu. 2. Mr Richard Reynold's Jerseys, Trecarne. 3. Mr Arthur Souter's crop. 4. Study at Wartle, Mr Jos. Barugh's Farm. 5. Buby Land, Frank Hicks. 6. Mr John Fisher's Frise Cattle, Pukerimu. 7. Mr R. Reynolds' Herefords, Trecarne. 8. Buckeys Reaper and Binder at close of cutting. Ellerbeck, Cambridge, photo.

NOW OR NOT AT ALL! THE LAST DAY, TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 20 CLOSING OF THE GREAT BOOK SALE.

THE OFFER OF The Times TO SUPPLY

The Encyclopaedia Britannica AT HALF-PRICE IS AT AN END.

A REMARKABLE OPPORTUNITY IS PASSING.

The end of the opportunity to share in the distribution of THE TIMES (London) Reprint of the ENCYCLOPAEDIA BRITANNICA (9th Edition) made under THE TIMES' unprecedented offer to residents in New Zealand is now almost at an end. The recent notice published in these columns that not a great many of these sets remained was sufficient to bring in a large number of orders from those who had been delayed in sending in their subscriptions; and it is clear now that the entire allotment for New Zealand at the present special price will be taken up within the next few days. Intending subscribers are therefore notified that if they wish to take advantage of this opportunity they must do so before Tuesday, February 20th. The arrangement made by THE TIMES in virtue of which it has been possible to bring down the price of the ENCYCLOPAEDIA BRITANNICA to a point within the means of all buyers of books has resulted in an unexpectedly large number of subscriptions. Not only does every delay in placing an order mean a greater delay in receiving the volumes, but it will mean that the subscriber will be shot out from THE TIMES' distribution altogether, as it will not be repeated. It was expressly stated from the first that this offer was limited, and when the number of sets which were originally arranged for distribution in New Zealand have been taken, no more can be obtained at the present advantageous terms. But subscribers who send in their applications at once are guaranteed that their orders will be filled if all the requirements are complied with, providing they are posted not later than Tuesday, February 20th. The subscriber has simply to send One Guinea with the order form printed below legibly filled in, or his cheque in full if he wishes to pay for the work at once. His name will then be entered on his set. The ENCYCLOPAEDIA forwarded him at once from Wellington. If he adopts the little-at-a-time payment plan he has no further payments to make beyond the first Guinea, until after the complete work is placed in his library.

The entire 26 volumes are delivered at one time carefully sealed in a metal-lined case. To make sure of participating in THE TIMES' extraordinary offer, readers of THE GRAPHIC should see that their names are enrolled without further delay. It is impossible to accept any orders posted later than next Tuesday. Those living at a distance who wish to make sure that they will not be left out from this special offer, may TELEGRAPH and SETS WILL BE RESERVED FOR THEM, if the order, accompanied by One Guinea, or cheque for the full amount is posted at the same time.

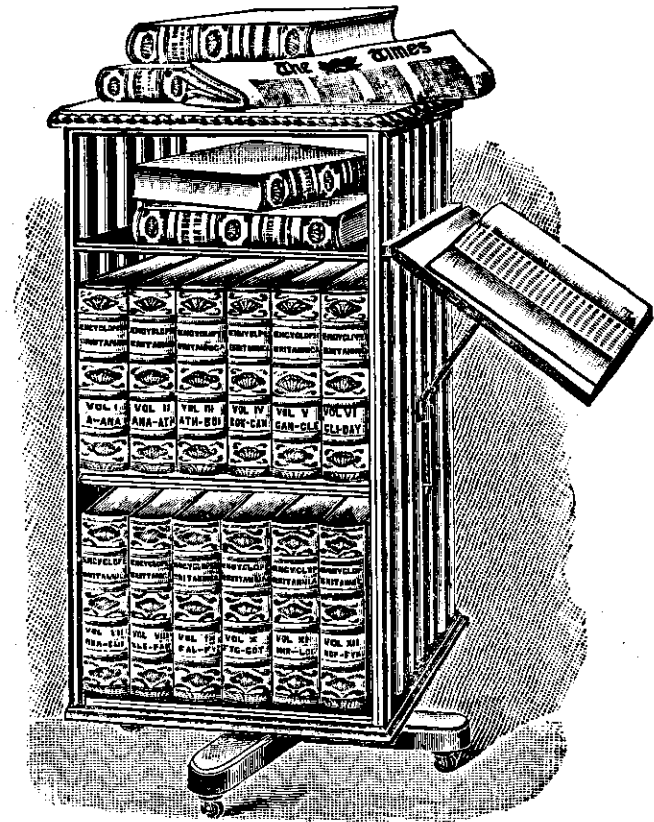
ONE LAST CHANCE.

If for any reason it should be inconvenient or impossible for you to send a remittance with your order TO-DAY, or to write us, you may have a set reserved for you BY SENDING A TELEGRAM, reading as follows: "The London Times, Wellington. Reserve Set Encyclopaedia Britannica; remittance follows by post." And sign your full name and address. In this manner you can secure a set of the Encyclopaedia, providing you comply with the conditions of the sale within 24 hours following the sending of your telegram.

WHAT A GUINEA WILL DO

In the public mind there exists an impression, which years of advertising could hardly eradicate, that the ENCYCLOPAEDIA BRITANNICA is a costly work, that unless a man can afford to draw a cheque for forty or fifty pounds he had better not think of buying it. The table of prices shows, on the other hand, what one guinea will do.

One Guinea is the only preliminary payment to be made by purchasers who avail themselves at once of the novel plan of sale adopted by THE TIMES for the distribution of THE TIMES' Reprint of the Ninth Edition of the ENCYCLOPAEDIA BRITANNICA. The prices, for monthly payments, are only one shilling in the pound more than for payment in cash, and the purchaser has the entire of the volumes while he is paying for them.



For the convenience of purchasers who have not sufficient shelf-room for the ENCYCLOPAEDIA BRITANNICA, a compact revolving bookcase has been manufactured, which will be supplied to purchasers of the ENCYCLOPAEDIA BRITANNICA only. It will be sold for £5 in cash, or for three monthly payments of One Guinea each.

THE SPECIAL BOOKCASE.

Some persons may hesitate to take advantage of "The Times" offer, simply because they have no shelf-room for the volumes. "The Times" cut down the price of the "Encyclopaedia Britannica" by 15 per cent, but the size of the volumes—like their quality—remains unchanged. And the cost of a bookcase large enough to hold the 26 massive volumes would, under ordinary conditions, be a serious addition to the cost of the "Encyclopaedia."

For the convenience, therefore, of those who subscribe through "The Times" a handsome revolving bookcase has been especially designed to receive the "Encyclopaedia Britannica."

Subscribers who elect to pay for the "Encyclopaedia Britannica" in monthly instalments of one guinea each, will, if they desire the bookcase, be called upon to make three further monthly payments (after the payments for the "Encyclopaedia" have been completed).

Subscribers who pay for their sets in cash may procure the bookcase by remitting a cheque for £5.

The system assumes peculiar importance in connection with the approaching withdrawal of the offer on Tuesday next. The reader may fully appreciate the urgency of the case, he may wish to add his name to the roll of subscribers before the list is closed, but it may not be convenient for him to send a cheque for £17 if he desires to procure a cloth-bound copy, or for £22 if he wishes the half-price. Under the alternative plan of payment by instalments, he may secure the advantage of the present low prices upon the payment of only one guinea. The order form, printed below, need only in that case be signed and sent to THE TIMES New Zealand office, Wellington, accompanied by a remittance for one guinea. There is, however, no time to lose, as the sale of the ENCYCLOPAEDIA BRITANNICA at the present low prices will positively cease on Tuesday, February 20th, and will not be renewed either at the present or any other prices.

THE POPULARITY OF THE WORK

The popularity of the ENCYCLOPAEDIA BRITANNICA is sufficiently shown by the fact that in less than twenty months more than twenty thousand copies of "The Times" Reprint of the "Encyclopaedia" have been sent to the United Kingdom alone, in addition to copies supplied by "The Times" in India, South Africa, and Australia, as well as to the United States where this complete and authentic Reprint of the Great Library is eagerly welcomed notwithstanding that the country has, owing to the faulty condition of the copyright laws, been flooded with three or four hundred thousand copies of piratical and unaltered editions.

The aggregate sale of "The Times" Reprint of the "Encyclopaedia" has been, at Home and abroad, over twenty-five thousand sets of twenty-five volumes each, a total of six hundred and twenty-five thousand volumes. The figures in each case are of interest, not only because they show that the "Encyclopaedia" is a general favourite, but also because they describe an unprecedented success in the dissemination of really good literature, and go far to prove that the public taste is by no means so debased as some alarmists believe it to be.

They are figures, too, so astounding that they cannot readily be grasped.

Every copy of the "Encyclopaedia" contains twenty-two thousand pages, and this means that over five hundred and fifty million pages have been printed and sold. Large figures of this sort produce upon the mind an effect which a contemporary foreign writer has aptly described as a "brain-blur." One cannot easily picture printed pages floating through the air and lying like snow upon the ground, but a sensible comparison will assist the imagination. Each of these pages is 11 inches in depth by 8 1/2 inches in width. Their aggregate superficies would therefore be, if the front and back of each leaf could be split apart and all the pages spread out, no less than fifty-two thousand nine hundred and thirty-seven millions five hundred and thousand square inches, or 301,621 square feet, or 8,439 acres, or nearly 14 square miles. Conceived as one gigantic sheet of printed words, having its centre at a given point, the whole would extend nearly two miles north, nearly two miles south, nearly two miles east, and nearly two miles west. On this enormous surface there would appear no less than 750,000,000 words. In there are more than 30,000,000 words in each copy of the "Encyclopaedia." Using another familiar illustration, 520,000 pages each 11 inches in depth would, laid end to end, make a ribbon more than 95,480 miles in length, reaching nearly four times round the earth.

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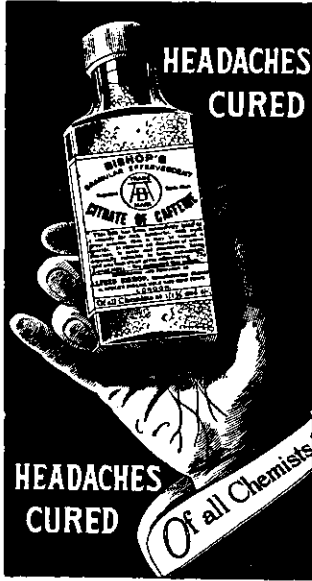
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KIMBERLEY.

In the light of present events in South Africa, Kimberley presents other and more tragic claims to the interest and remembrance of the world than those arising from the fame of its diamond mines. The strategic importance of the city, its investment and threatened capture by the Boer forces, and the presence within of their arch-enemy, Cecil Rhodes, conspire to lend a peculiarly dramatic colour to a situation the outcome of which is awaited with universal interest.

The arid and treeless wilderness—once known as Colesberg Kopje—upon which Kimberley is located, was formerly in possession of the Griquas, people of a mixed Dutch and Kaffir origin, and it was not until 1867 that the existence within its borders of the boundless wealth which has since made it famous, was suspected.

In that year, it is said, a Boer, Schalk Van Niekirk by name, secured from a youthful Kaffir a peculiar-looking stone with which he was playing. On becoming aware of its commercial value he disposed of it to an Irishman named O'Reilly, for five hundred pounds. Thus encouraged, Van Niekirk invested four hundred pounds in purchasing another and larger stone from a guileless Kaffir warrior, and immediately sold it at Capetown for ten thousand pounds.

Then the murder was out. The diamond deposits became known. Adventures flocked to Colesberg by thousands, and two years after Van Niekirk's "deal" came the opening of the mines, and the rapid building of a city in their vicinity. The city was named Kimberley, in honour of the then colonial secretary.

The methods pursued at first in digging diamonds were rude and primitive, and the diggers had to contend against many disadvantages—especially against a depreciation in prices due to excessive haste in making sales.

All that is a thing of the past, however. The digging—no longer a matter of individual enterprise—is done by machinery, and overproduction is controlled by a consolidation of interests.

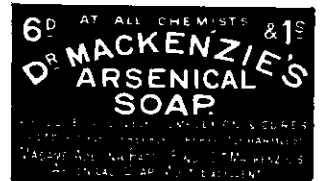
At the outbreak of hostilities, the Kimberley mines were furnishing

ninety per cent. of the world's output of diamonds. The authoritative writer of a standard work upon this subject estimates that, thus far, nine and a half tons, or forty million carats, have been extracted from the mines at Kimberley—the value of this product, in the rough, being three hundred million dollars, and in the finished state, twice that amount.

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# AS SEEN THROUGH WOMAN'S EYES.

## A SOCIAL TORTURE.

### THE MISERIES OF AN "AT HOME" DAY.

A lady is popular, and has a large circle of friends. Finding it inconvenient and expensive to entertain them whenever they may take a fancy to call, or, perhaps, having a husband, who exclaims, "Look here, Seraphina, I will not have these confounded women dropping in at all hours," she institutes what is known as "a day."

She decides upon Thursday—the first and third; or Tuesday—the second and fourth. Then she changes to every Wednesday; and arranges for those not suit her, and arranges for third Fridays. This being confusing she goes back to the starting-point, and is very much surprised when people do not appear to know which day is her "day."

She has an afternoon tea-set: "old family china" (bought at an auction), and she dusts the cups with a feather duster, because, when not in use, they serve as bric-a-brac. She sets them out on a Japanese tray, with half a pound of plum cakes and six Marie biscuits.

She covers the small gipsy table with a plush cloth, which is taken off and carefully folded the moment her visitors are gone. She wears last season's ball dress, "altered and made high," and calls it a "tea gown," and those "in the know" say "how lovely!" She lowers the drawing-room blinds, and lights the lamp with the rose-coloured shade, because her satin sleeves do not exactly match the velvet of her gown, and you do not notice that when the lamp is lit.

She is generally "discovered" busied with a piece of fancy-work—ostensibly for the Zenana Mission, in reality to show off the new diamond ring George has given her.

She makes her housemaid wear long, white streamers to her caps on this particular "day," and the girl does not like them, and feels degraded, and weeps secretly in the pantry.

She says, "I hope no one will come," and greets her first arrival with "Dear Araminta, how glad I am to see you!"

She tries to make one teapot "go the rounds," and fills it up with hot water at every opportunity.

She gets a little mixed with having so many people to talk to, but yet can manage to grasp the chief points of the latest scandal, and is given to firing off such complicated remarks as—"I think they made £25; dear me, not young Smithers, I knew his mother."

She says "thank goodness" when everybody has gone, and puts the remains of the cake in a tin box for future occasions. She frequently makes elaborate preparations, only to discover that there are five Thursdays in some months.

It is a strange experience to enter a room full of fashionable dames all talking at once and in semi-darkness. It is not wise to condemn the institution. Shakespeare says the "dog will have his day." In that case it seems rather mean to deny a woman hers.

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### HOW SHALL WE DRESS ?

If Eve had never eaten the apple how much more time we should have had for reading, cycling, tennis playing, &c. Or even if we still had only to just poke our heads through the biggest leaf we could find, and tie a strong piece of grass around our waists as a sash what a deal of envy, hatred, and all uncharitableness it would save.

And yet I don't know, there would still be some of us who would grace the simple frock of fig leaves better than others, I suppose; just as it would be if all the money in the world were equally divided among the population. The go-ahead men would be collecting it into lumps again in less than a year; or, if they were not allowed to, what would become of enterprise?

I daresay if I could get hold of a well-developed Socialist and he would deign to parley with me, he could explain how the thing could be worked to perfection, but I can't.

The question is, if it were not for clothing should we have enough to do?

How would the dressmakers earn their living? But I suppose, if we could go back to the garden of Eden, there would be nothing so vulgar as incomes to be made; but there! my poor little brain reels if I try to work it out, so I won't.

Perhaps we should have a new dress or flower hat every day, and the rich ones twice a day. There I go again! There would be no money, of course.

Well then, we should exchange, say, a clutch of bird of paradise's eggs (to make custards and omelettes with, you know) for a tasteful bonnet.

I am afraid I've wandered from the problem I sat down to solve, which was this: As we fully realise we must clothe ourselves, how best to do it to gain the approval of our menfolk?

I asked a friend of mine the other day, expecting him to exclaim "Good heavens, Maud! What a question!" but I think he must have received a thought wave from me (I had been pondering over the subject for an hour or more), for he answered as pat as you please: "Hospital nurse's rig."

I showed my surprise, but he said: "Ask a hundred men, and eighty-nine out of them would tell you the same; a neat cap with white strings and a tight, dark jacket and a white apron set off a pretty face more than all the flummery of gussets and gores you can think of" (excuse his ignorance of technical terms).

I thought it was rude of him, as I had on my favourite frilly white muslin; but then, no doubt, he did not expect me to take his remarks home to myself, as my face is not pretty.

But now, it is my question, do rigid styles, such as nurse's and tailor-made coats and skirts, become the majority of us?

I shout unanimously "No!"

I grant that the tailor dress, if really well cut, is decidedly useful and often pretty; but my pet style of dress is soft and fluffy. I feel certain most of us look our best in dainty, pale colours, unless we are getting on; and even then, I think, the plain black dress accentuates rather than softens that undesirable quality. Soft black, if you have any colour in your cheeks, is charming, but not if you are anemic. It makes you look in the last stage of consumption at once; and yet black and white mixed is becoming to nearly everyone, which seems odd.

One needs rather a long purse, however, to go clad as a dream in chiffons and muslins, for if you send them to the laundress, she extracts all the colour and reads them unmercifully; and the maids at home cannot be expected to get up a quantity of finery as well as the tea-cloths. Everyone knows that nowadays no self-respecting servant can wash more than these, plus dusters at most. So you want a new dress each time the last is dirty to carry out the idea properly; besides, we do not often have summers that lend themselves to chiffon, though the last two can certainly not be accused of that failing.

Please do not think I am trying to leave the impression that I own that long purse that I spoke of, for I pride myself on being truthful to the bitter end.

No, I spend most of my time in a cotton blouse, serge skirt, and leather band, which I cannot persuade to unite the two with any degree of neatness.

Now, in theory, I consider a girl who is coming astunder amidsthips no lady, and yet I hope I am, at least, I have been brought up as such.

I know you will say, why not sew a ribbon belt to your skirts?

But I can't, because my sweetheart has given me a lovely lizard-skin one with silver mountings, and I would sooner die (as all truly loving maids should) than use any other.

It is difficult to dress to please fathers and brothers is it not?

Fathers hold up their hands in amazement at your finery because they have not followed the fashions, or do not approve them; while brothers have such an irritating way of always admiring some other girl's taste.

One would not mind being "pulled to pieces" so much, but comparisons are odious, as any copy book will tell you.

"Why don't you do your hair like Miss Cramp, Maud, that top-knot of

yours is rot," or "You should wear a pink top thing with steel beads all over it like Amy Leroux?" Such rubbish! Miss Cramp has a long thin face and therefore dresses her hair low, while you have a short round one. Furthermore, pink does not suit you though it may be Amy Leroux's "colour."

Never mind, they are only brothers. Just ask your lover; but he will not need asking, he will volunteer that never before had any girl such sweet taste, and never in years to come will any girl have such taste again. You always look an angel, you never could look anything but an angel, and all the other men are turning green with envy, as he walks abroad with you.

Oh! there's no one like a lover to put you in a good humour with life, and make you feel you really are, perhaps, something extra special nice.

It is for you to keep him in this admiring frame of mind when he has become your husband.

Run upstairs at once, and make yourself very smart before he comes home to-night. Do so more especially if you are dining en famille. Such things oil the machinery of life wonderfully, though they sound trivial, perhaps.

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### A YANKEE ON THE SCIENCE OF KISSING.

People will kiss, and yet not one in a hundred know how to extract bliss from lovely lips, more than they know how to make diamonds from charcoal; and yet it is so easy.

First, know when to kiss. Don't jump up like a trout for a fly and kiss a lady on the neck, ear, or corner of her forehead, or on the end of her nose.

Don't kiss everybody. Stand up to it. Take the left hand of the lady in your right; let your hat go where it pleases. Throw the left hand gently over the shoulder of the lady, and let it fall down the right side towards the waist. Don't be in a hurry. Draw her gently, lovingly to your heart. Her hand will fall lightly on your shoulder, and a very handsome shoulder-strap it makes.

Stand firm, be brave, but don't be in a hurry. Her lips are almost open; bend slightly forward with your head. Take good aim. The lips meet, the eyes close, the heart opens, the soul rides the storms of life, heaven opens before your eyes, the world shoots from under you as a meteor across the sky, the heart forgets its bitterness, and the art of kissing is learnt.

### THE PROTECTION OF CHILDREN'S EYES.

We discussed in a former article the gradual deterioration of eyesight suffered by children as a result of the strain put upon their eyes in school work. The fact that the proportion of near-sighted pupils is greatest where the strain on the sight is greatest points clearly to the cause of the evil, and consequently to its remedy. Children must go to school; therefore the remedy lies in so altering the conditions of school work that the least possible strain may be put upon the eyes.

In the first place, the desks should be arranged so that the light from the windows shall fall upon them from behind, and a little from the left. The light should be abundant, coming through large windows unobstructed by the walls of tall buildings immediately adjoining.

All text-books should be clearly printed in plain type, with very black ink, on paper without glaze, and of a pure white or cream-white colour.

Another important point relates to the condition of the blackboard. Its surface is often so smooth as to reflect light, when viewed at certain angles, almost like a mirror. In many cases this glaze may be subdued by a little rubbing with coarse sandpaper. Only white crayons should be used.

Another cause of injury to the sight is too long and continuous application. The hours of study, in school and out, for children, under fourteen, should never be more than five or six, yet they are often much longer.

The eyes can be greatly rested by lifting them from the book and looking at distant objects, or closing them for a few minutes. We have spoken before of the utility of interrupting school work at short and frequent intervals in order to practise breathing exercises. The same intervals will be advantageous by taking the eyes from the book.

Much kindergarten work, such as perforating, drawing, bead-work, and the like, is very bad for the tender eyes of young children; and as many other such tasks are harmless as well as entertaining, there is no excuse for giving the little ones work that is almost certain to strain their eyes.

Finally, all school children should be examined as to their eyes, and any defects of vision should be remedied by means of glasses.

There are, of course, many points in school construction and school hygiene that have not been referred to here, but the few mentioned are among the most important, and attention to them may prevent much near-sightedness.

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THE UNDECIDED GIRL.

The girl who doesn't know her own mind is a very common factor among humanity, and on the subject of her love affairs she is particularly irritating not only to those around her, but to herself also.

Unfortunately, men seem to find her specially attractive, and the number of her admirers is legion. She doesn't for the moment mean to flirt, yet she keeps men hanging round her, in anxious suspense solely because she cannot compare their rival claims and decide which of her admirers is to be really the happy (?) man.

You hear her occasionally calling them over, and really Tom, Dick, and Harry seem all equally favoured in her eyes. Which to accept she cannot say, and then comes the catalogue of their disadvantages. Tom's mother, she is quite sure, doesn't like her, and probably Tom might want his mother to live with them, then what an awful time she would have as his wife!

Dick? Oh, Dick is a dear, good boy, but how could she keep house on his income? Harry comes last, and here she pauses and dreams a little with a far-away look in her eyes, and then tells you quite calmly that Harry's very nice when plenty of people are round, but she finds him terribly boring when alone with him.

You sigh hopelessly, for, marriage being distinctly a duel only, the argument against Harry is unanswerable. And, indeed, the cases of Tom and Dick are somewhat beyond redemption. Perhaps it occurs to you to suggest that there seems no necessity for marrying either one of the three, but that it is a pity to keep them hanging round in suspense, when probably Angelina turns upon you and demands in righteous indignation whether you suppose she means to remain a "bachelor" always.

Naturally, you feel inclined to shake



YOU FEEL INCLINED TO SHAKE HER.

her, with all her loveliness; but after all there is nothing to do except wait and let things right themselves. Probably the chances are that Edwin will come into her life and oust Tom, Dick, and Harry, without any difficulty, for even the most undecided girl, when she really falls in love, knows the facts without any questionings or doubts.

But even suppose Edwin does win the contest, he is not exactly the man to be envied from all points of view. For the girl who is undecided in love affairs is pretty nearly sure to be in the same condition over even the most minor commonalities of life. The decision as to which hat she shall wear



WHICH HAT SHALL SHE WEAR?

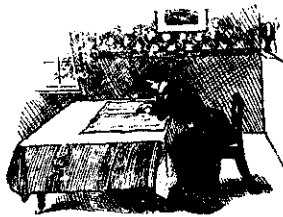
for a call or a walk, whether she shall take an umbrella or sunshade, and such-like trivial details, require as much consideration as the selection of a wardrobe for a month's holiday, and the waiting lover must be pardoned his impatience at her delay.

Then, too, the suggestion of an outing causes another waste of precious time. Yes, she would love to go to a place of amusement, but where shall it be? The Exhibition? No, she has been there twice already. The idea of a theatre meets with instant approval, and then again to settle which causes more delay.

Once, however, the undecided girl is safely on her journey, be it destination where it may, the brighter side of her character usually comes out, and she proves a pleasant and interesting sweetheart and companion. She

does not grumble if the day does not wear its anticipated colour de rose aspect, and can afford to laugh if the mustard has found its way into the custard or the jam. Or some important item of fare or crockery has been omitted at the last moment.

No, her fault is indecision, and though it may be an inherent characteristic, firmness can do much to eradicate it. Don't wait hours while she is making up her mind what she shall wear; tell her to come at once or stay away altogether. If she doesn't know what form of amusement will please her most, don't waste time arguing; simply drop the subject, and don't take her anywhere, then pro-



WHERE SHALL IT BE?

bably next time you contemplate an outing she will be ready with a suggestion at the tip of her tongue.

She wants ruling, and, if Edwin has any ambitions for an orderly home in the future, he will start guiding Angelina promptly. The undecided girl is bad enough, but the undecided wife would be a thousand times worse. Meals would probably be at weekly intervals, the intervening breakfasts, dinners, and teas having been skipped, because Angelina could not decide upon the menus! And what love could be expected to endure, untarnished, such vague domesticities, the other items of which would be logically bound to vary, in proportion to the meals?



STAINED FLOORS.

It is very healthy to have one's floors stained and varnished round, and the process, though it takes time, of treating the boards in this way is quite easy. Ready made floor stains and varnishes in combination can be bought. Prepared wax for floors may also be purchased either in the form of a paste or liquid. When the paste is used the floor must be thoroughly polished with a good deal of hard labour, beneficial alike to the boards and to the scrubber, for there are few exercises more healthy than the application of elbow grease. The paste may be prepared at home in the following manner:—Cut a pound of beeswax and put it in a pipkin, bowl, or tin can. Place the vessel in a pan of boiling water, stirring frequently until the wax is soft, but not liquid; then take it from the fire and beat into it one pint of turpentine. The wax will now be ready for use. When the wax polish is not fresh made it should be softened by gentle heat before being put on the floor. To apply it use old cloths, and to brighten afterwards use polishing rags. Old silk handkerchiefs are best.



WHY SHE WOULD NOT PAY FOR HIM.

"I shall have to ask you for a ticket for that boy, ma'am."

"I think not."

"He's too old to travel free. He occupies a whole seat, and the train is crowded. There are people standing up."

"That's all right."

"I haven't time to argue that matter, ma'am. You'll have to pay for that boy."

"I've never paid for him yet, and I'm not going to begin now."

"You'll have to begin some time. If you haven't had to pay fare for him you're very lucky, or else you don't do much travelling."

"That's all right."

"You'll pay for that boy, ma'am, or I'll put him out."

"That's all right. You put him out if you think that's the way to get anything out of me."

"You ought to know what the rules of this rail are, ma'am. How old is that boy?"

"I don't know; I never saw him before. If you want a ticket for him you'd better ask that old gentleman there. He got in with him."

WHAT BABY CAN DO.

It can simultaneously occupy both sides of the largest bed made.

It can make itself look like a fend just when its mother wants to show it off.

It can make an old bachelor in the next room use language that, if uttered on the street, would get him in the penitentiary for two years.

It can go from the farthest end of the room to the foot of the stairs in the half quicker than its mother can step into a room and out again.

These are some of the things a baby can do. But there are other things as well. A baby can make the commonest house the brightest spot on earth. It can lighten the burdens of a loving mother's life by adding to them. It can flatten its dirty little face against the window pane in such a way that the tired father can see it as a picture as he rounds the corner. Yes, babies are great institutions, particularly one's own baby.



PANTRY AND KITCHEN CLOTHS.

Young housekeepers are sometimes unacquainted with the difference between a tea cloth and a duster. I have known the one article used for both purposes alternately. Tea cloths should be of linen, and about a yard long, and of a darker and coarser texture than glass cloths, which should be fine, white, and free from that downy substance which is in some kinds of material, and which would stick to the glass and prevent it looking bright and clean. Dusters should be of blue checked stuff for use in the kitchen, and of white linen for the other rooms in the house.



CHARACTER IN WOMAN'S WALK.

An observing man insists that he can tell a woman's character by her manner of walking and the kind of shoes she wears. He says that the listless way of lifting one's feet indicates laziness or ill-health. A heavy, flat-footed step means a good housekeeper, but an aggressive nature. A dragging, shuffling step denotes indolence of mind and body. He observes,

further, that the woman who likes manish shoes is not dainty or feminine, and that the ideal woman wears well-fitting shoes in the street and dainty slippers in the house.



HOUSEHOLD HYGIENE.

It should not be forgotten that mattresses and pillows need cleaning, not so frequently as carpets, but at regular intervals. Some people seem to fancy that bedding need never be sent to the cleaner's, but such an idea is farcical. Renewed, these mattresses and pillows are twice as comfortable as they were before, and half a dozen times as healthy. Rest, too, is induced by a fresh mattress where it will be denied by an old one. Hair mattresses need cleansing regularly; flock ones, if they are left uncleaned, become lumpy; and if feather beds be used, as is still the case in some households, the annual visit to the cleaner is an absolute necessity of hygiene. Every mattress or feather bed should have an outside cover of strong calico, to be removed frequently and washed.

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**THINGS TO KNOW.**

**Care of the Dishcloth.**—As the dishcloth is an important factor in the kitchen, great care should be taken to keep it clean, and most of all to its use. Germs of all descriptions lodge in a greasy dishcloth, and many physicians say that diphtheria has been known to start from just this cause. It is best to have the cloths well washed after using. Many servants do not take the time, or wilfully neglect to do this, and it is best to watch and see that fresh cloths are used as often as are the tea towels.

**Salt to Clean With.**—In order to remove the gummy black that sometimes gathers on large chimneys rub salt on with a dry cloth.

**Use of Kerosene.**—Kerosene is one of the purest and most effective agents for cleaning the grease and grime from kitchen utensils. If a little is put in some luke-warm water it is every bit as good as hot water and soap, and does away with half the labour of dishwashing. At first it seems outlandish to put this ill-smelling stuff on the dishes, but if one stops and considers that the odour cannot stay on a glazed surface any length of time, and then uses the kerosene a few times, the dishwater will never be without it. It completely purifies porcelain and other glazed wares.

**To Soften Hard Water.**—Boiling will soften water, but to soften without boiling drop in the bucket a piece of chalk, quantity you desire, as it is harmless. In a short time the water will be quite soft.

**Putrid Water.**—When water smells bad it is always well to put in a lump of charcoal, and a large one at that.

**To Polish Japanned Ware.**—In order to give a tray a new look polish with a little powdered waiving or a little flour, being careful not to scratch the varnish. Rub with a soft cloth to get the flour off.

**Rust on Stoves.**—A stove in use

seldom gets rusty, but one which has been put away for the summer is apt to, and the only preventive is to rub often with kerosene.

**To Polish Knives.**—The house-keepers who use steel knives find it very difficult to keep them clean, that is, free from rust, especially if they are not used often. The best way to treat them is to rub them with sweet oil before putting them away, and then carefully wrap them in a soft cloth.

**About Stoves.**—To keep stoves looking bright and clean they must be rubbed every day. When using the polish if a little turpentine is mixed with it, it will prevent rust and make the stove look like new.

**Brass Kettles.**—To prevent verdigris mix salt with vinegar and bring it to a boil; then wash the kettle with it, dry and polish with wood ashes. Wash again and the kettle is ready for use.

**To Purify Jars.**—Make a strong solution of soda and water, heat and fill the jars, letting it stand until the jar is perfectly clean.

**To Prevent Ants.**—Cayenne pepper blown into crevices where ants are seen will drive them away, and also any mice that want to come in.

**Wall Paper** should be cleaned by brushing with a broom, on which has been tied a soft, clean cloth. After wiping down rub lightly with slices of stale bread.

**To Thicken Liquids.**—In adding cornstarch, flour, or any starchy material to hot liquids, first mix with cold water, making a smooth paste, then add enough water to make it thin enough to run; pour it slowly into the hot mixture and stir until perfectly clear.

**To Add Eggs to Sauces.**—When sauces are to be thickened with eggs it is better to cook the sauce in a double boiler. Do not boil, but just bring to the boiling point.

**To Season Meats.**—Never season meats when raw, as it causes them to harden. When roasting or boiling, salt when partly cooked or when be-

ginning to get tender.

**To Add Flavouring.**—In making blanc manges, custards, and all dishes of that kind, add the flavouring last, otherwise it will pass off in the boiling.

**To Brown Flour.**—Cover the bottom of a pie plate with enough sifted flour to be an inch deep. Place in a moderate oven and stir frequently until the flour is a light brown. When cool put into glass jars which have a rubber top and close tightly. Flour kept in this manner will keep indefinitely and always be ready for use.

**To Clean Currants.**—Put the currants in a pan and sprinkle thickly with flour; rub them between the hands until the stems are rubbed off; set them in a colander and let water through, lifting constantly so as to let all the grit pass out. Drain well and dry in a towel, then put on a pan and set in the oven, stirring often. Too hot an oven will make them hard, so it is always safer to dry them in the sun.

**To Skim Sauces.**—To skim sauces or gravies draw the sauce pan to one side of the stove, drop in a spoonful of cold water; the grease will rise to the top, and then can be easily skimmed off.

**To Prevent Curdling.**—When adding tomatoes to milk or cream heat them, and then add a pinch of soda. This will prevent curdling.

**To Remove the Odour of Onions.**—Put in the kettle or saucepan some wood ashes or soda, and fill with water. Let the water boil and then wash.

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To Ladies, Dressmakers, Mothers, etc.—**PERFECT FIT AND STYLE**  
By Using the Magic  
**CUTTING**  
**GARMENT** **ARMENT** **UTTER**  
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Easy to Learn. Taught through Post.  
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**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 TRY FOR YOURSELF THAT IT IS GENUINE.**

"Warleigh House," Bay-st., Brighton.

Mr S. 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 healthiest women in the colony, suddenly took ill last Christmas, and was compelled 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.

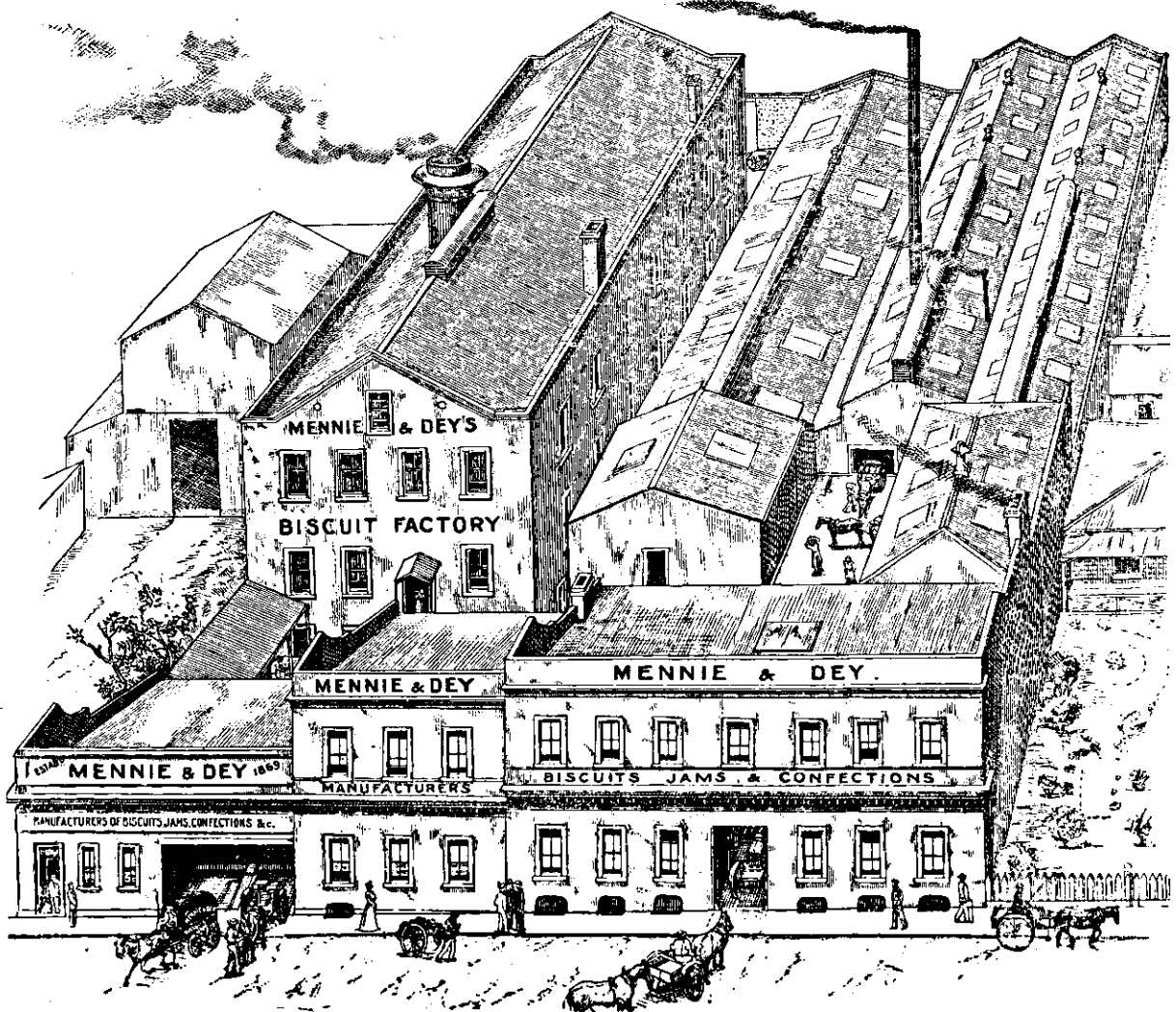
"VITADATIO" is a wonderful Restorative in cases of Influenza, and coughs, acts the usual depressing after-effects; therefore get a bottle to-day and prove for yourself that there is no quack about it.

Price of Vitadatio, 5/6 and 3/8  
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Best all comers for Quality.

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Best Value in the Market.



**Gold Medal Confections,** largest variety, best quality.  
**Gold Medal Conserves,**  
**Peels, Only Makers Cupid Whispers in the Colony,**

# THE WORLD OF FASHION.

By MARGUERITE

The January sales are always an exciting source of speculation to the feminine mind, and this January the sale fever has run particularly high, and extraordinary bargains have been the topic of conversation at the sympathetic hour of four o'clock, when tea and confidential matters are discussed. The wise woman, like Mrs John Gilpin, who has a frugal mind, looks about her now for a hundred and one articles she will need, and which can be purchased at nearly half-price. Do not buy anything merely because it appears cheap if it is not pretty and in good style. But now that you practically know what portion of your wardrobe is still wearable, it is a good scheme to make out a list of what you must have for that awkward between time when it is too early to begin getting things for the winter and too late to add to this summer's wardrobe.

The felt toque is to be one of the favourite styles of headgear, made of soft felt-like cloth, in swathed folds, generally a couple of choux of mirror velvet at the side. These choux are made like gathered rosettes of doubled velvet, the frills quite four inches wide. Sometimes one choux will be of a dark shade and the other of a paler tone of the same colour. Stitch-

that the woman who has not a warmer, heavier gown in her wardrobe, and yet smart enough for all sorts of occasions, is not wise in her generation. One of the latest modes of fastening is shown in the frock you see here, and this also is a frock that would prove exceedingly useful. It is made of the new make of thick cashmere, grey in colour, the trimming formed merely by the stitched revers, buttoning tabs, and tunic. The buttons are steel, and the blouse is of fine white muslin. Of course the little silk-lined coat can easily be removed at will, or left unbuttoned, but looks better closed.

And now for an everyday useful dress that one can comfortably and smartly wear for anything, when the day does not permit of more airy, chillier-looking garments, and especially when we are travelling about. The dress I have drawn for you is

ing, the back quite simple and tight-fitting, and the fronts tight as far as the dart, where the front edge is cut longer and then gathered into the dart, forming a pretty fussy effect. The trimming of the bolero is the same as the skirt with the same festooned embroidery surrounding it. The waistcoat is of swathed white silk, two little corners of panne-satin appearing towards the ears. The toque

that the bodice depends for smartness. The vest is very jaunty and neat, and after opening over the inner one is

The felt toque is to be one of the favourite styles of headgear, made of soft felt-like cloth, in swathed folds, generally a couple of choux of mirror velvet at the side. These choux are made like gathered rosettes of doubled velvet, the frills quite four inches wide. Sometimes one choux will be of a dark shade and the other of a paler tone of the same colour. Stitch-



A CASHMERE GOWN.



A WALKING GOWN.



TAKE AN IDEA FROM THIS COAT AND VEST.

is of the soft "beaver felt," in a fawn shade with a twist of dark green velvet and large wing feathers.

brought together with close-fitting hooks and eyes, so that it fits quite tightly to the figure. The straps give symmetry to the short Eton coat, and are so arranged that they make a succession of V's down the back of it, not too sharply pointed, by the way, but sufficiently so to endow the figure with length.

It is the long waist that looks best in a tailor-made suit.



STITCHED SATIN COMPOSES A PRETTY HAT.

A BECOMING HAT. ing is greatly in vogue for the decoration of the latest millinery, especially stitched velvet, the stitching being either white or in a light colour. Large hats are very much worn, and those of the Directoire style, fastened under the chin. The hat of velvet or panne bent down back and front has the double virtue of being exceedingly becoming and extremely smart. Such a one is illustrated here. The straight brim (of white buckram covered with black velvet) has a satin-covered wire put on rather tightly; this assists the hat to take a becoming curve. Four good ostrich feathers trim it, centred with a big choux of turquoise blue tulle, pressed through a golden buckle and carried round the hat behind, and appearing again under one side. A dainty trifle is the big white mousseline bow tied under my lady's chin. This with white satin revers to a black coat, the revers strapped with narrow black satin bands, hath decided charms to please. The high deep turnover collar at the back too is one of the latest ideas.

as good an example as any, for its style is the height of the mode, it is exceedingly becoming, light, warm, inexpensive, and hardwearing. And if these are not suitable characteristics for a dress I should like to know what are? Last, but not least, I want it badly for myself! The material of this one is blue-grey cashmere, and cashmere, let me tell you, is to be one of the idols of our autumn days. The skirt is lined with sateen throughout; it bears no loose lining, as the old-fashioned sort is better for hard round. The skirt fuses down the front under the stitched band, and this stitched flap or band continues round the skirt to simulate a tunic. Under it fall three little flounces cut on the bias. The waist is encompassed by a narrow stitched band and a broadening stitched band buttons up the front to the little vest of pleated taffeta with small enamel buttons. Three little epaulettes cover the shoulders and continue round the back as a triple collar, under the rounded stitched band. Of course the stitching is done in blue-grey machine silk, and is the mode of ornamentation most in favour with our Parisian sisters, and the best London couturieres, but it needs an experienced hand to do it well. The toque is one of those knotted affairs of tulle or chiffon—this one of paler blue-grey chiffon, with a pale pink rose and a couple of black feathers in it. Vaporous strings encircle the throat; indeed, these strings are a fashion daily gaining approbation.

The pretty hat sketched above is so simple as to shape and equally so as to trimming that at a first glance it does not seem worthy to rank as a novelty, but the materials of which it is made are really quite a revelation. The shape is composed of satin, exquisitely wired to give it sufficient solidity, and stitched by machine to keep it in accordance with the rage for stitching. At a distance it looks almost like rice straw. Round the tall crown a broad band of beaver velvet is arranged, and there are loops of the same at the left side, with a cluster of velvet begonias. While the colour of the hat is a lovely rose pink, the flowers are of the natural reddish-pink shade, and the beaver band is black, so that altogether a very pretty and pleasing combination is secured.

Strange flowers still prevail, and we have lilies, edelweiss, gardenias, and as well the old-fashioned cottage-garden flowers, such as dahlias and hollyhocks. The newest rosette is composed of velvet, literally wound round and round until it achieves a huge size, and looks exactly like the real meaning of the word "chou"—that is, a cabbage—as it is possible for anything in millinery to do.

Quite another style is shown here, and this has a character altogether its own and is very fashionable. The skirt is run into little upstanding tucks all round the hips nearly as far down as the knees. The tucks or pleats are also worn stitched down flat, but "that is another story." All this costume, skirt and bodice, is of the favoured French drap beige, which is a becoming fawn-coloured cloth, trimmed with panne-satin (the denier crel as regards materials) of the pretty new "serpent" green, which is almost black. Tunic and founce of the cloth are cut out upon another founce of panne-satin, cut on the bias, and a little fawn-coloured cord embroidery festoons the edge. The form of the bolero is new and interest-

I have a pretty notion to show you which it would be useful for you to cut out in all probability and show to your tailor, if you have been lucky enough to find one of the amenable kind who will listen to reason from lips.

It is upon the velvet vest and the way in which the straps are arranged

The happy possessors of graceful, lissom figures are now able to make much "hay" while the eel-skin and fish-tail "sun" in modes is shining, for though this style has many weak points it certainly shows to advantage the outlines Mr Pecksniff describes as "graceful and correct," and is eminently becoming to those women whose mission in life is to look charming and do nothing with all possible elegance. For practical, useful wear the eel-skin skirt, with its hampering flow of drapery round the feet, and fish-tail or fan-tail train behind is an impossibility. A charming model on these latter or denier crel lines is illustrated in the Fig. The under skirt (with double founce), under bodice, and sleeves are of aubergine velvet. The tunic is of very fine faced "pastel" cloth with scalloped edge, and edged



THE FISH-TAIL SKIRT.

again with a narrow pastel and gold braid just scrolled at the point of each scallop. A narrow velvet twist encircles the waist, and is held at the



A SERVICEABLE COSTUME.

But we must not confine our talk altogether to the airy flury trifles of Fashion, but remember that it is not always sunshine and heat, and

back by a dull gold buckle. The skirt and bodice both fasten on the left side of the front of the gown.

Black cloth and white satin is one of the smartest combinations for tailor-made gowns. Strips of cloth about an inch wide are stitched through one of the leading trimmings. The newest buttons are of cloth, with gold or silver rims.

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The neat tailor-made gown for travelling would look best, made in a fine summer cloth or tweed, in a soft shade of grey, with the smartly-cut revers and collar of the coat in dark green velvet. The velvet revers and collar are laid over a second collar of plain white cloth. This jaunty little coat, by the way, is made in quite a new shape, fastening over on one side, with three rows of fine tailor-stitching, and finished just below the waist, with small basques, cut almost like pocket-flaps, and breaking the line of the figure very becomingly. The



A NEAT TAILOR-MADE GOWN.

skirt fastens down the centre of the front, and is quite smooth and plain at the back. It is trimmed with wavy lines of stitching, very prettily arranged, in the manner shown in the sketch. The hat should be of chip, in a pretty shade of dark green, always a pleasant and restful colour for travelling. The trimming consists of black velvet marguerites, with draperies of white tulle, leaf-shaped bows of the same, edged with little gatherings of tulle, and white tulle strings tied on one side, in the most becoming fashion possible.

WORK COLUMN.

"HOME."

People of certain temperaments have no particular pleasure in pure laziness. To lie on the ground and gaze up at the peeps of blue sky between the arching boughs of trees, such as first inspired the architect with his idea of fantracery in Gothic architecture, has no special charm for them; they like to feel that they are accomplishing something. Woods, trees, flowers, and gardens are all very well, but they cannot enjoy these surroundings unless they have something in the shape of a practical excuse for lingering amongst their beauties. On the seashore they grope for shells for collections, and even the object of pressing sea-weeds between blotting-paper has been known to enable energetic persons of this type to prolong their stay in sea air that was absolutely necessary for their health. It is not easy by any means to find employment for such restless, nimble fingers, for it must be of the kind that absolutely takes them out of doors in its pursuit. It is no use suggesting pyrography or indexing stamps as an employment to a person in need of fresh air. The anaemic girl is one of the greatest

sinners in this respect; she likes to stay in doors and devote her languid attention to the yellow-back, when she ought to be out and doing, getting health and vitality by her activity.

Here is an idea which may help someone out of their difficulties in this respect. The making of this screen was one of the most fascinating employments I think I have ever experienced. First of all there was the collection of wood boughs, which gave us considerable journeyings, and then the whole of its manufacture was conducted out-of-doors so as not to "litter up" the rooms of our kindly landlady.

The wood had first to be softened in water, and then the staves and twigs joined as shown in IA and ID. At the points of juncture we fastened on fir-combs with strong gum, and further ornamented these clusters with acorns. These the landlady suggested should be gilded, but we of quieter taste preferred simply to add a little varnish,



A PRETTY SCREEN.

which gave them a fresher appearance without detracting from their natural tints. The panels were made of lovely russet-coloured sail canvas, which we were lucky enough to purchase from a boatmaker, and round which we fixed strong eyelet holes so as to lash them to the panels with green twine. These panels were further ornamented by one of the party who had the most artistic proclivities. In the centre panel she painted roughly the outlines of the cliffs and shores where we had made such a pleasant sojourn, and on the side panels groups of bullrushes and iris.

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 fulness 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 my 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.

A STORY WITH COMMENTS.

She was the preferred reporter on the staff of a weekly newspaper devoted to society items. Every week her copy went to the editor beautifully written and faultless, considered as copy from a printer's point of view; but any little suggestion she wanted to make she ran along with the article in the following fashion—

"Mr and Mrs Brown-Smyth gave on Monday an elegant dinner of fourteen covers. (For goodness' sake, spell her name Sny—last week it went in Sni, and she was fearfully cross about it.) Mrs Indigo Blueblood has sent out cards for a ball, at which she will introduce into society her love's daughter. (This is all right. This Mrs Blueblood has some sense, and doesn't in the least mind seeing her name in print. It's the other Mrs Blueblood we had the fuss with.) Mrs De Perkins contemplates a visit to Paris early in the spring. (Don't stick her down at the tail end of the column, whatever you do. I want to please her somehow, because last week she went in as one of the 'many others'.)

This time the editor was away, and the roteman was so busy he hadn't time to read the proof of this, and it went in the paper in full, exactly as she had written it!

TO DARKEN GREY HAIR.

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

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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  
 3/11, 4/11, 6/11, 8/11, 10/6, 15/6,  
 and 21/-, etc.,  
**BY DRAPERS AND OUTFITTERS EVERYWHERE.**

THE BAYSTAR CORSET PATENTED

By Special Appointment  
 HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR, LADY RANFURLY, Etc., Etc.  
**A. WOOLLAMS & Co.,**  
 LADIES' TAILORS.  
 THE VERY LATEST FASHIONS ALWAYS ON HAND.  
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 ALL WORK DONE BY MEN TAILORS ONLY.  
 Patterns, Sketches, and Measurement Forms sent on application.  
 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 fitted in the Saddle, which is on the premises.  
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**CHILDREN'S  
CORRESPONDENCE  
COLUMN.**

Any boy or girl who likes to become a cousin can do so, and write letters to 'Cousin Kate, care of the Lady Editor, 'Graphic' Office, Auckland.

Write on one side of the paper only. All purely correspondence letters with enclosure turned in are carried through the Post Office as follows:—Not exceeding 10z, 1d; not exceeding 50z, 1d; for every additional 20z or fractional part thereof, 1d. It is well for correspondence to be marked 'Press Manuscript only.'

Please note, dear cousins, that all letters addressed to Cousin Kate must now bear the words 'Press Manuscript only.' If so marked, and the flap turned in, and not overweight, they will come for a 1d stamp in Auckland, but a 1d from every other place.

**THE 'GRAPHIC' COUSINS  
COT FUND.**

This fund is for the purpose of maintaining a poor, sick child in the Auckland Hospital, and is contributed to by the 'Graphic' cousins—readers of the children's page. The cot has been already bought by their kind collection of money, and now £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.

**KIPLING AS A SCHOOLBOY AND  
THE PRANKS HE PLAYED.**

In reading of Stalky, McTurk and Beetle of Kipling's unique stories of schoolboy life I feel as if I was meeting old friends. I knew the mischievous trio well under their true names—Bensford, Dunsterville and Kipling himself. Kipling was "Beetle," although we called him "Gigs." Dunsterville has since become an officer in the Indian army.

I first met Kipling in 1879 when he was 14 years old. In that year I joined the United Service College "Westward Ho" in the parish of Northam, North Devon, which had been in existence for several years.

During these four or five years, as seen by his school fellows, it could hardly be said that Kipling appeared to them as a prodigy. In the first place he was always extremely near-

sighted, which was perhaps the reason for his not taking any very keen interest in either field sports or athletics—a proficiency that, alone, almost makes an English boy a hero in the sight of his school fellows. On the other hand Kipling was not by any means a "sweat." He was not always to be seen poring over his books. He was seldom at the top of his class, though to be sure he was never at the bottom. He did not take all the prizes that came in his way, and he was not even in due course promoted to the office of sub-prefect, although when he left the college in 1882 he carried with him the well-earned prize in English literature. Only he did seem to be able to solve a problem in ten minutes over which another boy might have laboured for an hour. He was chiefly noticeable in his school fellows' eyes for a keen wit and a flow of language that could only be suppressed by depriving him of his spectacles.

**"STALKY, BEEBLE AND Mc TURK."**

About the middle of his school life Kipling entered into a strong tie of friendship with two other boys, in many respects of his own temperament. The trio seemed to have aims of their own apart from the rest of the college, leading a kind of Bohemian existence, and amusing themselves by tilts at the powers that were, in which encounters they frequently came off victorious, as related in the "Stalky" stories. At the time when Kipling and his two chums were first assigned to a room or "study" for their own use, the esthetic wave of some seventeen years ago was sweeping over English society, and the three boys at once determined to "live up" to the prevailing fashion. They first of all painted a wonderful stork dado round their room; then they purchased a number of old plates, spoutless teapots and Japanese fans and hung them upon the walls. They called it very "high art," and for a day the whole school came to see and wondered.

At the United Service College the custom prevailed as in most English "public schools" of placing a great part of the out-of-class discipline in the hands of the head boys who are called prefects or monitors. In particular these head boys are responsible for the maintenance of order in the large dormitories or sleeping-rooms—one prefect having charge of perhaps a dozen or fifteen boys.

**TELLING STORIES AT NIGHT.**

Now it happens that the prefect of the dormitory in which Rudyard Kipling slept was a great admirer of the Arabian Nights, and conceived the idea that it would conduce to his early repose if he compelled each of the boys in his room to tell stories in turn. The idea was at once put into practice, and the boys told such stories of sport, love and adventure as the fertility of their brains brought forth; and it became quickly apparent that Kipling so far surpassed the others in that talent that the prefect insisted upon his telling stories out of his turn, the result of which practice would generally be somewhat as follows:

The light having been extinguished, the voice of the prefect would be heard:

"Now, then, Gigs, a yarn."  
"Gigs" was an abbreviation for gig lamps—a nickname conferred upon Kipling by his school fellows on account of the extraordinarily large spectacles he wore.

"There would be no response from the bed in the corner."  
"Gigs! You hear? A yarn."

"Still no answer."  
"Look here, Gigs, if you don't wake up I'll—"

An expostulating voice from underneath the clothing—"Oh, what is it?"  
"A yarn, a yarn."

Protestingly, "But I say, it's not my turn."

Dictatorially, "I don't care if it isn't—a yarn." After which there would perhaps follow a pause of five minutes, when the voice of the prefect would be heard again. "All right, Gigs, you brute," immediately succeeded by the crash of a boot in the neighbourhood of Kipling's bed, to be followed by the muffled sound of a piece of soap striking the clothes.

"I say," from Kipling, by this time wide awake. "What is it?"  
"A yarn, a yarn."

"I don't know any."  
From the prefect: "Oh, yes you do; but anyway I'll give you a skeleton. Once upon a time there was a man who went to sea, killed the captain, turned pirate, got wrecked on an island, where he fought a battle against a lot of savages, married the chief's daughter, died, and lived happily ever afterward. Now go on."

"With a grunt of dissatisfaction Kipling would thereupon begin, shortly, however, making the prefect the villain of the story and placing him in such absurd situations that the whole dormitory would be shouting with

laughter, and the noise of creaking shoes upon the stairs would come as a warning that the house master was on his way to see into the nocturnal disturbance.

When a looking glass first engages the serious attention of a youth, a somewhat ludicrous devotion to the wardrobe is often the result. In that respect, Kipling and his two particular chums inclined toward the Bohemian, until they perceived the opposite extreme a chance to enact a good part, which, for the time being, afforded their companions no little amusement.

At the United Service College it happened that there was a certain classical master who had developed a profound aversion to anything approaching foppishness, and to whom fancy waistcoats, sporting scarfpins and silk handkerchiefs were an abomination second only to what was termed the "modern" side of the school.

To such an extent did this master carry his discrimination in the matter of clothes that those attending his classes or coming more particularly under his jurisdiction, who evinced the least tendency to "style" were promptly made the butts of his most withering sarcasm, and were even occasionally peremptorily ordered not to appear again in his presence wearing conspicuously offensive garments. Now Kipling and his two chums in the course of promotion at length found themselves brought into daily contact with this master, and having duly made note of his supreme aversion, they proceeded to stimulate it



There it stands upon the shelf,  
Scalloped, round, and rather small,  
I should never tell itself  
What a joy it is to all.

But now ask these children three,  
Baby Bun, Sweet Sue, and Jake,  
"What's the nicest thing you see?"  
"Tis the pan for birthday cake."



Gingerbread for Baby Bun  
When her birthday feast comes  
round,  
Oh, the merry glee and fun  
While the candles two burn  
down!



Jusy girl wants chocolate  
cake,  
Candles five for her we  
see;  
Only mamma can this  
make,  
Puts in five sweet dollies  
wee.



No such thing for sturdy  
Jake,  
He demands now candles  
nine,  
Nothing wants but rich fruit-  
cake,  
Frosted white, oh see it  
shine!

Mamma tells that long ago  
When her childhood days began,  
Grandma baked some cakes just so,  
Birthday cakes in this same pan.

Cakes with caraway on top  
Grandma could so luscious make.  
Little pan, pray never stop  
Making children's birthday cake.

after their own fashion. So it shortly came to be noticed that the Kipling trio were putting on "style"—a fact that the master in question noticed also, but concerning which he contented himself with scornful remarks until a shilling bottle of overpowering perfume was the direct cause of an explosion of wrath, the class room windows being thrown wide open one cold winter morning, and of something besides insectives being hurled at the offenders' heads.

In spite of this emphatic rebuff Kipling and his chums continued their efforts to approach the extreme height of fashion, borrowing such likely garments as they did not themselves possess, and choosing Sunday as the day on which to make a brave display of their personal adornments, for the three sat close to the classical master in church. Again, for a time, the master confined himself to sneering remarks; but three pairs of light, cloth-topped patent leather shoes brought the matter to a climax.

On the particular Sunday when the shoes were first worn, the classical master quickly spied them out, and having beckoned the three youths before him, pointed to the objectionable articles and desired to be informed as to their precise nature.

"Which things, sir?" asked Kipling, following with his gaze the direction indicated by the classical master's forefinger, and wondering surveying the floor as if he expected to behold some strange insects crawling there.

"Which things, sir?" "Those things," emphatically replied the master, pointing to Kipling's feet. "My feet, sir" asked Kipling, as if he were still in doubt as to the master's exact meaning.

"No, the vile things you've got on them," angrily explained the former. "Go and take them off at once. At once! Do you understand me?"

Whereupon the Kipling tri divested themselves of their beautiful shoes,

and the classical master posted a house notice to the effect that patent leather shoes, among other enumerated "foppish" articles of dress, were henceforth strictly prohibited. As if in despair at the sweeping nature of this edict the Kipling trio immediately reverted to the other extreme, and the next Sunday appeared at the church callover as if they had slept in their best clothes overnight, with only their shoes so wonderfully polished that the classical master first mistook them for the contraband patent leathers.

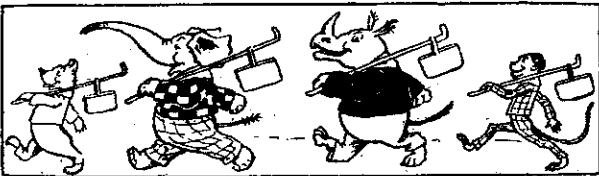
On closer inspection, however, being satisfied that his surmise was incorrect, and perhaps regarding the trio's dishevelled appearance as, for once, a backward step in the right direction, he merely recommended a vigorous application of the brush, and unsuspectingly permitted them to go on their way to church.

It was not long after the service had commenced before every one in the vicinity of the Kipling trio became conscious of a most pungent and sickening odour of blacking, the classical master who sat next to Kipling being the first, of course, to sniff the air with suspicion. But as the church warmed up the smell became so altogether unbearable that the classical master, casting a look of supreme disgust upon the remarkably devout and apparently quite innocent youths at his side, hurriedly rose from his seat and sought refuge in another part of the church.

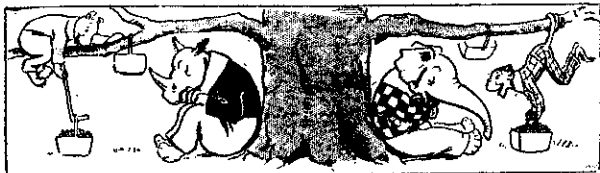
Then, as the other boys near by crammed their handkerchiefs into their mouths to suppress explosions of laughter, a merry twinkle beamed out through Gig's enormous spectacles. It was generally thought that the three would meet with a swift and terrible punishment; but the classical master, for some reason, decided to hold his peace, and thereafter permitted the edict regarding foppishness to fall into abeyance.

JUNGLE JINKS.

"HERE WE GO GATHERING BASKETS OF NUTS!"



1. "All in a row! See how we go!" sang Sambo, as he marched out of school one Saturday afternoon with several of the other boys. Each one carried a basket slung over his shoulder on a stick, and they were making their way to a spot in the jungle where they knew they would find heaps of ripe nuts on the trees. "Old Lion is a brick to let us gather nuts for tea this afternoon," said Rhino. "Yes," chimed in greedy Jacko, "he's not a bad sort sometimes; but I vote we have a good feed before we go back, because he won't let us have a bigger share than the others at tea-time."



2. "Oh, dear!" sighed Rhino, after they had filled their baskets to the brim with nuts, "I feel quite tired and done up! I think I'll have a little rest before going back to the school." "So shall I," said Jumbo. "My trunk quite aches through picking so many nuts, and a little nap will do it good." The other kids can go on filling their baskets as long as they choose. "Sh-h-h!" whispered Jacko to Bruin shortly afterwards. "What do you say to another feast? Those fellows are asleep, and we have eaten all we can find up in the tree."



3. "Right you are!" chuckled Bruin, as he let down his stick and hooked it in the handle of Rhino's basket. "What a lot of trouble these chaps have saved us, to be sure!" "Now, then, none of your larks, Rhino," cried Jumbo, when he awoke some time later. "Just hand over my basket. I know you have it round the other side of you." "Well, of all the cheek!" exclaimed Rhino wrathfully. "You know you've got both of them yourself! Give me mine at once, and don't act the giddy goat!" But at that moment they heard a loud cracking of nuts in the branches above, and the mystery was soon explained. What Bruin and Jacko got a little later I will leave you to guess.

AMUSING GAMES FOR LITTLE PEOPLE.

PENNY BUN.

"Penny Bun" is a game which necessitates a good deal of running about, and is therefore a great favourite with children.

One player comes to a shop to buy a penny bun. He finds the baker, and behind him in a row, holding on to one another's dresses, are the macaroon, the cheesecake, the sponge-cake, and all other kinds of cakes.

But the buyer does not want any of them. He "must" have the plain penny bun, which is at the very end of the row.

The baker will not be disturbed for such a small matter. He says the buyer must fetch his bun for himself. "But where is it?" says the poor buyer. Then the baker says it is on the table, or under the carpet, or on the shelf, but the buyer is not satisfied.

At last the baker says, "It is at the back of the oven." At the word "oven" off starts the buyer to seize his bun, and off starts the bun, running up the other side of the row to reach the baker. Of course, the cakes won't allow the buyer to pass through them, so he has to run all the way round.

If he catches the bun before it reaches the baker he takes the baker's place, and the bun becomes the buyer; but if he is too late he has to pay a forfeit and try again, while the little bun turns into the baker, and the last of the row becomes the bun.

THE SURPRISE.

All the children except one stand in a circle with their hands behind them, the palms turned outwards. All keep their eyes fixed on the ground, for if they looked up a forfeit would be the punishment.

The one who is left out runs round and round the circle carrying a handkerchief, which after a time he quietly slips into the hand of one of those in the circle, who without saying a word immediately touches with it another of the players.

The one touched must run away as quickly as possible, and is pursued by the handkerchief bearer, who has been on the look out to see who would be touched by the handkerchief.

If the pursuer catches the runaway they change places, but if the fugitive can reach his or her place in the circle untouched the handkerchief bearer must pay a forfeit.

The players are obliged to pay the greatest attention to the game, for they must be prepared to run away at any moment, as they cannot tell to whom the handkerchief has been given. The "Surprise" is a good name for this game.

FOX IN THE DEN.

A "home" is marked out at each end of the room or playground; one for the fox's den, the other for the chicken's yard. The fox hides himself under a rug in his den. Up comes the hen and her chickens, all in a row, holding on to one another.

"Fray, Mr Fox," says the hen, "can you tell me what o'clock it is?"

The fox begins to count: "One, two, three," etc.; the hen and her chickens are quite safe until he says, "Twelve o'clock at night"; then he rushes out to seize them and they all disperse, to run as fast as they can to their yard.

Sometimes the fox says, "Twelve o'clock noon," and they know they are safe, for he cannot venture out in the daytime. Sometimes he counts very slowly, and then suddenly calls out, "Twelve o'clock at night," darting at the same time out of his den.

As soon as a chicken is caught it has to take the fox's place, while the fox becomes one of the chickens.

BEATING THE DRUM.

All the players stand or sit in a row, each pretending to play some chosen instrument, such as the trombone, violin or trumpet. The leader, either at the head or in front of the row, officiates with the big drum. Occasionally, for variety, they all jump up and walk round in a ring.

During the whole game they sing in lively strains:

"Sandy he belongs to the mill, And the mill belongs to Sandy still."

Suddenly the drummer ceases to beat his drum and begins instead to imitate the instrument of some member of his band, who must immediately

cease playing his own instrument and start beating the drum.

As soon as he sees fit, the leader again begins beating the drum, whereupon the player, whose function he has been usurping, goes back to his own instrument. All must keep their eyes fixed on the leader, for a forfeit must be paid by each player who fails to beat the drum or take up his own instrument at the right moment.

The song must be kept up without intermission, and no laughing is allowed.

THE CORK GAME.

Put a bottle on the table and stand a cork upright on the top of it. Stand about two yards away from it, cover the right eye with the left hand, and then walk swiftly to the table and try to knock off the cork with the first finger of the right hand. This is anything but easy to accomplish, and will cause great fun.

THE POTATO GAME.

Each child is supplied with 3 potatoes and an egg-spoon, and must stand at one end of the room while at the other a basket is placed. The three potatoes are laid on the floor, and must be picked up in turn in the egg-spoon and carried to the basket. The potatoes must not be touched by the fingers at all, and if they fall during the journey must be picked up again in the spoon. The winner is the one who successfully gets his three potatoes first into the basket. Lemons answer equally well for this game.

THE SHADOW PANTOMIME.

For this game you will require a sheet stretched in the same way as for a magic lantern, but there must be plenty of room behind it for the performers; the audience being, of course, seated in front of it. A room with folding doors is quite the best place for the pantomime; but, if this cannot be managed, have the sheet stretched in the middle of the room and a Japanese screen placed on either side to prevent the audience seeing behind the scenes. You next need a strong chair, a firm stool, and a footstool, placed like steps one in front of the other. On the middle stool a lighted candle is placed, which throws its light on the sheet, a very funny effect being produced when a boy steps up over the candle on to the chair. It looks as if he had jumped up into the ceiling, and provided someone makes it his especial care to hold the candle at one side no possible danger can exist. Then you must have all sorts of queer garments which can be quickly manufactured from dressing-gowns, tea-cosies, rugs, newspapers, and pins, and the little actors must, of course, cut all sorts of capers. For instance, let a nursemaid bring in a doll in a perambulator; a man enters, and in talking to him she forgets the baby. In comes someone else and runs off with the perambulator. Disney of the nursemaid—anger of the mamma, who arrives on the scene armed with a mop and chases off the two of them. The maid runs out at the side, the man hops over the candle. But all sorts of things will, I am sure, suggest themselves to you.

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BUGS,  
FLEAS,  
MOTHS,  
BEETLES,  
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It is unrivalled in destroying FLEAS, BUGS, COCKROACHES, 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.

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**NOT SO EXPENSIVE AFTER ALL.**  
 "I have a pair of braces for every pair of trousers I've got."  
 "Gracious! How many pairs of braces have you, then?"  
 "One pair."

**FRANK, AT LAST.**  
 Parent: So you really want to marry my daughter?  
 Suitor: Well, I can hardly say that; but there doesn't seem to be any other way to come in for any of her money, you know.

**A PERSONAL REFLECTION.**  
 "I see villainy in your face," said a magistrate to a prisoner. "May it please your worship," said the latter, "that is a personal reflection."

**A DIFFERENCE.**  
 "Your son," said the school teacher, "is backward in his studies." "That's funny," mused his father. "At home, in conversation with me, he seems to know it all."



**A HOUSE DIVIDED.**  
 Brown: "This is what they call a—oh—well, a very modern play by Mr Grundy."  
 Mrs Brown: "How sad and wicked of him, after that poor dear Mrs Grundy has been doing all she can to elevate the stage, too."

**STILL A CHANCE.**  
 "Ah, no," she sighed, "I shall never marry." "Oh, I wouldn't take such a gloomy view of it," he replied. "You may get into a place some time where women are scarce."

**ALL THEY SUGGESTED.**  
 "I understand Gregory's wife is something of a poet."  
 "No truth in it."  
 "How do you know?"  
 "I was down in Jersey with them last year, and one day when we drove by a meadow where a lot of lambs were frisking she said something about mint sauce and green peas."

**FOOLISH WISH.**  
 "O," sighed the poetess lady, "had I the wings of a bird!" "Don't," protested her husband. "Don't wish for the wings of a bird. If you had them some other woman would probably be wearing them on her hat before the season is over."

**A FALSE STEP.**  
 After he had kissed her, and pressed her rosy cheek against his, and patted her soft, round chin, she drew back and asked: "George, do you shave yourself?" "Yes," he replied. "I thought so," she said. "Your face is the roughest I ever—" Then she stopped, but it was too late, and he went away with a cold, heavy lump in his breast.

**DOUBLE-EDGED PHILANTHROPY.**  
 "Our duty to humanity," said the Corn-Fed Philosopher, "demands that we should administer the affairs of the weak and oppressed, and our duty to ourselves demands that we should get mighty good pay for the job."



**LITERAL.**  
 The Rescuer: "How did you come to fall in?"  
 The Rescued: "I didn't come to fall in, man; I came to fish."

**MUST BE ELASTIC.**  
 Doctor (to ruffian): "Your eye is hopelessly smashed. I shall have to insert a glass eye." "No glass eye for me! It would be broken to-morrow."

**FACETIOUS.**  
 William T. Stead was moved to send a copy of his brochure, "Shall I Slay My Brother Boer?" to two London editors. One reply ran somewhat thus: "Dear Mr Stead: What, in heaven's name, have I to do with your family affairs? Yours sincerely, —"  
 And the other: "My Dear Sir: By all means—if he insists upon it. Yours faithfully, —"

**A MODEL WIFE.**  
 He: You say Maud is a model wife, and yet Jack doesn't know it?  
 She: Yes; she sometimes poses for artists on the sly for pocket-money.

**MIGHT HAVE BEEN.**  
 Frank Buckland, the naturalist, when collecting information about White, of Selbourne, met with an old lady who professed to have seen him, "a white-haired old gent who used to walk about his garden with a crocodile." "Wasn't it a tortoise?" suggested Buckland. The old lady admitted that it might have been "one of them furren birds."

**IT IS AN ACQUIRED TASTE.**  
 The other night M'Nab treated some of his friends to a selection on the bagpipes. After an hour of hard playing he turned to his hearers and exclaimed: "Heeh, sirs, but that is very difficult."  
 "Difficult, d'ye call it?" said Pat Hogan, who had been an impatient listener. "Be jabbers! I wish it had been impossible!"

**HOW IT PAYS THEM.**  
 Mrs Walker: I don't see why the doctors all reconmend bicycle riding. If it makes people healthier it is a loss to the doctors.  
 Mr Walker: I know; but they calculate that one sound healthy rider will disable at least five pedestrians per week.

**THE BIG AND THE LITTLE OF IT.**  
 "A big man," said the big man, "is at a considerable disadvantage in an argument with a little man."  
 "I have heard it said," said the little man, "that big men are rather slow witted."

"It isn't that," returned the big man, hastily. "The trouble is that the little man has the sympathy of the audience. It looks as if the big man had an undue advantage; the little man knows this, and that gives him an advantage. If the big man allows the little man to get the best of him, people say he is a big coward; if he settles the little man, people say he is a big bully. Now, when I get into a quarrel with a little man, I settle it diplomatically."

"Oh, you do, do you?" said the little man, bristling up.  
 "Yes, I do. I lay my hand on his shoulder in a friendly way, and give it a rather heavy squeeze."  
 "Here!" said the little man, warningly.  
 "Then I take him by the scruff of the neck—"  
 "Ugh!"  
 "—And bounce him up and down three or four times. Then I move him round like this for about two minutes."

"Say, look here!"  
 "When the breath is pretty well out of him, and all the conceit, I smugly give him a shove about five yards along the floor. Having thus given him an object lesson, I ask him to take a drink."  
 The little man smoothed his rumpled clothes, and gave the big man a withering look.  
 "No, sir," he exclaimed; "I will not drink with you, sir! You are a big bully, and—"  
 And he flew out of the room.

**THE GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY.**  
 The Fair One: I suppose you will marry, though, when the golden opportunity offers, won't you?  
 The Cautious One: It will depend upon how much gold there is in the opportunity.

**A MECHANICAL ANSWER.**  
 Judge: And what did the prisoner say when you told him that you would have him arrested?  
 Complainant: He answered mechanically, yer honour.  
 Judge: Explain.  
 Complainant: He hit me on the head with a hammer.



**PUT HIS OWN FOOT IN IT.**  
 May (indignantly): "I don't care; I think Harry Easterleigh is downright mean."  
 Marie: "Why, May?"  
 May: "Well, he wrote me from Egypt, saying he had shot a crocodile seven feet long, and that when he shot another he would have a pair of slippers made for me. I'll never speak to him again."

**HE KNEW.**  
 Robbie (reading): "What does 'a better half' mean?" "Just what she says."

**PAT'S PILLS.**  
 Scene: An Irish cabin. Pat is ill. Doctor has just called.  
 "Well, Pat, have you taken the box of pills I sent you?"  
 "Yes, sir, be jabbers, I have; but I don't feel any better. Maybe the lid hasn't come off yet."

**WHY HE APPLAUDED.**  
 Bacon: "You know that part in the play where the man seizes the woman forces her into a cupboard and turns the key on her?"  
 Egbert: "Yes, I remember it."  
 "Well, last night a fellow in the audience applauded it so that they had to put him out."  
 "I don't think there is anything to applaud about that part of the play."  
 "Oh, but it turned out that the fellow applauding was the husband of the actress, and it was the first time he had ever seen anybody shut her up."



**ROADSIDE PHILOSOPHY.**  
 First Tramp: "Don't yer mek any mistake; I ain't dahn on work."  
 Second Tramp: "Yer don't seem ter luv it much."  
 First Tramp: "Yis, I does; work's a good thing. If it wasn't fer work how would all these people get money ter gi' us?"

**A WISE PRECAUTION.**  
 Mother: "Well, George, have you shown your weekly school record to papa?"  
 George: "I pushed it in under the door."

**UNFOLDING THE MYSTERIES.**  
 Hudson: "At the next meeting of the lodge you will be let into another important secret of the order."  
 Judson: "Yes."  
 Hudson: "Yes; they will explain how they got you home Tuesday night."

**FROM A JUVENILE POINT OF VIEW.**  
 A small boy, on hearing some people say that they should not consider themselves properly married if they were not married in church, said, "I should consider myself properly married if I got a good wife."

**CAUGHT AGAIN.**  
 Wife: "What has become of the peas?"  
 "I suppose, my dear, the hens picked them," was the reply.  
 "Hens—hens—some two-legged hens, I fancy," said the husband, with some impetuosity; to which she calmly replied:  
 "My dear, did you ever see any other kind?"

**A MYSTERY, INDEED.**  
 Ethel: When I get engaged I don't intend to have any mystery about it.  
 Edith: I don't see how you can help it, dear. Everyone will regard it as a mystery.

**ENCOURAGEMENT.**  
 It is said that few ladies continue their piano-playing long after marriage. This announcement is made in order to encourage young men to enter matrimony.

**ABSOLUTELY CORRECT.**  
 Bobby: "Why doesn't the clock strike thirteen, papa?"  
 Pa: "Because it hasn't the face to do it."

**A CASE OF INERTIA.**  
 "I stand where I have always stood," roared the politician.  
 "That's just it," said one of the crowd. "You haven't moved forward an inch."