

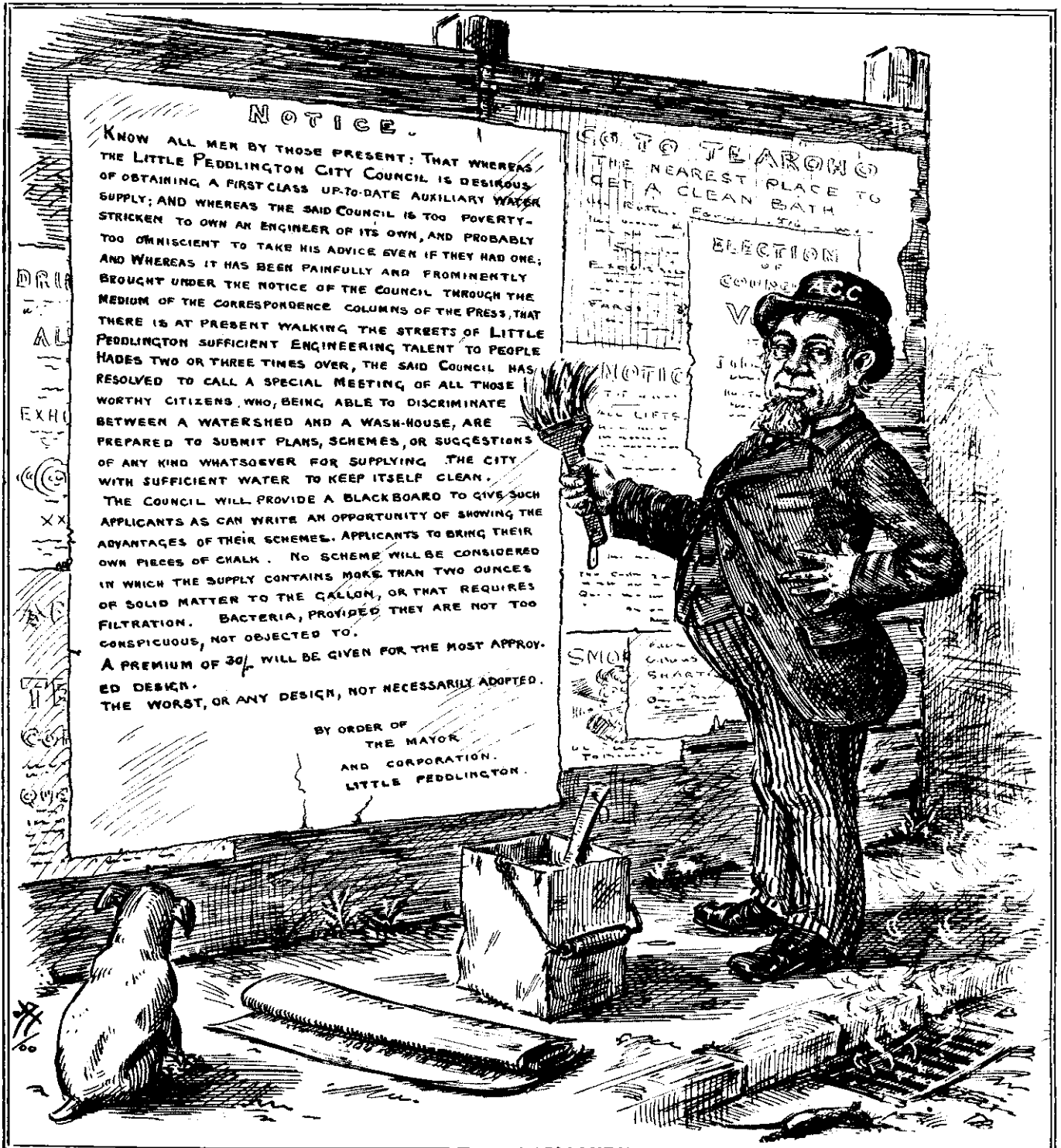
The New Zealand Graphic

And Ladies' Journal.

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Too Many Cooks Spoil the Water.

(A.C.C. loq.): "Now, that's what I call 'Au 'appy thought'; it throws the honus of the thing on the public."

Serial Story.

MURDER WILL OUT.

By EDGAR PICKERING,

Author of "A Stout English Bowman," "King for a Summer," etc.

SYNOPSIS OF INSTALMENTS I. & II.

—Dr. Mortimer and his friend Sylvester Courtney are interrupted in a confidential talk by the advent of a patient hurt in the street. Before he leaves the house, his host learns that his patient has lost a pocketbook to which he attaches a high value, and the reader perceives that Dr. Mortimer is much angered on learning the stranger's name. The doctor is about to take up a lucrative foreign appointment, for he is engaged to be married, whilst his practice is worth little, and his expectations from a rich uncle seem likely to be disappointed by the advent of an Australian cousin. Messrs Scripp and Morder, the eminent lawyers, are in difficulties; and their client, eccentric Squire Gifford, is the unconscious means of bringing about a crisis in the firm's affairs. At Marlborough the Sellsys meet the Squire and the latter's Australian nephew, who makes himself specially agreeable to Madge.

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CHAPTER V.

Jean Kedar, duly installed in his situation with Messrs Scripp and Morder, sat looking through the dusty window of the clerk's office, into Southampton Street. It was a very long way from the scene of his last employment, which had been in a small town some fifty miles from Sydney, and for what purpose he had journeyed all these thousand of leagues to Southampton Street, Jean alone could have told anyone, if he had chosen to do so. He was a mild, placid-tempered little fellow, and his face was innocent of either whiskers or moustache, whilst his age was an unknown quantity; he might have been sixteen or sixty; for any evidence he gave of his years. Neither could anyone have declared Jean Kedar's nationality, which even he was in doubt about. His father had been a Norwegian and his mother a Greek, whilst he had been born in Russia, where his parents had died of plague, leaving their child at the age of ten to the mercies of Providence.

From Russia Jean had wandered through Europe, contracting several languages, and half-a-dozen accents, besides gaining such worldly wisdom that he was enabled to save a trifle of money. Chance brought him the opportunity of emigrating, and chance found him work upon his arrival in Sydney. For there a Mr Aaron Morley, whose business was money lending, land surveying, and estate managing, being in need of a clerk, offered Jean the berth, and from Sydney the wandering polyglot had gone up country to the township of Minster, where Mr Morley's office was situated, and with praiseworthy industry, had done everything which was required of him. There was not much business doing, truly, but Mr Morley never complained of hard times, and apparently flourished on the little custom that came his way. It was in Minster that Jean first met Mr Jarvis Dorman, who had come from his sheep farm, a hundred miles or so away, in response to a letter which Mr Aaron Morley had sent up to him. It was the letter written by the firm of Messrs Scripp and Morder at the request of Squire Gifford who was desirous that his relative should be found and sent to England. Not knowing of Dorman's existence until then, he had to be sought for, and Aaron Morley, through the firm's Sydney correspondent, had been asked to find him. This was easily done, and one burning Christmas Day Jarvis Dorman had ridden into Minster, to answer the letter in person. Jean Kedar, in the shanty-like office, had eyed the new-comer attentively, for the reason of his coming puzzled him. A careful search among Mr Morley's private papers, however, soon gave him all the information he required, and after this Mr Dorman began to assume a very important position in Jean's estimation. There was the probability that this plain, sheep-farming man would inherit a very large estate, and be rich. Scripp and Morder's letter referred to a certain wealthy uncle of Mr Dorman's, and Jean began worshipping the rising sun.

"He will be very rich!" the little clerk had murmured. "This man. Why should not I be rich also? There

are ways of becoming rich—many ways. Am I to work for thirty shillings a week, until I can work no longer? I have saved a hundred pounds in ten years—this man will be able to spend as much in ten days, if he pleases. Bah! the thought maddens me, of my hopelessness to make a fortune for myself. If the good gods but give the opportunity of doing that—Ah!" and Jean's weak eyes began watering as they always did when his emotions were aroused.

During Mr Dorman's stay of a week in Minster, he and Aaron Morley became on friendly terms. Whatever amusement the township had to offer they enjoyed together, and side by side they rode out of it, on their way to Sydney, and Jean had the little wooden house to himself for a week. Then there came a letter from the Sydney lawyer which had to be answered at once. Mr Morley had not returned, and so Jean decided to reply to the message himself. The business it referred to demanded his going down to the city also, and this Jean did, riding thither on a weedy mare borrowed from a neighbour. There was business of his own, moreover, which the little clerk had to attend to in Sydney, where a shopkeeper owed him ten pounds, lent at five hundred per cent. interest, that was not being paid regularly. So Jean resolved to recover his money somehow, and to place it with the ninety pounds in a bank.

Then there comes a blank in Jean Kedar's history. Something must have happened in Sydney that altered all his plans; something that prompted him to take a steamer passage in the steamer in which Mr Jarvis Dorman came to England, and on the voyage the little clerk and the ex-sheep farmer had many a long conversation. Indeed, so generous-hearted was Mr Dorman, in view of his inheritance probably, that he gave Jean a crisp bank note for fifty pounds, with the promise to aid him further after reaching London.

They separated upon arriving at their destination, and Jean, having lost his way several times, found himself at Messrs. Scripp and Morder's office at last, with the result already narrated. It was some time before Mr Dorman presented himself there, and it was as if the new clerk waited for his coming hungrily.

Mr Scripp was alone when Squire Gifford's nephew made his appearance. Whatever anxieties may have oppressed the lawyer, the interview put him in the best of spirits, and the following day that troublesome overdraft at the bank had been replaced.

"One thing at a time, Morder," grinned Scripp. "We'll keep our credit up whatever happens."

Jean looked up in his confiding way as Mr Dorman passed through the office in leaving, and a nod of recognition was given.

"I'm glad you've found work," said the latter. "Strange that you should get a situation here, though."

"Do not be the strangest things happen?" replied Jean, mildly shrugging his shoulders, like a Frenchman. "They are kind, these lawyers; they perceive that I may be a useful servant. I have had much experience."

"Come out," responded Mr Dorman, bluntly. "I'm going to lunch somewhere, and we'll have a talk."

Jean slipped off his stool, and took his hat from its peg. "For an hour I am free," he jerked, as he gave a little jump to disengage his hat, for the pegs were almost beyond his reach. "And I come with pleasure."

It seemed as though Mr Dorman dragged the little clerk through the busy throng, in the direction of Oxford-street, and during the walk they spoke not a word. Jean's interest appeared centred on the unusual sights and sounds that environed him, and his companion strode on, holding him by the arm. Arriving at a fashionable restaurant, Mr Dorman swung into it, and, as it were, deposited Jean in the corner of one of the dining compartments. In the next one, which was divided from theirs by a low partition,

sat Sylvester Courtney, intent on the "Times," which he had propped against his wine bottle.

"Now, then," began Dorman, after ordering luncheon. "I shall be glad to hear what you have to say, Jean Kedar."

"There is nothing to say," replied the other. "What did you expect to hear?"

"Have you seen Squire Gifford, for the first thing?" asked Mr Dorman. "What sort of a man am I to have dealings with?"

"Mr Caleb Gifford called at the office half an hour before me," replied Jean, glibly. "He left five minutes before my second interview with Mr Scripp."

Sylvester, in the next compartment, took his eyes off the "Times" and listened. The names uttered close to him were familiar ones.

"What more?" continued Dorman.

"Of Squire Gifford?" asked Jean.

"Of anything," answered the other, impatiently.

"One must wait," said Jean placidly.

"Does it concern you that the lawyers are pressed for money?"

"Oh, you've found that out?" laughed Dorman. "You've a sharp eye, Kedar."

"One judges," replied the clerk, and there was a short silence, during which Sylvester tried to resume his reading.

"I've had a misfortune, Kedar," he heard presently. "I was attacked and robbed, a few nights ago. I had lost my way, and got into a more dangerous part of the world than the Bush even."

"How much money did you lose?" asked Jean impulsively.

"They took my watch," answered Dorman. "I also lost my pocket book, and I'd give a hundred pounds to get it back."

Sylvester put down his paper, and stood up, leaning over the partition, and Dorman turned sharply, whilst Jean lay back looking up, with his thin fingers interlaced.

"Pardon me," said Sylvester, "but haven't you and I met before? I chanced to overhear you mention the fact of your having been robbed the other night, and—yes, of course, you are the same man. We drove back to Morley's together."

A shadow seemed to pass across Dorman's face, as he returned Sylvester's salutation.

"Yes," he replied, "I am that unfortunate victim. I've been lost in the scrub before now, and was not in so much danger as I was the other night. I fancy, you rendered me an excellent service, for I doubt whether I should ever have reached my hotel without your aid. And our good friend the doctor, how is he?"

"As well as anyone can be who's in the midst of preparations for leaving his native land," laughed Courtney.

Is Dr. Mortimer leaving England then?"

He goes to Bastia very shortly," was the reply, and then a sudden inrush of customers interrupted the conversation. Giving Dorman a pleasant nod, and Jean an inquiring glance, Sylvester quitted the restaurant.

"It seems a strange thing to me," he muttered, "that Mr Gifford's nephew, for so this man proves to be according to Mortimer, should be dining with Scripp and Morder's clerk. It isn't the usual sort of thing, nor a thing one would expect to occur. That reference to the firm being pressed for money, too. I wonder if it's true? This is how people get talked about. Scripp and Morder have a fairly good record. Hang it, they can't be going wrong."

He strode along until he came to his club, entering it with a dissatisfied feeling. "Jarvis Dorman," he muttered. "I can't get that fellow's hobnobbing with an ordinary clerk out of my mind. Is he to be held to Whyteless Manor, or my old friend, Dr. Richard Mortimer?"

The attempt to settle down to a book in the club library was futile. The face of Jean Kedar seemed haunting him, and prevented his mind from fixing itself on anything else.

"I'd give Dick a look up," he exclaimed, throwing the book aside. "The walk will do me good, and I can have an elaborate 'think' on the way."

With this resolve Sylvester began his long walk into Walworth, reaching Wentmore Street as Dick was in the midst of some packing. Mrs Lipus had brought up the tea tray which was balancing itself rather cleverly on the top of a huge trunk, and Dick was in his shirt sleeves, with a short pipe in his mouth.

"It looks unprofessional, I'm aware," he said, "but the fact is, the practice has taken itself off before the practitioner. I've paid all my bills, thank Heaven, and if I ever get this packing done, Wentmore Street won't see me many days longer. Don't ask me whether I'm sorry."

"You've settled everything, then?"

"Things have settled themselves, my dear fellow," replied Dick. "Do you know I'm beginning to think that Providence knows best what's good for us, and that her arrangements are excellent. It's only when we poor blind mortals go interfering with her plans, that we get into trouble."

"How long have you been fatalist?"

"Ever since fate willed it that Madge and I are to be parted," answered Dick.

At this moment a postman's knock was heard at the house door, and Dick paused in the act of pouring out a cup of tea. Then Mrs Lipus, giving a warning cough, brought in a letter which she handed to him, and he put the teapot down. Tearing open the envelope hastily, he read the contents of the missive, his brow wrinkling as he did so. Without uttering a word of comment he handed the letter to Sylvester.

"Read that," he said curtly.

CHAPTER VI.

When Madge, walking side by side with Mr Dorman, quickened her step, a smile suddenly brightened her eyes. There was something of the ludicrous in the situation, for Dick had come to an abrupt stop whilst her companion had been left behind, and between them there seemed a stretch of miles. Her quick perception made her understand that Dick was puzzled and annoyed, and there was an introduction to be got through.

"Dick!" she exclaimed, holding out her hands. "And to think I never expected you. I'm too glad for words."

"What does that man do here?" he asked, putting her arm through his, and glaring at Dorman who had walked up, so that Madge was prevented from making the easy explanation, which she would have given.

"Mr Dorman," she said. "The Squire's nephew. You understand, Dick."

Then Dorman interrupted her with effusion. "Now this is really a delightful meeting. Dr. Mortimer," he cried. "Miss Selby knows all about my adventure in London, but I never dreamed of her knowing my preserver. For you were truly that," and he held out his hand.

"Then you are old friends?" smiled Madge.

"Mr Dorman and I have certainly met once before," replied Mortimer coldly, and ignoring the outstretched hand. "But friendships are not found ready made, Madge."

"But you are relations," she answered.

"So I believe," said Dick, and Dorman in a state of bewilderment looked from one to the other. "Jelation!" he repeated. "Are you a connection of my uncle, Squire Gifford?"

"I have been brought up in that faith," replied Dick grimly, and there was an awkward little pause, ending in Dorman raising his hat and walking away. Then he turned.

"I shall have the pleasure of seeing you at the Manor, I presume?" he said, addressing Dick, who answered "yes" and walked on with Madge clinging to his arm.

"Oh Dick!" she whispered. "You don't know how glad I am to see you. I thought we had said 'good-bye' for two years, and now you've come back to me. I'm too happy."

"Yes, I've come down unexpectedly," he answered. "I hope I haven't surprised you."

"Dick!" and Madge slayed her footsteps, confronting him, with a merry laugh. "Jealousy doesn't become you. There's a tone in your voice that proves you're angry with me. I've only to tell you not to be foolish."

"Yes, I was angry to see you walking with that fellow," he replied. "I'm not jealous, don't think that, Madge. Do you know who he is?"

"Yes."
 "And that in all probability, he will supplant me in the Squire's favour. Not but what my uncle has done his best to make it plain that I wasn't to be his heir."

"Yes. We'd given up that hope."
 "I had at least," continued Dick, "given it up finally. But I defy anyone to understand my uncle, or his intentions. I had a letter from him yesterday, that has unsettled all my arrangements; here it is," and he took out the letter which Mrs Lripus had brought him the previous afternoon. Madge read it and gave a great sigh of joy.

"If you can put off your going abroad," wrote the Squire, "don't go. Come down to Whyteless to-morrow and stay here a time. I am settling my affairs, and there are matters to talk over. I have not forgot that I brought you up, and looked after your education, meaning things that you hindered my doing. Your affectionate uncle. Caleb Gifford."

"I love him for writing that!" cried Madge, kissing the letter. "I'd like to go dancing down the street. I would too, only people would think I'd gone mad. You're not going away; we're to see each other every day; it's too much joy all at once, Dick. I can't believe it yet," and she nestled herself against his side delightedly.

"Well, to tell you the honest truth, Madge," said Dick, "I don't understand what it means, in the slightest. My uncle brings a never-before-seen relative all the way from the other side of the world to the Manor, and that at the very time when I'm discarded. Why am I recalled at the eleventh hour?"

"Don't try and think," replied Madge. "What does it matter whether you're to be a rich man or a hard working doctor, so long as we're not parted, Dick? If you loved me ever so little you wouldn't talk about money, just at this minute."

"If I love you?" repeated Dick, kissing her upturned lips in the sight of all Marlhurst.

"Very well," continued Madge, seriously. "Please to remember that, Dick. We shan't be quite poor when we marry, even if you don't come in for your uncle's estate, and I'd rather have you for my husband than the richest man in the world. Now look as you always used to look,—please."

Mortimer's face cleared for Madge was irresistible, and they walked on until Westdown House came in view, he telling her the story of Dorman's being brought to the surgery, hurt and nearly insensible, and in the most outspoken fashion expressing his dislike of Mr. Jarvis Dorman.

"It isn't because he's a protege of my uncle," said Dick, "or that he may possibly oust me. You'll credit me with believing that, Madge. It's the man I distrust. I have an intuitive feeling against him, that I can't conquer. Perhaps I'm wrong, but there it is."

"Of course you're wrong," answered Madge, who was too happy to dislike anyone at that moment. "Mr Dorman tries to make himself pleasant, and is on the friendliest terms with my father. He takes an interest in the invention, you must know."

"Hasn't that dreadful engine done mischief enough already?" demanded Dick, and Madge gave a merry laugh. "Oh, you dear, foolish old Dick," she cried, "to think that you could ever be so jealous!" and he felt her clinging to his arm again.

Mrs Selby received the news of Dick's altered plans with calmness. "I hope you won't give up the practice," she remarked, "for I'm told that there will be more doctors than patients in a few years. The profession is getting overstocked; that's the expression, I think. And foreign parts are so unhealthy, they say, that it's almost like flying in the face of death to go there."

Dick explained that his movements were uncertain, but that the practice had not been sold. "Such as it is," he added, "I have the claim to it still," and Mrs Selby replied that she was very glad to hear it. Then Dick went into the garden, finding Mr Selby in the workshop more like an Ethiopian cherub than ever and as radiant as usual. Success was almost within his grasp, he told the doctor, and people had only to wait to see something that would astonish them.

After this, Madge walked part of the way up to the Manor with her lover, talking in her quiet, sensible fashion, and planning the brightest future.

"If I could only be certain," said Dick, "that I'm to come in for the estate, I should be the most contented man in the world. I want to own Whyteless, and that's speaking plain English, Madge. I want it for your sake; that you may enjoy the money, and be the Lady Bountiful of the neighbourhood. Isn't that a meritorious wish?"

"I wish you wouldn't harp on that subject, Dick."

"But I can't help doing so, when I've always got it in my mind. It isn't that I care for wealth for my own gratification but for others'. I've thought of little else, but about being owner of the Manor, ever since I lost my money in that company. The hope has grown into part of my very being, although I've not spoken to you much about it. This letter has raised all my old expectations, for my uncle would never have the fiendish cruelty to keep me from going abroad, without meaning to provide for me."

Madge nodded without making any answer, for it was distasteful to her to hear him talk thus. Money did not bring happiness always, and she was quite content with Dick, poor as he was.

"Why don't you speak?" he demanded.

"What can I say?" replied Madge. "Haven't you said over and over again that it's bad for people to get a predominating thought in their brain? An 'idee fixe,' you called it, I remember. Well, I think you ought to practise what you preach."

"That refers to impossible things," said Dick. "This is not one of these, for by all that's right and just, Whyteless Manor ought to be mine. I've a claim to it after my uncle's death, and this fellow, Dorman —"

"Suppose we agree not to introduce him into the subject?"

"Very well, we'll leave him out, then. Now, my uncle is getting on in years, and his life is uncertain as can be. He hasn't made his will, at least he had not when I was here last, and I shall point out to him the necessity of his doing so at once."

"Perhaps he will resent the suggestion."

"I shall not let that hinder me from speaking. Things must come to a crisis sooner or later, and to go on in state of uncertainty is intolerable. Perhaps this is my 'idee fixe,' to be master of Whyteless, and if so, you of all people ought to commend me for it. It's for your sake, my darling, that I'd do and dare."

They walked on until the ruinous lodge was reached, where Madge turned homeward, and Dick went at a sharp pace up the grass-grown avenue. When about midway, there was a rustling in the thick undergrowth, through which Dorman had forced his way and come out to the path.

"I shall be glad to have a word or two with you, Dr. Mortimer," he began, "before we get into the house, which place I commend to all lovers of the dull and desolate. We have met twice, strangely enough each time, and it will be as well if we begin to understand each other."

"You would like me to speak plainly?"

"To the end that we may have a complete understanding? Yes."

"Then I should prefer that you and I, Mr Dorman, remain as far as may be practicable, perfect strangers to one another," replied Mortimer.

"A proposal that meets with my entire approval."

"I observed," continued the other, "that you and Miss Selby were walking together, when I came in to Marlhurst. It is sufficient, I trust, that I inform you that Miss Selby will be my wife."

"My dear sir," exclaimed Dorman, mastering his surprise and the sudden pang that seemed to be choking him, "permit me to offer you my warmest congratulations. Even although we are strangers, I cannot refrain from doing that. Miss Selby is a most estimable young lady."

Mortimer gave him a look, rather askance, and put his lips tightly together.

"Therefore," he continued, after a momentary pause, "you will not be seen in Miss Selby's company. If you have formed any acquaintanceship with her, it must cease. You quite understand me, I hope?"

"Pray does this prohibition extend to Miss Selby's parents, may I enquire? I am in the presence of a proprietor, I perceive. I regret to say that I have made friends of both Mr and Mrs Selby. Am I to refrain from visiting at their house?"

There was an insolence and malignity in the words, that stung Mortimer almost beyond endurance. His temper had been tried sadly of late, and Mr Dorman had chanced upon an unlucky moment in which to have his word or two with him.

"I am not in a mood to argue that point," he replied, "but I give you fair warning, Mr Dorman, that I am quite able to protect others, as well as myself, from insult. I have said all that needs saying, and again I warn you," and quickening his steps, Mortimer walked on, gaining the house alone.

The Squire's greeting to his nephew was warmer than its usual tone. "I'm glad ye've come, my lad," he exclaimed. "Ye'll see t'other one. I wrote th' letter meanin' you well, Dick."

"You have stopped me from going abroad," was the answer. "At any rate for a time."

"I'm goin' to keep ye at th' Manor," went on the Squire. "I won't do naught in a hurry, that I promise 'ee, but life's uncertain, lad. I told Scripp that a time back, an' he didn't like it. For Scripp's what I call a 'plectic man—you're a doctor an' know my meanin'! I frightened him an' his partner fine, I tell 'ee. That Morder's a sneaky sort o' chap. I told 'em to get my mortgages in. There's a matter o' fifteen thousand out, an' maybe property's goin' down."

As the Squire said this, Dorman came sauntering into the hall, where they were standing, and he remained watching them for an instant or two, all traces of his recent conversation with Mortimer having gone.

"You should have property in Australia, Squire," he said, half laughingly, "to know what the ups and downs of securities mean."

"Don't want to know 'em," snapped Caleb. "'Tis bad enough to find it out in England. I don't believe in your foreign affairs. Reckon you've been wasteful o' your earnin's, Master Dorman?"

"I've kept every penny I've made, up to this, anyway," replied the other. "I've a few thousands well invested, and a sheep farm that does as well as most men's in the colonies. I've given a power of attorney to the agent of Scripp and Morder's in Sydney to manage everything out there, whilst I'm here."

"You're a sensible man, nevy," answered the Squire. "Money's hard to get, 'tis harder to keep, an' there's them that must go losin' their fortunes in the first wild cat company that's on the look out for fools."

"A proof that there are rogues in the world," retorted Mortimer, meeting his uncle's jeering look firmly. "There was no occasion to remind me of my bad luck," he added.

"Told 'ee I was glad, lad," grinned his uncle. "Five hundred a year gone, an' no more comin', eh? Well, well, we'll let bygones be bygones, an' so not talk about 'em. I'm glad to see ye an' there's plenty room in th' old Manor for ye as long as you'll stay," and he led the way into the dining room.

The Squire in the centre of the table, Mortimer at the head, and Dorman at the other end, made up the not very merry party. The meal was eaten almost in silence, and when the cloth had been removed, the musical box ground out a tune or two. Then Dorman lounged out of the room, and Caleb bade Mortimer draw his chair more to the centre.

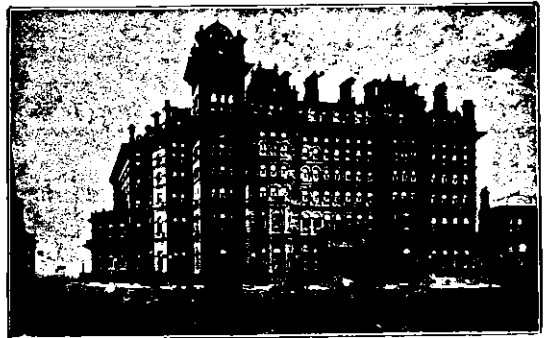
"I'm gettin' deaf, my lad," whispered the Squire. "Maybe natur' dues it, so that folks mayn't hear death comin', but it don't hinder him. What do ye think o' this Dorman chap?"

"It's hardly fair to ask my opinion, I think," replied Mortimer. "He has kept his money, and ought to be a paragon in your estimation, therefore."

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(An Australian Story.)

By A. B. PATERSON (Banjo).

Author of "The Man From Snowy River."

CHAPTER XVII.

THE STRENGTH OF THE ENEMY.

"I don't know naught o' your parsons," answered the Squire, "but he hasn't wasted his livin'. He's a sensible sort o' chap, an' I reckon th' Manor wouldn't suffer under him. But I don't like his way o' talkin'; I don't fancy them eyes of his, an' I'm pretty 'cute, Dick, for an old 'un."

"You had an object in bringing him to the Manor," said Mortimer. "Was it to make him heir to it?"

"I thought I might be," replied the Squire, "for d'ye see you've disappointed me, Dick. What sent ye love makin' an' so forth?"

Dick burst into a hearty laugh. "The same that sends other men, I suppose," he answered.

"Ay, that's it," continued his uncle. "Love makes fools most times. But we won't talk about that; there's summat more important to settle. I reckon you haven't made many thousands doctorn'?"

"I haven't made many hundreds," replied Dick, "and I've given my practice up. I was on the point of leaving England, when your letter came. You had a reason for keeping me, I imagine?"

"Ay, I had a reason," answered the Squire. "One o' th' best too. For d'ye see this Dorman chap doesn't quite please me. He's civil, an' takes a terrible sight o' interest in th' estate, so maybe I oughtn't to complain o' him. He's clever too, an' there's many a thing he's found out, that's good for savin' money. He wants t' lodge made fit to live in, an' a keeper got for't, but I'll ha' naught o' th' kind. He's found time to make friends o' th' people at Westdown House, an' Selby's took a fancy to him. Not but what Selby's crazed wi' his little-tittle machine, 'twixt you an' me."

"It's a harmless amusement for Mr Selby."

"He'd better be attendin' to his business affairs. He told me, tho' most o' his savin's was in a bank. Th' 'Great Central' 'twas, an' suppose th' bank smashes up? They do sometimes."

"He gets a good income from the investment."

"Maybe, but th' security's too risky for my likin'. Why don't he buy honest bricks an' mortar, an' a bit o' laud? You don't hear o' houses bustin' up."

"It's hardly our business to discuss Mr Selby's affairs."

"Isn't it though," grinned the Squire. "Seems to me, you're goin' into matrimony blindfold, an' want guidin', neevy. I was over at Weazen Court, along wi' Dorman, a while back, an' Judith—Ah! there's a woman for ye, if ye like; steady an' all that sort o' thing she is, an' a woman as ye might trust never to play no tricks—Judith's come in for a bit more o' money. Old Catchpole away in Dorset, died t'other day, d'ye see, an' left her nigh on ten thousand pounds. Think o' that!"

"I'm delighted to hear it," replied Dick gravely. "Miss Gutch will be worth pickin' up."

"Now that's sense," exclaimed the Squire. "You're talkin' sense at last, neevy. Judith will be well worth pickin' up," and he cast an approving glance at Mortimer, during the pause in the conversation that followed.

"I should like you to realise my present position," said Dick, at length. "I have declined this appointment abroad, and at present I am without any occupation. Is it your wish that I should remain in this unsatisfactory state?"

"What d'ye want?" demanded Caleb.

"Well, I can't stay in England doing nothing," replied Dick, "and I am very fond of my profession. If I had the means, I should buy a partnership or a practice."

"So ye shall, so ye shall!" exclaimed the Squire. "I'll gi' ye th' money for't, an' ye can come an' go 'twixt here an' Lunnon as you like. For we're beginnin' to understand each other at last, neevy."

It was an unthought outbreak of generosity on his uncle's part, and Dick thanked him warmly. He was eager to resume his work and for some time longer he and his uncle chatted confidentially whilst Mr Jarvis Dorman, who had strolled down to the "White Hart," the principal hotel in Marlbrust, was playing billiards with a raffish half-pay captain, whom he had encountered there.

(To be continued.)

When they got to the lawyer's office they found the state of affairs by no means reassuring. On the way down Gordon had persuaded himself into the belief that Peggy's claim was an impudent imposition, that no one would be insane enough to furnish funds to enable her to carry it on, and finally he hoped confidently that Pinnock would be able to raise some point or other that would rout her for good. He was soon undeceived. He found the lawyer very serious over the matter, and he was startled by the news that a very eminent firm of Jewish solicitors had taken up Peggy's case, and were prepared to fight it to the death.

Pinnock produced the will from a bundle of papers, and spread it out on the table.

"Here it is," he said. "Made years ago in England, after he had separated from Peggy. No doubt he thought she was dead. He evidently made it himself, it's all in his own writing, but it's legal enough for all that. Read it."

Charlie Gordon took up the paper and read it aloud.

"This is the last will of me, Wilbraham George Gordon. I leave all I have to my wife absolutely; but if she dies before me, all is to go to her niece, Ellen, till married, and as soon as she is married and settled in life, the property is to go to my nephews and nieces equally."

"His wife absolutely!" repeated the bushman, and her niece, Ellen! Peggy has no niece Ellen!"

"Oh, yes, she has," said the lawyer. "Four or five, I daresay. Besides, that isn't the question. The whole question you have to face is—Was he, or was he not, married to Peggy? If she can satisfy a jury of her marriage, then she must inherit everything. Of course, I don't believe, and I don't think anyone else would believe, that he meant that will to refer to Peggy at all. He must have had some wife in England. Did you ever hear of his having a wife in England?"

"No, I did not. He might have had a dozen wives in England, and no one here need have known anything about it. He was such a wary old bird. He never talked about his affairs, and he never wrote letters. But I don't believe he had a wife in England. Do you suppose any woman would let a husband with a quarter of a million go racketing round to elude the way he did? I'll stake my life if he ever had a wife there we would have heard of her."

"I'm sure he had a wife somewhere," said the lawyer. "He wouldn't make such a will for amusement. The whole thing is a mystery, and the biggest mystery of all is about Peggy. Her solicitors are going to give me day and date of her marriage, name of parson, name of witness and so on. They can't possibly have to invent these things. It's hard enough, I believe, for writing fellows to invent a character that seems real, but to invent a genuine flesh and blood parson, and give him a name and furnish a description for him, and describe a wedding—why, the cleverest men in the world couldn't do it! Peggy and her people must have satisfied her solicitors about it. They must have described a wedding sufficiently to satisfy them. They are not people to work on speculation. They don't trust to a cock and bull story as a rule."

"What an extraordinary way to leave his property," said Gordon. "Couldn't the will be set aside altogether?"

"It's not so bad," said the lawyer; "you forget that when he made that will he had very little money. It seems an absurd way to dispose of a quarter of a million, but it was reasonable enough when he had very

little surplus over his liabilities; he might very reasonably give his wife all he had at that time, and if she had a niece wholly dependent on her he might think himself bound to provide for that niece till she married. Of course it is pretty clear he never meant Peggy to come in; but if she proves her marriage she will come in, for all that."

"Don't you worry your head about Peggy," said Charley Gordon confidently. "We've got her husband all right—that old Considine. He told us he was married to her, and then he gave us the slip just when we wanted him most. He's gone back to his gins and his wild cattle, I believe, but I'll find him if he's above ground, and make him tell the truth. I'll never rest till I bring Peggy and him face to face again."

The lawyer laughed. "I hope you will be able to find him," he said. "You may want him badly enough yet. I'm quite satisfied there's a wife drifting about the horizon somewhere, and I don't believe Peggy's the genuine article. But, if nobody else comes forward, she'll beat you. If she did marry your uncle she's certain to beat you. The truth will leak out sometimes even in an affidavit, and justice is triumphant occasionally, even in the courts of law. Even if they were not married, you will stand a good chance of being defeated, unless you can unearth this old Considine. I'll get you appointed to manage the estate till the mystery is cleared up—till we advertise for a wife. I expect we'll have them applying in shoals. The only thing you can do now is to go up to the old station, and see what you can find out there. Somebody must be finding the money for them, and I have an idea it is Isaacstein, the storekeeper at Kiley's. His son is in Abraham's office, the solicitors who are acting for Peggy. Isaacstein has all these people under his thumb; he has lent money on their sheep and their crops and their wool. You try and find out what he is doing, and if you see a chance to settle with Peggy for a reasonable figure—well, you might let me know."

"Supposing we settle with Peggy, and then somebody else comes forward—are we to keep on buying out widows for the rest of our lives?"

"Oh, no. We will advertise all over the place, and if no one else comes forward she will have a walkover, unless we contest it. I expect they will open their mouths very wide at first, but you needn't be frightened to offer half what they ask. Meanwhile, I'll try and get on the track of this Considine. If Peggy won't settle, you may want him badly. Have you got anyone you can trust to go to the back blocks after him if we hear of him?"

"Hugh will have to go," said Charley (Gordon). "I suppose you want me here?"

"Yes. And, by the way, don't say anything to anybody about what you are doing. They'd murder this Considine if they thought you were looking for him. You'll have to be here every day soon, so go home now, and see what can be found out. How did you enjoy your trip inland, Mr Carew?"

"Oh, he did fine," said Gordon. "Fought a commercial traveller and nearly shot a black gin. Most enjoyable trip. Good-bye!"

Charley Gordon went up alone to the old station, leaving Carew in Sydney. He arrived at the station late at night, and found only Hugh and the old lady astir to greet him, and with them he compared notes, but no one could throw any light on the mystery of Wilbraham Gordon's will. The two sons hardly cured to hint to the old lady that it might be desirable to make a compromise with the Donohoes. Her very rigid notions of honour forbade her either giving or taking anything to which she was not entitled, and she was firmly convinced that Peggy was not entitled to one shilling of the property left by Wilbraham Gordon.

They talked the matter over long and earnestly before going to bed, but there was no idea of surrender about the old lady, and it was decided to fight the matter out to the bitter end, and on this understanding mother and sons separated for the night.

(To be continued.)

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Brown's Feelings.

(By Mary Angela Dickens.)

"In local parents—that's what I am and intend to be. Miss Dot's got no one else—bless her—now. In—local—parents."

Brown made a pause between each word, partly to give due force to each, and partly because the intervals were occupied with the arrangement of a coffee pot and a cup upon their silver tray. He was a short spare man upon whom age seemed to have laid a shrivelling rather than an enfeebling touch. The fringe of hair that surrounded his non-committal baldness was of that sandy hue over which time is more or less powerless. The deep lines upon his face seemed to be mainly the result of a preternatural solemnity of expression. His eyes were the watery blue of old age, but their glance, if slow, was as shrewd as that of a young man.

"Lor', Mr Brown, what things you do say!"

The comment came from Miss Feltram's maid, who was standing by Brown's pantry fire. Denton was a young woman, who, as she phrased it, "enjoyed a little chat."

"And what may that mean in English, now?" she added. "'Tisn't English, by the sound of it."

"No."

Brown spoke with grim superiority. He was at that moment making the coffee, a task he would give to no other hand.

"It's Latin," he went on as he put the coffee-pot down. "And it means—it means a deal; in especial it means that I am going to let Miss Dot understand my mind about this bicycle James brought. I can't have Miss Dor bicycling; it's not a fit thing for Miss Feltram to do; I won't have her go bicycling out of Feltram Court, and that's the fact."

"Brown's was not the type of mind that moves with the times. It held few tenets, but the firmest consisted of the thesis that every invention to which the mind of man had attained since he himself had arrived at maturity was an invention from which no good could possibly come. He disapproved of the telegraph; he disbelieved in the telephone. He looked upon an express train as a new fangled crotchet, and he regarded a bicycle as a machine calculated to wreck the very foundations of society.

"Wou't you?" said Denton, laughing. "You think you've a deal of a say with Miss Feltram, Mr Brown, you do."

"I have," said he calmly. "And I mean to have."

"She's as well-intentioned a mistress as ever I wish to have," said Denton. "But the meekest has a way of their own, and, you mark me, Mr Brown, you won't have your say for ever; that's what I think."

Brown only answered this by a dissentient cough and the clatter of a cup.

Meanwhile Miss Feltram was sitting in her own rather stately dining-room, which had remained unchanged to all intents and purposes ever since she could remember. She was just a trifle nervous. It was not easy to say how the fact betrayed itself, for hers was not a physique which lent itself readily to signs of discomposure.

She was a very handsome woman; though she was nearly thirty-seven there was no touch of grey in her thick black hair. It was drawn softly back from her forehead, leaving only a few little curls to soften the outline, in a way which added to her height and to the effect of dignity produced by a very well shaped and well poised head. She had particularly bright dark eyes, a pleasant mouth always ready to curve into a smile, and a clear dark complexion against which the level line of her eyebrows stood out with an effect which gave an added character to her face.

The remains of a banana lay on her plate, and she was carefully cutting it into small squares as if the fate of nations depended upon the accuracy of this action. And herein, perhaps, lay the one sign of the nervousness which culminated in a slight start as the door opened.

Brown came up to his mistress, held the tray while she poured out her coffee, then put it on the table and withdrew a step or two so that he stood facing her, respectful, servanlike in every line of his black-clad figure.

Miss Feltram began to play with her teaspoon. Apparently she found matter for study in her own crest as displayed thereon.

"Well, Brown," she said, at length, "is there any news to-night?"

Brown shook his head. His natural solemnity of demeanour was accentuated.

"Not that I'm aware of, Miss Dot," he said, and then he paused. The pause was full of portent.

Miss Feltram sipped her coffee with deliberation.

"Oh, by the bye," she said with an assumption of having been struck by a sudden thought which would not have deceived an infant and obviously did not deceive Brown, "has James come back from the station?"

"He have, Miss Dot."

It was only in moments of crisis that Brown's grammar was wont to fail. Miss Feltram suddenly became aware of an imaginary foreign body to be fished out of her coffee cup.

"Were there any parcels for me?" she asked.

"There were some seeds for the gardener and there was a bicycle. I couldn't hardly believe it, but it was addressed to you, Miss Dot."

Miss Feltram evidently made a determined effort to take the bull by the horns. She lifted her head and faced her old servant.

"Ah, yes," she said. "That's right. I'm glad it's come. Did I tell you, Brown, I can't remember, that I'm going to take to bicycling? This is a capital time of year to begin, they tell me. The roads are so nice, and it won't be too hot for a long time yet."

"Am I to understand as you know how to do it, Miss Dot?"

Brown's tone was such as to convey unmistakably that to his mind the knowledge of the art of bicycling was even a blacker fault than the possession of a bicycle. Miss Feltram felt the subtle degradation she was undergoing and faltered.

"Well, not yet," she said humbly. "I ought to have taken to it long ago," she added, growing bolder. "Miss Manisty and Mr Cecil are coming to-morrow to give me my first lesson. I shall soon learn," she ended, with unexpected self-assertion.

"Do you think so, Miss Dot?" said Brown. There was a respectfully veiled disdain in his tone, and Miss Feltram, her little flash of self-assertion over, passed to the only form of defence she could think of.

"And then, you see," she said, "it will be an immense convenience. One may not always want to have the horses out. Besides, one can go such long distances. Miss Manisty and her brother think nothing of sixty miles a day. They go like the wind!"

"Am I to understand that you are thinking of going sixty miles in a day, Miss Dot? And on them two wheels?"

Brown's tone was perfectly respectful. No one could have accused him at any time of taking a liberty with his mistress; but there was that in his tone and manner which reduced bicycling to the level of a nursery entertainment for children of impaired intellect.

"I do not think," he added with the solemnity belonging to intense conviction, "as it's a suitable thing for you to do, Miss Dot—going like the wind. I can't give no agreement to riding a bicycle—not for a lady in your position. I should have thought, if I may say so, as you'd have felt the same yourself."

This crushing innuendo was delivered very slowly. Brown meant every word to strike home, and it did so. Miss Feltram's aspirations obviously grew cold within her.

"I—well, we shall see," she said. "Perhaps after all I shan't care much about it."

She rose as she spoke and Brown said no more. He simply opened the door for her deferentially. But as into all his preceding speech so also into this small action he contrived to infuse something of pitying regret that the necessity for speech on such a subject should have been laid upon him.

Miss Feltram passed him with her head held rather high, but she did not ask what had been done with the new bicycle nor did she suggest that she should like to see it. She went into the drawing-room in silence.

It was of course not of the slightest consequence to Miss Feltram of Feltram Court whether or no her butler approved of her bicycling. But, paradoxical as it may appear, it was of the very highest importance to Miss Dot that Brown should look with a favourable eye upon her proceedings. How it had come about that Brown had been allowed to go on using the name by which he had known his mistress when she was two years old, now that there was no one in the world who dreamed of calling her anything but Miss Feltram, or Dorothea, was a point not very easy of explanation. Dot had been her father's name for her, and as long as he lived he had never spoken of her or to her by any more ceremonious term. After the clergy, domineering old gentleman had been gathered to his fathers, one or two of her intimate friends had suggested to Miss Feltram that it was advisable that Brown should now adopt a more respectful form of address. But Miss Feltram had laughed and sighed, and shaken her head.

"It would hurt Brown's feelings," she said.

So Brown continued to address his mistress as Miss Dot, and moreover he continued to think of her as Miss Dot. During old Mr Feltram's lifetime he had ruled alike over his daughter and his servants. But Brown's submission to his master was merely the submission of one strong character to another which happened to have the advantage of circumstances on its side; and it would have been altogether impossible to Brown to submit in like fashion to the authority of Miss Dot.

other which happened to have the advantage of circumstances on its side; and it would have been altogether impossible to Brown to submit in like fashion to the authority of Miss Dot.

He had stepped into his position as critic and general superintendent of Miss Dot's actions before Miss Dot's father was well laid in his grave. And every one of the five years that had passed since then had strengthened that dominion. Miss Feltram gave way to Brown at first because she had been in the habit of giving way to her father and life seemed a very one-sided business without him. She gave way later, partly because Brown would have made her life a burden to her—respectfully but firmly—if she had not done so, and partly, as she told herself when his yoke was particularly grievous, because he was an old man, and she "couldn't bear to hurt his feelings."

Brown did not speak on the subject of the bicycle at breakfast or luncheon next day, but it was with an expression that would have done him credit at his mistress's funeral that he opened the door of the drawing-room at about half-past three in the afternoon and announced in sepulchral tones:

"Miss Manisty and Mr Cecil Manisty."

It was a brisk looking girl, and a boy in bicycling things who were thus

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ushered in, and the girl flung herself upon Miss Feltram with effusion. Miss Feltram was very popular with her neighbours, young and old. But that liveliness which was one of her charms was conspicuous rather by its absence as she answered her young visitors' eager questions.

"Well, it has come," she said slowly. "Well, really I—I haven't seen it yet, Kitty. It—only came last night, you see."

"You don't mean to say that it is not even unpacked," said Cecil Manisty. "Why, I thought you were not end keen, Miss Feltram. Come, and let's get it out."

An alert young groom, however, had seen to the unpacking of the new machine, and as he wheeled it out spick and span and shining; "It's ripping!" pronounced Cecil. "Come along, Miss Feltram!"

Miss Feltram paused suddenly. "You don't mean me to try here, Cecil?" she said, and she glanced involuntarily at the house.

"Rather?" responded the boy cheerfully. "Couldn't have a better place!" But Kitty Manisty was quicker than her brother.

"The Long Walk would be ever so much better, Cecil," she said. "It's so straight, don't you know?"

She took the bicycle and wheeled it away, followed by her brother loudly protesting, and by Miss Feltram silently grateful.

Miss Feltram had an inward trembling sense of the near presence of Brown. His disapproval seemed to cloud the bright new plating before her eyes.

Was bicycling really suitable to her age and position? She had argued the point with herself at great length on the previous evening after Brown had had his "say." And when she had settled in her mind that it was certainly quite suitable she had found her naturally tender heart pierced by another qualm; was it kind to hurt poor old Brown's feelings for her own pleasure, even if the action itself was right? Before she went to bed she had nearly decided to give it all up. Now, carried away by the impetuosity of the young Manistys, she could only say feebly to herself that the Long Walk was nearly out of sight of the house.

Nearly, but not quite. From a passage window near Brown's pantry part of it could be seen, and at that window Brown, as his mistress and her guests went out, had posted himself. He did this with a vague idea of facing the worst. If proceedings be entirely disapproved of must take place, let them take place under his eye, he thought. Also, his whole soul was full of bitterness at having his remonstrance thus set aside, and he felt he could not possess it in patience in the pantry. He honestly admired Miss Dot from the depths of a grim and faithful old heart, and he honestly thought bicycling entirely derogatory to her dignity.

The spectacle before him certainly lent colour to his views. The man or woman whose first attempt at bicycling shall be dignified has yet to be born. Miss Feltram went through all the usual humiliations. She was pushed up on one side, pulled up on the other. She swayed hither and thither with Kitty Manisty clutching at the gathers of her skirt, and finally, after much indecision as to which side she should fall off, she cast herself into Cecil Manisty's arms with a fervour not warranted by their everyday relations. Brown's groan on beholding this was still echoing in the passage, when Denton's voice said innocently over his shoulder:

"Well, Mr Brown, seems to me your say ain't what it was; I s'pose you had it, about the bicycle? How's Miss Feltram getting on? You'll excuse me mentioning it, but your front door bell's ringing second time, too."

If there was one thing Brown prided himself upon more than another it was that no one ever waited at the door of Feltram Court, and Denton knew it. He went off growling as she disappeared chuckling. He flung open the door with an accentuation of his usual style, and then the growl was succeeded by something like a gasp.

"Mr Richard Manisty?" It was Brown who asked the question. The visitor smiled.

"Colonel Manisty," he said. "Is Miss Feltram at home?"

What Brown said he did not know, but he murmured something as he took the visitor into the drawing-room. The result of this murmur was that Miss Feltram, who, held by Kitty in front and Cecil behind, was at last going gingerly down the Long

Walk, was thrown off her guard and her bicycle together, by a solemn voice from behind her:

"Am I to understand, Miss Dot, as you are at home or not at home?"

With such a start as might have been produced by an explosion in the neighbourhood, M. Feltram regained her equilibrium. She turned to Brown with a positively guilty air, which sat funny enough upon her tall and dignified person, and she drew a step or two away from the bicycle as though disclaiming connection with it. "I'm—I'm at home, Brown," she said. "I—we were just coming to tea."

"I took the liberty of inquiring, Miss Dot," said Brown, with a gloom which can only be described as purposeful, "because Colonel Manisty has called."

A little gasp broke from Miss Feltram, and the flush with which she had confronted Brown faded very suddenly.

"Colonel Manisty?" she said almost blankly. Then she turned to Kitty. "You didn't tell me that your uncle had come back," she said. "I—I had no idea that he was expected."

"He wasn't," said Kitty, carelessly. "Didn't we tell you? No, we were so full of the bike, you see. He only turned up yesterday. Telegraphed from Southampton to say that he was coming. He said perhaps he'd ride over and go back with us to-day."

"Am I to understand as you are coming in, Miss Dot?" inquired Brown.

"I—I'm—oh, yes," said Miss Feltram vaguely; and she moved up the Long Walk, with Kitty by her side chattering on about her uncle's arrival. Miss Feltram did not speak a word, and during those two or three minutes a soft colour came to her cheek and a strange shining to her eyes, which made her, as she opened the drawing-room door, look little older in the eyes of the man who rose to meet her than she had looked when he had seen her last, fifteen years before. She advanced and held out her hand, saying, simply:

"I am very glad to see you."

He was a handsome man, tall, soldierly, bronzed by many years of Indian suns. His keen grey eyes looked for one instant searchingly into hers, and then they softened strangely.

"Thank you," he said. "When I heard this girl and boy were coming here this afternoon I thought I might perhaps come over and go back with them."

"I had no idea you were in England," said Miss Feltram, as one who makes conversation. "Your arrival was rather sudden, Kitty tells me."

"The whole thing was rather sudden," he answered. "I found it could be managed and I thought I'd come."

"Are—are you strong?" said Miss Feltram. "We heard of your splendid doings, and of your wound."

"I am quite strong again, thank you," he answered in a low voice. And then Brown appeared with tea.

Not even the dispensing of tea, and the ordinary talk of the neighbourhood, in which Kitty Manisty and her brother joined eagerly, seemed quite to restore to Miss Feltram her normal manner. She moved and spoke like a woman in a dream. Like a woman in a dream, her visitors being gone, she went to her own room; like a woman in a dream she was sitting with her chin resting on her hand when Brown appeared with coffee after dinner.

Brown considered his mistress attentively under pretence of waiting for her cup, and then seemed to think better of an inclination to speak, and betook himself to his pantry. By ten o'clock all his work there was done, even to the final churning of the most inferior subordinate, and he was sitting by the fire. He was a great reader in a patronising sort of way, and had been known to allow that Shakespeare was "quite interesting" to the maid, in parts, but no book, interesting or otherwise, filled his thoughts to-night.

"So you knew Colonel Manisty before, did you, Mr Brown?" Denton had inquired at supper time. Brown had let fall earlier in the evening some words to that effect in the presence of what he generally stigmatised as "that giggling set of women"—his fellow servants. Brown growled an affirmative. Denton was young and quick-witted, and she drew a bow at a venture.

"They were sweethearts, him and Miss Feltram, I suppose?" she said.

Brown feigned to be occupied with his supper for a moment, then he said very grimly:

"Whatever they were, they won't be it again. I shall have a say in that, so I tell you."

And it was the purpose conveyed in this cryptic remark that was engrossing Brown's mind now. Fifteen years before, Colonel Manisty had been plain Mr Richard Manisty, and a younger son at Ferries, where his elder brother, Kitty and Cecil's father, was master to-day. Ferries was two miles from Feltram Court, and one summer, fifteen years before, "Mr Richard" had spent most of his days and hours at the latter place. It was not difficult to discover what brought him there: Brown, as well as everyone else, knew well enough that he came to "see Miss Dot," whatever his ostensible pretences might be. Brown's queer old heart, grim even in those days, thought no one good enough for Miss Dot, least of all a young lad with his work to do. So Brown expressed the fact that Richard Manisty's career in the army was as yet all before him. Suddenly there came a day when "Mr Richard's" comings and goings ended. When Brown learned that he had "asked the master for Miss Dot," and had been peremptorily refused by Mr Feltram on account of his youth, he felt strongly if silently, with his master, and equally silently, rejoiced greatly.

That was all in the past. To-day, to Brown's mind, the whole situation had re-opened itself, and presented the old difficulties. He forgot the passing of fifteen years, he forgot the difference those years had brought to both man and woman, he forgot that his mistress was her own mistress too, now, nominally, at all events, and he forgot most of all that the whole affair did not concern him.

To him, Colonel Manisty was still the young man to whose suit Mr Feltram had objected, and Miss Dot was still a girl—a girl with no father now to guide her erring fancies aright.

He thought and thought; pondered and pondered. The pantry fire cracked, sighed, fell together and went out. Not until it was black and dead did Brown rise and lock up the sleeping house with the air of one who has made up his mind.

It was the afternoon of the next day, and Brown had brought his mistress some letters. She took them but he did not move, he stood at about five paces from her quite still. Miss Feltram, surprised at his unusual behaviour, looked up.

"Well, Brown," she said, "do you want me?"

Brown's answer began with the

phrase which with him was wont to be surcharged with meaning.

"Am I to understand," he said, "as Colonel Manisty is making a long stay, Miss Dot?"

Miss Feltram stared at him in still deeper surprise.

"I don't know," she said. Her voice had an unusual coldness in its tones. But coldness was as nothing to Brown.

"I wished to say, Miss Dot," he went on, "that Colonel Manisty isn't changed, not in no important particular, from what Mr Richard Manisty was."

There was a certain significance about Brown's tone, and Miss Feltram started slightly. Her eyebrows were drawn together and she looked astonishingly like her father as she said, very haughtily:

"No, Brown." Still Brown was not to be daunted. "Am I to understand as Colonel Manisty will be here much, Miss Dot?" he asked. "If I may say so, it's not what your father would have wished, Miss Dot."

Miss Feltram flushed angrily, and her eyes flashed.

"And you havin' no one to guide you but me, Miss Dot," went on Brown, before she could speak, "I shouldn't feel I'd done my duty if I didn't warn you against listening to any gentleman as my master disapproved of."

Miss Feltram rose. Her face was as Brown had never seen it in all her life.

"Colonel Manisty's comings and goings can never concern you, Brown," she said. "You forget yourself, entirely."

It was a flash of old Mr Feltram's force that dictated the words, and the same force was expressed in every line of Miss Feltram's face and figure as she swept out of the open French window into the garden.

Crimson and confused, her mouth quivering and her heart beating, she turned into the drive. Coming up it and close to her, was Colonel Manisty.

"How are you?" he said as he reached her.

She held out her hand with a curious constraint, and the colour that rushed anew over her face made her very handsome. Colonel Manisty did not see the constraint, but he saw the beauty.

"You are surprised to see me, perhaps," he said. "But Kitty was talking about another cycling lesson for you. She can't come over to-day and I thought perhaps you would accept me as a substitute."

His manner was very frank and simple, but the look in his eyes as they rested on her seemed to increase Miss Feltram's confusion.

THE BEST CHOCOLATE.

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

Sold in Tins of Croquettes and Tins of Drops.
Also in Square Tablets and Small Bars.

"It's very kind of you," she said nervously. "But do you know I don't think I care about it. I—I think I shall give it up."

She spoke with growing constraint. Colonel Manisty made a quick movement of surprise.

"Oh, you musn't!" he said cheerfully. "You can't tell whether you will like it or not till you have mastered the first difficulties. And if I may say so I think you will probably get on better with me for a teacher than with that girl or boy! Give me a trial anyhow, won't you?"

Miss Feltram could not have told how it happened. Perhaps consideration for her visitor's feelings was at the bottom of it. But a few minutes later she was walking by the side of Colonel Manisty, who wheeled her new bicycle.

"Do you—do you find them much changed at Ferries?" she asked with a desperate attempt at an easy demeanour.

"Not a bit," he answered. "The children have grown up, of course. I don't count that. For the rest the fifteen years I have been away seem to go for nothing! I don't know how to believe that it is fifteen years," he went on in a low voice. "It seemed to me yesterday that not a day had passed since I saw you last."

He paused, and then he suddenly stood still and looked across the bicycle at Miss Feltram.

"I must be mad, I suppose, to speak so soon," he said. "Of course I meant to have waited and—and felt my way—but when I saw you yesterday I knew that I shouldn't wait. Do you know why I have come home?"

Miss Feltram was turning from white to red and then to white again. She turned away with a quick little gesture and no words.

"I have come because I have never been able to forget you," he said quietly. "And I suddenly realised that I could go on no longer without knowing whether you had forgotten me. Your father thought ours was only a girl and boy passion. But—his voice was very low and deep—'was it only a girl and boy passion?'"

She made a swift sign of denial, and as she did so he caught her hand in his.

"I've wanted you all these fifteen years," he said. "Won't you come to me at last?"

She tore her hand from his hold and covered her face. Then she dropped her hands again, and turned her face, flushing and quivering, to him.

"I love you, Dick," she said quite simply. "I always loved you. If you want me—after all these fifteen years—I'll come to you."

Denton met Brown as he came out of the drawing-room.

"Been having your say about Colonel Manisty?" she asked. "Doesn't seem to have done you any good, any way!"

Some hours later Denton rushed down into Brown's pantry. She had just finished dressing her mistress for dinner.

"Says is off!" she cried. "Miss Feltram's just told me she and Colonel Manisty's engaged to be married!"

But she spoke to an empty pantry. Brown had been summoned to the drawing-room.

"I must tell him myself," his mistress had pleaded. "I hurt his feelings this afternoon and I don't want to do it again, poor old Brown! Besides, Dick," she added, half laughing and half crying, "do you know that this—that it—is really Brown's doing! Just before you came he had told me that he felt that it was his duty to warn me against you, and—and—the worm will turn!"

EXPLAINED IN FIVE MINUTES.

You have heard it said that the boy is father to the man. Yes. Very good. Now see what a prodigious deal may be tied up in that idea.

Youth is the sowing time of life and maturity the reaping time. You agree to that. Very good—again. In youth nature puts forth every effort to build up your body. She absorbs everything she can lay hands on for that purpose. The whole body throbs with life as at no other time. Nature scrapes together building material (I mean food) from every direction. You

know what eaters healthy children are. Nature is not thinking of the future. She is thinking only of now—NOW. She is greedy to make you a man, and perfectly careless of what becomes of you after that.

Your appetite is gauged by the needs of growth—not by your ability to digest. So it comes to pass that in no end of cases, young people eat too much. They eat wrong things, they eat without any thought of regularity. Hence insufficient gastric juice (digesting juice), stomach distention, and fermentation. Bits (small bits, of course) of undigested food get into the circulation, and through the right side of the heart into the lungs, where they obstruct the minute blood vessels at the top of the lungs.

What then? Why, they finally become organised into tubercles or changed into the chalky or cheesy deposits so often found there. The end, sooner or later, is consumption. Over feeding, irregular feeding, or under feeding, all give rise to indigestion; and indigestion is, more than anything else, the cause of consumption, and of a lot of ailments which we suffer from besides.

For example, a woman says: "In the spring of 1891 I began to suffer from weakness. I had a bad taste in the mouth, and no desire for food. After eating I had pain in the chest and sides. Nothing would stay on my stomach, and for many weeks I never tasted solid food. I had a bad pain at the back of my head; my sight was dim, and specks floated before my eyes. I got very nervous and lost a deal of sleep, feeling no better for going to bed. Gradually I got weaker and weaker, and so thin I was nothing but skin and bone. I got so weak I had to be lifted from the bed to a chair by the fire; and when I felt stronger I went about by the aid of a stick."

"I saw doctor after doctor and got medicine from the dispensary, but nothing helped me. After two years' suffering a lady who came to see me said she had been benefited by Mother Seigel's Syrup, and gave me a bottle. After taking it a week I found myself improving; my appetite being better, and food agreeing with me. I had less sickness, and felt better altogether.

Continuing with this medicine, the pain and nervous feeling soon left me. Since then I have kept in good health, taking a dose or two when needed. I have told many persons of what Mother Seigel's Syrup did for me, and you can publish this statement as you wish. (Signed) (Mrs) Hannah Douglas, Main St., Portarlington, Queen's Co., Ireland, August 20th, 1896."

Now, this woman did not have consumption of the lungs as commonly understood; she had something quite as bad—consumption of the whole body, with attendant prostration of the nervous system. Distinct lung disease might or might not have followed a little later. The point is this, and I want you not to miss it. Consumption arises from the introduction of foreign bodies into the lungs, which come oftener from the stomach than anywhere else, in the way I have described. Hence dyspepsia causes it.

But dyspepsia causes wasting (as in this instance) rheumatism, bronchitis, gout, impure blood, thin blood, skin eruptions, and a hundred aches and complaints from top to toe. As I have said times beyond counting, I say again—life begins, life is nourished, and death begins in the stomach. Keep it straight as long as you can with Mother Seigel's Syrup. That will do for now.

Length of London Streets.—In an English periodical Mr Percy Edwards tells us that the streets and roads of London measured in 1889 between 1800 and 2000 miles. The length of streets added annually is about thirty miles. The number of houses in 1889 was nearly 550,000, the average annual increase of houses during this century having been about 4700. The additions, however, do not keep pace with the influx of people from all parts of England and from abroad. To make up for the deficiency we find, on the one hand, more than 50,000 families whose dwelling-place consist of only one room, and, on the other hand, large numbers of the middle and upper classes living in flats, which, though convenient, in many ways, preclude the idea of home. The streets are getting more impassable from year to year.



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Complete Story.

On a Sydney Penny Ferry.

(By the Author of "The Seven Little Australians.")

And now if'er by chance I put
My fingers into glue,
Or mally squeeze a right hand foot
Into a left-hand shoe,
I weep, for it reminds me so.

Someone was giving an afternoon tea party on "The Shore," and it promised to be an unusually solemn and important affair.

No one masculine had been asked who was not figuratively or visibly long-haired, and no one feminine who had not a faint inkstain on her right-hand forefinger and a belief in spiritualism in her soul. Naturally, nothing but conversation was to be indulged in, and strawberry ices and the latest thing in sandwiches were to be the reward.

I was all impatience to get to such a reason feast and soul flow, and quite chafed because the sea was "wet as wet could be," and the medium of a ferry boat would have to be used.

But the seven or eight minutes' transit did not, after all, drag unduly.

I had hurried exceedingly to catch the boat, broken "into a run" across the quay, and hastened breathlessly through the turnstile and down the jetty, only to find there were still six minutes to the time of departure.

So I went past the cabin and outside up the bow to cool my warm cheeks and indulge in a little justifiable wrath against that curiously untrustworthy article the feminine watch.

There was a very little girl at the end, and an oddly large boy—that is to say, for his age. He was in frocks yet, and had probably not seen more than three mosquito seasons. But he was surprisingly bulky and solid-looking, and the babyish wood cap surmounting his big, wide face looked absolutely laughable. The girl, on the contrary, was the smallest creature imaginable. She had a little, old face, and tiny bird-like hands that grasped lightly at an ancient blue plush bag; and she kept one of her bright, eager eyes on the boy at her side, and one on the dancing harbour and the ships.

"It's Frederick Thomas's birthday," she said suddenly, seeing that I was looking in a speculative fashion at the boy.

"Ah!" I said, startled by the abruptness of the announcement, for I hardly recovered sufficiently to take the initiative in the conversation.

"An' we're going a voyage—ain't we, Frederick?"

Frederick Thomas only looked vacantly at his thumb, which for one brief moment he had extracted from his mouth.

"Mrs Jinks lent us the bag, and daddy gave us tuppence," she said, and a great beautiful smile spread over her small, quiet face. "Ain't the 'arbour fine, and the ships? Ain't this fine ship? Ain't we enjoyin' ourselves, Frederick?"

Frederick was still regarding his succulent thumb, and gave no answering speech or smile.

"Can he talk yet?" I said regarding the fat-headed child in a fascinated way.

"N-no," she said, very regretfully. "He's gone in the 'ol a bit, you see, and all gone in the legs—"

She paused and looked at him very tenderly. "But you can talk, can't you, Frederick?"

She bobbed her head up and down within an inch of his nose; she pinched his fat, bare legs, and gave an odd little whistle. "Diddums, den, chuck-er-ack-cluck, tam-tim-tim-ti-theooral."

Over the wide, smooth face of the child dawned a faint flicker of a smile, his dull eyes disappeared in two folds of flesh, his toothless gums displayed themselves, his chin touched his chest. I turned away almost with horror, and hastened to add myself to the crowd already gathered at the side, to be ready to land with a minimum of delay and a maximum of discomfort.

Up to the wharf the boat sailed, churned the water, flung out a rope,

tossed down the gangway, and emptied itself.

The last view I had of my little travelling companions was one hastily taken over my shoulder. They were up at the bow still, and seemed trying to efface themselves.

It was much more than an hour before I had a surfeit of soul, strawberries, and sandwiches, and was ready to return. By an athletic-looking engine boy I had noticed, I knew it was the same boat in which I had crossed over. And at the boat-head Frederick Thomas and the Small Person were sitting in just the same attitudes as an hour back. The Small Person's face grew crimson as I took my seat.

"Don't let on!" she said, in an imploring voice. She caught at my arm with her little, thin hand. "Oh, don't let on—there's a good 'un! It's Frederick Thomas's birthday, or I wouldn't 'ave."

I looked at Frederick for a solution; but he merely showed me both his thumbs, which looked water-worn, like the fingers of a washerwoman.

"We rid each time—the man don't know. We ain't done no 'arm, 'ave we, Tom-tiddums?" went on the little beseeching voice. "An' we guv one browny didn't me, Tomothy? 'Ere's one fer goin' back." She opened her hand, and disclosed a bright penny. "Don't let on, I say!"

I had an attack of coughing that lasted a minute or two.

"You have been travelling backwards and forwards several times for that one penny!" I said, as severely as I could.

The Small Person grew white, and put a protecting arm round Frederick Thomas.

"Are you goin' to get us copped?" she said, in a voice that shook. Two big tears sprang into her wide, frightened eyes, and fell on Frederick's wooden hat; the chest under the old cotton frock heaved convulsively.

I reassured her eagerly. Those two great tears would have made me help to defraud all the ferry companies in the world.

A shilling would take her to Manly twice, I said, presenting her with two sixpences; and it would be a longer voyage. Suppose Frederick Thomas had another birthday to-morrow, and they went there?

She cried a little, in a quiet, subdued way, from relief; then she dried her eyes on the top of the cap, and gazed speechlessly at the sixpences.

Anything so commonplace as "Thank you," she did not attempt to say; but she closed and unclosed her hand, where the little coins lay, and touched them with almost reverent fingers. Then she moved closer to me, and looked up with wet, shining eyes. "You can 'ave Frederick Thomas on your lap a bit," she said, in a low voice that still had a quiver in it.

I told her gently I would not like to disturb the little fellow; he looked very comfortable where he was, and I should be getting out very soon.

We came up alongside the wharf at the quay, and I said good-bye to the children, took my penny out of my glove (a pernicious habit, but rife among ferry travellers of the gentler sex), and made my way across the gangway up the jetty, and through the turnstile, just as the Small Person staggered through with the large and lumpy Frederick clasped in her little arms.

When I was nearly at the top of the hill I found, to my horror, I had lost my purse. I distinctly remembered having it on my knee when I gave the expenses, and therefore hurriedly retraced my steps. Frederick Thomas and the Small Person were still lingering, watching the water through the rails. "My purse!" I gasped. "Did you see my purse?—a brown one—my purse—I have lost it."

The Small Person gave me a quick look of comprehension. "Melbe you dropped it melbe it's on the ship—'ere, 'old 'ard."

The next minute she had thrust the bulky Frederick into my astonished arms, had darted through the turnstile, heedless of the shout sent after her for her penny. I pressed closer

to the opening and looked anxiously after her. The boat was moving off—there was quite a wide space of water between—but she sprang lightly over on to the deck amid a perfect storm of cries and warnings.

Across the white-topped waves the steamer made its way, jauntily frothing up the water as if with supreme scorn at my contretemps.

For it was a contretemps without a doubt. Indeed, I cannot in all my life remember a time when I felt more abjectly unhappy than I did as I stood on that quay holding in my arms Frederick of the fat head and woollen cap.

People looked at me curiously as they came hurrying down for the boat. Several I knew by sight glanced at me and then at that awful child with the greatest surprise depicted on their faces. For one thing I knew I was not holding the boy as a tender nurse should; he was terribly heavy, and I was simply grasping him round the waist just as I had taken him from the Small Person.

Ordinary babies seem to fall naturally into a sitting position on your arm, but this child had no joints, and just stayed in a stiff, shapeless heap. Once I tried to set him on the ground, but it was a failure. The Small Person had told me he was "gone in the legs," but this I had forgotten. The minute I tried to make him stand, however, his feet doubled under him, and he fell down helplessly. I gathered him up again, and with courage born of utter despair, walked as far as the Neutral Bay shed. And then I saw some people I knew slightly crossing the quay, and I walked back to the North Shore landing-place with burning cheeks.

If only I could have gone through and dropped him on one of the seats! I could have kept a watchful eye on him to see he didn't drown his hideous little self, and at the same time have appeared as if I had no connection with him. But I was absolutely penniless, and more than that, the man at the turnstile seemed to regard me with a distrustful eye. He had seen the Small Person in my company, and, of course, she had nuzzled him of his penny.

I looked up at the clock. I had only had the child for four minutes, though it seemed an eternity since he had been thrust into my arms, and there was no chance of the boat coming back for another ten.

And I remembered there were only three shillings, two postage stamps, and a pearl button in my purse. I would rather have lost it ten times over than have endured this. My back was breaking with the unaccustomed burden. How the Small Person carried him about as she did will ever remain a mystery to me.

Dark thoughts entered my head of abandoning him, setting him down in a safe place on the ground, and stealthily fleeing citywards; but I knew officious people would raise a hue and cry after me, and I should be forced to take him again. I thought of tipping someone near to

hold him, but then I had not the wherewithal to tip, and felt certain the little girl would not recover the purse.

Eight minutes still by the clock. The boy was slipping slowly from my arms. I gave him an impatient jerk upwards, and in doing so displaced his thumb from its mouth refuge. And then a fresh horror came upon me. His eyes disappeared in his fleshy cheeks, his head fell back, his face went purple, his mouth opened and exposed the red, naked gums, and a piercing and unearthly yell arose from his throat. I stuffed his hand—nearly the whole of it—back into his mouth, and, almost choking with impotent anger, bore him off beyond the Manly shed, where there seemed fewer people.

Someway the eight minutes dragged away—I have lived through whole weeks that have seemed far shorter—and the boat came back.

From my hiding-place I watched the people stream off and disperse, thinking I would not go back till the coast was clearer. Suddenly I saw the Small Person flying over the ground to me like a wild rabbit.

Her eyes were dilated, her cheeks deathly pale, her lips twitching. She stretched out her little shaking arms. "Guv 'im me—guv 'im me, at wanst!" she said fiercely.

I dropped him upon her with the utmost promptitude, and she held him to her almost hungrily.

"Well, did you get my purse?" I said.

She gave me another fierce look from her blazing eyes, then she pulled it from the front of her dress and handed it to me.

"'Twas on the seat," she said shortly.

Then her anger burst out. "An' I went back an' saved it fer you an' all, an' then you go and try ter steal Frederick Thomas!"

"Try to what?" I said, bewildered.

"Oh, I saw you; sneaking round here trying to 'ave me!"

She buried her nose in the pompon on the top of the cap, and down her cheeks there dropped two more great heavy tears, like the tears of an old, sad woman. Frederick smiled up at her in his pleasing, toothless way, and tried playfully to insert his wet thumb in her eye.

She gathered him up tightly. "Diddums, den, Tim Tomothy!" she said, smiling, too—a brief, watery smile. "Diddums try to steal my own Tom-timbitly!"

"My dear child," I said, for this new aspect of the affair was appalling—"my dear child, why I would sooner try to make off with the quay bodily than Frederick Thomas."

The Small Person gave me a look of withering and eloquent unbelief. Then she clasped Frederick Thomas close to her little breast, and moved silently and swiftly away with him.

I watched the odd, small figure until it was lost in the grey, falling shadows of the winter afternoon.

And then I made my way slowly and thoughtfully up the hill citywards, marvelling at the wonderful pennyworth it is possible to get on an everyday ferry-boat.

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AUCKLAND'S DARK HOUR.

If indeed the darkest hour comes before the dawn, better times must of a surety be in store for poor drought-stricken, dirty, distracted, discredited, and drainless Auckland. Verily, her misery is almost greater than she can bear, her burdens heavier than she can support, and her whole case so parlous that one can but extend to her pity. For years upon years that quaint animal "the average citizen" has sat with half-closed eyes, heavy with "laissez faire" and good-nature, regarding with half-amused and sleepy smiles the vagaries of successive City Councils and their pernicious policy of meddle and muddle. Elections have come and gone. They have possessed no interest for the average citizen, who has philosophically remarked that other people should look after such matters, he having no time save for dollar scrapping, sleeping, or dram-dinking, according to his individual taste. But on a sudden—after only half a score of years of successive warnings—the average citizen has been roughly and unmannerly awakened, and what is worse, kept awake, and as is usually the case with persons rudely awakened, or kept awake against their inclination, the average citizen is vastly indignant, and (in that he should have been cross thirty years ago), unreasonably cross. For the first time the disadvantages of sleepiness have been brought home to him with some sharpness. For a great part of the twenty-four hours he has no waver at all for any purposes whatsoever. For four or five hours of the day he has a strange milky coloured fluid, and for the other eight a water, or fluid, which follows closely the prevailing fad, being of a fine pronounced khaki colour, and of that consistency which led an enthusiastic Irishman to pronounce his beer as neat as well as drink. Moreover, his money-making tastes (which are serious) have been cribbed, cabined, and confined by the inconsiderate cutting off of water for his lifts, etc. Meanwhile, the stench of his streets has grown more and more weird, wonderful, and ostentatiously offensive, the disease breeding dust has flown in clouds denser and yet more dense, his attempted loan has proved a dead failure, and the howl of the drainless is loud in the land. Therefore, and because of all these accumulated aggravations, the average citizen is awake, and being so is obstreperous. There are no limits to his present activity of mind, there is no difficulty, no problem, which his penetration and perspicacity can fail to solve—in theory. The "city is in the deuces own plight," he will be you, but he is not the man to let it stop there. No, indeed! There is work—or talk—to be done, and he is the man to do it.

"Let us then be up and kicking. Those who've led us to this fate. Still averaging still averaging. Yet strictly guard the two bob rate."

Thus one imagines he may crawl of a morning as he vainly attempts the matutinal rub in the "turgid" fluid, which is so humorously termed water. In these sad days, and the enthusiasm with which the unhappy Council accepts such kicking and advice would reconcile one to far greater inconveniences than those the citizens have already suffered. The harder the kicks the better they like it. Having ranged themselves in the most tempting postures, they await the onslaught with a report, begia agnari de novo. Reports are what Councilors really hunger for. For them they will do or dare anything, even as will the dipomanic for drink. Many people imagined it was a policy of cheese paring, or economy, that led to the abolishment of the office of a city engineer precisely at the time when it seemed as if he would be most wanted. Ah! what innocence. Far from it, men enfeebled, but it is obvious if you have a competent engineer who is willing to do all the work required for a moderate fixed salary, you cannot engage expensive experts to furnish special reports, and worse still cannot listen to the profound wisdom of the men in the street, or the pronouncements by the still more sapient person the "Constant Reader" who writes to the correspondence columns. Wherefore, of course, it was necessary to get rid of a troublesome person, who would

have always been in the way with some plan, whose idiotic efficacy would solve the problem out of hand, and left the Councilors with nothing to potter at. For, as everyone knows, to potter is the supremest joy you can give an Auckland City Councilor. That is why he adores reports, for reports mean pottering, and pottering means further reports, whereby as close an approach to perpetual inaction is achieved as the breast of fumble can desire. The picnic potter for the discovery of a water supply has perhaps seen its best days, but as an annual or bi-annual outing it has few equals. Still, there is "badm in gilead," for cannot a Councilor and an official or so potter most delightfully over the laying down of a pipe service for an auxiliary supply, and even when in the dim and distant future the water supply is fixed up, why there is always a path to be sanded here, or a lamp-post to be erected there, and it would be a poor Councilor indeed who could not find a host of material for an infinity of pottering and reports in either. But to drop exaggeration, and speak seriously, the position of Auckland is by no means pleasant for her citizens to contemplate. She is without water, without drains, and her system of refuse removal is a constant menace on public health. Her attempt to raise money for the carrying out of these absolutely necessary reforms failed in an ignominious manner, only a small portion of the £50,000 required being tendered for. It is now announced that the money will be used where most urgently required, and this, there is only too much reason to fear, means its being frittered away in dribbles. Decidedly, it is a dark hour for Auckland. Perhaps, therefore, the one before the dawn. Anyway, all her friends will so pray.

A BLANK YEAR.

M. Borchgrevink, of the Antarctic Expedition, who paid a flying visit to the Bluff the other day, when en route to England from the polar regions, had exciting news to hear, as well as to tell. I think I would envy him his ears more than his tongue, even had the latter not been tied for the time by agreement with his publishers. For, though it is doubtless very pleasant to recount strange adventures of which one has been the hero, it is questionable whether there is not a greater pleasure still in regaining, after a long absence, the full current of civilisation and hearing at that has occurred while you were away. To come back again from these terrible polar solitudes and silences and to list once more to the busy voices of the world, with its myriad actions and its myriad interests, is comparable to nothing so much as to arising from the dead. The charm of such a re-entry into life has always appealed to mankind, as witness the popularity of tales of the Sleeping Beauty and Rip Van Winkle type. Things moved much more slowly, however, in the world of their day than they do at present, and the sleepers had to be allowed to sleep many decades in order to give time for the great changes to occur which were to bewilder them when they regained consciousness. But one short year suffices now to raise a crop of fresh marvels in the fertile soil of the nineteenth century, and if you only give for eighteen months or so beyond earshot of the world's highways you can promise that a wonderful store of surprise will be waiting for you when you return. M. Borchgrevink and his companions only held the world for a year, but in that short time they, in a way, realised what it is

"To sleep through terms of mighty wars
And wake on science grown to more
To scorns of the brain, the stars,
As wild as aught of fairy lore."

What is described as one of the most noteworthy experiences of the party is their feeling, when, on arrival at Stewart Island, they heard the news of the world. In this fixed age, when many are almost kept alive by the shock of novel sensations in sedation, it might be a decided boon if there were some corner of the world where the telegraph and post are unknown, hedged round from every flying fact and rumour, cut off in effect from the planet as the moon is in reality from the earth. There one could bask himself and, enduring

the solitudes and the society of himself for a year or two, come back and drink, in one huge draught, the concentrated accomplishment of the hurrying world. The absence would need not be a very long one, or the effect on the returned recluse might be actually dangerous. No one who daily watches the papers of the world can pretend to anything but a very superficial knowledge of it. How, then, would it fare with the individual who lost entirely touch with civilisation for five or ten years? Could he stand the strain put on his faculties by the recital of what had taken place while he was away? Could his ordinary grasp, could his imagination realise, could his faith credit the marvellous achievement of those years, to him so barren and empty? Would he ever catch up with his fellows and feel abreast of the time? Unless one follows the example of M. Borchgrevink and hies him to Antarctic ice-fields it would be difficult to make the experiment with absolute hope of success. For where, save under the shadow of the poles, does one get beyond the hum of the world? Even Central Africa and desert islands are not sound-proof in that respect. But, as it is obviously impossible for the majority of us to follow the explorer's example, and go South, we must look to science to devise some means by which we can, without undertaking adventurous journeys, rest safely on a shelf in our own homes, lulled to prolonged unconsciousness by some kind narcotic.

THE MADNESS OF VANITY.

The youth Sapido, who attempted the life of the Prince of Wales at Brussels last week, was assuredly neither a Beer nor an anarchist agent, though yet, alas! imagination would love to make him out one or the other, and he himself, poor wretch, would gladly shake his thirst for notoriety by posing as the two in one. But as Dr. Leyds may be he was quite innocent of the business I am sure, and though the anarchists have a dangerous fancy for striking at heads which rise very high above the common level to which they would reduce everything, I don't think the death of the Prince of Wales had been determined on in any of their secret conclaves. Pernicious literature wrought Sapido's ruin. In Great Britain there is a class of publications which represent the deeds of highwaymen in such an alluring light that youthful readers are sometimes led to emulate the actions of the Knights of the road with unexpectedly unpleasant results to themselves. On the Continent the youthful imagination has even a more hurtful diet to feed on if it feels so disposed. In the anarchist literature of the day murder in high places is glorified as a virtue of the finest character. The assault of His Royal Highness had filled his mind with these diabolical doctrines, just as he had stuffed his pockets with the cheerful literature that expounded them. He was in fit humour for slaughter when, the night before the attempted assassination, he attended the professor meeting, and what he heard there doubtless gave a fine finish to his blood-thirsty desires. He went to the conference convinced of his mission to kill. He left it, I presume, equally convinced that the British were a people to be wiped off the face of the earth. The contract in his entirely was of course too much for him to undertake single-handed, but he could do his little best. We may be sure that that morbid brain burned with the sense of his own heroism when he marked the Prince of Wales for his victim. With all the overwhelming vanity and thirst for fame of madmen of his class, he saw himself the idol of the hour the champion of Europe, maybe, for who knows what wild ideas may not have possessed his diseased imagination. It is pretty certain that the anti-British pourings of the continental press gave rise in his mind to the most extravagant anticipations of the honours which grateful Europe would bestow on the murderer of the heir apparent to the British throne. He will have plenty of time now to bewail the ingratitude of Europe.

THE PATRIOTISM OF IGNORANCE.

It would have been foolish in the Bendigo magistrate to have punished the boys who were charged with insulting behaviour to the German flag flown by the German Club of the place. It would have been doubly foolish in the Berlin authorities and they taken any particular notice of

the affair. The boys hauled down the flag in the exuberance of youthful patriotism and evidently confounding the flowers with the Germans. How frequently do you find ignorance of this kind and a perverted patriotism together, even among adults. Indeed, the ardour of a good deal of the patriotism now on view is the result of that ignorance. The unthinking of all nations are always the victims of it, and the British are not a whit better than their neighbours. Hatred of foreigners is among these people the inevitable complement of love of one's own country. It is inconceivable in their eyes how a true patriot can do anything else than hate a foreigner, and when it happens that they have a quarrel with a man of alien nationality their opprobrium is heaped on men of all alien nationalities indiscriminately. The feeling is precisely the same as actuated the Bendigo boys. Boer or German were much the same to them. How very boyish the great majority of us are in that respect. Were it not for our ignorance there would be a good deal less of the patriotism of the common kind abroad. If we knew the foreigner, and he knew us, there would be removed from both sides a thousand misconceptions which form the fertile medium for quarrel and hatred. Almost invariably when the average Englishman comes across the average Frenchman or German, and the two are decent fellows, they get on very well together on the basis of common humanity, and forget for the moment their respective nationalities. But when they get back again into their own national circle they are soon again the slaves of tribal tradition, and ready to disparage, or even vilify the foreigner generally. The patriotism that stimulates itself by indulging an unreasonable hatred of foreigners generally is a poor affair. Can it be right to give the name of virtue to a quality that is so completely opposed to Christian ethics? It is because of the tendency of patriotism to foster unbrotherly feelings between diverse peoples that the Socialists have condemned as a vice of the worst character what we have regarded as one of the noblest of virtues. But there is an exalted patriotism which, while it makes a man devoted to his native land, does not blind his eyes to the good qualities of other nations, or harden his heart against them. That is the patriotism of the wise.



THE HABITUAL DRUNKARD.

In a recent divorce case in Christchurch, the Chief Justice defined the term habitual drunkard. A precise statement of the conditions under which the term can be justly applied to an individual is rather hardly wanted. What between the rabid prohibitionists who are disposed to call every man who takes his glass of beer to dinner a habitual drunkard, and the conservative temper of sound constitution who can polish off his dozen or more nips a day without feeling inconvenienced, one gets a little confused as to the proper use of the epithet. To be a habitual drunkard in the severe eyes of the law does not, it appears, require that one should be helplessly or hopelessly inebriated every day or any day of the week. Neither is it necessary that one should be what the policemen call "drunk and incapable." It is enough that your libations, whether small and frequent, or large and not so frequent, are sufficient to derange your health or to interfere with the transaction of your business, or the discharge of your duties. That, briefly, is how the law defines habitual drunkenness. But does it cover all and every species of the habitual drunkard? I am afraid it does not. Our ancestors defined seven distinct stages of ordinary inebriety, and then they had exhausted the variety of the vice. In the same way the phrases of the complaint when habitual are numerous. One frequently comes across men whose potations are many and deep, who are patently guilty of excess, who are habitual drunkards in any common conception of the term, and yet go on with their business or their pleasure with the average degree of success. They would resent the application of the term to themselves, and under the legal definition it would be hard to deny it to them. But the poor wife and family whose home has lost its native charm, and who have to put up with countless inconveniences and causes of grief, suffer all the same. They are sacrificed to the inadequateness of a definition. Yet how it is to be made adequate one scarcely sees.

FAMILY AFFECTION IN THE COLONY.

It may be that a certain proportion of exceptions are necessary to prove the rule, but it is none the less amazing that in New Zealand, where family affection is so pronounced a characteristic of the people, that we should hear with such comparative frequency of cases where the law has to step in to compel sons and daughters in comfortable positions to support their father and mother. There has recently been quite a sequence of more or less shocking instances of this sort, including one somewhere down South where the unfilial one remarked airily that he had subscribed so liberally to the Patriotic and "More Men" Funds that the small matter of a starving mother was quite beyond his means. In Auckland during the last few days a case was brought up equally—well, shall I say peculiar—but lacking the saving grace of humour noticeable in that just noticed. The sons were several in number, and all "comfortably off," yet they absolutely refused to compel by law to subscribe to save their unfortunate mother from being described in the language of the Court as "a destitute person." In such a case there is, of course, no permissible excuse. That set up by the "comfortably off" brothers was that the old lady was prone to gambling, and they feared if they gave her money she might devote it to unrighteous purposes. Poor old lady—such shocking bad luck in the matter of those who should have loved her might lead her to tempt fortune in gaming. "Unlucky in love, lucky at play" is an ancient and popular dictum, and the misery of her neglect and destitution might assuredly make the mother of these "comfortably off"—ahem, gentlemen—hope that in gambling ventures her luck would be colossal. But even if this were true, how lame, how admirably characteristic of their type, was the excuse. Was it not possible to have provided stores, house-vent, coals, or the half a dozen necessities of life which could not be gambled with? One hopes there are few such sons in the world, and few mothers to have to endure the bitterness of their neglect. So far as this colony is concerned, filial obedience and regard of the old command as to honouring the father and mother are perhaps not conspicuous characteristics of the people, but the abnormal degree to which family affection is developed in New Zealand is the first thing that strikes those who come here to settle, and every year and every day they live in the colony there seems to arise some new instance of this characteristic to marvel at. In the main I do not doubt that the extravagant lengths to which family affection and family worship is carried amongst colonial families is for good; but it must be also admitted that it has certain drawbacks and disadvantages. The family, its sayings, its doings, its individually delightful component parts, and its immaculate whole, is no doubt an ever fresh subject for conversation, but is it not apt to be narrowing? The custom almost universal amongst married ladies (with mothers living) of spending Hunday, Wednesday, and Saturday with mother, and having dear mother to visit them on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, is so amiable that it would be an unnatural brute who should object, and yet, and yet, has not even so admirable a weakness its dangers? Is it not prone to make "the family" something of an idol, to which everything must be sacrificed? Closely

allied to the colonial habit of family worship is the cut-like affection we colonials exhibit for our original place of residence. Englishmen, I fancy, are far less prone to this virtue—for I do count it a virtue. They are proud of being Londoners or Liverpoolians, or Manchester men; but if they go away they are not miserable. Now, a Wellington man in Auckland can only be compared for discontent to an Auckland man in Wellington, and the same thing holds good of every place in the colony. The trait is a good one, but one would like to see it emerge from the cut-instant stage to that where our men and women would be willing to do something to prove their affection for their native place. At present there is not much tendency that way in any of our cities. And this, getting back to the point from which we started, is there not just a danger that some of this family worship is of the cut description, too? If so, it would certainly account for such cases as those to which I have alluded. There is often, it seems to me, a lack of willingness for sacrifice for the old people, added to a tendency to make them useful. It should, I think, be firmly implanted in every child's mind that just as for many years his parents have supported him it is for the children to make themselves competent to support their parents in old age. It will no doubt be urged that so elementary a law of social ethics is already universally inculcated. Perhaps it may be, but it occasionally seems evident that the lesson has been very imperfectly learned.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

MR NELSON'S CARVED HOUSE.

The pictures of Mr C. G. Nelson's new carved house, "Tauru," at Whakarewera, which we give in this issue, show the interior of the house, and give an idea of the carvings of ancestral heroes and mythological deities with which the house is decorated. The door and window carvings, representing the legendary "tupuna," or woman-monster, known as Kyraugaituku, and the Arawa ancestor, Hatupatu, who lived over twenty generations ago, are of special interest. It is related by the Maoris that Hatupatu, while escaping from the fearsome Kurangaituku, uttered the words, "Matiri, matata," as a sort of "open sesame," at a rock which stands near the Rotorua-Tikitapu Road, whereupon the rock opened and received Hatupatu, and sheltered him from the ogress, whose mokai, or pet cat, he had been. When Hatu left the rock he was again pursued by Kurangaituku, who while chasing him was scalded to death in one of the boiling springs at Whakarewera. The Arawa Maoris still point out the rock which yielded to the magical words of Hatupatu, and show what they say are the "scratches" made in the rock by the "tupuna" with her claws in her efforts to get at the escape.

In connection with the ceremonies for the removal of "tapu" from the carved house, as described in our last issue, it may be further explained these rites were considered necessary because several deaths had occurred in connection with the older portions of the house. The frontal pillar (tokoihi) at the porch, the ama-mahi, or slabs, supporting the outside barge boards, the beautifully carved pillars on each side of the door, and a

number of the wall slabs, having been executed about half a century ago (some of them further back still) for a carved house which the chief Te Waru intended to build. The work was abandoned for some reason. Three subsequent attempts were made to finish and erect the house at considerable intervals, but on each occasion a wife of Te Waru died. This the Maoris regarded as an aitu, or evil omen, and they concluded that the Maori gods were displeased, and did not want the house finished. The carvings were regarded as extremely sacred, and it was only with much difficulty that a couple of years or so ago Mr Nelson secured them. He heard that they were lying near Te Waru's village, and managed to secure them through the influence of Keapu te Rangipawhi, the Tuhourangi chief, of Whakarewera, making Te Waru a handsome present in return. Mr Nelson then set to work and had the rest of the artistic carvings done in order to complete the house after the ancient style. Then the "karakias" of the priests were considered necessary to formally open the house, and now for the ancient priest, Te Rangipawhi, is dead, just a week after he "removed the tapu."

Beneath the central house-pillar (poutoko-manawa) depicted in one of our pictures, it was in ancient times the Maori custom to bury the body or the heart of a human victim, who was slain for the purpose, so that the house, being founded in blood, might stand.



LAND FOR SETTLEMENTS ACT.

IMPROVED FARM FOR LEASE.

PUNAROA SETTLEMENT, CANTERBURY.—Two miles and a half from Fairlie Township and Railway Station, on the Mackenzie County Main Road, 7,022 acres, divided into six agricultural farms, of areas from 125 acres to 1,350 acres, at rentals from 3/6 to 9/ per acre per annum, and Grazing Run, 2,143 acres, at rental of 2/ per acre per annum. First class land. Open for selection on 13th April, 1900.

PAPAKA SETTLEMENT, CANTERBURY.—Two miles and a half from Levels, Waitohi, and Pleasant Point Railway Stations, 154 acres first class land, divided into nine farms. Areas from 30 acres to 302 acres. Rentals from 9/6 to 13/ per acre per annum. Open for selection on 13th April, 1900.

TAUAWARI SETTLEMENT, CANTERBURY.—Two miles and a half from Tenuka Railway Station, 123 acres first class land, divided into six farms. Areas from 17 acres to 20 acres. Rentals from 2/ to 2/ 6 per acre per annum. Open for selection on 13th April, 1900.

AORANGI SETTLEMENT, WELLINGTON.—Situate on Orongu River, one mile from Feilding, 1,733 acres first class land, divided into 37 farms. Areas from 5 acres to 175 acres. Rentals from 12/3 to 21 per acre per annum. Open for selection on 5th April, 1900.

WITTEBELL SETTLEMENT, AUCKLAND.—Situate 5 miles from Cambridge, Waikato, 854 acres agricultural land, divided into 9 farms. Areas from 80 acres to 146 acres. Rentals from 1d to 2/6 per acre per annum. Open for selection on 8th April, 1900.

UNIMPROVED RURAL LAND IN KING COUNTRY OPEN FOR OPTIONAL SELECTION. 54,202 acres Forest Land, from fair to rich in quality, close to Kawhia Harbour and Te Kuiti Railway Station. Cash price 10s to 19/ per acre. Lease 6d to 11d per acre per annum.

Full particulars, maps, pamphlets, etc., may be obtained at the Land Offices throughout the colony, or they will be sent on application.

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Current Comment.

“EMPIRE-BUILDING.”

For some years we were content to be amused with the phrase, but it was not long before the men whose work it is to build up the Empire began to do it with all their might. During the last few months their numbers have increased, and they now bulk largely in the United Kingdom, and in every dependency of the Crown. Mr Chamberlain stands foremost, with his strong chief, in London; Mr Rhodes is easily first in South Africa; Sir Wilfrid Laurier heads the Canadas without a rival; and in Australasia there is no one to dispute the supremacy of the Premier of New Zealand. The attitude assumed by Mr Seddon is, naturally, the most interesting to the people who have placed him where he is, for to them that attitude is a justification of their confidence. His message to the Premier of New South Wales, indicating his opinion that the time has come for discussing the question of establishing a “Council of the Colonies,” is, therefore, a legitimate source of pleasure to them. But it is not a surprise. On the contrary, it is a step which increases the lead he has taken in Australasia in the matter of the Imperial connection. Only the other day he paved the way for that step by the decided expression of opinion about the terms of the peace which cannot be very far off in South Africa.—Wellington “Post.”

WANT OF PROPER SCOUTING.

Once more the neglect of proper scouting has led a British force into a death trap. After the disasters which have befallen our troops in South Africa, from the same cause, it seems inexplicable that such a fatal neglect of proper precautions against a disastrous surprise should lately have occurred near Bloemfontein. The natural result was that a convoy, sent by General Broadwood, protected by six guns, walked into an ambush in a water-course, and was captured, together with the guns. Had there been proper scouting such a fatal “contretemps” could not have occurred, as the scouts would have discovered the ambushed Boers, and given timely warning, and thus prevented the loss of the convoy and guns. It is the old story—“Someone has blundered.” How often is this fatal neglect of proper scouting precautions to occur before those responsible for such foolhardy neglect are brought to book, and punished? The Boers never make such mistakes, and keep out of vision so much that our men seldom catch sight of them until they are right on them, and exposed to a murderous cross-fire, which too often leaves them no choice between annihilation and surrender. It is enough to take all the heart out of our men to so frequently expose them to such fatal surprises, which could, by the exercise of common-sense precautions in the way of efficient scouting, be entirely avoided.—Wanganui “Herald.”

PROPORTIONAL REPRESENTATION.

It seems as if the principle of proportional representation is coming in to favour on the other side of the Tasman Sea. For the second time Tasmania has recently conducted its Parliamentary elections in its two chief towns on a modification of the Hare system, and the results are encouraging. Everybody is not pleased, notably some of the defeated candidates, but it has been shown that there are no insurmountable difficulties about carrying out a system which gives an elector opportunity to vote that his electoral power is accorded the fullest play, and, further, gives minorities a chance of being represented in proportion to their numbers.—“Hawera Star.”

IRELAND AND THE WAR.

The connection of Ireland with the war in the Transvaal brings into view strange and almost lurid contrasts. For one aspect of the case we look to the field of battle, and we find not only Irish regiments doing deeds of valour and heroism which have excited the admiration of Europe, but a number of Irishmen in the very highest positions of command. Lord Roberts and Generals White and French are Irish, and Lord Kitchener was born in the

County Kerry, though his nationality is more strictly English. When we look to the administration we find Lord Lansdowne, the Secretary of State for War, descended from one of the most picturesque of historic Irish rebels, and Lord Wolseley, the Commander-in-Chief of the army, Irish to the backbone. The scene of operations, however, is not without touches of a different complexion. We heard some time ago of Irish traitors at Mafeking, and we have had occasional glimpses of a scraggy Irish company among President Kruger’s motley forces. But these are mere spots on the surface of a brilliant picture; and on the whole Ireland may fairly claim to have exercised a powerful and preponderant influence on the progress of the war. We do not say this in disparagement of the Highland Brigade with such chiefs as Wauchope and Hector Macdonald; nor of the various English regiments who have touched the high-water mark of courage and endurance. But happily for all these forces there is no grim set-off to the glory of their deeds. There is nothing to mar their confidence in the enthusiastic sympathy of their relatives and fellow-countrymen at home. They have been borne to victory on a wave of popular approval and admiration, in which there is no admixture of bitter hatred for the cause for which they are fighting.—“Christchurch Press.”

WE SHALL HAVE OUR REWARD.

We are glad that the people of New Zealand had no selfish thought in helping the Mother Country, for a recognition of the need of Imperial unity can hardly be regarded as selfish—glad that they sent their sons to fight and to die without any condition, or bargain, or dream of gain. But now, when the first flush of emotion is over, there is no harm in recognising the fact that they have all along been improving their own status. The Premier and his colleagues, as official guardians of the welfare of the colony, naturally rejoice in this result, and the people will not be backward in giving them their fair share of the credit. This Imperial work probably represents the culminating point of Mr Seddon’s political career. We shall not be surprised if at the close of the coming session he decides to relinquish the turmoil and worries of active political life and assumes the less trying duties of the Agent-Generalship. He will have richly earned his semi-retire, while as Agent-General he would probably be conspicuously successful. The exceeding not to say amazing popularity of one of his present colleagues is one indication that there will be no difficulty in finding an acceptable successor as party leader.

A RAILWAY WE OUGHT TO OWN.

The experience of the last few years ought to convince the most sceptical that, in spite of the low competing rates adopted on the Government line and the institution of a time-wasting time-table, the company’s line most continue to increase in usefulness and value. It is a well-known fact that if the company’s line belonged to the Government, much of the traffic that now goes over the Rimutaka could be carried at much less expense and far more advantageously to the people. It is true that the colony would lose six or seven thousands of pounds annually in taxation, but even that amount would be more than made good to the Government by the facility with which it would be able to work its own system through possessing the Manawatu line. It is anomalous, viewed in the light of the settled policy of the colony—that all railways shall be State-owned—to find the Government favouring the continuance of a privately-owned line. The shareholders of the Manawatu Railway Company have done service to Wellington and the district. They have now their reward in the possession of a paying concern, and each year demonstrates to the public and to Parliament that the interests of the colony are being neglected so long as no steps are taken to secure the acquisition of the line by the Government.

THE BOER SIDE OF THE QUESTION.

The position of the party of peace—called “Pro-Boer,” by the class whose terms must be manufactured for them—is that this war in South Africa was unnecessary, and that Britain was the aggressor. I know this will startle your jingo readers. But impossible as it may seem to some whose impressions of the war have been founded on the frenzied criticisms of the “Times,” the Boer has offered us the same mode of settlement that we ourselves have adopted in disputes between bodies of our own fellow-subjects—namely, arbitration. Many supporters of the war party first form a prejudice of kinship—and very often financial interest—in favour of the British policy, and become advocates for a side. Instead of occupying the position of judicial-minded citizens. Had the Boers refused to submit the difficulty to the settlement of the fairest tribunal nations can employ—arbitration—this writer might have regarded their cause in a different light, but such an offer, coming after our blow about civilising them, convinced me that the statements of many of the Uitlanders about the ignorance and arrogance of the Boer had been considerably exaggerated. If any of your readers should not have had their opinions about the inhumanity of the Boer dissipated by his kindly, generous treatment of the British prisoners, let them read the final speeches of the members of the Volksraad upon the question of the ultimatum which was sent to Britain. Every word spoken was full of deep humanity. They expressed pity for Tommy Atkins, who would have to die to keep the capitalists on their pedestals of power and ease. And the subsequent treatment of the British who fell into their hands has proved that their words were heartfelt and earnest.—“Maoriander,” in Lyttelton “Times.”

THE ATTACK ON THE PRINCE OF WALES.

We are thankful that we have not to announce with black borders and other emblems of mourning the death of the Prince of Wales from the hand of an assassin. The escape of the Prince of Wales from the hand of an assassin has been a providential one, and the greatest joy will be manifested throughout the world that no evil results followed the daring attempt that was made upon his life. This is the first attack of the kind that the Prince has been subjected to, but it resembles in some respect the first assault upon Her Majesty the Queen, her assailant then being a youth of low intelligence who fired a revolver at her head, but missed, as these would-be assassins generally do. It is remarkable that out of some fifty-six attempts that have been made upon the lives of sovereigns, princes, and presidents during the present century only eight have had fatal results, the last death by violence being the assassination of the Empress of Austria at Geneva, Switzerland, in September, 1898. It is probable that the great excitement and passion which a man must be labouring under who attempts so dreadful a deed completely misdirects his aim.—“Poverty Bay Herald.”

THE USES OF ADVERSITY.

As a wholesome corrective to the exuberant rejoicing of two or three weeks back, when everything seemed to be progressing rapidly and favourably to the British arms in South Africa, the more recent news and present aspect of affairs will probably serve a good purpose and prevent perhaps further mistakes of a serious nature occurring through a recrudescence of that overweening confidence which certainly contributed if it did not actually lead to some of our earlier reverses. There was a very prevalent belief when Ladysmith and Kimberley had been relieved and Bloemfontein captured, that the war was about over and the Boers were anxious for peace. Certainly overtures were made in that direction but with an end in view which from the British side was quite inadmissible, viz., the continuance of the independence of the Republics. The British Government has now made it quite plain both to the world at large and the Boers themselves that their independence has been forfeited as the penalty of the war and, as far as the

Transvaal is concerned, at any rate, the Boers are equally determined not to pay the forfeit until compelled by force of arms to do so.

ARE WOMEN WISE?

The nature of the answer to this question will greatly depend upon the personality of the individual to whom the query be addressed. If you ask the crotchety old bachelor, or the woman-hater, you will receive a most passionate “No” for an answer; and if you ask the lovesick young man you will receive an equally passionate “Yes” as a reply. But the bachelor, the woman-hater, and the lady-worshipper must all answer “Yes” to the question, was Mrs. M. J. Brown, of Gilbert-street, Bowden, Adelaide, wise when she took Bile Beans for biliousness to cure herself of severe attacks of constipation and indigestion, from which she suffered for twelve years? Read Mrs. Brown’s story and judge of the wisdom of her actions for yourselves. “For over twelve years,” said the lady, “I suffered from severe constipation and indigestion, with all the painful and disagreeable accompaniments that are known to every sufferer from constipation. I consulted various doctors, and was prescribed for by them, but without avail. At length they pronounced my case to be incurable. Besides having taken all the prescriptions which the doctors gave me, I tried the numerous remedies suggested by my friends, and almost all the medicines advertised as cures for my complaint, but I got no benefit from them. No medicine could be relied on to act when most required, even though the same thing had afforded slight relief previously. At length a friend of mine, Mrs. McAvine, who had herself been cured of serious illness by Bile Beans, recommended them to me. Acting on her advice I tried them, and after I had taken a few doses I was aware of an improvement in my condition. I continued to take the Beans for some months, and can truthfully say that they have completely cured me.” Millions of doses of Bile Beans are taken every year, which proves that both men and women have been wise in curing their ills by the people’s popular price preparation.

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**BUGS,
FLEAS,
MOTHS,
BEETLES,
MOSQUITOES.**

**HARMLESS TO ANIMALS,
HARMLESS TO ANIMALS,
HARMLESS TO ANIMALS,
HARMLESS TO ANIMALS.**

but is unrivalled in destroying FLEAS, BUGS, COCKROACHES, BEETLES, MOTHS IN FURS, and every other species of insect. Sportsmen will find this invaluable for destroying flies in their dogs, as also ladies for their pet dogs.

THE PUBLIC ARE CAUTIONED that packages of the genuine powder bear the autograph of THOMAS KEATING.

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A PURELY VEGETABLE SWEETMEAT, both in appearance and taste, furnishing a most agreeable method of administering the only certain remedy for INTENSIVE or TIBED WORMS. It is a perfectly safe and mild preparation, and is especially adapted for Children. Sold in Tins by all Druggists.

Proprietor, THOMAS KEATING, London.

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

Minor Matters.

The latest engine of destruction, which has won the endorsement of the United States, British, and Austrian authorities, is the Just-Alshau torpedo, which was perfected by a New York woman. The invention of this torpedo has been the life study of Captain W. Just, a former British artilleryman, but was not made practical until Dr. M. J. Alshau, Captain Just's fiancée, added the automatic side gear. I had puzzled over it for ten years, said Captain Just. And one morning, after we became engaged, I was puzzling over the draught of my torpedo, Dr. Alshau came up, and looking over my shoulder asked:—"What's going to make it come up? I will go under the water all right; that I can see. But what is going to make it come up at the right time?" I was a little put out, for she had put her finger on the weak spot, so when I told her it was a question easier asked than answered she turned the conversation. The very next morning she brought me draughts of the whole side gear. It is automatic, worked through gravity balance, and can be set like a clock—that is, if you wish the torpedo to go, say, three feet under water and then come up you set it at three, or if you wish it to go ten, twenty, thirty, or any distance, you have only to set it accordingly. She invented in a few hours a thing that had puzzled me for ten years. Dr. Alshau is a woman considerably under forty, and has a large practice in New York city. She has always displayed a decidedly inventive turn, but has, previous to the perfecting of this engine of war, devoted her talents to surgical instruments, and electric appliances to be used in her profession. A company with a capital of one million dollars has been incorporated to manufacture the new projectile.

Verily, the "Graphic" thinks, some people have more money than well, shall we say discretion? It is reported that a lady and a gentleman, who were evidently strangers to Christchurch, left a leather bag near Victoria bridge. It was noticed by two little girls, who, on returning it to the owners, were cordially thanked, and were informed that it contained one hundred sovereigns. The girls received a sovereign as a reward for their honesty.

Open confession is good for the soul of even the personage who lives by "the turf." During the hearing of a criminal case in the Supreme Court at Wanganui the only witness called for the defence was under cross-examination by the Crown Prosecutor, and after giving his name, was asked his occupation, his reply being that in the subpoena he was described as a Jeweler. Mr Fitzherbert then said: "Never mind that, tell us when you last rode in a race?" The smile hitherto irradiating the visage of the witness was somewhat overshadowed when he admitted that he did not know, and a further question as to his occupation elicited the reply, "I live." Pushing inquiry still further, Mr Fitzherbert asked was it not a fact that the witness had been warned of the principal race-course in the colony. This was indignantly denied, whereupon was read out to the witness several instances where such had been the case, and categorically asked, he had to admit the impeachments. The matter was clinched with the question, "Now, is it not a fact that you are generally known as a spileter?" The fleeing smile returned, as the witness seemed hesitatingly replied: "No; but I'd like to be one!"

There live in Christchurch at present a couple who were united with the marriage ceremony which prevailed at Gretina Green for many years. They are Mr and Mrs W. Ballintine, of the East Belt, and they were married in 1849. When Mrs Ballintine was only nineteen years of age, her parents, who resided in Edinburgh, decided to go to South Africa, and take her with them. But that threatened to interfere with certain plans for her future that she had made already, so she held a consultation with Mr Ballintine, and they decided that they should be married forthwith. As the vessel was to sail in three days' time, and as their marriage ceremony in Edinburgh would be hedged round with tedious formalities, they took the train for the Border. When the couple reached Lamberton, they told their case to the

landlady of the inn. She immediately introduced to them the Gretina Green priest, a Mr Sommerville, by whom the ceremony was performed. The couple returned to Edinburgh, and Mr Ballintine informed the bride's parents that she would be unable to go to South Africa, and they accordingly left next day without her. At one time at Gretina Green 200 couples were married in a twelve months. Up to 1856 the marriage ceremony was performed at the toll-house or the Gretina Hall, but in that year an Act was passed which made it necessary for the parties to live in the district for a certain time before the ceremony. Mr and Mrs Ballintine are old residents of Christchurch, where they have lived for twenty-two years.

She handed the draft to the paying teller. She was calm and collected, as if it was an every-day matter. "Madam," said the teller gently, "you have forgotten to indorse it." "Indorse it?" with a little worried smile. "Yes; you must write your name on the back here to show that you will repay this bank in case the issuer of this draft should fail to answer our call." "Oh!" she said, accepting the pen. When the teller looked at the draft again this is what he read: The ——— bank has always paid up what it owes, and you need have no worry. Therefore, I indorse this draft. Very truly yours, Mrs J. B. Blanks.

A remarkable illustration of the voracity of the ferret has been brought under our notice (says the "Wynham Farmer"). Mr Turnbull, of Tuturan, has been mysteriously losing some pigs from a litter a few days old. One morning, hearing the pigs squealing, he went to the sty, and saw one of the suckers apparently stuck in the mouth of a hole. On pulling it out, he found a ferret had got of it, intent on taking the pig to its lair. Not content with being caught in its depredation, the ferret cheekily followed the pig which Mr Turnbull had released, until the contact of that gentleman's boot with the body of the prowling little pest placed it hors de combat.

Our volunteers, or some of them, are the "Graphic" would like to remark, a very queer lot. We shall not be surprised to hear of them refusing to "go out" unless they get cream in their tea and feather beds. According to a Wellington daily, some indignation has been caused amongst the Wellington volunteers by the intimation that they will be expected to proceed to the Wanganui encampment via the Rimutaka, instead of by the direct route over the Wellington and Manawatu Company's line. The journey to Wanganui via the Wairarapa and Woodville will occupy over thirteen hours. By the direct route it would not take more than eight and a-half. Besides, the conveniences of dining cars do not obtain on the longer journey—which is a peculiarly tiresome one—whilst they do on the private line. So strong is the feeling in regard to the matter that a number of volunteers have declared their intention of not attending the encampment at all if they are to be put to the inconvenience of the longer journey.

When Sir Lyon Playfair was professor of chemistry at Edinburgh the Prince of Wales was his pupil. The following anecdote is recorded illustrating the faith of the pupil in his teacher. One day the Prince and Playfair were standing near a cauldron containing lead which was boiling at white heat. "Has your Royal Highness any faith in science?" said Playfair. "Certainly," replied the Prince. Playfair then carefully washed the Prince's hand with ammonia to get rid of any grease that might be on it. "Will you now place your hand in this boiling metal, and ladle out a portion of it?" he said to his distinguished pupil. "Do you tell me to do this?" asked the Prince. "I do," replied Playfair. The prince instantly put his hand into the cauldron, and ladled out some of the boiling lead without sustaining any injury.

The pastor of a church in ——— on leaving his study, which is in the rear of the church, saw a little girl, a friend of his, talking to a stranger. "What was that man saying to you, Madge?" asked the minister as he came up to the little girl. "Oh, he just wanted to know if Doctor C. was the preacher of this church." "And what did you tell him?" "I told him," she said, with dignity, "that you were the present incumbent."

He had made his fortune at Kalgoolie, and boarded the mail steamer at Albany, resplendent in all the most costly apparel and jewellery that West Australia could produce. Betongangway was raised he had introduced himself to all the saloon passengers, and had announced that he was one of the wealthiest men the West had yet produced, and before hand was out of sight he had come into collision with three or four persons who declined to drink expensive liquor at his expense. It was then that the captain led him quietly aside and remonstrated with him. "The passengers are complaining, Mr Midas," he said; "they say that you force your company upon them, and that you are exceedingly rude when they decline to associate with you." The West Australian gasped. "But my name's Croesus Midas," he said, "and me an' my mates got more money out of the Kalgoolie than them passengers ever seen in their lives." The captain shook his head. "I can't help that, Mr Midas," he remarked; "but you must respect them while you are on this ship." The man of wealth strolled away, and took the first opportunity of informing those who had complained that they were puffers in comparison with himself. His money was the sole topic of his conversation, and he related anecdotes about his vast possessions on the hurricane deck, in the card-room, at the dinner table—everywhere, in fact, that there was a listener to be found. At last the monotony became intolerable, and when the middle of the Great Australian Bight was reached the captain spoke to Mr Midas again. His tone was preemptory this time. He told the troublesome passenger that, as he had failed to take notice of the first warning, he would not receive another, but would be confined to his state-room for the rest of the voyage if he offended again. The breath of Mr Midas was taken away at the audacity of the captain. Then he slowly recovered, and extending a weather-beaten forefinger said impressively, "Look 'ere, I'll tune you up. I got money, I 'ave, an' when I get to Melbourne I'll buy this 'ere ship, an' give you the sack."

A physician with a statistical turn of mind has been estimating the proper distance covered by a woman in dancing through the ordinary ball-room programme. An average waltz, the doctor estimates, takes one over three-quarters of a mile. A square dance makes you cover half a mile; the same distance is covered in a polka, while a rapid galop will oblige you to traverse just about a mile. Say there are twelve waltzes, which is a fair average; these alone make nine miles. Three galops added to this make the distance twelve miles, while from three to five other dances, at a half mile each, bring up the total to from thirteen to fifteen miles. This, too, is without reckoning the promenade and extras. "As a means of exercise," says the physician, "it will thus be seen that dancing stands at the head of the list. In golf, for instance, the major part of the exercise consists in the walking around the links, following up the ball; and yet, even in golf, not so much ground is covered as in an evening's dancing."

Colonial offers of support have by no means been confined to the great self-governing colonies like Canada and Australia. Among the smaller, but equally significant offers, of assistance have been the following:—
 Jersey: £5000 for a battery of six guns with a detachment of Jersey Artillery Militia.
 Trinidad: 125 Light Horse, with gun.
 Barbadoes: Light Horse to fill up Lord Strathcona's regiment.
 Jamaica: The Jamaica Militia offered, but refused.
 Malta: The Maltese Artillery are now in garrison at Cairo.
 Mauritius: £2000 for the distress in Natal.
 The West African Colonies: Mentioned in the Queen's Speech at the close of last session. Troops offered, but refused.

The Federated Malay States: Troops offered, but refused.
 This last offer has an interesting history. The Malays in Capetown are much attached to Mr Rhodes personally. When matters got threatening at the end of last July, they held a meeting, and cabled to the Mahy Sultans in South Africa, but the offered troops had to be declined.
 Hong Kong: Artillery and police offered, but refused.
 Needless to say all the refusals were grateful and graceful in character.

Apropos of rats, remarks a contemporary, twenty years ago the most popular song of the day throughout the British Empire was "The Ratcatcher's Daughter." It was really the original forerunner of Chevalier's coster songs. The first verse was as follows:

"Not long ago in Westminster
 There lived a ratcatcher's darter,
 She didn't quite live in Westminster,
 'Cos she lived 'tween the side of the water.
 Her dad sold rats and she sold sprats,
 All round and about that quarter;
 And all the gentlefolks tuk off their 'ats
 To the purty little ratcatcher's darter."

The beauty of the girl attracted a wicked nobleman, who ran away with her. This disgrace on the ratcatcher's house drove her father mad, and he imagined himself to be selling sand, instead of rats. The song finishes with a tragedy:

"He cut his throat with a bar o' soap,
 And stabbed his moko arter.
 So here's an end of lily white sand man,
 Donkey, and ratcatcher's darter."



There is no doubt that we live in an age of worry and excitement, and as the struggle for existence is anything but conducive to good digestion or an appetite that can relish anything, the palate of the average work-a-day individual has to be tickled and tempted in a variety of ways. We are often lectured about the evil effects of an overindulgence in tea or coffee, not to mention intoxicating liquors, until many people are bewildered what to turn to for a beverage, which shall be at once agreeable to the taste, and supply the desired nourishing and stimulating qualities. Public attention has been freely drawn to the merits of Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa, as supplying a long-felt want in this direction. It is not simply a cocoa, but a preparation of two or three other ingredients, which give it great nutritive and invigorating qualities. It is, therefore, not merely a pleasant beverage, but a food and tonic in the bargain. Its success has certainly been phenomenal, and that is perhaps the best warranty for the claim made on its behalf, that Vi-Cocoa has the refreshing properties of fine tea, the nourishment of the best cocoas, a tonic and recuperative force possessed by neither, and can be used in all cases where tea and coffee are prohibited.
 Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa is neither a medicine nor a mere thirst-assuager. It is a food at the same time that it is a beverage, and thus answers a double purpose in the building up of the human constitution, and must render it highly serviceable to everybody, especially the workers in mills and shops of various kinds among whom tea has hitherto been so excessively drunk; while it has the further advantage apparently of being easily digested and of agreeing with the most delicate stomach.
 Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa, in 8½d packets and 1/4 and 2/2 tins, can be obtained from all Chemists, Grocers, and Stores, or from Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa, Limited, 260 George-street, Sydney. As a test of its merits, 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 read-

New Zealand's brave and hardy men
 Will drive the Boers from hill to glen,
 Old England's sons have not forgot
 Majuba Hill—that dreadful blot.
 They'll fight all weathers, fine or wet,
 Nor care for cold that they can endure,
 Which knowing well they can endure
 By taking Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.
 (Adv.)

BOOKS AND BOOK-MEN.

"PARSON KELLY."

Andrew Lang, collaborating with A. E. W. Mason, has not produced in "Parson Kelly" a book equal in artistic finish and vivid colour to "The World's Desire," in which he had Rider Haggard for his fellow-worker. Still there is no denying that "Parson Kelly" is a novel full of virility and bound to excite a strong interest. New and highly dramatic situations are not few, and a piquant flavour is added to most of these situations by what rarely enters successfully into the novel of to-day—a strong element of humour. It is in the reign of the first George that "Parson Kelly" flourishes, and then he only flourishes under the rose, as it were, for his allegiance is given not to King George but to the king across the water. The parson puts in his time gaily plotting for his exiled king in company with his bosom friend, rash, happy-go-lucky Nicholas de Wogan, and it is the adventures which these two encounter in their business and private capacity that make the book. One's sympathy is rather alienated from the hero by the fact of his cloth. The reader is never allowed to forget that Mr Kelly is a parson, while, at the same time, he is running full tilt against all accepted ideas of what is becoming in a clergyman. If Mr Kelly were a layman, however, we could have reconciled ourselves readily enough to his free and easy rules of living, and done full justice to his excellencies of character and disposition. The authors seem to have happily caught the tone of the social life in the times they write of, and well known characters, who figured conspicuously in the eye of the world of that day, are hit off with much skill and accuracy of portraiture.

"DONNA TERESA."

A charming story of a part of the lives of some English people living in Italy. It is a quiet story in which sensational interest—though sensational interest is not wanting—is quite subordinate to the revelation and development of character in the central figures. Donna Teresa herself, and her sister Sylvia, though absolutely opposite types of good and true woman-kind, are both admirably drawn; and Wilbraham, the lover in Huon of both, stands out in the pages before me an actual living man with all his faults and virtues. The appreciative and affectionate descriptions of scenes in and about Rome make very pleasant reading. The few Italians who come with any degree of prominence into the story are evidently sketched by one who is not a superficial observer of human nature.

YEOMAN FLEETWOOD.

Mrs Francis Blundell, while presenting the public in "Yeoman Fleetwood" with a story which is written well and thoughtfully, has committed a mistake in making it so long. The threads of interest in the tale are not sufficiently strong to support the strain of its length. The love of a man for a woman forms no doubt a sufficiently adequate motif for nine-tenths of the novels written, but it wants a handsome embroidery of incident, more or less exciting, to make it carry a reader interested through four hundred pages of close type. This story takes an unconsciously long time to get under way, and even when it does begin to move and certainly does not move at anything approaching a quick pace. Description and commentary by the authoress takes up room that would have been more aptly occupied by action of some sort or another, and it seems only when we are nearing the end of the book that we get a sense that something is happening.

Book V. of Macmillan's Australasian Readers has just come into my hands, and I note with pleasure what a very attractive collection of instructive reading it provides for our young folk. Few youngsters could fail to find something in it to suit their tastes, and most children are likely to forget that it is a school book and dig deep into its contents without their teacher's aid.

The March number of "The Pall Mall Magazine" contains various stories and articles on themes which suggest the present prominence of war and South Africa in the public mind. Among these is a short poem by Lady Middleton on General Wauchope, which will inevitably be read with much interest. Professor

Lombroso has an article on the connection between bicycling and crime, which it is difficult to take as seriously as it is evidently meant to be taken. J. Holt-Schooling gives us another of his interesting statistical papers on "Gambling Systems." The fictional department is well represented in this number, and a fresh instalment of Mrs Steele's fine serial story lays a deeper claim on the reader's interest. The frontispiece is a handsome photograph of a portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and there is also a fine engraving of Lelio Orsi's "Walk to Emmaus," among some other good illustrations.

The March number of "The Mighty Atom," the bright little magazine written and illustrated by the girls of the "Mighty Atom" Club in Auckland, is just in hand. The entire get up of the periodical reflects great praise on the ingenuity and talent of the writers and artists, and speaks volumes for the editor, Miss Dora E. Moor, who has brought her staff up to such a creditable state of efficiency.

"Parson Kelly," by A. E. W. Mason and Andrew Lang—Langmann, Green, & Co.

"Donna Teresa," by Frances Mary Peard—Macmillan & Co. (Champtoloup & Cooper).

"Yeoman Fleetwood," by M. E. Francis (Mrs Francis Blundell)—Langmann, Green & Co.

Exchange Notes.

Returns from mines reported this week totalled £29,478 11/3.

The total output of bullion from the Waitakauri Company's mines now amounts to £24,746 17/. This month's return was £6109 from 2054 tons.

A small parcel of 26 tons of ore treated by the Kapanga Company yielded £68 0/9.

Wellington Gas shares were wanted this week at £17.

The 150 tons of ore from the Hau-raki mine and 151 lbs of stone treated last month produced bullion worth £1413.

N.Z. Insurance shares sold at 61/, and more could be placed at the same rate.

Northern Steam shares sold at 6/10, and later on were wanted at a penny advance.

The Keep-it-Dark Company's (Reefton) battery return for the month was 247oz gold from 1041 tons; cyanide return, 156oz gold from 550 tons of tailings.

The N.Z. Talisman mine and property has finally been sold to the Talisman Consolidated Company, and instructions have been received to lay the foundations for a further 30-stamper battery, with engine power for 100 stampers. Fair sized lines of Talismans changed hands at 11/6.

Tararua Creek Company's return last month was £1216 18/1 from 980 tons of ore.

In the May Queen Extended mine the shaft is now down 89ft. Tributaries in the Adelaide section of this company's property are getting quartz which occasionally shows colours of gold.

A parcel of 16 tons of ore from the Kaiser reef in the Ironcap mine, Thames, when crushed yielded bullion worth £22 17/3.

Taupiri Coal shares sold at 17/ and are still wanted at 16/6.

Kuranui-Caledonian tributaries this month crushed 36½ loads of ore and 280lbs of picked stone for a return of bullion valued at £274 8/, an increase of £268 8/10 upon the previous month's output.

During March gold worth £152,980 was exported from the colony.

The total gold export from the colony for the quarter ending March 31, was £371,838, an increase of £11,789 upon the first quarter of 1899.

Dredging shares sold this week at the following prices:—Alpine Consols, 38/; Gold Queen, 39/; Hartley and Riley, £12 10/, £12, £11 15/, £11 11/, £11 10/, £11 5/, £11 2/6, £11 1/, and £11; Inch Valley, 41/, 43/, and 42/; Magnetic, 72/; Nevis, 29/6; New Alexander, 48/, 48/2 and 45/; Viuceut, 42/.

The first return from the Grace Dredging Company's new battery was £420 from 922 tons. Of this quantity only 175 tons were cyanided, the balance being stored for future treatment, tity being stored for future treatment. The return from plates and boxes was £350, and from 155 tons cyanided,

£70. Total, £420. The amount received for bullion will more than cover wages.

Buyers this week offered 2/ for Eclipse shares.

Occasionally a few pounds of piked stone are obtained from the Sons of Freedom reef in the New Whau mine. Two loads of quartz crushed for tributers yielded £6 1/6.

The pumping machinery at the Waikoi Grand Junction Company's mine started work this week. The capacity is 40,000 gallons per hour.

N.Z. and River Plate shares have been asked for at 20s, but holders asked 22s.

The Waitaia G. M. Company, Kuaotuaheke the past month was £400 from 85 tons of ore.

Tributers in the Tokatea Consols mine, Coromandel, obtained £40 15s 7d from 2½ tons of ore.

Good progress is being made with the erection of the Barrier Reefs Company's new battery.

The Waitaia G. M. Company, Kuaotuaheke, has commenced crushing operations at the Great Mercury battery.

N.Z. Crown Mines shares have had steadily buyers at 13s 4d, but no sales.

New Four in Hand return this month was £320 16s 1d from 120 tons. The total output for eleven months from this mine, with only a five stamper battery, is £2400.

Total yield from the Waikoi mine now amounts to £1,250,413 10s 2d. Last month's contribution was £29,198 from 7770 tons.

Hartley and Riley's dredge shares fell considerably in price this week, being sold as low as £11, as against £24 a fortnight ago. The return this week was 117oz 11dwt.

Tairua Broken Hill shares recovered a little in price during the week, being sold at 2s 1d.

The first return from the Tairua Broken Hills mines was disappointing, 600 tons having yielded £300, there being no cyanide plant at work.

The directors at once met and made a call of 4d per share in order to complete the cyanide plant.

Music and Drama

The Pollards commence their Auckland season in the Opera House on Saturday next, the 14th inst. The feature of the season will be the production of "The Geisha" for the first time in Auckland. The retirement of the Misses Perry and Mr Paul has necessitated some change in the allotment of parts. Miss May Beattie takes Miss Florence Perry's part of O Mitsuwa San, while Miss Winnet Karkock will be seen as Molly Seamore.

The following are the members of the Company with which Mr Walter Bentley is now touring the colony:—Miss Ada Woodhill (leading lady), Misses Ethel Hunt, M. Brandon, Ivy Gorrick, and Lynn Lydsad, Messrs Douglas Anselon, Johnson Weir, Orlando Daly, E. F. Gallagher, Ronald Starkey, W. Powell, S. Keany, and H. Hannell. The Company opened in Dunedin on Monday last week.

Fitzgerald Bros. Circus has a three-nights' season at Napier last week.

The Auckland Amateur Minstrel's first appearance in public last week was such as to make the public glad to renew their acquaintance at any future date. A really excellent programme was gone through, and gone through most capably. Scidom does one meet with such variety as was offered the public. There was the usual minstrel business, a remarkable exhibition of sharp-shooting by Mr Wynyard-Jess, a military spectacle in which 25 men took part, and several humorous sketches which brought down the house. The entertainment was given on two nights.

The second of the three concerts organised in Auckland under the direction of Mr George Maurice took place in the Opera House on Monday last.

The Rev. Chas. Clarke commenced his Wellington season on Monday of last week.

The Valdars have been doing excellent business in Auckland.

Mr Tom Pollard, who was seriously ill in Christchurch, is now, we are glad to report, in much better health.

Professor Anderson, the conjurer, only played one night in Auckland.

Puller's Waxworks and Vaudeville Company in Dunedin and Wellington are doing good business.

A Sydney paper says:—Mr Williamson's London agent is negotiating for the Australian rights of another new opera which is to be produced in London shortly. The agent describes it as one of the best he has ever seen.

It is not anticipated that Bland Holt will be in this colony within the next two years.

Mr Chas. Arnold's Australian tour commences immediately.

A cablegram from New York says that excitement and satisfaction has been caused in New York owing to the collapse of the presentation of Olga Netherese, the well-known actress, on a charge of taking part in an indecent production of "Sappho." The jury acquitted Miss Netherese. The complainant stated that her Sappho was a portrayal of the life of a dissolute woman in a way offensive to public morals.

When in Dunedin Mr Bland Holt subscribed £50 as the nucleus of a fund to be devoted to assisting members of the Fourth Contingent who may be disabled, or in assisting those dependent on them.

The Wellington Amateur Operatic and Dramatic Society will produce Gilbert and Sullivan's opera "The Grand Duke" on the 23rd of next month.

Mr W. J. Payne, of the original family of bellringers, is now showing a particularly good waxworks exhibition in Western Australia.

The most successful of modern plays are honest plays (says a New York paper). Over half a million dollars have been paid to see "The Old Homestead." "The Little Minister" is now in its third season with undiminished prosperity. "Barbara Frietche" played to enormous business. "Ben Hur" is sold out months ahead. "Miss Hobbs" has drawn crowded houses at the remote Lyceum.

Popularity may be said to persistently dog Mr Dix's Gaiety Company which continues to do splendid business in Auckland.

Auckland,
March 27th, 1906.

TO THE ELECTORS OF THE CITY OF AUCKLAND.

LADIES & GENTLEMEN,—

Inasmuch as I am daily asked by Aucklanders representing various interests if I have decided to stand, I beg to express my deep appreciation of their kindness, and deem it proper to state that as a requisition is in course of signature asking me to contest the City Seat, and will, I understand, be presented in a few days, I shall then definitely give my decision.

I may add that if the requisition now being signed shows that it is the wish of the majority, I shall then regard it as the voice of the people calling me to fight their battle at Wellington, and I shall be in duty bound to do so to the best of my ability.

I remain,
Ladies and Gentlemen,
Your obedient servant,
J. H. WITHEFORD.

Sports and Pastimes.

TURE FIXTURES.

NEW ZEALAND.
 April 14 and 15—Auckland Trotting Club Autumn
 April 16 and 17—Canterbury J.C. Autumn
 April 16, 17, 21—Auckland Racing Club Autumn
 April 26 and 27—South Canterbury J.C. Autumn
 May 2 and 5—Avondale Jockey Club Autumn
 May 2 and 4—Wellington R.C. Autumn
 May 24 and 26—Takapuna J.C. Winter
 May 24 and 26—Dunedin J.C. Winter
 June 3, 11—Auckland Racing Club Winter
 June 20, 22—Hawke's Bay Jockey Club
 June 26, 27—Gisborne Park Racing Club
 June 27, 28—Napier Racing Club
 July 18 and 20—Wellington R.C. Winter

DATES OF COMING EVENTS.

NEW ZEALAND.
 April 16—A.R.C. Easter Handicap
 April 16—A.R.C. Champagne Stakes
 April 16—C.J.C. Champagne Stakes
 April 16—C.J.C. Great Easter Handicap
 April 17—A.R.C. Century Stakes
 April 17—C.J.C. Great Autumn Handicap
 April 21—A.R.C. Autumn Handicap

AUSTRALIA.

April 14—Doncaster Handicap
 April 14—A.J.C. St. Leger
 April 16—Sydney Cup

ENGLAND.

April 25—City and Suburban
 May 2—Two Thousand Guineas
 May 20—Epsom Derby

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NOTES BY MONITOR.

The Auckland Trotting Club make a start with their Autumn Meeting next Saturday, when some good sport should be shown, as the acceptances are exceedingly good. Mr C. F. Mark promises to have everything up to the hilt, and patrons attending Potter's paddock are sure to witness some good racing. A determined attempt will be made to check anything savouring of suspicious running, and with fine weather, the gathering should be well attended.

Betting on the Easter Handicap has been fairly brisk during the week. Advance still ranks as first favourite, the son of Vanguard having been supported to such good tune that he now stands at the short price of 3 to 1. Record Reign is next on the list, 6 to 1 against being the best offer about Mr Boulton's horse. Hohoro is at a point longer, while the other quotables are 8 to 1 Miss Delaval, 10 to 1 Minerva II., 12 to 1 Rex, 14 to 1 Rosella and 20 to 1 Hastings.

Last week Red Lancer changed hands, Mr Joel disposing of the son of St. Clair for 60 guineas. Mr W. Curtis is the new owner, and if the horse remains sound he should prove a bargain at the price, as there is no doubt that he is a very speedy customer.

The Century Stakes, which takes place on the second day of the A.R.C. Meeting, looks like attracting a field of about ten runners. At present the race reads something in the light of a good thing for Advance, who, with 10lb over weight-for-age, appears to hold something of a mortgage on the race. His most dangerous rivals will be St. Hario and Miss Delaval.

Advance was brought up from the South on Friday last by the s.s. Gairloch. Although the colt had a very rough trip up it does not seem to have affected him, and he is a regular attendant on the training track at Ellerslie.

Seahorse, who has returned from Australia, is now being treated by his owner to a spell, and there is no doubt that the chestnut colt has thoroughly well deserved his holiday. In connection with this horse there has been considerable discussion as to what weight, inclusive of penalties, he would be called upon to carry in the Century Stakes. Major George wrote to the A.R.C. Committee asking for their opinion in the matter, and was informed that the son of Nelson had incurred a maximum penalty of 24lbs, which caused him to immediately put the scratching pen through the colt's name. I cannot help thinking that the Committee has made an error in judgment, as I altogether fail to see

why Seahorse should have been loaded with more than 14lbs over weight-for-age.

Time was, and that not so many years ago, when the Hawkesbury Handicap was one of the biggest betting races of the N.S.W. turf. The number of suburban courses coming to the front of recent years has had the effect of diminishing the popularity of the old-time fixture, and for this year's race, which was run on Saturday, only six horses turned out to compete. Mr J. T. Herbert's 5-year-old Surbiton was made a pronounced favourite at 6 to 4 against, but he had to strike his colours, after a desperate battle, to Mr G. Tait's brown horse Wylong, by Trident—Helena, Bombshell being third. The mile and three furlongs was run in 2min 24sec.

During the week a wire from Sydney announced the death of Mr Wm. Kelso, the popular owner and trainer. He was a wonderfully good judge of a horse, and had a happy knack of winning races with cheap bargains. Kelso for many years has been a well-known figure on the various Sydney and Suburban racecourses, and in his time has led in many winners. Of a cheery disposition, he will be much missed where sportsmen are wont to foregather.

The Rosehill Cup was run last week on the popular course near Parramatta, N.S.W. There were nineteen competitors. Sequence being a strong favourite at 7 to 4 against. The winner, however, turned up in Mr J. C. Baldwin's brown mare Manganese, who carried 7.4 and beat Yellow and Black by a length and a-half. Dozon (7.3) occupying third position. The six and a-half furlongs was cut out in 1min 25secs, the winner starting at 8 to 1 against.

The big Autumn Meeting of the Australian Jockey Club will be commenced next Saturday at Randwick, the fixture extending over four days. On the opening day the chief items are the Doncaster Handicap and St. Leger. For the former race, at last advices, Sequence was favourite, but his failure in the Rosehill Cup to run into a place will probably have knocked him back in the betting. For the St. Leger Parthian reads to be a good thing, but as reports state that Morriveau has returned to form possibly the Melbourne Cup winner may prove a very hard nut for Mr Muir's horse to crack. The chief item on Easter Monday is the Sydney Cup, and for this Merriwae and Voentist are even favourites at 8 to 1 against. The running on the first day will, however, to a large extent throw a light on the probable running in the big event, but at present it bears a singularly open appearance. If he is successful in the St. Leger Merriwae must have a very big say in the race in question.

The Southland Trotting Club held a two days' meeting at Invercargill last week. The club was very unlucky in having to run the meeting through in bad weather, heavy rain falling on the second day of the meeting. The attendance consequently was very limited, and speculation proved far from brisk, the investments on the machine only totalling £2824, which compares very unfavourably with last year. Glenelg won the Autumn Handicap on the first day, but could only get second to Black Pool in the Harvest Handicap. Picket registered a brace of wins, taking the Flying Handicap in a canter, and also scoring in the Shorts. Ulysses beat Johnny and Typhoon in the Waihopi Steeplechase, but positions were reversed in the Second Steeplechase, when Typhoon came out on top. Waikana was in a winning vein on the concluding day, both the Hurdles and the Winter Outs falling to her.

On Tuesday morning I took a run out to Ellerslie to have a look at several of the horses undergoing their preparation for the forthcoming meeting. There were several early risers present who seemed to take a great interest in the work performed. Mr Boulton's horse Record Reign was associated with St. Hario over a mile and a furlong on the course proper, both horses moving in a very taking style, and finishing together.

The Slave ran right away from Lillie in a seven furlong test. The veteran St. Clements had a five furlong go with Conspirer, the latter beating the old horse easily. The journey was accomplished in 1.6, which must be deemed really good, considering they ran outside the hurdles. The black horse Advance naturally aroused considerable attention when he jumped off for a round of the course. At the six furlong mark Tolstai picked him up. The Needle afterwards joining in. The favourite moved in a very taking style, but was eased in the straight, his two companions finishing well in front. The Vanguard horse was, however, clocked to do the first seven furlongs in the good time of 1.33, outside the hurdles.

Rosella did a round by herself on the tan, and was afterwards extended, moving along in a very workmanlike style. The daughter of Seaton Delaval is in rare buckle, and should render a good account of herself in the big race. Another to accomplish a satisfactory task was Jim Kean, who, accompanied by Admiral Hawke and Knight of Athol, ran a mile and a distance on the course proper. The grey made play for seven furlongs, when Jim Kean came right away, finishing by himself.

The Master, Labourer and Waiohonga were associated in a round on the tan, in which the mare was prominent throughout. She looks like showing a return to her old form, in which case the daughter of Horchikiss may pick up a race at Ellerslie next week.

Hohoro did long striding work by himself, while Paphos finished neck and neck with a companion in a smartly run four furlongs. Daytree, with two companions, had a fast round on the tan, the grey having the most to say at the finish.

Others to exercise were Straybird, Brilliant, Favona, Canopus, Balbirnie, Sly Miss, etc., etc.

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AUCKLAND RACING CLUB'S AUTUMN MEETING.

The Easter Meeting of the Auckland Racing Club will be commenced next Monday and continued on Tuesday and Saturday. Owing to the long spell of dry weather the course is wearing a somewhat parched appearance, and if no rain falls in the interim the going will prove hard. A number of improvements have been carried out since the last gathering at Ellerslie, and as Mr Percival has his arrangements well in hand there is every probability of a very pleasant reunion. Mr Evelt has brought out his adjustments for the opening day's racing, acceptances for the minor events of which fall due to-day (Wednesday).

In the Easter Handicap Advance occupies the position of first favourite, the Son of Vanguard having shortened to 3 to 1 against. The black colt is sure to render a good account of himself, but it seems to me that the price offered is altogether a fictitious one, and backers would probably do better by investing on the machine. True it is that Advance has done some wonderfully good performances lately, but it must not be forgotten that he will be called upon to meet some exceptionally good cattle in the Easter Handicap, and as he has a very heavy impost for a three-year-old I shall not be at all surprised to see him go under, and at the weights I prefer Record Reign, who is bound to run an honest race. Dressed in his best nothing reads better than Rex, who has now won the race two years running, but some uncertainty exists as to whether he is really himself. A mare which has been doing exceptionally good track work is Rosella, and despite a slight accident which occurred to the daughter of Seaton Delaval she will have a host of admirers on the eventful day. Her rival, Miss Delaval, is another to be exactly suited by the distance, and the battle between these two bids fair to be very keen. St. Ursula is another whose prospects are not to be despised; while Hohoro is a public fancy. The latter, however, has been pretty regularly in his work by Minerva II., and if this is any criterion the little daughter of Metal has a great chance

of annexing the event. Daytree is reported to be looking very fit, and he should act well over this distance. To sum up the race I shall take Record Reign, Miss Delaval, Rosella, Rex, Daytree, and Minerva II. to finish in the van, and the winner should either be Daytree or Minerva II. The Hurdle Race should provide a capital contest, but I think of the eight candidates Volcano or Cannongate should be first home. Running through the list of the other races, although, of course, at the time of writing the acceptances are not to hand, the following strike me as being favourably treated:—

Tradesmen's Plate—Jim Keane or Knight of Athol.

Eden Handicap—Moment or Hastings.

Onslow Stakes—Aleger or Landlock. Railway Handicap—Telephone or Honesty.

Pony Handicap—The Slave or Athel.

The Champagne Stakes should bring out an aristocratic field, the presence of the Napier horse Paphos lending additional interest to the encounter. This son of Robinson Crusoe, it will be remembered, won a race in good style at the Hawke's Bay meeting, and he is well spoken of. The local horse Val Rosa, although his running was disappointing at the summer meeting, is now very fit and well, and promises to show a return to his spring form. Hengist and Formula are in the same stable, and both have been galloping very nicely. The former won the Visitors' Plate at Ellerslie, and will be remembered as the yearling for which Mr Mossman paid 1050 guineas. The sister to Multiform has been doing very well, and may effect a surprise. Beddington is another who is bound to run forwardly, his performances in the Criterion and Sylvia Handicaps being most meritorious. The field promises to be exceptionally large for a race of this kind, but to sum up I think the issue will be left to Beddington, Paphos and Val Rosa, and they may finish in that order.

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MANAWATU RACING CLUB'S AUTUMN MEETING.

The Autumn Meeting of the Manawatu Racing Club was held at Palmerston North on Tuesday and Wednesday last, when some very good sport was shown. Jadoo registered a fine performance in the Manawatu Handicap, in which he cleared right out from the field and won by ten lengths, the Auckland Cup winner, Ushan, being among the unplaced division. Donovan won the Borough Handicap after a capital finish with First Blood. The constant Calceolaria annexed the Electric Handicap after a splendid finish with Te Taibi. The Hack Hurdles on both days were taken by Cannonade, who was evidently in good form. During the meeting the sum of £9317 was put through the totalisator, which is a very satisfactory record for the club.

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AUCKLAND TROTTING CLUB AUTUMN MEETING.

A start will be made with the Auckland Trotting Club Autumn Meeting on Saturday next, when the first day's programme will be run off at 2pm. Splendid acceptances were received last night, and everything points to a successful meeting. The names of those left in the several events are as follows:—

Flying Stakes of 25sovs, five furlongs.—Repetition 13.4, Little Wonder 10.1, Nora 9.2, Bob 9.6, Fairy Bowler 9.6, First Whipper 9.6, Yarra 9.2, Lady Howitzer 9.0, Nannie 8.7, Miss Lane 8.4, Shamrock 7.4, Progress 6.7, Moetal 6.7, Israelite 6.7, Tol 6.7.

Handicap Hurdles of 25sovs, one mile and a half.—Albert Victor 18.5, Patron 16.5, Little Tom 10.5, Nellie 10.4, The Flower 9.13, New Boy 9.12, Thrill 9.7.

Malden Pony of 25sovs, five furlongs.—Fairy Power 10.2, Yarra 9.12, Hinemoa 9.10, Repeat 8.9, Shamrock 8.7, Silent 8.0, Tol 7.10, Battleship 7.10, Makiri 7.7, Lady Desboro 7.7.

Autumn Handicap of 35sovs, six furlongs and a half.—Repetition 9.12, Nora 9.5, First Whipper 9.2, Bob 9.2, Fairy Bowler 9.2, Lady Howitzer 9.0, Ewart 8.5, Fairy Tale 8.0, Miss Lane 8.0, Topsis 7.9, Dolly 6.7, Israelite 6.7, Moetal 6.7, Progress 6.7.

Malden Trot of 35sovs, one mile and a half.—Colenso scr., Martha 38, Lady B. 38, Comet 38, Viscount 128, K.D. 128, Darlic 148, Miss Graham 138.

Stewards' Trot of 25sovs, one mile and a half.—Albert Victor 18.5, Patron 16.5, Lord Harold 18.5, Bob E.T. 18.5, Ebony 28. Hard Case 28, Victory 288, Co 308, Empress 318, Miss Huon 318.

Electric Trot of 50sovs, one mile.—Yum Yum scr., Paton 48, Volia Club 18, Helios 168, Golden King 168, Fibre 185, Miss Victory 188, Martha 228, Lady B. 218, K.D. 218, Black Hess 218.

Northern Handicap Trot of 50sovs, two miles.—RHY Witten 28, Clevalia 68, I. Rue 118, Victory 188, Empress 218, Volia Club 208.

BOWLING.

(By No Bias.)

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

SATURDAY'S MATCHES.

AUCKLAND BOWLING ASSOCIATION'S CHAMPION SINGLES.

The semi-final of the above was played on the Grafton Club's green on Saturday last between Mr J. S. Kilgour, representative of the Newmarket Club, and Mr C. G. Brookes, representative of Mt. Eden Club. The weather was all that could be desired; the sun was somewhat obscured by cloud, and the breeze that was blowing was so light as to have no effect on the bowls. The rink was certainly somewhat faster than the previous week, the only noticeable defect being that the bowls drew a little more on the forehead going up than when coming down; but both contestants soon took in the situation and treated the on-lookers to a real good game of bowls. There were times when the spectators saw shots that certainly should have been played on the reverse hand or a little firmer—but what game of bowls has ever been played without mistakes or misjudged shots? There is one thing certain, that in playing a game of singles, where it is necessary to use your own judgment without a skip to direct you, there is little wonder that the players make some slight omissions. To return to the play: I must say it was far in advance of the play of both men on the previous week. The first, third, and ninth heads were dead ones, being made by Kilgour. Brookes, on the other hand, missed last week, repeatedly missed his drives, and soon adopted the game of drawing and wrestling. The first eight heads produced 7 for Brookes and 5 for Kilgour, the former scoring 1, 2, 2, against the latter's 1, 1, 1, 2. At the fourteenth head the game stood 11 to 9 in favour of Kilgour. At the twentieth first head the board showed: Brookes, 20; Kilgour, 14. At this stage of the match the prettiest and best play was shown, the heads being repeatedly altered as the contestants delivered their respective shots. Kilgour had somewhat the best of the game, and increased his score from 14 to 19, Brookes gaining a point only. The twenty-fifth head stood: Brookes, 21; Kilgour, 19. It was thought at this juncture that the Newmarket representative would just about win; but in the next three heads Brookes put on 1, 2, 1, bringing up his total to 25 versus 19. On the twenty-ninth head Kilgour scored 1, Brookes replying with one on the thirtieth head. On the last head (the 31st) Kilgour placed a beautiful 3, making his total 23 to Brookes' 26.

The following is the state of the game at the four stages of the match:

Heads—	3	14	21	31
Kilgour (Newmarket C.)	5	11	14	23
Brookes (Mt. Eden Club)	7	9	20	28

Mr Brookes scored on 16 heads, and Mr Kilgour on 13 heads.

The first invitation match of the season for a friendly game took place between Auckland and Ponsonby on Saturday last—eight rinks a side—the former Club entertaining on their own green. The suburban club's strength seemed to be taxed to the uttermost, and considering that the bulk of the players were young ones at the game, the end men in a few of the rinks did creditable work to keep the scores down and avoid individual defeat. At the seventh head Auckland led by 31 points, and increased this to a lead of 38 at the 14th head, the telegraph board showing a lead of 86 at the twenty-first head—Ponsonby, 124; Auckland, 210.

No. 1 Rink: Dingle, Lawson, Culpan, Gorrie (skip), 18 v. Hutchison, Massey, Watson, Kirker (skip), 18.

No. 2 Rink: Brigham, Westphahl, Haglott, Mennie (skip), 25 v. Edmondson, McLeod, Hurudal, J. Court (skip), 14.

No. 3 Rink: Denniston, Allen, Woodhead, Lyons (skip), 20 v. Robinson, Ussher, Becraft, Littler (skip), 16.

No. 4 Rink: Dean, Elliott, Tudehope, Dr. Hooper (skip), 30 v. Euston, J. Coutts, McDonald, T. Brown (skip), 11.

No. 5 Rink: Payne, H. King, Towsey, Lambert (skip), 22 v. Montague, Keas, Sutherland, A. Coutts (skip), 22.

No. 6 Rink: Buttle, Gilmour, James, Edwards (skip), 28 v. Stedman, Webb, Newell, Stichbury (skip), 19.

No. 7 Rink: Shackford, Lewis, Thomson, Thomson (skip), 35 v. Dutton (a substitute), Richter, Buchanan (skip), 17.

No. 8 Rink: Butler, Morlison, Crawford, Ledingham (skip), 34 v. Blomfield, Payne, D. Stewart, Peacock (skip), 18.

The following are the scores at the three stages of the game:—

Heads—7 14 21
Auckland (Grafton) 124 121 210
Ponsonby 40 86 124

At the conclusion of the match Mr F. Campbell, president, thanked the Ponsonby bowlers for their kind acceptance of the invitation, and called for three cheers for the Ponsonby Club, and three more for their president, Mr Kirker, president, thanked the Auckland Club's members, and assured them that they had enjoyed the game, although beaten. He remarked also that it was the general feeling that these visits between sister clubs were preferable to all the other matches, pennant or tournament, as they created a friendly feeling to a greater extent than any other. He concluded by calling for three cheers for the Auckland Club, and one more for their president.

The following club games were also played:—

No. 9 Rink: Hopkins, Jackson, M. Ross, Bell (skip), 18 v. Mackie, G. Reid, Kayll, Hosking (skip), 21.

No. 10 Rink: J. Reid, Schischka, Plummer, Squirrel (skip), 26 v. Carnie, Leser, Milroy, J. McK. Geddes (skip), 7.

NEW MARKET CLUB.

No. 1 Rink: J. S. Smethurst, P. Cashel, E. Y. Collins, A. Holmes (skip), 19 v. A. Wright, R. R. Hunt, A. Kent, A. H. Brookes (skip), 13.

No. 2 Rink: Basley, Rev. MacMurray, J. Cahill, A. Anderson (skip), 23 v. C. Ting, Thos. Cottle, Dr. Lalsley, H. Kent (skip), 22.

No. 3 Rink: Fletcher, Haselden, H. W. Brookes (skip), 18 v. Garland, C. G. Laurie, J. Kilgour (skip), 14.

Open Handicap: A. McNeil, 24 v. H. C. Haselden, 23.

President's Prize: H. E. May, 25 v. W. G. Fletcher, 15; A. Kent, 24 v. Dr. Lalsley, 21.

Novice Prize: A. Kent, 25 v. D. Lumsden, 11.

REMUERA CLUB.

Semi-final for president's gold medals: McLean, T. Buddie, J. Hardie, F. W. Court (skip), 8 v. Macky, W. Sibbald, Geo. Court, E. Hull (skip), 40.

Other games as follows:— No. 1 Rink: Maxfield, Perkins, Ruddock, Bruce (skip), 17 v. Lennox, Johns, Dingwall, Rev. Beatty (skip), 16.

No. 2 Rink: Horiot, Walsh, Stevenson, Holden (skip), 19 v. Moore-Jones, Ching, Clerk (skip), 21.

No. 3 Rink: Rose, Carrick, Heron (skip), 5 v. Vaisie, Frater, Rev. Monro (skip), 5.

DEVONPORT CLUB.

Champion pairs: Blackier, Glenister (skip), 25 v. Bockaert, Brookes (skip), 17.

No. 1 Rink: Fergusson, Phipps, Miller, Cameron (skip), 24 v. Harvey, Murchie, M. Niccol, Stewart (skip), 18.

No. 2 Rink: Daere, Creeth, McKenzie, Eyre (skip), 24 v. Best, Webster, Taylor, H. Niccol (skip), 21.

No. 3 Rink: Lelievre, Crosher, Eagleton, Syms (skip), 22 v. Gardner, Ker, Jones, Larner (skip), 21.

No. 4 Rink: Duder, Thomas, Mitchell (skip), 22 v. Miller, Black, Armstrong (skip), 22.

MOUNT EDEN CLUB.

The above club entertained two rinks from the Mount Eden district, and the latter club received rather a severe beating at the hands of their hosts. The following are the scores in the game:—

No. 1 Rink: Mount Albert—Rouskill, Hodgson, Harrison, G. Fowlds (skip), 13 v. Mount Eden—Mahony, Ferguson, La Roche, Ross (skip), 40.

No. 2 Rink: Mount Albert—James, Barker, Tichbon, Ashton (skip), 7 v. Mount Eden—Brown, Murdoch, Pooley, Coe (skip), 35.

Totals: Mount Eden, 75; Mount Albert, 20. Majority for the winners, 55.

Other games were played as follows:— No. 3 Rink: Lovett, Newland, Esam, Hudson (skip), 20 v. Owen, Tregaskie, Eady, Morran (skip), 18.

Champion Pairs: Rendell, Till (skip), 17 v. Gray, Burns (skip), 20.

No. 4 Rink: Wilkie, Colledge (skip), 12 v. Jennings, Hosking (skip), 13.

BOWLING NOTES.

NOTES ON THE AUCKLAND-PONSONBY MATCH.

Mr Gorrie's team in the Auckland-Ponsonby match read well on paper, and should certainly have beaten Mr Kirker's four, but the Ponsonby skip was well backed up by Hutchison and Watson, and turned a loss to a tie.

Mennie skipped a four for Grafton against J. Court, Ponsonby, and won by 25 to 14. The team was beaten from the start, and I must say that Court's third was of very little use to him, or a closer game might have resulted. He was frequently short and narrow.

Littler's (Ponsonby) four played well together, and held their own as a team, but Lyons, the opposing skip, was a bit too consistent, and repeatedly spoilt the Ponsonby boys from scoring. Littler only lost by 4 points.

Tom Brown, another of the Ponsonby skips, received a rather severe beating at the hands of Dr. Cooper, but when the team is looked through one can easily imagine the result. There was no combination among the players engaged with him. Of course it is excusable with beginners, for I see Tom had two of them put in his rink, and his third player, better suited as a No. 2.

A. Coutts had a real hard tussle with W. Lambert, and the result—a tie—must be considered highly satisfactory, for Lambert's team on paper reads much stronger than the Ponsonby team skipped by Coutts.

J. Stichbury (Ponsonby) was beaten all along the line by Edwards (Grafton), the score being 28 to 10.

Mr Buchanan (Ponsonby) skipped in place of Mr Russell, who was absent, a substitute being obtained to fill up the team. This no doubt disorganised the team somewhat, still I think the 33 placed by Mr Thomson's (Grafton) four to Mr Buchanan's 13, a somewhat heavy defeat.

Ledingham (Grafton) had a real good rink with him, and met Mr Peacock (Ponsonby) as skip. In some instances the Ponsonby boys made the heads a bit too good and not protected, and what was really good play only served as a resting ground for Ledingham's bowls when he played his shots. With a cleverer skip I think the park would have given a different look on the score—34 to 18.

Amongst the Ponsonby players who did fairly good work might be mentioned J. Kirker, Hutchison, Watson, A. Coutts, McLeod, Beeroff, Littler, T. Brown, Sutherland.

It is not necessary to individualise the Grafton players, as victory was secured in every rink but two, and these proved ties.

On the Devonport rinks on Saturday a good game resulted in a match skipped by Messrs. Mitchell and Armstrong, the score standing 22 all.

Larner and Syms had a good go in a fours, the latter getting home by one point, having the assistance of Eagleton as third player.

H. Niccol (Devonport's representative in the champion fours) had his colours lowered in a fours match, Eyre skipping the latter scoring 24 to Harry's 21.

Mr Cameron had the best of the steady old plodder Stewart in a teams match on the Devonport rinks, the scores being 24 to 18.

The Devonport Club's champion pairs saw another round through last Saturday. Messrs. Blackier and Glenister defeating Bockaert and G. H. Brookes by 25 to 17.

Newmarket Bowling Club held an Easter Tournament for members, commencing on Good Friday.

The Remuera rinks will be open for play during Easter.

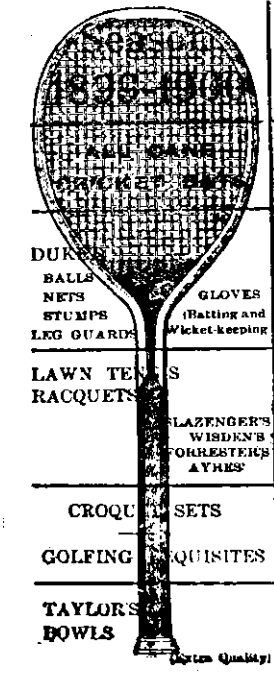
The semi-final for the gold medals of the Remuera Club, presented by the President, took place on Saturday. R. Hull's team winning from F. W. Court by 40 to 8. Geo. Court was playing third for Hull. How this combination came about I cannot tell, but from what I have seen of Geo. Court's play in Pennant and Championship matches one would certainly expect to see him playing in one of the rinks as a skip and not as a third. But still Geo. is not a man who persists in pushing himself forward, and no doubt is quite satisfied with the humbler position.

Grafton Club held a Tournament for its members during the Easter holidays.

A very exciting game of fours was played on the No. 2 rink at Newmarket on Saturday last, the teams being skipped by A. Anderson and H. Kent. It was a neck and neck go (fill the last head, Anderson just winning by 1 point. The scores were 23 to 22.

CRICKET.

The play off for the championship of the second grade between the Auckland H. and Y.M.C.A. teams was started on Saturday. The weather was beautifully fine, and the caretaker had provided an excellent wicket. There was a good deal of interest displayed over the result of the match, and it was generally anticipated that it would result in a close finish, but as the game stands at present Auckland has a decided advantage. Y.M.C.A. won the toss and on this occasion they elected to bat, but they did not make a very successful start, their captain (S. Stephenson) being bowled by St. Paul in his first over. J. Steel followed and started to score at a good rate, and when joined by Wheatly the outlook looked promising for Y.M.C.A. The latter obtained 35 runs before he was disposed of, but he was extremely lucky, as he was missed several times early in his innings. Steel's contribution of 40 runs and his display was much superior to that of his partner, but at times he shaped as if he were not at all comfortable, and he has to thank the chomping and changing tactics of some of the Auckland fieldsmen that at least one of his uppish strokes did not come to hand. L. Clark was the only other batsman to reach double figures, and he was shaping very well when he was foolishly run out. This is a noticeable failing with the Y.M.C.A. team, and hardly one of



E. PORTER & CO., Queen and High Streets, AUCKLAND. YOUTH ALLCANE CRICKET BATS. WIDEN'S Men's, 10/6, 12/6, 15/-. CRAWFORD'S Patent Excelsior WARSOP'S Superior, 22/6; Selected, 27/6 DARE'S Cork Handle, 22/6 GROVE'S Compressed Treble Rubber, 17/6. DUKES BALLS, 6/6, 10/6 Special Match and Gut Sewn, 4/6, 6/6, 7/6, 9/6. ELLIPS and Compo., 1/0, 1/6, 2/6, 4/-. LEO GUARDS—Skleton, Rip and Gold Cup. Batting and Wicket-keeping GLOVES. SURREY SHIELDS. STUMPS. TENNIS RACQUETS—E.G.M. Demon and Demon Special. Felt-on. Ibb Ditch. Renbow. Yost. Special and Selected Champion Club. Match. Standard. Sisker. Unlaced. ALTHAN. AYRES' Elongator and Frezo. SLAZENGER'S Best TENNIS BALLS. FORRESTER'S Faultless Ball (Guaranteed). FORRESTER'S Champion Under-sewn. MARKERS. NETS and NET WINDERS. GRIP-FAST HANDLES. BALL CASES. MARKING PINS. PRESSIES.

them seems to have the slightest idea of judging a run. Y.M.C.A.'s total of 113 was not a very creditable result taking into consideration the excellence of the wicket and that at one time the board showed a total of 70 runs for the loss of 2 wickets. St. Paul was the most successful trundler for Auckland, capturing 3 wickets at a cost of 45 runs, and his figures would have been even better had the fielding been at all up to the mark. Auckland in their first innings have lost 4 wickets for 89 runs, so that they only require 25 runs to head their opponent's score, and they still have 6 wickets in hand. Hemus, who did most of the scoring for Auckland, obtaining 41 (not out), showed really first-class form, scoring freely all round the wicket. This is a player of undoubted promise, and as he takes the keenest interest in the game, and plays it at every opportunity, he is bound to improve. The other double figure scorers for Auckland were: Cossey (15) and Colwell (14), both of whom hit out freely and knocked up their runs in quick time.

Y.M.C.A.—First Innings.

S. Stephenson, b St. Paul	0
S. Scott, b Hemus	0
G. Stephenson, b Greville	0
J. Steel, b Greville	40
R. Wheatley, st Small, b St. Paul	35
Johnstone, b St. Paul	14
L. Clark, run out	14
Crump, c Colwell, b St. Paul	1
D. Kimbure, c Hill, b St. Paul	1
Horsley, run out	2
Southall, not out	2
Extras	5
Total	113

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

Overs.	Mdns.	Runs.	Wkts.
St. Paul	15	1	5
Hemus	2	0	15
Greville	4	1	8

W. Auckland.—First Innings.

W. Kennerline, b Steel	6
E. J. Greville, b G. Stephenson	3
L. Hemus, not out	41
F. Cossey, b Southall	15
J. H. Colwell, lbw, b Scott	14
G. Small, not out	7
Extras	7
Total for four wickets	89

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

Overs.	Mdns.	Runs.	Wkts.
G. Stephenson	8	0	29
J. Steel	5	1	10
Southall	5	0	28
S. Scott	2	0	7

W. WELLINGTON.

The local team has been now selected, and of course there has been the usual amount of growling about the inclusion of several of the players. I must confess that I was surprised to see Elliott's name amongst the list of those selected. I understand that he is not in for his wicket-keeping, but as a batsman, and if this is the case there are several players whose claims are superior to that of the country player. On recent form I hardly anticipated that D. Clayton would find a place in the selection. However, when himself Clayton is a really good bat, and as he has been showing much improved form at the nets during the past week or so he will probably justify his inclusion. Taken all round the team is strong in batting, but on the other hand the bowling is rather weaker than it should be. Had Norman Williams been included in the place of, say, Elliott it would have added to the bowling strength of the team without weakening it in the batting department.

GOLF NOT

(By Bogey.)

On Saturday the match carried by Single was played. This match excited a great amount of interest in the Club, as the previous match had resulted in the hollow defeat of the Single men. The general opinion was that the Bachelors would win by a small majority, but no one was prepared for the overwhelming victory of 9 holes which fell to their lot.

The following is the result of the match:—

SINGLE.		MARRIED.	
Mr Gillies, 7 holes, v. Mr Burness.	Mr Hooper, 7 holes, v. Mr Carr.	Mr Lawrence, 5, v. Mr Leatham, all square.	Mr Sykes, 1 hole, v. Mr Colbeck.
Mr Hoop, 4, v. Mr Carr, 6.	Mr Reid, 5, v. Mr Reid, 6.	Total: Single, 12; Married, 5.	

Mr Gillies' victory over Mr Burness went a large way towards his side's win. The score played by the winner was a very fine one, 14 holes being done in 59, but there is no reason why a player of Mr Burness' calibre should

have been defeated so badly. Mr Burness never got the Honour, though he won the last hole.

Mr Hooper's defeat of Mr Carr by 7 up was due for the most part to very fine play on the part of the winner, whose large majority of seven holes over a player of Mr Carr's standing was not expected.

Mr Lawrence stuck very pluckily to Mr Leatham, whose putting was erratic, probably due to want of practice.

The toughest match of the day was that between Mr Sykes and Mr Colbeck, though Mr Sykes, who is in better practice than his opponent, was playing the leading game throughout the match. Mr Hogg, whose play has improved immensely of late, made a great fight against his experienced antagonist, Mr Kyd.

Estimates were sadly at fault regarding the result of Mr Reid against Dr. Reid, but the former excelled himself, especially in his driving, which was very powerful. The doctor was 1 up to the 5th Tee, but Mr Reid's four next holes in four each secured him the substantial lead of 3 up at the 9th. Fours for the Forest, Banfields, The Gap and the Lilies, is quite professional form. Mr Reid went out in 42, and in in 50. The course was in beautiful order in every way.

The annual general meeting of the Club was held on Saturday night at the Sports Club, and there was a large attendance of members. The report and balance-sheet showed the Club to be in a very flourishing condition. The following were elected office bearers for the new year:—President, Mr S. Thorne George; vice-presidents, Dr. J. Logan Campbell, Mr Coates, Mr Jas. Kirkor; captain, Mr M. A. Clark; hon. secretary, Mr C. E. S. Gillies; hon. treasurer, Mr F. E. N. Crombie; committee, Messrs E. Turner, W. S. Cochrane, J. Sykes.

It was unanimously resolved that, in memory of the late Mr T. W. Grimshaw, a scratch medal be provided by voluntary subscription. The medal to be played for in autumn each year, and a permanent trophy to be placed in the Club-house. I feel confident that this form of tribute to his memory is the one which Mr Grimshaw would have preferred to all others.

The draw for the Auckland Club Championship is as follows, and will require no byes:—Mr Kyd plays Mr Walker; Mr Colbeck plays Mr Post; Mr Carr plays Mr Gillies; Mr Caldwell plays Mr Lawrence; Mr Turner plays Mr Burness; Mr Hogg plays Dr. Reid; Mr Hooper plays Mr Sykes; Mr J. Reid plays Mr Leatham. The first round will probably be played on or before Saturday, 28th April.

Dr. Stuart Reid has very kindly presented a prize to the Club for a Bogey Match, to be played on Easter Monday. The match will consist of one round of Bogey play, and will be under handicap.

WANGANUI.

Next week will see golf in Wanganui in full swing. The Ladies' Club had their annual meeting on Wednesday afternoon, March 28th, when Mrs H. H. Jackson was elected captain, and Mrs Empson re-elected hon. sec. and treasurer. Ten new members were elected, and there is every prospect of a good season. The balance sheet shows a credit of over £7.

The Wanganui Golf Club had their annual meeting the same evening. The officers chosen for the present season are: Mr Gifford Marshall, captain; Dr. Saunders, vice-captain; hon. sec. and treasurer, Mr H. B. Watson (re-elected); committee, Messrs Grieg, Harold and Stedman. A hearty vote of thanks was passed to the retiring captain, Mr J. Harold, for his zeal and enthusiasm in the interests of the club. Not the least of Mr Harold's service has been his readiness to give new members the benefit of his advice and assistance. The links promise to be very good this year, but owing to the drought, the greens are still rough. It is probable that a tournament will be held on the Queen's Birthday, and following days. A considerable amount of enthusiasm pervades the club, and there is little doubt of a successful season.

The news of the death of Mr T. W. Grimshaw was received in Wanganui with the deepest regret. A familiar figure in former years on the tennis courts, and in later on the golf links, we could ill afford to lose so genial, unassuming and sportsmanlike a com-

rade. I do not suppose I am alone in wishing that something might be done to perpetuate the memory of one whose loss we so much deplore. I do not know whether the Auckland Golf Club is taking the matter in hand, but I forward a small amount towards a fund for providing either a memorial stone or what perchance he might have preferred, some permanent prize associated with his name, to be played for by the members of your club.

FOOZLER.

CHRISTCHURCH.

March 28, 1900.

The annual meeting of the Christchurch Golf Club was held on Monday last, when there was a fairly large attendance of members. The captain of the club (Mr E. Wilder) occupied the chair. The report disclosed the fact that the membership of the club had increased during the year from 41 to 108, a most satisfactory state of affairs. Reference was also made to the operations which had been carried on at Russley, and the arrangements which had been made for the ensuing season, which were approved. The balance-sheet showed receipts to have been £206 5/6, and expenditure £198 2/4, leaving a credit balance of £8 2/3 to begin the year with. The value of the assets exceeded the liabilities by £70 7/11. Altogether the club has made astonishing progress during the past year, and is in a sound and flourishing condition. Mr Wilder was again elected captain, with Dr. Graham Campbell as secretary, a position which he has filled with marked ability during the season just finished; Mr W. Harman fills the post of treasurer; and the committee consists of Dr. Jennings, Messrs Kitto, Orbell, J. Wood and W. H. Graham. It is generally admitted that the club owes its present position largely to the enthusiasm and hard work of its popular secretary, backed up by an energetic committee. It is confidently expected that the coming year will be marked by still further progress.

Mr E. D. O'Rorke brought forward a resolution to the effect that the incoming committee be instructed to endeavor to procure land for links in the vicinity of New Brighton, which, he stated, would be more accessible than Russley, and less expensive to work. The motion evoked a considerable amount of discussion, and it was eventually decided to appoint a sub-committee to inquire into the matter, and lay some tangible proposals before the club. From what I hear, there appears to be some doubt as to whether sufficient land could be secured to enable an 18-hole course to be laid out, and if this turns out to be the case, the proposal could not be entertained. There seems to be no question whatever as to the suitability of what land there is for golfing purposes, and if it turns out to be sufficient for a good course, Mr O'Rorke's proposal will, I understand, receive the earnest consideration of the committee. In dealing with such a question, however, it must be remembered that a large amount of money has been spent on Russley, which can hardly be said to have had a fair trial as yet, and as regards the question of accessibility, it is as easy to get there as to most links in the colony, at least so far as time is concerned. I am also told that the country at New Brighton does not offer the same advantages in the way of bunkers as Russley does. The matter is exciting considerable interest in golfing circles at the present time, and I will advise you of the result of the sub-committee's report when it comes to hand.

The season on Hagley Park will open on Saturday next, when a large attendance is expected. I had a look at a few of the greens the other day, and they give promise of being very good this season.

NIBLICK.

HOCKEY.

WELLINGTON HOCKEY CLUB.

At the annual meeting of the Wellington Hockey Club, held last week, the annual report and balance-sheet were adopted as presented. The report showed that the total number of members on the roll is forty, including twelve who joined last year. The total receipts for the year amounted to £22 6s, and the total liabilities to £29 14s 6d. The committee congratulated the following members of the club on gaining representative honours:—H. R. Cooper, S. H. Gilmer, E. J. Reid, D. R. Menzies, and S. W. Wheeler; and thanked Messrs J. H. B.

Coates, T. W. Hislop, H. Gilmer and J. A. Tripe for donations received during the year. The following officers were elected for the year:—President, Mr J. H. B. Coates; vice-presidents, Messrs E. T. G. Bell, T. W. Hislop, and J. P. Campbell; captain, Mr James Wilson; vice-captain, Mr H. R. Cooper; committee of management, Messrs E. Jackson, D. R. Menzies, Gilmer and C. E. Bridge; match committee, Messrs J. Wilson, H. R. Cooper, and C. E. Bridge; delegates to the association, Messrs J. Wilson and Gilmer; hon. treasurer, Mr W. S. Wheeler; hon. auditor, Mr A. M. De Costa; hon. secretary, Mr E. J. Reid.

LAWN TENNIS.

The last games of the season were played last Saturday at the Hawke's Bay Tennis Courts, when the Lawn Tennis Club brought its season to a close—rather earlier than in former years, however, owing to necessary alterations which have to be made to the Courts. The following are the winners of the Tournaments which have been played during the summer months: Ladies' Singles, Miss Sutton; Ladies' Doubles, Messdames Hutley and McKay; Combined Doubles, Miss Watt and Mr Parker; Men's Singles, Mr A. J. Dixon; Men's Doubles, Messrs Clarke and Brabazon.

ATHLETICS.

At the recent meeting of the A.A.A. and C.C., H. A. D. Anderson and H. G. Bell gained an equal number of points for the Victor Ludorum Cup. The tie was run off in the Domain on Monday night, the distance being 600 yards. Both men started off the mark, and as was only to be expected it was a one-man race, and after going about half the distance Anderson had the race well in hand, and coming away in the last 200 yards he won easily up by about 50 yards, the time being 1min 20sec.

It is extremely difficult to understand how the handicapper arrived at his opinion of the capabilities of the two runners. Bell won the quarter-mile at the recent sports from a long start (20 yards), and to ask him to compete on level terms over 600 yards with the best half miler in Auckland, if not in New Zealand, was surely ridiculous.

OPERA HOUSE.

Lessee & Manager..... Mr Tom Pollard
Treasurer..... Mr W. O'Sullivan
Representative for J. C. Williamson and Geo. Musgrove..... Mr Bert Royle

A NOTABLE AMUSEMENT EVENT,
SATURDAY, APRIL 14.
And until further notice.

THE PEOPLE'S FAVOURITES.

POLLARD'S OPERA COMPANY

Will produce
FOR THE FIRST TIME IN AUCKLAND
The Most Successful Comic Opera
of the Present Generation.

THE GEISHA.

Produced by arrangement with
J. C. WILLIAMSON & GEORGE
MUSGROVE.
With all the
ORIGINAL SCENERY, WARDROBE, &
EFFECTS.

PRICES—4/ 2/6, & 1/. Orchestra Stalls 5/
Boxes Plan at Wildman & Lyell's.



Lands and Survey Office,
Auckland, April 14, 1900.

KAURI TIMBER

SALE BY PUBLIC AUCTION.

Notice is hereby given that the undermentioned Timber, standing on Blocks IV. and V., Otama Survey District, Kuaotunu No. 3 Block, will be offered for Sale by Public Auction at the District Land and Survey Office, Auckland, on FRIDAY, the 20th April, 1900, at 11 a.m.:

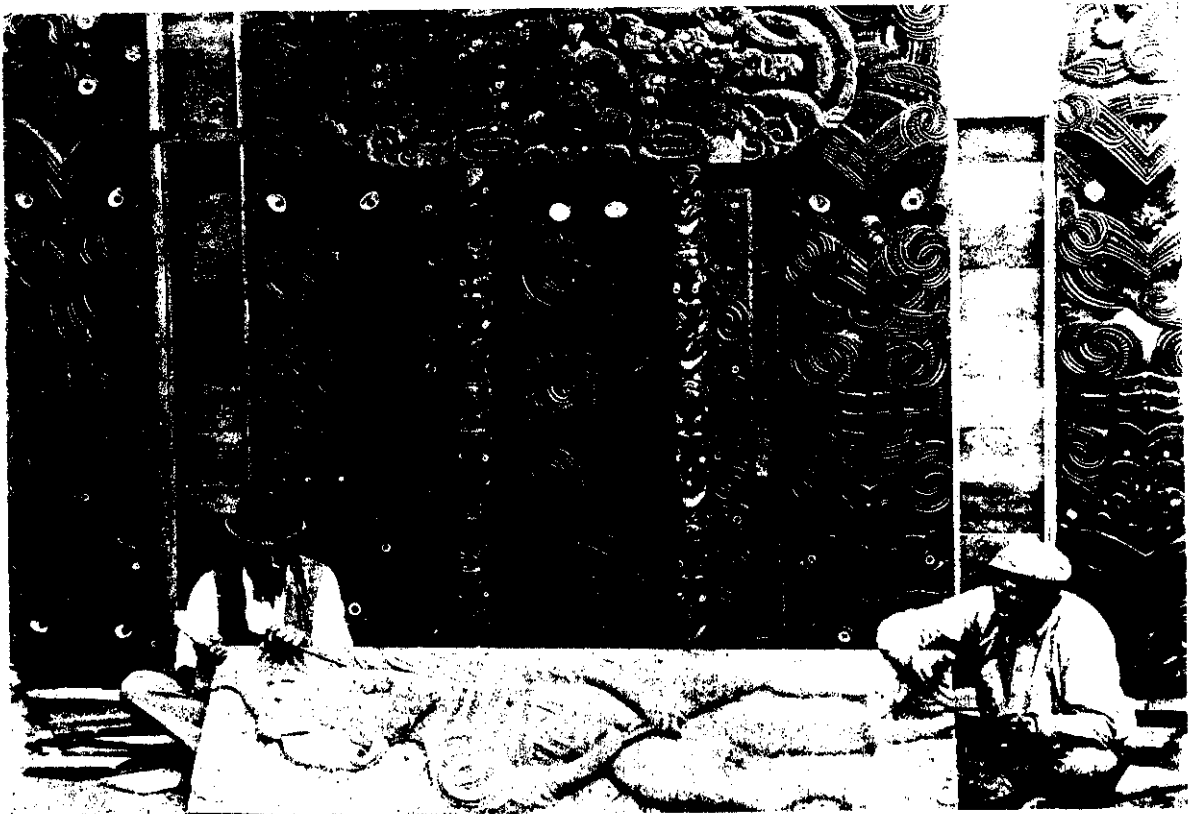
About 5,500,000 FEET of KAURI, in 1576 trees, 113 Green and 462 Dry.
Also, about 110,200 FEET of TOTARA, in 129 trees, all situated on Kuaotunu No. 3 Block, having a southerly slope to Mercury Bay, distant between one and two miles. Upset Price, £4328.

CONDITIONS OF SALE.—One-third Cash or Marked Cheque, on fall of hammer; One-third in twelve months from date of sale; and Balance by 31st December, 1902. Six years allowed for removal of timber.
GERHARD MUELLER,
Commissioner of Crown Lands.



THE NGATIAWA VISITORS, FROM TE TEKO.

The old chief in front, with the stick, is Tumutara Pio, one of the priests.

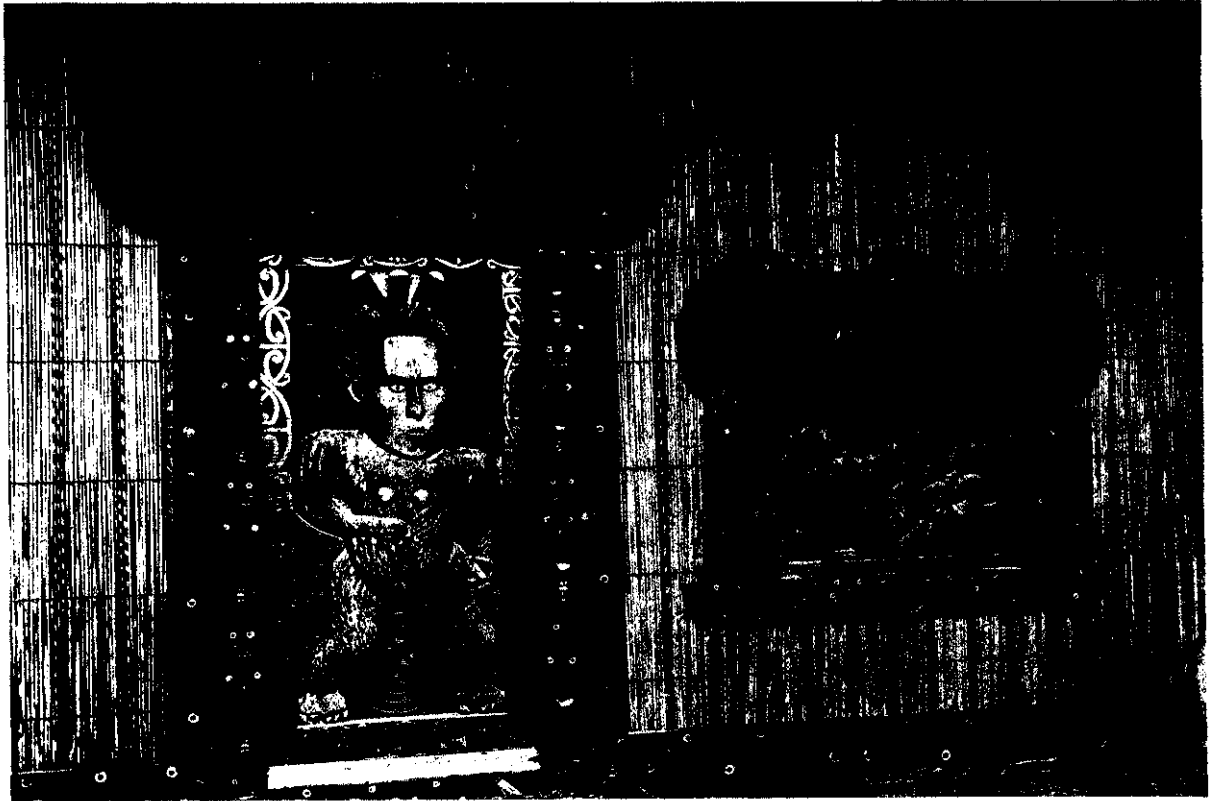


MAORI CARVERS AT WORK.

Josiah Martin, Photo.

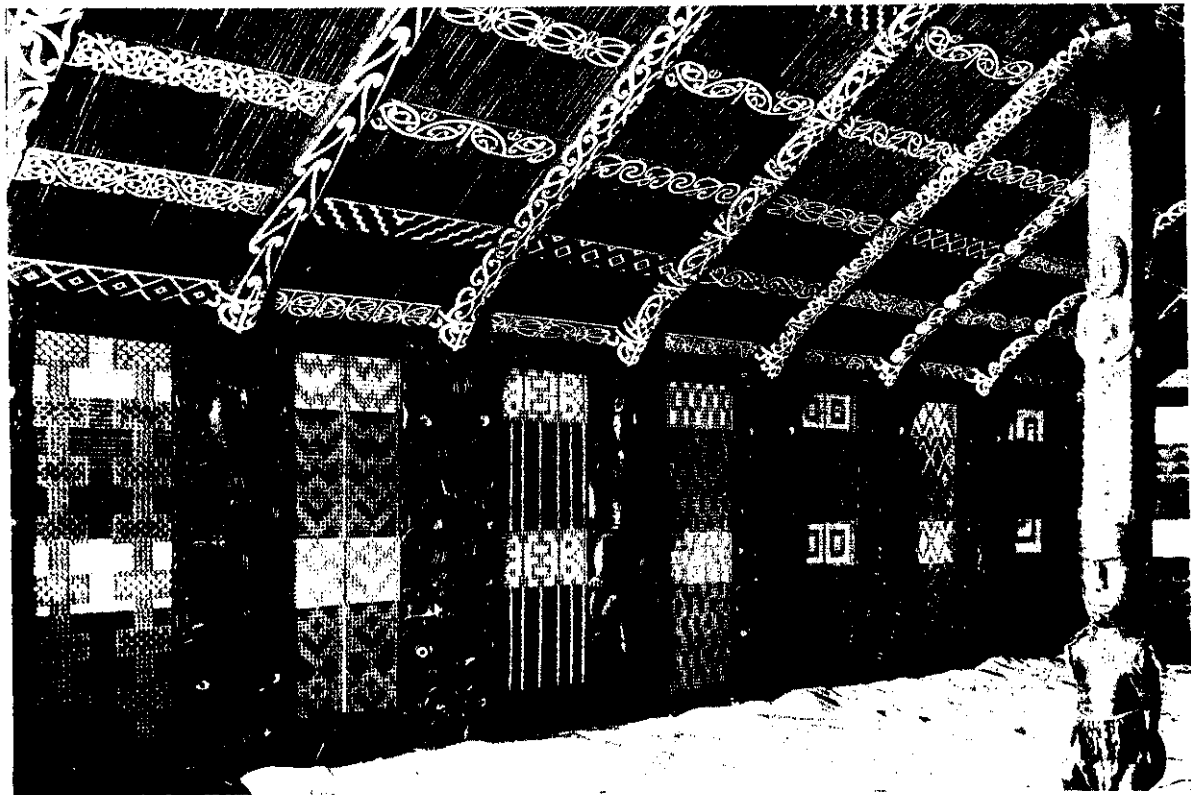
This photo. was taken prior to the completion of the house. The carvers are at work on a representation of Maui hauling up a fish, i.e., New Zealand. The centre figure in the background represents a sea-god, known as a "Maraki-hau."

Mr Nelson's Carved Maori House at Rotorua.



THE DOOR AND WINDOW OF MR NELSON'S MAORI HOUSE.

The figure on the door of the house, carved by Tene Walters, represents Kurangaituku, a demon-woman, who is fabled to have lived near Lake Tikitapu, and who was scalded to death at Whakurewarewa while chasing the Arawa ancestor Hatupatu. The figure on the window is intended to represent Hatupatu. The carvings at the sides of the door are very ancient.



Josiah Martin, Photo.

A VIEW OF THE INTERIOR.

The nearest figure on the left represents Whakaitirangi, the woman who is said to have brought the first kumara to New Zealand, in the Arawa canoe. Another carving represents the demi-god Maui entering Hine-nui-te Po, i.e., Death.

Mr Nelson's Carved Maori House at Rotorua.

BOYS WITH WONDERFUL EYES.

Scientists are greatly interested in the case of Lionel Brett, a Massachusetts boy of eleven, and the accounts of a boy, although apparently almost incredible, appear to be well vouched for. There is nothing unusual in his appearance, and yet he has the most wonderful pair of eyes ever set in a human head.

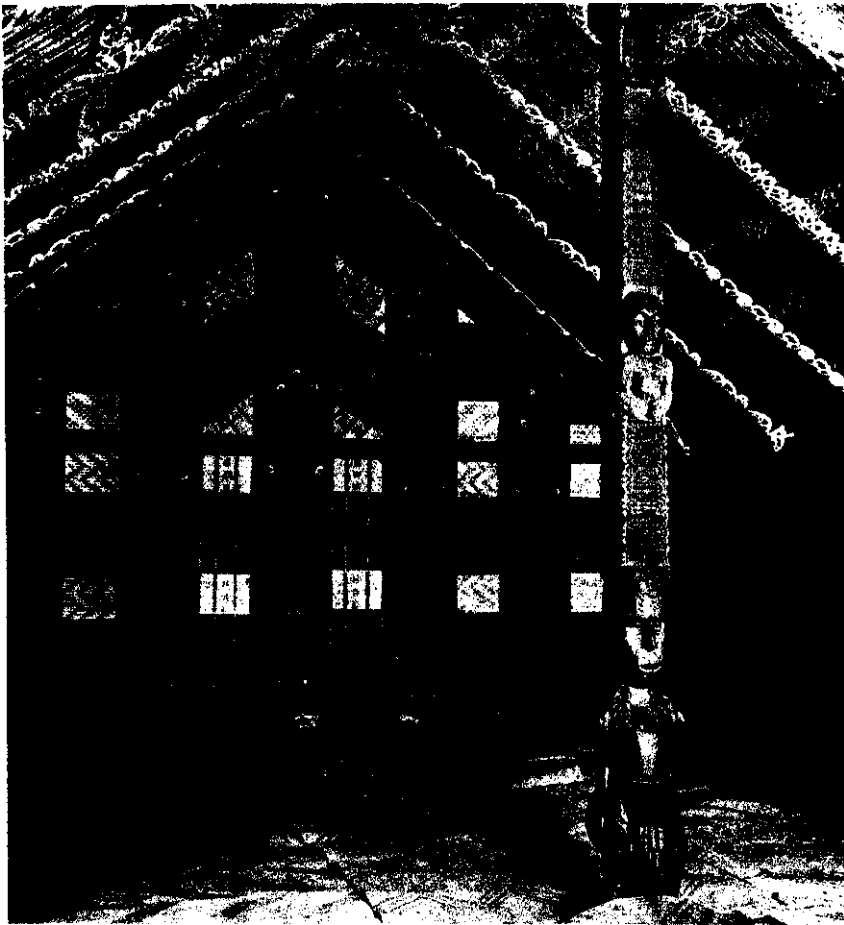
His sight, it is stated, penetrates substances in the same fashion as the X-rays. The wan, drawn features of the little fellow and the eccentricity of his accomplishments have created a furore in the medical profession, and he has been found very useful in cases of accidents and other mishaps where it is found necessary to examine the interior of a patient's body.

There is a boy, an inmate of a home for children, whose faculties have been twisted, so that, although his eyes are apparently normal, he sees things upside down and wrong end foremost. While writing he unwittingly reverses his letters, so that they appear upon his slate as ordinary handwriting would be reflected by a mirror. Curiously enough he commences to write a sentence in the bottom right-hand corner, and writes from right to left.

When first admitted to the training school he was unable to write; but when placed in the class and a copy-book set before him, he apparently understood exactly what was expected of him, and began to work. The schoolmistress was surprised when she saw the letters he had formed on the paper—they resembled nothing to her at first.

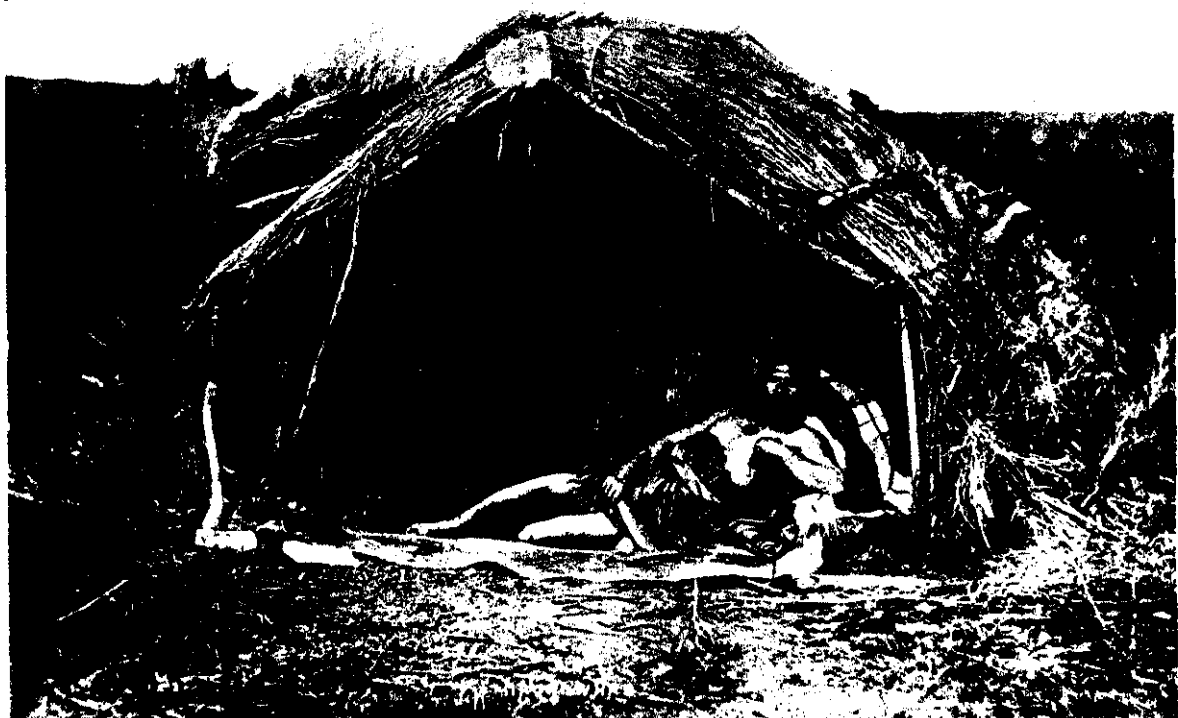
Time after time she tried to teach him to begin at the top left-hand side of the paper, but he invariably started from the right. When the boy had learned to form his letters properly the situation dawned upon the amazed teacher. What she imagined was simply awkwardness and simple-mindedness was really the result of the boy seeing things upside down.

An eminent London physician who examined the lad stated that the left half of the unfortunate boy's brain had been arrested in development, and that he was guided in his writing by the reversed images formed in the right hemisphere of his brain.



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE INTERIOR OF MR NELSON'S CARVED MAORI HOUSE, ROTORUA.

The central house pillar was carved by Anaha te Rahui, of Rotorua.



Josiah Martin, Photo.

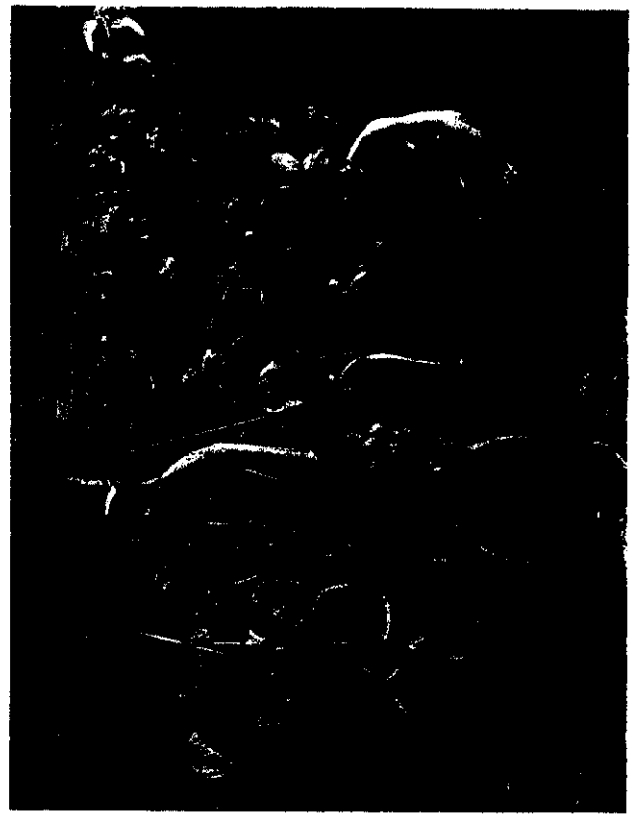
THE LATE CHIEF RANGITAHAU.

From an old photo, taken at Waipahihī, Taupo, before the Maori war.

[SEE LETTERPRESS.]



Scenes at the Maori Carnival in aid of the War Fund, held in Wellington, March 28th and 29th.



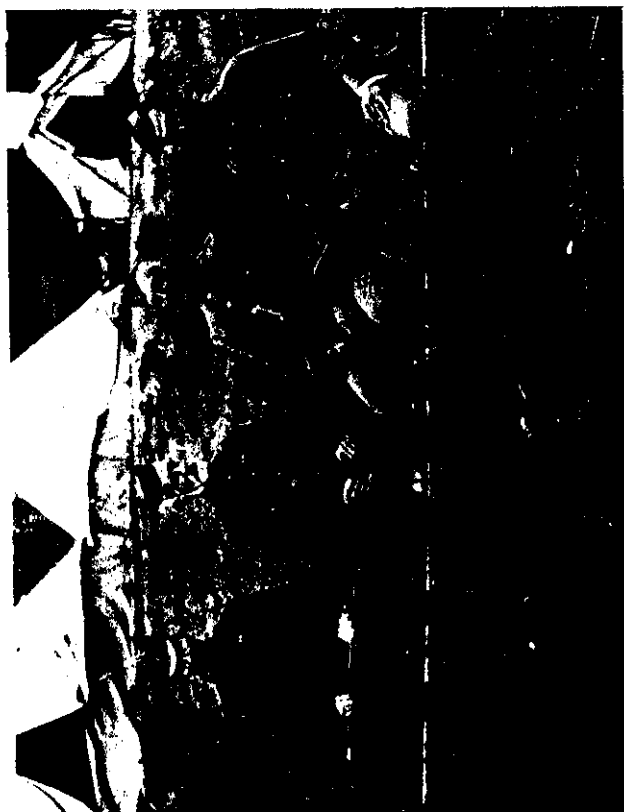
Scenes at the Maori Carnival in aid of the War Fund, held in Wellington, March 28th and 29th.



QUARTER-MASTERS STAFF.
R.Q.M. Sergt. Sandersen, Corpl. Ryan, L. Corpl. Thompson, L. Corpl. Brace.



HAWKES BAY SECTION.



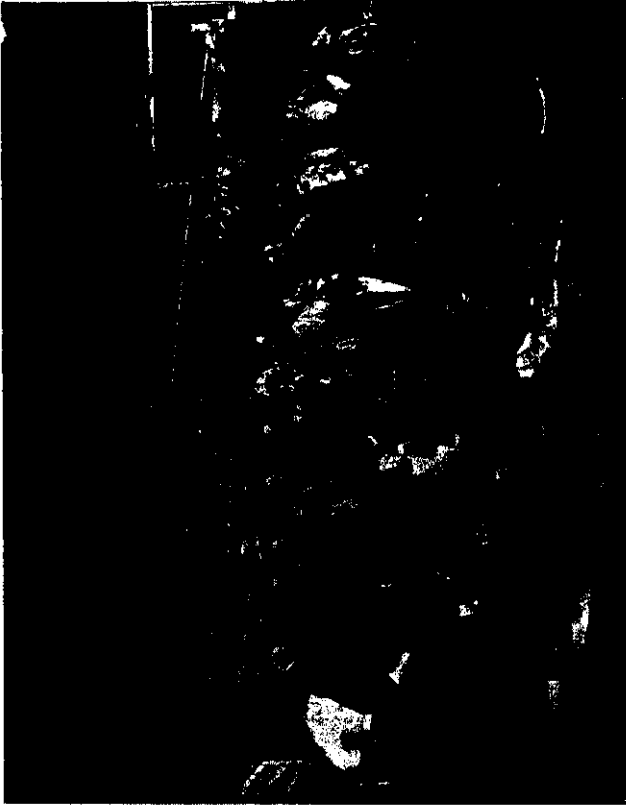
OFFICERS IN CHARGE OF THE CAMP.
Capt. Loveday, Lieut.-Col. Messenger, Captain Dunk, Master Gunner Richardson.



GISHORNE SECTION.

F. eney, photo.

Officers and Men of the Fifth Contingent.



THE BUTCHERS SHOP AT THE CAMP.



OFFICERS OF THE CONTINGENT.



FIELDING SECTION.
W. A. Hill, D. V. Reid, S. W. Lankshear



BLLENHEIM SECTION.

Officers and Men of the Fifth Contingent.



Under the frost-bound earth,
 Sweet flowers wait;
 Cold winds and wintry skies
 Keep them back late:

Yet warmer suns and rain
 Springtime will bring;
 And from the bare brown earth,
 New life will spring.

Ne'er hath the promise failed—
 Spring will appear.
 This we have learned to know,
 And feel no fear.

Earth springs from death to life,
 Nothing left out,
 O unbelieving heart,
 Why shouldst thou doubt?

Easter in England.



EASTER IN NEW ZEALAND

The Lilies of the Field.

(By John Keble.)

Sweet nurslings of the autumn sky,
Bathed in soft airs, and fed with dew,

What more than magic in you lies,
To fill the heart's foud view?

In childhood's sports, companions gay,
In sorrow, on Life's downward way,
How soothing! in our last decay
Memorials prompt and true.

Belies ye are of Eden's bowers,
As pure, as fragrant, and as fair,
As when ye crowned the sunshine
hours

Of happy wanderers there.
Fall'n all beside—the world of life,
How is it stained with fear and
strife!
In Reason's world what storms are
rife,
What passions range and glare!

But cheerful and unchanged the while
Your first and perfect form ye show,
The same that won Eve's matron
smile

In the world's opening glow.
The stars of heaven a course are
taught

Too high above our human thought;
Ye may be found if ye are sought,
And as we gaze, we know

Ye dwell besides our paths and homes,
Our paths of sin, our homes of
sorrow,

And guilty man, where'er he roams,
Your innocent mirth may borrow.
The birds of air before us fleet,
They cannot brook our shame to
meet

But we may taste your solace sweet
And come again to-morrow.

Ye fearless in your nests abide
Nor may we scorn, too proudly wise,
Your silent lessons, undescried

By all but lowly eyes:
For ye could draw th' admiring gaze
Of Him who worlds and hearts sur-
veys:

Your order wild, your fragrant maze,
He taught us how to prize,

Ye felt your Maker's smile that hour,
As when He paused and owned you
good;

His blessing on earth's primal bower,
Ye felt it all renewed.

What care ye now, if winter's storm
Sweep ruthless o'er each silken form?
Christ's blessing at your heart is
warm,

Ye fear no vexing mood.

Alas! of thousand bosoms kind,

That daily court you and enress,

How few the happy secret find

Of your calm loveliness!

"Live for to-day! to-morrow's light

To-morrow's cares shall bring to sight,

Go sleep like closing flowers at night,
And heaven thy morn will bless."





Kinsey, photo.

SERGT-MAJOR POWLES,
4th Contingent.



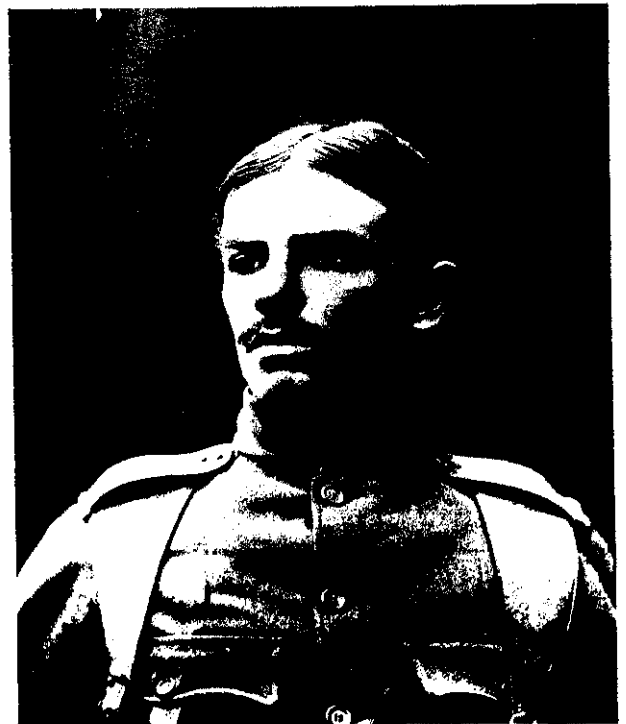
Kinsey, photo.

CAPTAIN DAVY,
4th Contingent.



Kinsey, photo.

LIEUTENANT W. ROSS,
4th Contingent, Wellington.



Kinsey, photo.

TROOPER JOHNSTON,
Son of Hon. Walter Johnston.



Photos. by Charles Heumas. SERGEANT NORMAN MAIR, Of the Hawke's Bay Rough Riders.



Berry, photo. TROOPER JACK MOELLER, 2nd N.Z. Contingent (Hotchkiss Battery).



Photo by Herrmann. W. H. FIELD, M.H.R., The new Member for Otaki.

THE REMEDY THAT FAILED.

"It will only be necessary for you to drop about half a teaspoonful of the mixture into his cup of coffee each morn'g," the circular said, "and the taste for tobacco will gradually depart from him. He may not cease the use of tobacco immediately, but within a week he will begin to abhor tobacco if the mixture is given to him faithfully every morning."

And so the young wife sent five shillings, and got a bottle of the tobacco cure.

"Not very nice coffee th's morning," he remarked drily the first time she dropped the half-teaspoonful of the mixture into the cup.

"It's the same as we've been using for months," she replied craftily.

Now, to and behold! he was a pretty smooth proposition himself, and he had, unbeknownst to her, seen the little of mixture when it was delivered.

So after dinner that evening he produced a large bulky package of fine-cut tobacco from his pocket and took therefrom a plenteous chew of tobacco. It was the first chew he had ever taken in her presence, and she marvelled greatly thereat, but she determined to persist with the "treatment."

"Very bad coffee again this morning, isn't it?" he inquired at breakfast the next morning.

"I'm sure it tastes the same to me," she replied.

That evening after dinner he produced a short, black clay pipe and a package of a new kind of tobacco that was as black as jet.

"Thought I'd bring this old pipe up from the office," he explained cheerfully. "It's as sweet as a nut."

Whereupon he filled the house with aroma strong enough to break rock.

The next evening he brought home a box of cigars he had purchased at an auction, and after he had smoked one of them after dinner all of the people in the neighbouring flats stuffed cotton in the hall door key-holes.

That evening her resolution deserted her. After dinner, for the first time to her knowledge, he pulled out a package of cigarettes, lit one, and began to smoke it.

She went upstairs, poured out the remaining portion of her five shillings' worth of anti-tobacco mixture, and carefully hid the bottle.

"Coffee's all right this morning," said he at breakfast the next day.

"Yes," she said absently.

When he had finished his dinner that evening he lighted one of his usual brand of good cigars.

"Men are mysterious to me," she thought, regarding him out of the corner of her eye.

"Women only think they're foxes," he thought, blowing smoke rings into space.

SOME DIE; OTHERS LAUGH.

If you take a dozen soldiers as like each other as peas so far as height, weight, strength, age, courage, and general appearance, and wound them all in precisely the same way, you will find that scarcely any two of them are affected alike.

One man on receiving a bullet in his leg will go on fighting as if nothing had happened. He does not know, in fact, that he now contains a bullet. But perhaps in two or three minutes he will grow faint and fall.

Another man, without feeling the slightest pain, will tremble all over, totter, and fall at once, even though the wound is really very slight.

A third will cry out in a way to frighten his comrades, and will forget everything in his agony. A fourth will grow stupid and look like an idiot.

Some soldiers wounded in the slightest manner will have to be carried off the field. Others, although perhaps fatally injured, can easily walk to the ambulance. Many die quickly from the shock to the nervous system.

A very curious case is recorded in the surgical history of the American Civil War, in which three officers were hit just at the same time. One had his leg from the knee down carried away, but he rode ten miles to the hospital. Another lost his little finger, and he became a raving lunatic. While a third was shot through the body, and, though he did not shed a drop of blood externally, dropped dead from the shock.

An earthquake, with its mystery, Will cause the stoutest heart to pause; The bravest men in history Have trembled at old nature's laws. The man who then invokes the saints Would rather sickness long endure; He knows the things for chest complaints Is W. E. Woods' Great Peppermint Cure. (Advt.)



Photo by Kinsey. MISS M. DOUGLAS, Daughter of Sir Arthur and Lady Douglas, in her khaki uniform.



A CAPTURE AND A RESCUE IN THE BOER TRENCHES.



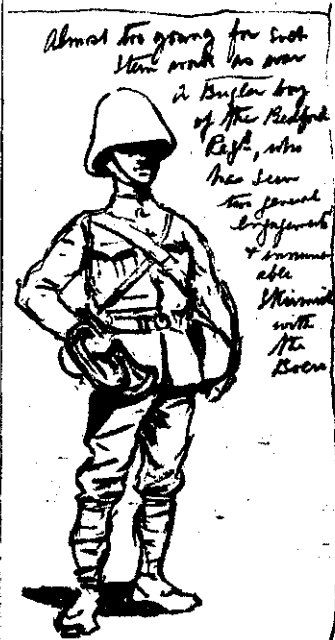
Setting a Dispute between Camp followers

Scouting party between Crispin and Tom of the Haffis Commission and Debraan pull of the native guides, Crispin Tom Bessie.



The relief of Kimberley. Has correspondents news for the honour of Kimberley in adobe.

pendent news for the honour of Kimberley in adobe.



Almost too young for war. This week he was a Buster boy of the Redford Regt, who has seen two general engagements & is unscathed. He is with the Boers.



Sketch of a young Boer girl, selling eggs and provisions from in our Camp. She was for me & learned English at the idea of her mother.



The end of a day's march. Willard shade & water.



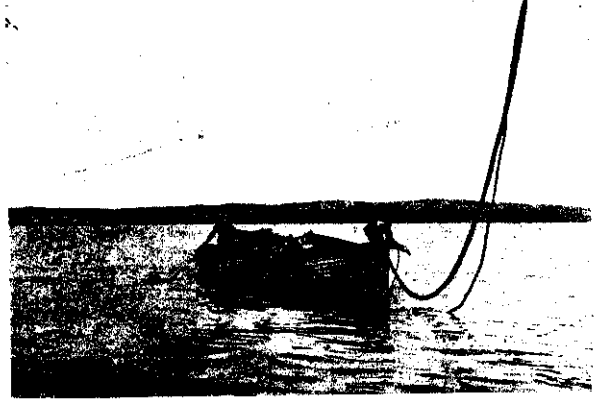
A relic of Boer vengeance.



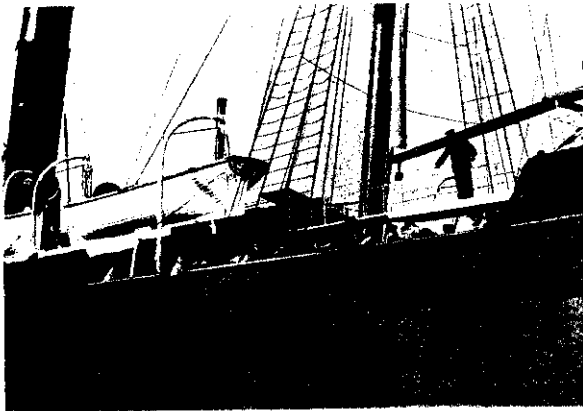
Two Northern Cape Colony farmers arrested in charge of supplying information to the Boers at Kimberley, will probably be shot.



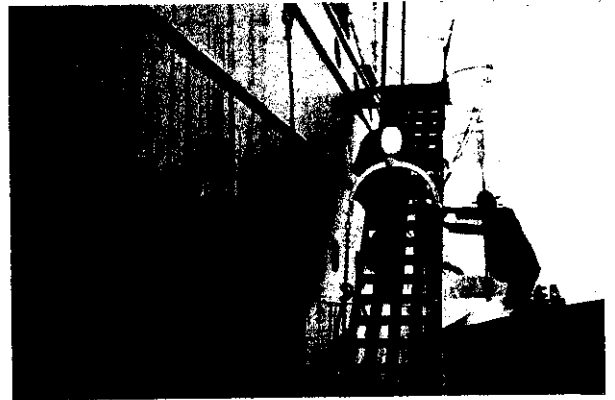
THE WAIHORA AT ANCHOR.



PREPARING THE BOATS FOR A FISHING PARTY.



THE LAUNCH WITH THE HEALTH OFFICER APPROACHING.



THE HEALTH OFFICER, DR. LEWIS, GOING ABOARD THE WAIHORA.



THE HEALTH OFFICER RETURNING TO THE LAUNCH.



PUTTING THE PAPERS ABOARD THE VESSEL.

A Visit to the Quarantine Station, Motuhi, Auckland.

REVERSES THAT LED TO VICTORY.

Progress without a check occurs so seldom that it were wise not to expect it. No matter whether it be the individual striving for an object which he has set his heart upon attaining, or the business firm engaged in forcing its way to the foremost ranks of commerce, or the general who is leading an army into the enemy's territory to avenge or uphold the honour of his own country, all must expect checks and rebuffs, no matter how well they think they have hid their plans.

But to those who possess grit and go such checks serve only as stimulants to greater exertions. The fact that they are held stationary for a time stiffens their nerve and makes them more determined than ever to reach the goal. A reverse in no wise signifies defeat, for by its effect it really brings men nearer to ultimate victory, as they push forward with the grim determination that sweeps away every obstacle. History furnishes abundant proof that this is more especially applicable to Britons than to any other men on the face of the globe.

With us a check is a moral victory. Our enemies, who loudly expressed their opinion that we should soon be sneing for peace in consequence of the check to our advance in South Africa, have had this fully demonstrated to them by the magnificent response of Britons to the call to arms. But they ought not to have needed this proof. The history of our country is full of confirmations, and even the past fifty years will give us many brilliant examples. One of the most brilliant episodes of the siege of Sebastopol was the attack on the Redans, the British making the assault on the Great

Redan and the French operating against the Little Redan. The attack is usually called a successful one, although we were compelled to fall back after a very sanguinary encounter. But the Russians evidently understood that the check given to us would only stimulate us to a greater effort, and in the night they wisely abandoned the southern posts. This was an eloquent tribute to British tenacity.

The Indian Mutiny afforded several instances of reverses leading to victories, but we will confine our attention to one. Amongst the struggles in and around Cawnpore there was one on November 27th, when General Windham attacked the Gwalior rebels and was repulsed. The rebels took part of the city, and the prospects of the British force did not look very great, but the victory followed promptly. On the very next day Sir Colin Campbell arrived at Cawnpore, defeated the rebels with great slaughter and retook the city.

When we decided to punish the Zulus for raids upon the British territory and outrages upon surrounding peoples, including those of the Transvaal, the Boers were glad that they were annexed to a Power capable of crushing their hereditary foes.

We sent out a force inadequate for the purpose, and our advance was checked by the reverse at Isandula in January, 1879. Once more the effect was to ensure the better accomplishment of the task in hand. It served us, and we went at it with our innate bulldog tenacity. Reinforcements were promptly dispatched, and at Ulundi King Cetewayo learnt to his sorrow the exact signification of a "check" to Britain.

Our next example is peculiarly appropriate at the present time, inasmuch as it gave General Sir Frederick (now Lord) Roberts the opportunity of executing the remarkable exploit that made him famous, and it augurs well for the result of the campaign which he has just undertaken to conduct.

In July, 1880, the troops of the weak Shere Ali, who had been made Wali Caudahar by the British, revolted and joined the army of the rebel Ayooob Khan. General Burrows marched to Maiwand and with an inferior force made an attack on the strongly entrenched position occupied by the rebels, but after a desperate fight he was compelled to withdraw, our loss being heavy. A fortnight later Roberts left Cabul with a force half as numerous as Ayooob's, every man strong in the determination that the previous check should only be a step to victory.

On September 1 the two armies met and Ayooob was utterly routed, his camp and all his cannon falling into our hands.

El-Feh, in the Soudan, was the scene of a reverse on February 4th, 1884. Baker Pasha was leading a body of Egyptian troops against the rebels, and was completely defeated. Although this was not a British reverse, in the strict sense of the word, as the troops were Egyptian, yet it was a check to the re-conquest of the Soudan, in which the country was so much interested, and we took it to ourselves. The victory in this case followed closely on the heels of the check; on February 29th General Graham attacked the rebels with a British force of only one-third their number, and, after a desperate encounter, totally routed them. Our loss in killed was about thirty, whereas the enemy lost nearly two thousand.

In the early days of 1891, Manipur, a small, native state adjoining Assam and Burmah, gave us another example of a check, accompanied with brilliant heroism, and followed by complete victory. Mr Grimwood was ordered to push on from Assam to Manipur with a small force, in order to recognise the Regent, and remove the Senapati; they were unable to effect their object, and Mr Grimwood and others were treacherously murdered. After some fighting our men were compelled to

withdraw and march back to Lakkimpur, and, in the meantime, Lieut. Grant and eighty men marched from Burmah to Manipur, with the object of rendering assistance, but was too late. Grant had the whole of the Manipur army against him; he skillfully defended his position, and in the end the Manipurians fled before an advancing British contingent under General Graham. Manipur was deserted, but the natives gradually returned to their homes, while the Regent, the Senapati, and others were caught and tried for murder. Manipur is now governed by a Rajah appointed by Britain, and is subject to the British Government.

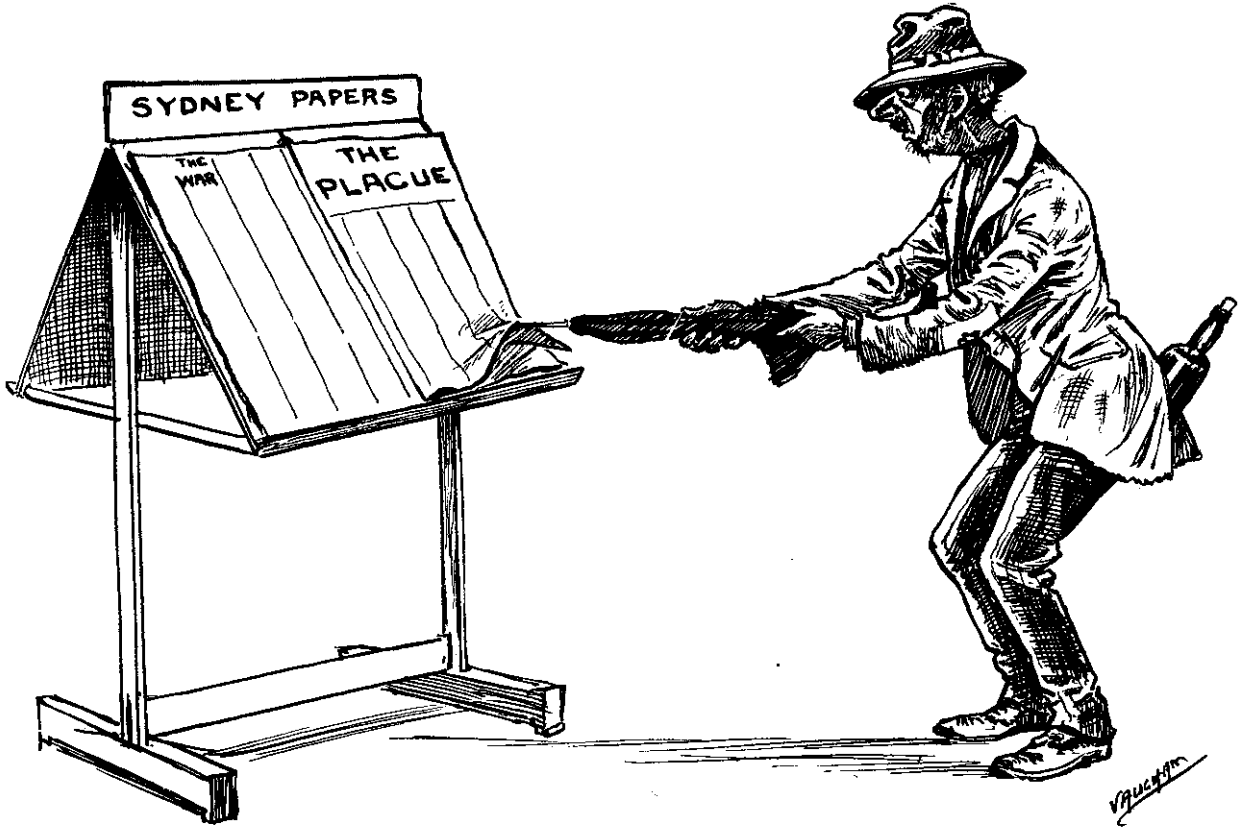
The tragedy of Khartoum in January, 1885, when the followers of the Mahdi rolled back the advance of civilisation and stopped the progress of the British arms, will be for ever memorable. It became clear that this was a case where the object to be attained must be reached slowly but steadily; the victory that must follow the check would not be gained by a quick dash, but by the exercise of that unswerving determination through years of work that is just as characteristic of our race as the brilliant charge and dashing exploit.

The work was begun, and for the greater part of the fifteen years that have nearly elapsed it has been in the care of the soldier who is now in South Africa as Chief of Staff to Lord Roberts. With a determination that nothing could upset, he has carried on that work step by step, and always getting nearer, until the time was ripe for the final blow. Then that final blow was struck, and the Soudan was conquered for Britain, Egypt and civilisation.

That we remain so calm under the check in progress in South Africa need cause no surprise, for we know that this will only lead to victory, as it always does. The British "never know when they are beaten," said Napoleon. The reason is plain—we never are beaten.



WAITING FOR PEARLS.



Taking No Risks.

A SKETCH IN THE AUCKLAND FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY.



VIEW OF JAMES TOWN FROM THE ROAD LEADING TO THE BRIARS.

The Exile of Cronje and some of the Transvaal Prisoners.

THE HARBOUR AT WHICH THE PRISONERS WERE LANDED AT ST. HELENA.

Complete Story.

A Queen's Favour.

By Hamilton Drummond.

For all that the Chateau of Pau is the greatest in the kingdom, it is not beloved. Our King Henry tolerated its labyrinth of corridors and traditional stiffness of Court etiquette for the sake of what lay beyond the walls, since nowhere could he find more royal sport than in the woods which so thickly covered the hills a league south of the Gave, which, as the world knows, washes the hill-slope upon whose ridge stands the chateau. A wandering bear from the higher spurs, boars in sufficiency, wolves beyond sufficiency and the curse of our peasants, were the quarry beyond the walls; and there were not wanting those who hinted that the rambling corridors lent themselves to a pursuit less royal, though as much to the King's taste, when the rain, drifting in from the west, pent us indoors; but it is charity to suppose that these last spoke in malice rather than in good faith.

To us courtiers, bound by form and servants to ceremony, the cold shadows of Paris usages which haunted Pau were unutterably irksome. We sighed for the freedom of Orthez or Navarrex, where the King was plain Monsieur d'Albert and we his fellow-gentlemen; and trebly irksome it was when—as at this time—the Queen was in Paris and the Court bereft of half her ladies.

To one who did not know the crooked policies of the day, it would have seemed the very time to fling ceremony aside and bid the Court go play, but our shrewd King and we of his council knew better. Failing the policy of assassination, what was the prime aim of Henry of France? To set wife and husband at variance, and so give himself a brotherly right to put an armed hand on Navarre for the great comfort of his sister and the aggrandisement of his kingdom. To this end spies were as thick in Navarre as priests at a funeral, and that the enemy might not have cause to blaspheme, we doubled punitilio until such time as the Queen's return restored us to gaiety. For all their whimsies and occasional cross-purposes these two understood one another marvellously, and were agreed—as was wise—upon a large toleration. So long, therefore, as the same walls held King and Queen, France could do little mischief. What I have now to tell of is of a mischief that failed, even in the Queen's absence, thanks to a watchfulness as far distant as Paris is from Pau.

For five and forty minutes of a council meeting we had played with admirable seriousness at doing nothing. For the moment there was no plot brewing either by intolerant Catholics or faustical Huguenots. We were at peace with Spain on the south, and suspiciously friendly with France on the north. As to finances, we had no money, and therefore, with the light-headedness of empty pockets, need give no thought to the spending of it. Still, we played the game of governing a kingdom with as solemn carefulness as the Argurs of old invoked destiny, and with an equal faith in our own usefulness. There was, therefore, a general rousing into interest when the King, from his raised seat at the head of the table, demanded if the business of the council were concluded, and being told "Aye" by the wondering secretary, went on, taking a paper from a leather pouch by his side:

"The thousand ways in which my good brothers of France have shown their love to me are known to you; now, and not for the first time, it is the turn of madame, my mother. Remembering our loneliness, she sends my dear friend the Comte de Clazonay to cheer us. To-night the Count arrives—not, remember, gentlemen, as ambassador, but as friend and comrade. See to it that his welcome fits the occasion, and do you, Monsieur de Bernaud, remain at the breaking up of the council that I may instruct you as to his reception."

Then he rose abruptly, as if to prevent inquiry, and in the bustle that followed, Rosny plucked me by the sleeve: "What has come to him with his rounded periods and dear comrades? There will be need for a second brain in this, so I will wait

you in the hall below." That was Rosny all over. In his eyes no man had the wit of a frog to save himself.

While the council-chamber emptied, Henry stood in an embrasure overlooking the Gave, his hands clenched behind his back, his beard sunk upon his breast, and his face wrinkled as was his habit when in deep thought. As the door closed he turned, all his suave smoothness gone, and in its place the hawk's look we came to know so well in those long days of struggle when the throne of France was the stake of the game.

"All that," he said harshly, "was for La Vraille's itching ears. Let him earn his hire from Catherine with the telling of it. Read this, old friend, and tell me which has Clazonay come to strike—Navarre or only Henry?"

"If he strikes the last, sire—which God forbid he dreams of—he strikes the first," said I, taking the papers. "But this is from the Queen, perhaps you—"

"Read, man, read!" he broke in impatiently, and turned back again to the window. "Tis as you say, from the Queen to the King; had it been from Margot to the Lord knows who, your nice caution had been more justified."

Yet, considering many things which the King knew better than I, it was a warm letter enough, and ran something in this fashion:—

Monsieur, and My Very Dear Husband:

Though Navarre is so many leagues away, it is very near to me in my thoughts, and that I may be brought closer to thee our good mother has lent me thy ancient and very true friend, Monsieur de Clazonay, to carry to thee news of how I fare. That, because of thy weighty affairs in Navarre, thou canst not be persuaded to visit Paris, is to her a great grief, and also to our brother Henry. I kiss thee on both cheeks.

Thy very faithful and very loving wife,

Marguerite.

Mindful of thy love for the chase, and that thou mayest the better keep it in memory, we beg thee to wear the gift whereof Monsieur de Clazonay is bearer.

A very sweet and lover-like letter, but, as it seemed to me, somewhat unlike Madame Marguerite. The former thought I told the King; the latter, for the sake of peace, I kept to myself.

"Aye," answered he, facing me; "and the bee with the honey-bag carries a sting in its tail. Look at the seal, de Bernaud, look at the seal."

Turning the letter to the light, I found it sealed in two places, the first splash of red wax bearing the cypher "M.V."; the second, a serpent reared upon its coils, and with head poised, ready to strike.

"The doves of Venus are more to Margot's liking," went on Henry; "and you venomous thing is a fair warning. I were a greater fool than madame the Queen-Mother has yet found me if I neglected it. Note the postscript, de Bernaud. There is much need of a gift, is there not, to freshen my memory of Catherine de Medicis? By the Lord who made me what I am, it is hard to bear with patience the witch's cajoleries! The voice is Margot's voice, but the hand is Catherine's, and the man she flatters had best walk circumspectly! Note, too, the messenger. I know this fellow, de Clazonay, of old."

"When Bernaud wedded France and Coligny was in favour, he thought our star in the ascendant, and turned Huguenot; but the mild persuasions of Bartholomew were too many for him, and he recanted. Aye, I know what you would say, Monsieur de Bernaud—that I too have turned and recanted; but our cases are not equal. The liberties of a nation count for more than a place at Court. He is my very good friend, this de Clazonay, and for cause, since in the old days and over that same recantation I stood him in good stead. Guise was no more prone to mercy than thou now, and but for poor Henry of Navarre, de Clazonay had been one of the forgotten thousands, recantation or no recantation. Now, like the cur he is, he comes to bite the hand that saved him."

All this seemed to me an over-large deduction from a splash of wax, but the King would hear of no reply.

"I know the man," he said stubbornly, "and I know his mistress. The only point of doubt is whether he comes to foment a quarrel or— and he stopped short, tapping himself on the breast significantly. "For the one, see that no pretext be given him, and if he lies of the Queen with hints and smiles, turn a deaf ear and play the dullard. For the second, that is your affair, since a King of Navarre must hold himself a frank gentleman even to traitors. Meet him for me, de Bernaud, and feed him with his own honey. Speak of our anxious affection for our mother in Paris, our gratitude for her tender thought; thou knowest the trick of lies, for all that thou art a man of camps rather than courts."

Here he linked his arm in mine and drew me toward the door, as was his habit when, having said his say, he desired to throttle all reply. "Speak of our love for the Queen, the anxiety of our life, our unconsoling grief at her absence! What, man, thou hast my meaning? I myself will see to it that La Belle Fadetete does not cross his path." Then, his eyes twinkling and with an upward twist of his moustache, he flung open the door and was gone, leaving me staring.

Truly here was a thorny burr to handle, and one like to prick my fingers. If the King were right, a false move might give our greedy neighbour a pretext for armed intervention, and then farewell to Navarre's liberties. As I gnawed my beard I inwardly cursed my fortune that Henry had not rather given his confidences to the more supple-minded de Rosny, to whom diplomatic lies and crooked policies were but playthings.

Yet, for all that, I kept my counsel when de Rosny stopped me in the hall below, intent to pick my brains; and from the rebuff I then gave him I date the enmity which he never forgot, even when I remained plain Blaise de Bernaud and he had blossomed into Monsieurneur the Duc de Sully and the first Minister of a King of France!

With half a dozen fellows at my back I went as far as the Cheval Rouge on the Auch road, a league and a half maybe, and there, in company with a bottle of red wine of Burgundy, waited for my gentleman's coming. Nor was my patience greatly tried, for his was the fourth dust-cloud, and if at first he looked a little askance at finding a plain soldier flanked by six pikemen where he thought to find a Court gallant, his mood soon changed. All the same, the start he gave when I greeted him in Henry's name, and when he saw the glint of the sun on the steel points, told of an uneasy conscience, and a discomfort grew within me: What if the King's guess had hit the nail?

"In the King's name, Monsieur," I began, my hand upon his saddle—"was then he started—"a friend's welcome to a friend. He is all impatience to hear more particularly of those in Paris whom he holds so dear."

"So," said he, eyeing me closely, "the King has Madame Marguerite's letter?"

"We call her Queen of Navarre here, if we seek to keep the King's favour," I answered bluntly, for the fellow's impertinent assumption nettled me.

"Then there are a dozen who call her Margot in Paris," replied he with a laugh. "Some because it is the fashion, and some because—shall I say it?—because she is—"

"A daughter of France," I broke in. "We understand all that, monsieur, and that the Queen is happy in the love of Paris is the King's recompense for her absence."

"Nay, said he, sneering, 'not of all Paris. Only some eight or ten of the Court.' But I had stopped his venomous tongue for that time, and from thenceforward as we rode to Pau we were on less slippery ground.

What I had said to de Clazonay was true enough; we understood to the full his hints and gibes; and, since the King was no invidious fool, there seemed to me no good reason for hiding from him what had passed at the inn.

For answer he nodded thoughtfully and tapped me on the shoulder, "Confess, which was right, de Bernaud, thou or I? But to win his game he must play more boldly than to chatter idle hints and Court gossip. Say we shall receive him in the Salle d'Armes before supper. He shall sit at my right, and bid Carrier see that by no evil chance the Count's hand strays above my wine-cup, though, to be honest, I think he is more cautious than frankly to endanger his own head when some subtler plan will serve his purpose."

As the dingy grub is to the flaunting butterfly so was the dusty horse-man of the Auch road to the gay courtier who came smilingly among us as we waited the coming of the King. Such a wealth of silks and laces, plumes and jewels, was, to my mind, out of taste at a Court so poor as that of Navarre, and the display made no friends to the wearer among those honest gentlemen who had stripped themselves to their bare necessities that the King might have wherewith to keep safe the liberties of the nation. His page was his very miniature, and as the lad minced and strutted behind his master down the hall, a toy blade hanging at his left thigh and a loose packet wrapped in crimson silk flung across his arm, it was hard to say which of the two showed the greater pride.

Yet it is only justice to admit that the fellow carried himself well and did his mistress no discredit. To his braveries of dress, which—by our younger men, at least—were the more observed because we lacked them, he added a bold carriage and a man's fine figure. If his look was crafty, and his eye overmuch on the alert, excuse might lie in the antagonisms abroad upon the air, and which it was impossible but he must have felt even through their veil of courtesy. Me he had singled out, and with de Rosny and Roban we formed a group apart, when the great doors at the further end of the saloon were flung open and the King entered, alone and dressed with careful simplicity.

It was clear that the manner of it struck de Clazonay. He had looked for an aping of the Louvre, a pinchbeck ceremony, a display of tinsel masquerading as fine gold, a puppet decked in tawdry grandeur; and found instead a simple, frank-hearted gentleman, who reigned as King by a different and more divine right than that of the Valois—the right of a people's love and good-will.

With no more than passing greetings to right and left, the King came straight toward us.

Welcome, Monsieur de Clazonay, mine ancient and very true friend," he cried, repeating the exact words of the Queen's letter, with the contents of which he did not doubt the Count was well acquainted. "But that none can be so dear to me as the Queen and our good mother, I would say that this gracious loan of one so high in favour would reconcile me to the loss of Madame Marguerite. 'Tis so they call her in Paris is it not? That she finds so much of love in the Louvre is my great comfort. Presently, Monsieur, you must tell me of her conquests."

De Clazonay had fallen on one knee as the King came near, and though the smile never left his face, he felt the irony of the King's speech through the suave greeting, and his lips tightened across his teeth. He gave a cur, Henry had said, and there was the cur's snarl. More than that, the King's jeering banter had angered the cur, and the cur was eagerly alert to bite.

"The Queen, my mistress, knows my poor worth more nearly," he answered with a great show of humility, "and that I may truly win acceptance to your favour, she has made me bearer of a token of her abiding affection to Your Majesty."

With the cur's snarl still on his lips, and the hard, false smile fixed in his eyes, he made as if to kiss the King's hand. But, with a mighty show of heartiness, Henry forestalled him and bade him rise.

"This," he said, loudly, "is a meeting of friend and friend. Let us have none of those stiff courtesies, Monsieur de Clazonay. Gentlemen, I present to the favour of you all, my ancient Paris comrade. Let him find through your

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assistants that Navarre, though small in size, is large of heart." Which was very kindly and gracious, and passed masterfully with the crowd, but I noted that for all his fine words, he never so much as touched the Count's hand.

"And the Queen's gift, sire?"
 "Ah, true!" he cried. "When was the Queen of France not gracious to Navarre? The list of unpaid debts will be a long one when the day of requital comes. I beg you to believe and assure Her Majesty that what Navarre lacks is not the heart to pay, but the means. This latest obligation we are under, is it here, monsieur?"

De Clazonay turned and beckoned to his side the page, and, as I live by bread, the evil look in his face deepened, and his smile grew yet nearer to the cur's snarl.

"Tis but a small thing," he said, taking the crimson packet from the boy's arm, "though I call all men to witness that what lies behind the gift is great beyond words."

"The love of my good mother?"
 "Aye, sire, that and all that love wills."

There was a marble-topped table two yards away, a thing of many colours, of much gilding and glitter. On it de Clazonay placed the packet, then turning, he bowed gravely to Henry, as if to say the Queen's gift had now passed to the King's keeping. It was, as I have said, of crimson silk, some twenty inches long by fifteen wide, and tied with silken cords of its own colour. For all his gratitude the receiver of the gift was in no haste to take possession.

"The Honour has been yours, thus far, Monsieur le Comte," he said; "let the honour still be yours, and do you unfold the covering."

Drawing his dagger—a toy affair, all damascene and jewels—de Clazonay cut the cords, and turning aside the flaps of silk, again bowed. Then he stepped back.

On the table lay a pair of hunting gloves, and gloves truly worthy of a King's wearing. Their colour was that of the silk; a blood-crimson, and from finger-point to wrist the deerskin of which they were made was as delicately soft, for all its strength, as the most dainty court lady could desire; while the deep gauntlet, running almost to the elbow, was stiff and glazed and so narrow as to hug the sleeve. They lay reversed—that is, the one with the palm, the other with the knuckle uppermost—and which would most win the fancy was

an open question, the palm being a network of many-coloured silk cords of exceeding fineness to give a grip in the haft of knife or spear, and the back sewn thickly with pearls of large size, gray, smoky and black.

With his hands behind him and his head upon his breast as he had stood that day in the Council Chamber, the King stood over the Paris gloves. "Margot was shrewder than I guessed," I heard him murmur, but so low that had I not been at his elbow and had an inkling of his thought it would have passed unheeded. Then he beckoned to de Clazonay, and looking him keenly in the face said smilingly:

"Put them on, my friend, that I may better judge the splendour of the Queen's gift," but de Clazonay, who had stepped forward, drew back again, back to the very limits of the narrow circle that stood watching the scene, and, unless I am blind, his face grew grey in the lamplight.

"Who am I," he said, "to wear the Queen's gift before it has even touched the King's hand? If I so presumed, how could I dare face my mistress' displeasure?"

"H-h-h!" and Henry nodded his head twice or thrice slowly; "humility is a plant of speedy growth. How could such a slight thing displease so gracious a mistress? Women are very forgiving, monsieur, whereas I, who am a man, am not to be trifled with when the mood takes me." Then he turned to de Clazonay's page, "Wrap these dainties up again, and lay them in my dressing-chamber. Gentlemen," and he raised his voice, "these are a Queen's gift; see that no man touch them save myself lest they be mishandled. Now"—and as if to show that his veiled threat was but an outburst of momentary irritation, the King took de Clazonay by the arm—"to supper, monsieur, and recalling old memories, we will renew old friendships; then we must plan a hunt further afield than ordinary that we may do full honour to the Queen's gift."

Then Henry of Navarre no man could at will be more winning, more frankly gracious, and the light was back to the Count's eyes and the flush to his cheeks before his glass had been emptied twice. He was not the first nor the last who sharpened his wits against the King's, to his own wounding. The first step to failure,

whether in war or diplomacy, is to despise your enemy.

Later, when the great hall was a whirl with talk and laughter, and de Clazonay the centre of a jesting group, the King sent for me. "See to it, de Bernaud," said he, the careless smile never so much as flickering on his face; "that Marcel, your man, has speech with me when all this folly is over. Let him wait me in my cabinet half an hour before midnight and let my toughest, speediest horse be standing ready saddled in the courtyard. The fellow is faithful, almost as faithful as thyself, and I must borrow him for eight days. See to it, too, that he is not questioned whether to-night or later; for where and when he rides is the King's business."

As to when he rode, it was that night, since thenceforth for something better than a week Marcel was missing; and when he returned to Pau he returned a sorely weary man, mud-spattered almost out of recognition. As to where he rode I can but guess, for he told me as much of his mission as I asked him, and that was naught.

Thenceforward, too, for eight days the King was strangely busy. Where they came from in little Navarre, those pressing claims of State which filled his mind to the exclusion of all else, was a mystery which even Rosny could not fathom, as great a mystery as the King's sudden zeal and tireless devotion. Such a glutton was he that when affairs of State failed him he called in vexed affairs of Church, and there was not a grievance in all Béarn, Bigorre, Foix or Navarre, even though it was a twelvemonth old, that he did not sift.

"Tis a King's business," he told de Clazonay, who all these days was Henry's shadow, "to give his life to his subjects, and not to his own pleasure." Therefore it follows that in these eight days he did no hunting.

Then, as suddenly as he had assumed the burden of State he flung it aside, and I noted that the change came after a crumpled letter, sealed both back and front, had been brought him as he sat at supper. "We go hunting to-morrow," he said to the Frenchman who filled the place by his side, and in a pause in the babel his words travelled down the hall; "and, by the grace of fortune, by noon we shall have clipped the claws

of the bloodiest wolf that ever ravaged Navarre."

"For my part, sire," answered de Clazonay, "I hold that craft leads to more clipped claws than does fortune."

"Be content"—and the King laughed—"there shall be craft enough. We of Navarre are simple folk, but no fools. The rendezvous is for ten, monsieur, and in my private cabinet."

That night, too, Marcel returned to report himself as once more on service, and went asleep on his feet, as he spoke.

Acting upon the King's orders, I betook myself to his cabinet at the appointed hour. It was a small and somewhat narrow room situated at the end of a south corridor. To the right were two windows which overlooked the river; opposite these the wall was only broken by a deep fireplace where, to my great astonishment—it being a warm May day—there burned a fire of many faggots. At the further end of the room a curtain swept from ceiling to floor.

De Rosny was already in waiting, and as we talked de Clazonay entered, the King at his heels, and followed by a groom of the chamber carrying the famous packet of crimson silk.

"Leave it there and go," said Henry curtly, pointing to the table. "Monsieur de Rosny," he went on, standing with his back to the hearth, "your place is by the window; yours, Monsieur de Bernaud, by the door; yours, Monsieur de Clazonay, there,"—and he motioned with his hand to the end of the table in front of the drawn curtains. A strange prelude this to a day's sport! But we silently took our places as directed, and then stood in the hush of expectancy, for, saving the King, no man knew what was in the air.

"Honour for honour," he said, bending over the table and slowly unfolding the silken wrappings. "How can I better show appreciation of a friend's services and my love to the Queen, my mother, than by a gift to you, Monsieur de Clazonay?"

"I am deeply sensible of your goodness, sire, and most humbly thank—" begun de Clazonay. But the King stopped him with a gesture and a curt "Wait," and then fell again to unwrapping the silk; and when the coverings were removed, de Clazonay's gratitude was as dead in his heart as on his lips. There was no longer one pair of gloves, but two—and two so

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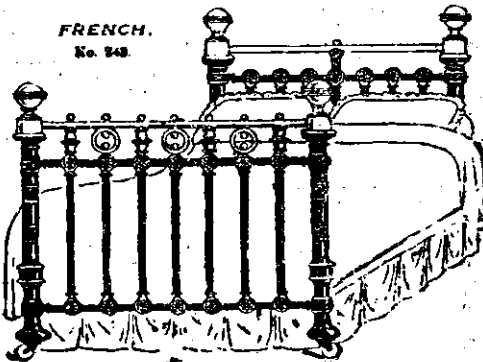
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strangely similar that none but a wizard could have chosen between them. Alike in colour, in shape, in texture, there was not as much as the varied lustre of a pearl to say which had been the Queen's gift.

"Choose, monsieur."
"I, sire, I?" stammered de Clazonay; "such things are for Kings' wearing, and not for simple—"

"Aye," said Henry bitterly, "I understand you; for Kings' wearing!" Though it was plain the fellow was a villain plotting with his eyes open, and no blind fool, yet I could not but pity him. His face had gone ashen gray, great sweat-drops were on his forehead and standing thickly through the roots of his hair, and, strive as he would, his jaw shook as if smitten by a palsy.

"Choose," said the King again; "choose and make an end; the Court goes hunting and waits."

De Clazonay drew a shuddering breath. "I will not choose," he said between the teeth clenched to keep them from chattering. "I will not choose, and you dare not murder me," and folding his arms he stepped back from the table.

"Monsieur de Rosny," and the King's voice very cold and hard, "draw back the curtain that Monsieur de Clazonay may choose the better."

Back came the drapery with a ringing clatter that shook even my nerves, so tense was the strain, and behind it were five soldiers of the guard standing shoulder to shoulder, their steel bare in their hands.

"Choose!" cried the King a third time. "For, by the Lord who made me, you wear these gloves to-day or die where you stand. To kill a prisoner is no murder."

That the King was stonily in earnest was plain to be seen, and grasping at a straw for life, de Clazonay turned to the table and bent over the gloves, scanning every stitch, every grain, every line and curve. To him it was a veritable lottery of life or death, and at last he pitched upon two and drew them toward him with shaking fingers.

"These, sire."
"Th King turned to me, "Monsieur de Bernauid, you will ride to-day by the side of Monsieur de Clazonay. See to it that he does not so much as shift a hand until our return."

"And if I return, sire?" cried de Clazonay eagerly, plucking at the gloves with nervous fingers.

"If you return in peace," said Henry solemnly, "then God has spoken. Come, monsieur, glove yourself; the Court waits."

Turning, he raised the tongs from the hearth, and lifting the remaining pair of gloves, thrust them deep into the bosom of the red embers. "To horse, gentlemen," he cried; "and de Bernauid, let there be neither mistake nor pity. This is a State matter; see, therefore, that your sword sits light in its sheath. You understand, Monsieur de Clazonay?"

"Of that day I will say little, only I pray God I may never see again the sorrows of a tortured soul. As for the gloves, I had the King's orders, and where they were they stayed until we had clattered up the winding causeway that leads from the Gate de Feu to the gate of the Chateau. Once within the courtyard my charge was done with, and it was nought to me that de Clazonay shook off the crimson leather from his hands as a man shakes off a hornet. They were as white and smooth from wrist to finger-tip as when, in all his hunting bravery, he that morning entered the King's cabinet.

"Pray God all's well," said he, with

a deep breath that was almost a groan; but even as he spoke he stumbled in his walk, pawing the air as a man does in terror of the dark. That night he died.

"The fool!" said the King when one told him; "did he think that Rene had no second pair of gloves; or that Navarre was too poor to pay the price?"—"The New Illustrated Magazine."

FAMOUS ONE-MAN VICTORIES.

The splendid stand made by a body of colonial scouts in a donga six miles north of Dordrecht, Cape Colony, a few days ago, against a relatively enormous Boer force, reminds us of one or two instances in which a solitary man has kept at bay an enemy whose numbers have run into hundreds.

It will be remembered that the scouts above referred to numbered only forty all told, and that they were cut off by the Boers because of their determination not to abandon a wounded officer with whom they could not have made good their escape.

Throughout the night they were again and again assailed by a force of some 800 Boers, each of whose attacks they succeeded in beating off until a rescue party arrived and conducted the gallant little band back to camp on the following morning.

But the perhaps unrivalled feat of a volunteer, named Hall, in our war with the Boers, in 1881, was a still finer fight against far greater odds. The scene of this was at Standerton, where the brave volunteer, seeing that a number of his comrades were in imminent risk of being cut off by a force of 300 Boers, nobly sacrificed his life to apprise them of their danger and afford them an opportunity of escape.

Without a moment's consideration for his own safety, he coolly commenced to engage the party of 300 Boers, firing upon them again and again, thus drawing their fire upon himself while his comrades made good their escape. But for this superb act of heroism they would certainly have all been either captured or shot, the latter being the fate of their lion-hearted preserver.

In the course of the operations arising out of the Indian Mutiny there was more than one instance of a similar kind. A British soldier who was surprised by a party of rebels, to the number of nearly 200, took up his stand behind the ruins of a wall and blazed away at the enemy until they turned tail and fled at the approach of a mere handful of our cavalry. They left ten dead and wounded on the field, exclusive of three whom the Britisher brought down as the rebels retreated.

A no less brilliant one-man victory was that of the British sergeant who, by his splendid marksmanship, defeated all attempts of the mutineers to place in position a gun which would have commanded the interior fortifications of one of the besieged towns and thus brought about its downfall.

The enemy made repeated efforts to fix this gun on the top of a neighbouring building, but as soon as any rebel showed himself on the spot he was carefully picked off by the ever watchful marksmanship. This went on for a long time, until the attempt was finally abandoned, much to the relief of the besieged, who were thus saved by the prowess of one of their number from annihilation or surrender.

A really extraordinary one-man victory was once brought off in Tasmania after a whole army had ignominiously failed. Many years ago the survivors of the aborigines of the island were a constant menace to the settlers, upon whom they often suddenly descended and subjected to the most barbarous outrages. This prompted the then Governor of the colony, Sir George Arthur, to take measures for the capture of the whole nation.

By extending a line of men right across the north end of the island, and then marching them to the south, he hoped to be able to force all the natives into a corner, where they might ultimately be surrounded and captured. The most elaborate preparations were made, and enormous expense incurred to insure the success of the expedition.

Not only was every free man in the colony called out, but all the convicts were compelled to lend their aid; and after a month's weary marching over mountain tops, through almost impassable forests, and across rivers and deep gullies, the extended line of heroes closed in upon the enemy. But to their amazement and disgust they

then discovered that they had only captured one poor black, the cunning of the savage having fairly outwitted the skill of civilized man.

But what the combined forces of the colony were unable to perform was accomplished by a single man, who, acquainted with the language, manners, and customs of the natives, came forward and offered to capture, without assistance, each and every aboriginal remaining in the island.

As might be supposed, the Government was most anxious to retrieve their position, and eagerly accepted the offer. The brave volunteer had not long departed on his mission when he returned with a long string of prisoners who were safely lodged in gaol.

He then immediately set off upon another expedition, which was repeated again and again, the number of prisoners increasing with each, until not a single aboriginal was at large in Tasmania. Not only so, but he accomplished this unique victory, so far as could be ascertained, without the shedding of a drop of his own or his captives' blood!

Coming back to the Boers, the valiant stand made by Capt. Auchincloss at Rustenberg, in 1881, is well worthy of mention, though he was accompanied by a force of some seventy riflemen. Surrounded by many hundreds of Boers, he fought them day and night for weeks and weeks, finally dispersing them by carrying their trenches in the night, at the point of the bayonet, with a force of ten or a dozen men.

After three or four of such sallies, in each of which the captain sustained serious injuries, the enemy had had enough of cold steel and kept at a respectful distance from a foeman so resourceful and daring as they knew from bitter experience Captain Auchincloss to be. May Great and Greater Britain always be served by such noble, valiant sons.

MOST EXPENSIVE MEN.

Although the Boer undoubtedly holds Mr Cecil Rhodes responsible for the fact that his country is now at war with great Britain, we, who can take a fuller view of things, see plainly that it is entirely to the pig-headed obstinacy of President Kruger that South Africa owes its troubles. But for him some measure of justice at least would have been done to the Uitlanders, and this lamentable war averted. What it is going to cost no one yet knows. Ten millions was talked of. Ten times that sum will be nearer the mark.

The great adventurer Napoleon, whose chief aim was personal ambition, is calculated to have cost Europe—apart from unfortunate France—not less than £800,000,000, by far the larger portion of which came out of the pockets of the British taxpayers.

In 1855, Lij Kasa, an adventurer, who had managed to become son-in-law to the then King of Abyssinia, took the name of Theodore, and proclaimed himself Negus, or King of the Kings of Abyssinia. Fired with ambition, he sent a letter to the British Government, requesting an alliance against the Turks. No reply reaching him, in revenge he imprisoned all the missionaries and other white settlers in his country, and loaded them with

chains. It cost us over four millions to release those prisoners.

There has always been a plentiful crop of adventurers in Africa. The recent Mahdi cost us little in comparison with the amount—over six millions—spent on attempting to subdue his predecessor when he had shut up Gordon in Khartoum. Arabi Pasha, who was solely responsible for the Egyptian insurrection of twenty years ago, forced us to spend £2,000,000 on an expeditionary force, besides the expense of bombarding Alexandria—another £1,250,000. That bombardment did £3,950,000 of damage, which must be added to Arabi's little account. Occasionally the incompetence of our own generals has cost us more than money. When General White-Loke was sent to South America he had a force amply sufficient to take Buenos Ayres. He made his attack in eight weak columns at widely separated points. Result, utter defeat—1,000 killed, 1,500 prisoners, and loss of almost half a continent.

White-loke was cashiered for his behaviour.

The Valchereu Expedition, in 1809, through the hopeless incompetence of Lord Chatham, failed miserably. Seven thousand lives and nearly five millions of money were simply pitched into the sea—or, rather, into the marshes, for nearly all our losses were from ague.

The paths of peace can show one or two instances of misery, ruin, and waste quite equal to that of war. That colossal blunder the Panama Canal stands at the head of these. The Panama Canal was, if anything ever was, a one-man scheme. To Ferdinand de Lesseps, of Suez Canal fame, it owed its beginning and end. Over £60,000,000 had been spent by 1888, and a bare third of the work done. In 1890 the Report of Inquiry Commission declared that 900,000,000 francs (£36,000,000) would be required to finish it, and this was probably under the estimate. The loss was caused by wrong estimates, bad surveying, and incompetent management.

General Weyler's brutality to the country farmers of Cuba was the direct cause of the last desperate insurrection in Cuba, which led to the Spanish War. That war cost the United States £6,000,000. The cost to Spain was £35,000,000, exclusive of loss of territory. The cost to Cuba in the way of wrecked plantations and loss of commerce—especially of her tobacco trade—is roughly estimated at £20,000,000 more. So Weyler came distinctly high.

Agrinaldo, the rebel Philippine chief, seems likely to be another expensive luxury. This war—carried on at a huge distance from its base—has necessitated raising the American standing army from 27,000 to 60,000 men, and even now is costing 500,000 dollars—£100,000—a week.

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A NARROW ESCAPE FOR THE PYRAMIDS.

An article of considerable importance on "The Conquest of the Nile," is contributed by Mr John Ward, F.S.A., to the February number of the "Windsor Magazine." It is heavily illustrated with unique photos, which show the progress of the stupendous undertaking we are now engaged upon in Egypt in order to control the waters of the Nile. "The place to see these modern wonders of the land of Egypt is at the Barrage, a few miles north of Cairo, where the Nile divides into two great arms known as the Rosetta and Damietta branches of the river. Napoleon Bonaparte gets credit for having first suggested that a great dam built at this point would double the cultivable land of the Delta (Lower Egypt). But few of Napoleon's grand ideas were allowed to be realised. It was printed somewhere that Napoleon had originally suggested the Barrage, and Mehemet Ali, as soon as he had his power consolidated by getting free of Turkish dominion, seems to have set about trying to bind the Nile in this way. Mehemet Ali's object was a purely selfish one. He wanted to have enough water to enable him to grow cotton and sugar-cane, of which he retained a monopoly, and which he was convinced would double the income of his personal exchequer. He sent to France for engineers, and many suggestions were made unavailingly. He found, after various attempts, however, a French engineer—afterwards known as Mougel Bey—clever enough and willing to carry out his ideas. Mougel was a talented man, had been given proper skilled labour to carry his designs out. A previous engineer had been ordered by the tyrant to "use up those useless heaps of stone, the Pyramids," to make a great weir to bar and raise the river's level, and to store up the waters of the inundation for supplying the Delta and increasing the area of the soil. The Pyramids had a very narrow escape; but the engineer boldly told a lie, and saved them. He said it would cost less to quarry new stone."

TYRE, VENICE, ENGLAND.

MR RUSKIN'S WORD OF WARNING.

There was an interesting echo of Ruskin in Lord Rosebery's peroration at Chatham the other day. Referring to the fact that the Mayor of that town wears on his neck the chain and badge of the Doge of Venice, Lord Rosebery asked his hearers to remember that "this symbol once adorned the chief of a State which was scarcely less great than our own, not less commercial, not less naval, not less predominant, and which faded away like an empty dream because its rulers took no thought for the future, and did not live abreast of the times." To many readers, Lord Rosebery's words must have recalled the striking and beautiful passage with which "The Stones of Venice" opens, and which we must give ourselves the pleasure of citing here:

Since first the dominion of man was asserted over the ocean, three thrones, of mark beyond all others, have been set upon its sands: the thrones of Tyre, Venice, and England. Of the first of these great powers only the memory remains; of the second, the ruin; the third, which inherits their greatness, if it forget their example, may be led through powder and ruinance to less pitied destruction.

The exaltation, the sin, and the punishment of Tyre have been recorded for us, in perhaps the most touching words ever uttered by the prophets of Israel against the cities of the stranger. But we read them as a lively song; and close our ears to the sternness of their warning; for the very depth of the Fall of Tyre has blinded us to its reality, and we forget, as we watch the bleaching of the rocks between the sunshine and the sea, that they were once "as in Eden, the garden of God."

Her successor, like her in perfection of beauty, though less in endurance of dominion, is still left for our beholding in the fluid period of her decline; a ghost upon the sands of the sea, so weak, so quiet, so bereft of all but her loveliness, that we might well doubt, as we watched her faint reflection in the mirage of the lagoon, which was the City and which the Shadow.

I would endeavour to trace the lines if this mirage before it be for ever lost, and to record, as far as I may, the warning which seems to me to be uttered by every one of the fast-gaining waves, that beat, like passing bells, against the STONES OF VENICE.

Let us hope that the Parliament of England will in this hour of test and trial comport itself as in its best days did the Parliament of Venice: "Fearless, faithful, patient, impetuous, implacable—every word a fate—sate her Senate; a world from which all petty thoughts were banished."

A NEW STORY OF MAGERS-FONTEIN.

HIS LAST LAUGH.

A letter received in Liverpool from a private of the Highland Brigade, at Modder River, dated January 2nd, gives the following story of the battle of Magersfontein:—We received orders about 11 o'clock in the morning of the 10th December that the Scots Guards and the Highland Brigade, together with the Artillery, would move to the next camping ground at 3 p.m. We set out in the rain, and arrived there about 6.30 p.m., when we got orders to bivouac for the night, as we would have to march at 12 midnight for a night attack. Well, you may guess how we felt; wringing wet as we were, and only one blanket between every two men, but we made the best of a bad job, so we took a drink of water, and lay down on the wet ground with the blankets over us. About 11.30 p.m. we were roused up, and fell in at 12 o'clock. We moved off just as the rain began to fall, and one of the men passed the remark that "there would be nothing good to come of this." We marched straight up to the hill in quarter column, 10,000 of us, and we had no sooner got there than there was a flash of light and a report, which was the signal to the enemy to open fire. They did so with a vengeance, and the next we heard was, "My God, the Scotch Brigade is cut up. Run and save your lives, but don't blame me. There is another one above me whose orders I have obeyed." These were the dying words of our General. We ran about 1000 yards, when the artillery opened fire, and it acted like magic on the troops. They stopped and faced the enemy again, when some one asked who was going to take command, as we could find no officers. One sergeant took one line facing the hill, and I went in command of about 40 men to check a cross fire from the railway. When we got about half-way we saw a white handkerchief stuck on a brush as a flag of truce, and, not forgetting Belmont with the white flag, I told the men to load and fix bayonets, and if the Boers fired we were to charge them. I placed my helmet on my rifle and slowly raised it above the brush. When they saw it they fired like fury, but I gave the order to fire a volley and charge, which we did, taking seven prisoners. One of them started to laugh, and told us it was fine fun to see the British army, of which we boast so much, routing like mad away from the hill. One of my party said it would be his last laugh, so we shot him to make sure he did not laugh again. We made five attempts to take the hill that day, but we had to give it up for the time. But wait till we get "Fighting Bob" out here, then they will change the tune. It was nearly three hours after the attack before we found any officers, and we kept up the fight until 6.30 p.m. on the 11th. We were from 12 noon on the 10th until 9 o'clock on the 11th December without a bite of food and only one drink of water.

Mrs Seddon has reluctantly been obliged to relinquish the position of President of the Women's Social and Political League, owing to the stress of private affairs. On behalf of the League, Mrs Mason (a vice-president of the League) has presented Mrs Seddon with an illuminated address, beautifully printed in the colours of the League, and appropriately framed.

Mr W. R. Perston, manager of the Bank of New South Wales in Dunedin, has retired on a pension, and was, prior to his retirement, presented with a purse of sovereigns by a large number of the business people in that city. Mr Perston was well-known in Wellington, where he was formerly manager of the Bank for some years.

FASHIONS IN HANDSHAKES.

The "Daily Mail" a few weeks ago gave several sketches illustrating the fashions in handshakes. We reproduce three of the pictures, together with some of the remarks that accompanied them.

When men put force and character into their handclasp, the pump-handle vogue was very modish among hearty friends, who would shake away for several seconds, while they looked one another in the eyes, and spent the



THE PUMP-HANDLE SHAKE.

force of their gladness in phrases expletory of their extreme joy in the meeting. Then they would take a rest, and once again the more exuberant of the pair would seize his comrade's hand and begin the whole process over again.



THE GRIP OF IRON.

But there were people who shrank from the pump-handle shake. It made the recipient so conspicuous. They were content to display their feelings less openly, and mostly patronised a feeble, fobby sort of greeting. Using their hands as if they were fins or flappers, they inertly insinuated them into the grasp of their comrade, and then let them flop down, still quite inertly.

The only drawback to this sort of mild greeting was discovered when two shakers of the same calibre met.



THE CLASP THAT MAKES YOU CREEP.

The result was that no hand-shake was accomplished. The pair of fins met, grazed one another, and parted. This was the hand-clasp in desecration.

But the hand-shake that was most sincere was the "grip of iron." This clasp is shown in the picture above, and though it sometimes was a little painful to bear, it nevertheless left no doubt that the shaker was pleased to meet you.

Red Noses.—As a subject for humour of a sort—the red-nosed female possesses an almost perennial freshness. Jokes on red noses appear with regularity, and are laughed at with despatch. As a matter of fact, a red nose is very far from a joke to those so afflicted. Very little sympathy do the sufferers get, but they are certainly to be pitied. Many a really pretty girl is often in an agony because she knows that under certain circumstances her nose will go red. With others it is chronic. Here are some hints on cure which will be found excellent when tried. When one's nose shows a tendency to become red, one of the surest methods, both of prevention and cure, is gentle but persistent massage. The nose and surrounding part of the face should be well but gently rubbed night and morning with the tips of the fingers. This stimulates the glands, and promotes a healthy and vigorous action of the skin; the redness being almost invariably due to morbidity of such action, the daily massage corrects this, and makes the skin better able to withstand extreme temperatures. When the skin is at all sensitive, it is generally advisable to use a simple emollient, such as lanoline or a good cold cream. This prevents any abrasion or roughness resulting. Care must be taken, however, that the emollient is completely absorbed by the skin; if any remains on the surface after the massage is complete, it may be gently wiped off with a soft towel. The massage process should occupy from five to eight minutes. Face lotions are of little or no value as remedies for redness of the nose.

"NURSING THE SOLDIERS' WIVES IN SOUTH AFRICA."

An Alexandra nurse, writing in "The Hospital" Nursing Mirror, under date of November 17th, says:—

War is a reality now, and a few days ago it seemed as if we in Maritzburg were to be in the very thick of it. For a few nights we went to bed not knowing but that in the morning we should find ourselves surrounded by Boers. Happily, that scare has abated, and now we feel friends are here, so many troops having arrived this week. My nursing is still confined to the women and children of the regiments. Just a month ago those of the Ladysmith camp were hurriedly sent down, thus adding some 250 to my already large family of over 300. But they were welcomed, and their comfort and sickness attended to as best we could under the circumstances.

The Ladysmith contingent were quartered in the reading, recreation, and barrack rooms of the Dublin Fusiliers. As they had been exposed for hours to a heavy downpour of rain during their transit, many developed influenza, with a high temperature and some enteric symptoms. In one case a mother and five children were all down at once—temperature from 103-104-6. All, however, got on nicely, with the exception of a baby six months old, whose mother, a consumptive patient, who was suffering from enteric fever, had to be removed with her to Grey's Hospital, where the baby died after a week's illness.

Last week it was deemed advisable to send the women and children home. They left in detachments on November 7th, 8th, and 9th for Durban, sailing per troopship "Jelunga" on the 11th. The railway platform was a busy and most interesting sight as the women and children, with their numerous parcels and packages, were placed in the carriages. But they all left comfortably after receiving sandwiches, bananas, and bottles of milk from some kind friends. One poor woman with seven children, who had been on the sick list the previous week, got down just in time to see the train wave off. She, however, did not lose her spirits over the mishap, but accepted an invitation to spend the day, and at five p.m. I saw her off to join her fellow travellers, grateful and smiling. The genial Scotch stationmaster kindly gave her a first-class compartment. Two of the women who travelled from Ladysmith when the camp was cleared had to be met by the ambulance wagon and conveyed direct to Grey's Hospital, so at three a.m. I waited for them, promenading an almost deserted platform. The train duly arrived, and four corporals quickly installed them in the waggons which were ready for them.

But a surprise was in store, for they brought four children not bargained for. At first I was puzzled what to do with these, but I quickly decided to take them on to Grey's and bespeak the hospitality of the kind-hearted matron, Mrs McDonald, till other arrangements could be made for their safe keeping during the illness of the mothers. I need hardly say that the four sleepy little nites, the eldest only five years old, received a warm welcome, and were soon in bed. Grey's Hospital has been quite a boon to us at this time, as so many of the cases, malarial and enteric, could not be nursed in open barrack rooms. A number of our wounded soldiers have also been nursed there and are loud in its praise, and I am glad to be able to state that the doctors and matron speak in very high terms of the good behaviour, gratitude, and patience of their soldier patients.

The Hon. Mr and Mrs Butler have returned home to Wellington from their long visit to Mrs Abbott, at Balgownie, Wanganui.

The Thorndon Amateur Swimming Club hold their annual ball in Wellington on the 23rd May.

Mr H. D. Bell, the well-known Wellington solicitor, has returned to the Empire City from his visit to England.

Personal Paragraphs.

A record will surely be broken this year by the number of New Zealanders visiting England and Paris. Amongst well-known colonists en route for Europe is Mr Alexander Black, of the well-known Dunedin firm of Colsons & Black. Mr Black, who will be accompanied by his wife, was, prior to his departure, presented by the employees of the firm with a pair of binocular telescopes, a set of pipes, a mounted walking stick, and a lady's gold chain for Mrs Black. Mr Black, who has built up a big business by untiring industry and hard work, is universally respected by those in his employ, and the presentation was a most popular and spontaneous one. In his reply to the speech proposing his health and a pleasant trip, Mr Black said he had to thank them very sincerely for himself and on behalf of Mrs Black for the very handsome presents and the kind expressions for his welfare. He had not the slightest idea that he was a subject worthy of presents, and was sure Mrs Black would be astonished when she heard of the handsome present they had given him for her. He concluded by wishing them good-bye and all prosperity. Three cheers were then heartily given for Mr Black and one for Mrs Black, after which the customary musical compliment was paid to Mr Black and his good lady.

Mr John Plimmer, who is generally known by the title of "The Father of Wellington," resigned the office of senior director of the Wellington and Manawatu Railway Company at the last meeting of the shareholders in Wellington. The shareholders marked their very keen sense of appreciation of the value of Mr Plimmer's services to the Company, as one of its original founders, and also as one of its directors since its incorporation, by presenting the venerable gentleman with a life pass for use on the Company's line of railway, the pass being issued in the form of a handsomely chased gold medal.

Leonard Cozze, a little boy, was out riding in Carterton the other evening, and had occasion to dismount. The youngster made a bold bid to get on again, but only succeeded in grabbing the horse round the neck. From this position he was thrown on the road and broke his arm. The youngster, who is only ten years of age, walked home leading the horse, and, after putting the animal in the paddock, went along to Dr. Johnston to have his arm attended to. The arm was dangling quite uselessly by the little chap's side, and the pain must have been intense. As an instance of pluck and endurance this one would be hard to beat.

Miss H. Williamson, of Auckland, who has been visiting Wanganui, is now visiting her relatives in New Plymouth.

The wedding of Miss Bell, daughter of Mr H. D. Bell, the well-known solicitor of Wellington, to Mr Harold Johnston, fourth son of the Hon. C. Johnston, takes place on the 25th of April in Wellington.

Before leaving the South Canterbury Mounted Rifles, Trooper A. Thorow, who has taken up an official position in Wellington, was presented with a silver mounted walking stick by his former comrades.

Mr and Mrs Beamish (Napier) are visiting their mother in Christchurch.

Miss Pooley, of the Church Missionary Society, gave an address on Mission Work ere leaving Picton, where she was staying with her sister, Mrs F. H. Thompson.

Colonel and Mrs Burton, who have been staying at Rotorua during the past month, returned to Auckland on Saturday. The Colonel is much improved in health by his trip.

Miss Fanny Sealy has been appointed organist of All Saints' Church, Nelson, in place of Mr Harold Light, who has gone for a trip to England.

Mr and Mrs Paul, who have been on a short visit to Wellington to see their eldest son off with the Fifth Contingent, have returned to New Plymouth.

Mrs G. Watkins, who has been on a visit to Wellington, has now returned to New Plymouth, accompanied by Miss Watkins from Wellington.

Miss Ella Johnston, of Highbury, Rangitikei, is visiting friends in Wellington.

Mr W. Lawes, of Wairarapa, is going on a trip to London, Paris, and the Continent.

Miss Mary Duff and Miss M. Day, of Nelson, have been on a driving tour to Blenheim.

Canon St. Hill and Miss St. Hill, Hawke's Bay, leave Hastings very shortly on a trip to England.

Mr and Mrs W. C. Adamson, of Hawke's Bay, were last week caused considerable anxiety through the wandering away of a little grandchild, a boy. It appears young Adamson, in company with another small boy named Smart, went mushroom hunting in the afternoon, and when it appeared to them time to return to their homes there was a difference of opinion as to which was the right road to take. Smart came on, and reached home safely, but his friend not putting in an appearance, a search party was organised. Sergeant Bernard and Constable Roche joined in the search, but it was not until 7.30 next morning that the boy was found making his way out of Mr Dixie's property, the poor little fellow having slept in their plantation all night.

Mr and Mrs Tom Fookes have been visiting Mrs A. Fookes, New Plymouth, but have now returned to Stratford.

Dr. and Miss Moor left Nelson recently to bid friends in the South good-bye as they shortly leave for England.

Mr and Mrs T. Garrard have returned home from Hamner Plains. Mr Garrard has much improved in health.

Mr and Mrs W. P. Studholme (Kahurangi), Canterbury, have returned South from their visit to Mr and Mrs W. Barton at Featherston.

The Rev. Allan Poole, of Invercargill, is taking a trip to the Old Country.

Lieut. J. McMillan, of Sargood's, in Dunedin, who went with the fighting fifth was presented with a gold watch as a mark of respect from his fellow employees.

Miss Hawdon (Peel Forest) is returning home from her visit to Wellington.

The Misses Greenfield (Wellington) are staying with their brother at "Vernon."

Mr and Mrs Percy Baldwin (Wellington) have left for Otago, Mr Baldwin having decided to take up farming there. Both Mr and Mrs Baldwin will be much missed socially in Wellington, where they are both extremely popular.

Miss Pasley, of the China Mission, is making a visit to Blenheim, and is the guest of Mrs Grace, at the Vicarage. Mrs Grace gave a large afternoon tea last week in order to give Miss Pasley's old friends an opportunity of meeting her, as her stay is likely to be too short for them to call in the ordinary way.

Mrs S. Shaw, of New Plymouth, has gone for a short trip to Wellington.

Dr. and Mrs Ewart, of the Wellington Hospital, are staying with the former's mother in Nelson.

The Rev. W. C. Waters, Vicar of St. Peter's Church, Wellington, is about to pay a holiday visit to England, having obtained nine months' leave of absence from the Wellington District Synod in order to do so. The reverend gentleman leaves Wellington by the Mokoia on the 28th inst. for Sydney, travelling from Australia to London via the Suez Canal. During Mr Waters' absence from New Zealand the Rev. Mr Davys, the present Curate, will officiate as Vicar.

Mrs W. Burton, of "Fareham," Featherston, is visiting her parents (Mr and Mrs Studholme) at Merivale, Christchurch, prior to their departure for England.

Miss J. M. Dougall, of the Kuriwao School, was, prior to her departure for Ashley Downs, the recipient of several handsome souvenirs of the regard in which she was held in the district. The School Committee gave an illuminated address and a very beautiful gold brooch, a set of studs was presented from the people in the district, and an exceedingly handsome clock from the children. Miss Dougall is sure to win the respect of all communities into which her lot may cast her.

Mrs E. Kenny (Picton), who has been visiting her relatives at the West Coast, has returned home.

Dr. and Mrs Mackin (Wellington) leave for Sydney by the Waikare on the 18th April, en route for an extended tour in England and the Continent, and also hope to include a visit to the Holy Land in their programme. Besides visiting the principal hospitals in Europe, Dr. Mackin will also go through a course at the Pasteur Institute in Paris.

Mrs Robertshaw (Picton) has been spending a week or so with Captain and the Misses Kenny at the "Rocks," Queen Charlotte Sound.

Mr and Mrs T. Tanner (Hawke's Bay), who came to Wellington to wish their son (Mr Eyrington Tanner) good-bye, he having obtained a captain's commission in the Fourth Contingent, have returned home.

Mr and Mrs P. Richmond, "Richmond Brook," Wairau, who have been staying at the Federal Hotel, Picton, for a week or two, have returned home.

Dr. F. C. Scott was a passenger by the s.s. Whakatane from England this week, coming to Wellington in order to take charge of Dr. Mackin's practice during his absence in Europe.

Mr Jas. Adamson and Mr Archibald Campbell, of Mabel, Southland, go home in the Cuzco. Both are very old colonists, and will enjoy seeing the Motherland after so many years.

Miss Brabant, of Auckland, is back in Nelson, staying with her sister (Mrs G. Richardson). Her friends are delighted to see her again.

Mr and Mrs Godsil, who have been paying New Plymouth a lengthy visit, are very shortly returning to their home in England, and they are taking with them Miss Take, of New Plymouth.

Mr and Mrs H. Gray and 3 children, of New Plymouth, have gone for a trip to Rotorua.

Mr R. V. Collins, who has been connected with the Wellington office staff of the New Zealand Shipping Company for the past three years, has accepted an appointment in the Wanganui branch of Johnston and Co. Mr Collins is well known in shipping circles, and he has also been an energetic member of the Star Boating Club and the Wellington Football Club.

Miss Nunneley, of Christchurch, who has been very unwell, has returned to the "Point" quite herself again, to take up her duties.

Mrs Hayward, of Wellington, is at present at Hamner Plains, enjoying a holiday.

Mr J. W. Raymond, who leaves Southland for a trip to Europe, etc., by the outgoing "Frisco" mail, has mapped out a most interesting tour. He goes by Auckland to "Frisco," thence New York to Liverpool, returning from London by Calais, Marseilles, the Red Sea to Durban and Capetown, thence by Melbourne to the Bluff.

The many Taranaki friends of Mr H. N. Lizard, who with his family returned to Stratford last week after a trip to the Old Country, have warmly welcomed him back to the district.

Mrs Dilworth Fox, of Christchurch, and her two little daughters, have returned to Waikari.

Miss Devore, of Ponsonby, has been spending a short holiday at Te Aroha.

Mrs and Miss Donald, of Auckland, and Miss Mabel Hudson have been paying a visit to the Lake country and Hot Springs.

Amongst the departed Contingent, who have gone to join Major Roblin at the front, is Mr Gordon Dignan, a grandson of the late Hon. P. Dignan, M.L.C.

Miss Sybil Hunter Brown, of Nelson, is paying a short visit to friends in Wellington.

Mrs Bowman Fox (Ashburton) has come to settle in Christchurch, where she intends giving music lessons. On dit she plays most beautifully, and no doubt will receive many pupils.

Mrs Hutton, of Christchurch, is on a visit to her daughter, Mrs Lauce Lane, Eastcott, Waikari.

Mr and Mrs J. Moray (nee Miss Ramson) have returned from their trip to Blenheim, Nelson, etc., to their home in New Plymouth.

Miss Cotterill, Blind River, who has been staying in Picton with her cousin, Mrs Thompson, has returned to the Empire City.

Miss Athol Aynesley, who returned to New Zealand from England by the Whakatane, has been warmly welcomed home by her many friends in Christchurch.

Mr and Mrs Studholme, of Merivale, Christchurch, leave for England very shortly, and during their absence from New Zealand have let their charming residence to Captain and Mrs Hawke (nee Fraser-Tyler).

Mr and Miss Bourne, of Blenheim, took advantage of the steamer running to Wellington to enable visitors there to witness the departure of the Fifth Contingent, to pay a short visit to friends in that city. A special train was run on Sunday to bring back those who went to Wellington from Picton. Mr Starrock, headmaster of the Blenheim Schools, also made a short visit to Wellington to see the Fifth Contingent off.

Mr and Mrs Wilfred Taylor, of Takapuna, are still at "Urenui," Waitara. They sail for London in the Wakanui on the 19th inst.

In Auckland on Monday afternoon last an important function took place on the Northern Steamship Company's fine steamer Clausman, when Mr John Coutts was presented with an address and purse of sovereigns on his retirement from the position of superintendent engineer to the company. The presentation was made by Mr George Fraser, and he and the other speakers referred to the ill-health which necessitated Mr Coutts' retirement from the position he filled with such marked ability, and hoped that the less arduous duties of head cook-captain, which he now assumes, would enable him to recuperate and in time entirely recover. Mr Coutts made a fitting reply and was then toasted with musical honours.

The Rev. Mr Major, late of Remuera, has arrived in Hamilton to take up his duties as pastor of the Anglican Church.

Mr and Mrs W. Newman, of New Plymouth, have been for a short trip to Wellington.

Captain Anderson, of Auckland, who has been in poor health for some time, is now about again, and was this week warmly congratulated on his recovery.

The manager of the Consolidated Goldfields of New Zealand (Limited), Mr C. H. Doyal, has with his wife arrived in Auckland. His present plan is to spend the winter in Auckland.

Dr. Lewis, health officer of Auckland, was thrown out of his trap last week and broke his collarbone. The general doctor is a heavy man, and the severe fall caused considerable shock. He is, however, now progressing well. General sympathy will be felt for Dr. Lewis, who enjoys a wide popularity and has a host of friends. Mrs Lewis was also thrown from the trap, but luckily escaped with a shaking.

The visit of the Right Rev. the Bishop of Melanesia to Auckland was the briefest, for he left again on Saturday for the seat of his labours.

Mr M. Neville, who has resigned the position of head of the Stores Department of the Auckland Railway Department, was last week presented with a silver crest as a mark of esteem and respect from the department.

Mr Bishopp, of London, who is one of the metropolitan directors of the Waltham Grand Junction Goldmining Co., is at present on a visit to Auckland.

Mr Chas. Monk, of Wellington, who has been appointed secretary of the Australian Widows' Fund in Adelaide, has left the Empire City for South Australia.

Mr Muir, of Auckland, who leaves immediately for England via Suez, is one of the most valuable members of the Education Boards of the colony. He has been chairman of the Auckland Board for nine years. While in Europe Mr Muir will investigate the latest systems of education adopted by various nations.

The resignation of Miss Emilie Reid from the charge of the lower school at Prince Albert College, Auckland, was a matter of sincere regret to all connected with the establishment. To pupils and to fellow members of the staff, Miss Reid had made herself both respected and beloved. Prior to her leaving she was presented with a bangle from her own pupils, a desk from the girls of the upper school, and a handsome set of books and music from her fellow workers. The good wishes of all who were brought into contact with Miss Reid will follow her into her future life, in which it is hoped she may enjoy good health, happiness and all prosperity.

Mr and Mrs Greenstade were tendered a complimentary social at the Thames last week. As announced in our last issue, Mr Greenstade is leaving the Thames, and resigning his position as Mayor. The social was a pronounced success.

MISS F. KELLY, Artistic Worker
 All in Natural Flowers, Florist to
 His Excellency the Governor.
 Bridal Bouquets a Specialty.
 Sprays, Buttonholes, Wreaths,
 Crosses, and all the Latest Nov-
 elties. Country Orders promptly
 attended to. Show window in
 Canning's, Queen-st., opposite Bank
 N.Z. Telephone 386.

ENGAGEMENTS.

We frequently receive a notice of engagement with no signature attached to the note. In such cases we cannot insert the announcement. It is essential that every engagement notice should be accompanied by the name of the person sending it, not for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

ORANGE BLOSSOMS

MORRISON—CALDEIR.

A very pretty wedding was solemnised on Wednesday afternoon, 28th March, at the Trinity Presbyterian Church, Nelson, when Miss Helen Blanche (Nellie) Calder, the second daughter of Mr Hugh Calder, chief postmaster, Nelson, was united in the holy bonds of matrimony to Mr John Morrison, of "Hilartologie," Wairarapa. The church was very prettily decorated with evergreens and white flowers by friends of the bride, and suspended above the bridal party was a large horse shoe of white flowers. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. J. H. MacKenzie, Mr East, the organist, played the "Wedding March (Mendelssohn) and other selections, and special hymns were sung by the choir. The bride, who was given away by her father, looked exceedingly well in a plain gown of rich white satin, with court train falling from the shoulders, trimmed with D'Alencou lace and pearl passementerie, with the orthodox veil and orange blossom. She also wore a handsome gold brooch and bangle set with pearls and amethysts to match, the gift of the bridegroom, and carried a beautiful bouquet of white flowers and ferns. The bride was attended by five bridesmaids, Miss Adeline Calder (sister of the bride) was chief, and wore a handsome costume of cream silk, the bodice trimmed with lace, cream silk hat to match with scarlet flowers beneath the brim. The other four were little girls, who looked sweetly pretty in Kate Greenaway frocks of soft silk of different shades, with quaint little caps to match. They were: Miss Rita Calder (sister of the bride) in a pretty shade of nil green; Miss Elsie MacKenzie, bright primrose; Miss Elsie Hamilton, heliotrope pink; and Miss Audrey Richardson, a very tiny nite, wore pale blue. All carried crooks decorated with autumn leaves and white flowers, and wore gold brooches, the gift of the bridegroom. The bridegroom was attended by his brother, Mr Hugh Morrison, as best man. After the ceremony the wedding party drove out to "Waimarama," the beautiful residence of Mr and Mrs Calder at Stoke, where a large reception was held. The presents, which numbered over a hundred, were most beautiful and costly. The bride's present to the bridegroom was a silver-mounted dressing and travelling case combined. Mrs Calder (the bride's mother) wore a handsome costume of black silk, with trimmings of lettuce green, smart fichu of eoru lace and becoming bonnet to match; Miss Calder (sister of the bride) wore a stylish gown of heliotrope muslin with soft lace trimmings, hat en suite; Miss Morrison (sister of the bridegroom) wore white; Mrs MacKenzie, smart costume of electric blue, with revers of white satin, Leghorn hat with trimmings of white chiffon; Miss MacKenzie, white muslin, large Leghorn hat with chiffon and pink roses; Mrs Andrew, grey and black checked silk, with full vest of pink chiffon, black hat with pink roses beneath the brim; Mrs Hamilton, black costume; Mrs Richardson, soft white silk, hat to match with scarlet flowers; her sister, Miss Brabant,

looked remarkably well in a smart costume of pink flowered muslin, becoming hat trimmed with a profusion of mauve flowers; Mrs Duff, black silk, cream lace fichu, bonnet with pink flowers; Mrs Roberts, tan cloth costume, smart bonnet of black velvet relieved with pink; Mrs Littlejohn, black silk, toque to match; Mrs Smith, black costume, ruby velvet bonnet; Mrs Smallbone, grey costume with vest of white silk, hat en suite; Miss Bunny, pretty blue muslin, white hat; Misses Selby (2), white muslins, large Leghorn hats trimmed with white chiffon and black velvet; Miss Hubbard, tan cloth coat and skirt, velvet hat to match; Miss Simpson, white shover muslin over yellow, hat to match; Miss Clouston, fawn cloth coat and skirt, small hat en suite; the Misses Hamilton (2), white muslin frocks and sailor hats. Amongst the gentlemen were the Rev. J. H. MacKenzie, Drs. Hudson, Andrew, Duff, and Roberts, Messrs Calder, jun., Hamilton (3), Holloway, Littlejohn, Smith, Smallbone, Reece, Rogers, etc., etc. Later in the afternoon Mr and Mrs J. Morrison left amidst showers of rice and good wishes for Blenheim, and thence on a tour of the South Island before reaching their home in the Wairarapa. The bride's travelling dress was a tailor-made coat and skirt of khaki-coloured coating, becoming hat to match.

JOURDAIN—MURRAY.

The marriage of Mr W. R. Jourdain, formerly of the Napier Land Office, and now of Wellington, and Miss Crawford R. Murray, daughter of Mr W. D. B. Murray, of "Talofa," Napier, took place at the Napier Cathedral on Tuesday last. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a dress of rich white silk, trimmed with Brussels lace. She carried an ivory prayer book, the gift of the bridegroom, and wore a tulle veil, caught up with orange blossoms. There were three bridesmaids, the Misses Lilly and Maria Murray, sisters of the bride, and Miss Dora Jourdain, sister of the bridegroom, and they all wore dresses of white embroidered muslin, with trimmings of insertion lace and tucks on the bodice, and white felt hats, trimmed with Murray tartan. They carried ivory wands, adorned with red and white ribbon, carnations of the same colour, and maiden hair fern, and wore gold and amethyst bangles, the gift of the bridegroom. Mr W. J. Gillies, of Wanganui, acted as best man to the bridegroom. The Dean of Waiapu was the officiating clergyman. A reception was afterwards given by Mr and Mrs Murray, and later in the afternoon the newly-wedded pair left for Waipukurau, the bride travelling in a khaki cloth coat and skirt with Murray tartan trimmings, and hat of brown chip trimmed with tartan to match.



THIN Lots of people have thin hair. Perhaps their parents had thin hair; perhaps their children have thin hair. But this does not make it necessary for them

HAIR to have thin hair.

One thing you may rely upon—



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

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

Ayer's Sarsaparilla purifies the blood, and clears the complexion.
 Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass., U. S. A.

DEATH OF RANGITAHAU.

Rangitahau, an old warrior-chief, who was a lieutenant of Te Kooti, and a noted tohunga or priest, died suddenly at Rotorua on Thursday last.

He recently figured prominently at Whakarewarewa at the opening of Mr Nelson's famed carved whare.

The deceased occupied a prominent place in the history of New Zealand wars, and was recently an appreciative recipient of an old age pension. He was a man of fine physique and extraordinary mental capacity.

The natives say he was taken unawares, having neglected certain preparatory "ease-hardening" spells or incantations, which would have made him proof against the "Makutu" (witchcraft) of other jealous priests.

Old Rangitahau was a man of over seventy years of age, and his tattooed face and dignified bearing made him a more than usually noticeable figure amongst the assemblage at Rotorua. He was a daring and ruthless warrior, as well as a learned priest, and could trace his descent back to one of the chiefs who came to New Zealand in the Arawa canoe some six hundred years ago. He was a descendant of Tawhareton, and was a chief of the Ngaitawhareton tribe, of Lake Taupo. Of late years he had resided at Oruanui, near Taupo. He was in his younger days known as Tahau. His father was named Rangitahau.

Tahau was well educated in the ancient Maori religion and mythology, and he had a great knowledge of the invocations, history, etc., of his race. He first came into celebrity about 1866 at the fight at Omarunui, near Napier, between the Hauhau Maoris and the Colonial forces. Tahau and a number of Taupo and other hostile Maoris, under the influence of fanatical prophets, were marching on Napier when they were met and most of them "wiped out." The survivors, including Tahau and his relation Nikora in Whakanaunui, of Taupo, were shipped off to the Chatham Islands, whence they escaped in 1868 with Te Kooti in the schooner Rifeeman. Soon after leaving the island the schooner encountered baffling head winds, and Rangitahau's services as priest and prophet were called into requisition. He advised Te Kooti that a human offering was necessary to appease the gods of the sea (Taugaroa), and the winds (Tawhiri-matea), and accordingly an old man, a relation of Te Kooti's, was thrown overboard and left to drown. Soon afterwards a fair wind sprang up (which confirmed the Maori belief in the efficacy of the sacrifice) and the escapees landed at Whareongaonga, near Poverty Bay, and marched inland. They were pursued by the Colonial forces, and many fights ensued, in most of which Rangitahau took a prominent part. He led the Hauhau at the Paparatu fight in which the Colonial forces were defeated. Rangitahau then began the sanguinary deeds which earned for him the sobriquet of "Te Kooti's butcher." He and Timati te Kaka (afterwards killed near Rotorua) were, it is said, the principal executioners told off by Te Kooti to tomahawk his prisoners. Rangitahau was one of the chiefs who took part in the Poverty Bay massacre, and he is said to have killed a number of women and children there. In 1869 he was one of the survivors who escaped from Ngatapa, inland from Poverty Bay, with Te Kooti when Col. Whitmore and Major Kopata captured that Pa. He was with Te Kooti in many subsequent fights, and gained a great reputation for courage as well as savagery. His near relative Nikora was killed at Ngatapa, and Tahau stood by him till the last and just managed to escape by gliding down a cliff. Throughout Te Kooti's campaign Tahau was the rebel leader's chief priest, and to the last he was a firm believer in the heathen gods and religion of the ancient Maori. He had numerous escapes from death during the war-time. In his later years he was looked on with some fear by many Maoris, as he was credited with powers of witchcraft (Makutu). Moreover he was considered by his people to have such command over the spirits of the sky and earth by his powerful "Karakias" and "Mana" that he could summon lightning and thunder to his aid. Rangitahau is one of the last of the old Maori priests. A big tangi was held over his remains.

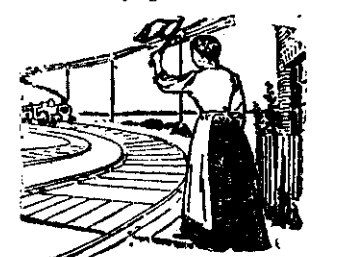
A BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION.

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

METHVEN.

A STATION YARD MATTER.

In country towns on the railway line the great events of the day are the arrival of the up and down mail trains. Hurrying to the Methven Sta-



"Its arrival was the event of the day."

tion one day, I noticed a group of townspeople conversing in the station yard. Several of them were pointed out to me.

"That's Mrs Mills," said one. "Just the lady I want to see," was my reply, but my train had travelled to time, and I had to hurry away. Subsequently, however, I wrote to Mrs Mills upon the matter which interested me, and I received the following courteous reply:—

"From when I was quite a little girl (she wrote) I was troubled with headaches and indigestion. Often food seemed tasteless, and I had to force myself to eat. After meals an unpleasant feeling of heaviness and oppression came over me, sometimes accompanied by flatulence and the pains of indigestion. Dull heavy headaches also helped to make me miserable. About a year ago, whilst reading a home paper, I saw an advertisement of Dr. Williams' pink pills. I bought three boxes, and after taking them a week felt greatly improved, and I continued them until my troubles abated. I now really enjoy my meals, and am ever so much stronger and more light-hearted since using this medicine, which I recommend most heartily."

Often treated as a trivial ailment, indigestion is one of the most intractable of diseases. The remedy to be used is something that will enable the system to assimilate and derive benefit from the food taken, which is the characteristic effect of Dr. Williams' pink pills. Summer weather often starts indigestion. When its effects are felt do not fly to purgatives, which at the best only give temporary relief, but use Dr. Williams' pink pills, paying careful attention to the directions. They have cured many other ailments—impoverished blood, debility, St. Vitus' dance, consumption, rheumatism, ladies' ailments, vital losses, etc. To avoid substitutes, ask distinctly for Dr. Williams' pink pills, and see that the full name is on every box. Sold by chemists and storekeepers, and by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Wellington, three shillings per box, six boxes for sixteen and six, post free. A neat pamphlet entitled "How to be Well" giving simple directions will be sent post free upon application.

The unassuming Rontgen Ray
 Appears to burn the flesh away
 And leave the white and ghastly bones;
 The cause for shudders, sighs and groans;
 So like a man who is ill with cold,
 Who thinks he's dead until he's told
 The way to health in manner sure
 By taking Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.
 (Adv.)

FOR **BEEF TEA**
SOUPS, SAUCES AND GRAVIES
 ASK FOR (and see that you get)
GEAR COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT

Made solely from Cattle passed by the Government Veterinary Inspector.
Guaranteed

Absolutely Pure
 and of the Very Highest Quality.
 Is Per Jar. From Storerooms, Chemists, &c. in Throughout the Colony.

NO HUMBBUGGING OFFERS OR CONDITIONS TO COMPLY WITH FREE. FREE. FREE.

In order to introduce our Goods into every home, a Ladies' or Gents' Medicines... presented entirely free to each purchaser...

TESTIMONIAL.

Cuba-st., Wellington. Dear Sirs,—I received your Cuff Links, so 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...

Debility

Neuralgia, Biliousness.

When the nerves are weak there is no telling what may happen. You are tired all the time, depressed, restless, and suffer greatly with headache, back-ache, neuralgia, and general discomfort.



"For many years I suffered greatly with neuralgia in my head and also with biliousness. I had tried many kinds of medicines but without help. I then tried...

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

Two bottles made such a difference in my feelings that I was greatly surprised. My general health improved at once, my nerves were stronger, my headache disappeared, and my severe attacks of biliousness were cured.

Constipation alone will often cause biliousness, neuralgia, and sick headache. Ayer's Pills are a safe and sure cure for all liver troubles. And they cure dyspepsia also.

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

Herr Rasmussen's ALFALINE Herbal Remedies.

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

For the Blood, Skin, Nerves, Liver, Rheumatism, Piles, Kidneys, etc. A Special Remedy for each complaint.

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

HERR RASMUSSEN, 91, Lambton Quay, WELLINGTON.

WARNING! The Public are hereby warned against obtaining Herr Rasmussen's Alfaline Herbal Remedies in Auckland or any other town in N.Z., as he has no agents anywhere, and his Genuine Herbal Remedies can only be obtained from his own office, at 91, Lambton Quay, Wellington. LEO REWARD will be given to the first person who gives information leading to the conviction of any imitator.

DOCTORS TAKE IT. THE VALUE OF Bragg's Vegetable Charcoal

As a remedy for Affections of the Stomach, Bowels, and other digestive organs, it is endorsed when eminent physicians, surgeons, etc., use it themselves, and give it to their children.

Invaluable for indigestion, diarrhoea, influenza, fevers, etc. Inexpensive and safe. Keep it in the house, it will save many an illness.

BRAGG'S CHARCOAL POWDER, BISCUITS and LOZENGES, OF ALL CHEMISTS and STORES.

Society Gossip

AUCKLAND.

Dear Bee. April 10.

Mrs J. M. Chambers gave a very enjoyable "At Home" last Wednesday afternoon, at her residence, St. Stephen's Road, Parnell. It was to meet her mother, Lady Tangye. The weather still kept fine, though the sky had a threatening heavy aspect...

grey lustre trimmed with white bebe ribbon, grey hat trimmed with white; Mrs Kemphorne, black silk, black bonnet relieved with pea green silk; Miss Kemphorne, white Indian silk; Mrs Ashley Hunter, dark skirt, blue blouse, black hat with green and pink ribbon loops; Mrs Hunt, blue plaid, trimmed with white lace, blue hat with flowers; Mrs Upfill, grey cheek costume, pink chip hat; Mrs Tewsley, violet and brown plaid skirt, which fitted perfectly, shot silk violet and green blouse, black velvet toque wreathed with violet primroses; Mrs S. Kissling, black delaine, figured with white, black bonnet relieved with blue; Miss Kissling, grey costume, white hat; her sister wore white eumbric, blue waistband, white hat with feathers; Mrs Duncan Clerk, black skirt, black and white striped blouse, white hat with black and white plumes; Miss G. Ireland, purple silk, with white spots, and trimmed with white lace, white hat with plumes; Mrs Keesing, grey and black striped silk skirt, white silk blouse, trimmed with lace, chip hat with white plumes; Mrs (Dr.) Lindsay, black skirt, pale blue broadened blouse, black hat with black and white plumes; Mrs J. Beach, heliotrope silk, black hat with pink roses; Mrs Walker, grey cheek tailor-made gown, black toque; Mrs Thomas Morrin, handsome biscuit-coloured costume, veiled in canvas of the same line, and trimmed with fringe, transparent yoke, black velvet toque wreathed with white spotted veil and finished with blue flowers; Mrs S. Martin, green and pink flowered crepe silk, cream toque with green and pink roses; Miss Campbell, maize silk, veiled in black net, bonnet trimmed with autumn roses and tulle; Mrs Seegner, black; Mrs Gillies, grey silk, white bonnet; Mrs Street, black; Miss Kooke, electric blue cashmere, with white chemisette, edged with fringe; Mrs Kerr Taylor, white; Misses Kerr Taylor, belladonna pink; Miss Mess Davis, white Ondine silk, with cream lace guipure trimmings, transparent guipure yoke and sleeves, white fichu round decolletage, picture hat with tulle and feathers; Mrs D. W. Dunbar, made grey costume, made with tucked bodice, tunic skirt, trimmed with eumbric lace; Mrs Goodhue, black silk; Mrs Gillfillan, grey cheek tailor-made gown, black tulle, black hat with dash of green; Miss Bleanzard-Brown, white eumbric, with stripes of lace insertion from waist to hem of skirt, green waistband, green ribbon at neck, large white hat with ostrich feathers and quills, and pink roses resting on coiffure; Mrs C. L. N. Arnold, mourning costume; Mrs Read-Brookfield, black seersie, black bonnet; Miss Lucy, black silk, white vest; Mrs Lucas, head-Brookfield, grey wave-traced fancy material, toque relieved with pink roses; Mrs Archie Clark, fawn tussore silk relieved with black, toque with roses; Mrs Matthew Clark, pretty combination of grey and white, toque with flowers; Mrs Miss Davis, very handsome black broadened profusely trimmed with jet and fringe, black velvet toque with choix of mauve chiffon in front; Miss C. Horne, biscuit-coloured canvas costume, trimmed with white silk, white hat; etc.

Mrs Williams, of Mt. Eden, gave a large "At Home" on Wednesday afternoon as a farewell to Mrs Brassy, who shortly leaves Auckland for England.

WEST END TENNIS CLUB.

The bachelors of the West End Tennis Club added another delightful record to their social annals last Saturday, when they gave a pleasant "Afternoon Tea." As the day was fine there was a large gathering of friends who watched some well contested games with interest. Delicious tea and cakes were dispensed during the afternoon. The energetic Secretary, Mr H. Jones, and "bachelors" were most assiduous in their efforts to make the function a success. Amongst the visitors present were: Mrs Boardman, black silk skirt, black and white striped satin blouse, jet bonnet; Miss Owen, black shirt, stylish plaid silk blouse, white hat wreathed with violets; Miss Ada Owen, cream silk blouse, black skirt, black velvet picture hat; Mrs Litter, wore a black and white checked silk blouse, black silk skirt, pretty black and white hat with pink roses; Miss Morrin, pale grey skirt, white silk blouse, sailor hat; Mrs Newell, holland costume with rows of white braid, sailor hat; Mrs Bruce Lloyd, fawn skirt and coat, becoming violet toque; Mrs Holland, black figured gown, black chiffon fichu, brown bonnet with wreath of pink roses; Mrs Holland, green muslin, white hat with white plumes; Mrs H. Jones, holland

skirt, tartan blouse, sailor hat; Mrs Atkinson, pretty heliotrope muslin gown, white hat with pink roses resting on the hair; Mrs Caldwell, handsome black satin dress, black hat with magenta flowers and black plumes; Mrs H. Wilson-Smith, black skirt, electric blue blouse, brown picture hat; Miss May Whitelaw, black and white checked skirt, violet plaid blouse, sailor hat; Miss Butters, white French muslin, black hat with folds of white chiffon, and black and white ospreys; her sister wore white pique, sailor hat; Miss Cooke, flowered muslin dress, pretty green toque; Mrs E. Butler, green coat and skirt, black velvet toque with black and white feathers; Mrs W. H. Morpeth, white pique skirt, violet silk blouse, cream hat with large ribbon bow; Mrs Angus, black skirt, violet and black blouse, black hat; Miss O'Brian, white pique, crimson belt and tie, black hat; Mrs Gentles, white pique, large burnt straw hat with red silk bow; Miss Russell, blue eumbric frock, sailor hat; Miss Caldwell, white pique skirt, floral silk blouse, rose pink neck-band and belt, white sailor hat; Mrs C. J. Parr, fawn eumbric over skirt lined with primrose silk, floral hat; Mrs Marin, black gown, black bonnet with violets; Mrs H. P. in black dress black hat with bunches of violets; Mrs Easton, black skirt, black and white checked silk blouse, black hat with red green bow; Miss Mestral, green muslin dress, black hat with green bows; Miss Nicholson, black skirt and pink blouse; Miss Hart, green lawn over yellow foundation, tucked collarlette, white hat; Miss Dolben, biscuit coloured pique, sailor hat; Miss Barton, chart coloured gown, sailor hat; Miss E. Cooke, white and red ponce, red belt, white chip hat; Miss Kennedy, lavender muslin dress, white hat; Miss Bezie Russell, white muslin gown, white hat; Mrs Hwerson, French grey gown, the bodice trimmed with bands of ruby velvet and steel buckles, white hat, etc., etc.

STREET DRESSES.

It has been such beautiful weather during the last week or two, people are still wearing their summer costumes. We are beginning to fir of our light muslins and laces, and long for an opportunity of airing our new coats and skirts, etc. Some pretty dresses I noticed lately were worn by Mrs Rier, a royal blue and white foulard, with white yoke, covered with blue, grey and black bonnet; Mrs Rice, holland skirt, white blouse, white sailor hat; Mrs Lucas Bloomfield, white silk blouse, pique skirt, white hat; Mrs George Bloomfield, white eumbric, with white lace insertion, in baguette stripes, round bodice, black velvet picture hat; Miss Dunnet, holland costume, pink vest, black and pink picture hat, black parasol, lined with puffed pink silk; Mrs Lammie, royal blue moire, white pique sar jacket, large black hat; Mrs Sydney Nathan, holland costume, trimmed with white, black hat; Mrs Thomas Morrin was stylish in a green and blue silk tartan blouse, white pique skirt, white chip drooping hat, with eumbric blue eumbric and black fra thers; Mrs J. C. Macky (Devonport), black silk granadine, with chiffon frills on skirt, sea-green guipure, black chiffon toque; Mrs Sharland, white pique costume, black hat; Mrs Dunnet, cream Indian embroidered silk electric blue silk guipure, with straps of cream lace insertion, white toque; Mrs Arthur Nathan wore a striking green foulard silk, with a design of large cream crescents, black hat, with feathers; Mrs Wilson Smith, electric blouse, black skirt, brown picture hat.

PHYLIS BROWN.

CHRISTCHURCH.

Dear Bee. April 14.

I am afraid my letter this week contains but little news, for, as usual, this time we are very quiet; however, at Easter we shall be quite gay with races, balls, and various other entertainments.

Miss Cox's Assembly takes place on Monday evening, the 16th of April. She is holding it in the Provincial Chambers this time, as the Art Gallery is engaged with its annual exhibition up to Tuesday, 17th. That evening the art union will be drawn, and Mrs Bowman Fox is giving a splendid concert, so we are looking forward to a great treat. Among those visiting the exhibition, I have noticed Mr and Mrs Arthur Rhodes, Mrs Heaton Rhodes, Mr and Mrs B. D. Thomas, Mrs C. C. Brown, Mrs and Miss W. C. Walker, Mrs Garbett, Mr and Mrs Dalloworth Fox, Mrs Bourne, Dr. and Mrs Thomas,

Mr and Mrs Waymouth, the Misses Waymouth, Gibson, Dixon, Stoddart, Ross, Leun, Prins, Aitken, Simpson, etc., etc. In fact, it is a general meeting place, the members coming almost every evening—the Gallery is so cosy with lounges and prettily arranged flowers, and with music under the direction of Miss Gardner, what more is desired?

Many people went out to Riccarton last Tuesday to witness the wedding of Miss Fraser-Tyler to Captain Hawke (of England). It was an exceedingly pretty and fashionable wedding. The bride, who was given away by her father, General Sir James Fraser-Tyler, was gowned in a lovely white satin; the bodice was made with transparent yoke and sleeves of magnificent lace, Median collar of same; the skirt was much trimmed with chiffon flowers and fringe. A bouquet of myrtle and orange blossoms completed the handsomest bridal costume seen here for some time. Three tiny bridesmaids—the Misses Hilda Rhodes, daughter of Mr G. Rhodes (Lincoln), Maori Rhodes, and Boyle—wore long white satin gowns, and granny bonnets with feathers and pink flowers; and the three little pages, Masters L. Rhodes and Campbell (2), wore the Highland kilts costumes. Messrs Beauchamp, Laue and Fraser-Tyler were groomsmen, and received diamond pins from the bridegroom. The little bridesmaids wore jewelled watches, the gift of the bridegroom. Canon Harper and the Rev. Winter conducted the service. The reception was held at Matlock Bank, the residence of the bride's father, where the lovely presents were viewed, which are far too numerous to mention each one; but the jewelry from the bridegroom to the bride was simply exquisite, including diamond star, necklace of diamonds, bangles, rings, etc. After the usual toasts were drunk, Captain and Mrs Hawke left en route for the North Island, and on their return intend living at Mrs Studholme's residence, Merivale Lane.

Among the guests were Mr and Mrs Arthur Rhodes, Mr and Mrs George Rhodes (Claremont), Mr and Mrs Oakley Archer, Mrs and Miss Cowlishaw, Mrs and the Misses Sanders, Mr and Mrs P. Campbell, Mrs and the Misses Bowen.

Invitations are issued for Miss Ella Julius' marriage to Mr Arthur Elworthy, on Wednesday, the 18th of April. Of course, the ceremony is to be at the Cathedral.

DOLLY VALE.

BLENHHEIM.

Dear Bee, April 2.

Last week was a busy and gay one for most here, especially for the masculine portion of our community, and began with a pigeon match, under the auspices of the Marlborough Gun Club, at Spring Creek, on Monday. This was not graced by the presence of ladies, as none here have the hardihood to make a beginning. I understood that there was some very good shooting, and seven tied for the first prize and divided the money. The weather was perfect, and the arrangements satisfactory. Mr Dunn making a very efficient secretary. The autumn races took place on the two days succeeding the pigeon match, and the weather was most favourable, especially the first day, when there was a cool breeze; the second day was warmer, and, in consequence of the increased traffic, the roads were more dusty. It was disappointing to see such a poor attendance, and it was supposed that more would attend on the second day, as it was the weekly half-holiday, and there were hopes held out that a band would be present to beguile the time between the races, but neither hope was realised. Mr K. McKenzie's horse, Waipuki, won the Challenge Stakes, and was brought up before the stand to be decorated with the Blue Ribbon by Mrs Neville, the wife of the President of the Racing Club, but appeared to dislike the position, and the cheers which followed the completion of the ceremony added to its discomfort. On the second day we were horrified to hear that Crown, which had just won the Farmers' Plate, had, in pulling up, put his foot into a hole and broken his leg, but, though he met with an accident, it was of a less serious nature. He dislocated his fetlock, which was promptly put in and bandaged, and it is hoped that he will get all right again. Among those I noticed on both days were Mrs Vaynour, who wore a very becoming dress of dark green, the bodice closely barred with

narrow black braid, grey and silver toque, with touch of amber; second day she wore a black jacket and skirt, hat with cerise trimming; Mrs Black wore a chic costume of black, the whole front of the bodice, from the shoulders, of gold embroidery, stylish and becoming chapeau; Mrs Clouston, fawn and white dress, the upper part of the bodice of white silk, closely tucked, and finished with lace; the second day she wore a fussore silk dress, much trimmed with insertion, and a becoming heliotrope hat, and tie of cream Maltese lace; Mrs R. Clouston, pale green dress, trimmed with narrow black velvet, becoming hat; Mrs W. Clifford, tiny checked black and white jacket and skirt, sailor hat, with loops of checked black and white ribbon; Mrs Anderson, black dress, the upper part of the bodice of white silk, barred with narrow bands of black, black and pink toque; Mrs Morton (Napier), black, with closely tucked amber yoke, black toque, adorned with violets; the second day she wore a violet dress, handsomely braided with black, and fawn jacket; Mrs Griffiths, black and gold dress, handsome lace on the bodice, becoming bonnet; Mrs Corry, ruby dress, skirt and bodice trimmed with black velvet ribbon, large black hat; Mrs Wickens (Wellington), dove grey jacket and skirt, hat to match; Mrs Browne, handsome trained dress of brown, shot with dark blue, the blue silk on the bodice edged with brown fur, which also edged the overskirt, hat in which two colours were combined; Mrs Von Sturmer (Wellington), black dress, the upper part of the bodice of cardinal silk, finely tucked, large Tuscan hat; Miss Farnar, black skirt, blouse of a pretty shade of heliotrope; Mrs H. Horton, white dress, grey and white toque; Miss Greenfield (Vernon), black dress, the bodice finished with pink, the same colour in her hat; Miss Greenfield, black skirt, pretty pale green silk blouse, trimmed with white lace, green toque, with knots of violets, Miss Greenfield, navy jacket and skirt, becoming hat; Miss Greenfield, purple dress, the bodice fronts of the bodice edged with white fur, a band of the same on the skirt; Mrs Trolove, goblin blue dress, white insertion; Mrs H. Dodson, black and heliotrope; Mrs Jackson, black over violet; Mrs Hodgson, blue dress, made in Princess style. There were also Mesdames Compton, S. Conolly, W. Green, Harley, A. Green, P. Doustin, Carey, Neville, McIntosh, Meehan, the Misses Ferguson, Cotterell, Redwood, Nurse, Waddy, Harding (3), Bayner (2), Morrin, Harley, Ward (2), E. Goulter, C. Johnston, Leslie, and Messrs Clifford, Weld, C. Teschemaker, Clouston (2), C. Budge (Hawera), H. Horton, Vaynour, A. Green, Griffiths (2), Greenfield (2), Jackson, Compton, Redwood (3), P. Doustin, and many others.

The golf links were opened on Saturday, and the lady members provided afternoon tea. A few games were played, but there were not many present.

The High School was opened formally on Monday morning, there being present Messrs A. P. Seymour (Chairman), C. H. Mills, M.H.R., R. McCallum, W. D. Baillie, M.L.C., and W. E. Parker, of the Board of Governors. Mr Smith, secretary to the Board, and Dr. Innes, headmaster. The following gentlemen represented the several School Committees:—J. Conolly, W. H. Macey, A. G. Mills, N. T. Pritchard, H. Jarlow and H. Hammon. Some parents of intending pupils were also present, among whom were Mrs Draper, and Messrs Horton, Armstrong, Barnett, Buckman, the Misses Smith and Mathin. Twenty-three pupils are already enrolled, and when the new school is erected no doubt there will be many more. At present the schoolroom attached to the Church of the Nativity is in use.

FRIDA.

Everyone in England is talking of the wonders produced by



The following beautiful women use and highly recommend: Madame Paul, Madlle, Doustie, Florence St. John, Edith Cole, Dorothy Lewis, Miss Fortescue, Fanny Brough, Etaline Tarriss, Cynthia Brooks, Sophie Larkin.

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LADYSMITH "JUSTICE"

ENGLISHMAN'S GRAVE STORY.

Recent events in South Africa, the glamour of War, and the distance tempt us to forget that our countrymen who, happily, are not always fighting, have much the same troubles as we at home. Englishmen are Englishmen the world over: tellers of the truth and haters of injustice beyond some other nations that might be named, and these national characteristics lend weight to a story that came from Natal just before the war. Mr. W. A. C. Hester is a Justice of the Peace for Ladysmith, and he told of some grave experiences:—

"For a long time," said he, when interviewed, "I suffered from very poor health. I always felt tired, was afflicted with swollen and very painful legs, which made it difficult for me to walk, and also with severe bilious headaches. Often I felt so bad that I had to leave my work and go to the house to lie down; and I think that others not so active as myself, would have given in altogether and taken to bed. Very often when I walked I became so giddy that I felt like falling; in fact, I did fall twice. On one occasion, I remember, in particular, I had gone out early in the morning to kill an ox, and I felt so bad afterwards that I fell down, and my

KAFFIRS HAD TO ASSIST

me to the house. Indigestion also caused me a great deal of suffering. "Needless to say, I consulted the doctor and took the medicine he prescribed, but with no good effect. Afterwards, having read in the newspapers of the cures effected by Dr. Williams' pink pills, I tried them, and although the first box did me only a little good, after using three boxes I improved. For some time I went on with Dr. Williams' pink pills, and they completely and permanently cured me of the indigestion and torpid liver which occasioned the troubles. For the last two years I have not felt a touch of my old complaints. My son-in-law was afflicted with neuralgia, and, acting on my advice, he used Dr. Williams' pink pills for pale people, which were recommended as a nerve tonic. He used to suffer terrible pain from neuralgia in the head;

HE WAS TORTURED

so that he could neither eat nor sleep, and felt thoroughly miserable. The pills did him an immense amount of good, and when I saw him last he could eat, work, and sleep admirably. He was a man again, and a strong one. What is my opinion of Dr. Williams' pink pills? Well, I am convinced, providing they are properly used, they are certain to prove most beneficial in cases like mine."

TO SECRETARIES OF CLUBS.

MEMBERS' SEASON TICKETS, INVITE AND BOWLERS' SCORING CARDS AND COUPONS, PROGRAMMES FOR RACING, ATHLETIC, REGATTA, AND OTHER OUT-DOOR SPORTS, etc. EXECUTED ON THE SHORTEST NOTICE.

AT LOWEST REMUNERATIVE PRICES.

MANAGER, "GRAPHIC" OFFICE, AUCKLAND.

ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL FOR THE HAIR.

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

ROWLAND'S ODONTO FOR THE TEETH.

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

DR. SPEER

QUEEN-ST., AUCKLAND. P.O. Box 615. (Opposite Shortland-st.) The only and original H. J. SPEER, M.D., who for the last two years has been practising in Wellington and Dunedin, has now permanently settled in above city, and has opened his medical offices for the speedy and permanent cure of Chronic and Nervous Diseases, Kidney and Bladder Troubles Specialties—all Skin Diseases, from whatever cause, positively cured. Stomach and Liver Troubles attended to in their various forms. Symptoms of the above diseases are as follows: depression of spirits, heavy breathing, desire to avoid society, bad taste in mouth, constipation, piles, cold hands and feet, gloomy, tired in the morning, or, in other words, prematurely old. Treatment adopted is that which is universally used as the modern treatment in America. People at a distance can be treated at home, describing their case by letter. Females who are delicate, and who suffer from irregularities can be furnished with Pills according to the United States Dispensary. Rates 10/6; extra strong, 20/.

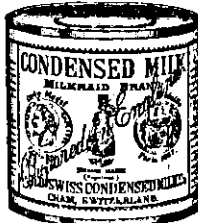
Vapo-Cresolene Cures While You Sleep

Whooping Cough, Asthma, Croup, Catarrh, Colds.

CRESOLOLE when vaporized in the sickroom will give immediate relief. Its curative powers are wonderful, at the same time preventing the spread of contagious diseases by acting as a powerful disinfectant. Harmless to the youngest child. Sold by all chemists.

Allen & Hanburys Ltd., Plough Court, Lombard Street, London.

Milkmaid BRAND Milk



Full Cream.

Largest Sale in the World.

AS SEEN THROUGH WOMAN'S EYES.

HOW TO KEEP A PRETTY NECK. A WARNING HINT THAT SHOULD NOT BE NEGLECTED.

A perfect neck is rarely found. Nature has been sparing of this choice attribute of beauty—as sparing as the weather is of sunshine days in an English winter. The slender neck usually needs a tuck or two taken in its length, while the chubby one looks as if it might be benefited if an inch or two were let out. Yet Father Time apparently thinks a woman values her neck more than her face; for the mischievous old thing usually plants his finger on the throat before ever he attempts to score the signs of age upon the countenance.

Happily, however, the throat yields very quickly to beautifying treatment, that is to say, to massage and exercise. You can almost see it throw off its imperfections.

Now there is one adjunct of the smart woman's toilette that does her throat a world of harm. Minor mistakes are responsible for much. The indiscriminate application of face cosmetics is one. They bleach the skin to the collar edge, and there leave a strange mark that is anything but charming. But above this error is the one of wearing high stiff collars that attenuate and wrinkle the throat most frightfully. The woman who likes low-cut gowns always has a whiter, prettier neck than the little business girl who never gets out of high neckbands and collars. If you are wise you will have your house dresses cut rather low, so that the neck and face will assume a uniform whiteness, and your high collars (if you must wear them) will be unstiffened and unlined, and, as well, they will not be tight unless the mischief past collars have worked is not to be mended, and you wish to hide your neck for evermore from critical eyes.

Do remember, though, that the muscles of the neck quickly respond to exercise, and that flabby and stringy throats may be beautified by it. Perhaps you have seen those little monkeys and mandarins that wag their heads until one does not know whether one is going crazy or merely is the victim of a nightmare? It is just such exercise as that that builds up and strengthens the muscles of the neck and tones the tissues.

Drop the chin low over the chest, then raise the head slowly and tilt it back as far as you possibly can. Do this for twenty or thirty times every morning, reserving a soft collarless dressing-gown for your exercising costume, and don't be afraid of fresh air, even if it be a trifle chilled by Mr Jack Frost. Exercise of every description is of little value unless one is breathing good, pure, fresh air into the lungs. It is like eating a salad without dressing.

Another excellent means of remedying flabbiness of the throat—and the fiddle-string condition is the same thing—is achieved by relaxing the muscles and letting the head fall limply on one side and then on the other. What does it matter if you feel like an idiotic automaton while going through these performances? The fun of it should stir your spirits and make you begin the day happy of heart, which is everything if one wants to be pretty and attractive. Besides, the exercises are excellent, and productive of really rapid results.

After finishing the donkey nodding movement and the other exercise, apply melted cocoa butter. Rub it into the skin well, placing the finger tips together and stroking the skin back firmly towards the ears. If you can arrange it, have somebody to do this stroking for you, as it is rather awkward to manage oneself.

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WHY SHE WAS CHARMING.

"The sight of that little lady always does me good, for she's as neat as a new pin and as bright as a button," said a fastidious old gentleman to me of a mutual acquaintance.

It was quite true. The girl, with her pleasant smile and her trim little figure was certainly a sight to delight in. But what was her particular charm? I know dozens of girls who are far better featured and quite as intelligent, and who spend more on their clothes, but somehow they lack

something that she has. What is it? After a little time I came to the conclusion that it was her utter neatness and freshness. That is a beauty that everyone may acquire, so let me give you a few hints.

Remember that "a stitch in time saves nine," and that it is that stitch which keeps a gown looking at its best. Then be careful that everything which you wear is immaculately clean. If you ever find yourself wondering if a collar or a piece of frilling will do "just one more day" be quite sure that it is not fit to wear. Never put on a dress, coat, or hat without seeing that it is perfectly free of dust, and, if possible, always brush all these articles on taking them off and before putting them away for the day. Let your cleanliness extend even to your jewellery, and, with the exception of your pearls, keep it bright by plunging it frequently into pure alcohol, brushing it with a soft brush and then polishing it with a soft chamois leather. It is best to use a paint brush, such as is used for water-colour drawing, for stiff bristles might easily loosen stones from their settings if used often.

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IS IT "FOLLY TO BE WISE?"

A brave little woman who is earning her living as "something in the city" wants to know whether I think it is true that business knocks the bloom off a girl, lessens her refinement and unfits her for domestic happiness should marriage be offered her.

Poor little business woman! How hard to plod on at your daily work, fearing as you do so that its performance may spoil your chances of capturing the Prince Charming whose coming you long for, chiefly because you desire to reign over the home in which he would place you. But do not give way to fears. Business will not render any good, womanly girl unwomanly, and if Prince Charming comes he will be as pleased to take you from the counting house as he would from the boudoir.

Knowledge of the world and its evils, which inevitably comes to the woman who lives in the busy haunts of men, will wear off the freshness of ignorance which once distinguished her, but she will not lose inward purity and refinement, and will gain something which is far more worth having than the bloom of the bread-and-butter miss. Knowing the existence of evil she will learn to justly appreciate goodness, and having experienced the hardness of business life, she will know how to value a good home.

Accordingly, when she has a husband and a home—(if her husband be a good man and true—she will prize both far more than if she had lived the sheltered life of her wealthier sister, and prizing them she will do her utmost to cherish and to keep them.

If, on the other hand, her husband disappoints her, and she discover faults and failings which she never suspected in him before marriage, then her knowledge of the world and its temptations will lead her to judge more kindly of him than she would do otherwise, and instead of alienating him from her by the self-righteousness of ignorance she will be able to pity and forgive, and by her love to raise him to better things.

So, according to my way of thinking, it is no "folly to be wise," and instead of the knowledge of the world of a business girl lessening her value as a wife I am very much of the opinion that it will increase it. It will certainly add to her sympathy in her husband's work as the family bread-winner, and he will be the gainer in having a wife able to take an intelligent interest in his affairs, and to give him the help of her counsel in those matters in which a woman's wit and tact are specially valuable.

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IN PRAISE OF SCREENS.

The comfort of the persons in a house would be increased if screens were regarded as necessities rather than as ornaments or luxuries. The cost of them may be little or much, as one pleases, but there should be a screen in every sleeping room and in the living room. The tall screen may be put before the open door and

give one air without allowing every passer in the hall to see the interior of the room. There is nothing better than a screen to shut off draughts. A sewing-room screen is useful and pretty. A good pine frame is covered with denim. The inside is a series of pockets for holding all the essentials of sewing, and one large pocket at the bottom holds articles to be mended. The useful screen should have its cover extend to the floor, but this is not necessary for one which is ornamental first and useful after. The frame may be made of pine, and any one who is at all clever with tools can make it. For a child's room a pleasing screen was made by having a cover of cambric and on one side of this were pasted pictures from Mother Goose and other childish

classics, while the other side had pictures of famous men and copies of great paintings. These may be found easily now. This screen was an unfeigned delight to the children and a source of knowledge as well, for they sought to learn about the persons and paintings represented. Art burlap makes a good material for cover, and so does art denim. Many persons use silkolene filled on, but this does not serve as well for protection and gather dust. The plumbly laid cover kept in place by brass headed nails is better liked. Sometimes the nails are set on to give the impression of keeping hinges in place, and follow a scroll design. The effect is rather good, provided hinges might be there. One in dark green burlap thus decorated

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FASHIONS IN JEWELS.

These days, you see, there are fashions in everything. Now let me tell you the fashions in jewels.

In the old days people never considered fashions in jewels. They wore whatever they had, and that was all the thought they gave to it. Nowadays there are jewels appropriate to time and place, and the fashions in gems change almost as frequently as do the fashions in clothes.

It is just now the fad to wear with street and severe day attire jewellery made of what are called semi-precious stones. That is, coral, amethyst, onyx, lapis lazuli, topaz, jacinth, turquoise and jade. These stones are set in gold, silver, gun metal and steel. They form brooches, stick pins, buckles, chains, studs, cuff links, pins for the back hair, etc. They are smart in the extreme and yet in perfect taste, for with a cloth-of-gold gown diamonds, emeralds, and rubies look entirely out of place, as if one were to wear a décolleté gown with a travelling hat.

Cameos are also in vogue for day and street dress, and some rare old examples are displayed. If one is so fortunate as to possess two of the old-fashioned cameo bracelets that our grandmothers used to wear, made all of small cameos, she may have the most exquisite dog collar to wear outside her silken stock for they are the latest wrinkle, and wonderfully pretty and decorative. The big cameos are used for belt buckles, and the small ones are made into sleeve links.

Everybody wears a chain. If it is not intended for one service it is for another. Women have a chain for their lognettes, their watches, purses, keys, muffs, monocles, and anything else they can think of.

These chains are of every sort imaginable, coral, turquoise, jade, gold, silver, gun metal, and, for dressy occasions, pearls, diamonds, and any other costly gems. But a chain is indispensable, of one sort or another, and the

SOME RECIPES FOR COOKING APPLES.

It is a singular thing, the lack of imagination most cooks appear to suffer from when they are confronted with a plentiful supply of apples. They can manage apple tart and stewed apples, and then they have no other alternative but apple Charlotte, but even this is apt to pall on any but the most youthful palate. I would advise those in such a dilemma to try the following recipes: Mix well together four apples (these must, of course, first be peeled, cored, and finely chopped), 1oz of chopped suet, 3 tablespoonfuls of castor sugar, a small quantity of finely shredded lemon peel, 3oz of breadcrumbs, 3oz of flour, two tablespoonful of apricot jam, and, if liked, a few preserved cherries cut into quarters. Having mixed all together, bind the mixture with three eggs, and steam in a buttered mould for an hour and a half. As the apples are chopped up this is a good recipe for apples that have been bruised in the case, making allowance, of course, in the quantity for what you have to throw away. Apple fritters, too, are an excellent way of cooking this fruit. The apples should be peeled, cored, and cut into slices about a quarter of an inch thick, and then soaked in brandy for a couple of hours. To do this lay the slices in a soup plate, dust over with sugar, and sprinkle with brandy; after an hour turn the slices and repeat on the other side. The slices must be wiped quite dry before putting in the batter. Any of the brandy left in the plate can be added to the batter. Dip the slices in butter and fry them in fat, which must be quite boiling. You will, of course, remember that the batter for frying must be made with lukewarm water—not milk. Be careful to drain the fritters well, and sprinkle them with sugar at the moment of serving.

Another more elaborate sweet is caramelized apples; these are very good indeed. A syrup should be made of sugar and water, to which, when boiling, add the juice of half a lemon. Then put in quarters of peeled apples, letting them lie side by side and putting none on top. Stand the pan at the side of the stove, shaking it now and then and seeing that the fruit is well covered by the syrup, which will gradually boil away. In about an hour's time look at the under sides of the pieces of apple, and, if they are a rich golden brown, turn them very carefully and let them cook for another quarter of an hour. Then place them on a dish to get cold.

Fried Apples.—Take out the core and slice the apples in thin round pieces. Do not peel. Drop in a pan of hot butter or lard and let them fry a light brown. Take out with a strainer, sprinkle them with sugar, and serve hot. Small apples are best for frying.

Apple Tapioca.—Arrange in a buttered dish six apples that have been pared and cored. Soak a cupful of tapioca in hot water for an hour or more; sweeten and flavour it to taste, and pour it over the apples. Bake in a moderate oven for an hour.

Apple Cream.—Select apples of equal size, wash and polish them, remove cores, place in a baking tin and put a little water in the bottom of the pan. Bake in a moderate oven about thirty minutes; baste frequently, so they will not burn or blacken. Fill the centres with whipped cream or else serve them with sugar and cream.

Apple Dumplings.—Make a short pie crust, roll it thin and cut into squares large enough to cover an apple. Pare the apples, remove cores, and fill the space with sugar, butter, a little ground cinnamon and nutmeg. Place an apple in the centre of each square of pie crust, moisten the edges with white of egg and fold together. Bake in a moderate oven about forty minutes. If preferred the crust may be folded under the apple, leaving it round. Brush the top with egg, and ten minutes before removing from the oven dust with a little sugar.

Apple Sauce.—Peel twenty apples, quarter them and take out the cores. Slice them as thin as wafers; put them on the fire with three ounces of fresh butter, one quarter of a pound of sugar, a piece of whole cinnamon, the thin peel of a lemon, and a tumbler of water. Cover and stir thoroughly until soft and thick. Afterward set them until smooth, and take out the cinnamon and lemon peel before serving.

WHAT WOULD YOU DO FOR A LIVING?

"What would you do for a living if your wealth were swept away?" was the pertinent question the Bishop of London recently put to a gathering of wealthy young ladies. The replies are interesting. "Here and there a lady of wealth, education, and position, after musing her possibilities in review, was bound to confess (says the "World") that she would have to become a general servant, adding with candour, and probably with truth, that she would make an uncommonly bad one. Others replied that they would become singers, belonging presumably to the small minority of ladies who can sing. One here and there evinced a preference for hospital nursing. There is a certain romance about the hospital nurse when viewed from a distance, and the dress is most becoming. But the majority of the young ladies to whom Dr. Creighton propounded his startling proposition announced frankly and unhesitatingly that they would "go on the stage." The reason is that most women, and a good many men, cherish an ideal self, beautiful, brave, noble, which they long to play; and the stage, with its grease-paint, scenery, and limelight, gives them a chance of playing it. But, setting aside the cases in which vanity is the predominant motive, there are numerous instances in which a young woman of position finds it desirable to replace or supplement a diminished parental income by her own exertions. She will naturally take the line of least resistance, the line that entails the least exertion. Even apart from the advantages of possible notoriety, the stage offers the only occupation in which thorough incompetence is well paid."

FAULT-FINDING IN MARRIED LIFE.

If a man finds that he has a wife ill-adapted to wifely duties, does it follow that the best thing he can do is to blurt out, without form or ceremony, all the criticisms and corrections which may occur to him in the many details of household life? He would not dare to speak with as little preface, apology, or circumlocution to his business manager, to his butcher, or his baker. The laws of society require that a man should qualify, soften, and wisely time his admonitions to those he meets in the outer world, or they will "turn again

and rend him." But to his own wife, in his own house and home, he can find fault without ceremony or softening. So he can; and he can awake in the course of a year or two to find his wife a changed woman and his home unendurable. He may find, too, that unceremonious fault-finding is a game that two can play at, and that a woman can shoot her arrows with far more precision and skill than a man. But the fault lies not always on the side of the husband. Quite as often is a devoted, patient, good-tempered man harassed and hunted, and baited by the inconsistent fault-finding of a wife whose principal talent seems to be in the ability at first glance to dis-

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KEEPING A HUSBAND'S LOVE.

The fact that your husband is your husband does not mean that his love will be always yours. You did your best to please and fascinate him before you were married? You need to be even more fascinating and pleasing now. And why? You did not belong to him before; now you do. It is man's nature to be always in pursuit of something; therefore, if you wish to keep his love, you must keep up his interest in the chase. Never let him feel that he has actually captured you. Flirt with him, tease him (when he is in the proper mood for it). Keep up the romance as long as possible, and don't get commonplace. Flatter him, trust him, and be careful not to make him jealous. Jealousy, though an excellent thing for a lover, is a very bad thing for a husband. One thing you must understand—it is a very occasional man who cares to be bothered with his wife's troubles. He may expect you to hear and share all his, but he looks for nothing but brightness and joy from you. It rests with yourself whether you think it worth while to humour him or not. Only, if you do not give him the consolation he wants he will go elsewhere for it. Once lose him in this way and you may consider him lost for ever. No man likes to see his wife looking untidy, or cross, or miserable; there may have been many things to make you so, but all too trivial to explain to him. The wife who wants to keep up her husband's love must make up her mind to work for it.

HOW TO DRESS WELL.

The well-dressed woman is not necessarily expensively dressed, and it is quite possible that clothes may be both costly and well-made, and yet the general appearance of the wearer anything but desirable. The reason then will probably be that her clothes are not suitable for the work or the pleasure that she has in hand, or that their colours are not well chosen, or that they are not neatly and trimly put on. There is an immense deal in the way people put on their clothes; some people are always neat and dainty in every tiny detail, and others say that "as long as the general effect is good, little things don't matter," for it never occurs to them that it is just the attention to "little things" which makes a good general effect possible. The woman of real refinement is never loudly dressed, but she is always absolutely dainty. She may be poor and have to earn her living in an office, but still there will be no mistaking her. She will perhaps wear a somewhat shabby serge or tweed costume, but it will be well brushed, and instead of decking herself out with fluffy lace and ribbon neck arrangements, which soon crush and soil, you will notice that she favours linen collars and cuffs, and a neat tie. She is never guilty of over-dressing (a fault more common with the average than the wealthy woman) for though "the sweetest blouse in the world—all tucked silk and lace," and "a ducky little rose toque" are to be had at Madame Louise's in sale time for about the same sum as she would have to give for a well-made cotton shirt and a simply trimmed straw hat, she knows that the former would be out of keeping with the rest of her clothes and her surrounding generally, and that, being unsuitable, they would look vulgar, however pretty they might be in themselves.

MOLES ARE LUCKY.

Some people never know when they are in luck, it seems, for those people who have moles nearly always want to get rid of them, while those who are not so blessed—or shall I say afflicted?—are quite envious of the owner of a nice little mole, which, like a patch of corn-plaster, has a way of marvellously setting off a pretty complexion. Of moles, according to some people, one can hardly have too many, for the person who has as many moles as letters in his (or her) name, is bound to be lucky.

In spite of all the good points about moles, it is very seldom that the owners of them can be persuaded of their beauty, and, accordingly, they are always tinkering away at their faces to try to get rid of them.

Personally, I think they are better left alone; but perhaps those people who don't agree with me may be glad of a hint given by a medical paper, which says that moles may be safely removed by shaving a patch to a fine point, dipping it into carbolic acid, and then lightly touching the mole, taking care that the acid does not touch any other portion of the skin. Apply this every three or four days. N.B.—The utmost care is needed in using carbolic acid, for it is a strong corrosive poison.

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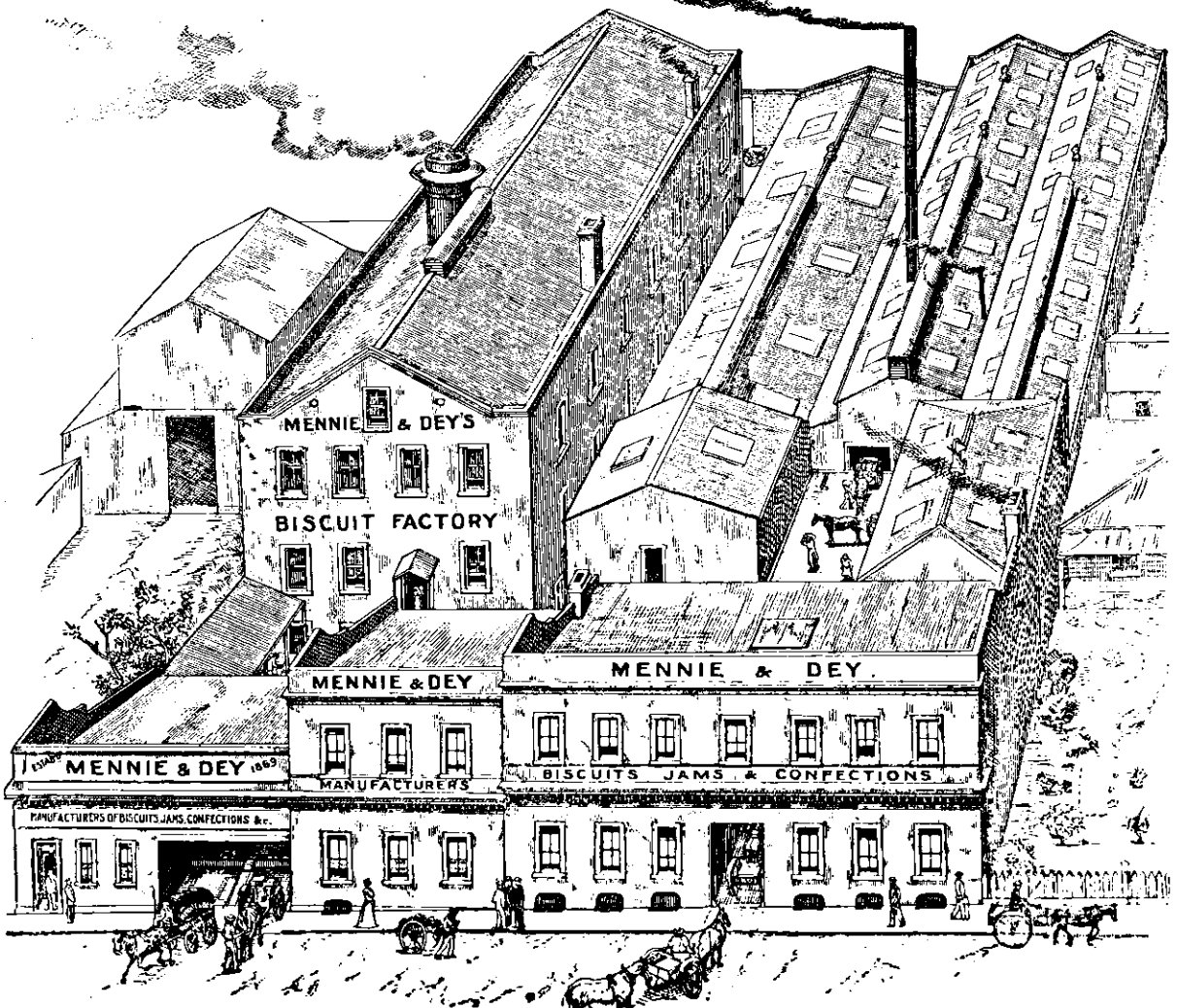
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For the ladies, interest in outdoor sports is growing each year, and is creating an improved and healthy condition that is desirable. Golf, tennis, riding, fishing, rowing, cycling, and many other open-air games are affected by the women of to day. Graceful, agile and skilful, she surprises her masculine rival by the facility with which she adapts herself to every kind of outdoor sport. Each exercise affords an opportunity for wearing a becoming and original costume, in the composition of which she takes the greatest pains. The fashionable game of golf probably finds more favour with the fair sex at the present time than other forms of outdoor sports, hence, with the opening of the golf season last week, we in New Zealand may now turn our attention to costumes suitable for taking part in the game. Fashions change, even in golfing dresses, but the main requirements are ease and trimness. This season the costumes are particularly gay, and the links show a present a very attractive appearance by reason of the pretty gowns that are to be seen. Plaids and reversible fabrics are becoming very popular. A favourite method is to fashion the skirt of the plaid, the coat being the plaid fabric with revers and cuffs of a different plaid. Every outdoor girl should have a golf cape. These capes are invaluable, not only after an exciting game of golf, when one is overheated, but also as convenient travelling wraps at all seasons of the year. Those mostly in favour are made of Scotch plaid. Skirts, which should fit tightly over the hips, must be tailor-stitched and unlined, and should not be too short.



A NOVEL GOLFING COSTUME.



GOLFING GOWNS.

green jacket, and a picturesque landscape setting, you have a picture worth travelling many a mile to see. Elaborate hats are, of course, quite out of keeping with this game, and the present fashion is inclining towards the wear of soft felt hats. The prettiest of these are in tan or light grey, and are trimmed very simply with quills and a band round the crown. So the summer girl may put aside her front-fron frills without much ado for these effective costumes that match so well the autumn leaves.

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GOLFING GOWNS.

The sketch shows a golfing gown carried out in blue and brown check, with a line of yellow and brilliant red. The skirt, made ankle length, is stitched with several rows of bright red silk, and the coat is of golden brown cloth, with revers, cuffs, and collar of plaid. The tie is of bright red silk, and a sombrero hat of golden brown felt is trimmed with cream silk and a bright blue quill. Another noticeable golfing costume, likely to attract much attention, had a skirt of brown, yellow, and white plaid, opening down each side of the front with large gilt buttons. The slashings round the hem were of dark brown silk, while the coat was of clover green, with collar and revers of cream cloth, and the buttons were of gilt to match those on the skirt. The hat that accompanied this gown was of golden brown glace silk, with bands of cream velvet and quills of several shades of brown.

IN GREY AND BLACK.

For those who prefer quiet and subdued tones, the golfing gown carried out in grey and black will appeal irresistibly. The black coat had a cachet all its own, and the grey skirt with its ball pocket was a very fitting accompaniment. Colour was introduced in the tie and the trimming on the hat, both of which were of a bright cherry hue.

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This golfing costume would look well carried out in dark brown cloth, and trimmed with strappings of the same cloth finely stitched. These strappings border the hem of the skirt, and are carried up in a series of points at intervals all round. A curvyl strapping also conceals the fastening of the skirt, and the pocket at the side. The smart little coat is cut with spade fronts, and outlined with stitched strappings. It fastens over slightly on one side, and is finished with a deep sailor collar and very pretty revers of crimson French velvet, spotted with white. The hat should be made in some very light thin shape, the

crown of which could be covered closely with brown cloth to match the costume, while the brim should be made of the spotted crimson and white velvet. Two white quills spotted with crimson, and fastened to the centre of the brim with an oxidised silver ornament, complete the trimming of this very original and becoming little hat.



A SMART CYCLING COSTUME.



GOLFING COSTUME.

Drab Cloth Costume Trimmed with Cloth and Black Satin.

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The ball pocket idea is showing many signs of development this season, and pockets are freely introduced both in the skirts, capes, and in the saquee back coats that are making their appearance in bright colours. The saquee coat sketched is an instance of the latest fashion, and

Reversible skirts are marvels of ingenuity, and withal economical, as each skirt answers for two. When the check material becomes monotonous, the wearer may turn it inside out, and thus easily have a skirt of another colour. The little golf jackets are the

jauntiest possible, and are Parisian in the extreme. These jackets are worn in scarlet, or moss green, trimmed with gold buttons. Some of them, designed in combination of the two colours, are equally fetching. Given a pretty girl in golf skirt, crimson or

is in scarlet cloth, made double-breasted, the revers and collar being of grass green velvet. A bright green tie is worn, while the Alpine hat is of scarlet felt with stiched brim, trimmed with a band of velvet



SACQUE COAT WITH GOLF POCKETS.

and two curled quilts. In some instances the golf ball pockets are placed on the outside of the cape, and buttoned down with flaps, and on others are placed inside the cape just below the waist line.

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"The gentleman in khaki" has not only inspired endless fancy dresses this winter of "ladies in khaki," Vivandieres in the same, and so on, but khaki cloth is now de rigueur for tailor-made gowns, coats, and jackets. In this figure we have a khaki jacket, made on sac lines, fastening over the left side, and embellished with strapings of the same. It is lined with dark blue silk. There may be a craze for a time for khaki gowns and coats, but not even the most enthusiastic patriot amongst women can hold out long in their wear; for nothing more deadly unbecoming could be found than the colour. With the men—lucky souls!—it is of no moment whether colour, texture, or cut of their wear is becoming or otherwise; they are accepted as all right, and their looks are not subjected to the scathing criticism which the unfortunate feminine has to stand (or writhe under) the fire of on all occasions. In this case, however, it is



A STRAPPED KHAKI JACKET.

only a fashion fad which no one is compelled to risk looking their worst in, and one which is, at its best, a foolish introduction; though not quite so far fetched as the puttees which are now being sold "for ladies and children," "for golfing, walking, etc.," as the fashionable bootmakers advertise and recommend this latest absurdity. One is always prepared for any little eccentricity on the part of Fashion, the erratic; possibly another few weeks may find us all strolling with khaki and puttees completed by an extinguishing helmet and a kit bag!

Toques are the height of the mode, and the theatre or evening toque is a dainty thing catered for quite by itself. These are little more than extremely pretty coiffures—swathed tulle with marabout plumes, and turbans covered with glittering paillettes are the favourite ideas—and all are charming. The pictured toque is of white Venice lace, and is of the most favoured shape. The form is of stiff coarse muslin, first covered with chiffon and



A FASHIONABLE TOQUE.

then with the lace. The brim is formed by a doubled frill as it were, of muslin, just slightly gathered on the edge, then dented in to fancy. In front the toque is adorned with a large black-bird.

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I have chosen for my sketch a dress with the skirt which is most worn amongst pleated skirts at the moment. The material is vieux rose cloth, and, as you see, the pleats are sewn down until they nearly reach the bottom of the dress. The bodice is embroidered with cut-out lozenges, showing a trelis of black chenille over white mousseline below, each lozenge edged with a tiny roll of mink, a tiny embroidery of chenille beyond. The fronts are



A NEW DAY GOWN.

treated in the same way, but the vest of white mousseline is striped all the way down with strands of chenille. On the neck there is a kind of yoke of lace. At the waist and bust the bodice is tied across with little bows of black velvet. Of course the foundation of this dress is merely a silk petticoat, quite separate, save at the waistband, to the dress, edged with a killing of accordion pleated silk. The back of the bodice is perfectly plain, the little rounded vest of lace bordered by the band of mink being its sole adornment.

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A gown sketched from an exclusive source is the subject of the sketch. This, it will be seen, is of extreme simplicity, but like many designs is far more effective and charming than more ornate whose very elaboration frequently defeats its own aim. This gown was of one of the pastel shades of cloth so much affected in Paris—a pale biscuit tint in this case. The bodice had a high close collar opening in front and lined, like the revers, with rose-coloured silk, with

very close rows of stitching. The cloth was also closely stitched on bodice and



A NEW GOWN IN PASTEL CLOTH.

skirt, the hem of the latter being lined with rose-coloured silk to carry out the collar, revers and wrist linings.

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The House-Mother's Forty Winks.—Dealing with the house-mother as the one whose example would be most surely followed by the rest.—She must retire to her room and let down her hair, exchange her dress for a loose wrapper, when she has removed her stays; don a pair of loose slippers, dispose herself as luxuriously as possible upon bed, lounge, or reclining chair, and think of nothing, so far as in her lies, for the full number of minutes prescribed by law; if she cannot make a vacuum of her mind, let her read in moderation the lightest novel she can lay her hands upon without exerting herself to look for it; she should empty her mind of care, turning it upside down to drain out the dregs; for the next hour she should belong entirely to herself, and have no earthly concern except to relax physical, mental, and moral muscles; presently she will grow drowsy; the book will slide from the lax fingers, the eyelids close, and sleep—that "Blessed thing, beloved from pole to pole"—carry on the good work to fulfillment; the length of the slumber is not so important as the reality of the loss of consciousness; ten minutes will as sure loosen the invisible screw at the base of the brain as an hour.

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"HUNYADI JANOS." Professor Virchow, as one of the first to recognize the value of this popular Aperient Water, testifies to its having given him invariably satisfactory results. He considers it "one of the most valuable of the curative agents at our disposal." Sold everywhere. -(Advt.)



"A LADY IN KHAKI"

The above drawing demonstrates the best idea supplied to the London "Daily Mail" for this season's fancy dress balls, to be called "A Lady in

Khaki." The dress is made of khaki-coloured twill, and is worn with martial-looking accoutrements and a helmet.

By Special



Appointment

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THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF RANFURLY.

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NEW AND STYLISH GOODS

Now Showing, and Fresh Shipments arriving Monthly.

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AUCKLAND



GAMES FOR LONG EVENINGS.

The evenings are beginnings to draw in now, are they not? Well, here are some games which will provide rare fun from "after tea" to bedtime.

BLIND POSTMAN.

In this game you first appoint a postmaster-general and a postman. The postmaster-general goes round to each of the players, and writes down opposite their names the names of any towns they choose to represent, each person, of course, representing one town.

Everyone except the postman is provided with a seat, the postman is blindfolded, and the game begins.

The postmaster announces that the post goes from one town to another—say from London to Edinburgh—and the two players who represent those towns have to change seats, the blind-folded postman meanwhile trying to catch them. If he succeeds, the one caught has to take his turn at being blind-folded.

THE TRAVELLERS' ALPHABET.

This is a quieter game, and can be played sitting round a fire. The first one says: "I am going on a journey to Amsterdam," or any other place beginning with A. The person seated next inquires: "What will you do there?" And in giving the answer all verbs and nouns used must begin with the same letter as the town chosen. "Something after this style: 'I shall articulate ancient anthems.'"

The next player takes B as his or her letter, and so on through the alphabet.

Anyone who keeps a questioner waiting for his answer longer than while he can count twenty must pay a forfeit.

THE STAGE-COACH.

For this game everyone takes the name of some part of, or something connected with, a stage-coach—the windows, wheels, coachman, horses, etc. All are provided with chairs, and then one of the players begins telling a tale, which he makes up as he goes along, and which must be as lively and ridiculous as possible, telling how the coach started, where it was going, how many passengers there were, how the windows rattled and the wheels jumped, etc.

Every time the storyteller mentions that part of the coach anyone represents that person must get up, turn round and sit down again; and every time the stage-coach as a whole is mentioned, everyone must change places, and anyone who forgets to turn round or change places at the proper time has to pay a forfeit. The oftener the different parts of the coach are mentioned by the one who is telling the story the more fun it is.

SHADOW BUFF.

This game, if well played, is great fun. A large white sheet is first hung securely on one side of the room, and on a table some distance behind a very bright lamp must be placed.

Then the players take it in turn to sit on a stool facing the sheet, while the rest pass behind, between him and the lamp. As the shadows are thrown on the sheet the sitter has to guess who the shadow represents.

This is more difficult than many people imagine, because you may disguise yourself in any way, or make absurd grimaces or gestures, which makes the guessing far harder.

ORIGINAL SKETCHING.

For this everyone must be supplied with paper and a pencil.

On the paper a sketch representing some very well-known incident, either in history or a novel, must be drawn, no matter how badly.

As soon as the sketches are completed each player passes his to his left-hand neighbour, who examines it and writes his comments on the sketch, and also the scene he thinks it represents, on another piece of paper. Then he turns down the paper to cover his comments, and passes both papers to his left-hand neighbour, and so on round the whole circle.

When all have been round, the comments are opened and read aloud. The player who guesses the greatest number correctly is sometimes given a prize.

All kinds of games and amusements for dull days will be found in "Cassell's Book of Indoor Amusements," from which the above are taken.

At the attic window a tub of water was put so that any one coming in from the roof by the window would splash in the tub. It was rumoured that the robbers put marks on the houses they were going to rob to guide them when they got ready. One morning the children found a mark on their front door. How excited they were at that.

No one in the house slept that night. Nellie and Jack did not undress. There were policemen's rattles under every pillow.

All of a sudden they heard some one fall in the tub and then they heard a voice saying: "My! What made the children put a tub of water here?"

"We have got you, old man," said Jack, "and you won't come here again."

They went up into the attic, only to find Bridget coming down, and she was dripping wet from the tub.

"Why, Bridget!" ejaculated the children in one breath.

"What did you put that tub of water in front of the attic window for? I just went out a minute to say goodbye to a friend and in I came only to fall in a tub of water."

The children laughed heartily. It was funny to see Bridget scolding and wringing wet. This brought the whole family down.

Then Jack confessed that he had put the marks on the door, at which they all laughed again, for they had made much trouble for nothing.

Nellie said: "Next time papa will not leave the house in your care."

MARGARET LAGARDE.

before the 1st of May. If you draw this map at school you may send it, or you can draw one specially. One prize will be given to the cousin over twelve and under sixteen who sends the best map, and the other for the cousin under twelve who does so. When I have decided who has won I shall offer the winners a choice of several prizes so that they will be sure to get something they will like extra well. Mind all of you who are neat with your fingers go in for this.

THE COUSINS' STORY COMPETITION.

I will also give two book prizes to the cousins who send me in the best story told by themselves. The stories may be true ones of something you have done or friends of yours have done, or they may be altogether made up out of your own heads. Write on one side of the paper only. No story should be more than about 500 words in length, but they need not be nearly as long as this unless you like. Write your name and address very clearly on the last sheet of paper on which the story is written. This competition will close on April 23rd.

PAINTING COMPETITION.

A paint box will be given as a prize to the cousin of over ten and under sixteen who sends the best colouring of any of the pictures in the "Graphic" till the time the competition closes. Cousins will be able to show their taste in selecting the picture, as well as in the manner they colour it. If a sufficient number of pictures are sent in and they are of sufficient merit a second prize will probably be given.

COUSINS' CORRESPONDENCE.

My Dear Cousin Kate,—What is the matter with all the cousins? Have they knocked off writing altogether now? There were no letters at all this week. I was glad to hear that you were pleased with the doll I dressed. I see that there are two other competitions. I would like to go in for the map drawing. I don't think I could write a story. I am longing to see the result of the last lot of dolls. Please, Cousin Kate, would you send me a badge. I would like to have something to show that I had joined the cousins. How much do we have to pay for them? I would ask you for a collecting card, but it would be of no use, because the people say that they can't give to everything. I forgot to ask you if we could paint the maps; at school we paint the different countries different colours. As I have no more time to write I must close with love to all.—From your loving cousin Alice, Opanake.

[Dear Cousin Alice,—I think I must have the second lot of dolls judged very soon now. I have been waiting to see if any more were going to come. I will send you a badge at once. I'm sorry you cannot collect, for we shall want funds sadly. If no one is able to give us a little. You may paint the map.—Cousin Kate.]

JACK'S BURGLAR.

Nellie's father was going away on a little business trip, leaving the house in the care of the elder children, Nellie and Jack. They both felt very important, as they had to look out for grandma and the younger children.

So Jack went to get a watchman's rattle, a pistol and a hatchet. They had heard that robbers were about the neighbourhood. Grandma was fitted out with a rattle, Nellie took the hatchet and Jack had the pistol.

CHILDREN'S CORRESPONDENCE COLUMN.

Any boy or girl who likes to become a cousin can do so, and write letters to 'Cousin Kate,' care of the Lady Editor, 'Graphic' Office, Auckland.

Write on one side of the paper only. All purely correspondence letters with envelope ends tacked in are carried through the Post Office as follows:—Not exceeding 1oz. 4d; not exceeding 1oz. 1d; for every additional 2oz or fractional part thereof, 4d. It is well for correspondence to be marked 'Press Manuscript only.'

Please note, dear cousins, that all letters addressed to Cousin Kate must not bear the words 'Press Manuscript only.' If so marked, and the flap turned in, and not overweight, they will come for a 3d 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 card will be sent on application.

A PLEA FOR OUR COT.

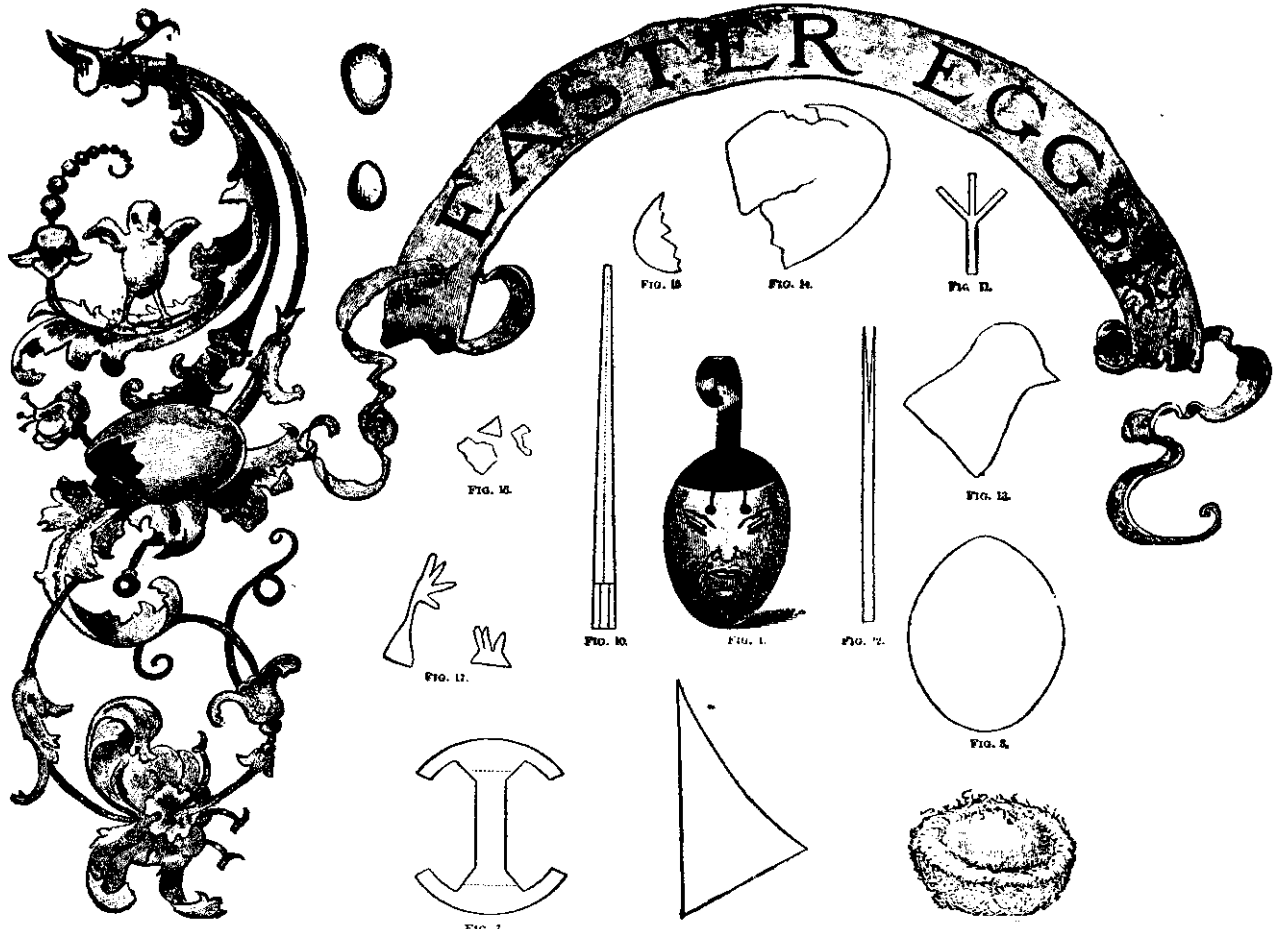
Dear Cousins,—Some of you may not have seen my letter last week, where I ask all who are able to send for collecting cards and to try and collect even the smallest sums for our cot. As I said last week, the war funds have made a great difference to every other form of charity, and the "Graphic" Cot Fund is suffering with many other very deserving objects. All we can do is to persevere. It is not nice to ask, still less to be refused, but the object is so good we must not mind. I shall be glad to have many new cousins, and I think they will find we have always something extra interesting in stories and pictures on the Children's Page now. In a short while I hope to still further improve it, and to give you all sorts of surprises and nice competition.—Cousin Kate.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF COUSINS.

Cousin Kate will be delighted to have photographs of "Graphic" cousins for reproduction on the Children's Page. Parents and guardians are invited to forward pictures. The full names of children need not be published if objected to. Pictures can be inserted with the Christian name only for title. The photographs will be returned if desired.

MAP DRAWING COMPETITION.

I am going to give you two very handsome prizes for the most neatly drawn map of New Zealand sent me



Easter is here. I wonder why colonial children let it pass almost unnoticed? When I was your age in England we used to have all sorts of fun at Easter time. All the eggs for breakfast were red and yellow, made by dipping them in boiling cochineal or saffron water after boiling; then we used to make proper Easter eggs for our parents and playmates. Perhaps you would like to do so too. I will tell you how.

Easter eggs may be made into many novel and pretty devices, as shown in the following illustrations. No. 1

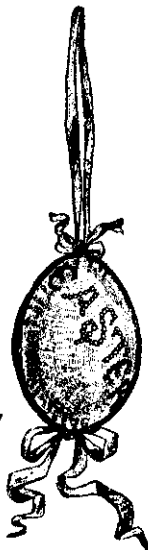


FIG. 1.

represents the head of the popular Mikado fashioned from an egg. The egg must first be pierced at both ends, and the contents blown out, leaving the hollow shell. Then a face, as nearly as possible resembling the Mikado, painted on the egg. A narrow

strip of black paper (that encasing needles will answer the purpose) pasted on the back of the head; the egg then painted black, except the face, as seen in the picture. The head must be made to stand in the same manner that Columbus made his egg stand, by levelling off a portion of the end.

To make the pincushion, Fig. 2, cut two pieces of satin or silk of any desired colour by pattern Fig. 3; sew the two pieces together, leaving a small opening; fill the bag thus made with brain, then sew up the opening, and tie around the egg cushion a narrow ribbon matching the colour of the cushion, making a fancy bow at one end, and a bow and loops at the other. Place in pins to form the word "Easter."

The mandolin, Fig. 4, is made by first dividing the egg lengthwise. To do this, pierce holes with a very fine

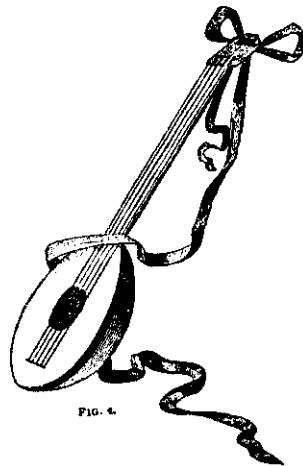


FIG. 4.

needle along the line where the division is to be made; this breaks the shell evenly. Then cut Fig. 5 of stiff paper, and with a pen and ink draw the lines representing the strings; also the keys. Bend down the handle a little. Then fasten the egg shell to the paper by joining the edge of paper and shell with a narrow strip of white

tissue paper pasted over and around the edges. Finish by tying a narrow bright ribbon on the handle.

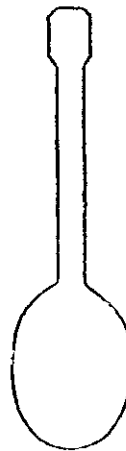


FIG. 5.

Fig. 6 is a cradle, manufactured by breaking the egg in the desired shape, first drawing a line with pencil, so that it may be correct, then piercing



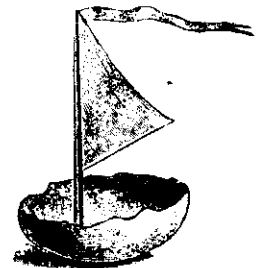
the pencil line with a fine needle. The wee cradle thus formed is pasted on rockers made of stiff paper, Fig. 7, and bent down at the dotted lines.

The bird's nest is simply half of an egg-shell, the outside covered first with a thin coat of glue and then with moss, as seen in illustration 8.

The egg-shell boat will sail very prettily in a basin of water. It is half of an egg, with a tissue paper sail, Fig. 9, the mast cut of stiff paper, Fig. 10, folded at the dotted line, while

the lower part is cut so that it divides it into three pieces, like Fig. 11; these are bent out, and glued to the bottom of the boat. The pennant is cut of bright-coloured tissue paper, Fig. 12, and fastened on the top of the sail.

The little chicken breaking through its shell is easily manufactured by first cutting Fig. 13 of yellow banner.



Figs. 14, 15, and 16 of white paper, and Fig. 17 of black paper. Paste all on a tinted card, as seen in Fig. 18. The bill and eye must be inked.



FIG. 14.

Stepping through the White House



AMATEUR THEATRICALS.
 Mabel: Oh, dear, the curtain will rise in five minutes! Are you quite sure you know your words?
 Jack: All except the part where I kiss you. I think we had better rehearse that once more.

PROOF ENOUGH.
 Ferdinand: And do you really love me?
 Penelope: Love you, Ferdinand? Why, only yesterday papa asked me if I wouldn't sooner have a cocker spaniel and I refused."

EXACT INFORMATION.
 "I have noticed," said Rev. Dr. Goodman, pausing in his discourse, "that two or three of the brethren have looked at their watches several times in the last few minutes. For fear their timepieces may not agree I will say that the correct time is a quarter to twelve. I set my watch by the regulator at the jeweller's last night. The sermon will be over at one minute past twelve. It would have closed promptly at twelve but for this digression. Let us proceed to consider now what the apostle means when he says, 'I press towards the mark.'"

AN EDUCATOR.
 Editor "Pokeville Banner" (addressing school): Now, children, I suppose you all know that a newspaper is a public educator?

Head Scholar: Yes, sir. Teacher brings a copy of your paper to school with her every day.

Editor: Ah! And what then?
 Scholar: Why, she makes the grammar class pick out all the grammatical errors in your editorials and she makes the infant class pick out all the errors of spelling and punctuation.

TO-DAY.
 All busy: "Where is your mother, Johnny?"
 "Playing golf."
 "And your aunt?"
 "She is out on her bike."
 "And your sister?"
 "She's gone to the gymnasium."
 "Then I'll see your father, please."
 "He can't come down now. He is upstairs giving the baby a bath."

AFTER LANDSEER.
 "Well, Mary, what did you think of the pictures at the Academy?"
 "Oh, mum, there was a picture there called 'Ten dogs after Landseer,' but I looked at it for nearly half an hour and I couldn't see no Landseer."

UNMARRIED.
 Merchant (to applicant for situation as porter): Are you married?
 Applicant: No, sir; those scratches on my face came from falling over a barbed wire fence in the dark.

TOO MUCH OF A RUSH.
 Friend: I see you have begun spelling your name in the old-fashioned way, S-m-i-t-h.
 Smythe: Yes, I have to. Too many "Smythes" nowadays, you know.

THE CRUEL WORLD.
 "He has made his bed; let him lie in it," exclaims the world. How cruel is the world! Especially since the world, of course, knows what a terrible thing is the bed which the average man has made.

A COSTLY TIE.
 Wife: You haven't worn that lovely tie I gave you last Christmas.
 Husband: Um, it is rather dressy for ordinary occasions.
 Wife: Yes, I know, but I'm just dying to see it on you. Let's go to the opera.

NOT KNOWN.
 Botanical Old Gent (in public gardens): Can you tell me, my good man, if this plant belongs to the Arbutus family?
 Gardener (curtly): No, sir, it doesn't. It belongs to the corporation.

A QUALIFIED APPRAISER.
 "I am afraid you don't appreciate popularity at its full value."
 "I ought to be able to," rejoined Senator Sorgham. "I have paid enough for it."

"BE EARLY ENGLISH IF YOU CAN'T BE JAPANESE."
 "May," said her husband, as they prepared to go out calling, "do you really mean to use those calling cards with your name spelled 'Mae Kathryn Alys Smith?'"
 "I certainly do," replied Mrs May Catherine Alice Smith.
 "Very well, then," said her husband, firmly. "I am with you," and he politely presented her with a card neatly inscribed, "Jorje Phrederye Albyrt Smith."

It is sometimes easier to borrow money than to pay it back.

THE INWARD MONITOR.
 A teacher defined conscience as "something within you that tells you when you have done wrong."
 "I had it once," spoke up a youngster of six summers, "but they had to send for the doctor."

THE CLOSURE.
 De Vane (who is always boasting of his visits at great houses): Most extraordinary! I dined at the Duke of —'s last night, and there was no fish for dinner.
 Bored Old Gent (in the corner seat): No, they had eaten it all upstairs. I expect.

WHAT HE HAD GOT.
 Proud Cyclist: Yes, it took me about six weeks' hard work to learn to ride.
 Pedestrian: And what have you got for your pains?
 Proud Cyclist: Arniea.

MAKING SURE FIRST.
 "Why did you not utter a warning cry when you saw that the stand was about to fall?"
 "I did, sir."
 "When?"
 "As soon as my suspicions were fully verified by the fall of the structure, sir."

COLD, INDEED.
 A Liverpool man who went to Alaska to dig gold writes home from Dawson City:—"You may expect me in Liverpool as soon as my clothes thaw enough for me to get my hands into my pockets and reach the money for my ticket."

PROVING AN ALIBI.
 "When I came home in the evening my wife is always playing the piano."
 "Is she so musical?"
 "No, but if the dinner isn't good she wants me to know she didn't have anything to do with it."

NOT PARTICULAR.
 He (in the course of a dissertation on "Love"): Let me say, by way of argument, that I love a particular woman."
 She: It would be of no use if she were at all particular.

TOO READILY ACCEPTED.
 Here is a story of how Disraeli once trapped his great political antagonist, Gladstone had made an impassioned speech in favour of the union of Wallachia and Moldavia. Disraeli pointed out that the result would be to destroy the independence of these people, and the only thing left would be the remorse "which would be painted with admirable eloquence by the rhetorician of the day." In reply Mr Gladstone said that he would not be guilty of the affected modesty of pretending to be ignorant that the designation "the rhetorician of the day" was intended for himself. "I beg your pardon, I really did not mean that," Mr Disraeli interrupted. Words could not convey the expression of amazement and indignation on Gladstone's face, while Disraeli's satisfied smile as he sat down told of his enjoyment.

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THE EDITOR COLLAPSED.
 "Mister, do you write the 'Answers to Correspondents' for this paper?" asked the stranger with the despondent countenance, as he leaned across the desk and heaved a rye-tinged sigh through the atmosphere.
 "Yes, sir. What can I do for you?"
 "Can you answer a little question of relationship?"
 "Give me the facts and I'll try."
 "Here you are. When I was a baby my mother, a widow, married the brother of my father's first wife. He was my uncle, of course, but that made him my father, didn't it?"
 "Your stepfather, you mean."
 "Yes. Well, mother got a divorce from my uncle-father, and then she married the eldest son of my father's first wife. He was my half-brother, wasn't he, and also my step-father, wasn't he?"
 "It looks like he was."
 "That made mother my half-sister, didn't it?"
 "I—I—I guess it did."
 "That's what I thought. Well you see, my uncle's father had a daughter before he married mother. She was my half-sister, too, wasn't she?"
 "I—I—I guess she was."
 "That's the way I put it up. Next thing was, my mother got a divorce from my brother-father, and he—my brother-father, you know—married my half-sister. That made her a kind of step-mother of mine, didn't it?"
 "I—I—I—"

"Well, never mind answering yet. My half-brother-stepfather died, and now my half-sister-stepmother and I want to get married, but we can't figure out if we can without being arrested for some kind of thingamy..We don't want to get our tyre punctured just as we get to scorching on the matrimonial tandem. What I want you to tell me is: What is my relationship to my brother, my uncle, my step-fathers, my half-sisters, my mother, my half-brother, my stepmother, and myself, and if I can marry her without —why, what's the matter?"
 The "Answers to Correspondents" editor had become unconscious.

THE GOOD OLD DAYS.
 "I'll not allow you to dictate to me!" cried the angry former typewriter.
 "No," replied her husband angrily. "I suppose I relinquished that right when I married you."

ALMOST TOO MUCH.
 "You are my ideal," he said earnestly: "the only girl I ever loved, the only girl I ever could love. No other could possibly fill the void in my heart."

"And if you never had met me, George," she asked anxiously, "would you ever have cared for any girl at all?"

SAD FORETHOUGHT.
 "Wonderful! Miraculous! What a mighty achievement!" exclaimed the sycophants, when Hercules emerged from the smoke with the three-headed dog, Cerberus, in his Herculean grasp.
 "It is nothing," replied Hercules, holding the animal up by the tail and counting its heads again to be sure that none had got away. "It is nothing. And yet," he added, with a touch of regret, "that dog would be worth \$75 a week to any dime museum in the country."

