

# The New Zealand Graphic

And Ladies' Journal.

Vol. XXIV.—No. XX.

SATURDAY, MAY 19, 1900.

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



Left in Charge.

"Now, Joseph, be a good boy while I'm away; keep a careful eye on the baby, and don't play with the fire."

Serial Story.

# MURDER WILL OUT.

By EDGAR PICKERING,

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

SYNOPSIS OF INSTALLMENTS I. to VII. 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 pocket book 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 but 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 difficulty, and their client, eccentric Squire Gifford, Dr. Mortimer's uncle, is the unconscious means of bringing about a crisis in the firm's affairs. Dr. Mortimer, called to Marlborough by a letter from his uncle, meets Mudge Selby, his fiancée, in company with Dorman (the Squire's Australian nephew), whom, later, he warns not to continue his intimacy with the Squire. Squire Gifford tells Mortimer that he is not satisfied with Dorman, and makes a generous proposal, but Mudge Selby, his fortune, the Great Central Bank crash, and in the illness that follows he is carefully attended by Dr. Mortimer, Jarvis Dorman, conceals a mysterious relationship with Messrs Scripp and Morder, in which their clerk, Jean Kedar, plays a prominent part. Squire Gifford makes his will, and Dorman, Mudge Selby, and Morder. Mortimer, Dorman insisting Mudge, and the two men come to blows. Dick proving the stronger. The Squire again presses Mortimer to marry an heiress, Judith Gutch, and Dorman has a secret interview with Jean Kedar, who is the bearer of the Squire's will. The Squire tells Mortimer that he shall be his heir if he will marry Miss Gutch; they discuss this point. Mortimer goes to see his fiancée, a report comes that the Squire is murdered. The inquest reveals nothing. By the will, which is obtained by Mr Scripp, the estate is left to Jarvis Dorman. Mortimer visits Mudge for the first time since the murder, and, with strange manner and hesitating speech, she tells she does not desire to see him again. The secret of Squire Gifford's death did not transpire, and whilst Dorman, his heir, goes on to the Continent, Mortimer takes a foreign appointment. Mudge Selby advertises for a post as companion and agrees to go to a Madame Duval. Out in Russia Dr. Mortimer meets with a serious adventure which threatens to prematurely end his life. He is, however, rescued by a native girl, Teresa Brasco.

© © ©

### CHAPTER XIV.

When that industrious and painstaking clerk, Jean Kedar, had ended the labours of a day, some months after the reading of Squire Gifford's will, and Mr Scripp's return to London, he stood for a moment at the doorstep of the office in Southampton Street and gave a sharp glance to the right and left, as though somebody whom he expected to see would presently come. In this he was disappointed, and with his accustomed trot, he turned, going down into Holborn and the never ceasing current of wayfarers East and West. He was always timid in crossing the street, the traffic and noise seemed to confuse him, and so he went cautiously, waiting for an opportunity to get to the other side of the broad road, choosing the wrong moment after all. There was a hansom flying westward, and an omnibus had just pulled up, opposite to Jean, who stepped into the roadway behind the stationary vehicle and went at a run across the busy thoroughfare. There was a warning shout, and the sound of a horse being pulled up sharply, for Jean was under his feet, and stumbling awkwardly he rolled to the ground. Somebody from the pavement had run to his rescue and was bringing him flapping to safety. It was Sylvester Courtney who had done this, and Jean, scared well nigh out of his wits, recognised him.

"You are hurt?" said Sylvester, supporting him by the arm.

"M's'r has saved my life," was the answer, given tremblingly. There were no words by which to thank M's'r sufficiently, and Jean slowly recovered himself.

"You'll never get used to London streets, I'm afraid," laughed Sylvester. "This is the second time that I've come to your rescue."

"Assuredly!"

"You'd better take a cab home," went on Sylvester. "I don't think you're fit to walk. A man doesn't get knocked down without feeling it."

M's'r was perfectly right. It would be wise to take a cab. So Sylvester hailed one, and Jean got into it, not giving the driver his address, however, until his preserver had walked away with the little clerk's expressions of gratitude in his ears.

Sylvester had something in his hand too, it being nothing else than a pocket book with two initials and a crest on the cover, which he had picked up when Jean Kedar had fallen.

"The morality of annexing this may be questioned," he mused, "and under ordinary circumstances it would be wrong. Under existing circumstances I justify myself in retaining the book for a time. The true owner of it is Mr Jarvis Dorman, unless I am very greatly mistaken; possibly I may find a clue to a number of perplexing matters," and upon reaching his chambers he made a strict examination of his prize.

In one compartment of the book were two bank notes for £500 each, and sundry papers which proved that Mr Jean Kedar had been exceptionally lucky or exceptionally clever in those speculations of his, for there were a banker's receipts for several sums of money placed on deposit, and some documents relating to stock and shares held by Jean. In fact the papers represented quite a snug fortune, which would put the little clerk in a position of independence, supposing that Messrs. Scripp and Morder did not require his services in the future.

In the other compartment were papers relating to the sale of a sheep farm in Australia, and a cutting from a Sydney newspaper offering a reward for the discovery of one Aaron Morley, who had absconded from his place of business, after committing various illegal acts. He was described as a fraudulent bankrupt and swindler.

"It seems a good deal of money for a simple clerk to possess, but that's not my affair," reasoned Sylvester. "And he'll be in a fine state of worry, so I'll let him have it back to-morrow. And I'll copy out those interesting references to Mr Aaron Morley. I wonder who he may be? I'll interview Scripp's clerk."

Next morning Jean was surprised by a visit from his preserver, who enquired after his health in a kindly way. Jean answering that he had recovered from the shock, and stating at the same time how he had suffered a great loss. In fact so affected was the little man that he wept copiously.

"I picked up a pocket book," remarked Sylvester in a casual manner. "Just about the spot where you were knocked over."

"M's'r!" and Jean gave a gasp of joy. "The book was mine! Ten thousand thanks. It is more than saving my life, this finding of my pocket book!"

"Yes," replied Sylvester slowly, "perhaps it is. I opened it to find—well to see if the owner's address was in it. There was a lot of money—securities, and a thousand pounds."

"They are mine!" exclaimed Jean.

"They must pay remarkably good salaries at Scripp and Morder's," went on Sylvester, drily. "You're a man of wealth."

"I am a frugal man; I have no expenses, and have saved money."

"Then there was something about a Mr Aaron Morley," continued the other. "who is wanted in Sydney. Did you know the gentleman?"

Jean shrugged his shoulders and was blank faced in an instant.

"The case interested me," he answered. "I do not know anything of him. Why should I?"

"Just so," remarked Sylvester.

"Perhaps Mr Jarvis Dorman is interested in the case also," and again Jean shrugged his shoulders.

As they were speaking, Mr Morder

came into the clerks' office, and Sylvester glanced at him.

"Mr Morder," whispered Jean behind his hand, and Sylvester introduced himself to the junior partner who looked in his solemnest manner at him.

"So Mr Kedar will be happy again, now," laughed Sylvester. "I have found his pocket book. You don't know what a wealthy clerk you've got."

Mr. Morder expressed no surprise. The intelligence seemed to pain him merely, and he put his hand to his side, as though a pang of agony were there.

"I heard something of Kedar's accident yesterday," he answered. "One cannot be too careful in going about London," and then after a few more words, Sylvester took his departure, Jean resumed his interrupted work, and Mr. Morder went back to his own room, growling in the gentle way that so often surprised Mrs. Morder and his unmarriedable family of daughters.

The following day Jean Kedar's place in the office was vacant. Southampton Street saw no more of his young old face nor trotting walk, neither did Messrs. Scripp and Morder. There was a week's salary due, but Jean never returned to claim it, and mysteriously as he had come, so did he disappear. Sylvester Courtney might search high and low for the meek, unassuming clerk, and he would not have found him in England, although in Paris he might have been more successful, for in the fourth floor "suite" of a pension in Passy, a new tenant had taken up his abode, whom the concierge knew as Monsieur Faure, who might have been Jean Kedar's twin brother.

Meantime Sylvester was pursuing another search, and this was to find the garment from which the fragment had been torn and left hanging on the nail in the wall of Whyteless Manor. The mystery connected with Jean Kedar and the pocket book had baffled him so far, but there was a possibility the one had something to do with the other, and the search for the coat went on. Into what unsavoury quarters it led him, and with what unsavoury merchants it brought him in contact, it is needless to describe, but the hope of eventually coming across the missing garment gradually grew less and less. There were a dozen reasons for his never finding it, each good. The coat might have passed into a customer's hands months ago, and been worn to rags by this time. It might have been sent abroad, it might have been converted into shoddy, or be gracing a scarecrow in some distant part of the country, and so the hope of finding it almost failed him. And then one of those events which prove that the "unexpected" does happen, and that it happens at the most unexpected moments, befell.

He had been away from London for some weeks, and upon returning to his solitary chambers, their dullness seemed unusually oppressive. "If I could get a woman to care a jot about me," he mused, "I'd marry. I'd risk it, but the preparatory step is to fall in love, I suppose. Other fellows do it easily enough, but I've never seen a woman whom I could fall in love with. It entails complications, of course. Look at poor Dick! I'm afraid I'm no nearer clearing up the mystery that has ruined his chances, than I was at first." And possibly from habit he

took out the piece of rag and carefully compiled statement of the case of Squire Gifford's murder. "I've read of supernaturally gifted beings who could discover any crime," he murmured, "but clearly I'm not one of them. I've failed as completely as the detectives have failed in clearing up this mystery, and I may as well recognise the fact."

It was habit that made him linger at a stall, whereon was displayed some second hand clothing, in passing through Clare Market, a few days later. It was a near cut to the Strand, where he had an appointment, and the stall had caught his notice.

"Lovely Clo!" exclaimed a hooked-nose Israelite who came after the manner of an exceedingly dusty spider, from a den behind the stall, as Sylvester began turning over the old clothes. "Most loveliest stock in the market, sir. You want some? They sheep, and better as if they was new."

Sylvester made him no answer, being too busy in examining something that was on the stall. Once upon a time this coat that was in his hand had been a fashionable garment, and had belonged to a well-dressed man, for its linings were of silk and its texture was fine. At the corner of the skirt a piece of cloth had been neatly inserted, where a rent had been, and if the Israelite had asked a hundred pounds for the garment, Sylvester would have paid it.

"Ah!" said the dealer, with an unctuous smack of his thick lips. "That a beautiful coat, sir. Made by the Prince of Wales' own tailor. It fit you better as if it was made for you."

"How much?" asked Sylvester, and he was so hasty in the question, that the Israelite immediately added fifty per cent. to the price he had originally set on the coat.

"That coat worth a pound," he answered, as if regretting selling it. "All silk here," and he gave it an artistic flourish. "Yes, worth a pound of anybody's money."

"How much do you want for it?" repeated Sylvester.

"I take eighteen and six, and not you penny less," was the reply, and Sylvester threw down a sovereign. So eager was he that he did not wait for the coat to be made into a parcel, but walked off with his prize over his arm, leaving the dealer staring after him, resisting the temptation to call his customer back for his eighteen pence.

Hugging his capture as though it might be lost otherwise, Sylvester made for his chambers, the purpose of his going into the Strand quite forgotten, and arriving home he spread the coat on the table. Yes, there was no mistake; the piece of frayed cloth fitted the place from which it had been torn, thread for thread. The colour and material were the same as the fragment, the two cloths matching exactly; and satisfied that he had found the coat at last which had been worn by the man who had escaped from the dining-room of Whyteless Manor on the night of Squire Gifford's murder, he made a further examination that if possible he might discover a trace of its former owner.

Inch by inch he went over the coat, finding nothing that was likely to lead to any discovery of importance; turning the satin-lined sleeves inside out, and searching the pockets. Nothing. And then, under the lining at the back where the tails divided, something caught his notice. Something white, a piece of material on which was printed the name of a firm of West End tailors, and beneath this another written in a clerky hand, at sight of which Sylvester started in amazement. For the name was "Samuel Morder, Esq."

### CHAPTER XV.

The interview with Madame Duval had for the most part been of such a satisfactory nature, that after a little consideration Mudge decided to accept the situation. Madame was peculiar in trifling matters but Mudge was broad-minded enough to laugh at

**Bracing & Refreshing & Invigorating!**

ADD A LITTLE **CONDY'S FLUID** TO YOUR BATH.

The Strengthening Effect is Marvellous! Beware of Colonial Imitations. Insist on buying "CONDY'S FLUID."

The following name and address should be at foot of label: **CONDY & MITCHELL, 85, Goswell Road, London, England.**

these, and the prospect of earning fifty pounds a year, of being independent of her father's help, were great inducements for her going to Morton St. Jude. So a week after her first visit there, she returned to begin the duties that consisted of no formal set work but would be so variable as not to be the least tiring or inconvenient. This Madam assured her, and indeed so light was the occupation that it might have been said to consist of doing nothing.

It was Madge's first evening at the cottage, whither the errand Sarah Ann had returned to resume her attendance on Madam. Sarah Ann was a tall, hard-featured woman, prone to attacks of spasms, and in the intervals between these, which were of longer or shorter duration, according to circumstances, she worked "like a horse," to quote herself. Madam and her companion had finished dinner, and gone into the drawing-room where the former threw herself upon the couch, declaring that her happiness was too great. She was in good spirits, so good in fact, that she chattered incessantly, and gesticulated so wildly, that the "toupe" became disarranged, and assumed a jaunty position, such as a soldier's cap presents.

"This is our first evening together, my chaille," she said. "We will make it so happy, is it not so? We will have what you call a little 'festa,' a joyousness. That you have come to me, my chaille, make no longer the cottage unhappy. And we will have presently a fine 'ouse and servants. Peste! But Sarah was a miser-able. She groan all day with her spa-aseems. And she made a gesture of the supremest contempt.

"Are you thinking of moving from Morton St. Jude?" asked Madge. "Yes, I move in some time. To London, to Vien-na, to Brus-sels. Why not? Who can say? I will advise with you, sweet chaille, to where we shall go. You shall decide. I have so much money that we go anywhere," and Madam seated herself at the piano.

"You do not travel much now, I suppose?" continued Madge, watching the increasing vivacity of the little lady curiously. They had had champagne for dinner to celebrate Madge's arrival, and the wine had flushed Madam's face through the rouge.

"Not since my Henri die," she answered. "But now—yes, we will travel, my chaille, now that you are with me. I have still so many friends, know you. They say, Come! but I reply, I am alone! Then I resolve upon being with a companion, and we travel together. At Trouville were so many sheeps of my friends; with that name so strange. They shall be sheeps of pleasure, that name."

"You mean yachts," said Madge, smiling at Madam's difficulty of definition, who nodded violently.

"That name; yes 'yorts' they shall be called," she exclaimed, "and I make voyage in them, often. Two, three week so marvellous, that I am become a true sailor, at Trouville. My Henri, he remains always so ill when we voyage, poor sweet. Was not the time delightful, think you?" "It must have been a very pleasant time," replied Madge. "I should imagine that yachting was very enjoyable," and at this Madam's bright little eyes seemed to flicker with delight, and the crow's-feet round them puckered.

"Ah! we will again enter into the world," she cried. "I think not of money. Was it not given to enjoy?" and she twisted round, bringing her fingers down on the keys with a discordant crash. "Now I will sing to you," and in a sudden burst Madam began singing.

But such singing! Madge sat listening painfully to the trills and runs of the shrill voice, that seemed screaming out the words of the song. It was a tremulous voice too, that had no music in it, and jarred the harmonies of the notes, ending in a shriek high up, and turning round again, Madam burst into a laugh.

"My Henri has wept at my singing, often," she exclaimed. "Its tenderness so pathetic, is it not so? I sang when we were last in Paris," and a sudden revulsion of feeling appeared to overcome her, at the thought of the deceased Henri. There was something like a gulp in Madam's sinewy throat, as the lace of her collar rose and fell on it. Then all her merriment came back, wildly.

Sarah entered at this moment, with a spectre-like movement, carrying a tray on which were wine and

glasses, keeping her gaze on Madam, who returned the look spitefully, and placing the tray on the table, the spectre backed out of the room without speaking.

"Ma foi!" said Madam. "That woman enrage me. So triste, so gloomy is she. Skeleton!" and she poured out the wine violently, heedless that it ran over the edge of the glass and splashed the tray. Madge refused the offer of it, and Madam drank with a relish, making a clicking sound in her throat now, as she swallowed.

"I will have you play, my chaille," she said, putting down her glass, "but it shall not be solemn music. A dance, a gavotte, a waltz. Ah! My Henri waltz so divine; and I."

Considering it part of her duty, Madge sat down at the piano, playing a merry, quick tune, and Madam gave a shriek of delight.

"Mon Dieu," she cried. "Who can resist this music? See; I dance to you, my chaille." And lifting her skirts daintily between her finger and thumb, Madam Ange began to pirouette and leap to the imminent peril of the wine glasses and decanter, pointing to her toes, as she executed a series of elaborate steps with a kind of effish nimbleness, until from want of breath, she fell back on the couch, and Madge ceased playing.

Panting and smiling, Madam glanced at her young companion and bade her sing.

"You sharm me!" she screamed. "And I drink to your 'appiness, my chaille," which she did at once with an unsteady hand. "We shall be comrades, and I already love you. Sing."

"What shall I sing?" "What shall it be then? Sing your 'God Save the Queen,' my chaille, and I will as-sist." So with good nature entering into the fun, Madge began singing the national anthem, Madam's voice aiding her.

When it was ended, Sarah appeared, very much like the emblem of mortality at an Egyptian banquet, and proclaimed that it was eleven o'clock. Furthermore she informed Madam in a sepulchral tone that "human strength" was "human strength," and had its limits. Therefore, if nothing more was required of her, she was going to bed.

"Allons," retorted Madam sarcastically. "Yes, to your bed, or your grave, I care not, Saran." To which Sarah said, "Thank you, ma'am," lofly, and disappeared.

This was the beginning of Madge's service as companion to Madam Ange Duval, whom not until late the following day did she see again, for Madam sent a message that one of her violent headaches destroyed her. So Madge took a long walk into the country, and upon her return to the cottage found her employer dozing over the fire, averse to conversation. During the evening, however, she reviewed, chatting in her rapid way upon their future movements.

Looking back after a week had elapsed since coming to Morton St. Jude, Madge found nothing to complain of. Madame Duval had been generousity itself, and had sent a huge hamper of delicacies to Westdown House, for the invalid "Papa," as she described Mr. Selby. A carriage had been hired from the village, she and Madge taking some pleasant drives, and Mrs Selby was gladdened by receiving a letter from her daughter, stating that the situation was a satisfactory one. "We are going to the Isle of Wight," wrote Madge, "where Madam has some friends. Cowes Regatta is to be held next week, so we shall have plenty to amuse us."

One morning Madam received a letter, which she read through a tortoise shell rimmed handglass, nodding to the writing in a gratified way.

"It is from a friend, this letter," she told Madge, "that I shall have almost forgotten, yet does he not forget me. He remembers Trouville, and my Henri, the 'appy day there that we met, and he invite to visit his so sharming wife, who is with him on his yort. Ah! I remember M'sieur Ashton and his delightful family, and we are—peste—so strange a word come now. How you call c-r-u-i-s-e, my chaille?"

Madge told her the pronunciation of the word, explaining that it meant sailing a short distance hither and thither.

"You are the most clevaire chaille," exclaimed Madam. "You are already a sailor, I perceive, is it not? Yes, but we will vesst M'sieur Ashton, and we must prepare ourselves with costumes of the sea. Allons! We

will buy them in Weenchester. You will be divine, my chaille, in that dress."

Madge murmured something about the expense of buying a yachting costume, at hearing which Madam snapped her fingers.

"I buy them for you," she said, "and of the best. A cloak so warm, and all that you shall need. Yes, we will go into Weenchester to-day."

Madge made an objection, but rather freely, to be over-ruled, and the fly having been requisitioned, she and Madam drove into the city later in the day, and proceeded to a fashionable dressmaker's, where, after a great deal of talking and gesticulating, Madam ordered two costumes. They must be completed in ten days, she said, and brought to Morton St. Jude, her own dress to be embellished with anchors and flags on the sleeves and collar, for she would be quite a sailor. Madam also provided herself with a coquettish straw hat, that perched itself on the toupe, and gave her an "air." It was all very amusing, and Madge laughed heartily as she regarded Madam parading and ogling before the tall mirror in the hat shop.

The costumes were brought punctually to the cottage, and Madam declared them to be "ravishing." Sarah, being summoned to see her mistress arrayed in hers, through lack of there being anyone else to behold the fiery, pronounced it to be "too showy" for her taste. She also re-

marked that boys wore hats the shape of Madam's.

"Imbecile!" exclaimed Madam. "So senseless a Saran! Your boy! Peste. Were not these hats worn by the captains and officers of the sheeps? Yes, and these flugs also."

"Rubbish!" retorted Sarah Ann, who distinctly curled her lip, and Madge laughed until the tears came into her eyes. Everything was so quaint and unusual about Madam Duval that it was impossible not to laugh, and beyond all Madam was one of the best-natured persons in the world.

The next day they departed from Morton St. Jude, on their way to Cowes, where they stayed at an hotel, Madam spending her money freely. From Madge's room there was a glorious view of the sea and harbour, and lying a short distance off shore was a schooner yacht to which a boat was carrying some stores. There were many other vessels, for the season was at its height, and Cowes crowded with visitors, amongst whom Madam's jaunty hat and emblematic anchors and flags had created quite a sensation. M'sieur Ashton would arrive in two days, she had told Madge, who as she watched the bright scene from the hotel window, wondered whether that schooner yacht were his. It had not been there yesterday, and whilst she was thinking thus, Madam came into the room.

"M'sieur has already come," she exclaimed. "He has sent so sharming

## KING'S COLLEGE, AUCKLAND.

BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR BOYS.

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



### SUCCESSORS.

1897-99.

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

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

## THE LADIES' COLLEGE, REMUERA,

FOR GIRLS OF ALL AGES.

Removed to the beautiful and extensive property known as Cleveland House (five minutes' walk from former position).



This First-class Private School provides modern high-class Education and moral training, on Christian but Unsectarian principles. Home-life is combined with the culture and disciplinary influences of School, under maternal supervision and with selected companionship. Full Staff of Resident and Visiting Professors and Governesses—English and Foreign. Prospectuses on application of Messrs. Upton & Co. or Principal.  
MRS. E. A. MOORE-JONES, M.B.E.P., M.M., C.M.I., S.K.

# IN NO MAN'S LAND.

(An Australian Story.)

By A. B. PATERSON (Banjo).

Author of "The Man From Snowy River."

## CHAPTER XXII.

### THE SAVING OF CONSIDINE.

a note, and Madam also so much her lover. Yes, the sheep is M'sieur Ashton's, that you regard, my chaille. We go to vesit at M'sieur's yort this day. Is it not so?"

Arayed in her nautical costume, with the sailor hat bobbing and trembling on the toupee, Madam Duval proceeded with Madge to the landing place, where amongst a number of trim cutters lay one and two sailors in it. It was Mr Ashton's, and Madam tripped into it, giving a little scream as it rocked, and then she and Madge were being rowed rapidly to the schooner. A bluff, plain speaking man, whose dress betokened him to be the captain, received them, and with a sharp look round, Madam Duval went into the saloon, taking Madge with her. She had asked a question of the captain, which her companion did not catch, and flinging herself on the broad seat that went round the cabin, gave a merry laugh.

"At last they!" she cried. "Is it not delightful, my chaille? Hark! They pull up the anchor, and we sail away. We go to find what these English call their legs of sea."

"Where is Mr Ashton?" asked Madge.

"He shall be called to Portsmouth this morning, so say Captain Brown, his commander," replied Madam. "We meet him there, with his dear wife. Prepare yourself for a great surprise, my chaille," and her eyes danced merrily.

"Let us go on deck," said Madge. "We are losing the scenery."

"Tah! This scenery," retorted Madam. "It is nothing. The water makes dizzy my head also. Rest yet in this 'salon,'" and something appeared to give Madam such intense amusement, that she burst into a ringing laugh. There was wine on the saloon table, and she helped herself to it, explaining that she would combat the sea, whatever that might have meant.

The yacht was by this time hissing through the water, and from the saloon port, Madge could see the land sinking into indistinctness. They were making for the open sea too, and she turned to Madam Duval.

"You told me that we were to meet Mr Ashton at Portsmouth," she said. "We seem going away from it."

"Sweet chaille," replied Madam. "Is it I who guide the sheep? Is it I who direct where she shall be carried? Ma foi! I am but a vessel, who know nothing. Captain Brown will preserve us, yet how rocks the floor, Mon Dieu!" and she groaned.

The yacht was making good way, and although Madge would have preferred to go on deck, the condition of misery into which Madam had fallen called for sympathy and aid. For that seasoned mariner was ill, and after uttering the most dismal expressions of despair, and becoming very limp, Madge had helped her to a berth, where in a forlorn heap of nautical costume and crushed straw hat, the sufferer laid herself down, calling for a speedy death to release her from her torments, for brandy in the same breath, and Madge went into the saloon to procure it.

Somebody was standing at the entrance, and Madge uttered a cry of consternation. Somebody from whom she shrank angrily as he approached her, for the new comer was Jarvis Dorman.

(To be continued.)

DRAPERS, GROCERS, and others are notified that we are specialists in the printing of Counter Books, Handbills and Price Lists. When ordering remember the "STAR" PRINTING WORKS.

## ROWLAND'S KALYDOR

For the Skin.

Removes Freckles, Tan, Sunburn, Redness, Roughness, Heals and Cures Irritation, Insect Stings, Cutaneous Eruptions, produces Soft, Fair Skin and a Lovely Delicate Complexion. Most cooling and soothing in hot climates. Warranted harmless.

## ROWLAND'S ESSENCE OF TYRE.

The most perfect Hair Dye. Produces a permanent brown or black which cannot be removed. Ask for Rowland's articles, of Hatton Garden, London. Sold by Stores and Chemists.

Next morning at grey dawn all the camp was astir. Hugh looked out from under his mosquito net and saw old Considine sitting over the fire, earnestly superintending the frying of a large hunk of buffalo meat. He looked like a man without a trouble in the world as he turned the hissing steak in the pan. Two black gins, in brief garments—a loin cloth and a villainously dirty pyjama jacket each, were sitting near him, languidly killing the mosquitos which settled on their bare legs. These were Magge and Lucy, but they had degenerated with the surroundings. Tommy Prince was oiling a carbine, and one of the shooters was washing his face at a basin formed by scratching a hole in the ground and pressing a square of canvas into the depression. The shooter sloshed himself merrily, using plenty of soap, and a dispirited dog which came up to drink the water found the soap too much for him, and went away growling after a mouthful.

The Chinese skinner was sitting on a log, rubbing a huge butcher's knife up and down on a sharpening stone. Away up the plain the horses, about 30 or 40 in number, were slowly trooping into camp, hunted by a couple of blackfellows. These men were naked except for little grass armlets worn above the elbow, and sticks stuck through their noses. When the horses reached the camp they formed a shuffling, constantly moving squadron under the shade of some trees, and pushed and shoved and circled about, trying to keep the flies off themselves and each other. Hugh walked over to Tommy Prince at his rifle oiling, and watched him for a while. That worthy, who was evidently a true sportsman at heart, was liberally baptising with Rangoon oil an old and much rusted Martini 577-bore carbine, whose ejector refused to work. Every now and then, when he thought he had got it ship shape, Tommy would put in a fresh cartridge, and—holding the carbine tightly to his shoulder and shutting his eyes—would fire it into space with a mighty roar. The old rusty weapon kicked frightfully, and after each discharge the ejector jammed, and Tommy ruefully poked the exploded cartridge out with a rod and poured on more oil.

"Blast the carbine!" said Tommy. "It kicks upwards like; it's kick'n my nose all skew whiff."

"Don't put it to your shoulder, you fool," said one of the shooters, "it'll kick your head off. Hold it out in one hand."

"Then it'll kick my arm off," said Tommy.

"No it won't; you won't feel it at all," said the shooter; "your arm will give it the recoil. Blaze away!"

"What are you up to with the carbine?" said Hugh.

"I'm goin' to have a blaze at some of these 'ere buffloes," said Tommy gaily. "Bill's lent me a 'orse. They's got a rifle for you and one for the old man. We'll give them buffloes hell to-day. Five rifles—they'll think the French is after them."

"Well, but I want to get back," said Hugh. "We musn't waste any time. What about the storekeeper's horses?"

"Ho! I'd never do to take them straight back again," said Tommy. "Never do. They must 'ave a spell. Besides, what's the 'urry?"

And Hugh, recognising that for all the good he had done by his mission he might just as well not hurry back again, resigned himself to the inevitable, picked up his bridle, and went into the shuffling herd of horses, and caught the one pointed out for him—a big, raw-boned, ragged hipped bay, a horse that would have been a gentleman under any other conditions, but from long buffalo hunting had become a careless going, loose jointed ruffian, caring his life in his hand every day, and, like his masters, careless of appearances, and without morals. He bit savagely at Hugh as

he saddled him, and altogether proclaimed himself devoid of self-respect and all the finer instincts.

Breakfast was despatched almost in silence. The shooters knew vaguely that Hugh's visit was in some way connected with old Considine, and they knew also that Considine had refused to do what Hugh wanted. But the hospitality of the Buffalo camp is the hospitality of the Arabs of old—the stranger within the camp is made welcome whatever be his business, and he may come and go unquestioned. Hugh had little enough desire to talk on the subject of his visit, and old Considine maintained a dogged silence. Tommy Prince alone chattered away affably between large mouthfuls of buffalo beef, damper and tea, airing his views on all subjects, but principally on the fair sex. Meanwhile the blacks were catching the pack horses and sharpening their skinning knives. The two horses used by the shooters were brought over to the camp fire and given a small feed each of much-prized maize and oats and bran brought round in the lugger from Port Faraway, with the camp supplies landed on the river bank twelve miles off, and fetched in on pack horses.

"A little more beef, Mister? No? Well, all aboard for the Buffalo Brigade! That's your rifle by the tree. Put this cartridge belt on and buckle it real tight, 'cos, if you leave it loose, when you start to gallop it will shake up and down and chafe the soul out of you. Come, Paddy Keogh. What are you going to ride?"

"I'm going to ride the Boco" (one-eyed horse).

"I wouldn't if I was you. He's all right to race up to a buffalo, but that blind eye of his'll fetch him to grief some day. Ride the old grey."

"No fear," said the old man obstinately, "the Boco's one eye's worth any other horse's two. Me an' the Boco will be near the lead when the whips are crackin' 'em now, take it from me."

"Come along then," Hugh clambered on to his raw-boned steed, known as "Close Up," because he would go so close to the buffaloes, and the procession started. The five white men rode ahead, all smoking with great enjoyment. Hugh rode beside one of the shooters and opened conference with him.

"I've heard a lot about this business," said Hugh, "but never hoped to see it. What are these Australian buffaloes? I thought they were just lumpy cattle, like those little Brahmin cattle."

"People reckon they are the Indian buffaloes," said the bushman. "They were fetched here about fifty years ago from Java—just a few pair, and they were let go and went wild, and now they're all over the face of the earth about here. We shot six hundred of 'em—just the two rifles—in six months. It's not play, I tell you, to shoot and skin six hundred beasts and cure their hides in that time. We'll get 1000 this season."

"Good Lord!" said Hugh. "Won't they be shot out?"

"Not they. There's about eight thousand of 'em shot every year for their hides, and it's just like the ordinary increase of a big cattle station. They're all over these plains, and for miles and miles away down the coast, and in these jungles there's thousands of 'em. There's jungles here that are 100 miles round, and no animal but a buffalo will go into 'em. The blacks say that inside them there's jungles there's big patches of clear plain, with grass and water, where there's buffaloes as thick as bees; but you can't get at 'em."

"How do you shoot 'em?" said Hugh.

"Race right up alongside 'em, and put the carbine out with one hand and shoot downwards into the loin. That's the only way to drop 'em. You can shoot bullets into 'em by the haflap everywhere else, and they just turn and charge, and while you're dodging round, first you huntin' the buffalo and then the buffalo huntin' you, the rest of the mob are out of sight. You

must go right up alongside, close enough to touch 'em with the barrel, and fire down—so," illustrating the shot by holding the carbine as he spoke. "And whatever you do don't pull your horse about. He knows the game if you don't. And never stop your horse near a wounded buffalo, either. They make a rush as sudden as lightning. They look clumsy and big, but, my oath, a wounded one can hop along something wonderful. They'll surprise you for pace any time, but most of all when they're wounded. "Do they always come at you when they're wounded?" said Hugh.

"Always," said the shooter, "and very often when they're not wounded they'll turn and charge if you've run 'em a long way. You want to look out, I tell you. They'll wheel very sudden, and if they catch a horse they'll grind him into pulp. Ben, my mate here, had a horse killed under him last week, horse we gave five-and-twenty quid for, and that's a long shot for a buffalo horse. I believe in Injia they shoot 'em off elephants, but that's 'cos they won't come out in the open like they do here. There's hundreds of tofs in England and Injia 'd give their ears for a day after these, you know. Hello! Look! See there!"

"Far away, out on the plain, over the unbroken expanse of long waving grass, Hugh saw fifteen or twenty bluish grey mounds rising above the grass. They were ranged in line, and were like the earth before the creation, without form and void. They were a herd of buffalo feeding, and as they never lifted their heads they maintained a curious resemblance of a lot of railway trucks covered with grey tarpaulin. It was impossible to tell which was head and which was tail. All that could be seen were just the bluish mounds, looking like islands in the sea of grass. A short halt was made while girths were tightened, cartridges slipped into place, and hats jammed on, Hugh trembling with excitement. They all mounted and rode slowly towards the herd, which were at least half a mile off, and still feeding steadily. Everyone kept his horse in hand, ready for a dash the moment the mob lifted their heads.

"How fast will they go?" whispered Hugh to the nearest shooter.

"Fast as blazes," said the shooter. "You've no idea how fast they are. They're the biggest take in there is. Now, when they lift their heads they'll stare for half a minute, and then they'll run. The moment they start off you go. Watch 'em. There, one sees us! Keep steady yet. Don't rush till they start."

One of the blue mounds lifted up a huge black muzzled head decorated with an enormous pair of sickle-shaped horns that stretched right back to his shoulders. He stared at them with great sullen eyes, and trotted a few paces towards them, and one after another the rest lifted their heads and stared too. Closer the horsemen drew at their steady, silent jog, the horses pricking their ears and getting on their toes, as racehorses do at the start of a race.

"We ready," said the shooter. "Now!"

The mob, with one impulse, wheeled and set off at a heavy, lumbering gallop, and the horses at once dashed into full gallop after them. It was a ride worth a year of a man's life. Every man sat down to his work like a jockey finishing a race, and the big stock horses went striding through the long grass after the buffaloes like hawks swooping down on a lot of pigeons. The men carried their carbines ready loaded, holding them straight up over the shoulder, so as to lessen the jerking on the wrist caused by the horse's gallop. The surface of the plain was level enough, but frightfully bad going. The sun had baked and dried the black soil till great, gaping cracks, a couple of feet wide and ten feet deep, were opened in the ground. The buffaloes had wallowed in the wet season, and made round well-like holes that were now hard, dry pitfalls. Here and there a treacherous, slimy water-course wound its slinking way along, making a bog in

which a horse would sink to his shoulders. And over all these traps and pitfalls the long waving jungle grass drew a veil, hiding them away, and waving serenely alike over cracked ground and smooth bog, or firm earth, pitfall or level going. Every now and then belts of small bamboo dashed blindly into which the horses dashed blindly, forcing their way through by their weight. When they started the buffaloes had a lead of a quarter of a mile, and judging by their slogging, labouring gallop, it looked as though the horses would run into them in half a mile; but on that ground the buffaloes could go nearly as fast as the horses, and it was only after a mile and a quarter of hard riding that they closed in on the mob, which at once split into several detachments. A magnificent bull with horns that would measure about ten feet from tip to tip, dashed away to the right, with about six cows lumbering after him. Hugh and one of the shooters followed this lot. Another mob went away to the left, pursued by the other shooter and old Considine; while one old cow, having had enough running, suddenly wheeled in her tracks and charged straight at Tommy Prince, whose horse at once whipped round and carried his rider into a clump of bamboos with the old cow at his tail. Hugh followed his mate up as hard as he could, both horses feeling the pace, and pecking and blundering every now and again in the broken ground. Once Hugh saw a buffalo wallow suddenly appear right under his horse's nose and half flinched, expecting a certain fall, but old Closeup strode over it, apparently having a leg to spare for emergencies of the sort.

Just ahead of him the shooter, sitting down in his saddle, lifted his horse with a drive of the spurs, and came right alongside the hindmost animal of the mob, a fat blue cow, which at once swerved at right angles; but the horse followed her every movement, and drew up, till horse and buffalo were racing side by side.

Then, without fuss or hurry, up went the elbow of the rider, and bang! the buffalo fell as if paarlised, shot through the loins. The horse swung away from the falling animal as it crashed to the ground, and methodically the shooter, still going at full gallop, ejected the used cartridge and put in another without losing his place at the tail of the flying mob. The noise of the carbine made the mob divide, and Hugh found himself going full speed after three that came his way. Wild with excitement, he drove Close-up after the nearest, and made ready to fire at the right moment. The long gallop had winded him; his arm was almost numbed with the strain of carrying the carbine, which now seemed to weigh a ton.

Close-up, true to his name, made a dash at the nearest buffalo, and got close enough in all conscience; but what with the jerking to and fro as the horse galloped, and the rolling gait of the buffalo, and the sudden swerves executed by that animal, and the occasional blunderings of the horse in broken ground, Hugh never seemed to have the carbine pointed right, and Close-up finding it did not go off when he expected, began to slacken pace and gallop in an undecided way. It sounds an easy enough business to gallop up to an animal which you can beat for pace, but anyone who has ever tried to lay a whip on the back of a bullock knows it is not so easy as it looks to get more than one clip or two home. Hugh found that the buffalo seemed to be holding its own for pace, and every time he drew up it dodged before he could make sure of hitting the loin. The cover seemed to be getting very near. At last he leaned out as far as he could, and, holding the rifle in one hand, took a "speculator" at the flying buffalo. He hit it somewhere, but where, he hadn't time to look, for with a snort like a grampus the beast wheeled in its tracks and charged. So sudden was the attack that old Close-up only just dodged it by a yard or two, and for a while Hugh was the hunted instead of the hunter. It charged him for a couple of hundred yards and then stopped. Hugh managed to eject the cartridge and reload, and then entered after the animal, which was now going at a sullen trot, with the blood pouring from its flank. As he galloped up to administer the coup de grace, meaning to make no mistake about hitting the loin this time, the buffalo suddenly wheeled and charged him again, and Close-up executed another hurried retreat. For a while they had it up and down—first the buffalo hunted the man, then the man the buffalo—while Hugh kept up

a fusillade of bullets at about thirty yards' range without seeming to discompose the brute at all. At last a lucky shot struck some vital spot inside; the beast stopped, staggered and fell dead without a sound. Hugh looked round. He was alone, except that his mate was just visible far away over the plain, still following at full speed a blue mound that struggled doggedly on towards the timber. The grey horse drew up to his quarry, the man leant forward, there was a sudden spurt of white smoke and the animal fell as if struck by lightning. It was very pretty to watch, and looked as simple as shelling peas. The shooter rode over to Hugh, and congratulated him on his first kill.

"I got all that mob that came our way," he said, "seven of 'em. Yours makes eight. There's Ben after some still, and there's Tommy Prince back at the bamboos firing at something. Firing this way, too, damn him! Look at Ben."

Far away over the long grass, looking like puppets in the distance, went the gliding, swiftly moving figures of a man and horse. In front of them, some dimly seen objects tore through the green waving grass, and every now and again went the arm, and there was a spurt of smoke and a commotion in the grass, as another buffalo fell. Soon the procession passed out of sight in the distance. The blacks and the Chinese were far away behind, gathered in a cluster, skinning the first beast that had been killed, while the pack-horses cropped the grass and bit at the flies. Old Man Considine was nowhere to be seen.

"Let's go back and see what Tommy's up to," said the shooter. He's a hard case, is Tommy. If there's any trouble about he'll be sure to get into it or get somebody else into it. He'll wing one of us in a minute, the way he's blazing. What is he firing at?"

Suddenly the festive Tommy was seen to dash hurriedly out of the patch of bamboo with the old original buffalo cow so close to his horse's tail that it was a mortal certainty if the horse stumbled the cow had him.

"She'll have 'im!" yelled the shooter. "Good cow! Can't she steam? Come on and let's see the fun!"

For a while it looked any odds on the cow. But suddenly she slackened pace, wheeled round, and bolted back to the bamboos. They found Tommy very excited. He had used about 18 cartridges, and had nothing to show for it.

"That's the most underhanded cow ever I seen!" said Tommy. "She runs into them bamboos and pretends she's going to run clean through to Queensland, and when I go in after her, she wheels round and hunts me for my life. Near had me twice, she did. Every time I fire the old carbine, it jams, and I have to get the rod to it. Gimme your rifle, Walter, and I'll go in and finish her."

"She must have a lead mine in her already," said the shooter. "Mind she don't catch you, Tommy!"

Tommy went in, but couldn't find a sign of the old cow. While they were talking she had slipped along the belt of bamboos, and was then, no doubt, lying perdu waiting for a chance to hash somebody, and as no one cared to chance riding on to her in that jungle, she escaped with the honours of war. The other shooter came up, having shot nine, and reported that old Considine had had a fall; his horse, not being used to the country, had plunged up to his shoulders into a concealed buffalo wallow, and had turned right over on 'im. Luckily the buffalo he was after was well ahead, and did not turn to charge him, but he was very much shaken. He came up while they were talking, and insisted on going on. They set to work to find all the dead buffaloes, no easy matter in that long grass, and all hands commenced skinning. This job kept them till noonday, when the fierce blazing sunlight compelled a retreat to some trees, where they camped for their midday meal, hobbling their horses out. After eating, they rested for an hour or two, and then packed the hides on the pack horses, and heavily loaded they were, each hide weighing about a hundred weight. Then they started hunting again, riding slowly along, scanning the plain carefully.

Crossing a belt of timber, they were all riding together, the blacks and the Chinaman being well up with the pack horses, when suddenly the blacks burst out with great excitement: "Buffalo! Buffalo!"

Sure enough, a huge blue bull, a

regular old patriarch, that had evidently been hunted out of a herd, and was camping by himself in the timber, made a rush out of some thick trees, and set off towards a dense jungle, that could be seen half a mile or so away. Hugh and old Considine were nearest to him, and each had his rifle ready. They started after him together, full gallop through the timber. The old man was evidently anxious to avenge his failure of the morning, and wished to take Hugh down a peg; for he set a fearful pace through the trees, grazing one and gliding under the boughs of another as only a trained bush rider can. Hugh, coming from the mountains, was no duffer in timbered country either, and the two of them went at a merry pace for a while. The bull was puzzled by having two pursuers, and often in swerving from one to the other would hit a tree with his huge horns, and fairly bounce off it. He never attempted to turn, but kept straight on, and they drew on to him almost side by side, riding jealously for the first shot. Not a word was said by either man. The old man had the wrong side of the buffalo, as he had to put the carbine across to the near side of his horse to fire; but he was an undeniably rider, and laughed grimly as he got first alongside, and, leaving over, prepared to fire. Then a strange thing happened. Before he could fire the buffalo bull tripped on a stump and fell on his knees, causing Considine's horse to shoot almost past him. As the bull rose again, he sprang savagely sideways, and bringing his huge head up from beneath, fairly impaled the horse on his horn. It screamed a terrible scream, and reared over.

The old man never lost his nerve. Almost as he fell he fired down into the buffalo's shoulder, but the bullet had no effect. Man and horse were fetched smashing to the ground, the man pinned under the horse's body. The bull hesitated a second ere hurling himself upon the two of them, and in that second Hugh Gordon jumped from his horse, ran right up, and

stood over the fallen man, and holding out the rifle like a pistol, placed the muzzle within an inch of the bull's head and fired. A buffalo's skull is an inch and a half thick, solid bone, as hard as granite; but a Martini carbine sighted for a thousand yards will pierce it like paper at short range. The smoke had not cleared away when the huge beast fell to the ground within two feet of his intended victims. Hugh pulled old Considine out from under the horse. The unfortunate beast struggled to his feet with blood gushing from a terrible wound under the body, ran 50 yards, and fell dead.

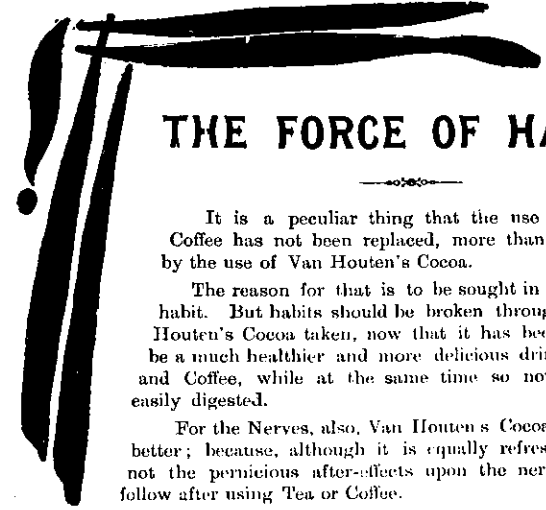
The old man looked round him in silence. "Serves me damn well right," he said at last. "I ought to have got the other side of the buffalo!"

Not another word did he say as he transferred his saddle to one of the blackfellow's horses, that same chief not having to walk home. But in the camp that night the old man came over to Hugh holding a paper in his hand.

"I've got something for yer," he said. "Here, this is the stiffest of my wedding with Peggy Domohoe. The parson gev us each one. See, here it is, look, the same day that she reckons she married your uncle. The very same day, the same place and the same parson. That ought to do you, oughtn't it? I'll come down with you as soon as you like, and give all the evidence you want. I'll chance how I get on with Peg. I'll divorce her, or poison her, or get shut of her somehow. But after what you done to-day I'm on Gordon's side, I am."

And off he stalked to bed, while Hugh talked long with Tommy Prince and the buffalo shooters of the best way to get down to the wire and send the news of his success. He went to bed the happiest man south of the line, and next day, saying good-bye to his hospitable friends, he started away with Considine and Tommy Prince on their road to the telegraph wire, and thence to civilisation.

(To be continued.)



**THE FORCE OF HABIT.**

It is a peculiar thing that the use of Tea and Coffee has not been replaced, more than is the case, by the use of Van Houten's Cocoa.

The reason for that is to be sought in the force of habit. But habits should be broken through, and Van Houten's Cocoa taken, now that it has been proved to be a much healthier and more delicious drink than Tea and Coffee, while at the same time so nourishing and easily digested.

For the Nerves, also, Van Houten's Cocoa is so much better; because, although it is equally refreshing, it has not the pernicious after-effects upon the nerves, such as follow after using Tea or Coffee.

It is not an expensive habit to use Van Houten's Cocoa; indeed, after actual trial of various brands, and even loose cocoa, many persons have discovered that Van Houten's Cocoa is not only the best and most delicious, but it is also the most economical.

BE SURE YOU TRY  
**VAN HOUTEN'S Eating CHOCOLATE.**

**JAMS. JAMS. JAMS.**

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR,  
 AND SEE THAT YOU GET,

**C. G. LAURIE'S**  
**CELEBRATED JAMS.**

**ABSOLUTELY PURE.**



Complete Story.

# A Far-away Memory.

CLIVE R. FENN.

I.

When the London season is at its height the town usually wears a far more brilliant and animated appearance than at other periods of the year. There is that frisson of gaiety, of brilliancy. And this is natural enough for, apart from the ever recurrent features of the first few weeks of the English summer, the parks and gardens of the Metropolis in their summer dress, and the pleasant sunshine which idealises the prospect and transforms this work-a-day Capital into a veritable city of dreams, it is in May and June that foreign royalties and wealthy scions of the Trans-Atlantic race visit London.

It was a summer which was more than ordinarily important; a great celebration was under weigh. A monarch whose reign had never been eclipsed for grandeur in the world was being feted by her people. The streets were thronged; in the evenings all vehicular traffic had to be stopped in order that the public might walk about in peace and admire the decorations, the illuminated stars and devices in front of the buildings; royal carriages dashed by in the earlier part of the day bearing foreign royalties and attaches, and Indian princes in white and gold head-gear.

London seemed for once to have really risen to a sense of its own importance, its own magnificence. Even the poets who like to dream in the green solitude of Saint James's Park, where the noise of the traffic comes subdued, and where the meditative cow stands looking thoughtfully out from the Spring Gardens entrance at the green expanse and at the passers-by, even they were for the nonce forced to recognise that something unusual was afoot.

In office, in the busy, tumultuous world of politics, there was but little time for dreams, and yet that afternoon in June as Stuart Rockhampton walked out of the House of Commons and crossed Old Palace Yard, lighting a cigar, where policemen saluted him and where several civilians raised their hats, and as he proceeded to where his brougham was waiting, something compelled him to look back into the summer of ten years ago.

What was it which dragged him out of that rather self-centred view of the world, which forced him to look for a moment away from that decade of laborious days, of days in a library or in his place in Parliament or on an electrifying platform?

It was as though a voice ordered him to turn round figuratively and re-examine that past.

"You must look back," it said. "It is important that you should. It is June again and the Academy is open and the opera is in full swing, while lilac gardens are scented, and the world is passing happy—just as it was when ten years ago you allowed yourself to dream."

And as he reached his brougham he for the moment forgot his main points in the debate that night, and the thread of discourse he was to give on Richelieu as the tragedy writer and litterateur; instead of the present, the figures, the landscapes, the hopes, the ideals of that other time were thrust into his view.

Certainly it was not the old musician who was playing "When Other Lips" on a dyspeptic flute near a public house which had caused that harking back. It was not the secure of the statues, the garden, the grey piles of Westminster, or the carriages passing in which sat pretty women which had opened the old doorway of which he had imagined the key was lost.

Then how was it? He had lighted his cigar and had made up his mind to walk instead of driving home where work awaited him. So he merely told the footman that he should not require the carriage.

"At seven as usual," he said.

"Yes, sir," said the servant. Then he strolled past the Beaucouff field statue towards Victoria street, reflecting that though he had got on, though he had not opened his books in vain, yet maybe that was only because wealth had come, because unlike

others who had striven, alas! in vain, he had not been called away. There would have been that same life and bustle and turmoil, the crowd in shops, the shouting, the far away cries, whether he had lived or died. And in the midst of that souvenir there came back recollections of an old garden, of Paris, of early struggles, and of a young girl whose features he remembered as well as though he had studied her photograph every day since that time.

"If Adrienne had only thought differently," he said, and he said it with a sigh.

II.

Involuntarily he found himself going back there into that old time, stealing odd moments for a fresh glimpse of those distant days since the passing of which he had seen so much, lived so much and so ardently, rushing forward to a great position, holding a high place in the national council chamber.

He had thought that it was all buried, that he would never dream again; yet it seemed as though some softening sentiment, as fairy-like as a mist from the sea, had come in to change his resolution, to urge him to find something more in that bygone than a mere nucleus of regret, a forcing-house of melancholy.

Every thing had been represented there; he saw farmhouses, old country sides, country roads with primroses and bluebells bordering the land on either side, and old tunes came back, tunes which were out of the fashion now.

Or in his place in the house there came back some old chance triviality out of the old days, and he would make a pencil mark on his papers in the interest and excitement of the moment. But it was a time surely to forget those things when the nation was en fete, when the cavalry was riding through the streets amid the blare of trumpets, when a great queen was being acclaimed.

If he had sat down in the railway carriage of life fave to face with a regret, if he had never married though he was forty, if he would never see youngsters of his own, yet the world nevertheless had been tolerably kind.

It was in his old student days that he had first seen Adrienne, at a time when he was emerging from his chrysalis state, when the few friends whom he could boast predicted a great future.

"But," they said, "you must get known."

A few articles in the press, an historical disquisition had brought him under the notice of a wealthy amateur, a writer on kindred subjects. Lord Pymont had expressed a wish to meet him. "He is a thinker," he had said.

So it had happened that at a soiree of a learned society, a friend, Aynton, a Glasgow man, had come up to Stuart Rockhampton who in moments of disenchantment had imagined that he would never be able to make his name, that he would be smothered in the pressure, and said:

"Stuart, old fellow, I have something which may be useful to you, and which I am sure will be useful to the other man too."

"What is it?" he asked.

"Lord Pymont, you see the old man over the way with a blue ribbon round his neck—wishes to be introduced to you."

"Is that so?"

"Yes, my dear fellow, I mean it. He read your article and wants to have a talk."

And Stuart allowed himself to be conducted towards the "old gentleman with the blue ribbon round his neck," en route his friend saying: "He will do much for you, my dear fellow, if you once get into the swing."

Lord Pymont proved to be a man of large ideas. He talked long with Stuart, and assured him politely that he (Pymont) was only a beginner in that branch of political knowledge which Stuart had dealt with so admirably.

"I wish, Mr. Rockhampton," he said at parting, "that we could finish our talk under less crowded conditions. You could assist me too with several points of something I am about just now. Have you any spare time? Could you come and see me?"

"I should be pleased," said Stuart, "but—"

"Ah, you will come! I'm sure that you will. Let's see, to-day is Tuesday. Come on Thursday, will you, and lunch with us at a quarter to one?"

III.

In those days, when he was still in the ante-room of fortune waiting for the door to be opened and for his name to be called, he lived in a quarter of the town held in but low estimation by those who lead.

It was south of the Thames in a dim region of docks, of lodging houses and quaint and narrow streets in which the railway company thought it had a right to lay lines, for goods trucks escaped out of neighbouring yards were to be met in the thoroughfares parleying with milk carts, resembling in proportion elephants footing it among a drove of asses.

He lived there because it was cheap and not too far away. He could see Vauxhall Bridge and a quaint panorama of old buildings and towers, and the since dismantled Convict Prison at Millbank and Doulton's Pottery Works from the window of his sitting-room, a room littered with papers and books.

The cab which he took outside his chambers on the following Thursday took him into quite a different district. It did not seem to be the same capital.

Lord Pymont lived in Park Lane; his was a magnificent house, the windows of which overlooked the Park. It was about twenty minutes to one when he went up the steps and rang the bell.

In the old style drawing-room, white and gold with pastoral frescoes, into which he was shown, he was soon joined by his host who wore a scarlet geranium in his grey frock coat. He came forward eagerly.

"I am very glad to see you," he said cordially, "very glad indeed."

They had fallen into a conversation on general subjects, and the old nobleman pointed out one or two pictures of interest in the room. The sound of summer came through the window and a puff of hot air from a winter garden at the other end of the apartment brought with it the scent of many flowering plants. And the Baron began to speak of the old days, of what had been in that past into the mysteries of which they were both peering. The old arms on the walls, the pictures of Lancret and Watteau, with their azure and white effects out of Arcadia, the few ancient volumes which his host showed him after they had entered a side library, gave Rockhampton much to think about, much which would remain in the memory. They were living in a later age—an age however when thought was active and all comprehending, and though he stood outside the charmed circle yet there was in that glimpse back, something so thrilling, there was something so important in looking at objects which had been owned by people who understood the world and life, who had glanced out of palace

windows and taken it all in, that he felt appeased.

The Baron was turning over a volume three hundred years old in which the learned monk Alvarius had recorded his impressions, when the door opened and a footman appeared.

"His Lordship is served," he said.

Lord Pymont took his guest's arm and they walked through a suite of apartments to the dining-room which was a magnificent chamber.

There were two people in the room when they entered besides the footmen, and he heard as in a dream the Baron saying:

"You have not met my daughter. I will make the introduction. Adrienne, this is Mr Stuart Rockhampton, a student of history, and a great politician if I mistake not. Mr Rockhampton, my daughter, Miss Morningtower."

There was also an old lady in black present, who was introduced, but he scarcely heard her name or her remark:

"You must have studied much."

He had only eyes for the young girl who was tall and seemed to blend the extreme grace of a Frenchwoman with Saxon fairness and Danish blue eyes.

It was rather a silent repast at first; then Adrienne let drop an observation about a horse, and said something about an invitation which she wished to accept.

"But you will be at Baden then with me," said her father.

"Oh, of course, I forgot," she replied.

IV.

Looking back at that time, Stuart found excuses for his aspirations. Adrienne had seemed to him to represent all that was most beautiful in the world. To look back was as sad as re-examining a mind's eye picture of a country road, of a park in summer, of a quaint old countryside. It was a thought which came back at all times on odd Saturday afternoons, and it always brought with it the semi-mocking reminder that though he had found success he had not found happiness.

After lunch, and after a chat with her father about the book on which he was engaged, he had left, though not before seeing her again when he was leaving; she was crossing the hall dressed for a drive. She came up and said:

"Are you going so soon?"

"Yes, I think your father has told me all that he wished."

"Oh! But you are surely coming again?"

"I hope so."

"But don't only hope. Come."

"Thank you so much," he said.

That was the final all, and it was not much.

But the footman was holding the door open, and Madame Ernestine was waiting to accompany her charge on that drive.

"Well, good-bye again," she said pleasantly, holding out her gloved hand. "Don't let father lament too much over Queen Marie Antoinette in his work."

**A  
PROPOSAL**



**TO EVERY LADY TO MAKE  
DELICIOUS CUSTARD**

WITH

**BIRD'S  
CUSTARD  
POWDER**

**A DAILY LUXURY!**

**BIRD'S** Custard Powder makes a perfect High-Class Custard at a minimum of cost and trouble. Used by all the leading Diplomats of the South Kensington School of Cookery, London. Invaluable also for a variety of Sweet Dishes, recipes for which accompany every packet.

**NO EGGS! NO RISK! NO TROUBLE!**

Storekeepers can obtain Supplies from all the leading Wholesale Houses.

Then she was gone, and as he went down the steps of the mansion he saw the carriage rolling away towards Piccadilly. As he walked back home a new comprehension of life came. For the first time in his life he was disposed to envy the loungers in Bond Street, and all that throng of well-dressed flaneurs in Piccadilly and the Park. What did she think of it all, of all the pageantry of that world which looked so charming, so glowing that summer—that world in the town with its early mornings of brilliancy, its opening hotels and re-awakening to life, its thought? And yet there was trouble there as well—there was fighting beyond seas; there were sail scenes on the great routes.

He walked home and dreamt of that experience, thinking it all out again, and the references he had to jot down for Lord Pymont's magnum opus were forgotten. He was passing it all in review that evening till so late that his old landlady brought up his dinner with the observation: "As you did not ring, sir, I thought you must have forgotten it." So he had forgotten it—completely.

When should he see her again? On the following day the inclination for work had partly returned but it went again as quickly as it came. Everything that spoke of her was interesting to him; the streets where she had driven seemed to excite an additional curiosity, and Baden, where she was going, was a place which now stood out clearly in his imagination apart from all other Continental resorts. For two days he reflected and did nothing; ambition might have been lead. She had spoken of a horse; then evidently she rode, and on the third day he left his chambers and walked into the West End. It was too early in the day, being July, eleven in the morning, for the crowd of vehicles to be very great at Hyde Park Corner; he passed through into the Park, stopping a moment just inside where there were phalanxes of empty green chairs. In the Row there were a few riders cantering along under the trees.

And as fate willed it he saw her that morning, mounted on a fine horse and riding in his direction. As he saw her the thought of his possible advance, the memory of February days in town, of little cub-de-sac of regret at seaside places and elsewhere all vanished.

He only saw her sitting her horse so well, and riding superbly; the groom was far behind. That meeting was for long a point of departure with him. He lifted his hat and she brought her horse to a stop, reaching out her hand.

"You, Mr Hockhampton, of all people in the world! I didn't know that you were frivolous enough to spend your mornings in the Park."

"Oh, sometimes I come."

"You do well," she answered. "Have you been getting on?"

"No, I fear not."

"How is that?"

"Because," he began, and then he stopped.

"You have been ill; you work too hard."

She spoke with precipitation.

"No," he replied. "I have not been ill. It is only because I have thought of you."

"Of me?"

He nodded.

"That was kind. Do you know that I also have thought of you."

He looked up at her eagerly as she sat there smiling down at him.

"I thought you would be coming again."

"Your father did not write."

"Oh, my father gets so immersed in his work that he forgets all about what he should do. But come and see us again. Will you?"

"Yes," he replied.

"When can you come?"

"I am free, he said.

"Well, come this afternoon if you will, at about half past three. Will that suit you?"

"I shall be delighted."

"Then that is arranged. Good-bye—till this afternoon."

She waved her hand and trotted off and left him standing there looking

at rhododendrons and at the file of carriages entering the Park. And for a while he forgot where he was, what he was doing, why he was doing it, and the matter of the Richebieu fol'os faded entirely from his mind.

Why had he not a fortune? Why was he only an heir of prospects which were poor things at best?

The world was rushing on and he might be swept away out of the main stream into some eddy of oblivion if he did not take care. Yet in place of going back to the lists to continue the struggle, he only had one real wish—and that was to see her, and to listen to her, to ask her what she thought of things, of the river in summer time, of the theatres, of the war.

V.

At half-past three that afternoon he was shown into a room which he had not seen before, a room in white and blue—a place heavy with the scent of flowers.

He had been there less than a minute when the door opened and Adrienne appeared, followed by the old lady in black who knitted as she walked.

"I am glad you kept your promise," she said, and then her companion shook hands with him gravely and settled down in a roomy arm-chair.

The girl began to talk eagerly. She said:

"I think your life must be so deeply interesting."

"Do you think that?" he said wonderingly.

"Well, is it not?"

"Ah, perhaps sometimes, I can't say, but just now it seems poor and foolish and ridiculously empty."

"How strangely you talk!" she said. "How absurd to think such a thing."

And then he had gone on to talk naively, enthusiastically as though they were alone in the world, and in a fit of expansion such as entails an aftermath of regret.

Madame Ernestine had simmered into a nap, and until tea was brought

in there was no interruption. He could still hear her saying "It must be so nice to have an ambition, to be looking forward to being in Parliament and to making a great name."

But was it so nice? He was not quite sure. There were attendant disadvantages there.

Suddenly she jumped up from her chair and said:

"Perhaps you would like some music."

"Very much."

She went over to the piano and played some old German airs—airs which suggested sleepy old German cities, and burgomasters, and musicians dreaming of great conceptions as they sat and played.

When tea was brought she did not awaken the old lady who slumbered on.

He saw her again a few mornings after in the Park, and then it became almost an accepted thing to see her. One day she said pointedly:

"I shall be at the Flower Show tomorrow."

Of course he went there too, and they walked through the tents together with the old governante lingering behind, looking at dinner centres.

At one moment everything seemed to be going well; at the next he was at the brink of despair. One morning in the Park she dismounted and gave the horse to the groom and they walked along by the grotto over the grass, stopping to look at the peacocks.

"You are going away," he said.

"The thought makes me feel mad."

"How extravagant you are!"

"But you are going."

"Yes, I am going. Father wishes me to go to Baden."

"I shall count the days until you return."

"It will not be for long."

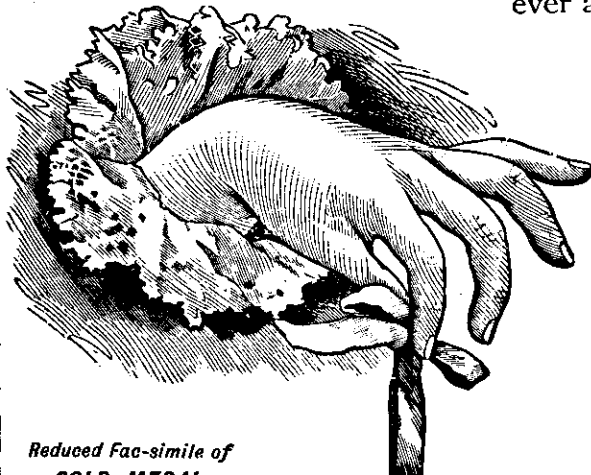
"If it were only into the country that you were going!"

"Oh, Baden will be more amusing."

He glanced at her figure in its triff habit, at her black hat. How exquisite she looked walking there in the

# The ONLY GOLD MEDAL

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



Reduced Fac-simile of GOLD MEDAL awarded by the jurors of the Paris Exhibition, 1.89.



# Pears

SOAP MAKERS

By Special Appointment

TO HER MAJESTY

## The Queen,

AND HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE

## Prince of Wales.

grass, brushing the flowers with her whip.

After her return from Baden, one day in early September he received a note from her—a perfumed note which he had always guarded. Why? Seeing that he had ceased to attach any importance there, why should he have kept it?

But it was there. He often looked at it and recalled that time. She had written:

"Dear Stuart. Please meet me at the National Gallery to-morrow at eleven. I have something to tell you. I will be in the second room."

He went to the National Gallery long before the time fixed. He walked up and down in front of the building, glanced at the children playing near the fountain and then stopped a moment at the entrance to St. Martin's Lane where there were theatrical notices, for the autumn season had commenced; people were returning from foreign baths to London and they required to be amused.

It had certainly been a wonderful summer; he had seen her at the Opera and afterwards at Henley where there were violins over the water. He had met her at a great summer race meeting—the rendezvous of fashionable life; the band had played on a trim lawn in front of the Grand Stand. It had been a time of dreams.

Somehow there was something in that September day which was saddening; the details of the scene, the piano organ, the dancing children, the sandwich advertisements, carriers, seemed instinct with that something which denoted the end of a hope.

He entered the Gallery and waited. The pictures did not interest him for he could only recall her words—words which somehow just then seemed far away like something which lay beyond the sea, beyond battlefields, on the other side of mountains—words which had thrilled him. She had said, "Yes, in the autumn we will be engaged."

And the autumn had come! He eagerly watched the door by which she would enter. Two ladies in black passed through; then a uniformed car-taker. If she did not come! If she had forgotten! But no—she would be certain not to forget. A martial picture near the door attracted his attention; a prince was riding at the head of his regiment of cavalry. The face seemed to look at him meaningfully as if to mock him.

How little it all depended on! Perhaps now he was farther away than ever, for during those two or three months he had scarcely done any serious work. He had only thought of her. Yet there had been great movement in the world; there had been a revolution in one land and the breaking up of laws; the papers too had recounted a war.

At length he saw her. She walked rapidly into the room and glanced round; she was in a deep fawn tailor-made suit and a black hat trimmed with blue ribbon and white lace. He went eagerly to meet her, exclaiming:

"At last."  
"Yes," she said airily. "I have come. Good morning. So you received my note?"

"Yes."  
"How pale you are! Is anything wrong?"

"No, no; I only feared that you might not come, that you might have forgotten."

"Oh, I should not have forgotten." She walked through the room into the adjoining one, and he kept by her side.

"Shall we sit down here?" she said. "I have something which I wish to tell you."

When they were seated she looked for a second intently at the iron grating in the floor through which the gallery was warmed, and then gazing at him full in the face she said:—

"Stuart, I am going to be married." He started back and then stared at her.

"Then Lord Pyrmont consents."  
"You do not understand me. I am going to be married to the Prince of Breuhl."

"To the Prince of Breuhl!"  
"Yes; and you ought to know first as we are such old friends."

She rose and stood in front of him. "But but," he began and then he was silent.

"You might, I think, congratulate me," she said. "But why do you look at me like that?"

He at last managed to speak.  
"Adrienne, you are joking; it is not true!"

"It is true," she said almost gravely, "quite true!"

"But you promised me."  
"Foolish boy!" she exclaimed.

"That is all over. Come, don't look like that. The official is staring at you, you look so ghastly. Say something. You will come and see us when I am a Princess. You must see that I could not have married you. It would have been absurd. Yet we can be good friends."

He looked at her through a mist of something.

"I suppose it was absurd," he said faintly. "Good-bye."

She looked at him curiously for another second and then said "Good-bye." Her hand touched his.

He heard her steps along the polished floor and when he raised his head she was gone.

Afterwards it was clearly an awakening from a dream—a mad dream. He had a little independence—enough to enable him to settle down to work again—work which although not immediately resultant in material advantage, yet eventually brought him into a prominent place in the world.

VI.

A solitary life may yet be an excitable one, and Rockhampton's life had been full of excitement, of engagement, of new sensations, of applause. Yet he never forgot and never changed his idea. The dream of ten years ago was the same as if it had been the vision of yesterday. Why had she played with him only to cast him off, only to send him adrift into the desolate land of disillusionment and melancholy? Yet peace had come. He could go on alone now to the end. He had been to the furthest limit of despair and had come back strong to the fight, resolute, determined, prepared for all. It was only that during

blazing days of that June the similarity of the two seasons, with the gulf of years fixed between, recalled that old time when the scene impressed so strangely, when there was a glamour over all, when the sound of life, of the coach horns, of military music had seemed significant of much. It was all in London. He had scarcely left the city in reality, though in imagination he had gone far afield into quiet villages—the villages of the homeland, where windmills turned slowly, where brooks murmured over stones, where children played in cottage gardens ablaze with hollyhocks, and also into the quiet countryside of other countries—places which had hardly changed with the centuries, though the years had wrought revolutions in the busy towns.

It was a fixed memory—that of the long past summer. After the bitterness had gone he hoped that she was happy—as he was. He walked into the National Gallery that day and saw the place where they had sat down. The picture of the prince was still there.

He had promised to go to a reception that night after his work at Westminster was done, and the Earl of G— had extracted a promise from him that he would join him at the end of the week in his yacht at Seaford.

At the reception he saw among the later arrivals a woman whose face was familiar to him. She wore many diamonds and was surrounded on her entrance into the salon.

"You must be introduced, my dear Mr. Rockhampton," said his host.

"To whom?"  
"To the Princess de Breuhl—an Englishwoman despite her name. Her husband died last year."

Stuart started, and mechanically he followed his conductor across the room and heard him say, as in a dream:

"May I introduce the Hon. Stuart Rockhampton, princess?"

The princess looked at Stuart.

"I know Mr. Rockhampton. He is an old friend," said she, and her voice seemed softer than of old.

And Stuart found it quite impossible to accept the yachting invitation after all.

NEW SHORT STORIES.

TO OUR READERS.

The "Graphic" has secured for publication in its pages a series of fifty-two short stories by such eminent writers as Justin McCarthy, Rev. S. Baring-Gould, Stephen Crane, Halliwell Sutcliffe, "M. E. Francis," Mary A. Dickens, Grant Allen, and others. These tales, which have been selected for their absorbing interest, will appear weekly in these pages.

A COACHMAN'S STORY.

"Rheumatism," said a leading physician not long since, "may attack anybody, but is especially the disease of age and poverty. The immediate cause is an irritant poison in the blood, which, becoming lodged in those parts of the system where the circulation has the least force, sets up a more or less violent inflammation. This poison is always associated with impaired digestion on the part of the stomach and liver, and the amount of it in the system is increased by the inactivity of the excretive organs, particularly the skin, bowels, and kidneys."

Assuming the correctness of this view, the following conclusion is clearly deducible from it, namely, that to relieve or cure a case of rheumatism we should seek, first, to prevent the formation of the poison by correcting the impaired digestion, and, second, to stimulate the skin, bowels, and kidneys, that they may throw it off; or, in other words, we must try to purify the blood. Outward applications, although they may, and do, mollify pain at certain inflamed spots, cannot, in the nature of things, eradicate the cause of the disease.

The following case illustrates the truth of this theory, and should be attentively studied by all who are afflicted with gout and rheumatism—the two ailments being, under different names, practically the same thing.

Sixteen years ago I had an attack of rheumatic gout which affected all my joints, giving me intense pain. My hands, feet, and shoulders were puffed up and swollen, and for many weeks I suffered martyrdom. After this I was from time to time subject to rheumatism, which moved about my system, sometimes appearing in one part and then another. For five years I suffered like this.

"In the autumn of 1885, whilst in the employment of a doctor at Bayswater as a coachman, my eyes became affected and I was almost blind, not being able to see either the numbers or names of the streets I drove along. My eyes were like a piece of liver.

and the doctor I was with sent me first to an eye specialist, and afterwards gave me a note, and I went to St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington, where I attended as an outdoor patient for nine months.

"I was so bad I had to give up my employment. The doctors at the hospital made a thorough examination of my eyes, and said they were sound, and that my affection was caused by the rheumatic gout. They gave me medicines and drops for the eyes; also placed blisters behind the ears and on the temples, but I was little better for anything.

"Some days I was better and then worse, and I feared I should lose my sight altogether. In July, 1886, my brother came to London on a visit, and urged me to try Mother Seigel's Syrup, as he thought it would drive the rheumatism out of my system. I got a bottle of this medicine from Whiteley's in Westbourne Grove, and after taking two bottles I was wonderfully better. My sight returned, and I felt better of myself. When I had taken six bottles I was well as ever, and have since been well. You can publish this letter, and refer anyone to me. (Signed) Joseph Parker, 21 Blomfield-street, Westbourne Square, Bayswater, July 1, 1896."

Mr Parker is a respectable man and worthy of implicit confidence. He is now in the employment of Mr Whiteley, the famous purveyor, of whom he bought Mother Seigel's Syrup in the time of his necessity. The cure is certainly remarkable, and demonstrates the truth of the proposition, now admitted by the highest medical authorities, that rheumatism is a disease of the blood, caused, at the root of it, by chronic dyspepsia and indigestion. Mother Seigel's Syrup, being the most successful medicine in the world for all ailments of the digestion, consequently prevents the further formation of the rheumatic poison, expels it from all places where it has produced inflammation in the body, and hence cures rheumatism. The reader will note that it is now ten years since Mr Parker's recovery, during which period he has had no relapses. Therefore the cure was real and radical.

THE NATIONAL MUTUAL LIFE

ASSOCIATION OF AUSTRALASIA (Ltd.)

A WORLD-WIDE INSTITUTION.

The First in the World To Liberalise Life Assurance

THE NON-FORFEITURE OFFICE.

Invested Funds and Reserves exceed £2,765,571.  
Annual Income exceeds £474,000.

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

See Important Principles Introduced by this Association.

- 1. No policy allowed to lapse on account of non-payment of a premium so long as there is a Surrender Value sufficient to pay the premium overdue.
2. No member compelled to pay a higher premium than that set opposite his age on the published table of rates.
3. The age of members taken at the NEAREST birthday.

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

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

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

HEAD OFFICE FOR NEW ZEALAND:

NATIONAL MUTUAL BUILDINGS, WELLINGTON.

ORTON STEVENS, Resident Secretary

THE MOST NUTRITIOUS.

EPPS'S

sold only in labelled tins. JAMES EPPS & Co., Ltd.,

Homœopathic Chemists,

London. Agents in Auckland—J. B. GILFILLAN & CO.

COCOA

INVALUABLE TO ALL.



# The New Zealand Graphic.

(PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK.)

Office:

SHORTLAND-ST., AUCKLAND, N.Z.

TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS:

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

Single Copy: Price Sixpence.

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

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

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

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

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

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

# Topics of the Week.

## AN EXTRAORDINARY UTTERANCE.

When the history of the present campaign comes to be written, the chronicler will find few of its features more remarkable than the positive furor of excitement and enthusiasm with which the news of the relief of Kimberley, Ladysmith (and we will hope Mafeking) was received. Our ancient reputation as a calm, impassive, and unemotional race has been swept away as if it had never been, and the world has seen (one imagines with some surprise) that the stolid and phlegmatic Britisher can become as completely intoxicated with excitement as "the hysterical Gaul," as Disraeli once called the French, not foreseeing that his own countrymen would one day seem to rival them in excitability. We have all read of many ludicrous acts committed by usually staid and decorous individuals in their first frenzy of relief and delight. But one could scarcely have imagined that the judicial mind would have been so easily and extravagantly affected as that of our poor ordinary mortals. A judge, one had thought, would, so long as he was on the Bench, have been impervious to national excitement. But this was not the case, and Mr Justice Grantham, one of the best known criminal judges in England, must be credited with assuredly the most remarkable of all the remarkable actions attributable to the exuberant excitement roused by our martial successes. It appears that in a dispute over the evacuation of Spionkop a man had killed his brother-in-law with a poker. The trial took place immediately after the arrival of a telegram giving news of the relief of Kimberley. Said the judge: "Remembering that the dispute took place through the absorbing topic of the war, and as we have very satisfactory news, and considering the way you have behaved, I think that, under all the circumstances, justice would be met by my giving you the benefit of the very satisfactory news received to-day. It is a very fortunate thing for you that news has come in just now, telling us of the relief of Kimberley, so that, I think that, under the circumstances, and looking to your past good character, and remembering that this is your first offence, you may be discharged." Save that the judge's own words are given us (the quotation is verbatim), the story would scarcely be credible, and perhaps the most amazing thing is the casual allusion to manslaughter as a first offence, after the style of an inebriate, as if it had been quite conceivable that a man would have been several times brought up for killing a brother. The matter being set forth so circumstantially, one is forced to believe it; but had it been any other judge but Mr Justice Grantham one would have found it hard to do so. But this judge has on several occasions caused surprise by the eccentricity of his sentences, which have, and in really bad cases, erred so much on the side of leniency as to cause a positive feeling of consternation. Of course, it is conceivable that the prisoner deserved to get off in any case; the facts are not known to us, but to speak of "the ends of justice," and then to discharge a man because of a British victory, opens out infinite possibilities, both humorous and grim. If the precedent is followed, the man who wants to get rid of an inconvenient fellow creature, will add to his other possibilities of escaping the gallows that of his trial taking place simultaneously with a triumph of British arms.

## THE NEW ZEALAND CHAMBERLAIN.

I suppose the most prominent New Zealander who has visited South Africa recently with peaceful intent, is Mr George Hutchison, the member for Patea. It is just possible that mere curiosity, and nothing more prompted the trip, as it has prompted others to that distant shore, but the story goes that George went to South Africa not merely to see, but to be seen, and that he posed, not unsuccessfully, as the civilian representative of

New Zealand. As such he would certainly have had a great deal of attention shown him, as appears to have been the case. He was granted passports through the country, and if he had chosen might no doubt have been present at some of the battles. I understand he did not choose, and perhaps he was wise. It would have been a serious affair if by any mishap he had fallen into the hands of the enemy. That superficial resemblance to Mr Chamberlain, which he is said to cultivate, might have proved his ruin among the bloodthirsty Boers, to whom the very name of the Secretary for the Colonies is like a red rag to a bull. But even had his life been spared he might have been kept a prisoner in Pretoria for months. Now that he has escaped these perils he may turn his experiences to good account when Parliament meets. He will be an authority on South Africa as compared with his fellow members, and even Mr Seddon may have cause to envy his knowledge of the subject. Doubtless in future communications from the South African authorities to New Zealand "Your Mr Chamberlain" will be referred to as able to confirm or throw light on a matter. It was decidedly clever of George to think of making that trip. Mr Seddon had reaped nearly all the kudos for the contingents, and little could a mere member, and of the Opposition at that, hope to get of it here in New Zealand. His only chance was to go straight to South Africa and gather it fresh for himself. The folks there were not likely to make fine distinctions, and any member of the New Zealand Legislature going there at this time was sure of lavish attention. When it was announced the other day that Mr Seddon had been ordered complete rest and a change, some lively imaginations concluded that the Premier might take a trip to South Africa, run up to the front, say how'd'ye do to Roberts, congratulate the New Zealand boys on their achievements and be back in time for the work of the session. It was an alluring programme, and I have no doubt Mr Seddon himself would have vastly enjoyed carrying it out. But apparently the thing is not to be done. Mr Seddon is not going to South Africa, and the distinction of having actually walked the theatre of war, trod the streets of Ladysmith, and surveyed the country from the kopjes, rests solely, so far as I am aware, with Mr George Hutchison.

## THE HOUGHENIMS AT THE WAR.

Some weeks ago I reminded my readers that the horse had not got anything like his fair share of credit for the part he is playing in the war. The deeds of the soldiers are an everyone's topic. They are belauded in heroic prose and frequently in verse that is very much the reverse. But the dumb heroism of the poor creature has but an occasional chronicler. Our sympathy and our gold have been solicited, and very properly, on behalf of the valiant Tommy, but hardly a voice has pleaded the claims of Tommy's noble four-footed comrade in the war. I would enlist the sympathy of my readers in one appeal that came to me from England last week, and which I think is well worthy of attention. Mr Lawrence Pike, of Wareham, writes: "Sir, - Will you kindly permit me to make known to your readers that the statement made recently at a meeting at Scarborough to the effect that 'horses, after being wounded in battle, are not abandoned to lingering suffering and a slow death,' is incorrect and misleading. It is a matter of fact that badly wounded horses are abandoned, in time of war, to lingering suffering and a slow death, whenever their masters have not the time nor the opportunity to shoot them; that is, whenever such action would involve risk to human life. The appended letter from the Under-Secretary of State for War shows that the authorities of the War Office recognise what happens on the battlefields and recommend that efforts be made to obtain the extension of the terms of the Geneva Convention to those who may go out after an engagement to relieve the sufferings of wounded animals. Among letters received from officers of cavalry regiments, now at the front, is the following: 'I think that wherever possible

badly wounded horses are destroyed on the battlefield. Personally I have shot, or have had shot, several, and have given orders that all badly wounded horses should be destroyed by the men, and I think that this is generally done throughout the service. Of course, there are many cases when it is impossible to carry this out, when, for instance, cavalry have to retire under heavy musketry fire, which, I am sorry to say, is often the case.' What is said by an officer of a cavalry regiment is confirmed by officers of artillery and transport corps. Indeed, there is no doubt that very often in existing circumstances animals wounded on the battlefield are not and cannot be attended to. All this would be altered if the terms of the Geneva Convention were extended. Persons who go out to attend to wounded men are protected. Why should not those who go out to care for wounded animals, to whom we owe so much, be protected also? It has been said that man is god of the horse; does not the cry come to us from the battlefield: 'My God! my God! why hast Thou forsaken me?'"

## COMPLETE REST.

Some of us are inclined to believe that that amazing person, our Premier, can do anything and everything to which he sets his mind, a belief probably shared by the hon. gentleman himself. Yet somehow I suspect that in a few days the hitherto indomitable Dick Seddon, practical dictator of New Zealand, will ruefully realise that a task has been set him which is greater than he can perform. He has been told to enjoy complete rest, and is no doubt manfully endeavouring to do so. The term "complete rest" is of course a false one literally, "complete" being merely comparative, since the only real "complete rest" is not to be secured by mortals this side eternity. But I am now taking the words as they are usually understood, and I very much doubt if Mr Seddon is finding it easy to take, far less to enjoy, even that qualified and comparative amount of "complete rest." That Mr Seddon has a capacity for work equalled even by men who have occupied similar positions is of course notorious. We all know that he can do the work of three, and as the pugilists say come up smiling. We are all now aware that he has almost single handed "run the colony" for several years, carrying a load of responsibility and anxiety that would have crushed a score of strong men. But all this is no reason why he should be able to rest well. On the contrary, it gravely discounts his chance of being able to do so. To work strenuously and to play successfully, is a combination of gifts Nature is chary of bestowing. Best men should imagine themselves Gods. Best, the best sort of rest as we know it, is of course sleep, the next being change of employment. Gladstone, whose capacity for work excelled even that of our Premier, was a past master in both these invaluable forms of relaxation. Or sleep he himself confessed he never seemed able to enjoy enough, and was always conscious of a delightful difficulty in leaving his bed. How many millions of brain workers must have sighed enviously to find that overwork is not always the slaughterer of sleep, and that a man who so matchlessly surpassed them in intellect and overwork was yet able to enjoy their sleep denied them by that petty labourer, in ability to change thought and labour Gladstone was also incomparable, turning a war, tantamountly from affairs of State, a translation of Homer, or critical consideration of the books of the day. What can Mr Seddon do in this war, one wonders, will he find out his limitations in the warm aims of the Pacific on the awized deck of the Tritonank. Sleep, we believe, the Premier can, but he has accustomed himself to manage with such a modicum that it may be doubted if he can make the most of the full and generous opportunities for sleep now offered him. And in his waking hours has he any hobby or taste to which he can turn to banish the usual trains of thought to which he is accustomed? If not found one has never heard of them. Mr Seddon will as surely not attain even comparatively "complete rest" though he will certainly escape such an amount of worry as will restore him completely to health. Probably his mind will be busy with new projects, fresh schemes, and multitudinous improvements. He will be ever planning new

**GOUT**  
Bishop's Citrate of Lithia is a very effective and pleasant remedy for the relief and cure of Gout, Rheumatism, Gravel, Stone and allied diseases. The regular use of BISHOP'S CITRATE of Lithia as a beverage with meals will completely ward off an attack of Gout.  
ALFRED BISHOP, LTD.,  
48, Spelman St., London.  
Australasian Offices:  
18 O'CONNELL STREET, SYDNEY.  
**CURED.**

**Herr Rassmussen's ALFALINE Herbal Remedies.**  
More marvellously successful and effective than ever it has 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 RASSMUSSEN,  
21, Lambton Quay, WELLINGTON.

**WARNING!** The Public are hereby warned against obtaining Herr Rassmussen'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 21, Lambton Quay, Wellington. £10 REWARD will be given to the first person who gives information leading to the conviction of any imitator.

conquests of the people and further triumphs for colonial legislation. At least this is what one imagines. It is not possible to picture Mr Seddon with even a translated Homer or waiting crumpled post cards of luminous criticisms to visiting authors and poets. Perhaps, however, I am wrong, and Mr Seddon can without these aids manage to banish care. Any way one will hope that in his own way he will enjoy his holiday completely.



THE BANK CLERK'S GRIEVANCE.

Every man and woman in the universe is proudly conscious of a legitimate grievance. Most of us indeed have several, though there is always one of which we make a sort of pet, pampering it and feeding it up and nursing it in our bosom till occasionally it grows too heavy for our strength and overcomes us. But I doubt, if we look at the matter from an impersonal and impartial standpoint, if we shall not all admit that the grumble of the bank clerk now rumbling over the colony with ominous unanimity, is not the most legitimate and natural of all. In the first place he has been for years misrepresented, a symbol of a thing that is not. He has been referred to as the gilded youth of colonial society, and it has been the fashion to regard him as a sort of lotus eater who repairs daily to a species of a Castle of Indolence at ten and emerges therefrom at four. The number of days when he is forced to leave his work (which has to be done at another time) has been exaggerated beyond belief, and he has in short been set before us as one of the luckiest and laziest of mortals, with, as the saying goes—little to do and plenty to get. How far all this is removed from the truth those of us who have familiar acquaintance with the species know. It is true that there are in this colony an abnormal and perhaps excessive number of bank holidays, but as I have hinted these do not afford any real release from labour. It merely means the work has to be done at another time, and nine out of ten of the bank officials will tell you that they would far rather not have the holiday, the overwork before and after being too big a price to pay for "a day off." The holiday is therefore we see no holiday, and is as much a delusion as the popular belief that the average clerk gets down to work at ten and leaves at four. In no office, and in no business have clerks heavier hours. Nine to five is the lightest, and as everyone who has passed through town knows these are merely nominal, and that five nights out of the six or thereabouts, the unfortunate clerk is forced to return to work till ten, and on occasions even later. If the pay were in any way commensurate with the work there would yet be cause for complaint, but as a matter of fact the salaries are utterly out of keeping, not only with the work demanded of the unfortunate employee, but (especially in the case of tellers) with the responsibility and risk which attach to that work. Some years ago when things were bad in the banking world, several of the largest and wealthiest banks reduced the salaries of all their employees, except the managers. Commenting on the matter at the time I remarked on the meanness of cutting down salaries already too low, and the business iniquity of paying dividends out of the pockets of junior servants, and one also surmised that in the event of several fat years succeeding those disastrous lean ones, there would be a forgetfulness about the raising, or even the reinstatement of the reduced salaries. Well, we have had some admittedly good banking years of late, and dividends are high, but I fear few banks can contradict me, when I say the salaries are still as they were. The patience and humility of the bank clerk has been phenomenal, but it seems as if he were now at the end of it, and several of our new members have announced their intention of taking up his grievances during the next session. After all if we legislate to protect labour of our sort we should do so for another, and the bank clerk, underpaid and over-worked, is equally entitled to protection with the factory hand.



OUR OVER-WORKED PREMIER.

No one who knows the work Mr Seddon has been doing since he assumed the Premiership will be surprised to hear that he is suffering from the severe strain on his powers. Strong men frequently imagine that no labour can wear them out. How one enters the robustness of consti-

tution and the exuberant vital energy that alone can beget such supreme confidence. But the human frame, though a wonderfully tough machine, is not warranted to last for ever, and is as certain to break down speedily under inconsiderate usage as a steam engine that is not oiled and constantly driven at top speed. If there is one thing certain in the province of New Zealand politics, it is that the office of Premier is no sinecure if the duties of it are discharged as Mr Seddon has discharged them. No doubt many of these duties are self-imposed, and it would be perfectly easy and much more reasonable that they should be discharged by subordinates. But Mr Seddon has fallen in with the custom of his predecessors of attending to details himself, and has gone much further than even they did, so that the pressure of multifarious tasks that bears on his shoulders is greater than any previous minister has stood or fallen under. Outsiders have little conception of the work the Premier gets through in the six or, rather, I should say the seven, days of the week, for every Sunday is not a holiday for him. There is the ever-recurring calls of departmental business to be answered, the thousand outside requests and complaints to be considered, legislative problems to be pondered, speeches to be thought over, personal letters to be written, functions to be attended, and over and above, and in between these, the interminable deputations. Speaking of the last, Lord Palmerston used to say that he looked on deputations as his relaxation. I imagine Mr Seddon must take much the same view. Yet deputations must seriously clip his time, necessitating much harder and longer work to get through the other duties of the day. Arduous as is the Premier's life at any time, it is doubly so when Parliament is sitting and the session throws its additional burden on him. Then his existence is literally one of work, morning, noon and night. After breakfast he is in his room, and there he sits until the House meets at 2.30, snatching often but few minutes for lunch. The afternoon sitting ended, most members betake themselves for a walk, and then have a comfortable dinner. The Premier has no time for walks, and dinner is invariably a hurried meal, there being more work to do before the evening sitting. At the close of that the ordinary member looks for his bed. The Premier, however, in numberless instances, seeks his desk once more, and gets through one or two hours' work before he claims his well-earned sleep. Imagine this sort of thing, with a plentiful admixture of worry and anxiety, going on for three or four months, and there you have what the session is to the Premier. Nor does the rising of Parliament bring leisure to compensate in any degree for this continuous overwork. During the recess Mr Seddon has his hands full. The wonder is that his health has so long held out under this unnatural strain. That nature was bound to protest before long has been prophesied for the last two years. And now that prophecy has been fulfilled. Nature has protested, the doctor has protested, and the voice of the colony is protesting, too. Let us hope Mr Seddon will give some heed to the triple appeal.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

Mr E. Reynolds, who has been selected to represent New Zealand at the World's Cycling Championships, to be held in Paris in September, is well known throughout New Zealand for his consistent brilliant riding. Since 1894 he has carried off one or more of the New Zealand championships each year, and has also placed to his credit a championship of Victoria, and the Five Mile Championship of Australasia. During the past season Mr Reynolds has been riding more brilliantly than ever, and though meeting the cracks of America and Europe under many disadvantages we feel confident that he will give a good account of himself when the struggle for holding the title of world's champion comes to be undertaken. Mr Reynolds sailed for Paris, via "Frisco," in the Mariposa on Monday, being accompanied by Messrs Tierney and Deulin, two well-known Auckland cyclists, who intend competing in some of the principal events to be held in connection with the Exposition.

A DASHING EXPLOIT.

The story of the capture of the train at Springfontein by Captains Pope Hennessey, of the Cape Police, and Gordon Turner (Montmorency's Scouts), the subject of our illustration, proves it to have been one of the most daring and successful exploits of the campaign. Securing a trolley, the two gallant officers trolled from Bethulia until close to Springfontein Station, and under cover of darkness advanced cautiously right on to the platform. In the waiting-room they found six Johannesburg burghers (three Greeks and three Italians) asleep; a few moments sufficed to secure both guns and men. This was barely accomplished when the seventh man (a German) came into the room, and was immediately disarmed and secured.

Captain Gordon Turner stepped out on to the platform, and ran right against the eighth man, also a German, who, when in Turner's powerful grip, meekly consented to relinquish his gun and be escorted into the waiting-room.

A train was standing in the yard, and the two gallant officers quickly interviewed the driver, who was found to be an Englishman with strong pro-Boer proclivities, and inclined to make a fuss. Argument, however, was brought to bear in the shape of a revolver, and the determined look of the two officers soon conveyed to him that resistance was useless, and he consented to their proposals. In a few minutes the engine, with twenty-three trucks, some laden with provisions, guns, and ammunition (mostly Martini-Henry), was gaily steaming to Bethulia, which was reached shortly before midnight, and handed over to General Gatacre, who highly complimented the two gallant officers.

Previous to leaving Springfontein, the two officers interviewed the stationmaster of Springfontein, and with due formality claimed all the buildings, rolling stock, etc., as captured by Gatacre's division.

About three o'clock the next morning the General, with his staff and some men, took train to Springfontein. While engaged in an office about ten minutes after his arrival, General Gatacre heard a voice claiming the station, etc., as his prize. The General and his staff officer thereupon went outside, and came face to face with General Pole-Carew, who had just arrived with the Guards (Foot) Brigade by train from Jagersfontein road. Mutual courtesies were exchanged, and the fact explained that for nearly twelve hours the station had been in occupation of Gatacre's division.

THE COUNCIL OF WOMEN.

The National Council of Women sat in Dunedin last week deliberating and settling a score and more of the knottiest problems of the day. Strange as it may seem, their work in this respect excited little comment on the part of the colony generally, and it was owing to quite another circumstance than the fact that the body had grappled and overthrown a dozen modern hydras that the majority of New Zealanders became aware of its existence. Some pro-Boer sentiments expressed by one or more of the delegates during the discussion on militarism and arbitration—mere obiter dicta of an excitable orator—offended the patriotic soul of Dunedin, and the Mayor, who had promised to take the chair at the Council's conversation on Saturday, wrote intimating that after the opinions expressed he must decline as a loyal British subject to fulfil that promise. Thereupon a deputation from the Council waited on His Worship and explained that the expressions were those of members and that the body as a whole was not committed to any opinion on the present crisis. The Mayor, however, was relentless, and on Saturday before it concluded its deliberations the Council endeavoured to soothe its troubled soul and vindicate itself by passing a unanimous resolution to the effect that "the Council of New Zealand Women strongly feel that as every collective body is subject to individual differences the people of Dunedin should be able to recognise that the utterances of some of the Council's members with regard to the present crisis do not express the convictions of the Council as a whole." Alas and alack, true enough though that may be, I am afraid that such an explanation will not satisfy a pa-

triotic public, which in spite of it will continue to regard the Council as the nidus of disloyalty. On more than one occasion has the body offended the susceptibilities of the community and provoked its ridicule, and its enemies have been lying in wait to denounce it. Now is their opportunity, and they will not fail to take advantage of it.


A THRILLING EXPERIENCE.

Nestling close to other comfortable residences in Featherstone on the Te Wharepouri Creek is the comfortable home of Mrs Peterson. Here a reporter elicited a remarkable story from Mrs Peterson. It related to the daughter of the house, who rejoices in the pretty and uncommon name of Petrea. This young lady, who is about 21 years of age and of prepossessing appearance, subsequently volunteered the following statement.

"When I was 15 I began to suffer with heart palpitation, swollen legs, loss of sleep and appetite, cramps and giddiness. The cramps were so painful that I would scream with pain; often when walking I became giddy and had to catch at something to save myself from falling. Although treated by several clever doctors, my illness increased, and I became a sufferer from pain near the heart. I was so pale and weak that my relatives thought I would die. I noticed a case in the "Evening Post" somewhat similar to mine, which had been cured by Dr. Williams' pink pills, and some were bought for me. After even a few doses I seemed to feel better, and when I had used several boxes the improvement was noticeable. I continued with them until quite cured, and my improved appearance is a subject of remark. My mother has also benefited by Dr. Williams' pink pills, in addition to three of my friends, and as we are always recommending them their popularity in the district is very great."

In almost every neighbourhood a similar case might be heard of, for there is hardly a town where there are not some people, once suffering invalids, who have been restored to health by Dr. Williams' pink pills. The disorders they have cured include paralysis, consumption, bronchitis, rheumatism, sciatica, blood impoverishments, rickets, indigestion, all forms of female weakness, and hysteria. They are a tonic, not a purgative. Substitutes are offered by some few retailers; there is no instance on record in which a substitute has benefited any one. Dr. Williams' pink pills are sold by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Wellington, three shillings per box, six boxes sixteen and six, post free, and by chemists and storekeepers. But mind you ask for Dr. Williams'. The genuine are never loose or in bottles.

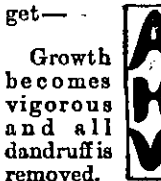
**HAIR** Wealth of hair is wealth indeed, especially to a woman.



Every other physical attraction is secondary to it.

**WEALTH** If your hair is too thin or losing its luster, get—

Growth becomes vigorous and all dandruff is removed.



It always restores to gray or faded hair. Retain your youth; don't look old before your time.

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

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

# Current Comment.

## YOUTH VERSUS AGE.

Writing recently in the "National Review," an Englishman maintains that we are relying too much upon old men, and points out that "the generals who made their names on the side of the North during the Civil War were all young men. Grant was forty when he commanded at Shiloh; Sheridan was thirty-three when he received command of the cavalry of the army of the Potomac; Sherman, one of the very best, if not the best man that the war produced on either side, was only forty-four when he started forth upon his immortal Atlanta campaign. On his side of the South, too, the generals were young by modern standards. "Joe" Johnston was only 52 at the outbreak of the war; Lee was fifty-four; "Jeb" Stuart was twenty-eight; "Stonewall" Jackson thirty-seven. If we turn to our own field army to-day, we shall find that not one of the officers in high command in South Africa is under forty." These are the ages:—

| Age.                     | Age.                  |
|--------------------------|-----------------------|
| Gen. Buller ..... 61     | Gen. Warren .... 80   |
| Gen. Gattore ..... 57    | Gen. White ..... 65   |
| Gen. La. Metzen ..... 53 | Gen. Buller ..... 61  |
| Gen. Clery ..... 62      | Lord Roberts .... 69  |
| Gen. French ..... 48     | Lord Kitchener ... 54 |
| Gen. Kelly-Kenny 60      |                       |

And now let us turn to the men who control the fortunes of the Empire to-day. Their names and their ages are as follows:—

| Age.                         | Age.                |
|------------------------------|---------------------|
| *Lord Salisbury.. 70         | *Duke Devonshire 67 |
| Mr Chamberlain 64            | *Ld. Lansdowne.. 63 |
| *Mr A. Balfour .. 62         | Lord Volsley .. 67  |
| *Mr Goschen .... 60          | Lord W. Kerr .. 60  |
| *Sir M. Hicks-Beach ..... 63 |                     |

\*Members of the Defence Committee.

There is no one under fifty in this "inner circle." The two youngest men in the number are, rightly or wrongly, especially identified with the want of foresight and preparation which has brought the Empire to its present pass. Mr Balfour's speeches show him to have been blind and indifferent to the danger; the plight of our army in South Africa, the half measures, the manifest hesitation, and the tardiness of the despatch of reinforcements, equally condemn Lord Lansdowne.

"Daily News."

## THE EFFECT OF THE WAR ON CRIME.

For many years the best efforts of social reformers have been directed to the consideration of means of diminishing crime. Various theories have been advanced, and different schemes put into execution with this end in view. The routine of prison discipline has been materially altered and the experiment tried of a more humane and considerate line of treatment. All these attempts made so far have proved more or less unsatisfactory, and the problem is regarded as one of those that baffle the shrewdest thinkers. Solutions, however, of such questions, or at least practical solutions, often turn up in the simplest and most unexpected ways. From London we learn that there has been a marked decrease in the number of prisoners at the winter assizes, and in explanation the suggestion is put forward that in consequence of so many men having gone to the war in South Africa employment has been more plentiful, with the result that one of the chief incentives to crime—want of work—has been removed. If this theory can be accepted to account for the satisfactory decrease in crime we must perforce come to the conclusion that in many instances offenders are in a sense more sinned against than sinning—that they have taken up arms against society because society could not provide them with means of earning an honest livelihood. The war in South Africa has been responsible for many important discoveries in various directions; but this of the true relation between crime and work deserves to rank as one of the most striking. In spite of the pleasure which this ingenious theory affords, many will remain sceptical about its soundness and prefer to think that other and more obscure causes are at work to bring about the result which has been observed. Should later investigations, however, support it, then legislators

will have before them the means of effecting a great amelioration of society. All they have to do is to provide work and plenty of it.

## SHOULD THE GOVERNMENT CONTRIBUTE TO RELIEF FUNDS?

It is not surprising (hints the "Otago Daily Times") that many thoughtful people have experienced some difficulty in arriving at a decision on the question whether it is right or desirable that public money should be contributed to the Ottawa Relief Fund—followed now by the further proposal to make a public grant to the Indian Famine Relief Fund. On first thought, at all events, the idea appears to be of a very questionable soundness. The essential value of charity and generosity lies in their spontaneous, voluntary character—in the definite, conscious volition of the giver—and there is precious little conscious volition about a Parliamentary grant. Moreover, apart from this aspect of the question, is Government or Parliament morally justified in using public money for these purposes of outside charity? We are bound to say that, so far as regards the general principle, we think that this question must be answered in the negative; and though we are not inclined seriously to criticise or deprecate the present proposals regarding Ottawa and India, we only refrain from so doing in consideration of the exceptional circumstances of the moment and in the confident hope that the Government's action will not be recognised as a guiding precedent in the future.

## THE DECAY OF GOOD MANNERS.

The want of manner, or rather insistence of manner of the rough-and-ready type in our ordinary detailed every-day life is becoming a distinct bugbear. I do not mean to say (writes a lady signing herself "Mater") that society—men and women of means and culture—forgets itself, and what is expected of its position and dignity at home, but abroad it often degenerates into a rough bully, unwittingly, perhaps, but none the less certainly, simply in its craze for living at high pressure. There are men and, alas! women also, who have reminded me often of express locomotives in full steam, and rushing through life, whether on business or pleasure bent, at the highest possible speed. One dreads to imagine what ordinary men and women will be like in twenty years' time. The "independent" woman, the "new woman" (who invented this terrible title?), is certainly making life a trifle hard for her gentler sisters. Let there be independence, an you will, but without roughness; and gentleness will surely not deteriorate ability for making a way in the world. For my part, I think the remedy of the evil of bad manners is in the hands of our young women. Let them not choke the womanly smile in the masculine tie ordained by Dame Fashion. The tie is chic, and all the more chic, combined with a feminine manner and expression, and safely may a charming woman wear what she will and do whatever work her means and position entail on her, and still remain charming.

## KRUGER'S PEACE PROPOSALS.

Possibly President Kruger is proceeding on the principle of the litigant who fixes his, or her, damages at a preposterous figure, in the hope of getting something. The bargaining instinct is inveterate in the Boer. The dealer who confidently asks £50 for his horse and is glad to take a ten pound note has always been the President's model in matters of diplomacy. He may reason with himself thus: "If I ask for the abrogation of the London Convention, and offer to negotiate on the basis of the status quo ante bellum, I may at least be permitted to retain some partial independence, and at the same time secure credit for showing a spirit of magnanimity and compromise." If that is Mr Kruger's idea, we fear (says the Cape "Argus") that he has failed to grasp the altered conditions

or to realise the sacrifices England and her Empire have made. He has now to face the inexorable logic of events. The sword cannot be sheathed again when its use becomes inconvenient. President Kruger, at the beginning of the war, boasted to a New York yellow journal that he would stagger humanity. He has certainly dealt us some hard knocks. Many a gallant fellow has fallen, and the blood of the sons of the Old Country and of the "native born" stains the South African veldt. England did not enter into this war lightly, or even willingly. It was forced on her, and it is going to be a "fight to a finish." When the fight is over we hope in time to be friends again, but any monstrous artificial peace on the lines suggested by some enthusiasts or fanatics would mean unending trouble for Africa, and an ultimate renewal of the strife. Unconditional surrender is the only message England can accept from the Republics, and for this the Republics have only themselves to thank.

## HOW TO ESTIMATE CASUALTIES.

Colonel F. N. Maude, writing in the "Contemporary Review" for March on "Military Training and Modern Weapons," sets himself to correct some of the fallacies current on the subject of the war. The belief that the breech-loading rifle and smokeless powder are the factors which have revolutionised modern war is, he says, a gross error. The real basis of judgment as to the severity of losses, Colonel Maude points out, is the time in which they were suffered, and not the total amount, and he gives the following table of percentage losses per hour in battles between European combatants:—

| Names of Battles. | Duration in hours. | Percentage of Loss per Hour. |
|-------------------|--------------------|------------------------------|
| Chloris           | 1                  | 4.3                          |
| Jouppes           | 1                  | 4.3                          |
| Austrians         | 1                  | 5.8                          |
| Prussians         | 1                  | 5.8                          |
| Alles             | 2                  | 2.2                          |
| Koenigsberg       | 11                 | 0.3                          |
| Verdun            | 8                  | 1.5                          |
| Gravelotte        | 8                  | 1.1                          |
| Sedan             | 12                 | 0.5                          |
| Plevna            | 12                 | 0.5                          |
| 1st Battle        | 4                  | 7                            |
| 2nd Battle        | 10                 | 2.2                          |
| 3rd Battle        | 6                  | 2                            |
| Modder River      | 30                 | Boers, unknown               |
| Magersfontein     | 17                 | Boers, unknown               |
| Coleoso           | 6                  | Boers, unknown               |

## "DRINKS."

In all classes of society, from the highest to the lowest, there is a pitfall open for young men to fall into, and it is dug by generosity and good nature, and is betrayed by the words, "Come and have a drink." A drink, at all times of the day and night, is an Englishman's idea of hospitality, whether it be an iced whisky-and-soda at the club, or a glass of ale at the hotel.

Occasionally young men feel bound to accept these invitations. It places them in a cheerful, disagreeable light to have to refuse, and yet to accept too often means—if nothing worse—a ruined constitution and a diseased liver—not a very pleasant outfit to start life with.

The great thing to be considered, then, is to be able to refuse, and to refuse gracefully, without giving offence; and the best way to avoid offence is to give a very decided and downright answer. For instance, if a friend asks you into his club for a brandy-and-soda, and you hum-and-ha, and mutter something about being busy, and not having the time, your friend may not unjustly jump at the conclusion that you wish to avoid his company, and a feeling of offence and consequent estrangement will be the result; whereas if you say good-naturedly:

"Delighted to come with you and see you drink, but my head won't stand spirits at midday"; or, "I never drink between meals; it makes me so awfully seedy," or something of that kind—your friend grasps the situation immediately, and there is no feeling of annoyance about it.

Everyone knows young and smart men, and always on evidence, who are either complete water-drinkers or very nearly so, and yet are considered among other young men of their age "first-rate fellows," and "real good sorts"; whereas many a man who drinks a great deal more than is good for him in the course of the day, and accepts and gives endless invitations to have a drink, is but very little esteemed, even by those who the most frequently accept his hospitality.

Fortunately for us times are changed, and to be a hard drinker is no longer considered to be one of the marks of being a well-bred man or a "good fellow"; whereas to have the courage of your opinions helps to gain a man a reputation for being "a good, straight sort of fellow."

## DIVORCE LAWS.

The plaintiff in a recent divorce case said he was told £150 was needed to secure a divorce. "That is one of the many lies told about lawyers," a barrister wailed. Admitting that £40 is the price of a divorce, it may still be said to be the luxury of the classes. It is surely a barbarous system that allows all sorts of people to rush into marriage and then erect barriers to keep in those poor wretches who find that they have committed a serious error of judgment. What good does it do to keep two hopelessly ill-assorted people tied like Kilkenny cats across a line all their lives, when either party might chance to make a happy partner for some one else of more congenial temperaments? Instead of the State, which tied them up for half a crown, sensibly untying them for the same amount on proved incompatibility of temperament, it demands that the man shall maltreat the woman, or become a drunkard, or neglect her for several years; or that the woman shall be unfaithful to the man, and besides these it demands some £10 in hard cash to break the half-a-crown contract, and most of this £10 it hands over to a meddling middleman parasite called a lawyer! No wonder men shrink from marriage where the penalty for making a mistake in their selection of partners is so relentless and irrational. Statistics go to prove that in countries where divorce laws are reasonably easy the marriage rate of that country rises, before wasting money on immigration a sensible Government would first exhaust all the possibilities of breeding its own population.

Since it seems probable that fleas are the principal agents which convey the plague microbe from rats to human beings, I am surprised that some means have not been adopted for ridding us of these small nuisances. I am not up in the natural history of fleas, but have noticed that some places, notably the sandy ground along our sea coast, are more infested with them than others, and I have also noticed that they appear to have a predilection for certain individuals. Of this I have no doubt, as I am unfortunately one of them, I was lately engaged superintending the erection of a building on the sandy soil above referred to, and was driven nearly crazy with fleas. Knowing the aversion that bees and many insects have for the oil of wintergreen (the Oleum gaultheriae of the Pharmacopoeia), I determined to try the effect upon my small persecutors, and a few drops on my stockings had the desired result. As prevention in this manner is far more likely to meet with success than attempts to destroy rats and bacterial infected matter, your readers are welcome to the hint, but I would suggest mixing a little fatty matter with the oil to retard evaporation.

It would doubtless also be found useful in warding off mosquitoes, which are now known to be the agents in spreading malarial fevers. I am, etc.,

C. BATHAM MORRIS,

Member Pharmaceutical Society of New Zealand.

## CHAMBERLAIN AND AUSTRALIA.

The present position of the Commonwealth Bill clearly shows that Australians have their own little fight for Home Rule ahead of them. Chamberlain, the Secretary of State for the Colonies and an Imperial Jingo of Jingo, is the Cheap Jack who plunged England into a South African war to please Rhodes, the capitalistic buccaneer. It seems to delight in dictatorially interfering with a people's right to self-government. He betrayed Gladstone when

that grand old man wanted to grant Home Rule to Ireland. He refused to settle by arbitration the quarrel raised by a gang of egotistical brigands in the Transvaal, with a view to destroying the independence of the two South African Republics. And now he insolently flouts Australians by demanding that they must frame a Federal Constitution to please him and not themselves, and make no secret in his despatches of the fact that in so doing it is the interests of the financial institutions that he is safeguarding. The impudent attitude assumed by this Brummagem statesman in attempting to dictate to Australians how they should govern themselves reminds us of his overbearing attitude towards the Boer Governments and is such that no self-respecting people calling themselves free can honourably tolerate by refusing to agree to Chamberlain's dictatorial amendments, took the right course. However much we may differ amongst ourselves on other matters, there is one point we should all agree on, and that is, that Australia as a nation should insist on the right to work out her own destiny free and unfettered by any outside interference.—"Brisbane Worker."

NEW ZEALAND'S PROSPERITY.

Those who express doubts regarding the genuineness of the Colonial Treasurer's surplus might find reason to adopt a humbler and more correct attitude if they paid a little attention to the statistics of trade. These adverse critics start with the assumption that surpluses at the Treasury are "manufactured," or are produced by some species of financial legerdemain—ignoring the patent fact that a plethoric state of the public purse is but an outward, visible and concrete expression of the general prosperity of the country. The returns just issued by the Department of Trade and Customs, showing the imports and exports of New Zealand for the quarter ended 31st March last, speak eloquently of the prosperous condition of the people. They show that, as compared with the corresponding quarter of 1899 the export trade had increased by £294,000 and the import trade by £453,000—a gain, in round numbers, of a million and a-half sterling, equal to an increase of over 20 per cent. This is a magnificent record, and one that reflects the greatest credit upon the energy, industry and enterprise of our producers and merchants, and upon the enlightened measures adopted by the Administration to encourage increased production and foster the export trade. Enhanced prices and an unusually brisk market for oats account for some of the increase, but it is largely due to greater productivity and to the intelligence displayed, under State guidance, in catering for the world's consumers. Of the total increase in the value of exports, wool is responsible for £400,000, butter for £123,000, oats for £115,000, frozen meat for £80,000, and gold for £30,000—the remaining £200,000 being distributed over a large variety of New Zealand products.

WHY WE CANNOT GET DOMESTICS.

The girl in the mill, factory, or shop lives and works with her equals, comes and goes at certain hours like a man, which in her heart every working woman desires to be, and is then free, while the housewife, or overseer, at whose bidding she works, is generally of the same class as herself, once occupied an analogous position, and even now is not so far above her but that she may hope some day to step into her shoes. In ordinary domestic service this position is reversed. The girl is too much alone, and not enough alone. Too much alone, especially where only one is kept, occupying a solitary inferior position, looked down upon with gentle contempt by her employers, and frequently spoken of as "the slaves" and "four bidds"; and even where the orders are more outwardly considerate the children of the family with the brutal candour of their ages soon make the girl understand that they consider her of an inferior and altogether lower order of flesh and blood than themselves. And, incidentally, where such things are not openly said they are often thought, and the psychic law of telepathy, or thought-transference applies as surely to a servant as to a queen, and when you give your mind credit for inferiority of colour, manner and principle, it will be strange indeed if she does not, to a certain extent, justify your opinion.—Mrs Colton, at the Women's Council.

Minor Matters.

The war is prolific of good stories—pathetic, humorous, wise, and otherwise. Here is one that was told to me the other day.—Two Irishmen were comparing notes. They both had sons at the front, doing honour to the "ould country," and bravely proving the loyalty of Irishmen to their Queen. One asked the other how her boys were doing, and was answered: "Oh, grandly. They are happy as they can be, begorra—shooting Protestants all day long!"

The wounded Tommies on board the yacht Rhouma, at Capetown, which has for the time being been turned into a convalescent home, are a plucky set of fellows and grateful. With every comfort and attention that could be bestowed upon them, the patients on board this floating hospital have, re-lates the Cape "Argus," apparently felt that they must do something in return. They set atninking how they could do this. In true soldierly fashion it was decided that to challenge the crew of the yacht to play a football match was the best way out of the difficulty. For the moment their helpless limbs, wounded bodies, and aching heads were forgotten with the prospect of a tussle in the football field. The challenge was accordingly sent in, but the event has not yet come off. The centre forward still requires the use of crutches, the goalkeeper is badly handicapped with a bandage over one of his eyes, and several of the team still bear unmistakable signs of a rather rougher game than football. However, when once the physician has done his work, should the skipper of the tiny craft be inclined to accept the challenge, there is no doubt that there will be an interesting game for the lovers of the game. Albeit the rope-haulers and brass polishers will find their erstwhile patients a tough lot, and the skipper may have a smart pack to beat them.

A few years ago a large party, headed by the Duke of Norfolk, went on a tour through the Continent. The duke busied himself very much on the journey in a kind-hearted way about the welfare of every one in the party. At every station he used to get out and go round to see if he could do anything for any one. One old woman, who did not know him, when she arrived at last in Rome, tired and hot, found great difficulty in getting a porter. So she seized on the duke. "Now, my good man," she said, "I've noticed you at all these stations loafing about. Just make yourself useful for once in your life. Take my bag and find me a cab." The duke mildly did as he was bid and was awarded a sixpence. "Thank you, madam," he said. "I shall prize this, indeed! It is the first coin I have ever earned in my life."

Northfield, Vermont, has taken a new step in the total abstinence ranks. It has voted that the names of all persons in the town who buy liquor shall be printed in the local newspaper, and if one is refused liquor who has tried to get it that the reason for such refusal also shall be printed. The totalitarians expect that the business of the agency will be very much abridged and it probably will be, but that may mean that persons who really need liquor for proper purposes will go without it. There is something humorous about this method of treating the liquor question—it cannot be called the temperance question, since there is as much intemperance about this as about the other side of the matter. One who lives in a little town in a prohibition district grows to maturity with an idea that a person who takes any kind of liquor for any purpose whatever is utterly without the pale, and when experience throws such an ignorant youth into the world and he sees things so different from what he has been led to believe, the effect is certain to be bad upon him. Those who really wish to teach temperance and to help along the cause of total abstinence would do much better to teach the truth as it is than to teach what they would like to have the truth be but which it is not. A great deal of the teaching which is given for children on the effects of liquor is distinctly untrue. It is a poor cause which cannot stand the whole truth.

The use of watermelons as a post-bag by Boer sympathisers with the prisoners of war at Simonstown was ingenious and novel. But it will no doubt curtail the supply of creature comforts and such little luxuries as may have tended to lighten the tedious and privations which must be a necessary accompaniment of their imprisonment. It proves (says a Cape exchange) how dangerous to the peace of that portion of South Africa is the presence of so large a number of Boers in a district honey-combed with disaffection, and the hiding place of disloyalists, who lack only the opportunity to imitate the example of the mad fools who have selected Kenhardt, Prieska and surrounding districts for their rebellious antics. The folly of locating the Paarlberg prisoners at Green Point was happily prevented in time, and they are instead enjoying the pleasures of St. Helena.

Queer, isn't it, how much more readily one can raise money for a charity if it is mothered by some prominent woman? Also how much more interest there is in the finest display of pictures when some woman known for her wealth, if for nothing more, consents to pour tea. Wasn't it Thackeray who said we are all snobs at heart? I don't believe it, but at times it does look as if that were the fact. However, there are others who take men and women for what they are, regardless of externals. It is what a man is, not what he has, that makes him really count. He proves this when what he has takes wings.

In Arthur Lawrence's new life of Sir Arthur Sullivan, published by Stone, of Chicago, there is this anecdote, told by Sir Arthur himself:—I was travelling on a stage in rather a wild part of California, and arrived at a mining camp, where we had to get down for refreshments. As we drove up the driver said, "They are expecting you here, Mr Sullivan." I was much pleased, and when I reached the place I came across a knot of prominent citizens at the whisky store. The foremost came up to a big, burly man by my side and said, "Are you Mr Sullivan?" The man said no and pointed to me. The citizen looked at me rather contemptuously and after a while said, "Why, how much do you weigh?" I thought this was a curious method of testing the power of a composer, but at once answered, "About one hundred and sixty-one pounds." "Well, said the man, that's odd to me anyhow. Do you mean to say that you gave fits to John S. Blackmore down in Kansas city?" I said, "No, I did not give him fits. He then said, "Well, who are you?" I replied, "My name is Sullivan." "Ain't you John L. Sullivan, the slugger?" I disclaimed all title to that, and told him I was Arthur Sullivan. "Oh, Arthur Sullivan," he said, "Are you the man as put 'Pinafore' together?" rather a gratifying way of describing my composition. I said, "Yes." "Well," returned the citizen, "I am sorry you ain't John L. Sullivan. But still I am glad to see you anyway. Let's have a drink."

Alas! all of them were disappointed. On the decisive day the lady judges looked them all over carefully, and then awarded the two prizes to a gentleman who rejoiced in a magnificent beard, and who had never taken the slightest pains with his moustache, and to a ballet girl, who had put on a man's clothes for the occasion. It is said that the ladies' decision has sadly discomfited, not only the disappointed competitors, but also the barbers, since they naturally fear that this public preference shown for bearded gentlemen is almost certain to hurt their trade.

A certain Dunedin lady is rather proud of her four-year-old son, who, if the truth must be told, has matters pretty much his own way. Freddy, as we will call him (says the "Star"), is never thoroughly happy unless he has something of value entrusted to him—for the youngster has an exalted opinion of his acuteness. The other day, while accompanying his mother on a shopping excursion, Freddy was made happy by being allowed to carry the purse. After an inspection of two or three shop-win-

dows, the lady asked Freddy for the purse. He handed it over without a murmur—a circumstance that struck the mother as being rather odd. As it happened, the lady had not been in possession of the purse many minutes before one of the light-fingered fraternity relieved her of it. She was not aware of her loss until she put her hand in her pocket to pay for some goods. "Good gracious!" she ejaculated, "my purse has gone! Whatever shall I do?" To the surprise of the tradesman, as well as the lady, Freddy dived his hand into his pocket and produced a number of coins. "I wanted to carry somefin", maama," he explained, "so I kept the money." Freddy's desire to "carry somefin" had saved his mother five or six pounds, and had, no doubt, slightly disappointed the pickpocket.

It is not generally known that, in spite of the warm liking he inspires in those above and under him, some of Colonel Hector Macdonald's dusky Soudanese once mutinied against him. His regiment had to make long forced marches under the fierce desert sun, and the conditions were so hard that the men became mutinous. One day Macdonald overhauled two or three of the native soldiers saying, "Wait till the next fight, and I will take care that this slave-driver of a colonel does not come out alive. I myself will shoot him." Macdonald at once called a halt and sternly ordered the culprits to step out from the ranks. Facing them he cried, "Now, you are the men who are going to shoot me in the next fight. Why wait so long? Why not do it now? Here I am, shoot me—if you dare!" The rebels gnawed their arms in sullen silence. "Why don't you shoot?" asked their colonel. "Because you don't seem to care whether you die or not," and that reluctant answer explained the secret of Macdonald's power over half-savage soldiers. There was no more grumbling, and the same men, and others like them, followed him devotedly through the battles of Gematrah, Tskri, Afafit, Ferkah, Athara and Omdurman.—"Collier's Weekly."

Assuredly we live in strange times, when, if a man wants to push himself into the front ranks, he must, as Yankees put it, bustle. A young commercial recently on a business trip, happened to stop for a couple of days in —. He wanted to get some advertising, and had read about the "king of the dunes." He had £2 to spare, and he accordingly went to a bargain sale at which they had a lot of last summer socks at a shilling a pair. He spent the money on these things, and went out of the way to get the loudest effects in the place. Then he spent the day in the corridor of the hotel sitting in a conspicuous place showing off the socks. He would wear a pair for about twenty minutes, go to his room, change, and coming down, show off another design for about the same time. He did this for almost ten hours, and naturally attracted quite a good deal of attention, but he could not break into the newspapers. The only recognition he got was from the lady clerk, who, when he was paying his bill, said: "You ought to patent that invention." "What's that?" asked the sock man, with an anticipatory smile, as he expected something complimentary about his scheme. But the beauty crushed him with the query: "Don't you do that for cold feet?"

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 For Jap. From Stores, Chemists, &c. In Throughout the Colony.





WANGANUI JOCKEY CLUB'S WINTER MEETING.

WANGANUI, Friday.

The following weights have been declared for the Wanganui Steeplechase meeting...

Wanganui Steeplechase: Plain Hill 12.2, Blackberry 11.0, Kihino 11.3, Blackbutt 11.2, Whangaroa 11.0, Dentist 10.10, Light 10.5, etc.

Flying Handicap: Tupihū 9.0, Chasseur 8.5, Home Field 8.12, Sundial 8.12, Jaxon 8.6, etc.

Suburban Steeplechase: Blackberry 11.12, Whangaroa 11.0, Dentist 11.0, Berleross 10.7, etc.

The following weights have been declared for the Wanganui Steeplechase meeting...

First Hack Flat: Taylor 8.1, Brillantine 8.7, Val-Hill 8.5, Mazon 8.3, Com 8.6, etc.

First Hack Hurdles: Mapani 10.9, Wheta 10.7, Amethyst 9.12, Blue Rose 9.6, etc.

Hunters' Hurdles: Wheta 12.0, Epmont 11.7, Amethyst 11.4, Kaiwhakira 10.9, etc.

DUNEDIN JOCKEY CLUB'S WINTER MEETING. DUNEDIN, Saturday.

The following acceptances have been received in connection with the Dunedin Jockey Club's winter meeting...

Hurdle Race, 1 1/2 miles: Des 13.1, Voltair 10.7, Walker 10.5, The Fly 10.0, etc.

Hack Handicap, 6 furlongs: Par Niente 8.0, Witches 7.8, La Reina 7.2, etc.

Winter Hurdles Handicap, 7 furlongs: Nihilist 9.12, Vandyke 9.6, etc.

Winter Hurdles Handicap, 7 furlongs: Nihilist 9.12, Vandyke 9.6, etc.

Winter Hurdles Handicap, 7 furlongs: Nihilist 9.12, Vandyke 9.6, etc.

Winter Hurdles Handicap, 7 furlongs: Nihilist 9.12, Vandyke 9.6, etc.

Winter Hurdles Handicap, 7 furlongs: Nihilist 9.12, Vandyke 9.6, etc.

Winter Hurdles Handicap, 7 furlongs: Nihilist 9.12, Vandyke 9.6, etc.

Winter Hurdles Handicap, 7 furlongs: Nihilist 9.12, Vandyke 9.6, etc.

Winter Hurdles Handicap, 7 furlongs: Nihilist 9.12, Vandyke 9.6, etc.

Winter Hurdles Handicap, 7 furlongs: Nihilist 9.12, Vandyke 9.6, etc.

Winter Hurdles Handicap, 7 furlongs: Nihilist 9.12, Vandyke 9.6, etc.

Winter Hurdles Handicap, 7 furlongs: Nihilist 9.12, Vandyke 9.6, etc.

Winter Hurdles Handicap, 7 furlongs: Nihilist 9.12, Vandyke 9.6, etc.

game was to a great extent confined to the forwards, and in this department the two teams were fairly well matched...

NOTES.

NEWTON V. GRAFTON.

There was little or no brilliant individual play shown in this match, though an exception should perhaps be made in the case of Kiernan, the Grafton centre-half...

Imperials v. Hobson.—After a well-contested game Imperials won by 4 points to nil. For the winners D. Green kicked a goal from the field.

PONSONBY V. PARNELL.

From a spectator's point of view, there was nothing especially interesting in this match, which was a hard fought and most even one from start to finish...

CITY V. NORTH SHORE.

This game being confined to a great extent to the forwards, was not a particularly exciting one for spectators. At times, however, when City got the ball out to the backs, the game livened up considerably...

The Shore backs, as a whole, did not give a good exhibition, and their kicking especially was weak. The forwards, however, proved very strong, and quite held their own.

SECOND FIFTEENS.

City v. Ponsobny.—City won by 13 to nil. Scott and Brown each scored tries. Scott kicked a penalty goal, and converted a try.

Parnell v. Newton.—This match ended in a draw, each side scoring a try. Strong scored for Parnell, and Clark for Newton.

Suburbs v. Grafton.—Suburbs won easily by 17 to nil. Murray scored two tries and Austin and Cauley also scored.

THIRD FIFTEENS.

City A v. Suburbs.—City won by default. City B v. Newton.—City won by 9 to 3.

Ponsobny A v. Ponsobny B.—The B team won by 9 to 0.

Grafton III. v. Suburbs A.—This was played at Ellerslie, and resulted in an easy win for Grafton by 15 to 3.

Imperials v. Hobson.—After a well-contested game Imperials won by 4 points to nil.

Clarence II. v. Pirates II.—This match was played at Steppay Grounds and resulted in a win for Clarence by 27 to nil.

Roseberry v. White Star.—After a well-contested game Roseberry won by four points to three.

Clarence v. Victoria Rifles (No. 1).—This match was played at Arch Hill on Saturday last, and resulted in an easy win for Clarence by 22 points to nil.

Warriors v. Onehunga (at Otahuhu).—This match resulted in a win for Warriors by 15 to nil.

Native Star v. Red Rose.—The former won by 10 to nil.

AUCKLAND PUBLIC SCHOOLS' RUGBY UNION. SEASON'S FUTURES.

The draw for the Public Schools Championships is as under: "A" SECTION (12 SCHOOLS).

May 10.—Napier-street v. Mount Eden, Nelson-street v. Richmond Road, Grafton

v. Devonport, Beresford-street v. Wellesley-street, Ponsobny v. Newton East, Onehunga v. Parnell.

May 20.—Mount Eden v. Richmond Road, Parnell v. Ponsobny, Napier-street v. Onehunga, Grafton v. Newton East, Devonport v. Beresford-street, Nelson-street v. Wellesley-street.

June 2.—Napier-street v. Ponsobny, Mount Eden v. Onehunga, Parnell v. Grafton, Wellesley-street v. Richmond Road, Beresford-street v. Newton East, Nelson-street v. Devonport.

June 9.—Napier-street v. Grafton, Onehunga v. Richmond Road, Mount Eden v. Ponsobny, Beresford-street v. Parnell, Nelson-street v. Newton East, Wellesley-street v. Devonport.

June 16.—Wellesley-street v. Newton East, Nelson-street v. Parnell, Devonport v. Richmond Road, Grafton v. Ponsobny, Mount Eden v. Grafton, Napier-street v. Beresford-street.

June 23.—Napier-street v. Nelson-street, Mount Eden v. Grafton, Ponsobny v. Richmond Road, Wellesley-street v. Parnell, Devonport v. Newton East.

June 30.—Newton East v. Richmond Road, Parnell v. Devonport, Ponsobny v. Grafton, Mount Eden v. Nelson-street, Napier-street v. Wellesley-street, Onehunga v. Beresford-street.

July 7.—Onehunga v. Nelson-street, Grafton v. Richmond Road, Newton East v. Parnell, Ponsobny v. Beresford-street, Wellesley-street v. Mount Eden, Napier-street v. Devonport.

July 14.—Napier-street v. Newton East, Ponsobny v. Nelson-street, Onehunga v. Wellesley-street, Grafton v. Beresford-street, Mount Eden v. Devonport, Parnell v. Richmond Road.

July 21.—Beresford-street v. Richmond Road, Grafton v. Nelson-street, Onehunga v. Devonport, Ponsobny v. Wellesley-street, Mount Eden v. Newton East, Napier-street v. Parnell.

July 28.—Mount Eden v. Parnell, Napier-street v. Richmond Road, Onehunga v. Newton East, Beresford-street v. Nelson-street, Grafton v. Wellesley-street, Ponsobny v. Devonport.

There will be only one round in the "A" competition this year. Delegates must certify to the secretary before the competitions begin that the players comply with conditions set forth in the rules of the union.

"B" SECTION (FIVE SCHOOLS). First Round.

May 19.—Bayfield v. Epsom, Newmarket v. Wellesley-street, Chapel-street by.

May 28.—Bayfield v. Newmarket, Chapel-street v. Wellesley-street, Epsom by.

June 7.—Bayfield v. Chapel-street, Epsom v. Newmarket, Wellesley-street by.

June 14.—Bayfield v. Wellesley-street, Epsom v. Chapel-street, Newmarket by.

June 21.—Epsom v. Wellesley-street, Newmarket v. Chapel-street, Bayfield by.

OHINEMURI RUGBY UNION. The Cup matches in connection with the Ohinemuri Rugby Union commenced on Saturday, when Paeroa played Karangahake, and Waikino met Waitekauri.

PAEROA V. KARANGAHAKE. This match was played at Mackaytown, the following being the teams: Paeroa: Full-back, McPike; three-quarters, Hobbs, Shaw, Beere; five-eighths, Bromwich; half, D. Shaw; forwards, Niccol, Hudson, Chamberlain, Sorensen (3), Lovell, Dean, Pennell. Karangahake: Full-back, Deau; three-quarters, McLean, Hill, Johnson; five-eighths, Rookley; half, Houghton; forwards, Smith, Montgomery, West-erne, White, Meagher, Douglas, J. McGuire, Capper, Casley. The Paeroa

FOOTBALL.

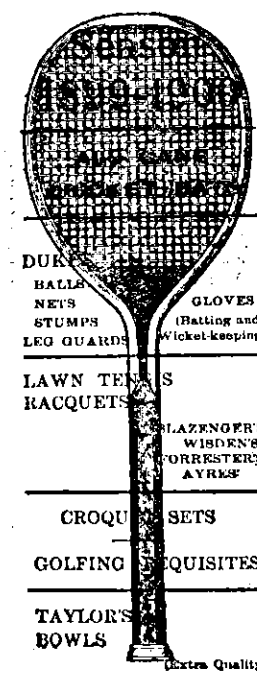
Saturday was almost a perfect day for football, cold but fine, and if the opening day of the 1900 season only proves to be the forerunner of many more such beautiful afternoons the players and spectators will have little to grumble at, provided, of course, good football ensues.

Taking into consideration that most of the clubs were playing their first match of the season, the play shown was distinctly good, and looking at the results of the various games, the different teams promise to be much more evenly matched than was generally anticipated.

At Potter's the match that excited most attention was the one between Newton and Grafton, which was played in front of the stand. Most people fancied that the former team would prove more than a match for their opponents. Such, however, was not the case, and although Newton proved victorious, it was only by the narrow margin of a goal to a try, and had the back turned the other way I fancy Grafton would just about have got home. Winning the toss was certainly a great advantage to the victors, as they had the advantage of playing with the wind and sun in their favour in the first spell, and when winds were changed the wind had dropped considerably and the sun had disappeared behind the clouds.

The second senior match at Potter's was that between Ponsobny and Parnell, and it very even game resulted. Neither team was successful in crossing their opponents' line, and Ponsobny won by a penalty goal, an exceedingly fine kick. The match could hardly be called an exciting one, and the standard of play was not of the highest order, but both teams should show improvement later on.

At North Shore the local team was pitted against City, and though they made a gallant fight of it they suffered a rather decided reverse. The



E. PORTER & CO., Queen and High Streets, AUCKLAND. YOUTH All-Canes CRICKET BATS, 6/6, 8/6, 7/6. WISDEN'S Man's, 10/6, 12/6, 15/6, 18/6, 21/6. CRAWFORD'S Patent Excelsior. WARSPOR'S Superior, 22/6; Selected, 27/6. DARK'S Cork Handle, 22/6. GROVE'S Compressed Treble Rubber, 17/6. DUKES BALLETS, 2/6, 10/6. Special, Match, and Gut-Sewn, 4/6, 6/6, 7/6, 8/6. Eclipse and Compo., 1/0, 1/6, 2/6, 3/6. LFC GUARDS—Skeleton, Rip and Gold Caps. Batting and Wicket-keeping GLOVES. BURREY SHIELDS. NETS. TENNIS RACQUETS—E.G.M., Demon, and Demon Special. Job Disc. V. Wood. Special and Selected Champion Club. Match Standard. Unicolor. Alliance. AYRES' Elongator and Press. SLAZENGER'S Best TENNIS BALLS. FORRESTER'S Faultless Ball (Guaranteed). FORRESTER'S Champion Under-sewn. MARKERS. NETS and NET WINDERS. GRIP-FALL HANDLES. BALL CASES. MARKING PINS. PRESSES.

team consisted largely of juniors D. Shaw being one of last year's second juniors. Nevertheless, he was the hero of the game, playing splendidly at half. Beere and Rockley, respectively, for Paeroa and Karangahake, played well amongst the backs, but the rest were only fair. Karangahake won by 16 points to nil, McLean, Rockley, Smith and Houghton scoring tries, two of which were converted by McLean. The game was slow and uninteresting, especially in the first spell, when Karangahake only scored one try on the call of time. Mr R. Jones was referee.

The Waitekauri-Waikato match, at Waikato, resulted, after a close contest, in a win for Waitekauri by 3 points to nil. Keating scored the try. Mr J. Macdonald was referee.

The junior match, Paeroa v. Karangahake resulted in an easy win for the latter by 9 points (3 tries) to nil. Bush, Shepherd, and Rae each scored tries.

The other junior fixture, Waitekauri v. Waikato, was won by the former by 6 points to nil. Hattan scored 2 tries for Waitekauri. Mr C. Johnson was referee.

The champion five-eights, Olly Reilly, arrived here yesterday, and will play for Karangahake, which club promises to be very difficult to beat this year.

WELLINGTON.

The following matches for the Rugby Senior Championship took place on Saturday.—Poneke versus Oriental resulted in a tie, each team scoring nine points. Neither side could claim any signal advantage. In the last stages of the play for the winners, Roberts played finely, showing excellent defence, while Davis shaped well behind the scrum. McAnally, Mann, O'Brien, Wilkinson and Reedy (wing) did good service in the vanguard. Bush was far and away the best back on the Oriental side, and Wylie, Dixon, Skelton, and Ritchie did good forward service. In the match Petone versus Wellington, the former won by 13 points to 6. The Wellingtonians, however, sustained serious loss through Buchanan, their crack three-quarter, being incapacitated and having to leave the field at an early stage of the game. All the Petone backs did yeoman service, especially Woods and Barber. Judd, Bate and Chambers were the best of the forwards. The yellow backs need no comment, except that they displayed some excellent defensive work. Kember was the best forward on the ground, his attacking and defence play being excellent. Of the others Leveridge in the pack, and Thompson in the open, were best. Melrose beat Old Boys by nine points to nil. The winners played with more than usual vigour, and at times the play was somewhat rough, and there was a good deal of off-side play which escaped the notice of the referee. The play exhibited by the Old Boys did not come up to expectations, but this was due in a great measure to the fast forward play of the winners.

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL.

WELLINGTON.

In the senior ranks Rovers and Swifts played a match at Miramar, the former winning by 3 goals to nil. Throughout the first spell the game was lively, the Rovers showing smart forward play, their opponents' passing being somewhat loose. In the second half of the game the Swifts maintained a fairly consistent attack, and for a long time kept their opponents penned, but they sacrificed several fine chances by poor shooting.

LACROSSE.

The season was opened on Saturday with a very successful tournament, and the gathering of spectators, considering the unfavourable afternoon, was distinctly good. Six clubs were represented, the first match to be decided being that between Suburbs and Parnell. This proved a much closer battle than was expected, Parnell succumbing by one goal to nil.

North Shore and Grey Lynn were the next to meet. The former carried on a strong attack, and seemed certain to score, but the defence proved too sound. Close on time Bradley got a goal through the posts for Grey Lynn, and thus gave the victory to his side.

A very keen game was the upshot of the encounter between Grafton and Ponsonby. Noton got in one for his side, but this was more than neutralised by Grafton, for whom Atkinson and Hill registered goals.

The winners of this beat accordingly had a bye, while Suburbs and Grey Lynn tried conclusions. Out of this the former came victorious by one goal to nil.

Much interest naturally centred in the tussle for the final between Suburbs and Grafton. Both teams gave a fine exposition, a very even go being the result. Towards the close of play the Grafton defence men got out of place, leaving a splendid opening for Suburbs to score, and this they were able to do despite Kallender's efforts to avert, the reds thus winning the round.

At the close of the tournament Mr David Goldie, the Mayor of Auckland, presented the trophies (kindly donated by Mr Kohn) to the Suburbs team, in the course of his speech promising the victors in the season's championship a handsome banner.

During the afternoon a number of ladies supplied tea to those present on the stand, and their efforts in this direction came in for the most cordial appreciation. Considering the wintry state of the weather the "opening" must be considered a most successful function.

CRICKET.

AUCKLAND WINS THE THIRD GRADE CHAMPIONSHIP.

The final between Auckland III, and Wakefield for the third grade honours was concluded on Saturday afternoon on the Domain. Auckland had twelve runs to get and seven wickets to fall. They won the match by six wickets. Broadfoot (12 not out), Nolan (10 not out), Court (13) and Philson (9), batted well in Auckland's second innings. For Wakefield J. Walker and P. Edwards howled well. This match concludes the cricket season.

GOLF NOTES.

(By Bogey.)

On Saturday, the 12th inst., the Bogey match for Dr. Stuart Reid's prize was played. The weather was perfect, but the links were a trifle soft after the recent heavy rains, although the greens were by no means slow. There was what is known as "golfer's paralysis" in the air—in other words, the display of golf was, with the exception of that of the winner (Mr. Bamford) only of a very poor order. Mr. Bamford finished one up on his opponent with a handicap of 8 strokes, and his card shows that he was playing a very steady and occasionally a somewhat brilliant game. I think this is the first time Mr. Bamford has score a win, which is due perhaps to the fact that he has never received very lenient treatment at the hands of the handicappers. The next best cards shown in were those of Messrs Hogg and A. B. Lawrence, who were each 3 down to Bogey. Both these gentlemen state they have a grievance against a well-known member of the Club (who is also a bit of a wag), who informed them towards the end of their game, that he had finished 6 up on Bogey. Thinking that they had no chance of winning the competition, they played the last few holes carelessly, and were very wroth to find that this self-same wag had actually finished 6 down to Bogey. It is, I regret to say, a common practice for players to give wrong information as to the result of their game. I think this practice should be put down with a strong hand, although I am also of opinion that no competitor ought to ask another competitor the state of his card till he has finished his own match, for if he receive information it may give him an advantage over anybody who has not had an opportunity of obtaining it. There were a number of informal cards handed in, and I would again remind members that cards must be signed by the scorer, with the result shown on the card, and then the player must countersign the card.

Before closing this week's notes I would like to record an amusing incident that occurred on the links a few days ago. A player drove his ball into the forest at he forest hole, and after searching for it for a few minutes eventually espied it in a clump of grass. He called for his "heavy iron" in his well-known deep bass voice, and addressed his ball in his own peculiar and inimitable style. The ball not being sufficiently "feed" caused the player to miss it altogether, much to the amusement of the two caddie boys and his opponent.

Nothing daunted he approached the little white sphere once again with a wild, wicked look in his eye. At this, second attempt, the heavy iron carried off before it, the ball flying away in various pieces, and still the caddies and the opponent appeared convulsed with merriment. The striker, somewhat dazed and ruffled in his temper, turned to his caddie and said "Where the d— is the ball, anyhow?" The reply was, "Please, sir, it was a mushroom."

On Thursday the committee of the A.L.G.C. held a meeting to make final arrangements for the championship meeting this week. It was decided to play the championship on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday (the Auckland Golf Club having kindly given the ladies permission to play on that day), and Friday. The handicaps, approach, and putting competition commences on Tuesday at 2.30. The handicap doubles take place on Thursday, and on Friday, besides the championship final, there will be the driving competition, the putting competition, and the presentation of prizes by the president. There are 10 entries for the championship, and on Monday Mrs Colbeck plays off against Miss Shuttleworth, and Miss M. Wilkins against Miss L. Gillies.

Great regret is felt throughout the Club that Mrs W. Bloomfield has been obliged to retire from all events.

On Thursday seven new members—Miss K. Lennox, Miss T. Baddeley, Mrs T. Hutcheson, Miss M. Puresha, Mrs Stafford Walker, and Miss G. Russell—were elected playing members, and Miss M. Auckland was elected an hon. member.

The enlarged Ngamotu Links, New Plymouth, now available, with a fine complement of 18 holes, over some rather difficult country, including a running stream, which has already proved the death of innumerable balls, and the birth of a considerable quantity of unparliamentary language, have been pronounced by a St. Andrew's authority to be as nearly perfect, when the greens are in a little better order, as can be found in the North Island.

On the last two holidays there were most of the players present, especially the ladies, who are competing for Mrs J. Weston's trophy. Mr Standish, Mr D. Wood, and Dr. Walker (captain) have also contributed trophies. The best scores so far have been by the 18 holes: Dr. Walker, 87; Mr W. Todd, Aberfoyle (Scotland) Club, 91; and Mr Pallen, 92.

The following is clipped from "The Australasian":—

The Hon. Treasurer of the Auckland Golf Club writes a very fair letter to "Golf Illustrated," re their mistake of calling Mr J. D. Howden Champion of Australasia. This mistake has occurred in other papers, but I have never corrected it, as I thought most golfers knew the real facts of the case. I need not say that Mr J. D. Howden has never claimed to be the Champion of Australasia, but only Champion of Victoria. A few words relative to the championship will be interesting, and enable the matter to be clearly understood. In 1892 and 1893 some Adelaide golfers came over to Melbourne for the Cup, and played over the Caulfield course. It occurred to the R.M.G.C. it would be a nice thing if an inter-colonial contest could take place then, and it also seemed as if Melbourne at Cup time was the only time and place at which it was possible to get inter-colonial players together. Accordingly the Hon. sec. wrote to the principal clubs in Sydney, Adelaide, and New Zealand about it, giving the above reasons, and received letters from Sydney, Adelaide, and several New Zealand clubs agreeing to its being considered the Championship of Australasia, and the said clubs also sent players to play for it. The R.M.G.C. provided a cup called the Victorian Golf Cup, to be held by the winner. After some years the other clubs got stronger, and the Royal Sydney suggested that the championship should be played on alternate links. To this the R.M.G.C. at once agreed, as it was only held on this course for the general convenience. A Union was formed, and it was decided to play for it for the first time under the new conditions in Sydney. This was done in May last year, when Mr Gillies, of New Zealand, won after a good contest with Mr H. A. Howden. At the time of the alteration, however, it was agreed that the R.M.G.C. should have a Victorian Championship the same as New South Wales have, and that the Victorian Golf Cup should now become the prize for that. It was this prize which Mr J. D. Howden won,

so that although he won the prize which had hitherto carried the Championship of Australasia, it now only carries the Championship of Victoria.

The ex-Champions of Australasia are—1894, Mr L. A. Whyte, Geelong (V.C.); 1895, Mr R. A. A. Ballour, Melbourne, R.M.G.C.; 1896, 1897, and 1898, Mr H. A. Howden, R.M.G.C.

WANGANUI GOLF CLUB.

May 10.

The showery weather of the last fortnight has vastly improved the turf, and the putting greens are now in good order. The match with Palmerston, which was to have been played on Saturday last, comes off on the 12th. The alteration was made at the request of the Palmerston Club, who purpose bringing up six or eight players. We do not anticipate such an easy win as we had last year when Wanganui inflicted a crushing defeat of 33 to 1. Indeed, though we expect the match will be a close one, we shall not be surprised to have the tables completely turned on us. Anyhow the match is sure to be as enjoyable as its predecessors.

The work of top-dressing and turfing the greens is now completed, and the renovation of teeing grounds is now proceeding. It is unlikely that we shall be able to extend our links to 18 holes this year.

The ladies are in strong force this year, having a membership of over 60. They have not yet shown, however, any great vigour in practice. A combined foursome was arranged for Wednesday, 9th inst., but owing to showery weather had to be postponed, as no ladies turned up.

The second monthly competition, a Bogey match, was played last Saturday, May 5th. There was an excellent entry of 21, but, though the weather was perfect, the scoring was poor, largely owing no doubt to the temporary greens which, not themselves bad, have very rough approaches. Time only allowed a 12-hole round to be played, and the winner was found in E. B. Heywood, who with a handicap of 10, was four up. Mr Heywood is an improving player and well deserves his success. Dr. Saunders, also with 10, was three up, played much more steadily than usual; F. Heatherly, with the limit of 24, was 2 up. The following were close up:—J. D. Grey (2), 1 down; H. B. Taylor (10), 1 down; 1. Sauters (scratch), 2 down; J. Harold (owe 4), 3 down; H. B. Watson (2), 3 down; D. Meldrum (scratch), 3 down; and S. T. Fitzherbert (2), 3 down.

Entries for the local tournament close on Saturday, May 19th.

FOOZLER.

WELLINGTON.

We are sorry that more of our men have not been able to get away for the championship at Dunedin. However, we hope that Arthur Duncan, Ken Duncan, and Jackson, who will be there, will bring back some prizes. As far as Wellington is concerned, May is rather early for the championship. Some of us take a long time to get into form, and find that at the beginning of the season we never know if we are going to play a decent game or not. Malcolm Ross and E. Pearce have been playing well in our local competitions.

Miss Githa Williams leaves for a lengthy visit to England. If she gets good coaching there we expect to hear of her again in the golfing circles.

There has been great excitement lately over a house match. Webster was captain of one side and Coom of the other. Coom's side won by two holes.

We were glad to see Mr Gillies on the links on Tuesday.

CHRISTCHURCH, May 2.

There was a very large entry for the first monthly medal competition of the season, which was played on Hagley Park last Saturday. The greens were a little bit rough, and the scoring was consequently on the high side. Mr R. Kito won the medal for the best gross score, while the handicap fell to Mr H. H. Pitman, the limit man. Curiously enough, limit men occupy the first and the last positions on the list. On the

whole the handicappers did their work very well. It is always hard to handicap well at the beginning of the season. It was very gratifying to see such a large entry, and considerable enthusiasm was displayed by those competing. The following are the scores:—

Table with 3 columns: Name, Gross score, Handicap, Net score. Lists names like H. H. Pittman, C. G. Bridges, J. F. Miles, etc.

During the week Mr O'Rorke handed in the fine score of 79, which is evidence of the fact that he is rapidly getting into form, and if the Auckland contingent at the Championship will be small, it promises to be very strong. I fancy he would have done much better in the Medal Competition on Saturday, had it not been for the fact that his mate did not turn up, and he had to play with a long handicap man, which is nearly always disconcerting to a good player, as he has nothing to play up to.

CHRISTCHURCH, May 9.

The first Foursome Saturday was an unqualified success, a very large number of players, turning up, and some very good and close games resulted. The new members seemed to appreciate the attention they received, and several of them performed very creditably. The Committee took upon themselves the responsibility of arranging the games on this occasion, in order that the disaster of four duffers going round by themselves should not take place. The result was satisfactory, as everyone was provided for. In future, however, members will arrange their own foursomes.

The Championship Meeting is now close upon us, and the representatives from Christchurch will probably be Messrs Wilder and W. Harman. There is a bare possibility that Mr Kitto may be able to get away, but he is very doubtful. It is to be regretted that a stronger team (numerically speaking) could not have gone to Dunedin, but the time of the year does not seem to suit a great many members. I hope to hear that the team, though small, has rendered a good account of itself.

NIBLICK.

BOWLING.

(By No Bias.)

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

MOUNT EDEN, BOWLING CLUB.

The following games were played on Saturday. A rink from the Ponsbury Club being present played a friendly game against the home club, and proved victorious:—

- No. 1 Rink: I. Stewart, J. Buchanan, G. Court, A. Touche (skip), 27. G. Brier, J. Dooly, E. H. Ross, C. G. Brookes (skip), 18.
No. 2 Rink: Esom, Owen, Kight, Coe (skip), 23. V. Triggs, K. Southbrook, Ferguson, Hopper (skip), 13.
No. 3 Rink: Hades, Rendell, Garland (skip), 22. V. Mahony, Shepherd, Hudson (skip), 22.

PRESENTATION.

Mr J. Kirker, president of the Auckland Bowling Association, accompanied by Mr J. Blades, the indefatigable secretary, and other bowlers, visited the Mount Eden green for the purpose of presenting the champion of champions (Mr C. G. Brookes) with the trophy attached to this great bout. In making the presentation the president referred at some length to the history and development of bowling, and expressed the hope that next year there would be more inter-club contests, which were productive of so much good fellowship, friendly feeling, and esprit de corps. Speaking more particularly with regard to the championship recently concluded, Mr Kirker stated that the contest had been fought out in the most friendly spirit, and with consider-

able skill, which elicited the warm applause of those who witnessed the game. Mr Brookes had worthily maintained his position as a first-class bowler, and for himself he had a feeling of special satisfaction that the championship had fallen to one who took such an active part in the management of a club. The trophy, which consisted of a handsome silver teapot, sugar-basin, and cream-jug, with the following inscription: "Auckland Bowling Association Champion of Champions, 1905-1906," won by C. G. Brookes, was then handed to Mr Brookes, who expressed his thanks for the kind words said of him, and stated that his pleasure in winning the position was greatly enhanced by the fact that he represented the youngest club.

Mr Mahony, the club's president, in proposing success to the Bowling Association, paid a high tribute of admiration to Mr Kirker for the manner in which he had fulfilled the duties of principal executive officer, more particularly with regard to the great success of the tournament held last February, the toast being heartily responded to.

Mr Kirker in replying stated that he himself was more the figure-head, and that the success referred to must be credited to the proper officer, Mr Blades, the much-esteemed secretary.

NAPIER.

On the Queen's Birthday, which is to be the last day of the season, the Napier Bowling Club will play a match against the Hastings and Bluff Hill Clubs on the Napier Green. Messrs Cherry, Platford, Runciman and Parsonson won the final match in the Rink Tournament, and will thus receive Mr Lurge's trophy. The remaining rinks will compete for second place. The following were the scores last week:—

Winners: Cherry, Platford, Runciman, Parsonson (skip), 23. v Losers: Morton, J. P. Smith, Revans, Stubbs (skip), 17.

Winners: Balfour, Hodgson, Morrison, Dinwiddie (skip), 25. v Losers: Bristy, Fielder, Lurge, Lucas (skip), 16.

Winners: Evans, Lockwood, Taylor, Faulkuor (skip), 20. v Losers: W. H. Cooper, Gilberd, W. Smith, Newman (skip), 14.

Kennel and Field.

(By "Tui.")

The dog, in life the firmest friend. The first to welcome, foremost to defend. —Byron.

WHISPERS OF THE FANCY.

It is in recognition of the increasing interest in kennel matters that this column is included in the "Graphic." Items of interest, such as whelpings, importation of pedigree stock, dates of shows, schedules, photographs, and performances in the field, will receive notice if addressed to "Tui," Kennel and Field Column, "N.Z. Graphic."

One day last week I visited an auction room not many miles from town to witness the sale of several dogs, being curious as to the quality offered, and prices they would realise. The bidding started in shillings for a Setter (English) who according to the auctioneer would retrieve anything. Two gentlemen were particularly prominent in the bidding, with the result that it soon amounted to pounds, the dog eventually being sold for three pounds odd. The auctioneer remarked when it was being taken away, that the purchaser had secured a bargain and an animal that would retrieve anything. A person in the room said quietly, "I've known that dog for a long time, and I'll swear he'll never retrieve the three pounds just paid for him." The remark greatly amused those who heard it. This incident is only one of many purchases made in the dark. Buyers go to these places for a cheap dog, and take everything for granted they hear of those offered for sale. A fancier who imports and breeds good stock, which he sells at a reasonable figure, is ignored, and his dogs pass as inferior to those without a pedigree, and of uncertain breed.

Mr G. V. Edgecombe's fine little Irish Terrier bitch "Lady Nora," visited Mr Blair's "Blarney Judge" last week. Lady Nora took second honours in the puppy class at the last Auckland K.C. Show, when Waipawa Con won.

Mr T. Shewring has a capital litter of Foxterriers by Auckland Charlie—Auckland Daisy. There are three dog pups in the litter, all of which have been secured by admirers of the breed.

I learn on good authority that Waipawa Con, the Irish Terrier that had such a good season last year on the Show bench, will be a competitor at the Auckland K.C. Show in August.

The death is recorded at Home of the famous Irish Terrier Mutton—Iris. It is thought that Iris never got over the

effect of being buried in a rat hole for three whole days, about three years ago. Iris, (Breda Iris) was bred by Mr J. P. Cinnamon, a well-known name, in dare-devil circles. She was born in June, '89. Her sire was Mr G. J. Barnett's great little dog Bachelor, her dam Breda Florence, by Breda Rattle. It was after she had given birth to Chutney—bought by Miss Hulscher for £100—that Mr G. R. Krell bought her from Mr Wm. Graham for £30. Failing, after one or two attempts, to breed from her, she was sold to her last owner, Mr Geo. Mayall, for £10. At the first time of asking for Mr Mayall she bred Champions Checkmate and Breda Muddler. Among her other progeny must be mentioned the famous dogs Chutney Chaff, Charon, Farndon Mixer, and Check.

By English files to hand I notice that several champions have been beaten. At the Leicestershire Show held on March 7th and 8th, at Leicester, Bolton Woods, Mixer, Moreton, Crooner, Broadlands, Bushful and Master Briar were defeated. There were 76 championships to be competed for, and 340 classes in this show but the entries were not satisfactory.

A very good greyhound has been imported to Auckland lately by a resident of the city. I will give full particulars in my next week's notes.

Exchange Notes.

Gold output this month only reached £40,591 3/9, as the returns from the big companies arrived too late to be included.

The N.Z. Crown's output of bullion for April was the best produced by that Company this year, being £5066 from 2927 tons.

In the New Four in Hand mine, Coromandel, the reef in some of the stopes is 6ft in width, with gold showing in the quartz.

Steps are being taken to establish a School of Mines at Karangahake.

Talisman return this month was £2640 12/9 from 793 tons, average value of ore nearly £3 8/ per ton.

Operations in the Mahara Royal Mine, Tapu, are now confined to the development of the Shannon section only.

An improvement is reported in the value of the ore now being won from the Fellipse mine, Thames, 125 tons having yielded bullion worth £296 7/1.

Insurance stocks had excellent demand this week. New Zealand sold at 63/ South British at 58/6, and Nationals at 17/6. Buyers now offer 59/ for South British and 23/ for N.Z. Accident.

Westport coal shares firmed in price, 69/ being offered. This is due to the enormously increased sales as an outcome of the demand created by the war.

Whanganui Gold Corporation return this month was £1163 16/ from 853 tons.

Waitekauri shares did not maintain the whole of the advance noted last week, sales being made at 51/ with further buyers at the same rate.

A rich patch of specimens was struck by tributaries in the May Queen of Hauraki mine. Riley and Co. (18 men), treated 315 tons for 187oz 18dwt of gold, of which 150oz were obtained from 120lb picked stone, which was found in one patch in one foot ground. Their return was £233 7/1.

Negotiations are in progress for the acquirement of the Maratoto property and plant by the Hikutaia Gold Syndicate. Maratoto shares sold from 1/2 to 1/6 in consequence.

During the month of April the Tararua Creek Company's battery worked 221 days, and crushed 1280 tons of ore, which yielded bullion valued at £1445 3/2.

Tributers in the Harbour View mine Coromandel, have bunked 39lbs of picked stone.

Inquiries were made this week for Kauri Timber shares, 113d being offered for contributing, and 4/6 for paid up issue.

Tributers in the Purn Consolidated mine at Thames crushed 59 tons of ore for a yield of 40oz 3dwt of bullion, valued at £2 13/3 per oz, total returns being £107 13/9.

Widit shares have had steady demand at 29/4d, but no sales resulted.

The tributaries in the No. 1 section of the Hauraki Associated mine, at Coro-

mandel, have treated a small parcel of general ore, for a return of bullion valued at £2 13/5.

The Monowai Gold Mining Company's battery, at Waioimo, commenced crushing operations on Monday last. The new machinery is running well. Operations in the mine are in full progress, and sufficient quartz is available to keep the battery going.

The Glenrock Consolidated Company, of Mactown, Otago, cleaned up for the month of April, and from 150 tons crushed, obtained 103oz 11dwt 15gr gold. During the month 16 tons of concentrates were treated for a yield of 131oz 11dwt 11gr smelted gold. This return has enabled the company to more than pay expenses, leaving a balance for remittance to London.

Five tribute parties in the Moanatafari mine crushed ore this month which yielded bullion worth £101 3/10.

The Kauri Freehold Gold Estates report that at the No. 2 level in the Maiden section the reef has opened out to a width of eleven feet, and the average assay value of the ore broken down was £1 8/ per ton.

Mr F. Holdsworth has replaced Captain Hodge as manager of the Royal Oak mine. The return this month was £215 from 145 tons of ore.

Better prospects are reported from the Komata Reefs mine. Shares had steady buyers at about 1/9.

The Southern gold returns reported this week are as follows:—Big River, 77oz 14dwt 15gr retorted gold from 98 tons; Buller Dredge, 13oz gold from 134 hours' work. About 6000oz of gold was also won by various dredges, exclusive of Hartley and Riley's.

PEOPLE YOU KNOW.

NO. IV.—THE NURSE.

Nurse Roberts writes:—I cannot speak too highly of Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa. My youngest son, who has been feeling very badly, assures me that he feels much better and stronger since he has taken Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa, and we shall continue to use it. I find it has a pleasant flavour, and it is also the most sustaining and invigorating beverage I have ever met with. I shall have much pleasure in recommending Vi-Cocoa to my friends and patients, and you may use this testimony if you like.

Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa has become a household word, and this wonderful food-beverage has come to take an important place in the dietary of the best-regulated families. Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa is a natural food, and by its merit alone—having been once fully and fairly placed before the public—it must become a national food, to the general advancement of British health and vigour.

But the expense? You can try it free of expense. Merit alone is what is claimed for Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa, and the proprietors are prepared to send to any reader who names the 'New Zealand Graphic' a dainty sample tin of Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa free and post paid. There is no magic in all this. It is a plain, honest, straightforward offer. It is done to introduce the merits of Vi-Cocoa into every home. Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa is not sickly or insipid like the ordinary cocoa extracts; on the contrary, it has a pleasant and distinct flavour all its own, and which is much liked. It has all the refreshing properties of fine, well-made tea, but with a hundred times its nourishment.

Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa, in 8gd packets and 1s 1d and 2s 2d tins, can be obtained from all grocers, chemists and stores, or from Dr. Tibbles Vi-Cocoa, Limited, 269, George-street, Sydney.

New Zealand's warm and lovely climate is not without its sudden changes. More noticed in the winter time. When hail and snow fall on the ranges. The wind blows hard and biting cold. And finds our weakest parts for sure. And gives us coughs, until we're told To take some Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.

TO DARKEN GREY HAIR.

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

The "CAVALIER" in the WEST COAST SOUNDS N.Z.



PART II.

The writer with a brother artist in the photographic line, proceeded up the Arthur river to the level of the waters of the Sound. Between us and the cold waters on the further bank of the river, the cliffs rise high, the bush being here and there relieved by the bare granite rocks that higher up culminate in the Devil's Armchair and other irregular peaks. Reaching Lake Ada, a boat left here by the desire of the Government for tourists' use, was baled out, and by means of her we were able to row out and obtain an exquisite view of the mountains on either side of the lake. The waters were somewhat relieved of their gloom by means of sunlight, and the presence of quite a large number of ducks playfully sailing about, which on our approach flapped off to some retreat near shore. The energy of man has made the passage of this lake by boat unnecessary now, for a track has been cut along the western margin by the Government, enabling the tourist to avoid the lake and its dangerous snags. This track is very devious, and is continu-

ally dodging in and out around the spurs, crossing below the Giant's Gate Falls, and under Terror Peaks, culminating, so far as the difficulties of construction are concerned, in a pass around high and almost perpendicular rocky cliff. This was made by blasting away the granite faces, and with the assistance of the pick and a long period of labour—some forty men being employed—a permanent way of about eight feet wide on a grade of one in six, has been constructed. This new route around the lake makes the Falls excursion more direct, and a mile further on another Government hut is reached, where shelter may be obtained from the continued rain or thunder storms so quickly developed in this region. The track follows on to the Beech Hut, a resting place for visitors to or from the Sutherland Falls, or those who desire to pass over McKinnon's Saddle, to the Clinton Valley, thereafter following the river to Te Anau Lake. From here the difficulties of travel are at an end, as the new steamer "Tawera" plies down the lake

existed over a spur in a deep basin. We quickly climbed the side of the fall, and quite unexpectedly discovered a "flatty," as the flat bottomed boat is known to bushmen, by the help of which three of the party rowed upon its quiet deep waters to the further limit. This lake, like others, surrounded by high mountains and shut in from the winds, presented a dark and melancholy appearance, mirroring the different varieties of foliage everywhere growing round its shores. The whole effect was depressing as well as remarkable, and as in a number of other experiences of the writer in lonely places a feeling of insecurity seems to limit the delight anticipated. The following day proved very miserable, a mist settling over the mountains, followed by pouring rain, which lasted the whole day, and it was only by a series of short tacks, beating to and fro all day, that old ocean was again spread before us, our craft standing out on her course for Thomson Sound. On Saturday, February 24th, we arrived late in the afternoon at Blanket Bay, near the entrance of Thomson Sound. Quite an exciting experience was met with during our passage, the "whirl-whirl," or churning of the waters, being seen in the distance. The scenery here is of greater interest than any we had yet experienced, saving Milford. The next day being Sunday we spent a quiet day near the entrance of Doubtful Sound, amidst mountains, woods, and waters. On the following morning the wind had changed to a favourable direction, so two hours after breakfast we were making our way out of this remarkable arm of the sea. To the tourist

to the comfortable hotel near its foot. The coach from Te Anau runs to Lumsden to meet the train for either Invercargill or Dunedin. We spent some four and a half days in this Sound, with many rambles and excursions, including repeated visits to the Hermit Sutherland, and his most agreeable wife. On rowing up the longer arm of George Sound, which we next visited, the hut lately built by the Government was deserted with enthusiasm. This convenience enables the tourist of alpine ambitions, to climb the backbone of the country crossing



BOWEN FALLS, MILFORD SOUND.



GOVERNMENT HUT, HEAD OF LAKE ADA.

lesser heights, and three lakes, en route to Lake Te Anau. The head of Middle Fiord is reached at the end of a day's work. Bouts are placed on the lakes to facilitate the trip. It was intended to visit the hut, but a heavy drizzle setting in, and the fact that we would have had to row for about five miles, proved too much for our ardour, so we let it go for the present. The following morning was bright with a pleasant breeze, so we had another opportunity to examine the place. A fine waterfall augmented by the great rain, was the first thing to claim particular attention, and a gentleman of the medical profession, ardently devoted to photography, encouraged us to visit the locality, he having seen it years before informed us that the source of the fall was a lake Lake Alice which

visiting this locality the name "Doubtful" is easily accounted for, the entrance being blocked by a large island Kanu Island while nearer seaward, quite a labyrinth of lesser islets and outlying rocks restrain the impulse of the ocean, at this time appearing with perhaps more than usual energy and throwing up immense masses of foam, which was whisked off in thin spray, in some cases hiding the shore. Surely this would delight the marine painter this iron bound coast of the western Sounds. No ordinary lens could portray these wave masses dashing high against the headlands. A half-plate F 16 eq-focuss took in very little, probably a telephoto attachment would have proved effective to catch pieces here and there, but the distance required for the safety of our craft

rendered the scene impossible to delineate with our limited apparatus. The remainder of the day was spent in gaining an offing, and running for Breaksea Sound, with a fine wind right aft, driving us along the heavy swell. Later in the day we entered the Sound, passing Entry Island, and following on passed up the Acheron passage. Running up Wet Jacket Arm we anchored in a quiet cove some miles up the Arm. More than usually fine scenery is found here, which seems to become more imposing towards the head of the Arm, the peaks in view being probably identical with those seen from the western limit of Lake Te Anau. As the sun subsided, the whole of the southern side of the long array of peaked hills was lit up with a warm light, which changed the usual colour of the vegetation into a warm cadmium. The rock masses on their summits were bathed in the richest burnt sienna,

But Mr Henry was unable to communicate anything new. Coming aboard, he settled down with us to a good dinner at 7 p.m. The following morning proving fine, a party exploited a high peak, returning with the much valued mountain lily (*Ranunculus Lyalli*), some fine specimens of daisies, and other rare botanical forms. Another party was away photographing the archipelago of islands, while yet a third party visited Indian Island, Facile Harbour, and revelled in the associations of the early visit of Captain Cook, exploring the garden made by his men, and now grown over with high scrub. It will be remembered by the reader that Cook reached here in H.M.S. Resolution in 1773, on his second voyage. He anchored in Facile Harbour, but subsequently his lieutenant induced him to go into a cove near by, and quite land locked. Cook chartered this as Pickersgill Harbour. We an-

peditions and the trying-out of the oil. This enterprise was at its best between the years 1820 and 1830, sealing being carried on at the same time with great activity. It was arranged that we should proceed to Mr Henry's rendezvous,

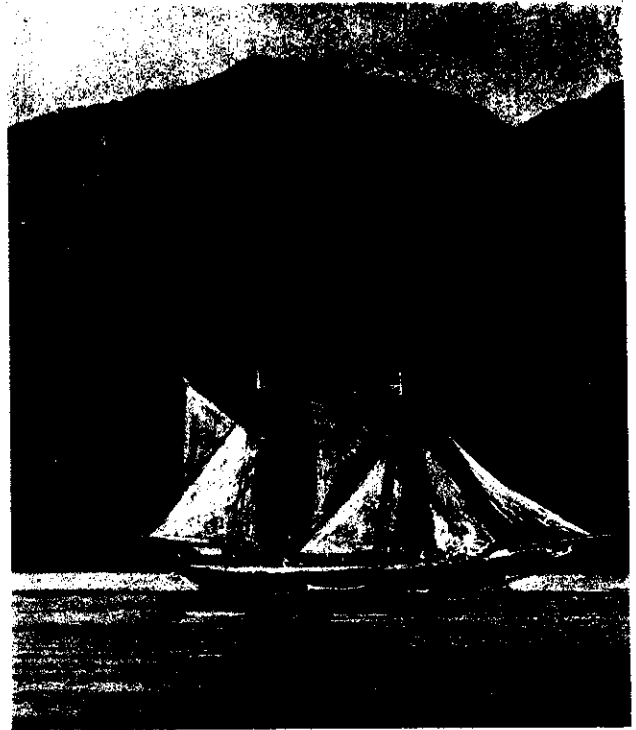
Pigeon Island, where Mr Henry has established his quarters. From him we were enabled to learn much of interest to the naturalist and the botanist, for although his work is supposed to be confined to the study of bird life, fishes, etc., yet he has made



TRACK, LAKE ADA, MILFORD.

while the water, still and cold, added something to the colour effect by its deep purple gray colour, reflecting in the wavelets the greenish tint of the zenith. How different the scene appeared in the early morning following when the woolly clouds were drifting past the extreme distance, and heavy rain was approaching, accompanied by stiff squalls of wind. After breakfast it was decided to set sail for Dusky Sound. Beating up the Acheron Passage the rain increased, and the wind blew almost to a gale; little was seen but an occasional shoal of porpoises, and the freshening of the wind and consequent lurching of the vessel, accompanied by the shrieking of the wind amongst the ropes, and the taking of the seas over the weather bow, led most of our excursionists to seek the quiet of their bunks below. After a heavy rain-fall, lasting all night, which we found a day later, on meeting with Mr Henry, curator on Resolution Head, had been registered by him as 5 8-10 in. in 24 hours—the heaviest experienced here—the night settled down very dark, and some considerable difficulty was experienced in entering our retreat—Duck Cove. The following morning being fine, the scenery evoked the usual expressions of approval. It was indeed a pretty place, with Mount Phillips dominating the scene. A few hours after breakfast we sailed on to Pickersgill Harbour, picking up quite unexpectedly Mr Henry in his fine sailing boat, who was extremely glad to see our vessel, and at once changed his course and bore down on us. We meanwhile hoisted our ensign, and firing off an old Snider rifle as a salute, thus removing any fear in his mind that we were Boers. We now hoped to hear some details of the Transvaal campaign, not having heard of the experiences of our countrymen since the sad story of Spionkop, some three weeks before.

chored here for some time. The writer and others visited Captain Cook's luncheon cove, and Mr Henry, who had gladly offered to show us some of his discoveries, pointed out in turn huts used by the Maoris, made of fern stumps crossed and covered with vegetation, a secure place to crawl into during the frequent rains. He also showed us another group of better arranged huts, with floors corduroyed with tree fern trunks, marking the period of whaling ex-



IN DUCK COVE, DUSKY SOUND.

on Pigeon Head, so we got under weigh at about 8 a.m., followed by Mr. Henry in his yacht. After proceeding some five miles the wind rose suddenly, and so violently that Mr Henry advised us that we could not make our way among the intervening islands, and after one or two tacks the wind came down in a heavy squall, and the loud call of the captain was heard crying to lower the foresail. Our captain soon put the vessel about with fore and main-sail already reefed, and we ran back to Pickersgill Harbour, to spend the remainder of what, perhaps, was the most miserable day experienced during the trip. The day following was scarcely an improvement, and having in memory the loss of the Grafton in a harbour at the Aucklands by the breaking of an unsound cable, the lower anchor was let go to prevent the vessel drifting during the night. The following morning was fine, so we again set sail for

a complete study of the flora of the district, and the Government have certainly been most fortunate in securing such a man for the post which he occupies. He encouraged us to visit the wreck of the Endeavour—not to be confused with Cook's vessel of the same name. This vessel would appear to have been in Sydney, then Botany Bay, about the year 1795. A number of convicts, said to be fifty or over, seized the vessel, and compelled the captain to come down on the West Coast of New Zealand on a whaling cruise. Arriving in Dusky Bay, as it was then called, they concluded the place was little short of an earthly paradise, and scuttled the ship in Facile Harbour. A few fragments of the vessel still remain, seen at low water, around a long mound of broken stones—Sydney freestone, forming her ballast. From the knowledge one has now of this part of the colony, the misery endured by a number of human



MOONLIGHT, PICKERSGILL HARBOUR, DUSKY SOUND.



LAKE ALICE FALLS, GEORGE SOUND.



creatures striving to live here, and their ultimate despair and miserable death, recalls the warning words of the immortal poet—

'Tis better to bear the ills we have  
Than flee to others that we know not  
of.

Mr Henry's hospitality was cordially extended to us, and we spent two days very pleasantly rowing about among the islands, used his kitchen to make new bread, rowed to and from our vessel in his boat, photographers availed themselves of the use of his dark room for picture work, and our culinary department was increased by a present from him of smoked trumpeter and rhubarb grown from his garden. A good deal of photographing was done here, and as this was our last port of call a collection of interesting plants was made. When at last, noon of Tuesday, 6th March, was reached, the hour fixed for our departure, Mr. Henry was brought on board to say good-bye, and I believe we were all sorry indeed to break off from such a personality. Mr. Ferris, the commodore of our vessel, packed up a goodly-sized box of good things, together with a bag of flour and some drinkables. These were placed in our friend's boat, and after much hand-shaking and many good-byes, the familiar "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow," etc., was sung with enthusiasm. Sailing on we soon reached the entrance to the Sound, and with a fine breeze sped on our way home, passing in succession West Cape, Chalky, and Preservation Inlets, and were off the Green Islets as the twilight dimmed into night.

Quite unexpectedly, a calm ensued, and we again experienced the horrors of a windless night, the vessel rolling and pitching on the long ocean swell, the noisy jerking of the booms, rolling from side to side, and the noise of the block tackle of the main sheets running over the traveller; this continued till nearly midday following, but thereafter dull clouds closed in and over us, and a heavy drizzle, but, with favourable breeze, helped the craft to reach Howell's Point, at Riverton, after dark.

The morning following enabled the bar to be negotiated, and, with the Cavalier made fast to the wharf, the trip had come to an end.

It was a matter for congratulation that we were able to leave the vessel without serious accident of any kind having happened. When we reached Howell's Point, at Riverton, we were all sorry indeed to part company with the genial skipper. A few small discomforts had been encountered, but the pleasure experienced in looking for nearly five weeks into places probably never before visited by man, or, as one gentleman remarked, "the pleasure of putting his hand so frequently on places where the foot of man had never tread," had been experienced by us all, and the happy memory of associations and genial companionship experienced will linger long within our memory.

On our return we were made aware of the splendid results achieved by the British troops in the Transvaal—the relief of Ladysmith and Kimberley—with success all along the British lines. We had wondered long as to the results that would follow the maddening reverse at Spion Kop, the last news received immediately before our departure, and, after four and a-half weeks of anxiety, these grand results had been obtained, which made our hearts leap with joy. Our party had no Boer sympathisers, or, if any one existed, he dared not show it, for surely he would have been roughly handled on board the Cavalier.

W. DEVERELL.

PUTTING ON GLOVES.

The best manner of putting on gloves is to open and turn back the gloves to the thumb, and powder lightly. Put the fingers in their places, not the thumb, and carefully work them on with the first finger and thumb of the other hand until they are quite down; never press between the fingers. Pass the thumb into its place with care, and work on with the fingers; turn back the glove and slide it over the hand and wrist, never pinching the kid, and work the glove into proper place by means of the lightest pressure, always allowing the kid to slide between the fingers. In finishing care should be taken in fastening the first button.



IN DUSKY SOUND.

"THE LADYSMITH LYRE."

Copies of the "Ladysmith Lyre," the paper that was issued by the war correspondents during the siege, have reached this country. Here are a few items:—

"The latest Lyres, from our own correspondents, by wireless telegraphy, dated London, November 5th," include the statement that "Mr Michael Davitt, Dr. Tanner, Mr Dillon, and Mr Swift MacNeill, have announced their intention of joining the Irish Brigade. The House of Commons without demur voted a grant in aid."

"The Second Army Corps has been discovered in the pigeon-holes of the War Office."

The editor undertook that no effort and no expense should be spared in the collection of falsehoods for the "Lyre," and he and his staff have been as good as their word. Under "Local Intelligence" is the item "Mrs Kruger, whose health is excellent, complains that the President is becoming too English. He no longer goes to bed in hat and boots."

"What has become of Mrs Bester's red petticoat?" is the subject of inquiry in another local paragraph. "When last seen it was gaily floating as a Geneva cross from the turrets of Dester's farm."

"Whisky is selling at 35/ a bottle," runs another paragraph. "The Army Service Corps are waiting until the price is £2 before disposing of the 11,000 bottles in stock. They desire that the garrison should have an opportunity of contributing indirectly towards the cost of the 230 head of transport oxen presented to the Boers the other day."

"The Boer losses at Mooi River are attributed to cold water. Rather than face this unfamiliar element the enemy fell upon the 'long assegais' of the 12th Lancers."

"President McKinley has offered the Boers an asylum in the Philippines, where they will have an opportunity of learning the principles of true republicanism."

"The Ladysmith Lyre," a small single sheet printed on both sides, was issued at the price of sixpence, but it does not seem to have been a profitable concern, for in the second number there is an editorial notice that "The management has observed, with regret, that the 'Ladysmith Lyre' is seldom, if ever, paid for. It begs respectfully to point out that this habit, if persisted in, may have a prejudicial effect on the financial success of the newspaper."

The advertisements do not appear to have been paid for, either, but they are as amusing as the rest of the paper.

One runs: "Get.—Return home at once; everything forgiven.—Paul."

In another, "General Erasmus, or any duly-authorised substitute," is asked to call at any of the British outposts, and "he will hear of something to his disadvantage."

Under the publisher's column are announced "Minor Tactics," by Major-General Sir F. Clery, with an appendix on "The Function and Management of Armoured Trains," and "From Park Lane to Pretoria," by Winston Spenser Churchill.

Any newspaper editor in England would have been glad to accept the following offer:—"The advertisement editor will be glad to exchange several thousand words descriptive of the battle of Lombard's Kop for sufficient chloride of potash to give the field service side of his horse, Kruger, a fresh coat of khaki colour for Christmas."

THEY HAVEN'T SEEN THEMSELVES IN YEARS.

Strange as it may seem, it is nevertheless the stern truth that many people have allowed months and even years to elapse without looking at themselves—that is, in the orthodox manner by the aid of the mirror, and they have as good eyesight as the majority of their fellow beings. Simply they decline to see themselves. If a victim of this peculiar malady encounters in his perambulations a shop resplendent with mirrors he is in a state of nervous dread till he has passed safely out of range.

Should he find himself, assuming for convenience sake he is of the male persuasion, in the hands of a strange barber, with reflections on all sides of him, his modesty is most touching. Even in the privacy of his own room, says "Pearson's Weekly," he only proceeds to brush his hair when the looking-glass—if indeed he does not dispense with one altogether—is tilted up to embrace nothing lower than the extreme top of his head. Of course, where a man of these queer tendencies is not actually insane he has something approaching a reason for all this.

One gentleman, for instance, whose bright presence and face used to be welcomed in the best of metropolitan drawing rooms, was one day showing some fair friends over one of his factories, when he tripped, and, before he could right himself, the greater part of his face became momentarily immersed in an open vat of raw sulphuric acid. He miraculously saved his eyesight, but the first view it afforded him of his features turned him so sick at heart that he has never since, though a year or two have passed, braved the distressing sight again.

There is an elegant mansion not far from Liverpool which, though owned by a man of great wealth and of generous rather than miserly habits, is in its interior one of the most sombre and forbidding residences in the country. The visitor, short of calling at the servant's quarters, will find it almost impossible to obtain even the most fugitive glimpse of himself, the very furniture being shorn of a glimmer.

The odd thing is, the proprietor, instead of being afflicted with any facial deformity, has regular and pleasing features, but he is consumed with a fear that he is the victim of a mysterious disease which is ravaging his appearance, and is in dread lest some day he may encounter his reflection and have his fears confirmed.



COUSIN JACK, WELLINGTON.  
(See "Graphic" Cousins' Letters, page 958.)  
Wrigglesworth & Binns, photo.

New Zealand, great in nature's gifts,  
Possesses charms for every eye.  
With sounds and rivers, lakes and rifts,  
And mountains on which vast glaciers lie.  
All make this land a paradise,  
With atmosphere so fresh and pure,  
Where coughs are cured we do advise,  
By taking Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.

**THE EQUIPMENT OF WAR CORRESPONDENTS.**

"The equipment of a war correspondent," says Robert Machray, in his article on "The Soldiers of the Press," which appears in the April number of the "Windsor Magazine," "depends a good deal on the nature of the country where the fight is going on, whether the climate is hot or cold, and so forth. In the Russo-Turkish war each correspondent had a wagon," writes Mr Forbes, "a pair of draught horses, saddle horses, a couple of servants, and couriers at discretion. The late G. W. Stevens, in one of his books, tells us that in the Greco-Turkish war he had 'one dragoon, one cuivass, two saddle-horses, two pack horses, saddle and bridle Turkish style, two pack saddles, brushes and curry-comb, halters, hobbles, nose-bags, rope, two kitbags, a chair, a table, a fez, a waterproof sheet, towels, knives, forks, spoons, a few yards of waterproof canvas, a bed, a pillow, a quilt, a cart-ridge belt, water bottle, bucket, quinine, hypermanganate of potassium, fryingpan, teapot, japanned dishes and plates, cups and mugs, two lanterns, a cheap watch, a thousand cigarettes, champagne, whisky and other liquors, hams and tongues, tea, sugar, cocoa, tinned beef, salmon and herrings, sardines, salt, biscuits, Worcester sauce, cheese, Eno's Fruit Salt, corned beef,' and a great many other things besides—a sort of miniature edition, in fact, of the Army and



E. REYNOLDS.

One of the cyclists chosen to represent New Zealand at the International Cycling Championships to be held in Paris in August.

by the war correspondents and their salaries can be but mere trifles when compared with the cost of their telegrams."

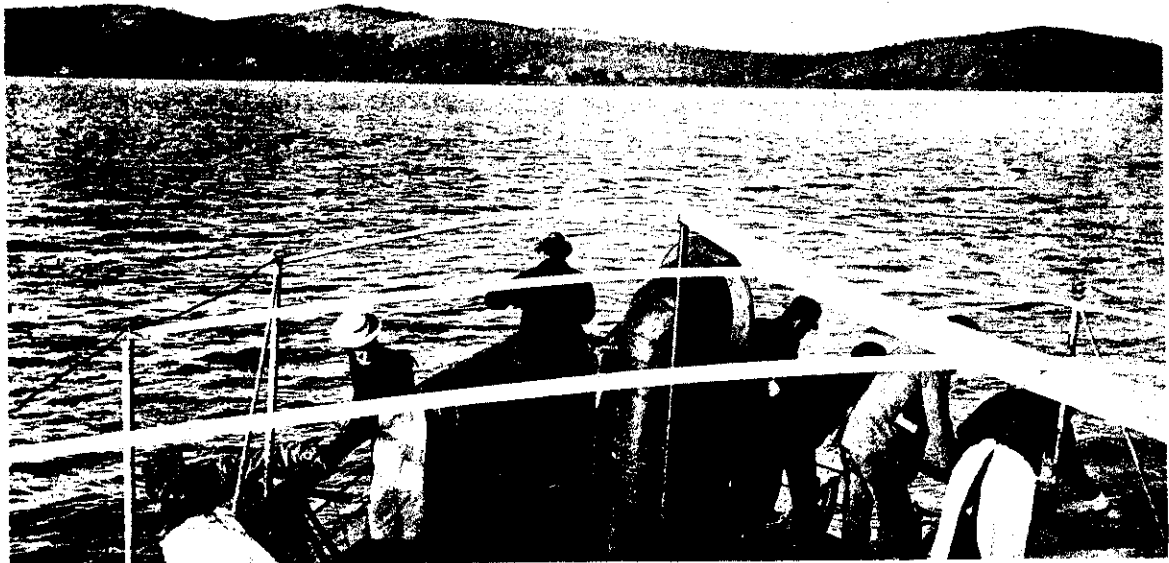
**EMPRESSES IN CONTRAST.**

The present Czarina of Russia goes to extremes in the simplicity of her court apparel, and in this respect forms a great contrast to the famous Elizabeth Petrovna, daughter of Peter the Great.

The latter, while Empress, had earned the title of "Elizabeth the Good," because she never approved of any executions in her empire. On the other hand, she was much criticised for her extravagance and eccentricity in dress. After her death the fact became known that she had 15,000 costly gowns in her wardrobe, none of which had ever adorned her royal person.

Now, when the dress of court is a more serious matter with the royal and noble women, Russia has a Czarina who observes the strictest simplicity in her gowns, and requires the same from her guests and attendants. This has caused endless dissatisfaction. The ultra fashionable lady must bear the chagrin of appearing at court functions in a very plain toilet, for otherwise the scrutinizing eyes would pick her out as a mark for disapproval.

This extraordinary plainness baffles her admirers all the more, because it is a well known fact that the Czar is extremely fond of chic, and has often expressed his admiration for elaborate costly ladies' toilets.



STRUCK A PATCH.

Navy Stores. It is a truly appalling catalogue, but Mr Stevens at the time was in Turkey, where the commissariat was of the most primitive character. The bicycle of the correspondent was first used in this war by Frederick Villiers and Wilfred Pol-

lock. Mr Charles Williams, who has been a correspondent in eight campaigns, told me that he generally had with him three horses or three camels (the latter in the Soudan) for riding or for carrying baggage, as the case might be, and always two or three

servants. But, indeed, every newspaper man in the field has to be similarly equipped. He is not stinted as to means by his people at home, and is practically given a free hand to procure whatever he thinks desirable for the accomplishment of the ends in view. It used to be alleged that a certain great journal gave carta blanche to its representatives to order special trains or steamers ad libitum, if by doing so the transmission of important news would be facilitated. The statement may not be exactly true, as special trains and steamers are very expensive luxuries; but it is quite conceivable that emergencies might arise in which a war correspondent would be justified in spending large sums of money in procuring intelligence. Steamers were hired by newspapers in the Cuban war, and were made free use of by American journalists. But, as a rule, the heaviest expenditure is connected with the telegraphing of the despatches themselves, though, of course, this depends on the distance. The telegraph bill of our great daily newspapers reaches large figures even in times of peace, but during a war their outgoings under this head must be simply enormous. The expenses incurred



ABSORBED IN THE SPORT.



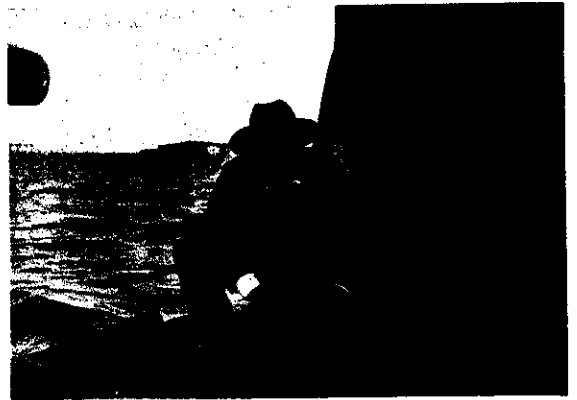
ALL ON HER OWN HOOK.



MOTU-IHI, QUARANTINE ISLAND, AUCKLAND.



CASTING—OFTEN A TICKLISH OPERATION FOR A WOMAN.

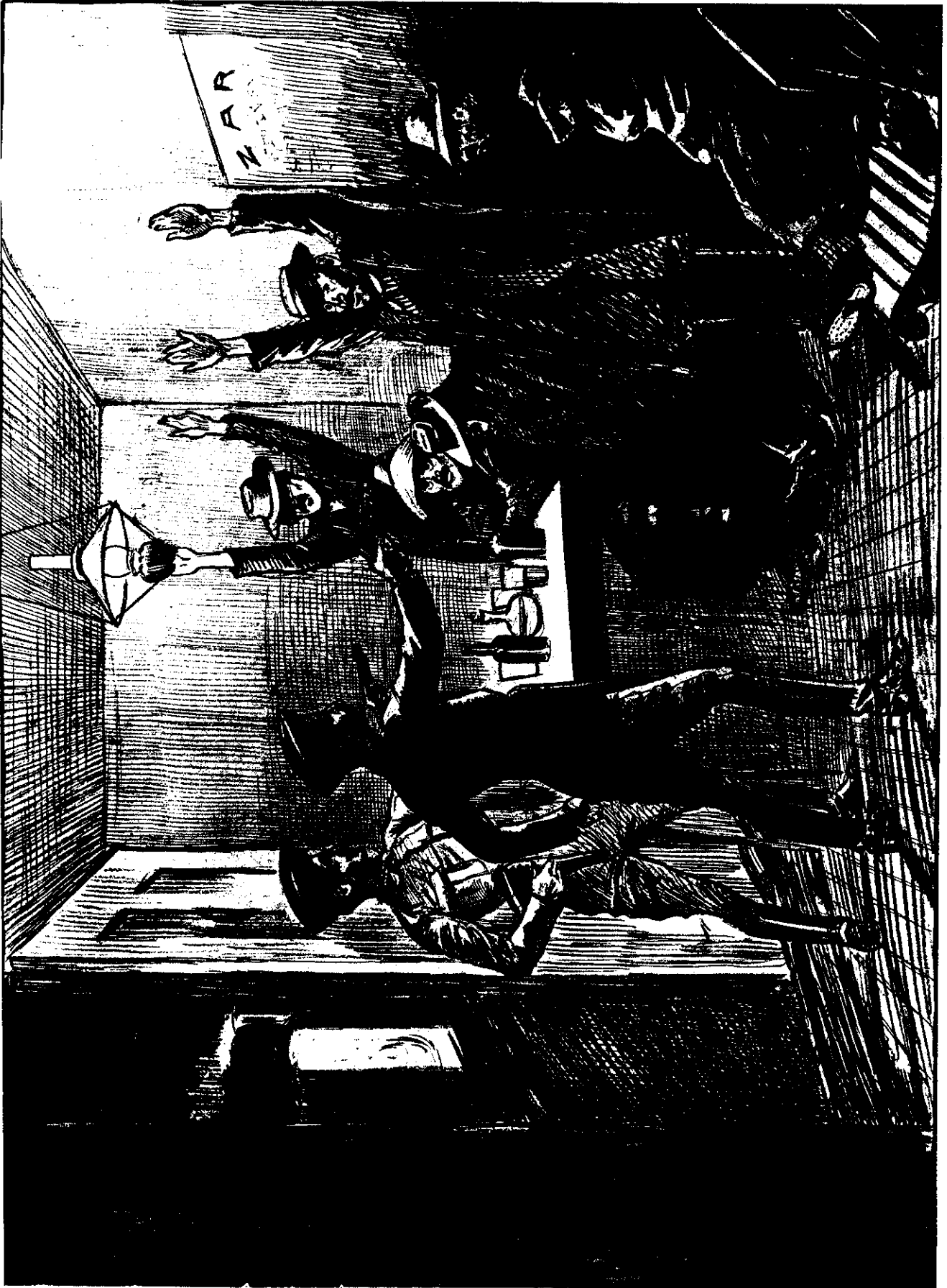


CUTTING UP BAIT.



LUNCHEON ON THE WAY TO THE FISHING GROUNDS.

SCHNAPPER FISHING IN THE HAURAKI GULF.



A DASHING EXPLOIT.

[See "OUR ILLUSTRATIONS."



VIEW FROM THE "NARROWS," HOKIANGA.



STANDING ON JUDGE MANNING'S PLACE, LOOKING ACROSS ONOKI.



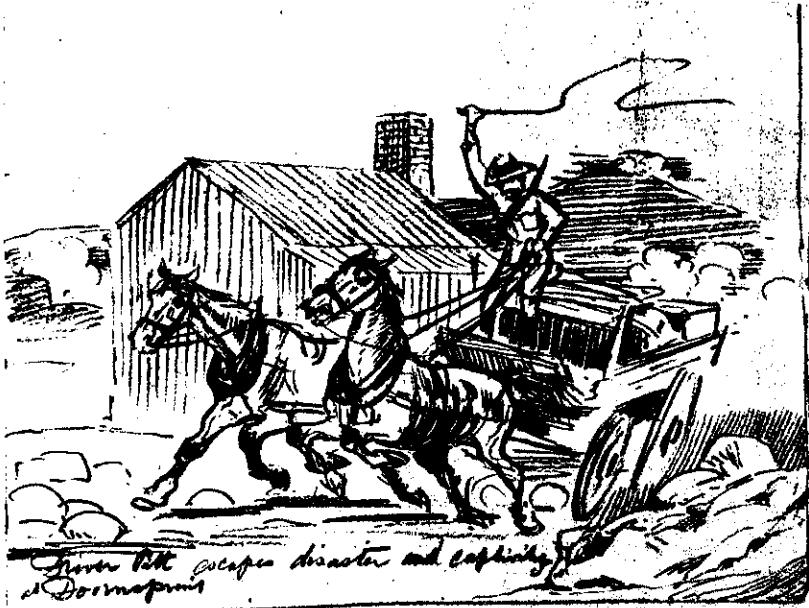
C. Dawes, photo. A GLIMPSE DOWN THE ROAD—KOHU-KOHU, HOKIANGA.



GUMDIGGERS' CAMP, OMAPERE LAKE.

SCENES ABOUT HOKIANGA.





*From the escape disaster and captivity at Doornopunt*



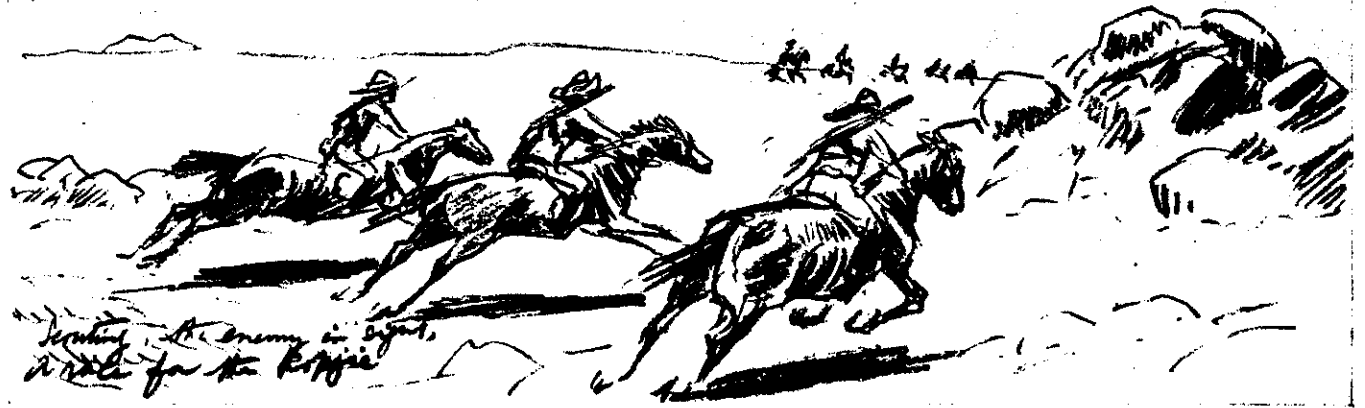
*Outpost in a Pines field*



*A Rebel Beggar*



*The capture of Sgt. Major Berland at Doornopunt*



*Scouting the enemy in sight, riding for the Relief*



Jones, photo.

# How the Civilised Nations are Bearing "The White Man's Burden."

John Bull's island home being rigidly limited, his expansive nature was forced to expand over sea, in far off lands, wherever his bold adventurers could gain a foothold. And so, bit by bit, his huge Indian and Colonial Empire was built up, until it now covers nearly a fourth of the earth's surface, and includes, probably, a fourth of its entire population. The actual figures are:—Area, 12,000,000 square miles; population, 400,000,000. These figures are absolutely without parallel in the history of the world.

John Bull's commands, then, are, more or less, willingly obeyed by a vast host of no fewer than 350,000,000 subject people, and this host includes nations and tribes of almost every known race on the globe.

Let us take India as the most conspicuous and, numerically, the most important example. A small but fit British army of 75,000 men, aided by a native force under British officers of about twice that number, keeps in admirable order a teeming population of 300,000,000, a population equal to that of all Europe, exclusive of our own 40,000,000. India is, in fact, a continent in itself. It contains many distinct nations and races. The census returns divide the people on the basis of language into no less than 118 groups, and even then there were some hundreds of people speaking an "unrecognisable" language. Out of the 300,000,000 English is the customary language of barely 250,000, and the British-born population of India is less than half that number. There are about 95,000,

and Kowloon over 250,000 Chinese are British subjects. The "spicy breezes" of Ceylon are inhaled in settled peace and comfort by Mr Thomas Atkins—the 2,000,000 Cingalese, 1,000,000 Tamils, 250,000 Moors, and some 10,000 Malays never disturb his serenity. In Borneo the Dyaks and other warlike Malays have been and may be troublesome, but the unrivalled tact and calm courage of British Colonial administration may be trusted to smooth down any and every disturbance of the peace.

The famous bay of the south side of the Gulf of Pechili, responsible for the feeblest and most widely spread diplomacy of modern times—Wei-hai-wei—is to be garrisoned by a British officered Chinese regiment, who can, at any rate, be trusted to keep their fellow pigtails in order.

The African command of John Bull is a particularly heavy burden, and has cost him millions in money and thousands in men. Besides 1,500,000 blacks in Cape Colony and its dependencies, there are nearly 750,000 Zulu Kaffirs in Natal, 250,000 Basutos, about 500,000 Matabels and Masonas,

comparison with the number of blacks. Further north, on the east coast, in British East Africa and Uganda, John has to keep the peace among 2,500,000 truculent tribes; and on the other side of the continent his Niger Coast Protectorate and Territories on either side of the great river put upon his broad shoulders the immensely heavier burden of controlling some 30,000,000 negroes, mostly warlike Mohammedans, trained fighters, with a military organisation of high efficiency.

British governors—not long lived in those "white men's graves"—have also the cure of 1,500,000 negroes on the Gold Coast, 3,000,000 in Lagos, some 50,000 on the Gambia, and 75,000 in Sierra Leone.

What a task the destruction of the daring dervishes of the Soudan was! With less skill or valour Omdurman might have been another Adowa. In Egypt itself Englishmen have done wonders, and, above all, have made

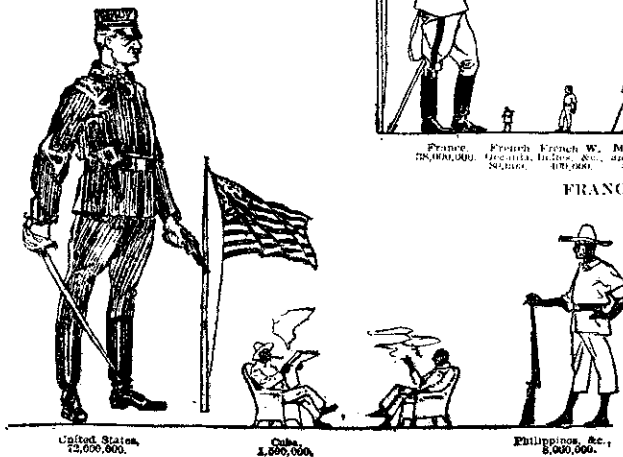
of the inhabitants in the Leeward and Windward Islands and Trinidad. The Bahama people are nearly all whites, but in British Guiana there are 100,000 negroes, 105,000 East Indian, and 4,000 Chinese. In British Honduras 500 white people live among 35,000 blacks.

In Fiji there are 3,500 whites to 100,000 Fijians, and in our other Polynesian islands the white population is very small indeed. In British New Guinea a handful (250) of Europeans form the "law and the hobby" to over 350,000 frowny headed Papuans. The native inhabitants of Tasmania are as extinct as the dodo, but New South Wales contains some 5,000 full blacks, Queensland probably 12,000, South Australia 3,000, West Australia 2,000, and Victoria only about 500. In the Northern Territory of South Australia are 5,000 Chinese coolies, and Queensland has imported some 10,000 Polynesian labourers. New Zealand has



9000 speaking Hindi; 50,000,000, Bengali; 25,000,000, Telugu; 20,000,000; Marathi; 18,000,000, Punjabi; and 16,000,000, Tamil. On the basis of religion considerably over 200,000,000 are Hindus; 60,000,000, Mohammedans; 7,000,000, or 8,000,000, Buddhists, and only 2,500,000 or 3,000,000 Christians, and as such more favourably disposed toward their Christian rulers than the rest.

In the Straits Settlements a few Britons keep their eye on 250,000 Malays, the same number of Chinese, and some 55,000 East Indians. In Hong Kong



FRANCE'S "BURDEN."

now only about 40,000 Mauris, little more than a twentieth of the population of that prosperous colony.

Frenchmen are proverbially a stay at home people, and only about 500,000 French folk live out of France. But France has, nevertheless, a splendid colonial empire of some 3,250,000 square miles, with a population, almost entirely coloured, of over 53,000,000; 22,000,000 of these are in Asia, 30,000,000 in Africa and some 80,000 in Oceania.

In Farther India the French are regarded as masters by 6,000,000 Annamese, 1,500,000 Cambodians, 2,000,000 Cochin Chinese and 12,000,000 Tonkinese, and it would not be at all an easy matter to control these obstinate and defiant peoples but that the French officials govern them mainly through their own native rulers and officers.

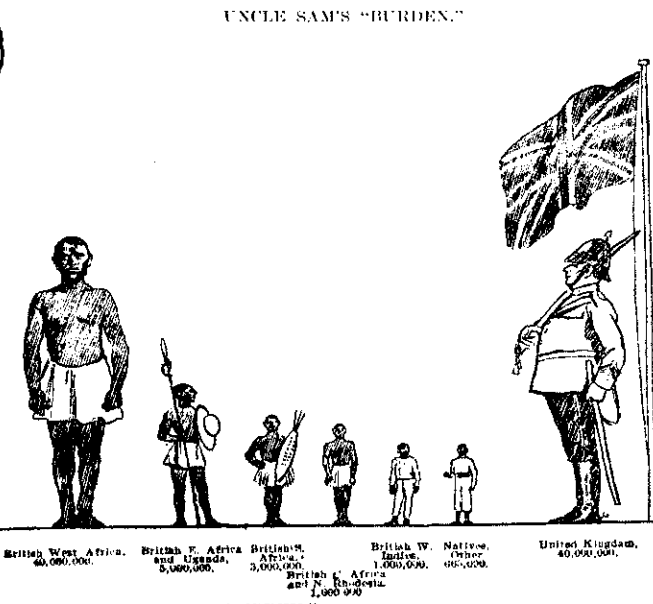
In addition to 6,000,000 Arabs and Kabyles in Algeria and Tunis, the French have to keep an ever watchful eye on some 2,500,000 marauders in the Saharan wilds, while their west coast authorities must exercise a strong control over the 7,000,000 Fulahs and other negroes in the Senegal colony and the Western Soudan, 2,000,000 on the Ivory Coast and in Dahomey, 9,000,000 in the Gabun and French Congo, and a few thousand on the other side of the continent, besides 3,500,000 Malagasy.

Germany's burden in the way of dependent coloured races is a light one compared to John Bull's, her entire colonial population being considerably under 14,000,000. On the West African coast German mariners maintain a severe authority over 2,500,000 negroes in Togoland, and 3,500,000 in the Cameroons. German East Africa has a native population of some 4,000,000. Swahili Arabs along the coast and negroes in the interior. The Damaras and Namaquas of German Southwest Africa do not exceed 250,000 in number.

In China, from her foothold of Kiaochau, the Kaiser's "mailed fist" may menace whom he wills.

In the Pacific German New Guinea includes some 110,000 unkept Papuans, the Bismarck Archipelago contains 188,000, and the Solomon Islands 90,000 specimens of the same treacherous and intractable race; 13,000 Polynesians in the Marshall Islands complete the subject race burden of Germany.

Holland is a very small country, but still it is the "heart" of a big dominion over sea. The Dutch colonial empire in the Indies, East and West, has an area of 783,000 square miles, and a total population of 35,000,000, of whom



GREAT BRITAIN'S "BURDEN."

with perhaps 200,000 Bechuanas, in Southern Rhodesia; 650,000 Barotses and other Bantus in Northern Rhodesia, besides the 850,000 negroes of the Nyassaland or British Central Africa Protectorate. Between the Zambesi and Tanganyika less than 300 British, about the same number of Sikh soldiers and a small native force under British officers "administer" the homeland of 1,500,000 blacks. South of the Zambesi, and including the Boers of the Transvaal and Free State, the entire white population is very small in

men of timorous serfs. Besides the Sandaunes, our officers have also to keep well in hand the Somali coast and the Aden district Arabs, as well as the Bahrein islanders in the Persian Gulf.

According to a recent official report there are over one hundred thousand Indians in Canada, but they have been and are so well treated by the Dominion government that they are particularly friendly, and cause little or no trouble, even in the wilds of the Northwest. In Jamaica a third of the population are negroes, as also are the bulk

25,000,000 are in Java, 3,000,000 in Sumatra, 2,000,000 in Celebes, and 1,000,000 in Bali and Lombok. Dutch New Guinea, though the largest section of the island, does not contain more than 200,000 people. In her Dutch East Indian possessions, Holland finds 460,000 Chinese, 24,000 Arabs and 27,000 other Orientals; the rest, 32,000,000 in number, are natives of the Malay race. The Dutch West India Islands only contain 50,000 people, and Dutch Guinea 65,000.

In spite of the Monroe and other doctrines to the contrary, the United States now finds itself burdened with oceanic responsibilities in the shape of peace and good government in Cuba, with a population of 1,500,000—blacks, 35 per cent, Porto Rico, with 300,000 blacks and 500,000 whites, and the Philippines with at least 5,500,000, most of them still to be "pacified."

Among the multitude of other burdens, voluntarily or necessarily borne

by the white man, none, perhaps, is more enthusiastically borne than the burden of missionary enterprise. Simply and solely to extend their own particular beliefs or creeds, Caucasian peoples freely spend millions every year, and send forth an ever increasing army of educated and well trained men and women, who for the most part show a persistent energy and determination, in the face of apparently insuperable obstacles, that form, at any rate, an admirable object lesson to the savage or barbarous peoples among whom they spend the greater part of their effective lifetime.

This missionary enthusiasm is not confined to the Anglo-Saxon race only, but the Latin and Slav races are as incessant in their efforts to impart their own religious beliefs to their subject races. France, Spain, Italy, and particularly Germany and Scandinavia, maintain important mission

stations in all parts of the heathen, Mohammedan and Buddhist world.

The heavy burden of excessive armaments is not placed on the white man's shoulder so much by the "black terror" or the "yellow danger" as by the mutual distrust of otherwise civilized nations, and an ineradicable suspicion of each other, which are as strongly marked now as they were a hundred years ago. Huge armies and powerful navies are maintained at a frightful cost, ready at a moment's notice to fly at each other to destroy, to kill, to harry, to waste.

The cost of actual war, as in the present desperate conflict for supremacy in South Africa, though enormous, is, however, often enough less burdensome than the losses caused by rumours of war.

The cost of war—a really great war such as is now raging in South Africa—is enormous, but unless some terrific political convulsion throws the

great Powers of Europe and America into collision, none of the wars of the early twentieth century is likely to cost anything like the colossal struggle in which England and her allies on the Continent were involved a hundred years ago. The twenty-seven years' war against the arrogant French Republic, and then against Napoleon, cost England, in actual hard cash, nearly nine hundred millions sterling. Add to this the destruction of property, the waste of life, the loss of labour, stagnation of trade, and the burden—which we still to an enormous extent bear—laid upon the century by that war alone, is almost incalculable. The present war is estimated to cost nearly a million a day.

The cost of a war crisis, a mere rumour, is often very heavy.

For instance, on the mere threat of war with Russia in 1885 consols shrank in value some twenty-five millions sterling.—J. F. Williams in 'Pearson's.'



A DEADLY BAYONET CHARGE BY THE YORKSHIRES AND NEW ZEALANDERS NEAR RENSHURG.

The Boers, creeping up the hill, were surprised by the sudden appearance of the British, directed by Captain Maddock, who put the Boers to flight in disorder.



MR J. G. RALPH'S RESIDENCE, SYLVIA PARK.



THE PACK, WITH THE HUNTSMAN, MR J. H. SELBY, AND WHIPS, MESSRS J. AND F. SELBY.



READY FOR THE DAY.

Opening meet of the Pakuranga Hunt Club, Auckland.

Photo. by Bell.



A HOMELY WOMAN'S CONFESSIONS.

Perhaps no woman was ever better reconciled to positive ugliness in her own person than the Duchess of Orleans, the mother of the Regent d'Orleans, who governed France during the minority of Louis XV. Thus she writes of her own appearance and manners:—

"From my earliest years I was aware how ordinary my appearance was, and did not like that people should look at me attentively. I never paid any attention to dress, because diamonds and dress were sure to attract attention. On great days my husband used to make me rouge, which I did greatly against my will. One day I made the Countess Soissons laugh heartily. She asked me why I never turned my head when I passed a mirror—everybody else did. I answered, 'Because I have too much self-love to bear the sight of my own homeliness.' I must have been very homely in my youth. I had no sort of features, with little, twitching eyes, a short, stub nose, and long, thick lips. The whole of my physiognomy was far from attractive.

"My face was large, with fat cheeks, and my figure was short and stumpy; in short, I was a very homely sort of person. Except for the goodness of my disposition, no one would have endured me. It was impossible to discover anything like intelligence in my eyes, except with a microscope. Perhaps there was not on the face of the earth such another pair of ugly hands as mine. The King often told me so, and set me laughing about it; for as I was quite sure of being very ugly, I made up my mind to be always the first to laugh at it. This succeeded very well, though I must confess it furnished me with a good stock of materials for laughter.

"One thing that always surprised me was how anybody could ever fall in love with me. I was notoriously the most homely woman in the French court, and yet I was only nineteen when I was married. I often asked my husband whether my looks did not repel him, and what he saw in me that he should fall in love. To my questions I have never received a satisfactory answer, but it seems to me that other qualities, in lack of beauty caused his attraction."

QUAINT REMEDIES AND IDEAS

At the last meeting of the New York Historical Society, Dr. Sydney H. Carney, Jun., read a paper on "The New York Medical Profession in 1800." The better to put his hearers into the proper mental attitude for what he had to say to them, Dr. Carney reminded them that at the time of which he was speaking peach, plum, and pear trees flourished in Madison Square, and Babylonian maples and sycamore trees waved their branches, as they had done for generations, in City Hall Park.

There has been some speculation among the curious as to the prevalence of gripes at bedtime among New Yorkers of a hundred years ago. The remedy for this complaint prescribed by the physicians was nutmeg and brandy and the yolk of an egg, to be taken before going to bed. For apoplexy, salt and cold water were to be used, whereupon the patient was "immediately to come to himself." A toothache remedy efficacious always with one exception in the practice of one physician, was to crush a ladybug between the thumb and forefinger and then to rub the finger on the gum and tooth. Freshly crushed bugs were recommended. For the bite of a mad dog the prescription was an ounce of the jawbone of the dog, some colt's tongue, and a scruple of verdigris, that taken from the coppers of George I, and George II, being preferred, of which compound a teaspoonful a day was to be taken. If that failed to cure, 180 grains of verdigris and half an ounce of calmel were to be given in one dose by a physician in person. If this still failed, four grains of pure opium were given to the patient. This last was a secret remedy so successful that early in the century the State Legislature bought the secret for £100.

Tadpoles figured in the regimen of that day to such an extent that it is said the people of Vermont, in a season of scarcity, almost fattened on them. And one of New York's famous physicians spent a part of his time in the study of the alimentary qualities of these tid-bits.



"WHO'S THIS COMING NOW?"



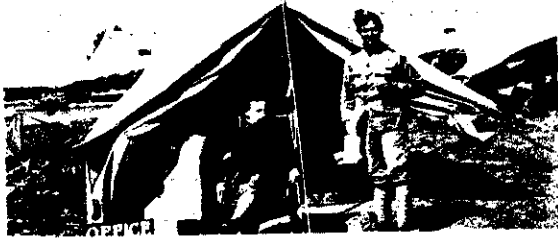
A CASE FOR THE DOCTOR OR UNDERTAKER.



Photos. by Charles Bemis.

ON GUARD.

CANINE ACTORS.



WITH THE ARMY IN SOUTH AFRICA—A MILITARY POST OFFICE.



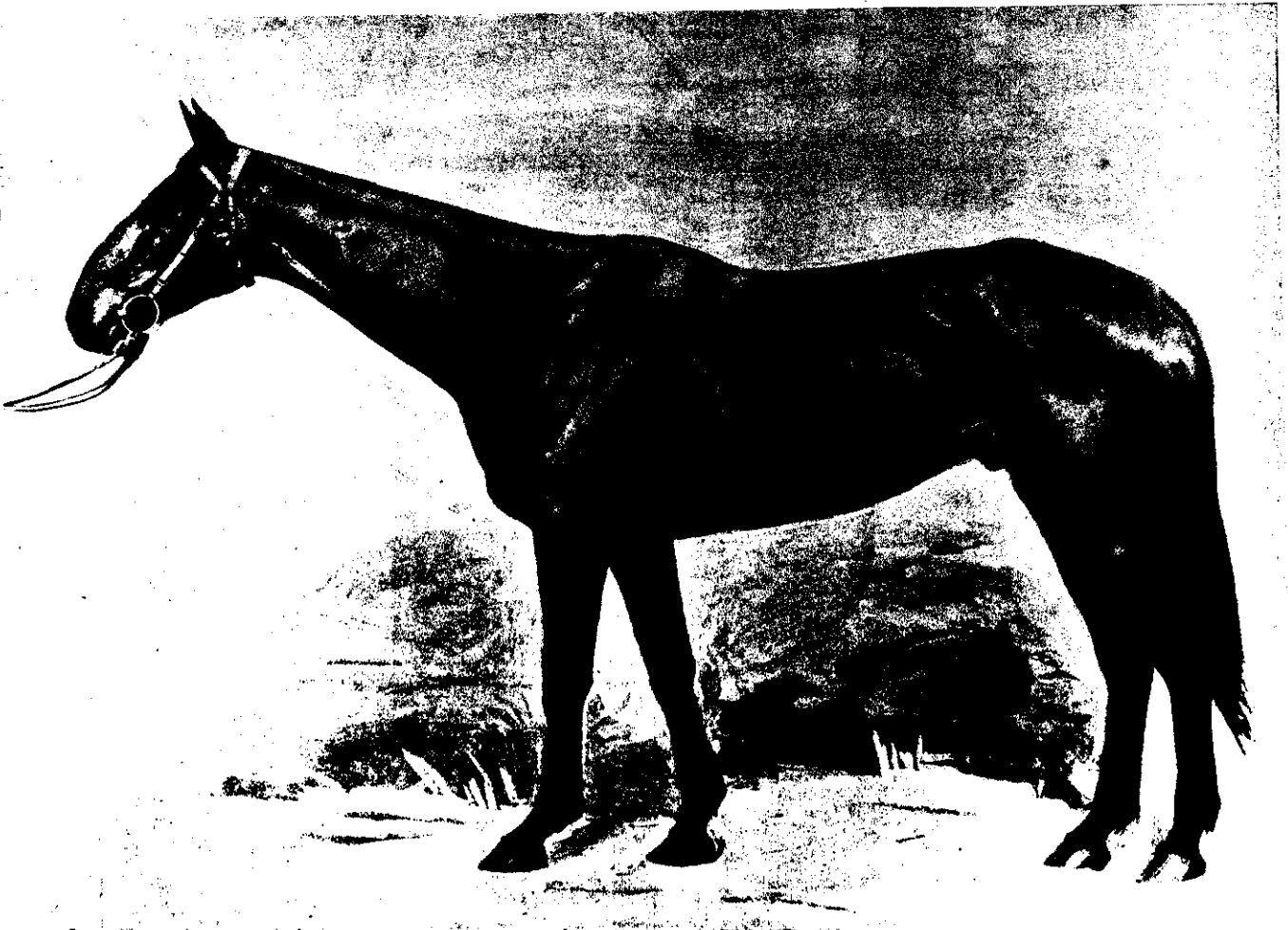
AN ARMOUR STORE.



HOSPITAL TENTS.



NURSES OF THE PORTLAND HOSPITAL.



THE GRAFTER (WINNER OF THE CITY AND SUBURBAN HANDICAP, EPSOM, 1900, AND MELBOURNE CUP, 1898).  
Owned and Trained by MR W. FORRESTER.

# Some Members of the N.Z. Contingents.



Tonlinson, photo.

J. H. P. BOND.

With First Contingent of Auckland Mounted Infantry now in South Africa.



Wrightesworth & Binns, photo.

SERGEANT E. M. GRANT

(N.Z. Fourth Contingent Rough Riders), son of Mr Grant, Editor of "Woodville Examiner."



Sorrell, photo.

TROOPER WHITSON, OF AUCKLAND.

Ordered to Rhodesia with the N.Z. 3rd Contingent.



Kinsey, photo.

TROOPER H. H. FLETCHER.

SERGEANT-MAJOR W. H. FLETCHER.  
(Late D Battery.)

SERGEANT S. G. FLETCHER  
(Late Kilburne Rifle).

Sons of Mr Wm. Fletcher, Wellington, and Members of the Fifth Contingent for South Africa.



IN THE SUBURB, CALETOWN.

# A FOUR O'CLOCK TEA. AN UP-TO-DATE SKIT ON COLONIAL LIFE.



**PERSONS:**

Dolly Deepdimple—The Girl.  
Mrs Van Ripper—The Chaperon.  
Tommie Tackle—The Man.  
And Others.

**SCENE.**

A well-known afternoon tea resort. Time 4.30. The room is crowded, and from the small screened-off table comes a perpetual hum of conversation, punctuated by light laughter and the clink of tea cups. Pretty "lady" waitresses in smart uniforms of purple frocks and white aprons provide afternoon tea, ices and fruit salads. Outside in the street the Italian musicians are playing "Just One Girl."

**ARGUMENT.**

It is like this. Dolly Deepdimple has refused Tommie Tackle at a dance given by Mrs Van Ripper the previous evening. They have all met today as though nothing had happened. Dolly, feeling that Tommie's proposal will keep in cold storage, is very gay. Tommie is pale. Mrs Van Ripper is sweetly sympathetic.

Dolly (to Tommie): Won't you have a biscuit, Mr Tackle? They are very nice.  
Tommie: Thank you, no, Miss Deepdimple.  
Mrs Van Ripper (bowing and smiling at some one across the room): There's Mr Rackette. Was he at my house last night? I didn't see him one.  
Dolly: Yes—dear old Jack! We had a delightful time.  
Tommie: Where, on the stairs or on the verandah?  
Dolly (with dignity): You seem to forget, Mr Tackle. Neither Mr Rackette nor I belong to the Smart Set.  
Tommie: No, that's a fact. You both know too much for that!  
Dolly: Yes, we graduated long ago. Jack's not a bit slow!  
Tommie: Funny girl, Cora Featherby; the other afternoon she said ha—ha—ha—she said—

Dolly: Please spare us any of Miss Featherby's jokes. We must draw the line somewhere.  
Tommie: Never mind, Mrs Van Ripper. I'll tell you some time when we are alone.  
Dolly (her eyes flashing dangerously): Nowadays men think anything that is fast is brilliant.  
Tommie: It's the inevitable reaction. You see there are so many debutantes this year. White tulle and pearls are all very nice in their way, but one must have—  
Dolly: A few spangles!  
Tommie (musing): But Cora is such a bright girl!  
Dolly: I wonder where she ever got that nose? Jack Rackette says it's the noblest Roman he ever saw on a girl! (Dolly's own nose tip tilts pointedly).  
Tommie (looking pensively at Mrs Van Ripper's nose, which is a pure Grecian): Do you know—it's a fact, Mrs Van—you don't see on good nose in twenty!  
Dolly (lightly): Don't despair, Mr Tackle; you can have 'em changed nowadays!  
Mrs Van Ripper: But Cora Featherby really is an interesting modern type. Why, there she is now—(showing and smiling)—and another stunning gown!  
Dolly (bowing coldly): White broadcloth and gold embroidery. Awfully loud!  
Tommie (bowing and smiling effusively): Very striking costume! That hat's a beauty, isn't it? I helped her to pick it out the other morning.  
Dolly: Now there's a girl that doesn't care! I wish I could be like her. She flirts with every man she meets—she—  
Tommie: Yes, I heard her say the other evening that she never let one get away! Ha—ha—ha—!  
Dolly: But simply because—she's—she's "sporty"—as Jack Rackette says—she's called a beauty!  
Mrs Van Ripper: She really isn't good looking even!

Van Ripper when we are such friends?  
Dolly: I suppose she's what you call up-to-date! That stands for everything!  
Tommie: I should never call Miss Featherby up-to-date in that sense. The up-to-date girl is absolutely superficial, insincere, without any heart whatever; and as for her soul, it's so small you can hear it rattle when she walks. (He looks pointedly at Dolly, who sips tea languidly).  
Mrs Van Ripper: Why, Tom! This is so sudden! I thought you liked girls?  
Tommie (with a blasé air): Oh, of course I like girls—as girls. There are lots of nice girls in the world. You are two of the nicest I know. (He bows to Mrs Van Ripper). But you take the usual sort of society girl, who thinks it's great fun to lead a chap on—  
Dolly: Some men accuse you of leading them on if you've let them buy you a few boxes of chocolate creams and let them take you to Pollard's or Bland Holt's once or twice.  
Tommie: They have no depth. They can't talk—except to say unkind things, which they think are funny. But they lack everything that one associates with the true womanly—  
Dolly: Cora Featherby, for instance? Tommie (sternly): Let us leave Miss Featherby's name out of the discussion. I am talking generally. The society girl regards a man's most sacred emotions as—us a joke. She likes to fancy them as slaves chasing after her chariot wheels—  
Dolly: Bikes is more recent, Mr Tackle.  
Mrs Van Ripper: All girls are not like that, you know.  
Tommie: No, you were never like that, Vera—pardon me, but it seems so stupid to call you Mrs

Van Ripper when we are such friends?  
Mrs Van Ripper: Oh, I was an old-fashioned girl!  
Tommie (with feeling): The sort of girl a man never forgets! He may jest with others—stop to play now and then—but there's always one girl he remembers!  
Dolly: Even though she's married?  
Tommie: Oh, you don't understand, little girl. Run away!  
(Mrs Van Ripper has lowered her eyes until they rest in her tea cup. Dolly's have opened very wide over the top of hers. Suddenly she drops her lashes and looks sideways at them both. She seems to experience some slight difficulty in swallowing her tea. In another girl it would be called a gulp.)  
Tommie (musing): What a nice girl you were!  
Mrs Van Ripper: It seems such a long time ago!  
Tommie: Only four years.  
Dolly (who feels forgotten): I beg pardon for interrupting—  
Tommie: Not at all.  
Dolly: I was speaking to Vera. Did you really know each other?  
Mrs Van Ripper: Why, yes; Mr Van and Tom were great chums—you see?  
Tommie: He was my best friend!  
Dolly: Huh—hm—m-h!  
Tommie: But I was careless and Van Ripper carried off the prize; but they allowed me to be usher.  
(Mrs Van Ripper and Tommie laugh and are joined by Dolly, but her laugh is distinctly unhappy.)  
Dolly (with an attempt at lightness): How does it feel to be a buried sorrow?  
Tommie: Oh, everything gets to be a joke when you've had it—even appendicitis! But the first time a man is in love is the only time, after all! A fellow meets a pretty

# Music & Drama

girl and proposes to her, because—well, because she seems to look for it—

(Dolly raises her cap to her lips and swallows hard. A moisture has appeared about her lashes. Mrs. Van Ripper notices this and pours more tea.)

Mrs. Van Ripper: But it's all an old story now. By the way, do you know we start for Rotorua and the Lakes in another week? There are eight of us going. Why don't you come along, if you don't think it will be too stupid? Nearly all old married people, you know—except Cora—and Jack and I want Dolly to go.

Tommie: Is Van going?

Mrs. Van Ripper: No; he can't get away until later.

Tommie: Are you going, Miss Deep-dimple?

Dolly (who is no longer gay): No, I'm going to be bridesmaid for Pinkie Peachbloom.

Tommie (with sudden decision): I think I can get away for a week or two, Mrs. Van Ripper, if you are quite sure I won't be in the way.

Mrs. Van Ripper: We shall be delighted. You must bring your bag and golf sticks and things. Oh, it is so lovely at Rotorua and Taupo.

Tommie: Such moonlight nights—and stars. Don't you know, the stars never seem—quite the same here! (At this point a large tear appears on the tip of each of Miss Deepdimple's lashes and falls into her cup. She also gulps.)

Dolly (suddenly): There's Peachie now. Won't you both excuse me for just a moment, Vera? (She rushes off. Mr. Tackle draws a deep breath. Mrs. Van Ripper laughs. They shake hands across the table.)

Tommie: That's the worst game I was ever in, but it did work beautifully, didn't it? You are a brick! I'd never have thought of it—wouldn't have dared Great Scott!

Mrs. Van Ripper: Oh, I know girls. I once was one myself. If you'd moped and acted as though you cared, she'd have gone on making fun of you.

Tommie: And now, what next? Do you think she'll ever forgive me?

Mrs. Van Ripper (thoughtfully): You might apologise.

Tommie: Yes; that always pleases a girl.

Mrs. Van Ripper: Then I'll get her to go to Rotorua.

Tommie: Do you think she'll go after all this, really?

Mrs. Van Ripper: Like a lamb! She's coming! Look into my eyes and hold my hand! That's lovely!

—Adapted from New York "Herald."

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

ENGLISH MADE throughout.



LA NOBLESSE "A new and elegant series of Corsets. Ask to see them to be had of all dealers throughout the world."  
Mrs. W. S. THOMSON & CO., Ltd., London

The Walter Bentley Company commences its Auckland season on June 4th.

A fourth Waxworks Show has been organised by Mr. Ben. Fuller, which will tour the Otago and Canterbury districts.

The Leslie Brothers are now in Christchurch. Their Dunedin season was a success.

The leading attractions which Dix's Gaiety Company have to present to the public now are Miss Ida Boslyn, serio-comic actress and danseuse; the aW-saw Brothers, musical sketch artists; and Mr. Frank York, who has proved such a favourite that Mr. Dix has engaged him for a further term of six months.

The Pollards concluded their Auckland season on Saturday last. Their stay in the North, notwithstanding that, with the exception of "The Geisha," they played nothing new, was continuously successful. Full houses greeted the players every night and the management must have left the northern city with light hearts and heavy pockets.

Mr. Fred. E. Baume, one of Auckland's foremost lawyers, who has long had a brilliant reputation as a reciter and amateur actor, and who when standing for Parliamentary honours at the last general election, won instant recognition as a clever political thinker and debater, has added another accomplishment to his already long list, and now appears as the author of a blood-stirring ballad, "The Motherland Shall Never Die." The words, which are far above the usual class of such things, have been set to appropriate music by Mr. F. Boulton. On Saturday evening last the large and critical audience at the Savage Club gave Mr. Baume's verses a tremendous reception, clamorously demanding an encore. At the Opera House, where "In Town" was being played, "The Motherland Shall Never Die" was sung by Mr. Frits as an interpolated item, and was enthusiastically received. Mr. Baume has, we understand, written several other stanzas for music, which are likely to appear shortly.

The following are the bookings at the Auckland Opera House for the remainder of this year and the earlier months of 1901:—The Henry Dramatic Company, May 21 to 26; Banjo Club's Concert, May 24; Walter Bentley Company, open June 4; J. F. Sheridan (Widow O'Brien), About October 6; Pollard Opera Company, Christmas week; "What happened to Jones," February 19, 1901, to March 11; Holloway Dramatic Company, April 6 to 27.

Miss Alice Law, L.R.A.M. (Lon.), will give a piano recital in the Y.M.C.A. Hall, Auckland, on Friday evening next. Mr. M. Hamilton Hodges will assist.

At the matinee given by the Pollards on Saturday afternoon in the Auckland Opera House, the takings were larger by £15 than any sum received by the management at any previous performance in Auckland.

It seems that there was an alarm of fire in the Theatre Francaise about a week before the historic house was burned down. One of the classical Tuesdays they were playing Racine's "Andromaque," when two women seated in the balcony thought there was a smell of burning, moved from their seats and were followed by other spectators. The performance was interrupted, and Paul Mounet, who was on the stage at the time, said, "What does it all mean? There is really nothing the matter." M. Claretie, from his stage box, addressed the house, saying, "There is nothing. Be seated, pray." "Do you think," continued Paul Mounet, "we should want to run more risk than you?" at which remark the journalist Anatole France, who happened to be in the stalls, shouted "Bravo, Mounet!"

On Monday last the Rev. Charles Clark initiated his Auckland season by delivering his lecture on "St. Paul's, the British Temple of Honour." There was a large attendance, and the lecturer was listened to with the profound interest his vivid word pictures merited. Towards the close of the evening Mr. Clark referred to the wonderful growth of the Imperial spirit that has been witnessed since the outbreak of the war, and reminded his hearers that as there were still vacant niches in St. Paul's so there were heroes to fill them. The race

of British heroes was not extinct, said he. What about Baden-Powell, French, Dundonald, George White, Buller—poor old Buller, who had had the toughest job and hardest battle of the lot—Fighting Macdonald, Kit-chener, and last, least, and greatest gallant little Boba? Loud applause interrupted the lecturer as each of these names fell from his lips, and was especially pronounced when he spoke of Roberts. During the evening the lecturer recited Tennyson's magnificent "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington." Last evening (Tuesday) he gave his Chas. Dickens lecture, introducing the following recitals:—"The Accommodating Waiter," "The Death of Little Nell," "Bob Sawyer's Party," and "The Quarrel Between Nairy (Gump and Betsy Prig." To-night (Wednesday) he gives "Vanity Fair" and the great Snob family. The season closes on Saturday evening.

This is the way a Denver critic describes Blanche Walsh: "Those large smouldering, blue-green eyes—that mouth, a coral bow of Cupid's framing, glorified by lurking dimples that fit hither and thither in tantalising coquetry—a broad, low brow, such as artists delight in painting Madonas, with a halo of sun-burnished hair that glints with dark, ruddy tints of copper; the soft, silken draperies of the clinging gown suggest such proportions as would make a fit model for a Venus de Medicis—superbly tall, physically accurate—is it not befitting such a one should be the apostle of the poetry of pleasure? And this, too, in the winter time, and in Denver, where the snow caps the mountain peaks all the year round. If a glance from those large, smouldering, bottle-green—blue-green eyes, should happen to be directed that way, there is good ground for the belief that those white-clad summits would be transformed into roaring volcanoes, compared to which old Vesuvius would look like a bunch of stage money contrasted with a roll of crisp, new gold certificates.

There is some talk in Paris of a total and definite suppression of the claque. Progressive managers hold that the institution is quite out of date and entails a needless expense. The result of the arrangement is that genuine playgoers in Paris theatres hardly ever applaud, as they know that the claque is there to do the work, and because, moreover, they do not want to look as if they belonged to the noisy force in question. There are worse drawbacks, however, to the institution. In smaller theatres the chef de claque, when he is unscrupulous, preys upon actors and actresses who are not sufficiently well known to be able to defy him, and whom he accordingly can make or mar. The syndicate of Paris theatre managers has now determined to make a move in the matter, following the example of Sarah Bernhardt, who has earned the gratitude of her spectators by suppressing the claque altogether in her house, and is now the less applauded.

That wonderful Patti. This is what the "Pall Mall Gazette" said of her the other day: "We have heard Patti, of course, in opera before the occasion of last night; but her extraordinary skill in acting—after all, in discussing operative acting, you cannot use words of higher meaning than this—had never been so patently displayed in so far as our memory goes. With quick, animate gesture, with sudden impulses, with significant turns and appeals, she showed us something altogether outside sympathy for loyalty and chivalry and courage, just as 'L'Aiglon' (the play on which M. Rostand was at this time engaged) will, I hope, bring a national thrill for unsullied patriotism and love of country."

This month the combined return from the May Queen mine (company and tributors' crushings) was £1673 from 734 tons. The company's own return was £1145 from 684 tons.

**A BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION.**  
Apply Sulpholine Lotion. It drives away pimples, blotches, roughness, redness, and all disfigurements. Sulpholine develops a lovely skin. In bottles. Made in London.—Adv't.

The man who whispers down a wall  
About the goods he has to sell  
Won't reap the gleaming golden dollars  
Like he who climbs a tree and hollers.  
The man who lets a cough alone  
To wear him down to skin and bone.  
Won't be in health so sound and sure  
As he who takes Woods' Peppermint Cure.

## BILE BEANS AGAIN.

THEY CURE A WELLINGTON LADY.

MRS PETERSON SAYS:—"FOR GIVING TONE TO THE SYSTEM THEY ARE PERFECT."

We very often hear people say, "It is one thing to make money, and another thing to keep it;" and so might it be said of health, "It is one thing to have good health, and another thing to keep it." How many strong, healthy constitutions have gone to decay simply because they have not been looked after. Just as necessary as it is for us to clean our nails every day, and just as necessary as it is for a clock to be occasionally cleaned, so the bottom of a ship scraped, so it is necessary that we should give some attention to our health. Every constitution wants to be what is known as "toned up." That is to say, the organs of the body should be put in proper working order, and strengthened. The bowels should be kept in proper working order, the kidneys cleaned, the liver stimulated, and the head kept thoroughly clear. This is the object of Bile Beans, as the following case will prove: Mrs Peterson, who lives at No. 6 Crawford-lane, Wellington (N.Z.), says:—"I have used Bile Beans, and have found them a valuable and gentle aperient. For corrective purposes, and giving 'tone' to the system, they are perfect. For relief in cases of constipation they cannot be beaten. I can confidently recommend them to all in need of relief, and to those who desire their constitution built up."

The enormous success of this preparation the world over is the best possible proof of its great worth. Millions use Bile Beans annually, and thousands say they are an undoubted specific for biliousness, indigestion, constipation, bad blood, pimples, piles, costiveness, and for a general toning up of the system. Obtainable at all chemists' and storekeepers, 13d per box, or from the Australian Depot, Bile Bean Manufacturing Co., 39 Pitt Street, Sydney.

SECRETARIES TO FOOTBALL, LA-CROSSE, and other Winter Sports can have their Orders for Printing executed with despatch and at Lowest Rates at the "STAR" PRINTING WORKS.

## SALE BY PUBLIC AUCTION.

Notice is hereby given that the undermentioned KAUKI TIMBER, standing on Blocks IV. and VIII., Hukerenui Survey District, in the Pahurangi State Forest, will be offered for Sale by public auction, at the District Land and Survey Office, Auckland, on FRIDAY, the 8th June, 1900, at 11 a.m. Total Upset Price, £597.

PUHUPUHI STATE FOREST, BAY OF ISLANDS AND WHANGAREI COUNTIES.

LOT 1—187 GREEN KAUKI TREES, containing 6,183 4/10 superficial feet; 232 SILVER KAUKI TREES, containing 5,515 2/10 superficial feet; and 56 TOTARA TREES. Upset price, £597.

**CONDITIONS OF SALE.**  
One third of the purchase money to be paid in cash or by marked cheque on the fall of the hammer, one-third within two years, and the remaining third within four years from date of sale. The timber to be removed within seven years from date of sale. All timber to be shipped by railway at the Whakapara Booms.

GERHARD MUELLER, Commissioner of Crown Lands, District Land and Survey Office, Auckland, 23rd April, 1900.

District Land and Survey Office, Auckland, 7th May, 1900.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT the undermentioned Kaupiri and Totara Timber, standing upon the Auckland Girls' High School Endowment, in Blocks XI. and XII., Manukuru S.D., Hobson County, will be offered for Sale by public auction at this Office, on FRIDAY, the 8th June 1900, at 11 a.m.

LOT 5, comprising about 89 kaupiri trees, or 1,003 1/2 sup. feet timber; total upset price, £252.

LOT 6, comprising 87 green kaupiri trees or 154,829 sup. feet of timber; also, 14 totara trees, containing about 20,000 sup. feet of timber; total upset price, £488.

Conditions of Sale: One half purchase money on fall of the hammer, and the balance on or before 31st December, 1900. Timber to be removed within four years from date of sale.

Plans and conditions of sale may be inspected on application at this Office. GERHARD MUELLER, Commissioner of Crown Lands.

Complete Story.

# A REGENT IN ARCADY.

By S. Edgar Benet.

At five o'clock of an afternoon in May the old house flung its shadow across the road to the meadow beyond.

There was the picturesque of vast proportion, decay and delapidation about the place.

Trees of heaven thrust their branches against the windows and under the eaves. The strip of grass lost its green in the highway. There was no fence, but a short paved walk bordered with box bushes terminated in a gate. Those on either side were of unusual height; an arch had been cut through them.

Two young women on a buckboard stopped in the shadow.

"Oh, oh!" said one, "the dear old place! I don't believe there is a square inch of paint on it. It is an enchanted spot."

"Wickedly enchanted. Look at these outbuildings. A puff of wind would level the lot."

"But they are such an exquisite gray. You might paint them all with a wash of limpblood, a little blue in the half-tones and just a trace of yellow where the lights are strongest."

"I shouldn't paint them; but I can thing with satisfaction of a coat of whitewash outside and in."

"Save the mark!"

"And those fields. They won't get enough off them to keep a wooden horse through the winter. They won't get anything but broomsedge."

"There isn't anything in the world as lovely as broomsedge, especially in October, when it begins to burst out all up the straks like make-believe thistles. Before sunset I've seen the brown blades turn to a tawny pink and the down glisten like silver. It is beautiful."

"A corn stable of a second growth of clover would be much more gratifying. Shall we go on?"

"Wait a little while. I'm going to get down and look through the arch."

"Why? When you can see under and over and all around it from here."

Ellen sprang to the ground.

"Call for me as you come back," she said.

She solemnly expected the buckboard to go on. What if there should be dogs or cows?

There was the sound of a key in the lock and the door swung back. A stream of yellow light ran over the shadow and a woman came out with a watering-can in her hand. She was small and old, and her keen eyes were sunken beneath the prominent arch of her brow.

"Won't you come in?" she called.

Ellen held out her hands and struck as she seldom failed to do with strangers, the keynote of favour.

"Your house is beautiful. I wanted to see it closer. You do not mind, do you?"

"To be sure I don't," said the mistress; "come in and look around as much as you like."

Ellen followed her into the hall. She saw through the door at the far end a green yard and the inevitable outbuildings going to decay.

Mrs. Rail opened the windows in one of the darkened rooms.

"Sit down. You must be tired. I reckon you didn't walk from nowhere?"

"I drove out from town. I had never been on this road before. My name is Ellen Cheritree."

"Any relation to the Cheritrees across the country about tea milk?"

"I'm afraid not."

She was regarding the furniture critically; not antique, but sufficiently old-fashioned.

"Yes," said Mrs. Rail, "this is a good old place. I think so; a body ought to about her home. But it ain't what it once was. I come here a bride, forty-seven years next Christmas, and I was twenty-three on my wedding-day. Before the war my neck flushed and her eyes brightened with the proud recollection—"child, you ought to n-seeen this place then. My husband owned three thousand acres right around here, and we had ninety-seven coloured people. I had ten myself when we were married. The place is gone down. It takes money to keep it up. The land's poor, too, and fertilizer's dear. Crops don't amount to nothing, though I don't mean to cast reflections on Francis. Francis makes considerable truckin',

but Francis'll never be the furrier his father was before him."

A voice from without called loudly: "Aunt Kitty! Aunt Kitty! Don't you think that calf's gone an' got out again?"

Mrs. Rail ran down the hall. "I do think in my heart," she said by way of apology.

Ellen followed. Over one of the sunny meadows, ankle-deep with its straggling grass, a black calf darted, pursued by a girl. She and Mrs. Rail flung their arms above their heads and shouted unintelligible things to the calf. Ellen caught her frock over her arm and ran with the others. The calf, having perhaps a poor opinion of her ability, kept near her. She seized the rope and held him fast.

A man with a hoe over his shoulder came down the stable road and pouted in surprise. He leaped the fence when he became aware of the two women hurrying over the field.

Ellen held out her smarting hands. Across the palms the rope had drawn a faint line of blood. Her eyes filled with tears.

"Confound the calf!" said the man. He would probably have laughed if Turah had been so babyish.

Mrs. Rail came up with Turah.

"Lal Francis," she said, "that calf'll be the death of me. If this is what comes of havin' blooded stock careerin' over the fields three an' four times a day, the old red an' white kind's good enough for me. At my age, too! My son Francis, Miss Ellen Cheritree—she ain't no kin to the Cheritrees across the country. Francis—an' Turah."

Turah looked at Ellen and wished the hurt might have been across her own broad palms. She and Francis, with their fine, strong bodies, thought the frail, pale creature with the expression of tragic pain upon her face because she had chafed her hands, a pitiful sight.

"Come in the house an' I'll put some lily an' whisky on it," said Mrs. Rail; "lily an' whisky's grand for hurts. You won't know anything's wrong with your poor little hands to-morrow."

When the buckboard stopped at the gate everybody was sorry to see it. Turah had hastened tea, and they had been merry over curds and cream and biscuit and fruit, and Ellen had concluded an arrangement whereby she was to see more of her new acquaintances.

"I won't be the least trouble in the world," she said. "I can get up very early. I don't mind having breakfast at seven, only I shall have to be called at six. And I can live on bread and milk. It is so good of you to let me come."

They followed her down to the green arch and watched her drive away.

Ellen's mild rhapsodies elicited slight response.

"I wish you had come, Henrietta. They are the simplest, best creatures; so kind, so—"

"Agreeable?"

"More. It was like living in another age. They made me feel artificial. I felt ashamed of everything I had done to place me so far away from nature."

"They said all sorts of pretty things?"

"Only kind things that came directly from the heart."

"How many of those paragons are there?"

"Three."

"All women?"

"A son. The girl has the strongest, best face. Not beautiful, but good. I think it would be a benefit to share their home for a while. One could not help but have wider sympathies and a larger comprehension of life."

Henrietta looked down from her superior height.

"What nonsense now, Ellen? This is an old job with a new face. I have heard something like it before."

"Three weeks later Henrietta at Dawn received a bulky mail.

"My own dearest Henrietta," wrote Ellen. "I am in Arcadia, Alturia, Utopia. Letters are never written from these places. My own is the first on record. I am living at that exquisite old house on the Franklin Road. You remember the evening we went out on the buckboard? I may as well confess I am a summer

boarder, but they do not allow this phrase to obtrude itself upon me. I am one of them—a friend and sister to Francis and Turah, and as much a niece to Aunt Kitty as Turah herself. Do not be shocked. These are not common people, but simple-minded, plain in the sweetest, best sense of the word. I have learned to do things connected with housekeeping, and love my tasks. There is poetry about them if one has vision to perceive it, upon the principle of some hymn I have seen somewhere, "Who sweeps a room as for Thy laws, Makes that and the action fine." Maybe the quotation is not correct, but you have my meaning. I take entire charge

of the dairy—the coolest, dimmest place, with roses blooming over the windows and a stream of water running all round three sides and gray milk crocks with blue clover leaves on them in it. I make butter every day in a tall churn, and pruit it in little pans with acorns and wheat, and Francis says my butter always brings five cents more than any other butter in the market. I really am of use to them. I should be satisfied to make butter all my life. It reminds me of the poor French queen and her dairy. Wasn't it the French queen? I am not surprised she was fond of it. I wanted to have some calico frocks made like Turah's, so that we might look more alike, but Francis asked me please not to. I have tucked up the skirt of those three Chambrays, and taken the lace and ribbon off the waists. And I have some little frilled aprons with bibs that fasten behind and some frilled cuffs to turn back over my elbows whenever it is necessary to roll up my sleeves—and it always is in making butter—so that I think the Chambrays are more becoming than they were at first. We breakfast at six o'clock on a porch that is covered with a climbing rose and a jasmine. We have tea served down by the spring. Life seems' one delightful picnic—if it were not for its sweet seriousness. We have music, too. Francis plays on the violin. Not to suit you, poor unfortunate scientist! No music master has spoiled and crippled his interpretation of pathetic negro melodies and old-fashioned airs. I thought last night I had never heard anything so beautiful. The moonlight seemed gathered in the tops of the trees. All was breathlessly still, and the only living thing in the world was the voice of the viola. Was it living after all? I have a theory that the violin enshrines a soul which speaks at the violinist's will. All violinists have occult powers. We are entirely alone. There are no neighbours to disturb us. Sometimes we go in a farm cart to a little meeting house in the Woods. The men sit on one side and the women on the other, and the women kiss each other after the service. It's very interesting. I want to tell you about—but, oh, dear! it's milking time. The cows—seven of them, counting the heifers—have come up to the bars. I hear them. I have learned to milk, and have the cutest little three-legged milking stool. Who was the writer who said no one lived truly unless he lived near to Nature's heart? Is the deer mother better? believe me, always your own devoted

ELLEN.

P.S.—You know how I hate post-scripts, my dear Henrietta, but I have just come upstairs and want to add a few lines to tell you about Francis. Francis and Turah are engaged to be married, and are very devoted to each other. Turah is, I'm sure, I have the confidence of both. Francis has a high standard which he wishes Turah to reach, and he tells me just where she fails to realise his expectations. Francis is Turah's standard. She does not want him changed, which is as it should be. You know I have always held a wife should reverence her husband, and, above all things, avoid a critical spirit. Have heard nothing from Brian. Have you? No doubt he is, as I am, in some charmed spot where letters are unknown or forgotten. Yours, E."

Henrietta's presence, when she stopped at Honey Path on her way to the White Sulphur, was like a shower of rain upon a merry-making.

Her positive individuality, which she never took the trouble to soften, made an unfavourable impression. Turah was awkward, Francis no Florizel, and the prime mover in the protracted farce a rather mature young woman in short skirts and frilled aprons, striking attitudes over an old-fashioned churn.

Three days of Arcadia were sufficient for her. By the light of a candle she packed her travelling bag.

Ellen sat by the window and looked out into the night.

It had rained and the leaves were dripping. The rays from the emble made a nimbus in the heavy air.

Now and then the wind shook down a shower of raindrops. Ellen thought how well she had heard the sound imitated by Senard's orchestra.

She looked like a creature from opera bouffe, or a model for a Watteau fan. She leaned her head upon her arm and sighed. Henrietta was making herself disagreeable—a risk every one ran who stated facts to Mrs. Cheritree.

"You are very unkind, Henrietta," she said.

"I wish I might be unkind to some purpose. It is you who are unkind. You are amusing yourself at the expense of these good people, for they are good people, so unuspicious they have no idea you are playing with them, and—"

"I like them heartily. It is no exaggeration to say I love them."

"For how long?"

"I shall never forget them."

"By Christmas you will have forgotten their names. Besides, you cannot help but see the girl is miserable."

"Turah isn't treating me properly," said Ellen plaintively. "She no longer shows me the confidence I have a right to expect. I have not changed toward Turah."

"And Francis?—though I think Mr. Rail would be more appropriate."

"I have done my best to be a sister to Francis."

"And Turah objects? Very unreasonable girl, Turah."

Ellen crimped the fold of her kerchief.

"You must know how humiliating it is for me to make such an admission; but, Turah is, or fancies she is, jealous."

"I should say she has abundant cause. I myself saw Francis with his arm around your waist."

"He looks upon me as a sister."

"And it was probably in an excess of brotherly affection that he kissed the palm of your hands yesterday. My dear Ellen, you forget I have brothers of my own."

"You keep your brothers at such a distance."

Henrietta tightened the straps of her bag.

"We get on pretty well. No doubt you have told this dear new brother about Brian?"

"They are not interested in my private affairs, and I never bore people by talking about myself. You wish to insinuate that I have been guilty of a vulgar flirtation."

"Is there any other sort?"

"You know, too, my opinion of a flirtatious woman. The River Jordan could not wash her clean. Ugh! when you think of them, those women are absolutely nasty."

"Then you have not told him of Brian?"

"No."

"You have acted wily to him and his doting old mother, and treacherously to the girl."

Ellen crept into bed and cried. Once she raised her head from her pillow to say:

"I hope you will not mention these absurd suspicions to Brian."

Henrietta replied at some length with the unconscious use of a slang expression:

"What do you take me for? Brian wouldn't believe the truth if he saw it. I haven't forgotten the music master episode."

Turah was gathering beans in the garden. It was a misty morning in September. Dew lay over the vines and marked the spiders' webs among the weeds.

It was a relief to Turah to be where she need not struggle to hide her wretched feelings—where she was not compelled to listen to Ellen's light words and laughter.

What was she in comparison with Ellen? She said: "I don't care; I don't want him if he wants Ellen. Let him take Ellen."

She fell to thinking what she would do when they were married. She supposed Ellen would take her place entirely, would look after the poultry and the housekeeping, except what Aunt Kitty still clung to.

"There would be no room for her, Turah! Oh, Turah!" Ellen called. "Where are you? I have come to help you."

"Turah hurried down the row and poured the beans into a basket.

"I reckon I got enough," she said; "besides it's all wet in there. Look at my skirts."



"Then I'll help you to shell them." Turah lifted the basket and moved away.

"Wait a minute," begged Ellen. "I wanted to ask you something." She turned and looked down into Ellen's eyes.

"I can't stay very long. There's a heap of stuff to be got up for market." It was difficult for Ellen to frame her question. She went close to Turah and put her arms around her neck.

"You don't love me any more," she said.

"There were tears in her blue eyes. Adverse opinion was a grievous wound.

"I do," cried Turah hotly; "tain't your fault if you're prettier and sweeter than me."

She set down her basket and took Ellen's fragile body in her strong clasp.

"Oh, I do wish you all the good and happiness in the world, more'n I could wish for myself if you and him are happier so. You're welcome to him, Ellen."

There was the difference of ten years between them, but they reached a unity of opinion from opposite standpoints. Intentional evil or injury did not exist for Turah; she had no comprehension of it. It did not exist for Ellen—she ignored it.

Ellen went to her room. For the first time since she came to Honey Path she began to feel bored and to look forward to the prospect of getting away.

She could not understand why Turah should spoil everything by such an assumption.

She looked a long while in the mirror. The Chamb-rays were becoming tiresome. There was the evidence of the sun on her neck and arms. She pulled the kerchief away from her breast and pushed back her sleeves, where the skin was white and smooth in contrast.

Dinner was served under the trees by the spring. There were only the three women. The food palled upon Ellen's taste.

When evening came she walked down a still, unfrequented road. She wished to avoid Francis. Turah renunciation had suggested a possible embarrassment of riches.

With a feeling of impatience she saw the waggon coming toward her, back against the yellow west.

Francis leaned forward from the high seat. He was so deep in thought that he did not see her at first.

She would have hidden had there been bush or stone large enough to conceal her. He leaped down and they followed the lumbering waggon.

"I stopped at the post office as I came along and fetched these."

He gave her two letters, and watched her face as she turned them to catch the light.

She scanned the date and said:

"August 29th. This must have been at the office quite a while. It makes no difference, though. Had you a good sale?"

"Pretty fair."

"Too bad you will have to go again to-night."

"I'm not tired. That's a curious handwriting."

"Yes," she struck the letters against the palm of her hand, "very singular."

"If I recollect, I brought you a letter from the same person in July."

"They are from Henrietta's brother, and I think this last one means that my stay here is over."

Francis took her hand and held it fast. A thousand burning words rushed to his lips.

She began to talk rapidly in an endeavour to keep him from speaking.

"You have been so kind to me—all of you—so sweet and good. Aunt Kitty could not have been more so to a daughter and Turah has been a sister. As for you, how can I ever thank you for your goodness? Indeed, you must be the brother I have always wished for, materialized this summer. How dark it is growing! Turah's coffee will be cold. Let us walk faster."

"Stop!" said Francis. "I've got something to say to you. When are you coming back again?"

"Soon, I hope."

"I'd come to look upon you as never going away. Promise when you come back it will be for good."

"Have you forgotten Turah?" she asked. "You are engaged to marry Turah. Oh, Francis, how can you be so dishonourable?"

"I thought we'd both agreed to forget Turah this long time," he answered.

She felt weak and cowardly. An honest sayer was foreign to her.

"Who's dishonourable?" he demanded. "Who made me forget Turah so that if I live to be a hundred she can never be anything to me again? Who tolled me away from Turah with eyes and hands and lips and—yes—and words?"

Ellen looked across the fields up to the first faint stars. From somewhere a whippoorwill called and a bat circled close.

"Why is it dishonourable to say I love you," he persisted, "when it's the truth?"

She held up the letters.

"Have they anything to do with it?"

"They are from Brian, Henrietta's brother. I shall marry him some of these days."

"And you knew it two months ago?"

"I have known it five years."

She did not tell the truth even then. She had known it ten.

"You have no right to speak so to me. If this were not so you were bound. Nothing can excuse your faithfulness to Turah."

"Then you've been fooling me."

He held her by the shoulders and told her such humiliating truths as only a plain man goaded beyond restraint could speak.

She was thankful when he released her and permitted her to walk apart from him.

The horses stood waiting at the bars.

Ellen held out her hand.

"I'm sorry if I have offended you."

He lowered the bars and motioned her to leave him. She went between long rows of currant bushes to the house. There were visitors in the parlour to the left of the hall. The door stood open and a stream of light marked the bare floor.

She ran down the dim space and stood in the doorway. She felt herself a miserably treated creature.

A tall, middle-aged man got up from the sofa along which he had thrown his remarkable length, and came to meet her. He greeted her as if she were but lately out of the nursery.

She hid her face under the lapel of his coat and sobbed.

"I wish you'd take me home, Brian. I want to go home right away."

When Francis came in from the stable he found his mother and Turah disconsolate at the gate. The house had grown suddenly empty.

"She's gone, Francis," said his mother, "and left her kindest love for you."

Her voice echoed through the place and intensified its loneliness.

Towards midnight the waggon with its load of vegetables was ready for market. Francis fastened the cover and climbed up on the seat.

Turah called from the door. She held a lighted lantern above her head and a bundle under her arm.

"You were going without your lunch and the lantern; and there's so many bad places in the road."

As she held them up a gust of wind caught the lantern and swept it noisily from her hand.

The air was sweet with the odour of rain rushing over drenched fields and woods. Turah ran after the lantern and brought it back.

"There's an awful rain a-coming. I can hear it. Won't you wait till it's over?"

He got down and led the horses to the sheltered side of the barn. The rain, hurling itself obliquely against the earth, caught him where he followed Turah within the door.

The mows were empty, and the vast ramshackle building shivered and creaked. Through numberless breaches streams of water poured upon the floor.

Turah hung the lantern against the wall. She and Francis leaned on opposite sides of the door and looked out.

Through the numbness that had taken possession of his faculties a sense of shame of his dishonour to her made itself felt.

She said timidly:

"She'll come back again. I heard her say so. You know she hadn't seen her brother for a mighty long time, and the other."

"Henrietta's brother?"

"Yes, Brian."

Francis repeated what Ellen had told him.

"She is to marry Brian some of these days. She has known it five years."

Turah bent forward and asked:

"What did she mean about—about—the rest of us?"

"I've been a fool, that's all. I've been worse than a fool to you, Turah."

"Don't mind me," she interrupted. "If my misery'd made your happiness, I'd be miserable all my life."

He stretched out his hand in the darkness.

"It's holding up," he said. "I'd better be going."

Turah followed him into the road.

"Good night. You'd better get along in."

In obedience to a sudden impulse he leaned down and held out his hand. She took it in both her own and laid her face against it.

"Good-bye. Take good care o' your self."

It was too dark to see even the outline of the waggon. She judged of its progress by the yellow light from the lantern that flashed into pools which lay thickly over the uneven surface of the road.

Francis went onward mechanically. The actors in the Honey Path farce passed before him—his mother, Turah and Ellen, with the stereotyped sweetness of her pale face. He lived the summer over.

The lights on the outskirts of the city burned like yellow spheres through the misty rain. Across the road ran the gleaming iron of rails, from darkness into light and into darkness again. The gates were pointing skyward like ghostly sentinels.

There came the whirr and rattle of the approaching train, the flash of the headlight, and the long, wild scream of the engine leaping through the stillness.

He rose to his feet and looked down the track. A reckless impulse seized him. He raised his whip and brought it down, throng down upon the horses' flanks. They plunged forward upon the rails. He heard their shrill neighing. His eyes were blinded by the fierce light that encompassed him, and the train rolled away into the darkness, leaving a fiery scintillation in its wake.

In November Ellen drove out with Brian to Honey Path.

She told herself that after the lapse of six weeks Francis must have had sufficient time to acknowledge his unreasonableness.

She went through the superfluous gate under its green arch. The door was ajar. She pushed it back.

Turah was gathering into her apron the brown leaves that had blown in on the wind. They rustled crisply as she crushed them between her fingers. She looked up as Ellen stood in the light. There was no change in the expression of her face.

Ellen knelt down beside her and put her arms around her neck.

"You dear Turah! It is so good to see you again!"

She would have kissed her, but Turah laid a hand upon her breast and kept her away. She was surprised in a dull way that she had no reproaches, for sometimes at her work in the lonely fields or among the cows she had pictured this meeting and terrible words had sprung to her lips. Now she recognised the futility of upbraiding.

"Is any one ill?" asked Ellen. "Aunt Kitty or Francis?"

"She's in the back room," said Turah. "Come and see her."

The room had an unfamiliar look. It had been arranged for winter.

Mrs Rail sat in a corner near the fire. She kissed Ellen and made her sit down near her.

"Let's chat. The fall's comin' soon," she said. "I been lookin' for you. I thought you'd come."

Ellen glanced at Turah, who sat in the window and studied the dial of a tall clock whose hands pointed toward five.

"—Is—Francis—?" She could not complete the sentence.

"Bars ran over Mrs Rail's wrinkled cheeks.

"Oh, my poor boy—my good boy! For him to die like that. So young, too, not twenty-three till March. He never gave me a cross word in his life. All gone an' him the only one left. He was my baby; no more'n six months when his father died. Seems like he always nearer to me for that—never to have no further to do for him. An' he was such a good boy."

Turah had taken her gaze from the clock and her eyes looked into Ellen's with unpeackable reproach. To avoid this Ellen knelt down by the bereaved woman's chair and hid her face upon her knee. She wanted, too, to shut out the sight of that little old figure with the quick tears falling down upon the knotted hands which clasped and unclasped themselves in a restrained passion of grief. She felt those hands touch her hair as the story went on.

"At three in the mornin' I woke out of a sound sleep. Somebody called me. I got up and went to the window. The night was so black yo' couldn't see yo' han' before yo' face. I bet twarn't no use to go back to bed. I sat there until daybreak, an' when

I went down, Turah she was already up an' through with the milkin', an' by an' by a man come up on horseback an' I knowed he had bad news for me. Seemed like I had been waitin' for him the endurin' night. An' then later on—they brought him home."

The dignity of her grief changed to a tone of complaining. She wiped her tears away with the back of her hand and sighed.

"What am I to do with never a body to say a comfortin' or a pleasant word? Some people are like a stock or a stone. No more feelin'. You'd a-thought Turah would have taken on some, considerin' her an' Francis was courtin' once. I ain't seen her shed a tear. Not that I got anything ag'in Turah in general. She's a good girl, but she ain't got any feelin'. When the men that holds the mortgage come to me after the funeral an' said now Francis was gone the best thing I could do was to get out an' sell the place for what it would bring, Turah stood up an' told 'em that so long as the interest was paid that's all they had to look to, an' that she was goin' to take Francis' responsibility, an' I should die here if I liked. An' Turah works outdoors an'. Rails wasn't used to this before the war, but what's to be done? She tends market just as he used to. She ain't afraid. Things go on, as far as money's concerned, as well as ever. I can't deny; better, maybe. Francis, poor fellow, hadn't patience to look after small matters. She got nine dollars a hundred for the last cabbage, an' with mournful complacency, 'cabbages are still a-risin'. But Turah ain't got any feelin'. If I begin to talk about Francis she says it's time to feed the hogs or milkin' time, or she's got to get up the load for market."

Turah said nothing. At seventeen her girlhood had left her.

The reflection of the sun slipped from the wall.

Ellen made ready to leave. Mrs Rail rose weakly from her chair and kissed her.

"God bless you, child! He thought a monstrous lot of you."

At the door her eyes met Turah's for an instant, and Turah said in an imperious fashion:

"It's hard for her. Seems like it'd be good of God if she could go along with him, for she don't take any comfort with me. All I can do for her is to work, and I'd do that, anyway; I don't ever want to stop. His death warn't the hardest blow. But for her there ain't nothing more but just to wait by herself till she dies. No son, no daughter—nobody but me."

"Good-bye," said Ellen.

She would not brave enough to offer her meaningless pretty blandishments.

Turah watched her drive away into the mists that were shutting out the stretch of road. She looked the door and lifted the heavy bar. Afterward she went back to the grey room and took her place in silence by the desolate old mother whose tears at some potent recollection were again beginning to flow.—"Short Stories"

Mr James Booth, Stipendiary Magistrate, of Gisborne, died at his residence, Roseland, on Monday, after a brief illness. Deceased came to the colony in 1852, in connection with the Church Missionary Society, and in 1856 settled down at Pipiriki, on the Wanganui River, and engaged in teaching and pastoral pursuits. At the time of the Hau Hau outbreak in 1864 he and his family were made prisoners, and for three days and nights were kept in constant fear of being murdered, but their lives were spared, and they escaped, losing everything they possessed. Mr Booth subsequently took an active part in warfare against the rebels, being given a military charge at Upper Wanganui. When friendly natives were assailed at Jerusalem and run short of ammunition Mr Booth, with a Maori crew, paddled to Wanganui for fresh supplies and thus saved the allies, services for which he was thanked by the Native Minister. In 1865 he was appointed Magistrate at Wanganui, and two years later he was actively engaged in the suppression of the native rebellion in Patua district, living in constant danger of being murdered. In 1863 he was transferred to Poverty Bay, where he gained the respect and esteem of the whole community. Mr Eyre, Deputy Wanganui Magistrate, arrives tomorrow to take up the duties of Magistrate temporarily. The "Herald" urges that Mr Burton, clerk of the court, is fully qualified to succeed Mr Booth, possessing the entire confidence of the community, and should be appointed to the vacancy.

**VITADATIO.**  
THE GREAT HERBAL REMEDY.  
MORE PROOF THAT VITADATIO IS  
GENUINE.  
12 YEARS' SUFFERING CURED.  
21 Collins-st., Melbourne,  
Mr S. A. Palmer, 47, Bourke-st.,  
Melbourne.

Dear Sir.—For 12 years I was a sufferer of Bleeding Haemorrhoids in the scrotum, and was treated by the best medical skill in Ballarat and Melbourne without avail. I have been in three hospitals, but derived no permanent benefit from the treatment I received. I was advised to try Vitadatio, and after taking a course of the medicine, I am completely cured. The medical men who attended me expressed their astonishment at my recovery, and stated that if they had not attended me THEY WOULD NOT HAVE BELIEVED I HAD SUFFERED AS STATED. I write this for the benefit of others suffering from this disease, and to publish and make what use you like of it.—Yours truly,

(Signed) M. BERKMAN.  
D.S.—Although the fully PREPARED DOCTORS attended to and diagnosed my case.—M.B.

ANOTHER WONDERFUL CURE.  
BRIGHT'S DISEASE CONQUERED.  
54, Lander-st., Redfern, N.S.W.  
Mr S. A. Palmer, 184, Pitt-st., Sydney.

Dear Sir.—I deem it my duty to acknowledge the benefit derived by me from the wonderful Herbal Remedy Vitadatio. For the past four years I have been a sufferer from Bright's Disease, and was under two doctors for nine months, who failed to do me any good, and until six months ago I was certain, useless and helpless, and could not walk half a mile without resting, the pain in my back being too severe. I was advised to try Vitadatio, which I did, and after taking three bottles, I am in reality a new man, all pains and aches have disappeared, I am now able to follow my usual work with pleasure, and do indeed feel grateful for such a medium and am pleased to be able to recommend it to others.—I am yours sincerely,  
(Signed) WILLIAM A. FELTON.

The price of this wonderful remedy is 4s and 3s per bottle. Obtainable from all medicine vendors in Australia and New Zealand. Try it to-day and save weeks of suffering.

AUCKLAND INSTITUTE: 30, QUEEN-STREET.

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

In order to introduce our Goods into every home, a Ladies' or Gents' Mexican Silver Watch Chain and Pendant will be presented entirely free to each purchaser of one pair of our Special Cuff Links, price 4s. Please note that we send the Watch Chain and Pendant complete in case with warranty along with the Cuff Links immediately we receive your P.O. or stamps for 4s. If three stamps extra are enclosed, goods will be sent by registered post, and thereby save any risk of breakage. Address: Introducing Company, Box 459, Auckland, New Zealand.

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

Everyone in England is talking of the wonders produced by

60% OFF ALL CHEMISTS' DRUGS  
**DR. MACKENZIE'S ARSENICAL SOAP**  
PRODUCES A BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION & CURES  
SPOTS, PIMPLES, FRECKLES, PERRILOUS, HAIRLESS  
MADAME ADOLINA PATI FINDS DR. MACKENZIE'S  
ARSENICAL SOAP MOST EFFECTIVE

The following beautiful women use and highly recommend—Madame Patti, Madie, Douste, Florence St. John, Edith Cole, Dorothy Irving, Mrs Fortescue, Fanny Gray, Blanche Lerriss, Cynthia Brooke, Sophie Larkin.  
New Zealand Agents—**SHARLAND & CO.**, Auckland and Wellington

**C.S. CORSETS.**  
MADE BY

**W. S. THOMSON & CO.**

THIS CORSET, in about 10 qualities, IS A BELLETT.

We desire to confine this Brand in small towns, to THE Pushing Draper.

IN MEMORIAM CARDS—These in latest styles, and in great variety, to be had at the "STAR" PRINTING WORKS.

**SIMPLY UNVALUABLE TO LADIES, DRESSMAKERS & OTHERS, etc. FIT & STYLE ENSURED.**  
By Means of the Magic GARMENT CUTTER.  
Cuts for Ladies, Gents, or Children. Easy to learn. Taught through Post. Terms and particulars from Sole N.Z. Agent: **MISS M. THOMSON KING**, Wellington.  
AGENTS WANTED.

**TEN PUDDINGS EACH can be made out of one pound of good Corn Flour. The Best Corn Flour**

**BROWN & POLSON'S PATENT BRAND—**

Is a trifle dearer than ordinary Corn Flour, but the difference in price cannot be noticed when divided over ten puddings. The superiority in flavor and quality can be distinguished at once. Brown and Polson have been making a speciality of Corn Flour for over 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.

*Society Gossip*  
**CHRISTCHURCH.**

Dear Bee, May 7.  
Our flower shows have been very unfortunate this season, special storms getting up on each occasion. Last Wednesday, just an hour after the opening of the Chrysanthemum Show, by His Worship the Mayor, there was a sound as of a mighty rushing wind, and a deluge of rain with it. The run on the Rink Stables was phenomenal, the demand for cabs being much greater than the supply, for by this time the Art Gallery was filled with the "mums," and their faces spelt "ought." I saw there Mrs George Hall, Mrs J. D. Hall, Mrs Clark, Mrs H. Grey-Watson, Mrs Anstey, Mrs Duckworth (Blenheim), Mrs Empson, Mrs J. Little, Miss Hicks, Miss Godfrey, Mrs G. Merton, Mrs Bewick, Mrs Ogle, Mrs Palmer, Miss Cholmondeley, Mrs and Miss Croxton, Mrs R. D. Thomas, Miss C. Hargreaves, Misses Way, and others.

On Friday evening Mrs G. Bennett, Chapel-street, gave a charmingly arranged progressive euchre party of 12 tables, the drawing-room and dining-room both being used for play, the supper being deftly arranged, while the last players decided for the prizes. The evening was a farewell to Mr and Mrs Common, who leave for England this week, and to Miss Kinsey, who is to be married shortly. Among the guests were Mr and Mrs W. B. Common, Mrs and Miss Kinsey, Dr. and Mrs Jennings, Mr and Mrs Cobham, Mr and Mrs W. Reece, Mr and Mrs W. D. Meares, Mr and Mrs Graham, Mr and Mrs G. Merton, Mr H. Wood, and Miss Bullock, Mr and Mrs Parsons, Mrs and Miss R. D. Thomas, Huntley Elliott, Mr and Mrs McDougall, Mrs Tree, Miss Niven, Mrs and Miss Cunningham, Mr and Mrs A. L. Parsons, Mrs and Miss R. D. Thomas, Mr F. Graham, Mr I. Gibbs, Mr Cecil and Mrs Ollivier, Mrs J. Henderson, Misses Meares (2), N. Martin, Russell, Messrs M. Dennison, H. Henderson, Huddle (Auckland), P. Wood, Graves, McBean, and A. Anderson.

A quiet little wedding took place at St. Mary's, Merivale, last week, and was the consummation of an eight or nine years' engagement—that of Miss Janet Hoare, eldest daughter of the Rev. J. O'B. Hoare and Mr Phillips, of South Africa. The unique part about it was during the ceremony, when the question comes, "Who giveth this woman?" etc. Her father replied, "She giveth herself, and I approve." Mr and Mrs Phillips are returning to South Africa, and all their friends hope things will be in a less troubled state when they reach there.

May 9.  
The plague is undoubtedly an evil, but not an unmitigated one, for, so far, it looks like a blessing in disguise in promoting cleanliness. On Thursday a general rat hunt took place in Lyttelton, and the house-to-house inspection still goes on. In Christchurch no one is allowed to keep fowls within the city limit, and though this is hard on some, it is wise for the benefit of the whole. Then, again, some sur-

prisingly dirty holes and corners have been unearthed, and we shall after this be a cleaner and more wholesome people, perhaps able to reverse the old saying, "sadder and wiser," by being wise in time.

There have been one or two small "Teas," and Miss Palmer had a luncheon party last week, when her guests included Mrs Ogle, Mrs W. N. Bond, Misses Elworthy, M. Cotterill, Cowlishaw, Tabart, Rattray and Malec. Miss Murray-Ansley and Miss Hill had afternoon teas, principally for the Misses Elworthy, who leave on Friday by the outgoing "Frisco" mail for England with Mrs Elworthy and their brother. Among their guests were Mrs W. N. Bond, Mrs Ogle, Mrs Wardrop, Mrs J. C. Palmer, Miss Palmer, Miss Rattray, Miss N. Reeves, Misses Tabart, etc.

On Thursday evening Mrs Wilson, "Cranmer House," and her pupils were at home in St. Michael's schoolroom, when a delightful evening was spent by them and a number of their friends. A short musical programme, in which Mrs Wilson sang a charming song, Miss Falbot and others, and Miss Iris Bruce recited "Jappy Chappy." A small operetta, "The Silver Penny," followed, the parts being well filled by the Misses Ella Bruce, Grace Wilson, Nell Godfrey, Violet Hobday, B. Martin, Elsie Arrowsmith and Edith Goss. Refreshments were then handed round and the room prepared for dancing, which was kept up by the young people till about 12 p.m. Some of those looking on were Mrs R. Gardner, Miss Godfroy, Mr and Mrs Louisson, Miss and Misses Bruce, Mr and Mrs J. C. Wilkin, Mrs Merton, Mrs and Miss Milson, Mrs McBeth, Mrs Dawes, Mrs and Miss Wilding, Mrs Burns, Mrs Wilson, Mrs Hurst-Seager, Misses Meares, Mrs H. C. Godfrey, Master Godfrey, and others.

DOLLY VALE.  
**BLLENHEIM.**

Dear Bee, May 7.  
The Garrison Band played in Seymour Square yesterday afternoon, and, as a matter of course, all those out for a stroll bent their footsteps thither, and, we will hope, responded liberally when the collection was taken up, for the money is for the Indian Famine Relief Fund. The day was bright and pleasant, and the tastefully-played music gave real enjoyment. One drawback was the noise made by a number of boys, who kept racing round and round the Rotunda, and by their shouting annoyed both the bandmen and the audience. Steps should certainly be taken to put a stop to such a nuisance.

The Mission Service at St. Mary's Church last night attracted an immense congregation, additional seats having to be brought in to accommodate those who would otherwise have had to stand. Father Ainsworth preached an eloquent sermon on "The Church—What is the True Church?" A Confirmation Service was held in the afternoon, and a large number of children were presented.

Special services were held in the Wesleyan Church yesterday morning and evening, to mark the re-opening of the Church since its renovation, and the Rev. Mr Carr, of Wakefield, preached on both occasions to large congregations. Several Picton ladies spent the day through here at the end of last week, to visit friends, or, perchance, to do a little shopping. Among these were Mrs Stow, Mrs and Miss Scott, Mrs Welford, etc.

We have a special inspector and a policeman on the warpath, whose rather disagreeable duty it is to see that none of us have a nuisance, calculated to encourage a visit from the plague, in our back yards. In making their report to the Borough Council, or, rather, I should say, in the published account of their report to the Council, the names of delinquents were suppressed, but it has been suggested by a correspondent in the evening paper that that should not be, as if it were understood that names would be published that very fact would ensure that greater cleanliness would be observed and nuisance abated. I am not sure, but, at any rate, I don't see why those whose premises are a menace to public safety should be screened.

Steps have already been taken to ensure that the Volunteer Ball, to be held on the Queen's Birthday, shall be a great success. It invariably is, and even more interest than usual is likely to be taken in this one. Valdeira's Circus is advertised to appear here for two nights this week in

Ewart's Hall, and are sure to have good houses, though a circus in anything but a huge tent is a novel idea. The news of Lieutenant Chaytor's illness in South Africa has made his parents very anxious, and as they have not had any news about him since the cablegram was published, they cabled to him, or about him, on Saturday, but, when I last heard, had not had a reply. However, in such cases, I should think that "no news is good news," and hope so sincerely. When the firebells rang out on Thursday evening many of us hoped that the news of the relief of Mafeking had arrived, but, alas! the clangour only denoted the destruction of a stable, and not that Brave Baden-Powell and his beleaguered garrison had been relieved. How we shall rejoice when the news does come.

FRIDA.  
**PICTON.**

Dear Bee, May 11.  
The Picton "khaki girls" are greatly in evidence just now preparing for their dance, which takes place this evening. Great preparations are being made for the occasion, and the girls are receiving assistance from many residents of the place. They all hope to hear of the relief of Mafeking to-day.

The Marlborough Horticultural Show, though late, was a much greater success than was anticipated by the society. Miss Dart was unable to enter any exhibits, as her blooms were all past their glory, so that Mrs Conolly, Mrs Griffiths, and Miss Norgrove carried off the prizes and honours. Miss Norgrove had a corner all to herself, where the "Queen of the Autumn" in all shades and sizes were arranged, and were the admiration of all beholders. Bad weather also militated against the flowers and the show, and the damp atmosphere and muddy streets kept many people away. Very little improvement is made year by year in the styles and designs of bouquets and sprays, which, in spite of the severe criticism of the judges, still retain stiff and formal appearance. There were seven decorated tables all looking pretty and bright. Two emblematic of the time dressed in red, white, and blue. Mrs Griffiths' table, however, was the prettiest table by far. The centre piece of deep cream silk bordered with autumn-tinted leaves and flowers, pleated across and under each end of the neat nestled a dark red chrysanthemum with an autumn leaf. The vases were low and lightly filled with golden-brown flowers, and brilliant autumn foliage. Tiny bouquets to match were laid on the snowy damask. Miss Clare's table was also much admired and trimmed with red, white, and blue narrow ribbons. Miss Clare gained the greatest number of votes for her table. The children's school exhibits were not as a whole up to those of last year, a want of originality being apparent, the exception being a Maori whare quaintly thatched made by Mrs Chaytor's children at the "Mrs Shand's" school. The judges had some difficulty in awarding the button-hole prizes in the children's exhibits. There were a great many of them, and all were really better than the grown-ups' exhibits, so the judges awarded extra prizes. The volunteer shooting prizes were on view during the day, and were presented during the evening, and so were an extra attraction at the show. Old friends met who had not seen each other for a year—in some cases more—so that these exhibitions are to be commended as pleasant reunions, if nothing more.

The craze for fishing is still extant, and in addition to edible fish the disciples of Izaak Walton haul up from the depths of the Sound some most curious specimens—sharks of various kinds, skates, conger-eels, and the other day "Jean" landed a large elephant fish. The creature was furnished with a trunk and a formidable spear in its dorsal fin. It was a large and beautiful specimen, and at first we thought we had captured the famous white fish of the French Pass, known as "Pelorus Jack."  
JEAN.

Clare's R. H. Pills are warranted to cure Gravel, Pains in the back, and all kindred complaints. Free from Mercury. Established upwards of 30 years. In boxes of 6d each, of all Chemists and Patent Medicines Vendors throughout the World. Proprietors, The Lincoln and Midland Counties Drug Company, Lincoln, England.

**NAPIER.**

Dear Bee, May 11.  
 One of the enjoyable meetings of the Hawke's Bay Highland Society was held in the Foresters' Hall on the 4th inst., when Mr R. D. D. McLean presided. The programme consisted chiefly of songs and Scottish dances. Mr H. King gave an excellent flute solo. Messrs McIntosh, A. Cameron and J. P. Thomson also kindly contributed songs. The evening's entertainment concluded with "Auld Lang Syne." Mr C. Wilson (for the round dances) supplied the pianoforte music, and Mr J. Shanahan piped for the Scottish dances during the evening. The songs were also accompanied by Mr C. Wilson.

Mr George Swan, who has left Napier for Wanganui, was, previous to his departure, entertained at the Criterion Hotel by his many friends on Friday last. Mr W. R. Blythe, who took the chair, after an appropriate speech, presented Mr Swan with a purse of sovereigns as a token of the esteem in which he is held by the Napier people. Mr Swan, in replying, thanked them for the gift, and said how much he felt parting with them after living amongst them for thirty-four years. Mr Swan will be especially missed in amateur theatrical circles, and he has always been willing to help either with songs or recitations at any public entertainment. Several musical items concluded the evening's diversion.

A series of literary and musical lectures are being inaugurated here, to take place every Tuesday evening during the winter months at the Athenaeum Hall. The two principal movers in the matter are the Misses Spencer and Large, and some of the lecturers will be the Dean of Waiapu, Mr P. S. McLean, Miss Hodge, Mr Parsonson, Mr Wood, and several other well-known local ladies and gentlemen.

There was a large audience at the Edison Company's cinematograph entertainment. This consisted chiefly of scenes at the war in South Africa, varied by musical items on the colossophone. The performance took place on Tuesday evening, and on Wednesday afternoon there was a matinee performance, which was also well attended.

**NELSON.**

Dear Bee, May 7.  
 The Harmonic Society's concert on Thursday evening was a great success. The Theatre Royal was so crowded in every part that extra seats had to be brought in. The first part of the programme consisted of an instrumental overture, and Gade's "The Erl King's Daughter," and the second of miscellaneous vocal and instrumental music. The solo parts in the cantata were taken by Mrs Snodgrass, Miss Clarice Hunt, and Mr H. Kidson, and were well rendered. Mrs Snodgrass had a short but difficult part with some very high notes. Her voice is clear and sweet. Miss Hunt was in splendid voice. All her numerous solos were artistically sung. Mr Kidson was evidently suffering from a cold, but it is always a pleasure to hear him sing. In the second part the gem of the evening was undoubtedly Miss Hunt's song from Gounod's "Irene," which was sung with exquisite delicacy and taste. Her rich notes rang through the building, and at the conclusion the applause from the delighted audience was almost deafening, nor would they cease till Miss Hunt came forward to sing again. All the ladies of the chorus and the soloists wore white. Amongst the very crowded audience were noticed Mrs Mules, black, white lace cap; Miss Mules, pink silk evening blouse, white opera cloak, black skirt; Mrs Richmond; Miss Richmond, black evening dress finished with pale blue silk; Mrs Schanders, grey and black striped silk; Mrs Adams, smart blouse of pink pleated chiffon relieved with black, black silk skirt; Mrs Sweet, dainty blouse of white lace trimmed with pink bebe ribbon; Mrs Sealy, black, white lace cap; Miss E. Sealy, pink blouse, dark skirt; Mrs C. Watts, black; Mrs J. Sharp, bright pink silk evening blouse, black skirt; her sister, Mrs W. Trolove, wore black relieved with white; Mrs Richardson, dark electric blue silk blouse, black skirt; Miss Brabant (Auckland), heliotrope bordered muslin; Miss Webb-Bowen, white opera cloak over dark dress; Mrs Vining, égar brown; Mrs Childs, royal blue velvet trimmed with white lace insertion; Miss Perrin, white muslin over pink; Miss Bunny, black silk; Mrs Fell; Mrs Leggatt, black; Miss V.

Leggatt, pretty pink frock; Miss Day, white opera cloak over evening dress; Mrs and Miss Preshaw; Mrs Wood, black silk, lace cap; Mrs Robinson; Miss Poole, light blue silk blouse; Mrs A. Mackay, black; Miss Mackay, white silk and chiffon; Mrs Cook, grey satin; Mrs Bell; Miss Aggie Bell, blue evening dress; Miss Huddleston, black; Miss Ledger; Miss Crump, blue with white lace yoke; and many others.

On Wednesday evening a very large number of people attended at the Provincial Hall, when a

**SOCIAL**

was given to the Very Rev. Dean Mahoney in commemoration of his silver jubilee of twenty-five years' service as the Roman Catholic parish priest of Nelson. The hall was prettily decorated with flags, ferns and flowers, being the work of the energetic committee. All sections of the community, without respect to creed, were present, for Dean Mahoney is most popular with all, and everyone felt they would like to offer their congratulations on this occasion. Many complimentary speeches were made to the Dean during the evening, and Dr. Duff on behalf of the parishioners and the citizens of Nelson presented him with a beautifully illuminated address and purse of eighty sovereigns. An excellent musical programme was provided, those taking part being Mrs A. P. Burnes, Mrs (Dr.) Roberts, Mrs Walker, Miss Driscoll, Miss Scott, Messrs Reunart, Coney, A. C. Maginness, O'Beirne, and Naylor. Refreshments were also provided. Amongst those present were the Ven. Archdeacon Devoy, vice-general of the diocese, the Ven. Rev. Father Lewis, diocesan administrator, who acted as a delegation from the Archbishop; Rev. Father George (Nelson), Dr. and Mrs Duff, Mr and Mrs Macquarrie, Mr and Mrs A. P. Burnes, Dr. and Mrs Roberts, Mr J. Harley (Mayor), Miss Harley, Mr Graham, M.H.R., Mr C. Y. Fell, Mr and Mrs Trask, Judge Robinson, Mrs Robinson, and many others.

All the pupils attending the Girls' College were very sad on Wednesday morning when they were informed that Miss Gibson, the lady principal, had given up her position and would not return to college next term. Miss Gibson has always been a great favourite and much beloved by the girls, and her loss will be very greatly felt by parents, pupils, and teachers, but all join in wishing her every future happiness.

**PHYLIS.**

**HASTINGS.**

Dear Bee, May 11.  
 A mounted infantry corps is to be formed here, to be named the Hastings Mounted Rifles, and a meeting concerning the matter was held on Thursday evening in last week, when Captain Russell presided. It was decided that the uniform shall be plain khaki, and the officers will be Captain A. Russell, First Lieutenant Whiteley, Second Lieutenant Barber, and Third Lieutenant Charles Gordon. About ninety members have already joined the company and great interest is being evinced in the undertaking. Dr. Linney has kindly offered to lend his paddock for mounted drill; Captain J. A. Fraser the grounds of the Heretaunga School for foot drill, and Mr Alfred Elling-

ham has granted the use of the Stamford Lodge grounds. In addition to these, the company also has the use of Messrs Murray, Roberts' old store, so there will be no lack of ground for drilling purposes.

The Hastings people inaugurated a successful sacred concert in the Princess Theatre on the 8th inst., in aid of the Indian Famine Fund. The performers were Mrs Mantering, Misses N. Caulton, Chadwick, Kelly, Towsey, pianists; Miss Marbrook, Messrs Marbrook and Hullett, violinists; Mr L. Fowler, cornet; and Mrs Merewether, Misses N. Caulton and Grace Roach, Messrs R. Winsley, Hudson, Mantering, McKay, Whiteley, and Vickers, vocalists. There was also a capable choir conducted by Mr H. H. Hunt.

The Waipawa people gave the first of a series of winter concerts in St. Columbia's Schoolroom, Waipawa, on the 4th inst., when, in spite of the inclement state of the weather, the room was well filled. Some of the performers were Mesdames Eames and Bennet, Misses Boyte, Coe, and Malone, and Messrs W. Arrow, J. Cosgrove, Eames, F. J. Shanly, and J. Peters.

**DOROTHY.**

**AUCKLAND.**

Dear Bee, May 15.  
 THE PAKURANGA HUNT CLUB held their opening meet at Sylvia Park (the residence of our new master, Mr Ralph) last Saturday, when there was a large attendance of members and their friends. Mr and Mrs Ralph most cordially received everybody. A large marquee had been erected at the side of their residence, where we found a substantial sit-down luncheon prepared for us. There was a cold collation laid out, consisting of mayonnaises, chicken, ham, fruits, cakes, and other delicacies, flanked with beer, tea, etc. It was a great success and undoubtedly well done. After luncheon the hounds were brought to the front of the house to be photographed. They at once collected round the huntsman, and there they sat, as grave as so many senators, with their large heads raised and their heavy lips hanging. After this business of photographing, the Master gave the mot d'ordre, and the hounds, with their cavalcade of followers, jogged away to Sylvia Mountain, where the hounds were thrown off. After a short time the note of a hound brought our hearts into our mouths. Another and another certified the truth of the declaration, and presently a grand crash and peal of deep-mouthed music proclaimed there was capital scent. In another moment the music increasing in volume, the whole pack came pouring down the side of the hill, and proceeded to run in a steady business-like stream over the adjacent fields, across the road, into the paddock adjoining Sylvia residence. Here doubling, pussie returned to the Sylvia Mountain, and was eventually killed in the marshy land there. Our hostess wore a very handsome costume of silver grey trimmed with bands of white satin, outlined with black velvet ribbon;

and she was ably assisted by Miss Muir and Misses Percival (2).

Amongst the guests I noted Colonel and Mrs Dawson, Mr and Mrs Thomas Morrill, Mr Gorrie (ex-master), Mrs Gorrie, Misses Gorrie (3), Masters Gorrie, Misses Way (Christchurch), Mr and Misses Percival, Mr and Mrs Black, Mrs Hulle, Mrs A. Nolan, Mrs Hope Lewis, Mrs A. M. Ferguson, Mr and Mrs Gray, Mr and Mrs F. Yonge, Miss Morrill, Mr Morrill, Mr McLaughlin, Misses Pie (2), Misses Stribley, Mr Geo. Dunnet, Miss Dunnet, Mr S. Buckland, Miss Olive Buckland, Misses Phoebe and Maud Buckland, Mr and Mrs and Misses Kelly, Miss Martin, Mr and Mrs Lockhart, Mrs Burns, Messrs Kerr Taylor (3), Mr Matthews, Mr Carminer, Mr and Mrs and Miss Blue, Mr and Mrs Moody, Mr and Mrs Tonks, Mrs (Dr.) Scott, Mr Geo. Bloomfield, Miss Griffiths, Mr and Mrs and Misses Paisley, Messrs Booth, Baitley, Walker, Ralph, Elliot, Elliott, Bell, Gordon, Waller, Buckland, Miss Amy Taylor (Mungere), Mrs Markham, Mrs and Misses Selby, Mr and Mrs Crowe, Miss Abbott, Messrs Kinloch (2), Creagh, C. Purchas, Snackenberg, Lewis, Adams, Austin, Rhodes, Lewis, McLeod, Somers, Rainger, Burgess, Woods etc.

**N.Z. LACROSSE ASSOCIATION.**

On Saturday afternoon the opening for the season of the New Zealand Lacrosse Association eventuated under most auspicious circumstances. The weather was all that could be desired, a matter for congratulation considering its unsettled state for some time past. The presence of such a numerous and representative assembly to witness the opening matches must have been very gratifying to the members of the Association. The game of lacrosse has become very popular here as a winter's afternoon amusement, just as tennis has as a summer's play. The chaste and commodious pavilion has seldom looked so gay as it did on Saturday, graced as it was by the youth and beauty of Auckland, who thoroughly appreciated the kindness of the Association in inviting them to be present at the function. At intervals during play afternoon tea was dispensed by the ladies, and the gentlemen of the Club were most assiduous in their attendance on the visitors. The play commenced at three o'clock and continued until dark, when the gay assemblage dispersed, having fully enjoyed the afternoon's entertainment. The display of the new season's dress and millinery was very pleasing. Amongst those present were:-

Mrs S. Morrill, who wore a black merveillex skirt and broche bodice, stylish military red velvet toque with touches of black, black ostrich feather bon; Mrs Bleazard-Brown, light fawn skirt and coat, small check vest, dark bonnet with gloire de Dijon roses; Miss Bleazard-Brown looked pretty in a navy serge trimmed with black fancy braid, navy felt Amazon hat with quills at the side; Miss Meta Aicken, was dainty in a fawn beige, with brown braid on bodice; Miss Goldsbro' looked winsome in navy, and white sailor hat; Mrs Wignore wore a royal blue costume, with sky-blue silk full vest, cream basket straw toque trimmed with wine velvet; Mrs Maitland was in black with smart dove-grey cloth sac jacket, and stylish violet

**THE FINEST IN THE WORLD**



MANUFACTURED AND SOLD BY ALL THE LEADING BAKERS THROUGHOUT THE UNITED KINGDOM.

DR. ANDREW WILSON says: "This Bread should be eaten by all who are in any way affected by digestive ailments."

"WINDSOR CASTLE, December 7th, 1880.

"DEAR SIR,—Her Royal Highness Princess Christian desires me to express to you her very great satisfaction with the Malt Bread Biscuits and Buns provided to her. Her Royal Highness considers them all most excellent."

"Yours truly, "RICHD. TAMBOURIN."

Should you not be able to obtain a supply of this Bread, kindly write to Messrs. T. H. HALL & Co. AUCKLAND, giving them name and address of principal baker in your district, and they will see to supplying Agents.

and heliotrope toque; Miss Ivy Buddle, navy blue and white spotted foulard, white sailor hat with navy band; Mrs John Reid, olive green cloth skirt, black sac three-quarter coat, black hat with coque feathers and red roses under the brim, resting on her hair; Miss Hesketh, black moutelasse skirt, stylish dove-grey cloth jacket, white sailor hat, light brown bear fur boa; Miss (Graves) Aickin, black and white check silk blouse, black skirt, black chip picture hat with feathers; Miss Brett looked pretty in an automobile red cloth costume made with new pleated skirt, white satin full vest and revers, and bodice encrusted with black braid, grey feather boa tipped with white, white sailor hat with white ospreys; Miss Pierce wore a smart tailor-made navy costume, black hat with erise and pink silk folds and bow and black coque feathers; Miss E. Pierce, black cloth skirt and jacket, blue straw hat with cornflower blue folds and bow and grey quills in front, grebe boa; Miss Kennedy, black cloth skirt and coat, white sailor hat; Mrs Wilson Smith looked very pretty in a dove-lawn sac jacket, black skirt, and light brown Trelawny hat; Miss Lenuox, navy, dark blue hat with terra-cotta velvet crown, natural ostrich feather boa; Mrs Holland, black silk, chiffon cape, black bonnet with cream jewelled lace; Miss Holland, black and white check with white silk gumpie, black chip hat with emerald green velvet crown and white ospreys; Miss Preece looked pretty in a black coat and skirt, cream vest, black velvet picture hat; Miss F. Preece, royal blue costume, black hat with blue bow; Miss Ethel Atkinson was graceful in an olive green skirt and jacket, brown fur boa, white sailor hat; Miss Peacock, navy skirt and jacket, with white satin revers, under black braid applique, violet floral toque with white osprey; Miss M. Peacock, fawn cloth tailor-made skirt and coat, black hat with erise velvet crown and black coque feathers; Mrs Oxley, black, white sailor hat; Mrs Ducre, grey, black cape, black and cream bonnet; Miss Violet Ducre, black, navy three-quarter length cape, white sailor hat; Miss Owen, grey skirt and jacket, periwinkle blue hat with black wings; Miss Ada Owen was dainty in a grey skirt and jacket, brown bear fur boa,

black velvet toque; Miss Gorrie, royal blue and white figured foulard blouse, navy skirt, white sailor hat; Miss Mary Gorrie, dark brown costume; large black hat with touches of red; Miss Ada Dixon, fawn skirt and jacket, bear fur boa, white hat; Miss Townsend, black figured lustre, black bonnet with yellow roses; Miss E. Wallace wore black with touches of puce coloured silk, white hat; Mrs Anderson, fawn cloth costume; Miss Phillips, fawn jacket, dark skirt, white sailor hat; Mrs Choyce, amethyst shot costume, black bonnet with cluster of pink and red roses; Miss Choyce, fawn skirt and jacket, white hat; Mrs Tonar, fawn costume, brown hat with pink flowers; etc.

A FANCY FAIR AT ST. BARNABAS' HALL,

M. Eden, under the auspices of the Women's Guild, formed in connection with St. Barnabas' Parish Church, was organised for the purpose of wiping off certain liabilities incurred in connection with the erection of the hall. The fair was under the patronage of Lady Ranfurly, who kindly, and in a charming manner, opened the proceedings on Friday afternoon last. Lady Ranfurly, who was accompanied by Lady Aileen Knox and Mr Hugh Boscowan, Hon. A.D.C., was received by the Rev. W. H. Johnson, minister of the parish, who escorted Her Ladyship to the platform, passing between two long rows of stall holders of every description, little Japanese maids, female Jack Tars, country peasants, Red Cross nurses, etc. On arrival on the platform two daintily dressed little girls (daughters of Rev. H. Johnson) presented Her Ladyship with a magnificent bouquet of flowers, consisting of pale lavender irises, blush rosebuds, white chrysanthemums, maidenhair ferns, finished with white satin streamers. The two little girls wore khaki costumes, black velvet 'tam o' shanters, finished at one side with scarlet bows. Countess of Ranfurly wore a very handsome black cloth costume, the hem of skirt, sleeves, and back of jacket were richly braided in black, the jacket was scalloped round hips and lined with white satin, white satin revers, white tucked silk vest, with a diamond pendant on corsage, white

boa, diamond earrings, very becoming black velvet toque, with black coque feathers and four lovely white feathers arranged artistically in front, black chenille veil over face; Lady Aileen Knox looked very pretty in a simple white drill costume, white silk hat, finished with lace. Lady Ranfurly said, in her pretty and appropriate speech, when she declared the bazaar open: "She regretted as much as anyone the absence of the Governor, but hoped the fancy fair would be none the less successful." Lady Ranfurly took a great interest in the fair, and spent over an hour inspecting the goods, and purchasing articles from every stall. Upon entering the door of the hall to the right was the Royal Yacht "Bobs," laden with a large cargo of confectionery and bon-bons. The yacht was fully "manned," and every one, from the captain (Mrs Bernard) down to the little midshipman (Miss Julie Bernard) paid every attention to their duty. The crew was composed of Misses Winnie Garland, N. Wilson, E. Udy, N. Trevithick, I. Walker and K. Reid, all dressed in white drill sailor costumes, outlined with navy and red, sailor caps. The next stall was the Swiss House, or Jumble Stall, in the charge of Mesdames Beaumont, Oldham and McFarlane, assisted by Misses M. Hesketh and Millie Noakes, all dressed as Swiss peasants. Next came the Japanese Tea-house, with its quaint little Eastern attendants, all dressed in Japanese costumes; the gowns were exquisite; the following were the ladies: Mesdames O. Brown, Noakes, Dawson, W. Heather, Misses M. Coates, N. Brown, M. Dawson, B. Heather, B. Walker, and D. Udy. The Needle Stall was under the able custodianship of Mesdames Drury and Liddell. The ladies of the Produce Stall were garbed as Red Cross nurses viz., Mrs Williams, Misses St. Paul, Edenborough and E. Williams. Miss Peak presided at the pianoforte at the opening of the fair, and upon the arrival of Lady Ranfurly feelingly played the National Anthem. Amongst other items rendered during the day should be mentioned the two excellent violin solos by Mr Bunz, of Pollard's Opera Company, and a pianoforte duet by Misses E. Udy and Muriel Blades. During the afternoon Lady Aileen Knox kindly christened

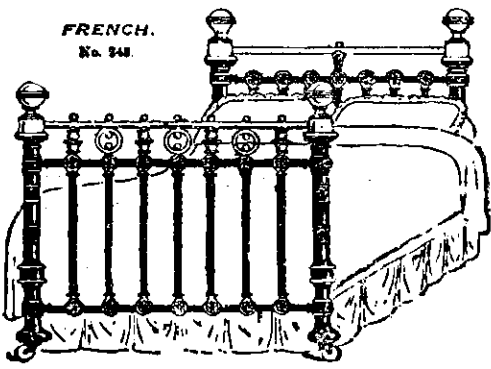
some of the dolls, and much competition was afforded at guessing their names. Amongst the ladies present were:— Mrs Boscowan, Egypt salmon pink silk veiled in black lace, displaying the pink silk at neck in shape of yoke, with band of black trimming, black tulle bergerie hat with pink roses and white ostrich feathers; Miss Boscowan, dark skirt, white French muslin blouse with pink floral design, blue ribbon collar, white Trelawny hat awathed with blue silk; Mrs Heather looked extremely well in gendarme green cloth with black braid, green velvet bodice with white veiled in black yoke and top of sleeves, black net bonnet finished with white net and yellow flowers; Mrs (Captain), James, black silk, black bonnet; Mrs Montalk, black costume; Miss Balger, black skirt, grey velvet blouse, with tucked grey silk chemisette; Miss Peak, black costume, with electric tuckled silk let in shoulders and neck; Miss Trevithick, black skirt, grey and white striped blouse; Mrs Strieker, navy serge skirt and referer jacket, sailor hat; Mrs Arthur Shera, black lustre costume, white chip hat wreathed with small white flowers; and her two little girls were dressed in white; Mrs Owen, long brown fashionable cloak; Mrs (Rev.) Beatty, grey coat and skirt, sailor hat; Mrs Robertson, grey check with braiding, grey empire sash, black hat; Mrs W. Heather, Japanese costume; Mrs Heather, navy coat and skirt with narrow small white stripe, sailor hat; Miss Garland, dark skirt, red check blouse, red sailor hat; Miss Penwickie, green cloth coat and skirt, sailor hat; Mrs Udy, dark skirt, grey plaid blouse; Miss Udy, sailor costume; and her sister was a Japanese girl; Mrs Horace Walker, gobelin blue cloth costume, handsomely finished with bands of black velvet, white lace let in V-shape at neck, back and front, and also on top of sleeves, black velvet toque with dash of old gold velvet. Mrs Yates, green cloth with black braid, black velvet cape, black toque with violets; Mrs (Dr. Lawry), mourning costume; Miss Coates, dark skirt, grey blouse, red velvet toque; Miss Durieux, dark green coat and skirt, floral toque of yellow

# Furniture, Carpets, Floorcloths, Etc.

## SMITH & CAUGHEY

Having recently fitted up another CAPACIOUS AND WELL LIGHTED SHOW ROOM for above, invite inspection of their LARGE AND VARIED STOCK. The following are a few of our LEADING LINES which we consider SPECIAL VALUE:—

- Pretty 7-piece Drawing Room Suite (in Tapestry and Plush).....£9 15s.
- Toilet Table, with Jewel Drawer, with fancy woods and large bevelled silver and plate glass, and Washstand, with Tile Back.....50/- the pair
- Pair same as above, with real marble top, and Washstand.....63/-
- Combination Chest Drawers, with glass on top.....29/6
- Ditto, with Jewel Drawers with fancy wood fronts.....40/-



FRENCH. No. 248.  
 4in. Pillars 3ft. 42/6    3ft. 6in. 45/-    4ft. 47/6    4ft. 6in. 50/-  
 This pretty Iron and Brass Bedstead is first-class Value. Worth inspection.

- 5-drawer Chest Drawers.....37/6
- Kitchen Chairs.....from 2/3
- Cornice Poles.....from 2/-
- Full-sized Bedstead.....28/9
- Roller Blind (complete).....for 1/11
- Art Serges.....from per yd., 1/4
- Toilet Sets (ward).....from 7/6
- Austrian Bentwood Chairs, great variety.
- Canadian Chairs.
- American Chairs.

**Carpets** ..BY.. BEST MAKERS  
 Hearth Rugs and Door Mats at Cash Prices.

The NEW... **Sanitary Linoleum**  
 And Other Makes of FLOOR COVERING at BED ROCK PRICES.

# SMITH & CAUGHEY,

Queen Street, Auckland.

COMPLETE HOUSE FURNISHERS, MANUFACTURERS AND IMPORTERS.

roses and violets finished with lace; Mrs Hanliff, Lincoln green tailor-made costume; Miss Lush, black costume.

A TAURANGA CORRESPONDENT WRITES.

The Tauranga Tennis Club gave a very successful afternoon tea to celebrate the closing of the season, and a large number of members and their friends were present. The greatest drawback to this club is the scarcity of the sterner sex, there being only four present on this occasion, and upwards of fifty ladies.

Personal Paragraphs.

Mr George Hutchison, M.H.R., who has been spending some months in South Africa, is returning to Wellington this month, in order to be present at the opening of Parliament in June next.

Mr and Mrs H. Wharton Shaw, and their children, from Melbourne, who have been visiting their friends in Nelson and Cambridge since the beginning of February, left Auckland on Monday for Wellington and Dunedin. A few days will be spent in each town before returning to Melbourne.

Mr, and Mrs T. Mowat, of Marton, are visiting Blenheim, where they are staying with Mrs J. Mowat.

Another old resident of Picton, Mr Arthur Bartlett, a much trusted employee of the Railway Department, has been promoted, and has left Picton for the South. As Mr Bartlett will be on the move for some time, his family will remain in Picton for the present.

Mr Robertson, of Dunedin, has succeeded Mr H. D. Wilmut in the Cullensville (Picton) school.

Mr and Mrs W. B. Common left for England via 'Frisko. Though Mr Common has disposed of both his business and his home, we hope New Zealand will have sufficient attraction to bring them back again.

Mr W. Moore (Dunedin), was in Christchurch last week.

Mr G. G. Stead and Mr Pat Campbell have returned to Christchurch from the North.

Miss Isabel Sheriffs (Dunedin) is the guest of Miss Connel, Canal Reserve.

Mrs W. Bell ("North Bank," Wairau Valley), was suddenly called to Christchurch on account of her mother's illness, but arrived too late to see her alive.

Mr, Mrs, and Miss Pogson left Nelson last week for Auckland, a large number of friends were on the wharf to wish them "good-bye."

Miss Tendall, of the Wanganui Girls' College, has been appointed Lady Principal of the Nelson Girls' College.

Mr and Mrs Teschemaker, "Avondale," returned to Blenheim from a visit to the South.

Mr George Fisher, the second son of Mr G. Fisher, M.H.R., for Wellington, left Wellington in the Tropea for South Africa. Mr J. H. Witteford, son of Mr Witteford, the newly-elected M.H.R. for Auckland, left by the same steamer, also for South Africa.

Miss Jennie West gave an "At Home" on the 9th in the Y.M.C.A. Rooms to say good-bye to her many friends. Her wedding takes place at a very early date, but will be a quiet one. She gave a farewell organ recital at Merivale recently.

Mr and Mrs F. M. Wallace are spending the holidays at Sumner.

Mr Fred Fell, Pelorus Sound, is another victim to the war mania. He has gone to South Africa to fight for Queen and country.

Miss Beauchamp, "Anikiva," Queen Charlotte Sound, has gone to spend a few weeks in Wellington.

Mr J. Conolly, of Blenheim, has been enjoying a month's holiday, which he spent in visiting his parents, Judge and Mrs Conolly, in Auckland.

Mrs W. Izard, Gloucester-street, Christchurch, gave a small dinner at her residence on Friday evening.

Miss Edith Turner, of "Taveiscliffe," Queen Charlotte Sound, who has been staying with her sister, Mrs Simpson, in Blenheim, for several months, returned to Picton last week, and spent a few days with Mrs Smith, previous to returning to her home in the Sound.

Canon St. Hill, of Hawdock, was entertained at a farewell social on Wednesday last, and was presented with a beautifully framed and illuminated address by the parishioners, while the Misses St. Hill were the recipients of a dressing case and a pair of silver candlesticks. Speeches were made by the Rev. J. Hobbs, and several of the parishioners during the evening, all making eulogistic reference to the good work done in their midst by Canon and the Misses St. Hill. Canon St. Hill having feelingly responded, a very pleasant musical evening was spent by all present, and many good wishes were expressed for a pleasant trip, and the speedy return of the guests of the evening, who have since left for a trip to England.

Hon. W. Jennings, who has been on a visit to Auckland, has returned to his uncle, Mr Seffern, New Plymouth.

Mrs and Miss Buller spent a few days in Christchurch, en route to Auckland, which is to be their future home, Mr Buller being stationed there.

Captain McClatchie, of Christchurch, is visiting his daughter, Mrs A. McIntosh, of New Plymouth.

Mrs Atkinson and Miss Trix Atkinson, of Nelson, have gone for a trip to Christchurch.

Mrs Allen, wife of the manager of the Bank of New Zealand, New Plymouth, who has been on a visit to Wellington, has now returned.

Mrs and Miss Arthur Atkinson, of Nelson, have gone to Wellington for a few weeks.

Miss I. Goldwater, from Auckland, is spending her holidays with her parents in New Plymouth.

Mrs Childs, who has been spending some weeks with her mother, Mrs Perrin, of Nelson, has returned to her home in Motueka Valley.

Mrs and Miss Skeet, who have been away for some time down South, have returned to New Plymouth.

Dr. De Lisle has received the appointment of Government Health Commissioner for Napier.

Mr W. Mowbray, of Auckland, has been paying New Plymouth a short visit.

Mrs Stow, Bank of New Zealand, Picton, was unfortunately capsized by a bicyclist, on her way to Christchurch on Sunday evening, but beyond a few bruises and a shaking, she was none the worse for her adventures.

Miss M. Webster (New Plymouth), who has been visiting Archdeacon Stocker, of Invercargill, and relations at Wellington, has now returned.

Mrs Reece, of Christchurch, has issued invitations for a Children's Fancy Dress Ball on the Queen's Birthday, so the little people have a good time coming.

Miss E. Standish, who has been visiting her relations in Christchurch, has returned to her home in New Plymouth.

Mrs Booth returned to Nelson last week from Auckland.

Miss A. Lusk, of Auckland, is visiting her sister, Mrs Pollen, of New Plymouth.

Mrs and the Misses Johnson returned to their home in Motueka last week after a pleasant trip in the North Is land.

Mr S. Reunell, who has been visiting Sydney, Melbourne, etc., has returned to New Plymouth.

Dr. and Mrs Andrew, of Nelson, have gone to Wellington for a few days.

Miss M. Sellers, of Auckland, is visiting Mrs William Bayly, of New Plymouth.

Mrs Glasgow, of Nelson, has gone to stay with Mrs H. Glasgow, Christchurch.

Mrs Woodhouse, of New Plymouth, is visiting her relations in Auckland.

Mrs T. Weston, who has been visiting Mrs H. Weston, of New Plymouth, has returned to Christchurch.

Miss Ethel Standish (New Plymouth) is visiting her relatives, Mr and Mrs Frank Standish, at Ashburton.

THE "MAINE" BREECH-LOADING RIFLE.

25/- Carriage Paid. 25/-

The Rifle at last which everyone has wanted: a good Weapon at a LOW PRICE, a Rifle that

will KILL at long range using Cheap Ammunition.

- KANGAROO, DINGOS, HARES, EAGLES, WALLABY, BEARS, RABBITS, HAWKS, FOXES, OPOSSUM, TURKEYS, CROWS.

Will kill at any range up to 300 yards: octagonal barrel: perfect sights: wonderful penetration: latest system of rifle grooving.

The "Maine" 250 Bore Breech Loading Rifle is undoubtedly the best and cheapest weapon at the price ever offered. It is in every way as effective up to 300 yards as any rifle costing five times the money. No sportsman should be without one. It will prove invaluable to the sportsman who is hunting for pleasure or profit; the rest of the sportsman's life is as very few that he respects the outside but about expense. Its wonderful accuracy and penetration are unsurpassed at its range by any rifle manufactured. We are the sole proprietors in New Zealand of this rifle, and we are in a position to supply it at its range by any rifle manufactured. We are the sole proprietors in New Zealand of this rifle, and we are in a position to supply it at its range by any rifle manufactured.

THE VICTORIA MANUFACTURING AND IMPORTING COMPANY, 237 Collins Street, Melbourne (Established in Melbourne 1859).

Advertisement for P.D. Corsets. Includes text: MANUFACTURE ROYALES. FRENCH P.D. CORSETS. WORLD-RENOWNED CORSETS. Have been awarded 10 GOLD MEDALS AND DIPLOMES D'HONOURS. THE HIGHEST HONOURS. OBTAINABLE FROM ALL LEADING DRAPERS. IN MANY VARIETIES, SHAPES, AND STYLES.

Clarke's World-Famed Blood Mixture. The most searching Blood-Cleaner that science and modern skill have brought to light. Suffers from Scrofula, Soury, Eczema, Bad Legs, Skin and Blood Diseases, Pimples and Spots of any kind, are solicited to give it a trial to test its value. Thousands of wonderful cures have been effected by it. Bottles 2s 6d each, sold everywhere. Beware of worthless imitations and substitutes.

"Hunyadi Janos" has, in my hands, given invariably satisfactory results. It is one of the most valuable of curative agents at our disposal. YIRCROW.

"Hunyadi Janos" is 'the most concentrated of the saline group' Natural Aperient Waters are vastly superior to artificial solutions, however skilfully prepared. SIR HENRY THOMPSON

"Hunyadi Janos" has established itself as a customary Aperient in all climates. It is remarkably and exceptionally uniform in its composition and free from the defects of other Hungarian Bitter Waters. BRITISH MEDICAL JOURNAL.

"Hunyadi Janos" Of the many Ofen or Hungarian Bitter Waters now offered to the public, careful selection should be made. We have found that only HUNYADI JANOS answers all purposes, owing to its remarkable uniformity and gentle action, which render it preferable to all others. VIENNA MEDICAL JOURNAL.



Mr and Mrs Lane, of Tasmania, have returned home.

Mr G. N. Pierce, of Napier, who has been manager of the New Zealand Insurance Company there for several years, has been promoted to the management of the Auckland Branch of the Company, and leaves for that city very shortly.

Mr and Mrs Arthur Rolleston, (Christchurch), are the guests of Mr and Mrs Buckley, at "Tagmahar," Ashburton; Miss Buckley (Christchurch), also forming one of the same household party.

News has been received in Napier that Mr E. T. Sayers, formerly a resident there, has been very successful in theatrical circles in England, and is booked with several well known theatrical companies for the next year. Mr Sayers was a great favourite when in Napier, and his many friends will be delighted to hear of his success.

Captain Todd, of Napier, left by the "Muroran" for the North last week.

Miss O'Callaghan, from Dunedin, is visiting Mrs Standish, of New Plymouth.

Miss Eva Western, Mount Pleasant, Picton, who has been visiting Mrs H. C. Seymour, at "Eynesfield," has returned home, having cycled most of the distance there and back.

Mr George Swan, son of the Mayor of Napier, left Hawke's Bay on Saturday last, and intends taking up his residence in Wanganui.

Miss Bendall, of Wellington, has been staying in Napier, and returned home last week.

Mr H. J. Blow, Under-Secretary for the Public Works Department, who recently went to England in connection with the Midland Railway Seizure Case, returned to New Zealand again by the Moana.

Mr S. J. Jago, the Napier Postmaster, has been promoted to Wellington. After 14 years' residence in Napier he will be greatly missed by his many friends.

At the meet of the Hawke's Bay Hounds at Springhill last week, Mr J. Ireland, the Whip, met with a nasty accident, as his horse, in jumping, put both feet in a hole and fell, throwing Mr Ireland and breaking his collar bone.

Mrs Arthur Farmer has returned home to Blenheim, from a most enjoyable visit to Nelson, where she was the guest of Mrs Preshaw.

On the arrival of Mr and Mrs Earnest White at Okburne station, after their honeymoon last week, they were met by the employees of the station, and presented with a handsome marble clock, as a token of the respect and goodwill in which they are held by the men.

Dr. Pennyfather (England) is spending a few weeks with friends in Dunedin.

Miss Chaytor, of "Marshlands," Marlborough, who is now in England, takes a great interest in our boys at the front, naturally as she has two brothers, Captain Edward Chaytor, and Lieut. Darcy Chaytor, at the front. Miss Chaytor, in conjunction with several old New Zealanders, interest themselves in procuring dainties and necessaries for the New Zealand contingents.

Dr. and Mrs Ronald, of Napier, have returned from a fortnight's visit to the South.

Canon St. Hill, of Havelock, and the Misses St. Hill have left on a long visit to England.

Mrs J. Bell, who has been detained in Nelson for several months, on account of the illness of her son, a Nelson College boy, has returned to Blenheim, bringing him with her, and driven out to "Billersden."

Miss Una Hitchings has returned to her home in Napier after a long visit to Wellington, and Miss Kate Hitchings is now staying in the latter city.

Mrs Hubert Morton, of Napier, has returned from Dunedin.

Mrs G. Pasley (Gisborne), is staying in Picton with her sister-in-law, Mrs H. F. Thompson.

Miss Alice Law, L.R.A.M., London, has issued invitations for a private pianoforte recital, for Friday evening in the Lecture Hall, Y.M.C.A. Rooms, Auckland. As Miss Law is also a certificated pupil of Mr Phillip Halstead, and holds a diploma from Leipsic Conservatoire, lovers of music will have a treat in store. She is to be assisted by Mr Hamilton Hodges.

Mr John Duncan, "The Grove," Picton, has been elected Chairman of the Pelorus Road Board.

Miss Rees, of Gisborne, who has been paying a visit to her sister, Mrs Lusk, of Napier, returned last week.

Miss F. Sutton, of Napier, is spending her holidays in Wellington.

A PIONEER NEW ZEALANDER.

FIFTY YEARS EXPERIENCES.

Mr L. Morris, an old resident of Walkerie, has given for publication, some interesting experiences in the course of which he says:—

"It is now some fifty years since I first came to Walkerie, and I have watched the place gradually grow into a prosperous township. My own exertions have been well repaid, and hardship and exposure never seemed to tell on me till 23 years ago, when I began to suffer from rheumatism, which attacked me first in one knee and then in the other. Sometimes the pain was merely a dull ache, whilst at other times it was stinging and burning. The muscles were stiff and I had not the proper use of my legs, although under medical treatment. Noticing Dr. Williams' pink pills advertised as a cure for rheumatism, I procured some. After taking two boxes I felt greatly improved, and continued with them until quite cured. My knees are now as supple as they used to be, and I am perfectly free from pain. I know of several neighbours also who have used Dr. Williams' pink pills, and have been cured by them."

In almost every neighbourhood a similar case might be heard of, for there is hardly a town where there are not some people, once suffering invalids, who have been restored to health and strength by Dr. Williams' pink pills. The disorders they have cured include paralysis, consumption, bronchitis, rheumatism, sciatica, impoverishment of the blood, rickets, indigestion, palpitation, all forms of female weakness and hysteria. They are a tonic, not a purgative. While substitutes are offered by some few retailers, people are learning to refuse them, for there is no record of a substitute benefiting anyone. The genuine are sold by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Wellington, three shillings per box, 6 boxes sixteen and six, post free, and by chemists and storekeepers. But mind you ask for Dr. Williams'. The genuine are never sold loose or in bottles.

lace veil, and carried a beautiful bouquet.

The Rev. C. L. Tuke, of Waipukurau, performed the marriage rite.

On the conclusion of the service the bride and bridegroom and their friends adjourned to the dining-room, where the wedding breakfast was laid; and in the course of the afternoon the newly-married couple started on their way to Wellington and Wanganui.

M'KITTRICK—GEORGE.

Mr James M'Kittrick, of Grey-mouth, was married to Miss F. George, eldest daughter of Mr A. George, of Hastings, in St. Matthew's Church, Hastings, on Tuesday morning last. The wedding was a quiet one, and only the relations of both families were present. The Rev. J. Hobbs

officiated. After the ceremony Mr and Mrs M'Kittrick left for Wellington.

SEASON 1899-1906.

INVITATION CIRCULARS  
"AT HOME" CARDS  
BALL PROGRAMMES  
WEDDING CARDS AND INVITES  
CONCERT AND OTHER TICKETS  
PROGRAMMES ON PLAIN AND  
FANCY PAPER  
CALLING CARDS

ALL THE LATEST STYLES.

MANAGER, "GRAPHIC" OFFICE.

It Keeps the Blood Pure

Gives Nerve-power, Prevents Nervous Exhaustion,  
Keeps up the Physical Strength.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla



"I am a Professional Cyclist."

"I am anxious to obtain all the prizes and honors possible. To do this I know I must keep my blood and system in good order. For this purpose I tried Ayer's Sarsaparilla and the results have always been satisfactory.

"Training and racing make an excessive nervous strain and loss of nerve force and physical strength. To quickly restore this loss of nerve energy and power I have never found anything equal to Ayer's Sarsaparilla. The Sarsaparilla keeps my blood pure and this tones up and strengthens my whole body.

"Today I have the honor to be the champion cyclist of Forbes, thanks to your wonderful medicine. I send you my portrait on my good steed that has carried me with waving colors over the track."

This is the testimony and portrait of the well-known cyclist, H. H. Johnson, of South Forbes, New South Wales.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla takes out all impurities from the blood. It changes thin blood into rich, red blood, such blood as healthy nerves and muscles must have. "Ayer's" and only Ayer's is called

"The World's Greatest Family Medicine."

All who are thin and pale need it. All who are weak and easily tired need it. All who are nervously depressed from a warm climate need it.

The  
AYER'S Sarsaparilla  
That Cures.

It Invigorates the Whole System.

Ayer's Pills Cure Biliousness and Sick Headache.

Ideal Milk



Enriched 20 per cent. with Cream.

STERILIZED—  
NOT SWEETENED.

A Perfect Substitute  
for Fresh Milk.

WEDDING INVITATION CARDS, with Envelopes to Match in beautiful designs, to be had at the "STAR" PRINTING WORKS.

- MISS F. KELLY, Artistic Worker in Natural Flowers, Florist to His Excellency the Governor.
- Bridal Bouquets a Specialty.
- Sprays, Buttonholes, Wreaths, Crosses, and all the Latest Novelties. Country Orders promptly attended to. Show window in Cannings', Queen-st., opposite Bank N.Z. Telephone 388.

ORANGE BLOSSOMS

DOUGLAS—FLETCHER.

A fashionable company met at the residence of Mrs Fletcher, Penule Hill, Wakarara, on Wednesday afternoon, for the wedding of Mr George Douglas, son of Mr Ralph Douglas, of Gwavas, Tikokino, with Sarah, daughter of the late Mr S. Fletcher, of Penule Hill, Wakarara.

The bridesmaids—seven in number—were the Misses Annie and Jane Fletcher, sisters of the bride, Nelly Alder, Sarah Cooke, Agnes and Ethel Nicol, nieces of the bride, and L. Doar. They were dressed in different coloured muslin frocks, yellow, white and blue, the full bodices being trimmed with lace and insertion and little bells edged the skirt. They wore white chrysanthemums in their hair, and carried (three) bouquets of white flowers, and (four) baskets filled with flowers and ferns.

Mr Douglas was accompanied by Mr B. Doar as best man.

The bride, who was given away by her brother, Mr A. Fletcher, wore a dress of the finest white muslin, the bodice trimmed with white satin and narrow lace. She wore a spray of orange blossoms in her hair, and a



# AS SEEN THROUGH WOMAN'S EYES.

## MAN'S IDEAL WOMAN.

"The Men's Ideal Woman" is the subject of an article by Carrie E. Garrett in the "Woman's Home Companion," who says:—"She is not necessarily a peri, though man is accredited, and justly, with a decided bias in favour of good looks. Helen has always, and ever will, absorb a great many of the perquisites of life. She is the theme of song and story. She gets all the best partners at dances. The mere consciousness of her own loveliness enables her to do and say gracefully a thousand things which a plainer girl would boggle over. She has cakes and ale in plenty, and to spare, but she does not achieve all the substantial prizes of life; and when we consider that to one Helen we have several thousand 'plainer girls,' this seems a merciful dispensation of Providence. Sometimes a quiet little mouse of a girl, apparently making no effort to attract, and considered entirely harmless, will carry off the best matrimonial prize of the season. Whereat numerous ladies will exclaim, 'What in the world did he see in her?' Ah! he did not choose her with his eyes alone. Man has a number of fixed old-fashioned notions about the ideal woman which are quite apart from questions of complexion and dress. She is not an extravagantly peerless creature.

"This vision of his dreams, which is revealed to him through the blue smoke of a good cigar, is first of all—lovable. Now, loveliness is the distilled product of innumerable delightful things cunningly blended. So when one attempts to describe a lovable woman mere language is feeble to do her justice. She is indescribable, and we can only repeat, she is lovable.

"The ideal woman has charm. That is another quality which it is most difficult to dissect and explain. It may only be felt. In the person of an unscrupulous woman it may do deadly mischief, for men do not and cannot resist it. But, happily, goodness and charm are entirely compatible, and dear to the heart of man is the woman who has been gifted with both.

"One thing imperatively demanded in the make-up of the ideal woman is sympathy—that all-divining, all-forgiving quality which makes the whole world akin. Sympathy is one of the prime factors of charm. So is humour. A man is fearfully lonesome when his wife cannot see his jokes. She could hardly offer him a more deadly affront than to laugh in the wrong place at one of his pet stories.

"A man does not picture a completely limp and characterless creature as his soul's ideal, however 'sweet.' Yet the woman as she appears in his dreams is not too clever. It is a pleasure to him to be a little superior to his mate—to be 'looked up to'—and as the true woman desires to 'look up,' it is clear that Nature's arrangements in these matters are not without design.

"The most charming woman of all is she who has the consummate wit to seem to 'look up' when really she stands on a level with the man who loves her, or, perchance, a little above him.

"As woman detests of all things a 'womanish' man, so man abhors with all his soul a mannish woman. He may have a jolly time with the type of girl which we call 'masculine,' and which men sometimes describe as a 'good fellow,' but she has not the slightest power to disturb the ideal, which is first, last, and always pure womanly. He regards a 'mannish' woman as a grotesque caricature of himself, and esteems her accordingly. He does not desire a duplicate or a parody, but an accessory.

"The ideal woman is religious—has the wise, sweet, old-fashioned notions about right and wrong. A man is quite capable of making merry over his wife's scruples of conscience, but I think he would be rather disappointed if she had no such scruples—if in his worldly way she was guided chiefly by expedience. He may not say many prayers himself, but he likes to know that his children pray at their mother's knee. Perhaps he sometimes reflects that the nightly petition from innocent lips, 'God bless father,' may not be quite empty of meaning.

"The sober truth is that, while men

may seek diversion with the more showy, flippant type of girl, and are often caught by mere glitter, they have an ideal far, far above this cheap type which is imperishable."

## OUR OLD BOOTS: WHAT BECOMES OF THEM?

Probably a large number of people do not trouble their heads in the least as to what becomes of their cast-off foot gear, but I daresay it may interest them to know that it is not wasted, even if thrown into the dust bin.

From that receptacle it is rescued by the scavengers, and a very large amount of the old leather is eventually ground up into a fine pulp (after having first been carefully soaked to remove all dirt), pressed into large sheets and then used for making the tops of carriages, or for the cheaper sort of leather binding for books, or for the embossed wall papers which are now so fashionable, and which have such a handsome appearance.

This particular form of decoration is nothing but a thick paper covered with a thin layer of the pressed leather pulp, on which are handsome designs in bronze, old gold, and other expensive colours.

Many of the better shoes are sold to dealers, who make the refurbishing up of old foot gear a most profitable business. The best parts of two pairs of boots under their hands will make one decent pair, which will be much appreciated by a poor customer who cannot afford to buy a good new pair. Or two old boots are made to resemble one another and make a pair, and, of course, as the dealer has paid very little for them he can afford to sell them again, even the best of them, for a less price than a commoner pair of quite new boots.

A certain citizen of Newcastle was aware of the value of properly repaired old boots and shoes, and solely from charitable motives he started a depot for old boots, which has proved a great benefit to the deserving poor, many of whom without it would probably have gone barefoot.

The work was begun by circulars being issued to the householders asking for gifts of old boots and shoes, and offering to send a collector for them to all who would give notice at the depot that they have such "rubbish" to dispose of.

This appeal met with a ready response, and care being taken that the gifts should only fall into the hands of those who needed charity, poverty has been relieved, and far better than if the boots and shoes had not been first repaired at the depot of the charitable middleman.

Could not philanthropic folk do the same kind of thing elsewhere? Not only boots and shoes, but all sorts of clothing would find a ready sale among the poor if they were mended neatly, whereas worn clothing, if given away unmended usually soon finds its way to an old clothes shop, and seldom indeed is the sum realised by its sale of any great value to the recipient.

## BASSINETS FOR BABY AND THEIR USE.

Where baby shall sleep from the very first day of his appearance is a subject upon which far too little thought is usually expended. The mother usually either lays him on the bed next to her or else upon a pillow which rests upon two chairs beside the mother's bed.

Both of these places for baby's sleep are objectionable. In the first place, no baby should lie under the same covers as the mother. Not only is she apt to turn upon him, and thus injure him unwittingly, but if he be a nursing baby he will soon acquire the habit of demanding food at frequent intervals the night through. The pillow is as bad. It is altogether too soft to support the weak little back, and it does not admit of baby's being tucked in as snugly as is desirable when he first appears. Some mothers lay their child in the carriage. This would do at a pinch for awhile, if it contained a mattress laid upon a pillow, in order to raise it high enough to give the baby air, but he should not be put in the bottom of the carriage or upon a pillow alone. Some mothers use the

crib right from the beginning. This, of course, is all right, but it is not so desirable at the outset, as it is a trifle too large to allow of the close tucking spoken of above, and as it gives no sort of support to the weak frame.

Nothing can be found that is better for all round purposes than the cane bassinet. This comes in several sizes, is very light, and rests upon a small stand, from which it can be lifted at will. It has the advantage that it is light and portable, and therefore convenient to carry the baby about in without disturbing him.

For the mother who feels that she cannot afford to pay £1 10/ or £2 for a bassinet, the clothesbasket is recommended as an excellent substitute. But care should be had in selecting it to get one with sides not too high, and, if possible, with sides of very open weaving. If this is not practicable, the mattress can be raised high in the basket, resting upon a pillow which lifts it almost to the top.

But whether the mother elects to have the crib at once or chooses the bassinet, the arrangement of the bed should be the same in either case. First of all, there must be a mattress of soft curled hair. This is essential. Pillows are not fit for baby to lie upon. His back needs a firm support. He should not lie upon one in the carriage when later on he is taken out. A small mattress can be fitted to the carriage, and sometimes the one for the bassinet will fit the carriage.

Over the mattress should be laid a piece of rubber cloth to cover its entire width, and about eighteen inches in length. This is not necessary during the first few months of life. It is only when baby is old enough to roll and move about freely in his crib that this becomes desirable. Over the mattress, then, is laid the sheet of muslin or linen, upon which rests a small, thin

pillow of feathers or hair, preferably the latter, covered with a linen case. Over the sheet, in the centre, just beneath the pillow, is placed the pad. This is made of the very best quality of white Turkish towelling, and about twelve inches square. It is fastened with buttons or tapes. Into it is slipped a doubled piece of rubber cloth. This will prevent moisture penetrating to the sheet. Now come the second sheet and the crib blankets. These may be the knitted blankets of cream white yarn, the softly quilted cheese cloth blankets, with carded wool or cotton between, or, for the more fortunate baby, the comfortable of down. One of the comfortable or a pair of blankets ought to be enough, unless the temperature be very low.

Have everything about the bed spotless. Change the bedding morning and evening. Have plenty of pads. Hang the night bedding in the sun to air each day. Never put a thing back upon the bed if it becomes the least bit soiled. Sponge the rubber cloth off every day with a two per cent. solution of carbolic acid.

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

**A Valuable and Safe Remedy.**

APPROVED BY THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.

H. C. ROOT, 28, Endsleigh Gdns., LONDON.

# "KOKO"

UNQUESTIONABLY THE BEST DRESSING FOR THE HAIR



**ERADICATES SCURF AND DANDRIF**

**PREVENTS HAIR FALLING**

**PROMOTES GROWTH.**

**IS DELIGHTFULLY COOLING & REFRESHING.**

**CONTAINS NO DYE**

*The Celebrated Antborax.*

**MRS. E. LYNN LINTON,**  
says—

"I have used your 'KOKO' now since June last, and I have not only stopped the falling out, which had been excessive after a severe illness, but I have an entirely new growth of hair, while the old hair is longer. As I am not a young woman, but an old one, I think this is a convincing test of your preparation."

1/2, 2/6 & 4/6

OF ALL CHEMISTS, STORES, ETC.

**KOKO MARIQOPAS COY., LTD., 16, BEVIS MARKS, LONDON, ENGLAND.**

**ABOUT EARLY RISING.**

From a very ancient date there has been a class of wise-wives which has been unwilling to admit that any good could emanate from those who did not "rise with the lark." These would-be philosophers held mere early rising to be a virtue which covered a multitude of sins, and that early retiring, and early rising, would make men "healthy, wealthy, and wise," despite the fact that milkmen, chimney sweeps, and others, who are earliest out of their beds, were never distinguished for these characteristics or acquirements.

Should one argue that early rising, like cold baths in winter, did not agree with all constitutions, he would be referred to the sluggard, or to the early bird, or to some other person or thing having not the least possible relation to the circumstances.

These good people are not aware that they have mistaken a habit for a characteristic, and you could not convince them that it is as often a bad as a good trait. They have never observed that many evil-doers are frequently stirring about early in the morning.

If, however, early rising is used by them as an argument for forehandedness, then much that is said may be true; still, it is really more important that a man should obtain a sufficient amount of refreshing sleep than that he should rise each morning at a given hour.

Poor Richard averred that, "A man who rises late may trot all day without overtaking his business," but that depends wholly upon his gait. If his sleep has been plentiful and refreshing, he can trot pretty fast without causing fatigue. In a word, it is the recuperative power which we have gained by sleep, much more than the time we arise, which determines our working power, in any direction, for the day. To be sure, it will not do for the bakers or for the milkmen to lie in their beds too late in the morning, but the merchants or the professional men need not get up so early, provided, of course, that their business has been properly attended to before retiring. The merchant need not be on hand much before his customers, who are not wont to stir about until they have partaken of their morning meal.

We are often informed that over-activity, not indolence, is the besetting sin of the average American; hence, the nervous prostrations and their attending brain disorders, insomnia among them, are, alas, too common, and pale, haggard-looking individuals are more often seen here than rotund, well-favoured, comfortable-appearing people.

More recreation and healthful sleep, therefore, are the demand of the hour, rather than early rising, which entails a yawning stupid existence the livelong day. Should one's business demand early rising, early retiring should then be religiously followed, in order to obtain the requisite number of hours in sleep, that best and only restorer of tired nature. The ability to exist without much sleep is nothing to boast of, neither is it worth while to plume one's self above ordinary mortals on the ground of being out of bed an hour or two before the rest of mankind; for it is a great mistake to suppose that every hour taken from sleep is just so much time gained. Later in life we may discover that it has been so much time wasted, unless sufficient sleep has been secured to recuperate fully from the wear and tear of the daily work.—"Demorest's Magazine."

© © ©

**BEAUTY IS LESS RARE TO-DAY.**

Something over a hundred years ago the beautiful Miss Gummings were the observed of all observers. These historic sisters could not take a walk in town without being mobbed by adoring crowds; one day, in the Strand, they had to take refuge in a shop from the too persistent attentions of the populace, and in the end His Majesty the King assigned to them a bodyguard so that in future they might take without risk of over much annoyance such exercise as was necessary to keep their complexion clear. Nowadays, says a writer in "The Gem," it would be safe enough to wager that these same girls, could they be resuscitated, might walk where other fashionable people walk

without receiving more notice than the backward glance of a few pedestrians, and possibly an impertinent word or two from an occasional impertinent man. Nowadays, too, instead of finding in their faces a passport to wedlock with great nobles, they would probably, like their plainer sisters, marry ordinary well-to-do middle-class householders—that is, supposing, of course, that they did not belong by right of birth and fortune to the upper strata of society—and settle down to ordinary well-to-do middle-class life. In their circle of friends, remarks would be passed upon their beauty, but that would be all.

© © ©

**WHEN MAY WEDS DECEMBER.**

**WHAT ARE THE CHANCES OF HAPPINESS.**

This question, often asked, is too large to be answered by a simple yes or no. Circumstances modify individual cases. Of course when veritable December, hoar and withered, courts blooming May, and May consents, for reasons shamelessly mercenary, to wed December, the irony of the situation is evident. Eighty and eighteen cannot wed without subsequent wretchedness. They have no foot of common ground to stand on. Fortunately such cases are rare.

Men, as a rule, retain youth longer than women do. A woman at forty is older than her brother of the same age, maturer in her way of looking at life, physically older, unless she has a special endowment of health and courage. There are always exceptional men and women who defy the ordinary rule and remain young when they are approaching the meridian. It is much as one feels—this subtle question of growing old.

**TWO OR THREE YEARS ON EITHER SIDE ARE UNIMPORTANT.**

A husband and wife may be of the same age, yet have few tastes which are congenial. One may love society, the other may be obstinately domestic. One may be a spendthrift, the other a churl. Two or three years on either side are of no moment. When we speak of disparity we mean anywhere from seven to twenty years to the good, or the bad, in the age of husband and wife.

Here, again, a man may safely be much older than his wife without exciting much comment. The man of forty is not, unless life has gone terribly hard with him, an unfit comrade for a girl of twenty. In case of a man's second marriage, he almost always chooses a youthful wife, and the two jog on very contentedly together.

All along the line a man is relatively younger than a woman until both reach middle age. There is, perhaps, a ten years' handicap on woman physically, if not mentally, until she arrives at the tableland which is marked by her fiftieth milestone.

In thinking of marriage, people should bear in mind that it is sacramental in character and a joining of hands and fortunes for the whole journey of life. "Till death do us part" is the solemn undertone of every wedding march.

**WOMEN AGE EARLIER THAN MEN.**

Women grow old faster than men, and are sensitive to the subject. Therefore, on general principles, the wife should be the younger.

Marriage, broadly defined, is life's closest friendship in purest and most intimate daily association. It is two made one, fronting the world together. Its happiness depends on responsive qualities, quick sympathies, and reciprocal unselfishness.

These conditions are often fulfilled to the uttermost in marriages wherein the wife is conspicuously and frankly older than her husband. She has tact and patience and infinite tenderness in dealing with her good man. She is apt to look well to his material comforts. He has good dinners, and his socks are darned. Men need and like petting and cossetting. They require to be duly fed and starched and kept respectable in appearance. They gird at frayed cuffs and cold coffee. The younger woman is self-absorbed, as the older is not, or she does not so lavishly bestow the mother-brooding which a man never grows too old to enjoy.

What everybody craves in marriage is to be understood and appreciated. Disparity of age is of small consequence when this consummation is reached.

MARGARET SANGSTER,  
In "Home Chat."

**Is NOT FARINACEOUS and is ENTIRELY FREE from STARCH**

# MELLIN'S FOOD

**FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS.**

When added to diluted Cow's Milk it produces a complete and perfect diet, suitable for the strong as well as the sickly babe. Adapted for use in all Climates.

---

# MELLIN'S EMULSION

**OF COD-LIVER OIL.**

The Best Nutritive and Tonic in all cases of Weakness of the Chest, Lungs, and Throat. Invaluable in Consumption, Bronchitis, Difficult Breathing, and Loss of Voice.

MELLIN'S FOOD & MELLIN'S EMULSION MAY BE OBTAINED OF ALL DEALERS.

Samples and Pamphlets to be obtained from GOLLIN & CO, Wellington.

# DR. PASCALL'S COUGH MIXTURE

**CURES COUGHS QUICKLY.**

Price 1/6 and 2/6.

ALL CHEMISTS and STOREKEEPERS. **TRY IT.**

\*\*\*\*\*

For Constipation and Liver Troubles, Take Dr. Pascall's Vegetable Pills, 1/6 Box.

Wholesale Agents: MESSRS P. HAYMAN & CO., Fort-st., Auckland.

The Best Food for Infants and Invalids in all Climates.

**ALWAYS READY. NO COOKING REQUIRED.**

# HORLICK'S MALTED MILK.

PURE MILK, COMBINED WITH WHEAT AND BARLEY MALT.

**IN POWDER FORM. KEEPS INDEFINITELY.**

**LARGEST SALE IN THE WORLD.**

Of all Chemists and Stores.

**AT WHAT AGE SHOULD GIRLS MARRY?**

The age at which girls should marry is a subject upon which teachers of social economy, philosophers and mothers have discoursed long and learnedly since the time when the first mother began to plan for the future of her offspring.

In the day of our great-grandmothers girls undertook the cares and responsibilities of married life almost before they were out of the nursery. Marriage was then looked upon, especially by the girls themselves, as the chief end and aim of existence. Now, however, in this day of advanced thought, the girl—that is, the sensible girl—usually waits until the right man comes along, even though she be well along in the thirties before this happens. An article on this subject by Sarah Grand appeared in a recent issue of the American "Queen." It is so interesting that I give it here for the benefit of those who find in this subject ground for discussion.

"The age at which girls should marry is one of the questions which people are prone to consider by the light of their own personal experience. Ideas on the subject of the age at which girls should marry vary considerably. When wives and daughters were the goods and chattels and men had the principal say in the matter, little girls were cruelly forced to marry at the beginning instead of the completion of the change from childhood to womanhood. They were made wives, that is to say, while they were still far from being perfectly developed women physically, and were utterly immature mentally, with all their naturally womanly instincts which are the only safe guide in the matter still in abeyance. Fortunately the iniquity and absurdity of this have been thoroughly exposed, and now if parents attempted to pitchfork

their little daughters of from 12 to 16 into matrimony as they did with impunity not so very long ago the whole world would cry shame upon them.

"The whole tendency of the modern education for girls is to prolong their girlhood. The ghastly doctrine that this is necessarily a wicked world, in which misery must be her portion, no longer finds general acceptance. It is a favourite axiom with us nowadays that every age has its pleasure, or should have, with a fair chance—childhood, girlhood, womanhood—and to get the full value out of each. Our intelligent girls begin to have ideas of their own on the subject of the disposition of their lives, prompted, no doubt, by mothers of a new order. They do not care to be put off with half an education and hustled into matrimony while they still should be doing their school course. They like to enjoy as they go along. They combine recreation with study, and delight in everything, and it is not until they have had the foundation of a good general education that they begin to be serious on the subject of matrimony. Serious is quite the right word for their attitude. The meaning of life has begun to interest them, and they pause to inquire. What they demand in a husband is comrade, friend, and lover—a superior in attainments and talents, by all means, if possible—but one who must appreciate her all round for what she is.

"She decidedly objects to marrying an extinguisher, who would tell her that her proper place is in the nursery and kitchen, with an inflection on the words that tell her that the nursery and the kitchen are more worthily regulated without mental advancement, and the care of them necessarily precludes any further degree of cultivation. To such a suitor the modern girl replies, "Not for me, my good man, I am a versatile being, in whom are infinite possibilities, and I mean to make the most of myself.

By so doing I make the most of you, too, and of every one with whom I come in contact." Thinking thus for herself, the modern girl grows gradually more self-respecting. She recognises the full idiocy of being bought up as wares for the market, to be disposed of to a suitor, and sees no sense in it, either. Let the suitor come and find her. She knows that a woman's life is no longer considered a failure simply because she does not marry, and this makes her not only independent, but somewhat defiant, the position being still sufficiently new to be wondered at and not wholly approved.

"The pendulum, however, swings towards approval. We have considerably less jeering at old maids than formerly, and we frequently nowadays hear of single women whose independence and fuller interests make them the envy of many a married sister, whose health has suffered and liberty been circumscribed by what are too often the thankless cares of married life."

**THE HEALTHFUL ONION.**

If one will eat a bit of cheese, a pinch of ground coffee, or a crust of sweet bread, directly after eating onions, they may not be afraid that their breath will be offensive. Onions have medicinal as well as epicurean qualities. A cold, in its first stages, may often be broken up by a bowlful of hot onion bisque. Boil a pint bowlful of onions in water, changing the water three times. This robs them of much of their odour, and renders them safe for the most delicate stomach. When the onions are tender the water should be nearly all absorbed; add three cups of hot milk, thicken slightly with a teaspoonful of corn starch wet with cold milk, boil three minutes, season with cayenne pepper, and pass through a sieve, pressing all the pulp of the onion through. Serve while very hot.

For a brown soup, fry the onions with a pinch of sugar, dredge with a tablespoonful of flour, cover with a half-pint of water and cook till tender; add a quart of hot broth and press through a coarse sieve.

In the charming French village of Pierrefonds, at a quaint inn on the border of the lake, an inn famous for its omelets and soups, you are served with a delicious onion soup, made as follows: Pare, parboil three times, and cook till tender, a quart of small, white button onions; add a pint of green peas, a quart of chicken broth, and seasonings, and pour into the tureen over inch squares of bread, buttered and toasted in the hot oven.

Another French onion soup calls for four dozen very small white onions; fry these a light brown in a little butter, dredge with two tablespoonfuls of flour, add a quart of cold water and two quarts of veal broth, and simmer till the onions are tender. Pour into a tureen over sippets of dried bread well sprinkled with Gruyere cheese.

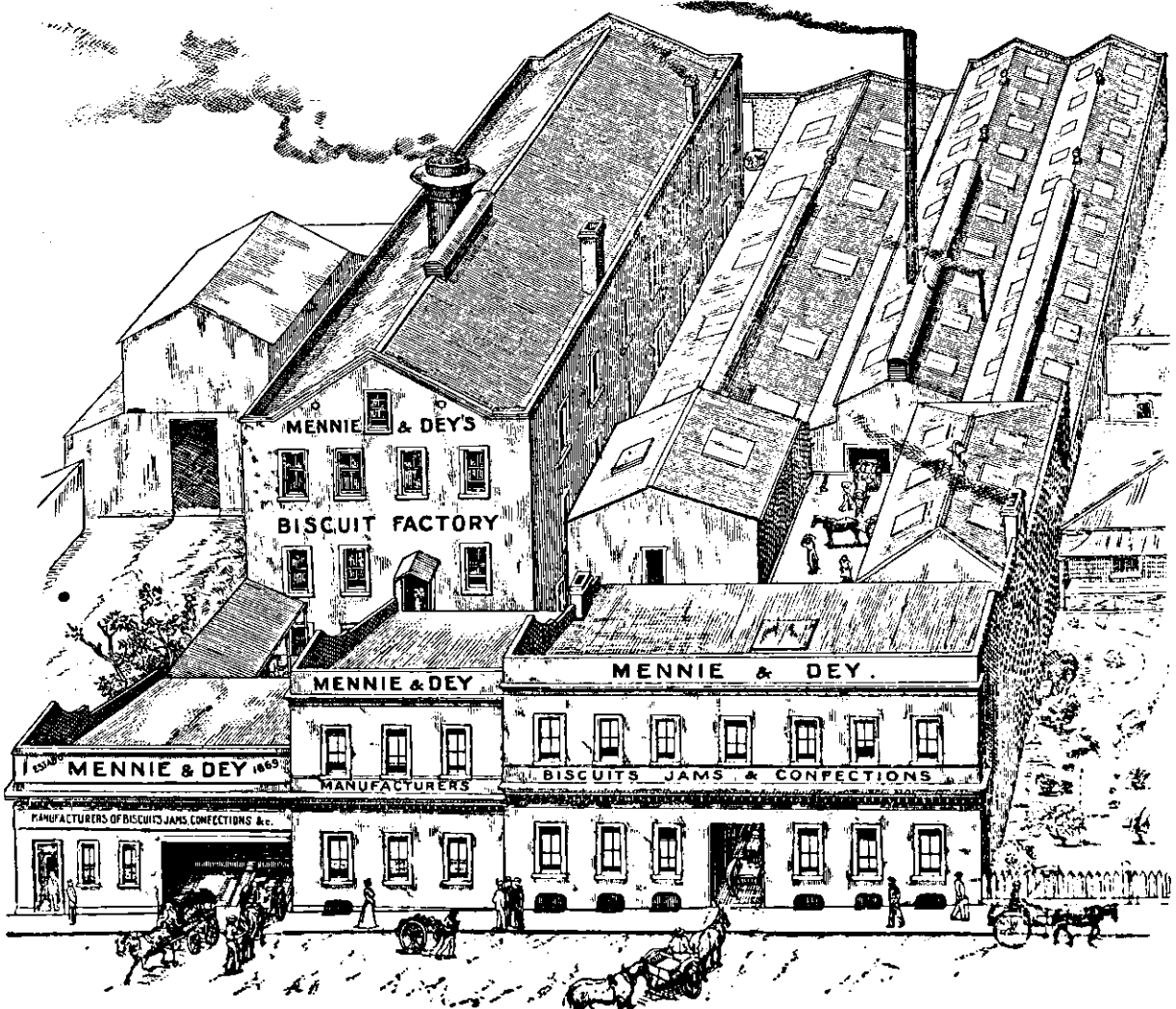
Another onion soup is made by frying four large sliced onions, using beef broth instead of veal, and parmesan cheese for the toast.

An onion soup with eggs is made by frying a pint of sliced onions, adding a quart each of water and broth, and simmering till tender, when four egg yolks, beaten with a little milk, are stirred in. Stir constantly, until smoking hot, and serve with croutons, passed in a separate dish.

Oysters with onions is a noted Philadelphia dish. Remove the layers from four large onions until you have bulbs no larger than English walnuts; cut these in small dice and fry in butter the size of an egg, till yellow. The butter must not be allowed to scorch or burn. Now add fifty oysters with their juice, salt, pepper, cayenne, and a slight pinch of allspice, and as soon as the oysters begin to ruffle their beards, finish with two ounces of butter and a tablespoonful of minced parsley.

**Gold Medal Jams,—**  
Best all comers for Quality.

**Gold Medal Biscuits,—**  
Best Value in the Market.



**Gold Medal Confections,** largest variety, best quality. **Gold Medal Conserves.**  
**Peels, Only Makers Cupid Whispers in the Colony,**

# THE WORLD OF FASHION.

Illustrated By MARQUERITE BARRACK.

In girls' dresses the fashions now followed are to some extent similar to those adopted by their elder sisters. In taking note of some new styles for young girls' frocks we must again emphasize what we have said, more than once before, about the beauty and excellence of simplicity. It is not in good taste to put much trimming on young girls' dresses. There is a general preference for bright colours, and this may be indulged, as gay hues are befitting the season of youth; but simple modes of making frocks are always to be preferred. It may be said that the fashions for girls were never prettier than they now are, and never so simple and easy to copy, making it possible for the amateur dressmaker, especially when supplied with a good pattern, to produce very charming effects, with

coat of medium length, fastened with gilt buttons. Except for the buttons these coats are quite plain, but the little maid should have several sets of revers, which can be buttoned over cloth lapels. They add very much to the appearance of the gown, and quite change its character for various occa-

pretty wear for children, and are so easy to make.

A suggestion for a satisfactory little coat and skirt for a seven or eight year old maiden is given in this figure, and might be applied to some of the recently acquired bargains. This is a suit of grey cloth; the skirt kilt-

holding two grey quills on the left left side. This is a delightful little toilette, which would last well on to cotton and cambric in coming. The bodice to skirt is just a full blouse shape, with full sleeves, and velvet collar, cuffs and waist band.

© © ©

Grannie bonnets are certainly coming to the fore again for little maids. When a fashion of any kind is on the wane it is wonderful how many disadvantages are suddenly discovered in it. In the case of "Grannie's," for instance, after a triumphant and long reign amongst all classes we tired at last of them, and it was then all at once found that they were too heavy, and that doctors said they engendered earache, being too warm, and so on, and they have been entirely tabooed for the last couple of years, giving place to the piquant little Dutch bonnets. Whether we are tiring of the latter, or whether the "Grannie" struck deeper root in our affec-



GREY CLOTH AND ASTRACHAN.



PRETTY FROCK FOR GIRL.



A NEW GRANNIE BONNET.

comparatively little labour. Braided golf capes and cloth coats are the wraps that now engage motherly attention. A girls' school cape falls nearly to her dress hem; slopes away a trifle in front, has a collar so high it serves as a small second cape when turned back, and broad and narrow braid in a Bourbon pattern, running down the back, up the front, and stiffening the borders. Girls have a liking for brown, red and green coats, showing cuffs, collars and long front revers of light-toned plaid. The smart walking coat for the season is a perfect box shape, the seams strapped, and then stitched, and the buttons broad enamelled discs. Another favourite shape is the three-quarter length automobile jacket in Amazon cloth.

A fashion journal assures us that young girls now adopt the tailor-made. Most of these little gowns are made with a gored skirt, which flares at the bottom, but is untrimmed, and a double-breasted

sions. Silk hats adorned with feathers and in shape a decided poke, tied under the chin by broad strings, are what the milliners have prepared for the young ladies. These, of course, will be the hats for special occasions, while for school wear the rather flat crowned, wide brimmed felts are popular, having the brim edges bound with ribbon, and the decoration effected with soft twilled silk handkerchiefs, through which broad-plumed quills are thrust,

ed, the coat cut a semi-sac, lined with red silk, and edged very narrowly with grey astrachan, not as a bordering, but to suggest the edge of a lining, the revers, collar and cuffs with muff being of the same grey astrachan. A grey felt round shaped hat is trimmed with a broad band of poppy red velvet, a rosette of the same

tions than we were aware, and must perforce return to its previous important niche in the juvenile wardrobe, it is impossible to say, but it is certainly making its reappearance in many directions.

One just recently seen at an indisputable juvenile milliner's is sketched in this figure. This is brought quite up to date by being on Directoire lines in shape, and to autumnal and early winter demands as to material. It is covered with rich toned green velvet, and lined with pale blue chiffon, a tiny ruche of which edges the brim, top of crown, band round base of same, and ends forming the sole trimming, and which, though stiff, form a novel way of decoration. The strings are of pale blue satin ribbon.

© © ©

I don't know whether to admire the hood-yokes that are so favoured by Madame La Mode now, or not. I suppose they have come to alleviate the



GIRL'S COAT AND SKIRT.

Having provided a coat and skirt for the grown-up portion of my readers, which has been so very popular, I thought a special offer of the same kind of costume on a smaller scale might be equally useful and appreciated.

The costume will be found very neat and serviceable, made up in any woolen material, though to my mind nothing exceeds the usefulness and neatness of a good navy blue serge.

The pattern is suitable for girls from ten to twelve or fourteen years of age, and will take 3 1/2 yards of 45-inch material. The coat is almost of the saquee order at the back, this being both simple and becoming.

© © ©

GREY CLOTH AND ASTRACHAN.

The sale season is a particularly happy period for the practical maker of many small folks, for whom "short lengths" (which always prove too short to be any real use for grown ups) are more often than not most useful; and some quite dazzling results often follow the purchase of some of these same lengths, both for smarter wear and knockabout school wherewithal. Kilted skirts make very



DAINTY SCHOOL SUITS.

too great flatness of our shoulders before their advent. Through these hoods surround the shoulders they do not hide the outline from neck to elbow, for now-a-days we are beginning to admire a smooth outline, and

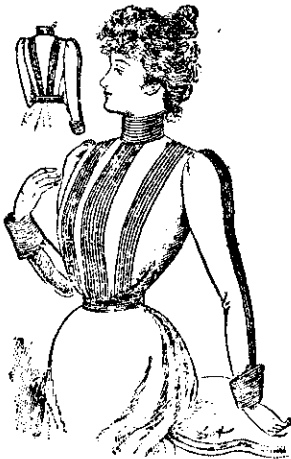


A NEW CAPE.

to do away with ugly excrescences and over-much trimming. Be that as it may, on frocks and capes alike they find their way. The example shown you here is the design of a Paris house, and both useful and smart. The material is silver-grey box-cloth, the smoothly-fitting upper part of guipure of soft-satin, the apparent edge of which is turned up all round and knotted, sailor-wise, in front. The collar is edged with chinéilla. The hem of the cape is twice machined round with silk, and the whole is lined with soft white satin. The hat of grey felt matching the cape in colour is trimmed with soft white feathers and a twist of dark grey velvet. For a smart visiting cape certain nothing is neater than a little affair like this, and it is not difficult to make. If one attempts to make things like this at home, the best plan is to either sketch the garment chosen as a copy, or cut out a printed sketch, and send it to the pattern department of a dress-making paper, with instructions to send you a good and accurate pattern, cut to your own measurement. Then, thus fortified, at the cost of about a shilling, quite a modest dressmaker can achieve the rest for you. Another great aid to home dressmaking is the mannikin modelled to your own figure. On to this facsimile of yourself you can fit and pin your frocks to perfection, but these figures are expensive, especially if fitted with pointed arms, and "skirts to match!"

© © ©

Perfectly plain blouses will be less worn this winter than for many seasons past. An exceedingly pretty example of one of the new blouses is given in the "Halsey." There are three clusters of fine tucks, in the front and back, running from neck



HALSEY BODICE.

to belt. The waist is made over a fitted lining, drooping over the belt a trifle in front, and drawn taut at the waist line in the back. The high, shaped collar, the cuffs, belt, and sleeves are tucked. When lack of material prevents tucking, a very pretty effect can be secured by sewing on clusters of narrow velvet ribbon.

Long coats are putting in a decided appearance, and what we may describe as "picture" coats, to chaperon the "picture" hats, which will be out much this autumn and winter season. Indeed, dress promises to take an artistic turn for a while, and many picturesque and becoming results may ensue if we can only stop short of excess in the matter; for Madame Fashion is not known to fame for her moderation, and in attempting the artistic in past days, the grotesque and weird only was attained more often than not. A picture coat of very green dark velvet is shown in this figure. This hangs quite straight to the feet from the shoulders, and is cut so as to flow fully round the feet like the skirt of the hour. The revers meet down the centre, and are, with the very high collar, edged with dark sable. Roses and leaves embroidered in cream and green silk decorate the revers and fronts of the coat, which fastens invisibly down the centre. The sleeves are tight-fitting to the elbow and then merge into a bell-shape, edged with dark sable and lined with cream satin. This coat is, of course, one of the exclusive "creations"; but it illustrates one of the modes that will be, and as such may serve as a model for the home dressmaker to depart from in the matter of extravagance of material, retaining the style.

Hiduous reports of the return of the thrice-hiduous "Jolman" mantle are afloat. Let any who do not remember this ancient garment in the cloth look



A PICTURE COAT.

at old fashion and other illustrations of it, and say, if the woman of the present submits to be swathed and gauded in this mantle again, if her claims to advancement, enlightenment, and independence are not an empty boast. The good old proverb of "sufficient for the day," etc., must calm our fears on the subject though.

WORK COLUMN.

How frequently people complain of their feet, and yet how very little they know about how to take care of them. If only sufficient care were taken we should not experience half the discomfort we do, and which is sometimes most difficult to remedy, nor should we spend such an amount of time and money in the purchase and use of patent washes and powders. To begin with half the ills from which the feet suffer are due to some internal cause. Ver yoften the system is trying to throw off poisonous matter in the form of perspiration, and this being of a highly acid composition, naturally irritates the skin while undergoing the friction necessitated by movement. The cause must be removed medicinally, and by proper dieting, and treatment generally. At the same time there are certain hygienic principles which are always to be observed. In the first place the feet must be washed at least once daily and the circulation stimulated by rubbing; in fact I have known a very bad case of cold feet entirely cured by plunging them first into hot then into cold water. A nail brush should be

used briskly across the toes, and also especially round any joint where callusities are forming. Frequently a few drops of any spirit such as cheap whisky or gin rubbed into the feet will be found beneficial. Those who have a tendency to ingrowing nails should cut them squarely across and never round. People with cold feet very often find a soft knitted bootie a great comfort, and whether they are thus



WARM BEDROOM SLIPPER.

protected in bed or not the feet should be thoroughly warmed before getting into bed. For this purpose crocheted bedroom shoes cannot be too often recommended. Their ventilative qualities, after the foot has been shod in stiff boots or shoes all day, are very valuable, and the soft woollen sole is likely to promote circulation. The following is a good and easy way to make them:—Materials required: Single Berlin wool, crimson and fawn, one pair of stout socks covered on one side with lamb's skin, satin ribbon for a nice bow in front, and bone crochet hook No. 7. With crimson wool make 10 chain; 1 of these is for turning, 1st row—9 double crochet and 9 chain, 1 chain, turn. 2nd row—4 double on 4 double, 3 double in next stitch, 4 double on 4 double, 1 chain, turn. 3rd row—5 double, 3 double in next stitch, 5 double, 1 chain, turn. 4th row—6 double, 3 double in centre-stitch, 6 double, 1 chain, turn. 5th row—7 double, 3 double in centre-stitch, 7 double, 1 chain, turn. 6th row, 8 double, 3 double in next stitch, 8 double, 1 chain, turn. 7th row—Fawn wool: 9 double, 3 double in centre, 9 double, 1 chain, turn. 8th row—10 double, 3 double in centre, 10 double, 1 chain, turn. 9th row—11 double, 3 double in centre, 11 double, 1 chain, turn. 10th row—12 double, 3 chain in centre, 12 double, 1 chain, turn. 11th row—13 double, 3 double in centre, 13 double, 1 chain, turn. 12th row—14 double, 3 double in centre, 14 double, 1 chain. This finishes the front. Now with crimson wool work 10 double in next 10 stitches, 1 chain, turn. These 10 stitches must be worked to and fro alternately, 4 rows of crimson and 4 rows of fawn, until there are 5 stripes of crimson and 4 stripes of fawn, then unite the last red row to 10 stitches of fawn on the other side of front. They can be neatly crocheted together on the wrong side, then with the slipper the wrong side out take the sock also on the wrong or wool side out and sew them together evenly. Fasten off and turn them right side out. Now work a row of double crochet, moderately tight round the top with crimson wool, then work a row of scallops by making 5 treble into 1 of the double crochet, then miss 1 stitch and 1 double crochet into the next. These scallops must be first one in crimson and then one in fawn. They must be so worked as for the crimson one to turn down over the fawn, and the fawn over the crimson. Now finish by a nice bow of satin ribbon with pearl edge. Worked from these directions the sock should be size No. 6; if wanted smaller reduce the slipper by 2 stitches in width at front and 1 stitch less at the side and back. A less num-

ber of rows also will be required. You had better measure the side of the sock as you work.

© © ©

Ten cosies, except where infusers are used, have been voted out of date, but another race of cosies has sprung up, rounder and podgier than the first, but very welcome, for these are the cosies which cover those hot cakes so dear to us all, at bedtime. Such a cosy must be very thickly wadded, and is usually "multigonal" in shape, after the pattern of the one in my sketch. Seven divisions make a pretty shape, but more or less can be added according to the industry of the worker. They are embroidered in various fashions. The one I like best has a Florentine design with



THE MUFFIN-COSY.

particularly decorative effect. It is carried out on silk canvas which is entirely covered with stitchery. But those who could not spare the time for such work will find any simple bold outline worked in bright colours on a dark background both serviceable and effective.

Do you give a Concert, Entertainment or At Home shortly? If so, then procure the Tickets, Handbills, or Programmes at the "STAFF" PRINTING WORKS. Large Stock to choose from and Lowest Price.

DON'T COUGH—USE  
DON'T COUGH—USE  
DON'T COUGH—USE  
DON'T COUGH—USE  
DON'T COUGH—USE  
DON'T COUGH—USE

There is absolutely no remedy so speedy and effectual. One Lozenge alone gives relief. Simple, but sure in action, they can be taken by the most delicate.

KEATING'S LOZENGES,  
KEATING'S LOZENGES,  
KEATING'S LOZENGES,  
KEATING'S LOZENGES,  
KEATING'S LOZENGES,  
KEATING'S LOZENGES,

If you cannot sleep for coughing, one Keating's Lozenge will set you right. They at once check the cough and attack the cause. A sale for past 30 years has set a record; prove this.

UTTERLY UNRIVALLED.  
UTTERLY UNRIVALLED.  
UTTERLY UNRIVALLED.  
UTTERLY UNRIVALLED.  
UTTERLY UNRIVALLED.  
UTTERLY UNRIVALLED.

Keating's Cough Lozenges, the unrivalled remedy for COUGHS, HOARSENESS, and THROAT TROUBLES, are sold in Tins by all Chemists.

By Special



Appointment

THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF RANFURLY.

... TAILOR-MADE GOWNS ...  
SEASON 1900.

NEW AND STYLISH GOODS

Now Showing, and Fresh Shipments arriving Monthly.

Samples and Measurement Forms Post Free.

A. WOOLLAMS & CO.,

LADIES' TAILORS,

183, QUEEN STREET.

TELEPHONE 104.

AUCKLAND.



# CHILDREN'S PAGE



## CHILDREN'S CORRESPONDENCE COLUMN.

Any boy or girl who likes to become a correspondent, can do so, and write letters to 'Cousin Kate, care of the Lady Editor, 'Graphic' Office, Auckland.

Write on one side of the paper only. All purely correspondence letters with envelope ends turned in are carried through the Post Office as follows:—Not exceeding 300, 4d; not exceeding 500, 1d; for every additional 200 or fractional part thereof, 4d. It is well for correspondence to be marked 'Press Manuscript only.'

Please note, dear cousins, that all letters addressed to Cousin Kate must now bear the words 'Press Manuscript only.' If so marked, and the flap turned in, and not overweight, they will come for a 4d stamp in Auckland, but a 1d from every other place.

### THE 'GRAPHIC' COUSINS COT FUND.

This fund is for the purpose of maintaining a poor, sick child in the Auckland Hospital, and is contributed to by the 'Graphic' cousins—readers of the children's page. The cot has been already bought by their kind collection of money, and now £25 a year is needed to pay for the nursing, food and medical attendance of the child in it. Any contributions will be gladly received by Cousin Kate, care of the Lady Editor, 'New Zealand Graphic,' Shortland street, or collecting card will be sent on application.

### 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.

### PAINTING COMPETITION.

Dear Cousins, you had better hurry with your painting competitions. All you have to do is to cut out and colour any picture you like from any number of the 'Graphic.' It does not matter how old a one it is. You may colour in with chalks or paint. Write your name on a piece of paper and pin it to the picture and send to me before May 30, 1900.

### MORE ABOUT PAST WEEK'S PRIZES.

Dear Cousins.—I expect most of you will like to know what were the prizes I awarded in the competitions which closed last week. First of all, I must tell you that Cousin Eve Cousins, who won the first prize for a map so cleverly, called on me with her father when she heard she had won the prize. Her father was most delighted that his little girl's patience had been rewarded. It was decided that the present she would best like would be a set of drawing instruments, and she and her father went off to buy it for her on my behalf. Her father thought perhaps the case might be rather more money than I had in-

tended to give for the prize, so I told him what I had intended, and gave him the amount, and he said if the case was more expensive he would add something himself. Was he not a thoughtful papa? But, really, so clever a cousin at drawing deserved encouragement, though I could not give so expensive a prize.

To Cousin Gladys I have sent a very delightful book, and am sure she will enjoy it hugely.

To Cousin Alice Pettigrew I have sent a very handsome prize indeed, a volume entitled 'Fifty-two Tales of Heroic Girls.' It is beautifully bound, and full of the loveliest illustrations, and, of course, exciting stories. I am certain Cousin Alice will spend many an enchanted hour over her Prize.

For Cousin Florrie I have a very amusing and interesting story called 'Polly,' but cannot forward it, as she has not sent me her full address. I hope she will do so at once.

© © ©

### A LETTER FROM THE EMPIRE CITY.

Dear Cousin Kate,—With the new month, which came in such a bitter manner, we were given a sudden and an unexpected foretaste of winter, and though very near now, we still hope for a few more sunny days before it sets in earnest.

As the Lenten season is over, weddings have been in full swing. A marriage to take place shortly is that of Miss Kirk, daughter of the late Prof. Kirk, daughter of the late Professor Kirk, to Mr. Atkinson, M.H.R., and the engagement of Miss Mollie Richardson, daughter of the Hon. E. Richardson, to Mr. J. Tripe, has been announced.

I went to see 'The Merchant of Venice,' but, having read and studied the play before going, I was disappointed with the performance. We have however, to be thankful for small mercies. Lectures under the auspices of St. John's Young Men's Literary Club are to be given during the winter months, the first being 'Scrambles in the Southern Alps,' by the Alpine climber, Malcolm Ross, 'Russia,' by Dr. Chappell, 'Combustion' and 'George Borrow,' by Professors Esterfield and Brown respectively, and 'What John Knox Did for Scotland,' by Sir Robert Stout, will follow.

'Gipsy Opera' (in costume) is to be performed during the week at St. Mark's Schoolroom in aid of the Choir Fund. Mr. Izzet being responsible for the Libretto. Opera lovers are looking forward to the Operatic Society's performance of 'The Grand Duke' next month, which will be the first in this quarter of the globe. The Dramatic Students are rehearsing the famous comedy 'School' in view of a production in July.

Several entertainments in aid of the Indian Famine Relief Fund are being arranged. The Misses Youmans provide two, which promise to be very successful, in the Skating Rink. These young ladies can always please a Wellington audience by the artistic ability they display in tableaux. They are to be assisted by Miss Jeannie Ramsay—our sweet singer—and others, who are working energetically.

Cousin Elsie is to be congratulated on her first attempt at story writing. I hope we shall have another from her pen shortly. How many cousins know why a cat always waits till after dinner to wash his face? Not many, I think, so I will tell you. A cat once caught a sparrow, and was about to devour it in the usual manner when the bird said: 'No gentleman cats till he has first washed his face.' The cat, touched by the quick by this criticism of its social habits, set the sparrow down and proceeded to wash his face with his paw, but just as he had begun his ablutions the bird flew away. The cat was naturally annoyed he should have been thus tricked by a common

sparrow, and he swore a mighty oath that so long as he lived he would eat his dinner first and wash his face afterwards. That oath has been kept by the cat's descendants, through countless generations, and to-day, as in the time of Hengist and Horsa, or the domestic tabby only indulges in its always comical trick of washing its face with its paw after it has enjoyed a hearty meal. Thus it is that the woman of the house, if she sees the cat performing its ablutions out of its regular meal times, rushes in hot haste to the pantry, and finds her worst fears confirmed. The door of the closet in which the provisions are kept had been inadvertently left open, and so its floor is strewn with the much-lacerated remains of a breakfast, or the pieces of a shattered milk jug. Next time I may, perhaps, have something to say about Mr. Louis Wain, but for the present remain, your loving cousin, Jack, Glenmain, Wellington.

[Dear Cousin Jack.—I will, I am sure, be a sincere pleasure to all the cousins to welcome so accomplished a relative to our band. Your letter shows a conscientious style and finish, which promise well for your future success in literary work. The legend of the reason pussy washes her face after, instead of before, meals was new to me, and will, I am sure, delight all our cousins. I am greatly pleased to have your photo, which is reproduced in another portion of this number of the 'Graphic.'—Cousin Kate.]

© © ©

Dear Cousin Kate,—I have filled the collecting card that you sent me, and I have collected 6s 6d altogether. I will send the postal note to you with this letter. What little cousin is in the cot now? Do you think I would be allowed to go and see her? I was so pleased with the letter and badge which you sent me. Please send me another card and I will try and get it filled. But I will say good-bye now.—With love, from Cousin Lucy.

[Dear Cousin Lucy.—I was ever and ever so surprised and delighted to get your card back so soon, and I think it was simply wonderful to collect six shillings and sixpence in such a short time. How is pussy, and has the fox terrier arrived on the scene yet? I am glad you liked hearing about Spot. He was a most peculiar dog. He did simply hate to hear a violin played. His favourite (my sister) was a very clever player, but, alas! had a dreadful accident, falling downstairs and smashing her wrist, so that she could never, never play again. She was the favourite pupil of a great master, who used to come all the way from London to Liverpool to teach six pupils, for whom he prophesied great futures. Well, when Elfrida broke her wrist she was heart-broken, but never spoke or cried about it after the operation when the doctors told her the truth. But all of us could see how bitter was her disappointment. At last one day Spot managed to get up to her room, and she burst out crying, 'Ah, Spot, Spot, I'll never be able to make you howl again, Spot! never any more.' For Spot had always howled when she played. And do you know I believe Spot understood her sorrow, for from that time if ever anyone played a violin within Spot's hearing he would make awful efforts to get at him and bite him. We used to get into dreadful scrapes over it with fiddlers in the streets. He was the only dog too I have ever seen who was fond of apples. He would eat the apples that fell from the trees after a storm with every appearance of enjoyment. Was it not queer taste for a dog?—Cousin Kate.]

© © ©

### A LARGE BATCH OF NEW COUSINS.

All the 'Graphic' cousins will, I am sure, be most delighted to notice that we have a regular company of new cousins from Ngahauranga, near Wellington. As you will see, they all belong to the same school, and many are of the same age. All of you will, I am sure, join me in giving them a hearty welcome. And now, my dear new cousins, what am I to say to you? I am very, very sorry I cannot this week reply to you all

separately. But my page is already so full I cannot possibly do so now, though next time I hope to be able to manage it. You seem to have a very nice, kind teacher, and I am glad she reads you stories, for that will make you want to read them for yourselves later on. Are you not frightened of the droves of cattle? I am afraid I should prove a sad coward, and if I had to scramble over a fence like your teacher I should never have courage to come back again. A good many of you seem to keep pigeons; what kind do you like best? I had a lovely pair of fantails once. I am sending you each a badge, and will forward one or two collecting cards to your teacher to give some of you, if she thinks well. Hoping you will write again in a little while.—Cousin Kate.

Dear Cousin Kate,—I am ten years old. I have two brothers and three sisters: Leone, Olive, Hazel, Lewis, and Arthur. We once lived in Auckland, a long time ago. I went to see the Maori carnival in town; they made a big mat which cost three pounds one shilling and tenpence, and a lot of other pretty things. There were five or six little girls doing the poi dance. There are a lot of green trees in New Zealand on the hills and in the gardens. We had a beautiful school picnic; we went out to Ross' Gardens in brakes. Some boys and girls won some nice things in the races. My brother has some pigeons. We have a nice flower garden.—Good-bye, Alma Wixon.

© © ©

Dear Cousin Kate,—I have four brothers but no sisters. Their names are Andrew, Willie, Frank, and Charley. Andrew is eight, Willie is five, and Charley is ten months. My friend caught a morepork on Saturday afternoon. They feed it on mice, birds, and raw meat. It comes down and fights the fowls. A billy goat came into school, and it smelt awful; it made us feel sick. The owner afterwards killed it.—James Jamieson.

© © ©

Dear Cousin Kate,—We used to live at Thorndon Quay. I used to have nine brothers and sisters, but one died and one got married, and that left seven. Sometimes our teacher gets over a fence to get out of the way of bullocks. The drovers get angry at us if we don't get out of the way of the sheep. They freeze meat up at Ngahauranga, and send it over to England. Out at the picnic I won two pens and three lead pencils. We were singing all the way going out to the picnic, and singing coming back. My brother has a lot of pigeons.—Thomas Smith.

© © ©

Dear Cousin Kate.—I am ten years old. I have ten brothers and sisters. One got married, and his name was Steve; the others are called Lily, Hilda, Ada, Alice, Daisy, Teddy, Mahel, Blanch, and Tom. Ada was drowned in the Napier river. The Ngahauranga Meat Company gave 3d each for rats. Last week I caught four rats, and got a shilling this week I caught three. We do not get paid till Friday. Every year the Ngahauranga Meat Company have a picnic. Last time it was at the Upper Hutt.—Good-bye, Arnold Newland.

© © ©

Dear Cousin Kate.—I am ten years old. I have two brothers and one sister, Sid, Harry, and Amy. We used to live in town before we came to Ngahauranga to live. A man fell off the train and got his two legs broken off, but he is getting on very well now. We like jolly stories, teacher never reads us sad ones. We go up the hill and gather mushrooms and then teacher gives us pencils if we get her some. Good-bye, Daisy Cook.

© © ©

Dear Cousin Kate.—I am ten years of age. I have a brother and a sister. My father has a lot of horses and carts, and he has a lot of men working for him. Their names are, A. Short, J. Roy, and some others. Thousands of sheep and cattle are killed here every month. They freeze the sheep and then send them away to England. The drovers get angry if you get in the road and frighten the sheep. We have to climb over the fence to get out of the way of the cattle. One day teacher had to climb over the fence when a mob of cattle was passing. I have six pigeons, but I lost one and that left me five. Good-bye, Clifford Clark.



Dear Cousin Kate.—I have got two brothers and one sister, Poppy, Dick, and Frank. Our teacher reads us a story once every week, we like jolly stories, our teacher never reads us sad stories. I have got three cats and two dogs. A lot of men painted one of the dogs blue, up at the tan-yard. Mr Anderson gave us a magpie, but it cannot talk yet, he has another one that can talk, but he said that the other will be able to talk soon. Good-bye.—Alice Gower.

Dear Cousin Kate.—I am nine years old and I will be ten on 29th of August. I have two brothers and one sister. We have one cat. We used to live in town. My father works over at the meat works. Good-bye.—Charles Furness.

Dear Cousin Kate.—I am seven years old and will be eight on June 3rd. There is a lamb that chases us, and it bunts us. I have two brothers and four sisters. My mother has a little shop and keeps many things. My father works at the tan-yard. I have one dog and two cats. Good-bye.—Leslie Laurenson.

Dear Cousin Kate.—I have one brother and his name is Willie Croton. There was once a man on the train who was pushed off on Wednesday night. We have one cat and dog. I am eight years old. It is getting very cold and we have a fire in the school. Good-bye.—Ernest Croton.

ORIGIN OF BLIND MAN'S BUFF.

Blind man's buff is of French origin and of very great antiquity, having been introduced into England in the train of the Norman conquerors. Its French name, "Colin Maillard," was that of a brave warrior, the memory of whose exploits still lives in the chronicles of the middle ages.

In the year 999 A.D. reckoned among its valiant chiefs one Jean Colin. He acquired the name Maillard from his chosen weapon being a mallet, wherewith in battle he used literally to crush his opponents.

In one of the feuds which were of perpetual recurrence in those times he encountered the Count de Tourain in a pitched battle, and, so runs the story, in the first onset Colin Maillard lost both his eyes.

He ordered his esquire to take him in the thickest of the fight, and, furiously brandishing his mallet, did such fearful execution that victory soon declared itself for him.

When Robert of France heard of these feats of arms he lavished favour and honours upon Colin, and so great was the fame of the exploit that it was commemorated in the pantomimic representation that formed part of the rude dramatic performances of the age. By degrees the children learned to act it for themselves, and it took the form of a familiar sport.

The blindfold pursuer, as, with bandaged eyes and extended hands, he gropes for a victim to pounce upon, in some degree repeats the action of Colin Maillard, the tradition of which is also traceable in the name blind man's buff.

In Italy it is to be found a whole village of well-to-do retired organ grinders, who are now spending comfortable fortunes acquired in England.

HOW SUSY SOLD THE BABY.

Poor little Susy sat under a tree that shaded her doll-house, and bit the corner of her apron and wrinkled up her forehead until her yellow curls lolled into her eyes and almost made her cry. A noisy bird flew up into the hedge and scolded at her; another perched on the fence and whistled saucily. Fat old cook was pounding away on the back porch, making "heat-biscuit," and singing to herself as she pounded.

But Susy paid no heed either to the birds or even to the pounding of heat-biscuit. She was in great trouble.

Papa was away on business, and mamma was very ill, and must not be disturbed. Freddy, George, and Rob were at the station with Mr Piper, the over-seer. Mary, the nurse, was always busy with the new baby. Susy was sure the new baby was the cause of all her trouble. If papa would only come home! Susy was obliged to use the corner of her apron now for a handkerchief. Oh, dear! In all the seven long years of her life she had never known such trouble. That dreadful baby! He cried so that he made mamma ill, and they had to send the boys away, and Mary was cross, and no wonder everything went wrong.

Now, it was not the baby at all that was at fault, but Susy's love of peanuts. She could not resist a peanut-seller.

She strolled down the street. She stopped at the corner, where old Mary sat, with a basket of peanuts before her. The little girl looked so longingly at them that the good-natured woman offered to sell her some on credit.

"I'll pay you very soon," said Susy. "Oh, I kin trest you," said old Mary. "If you don't pay, I'll send the bailiff after you."

Susy had not been afraid then, for she thought her father would soon be home, but now papa would not be home for a week, and there was no knowing what might happen. Susy decided to find out what old Mary would think of the delay. She tried to saunter towards her as if she was just happening by.

"Old Mary," she asked, as carelessly as she could, "how long do you think you can wait for me to pay you?"

"Well, I can't wait so very long. Circus is a-coming Saturday, an' I'm goin' to go off if I have to send the sheriff fur that sixpence."

It never occurred to Susy that the old woman was teasing her. Her lips trembled as she answered, "Very well, old Mary, you'll have the sixpence by Saturday."

By Saturday! It was Thursday and papa would not be at home for a week. How could she get a sixpence? If papa were at home! If mamma were only well! Oh, she wished she had never tasted a peanut. By this time Susy was at her own gate again. She glanced fearfully toward old Mary's corner. Her heart stood still. She felt little funny cold things crawl up and down her back. There was old Mary, and talking to her—it was terrible—talking to her was a man—the bailiff himself. Now, they were looking at her. Old Mary was telling him about that sixpence. Susy ran in to hide behind the doll house. There lay the big bag of peanuts. Susy gave it a vicious kick and sat down and just cried and cried. And that is how it happened that Susy was in trouble.

Just at this moment Phoebe came out on the porch. She had a silver waiter in her hands, and on it was mamma's best cut-glass dish filled with white foamy syllabubs, dotted with delicious dabs of jelly. Susy could see her quite plainly between the long leaves. She stopped crying and kept still.

"Miss Susy! Oh, Miss Susy! where are you?" called Phoebe. "Miss Susy, this syllabub is su'ition."

Now Susy was sure that it could not be about the bailiff, because then Phoebe would not be worrying over heat-syllabub. She got up slowly and went towards the house.

"Heigh-ho, where have you been? Run, wash your face, an' carry this syllabub over to Miss Langley's with your ma's compliments."

Susy thought Mrs Langley's as safe a place as any, so she went. Mrs Langley herself opened the door when Susy fell full the heavy knocker. "How is your mother to-day, dear?" she asked after admiring the syllabub.

"She isn't very well. I mean she is dreadfully sick, thank you," said Susy, dolefully.

"I am very sorry indeed. And how is that dear little baby?"

"He's very well," began Susy and then blurted out, "I don't think he is a dear little baby one bit. He cries so, and he is a dretful bother, and anyway Phoebe says we have enough boys." Susy shook her head as if she were relieved of a terrible secret.

Mrs Langley laughed, but she did not seem at all shocked. "Dear me! too many boys. I wish you would sell him to me. I should dearly love a little boy."

Mrs Langley had no sooner said "sell him" than a great idea dawned upon unhappy Susy. Here was the way to get money. She would sell the baby for a sixpence. Nobody at home wanted that baby, and Mrs Langley said she would love him dearly. Yes, she would sell the baby. Her voice shook with excitement as she answered, "I reckon you can have him. He isn't a very nice baby, but don't you think he is worth a sixpence?"

Mrs Langley laughed more than before, and determined to find out whether Susy would really sell her little brother. "Of course he is worth a sixpence," she said. "Now, I tell you, Susy, if you will bring me that baby I will give you a sixpence. Come, is it a bargain?"

"Yes," said Susy, promptly. She wanted very much to ask for the money then, but she was ashamed. "When shall I bring him to you?" "Oh, any time will do. Tomorrow, if you want. When do you want your money?"

"I'd like," hesitated Susy, "I'd like to have it now if it's convenient."

Susy was perfectly happy as she skipped home. Now the bailiff could not put her in gaol. She would pay that mean old Mary and never buy another peanut from her. Then she began to think of the baby. He was not such a horrid baby after all, and, besides, how would he feel when he grew up and found he was a sold baby? Susy began to waver. By the time she reached home she heartily regretted her bargain. She went to her refuge behind the doll house. She sat down and thought very hard, giving one or two sad little sighs. Then she got up and went straight back to Mrs Langley. She found her weeding the pansy bed.

"Mrs Langley," she began. "Why, is that you? Where is little Joseph?" Mrs Langley inquired.

Susy wondered why she called the baby Joseph, but was too intent upon her errand to ask. "Here is your sixpence," she said.

"My sixpence? I don't want the sixpence. I want the baby."

"Well," said Susy, "I don't believe you would if you saw him. He's weal bwright wed."

"But he will grow white."

"But he isn't worth a sixpence. Weenly he isn't. His neck's broke."

"My good gracious!" exclaimed Mrs Langley, dropping her trowel. "His neck broken! What do you mean?"

"Well," exclaimed Susy, impressively, "every single time you try to make him sit up, his head flops over so," and Susy dropped her curly head on her shoulder to illustrate the baby's broken neck.

Mrs Langley fairly shouted. "Never mind," she said, when she stopped laughing and crying. "I will bandage his neck. I am sure he will be all right, and at any rate even a baby with a broken neck is better than none."

Susy was in despair. She had to keep the money and give up the baby. The tears gathered in her eyes as she went down the wide shady street. She stopped at the corner, undid a piece of money from the corner of her apron, and handed it to old Mary. "Here's your sixpence," she said. Then she walked quickly home. She must manage to get the baby to Mrs Langley's without being seen.

As luck would have it, Mary was just putting the baby to sleep, walking up and down the garden path. When he fell asleep she laid him in his carriage and went off. No sooner had Mary gone than Susy began pushing and pulling the baby-carriage along the path. She had a hard time crossing the street without bumping the carriage and waking the baby. She reached Mrs Langley's house safely, but how to get him into the house? She lifted him carefully out. He was very heavy for her poor little strength, but she managed to carry him on the front steps. The door, as usual, stood open, and there down she slid, and the staggered in to the cool dark parlour, and laid the baby quietly on the big sofa. Then she placed a chair so that he could not roll off. She wanted to kiss him good-bye, but did not dare, so she tipped out and went down the road crying as if her heart would break.

She walked towards the country without the least idea of where she was going; she could not go back home. She walked and walked, stopping to rest occasionally. She was hungrier than she had ever been in all her life, for she had had no dinner. She was so tired that she lay down under a hedge and cried harder than ever. She rubbed her dirty little fists in her eyes until her face was a beautiful array of black and pink streaks. By-and-by the sun dropped down behind the trees; the little birds flew into their nests; it began to grow dark; very soon poor little runaway Susy was asleep.

It seemed to her the middle of the night when she was awakened by shouts. There were many lights and big men, and a dog was barking. She sat up terribly frightened. What had happened? She did not remember that she had sold the baby and run away. The shouts grew distinct; they were calling "Susy! Miss Susy! Oh, Susy! Halloo, Miss Susse-lee!" She got up and ran against a big man, who dropped his torch and shouted. The big man took the little girl up in his arms and said: "My little girlie, my Susy. Where have you been?"

"It was papa! Susy was too tired and confused to do anything but cry. "Take me home, oh, take me home!" Very soon she was lying on the bed in mamma's room. Her mother was laughing, but there were tears in her eyes. Susy glanced toward the crib. She rubbed her eyes. She sat up in amazement. There lay the very identical baby she had sold.

Such hugging and kissing and explanations! The baby winked and blinked as if he liked it. Papa held his little girl very close while she told him how she had to keep her promise and give up the baby, and how she was sorry and "runned away." Then they told her how Mrs Langley had returned the baby, and how old Mrs Paton had seen Susy trudging along the road, and how papa had returned unexpectedly and set out to find her.

"But you dear goosy, why didn't you tell some one?" asked mamma.

"Cause there was nobody to tell," said Susy, conclusively.

When the boys came home they made great fun of poor Susy. Georgie called her Joseph's brethren, and Rob called her "peanuts"; but they stopped when they saw how it pained her. Susy was almost a grown-up young lady before she would eat peanuts again, but before long her very dearest brother was the baby she had sold.

A MEAN LITTLE PIG.

A little pig once had a field wherein he used to root up the ground with a good deal of industry, and raise a number of choice vegetables for market, so he in time acquired some little reputation as a market gardener.

One season, however, there appeared in a corner of his garden a new and peculiar growth. No one knew what it was or cared to find out by trying.

The little pig was about to destroy it when one day a friendly goose looked in for a few moments' chat. Upon being shown the stuff he said eagerly: "Why, that is a salad much used by a certain people with scrambled eggs. I know some folks who would buy all you have if you offered it to them with nice fresh eggs. I will lay some at once, and we will offer it together."

This the goose proceeded to do, and some days later offered the salad and eggs together, and sold the entire lot, much to the joy of the little pig, who took a day off to celebrate his good fortune and buy some new clothes.

A few days later the goose came again to the little pig, saying that she had a few eggs on hand which she thought might be easily disposed of with salad.

"Oh," said the little pig, "but my salad is all gone, and he rooed away busily."

"Yes," replied the goose, "but it grows very quickly, and if you will root up the bed a little there will be plenty in a few days, and it will be a favour to me."

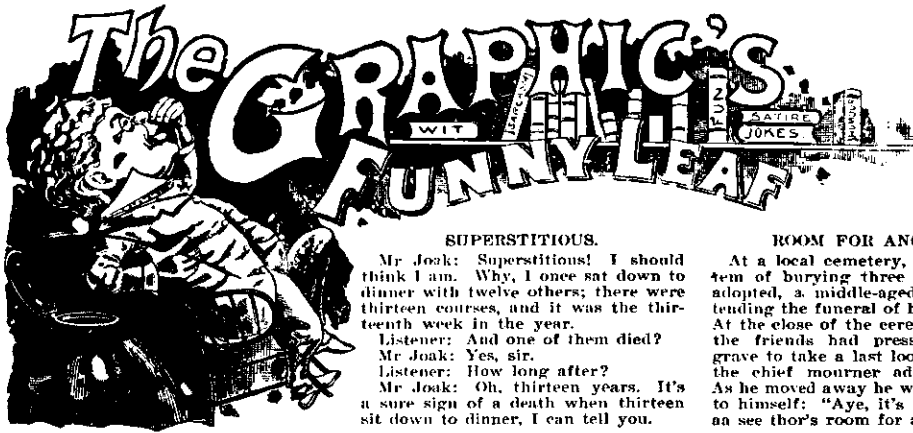
"Sorry, indeed," granted the little pig, without looking up, "but my time is well occupied just now in raising vegetables that sell on their own merits," and he continued grunting away to himself and rooting as the poor goose walked sorrowfully on.

Moral: Don't be goose enough to expect gratitude from a little pig.



CUTICURA RESOLVENT is so pure, sweet and wholesome that all ages may take it with pleasure and benefit. Its mission is to cool and cleanse the blood in eczema and other itching, disfiguring humours, rashes, and irritations, and to warm baths with CUTICURA SOAP, cleaning the surface of crusts and scales, and gentle anointings with CUTICURA Ointment soothe and heal itching, burning skin.

Sole distributors, Freeman & Co., Wellington, London, E. W. Parry & Co., Sydney, and 12 Devon Court, London, W. Sole Proprietors, Boston, U. S. A.



**A BIG DIFFERENCE.**  
 "Call a man a sad dog," said the corn-fed philosopher, "and he will look knowing and feel flattered; but if you call him a miserable pup he'll want to fight."

**GET THIRTY DAYS SOMETIMES.**  
 "You can't get something out of nothing."  
 "That may be, but you can get a very big head out of a very small bottle."

**HE MEANT WELL.**  
 Ex-convict: Well, old boy, I just got out to-day.  
 Friend: Congratulations, Jim; and I wish you many happy returns.

**NOT ENDED YET?**  
 "Well," said the pompous man at a dinner party, "I shall be fifty-nine to-morrow, and my honeymoon isn't ended yet."  
 "Lucky man," exclaimed a guest, "how do you manage it?"  
 "Manage it, why easily, my boy; you see I never have been married yet?"

**IT DIDN'T INTERFERE.**  
 Mamma (to Ethel, who is telling an original fairy story while being put to bed): Now, dear, stop your story for a little while; Frances is going to say her prayers.  
 Frances: Oh, mamma; can't Ethel please go on? I can hear her just as well while I'm praying.

**FAME.**  
 Admiral Schley, of Manila fame, recently sat in a box in one of the Philadelphia theatres, and every movement he made was watched by the thousands in the auditorium. If the Admiral bowed to an acquaintance they applauded; if he smiled, they applauded; in fact during the whole evening there was an incessant ovation. But Schley's defeat came at the end of the second act. He rose with the intention of going to the next box, which was occupied by some friends, but he had not taken two steps before a deep bass voice from the upper gallery rolled forth, "Let's all go out and take a beer!" placing the accent on the "all." The hero collapsed, sank into a chair, and shook with laughter, while the audience shrieked.



**WATERING IT DOWN.**  
 "Ah! what I like about a bit of fishing this time o' year is the glorious appetite it gives one for er- one's lunch!"

**SUPERSTITIOUS.**  
 Mr Joak: Superstitious! I should think I am. Why, I once sat down to dinner with twelve others; there were thirteen courses, and it was the thirteenth week in the year.  
 Listener: And one of them died?  
 Mr Joak: Yes, sir.  
 Listener: How long after?  
 Mr Joak: Oh, thirteen years. It's a sure sign of a death when thirteen sit down to dinner, I can tell you.

**THE ESSENTIAL THING.**  
 "I have been told, Mr Spooner, that you have been engaged before."  
 "Yes, I must confess that I have; but (brightening up) you needn't let that trouble you at all. I still have the ring."



**A TOUCHING APPEAL.**  
 "Tramp: 'Sye, gov'nor, won't yer gl' me the price of a square meal. A cove just gl' me a ticket for the bath's 'ere, an' I daren't take a bath on an empty stummick.'"

**THE SO-CALLED COMEDIES.**  
 Amy (bride of a week): O Charley, I am so happy! I fear our joy is too intense to last.  
 Charley: Just my thoughts, exactly.  
 Amy: What do you say if we try to restrain our delight?  
 Charley: How?  
 Amy: By going to see the last new society comedy. That will keep us from being too jolly.

**IT MADE HIM SIT UP.**  
 He was a fragile youth and didn't dance all the dances.  
 "Let's sit it out," he said to his pretty partner.  
 "Where?" she asked.  
 "On the stairs."  
 So they went up a little way and sat down.

"Wh-why, what's the matter, Mr Stackpole?" cried the fair young girl, for the young man had hastily risen and was gasping for breath. He could not reply. His face was livid. His eyes were rolled up, and with one shaking hand he clawed feebly at the skirts of his coat.

"What kind of attack is it?" she gasped.  
 At this question his voice came back to him.  
 "What difference does that make?" he harshly growled. Then, without a word of apology, he dashed up the stairs and flung himself into the men's cloakroom.

And how was she to know that it was an ordinary carpet tack that the man who laid the stair carpets had carelessly left standing on its head?

**BRUTAL.**  
 "Oh, you needn't talk," said the indignant wife; "what would you be to-day if it weren't for my money, I'd like to know?" I really don't know, my dear," calmly replied the heartless wretch; "but I'm inclined to think I should be a happy bachelor."

**ROOM FOR ANOTHER.**  
 At a local cemetery, where the system of burying three deep has been adopted, a middle-aged man was attending the funeral of his second wife. At the close of the ceremony, after all the friends had pressed round the grave to take a last look at the coffin, the chief mourner advanced slowly. As he moved away he was heard to say to himself: "Aye, it's a bad job; but as see thor's room for another!"

**SCRATCHED.**  
 Husband (returning to grandstand from paddock): Confound it! The horse we came down here especially to see has been scratched—it will not run.

Wife (her first appearance): Will not run on account of a mere scratch! How aggravating! Why don't they put a piece of court plaster on it, and I'll warrant the horse will be as good as ever!

**EGGS WITHOUT HENS.**  
 At a country fete a conjuror was performing the old trick of producing eggs from a hat, when he remarked to a little boy:  
 "Your mother can't get eggs without hens, can she?"  
 "Of course she can," replied the lad.  
 "Why, how is that?" asked the conjuror.  
 "She keeps ducks," replied the boy, amidst roars of laughter.

**A FAIR EXCHANGE.**  
 A certain joke writer, wearied by excessive coinage of bonmotographs, laid himself down to sleep. Near to his hand there were a pencil and pad, for who can tell "what dreams may come?" In the middle of the night he was awakened by a noise, and, lo! in the dim light he saw a thief calmly approaching his watch. "Excuse me for taking up your time," murmured the remainder. "Certainly," grinned the joke writer. "The watch cost only five shillings and I can sell your remark for fifteen."



**AND IT WASN'T.**  
 Mrs Spittfyr: "Do you know, John, I really have a very small mouth. In the glass it doesn't look large enough to hold my tongue."  
 Mr Spittfyr (testily): "It isn't."

**ANYTHING BUT JEALOUS.**  
 "And what did thy mistress say after she caught me kissing thee behind the door?"  
 "She said, 'Annabel, thou must be mighty fond of me to remain in my service at the risk of being kissed by such an old wretch as thy master.'"

**HOW SHE WON HIM.**  
 Pilson: "Have you heard the latest? Parker has eloped with a chambermaid."  
 Dilson: "Heavens! How did he come to do that?"  
 Pilson: "I understand she brought him an extra towel when he asked for it."

**A POOR WITNESS.**  
 "Pardon me," began the visitor, "but we are anxious to secure from you a testimonial. We understand that you were troubled with falling hair, and that one bottle of our 'Elixir' relieved you."  
 "Yes, young man," replied the victim, removing his wig, "it relieved me of the few that remained to me."



**BORROWED EVERYTHING ELSE.**  
 Scrape: "Shortleigh is always cheerful—never borrows trouble."  
 "It's just as well he draws the line somewhere."

**INCOMPATIBILITY.**  
 Divorce Lawyer: Why do you want a separation?  
 Woman (weeping): Why, the wretch accuses me of snoring in my sleep, of having cold feet, of going through his pockets, of talking all the time, of hitting him with dishes, of scalding him, of having a mother who lives with us, and of making him sleep in the summer house when he comes home late. It would take a saint to live with him, and I want a separation on the grounds of incompatibility of temperament.

**FASHODA AVENGED.**  
 It was on the evening of February 16th, and the placards of the evening papers announced in enormous letters, "French in Kimberley."  
 A waiter employed in a Soho restaurant ran across the road and gazed on this legend with rapture.  
 "A-ah! We arrive—we arrive!" he hissed. "Ze Anglais are once more In ze boiled water-re!"

**HE MUST BE.**  
 "The man I marry," she declared with a stamp of the foot, "must be a hero!"  
 "He will be," remarked the cautious bachelor.

**GENERALLY SO.**  
 "O, there was an awfully funny joke in the paper to-day," began the dear little wife. "It was about a man and his wife, who went to the opera one—"  
 "Yes, dear," the great brute interrupted; "I read it."  
 "O, you mean thing, I wanted to tell it to you. It was so funny."  
 "Go ahead, dear, it will be even funnier the way you tell it."

**RESOURCEFUL.**  
 "You think I had better simulate insanity?" said the accused man.  
 "I do," answered the adviser.  
 "What's the best way?"  
 "Well, you're no actor, of course, if I were you I'd get some South Africa war maps and repeat the geographic names over and over. In the course of a short time I don't believe you'll have to pretend at all."

**THE WAY TO RISE.**  
 In reply to a young writer who wished to know which magazine would give him the highest position quickest, a friend wrote, "A powder magazine, if you contribute a fiery article."

**A SUITE SIGN.**  
 Mrs Hicks: "I just know my new dress does not look at all neat and stylish."  
 Hicks: "What makes you think so?" Mrs Hicks: "Because it's too comfortable."

**AN OCTOGENARIAN.**  
 Mike: "Feyther, phwt is an octogenarian?" M'Luberty: "An octogenarian, me b'y, is a mon that has eight toes on sich fut."