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Serial Story.

# MURDER WILL OUT.

By EDGAR PICKERING,

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

## CHAPTER XXII.

"Let us get the facts into line, Dick," said Sylvester, and he and Mortimer sat side by side in the hall of the hotel. "Correct me where I miss a point. You learn from the man, Marco, that Miss Selby, with an odious woman, landed in Aleria from a disabled yacht. They went to Bastia, and thence to Marseilles, with a young woman named Teresa Brasco, an untamed aborigine of Corsica.

"Steady, Sylvester," interrupted Dick. "You may as well understand at once that Teresa Brasco is one of the very best. Well educated, refined in every way, and one of the bravest girls—Gad! I haven't the words to say all that I think of her courage and devotion."

"Then we will go on. You are epirise with Teresa?"

"I admire her and respect her in a way that you would hardly think possible. My feelings are profound gratitude and appreciation regarding her. If I fell in love again, I'd choose Teresa before any woman breathing. By Jove! She's as beautiful as the Venus de Medici!"

"Well, I should prefer someone more animated than a marble lady," laughed Sylvester. "All your geese are swans, Dick. An old failing of yours to use the superlative in every case."

"When one is talking to a creak Philistine, superlatives are essentials," retorted Dick. "I tell you that Teresa is all and more than I have described her."

"I defer to your opinion, but at the same time I retain my own," went on Sylvester. "And now to resume, as the novelists have it. Miss Selby and the others come on to Paris. You follow in mad haste, without finding them, and here that part of the case ends. Now for the other facts. You learn that the disabled yacht belongs to Dorman. Ergo, Dorman and Miss Selby were sailing in company. Don't begin cursing yet, Dick. It interferes with my summing up. You further learn that the yacht arrived at Bastia, and that her owner, Dorman, is coming to Paris also."

"The acoundrel is here now!" exclaimed Dick. "I know he is. I feel his hateful presence in the very air."

"That's undiluted spiritualism," answered Sylvester, "and perfectly unnecessary. It pays to keep your head, even at the most exciting moments. I always keep mine; it's wonderful what you can do, if you're cool."

"Wait until you're in love," replied Dick, "and the woman who's all the world to you needs your help."

"You're getting beyond me, there, Dick," said the other, "but now that we've put the facts straight, we'll decide on action."

"We'll search Paris from end to end," answered Dick.

"Nothing easier than to do that," observed Sylvester, drily. "It will take a few years, but that's a mere detail. No, Dick, our plain business is to return to England. Miss Selby will be home before we see London again, and there's work for us to do. I hold a brief for you, Richard Mortimer, and I'll win the case." And it was at this juncture that he unfolded the story of his search after the murderer of Squire Gifford. "I won't say whom I suspect," he added. "There have been too many wild suspicions already."

Mortimer received the news philosophically. "I can keep my head over this," he said, "and we'll fathom the mystery later on. Dorman is playing a deep game, but he's owner of Whyteleas Manor, and I've no means to fight him in the law courts. I've no case either, you know that."

"You haven't the shadow of a case," replied Sylvester. "But Scripp must be brought to account. I've already placed all the facts at the disposal of the proper authorities, and our way lies to England."

"After I've found Madge," retorted Mortimer. "She's first now and for ever."

"Then may I be preserved from falling in love," ejaculated the other. "It's fatal to common sense. Where are you going?"

"I'm going to renew the search," replied Dick doggedly. "I'm wasting time sitting here. I've been half over Paris, hoping I might chance on this woman Duval. That's the name she gave at the hotel in Marseilles, but what her right name is, I don't know."

Sylvester rose from his chair, and lighted a fresh cigar. "I'll go with you, Dick," he said. "It's early yet, and who knows what's in store for us?" So they went from the hotel together, out into the light and gaiety of the Paris night.

It was seven o'clock that same evening, and Madame Duval sat alone in the great bare room, looking out into the road. She had had a violent scuffle with Teresa, and after this Mr Dorman had called, asking for Madge, who had refused to see him. Madame was perplexed, and had lost her temper twice that day. Why should she remain in that dismal house? Neither the ingrate Selby nor the traitress Teresa would leave it during her absence, and she resolved to revisit some of the joyous places, where years ago she and Henri had spent so many happy hours. Besides was there not occasion for her to go out?

When Jarvis Dorman had come to the house in the Rue des Morts, Madame received him coldly. He had travelled quickly from Bastia, having luckily secured a passage in the mail boat to Marseilles, and his sharp glance showed that he noted a change in Madame's manner.

"Is it not time that we come to an agreement, M'sieur Dorman?" she asked, breaking the silence that had followed a rapid conversation. "That we should understand each other?"

"I understand you quite sufficiently," he answered irritably. "I see that all my plans have been disarranged by you. You promised to persuade this girl to listen to me; to use your best efforts on my behalf, and I know the result. I am tired of the game."

"And I also," replied Madame. "I shall be too glad to be released from this odious girl, your English miss who is a fool. There remains something more important to talk about, than this useless attempt to force her to marry you. I am ready to complete my work."

"Yes, I dresnay you're ready to poison her," he answered. "But I've altered my mind. She can go back to her friends and say whatever she chooses of me; I can laugh at it all. Therefore Miss Selby is at liberty to go, and for you, Madame Duval or Ruard, I will pay you your wages and say 'Adieu' to you—you have failed."

Madame laughed. "I will tell M'sieur a story I have heard," she replied. "Then, if he wishes, he can bid me 'Adieu,' but it may mean much. It is not a long story."

"I am in no mood to hear it," he answered, "and you are not very amusing at the best of times."

"No," she said with a glitter in her bright eyes. "I do not expect to amuse. Yet it is a droll story; it has a strange end. M'sieur may think it dramatic."

"I have neither time nor patience to listen," he replied rising from his chair.

"Then it must be told to others," retorted Madame. "To become more than not 'amusing.' It is the story of an Australian city. What name shall we call this city? Tell me, M'sieur."

Dorman put his hands down on the table, and leaning forward he glared at her.

"What devilry is this?" he demanded. "What do you know?"

"No more than you yourself already know," replied Madame, returning his fixed look at her. "The story is told, then," and she laughed.

"You beldame!" he hissed out between his teeth. "What do you mean?"

"I am poor," she continued. "Poverty sharpens one's wits. One becomes audacious when one is in need. M'sieur shall buy this story, and it is so good that I ask a good price. Ten thousand francs."

"Why should I give you four hundred pounds?" he asked, and Madame thought a moment before making a reply. "I do not know to whom you allude," he added.

"Because Jean Kedar has been here," she said at length. "In this room today," and it was Dorman who hesitated to answer now.

"I know nothing of Jean Kedar, whoever he may be," he said presently, so quietly that Madame was almost deceived. "And I am not accustomed to fling my money away. You must give me a better reason, Madame; I would have proofs of this story."

"Then I will tell you what followed my hearing it," went on Madame, nodding her head jerkily. "Your secret is safe with me," and she tapped her bosom. "You will buy my silence, and I shall never speak. But there is one who has heard all that Jean Kedar said; who listened, and knows your secret; who will denounce you. Teresa Brasco was in that room; it is her sleeping chamber; whilst M'sieur Kedar spoke she listened. Will you buy her silence, think you?"

"Teresa Brasco!" he exclaimed. "The Corsican girl who came with you from Bastia?"

"Did I not tell you that the end of my story was dramatic? Mon Dieu! it is tragedy!" and she watched the swift change in Dorman's demeanour. It needed a great effort for him to recover his composure, and he walked to the door of the small room, glancing in at it, and the dismal view of roof and wall beyond. Then he came back and seated himself at the table again.

"Let me quite understand," he said.

"You tell me that this person, Teresa Brasco, overheard a lying tale and—"

"M'sieur is so good a judge of a lying tale," laughed the other, interrupting him. "Does he doubt this one?"

"Well, she overheard a story invented by this man Jean Kedar, whom I've never known or seen," continued Dorman. "That is so, Madame Duval?"

"Perfectly."

"And I am to be denounced?"

"Without doubt, but not yet. Even the imbecile Englishwoman will not know it yet. A Corsican can be cautious."

"Then I am safe for the present?" he answered with a jeering laugh.

"When I am paid."

"Yes, I will give you your price," he replied angrily.

"So the story is forgotten," she cried gaily.

"And I will meet you to-morrow," he went on. "Not here. Name a place."

"Behind the glass," laughed Madame, who dearly loved a joke. "M'sieur will know the Morgue of a truth," and he frowned.

"Hardly the time for jesting, this," he answered grimly. "I will meet you at Piatto's. You know the restaurant."

"At three I will be there. Alone," replied Madame, and Dorman strode out of the room, giving a backward glance at the little chamber with the dismal outlook.

It was some time later, and from an upper window in the house Madge and Teresa watched Madame quit the Rue des Morts.

"What is to be the end of our stay in this dreadful place, I wonder," said Madge despondingly. She and Teresa were speaking in French. "We can't get to England without money, and Madame thinks of remaining here. What shall we do?"

"Be guided by me," answered Teresa. "We will remain too. Have no fear of Celeste, nor of the man who has treated you so badly in taking you from your friends. You will soon see them again. I have shown Celeste (I know her best by that name) that it is dangerous for her to keep you a prisoner, and that M'sieur Dorman—yes, I will tell you all that I know. It is a story almost past belief."

"Of Mr Dorman?" and at this question Teresa made a gesture of assent. "Celeste threatened me," she answered, "when she discovered that I had heard what was said in the room below. Yet I did not quite understand, I guessed much, and Celeste fears me. I only know that there is a secret that would destroy M. Dorman. It is something that I cannot understand. I will write to the English doctor. His name was often mentioned."

"Of Dr. Mortimer?" exclaimed Madge.

Teresa nodded her head. "Yet perhaps it will be better for you to tell him what I have heard," she said.

"I dare not do that," replied Madge. "We are parted for ever."

"Do you not love him?" asked Teresa in surprise.

"I love him more than I can tell you, but we shall never, never speak to each other again perhaps."

"And your heart is breaking."

"I must not think of him," and Madge turned away, not speaking again for some moments. "When we are in England, Teresa," she said, at last, "I will tell you the reason why Dr. Mortimer and I parted."

"But I shall not go to England with you," replied Teresa. "I shall remain in Paris, where I can easily find employment. I shall always have you in my memory."

"But it is needful that you go with me," answered Madge. "This story that you have heard must be known."

"I will think," said Teresa, and then they went on to speak of all that Madge had gone through; and presently the shadows began to gather in the quiet street. It was depressing enough in every part of the house, and especially upstairs, so Madge suggested going down into the larger room. They would at least be nearer the world there than where they had been talking.

It was not until a late hour that Madame Duval returned, and whatever annoyances she might have suffered that day had left no trace. She was good-natured again, and overflowing with high spirits. She had been amid gaiety, she told them, where all was brightness and merriment.

"So different from your sad England," cried Madame, speaking partly in French, and partly in her broken English. "Mon Dieu! Who would live in that land of fog? Remember, then, Saran, and the village once more, so foolish a chaite that you are, Mees Selby. I go not again to them," and she snapped her fingers. "And what shall be said to you, Teresa?"

"Is there anything more to say, Celeste?" asked Teresa.

"Pardon! But yes. You will return to Bastia. You will see Marco, Nasone, the Cure of Saintra Veronica. Take a message to them from me. Say that Celeste defies them, despises them, hates them. Ask Nasone of the day when he found—Bah! I had my revenge. Was it not enough? And I will be revenged on you, Teresa. I do not fear you," answered Teresa firmly, and at this Madame suddenly changed her tone and manner, bursting into a shrill laugh.

"It is but my jest, Teresa mio. I like to see your solemn look when I pretend. Come, then, I will tell you of the pleasant hour that I have spent."

It was evident that Madame must have been enjoying an exceedingly pleasant hour, for her face was flushed, and her breath came quickly, and

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as she lay back on the ragged couch the light from the lamp on the ricketty table full on her face, she presented the embodiment of some evil spirit.

"I have been to Mabile," she told them, "and then to supper, where there was singing. Listen then to the song I heard," and in her screeching voice Madame sang the verse of some song, which began "Pensez vousjours"—and had a refrain in the manner of a lullaby, which she gave, rocking herself to and fro. Then it was the recollection of the dancing place that returned.

"I waltz to you," she exclaimed, springing to her feet, taking her dress between her finger and thumb, as Madge remembered her doing in the cottage at Morton St. Jude. And humming the tune of a waltz, Madame began circling across the bare floor, now in the shadows of the cavernous room, and then back into the light, her eyes flashing, and her muddled thin boots pointed grotesquely.

"Let us leave her," whispered Madge to her companion.

"But my bedroom is there," answered Teresa, pointing to the little room, "and the door has no lock."

"Come upstairs with me, then," said Madge. "Then you will be safe from her."

Madame suddenly stopped in her gyrations, and looked at them cunningly. "You whisper," she exclaimed in a threatening tone. "I suspect those who speak beneath their breath. Bah! I despise such," and she shook her yellow hands at them, laughing shrilly. "But we will be merry in spite of you. Where is that villainous woman who buries herself?"

And Madame gave a violent pull at the bell cord, that was so rotten that it broke, and came down in a dusty coil over her shoulders. This amused Madame greatly.

"I will arouse this creature," she cried, and going unsteadily to the door, she went downstairs, Madge and Teresa listening as she stumbled, laughing and talking to herself, until the sound was muffled in the distance.

"Now is our opportunity," said Madge. "Let us get upstairs quickly, and lock ourselves in my room. She cannot break open the door, and this they did, staying only to hear Madame return to the room below, closing the door after her with a clang, and then a profound quiet fell upon the dismal house."

Upon re-entering the room, the fact that her companions had gone from it caused Madame no more than an instant of surprise, and then it was as though she had forgotten their existence. She had brought some wine and a cracked wine glass, which she placed on the table, turning up the lamp till the wick smoked, and sent out an unpleasant odour. Then she helped herself to the wine, drinking until the bottle was emptied, after which Madame yawned and shivered.

The door of the little room stood open, and she went to it. "I will rest here," she thought. "I am wearied to death," and then she called out in a husky voice, "Teresa," waiting for an answer.

"Saprist! she sleeps like the dead," laughed Madame. "Yes, sleep on, Teresa, whilst you may. I shall not awaken you: the bed is wide enough for two. You will have a narrower one presently," and she laughed again. At this instant her foot caught against the leg of the ricketty table, which was suddenly overturned, with a crash of broken glass. The lamp rolled beneath the rotting couch and a flash of brightness shot up, as a piece of the frayed trimming burst into a flame. Madame, heedless of the accident, passed into the little room, and profound quiet fell again over the house, as she lay beneath the easement in the outbuilt room.

Such was the stillness within and without the ghost-ridden house that a little hissing sound seemed to disturb it fussily for a moment, but the sound had died away, and now over the yawn and deserted workshop came a glow of bright light from the window of the big room. A sheen that lay along the roof of the shed shone so brightly that every part of the roof was distinctly visible, and something that had come creeping over the wall beyond. Something that moved stealthily towards the window beneath which Madame slept in her deep slumber. Something that assumed the figure of a man, whose face was hidden by a black wrap, and in whose hand was an axe, its broad steel glinting in the glare of the fire; that came nearer and nearer, indifferent to the grey smoke that was seething through the ill-fitting window, whence one of

the panes had fallen, the broken glass tinkling on the shed roof musically. Nearer and nearer, and he had pushed up the wash, pausing an instant as though listening. Then with a swift blow the axe descended upon the bared head of the sleeping woman, and a scream rings out on the silence, a scream so awful that the man staggered backward and would have fallen had not his grasp on the window frame been firm, whilst again the murderous weapon falls, and the screams have moaned to silence once more, as through the open window gush the wreathing smoke and tongues of fire.

Silence save for the hissing of the flames; silence within the dismal house in the Rue des Morts, soon to be broken, however, by those who have seen the flag. But a silence never to be disturbed by Madame Ange Derval, who sleeps on and for ever, with crushed skull and blood-stained shroud.

Fire! The cry has been raised and there are people running. Fire! Madge and Teresa, high up in that room in the burning house, hear the sound, and are at the window. Fire! It is upon them now in that thin line of brightness beneath their chamber door, and in the breath they draw as they stand, awe-stricken, glancing downward into the throbbing street that seems so far away.

CHAPTER XXIII.

When Sylvester and Mortimer had quitted the Hotel Maurie, there were two purposes in the mind of the latter, namely the finding of Madge and the chastisement of Mr Jarvis Dorman. He did not pause to consider the difficulties before him, nor to allow Sylvester's cooler judgment to influence his movements. Madge was somewhere in Paris, and must be found, he had replied, and so Sylvester, whilst he regretted the delay occasioned by remaining in the city, submitted to be guided by his friend.

It was nearly midnight, and turning from a gaily-lit boulevard into a quieter street, Sylvester suggested getting back to their hotel. "It is not within the bounds of probability that we shall come across Mr Dorman to-night," he said.

"Who was it that said it was always the unexpected that happened?" asked Mortimer. "He was a Frenchman, I think."

"That doesn't exonerate him, in my opinion," replied Sylvester. "There's a great deal of harm done by giving heed to these irresponsible epigrammatists. There isn't such a thing as the unexpected, when everything is possible, except the finding of Mr. Jarvis Dorman."

Dick demurred to this, and the two friends went along arm in arm, and a sudden rush of the crowd almost tore them apart. "What's the meaning of this, I wonder?" remarked Sylvester, in a calm tone.

"Big fire over there," replied Dick, pointing to the reddening sky.

"Never saw French firemen at work," continued Sylvester. "They want Massey Shaw to show them how to put out a big blaze. By Jove! this is a big one by the look of it. Come on."

"It will be a change, anyway," answered Mortimer, from this endless marching of ours. Let us follow the crowd. Look out. Here come the Pompiers, as they're called," and the next moment they were running with the throng in the direction of the Rue des Morts, reaching there breathlessly, amid the excited people who were being kept back by the gendarmes.

The fire had got a good hold by this time, and as they came up to it, flames and smoke were pouring from the lower windows. In the lurid light everything could be seen clearly and as they stood watching a cry of dismay went up from the crowd. For at one of the topmost windows, two white-robed figures were standing in deadly peril.

They were Madge and Teresa, who had been driven from their room by the heat and smoke, that was coming through the door. This had held long enough for them to arrange a plan of action, but it was one of the most hopeless, desperate ones ever conceived. The house was one of a row of seven, all equal in height, and Madge had proposed reaching the roof of these. There were projections of stonework, and a water-pipe went just the window. There was a chance of reaching a place of safety, the certainty of death if they remained, and

so she had led the way out of the window, clinging she knew not how to the narrow sill, with her feet supported by a course of brickwork that was a short distance below. Teresa was beside her, and if they could reach the leaden pipe that came from the parapet of the house, they might be saved. Alas! it was beyond their reach, stretch as they might, and pressing against the rough wall, holding by their numbing fingers to the window sill, she and Teresa, their senses dulled by fear, hearing the shouts of the crowd and the dull roar of the flames, waited for the awful fate in store for them.

With a yelling cry Mortimer broke through the cordon of police, and with him was Sylvester. Madge heard the shout and then all that followed seemed confusion and blind horror. But help was nearer to them than she knew, for Sylvester was ascending the ladder that had been brought from the yard of a neighbouring builder, and behind him was Dick, who had thrust aside a fussy little fireman and was half up the ladder before the Frenchman had recovered breath enough to swear with. Then Sylvester had caught the window-sill, and Teresa was in Dick's strong arms for an instant, to be passed down to someone who was below him on the ladder, and after this Madge was being carried down. There were shouts and cheers from the on-lookers, as Sylvester lowered himself

to the ladder, but he heeded them not one whit, neither his scorched hands. He and Dick were only just in time, but Madge Selby had been saved, and the other woman—Sylvester had had her face against his own for a second or two, and he would never forget it, even if he lived to be a hundred. Then they were standing on the drenched roadway, and Dick's arm was around Madge.

"The nearest hotel, Sylvester," he said hoarsely "Get a cab," and he forced his way roughly through the crowd, leaving a path for Teresa and Sylvester.

"Thank God we were in time," said Sylvester very fervently, and then in his matter-of-fact English he added, "Don't faint, please. So deuced awkward in a crowd, don't y' know," receiving only a look in response, but it was a look that he would have gone through the fire itself to have won.

It was a few hours later, and Sylvester, nursing his throbbing hand, stood looking down at Mortimer in the hotel to which Madge and Teresa had been taken after their rescue. Mortimer's face was troubled and sad, and for some moments he had been silent.

"The fact is, Dick," went on Sylvester, who had spoken last, "you won't make allowances. Put it to yourself. Suppose you had been standing where Miss Selby and her friend were, with an awful death waiting for you? You wouldn't be in the humour to ask

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questions, or to chat over politics, immediately after you'd been rescued."  
 "But not a word at seeing me," answered Dick. "Not a sign of pleasure at our meeting! What does it all mean?"

"It means that Miss Selby was so overwrought that she scarcely knew who you were or what had happened. Her friend now—"

"That's Teresa," said Dick. "She behaved splendidly."

"My dear fellow!" exclaimed Sylvester. "Now, is it useful to remind me of that? 'Behaved splendidly' doesn't convey the truth about Miss Brasco entirely. She is the most wonderful woman in the world. Why, she hadn't lost her nerves, even though the fire was on her as you may say."  
 "You admire her then?"

"That's not the question," replied Sylvester. "But if you want my honest opinion of Miss Brasco, I can sum it up in a word. She is a brick!"

"Take care."  
 "Certainly, I'm not the person who needs a warning of that sort, but at the same time, one must express their opinions. Now my honest opinion of Miss Brasco is—"

"Yes, I quite understand," interrupted Dick. "And I'm glad there's one man who's satisfied with himself. I'm not that one. To think, after we've been parted all this time, how Madge has treated me! I can't understand it. Am I to go away without seeing or speaking to her again?"

"I'd wait until to-morrow anyway," replied Sylvester, "before I did that. Besides, look at the situation. Now you've never viewed it in its proper light. I'll swear. The primary object of our lives—yours and mine, my dear Dick—at the present moment, is clothing."

Dick gave him a puzzled look.  
 "Clothing," repeated the other. "It is clearly impossible to speak to or see either of the ladies under present conditions, and my proposal is to call in the assistance of the landlady; give her carte blanche to buy outfits for them. I understand that all their belongings have been burnt, and it's our duty to provide fresh ones."

Dick threw his purse on the table, and Sylvester summoned the landlady, explaining to her what was required, and she undertook with the greatest delight the duty of buying, all that was necessary. In an hour or two she returned with a cab load of packages, which were taken to the room where Madge and Teresa had remained unseen by anyone but the sympathising landlady and the chambermaid.

Unable to remain inactive Dick had gone wandering aimlessly through the streets, Sylvester preferring to stay in the hotel, he said; and when Madge and her companion emerged from their retirement, arrayed in the latest Paris fashions, they found him alone in the room. Teresa's hands were outstretched, and he took them in his with a shy manner, answering her heartfelt thanks without his accustomed coolness. How beautiful she looked! How different from an ordinary woman's were her smile and voice, and for a moment or two he forgot everything but these. Then he turned to Madge, asking the first question that occurred to him, which was a mere commonplace. They would dine together that evening, and settle what was best to be done, he told them.  
 "You are anxious to return home, of course, Miss Selby," he said.  
 "And Teresa goes with me," she answered. "Yes, I am most anxious, Mr Courtney, to get back to Marlhurst."

"Naturally, I wish Mortimer—"  
 and then he stopped to change the conversation.  
 "I'm thinking whether I ought not to speak to you privately, Miss Selby," he went on, in a thinking tone. "It's rather an important matter, you see."

"Teresa doesn't understand a word of English," replied Madge, "so we can talk quite privately before her, what is it?"  
 "It's about Mortimer," he answered. "He's miserably unhappy. You're treating him badly, Miss Selby."  
 "No! not!" she cried, her eyes filling with tears. "You wrong me, Mr Courtney. It is I who suffer most."

"Thinking what you do," he continued, "that is only to be expected, perhaps. I've learnt your secret, Miss Selby, and I'm in a position to state that Dick Mortimer is still one of the most upright, honourable gentlemen in this world or any other, that he and I are in a fair way to solve the mystery of what happened at Whytleas Manor, and that

he deserves all your love and help. If it's a requisite that I say more, I will do so, but I ask you to believe that I am speaking the truth from my own knowledge, and that there is no hindrance to your marrying him. I'm afraid I'm saying this rather awkwardly, but I want to evade using words that I dislike. I am certain that you understand me."

Madge's hand was on his, and a look of the supremest joy came into her eyes. "I do believe you," she answered. "I can never, never forgive myself. It was that which parted us—that which I feared. Tell me how I can undo the past."

Sylvester looked at his watch.  
 "Dick said he would be here by seven," he replied. "It wants ten minutes to the time. I suggest that Miss Brasco and I leave you alone; we'll go into the coffee room. You see I'm hardly competent to advise what you ought to do, but I think I wouldn't attempt to explain anything to Dick. Let him guess, if he pleases, only he's too chivalrous to do that. Try and believe that you've never been separated; that you've never been distant in your manner."

"Thank you," Madge almost whispered the words, and then Sylvester turned to Teresa, speaking in French, of which language he was not a master, for all that he could make himself fairly intelligible in it. He was apt to let his native tongue intrude itself into his sentences, and this amused Teresa vastly, as they left Madge alone. Sylvester heard Dick's step pass the coffee room door, and enter the room they had just quitted, and he strolled to the window, Teresa being beside him.

"I hope we shall see something more of each other, Miss Brasco," he began, almost terrified at his own effrontery. "You're going to England with Miss Selby. That's rather jolly, you know."

Teresa's face was full of inquiring amusement. It made her more beautiful than she was before, thought Sylvester. Yes this was the sort of woman with whom a man might fall in love—just as he had, in the quickest, most delightful fashion possible. But the difficulties of making love in a foreign language rather troubled him. How could he make her understand that he was ready to die for her sake, etc., etc? As though love needs any words in any language to discover itself! But this was Sylvester's first and last experience of the tender passion, and he was naturally somewhat diffident. Teresa was certainly the most beautiful woman he ever seen. Dick was perfectly correct in everything he had said about her, and if they had known each other a little longer, she—but why should he wait? Hadn't he waited until he was thirty, and never seen anyone he could love till now? Only to make love in a foreign tongue well—they wouldn't be parted anyway, and these thoughts were confusing through Sylvester's mind as he and Teresa stood by the window.

And in the other room Dick Mortimer had been repaid for all his misery. It was the same sweet Madge of old, who had thrown herself into his arms, when he entered the room, the same loving voice and happy look that he remembered so well. But "I was a strange word she had uttered. What had he to forgive?"

"Never to be parted again, Dick," she whispered, as she clung to him. "Never, never again."

"Darling," he answered, kissing her tenderly. "We'll believe that we've never been separated. That's the best thing to do, and though I'm a poor man, I've got a friend who'll help to set me on my feet. If you only knew how true and tried a friend Sylvester Courtney has been to me!"

"Say to us, Dick," replied Madge. "And I think I do know. Better than you know, perhaps."

Dick had given up his search for Jarvis Dorman, but he resolved to call him to account when they met again, as they must sooner or later. The Squire of Whytleas was not a man who could efface himself like an ordinary person, and he would return to England in due course. The new Manor house was being built, and Mr Dorman took the greatest interest in the work, it was said, so Dick would bide his time. Madge had told him quite sufficient to make him resolute upon punishing Mr Dorman, but in

what way he was too happy at that moment to decide.

Amid the ruins of the house in the Rue des Morts, the charred body of Madame Duval was found, and given burial. None will ever know, save her murderer, Jarvis Dorman, of the crime committed that night, nor the reason for the awful scream that had roused Madge from her sleep. He had meant to slay Teresa Brasco, who had discovered his secret, and as Teresa looks at Sylvester's earnest face she little thinks how mercifully she had been preserved. For the four happy people are on their way home to England, and all the shadows have flown away. The future will be bright now that the last dark page has been turned. Yet there remained one other to be read, one which neither guessed at, and fraught with the greatest meaning of them all.

To be concluded.

THE BOARD AND THE VELVET.

"A throne," said Napoleon, "is a board covered with velvet."

Strip the velvet from the throne and you have nothing left but bare, vulgar boards; replace the velvet and you have the most coveted symbol of human power and glory. How easy the transition, how vast the difference!

There is no operation in chemistry more sharp and sudden than that in human life whereby extremes of feeling follow each other—tears rarefying into smiles and smiles condensing into tears.

Is happiness, or is power, so poor a thing, then, that it drops into its antithesis at a touch—at a breath? Let us not be too hasty with our answer, as we may be wrong. The great French Emperor was a cynical fellow, and right well he loved a throne, even though it was only an upholstered board.

And we all love life and its blessings, even though they are uncertain and shaky.

Hence, when we hear a man say, "I had no pleasure in life, and did not care what became of me," we are interested to know the reason why.

The person from whom we quote these words explains himself thus:—

"For over two years," he tells us, "I suffered from loss of appetite, sleeplessness and nervousness. Prior to May, 1894, I had always been strong and hearty. At this time I began to feel that something had come over me—I felt so low and weak. After eating my face would flush and the food gave me great pain across my chest and

at the left side. I had a cutting pain around the heart, and bad attacks of palpitation."

I beg to interrupt our good friend a moment at this point. The burning of a barn or a hayrick may make a bigger blaze than the burning of the cottage we live in. But the latter alarms and excites us most because we do live in it. On the same principle a very painful ailment of the hand or foot may cause little or no mental anxiety, while a disturbance of the heart's action does, for the heart is one of the three houses which life resides in, the other two being the brain and the lungs. Yet, as generally happens in so-called heart troubles, the worry was needless, as we shall presently see.

"For weeks together," continues the narrator, "I got no proper sleep, and, in truth, so bad was this condition that I dreaded going to bed. My nerves were thoroughly unstrung and affected the left side of my face, which was quite drawn. I suffered martyrdom with facial neuralgia."

"As time went on I grew to be so low and miserable that I had no pleasure in life, and did not care what became of me. I consulted a doctor, but none of his medicines helped me. Better and worse, I continued to suffer until a friend told me about Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, and persuaded me to try it. I got a bottle from Mr Pulham, Grocer, Spring Road, and after taking it a short time I felt it was doing me good. I slept well and had less distress after meals. This encouraged me to persevere with it, and gradually I got stronger, and the nerve pains wore away. I now enjoy good health, and have recommended this medicine to many of my customers. You can publish this statement as you like. (Signed) Harry Wenden, Hairdresser, 171, Spring Road, St. John's, Ipswich, July 17th, 1896."

Mr Wenden's explanation of his loss of life's pleasure is commonplace after all. And yet how much more important than if it were unique or exceptional, because the commonplace is the universal. It is disease, my gentle reader, that tears the velvet from thrones, that robs the cottager of his sleep, that makes the baby cry in its cradle, that strips the strong man of his vigour, that wipes the bloom from the cheeks of fair women, that hurries humanity to the churchyard with bowed heads and bleeding feet. And the most pitiless ogre of all diseases is the one from which Mr Wenden suffered, and which Mother Seigel's Syrup cures—indigestion, dyspepsia. Even without the velvet, Health is the best of thrones, and this great remedy helps to keep you seated safely and happily upon it.

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Complete Story.

## A Dual Obligation.

BY E. FORD BECK.

Back among the Downs, just far enough, when the air is still and incoming vessels salute, to faintly echo the booming from its white cottage-walls, stands the village of Twycross. The traveller upon the drab ribbon of coach road which the villagers say—though they have never been there—serpentine upward to London, and downward over turfy undulations of chalk land to Portsmouth, seldom devotes more than a passing glance to Twycross, nestling in copices of hazel and beech; it is rural and pretty, that is all. If he be a box passenger, and not asleep, his attention is directed by the driver to a large sombre mansion whose grey front can be seen frowning through the trees. The driver calls it "The House," as does every soul gifted with the faculty of speech for ten miles round. It is very damp and huge and draughty, and so old as to have become an institution whose distinction is gained from the mists of time—and lost among them too, in a sense, for of the thousand legends clustering round its weather-stained walls there are but few without a tragic or disreputable significance.

The memory of man—at any rate the traditions of Twycross manhood—fails to recall an era when the House was not in the Ankerdine family, or when a devil-daunting Squire Ankerdine had not drunk and died and maintained the finest company there, or led in the break-neck chase over the wide acres that owned his sway. But all things are finite, yea the luck of persons popularly accredited with diabolical protection: the broad lands had dwindled, year in, year out, beneath the grip of profligacy and ex-

travagance like limbs gnawed of a wasting fever, till little but the ancestral hall remained to point a moral and adorn country side tap-room tales.

Arnold Ankerdine, an admitted hard liver even in an age when pre-eminence of this description was jealously contested, had paid the tardy debt of nature: his last and youngest brother, Paul, the poverty-stricken inheritor of an old and bold name, and owning many of the worst traits of his progenitors without their compensating virtues, had installed himself in "The House," a narrow and pragmatic old man whose one pursuit was the harrying of a sadly shrunken staff of domestics, and whose one apology in the eyes of the neighbours for ever having existed at all, was the daughter who accompanied him.

The first severe frost of the season. One by one, lights in cottage windows vanished, and cottagers, shaking weather-wise heads with dismal import betook themselves to couches, which, if they might be as hard were certainly warmer than the frost. There was no moon, but a brilliant spread of stars winked vigorously at the cracking earth beneath until a thousand gems glinted on the garden paths.

Paul Ankerdine did not indulge the laudic propensity to early hours; his dinner was still in course of preparation, and his cook had flung open the pantry door, sending a shaft of cheerfulness into the gloom. A moment after and the apartment was left empty, with the open door exuding a heavy odour of savoury comfort from a dozen cupboards shelves.

From the dark shade of the trees a figure stepped out, cautiously and noiselessly as a wind-driven leaf, cran-

ing a lean head and neck forward and and nearer into the tantalising breeze. It was a tall man of limber and graceful carriage; his thin hair was drawn back from a high, narrow forehead, and secured behind with a whisp of black ribbon; tarnished buckles upon his shoes, and frayed lace garnishing his torn coat, shone dimly in the light. He snuffed luxuriously, in a kind of rapture, till his haggard face was puckered into wrinkles with the torments of empty inhalation, and the bridge of his hooked nose was almost drawn parallel with his deeply scored eyebrows. He stood for many minutes thus, absolutely motionless; then took an irresolute, rapid movement forward; then back again into the shadow. It was so dark that it would have been impossible to detect the sudden flush that suffused his sallow cheeks, his lips were bitten on an instant so close and angrily that the tree trunks could scarce have heard a muttered "Mon Dieu, c'est le dernier resort!"

With the clang of massive hasps another door opened, this was the main entrance to the house. Hidden, the watcher's hand jerked with an odd motion to his side—as if he had been accustomed to wear a sword there—and fell again. He could see plainly into the great reception hall of the old building, where in a cavernous grate-knotted logs crackled and occasionally fell with a crash upon the tiles beneath; where thick rugs and deep armchairs of ancient pattern, remnants of past glories, were scattered around. Framed in the oaken porch a girl stood with a thick wrap across her shoulders, glancing to right and left with a slight shiver, and hesitating on the threshold.

"You're confoundly anxious, madam," snarled a voice behind her. "I opine an ardent lover's journey will not be accelerated by your tramping about in the old."

"Perhaps not, sir," answered Millie Ankerdine with spirit; "but neither

will it be delayed by my listening for a moment for his chariot wheels.

"A wilful woman must have her way," replied her father, "but when you consider the hall sufficiently like an ice-house, I beg you will do me the favour of coming in."

Miss Ankerdine made no reply, but daintily collecting with one small hand a mass of skirt that would have puzzled a man to grasp in two large ones, threaded a way around flower-beds and bushes to another part of the garden where the ground rose somewhat abruptly to a conical hill, on whose summit the caprice of a former owner had constructed a small and deep artificial pond, now skinned thinly over and reflecting the stars like a mirror. It was spanned by a rustic bridge, fragile and worm-bitten. From it on a fine day miles of open country could be scanned, across the fields and dingles to where the Solent smiled, a blue perpendicular shimmer against the duller background of the Wight.

The girl could see none of this now; her eyes were directed toward a cluster of lights standing together as if for company in the blackness. It was Portsmouth, and the flickering glare a little to the right, checked at times by a smear that might be driving smoke, was the harbour, busy at this hour as in the height of nautical. She leaned forward upon the bridge-rail to draw the scene nearer in imagination: the rail creaked complacently, and the man, crouching within a few paces, watched.

The high road was just discernible in patches where no hedge transgressed its boundary, but only at rare intervals before it plunged into a dip and disappeared. She knew its southward course well—better than ever to-night when her betrothed must travel its windings before he could reach The House. Two years away, and his ship paid off to-day; it would not be many hours before his horses' hoofs pounded along its famous course.

For famous it was. Trafalgar was yet to be fought, and few days closed



WAITING FOR PEARLS.

without a detachment of soldiers swinging past, coaches flashing by, crowded in and out with men whose trade was war, returned mariners, with a cargo of prize-money and intoxicants, pursuing their jovial way, or a successful press-gang hurrying to the sea. But three days gone a detachment of French prisoners had been escorted inland by that route to an unknown fate—decapitation the villagers imagined and hoped, for they lived in hourly dread of the pressing that the atrocious acts of these same prisoners' compatriots rendered operative.

The night was so still that twigs snapping beneath the cold sounded like tiny pistol shots -- the weather when any heavy sound comes to the senses in a series of pulsations of the air long before the ear can be relied upon. Far off became apparent two fire-flies, and vanished again; carriage lamps. Followed a faint humming; the rumbling of carriage wheels. Millie Ankerdine's eyes danced as she leaned over the bridge in an eager aspect of listening; there was a quick tearing, a slight thud, an arrested cry, and broken fragments of ice and wood work floated upon the dark water over her head.

The loiterer, whose teeth were chattering like a pair of castanets, burst from his place of concealment, and flinging himself in without a moment's hesitation, gripped her by the hair as she rose fighting to the surface a second time. There are times when the most punctilious of men must waive ceremony. He swam ashore -- but a few strokes--placed her quietly so that the weight rested on one of his arms only, and ran toward the house. Not a moment had been lost up to now; he stared at the girl's face as they emerged into the light from the open door--the eyelids were flickering, and colour coming back to her cheek. Placing her upon the grass carefully and untying a silk kerchief from his neck, he bound its wet folds in such a manner as to shadow and disguise his eyes and brow. Then he picked his burden up again and sped into the house.

II.

"What the devil's all this noise about?" muttered Mr Ankerdine testily as an unaccustomed clamour penetrated to his study and attracted him forth to seek its import. He detested a noise and fault-finding was the breath of his nostrils.

Before the great hall fire, the once lacy drape of a dinner dress oozing dark pools and steaming lazily, lay his daughter; a stranger, trickling rills of moisture from each fold of his clothing, was chafing her hands and vociferating for assistance; he ceased suddenly as her father appeared with servants at his heels, and stood back beyond the play of the fire-light.

Mr Ankerdine knelt down beside her, and the few immediate and deft touches of his hands showed that he had dealt with injury by water before.

"Here, Martha," he said shortly to one of the women standing by. "Take Miss Millicent to her room and give her some hot brandy at once, do you understand? Keep the fire going and get her into dry things, and I will come up and see her.--All right, Millie, I will attend to that."

The girl had almost completely revived, and the old man's remark was in answer to an almost imperceptible movement of her head toward where the stranger was still standing, shivering like an aspen in the breeze. The old man advanced with outstretched hand and more geniality than his face usually expressed.

"I have to thank you for rescuing my daughter, I suppose, sir," he said; "the best kind of gratitude is the practical. You must be made comfortable first, and I can din you with words after."

The man bowed with a dignity strangely discordant with his bedraggled appearance. "You have visitors that come," he replied jerkily, biting his words through his chattering teeth. "I should be de--in the way, that is to say."

Mr Ankerdine had no time to answer. A post chaise dashed up to the porch with a grunting of leather and jingling of harness, a broad-shouldered young fellow completely enveloped in a huge wrap, precipitated himself, and gripped the old man with both hands, exclaiming, "How's the gout, sir? And where is Millie, not here to welcome me?"

"At the bottom of the pond but for this gentleman," said Mr Ankerdine. "I must introduce you when I--Hullo!" he gasped in a species of stupefaction, for the gallant stranger had slipped out into the night, and Lieutenant Rigden, his daughter's prospective husband, had, with an articulate sound that might have denoted almost anything, but certainly not apology, started in pursuit.

The first man, stimulated by the slow diffusion of warmth as his limbs cursed with blood again, held his own at first. Rigden's ulster impeded him, and he was cramped with travelling. He doggedly crashed on however, careless of obstructions, for perhaps half a mile, when the fugitive's rapid steps slackened, and the distance between them lessened until his laboured breathing became quite perceptible and told its own tale. Rigden threw down his coat and approached with every faculty alert for a tussle he knew might be severe. It was needless; the man bowed with the same incongruous air of dignity as before and held out his hands with the empty palms upward. He was too exhausted to speak, but he smiled faintly.

"You must come back with me, Monsieur de Frontignac," said the young sailor. "It is the fortune of war."

"Again the fortune of war," replied the Frenchman. "A cold fortune at present, mon ami." He fell into step beside his companion without resistance, and accepted with a short word of thanks the latter's offer of the thick coat. Beside that no word was spoken until they reached the house, and were greeted in no very complaisant humour by the owner thereof.

"Millie has asked for you," he observed drily. "She appeared surprised that you should prefer scouring the country at midnight to greeting her. However, each to his taste. The young generation's code of manners I do not attempt to understand. She is in the drawing-room, and has also expressed a desire to see this gentleman if convenient to his evident desire for privacy. She is quite able to converse, and I anticipate no unfavourable results from her immersion."

The sailor deferred apologies until his own impatience had been satisfied, and led the way to the drawing-room at once, locking the door and placing the key in his pocket so soon as they were inside, a manoeuvre which did not escape the young lady's notice, and added a spice of alarm to the shy affection with which she returned her lover's caress.

"Why did you do that, Edward?" she whispered anxiously in his ear. "Is there danger outside, or is that a bad man? I fell into the pond, and he jumped in too on this freezing night and saved my life, dear."

"Thank God it was saved, little girl," he replied, snatching a hearty kiss with that genial air of unquestionable dominion which, together with a hearty contempt for the cut-and-dried conventionalities of love or warfare, has gone not a little to establish the sea service's powers of conquest over soft hearts as well as the tough ones of its country's enemies. "But that this gentleman should have been the agent rather complicates matters. We must at any rate thank him, Millie, so first let me introduce in form the Count de Frontignac, captain in the navy of Republican France, Monsieur, I have the honour to present my fiancée."

The Frenchman, with a discretion that did credit even to his discreet nation, had been immersed in a book ever since his entrance. He now advanced and bent over the slim fingers extended, and even the stained and disordered clothes still wet upon him did not destroy the grace with which the action was accompanied. "My good luck has not been entirely dead, then, that I could render even so small a service to so graceful a demoiselle," he said.

"Why, you are soaking, sir!" exclaimed the girl. "Edward, what has you and papa been doing? How wicked you are. He will die." She coloured with annoyance and made as if to summon a servant.

"Be more quiet, Millie," exclaimed Rigden, stopping her. "There are more important questions than those of etiquette and raiment to be discussed. That this gentleman is brave you will know from what he has done to-night--more than brave, for he risked almost certain death by discovering himself to save you; but he will be also dangerous to succour. His frigate was captured recently by a British

squadron, and he was to be sent along with the prisoners to London under escort. I assume he has escaped and is attempting to reach the coast. Millie, this man preserved to me all I hold dear, but--he is one of my country's most active enemies."

"Perhaps you are mistaken," said Millie, with a woman's readiness to escape wide questions by a side issue. "Report may have magnified his fame, though it could never have exaggerated his glances," she added, shooting a little glance at the subject of their colloquy which sent a twitching to his mouth. It was a transient grimace of hope.

"No mistake here," said Rigden with a short laugh. "I was one of his captors, and the last time we met was upon his quarter-deck, when he gave me this." He drew down one corner of his cravat and showed a thin red seam running along the base of the neck. "It was a near thing, monsieur. Another inch would have done my business."

"It was the misfortune for you that a marine should then intervene and receive the coup you prepare for me," replied the Frenchman, watching Millie, who had covered her eyes to shut out the sight and the man who had drawn it; "he dropped in his tracks, that man--my countryman dead. Your advantage, monsieur, then, and again now; fate, perhaps, or God. Who knows? It is unfortunately for me only." He shrugged his shoulders very slightly and looked towards Millie again.

She drew her lover aside and placed her hands on his shoulders. The Frenchman was staring into the fire.

"Edward, you must let him go, and help him too. Is this man's honour or woman's gratitude, to drag back to a dungeon one who has voluntarily thrown himself upon our mercy? If so, noble deeds were better unacted,

and will be if they are to be repaid as we would repay this."

"Listen, Millie," said the young man in a very low voice; "You know your father's obstinacy."

"Yes," she replied in the same tone.

"You know the condition necessary to be fulfilled before our marriage?"

"That you are to be a captain--yes."

"You know that I have not yet received my promotion?"

"Ye-es," very low.

"That th's gentleman is an important capture to lose, and that by restoring him to the authorities, I am certain of recognition; which means a ship, and--a wife?"

"This is what I had begun to fear," she said breathlessly. "You must not let it scale one feather weight in the balance. We owe him my life, and not the broad pennant of an Admiral would cover the blot on your honour if you give him up. Edward, can you?"

The sailor bit his lips, but could not withdraw his gaze from the beseeching blue eyes that had not looked into his own for two years. He hesitated only for a minute; then turned round and said curtly, "Venus has triumphed, monsieur. Your country's history can show parallel examples which will enable you to appreciate my attitude. Mr Ankerdine must be avoided, and a suitable fiction prepared by this lady and myself for his subsequent delectation. I will search you to see that no papers are concealed--pardon me, there shall be no indignity, and duty to my cloth, which has come out something hardly in this encounter, renders it necessary--also some clothes are required and food. I will then do myself the pleasure of putting you upon the safest route."

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# The Super's Secret.

By LUCY HARDY.

(Author of "The Fortunes of the Fairies," etc.)

"What was I before I came into the 'House'?" Well, for a great many I was in the theatrical line, a general utility, super, handy man. Perhaps I was not exactly educated for that kind of life, perhaps at one time I did not think of ending my days in the poor-house—say I've had my chances in life and thrown them away; there's no one left now to fret over them—or over me. I must have seen some interesting things during my strange career, you think? Well, there's a good deal more prose than poetry in an actor's life as far as my experience goes; but my calling did sometimes bring me into contact with celebrated people—behind the footlights. You remember Madame—the great English singer of some forty odd years ago? I was a good deal with her at one time in my theatrical career, and—though she never knew it—I once saved her life. It is all so long ago now; nearly everyone concerned in the story except myself is dead—there's no harm in speaking of an incident of nearly half a century back. You're too young, sir, to have heard her yourself; but you, like all the rest of the world, know that famous singer by repute; the owner of one of the sweetest, purest, soprano voices ever heard on the opera boards. Madame—sang like a nightingale, like an angel; to listen to her seemed to carry you right away from this world of care and trouble; and I don't wonder that the musical world went as mad over her as it did. She was beautiful, too, and as good as she was beautiful. There are more good people among actors, and actresses, and singers, than some folks seem to think, and I never found that the footlights made a kind of dividing line, with all the saints in front of them, and all the sinners behind. If she was admired by strangers she was adored by those who knew her well; and—well, I may confess it at this time of day there was a foolish broken-down 'super' on the boards—who had perhaps thrown away his own chances in life, and so had only himself to blame.

who was madly, passionately in love with that sweet woman, although he knew that his attachment was as hopeless as that of a beggar for a king's daughter. He was not fool enough even to hint at his secret, but he would, any day, have laid down his life to save her one trouble or sorrow, and all he cared for was to watch her, to listen to her, to dream of her by night, to think of her by day. I needn't tell you who that super was!

"I was pretty often on the stage with my divinity. I had once had something of a voice myself, and though that turned out a failure (as everything about me was sure to do), I was good enough to come on in the choruses of peasants, and soldiers, and those sort of folk, who make a kind of background for the 'stars' of the stage. And thus I had the bliss of nightly hearing and seeing my darling when she came forward to thrill and delight the crowded house with those heavenly notes; and was able to rejoice in her triumphs, the applause and the bouquets, and to gnash my teeth when I heard, through the gossip of the theatre, of the letters and presents constantly sent to her, which she refused to receive, it is true, but which it irked me to think that she should be subjected to the insult of even having had offered. However, Madame possessed a dragon of an old aunt, who lived with her, and always accompanied her to the theatre—and besides she had the far better safeguard of her own true, pure heart.

"You have heard of the great singer's Italian tour? How she made the round of the chief Italian towns, and forced the dwellers in that land of music to own their native songsters surpassed by a denizen of the land of fog and frost? There was a good deal of prejudice against the English 'diva' before her arrival, and it was thought rather a risky experiment to

import a singer into Italy instead of exporting one from thence; but the first performance of our company dispelled all anxiety. The audience might be patriotic Italians, but they were musicians first; and the clear sweet notes of that marvellous voice swept away all national jealousy. The audience went madder than our sober English folk had done at home, and Madame—'s tour became a veritable ovation.

"She had travelled from England with her own complete company—the trip, in fact, was not organised by herself, but by an enterprising manager, who took all risk and expense, and paid the singer a handsome sum for each performance. I had, in some way, managed to get myself included in this company—I would have gone as scene-shifter rather than have missed my nightly view of my goddess. Mine was but an ignoble position in the opera troupe, with a wage to correspond, but I could still see her, and that was all I asked. The insane idea of ever breathing my love never crossed my mind, but I have often thought that it was a special providence which made me so resolute to thrust myself into that touring company. For a singer, and a successful one, Madame—had hitherto been singularly free from the attacks of envious rivals. I think this partly arose from her own sunny sweetness of disposition, her generous readiness to help the less fortunate members of her profession, her rare modesty regarding her own great gifts. She seemed to sing as naturally as a bird does, and with as little sense of personal vanity. Hence, though she had troops of friends, I never knew her to have an enemy until we left England.

"We arrived, in our tour, at a certain Italian town—never mind its name—and here for the first time did Madame meet with an actual rival. There was a very popular native singer residing there; a dark-eyed, dark-browed Signora, whose voice, for a contralto, was said to be as fine as our singer's was for a soprano. To hear the two prima donnas perform together was of course the great wish of the local musical world. An opera was found or written to display both voices to their best advantage; and the performance was certainly a magnificent one. The great scene was one akin to the dialogue between Hermione and Hermione in the "Midasmer Night's Dream," a dialogue between two jealous rivals, and, as a piece of acting, as well as a musical treat, the effect was superb. Our dear English singer looked like the angel she was, representing the character of an oppressed and innocent maiden; while that dark-browed Italian, overwhelming her detested rival with reproaches and invectives, well the only fault I found with the Signora's performance was that it was too real. I fancied there was a good deal of actual rage and jealousy underlying the lady's stage-representation of these passions; and, once or twice, when the English singer was in sole possession of the stage, and the Signora waiting at the side to come on in her turn, I caught the Italian casting such diabolical looks at the unconscious performer, that I felt thankful that she had not even a stage dagger handy. For the woman looked as if she would gladly have rushed on the stage and choked that heavenly voice by clutching her rival's throat. Of course, this was mere by-play; in public the Signora was all graciousness, and our dear Madame pleasant, and courteous, and generously ready to compliment and praise her sister professional. All was smooth on the surface, but somehow I had a strange, restless sense of uneasiness, and as Madame's triumphs increased, when excited crowds drew her carriage from the theatre to her hotel, when, although the native singer kept her popularity, the newcomer won the louder plaudits, the greater number of bouquets—well, I often told myself I was a fool, but I began to wish our party was safe back again in London. A voice like hers is as delicate as precious—and great singers are forced to drink and avoid as a man in training for a race. Madame had her own cook and her own attendants, and the un-

ent Italian device of a gift of drugged fruit, confectionery, or the like—sufficient to injure health if not to destroy life—would not be likely to succeed in the case of a person bound to observe most strict and careful rules of diet.

"It may be that I had brooded over one idea until I had become morbid on the subject; but I had certainly persuaded myself that such was the hatred borne by the native prima donna to her English rival, that the former would stick at no means to remove her adversary from her path; and then local report described the Signora as a woman of most violent passions, and of not too reputable a mode of life.

"I was counting the days for our visit to end; we had only another week to remain there now. Madame was giving a series of farewell performances; one night a piece in which one of her most successful songs was introduced. In this play, the heroine, immured in a dungeon, drinks off a bowl of poison brought to her by a gaoler, and then, like the swan 'expires in music.' This death song written expressly to display Madame's voice—was one of her greatest effects, and always 'brought down the house.' I was waiting at the side scenes when the curtain drew up for this last act. I had no actual business to be there at the time; but not for worlds would I have lost the opportunity of seeing my angel in her great triumph hour. Squeezed behind some canvases I watched and waited. Presently, to my utter amazement, the Signora also came to the side scenes. Her official appearance on the boards had terminated with the last act; and, although the audience were sure to call for their old favourite, as well as for their new, after the curtain had fallen, I could not understand why a lady who had a luxurious dressing-room and comfortable private box at her disposal, should be now drifting about at the side scenes, even supposing that she was, like myself, desirous of listening to her rival's great song.

"I looked closely at the Signora. She was deadly pale under her rouge, her eyes burned with a wild light, and, as the curtain drew up, and the rapturous plaudits of the audience greeted her rival, I saw that the Italian clutched her slender hands convulsively. 'That woman means mischief,' I thought to myself with a sudden fear. As the song rose, the gaoler, who was to bring in the bowl of poison (a good-natured Italian boy, who was employed in 'dumb show' parts) advanced to the side scene with the bowl, and stood, awaiting his cue, to step on the stage.

"Now Madame had considerable faith in a certain medicated liquid, a few drops of which she was wont to swallow before commencing any of her great arias. The introduction of this bowl of poison offered a very convenient opportunity for doing this just before commencing the chief song of the evening; this bowl of supposed poison was always mixed by her aunt in her dressing-room, a few drops of the medicated liquid being mingled with water, and Giaccone called for the bowl on his way to the stage. The Signora now smiled pleasantly upon the lad as he stood waiting with the bowl in his hands, and the two exchanged a few whispered remarks on trivial matters, Giaccone greatly flattered by the prima donna's condescension in thus addressing him. 'Suddenly the Signora, who had been twisting a ring upon her finger, gave a little cry as the jewel slipped from her hand and rolled away along the floor.

"'Ah me—the ring of my mother!' 'Quick to oblige, Giaccone hastily set down the bowl upon the 'property table,' by which he was standing, and dived beneath it in search of the missing ring. He was only so occupied for a minute or two, but I noted that, quick as a lightning flash, the Signora's hand travelled to her thick coils of hair, snatched from their recesses a tiny bottle, from which she emptied something into the bowl, and replaced the phial in its hiding

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place, before Giaccone rose with the ring.

"To rush forward and denounce the woman was my first impulse, but I promptly checked it. I remembered the scene, the excitement this would create, also the inevitable spoiling of Madame's great effect of the evening. No—I would save my darling—but she should enjoy her triumph all the same. My plan might ruin my own prospects, such as they were, but I would carry it out nevertheless. With a word of thanks to Giaccone and a piece of silver left in his hand, the Signora had moved away—hid as she was, she doubtless shrank from beholding her work. And, obedient to his cue, Giaccone now stepped on the stage bearing the bowl in his hands. I watched with eager eyes, saw the singer take the bowl from its profferer, and commence the plaintive lay in which she bewailed her fate in dying thus young and innocent, and attempted to summon up resolution to drink the fatal potion. When the first pause ensued in her song, as she hesitated to lift the bowl to her lips, I staggered on the stage with the gait of simulated drunkenness, and, brandishing my halbert, contrived to dash the fatal bowl from the singer's hands; it fell on the stage, and its contents flooded the scene. There was an indignant cry from the audience, but Madame, an experienced actress, promptly picked up the empty bowl, feigned to raise it to her lips, and then burst into the great song of the evening—her expected masterpiece. Instantly the rising tumult was hushed, and the vast audience sat silent and spell-bound as the clear sweet notes thrilled through the theatre.

"I had like the wind; I heard, behind the scenes, the voice of the manager (who had learnt of the accident) raging out threats and imprecations against myself, but I heeded him not; I had still a task to fulfil before my work for that evening was ended. Hurrying down the dark passages, I reached the dressing-room of the Signora, and rapped boldly at the door.

"The Signora can see no one," said the dresser, half opening it.

"I remembered the name of an Italian nobleman which rumour had long coupled with that of the singer.

"From the Marquis— I whispered, mysteriously, slipping a piece of gold (my last coin of that value) into the woman's hand.

"The largeness of this douceur seemed to convince the janitor of the truth of my story; she smiled and nodded, and, in another moment, I was admitted to the presence of the Signora, her attendant discreetly withdrawing. It was no time to stand upon ceremony; I promptly locked the door and put the key into my pocket.

"You come from the Marquis— and for what?" asked the Signora, rising from her couch, on which she had been half reclining, and having, I believe, not observed my action. She looked indeed so ghastly that I thought she was about to faint.

"No, Madame," I replied bluntly, speaking in Italian, "I only used the Marquis's name to induce your servant to admit me. I am come to ask you to hand me that little bottle which you have in your back hair— unless you prefer to give it up to the police."

"What bottle?—fellow, are you drunk or mad?" cried the diva furiously.

"The bottle of poison," I went on coolly, "part of which you recently poured into the bowl which Madame— was to drink out of in the last act."

"A horrible fiendish gleam of triumph came over the wretched woman's face.

"Ah— she has drunk of it!" she cried.

"No she has not," I replied, "I saw what you did and saved her without her knowledge. And she sang her great song like an angel," I went on cruelly, "and to-night's will be the greatest triumph she has yet won. I want that bottle," I proceeded; then—perhaps I acted rather brutally, but I was utterly without pity for the woman, so hardened in her sin. Lying on the couch the Signora had partially disarranged her elaborate coiffure. I detected the gleam of the tiny bottle amid the thick coils of raven hair, and by a sudden dexterous movement I possessed myself of the phial, still half full of a colourless liquid.

"The Signora uttered a half-articulate cry of rage as she saw it in my hand, then recovering herself said, with dignity:

"You shall be severely punished for this outrage and assault upon a lady. As for the bottle, it merely contains a harmless essence, which I sometimes use to revive myself after the fatigues of the performance."

"Of that matter the police—and the chemist who will analyse it, will be the judges," I replied coolly, "but before I call in the law authorities, Signora, you had better consider this matter a little. You are a fiend and a would-be murderess, and I am doing wrong in attempting to keep your guilt secret. But for the sake of the sweet lady—whose voice is as superior to yours as is her pure soul to your sin-stained one' (I was resolved to give her that stab about her voice) 'I am willing to keep this story quiet. Madame—is ignorant that such creatures as yourself can walk the earth—I would rather not enlighten her in this matter.'

"My resolute tone had cowed the woman; she sat looking at me with widely dilated eyes, and heaving breast.

"My terms are these," I went on. "You return to your house this evening, and you do not venture to cross its threshold again till Madame—and her party have left Italy—which we do in another fortnight. If you consent to do this, I will forbear to communicate with the authorities, though I shall keep this little witness," and I touched the bottle, "as evidence in case it is wanted."

"My engagements—it is ruin to break them," murmured the Signora.

"You can say you are ill, or invent any other lie you choose," I remarked, "and remember, Signora," I added blandly, "that you will find it equally difficult to keep faith with your manager when you are the inmate of the convict establishment, to which I promise myself the pleasure of assisting to consign you if you refuse my terms. Recollect your attempted crime is not against an obscure personage, but against a celebrity and a British subject. I observe that His Excellency the English Ambassador is in the house to-night. I intend requesting his presence, as well as that of the manager and of the police, to listen to the little story which I shall have to relate in this room in a few minutes unless you accept my terms. I have no doubt that Sir— will see that due justice is done upon the would-be murderess of his countrywoman."

"As I had expected, this last threat cowed the woman, whose ignorance I had traded upon. There was an awful vagueness about the possible powers of the English Ambassador which

alarmed her, as I intended it to do. Sulkily, and glaring at me like a wounded tigress in a trap, the Signora signified her willingness to do as I desired.

"Swear it upon the crucifix," I said, knowing that the woman's superstition was as great as her sense of religion was small.

"The woman sullenly took the oath which I dictated, then fury got the upper hand of fear and she began to abuse me with all the volubility of the low-born Neapolitan that she was. For in truth the Signora's voice had raised her from the gutter.

"Adieu, Signora," I said with a polite bow. "You will be able to amuse yourself in your seclusion by reading the accounts of Madame's theatrical triumphs," and I quitted the apartment as the Signora fell on her couch in a tempest of wild hysterics.

"I wended my way back towards the stage, being, however, intercepted in my way thither by the irate manager, who, in language scarcely less forcible than that of the Signora herself, flung the balance of my week's salary at my head and bade me clear off the premises with all expedition. I complied with his orders in silence. I had saved my dear lady. What mattered my own fate? Next morning, however, I received a little note from Madame—perhaps I have that bit of paper about me now—bidding me call on her at her lodgings, and there the sweet woman—who only knew me as the supposed drunken brute who had nearly spoiled her great scene the night before—explained that she had interceded with the manager for my pardon and reinstatement, and then went on in her soft, gentle voice to speak so kindly, so wisely, that I think, if I had been the tipsy wretch she thought me, I would have turned over a new leaf on the spot. Why did I not tell her the truth then? Ah, sir, you don't understand what a sensitive, excitable race are our great artistes! If Madame had learnt the truth of that horrible story the shock and the excitement would infallibly have affected that beautiful, delicate organ, her voice, in her next performance. At all events it might have done so, and nerve agitation might have injured her full perfection of tone. And what was the reputation, or even the life, of a worthless super like myself compared to the peace of mind of that dear lady. As I have told you, I loved her, and would have died to remove the slightest annoyance from her path. The newspapers next day announced that the Signora was lying dangerously ill of brain fever. I thought this a mere

device of hers at first, but it proved to be true. The woman really was seriously ill for a long time, and though she recovered her health at length her illness left permanent traces upon her voice. It was not utterly ruined, and she made a fair second-rate performer for years, but she sank entirely out of her old rank of a diva.

"As for Madame, her career is a well known one. Was she not for many years the most admired and popular songstress in Europe? When she died—many years ago now—crowned heads sent wreaths to place upon the coffin, and towns made public signs of mourning. As with the rest of us, her life had its shadows as well as its sunshine. Like many other artistes she was not fortunate in her marriage. They said, as you know, that her husband gambled and drank and robbed her. She never complained, but such things were whispered abroad. Sometimes I wonder if she would have been a happier woman if she had married a poor super who would have worshipped the very ground she trod upon. Well, it is fifty years ago now, and it seems strange that a pauper in the X— Union should be linking himself even in thought with the greatest singer of this century; but I often look back upon the secret I've kept for so many years, the secret that, but for me, that nightingale voice would have been silenced in the grave many, many years before death did still it. I sometimes wonder, now that she is singing in heaven, if the angels have ever whispered her my secret."

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THE TYRANNY OF THE MICROBE.

Whatever the exact scientific truth may be as to the part which the microbe plays in the drama of life, there is no doubt that the fear of him grows apace in the heart of man. What would our fathers have said of this proposed innovation in our churches, the individual communion cup, over which the consciences of our ministers and congregations are exercised now? They would have regarded such a thing as utterly subversive of the beautiful idea of Christian fellowship and nothing short of sacrilegious. It would hardly have been worse to complain of the quality of the vintage on such occasion, a thing they could not have dreamt of doing even had the cup been filled with hemlock instead of wine. But then our fathers knew nothing of the microbe that lurketh unseen. Bacteriology was to them quite an unknown science and they ate and drank oblivious of the dangers by which they were surrounded. A happy ignorance theirs I am disposed to think, for even if they did occasionally fall a prey to the insidious foe they were able to enjoy life while they lived free from the thousand misgivings and fears that beset us their descendants to whom it has been granted to learn the mysteries so mercifully hidden from them. I must confess that I envy the insouciance of childhood in these matters. Their blissful ignorance of scientific truth allows them to gratify their unjaded palates to the full. They eat and appreciate anything and everything that is nice, unappalled by the vision of the microbe. Practices that revolt our hygienic taste are universal in childhood's happy realms. Charley does not reject the offer of a suck of Willie's half depleted orange, and the transference of the saccharine morsel from one mouth to another is merely a token of unselfish friendship. Why cannot we indulge in these gentle interchanges? But we must have our own particular orange, and our own particular lozenge or piece of candy. It is true we had grown stomach proud in that direction even before the microbe came to our knowledge, but his advent will assuredly make matters ten thousand times worse. I can foresee the day when he will have become the greatest danger to the social fabric, the destroyer of fellowship, the breaker of family ties, the cruel foe of love. If you will not drink of the same sacred cup as I, the time will no doubt come when you will be chary of sitting at the same table or even in the same room. A little later and the grounds of friendship will not be mutual respect or mutual affection, but a common freedom from or a common subjection to the same microbes. From their birth men will be alienated from those to whom they are naturally joined by the closest ties. How can a mother fondle her baby in the good old fashion when she knows that every act of endearment means perhaps the transmission of some deadly germ? And as for cooling the pap after the traditional fashion of putting it first in her own mouth before it goes in the baby's—that will be reckoned a criminal act. Scientists have already indicated that in the new bacteriological age that is dawning the kiss, that exquisite emblem of love, must become as unknown as it was in Japan before civilisation introduced it there. No one is disposed to take that prediction seriously, and it merely serves to give opportunity to the humorist. But I am afraid it is no joking matter. I cannot understand how without the kiss cupid can fail to become cold-headed and Lymen's torch be quenched. Consider it what act could one substitute for it that could have the same supreme fulness of meaning?

tion was increasing. The Government statistician had already made us familiar with the circumstance of a decreasing birth rate, but mere figures, however cleverly arranged, do not appeal to the average mind. As it appears in the statistical tables, the dearth of babies does not evoke our personal interest, just as the intimation that the wheat crop has been a failure seldom suggests any interference with the supply of the family's breakfast rolls. The death rate is calculated to touch us individually much more nearly, for each of us has got the dying business to go through, while the matter of birth is over and done with. After all, what can it concern you or me if there are a few less youngsters born into the world? That is how the average individual, regarding the thing in the cold light of statistics, will most generally feel. Under Professor Segar's hand, however, the fact becomes invested with significance for every one of us—the married man and the bachelor, the mother of children or the spinster who has none. The Professor conjures up a vision before which we cannot stand unmoved. The colony is producing old people, but it is not producing young ones in the same proportion, and unless a change comes we must inevitably arrive in some years at a sad and painful condition of things. New Zealand, this young country, will have become a community of old, or comparatively old, people. Hushed will be the happy chorus of childish voices that now salute our ears, half-drowned by the sober sounds of middle-aged converse and the querulous complaints of age. The sentiment of such a future must appeal to us; yet, if we are so hard-hearted in heart that it fails to do so, there are other considerations to be met with which assail us on the purely selfish side of our nature. The falling off in the proportion of young shoulders to bear the burdens of life must mean, of course, that these will fall heavier on the older shoulders. Those, then, who are growing up, cannot look, in a few years, for the same friendly assistance from the juniors that has been the privilege of the old. And the old age pension, that blessed solatia of the needy sexagenarian, which would have been some compensation to look forward to, it looks as if it were likely to fall a victim to the declining birth rate. For, says the Professor, in a decade or so, the number of folks entitled to it will be doubled, entailing an expenditure of £100,000 instead of £100,000, and, of course, the number of people able to contribute the increased amount will be correspondingly lessened. The outlook is anything but cheerful, it must be confessed, and inevitably forces the enquiry: What is to be done? There is but one answer. We must increase the stock of babies. It is plain that there is no more important problem for New Zealand at the present time than that. To discuss that problem now would lead us much further than the limits of a mere topic that deals with the surface of things. Moreover, it is a decidedly delicate subject to tackle, but I have no hesitation in saying that when we begin to realise as a community all scruples in that regard will have to be thrown aside and the naked truth stand revealed.

that the war was of our seeking, and would place in the hands of Kruger a power vastly superior to that he possessed before the suicidal dispatch of his ever famous ultimatum. This object they hope to achieve by means of a broadest distribution of pamphlets full of half truths and whole fictions, arguments with a surface speciousness calculated to deceive, backed up with wholesale abuse of Mr Cecil Rhodes, and the party they call the South African gang. It would, I think, be a mistake to describe these men as disloyal. They claim, indeed, that they have only the good of the Empire at heart, and seem honestly and heartily afflicted with the idea that the present war is the first step to our national dissolution and disgrace. Their arguments have the merit of age. They are those that they have flung at us ever since Mr Rhodes began to loom large in South African politics, namely, that he is a bold bad man, whose sole idea is money, who has corrupted and bribed every newspaper in the metropolis, and, indeed, in the kingdom, so that none dare say what they know to be true, and that he and his set would sacrifice the entire Empire to gain their ends. As proof of this they urge the means which secured monopoly of the De Beers mine, and urge that the present war was partly promoted in order that white men may be reduced to the position of the Kaf-fir compound "boys," who are, they allege, worse than slaves. Of course one knows it is nonsense, and not likely to shake strong minds, but such words as these for example might influence the weakly impulsive and emotional: "England's real difficulties in South Africa will begin after the killing is over, and the supreme question we shall have to answer is: Shall the country that prides itself on being the 'Home of the free,' the Mother land of free nations, accept the ungracious and liberty-destroying mission of placing the population of South Africa, white and black alike, at the mercy of men like the diamond and gold fields 'bosses'—half a continent in the grasp of a gang of company promoters, stock exchange gamblers, diamond mine monopolists, and sweaters of labour! Ponder well this problem, for it is one of life and death not only for South Africa but for England. Little light can be obtained on it from the current journalism of the day, because, with a few noble exceptions, it has been misled or bought up by the lies or gold of the men who have led us into the present fratricidal war. A more conscientious group of men has never risen to prominence in a nation's affairs. These men are unscrupulous alike in the manipulation of markets and of political leaders and passions, and they are driving this noble old land of ours towards incalculable perils for their own ignoble ends." Of argument proper, or even of reason, there is not a trace from one end of these pamphlets to another. They are from cover to cover filled with just such wild and random statements as those I have quoted. Their effect will of course be nil, but if there were any danger of such capourings commanding attention, it would be our place as a part of the people of the Empire to battle against such opinions, influencing the peace proposals. Experience has shown—though those people cannot apparently see it—that tolerance is attributed to weakness. The peace proposals will be stringent, I doubt not, and I believe that in a very few years the most enthusiastic Pro-Boer will admit that in their stringency lay their true liberalism and mercy.

KRUGER AND HIS MILLIONS.

PRO-BOER IDEAS OF PEACE PROPOSALS.

That eminently conscientious and well-meaning minority, who have rendered themselves somewhat objectionable, and extremely ludicrous by their shrieking admonitions to "Stop the War," made little, if any, headway in New Zealand, and soon relapsed into silence, or even became apoplectic and sang patriotic songs; but in the Old Country, though equally heavily "sat upon" by public opinion, they are proving irresistible. Finding their efforts to arouse pro-Boer sentiment on a large scale only provocative of ridicule, and realising that the "fight to a finish" is now drawing very near to its conclusion, they are using the most frantic endeavours to alarm us as to the results of the war, and to persuade us that the only terms of peace tolerable, are such as would tacitly admit

It looks as if Mr Kruger were going to have some trouble with that million—or two millions, is it? He could explain his flight easily enough and justify it. When his armies and burghers were in full retreat it was natural that the old gentleman should also make tracks and yet not have the least intention of quitting the country altogether and leaving his followers to their fate. But the collaring of the two millions and suddenly departing, leaving Pretoria officialdom lamenting its unpaid salaries, had an altogether suspicious aspect about it. After that little act of his even the most blindly devoted adherent of the President might be excused for entertaining a shadow of doubt regarding the sincerity and patriotism of Uncle Paul. His care to secure the treasure for himself at the last moment consorts ill with the loud expressions of single-hearted devotion to his country which have

AN AWFUL OUTLOOK.

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fallen from his lips. To do him justice, the world expected something a little more heroic from him in his extremity. It was prepared to be staggered as he had promised, but it would have been contented with much less. The figure of that mouthy figure fronting alone the approach of the invader, and maintaining up to the last the stern face of defiance would have called forth the admiration of us all. And among his own people Oom Paul would have remained a household, a national inspiration as that of William Tell is among the Swiss. But a patriot who uses his authority to fill his money bags when the foe is at the gates, and slips out by the back door, can never hope to merit anything but the execration of posterity. The fugitive Kruger cuts a very sorry figure at best after all his insolent boasts and braggadocio. I notice that he absolutely denies having the money or any intention of getting out of the country with it. Of course he must assert as much if he is to have the least chance of getting away safely with his booty. But if he lies there must be those who know the truth. An old man cannot carry about two millions in gold among his personal belongings and no one but himself be cognisant of the fact. I suppose Paul explains to his constituents that he is holding the money in trust for his country; that these thousands of war are to be used to prolong the struggle; or should that prove hopeless he will go to Europe with the money and there subsidise the already friendly continental press to stir up hatred against the British. In some recently published biographical notes on Napoleon it is stated that the latter Emperor on several occasions declared that he could easily have bought the British press, the "Times" included, and be regretted he had not done so. Perhaps Mr Kruger anticipates being able to do something of the same kind. All that, however, is generous speculation on my part in which I confess I indulge with no great confidence of its turning out right. I cannot dispossess myself of the idea that Kruger's later part in this drama will not be a heroic one in any sense, and that he will prove himself to be but a mean mercenary soul after all.

THE LOST ART OF CONVERSATION.

It is a matter for profound regret, but the fact, I fear, remains, that for reasons hereinafter to be discussed, the gentle art of conversation would appear to be in a dying condition in this colony, and odd far to become as extinct as the moa. To those who like to controvert so sweeping an assertion, and desiring me to find evidence, I could supply many instances; but because it is apropos, I will choose, first, the reception given only the other evening by the Countess of Ranfurly, at Auckland Government House. The rooms, brilliantly lighted and beautifully decorated, were crowded with upwards of seven hundred well-dressed and (presumably) well-educated people, who would set themselves down as the cultured classes. From a spectator's standpoint, nothing was wanting. There were pretty women in pretty frocks, there were well-groomed men, every arrangement that thoughtfulness, good taste, and ample means could provide, had been provided for the enjoyment of the guests; all they had to do was to enter the lists of conversation with their friends, and enjoy the tournament. As a matter of fact, gossip and personal comments held the somewhat shy gathering entirely in thrall. There was no attempt at mutual entertainment; the guests simply stuck to the persons forming their own party, and made short peregrinations from drawing-room to corridor, and vice-versa. In not one group, so far as I could see, was any topic of general interest being discussed; in not one instance did the conversation rise above the level of feminine criticism on the frocks, and commonplace as to the prettiness of the decorations, and the number of the guests. Now, such topics were legitimate enough as a sort of implement to break the ice, but surely it is a pity that in such a gathering there should have been such an utter absence of that spirit of social communion which ought to have reigned, and that the power to talk pleasantly, amusingly, and, perhaps, even wittily, on such occasions should seem to have vanished so com-

pletely. The cause of the loss of the art is, of course, continued lack of exercise in even the rudiments of the same, and the terribly universal appreciation of gossip and petty scandal as a substitute. But one must go beneath these things if one wishes to get to the root of the matter, and find out how it is we have become so lazy, and so willing to accept tittle-tattle as a substitute for conversation. And I think we shall find that, to a great extent, the almost entire absence of the dinner party as a form of social entertainment is responsible for the moribund condition of the art of conversing. Much has been written, much alleged humour has been lavished on what is sometimes termed the professional diner-out, the individual that is whom any hostess making out her dinner list knows for a discreet and polished talker, a patient listener, a man with the news of the day at his finger-ends, with apropos comment or anecdote always ready for emergency, and who can therefore live—if he chose—at other men's tables from one end of the year to another. It is the fashion to chaff this individual, but had I a son of sufficient years, I would consider I might do worse than place him under the tutelage of such a man. The discipline and the restraints, the snubbings and encouragements imposed in turn on the diner-out are only equalled in value by the constant reading, observing, and general keeping up with the world, also essential to success. At no other function are such qualities demanded to so full an extent. One can gossip at a reception, one can discuss domestic questions at a musical party, one can talk scandal in the smoke-room or at afternoon teas, because at all these places two or three can get together separately. But at the dining table all this is altered. Gossip is not a success at dinner. Domestic details are barred, and scandal, if at all piquant, must be left till a more fitting time, as "those confounded servants," as Lytton calls them in Pelham, "are always in the way." A bore can work his evil will and yet be unobtrusive, drawing-room receptions and musical parties, but he is soon banished from any dining table, where the diner-out is merely looked upon as an accompaniment to the mutual entertainment of intelligent men and women. True, this accompaniment must be good of its kind to insure complete success, but it need not necessarily be elaborate. Love making is possible at dinner, because it is possible anywhere, but the manner of it must be so suppressed so literally kept beneath the table, that it is really never any serious hindrance to the general enjoyment. Surely, then, it is a pity we have let the dinner party, as the school of polite conversation, arise from our social calendar. Surely it is a pity not to push our ideas, our thoughts, our experiences against those of other people, to learn to derive pleasure from listening as well as talking, to prefer cleverness to scandal, and talking to tattling. It is a goodly host of us have let the means, have not the servants to give a dinner. Admitted that we cannot go in for elaborate menus, admitted that we cannot offer the viandages of Gilester, Ayala, Pol Roger, or whatsoever happens to be the popular brand of champagne, yet some of our friends are accustomed to these things, and so there can be not the smallest occasion to feel ashamed at our non-ability to furnish forth such entertainment. A tendency prevails—and really amongst a class who should know better—to imagine that there is a particular virtue in champagne, and that no self-respecting person of means in England drinks anything else. One would have imagined it unnecessary to controvert such an absurd vulgarism, but such is not the case. The delectable phrase, "a bottle of wine" (at home confined to an unspeakable mass) has been used (to denote champagne) to the writer by people who would have thought utterly incapable of such a solecism. If it is merely sparkling or other wines, and costly viands, that stand in the way of a revival of dinner parties and conversational art, let us at once sweep away such obstacles. Some of the most enjoyable dinner parties ever given in London were popularly known as the beef-baked, potatoes, and beer parties, and to such simple fare, men whose names are world famous were willing to sit down and exchange opinions; and if the wine was lacking, the wit was not. Such parties could be arranged here, and would certainly serve to enliven and elevate the usual round of social pleasures.

OPENING THE DOOR TO THE IMPERIAL ARMY.

Amongst many reforms which will be instituted directly the war is over, none will command more public attention or have further-reaching consequences, than the schemes now in preparation by Lord Wolseley and his satellites, for terminating the wretched state of affairs which render the military career practically a closed one, save to men of independent means. It is, of course, perfectly well known that no man can hope to enter the army without the possession of from three hundred to a thousand or upwards a year, according to the regiment to which he attaches himself, unless, of course, he should be willing to endeavour to work his way up from the ranks, a task few have pluck and determination to carry out, so far as English regiments are concerned. It has been amply proved in the present war that the system of selecting our officers only from the leisured class has resulted somewhat disastrously. In bravery there was no cause for complaint, but over and over again it was obvious that less of men and disaster were the result of incompetence, not wholly on the part of the commanding officers, but of their subordinates. It has not yet transpired in the brief despatches published, but after the war is over we shall no doubt hear of many cases where the care and forethought of the general was sacrificed to the foolish behaviour or incompetence of the subordinate to whom his instructions were entrusted. The reason for this is not hard to seek. These young officers are compact of pluck, they will endure misery, discomfort, cold, and semi-starvation with a cheery good nature beyond praise, when the call comes they will face death with smiling faces, with a jesting encouragement for those they lead on their lips, but, as one critic has observed, they do not know their trade, and

have never taken the trouble to learn it as a man has to learn the trade of a lawyer, a barrister, a doctor. His time, when he is home, is devoted too much to those pleasures and pursuits which necessitate the aforementioned £300 to £1000 a year. Now, if all regimental expenses were rigidly curtailed, and the pay given to officers increased, it is obvious that an entirely new set would be available from which to draw officers. At present our officers enter the army mainly "pour passez le temps," and because it is a family tradition to serve the Queen. This is altogether admirable from a certain point of view, and the sentiment of traditional service of the sovereign is of the noblest, but if, owing to such men following the fashionable world more keenly than their profession we are to suffer humiliating disasters and defeats, we are paying somewhat dear for that sentiment. Men whose means did not allow them the multifarious pastimes and pleasures with which most army men now regale their somewhat too ample leisure, would naturally concentrate their attention on their profession, and not regard it as a mere plaything. Of course, there are officers taken from the class mentioned whose profession is all in all to them, but, as any one who knows the smart army set is aware, these are not, to say the least of it, in the majority. Lord Wolseley has long wished to bring about this reform to cut down regimental expenses to a more reasonable figure, and to raise the standard of pay. Hitherto influence and conservatism have proved too strong for him. Now undoubtedly he will get his way. Necessity backs him up, and necessity, as we know, needs no law or custom. The granting of commissions to colonials—of no private means—is another spur, and this reform will indeed probably be one of the very first to receive attention when the "clearing up" process begins after the war is over.

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# Minor Matters.

A man named Millikan for many years infested a certain small country town. Millikan's chief bid for fame was the ingenuity of his excuses for not paying his debts. His business, when he condescended to have any, was always that of selling agent for something—porous plasters, fruit trees, sewing machines, head-stones, or other commodities—and if he had ever put half the skill and energy into his work that he did into his manufacture of excuses for non-payment, he would have prospered. Millikan never objected to being dunned—in fact, he often went to his creditors and "dunned himself," as the saying is. But he was always armed with an excuse of dazzling beauty. Usually he had had the money—indeed had started for his creditor's house with it—but had lost it in some way. Frequently he was robbed. If a bank closed its doors anywhere within 40 miles, Millikan had money in that bank. If a man absconded that man owed Millikan. If there was a fire it destroyed Millikan's possessions. If there was a rumour of a European war it depreciated Millikan's holdings and reduced his working capital.

Millikan had long owed Dr. Bates a bill. The doctor had about given up hope of ever getting it, and had settled down to a philosophical enjoyment of the man's excuses.

He had promised, solemnly, however, to pay it on a certain date, having a large sum coming to him for a consignment of apple-trees. The doctor's hopes revived somewhat. Bright and early on the morning Millikan rang his creditor's bell furiously. But the doctor found his face the picture of woe.

"Doc, I promised to pay you to-day," began the caller.

"You did, Millikan."

"Well, I'm sorry, Doc, but I can't do it. Blow the luck!"

"What's the matter this time?" asked the doctor.

"Why, Doc, the darnedest hardest luck you ever heard tell of. You know how absent-minded I am, Doc, and how patriotic—they are two of my strong points. Well, Doc, I was driving into town late last night with that money in my pocket, right in a roll, when the boys called me over and wanted me to help 'em celebrate Pretoria by shooting off that old brass cannon at midnight. Well, I went, and on the tenth round I was a-loading her, and we ran out of wadding, and what do you think I done, Doc, in my excitement, but yank out that roll of notes and ram 'em into that cannon and touch 'er off before I thought; and there went all that hard-earned cash all blowed to flinders. Doc, I am sorer than you be. But I'll have it for you by the 1st of August sure."

The Pretoria celebration at Dunedin bordered at times a little on the boisterous, and on one occasion a large crowd had gathered in front of Messrs. Sargood Son and Ewen's premises, where something in the nature of a scrimmage was proceeding. The matter was just looking a little serious, when a happy idea struck some one, who applied a very effective remedy. On the top of the premises there is a large reservoir for fire-extinguishing purposes, and some of the contents were directed on the crowd below. The effect was magical. As soon as the unlooked-for shower bath was felt, everyone scattered in all directions, and the affair terminated amidst loud laughter.

The late Prince Bismarck was not given to the telling of stories, but once, at a banquet in Berlin, he told one of General Moltke, who was dining at the same table. "Do you remember, general," he said, turning to the great strategist, "the last time you accepted a cigar from me?" Moltke could not recall the occasion. "Well," rejoined Bismarck, "I myself shall never forget the circumstances. It was on the day of Koniggratz, during the anxious time when the battle stood still and we could neither go backward nor forward—when one aide-de-camp after another galloped off without ever returning, and we could get no news of the Crown Prince's coming. I was frightfully uneasy, and my eyes wandered round in search of you. I saw you standing not far off. You were gazing on the battle with a look of the

most serene indifference, and the stump of a cigar in your mouth. 'Well,' said I to myself, 'if Moltke can go on smoking so calmly as that it can't be so very bad with us after all.' So, riding up, I offered you my case, which contained two cigars, a good and a bad one. With the unerring glance of a true commander, you selected the good one. I smoked the other myself after the battle, and I never enjoyed a smoke better in my life. Collier's Weekly.

In default of other amusements Picton people are cultivating the piscatorial art, and spend no end of time charming the finny tribe. Wonderful fish stories are related—some of them true and some are mixed to be taken cum grano salis; but one of the funniest is about a Chinaman who also fell a victim to the prevailing craze, and went a-fishing off the wharf. He got tremendous bites (from a small urchin who had stowed himself away under the wharf), and hauled in time after time without any result, and he kept on assuring everybody around that the fish "him welly small, but catchee him pleasantly." Presently he caught him truly, for, having thrown out his line a little further than usual, the youngster under the wharf over-balanced himself and went flop into the water. Johann's pig-tail nearly fell off with fright when he found he had caught a boy. The on-lookers shrieked, and the boy capered about in the water oblivious of sharks and such like.

The Book Tea could not possibly run very long. Of the giving of such teas there must come an end. Still, the idea was too novel and too appreciable to the common understanding for it to be allowed to die utterly. It had like the influenza to leave behind it its formidable after-results. And one of these results is the Flower Tea. The phrase sounds feminine and hopeful. But the thing itself proved even worse than the Book Tea. It had, of course, the same idea. You were invited to a tea to what the French say the English call "A Five o'Clocks"—and when you entered the room you were to personate a flower, and you were allowed to wear a badge to help you. It sounds all very pleasant. One has ideas of a shy, gentle girl looking like a violet, of a queenly beauty as a rose, of the grace of a lily, of the stinging sarcasm of a nettle. But, unfortunately, the thing is taken in another way, and it is the badge that settles the flower and puzzles the company. For how should one guess that a friendly-looking girl, with kind eyes and a portrait of Kruger pendant from a button-hole meant Anemone? Or, again, that a pretty bicyclist, lithe and fearless, decorated with a picture of a flower, or, better still, with the flower itself, symbolised a Cyclamen (a sickly man), or that a male guest showing on a card on his coat something like a rook perched on a big D meant a Crocus? If Book Teas were a good thing—which we doubt—surely Falstaff was right when he said that the fault of the English was that when they had a good thing they made it too common.

There are many stories of the originality of little folks concerning matters eternal, but the following, got off by two little Wanganui children, is hard to beat. Tommy, a precocious youth of six summers, took it upon himself to administer a theological lecture to his sister, a maiden of still more tender years. The occasion was bedtime, and Tommy's surplice was his nightgown and his pulpit was his cot. He took as his subject "Heaven and Hell." Heaven, he said, was a place where all good people went to, and where the happy ones sang songs, played on golden harps, and wore crowns on their heads. Hell, on the other hand, was a place where people who drank and smoked were sent. You, he said, pointedly addressing his sister, will go to the bad place, because you are naughty and you scratch and lose your temper, and I'll go there too because I do wicked things and spit. Ma will go to heaven, because she's so good and kind to us, and never loses her

temper. At this stage the timorous baby, in tears, sobbing at the gloomy prospect held out for her by the gloomy theologian. Even Tommy was moved, for he finished his oration with the comforting assurance—"Never" mind, Cis, Pa will be with us!"

In new districts where lawyers of profound learning are not to be had for Magistrates, the country Justice of the Peace, with common sense and a sense of justice, makes an acceptable substitute. Nevertheless, there are numerous instances in which the proceedings of country justices would be the better for more knowledge of the law. Lawyers relate queer instances of their proceedings.

A colonial Justice of the Peace is said to have presided in a case brought by himself for an assault on him by his wife. After testifying in the case himself, and hearing all the evidence of other witnesses, he threw the case out of court on the ground of insufficiency of evidence! His rigorous sense of justice and self-abnegation are likely to rank in history above those of the Roman judge who condemned his own son to death.

When this story was sold lately an American present match it with an account of a country judge up in the mountains, who was presiding in an important horse-stealing case. Although it was properly a jury case, the lawyers on both sides agreed to dispense with the jury, requesting the judge to "act as jury." The judge took the request literally, and also felt that there should be, to satisfy the law, nominally a jury.

After mounting the bench and considering a long time, the judge left the bench, entered the jury-box, and had himself sworn by the clerk. He heard the evidence there, but when an objection was made on a law point he left the box, mounted the bench and passed on it as judge, returning to the jury-box when the testimony was resumed.

After the evidence was all in, he wrote out his instructions as judge, and, handing the document to one of the attorneys, requested him to read it to the jury. After listening in the box to the instructions, he had himself conducted from the room by the sheriff and locked in the jury-room to consider the case and prepare a verdict.

"How long did he stay out?" asked one of the lawyers to whom the story was being told.

"Six hours."

"What was the verdict?"

"He reported that the jury was unable to agree, and as judge discharged himself!"

The following is the latest ghost story, and is affirmed to be absolutely true. The substance of the story is as follows:—Two lovers talked of the possibility of communication after death on the eve of their marriage, and promised each other that the first who died would, if it were possible, appear to the one upon the earth, no matter what pain it cost to do so. A few days later the man went away to his warship. The wife got letters from him daily. One morning she awakened, after dreaming of her husband, and saw him standing at the foot of the bed. She rubbed her eyes in amazement, for he instantly vanished, but her heart was full of dread. She descended into the garden, and there saw him again. This time he disappeared as instantly as before. She knew he was dead. A little later his daily letter came, but that did not reassure her. Her father and the servants all said they had seen him, and soon a telegram came announcing that he had been drowned that morning while attempting to rescue a companion. He never appeared to her again.


A man runs up against some queer risks in railway travelling. Know a way-back storekeeper who carries gunpowder with him because he "can't see the force of paying ten shillings for having fifteen bob's worth of explosives put into compartment set apart for the purpose." He sticks the powder carelessly under the seat to be kicked by everybody's heels. Also (says the same writer in the "Bulletin") I once travelled from Cootamundra with a case of typhoid. It was in my arms most of the way, as the compartment was crowded. It was "going to Sydney Hospital." Again, travelled to Goulburn with fat old lady with an offensive smell in a carpet

bag. Officials, suspecting defused baby, seized the bag, but found in it only a lot of shells and decomposing seaweed, which the old party had collected at Manly Beach. The authorities should ordain that all parcels shall set forth on the outside the nature of their contents, and surely there should be separate compartments for fever patients as much as for explosives. Another night, near Cambelltown, a man's muzzle-loading gun went off and shattered a parson's bottle of gin in the rack. "Hum," said the owner of the gun, coolly, "thought I had her at half-cock."

An accident occasioned by a too inquisitive inspection of a ship's rocket occurred at Castlecliff, Wanganui, the other day. Three young men were examining the rocket, which had been picked up by one of them, when one of the trio indiscreetly applied a match to it. Of course, a violent explosion followed, as the result of which all three sustained injuries in the shape of nasty cuts about the body, arms and legs. Fortunately neither of the young fellows were injured about the face. They were promptly brought into the Hospital in a special train, where their wounds were dressed by Dr. Anderson.

As showing the wisdom of municipalities buying rats from Tom, Dick and Harry, with the object of preventing the spread of the plague, witness the conduct of a small boy in my Melbourne suburb. One recent morning a friend encountered a youngster with three rats on a string, and being of an enquiring turn ascertained that the proud proprietor of the rodents was "taking 'em to school." "What for?" "Why, to sell 'em, o' course." "But not at school?" Yes, there's a feller in our class, what gives three 'pence each for 'em. Then when he gets a lot he sells 'em for three bob a dozen in another." My enquiring friend ascertained that the name of the enterprising youth who posed as wholesale dealer in rats was Moses Moses. That is near enough, anyhow.

A well-known physician, while speaking of the various methods of inducing sleep, said: "I've tried them all—putting a cold towel on the head, bathing the feet in hot water, counting up to 1,000, drinking a glass of milk, and so on—and the best thing I ever found was simply this: When I have worked all the evening and find myself at bedtime in a state of nervous or mental activity, I go to bed and place my right hand directly over the pit of my stomach. Whether it is the animal warmth of the hand acting on the stomach and drawing the circulation from the head, or some nervous action, I can't say, but I know that I fall asleep in a few minutes. I believe that in a large majority of the ordinary cases of sleep-



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ness, this simple remedy will prove... this simple remedy will prove effective. I have recommended it to many patients, and they report surprising success.

# Current Comment.

Many people are fond of dog stories. Here is one of the very latest. The owner (who signs himself A.C.O.) writes I have a bitch—half Gordon setter and half collie—who gives proof of a spiritual side to her nature. One day I set her on to a cow that had strayed into the garden. Presently there was a yelp of pain and the slut came hopping back on three legs, evidently suffering much agony. One of her feet had been trodden on by the cow. My grief was demonstrative, but in the middle of my caresses she suddenly ceased yelping, and though tears were running down her muzzle, began to frisk on three legs, gave some would-be joyous but false barks, and flled to the stable. I followed and looked through a knot hole. The dog was limping about moaning, but the moment I went in the paw was lowered and she again began to act "I'm not hurt." Now, that dog felt my pain more than her own. To save my feelings she disguised hers.

After a recent race, when there was a certain sort of demonstration in the paddock over the running of a horse, someone asked, "Where are the stewards?"

A gentleman in the crowd at once replied, "Oh, they're all in the Ophthalmic Hospital!"

One of the old time southern negroes went to Boston to make his fortune. After a week of walking up and down, he found himself penniless, and no work in sight. Then he went from house to house. "If you please, son," he began, when his ring at the front door was answered, "can't you give a p'cellud man work ter do, or somepon' ter eat?" And the polite answer invariably was: "No, mister—very sorry, but have nothing for you." Every one who answered his ting addressed him as Mr. but shut their doors and heards against him. Finally he rang the bell at a brown stone front. A gentleman appeared, and the old man began: "Boss, I is starvin'. Can't you gimme some vittles?" "You damned black, kinky-headed rascal!" exclaimed the gentleman, "how dare you ring the bell at my front door? Go to the back yard way to the kitchen and the cook'll give you something to eat." But just there the old man fell on his knees, exclaiming: "Thank de Lawd, I foun' my own white folks at last! Thank de Lawd, I foun' 'em! I foun' 'em!"

One goes from home for the news (this is from a Sydney weekly). A Napier (M.L.) hoketkeeper recently made a pet of a bony pig, and Isaac (that was the porker's name) became a great favourite with all the hotel frequenters, but some wags laid an information against the prop. for keeping pigs within the city boundary, and Bung was fined. The fair mistress of the inn carried Isaac—who had a blue ribbon round his neck to court in her arms, and when the case went against them, dropped copious tears on the little porker's pink snout. Nevertheless, Isaac appeared the same evening at the head of the table—on a dish with parsley trimmings.

The ghastliest story which the war has yet brought forth is that which tells us that at Spion Kop one of the Englishmen, while in the act of firing in a prone position, had his head taken clean off by a large shell. To the astonishment of his comrades the headless body quietly rose, stood upright for a few seconds, and then fell. A few such stories have been told before, and they are not to altogether discredited. A great many scientists are prepared to assert that decapitation does not instantly destroy life or consciousness, though neither could last for more than a second or two. There is a story of the Prussian hero-man who, after his head had been taken off by a cannon ball, continued to strike at his foe, to the terror of all beholders. The famous experiment with one of the French victims of the guillotine will also be recalled. An arrangement was made with the doomed man that after decapitation he should open and shut his eyes three times. He opened them twice, it is said, and so left the mystery unsolved. But it would be unsafe to make any positive deductions from a few isolated cases.

## COLONIAL AMMUNITION.

The question of securing a regular and adequate supply of reliable ammunition for defence purposes has been under consideration in various Australian colonies during the past few months, chiefly in connection with the proposal to establish a Federal factory. At present the colony draws its supply of rifle cartridges from the factory of the Colonial Ammunition Company at Auckland, having contracted to take two million rounds a year. We are not immediately concerned with the affairs of the company, which may or may not close its business in the colony should the Government refuse to enter into a further agreement. It is essential, however, that we should be independent of the Mother Country and of Australia for our supplies, for, apart from a crisis like the present, when it would have been practically impossible for Great Britain to meet colonial demands, the advent of a hostile fleet to these waters might cut us off completely from an Australian factory. To our mind the Government might very well engage in the industry itself, but it has hitherto shown no inclination in that direction, and the next best thing would be to offer the private company sufficient inducements to remain in the colony. The public must insist on the need for local supplies of ammunition, and we should be very glad to see the whole question discussed during the coming session of Parliament.—Lyttelton "Times."

## FIGHTING THE PRO-BOER PROPAGANDA.

We believe that what has brought Great Britain and the colonies round to our side is the mass of private correspondence that has gone on with people from all parts of the Empire and their friends in the Transvaal. It is easy to say, though not to prove, that the Press is misled by the "capitalists," but when an Australian or the Rand writes privately to his friend in Melbourne, telling him how things go on in the Transvaal, there can be no suspicion of undue influence. Private correspondence is a powerful weapon, and we would urge upon all South Africans who have friends with influence in the Old Country to spare no pains in keeping before them the true issues of this struggle, and particularly to insist upon those points which would not strike anyone not living in the very peculiar social environment of this country. Such influence finds its way to the Press and the platform, and must avail in the final settlement. All that we beg of our readers is, not to suppose that everything is done when Lord Roberts reaches Pretoria. The public men of this country have before them some of the greatest opportunities of constructive statesmanship in our generation, and we only trust that they will rise to them.—Cape "Times."

## ABSURD EXAMINATIONS.

The theory of examinations is all right, but the actual working out of them sometimes seems rather peculiar. I have a friend who was elected to teach Latin and Greek in a certain High School. She was to teach nothing else. The school rules required her to secure her certificate of competence. Was she examined on Latin or Greek, the branches which she was to teach? Not at all. Not a question touching either language or its writers was put to her, although she was examined in arithmetic, history, and a dozen other things. She was asked concerning the digestive apparatus of a grasshopper, and the nervous system of a crab—two essential things for a teacher of the dead languages to know. She answered the former by saying she had never dissected a grasshopper, but she inferred from the reports from Kansas that the digestive apparatus of the insect was a mammoth haycocker, which assimilated a ton of green stuff a minute, and until the question was put to her it had never occurred to her

that a crab was nervous. The questions asked her are a very fair example of the usual aptness of an examination of an applicant for a position. Any examination to be of value should be special and in reference to the position for which the person makes application. This seems axiomatic, but evidently it is not, or gardeners would be expected to know a rose from a geranium.

## THE MAIL SERVICE BATTLE.

The San Francisco route will be favourable for passengers, says our Wellington contemporary, but as a mail service it will be worse than ever it has been. Commercial houses in Auckland and Wellington doing business with Great Britain—and three-fourths of the colony's trade is with London—will receive correspondence by the incoming steamer to which they will be unable to dispatch replies inside of twelve days. If the Government ignored the American service and granted a subsidy to the Union Steamship Company to put on a fast connecting service between Wellington and Sydney, the mails by way of America from London might be delivered with as great despatch as if they reached the colonial towns by way of Auckland. Such a subsidy to the Union Company might be made to develop the Sydney-Suez service, which would then be as quick as far as receipt and despatch of mails would be concerned, as the American service with nearly a fortnight between the incoming and outgoing steamers.

## HEALTH REFORMS IN THE NEW PARLIAMENT.

When the plague was at its height, the Health Acts of the colony were found to be very defective, and it is evident that our sanitary machinery is not adequate to cope with a serious epidemic. Sanitary reforms are urgently needed, particularly in the direction of strengthening the central authority. For our own part we should be glad to see created a Department of Health, with ample powers of supervision over the local bodies, which are so apt to neglect their duties. In case of emergency there should be some final authority which can act for the community without promptness and without fear. The Colonial Secretary (Mr. Ward) seemed inclined a short while ago to favour legislation upon this subject, but of late we have heard little about it, and the Premier, we believe, has even gone so far as to state that the present law is sufficient on all occasions. We trust, however, that the Colonial Secretary will remain faithful to his first convictions, and crown his energetic precautionary measures with an amendment of the law for the future benefit of the colony.

## HOW ORDER WILL BE KEPT ON THE RAND AFTER THE WAR.

We look most to Volunteer organisation. The Rand, in the country where the greatest danger will obviously be centred, will have, in a very short time, an enormous European population. Volunteering, to accept for the moment a contradiction in terms, will have to be compulsory. That is to say, that those who control the mining industry will have to recognise Defence as just as much an essential part of their business as crushing the ore or amalgamating the gold. There will be no place on the Rand for those gentle, simple souls who, when trouble came, protested "Us don't want to fight; us only wants to make our wages in peace." That may be an excellent attitude in certain stages of society; all we know is that it will not do for the Rand. The splendid services of Colonel Seymour and the Railway Pioneer Regiment, not to speak of the Imperial Light Horse and other regiments, show how capable the Rand is of taking care of itself if only it has, as Bishop Wilberforce said of religion, "a fair start." Every working miner will be a private; every foreman a sergeant; every manager an officer. When the Rand has its dozens of Volunteer regiments there will be peace in the Transvaal. There will be constabulary forces, in which

we shall, hope to see young loyal Afrikaanders side by side with Britons and Canadians and Australians. Far from being hopeless, the question of Defence in South Africa opens up the most magnificent possibilities if only it is taken up in the right way.—Cape "Times."

## IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?

You know the question, Is life worth living? and have doubtless answered it to yourself; but perhaps you did not give the same answer that some wise man did who had puzzled over it. He says that to make life worth living you must see a fine picture, hear some good music, and think or read some noble thought every day, and then life becomes one grand, sweet song. There is an element of selfishness in that arrangement, or perhaps it is merely a disregard of all but self that may tend to happiness; for it is true that in just the measure that one cares for another one loses a certain equanimity of spirit which, if not happiness, is a fairly good substitute for it. If one gets daily the three things advised by this writer quoted he is sure to have gathered some good and great pleasures as his days pass along. Nor is wealth needed for the possibility of such enjoyments. Beautiful pictures are about us everywhere. The sky is full of them. The very smoke, as it floats away, forms more of them. Nature gives them with a liberal hand. In the city the art stores provide some, though they are not as beautiful as those which nature paints. The good music may be had if you play at all, for the best composers have written easy as well as difficult compositions. The noble thought is to be had from all ages of mankind. Nor to have a thought noble must you have it reminding you that man is a poor thing anyway. He is not. Man is the last and best work of God, and it has always seemed to me queer that good Christians should cast reproach on the work of the Lord, made in His image if we are to believe the Scriptures, by speaking of it as a poor worm, et cetera. Except in the rare instances when man is nothing but a two-legged beast, he is not so bad as he gets the credit of being. Man seldom gets so low that it is not possible to find traces of the divine in him if you seek it. Possibly if he had not been assured so often that he was a vile sinner, in whom was no spiritual health, he might appear at his best always.—Beacon.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Notice to Contributors.—Any letters or MSS. received by the Editor of the "New Zealand Graphic" will be immediately acknowledged in this column.

Peg Worthington.—Our expert in handwriting gives the following delineation: Your handwriting displays a character in which truth, sincerity and independence are most conspicuous. Your temper is quick, and you are impatient of control; but I detect so much genuine kindness of heart that you would never cause pain intentionally, although you are severe upon any description of deceit. Your judgment is not critical, you pay little attention to minute details, and form your opinions with great rapidity. Your mind is very active, and your intelligence comprehensive. You grasp the whole of a subject at once, and receive impressions with ease. Self-reliance is well represented, and, while your manners are courteous and you can reason persuasively at will, sensitive pride is so strongly in evidence that the necessity of asking a favour is always painful to you, and you would rather submit to serious personal inconvenience than incur an obligation, however trifling. Your affection is strong, and of a durable type, but you are not a general lover, and you are too self-contained to form gushing friendship. Your will is sometimes determined, but perseverance is not conspicuously developed, and energy, excepting for the enjoyment of outdoor pursuits, I think, requires the stimulus of interest.

## MARCELLA.

Clark's B. F. 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 six each, of all Chemists and Patent Medicine Vendors throughout the World. Proprietors, The Lincoln and Midland Counties Drug Company, Lincoln, England.

# Sports and Pastimes.

## TURF FIXTURES.

June 21. 2—Hawke's Bay Jockey Club  
June 21. 7—Gisborne Park Racing Club  
June 27. 12—Napier Park Racing Club  
July 18 and 21—Wellington R. C. Winter  
August 14 and 16, 18—N.Z. Grand National Meeting

## DATES OF COMING EVENTS.

June 22—Hawke's Bay Steeplechase

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## NOTES BY MONITOR.

The A.R.C. are certainly to be congratulated on their luck with the weather, for on both days of the meeting it proved brilliantly fine, although the intervening days were very much the reverse. All the arrangements were efficiently carried out, although there was some little trouble with the number board on the first day. Another point which the executive would do well to see into is the catering, which, at all events, on the second day, was a long way below the standard usually found at headquarters.

Among our illustrations will be found an excellent portrait of Cavalier, one of the heroes of the A.R.C. Winter Meeting. The son of Cuiassier, it will be remembered, defeated a very strong field in the Grand National Hurdle Race, run last Saturday, and emphasised this form by carrying a greatly increased weight to victory on the second day in the Handicap Hurdles. Cavalier ran two exceedingly good races at North Shore, so that it would appear he is in the first flight over hurdles in the colony.

Everyone was pleased to see old Voltigeur II. carry off the Great Northern Steeplechase. At the Shore the other day the grey horse won the Takapuna Steeplechase after a desperate battle with Woolman, being ridden to a standstill. The race at Ellerslie was almost a repetition of this, for Burns' mount was so completely done at the finish as hardly to be able to be kept out of a walk. It is reported that his owner threw in for a tidy little stake, and no one will begrudge him the win.

The Selling Steeplechase, run on the first day of the meeting, proved somewhat of a very interesting nature. There were ten horses listed on the card to compete, and of these only four donned silk. The visiting horse The Friar made nearly all the running throughout, romping home fully 20 lengths in front of Riot. The other competitors, La Belle, came to grief at the post and rail fence on top of the hill when holding a good position, while Kapai, who looked in condition, was pulled up by his jockey on the second time round of the journey.

It is reported that the veteran sprinter St. Clements is under offer to a Southern sportsman, who intends putting the old horse to the stud. The bay son of St. Leger and Satanella was a speedy and game customer in his day and should do well in his new sphere if mated with good mares.

During the week the result of the Manchester Cup came to hand. This event was won by the Duke of Portland's smart three-year-old filly La Roche, who is by St. Simon from Miss Mildred. Evidently this filly is particularly speedy, as it will be remembered that it was only the other day that the news came of her victory in the Oaks at Epsom.

Mr W. Coleman's chestnut horse Dingo showed improved form at the recent Ellerslie meeting. This gelding, who is a full-brother to Nor-west and Troubadour, won the Maiden Steeplechase on the opening day, beating a field of eleven others, and on the concluding day he again gave the public a taste of his quality by winning the Tally-Ho Steeplechase, after a very exciting finish with Straybird.

The Master, which annexed the Maiden Welter on the first day, is a big, powerful bay gelding by Nelson from The Maid, and was bred privately by his owner Major George. The Master showed form at the recent Avondale meeting, and I was rather surprised to find him pay the substantial dividend of £21 16s, which, by the way, was the largest paid at the meeting.

The sprinter Telephone was seen out in both the Maiden Hurdle races run at the Grand National Meeting. On the first day the little chestnut bounded away to the front in great style, but the second fence proved fatal to him. On the concluding day he shaped much better, but blundered considerably at some of the obstacles, yet his rider (Stewart) managed to keep him on his feet long enough to score a win.

The Southern horse Social Pest failed to shine at all prominently at our Ellerslie meeting. In the Grand National Hurdles, although having the crusher of 12.30 to carry, there were quite a number who fancied the big son of Anna's chance. No doubt the weight and the heavy going told its tale, for never once in the race did he show at all prominently. On the concluding day Social Pest was sent out to compete in the Tally-Ho Steeplechase, but although he jumped well he never once in the race appeared to have a chance.

The Selling Steeplechase was a bit of a gift to the visiting horse The Friar, who started a red-hot favourite. The son of Hiko, who is only a commoner in appearance, went to the front immediately the flag fell, and making every post a winning one, romped home fully twenty lengths ahead of the second horse. The Friar was offered by auction after the race, and was bought in by his owner for £31.

A cable received during the week gave us the result of the Grand Prix, which was won by Baron A. de Shickler's filly Semendria, who is by Le Saucy from Fealty.

It was a great blow to punters when they found Dummy had been scratched at the seventh hour for the Grand National Steeplechase. The gelding was in the paddock walking about prior to the race, and it was thought by many that he would be sure to take part in the contest. I had a look at his leg, which was considerably swollen, and by the way he carried it along limping at every stride he took, his owners were very wise in putting the pen through his name.

Although the visiting contingents of horses were very strong this year at our recent winter gathering they failed to pull off either of the "plums." On the first day The Friar proved successful in the Selling Steeplechase, while Silver Ray just managed to score a win in the Maiden Hurdles. On the second day the only win scored by the visitors was in the Ladies' Bracelet, which was won by the West Coast horse Tarrigan. St. Peter is no doubt an improved horse. In the Flying Stakes at the Takapuna meeting, the bay son of St. Leger showed that he could muster up great pace, for it will be remembered at the bend he was last horse, and when once in the straight came like a shot out of a gun, winning on the post. On the first day of the recent Ellerslie meeting St. Paul's brother again showed the public that he could sprint, for he had fully five lengths lead of the field at the bend, but failed to stay it out. On the second day he improved on this for he fairly smothered his field, romping home the easiest of winners by three lengths.

Nor-west ran a much better horse in the G.N. Steeplechase than most people anticipated. It was reported that the big son of Sou-wester had not done a very sound preparation since being brought back from Sydney, and having a heavy burden to carry very few were found voting him a chance in the big race. When it was noticed that all the horses who were fancied in preference to Nor-west were scratched the public came at their old fancy and he started second favourite. There is no doubt he ran a good race, but it must be admitted his rider Hall made a grave error in keeping the big horse so far back during the early stage of the race. Had he been kept closer to his field I feel certain that the result would have been reversed with old Voltigeur II.

The unlucky horse at the recent Grand National Meeting was undoubtedly the West Coast horse Kaimate. In the G.N. Hurdles he had

the bad luck to be beaten by Cavalier, and on the concluding day in the big steeplechase it looked odds on when they raced down the hill that he would beat the old grey, but the stone wall proved fatal to the son of The Australian, and he turned turtle. Kaimate was immediately remounted and finished third.

The Auckland Coursing Club commence their June meeting to-day (Wednesday), and it will be continued on Saturday. This meeting is the principal one for the year, the two chief stakes being the Great Northern Challenge and New Lynn Maiden Stakes. Twenty-eight nominations have been taken for the first-named and twenty-seven for the New Lynn, so that there should be no lack of sport.

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## NORTH NEW ZEALAND GRAND NATIONAL MEETING.

### FIRST DAY.

Nothing could have been more delightful than the weather which greeted race-goers on Saturday morning, and, indeed, on both days of the meeting Old Sol was very much in evidence for the time of the year. Mr H. Percival, the popular secretary, had all the arrangements in apple pie order, and he must be congratulated on the manner in which they were carried out.

The winter meeting, consisting as it does of so many jumping races, is always a popular one, and this year proved no exception to the rule, patrons turning up in large numbers from all over the province, the West Coast being well represented. Taking it all round, considering the number of jumping events listed on the card, it proved singularly free of casualties, and the few riders who came to grief got off with little more than a shaking.

Speculation was fairly brisk during the afternoon, the sum of £2883 being put through the totalisator, as against £812 handled on the corresponding day of last season's gathering. In the absence of Colonel Banks, Mr F. Lawry, M.H.R., occupied the judge's box, while the starting was in the capable hands of Mr. George Cutts, who in almost every case got his fields well away together.

Proceedings opened with the Maiden Steeplechase, for which a good field of twelve donned silk. Volcano was the popular pick, the bay son of Torpedo being in strong demand. At the fall of the flag Woolman and Dingo went to the front, closely followed by Straybird, the rest of the field being scattered. There was very little alteration throughout the race, Dingo being in the van for the greater part of the journey, finally romping home fully five lengths in front of Volcano, while Straybird filled third position.

In the Winter Welter which followed a fine field of nineteen lined up behind the barrier. Rosella was a slightly better favourite than Winsome on the machine. Immediately the barrier rose the colours of Knight of Arhol and Canopus could be seen in the front, and the pair showed the way across the bottom stretch. When rounding from the cutting St. Peter was seen making his way to the front, and the bay son of St. Leger had fully five lengths' lead at the top stretch. At this point it looked as though the race was all over, but a little further on Rosella could be seen coming at him, closely followed by Record Reign, and a desperate battle ensued until straight, Rosella finally gaining the verdict by a short head.

The next event on the programme was the Grand National Hurdle Race, for which eleven horses were found willing to do battle. The Guard was a strong order, Cavalier was next in request, while Torpina and Social Pest were also well supported. Immediately the barrier rose Cavalier and Korowai rushed to the front and led over the first obstacle, closely followed by Kaimate and Torpina. When at the hurdle leading out of the cutting Torpina was seen to turn turtle, while this had the effect of bringing The Guard to grief. Racing past the stand Troubadour was on terms with Cavalier and Kaimate, and this order was

maintained until the cutting was reached the second round, when Cavalier went to the front, and coming on in great style, won by three lengths from Kaimate, while Toro was two lengths further back.

The Selling Steeplechase followed, and for this only four horses went to the post. The Friar was in strong request, while Riot was the only other who was thought to have a chance against the visiting horse. The race was a poor one from a spectator's point of view, for the Friar, going to the front shortly after the start, never left the issue in doubt, winning easily from Riot.

For the Handicap Maiden Hurdle Race a field of eight competed. Acone was elected favourite, while the Southerner, Silver Ray, also carried a good deal of money. Telephone was first away, and, going at a great bat, soon had several lengths' lead of the field, but this did not last long, for at the second hurdle he came a cropper, and Silver Ray shot to the front, closely followed by Tokapa, the rest of the field being scattered. Silver Ray was still in command when the straight was reached, and, coming on, won by a length from Conspirer, while Tip, who came with a great run at the finish, managed to gain third position.

Then came the Maiden Handicap Welter Race, a fine field of eighteen lining up behind the barrier. To a good start Waylay showed the way across the top stretch just in front of a bunched field, when The Master joined issue, with Lieutenant close up. Racing round the bend The Master was in the van, and, coming along in good style, just managed to gain a half-head victory from Toro.

The concluding event on the programme was the Ladies' Bracelet, in which the Tarapaki-owned horse Tarawa was made a strong favourite, while Honesty was also well supported. Immediately the barrier rose Honesty rushed to the front, and, holding her own throughout, won easily by three lengths from The Afghan.

### SECOND DAY.

The attendance on the second day was fully up to the average, about 6,000 persons visiting the Ellerslie course. Among these were His Excellency, the Governor, who was accompanied by the Hon. C. Hill Trevor, A.D.C., and the Commander of I.M.S., Mohawk. Colonel Banks replaced Mr. Lawry as judge, and in every instance his decisions were satisfactory. Mr. Geo. Cutts was again at the starting-barrier, but it must be readily admitted that he was not so happy as usual in dispatching the fields, many of the starts being of a most straggling description. Betting throughout the day was fairly brisk, although on the big race speculation was considerably below last year's total owing to the number of prominent horses withdrawn. The sum of £9,142 went through the totalisator, beating last year's record by £201, this making a grand total for the meeting of £17,225 as against £17,070 last year. The racing commenced with the Maiden Hurdles, in which only four went out to try conclusions. Small though the field was, it proved an excellent betting race, each candidate having any amount of admirers, the race ultimately going to Telephone, who had fewest supporters.

The Maiden Welter attracted a fine field of fourteen, of which The Afghan and Toro had by far the most support, while The Frenchman and Waylay were the only others to be backed to any extent. The race resulted in a very hollow victory for The Afghan, who centered home six lengths in front of the field.

The big event of the meeting—the Great Northern Steeplechase—was robbed of a great deal of interest by the number of withdrawals, Dummy, Dentist, Muscatel, Troubadour, Cairo, Venture, The Guard, and Tokapa all having the scratching pen put through their names. The defections proved a great shock to early backers, as nearly all the horses mentioned were very heavily supported, notably so in the case of Dummy, Venture, and The Guard. Voltigeur II., taking advantage of his light weight, made the running practically throughout, his nearest attendant being Kaimate, while Nor-west was kept a long way back. Kaimate challenged the grey at the back of the course in the third round, and the two ran together for a couple of furlongs, when The Australian's son commenced to draw away, and his victory was loudly proclaimed. Two jumps from home he came to grief, thus leaving Voltigeur in the

lead, and although Nor-West came with a wonderful run at the Bush, he was quite unable to close the immense gap which had separated him from the son of Lionel, who won, ridden right out, by six lengths.

Cavalier again demonstrated that he is a fine horse over sticks by annexing the Handicap Hurdles somewhat easily from Tim, and his running in this event bears out the contention that he would have won the Grand National Hurdles on Saturday even if his two most formidable opponents The Guard and Torpina had not come to grief.

The Tally Ho Steeplechase was voted a fairly good thing for Dinga, although the Southern Social Pest had plenty who fancied his chance despite it being his first attempt over country at Ellerslie. The race proved a fine duel between Dinga and Straybird, and the latter at one time looked like winning, but South-West's son came very fast up the straight and won somewhat easily by three lengths.

No less than sixteen fled out to take part in the Second Winter Welter, and of these Honora, Winsome, and St. Ursula were the public favorites. The race, however, proved an easy victory for St. Peter, who, of course, was bracketed with St. Ursula on the machine, otherwise his dividend would have been a very substantial one.

The Ladies' Bracelet, which concluded the meeting, was voted rather a good thing for Farrigan, who justified public confidence by winning very easily from Riot.

FOOTBALL.

CITY V. NEWTON.

Visitors to Porter's Paddock were treated to a very interesting game on Saturday between the above clubs, the finish especially proving wildly exciting. In the first spell Newton had the advantage of a fresh breeze, and on the whole had rather the better of the play, but there was not a great deal to choose between the two teams. Curiously enough the game to a very great extent was confined to the forwards, the backs on either side getting very few opportunities. Seeing that both City and Newton possess very fast and dangerous scoring backs, one would have thought there would have been a preponderance of this style of play, but such was far from being the case. The general absence of back play has been a conspicuous feature in nearly all the matches this season, and it is to be hoped that the various clubs will endeavour to improve in this respect, as a game confined to forwards is apt to become very tedious to spectators. But to return to Saturday's match, towards the end of the first spell Newton managed to obtain a try, rather a lucky one, I fancy, as the City backs appeared to make no effort to stop Clark, being apparently under the impression that there had been a breach of the rules. May a match has been lost in this way, and "Play to the whistle" is a maxim that players should always bear in mind. In the second spell City awoke to the fact that they were in danger of suffering defeat, and all through they had a lot the best of the game. For a long time they were unsuccessful in their efforts to score, faulty passing and taking being mainly the cause of their non-success. On the other hand, Newton deserve great credit for their strong defence, and in this respect they showed marked improvement on any of their previous games, although they have always done good work in this department. Still on Saturday they excelled themselves. The greater part of the second spell had gone, and still Newton led, and their supporters were in high spirits, but about 10 minutes before time Absolom kicked the ball over the line and a case ensued between Melrose and several of the Newton backs, in which the former was successful, and scored between the posts. It looked any odds that a goal would result, but Young's kick was charged down, and the score was 3 all. The scene for the next ten minutes was beyond description. City made frantic efforts to score, and Newton defended gallantly, whilst the supporters of both teams went almost mad. Finally, just on time, City rumbled the ball over the line, and scored amidst wild excitement. Absolom's shot at goal, though a splendid one, failed, and City was victorious by 6 points to 3.

As an exhibition of football as it should be played the game can hardly be called a success, but from start to finish it was fast, even, and intensely

exciting. It resolved itself into a match between the forward teams, and it was in this department that City proved superior. In the second spell especially this superiority was very marked, and had they received a proper support from the backs City's victory would have been much more pronounced.

When all worked so hard it is very difficult to single out any individuals as being especially worthy of mention, but perhaps Wilson and Honella were the most conspicuous of an even, hard-working lot.

Amongst the backs Donovan at full was very safe, but he had not a great deal to do. The three-quarters were not up to the mark, Melrose being the best, whilst Absolom was right off colour. Asher at five-eighths played a splendid game, putting in a tremendous amount of work, both in attack and defence. Young has played much better games, but his defence was sound.

For the losers Pillingier at full-back tackled well, but his kicking was below par. Roberts was by far the best of the three-quarters, his taking and kicking being A1. At five-eighths Woods showed marked improvement, his tackling being splendid, whilst his defence generally was the feature of the Newton, back play.

The forwards hardly held their own with the opposing vanguard, and some of them did not seem to be doing their fair share of the work. Long was the best, whilst A. Wilson was prominent in the open, but I am rather doubtful about his pack work.

PARNELL V. GRAFTON. (Grafton 13, Parnell 0.)

The game could not by any means be called a good exhibition of football. Grafton were far superior both in front and rear, but Parnell's defence was very sound and Grafton's passing weak or Grafton's score would have been much larger. The Grafton forwards were a hard working "grafting" lot and secured the ball in nearly all the scrums, and the beginning of the passing rush was very pretty, but the third or fourth man generally held on to the ball too long and nothing was gained. Kiernan at half alone played up to form. He was as tricky as ever, and got the ball away neatly and quickly besides doing good defensive work. The run which was instrumental in gaining the second try was a brilliant piece of work, one of the few straight quick runs one sees now. The other backs did nothing brilliant. The Parnell attack was never very strong, and they were perhaps inclined to take things easily. Among the forwards who worked to a man, Devitt, Gunson, Cucksey, and Macgregor were perhaps the most conspicuous. Parnell were outclassed but played up pluckily and pressed Grafton more than once. Hume at five-eighths did an immense amount of work in attack and defence and Adams at centre threequarter was useful with his long kicks. Twiname (threequarter) also showed excellent defence. The forwards were outclassed by their opponents, but got off several good rushes. Cullen on the wing and Handcock were perhaps the most prominent.

SUBURBS V. NORTH SHORE.

This match went to North Shore by default, Suburbs being unable to place a team in the field.

RESULTS OF SENIOR MATCHES.

The following table shows the positions of the various senior teams up to last Saturday:—

City	P.	W.	L.	For.	Agst.
City	5	4	1	24	12
Grafton	5	4	1	22	11
Newton	4	3	1	25	9
Ponsonby	4	2	2	22	14
North Shore	4	2	2	18	21
Parnell	4	0	4	3	29
Suburbs	4	0	4	0	31

NOTES FROM WELLINGTON.

So far as the present football season has gone the display of football has been much superior to what has been seen for some seasons past. In the Ponke-Melrose match the fact that these two teams were leading for the championship invested the contest with special interest. The Melrose forwards made the play rather warm in the first spell until Ponke roused up and gave their opponents a lively time in defending their quarters. A beautiful passing rush by Melrose was spoiled through Carswell failing to take the pass at the critical moment. A series of rushes by each side alternately fol-

lowed, with lively skirmishes among the forwards. In the second spell, after several failures to score, Melrose held their opponents, the forwards making sweeping rushes with good assistance from their backs. The game closed with Melrose 9, Ponke 7. The Melrose team was undoubtedly the better all round combination, the backs playing a safe game in defence and exhibiting attacking powers of a high order. The kicking and taking the ball and the effective passing by the red and blues' rearguard was a treat to witness.

The College Boys versus Petone was a very exciting struggle, the prominent features being spirited forward rushes by both teams and the excellent passing by the old boys' backs. After some good scoring by both sides Burns had his knee put out and retired for the remainder of the game. After lively play no side was called in the old boys' twenty-five, and in the dusk the score closed with Old Boys 23, Petone 11.

The Athletics beat Wellington by 14 points to nil, Oriental beat St. Patrick's College by 12 to nil, Old Boys defeated Blowing Club by 8 to nil, and Kia Ora beat Melrose by 6 to nil. In the junior championship matchest, Association Senior Championship, the Diamonds defeated Petone by 3 goals to nil. In the first half the town team having the advantage of the wind, maintained a vigorous attack on Petone's goal. From a rally from a corner kick Wilson registered the first score, and after some good play by the Petone forwards, Sennett scored a second goal. In the second half the Petone forwards made the game lively for the Diamond backs. Just before the call of time Mowatt secured the third goal for the Diamonds.

At Miramar the Rovers beat the Swifts by 5 goals to nil.

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

GOLF NOTES.

(By Bogey.)

The links at Green Lane are now very soft, and the worm casts are a great nuisance on several of the greens. It is a great pity that during the whole of the winter months, which is the time when most of the members of the club are playing, the course should be in its worst order. What with soft ground, long grass, and the various hoof marks which are inseparable from cattle grazing, the game is robbed of a large part of its interest at the particular time of year when members have no other distractions, and devote the whole of their leisure time to golf. The course should be in its best order from May to November, instead of from January to May.

It is proposed to play one of the usual handicap matches next Saturday, and in view of this there will have to be very considerable alterations of the present club handicaps. Many of the rising players of the club have improved so much in the game of late as to make their present handicaps ridiculous, especially as the scratch men are more handicapped by the state of the links than men who receive long handicaps.

Very few players really know how to use that most useful of all clubs, the iron, with effect. Young players especially are very prone to use the mashie for long strokes, for which the iron is undoubtedly a far superior club. As a matter of personal experience, which I may say is borne out by the play of most of the leading professionals, I have a distrust of the mashie when it has to be swung over the shoulder. The mashie is a club which has to be kept well under control and the dangerous three-quarter stroke is more apt to go wrong with the mashie shot than with any other. Players of experience seldom know how to run a ball up to the hole from 30 to 40 yards with the iron and yet so great an authority as Vardon says he never lifts a ball from such a dis-

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tance if the ground is at all favourable for "running up." This shot, however is not to be confused with the half smothered bumpy "run up" of the tyro. It is a distinct stroke of a very deadly nature from the hands of a good player, but may be learnt with much less trouble than the high pitch of the mashie. I would advise young players to play less with the mashie and more with the iron, especially for the shots of over sixty yards, or thereabouts.

A general meeting of the Golf Club is called for Wednesday, 13th inst., and as very important business is to be laid before the club members should do their utmost to attend this meeting. The question of the sale of the golf links is the subject for consideration.

THE NEW ZEALAND ALLIANCE.

The chief event of local interest has been the tournament, which was played here on May 23rd, 24th, and 25th.

On the 23rd the ladies' matches were played in wind and rain. This did not deter them, however, for there were good entries for all the events. Among the players were several Palmerston ladies, including Mrs Still, from whose style many of our men players might take a lesson. Wednesday is a busy day, but it was not very creditable that there were but two or three men on the links on the Ladies' Day. Mr Harold judged the driving matches, and Mr Watson the putting, besides doing the secretarial work connected with the different events. The men's entries for the combined Bogey Foursome were so few that the match was abandoned, and was replaced by a nine-hole Bogey handicap. The bad weather was no doubt responsible for the poor scores, but the close results show that there was not much fault with the handicapping.

Ladies' 9-hole Stroke Match was won by Miss Stewart, 76-9-67; Mrs Monro (Palmerston) was second in 69, and the next ten were close up.

The Bogey 9-hole Handicap fell to Miss Moore, who was one up; Mrs Still (Palmerston) and Miss Cave were all square. Both the Putting and the Driving Matches were won by Mrs Still.

The Queen's Birthday was a perfect golfing day, and play went on from eight till dark. Four of the holes had been lengthened—a much needed improvement; the greens were in capital order, thanks to the attention of Greenkeeper Murchison. There were excellent entries in all events, the largest being for the 18-hole stroke match.

The enjoyment of the meeting was largely increased by the kindness of the Ladies' Club, whose members provided lunch and afternoon tea all three days from twelve to five. Most of the trouble connected with this fell on the shoulders of Mrs Greig and Mrs Gifford Marshall, but they had plenty of assistants, too numerous to mention.

The 26-hole Championship fell to J. Harold, in 153; Allan Strang (Palmerston) was second in 200. Harold's first round was 88, but he fell off to 97 in the afternoon.

The Driving and Approaching Match fell to J. D. Greig, who got in his shots within 6 yards of the hole. The 18-hole Stroke Match was keenly contested; it resulted in a tie between J. C. Greenwood (22) and W. D'Arcy (20), and J. D. Greig (10), whose net score was 94. The tie has not yet been played off.

On Friday the Putting Competition was won by C. Monro (Palmerston), who putts between his legs with his back to the hole. A competitor, who putted with a self-invented club like a croquet mallet, failed to do anything.

The Bogey Handicap brought out a large field, but the score of 84 was too stiff for all the players, and the nearest player, J. C. Greenwood (10) was three down; J. Harold (two 4) was 4 down.

On the whole the tournament was a great success. There were entries from the Palmerston and Maroro Clubs, and one from a travelling enthusiast from Melbourne; but we were disappointed in seeing nobody from Auckland or New Plymouth. The scoring, on the whole, was poor, as the course was in good order, and the weather perfect.

His Excellency, Lord Ranfurly, played over the links during the month, and was kind enough to express his delight at their sporting character, and their dryness in bad weather.

The players of the tie between Messrs Greig, D'Arcy, and Greenwood in the 18-hole Stroke Competition of May 24th, took place on Saturday, and excited considerable interest. The result was:—

	Score.	Hdcp.	Net.
J. D. Greig.....	106	10	96
W. A. D'Arcy.....	114	20	98
J. C. Greenwood....	113	23	111

Mr Greig thus won by two strokes. He is now one of the most consistent players in the club, and is rapidly improving. It was only bad luck at the 12th hole that robbed Mr D'Arcy of the match.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE NEW PRESIDENT OF THE NEW ZEALAND ALLIANCE.

The Rev. T. J. Wills, Vicar of Ormondville for some eight years past, and the newly-elected president of the New Zealand Alliance, was born at Bell Block, Taranaki, spent his boyhood in Nelson, and received his training for the church in Auckland. He is the first New Zealand-born president of the alliance. In 1874 he joined the Good Templars at Motueka, Nelson, and in 1876 represented the General Havelock Lodge of Hawke's Bay in the Grand Lodge held at New Plymouth. There he took the Grand Lodge degree. Ever since he has been prominently identified with the total abstinence and prohibition movement of this colony. In 1892 he introduced the question of legislative temperance reform into the Synod of the Diocese of Waipapa, held at Napier, and carried a resolution declaring for local option. On his motion the Synod also petitioned Parliament for an Act giving the people, within defined areas, the power to determine at the ballot the question "license" or "no-license," and it is not generally known that at the time the Bill of 1893 was before Parliament a petition from the Synod of Waipapa lay on the tables of both Houses. Every year since 1892 the temperance question has occupied a prominent place in the deliberations of the Synod at Napier. In 1894 Mr Wills published his first book, entitled "The Church and the Liquor Traffic," which was characterised by Dr. Stuart, formerly Bishop of Waiapu, as "a magazine of facts and arguments." In 1897 a book, entitled "Bishop Nevill's Mistake," by the same author, was published. This was a reply to the famous speech by the Bishop of Dunedin, to his Synod, 1896, in which His Lordship argued against the principle of prohibition. This book is now in its fifth edition; but editions four and five appeared (in deference to the feelings of some of the clergy) under a new title, "A Reply to Bishop Nevill." In 1898 Mr. Wills acted as secretary to the Waiapu Committee on Temperance Reform, and made an exhaustive enquiry into the whole question under consideration. Information was obtained from Great Britain, Scandinavia, United States and the colonies, which resulted in the well-known "Waiapu Report." Last year Mr. Wills took part in the lecturing campaign in the interests of prohibition, and also published his third book, "The Liquor Problem," which contains both the Waiapu and Christchurch reports on temperance reform, and much of the information on which those reports were based, together with Mr. Wills' review of the whole. This book is now in its second edition.

WHERE THE BOER PRISONERS ARE CONFINED TO.

Our photo. represents Happy Valley, Ceylon, where the prisoners taken by us in the war will find a temporary prison. The extent of the accommodation to be provided is for 6000, with capacity for further enlargement if required. Half a British regiment is to be stationed at the place as a guard. News to hand by the last mail Major-General Hamilton, commanding the 41st Company of the Royal Engineers, and the whole of the Engineer Company, had left Trincomalee, their destination being Dirjatawale, near the valley. They will be engaged in erecting huts for the accommodation of the British who will act as guard. There appears to be some uneasiness in the minds of some of the British residents in Ceylon at the idea of such a large number of Boers being kept in their midst, but the fears seem somewhat groundless. But granting the possibility of danger if the Boers in any force were kept in Ceylon, there

is every prospect that their stay there will not be long. The end of the war is at hand, and when the enemy have tendered their submission there will be no necessity or justification for keeping the Transvaalers and Free Staters prisoners.

THE MOTOR CYCLE IN NEW ZEALAND.

The motor tricycle illustrated in this issue, recently imported by Messrs Service and Henning, with a view of actually testing its suitability for Auckland roads, and as a means of advertising their respective lines, cycles and tyres, is made by the celebrated makers of Paris, De Dion and Bouton, whose agency they have secured. This firm employs 1500 men entirely in the motor and parts industry, and assert they have orders ahead for three years to come. Though a novelty in our streets, they are common enough in Europe. In Paris they are dangerous rivals of the cabs, carrying from 1 to 50 people. In England their manufacture was not seriously entered on until recently, but now there are numbers of firms who are turning them out in large numbers.

The motor itself is on the Otto principle, like the ordinary gas engine, only in this case, where weight is anything, the speed to develop the 2 1/2 horse it is credited with has to be very high. The power is derived from the mixture of naphtha vapour and air expelled at the proper moment by an electric spark from a battery and induction coil carried on the back bar. The exhaust passes into a silencer and thus deadens the sound. There are several little levers which control speed, starting, stopping, etc. These, though puzzling at first sight, are mastered by any reasonably intelligent man in a few hours. The speed is anywhere from 1 to 25 miles per hour. Those cyclists who have rashly attempted to beat the motor car have regretted it. The driver just touches a lever and the machine does the rest. Its hill climbing powers are marvellous, though this depends to a great extent on the driver, whose manipulation of the levers means all the difference between riding it up or pushing it. As an instance, it has climbed from Stanley to Symonds-street, just the bowling green, a rise of 1 in 7, and quite steep enough to prove its power. Ordinary hills can be ridden down quite safely without a brake, the engine being always connected to the wheels enables it to act as an air brake. The tyres, which are Henning's, are thick enough to withstand ordinary puncture, being almost like a lifebuoy. The whole machine weighs 210lbs.

It cannot be called, like the cycle, a silent steed, there being a regular plunk, plunk when running, rendering needless the constantly ringing bell our city fathers insist on. In the larger cars built for 2 up to 50 passengers, chain or belt driving is used, thus reducing the noise to a minimum.

During the recent tour of 1000 miles through England, 75 automobiles of various types started from the tricycle to 16 h.p. ships of the road. A hill-climbing competition was held. The climb was 2 1/2 miles long, and the total rise 650 feet. 1 in 12 was the steepest portion of the race. The rate varied from 4 to 15 miles per hour. The winner was a tricycle on the same lines as our illustration, fitted with a 3 1/2 horse engine. There were 44 starters.

The machine illustrated may be seen by anyone interested at Mr Service's premises, Queen-street, at any time.

UNFURLING THE FLAG.

On Saturday morning the ceremony of unfurling the flag at Napier-street School, Auckland, was performed by His Excellency the Governor, Lord Ranfurly, under most favourable circumstances. The fine weather attracted a large attendance of spectators, and the effect of the gay bunting and the crowds of children all wearing "the colours" was most pleasing. His Excellency, who was accompanied by the Hon. Charles Hill Trevor, A.D.C., was received by Mr. Squirrel, chairman of the City Schools Committee, and conducted to a seat on the dais. After unfurling the flag His Excellency said it gave him very great pleasure to assist in the function. He was leaving Auckland shortly, but he trusted he would

be back next year. He did not mind how hard he was worked so long as his efforts gave pleasure to the people of this great city. (Applause.) Their flag was a glorious one, and they should guard it as a regiment guard its colours. Nowadays' colours were out of fashion in the field, but they were guarded as sacredly as ever, so it should be with the flag. He noticed a volunteer corps in connection with the school, and he hoped that it would soon be efficiently armed and extend its work beyond mere drill. His Excellency concluded his address by quoting a poem by Alfred Austin on the subject, "Is Life Worth Living?"

"Sons of the Sea," was then sung by one of the boys (Master W. Harvey), the children joining in the chorus.

After an address by the Acting-Mayor (Mr. A. Kidd) a squad from the Cadet Corps, under Mr. Dunlop, gave a splendid exhibition of bayonet exercise, and were loudly applauded. This was followed by a very pretty exhibition of club exercise by a squad of girls—all wearing red, white and blue streamers—under Miss Ethel Tremaine. Master W. Harvey then sang "Soldiers of the Queen," the children joining in the chorus.

The cadet battalion then marched past His Excellency, each company commander saluting. Three cheers for Lord and Lady Ranfurly were given enthusiastically, and the National Anthem brought the function to a close.

During the ceremony His Excellency was presented with a button-hole by Miss Vera Scott, and with bouquets by Miss Jessie Matthews and Miss Dorothy Castle.

A CYCLIST UNNERVED.

ACCIDENT WHILST TRAINING.

At the pretty township of Marton, in the Rangitikei district, which is noted for its fine country and level roads, resides Mr J. G. Slight, a well-known cycling enthusiast.

"Some fourteen months ago," said Mr Slight, to our reporter, "whilst training on the track, I had the misfortune to hurt myself internally, an accident which completely unnerved me. The least excitement or noise depressed and exhausted me, and I was too weak to ride. I had to retire from the track. I could not even walk or ride a horse without experiencing a sickening sensation in my stomach, and a pain in my side. Several doctors prescribed medicine and liniments, but I obtained little relief. One day I read of an athlete who had been cured by Dr. Williams' pink pills, and whose case was worse than mine. I bought a box and felt greatly improved after taking its contents. Three boxes completely cured me. I now ride my machine as well as formerly, and have no fear of breaking down when training."

Amongst the nervous disorders which Dr. Williams' pink pills have cured are St. Vitus' dance, paralysis, locomotor ataxia, hysteria, neuralgia, nervous headache, sciatica, etc.; but it is only the genuine pills with the full name in red ink on the pink outside wrapper that effect a cure. They may be had, post free, from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Wellington, three shillings per box, six boxes sixteen and six, and from chemists and storekeepers—but mind you ask for Dr. Williams'.

ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL FOR THE HAIR.

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

ROWLAND'S ODONTO FOR THE TEETH.

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

VITADATIO. THE GREAT HERBAL REMEDY.

MORE PROOF THAT VITADATIO IS GENUINE. 12 YEARS' BUFFERING CURED.

Dear Sir.—For 12 years I was a sufferer of Bleeding Petrus in the womb, and was treated by the best medical skill in Ballarat and Melbourne without avail.

(Signed) M. BECKMAN. P.S.—Altogether fully ONE HUNDRED DOCTORS attended to and diagnosed my case.—M.B.

ANOTHER WONDERFUL CURE. BRIGHT'S DISEASE CONQUERED.

Dear Sir.—I deem it my duty to acknowledge the benefit derived by me from the wonderful Herbal Remedy Vitadatio.

(Signed) WILLIAM A. FELTON. The price of this wonderful remedy is 5/6 and 3/6 per bottle. Obtainable from all medicine vendors in Australia and New Zealand.

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Personal Paragraphs.

Several personal items have been crowded out this week.

His Excellency the Governor, the Countess of Ranfurly, Lady Constance Knox, the Hon. Hill-Trevor, and the Government House suite, are to leave this day (Wednesday) for Wellington.

On Monday a deputation of veterans was received at Government House, and presented an address. In the afternoon the Governor and the Hon. Hill-Trevor, A.D.C., went to the races at Ellerslie.

Mr and Mrs Griffiths, of Auckland, have left for England, whence they go to South Africa. Mr P. J. Kelly (Christchurch) has been appointed chief clerk in the Locomotive Office, Wellington.

Mrs and Miss Kirk, of Takapuna, Auckland, are enjoying the sights of London.

Mr Arthur Myers and his mother (Mrs Myers) have arrived in London. Mr and Mrs Jim Donald have gone to Dunedin to be present at the marriage of Miss McLean and Mr Reid of Ellerslie.

Mrs G. G. Stead gave a very enjoyable afternoon tea to some of her friends at the Ladies' Club, Worcester-street, one afternoon last week.

Mrs T. J. Pencock gave a large euchre party at "Hawkesbury" on the 6th as a farewell to Miss Kinsey.

Mrs T. W. Stringer gave a euchre party on a Saturday evening at the Ladies' Club, Worcester-street.

Mrs Rochfort Snow gave a dance at the Art Gallery, Arnaugh-street, on the 7th June.

On dit that Mr A. S. Clarkson is leaving shortly for South Africa.

Mr Stuart and his niece Miss Stuart (Glasgow), who are travelling about New Zealand, spent a few days in Blenheim with Mr and Mrs Orr, last week, and left on Wednesday for Auckland, and Rotoma. From there they will go on to Sydney, and then to Vancouver, and across Canada, home.

Mrs Duckworth has abandoned her trip to Australia, and from there to England, at any rate for a time, and has returned to Blenheim, with her sister, Miss L. Eyes, and is for the present staying with Mrs Empson, in Maxwell Road.

Mr and Mrs G. Watts, "Lansdowne," were in Blenheim last Monday, and went to Picton in order to say goodbye to Mrs Sweet, Mr Watts' sister, who is returning to India somewhat unexpectedly. They drove out to the run again the next day, but Mrs Watts is again in town in order that she may be near the doctor, as her hand is poisoned by a cat's bite, and is staying with Mrs Bright.

Mrs Monro, "Bankhouse," Blenheim, is making a short visit to Wellington. Mr James Greensill (Waikawa, Picton) has gone to Wellington to visit his cousins, Mr and Mrs Balcombe Brown.

Mrs Henry Harris (Pelorus Sound) is in Picton, staying with her people, Mr and Mrs T. Blidpotts.

The roof of Mr Toswill's house, at the French Pass, was blown off during the gale last week. It was not to be found next day, so probably it was blown out to sea.

It is anticipated that Lord Roberts, if he visits New Zealand, will be in Picton for a time, as he has several first cousins and old friends in the place. The Greensills, of "Brooklyn," and Waikawa, and Baillies, of Broadway and Para, being among them.

Miss Tendall has arrived in Nelson from Wanganui, and began her new duties as Lady Principal of the Girls' College last week. Miss Mabel Tendall, of Christchurch, is in Nelson for the winter term, and will give lessons in cookery at the Girls' College.

Mrs Baxter, of South Canterbury, is staying with her sister, Miss Lindleston, "Maitai House," Nelson.

Mrs Sweet, who has been visiting her mother, Mrs Watts, in Nelson, and friends in other parts of New Zealand, has left Nelson en route for her home in India. Her departure from Nelson is much regretted by her many friends.

Mrs Watts, of Nelson, has accompanied Mrs Sweet as far as Wellington.

Mr and Mrs Raynier, late of India, have decided to reside in Nelson, and have taken the house lately occupied by Mr and Mrs Pogson, in Hardy-street.

Misses Pearce and Gallately, of the Girls' College teaching staff (Nelson), spent an enjoyable holiday in Dunedin.

Mrs Chatterton, of Nelson, has gone to Wellington to meet her sister, who is expected to arrive from Germany this week.

Mr R. D. Webster, of the Eastern Extension Cable Company's staff, Cable Bay, left Nelson last week en route for Singapore, whether he has been transferred on promotion. Mr Webster has been very popular on the station, and was given a most enthusiastic send-off. He was also the recipient of a suitable memento from his fellow-officers.

TO DARKEN GREY HAIR. Lockyer's Sulphur Hair Restorer, quickest, safest, best restores the natural colour. Lockyer's, the real English Hair Restorer. Large Bottles, 1s 6d, everywhere.—(Adv't)

Dr. Talbot, of the Nelson Hospital, spent a few days in Wellington, and returned to Nelson last week.

Mrs Mackie, of Nelson, has gone for a short trip to Wellington.

The Hon. J. McGowan (Minister of Mines) was in Nelson last week.

Mr Napier Bell, who has been engaged for the past month in his inspection of Nelson Harbour, has gone to the West Coast.

Mr Marriott (a son of Dean Marriott), of the Bathurst Cathedral, New South Wales, is at present visiting Nelson for the sake of his health, and is the guest of the Bishop and Mrs Mules, "Bishopdale."

Miss Pitt's marriage to Mr McDonald is to take place in Nelson this to the recent death of the bride's mother.

The Corrick family of musicians gave a performance in Nelson on Saturday night and were much appreciated.

Mrs Murray Aynsley (Eketahuna) is visiting friends in Wellington, and is at present staying with Mrs Wallis, at Bishopscourt.

Mrs C. Pharyzyn (Longwood, Featherston), is spending some weeks with her parents, Mr and Mrs Izard, in Wellington.

Mrs Moorhouse (Christchurch) has returned home from her long visit to Mrs Rhodes, in Wellington.

Mrs Warren (Wellington) has gone to Te Aute, Hawke's Bay, to pay a visit to her parents, the Rev. Samuel and Mrs Williams.

Miss Rose Tabart (Christchurch) is the guest of Mrs Rhodes, at the Grange, in Wellington.

His Excellency the Governor has promised to open the new wing of the Ohiro Home, in Wellington, which is to be finished at the end of June.

The Ven. Archbishop Devoy, of Wellington, leaves during July or August for England, in order to attend the General Chapter of the Society of Mary, which meets in November in France or England. Dean Carew, of Greyouth, accompanies him as colonial delegate. Before returning to the colony the rev. gentlemen intend paying a visit to Ireland, and expect to return early in the New Year.

HUNYADI JANOS'. Professor Virchow, as one of the first to recognise the value of this popular Aperient Water, testifies to its having given him invariably satisfactory results. He considers it one of the most valuable of the curative agents at our disposal. Sold everywhere.—(Adv't)

The Petone Navals intend issuing invitations for a plain and fancy dress ball, which is to take place on the 15th June, in the Petone Drill Shed. The ball is to be a very large one, and, judging from the scale on which the preparations are being carried out, promises to be a great success.

Lieutenant Murray Gardener, of No. 1 Service Company, Permanent Militia, Wellington, left Wellington on Wednesday last, in the Waikare, for Sydney, en route for England, in order to undergo an eighteen months' course of gunnery instruction there.

When you least expect it, perhaps, standing in a draught to enjoy the fresh air, or upon damp ground, you catch a cold. For these colds and coughs, and, in fact, all throat and lung troubles, Dr. Pasceall's Cough Mixture has a good reputation in effecting a quick cure. By the advertisement it will be seen that Dr. Pasceall's Cough Mixture is procurable from all medicine vendors. It is highly recommended.

Mr Harry Stace, and Miss Bertha Stace, have returned to Robin Hood's Bay, near Blenheim, from an enjoyable visit to relatives in the Wairarapa.

Who beat the Englishmen at cricket? Who taught them how to play? Who played the deuce with every wicket? Australia leads the way. What makes consumptives fewer? Oh, what is that worth more than gold? Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.

Mr George Hutchison, M.H.R., Wellington, with his family, leaves Wellington shortly to reside in South Africa. Mr and Mrs Hutchison will be very much missed socially, having been exceedingly popular, and their entertainments during the winter have always been quite a feature of the seasonal gaieties.

Mrs (Dr.) Scott has started business as a chemist in Picton. Mrs Scott has acted as sole dispenser to her husband

for many years, and is so well known and so popular that her venture is bound to be successful.

AN OLD KETTLE.



LARA, my dear," said her mother. "I think we will have a cup of tea before we go out."

"Just the very thing, mother," answered her daughter, as she rang the bell for the maid. "Make some tea, Mary, as mother and I have decided to have a cup. Don't be long, Mary, for we have little time to spare."

In fifteen minutes two cups of tea were brought into the sitting-room, but neither mother nor daughter could drink it. Mary was summoned into the room, and was asked what was the matter with the beverage. She acknowledged that it had a foreign taste, but she could not account for it. The reason was discovered the next day. The kettle was one year old, and certain substances in it had corroded. And so it is with our system, but Bile Beans for Biliousness will regulate it. We allow the system to go too far without cleansing it, and when we get ill we wonder what is the matter. Biliousness is one of those complaints we are apt to neglect, whereas a proper course of Bile Beans for Biliousness will put the liver in proper working order; thus preventing the ducts connecting the various digestive organs from becoming stopped up, and in this way prevent biliousness. Mrs C. M. Smith, of 171 Cuba-street, Wellington (N.Z.), says:—"I have been a sufferer during the past twenty-five years. During that time I never knew what it was to feel well. The symptoms of my illness were loss of sleep; for months I would remain awake all night, and I could not rest on my left side. I also suffered very badly from indigestion, heartburn, biliousness, and a feeling of great weariness. During the long period of my illness, I was attended by no less than eighteen doctors, not one of whom could relieve me. I also tried all kinds of patent medicines, but got no benefit. At last I was recommended to try Bile Beans, which I did, and I found that after I had taken a few boxes, I was beginning to feel quite a different woman. I now enjoy the best of health, and I have no hesitation in recommending Bile Beans to any person suffering as I was."



POWELL'S BALSAM OF ANISEED WILL CURE YOUR COUGH.

ALL THE WORLD OVER, THIS RECOMMENDED COUGH REMEDY. Its immense sale throughout the world indicates its incalculable value.

UNSOLICITED TESTIMONIALS. THE DEAR OF WESTMINSTER'S Express writes:—"I was advised to try the Balsam of Aniseed; I did, and now find very great relief. It is most comforting in allaying irritation and giving strength to the voice."

LICHEL BROSSE, Eng. the eminent actor writes:—"I think it an invaluable medicine for members of my profession, and has always recommended it to my brother and sister artists."

Mr. THOMAS HENNES, Christchurch, Llandilo, October 1st, 1898, writes:—"Singularly, I have commenced by this second year in business today. I remember my mother giving me your Balsam for coughs and colds nearly 70 years ago. My chest and voice are as sound as a bell now."

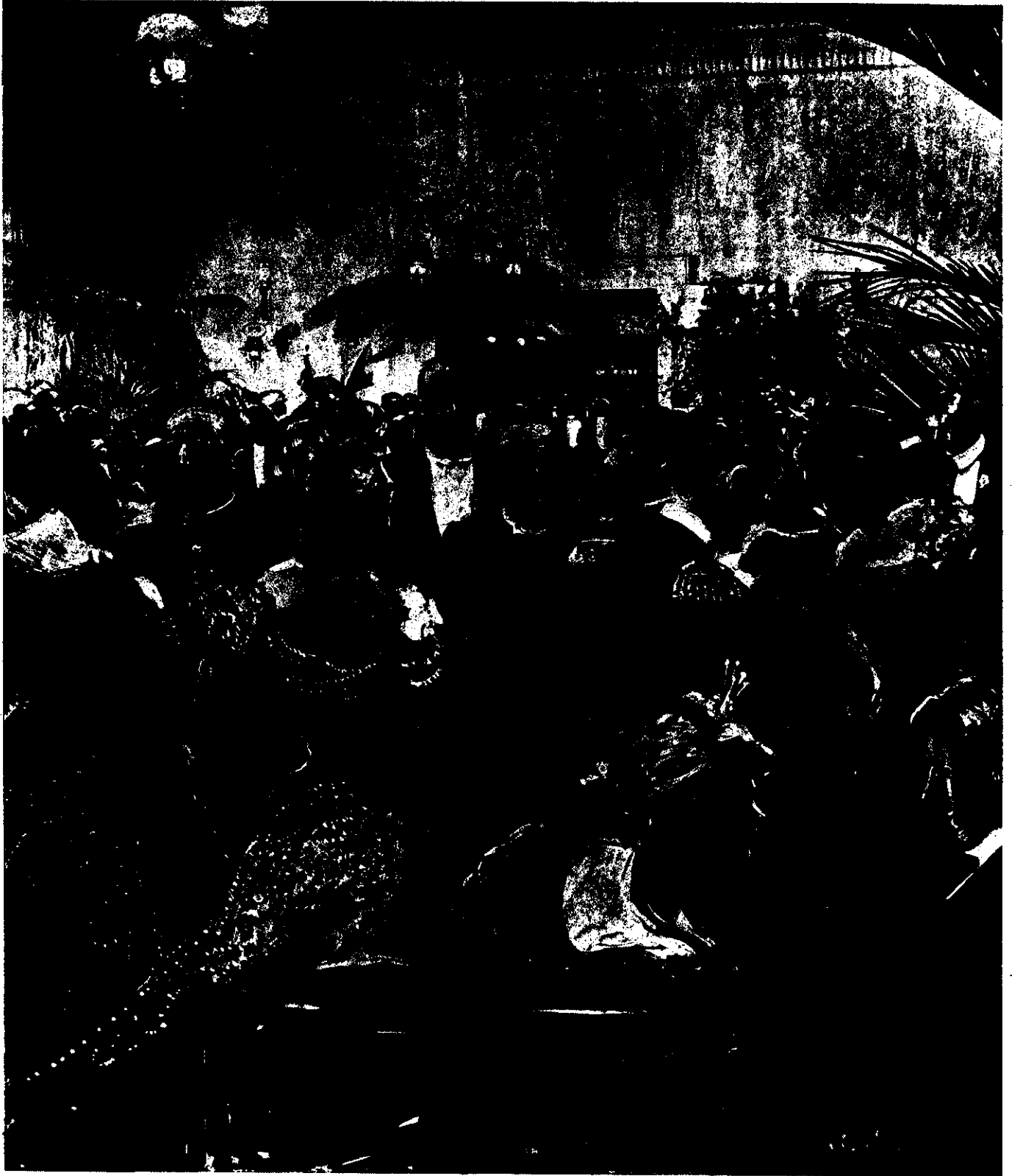
DOESN'T THE PHLEGM IMMEDIATELY. NIGHT COUGH QUICKLY RELIEVED. SEE TRADE MARK AS ABOVE ON EACH BOTTLE.

Has the words "Thomas Powell, Blackfriars Road, London, on the Government Stamp. Beware Imitations. Established 1824. QUATTERS and FARMERS WHEN ORDERING THEIR STORES SHOULD NOT OMIT THIS TIME-HONOURED COUGH REMEDY. FOR A COUGH. POWELL'S BALSAM OF ANISEED. FOR ASTHMA, INFLUENZA, &c. SOLD BY CHEMISTS and STOREKEEPERS THROUGHOUT THE AUSTRALIAN NEW ZEALAND, and CAPE COLONIES. Bottles 1s. 6d., 3s. 6d., and 6s. 6d.





AN HISTORIC DERBY.—The Prince of Wales' First Win with Persimmon, 1896.



THE COUNTESS OF RANFURLY'S "AT HOME."

THE GUESTS IN THE RECEPTION ROOMS, GOVERNMENT HOUSE, AUCKLAND.



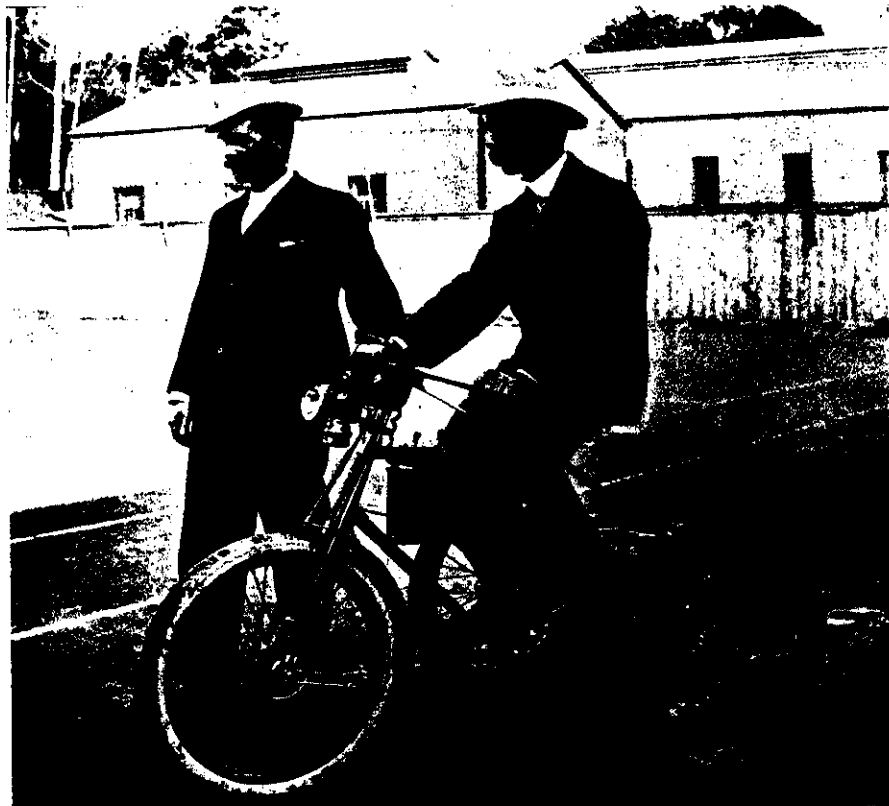
THE SUITE OF RECEPTION ROOMS.



THE SUPPER ROOM.

Walrod, "Graphic" photo.

THE COUNTESS OF RANFURLY'S "AT HOME."



MESSRS HENNING AND SERVICE, OF AUCKLAND, AND THEIR MOTOR-CYCLE.

**MEN WHO WIN, BUT NEVER WEAR THE VICTORIA CROSS.**

While there is nothing more glorious in war than the winning of the Victoria Cross, there are few things more tragic and pathetic than the cases in which gallant men, like the late Lieutenant Roberts, have won the cross for valour, but have not survived their heroism to wear it.

There are many such cases in our war annals of the last forty-four years since our Queen first instituted this reward for conspicuous bravery on the field of battle. During the recent Matabele war, when a handful of our men were being hotly pursued by the enemy, Trooper Wise, of Grey's Horse, was struck by a bullet when he was in the act of mounting. His horse bolted, and the enemy were within a few yards of the fallen man when a fellow-trooper, Baxter, seeing his plight, dismounted from his horse and lifted Wise into the saddle amid a perfect hail of bullets.

Baxter's position was now worse than that of the man he had rescued. Supporting himself by the stirrup-leather of another trooper he commenced to run, but had not proceeded many yards when a bullet struck him, and he fell to the ground mortally wounded. Baxter had won the cross, but never even knew it.

Our army has produced no heroes braver than the small band of eight men who blew up the Cashmere Gate in the Indian Mutiny. Each man carrying a bag of powder, the gallant little band crossed the drawbridge and rushed up to the inner gate in the face of a tornado of shells and bullets. As they placed their bags of powder in position against the gate the bullets spat around them like rain, and first one and then another dropped.

Then, before the bags were all in position, the powder was accidentally ignited, and with a deafening crash and roar the gate was blown into the air, and those who had not fallen were hurled from their feet and smothered with the falling debris. Of the gallant eight two only, Sergeant Smith and Hugler Hawthorne, lived to wear the cross they had so bravely won. The news came to Lieutenant Salkeld as he was dying that he was recommended for the cross, and he died happy in the thought that "it would be nice to have it sent home."

During the Afghan war of 1880 an English gunner performed a feat of daring which eclipsed even that of the famous "Light Brigade." At the battle of Maiwand, when the enemy were charging the guns in irresistible numbers, a small body of cavalry started to meet them and intercept the attack. Gunner Smith, of the E Battery, joining in the charge. When they were within one hundred yards of the

rushing enemy the brave gunner found himself absolutely alone, the remainder of the small force having retired from the hopeless venture. Nothing daunted, Gunner Smith continued the charge alone, and hurling himself at the front rank of the enemy, was hewn down with a dozen sabres, winning the cross and losing his life in a single moment of reckless bravery.

It was in Afghanistan, two years earlier, that Lieutenant Hamilton lost his life while winning the cross. At Kujja, when riding with a native guide to the rescue of his major, the guide was unhorsed and immediately surrounded by a crowd of Afghans. Seeing his companion's plight Lieutenant Hamilton rushed to his assistance, and simply mowed down his assailants with the sweeping blows of his sword until the guide was able to mount again and to escape. This was only one of many similar feats which won for the brave lieutenant the cross for valour. He fell at last, however, covered with terrible wounds, and never even saw the cross he had won.

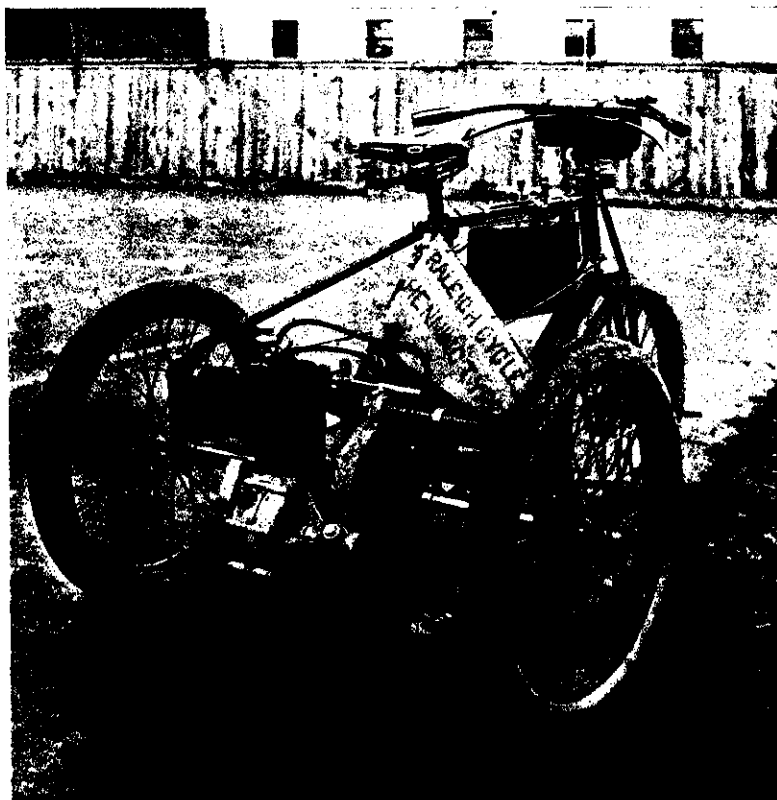
Of the nine men who risked their lives in a vain defence of the magazine at Delhi, and blew it up rather than allow it to fall into the mutineers' hands, only four survived the venture, and of these three only lived to wear the cross of which death had robbed their six comrades.

While many brave men have thus fallen in the supreme moment of winning the cross others have survived to wear it only by an apparent miracle. During the Persian war of 1856 Captain Wood, of the Indian Army, was hit by no fewer than seven bullets while leading his men against a fort. Although thus riddled by bullets and dripping with blood, the gallant captain dashed into the fort and wrought such havoc with his sword that the enemy beat a hasty retreat. He ultimately survived his terrible wounds, and wore the cross which he had so dearly won.

Even more remarkable was the escape of another V.C. hero, Sergeant-Major Henry, who, at the battle of Inkerman, defended the guns single-handed against an army of Russians. With sword and bayonet, one in each hand, he held them at bay until deluged with blood, which poured from a dozen wounds, and, overcome by exhaustion, he fell fainting to the ground. Of the sixty-two Crimean heroes on whose breasts our Queen pinned the Victoria Cross in June, 1857, none had won it more bravely than Sergeant-Major Henry.

**A BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION.**

Apply Sulpholine Lotion. It drives away pimples, blotches, roughness, redness, and all disfigurements. Sulpholine develops a lovely skin. 1s bottles. Made in London.—Adv't.



Poolley, Photo.

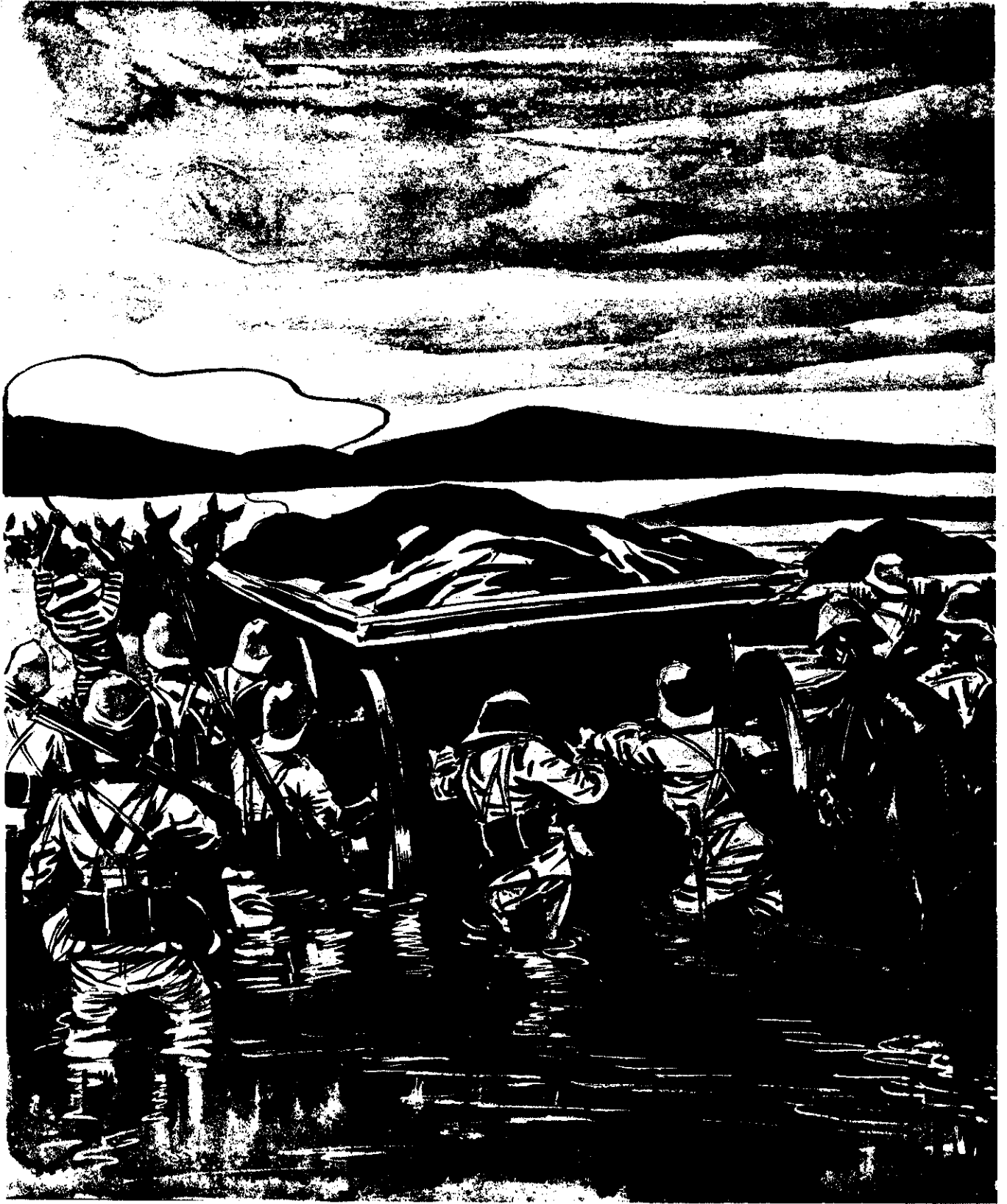
BACK VIEW OF THE CYCLE, SHOWING THE ENGINE.

THE FIRST MOTOR-CYCLE INTRODUCED INTO NEW ZEALAND.



FORWARD AUSTRALIA! NO SURRENDER!

THE DEATH OF MAJOR EDDY, OF THE VICTORIAN RIFLES.



DIFFICULTIES OF TRANSPORT IN THE ORANGE RIVER DISTRICT.—AN EPISODE IN A DAY'S MARCH.

For a mile the road was submerged to a depth of three feet, the bottom being thickly covered with mud and full of treacherous holes. Great difficulty was experienced in getting the transport wagons along at all. The men had to dismount and shove them along by hand, everyone getting frightfully sunburnt in the process. From six o'clock in the morning till eight at night they toiled on, and after fourteen hours incessant wading they had progressed the distance of six miles.



MR. F. C. RAPHAEL.

Kerry & Co., Sydney.

**WHAT GORDON THOUGHT OF THE V.C.**

In his "Journal," written at Khartoum in 1885, General Gordon says:

"The original idea of the Victoria Cross was to give to subalterns, non-commissioned officers, and men a decoration equivalent to the Bath (which, by its rules, they could not be given). But some reasons for giving the Victoria Cross, as described in the 'Gazette,' are really astounding, such as this: Two men are sent on a reconnaissance; one is wounded, and the other brings him back and receives the Victoria Cross. What would have been said if he had left the wounded man? The mistake has arisen of awarding the Victoria Cross for deeds of éclat."

General Gordon recognised as clearly as anyone that non-coms. and men ought to be rewarded and distinguished for acts of bravery, just as well as officers; but what he meant is that when a man does his bare duty—just what any other man in his place would do, and what he would be blamed for not doing—it is a mistake to give him a mark of having done something exceptionally heroic.

All practical army men know that the Victoria Cross spurs on the soldier to do something to win it, even though this may not be the best thing to bring about victory. It tempts officers to leave their men at critical moments to do some daring act and deservedly win the Cross, though the fortunes of the army would be much better served if he remained with his men to lead them. Often an officer gets the Cross for bringing in a wounded man. As a rule it would be much better for the wounded soldier to be let lie quietly till the bearers come and remove him without doing further injury. In one case a wounded soldier refused to be rescued, knowing that his wound would be made ten times worse by the rough treatment. But the young officer "swore, with clenched fists, that he would punch the man's head if he did not allow him to save his life."

The Victoria Cross causes an immense amount of jealousy. People at home naturally think that those who have gained it are braver than those who have not. Yet it is a case of luck more than anything else, for, as everyone knows, all our officers and men are recklessly brave, and any deed that one does all the others would do if they got the chance.

**ON MAKING OTHER PEOPLE HAPPY.**

"I shall only pass this way once, and, therefore, I must do all the good I can," said a great and good man in speaking of his earthly pilgrimage.

His is the right spirit to cultivate, and were it more common life would be happier to the generality of people. Let it then be our aim and object that the world shall be the happier and better for our living in it, and let us try to bring up our children with the same idea.



MRS RAPHAEL (nee MISS IDDA STINGER).

Palk Studios, Sydney.

Happiness is easily given to others if we only set our minds to consider their needs and desires, and there is no excuse to be made for us if we neglect the necessary thought and self-denial. Moreover, we must set about it at once. Later on those we would benefit may not be here, and there is no such thing as making good our present selfishness by a bequest—however handsome—when we make our last will and testament.

People sometimes say that they have nothing with which to make others happy, for they have so little themselves. I won't speak of the kind word, the cheery smile, the help-

ful hands which are all worth so much, but simply of gifts of money or kind. Is it true that you have no little superfluity? Nothing that you can spare for some one poorer than yourself? I doubt it exceedingly.

Some time ago I happened to be talking to a very respectable domestic servant, who in her spare time used often to make garments for a child. I knew she had no relatives, so I asked her about the little one. "She is the child of my dearest friend," said the servant; "I was ill in lodgings, and one day, as I came up the stair, hardly able to crawl, a woman came out and saw me. 'My! you do look bad,' said she. 'I've just made myself some tea, so you come in and have a cup.' Well, ma'am, I never forgot her kindness, and now her and me is like sisters. I always go to see her whenever I have a holiday, and her place is like a home to me."

It was only a little kindness, just a cup of tea, a few kind words, and a seat by her fireside—which almost anyone could have given, and yet it brought sunshine into a lonely life, and gave the recipient the glad feeling that somebody cared for her welfare.

"The quality of mercy . . . . . blesseth him that gives and him that takes." And though that is not always so evident as it was in this particular case, still it is perfectly true that, even in this world, those who unselfishly try to make others happy are far happier than those whose aim and object is self-gratification.

That a pleasure shared is a pleasure doubled, I saw very clearly the other day. I was with a certain lady clerk when she quite unexpectedly received a letter containing a present of a cheque for £10. "Ten pounds! What a number of little comforts that sum represents," thought I, looking round my friend's somewhat bare room; but she exclaimed:

"How delightful! Now I shall be able to give poor M. £2 to pay her doctor. You know, she has been laid up and earning nothing for weeks, and yesterday she told me she had got in this bill and did not know how to meet it. Oh, I am so glad!" She looked it, and I am sure that the £2 she gave away caused her more happiness than the £8 she retained. Perhaps some people will think that she was foolishly generous. I do not, and I quote her case to show how, with a little self-denial, even girls working for their living can sometimes give if they have but the will.



REV. T. WILLIS, NEWLY ELECTED PRESIDENT N.Z. ALLIANCE. Wrigglesworth & Binns, photo.



THE FIELD READY FOR PLAY.



A STRUGGLE AT THE GOAL.



Watford, "Graphic" photo.

A TUBBLE FOR THE BALL.

THE AUCKLAND LACROSSE ASSOCIATION'S CHAMPIONSHIP MATCHES IN AUCKLAND.



**A VETERAN TENNIS PLAYER.**

Mr. E. G. Meers, the subject of the accompanying photographs, is one of the best-known and most capable exponents of lawn tennis in the world, and he is certainly the most celebrated player that has ever visited this colony.

As he is now in his fifty-second year it goes without saying that he took up the game late in life, at a time when most men are preparing to retire from serious play. In spite of his age (I think he began lawn tennis when about 35 years old), and the close attention required by a large business, he rapidly pushed himself

game, and keeps his form to-day for a short match. During his two visits to Auckland he has tried conclusions with our best local players, and though short of practice, has generally more than held his own.

As an authority on the theory of the game he is probably unrivalled, and to spend an evening with him is a liberal lawn tennis education.

**ODD WAYS OF GUARDING PRISONERS OF WAR.**

In the barbarous "good old times" it was as often as not the custom in time of war to get rid of prisoners as

either captive enemies or court-martialled misdemeanants are disposed of by means of the final penalty.

Our own men, if they should behave in an unsoldierly fashion, are usually sent to the rear. Captured foes are deprived of their weapons, frequently fastened together by means of handcuffs (if such are available), and placed under an armed guard. With these captives it is commonly the case for the guard to be about one-tenth in number of their prisoners. But very frequently, when misdemeanants, or captured individuals from the opposing ranks, show themselves to be unruly, less orthodox means of quieting them are resorted to.

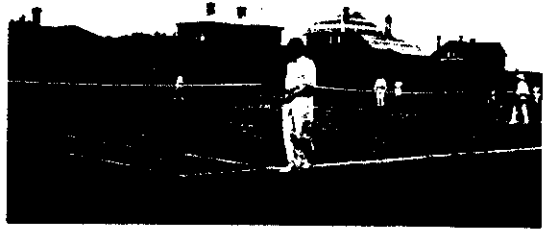
mustiff, who would undoubtedly have torn to pieces any of the captors who was daring enough to escape.

In the same campaign a couple of French spies, taken by the Prussians, were fastened to hooks in a crazy garden wall, and supplied with the gratuitous information that their struggles would only be instrumental in pulling the wall on to them and ending their respective careers of adventure.

In the Russo-Turkish war a daring Russian spy was captured by a small force of reconnoitring Turks. In number the captors were so few that they could ill spare a single man to guard their prisoner while they scouted, and, since it was inconvenient to carry



E. G. MEERS COGITATING.



MEERS WALKING TO RECEIVE THE SERVICE.

into the front rank of players at Home, his success being principally due to an unerring eye, great powers of endurance, a sound judgment, and a determination to thoroughly master whatever he takes in hand.

From 1888 till 1896 Mr. Meers quite held his own with all the best men in England, and among others has in more than one public match vanquished the great W. Renshaw. In covered court play he has proved almost invincible, and has won the championship on several occasions. He

soon as possible by adopting the most drastic means. A firing party was ordered out, and the unfortunate prisoners, after digging their own graves, were disposed of in the simplest of manners. And the same was the case with the misdemeanants. A man condemned for cowardice or insubordination was similarly treated. Nowadays all that is changed. Of course it is still the prerogative of the commanding officer to have a prisoner shot if the circumstances seem to demand such a course, but very seldom is it that

Not so long ago a number of captured Dervishes in the Egyptian campaign were reported to have been hobbled to some of our horses in order to allow of a small guard only being reserved to hold them.

Another somewhat similar case is reported by a chronicler of the Franco-German war. He remarks that upwards of a score of French fugitives were imprisoned by the Germans in an old farmhouse not far from Sedan, the door of their prison being guarded only by a big regimental dog, a fierce

their prisoner about with them, they adopted a very simple, but somewhat barbarous, course. Procuring a nail and something in the nature of a hammer, they fastened the luckless Russian to a tree by his ear. But they had reckoned without their host, for subsequently it was discovered that the spy, instead of refraining from self-torture, had wrenched himself free, leaving a portion of his ear behind him.

An Indian mode of guarding prisoners of war is interesting. The captives



MEERS' FOREHAND DRIVE.



"THEY ALSO SERVE WHO ONLY MIND AND WAIT."

also was one of the six picked representatives of England in the international match with Ireland for three years, viz.: 1893, 1894 and 1895, his claim for inclusion being considered superior on one occasion at least to no less a player than the late E. Renshaw. His finest effort was when he met Eaves in the penultimate round of the All-England championship of 1895. Eaves was in fine form, and secured the first set, 6-3. Meers then gave a magnificent exhibition, considered by "Pastime" to be one of the finest ever witnessed at Wimbledon. He won the second set, 9-7, and the third, 11-9, and on one occasion made a break of 14 consecutive strokes—a marvellous performance against an opponent of the calibre of Eaves. Meers led again at 3-0, and held the advantage in the following game, but a smash of his hit the net cord and rolled back, and Eaves won the game. The veteran had then shot his bolt, and condition eventually won the match for his youthful opponent.

Meers plays an extremely scientific



MR E. G. MEERS SERVING.

are huddled into the centre of a ring of green brushwood, which is then ignited from several points, with the result that the prisoners are surrounded for hours by a circle of fire that absolutely prevents their escape, but in all probability does no more than severely scare them. At one time it was a common means among semi-civilised nations to fasten prisoners of war to horses, astride, their legs being secured under the animals in such a way that their escape was impossible. As the horses were generally spirited animals the experiences were not infrequently of a somewhat exciting nature.

**GUARANTEED.**

A German grocer displays a sign reading "Eggs guaranteed, sixteen for a shilling." A customer, finding half his purchase null for use, came back to complain. "Well," remarked the proprietor blandly, "we guarantee dem to be eggs. Dot is all."



THE GIRLS OF THE SCHOOL.



MASTER W. HARVEY SINGING "SOLDIERS OF THE QUEEN."



GENERAL VIEW. ARRIVAL OF THE GOVERNOR.

Watford, "Graphic" photo.

The Unfurling of the Flag at Napier Street School, Auckland.



Walron, "Graphic" photo.

HIS EXCELLENCY LORD RANFURLY ADDRESSING THE PUPILS.

The Unfurling of the Flag at Napier Street School, Auckland.

**BLACK SUDDENLY BECOMING WHITE.**

Many people are in the habit of taking stories of "hair turned white in a single night" with the traditional pinch of salt. As a matter of fact, there are numerous cases on record of fright or weird experience bleaching a man's raven locks. In battle not a few soldiers have experienced the odd and unpleasant sensation of finding that within the course of a few days their raven or auburn "thatches" have become white as the driven snow.

Sir H. M. Stanley entered upon his great march across Africa with jet-black hair. He emerged from his series of adventures in appearance twenty years or more older and with hair bleached pure white. It took nine years of anxious war-correspondence and exciting experiences to bleach the hair of the veteran "special," Mr Archibald Forbes.

But in not a few cases has the strange transformation come suddenly. There are some who insist they have reason to know that in those last terrible days at Khartoum the hair of valiant General Gordon went snow-white! More authentic is the case of a young lieutenant whose red locks were suddenly streaked with white on the eve of his first battle, which was against the Zulus in '79.

A commissioner in one of the London banks tells how his hair was changed from brown to iron-grey within a week as a result of his gall-ing experiences during the Indian Mutiny. One of the most eminent French generals became an old man, in appearance at any rate, when he was but twenty-two, after taking part in one of the most sanguinary battles in the Franco-Prussian War. And there are several cases, authenticated by officers and surgeons, of Crimean soldiers whose hair changed colour during that trying campaign.

**SOME EXPENSIVE LACE.**

The late Mrs John Jacob Astor purchased a lace robe in Paris for £3500, and a dress of the same material was a short time afterwards sold in that city for £5000.

Several of the millionaire families in the United States possess fortunes in laces. Those belonging to the Van-

derbilts are said to be worth £100,000. The Astor family has rich lace treasures valued at £60,000. Mrs A. T. Stewart paid £100 per pair for lace curtains, while those in the mansion of Robert Garrett, at Baltimore, cost £40 a yard. New York buys more laces

than any other city in the world. It has at least a score of wealthy women whose laces exceed £10,000 in value, and a hundred whose collections would each sell for £4000. A dressmaker stated that she had seen two lace shawls in that city worth about £600 each.

Her Majesty's wedding dress was decorated with a piece of Honiton lace for which £1000 was paid. The Pope has a collection of lace at the Vatican worth £175,000, the Queen's collection is worth £75,000, and the Princess of Wales's £50,000.



CAVALIER, WINNER OF THE GRAND NATIONAL HURDLES AT A.R.C.'S WINTER MEETING, ELLERSLIE.

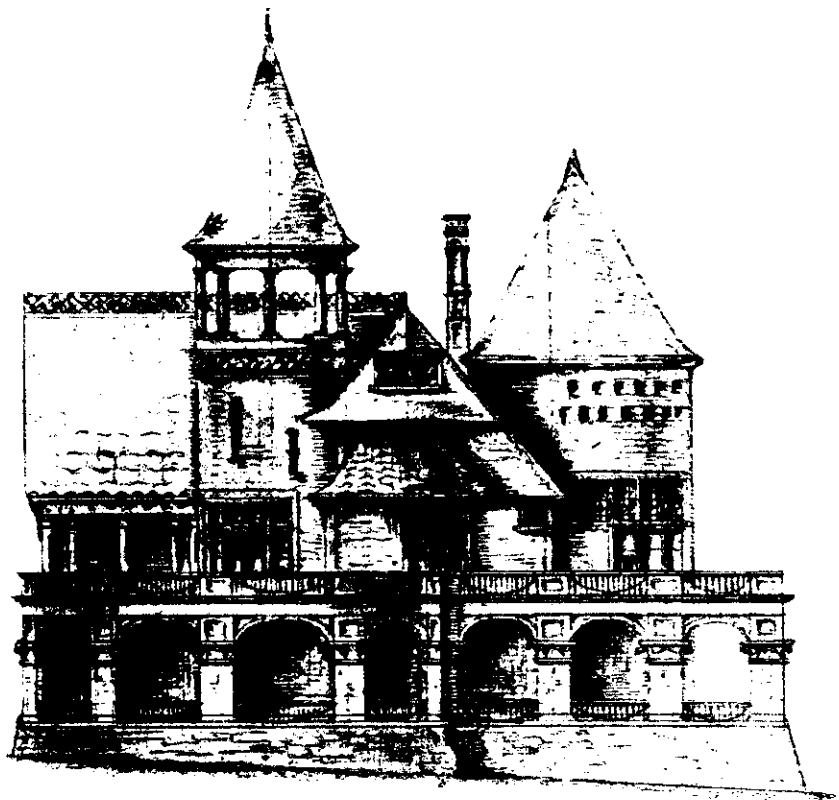
EVOLUTION OF THE JOHNNY.

That hero of song, anecdote and epithet who is variously known as "The Johnny" and "The Chappie" comes of a long and not undistinguished line of dandies. The Johnny must not be confounded with the Masher, who was a counterfeit of the ideal fop, nor with the Cane-sucker who is a witling, often meekly dressed, nor with the New York Dude who, if we may accept the testimony of American plays and newspapers concerning him, is the most vulgar and preposterous humbug in existence.

Johnny is "fast" in a sense—and he likes personal splendour; but he is not vulgar. He is generally a gentleman and his tastes are fastidious. His ostentation is not loud; it becomes him. His is not the loud laugh that proclaims the vacant mind; he is complacent but not assertive. It is a libel to say that his dramatic discrimination does not rise above the level of the latest Burlesque or the Music Hall. He is more astute than many imagine and his taste more refined. He enjoys the Music Hall and the Burlesque, undoubtedly; but so do other people saving and excepting—well, better mention no names. His follies are mild compared with those of his predecessors; one of the most serious is extravagance. Even in this respect, he does not go to the insane lengths of those exemplars of elegance who basked in the favour of the Prince Regent. But we are mainly concerned with Johnny's evolution: of the metamorphosis through which his species has passed till the brilliant personage of to-day was produced.

We need not begin quite at the beginning, and take a line through the subtle dandy who struts before the enraptured gaze of his acquaintances arrayed in an old red tunic—and nothing else but vanity. We take our cue concerning Johnny—as we take it concerning other aspects of humanity—from Shakespeare. He has given us "Hotspur's Description of a Fop." The bluff Hotspur tells how, "when the fight was done"—

Came there a certain lord, neat, trimly dressed,  
Fresh as a bridegroom, and his chin, now  
Show'd like a stubble land at harvest  
He was perfumed like a milliner.  
And twix't his finger & his thumb he held  
A pouncet box, which ever and anon  
He gave his nose, and tookt away again.



VIEW FROM THE HARBOUR.

This we may accept as a description of Johnny's prototype. But Johnny has improved since then. He has retained his prototype's liking for a smooth chin and he probably uses Thingumy's Soap—but he is not perfumed like a milliner and he does not take snuff—a habit to which his species were addicted for centuries. Neither does the epithet "popinjay" apply to him; nor would he object even to a funeral coming between the wind and his nobility. Johnny is a distinct improvement on his prototype.

The dandyism of the Cavaliers probably did much to raise the dander of the Puritans. Thus is the gallant of the 17th century described by one of the latter:—"His mind is small and set

upon knots and roses, jaggings, and taggings, borderings and trimmings." With such costume possibilities that may well be regarded as a splendid epoch in the history of the Dandy.

Alas, before the century closed, there was a woful retrogression in style and manners, for we have contemporary evidence that men of fashion then considered it chic to comb their perukes in public. They plied their large wigs with the comb with a preposterous assumption of grace in the street, in the theatre, and at select gatherings. Strange infatuation that could regard the rasing of artificial hair as an insinuating achievement.

Dandyism, foppery, or what you will, was ebullient and Protean in



Sketches of Mr. Arnold's Design for Admiralty House, Auckland.

VIEW FROM EMILY PLACE.

This design has been approved by the Auckland Harbour Board.



HAPPY VALLEY, CEYLON.

Where preparations have been made for the custody of Boer prisoners.

the 18th century, which may, indeed, be regarded as a transition period. At last, the modes in elegance and taste were set by the Macaronis, who were really gentlemen of birth and culture—gentlemen who had travelled. Their distinguishing costume included jacket, waistcoat and small clothes, cut to fit the person as closely as possible, and a very small cocked hat. This tiny hat surmount-

ed a tasteful hirsute arrangement, for an immense knot of artificial hair jutted out from under it behind. Needless to say, the Macaronis were mercilessly lampooned, has not the present day Johnny his detractors?—but the fashion they set was generally adopted, and then the initiators, like wise men, dropped it. But the Macaronis did not a little to refine the manners of an age which was

more robust than polite.

We have spoken of the Prince Regent's satellites. We cannot speak as favourably of them as of the Macaronis. They were artificial and insincere, without one generous redeeming feature; their wild extravagances cannot be considered as such. Their stock-in-trade consisted of bows and smirks and leers and sneers and affectations of speech. In

its decadence the type of fine gentleman they introduced was an exasperating one. Johnny does not exasperate, for he is not supercilious and he would laugh at "deportment" as much as anybody.

Years rolled on, and it seemed as if British dandyism was going from bad to worse. The prospect was depressing when Lord Dundrearyism was the ideal of foppery—an ideal composed of Purgatorial whiskers (meaning as regards the shuddery effect produced upon the beholder); of a single eye-glass, a vacant stare, and a drawl or a lisp. When that type disappeared with obliquity it almost seemed as if nothing would replace it, and as if ridicule had killed dandyism altogether. A specious creature styled "the Exquisite," an added recrudescence of Dundrearyism, tried to posture itself into approval, but effaced itself before the stern spirit of repression.

At last there arose, like a Phoenix from the ashes of defunct dandyism, the British Johnny, the peerless, the unique. If he has faults, these do not include posturing, or simpering, or mincing, or stuttering or capering. In faultless evening dress, with calm, self-possessed manner, innocent of very gross dissipation, he represents the spirit of the times. He is too much of a gentleman to roar choruses in cider cellars, too much of a man to wrench knockers, if there be any now, and too good a citizen to pick quarrels with the police.

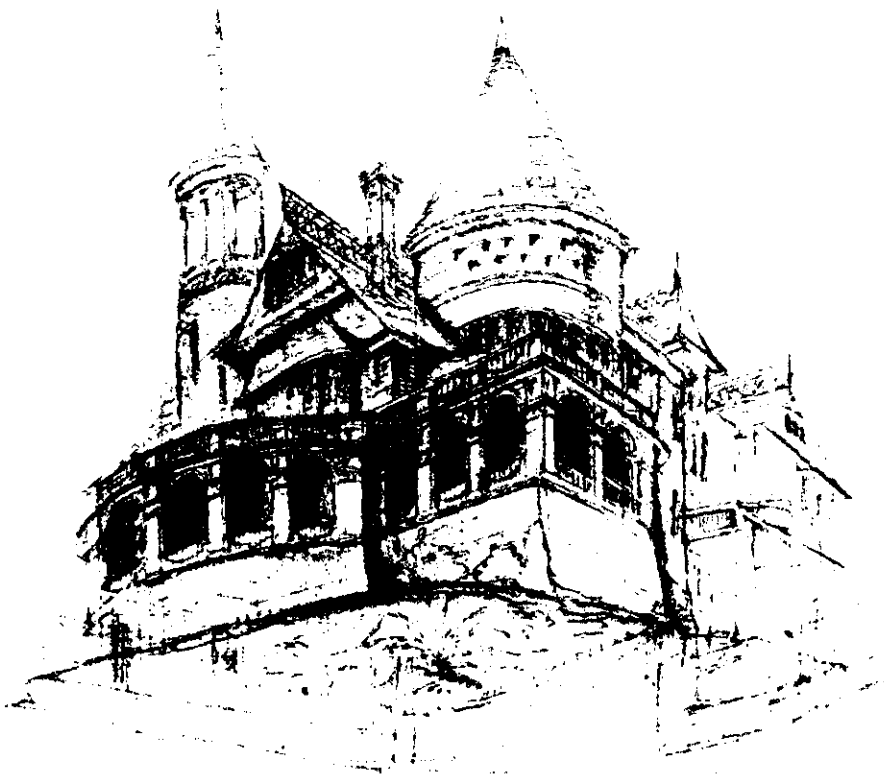
What nation can produce Johnny's equal? None. Several, including America and France, have tried, but have been unable to conceal failure even from themselves. We are proud of Johnny. His international supremacy reflects lustre upon us others.

A CONVENIENT IGNORANCE.

"Yes, pa; at the boarding school we have to spell everything we eat or drink before the teacher will give it to us."

"Yes, my boy; and a very good plan, too; makes you all spell well. I suppose you manage to spell all the words?"

"Oh, yes, pa, until it comes to physic, and I always break down at that, and can't for the life of me spell it."



VIEW FROM CORNER OF BEACH RD. AND FORT-ST.  
MR ARNOLD'S DESIGN FOR THE PROPOSED ADMIRALTY HOUSE.



"A corps of women, I am told, has been formed in Pretoria, two thousand strong. They are dressed all alike in kilts and are armed. They are called the Amazon Corps."—"Daily News" Special War Correspondent.

[Where is this noble army of women? The British army do not seem to have met them in Pretoria. Were they another product of Kruger's imagination?]

**TRAVELLING EXPENSES OF THE BRITISH ARMY.**

The optimistic Britisher now believing that the day suggestive of evil for the British arms has passed over, and that henceforth success will follow in the trend of our forces, as it followed them in all our great historic wars in the past, is, figuratively speaking, putting his hands in his pockets, and wondering what our war with the Boers will probably cost.

All kinds of estimates have been given, widely differing in amounts, and ranging from fifty to one hundred millions sterling; but no matter how near the figure juggler might get to the real amount lumped as a whole, the total will be of such magnitude as to bewilder rather than interest.

We propose, therefore, to take one man, and an officer, and a horse, and deal with these in the matter of cost, starting at the beginning of the outward journey, say from Aldershot, and finishing at the landing of our three units at the front, say, Modder River; Aldershot to Modder River via Southampton and Capetown, a distance of exactly 6855 miles.

As Private Thomas Atkins stands on the platform at Aldershot ready and equipped for the front—we have obtained our figures from an authoritative quarter—he costs the nation £7 5/10. This is split up as follows: Khaki uniform, 10/; helmet, 3/9; boots, 10/6; shirt, 4/ to 5/3 (we take the mean average), 4/6; socks (from 7/3d to 9/3d), 8/3d; rifle, 72/6; and bayonet, 10/2. In his valise he carries a shirt, pair of socks, towel, boots, soap, dubbin, knife, fork, and spoon, and a "housewife," a handy little holdall containing needles, threads, and so forth, all amounting in the aggregate to about 17/11. His extra khaki suit (serge not drill), is worth 16/.

The contract existing between the home railways and the War Office for the conveyance of troops is

**PLANNED UPON A SLIDING SCALE,** the unit railway fare depending upon the number of men carried, a body of 1000 men going cheaper than 500. The average struck between Aldershot and Southampton is 1/94, which represents about half the ordinary fare. You can multiply any number of troops by that figure, not forgetting, however, to double the cost in the case of officers who travel first class, and are allowed more room besides better accommodation.

Having dropped our man down on the quay at Southampton our next business is to ship him. In this department the Government authorities have a more direct hold on the arrangements. Where the

Government take up a ship for the purpose of transporting troops for the front, they pay so much a ton per registered tonnage per month for the loan of the ship, an amount which runs from about forty to fifty and sixty shillings a ton, but the average is about forty-five shillings. For a 6000 ton vessel, then, we find the Government paying £13,500 a month, or £675 a day for the average voyage, the owners having to look to the upkeep of their ship, including her insurance, coals and crew.

Government in this case victuals the troops, the commissariat department reckoning to spend about one shilling per man per day, and about four shillings for an officer.

Ere our man, therefore, sets foot on South African soil his passage across will have cost the country, in round figures, about £16. Now the distance from Capetown to Modder River is 623 miles and the Cape Government railway charges £2 11/11 third and £7 15/9 first-class fare. At the present moment the railways in Natal are virtually worked by our own military authorities, and as

**THEIR MODE OF PROCEDURE**

**IS SLOW,**

if sure, we find that the average rate of speed at which troops are conveyed from point to point is about fifteen miles an hour, hence it would take our man forty hours to go to Modder River from Capetown.

The sliding scale for the conveyance of troops again comes into vogue as it does in England, but, taking the average mean, our soldier's unit fare is reckoned at £1 5/9, while two days' rations should be given to him, these usually consisting of 2lb of biscuits, 2lb corned beef, 1oz tea, 6oz sugar, and other groceries, these provisions being valued by the commissariat department at about 1/6, or 9d a day.

From the foregoing figures it will be gleaned that a soldier taken from England and put down at the front in South Africa costs the country at the lowest estimate £25, and for an officer about £33.

Officers going to the front provide their own uniform, and are allowed on the field 6/ a day for messing.

Now, a cavalry horse costs considerably more than a man or officer—simply because he takes up more room

As he stands ready for entraining for the front he is worth £66, but deducting his value, which relatively amounts to £40, then his trappings, including his saddlery, equipment and clothing, represent a value of £26.

The ordinary fare for a horse is 3d a mile, but the railway company takes three officers' horses for 7d a mile and fifty troopers' horses for 14d a mile each.

Nearly 4000 horses have been conveyed from Aldershot to Southampton, and, taking the mean all round, it comes out at something over a penny a mile, so that the cost for one horse travelling that distance would be about 4/. Cattle trucks are used for troop horses, in which the animals are placed transversely facing away from passing trains, and every horse has 26in of breadth to stand in. Of course, the trucks are covered in at the top temporarily, while the floors are strewn with sand, not straw.

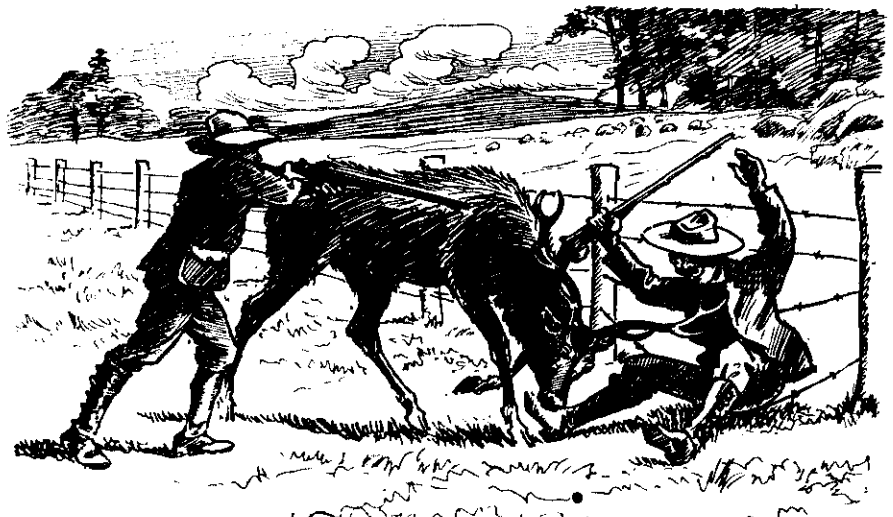
On board ship a horse takes up three times the space required for a man, the stalls measuring two feet two inches wide by six feet long, while the height between decks should be seven feet. The hind shoes of every horse are also removed, as these are not needed on board, and in the event of much kicking do much injury.

It is estimated that it costs the country about £30 to take a horse from Southampton to Capetown, and from the latter point to Modder River this would be increased by about £2 10/; so that his fare from Aldershot to Modder River represents a total amount of £32 10/, added to which must be his equipment and clothing, which amounts to £26. Including those figures and his own value, his death at the front would represent a loss to the nation of, within a few shillings, of £100.

**OUR NAVY IN A NUTSHELL.**

A battleship is an armoured vessel of comparatively low speed, carrying heavy guns, and intended to fight with other vessels of her class. A cruiser is a swift vessel, sometimes armoured, sometimes not, carrying guns of a medium size, intended to act as a scout, and to destroy and run away. It occupies to the battleship the same relation that cavalry does to artillery and infantry in an army. An armoured cruiser carries armour over its vital points—machinery; a protected cruiser has a protective deck and very light armour; an unprotected warship has neither armour nor protective deck.

A torpedo-boat is a very swift, unarmoured vessel carrying light guns, whose offensive arm is the torpedo. The torpedo-boat destroyer is simply a larger and swifter torpedo-boat. The largest war-vessels afloat are the vessels of the "Majestic" class in the British Navy; they are of 14,900 ton displacement. Ships have been built that have defied any storm they have met; but it is conceivable that a storm might rage that would destroy any vessel. The best coal procurable is used

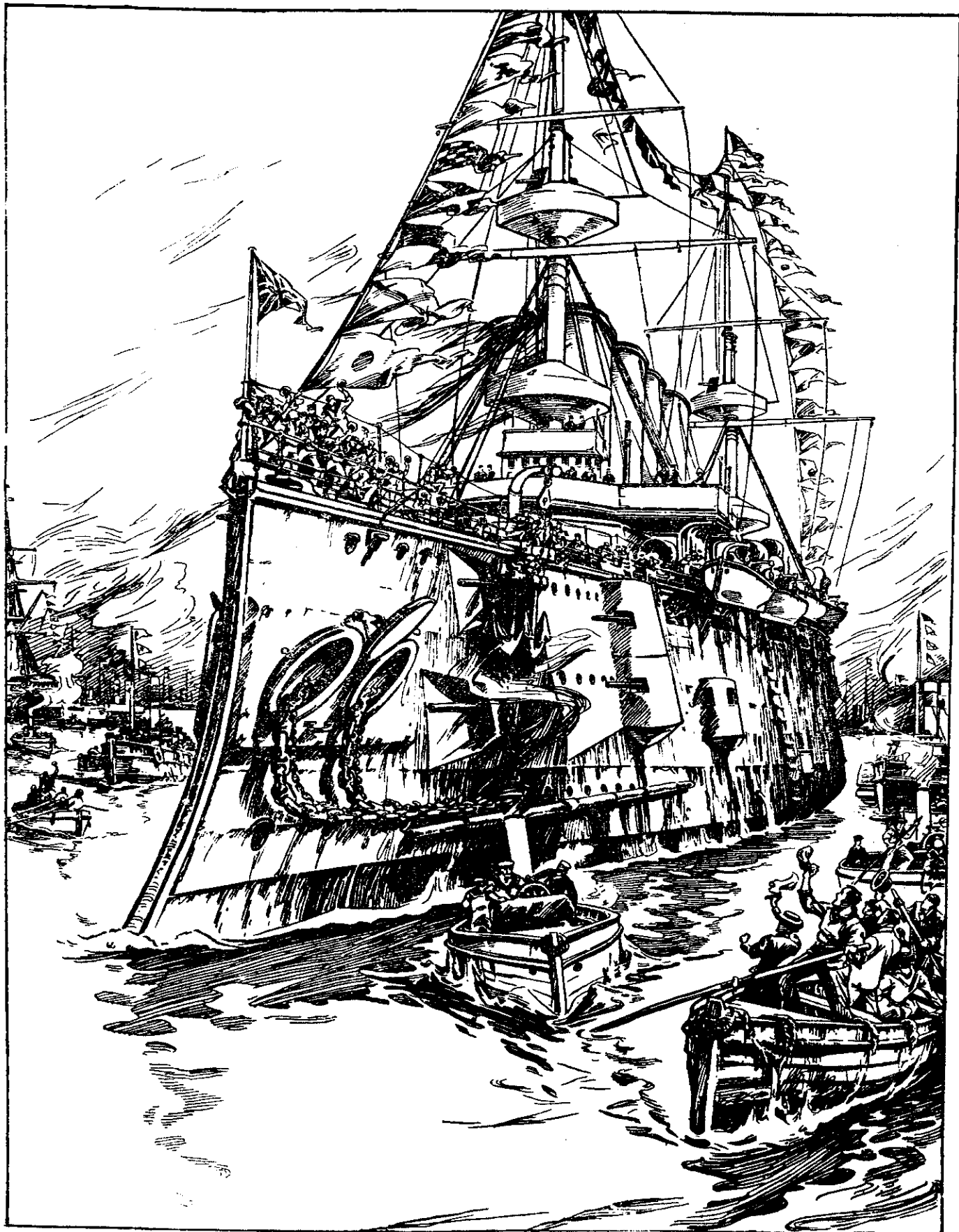


**THE BUCK AND THE LADDERBUCKS.**

Two Tauranga boys out shooting the other day, came suddenly across a deer which went for them straight. One took a shot at him while he jammed the other into a barbed wire fence, where the two sportsmen had previously attempted to drive him; he then, as if satisfied with his feat, leaped lightly over the fence and scoured away to fresh fields and pastures new.



Bird's-Eye View of the Country between Bloemfontein and Pretoria traversed by Lord Roberts.



H.M.S. POWERFUL

ARRIVING AT PORTSMOUTH FROM SOUTH AFRICA WITH HEROES OF LADYSMITH, SIR GEORGE WHITE AND THE NAVAL BRIGADE ON BOARD.



# Music and Musicians.

Novello has published three "Hymns for Use in Time of War."

According to an English contemporary, Sir Arthur Sullivan's services as conductor of the Leeds Festival was \$210 per annum. A magnificent sum, surely!

The association of German composers has presented to the federal council a memorial upon the rights of authors which contains some curious statistics: Germany contains 580 solo singers; 240 pianists; 130 violinists; 120 virtuosos, playing diverse instruments; 650 organists; 13,000 orchestral musicians, of whom 8000 play in theatres and municipal orchestras; 1300 orchestra leaders and directors of music; 8000 military musicians, headed by 410 leaders; 2350 chorus directors; 2700 professors of instrumental music; and 1530 professors of singing in 437 conservatories. Among the musical associations are 420 for sacred music, 830 amateur orchestras, and 6380 singing societies. In 1898, 277,100 different productions of music took place at which were given 2,701,900 different pieces, of which 191,503 were classical, 946,000 genre pieces, and 1,564,000 light pieces. There are 273 musical editors, 1800 merchants of music, 33 establishments to engrave music, 2000 factories of musical instruments, 2500 vendors of musical instruments, and 130,000 people live by music in Germany.

We generally dislike in music what is above our comprehension. When listening to a lecture, we are apt to accuse ourselves of stupidity if we can not understand what has been said.

The true musician is not the product of birth, but rather that of education. Yet we are not unmindful of the fact that without talent education will do very little toward developing the musician. Talent without instruction is apt to go astray, and musical instruction without talent is apt to go to waste.

A Japanese proverb says that a thousand miles begin with one step, so the greatest player begins with the first rudiments. When you take the first step, look out impatiently at the end of the journey, nor fix your mind, when taking your first lessons, upon the time when you shall appear before the public. Do every day's duty well, and in due time you will have walked the thousand miles, and so you will also be prepared to perform great works by the masters.

The physicians who study the nature and treatment of the human body say, at least the majority of them, that the best diet is that which consists of a mixture of animal and vegetable foods.

This is a metaphor of the musical nature. We can not become good and prolific musicians by a dogged and one-sided adherence to any class of compositions, not even the best and highest. The true lover of English poetry does not tether himself to the pages of Shakespeare alone, inimitable as those inspired pages are. He reads also Lowell, Byron, Keats, Longfellow, Milton, Shelley, Browning, Tennyson, and a hundred others, not forgetting nor omitting many a minor bard who had a true voice and a warm heart.

Exactly analogous to this should be the mode of developing our musical taste and learning. It is an excellent plan to follow the usage of certain piano teachers of eminence and long experience, who make it a rule to keep students at work all the while upon contrasted pieces. Thus, if the eighth invention of J. S. Bach is in hand—the pretty one in F major—along with it will be taken some easy piece by Heller, such as the "Song Without Words" in D major, op. 46, No. 8; with a rondo by Haydn will go the "Love-song" by Henselt; with "The Harmonious Blacksmith," by Handel, "Kammero Ostrow," No. 22, by Rubinstein; with Mendelssohn's "Hunting-song" or "Barcarole in A minor," Schumann's "Nocturne," op. 23, No. 4; with Chopin's "Polonaise" in A minor, the "Adagio" of Beethoven's "Moonlight" Sonata; with Weber's rondo, "Perpetual Motion," the "Funeral March," by Schytte, and so on and so on, in a thousand interesting contrasts, which may be carried up from grade I to the very highest—to ten, or even beyond, if there were any such altitude.—"The Etude."

Eugen d'Albert's concerto for the violoncello has been played for the first time in Vienna, by Hugo Becker, with overwhelming success. The great cellist was recalled five times. D'Albert's song scena, "Die Sejung-frau," sung by the composer's wife in the same concert, was also received with great enthusiasm.

Sir C. H. Hubert Parry has been appointed Professor of Music in Oxford University, to succeed Sir John Stainer, who resigned some time ago. Dr. Parry, as he was long known, has contributed a number of important works to musical literature, his articles on theoretic subjects in Grove's dictionary being among the most valuable of the kind. He has also written a number of compositions in the large forms.

From some queer crook in the human intellect, there is a large class of people, especially those of moderate means, who object to paying for any but the very cheapest lessons, but who, when it comes to buying an instrument, will not be satisfied with anything but the very best. If they have a possible £100 to buy a piano and educate a child, many of this class will pay £80 for the piano and £20 for the education instead of paying £20 or £40 for the piano and £60 or £80 for the education.

Many, again, will buy a piano, give a child a "term"—probably consisting of twelve lessons—and that is the last of it.

Such people want an instrument with the most massive case, the finest strings, the most elegant carvings, the finest ivory, the most celebrated maker's name on the front panel, and the latest improvements known to the piano-making art. The instrument must show the highest workmanship and the most beautiful finish.

Now, is not this a strange anomaly? These people want their pianos made by the finest and most skillful men in the trade, but when it comes to having work done on the brains of their children, a matter infinitely more important, they seem to think that anybody will do for that, and employ the first bungling amateur or cheap teacher that comes along. The average piano is an out-of-date mass of rusty strings, moth-eaten felt, and warped wood-work in twenty years; but the impress which a true teacher leaves on the plastic brain of a child is imperishable—it lasts forever.

Not that we do not believe in buying first-rate instruments! Far from it; no piano can be too good for the growing student if it can be afforded in addition to a first-class musical education. The point we wish to make is that education comes first. If you can not afford both, pay the skillful sharer of brains instead of the clever carver of piano panels; hire the man who has genius in attuning the musical hearing of pupils, instead of the first-class varnisher and finisher; spend the greater portion of your money in teaching a child how to use a tool, and not on the tool itself.

The homes of our country are full of these beautiful, expensive pianos, with no one to play them. Ask the people who buy them which they would prefer to hear, a first-class player and a medium-priced piano, or a first-class piano and a bungling player, and they will choose the first without the least hesitation. When it comes to the point of buying a piano and educating a child, however, they fail utterly to see the point, and, after spending almost all their money on a piano, hand their child over without hesitation to the first neighbourhood teacher who can play a jingling "coon song" or "rag-time" two-step, simply because the lessons are cheap, and they cannot afford to pay much, as they are paying for a magnificent carved piano on the instalment plan.

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## THINGS THE MUSIC STUDENT SHOULD REMEMBER.

Remember that your teacher shows you the thing to do, and how to do it; but the thing to be done must be done by you.

Remember that the rapidity of your progress depends entirely upon

the amount of labour given to your work.

Remember that one hour of genuine study is worth four of mere mechanical "banging" away.

Remember that it is not the quantity of medicine that cures, but the quality, regular and persistent use of which show telling effects. Likewise, with your daily practice, be punctual as to your regular time, remember to keep up to the required standard of quality, and persevere.

Secure, as early as possible, the unity of your teacher, so that your way of working and your actions will be in harmony with the intentions and ways of your teacher. When you once lose respect for him, you lose interest, and upon this depends, to a great degree, your future success or failure.

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## MUSICAL IMPURITY.

The insane craze for "rag-time" music and "coon songs" that has lately swept over the country is to the cause of good music among the masses what the hot blasts of the simoom are to healthful vegetation. The counters of the music stores are loaded with this virulent poison which, in the form of a malarious epidemic, is finding its way into the homes and brains of the youths to such an extent as to arouse one's suspicions of their sanity.

The poas of stush through which the composers of some of these songs have dragged their questionable rhythms are rank enough to stifle the nostrils of decency, and yet young men and ladies of the best standing daily roll around their tongues in gluttonous delight the most nauseating twaddle about "hot towns," "warm babies," and "bleared coons," armed with "blood-letting razors"—some of them set to double-jointed, jumping-jack airs that fairly twist the ears of an educated musician from their anchorage. Some of these songs are so maudlin in sentiment and rhythm as to make the themes they express fairly stagger in the drunkenness of their exaggerations. They are a plague to both music and musicians, and a stench to refinement.

Thank the Lord they have passed the meridian of their popularity, and are now on the wane, so that the cause of music may again be permitted to enjoy a season when it can inhale a few drafts of refreshing ozone from the more refined science of a sober, reflecting, and regretting humanity.

In the meantime, how shall the higher functions of music be disinfecting against the recurrence of this or some similar plague? It is to be sincerely hoped that this country will be spared in the future from such musical insanity as we have suffered by this rag-time, coon-song craze.—"Choir Music Journal."

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## A SIXTY-MINUTE LESSON

(By G. Higgins.)

Some patrons of music teachers look at the relation from the standpoint of pure business, and exact service to the very uttermost. They are always ready to haggle about the price of lessons and to find fault with the cost of music instruction. I had been accustomed to give a pupil the time a lesson required, to slight nothing, but I never watched the clock for a full sixty-minute lesson. But the mother did. One morning, as my pupil and I came out of the music-room, the mother looked at the clock, looked at me, and looked at the clock again.

"It was five minutes to nine when you went in there."

I said "Yes."

"It is now fifteen minutes to ten."

I pulled out my watch, trying to be courageous, for these mothers daunted me.

"It is ten to ten," I said firmly, "and we finished the lesson, so I stopped."

"Fifty cents is a lot," she said, as usual, "and I want sixty minutes for it."

I grew pale with anger—that woman argues me even yet—but only said: "Very well."

After that I gave sixty minutes to a second, but watched to see that I never went over. I grew quite ingenious in devising something to fill out a ten or fifteen minute pause.

This particular pupil had a habit of taking pauses herself, by utterly refusing to answer me, or to play on with the exercise, but with averted head, maintaining a stubborn silence. When I found I couldn't induce her to obey me, an appeal to her mother that we were "wasting time" readily accomplished what I had failed.—"The Etude."

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## A SWEET SONGSTRESS.

Miss Isabel Jay set herself a difficult task when she undertook to play the part of "Rose in Bloom" in Sir Arthur Sullivan's latest opera.

The original actress in this part was Miss Ellen Beech Yaw, the famous Californian importation, whose remarkable top note quite puts into the shade that of the much-talked-about Mary Jane. Miss Yaw can sing two notes higher than the previous high-note soprano known to our encyclopaedia, and it is evident that Sir Arthur Sullivan's score was written with a view to showing off the lady's remarkable qualities in this direction. Hence great credit is due to Miss Jay for her highly successful rendering of this difficult part. Not only is Miss Jay possessed of a beautiful voice and face, but she is also an actress of high intelligence.

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## FOOLISH AMBITION.

Nothing is of greater importance in music study than the selection of pieces given the student for practice, for there is more depending on this than the average teacher or student dreams of. Unfortunately the desire of the ambitious student usually tends towards pieces far beyond his powers; hence the slipshod technique and murder of musical ideas we hear so generally. A student should never attempt pieces of greater difficulty than he can master with an average study of a few hours daily, and when he finds he requires to give more time than this he should immediately select pieces less difficult. Many professors claim that two or three hours' daily practice, at most is all that students should do. This, however, while it works admirably for amateurs, is a mistake for professionals. All great artists have studied from eight to fourteen hours daily, not, however, at pieces, but principally at studies and etudes. In our day artistic excellence is so high that it requires years of the hardest work before young players can hope to appear with anything like success on the concert platform; so that three or four hours' daily practice would necessitate at least fifteen or twenty years' study before anything like real perfection was reached.

But the student should beware, above all things, of forcing or cramming in his studies, for in music the only process that ever brings beneficial results is one that is gradual. The student must creep before he tries walking, and not the least of the tasks that sometimes have before them is that of holding back the too ambitious student. Any attempt to climb musical heights too far beyond the students' reach brings the inevitable fall, and one fall is sufficient to weaken the nerves of some students forever. The evils arising from students attempting pieces too far beyond their ability are not confined to faulty technique and in interpretation. The most



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baful of all, and the most frequent, is loss of self-confidence. That uncontrollable nervousness which has played havoc with so many promising careers nine times out of ten has arisen from the foolish ambition of attempting pieces too difficult for mastery. Skill in executive art arises more or less directly from careful training, very little of it naturally; and skill is apart from the necessary muscle training—really confidence. Confidence, therefore, is one of the most important factors in the career of virtuosi, and the destruction or weakening of it means musical ruin.

It has long been the matter of wonder that great artists should, as a rule, make such poor teachers. But the reason of their failure is largely due to their inability to estimate rightly the powers of their pupils. To men like Paganini or Hubinstein the violin or pianoforte are instruments comparatively easily mastered, whereas to the rank and file their difficulty is enormous. A great artist generally gives his pupils pieces too difficult for them. Then he lures and frets over the faulty interpretation until he discourages and disheartens the students utterly. The continual occurrence of these discouragements and failures finally undermines the greatest self-confidence possible. Of course, a pianoforte or violin genius will find no obstacle or difficulty too great; but genius is rare, and mere talent is more easily crushed than brought out.

Nerve and coolness are all necessary attributes in instrumental study, but it is impossible for any student to be cool and nervous if he has a task in hand beyond his powers.

Hubinstein used to say that injudicious training has ruined more careers than good training has formed, and he was so firmly convinced of this that he instituted two divisions of study in the St. Petersburg Conservatory, one for students who were to become teachers, and the other for virtuosi.

The student should rely on etudes and exercises for his advancement in technique, and these, consequently, should always be more difficult than the pieces he studies. A study can be taken in tempo that suits the fingers and ability of the player without damage to the musical idea. Therefore etudes should be studied far more than they are, the student relying on these for advancement rather than on pieces. It is only by slow and careful practice that difficulties are overcome. Hence, if the student is ambitious and anxious to get on he should be given plenty of studies to tame and fret over, and continually cautioned against playing them in anything but a uniformly moderate tempo.

It is absolutely suicidal for young players to study alone, or even with a master, the pieces they have heard performed by men like Paderewski or Josefky. Of course, the temptation is great, but it should be fought against bravely, simply because it tends directly to the retardation of their advancement. It is always well for a teacher to have the confidence of his pupils in order to save them from the many false steps foolish ambition lures them into taking. Without ambition there can be no real success, yet too much ambition, on the other hand, prevents all success. The middle path is the most difficult of all to find and finding to keep, and the wise student will use every effort to do both.

A pianoforte student who has mastered one or more of the earlier sonatas of Schumann is not in a position to take up the study of opus 106 or opus 111, even if he has the biggest desire possible, and although he may have heard Paderewski play the Schumann "C-major Fantasia" and knows every phrase and note of it by heart; he should not attempt this work when equal only to a study of the Noveletton.

The etudes of Chopin, Liszt and Hubinstein, commonly difficult as many of them are, are excellent for development, both of the fingers and the intellect, but the student should be warned against playing these either in tempo or before an audience, or even a friend, until he has completely mastered their difficulties. They should serve him as stepping-stones, but nothing more.

TO PIANO-TEACHERS.

Why do so many fail as piano-teachers? There are many reasons for this. In the first place, many an individual who would make an excellent telegraph operator or typewriter has missed his vocation as a piano teacher. In other words, he is untrained for the position he has chosen. The characteristics that belong to the successful piano-teacher are wanting. These

characteristics are patience, love of work, a clear insight into the needs of his pupils, the ability to make his pupils progress in their work, the ambition to further the interest of his pupils, and the absence of personal vanity.

Every pupil must be treated differently. This is so well known a fact that to repeat it seems trite and common-place. And yet there are teachers that treat all pupils alike. Year upon year the same pieces are given and taught in the same style. The same etudes are gone through in the same order. The teacher has not gone with the times. He has remained stationary, utterly oblivious to the fact that, like in medicine, and in the various sciences, new ideas arise with new men, new conditions give way to old ones. The consequence is that the teacher belonging to this class sees his pupils leave him without understanding the cause. He does not hear the whispers behind his back: "He is too old-fashioned."

On the other hand, inexperienced teachers must avoid constantly experimenting with methods. At first the Stuttgart method with suppressed knuckles is lauded to the skies; then again it is the Leschetitsky method with elevated knuckles; finally, the experimenting teacher tries his luck with the method that leads from brain to key-board with a minimum of brain and a maximum of board. This method of experimenting is one of the pitfalls besetting the path of the inexperienced teacher, and should also be avoided.

A teacher must be heart and soul in his work. He will find his greatest pleasure in the advancement of his pupils. Then there will be no cause for worry. Instead of failure, his career will bring success.

NEW SERIAL STORY.

TO COMMENCE IN

NEXT WEEK'S "GRAPHIC."

"CAPTAIN ADAIR'S WIFE."

(By LIEUTENANT JOHN LLOYD.)

There will be commenced in next week's "Graphic" a new serial story by that popular writer, Lieutenant John Lloyd. The tale is of absorbing interest, and written in a very attractive style. The author has a high reputation, and he has distinctly added to it by this story.

THE DRAMA.

Notwithstanding the magnificent reception accorded to their opening piece, "The Silver King," the Anceion Dramatic Company could not rely on the same prosperity attending them throughout their season. For the "Silver King" appeals to the popular taste as scarcely any other melodrama does. But the success of "David Garrick" on Thursday last, of "Othello" on Friday, and "Dr. Bill" on Saturday showed that the Company was able to win and keep the public patronage in high tragedy and comedy. Mr Bentley took the title role in the first piece with great success. Again on Saturday he led the fast and furious frolic as Dr. Bill, a piece that provoked applause from beginning to end. In "Othello," the Company, as a whole, did not show to such advantage as in the lighter pieces, but there was some very creditable acting among the rank and file, while Mr Bentley's Iago, Miss Woodhill's Desdemona, and Mr Anceion's Othello were strong impersonations. On Monday "The Silver King" was revived, and yesterday (Tuesday) evening Hamlet was staged. Mr Alex. Anderson, of Mr Anceion's Company, has accepted the management of Mr Percy Dix's Wellington venture, which is on the same lines as the marvellously popular Auckland show.

Mr Harry Rickards has signed a 50 years' lease of the Melbourne Opera House.

A number of Auckland pressmen and others met Mr Bentley at supper in the Central Hotel, Auckland, last Saturday evening in response to Mr Douglas Anceion's invitation. Toasts were proposed by Mr Bentley, Mr Baume, and others. In the course of his remarks Mr Bentley said that he held the Government should take the theatre in hand, and institute schools and colleges to train actors and actresses.

Mr and Mrs H. A. Williams, Shakespearean reciters, are now appearing in Wellington.

Mr Wiegand, organist to the City of Sydney, whose manipulation of the great organ in the Town Hall will be remembered by all visitors to the New South Wales capital, has terminated his engagement with the municipality, and leaves shortly for Europe.

The Brough Comedy Company, having concluded their Sydney season, is now opening in Brisbane. From that town the Company make for Melbourne, where they will give a short season, and afterwards Perth will be taken on the way to Singapore, Rangoon, and Calcutta. The Broughs are due at the latter city in December next. They do not expect to be absent from Australia much more than a year.

The Auckland Amateurs are putting in active rehearsal Gilbert and Sullivan's "Yeoman of the Guard," for production later on.

Mr. Kennerley Rumford, the eminent tenor, it was recently stated, had for some reason or other—probably the plague—postponed his visit to Australia. It, however, transpires that the reason is his approaching marriage to Miss Clara Butt, the famous English contralto. It is therefore certain that Australia will have the pleasure of hearing both artists in the near future. Writing of the happy pair, the London "Morning Leader" says: "The two artists have appeared often on the same platform, and it was, indeed, on the concert platform that the acquaintance, which has ripened into something more than friendship, was first made. Mr. Rumford is the only son of the late Mr. W. Kennerley Rumford, of Woodcote Lodge, Epsom, while Miss Clara Butt is the eldest daughter of Captain Butt, of Bristol, so that both singers, curiously enough, appear in public under their own names. Although Miss Clara Butt is a native of Sussex, she has practically spent her life in Bristol, as her parents took up their residence there when she was but 6 or 7 years of age. As a consequence there is quite a flutter of excitement in the western city as to her approaching marriage. A "Leader" representative called at her father's residence, and was favoured by the famous vocalist with a brief interview. "Yes," said she, "it is true that I am to be married, and he," indicating Mr. Kennerley Rumford, who was present, "is to be my husband at the latter end of June. As to our future plans, London will be our headquarters. We shall be going on a tour through America and Australia directly we are married, but we shall be back by the autumn, when we shall be singing together." Further conversation elicited the fact that Miss Butt still has ideas of appearing in opera, but that will not be for some time yet. The rumour that the popular contralto intends relinquishing her professional career was emphatically denied. "I shall certainly continue my profession," said Miss Butt, "and, as I have told you, we hope to sing together at concerts when we return from our tour, which will be entirely a honeymoon trip."

Miss Jennie Opie joins one of Mr. J. C. Williamson's companies at the conclusion of her engagement with Mr. Pollard a few weeks hence. It was erroneously stated in last week's issue that the concert given to Mr Wynyard-Joss in Auckland was a benefit given by the Mandolin and Guitar Club. As a fact, the entertainment was arranged by Messrs Hipkins and Coultis. This evening (Wednesday) Mr and Mrs Hamilton Hodges, assisted by Mons. E. J. de Willimoff, the violinist, Mr George Newsome, a clever elocutionist, Mr A. L. Edwards, and Mrs E. H. Queree will give a song recital in the Choral Hall. This will be the first of a series of three similar recitals. Miss Ada Crossley has been engaged to sing at five great musical festivals at Home this year, including the Royal National Bistedford. The supply of juvenile prodigies in the Old Country is apparently by no means exhausted. Recently at the Steinway Hall, London, two pianistes, the Misses Christiana and Jose Fantuzzi-Nolan, aged respectively 8 and 6 years, born in London, their father being English and their mother Italian, came before the public. The elder of the two young instrumentalists played a serenade by Leybach, an etude by Gorla, and Deyver's "Wenn die Schälben," and Miss Jose essayed Handel's "Harmonious Blacksmith." The young ladies also gave a couple of duets. In all these

the players showed much promise, and displayed ability in advance of their years.

Mr J. C. Williamson declares that the first week's business with "H.M.S. Pinafore" at Her Majesty's, Melbourne, far exceeded anything ever done with the old piece during the last twenty years.

The Pollards attain their ninth birthday this month.

Miss Amy Castles has been specially honoured by the visit of a very distinguished churchman. His Excellency the Papal Nuncio at Paris, Monseigneur Lorenzelli. Hearing of her great success in Australia, he called upon her at the Convent du Roule, and expressed the hope that her future might be as bright as her friends anticipated.

**RHEUMATISM**

comes in the joints, muscles, and back. Sometimes it takes the form of rheumatic gout or of lumbago—a crippling, dull ache in the small of the back. It is the blood that causes rheumatism and attendant ailments: blood that has become impure from wrong food or wrong drink, so that when the

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**TESTIMONIAL.**

Cuba-st, Wellington.

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

RECEPTION AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE.

BRILLIANT VICE-REGAL FUNCTION.

Every thoughtful person must fully understand and warmly sympathise with the motives which inspired the Governor and the Countess of Ranfurly in substituting an evening reception for the large ball they usually give during their stay in Auckland. Though we all rejoice—and properly—over the splendid victories gained by our troops under Lord Roberts and other brave leaders, we also think of the many homes to which the war has brought sorrow and desolation, and all must have felt that a semi-State ball—such as Government House balls are—would have been just at the present time somewhat unsympathetic and slightly out of place. Such was evidently the feeling of Lord and Lady Ranfurly, and it was, as we have said, thoroughly appreciated in Auckland. The reception last week, though necessarily of a somewhat staid and formal character, must be pronounced a brilliant social success, and was perhaps the most numerous attended of any evening function ever given at Government House. It has been stated that some 750 invitations were issued, and so far as it is possible to judge of numbers in suites of rooms, it would certainly seem as if few indeed of the invited had been prevented from accepting the hospitality of the Earl and Countess. Shortly before half-past nine—for which hour the guests were bidden—the carriages began to roll past the Government House lodge at a few minutes to the half-hour the line extended right down to St. Andrew's Church on the one side, and far up Princes-street on the other. Owing, however, to the excellence of the arrangements with regard to carriages, there was little delay, the "line" moving forward briskly, each carriage, after depositing its occupants, driving off by the Symonds-street egress. The guests, after relinquishing their wraps, moved along the broad corridor to the central hall, which, under the present regime, has been turned into another reception room, and were here received by the Countess of Ranfurly, His Excellency the Governor and Lady Constance Knox. The Hon. Hill Trevor, A.D.C., announced the names of the guests. The Countess of Ranfurly looked exceedingly handsome in a rich black satin trained robe, with encrustations of chenille embroidery. A coronet of diamonds completed this handsome toilette. Lady Constance Knox was prettily frocked in white silk and lace. Miss Richmond wore a lovely white silk, with a floral design of pink roses and trimmed with myosotis blue, a lover's knot in her coiffure. The Governor was in ordinary evening dress, but wore the decorations of several of the orders with which he is invested, namely, the K.C.M.G., the Order of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, and the Queen's Jubilee medal.

The guests having paid their "devoirs," passed into one or other of the drawing rooms, and thence back into the corridors, the crush being everywhere somewhat prejudicial to getting a really comprehensive view of the gathering. The dining room, which had also been turned into a reception room for the nonce, was equally well filled, and the whole had been arranged with the idea of affording the maximum of open space without entirely destroying the usual pretty effect of the various rooms. The Countess of Ranfurly has made for herself a reputation for excellent taste in the matter of decoration and internal arrangements, unequalled in the annals of Government House, and last evening that reputation was fully upheld. The drawing rooms, with palms, casels, pictures, flowers, bric-a-brac and curios, looked exceedingly pretty, an effect not easy to obtain when it is remembered that all the furniture must have had to be rearranged in order to economise space. The dresses worn were, in the main, very handsome, though lacking, of course, the elaborateness and variety of colour to be seen at a Government House dance. The sight was, however, not one to be easily forgotten, more especially in the ballroom, where supper was served shortly after ten o'clock. The tables had been arranged in the form of a St. Andrew's cross, and the room was beautifully festooned with lycopodium, the effect being graceful in the extreme. Looking down from the dais, the picture was indeed very striking, the

novel form of the supper tables being admirably calculated to show off to the fullest advantage the many-hued dresses of the fair sex; the sober attire of the sterner sex being relieved here and there by naval and military uniforms, and the khaki-attired officers of the Countess of Ranfurly's Own. The excellent music of Eady's band, stationed in the music gallery, which was beautifully decorated with pot plants and palms, rose above, but did not drown, the hum of conversation, the "frou frou" of silk, and an occasional ripple of laughter.

The supper itself was of the most elaborate description, and the champagne was "fraped" to exactly the right temperature. In fact, in every particular it was evident the noble host and hostess had thought out every detail that might add to the comfort and enjoyment of their numerous guests. The supper was served in relays, thus avoiding a crush in the room. The Governor took in Mrs. J. Banks (wife of Colonel Banks), the Countess of Ranfurly being escorted by Mr. A. Kidd (Acting-Mayor). The usual rule of Government House—no toast and no speeches—was, on this occasion, broken. In proposing the health of Lord Roberts, which was drunk after that of the Queen, His Excellency said he did not think that night it would be right for them not to drink the health of the most successful general, he believed, England had ever had. He proposed Lord Roberts' health, and expressed the wish, "might he live long." The toast was drunk with enthusiasm, to the strains of "Rule Britannia."

Miss Kelly, florist to His Excellency, is to be complimented on the success with which she carried out the designs of the ballroom decoration submitted by the Countess.

The orchestra (under the conductorship of Mr. A. Eady) occupied the bandstand of the supper-room, and performed the following selections during the evening:—"Fair Melicia," from "Henry VIII.," overture, "Oliver Twist" (Robbs); "The Alabama Patrol" (Stahl); selection, "Sea Song" (Voll); "The Blue Bird" (Wallace); overture, "Spring Song" (Mendelssohn); overture, "Pirates of San Domingo" (Isenmann); concert piece, "Husaren" (Spindler); "The Blue Bird" (Wallace); overture, "The Chouffeur" (Offenbach); capriccio, "Fair Vaseur" (Tobiani); selection, "La Violette" (Auber); morceau, "L'ender and l'uge" (Mozart); selection, "Highway" (Dr. Korral); paraphrase, "Loreley" (Neradhal); march, "The Tiger" (Gleed).

THE DRESSES.

Admirable taste was the characteristic of most of the ladies' dresses; eyesores were very few and far between—a somewhat rare state of things as such a vast assemblage. Owing to the crush it was absolutely impossible to gain any clear idea of the many pretty dresses worn. We only managed to see about half who were present. The Countess of Ranfurly was very much admired in a handsome dress of black satin, richly embroidered with chenille and choux of chenille at back, diamond brooches and pendants on corsage, the shoulder straps were of black velvet, the decolletage was cut round, and the costume was en traine; black tiara in coiffure, studded with diamonds. Lady Constance Knox looked charming in a white Irish poplin silk, with transparent yoke veiled in lace; white sash; string of pearls round throat. Miss Richmond was attired in a white pompadour silk, with pink floral design, and trimmed with turquoise blue. His Excellency wore evening dress, with the Order of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, and the Queen's Jubilee medal. Mrs. Atkinson, black satin, finished with white lace applique; Miss Atkinson, pale green satin, with sash and streamers, relieved with white lace and pink roses; Miss Aubrey, bright rose silk of the Chinese peonies colour, the bodice was made with tucks, and the decolletage was finished with folded check of white and pink silk, the waist was swathed with check sash and finished with streamers at the back; Mrs. (Colonel) Banks, very handsome white satin veiled in black Spanish lace; Mrs. Baldwin, black silk veiled in chenille net; Miss Brigham looked daintily in ivory silk finished with salmon pink flowers on decolletage; Mrs. L. Benjamin, black brocaded satin with jet finishings; Miss Biss looked distingue in a white silk with a profusion of billowy lace, and scarlet flower on shoulder, white ornament in coiffure; Mrs. Harry Read Bloomfield wore a pretty costume of white outline, the decolletage was swathed with folded bella donna pink velvet; Mrs. Lucas Read Bloomfield, black silk veiled in black lace, decolletage outlined with pink tulle and flowers; Mrs. George Read Bloomfield, white brocaded silk encrusted with lace; Mrs. Rosewater, black silk, with

white let in front, pink opera cape; Miss Rosewater looked chic in white silk with bead trimming and pink flowers on decolletage, white ostrich aigrette in coiffure; Mrs. Brabant, black silk with violet silk vest and panel veiled in black net; Mrs. Brigham, black velvet; Miss Brett, pretty canary silk with violets on corsage, and finished with white bebe ribbon; Mrs. Alfred Buckland, black silk, finished with lace; Miss Phoebe Buckland, very striking black costume, the bodice was veiled in white lace applique, the skirt was trimmed with the same lace applique; Mrs. C. F. Buddie, Italian brocade finished at corsage with chiffon, and relieved with spray of anemylis red flowers; Miss Ivy Buddie, navy blue velvet profusely trimmed with iridescent passementerie; Mrs. Bedford, black silk, relieved with pink at neck; Miss Wyld-Brown, pink silk, finished with pink tulle, pink flower in coiffure; Mrs. Creagh, black silk, relieved with black lace; Miss Creagh, white silk, with edgings of white fur; Mrs. William Coleman, very handsome chrysantha columbine yellow brocade finished with lace; Mrs. L. Corbett, black costume, relieved with scarlet flowers; scarlet flowers in coiffure; Mrs. Chamberlain looked extremely well in mauve brocade; Miss Conolly, pretty blue satin, finished with lace encrustations, the bodice was tucked and finished on shoulder with pink roses; Mrs. Hugh Campbell, black silk veiled in net with silver encrustations; Mrs. J. Campbell, pink brocaded silk finished with lace; Mrs. Caro, black silk, relieved with pink shirred tulle; Mrs. Caro, white silk, finished with scarlet flowers at corsage; Mrs. R. Anthony-Carr, black costume, finished with white; Miss Nora Carr, the palest of lettuce green silks; Mrs. J. M. Chambers, dome blue brocade, handsomely finished with lace and yellow chrysanthemums on each shoulder; Mrs. Cheeseman, electric green costume, trimmed with black lace; Miss Coates, white silk, finished with violets on decolletage; Mrs. R. Coates, black silk, relieved with pink; Miss Cuff, white; Mrs. W. H. Colbeck, white silk; Miss Cooper, Italian silk; Mrs. Dacre, black lace over electric blue silk; Miss Dacre, white silk, with ostrich plumes on decolletage, white ostrich tips in coiffure; Mrs. Daveney, black; Mrs. Moss Davis, oyster grey brocade trimmed with bead passementerie; Misses Moss Davis (3) were studies in white; Miss May Dawson, white trained silk; Mrs. Devereux, black, finished with white applique; Miss Devereux, canary brocade polonaise over white silk and pleated white tulle; Mrs. Dudley, black silk with fichu of white lace; Miss Dudley, white silk; Mrs. W. Duffair, black silk relieved with pink; Mrs. Draper wore a white silk; Mrs. (Col.) Dawson, brown plaid silk with velvet trimmings; Miss Donald, lemon-coloured silk trimmed with violets; Mrs. (Dr.) Erson, black velvet; Miss Firth, blue and white miterale striped silk, the bodice was finished with black; Mrs. A. P. Friend, white silk, finished with sash; Miss Frodsham, black; Mrs. Thorne George, new shade of heliotrope brocade, finished with soft tulle trimmings; Miss Thorne George, sweet pea pink silk, en traine; Mrs. Nelson George, purple silk veiled in black; Mrs. Gillies, Sultan red silk, finished with white lace; Miss Gillies wore a bright pink satin with panel of white in front of skirt; her sister wore a salmon pink silk veiled in white lace; Mrs. Gorrie, black; Miss Mary Gorrie, pink silk; Mrs. H. T. Gorrie, white silk, finished with lace; Miss Blanche Gorrie looked well in a white surah; Miss Griffiths (Sydney), white silk with turquoise blue velvet at waist and corsage; Mrs. Goodall, black velvet; Mrs. Goodhue, claret silk skirt, claret velvet bodice; Miss Gill, white silk; Mrs. Gleny, black; Mrs. T. Hutchison, black lace; Miss Hutchison, new grenat silk; Mrs. R. R. Hunt, pretty columbine pink silk; Miss Huuillan, black; Mrs. J. B. Day, black silk; Miss Hay wore white; Mrs. J. C. Hardie, black costume trimmed with royal blue and finished with iridescent beads; Miss Hesketh, white silk, finished with lace and flowers; Mrs. J. L. Hanna, black; Miss Hanua, pink; Mrs. Hansen, rich black Louis velvet en costume, finished with point lace; Mrs. Heather, very striking white satin veiled in black plaid grenadine polonaise, finished with fringe, the costume was en traine; Mrs. Holland, black silk; Miss Holland, canary silk; her sister wore white; Mrs. Hooper, black silk, finished with white lace applique; Miss Hooper, pretty combination of black and white; Misses Horne (2) were studies in black; Miss Howard, pink silk; Miss Hull looked

pretty as a debutante in white silk, and carried a lovely bouquet of white flowers; Mrs. Hamner, black; Mrs. Innes, black velvet; Miss Innes, white; Miss Edith Innes, dainty rose coral pink silk; Mrs. Fred Ireland, black silk; Misses Ireland (2), studies in white pompadour silk; Mrs. Keating, grey silk; Miss Keating, canary silk, with drapery round hips, of white silk and white decolletage; her sister wore bright dome blue veiled in black lace; Mr. Harry Keating, white silk, finished with pink roses; Mrs. Keating, black; Miss Keogh, white; Miss Kinsling, pale green; her sister wore white; Mrs. (Dr.) King, black; Mrs. (Dr.) Laine, white silk; Miss Lennox, white silk, finished with blue; Mrs. Howie Lewis, canary brocade; Mrs. (Dr.) de Glive-Lowe, black lace; Miss Luak, pink and yellow shot silk; Mrs. Lusher, white; Mrs. Lyons, handsome English costume of bright pink silk, with autumn leaves and berries on corsage; Miss Fenton, pink; Mrs. Mahoney, bright costume of poppy red and white; Mrs. Marshall, white silk; Mrs. Masfield, black, costume encrusted with silver sequins; Madame de Montalk, black silk; Miss de Montalk, pink Liberty silk; Mrs. R. de Montalk, black velvet, relieved with white; Mrs. Thomas Morrin, black lace costume; Miss Morrin, white silk, finished with violets at corsage; Mrs. Morris, very striking mauve silk with bands of cream silk fringe running horizontally round skirt, which was en traine, white panel of lace down the front of skirt, the bodice was finished with this fringe and large wreath of salmon pink flowers on shoulder; Mrs. Morrow, very handsome fragilis black brocade; Miss Morrow, white silk with ostrich feathers; Miss Moss, white; Miss Mowray, black; Miss Murray, white pompadour silk; Mrs. Len Myer, white satin with fox fur; Misses Myers (2), were studies in white; Mrs. Markham, light coloured evening costume; Mrs. H. R. Morton, black velvet costume, with butterfly on decolletage; Miss Morton, blue silk; Mrs. McCormick, white silk, with silver threaded net over all; Miss McCormick, white silk; Mrs. Alfred Nathan, black, relieved with pink; Miss Julia Nathan, white silk; Mrs. Nelson, black velvet; Miss Nelson, pink silk; Mrs. Nichol, black velvet; Misses O'Neill (2), were studies in columbine blue silk, with silver passementerie; Miss O'Neill, white silk; Mrs. C. J. Parr, black kilted chiffon over robe of gaipure, with applique of palest yellow panne outlined in gold sequins, drapery round corsage of gold threaded lace; Mrs. Froy of Peacocke, grey silk finished with black lace; Miss Peacocke looked well as a debutante in white silk; Misses Peacocke (2), Pansonby, were studies in pink; Mrs. Porevial, bright pink silk, with decolletage and cuffs were relieved with pink diapane; Miss Pierce, blue; Miss Price, white silk; Mrs. Louisa Pitt, black; Miss G. Purchus, black silk, finished with green; Mrs. Rathbone, beautiful ivory brocade, en traine, with bead trimming, the decolletage was finished with soft white chiffon; Mrs. (Dr.) Stuart-Reid, a combination of black and turquoise blue; Mrs. Rice, black, and her daughters (2) wore white; Mrs. Rich, grey silk with pink fobbed velvet on corsage; Miss Rich, black silk; Mrs. Richardson, grey silk trimmed with silver passementerie; Miss Richardson, lovely pink silk; Mrs. J. Roach, very elegant tanney costume of lemon coloured silk, made in tunic style, the decolletage was encrusted with pearls, the underskirt was finished with bands of white; Mrs. Roberts, black lace; Mrs. Robertson, white silk; Mrs. Runciman, black silk; Miss Runciman, white; Mrs. Edward Russell, white lace costume; Mrs. James Russell, black silk; Misses Russell (2), wore very handsome white silks, with lace finishings; Miss Rooke, sky blue silk, en traine; Miss Savage, white; Mrs. Segar, black Louis velvet en costume; Mrs. Dillingham, black, finished with blue; Mrs. Shepherd, black, and her daughter, a debutante, wore white; Mrs. Shepherd, black and white striped costume; Mrs. Smith, black; Miss Smith, black, relieved with white; Mrs. J. M. Shera, cream flowered brocade; Mrs. Von Sturmer, buttercup silk trimmed with violets; Miss Von Sturmer, white; Mrs. Chinnery-Suggate, black relieved with pink; Mrs. H. Stebbing, white silk; Miss Sage, grey costume; Mrs. Seegner, scarlet silk; Mrs. Archdale Taylor, black skirt, canary lace blouse; Mrs. Kerr-Taylor, white satin with gold ornaments; Misses Kerr-Taylor, white silk; Mrs. Tewsley, very beautiful costume of the new Svens-green brocade; Mrs. Tibbs, chrysanthemum coloured pink silk; Mrs. Tims, black empire costume; Mrs. Phillips-Turner, pink



# Society Gossip

## AUCKLAND.

Dear Bee,— June 12.

### THE FIRST DAY OF THE AUCKLAND RACING CLUB'S WINTER MEETING

took place last Saturday. There was a very large attendance, owing no doubt to the perfect weather which prevailed throughout the day. As for the gowns, nearly everyone was either tucked or embroidered, sometimes both. Sailor hats were very popular, usually trimmed with red, white and blue ribbons, fringed and hanging down at the ends. Scarlet and purple were in evidence.

I recollect the following:—Mrs Alison, black skirt, green plaid blouse, navy velvet toque; Mrs (Col.) Dawson, navy serge, black hat, with dark roses and black feathers; Miss Atkinson, fawn; and her sister a periwinkle blue skirt, fawn jacket, periwinkle chaparran; Mrs Ansonne, navy serge, seal-skin jacket, black hat, with plumes; Miss Binney, navy serge; and her sister wore a blue tartan skirt, brown jacket, royal blue hat, with blue feathers; Miss Buckland, grey; Miss Maud Buckland, black; and her sister wore a peacock blue, with white chemisette, grey velvet hat; Mrs W. H. Charlton, greeny check costume, cream fur toque, with white feathers; Mrs Vou Sturmer, fawn coat and skirt; Mrs Read Bloomfield, black broche, green velvet bonnet; Mrs Lucas Read Bloomfield, Lincoln green costume, black hat, with plumes; Mrs George Read Bloomfield, wood violet costume, with bolero of velvet, white revers and vest, blue toque, trimmed with yellow, white and blue ribbons; Mrs Brett was much admired in a royal blue costume, toque of a lighter hue to correspond; Miss Blanche Banks (Waikato), bisent coloured tailor-made gown, fawn felt hat, with silk and plumes; Mrs Charles Brown, navy and black hat, with feathers; and her sister wore a Prussian blue costume, with violet, white chemisette, black hat; Mrs Black, black serge, violet toque, with feathers; Mrs Wilfred Colbeck, navy costume, fawn jacket; Mrs Thomas McLaughlin, navy serge, fur box, fur toque; Mrs Cotter, emerald green cloth costume, blue toque; Miss Cotter, fawn; English costume, braided in white, black felt hat, trimmed with plumes and buckle; Miss Millie Cotter, absinth green, trimmed with white, azure blue toque, wreathed with tulle; Miss Winnie Cotter, black costume, white fur boa, black felt hat, with plumes; Mrs Chamberlin, sage green coat and skirt; Mrs Cottle, black broche, black bonnet, relieved with pink; Mrs Dargaville, black; Miss M. Dargaville, fawn costume; Mrs H. Dunnet looked extremely well in a rich black velvet gown, with white lace collar, toque en suite; Miss Dunnet, fawn coat and skirt, fur edged toque, with violet velvet crown; Mrs Devore, violet costume, trimmed with braid, black silk jacket, black bonnet; Miss Devore, new shade of Russian violet serge; Mrs Denniston, fawn skirt, violet blouse, violet hat, trimmed with lavender tulle, and wreathed with violets; Miss Denniston, navy coat and skirt; Mrs Ralph (Sylvia Park), royal blue, finished with white; Miss Muir, green serge, trimmed with velvet; Mrs Moody, fawn coat and skirt; Miss Courtney, navy serge, toque of cardinal velvet and white wings; Mrs Caldwell, navy serge; Miss Dixon, grey lustre, white chemisette, red velvet toque; Mrs Devereux, black silk, black toque; Miss M. Devereux, red of nihiliste hue, trimmed with bands of black braid, cream hat, with red berries; Mrs Mercer, fawn; Mrs Duthie, navy serge; fur jacket, royal blue velvet toque; Miss Davey, navy costume, toque, with red ribbons; Mrs Edmiston, dark pine green plaid cloth, with velvet underskirt, black velvet toque; Miss Edmiston, red and black plaid costume, made with bolero, the waist was swathed with red velvet, brown fur toque with red velvet; Mrs. Crowe, royal blue cashmere, toque to correspond; Miss Firth, fawn coat and skirt, cream hat with pink flowers; Miss Ita Thorne George, Prussian blue tailor-made gown, velvet toque with violets; Mrs. Nelson George, black silk, black fur cape, black hat; Miss Sutton, slate grey; Miss Griffiths, royal blue with white vest, blue toque en suite with white wings; Mrs. Ralph and Miss Ralph (Ponsonby), black tailor-made gowns; Mrs. Angus

Gordon, buis coat and skirt, black hat, with wreath of red roses; Mrs. (Dr.) Forbes (Iwera) looked extremely well in black and white shepherd's plaid skirt, with black braiding, white vest, black jacket, black and white toque with feathers; Mrs. Gorrie, fawn; Miss Gorrie, black costume; and her sister wore grey; Mrs. Andrew Hanna, navy serge, toque, with violets; Mrs. Hooper, navy; Mrs. Herrold, made grey coat and skirt, black hat with white feathers; Mrs. Innes, black; Miss Ireland, plaid skirt, royal blue jacket, black hat with plumes; Miss J. Ireland, plaid skirt, fawn jacket, black hat with plumes; Miss Raey, green costume, with black toqueette finished with violet velvet bows; Miss Jackson, black costume, sailor hat; Mrs. Bruce, fawn tailor-made gown, violet floral toque; Mrs. Hope Lewis, black costume, black hat swathed with red velvet; Miss Lewis, pao fonce green coat and skirt, black hat with feathers; Miss Lusk, pretty green tartan costume made with bolero, black hat; Mrs. Morris, violet cloth, with black braid, black toque with violets; Mrs. Thomas Morrin, black broche skirt and bolero, white silk bodice, violet velvet toque with violets; Miss Morrin, heliotrope-violet costume, white hat, with pink bows; Miss —, Morrin, navy blue; Mrs. Masfen, fawn costume, fawn toque trimmed with maroon velvet; Mrs. B. Masefield, navy serge, fawn jacket, velvet toque; Mrs. Leo Myers, black; Mrs. Nichol, black; Mrs. B. Noakes, fawn costume, violet velvet hat with flowers; Miss Noakes, navy costume, fur toque; Mrs. H. Nolan, black cloth with fringe, dark cherry velvet hat with violets; Mrs. Bodle, navy, pink hat trimmed with silk of the two hues; Mrs. Otway, grey with white chemisette, grey felt hat; Misses Percival (2), fawn tweeds; Miss Peacocke, peacock blue; Miss F. Peacocke, dark skirt, light blouse; and her sister wore light tabac brown coat and skirt; Mrs. Banson, black; Mrs. Rathbone, black silk, with white let in bodice, blue toque with pink and white feather; Mrs. Roberts, black silk and cape, black bonnet with yellow rose; Mrs. (Dr.) Sharman, striking royal blue tucked skirt, bodice relieved with white, white satin toque edged with white fur; Mrs. Smith (Thames), black; Mrs. John Smith, gobelin blue and grey wave-traced costume, hat trimmed with fringe; Miss Smith, royal blue; Miss Eva Scherff, navy serge, red velvet toque with white satin crown; Mrs. W. Thorston (Waikato), black and white shepherd's plaid, tailor-made costume; Mrs. Uphill, navy serge, with gold buttons, navy toque; Mrs. Walker, black; Miss Walker, navy; Miss Walker (Thames), plaid skirt, fawn jacket, red velvet toque; Miss Wilkins, fawn; Mrs. Ware, dark costume, black velvet toque; Mrs. A. P. Wilson, plaid skirt, fawn jacket, hat with autumn leaves and berries; Mrs. Hutchison, black cloth costume, scarlet velvet hat with feathers; Mrs. Hutchison, black costume; Mrs. Fraser, navy serge; Mrs. Worsp, green plaid; Miss Daisy Worsp, dark skirt, fawn jacket, red velvet toque; Miss Blanche Worsp, black and white check with black braid, fox fur toque; Mrs. Scott (H.M.S. Mohawk), black costume, blue vest, black toque with blue; Mrs. Thorpe, black; Miss Thorpe, green cloth, coat and skirt; black toque trimmed with red; Mrs. Martelli, navy serge, violet hat; Miss Simpson, cherry-coloured plaid skirt, fawn jacket, cherry straw hat with black velvet and white quills; Mrs. Mair, black; Mrs. Markham, fawn tweed, white sailor hat trimmed with blue silk; Mrs. H. Tonks, claret coloured cloth with bolero jacket; Mrs. Woodroffe, grey skirt, fawn jacket very pretty brown toque with fur; Mrs. Koch, navy, trimmed with black velvet, black hat; Miss Walnutt, grey costume, black hat; and her sister wore a fawn gown, fawn hat, trimmed with red; Mrs. Creagh, black; Miss Creagh, navy, black hat, grey cape; Miss Shepherd, fawn tweed; Mrs. Lawrence, black; Misses Roberts, fawn; Mrs. (Dr.) Sharman's sister wore a striking royal blue and green tartan; Miss Snell, black costume, black velvet hat trimmed with scarlet.

### "AT HOME."

Mr and Mrs H. Kinder entertained a large number of guests on Friday evening at the Savings Bank, Newmarket. The evening was delightfully occupied with progressive euchre and music. The large dining-room readily accommodated ten tables or more. Miss Connolly won the ladies' first prize, a pretty picture, "Psyche at the Well," and Mr Clarke won the gentlemen's, a handsome pocket-book. Miss W. Cotter and Mr Ewen were the win-

ners of the consolation prizes. About eleven o'clock the guests were invited to supper. The table, which was laden with delicacies of the season, looked very pretty with specimen glasses filled with roses and ferns, and reflected great credit upon the artistic hands that had arranged them. After supper a number of excellent vocal and instrumental selections were given by our host and hostess and Misses Mitchell, Pierce, Brookfield, Messrs Kissing, Rowe, Burgess and Bruce. As one so often hears such indifferent performances in the musical line at evening entertainments, these items proved a real treat, as contributors were all gifted musicians.

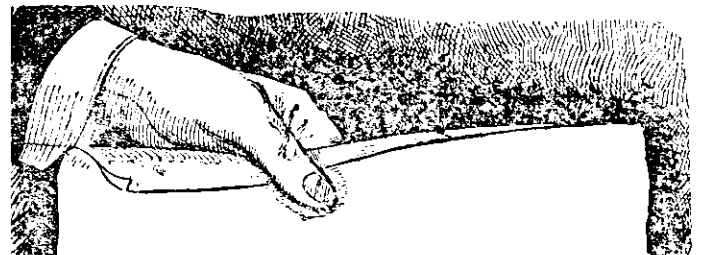
Mrs Kinder (who made a charming hostess) looked exceedingly well in a pervench blue shot silk blouse trimmed with steel passementerie, black silk skirt; Miss Eva Kinder was graceful in shell pink veiling with full of cream Plauen lace round low neck of bodice; Miss Nesta Kinder, pale pink blouse, black skirt; Miss Connolly wore an emerald green silk blouse trimmed with white tucked chiffon, black skirt; Miss Kissing, pretty cream carduroy, bodice adorned with cream lace and white silk fringe; Miss Bruce, yellow Swiss muslin, insertion and tucked yoke and elbow sleeves; Miss Winnie Cotter looked charming in a pink silk evening bodice veiled in white striped mousseline de soie, white chiffon fichu, black satin skirt; Miss Ruddock, Nil green crepe evening frock with a cluster of red poppies on corsage; Miss Kinder wore a pretty white, cashmere with transparent yoke and sleeves of cream Plauen lace; Mrs. Oxley, white silk; Miss Withers, old gold silk evening bodice, low corsage trimmed with hussar red chiffon frills and ruching, black silk skirt; Mrs. Arthur Clarke, emerald green velvet blouse with white chiffon frill round semi-low neck, black skirt; Miss Flossie Pierce, pretty forget-me-not blouson evening bodice trimmed with cream lace insertion, black silk skirt; Miss Kennedy, white silk, white lace fichu; Miss Snell, pale blue and white

striped silk evening bodice, the front of corsage swathed with white chiffon, caught with a cluster of red poppies, black silk skirt; Miss Brookfield was pretty in cream silk striped Sicilian cloth trimmed with cream lace; Miss Mitchell, tussore silk blouse with khaki lace, black skirt; Miss Eva Mitchell was charming in a cream and violet Matalasse blouse with white lace, black skirt; Miss von Sturmer, Nil green crepe with red poppies; Miss Goodwin, pretty pink veiling; Miss Shera, azure blue trimmed with white lace; Messrs Kinder, W. Bruce, A. Clarke, Claud, Pierce, Shera, Rowe, Ruddock, Burgess, Brookfield, Ewen, Stonan, Kissing, Hay and Bamford.

### MUSICAL UNION "AT HOME."

The "At Home" given by the Auckland Musical Union last Thursday in St. Benedict's Hall was a pronounced success, the spacious hall being taxed to its utmost to accommodate the 70 or 80 tables required for progressive euchre, which was played for some two hours. At the conclusion of the games dancing occupied the rest of the evening and, indeed, till early next morning. Mr Burke's band supplied the music for the dancers. The supper purveyed by Mr W. Philip was greatly appreciated by the guests. Much credit is due for the success of the evening's entertainment to Mr W. A. Prime and the members of the Committee, who were indefatigable in their efforts to make the evening a success. The Committee comprised Messdames Alexander, Crawford, Hopkins, Henricksen, Unis, Alfred Nathan, Penock, Simpson, Squirell, Youngusband, Misses Doonan, Haven, Mulvaney, O'Hann, Simpson, Towsey, White, the Rev. Dr. Egan, Messrs Graves, Aiekin, Pookes, W. A. Prime, J. Peterson, J. R. Richter, J. Simms, Squirell, Towsey and others. Owing to want of space this week we cannot give description of the ladies' dresses.

Our Mercer correspondent writes: The numerous friends of Mr Spencer of the Railway Department, who has been stationed at Mercer for the last



Although 'tis nearly sixty years  
Since Grandma made the test,  
Yet still to-day  
The people say  
That Hudson's Soap is best.

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WELLINGTON.

Dear Bee, June 11.  
A delightful dance was given by Mrs Sprott last week. The large drawing-room and dining-room, adjoined by folding doors, were used for dancing, and a dainty sit-down supper was laid out in a room downstairs on the first floor. The whole house was nicely decorated and arranged for sitting out, every availing space being furnished with easy-chairs or sofas. The music was supplied by King's band. Our hostess received her guests in the study, and wore a very handsome black silk gown with overskirt of grey, the brocade bodice trimmed with the same and black chiffon; Miss Sprott looked pretty in pink silk trimmed with deeper pink velvet. Among the guests were Mrs Brown, wearing black silk veiled in richly jewelled net; Mrs Ritchie, lovely white satin trimmed with chiffon and sequins; Miss Coates, black moire, bodice of white veiled with black lace; Miss Ashcroft, black satin with tulle of cream lace; Miss Brandon, blue-grey silk trimmed with white lace and flowers; Miss A. Brandon, black trimmed with lace; Miss Pharaon, white muslin trimmed with lace frills, pink silk folded sash; Miss Edwin, black, trimmed with chiffon and pearls; Miss A. Edwin (debutante), white satin trimmed with chiffon and lace; Miss Barron, pink silk trimmed with narrow black passementerie; Miss Hutchinson, pink silk trimmed deeply with lace; Miss Coleridge, black satin with white lace; Miss L. Coleridge, white figured silk trimmed with lace; Miss Bell, white satin trimmed with chiffon and red poppies; Miss Bourne (Auckland), white silk trimmed with pale blue velvet; Miss Gore, blue figured silk trimmed with white chiffon; Miss Atkinson, sage green velvet with white lace; Miss Johnston, black satin trimmed with pink chiffon and passementerie; Miss Douglas, yellow silk veiled in brown tulle and chiffon; Miss Williams, black satin trimmed with pale white lace and peacock blue velvet; Miss Stowe, black, trimmed with pale blue chiffon; Miss Harcourt, black satin with passementerie bands; Miss Richmond, white satin; Miss Fancourt, deep cream gauze. Among the gentlemen were Rev. Mr Sprott, Rev. Mr Bartlett, Messrs Ritchie, Brown, Butler, Ashcroft, Duncan, Williams, Cooper, Coleridge, Gore, Atkinson, Richmond, Harcourt, Brandon, Sloman.

OPHELIA.

PICTON.

Dear Bee, May 25.  
MAFFKING DAY CELEBRATION was continued on Monday; indeed, it seemed as if people could never sufficiently express their joy and gladness at the relief. There was a

PROCESSION

of school children from the Borough school to the town Hall in Hight-st., where they were regaled with luncheon, and afterwards with tea, but between they were kept amused with the merry-go-round, donated by the proprietor, Mr Johnson; an exhibition of diving by Mr Stitt, who went down to recover the body of President Kruger, who had committed suicide from the jibboom of the freezing hulk that morning. The diver succeeded in recovering the body, and an inquest was immediately held on it, the jury's verdict being "Serves him right." Immediately after that occurrence heavy firing was heard from Bob's Bay, and presently a strange-looking, foreign-rigged ship appeared in the offing, endeavouring to escape from a

BRITISH CRUISER,

which was soon seen to be chasing the stranger. A report was circulated to the effect that President Kruger (who appeared to be possessed of the proverbial nine lives of the cat), with President Steyn, were on board, and immediately the gun on the Esplanade opened fire. The foreign-looking craft was now between two fires, and the crew took to the boat, and left the two Presidents to their fate. A well-directed shot entered the magazine, and with a loud report the ill-fated craft flew into the air, and something like the motor-car, bits of it, and bits of Kruger, and Steyn, were all that was left of the show.

ANOTHER PROCESSION

took place in the evening, after the manner of Saturday's performance, our only ambulance nurse going out with the khaki girls. The enthusiasm was vented in songs, cheers, and the sound of all sorts and conditions of musical

instruments. After the procession the guns were drawn up on the Esplanade, and the khaki girls each fired off a cannon for the very first time in their lives.

A SOCIAL

was held during the evening, at which a great crowd assembled. The fire brigade, khaki girls, and our ambulance nurse, Miss Howard, attended in their uniforms. Others present were: Mrs Hardy, in a beautiful half-gown of white silk, the skirt finished off with three narrow frills headed with pink satin ribbon, and the bodice to match, with transparent sleeves of lace; Mrs G. Scott also wore a very handsome gown of yellow silk prettily finished off with lace; Mrs Riddell, white silk and lace with pearl embroidery; Mrs Allen, black broche with white lace fichu; Miss E. Greensill, salmon pink silk, which was very pretty; the Misses Fell (2) were dressed alike in very handsome gowns of pale blue silk, trimmed with pretty lace; Miss Morna Fell, dark skirt, and evening blouse; Miss — Fell (Nelson), cardinal frock; Miss Fuller, white muslin and lace; Misses Lloyd (2), in white muslin; Miss Philpotts, pretty yellow silk; and her sister in white; Miss Hay, black, with pale blue chiffon; Miss Grace Allen, white muslin skirt, and pink silk evening blouse; Miss McGuire, pale blue frock, with white lace on the skirt, and bodice; Miss — McGuire, dark skirt, and pink silk evening bodice; Misses Miles (2), in white muslin; Miss France in pale blue; Miss Thompson, dark skirt, and shot silk blouse; Miss Fredericks, pink frock trimmed with white lace; Misses Dart (2), Mesdames Wilkins, Staples (Wellington), Robertshaw, Roskrug, Beauchamp, and a host of people on the stage in walking costume. Mr J. Greensill wore his khaki uniform. Other men present were: Messrs Drake, Clinch, Riddell, Fell (2), McGuire (2), Hardy, Scott, Stitt, Allen, Price, Bathgate, Sergeant, Bartlett, Fredericks, Perano (2), Smith, France (2), etc.

On Tuesday evening Father Ainsworth entertained over twenty young men at a

MUSICAL SUPPER,

held at the Terminus Hotel. A most enjoyable evening was spent, and the young men intend to return the Rev. Father's kindness by inviting him to spend an evening with them in about a week's time.

TEMPESTUOUS WEATHER

has been responsible for delays in the mail service. Two steamers left here for Wellington on Wednesday morning, but after a try at the Straits returned. The Takapuna also had to put in for shelter, and for medical assistance for a passenger who had broken his arm. Two steamers expected from the Coast have been delayed, as well as the usual mail boat. Officers and passengers alike say that in all their experience they never saw such mountainous waves as on Wednesday. On Thursday morning the three boats tackled the course again, going out by the north entrance, and as the gale had considerably abated they arrived safely in Wellington.

June 8.

Mrs Greensill had a "wee" party at the Schoolhouse, Waikawa, for her

little granddaughter on Friday. The little ones walked down together, and stayed all night, walking home again next day. Among them were Misses Greensill, Owen, Love, Master T. Greensill, and several of the Maori children from the pah.

The Rotomua celebrated the taking of Johannesburg and other good news, by sending up rockets as she lay at the wharf on Friday evening. Her officers thought it was better to be late than never, and as the boat was out on her travels when the celebrations were held elsewhere, they expressed their delight, and delighted us, by a display of rockets and blue lights.

Mr A. P. Seymour and two of his sons, who were surveying down at Titerangu, met with a rather unpleasant experience during last Friday's gale. They were travelling in Mr J. B. Richardson's yacht, the "Zeripha," when the gale commenced, and they decided to land. After leaving the yacht securely anchored, they went off for the shore in a small boat, but a willy-waugh caught them and capsized the boat. They succeeded in getting ashore just in time to see the boat lifted up like a feather and dashed to pieces on the beach. They were hospitably entertained at Mr Neave's homestead, but next morning, when they went out to look for the yacht, she, too, had disappeared. The s.s. Tekapo, which trades between Havelock and Wellington, picked up the party and brought them on to Picton on Sunday. Mr Seymour was considerably bruised.

A party of twenty—all of the sex who think no harm, but the reverse, in a Sunday excursion—hired the s.s. Neptune and went down to Dieffenbach. They reckoned the fish they actually caught by the ton, but the fish they nearly caught capped all.

On Tuesday evening a public meeting was held in the Foresters' Hall to elect a committee to properly carry out the celebrations when peace is declared. Mr A. P. Seymour, the Mayor, was voted into the chair, and by his enthusiasm quite made up for the lack of loyalty displayed by other City Fathers, all of whom were conspicuous by their absence. Judging by the enthusiastic manner in which people are meeting the expenses committee, Picton is likely to take a forward place in the demonstration.

The new volunteer corps were to have been sworn in on Wednesday evening, but owing to some informality there was no J.P. present to make the swearing process legal, so the men were measured instead. Sergeant-Major Healey, of Nelson, was sent down by the Government to instruct the new volunteers in their duties.

JEAN.

CHRISTCHURCH.

Dear Bee, June 4.

Enchre parties have been revived with great energy this winter, and for ease of entertaining with certainty of enjoyment for those who play there never was anything more successful introduced. The "book-title" parties are more instructive, perhaps, for the young people must get amongst the

books to be up in them, and it wants thought to carry out the idea. I have seen several good ones. "Where Three Empires Meet," "First Person Singular" (an eye being worn), "Won By a Neck" (figure 1 being worn on black velvet round the neck), "From Capetown to Ladysmith" (a small map being drawn and a very long horse with a soldier in khaki almost reaching the two towns). "The Royal Reader."

EUCHRE PARTIES.

On Tuesday night Mrs. Alfred Harris gave a

EUCHRE PARTY

at her residence, North Belt, for two nieces—one returning to Nelson to school, the other going to Auckland on a visit. Nine tables were played, Miss Fanny Taylor winning first prize, a beautiful lizard skin silver-mounted purse. They had a second prize (not booty), which fell to Miss Partridge. The first gentleman was secured by Mr. C. Payne, a useful cigar-cutter. A delicious supper followed, and then dancing was kept up for an hour or two, everyone enjoying it most thoroughly. Mrs. Harris wore a handsome black dress; Mrs. Marks, black satin gown, the over-skirt vandyked and edged with jet, white tulle and lace evening blouse, finished with green velvet; Miss Gilmer (Wellington) very pretty pink silk; Misses Louison (2), Miss R. Harris, Messrs. D. Martin, H. Henderson, etc.

Mrs. Hurst Seager gave a very enjoyable euchre party also on Tuesday night, when, among those present were: Dr. and Mrs. Jennings, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Meres, Mr. and Mrs. W. Stringer, Miss Blythe, Mr. L. Gibbs, etc. The following evening Mrs. Seager had a young people's evening for her niece, and a happy time was spent.

On Wednesday Miss Garrick, "Orwell," Papanui Road, gave a farewell euchre party for Miss Kinsey, twelve tables being played, followed by a delicious supper and a dance. The ballroom at Orwell is well known as a delightful one for dancing. Among the guests were Miss Kinsey and her fiancé, Mr. W. A. Moore (Dunedin), Dr. and Mrs. Morton Anderson, Dr. and Mrs. R. Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. R. E. McDougall, Mr. and Mrs. de Vries, Dr. and Mrs. Jennings, Mr. and Mrs. V. Hargreaves, Mr. and Mrs. Jim Donald, Mr. and Mrs. Meredith Kaye, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Wood, Mrs. Keith Garrick, Mrs. Hayes (Temuka), Mr. and Mrs. Watson, Misses Prosser, Bullock (2), Martin, Way, Newton, Turner, Meares, Messrs. B. Reid, Garrick, Peacock, P. Wood, Hume, Harley, W. Day, Graham, Mr. and Mrs. Tonks, Dr. and Mrs. Thacker, etc. Miss Meares annexed the first prize (lady's), Messrs. B. Reid and R. E. McDougall the gentleman's, first and second.

On Thursday a

GEMISCHTER ABEND.

was given by the Christchurch Liedertafel in the Choral Hall, and, though we always expect the stage to look exceptionally pretty on these occasions, no one was prepared for the lovely floral display that met our gaze on entering the hall on Thursday evening, Mr. Jones, of Exeter Nursery, being responsible. The red, white and blue colours were conspicuous at each side, and all the members wore the tri-colour badge. The programme began with "Rule Britannia," and finished

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"WINDSOR CASTLE, December 7th, 1886.

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"Yours truly, "ROBERT TAYLOR."

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with "God Save the Queen," and after the first part song a slip of paper was handed up to the president, who came out from his place and read, "Pretoria had been abandoned by the Boers," when, with one consent, all rose as if by machinery and cheered. The Liedertafel burst into "God Save the Queen," which was joined in heartily by the audience; then more cheers followed by three more for Lord Roberts, and after a minute or two's hum of conversation we settled down again to enjoy the concert, the feature of the evening being a violoncello solo by Mr. F. M. Wallace, who, as the papers say here, has deserted his first love (the violin). Astonishment can only describe what one felt on hearing Mr. Wallace play on an instrument he only took up during his recent visit to England; his mastery over it is marvellous. He has brought out a beautiful violoncello, and we hope to hear it often. Mr. Hockley raised a storm of enthusiasm over his singling of "When the Empire Calls," the audience being unable to refrain from joining in the chorus. Mr. Miller also sang well, and Mr. Barkas as pleasingly as ever. The audience was a larger one than I have seen for some time, and the bright dresses of the ladies, added to the flowers round the stage, made a very gay scene. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Anderson, Mrs. Marton Anderson, in black and pink, dark crimson cloak; Miss Atkinson, black silk with cream lace, crimson cloak; Mr. and Mrs. John and Miss Anderson, Mr. Bluxam and party, Mr. and Mrs. C. Hastings Bridge (the latter in black with pink silk blouse); Mrs. Cecil Wilson, a very pretty fawn and pink; Miss Julia, black and pale blue; Mr. and Miss Connel, Mrs. and Miss Cook, Mrs. and Miss Croston, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Crichton, Mr. and Mrs. R. W. England, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Ferguson, Miss Garrick, black silk and pale blue silk evening blouse; Miss Godfrey, Mrs. H. C. Godfrey, Misses Hodgson (2), Colonel and Mrs. Gordon, the latter wore a very handsome white brocade, real Maltese lace; Mr. and Mrs. Graham, Miss Grant, Mr. and Miss Harley, Mr. and Mrs. Kohn, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Louison, Mrs. Marks, Mrs. Mathias, Mr. and Mrs. R. E. McDougall, Mr. and Mrs. Hurst-Senger, Mr., Mrs. and the Misses W. D. Meares, Mrs. and Miss Meredith Kaye, Mr., Mrs. and Miss G. Merton, Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Mountfort, Dr. and Miss Nedwill, Mrs. Radham-Oram, Mrs. and Miss Otway, Mr. and Mrs. Parsons, Misses Pratt, Mr. and Mrs. Roberts, Miss Stringer, Mr. F. C. Raphael, Mrs. and Miss Reeve, Mr. and Mrs. Snow, Mr. and Miss Shand, Dr. and Mrs. Thomas, Mrs. J. Wood, Mrs. F. M. Wallace, Mrs. and Miss Wilding, Mrs. and Miss Trent, the latter in wine-coloured silk, with velvet bodice; Mr. and Mrs. de Vries, Miss Fairhurst, a black moire velvet and handsome lace; Mrs. Appleby, black silk and net; Miss Lightfoot, black skirt, rose pink evening blouse, with narrow silver trimming, Misses Waller (2), Mr. and Mrs. Weerman, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Wood, Miss Bullock, Mrs. Black (McBain), and others.

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**ORANGE BLOSSOMS**

RAPHAEL—STRINGER.

On Wednesday morning, 6th June, at half-past ten a very quiet wedding was celebrated at Avonside Church, the Rev. H. C. M. Watson officiating. It was kept a profound secret or no doubt the genial bridegroom (Mr. F. C. Raphael) who has hosts of friends, especially amongst the athletes of Christchurch, would have liked to see their old comrade enter the bonds. The bride, Miss Ida Stringer, looked very sweet in her travelling dress of a deep royal blue with tucked white silk yoke finished with narrow black ribbon velvet and small steel buckles, an exceedingly pretty hat trimmed to match, and pink roses under the brim. She carried a lovely bridal shower bouquet, and was accompanied by her sister as bridesmaid in a very light fawn check tweed coat and skirt and becoming hat with violet bows and pink under the brim. She also had a beautiful bouquet. The bride was given away by her father, and Mr G. A. U. Tapper acted as best man. The bridegroom's presents to the bride were a handsome opal and diamond bracelet and ruby diamond marquise ring and a gold brooch to the bridesmaid. Mrs Stringer, mother of the bride, wore all black; Mrs Roberts, sister of the bridegroom, a handsome gown of black satin, the bodice covered with guipure lace, large black hat and feathers; Miss Raphael, plum cloth coat and skirt with cream satin and guipure vest, black sequin toque with feathers; Miss Lina Raphael, dark cloth and long fawn coat, fawn hat with brown velvet and eoque plume; Mrs H. J. Raphael, mourning costume, Mr H. J. Raphael and Mr Roberts comprised the wedding party who, with the Rev. H. C. M. and Mrs Watson, adjourned to the residence of the bride's parents, Stanmore Road, when the health of the bride and bridegroom was drunk and the many useful and handsome presents were viewed, though some were sent straight to the future home of Mr and Mrs F. C. Raphael at Avonside, being of too large a size to move about freely. Mr A. Merton played the Wedding March as the bridal party left the altar. Mr Raphael's name in cricketing circles is well known in Canterbury, and is now known all over the colony. He is secretary of the Canterbury Cricket Association, and was manager of the recent visiting Melbourne cricket team. He has also managed our New Zealand teams when visiting Australia. Mr Raphael is also well known in musical circles, and has been a conscientious worker and member of the Christchurch Musical Union Orchestra (under various names, the orchestra I mean) for over 20 years. Mr Raphael was the recipient of a very handsome silver salver and a beautiful chiming clock from the members of the Canterbury Cricket Association, a pair of silver entree dishes from the Lancaster Park Cricket Club, and a case of fruit knives and forks from the Savage Club. In all they have received over two hundred presents, testifying to the popularity of both bride and bridegroom.

MATSON—VON DER HEYDE.  
 At St. Paul's Church, Auckland, June 6th, a very quiet but interesting wedding took place, when Miss Florence von der Heyde, daughter of the late Gustave von der Heyde, German Consul of Auckland, was married to Mr Charles F. E. Derdan Matson, son of John Matson, Esq., of Christchurch. The church was prettily decorated by some of the bride's friends. The ceremony was performed by Canon Nelson. The bride, who looked very pretty, was given away by Mr John Marshall. She was attired in a soft white muslin with transparent yoke and sleeves,

and bolero of lace, and carried a lovely shower bouquet. Her only bridesmaid was her sister, Miss Minna von der Heyde, who was sweetly dressed in white muslin over yellow, and large black picture hat trimmed with white feathers. Mr Carlton Hay acted as best man. After the ceremony the bridal party drove to the residence of the bride's mother, in Jersey-street. A short time was spent in inspecting the handsome presents, and then all adjourned to the breakfast room, where numerous speeches and toasts were made. The table was prettily decorated with white flowers, the large cake (Buchanan's) as centre piece. Soon afterwards Mr and Mrs Matson left for their honeymoon, the bride wearing a sweet tailor-made gown of green tweed and becoming felt hat to match. The bride's mother was handsomely gowned in black and white silk and bonnet of pink roses; Mrs J. Dunlop (sister of the bride), stylish coat and skirt of green, toque to correspond; Mrs Alfred Nathan looked well in a blue costume, black velvet toque relieved with pink flowers; Mrs Macdonald, black costume; Miss Macdonald; Mrs Macbeth, royal blue frock; Mrs Pickington, black; Mrs Hart; Miss Nellie Kissling, black coat and skirt, picture hat profusely trimmed with yellow flowers; Mrs Hay, handsome black skirt, pink silk blouse; Miss Hay, plain costume; Mrs G. Graham, pearl grey dress and white bonnet; Mrs Birch, fawn coat and skirt, and pretty toque of velvet; Mrs Innes, mourning costume; Miss Innes, fawn; Miss Stoman, coat and skirt; Miss Gorrie, black; Mrs Goddall; Mrs Roach, grey dress trimmed with violet; Miss Salmon, green voile with violet trimmings, cream hat.

**WALKER—LE MERCIER.**

A quiet wedding took place in St. John's Cathedral, at Napier, on the 4th inst., the bridegroom being Mr Richard Thomas Walker, editor of the "Hawke's Bay Herald." The bride was Miss Amy Louise Le Mercier, second daughter of the late Mr Latton Henry Le Mercier. The bride wore her travelling dress and a hat to match. Mr and Mrs Walker left in the afternoon for a honeymoon in Wellington. Miss Le Mercier will be greatly missed in musical circles in Napier, and carries with her many good wishes for her welfare from her numerous friends.

**Exchange Notes.**


Standard stocks generally had better demand on the Exchange this week, and several sales were made at advanced rates. Outside Olinemuri companies there was little inquiry for mining stocks. Timber shares had steady demand this week. L.O.B. shares sold at 25/8; Kauri Timber paid-up, were wanted at 6/ (an advance of 1/), and contributing were sold at 1/8. During the month ending May, Auckland exported £29,275 worth of gold, Greymouth £29,531, Dunedin £37,600. Transactions took place in Devonport Ferry shares at 37/, at which figure further lines could be placed. The total value of the bullion won to date from the Waitekauri Company's mines is £260,381 17/. Boring operations have been commenced on the Buller Special Claim, Waihi. The arrangements for the sinking of the Waihi Extended Company's shaft have been delayed owing to the inclemency of the weather. Auckland Gas, old issue, firmed a little being wanted at £13 15/; New Plymouth Gas were offered at £7. The Waitaiia Company, at Kuaotunu, should have a good future, as 265 tons of ore treated at the Irene Company's battery this month yielded bullion worth £994. D.S.C. shareholders confirmed the resolution arrived at re adding a clause to the articles of association. The Waitekauri G.M. Company's return was larger than usual this time, as the mills ran 34 days prior to cleaning. The yield was £2087 from 3111 tons. Barrier Reef shares are wanted at 5/3, now that good headway is being made with the battery.

Work has at last been commenced on the ore bodies in the Thames-Mauroki Company's levels, and gold has been seen which augurs well for the future. Four-in-Hand shares firmed a little, being now wanted at 3/. The demand for May Queen shares fell off again this week. No shares were offered below 2/6. Tairua Broken Hill shares advanced, sales being made up to 2/6, and there are still firm buyers at 2/4. This is due to reported improved prospects in the mine. Waihi shares are in steady request at £9 15/, with no sellers below £10 2/6. The Waihi Grand Junction's new pump will commence work again shortly. Operations at the "C" shaft are being actively pushed ahead. Coal shares generally are in favour. Westports could be placed at a little over 7 1/2. Taupiri at 18/, and Hikurangi about 7/. The export of gold from the colony in the past five months of 1900 was 145,371 ounces, value £361,982. The Komata Reefs Company should reach the reef sought for at the low level in a week or two. Shares have steady buyers at 1/8, but holders ask 2/. Buyers of N.Z. Drug shares this week advanced their offers to 53/3. A party of tributers working in the Nonpareil mine crushed 12 tons of ore for a return of bullion worth £41 5/7. Insurance stocks moved upwards this week. New Zealand's sold up to 63/3; buyers of South British advanced to 62/; Standards were wanted at 14/; and Nationals at 17/. Messrs White and party, tributers in the Irene mine at Kuaotunu, have completed a crushing of 134 tons for a return of bullion sold for £534 10/9. This brings the total amount won by the same party during the past 12 months up to £172 7/7. Tributers in the Moanataiari mine crushed 49 tons of general dirt and 60lb of picked stone for a return valued at £222 14/. During May the Kuranui-Caledonian tributers crushed 71 loads of ore and 178lb of picked stone for a yield of gold valued at £750 12/6. The May Queen Company obtained bullion valued at £1055 2/7 from 556 tons of ore. Waitekauri shares sold at 57/6, but subsequently buyers dropped off again. Reports from the mine are highly satisfactory.

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# AS SEEN THROUGH WOMAN'S EYES.

## EVERY GIRL HER OWN BEAUTY DOCTOR.

### HOW TO TONE DOWN YOUR BAD POINTS AND IMPROVE YOUR GOOD ONES.

A skin of lilies and roses may be impossible to all; but one that is clear and healthy is to be universally achieved. One fact the world has lived long enough to prove. It is this: Nothing is more potent as a health-giver and beautifier (the two states go hand in hand) than exercise. The body as a whole needs it, and the parts of the body taken individually require it, and it must all be exercised specially adapted to separate wants.

The kind of treatment the face urgently calls for is massage. This is exercise; the manipulation of the forehead, mouth, chin, cheeks and eyelids influence those features so potently that age is kept at bay, and freshness, beauty of complexion, and even a happy expression, are induced.

Cause and effect are so simple here that one wonders that every woman and every girl does not devote a third of her dress-money to the purchase of skillful massage at the hands of reliable beauty-doctors. The word reliable is used with meaning. There are beauty-doctors who are so unscrupulous that, to bring about loveliness that shall last perhaps only a week, they will resort to the most drastic and risky measures.

In Paris there is a complexion-maker who actually removes altogether the outer facial cuticle of those patients who are foolish enough to pay for his services. He has the honesty to tell his clients that his method is kill or cure; either it will result in life-long disfigurement or it will render the patient extremely beautiful. Such beauty-producers are very much better left entirely unpatronised. But face treatment that comprises massage, when properly done, is of exquisite benefit. It is rather a vexed question whether it can be accomplished by one's self, or whether a professional is needed to conduct this most delicious and restful of operations. Miss Sanders, of 48, Maudox-street, Bond-street, W., who has made a complete study of the subject, says that the treatment can be done at home. But at the same time she distinctly advocates a course being sought from a professional now and then, since it will be more searching, and will teach the house masseuse how she should set to work.

To give effective massage, not only experience but skilled fingers are required. Fingers particularly adapted to the delicate manipulations, as well as a good general idea of the anatomy of the face, its muscles, their location, and their special missions.

Then, too, it is important that good creams should be used, and that special ones should be applied to special needs—for example, to backward eyebrows and eyelashes. One skin is benefited by one cream, another by another. Beauty specialists make their own, and keep the recipes a strictly guarded secret. Miss Sanders has gained an enviable reputation for hers, and her eyelash-producer, which also does the eyesight good, is a marvel.



KNEADING THE FACE.

The illustrated hints give a good idea of what is meant. Read them and practice the movements they illustrate at the same time. After the cheeks, forehead, chin and nose are carefully massaged with the skin-fool,

the kneading should begin. This movement is not merely a rubbing round and round in small circles, but an inward movement as well. Remember that the muscles close to the bone must be revived and exercised, and that kneading does not mean a brisk pummelling of the skin alone. The circles should be small, but as the fingers sweep back to the starting point they must sink well into the flesh. The picture shows this movement plainly.



LINES BETWEEN THE EYES.

Always have the muscles relaxed during massage treatment. Try, too, when going to bed, to relax your muscles—facial and otherwise. You will then really rest. The small lines running like accordion pleats between the eyes should be subjected to much the same treatment as that spoken of already for lines in the forehead. The kneading must be upwards towards the hair. The sketch shows how the experienced masseuse picks up a little fold of flesh and rubs it between her finger-tips until the line becomes too discouraged to care to exist.



FOR LINES ACROSS THE FOREHEAD.

There are any number of forms of massage which are used for lines across the brow. The kneading motion described already, and seen in illustration No. 1, is the first one used. After that the treatment shown in the above sketch is brought into play. This movement is a difficult one to learn, but it can be mastered with perseverance, and is the most effective massage movement that has ever been tried. The four fingers of either hand are placed so that a fold running crosswise of the wrinkle is picked up. While the fingers of the left hand push their way slowly across the forehead, the fingers of the right rub up and down, like a smoothing-iron. As the hands make their way from one side of the forehead to the other, the little fold goes too. It is never allowed to disappear. When kneading let the general direction taken be upwards and outwards. See to it that enough skin-fool is applied so that the tender cuticle will not be bruised.



BEAUTIFYING THE MOUTH.

It is really remarkable what splendid results come from massaging the mouth. The picture shows how the fingers are placed. The first finger is

put just under the nostrils, just above the centre of the upper lip. This finger stays where it is, but the thumb and second finger, which are placed at either end of the upper lip, are moved up towards the centre finger with energy and swiftness. You can see that the mouth is thus made into a nice little Cupid's bow. Much can be done to improve a mouth that is too large by keeping it in the best possible pose, and making the muscles firmer by doing an exercise which is best described as "imitation smiles." Stretch the mouth to the limit, showing the teeth slightly, relax and repeat. This, by the way, is a means of massage which needs no fingers.



LINES FROM NOSE TO CORNERS OF MOUTH.

These lines, like all others, should first be treated to a little kneading, as described in the beginning of these directions for massage. The picture will show you how the flesh is picked up, first in one place and then in another. The flesh is not rolled, for that destroys the tissues and reduces the fatty cushions; but it is picked up quickly, given a little rub with the tip of the finger, and sent about its business, while the next section of the line is tackled. A professional operator finds little difficulty in removing these lines.

This article simply comprises a series of hints to the woman who wishes to give herself treatment, in the fond hope that certain peace-destroying lines and crenses, puffy eyelids, hollow cheeks, and such annoyances will pack up and depart. It is not every woman who can afford even the thirty shillings required for a course of treatment at Miss Sanders's hands, though if the benefits of such a course were perfectly understood the price of one hat or half a dress would be sacrificed gladly to procure it. Really and truly, every woman, say, of thirty should set aside a third of her pin-money for the preservation of her beauty; and almost every one of forty would do well to spend half as much again on her face treatment, her corset-maker, her hairdresser, her dentist, and her manicurist. This is a day of details. Would every woman comprehended the fact!

The good derived from home treatment comes from its regularity and constant, everlasting pursuance of well-salvaged plans. It takes years of time, or months of bad health, to cause the tissues of the face to become flabby and the muscles to relax and assume the doleful droops and tear-winged hollows that are so sad and yet so faithful in their afflictions. How then can these same muscles be strengthened and these hollows plumped out in a few weeks? It is impossible! Should you resolve to benefit by home treatment, then, you must take constancy as your watchword, and never look back once you have entered on the campaign.

Of course, it is not necessary for me to tell you that the habits that have caused the lines to come must cease at once. I make one exception. Some beauty specialists will forbid you to laugh—even, indeed, to smile. But I love the tender, merry little puckers that play about the eyes and mouths of those who take life cheerily. Such I would not raise a finger to rub out. They are best and most lovable of Time's manipulations, eloquent of a sunny disposition, a heart that is true and kind, a life's pilgrimage that has walked always on the bright side of the street, and has helped others to choose the path that makes for peace.

But if it is customary with you to scowl when the kitchen does not send

the cutlets in time for luncheon, or to frown when the housemaid breaks a cup, you must kindly alter your tactics, or I can promise you no real consolation from my counsel. Now to particulars.

The face treatment given by Olive Sanders begins with a thorough steaming; she uses a kettle and a particular tonic of her own, containing, I believe, benzoin, one of the most useful of astringents when properly used.

Previously she has bound a white cloth, non-fashion, across the hair-line on the forehead, so that no argument shall interfere with the crispness and prettiness of the coiffure.

Now, these kettles can be bought, and the steaming be done at home by their means.

But there is a cheaper way of getting the effect, by simply pouring boiling water into a basin, and adding a few drops of simple tincture of benzoin to it; taking a bath-towel, putting it over one's head and the basin, and with shut eyes staying in the steam for about four or five minutes.

Women with greasy skins and those afflicted badly with blackheads may steam once a week or fortnight—not often, unless their work is particularly clogging to the pores. They must always proceed with the massage afterwards, to counteract the severity of the steaming treatment, which, by the way, takes the place of hot water and soap. Soap should never, never be used on the face. Remember that. A nice skin-fool is next wanted, for the countenance must be unointed with the emollient, which is to be carefully and well rubbed into the cuticle. Do not take a mountain of the cream and dab it on the cheeks in the mistaken notion that by being generous you are ensuring success. The skin cannot and will not absorb more than it requires, so a little on the finger-tips is all that you need. A good recipe is this one (it is called very prettily "orange-flower" cream): Of white wax and spermaceti take half an ounce each; of oil of sweet almonds take two ounces. Melt these ingredients over the fire in a porcelain-lined pan; then remove the pan from the fire, and add one ounce of orange-flower water and three drops of simple tincture of benzoin.

Beat all this briskly—an egg-whisk does the work well—until it begins to harden, and put it ready for use. Be very sure that the white wax and spermaceti are of the precise weight mentioned, and that the oil of sweet almonds is of the best and finest quality procurable.

It should be noted, by the way, that this cream may be used at any time, and it will be found particularly valuable to those whose faces flame after being washed with water, particularly in the evening, when they are going to a party or the theatre.

Omit using water on such exciting occasions, and instead apply the cream. Your towel will prove to you how much dust and grime the emollient removes. Apply it tenderly, though searchingly, and take it off completely with a piece of soft old handkerchief, rubbing the face over afterwards with chamois leather to prevent any vestige of grease or shine.

## HOW TO TREAT YOUR WIFE.

(By One Who Knows.)

### WITH REGARD TO GIVING PRESENTS.

Don't, if you want to please your wife with an unexpected present, settle upon a hat or a bonnet as a suitable offering. In the first place, though you may know from the look of the thing in the shop window, whether you like it or not, you cannot possibly be expected to know if it is the very latest style.

Even supposing you could successfully surmount this initial difficulty, unless you were an artist of exceptional genius, possessing a remarkably retentive brain, you would get floored over the colour. You might take a

fancy to a pink thing with a crowd of roses all growing and a-blowing which your wife would disdain to put on.

There is another thing about presents. Don't judge your wife's tastes by your own, or you may give her something which she won't like at all.

A box of chocolates is about as safe as anything, and if in doubt jujubes might be tried. A new pair of gloves will generally prove acceptable. If you tell the shopman they are for a lady he will give you the latest thing. If she doesn't like them you can say, tranquilly, "Well, my dear girl, it isn't my fault. I left it to the man in the shop." If you get the wrong size—as you probably will—it does not matter; she can change them next day. Only if you can't remember what number her gloves are, buy five and a half. And say innocently, "Not big enough?" They look twice the size of those dear little hands."

If she reads much you cannot bring her a better present than a new book. Not the latest novel, but some little classic which is well worth reading for the hundredth time and which seems to have derived new life from its fresh binding.

A bunch of flowers for the table, or a spray of violets to wear will please her. She misses the buttonholes you gave her when you were courting, and she is too honourable to buy them for herself out of the housekeeping money. I don't mean you should ruin yourself at an expensive florist's. A couple of rosebuds or a homely bunch of pansies will give her more delight than costly bathouse blooms. It's the thought that counts. A man I know brings his wife a button-hole every Saturday night for Sunday. Once when he was where he couldn't buy any for love or money he gathered her a bunch of wild ones and she wore them as proudly as if they had been orchids. The cost of the gift is less than nothing; the love which prompts it is all that matters.

Most women would sooner their husbands brought them home a silver bangle when they had been away than tossed a five pound note across the table with a curt "Get yourself anything you want."



HOW TO TRAIN SERVANTS.

HOUSEMAID OR PARLOURMAID.

(By White Heather.)

As the care of all plate, glass and table linen falls to the share of the parlourmaid, the pantry should contain all that is requisite for her use.

To keep the silver entrusted to her in excellent condition, it is necessary for her to wash it after each meal in very hot water, into which has been placed a small quantity of common soda.

She should soap a good sized piece of flannel and proceed to wash each article separately, and to wipe them with a dry cloth while they are still hot; and before placing each in the plate basket, she is to rub them with a clamatois leather.

Washed in this manner, and cleaned with plate-powder once a week, all silver will keep in perfect order.

The glass should be washed in warm, soapy water, then wiped dry, and afterwards polished with a selyct kept for the purpose.

The parlourmaid should take great pride in the laying of the table, and never be slovenly in any detail, however small.

The tablecloth should be spotless and without wrinkles, and the glass and silver polished to their utmost brilliancy.

In waiting at table she must pay great attention to the wants of each individual.

Nothing is so bad as to be repeatedly asking the servant for what one wants.

Half the success of a dinner is due to good waiting.

The parlourmaid should study neatness, and be quiet in fulfilling her duties.

Her afternoon dress must be black, and devoid of trimmings; it should just reach to the ground. Her aprons are best large, not made of lawn, and not too elaborate, for, if they are so, they are soon damaged at the laundry, and then look shabby.

Plain white caps, with double gophered frills, and turn down cuffs and collars, complete her outfit.

It is very necessary that the parlourmaid should clearly and properly give the names when announcing visitors, so as to avoid awkward mistakes.

In most households the table linen is kept in repair by the parlourmaid. This will require great attention.

Everything must be carefully inspected on its return from the laundry, and anything damaged, however slightly, should be laid on one side to be mended.

When cleaning any grates, gloves must always be worn by the servant, as, unless this is done, the paint of the doors will suffer at her hands.

The drawing room carpet should be brushed with a small brush and the dust swept into a pan; this is better than if a long, stiff broom be used.

An abundance of clean cloths will be required in the preparation of a room, because each ornament must be carefully removed and dusted.

Feather brushes are the best for pictures.

It is well to cover up as much as possible of the furniture with clean dust sheets.

If the parlourmaid has the care of the flowers, she should aim at lightness, remembering that a few fresh flowers artistically arranged are far more pleasing than a quantity massed together.

Tiny ferns sold in small pots at twopence each, if placed in white china pots, produce a very fresh and pleasant effect.

Among the requirements of a parlourmaid are that she should be able to cut thin bread and butter, and dairy sandwiches—the necessary adjuncts to the five o'clock teas.

For this purpose the knife should be very sharp, and if the bread is new, she should, before commencing cutting, place the blade for a few seconds in boiling water, when the bread can be evenly sliced.

To take out stains in decanters it is a good plan to place in the bottom of each a quantity of tea leaves and to fill up with soap suds, leaving in them the mixture for a few hours, when the stains can easily be removed.

Port wine stains on table linen can be taken out by at once pouring on them a little sherry; and salt applied immediately is good for stains from all kinds of wine.

Stains of fruit may also be removed by rubbing the part on each side with yellow soap.

Then lay on a mixture of starch in cold water very thick, rub it well in and expose the linen to the sun and air till the stain comes out.



WHEN PATTI SINGS.

The following lines were written (in French) by Adelina Patti in response to a request that she would describe, briefly, her feelings while singing:

"I have never been able to take proper account of my feelings during those few moments. I know that on the day of the performance I am nervous and agitated, and as the time draws nearer and nearer, I suffer more and more from stage fright.

"When the moment arrives for me to leave my room and go before the footlights, my whole being is dominated by a sensation of abject terror. My feelings while I am actually singing defy analysis; they differ according to the role: the number of artists around me, etc.—they are so varied that I simply cannot describe them. I should be obliged to enter into all the many details which, petty as they may be, at times impress us very strongly. When all goes well, I experience a something which carries me away and I forget where I am."

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THE COMIC SIDE OF THINGS.

A very large proportion of the trials and difficulties of life have a comic side to them, and if we can only cultivate the habit of seeing it, we shall find that we are provided with a most useful armour against the lesser evils which trouble us. Most of us can see the funny side after the annoyance or difficulty has passed; it is well that we can do so, but it would be better far if we could only realise it while it was still present.

In great and crushing troubles all one can do is to bow in submission, but after all these come very rarely in a life. It is the little pin-pricks of everyday existence which really sap the strength and sadden the heart, and against these an appreciation of the comic will generally prove an effective armour. To those who realise the funny side of things, the minor troubles are simply molehills to be passed on the journey of life, and they never appear to be mountains whose frowning heights shut out all the sunlight and every glimpse of the pleasant country beyond.

It is often said that woman has no sense of humour. I am by no means prepared to grant that is true, but I must confess that she would be all the better for a larger amount of it. The fact is that woman's training is at fault. Hitherto her sphere of action has been very limited, and her ideas and thoughts being necessarily limited, too, she has suffered from the warped sense of proportion which people must have who look on life from behind bars, instead of seeing it in its entirety among their fellows.

The woman who has really lived, and who has faced some of the graver problems of life, does not worry herself nearly distracted over the delinquencies of the cook, the impudence of the butcher's boy, or inferiority of her smartest gown to even the simplest costume of her neighbour, Mrs Midas-overthway. She has learned

that all those things are really not worth vexing herself about, and bears them with smiling philosophy. She sees the comic side of the very things which formerly would have troubled her, and instead of magnifying them into troubles she beholds their true proportion, and smiles afresh, not only at her present superiority, but at her past defects.



WHAT TO DO WHEN A GIRL SAYS "NO!"

What course a man should pursue when his offer of marriage has been rejected entirely depends upon circumstances.

In the first place, if he is perfectly certain that she is the one and only woman in the world for him, he must weigh her rejection very carefully, and find out for himself whether or not her "No" may not mean "Yes." Many a rejected lover has forgotten that a woman's negative is only an affirmative under another name, and has hence vowed himself to perpetual celibacy, which he has disliked very much indeed.

On the other hand, a man may entirely spoil any future chances he might have had by trying his fate again on the supposition that she did not mean what she said. If he had given her time, she might have realised what she was throwing so lightly away.

Some men fail to grasp the sense of a rejection at all, and by sheer persistence they win in the long run. I don't know if this class of man will be the happiest after marriage. It is not love that has induced the acceptance, but only the desire to be free from an annoyance that had become wearisome.

It used to be the fashion for a man to blow his brains out when his proposal met with a rejection, but that went out with powder and patches. The modern lover, as a rule, walks away, and ends by marrying someone else.

Perhaps this may be the better plan, for if his proposal has been made in the heat of the moment a calm reflection which comes with rejection shows him how much more miserable he would have been in the future if her "No" had been "Yes" instead.

But a man who is really in love will do well to propose once more after a rejection. A woman very often does not realise the value of a thing till she has lost it. And if she sees that the man she has rejected seems able to exist without her she may fall in love with him from sheer perversity.

There are plenty of very ideal marriages to be seen on all sides which have begun with "No" and ended with "Yes." And both the husband and wife will not fail to tell you that they are very glad it all ended as it did.

But this was only in cases where the man was perfectly certain that she was the one woman in the whole world for him, and that without her life would not have been worth living; and that he ignored her "No" because he was so certain of this.

If he wasn't sure of this, he had better have taken her "No" as final, and rejoiced all the days of his life that she said it, as to marry the wrong woman is a deed that any sane man will never live to rejoice at.



FOLLY OF BORROWING TROUBLE.

There are some unhappy persons who seem fated to go through life with a constitutional tendency to despondency. We all know and meet them daily, and they can always see a cloud where none exists. With most of these persons it is simply a matter of exercising the will. Anxiety about present trouble or prospective difficulties never brought any good to those who indulged in it. The successful ones in life are those who have been buoyant in spirit, and who resolutely refuse to allow the cares of life to unduly depress them. Instead of allow-

ing the mind to brood over things that cannot be helped, it should be set to work upon the duty that lies nearest to it. Worrying about matters does not improve them in the slightest degree; on the contrary, it weakens the purpose, robs the physical nature of its vitality, and totally unfits us to cope with the obstacles that lie in our path. The most shocking mistake, and one that is unfortunately only too frequently made, is to meet trouble half-way. These will come soon enough; they do not want any encouragement, and very often when they do come they are not half so formidable as we imagined they would be. Anticipation in some cases is worse than the reality.



MORE SLEEP FOR WOMEN.

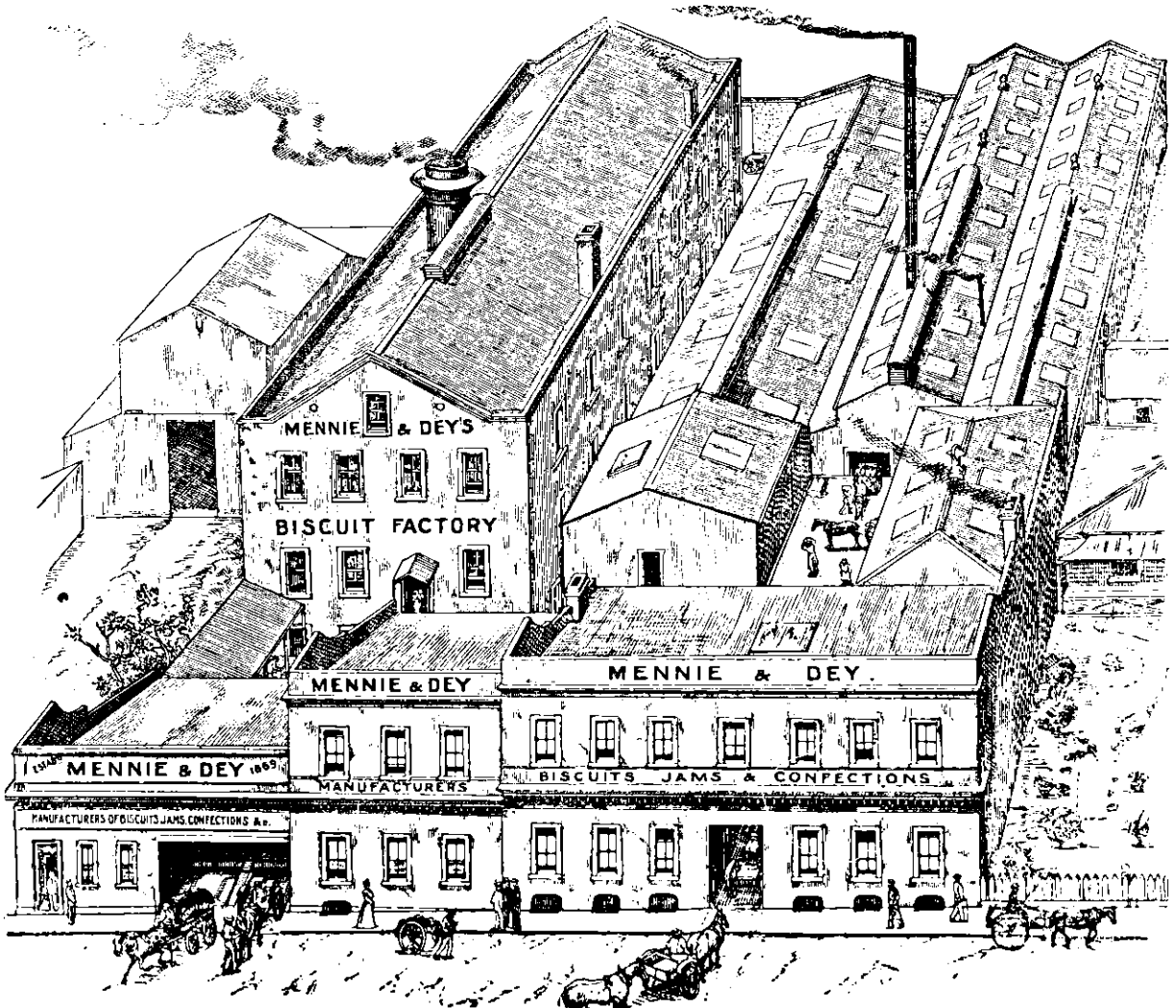
It is a well-known fact among physicians, nurses, and those generally interested in the restoration of health, that the percentage of women among the middle and upper classes who retire early is very small. There are many women so constituted that the wear and tear of daily life consumes to a great extent their vitality, which can only be restored by means of perfect repose.

Especially are long, unbroken hours of rest necessary for wives and mothers, all of whom are giving their strength unreservedly, and getting little physically in return, save that which is derived from sleep. Those who earnestly desire to use the most effective means for the preservation of health and beauty should not fail to keep early hours.

One writer says the common dandelion is a perfect soporific. Two or three leaves chewed just before going to bed will induce sleep, no matter how nervous or worried a man may be. The leaves can be dried easily for winter use, and the best of them is that when used to woo sleep there is no morning headache or weariness such as invariably follows the use of opiate.

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 MARGUERITE BOURGEOIS.

The problem, "What to wear," has been a difficult one to solve during the past few weeks, and we despairingly look through our wardrobe for outdoor garments suitable to the rainy weather of which we have had a superabundance lately. Seldom has the mackintosh had a greater opportunity to set forth its indisputable right of place in fashion. Every variety of cut and colour has been seen in the streets. The old waterproof garment, having a "skirt portion" and a detachable cape, is a thing of the past, and one sees nothing now but the "coat" style, nearly all fashioned on one model, though varying in the minor details.

In dress fashion the rage for tucks and pleats has by no means diminished, for we still see them decorating almost every part of the toilette—hats, bodices, skirts, and coats are all embellished in this way, and, so far as one can see, tucks are likely to hold their own for some time. The skirt tucked lengthwise, as I described the other week, is accompanied by sleeves tucked from shoulder to wrist, either at the back only or all round. We have seen a very pretty blouse bodice of this kind, which had the slightly pouched V-shaped front tucked diagonally, and worn over a pretty little chemisette of finely-tucked white silk, with lines of black velvet baby ribbon in between the tucks. Another had the shoulder of the bodice tucked, while the fulness at the waist part at the back was held in with tiny tucks, and the V-shaped opening was decorated with a handsome lace collar, opening over a finely-tucked vest similar to that above described.

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### WINTER WINDS.

### HOW A FLIMSY MATERIAL IS MADE TO LOOK WARM.

Applique is charmingly allied to fur this winter. It looked like carved ivory upon a cape trimmed with black fox made for evening or afternoon wear for a fashionable woman last week. The cloth was of a pale straw-colour and that fine and close texture of material which will not fray, and was applied over pale blue silk, the silk touched with embroidery stitches, while the cloth itself was left perfectly free from any adornment.

The black fox (see sketch) was arranged over the shoulders to raise



SCHEME IN CLOTH APPLIQUE.

hem, while at the same time it did not interfere with the graceful slope from the neck. At the back it dropped into a point, a graceful touch that



TOILETTES FOR WINTER WEATHER.

was insisted upon again in the long shawl effect the back of the wrap was made to take.

One front swept well over the other, a matter of warmth as well as of beauty, with a splendid piece of fur to edge it.

© © ©



DUNBAR JACKET.

Women, with well rounded figures, will find no more becoming and stylish jacket than the Dunbar. The front is single-breasted, and the darts extend in a seam up to the arms-eye. The back is cut in six narrow pieces, which insure a good fit, and the lower edge is without fullness and rounded out in six shallow scallops. Excellent materials for this jacket are mode, gray, or other coloured broad-cloth, lined with the same shade of silk or satin, and finished with collar, lapels, and cuffs of black or any harmonious dark tone of velvet. The buttons are of crystal or brass.

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### FICKLE FASHION.

### A FLAT COLLAR RETURNS TO VOGUE.

Ermine continues to be the most liked fur for the revers and collars of coats, though it is by no means invariably becoming to those who wear it. Its most sumptuous applica-

tion has just been invented. The tails of the ermine are taken and are used to outline piece lace, which, in its turn, has been encrusted upon cloth or silk.

The pictured toilette with its ermine revers has a collar which, unlike the usual one of the day, does not stand up all round the head, but is made to lie down perfectly flat over the shoulders. It is somewhat of a relief to get away from the regulation brand of storm collars.

The coat worn by the other figure

is chiefly remarkable because it is made of the new chequered cloth, a material that is "combed" up so that it looks quite rough, and has squares on it, provided by means of silk weaving. The collar and revers are trimmed with crochet galon, the very latest edition of new trimmings there is.

© © ©

This is a chinchilla toque with basin crown, and brim short at the back, broadening at the sides and front. It is dashed up in the centre of latter, and held by a folded knot of velvet (pale blue by choice), from which spreads an aigrette of white lace, and two grey ostrich tips, combined with a narrow row of chinchilla; a novelty introduced it will be remembered last winter, which still obtains this.

Toques, or caps—as they are now



A CHINCHILLA TOQUE.

being dubbed—are being much exploited now too of pheasant and partridge feathers. These are handsome and modish, and less likely to degenerate into common wear, but candour compels us to admit that though becoming to a really clear complexion they are not generally so. Strings have not caught on so much as was expected after all. The immensely high collar worn on nearly all the dressy coats accounts largely for their abandonment, the combination of strings and collar giving too bunched-up an appearance, besides feeling smothery.



A STYLISH CAPE.



SABLE-COLOURED VELVET MANTLE TRIMMED WITH FUR.

Here is a representation of a most stylish velvet mantle. It is in the form of a long coat, fitting the figure behind and falling straight in front. It is made of soft sable coloured velvet, trimmed with fur to match, and has a quiet effect, in perfect taste. The entire front and the bottom part below the fur are trimmed with embroidery in silk to match the velvet. A shawl collar of sable descends on each side of the mantle and beneath this collar is a cape of embroidered velvet covering the upper part of the arms. The mantle is lined with cream coloured satin.



PATTIE FROCK.

A stylish and practical design for a little girl's frock, suitable for any of the favourite silk or woollen goods. There is a pointed yoke front and back over a slightly full blouse. The skirt is a straight full skirt, mounted to the waist, the joining being hidden by a belt sash. The yoke may be of all-over lace, embroidery, or tucking; or bands of tucking, alternating with bands of trimming. Ruffles of embroidery, lace, ribbon, or the material itself, trim the edges of the yoke, and form the sleeve caps.

© © ©

A natty little top garment suitable for either boys or girls. It is cut double-breasted and partly tight-fitting in the back. There is no additional fullness in the back, but the seams are slashed to give the desired width. Plain coloured and fancy mixed cloths, light or heavy in weight, are



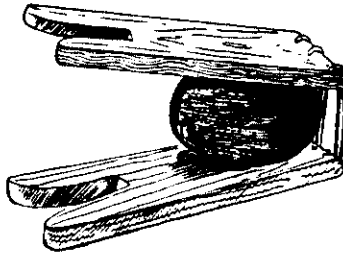
PERCY COAT.

suitable for this garment, trimmed with narrow braid, harmonising or contrasting with the material.

WORK COLUMN.

It is not possible for every mother to buy kindergarten gifts for her little ones, yet her desire may be strong to furnish amusement and instruction for them. To such mothers I would say: get a bundle of straws, such as are used for drinking lemonade through, or even matches without heads. With these you can teach simple counting and subtraction. If the children own a Noah's Ark you can lay out the farm, and using some straw paper, prick the names of the animals, making the letters as simple as possible and about an inch high, and let the children outline them in coloured cotton. From the same kind of paper, boxes of various shapes can be made by an ingenious mother. Children love all sorts of experiments and this method trains their powers of observa-

tion and expression. Here again is a simple toy for a boy of somewhat larger growth to make. Two oblong pieces of wood form the sides of the nut cracker as seen in the sketch. Cut a deep notch in one end of each side,



SIMPLE NUT CRACKER.

sawing the other end off square. Make three holes in each square end and fasten together with strong wire hooks. The nut should be placed as near the wire hooks as possible, and the opposite ends then being pressed together, it will work as successfully as the most elaborate you can buy.

© ©

My sketch looks like the common or garden tea-cosy, but it is nothing of the kind. To begin with, I do not approve of tea-cosies, unless the proper way of making the tea is carried out, the leaves being removed directly the tea is infused. This is a cosy intended for a hot-water can. Everybody knows how very soon hot water chills in this cold weather if not protected by such a cover as this. It is very simple to

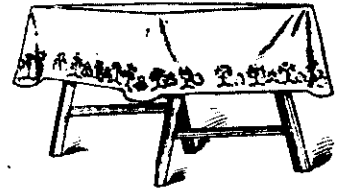


COVER FOR HOT-WATER CAN.

make, having ordinary wadding as the inner lining, covered with swansdown calico in the inside and bath blanketting on the outside. On this outside can be very quickly worked in outline an effective floral design in wool, strong colours, such as blue, red and orange, being the best for the purpose. The little red rickering or coloured saten gives a fullness where the two sides are joined; this is finished off neatly with a worsted cord.

© © ©

When young people set up house, keeping they are a little apt to spend quite an undue proportion of the money they possess on an expensive dining-table. Now this is quite unnecessary. In fact, in some of the large houses of the Royal Academicians and other artists such a thing is not seen. They prefer, for no reasons, the old-fashioned trestle-board and supports. These, of course, can be had for a very much lower price than any sort of ordinary dining-table.



TRESTLE DINING TABLE.

Moreover, when nicely covered with a serge cloth adorned with some such border as I have indicated in the accompanying sketch, they are both decorative and useful. At the same time, also, their size can be increased or decreased with the smallest possible amount of labour.

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AUCKLAND.

# CHILDREN'S PAGE



## CHILDREN'S CORRESPONDENCE COLUMN.

Any boy or girl who likes to become a constant 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 2oz. 1d.; not exceeding 4oz. 1d.; for every additional 2oz. or fractional part thereof, 1d. It is well for correspondence to be marked 'Press Manuscript only.'

Please note, dear cousins, that all letters addressed to Cousin Kate must now bear the words 'Press Manuscript only.' If so marked, and the flap turned in, and not overweight, they will come for a stamp in Auckland, but a 1d from every other place.

### THE 'GRAPHIC' COUSINS' COT FUND.

This fund is for the purpose of maintaining a poor, sick child in the Auckland Hospital, and is contributed to by the 'Graphic' cousins—readers of the children's page. The cot has been already bought by their kind collection of money, and now £25 a year is needed to pay for the nursing, food and medical attendance of the child in it. Any contributions will be gladly received by Cousin Kate, care of the Lady Editor, 'New Zealand Graphic,' Shortland street, or collecting cards will be sent on application.

### 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.

### COUSINS' CORRESPONDENCE.

Dear Cousin Kate,—I wrote to you about a month ago, asking you if I might become one of your cousins. I have been reading the 'Graphic' regularly, but have not noticed your answer to my letter yet. I have been wondering if you ever received it. What a lot of rejoicing there is about the relief of Mafeking, is there not? On the night of the relief we had grand fun; our school bell was ringing for about two hours, and in the evening we went up to the school, and had a large bonfire, and after the fireworks were let off we went into the school building and had dances and other amusements. I am twelve years old, and am in the Fifth Standard. I go to the Mangatawhiri Valley School. If you will accept me as a cousin, will you please send me a badge and a collecting card, and I will try and collect for the Children's Cot. I must close now, with love to all my cousins.—I remain, your affectionate cousin, Bertha, Mangatawhiri valley.

[Dear Cousin Bertha, I am very pleased to welcome you for a cousin, and have sent you your badge and a card. Thank you very much for collecting. Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—Thank you very much for the "highly commended" card which you so kindly sent me. I was rather surprised to get it, as I did not think that my map would be worth anything. I am going in for the "Mafeking Competition," but I do not expect to win a prize. I have only written two sentences, which I daresay will be eclipsed by many of the other cousins. I was going in for the Story Competition, but I thought I would wait and see what kind of stories the other cousins would write. Perhaps more would have gone in for the competition had the number of words for the story been more than 500, which, I think, is rather short for a good story. Do you not think so? What a lot of new cousins we are having, are we not? The more the merrier. It is very nice to have such a lot of relations. Now, dear Cousin Kate, I must conclude. With love to all the cousins.—I remain, your affectionate cousin, Adelaide, Whangarei.

[Dear Cousin Adelaide,—I am sorry you did not go in for the story competition, as I should think you would write a very good one. Your handwriting is very neat, too. I can only give very short answers this week; I fear, as I am more than usually busy.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I have not written to you before, but think I should like to. I take a great interest in stamps, and have now thirteen hundred. I went down town on Saturday, with a friend, to see them celebrating the relief of Mafeking. I thought the fireworks and the sky-rockets were very pretty, and there was such a crowd in town. Will you have any more competitions? I will try some of them. Mother says there is nothing like trying. Hope I have not angered you in writing this little note, and trust I shall see it in print. I remain, your loving cousin, Mabel.

[Dear Cousin Mabel,—How could you think I should be angry with you for writing such a nice little letter. Of course, I am delighted to have you as a cousin. Write again soon, and I will send a longer answer.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousins Walter and Norman, Whirinaki, will you please send me your full names so that I may send you your cards and badges?

### SHORT STORY BY A COUSIN.

#### "HARRY'S WATCH."

By Bertha Matthews, aged 13.

Frank sat on a chair displaying his new toy steam boat to his sister Dolly and his brother Harry. Frank, Harry and Dolly lived in a great big house overgrown with ivy. Their Uncle Dick had just come to see them, after a visit to London, and had brought presents for the three children. To Frank he had given the wonderful steam-boat, of which the boy was so proud, and to Dolly a beautiful flaxen haired doll, which said "Mamma" and "Papa." As for Harry, who was his uncle's favourite, he obtained a pretty little silver watch and chain. Mrs Leslie, the children's mother, had just entered the room, when Harry tried to take his watch to pieces, but as he could not take the back off, he was just going to put it in a pail of hot water to loosen it, when his mother stopped him. "Oh, you naughty boy," she said, "Give me that watch at once, and if I ever see you doing such a thing again I will tell your Uncle Dick."

"The back is stuck with glue, and I wanted to loosen it so that I could see the wheels go round," retorted Master Harry. Dolly now claimed her mother's attention in dressing her doll,

and Mrs Leslie did not notice that Harry had gone into the garden, opened the gate, and run far down the road. As he was crossing he heard wheels approaching. Before he could move out of the way he felt a dreadful pain, and then he remembered no more.

"He is coming to now, Mrs Leslie, and I think you had better lie down for half an hour."

These were the first words that Harry heard when he became conscious. He tried to move his right leg, but as he did so the pain was so violent that he uttered a cry which immediately brought the doctor to the bedside.

"Well, my poor little fellow, is your leg hurting? Here is something that will ease the pain."

Harry swallowed the medicine, and then asked for his mother.

"You can't see mother just now, my dear; but I will see if your father is home yet," the kind doctor answered soothingly.

Just at this moment the door opened and Mr Leslie entered with his arms full of parcels.

"Well, doctor," said he, "What is the matter with this young gentleman?"

"He was run over in the road by a cart, and has broken his leg; but it is not anything dangerous, and he will be able to lie on a sofa to-morrow if he is a good boy."

Mr Leslie now turned to Harry, and opening one of the parcels, handed him an orange, and then placing in his hand a box, said, "This is a watch, in

which you can see the wheels go round without putting it in hot water to loosen the back. I have taken charge of your uncle's gift until you are old enough to take care of it yourself."

While his father had been saying this, Harry had taken out of the box nothing but tissue paper, but when Mr Leslie had finished speaking, he drew forth a mysterious bundle, with these words written on it: "To Harry, from his loving father and mother, hoping he will enjoy seeing the wheels go round." Taking off the wrapper Harry revealed to view a little silver clock, with a glass back, through which he could see the wheels, and works.

"Do you like my present, darling?" asked his father, kissing him.

"Oh, yes, father, I hope I may keep it till I am a great big man."

Many years have passed away, but Harry still has the clock, and though he is a rich man, he values it more than anything else.

### THE LOST TEMPER.

By SYDNEY DAYRE.

What! lost your temper, did you say? Well, dear, I wouldn't mind it. It isn't such a dreadful loss—Pray do not try to find it.

'Twas not the gentlest, sweetest one. As all can well remember Who have endured its every whim From New-Year's till December.

It drove the dimples all away. And wrinkled up your forehead. And changed a pretty, smiling face to one—well, simply horrid.

It put to flight the cheery words. The laughter, and the singing; And clouds upon a shining sky It would persist in bringing.

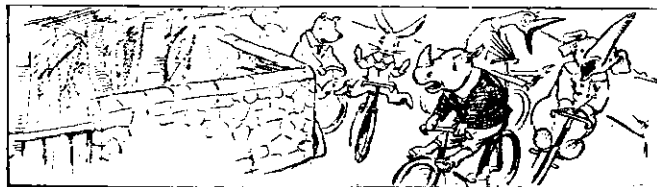
And it is gone! Then do, my dear, Make it your best endeavour To quickly find a better one. And lose it—never, never!

### JUNGLE JINKS.

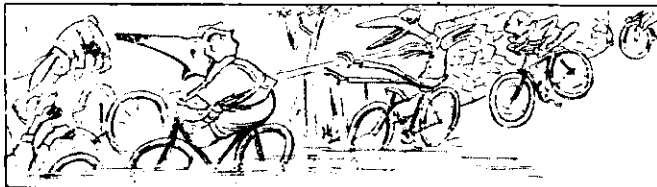
NARROW ESCAPE OF THE BICYCLE CLUB.



"Hi! hi! hi! Clear the road there!" shouted the boys of the Jungle School, who were bicycling together one Saturday afternoon. "Put your feet up, boys, going down this hill!" cried Rhino. "Don't take any notice of that board. I don't believe this hill is dangerous; anyway, that is only meant for kids who can't ride. I'm going to put up my trotters, and trust to luck." All the rest imitated Rhino's example, of course.



Away they went at breakneck speed, for all the world like a lot of motor-cars. "I say, it is steep!" muttered Rhino, after they had gone a little way. "I wish I hadn't taken the brake off my machine." But there was no help for it now; the boys had to go on whether they liked it or no. Down, down they went, and at last came to a sudden turn in the road. "Look out!" bellowed Jumbo, as he flew round the corner; "there is a river at the bottom of this hill, and we shall all fall in if we don't stop!"



But it was too late now to check their flying pedals, and the whole lot of them went head-over-heels into the river. First Rhino, then Hare and Jumbo, and the rest in rapid succession. Luckily Doctor Lion had taught them all to swim, and they escaped with only a bath and damaged machines. But it is hoped the shock they had will be a warning to them in the future. "I say, you chaps," said Jumbo afterwards, "I think we got out of that scrape rather well, don't you? Suppose there had been a brick wall in the place of the river!" "Don't!" exclaimed Rhino, with a shudder; "you make my blood turn cold when you talk like that. I mean to walk down all hills in future."

—From "The Playbox."



THE JUNGLE SCHOOL HAVE THEIR PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN.

Now, boys, be quite steady while they take our photo for the paper.

### AN AWFUL BATTLE.

(By S. WALTER NORRIS.)

"Would you give me a penny to see an awful battle?" A fine question for two boys to hurl, after bursting into one's studio.

"Please do, papa." "Do what, you rascals?" demanded the papa, swinging round from his easel and assuming his most interrupted look.

"Give us a penny to see an awful battle."

"Oh, I begin to understand," the papa said, very gravely, at the same time trying to rub the twinkle out of his eyes. "Well, yes. Off with your coats and pitch in. I suppose the one who comes out best gets the penny."

At this point the papa very foolishly judged that all the twinkle had been rubbed out and left off robbing, and of course when he found his mistake there was nothing to do but hand over the penny.

"Thank you," the interrupters said, as they attempted to scamper away.

But this was a wide awake papa, who liked to have his money's worth, and so he called out: "Hold on there. How about that battle?"

The two scamps halted by the door. "You didn't think we were going to cheat, did you?" one asked, reproachfully. "Soldiers don't cheat."

"Oh, don't they?" said the papa, raising his eyebrows at this piece of information.

"Well, Captains don't, anyhow, and we're Captains. The battle isn't ready to commence yet."

"No," the other said. "When the battle's commencing we're going to ring the dinner bell."

"I guess," observed the papa, reflectively. "I'll trust you this time. Send a corporal's guard for me when the battle is getting ready to rage."

Now this papa sometimes did more thinking than was suspected, and he did not have to overhaul his memory more than two or three times to recall that only a short while before each of these two captains had managed, through his persuasive ability, to be placed in charge of a leaden army, and he recklessly fancied he could predict just the sort of battle he had paid his money to witness. There would be row after row of brave "tin" soldiers, through whose ranks spring cannons would hurl dried pea cannon balls.

But there was one fact which this papa entirely overlooked—that the modes of warfare are ever being improved—and so when at length he was escorted to a seat by the garden walk he was not a little surprised to find before him two paper forts, cut and painted into shape, and really quite pictur-

esque with their watercolour decorations.

"I'm the English captain," announced one of the officers.

"And I'm the Boer," the other said.

The forts, situated about a yard apart, contained the respective garrisons, with here and there a head peeping above the ramparts, and each had its particular flag floating from a tiny staff.

"Do you think it's perfectly proper for the commanders of opposing garrisons to associate so freely?" asked the papa. You see after having paid his money, he did not want to run any chances of a treaty of peace.

"Oh, that's all right," the English Captain hastened to assure. "We're not enemies yet. We have to draw a big ring around the forts."

"A-ring-around-a-rosy?" inquired the papa, who seemed bent on gathering all the information he could.

"No, no. It's something like a golden pavement. The captains must stay outside the line."

"Oh, I see," the papa said, with a great show of wisdom. "It's a sort of a dandy line." When the circle had been drawn each of the commanders produced from his pocket a rubber ball, and these were filled with water at the fountain. This seemed to puzzle the papa very much, but he wrinkled his brows and said nothing.

The cannons and a handful of peas next came to view.

"Ah, the artillery," the papa exclaimed between his set teeth, covering his ears with his hands.

The Boer commander selected a position directly in the rear of the English fort, where the walls were lowest, while the English cannon were turned upon the side of the Boer stronghold, where several soldiers were apparently making observations.

"We're enemies now," the English commander announced grimly, "and we can't talk to each other."

"Does that include me?" the papa asked.

"Oh, no," the captains cried in a chorus.

"You can talk to me," the English officer said.

"And me," from the Boer.

"Then I'll be suspected of being a spy and be shot to death by both." And the papa showed such a decided inclination to seek refuge in his studio that the officers united in capturing and bringing him back.

"Well, go ahead," the papa said when he was again seated. "I'll be war correspondent," and he produced a notebook and pencil.

There was no uncomfortable formality as to exchanging alternate volleys. Each side shot as fast and as frequently as it chose, and in consequence the peas pattered against the paper walls at a furious rate, and several of both English and Boer sol-

diery dropped out of sight with surprising promptness.

"Hain't I better run for an ambulance?" the papa asked, with a good deal of eagerness.

Strange to say, for this tender thought the papa was instantly seized by the officers.

"Now you must stay just where you are till the war is over," one said.

"But I was pitying the poor wounded soldiers."

"Mine aren't hurt much," the Boer Captain declared. "The balls just grazed their skin."

"And mine aren't hurt at all," said the English. "They only fainted when they saw the cannon-balls coming."

"Besides," continued the Boer, "the real battle part is just commencing."

"You give a good deal of battle for a penny, don't you?" the papa observed, propping his elbows on his knees and his chin in his hands.

"I guess maybe we ought to have charged two cents," the Britishman said, reflectively.

"Well," the papa declared, brightening up, "as I only paid one penny, just let me know when the battle is half over, and I'll go away."

"Oh no!" the Boer Captain said. "Perhaps a penny is all it is really worth."

The battle now took on a phase which caused the papa to open his eyes in genuine amazement.

The Boer commander lighted a "blue-head" match, slipped it into his cannon, and, while the sulphur was burning, discharged it against the English stronghold.

"What's that for?" the papa demanded.

"You oughtn't to ask questions of soldiers while they're fighting," averred the Englishman.

"But I'm a war correspondent."

"Well," the Boer said, "I'm trying to set fire to the English fort."

"Um!" And the papa, wrinkling his forehead, measured with his eye the distance between the battle-ground and the house.

When the English officer saw the "blue-head" discharged toward his garrison, he seized the rubber ball which had been filled at the fountain; but as the match rebounded to a safe distance, the water brigade was not called into action.

The papa had grown strangely silent, and the battle continued furiously. Match after match was lighted and discharged from each cannon, and at length one fell within the French fort. In a moment all was excitement. The papa arose to his feet that he might overlook the entire scene, and the English water brigade squirted blindly in the direction of the blaze. To add to the confusion, the Boer stronghold was suddenly discovered to be also on fire. At last the conflagration was under control, but not before both forts were sadly damaged.

"The battle's over," announced the Englishman.

"Which side is victorious?" the papa inquired.

"Both," the Boer said, decisively.

"Well," the papa declared, "that ought to be a very satisfactory ending. Let's examine the forts and count the damage."

A search amid the ruins disclosed a woeful state of affairs. Several of the soldiers on each side were without limbs and heads, and one poor fellow was melted into an unrecognisable mass.

"I never thought of the heat miring them," the Boer Captain said, ruefully, as he gathered up his men.

"Nor I," admitted the Englishman.

"Well," the papa said, "I think one such battle is enough. If the Boer army ever chases the English close enough to the house to shoot one of those matches in at the cellar window, I give you warning that the Home Guards will immediately take a hand."

### THE RUDDLE OF THE PENNY.

Take a common penny. Look at it. Now what fruit do you see? The date. What flowers do you see? Tulips. What part of a stalk of corn? The ear. What animals do you see? Hares. What part of a river? The mouth. What part of a family? The head. What is important in the House of Representatives? Eyes and nose. What do you see that delights the Queen of England? The crown. What do you see that goes with a regiment? The band. Do you see what a good soldier should always present? Feet. What do you see that keeps thieves out? Locks. What emblem of eternity? The entire circle.

### A BRAVE BOG.

Most of our readers have probably read of that awful struggle between Russia and England known as the Crimean War. One day, during a fierce battle before Sebastopol, a little Russian terrier, all oblivious to shot and shell, came trotting across the open between the two opposing armies, and, quite unscathed, reached the quarters of the Royal Engineers. Why he should have thus transferred his affections is not known, but from that time he took up his abode with the Royal Engineers, who dubbed him "Snob."

The engineers, of course, have to do with the throwing up of trenches, etc., and while at work Snob was always there to bark encouragement. Although daily under fire, he never showed fear, nor was he ever hit. As an important ally of Great Britain, Snob, on his arrival in England, was presented with the English and Turkish medals, which adorned his collar. Years after, when an old and decrepit veteran, he was robbed of these precious trophies. But the engineers raised such a hue and cry about it that the thief returned them. When Snob died, some thirty years ago, he was stuffed and mounted and given a place in the model room of the School of Military Engineering, in England, where he can be seen to-day.

### PUT-OFF TOWN.

Did you ever go to Put-Off Town. Where the houses are old and tumble-down. And everything carries and everything drags. With its dirty streets and people in rags? On the street of Slow lives Old Man Walt. And his two little boys, named Fret and Late. With unclean hands and ruffled hair, And a naughty little sister, named Don't Care.

Grandmother Growl lives in this town. With her two little daughters, called Fret and Frown. And Old Man Lory lives all alone. Around the corner on Street Postpone.

Did you ever go to Put-Off Town To play with the little girls Fret and Frown. Or go to the home of Old Man Walt, And whistle for his boys to come to the gate.

To play all day in Tarry Street. Leaving your errands for other feet? To stop or shirk, or linger or frown. Is the nearest way to this old town. "Little Men and Women."

Since Old Oom Paul has gone to war, We'll make it hot for every Boer. But soldiers find there's else than lead To hurt a man or kill him dead. The hard, rough life, climatic ills, Are apt to bring on grievous chills. To ward off which there's one thing sure, A dose of Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.

Do you give a Concert, Entertainment or At Home shortly? If so, then procure the Tickets, Handbills, or Programmes at the "STAR" and PRINTING WORKS. Large Stock to choose from and Lowest Price.

### DON'T COUGH—USE KEATING'S LOZENGES.

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.

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 six years (1896 sale was a record) proves them.

### UTTERLY UNRIVALLED, UTTERLY UNRIVALLED, UTTERLY UNRIVALLED, UTTERLY UNRIVALLED, UTTERLY UNRIVALLED.

Keating's Cough Lozenges, the universal remedy for COUGHS, HOARSENESS, and THROAT TROUBLES, are sold in this by all Chemists.

# The GRAPHIC'S FUNNY LEAF



### TIMELY STRATEGY.

A gentleman was waiting for a tram car when he saw a stout old fellow come up, stop for a moment in a doorway, and taking three medals from his pocket pin them on his breast. Seeing that he was observed he explained: "You see," he said, "the rascally conductors pretend they can't see me waving and yelling, and I am too old and stout to jump on a car when it is moving. So I've had to resort to strategy. People can't do enough for soldiers these days, so I bought these medals and pin them on when I want to board a car, and, hey presto! the conductors stop instantly, thinking I'm an old Tommy."

### ONE OR THE OTHER.

"Doctor, what ails my daughter?"  
"Before I answer that question let me ask if you have reason to think she has had a love disappointment of any kind?"  
"I know she has not."  
"Then madam, your daughter has the grip."

### AN INCOMPATIBILITY.

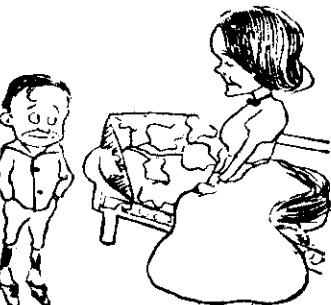
"You want a divorce from your husband, madam? On what grounds?"  
"Excessive cruelty. He abuses Fido."

### EVEN THE PRISONER SMILED.

(Scene: Orderly Room.)  
Adjutant: Private Mulcahy.  
Private Mulcahy: Sir.  
Adjutant: Very idle at fatigue drill the 24th inst.  
Sergeant-major: This man was sent to loosen the soil round the big gun to allow the rain to soak into the ground. It was done in a very slovenly manner.  
Private Mulcahy: Pardon, sir, but you know if you dig a hole, it is impossible to get all the soil in again aisy, and "  
Sergeant-major: Silence! He has always some excuse, sir. If he could not get all the soil in again he should have made the hole deeper.

### MEASURED.

"How long, oh, how long?" moaned the unhappy Isabel.  
Guy, generous, chivalrous Guy, heard her, and springing forward with a single blow he caused the villain to measure his length upon the award.  
"Oh, thank you," cried Isabel, and smiled up at him in grateful acknowledgment of this apt and timely answer to her question.

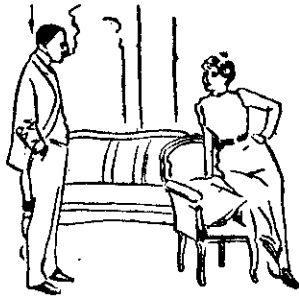


### WANTS HIM IN FRONT.

"When you are tempted to be naughty, Walter, you must say, 'Get thee behind me, Satan.'"  
"Huh! I'd rather have him in front, where I can keep my eye on him!"

### STILL AN AMATEUR.

The street was the football ground, the goals were marked with old tins, and the teams were six little ragamuffins a-side. One boy was much smarter with the ball than his companions, and in a very short time he succeeded in placing a goal between a space marked by two tins. A gentleman wishing to reward him called him and asked him if he would like a box of sweets or sixpence.  
"Let's have the sweets, mister, please," was the reply, "cos if I take the tinner I shall be a pro., and I don't want to be one of them just yet."



### HAD BEEN NEAR IT.

She—"You say you have never been in love. Have you ever been near it?"  
He—"I was married once."

### HEARD IN TIME.

She: Henry, dearest, I have at last discovered that I love you.  
He: Ah, you have heard, then, that my uncle has died and left me £5000?  
She: After that remark we must part for ever. (Aside: I heard it was £50,000.)

### A SURE PROOF.

"Jackson."  
"Sir."  
"You are getting careless. You don't brush my clothes now."  
"I assured you—"  
"I left a half-crown piece in my waistcoat pocket yesterday and it is still there."

### THE REST WAS SILENCE.

It was at the theatre, and the young man had seen the play before. He let everybody for five seats around know that, and he kept telling us what was coming and just how awfully funny it would be when it did come. He had a pretty girl with him, and he was trying to amuse her. At length he said: "Did you ever try listening to a play with your eyes shut? You've no idea how funny it seems!"  
A middle-aged man with a red face sat just in front. He twisted himself about in his seat and glared at the young man.  
"Young man," said he, "did you ever try listening to a play with your mouth shut?"

### AS HE UNDERSTOOD IT.

Jagsby: "I'm afraid my wife's eyesight is failing, doctor."  
Doctor: "I'm sorry to hear that. What makes you think such is the case?"  
Jagsby: "Well, I went home last night about ten o'clock, and she said, 'Good gracious, Jagsby, this can't be you at this hour!'"

### SERVING THE QUEEN.

A smart recruiting sergeant was recently perambulating a South Coast seaside town, with a drummer - boy, endeavouring to "beat up" recruits. Seeing a likely youth delivering milk, the sergeant accosted him.  
"Well, my man, would you like to serve the Queen?"  
"Yes, sir," was the ready response.  
"What will she take, a pint or a quart?"

### RETORT COURTEOUS.

"You are a jewel," said a lady to a gentleman who had given up his seat to her.  
"Oh, no," he replied. "I am a jeweller; I have just set the jewel."

### IN TIME.

Angry Father: "How was it, young man, that I saw you kissing my daughter in the hall last night?"  
Young Man: "I suppose, sir, because you happened to be there just at the right time."

### NOT A MAN'S LIFE.

"Such a double life as his is not altogether manly!"  
"No, the life he leads at home is no more than a dog's life!"

### THE NICER PHRASE.

"What's the difference between a bet and a wager?" asked the man who thinks there are too many words in the English language.  
"A bet," said the friend who always wears a dress coat after six o'clock, "is something you make with a man which has to be paid, no matter who loses. A wager is something more refined. It's made with a woman, and is not considered collectable unless she wins."

### MAUSER-PROOF.

Drill Master (to awkward squad): "A Mauser bullet will go through eighteen inches of solid wood. Remember that, you blockheads."

### YANKEE LAWYER.

First Attorney: "Yer honor, the long-winded jack-rabbit for the defence has just referred to me as an 'outlaw.'"  
Second Attorney: "May it please yer honor, I beg the honourable coyote's pardon—being as he never had any law in him he can't logically be referred to as out of what he never had!"



### A PARADOX.

Husband—"Mrs Rostrum thinks the highest wisdom is to realise one's own ignorance."  
Wife—"Yes; but since she's found it out she's been insufferably conceited."

### A DART THAT TOLD.

Clara (after a tiff): "I suppose you would like your ring back?"  
George: "Never mind, keep it. No other girl I know could use that ring, unless she wore it on her thumb."

### WHY HE ASKED FOR IT.

Seedy Applicant: "Won't you give me a ha'penny, sir?"  
Carpenter Gent: "A ha'penny. Why do you ask me for a ha'penny?"  
Seedy Applicant: "Because I didn't think you'd give it me unless I asked for it."

### THE NEXT BEST THING.

Miss Sparkler: "No, Mr Churchly, I can never marry you! I have a quick temper, extravagant habits, and little money."  
Rev. Churchly: "Then allow me to offer up a short prayer for the man you do."

**A DOUBTFUL COMPLIMENT.**  
He: "What lovely flowers! Do you know, they remind me of you?"  
She: "They are artificial flowers."  
He: "Yes, I know; but it requires close examination to detect it."



### READY TO DESCEND.

Voice from below — "It's dinner time."  
Mick—"I'll be wid you in two ticks."

### HIS BETTER HALF.

"You sign this deed of your own free will, do you, madam?" asked the notary public. "What do you mean by that?" demanded the large, red-faced woman. "I mean there has been no compulsion on the part of your husband, has there?" "Him?" she ejaculated, turning to look at the meek little man sitting behind her. "I'd like to see him try to compulse me!"

### HADN'T BOTHERED WITH DETAILS.

Collector: "This is the fifth time I have called to collect this little bill."  
Ardup: "Is it really? I haven't been keeping count. I suppose you are required to keep a record of your visits as a matter of business?"

### NO WONDER.

Brown: "There goes a young fellow that's hated by everybody in his neighbourhood."  
Jones: "What's wrong with him?"  
Brown: "He is learning to play a cornet."

A girl never believes a man when he tells her he isn't worthy of her love, but before she has been his wife for a year she discovers that he has told her the truth.

### WHEN HER TURN CAME.

At a dinner party recently a certain enthusiastic golf-player started off with the whitebait to enumerate to his partner the details of a match that he had been playing that day. It was not until the dessert was on the table that he suddenly bethought himself that he had been doing all the talking; indeed, the young lady had not said a single word during the progress of the meal.  
"I am afraid I have been boring you with all this golf talk," he said, in half-apology.  
"Oh, no; not at all," was the pretty girl's polite response; "only, what is golf?"

### EXTENUATING CIRCUMSTANCES.

"You see," said Broncho Bob, "the prisoner offered some extenuating circumstances, so we concluded w'd just put 'im out o' town instid o' lynchin' 'im."  
"What was the extenuating circumstances?" inquired Rattlesnake Pete.  
"Well, a bunch o' papers came to town containin' all kinds of war news. An' we concluded that this feller was entitled to some consideration for not usin' lyddite or dum-dum bullets."

### INCONGRUOUS.

"I don't think I would ever make a political speaker," said Mr Meekton.  
"Why not?"  
"I couldn't go through the ordeal. The very idea of my standing up and talking for half an hour at a stretch, with Henrietta sitting in the audience not saying a word, makes me nervous."