

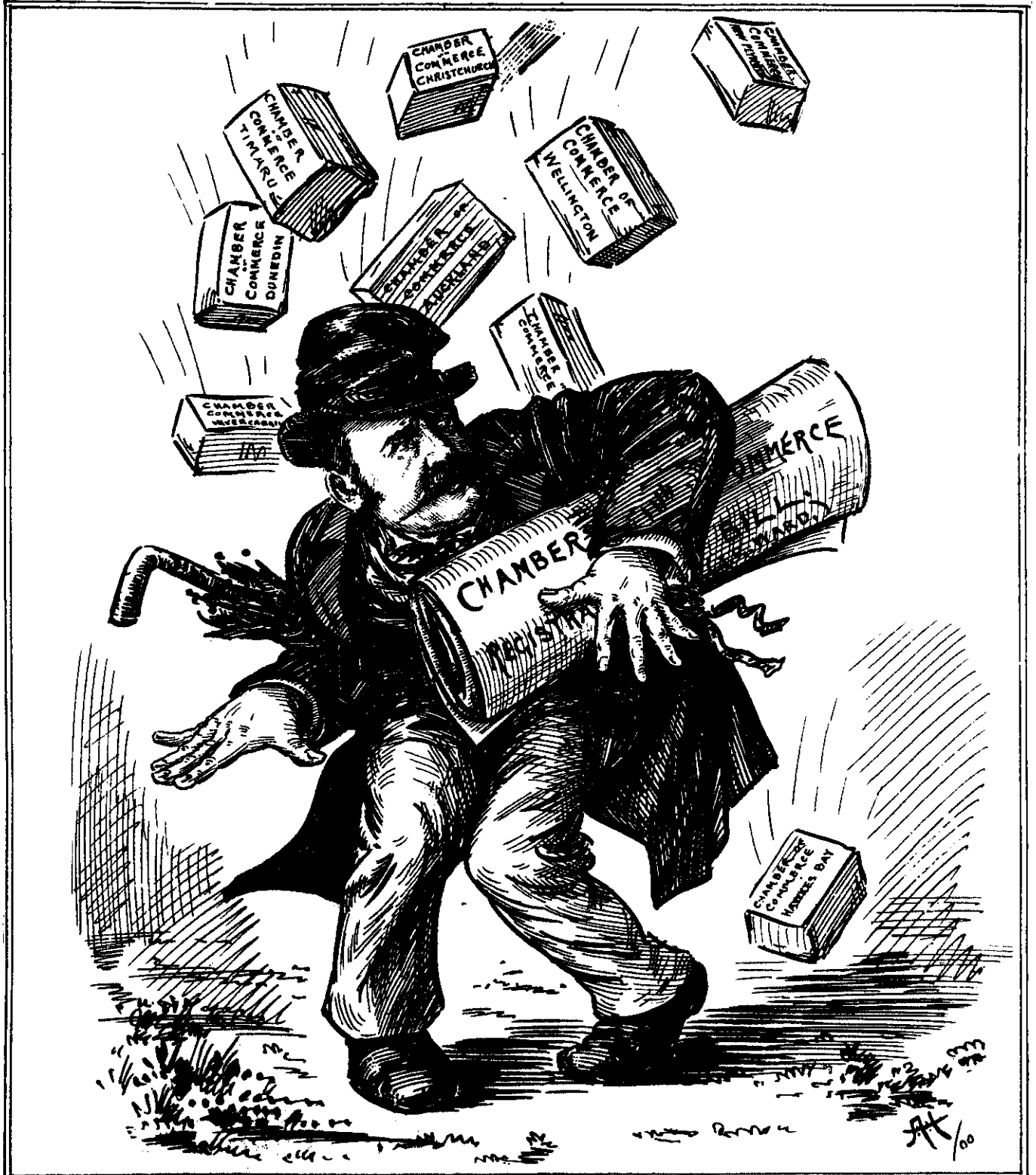
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AND THE LOT FELL UPON JOSEPH."

Serial Story.

CAPTAIN ADAIR'S WIFE.

By **LIEUTENANT JOHN PAYNE.**

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

The opening chapter, as is usual, introduces a number of dramatic persons. We are at Fort Huachuca, in Arizona, where a number of soldiers and officers are gathered interested in the capture of Geronimo, an Apache chief, and a band of Indians that are taking the country. We first meet the men, who evidently dislike one Mellish, who is about to be promoted as their sergeant. Mellish is a man of good family, who has come to grief, but who, it appears, trying to pull up. We are then introduced to Lieut. Hecker and his friend Roman, an Irish-Mexican, the son of a Spanish-Mexican mother, and an old gold prospector from the Emerald Isle. He is a charmingly lazy and graceful man, and seems amusing.

CHAPTER II.—This begins on the train which is taking Colonel Marcy, his daughter Mary, and his niece Nina to the fort. Both girls are very beautiful, Nina as a semi-Spanish type, and Mary as a Northerner and an English girl. Captain Adair joins the train, and is immediately much taken with Nina, who is quite conscious of the effect her power and beauty have had upon him.

Chapters III. and IV. describe the party at the Fort, and the progress of two love affairs. In Chapter V. the first of these, the attachment between Captain Adair and Nina develops into an exchange of vows between the two. The girl is greatly distressed at the thought that the Captain must leave her to take part in a dangerous expedition against the Indians, and at his suggestion she agrees to marry him at once.

Chapter VI. reveals some unpleasant facts about Mellish, who it appears has a wife and child whom he has deserted. Chapter VII. as Nina and the Captain are riding home they are attacked by Indians. Adair, grasping the terrible position, aims his revolver to shoot Nina, but his arm is raised up and he falls to the ground pierced by a bullet.

CHAPTER VIII.—On recovering his senses, six weeks later, he finds, to his great distress that Nina has gone home.

CHAPTER IX.—Tells us more of Lieut. Hecker's way of life.

CHAPTER X.—Hecker loses heavily at play, but is reimbursed by Mrs. Savage, who is evidently much attached to him.

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XI.

As soon as Adair knew that Nina had gone back to her home he began to hope for a letter from her. Every evening, when it was time for the orderly who went down to the station for the mail to come in Adair lay with his face towards the road and looked and longed for some word from Nina. He could look across the parade ground and see the ladies in Officers' Row standing out upon the verandahs, waiting for their own letters from distant homes.

The mail had to be taken into the post-trader's post office and distributed, but the coming of the orderly always meant that the letters would be there in a very few minutes. From the time he saw the dusty blue uniform and the ambling mule disappear up toward the post-trader's, until it was so late that there could be no possibility of a letter, Adair's heart would beat thickly and heavily. He hadn't many correspondents. A letter had been a rare event for him. Many came in these days, condoling with him over his hurt, and congratulating him upon his escape, but every one was put down with a heavy heart. Its contents had been a bitter disappointment.

He had found up the letter he had begun to Nina. It had seemed brutal to follow her, even with a letter, when she had gone and left him. As the weeks went by and convalescence gradually grew into his normal health, he ceased hoping to hear from her. She had repented of her hasty act in marrying him, and with a girl's ignorance of such things, had fancied that in ignoring it she could annul it.

She knew in whom she was trusting, Adair thought. Although the revulsion of that night had taken from her her love for him, it had not taken her confidence in him, or in his loyalty. She knew that he would never betray her secret except at her desire. If she did not want to be his wife she was at liberty.

In Adair was the chivalry born of ideals of loneliness. That in not taking the matter into his own hands

now, he was doing a wrong and a cruel thing to Nina, he did not see. That complications might come; that it was not child's play to be cast aside, but a thing that must be met and faced, that he could not be juggled with, he was not man of the world enough to realise. It seemed to concern only themselves. If Nina desired the marriage to be as though it were not, it should be so.

Adair had refused Mrs. Acton's invitation to be her guest; and it was not pressed. There were new people coming into the Fort, changes being made, but to all this Adair was oblivious. He was even blind to the fact that Colonel Marcy did not treat him with the proud and loving friendship that he had once shown. The great ache in his heart covered every minor pain, and made it as nothing. He lived alone with his own hidden story.

Often at night, when the watch sang out "Two o'clock and all's well," he heard the tramp of Adair's feet as they paced the verandah, and saw the burning point of his cigar in the darkness.

One of the letters which came to Adair he had at first thrown impatiently aside, and then taken up again; and at the third reading he had found comfort in letting his thoughts travel along the line it suggested. An old friend was going to Japan for the winter, and asked him to go with him.

He thought a little bitterly of Nina's plans and how soon they had faded. There was nothing to prevent that wedding journey to the south of France now. The Indian troubles were over; he was entitled to a long leave. Sometimes his fancy ran to day dreams, and it seemed to him that he must be mistaken. He let himself imagine sometimes that he was going to join Nina and they were going off together; and then laughed at himself for his folly. He began dozens of letters to her, endearing, forgiving, tender letters, but he sent none of them. She had left him, and in her own time she would return, or not at all.

His San Francisco friend wrote again, urging him to come upon the twentieth of the month and sail for Japan. "Come," he said, "and see the snows on Fuji-san, see the white foam lace broder the breast of the Indian deep." Come and see the azules on the hillside, and the rice fields taken by pink weed. Come and hear the 'zum zum' of the musmees."

Adair was thin and nervous from his long vigils, his waiting without hope, and after the last letter he went to Colonel Marcy to make application for a long leave.

The colonel's office was full. There were half a dozen officers standing about, on one pretence or another, and they all threw out a greeting to Adair. They liked him, but he was so distant in these days, he kept so much to himself, that they saw very little of him.

He lounged by the window and looked over the "Army and Navy Journal" until the last of the stragglers was gone. Adair had always been so distinctly the colonel's favourite, companion, and almost confidante, that they were naturally left alone together. Now Adair drew up his chair to the table where the colonel sat looking over a pile of papers, with a relief that that strong and sturdy presence always gave him.

The secret which was always in his mind was uppermost now. He was glad Nina had a relative like this; but he wished that it could be otherwise for a little while, that he might tell the colonel the story and ask his advice. Adair's heart was sick of loneliness and repression.

But the face that was turned to him was not the sympathetic one of the old days. The colonel himself was unconscious of the change that had come to him since Mary had told him what she had seen on that scrap of paper. Some great scientist had said that consciousness is but a

little lump which illumines one spot of the brain at a time, and that it has nothing whatever to do with the working of that complicated machine; that an idea is introduced, and the owner considers it, but a trivial incident, and forgets it, seemingly. It passes out of his consciousness, but there in the dark it is working on and on, and knitting itself into the very fibre of the brain, until it becomes a part of the beliefs and reasons.

Adair felt vaguely chilled, and it was in the most formal tones that he made his application.

"You are entitled to a long leave," the colonel said, "and of course you will get it. Where do you think of going?"

"To Japan."

The colonel looked at him sharply. He would not have conceived it possible, two months ago, that he would ever disbelieve Adair, but he did not believe him now.

As for Adair, the colonel's coolness seemed but a piece with the general change in everything. He went back to his quarters with the certainty of his leave, a little more tired and unhappy than when he started out.

Ten days later, he had said good bye to every one, and was on his way to the Pacific slope. He stopped in Tombstone. He wanted to see the old man who had made the marriage service that had made Nina his wife. There had been no question of secrecy then, but it might be important to ask it now.

The door of the little wooden house was closed, and the curtainless windows looked like blind eyes on each side. He knocked and heard the echo of emptiness. There was a head pushed out of the window of the next house, and a woman called to attract his attention.

"Is it Mr. Bland you want to see?" she asked, with the air of one who has information to distribute. "He's dead. He died this Thursday coming a week. They sent the remains back East. It was real sad," and she looked him boldly over in an effort to "place him," as she would have said.

Adair went back down the path, white in the sunshine. There were faded zinnias, almost the only flower that grows hardily in Arizona, down each side. It seemed to Adair that a last link had been broken. He felt like a boy who had a grief, and no one in whom he could confide. He wondered why he could not feel as he had felt before he ever knew Nina. It had only been a short three weeks, but they had made his life anew.

He wondered if all the stories he had heard of the perfidy of women were true; if he were but one of the great army of men who were victims. And then he was ashamed of himself. He blamed himself for taking his girl wife into the horrors of that night—that night when her nerves were already strung to tension pitch. Whatever she did, he would not blame her. Let it be hers to say what their lives should be in the future.

And then at the thought of going away from her so far, his soul revolved. He could not, he could not do it!

He walked the little platform at Benson, where the road ran by which would take him westward to San Francisco and Japan, or eastward to New York and Nina. He must go to her. He would go to her. After all,

she was his wife, and he had the right. It seemed a simple thing to do, after he thought of it as a real possibility.

He went into the station to buy his ticket. The late dayman train came puffing in, and a slender stream of passengers, ranchmen, and miners on their way "back East," or to "Prisco," made their way into the stuffy little ticket office.

Adair felt a familiar slap on his shoulder, and turned to see Hecker's big person at his elbow.

"Hello, Adair, I hear you are off for Japan. Queer way of spending your leave. When I get a chance I get out of this God forsaken country. I want to get into civilisation again. Instead of into heathendom, I'm going to New York, to walk Fifth Avenue and Broadway, and see the wheels go round. You'd better change your mind and come along with me."

All of Adair's rosy visions fled. The cold light of day and practicality came with Hecker.

"Give me a ticket to San Francisco," he said to the man at the window.

XII.

The long ride over the desert was a terrible journey to Adair. There was despair and misery in his heart for which there seemed no outlet. The terrible loneliness of his life loomed up in awful contrast to those day dreams which, almost imperceptibly to him, had become an integral part of his very life.

Even before he had known Nina, with the naturalness of youth, he had felt himself journeying toward the pot of gold that lay at the end of the rainbow. Now it was past, and had proven fairy coin, turning to dead leaves in his hand. The catastrophe of his life, it seemed to him, had come.

When he left the train at Oakland, he was going toward the ferry boat which would take him across the bay; when he felt his hand grasped in a strong clasp. With a sense of comradeship such as it seemed to him he had never known before, he turned to Morrison.

Morrison had been a classmate of Adair's at the Point, but had made no sort of a record except in the drawing class. Coming from a small town in Missouri, much as Adair had come from his native hills, he had known nothing of brush and paint until they had been introduced to him casually in his school course. Then he discovered his talent. He had resigned immediately after his graduation, and taking the two or three thousand dollars his father had allowed him, had gone to Julien's in Paris, and seen a portrait of his hung in the Salon at the end of his second year.

Morrison was the last man on earth to be taken for an artist by the people in whose minds there is a conventional portrait of the type. He was almost as big as Hecker, but where Hecker's was the bigness of a mastiff, Morrison suggested the wolfhound. Long of head and dark of eye, close clipped as to hair and moustache, abrupt in speech and manner, Morrison was of the size and aspect to command instant respect and attention anywhere. Nature has put into him a passion for colour and form and the poetry of the existing world, a straightforwardness in arriving at his destination, that made him a simple genius.

Adair felt in that first hand clasp the tonic of friendship.

"It looks very much as though your resolve to throw off the weight of the Indian question didn't come any too soon," Morrison said, scanning Adair's face closely as they sat down on one of the seats that ran along the upper deck of the ferry boat. "That wound of yours must have been more serious than you gave me to understand. How did it all happen? You know I was away

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up in the north country, out of the line of newspapers, when the thing occurred. I was a good deal surprised down at the Bohemian Club, the other night at hearing Allison, who was putting in some mining machinery down in Tombstone at the time, telling a very romantic tale about your getting that bullet in an attempt at rescuing a beautiful young woman from the Apaches. How was it?"

Morrison was an imaginative man, and a close student of faces. The men who worked alongside of him said that he was going to be the most terrible of portrait painters, for he could analyse the lines of the human face to a minute degree, and translate their meaning so that all the world might see.

He saw at once that there was more than physical ill at the bottom of Adair's trouble. He had always been fond of him, he told himself, because Adair's face was the purest and simplest he had ever seen. Its flawless outlines had fascinated him as a beautiful horizon line would have delighted him. But now when he beheld these lines lost in a tragedy of suffering, saw this nature warped and torn, he felt that there were depths which, could he sound them, would give him new vistas of human life.

"There is very little to tell," Adair said. "As usual, the club story is story, pure and simple. There is only one line of the genuine narrative: I was coming into the post to take a new command and go down into the Canaanias to keep the pass from the Apaches. Miss Wentworth, the colonel's niece, had made a miscalculation and lost her party, and I escorted her over from Tombstone. The Indians attacked us, and we were saved just in the nick of time by the soldiers who were following the Indians. It was very commonplace—hardly worth a paragraph in the paper."

"It strikes me that it was a little past the nick of time from the way you are carrying that bullet wound."

"It's nothing. I suppose it's the Arizona climate. What a pretty sight San Francisco is, lighted on her hill tops."

It was evening, and the chains and tiers of lights that arose beyond the bay made a picture that was dramatic in its chance arrangement.

"It always makes me think of Edinburgh," Morrison said, turning and letting his eyes follow lovingly the beauty before him. "It prepossesses you in favour of the city to come into it like this. You always keep in your mind the thought of its possibilities, even when you go inland and blast your vision with the sand lots. But this! Wait until you see 'Old Japan!'"

Adair's spirits began to revive. The long nights on the Pacific, blown softly through the balmy atmosphere, with sky above and water beneath, were like a healing hand. The constant delight of Morrison's strong brotherhood, the diversion of his enthusiasms and plans, put new life into him.

In Japan they spent three months wandering about the country, falling in with people of all nationalities and back again into the companionship with each other, which each had grown to value more and more as days went by. When at last they said good-bye to the volcanoes and rain gods and rocks, the chrysanthemum and the azalea, it was a pair of healthy, strong men who walked the deck of the home going steamer.

On board the vessel there was a middle aged passenger who attracted the attention of both the young men by his air of melancholy—almost despair. One night when they were sitting on the deck, a bottle of champagne and a box of cigars between them, Morrison called Adair's attention to the man, who was leaning over the deck railing.

"He is a naval officer, whose dead wife is in her coffin in the hold. Now that is what I call a tragedy of life. I have never seen the woman who was a necessary part of my existence, but when I do, and find that she regards me in the same way, may it please the good God to take us together. I never have felt the need of such a—thinking, I suppose I should call it. It has always been my idea of the plan of nature, which plans all things well, that marriage is the creation of a new sense. If it is a marriage in the proper use of the term, it opens new horizons. If a man marries a wife whose nature be-

comes so much a part of his own that he can see and enjoy with her senses, he is doubled. Imagine Adair, if you can, a man being born blind, and then having the wonder of sight given him. Could anything be more terrible than to take it away again? It seems to me — they tell me I am an idealist, and so I may be — that there is no affliction like the death of a husband or wife."

"Yes, there is," Adair said, in a tone that brought Morrison's face toward him.

Adair had wanted to tell Morrison the whole story from the beginning. He had felt that he must tell him. At first his morbid sense of loyalty to Nina had prevented. Then a healthier tone had come to him from his contact with Morrison, and with the great, living, breathing, commonplace world, and from his involuntary contrasting of the weaknesses which were so essential a part of the oriental nature with the truthfulness and bravery that make the Anglo-Saxon. He had seen that he was making some sort of a mistake. He wanted the advice, the counsel, of this strong man who was his friend, and the hour was propitious to ask it.

When the story was finished, Morrison leaned over and took up his hand.

"Adair," he said, "there is only one thing in this world for you to do. Go to your wife as fast as you can. Letters will mean nothing. She must be a sweet woman, lost in some woman's logic that neither of us can understand. Go to her, and tell her that from your heart you regret the delay. Get to the bottom of the trouble, and take it away. She loves you. She must love you, there has been nothing to alienate her love. She has been waiting for you. Go!"

"I will. Thank Heaven for your advice, Morrison. It was exactly what I needed. My leave will be over, but I shall go to Colonel Marcy and tell him the story, as I ought to have told it to him in the first place, and ask for another leave to go East after my wife. I can hardly see, looking at it in the light of my understanding of the situation, how I could have lost sight of the inevitable. I suppose it was lost in the loose hold that my illness gave me upon everything. That is the only explanation that I can give to you or myself."

After this, Adair began to look at life as does the man who feels within himself the power to conquer. New fibres had been implanted in his soul with those new experiences, and the life he had led for two months had strengthened all that was within him. Taking as it were new blood from Morrison, the currents had deepened and widened until he was sufficient unto himself. His hand felt sure and steady, and instead of moping in despair, he exulted "as a strong man about to run a race."

It was crisp February when he reached Arizona again. The winds of spring had begun to send the white, swirling dust columns careering over the mesa, and the Spanish bayonet and yucca bore lofty spears hung with fragrant white bells.

He greeted his orderly to bring his horse to the station, only a few hours before his arrival. He was so impatient. He had planned out exactly how he was to come into the Fort, change his dress, go over to see the colonel, tell his story, and then, sure of the hand clasp of his gallant old friend, he would turn about and go to Nina. It was all so plain that he was ashamed to think that another man had been obliged to tell him what to do.

He looked out with pleasure upon the familiar sights that had seemed so ugly to him when he went away. The fantastic shapes of the yucca, throwing out its white bloom from grotesque limbs, looked like old friends.

The station at Benson is the meeting place of the trains from East and West, and the Guaymas train was waiting there for its little dote of passengers. Adair looked keenly about for any of the Fort people. There was nearly always somebody coming or going, and he had the zest of the home comer for a comrade's face.

He remembered with self pity his encounter here with Hecker. He did not blame that florid and gay young man for his own wrong turning when he had stood here before. He was man enough now, strong

enough to realize that it had all come out of his own weakness and indecision. He even felt a sort of liking for Hecker. Few people could resist that laughing geniality, so frankly departed from all that was straight laced.

As he walked the wooden platform, that the sun was beginning to make sticky with its own gummy juices, he felt the pride and joy of life, of young manhood. There were wrecks of men loafing about the grimy saloon opposite the waiting room; men who had come out to the West with high hopes, but who had gone down under the nervous strain and the lack of the fixed standard that public opinion supplies in older communities, and which constitutes the consciences of most men.

Coming out of one of these saloons, presently, Adair saw the uniform of a United States soldier. He looked again and saw that it was Mellish. The man saw Adair at once, and his face lighted up with a smile that made Adair want to strike him. He came over toward his officer, saluting, and said:

"It is a pleasure to have you back again, captain."

"I am very glad to get back again, Mellish. What are you doing over here?"

"I am over with the ambulance, sir. The colonel and Miss Mary and Mrs Acton drove over to meet the Eastern train."

"Where are they? Are they expecting friends?"

Adair felt the warmth of a coming meeting with what he felt were his own people. He thought of Mrs Acton's kindness to him in asking him over to stay at her house during his convalescence, and his brusque declension seemed to call for an immediate apology. He felt like apologising for many of the erratic ways of that poor, ill young man whom he had left behind in Japan.

"Lieutenant Hecker is married, sir, and is coming home with his bride. I thought maybe you had heard about it. They haven't been talking about anything else at the Fort for the last

month. He's to have the house that Captain Lawler had. Captain Lawler is going to take the rose cottage. The colonel got him to make the change. Miss Mary and Mrs Acton have been getting it ready for them for a month. It's beautiful."

It went through Adair's mind that Mellish was particularly garrulous, and he wondered if he had not been indulging in mesal to an extent that might endanger his driving. There was a rakish recklessness in the set of Mellish's broad hat, and altogether an air of triumph and bravado about him, that made Adair dislike the man more than ever.

It seemed a new state of affairs for Mrs Acton and Miss Marcy to be taking so active an interest in Hecker. But then women were always interested in a bride, especially women like Mary Marcy and Mrs Acton. Adair's mouth took on an expression of satisfied sweetness. They would have one to make much of before long, who would be entirely after their own hearts.

"Here they come now," Mellish said, still with his air of repressed excitement.

Mrs Acton and Mary came up the steps of the platform, lifting their skirts daintily from contact with the sticky wood. They looked pleasant and wholesome to Adair. He was beginning to feel toward Mary as he would to a young cousin, beginning to feel as though he had people of his own. He went forward and met them with his hand outstretched, and some of the pleasure he felt in his face. Mary's delicate cheeks flushed crimson at the sight of him, and she turned to Mrs Acton with an expression that was almost appealing. Mrs Acton did not see it. She was all smiles and maternal happiness.

"How delightful to see you," Captain Adair, just now! We came over to meet our young people and drive them home in the ambulance, through this lovely spring weather. You can go with us."

Mary gave her arm a little jerk and rushed in at once.

"How do you do, Captain Adair? Why, you do not look at all like the

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THE DISTRESSES OF DAPHNE.

By W. E. NORRIS

(Author of "My Friend Jim," "Major and Minor," etc.)

same man who went away. I never saw such a change in any one in my life. You are twice as large—and brown! Papa! Here is Captain Adair home again. Come and look at him."

The colonel came briskly across the platform and grasped Adair's hand with almost the old cordiality. It was a gay, bright day, they were on a joyous errand, and the light in Adair's face was not a thing to ignore.

"Where have you been? We have managed to get along without you, but it was only because there wasn't any fighting going on. There has been a campaign of love instead of war. Here's Hecker coming in with a wife. Where are you going to—?" The colonel stopped. He had forgotten for an instant the story which Mary had told him of that letter.

"Before very long," Adair said gayly. "I'm coming in this very evening to talk to you about it."

A look of indescribable relief came over the faces of Mary and the colonel. The colonel rejoiced that everything was going to be explained, and he was going to get his best friend among the young men of his regiment back again. Mary was full of joy to think that any further complication in regard to Nina was removed.

Mrs. Acton was in the usual flutter of a woman of her sort at any news of an engagement.

"Tell us about her, Captain Adair. Is she a Japanese? Does she wear a kimono and her hair in a bow knot? Did you meet her on the steamer? They say there is no place like a steamer for the susceptible young man. But then I never thought you were a susceptible young man. I don't think it's much of a compliment to all the pretty girls we have in the army for you to go off to Japan to fall in love."

"Oh, it's an old story," Adair said, happily. "It began long ago."

The colonel was beaming upon him. All this sounded so natural, so above board, so different from the ugly thoughts he had harboured of Adair.

There was a scream from the engine, and the train from the East came around the curve and drew up before the platform. People crowded before Adair. He drew back a little. He was not particularly intimate with Hecker, and he did not care particularly about his wife. He wondered what sort of a woman would care enough for him to marry him; and then his common sense told him that probably the very nicest sort of a young girl would care for Hecker; would probably care for him long after she found him out.

Mellish was crowded close up against the train. As the passengers came out he watched for Lieutenant Hecker, and then he turned his eyes towards Adair. Adair had walked towards the ambulance, and had allowed himself to be hidden by the crowd.

As Mellish looked back towards the train he saw a face that made him white to his lips. Following Hecker's wife was a worn, sad-faced woman, who was evidently a subordinate of some sort. She was carrying part of the wraps, and there was none of the festal and alert air which belongs to the friends of a bride.

She saw Mellish as he saw her, and with a paleness which matched his own, stopped still and looked at him. Neither of them spoke a word, and then she walked on behind Mrs. Hecker, who was moving slowly almost in the joint embrace of Mrs. Acton, Mary and the colonel.

"The journey was lovely," she was saying. "Not a thing to mar it. I am so glad to see you all. Is there anybody else here?"

"Adair is here somewhere. Where is he?" the colonel replied.

"Oh, yes, I remember him," Mrs. Hecker said. "So good of him to come over."

"Is Adair here?" Hecker said. He was in such a transport of pride and delight that it would have seemed that nothing could add to it; but at the mention of Adair's name there was a higher note of exultation. Hecker looked at his wife's trim figure in her travelling gown, her air of complete elegance, and wanted to call the whole world in to witness.

"Where is Adair? Ah, there he is! Adair, come here and meet my wife."

He pulled him from behind the corner of one of the little buildings, and Adair turned his face to see Nina, Nina—his wife—holding out her hand to him, and smiling.

(To be Continued.)

SYNOPSIS OF INSTALMENT I.—At a great ball in Dresden, Daphne Hamilton displeases her mother by dancing three times with Otto von Kahlenberg, the handsomest man in the room. He has been introduced by Captain Clough, the recipient of Mrs. Hamilton's complaints, himself a close friend of Daphne's and to tell the truth, her would-be lover. Mrs. Hamilton guesses Clough's wishes and is therefore most perplexed at the apparent help he gives to von Kahlenberg in the latter's obvious pursuit of her daughter.

CHAPTER III.
IMPOTENCE.

"Three cheers," cried Mrs. Perkins, with boisterous cordiality. "I was just saying to my girls, 'Now you may depend upon it the Hamiltons will turn up this morning,' and here you are, sure enough. And how are you both?"

Mrs. Hamilton suffered her hand to be gripped and murmured "How do you do?" resignedly. It is difficult to say why we all find it so offensive to be described as "the So-and-Sos" to our faces, considering that we invariably speak of our acquaintances in that way behind their backs; but poor old Perkins would have been offensive in any case—as offensive as she was apparently unavoidable.

"You'll have to fall into line," the good woman went on, quite unconscious of having given umbrage, "with all these thousands of water drinkers. We should never get to the springs at all if we didn't form a cue and wait our turn."

Three parallel cues of the patient Curgaste were advancing, step by step, towards the Kreuzbrunn that crisp, sunny morning, while the band in the neighbouring kiosk played operative selections to cheer them on their way. At Marienbad, as at all such places, the day begins early, and although the clocks had just struck seven everybody was out and about. Natives of the country, for the most part—some yellow complexioned, some preternaturally obese—with a sprinkling of Russians, Britons, and other aliens discernible here and there in the throng; upon the whole not a particularly attractive crowd, but then who or what can look attractive at seven o'clock in the morning? Well, the blue hills, perhaps, and the dark pine woods, and the bright, white houses in the foreground. Mrs. Hamilton's eyes sought these, while her ears gave scant attention to the volubility of her fat friend, at whose heels she plodded slowly onwards, glass in hand. Her daughter had been led away by Minnie and Rosie, who presumably stood in no need of the healing waters. She herself must perforce submit for another five minutes or more to the company and conversation of Mrs. Perkins; but it was not, she thought, incumbent upon her to answer categorically the questions which were fired off at her every now and again, or to give a detailed narrative of her movements since her departure from Dresden, three months back.

"Oh, we have been travelling about," she made compendious reply and then relapsed into silence.

Presently, however, it occurred to her to put a question on her own account—a question couched in accents of mild remonstrance.

"What could have made you expect to see us here this morning? We only arrived last night."

"Ah," returned Mrs. Perkins, with an arch glance over a massive shoulder, "a little bird whispered to me that you were not far off."

Jack was already at Marienbad then. Well, that was a relief; the more so because, as his firesome habit was, he had omitted to acknowledge epistolary reminders.

"I flatter myself," Mrs. Perkins resumed complacently, "that I am rather a good hand at putting two and two together, and when a certain person appeared upon the scene the day before yesterday, full of anxiety for news of you, I thought 'Now we are getting warm; now we may look forward to meeting dear Mrs. Hamilton again at any moment.' In point of fact, I took the liberty of promising

him as much. He seemed so delighted and so grateful, poor fellow."

"Indeed?" said Mrs. Hamilton distantly. "He can scarcely have been surprised, though, for I wrote some time ago to tell him that we should be here about the middle of the month."

Mrs. Perkins at any rate was surprised. "Oh!" she ejaculated, with rounded mouth and eyes, "you are in correspondence with him? Dear me!—I didn't know."

There was no reason on earth why Mrs. Hamilton should not correspond with Jack Clough, whom she had known intimately from his childhood; but she did not feel called upon to furnish this inquisitive stranger with explanations. She was enabled, immediately after reaching the Kreuzbrunn, with its ministering maidens, to slip away from Mrs. Perkins, who was accosted at that moment by some Heaven-sent deliverer, and as she stood outside in the sunshine, sipping her rather nauseous draught and gazing down at the parti-coloured assemblage of promenaders in the long alley, she thought to herself, "Delighted and grateful! Well, if he looked like that!—but I can hardly imagine that he did. It is never Jack's way to exhibit his feelings. Sometimes one almost doubts whether he has any."

That doubt seemed, to say the least of it, justifiable a few seconds later when, turning round at the sound of Daphne's voice, she found herself confronted not only by Jack (who did not look like anything—not even like the traitor that he was), but by a radiant, young man who bowed low and hoped Mrs. Hamilton had not forgotten him. As a matter of fact, Mrs. Hamilton had very nearly forgotten Count von Kahlenberg; his name had never been mentioned between her and her daughter during their recent pleasant wanderings, nor had she thought again about his threatened descent upon Marienbad. But at the sight of him her original, instinctive dislike for the man awoke afresh, doubly stimulated by the swift conviction that he was Mrs. Perkins' "little bird," and that Jack Clough must have guided him to his present place of sojourn. She had to give him her hand and tell him, with frigid civility, that she quite well remembered his excellent histrionic performance at Dresden; what she was altogether powerless to bring about was the discouragement and discomfiture which it was her intention to inflict upon him. He walked along the shady promenade between her and her daughter, conversing with the easy, fluent garrulity of one who does not doubt his welcome, and she was fain to admit that he could talk pleasantly and amusingly enough. He had many acquaintances, native and foreign, amongst the water-drinkers; he told his companions who they all were, and related anecdotes respecting some of them which moved Daphne to ready, girlish laughter, and even extorted the tribute of an occasional smile from the reluctant Mrs. Hamilton. His English was perfect; but then, as he incidentally mentioned, he had lived a good deal in England and delighted in English life. Upon the whole, an amiable, well-bred, well-mannered young man; only—there was that disquieting, insistent resemblance of his to a dead man who had been young once upon a time, but never amiable, never well-bred nor well-mannered.

By the advice of local physicians a glass of Kreuzbrunn water usually alternates with one from the Ferdinandsbrunn, which latter spring is situated at the opposite extremity of the broad gravelled walk. Arrived at this destination, Mrs. Hamilton effected a change of partners, withdrew Captain Clough from the assiduous attentions of Miss Minnie Perkins, and, on resuming her obligatory march, with the younger divi-

sion well ahead, fell upon him tooth and nail.

"Jack, this is too abominable of you! When I so particularly told you that I did not want to see any more of your theatrical friend!"

"Quite so; but the difficulty consisted in his having particularly told me that he did want to see more of you. One can't hope to please everybody."

"And do you suppose that you will get out of the difficulty by pleasing nobody? I needn't tell you that you don't please me, and I can't see what chance there is of your ultimately pleasing him; for I beg to assure you once for all, that nothing would induce me even to contemplate a son-in-law of that nationality."

"Oh, a son-in-law!—your thoughts travel at that pace!"

"Not any faster than yours. Come Jack!—you must acknowledge that you have thought of that possibility."

"Well, one contemplates possibilities, of course; but one doesn't mistake them for certainties. Likewise, one endeavours, as I hinted just now, to please, somebody, and I flatter myself that I have at least pleased Daphne. Whether Otto von Kahlenberg will please her to the extent that you fear remains to be seen; but I can imagine nothing wiser than giving him the opportunity. We all know what familiarity sometimes breeds."

"Ah!—but are you really so clever as all that?"

"Perhaps I am not so stupid as to let them sigh for one another apart. Moreover, he is constantly in London; you couldn't, in any case, have prevented him from looking you up, if he were bent upon looking you up."

"But she hasn't been sighing at all!"

"So much the better."

"Yes; only why not have left well alone? Daphne, I really believe, has been thinking of nothing but music all

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this time. The operas that we have listened to!—and the symphonies and the recital! The very memory gives me a headache; though of course I was glad that she should have so much enjoyment. Well, I trust, at all events, that your friend is not musical."

"I can't say for certain; but naturally he will pretend to be. Who knows whether that pretence may not work him undoing? Meanwhile, let us not worry. We are impotent, or almost so, remember, and what is to be will be."

Mrs Hamilton, albeit no fatalist, was well aware of her impotence in certain directions. The desire of her heart was that Jack Clough and her daughter should fancy one another; but she could not make them do that, and she was pretty sure that, so far as he was concerned, efforts were needless. It only remained to hope that he was the wily diplomatist he appeared to set up for being, and to let Daphne discover for herself what a very ordinary personage this young von Kahlenburg was.

Unfortunately, such discoveries are not always made by those best situated for making them, nor can the most ordinary young man alive be considered safe from idealisation in the eyes of this or that maiden. Only a few days were required to convince the distressed and apprehensive Mrs Hamilton that her daughter was as liable as another to succumb to the attractions of the commonplace. A comely countenance, a simple, manly bearing, a flattering mixture of deference and profound admiration—these attributes, however small their intrinsic worth, have suffered from time immemorial to captivate feminine hearts. And what countervailing measures can be adopted in a place like Marienbad, where everybody necessarily meets everybody else half a dozen times between sunrise and sunset? Count Otto met Miss Daphne daily when the dew was still on the grass, met her again at the Waldquelle, whither her mother was bound to repair at half-past eleven, lunched in her company towards midday (for restaurants are open to all the world), attended her on long walks through the pine-forests during the afternoon, and partook by her side of the late dinner which, though contrary to rule, the doctor had sanctioned as a concession to British custom. It is true that on these occasions the presence of Mrs Hamilton and Captain Clough, not to speak of the doggedly determined Perkins family, gave little or no opportunity for solitary intercourse; yet progress was made and encouragement was unquestionably vouchsafed.

"Mark my words," said Mrs Perkins solemnly to her daughter; "all this will end in at least one engagement."

Minnie simpered, lowered her eyelids, and wondered aloud what mamma could mean by more than one. Mrs Hamilton and Captain Clough could have told her, had they thought it worth while, but in truth neither of them had much attention to spare for absurd side-issues.

CHAPTER IV.
RESIGNATION.

Jack Clough was an oldish man for his years. He was conscious of this, and of the disabilities entailed upon him thereby; but even if he had not recognised the humiliating fact of his having already, in Daphne's estimation, reached the confines of middle age, he would still have had common sense enough to perceive that the girl had never so much as thought of him in the light of a suitor for her hand. A certain natural refinement and scrupulousness had restrained Mrs Hamilton (to whom he was duly grateful) from thus representing him to her daughter, and his secret, so far as he could see, was likely to be kept till the end of the chapter. That, under these circumstances, he should have been more anxious for Daphne's happiness than his own, and willing to promote the former at the expense of the latter, may seem to prove conclusively that he could not in reality have been very deeply in love; but human emotions have the strangest complications and developments. Certain, at all events, it is that he received with patience the confidences of Count Otto, who poured these into his ears at great length every evening.

The young man was inclined to be sanguine. Respecting his relations with the object of his passion he was modestly reticent; Clough, having eyes to see, could judge for himself whether they were progressing favourably or not. But from the outset he

had realised the importance of overcoming Mrs Hamilton's undisguised hostility, and his strenuous exertions to that end were beginning, he believed, to bear fruit.

"She has the air," he said, "of becoming resigned. Oh, as for liking me, no!—she does not like me. But I have observed that of late she has ceased to stare at me, as if she suspected me of being a chivalier d'industrie, which is so much gained. I think also that in the last resort she will not have the heart to oppose her daughter, whom she loves—as who would not?" "You may take that for certain," said Clough quietly.

"Well, I hope I may. Although it is evident that she has plans for her daughter's future which I am sure your sober old head has never divined. Happily, they have no better prospect of success than the plans of our excellent Mrs Perkins and Miss Minnie, with whom, my dear friend, you should walk more warily. You walk with her too much—oh, but indeed too much!—and in the moonlight, too, you old rascal!"

A jocosé poke in the ribs emphasised this accusation, to which the other responded: "I can lay my hand on the place where my heart ought to be, and swear that I would never walk with Miss Perkins under moon or sun if I could help it; but it seems necessary that I should walk with somebody, and the delicacy of Mrs Perkins and Bosie, combined with your recent tactics, leaves me only one available partner."

Von Kahlenburg laughed. "Cheer up, old man!" said he, consolingly, "you shall have a holiday—two or three holidays if you like. I have made all arrangements now with my uncle's forester, and you have only to fix your own date."

He had made all arrangements for the promised shooting expedition, save that he himself (for obvious reasons) proposed to take no part in it. His English friend, however, being no longer indispensable at Marienbad, could be granted leave of absence and provided with company in the shape of sundry noble sportsmen from Vienna, to whom Captain Clough was in due course presented. With these cheery and affable comrades the superfluous one enjoyed some very fair sport in the adjacent pine forests, bringing down his share of driven roe deer and returning at the end of three days with a mixed bag, a surnuburn nose and a new narrow-brimmed hat, the gift of one of the party, which was adorned at the back by the beard of a chamois, and on the side by a blackcock's tail feathers.

Then it was that the reality of Mrs Hamilton's resignation was made manifest to him. She had not yet given in; but she was giving in, and almost admitted that she was.

"How am I to fight against fate single-handed?" she plaintively asked. "Your desertion of me amounts to acquiescence in my defeat."

"No number of helping hands would have enabled you to conquer fate," he sensibly returned; "as I told you the first day, what is to be will be."

"Yes, I remember your saying so—true, if rather depressing. But the truth generally is depressing, isn't it? You mentioned at the same time that he was either musical or would pretend to be, which has turned out to be likewise true."

"And likewise depressing?" "Oh, not to Daphne. Between ourselves, I confess that the prospect of a cross-country journey back to Bayreuth for the sake of seeing 'Parsifal' a third time is rather depressing to me; but since they are both bent upon it, and since the doctor says that there will be no harm in my interrupting my 'cure' for a couple of days."

"I suppose you wouldn't be persuaded to come with us? The Perkins trio, I may tell you, will not be included in our party."

Possibly dread of being abandoned, alone and unprotected, to Minnie Perkins for forty-eight hours may have moved him to assent; but it was more likely that he was influenced by an appeal from Daphne, who joined him and her mother at this moment, and to whose requests he never knew how to turn a deaf ear. Her motives for desiring his society at and on the journey to Bayreuth were as evident as they were personally unflattering; yet he took no offence. Without figure of speech, he counted it a privilege to serve her.

To educated and discriminating persons the privilege of witnessing a performance which can only be witnessed in a sleepy town of Upper Franconia

is doubtless a high one and worth the high price which tickets for the same command, when purchased at the last moment; but Captain Clough's love for music did not extend much beyond appreciation of melody; so that the first act of 'Parsifal,' which stirred the lady who sat on his right hand to visible enthusiasm and seemed to satisfy the soul of her on his left, ended by boring him more than a little. He recognised, indeed, the marvellous beauty of certain orchestral passages, admired (with a few mental reservations) the skilful stage management, and was impressed—as everybody, on visiting that unique playhouse for the first time, must be—by the breathless silence and attention of the vast audience. But that interminable recitative was more than he could stand. "I can't for the life of me," he whispered to Mrs Hamilton, who occupied the place on his left, "see what music has to do with the monotonous noise produced by a couple of personages, standing there and shouting at one another till all's blue!"

Mrs Hamilton, with a slight smile, laid her finger upon her lips and glanced meaningly at Daphne. Well, he could contentedly imitate her there, at all events; he could derive a great deal of pleasure from watching Daphne, if he was no longer able to concentrate his faculties upon stage or orchestra. She was in truth worth looking at, with her parted lips, her

luminous eyes, her incomparable profile—and so young von Kahlenburg, who was seated beyond her, appeared to think. His ingenious profile (comparable to half a hundred others) expressed a homage and admiration which were probably not offered to the deceased composer, although he was ready with an intelligent nod as often as his fair neighbour, touched by some vocal or instrumental effect, turned her face towards him for a moment. A bit of a humbug he may have been, a less ardent worshipper of Wagner than of Daphne Hamilton, no doubt; yet he was at least capable of entering into her feelings, whether he shared them or not. Very plain it was to the unobserved observer that they understood one another, those two, and—what more would you have? "For my own part," he thought to himself, with a rueful, inaudible laugh, "I could do with rather less."

But he was willing in his stoical, philosophical fashion to endure what, as he was now convinced, could not be cured. When the curtain had fallen and the strangely silent audience had quitted the theatre to emerge upon the sunny hill-top where it stands, Daphne, with the last echoes of the 'Graksmotiv' still ringing in her ears, turned and asked, "Well, are you not glad you came?"

"Oh, yes, I'm glad," he answered; "one is always glad to increase one's stock of knowledge. I was more or

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I am very unhappy. I have got nobody to take my side. They are all against me, and I think I shall die if I can't get somebody to be my friend. It came to me in the middle of the night that I had an Uncle Jim, and now I've come to you. If you can't help me nobody can," and the tears started to Connie's eyes, whilst her sensitive lips began to quiver.

A great many different emotions had passed in quick succession over the rugged features of the big man, who looked every whit like some typical adventurer from the wilds of the desert. Not that his outer man was rough or uncared for, but because he was possessed of that peculiar far-seeing gaze, unfettered freedom of gesture and movement, and deep, sonorous voice that so often distinguishes the man of travel and action. He looked the very embodiment of strength and resolution. Connie felt that he would indeed be a tower of strength if she could place herself beneath his protection.

"Then, did nobody send you here, my dear? It was your own thought to come?"

"Nobody would dare to send me," said Connie. "Father says you won't have anything to do with him, and of course he is vexed about it. And besides I want you to take sides with me against them. They wouldn't have sent me for that. It just came into my own head when I was wondering and wondering what I could do. It seemed just the one thing left—the forlorn hope."

"Then sit down there and tell me all about it, and we'll see what can be done. Bless me, child, how like you are to that portrait of my mother when she was a girl, the one that has gone all over the world with me."

He drew from his breast-pocket a little miniature in a well-worn case, and opened it. As he bid Connie tell her tale he sat looking from the delicate pictured face in his hand to the flower-like face of the girl before him.

"It doesn't sound much to tell," said Connie, "but it's just everything to me. I met Leonard last autumn in a country house. We were so happy, and father seemed friendly too. It was just before he turned sides in politics, and things were so much nicer then. Leonard isn't rich, but he isn't very poor. I don't care a bit about being rich. We made such nice plans. Then the winter came, and all this fuss about politics, and when we came to town, and I came out and went everywhere, I scarcely ever saw Leonard, and they won't have anything to do with him, and they want me to marry a horrid baronet—Sir Andrew Fox. I hate him. I think he's a horrid man. But Margaret, my sister, married somebody else did not much care for at first, and now they're very happy; and so they are all determined that I shall do the same. I've nobody to help me, Uncle Jim, and you don't know how hard it is for a girl to make a fight all alone with everything against her." And again the bright tear drops welled up and nearly rolled over.

"There, there, my dear, don't cry about it. We'll see what can be done. I've heard of this Fox fellow, and I don't think much of him. Who's the other? Who's Leonard? Tell me all you know of him."

"His name is Leonard Carrington. He's had a rather sad history in some ways. He's an only child. His mother lived till about three years ago, but he doesn't know about his father. It was very sad about that. He was led into some money scrape by other men, and when the trouble came he was left to bear the blame. It turned him against his old life, and he went off to Africa to make his fortune. His wife and little Leonard went to live with her relations, and an uncle left them a little fortune, just enough to be comfortable upon, and Leonard got a secretarialship when he had left college and was old enough. But the father never came back. They think he must be dead now. He used to write and say how he was getting on, but they could never write to him. He had dropped his name, and he said in the mining camp he hadn't got a real name. They just called him Blooming Bill, and that was all—"

Connie stopped short, for her uncle had bounded suddenly to his feet and had taken too great strides towards the window, which he flung wide open as though he felt the need of air.

"What did you say his camp name was?" he asked, wheeling round again after a brief interval.

"Blooming Bill," answered Connie,

wonderingly. "He never knew why they had fixed upon that; but oh, uncle, what is it?"

"Can you give me some Carrington's address?" asked the uncle, whose face was working oddly, as though his mind were in some indescribable ferment.

Connie was able to supply that amount of information, and her uncle made a note, and then put his hand on her shoulders and looked earnestly into her face.

"If Leonard had been a rich man would they have refused him for a son-in-law?"

"I don't exactly know how rich he would have to be," answered Connie, with naive and unconscious cynicism; "but I don't think it's really because of his father or his politics. I think it's because he isn't rich and Sir Andrew is. Money always seems to make such a lot of difference. But Leonard and I don't think it matters a bit. We should like being poor."

"Now go home, little niece," said Uncle Jim, "and don't say a word about this visit. I'll help you out of this hobble. You just wait and see!"

It was with a joyful heart that Connie drove back, first to her sister's and then home. She and Margaret were alike puzzled by their uncle's excitement at hearing of Leonard's father; but it was no use speculating, and they were forced to abide the issue with what patience they could.

Three nights later Lord and Lady Vanstone dined with the Drummonds; and in the evening, when Connie had gone out upon the balcony the father drew his chair to Margaret's side and drew out a letter.

"I want to consult you, Margaret. I have had a curious letter from my brother Jim. He tells me he has seen Connie somewhere, and her extraordinary likeness to our mother in her youth has touched him, it seems. He really appears interested in her; but the odd part of it is that he speaks of having a husband in prospect for her, the only son of a man who was his 'chum' out in Africa, and who left him trustee and executor of a big fortune to be made over to this son. My brother Jim has an idea of bringing the two young people together, and trying to get up a match between them; and he distinctly implies, as you will see, that he would be ready in that case to look upon Connie as his heiress. Of course for a consideration like that one would do much. What do you say to the idea?"

Margaret read the letter and answered briskly.

"Invite Uncle Jim and his friend to dinner on the first opportunity, and ask us to meet them. Connie hates Sir Andrew Fox, and to escape from him she might be willing to look favourably on Uncle Jim's candidate; and she is pretty enough to bewitch any man who sees her under favourable circumstances; and in any case don't fail to respond cordially to any overture from Uncle Jim!"

A few days more and all was arranged. Mrs Drummond had been deputed to tell Connie that if she really disliked Sir Andrew, she should not be pressed beyond a certain point; but that she must not be too capricious and exacting—and in fact—well Mrs Drummond was not quite explicit, but somehow Connie was left with shining eyes and a beating heart. Uncle Jim was coming to dinner. He was going to bring somebody with him. Her heart beat so fast that she thought it better not to talk. She only promised with unwonted meekness to make herself look "nice."

She was more than nice; she was exquisitely lovely in her flowing white draperies as she stood in the lamp light waiting for the half expected announcement of the butler.

"Mr James Drummond—Mr Carrington."

They were face to face once more, holding hands for a brief second; eyes speaking in a fashion that the lips would never have dared to do. They went down to dinner together. That had been arranged beforehand. Uncle Jim had kissed her, and she heard his big laugh as he had introduced Leonard afresh as the son of an old African chum of his. But she was too happy, too bewildered, too excited to take anything in save the fact that Leonard was there, and that her friends were smiling instead of scowling upon him now.

"Most extraordinary thing, Tom," said the traveller when the ladies had left the room. "One of those strange coincidences one reads of in fiction. Poor Carrington and I shared a claim

and worked for years together; but he never told me his name. He sometimes dropped a bit about his past; but never slipped the name out. When at last he was dying he gave me a wallet of papers, and said I should find everything there, and he entrusted all his fortune to me for his wife and son. It was a fairish lump sum then; we had of late been lucky, and he had spoken sometimes of realising and going home. But he died, poor fellow; and when I opened the wallet to carry out his instructions, why the papers were nothing but soft pulp. They fell to pieces at a touch. He must have got them wet without knowing it, and there was I with his money and no way of finding out to whom to hand it over."

"A difficult trust in all conscience. What did you do?"

"I just bided my time at first; things were very brisk up at the camp then. I used the money with my own cautiously, in increasing the claim. We were partners still. Luck followed me. I made my pile, and increased his. When I cleared out at last and looked into things I found I had between sixty and seventy thousand to hand over to Blooming Bill's unknown son. But how on earth I was to set about the task I didn't know. To advertise or proclaim the thing aloud would be to have a score of rascals turning up daily claiming to be Blooming Bill's son; and how was I to know?"

"Well, I just put the money out at interest and bided my time. I won't tell you what I did do, because nothing came of my abortive endeavours. Then when I was about thinking the whole show would have to go to Government to be dealt with, what happens but that little girl of yours comes to Uncle Jim to be helped out of a difficulty, and puts the clue slick into my hands. She can produce the man who

can produce the letters I used to see poor Carrington write, and who tells his wife and boy in them how he is only known in the mining camp as 'Blooming Bill.' If that's not evidence enough for lawyers it's good enough for me. Young Carrington is worth the fortune I've named to you besides his mother's money and his wits. And I've taken a fancy to that little girl of yours, and if you'll give her to Carrington, who'll keep her a good Tory all her life, why she shan't be married without a bit of a dowry from her old uncle, and may look for something more when he goes!"

Leonard and Connie were out on the balcony together before the brothers came in. When the young couple did appear it was to find the whole room smiling at their appearance.

"O, Uncle Jim, you are a real darling!" whispered Connie as she kissed him farewell, "it seemed such a desperate measure to throw myself on your protection; but just think what has come of it!"

O, lovely Isle, proud Maoriland,
With sky so blue and landscape grand,
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less of an ignoramus when I started, but I am fully enlightened now."

"Already!" she smilingly exclaimed. She was not, he observed, at the pains to seek for any hidden meaning in his words, nor, it appeared, did she care to continue the conversation. Otto was at her elbow, eager to draw her away into the adjacent woodlands, whither the horde of native and alien pilgrims to that Luvarian shrine were strolling in groups and couples. Mrs Hamilton and Jack had coffee together in front of one of the neighbouring restaurants, while the sun sank in the west and the shades of evening began to fall. Mrs Hamilton was tired, conscious also, perhaps, of the futility of pursuit. She did not even suggest the functions of a sheep-dog to her companion, but contented herself with making enquiries about the von Kahlenburg family—a distinguished and moderately wealthy family, his knowledge of them enabled him to inform her.

Daphne reappeared with her cavalier before the time came to return to the theatre. They had been discussing music, the girl said, and she certainly did not look as if she had been engaged upon any less impersonal topic. Otto, on the other hand, was slightly flushed, visibly nervous and anxious. He had been endeavouring, it might be conjectured, to introduce personal topics and had been met in a discouraging spirit.

But the opportunity for which he was in such a hurry was bound to come later in the evening. Clough foresaw that it would and was half inclined to comfort him with an ironical assurance to that effect. It came even sooner than might have been anticipated, at the termination of the second act—that disillusioning second act, ushered in by the elderly squall of the wizard-summoned Kundry and passing on to the very Teutonic Garden of Delight, with its buxom Blumenmädchen, which the most humble and least critical of spectators must find it hard to take seriously. "I am sure I should like all this so much better if there were no stage and no human voices," sighed Clough as he made his way out.

"I should like it better if there were no audience," returned Mrs Hamilton, jostled by a famished crowd in headlong flight to secure dinner tables. "But we don't want food," Daphne declared. "Who could be hungry at such a moment and on such an exquisite night? We will have supper at the hotel when it is all over."

"Speak for yourself, my dear child," her mother plaintively rejoined. "It may be vulgar and coarse of me, but it is a fact nevertheless that I am fainting for want of food."

"Dear mother. Then you shall be fed, of course. Captain Clough will look after you, I know. As for me, I must have moonlight and the smell of the pines. I couldn't just now face gas and beer and the clatter of plates and tongues."

"I wonder," said Jack Clough, after he had seized upon a small table, and had ministered to Mrs Hamilton's cravings, "whether that healthy young man has renounced his beef and beer without a pang."

"Oh, I should think so," she resignedly, if a trifle snappishly, answered. "But you ought to know. You yourself are a pretty good hand at reminiscence, it seems to me."

He shrugged his shoulders. He was a pretty good hand at accepting the unavoidable, perhaps. His old friend, as he was well aware, was not that; only she was sure to yield—always had yielded and always would yield—to her daughter. In the present instance she would not, so far as he could see, have reason to repent of her pliancy; for Otto von Kahlenburg, when all was said, had most of the qualities which are to be desired in a

non-in-law. He lighted a cigarette when the scrambling meal had been disposed of and awaited events with outward composure.

Mrs Hamilton, for her part, was neither composed nor fond of being kept waiting. Her daughter's protracted absence began to agitate her long before there was any need for disquietude, and by the time that other diners were once more tooping towards the theatre she had worked herself up into a state of serious alarm.

"Something must have happened," she exclaimed. "Do go and look for them, Jack. It is so unlike Daphne to be late on an occasion like this."

Jack obediently started in search of the truants, of whom, however, he could see nothing in the neighbourhood of the theatre. He was not himself alarmed, although he thought it more than probable that something had happened—something which had been obviously about to happen, and which would quite account for Daphne's omission to consult with her watch.

"What are we to do?" cried Mrs Hamilton, distressfully, when he returned to report his failure.

"Well, if you ask me," he replied, "I should say that our best course would be to go back to our seats, like other people. Then at any rate, Daphne will be spared the trouble of looking for us. She is not lost; you may depend upon it. We may even find that she has gone before."

"But if she hasn't?"

"In that case let us hope that she will soon see the propriety of following after."

Mrs Hamilton made a despairing gesture. "Oh, the less said about propriety the better. And you don't seem to think that it matters a bit. Why don't you think that it matters?"

"Because it doesn't," answered Jack. "Come in and sit down or we shall disturb this fastidious assemblage, which would matter quite scandalously, I suppose."

(To be continued.)

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Al! but I want something that is pleasant and nice, not nasty or unpleasant, nor on the other hand, sickly and insipid. Have you this?

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Copyright Story.

A Desperate Measure.

(By EVELYN EVERETT-GREEN.)

"I don't care if it is! I'm a desperate woman, and desperate people are driven to desperate measures!"

The speaker was a girl of extraordinary beauty, and sylph-like in form, with a fawn-like grace of movement, wonderful eyes of vivid blue, a delicate rose-leaf colouring, and clouds of golden hair framing the perfect oval of the face. But the expression of that child-like face was at this moment almost tragic, and the blue eyes were dilated with a look that betokened at once anger, dismay and fear.

"Well, Connie," said her elder sister not unkindly, but rather as though she were reasoning with a spoiled child, "of course I know that you don't want to marry Sir Andrew, and that you do want to marry Leonard Carrington; but, after all, what we want at nineteen isn't a matter of such importance as you fancy now. I know all about it, child. You needn't stare at me with those big reproachful eyes of yours. Do you think I didn't go through it myself once? I can tell you I was madly in love with—no, I won't tell you his name; he's come utterly to grief this last little bit on the turf. I thank my stars I was stopped from making that blunder. And as for being very much in love with my old man when I married him—why, that was not even expected of me. But father and mother had chosen him, and he wished to have me, and I knew he'd be Lord Vanstone before long. And see me now, with everything want, a kind husband, whom I thoroughly like and respect, and who holds an exalted position, and will never give me cause to blush for him, even if he never sets the Thames on fire! That's the kind of man to marry, my dear; and Sir Andrew will be just such another. I know he's not very young, and not handsome or dashing, or anything to take a girl's eyes. But he's very well off, and a kind, dependable man; and you'd better make the best of the match offered you."

"I don't believe he is a kind man!" flashed Connie. "I saw him in the Park with his dog once, and the dog wouldn't take the water at his bidding. You should have seen his face, and how he punished him for it. I have hated him ever since. Sometimes when he sees me shrink away from him, or refuse him something he asks, I see the shadow of that same look come into his face, and then I fear him—and hate him."

"O that's all fancy, you silly child. I never heard a word against him. You'd better make up your mind to it—as I did."

"Yes, it's because you did, that they all think I will!" answered Connie, stamping her foot. "But Sir Andrew isn't like Vanstone, say what you will. Not that I would have married to order if he had been. But he isn't, and I won't have him; and since they are bent upon it I am going to appeal to Uncle Jim."

"I can't quite think what you think you'll get by that. Besides, when Uncle Jim came home from South Africa with a big fortune and found that father had become a Radical, he wouldn't even look at him, or own him, or anything. Father thought he'd not care a rap about that sort of thing; but it seems the old Tory instincts are tremendously strong in him. They've never met but once; and that was to quarrel fearfully. I don't know that he'd see you if you presented yourself; and if he did what could he do?"

"If Uncle Jim took up my case," said Connie eagerly, "you would soon see what would happen. It's like gall and wormwood to father and mother that their millionaire relation won't have anything to say to them. Of course, Uncle Jim may turn me out, or he may be horrid and unkind, or he may only laugh at me. But if somebody doesn't help me I believe they'll drag me off to church and marry me to Sir Andrew whether I will or no; and if it comes to that I don't know whether I'd have the pluck to say 'I won't' at the altar. Sometimes I'm afraid I shouldn't."

Lady Vanstone was cogitating the matter thoughtfully, her eyes fixed on Connie's lovely face.

"Well, child," she said at last, "I'm not sure but what you might make a worse move. It seemed a desperate measure when you first spoke of it; but perhaps there is a reasonable hope that something might come of it. It would certainly be a great thing to be taken up by Uncle Jim."

"I don't want his money!" cried Connie almost angrily. "I only want his help. But I know if he were to take sides with me and Leonard, it would make all the difference in the world."

"And when are you going?"

"To-day—directly after lunch. It's only when I come to you that I get any liberty at all. At home there is somebody after me every moment of the day. I wouldn't go from your house, Margaret, without telling you. But I'm going, and when I've been I'll come back here, and tell you what happened."

"Do," answered Margaret with interest, "and you shall have the carriage to take you. I don't particularly want it this afternoon, and you are too young to drive about London in cabs by yourself."

Connie, being inspired by a desperate sort of courage, had not trembled at any of the details of the campaign; still she admitted that it was more comfortable to have her sister's carriage and servants in attendance, than to have to make her way about afoot, or in hired vehicles alone—a thing she had never so far done in her sheltered and protected young life.

It was in a great palace of an hotel where her uncle had taken up his quarters. He could not be bothered with house and servants, he had said; and never knew where he would be off to next. So he had rooms in this huge building, and the porter showed respect to the young lady who had arrived in the coroneted carriage, and asked for Mr Drummond.

"He is in his rooms, madam, but he seldom sees visitors."

"O, but I am a relation. I will go up," said Connie, with a confidence she was far from feeling; "I don't want to be announced. I want to be shown his rooms, and take him by surprise."

She held out her card as she spoke to show that her name, too, was Drummond; and the childlike frankness of her speech, together with the elegance and style of her appearance, produced the desired effect upon the servant.

"Then I will put you in the lift, madam, and instruct the boy. It is against his orders, but for a relative—"

"Oh, yes, of course, relations are quite different," answered Connie, eagerly. "It will be all right. You need not be afraid. Mr Drummond is my uncle. I want to give him a surprise."

But Connie's heart was beating almost to suffocation as she stood at length before the door that had been indicated to her as the one of Mr Drummond's sitting-room. And when she heard a gruff voice shout out "Come in" she felt much more disposed to turn tail and run away.

But it was too late now, and with the thought of her desperate situation her courage returned. She turned the handle of the door and walked boldly in. It was a pleasant enough room that she saw before her—large and lofty, with big windows looking out towards the traffic of the embankment and the great river. It was furnished with big easy chairs, a big writing table, everything big and massive—to match in their way the great massive figure of the occupant, which rose up to confront her as she stood hesitating just inside the threshold.

"I think you have made a mistake, young lady," spoke the big voice, and a gleam of fun twinkled in the deep caverns of eyes under the bushy brows. "I am not Mr Drummond. What room do you want? Perhaps you are on the wrong floor."

"No, I came here on purpose," answered Connie, trying to steady her voice. "I am your niece, Uncle Jim."

Music and Musicians.

Mr. Watkin Mills, the eminent English basso, will visit Australia and New Zealand on a concert tour early. This is Mr. Mills' first visit to the colonies.

It is not generally known that Alberto Randegger, the noted English teacher of the voice, was for fifteen years, a church organist. He gave one, Cummings, vocal lessons in exchange for organ lessons, and locked himself in the church until twelve o'clock at night practising, such was his enthusiasm. For eleven years Mr Randegger was organist and choir-master of St. Paul's Church, Regent's Park, London.

A large organ is just being completed for Norwich (England) Cathedral, having sixty-six speaking stops and five manuals. An echo organ of fourteen stops is located at the opposite end of the church from the main organ. The cost of the instrument is about £7000.

An organ, said to be the oldest in England, is on exhibition at the South Kensington Museum. It was built in 1592 by Hofheimer, of Vienna, and is a good specimen of a chamber organ of Elizabeth's reign.

Mr W. J. D. Leavitt, writing of his experiences in playing the great organ formerly in Music Hall, Boston, tells a pretty story of his most regular listener—a spider, which had taken up its abode in the organ-case over the performer's head. It remained there for about a year, Mr Leavitt says. "It was a musical little fellow, and when I began to play it would spin down almost to a level with my left shoulder and gently swing to and fro and listen. When I had finished a piece, it would draw itself up to its nest, and when I began another, down it would come and resume its position as an interested listener. It had six legs. Two it would put out in the air as a balance pole; two it handled the web with, and the third pair it used in pulling itself up, hand over hand, as sailors climb a rope. I came at last to watch for the little fellow, and it was always faithful, so that I was sure of at least one attentive and appreciative listener."—"The Indicator."

Music will, by no means, be neglected in the multitudinous plans for the Paris Exposition. In a circular sent out by M. Baudouin in London, general secretary of a Committee of Organisation, notice has been received of the First International Congress of Music to occur in the congress palace on the exposition grounds during the month of June.

While music has always played a prominent part in any large gathering, it is interesting to note that the scheme, as here set forth by the committee on arrangements (all the gentlemen are residents of Paris), is programmed to include many radical innovations in the one art that is prehistoric.

And the idea carried out on the plans submitted in the circular will be of immense historical importance, for it is expected that nearly all races and lands will be represented, either as official members of the congress or as interested spectators. While, as yet, no definite arrangements regarding a programme of the proceedings has been made, still, a general plan, or list of subjects, has been submitted which will occupy the vital interests of the congress. The topics will be of such nature as to demand international musical interest, and this alone will stamp the congress with great worth. As the remarks of speakers will be limited to fifteen minutes, numerous topics will be brought to light.

Theodore Dubois, Director of the Paris National Conservatory of Music, is the president of the congress. Following is the list of subjects prepared by the Committee of Organisation, upon which, it is supposed, articles will be read at each of the open sessions:

I. Generalisation of the employment of a normal diapason. Work on this subject to be rendered obligatory.

II. Transformation of instruments simpler into chromatic instruments. Definition of chromatic instruments.

III. Shall the employment of the real note in musical writing be utilised?

IV. Employment of a distinctive sign, accompanying the bass and

treble clefs, in vocal and instrumental scores for the parts that are to be extended an octave.

V. Unification of terms employed by composers in musical publications.

VI. Regularisation of metronomic indications and apparatus.

VII. Utility of an apparatus for registering the movements of musical works.

VIII. Unification of the orchestration of harmonies and fanfares.

IX. Utility of the designing of the chromatic scale by numbers.

X. What is the utility of reconstructing the matrices?

XI. Of the utility of a school for orchestral conductors, and of the generalisation of a work of instrumentation.

XII. Of the utility of the development of choral, symphonic, harmonic, and fanfare societies.

The Committee of Organisation reserves its constitutional right to vary the programme as it may deem fit.

The Accompanist.

All honour to the accompanist. Have you ever thought how, at a grand concert, where the beautifully-arranged lady or smug gentleman stands as the focus of all eyes, and sends out the thrilling phrases which make the blood warm, how thin, and vague, and discoloured their song would be without the artistic surrounding furnished by the harmonies and rhythms of the accompaniment? The rain-faded dollie of which Kingsley tells us, with such tender, simple pathos, would not be more forlorn and characterless. The accompanist must be as good as a solo pianist, besides being able to judge of musical values accurately, and modestly withhold, in order to do the work solidly, warmly, and subduedly. Let the piano-student covet, not shun, the work of accompanying, for by that means one may be helped mightily on the road to musicianship.

Unconscious Mistakes.

Many piano players make mistakes of which they are totally unconscious, and, if told of them, would indignantly deny that they had made them. Some concert pianists are not free from these shortcomings. One of these pianists came to me for a lesson on the pieces she was going to play in a concert. At a certain place I said: "You should have made that note staccato;" and she replied: "I did; I took my hand off." "But what is the use of taking your hand off, if you keep the pedal down? The pedal prolongs the tone just as if you had not taken your hand off." The young lady was remarkably intelligent and saw her mistake at once, and said: "To be sure, I never thought of that. It is strange none of my teachers ever told me that."

This error was observed lately in a really fine concert player, many of whose effects were spoiled by an injudicious use of the pedal. It might be said that these defects are the result of not training the ear, but letting the eye give the commands. A rest means silence, not simply lifting up the hands. A staccato often means the end of a sentence, which must be snipped off short, and to play it so that it sound otherwise is to give an entirely different meaning to the phrase. Marks and signs in music should be observed understandingly, as they represent vital effects.

—By Madame A. Pupin.

A Studio Experience.

Teachers are sometimes criticised very severely for taking pupils away from other teachers. It is not a pleasant thing to think that members of the same fraternity will scheme for their own advancement at the expense of others, and yet such is the case. You may tell them there are enough pupils to go around, but they prefer to be sure by getting all they can, and are not wholly scrupulous as to the methods used. One teacher once told me that he tried "to build a fence around his pupils" and put up a sign "Cave Canem."

But there is another side to this question, as the following incident will

prove: A lady came to my house and asked for my terms for instruction and the other information usually required under such circumstances. I told her, and then asked if her daughter had had any instruction.

"Oh, yes; she took lessons from Professor M. for three years."

"Well, then, why don't you keep on with him?"

"We thought a change would do her good."

Now, Professor M. was an esteemed friend, and I told madam so, adding that she had better keep on until she had accomplished more, before she should change teachers.

Shortly after I saw my friend and told him the circumstance. This is how my "professional courtesy" was rewarded:

"I wish you had taken her. She worries me nearly crazy."

A Few Aphorisms on Schubert.

If fertility be a distinguishing mark of genius, then Franz Schubert is a genius of the highest order.

He would have gradually set the whole German literature to music.

Whatever he felt flowed forth in music.

Few authors have left the stamps of their minds so clearly impressed on their works as he has done.

He gives what youth desires—an overflowing heart, daring thoughts, and speedy deeds; he tells of what youth loves best—of knights and maidens, romantic stories and adventures; he mingles wit and humour with these, but not to so great a degree that the softer ground-tone is disturbed.

Preparing a Concert Piece.

In preparing a piece for a concert I find the best way to memorise so that nervousness will not cause me to forget is not only to be able to play the piece through from beginning to end at any tempo, but to be able to play any part when separated from the rest of the piece. I therefore follow the plan of first working from the beginning to the end, giving special attention to the most difficult parts. After I can play as a whole from beginning to end I commence to work backwards, building one phrase upon another. After this is successfully accomplished from the end to the beginning I try another plan: I commence at the top of every page, or, in fact, any place, no matter whether it happens to be at the beginning of a phrase or in the middle of it. I find when I can play a piece from memory forward or backward, as it were, or to commence at any given place it is very seldom my memory trips me up at a public performance. If pupils would follow out this plan in memorising, nervousness would not trouble them so much when they come to play in public.—Cecil Forsyth.

Originality in Teaching.

How much talk one hears to-day about method. The curve more or less of a finger does not make a good musician; the wrist held a little higher or lower does not give a perfect technic. The tools to work with are indispensable. The muscles of the arm, hand, and fingers must be trained by patient, thoughtful exercise to make the tone the player wishes—the brilliant arpeggio, or the pianissimo scale.

Does he teach the Leschetizky method? That is the cry one hears at present, with no inquiry as to the ability or power of teaching of the musician. Liszt, the emperor of pianists, had not studied under a Leschetizky Vorberetter, yet he had a perfect technic. Rubinstein, Paderewski, Carl Barmann, De Pachmann, were trained in different schools. Moreover, the great teacher Leschetizky denies that he has one method, and says he teaches "people to play the piano in the simplest way possible." We are told that he devised special exercises for the peculiarities of Paderewski's hand.

To no single musician, of course, is due the present advancement of piano technic. Every musician must adopt certain ways peculiarly his own.

The excellent manner of training the hand in an arch is peculiar to Leschetizky. The leading of the hand in a scale and arpeggio was thought out by Deppa. The valuable octave school was the work of Kullak.

Hands differ as much as faces; and all hands can not be trained in the same way. Here is an opportunity to be inventive in the manner of training the pupil's hand, and original in the application of the science of technic.

"Teaching is an art." The artist does his best work with a model that inspires him. The teacher can give the best he has only to a pupil who is naturally responsive and meets him "half way." Try, for instance, to teach the pupil who thinks he knows everything. The conceited pupil is the most trying of all, for usually he has a good deal of laziness and but little talent. With him your enthusiasm of imparting dies; you feel numb and stupid; you teach him mechanically; you are a teaching machine, doing what you are paid for. Many such pupils would spoil a teacher. They are the artist's commonplace model.

Thank heaven for a pupil with talent who is willing to work! With him you are full of the enthusiasm of imparting. Illustrations that may help him come as inspirations—you are all life and fire! New beauties are revealed to yourself in the music you are teaching. You are giving the best you have to your pupil; you are becoming greater in the "art of teaching."

What a wide range of musical literature there is from which the teacher can make a choice for his pupil according to his individual need. There are the easier works of Bach, Beethoven, Schumann, etc. He can have the practice of ensemble playing in the Schubert sonatas for piano and violin, and in the easier Haydn trio, etc. The ensemble playing is always a pleasure, and, of course, excellent practice.

As there is so much good music that a child can study, why give a young pupil the greatest masters' greatest works that he can not possibly understand? We have heard a child of marked talent play the introduction to Beethoven's "Pathétique Sonata" in march time!

Paderewski, when the hall is hushed to absolute stillness, has played the Chopin "Trauermarsch," and made his hearers feel the inevitableness of death, and the infinite sorrow of the composer. Then imagine hearing a young girl stumbling over it, or even playing it "nicely!"

To refer again to Professor James: "Psychology is a science, and teaching is an art; . . . science only lays down lines within which the rules of the art must fall, laws which the follower of the art must not transgress; but what particular thing he shall positively do within those lines is left exclusively to his own genius. One genius will do his work well and succeed in one way, while another succeeds as well quite differently; yet neither will transgress the lines."

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Topics of the Week.

The Chinese Horror.

The interest of the campaign in South Africa still continues to wane before the increasing magnitude of the crisis in China. The Boer war has not yet had anything in it to equal the tragic elements that invest the situation in the East. Bloody battles in plenty have been on the veldt and terrible suffering, but these are an expected part of modern war. Let the Boer be as bad as his worst enemies have painted him he is still a foe who can be reckoned upon not to outrage altogether the laws of civilised humanity. Even his violations of the white flag may be as much the result of ignorance and want of concerted action as of deliberate treachery. The Chinaman belongs altogether to another category. He knows nothing of the Western notions of humanity, and looks on the trade of killing, with quite another eye from us. This is how one feels when you read of such a horrible massacre as that of the Europeans of Peking. Supposing the terrible news to be true—there is yet a chance it may be false—we cannot imagine such barbarism disgracing any Western nation, and we believe it would be impossible now-a-days. Let us not, however, be unduly proud of this civilisation of ours. It is only a little over three hundred years ago when the Catholics of France murdered 70,000 of their fellow countrymen for no other reason than that the latter were Protestants, and the Pope ordered a Te Deum to be performed on the occasion; and I am not at all confident that a modern mob let loose with all its passions afield would be distinguished for its temperateness. The little gleams of light cast into the darkness of China reveal the strangest of pictures to our eyes. They remind one of some horrible nightmare, in which the scene is lit by a lurid twilight, and ghastly forms bent on horrible murders flit by. What a picture, for instance, can one conjure up of that day or night, briefly referred to in our cables, when Prince Tuan, having administered opium to the Emperor and Dowager Empress, thereby reducing the one to death's door and the other to madness, sallied forth and called on the enraged populace to attack the foreigners. It is all so weird, mysterious, and terrible. I sometimes fancy our own dark ages might have presented some pictures as weird and horrible; but no, cruel, passionate, and ignorant as Europe may have been in these days, the very genius of the Caucasian mind which has so far enabled it to tread down the ape and tiger in itself must have even then saved us from descending so low as the loathsome Chinese standard. It is fearful to contemplate the position of the Europeans at the Legation during the time they were besieged there. Hemmed in by a multitude of hideous yellow-faced humanity breathing forth untold malice and hatred, they held their own hoping day by day for the succour which never came. And when at last, food and ammunition being exhausted, and they could no longer offer an effective resistance to the foe, they prepared to sell their lives as dearly as possible. Death was indeed the only refuge under the circumstances. Even could they as Europeans have been able to tolerate the indignity of surrender, such a course would probably have meant for them only torture ending in death. For there is no telling how the mob might have chosen to slake its hatred of foreigners had they been delivered alive into its hands.

Welcoming Our Returning Heroes.

To have cold water thrown on a project over which one is enthusiastic is one of the most vexatious "pin-pricks" of life, and is invariably warmly resented. The personage, therefore, who designs to perform this unpleasant operation on the public at large must expect to be anathematised in general, and in particular, for his trouble. Yet, if one has an inch of backbone, one feels it necessary sometimes to take the risk. In a few days a further batch of invalids from the

war will land in New Zealand and proceed to their various homes. It is already proposed to give these the sort of public welcome accorded to the others who have already arrived. It sounds ungracious, it seems ungrateful, it may be misunderstood, but I would urge, and with the utmost earnestness, let us do nothing of the sort. Granted, it seems hard that we should treat the men now returning so differently to those so warmly welcomed a week or so back, but it is a thousand times better to create a little disappointment now than a vast one presently, and whose after-effects might be deplorable later on. The point is simply this: Every steamer from the Cape for the next few months will bring one or two invalided heroes from the war. If on each of these occasions we get together and enthuse and make speeches, etc., we shall have no enthusiasm left for the great day when the lads who have done us so much honour return in their hundreds. Have you ever, I wonder, experimented with one of those small taps which one pushes through a champagne cork when it is necessary to use a very small quantity of the wine for an invalid? The first glassful comes out with a gush; so does the second; the third is more manageable; for the fourth portion one has to shake the bottle to generate enough gas to force the wine through, and the rest of the bottle trickles out flat, stale, and unprofitable. In theory, the last glass should sparkle out as briskly as the first. The dealer will swear to its doing so. In practice the result is invariably as I have stated. The parallel is obvious. Enthusiasm in affairs of this sort is very much like champagne. It must be freshly opened. Let us, then, wait till we can let the cork out with a bang, and have it fresh and sparkling. Our present mode is using the economical tap. We let out spurts, and think there will be plenty left for the others. So there may be, but it will be half flat. The thing to do is to welcome those now returning unostentatiously. Let us, through the Government, see that they lack for nothing, let the sick be tended with tenderest care, let billets be found for those who gave them up to go to fight for us all, let them know we esteem their services and sympathise with their suffering, let us, in short do them all honour privately. But, let us have no more public rejoicing and welcoming, no triumphal gatherings or meetings by Mayors and big wigs. Let all this be reserved for a day when, so far as we can tell, all who are coming back to us have arrived, or are to arrive, amongst us. Let that be a day of days. Let us save every atom of enthusiasm we can spare for it. The peace celebrations will come first, remember, and they will cause a tremendous expenditure of exultation and excitement, though nothing, I believe, to what will be seen when we welcome our boys, if only we work the matter in the right way and do not dissipate our energies in a number of small dress rehearsals. By the way, the methods in which certain of our country friends are preparing to celebrate the declaration of peace are decidedly original. One body of young men up in the northern districts swore recently not to shave or have their hair cut till peace was announced. They are already, I hear, sights for the gods, and the local young women are torn between their admiration of such patriotic fervour and their natural disgust at the scrubby faces and tangled locks of their brothers and lovers. Women of the humbler orders are, I think, less inclined to enthuse over such matters as Mufeking and the peace celebrations than men. I am led to this belief by the experience of some friends. It was decided that when the news of the relief of Mafeking arrived it would be necessary to provide the establishment with a Union Jack. When the flag came home, it was found to be too big for any stuff in the house. So a clothes prop was appropriated. But the maid-servant raised a protest. "Onnyway," said she, "Mufeking will hev to be relieved by Monday, because that's our washing day, and so'll want the prop for the cloas." As we know, Colonel Mahon and Colonel Plumer were obliging enough to settle the matter in good time for the family washing.

What Shall We Do for a Living?

A somewhat platitudinous paper on the above ever interesting subject appeared the other day in that highly respectable but usually rather dull periodical the Leisure Hour. The style of the writing would, in any other journal, be somewhat irritating. It is that of a consciously profound philosopher who, recognising our ignorance and ineptitude, deliberately writes down to meet us on what he conceives to be our own ground, and who, with a sort of elephantine playfulness, seeks to lighten the lesson he desires us to learn. This one could bear if Mr Garrett had anything very valuable or new to suggest, but it does not appear to me that he has. He tells us, for instance, that the trades which minister to the most direct necessities of mankind are the best, and most useful, and that it is wiser to avoid those occupations which depend on the fluctuations of fashion. Really, even in the nursery—so to say—we know this. Also, the author is kind enough to remind us that if our sons or daughters have short-sight or weak eyes they should not go in for the profession of engravers or anything requiring fine eyesight. But, leaving this kind of platitudes on one side, there is in the paper, after all, just one suggestion which would seem to have justified its acceptance by the editor. Supposing, says Mr Garrett, you wish to be a sculptor, but know that ready bread does not lie in that direction—"be a stonemason." If you hanker after an artist's career, but cannot afford the training or delay, "become a house decorator," or say you desire a sailor's life, but cannot leave home on protracted trips. Why, then, "become a fisherman." There is, it seems to me, a twofold wisdom in this advice. In the first place, such arguments are an invaluable weapon in the hands of parents who have young people with a sudden craze for art or for the sea or for art.

To bring forward the stock arguments concerning the hard work and few prizes, etc., etc., is but to blow the fire of enthusiasm to still fiercer heat. Opposition does the same. But if the wise parent consents conditionally; that is to say, promises to help the artist provided he first devotes several years to house decorating, why the grit of the youngster is tested, his ability, if he has any, will assuredly show itself, and, in brief the chaff will be winnowed from the grain.

In the second place, as is pointed out, the paths often meet. At all events, a man will be no worse a sailor for knowing how to handle a fishing smack. Stonemasonry is part of the sculptor's work, and no artist, if he has artistic taste, will be the worse for having devoted a short time to decorative work.

Free Railway Travelling.

In these days, and in this colony, it needs a very revolutionary and startling suggestion to successfully achieve the operation known as "taking one's breath away." But I think the proposal, seriously put forward in the press by an Auckland gentleman, that passenger traffic on our railroads should be made absolutely free, is completely successful in that respect, and is indeed almost sufficient to rival President Kruger in the gentle art of staggering humanity.

There is a Titanic breadth in the scheme, which fascinates the imagination, and, despite the first inevitable tendency to ridicule, inclines one to regard its proposer with some respect, remembering that many of the privileges we now enjoy were, when first advocated, pronounced just as absurd and chimerical as this seems to us today. The idea, if I grasp it aright, is briefly this: Every year, it is claimed directly or indirectly, benefits by the railroads, whether they travel by them or not, and therefore all travelling should be free, and should be paid for by a tax, which would be levied on visitors as well as residents. The present method of brutally refusing to allow a man to travel unless he pays a fare is somewhat passionately denounced as a buccannery system, and our enthusiastic reformer is "astounded" that it should be tolerated in a civilised community. Well, well, old customs are, I suppose, hard to break through, and most of us have so inbred in us the conviction that the right and proper law of humanity is "nothing for nothing in this world, and precious little for sixpence," that we are really unable to see why there is any special grievance in buying a right to travel a certain number of

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miles by train, any more than there is in paying so many pence for a pound of meat. For, it is to be noted that this gentleman is no Socialist who would have all things free. He does not even ask for free freight on our railway, which is somewhat curious when one considers that his strongest argument in favour of free goods traffic is, that it would do more good than anything else to aid in the settlement of back country. Personally, it seems to me free freight would do infinitely more in the matter of settling the people on the land than abolishing the cost of personal travel. It is urged, too, that if there were no fares people would promenade—so to say—the country far more. This is, I am inclined to think, wrong. Some—mostly the undesirable—would travel more, but the vast majority, after the novelty had worn off, would not. It is lack of opportunity and time and inclination far more than any real lack of means, that keeps people in New Zealand from travelling about much. It will be remembered that an old lady in the first chapter of "David Copperfield" is reported to have manifested strong disapproval of sailors and others "meandering about the world." "Let us," she was used to say, "have no meandering." New Zealanders (as a people) always seem to me to have that sentiment engraved on their hearts. They don't care to travel, the vast majority of them that is, and would not do so once they had satiated that strongest of all passions, the desire of obtaining something for nothing. But the vast army of loafers, the street-corner racing fraternity, and all other "lewd fellows of the baser sort," would certainly keep the carriages full. What a joyful task would be that of the police! When Wellington got too "warm" for any dead-beat or spiveler, the whole of the railway would be open for him to choose a town from, and he could luxuriously travel free from one centre of activity to another just as he used them up.

These are, of course, merely side points; into the multitudinous, seemingly insuperable and very obvious objections to the scheme, it is not my intention to enter, and on the social issues raised I wrote a few weeks back. But it must be remembered that almost every single argument one can bring against the abolition of paying railway fares was at one time brought against the abolition of tolls and turnpike gates. Let those who directly use the railways pay for them, is our cry to-day. Let those who use the road pay the tolls, was the old one. As I have before stated in a previous article on this subject, I am no believer in the advantages of free travelling, nor do I think it will come during our lives, but at the same time I am not one of those who demolish or seek to demolish those who think otherwise by simply saying "bosh." So many strange things have come to pass in New Zealand that only a very ignorant or very undiscerning person would venture to crush, by ejaculating bosh, even the most visionary of visionary schemes.

Were Female Emancipation.

Had there been any general desire on the part of the women of New Zealand for the privileges which the "Removal of Women's Disabilities Bill" proposed to confer on the sex the measure would have very different treatment in the House from that it received. As it was, its introduction only afforded the members an opportunity for amusement of which all were willing to avail themselves. It must not be supposed that the opposition to the measure arose out of masculine prejudice or jealousy. The most contemptuous scuffer of the Bill would be ready to admit that some women are as able to discharge some public duties as the best qualified men to whom they are now committed, and that no obstacle should be put in the way of the advancement of such women. It is the women who are in no sense qualified for these positions but believe they are that the members were afraid of; and if the measure became law now these would certainly come to the fore. The women of the colony were all anxious that all public offices and positions now occupied by men should be thrown open to their sex also there would be no valid excuse for disregarding their wish. But at the same time there would be no such fear as exists now that they would abuse the privileges they sought. For take them all in all women are quite as able to judge of their own powers and limitations as men are of

theirs, and they are much less prone to push themselves into positions for which they are unfit. I for one am quite prepared to trust the tact and discrimination of women in this matter, and when with one voice they proclaim their desire to occupy public positions which custom has reserved for men I shall accept their demand as a first proof of their fitness. But I decline to regard the voice of a small if often loud section of women as a mandate of the sex. I think we may fairly trust to the women of the colony themselves to gain further exemption from the disabilities which peculiarly affect them. Being equal with man at the ballot box that primary equality should be sufficient to enable them to acquire any other their ability may entitle them to. If there are any positions throughout the range of social, political or commercial life they consider should be open to their sex and are not it is a comparatively easy matter for them to proclaim their desire. That there has been no proclamation to me the best sign that there is no special desire. Vague desire of course there may be among a good many, and a thirst for notoriety is the curse of a few. But speaking of women generally I am convinced that they are satisfied to continue to progress on the strictly feminine lines along which have been developed all that is best and noblest and sweetest in the sex.

The Afternoon Call.

All men abhor that peculiarly feminine function, the afternoon call. They look on it as the emptiest of recreations, the most ghastly of so-called social duties, and they never cease to thank heaven that business or custom excuses them from going through the ordeal. Nor does the afternoon call meet with universal admiration among the ladies. I have heard it as roundly abused by women as by men, and I honestly believe that many women detest the thing more than any man just because they have to suffer uncomplainingly under it. Then why not abolish it altogether, some one may ask. My innocent friend, do you not know that the canons of the social code are as difficult to change as the laws of the Medes and Persians? Fashion is a law unto itself, and is amenable to no other authority. But would it be well if the afternoon call were abolished? Though my first natural instinct is to say yes, on sober second thoughts I believe I would not vote for its abolition. Wretchedly hollow in itself as the institution has become in most respects, if indeed it were ever otherwise, it still remains one of the ties which serve to maintain the social fabric, and until it can be replaced by something better it should be sacred. Much of the social intercourse that exists here would not be were it not for the afternoon call. If it does not directly afford the best opportunities for social intercourse it opens a way for them. Mrs. A. may declare that she has no friends among the folks she meets at these functions, but she must not forget that it was on the occasion of an afternoon call at Mrs. B's house, paid as a social duty and an exceedingly unpleasant one at that, she met her best friend Mrs. C. If it were left to the male part of the community to keep society together it would fall to pieces in a year. Each family would live in its own particular house and shyly avoid or treat with indifference its next door neighbour. For the majority of men have comparatively little talent for the larger social life which includes within its circle acquaintances and neighbours as well as relatives and friends. How frequently do we not find that the men whom we associate with the greater part of the day have no footing at our fireside, and those we do not associate with, the men in whose company neither business, nor pleasure, nor the common call of appetite throw together, are never known to us through our own efforts or theirs. I know Jones very well by sight and name, and Jones knows me. We eyes one another as we pass with a certain look of recognition, and an inclination to nod, and that goes on for years. It would go on for ever ten chances to one, but that my wife and Jones' wife meet at an afternoon tea and become introduced and like each other and finally find an opportunity of introducing their husbands. Often, of course, it happens that that opportunity never occurs, and Jones and I go on passing each other in the street perfectly aware that our wives are good friends. But even this aloofness

on the male side of our respective houses does not destroy the social tie which our wives have established, through some accidental meeting when out afternoon calling. It may be that neither Jones nor I wish a deeper knowledge of one another, but we are pleased in a way to know that there exists a bond joining us together. We have an undoubted sense of satisfaction in this assurance of a social background to our lives, though we seldom see it. The greatest lover of his own fireside would rather resent the exclusion of his family from a society which he may really despise or at least to which he is profoundly indifferent. No social hermit exists, who has not pleasure in the thought of a world beyond his cell, and in the sense that by a hundred subtle ties he is still connected with it.

A TRAVELLED SWEDE.

A talk which our reporter had with Mr. Charles Paulsen at his residence, Main-street, Dannevirke, says a local paper, proved very interesting. "I came from Sweden twenty-two years ago," said Mr. Paulsen, when questioned regarding his life, "and I travelled over many parts of Australia. I worked at a number of diggings, and got plenty of colonial experience. Then I came to New Zealand. Notwithstanding the hardships I was always robust till two years ago, when sciatica attacked me. Shooting, burning pains came in my hips, joints and

ankles. Then my arms ached with rheumatism. I became very ill and depressed, and was laid up for three months. A doctor attended me daily for a month, but I received no benefit, and patent medicines and embrocations proved useless. The only way I obtained relief (and that was merely temporary) was by sitting wrapped up in blankets before a blazing fire. Noticing Dr. Williams' pink pills advertised I commenced them. Three boxes improved me wonderfully. The pains were less severe, I was able to lift my arm over my head, and could get about. I continued Dr. Williams' pink pills until every trace of rheumatism and sciatica had disappeared. I am now in perfect health. My age is 50. Mrs. Paulsen has also benefited by Dr. Williams' pink pills, and we both have pleasure in recommending them."

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Current Comment.

Australasian Warships for China.

It is only three or four years ago, says the Lyttelton "Times," that Admiral Pearson aroused the indignation of the Sydney and Melbourne press by declaring that in case of necessity he would not hesitate to take the whole squadron to any part of the world without waiting for the consent of the colonial authorities. He subsequently explained that he only intended to emphasise the fact that the safety of the Empire meant the safety of the colonies, but the Australians refused to be mollified, and for two or three weeks their newspapers were deluged with angry letters protesting against the payment of £135,000 a year for the maintenance of a fleet which might be taken off without a moment's notice to back up Great Britain in some quarrel in which the colonies had not the slightest interest. Since then the colonies have realised that the Mother Country can have no quarrel in which they are not closely interested. Mr. Chamberlain has shown a little more tact than was displayed by Admiral Pearson—his assurance that the assent of the Australasian colonies will be gratefully appreciated by Her Majesty's Government flatters their sense of possession—but if he had framed his request in much less courteous language it would have been cheerfully granted. As it is, the colonies have not only released the war vessels that are required for immediate service in China, but have also offered to provide troops and to send vessels of their own.

The Sword of Honour Craze.

Speaking of the craze for testimonialing our successful generals, the Wairarapa "Star," in a leader whose sound common sense cannot be too highly praised, observes with much truth: "Have those zealous patriots who are leaders in this direction taken any pains to ascertain in what way men like Lord Roberts and Lieut.-General Baden-Powell would regard a movement which some years ago produced derision. Besides, in another sense they may feel very strongly upon his point. They know full well that their best efforts and most skillful plans would have failed unless they had been so ably assisted by those under their command, especially by the bravery and endurance of rank and file of the army. As it is impossible for all to receive swords or any other form of testimonial, it might be more judicious, where they deserve so much praise, for localities not to make selections, which annoy those thus honoured, because it might be a slight to others at least in some degree deserving of recognition. Lieut.-General Baden-Powell has a most distinguished career before him in the British Army, for when peace is concluded his valuable services will be required to teach the army those lessons in modern warfare so essential at the present day. Furthermore, if external badges are needed to give full expression to national sentiment, there are titles and orders which can be conferred upon him marking the collective feeling of the Empire more effectively than the disjointed efforts of certain individuals to distinguish themselves by extra displays of loyalty."

The Preference Clause.

The "preference clause" generally causes a good deal of discussion when an industrial dispute gets into the Arbitration Court, and one day last week the President (Mr. Justice Martin) spoke somewhat strongly on the point in Dunedin. He said: "When a union man spends money and takes the risk of getting into hot water with his employer to get his case before the Court and improve his conditions of working it is unfair for another man, who stands by and neither spends his money nor allies himself with them to share equally with the increases that are made. If the Union loses the case this man goes to his employer and says: 'Well, recollect I had nothing to do with the Union.' And to get over this we give preference to Unionists. A Unionist must be equally competent, and be ready to undertake the work." After His Honor had fully explained the fairness of this provision it seemed to lose a

great deal of its repugnance to the employers present. His Honor then commented somewhat pointedly on the fact that the Court had been sitting in the different provincial districts and explaining the awards until they were tired. The newspapers freely printed and circulated them, yet employers would not take the trouble to read them. They would read a "local" stating that preference had been given to Unionists, but they never troubled to find out how this concession was qualified or hedged round with provisions for the protection of both parties.

Literature as a Profession.

Every now and then I receive pathetic letters from correspondents who have "dedicated themselves to literature," with as much earnestness as Hannah dedicated Samuel to the Lord. They know their work is worth editorial consideration; they see thousands of printed pages not half as good; they come across thousands more that are beneath criticism; and yet they cannot get a line accepted, or if one of them does succeed in obtaining an appearance the "honorarium" (they are all too proud to use a less commercial term) is less than a bootblack might earn in a day at a street corner. One of them, "with a University education" is amazed that "considering the vast increase of publications the demand for cultured work seems to grow less instead of increasing," and another says, "In manuscript my poems have been praised by men of the highest distinction, poets themselves; but quite a dozen of my lyrics, sonnets and society verse have grown ragged with being sent from editor to editor, often coming back, I am convinced, unread. An editorial friend tells me I am lucky to get them back at all. Genius will 'get there' sooner or later—often later, alas! But talent may take it from me that unless you have a bread-and-cheese income outside what you make by literature, or unless you have regular employment and you can make your pen a crutch, it is madness to 'take to literature as a profession.' As for sending your MSS. to editors, the truth is, however tender and sympathetically an editor may feel towards the struggling and worthy unpublished, the time arrives when he grows callous, and his pages being fully occupied, he loses patience, and returns essays, stories, poems, articles and what not en masse. Now and then at long intervals he may be in the mood of discovery—but it is very rare that he is well rewarded for his investigations. No, my dear friends, don't send your MSS. on the chance of acceptance; write to the editor, tell him what you propose to offer him; send him a stamp for reply; if the notion appeals to him he will give you permission to submit the matter, and then you may have a chance of acceptance. Anyhow, the Jordan of literature, like that of the negro ballad, 'is a hard road to trouble, I leave.'—Joseph Hatton, in "The Chronicle."

Some British Commercial Characteristics.

"It is an unquestionable fact," says "Fellden's Magazine" in an article in the current issue, "that there is a kind of trade aristocracy among us based on much the same principle and guided by many of the influences associated with family aristocracy itself. And if we are to assume that aristocracy, so-called, is based chiefly on position and hereditary, there can be no difficulty in according a qualified form of this distinction to notable and other mercantile houses which look back for the period of their establishment to the time of by-gone generations." We are however concerned with the fact that "with many of the old-established houses it is a point of honour to maintain in their integrity all the ancient traditions of the establishment. The old customs, the old methods of business are slavishly adhered to, however discordant with economical conditions that have so entirely changed since they were introduced. They do not appear to appreciate the truth, that business methods which might be entirely appropriate fifty years ago are now utterly at variance with the spirit

of modern days." "It is natural, however deplorable," pursues our contemporary, "that the haughty spirit—at some times approaching arrogance—that distinguished the British merchant of the past age should have been handed down to and been preserved in a measure by his successors. Year after year, and from all quarters of the world, British Consuls voice the universal complaint. He will not deign to consult the consumer. 'There,' he says in effect, 'are my goods, with the accumulated prestige of seventy years behind them. You are the first person who has dared to criticise them. Either take them or go elsewhere.' The consumer, as a matter of fact goes elsewhere; and it is a circumstance which many of our firms, somewhat to their dismay, are beginning to find out. They are also becoming aware that trade is much easier to lose than to recover—that even to recover a lost market the most desperate exertions may be made in vain."

The Trading Stamp Bubble.

Stripped of alluring prospect of getting something for nothing the process resolves itself into the fact that the Trading Company has contrived a system by which it divides with the trader the discount allowed on cash transactions, in return for which the company gives to the purchaser who has received a given number of stamps something that cannot be the equivalent of the discount surrendered by the tradesman to the company. It cannot be that an equivalent is given by the "company," else its business would be run at a loss. The traders who embarked upon this enterprise were induced to believe that they would have an extraordinary advantage over their competitors, but those who gave their customers trading stamps did not realise that the company was taking in cash from the trader part of the discount usually allowed to a cash purchaser. The company amply took toll of the trader, and gave something of less value to his cash customer, the difference being the profit of the company. It now appears that our local vendors of trading stamps have discovered that there is nothing in it, excepting to the company, and that last night in the House the Premier announced, in answer to a question, that legislation would be passed to suppress the system. Mr Seddon called it a "form of gambling," which is hardly true, though so far as the company is concerned it may fairly be described as a game of "heads I win, tails you lose." The company should be effaced.—Wellington "Post."

Losses in Great Battles.

There is a very general notion that the losses suffered by the British Army during the South African campaign have been exceptional. But the following figures show that comparatively the losses have not been at all remarkable:—
At the battle of Austerlitz, December 2, 1805, the French lost 7000 officers and men, and the killed and wounded of the allies numbered more than 3000. The French losses at Bautzen in 1813 were 13,000, and at Wagram in 1809 they lost 18,000, although in that battle they took 20,000 Austrian prisoners. At the Moscow, on the retreat from Moscow, they lost 30,000. At the great battle of Leipzig, in 1813, a three days' battle, the French losses were 65,000. More than 40,000 of the French perished on the field, altogether 80,000 men perishing on the field.
At Waterloo the British lost 6932, the French 28,850. The total losses of the allied armies there were 4266 killed and 14,539 wounded besides 4251 missing. In the last great attack on Sebastopol, September 8, 1855, the French lost 1646 killed and 4500 wounded, besides 1400 missing, and the English lost 385 killed, 1885 wounded, and 176 missing. At Plevna between 18,000 and 20,000 Russians were killed and wounded; the Turkish loss was about 6000 less than the Russian. About 16,000 men were killed on both sides. In the war between Germany and Austria in 1866 the Prussians lost 9172 and the Austrians 44,311 at Koniggratz; at Nachod the Prussians 1332 and the Austrians 4787; and at Skalitz the Prussians 1365 and the Austrians 5577.
In the Franco-Prussian war the Germans at Weissenburg Worth lost 12,914 and the French 5000 killed and wounded, besides which the French lost 55,000 prisoners. At

Vionville-Mars la Tour the Germans lost 15,790, or 22 per cent. of their army; the French loss was equally great. The Germans at Colombey-Neuilly lost 4907, and at Spickern 4871. At Gravelot-St. Privat the German loss, according to a German authority, was 20,173. Another authority puts it at 25,000 and the French loss at 19,000. At Sedan the German loss 8931. The French Army of the North consisted of 150,000 men, and the three armies of Germany of 250,000 men in three days' battle, in which 25,000 French were taken prisoners.
In the American Civil War the aggregate losses at the battle of Stone's River were 13,249 on the Union side and 10,266 on the Confederate side. These figures include killed, wounded, captured, and missing. The Union killed were 1730 and the Confederate 1294. At Antietam the Union killed numbered 2108 and the wounded 9549. At the first Bull Run battle 470 Union men were killed and 1071 wounded; the Confederate figures were 387 killed and 1582 wounded. At Fredericksburg 1284 Union men were killed and 596 Confederate, the wounded numbering 9600 on the Union side and 4068 on the Confederate. The total losses at this battle were 12,663 for the North and 5315 for the South.

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The Price of the Medicine is: 1/6 per quart, 5/6; per pint, 3/6; Indian oil of cream, 2/6.
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Minor Matters.

Our Reserve of Generals.

"The British Army has at this moment a larger proportion of generals who have seen active service in the field than is possessed by that of any other country," writes Robert MacInlay in the June number of the "Windsor Magazine." "Nearly forty generals of various grades have taken part in the war in South Africa; but in what I have ventured to call our 'reserve' of generals, officers who have not been in the present war, and who number considerably more than a hundred, there are very few whose records do not include two or three campaigns. India has frequently been spoken of as the training ground of our army, and it certainly has given us some splendid soldiers. Most of our generals have served in one capacity or another there, and not a few of them have had charge of important operations either on its frontiers, or in Afghanistan, or Burma. There are constantly upwards of fifty of our generals in India, and, as any army man will tell you, 'Indian men are always good men.' Our forces have at their head generals who have had excellent opportunities, either in India, or in Egypt, or, in both, of perfecting themselves at first-hand in their business. And while it is no doubt the case that the great soldier, like the great poet, or the great anybody else, is born and not made, still it cannot be disputed that knowledge derived from personal observation of actual warfare must be of enormous service; and in this very valuable knowledge our generals are rich. Nor, numerically considered, are they an insignificant body. There are on the active list nearly one hundred and sixty generals of whom fifteen are of the full rank, thirty or more are lieutenant-general, and a hundred and ten are major-generals. Brigadier-generals are not usually included in the list of 'generals,' but if they are added, then our army has close upon two hundred generals, and a hundred and ten are our field marshals, of whom there are eight, although our two most distinguished generals, Lord Wolseley and Lord Roberts, are amongst them, because they form a class by themselves.) Thus, if we deduct the forty—the actual number is less—who are in South Africa, our reserve of generals is something like a hundred and fifty strong."

Mottos Slightly Mixed.

A married couple who recently went housekeeping had just enough money to buy the necessary furniture. They had not sufficient cash to invest in mottoes and pictures. The young wife is handy with a brush, but has considerable yet to learn in books. She made an effort to supply the deficiency in mottoes for the wall by working at odd times on plain cardboard with water colours. Here are some of the mottoes that adorn the new home:—

"A Stitch in Time is the Noblest Work of God."
 "What is Home without a Fool and his Money?"
 "People who Live in Glass Houses Flock Together."
 "Birds of a feather gather no moss."
 "Honesty is the thief of time."
 "He who fights and runs away gets the worm."
 "If in union there is strength, then 'tis folly to be wise."
 "Prostitution is but skin deep."
 "The sword ain't in it with the pen."
 "How sharper than a serpent's child it is to have a thankless tooth."
 "Early to bed and early to rise is as bad as a fire."
 "He that goes a-borrowing makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise."
 "Great oaks should keep near shore."
 "Economy never did run smooth."
 "Use the rod and save the jam."

Maori Hospitality.

The hospitality of the Maori is proverbially lavish, but the "Graphic" imagines the following breakfast, provided for two Europeans who visited a Maori meeting at Korihiti is a fairly good record breaker. There was placed on the table a pig and a half, roasted in a Maori oven; another large joint of pork, also roasted; four pigeons, boiled (with natural stuffing), two large dishes of potatoes, two large

loaves of bread, six plates heaped up with mixed biscuits and cakes, two large currant cakes, two plum puddings weighing quite 7lb each, two mutton birds, dish of kumara (sweet potatoes), two large pots of tea beautifully brewed, two basins of sugar, two pounds of butter, and equally liberal supplies of condiments. Needless to say, the two guests were unequal to the task of polishing off quite the whole of this little spread, but it would have been quite in accordance with Maori custom had they pocketed the sundry morsels that were not disposed of. At our tea-fights and bun scrambles the motto is "eat all and pocket none," but Maori hospitality will not have it so, and the rule is, "eat what you can and pocket the rest." This meal, it is worthy of note, was not an exceptional affair, the same profuse liberality being extended at every meal time from the Friday to the Monday.

The Parson's Teeth.

There is a story of a clergyman who had taken temporary duty for a friend, and who had the ill-luck to injure his false teeth during the week. The plate was sent to the dentist's for repairs, a faithful assurance being given that it should be duly returned by Sunday's post, but the dentist or the post proved faithless. With the assistance of the clerk the clergyman managed to stumble through the prayers, but felt it would be useless to attempt to preach. He therefore instructed the clerk to make some excuse for him and dismiss the congregation. But his feelings may be better imagined than described when, in the seclusion of the vestry, he overheard the clerk in impressive tones thus deliver the excuse, "Parson is very sorry, but it is his misfortune to be obligated to wear a set of artificial teeth. They busted last Wednesday, and he ain't got them back from Auckland to-day, as he was promised. I've helped him all I could through the service, but I can't do more for him, 'tisin' any use for him going up in the pulpit, for you wouldn't understand a word he said, so he thinks you all may as well go home!"

A Puzzle for the Photographer.

Sometimes a photographer has puzzles of his own. A man came into a Wabash avenue atelier—there is nothing less than an atelier nowadays—with a photograph of himself and a woman.

"This is me and my first wife," he said. "I want you to take a photograph of me and my second wife."

"All right. Get the lady and come into the next room and I will pose you."

"Oh, I don't want to sit for my picture. I want you to take my second wife, and have her picture taken with this photograph of mine that I had with my first wife."

"Well, why not sit with your present wife?"

"Oh, I couldn't never get as young looking a picture as this again. My second wife is a younger woman, and I want to look as young as she is."

Letters to the Bank.

Savings banks, which often have many depositors who are totally unfamiliar with business usages, and are also unskilled in the use of the English language, receive many strange letters. A teller in a savings bank sends some interesting examples of such missives. Here is a threatening one:

"Mr Cashier of the — Bank I have writ onet befor to send my munny. If I dont get it by next Tuesday together with fourpence postage I will contest it with my life,—sure without fail, Timothy Sullivan."

As Mr Sullivan gave no address, and as the postmark on his envelope could not be made out, the bank did not, at last accounts, know whether he "contested it with his life" or not.

The following note was received from a man who thought it very hard that his "order" was refused payment: "Mr Cashier I give this mon the privilege to lift tin pounds off of your bank.—Pat Flanagan."

And probably this good woman thought her case a hard one also: "Mr Cashier of the Savings Bank:

Little Johnny have the whooping cough and so I need ten shillings. will I get it I dont know.—Mrs McCarthy."

Here is another curious communication: "This book belongs to me mother-in-law, and she promises to die most every day, and I want to get your advice about the best way for me to draw her money."

This pathetic and quite charming letter was from a depositor who had gone to Ireland:

"Killarney, Ireland, March — 189 .
 "Mr —, Savings Bank Cashier:
 "Dear Sir,— You was so good to send me my money. I got it all right. If you will please let me know the size of your feet I shall be very glad, for I will nit you a nice pair of socks. It will be a great favour. I hope you will.— your humble servant, Mary B.—"

Maoris on the War.

We have often noticed the excited state the Maoris get into when they are viewing the pictures of the war in South Africa, which have been displayed in some of the shop windows, says the Waitangi "Argus." There is no pro-Boer about them, and you cannot insult them more than to insinuate their sympathies are against the English. Mr. A. R. Hine had a funny illustration of this the other day, when he was driving a mob of cattle between Atiamuri and Taupo. A native rode up alongside him with a bag slung on either side of his horse. In the right-hand bag was a live pig, his nose protruding through a slit in the bag, and in the one on the other side of the horse was a large piece of pumice stone, just to balance the pig. Of course a korero took place, and the Maori impressed the fact on Mr. Hine that the pig was one of Stubbins' breed, and was worth a lot of money. Thinking the native was bluffing Mr. Hine asked what he would take for the pig, and the Maori said he would not swap for one of the herd of bullocks, as the pig was so valuable a one. Mr. Hine then asked: "Is it a boar?" This was more than the native could stand, and he replied: "No bally fear. It's no Boer. It's English." And then the Maori rode off very much offended that such an insinuation should be made against his pig.

Some New Bulls.

"The heart that beats under the Highlander's kilt" has, "the 'St. James Gazette' points out, "been rivalled by M.P.'s remark, just published, that 'the white face of the British soldier is the backbone of the Indian army,' and Mr. H. W. Lacy, in the 'Daily News,' tells us 'that the war in South Africa has effectually closed the door that, a little more than a year ago, was eagerly listened to.' We have, however, 'put our foot down with a strong arm,' and how fortunate that 'the best of the English soldiers have been found to be 'Irish'." A correspondent at Birr describes how a lady was killed while hunting, and adds, 'The deceased met with a similar accident on a previous occasion.' Another 'had been in the Transvaal between six and seven times,' and an 'Evening News' correspondent declares, with a spirit which does him credit, that he has 'never put his name to an anonymous letter.'"

Medical Reporting.

Some amusing instances of medical reporting were recently given in "Physician and Surgeon." A medical correspondent gave an account of an operation on the foot, and concluded by saying, "In three months he walked up and down the wards before the class, and his foot is now as useful as the other and not in the slightest degree lame." The language of the doctor was somewhat mixed when he describing a serious hospital case by remarking, "The girl was dying of long continued disease, so lowering that she must soon have passed into a condition practically incurable." Some careless reporter wrote that "Dr. William Smylie exhibited an ovarian tumour complicated with malignant disease of the peritoneum. Her age was perhaps," he continued, "between fifty and sixty." A remarkable case occurred which the same gentleman thought worth noting. "The case," he said, "was interesting because the recovery was almost a perfect one, except that the woman died." The employment of ordinary language in cases where technical language is required often produces ridiculous results. It is curious to read, for instance, such a sentence as the following about a sur-

geon: "He felt a good deal of doubt as to the best way of treating the hole left by the tumour." With aperture, foramen, lacunae, cavity at his disposal, the word "hole" seemed altogether too unscientific for a medical journal. The protest of a medical officer of health against allowing drainage to contaminate the sub-soil was gaily decorated in the following language: "When we perforate the living humus with a pipe and take our dirty water to the sub-soil, we, as it were, break a hole in our own filth, and every chemist knows what that means." A writer once criticised a medical Parliamentary Bill by saying, "This new Parliamentary Bill is calculated to put a pill into every man's mouth, and bring the Black Dose home to every hearth in England!"

Who Made the Joke?

It is astonishing—and yet not astonishing either—that everybody who can read or understand at all can bring to mind some of the best things that have appeared in "Punch." Who, for instance, does not know that celebrated piece of advice which was given to people about to get married? It turns up oftener in conversation and in the newspapers than any other joke of the century. The admonition occupied a modest corner of "Punch's Almanack" for 1843. Who supplied it was long a subject of doubt and uncertainty; but "chance at last revealed" that the author was Henry Mayhew—the elder of a noted brotherhood, one of the founders of "Punch," and the laborious compiler of "London Labour and the London Poor." And that other famous joke about the old farmer who, having tested curacao, cried out to the writer, "Oi zay, young man, o'ill tak zum o' that in a moog!"—the origin of it also has been traced. Supplied by Dean Hole, it was illustrated by Leech and printed in the issue for October 15, 1869. The same good fortune has attended the perhaps still more celebrated joke about the "Peebles body" who "had na been in London abune two hours when—bang!—went saxeplance!" The words were overheard by Sir John Gilbert, who repeated them to Birket Foster, who in turn sent them to Charles Keene. If the history of the sketch of the volunteers who had lost the big drum could be as accurately traced, I think it would be found to have come from the North. Charles Keene was indebted for many of his best things to Joseph Crawhall, a well-known townsman of Newcastle who was saturated with North-country humour, and it is as likely as not that the big drum story was one of them. It is certain, at any rate, that several of the local anecdotes which first appeared in the "Weekly Chronicle" were afterwards illustrated in "Punch."

Barnum and the Bottles.

P. T. Barnum was not always the wealthy caterer he became late in life. On the contrary, his early life was associated with such poverty-stricken surroundings, that the want of money had undoubtedly much to do with that smartness for which his name has become famous. His father died leaving the family very badly off, the mother being put to all sorts of stratagems to keep the home together; and when Barnum—who was first of all a farmer's boy—commenced his career, he, according to his own account, "began the world with nothing, and was bare-footed at that." His first berth of any consequence was a clerkship in a general store, at which time he was "dreadfully poor"; but, says he, "I determined to have some money." Consequently, impelled by impetuosity, he speedily became ingenious. One day, when left in charge of the business, a pedlar called with a wagon full of common green glass bottles, varying in size from half a pint to half a gallon. The store was what was called a barter store. A number of hat manufacturers traded there, paying in hats, and giving store orders to many of their employees, and other firms did likewise, so that the business boasted an immense number of small customers. The pedlar was anxious to do business, and Barnum knew that his employers had a quantity of goods that were regarded as unsaleable stock. Upon these he put inordinately high prices, and then expressed his willingness to barter some goods for the whole lot of bottles. The pedlar was only too glad, never dreaming of disposing of all his load, and the exchange was effected. Shortly after, Mr Keeler, one of the firm, returned, and, on beholding the place

Sports and Pastimes.

crowded with the bottles, asked in amazement, "What have you been doing?" "Trading goods for bottles," replied Barnum; to which his employer made the unpalatable rejoinder, "You are a fool"; adding, "You have bottles enough for twenty years." Barnum took the reproof very meekly, only saying that he hoped to get rid of them in less than three months, and then explained what goods he had given in exchange. The master was very pleased when he found that his assistant had got rid of what was regarded as little better than lumber, but still was dubious as to how on earth he would be able to find customers for the bottles, more especially as there was a quantity of old tinware, dirty and dyblwon, about which Barnum was equally sanguine. In a few days the secret was out. His modus operandi was this: a gigantic lottery—1000 tickets at 50 cents each. The highest prize 25 dollars, payable in goods; any that the customers desired to that amount. Fifty prizes of five dollars each, the goods to that amount being mentioned, and consisting as a rule of one pair cotton hose, one cotton handkerchief, two tin cups, four pint glass bottles, three tin skimmers, one quart glass bottle, six nutmeg graters, and eleven half-pint glass bottles. There were 100 prizes of one dollar each, and 1000 prizes of 50 cents each, glass and tinware forming the greater part of each prize. The thousand tickets sold like wild-fire, the customers never stopping to consider the nature of the prizes. Journeyman hatters, boss hatters, apprentice boys, hat trimmers, people of every class and kind bought chances in the lottery, and in less than ten days all the tickets were sold.

Made of Pauper Hide.

A well-known medical gentleman of — once hired a new domestic, who turned out to be a thorough specimen of the "Handy Andy" class. The doctor had purchased a new pair of boots, and his wife, in the presence of the servant, asked him what they were made of, to which he responded, "Porpoise-hide." Shortly after the servant interviewed her mistress, and announced her intention of "leaving him one week is up." The lady, who was very surprised, asked the disturbed domestic the reason for her announced departure, to which Bridget made answer—"Yer husband is a dochter, mum, an' I've heard tales about them dochtors cuttin' up poor people, an' didn't I hear him wid my own ears say that the boots of 'im were made out of pauper's hide. It's me own poor father that died in the workhouse, an' I wouldn't be serving a haythen that uses the skins of the poor patients to cover his feet wid."

BILE BEANS IN WELLINGTON.

BILIOUSNESS, INDIGESTION AND INSOMNIA.

A WOMAN'S GRATITUDE TO B.B.'s.

Mrs. C. M. Smith, who resides at 171 Cuba-street, Wellington, gives the following interesting particulars: "I have been a sufferer during the past 25 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 believe 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."

The above account is of one of your own colonists, and if you doubt the above particulars we would ask you to call on the lady, or write, and find out for yourself as to the truth of same.

Hundreds of New Zealand citizens have proved the worth of Bile Beans for Biliousness, Indigestion, Constipation, Bad Blood, Pimples, Piles, Liver Troubles and for a general toning up of the system.

Bear in mind Bile Beans are not a cure-all, but for the ailments mentioned they will undoubtedly cure.

TURF FIXTURES.

July 18 and 20—Wellington R.C. Winter August 14, 16 and 18—New Zealand Grand National Meeting.

NOTES BY MONITOR.

Trotting in Auckland has for some time been at a very low ebb, but with the formation of a new club there seems some chance of a revival in this once popular sport. The reason of the new club, which is termed the Northern Trotting Club, being called into existence is the fact that for some time past the general public have been greatly dissatisfied at the exceedingly lax way in which cases of suspicious running have been attended to, and this had reached such a state that the general public practically refused to attend any more meetings at Potter's Paddock. Mr Gentry Bingham, who represents the Auckland Electric Tramway Company, which has acquired the lease of the ground, recently notified the trotting authorities that unless the sport was placed on a sounder and purer basis no more meetings would take place on the ground. This communication had a good effect, for, at the meeting organised by Mr Kidd, there was a good attendance, and the new club started with a strong committee of management.

The Gisborne races were favoured with wretched weather for their second day's racing, which took place on Thursday last. In the Hunters' Flat Race, which opened proceedings, the locally-owned Hairtrigger proved too good for the opposition, and he followed this up by annexing the Tally-ho Steeplechase. Only four went to the post in the Hapara Handicap, which event resulted in a fine tussle between Paris and Argyle, the former eventually winning by a length. In the Second Hack Handicap Perseverance had an easy win, while the Final Handicap, which ended in a great battle being fought out up the straight, resulted in Daphne just beating Pina-pinetekura by a nose. A protest was entered against the winner on the grounds of inconsistent running, but was not sustained.

The July meeting of the Auckland Coursing Club will be held on Saturday and Wednesday next, when the chief events to be decided will be the Bracelet Stakes and the Waitakerei Cup. The former has attracted a good entry, but the Cup, which carries with it a trophy presented by the judge, Mr F. W. Coombes, has not secured the number of nominations which could have been wished. Still there is sufficient material for some very good sport, and no doubt a successful meeting will ensue.

The hurdle mare Korowai was shipped to Sydney last week, but it remains to be seen how she will shape on the other side. Judged by her running in Auckland, the daughter of Hotchkiss is far from being in the first flight, but it may be that as the jumping cattle in N.S.W. seem to be exceptionally moderate she may earn her oats across the water.

The new Wellington Park stallion Phoebus Apollo is now on his way out from the Old Country on the s.s. Papanui. On the same ship Mr S. Gollan's horse The Possible is being returned to New Zealand as his form in the Old Country has been so poor as to make it apparent that he was not worth persevering with. Also are coming out three young mares consigned to Mr G. O. Stead. These are Otterden (by Sheen, out of Spring Morn), Saucer (by Sorcerer, out of Angola), and Stress (by Orvieto, out of St. Mildred).

Betting on the New Zealand Cup so far has been light, the Auckland, Record Reign, ranking as first favourite at 10 to 1 against. Locally the following wagers have been written:—200 to 8 Skobeloff, 500 to 25 Seahorse, 700 to 35 Seahorse, 1500 to 75 St. Hario, 1000 to 25, Autaia, 1000 to 10 Fabricator.

As far as present betting indicates, the popular selections for the Caulfield Cup are Mora, Malster, Horace, Kinglike and Hautboy, while for the Melbourne Cup the most fancied are Wait-a-Bit, Geo. Frederick, Malster, Vocalist and Kinglike.

Another horse to leave Australia for the Old Country is Severity, which was recently purchased for 1500 guineas. Although not a champion Severity is undoubtedly a fine handicap horse, and if he strikes form should pay his way in his new home.

Mr. Jno. Leonard's pair of New Zealand Cup candidates, Val Rosa and Fabricator, are undergoing their preparations at Mangere. Both horses are said to be looking well, and I notice a wager of 1000 to 10 was recently accepted about the latter's chance in the big race.

On the opening day of the V.R.C. Winter Meeting the chief event was the Grand National Hurdle Race, for which a field of nineteen went to the post, the favourite being Goldfinder, who started at 5 to 1 against. The race was a good one, Arcadia and Bean Brummel leading the field for the bulk of the journey. At the last hurdle Aquarius got past on the inside, and won all out by half a length, with Rackstraw and the favourite in the other places. The winner is an aged gelding by Niagara, out of Rosary, and belongs to Mr. A. McKenzie. He carried the minimum weight of 9st, and started at the remunerative odds of 33 to 1 against.

Very good accounts have come to hand recently regarding Nobility, one of the three-year-old division engaged in the New Zealand Cup. This colt is the property of Mr. E. J. Watts, of Napier, and is by St. Leger, from Lady Emily. Already there has been a lot of money written about his chance in the big two-mile event, and as the stable have plenty of good trying tackle, perhaps it will not do to overlook Nobility's chance too lightly, although personally I would like public form shown over a distance before backing him in preference to some of the other three-year-olds engaged.

The result of the Princess of Wales' Stakes, one of the rich 10,000 sovereign races run at Newmarket, is to hand. This was expected locally to have been a certainty for the Prince's colt Diamond Jubilee, but he proved unequal to giving 15lbs to Mr. H. Chappin's three-year-old bay filly Merry Gal, by Galopin-Mary Seaton, who beat the Derby winner home in a good finish. Third place was filled by Lord William Beresford's Caiman.

The Winter Cup, which event is run on the first day of the Grand National meeting, has a big field entered, including eight New Zealand Cup candidates, viz.: Record Reign, Haku, Djin-Djin, Ideal, Conqueror, Scottish Minstrel, Ben Farley and Strathairn.

Mr. W. C. Hird, well known in trotting circles, left for the South last week, taking Victory and Billy Wilson with him, who claim engagements at the Canterbury Trotting Club's meeting held next month.

The local-owned horses, Record Reign and Chevalier, were shipped South during the week. The latter is engaged at the Wellington meeting, while Record Reign's first run in public will be in the Winter Cup at Riccarton next month.

The gelding Straybird was in great form at the Gisborne meeting last week, no less than four of the jumping events on the card falling to the son of The Wanderer's lot. By the small amount of the dividends there can be little doubt that his quartette of victories was fully anticipated by the horse's connections.

Major George's chestnut colt Seahorse is being apportioned plenty of good, sound work at Ellerslie and moves in a very taking style. The son of Nelson should be cherry ripe for the New Zealand Cup time, in which event it will take a real good horse to bring about his defeat. It has however not leaked out whether the major intends sending the colt over to Australia again to try his luck at Flemington in the Melbourne Cup.

Mr Stead's champion colt Screw Gun, who goes to the Old Country shortly, leaves New Zealand's shores with a splendid record opposite his name. Up to the present the son of Hotchkiss has started in twelve races, having caught the judge's eye first on nine occasions, twice he ran in second position, while in the other he filled third place. Truly a great performance, and it is to be hoped he

will do as well, or better, for his new owner, Sir Edgar Vincent.

A horse that will probably be heard of as the date for deciding the Caulfield and Melbourne Cups draws night is Gauleon, a full brother to The Gaffer and Gaulus. Many admirers of this horse are of opinion that he has never yet shown anything like his true form, and as the family are stayers of the first order this son of Gozu should prove very dangerous in the big spring handicaps.

A big wager is reported to have been taken about Mr J. Crozier's pair Belemite and Gunja Djin for the Caulfield and Melbourne Cups. The two have been coupled to win a stake of £40,000.

The jumper Dingo was a passenger to Wellington in the s.s. Te Anau on Saturday last. Coleman has the son of Sou'Wester very well at present, and it is quite on the cards that he will have something to say in the settlement of the Wellington Steeplechase next week.

The Friar is reported to be in great heart at present, and there are quite a number who fancy his chance in the Wellington Steeplechase. The little son of Hiko certainly shaped well in the race which he won at Ellerslie last month, and as the Wellington course is well known to him, it is quite possible he will render a good account of himself.

Admiral Hawke came up a strong tip on both days of the recent Gisborne meeting, but he quite failed to run up to expectations. There is no doubt the gelding was well looked after by the handiapper, for on the first day he was awarded 12st, while in the Final Handicap he had the burden of 11st 11lb to carry.

During the week Hengist was supported to win the New Zealand Cup, one wager of 1,000 to 35 having been written about his chance. As the colt is engaged in the Melbourne Cup with exactly the same impost (6st. 13lb.), it is hard to say at present what his mission will be, but by the size of the wager booked it looks as though the horse was to be kept here, although it was reported recently that he would journey across the water to join the Hon. Mossman's team, which left Auckland some little while back.

Mr R. S. Selver, who is a plunger of the first magnitude, has been making a great stir in turf circles this season in the Old Country. The ex-Australian, it will be remembered, was reported to have made a great haul over The Gaffer's win in the City and Suburban, and now comes word that he has been spending it freely at theyearling sale at Newmarket, when the youngsters bred by the late Duke of Westminster were offered. For a filly by Persimmon from Ornament Mr Selver gave no less than 10,000 guineas, while two others fell to the same bidder for 3600 guineas and 5500 guineas respectively.

The weights for the N.Z. Cup were posted to Mr Wanklyn, secretary of the Canterbury Jockey Club, before the weights for the Melbourne Cup were cabled to New Zealand. It is interesting to note the difference in the estimates of Messrs Dakin and Henry's in dealing with the New Zealand horses engaged in both events. The table hereunder speaks for itself:

	Malb. Cup.	N.Z. Cup.	Difference.
	at lb	at lb	lb
Advance	9 5	9 9	4 more
Seahorse	9 0	9 5	5 more
Mauiata	8 8	8 9	1 more
Tortulla	8 2	8 4	2 more
Military	7 3	7 4	1 more
Hengist	6 13	6 13	none

GISBORNE RACES.

At the Gisborne races on the first day, Crozo won the Hunters' Steeplechase, Mercury being second, and Peter Obbeck third. Nguriki and The Gryphon also ran. Dividend, £25 12/. ARGYLE won the Winter Oats Handicap, Pina-pinetekura second, and Admiral Hawke third. Dividend, £5 10/. On the second day the two concluding races resulted:—Tally-ho Steeplechase—Hairtrigger 1, The Gryphon 2, Peter Obbeck 3. Mercury also started. Dividend, £3 4/. The Final Handicap fell to Daphne, Pina-pinetekura second, and Admiral Hawke third. Canopus also started. Dividend, £5 14/.

THE PRINCE'S SECOND DERBY.

DIAMOND JUBILEE FULFILLS EXPECTATIONS.

A GOOD RACE.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

A biting north-east wind—such as we have been too familiar with this spring—kept thousands away from Epsom on Wednesday, and although the race was not a very important one, it was well attended.

DERBY STAKES OF 7000 SOVS. For three-year-olds. About 14 mlla.

H.R.H. the Prince of Wales' b.c Diamond Jubilee, by St. Simon—Perdita 1 (H. Jones) ... 1 Duke of Portland's b.c by St. Simon Dale, by St. Simon—Ismay 2

Also started:—Mr A. Studdell's Most Excellent (K. Johnson), Mr J. Mackay's Charming (Maiden), Lord Rosebery's Sailor Lad (C. Wood), Mr T. R. Dewar's Fortfarrish (S. Louter), Mr E. Hume's Governor II, (T. Greenhill), Mr A. Studdell's First Prince (H. Jones), Lord Cadogan's Sides (T. Louten), H.R.H. the Prince of Wales' Frontispiece (H. Jones), Mr W. T. Jones' Dewl Wood (E. Jones).

THE RACE.

The favourite was much liked in the paddock, and from 2 to 1 rapidly hardened to 6 to 4. On the other hand, Fortfarrish, a handsome chestnut with a white blaze on his face, did not meet with approval. His starting price is returned 100 to 30, but this was offered rather than taken. I could have got plenty of offers. None of the favourites were followed up to the post, and the favourite, the latter being a strong place investment. Mr Coventry had a much trouble with the race at the post, as only one break-away occurred, and the favourite was not announced the fall of the flag 14 minutes later.

On the turf 1906 will always be known as the Prince's year, for he has already won four of the great events of the season, three of them with yesterday's winner. They are:

- March 29—Grand National, Am-bush II, £1075 0 0
May 2—Two Thousand Guineas, Diamond Jubilee, 4700 0 0
May 12—Newmarket Stakes, Diamond Jubilee, 3425 10 0
May 30—Derby, Diamond Jubilee, 7000 0 0

No big winners are announced. The Prince's net headed a thousand or two apiece. Mr L. de Rothschild being perhaps the biggest bettor. H. S. Evers' horse has another £15,000 to the good, but where these stories concern professional backers I receive them with reserve. Mr H. S. Evers' horse, Hilda, is busy in winning the Woodcote Stakes at Epsom on Tuesday with his 10,000-guinea purchase Toddington by Melton—Mineral, who with odds of 11 to 4 laid on him had nearly a pound down. Literally whittled away from Mr Gibbins' Revenue and four others. Mr Nevill also had a selling plate, the Ashwood Stakes, to the Earl of Lytton. £7,000 again gave the King "snuff." At first Slevier's colt was a 5 to 4 chance, but the heavy support awarded Sloan's mount, Orville Hunt, caused a change, and he was placed a large commission on 7 to 4. In the Epsom Date the Australian horse Oban was favourite in a field of nine, but could not get as near as third to Mr Rothschild's Scepterant.

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FOOTBALL.

The principal attraction at Epsom on Saturday was the Ponsonby-Grafton match, and notwithstanding that the afternoon, so far as the weather was concerned, was very unpleasant for spectators, a very fair number turned out. It was generally anticipated that a good game would result, and so it turned out, but, contrary to expectation, Ponsonby succeeded in pulling off the match by 8 points to 6. The other senior matches played at Potter's were: City v. Parnell, and Newton v. Suburbs, and both were viewed in the light of "walk-overs" for the first-mentioned teams. Such hardly proved to be the case, as though both Parnell and Suburbs suffered defeat each team made a hard and stubborn fight of it.

POINSONBY V. GRAFTON.

The former team, winning the toss, naturally elected to take advantage of the strong easterly wind that was blowing down the ground. For the first few minutes after the start of play Grafton was kept on the defensive, and all their efforts were required to prevent a score. A force relieved the pressure for a time, and shortly afterwards some good line kicking carried the ball to Ponsonby's 25. Here from a mark Kiernan punted high in front of the blue and blacks' goal, and only the failure of the Grafton men to take the ball on the full prevented a score. Throughout the remainder of the spell Ponsonby had all the best of things, and only on one or two occasions did the ball reach their territory. Grafton defended very strongly, however, and looked like preventing a score, but about ten minutes before time Ponsonby rushed the ball over the line, and Galloway, outpacing the opposing backs, scored a try, which Upton converted. A few minutes later Ponsonby again looked dangerous, but a force was the only result. Grafton were very confident that with the wind in their favour they could more than wipe out Ponsonby's lead. They received a rude shock, however, as within a few minutes of the opening of the spell Upton landed a beautiful goal from a penalty kick. This reverse seemed to put the Grafton players on their mettle, and they initiated a very strong attack on their opponents' lines. Taylor actually crossed the line, but apparently did not know it, as he failed to ground the ball, and the opportunity was lost. Shortly afterwards D. Hay made an unsuccessful shot at goal, and the defending back failing to take the ball McGregor snapped it up and scored. The kick at goal, though not a difficult one, failed. Kiernan making a very poor attempt. Within a few minutes Grafton again scored. Sterling obtaining possession of the ball from a scrum close to the line and dashing over. Kiernan had another attempt at goal, but failed, the ball striking the centre of the cross bar. There was still about a quarter of an hour to go, and Grafton's supporters were very confident, but Ponsonby defended desperately, and defied Grafton's efforts to again break through. Upon one occasion a free kick in a very favourable position was awarded to Grafton, and it looked any odds that a goal would result, but Kiernan elect-

ed to have a drop instead of a place kick, and the ball went wide, and with it went Grafton's last chance of victory.

Taken right through, the game was a very close and exciting one, although the display of football was not of a very brilliant description. The teams were very evenly matched, and were they to meet again I fancy that, notwithstanding their defeat, Grafton would be the favourite pick. Upton played a much better game at full-back for the winners than he has previously done this season, and his place-kicking won the match for his side.

Lendrum and Carlaw did good work both in attack and defence at three-quarter, the latter being endowed with a lot of pace.

Playing at five-eighths, Little Galloway gave another fine exhibition, and it is wonderful what an amount of work he gets through in the course of a game.

A. Braud ("Isaacs") appeared to be almost his old self again, and certainly his head-work had a lot to do with Ponsonby's success.

Amongst the forwards Gallagher and Doran were the shining lights, but the Ponsonby vanguard played well to a man.

The absence of H. Smith rather disorganised Grafton's four three-quarter back play, and Davidson, who took his place, appeared quite unused to this style of game. D. Hay was about the pick of the three-quarters, his defensive work being especially good. C. Hay hardly played as well as usual, and several good chances were lost owing to his passing forward.

Taylor, at five-eighths, played a fairly good game, but he was not up to his form of previous matches. Kiernan played a great game at half, but he showed very bad judgment in not taking advantage of several shots at goal from marks and free kicks. With the wind that was blowing on Saturday any ordinary place-kick ought to have succeeded in landing one or more goals.

The forwards hardly displayed as much combination as usual, and there was generally a bit of a scramble in the scrums. Sterling and McGregor were very prominent, and both were rewarded by scoring a try.

Mr Gittus was referee, and although thoroughly impartial, was hardly as successful as he might have been. However, this was his first appearance in a first-class match, and he will probably improve.

CITY v. PARNELL. (City 9, Parnell 3.)

City met Parnell on the No. 2 ground. Mr P. Mackie being referee. From the kick-off City worked the ball close to the maroon's line, where play remained for some time. From open play in the 25, Absolom crossed the line, but the score was nullified by a throw-in. From the ensuing scrum Parnell were forced, and another force followed a free kick. A scrambling rush from the quarter line ended in Bonella scoring a try. Absolom's kick at goal was a failure. City 3. Parnell nil. Thence to the remainder of the spell, Parnell were on the defensive. Shortly after the opening of the second spell Parnell were penalised in front of their goal, and young made a successful kick. City 5, Parnell nil. Play then went back to mid-field, where Cullen picked up and passed to Harrison, who beat two of the City's men and scored for Parnell. Cullen made a poor shot at goal. City 6, Parnell 3. City then worked the ball close to the line

and Parnell were forced a couple of times. The red and blacks continued to press, and from a loose rush Tyler scored another try. Young's kick was not successful. City 9, Parnell 3. The play remained in Parnell's 25 until the bell sounded, but no further score was added.

NOTES.

The game was, perhaps, the most uninteresting, from a spectator's point of view, that has been played this year. The strong wind interfered with the passing runs, but whenever a run was made by the City team, one of the members managed to spoil it by a throw-on. Parnell put up a good fight against so strong a team as City, and defended their goal with great determination. Among the City forwards, Tyler, Bonella, and McMillan were conspicuous. Stevens, the full back, was the only man in the rear division to show real form, and had little to do. Hume was, as usual, the mainstay of the maroons, while the Sheras and Adams also put in some good work. Handcock and Strong were the best of the forwards.

NEWTON V. SUBURBS. (Newton 11; Suburbs 3.)

This match was played on No. 3 Ground, and resulted in a win for Newton by 11 points (three tries, one of which was converted) to 3 (a goal from a penalty kick). The game was a very poor exhibition of football, being mainly confined to the forwards. The first spell began with the reds kicking up and the red and whites attacked from the start. Suburbs, however, cleared their line, and were within an ace of scoring. A good deal of neutral uninteresting play then took place. Good play by Gray and Cooper put Newton on the defensive, but the red and whites cleared their line and forced the call of time. Newton were penalised and C. Austin landed a splendid goal from a place kick, the spell ending with the scores three all. In the second spell, with the wind and the slope of the ground in their favour, Newton had the best of it, though Suburbs played up gamely. A good deal of neutral uninteresting play then took place, and the red and whites scored as the result of passing runs, one by Roberts and one by Hill, Eaton converting the second one. Suburbs made great efforts to kick, and at the close of the spell forced Newton twice, but the red and whites' defence was too good, and the game ended Newton 11 points; Suburbs 3.

NOTES.

From a spectator's point of view the game was monotonous and uninteresting. The wind was bitterly cold down in the hollow, and the few spectators that watched the match looked supremely miserable. In the first spell the game was very even, nothing more than a forward scramble, in which the backs had little share. In the second spell Newton played more to their backs, but their display throughout the game was not at all first class. All the backs played fairly, considering their opportunities, though Brass was inclined to be selfish in passing. The forwards were not at all superior to their opponents, and did not shine at all brilliantly. The Suburbs' backs were nearly all weak in their kicking, especially Woods at full. Cooper, a young player, who made his appearance at three-quarter, showed considerable promise. Mack and Gray, at half, played an excellent game.

Up till Saturday Grafton shared with City the pride of place in the contest for the championship, but their defeat at the hands of Ponsonby puts them second on the list, with Newton leaving City on top. Should City succeed in defeating Grafton next Saturday they will have practically won the cup. The following table shows the relative positions of the competing teams to date:—

Table with 5 columns: Team, M, W, L, For, Agst.
City: 8, 6, 2, 67, 30
Grafton: 8, 6, 2, 61, 29
Newton: 8, 4, 4, 60, 47
Ponsonby: 7, 3, 4, 33, 47
North Shore: 8, 1, 7, 11, 70
Suburbs: 7, 0, 7, 8, 73

Note.—City and North Shore won from Suburbs by default on June 2 and 9 respectively.

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PAEROA FOOTBALL.

The monthly meeting of the Ohiwemuri Rugby Union was held at Waikino on Monday. It was decided to play Thames at Paeroa on the 21st, also Waikato next Saturday at Waikato. The combined team to play the Thames will be chosen next Saturday after the Waikato match. The Secretary has written to the Auckland Rugby Union asking them to play Ohiwemuri combined at Paeroa on 4th August. A Karangahake player, for abusing the referee last Saturday, was disqualified from playing for five years, and from admission to the football ground for two years. A spectator at Waikino, for using insulting language to the football grounds was debarred admission to the football grounds for eighteen months.

WELLINGTON MATCHES.

The matches played on Saturday resulted as follows:—Rugby matches, senior championship: Poneke v. Oriental, Oriental 5, Poneke 3; Wellington v. Petone, Wellington 13, Petone 3; College Boys v. Melrose, Melrose 14, Old Boys 5.

The following championship points have been scored by the senior teams in the fixtures to date:—Melrose 16, Athletic 11, Petone 7, Old Boys 7, Oriental 6, Wellington 6, Poneke 4, Melrose, Petone, Oriental, and Wellington have three matches yet to play, Athletic four, and Poneke and Old Boys five each.

In the Association senior matches the Diamonds won the championship by scoring six goals against one goal scored by the Swifts. The Rovers beat Petone by two goals to nil.

The competition for the championship has now concluded, leaving the points as follows:—Diamonds 15, Rovers 14, Petone 4, Swifts 3.

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL.

Y.M.C.A. DRAW WITH GRAFTON.

Y.M.C.A. winning the toss took the advantage of the wind and defended the western goal. Brodie kicked off, and soon the Grafton forwards were in press. For some time Grafton continued to press, but the defence of the Y.M.C.A. backs was too good. From a throw-in about mid-field Grafton obtained possession of the ball, and passing to A. McDougall, this player after a nice bit of play succeeded in getting in a shot which beat Smith. From this Grafton did their utmost to score, but none of the shots sent in were successful, and half-time was called with the score Y.M.C.A. 1, Grafton 0.

In the second spell A. Smith came from goal to half-back, F. Goldie taking his place in goal. Grafton at once got under way, and the Y.M.C.A. defence was kept busy. Several corners were conceded to Grafton, but nothing came of them. A combined rush by the Grafton forwards culminated in Bell scoring. The score now being equal, and with the pressure, and were on the eve of scoring several times, but the defence of Y.M.C.A. was too good. From this on there was no further scoring, the game ending in a draw—one goal each.

For Y.M.C.A. Hayman, Totman, and Yates were the pick of the backs; A. McDougall and Brodie were the forwards. Good games for Grafton, Goldie, McDougall, and Brodie, forwards, and Wright, Handing, and F. Goldie, backs, were the pick. Nyberg gave every satisfaction as referee.

LACROSSE.

GRAFTON (7 Goals) V. SUBURBS (1 Goal).

(Referee: Mr G. Robinson.)

Wilson (Grafton) and Foubister (Suburbs) were the two best. Foubister of Grafton was immediately on the aggressive, but excellent defence by Brown, Owen and Herold put the red and blacks' goal out of danger. For five minutes the reds were on the next ten minutes, but neither side gained any material advantage. Suburbs were then penalised, and this enabled the black and whites to gain ground. Luckie, Atkinson and Thomson stood out for good passing work, and after a short scramble, H. Thomson followed up quickly and drove the rubber under the posts for the first time for the city men. The red and blacks made brilliant attempts to get even, but could not do so. Their homes lost two chances by reckless shooting. From this till half-time was soundly no further scoring was done, but some remarkably good play was brought off by both sides. Second spell. The forwards started with vigour from the jump. Lex Walker threw a beauty, making the score one all. After this the black and whites attack gave Brown, Owen and Herold a hot time of it, and the latter warder of several good shots. Play remained about neutral territory till change for the last quarter was called. For five minutes even play took place, then the red and blacks failed rally, and Atkinson scored Grafton's second goal, which seemingly had a bad effect on the opposing side, and the black and whites succeeded down to work properly. Suburbs' defence was repeatedly out of place, and Atkinson notched four more goals. Close on time Stewart, from a brilliant run from half-way, shot Grafton's seventh and last goal.

NORTH SHORE (7 Goals) V. GREY LYNN (Nil).

Miller (Shore) and Gummer (Grey Lynn) started the game. No advantage was gained by either side in the first ten minutes. Then Richardson, Kelly, Tizzard and Wynyard participated in a passing

rush, and the lastnamed dodged cleverly and opened Shere's account with a neat one. The red and whites managed to break through the opposite defence a couple of goals, but failed to score. Alexander cleared the blues' lines with a well-executed throw, and Wynyard took a good pass from Tizard and recorded the second goal for the Shore. Wynyard and Cooks were kept very busy defending for Grey Lynn, but could not frustrate the efforts of their opponents, and Tizard got the third goal for the Shore after half-time. Second spell: The red and whites opened this half auspiciously by immediately invading opposite territory, but selfish play and ill-timed passing spoilt their chance. Wynyard was again to the fore for the blues and threw their fourth goal. From this till time was called Grey Lynn were but continually checking, but their efforts were fruitless. Wynyard got 2 more goals and Tizard one. North Shore were thus victors by 7 goals to nil. Mr Percy Whit has charge of the game and pleased all concerned.

POINSONBY V. PARNELL.

(Ponsonby, 12 goals; Parnell, 1 goal.) Peacock (Ponsonby) and Ruddock (Parnell) faced for the blues and blacks at once invaded opposite ground, and blacks at once found a stubborn defence. They kept up a hot fusillade for ten minutes, when Landon was responsible for a goal, then they clanking throw. R. Noton a goal with a short pass. The whites managed to keep the blues at bay for the next ten minutes, when the blue and blacks' attack broke through once more, and Landon was again to the fore for number three. A long throw by Wren followed by Parnell's tapping, and fast following up by Ruddock, Thomson, Lennox and Walker resulted in the posts. Ponsonby's Parnell got close on time R. Noton wriggled through, and notched fourth goal. Then half time was called.

Second Half: The blue and blacks back men were rarely troubled in this half, and the well timed passing of their forwards, which headed by Davis, Peacock and Landon ended in eight more goals being added to their total (R. Noton 8, Short, Ward (Parnell) by a misjudged throw, J. D. Davies of referee were carried out excellently by Mr W. Robinson.

NOTES.

In the game Suburbs v. Grafton, the former did remarkably well till the latter's second goal, and soon the blues seemed to completely lose their heads. Had they kept their positions then probably have been the result. Running all over the field has been their chief failing all along; for three parts of the match they were not active and used with good results, then they got on to their old game, with no success whatever.

Herold, in goal for the losers, did excellent service, and his throwing was well judged.

Owen at point kept Atkinson well in hand for the greater portion of the game, and like the rest of his comrades lacked condition and judgment.

Aian Brown accounted for some useful throwing and checking.

A houbster was quite equal to his vis-à-vis, Wilson at centre. He grafted consistently throughout.

Walsh and Allen played serviceable games.

Walker did not play up to his usual form, and did not handle his team very well.

Morrin and Rendall were fairly successful on attack.

Atkinson kept up his good record. He was well fed by Graham, Luckie and Herold.

Kallender displayed true form in goal.

Stewart, Ashton and Roberts foiled many brilliant efforts on the part of the Blues.

Richardson is rapidly striking form, and his play was most unselfish.

A. Watson was enabled by his pace to put in serviceable work.

Wynyard had quite a day out, those five goals got by him were the result of clever play.

Miller at centre showed decided improvement.

J. Alexander played his usual sound game.

Had Patterson been well backed up by his brother players, the scores would have been much more even.

A. Bradly brought off some useful work. Much to be sorry to see him leave the team.

Cooks, Gummer, White and Sayer were perhaps the best of the rest of Grey Lynn's team.

Landon was in good scoring form, and he was well looked after by his attack comrades.

Landon played a useful and unselfish game.

Peacock got through his usual large share of the work at centre, his only fault being that he was inclined to hang to the ball too long.

A. A. Davis, at right attack, did remarkably well. He is a valuable addition to the now formidable Ponsonby team.

Mr. Noton was in good scoring form, and he was well looked after by his attack comrades.

Lennox and Ruddock were the only two Parnell men who troubled Ponsonby's defence.

Goldsboro was very patchy in goal.

Hicks did good service at cover point.

Thompson, Dennison, Moore-Jones and Sayer showed improvement.

Parnell on the whole performed very disappointingly, and will have to show better form if they want to win any more matches.

GOLF NOTES.

(By Bogey.)

The third and final match for Mr Captain's prize was played on Saturday, with the result that Mr H. D. Kissling wins Mr Drassey's prize, and Bamford wins Mr Turner's prize, Mr H. Caldwell wins the third prize provided by the Club. Mr Bamford has

played very consistently throughout the series of matches, and thoroughly deserves his win.

The following are the leading scores:—

Table with 2 columns: Name and Score. H. D. Bamford 94, H. G. Kissling 91, D. R. Caldwell 91, J. H. Hooper 95, C. Arnold 96, C. R. Gordon 97, A. Hogg 98, Dr. Reid 99.

The following are some of the cards returned in the third match:—

Table with 2 columns: Name and Score. H. D. Bamford 102, H. G. Kissling 100, Dr. S. B. Reid 103, W. N. Leatham 101, Dr. F. W. Gordon 112, D. R. Caldwell 103, A. Hogg 102, C. Arnold 111, E. Turner 105, J. L. Bloomfield 106, W. B. Colbeck 101, J. B. Kyd 102.

Three cards, which, however, cannot affect the result, were put in about an hour after the players had completed their round. These cards will be dealt with by the committee. The rule on the subject is that dealing with the method of keeping the scores, and it states distinctly that the scores must be handed in on completion of the round. Decisions have recently been given by the Rules of Golf Committee of St. Andrews, stating that no card can be put in except immediately on the completion of the round. The competitor may not keep it in his pocket ten minutes or a quarter of an hour, and then claim to put it in.

Another recent decision of the Rules of Golf Committee is that the flag in stroke competitions must in all cases be removed when the ball lies within 20 yards of the hole under penalty of one stroke. This is a rule which should be vigorously enforced, for it seems more honoured at Green Lane in the breach than in the observance.

There is great interest being taken in the Maponite balls, which are to be brought out this month. Mr Horace Hutchinson, the chairman of directors of the Maponite Company, has already won several important competitions with it. Now we hear that the ball is to be used by J. H. Taylor in the Open Championship. This in itself is a sufficient testimony to the qualities of the new ball, for Taylor is not likely to mar his great chance of winning the championship by playing with a ball in which he has not the fullest confidence. The ball is said to be almost unbreakable, and if this is so it seems to me the company is acting against its own interests in selling balls at 6/ per dozen. Any ball which is otherwise really good, and at the same time unbreakable, should command a fancy price.

The programme of the Ladies' Golf Championship meeting has just reached me. It is neat and attractive, and states that the meeting will be held at Christchurch on the 27th of August and the ensuing four days, under the auspices of the Christchurch Golf Club. Miss E. M. Cowlishaw is the honorary secretary.

The programme does not state on what links the championship will be played. I presume this has been intentionally omitted, in the hope that the new links at New Brighton will be fit for use, but I can hardly think it will be ready so soon, natural links though it is. Russley, the abandoned, is out of the question, so I presume the tournament will be held on the Hagley Park course.

I trust that a number of our lady golfers will make a big effort to go to the meeting, for unless the Auckland Ladies' Golf Club is represented there will be a very poor chance of ever getting the Ladies' Championship held in Auckland.

It has been proposed, and the suggestion has been warmly taken up, that the Ladies' Championship meeting shall be held either immediately before or immediately after the New Zealand Championship meeting, and on the same links. The suggestion has many points in its favour, and to my mind practically none against it. It would be very nice, for example, for wives to accompany their husbands to the venue of the championships, and the question of chaperonage of unmarried ladies would not be nearly so difficult as it is at present, for golfing goes in families. Reduced fares could be obtained for travelling parties, and

this is no small consideration in such a long country as Maoriland. It is just as far from Dunedin to Auckland as it is vice versa, but each place is a considerable journey from the other. When matters are in swing it is almost as easy for the local club to carry out two championship meetings as one, and unless it is very exceptional weather, and on a very sloppy green, the first meeting should not in any way spoil the greens for the second meeting. I think it distinctly in the best interests of golf, and especially of India's golf, that the two meetings should be held together, and it would create more interest and enthusiasm, especially in the city, which was holding the meetings of the year.

CHRISTCHURCH, July 4.

The third monthly medal competition took place on Hagley Park on Saturday last, when there was an entry of between 30 and 40 members, and the teeing grounds were frequently very much congested in consequence. Mr. Kitto again won the medal for the best gross score, doing the round in 80, while the handicap medal was won by Mr. C. Treweek, who, with a handicap of 14, returned a net score of 73. Mr. Treweek is a comparatively new player, and has come on very fast since he took up the game. He has a good eye, and a good understanding of the points of the game, and he is sure to do even better before long. The following are the leading scores.

Table with 3 columns: Name, Gross Score, and Net Score. C. Treweek 87, C. Gresson 93, W. Reid 91, B. M. L. Kitto 50, D. H. Reid 91, S. Hutcherson 94, J. F. Miles 93, M. Grimsby 100, F. Pyne 107.

Messrs. E. D. O'Rourke and L. B. Wood have been appointed to lay out the course on the new links at New Brighton, and I understand they will undertake the task forthwith. Members are eagerly looking forward to the time when competitions can be played there, as the crowd on Hagley Park gets worse week by week.

NIBLICK.

WELLINGTON.

The members of the Wellington Golf Club are still increasing, and the want of a new clubhouse is now being much felt. The new clubhouse will be erected near the "Drift" hole; tenders are now being called. Mr. Arthur Duncan is still playing very well. In the last monthly competition he with minus 4 tied with G. Grove minus 7. The match was against H. Hoge, and each returned a card of 3 up. In playing off the champion won coming in 4 up. Mrs. Todd put up a record for the ladies last week against Hoge, not losing a hole, and coming in 10 up, with a score of 81. Miss Eila McManis has also been playing well. Mrs. Bidwill, of Featherston, and Miss Ratray, of Dunedin, are now playing golf in Wellington. Mr. R. B. Rhodes, M.H.R., will play white in Wellington, and is joining the club.



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Kennel and Field.

(By "Tui.")

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

WHISPERS OF THE FANCY.

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

Last week I visited the kennels of Mr C. J. Steevens, of the Thames. This gentleman has a capital fox terrier bitch Dawn—Turk, ex Acton Lilly. She is in whelp to Mr Versey Cooper's Jack. Dawn is full of quality, though a little deficient in bone. She has one of the best fox terrier heads in N.Z. Another inmate of Mr Steevens' kennels is a smart little bitch five months old, out of Dawn. She promises well, and has all the terrier expression of her mother. Mr Steevens should score with both at the forthcoming Auckland Kennel Club's show if he elects to exhibit.

Mr T. Taylor, of this city, has shown me a photograph of a bull-dog now on its way out from the Old Country. The dog is a characteristic specimen of the breed.

Whilst at the Thames I made enquiries regarding the proposed Kennel Club, and was informed that several gentlemen had been trying to secure enough support to start one. A wit remarked that things were too "fowl" there at present to take an action in doggy matters. The secretary of the Thames Poultry Club was favourable to a dog section being included in his Club's exhibition. This would have been an excellent opportunity of a new Club holding its first show; arrangements, however, could not be made in time. I hope that those interesting themselves in forming a club will continue to labour and that a Thames Kennel Club will be the result in the near future.

The Dunedin Dog and Poultry Show was held at Dunedin last Friday, with following results:—In the Collie class, Roger and Andrew were the principal prize-takers. The Cup for the best collie was won by F. Rogan, while J. F. Ward took the prize for the best sporting team. C. J. Morton took the prize for the retriever; R. B. Williams, field spaniel; Master J. Rogan, fox terrier; Lensesidge, cocker spaniel; W. C. McKnight, Irish terrier; J. Mackie, Irish water spaniel; Flora Watson, black retriever; Waikena and Son Gordon setter; Waihopai Kennels, cocker spaniel.

"Ziska," the winning Airedale bitch at the recent Dunedin Show, was bred by Mr D. C. Ingram, of Auckland. She obtained second in the same class last year.

In next week's issue of the "Graphic" fanciers will find pictures of interest. Amongst them is a very fine photograph of Mr A. H. Cotter's 11 months old collie "Heather Spy," by Kingsland (Chief ex Kingsland Flo).

There is one matter which exhibitors comment upon after the Shows, in fact, it forms an important topic all the year round. It is the judge's report. Those exhibitors who fail to score have a right to know the defects in their animals, and also the points of superiority in their successful rivals. The N.Z. Kennel Club should make this their particular care, that full reports be given by all dog show judges after the Show; that the merits and demerits of the first, second, and third prize-winners be given in full. Mr Clifford Bromah, who judged the Auckland Kennel Club's Show in '08, gave a very creditable report. Last year Mr Coupe sent his report from Australia for the Wellington K.C. Show, and I believe our own Show, and the contents did not impress fanciers favourably. It is no use relying on getting personal information from the judge after the dogs have been judged, as in the case of an exhibitor who failed to get a ticket the judge would most likely not give his straight-out opinion, whereas the alternative of a report, written carefully in his own time, would, or should, give the information, correct in every detail, according to the judge's impression of the dogs placed under him.

War Correspondents on the Battle Field.

RISKS THEY RUN TO OBTAIN GOOD "COPY."

When newspapers are opened in the mornings little is thought of the perils and hardships that are experienced by correspondents to supply the war news, which is scanned so eagerly, often bringing tears to the eyes of those who for the first time realise all that the war means to them by reading that some near relative has been killed.

These special war correspondents are often in the thick of the fighting, exposed to great danger to obtain good "copy," and despatching it to their papers with the utmost speed, risking life and sustaining hair-breadth escapes in their eagerness to be first, whilst many lose their lives in the attempt.

In the present campaign no better instance of this is furnished than in Mr Winston Churchill's remarkable coolness and bravery in the fight for the armoured train at Colenso, his capture, and subsequently—like heroes in the novels of Dumas—of his escape from prison at Pretoria with such signal daring. This has deservedly enhanced his reputation and the circulation of his paper, and as a result, now that he is again with Buller's force, his graphic reports and descriptions are read with still greater interest.

The adventure that occurred to Mr Knight, another of the "Morning Post's" correspondents in South Africa, is none the less interesting. When the Spanish-American war began he was sent on behalf of the "Times" to watch the campaign from the Spanish side. Having secured the necessary passports, he got down the Atlantic, to find the Cuban capital closely blockaded; but, determined to get in, after many difficulties he obtained permission from the captain of a small steamer to be put over the side in a small rowing boat two miles off the Cuban coast.

He made a good start, but in the rough water the boat capsized when within a mile of the coast. Night was coming on, the sea was full of sharks, and there seemed to be a poor chance of escape. His courage did not give way, however, for, after righting the boat, only to have it again capsized, he remained throughout the wild night on the upturned keel.

The next day he drifted ashore, was picked up in rags by a Spanish patrol, by whom he was taken into Havana and imprisoned, but after the following incident his identity was ascertained and he was released.

On his arrival Mr Knight asked for a tailor to be sent, and not being allowed to admit him into the prison, the correspondent was compelled to be measured through the bars. The next day the trying-on ordeal was performed with some difficulty by Knight standing close to the bars while the tailor fitted him. The suit proved such a good fit that on his return to England he wore it in London with pride.

Perhaps the most lucky escape that a correspondent has had in this war is that of Lord de la Warr, of the "Globe." His horse was struck under him, he fell, and whilst lying on the ground volleys after volleys whizzed about him from the Boer rifles. That he escaped unhurt is nothing short of the miraculous.

Correspondents, of course, are not considered soldiers, but should they be discovered fighting they are liable to capture as such and imprisoned, as was Churchill. Though this was not the case with Mr George Lynch, yet he was captured outside Ladysmith because he was suspected by the Boers of acting on behalf of the British, and his credentials not being sufficiently conclusive to prove otherwise he was imprisoned.

Mr Melton Prior, who has seen 26 years of work as an artist-correspondent, has had innumerable adventures and narrow escapes. He was with Graham at Tannu and El Teb, and with Herbert Stewart in the square at Abu Klea, where he was one of the last to speak to Burnaby. Whilst the soldier was chatting with the artist and a brother officer the Derwish sharpshooters were firing at long range, when the bullets began to hit too near them to be quite comfortable. Burnaby said quietly, "We are too close. Those fellows are getting our range. We had better stand apart." They suited the action to the word, but shortly afterwards Burnaby was dead.

During the rising in Buenos Ayres, Prior had another very unpleasant experience, but as he is convinced that he is not born to be shot he escaped

unhurt. Six hundred armed members of a certain club were holding the premises as a barricade, and a posse of police were dispatched to the spot to arrest them. The clubmen massed on the first floor, and from the balcony kept up a continuous fire on the police below.

Prior, eager to secure a sketch, hurried thither, but unfortunately he was wearing a straw hat similar to the inspectors of police, and was immediately fired upon as such. He retired into a somewhat shallow doorway for shelter, and, subjected to a hail of bullets, he had to dodge them to the best advantage, which was no easy matter, for when he leaned his head back his body protruded, and vice versa. Thus he was in an agony of torture for some minutes, the while kicking the door furiously with his heels, which was eventually opened and he admitted. A subsequent examination of the doorway revealed 24 bullet marks round the spot he had occupied.

Another most marvellous close shave this wonderful "special" experienced was in the Kaffir war, at the battle of Debeneck. The 90th were fighting their way through the bush, and he, in company with two officers, was climbing over a fallen tree when a party of Kaffirs, who were hiding underneath, fired upon them. The officer on the right was killed on the spot, the one on the left received a shattered chin, whilst Prior got his hair slightly singed.

In the Carlist war, too, he was in the trenches when the Carlists charged and he escaped with only his coat tails pierced with a bayonet. Again in the Russo-Turkish war he was sketching in the Turkish trenches when the Russians advanced, and, escape being impossible, he remained in the trenches hours, while Turkish soldiers were falling right and left. When the fight ceased he, unharmed, was practically hemmed in by the dead.

Mr H. H. S. Pearce, another veteran correspondent, who was present in the square at Abu Klea when the Arab charge was repulsed, and when, in spite of his being splashed all over with the blood of the killed and wounded and receiving a wound in the foot himself, he stuck to his work, was well rewarded for his indefatigable courage in that his account of the fight reached London twenty-four hours before any other. He had another very narrow escape from death on the return journey through missing his way in the desert in company with another veteran artist-special—Frederick Villiers. When found by a patrol they were both almost dead with thirst.

Mr Bennet Burleigh, of thirty years' standing as a newspaper correspondent, still on active service, could tell of some thrilling encounters, for he has been in every campaign of note during that number of years. In the official despatches that gave the account of the desert march in the Gordon relief expedition he was honourably mentioned for valuable services rendered. On the eve of the present war he, with Mr W. H. Nevinson, of the "Chronicle," took the adventurous journey to Pretoria, and had to travel back to Newcastle in a coal truck.

The gallant hero of Mafeking has also been a war correspondent. During the Matabele war, whilst acting as "special" for a London daily, he was placed in an awkward predicament by being appointed press censor; but he extricated himself in his own inimitable way.

The exploits of retired veterans in many cases have been even more perilous than the foregoing. For instance, Archibald Forbes' hazardous ride from Ulundi in bringing the news of the great British victory over the Zulus to Landman's Drift, a distance of 110 miles, for the purpose of wiring to Maritzburg to acquaint Lord Wolseley

with the news; and his subsequent ride of 170 miles from Landman's Drift to Pietermaritzburg in order to give details of the fight, are exploits that have not been surpassed. And these two rides, with scarcely a break of half an hour between each, he accomplished with an inflamed leg, the result of a bullet wound.

Six William Howard Russell, the only war correspondent who has been knighted, John Augustus O'Shea, Frederick Villiers, Charles Williams, and several other retired war correspondents could all tell of thrilling adventures in the field.

The opinion of a certain military gentleman who said war correspondents are an impediment to armies, taking much kudos and rations, but little of the danger, has been long since refuted by the lengthy lists of those who have perished in the field.

In this war we have sustained several losses in correspondents, chief among whom may be mentioned G. W. Stevens, that promising young journalist who died of fever at Ladysmith; Mr Parlow, who was killed at Mafeking; and the correspondent of a leading provincial paper; whilst our Soudan campaigns have paid the price of no fewer than ten, the best known of whom was Edward O'Donovan, of the "Daily News," the story of whose adventures in Central Asia makes most exciting reading.

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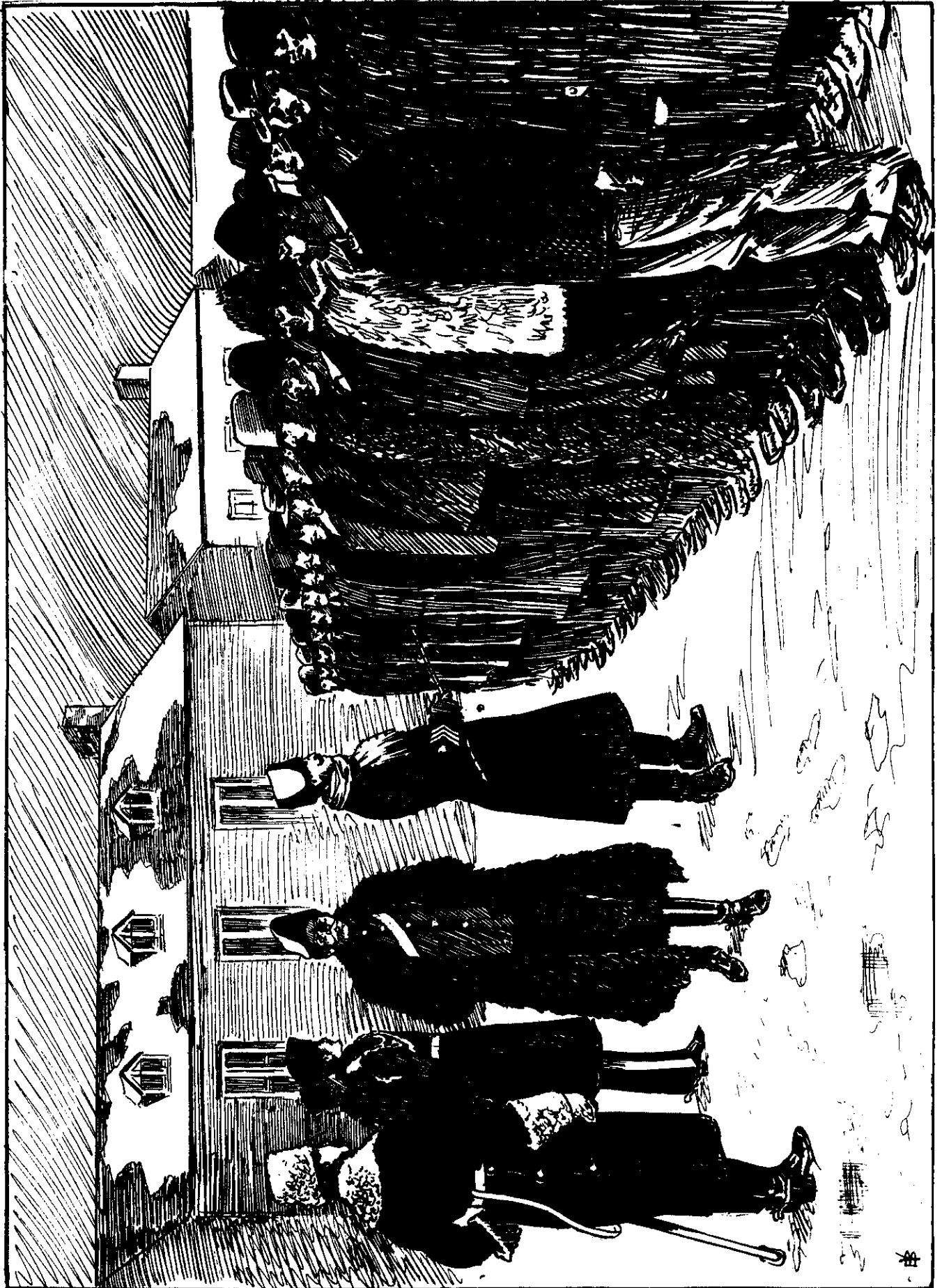
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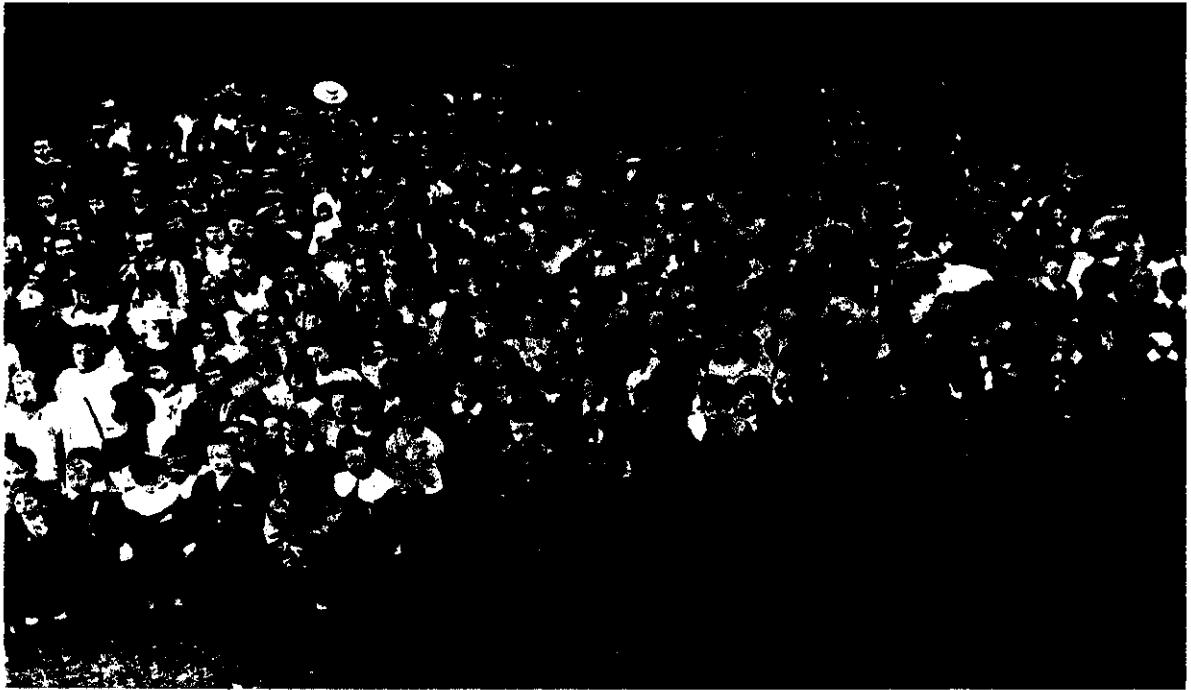
The "BRITISH MEDICAL JOURNAL" says of "Hunyadi Janos" "It has established itself in favour with leading physicians and therapeutists of every country, whose testimonies bear witness to its action as a speedy, sure and gentle aperient for ordinary use; it is remarkably and exceptionally uniform in its composition and free from defects incidental to many other Hungarian Bitter Waters."



[See "OUR ILLUSTRATIONS."

A MOTLEY CREW.—Recruits for the Canadian Contingents at Drill.

✱



GROUP OF CHILDREN.



THE GUARD OF HONOUR.



Waikond. "Graphic" photo.

CHAIRMAN EXPLAINING HOW UNION JACK WAS EVOLVED.

The Unfurling of the Flag at the Remuera Public School.

Hoisting the Flag.

CEREMONY AT REMUERA.

"Of hoisting flags there is no end"—and the Remuera Public School is the latest devotee of this form of Imperial ritual. Beautiful weather prevailed for the ceremony on Saturday last, and there were a good number of parents and friends present. A platform was erected for the speakers in the playground, and was prettily decorated with flowers. The children were grouped in front of the platform, the boys being drawn up in line, armed with wooden guns. On the platform were Mr Thos. Buddie (Chairman of the Remuera School Committee), Messrs M. A. Clark, E. Court, A. Holden, the Rev. G. B. Monro and Capt. Mackenzie, R.A. Capt. Grant and Mr C. Ranson were also present.

Mr T. Buddie, who presided, read a letter of apology from Lieut.-Col. Banks, who regretted that he was unable to be present to hoist the flag. The speaker then briefly explained to the children the meaning of the various crosses on the Union Jack, and then called upon Capt. Mackenzie to perform the ceremony of hoisting.

Capt. Mackenzie then stepped forward and hauled the flag up, the guard of boys presenting arms, after which the children, under Miss Slaton, sang "God Save the Queen."

Capt. Mackenzie, who was received with applause, gave a manly and earnest address to the children. He regretted that someone more eminent was not in his place. He then proceeded to tell the children what the flag meant, relating some of his experiences as a schoolboy in foreign countries under other flags. The flag was a sign of Empire, of the great and happiest of all empires. The Empire had been built up by the unselfishness and courage of their ancestors, and he hoped that they would always maintain and display those same qualities. (Applause.)

The children then sang "Sons of the Sea," after which Mr Heriot thanked Capt. Mackenzie for his able speech and called for three cheers for him. These were given with great enthusiasm.

Mr C. Ranson also paid a warm tribute to Capt. Mackenzie's speech. They did not know whether he was a great man, but they were sure he was a good man. (Applause.)

The sum of £11 was raised by the committee, teachers, parents of the children, and friends, which fully covers all expenses connected with the flagstaff and flags. The Chairman, Mr T. Buddie, kindly provided the children with lollies galore. The flags hoisted were two beautiful flags, a true Union Jack, and the latest New Zealand flag.

The Doxology, followed by three cheers for the flag, concluded the ceremony.



C. Hemus, photo.

DEEP SEA FISHING.

Death-dealing and destructive Lyddite shell
Furns part of modern soldiers' art.
Not as of old when noble warriors fell,
Laid rudely low by spear and dart.
Yet war's degrading to the human race,
And will not make our lives secure,
Though one can now all dirty weather
face
By taking Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.



THE UNFURLING OF THE FLAG AT THE REMUERA PUBLIC SCHOOL. CAPTAIN MACKENZIE ADDRESSING THE CHILDREN.



H.M.S. MOHAWK'S VARIETY GROUP.

BACK ROW—J. Wilcox, A. Parker, J. Crone, J. Owens, A. Peacock.
2nd ROW—H. M. Sanders, H. Goldup, Alf. P. Anston, Lieut. P. A. Roberts, R.N., E. James, W. Latham.
3rd ROW—W. Franklin, J. Gibblison, J. Morris, W. Hider.

Boers' Religious Peculiarities.

The Rev. H. T. Cousins, Ph.D., of Victoria, contributes an interesting article on "The Boers: As Others See Them; Their Religious Peculiarities," to the April number of "The Sunday Strand." "To properly understand the Boers," he writes, "we must first get a knowledge of their religious life and proclivities. The Transvaalers are really the children of the Reformation of the sixteenth century, and are of French, as well as of Dutch descent. The Huguenots of France were subject to a more merciless oppression and persecution in consequence of that great revolution than any other Protestants. Let us listen to those calm and dignified words which the Huguenots addressed to Louis XV., prior to their leaving their country for South Africa. They said:—'We cannot live without following our religion, and we are compelled, however unwillingly, to supplicate your Majesty with the most profound humility and respect, that you may please to allow us to leave the realm with our wives, our children, and our effects, to retire into foreign countries, where we may freely worship God in the form we believe to be indispensable, and on which depends our eternal happiness or misery.' In this spirit, and with this determination, the noble ancestors of the Boers began their career in South Africa, and to-day the names of Rousseau, de Villiers, le Roux, Joubert, Celliers, and others remind us of the heroic sacrifice in defence of the truth of the Landsvaalers of the Transvaal. With the courage of their forefathers from Holland and France, amid all the heresies and crude forms of religious life by which they are surrounded, the Presbyterian standards of their Church are still preserved in their original purity and grandeur. The Boers regard themselves as a 'chosen race,' to whom God has given the heathen for an inheritance. The isolated life, however, of the Transvaal Boers is of the most primitive type, and in many instances their habits of life in their simple mud huts are very little in advance of the dusky native races. Living as they do in farmsteads scattered widely over the country, they have necessarily to go a long distance to their church, which is often situated in a district where there is no

visible dwelling or building of any description except the sacred edifice itself. The Boer is verily a religious person—a keeper of the Sabbath, an observer of the ordinances, and a constant reader of his Dutch Bible or Psalm-book. Paul Kruger himself is

a remarkable Biblical scholar in his way. Unhappily he has a knack of turning texts upside down to suit his own ideas or inclinations, and knows very little about liberality or broad-mindedness. The Boer's fess, like his theology, has not marched

with the age. He presents a very antiquated appearance when he is fully dressed for church, and reminds one very forcibly of the early Quaker in this country. He does not know what it means to have a passion for truth and a passion for humanity."



A MAN-O-WAR'S MASCOTTE—THE PET GOAT OF H.M.S. MOHAWK.

Photos. by Valle.

(The ship is now on her way to China.)



Valle, photo.

THE DIVERS OF H.M.S. MOHAWK.

The diver standing on the right claims to have descended to a greater depth than any other man in his calling.

What Soldiers Sing on Battlefields.

If the full history of wars were written, said a retired Army officer of long fighting experience, we should find that songs have done more than almost anything else to sustain soldiers' spirits and to inspire their courage amid the hardships of campaigns. Indeed, if it be true that, as Frederick the Great is reputed to have said, "an army, like a serpent, crawls on its stomach," it is equally true that that army fights best which sings most.

Happily the officers of practically all the world's armies recognise this, and singing is not only "winked at" but actively encouraged, even to the extent of providing books of martial and inspiring songs for soldiers. I see that both in France and Belgium thousands of song-books have been distributed by the authorities among the soldiers; and not only are they encouraged to sing them, but singing-classes have been started in all the barracks to practise the songs.

In the German army singing is practised more perhaps than in any army in Europe; and as many of the men have trained voices and a thorough knowledge of music, you can hear finer singing in many German barracks than in many a concert hall.

The American army has an almost unrivalled collection of war-songs, and knows how to sing them too. In the Civil War, during Sherman's historic march through Georgia, when he deliberately wrecked the railway over which he had drawn his supplies, and started on his four weeks' journey to the sea and the capture of Savannah, it was this love of singing which, more than anything, kept up the hearts of his men and made the longest and most trying day's march

almost a bagatelle; and it was the same with the army of the Potomac on its long journey through Maryland into Pennsylvania.

It was quite a common thing, when opposing armies were encamped near

each other, for one of them to join in the refrain of a song started by the other. Many of these old war-songs are as popular to-day as they were in the sixties; and in Cuba a couple of years ago such songs as

"Yankee Doodle," "John Brown's Body," "The Star-Spangled Banner," "Rally Round the Flag, Boys," and "Johnny Comes Marching Home" were sung as lustily by American soldiers as ever their fathers sang them at Chancellorsville or Gettysburg.

At the time of the Crimean War such songs as "Cheer, Boys, Cheer," the most inspiring thing the veteran Henry Russel ever wrote, or sang, and "Tramp, tramp, tramp," filled every corner of Great Britain with martial ardour, until every tiny schoolboy squared his shoulders and strutted down the village, shouting, "I've a shilling in my fist, for a soldier I will list, while the merry drum and life bands march away!" No one can ever know how much these two songs did to cheer our men through all the rigours and hardships of that terrible campaign.

It is a curious fact, however, that the military songs of to-day are far more popular among civilians than among soldiers. "Tommy Atkins" was sung in every village room and whistled in every village street, and the more recent "Soldiers of the Queen" has aroused the same popular enthusiasm; but neither of these songs, nor the more remote "We Don't Want to Fight," has ever thoroughly caught Tommy Atkins's fickle fancy.

Perhaps he thinks such songs too suggestive of "shop" and not consistent with his modesty. At any rate, the fact remains that his favourites are found among the less militant songs of the "halls," preferably those with a dash of sentiment.

Tommy has a very tender place in his heart for every form of sentiment. I have seen hundreds of strong men break down altogether when listening to the "Old Brigade," for instance, especially at those pathetic lines:—

Not in the abbey proudly laid
Find they a place or part;
The gallant boys of the Old Brigade
They sleep in Old England's heart.

"Home, Sweet Home" has an undying fascination for Tommy, whether sung over camp fires thousands of miles from home to a silent accompaniment of tears, or sung gladly and proudly when war is over and home, sweet home looms nearer with every day's march.

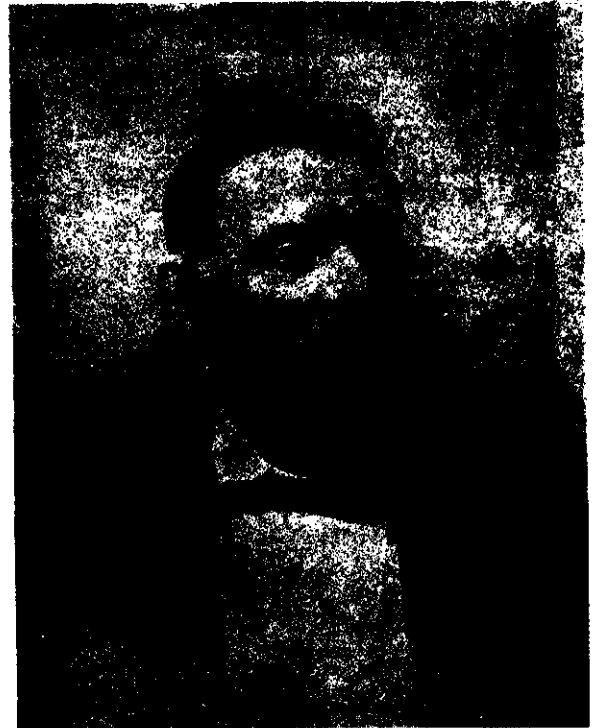
Tommy never grows weary of "The Girl I Left Behind Me," which, with its happy mingling of romance, sadness, and martial spirit, is an ideal soldiers' song. But Tommy's repertoire covers every song that has won favour in the music halls or concert rooms, and when one of them is started on a march, the strugglers fall in, the luggards square their shoulders, and, with a swing, one and all step out as gaily and briskly as if they were beginning instead of ending an arduous day.



THE GOVERNOR OPENING THE NEW WING OF THE OHIO BENEVOLENT HOME, WELLINGTON, JUNE 19.
Feeney, photo. GROUP OF TRUSTEES AND LORD RANPURLY.



THE GODFREY GROUP AT THE RECENT FANCY DRESS BALL GIVEN BY THE MAYORESS OF CHRISTCHURCH.
 Miss Godfrey, "Early Victorian period." Miss Fritchard, "New Zealand Flag."
 Master J. Godfrey, "Court Jester." Master D. Godfrey, "Farmer."
 Standish & Preece, photo.



HON. T. DUNCAN, M.H.R., OAMARU. The New Minister for Lands.
 Successor to the Hon. J. McKenzie (resigned).
 Kinsey, photo.

Bishop Lenihan and the Pope.

There was a very large congregation at St. Patrick's Cathedral last Sunday in order to hear Bishop Lenihan preach his first sermon since his return from Europe. His Lordship preached on the subject of his recent visit to Rome. Describing his audience with His Holiness the Pope, Bishop Lenihan said he was escorted to the audience chamber in the Vatican by the Swiss Guard, and soon found himself in the presence of the Pope. Upon seeing the venerable figure, he felt within him-



TROOPER JACK MOELLER, OF THE SECOND N.Z. CONTINGENT (HOYCH-KISS BATTERY).

Who died recently of enteric fever at Springfontein.
 Berry, photo.

self greatly excited, but so joyous and hearty was the welcome he received that he at once became quite at home. His Holiness inquired of him of the Church in his distant diocese of Auckland. He inquired of the priests, of the brothers, and the Sisters of Mercy, of the laity, and of their interest in the Church's welfare. He also inquired about the Catholic schools; in fact, His Holiness evinced the greatest



THE RIGHT REV. G. M. LENIHAN, D.D., ROMAN CATHOLIC BISHOP OF HAUPU, photo. AUCKLAND. (Recently returned from a visit to Rome.)

interest in every matter of detail in regard to the diocese. His Holiness also inquired of those who were outside the pale of the Church—what was their attitude towards the Church, and her work? Upon priests and laity, as well as on those outside the Church His Holiness bestowed his apostolic blessing, saying he wished well to them all.

At St. Peter's (Rome), the Bishop saw an immense procession, which included seventy-six Bishops, principally from South America. He also saw the slab which covered the heart of the illustrious Daniel O'Connell, who bequeathed his body to Ireland and his heart to Rome.

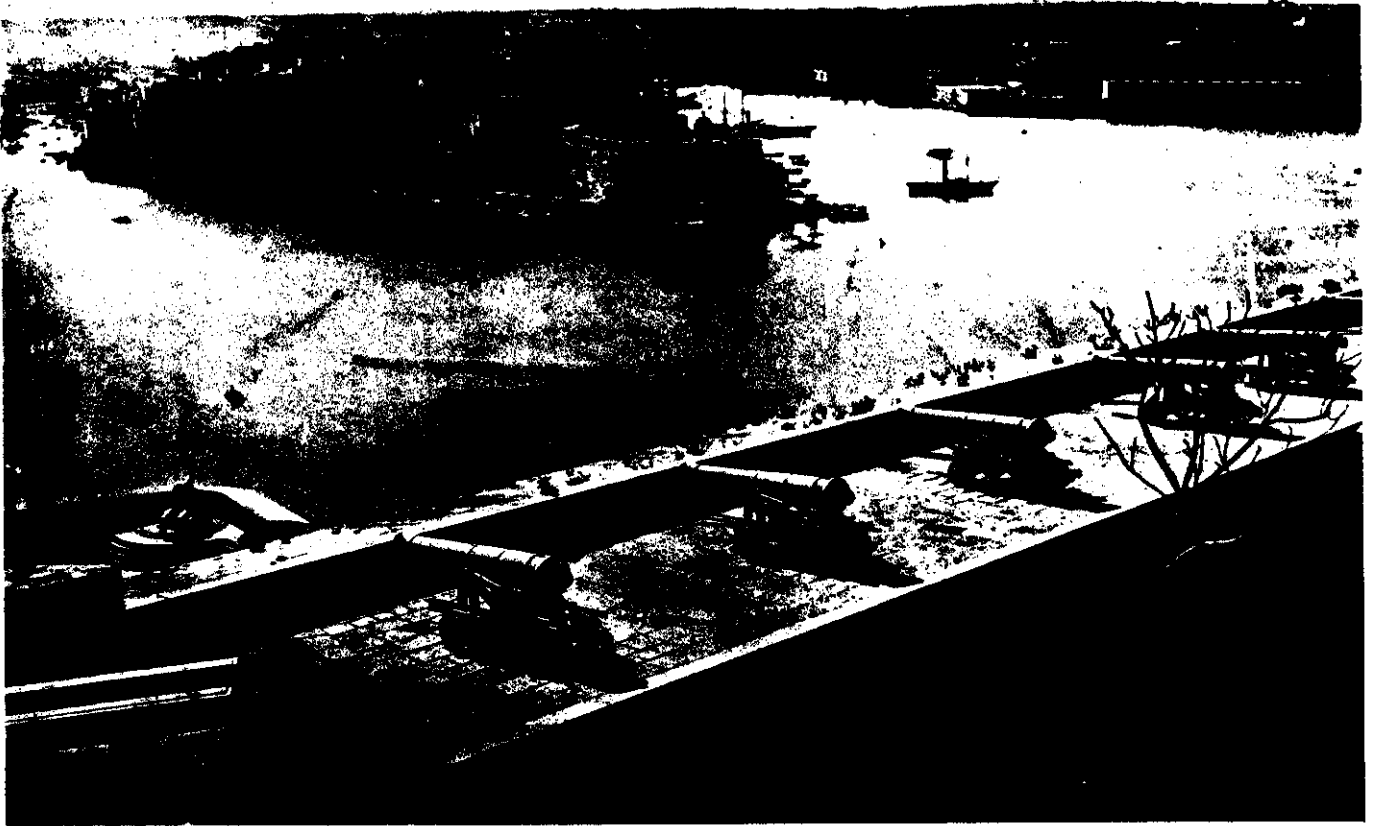
The Right Rev. Monsignor O'Reilly attended the Bishop at the throne. The Rev. Father Corcoran was deacon, the Rev. Father O'Hara sub-deacon, and the Rev. Father Purton was master of ceremonies.

At the conclusion of his sermon the Bishop delivered to the congregation the Pope's blessing.



VICE-ADMIRAL SIR E. H. SEYMOUR, K.C.B.

Vice-Admiral Sir Edward Hobart Seymour, K.C.B., who commanded the expedition despatched by the Allied Powers to rescue the Legations in Peking, but was unable to effect his purpose, is the cousin of Admiral Sir Michael Culme-Seymour. He entered the navy at the age of twelve, just in time to serve during the Crimean war. He took part in the capture of Canton, and went through the Egyptian war of 1882.

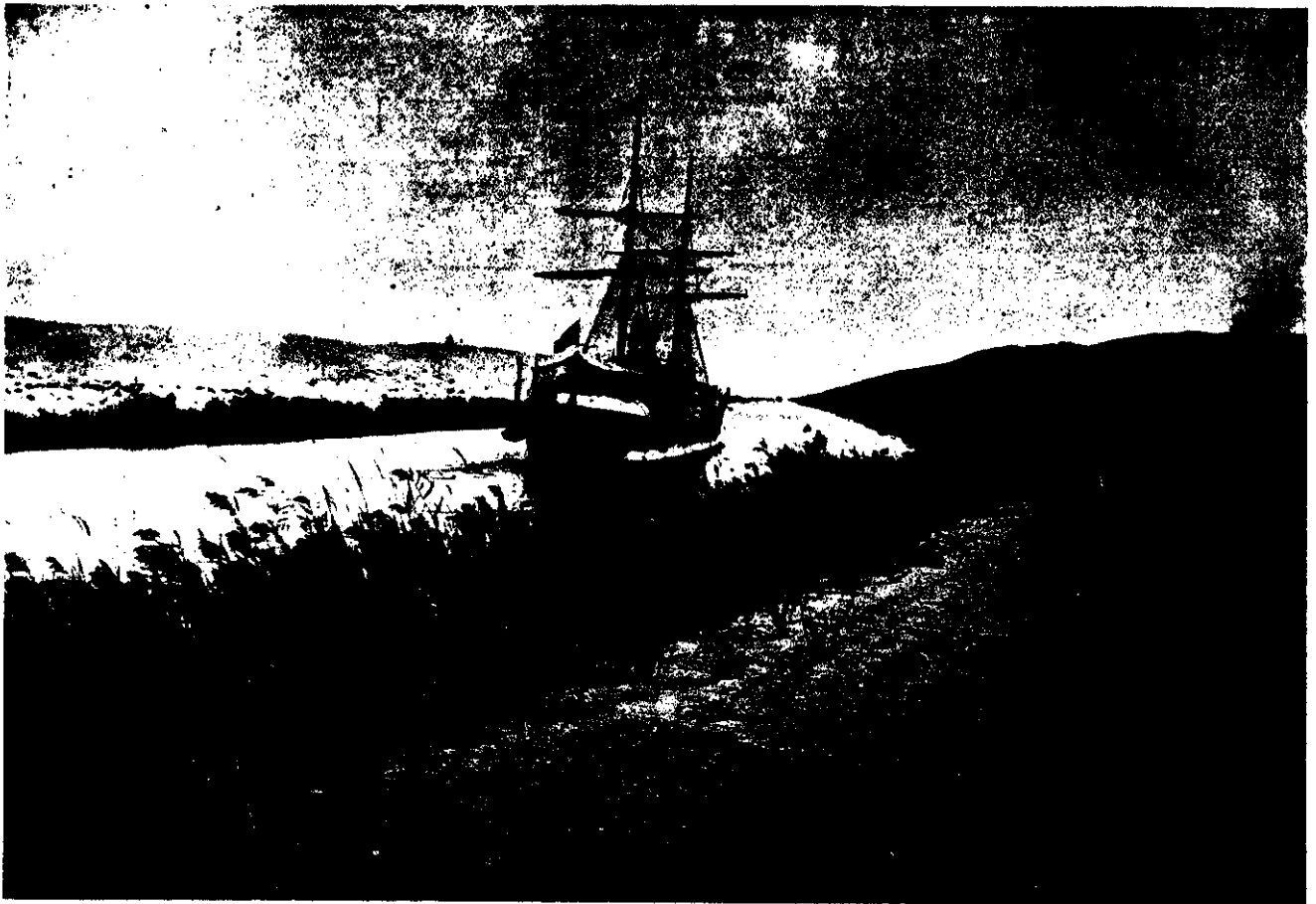


A NEW ZEALANDER ABROAD.—THE SALUTING BATTERY, MALTA.



C. Hemus, photo.

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.



IN THE CANAL.



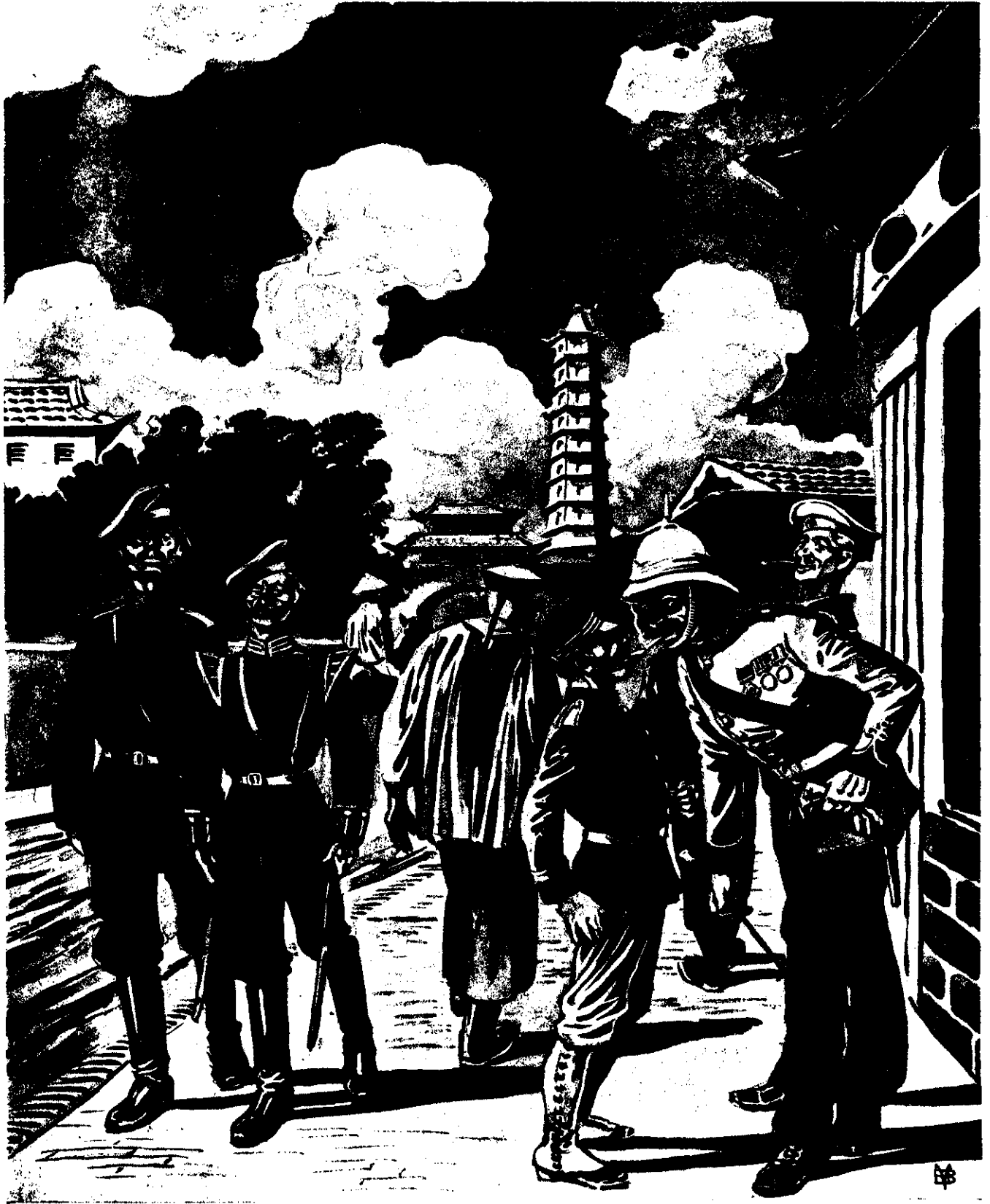
THE LANDING PLACE AND POST OFFICE STREET, PORT SAID.

A New Zealander Abroad.—Home via Suez.

[See "OUR ILLUSTRATIONS."



GENERAL VIEW OF PEKIN FROM THE AN-TIN GATE.



THE WAR IN CHINA.

AN ENTENTE CORDIALE IMPROVISO. A SKETCH IN THE STREETS OF TIEN-TSIN.



COMPANY LIMITED. LIABILITY TO FOLLOW.

FRANCE:—"VE, ALSO, MONSIEUR, WOULD LIKE A LOCK OF ZE, SCALE OF YOUR NEXT CUSTOMAIRE."

Men Who Have Won Commissions from the Ranks.

If it is in effect little more than a pleasant fiction that a Field Marshal's baton is within the reach of any British private, there are at least many instances to prove that it is possible for "Tommy Atkins" to bridge the gulf which divides the rank and file from the ranks of colonels and generals.

It is true that only one man in the British Army has succeeded in climbing from the very lowest rung in the ladder of promotion to the rank of a full general; and to discover him we have to go back to the far-away days of the Georges. Sir John Elley, who began his soldiering as a trooper in the Royal Horse Guards, won almost every honour, with one exception, that the army had to give.

He became a full general, the trusted friend and adviser of the Duke of Wellington, was thanked by Parliament, and knighted by George III., and in his days of retirement sat in Parliament for the Royal Borough of Windsor.



MAFEKING BANK NOTE DESIGNED BY BADEN-POWELL.

pidly that he was given a commission before he was thirty. He ultimately rose to the rank of lieutenant-general, and transmitted his gifts to a son and grandson, who became generals in turn.

The Gordon Highlanders have perhaps produced more men who have risen from the ranks than any other British regiment. It is not many years since Colonel Stacpoole, whose skill in superintending the embarking of our troops at Southampton has evoked so much admiration, joined the Gordons as a private. When he received his commission he was transferred to the Royal Irish Fusiliers, and has since done much excellent work in the Army Service Corps.

It was also a Gordon that General Hector Macdonald, the Inverness draper's apprentice, won the choice between the Victoria Cross and a commission, and was far-seeing enough to choose the latter.

Another "gallant Gordon" enjoyed the almost unique distinction of twice passing from the non-commissioned to the commissioned ranks. In the 3rd Battalion of the Worcester Regiment



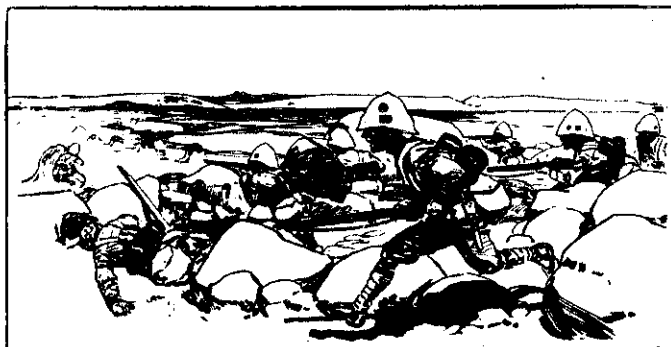
A CAPE CARTOON.—Exit the Ex-Presidents.

"BOBS": Now, that you've promised to behave yourselves, where do you want to go?
 STEYN: Amsterdam or Brussels, sir, if you don't mind.
 KRUGER: Perhaps Rhodes will lend me his residence at Capetown.

A contemporary and fellow-general of Sir John, though of lower rank, was General Anderson, who survived Waterloo by 7 years. Anderson, who was born in 1746, was the son of poor parents, and on his father's death his mother was so destitute and homeless that she was glad to cradle her child in a stone basin in the ruins Cathedral of Elgin.

When the boy grew to manhood he entered the East India Company's service as a private, and displayed such zeal and ability that he was promoted to the rank of general. His name is still associated with Elgin, where he was so strangely cradled, in connection with a charity for the relief of the poor.

When young Anderson and his mother were living among the ruins of Elgin Cathedral, Joseph Bromie was a drummer in the Royal Regiment of Artillery, then stationed at Minorca. He was a lad of singular smartness, and developed soldierly qualities so ra-



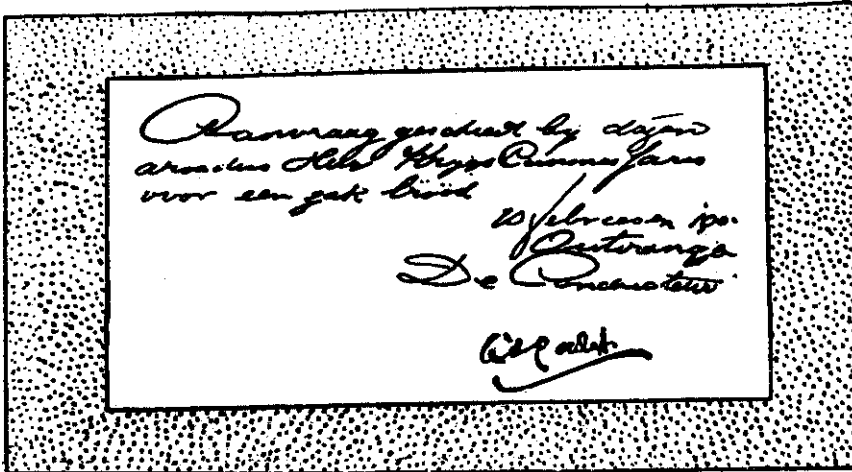
ENGLISH SOLDIERS ADVANCING ON THE BOERS UNDER COVER OF NATURE'S INTRENCHMENTS.

Mansell Fenwick rose to the rank of captain, only to resign his commission and enlist as a private in the Gordons, in which he quickly secured a restoration to commissioned rank.

Perhaps the only other example of a double promotion was in the case of John Shipp, a poor orphan boy of Suxmudham, in Suffolk, who enlisted in the 22nd Regiment of Foot more than a century ago. He fought with conspicuous valour in South Africa and India, and was twice commissioned before he was thirty.

Major-General Luke O'Connor, who won the Victoria Cross at Alina forty-five years ago, was a private soldier at eighteen and an ensign five years later, when he fought so bravely in the Crimea. He is happily still with us, and with Hector Macdonald is a striking example of the possibilities of the private soldier.

Another Major-General of our day who has risen from the ranks is Major-Genl. Sexton, now on the retired list.



THE LAST DOCUMENT SIGNED BY GENERAL JOUBERT.

This curious document was sold by Mr. Stevens at his auction mart recently for a good price. The translation of it is as follows:—"Request is made by this to the War Commissioner for one sack of bread. Received, 10th February, 1900."



MILITARY TOURNAMENT POSTER DESIGNED BY BADEN-POWELL.

Standing Armies and What They Cost.

What does it cost to be prepared to uphold the dignity of an Empire.

Some idea of the market value of a soldier may be obtained by looking at the figures paid in times of peace to keep up a standing army.

The United States maintain a standing army of 67,587 men. This costs them 150,000,000 dols. a year, or about 2219 dols. a year for each man. In English money each soldier is worth £444.

The next most expensive army is that of Great Britain. Our army in time of peace numbers 231,851 officers and men. To support these £29,167,000 is allowed, so that each of the soldiers that we see about the streets in time of peace is worth £86 to the nation.

In time of peace the German army only costs £43 per man. They number only 585,496 officers and men, and require 519,824,500 marks to house, clothe, and feed.

France keeps 616,475 men ready to fight Germany, and they cost 663,369,671l. to maintain, an amount which works out at 1976l. per man, of £43 a year of our money.

The Russian army on a peace footing is estimated to cost the Czar £37 a year for each of his 896,000 men.

The Austrian army on a peace footing consists of 361,693 men, and for the support of these the Government allow 145,324,750 florins.

Taking the florin at twelve to a pound, this is equal to £34 15s per man for a year.

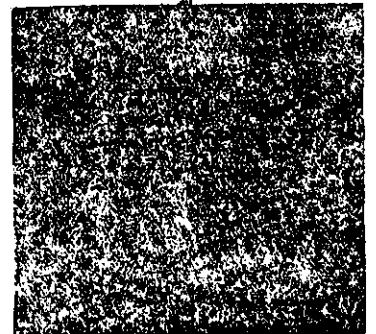
For cheapness the Italian army bears the palm. In times of peace they have only 301,602 men under arms, and these cost the country 261,445,281 lire. This amount is equal to £33 per man.



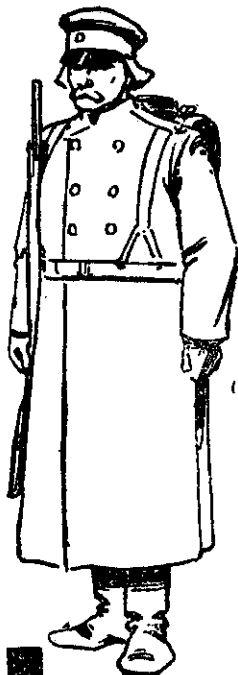
THE BRAVERY OF THE CAPE MOUNTED RIFLES.

From Maseru it is reported that the occupants of five schanzes held by the C.M. R. ran short of ammunition. Half-a-dozen of the troopers at once volunteered to get a fresh supply. Racing up a hill for 200 yards under a terrible fire they reached the ammunition waggon, seized a box each, and returned under a hail of bullets.

This is the most expensive Soldier in the World. He costs £444 per Annum.

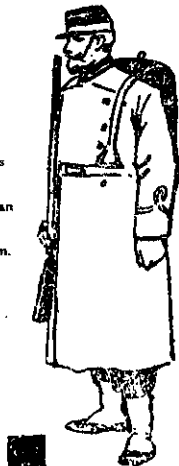


UNITED STATES



RUSSIA

Costs 237 per man per Annum.



FRANCE

243 per man per Annum.



GERMANY

£43 per man per Annum.



AUSTRIA

£34 15s per man per Annum.



ITALY

£33 per man per Annum.



ENGLAND

£444 per man per Annum.

Standing Armies and What They Cost.

THE FIGURES REPRESENT THE COMPARATIVE SIZE OF ARMIES, THE SQUARES INDICATE THE COMPARATIVE COST OF EACH SOLDIER.

Wonderful Jewellery.

The wonderful skill of the lapidaries and gem-setters of Manila can hardly be excelled. Strange to say, the jewellers are the women of the population, their taste and workmanship far surpassing those of the men. A writer in the "Manufacturing Jeweller" gives unstinted praise to these designers, who combine the ability of

the Moorish gem-workers with the patience and originality of the Chinese and Japanese craftsmen.

The shops are small, often mere dens, making a strange setting for the beautiful work done in the interior. Rents have been exorbitantly high, and under the Spanish system of taxation it was imprudent for a shop-keeper to display too much stock.

The customer is at first disappointed at the meagre assortment shown, and goes away irritated that he has been

the decoration of grandees' caps; dainty statuettes of coral, with the body and limbs formed of the stem and its branches; rosaries with beads like drops of blood; pendants of pure white pearls; great yellow pearls, the favourites of the Chinese merchants, and costly strings of pink pearls of peculiar iridescence.

As workers in gold and silver, these women are marvellously expert. It does not seem possible that the work the saleswoman is showing can be

golden ferns. Anything more graceful and artistic it would be difficult to find, except, perhaps, in the goldsmitheries of famous Ceylon.

The chatelaine is composed of solid ropes of gold, exact copies of Manila hemp rope even to the threads, with clasps designed like fish-hooks. The hat-pin is a miniature Malay creese, with a water-lily leaf for a handle, and the brooch a golden alligator, the scale work being a most ingenious imitation of nature.



THE MOST ORIGINAL FANCY DRESS AT THE RECENT BALL IN CHRISTCHURCH.

The dress represented pictures from the "Sketch" War Number. Standish & Preece, photo.



THE TRENCHES AT MAGERSFONTEIN.

induced to leave his name and address. Later in the day he receives an urgent invitation to repeat his visit. Should he refuse, the persistent, gentle little brown woman calls on him, or waits patiently on the steps of his hotel, her wares in a locked box under her rebozo.

If the customer pays a second visit to the shop, he is well repaid. It glitters and sparkles with its delicate treasures. Among them are necklaces of delicate pink coral; coral balls for

gold—nothing but gold—so fine and lace-like are the patterns. There is a chain, a necklace, a chatelaine, a hat-pin, and a brooch, all of the deepest yellow gold, from eighteen to twenty-two carats fine, and of exquisite handiwork.

The chain looks like a long, yellow braid of hair, tied at the clasp with a true-lovers' knot, that it may not unravel itself. The necklace is a flexible, delicate veined stem, from which branch pendants of the daintiest

The sum of one hundred and fifty-eight pesetas—thirty dollars and a half in gold—purchases the entire set of five pieces, which is less than would be asked in New York or London for the necklace alone.

The little brown woman has brought the crude gold from the country, made her own alloys, drawing out the gold wire and beating it with a hammer on an anvil, following step by step the most modern and scientific processes of metal smithing.



J. H. Brown, photo.

THE WELLINGTON AMATEUR OPERA SOCIETY IN THE "GRAND DUKE."



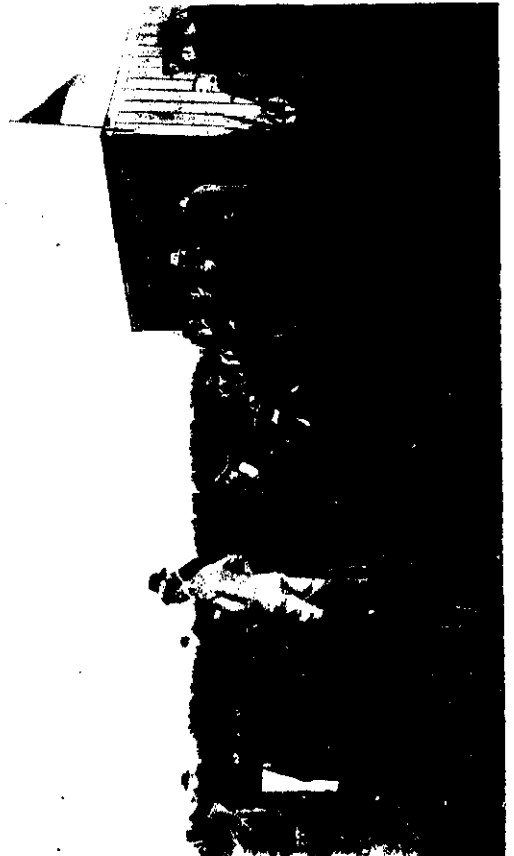
AN INTERVAL FOR REFRESHMENTS.



THE MACHINES WHICH SEND UP THE DUMMY BIRD.



MAJOR MORROW TAKING THE SCORES.



"FIRE."

The Northern Gun Club, Epsom, Auckland.



KITCHENER AND THE BOER MAIDEN.

HIS FIRST DEFEAT.

[See "OUR ILLUSTRATIONS."

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE NEW ZEALANDERS ABROAD.
HOME THROUGH THE SUEZ CANAL.

We make the following extracts from the letters of the kindly correspondent who is sending us pictures of his trip through the Suez Canal, and across the Continent to England. He says: "Our voyage from Colombo to Adea was uneventful, save for the usual board-ship squabbles, scandals, and amusements. We had athletic sports, dances, multitudinous tournaments of every sort of game, and two monster progressive euchre parties. At Adea, owing to the plague in India, we could not go ashore, but this was not much loss, as the steamer did not wait long enough for us to have visited the celebrated tanks, these vast receptacles requiring an excursion of several hours. Passing through the narrow straits of Bebel-man-deb, we saw where the splendid liner China was run ashore, and were amazed at the carelessness which could have entrusted a huge ship and hundreds of lives to subordinate officers in so dangerous a spot. The Red Sea behaved very well. It was certainly hot, but nothing unbearable, and the last night before we arrived at Suez was so comparatively cool that one young globe trotter assumed his overcoat, presumably for the purpose of afterwards boasting he had found the Red Sea so chilly he was obliged to wrap up. It was in the Red Sea we had the fancy dress ball, and this function was a brilliant success. A champagne bar was presided over by two extremely good-looking young stewards dressed as barmaids. Clean shaven, and with flaxen wigs they made extraordinarily fine-looking girls, and caused much merriment. Suez is an insignificant strip of houses, and seems as a city of the dead amidst a limitless expanse of sand on the one side, and sea on the other. Our stay here was very brief, and almost before we realised it we had entered the canal.

At first one imagines it will not be easy to be of the wonder of the thing. It looks almost as if one could jump ashore, so insignificant is the gap of water between us and the banks. A number of lady and lasses, in the scantiest attire, raced along the banks, just keeping up with the steamer, which goes at what seems to us a snail's pace. These lady disillusionise us as to the distance. They shout for pennies or fruit, and it is a very fair throw to get an orange or an apple ashore. The outlook becomes so monotonous and heat is so extreme that, as a fact, we soon retire to our deck chairs and leave one of the wonders of the world unobserved. Port Said we reached at night. It is probably the wickedest and vilest city in this earth. We walked round several of the dancing and gambling saloons, and the sights were certainly the reverse of edifying. [A detailed description of some of the scenes witnessed is given by our correspondent, but for various reasons we omit this.—Ed. "Graphic."] We took on a considerable quantity of coal here and some huge fish were brought on for the freezing chamber. They looked much like gigantic hapuku. I shall send the next series from Brindisi and Naples.

KITCHENER'S DEFEAT.

The following amusing yarn is related concerning Lord Kitchener, the subject of our picture. Whilst the lord of Khartoum was engaged in stamping out the rebellion in the Prieska district, he ordered the destruction of a farmhouse which was occupied—in the intervals of potting rooseks—by a party named Reitzman. Visiting the place a day later he found the house still intact. In the doorway of the doomed farmhouse stood a Dutch girl, pretty as a picture, her hands clasping the lintels and her eyes bidding defiance to the Irish sergeant who was in charge of the party of destruction, and was vainly endeavouring to persuade her to let them pass in. But to all his blandishments of "Arrah, Darling! Wishu now, Acushla," etc., the maiden turned a deaf ear, and a death-knock prevailed. Kitchener's sharp "What's this?" put a climax to the scene. The girl evidently guessed that this was the dreaded chief-of-staff and her lips trembled in spite of herself. Kitchener gazed sourly at her, standing bravely though tearfully there, and turned to his military ser-

retary. "Put down," he growled, "that the commander's orders with reference to the destruction of Right-man's farm could not be carried out owing to the unexpected opposition. Forward, gentlemen."

Writing of the Canadian volunteers who offered their services and were accepted by the Dominion authorities, a correspondent says:—"Verily they were a motley crowd. Some of them wore fur caps; some 'Stetsons,' or cowboy hats with a stiff brim; some had red 'tuques,' and reminded me of Masaniello; one desperado had a broken brown 'billycock.' Beside them the Mounted Police bushy with its yellow bag looked smartness itself. Many were clad in leathers, fur coats, reaching nearly to their heels; they looked the most comfortable. Some had buffalo or buckskin pea-jackets, which were certainly serviceable. A few poor devils had no overcoats at all, not even gloves. There were men in moccasins; there were men in shooting boots; there were men in riding boots, and men in rubber overshoes."

THE NORTHERN GUN CLUB, EPSOM.

On Saturday a very pleasant afternoon was spent on the range of the above Club, where a handsome silver-mounted pipe was keenly contested for by some 16 or 17 competitors. Quite a large number of ladies patronised the range, seats having been arranged in a sunny spot for their comfort.

Among those present I noticed the following:—Major Morrow, Drs. Hood and Owen, Messrs Whitney, Oldbury, Chatfield, Walker, Thornes, Noakes, Bell, Frost, Kelly, Bodwick, and Wilson. Among the ladies I recognised Mrs Morrow, Mrs Heathier, Mrs A. L. Wilson, Mrs Coates, and the Misses Coates, Mrs Wilson, Miss Brown, Miss Langford.

The firing was exceptionally good. Dr. Owen, with his usual steady firing, taking with ease everything that kept well up. Messrs. Whitney, Bodwick, and Kelly displayed some very pretty shooting. Dr. Hood and Mr Bell also keeping things lively. Mr Wilson's shooting won for him the trophy.

The results are:—Wilson, 1; Whitney, Bodwick, Bell, tie for 2nd.

Afternoon tea was supplied by some lady friends.

Several improvements have been made on the ground; a neat tea-room has been erected, a promenade has been sectioned off for the ontookers, and a good supply of seats provided.

The Chinese Question.

Living in the country districts one is apt to get behind in the news of the day; therefore I do not know if the following reflections on the Chinese question have occurred to any of your staff or correspondents. I must confess to a slight feeling of sympathy with the Chinese. However mistaken or wrong their ideas may be, the history of the secret society of the Boxers proves them to be acting from motives of patriotism, or what passes in the Chinese mind for patriotism. Their patriotism in this case takes the form of hatred of the foreigners, their rallying cry being apparently, "China for the Chinese." This may be a wrong and narrow-minded form of patriotism, but let us remember that the cry of Australia for the Australians, America for the Americans, and similar political shibboleths, have been raised among the white nations. In New Zealand itself, we often hear the remark: "Let us keep the money in the country," which is in effect the same cry. The Boers, too, are fighting ostensibly for the same principle. But their case is on a very different footing to the Chinese. They invited the Uitlander to develop the country for them; they obtained their semi-independence on a distinct understanding of equal political rights to all whites; and they, or their leaders, were engaged in a vast conspiracy to oust another white nation out of her colonies and seize them for themselves. Besides which they were not only not the aboriginal inhabitants of the country (like the Chinese), but treated the aborigines in a most cruel and despotic manner.

Now, China, unlike the Boer, has never invited the foreigner; indeed, has always fiercely resented his intrusion, and it has only been by means of various wars waged by England, France and America that she has

reluctantly opened a few ports—Treaty ports as they are called. Japan at first, as we all know, pursued the same course as China, but now she is rapidly becoming attached to Western ideas, and entering into a serious and successful competition with Western nations, both commercially and politically. There are, indeed, many statesmen who think it would have been better to have left Japan to herself from the first.

So, with China, many doubted the wisdom of the Chinese wars; some condemned them on moral grounds, opium being the article principally imported into China at first.

Another reflection that strikes one, is the inconsistency, not to say cant, of Europe and America's dealings with China. In these colonies we levy a poll-tax on Chinamen, in order to stop them coming. We do not want them; and yet we send out a lot of well-meaning missionaries to get them into heaven. If they are objectionable in this life, I should think they would be equally objectionable in the next; more especially, as is well-known in the colonies at least (I cannot speak of China), the average Christian Chinaman is a bigger rogue than the heathen Chinaman. I only once knew a decent Chinese Christian. He was a digger in the South Island, and he was what, in digger parlance, is known as a "real white man." He told me once he was a thorough Christian white man. "Me get drunk, all the same as white Christian." His observation of his fellow Christians had apparently led him to look upon intemperance as one of the rites of orthodox Christianity.

Again, we must admit, I think, that a good deal of cant is talked about Chinese vices. One sometimes even hears gambling quoted against them, which, surely, is rather like the kettle calling the pot black. One would think, from the way some people speak, that the great American, European and Colonial towns were quite free of vice, save where Chinamen collect. That they have many vices, and are often dirty in their homes and habits let us grant; so are many white inhabitants of the slums. Cant is always objectionable, and if we admit that if we have a racial antipathy to Chinese, which we all have, and which makes the idea of a white girl's marriage to a Chinaman, for instance, altogether repellant to our ideas, and also if we further admit that we object to the Chinese getting a monopoly of certain trades, and making money in our lands, which they save and finally take away with them to China, we shall have sufficient reasons for taxing them without cant.

Yet while we in the colonies and America levy a poll-tax on Chinamen, here are the great Powers, including Great Britain and America, fighting the Chinese because they object to foreigners in their country. In fact, the Powers say to the Chinese, you must admit white men freely to your country, but you must not emigrate to ours; at least, this is the case as regards Great Britain's Australian colonies and America, and there is doubt that France and Germany will take the same view.

Ignorant, narrow-minded and cruel though the Chinese may be, one cannot help having a little sympathy for them in their present war. They are fighting for their country against foreigners who, to their mind, no doubt, are bent on taking their country, forcing a religion on them they neither comprehend nor want, overthrowing their ancient worship. The Chinese proper, it is true, hate their Manchurian rulers, but both rulers and ruled would far sooner fight out their own battle without foreign intervention. China must, of course, come under Western civilisation for their own ultimate benefit, as Russia, England, and France rule their Asiatic subjects despotically, but in the main kindly and justly; but the Chinese may surely be excused if they fail to see at present the benefits they will eventually receive under foreign rule. And also we may doubt ourselves if the task of subduing and civilising (to our standard) 400,000,000 frugal, cunning Chinamen, possessed of fighting and commercial instincts, is not too high a price to pay for the commercial advantages to be derived therefrom, to say nothing of the constant risks of European jealousies and complications.

S.C.R.

Whakapirau, Kaipara.

Exchange Notes.

Gold returns this month showed an increase of £12,862 over the output for May, the total yield being £250,711 14/4.

The Ethel Reefs Company, Thames, crushed during June 49 tons of ore for bullion worth £2 61/9s.

South British Insurance shares sold from 64/ to 65/, and are still in demand at a shade under the latter figure.

Many Queen return was a poor one, only £901 10/1 being obtained from 709 tons. Shares were sold at 1/9.

Bank of New South Wales shares were inquired for at £43, but no seller quoted.

Moanatuairi tributers treated 42 tons of ore for a return of bullion worth £167 7/10.

At the Fame and Fortune mine, Mr Kersey Cooper is meeting with better results. This month 132 tons of ore returned £478 13/11.

The Talisman Consolidated Company took over the Talisman Company's property as from July 1. Talisman shares sold and are still wanted at 11/.

Many Queen tribute parties for June crushed 40 tons of ore and obtained £269 7/8.

The Waipi Gladstone Company's property was sold by auction this week for £1100, being bought by a local syndicate.

Taupiri Coal shares firm, being wanted at 19/. Hikurangi Coal sold at 8/6.

Important developments are reported at the low levels in the N.Z. Crown mines. Shares have been in request at 12/3.

At an extraordinary general meeting of the Jewel G.M. Company held this week the statement of accounts showed a debit of £60 2/2. Mr J. T. Julian, sole liquidator, was instructed to levy a call of one-half-penny, so as to wind up the company at once.

Auckland Gas, new issue, shares sold at 222/, and old issue at 288/.

National Insurance changed hands at 17/6, and were wanted at 17/3.

Buyers came in for Northern Boot shares at 9/, but no sales resulted.

Mining stocks had fair demand this week, with few alterations in value.

Tribute parties in the Kurau-Caledonian mine during the past month treated 53 loads of general ore and 100 lbs of picked stone for a yield of bullion valued at £367 9/1.

The return from the Waiotahi mine for the past month's operations was 2040z of retorted gold. This shows an increase of about 250z upon the previous month's output.

In the Kapowal mine, Guntown, the lode has widened to fully 34 feet, and the ore also improved in quality, as on breaking down, gold could be seen all through the stone. The promising feature about the ore is that the gold goes well into the stone. The new lode has also improved in size, and continues to show gold.

The Golden Cross lode should be met with in the 110 feet at No. 4 level in the Alpha mine if the reef keeps its present course. No. 4 reef is 6 feet wide, and the ore broken from it is of a very promising character.

Hartley and Riley shares sold at £7 15/ this week; Manuherika, £4 5/; Nelson Creek, 21/ and 18/6; Cromwell, 84/; Electric, 59/6, 59/3, 61/, and 61/3; Gold Queen, 3/4; Golden Point, 24/; Junction Electric, 43/6; Vincent, 78/, 79/, and 78/6; Wainumu, 27/6; Gold King, 20/3; and Magnetic, £3.

The crushing plant of the Taumu Broken Hills Company is expected to resume operations this week, as the cyanide plant has been completed. A call of 2d per share was made this week, which it is hoped will be the last, and that cost of future works will be defrayed from bullion won out of the mine.

The Clarence River Dredge, N.S.W., is expected to be working in five or six weeks' time. This is largely owned by Auckland shareholders.

Bunker's Hill shares doubled their price this week. The cross leader shows strong colours and dubs of gold.

Hauraki No. 2 shares had buyers this week owing to the leader improving in size from 12 to 15 inches.

CHEMISTS' LABELS in endless variety may be had at the "STAR" PRINTING WORKS.

The stone is full of mineral, and gave prospects of coarse gold.

Grace Darling mine and battery, building, water race, and cyanide plant, etc., which cost £12,000, were purchased by tender this week for £2750 for the Waitakauri G.M. Co.

In the Eclipse mine, Thames, the reef at No. 2 level is 12 feet thick, but only 5 feet of the hanging wall is broken out.

Komata Reef shares sold up to 2/9, with further buyers at 2/7.

Barrier Reef shares changed hands at 7/. Good progress is being made with the Company's reduction works.

Devonport Ferry shares were inquired for at 35/6, but no sales were reported.

The New Four-in-Hand Company during the past month treated 130 tons of ore for a return of bullion valued at £530 12/4. This brings the total output up to £7960 9/5.

Tributers in the Nonpareil mine have completed a crushing of ore for a return of £56 11/7.

The New Hauraki Gold Properties treated 14lbs of picked stones for 32oz 10dwt of gold, valued £94 5/.

The gold returns for May for the whole colony totalled £110,860, against £100,161 in May last year. The return for the year, however, so far still shows a decrease on the same period last year of £28,757.

THE DRAMA.

The Steele-Payne Bellringers and Biograph Company opened in the Auckland Opera House on Monday last.

The Dix Gaiety Company continue to attract big audiences to the Auckland City Hall.

A recital of sacred music, pictorially illustrated, was given in the Auckland Choral Hall on Sunday evening last. The pictures of Milton's "Paradise Lost," which illustrated the lecture by Mr Eugene Hulise, were greatly appreciated. Musical items were given by Miss A. Lorrigan, Miss Clara Lorrigan, and Mr A. L. Edwards. Mr Hawkins, R.A.M., gave an organ recital.

Friends of Mr Howard Chambers, of Auckland, who has lately been with Mr Rickards in Sydney, will be pleased to hear that there is a probability of Mr Chambers being engaged by Mr Williamson for the new opera of "Floradora."

According to all accounts Mr Fuller's companies in Christchurch, Wellington and Dunedin all spell success at this moment.

The latest addition to the Pollard Opera Company is Miss Levoi, of Wellington.

An original sensational drama by G. H. Goddall, entitled "The Relief of Ladysmith," originally produced in Masterton, has since been played in Greytown, Wellington, and has evoked great enthusiasm.

The Wellington Amateur Opera Society do not expect to have much of a surplus from their production of "The Grand Duke." The opera was not so well patronised as was expected.

Mr A. H. Adams, once of the Wellington "Post," and lately secretary to Mr J. C. Williamson, takes with him to London several original works for the stage.

The new prima donna of the Royal Comic Opera Company is Miss Ada Winston-Weir, and is described as attractive in appearance and possessed of a soprano voice of great range. Her acting, however, is not on a par with her singing.

The chorus girls of New York have formed what they call the Anti-Nuptial League. In joining it they agree to abstain from matrimony for five years, and if the obligation is violated they sacrifice all dues and fees paid into the treasury.

A Paris contractor's offer to re-build the Theatre Francais in sixty days by employing American methods has been rejected on the ground that as the edifice belongs to the State, its construction must remain in the hands of State officials.

Mr and Mrs Hannibal A. Williams, whose Shakesperian recitals have been so well received in Auckland and Wellington, have arranged to give a series of private recitals in Christchurch.

We never really know what luxuries actresses possess until some unfeeling fellow breaks into their trunk and a suit follows. As, for example, Miss Josephine Hall fled suit recently in the United States Circuit Court in New York to recover £600 damages

from the Pennsylvania Railway for articles alleged to have been stolen from her trunk while being handled by that corporation. The list of articles appended to the complaint includes a cigarette holder set with diamonds, a gold-tip paint holder set with cat's-eye and diamonds, a gold smelling-salts bottle set with diamonds, twelve pairs of silk stockings, and a gold purse set with pearls and diamonds.

Eleanora Duse, interviewed recently by the Vienna Mode, said that, in her opinion, Tolstol stood by the side of Shakespeare. She thought the theatre could never take again the great place it deserves until the works of the great masters of dramatic poetry were restored to the stage. In reference to recent rumours about her own life, she said that every artist had legends invented about him or her, and she had no time or desire to give vitality to those about her, either by confirmation or denial, especially as life was bad enough, even with all the lies in it. She spoke against the custom of keeping memoirs. "The best solution of the problem of life is an early death. A woman ought not to live to a very old age."

During the clearing of the ruins of the Theatre Francais a curious discovery has been made. Among a mass of cinders and charred wood an inventory, written on a strip of pasteboard, quite untouched by the fire, has been found, which will certainly be preserved by the Comedie Francaise as a relic. This is the enumeration of a number of ladies' dresses and men's costumes which were contained in a large wardrobe now totally destroyed, and some of which may be described as having had an historic interest. Among these are toilettes worn by such famous actresses of the past as Mile. Croizette, Mme. Madeleine Brohan, who died recently, and Mme. Favart, in their most celebrated parts, and costumes in which Talbot,

Bressant, Delaunay, Got, and the Coquelins played some of their best-known characters.

SARAH BERNHARDT.

Some pages have been published in Paris of the memoirs of Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, which have been ready in manuscript for some years past, but which the actress had not yet made up her mind to bring out in book form. The chapter given deals with Mme. Bernhardt's first experience of the stage when a child of ten. Sarah Bernhardt was a pupil in the Convent of Grand Champs. On the occasion of a visit from Mgr. Sibour, Archbishop of Paris, on St. Catherine's day, the Mother Superior had arranged for a performance to be given by the children of a sacred play, written by one of the nuns, Sister Theresa, the subject being the Journey of Tobias.

Sarah, in whom the dramatic instinct was already strong, cried her heart out because she was not chosen to act a speaking character in the piece. She knew every line in every part, and thought it very hard not to have a word to say. But the unconquerable state fright of little Louise, who was to be the angel that led Tobias on his way, gave the ambitious Sarah her chance. She volunteered bravely for the part, proved that she knew every word of it, and was accepted. All went swimmingly during the rehearsals and Sarah felt a born actress.

The great day came, the Archbishop arrived in state, and the youthful artist first experienced stage fright. Her nervousness was not diminished by tripping her feet up in the angel's robes when she came on and falling flat on her face. Having been picked up and her tears wiped away she struggled through the part somehow, but has no idea to this day how she managed it. At last it was over and she found herself being complimented by Mousigneur. The Archbishop asked her

name. On being told that she was called Sarah he exclaimed, "Ah, we will have to give her a new one."

The Mother Superior then explained that such was indeed the intention of the child's father, who meant to have her christened the following month and baptised Henrietta. Kissing little Sarah, Mgr. Sibour made her promise to learn Esther's prayer from Racine, to recite to him the next time he came. A few days later the children were terrified to hear from the chaplain that the Archbishop had been murdered. This circumstance gives the date (1837) of Mme. Sarah Bernhardt's first experience on the stage.

THE PRINCE AND THE MANAGER.

The influential and personal interest that the Prince of Wales takes in the stage has done much to increase the popularity of the theatre. His Royal Highness does not hesitate to express his disapproval as well as his approval of the entertainments to which he gives his patronage. He is very outspoken, as firm generally in his condemnation as he is generous in his praise. Mr. Sutherland Edwards, in his new and interesting book of reminiscence, tells a capital story of the Prince that redounds as much to the credit of the critic as to the manager. When Sir Augustus (then Mr.) Harris brought out the "Meistersinger," the Prince of Wales went to him on the stage and said, "Mr. Harris, what could make you produce this work?" "I felt it would be weak on my part," said Harris, repeating the conversation to Edwards, "simply to say that I was sorry it did not please the Prince," and I replied boldly, "because, your Royal Highness, it is a masterpiece." "Nothing of the kind," replied the Prince, turning upon his heel. "Some nights afterwards the Prince," continued Harris, came to me on the stage again. "Mr. Harris," he said, "you were quite right. The 'Meistersinger' is a fine work. I like it more and more every time I hear it."

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ENGAGEMENTS.

The engagement is announced in Nelson of Mr W. Wratt to Miss Stephens, late of Fiji, but who is now living in Nelson.

ORANGE BLOSSOMS

TONER—TOLE.

A quiet but pretty wedding was celebrated at the Bishop's private chapel, Auckland, on Wednesday, when Miss Rita Tole, only daughter of Mr W. Tole, surveyor, was married to Mr T. St. Laurence Toner. The ceremony was performed by the Right Rev. Dr. Lenihan, assisted by the Right Rev. Monsignor O'Reilly, Very Rev. Dr. Egan, O.S.B., Very Rev. Gillan, Revs. Kehoe, Mahoney and Corcoran (recently arrived from Dublin). The bride, who was given away by her father, looked charming in a smart travelling costume of royal navy blue cloth, with white brocade silk vest and revers, royal blue velvet toque with touches of pale blue. She carried a lovely shower bouquet of double white azaleas, blush roses and maiden hair fern tied with long streamers. Miss Margaret Tole, daughter of the Hon. J. A. Tole, Crown Prosecutor, was first maid of honour, and was attired in a pretty electric blue frock with white silk pleated yoke, electric hat with blue bow in front. Miss Marguerite Tole, daughter of Mr D. Tole, wore a tasteful brown velvet frock, brown velvet hat with turquoise blue bow and strings. Each carried a basket of narcissi and ferns. Mr Frank Whitaker officiated as best man. At the close of the ceremony the bridal party, which included only the immediate relatives of the bride and bridegroom, together with the Bishop and clergy, went to the residence of Mr John Tole's, where a recherche breakfast was partaken of, and the usual toasts proposed and duly honoured. The bride and bridegroom were the recipients of a large and beautiful collection of wedding gifts. Amongst the number was a piece of plate, presented to the bride by members of the choir of the Sacred Heart chapel, with which the bride has so long been connected. Mr and Mrs Toner left for Wellington, where they intend to spend some months, but will return to Auckland to reside. Miss Tole (aunt of the bride) wore a black costume; Mrs J. A. Tole, black brocade skirt, white silk bodice veiled in black lace, black toque with violets and black feathers; Mrs D. A. Tole, wore black and heliotrope, heliotrope toque with white feathers; Mrs Dempsey, grey coat and skirt, bonnet to match; Miss Eileen Tole, black skirt, white corduroy velvet blouse; Miss Nellie Tole, white silk, blue hat.

NOVELTIES IN CARDS. For BALL PROGRAMMES MARRIAGE INVITES WEDDING NOTICES CONCERT TICKETS CONCERT PROGRAMMES IN MEMORIAM CALLING, etc., etc. JUST RECEIVED. "STAR" PRINTING WORKS. AUCKLAND.

Personal Paragraphs.

A number of personals from our Wellington and other correspondents arrived too late for the present issue. Correspondents are asked to note that all news must reach this office not later than Monday for the same week's issue.

Miss Coward (Mrs Wynn-Williams' niece) is returning from Christchurch to England by the Paparoa, leaving from Wellington next week.

Mr and Mrs Graham Roberts (of Christchurch) nee Miss Raphael, are going to England on a visit, and are passengers by the Paparoa, leaving Wellington on the 12th July.

Professor and Mrs Mitchell Clarke, of Christchurch, have gone up to Wellington for the vacation.

Miss Nora Merton, of Christchurch, goes up to Wellington at the end of this month with the hockey team, and will be the guest of Mrs Embling, Tinakori Road. While there she will make her debut, and will no doubt have a very gay time.

Miss Molet has rooms with Mrs Preston at Sumner for the winter.

Mr and Mrs Rutherford (New Plymouth) came down to be present at the wedding of Professor Rutherford in Christchurch.

Mrs A. Davidson, of the Bluff Hill, Napier, is paying a visit to Mrs Troutbeck, of Wanganui.

The Misses Seale and Balfour contemplate taking over the "Geisha" tea rooms, Napier, now carried on by the Misses Morecroft.

Miss Simcox, of Waipukurau, is staying with Mrs Coleman, of "Waltitirau," Barrack Hill, Napier.

Mr F. Moeller, of Napier, received this morning the sad news of the death of his brother, who went with the First Contingent to South Africa. His death took place at Springfontein, and on receipt of the information in Napier the flags were hoisted half-mast high throughout the town. Mr Arthur Gore and his step-son, Mr U. Burke, have been appointed registrar and assistant-registrar of births, marriages, and deaths in Napier.

Mr Gerald Allen, writing to his friends in Picton, says of two Marlborough boys that Lieut. Darcy Chaytor, who suffered severely from enteric fever, is going home to England for a few months to recruit his health, and Lieut. Canavan is still at a sanatorium near Capetown, but is progressing favourably. He also was a victim to enteric fever.

Miss E. M. Allen, who has been to Christchurch for Degree Day, has returned home to Picton with her Master of Arts and Honours diplomas. She is being congratulated by many friends, who are proud of Picton having produced the first girl graduate in the province.

Mr Smith, late wharfinger at Picton, left for England last week on important private business. Unfortunately, Mr Smith has had to resign his appointment, as the Government could not grant him six months' leave of absence. Mr Smith has been a most efficient officer, and the public generally regret his departure. Mrs Smith and family remain in Picton.

Miss Holm, Wellington, is spending her holidays with some of her old school friends, the Misses Allen, in Picton.

Miss Speed left Picton last week for South Africa, via Sydney, where she joins the Australasian. Miss Speed has letters of introduction to Mrs Pilcher, at the Cape, also to Lady Roberts, from her Picton relations. She will also be assisted in attaining her ambition of nursing the wounded by various old Picton friends—the Messrs. Allen, etc.—who are at the Cape.

Miss Glendinning has left Napier for Wairoa.

The Dean of Wainui is endeavouring to raise funds for the erection of a chapel at the north-east side of the Napier Cathedral, as a means of commemorating the declaration of peace in South Africa. It is estimated that the building will cost about £700.

Captain H. De Lisle, cousin of Dr. De Lisle, of Napier, is doing good work in South Africa, and has twice been commended for his skill and bravery on the field of battle.

Mr J. H. D. Kerr, of the Union Bank, Napier, has been promoted to Wellington. He was previous to his departure presented by the manager, Mr Antill, with a handsome Gladstone bag. The presentation was made on behalf of his fellow-clerks, by whom he will be greatly missed.

Mr Arthur Towsey, the well-known musician of Auckland, has been asked to accept the post of organist at St. Matthew's. Mr Towsey occupied the position some years ago, but resigned for a period. It is now hoped he will again give the congregation his valuable services.

Sir John Hall, who has been spending some time in Auckland, returned home last week.

Mr Chas. Winkelmann, who has been appointed Director of the Government Native Technical Schools at Whirinaki, Hokianga, is at present in Auckland on business in connection with technical work.

Mrs Lucas, of Blenheim, is taking advantage of the midwinter holidays to pay a visit to friends in Wellington.

Dr. Gale, of Kaikoura, is visiting Blenheim, where he is staying at Mrs Waddy's, Maxwell Road.

Mrs C. H. Mills, Dunheath House, Blenheim, has gone to Wellington, to participate in the gaieties of the session.

Miss Bradford, of Wellington, is visiting her sister, Mrs Sturtevant, in Blenheim.

Miss Parsons, of Kaikoura, has come to spend a few weeks in Blenheim, and is staying at Mrs Waddy's.



SIR CLAUDE MACDONALD, BRITISH AMBASSADOR AT PEKIN.

Miss Stace, Robin Hood Bay, has been spending a week with Mrs Chaytor, "Marshlands," Blenheim.

Mrs Gillon (Wellington) is paying a visit to Mrs Richardson "Meadowbank," Blenheim.

Miss Mabin (Blenheim), has gone to make a short visit to friends in Wellington.

Mrs Lambie has returned to Birch Hill, after spending a fortnight in town with Mrs Chaytor, at "Marshlands," Blenheim.

Miss Broad (Wellington), arrived in Blenheim on Saturday, to pay a visit to various friends.

Mr J. Moore, Wellington, of the Missions to Seamen, is doing yeoman service in the cause of temperance among the seamen, having persuaded no fewer than 263 seamen to sign the pledge of total abstinence during the year.

Mr G. Fowlds, M.H.R. for Auckland city, lectured on South Africa in the Terrace Congregational Schoolroom in Wellington, and was accorded a good reception.

Professor and Mrs McKenzie, Wellington, are on a visit to the Hon. John McKenzie.

Miss Cornwall, New Plymouth, is paying a visit to Mrs W. T. L. Travers, at the Lower Hutt, Wellington.

Mrs Adams, Wellington, has been spending a few days at Featherstone with Mrs W. Barton.

Miss Iris Hunter Brown left Nelson on Friday to return to her missionary work in Japan. Her mother and sister accompanied her as far as Wellington. There were also a large number of friends on the wharf to wish her God speed.

Mrs Pearson returned to Wellington last week after an enjoyable visit to sunny Nelson.

Miss D. Pollen, of Wellington, who has been on a visit to Mrs Hunter Brown, Nelson, returned to her home last week.

Mr Skerrett, of Wellington, was the guest of Mr and Mrs Kingdon, Nelson, last week.

Mrs Dr. Morris is visiting her parents, Mr and Mrs Seddon, in Wellington.

Very pleasant afternoon teas were given during last week by Lady Douglas and Mrs Pynsent in Wellington.

In our issue of June 30th a photograph of Lieut. Howell, and another of Lieut. Collett were acknowledged to the wrong photographer. The pictures were taken by Mr Kinsey, the well-known photographer, to whom we now express our regret that the mistake should have occurred, and our indebtedness for his courtesy to us in forwarding the prints.

Professor and Mrs Brown, Wellington, are spending the mid-winter vacation of Victoria College in Nelson.

Mr McMaster, a member of the Royal Irish Academy, is visiting New Zealand for the benefit of his health, and is at present in Wellington. Mr McMaster intends staying some months in New Zealand before returning to Ireland.

Mr George Hutchison, M.H.R., leaves for South Africa with his family about the end of July, and his large residence in Hobson-street, Wellington, is to be sold this week.

Mr and Mrs Herries, Bay of Islands, have arrived in Wellington for the session, and are staying at Mrs Malcolm's, on The Terrace.

Mrs Carille, Napier, has returned home from her six weeks' visit to Wellington.

Mrs Nancarrow, of Greymouth, is visiting Nelson.

Miss Webb-Bowen left Nelson last week for Wellington, where she will spend several weeks enjoying the gaieties of the Empire City.

Miss D. Richmond, Wellington, is on a short visit to Mrs Arthur Atkinson, Nelson.

Miss Leggatt has returned to Nelson after a lengthy visit South.

A STAFFORDSHIRE LADY WRITES OF N.Z. EXPERIENCES.

An interesting interview is that which Mrs. C. J. Oulsnam granted for publication to a local pressman.

Mrs. Oulsnam, a happy smiling lady with plenty of endurance and spirit, is a colonist of whom we may well be proud. When seen at her residence, Pinfold Road, Woodville, she said:—"It is now thirteen years since I came out here from Staffordshire. Bush life then was rougher than it is now, and luxuries were not numerous but despite all the hardships I had excellent health till eight years ago when I developed a serious internal complaint. For four years I had medical treatment, and was at one time an inmate of the Napier Hospital. At last I was cured of my internal trouble, but it had taken all my strength away, and I suffered greatly from debility and rheumatism. The aching and stiffness in my joints made life miserable, and I was so weak that I could scarcely perform domestic duties. I lost my appetite, could not sleep, and I became listless and despondent. Again I consulted a physician but I did not improve. A gentleman told my husband how Dr. Williams' Pink Pills had cured him, and I reluctantly commenced them, never believing they would cure me. But half a box improved me somewhat, and the rheumatic pains left me. Six boxes cured me, and to-day I am in perfect health. I know several who have been permanently benefited by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I use them for my children. I recommend them on every occasion."

As they act upon the blood it is natural that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills should be a remedy for rheumatism, debility, anaemia, eczema, and other diseases which arise from impoverished blood. They have cured paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, rickets, consumption, bronchitis, etc. They are obtainable, post free, three shillings per box, from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Wellington, and are sold by chemists and storekeepers—but mind you ask for Dr. Williams'. Do not listen to substitutes who offer you common pills, dyed pink.

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JOHN BRONCO, Esq., the eminent actor writes—"I think it an invaluable medicine for members of my profession, and have always recommended it to my brother and sister artists."

Mr. Thomas Brown, Chemist, Llandilo, October 1st, 1905, writes—"Singularly, I have commenced my fifth 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."

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Society Gossip

AUCKLAND.

Dear Bee, July 1.
The great event of last week was the MONSTER PATRIOTIC BALL, given in the Choral Hall in aid of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and for the Protection of Women and Children. The decorations, the supper, the floor, and the music were all perfect, and the dance was one of the biggest successes I ever remember in Auckland. Owing to the length of my list of dresses I cannot spare space to further describe the function, but it certainly did credit to all concerned. The following were the committee:—Mesdames Moss Davis, Alexander, A. Taylor, Holland, N. A. Nathan, St. Clair, Nelson, Corbett, Coleman, Goodall, Devore, Dargaville, Knight, S. T. George, McCosh Clark, T. H. Lewis, J. C. Macky, Morton, Benjamin, and H. Brett. Mesdames Archdale Taylor, Goodall, St. Clair, and Miss Alexander were responsible for the decorations, and Mesdames N. A. Nathan, A. O. Knight, I. Alexander, T. H. Lewis, and W. Coleman for the supper, which was served under the direction of Mr A. F. Stilwell. Good service was also rendered by Miss Porter, secretary, and Mr Henry Wilding, chairman of the Society. We are desirous by the committee to convey their thanks to all those who assisted so liberally in supplying the supper and the decorations, including various shops, also to Mr Stilwell, who so ably superintended the supper arrangements.

THE DRESSES.

Mrs Lionel Benjamin, very handsome costume of black brocaded satin finished with steel passementerie and tulle trimmings; Mrs Moss Davis looked extremely well in a black satin veiled in lace, with silver ornaments; Mrs Isidor Alexander, white satin veiled in black lace, diamond ornaments; Miss Alexander, white satin, with red flowers on corsage and in coiffure; Mrs Arch. Taylor, black silk veiled in net and relieved with pink mounted roses; Mrs St. Clair, very handsome and striking black silk with veiling of net, figured with threaded gold in lover's knots pattern; Mrs Holland, black silk; Miss Holland, white satin, the decolletage was outlined with white roses mounted with greenery; Mrs Lusher, black silk, with lace flounce skirt outlined with gold braid; Mrs N. A. Nathan, white broche finished with pale green trimmings, and diamond ornaments; Mrs Nelson, black velvet, with jet ornaments; Miss Nelson, peach pink satin; and her sister wore a short black velvet costume finished with jet; Mrs Corbett, black silk; Mrs Coleman, buttercup brocade, finished with tulle, the decolletage was wreathed with violets; Mrs Goodall, black velvet with panels of silk on skirt, finished with black beads, carrying a lovely pink ostrich fan; Mrs Devore looked sweet and distinguee in a bouton d'or brocade, with bouton d'or crepon de soie; Miss Devore, pale pink silk, with two rows of white lace flounces on edge of skirt, black sash, flowers on decolletage; Mrs J. M. Dargaville looked regal in a black satin with flounced skirt, jet beads; Miss Dargaville, white satin, with turquoise blue velvet bands on skirt, the same outlining bodice; Mrs (Dr.) Knight, claret coloured silk, white cape; Miss Ida Thorne-George, lovely pink watered silk, made stylishly and simply, with folded bodice; Miss Hislop (Wellington), black silk, with waist-band of dome blue velvet, the corsage was outlined with the same, dome blue rosette in coiffure; Mrs T. H. Lewis, canary silk, finished with black; Mrs H. Brett, very rich black silk, with cape; Miss Brett looked pretty in a stylish ecru Swiss muslin over white silk, with azure silk vest, pink velvet waist-band, shoulder straps and sash; Miss Atkinson, pale green silk, with sash and streamers, relieved with white lace and pink roses; Mrs (Col.) Banks, misty, slaty blue silk, trimmed with velvet and silver beads; Mrs Ernest Benjamin, pale lemon coloured silk, with white lace sleeves; Mrs George Read Bloomfield, black silk relieved with pink; Miss Griffiths (Sydney), white silk, with flounced skirt, finished with gold ornaments; Mrs Lucas Read-Bloomfield, black silk costume, with cherry-pink silk bodice veiled in black lace, cherry velvet bows on shoulders; Miss Ruddle, white satin, finished with flowers; Mrs Bedford, black silk relieved with blue; Miss Wyld-Brown, rose-pink satin, en traine, with silver beads; Miss O. Cuff, white silk, with pink roses on shoulders; Misses May and Muriel Dawson were studied in white silk with lace; Mrs Donald; Miss Donald, lemon coloured silk, finished with lace and fringe; Mrs Cox, lovely white trained silk, with lace trimmings and roses on corsage; Mrs Gillies, black; Miss Gillies, pretty white silk; Mrs Ashton, black silk, trained, finished with lace; Mrs Bamford, black; Miss Cameron, grey muslin over silk, trimmed with bands of black velvet; Mrs W. H. Colbeck, pale grey silk, finished with pink; Mrs Cotter, handsome chartreuse green satin, with black lace over-skirt, trimmed with rows of ruffled satin ribbon and insertion in waved bayadere, stripes round the skirt from hem to waist, very handsome green chenille and beetlewing sequin applique corselet, and round low corsage; Miss Millie Cotter looked very pretty in an English dress of white honeycomb silk, made with vandyked tunic over white lace flounced skirt, turquoise blue velvet lover's knots caught at intervals down one side, front of corsage lightly draped, with tulle studded with sequins; Miss Choyce, white, finished with pink; Miss Dixon, cream brocade; Mrs W. Duthie, white moire, en traine; Miss Davey, canary silk; Mrs Edmiston, French grey silk, finished with bead trimmings and black silk; Miss Edmiston, soft mauve cashmere, with one mass of wavy rows of mauve satin drapery from corsage of mauve chiffon; Miss Fenton, white silk, with scarlet roses on decolletage and in coiffure; Miss Firth, black; Mrs (Dr.) Forbes (Paeron), black lace costume; Miss Gorrie, pale yellow brocade; Miss Mary Gorrie, oyster grey brocade, finished with black velvet; Mrs W. R. Holmes, black silk, finished with lace; Mrs Ireland, black satin; Miss Ireland, pompadour silk with simulated white satin flounce, relieved with bunches of roses, outlined with blue velvet bands; and her sister was similarly attired; Miss Hill, canary silk, with gold embroidery and red flowers, which suited the wearer to perfection; Miss Bell, canary silk, with sash and flowers; Miss Isaacs, black silk, with lace, the decolletage was finished with white tulle; Mrs Iredale, rich black satin, the bodice was veiled in black net, with silver sequins; Miss Levison, white silk, outlined with pink velvet; Mrs De Clive Lowe, black; Miss Lusk, white silk with sash; Mrs Leo Myers, black silk, veiled in black net, figured with grey chenille pattern; Miss Myers, pink satin; and her sister wore a maize silk; Mrs McDowell, black skirt, pink silk bodice; Miss McLachlan, black and white narrow striped silk, black silk bodice veiled in white lace; Mrs Fred. Baume looked extremely well in a white silk, with transparent tulle sleeves and decolletage; Mrs Sidney Nathan, white silk, with pearl passementerie; Mrs Masfield, black brocade; Miss Maggie McDonald, pale pink silk, trimmed with lace; Mrs A. Nathan, black silk; Mrs Edward Lewis, black silk; Mrs Hamner, black; Miss Julia Nathan, very becoming

white mousseline de sole, with bands of embroidery and lace insertion, red flower on forehead; Miss Kohn, white satin, with white beads, blue flower in hair and on shoulder; Miss Cooper (debutante) looked pretty in white; Mrs Littler, black satin.

THE PAKURANGA HOUNDS

met last Saturday at Sylvia Park, the residence of our master. The day was bitterly raw and cold. The hounds were thrown off on Mr Discomb's camp fire when a fine hare was soon started, which took the followers through Mr Wallace's, over the mountain, through Mr Ralph's avenue, away out into the Otahuhu Road, then doubled back by Dunn's Mountain to Mr Ralph's avenue, and away to where she was started. Here Pusie was lost. Another was immediately started in the swamp, which took the followers in a bee line toward Panmure. Our field during this run spread like buckshot. The serried masses of horsemen and horsewomen broke their ranks, the bold forged their way to the front, the timid lost any place of vantage gained at starting, whilst the slow fumbled placidly along in the rear, little caring whether they were first or last. The hard-riding division galloped furiously in advance trying to keep on level terms with the huntsman, who was doing his level best to pound the field, and often for a time succeeded. Forward the hounds raced with mute and deadly purpose, with their sterns extended, and were very much in advance of the followers. Amongst the half a dozen of the hard-riding division I noted Mr C. Purchas on Neck or Nothing, Mr Gorrie on Starlight, which at the last fence, one of the stiffest of the season, gave his rider a regular howler, Mr Burns on Squire, Miss M. Buckland on Villars, etc. Those who successfully negotiated this remarkable fence were in time for the kill, Mr C. Purchas carrying one of the pads home in triumph, he being first in at the kill. Excellent fencing was witnessed throughout the day, post and rails, stone walls and wire forming the obstacles. We then adjourned to the residence of the master by his kind invitation to partake of afternoon refreshment kindly provided by Mrs Ralph, ably assisted by Miss Muir. Amongst those present were:—Riding; Mr and Mrs Ralph (our master), Mr and Mrs Crowe, Miss Crowe, Mr and Mrs Rae, Mr and Mrs Moody, Miss Wynyard, Miss Abbott, Mr Wynyard, Mr William Read Bloomfield, Messrs Dunlavin, McLaughlin, Miss Morton, Mr Gorrie, Mr and Miss Harris, Mr Thomas McLaughlin, Miss N. Gorrie, Misses Stribley (2), Buckland (3), Roberts, A. Taylor, Mr H. Kinloch, Mr R. P. Kinloch, Colonel Dawson, Messrs Dawson, Lewis, Elliot, Elliott, Camner, Russell, Creagh, Schnackenberg, Morrin (2), Adams, Burns, Matthews (2), Rhodes, Dawson, McLeod, Somers, Clark, Waller, Pittar, Cotter, McCosh, Wood, Buckland (4), Denniston, Ralph (2), Selby, Evans, Upton, etc. Driving were:—Mrs and Miss



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The Primate and Mrs Cowie have issued invitations for Thursday evening next, when Professor Thomas will give a lecture on the "Natural History of Shells" at Bishopscourt.

My Hamilton correspondent writes: The

ANNUAL BALL

given by the Waikato Mounted Rifles came off on Friday evening, 6th ultimo, and was a delightful success. The Volunteer Hall was very prettily decorated with numerous flags, evergreens and war-like emblems, and here and there hung portraits of the leading generals in the Boer war. The floor was in capital order, and the music—supplied by the Hamilton band—was all that could be desired. A delightful supper was laid in the long room at the back of the stage, and ample justice was done to the numerous dainty dishes provided. After supper the Mayor (Mr Geo. Edgecombe) presented Volunteer Holden with the Company's Belt, won in the recent shooting competition, and also the handsome clock presented by Messrs Hallenstein Bros. The other prize-winners, Volunteers Runciman and Cox, were the recipients of silver-mounted pipes. The Mayor and Mr W. A. Graham gave short addresses to the volunteers. Mrs Hume (Auckland) wore black broadened silk, with jet and lace trimming; Mrs Edgecombe, black silk; Mrs W. Bright, black silk, crimson flowers; Mrs Coates, shot silk blouse, black silk skirt; Mrs Stevens, black; Miss Stevens, pale blue dress; Mrs Manning, yellow satin, white satin trimming; Mrs Major, white silk, handsomely trimmed with white lace; Mrs P. Bright, black silk; Mrs Slade, black and white; Mrs Mitchell, green velvet; Mrs Jas. Hally (Cambridge), black silk; Mrs Sandes, black silk relieved with pink; Miss Sandes, white silk, pearl trimming; Miss I. Sandes, pink silk; Mrs De C. Drury, white

satin with yellow velvet bands; Mrs J. R. Richardson (Cambridge), black velvet, transparent sleeves; Mrs J. Hettley, black silk; Mrs John Martyn (Cambridge), black silk; Mrs Cussen, black velvet; Miss Cussen, white muslin, white satin sash and trimming; Miss Willis (Cambridge), pale green silk dress, black velvet trimmings; Miss E. Willis, yellow dress, crimson flowers on bodice; Miss Williams (Waikou), creme silk, bunches of violets on bodice and violet sash; Miss Sturges, cornflower blue dress, red, white and blue trimmings; Miss Hurst, pale blue dress, satin trimmings; Miss Carey, pink nun's veiling; Miss M. Carey, heliotrope; Miss Martyn, shaded pink; Miss — Martyn, white; Miss Gill, yellow silk; Miss McDonald, mauve dress, silver gauze over skirt; Miss Willis, white dress; Miss F. Wilson, black skirt, blue satin bodice; Miss Holloway, yellow dress, brown velvet trimming; Miss Hunt, white; Miss Sage, white with red bebe ribbon trimmings; Miss Newell, yellow silk; Miss Bond, white muslin, white satin trimming; Miss L. Hayes, creme dress; Miss Shaw, white skirt, pink satin blouse; Miss Clements, creme and pink; Miss Ford, pink nun's veiling; Miss Williams, pale green; Miss A. Wilson, pink; Miss Davis, white relieved with red; Miss Allen, white, chiffon and satin trimmings; Miss A. Munroe, crushed strawberry silk; Miss Watkin, black and silver; Miss McVeagh, heliotrope silk; Miss Munroe, black skirt, heliotrope blouse; Miss Ramsay, black skirt, pink blouse; Miss E. Coombes, black and pale blue; Miss Henry, white; Miss Rice (Auckland), black velvet, scarlet roses; Miss McMicken, pale green; Miss Scorgie, black velvet; Miss M. Hunt, white muslin relieved with cardinal; Miss Mullions, black skirt, mauve velvet blouse; Miss Hill, old gold; Miss F. Hill, white dress; Miss Harwood, black dress, pale green trimming; Miss Cogswell, pink; Miss Stokes, yellow dress; Miss Devery, pale blue, white trimming; Miss Fitzgerald, blue and white striped dress; Miss Kendall, black skirt, pink blouse; Misses Sutherland (2), one in white and cardinal, and one black skirt and creme blouse; Miss Dodd, pink; Miss Riley, black skirt, red blouse; Miss J. Riley, fawn; etc.

PHYLLIS BROWN.

WELLINGTON.

Dear Rec. July 16.
A VERY LARGE AFTERNOON AT HOME

was given on Saturday last by Bishop and Mrs Wallis in the Sydney Street Hall, in honour of the clergy visiting Wellington to attend the Synod, now in session here.

In the side room very dainty afternoon tea was laid, the tables being prettily decorated with yellow chrysanthemums and greenery. In the hall, too, were vases of flowers placed on the mantelpieces with other greenery, and the stage was furnished with comfortable chairs, etc.

The guests were splendidly entertained during the afternoon by Mr Walker (a late arrival from England), who gave several comic recitations and musical sketches, and showed himself to be one of the most accomplished artists we have had here for some time. Our kind host and hostess received at the door, the latter wearing a gown of dull sage green crepon, with front of pretty cream satin and lace, and in her hand she held a lovely bouquet of cream roses and mauve iris, with sprays of maiden-hair fern, a gift from the visiting clergy.

Among such a very large assemblage it was difficult to see everyone, and what they wore, but I will do my best and tell you as much as possible. Lady Stout wore a black tailor coat and skirt, and a white satin toque trimmed with black tips; Mrs Seddon, black coat and skirt, violet velvet bonnet with black aigrettes; Miss Seddon, black Russian gown, the jacket braided, and a black velvet hat with tips; her sister, Mrs Morris, wore a blue coat and skirt, and black toque trimmed with pale blue rosette and white aigrettes; Mrs Miller (Timaru), black gown and cape, and pretty steel bonnet with black tips and red roses; Mrs Anson, dark red costume, and black hat with tips; Mrs Butts, black and white gown and bonnet to match; Miss Butts, a brown canvas gown over a light blue lining, and brown straw hat trimmed with pale blue; Miss — Butts, fawn jacket and skirt, and black felt hat; Mrs Ed. Brown, dark green coat and skirt, and red

velvet toque with black tips; Mrs (Professor) Brown, slate grey coat and skirt, and white straw hat trimmed with black tips; Mrs Biss, blue coat and skirt, and a mauve velvet toque with aigrettes; Mrs Crawford, black Russian gown, and red straw toque with roses to match and black tips; Mrs Campbell, red jacket and skirt, and toque to match with grey tips; Mrs F. Dyer, black gown, the bodice trimmed with bend passementerie, black hat with tips; Mrs Fitchett, black gown and short velvet cape, small toque of flowers and fur; Mrs Fancourt, black gown, bonnet trimmed with red roses; Miss Fancourt, dark blue coat and skirt, and black hat with tips; Mrs Fulton, fawn coat and skirt, and black and pink toque; Mrs Firth, violet cloth jacket and skirt, and toque to match trimmed with fur and violets; Mrs McTavish, black gown and sealskin coat, black toque trimmed with tips and violets; Miss Knight, black coat and skirt, and black hat wit tips; Mrs C. Izard, black coat and skirt, and a black toque with mauve flowers; Mrs Johnson, black gown and handsome long velvet cape, black and white bonnet; Miss Johnson, black skirt and bodice of white satin veiled with black lace, black and white toque with red roses; Mrs Joseph, black tailor costume, and a red velvet bonnet with tips; Miss Joseph, tailor-made coat and skirt, and red velvet hat with ospreys; Mrs Gee, black coat and skirt, grey velvet toque with steel and aigrettes; Mrs J. G. Ward, a brown coat and skirt braided with black, and a brown velvet hat with grey plumes and pale blue rosettes under the brim; Mrs Stowe, black gown and velvet cape, black bonnet with pink and red flowers; Miss Stowe, grey gown trimmed with red velvet, and a black toque with deep pink roses and lace wings; Miss M. Stowe, pale fawn crepe gown with pale blue vest, and a black hat with tips; Mrs Reid, brown gown, the bodice trimmed with pink silk and white lace, bonnet to match; Mrs H. Reynolds (Dunedin), black tailor-made coat and skirt, and black and white toque with tips; Mrs Heaton Rhodes (Christchurch), brown coat and skirt, with mauve broadened velvet revers, small brown hat trimmed with aigrettes and pink

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rosettes; Mrs Pharasyn, black gown and cape, black bonnet with pink roses and lace wings; Miss Pharasyn, grey jacket and skirt and a grey straw hat with feathers; Mrs J. Martin, black jacket and skirt and black and white toque; Miss Martin, a pretty grey gown with yoke of white lace, black straw hat trimmed with mauve silk; Mrs Pynsent in a black silk canvas gown and black bonnet trimmed with palest pink roses; Mrs Dr. Perry, dark tailor-made costume and black hat with tips; Mrs O'Connor, black gown and sealskin cape, pale blue chiffon bonnet with black tips; Mrs B. Hector, grey jacket and skirt and black hat; Mrs Bothamly, black gown and cape and red and black toque; Mrs Buft, black brocade gown and floral toque; Mrs M. Ross, black skirt and red coat, red velvet toque with tips; Mrs Owen, black coat and skirt trimmed with braid, large hat trimmed with lace and ribbon loops; Mrs Johnston (Blenheim), black coat and skirt and a toque of turquoise blue silk and fur; Mrs Morison, green coat and skirt and toque with flowers; Mrs Kirk, brown gown and brown velvet hat with tips; Mrs Leckie, black silk gown, black and white bonnet; Miss E. Richmond, black gown and sealskin coat, black straw hat with black feathers; Miss Ashcroft, blue coat and skirt and black hat with tips; Miss Atkinson, black coat and skirt, black straw hat trimmed with violets and tips; Miss Braudon, dark gown, black toque trimmed with lace and pink roses; Miss A. Brandon, slate grey gown trimmed with velvet, black hat with pink ribbon and black tips; the Misses Barron, fawn coats and skirts, black toques with ribbon loops; Miss Cookes (Christchurch), black jacket and skirt, blue and black hat; Miss Cooper, black coat and skirt, black straw hat trimmed with pink chine silk; Miss Dransfield, fawn coat and black skirt, red velvet toque with black tips and fur; Miss Fairbild, neat black braided gown and black velvet feathered hat; Miss Morrish, blue jacket and skirt, red velvet toque trimmed with fur; Miss McGregor, blue coat and skirt, blue straw hat trimmed with silk to match and aigrettes; Miss M. McGregor, black jacket and skirt with white revers, black hat trimmed with tips and red roses; Miss Davy, black jacket and skirt, black and white hat; Miss G. Henry, brown coat and skirt, green straw hat with tips; Miss O. Gore, brown tailor suit, cream toque with tips and flowers; Miss H. Williams, black coat and skirt, black velvet hat trimmed with pink chiffon and tips; Miss Wilson, black coat and skirt, blue toque with fur; her sister wore a brown jacket and skirt and also a blue toque with fur; Miss Smith, dark coat and skirt and black toque with tips; Miss Smart, grey Eton gown with white vest, black hat trimmed with white satin and tips; Miss Sprott, dark green gown and mauve velvet and floral toque; Miss Quick, black brocade gown trimmed with cream lace, cream and pale blue toque; Miss M. Quick, fawn coat and skirt, black hat trimmed with tips and red flowers; also Mr and Mrs Dean, Mrs and Miss McIntosh, Mr and Mrs Harrison, the Misses Greenwood, Mrs Waldgrave, Hon. Capt. Russell, Hon. Mr Miller, Hon. Mr Butler, Dr. Perry, Professor Brown, Messrs Harcourt, Izard, Dyer, Brown, Pynsent, Geo, Rev. Mr Sprott, Rev. Mr Bartlett, and many more.

On Tuesday the Countess of Ranfurly held

AN AFTERNOON RECEPTION

at Government House, which was greatly enjoyed by a number of guests. The drawing-rooms were, as usual, made cosy with fires and decorated with greenery and pot plants, and in the dining-room, where a dainty tea was laid, the table looked pretty with flowering pot plants in silver bowls. At one end of the main corridor Minnie's orchestra was stationed, amid a lower of greenery, and played charmingly during the afternoon. The Countess was dressed in black and white, being still in mourning, a handsome trained gown trimmed with lace and diamond ornaments. Some of those present were: Lady Stout, Bishop and Mrs Wallis, Hon. Mr and Mrs Miller, Dr. and Mrs Adams, Mrs and Miss Bell, Lady Douglas, the Misses Douglas, Mrs Grace, Mrs and the Misses Johnston, Mrs H. Johnston, Mrs and Miss Seddon, Mrs Morris, Mrs Anson, Miss Atkinson, Mrs and Miss Barclay, Mrs Baillie, Dr. and Mrs Collins, Miss

Cooper, Miss Duncan, Mrs Herries (Tauranga), Miss Holmes, Mr and Mrs C. Izard, Miss Izard, Mrs A. Martin, Mrs Rhodes, Mrs Heaton Rhodes, Mrs McPherson, Mrs Moorehouse, Mrs Newman, Capt. and Mrs Owen, Mrs Arthur Pearce, Mr and Mrs Pynsent, the Misses Williams, Mr and Mrs Reid, Mrs and Miss Richardson, Mrs H. Reynolds (Dunedin), Mrs and Miss Sprott, Mrs and Miss Stowe, Mrs and Miss Richmond, Mrs and Miss Smith, Mrs M. Ross, Mrs and Miss Riddiford, Mrs Field, Dr. and Mrs Fitchett, etc., etc.

OPHELIA.

NAPIER.

Dear Bee,

July 5.

Though the hunting season is now in full swing there has been a good deal of disappointment several times in consequence of the unusually soft state of the ground caused by wet weather. However, the weather last Saturday was perfect, when the hounds met at the Marine Parade and thence had a splendid run to Petane. Amongst those present at the meet were Mesdames Lines, Gore, Williams, Ronald, McLean, Smith, De Lisle, Moore, the Misses Page, Howell, Burke, Williams, Heath, Cornford, etc.

It was a wet and stormy night on Tuesday for the weekly lecture at the Athenaeum Hall, given on this occasion by Mr Dakin. Nevertheless a fairly large audience was present. Mr Dakin gave a most interesting discourse on "Shelley and Keats," at the close of which he was heartily applauded. Next week Mr P. S. McLean will lecture on "Carlyle."

During the stormy weather at the beginning of this week the heavy sea then running in the bay has washed away ten feet of the narrow strip of land at the Western Spit, and is now within a few feet of the houses there. Consequently there is much alarm amongst the inhabitants, and they are at present agitating for the necessary steps which should be taken by the Government to prevent such a disaster. The inner harbour is two feet below the level of the outer harbour, and once the sea cut through it would flood the low lying lands at Greenmeadows and round the Park race course.

Amongst the noticeable wearers of pretty winter dresses this season are Mrs R. D. D. McLean, in a navy blue coat and skirt, a grey ostrich feather boa, and a black hat relieved with pink roses; Mrs J. H. Coleman is wearing a handsome black silk dress and a bonnet to match; with bows of a pretty shade of apricot; Mrs T. H. Lowry, of Okawa, has a black dresse, sealskin cape and a dainty heliotrope toque; Mrs Lines, looks well in a fawn coat, a dark skirt, and a black hat; Mrs R. B. Smith also wears a stylish fawn jacket with a black skirt, and a sailor hat; Mrs Arthur Gore, a well fitting gobsin blue costume; Miss Burke, a fawn cape, brown skirt and black hat with pink flowers; Miss Chapman, a tailor-made navy blue cloth dress; Miss Cotterill, grey serge and a black hat; Mrs P. S. McLean wears dark blue, and a fur cape with tails; her sister, Miss Dixon, looks well in navy blue; Miss Hoadley has a dark green cloth coat and skirt and a hat relieved with heliotrope; Miss Morecroft, black coat and skirt, white felt hat with white plumes and black ribbon; Miss Bessie Morecroft, a stylish fawn costume; Miss Howell, fawn jacket, dark skirt, and hat of rose pink straw; Miss Una Hithings, dark green; Mrs F. W. Williams, navy blue coat and skirt, grey boa, navy blue picture hat with white plumes; Mrs De Lisle, fawn jacket, black skirt, and a pretty red hat; Mrs Logan, navy blue.

MARJORIE.

BLenheim.

Dear Bee,

July 2.

This is a desolate morning, pouring with rain, after a very wet night, and the sky like a grey pall, seems quite close overhead. The only consolation is that the extreme cold has abated, and the weather become exceedingly mild. The local weather prophets say that the new moon has come in wet, and that rainy weather will be our portion for this month; if so, we shall have an early spring, though at present we seem in the autumn, as many deciduous trees are still holding their leaves.

The Awatere Presbyterian Church, which stood on the terrace, behind the accommodation house, on the northern side of the river, has been moved

to a new site in the township of Seddon, and when one considers the work of bringing it down from the terrace, and across the river without the slightest damage, it was really a wonderful feat, which reflects great credit on the contractor, Mr Fawcett.

The Maoris from the Pah on the Wairau River, intend to give two entertainments in Ewart's Hall this week, the proceeds of which are to be divided between the Indian Famine Fund, and the Peace Demonstration Fund. The former is a most worthy object, and I hope that good houses will reward them.

Two of the little steamers which run between here and Wellington, have met with accidents in the Opawa River lately. First the Opawa broke her propeller by striking some submerged piles, and next the Janet Douglas, on Friday, when on her way back from Wellington, met with precisely the same accident.

A small explosion of gas occurred at the gasworks a short time ago,

when the manager, Mr Muir, was severely burnt on his face and hands, from which he has suffered extreme pain. He is now progressing towards recovery, to the great relief of his friends.

Dr. Redman has offered to give lectures on "Sick Nursing at Home," in the Church of the Nativity Sunday School, for which a small charge will be made, which will go towards lightening the debt on the church. A preliminary meeting was held last Wednesday afternoon, when the names of fifty ladies were enrolled, and it is anticipated that ten more will join, and it was decided that six lectures, for which the small charge of five shillings was made, should begin next Wednesday, and take place weekly.

There is a great dearth of amusement just at present, but with the Maori entertainments, and Miss Waddy's Cinderella Dance this week, I shall have more to tell you of next week.

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STERILIZED—
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A Perfect Substitute
for Fresh Milk.

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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Used in all the
"Happy Homes of England"

CHRISTCHURCH.

Dear Bee,—

July 2.

The old-time "Capping Day" came round again last Friday, but once having seen the ceremony and heard the accompanying noises, unless directly interested, one does not choose it as a pleasant way of spending an afternoon. Why it should be so is a mystery, but certainly the higher education does not produce a corresponding state of refinement on these days. Sir James Hector and some of the professors must have felt a good deal of annoyance, even remembering their own boisterous college days. The hall was filled with spectators, mostly friends of the college students. In the evening a dance was held in the University Hall, at which over a hundred were present, including Professor, Mrs. and Miss Cook, Dr. and Mrs. Evans, Canon and the Misses Harper, Professor, Mrs. and Miss Haslam, Professor Wall, Mr. A. and Miss Widing, Miss Maling, Mr. P. Mrs. and Miss Curnow, and Miss Wilson, Misses Freda Marsden, Basley, Kane, Greensill, Dobson (2), Hardcastle (2), Moir, Messrs. Newman, Moir, Cooper, Scott, Stowe, Pridaux, East, E. Rice, Morris, Irwin, Flower, Collins, etc. In one room music and cards were provided for those who did not dance, and the Misses Hardcastle and Newman sang very sweetly. Some very pretty dresses were worn. Miss Cook looked well in white soft silk, with pale green chiffon rosette on the front of bodice, the long ends falling to the foot of the skirt; Miss Curnow, pale yellow gown and white fichu, with long ends; Miss Wilson, blue flowered silk petticoat and bodice, the over skirt open in front of bright blue satin, slightly trained at the back; Miss Kane, cream silk with chiffon bow and long ends from the bodice; Miss Marsden, black velvet relieved with pink brocade; Miss —, Hardcastle, black velvet with steel and silver trimming; Miss Hardcastle, pale pink gown.

A very pleasant little euchre party was given on Thursday evening by Mrs. Poulton, Avonside, of five or six tables. The first prizes were won by

Miss Winter and Mr. Hume. Others present were: The Misses Izard, Mr. Pascoe, etc. A very jolly time was spent, finishing with a dainty little supper.

July 4.

On Thursday morning Professor Rutherford, of McGill University, Montreal, who has been visiting Christchurch for some weeks, was quietly married at Papanui Church by the Rev. H. T. Purchas to Miss Mary Newton, daughter of the late Mr. Arthur C. Newton, of Christchurch. Professor Rutherford is a son of Mr. James Rutherford, of Taranaki, but his college days were spent in Christchurch, and we are very proud of the way he has succeeded in his career. Miss Newton was at one time a "sweet girl graduate" at Canterbury College, and we wish them both every happiness.

The Old Girls' Association of the High School had a very enjoyable evening last week. Miss Gibson, the lady principal, fully explained the work intended to be done by the various sections, the secretaries of each having something to say on their schemes. Music, recitations, light refreshments and much merry chatter brought 10 o'clock only too soon upon them. Mrs. Donald McLean was present, and played several piano solos, and on the following day was the proud possessor of her degree (Bachelor of Music), which she has worked hard for since her admittance at a very early age to the Canterbury College.

One of the most successful of the Christchurch Liedertafel's Herren Abend's took place on Friday, the large room in Hobbs' buildings being uncomfortably full both of visitors and smoke, especially the latter, so I am told by one who smokes, for of course we are not admitted on smoke evenings. But, like our Cathedral boys, who never sing so well out of the Cathedral, so with the Liedertafel, they always seem to give their best concerts in their usual practice room in a cloud of smoke. Mr. F. M. Wallace created quite a furore with his

violin playing, partly perhaps because they feared a desertion in favour of the cello after the last concert.

I hear there is a probability of a Hunt Club ball after the Grand National. That is something to hope for, and the next Geisha dance takes place on the 26th July.

The many friends of Mrs. Albert Kaye will be interested to know she has written a book, a New Zealand story, entitled, I think, "Haromi." It was published in London, and critics say is a very readable and healthy story. Her non de plume is Banner-man Kaye, and I am longing to read and judge for myself.

DOLLY VALE.

PICTON.

Dear Bee,

June 6.

Though matters are socially dull here business is going ahead with great strides, so that it came rather like a blow to hear that Marlborough was left out in the cold when the apportioning of the various railways was under consideration by the powers that be. There is no doubt that a railway from Picton—as the terminus of the South Island—to Christchurch is urgently required. Farming on the land lately purchased by the Government is out of the question till the railway communication is complete, and it is simply ennobling a life of isolation and poverty on those who have taken up small farms. There is no outlet for their produce and no association for them with the outside world. The small—comparatively, I mean—steamers now on the run between Wellington and Picton do the trip under five hours from wharf to wharf, and several times lately it has been done in four hours and a quarter. The important freezing operations now being started in Picton must eventually force our town into prominence; and so it behoves our legislature to consider our requirements, and if they are to borrow at all borrow enough to make Marlborough in particular and New Zealand in general a real wide-awake place to live in.

The Misses Greensill, of "Brooklyn," had a very successful

AFTERNOON

on Wednesday. Miss Greensill was wearing a green costume with a pretty silk front; Miss Ethel Greensill was in navy blue; Mrs. Allen, in black; Mrs. Riddell, in tailor-made purple cloth costume, with cream vest and brown hat trimmed with yellow silk and purple and yellow pansies; Miss Fell, tailor-made brown costume with yellow vest and pretty toque to match; Miss Nora Allen, navy blue poplin costume and brown hat; Miss Holm (Wellington), fawn costume, trimmed with rows of narrow velvet; Miss Mildred Fell, navy blue costume with toque en suite; Miss Hallett, black costume, sailor hat; Miss Nellie Allen, dark blue tailor-made cloth costume, cream silk vest with lace eravat, and sailor hat; Miss Grace Allen, royal blue costume, red silk tie and belt. A very merry afternoon was spent telling funny anecdotes and relating travelling experiences by sea and land.

There is always a good deal to say about the weather. One never knows how to take it. Walking parties and fishing expeditions have to be postponed from week to week, or adjourned sine die on account of its vagaries. Yet we live in hopes.

The "Peace" Celebration Committee hold regular meetings and report progress. Private letters from New Zealanders in South Africa say that the end must soon come now, that the Boers are becoming demoralised, and are surrendering on all sides. The horrors of the Chinese rebellion and the famine in India seem almost to have superseded the great interest in the South African war.

JEAN.

NELSON.

Dear Bee,

July 2.

On Tuesday evening Mr and Mrs Kingdon gave a DELIGHTFUL LITTLE DANCE at their residence, which was thoroughly enjoyed by all present. The

PEARS

Soap Makers



By Special Appointment

TO

HER MAJESTY

The Queen

AND



HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE

Prince of Wales.

Mr. John L. Milton

Senior Surgeon
St. John's Hospital for the Skin, London.

"From time to time I have tried very many different soaps and after five-and-twenty years careful observation in many thousands of cases, both in hospital and private practice, have no hesitation in stating that none have answered so well or proved so beneficial to the skin as PEARS' SOAP. Time and more extended trials have only served to ratify this opinion which I first expressed upwards of ten years ago, and to increase my confidence in this admirable preparation."

PROFESSOR Sir Erasmus Wilson

Late President
Royal College of Surgeons, England.

"The use of a good soap is certainly calculated to preserve the skin in health, to maintain its complexion and tone, and prevent it falling into wrinkles. PEARS' is a name engraved on the memory of the oldest inhabitant; and PEARS' SOAP is an article of the nicest and most careful manufacture, and one of the most refreshing and agreeable of balms for the skin."

dining-room was used for dancing, the floor of which was really excellent. A most recherche supper was served in the pretty hall, whilst the spacious drawing-room, verandah and other sitting-rooms were much used between the dances. Mrs Kingston wore a very handsome black gown, the bodice of coquettish red silk, veiled with black lace. Amongst the guests were Mrs Percy Adams, pink moire with transparent yoke and sleeves of white lace; Mrs Roberts, pink silk blouse with white chiffon trimmings, black skirt; Mrs Jack Sharp, flame-coloured blouse, black silk skirt; Miss Blackett looked well in white; Miss Day, black finished with blue velvet; the Misses Glasgow, Heaps, Harris, Jones, E. Ledger, Sealy, Richmond, Robertson, Trolove, Webb-Bowen (2), Stephens (2), Messrs Adams, Muir, Wratt, J. Sharp, Booth, Lewis, Skerrett (Wellington), Moor (2), Glasgow, Hamilton (3), Heaps, Tomlinson (2), D. Burns, Mackay, L. Levien, Dr. Roberts, etc.

Mr and Mrs Hannibal Williams, of New York, have just spent a few days in our midst and charmed everyone by their

SHAKESPEAREAN RECITALS.

which were given last Thursday and Friday evenings. On each occasion the audience was large and most appreciative and enthusiastic. On Thursday Mr Williams recited Shakespeare's "Henry IV." (Part I.), and on Friday Mr Williams gave an interpretation of "A Winter's Tale," both of which were splendidly rendered and much enjoyed. Mrs Williams wore a handsome gown of white silk with trimmings of white bead passementerie and rich lace, diamond ornaments. Amongst the audience were Mrs Niles, black silk, pink cap; Miss Grant, navy costume; Mrs Richmond, black gown, pink and red in cap; Miss Richmond, pink silk blouse, black skirt; Mrs Booth, amber silk blouse, dark skirt; Mrs Chatterton, dark blue silk; Mrs E. F. W. Cooke, grey silk blouse, black skirt; Miss Houlker looked well in light blue silk; Miss Tendall, buttercup silk blouse, black skirt; her sister wore blue; Mrs Webb-Bowen, black; Miss F. Webb-Bowen, white; Mrs Heaps, black with scarlet silk vest; Miss Heaps, white muslin blouse, black skirt; Mrs Sealy, black, with jet and silk trimmings, white lace cap; Miss Bunny, pretty red silk blouse, dark skirt; Miss Trolove, red evening dress; Mrs Holloway, black, white lace cap with pink; Mrs Blackett, black; Miss Blackett, red velvet; Miss Holloway, blue silk blouse, trimmed with swan's down; Miss Gribben, green and white striped silk blouse, dark skirt; Miss Pearce, white opera cloak over dark dress; Miss Galntley, black, finished with white lace; Mrs Littlejohn, brown; Miss Forbes, pretty crimson gown; Mrs and Miss Cuthbertson; Miss Burnett, blue; Mrs Morrison; Mrs de Castro, black evening dress, white opera cloak; Mrs Hayner, black evening dress; Mrs Fell; Miss R. Atkinson; Miss Trix Atkinson, black silk skirt, dull red blouse; Mrs Watts, black silk; Mrs C. Watts, black, finished with white lace; Miss Gascoigne, black and amber; and many others.

PHYLIS.

NEW PLYMOUTH.

Dear Bee,
The Taranaki Guards held their first annual

BALL

in the Drill Hall last Thursday evening, and it was probably the largest, and certainly the most successful, ball ever held in New Plymouth. The hall was decorated with numerous flags of every describable colour, and these, with the gaily dressed throng, made it a sight worth seeing. To make the accommodation larger, two large marquees were erected outside the hall, one for a supper-room, which went by the name of "Pretoria," and the other for a drawing-room, named "The Making Retreat," and made a charming fairy bowers, decorated with ferns, Chinese lanterns, etc. The supper was laid out in the usual supper-room, as well as the marquee, and the table decorations were attended to with great taste by Misses E. Rennell, Paul, Biggs, Lawson, and Siggs. The flour was in good order, and Mr McKinnon Bain's orchestra provided excellent music, extras being played by Mrs Percy Webster, Misses Kirkby, M. Humphries, and Hursthouse. The committee for the general arrangements were: Colour-Sergeant Waldie, Sergeant A. MacDiarmid, Corporals A. Goldwater, Nixon, Treeby and K. Web-

ster, and Privates A. Humphries, Moore, and L. Woodhouse; while Sergeant C. T. Mills made an excellent secretary. Those ladies who were on the supper committee were: Meadames Dockrill (president), Taunton, Ellis, Holmes, Mills, Cook, J. C. George, A. C. Fookes, Messenger, and Misses Hirst and Jacob. At the entrance of the main door stood a guard of honour, as the guests passed in, and Captain Taunton and his officers stood inside the door and greeted the "civil" arrivals and saluted the military ones. His Worship the Mayor (Mr Dockrill), Major Ellis, officer commanding the district, Captain Okey, Lieutenants Cook and Hooker, of the Taranaki Rifles; Captain Dempsey, Central School Cadets; Lieutenant R. Bayley, N.Z. Militia; and several troopers of the Hattera Mounted Rifles, were present. The programme was a lengthy one, and in this, too, the military character was kept up, the dances being as follows:—Lord Roberts waltz, Major Robin polka, Colonel Thorneycroft Lancers, Lord Cecil mazurka, Major-General Baden-Powell waltz, General Buller nine-pins, Major Davies waltz, General Warren lancers, General MacDonald Highland schottische, Colonel Keekewald waltz, General Hart d'Alberty, Guards waltz, General White polka, Lord Kitchener waltz, General French lancers, Lieutenant-Colonel Newall waltz, Lord Methuen nine-pins, Lieutenant-Colonel Mahon waltz, Lord Dundonald tennis dance, Lieutenant-General Rundle lancers, General Huton mazurka, General Hamilton Highland schottische, Major Jowsey waltz, Captain Macdocks waltz. The ball was most successful, as said before, and Captain Taunton and those who assisted him are to be congratulated upon the affair, which was exceptionally well managed.

THE DRESSES.

Among those present were:—Mrs E. Bayley, white tulle and silk; Miss Sutton (Dunedin), soft pink silk; Mrs Wright, black net; Mrs W. Syme (Hawera), lovely scarlet brocaded silk, trimmed with velvet and lace; Miss Fraser, very pretty yellow silk, trimmed with white satin ribbon; Miss Dalziel, pale yellow satin; Mrs A. Fookes, green silk; Miss Jacob, black velvet, trimmed with yellow crinkly chiffon; Miss C. Jacob, blue figured silk, trimmed with silver passementerie; Miss Fookes, white, with black velvet trimmings; Mrs Paul, black satin and jet, with lovely opera cape of white and blue brocaded silk, trimmed with ostrich feathers; Miss Paul, ivory satin, handsome opera cape, of cream brocaded silk, ostrich feather trimming; Miss Biggs (Hamilton), pink silk; Mrs Percy Webster, white silk, and chiffon trimmings, and pink flowers on shoulder, white satin skirt; Miss M. Fookes looked pretty in white silk veiled in net; Miss G. Fookes, blue silk, and chiffon; Miss C. Cook, yellow satin; Miss N. Skeet, pink silk; Mrs Courtney, green silk, and black chiffon trimmings; Miss Hursthouse, white over blue; Miss Ross (Christchurch), pale blue and white silk; Mrs James, black satin; Miss V. Rennell (debutante), handsome corded silk; Miss M. Humphries, black and scarlet; Miss Robinson, cream and yellow; Miss J. Moffin, pink; Miss Ellis, white and black velvet; Miss L. Ellis, pink; Miss Brewer (Inglewood), yellow; Mrs J. Morey, white figured silk; Miss Ramsom, yellow silk; Miss — Ramsom, white; Miss G. Morey (debutante), a dainty soft silk, trimmed with chiffon; Mrs Penn, handsome blue and gold brocaded silk; Mrs Bewley looked distinguished in a turquoise blue silk with transparent yoke and sleeves of white chiffon; Mrs Pollen, green; Miss Lusk (Auckland) looked well in black and gold; Miss Lewis, white, and crimson flowers; Mrs Hall, pretty pale yellow silk, with chiffon frills; Miss C. Bayley, pink silk; Miss B. Bayley, blue, and black velvet trimmings; Mrs Hayward, black and white check silk, trimmed with pink; Miss Hayward, pink satin; Miss Acheson, blue satin; Miss Walker, black and scarlet; Miss Holdsworth, black satin; Miss G. Holdsworth, black satin skirt, black silk bodice, trimmed with green; Miss Tribe, cream; Miss Ninkie, a handsome brocaded pink satin, en traine; Mrs J. Wilson, brown and cream; Miss Collis, white; Miss B. Oliver looked well in black silk; Mrs J. C. George, black silk, and silver passementerie trimmings; Miss Kirkby, pretty white silk, with chiffon; Miss B. Kirkby looked well in white silk lustré; Mrs Taunton looked striking in black silk, and silver sequin trimmings; Miss Knight, black and pink; Miss Rennell, green silk; Miss B. Rennell, pink silk;

Mrs S. Teed, handsome fawn brocade; Miss Maule looked well in cream silk, demi-traine; Miss Irwin, white silk lustré; Mrs H. Bailey, white and yellow; Mrs Bacon, pretty dress of cream silk and black velvet; Miss J. McKellar, white, over pink; Miss Pierce, pretty pink flowered muslin; Miss — Pierce, heliotrope flowered muslin; Miss Hill, cream silk; Miss Baker, scarlet silk, and cream lace; Miss James, blue and white; Miss Cassel, yellow silk blouse, black silk skirt; Miss Bedford, blue and white; Miss C. George, pink and white; Mrs Fenton, very pretty heliotrope satin, demi-traine; Mrs Ab. Goldwater, black silk, veiled in lace, transparent sleeves; Miss N. McAlum, black and pink; Mrs H. Goldwater, black and pink; Mrs H. Treeby, blue and white; Miss Abbott, peacock green silk; Miss C. Hamerton, white; Miss Lewis, cream and pale blue; Miss Neary, pink and black; Miss Tuke, turquoise blue silk; Mrs Holmes, pretty pale yellow silk; Miss Morey, pink silk, and black velvet trimmings; Miss Masoell, white over pink; Miss M. Brown, green; Mrs Kerr, black and pink; Miss Curtheb, green silk, and white feather trimming; Mrs Pascoe, black; Miss M. Humphries, yellow; Mrs H. Mace, pink; Miss Lawson, white silk; Miss L. Siggs (Mania), rose pink silk; Miss Cameron (Waitara), handsome yellow silk, trimmed with black velvet, demi-traine, and scarlet flowers; Miss Curtis looked pretty in white silk and chiffon; Miss Drake, pale green; Mrs Home, shot silk. Among the gentlemen were Messrs Weston, Strouts, McIntyre, Woodhouse (2), Wright, Teed, Fenton, Rennell, Bedford, Halae, Spence, Penn, McEwen (3), Humphries (2), Hawkins, Kerr, Crombie, H. Bailey, Isaac, Jacob, Fookes, Webster (2), Shaw (2), Dempsey, J. C. George, Pollen, Neil, Wynn-Williams, Russell, Standish, McKellar, T. Shaw, Courtney, Cook, Holmes, Goldwater (2), Ford, Lewis, Knight, Gilmour, Drake, Pascoe, Mills, Short, Moverley, Moore, Treeby, Holdsworth, E. Bayley, Avery, W. Bayley, etc., etc. NANCY LEE.

A LONG NERVOUS STORM.

If you ever watched a dentist draw a nerve out of a tooth, you will remember how much it looked like a little strip of wet white cotton thread. How can so contemptible a thing inflict such a mountain of agony? And why does it do it? "Disease," you say. Ah, surely. A simple and obvious answer; yet in what way does the true nerve-fibre, wrapped up and coated as it is, like the wires in a submarine cable, get to be diseased? Yet, somehow, these soft strings do become fearfully out of order, or our friend Miss Hunt, alluding to the neuralgia from which she once suffered, would not say, "Sometimes I was almost mad with the pain." And that is but one of the many forms of torture imposed on us by the nerves; yet without these nerves we should be but lumps of clay—lacking feeling and power of motion.

How can we cure these dreadful nerve-pains? The drug-shops abound in so-called remedies for them, yet they are only as breath to cool the air of a torrid summer day. The real cause and cure are among Nature's deeper secrets. Can we find them? "Nearly all my life," says Miss Hunt, "I have suffered from indigestion of an aggravated kind. I felt low, weary, and weak, having little or no energy. My appetite was variable. At one time I would eat voraciously, and at other times I could not touch a morsel of food. "After eating I had great distress at the chest and around the sides. I suf-

fered martyrdom from the horrid pain in my stomach and limbs. As the years passed by my nerves became totally unstrung, and I endured untold misery from neuralgia. My lips and half my face were almost dead from this distressing malady."

[The lady will pardon the writer. In the sense of being objects of use and pleasure, they were in truth practically dead; but in another sense they were horribly alive, as the sky is when it is pierced and rent with the lances of the lightning.]

"I consulted," she adds, "doctor after doctor, but in spite of all their medicines and applications I found little or no relief. Sometimes I was almost mad with the pain."

[Not a doubt of it. Under such circumstances the body is a poison-house of keen suffering, and people have not infrequently taken their own lives, to escape from it. Only acute rheumatism or gout can be compared with neuralgia, and (please observe) the whole three are forms of the same thing—results of the same cause. Hence sufferers from the former two ailments will be wise also to read this essay to its end.]

"In June, 1886," continues the letter, "a book was left at my house in which I read of many persons who had been cured by a medicine called Mother Seigel's Syrup. I bought a supply from a chemist in New North Road, and soon my indigestion got better, the pain in my head and limbs was easier, and I felt stronger than I had done for years."

"I think it only right that others should know of what has done so much for me. You have, therefore, my permission to make this statement public if you like. (Signed) (Miss) S. Hunt, 57, Dale View Road, Stamford Hill, London, June 30th, 1896."

Our correspondent is a schoolmistress, and, as her letter shows, a woman of fine intelligence. At the outset she names the radical, and the only real disease she had—namely, indigestion, or as we indifferently call it, dyspepsia. Starved from want of nourishment, and poisoned by the products of food constantly decomposing in the stomach, her nervous system was thrown into wild disorder, and protested and cried out with the unrelenting voice of pain. No application, no emollients are effective to remedy symptoms springing from a cause so profound and firmly seated.

Would we stop the writhing of the trees during a gale? Ah, they cannot be bound or held. We must employ, if we possess it, a power which can say unto the wind, "Peace, be still."

Something akin to this Mother Seigel's Syrup did when it abolished the digestive trouble. It enabled the stomach to feed the feeble body, and with returning strength the nervous storm subsided into the calm and harmony of health.

Note to "Graphic" Cousins.

You will see the two headings in the first two columns of the children's page are a bit mixed. The first one should read "Ingenuity 'Competition'" and in the next column it should be "Best 'Composition' or Essay." This happened by a curious accident, which only printers would understand.—Cousin Kate.

Clark's World-Famed Blood Mixture.—The most searching Blood Cleanser that science and medical skill have brought to light. Sufferers from Scrofula, Scurvy, Eczema, Bad Legs, Skin and Blood Diseases, Pimples and Sores of any kind are solicited to give it a trial to test its value. Thousands of wonderful cures have been effected by it. Bottles 2s 6d each, sold everywhere. Beware of worthless imitations and substitutes.

THE MOST NUTRITIOUS,

EPPS'S

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

Homoeopathic Chemists,

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

COCOA

INVALUABLE TO ALL

AS SEEN THROUGH WOMAN'S EYES.

Knitted Socks.

For these the foot should measure from 10½ to 11 inches in length, and khaki fingering should be used. A good sock in plain knitting, like the sketch, can be made with 4oz. of 4-ply fingering and four steel needles (No. 15), for which 92 stitches may be cast on, 36 on the first needle, 28 on each of the two other needles. Make a good deep welt of plain and 2 purl, and decrease after the 31st round for the leg, being careful not to do this too suddenly until 82 stitches are left for the ankle, when 30 rows must be knitted plain. For the heel 34 rows should be knitted. Decrease when heel has been made, to 80 stitches, and then knit on till the foot measures 6 or 6½ inches from the part where the stitches were picked up, and then knit the toe. A very comfortable toe is made by first of all dividing the stitches equally on the three needles, and making 2 decreases at the beginning and end of each row, with 3 plain



rows between, then 2 decreases in the same way with 2 plain rows between, and then 1 row with 1 plain row between till there are 12 or 19 stitches left on the needles, when these should be threaded on the wool, the sock turned inside out, and the stitches drawn together and darned neatly on the wrong side.

The toe can, of course, be knitted on two needles, if preferred, but I have found the above give a very comfortably-fitting toe.

A smaller size can be knitted by casting on 80 stitches, with 4oz. of fingering, but be careful to make them long enough in the leg, and to have a good deep welt.

Tam o' Shanter in Crochet.

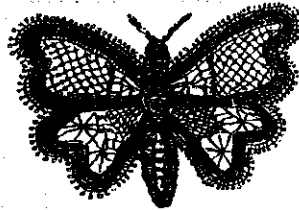


This is a most comfortable shape, and is much easier to work than a knitted one, which is a reason I give it when so much is required within a short time. For the materials, 4-ply Scotch fingering will be found to answer very well for it, in dark colours, though a special make of khaki fingering will be found the best to use. For this cap 4oz. of wool will be required, and a bone crochet hook, size No. 12. It should be worked rather closely, in either ribbed or plain crochet—that is, either the one top thread of the previous round can be taken, or both, as preferred. Make 4 chain, and join in a circle, and then work 7 double crochet in the circle. 2nd Row: Work 2 double crochet in every stitch of last row. 3rd Row: 2 double crochet in 1st stitch, 1 double crochet on next stitch, and so on for the round. 4th Row: 2 double crochet on 1st stitch, 1 double cr. on each of 2 next stitches, and so on for round. 5th Row: 2 double cr. on 1st stitch, 1 double cr. on each of next 3 stitches, and repeat. 6th Row: 2 double cr. on 1st stitch, 1 double cr. on each of 4 following stitches, and repeat. 7th Row: 2 double cr. on 1st stitch, 1 double cr. on each of 5 next stitches, and repeat. 8th Row: 2 double cr. on 1st stitch, 1 double cr. on each of 5 next stitches; continue in this way, working one more plain stitch between the increase in every round till the crown measures 30 inches round, or ten inches across. Then work four rounds of double crochet without any increasing. NB—

for the following eleven rounds, decrease seven times in each round by missing a stitch, keeping always in a straight line with the stitches, where you before increased, which should make it the right side for the head—i.e., 24 inches round or 8 inches across are suitable measurements. The band comes next, and for this work twelve rows of plain double crochet, inserting the hook so as to take up both top threads of the stitches of previous round; this band will curl over, and does not require lining. The tuft is made by winding a quantity of wool over a card about three inches wide, tying firmly together, cutting nicely into rosette shape, and then sewing to centre of crown.

Lace and Braid Butterflies.

A new fancy in trimming is to make butterflies of ribbon or braid combined with lace or insertion. Butterflies in renaissance or Honiton braid, filled in with lace stitches, are very handsome for trimming the end of ties, or the yokes or sleeves of fancy waists. They are expensive to buy, but are not difficult to make, if one knows anything of lace work. It is quite possible to make such lace from printed instructions, without any regular lesson, but there are some errors that self-taught lacemakers are likely to fall into. One thing to bear in mind is the fact that all this lace is made on the wrong side; the maker never sees the right side until she takes out her basting threads and removes it from the pattern. All the fastenings and joins in the braid should be very secure; carelessness in this particular will cause it to come apart when washed, or even when



BUTTERFLY OF BRAID AND LACE.

handled. The worker must use fine thread if she wishes a good effect. We recently saw a patient worker making a fine renaissance pattern with No. 40 thread. Of course, the effect was ruined; she should have used No. 120 or No. 150. For Honiton braid No. 800 or No. 1,000 will be found necessary. The design which we offer is made of fine point lace braid edged with picot braid. The stitches are so plain that no specific directions for making it are necessary. It may be made of black lace and fine silk thread for trimming white or bright colours, or of white braid and lace for trimming waists of coloured linen.

Hints on Marketing.

"A season for everything
And everything in season."

It is very necessary for a woman to be well informed of the prices and goodness of all articles in common use; and of the best times and places for purchasing them.

It is always advisable to personally do the shopping, and to pay ready money for those things which do not come into the weekly bills.

To make tradesmen wait for their money in most cases makes them charge a higher price than they would otherwise do.

A note-book should always be kept to enter purchases made, so that the weekly bills may easily be checked.

Groceries are subject to great fluctuations, and it behoves the housekeeper to keep a strict look out, and to note the rise and fall of the markets.

Cheap fruit for cakes, puddings, etc., is generally mixed with dirt and small stones; consequently it weighs heavy.

All sorts of materials for puddings, such as rice, oatmeal, etc., should be bought in small quantities, as they become so soon infested with small insects if kept long.

Candles and soap are much better for being kept six months before using.

In buying tinned goods, an eminent physician's instructions are to reject every article that does not show the line of resin round the edge of the solder of the cap, the same as is seen on the seam on the side of the can.

In selecting hams, get the shopman to stick a sharp knife or skewer in the meat under the bone; if it comes out with a pleasant smell it is good, but if the knife is dulled and has a bad scent, do not buy it.

Hams short in the hock are said to be the best.

All vegetables are in greatest perfection when most plentiful, namely, when in full season.

In choosing vegetables take the middle size; they are preferable to the largest or smallest; they will be found more tender, juicy, and full of flavour just before they are full grown.

Roots, greens, and all kinds of salads, when first gathered, are plump and firm, and have a fragrant freshness that art cannot give them.

Buy rather those vegetables that have earth hanging to them than those that have been washed.

Now as to fruit. It must look firm and not nasty. Fruit for preserving should be as dry as possible.

In buying fruit, ordinary care must be exercised. Judge of their freshness by their appearance. The great safeguard is to deal with a man who has a reputation to lose.

Fresh fruit of any kind in summer is delicious at breakfast, and is so very wholesome if taken at that time.

In winter, stewed prunes or baked apples might take the place of fresh fruit, and every housekeeper should

endeavour to have either one or the other.

Watercress makes a nice change, and is useful for garnishing, its cheapness bringing it within the reach of us all.

The Nervous System in Infancy.

During the first year of infancy the brain expands with mushroom-like velocity. This period of rapid growth is a practically quiescent one, so far as mental function is concerned.

The ideal care of infancy is very like that accorded to a thoroughbred colt or puppy. Systematic regularity rules the lives of these inferior beings in every detail of their management. The same systematic care is essential for securing to the child a stable and equitable nervous organisation. The infant's rest, sleep, food, exercise and bath should have at least as much care as is given to the same things in the case of the lower animals.

Freedom from excitement is a matter not sufficiently considered. To force a child into shrieks of laughter, for example, by grotesque sounds or sights, or by any means, while amusing to the unthinking looker-on, is detrimental to the best interests of the child. Placidity, although not so popular as liveliness in an infant, is a more desirable quality.

The bath is at once a means of exercise, and a tonic to the nervous system. In ordinary health it should not be too warm. The movements of the arms and legs, and even the cry, during the bath, are exercises of value.

From the very first the child should be put to bed with the intention that it shall need no further care until after awakening.

"KOKO"

UNQUESTIONABLY THE BEST DRESSING FOR THE HAIR

ERADICATES SCOURF AND DANDRUFF

PREVENTS HAIR FALLING

PROMOTES GROWTH.

IS DELIGHTFULLY COOLING & REFRESHING.

CONTAINS NO DYE

The Celebrated Authoress,
MRS E. LYNN LINTON,
says—

"I have used your KOKO hair dressing since June last and I have not only stopped the falling out, which had been excessive after a severe illness, but I have an entirely new growth of hair, which is the old hair longer and I am not a young woman, but an old one. I think this is a convincing test of your preparation."

1/4
2/6 & 4/6

OF ALL CHEMISTS, STORES, ETC.
KOKO MANUFACTURING COY., LTD., 15, BEVIS MARKS, LONDON, ENGLAND

While rest and quiet are of great importance, the infant, during its waking hours, requires constant attention, although not of a nervous or violent sort. The evils of too much quiet are frequently seen in children's hospitals, where a child of inferior vigour lies quiet for hours at a time. The infant grows more and more languid, and comes to exert itself less and less; the appetite diminishes until food is refused altogether. The child may now sink into a condition of serious ill-health. In cases of this kind the child must be taken up and carried about the ward several times a day, and encouraged to use its muscles.

During the early months and years the infant should receive the patient and gentle, yet systematic and regular, oversight of its mother; or better yet, if she is well, her personal attention.

During the period of rapid growth the infant needs only the physical aids which promote its bodily expansion. Demands upon its mental organisation are strictly to be avoided.

A Gifted Queen.

Queen Marguerite, of Italy, is particularly interested in folk lore, and has published many charming sketches under an assumed name in the Italian journals. Queen Marguerite is far more gifted than is generally supposed. A leading Italian artist declared that in matters of art her judgment never errs. "She catches the artist's idea at once, and is always correct." She is an accomplished connoisseur in music, and is always to be seen at the concerts of the St. Cecilia Academy, and at those of the Orchestral Society, of which Maestro Pinelli, is the director. The Queen is never idle. She draws, paints, studies dead languages, reads, writes and translates living languages, keeps a voluminous diary, and tries her hand at every new kind of work she hears of, and nearly always with success.

Queen Marguerite is the possessor of the finest head of hair of any queen in Europe—finer than that of the late Empress of Austria. Her pearls are unrivalled. She has her old clothes sold for charity, an example which distinguished Italian and English ladies might follow with advantage.

How to Economise on the Boot Bill.

"Prevention is better than cure," and a very little trouble will make your boots water-tight, so that they will resist the inroads of snow-water and salt-water for some long period. Warm a little beeswax and mutton suet, and when quite liquid stir briskly. When this is cool, rub over the edges of the soles where the stitches are to be seen with a bit of flannel. A pot of this mixture may be kept, and then slightly warmed before each using.

To have a pair of "trees" for every pair of boots and shoes is a necessity, and an expenditure that will soon repay itself. Immediately after taking off, put the boots upon these trees, and if damp set them in a warm room, but on no account near a fire. Care must be taken that your boot-cupboard is in a perfectly dry place. Frequently one sees the little cup-board under the stairs made into a boot cupboard, and a very convenient arrangement it is; but should it be in the least bit damp the boots will be found to wear out very quickly. The use of a penny instead of a knife or any sharp instrument is excellent for removing the worst dirt from boots. Smooth, soft kid is extremely easily injured by a careless boot-cleaner. An excellent polish for shabby boots that have seen their best days is made by mixing together equal parts of sweet-oil, vinegar, treacle, and lamp-black.

Many people ruin their patent leather-tipped boots by allowing them to stand with rain-drops upon them. Directly they are removed from the feet they should be placed on trees, and then wiped with an old cloth; if there is mud upon them it should be removed by a damp sponge first. Milk is perhaps the best of all polishes for patent leather. Green shoes may be cleaned with vaseline without injuring their colour beyond slightly darkening it. Light tan shoes are objected to by some people, and these can be easily darkened by an application of ammonia and milk. But long before a good pair of tan

shoes are worn out they will, probably assume a most dismal colour, looking so hopelessly shabby that one is heartily ashamed of them. If you cannot afford to give such shoes away, they can be revived by washing them in lukewarm soda-water. They must not be made thoroughly wet, and should be rubbed dry as quickly as possible and then polished.

Stains on new brown boots are most annoying, and yet with the utmost care they cannot always be avoided. Dirty streaks down the side of the boot spoil its appearance dreadfully, but these marks are not easy to get rid of unless one happens to know of some special method. The application of ordinary polish will generally make them worse. Purchase some saddle soap, and thoroughly wash the boots whilst they are on trees; allow them to dry, and then polish. Methylated spirits will also remove stains.

A Man on the Servant Difficulty.

Every man thinks he can solve the servant problem. Here are the rules laid down by a man for the guidance of mistresses in their relations with their servants:

Run your household on business principles; servant should have regular hours of service daily.

Complete freedom after work is done.

Do not be too pretentious with only one maid-of-all-work.

One afternoon and evening out each week.

Clean, wholesome bedroom, substantial food.

Social privileges within reasonable discretion. If you have a young, good-looking capable servant, she probably wants a husband some day. Do not drive her into the street to get courted.

Avoid interference with her religious and private life.

Do not permit familiarity from the baker's, grocer's, and butcher's boys. Insist on respectful treatment to your servant, and set them the example.

Avoid personal supervision while off duty.

Do not let slipshod, careless work go unnoticed. A good mistress is always critical, firm, and exacting; but she always appreciates conscientious effort.

A New Engagement Ring.

"Gimmel" rings are very much in favour at present among newly engaged couples. These rings are made in three, one circle fitting over the other, and all that is seen by the outside world is a plain gold band united in the centre by two gold hands. When these hands are drawn asunder two small enamelled hearts, red and blue, are "discovered," and the date of the betrothal and the initials of the giver are also to be found engraved on one of the hidden rings. Bangles are also made in the same fashion, and here there is more space for the inscription of loving words.

A Southern Cake.

It takes an intelligent cook to make a new dish well. Cooks of the lower order cook only what they learned to cook in their early years, or else they cook only in a purely imitative and mechanical way. (Chinese cooks are of the latter sort. The story is well known of the Chinese cook who was being taught by a woman to make a certain cake which contained one egg. The first egg which the lady opened was not fresh enough to suit her taste, and she threw it into the waste-bucket.

After that, the Chinaman, who had carefully watched her, always made the cake well, but the first egg opened he always threw into the waste-bucket.

A correspondent of the New York "Commercial Advertiser" tells of the difficulties which a Northern lady, who had moved South, had in teaching the negro servants there to cook the dishes she liked. The blacks would cook well enough, but in their own remarkable way only. Materials outside their familiar Southern cuisine they could not handle at all.

Finally the lady found a mulatto man cook who had been to school, and could read. "Now," she said, "I have a man who can cook by receipt!"

She gave him a receipt for making cake, written plainly on a scrap of paper. It was for a white cake, but when the cake came on the table it was of a singular golden colour. The

lady called the cook.

"Did you make this cake according to the receipt?" she asked.

"Oh, yes, mum."

"Did you put in all the eggs?"

"Oh, yes, mum."

"Put in everything?"

"Yes, mum—the vinegar, too, and mustard and pepper."

"Vinegar and mustard!" exclaimed the lady. "What do you mean by putting vinegar and mustard into a cake?"

Then the man brought the receipt. On the back of the slip of paper was written a receipt for salad dressing, and the intelligent servant had put in everything he found on both sides of the paper!

The lady's husband took a piece of the cake, and tasted it. "It looks good, and it tastes good," he said. "In fact, it's the best cake I've eaten in this house!"

Is NOT FARINACEOUS and is ENTIRELY FREE from STARCH

MELLIN'S FOOD

FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS.

When added to diluted Cow's Milk it produces a complete and perfect diet, suitable for the strong as well as the sickly babe. Adapted for use in all Climates.

MELLIN'S EMULSION

OF COD-LIVER OIL.

The Best Nutritive and Tonic in all cases of Weakness of the Chest, Lungs, and Throat. Invaluable in Consumption, Bronchitis, Difficult Breathing, and Loss of Voice.

MELLIN'S FOOD & MELLIN'S EMULSION MAY BE OBTAINED OF ALL DEALERS.

Samples and Pamphlets to be obtained from GOLLIN & CO., Wellington.

Dr. Pascall's Cough Mixture

CURES EVERY TIME!

BAD COLDS, COUGHS

Bronchitis, Influenza, Sore Throats, and all Chest Diseases, it is unequalled.

PRICE: 1/6 and 2/6

ASK FOR **DR. PASCALL'S COUGH MIXTURE** ALL CHEMISTS AND STOREKEEPERS.

DR. PASCALL'S VEGETABLE PILLS, for Constipation and Headache—1/6 box.

Distributing Agents: MESSRS P. HAYMAN & CO., Merchants, Fort-st., Auckland.

Everyone in England is talking of the wonders produced by

The following beautiful women use and highly recommend:—Madame Patti, Melle, Douate, Florence St. John, Edith Cole, Dorothy Irving, Miss Fortescue, Fanny Brough, Elsie Lennie, Dynah Brooks, Sophie Larkin.

New Zealand Agents—**SHARLAND & CO., Auckland and Wellington.**

Exercise and Beauty.

The greatest impediment to beauty and the one most constantly met with is a tendency to embonpoint.

The luxury and ease of the lives they lead, the small amount of exercise, either physical or mental, which they take, the quantity of rich, indigestible food which they habitually consume, all these things and many more, gradually tend to spoil the figure and features of women by burying them in layers of superfluous flesh. Yet it is comparatively easy for a woman of correct and wholesome proportions to retain them. But she must not be lazy. She must sacrifice some trifles to the preservation of her good looks.

It is no easy thing to diet off some of this "too, too solid flesh" when once it gets a headway in one's system. However, it can be done. Embonpoint can be treated successfully and healthfully in but one way, all vaunted "reducers" and patent medicines to the contrary notwithstanding.

That way is to adopt a correct system of diet and to take a reasonable and adequate amount of natural, wholesome exercise. Any drastic and sudden treatment should, however, be carefully avoided.

One of the greatest magnets for attracting health is diet. But here it must be admitted that "what is one man's meat is another man's poison." The fat woman and the lean woman, the rosy woman and the anemic woman, the robust woman and the weak woman—each one must adopt a different regimen. The woman inclined to embonpoint must eschew such fattening food as breakfast cereals, wheat corn and graham breads; meats, soups and gravies containing a superabundance of fat; fish preserved in oil, such as salmon, sardines, anchovies, etc.; vegetables containing starch or sugar, such as peas, beans, beets, oyster plant, egg plant, potatoes, turnips and carrots; sweets, pies, puddings, candies and all farinaceous foods, such

as barley, macaroni, spaghetti, vermicelli, &c. She should never drink liquors, wines, milk or malt beverages.

It is not necessary to enumerate here the things she may and ought to eat. They are suggested by the very things she must avoid, being their diametric opposites.

Now, the lean woman can and ought to revel in all these fat-producing dishes, always remembering, however, that she must never indulge in anything that taxes her digestion, no matter how flesh-producing and tempting it may be.

Who Has the Most to Do?

Housewives will appreciate a Russian story told by Count Leo Tolstoi. It relates that a Russian peasant and his wife, after an earnest discussion of the question which of them had the more and harder work to do, agreed to exchange tasks for a day. The woman went to the field to plough, and the man stayed at home to do the housework.

"Now, mind," said the wife as she started out, "turn the cows and the sheep out to pasture at just the right time, and feed the little chickens, and look out that they don't wander, and have the dinner ready when I come back; mix up some pancakes and fry them, and don't forget to churn the butter; but above all don't forget to beat the millet."

The peasant had so much trouble in getting the cattle and sheep out that it was late when he thought of the chickens, and in order that the little chickens might not wander he tied them all together by the legs with a string and then fastened the string to the old hen's leg.

He had noticed that while his wife was beating the millet she often kneaded her pastry at the same time. So he went to work to do these things together, and as he had to shake himself a great deal to do it he saw an ex-

cellent chance to get the butter churned at the same time by tying the cream jar to his belt.

"By the time the millet is pounded," he said, "the butter will have come." He had hardly begun this triple task when he heard the old hen squawking and the chickens peeping. He started on a run to see what was the matter, but tripped on the edge of a flagstone, fell and broke the cream jar to pieces.

In the yard he found that a prodigious hawk had seized one of the chickens and was flying off with it, and as the chickens and their mother were all tied on one string they hung together and the hawk flew away with them all.

In his confusion the peasant left the yard gate open and the pig came in, tipped over the bread tray and spoiled the batter, which the animal then immediately began to devour. While the peasant was looking on in astonishment another pig came in and began rooting amongst the millet.

Then, while the peasant was clearing things up as well as he could the fire went out. He had not succeeded in rekindling it when his wife entered the yard with the horse.

"Why," she said, "where are the chickens and hen?"

"A hawk carried them off. I had tied them together so they wouldn't wander away, and the hawk carried off the whole lot."

"Well, is dinner ready?" "Dinner? How could I have dinner when there isn't any fire?"

"Did you churn the butter?"

"No. I was churning it, but I fell and dropped the jar and broke it, and the dog ate up the cream."

"But what is all this batter that I see on the floor?"

"Those miserable pigs did that."

"Well, you have had a hard time," said the wife. "As for me, I've got the field all ploughed and I'm back home early."

"Oh, yes," exclaimed the husband, bitterly, "you've had only one thing to do, while as for me, I've had

everything to do all at the same time—get this thing ready, take care of that, and think of everything. How in the world was I to do it?" "Well," said she, "that's what I do every day. Now I guess you'll admit that a woman has something to do."

Children's Wishes.

"If a fairy were to offer you anything you like, what would you choose, anyway?" This was the tantalising question written on the blackboard of a London Board school by a lady anxious to make a psychological study of children. The child desired "a nice carriage with four lovely white horses, so I could drive to theatres, parties and balls." Another, even more ambitious made answer, "I should like to live in a palace, and have all that my heart desired." But answers were by no means confined to this grand style.

There was at least one child who would have asked the fairy for nothing more than "new boots and under-clothing." Then there were the children who desired nothing so much as "a little dog" and "a nice workbox." One very good little girl said, "I would ask for nothing else than health and wisdom, because I do not think there is anything half so nice as them two things."

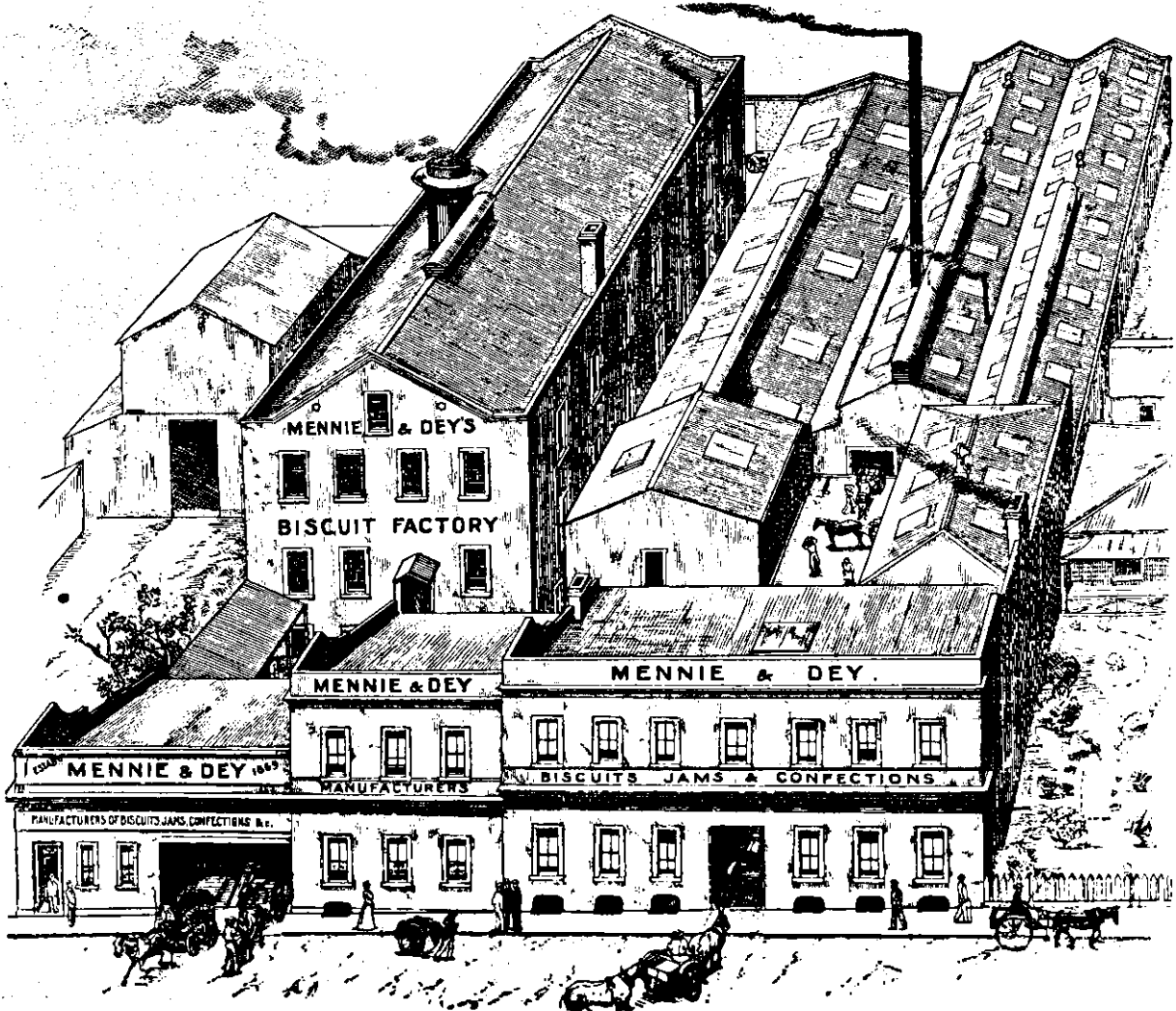
She must have been mortally surprised to see the prize given to a girl who said boldly that she would ask for money. She would not choose good health, this Mammon-worshipper, "because I know it is impossible." With money she proposed to travel about the world, "and help along poorer people." She would also build a home for girls and boys, "whose mothers and fathers are busy nearly all day long."

A BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION.

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

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.

By MARGUERITE

Neckwear is always very dear to the average woman's heart. The dressing of her neck either makes or mars her whole toilet, and it behoves her to be very careful in her choice. Dame Fashion is ever devising new schemes of treatment for adornment. According to the latest arrangement the stiff linen collar is doomed, and in its stead an abundance of fussy contrivances formed of lace, muslin, net and ribbon, are used. Soft, rich lace is a beautifier, and will soften the complexion exquisitely. If the throat is beyond the art of skilful masseuse, then swathe it in soft, flimsy, gossamer-like lace. No matter how hard the lines, this frail bit of cobwebby material acts like the retouching pencil on a photographic proof. The Cavalier tie will be worn in the spring. It is a very long scarf of white mousseline de soie, with encrustations of yellow lace upon it, and richly laced ends. Another of the pretty "concoits" for adorning the bodice is the net fichu which envelops the shoulders, finishing in front with a chon, and long ends falling half-way down the skirt.

An entirely new collar is made high—and in some cases it is pointed at each side—of velvet studded with glistening jets and nail-heads and cut steel, and having a graduated jet fringe falling from the lower edge. Collars of heavy crossgrain silk with jet and cut steel associated and steel fringe are also seen, while others are represented made of mousseline de soie embroidered in spangles and jets, with the fringe of heavy jet arranged in graduated or undulating style. This particular neck adornment will be sure to meet with approval, for the jet collars worn a long while ago were given up reluctantly.

The wide belts or ceintures are revived on the newest gowns. They really give the appearance of a slim figure, more than the narrow belt does.

Patriotic feeling is now shown by the trinkets worn, for I see that in some of the jewellers' shops little "brevets" or charms for the watch-chain or bracelets are being sold, containing tiny portraits of the various generals or officers out at the front.

A single jewel worn on a slender chain around the throat is a pretty new fashion.

The latest with regard to gloves is that the glace kids in the palest straw, biscuit and pearl grey are being sold for afternoon affairs, to be worn with dainty costumes.

In hosiery the latest novelty is a mingling of blue and purple silk and wool. There is a suggestion of plaid about the pattern of the stocking, but not by any means of a disagreeably blatant type.

Lace-fronted silk stockings for evening wear, very naturally still play a part of triumph among the exclusive few who can afford to buy them. The lace is applied on to the silk, and beautiful patterns are chosen with a view to lengthening the look of the foot and to accentuating the delicacy of the ankle.

There is a novelty at the present moment in millinery floriculture—which, though as airy inconsistent as most of the floral decorations of

instances, two very smart models interviewed recently were: First, a cherry-coloured areoplane (that old-world revived transparent) covered hat, with decorations of cherry blossom and cherries. The other was a drawn tulle shape of celery colour (a new shade), with runnings of black velvet hebe ribbon, and groups of blackberry blossom and blackberries. As no modish wardrobe this season will be complete without a black picture hat of some kind, in this figure we introduce out of many shown us, one which was a compromise between hat and toque, and therefore a form that might recommend itself to those who may not find one or the other specially becoming. This is built entirely of black chiffon on the broad lines so becoming to most faces. It is sprinkled over with tiny cut steel beads, the broad bows across the front being held by a cut steel buckle, and an aigrette of black ostrich feathers completes the left side.

A species of somewhat exaggerated sailor shape, either entirely swathed in one of the various transparencies now in vogue, or of fancy straw much trimmed, are obtaining just now, and are worn tilted up on the left side with a chon of some kind beneath the brim.



TWO EVENING BODICES.

This is just the season of the year at which oddities do make their appearance; it is so necessary to produce and show something out of the common at the turn of the seasons.

Often an idea that is highly sensational is made, simply to filter away into oblivion after a while, though there are some people who will insist upon purchasing such vagaries and make themselves look ugly by wearing them.

I like the chenille hats greatly. They are as soft as wool, and excessively becoming.

the newest pouched bodices are, and finished by a knot tie of white satin with lace insertion ends. A pretty toque is also shown here of grey tulle and pink poppies.



Black and white effects still hold their own, and in Paris are being largely used for evening dresses. I made a sketch for you at one of the leading modistes here, which you will see in the column, of a dress made en tunique of black tulle Chantilly, encrusted with white lace and draped over white satin.

The tunic opened over a skirt of white mousseline de soie arranged in little billows. Tiny velvet ribbons were threaded through the lace. This is a vogue we admire immensely at the present time.



TWO EVENING BODICES.

I paid a visit this week to a great couturiere, and truly I think if we choose the prettiest of the fashions, leaving the ugly ones alone, we may say that the fashions are very pretty indeed. (Charming was a gown of rough pinky-red tweed, the skirt elaborately stitched by the knees in a V



STITCHED PEAU DE SOIE AND GERANIUMS.

MILLINERY TO BUY, AND SOME TO AVOID.

This pictured hat is trimmed with a big bunch of geraniums, and is one of the most becoming of models, with a brim that is shaped most prettily and composed of dove-coloured peau de soie stitched with geranium-coloured silk. A soft sash of pink mousseline de soie wreathes the crown and angles with the blossoms.

There is a new rage in the shop windows for pastel flowers, which means that the blossoms are carried out in impossibly soft shades never seen in nature.

In effect they are faded-looking, and by no means attractive, especially in the cheaper varieties. Another positive furore that seems to have attacked the shop windows at present is a display of vine leaves and grapes. There, let us hope, the majority of the vintage may stay; it is no easy to overdo this sort of decoration on a chapeau.

But there are the most wonderful specimens of headgear to be seen now. Some discrimination needs to be used in making a choice among them, for one should hardly burden one's heart against eccentricities purely because they are new.

A smart little bodice of fine black cloth makes its bow in this figure. It



BLACK CLOTH AND WHITE SATIN. Is cut with low neck and round collar to show an under collar of white satin overlaid with white guipure lace gathered slightly at the bust as some of



LACE THREADED THROUGH WITH VELVET RIBBONS.



BLACK CHIFFON AND STEEL.

up-to-date millinery we must content to thinking pretty. This is a bonnet of fruit blossom combined with bunches of its ultimate fruit. As

ery. I saw a lace scarf from Paris covered with tiny medallions of brocade, each surrounded by a bebe frill of lace—as an example of what I mean. It is just the same with much of the newest millinery; it all bears the trace of much handiwork, and many are the lovely hats and toques to be found now. And, by the way, how completely the bonnet has disappeared! Time was when all young married women felt it incumbent upon them to wear a bonnet; now one is never seen upon a young head, and not so very often on an old one. Hats and toques are beginning to be quite usual wear for quite elderly ladies, and, indeed, I think they are infinitely more becoming, especially hats—more so than toques.

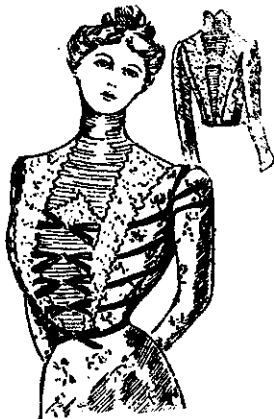
the pleats are allowed to fly freely. Similar velvet straps take the place of

of white stitched satin. It was a dear little coat, and it was only by an act of self-denial worthy of a due and proper reward that I obtained from adding it to my wardrobe, as victims



SHIRLEY BLOUSE.

The Shirley blouse is equally appropriate for silk or organdie and a pretty fashion for maid or matron. The back is made with three side plaits on each side folded toward the centre and overlapping at the belt. The fronts are plain, slightly full at the waist line and trimmed to hide the darts with bands of flat trimming. Pale blue mousseline de sole would be charming made up in the fashion with a chemisette and collar of tucked white mull and a trimming of cream lace. The girdle would be of black velvet.



CANTERBUR BODICE.

A charming design for a pretty bodice to complete a costume. As illustrated it is a plain, round bodice of mauve foulard, carrying a scattered deep violet design; is opened back and front to show a vest of violet-white chiffon, tucked. The plastron is of deep cream lace, and the velvet bands and the bows on the vest are of the deepest violet shade.

Contemporary with the new shade, "celery"—which is so difficult to describe, being an indefinite combination of faint green, faint biscuit and ivory tint—is a new shade of pink (not a pretty one in our personal opinion), which closely resembles the hue of pink blotting paper. This is being much exploited just now, and is the colour of the frieze cloth which composes the gown sketched in this figure. This, it will be seen, has a short-pleated skirt on the now prevailing lines, with a mitred strap of black velvet from the waist to where

the pleats are allowed to fly freely. Similar velvet straps take the place of



BLOTTING PAPER FRIEZE AND BLACK VELVET.

revers on the double bolero, which is worn over a yoked and pouched under bodice, and also head the sleeves. It has, of course, been considered very bad form of late years to wear the indoor gown out of doors without some little addition, however trifling, in the way of lace or feather boa (excepting for quite young girls) to mitigate the rawness of the tout ensemble. This season, however, owing undebutedly to the style of bodices being more furnished, we shall not be compelled to assume even the feather boa unless it meets our pleasure so to do, and one has grown a little tired of it, too, especially since the cheap and nasty arrivals in the market.



A PERFORATED CLOTH.

We return to the black and white in this figure, which shows a very smart gown of black perforated cloth showing white satin through. The Eton bodice opens over a white satin vest laced across with narrow black ribbon velvet, the eyelet holes for which are sewn with black. The perforated cloths are very fascinating, and have great advantage in the matter of retaining their cachet, inasmuch as they are not likely to degenerate into cheap editions.

Quite as cool as a blouse of silk, if not more so, would be found the natty little one cut here depicted. There is a sensation of comfort about these loose garments not to be undervalued. This little coat was formed of white drill, but for immediate wear let me call your attention to a similar one which was of pretty coloured box-cloth, and boasted a collar and revers



A USEFUL COAT.

floats before my imagination of its adaptability for sea-side wear in conjunction with various skirts already in my possession.



BIJOU FROCK.

floats before my imagination of its adaptability for sea-side wear in conjunction with various skirts already in my possession.



BEAUFORT BODICE.

A style especially adapted to slender figures is here portrayed. The front and back of waist is laid in half-inch side plaits. Any of the favourite silk, woollen, and cotton fabrics are suitable for this model. A very smart effect is gained by the trimming of the yokes and sleeves with bands of flat trimming.



SHAFTER REEFER.

An excellent model for a boy's reefer, which is cut the favourite length, made double-breasted, and is finished with a rolling sailor collar. Serge, tweeds, chevots, kersy, or heaver cloth are the materials used, according to the weight desired. Bands of braid and machine stitching are the only finish.

The "Bijou" is an excellent pattern for a dainty little home frock, made of any sort of light wool goods, for girls of 4, 6, and 8 years. The yoke and shoulder bretelles are of white, trimmed with braid to match the dress and brass buttons. The body of the frock hangs loosely from the yoke, both in the front and back. A loose, plain coat sleeve is used.

Sentenced to death! the doomed man stands.
To die in prime of life.
No shade of hope, no outstretched hands.
No friend except his wife;
She heeded not the doctor's voice.
"His cough would kill him sure."
She saved his life, and did rejoice,
With Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.

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Appointment

TO THE EARL AND COUNTESS DE RANFURLY.

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Samples and Measurement Forms Post Free.

A. WOOLLAMS & CO.,

LADIES' TAILORS,

183, QUEEN STREET

TELEPHONE 1016.

AUCKLAND.

CHILDREN'S PAGE



CHILDREN'S CORRESPONDENCE COLUMN.

Any boy or girl who likes to become a cousin can do so, and write letters to Cousin Kate, care of the Lady Editor, 'Graphic' Office, Auckland.

Write on one side of the paper only. All purely correspondence letters with envelope ends attached are carried through the Post Office as follows:—Not exceeding 100 lbs; not exceeding 100 lbs; for every additional 100 or fractional part thereof, 1d. It is well for correspondents to be marked 'Press Manuscript only.'

Please note, dear cousins, that all letters addressed to Cousin Kate must now be in the words 'Press Manuscript only.' No marked, and the flap turned in, and not overnight, if they will come for a 1d. stamp in Auckland, but a 1d from every other place.

THE 'GRAPHIC' COUSINS' COT FUND.

This fund is for the purpose of maintaining a poor, sick child in the Auckland Hospital, and is contributed to by the 'Graphic' cousins—readers of the children's page. The cot has been already bought by their kind collection of money, and now £25 a year is needed to pay for the nursing, food, and medical attendance of the child in it. Any contributions will be gladly received by Cousin Kate, care of the Lady Editor, 'New Zealand Graphic,' Shortland street, or collecting cards will be sent on application.

Result of Ingenuity Composition.

This, you will remember, was for the best sentence composed of words beginning with the letters in the word Mafeking, arranged in their proper order. I should have given you the result of this before, but the gentleman who consented to judge for me has been away, and I had to wait till he came back. I think, however, all the cousins must have tried, and many of the answers were very clever. The prize is awarded to

Cousin GEORGE EMISON, ROTORUA.

whose sentence is:

"Many a Faithful English Knight Is Now Gone."

I think you will admit that this is a really excellent sentence, being simple, direct, and at the same time appropriate and to the point. There was only one prize, but some of the other answers are so good that I think I shall give a few of them. This, for instance, sent by Cousin Beryl, was placed second in the order of merit by the judge:

"Many African Friends Explain Kruger Intends No Guile."

Cousin Adelaide, of Whangarei, comes third with this:

"Mafeking's Abhorrence For Eccentric Kruger Is Naturally Great."

She also sends another one:

"Mafeking Appreciates Fun, Especially Kruger's Ignorant, Noisy Grunts."

But, though it makes you laugh, this is not so good, and does not rank amongst the best.

A really capital sentence is sent by Cousin Ella, of Wellington. Here it is: "Mafeking Aroused Furor: Even Kruger Is Now Gloomy."

I think we should give this fourth place. I shall not attempt to put any more in their order, but let you judge for yourselves.

Cousin Vivian sends this. She is only ten, remember:

"Mafeking's Attitude Finally Ends Kruger's Independent Nonsensical Gas."

Here are a whole batch, all by one cousin, who has also forgotten to send his or her name. Doubtless there was a letter with it, but I cannot remember whose it was. Some of these are good. I think:

"Malicious Adversaries Fly, Energetic Kitchener Intends No Grace."

"Mighty Armies Fight, Erasing Kruger's Impudent, Nefarious Game."

"Mendacious Antagonists Filled Every Kopje, Invisibly Noting Catacre."

"Mere Artfulness Fails, Egotistical Kruger Is Not Game."

"Many American Friends Evince Kind Interest, Never Guessed."

Cousin Gladys tries with the following:

"Mafeking Attained Final Egress, Khaki Is Now General."

There are a host more, many of them very good, but I think these are about the best, and have room for no more just now.

Another Ingenuity Competition.

I think you all understand how it is done now, so I will offer another prize to the cousin who makes the best sentence out of

ROBERTS.

Remember, the simpler sentence the better, that is why George Emison's took the prize. Now, all try again for this one. I shall keep it open till August 1st.

Prize for Best Competition or Essay.

All of you who still go to school have compositions or essays to write, I expect. Well, I am going to give two prizes for the best composition sent me before August 8. You may send one you have written in school or you may send a special one, but it should not be more than, say, about 100 words. You must write on one side of the paper only. This is very important. You may choose any subject you like, but you must do it all by yourselves, except you may get your parents or teachers to give you a subject. Try and make your composition as original as possible. Say whatever you really think yourself about the subject you write about. I am anxious for all cousins to go in for this competition, and shall give very nice books as prizes. One prize will be for cousins over 12, and one for cousins under 12. If there are enough good compositions, I may give some extra prizes. All cousins old or new may go in for either of these competitions, so I expect a fine lot of work over them. The more you give the better I shall like it. Remember the date of closing is August 8th.

COUSINS' CORRESPONDENCE.

Dear Cousin Kate,—I was very pleased to see my last letter in the 'Graphic' and thank you very much for accepting me as a cousin. I have not yet received my collecting card and badge. It has been very wet weather here lately. To-day it has been

thundering, lightning, and raining very hard. We are having our mid-winter holidays now, but on Monday we are to start school again. I would like going to school very much if we had no suns to do. I do not like suns. I have got one pet cat; her name is Tiny. My youngest sister has got two, an old cat and a kitten. The kitten is very young; it runs about the house, but it will not let anyone catch it. My cat is very old; she is twelve years old. I think I must take this letter to an end. With love to all the cousins, I must say good night.—I remain, your true cousin, Bertha Keith, Maungatawhiri.

[Dear Cousin Bertha,—I have sent the badges off to-day so you will have received them before you see this I expect. I quite sympathise with you about suns. I hated arithmetic at school. What colour is your cat? Twelve seems a great age for a cat, does it not? Can she see well, or is she nearly blind, as they usually are when they get very old? Which is the elder, you or Alice? Write again soon and tell me all about yourselves. Mind you enter for the competitions.—Cousin Kate.]

[Dear Cousin Kate,—I am entering for the Mafeking competition, but as we did not receive our 'Graphic' until rather late I have not time to write more.—Ella.]

[Dear Cousin Ella,—I hope you will enter for the next ingenuity competition because some of your sentences were very good. You may have better fortune next time. Please write me a longer letter soon.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I am sending you a lot of sentences made out of the letters in Mafeking. I found 100 words; some of them I cannot put in the sentences. I did not see your notice of the Mafeking competition, so I do not know if I have done it the right way. I should like you to give us another word.—Marion.

[Dear Cousin Marion,—I am so sorry all your trouble was wasted. You did not quite understand how to do the sentences, but will now be able to pick it up and go in for the new one made out of Roberts. Get some grown-up person to explain from this week's 'Graphic' and try again. Perhaps you will succeed. One never knows!—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I should like a collecting card; I have been promised one shilling, and I think that if I had a card I could collect a lot more. As you did not send me a card I am afraid that you did not get Marion's letter giving our address. I am glad to hear that Cousin Edmund keeps poultry; I shall be glad of all the information he can give about poultry keeping; we have about seventy hens, and make a good deal of money out of them in the year. I think selling the eggs pays better than rearing chickens for the market. Our butcher will never give us more than one shilling each for fine young roosters, and we live too far away from a large town to send them in without a great deal of expense. We are having our winter holidays now. It is very provoking to have so many wet days. I wanted to put my garden in good order before school began, but I have not been able to touch it; it is such dirty work pulling the weeds when the ground is wet. I have a few cabbage and cauliflower plants put in. As soon as the ground is dry enough I intend putting in a few early potatoes. We are using new potatoes now that were planted in March. What is that which is cut at both ends and yet made longer?—From Cousin Rose.

[Dear Cousin Rose,—I have just looked at the book in which I keep the names and addresses of all the cousins, and I find I have not either yours or Marion's second name and address, so I cannot have received the letter from her with them in. You do not give your surname in this letter either. Please send it me soon, so that I may send you a card, as you kindly promise

to collect. What sort of fowls do you keep? If you have really good big table birds you ought to be able to get far more than a shilling for the roosters. Write to the Stock Department, Government Buildings, Auckland, and they will send you a book telling you how to prepare poultry for freezing and sending Home. You can also learn from it about a new way of keeping eggs for winter. Is it dreadful weather for gardening, is it not? I, too, want to get some seedling done, but it is far too wet. The slugs, too, are fearful! had this year. Have you many in your garden? They destroy a terrible number of plants in mine.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I would be so pleased if you would accept me as a cousin. I thought as my sister has become one of your cousins you would have me for one also. I have been staying with some of my relations at Tamaki West for about eighteen months, and I enjoyed myself very much. The house in which I was staying at was very close to a beautiful shelly beach and a sea. When I had any spare time my cousins and I used to go out boating or fishing. Sometimes we would see who could gather the most shells. In the summer time we went for a few trips in a large sailing vessel to the Thames, Bay of Islands and Tauranga. I thought the places all very pretty. I was very glad to return to my proper home about two months ago.—With love to all the cousins, I remain, your true cousin, Alice Keith, Maungatawhiri.

[Dear Cousin Alice,—Welcome to our band of cousins. You will get your card before this appears, as I posted it to - day, with a badge. You are quite a traveller, are you not? I should have tremendously enjoyed such trips as you made all round the coast. Are you a good sailor? I think you must be, or you would never have ventured a second trip. Collecting shells is very interesting, I think. Have you ever tried covering cigar boxes with them? They look so pretty.—Cousin Kate.]

AN EMPIRE CITY LETTER.

Dear Cousin Kate,—One night recently I had the pleasure of being present at the performance of the 'Grand Duke.' It was in every way highly creditable, and the Amateur Operatic Society should feel proud of their production. The scene is laid in a German State, and the period is the middle of last century. A plot exists to dethrone the reigning Duke, the members of a theatrical company being a party to the conspiracy, and their manager is looking forward to filling the dukedom. In the meantime the leading comedian, Ludwig, discloses the plot to, of all persons, the Grand Duke's private detective, who is so taken back by the information that he fails to arrest the conspirator. Here is, indeed, a how-do-you-do affair; the exponents of histrionic art are betrayed, and something must needs be done. Dr. Tannhauser, a notary, suggests that Ernest (the manager) and Ludwig fight a statutory duel.

Sword or pistol neither uses. Playing card be lightly chosen. And the loser simply loses. Some prefer the churchyard mould! Strange the views some people hold!

From a pack of cards Ludwig draws an ace, and Ernest a king, which being the lower card is the loser, and accordingly considered as dead. Ludwig then goes to the Grand Duke to make a full disclosure of the conspiracy and to throw all the blame on the dead man. Duke of Rudolph, who is a frail specimen of humanity, set up on a pedestal for ridicule, and to be poked fun at in true Gilbertian fashion, is in mortal fear of his life, and is looking for some painless mode of exit from the world. Ludwig seeing this suggests the statutory duel.

Rudolph agrees, knowing that the statute providing these duels, having not been renewed, expires the next day, and the loser can, when he pleases, come to life again. The duel is fought in the market-place, and the cards having been arranged, Ludwig draws the ace. Rudolph drawing the king is deemed dead. Ludwig becomes Grand Duke. His first act is to extend the statute relating to duels for 100 years, and thus assure his position. The Grand Duke and his court appear in Greek costumes made for an intended performance of 'Troilus and Cressida.' Then

complications begin. Ludwig has to set aside Liza, to whom he is engaged, for Julia as leading lady claims (Grand Duchess—Ludwig's wife. They are hardly married when the baroness arrives to press her claim, she being betrothed to Rudolph, and Ludwig having taken over his responsibilities, puts Julia aside and marries the baroness. Next the Prince of Monte Carlo and his daughter arrive. This young lady was wed to Rudolph in infancy. She having the prior claim, Ludwig is about to marry her when Rudolph and Ernest come in with the notary, who has discovered that in statutory duels the ace counts as lowest. This enables everyone to get back to their original positions, and the audience has had their fun.—Your loving cousin Jack.

[Dear Cousin Jack,—Your letter about the Grand Duke is very interesting, but I can only give a short answer, as your letter takes up a good deal of our space, does it not? Mind you enter for the essay competition. I am sure you would do very well. Next time you write tell me about yourself and your likes and dislikes.—Cousin Kate.]



The First Day of the Holidays.
A STORY OF THE SILVERTON CHILDREN.

"And now, what shall we do?" inquired Nellie, when the garden gate was reached.

The Silvertons had been "seeing Fraulein, the German governess, off." All the previous day they had been examining boxes and portmanteaux of that curious manufacture which somehow makes it impossible to take a foreigner's luggage seriously.

"I say, what a funny bag!" I heard Jim exclaim, strolling into Fraulein's room, where, flushed and voluble, she knelt on the floor, almost enveloped by clouds of assisting pupils and surrounded by Teutonic wearing apparel of a thoroughgoing appearance.

"Ach, leave ze bag!" cried Fraulein in exasperated accents, as Jim, in the character of a porter, ran up and down between piles of stockings and stout petticoats, the bag in one hand and the dinner bell in the other. "Leave ze bag! And all you children go into ze garden. So, I pack better."

"Oh, no! No, Fraulein!" came in a protesting chorus. "Send Jim out. He's such a little idiot, always coming and spoiling everything. Jim, do you hear? Put down the bag."

"I don't want the silly old bag," declared Jim, as with a last deafening crash, the bell was finally wrested from his grasp. "Looks as if it was made of cardboard, with bits of shiny black paper gummed on for the straps."

I had barely time to recognise the accuracy of the description when, after much scuffling and considerable flow of language, Jim was forcibly ejected.

He walked slowly backwards down the passage, hurling insults at the feminine sex and the German Empire till pulled up short by the rail at the head of the staircase. It occurred to him to slide down the banisters, and the rapid movement not being favourable to its continuance, the monologue ceased.

Peace had been restored and again broken twenty times between then and the thrilling moment of departure. The cardboard portmanteaux and the purple-mottled paper boxes were finally placed on the cab containing Fraulein and a great many Silvertons. Then, amidst last words from Mrs Silverton as to sandwiches, amidst handshakes from Mr Silverton, amidst excited squeals from the rest of the family, the cab drove off stationwards conveying Fraulein on the first stage of her sojourn to the Fatherland.

"Lebe wohl! Lebe wohl!" she cried, putting her beaming face out of the carriage-window at the station.

"In one month I return. Be all good children, so that the - ran Mamma." Her last admonitions were drowned in the shriek of the engine, and a rather depressed and saddened little group turned from the platform to wend its way towards home.

It was ridiculous to be depressed, of course, since all Fraulein's were dead, and for weeks parsons of joy had heralded their coming freedom. Still, somehow, Fraulein had a pretty talent for cutting out paper dolls. Nellie remembered this before the train was out of sight. She confided the ludicrous reflection to Madge the same evening, and Madge sighed.

"She used to tell jolly fairy tales," was her reflective remark.

It was odd how silent the consuming hatred they bore, Fraulein kept the entire family on the homeward journey, and it was with some sense of inconsistent behavior that Nellie forced herself to give utterance to the question as one who would prove to all the world that she, at least, was no poor-spirited child.

After all, it was the first day of the holidays, the others reflected. "Let's go into Uncle John's," said Norah.

"Back garden?" observed Jim, laconically.

"Yes! yes!" assented the others, beginning to brighten.

"What about the handkerchief trick?" inquired Jim.

An appreciative grin went round.

"What's the time?" was Jim's next question.

Nellie ran in to see.

"Quarter to twelve," she announced, with a satisfaction only comprehensible to the initiated.

"All right," said Jim. "We've got half an hour to prepare. Now, who's going in to Uncle John's?"

"Madge!" everyone shouted. "Madge and Phil!"

"I always go!" protested Madge.



"In one month I return. Be all good children, so that Frau-mamma." Her last admonitions were drowned in the shriek of the engine.

"You shouldn't have such a silly, affected manner, then?" returned Jim unguardedly.

Rebutions were often a little strained between Madge and Jim; but no sooner were the words uttered than he felt that, from motives of self-interest, he had gone too far.

"Silly, affected manner!" his sister repeated, blazing up at once. "What are you, I should like to know? A little clumsy bear! Everyone says so; and a conceited little donkey, and a —"

Norah and Nellie here interrupted with soothing words.

"Don't pay any attention to the little idiot!" they cried. "He always goes on like that, just because he couldn't go in to Uncle John, and manage so beautifully as you do, Madge. You will go, won't you? You might just as well! You can ask for the

key so splendidly—how the vines are getting on, and the cucumbers, you know, and the fowls, and all that! You remember what to say. You manage splendidly!"

James, with feminine cajoleries, they at length succeeded in pushing Madge gently out of the front gate on her mission of diplomacy.

Jim meanwhile had stood sulkily apart, forced to hear himself described as a silly little idiot, without a protest, and conscious that the moment Madge had departed with the blandly smiling Phil, the two girls would turn and rend him.

To have rendered himself powerless to return scorn for scorn was galling, but inevitable; unless, indeed, he should refuse to play. But the sacrifice was too great. He braced himself up for the onslaught, therefore, which, owing to the excitement as to the result of Madge's mission, was mercifully brief. Uncle John's garden adjoined the garden of the Silvertons.

A stately gentleman of the old school devoted to his roses, his vineyard, and his poultry-yard, his grandniece and nephews were practically unknown to him.

With the unconscious adaptability of the young, they always appeared before Uncle John in the guise which he expected—that is to say, as quiet, well-behaved, deferential young folks, whose awakening intelligence he loved to train.

Uncle John was kindness itself, but he was curious. There was, for instance, a certain ritual to be observed in asking for the key of the fruit garden. You could not, for example, explain to him that the rockery which extended the length of one wall commanded the road down which the school children were wont to pass, nor that the straight, narrow paths of the garden lent themselves admirably to the chase of fowls, nor that cherries in summer time were refreshing. No, your interest in a fruit garden was, naturally, of a totally different nature, as Madge was now on her way to testify.

She knocked at the study door. "Come in," said her uncle, looking up from his writing.

"Good-morning, Uncle John!" exclaimed Madge brightly, running up to be kissed.

"Good-morning!" echoed Phil, raising limpid blue eyes.

If Uncle John had owned to the weakness of a preference among "such excellent young people" it would have been for Madge and Phil.

"Nice, intelligent children," he was wont to observe, "whose manners are above the ordinary standard of courtesy which this generation appears to exact."

"We've come to ask you for the key of the back garden, Uncle John," said Madge. "It is such a long time since we looked at the vines."

"Ah, yes! Well, you will find the grapes are colouring nicely. I should also like you to look at a very beautiful little Calophyllum, which you will find on the right hand side of the small glasshouse. Its habit of growth is most interesting."

Madge's expression became more markedly intelligent than ever.

"Oh, we will. We must look out for that. There are the fuchsias, too. How are they getting on?"

"Admirably, admirably!" Before you return, go also into the hothouse. I should like you all to see two orchids there—a latifolia and a globosa. Magnificent specimens! You know which is the latifolia? I pointed it out to you some three weeks ago."

"Yes, Uncle John," returned Madge a little hastily. "Thank you so much," as he put the key into her hand.

"You will bring it back, of course; and in case I am not in, replace it on this nail. Good-bye for the present, then. I think you will find much to interest you in the garden to-day."

The family was evidently of Uncle John's opinion, for Madge found an excited group waiting for her outside the gate.

(To be Continued.)

How Elsie Became a Good Girl.

Elsie Grayson was a very naughty little girl, and did not like to obey her mother. One afternoon she was sitting at the window reading. She should have been mending her dress, which her mother had told her to do, but Elsie had no notion of putting down her book at the best part of the story. As she was sitting there, she heard a noise, and, looking up, she

saw a beautiful little fairy standing before her.

"Elsie," said the fairy, "are you a good girl, and do you always do as your mother tells you?"

Elsie hung her head and did not reply.

"Answer me, Elsie," the fairy said at length. "Do you always do as your mother tells you?"

"No," stammered Elsie looking very much abashed.

"Take this ring," said the fairy, putting a ring on Elsie's finger. "At eight o'clock to-night take it off and lay it on your window sill. Now, remember to do exactly as I tell you." Saying this, she vanished from Elsie's sight.

Elsie looked at the ring a minute, then she mended her dress; after this she was very good for the rest of the evening. That night she remembered what the fairy had said, and at eight o'clock she took the ring from her finger and laid it on the window sill. As soon as she had laid it there a number of little black objects came and settled on the sill. Elsie thought they looked like little people; she could not quite make out what they were.

"Who are you?" she said to the first one.

"My name is Disobedience," said the thing. "I was not far off when you were reading that book this afternoon."

The second one said its name was Deceit, the third Ill-nature, the fourth Discontent, and so on all the way down the row, until Elsie recognised in them all the faults of which she had been guilty. After a little while Elsie heard something telling her to pick up the ring, and when she did so all the black things flew away.

The next day the fairy came again and told Elsie to lay the ring on the window that night, just as she had done the night before, but fewer black things came that night, for Elsie had tried to be a better girl during the day, and every night there were less and less, until there were none at all.

When Elsie had become a good little girl the fairy came and took back the ring, telling her she was glad she had conquered her faults so well.

Shortly after Elsie told her mother what I have told you about the fairy ring. On Elsie's next birthday, her father gave her a pretty silver bangle for being a good girl.

A Sugar Barrel.

"A sugar barrel, boys!" What a scampering that announcement used to cause among the boys in the vicinity of a country store, a few years ago, when much soft brown sugar was used. The emptied hogsheads, with a luscious coat of sweetness adhering to the rough staves, were cast out in the back yard, much to the boys' delight. John B. Grozier, who spent his youth in Canada, recalls these "sugar-barrel" scenes from his own experience.

One of the boys was always on the watch as informal scout, to give notice to the rest of anything interesting and available in the way of fun. The empty sugar hogshead used to appear with considerable regularity. The scout would see it, and after a liberal taste himself, would rush to the mill-pond, where he would probably find the rest of us basking.

"A sugar barrel, boys!" was his greeting. It was enough. Putting on half of our clothes as we went, we would dash off after our guide, like a scattered train of camp followers.

It must have been comical to see a dozen orchids struggling along, picking their way barefooted over the rocks and rough ground; struggling to put on a rugged vest, or a coat, while maintaining a sort of Indian jog trot for fear of losing a share in the feast.

Then, lo, the hogshead; and into it the first comers rushed pell-mell. Those who came after contented themselves with looting there would be enough for all; or possibly they obtained a morsel or two by clever reaching from the outside.

TO DAIKEN GREY HAIR.

Lackyer's Sulphur Hair Restorer, quickest, safest, best; restores the natural colour. Lackyer's, the real English Hair Restorer. Large Bottles, 1. 6s, every where. (Ad-1)



NO HOPE FOR THE WEARY WIVES.

Mrs Bronston (pale, weary, and half-distracted): "That's the ninth girl I've had within a month, and she just threw a flat-iron at me."

Mr Bronston: "By the way, a party of us to-day were trying to evolve a scheme for co-operative house-keeping. Our plan was to rent a small family hotel, hire our own help, do our own managing, and share the expenses."

"That's grand! It would be just like living in an absolutely perfect hotel, and at half the cost. Oh, I'm delighted! Who will go in with us?"

"Well, there's Jinks, for one."

"His wife doesn't move in our set."

"And Winks."

"Mrs Winks is a scandal monger, and you know it."

"And Minks—"

"Catch me living under the same roof with that flirting woman."

"Well, there's Binks, husband of your friend, Mrs Binks."

"Very nice in company, but they say she's a terror at home."

"And there's Finks."

"Mrs Finks is a regular old cat."

"And Pinks."

"Huh! Mrs Pinks and her two pretty daughters, with no thought but dress and the opera! Nice ones they'd be to keep house with!"

"And your dear friend Mrs Kinks."

"She didn't return my last call, and I've dropped her."

"But what shall we do?"

"Get another girl."

A PLEASANT ARRANGEMENT.

Bride: "Now, my dear, how shall we manage about church? We belong to different religious denominations, you know. Shall I go with you, or will you go with me?"

Groom: "I'll tell you how we'll fix it. You tell your minister that you are going to my church and I'll tell my minister that I am going to your church. Then we won't be missed and needn't go anywhere."

A WEARISOME PROBLEM.

Fatigue: "How is your husband?"

asked one of two women who had met at the bargain counter.

"Very much run down," was the answer.

"Perhaps he works too hard."

"No, he doesn't. But he loses sleep and wrecks his constitution trying to figure out some way to live without working at all."

A TEDIIOUS WAIT.

"May I ask what is going on in the village?" inquired the observant stranger.

"We're celebrating the birthday of the oldest inhabitant, sir," replied the native. "She's hundred and one to-day, sir."

"And tell me, pray, who is that little man with that dreadfully sad countenance who walks by the old lady's side?"

"That's her son-in-law, sir. He's been keeping up her life insurance for the last thirty years."

GOOD AS CAPITAL.

Binks: "New man in your office, I see. Looks like a prize-fighter."

Winks: "He's my silent partner."

"Eh? Does he foot the bills?"

"No. He foots the collectors."

REMEMBERING A FAVOUR.

Inklestein, the pawnbroker, bows very graciously as he passes young Jones.

Miss de Rigueur: "Tom, why does that person bow so obsequiously to you?"

Tom Jones: "Oh, he helped me out of a difficulty once, and I gave him a gold watch for it."

NOTES AND QUERIES.

Antiquarian: "The custom of throwing the slipper after a bride, comes down from very ancient times. Long before the Christian era, a defeated chief would take off his shoes and hand them to the victor, to show that the loser of the shoes yielded up all authority over his subjects. Therefore, when the family of a bride throw slippers after her they mean that they renounce all authority over her. Do you understand?"

Small auditor: "Yes, sir. They throw away the slippers they used to spank her with!"



Sophy: Oh, Maria, I'm so glad to see you. I haven't seen you for ever so long. Where are you lodging?

Maria (loftily): I don't lodge. I am married, and have taken a flat.

Sophy: You don't say so! What is his name?

A DISGUSTED TREASURER.

"What made you quit the club, Billy?"

"Reason enough, I can tell you. I worked five years to be elected treasurer, and then they insisted on putting in a cash register."

SILENCE IN THE COURT.

Judge: Bailiff, have that shuffling of feet stopped. The noise is very annoying to me.

Hibernian Bailiff (in stentorian tones): Here, now! How'd yure tongues wild yer feet, ivery man av yez. Sure, his anner can't hear himself! think!

HOME WAYS.

The Soldier's Mother: I got a letter from George to-day, and he is grumbling about the victuals in the army.

The Soldier's Wife: I am glad to hear that he is making himself at home.

A SUITABLE DOG.

Lady: I wish to select a pet dog.

Dealer: Live in the city, I suppose, mum?

Yes, I live in a flat.

Then I would advise an Italian greyhound, mum. No matter how much you feeds a greyhound, he alters stays narrer.

IN A DAZE.

First Miss: Where are you going this summer?

Second Miss: I haven't the least idea.

First Miss: But can't you judge from what you heard your pa and ma say?

Second Miss: Well, from the way ma talks I'd think we were going to London, Paris, Berlin, Rome, Egypt, and all through India. From the way pa talks I'd think we were going to the poor-house.

QUEER NOISES.

First Guest (at grand ball) Hark, isn't that the champagne popping in the supper-room?

Second Guest: No; I guess it's the young couples in the conservatory.

HER CHOICE OF EVILS.

Rapleigh—Miss Smythe is a jolly fine girl. She never objects to my smoking a cigarette in her presence.

Rapleigh—Yes; she told me the other day that she always liked you to smoke when you called, although she detests cigarettes.

Spaleigh—Then she sacrifices her own comfort for the sake of giving me pleasure. Now, that's jolly clever of her, isn't it?

Rapleigh—I don't believe she considers it a sacrifice. She says you don't talk so much when you smoke.

OSTRACISM.

These people were connected with a scandal, and were therefore socially ostracised.

It is true sumptuous carriages were frequently to be seen drawing up at their door, but these brought only snobs.

The coal man delivered their coal without saying a word, and the policeman was hardly civil to their cook. Peddlars passed their house by. Agents left no samples of soap whatever.

Theirs was a gloomy life. Anybody could see that their gaiety was affectation.

IRONY OF FATE.

"Ah," sighed the long-haired passenger, "how little we know of the future and what it has in store for us!"

"That's right," rejoined the man with the auburn whiskers in the seat opposite. "Little did I think some thirty years ago when I carved my initials on the rude deck in the old country schoolhouse that would some day grow up and fail to become famous."

VICTORY ASSURED.

He was a candidate for Council honours.

"A speech! A speech!" yelled the crowd.

In response to the popular clamour he mounted an empty beer keg and said:

"Boys, I thank you. All hands step inside and have something."

It was a brief specimen of oratory, but it touched the spot.

A SITUATION EXPLAINED.

"Did you lose any money at the races?"

"Not a cent," answered the patient man.

"That was lucky."

"Well, I suppose so. But I was entitled to some luck. You see, I had my pocket picked just before the first race started."

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."



NO NEED TO WORRY.

Miss Million (of uncertain age): The only thing that worries me is the wedding tour. It will be perfectly horrible to have people know—

Miss Rosebud (viciously): Oh, don't worry. They'll think you're his mother.

FILLED WITH FICTION.

It happened in a bookseller's shop. "What can I show you, madam?" he asked. "Something in the line of fiction?"

"No," she answered slowly. "I think I'll try history for a change. I get enough fiction when my husband gets home late from the club."

ABSENCE MAKES HER DEARER.

Mrs Younglove: "Do you think absence really makes the heart grow fonder, Harold?"

Mr Younglove: "I guess it does. At all events you are about twice as dear to me when you're away at one of those high-priced summer resorts as when you're at home."

VERY BAD FORM.

Daughter (after the theatre): "That play was so interesting I couldn't do a thing but just sit and listen to it."

Fashionable Mother: "It was abominable, the way you watched that play. People must have thought we were from the country."

MISERIES OF EXCLUSIVENESS.

Miss Downton: "Where are you going next summer?"

Miss Upton: "To the Upper Thames."

"Merely! That's a horrid place; nothing but swamps and mosquitoes."

"I know it; but all the pretty resorts are filled up nowadays by the common herd, you know."

A DISCOVERY.

First Miss: "The other day I picked up a copy of Goethe's 'Wilhelm Meister,' and I was never more surprised in my life. Why, it's about all sorts of immoral characters."

Second Miss: "Is it? Dear me! I had an idea it was dry and uninteresting."

SCHEDULE TIME.

Mr Cheapside: "I thought you said you were going to Mrs Brick's five o'clock tea this afternoon?" It's after five now."

Mrs Cheapside: "There's no hurry. Her five o'clock tea isn't likely to be ready before seven. She's got the girl I used to have."



UNANSWERABLE.

The Ostrich: "Why not? Those European women put our feathers on their heads—why shouldn't we cover our baldness with their hair?"