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AT BAY.



herself at your head," Mrs Savage said, her tone becoming vicious, "but I never thought you were one to be caught."

Just then the boat began to float out. There was a piece of rope nailed to the timbers almost in Mrs Savage's hand.

"Catch that rope and hold the boat in," Hecker said hastily. Mrs Savage reached for it as it was fast receding, and unconsciously arose; the boat shot from under her, and she went into the water.

The oars were on top of the dam. Hecker gave one look of disgust, and one exclamation that was by no means complimentary, and sprang over the side of the boat to her assistance. The long boots of the cavalry were wicks topped and reaching almost to his hips. The instant he struck the water these filled and dragged him under. But Hecker was a strong man with perfectly trained muscles and quickly recovered himself.

He reached Mrs Savage by a few strokes. The rope had broken short off in her hands, and she was ready to sink. Hecker supported her and attempted to swim with her toward the steep place where she had climbed down to the boat, but she was perfectly unmanageable. She threw her arms about his neck and almost dragged him under.

"Let go!" he shouted. "You will drown us both."

But the woman was in perfect frenzy of fear. Her long cloth riding skirt tangled his sodden heaviness about his legs, almost powerless already from the water filled boots. He forcibly pulled her arms from his neck, and catching the skirt tore it off, with the strength of despair.

Even then he felt that they were sinking, that horrible incubus of a woman pulling him down. He swore fairly in her face, and then remembering that the watchman was probably somewhere about, lifted his voice in a loud call for help. The cry went echoing through the rocks. "Help!" "Help!" and again, "Help!"

Neal had ridden up to the big verandah house where Featherly, assisted by an excellent Chinese cook, kept a bachelor establishment that was the delight of all his friends. Featherly was sitting on the verandah his stockinged feet lifted to the railing, and a siphon of soda and a bottle of brandy at his elbow.

Neal lost no time in joining him. "Good gracious!" Featherly exclaimed. "Where on earth did you drop from? I haven't seen you in an age. I heard yesterday that you were chained to Mrs Savage's chariot wheels. Do you know, Neal, it looks to me as though Mrs Savage was getting a little heavy for it to be any fun to draw her chariot."

"Fact is I never did find it any fun. But you get roped in sometimes. I'm entirely left to-day. Was allowed to resign without a single protest. Ronan has taken Mary Marcy off somewhere and Mrs Savage met Hecker back here and forgot my existence that minute. I'd serve 'em just right if I went off and let Hecker take her back home. There's no doubt he would enjoy it, but I feel sorry for Mrs Hecker."

"How is Hecker behaving himself?"  
"Same old fashion. He can't settle down any more than he could settle up, if it were not for his wife's money."

"Is Ronan going to marry Miss Marcy?"  
"It looks like it, and yet he hasn't a penny, and she hasn't a cent."

"Queer taste women have. They always seem to take to the black sheep."

"Ronan isn't as black as he is painted. He has the heart and grace of a gentleman. One is obliged to like Ronan. He is full of follies that he exaggerates himself, but they are clean follies. If Ronan had not spent his fortune he would be the best fellow on earth in the eyes of the world. His wild oats were not the seed-bearing variety. But say, I can't stay here all day. Get your horse and ride over to the dam with me. Maybe the two of us can induce Mrs Savage to let Hecker go home to his wife."

The two men reached the dam just in time to hear that hoarse cry for help.

Neal stopped his horse for an instant, listening intently. It came again. "Help!"

The men galloped on, and when the trail became too narrow they flung

themselves down and took to running. They were just in time to see the struggle in the water. Hecker, worn out, exasperated, drew back and gave Mrs Savage a blow that for an instant stunned her. He did not see the coming men, and it seemed their only possible chance of escape.

"Hold on," Neal cried. "We are here."

Featherly threw off his coat and shoes and in an instant was drawing Mrs Savage up out of the water. She recovered from the confusion of the blow almost at once, but Hecker had succeeded in giving her a concussion that would in a few minutes become a very black eye.

Mrs Savage did not know that yet. She stood shivering on the edge of the bank, skirtless, attired in very tight riding trousers, boots and a short basque, and a tall silk hat, which still remained tightly pinned to her hair, although knocked to one side in an extremely degage fashion, and very battered and wet. The curl was out of her hair and it hung in strings over her wet face. She was sobbing on the borderland of hysterics. The long skirt of her habit was wrapped tightly about Hecker's legs.

"Say, Hecker," Neal asked, "did you and Mrs Savage change clothes before you got into the water or afterwards?"

Hecker gave one glance at the figure before him and lost all sense of reason, delicacy or kind feeling and roared with laughter.

Mrs Savage gave him a look of utter astonishment and then, seeing only mirth in his face, and realising her helplessness, went into violent hysterics.

XVIII.

"We'll take Mellish along. I always like to have two men, merely for the look of the thing," Hecker said. "I think you might enjoy that ride down towards the Mexican line."

"Oh, I should," Nina replied. "I love any sort of outdoor sport. Do you know, Harry, I believe that was the reason I cared for you, you looked so sort of outdoorsy. You looked so honest and sincere, so different from the other men I knew. They were always hanging round talking about things they didn't know anything about. Now you—"

"I never talk about anything."  
"Well, you really do not talk much. But you never pretend. You are just you. I could not stand it if you were not like that. I feel sure of you all the time."

Hecker laughed his easy laugh. That was the proper attitude for a wife to take of course. That was the point of view he wanted his wife to have toward him. Hecker had the variety of conscience which is never in the least disturbed until there is a prospect of being found out. He felt honest so long as his wife imagined him to be so. Hecker within himself had not the virtue of believing in his own lies. He laughed at himself for telling them and at the people who believed them.

"Well, come along now," he said. "Get into your habit and we will lie us down towards the border. I'll order the horses around."

Hecker had bought a thoroughbred Kentucky horse from a man in Tombstone who had brought two out in a fit of exultation over a lucky strike he had made in a mine, and was ready enough to sell them when the hoped-for vein proved to be only a "pocket."

While Hecker stood on his verandah, walking idly about, petting the horses, and wishing that he had a lump of sugar to give them, talking to Mellish about their harness, and giving expression in his whole big personality to the supreme content which possessed him, Adair came out of his house across the parade ground, flung himself upon his horse, and, looking neither to the right nor left, rode rapidly up the canyon.

"There goes an unsociable devil," Hecker thought to himself. "I cannot imagine what pleasure Adair finds in living."

He turned as his wife came out of the door, her short habit held up a trifle, showing her dainty boots with their patent leather toes, and the trimness of its make. Hecker never had seen so pretty and dainty a woman. The thought of her belonging to him impressed him. He was so like a child with a toy that was so fine he was almost afraid of it. It was a thing to show and enjoy the possession of with a swelling heart of exul-

lation, but never the thing to be quite easy with.

He looked down the row now, and was glad to see that there were so many people sitting out on their verandahs who would see them ride by. Mellish waited until Hecker had thrown his wife into her saddle and then he threw himself upon his horse and followed them. It was a continual enjoyment to him to see Mrs Hecker's manner towards her husband and every one else with whom they came in contact. It was the enjoyment of what was to him perfect acting. He had grown to admire Mrs Hecker as he had never admired any woman before. She appealed to the deceptive instinct which was his own strongest quality.

He looked at her now as she rode out of the fort, bowing with graciousness to the people on each side, and followed the smiles that were sent after her, even from the verandah where the Judd girls were standing. He thought how clever she must think herself; what daring recklessness must possess her soul at the risk she had taken.

"Talk of pluck!" Mellish said to himself. "There is more pluck in that woman than in a dozen men."

The immorality of her stand was as delightful to him as a tale of the boulevards. He became fond of her, as she seemed to move upon his own level. He would not have dreamed of

disturbing her by telling her that he knew her secret. He sometimes wondered to himself what she would do. Sometimes the savage that lurked within him came to the surface, and made him fancy how it would seem to have this woman in his power, and have her conscious of it.

They had ridden about five miles when they saw in the distance a little whirling dust cloud, that presently resolved itself into a Mexican boy ambling along upon a burro. He was sitting far back, and thrumming idly a badly strung guitar. He looked at Hecker as he passed him as though he had never seen him before, but Hecker half unconsciously drew up his own horse.

Mellish stopped the boy for an instant, and then the burro was turned, and with digging in of heels and cries was urged wildly back the way it had come. Mellish stopped, and alighting, drew up the buckles of the "culick" which held his saddle.

I wonder if anything is wrong with Mellish's outfit," Hecker said. "Sit still a moment, Nina, and I will go back and see."

Mellish was still bending over his saddle.

"What is it?"  
Mellish handed out a small envelope whose strong perfume puffed up in Hecker's face. He tore it open impatiently, and then a smile went around the corners of his mouth.

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Serial Story.

THE DISTRESSES OF DAPHNE.

By W. E. NORRIS

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

"Confound the girl," he said, but his tone was anything but confounding. He rode slowly back to Nina with a serious face.

"My dear," he said, "that boy brought some news which it seems to me ought to be looked into at once. I shall have to go on down into Mexico for a few miles to investigate the rumour. You will not mind riding back with Mellish?"

"Oh, my dear, it isn't anything about Indians?"

"No! No! It is some of those Mexican thieves. Be very careful to say nothing to any one concerning it. I might not to have told even you. It is a matter between myself and the commanding officer."

"I suppose this is the penalty of marrying a man with a commanding officer above his wife. Good bye; hurry back," and Nina turned her horse, looking laughingly over her shoulder at Hecker. He kissed his hand to her, saluted, and rode down toward Mexico with an open face and a clear conscience.

Mellish waited until Nina came up, and drew in about two yards behind her. Nina almost forgot the man's existence. She looked about at the queer country, and thought of the first time she had seen it. They passed among the rolling foothills, the hutes which follow the mountain chain, and there coming down a dry arroya, the bed of one of the swift and evanescent mountain torrents which devastate in the rainy season, was Adair, his horse carefully picking its way.

To be continued.

SYNOPSIS OF INSTALMENTS 1. to III.—At a great ball in Dresden, Daphne Hamilton displeases her mother by dancing three times with Otto von Kahlenburg, the handsome 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 he tells the truth he would be lover. Mrs Hamilton guesses Clough's wishes and is therefore most perplexed at the help he gives to von Kahlenburg in the latter's obvious pursuit of her daughter. Mrs Perkins and her daughters give some annoyance to Mrs Hamilton by their persistent offers of friendship, but their vagaries provide the others with a good deal of entertainment. At Bayreuth von Kahlenburg rejoins the party, and he and Daphne are inseparable. At dinner, on the evening of the close of the Festival, some information given by von Kahlenburg, relating to an accident in the Tyrol which caused the death of his father, known by the family name of Burdewitz, causes Mrs Hamilton to start and then faint. The two gentlemen, being requested not to await Mrs Hamilton's recovery, go on to Marienbad where Jack Clough receives a letter saying that the Hamiltons are going to avoid themselves of the accident to beat a silent retreat. Clough, having with much difficulty restrained his friend from attempting a pursuit, starts for London.

But from the moment that she had left him and Hayreuth behind her—"She proved her resemblance to the rest of the species by forgetting all about him? You are not too complimentary to your only child."

"All I said was that, like other girls, she is liable to take fancies which come to nothing. Would you really have preferred to hear that this one had come to something?"

"No; since you ask me, I shouldn't. Only I don't feel as convinced about the matter as you profess to be."

Mrs Hamilton did her best to convince him—not wholly in vain. To be sure, he had seen Daphne's eyes. He had noted a subtle change in her voice, reserved for von Kahlenburg, and he knew what he knew; yet the fact remained that she had obeyed orders and had turned her back upon her Austrian admirer without a protest. Would she have proved so docile if she had been anything like seriously enamoured of that ardent, but casual, pretendant? His estimate of Miss Daphne's character warranted a negative reply. Then, too, it was consoling and encouraging to hear that she had frequently wondered whether he was going to be in London at all that winter.

Equally consoling and encouraging to Mrs Hamilton was the information which she elicited that Captain Clough intended to be in London, off and on, for some time to come. This satisfied her that he must have other intentions of a nature to command her warmest sympathy, and although they were neither of them so indiscreet as to become more explicit, they understood one another pretty well before their chat came to an end. Each, at all events, understood very well what the other wanted, and would, if possible, bring to pass.

But there are things which cannot, with the best will in the world, be brought to pass. Had Jack Clough not been aware of that already, he would have been made aware of it, a few minutes after he had emerged into the raw outer air, by his encounter with a young lady, carrying a violin case, who joyfully recognised and accosted him. For if her joy at beholding him was unfeigned and avowed, she lost no time in letting him know how little excuse was thereby afforded him for personal vanity or self-congratulation. He had not been talking to her for two minutes before she ruthlessly cut short his hesitating complacencies by inquiring:

"What became of you and—and your friend after that Parsifal evening?"

The short pause which preceded her reference to his friend was significant, as was also the smile (perceptible even in that uncertain light) with which she received his answer of:

"Oh, we tore our hair and went our respective ways; what else could we do? My way, as you see, has ended by landing me in Palace Gate; it is upon the cards, I suppose, that von Kahlenburg's may have the same goal, for he is no stranger in London."

"So he told me," observed Daphne, adding, after a moment of silence, "It is such a pity that mother can't bear him."

"Does that matter?"

"Yes; because if, by any chance, he should come to London and should find out our address—"

"As he undoubtedly will."

"Do you think so? Well, then, he will just as undoubtedly be told that we are out at home. And I shall be him extremely. You also like him very much, don't you?"

"As much or as little as you please. The extent of my liking for him depends, I believe, entirely upon the extent of yours."

Daphne laughed. "Well," she said

presently, "it would be good-natured of you."

"To tell him how extremely you like him?"

"That would be unnecessary, I hope; we got on so well together, he and I. But you might, if the occasion should arise, tell him that I am really sorry to seem so rude."

"You are going to seem rude, then?"

"I am afraid we must. Mother has taken him en grappe—for some reason which I can't guess. Can you?"

Jack shook his head, disappointing her a little, he fancied, by his inability to throw any light upon so strange a phenomenon. She put a few more questions to him. They were questions which anybody who had been unaccountably deprived of a pleasant acquaintance might have been expected to ask, and they did not in the least prove that she was breaking her heart for the vanished Otto; yet if she had been heart-broken, she would scarcely have proclaimed the circumstance, nor did it follow from her light manner that she was not a good deal more interested than she chose to appear. She took, at any rate, no sort of interest in an old friend, save such as attached to him in his capacity of a connecting link with a new one. Jack soon satisfied himself of that chastening fact, formed his own conclusions, and ceased to enlarge upon personal topics which had secured the sympathetic attention of her mother. Much Daphne cared whether he was succeeding or failing in his new part of a country gentleman!—much she cared whether he stood or not for the vacant Parliamentary division, which he had been invited to contest! With regard to her own life and occupations she manifested a similar off-hand concern.

"Oh, there's nothing to tell," she said; "we jog placidly along. My one

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CHAPTER VII FRIENDSHIP.

On a chilly, murky November afternoon Mrs Hamilton was toasting her toes before the fire in Palace Gate, where she lived, when Captain Clough was announced. She started up, with a little cry of pleased surprise which her visitor ought to have found flattering.

"At last! I was beginning to despair of you. What have you been about these hundred years?"

"Well," he replied, "for these hundred days past—it is just about that length of time since we parted at Bayreuth, isn't it?—I have been mostly shooting. My record is much too monotonous to interest anybody; but I should like to hear yours. What have you been doing meanwhile?"

"You might," returned Mrs Hamilton, resuming her seat, "have had the curiosity to ask that question by post. Perhaps you don't realise what a dangerous thing it is to break off a course of Marienbad treatment before it is half finished."

"I may not have realised all the dangers of the situation; but I owe you no apology, considering that you refused me all information as to your movements. However, let me repeat my question, now that you are here and I am here. What have you been doing?"

"Oh, very little worthy of mention. Recovering, I suppose."

"Both of you?"

Mrs Hamilton sighed, laughed and nodded. "Yes, both of us, I am thankful to say. At least, I quite hope and believe so. But — we were terribly near a catastrophe, weren't we?"

"I don't know. We certainly seemed to be within measurable distance of an event—catastrophic of otherwise, according to the point of view. I can't say that, from my point of view, there is anything to take exception to in Otto von Kahlenburg."

"Oh, Jack, don't be so exasperating! It stands to reason that you must have taken exception to him; though I dare say you may not have disliked him as much as I did. Anyhow, we have done with the man for good and all now, I trust."

"H'm! And Miss Daphne?"

"She has dismissed him from her mind. You know—or probably you don't know—how easily girls take fancies and get rid of them."

"Some girls, no doubt; but is she of that sort?"

"There is only one sort." Mrs Hamilton boldly declared, "Infinite variety, of course, like a packet of mixed seed, but the same in essentials. Daphne's distinctive peculiarity, for instance, is her mania for music—she has gone out to take a violin lesson now, by the way. Well, I suppose he understood that, and took measures accordingly."

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daily event just now is a fiddle lesson from a master who lives on the north side of the Park, and who gives himself such airs that his pupils have to go to him, since he won't be at the pains of coming to them."

"Then she politely hoped that she might soon see Captain Clough again, and so resumed her march, leaving him with the impression that he had scarcely fulfilled the expectations which had evoked her cordial greeting. (Of course there was not the ghost of a shadow of a hope!—there never had been, nor ever would be, any. It only remained to call a hansom and drive back to St. James' Place, where Otto von Kahlenburg must by this time be impatiently awaiting the return of a friendly emissary.)

For Otto von Kahlenburg was in London. It was, indeed, in some measure because he was in London that Jack Clough was now occupying the St. James' pied-a-terre, which was the symbol of sufficient means and occasional obligatory touch with the metropolis. His young friend had invoked his aid, rather as a matter of right than as a favour, and he had responded to the appeal—not very unwillingly, it is true. On reaching his rooms, he found, as he had anticipated, that Otto was already in possession, and the latter, throwing the end of a cigar into the fire, started up, with peremptory demands.

"Well? You have been there?—you have seen them? What did they say?"  
 "I have been there and I have seen them," the older man composedly replied. "They didn't say much."

"You told them that I was in England?"

"No; I thought it better not to tell them that. If I had done so, they would have said more, no doubt; but they said enough—Mrs. Hamilton did, at least—to convince me that discretion was advisable. To speak plainly, my dear fellow, Mrs. Hamilton does not love you."

"Do I ask Mrs. Hamilton to love me?"

"Probably not; yet I presume that you ask her, or will soon ask her, to receive you. And the fact is that, as at present advised, she will see you hanged first!"

"She said that!"  
 "Well, she gave me to understand as much."

"And Daphne?"  
 "Oh, Miss Hamilton was apologetic in advance. Whether she guessed that you were already in this country, or not I can't say; but she evidently expected that you would put in an appearance before long, and she was anxious that you should know how much she regretted her mother's determination to slam the door of their house in your face."

Von Kahlenburg laughed good-humouredly. "My dear Clough, you will never allow her to treat me in that way."

"How the deuce am I to prevent her? And if it comes to that, why the deuce should I?"

"Why?—because you are my friend, of course. As for how—well, I think that if you and Daphne are on my side, means will be found. By the way, you must have contrived to see Daphne alone, or she could not have spoken to you as you said she did."

"Yes, I had a private interview with her, but not as the result of any contrivance on my part. I happened, after leaving Palace Gate, to meet her on her way home from her music lesson. She has a violin master on the other side of the Park whom she honours with a visit every afternoon just now. It seems."

The young man rubbed his hands gleefully. "Aha! every afternoon? That is capital! Then I know whom she will meet to-morrow afternoon."

"Oh, naturally. But look here, Otto—I have a conscience, and although you are kind enough to call me your friend, I am also Mrs. Hamilton's friend, you must remember. I ought not to lend myself to schemes which may end disastrously for her and her daughter. In a word, your uncle's authorisation becomes important. Have you asked him for it?"

"His authorisation? No; I have not asked him for that—how could I? It would not be customary. In our country we are a great deal more formal about such matters than you are, and to request my uncle's consent to my marriage would be as much as requesting him to place himself in communication with Mrs. Hamilton at once. Which would make her excusably angry, I am afraid."

"There seems to be some ground for fearing that it might," observed Clough dryly. "At the same time,

your subterfuge doesn't deceive me. If you have said nothing formal to your uncle, you have certainly said something informal, and your guilty look shows that he was not pleased."

"I do not believe," answered Count von Kahlenburg's heir-presumptive, evasively, "that it would be possible to please him with anything short of a princely alliance; but he is a slave to beauty, and Daphne will win his heart easily enough when the time comes. Meanwhile, nobody wants you to lend yourself to disastrous schemes. All you have to do, my good friend, until you receive further instructions from me, is to do nothing at all."

"Oh, that's all, is it? I like your 'further instructions!' Well, perhaps you had better see Miss Hamilton: you will evidently manage to see her, whether it is better for you to do so or not. But take notice, please, that I reserve to myself complete future liberty of action."

CHAPTER VIII.  
 DETERMINATION.

It is a great blessing to be young, and an even greater blessing to know your own mind. Few people, to be sure, when in possession of the former, realise the full importance of the latter; yet there belongs to early life an instinctive, unconscious contempt for obstacles which goes a long way towards the achievement of results. "He who will be Pope," says the proverb, "let him take it strongly into his head, and he shall be Pope." So Otto von Kahlenburg, having taken it strongly into his head that Daphne Hamilton and no other should be his wife, strode across the misty stretches of Hyde Park with a light-hearted determination which was in no wise dashed by the ascertained disapproval of persons who undoubtedly had it in their power to forbid the unions. His uncle? Oh, well, his uncle might, and probably would, make a fuss; but what then? A childless widower, who has but one near relative in the world, has given hostages to fortune, and cannot, unless he be abnormally unfeeling, show much fight when respectfully defied by that one relative. As for Mrs. Hamilton, her mysterious prejudice must be overcome—would assuredly be overcome from the moment that she should be called upon to insure or destroy her daughter's happiness. What signified—what alone signified—was the question of whether her daughter's happiness was at stake or not. If Count Otto was confident upon that point, it may be pleaded for him that Daphne had, in those Bayreuth woods, given him fair excuse for confidence; if he was also intermittently diffident (as in truth he was) let him be credited with some measure of becoming modesty.

He had no need to ask the way to Palace Gate; for, foreigner though he was, he knew his London very well indeed, and had hosts of friends (and many friendly hosts) in a country which he frequently visited in pursuit of sport. Only of course he could not tell for certain at what precise hour Miss Hamilton might be expected to illuminate that somewhat dreary quarter of the town by her advent, and he had, in prudence, allowed himself a wide margin of time, thus exciting the visible curiosity of a loitering policeman, whom he passed and re-passed, while patrolling an exit from Kensington Gardens upon which it was necessary for him to keep an eye. The London police, unlike some of their foreign colleagues, are a simple, unsuspecting folk; so that Count Otto ran little risk of being mistaken for a dynamiter, with designs upon the neighbouring Albert Memorial. The expectations of the gentleman in blue were doubtless verified when a lady, bearing a violin-case, became visible through the fog and falling darkness, and when the well-dressed suunterer sprang forward, hat in hand, to intercept her passage. Such encounters, it may be presumed, are not unfrequently witnessed by the guardians of law and order on that particular beat. Moreover, although this did not happen to be an assignation, it had all the appearance of one; for the young lady exhibited no sign of surprise or perturbation.

"How do you do?" she said composedly. "I was wondering whether you were in England or not. You have seen Captain Clough, perhaps?"

"Of course I am in England, and of course I have seen him," the young man answered. "Did he tell you that I was here, then?"  
 "No, he didn't tell me that; if he

had, I shouldn't have been wondering, should I? But he seems to have told you that he met me near this spot yesterday. What else did he tell you, if it is allowable to ask?"

"He told me," replied Otto, after a momentary hesitation, "that there would be very little use in my calling at your mother's house."

"Ah, exactly! And that is why you have waylaid me?"

"It is a good reason, surely! You cannot have supposed that I should submit tamely to be refused sight of you."  
 Daphne laughed. "Tame or fierce," she remarked, "you will have to submit, I am afraid, to the consequences of an antipathy which I regret quite as much as you can. But there it is, you see, and it can't be helped. I begged Captain Clough to take an opportunity of explaining and apologising to you."

No apology, she was assured, was requisite; but something in the nature of an explanation would be very gratefully received. If it was not asking too much, might he implore her to turn back into Kensington Gardens, and grant him five or ten minutes of conversation? He had travelled rather a long distance in quest of that boon, he pathetically added.

"I thought," returned Daphne demurely, "that you had travelled to this country in quest of something a little more exciting. Your name, at all events, has been mentioned among other distinguished guests who are expected to shoot Lord Dovedale's coverts towards the end of the month."

So she had taken the trouble to inform herself as to his engagements! That was an encouraging circumstance, despite the somewhat discouraging tone which she was pleased to assume. Her silent compliance

with his request that she should retrace her steps might likewise be taken as an encouragement to the avowal which broke forth from him before they had stepped many yards, side by side, along the deserted Broad Walk.

"I did not come to England to shoot pheasants—if Lord Dovedale and others have been so kind as to invite me, that is only because I gave them a hint, and because I had to make some excuse to my uncle—I came simply and solely to see you, to tell you what you know already, that I worship you, and that I cannot live without you!"

Miss Hamilton walked on, looking straight before her and answering nothing.

"I did not know that before," was her eventual remark.

"Oh, I think you must have known. But even if you did not, you know now, well?"

"Well—I am sorry. What more can I say? I won't pretend not to have known—though we have never spoken about it, she and I—why my mother hurried away from Marienbad. There seemed to be a chance that this might happen. If you will promise me that it shall never happen again, perhaps we may continue to be friends and there will be no objection to our meeting occasionally."

"Promise you that it shall never happen again! But—for what do you take me, then?"

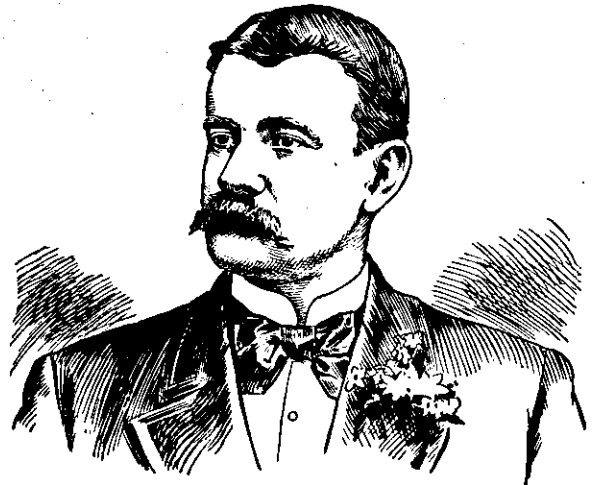
The speaker's accents of amazed consternation may have been a trifle exaggerated; he could not, and did not, imagine that Daphne seriously contemplated dismissing him in that curt, unfeeling fashion. Nevertheless, he was chilled, and it sorely comforted him to hear her reply much tranquility.

"You see, it is less a question of what you are or of what I take you

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sands. Blumstein thought the telegraphing could have been done from the yacht, but the operator said that was impossible. He needed a firm and stable foundation for his instruments. When everything was set up, the cable was grasped for, found, and hauled in shore with some difficulty. The crew had been told that the voyage was for the purpose of repairing the cable. The long snake-like dripping rubber cord, festooned with seaweed, was hoisted up on a wooden block beside the hut, Cornwallis pulling harder than any of the sailors.

"Now, Blumstein," he cried, "take that axe and chop it in two."

"Can't one of the men do that?" objected Blumstein.

"The men and myself have to hold it in place. Do what I tell you."

"I'd rather have some one else cut the line," demurred the financier.

"Chop that cable," hissed Cornwallis in the ear of the hesitating man. "Don't you see the men wondering at your delay? They will suspect something is wrong in a moment."

Blumstein, the sweat starting in great drops from his brow, for it is hot on the African coast, hacked away for some moments before the last strand was severed, and the cable fell apart. Cornwallis, with great dexterity and little loss of time, joined the severed ends, and ran his wires into the hut, connecting them with his already set-up instruments.

"There we are, Mr Blumstein. We haven't interrupted communication for long. Do you want to know what they are talking about? They're having a blooming conference somewhere; old Kruger and the Governor of the Cape. We're just in time to set the world on fire, so perhaps you will now give me the code word to send to your partner, and then the moment I find the money has been paid to my brother I shall be ready to begin operations."

"That wasn't the bargain," said Blumstein. "The money was not to be paid until the deal was finished. Besides, we need that £200,000 to buy

shares with. Do you think we're made of money?"

"Just as you say, Mr Blumstein. No business message is going over this line until that cash is paid. What a pity it is that you cut the cable, because if you hadn't we could have shoved it back into the sea, and no harm done. Now I'm afraid you have placed yourself within jeopardy of the law for no purpose. Shall we go home, then, and leave the Cable Company to make their own repairs? I didn't bring materials for mending, and besides I fear I haven't the skill."

"But you are as much in this as I am."

"I don't think so. I didn't cut the cable, while you did, with your own fair hands, assisted by an axe. I have witness to that effect. You see, I'm a poor young operator looking for a job, at least that is what I was when I met you. Poor but honest. I had no idea what you were up to until you cut the cable, and proposed to me, when the men returned to the yacht, that I should send false despatches. Then my indignant honesty was aroused, and I refused as soon as your nefarious proposal was made known to me."

"Then you are a blackmailer, after all. But you shall make nothing of it: not a penny. What is to prevent me shooting you dead where you stand?"

"Oh, a great deal, Mr Blumstein. You haven't the courage, in the first place. You can lie, and cheat, and steal, all within the law, of course; you can round on your benefactor, and, using the knowledge got in his employ, you can ruin him; yes and murder him in the only way that your class has the pluck to murder. You see I know your history."

"Who the devil are you?"

"I am John Sanders, eldest son of the man you robbed. I've been waiting for you for years. I thought I had you on that July swindle, but, as you said, it did not come off, so I became impatient and laid this trap for you. You're not the first man that has been nipped in South Africa, are you?"

"I'll signal the boat, sail away, and leave you here. The steamer is mine. I chartered her for this trip, and the captain dare not refuse to obey my orders."

"My dear Blumstein, you talk like a child. The captain can refuse any orders that are illegal, is it likely that he is going to maroon me here because you tell him so? Your project is too absurd. The fact is that you are helpless. My brother in London has all the evidence needed to convict you and your partner of a most rascally scheme to defraud the public—a scheme which involved the cutting of a submarine cable; and you should really have looked up the penalty for that before you grasped the axe."

"But the plan was yours from the beginning."

"Oh, no, it wasn't. I'm the innocent, deluded, incorruptible young man as I told you some time ago. Do you think you could persuade a judge and jury that I put you up to this? Then why did I round on you? Why did I not go in for the spoil? There was any amount of money to be made by keeping quiet and doing what you told me, and nothing to be gained by exposing you."

"But I will show that you are the son of the man I was said to have ruined, and I will show that you did this for revenge."

"But you have protested all along that you did not ruin my father. There is a statement to that effect in the files of the 'Financial Argus,' don't you remember it—'A Vindication'—I think it was called. Besides no one would believe that I threw away a fortune in order to have a belated revenge on a man I had never seen before. But granting all that; granting that you could convict me as an accomplice, before, after, and during the act, how does that help you? You joined this piece of villainy with your eyes open. You voyaged to Cape Town and chartered this steamer at piratical rates. At the very worst they will believe that I repented in time to prevent a

gross swindle; my better nature coming uppermost at the last. But you're into this up to the neck. You are an outlaw at the present moment."

"If I agree to have the money paid over to your brother you will then do what cubling I want you to do. You promised, you know."

"A man must not keep an illegal promise, Mr Blumstein. No, I shall not cable any false news."

"Then, you mean simply to rob me of this money if you can. You talk of swindling the public, but you are determined to swindle me and my partner out of £200,000."

"It's all a question of terms, Mr Blumstein, and if you like to call it swindling, I don't mind in the least. You see, I've been a good part of my life in South Africa, where we are not as law-abiding, perhaps, as in England. England has such a respect for the law that as you got that amount out of my father under cover of the law, why, it was all right, although everyone knew you for a cheat. I couldn't recover through process of law, so I took this method of getting back what should have belonged to my brother and myself. Now, Mr Blumstein, are you going to have that money paid, or do you prefer to be arrested the moment you set foot on land, for I'll have the authorities watching for this steamer, by a few words sent along this wire."

"I'll pay the money," said Mr Blumstein. "What are you going to do about the cable?"

"Oh, there's nothing to do, but just chafe the ends a bit, and shove it back into the sea, hoping the Company will imagine the rocks have cut it. It will do England and South Africa good if they are without news of each other for a few days. Give 'em time to cool."

"The cable between England and South Africa is again in working order. It is alleged there was a break off Point Frisky. It is rather surprising that these convenient breaks should occur just when they are most welcomed by the 'Transvaal.' Daily Paper.



WAITING FOR PEARLS.

# Music and Musicians.

## TALKS ON MUSIC.

By W. H. WEBBE.

(Specially written for the "Graphic.")

(Continued from page 104.)

**Gavotte.** An old French dance, the name of which is said to be derived from "Gavots," people of the *pays de Gap*. It is written in common measure, and is played in moderately quick tempo. The motive should begin on the third beat of the bar, which should contain a half note and not two quarters. (Gavotte in E. Bach).

**Hornpipe.** An old English dance, probably called after an obsolete instrument of that name, but of which nothing is known. One of the most popular hornpipes, the "College," is a good specimen of this form.

**Idilio or Idyl.** A short pastoral composition. Some beautiful pieces have been composed under this title. An attractive example by Lacks is given.

**"Lied Ohne Worte"**—the German for "Song Without Words." This form of music has become very popular since the publication of Mendelssohn's smaller pieces for the piano under this title. ("Duettino," Mendelssohn.)

**March.** This form in all probability was originally connected with military movements, and subsequently introduced generally into music. The march dates from remote periods. In ancient times, processions at festivals were accompanied by music of a martial character. Marches are written in various tempi, some are spirited, some slow. The usual form of the march consists of two sections or periods of eight or sixteen bars repeated. Illustrations, "Rag Time," (popular style of march) Englemann; "War March of Priests," Mendelssohn; "March Funebre," Chopin.

**Mazurka.**—A somewhat lively dance of Polish origin, but widely known throughout Europe and America. It is written in triple measure, with a well marked rhythm. (Mazurka, "Ricarby.")

**Minuet.**—An old French dance in triple measure. This dance was in vogue in France at time of Lully (1633-1687). Its character is stately, but cheerful. Minuet in D. Schubert).

**Minferriua.**—At one time one of the most popular Italian dance forms, written in six-eight measure, and in quick time.

**Nocturn.**—Literally a night piece. These compositions are usually of a dreamy, romantic style, mostly written in slow tempo. This form was originally introduced by John Field (1782-1837), and later on made popular by Chopin (1809-1849). The Nocturns of Chopin are favourite pieces with pianists, most of them are exceedingly beautiful. (Nocturn in G, op. 37, No. 2, Chopin).

**Polka.**—An exceedingly popular round dance in duple measure and quick time, said to have been invented by a domestic servant at Elbeteinitz. There are also Concert Polkas of a brilliant character, such as Raff's celebrated "Polka de la Reine," the example given.

**Polonaise.**—A stately dance, of Polish origin. It is said to have been derived from an ancient Christmas carol, which are still sung in Poland. The time of the Polonaise is rather quick, or, as some have put it, a compromise between *andante* and *allegro*. It is triple measure (usually three-four), and should always begin on the first beat of the bar. A peculiarity of the Polonaise is the strong accent falling frequently on the half beat. (Polonaise in A, Chopin.)

**Rondo.**—The Rondo is generally a continuous piece of a cheerful character, consisting of one or more subjects, the principal subject being repeated after each digression, this principal theme, secondary or episodic subjects, returning to the principal theme and ending with a coda. (Rondo from Sonata, J. Schmitt.)

**Sarabande.**—The Sarabande originated in Spain, and afterwards was popularised in Italy, where its style

and character somewhat changed from a rather lively to a somewhat solemn and stately dance. It is written in triple measure, Bach and Handel have composed some fine pieces in this form. (Sarabande in E. Minor, Bach.)

**Serenata, or Serenade.**—An evening song. A serenade is generally simple in construction, melodious in character, and full of tender expression. A beautiful example of this form is that of Schubert's, arranged by Liszt.

**Sonata.**—One of the most important forms of instrumental composition, more particularly for the piano. The Sonata, as at present developed, may have three or four distinct movements. There is so much to be said about this form that it will be dealt with amongst a few other forms at a later period. Beethoven's sonatas rank amongst the finest works ever written for the piano.

**Sonatina.**—A Sonatina may be termed a short or baby sonata. Sonatina is the diminutive of Sonata. Excellent examples of this useful form have been composed by Clementi, Mozart, Beethoven, Kuhlau, Schmitt, Dalziel, Dussek, Reinecke, Gurliitt, and Lange.

**Song.**—There are two distinct classes of songs—folk songs, art songs. Folk songs are those which are indigenous, many being the spontaneous outcome of native inspiration. Art songs are those composed in a more or less elaborate style, suitable to the words to which the music is adapted.

**Tarantella.**—A very brisk and lively Italian dance. The earlier Tarantella was written in simple duple or quadruple measure. The modern Tarantella is compound in duple (six-eight measure), and moves in continuous triplets. This dance was by many at one time supposed to be a remedy against the poisonous bite of a spider called the tarantula. Both the spider and the dance are named from "Taranto," a town in the province of Apulia. The Tarantellas by Heller are well known. The example given is one by Englemann.

**Tyrolienne** (a Tyrolean song, written in triple measure and in moderate tempo).—A peculiarity of this song is the frequent and quick alternation between the notes of the chest voice and those of the head voice, termed *falsetto*. An attractive example, composed as a piano solo by Krug, is given.

**Waltz.**—A dance of German origin, in triple measure. The earlier German waltz was in slow tempo, but the modern waltz is usually written in rather quick tempo. This is now the most popular of all European dances. The Concert Waltz, a more elaborate composition in this form has been popularised by several composers, particularly by Chopin, one of whose waltzes is given as an example.

Many other forms were explained by the lecturer, but limited space forbids mention of them here.

(To be continued.)

## Schumann's Early Loves.

Schumann's love for Clara Wieck, his long struggle for her hand, and the nobility of their married life have justly laid tribute upon the eloquence of his biographers. These facts occupied a large space in his life, and exerted a potent influence on his musical activity. But Clara Wieck was not the first lover in Schumann's affections. That high-strung, sensitive young artist had passed through a number of experiences with affairs of the heart before he entered upon the great passion of his life. At least one of them was of a serious nature, and went so far as to result in an engagement of marriage. It is not without its value in the study of Schumann's natural disposition and character and the various forces that made them what they were, to consider these earlier and transitory love affairs.

It would be unfair to inquire minutely into the inevitable boyish passions of the young Schumann, were it not that his uncommon candour in describing them to his friends, the fullness of his confidences, and the rapid shifting of the objects of his devotion give amusing glimpses into the cloud-land of romance in which his youth was spent. His earliest disclosures reveal him in the most acute stage of his Jean Paul period, as students of his career know it, when all that he

thought, wrote, spoke and felt was steeped in the romance of that writer. Thus in July, 1827—he was then 17 years old—Schumann writes to his schoolmate Flechsiaig:

"Now only do I feel that purest, highest love, which is not forever sipping the intoxicating cup of enjoyment, but finds happiness only in tender contemplation and reverence. Oh, friend! were I but a smile, how would I flit about her eyes; were I but a joy, how gently would I throb in all her pulses! Yea, might I but a tear, I would weep with her, and then, if she smiled again, how gladly would I die on her eyelash, and gladly be no more!"

We are not informed as to the object of this impassioned romance; but we do gain a good deal of information as to the mental posture of the adolescent Schumann. In fact, this letter leaves a racking doubt as to whether it is not the love of love, rather than of any particular object, that raises all this ecstasy; for twice in it he observes that he "has no sweetheart now," and two flames are spoken of to the past tense. Liddy is a narrow-minded soul, albeit the perfection of female beauty; and Nanni was—note the "was"—truly a most glorious girl, although the fire of an absorbing passion for her has gradually subsided, and Schumann's "whole life now revels in the sweet flower garden of Memory."

Nevertheless, a month later he reports the bitter disappointment of not seeing her on a visit he made to Dresden; for he "went over and over again all the hours that he dreamed away so joyfully in her embraces and in her love." Later on the same journey he met Liddy, the other, and could only be polite to her—though the contemplation of certain mountain scenery in her company came near finding him his ideal again; but "the lofty image of the ideal vanishes when I think of the speeches she made about Jean Paul!" All in all, he concludes, a few pages later, Nanni was his guardian angel, whom he could drop down and worship like a Madonna.

This ideal vanished without leaving a trace, however, and by another year, in 1828, we find another occupying its place—the pretty daughter, Clara, of Dr. Kurrer, in Augsburg. There Schumann had tarried on his way to Munich with a fellow-student, Gisbert Rosen, presenting letters of introduction that were honoured with a hearty hospitality. With Clara Kurrer Schumann fell promptly in love, notwithstanding the fact that she was already practically engaged to be married; his passion was of the sort that looks for no outcome—we have seen his tendency to be enamoured more of love than of a mistress—and the betrothed lover seems to have been cognisant of the affair without disquietude. Even after his return to Leipzig, where he was then a university student, Schumann dwells on the picture of the lovely Clara that "sweeps before his eyes in his waking and sleeping moments"; and one of his biographers observes that it occupied him "a considerable time."

By the next year, however, it had been so far effaced that after his journey to Italy, in the autumn of 1829, he expatiated in a letter to Rosen as to the oppression of his heart by the memory of a certain unnamed English girl whom he met in Venice—she gave him a branch of cypress as a parting memento—cursed memories they are! Even a month later the cypress memories would not down.

The letters and biographers are silent as to the subject of the present inquiry for the next five years. Then comes an episode in Schumann's life that was of much more serious import than any similar affair he had hitherto passed through—his engagement to Ernestine von Fricken.

In April, 1834, this young girl took up her abode, as Schumann himself had done three years and a-half before, in the house of Friedrich Wieck, in Leipzig, to study the pianoforte with that distinguished teacher. Schumann had left his quarters there in 1832, for a long stay with his family in Zwickau, and on his return in 1833 had gone to other lodgings; but he still kept up his intimacy with the Wieck family and with the stimulating

musical circle of friends that surrounded it. Of course, he speedily made the acquaintance of the new member of his teacher's household, Fraulein von Fricken was the adopted daughter of Captain von Fricken, a nobleman, and a man of large wealth, living in the little town of Asch, on the border line between Saxony and Bohemia. He was a musical amateur of high cultivation, with ambitions both for himself and his daughter in the way of music. He wrote a series of variations on a theme of his own—the theme upon which Schumann based his immortal "Etudes Symphoniques"; and Captain von Fricken's work Schumann took the trouble to criticise in detail in a long letter. The daughter was at that time sixteen years old, and was already highly skilled as a pianist. Schumann himself was twenty-four years old. The two young people speedily discovered a liking for each other. They were thrown frequently into each other's company, and their romantic interest was doubtless stimulated by the fact that they stood as god-parents together for one of Wieck's children.

Schumann, in a letter to his mother dated July 2, 1834, candidly expresses his feeling towards Fraulein von Fricken. She is one of the two "glorious beings of the fair sex who have lately appeared in our set," he writes. He celebrates her delightfully pure, childlike mind, her delicacy, and thoughtfulness. She is deeply attached to him, and to everything artistic, and is uncommonly musical—in short, "Just such a one as I might wish to have for a wife." Indeed, he goes further with a hint to prepare his mother for what might be coming, and avows that "if the Future were to ask me whom I should choose, I would answer, unhesitatingly, this one." But "it is all in the dim future," and he explicitly renounces the prospect of a more intimate connection, although he has no doubt that he "would find it easy enough." And so, indeed, he did, and in a much more expeditious manner than his reassuring words would give reason to believe.

(To be continued.)

## How to Handle Stubborn Pupils.

Many teachers complain of trouble with stubborn pupils whom they are often unable to control. A teacher of music should be master of the situation, and not a hireling doing the bidding of an employer.

How well I remember with what profound respect we entered the studio of our German professor. He had a certain degree of independence that might often be irritated. His reply to my remark (made before engaging him) that I liked a conservatory on account of its musical atmosphere was very characteristic: "Well, go to the conservatory!"

With a studio, where pupils come to you instead of the house-to-house instruction, it is much easier to take on a proper degree of independence. The pupil who has taken a course under a teacher who has assumed the relation of a servant is the most annoying. He expects to get over so many pages of the music in a given time; he wishes to gratify this or that whim, and to advance upon such paths as he prefers to tread.

I have had several whose parents were unable to control them, and in

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a few months' time my trouble would be over. The controlling letter is firmness,—at all times,—but rarely to a degree of sternness. For example,—a mistake is made in a passage and you say: "Please repeat that from this measure." Possibly the new scholar goes right on as if no request had been made. Let him play about half a dozen measures more, while you are getting your wrath under complete control, then stop him quietly and point to the measure where you wanted him to go back and say firmly: "Here is where I wanted you to begin," and see that he does it. If you fly into a rage he will do the same, and then there will be trouble. By making it hard for him to disobey, it will not be long till he finds that to ignore your requests invariably nets him a loss. Treat your pupils as if you liked them; throw in a few remarks occasionally about their sports and show that you are interested in their outside affairs. Let these influences tend to purity, refinement, and nobleness. Being far from a model teacher, yet I am pleased to be able to say, in my nine years' experience, I have yet the angry word to utter while giving a lesson. A stern word is sometimes necessary, but the wrathful utterance is childish and only belittles him who permits it to pass his lips. I have been convinced recently of the power of long, persistent influence to create enthusiasm in a student for love of music. Like the never-ending drip, drip, drip of the falling water upon the stone, time will leave a mark; so I doubt not that he who declares he will never lose the study may, by contact with persistent and continued enthusiasm, absorb a degree of love for it. Four years ago I began teaching a boy whose parents forced him to study the art. How he seemed to detest it. It was drudgery, he declared, he could never love. The first year all my enthusiasm was vain, the second the same, and so with the third; but now in the fourth year there is a mark on the adamant surface. He is showing an interest and a love in the work, and only recently ran all the way back home to bring a selection he wanted me to see, and which, in his hurry, he had forgotten. This has been a very important life-lesson to me. Persistent, enthusiastic influence is an irresistible power.—H. Patton in "The Etude."

were produced by increased pressure of breath. This discovery may lead to the manufacture of a new musical instrument.

Perosi is a rapid writer. Recently there arrived in Rome from Lombardy a band of pilgrims led by Cardinal Ferrari. The night before their reception at the Vatican they asked Perosi to compose an appropriate piece of music. During the night he wrote it, early in the morning it was rehearsed, and before noon it was performed in presence of Leo. XIII., who warmly congratulated the composer on his rapid-transit work.

Pictures of the human voice thrown upon a screen at the Academy of Natural Sciences, in Philadelphia, created enthusiasm among the scientists present. It was demonstrated that the vibrations of each separate tone of the human voice possessed its own individual geometric figure.

The overture to Spontini's "La Vestale" was being rehearsed. Suddenly, with a violent blow on the desk, Berlioz stopped the orchestra. "The two clarionets are not in tune together!" he cried out. The two clarionetists, stupefied, simply stared. Like a lion he jumped down and ran at the terrified musicians.

"Give me the A!" he yelled. One did so, then the other; but when the second A came out—

"Oh, le brigand! Oh, le malfaiteur! Oh, le criminel! You sit upon your ears, then! What? You are at least a sixteenth of a tone apart, and you can stand it; and you still play on!"

The late Sir Joseph Barnby was noted for his capacity for smart repartee. The following is a true story: A young contralto who is already known for her very fine voice was engaged at a Handel concert which Sir Joseph was conducting, and in the course of rehearsal she was singing one of her solos. At the end of the solo she put in a high note instead of the less effective note usually sung. This innovation from so young a performer shocked the conductor, and he immediately asked if Miss— thought she was right in trying to improve upon Handel.

"Well, Sir Joseph," said she, "I've got an E, and I don't see why I shouldn't show it off."

"Miss—" rejoined Barnby, "I believe you have two knees, but I hope you won't show them off here."

An operatic society is being formed at Palmerston North.

"M.A.P." gives the following picture of Madame Antoinette Stoeckling's daughter:—Miss Jean Mackinlay is a born actress, and possesses all the requisites for success—youth, energy, perseverance, and an intense love of her art, as well as a touch of real genius. Miss Mackinlay, who is of medium height, is somewhat powerfully built. She looks strong—physically, morally, and mentally. She has quick, grey-blue eyes, a beautifully-shaped mouth (with a suggestion of irony in its curves), and masses of brown hair that drift away from the broad low brow, in a fashion that recalls the mother's earlier style. Indeed, there is a good deal of Madame Sterling in her handsome and attractive young daughter.

THE DRAMA.

Two Auckland ladies have between them produced a patriotic song entitled "For Honour and Renown."

The Walter Bentley Company inaugurated a farewell performance in Christchurch last week.

The Christchurch papers speak very highly of Mr and Mrs Williams' Shakespearean recitals.

At the capping ceremony in Dunedin University recently a very clever sketch was given entitled "The Chinese Question in a Nutsell."

"Call-boy," in the Dunedin "Star," understands that the "Grand Duke" cost the Wellington Amateurs £550 to stage, and although the average nightly receipts were very satisfactory, averaging about £60, the Society incurred a loss approximately of about £200. He adds: "Notwithstanding this loss the Society find themselves nowise embarrassed financially, as they still boast of a credit balance of about £150. 'Iolanthe' is already spoken of as next season's production. I understand that any other amateur company wishing to stage 'The Grand Duke' will be permitted to have the dressings and accessories at a low figure."

Mr McAdoo, well known as the organizer of the Flisk Jubilee Singers Company, which visited this colony, died last week in Sydney.

Miss Lottie Collins has been engaged by Mr Rickards for a season in Australia, and will be in Sydney in August.

Paquin, in the Otago "Witness," tells the following of backblocks theatricals' impudence:—A proprietor of one of the legion kinematograph companies called on Mr Reynolds, of the Princess Theatre, and asked for certain dates; on being told they were available, he said, "Let's see. The rent is £15 a week, isn't it?" Mr Reynolds replied, "You have made a mistake; you're not at Portobello!" "Ah, but I've been told others have had it for £15 a week. Would you mind showing me your books, so that I'll be sure?" Mr Reynolds indignantly ordered the would be "lessee" of the Princess Theatre" out of his office, and is still wondering whether he ought to laugh or be angry.

Miss Gerlie Campion, who was recently indisposed in Dunedin, was able to make her appearance again the other night in "Tambour Major."

Fuller's Waxworks and Bijou Minstrel Company in the Auckland Agricultural Hall are doing good business.

The revival of "The Old Guard" at Her Majesty's theatre in Sydney was greeted with great enthusiasm.

"The Absent-minded Beggar" has succeeded "Woman and Wine" in Sydney, where Mr Bland Holt is meeting with his usual and wonderful success.

The new Comedie Francaise will be ready by July if the present plans of the architects are carried out. The walls of the building are still standing, and the interior of the new building, so far as its decorations are concerned, will be precisely like its predecessor. It is hoped that it will be more modern, however, in other particulars. The costumes and scenery used in the old theatre were saved. The company is to act in the meantime at the Odeon, and will be seen there first in Beaumarchais' "The Marriage of Figaro."

Miss Isadora Duncan is the very latest in the way of artistic dancers (says "M.A.P."). She does not undertake the terpsichorean art in the ordinary way, but illustrates poems or poetic ideas to music by means of what seem to be perfectly artless and natural dance movements. For instance, she dances Mendelssohn's music poem, "Welcome to Spring," with a frolicsome, laughing grace that makes one think of flowers and birds and lambs at play. Her costume for this is appropriately copied from Botticelli's "Primavera." Very Botticelli-like is the long, dark hair, crowned with roses, and falling in small curls to the waist. Ropes of roses wind about the body, and the feet are shod with golden sandals. Not a single stock step is taken, and the whole dance seems like something that might have happened in ancient Greece.

Mr. George Musgrove is searching for new attractions in the Old Country to tour Australia.

Miss Nellie Borthwick, whose dancing was one of the attractions of the Ballars, has severed her connection with the company, and returned to her home in Australia.

In spite of counter attractions Dix's Gaiety Company continues to draw large houses in the Auckland City Hall.

We learn that at the performance of "Paul Jones" in Dunedin considerable interest was evinced by the audience in the presence of some of the returned members of the New Zealand contingents. An immense audience was present, and the contingent men were cheered again and again. Mr. Pollard came before the curtain after the first act, and announced that he had had the pleasure of seeing the boys at his theatre in Wellington, and of being the last person to entertain them, and now he was the first to publicly welcome them back.

A Sydney "Bulletin" correspondent writes as follows: Respecting the statement in your columns some months ago that the deceased vocalist, Charles Harding, was "discovered" by Simonsen, I knew Harding intimately; in fact, was his partner in a theatrical spec., and if anybody "discovered" him (which I question—believing that he "discovered" himself), it was Harry Sherrington, manager of the Lylla Howland Company, when touring Moriland some twenty-two years ago. At any rate it was with him that Harding had his first engagement.

Harding came to Auckland as a seaman when about eighteen years old, ran away from his ship, and went gum-digging. Later on he owned a small schooner, with which he used to bring firewood from the north of M.T. to Auckland. It was the wreck of this "hooker" which decided him for the "boards." His voice—purely natural and untrained—was, as such, about the finest I ever heard. His first operatic appearance was as Sir Marmaduke, in "The Sorcerer" (Riccardi's company), at Auckland Royal in '79.

Wirth Brothers Australian circus is about to pay Australia another visit. It will probably reach Sydney about the month of September. Mr George Wirth, one of the proprietors with Mr Walter Price, a member of the circus staff, and Mr Harry Lyons, the advance agent, have arrived in Sydney. The circus is now on a voyage from Singapore to Cooktown. Just prior to the outbreak of the war it was making a tour of South Africa, its itinerary shows that it was at Mafeking at the end of September last, but as trouble between the Boers and the British was then brewing, marching orders on the part of the troupe became expedited. The circus was at Bulawayo—whence advices were recently had from the Bushmen's Contingent—on October 7, and at the Cape on October 11.

Theatrical matters have attracted the attention of the House of Commons, where Mr S. Smith failed to carry a resolution regretting the demoralising character of many of the stage pieces of the day, and advising stricter supervision by the authorities. Mr Smith quoted one of Mr Pinero's pieces, and an American musical comedy which has recently completed one of the longest of recorded runs, as calculated to corrupt the community, and read extracts from some of the London papers in support of his contention.

Applications in advance for seats for the first production in Australia of "The Rose of Persia" are so unprecedentedly numerous (says the Sydney "Morning Herald" of July 14th) that the management at Her Majesty's Theatre is taking steps to stem the rush and assist a deserving charity at one and the same time. Mr J. C. Williamson's announcement is that the plan will open at Nicholson's next Tuesday, not for one night as usual, but both for Saturday and Monday. There will, however, be a booking for of 2/6 extra upon every seat reserved for Saturday, and the additional sum thus realised will be handed over to the Indian Famine Fund. Sir Arthur Sullivan's new opera will be staged, with two beautiful tableaux by Mr John Gordon, showing "The Court of Hassan's House" and "Audience Hall of the Sultan's Palace." The Eastern costumes will be duplicates of those worn at the Savoy.

PEOPLE YOU KNOW.

No. 1.—THE BAKER.

Mr T. Streater writes:—I have received so much benefit from Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa I feel that I must thank you for it. I am a baker by trade, which, as you know, is very hard work, but I am pleased to say that when I am done of a night I go home and have a cup of your Cocoa, and feel quite fresh again, and then I go to bed and enjoy myself. But before I took to Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa, I used to mess about indoors as tired as could be.

Vi-Cocoa will become a household word amongst us. Prepared from substances of admitted dietic value, Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa is at once digestive and refreshing, nutritious and invigorating. This is the secret of its phenomenal success. It seems, so far as we can gather, to agree with everybody, and everybody is agreed in giving it a good name. Apparently it is the accepted beverage of a people who have recognized and appreciated its remarkable health-giving properties. And certainly in this age of rush and worry, wear and tear, when the energies of the mind and body are so severely taxed, it is an ideal food.

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A Pretty Story.

A beautiful little incident is told concerning Jenny Lind and Grisi when they were rivals for popular favour in London. Both were invited to sing the same night at a court concert before the Queen. Jenny Lind, being the younger, sang first, and was so disturbed by the fierce, scornful look which Grisi that she was at the point of failure, when, suddenly, an inspiration came to her. The accompanist was striking his final chords. She asked him to rise and took the vacant seat. Her fingers wandered over the keys in a loving prelude, and then she sang a little prayer which she had loved as a child. She hadn't sung it for years. As she sang she was no longer in the presence of royalty, but slinging to loving friends in her fatherland. Softly at first the plaintive notes floated on the air, swelling louder and richer every moment. The singer seemed to throw her whole soul into that weird, thrilling, plaintive prayer. Gradually the song died away and ended in a sob. There was silence—the silence of admiring wonder. The audience sat spellbound. Jenny Lind lifted her sweet eyes to look into the scornful face that had so disconcerted her. There was no fierce expression now: instead a tear-drop glistened on the long, black lashes and, after a moment, with the impulsiveness of a child of the tropics, Grisi crossed to Jenny Lind's side, placed her arm about her, and kissed her, utterly regardless of the audience.

Marcella Sembrich, the operatic prima donna, will take to her home in Dresden next month, as tangible evidence of the public's recognition of her art, a sum approximated at £19,000. This little fortune will represent her earnings during six months of her professional activity in the now ending season in America.

While experimenting with a futed, flexible brass tube Edison discovered that, by simply blowing through it, distinct flute-like tones were obtained. Other tones in an ascending octave

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## Mr Seddon's Interpreter.

When Mr Seddon recently went on his trip to the South Sea Islands, one of the party was a gentleman understood to be an authority in matters Polynesian. It was anticipated that he would greatly aid in the interchange of ideas between the Premier and the natives. But, as the story goes, the interpreter found that his knowledge of Maori stood him in little stead in conversing with the islanders, and as the party went "from island unto island at the gateways of the day" the reputation of the interpreter waned very perceptibly. At last it had waned so much that some giddy-minded individual made bold to play a practical joke on it. So with the assistance of other equally vivid imaginations he concocted a letter that certainly read very much like some Polynesian dialect but was really a concatenation of meaningless words. When the Tutuakai reached its next port in a group the language of which the interpreter felt sure he knew something about he was burning to make up for his past linguistic failures. He would show the party how he could rattle the lingo. But his joy was shortlived. Scarcely had communication been established with the shore before a note addressed to the Premier, and purporting to come from one of the chiefs made its appearance. Then King Richard summoned his interpreter and said unto him "Read." Confident and smiling the interpreter took the missive prepared to interpret ad aperuram libri. Yet a quarter of an hour later he had not read but was perspiring over those strange and yet familiar characters. The letter still remains among the uninterpreted things of this world. It is certainly no sinecure to be amateur interpreter to a party in strange lands. Be as modest as you please as to your linguistic accomplishment once you weekly undertake to speak for "the party" you are sure to be vilely misjudged. If you on any occasion have been in that unenviable position you will quite understand what I mean. Probably it is with some pride you accept the role; you feel a superiority to the others and a sense that you are doing them a service and earning their gratitude. As a fact they are invariably jealous of you from the start and ready to doubt and minimize your ability. If you do not succeed in making some blockhead of a native understand you at once or fail to catch his meaning, the party smiles compassionately on your attempt. A second failure invariably provokes signs of irritable impatience; and on the third occasion you hear some allusion to "poor Smith's French" or German or Spanish as the case may be. Later your knowledge of the language becomes a standing joke. Of course you might turn on your friends and tell them to take up your thankless billet. In such a case they may be relied on to answer, "Oh, but we never pretended we knew the language," or "If we did undertake to speak it we would see that we were understood." So I take with a considerable grain of salt that story of Mr Seddon's interpreter.

## The Differential Honorarium.

Mr Lawry's joenlar suggestion of a Bill to readjust the honorariums of members so that the Wellington representatives got less than their fellow legislators may easily seem to many not at all so unreasonable as the House apparently regarded it to be. Mr Lawry contended that Wellington members, having their residences and businesses in that city, had less expense and more opportunity to attend to their private affairs than representatives who came from another part of the colony. One would naturally infer that they had, and that their political duties did not interfere with their usual work or profession in the wholesale way it must do in the case of the member, for instance, who resides in Auckland. The latter has to leave his affairs in the hands of subordinates, or so to speak, shut up shop altogether; and there may be

instances where the monetary value of the honorarium does not recompense him for the sacrifice the second course entails. I could forgive a member fretting under a sense that his own business was being mis-managed, or was slipping away from him while he discussed the business of the country in Wellington; and it is just when in that frame of mind that Mr Lawry's suggestion would commend itself to his jealous spirit. But, as I have said before in these notes, if it is indeed the case that the local members and members living near Wellington have a little more time to devote to their own particular affairs they can only make use of it under conditions anything but pleasant. The eyes of his whole constituency are upon the Wellington member. His goings in and his goings out are marked; and what is still more disagreeable, his goings on too. The Auckland member, or the Christchurch member, or the Dunedin member, is free from that inquisitorial inspection to which the Wellington representative is subject. He can go out of the Chamber to Bellamy's, he can entertain his friends in the tea-room, he can leave the House and enjoy himself at the theatre, and his constituents will neither know of his ways nor trouble about them. But the Wellington members have to play the role of legislator morning, noon and night. They are, of course, the most freely criticised men in the House. There in the galleries sit their judges, before whom they have continually to be striving to commend themselves. Horny-handed labour comes of an evening and looks down into the arena where the members fight and his eyes seek out his own man. "There's my representative," says Horny-handed labour, "the man that speaks in that there arena for me. Now, what has he got to say for himself?" Should the gentleman not happen to be in his place that evening or be late in reaching it Horny-handed wants to know the reason why; also, if Horny-handed is not sleepy himself that night he wants to know why his member is sleeping on his bench or elects to go home before the House rises. Altogether, from that cause alone, not to speak of the folks who want to see him personally and remind him of his election pledges, his duty as a member, and so forth, the Wellington member's position is no sinecure. Regarded seriously, the proposal to dock his salary would be most unjust; he works as hard for it as any member in the House.

## A Bit of Old China.

A curious old volume, bearing date 1697, has come into my hands. It is the relation of the French Jesuit missionary, Le Compte, of a visit to China, which he made in 1693. Le Compte appears to have been received well by the Chinese, and according to his account, he made many converts to Christianity. There is no indication in his account of that violent hostility to the new doctrine which to-day has culminated in horrible massacres of native Christians and others. But as it was only forty years after his date that the Jesuits were expelled from China, it is plain that the antipathy to Christianity, if not indeed latent when he worked among the natives, was not long in developing. The Jesuit missionaries of that day appear to have been handicapped in their work through a dearth of miracles. "Miracles are not so common in China as the state of that empire would seem to require," says Le Compte, regretfully. When he and his fellow missionaries related to the Emperor "the marvels God had been pleased to work in other countries," the Son of Heaven very naturally replied that he would like to see an example of these wonders. "What have we done to God?" asked His Majesty, "that He renders our conversion so difficult? You come from the utmost ends of the earth to preach up a new law to us, contrary to nature, elevated above reason: is it just that we should take your word for it? Do some miracles that may warrant the truth of your religion, and I'll pass my word for the sincerity of our faith." No miracle being forthcoming, the Emperor would

have none of the new doctrine. If miracles were wanting in Pekin, "the business was otherwise in the Provinces," says Le Compte, "where several were wrought." He relates some of these. One is of "an idolater devout in his way," who at full moon burned gilded and silvered papers in honour of his gods. One day when he was doing this in front of his gate, a storm arose and forced him to complete the operation in the house. He had hardly got his little fire agoing when the wind blew open his front door and scattered the burning papers, so that his residence was soon ablaze. In the next house, which was threatened by the flames, lived a Christian, whose brother, falling on his knees, implored the Almighty to stay the conflagration, and threw a small relic from his chapel into the fire. "All of a sudden," says Le Compte, "Heaven declared itself in the most miraculous manner: the wind blowing violently forthwith, slackened, and a contrary wind stronger than that arising at the same time, drove the violent streams of the flames to the opposite side, upon the house of a wicked, false-hearted Christian, that had lately abjured. It was consumed in a moment, becoming an example of Divine vengeance, as the house that heaven preserved was an evident token of His protection."

## What Do They Think?

I wonder if my iterant green-grocer, Chow Ting—that is his proper name, I have discovered, though we all call him John—knows anything about the war in China or takes any interest in it. Does the culture of cabbages and other greens in season engage his mind as closely as it does his assiduous hands, or do he and his compatriots, in those evil-smelling cabins of theirs, intelligently discuss the situation. When I meet him of a morning bent on supplying the vegetarian wants of the community, his face betrays no knowledge of what is going on in his native country. I have the thought of preaching him a lesson on the brutal character of his nation—the only way I have of taking vengeance for the recent Pekin horror—but I am afraid my acquaintance with pidgin-English would barely suffice to convey a proper idea of my indignation. Even my slightest attempt to get from him a little light on the Boxer movement has met with no success. To judge by his replies he is no student of contemporary history, here or elsewhere, and his mind is centred in his garden and his work. But is it ignorance or secrecy that that inscrutable countenance of his indicates? Even our physiognomists are often at fault in their readings of the Caucasian countenance, mistaking for the signs of wisdom what is only the expression of stupidity; and how much more likely is one to err in striving to read the face of the Mongolian! For aught I know John may be a member of one of these secret societies with which China is honeycombed—why not a Boxer? He may be here as one of their secret emissaries to spy out the land in preparation for the time when the meek Chinaman will inherit the earth. If the lettucees and radishes had tongues what horrible secrets might we not learn from the salad bowl—tales of dark conspirings of Ching and Chow in the garden alleys at early morn or dewy eve. It is impossible to believe that the Chinese who sojourn among us here can love us. They would have to be possessed of an ultra-Christian temperament to do that. It is much more probable that though for the sake of what they make they stay here, they retain all their national antipathy to the barbarians. Little have we done to remove it. And so I should not wonder if they regard us with a secret satisfaction the horrible triumphs of their countrymen in China.

## Ich Dien.

Snobbishness is always detestable, always contemptible, wherever it is found, but of all the many species of the genus snob, none is, I think, more offensive than the democratic variety. New Zealand, as a hot-bed of this, the smallest, meanest, and most contemptible form of snobbery, would, I imagine, be hard to beat, and it is therefore not surprising that it should have been solemnly suggested in Parliament that the term "servant" should be abolished as derogatory to the dignity of the human animal, and that household domestic should in future be known as "house assistants." It probably strikes others in a different light, but it appears to me that this

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# Current Comment.

attempt to get behind facts, to call things by false and high sounding names, is about as despicable and ludicrous an exhibition of snobbery in excelsis as has ever been chronicled. The fate of the grand old name of gentleman we all, alas! know too well, and it does seem to me regrettable that the honourable cognomen of servant should follow it into the limbo of meaningless words. What, after all, in this whole world is nobler than service? Apart altogether from religion, is not each one of us a servant to some one? Does not the very motto pipe, save only the Queen herself, eon- of the highest dignitary of all the Emis- of the proud boast, "Ich Dien"— serve? What, then, can be the objection to the old and honest term, servant? No doubt the craze for snob- bish terms will not stop here. We shall probably have objectors to the term "wages," persons who will insist that we shall not hurt the feelings of our printer's devil by alluding to the rewards of his labours—brg pardon— assistance, by such a derogatory word as wages, but that we shall speak of his emoluments of office, or his honorarium. The tendency to this form of snobishness is unquestionably on the increase, and is far from a healthy or a hopeful sign. So far as domestic servants are concerned, much of the antipathy now displayed towards this branch of making oneself useful in life—which is, after all, the chief object of existence—has, I believe, been created by the well-meaning busy-bodies who will never leave well alone. Men like Mr Barclay, of Dunedin, have reiterated that servants are a class looked down upon, until, from that very cause, and from that alone, servants have begun to believe that there is some truth in the allegation. As a matter of fact, there is, I honestly and firmly believe, no person who commands a higher respect than that of the capable and trusted family servant. They are not merely honoured with confidence and warm regard, they not infrequently become the very mentors of the household, and, as some of us know, very despotic rulers thereof to boot. That there are changes coming which will altogether revolutionise the relations between employer and servant no one can doubt. Whether any of these changes will benefit the servant class is doubtful, but most assuredly no possible benefit can arise from a stupid and vulgar change of name to house assistants.

## WHAT THE LONDON "TIMES" SAYS ABOUT INFLUENZA.

At the commencement of this year, when influenza was reaching its height and assuming very serious proportions in London, the "Times" had the following in its columns. We quote this, as it is written by an authority whose words carry weight, and who gets to the real secret of the prevention of influenza:

"Influenza has so far baffled research; we know, however, that it is highly contagious, its onset is sudden, and that the best thing we can do to escape it is to avoid whatever may tend to lower the tone of the system."

This is the root of the matter. Influenza attacks those who, by lack of vigour and tone in the system, have left a loophole for its entrance. The main thing, then, is to keep in good health whilst this scourge is so prevalent. This can only be done by keeping up the general tone of the system, and so enable the various organs to carry out their respective duties, the tendency to catch colds and influenza being thereby greatly minimised.

The body is extremely susceptible to chills, and the slightest draught causes a violent attack of coughing or sneezing. Many so-called cures for influenza fail to get at the root of the trouble, and only afford temporary relief. A medicine that will brace up the system, keep the liver in thorough and regular working order, and the digestion right, will, without doubt, prove the most effective preventative and cure for influenza and colds. This is what Blue Beans for Biliousness will do, and we maintain that no better remedy can be found for these ailments. Blue Beans have been proved in hundreds of cases to be the most effective known remedy in dealing with influenza, colds, and all ailments arising from such complaints.

### "The Little Splash of Crimson."

In a letter to the "Daily News" Mr A. G. Hales says:—"Some of the younger bloods are thinking of the V.C. they mean to win. For myself I cannot help thinking of the little splash of crimson I have seen so often on a man's temple, of the strong bony fingers buried knuckle deep in the soft soil in the last death clutch, as the soul has slipped out of the little hole in the centre of the crimson splash, round which the sharp splinters of jagged bone, like broken needle points, project. Beautiful war! Glorious war! A moment of mortal anguish, a hole in the earth, and a soul on its way to judgment. A scout has just dashed past my tent on his way towards the staff officer's camp. His left arm lies useless by his side; his face is as white as the milk the ralls pour from the pails in the Highlands at dawn. His knit brow and clenched teeth tell he is no holiday rider. He has to pass a little knot of privates. "What news, mate?" calls out the bugler. The scout does not pause, does not check the steady gallop of his Argentine pony, does not even bend his body in the saddle, but half turning his head for a moment flings his reply back at them as a lass throws a shoe over her shoulder for luck: "Only a skinish—they've bolted."

### The Use of the Revolver.

Nervous folks who are always on the look out for that familiar burglar should not be allowed revolvers. Thomas Hopwood, a groom, was charged in Sydney illegally on the premises of John Findlay, at Rookwood. Early on Sunday morning, hearing a noise, Findlay arose, saw the accused at the back of his house, and chased him, firing a shot at the retreating figure before the fugitive was captured. Hopwood explains that he had fallen asleep in the last train from Sydney to Ashfield and had been overcarried to Homebush. He then proceeded, as he thought to walk back, but took the wrong road and did not discover his mistake until he reached Rookwood. Then, being too tired to walk back to Ashfield he was looking for an empty house in which to sleep until morning when he was chased by Findlay. The magistrate believed his story and dismissed the case.

### The Train of the Future.

The House of Commons has thrown out the Manchester and Liverpool Express Railway Bill. The committee, however, did not condemn the proposal to run trains at nearly 100 miles per hour on the mono rail. The plans satisfied them completely, excepting as to brake power. The problem of stopping a mono-railway at high speed was not deemed to be sufficiently clear. The promoters of the Bill, too, had not satisfied certain local interests. This marvellous scheme of locomotion will come up again next year. It may be here noted that, to the joy of Londoners who use the underground railway, trains have already commenced running on part of the district section with electrical engines. There is hope that before long the tunnels will be less evil-smelling than they are with the ordinary locomotive.

### Spoils to the Victors.

The Wellington "Post," referring to the proposed increase in Ministers' salaries, says:—"The scale proposed in the Bill is higher than that existing in any of the Australian colonies, since in New South Wales there are no house allowances. As against the New South Wales Chief Secretary's £1820 our Premier is to be paid £1950, and as against the £1370 of the other New South Wales Ministers, our Ministers are to receive £1450. Instead of being higher, the New Zealand scale should obviously be lower than that of either Victoria or New South Wales. Then, again, the sum allowed for the salaries of the Commonwealth Ministers is only £12,000 a year, or just \$250 more than the total of the salaries without house allowances proposed to be spent upon the Ministers of this colony. Including house allowance, it is proposed that we should pay more for our Ministers than Federal Australia. Could anything be more absurd?

There is another comparison that brings out forcibly the disproportionate rewards now asked by our Ministers for their services. Our Chief Justice is paid only £1750, and our puisne Judges £1500 a year, and no house allowances. That is to say, the Premier, with his house allowance, is to receive £200 a year more than the Chief Justice, and the other Ministers with their house allowances each only £30 a year less than the other Judges. From no standpoint, so far as we can see, can the salaries now proposed for the Cabinet be justified, and we trust that Parliament will refuse to sanction this enormous increase in expenditure."

### Colonial Snobs.

The Dunedin correspondent of the "Argus" gives the following as an instance of colonial snobbery:—"An early settler who had the good sense to secure a good stretch of emu-bush made a good deal of money out of sheep, and when he died and the land was sold there was a handsome competence for the family. Some of the girls were sent to England to finish their education, and are now necessarily the creme de la creme of society. Going home in the evening the other evening they were greatly interested in the doings of a handsome little child, but while they could not conceal the enthusiasm inspired they explained afterwards that "After all, dear, it was only a common child, but so bold, handsome, and clever." A dance was given the same night, and it so happened that the father of the child was the leader of the musicians. He got to hear of what was said, but could say nothing then. But the musicians were curtained off, and one of them rudely drew the curtains a little apart, except when partaking of the beer and sandwiches, good enough for common people, while the elite sipped champagne. The daughter, enraged at the boldness, sought the musician's shop next day, and bawling in with "Are you the man," etc., roundly abused him for presumption, declaring that they would not again glance at the occupants of the shop when she was petrified by the remark, "Well, if I and my child are common people, perhaps you can tell me what that good old sort your mother was when she used to milk the cows behind old —'s barn."

### A Woman's Romance.

A member of the Johannesburg commando in laager at Glenese was discovered to be a young woman, and inquiries elicited the following romantic story:—"When the husband of this plucky young woman was away

commandeered for service at the front, she attired herself in male clothes, went to the field-cornet, and requested him to commandeer her. This was done, and she proceeded to the front as a properly-equipped burgher. She fought bravely in the trenches at Spion Kop. It was not until a few days ago that her sex was discovered, and she was then at once sent to her home. On the way thither she made a speech to the people assembled on the station platform, exhorting the burghers to persevere in the struggle, and explaining that she preferred fighting for her country to lying ill at home.

### The Emperor of China.

The Shanghai correspondent of a London journal has telegraphed to his paper what he declares is an official declaration of policy by the Emperor Kwang Hsu. It was communicated through Weng Tung Ho, the Emperor's ex-tutor, who was dismissed from Peking in 1898. The more important part of the Imperial message is as follows:—

His Majesty is convinced, through amply trustworthy sources, that the loyal support of many millions of the Chinese will be accorded to his proposals for putting an end to the state of anarchy brought about by the action of the Empress Hsi Tsi. The Government of China being virtually non-existent, the Emperor proposes that the Foreign Powers, whose troops dominate the capital, shall recover his Imperial power from the palace, in which His Majesty is confined a prisoner, shall declare Empress Hsi Tsi and her present Ministers to be usurpers, and shall bring Emperor Kwang Hsu to Nanking, Wu Chang or Shanghai, whichever the said Foreign Powers deem to be the most suitable situation for the capital of the Chinese empire under the new conditions.

The Government should be carried on, says Weng Tung Ho, by the Emperor, but the Powers should declare a joint protectorate over China. The proposals include the abolition of the Imperial Boards at Peking, the appointment of new Ministers, the reorganisation of the army to police the Empire under foreign officers, the control of the Customs and posts and telegraphs by the Foreign Powers, the establishment of a uniform currency, the readjustment of taxation, and, finally, freedom of religion. The revolution would be a huge one, but Weng declares that it would be peacefully accepted by the great bulk of the Chinese. The present difficulty, Weng implied, would need the presence of fully 100,000 foreign troops.

### Cricket and the Empire.

Let no wisecracker with his head stuffed full of high politics, of questions of trade and tariffs, of scientific theories of racial involutions, dare to laugh at cricket (says the London "Daily Mail"). If there had been no Australian Test matches there would most likely have been no Colonial Volunteers. Just as the kindly memories of school friendships knit men together in after manhood, just as the athletic

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training of an English boyhood fashions men into plucky and healthy soldiers, so does the friendly rivalry of the cricket field make our colonists willing and worthy defenders of the Empire. We have spoken chiefly of Australia, but we do not forget that India has sent us a Ranjitsinhji, and that the record of his triumphs and of his popularity has attached to the Crown the hearts of Indian princes and their subjects more closely and certainly than all the diplomacy of Governors-General and Political Residents and all the paraphernalia of official cultivation. Our West Indian colonies have been garnered into the inner circle of practical loyalty in the same sportive fashion, England sending its cricketers to them and welcoming their cricketers in turn. Such small matters may be the mainsprings of Empire. Our soldiers are the best in the world because they have learned to be plucky and ready of hand and eye in our national sports; our colonists are helpful comrades because they have shared our pastimes in peaceful days, and learned to know us as the friendly rivals of the cricket field.

**The Wreckage of War.**

Mr George Lynch, the war correspondent who was captured by the Boers, writing in the "Westminster Gazette," says:—"We are coming back to England in a ship laden with the human wreckage of war—the wounded, the maimed, the sick, who to their graves will carry maiming of their sickness. There are amongst these men, those who will crawl about the world lopsided, incomplete cripples, or those who will be perpetual victims to intermittent or chronic disease; but there is worse than any of these disasters to the victim. The man without a leg can get along with a crutch. The man who loses his sight from the carth shattering shell can at worst carry a label to tell that he was blinded in the war, and his fellow-countrymen will give him enough to keep on enjoying life through the channels of the four other senses, and he will still admit that it is good to be alive. Blindness is bad, but war deals worse blows than in the eye. It deals blows under which the reason itself staggers and is maimed. The lunatic asylum is worse than the hospital. We are carrying back nine men who have lost their reason at Magersfontein and other battles; two have been mercifully treated and have lost it completely—the padded cell must mean a certain unconsciousness; but the greatest, deepest pity of which the human heart is capable is evoked forth by those who are maimed in mind. Long lucid intervals of perfect sanity give them time to learn the meaning of the locks and bars. "Yes, I know; I went off my head after Magersfontein," one poor fellow tells you; another repeatedly asks, "Will they put me into an asylum when I go home?" What a home-coming! Sure enough it is to the asylum they are going. They will be lost to what friends or relatives they have in that oblivion of a living grave."

**The Law of the Land.**

The highest legal tribunal in the land has held (says the Otago "Daily Times") that it is within the rights of the Arbitration Court, if it so chooses, to grant a monopoly of employment in industrial pursuits to members of trade unions, and virtually the effect of the Industrial Conciliation and Arbitration Act is to abolish in the colony freedom of contract as between an employer and a workman. The Act, in effect, as the Chief Justice has said, has abolished contract, and it has restored "status." It is only workmen with the "status" of unionists whom the Industrial Courts, which the Act has established, are entitled to hear; individual workmen and non-unionist workmen have no locus standi in an industrial dispute under the law. What this imports was well shown in an address which was recently delivered by Mr Samuel Brown, the employees' representative on the Arbitration Court. The members of the unions throughout the colony who have the requisite status to secure for them a hearing under the law do not number 11,000, but they are able to ask from the Court terms and conditions which affect about 600,000 bread-winners and dependents. That is the position at the present time. It is not one which, we should suppose, will be altogether agreeable to the largely preponderating class of unorganized workers in the colony.

**Minor Matters.**

**A Marvellous Rescue.**

It is rarely that a man falls overboard in mid-ocean and after eleven hours of torturing doubt is picked up by his ship after all hope has fled. Such happened in the case of an apprentice on board the ship Rurfilan, a well known visitor to Australian ports. The youth, whose name is Harry Warner, was out on the bowsprit when he slipped and fell into the sea. Writing of his rescue to his brother, he says that had it not been for Captain Arthur, of the Rurfilan, who persisted in keeping up a search after almost every man had given him up for dead, he would never again have been heard from. The ship was on a voyage to Santa Rosalia from Cardiff, and was near her destination when the accident happened. After the cry "Man overboard!" was raised a life buoy was thrown, yards were backed, and a boat left in search. In three hours she returned, only to report having been unsuccessful. Captain Arthur determined to work his ship back on the zig-zag principle. After eight hours of persistent searching with men aloft scanning the ocean, the life buoy with Warner hanging on it was sighted, picked up and two days later the rescued apprentice was himself again.

**Patriotic Fund Squabbles.**

The Picton City Fathers have (says a correspondent) decided—in spite of the protests of the collectors—to keep the money subscribed for the patriotic funds in their own hands, and use it as they think fit. Some of it belongs to the "more men" fund, having been thrown on the stage during the singing of "The Absent-minded Beggar," and collected by the sale of poems, and all of it was subscribed in a patriotic spirit to be devoted to one country and its needs, and therefore should be utilised for that purpose alone.

**Russia and Corea.**

The articles of a secret convention, said to have been recently concluded between Russia and Corea, have been published by a Korean newspaper as follows:—1. There shall be perpetual peace between Russia and Corea. 2. Corea shall be under the protection of Russia and Japan. 3. Limits shall be set to the right and privileges enjoyed by the Japanese in Corea. 4. The Empress of Corea shall be chosen from among the Russian princesses. 5. The Greek Church shall be the State religion of Corea. 6. A Russian subject shall be employed in the capacity of adviser to the Korean Finance Department; and, 7. a Russian subject shall be similarly appointed to the War Department. 8. The consent of the Russian Minister in Seoul shall be obtained with respect to all appointments, removals or changes of Korean officials. 9. The settlement of Russian subjects in Corea shall be encouraged. 10. All mining and forestry concessions in Corea shall be given to Russian subjects. 11. Russia shall have a naval port in Corea. 12. All Korean subjects shall remove their top-knots.

The correctness of this delightful little arrangement has, however, been denied by the Korean authorities.

**A Good Sign.**

The Waikawa (Picton) natives have issued the following proclamation subsequent to the toongi held over the death of Annie Nianga:—"We, the Elect of Te Aroha Nui, Waikawa, hereby give notice that, under the Seventh Rule of Jehovah, men, women, and children have strictly agreed not to take spirits of any kind; also, that any person, or persons, intoxicated, or having bottles of spirits on them, shall not be allowed to enter within our gates, or round about."

At the close of the toongi the following resolution was proposed and carried: "That the purchase of spirituous liquors should be strictly abolished among the natives now residing at Waikawa, and Waipara." The consumption of drink at these native functions has hitherto been appalling, and the degradation consequent on these scenes of debauchery has been a sore stumbling-block to the native race and their civilisation. It is a step in the right direction for native missionaries to clear the way to a higher standard of Maori life by showing them the evils of drink.

**Treatment of Sailors.**

The New Zealand "Times" says that during the hearing of the case against the Paparua firemen, who refused duty as a protest against the fare provided them, Mr. Hensden, S.M., referred to the frequent complaint that British sailors were becoming an unknown quantity, and pointed out the paramount necessity of feeding an Englishman well if it were desired that he should be kept in a seafaring life. His Worship said this was the first case that had come under his notice in which a New Zealand-owned company had been accused of providing its crews with inferior or insufficient food.

**A Cat Who Fishes.**

A Picton cat has developed an extraordinary talent for fishing, and the facts show that this particular cat has reasoning powers, which are the supposed attributes of mankind. She sits on the beach when hungry, and watches her opportunity to catch a small "tiddler." She doesn't eat the "tiddler," but she kills it, and forthwith places it carefully in the water. She then lies down alongside on the beach. Other fish, larger and altogether more to be desired, come up to feast on the tempting bait. Puss darts in a paw and out comes a fish. This little game goes on till puss has a sufficient supply to satisfy her delicate appetite for the time being. She indulges in her little feast, and then basks in the sunshine till hunger tempts her to repeat the performance. Her owner vouches for the truth of this story.

**What the Nations Drink.**

A report recently rendered to the British Parliament contains matter which ought to lead to a searching of hearts by the people of many nations. The report deals with the production and consumption of alcoholic beverages in Europe, the United States and the British colonies. In such a publication stupendous figures, although melancholy, are to be expected; but some of the facts here disclosed are astounding.

Take, for instance, the consumption of wine. In Great Britain each person consumes, on an average, less than half a gallon a year; in Germany, a little more than three-fourths of a gallon; in the United States, less than a quarter of a gallon; in France, more than twenty-four gallons! The total amount consumed in France, which has a population of thirty-eight millions, is more than nine hundred and forty million gallons a year—eight times as much as is used by the one hundred and sixty million people of Great Britain, Germany, and the United States taken together.

It is often said, the French drink wine while other nations drink beer or spirituous liquors. Of beer alone the statement is, indeed, partially true. The annual consumption per capita in Great Britain is about thirty-one gallons, in Germany twenty-seven gallons, in the United States thirteen gallons, and in France five and one-half gallons. But the French people consume more spirits per inhabitant than any of the other countries. The figures

are: For Great Britain one gallon, the United States less than one gallon, Germany a gallon and three-quarters, and France more than two gallons for each person.

The report also shows the interesting fact that the consumption of alcoholic beverages in Canada is smaller than in any other country from which statistics are obtainable.

Our own showing is not a bad one, but every earnest lover of his country will wish that it were better.

**An Illiterate Letter.**

Illiterate letters are not always amusing, but this one, forwarded to me from the north of Queensland, contains a curious conglomeration of orders:—"Dear Sir,— Let the boy have 10 pound of sugar one botole of castroll and tow sheep or if you could let us have beefe I would sooner have it one bag of oatmeal tow tins of gam 2 lb currins would you kindly send for a redigest form for to redigest the baby or would you see if Mr paticon has eny and you would kindly oblige me yours humble."

**Our Treeless Streets.**

Mr. C. L. Wragge, the Queensland Meteorologist, says that in all the thirty-two countries he has visited he was nowhere more struck by the absence of the aesthetic taste than in Australia. This remark, says the New Zealand "Times," was occasioned by a comment on the rarity of good avenues of trees in the streets and public places. In Europe properly-planted avenues are very common, and the Avenue of Liberty in Lisbon is one of the most beautiful Mr. Wragge has seen. He strongly advocates the beautifying of colonial cities by means of trees, and expressed his pleasure on learning of the existence of a City Beautifying Society in Christchurch.

**Generous.**

A very gracious speech is that recorded of a certain Scottish official, quoted by the London "Outlook."

When the Queen, during a stay in Scotland, visited the Tay Bridge, one feature of the attendant ceremony was the presentation of a beautiful basket of flowers.

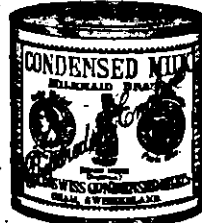
The Queen smiled as she took it, but Dundee was not yet satisfied that it had done all in its power. The Provost stepped forward with a low bow.

"And, Your Majesty," said he, "you need not return the basket."

**Old-Time College Life.**

Mr. Rusdall, a fellow of New College, Oxford, has lately written the history of this college. In it we find some curious facts, which can hardly fail to be of interest to Colonial "varsity men." New College was built a hundred years before the discovery of America, by Lord William de Wykeham, and was an expression of the most advanced ideas of education entertained in his day. So far as the architecture and plan of the buildings are concerned, the five centuries which have since elapsed have suggested but little that is better. English and American college builders still follow De Wykeham's model. But there is no better measure of the difference between the old time and the new than the contrast between the "thorough education" which he sought to give and that which boys now receive. The undergraduate in De Wykeham's time, in order to obtain his B.A. de-

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# Sports and Pastimes.

## TURF FIXTURES.

August 14, 15 and 18—New Zealand Grand National Meeting

### NOTES BY MONITOR.

It is a pity that the Northern Trotting Club were not allotted any totalisator permits this season, but instead were "placed on probation." This seems to me to mean nothing at all, for without the permit it is hardly possible that a meeting will be held, and if no meeting is held how can the club justify its probation. The powers that be evidently are not going to lend a hand to help the new institution in its attempt to purify the sport in Auckland. At present there seems to be a chance of a complete deadlock, for the Tramway Company have stated that they will no longer lend the ground to the old club, which is now in the position of holding three permits without any ground to race on.

The Racing Conference which was held last week in Wellington was as usual full of interest to racing men. Quite a lot of business was disposed of, the two most important being possibly the new restrictions in the issue of jockey's licences and the adoption of a uniform hurdle throughout the colony, the height being fixed at 2ft 6in. The bracketing of all horses running under the same ownership is now made compulsory. Sir Geo. Clifford presided on each day of the meeting, and his address showed that an improvement had been made in purifying turf affairs during the season. In going through the totalisator recommendations I was sorry to see that the Avondale Jockey Club were only placed fourth on the list in their application for another permit. This is a pity as the club is a very deserving one, and it will mean that the proposed winter fixture will have to be abandoned.

The weights for the big events of the Canterbury Jockey Club's Grand National Meeting have been declared by Mr Henry.

In the Steeplechase Plain Bill stands at the top of the poll, this position being due to his easy win at Wellington, and even with 12.8 the son of Flintlock will require to be reckoned with. Others which catch the eye on a cursory glance through the list are Nor-west, Dr. Bill, Morag, Roller, and Backberry.

The Winter Cup shows Record Reign with a stone more than his nearest opponent, and it seems to me that Castor's son has been somewhat bashfully treated. Horses to strike me as having chances are Crusoe, Ruamahunga, Bush Rose, Ideal, Strait-rain and Lasting.

In the Hurdle Race the well-performed Chevalier (or whatever his name may happen to be at the time of racing) has been allotted 12.8, conceding his stable mate Record Reign 3lbs. When Mr Evett awarded 11.10 to Record Reign the scratching pen was promptly put through the horse's name, so that to be consistent the horse can hardly be started with 12.5 in a more important fixture. If he does see the post, he must be counted as dangerous, while of others Plain Bill, Nor-west, Roller, Torpina, and The Guard should show prominently.

Late advices state that the aptly-named Wait-a-Bit and the Auckland-bred horse Lancaster are favourites for the Melbourne Cup. The first-named recently placed a maiden hurdle race to his credit at Flemington, which event he won, carrying top weight, in a very easy fashion.

The followers of the Malua horse evidently seem very sanguine of him winning the big race this year by the number of large wagers that have been written about his chance. Great deeds were expected of Lancaster last year, but they did not come to anything, the only race falling to his lot being a maiden plate at the V.A.T.C. Spring Meeting, in which he just squeezed home a head of Mazza-

tina, who got away very badly. The son of Hotchkiss also ran in the V.R.C. Derby and Melbourne Cup, but did not show to any advantage in either races.

The cable brings word of the result of the Eclipse Stakes of 10,000sovs., run at Sandown Park. This valuable stake went to the Prince of Wales' colt Diamond Jubilee, who beat Mr. J. H. Musker's Orion colt Chevening, while the Australian sportsman, Mr. H. C. White, got a third with his four-year-old horse Skopos, by St. Serf. The winner, which Guineas, Newmarket Stakes and Derby, has up to date earned in stakes no less a sum than £26,425.

The date of the sale of St. Albans' racehorses, in the estate of the late W. A. Wilson, has been fixed for August 10th. The lot include the speedy Bobadil, La Carabine, Kinglike, Debutant, Hona (sister to Bobadil), Songbird, Revenue, Autous, etc., and six two-year olds by Bill of Portland, Wallace and Light Artillery. The executors have given instructions to have these horses prepared in quite the same manner as if they were not to enter the sale ring.

Since Record Reign's arrival at the Hutt he has been apportioned long, slow work every day, and he is reported to be looking well on it. The Wellington folks who have seen the Castor horse speak very highly of him.

There is every probability of the crack Queensland colt, Dundonald, being seen out under silk before very long. The injured pastern, caused through slipping, which has been the means of keeping Dundonald in retirement during the past twelve months, is said to be fast mending, and the swelling has almost entirely disappeared.

The jumper, Plain Bill, who has been on the retired list for close upon two years, made his reappearance under silk in the Wellington Hurdle Race, in which event he finished well up with the field. On the concluding day of the meeting he showed an improvement on this by winning the big steeplechase easily by ten lengths. Although apportioned a big weight at the Canterbury Jockey Club's Grand National Meeting, the son of Flintlock will go very close to putting one of the plums of the meeting to his credit.

The new sire for Wellington Park, Phoebus Apollo, has arrived in Dunedin by the steamer Paparua. From a private wire to hand it would appear that the new importation is in capital health, and his arrival in Auckland will be welcomed.

I notice that the Wanganni Jockey Club, at its meeting to-night, intend discussing the question of appointing a paid judge to act at all future meetings. This question also comes on for decision at the next meeting of the Auckland Racing Club, when it is probable that such a judge will be appointed. Of course in the Old Country the thing has obtained for many years, when the late Judge Clark acted all over the country. It is entirely unfair to expect any gentleman to constantly act in this position in an honorary capacity, and it is to be hoped that the senior club will definitely decide the point at its next meeting. Should this be done there can be very little doubt that both Avondale and Takapuna will follow the good example set them.

That good little battler Crusoe showed a return to form in the Winter Oats, at Wellington. The Cruiser gelding has been off the scene for some time past, and his reappearance was in the Parliamentary Handicap on the opening day of the meeting, when he managed to squeeze into third place, while he followed this up by defeating a large field in the Oats, which event he won after a great battle by a neck.

During the week wagering on the New Zealand Cup has been fairly brisk, although most attention has been paid to the Wellington meeting. Advance's price was required after and quoted at 10 to 1, but I have not heard whether any business resulted at that figure. Malua and Record Reign are each quoted at 10 to 1, one wager of 1000 to 80 going on the son of Malua, while 1000 to 50 was written about his

stable mate, Military. Strathmairn was supported at 1000 to 15, Tortulla at 1000 to 30, while Explosion was backed to win the big southern race at 1000 to 20.

It appears that Mr Lou. Harris' fine Hurdler will not be able to retain the name of Chevalier, which he was recently rechristened. As this name is already in the Stud Book it is, of course, inadmissible under rule 51. Mr Wauklyn, the secretary to the New Zealand Racing Conference, says in a letter to the "N.Z. Referee": "There is really no excuse for giving illegal names, and it will save owners a great deal of trouble and possibly expense in the shape of fines, if they will submit the names in accordance with the rules. All the secretaries of important clubs have been supplied with forms for claiming names, and I have no doubt will give any necessary assistance."

The Sydney "Bulletin" says:—"If Dan O'Brien crosses the Tasman Sea on lucre bent this spring his pair (Malua and Military), both Australian bred, will likely keep their opponents' feet warm. The first-named, like his sire, Malua, improves with age, and makes a good handicap moke, while the Light Artillery youngster is speedy and full of promise. The pair figure in the Sydney Metropolitan and Melbourne Cup, and Military will likely show his paces in the A.J.C. Derby. The two M.L. cracks, Sealhorse and Advance, are also in the big Flemington event, and Sealhorse is almost bound to go across, ambitious Major George being impatient to show Australian turf critics that Nelson's son is nearly as good as his sire, and that the colt was out of sorts in the autumn. As Hon. Hugh Mosman also contemplates representation in Sydney and Melbourne, Maoriland's invading force will be strong."

The Auckland Coursing Club concluded their July meeting on Wednesday last, the Bracelet Stakes and Waitakere Cup finals being decided. The latter event fell to the Napier-owned dog Rory O'Moore, who put up a really fine performance. The hares were in good trim and ran very stoutly, only two kills being recorded during the day. One of the finest courses witnessed on the Plumpton was between Sweet Packet and Firelock, the former after a grueling tussle getting the best of it. Another good contest was that between Highwater and Miss Flirt. The judging was in the capable hands of Mr E. W. Coombes, and his decisions in every case gave entire satisfaction, while no complaints could be found with the slipping, which was effected by Mr D. Brennan.

Several Australian writers express the opinion that if the Melbourne Cup was to come up for decision this month La Carabine, who is top weight, would just about win the big race. As the daughter of Carbine is under offer to an English sportsman backers would do well to hold off a while until it is decided what her mission will be.

St. Peter's chance of earning a winning bracket at the Wellington meeting was very highly thought of in Auckland last week, and punters fell in rather heavy, for they were all looking to the gelding scoring a win on one of the days of the meeting. By the account given of the first race he started in, it would appear that St. Peter's son was never once dangerous, although he made a fast run home. In the Hutt Handicap St. Peter was again made favourite, and in this event he filled exactly the same position as on the opening day by running into third place behind Quilina and Sundial.

## WELLINGTON RACING CLUBS WINTER MEETING. SECOND DAY.

Very disagreeable weather was again experienced for the second day's sport of the Wellington Racing Club. After the running of the first race a terrific hailstorm broke over the course and a heavy downpour set in, which lasted for close on two hours. Towards three o'clock, however, it cleared off, although the course was left in a sloppy state, which made the going very heavy for the horses. Although the weather was so boisterous it did not prevent a large muster of

gree, studied the logic of Porphyry and Boethius, something of Aristotle, and enough of arithmetic to enable him to find Easter. Three years more were usually spent in studying Aristotle, Boethius, geometry, astronomy, and astrology. He lived in college. His allowance of money was one shilling a week. His breakfast was a piece of bread, and a pot of beer at dawn. His dinner was eaten at ten in the morning. He was given one suit of clothes yearly. Three times a year each student was required secretly to tell the masters of all the misbehaviour of his fellows, who then "received competent castigation." The rules laid down by De Wykeham prohibited visits to taverns or "speccacles," the keeping of dogs, the playing of chess and other "noxious and illicit sports, shooting with arrows, or other missiles, dancing, running, wrestling, or other incontinent and inordinate amusements." The only recreation permitted was the assembling around the fire on winter nights to indulge in "singing, or the reading of poems and chronicles of the realm, and of the wonders of the world." The college was summoned to dinner by two poor scholars who ran around the "quadrangles shouting in bad Latin and worse French, "Tempus est vocandi a mungo, O seigneurs!" But the seigneurs were obliged to eat in absolute silence. How would the American college boy like the undergraduate life of De Wykeham's day?

### A Visitor from the Pole.

The township of Opunake was honoured last week by a visit from a distinguished stranger from a far-off country (the South Pole, to wit). Whether he had seen anything of M. Borzhgrevinck or not, the visitor did not say. His stay here was short, as he had business, I understand, in the vicinity of the equator, and was most anxious to be off. His name is Hali-coerous Grypus, or Grey Seal, and he is a very true specimen of that family. His entertainer, the Maori, took the liberty of measuring him, when he was found to measure 7ft, while his weight was estimated at 3cwt. He took his departure at a pace that literally astonished the natives, through the surf without waiting to say good-bye. The school children had an opportunity of inspecting this rare visitor, and they made the most of it.

### Appropriate Music.

The Opotiki "Herald" tells the following, which comes from the Maori settlement of Ruatoki, inland from Whakatane. It reminds one of Mark Twain's piano man, who, when the picture of Adam and Eve was thrown on the screen, played "There's Only One-Girl in the World For Me." A native girl had died, and after the customary tangi the funeral party started for the grave, headed by a native band playing the no doubt inspiring, but scarcely appropriate air, "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay!" The ceremony over, the mourners started for home, again led by the band, which doubtless, with a view to recompense for its previous inappropriateness, startled the echoes with the strains of "The Girl I Left Behind Me."

### The Need for Cycle Paths.

A number of prominent citizens of Timaru were prosecuted yesterday for cycling on footpaths, contrary to a borough by-law. They pleaded guilty, and were fined 5/ each and costs. One of those who were summoned, Mr W. Marchant, pleaded "Not guilty," and raised the defence that the Borough Council had appointed two members of the police to see that the by-law was respected, and that he was not prosecuted by one of these officers. This was over-ruled. He then pleaded that the street at a certain spot was unfit to ride on, and it was unfair for the Council to make a street unfit for cycling, and to then prosecute people for avoiding it. The constable said he thought that the road was passable, and defendant was fined 5/ and costs. The Magistrate remarked that cyclists were now a numerous and influential body, and if they made proper representations on the subject, the Borough Council would probably form proper tracks for them, and thus do away with riding on footpaths.

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The public being present, and the good sum of £9504 was put through the totalisator, which is an increase of £1588 over the corresponding day held last year. The winners were, in nearly every case, very hard to find, and this resulted in some substantial dividends being returned. There were a couple of nasty accidents during the day, one occurring through Taplow falling at the second to last fence in the Final Hurdle Race, thus turning turtle with his rider, W. Higgins, who, besides getting a severe shaking, was found to have broken his leg. The other accident occurred to A. Grey, who had the mount on Sylvanus in the Wellington Steeplechase, the horse coming to grief at a fence near the road, which resulted in the jockey getting a bad fall.

Proceedings opened with the Hutt Flying, in which a field of seven turned out. St. Peter was made favourite, while Lasting was also well supported. The result, however, turned out in one of the lightly-weighted division scoring, this being Quifina, who got well away, and, making every post a winning one, romped home fully two lengths in front of Sundial, while St. Peter could only manage to squeeze into third place.

The Second Hack and Hunters' Steeplechase came next on the card, and for this another field of seven horses went into the starter's hands. Kaiwhukaron and Muparu carried most weight of gold, while the first day's winner, Menaderva, was well supported. The aged daughter of South-wester showed that her win on the opening day was no fluke, for she won easily by fully twenty lengths, Master Prince and Czarina being in the other places.

The big event of the day followed—the Wellington Steeplechase—and for this a good field of twelve were found ready to battle for the 350 sovereigns. Old Morag was in great request, while the Auckland-owned Dingo was also well supported, the rest being pretty evenly backed, with the exception of Tui and Sylvanus, whose chances were evidently not much thought of. The winner turned up in Plain Bill, who had somewhat of an easy win; the son of Flintlock got well away from his field in the last half mile of the journey and, although he knocked the last hurdle in the straight, he won comfortably by fully six lengths from Kauri Gunn, while Coin was four lengths further back. The winner returned the good dividend of £10 14/ to his 133 investors.

For the Winter Oats Handicap another field of a dozen runners lined out, Crusee being selected favourite, while the rest of the field were all well backed. The favourite was first away, and he remained in the lead for the whole of the journey, finally winning by a neck from Sundial, who made a very fast run home.

The Final Hurdle Race followed, for which there were seven starters, the Napier-owned Coeur de Lion being made a slightly better favourite than Hauriri. The latter held his own throughout and won by half a length from Hayden.

For the July Steeplechase eleven horses turned out, Cairo being most in request. The winner, however, turned up in Dr. Bill, whose first appearance it was over big country. The Gipsy King horse fenced in great style throughout, and won by fully ten lengths from the favourite, while the Auckland pair, Dingo and Straybird ran a dead heat for third position.

The day's sport was brought to a close with the running of the Final Hack Handicap, in which the largest field of the day went to the post. Once again an outsider popped out, this being Mr P. Juno's chestnut gelding Smithy, who led the field the whole way, and won by two lengths from the well backed Dum Dum.

The following are the details of the racing:—

**WELLINGTON STEEPLCHASE HAN- DICAP** of 350sovs. About three miles. 123—Mr T. Scott's b g Plain Bill, 8yrs, by Flintlock—Pura McDonald, 127 (F. Cochrane)..... 1 24—Mr A. Rayner's b g Kauri Gunn, aged, 10:12 (D. Wattle)..... 2 74—Mr J. Ayr's b g Coin, aged, 10:5 (A. Gairbraith)..... 3 131 Nor-west, 12:10; 215 Black Dust, 11:12; The Guard, 10:6; 244 Morag, 11:10; 145 Blackberry, 11:8; 216 Dingo, 10:7; 167 The Friar, 10:7; 21 Tul, 9:9; 21 Sylvanus, 8:8, also ran.

Some of the field did not get well away, notably Blackberry, who was last, over the water jump. Kauri Gunn took the lead, but was supplanted at the back by Sylvanus. Passing in front of the stand the order was Sylvanus, Kauri Gunn, The Friar, Coin, Morag, with Nor-west last.

Blackberry came down at the brush fence. The field closed up at the road turn, where Sylvanus fell, leaving The Guard in front. At the stand The Guard led Kauri Gunn, and they raced in that order round the hill bend, where Nor-west was pulled up. The Guard and Black Dust both came to grief at the post and fell fence at the last of the course, and Coin, who had improved his position, ran into first place, leading Kauri Gunn. At the turn Plain Bill went up fast from the ruck, and, overhauling the leaders, was in front at the last of the course, a straight, and although he knocked the last hurdle he won comfortably by six lengths. There were four lengths between Kauri Gunn and Coin; then followed Morag, The Friar, Dingo and Tul. Time, 7.4. On totalisator, £1284. Dividend, £19 14/.

Black Dust and The Guard were bracketed on the totalisator.

Winter Oats, Crusee, 1; Sundial, 2; Volley, 3. All started except Ruamahunga. Won by a neck.—Time, 1.54. Dividend, 48 1/2.

Final Hurdles.—Hauriri, 1; Harro, 2; Voltaire, 3. All started, except Sundial and Coin. Won by a length. Time, 3 min. Dividend, £3 11/.

July Steeplechase.—Dr. Bill, 1; Cairo, 2; Dingo and Straybird ran at the course, and third place. Dr. Bill won easily by ten lengths. Time, 4.34. Dividend, £15 4/.

Final Hack Handicap.—Smithy, 1; Dum Dum, 2; Rosette, 3. Smithy led all the way, winning by two lengths, a length and a half separating the second and third horses. Time, 1.25. Dividend, £16 12/.

**N.Z. GRAND NATIONAL MEETING.**

Mr Henri has declared the following weights for the principal events of the above meeting:—

**FIRST DAY.**

**GRAND NATIONAL STEEPLCHASE** of 650sovs. Three miles and a-half.

	st lb.	at lb.	
Plain Bill	12 8	Dingo	10 0
Dum Dum	12 3	Gillie	10 0
Nor-west	11 13	The Friar	9 12
Black	11 5	Dr. Bill	9 8
Blackberry	11 4	Straybird	9 8
Roller	11 2	Tully-ho	9 7
Morag	11 2	Sylvanus	9 7
Kauri Gunn	10 7	Flintworks	9 7
Kaaska	10 7	Pip	9 7
Dr. Bill	10 6	Jack	9 7
The Guard	10 6	Jack	9 7
Kauri Gunn	10 5	Royal Tweed	9 7
Bunder	10 5	Pilot	9 7
Torpinia	10 3	Goose	9 7

**WINTER CUP** of 500sovs. One mile.

	st lb.	at lb.	
Record Reiga	12 9	Scottish Min-	9 11
Str Lancelot	11 9	Strat	9 10
Crusee	11 8	Spinner	9 10
Conqueror	11 2	Bristol	9 10
Djin-Djin	11 1	Bloomer	9 10
Ruamahunga	10 11	Cameo	9 10
Bush Row	10 9	Vandike	9 10
Bon Farley	10 8	Phryne	9 8
Nihilist	10 8	Susanah	9 7
Gold Star	10 6	Indian Shot	9 5
Final Bloss	10 5	Ruby Twist	9 5
Ideal	10 5	The Miner	9 0
Strathairn	10 4	Spider	9 0
Sundial	10 0	Lapidary	9 0
Landing	10 0	Sue Rosa	9 0
Derrington	9 13	Daphne	9 0
Huku	9 13	Proposal	9 0
Female Fran- cise	9 12		

**SECOND DAY.**

**GRAND NATIONAL HURDLE RACE** of 500sovs. Two miles.

	st lb.	at lb.	
Cavalier (late)	12 8	Kaimate	10 8
Cavalier	12 8	Sundial	10 2
Record Reiga	12 5	Coeur de Lion	10 0
Plain Bill	12 0	Derrington	10 0
Hek	11 8	Dr. Bill	9 10
Nor-west	11 3	Hota	9 7
Roller	11 2	Haydn	9 0
Marina	10 13	Bonnie Dean	9 0
Dunder	10 12	Cora Linn	9 0
Torpinia	10 11	Sylvanus	9 0
Black Dust	10 10	Taplow	9 0
Ruamahunga	10 7	Parla	9 0
Hauriri	10 5	Vaugeois	9 0
Light	10 5	Pilot	9 0
The Guard	10 5	Halcion	9 0
Woodlander	10 4		

**FOOTBALL.**

Saturday witnessed the conclusion of the Cup fixtures, and, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, there was a very large attendance at Potter's. The result of the match, City v. Newton, which was won by the former by 13 points to 12, was rather a surprise to the majority, who anticipated a much more decisive win for the wearers of the red and black. Moreover, they were fortunate to win by even the small margin of 1 point, as within 3 minutes of the end of the game they appeared well beaten. By their victory on Saturday City has established a unique record, having this season won the championship in all three grades.

At the beginning of the winter it was very generally considered that City, on paper, had a rather soft thing for the Senior Championship, but, as usual, the good thing did not work out quite as expected, for, although City has won the premiership, there was nothing of a moral about it; in fact, many will be found to contend that they were lucky to win, which only goes to prove the glorious uncertainty of the game.

The match on No. 2 ground at Potter's was between Suburbs and Farnell, and the former team proved quite too strong for their opponents,

and won by 14 points to nil. Suburbs appear to have struck form at last, and it is a great pity that they did not do so earlier, as their present team would apparently have given some of the leading clubs a real good go.

**CITY V. NEWTON**

City was fortunate enough to win the toss, and therefore had the advantage of playing with a strong wind in the first spell. For the first twenty minutes it did not appear to assist them a great deal, or, rather, the majority of their backs were unable to take advantage of it, and seemed totally incapable of taking, passing or kicking the ball to any good effect. In consequence of City's poor display the Newton players quite held their own throughout the first part of the spell, and the numerous supporters of the former team were beginning to get rather anxious. City then pulled themselves together and the backs, showing some improvement, the ball was for some time confined to Newton territory. Here, from a scrum, City heeled out, and a nice bit of passing between Young, Asher, McGee and Absolum resulted in the lastnamed player scoring between the posts. It was a really good piece of play, and the try was one of the best Absolum has ever obtained. Young converted, making the score 5 to nil.

With less than fifteen minutes of the first spell remaining, City seemed to recognise that the position was far from safe, and they therefore made strenuous endeavours to improve matters, but for some time without success. However, just on time, Brown brought off a pretty dribbling rush and carried the ball over the line, where he and Paul dived for it simultaneously. Paul appeared to get it, but in falling he cannoned with Brown and failed to get his hands on the ball, which rolled clear, and Bonella, who was following up fast, scored

a second try for City in a splendid position. Young was again entrusted with the kick, and narrowly escaped missing the major points, the ball just going inside the post. Time was then called, leaving City with a lead of 10 points.

On resuming play it was soon apparent that Newton were going to make desperate efforts to overhaul their opponents' score. Right from the jump they set to work and carried the ball to City's 25, and there it remained for by far the greater part of the spell. The kicking of the black and red backs against the wind was not nearly so effective as was Newton's in the first spell, and, on the other hand, Newton appeared to make more use of the wind than their opponents had. On several occasions, however, their kicking was a bit rash, and force resulted, but City gained little or no profit therefrom.

Asher was primarily responsible for Newton's first score, being collared in front of his goal he deliberately threw the ball forward and a free kick was given against him, and Eaton succeeded in landing a goal. Far from being warned by the result of Asher's breach of the rules the City players seemed to deliberately lay themselves out to incur penalties, and free kick after free kick was awarded against them. Although they continued on the attack it was a considerable time before Newton again succeeded in scoring. Then a City back kicked across the field, but failed to find the boundary, and Roberts dashing up took the ball on the full and scored near the corner. The kick at goal was rather a difficult one, and Eaton failed to increase the score, though he made a fine attempt. For the next ten minutes City supporters were none too happy, as their men seemed unable to clear their line, and some of the numerous free kicks awarded against them were going uncomfortably near the posts. Then Asher failed to take a high kick right on the goal line, and the ball was

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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."

It is the intention of the Auckland Kennel Club to hold the August-September show in the room at the junction of Grey and Queen-streets lately used by Mr Herrmann, clothing manufacturer. I had a look at the proposed show place and think that it will take 200 dogs at a pinch. Auckland is in want of a decent place for holding shows in, and the building of a suitable hall would be hailed with pleasure by societies of any kind.

Mr Freeman Lloyd's fee for judging the Auckland show, or rather for coming to New Zealand, is stiff, and unless the Wellington Club agree to paying half the amount required by Mr Lloyd, his services will have to be passed this year.

I should like to suggest to the local club that there are several capable gentlemen in Australia who would probably come to New Zealand at a figure much less than Mr Lloyd's quotation—Messrs Smythe and Court-Rice. Both these gentlemen have proved their ability to judge efficiently, and best of all their fees are not prohibitive.

Mr Court-Rice has just returned from England, and will therefore have an idea of the latest in the canine world.

I append the following as being from the pen of Dr. Carey, the great English authority on Irish terriers:—

The improvement in size, coat and ears has, I think, been very marked, and if I may suggest any point which I think breeders would do well to pay attention to it is eye—to try and get them smaller, deeper set, and of darker colour. The difficulty in effecting this improvement is proved by the fact that breeders of experience find eyes of the correct dark shade are almost invariably to be found only in dogs possessing the very objectionable dark face shading; and dogs that are of the correct colour throughout very frequently possess light-coloured eyes, than which to my mind there is nothing more abominable.

Another point I think deserves attention—with some of our judges, more especially those who are not themselves breeders of Irish terriers, there is just now rather a "crave" for whiskers, by which I mean a considerable amount of longish hair on the fore face, giving it a greater appearance of strength than it in reality possesses.

Now I am convinced that all these heavily-whiskered dogs are just those that if shown honestly, i.e., untrimmied, would as a rule be quite passed over, because they carry naturally quite too much coat, so that the exhibitor who does not go in for trimming and making up his dogs for show is thus placed at a great disadvantage. A really good sound-coated dog shown naturally has only a moderate quantity of this face whisker, and for this reason I hope judges will for the future cease to give so much weight to this point.

Mr Chilcott's champion pointer bitch Princess is looking well and should take a lot of beating at the next show. Her owner has purchased a pointer puppy of great promise.

The Auckland Kennel Club have decided not to accept exhibition dogs this year, and the idea is good, as more room will be given to those put in for show. A dog that is not good enough for competition is, to my mind, not fit for exhibition.

I think the Auckland Kennel Club should go in for field trials for sporting dogs in the same manner as adopted by the Collie Club. One often hears of a person remarking

that so and so's dog is good for the bench, but is not worker; in fact the general public have an idea that pedigree dogs used for show cannot work. This could easily be disproved by trials as suggested.

## LACROSSE.

The bad weather on Saturday afternoon was anything but favourable to lacrosse, and the turf was heavy and slippery. The attendance was good despite the uninviting state of the weather. The pride of position was given to the game between North Shore and Grafton. As was expected, the Parnell-Suburbs match resulted in a very even and interesting struggle, the latter team managing to get home by 4 goals to 1. Ponsonby kept up their unbroken record by defeating Grey Lynn by 11 goals to 1. It cannot be said, however, that they had things their own way, for had the Grey Lynn team kept their positions on the field better the result would have been much closer. Afternoon tea was kindly provided by ladies residing at North Shore.

### GRAFTON (3 goals) V. NORTH SHORE (1 goal).

Stewart and Miller, the two respective centres, faced off, and for a few minutes fast open play took place about midfield. Grafton opened with a hot attacking Hardingham, Hill, and Atkinson handling the ball smartly, and the latter named after a short tussle drew first blood by a clinking shot. The Shore's defence worked very half heartedly for a time, and Hardingham was allowed to get a very easy goal, which should have been stopped by goal-keeper Bagleton. Shortly afterwards Grafton's attack successfully got away, and Atkinson drove the rubber into the net. Matters looked very black for the Shoreites with three goals against them in less than twenty minutes. An excellent free by Ward relieved them, and their attackers were looking dangerous when the whistle sounded for the first quarter. Grafton, with a strong run in front of them, but this did not get them the desired opening over their opponents. The splendid passing of their attackers and the fault-play of their defenders seemed to paralyse the main suburbs team, and when half time had arrived 4 more goals were posted up against them (Atkinson 2, Hill 1, Stewart 1). This brought Grafton's total to 7 goals against North Shore's nil.

North Shore played a far superior game in the second spell than they did in the previous half. Shifting Wynyard to home seemed to have the desired effect, and no scoring was done in the third quarter. Fast open play was the order, the defence of both being splendid. Near the end of the game Blackler, Wynyard, and Bagleton did a brilliant piece of passing which ended in Bagleton (jun.) shooting a neat goal, and the only goal by the Shore. A long throw by Atkinson found North Shore's defence napping, and Graham beat the goal-keeper by a great fluke. The best scoring was Grafton victors by 8 goals to North Shore's one. Mr W. Robinson as referee gave every satisfaction.

### PARNELL (3 goals) V. SUBURBS (4 goals).

This game attracted a good share of attention. Owen, Suburbs' crack point, bister faced and out, and the game was first on the aggressive. Goldsbro (Parnell) was called upon to stop a hot rush from Morrin. This he did successfully. Good defence by Ward and a long throw by Penn, enabled Parnell's attack to get an opening, but they were badly punished. Suburbs now got a chance and the ever-ready use of the stick and Walker shot the first goal. There was nothing to choose between the play of both till half time, when Suburbs still had a lead of one goal.

Second Spell: The game resolved itself into a ding dong go to the finish. Ward notched first goal for Parnell, and Rendall retaliated for Suburbs. The rubber was now up and down the field, with quick intervals. Dennison threw Parnell's second goal, and a little later Ward secured the third and last. Suburbs brought the score by 4 all by the assistance of Somerville. Five minutes later their last goal was got by Morrin by clever play, just before cease play was called. Parnell's attack made little impression on Morrin, and Lennox was very unfortunate in not scoring, the ball just rebounding off the post. The game thus ended in favour of Suburbs by 4 goals to 3.

Mr W. B. Eyre had charge of the whistle to the satisfaction of all concerned.

### PONSONBY (11 goals) V. GREY LYNN (1 goal).

In the first quarter of the game play was distinctly even, and one goal each was the score. Short (Ponsonby) and Grafton (Grey Lynn) being the scorers. The second quarter saw Ponsonby in the lead, and superior combination told the tale. Landon and Short each successfully drove the rubber under the posts. Ponsonby 3 goals, Grey Lynn 1.

Second Spell: Grey Lynn could not manage to score, but were very close to it on occasions. B. B. B. A. Briefly was their chief stumbling block. Ponsonby's total was brought up to 11 goals (Peacock 3, Anderson 2, Landon 1, Short 1, Latta 1). The game at times was unceremoniously rough. Mr Montgomerie was referee, and gave his decisions promptly and correctly.

New Zealand's athletes at the front in cricket, football, or the hunt; He shines in any sport or game, Like prowess has a world-wide fame. But training has its usual ills; As over-heat that causes chills; Then don't delay, but health secure By taking Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.

## A CONTRACTOR'S DIFFICULTY.

Mr. David Smith, the well-known contractor of London-street, Donner-ville (N.Z.), has, in an interview with the press, given particulars of a grave difficulty which some time ago greatly hampered his operations.

"Apart from trade duties," said Mr Smith, "the exposure and hard work inseparable from a contractor's calling invariably tell upon one. Since I



left the old country 24 years ago I have gone through plenty of manual labour and exposure. Until July last my health was always splendid. I was then attacked with sciatica. My feet became very cold, my joints numb, and terrible shooting pains came in my hips, calves and ankles. I could not rest with the agony, and I was placed in a difficulty inasmuch as I had to give up work. I could just walk about with the aid of a stick. Substitutions did not relieve me, and I was urged to try Dr. Williams' pink pills. I did so; two days after commencing them the pains lessened and I felt better. After finishing the first box I could walk without the aid of a stick, and resumed work. Three boxes restored me to perfect health. I have not had the slightest twinge or ache for nearly a year, so my cure is permanent."

The last remark is very characteristic of the result obtained by Dr. Williams' pink pills; they do not produce a temporary result like ordinary medicine, which acts merely on the symptoms and effects of disease. Dr. Williams' pink pills remove the cause of disease, and thus give permanent cures in many different disorders. Amongst the ailments they have cured are chronic insomnia, neuralgia, dyspepsia, anaemia, effects of influenza, heart palpitation, consumption, general debility and all skin and blood disorders. Dr. Williams' pink pills are sold by the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Wellington, three shillings per box, six boxes sixteen and six, post free, and by chemists and storekeepers. But mind you ask for Dr. Williams'.

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The Manawatu Club's tournament will begin on September 4th. It is proposed to play a match between Wanganui and Manawatu combined, and Wellington just after the tournament. This match, which will be played in Wellington, should prove interesting. THE FOOLER.

## CHRISTCHURCH, July 17.

Saturday last was an off day as regards golfing matters here. The monthly bogey match will be played on Hagley Park on the 21st inst.

I noticed Mr J. C. Wilson on the ground, and from a chat with him I learnt that he was gradually recovering his form, which he seems to have lost while lately in your city. He put up a good round of 83 on Saturday. He spoke most highly of the Greenlane Links, and appeared to have thoroughly enjoyed his visit to your city.

The new links at Shirley were visited last week by about a dozen members, and Mr O'Rourke piloted them round the nine holes which he had laid out for a start. Although the greens had only been cut and rolled once, they were in marvellous condition, and could be played on at once, but the opening game will probably be delayed for a fortnight, to allow of the greens being still further improved. About twenty acres of the balance of the land requires to be ploughed up and sown down in grass, and this work is to be put in hand at once. All the members present were agreed that the right thing had been done in abandoning Russley and taking up the Shirley ground, and were amazed at the ease with which almost perfect greens could be got. I have at various times written in terms of praise of the possibilities of the Russley ground, and I am still of opinion that if the money were forthcoming splendid links could be formed there. But the inaccessibility of the ground was a great drawback, as the road led to nowhere, and there was not much probability of the suburbs extending in that direction for a long time to come. With regard to Shirley, however, the case is different. It is practically a suburban ground. The tram runs past it at short intervals during the day, and the ground requires a minimum of work to put and keep it in order all the year round. This explanation is, I think, necessary, lest your many readers should think that the C.G.C. was chiefly noted for its vacillation. The natural regret felt by those members who were responsible for the laying out of the Russley Links is largely tempered by the reflection that, after all, the links served their purpose by attracting members and thereby spreading a better knowledge and understanding of the game throughout the province. It would not be fitting to close these remarks without testifying to the energy and determination displayed by Mr O'Rourke in carrying through the acquisition of the Shirley ground in spite of very considerable opposition from influential members of the club. He has now the satisfaction of knowing that the opposition are in perfect accord with him and acknowledge the wisdom of the change.

N.B.L.I.C.K.

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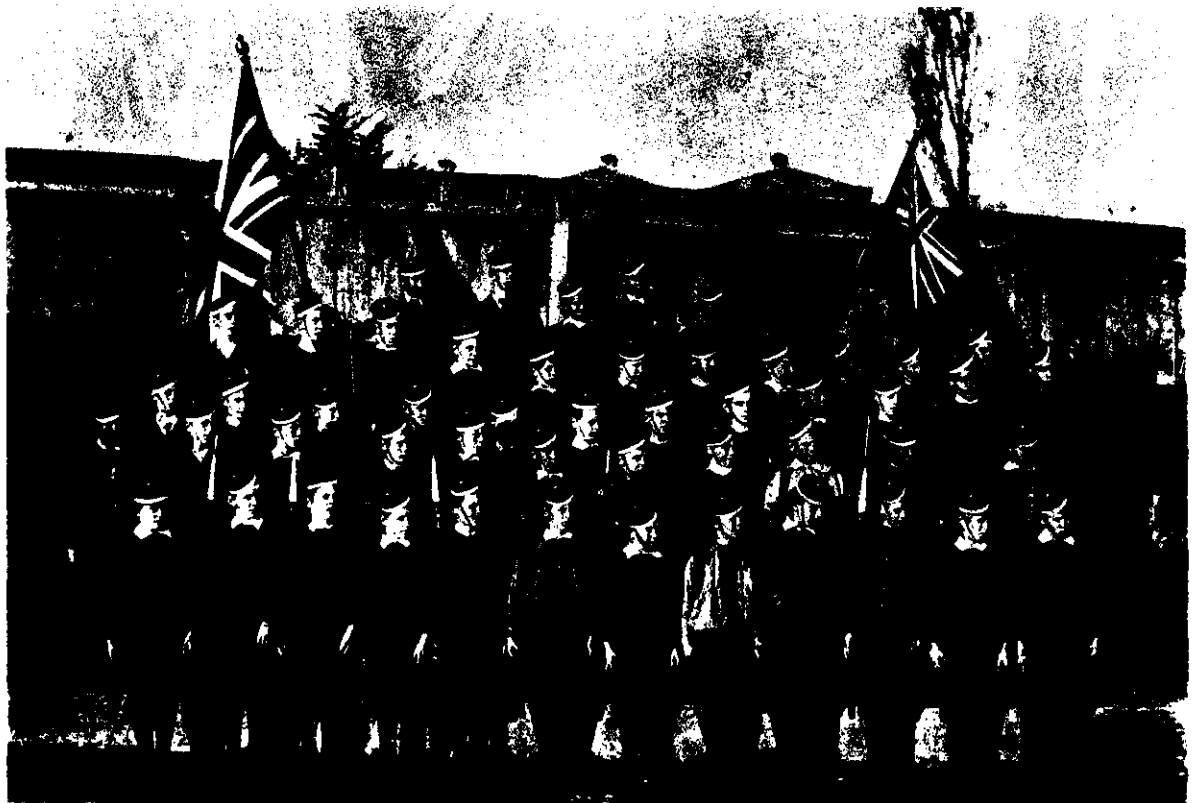
#### HOW THE YELLOW FIENDS MAKE WAR.

Details have been received from Shanghai regarding the recent murders of railway engineers by Boxers. It seems that a party of thirty, including six women and one child, left Pao Ting Fu in twelve boats under military escort. After travelling fifty miles in safety they missed their way. The boats grounded, and the Boxers opened fire upon the unfortunate occupants, using both rifles and wooden cannon. The engineers returned the fire effectively, and the party landed. One woman and three men got separated from the main body. They were brutally killed. The survivors formed a square, with those able to bear arms outside, and the women inside, and made off towards Tientsin. They travelled three and a-half days, fighting all the way. More than 2000 cartridges were expended, and ammunition was running short. They estimated that they killed at least 100 Boxers. The men behaved like heroes, carrying the women and children. One woman of the party was close to maternity. Twelve miles from Tientsin three men disappeared and were murdered. The survivors eventually met the rescue party, and, much exhausted, they were escorted to Tientsin.



Pouley, photo.

NAPIER-ST. SCHOOL BAYONET SQUAD (Drilled by Mr Dunlop, Teacher).



SQUAD OF NAPIER-ST. SCHOOL BOYS, INSPECTED BY COLONEL BANKS, AND RECOMMENDED BY HIM TO THE GOVERNMENT AS CADET CORPS.

Pouley, photo.

The Napier Street (Auckland) School Cadet Corps.



A SCRUM IN THE BERESFORD STREET-GRAFTON ROAD MATCH.

Walrond, "Graphic" photo.



DEVONPORT FOOTBALL TEAM—BACK ROW—Mr H. Macky, B. Macky, Bennett, Glenister, Nicol, Trainer Wynyard, Mr G. Snell.  
2ND ROW—Wells, Macky, Goudie, Durrance, Littlejohn, Cavanagh, Pental, Referee W. Pitts. 3RD ROW—Mr Shaw, Tye, Percival, Buchanan.

Valle, photo.



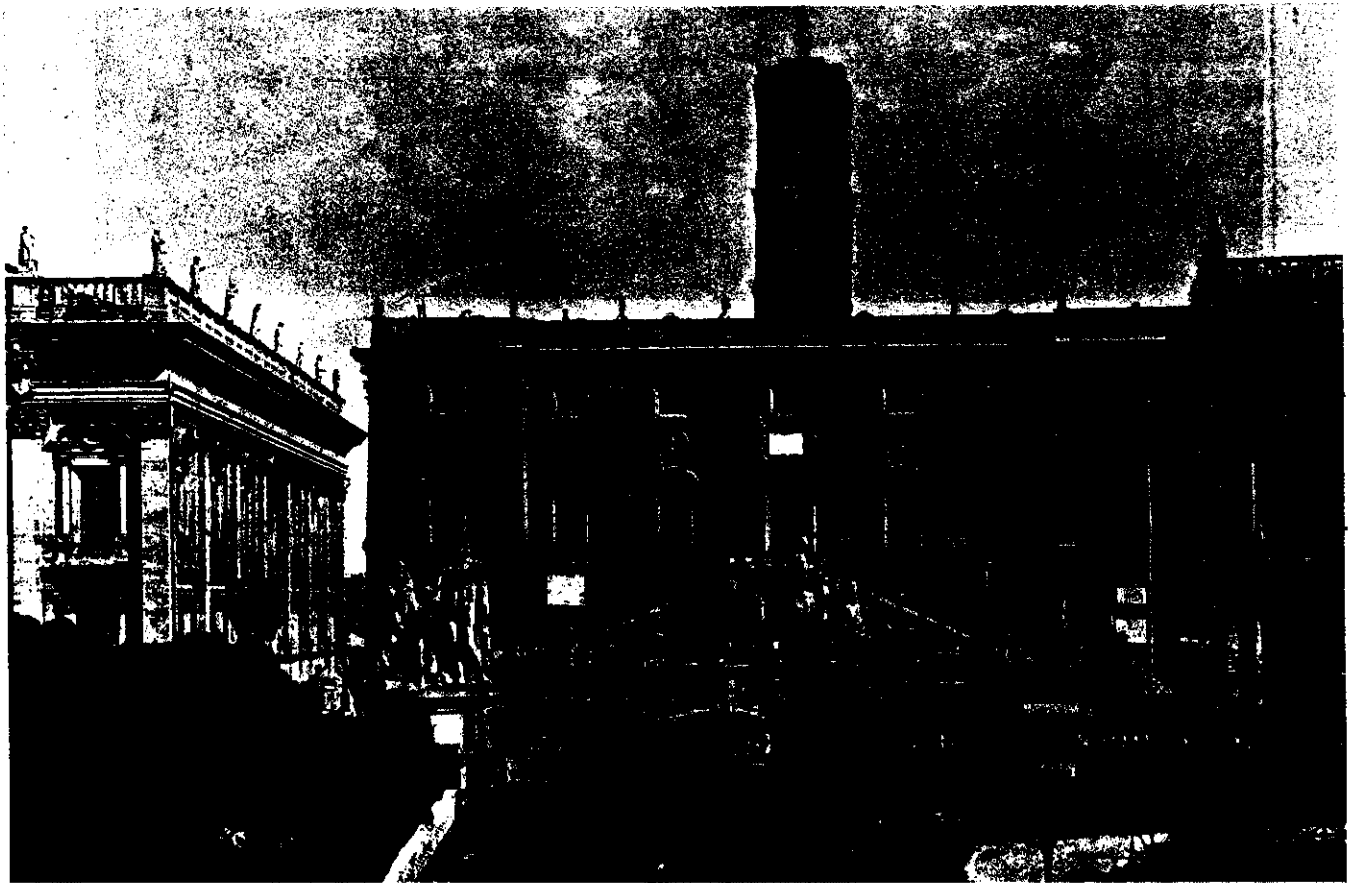
BERESFORD-ST FOOTBALL TEAM—BACK ROW—Mr Ohlson, W. Cox, A. Harper, R. Maxwell, P. Carter, F. Trevelyan, C. Martin, S. Mayes, Bentley, J. Furness, Mr Lusk.  
FRONT ROW—C. Mills, L. Sansbury, R. Miller, L. Nolan (captain), H. Tye, A. Mickle, L. Pitkethley, C. Weston.

Walrond, "Graphic" photo.

The Two Leading Teams for the Public Schools Championship—Beresford Street and Devonport.



THE BRIDGE OF ST. ANGELO OVER THE TIBER, WITH ST. PETER'S IN THE DISTANCE.



THE CAPITOL ROME.  
A NEW ZEALANDER ABROAD.

[See "OUR ILLUSTRATIONS,"



B. DUNLOP'S WHITE WYANDOTTE COCK.  
1st and Special.



TONAR BROS.' WHITE LEGHORN HEN.  
1st and Special.



B. H. CLOW'S LIGHT BRAHMA PULLET.  
1st Prize.



B. H. CLOW'S LIGHT BRAHMA COCK.  
1st and Special.



J. WALKER'S BLACK WHITE-CRESTED POLISH PULLET.  
1st and Special.



J. WALKER'S BLACK WHITE-CRESTED POLISH COCKEREL.  
1st Prize.

Prize Birds at Auckland and Suburban Association's Show, July 12 and 14, 1900.



REV. HUDSON TAYLOR, M.R.C.S., F.G.A.S.,

Founder and Director of the Chinese Inland Mission. Dr. Taylor was in Auckland in March last.



DR. HOWARD AND MRS TAYLOR, O F THE CHINESE INLAND MISSION.

who were in Auckland in March last, and are now in England.

Sir Robert Hart, K.C.M.G.

The following extracts from a sketch of Sir Robert Hart, K.C.M.G., Inspector-General of the Chinese Maritime Customs, is of special interest at this moment, when the fate of Sir Robert and those with him at Peking is, so far as we are concerned, one of mournful uncertainty. The sketch appeared in the "Pall Mall Gazette":

THE GREAT "I.G."

"The I.G." These letters, meaningless at Home, call up instantly in the mind of every foreigner in China a very distinct and striking image—they are as familiar here in the Far East as H.R.H. or D.T. are at Home. And a remarkable proportion of those who hear them tremble. For the image is that of the benevolent despot, whose outstretched hand unites or severs the Celestial Kingdom and the outside barbarian world; through whose fingers five hundred millions of dollars have run into the coffers of the Son of Heaven, and never a one of them stuck; to whom the proudest



DR. HUDSON TAYLOR AND GROUP OF CHINESE MISSIONARIES IN GAN-KING.

Mr John Falls, late of Auckland, in the foreground.

Miss Irwin.

Chinamen that ever wore pig-tails turn for advice in difficulty or danger when other helpers fail; who have stayed off a war by writing a telegram; who has declined with thanks the proffered dignity of an Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of Her Britannic Majesty; who has ringed China round with an administrative commercial organisation the whole world cannot surpass; who, finally, born to struggle for the poet's boys, has laboured late and early all his life over dollars and duties, with a diplomatic nut which other people have failed to crack, thrown to him now and then for relaxation. "The I.G." signifies a person and a post; the former is Sir Robert Hart, K.C.M.G., the latter is Inspector-General of the Imperial Chinese Maritime Customs. And the transcendence of the Customs Service in China may be judged from the fact that a Commissioner once took personal affront and quitted the sacred edifice when a missionary implored the Almighty to "deliver this people from their wicked customs"—just as Mr Gladstone is said to have interpreted a pious allusion to



MISS IRWIN, OF THE CHINESE INLAND MISSION, AND A GROUP OF CHINESE CHRISTIANS.

"One above" as a polite reference to her husband in the drawing-room upstairs.

**SIR ROBERT HART AND HIS BENEVOLENT DESPOTISM.**

After the above I fear it will seem an anti-climax to say that Sir Robert Hart is far and away the most interesting and influential forsigner in China. To begin with, his power is enormous. Chinese, so far as his own field is concerned, is much the same as English to him, and with the Tsung-li-Yamen he has the influence which thirty years of close dealing with Chinese officials gives him, backed by the proud boast that they have never regretted taking his advice. Then he handles the service he has created from nothing to one which employs nearly 3000 people, presides over an annual foreign trade of 158,000,000 dollars, collects 20,000,000 dollars a year, clears 22,000,000 tons of shipping annually, and lights 1800 miles of coast, exactly as an engineer handles a machine he has constructed—just as tenderly and just as ruthlessly. And yet very few men whose livelihood and prospects are absolutely and at every moment in his hands—without the possibility of appeal or even protest—would willingly see anybody else in his place. The mere ir-responsibility of the "I.G." would ruin most men. Yet Sir Robert owes all his success to his free hand.

**HOW HE MADE THE FRENCH TREATY.**

As for the services he has rendered to China, to England, and to the world, the statesmen of Europe know them very well, and it would take a volume to tell them to others. Besides the creation of the Customs Service itself, which will be his immortality, to take the latest example, it was he alone who concluded the treaty between France and China. All negotiations had failed, and matters looked very black and threatening. Then, as usual, the Ministers of the Tsung-li-Yamen came to Sir Robert. He agreed to take up the task on his two invariable conditions—that he should have a free hand, and that his connection with the affair should be kept a profound secret till he either succeeded or failed. Then negotiations began by telegraph in cipher between his "den" in Peking and the Quai d'Orsay, and very awkward ones they were. Month after month they proceeded, and at last, when 80,000 taels had been spent in telegrams, the end

was reached, the Protocol was signed in Paris, and Sir Robert got into his chair and went to the Tsung-li-Yamen. The Ministers were there, and he sat down to a cup of tea with them. Bye and bye he remarked, with the apparent indifference of the Oriental diplomat, "It is exactly nine months

envoy had been residing at Tientsin, chafing at the slow progress he was making, and not having the least idea that other negotiations had been on foot until he received word from home that he might return, as all was arranged. He was so angry that he would not speak to Sir Robert.

caught him with a telegram. He stopped a moment and opened it—a despatch from Lord Granville offering him the post of British Minister to China. He accepted, after much hesitation, and his appointment received the Queen's signature on May 3, 1885. At his own request the matter was kept secret at Home while arrangements were making for the succession to his position as the head of the Customs Service. Meanwhile a Conservative Government succeeded to office in England, and telegrams from the Foreign Office kept asking, "May we not publish the appointment?" Sir Robert had seen, however, by this time that the Customs Service would suffer severely if he left it at that time, and this was more to him than any other honour in the world. He therefore telegraphed, "Must I keep it?" and Lord Salisbury, replying in very complimentary terms that he was free to do exactly as he thought best, he finally declined, the Empress, as his official reply truly but perhaps inadequately explained, preferring that he should remain.

**LOADED WITH DECORATIONS.**

I have said that the statesmen of Europe are well aware of Sir Robert Hart's services, and the proof of this is that there are few civilians so decorated as he. In England a Conservative Government made him C.M.G., and a Liberal one added the K.C.M.G. Sweden made him a Chevalier of the Order of Gustavus Vasa; Belgium, a Commander of the Order of Leopold; France, a Grand Officer of the Legion of Honour; Italy, a Grand Officer of the Crown of Italy; Austria sent him the Grand Cross of the Order of Francis Joseph; America has presented him with several medals of Republican appreciation; Portugal has decorated him with the Military Order of Christ; the Emperor of China has conferred upon him the coveted peacock's feather and the Order of the Double Dragon; and his Orange friends at Belfast—his native place—will no doubt be much interested and pleased to learn that he is, by direct gift from the Pope—nothing less than "sub annulo piscatoris"—a Commander of the Papal Order of Pius IX. As for knowledge of China and the Chinese, there is no one living who can compare with him, and I learned more of the inner working of celestial affairs during the fortnight that I had the honour of being his guest, than years of simple residence could have afforded.



THE LATE SIR ROBERT HART, INSPECTOR-GENERAL OF THE CHINESE MARITIME CUSTOMS.

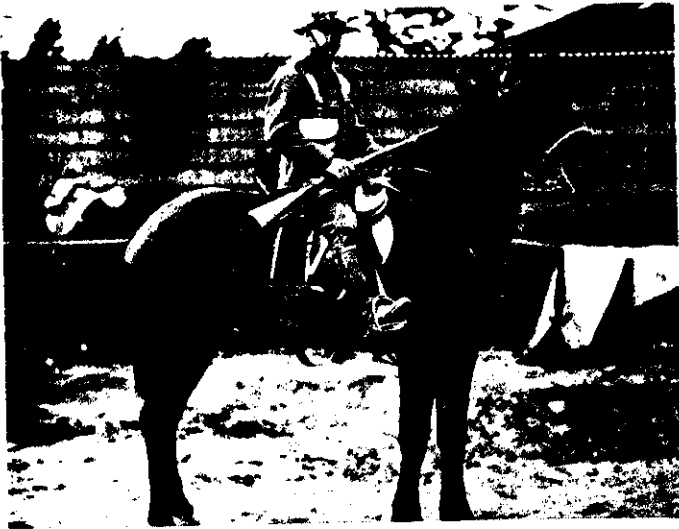
to-day since you placed the negotiations with France in my hands." "And the child is born!" instantly cried one of the Ministers, seeing the point, and delighted at the truly Chinese way of conveying the information. And the funny part of the business was that all this time a special French

**HOW HE REFUSED TO BE BRITISH MINISTER.**

After sending the last telegram settling the French business, Sir Robert went to the funeral service of Sir Harry Parkes, the British Minister, who had just died. As he entered the chapel of the Legation a messenger



VIEW IN THE SUBURBS OF PEKIN.



TROOPER H. T. WHITSON, OF AUCKLAND.  
Reported among the New Zealanders missing after the battle of Rietveld.



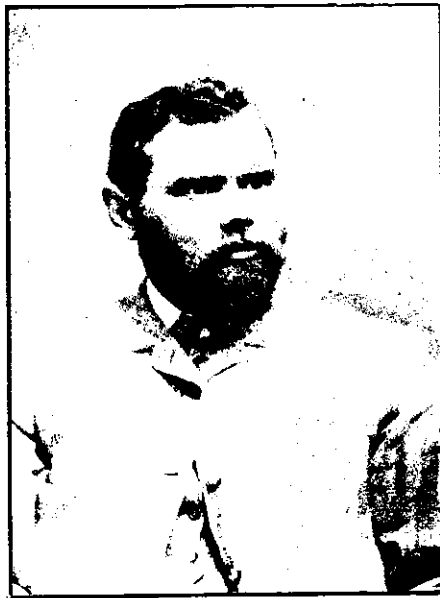
A. H. COTTER'S COLLIE "HEATHER SPY," BY KINGSLAND CHIEF-KINGSLAND FLO.  
Hanna, photo.

**Crims and Fashion.**

A despatch from Milford, Delaware, says that a contract has been closed there for 20,000 birds to be killed for New York milliners at from ten to fifty cents each. The contract calls for meadow larks, bluebirds, red wing blackbirds, crow blackbirds, English sparrows and baby owls. Stated in the plainest language, this contract calls for the commission of a crime of a cruel kind—a crime made possible under the laws of Delaware, but none the less a crime and none the less disgraceful to the State that its laws make the crime possible.

Such a wholesale slaughter of bird life as that contemplated by this contract is a murder of the innocents and a robbery of the State. It sets a premium upon cruelty, and as these birds are of the insect destroying class it robs the farmers of protection supplied to them by nature. It also robs all the people of one of the most charming accessories of nature. It is, therefore, a crime against society tolerated by the laws of Delaware.

The aggravating feature of this wholesale slaughter is that it is to be committed to gratify female vanity, woman selfishness and human greed. The women who will wear the plumage of these thousands of birds will not have committed murder themselves, but they are responsible for it. If they should refuse to adorn them-



T. McKENZIE, M.H.R., LATELY ELECTED FOR WAIHEMO.

selves with the feathers the lives of the birds would be spared. They make the demand and the milliners gratify it by blindly following the edict of fashion mongers. The latter plan the slaughter. The milliners agree to purchase the plumage, because they know the women will consent to wear it. Fashion blunts all kindly feeling and shows no mercy. Birds are not only killed outright, but birds and other animals are tortured in order to secure their feathers and skins for female adornment.

Female fashions are rapidly depopulating the bird world. The song birds are especially noted for their beautiful plumage and are rapidly disappearing, and now the bird murderers are beginning their destructive work in other directions. The sea birds, and especially the gulls, are vanishing from the Atlantic coast, thousands of them having been slaughtered every year to supply the demand for female adornment and to gratify female vanity. If the various States do not soon enact laws with heavy penalties attached forbidding the destruction of birds bird life will soon become extinct.



BRITISH INFANTRY CROSSING NORVAL'S PONT PONTON BRIDGE, SOUTH AFRICA.



SERGEANT J. W. GARLAND  
(No. 3 Walkato Mounted Rifles),  
2nd Contingent, now reported ill in South Africa.



OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

NEW ZEALANDERS ABROAD.

TWO VIEWS OF ROME.

Owing to pressure on our space we are unable to give the detailed and capital description of Rome sent by our amiable contributor, "The New Zealander Abroad." Some further views and a fuller description will be given next week. One of the views now appearing is of the Capitol, or, to be exact, the Capitoline Museum. The imposing flight of steps and the statues of Castor and Pollux, with the quaint building of the modern Capitol, are one of the sights of Rome. Standing looking down on the Forum, and over towards the great Coliseum, one gets from the Capitol the most magnificent and complete view of Ancient Rome. On the right is the Palatine Hill, with its excavated palaces, etc., below lies the Forum, with its ruined temples and the great Bridge of Calligula, which he built so that he might walk like the god he believed himself to be over the heads of the people in the Forum. In the Museum itself is a fine collection of statuary, including the famous Dying Gladiator, which inspired Byron's much recited poem. The other view of the Bridge of St. Angelo, and the castle of the same name, is one of the most beautiful views in what one might call Christian Rome. The vast cupola of St. Peter's is seen in the background.

A FASHIONABLE COLLIE.

The handsome collie whose portrait we give in this issue is the property of Mr. A. H. Cotter, of Auckland, and is named Heather Sp. He is up to date in style and points, and is of aristocratic dog lineage, his sire being "Kingsland Chief" and his dam "Kingsland Flo," parentage which allies him with the best collie blood in England. Kingsland Chief is by "Ormskirk Wellington" (the winner of the 60 guinea challenge cup at the Crystal Palace Show), ex "Ormskirk Formosa," the latter being by champion "Ormskirk Emerald," considered to be the finest collie in the world. This dog changed hands for the handsome sum of £1500. Heather Sp. is a black, white and tan dog, and was eleven months old when the photo was taken. His weight is 56lbs., height at shoulder 24 1/2 inches, and he is built on galloping lines, with splendid legs and feet. He was bred by Mr. J. Bouskill, of Kingsland, Auckland.

A LONG-SUFFERING WIFE

A metropolitan newspaper publishes a remarkable interview with a married lady, a Mrs Emma Anderson, of West Mitchell, N.S.W. She said:—"I have passed through so many unpleasant experiences that I scarcely know how to begin. In 1894 neuralgia attacked me, accompanied with headaches. The darting neuralgic pains came in paroxysms, following the course of the nerve. The agony was so intense that I wished to die. I suffered from liver troubles, dimness of sight, and attacks of weakness, which prostrated me. At times hot flushes spread over me, followed by violent sick headaches, lasting for five hours. I dreaded to go out for fear I would faint. I had medicinal treatment without a cure resulting; but after taking a box of Dr. Williams' pink pills I felt considerably benefited. The neuralgia almost disappeared, and a few boxes cured me. They enriched my blood and made me so strong and healthy looking that I am not like the same woman." Amongst countless grateful women Dr. Williams' pink pills have become famous. Ladies are constantly recommending them for anaemia, pale and sallow complexions, loss of appetite, palpitation, nervous headaches, rheumatism, ladies' troubles, sciatica, bronchitis, etc. They bear the full name in red ink on white wrapper, and are sold by Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Wellington, three shillings per box, post free, and by chemists and storekeepers. But mind you ask for Dr. Williams'. Had Mrs Anderson accepted a substitute her recovery would never have been chronicled.

Exchange Notes.

More disposition was shown to buy low-priced mining stocks this week.

Standard lines had fair demand, but few transactions resulted.

South British Insurance shares sold up to 64/6. New Zealanders were wanted at 61/6, ex div., Standards at 15/, and buyers of Nationals advanced to 18/3.

Kuranui-Caledonian shares moved steadily upwards in price this week.

Tairua Broken Hill Company's battery has resumed work. Payable gold has been got at No. 4 level. Buyers advanced from 2/ to 2/9 one day.

Mahara Royal shares have been enquired for at low rates owing to the reef in the low level having widened to 3 1/2 feet and showing a little gold in the stoue.

Coal shares were firm, buyers of Westports advancing from 78/ to 80/ during the week, while Hikurangi was wanted at 8/3 ex div., which was paid at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum.

Gas shares were easier this week.

N.Z. Talisman Gold Mining Company pays a dividend at the rate of 7 1/2 per cent. to shareholders on the books at 30th June.

Dredging stocks sold in the South at the following rates:—Cromwell, £5 2/7, £5, £5 1/7; Electric, £2 14/6 to £2 17/4; Fourteen-mile Beach, £2; Golden Bed, £13; Gold Queen, 38/6; Hartley and Riley, £11 2/6 to £10 9/6; Magnetic, £2 18/7; Manuherikia, £5 12/6; Meg and Annie, £2 7/6; Sailors' Bend, £2 9/7; Vincent, £4 3/6, £4 3/3, £4 4/4; Vincent Extended, £2 8/6.

A strong syndicate is being formed in Auckland for the purpose of working the gold deposits in the Ohinemuri River at Waipi and Karangahake.

Buyers of Bank of New South Wales shares this week advanced their offers to £45, but no sales resulted. Union Bank shares were also wanted at £38 10/4.

During the week returns have been reported from 30 dredges, the total yield being 1737oz 15dw 12gr, or an average of 57oz per dredge.

In the Maratoto mine the hanging wall reef has been cut 2 1/2 feet wide and assaying up to £2 15/ per ton.

Waioatahi shares were firmer towards the end of the week, being wanted at 26/.

New Zealand Crown shares sold this week at 12/6, with further buyers at 12/, and no sellers under 13/.

Waipi shares were wanted at 410, and Waipi Grand Junctions at 27/6, but no sellers of either stock quoted.

May Queen shares were slightly firmer this week, being sold at 1/5, with further buyers at 1/4.

The cross leader in No. 2 stope in the Broken Hill mine showed colour of gold this week when broken down.

The No. 3 reef in the South drive of the Imperial mine bears a very promising appearance, and a little gold can be got from the stone in the dish.

The ordinary statutory meeting of shareholders in the Welcome Jack (G.M.) Company was held this week. The retiring directors, Messrs H. A. Gordon, J. McCombie, H. H. Adams, D. G. Macdonnell, W. B. Nicholson, J. Brown and Donald McLeod were re-elected.

May Queen Extended shares changed hands at 61d, and can still be placed at the same rate.

The reef in the New Whau mine is from 18 to 20 inches wide, and a little gold is seen in the general quartz. The lode in the stopes maintains its size and the little stringer running with the reef still shows dabs of gold.

The directors of the Chelmsford G.M. Company have appointed Mr Frank Shepherd consulting engineer to the company.

Northern Boot shares have an upward tendency, and are now wanted at 9/6.

Hartley and Riley dredge return for the week was 3860z 17dw 5gr. Shares sold from £11 2/6 to £10 9/6.

The Thames-Hauraki Company's shaft is down 762 feet.

Do you give a Concert, Entertainment or At Home shortly? If so, then procure the Tickets, Handbills, or Programmes at the "STAR" PRINTING WORKS. Large Stock to choose from and Lowest Price.

Personal Paragraphs.

Miss Dunnet, of Poinsonby, Auckland, left last Monday by the Zealandia for Sydney on a three months' visit.

The third of the series of euche parties in connection with the Auckland Lawn Tennis Club takes place in the Masonic Hall, Princes-street, next Thursday evening.

Mr George Seale, formerly of Picton, writes cheery letters from Western Australia, where he is doing well in his profession as a civil engineer.

Miss Helen Beauchamp and Miss Robertson, "Anikiwa," paid a visit to Mrs Greensill, at Waikawa recently.

Mrs. Rickliford is giving a dance on Monday next at her residence, Lower Hutt. A special train will convey the guests from town.

The Heretaunga Mounted Rifles held their annual ball on Tuesday last in the Sydney-street Hall, Wellington.

His Excellency the Governor is to open the Wiriokino Bridge on the 30th of July.

Mr and Mrs W. Bidwell, Rototawai, were among the visitors to Wellington for the Winter Steeplechase Meeting, held at the Butt racecourse, and stopped at the Royal Oak.

Mr Alexander Grant, late district traffic manager on the Auckland railways, has been promoted to the position of superintendent of the Wellington district, and carries with him to Wellington the best wishes of all with whom he has been brought into contact during his 25 years' occupation of the position of traffic manager, his uniform courtesy and integrity having won him hosts of friends.

Mr George Hunter, Porangahau, was among the Hawke's Bay representative at the Wellington races last week, and was the guest of Mr and Mrs W. H. S. Moorhouse at "Knottingly" during his stay.

A Platen boy—Mr Walter Hebley—who is in South Africa with the Fourth Contingent, is noted for his daring feats of horsemanship. He has been made rough rider for his troop, to break in the horses no one else dares to ride. The work is dangerous, but he is used to it.

Mr Thomas Wilford, M.H.R. for the Suburbs, has been appointed a member of the Wellington Harbour Board, in place of Mr John Hutcheson, M.H.R., whose three years' term of office as a member of the Board expired at the end of last month.

Mr G. L. Denniston (Dunedin) has been appointed Consul of Belgium at Dunedin.

Mr E. H. Cameron (Waimate) has sold his property at Stadholm, and intends taking a trip to Australia.

Miss Webb-Bowen (Nelson) is staying with friends in Wellington for some weeks.

The death of Mrs. Izard (sorely), of Hobson-street, Wellington, which occurred on Wednesday last, came upon her numerous friends as a great shock. Though Mrs. Izard has for some time been in poor health, it was not thought that her end was so near. She leaves a large family and a number of close relations, for whom great sympathy is expressed.

Mrs and Miss Hunter-Brown are paying a short visit to Wellington from Nelson.

Mr and Mrs Graham Roberts (Ashburton) left in the Paparua this week for a visit to England and the Paris Exhibition, spending a few days in Wellington, where they joined the steamer.

Bishop Wilson (Melanesia) is expected to join Mrs Wilson in Wellington shortly, on his return from the Islands.

Mr and Mrs Michel Clark (Christchurch) are visiting Mrs Clark's parents, the Hon. Dr. and Mrs Grace, in Wellington, for some of the sessional gaieties.

The Nelson Amateur Operatic and Dramatic Society are hard at work this winter. The fine comedy, "The Guv'nor," is to be staged next week, and the pretty opera "Iolanthe" will follow some weeks later.

Dr. Wegener, a Berlin press representative, has been staying at Whakarewarewa, Rotorua. From there he proceeds to China.

The installation of the electric power plant in Rotorua in connection with the drainage system is making good progress. The excavations at the Okere Falls are nearly completed, and the erection of the buildings will shortly be commenced. The poles for carrying the wires are now in position to about the half-way point, between the town and the dynamo station.

Mrs. Frank Rhodes' friends are delighted to see her in Napier again after a long absence.

Miss Cotterill, of Fitzroy Road, Napier, has been staying with Mrs Frank Perry at "Crissoge," Hastings.

Mr. Denton, the well-known tenor, who has been in Napier for some weeks, has returned to Auckland.

Mr and Mrs Dalgetty, of Christchurch, are visiting Rotorua.

The very cold weather experienced in Rotorua lately changed, it being a little warmer last week on account of the rain. On the 19th, however, there was a return of the cold, snow falling on Mount Ngongotaha.

The Count and Countess de Courte left Rotorua last Monday, after a visit of a month's duration.

An earthquake shock was felt in Rotorua early on Thursday afternoon, the 19th.

Sir James Hector spent a short time in Napier, en route for the South, last week.

The third Rotorua "At Home" was held last Thursday, the 12th. It was very enjoyable. Amongst those present were Mesdames Kenny, Barron, Griffiths, Malfroy, Ashton, Wilson, etc.; Misses Graham, Yates (Auckland), Cruickshank, Browning, Eupson, Malfroy, Griffiths (3), Martyn, Hickson; Messrs Barron, Wilson, Boyd (Eij), Ashton, Webber, Shearn, Kenny (Auckland), Jowett, Hope, Golwin, and a number of others.

A sad and fatal accident occurred during a football match at the Recreation ground, Napier, last Saturday. A young man, George Hildred, was pushed down, and, through another youth falling heavily on him, was seriously injured. He was taken to the hospital on Monday, and his death occurred early on Tuesday morning. Much sympathy is felt with his bereaved parents, who are residents of Dannevirke.

Miss Mabsie Day, who has been visiting friends in Nelson for more than a year, is returning to her home in England by the Paparua. She left Nelson last week.

Sir Robert Stout, Chief Justice, held Supreme Court in Nelson last week.

Mr W. Proshaw, Manawatu, is spending a short holiday with his parents in Nelson.

Miss Spencer, of Milton Road, Napier, gave a most interesting lecture on "Browning" in the Athenaeum last Tuesday evening. Her clever address was listened to with unflagging interest by a large audience.

Mrs. Bowen, of Sea View Terrace, Napier, is staying in Wellington.

Miss Duke was the successful winner of the gold bangle given by a lady member of the Waiohiki Golf Club. The competition took place last Saturday, and some of those who entered were Mrs. Jardine and the Misses Ormond, Wood, Page, Howlings, Macfarlane, Shaw, Kennedy, Davis and Chapman.

Mrs. Nelson, of Christchurch, is staying in Napier.

Miss Reeve, of Auckland, who has been staying with Mrs. Shaw, left Napier last week.

Miss Glendinning, of Wairoa, has been staying with Mrs. W. Wood, of the Boys' High School, Napier.

Miss Anderson, of Hastings, has left for England.

Mrs J. Donald left for Auckland last week to join her husband there, who preceded her about three weeks. Her little daughter has gone to Dunedin to boarding school.

Sir John Hall and his daughter (Mrs Wilson) returned from Auckland and Rotorua last week.

Sir James Hector and Mr J. W. Joynt spent last Monday in Nelson on their way to Auckland.

Professor and Mrs Brown, of Wellington, are spending a few days in Nelson.

Mr Cecil Heaps leaves Nelson today to join the Eastern Extension Cable staff at Sydney.

Mr and Mrs Morrison, of New Plymouth, are spending a few days in Nelson.

Mr and Mrs Young, of Blenheim, are staying with Mrs Renwick, "Newstead," Nelson.

Mr and Mrs Richmond, of "Richmond Brook," Awatere, have been spending a few days in Blenheim, and were staying at the Criterion Hotel.

Mr Nolan (Hawera), has been making a short visit to Blenheim, but left again on Saturday afternoon.

Mr A. W. Budge, of Toko, near Stratford, has been revisiting his old home in Blenheim, but left for Picton, en route for Wellington, on Saturday night.

The Misses Fell, of Pieton, spent last Monday in Blenheim, and lunched with their uncle, Mr Budge, at the Criterion Hotel.

Miss Kate Hewitt, of Wellington, is visiting her parents in Blenheim.

Mrs C. W. Adams returned to Blenheim after a brief visit to Wellington.

Great excitement was caused among the Maoris at Opuake last week by the capture of a large seal on the beach there. Having exhibited the unusual visitor in the town hall, the natives very humanely took the seal down to the sea, and liberated it again.

Another New Zealander has distinguished himself at Edinburgh University, Mr Bernard Myers, a former pupil of the Wellington College, having just secured his M.D. degree there with honours.

Mrs. John Prouse, of Wellington, is visiting Christchurch, and is at present the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Izett at the Port Hills.

Miss Gladys Wilding, "Fownhope," is staying with Mrs. Embling in Wellington for a few weeks.

The marriage of Miss Elsa Levin, eldest daughter of the late W. Levin, of Wellington, New Zealand, to Mr Harry Vogel, the eldest son of the late Sir Julius Vogel, was celebrated in London last week. Mr and Mrs Harry Vogel have built themselves a charming new residence near London, where they intend to reside, and will have good wishes for their future happiness extended to them from many friends in all parts of New Zealand.

His Excellency the Governor and Lady Hanfury have given several dinner parties lately in honour of Rear-Admiral Pearson, who has been their guest at Government House, during the stay of the Royal Arthur in Wellington. On Tuesday evening the following guests received the honour of invitations:—The Bishop and Mrs Wallis, Hon. H. J. Miller, M.L.C., and Mrs Miller, Hon. C. Johnston, Mrs and Miss Johnston, Hon. C. C. Bowler, M.L.C., Hon. L. Cadogan, Mr and Mrs Heaton Rhodes, Mrs, Miss, and Miss E. Richmond, the Solicitor-General and Mrs Reid, Mrs Rhodes, Dr. and Mrs Anson, Mr and Mrs T. C. Williams, Miss Williams, Mr and Mrs Arthur Pearce, Rev. J. Campbell, Lieutenant V. Bernard, R.N., H.M.S. Royal Arthur, and the Hon. Henry Cavendish Butler, Hon. A.D.C.

Mr and Mrs Ritchie (Dunedin) are at present visiting Wellington, where they are the guests of Mr and Mrs John Duncaan at Fitzherbert Terrace.

The flagship Royal Arthur will most probably remain in Wellington until Saturday next, when she goes to Westport in order that Admiral Pearson may make a thorough inspection of the facilities of that place as the principal coal-producing port in New Zealand.

Mr Harris, of the locomotive branch of the New Zealand Railway Department, has gone to America in order to superintend the construction of the rolling stock which is being obtained there for the New Zealand Government.

The Wellington Kennel Club have asked Mr Freeman Lloyd, the well-known English judge of dogs, to act as judge at the annual show of the club in Wellington next month.

Mr and Mrs Dennis O'Rourke, Elmwood, Christchurch, are the guests of Mr and Mrs Heaton Rhodes in Wellington for the races this week.

Sir George Clifford (Stonyhurst) was among the Southern sportsmen who were present at the Wellington

Steeplechase Meeting at the Hutt this week, and also attended the annual sitting of delegates to the New Zealand Racing Conference, which was held in the Parliamentary Buildings in Wellington during the week.

On dit that there are to be no balls given at Government House this session in Wellington owing to the loss of relatives in the South African campaign by Lord and Lady Hanfury, and that the gaieties there will in consequence be restricted to afternoon receptions by the Countess, and the usual sessional dinner parties.

Mrs Abbott (Balgownie), Wanganui, is paying a short visit to Wellington.

Mr. M. Fraser, of Burgess, Fraser & Co., New Plymouth, has gone for a short trip to Auckland.

Mr. and Mrs. Morrison, who have been visiting Dunedin, have returned to their home in New Plymouth.

The Rev. F. and Miss Larkins, who are at present visiting England, write to say that they propose returning to Auckland the first week in December.

Mrs. McCosh Clark and family are going to reside in Mr. Archie Clark's house in Remuera, Auckland, and Mr. and Mrs. Archie Clark will occupy the house inhabited by the late Mrs. Clark, on the Remuera Road. Mr. Percy Holt is cleverly arranging all the rooms on the ground floor for the new tenants.

Mr. Herbert Fenton, recently assistant secretary of the Masonic Grand Lodge of New Zealand, has arrived in England, and hopes to commence his theological studies immediately.

LONDON ITEMS.

Mr. Arthur Wicksteed ("Old Settler") writes to the "Spectator" from Wanganui suggesting that England should invite 100 New Zealanders, with the horses they rode, to go and see her, and the same number from the contingents of Australia and Canada, in order to show what manner of men we have been sending to fight her battles.

Stanley Rowley put in an appearance at the West of Scotland Harriers' annual sports, held at Hampden Park, Glasgow, last Tuesday evening, and in the 100-yards handicap gave a taste of his quality by winning his heat from scratch very easily in 10 1/5secs., and after a magnificent race won his heat in the semi-final round in even time. In the final round Wood, of the Kelburne Football Club, who had also done "evens" on the 7-yards mark, in the semi-final just managed to beat the Australian crack by six inches in 10secs. dead after a desperate race. The handicap was judged by Mr Baird's machine, which worked very satisfactorily.

That dancing dervish of the nobility, the Earl of Yarmouth, has at length managed to file his accounts in bankruptcy, and his creditors will shortly receive 10/ in the pound. His Lordship's debts are over £5000, and his visible assets rather more than £2000. His bankrupt state was easily explained. He had £300 a year from his pater, lived at the rate of £3000 per annum, and borrowed at the rate of 60 per cent. This was prior to his going on the stage in America, where, 'tis said, he made £50 a week for a time, but later had to be content with the miserable stipend of £25. The creditors have all accepted the cash composition offered, and I understand the money necessary to pay that dividend and all legal costs has been deposited with the Trustee in Bankruptcy.

The founder of the once-famous Thirteen Club, Mr William Harnett Blanch, has just died at Grandend. This crusader against superstitions was born at sea while the ship on which his parents were making a trip to Australia was actually crossing the line. His club founded as a protest against the common superstitions of humanity is now extinct. Its members used to dine on Fridays in sets of 13, entered rooms under ladders, spilled salt when they sat down, broke looking-glasses, insisted in having cross-eyed waiters in attendance, and generally of malice aforethought did all those things which done by accident are supposed to entail bad luck, in order to prove to the poor fools who were superstitious that they had no grounds for their beliefs!

Two excellent suggestions, with a view to paving the way for Imperial Federation, are made by W.M., from the Devonshire Club, in the "Daily Chronicle" to-day:

(1) More frequent visits to the colonies by the Royal Family—e.g. the

Prince of Wales has not visited Canada since 1861.

(2) A better study of our most interesting colonial history, instead of obsolete Greek and Roman erudition. To adapt a remark of the Kaiser's: "We want young Britons, not young Greeks and Romans."

Canon Philip Walsh, of Auckland, who has been absent from his clerical duties since August last, is now in London. From Auckland he went to Vancouver, and thence by the C.P.R. to Quebec, making a short stay at the principal places of interest en route. Coming over sea to Liverpool, Canon Walsh proceeded to Ireland, arriving in the "distressful" country early in October. There he wintered and passed the spring, paying visits to Killybegs, Cork and other centres. He came to London by way of Bristol a couple of weeks ago. His metropolitan programme will probably occupy him for another fortnight, and then he makes for Paris. A few days at the Exhibition and sundry side trips will bring him to the end of his European tour, and he leaves Marseilles by the next Messagerie steamer for Melbourne. There he hopes to stay for a month with his brother, Dr. Butler Walsh, before concluding his homeward trek to Auckland.

Mr and Mrs Whitehorse Moore, who left the colony early this year in order to escape wintering in Auckland, and for the benefit of Mrs Moore's health, landed in London by the India early in May, and consequently come in for a long spell of rather bad weather. After spending three weeks in Plymouth with relatives they repaired to Bath for a short time, and reached London early in June. After a few days in the Metropolis they returned to the West Coast, and from thence will make short excursions to the provinces. Mrs Moore's health has much improved by the trip, and consequently they find life in the Old Country very pleasant. The duration of their stay is at present wholly uncertain.

Among the guests at the New Zealand dinner was Mr D'Arcy Chaytor, of Marlborough, who took part in the capture of Cronje's army, and was subsequently invalided Home with enteric fever. Although able to attend the dinner, he is looking very weak, and pulled down, and will need a thorough building up before he is quite himself again.

Mr E. Langguth, the Austro-Hungarian Consul, who came Home last December on, it is understood, a semi-official mission in connection with the trouble between the Austria and colonial gumdiggers, stayed on the Continent throughout the winter and spring, "doing" Austria, Germany, Holland and Belgium. He felt the severe weather on the Continent pretty keenly, and suffered considerably in health, but is now pretty well himself again. Mr Langguth came to London early this month, and, after visits in the North of England, will go over to Paris and thence will tour Alsace, Lorraine and Switzerland. He intends to make the return voyage to Australia by the Konigin Luise, which steamer he will join at Genoa on September 25th. Whilst in Vienna Mr Langguth had a lengthy interview with the Emperor Francis Joseph, who takes the keenest interest in the welfare of his subjects in New Zealand.

A Royal Humane Society's medal will doubtless in time be the reward of Mr Andrew Sharp, of New Zealand, who, at Gonarock, on Saturday, jumped off a passenger steamer to the assistance of a labouring man who was one of three occupants of a rowing boat which upset. Two were drowned, but Mr Sharp collared the third, and, in spite of the fear-maddened fellow's struggles, succeeded in holding him up till assistance arrived. His gallant act was witnessed by a large number of people, and I understand his prompt action has been brought to the notice of the R.H.S. Mr Sharp is a native of Dunedin. He came Home, I understand, on a pleasure trip, and returns to the colony shortly by way of America.

The "Daily Chronicle," referring to the desire of the Maoris to fight in South Africa, and their loyalty in providing horses and a contribution of £1000 to the Patriotic Fund, remarks that they "seem to have changed a good deal in their feelings towards this country since the days when they chased Sir John Gorst out of his editorial office, and, after he had got safely within the lines of General Sir Duncan Cameron, proceeded to bombard him with bullets made out of his own type."

OBITUARY.

The many friends of Mrs. Joseph Haydon, of Papanui, will regret to hear of her unexpected death one day last week, the result of an accident some three weeks previously. Mrs. Haydon, while hanging some curtains, or similar domestic duty, fell off a chair, and, though nothing so serious was thought about it at first, it ended in a most lamentable way. The funeral took place on Saturday, when a number of beautiful floral tributes were received, and the greatest sympathy is felt for the bereaved family.

MRS IZARD.

On Wednesday last one of Wellington's most respected and best known residents passed away in the person of Mrs C. B. Izard, wife of Mr Chas. B. Izard, of Hobson-street, who formerly practised as a solicitor, as a partner in the firm of Bell, Gully and Izard, but who has for many years retired from business. Mrs Izard's widespread hospitality and kindness of heart have always been proverbial in Wellington, and have endeared her memory to all classes of the community there, and more especially to the poor and needy. Mrs Izard leaves her husband and seven children to mourn her loss, amongst whom are Mr Charles Izard, who is practising as a solicitor in Wellington, and is also a member of the City Council; Mr Stratton Izard, solicitor, of Greytown; and Mrs Charles Pbarazyn, of Longwood, Featherston; and Miss Izard, who resides with her father in Wellington; two sons being at present in England. The funeral took place on Thursday afternoon, a service being held in St. Paul's Pro-Cathedral previous to the interment in the Bolton-st. cemetery, which was very largely attended by friends from all classes of the community, and Mr Izard and his family will have the sympathy of a very numerous circle of friends throughout the colony in their sad bereavement.

SKIN IRRITATIONS Instantly Relieved by CUTICURA

For irritation, itching, and inflammation of the skin, for scaly eruptions of the scalp, dry, thin, and falling hair, for red, rough hands and facial blemishes, nothing so pure, so speedily effective, as warm baths with CUTICURA SOAP, followed by gentle anointings with CUTICURA, the great skin cure and purser of emollients.



FOR BEEF TEA SOUPS, SAUCES GRAVIES ASK FOR (and see that you get) GEAR COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT

Made solely from Cattle passed by the Government Veterinary Inspector. Guaranteed Absolutely Pure and of the Very Highest Quality. From Stores, Chemists, &c., throughout the Colony.

J.N. MEMORIAM CARDS—These in the Latest Styles, and in great variety to be had at the "STAR" PRINTING WORKS.

MISS F. KELLY, Artistic Worker  
 in Natural Flowers, Florist to  
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 Sprays, Buttonholes, Wreaths,  
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WEDDING INVITATION CARDS, with  
 Envelopes to Match, in beautiful  
 designs to be had at the "STAR"  
 PRINTING WORKS.

A GOOD COUGH MEDICINE.  
 You do not know what a really good  
 Cough Medicine is until you have taken  
 WILTON'S OLD ENGLISH COUGH  
 LINCTUS. This splendid preparation is  
 compounded from a prescription known  
 to be over 100 years old. It is purely  
 herbal and quite as safe as it is ben-  
 efiticial. It thoroughly cleanses the Bron-  
 chial tubes and gives immediate relief.  
 Price 1/6 per bottle. Sold by all Chem-  
 ists. Please insist upon getting it.  
 Obtainable from Graves Alckin and J.  
 A. Haslett, and Chemists everywhere.

**ENGAGEMENTS.**

The engagement is announced of  
 Miss Mary Wright, eldest daughter of  
 Mr. A. B. Wright, of Mount Albert, to  
 Mr. McGarry, of Epsom, Auckland.  
 The wedding will probably take  
 place in a year's time.

**ORANGE BLOSSOMS**

**WILLIAMS—BACH.**

All Saints' Church, Ponsonby, Auckland, was thronged with a large gathering of interested spectators on Tuesday afternoon to witness the marriage of Miss Rhoda Bach, eldest daughter of Mrs Bach of "Ennora," to Dr. Ernest Williams, of Pukekohe, only son of the Rev. Mr Williams, Hawthorne, Melbourne. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Canon Calder. The bride, who was given away by her brother, Mr Clarence Bach, looked very pretty in a rich white brocade, the skirt and train finished at the hem with a frill of blonde lace. The bodice was made with a puffed chemisette, and embroidered with pearls in a scroll design, and had sprays of orange flowers falling over shoulders. She wore a soft flowing embroidered tulle veil and carried a lovely shower bouquet of choice flowers. The bridegroom's present to the bride was a diamond and sapphire bangle. The bridesmaids were Miss Constance Bach (sister of the bride), Miss Cozens, and Misses Blanche and Katie Devore. The two former were attired in pretty white silks, with tucked bodices trimmed with blonde lace to form fichus, and extending down the left side of skirt in a frou-frou, white silk toques with full crowns of white lace straw, and two erect ostrich plumes in front. The two younger maidens wore dainty white corduroy velvet Kate Greenaway frocks, with white mousseline de soie fichus edged with fringe, white felt hats with silk shirred crown and loose puffs on top, bows in front caught with a drooping feather on either side. Each carried a basket of lovely crimson flowers with Virginian creeper. The bridegroom's gift was a gold bangle to the first bridesmaid and pretty gold brooches to the other three. Masters Hugh and Leslie Vivian, who were suits of black velvet with lace collars and cuffs and sashes, were the train bearers. Dr. Inglis and Mr Ratjen were in attendance on the bridegroom. At the conclusion of the ceremony the happy couple left the church to the strains of the "Wedding March," played on the organ by Mr Beale, and were driven to "Ennora," where Mrs Bach held a reception, and the hero and heroine of the day received the congratulations of their friends. The dining-room was requisitioned for the wedding breakfast. A very pleasant time was spent here, and before the bride left to prepare for her journey, Canon Calder, the Rev. H. Dewsbury, Dr. Inglis, Mr Ratjen, and other friends made happy and appropriate speeches in compliment of the occasion. Dr. Williams also came in for a good share of complimentary remarks, and responded appropriately. Afterwards

the bridal party were photographed. Later in the afternoon Dr. and Mrs Williams left for Okoroire, where the honeymoon is to be spent. The bride wore a charming zinc grey traveling costume, with grey toque, having two erect plumes in front, and grey ostrich feather bonnet. The bride and bridegroom were the recipients of a large and valuable collection of wedding gifts. Mrs Bach (the bride's mother) wore a handsome black brocade, black bonnet trimmed with black velvet, white ospreys and silver, and black wings in front edged with white; Mrs Collins (bride's grandmother), black velvet bodice, silk skirt, black bonnet; Mrs Hay, rich black and blue brocade satin bodice, with cream lace lovers' knots, black brocade satin skirt, blue chip hat with black velvet and pale pink roses underneath brim; Mrs C. Bach, grey with white tucked satin guimpe, black velvet toque with tomato red satin chou; Mrs A. C. H. Collins, handsome white and black embossed velvet bodice, grey skirt, pretty orchid mauve rustic straw hat turned up at the back and trimmed with velvet and light-coloured violets; Mrs Devore, black moire, elegant black velvet three-quarter coat with jet encrustations and astrachan fur, gold lace bonnet, studded with large pearls, black ostrich tips and white ospreys; Miss Devore, zinc grey, with automobile red velvet yoke, square cream lace collar, grey basket straw hat, caught up in front with red velvet chou and gulls' wings; Mrs. Bach, black, with violet satin frills round yoke; Mrs. (Dr.) Bedford, myrtle green cloth paletot, trimmed with sable, black brocade satin skirt, pale blue silk blouse, green stitched cloth toque, with pale blue bow and sable tails; Mrs. S. Hughes, black figured panne costume, black bonnet; Mrs. Dewsbury, black silk check grenadine over salmon pink silk, tucked pink satin vest, and black velvet toque with touches of pink; Mrs. Arthur Brett, black striped panne skirt, black cloth sac jacket with white silk picture hat with black velvet, scarlet wings and red berries underneath brim; Miss Butters, gazelle brown skirt and coat, brown chip hat with automobile red velvet bow; Miss Lena Butters, fawn cloth tailor-made gown; fawn chip hat with stitched magenta silk chou; Miss Slator, blue and green plaid skirt, myrtle green cloth jacket, black velvet picture hat; Miss L. Slator, fawn cloth tailor-made costume, fawn chip hat with pink silk chou; Mrs. Butler, fawn tweed, black silk tucked vest outlined with fancy black braid, black velvet hat with touches of white; Mrs. Mognie, weigewood blue cloth skirt and sac jacket with white satin revers braided with silver, blue velvet toque with cream lace and fawn quills; Mrs. Vivian, black rock crepe costume, with shirred pale blue silk yoke, hat en suite; Mrs. Crawshaw, pigeon-wing grey cloth, silk sleeves and capes on bodice, black hat trimmed with black satin, and lined with magenta silk; Mrs. Caldwell, stylish black satin bodice and sash, brocade with heliotrope and green laces, black satin skirt, black chip Trelawny hat with heliotrope and black velvet; Mrs. McCabe, black mervelleux, black bonnet; Mrs. Catnach, royal blue and white foulard, white silk front and back of bodice, toque to match; Mrs. Ralph, black and violet striped ottoman silk, with violet velvet and black braid applique on bodice, black bonnet with violets; Mrs. Schertz, rich black brocade satin bodice with white silk, full vest, studded with silver sequins, black satin skirt, and hussar red panne bonnet, with wreath of red unmounted roses; Mrs. Calder, peacock blue satin, white Irish point lace collar and cuffs, black bonnet, with clusters of pink roses; Mrs. Nutford, Neapolitan blue corduroy velvet, blue velvet toque with white wings and pale pink flowers; Mrs. McKean, black costume; Mrs. E. T. Hart, blue cloth with white cloth yoke, black and pink hat; Mrs. Oxley, electric blue cloth, trimmed with velvet, floral toque; Miss Slator, black silk, large pointed collar of Honiton lace, black bonnet; Miss Kennedy, violet cloth costume, violet straw hat, with clusters of violets and black quills; Mrs. F. Taylor, brown tweed, trimmed with Havana brown velvet, white satin square yoke, and brown velvet picture hat lined with white satin; Miss Fenwick, sapphire blue, white lace revers, and large black velvet picture hat with drooping white ostrich feathers; Miss Connelly, fawn trimmed with violet velvet bebe ribbon; black velvet hat with white os-

trich feathers; Mrs. Laurie, grey, white tucked mousseline de soie guimpe, floral hat; Mrs. Osmond, black velvet, black bonnet; Miss Osmond, black serge skirt and coat with white velvet revers, hat to match; Miss Adams, green costume, green toque with touches of pale blue; Miss Ifwerson, dark navy, orange terre velvet box-pleated vest, navy hat with orange rosettes; Mrs. Windsor, fawn coat and skirt, light brown chip hat, trimmed with silk.

**WESTLEY-THOMPSON.**

We take from "Melbourne Punch" the following account of a wedding which is of interest to Aucklanders, as the bride is a well-known Auckland lady:—

"A very interesting marriage was quietly celebrated at St. Columba's Church, Hawthorn, on Wednesday, 20th June, between Mr Henry Dalmy Westley, eldest son of Mr James Westley, solicitor, "Spreydon," Riversdale-road, Hawthorn, and Miss Mona Caroline Thompson, eldest daughter of Mr Herbert Thompson, warehousemen of Auckland, N.Z. The ceremony was performed by the Ven. Archdeacon Armstrong, assisted by the incumbent, the Rev. Mr Nash. The church had been very prettily decorated with arches of greenery, floral wedding bells, initials of bride and bridegroom, and handsome foliage plants, all designed and carried out by Mr R. Ardagh, of Auburn. Appropriate music was capably rendered during the service by the organist (Mr E. Lee Neil) and Mendelssohn's "Wedding March" at the close. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a lovely imported gown of ivory white brocade, with a long court train. The bodice had transparent yoke and sleeves, and was trimmed with chiffon and silk fringe. Over this fell a veil of bridal net, the corners embroidered with true lover's knot; a small coronet wreath was worn, and a white vellum prayer-book carried.

Miss Ruby Westley (cousin of the bridegroom) was bridesmaid, and wore a very smartly finished dress of grey voile. The skirt was tucked from the waist to knee, set with a row of tiny steel buttons. The bodice had a transparent lace yoke and collar, outlined with grey velvet bands, embroidered in steel. A pretty French toque of white panne velvet was worn, trimmed with bandeaux of grey chenille and steel, and a rich drooping plume in two shades of grey, and carried a lovely posy of scarlet blooms, with streamers. The bridegroom was accompanied by his brother, Mr Arnold C. Westley, as best man. The bridegroom's presents were as follows:—To the bride, a gold cable bangle, to bridesmaid, gold Dorothy bangle, and the flowers carried by the bridal party, all of which came from Mrs E. Lucas, of Glenferrie. Mrs James Westley wore a very handsome dark blue velvet coat and jupe, with overdress of cornflower blue silk. Mrs T. J. Davey wore cream serge, trimmed with ivory lace and lines of beaver; black velvet hat, mounted with silky black plumes. Mrs Henry Westley—handsome violet and black brocade gown, with a black satin coat lined with white moire, the collar appliqued in white silk embroideries, vest of cream lace; toque of violet velvet and fur. The bride's parents residing in Auckland, the guests included only relatives of the family, with the exception of the Rev. Archdeacon Armstrong and Rev. Mr Nash, all of whom drove to "Spreydon" after the ceremony, and the wedding breakfast was served under caterer Straker's capable supervision. Orator's band played some admirable selections during the afternoon. The house decorations were most artistic, the foliage and flowers for which were kindly sent by Mrs Ronalds, of Upper Macedon. The breakfast was served in the billiard room, where white flowers only were used and some fine flags. In the drawing-room were white horseshoes and asparagus ferns, and the hall was set with beautiful foliage plants and palms. On the return from the honeymoon Mr and Mrs H. D. Westley will reside at 18 Robinson's road, Hawthorn. The bride's traveling costume was of dark blue cloth, handsomely braided, with a smart red toque. The presents were very hand-

**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 snip of wet, white cotton thread. How can so contemptible a thing inflict such a mountain of agony? And why does it do it? "Lacuse," 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 sub-marine cable, get to be disas-

trayed? 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, and 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 suffered 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 me 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 appalling 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.

O. lovely hills, proud Maori-land,  
 With sky so blue and landscape grand,  
 All radiant with the summer's sun,  
 And foliage green when winter's gone:  
 That season with its storms and rains  
 Brings coughs and colds, then grip and  
 wala.  
 Unless we do good health assure  
 By taking Wood's Great Peppermint Cure.

Clark's Kid Pills are warranted to cure  
 Gravel, Pain in the back, and all kindred  
 complaints. Free from Mercury. Established  
 1830. In bottles of 25 each, of all  
 Chemists and Patent Medicine Vendors  
 throughout the World. Proprietors, The Lincoln  
 and National Chemical Drug Company, Lincoln  
 England.

**IMPORTANT TO LADIES.**—It is proverbial that when ladies take to a toilet preparation its success is assured. The ladies of Wellington have given their verdict in favour of Wilton's Hand Emollient as being the very best thing they have ever tried for curling chapped hands and for keeping the hands soft and white. Price, 1/6, of all chemists. Insist upon trying it. Do not be put off with "something just as good."

Obtainable from Graves Aikin and J. A. Haslett, and Chemists everywhere.

**SIMPLY UNAVAILABLE TO LADIES, DRESSMAKERS, & OTHERS, etc. FIT & STYLE ENSURED.**  
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**WEALTH** Every other physical attraction is secondary to it.

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

Growth becomes vigorous and all dandruff is removed.

**AYER'S Hair Vigor**

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

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

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

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## Society Gossip

AUCKLAND.

Dear Bee, July 24.

The Pakuranga Hounds met last Saturday at St. John's College, and from here a move was made to Glendowie. Mr Goldsbro' kindly piloted the huntsman to the likely spots where a hare was to be found. No sooner were the hounds thrown off near the residence of Glendowie when a very large hare was on foot, who took the followers over some clean going country, with wire jumps with saplings thrown across. At length pussie evaded its pursuers by running into Mr Massey's property, where the hounds were not allowed to go, and had to be called off. Another hare was started in a gully near the sea coast, which gave the followers a most enjoyable run, taking a large ring, and was at length killed in the gully where it started. There were many other hares on foot during the afternoon, which gave the followers some excellent sport. Amongst those present were: Driving—Mrs Ralph, Miss Muir, Miss Ethel Percival, Mr Laurence, Mrs Scott, Miss Dickey, Misses Maud and E. Buckland, Mrs Nichol; riding were Mr Ralph (our Master), on Kate; Miss Amy Taylor, Tim; Miss Percival, Tommy; Miss Morrin, Billy; Miss Buckland, Popgun; Miss Roberts, Molly Hawke; Mr McLaughlin, Dad; Mr R. P. Kinloch, Speck; Mr Crow, on Dick; Mr Carminer, Ingorang; Col. Dawson, Ike; Mr Dawson, Ensign; Mr C. Purchas, Neck or Nothing; Mr McCosh Clark, Tommy; Mr Schnackenberg, Dandy Dick; Mr Adams, Brown Bess; Mr T. V. Morrin, Rona; Mr Moody, Oeolo; Mr Waller, Cragsman; Miss Abbott, Eric; Mr Elliott, Kilkern; Mr Somers, Mrs Moody, Mrs and Miss Crowe, Miss Ware, Miss Rae, Messrs. Rae, Lewis, Kinloch (2), Ralph (2), McLeod, Laxon, Walker, Gordon, Buckland (2), etc.

### LARGE DANCE.

On Wednesday evening last the Misses Metcalfe, of Ponsonby, gave a most enjoyable dance in Mrs Sowerby's Hall. The hall is always nice to dance in, being decorated with fans, mirrors, curtains, etc., but it was especially so on this particular evening, as it was prettily hung with large flags, and the walls nearly hidden with punge ferns, nikau and evergreens. The spacious verandah was covered in with canvas, and also decorated tastefully. Cane chairs, with dainty cushions, were strewn about the stage, which formed a nice sitting-out place after the dances. The supper was served in a large tent off the ballroom, and was perfect. The table decorations were of yellow roses, jonquils, and maidenhair fern. Truffles, jellies, oysters, fowls, turkeys, and other delicacies of the season were laid out on the supper table. With a nice floor and lovely music one felt inclined to dance all night. As it was, the assemblage did not break up until 2 o'clock. Mrs Metcalfe and her four daughters made charming hostesses, and were most energetic in making the dance a success.

Mrs Metcalfe wore a handsome black silk covered with black lace; Miss Metcalfe was charming in a lovely white satin dress; Miss Dolly Metcalfe, shell pink silk; Miss Elsie Tylden, white tucked silk frock; Miss W. Goodwin, maize satin, the bodice adorned with white lace; Miss M. Whitelaw, white satin skirt, dainty green bodice, square collar of silk and lace; Miss Williamson, shrimp pink veiling; Miss —, Rice, yellow silk; Miss Northcroft looked well in white silk with a spray of pink roses on her shoulder; Miss May Davies, white silk; Miss Haven, white silk, the bodice brightened with erise velvet; Miss Clare Haven, sky blue silk; Miss Violet Tibbs, pretty white muslin over salmon pink silk; Miss C. Butler, blue veiling, bertha of white lace; Miss Bessie Ziman, blue silk; Miss F. Hart, white skirt, pink satin bodice with jewelled trimming; Miss Stevenson, white dress with touches of blue; Miss Dolly Moir looked pretty in an azure blue satin dress with frills of white lace; Miss Hay, white silk dress; Miss Mariou Metcalfe was pretty in white silk, the bodice trimmed with blonde lace; Miss Phyllis Metcalfe, white muslin over green silk; Miss J. Crawford, white skirt, white satin bodice, sapphire blue velvet belt; Miss Sloman, blue brocaded satin; Miss

Watkins, black velvet dress, the bodice profusely trimmed with scarlet roses; Miss Williamson wore a blue satin frock, the shoulder straps being of beaver trimming; her two sisters wore heliotrope velvet dresses with soft lace frills; Miss Adams, black velvet; Miss O'tway was pretty in blue silk, the bodice and elbow sleeves strapped with black velvet; Miss Beale, white muslin over pink silk; Miss C. Wall-nutt, white satin dress, shoulder straps of crystal passementerie; Miss Stiech-hury, white satin, the skirt having blue velvet bands to the waist; Messrs Metcalfe, Wilson, Hay, Sloman, Gittos, Haven, Davies, Caldwell, White-law, Conolly, Todd, McCabe, Cumming, Farnell (2), Oliphant, Somerfield, H. Vaile, Nicholson, Simpson, Eyre, Dawson, Adams, Tibbs, Ziman, J. Patterson, Hautain, Trevithick, Diddams, Dignan, Owen, Rowbottom, and many others.

### MUSICAL MATINEE.

St. Sepulchre's schoolroom was crowded the same afternoon, when the Musical Matinee Society's third concert of the present season was given. Songs were rendered by Mr Wilfred Manning and Miss Adah Thomson; trio by Dr. Cox, Miss Stevenson, and Miss M. Heywood; piano solos, Miss Dora Judson.

Amongst the large audience I noted: Miss Ball, violet costume; Mrs Harker, black costume, fawn jacket; Miss Culpan, fawn; Miss Rice, brown; Mrs Marriner, black costume, velvet hat with plumes; Miss Williamson, navy; Mrs (Dr.) Purchas, royal blue trimmed with white; Miss Lusk, black; Mrs Templer, black; Mrs Iredale, fawn, cherry coloured toque; Miss Binks, black; Mrs Isidor Alexander, violet costume; Miss Fenton, black; Miss Walnut, fawn costume, red hat; Mrs Jackson, green coat and skirt, red velvet hat; Mrs Rathbone, black costume with jacket, velvet toque with violets; Miss Bell, green; Mrs W. Gillies (Dunedin), dark costume; Miss Alison, fawn; Mrs Roberts, black; Miss Stevenson (Ponsonby), green; Miss Stevenson (Glenholm), mourning

costume; Mrs Moeller, black costume with velvet cape; Mrs Colegrove, navy blue serge, black hat; Miss Morton, striped skirt, brown jacket, deer-stalking felt hat; Miss Colegrove, black skirt, fawn jacket, black bonnet with yellow flowers; and her sister wore navy, black hat; Mrs Hamilton Hodges, grey cloak, black hat; Mrs Goldie, handsome black costume, black toque with magenta pink velvet ruffling; Mrs Daere, black costume, black bonnet relieved with blue; Miss Daere, green costume; Mrs Theo. Kissling, black silk, black velvet toque finished with violets; Miss Kissling, navy serge, white sailor hat; Miss Thorne George, black skirt, fawn jacket, white sailor hat; Mrs Wright (Drury), fawn tweed, white sailor hat adorned with red, white and blue; Miss Towsey, navy serge; Mrs Baker, black; Miss Baker, black costume, black toque relieved with red; Mrs Gutteridge, fawn; Mrs Horton, navy; Mrs Hoffman, black; Miss Hoffman, black; Miss Garland, cornflower blue dress, red hat trimmed with black; Mrs Petrie, dark green costume; Mrs Stone, fawn costume, black hat trimmed with violets; Mrs St. Clair, fawn skirt and cape, toque of fur; Mrs Lockhart, navy skirt, brown jacket, sailor hat; Miss Power, dark skirt, red blouse; Miss Salmon, green; Miss Oberlin-Brown, purple gown, purple velvet toque relieved with pink; Miss Coates, black skirt, fawn jacket, brown fur toque with dash of blue; Mrs A. Myers, black broche; Misses Myers (2), grey check skirts, fawn jackets, toques en suite; Miss Bold, mourning costume; Miss Bleazard-Brown, grey skirt, fawn jacket, black velvet hat with pink; Mrs Gillies, black silk, fawn cape, bonnet en suite; Miss Gillies, dark skirt, fawn jacket, sailor hat; and her sister wore a dark green tailor-made costume, white hat; Miss Cochrane, red costume, black felt hat with red quills; Mrs Steele, black tailor-made gown, white hat; Miss Steele, navy skirt, fawn jacket, white hat; Mrs Sterricker, grey coat and skirt, sailor hat; Miss Owen, black costume, brown

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Since Grandma made the test,  
Yet still to-day  
The people say  
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velvet toque; Miss Batger, grey skirt, velvet blouse, sailor hat; Mrs Bankhart, black; Mrs Russell, navy, fawn cloak; Miss Wrigley, navy costume, grey cloak, black hat with coloured chrysanthemums; Mrs Owen, navy; Miss P. McDonald, black skirt, brown jacket, brown hat; Misses Aicken (2), mourning costumes; Miss Ella Hall, navy serge, black velvet toque with yellow ribbons; Miss Worsp, black skirt, fawn jacket, red toque; Miss Tilly, navy; Miss Laird, black silk, black hat wreathed with white; Miss R. Laird, black; Mrs Choyce, black broche; Miss Choyce, green costume; green toque with blue finishings; Misses Haber (2), mourning costumes; Mrs Chambers, black; Mrs J. M. Chambers, slate grey; Miss Parsons, navy, trimmed with black braid; Mrs Ranken Reed, green coat and skirt, fur toque; Mrs Butler, royal blue, with white yoke; Mrs Ball, black; Mrs Heywood, black; Miss M. Heywood, grey skirt, white blouse; Mrs Markham, check skirt, very loose and long saquee jacket, violet primrose turban toque; Miss Firth, brown costume, hat with cherry ribbons; Miss Wilkins, navy serge; and her sister wore brown; Miss Kissling, green; and her sister brown; Miss Pierce, green; and her sister brown; Mrs Pierce, black; Miss Edith Smith, black; Miss Kensington, mourning costume; Mrs Robertson, black; Mrs Robertson, black costume relieved at the neck with white; Mrs Ridings, mourning costume; Miss Binney, royal blue costume finished with white; and her sister wore royal blue plaid skirt, velvet blouse, with white lace applique on the bodice, fur bolero, hat with royal blue silk and feathers; Mrs Clifton, fawn tailor-made costume, velvet toque; Mrs (Dr.) Beatty, brown skirt, grey cape, brown hat with ostrich feathers; Mrs James, black silk, fur cape, purple bonnet with cold beads; Miss V. James, fawn costume, black hat; Miss Spragg, grey gown, white sailor hat; Misses Thompson (3), were studied in navy, black, and brown respectively; Miss Durrioux, claret coloured, cashmere; Mrs McFarland, navy; Our Howick correspondent writes: The Howick Public Hall has rarely been the scene of so enjoyable a function as the social given on Wednesday

evening of last week by the public of Howick and Pakuranga as a farewell to Mr and Mrs James Lindsay and family on their approaching departure from the district. Mr J. Udy was elected Chairman and, on behalf of the friends of Mr and Mrs Lindsay, presented them with a pair of very fine chairs of New Zealand wood, beautifully upholstered. Mr Udy, in making the presentation, remarked that he had been a churchwarden with Mr Lindsay for many years, and was very sorry to lose so old a friend. He said it was with a feeling of general regret that all present had heard of Mr and Mrs Lindsay's intended departure, and that they could think of no better way to show their very kindly feelings than to ask them to accept the chairs as a small token of esteem, and to wish them long life to enjoy them, and every happiness in their retired life. Mr E. FitzPatrick also spoke of his long friendship with Mr Lindsay, which dated back to the time of the Howick Cavalry, when Mr Lindsay and he had been members of the same corps. Other gentlemen having spoken, those present sang "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow." The Misses Lindsay, in very spirited fashion, returned the compliment and sang "For They Are Jolly Good Fellows." The Rev. Hofer (Vicar of Howick) sent Mr Lindsay a kind letter, expressing his sorrow at not being present, as he had unexpectedly been called away. Mr Lindsay, in reply, said he could scarcely find words to express his thanks to the people for this display of their kindly feelings, and told them how sorry he was to leave the district where all his happiest days had been spent. He was not leaving because he was tired of either the place or the people, but because he was not so young as he used to be, and therefore found the management of so large a farm too much for him. On behalf of his wife he thanked the people for their kind and beautiful presents, and said that it was a happy thought which suggested chairs, and that while sitting in them their thoughts would often wander back to their dear old friends. He hoped that he would often see them all again, and, after again thanking them, concluded by saying "God be with you till we meet

again." During the evening Mrs Bruce, Miss Olford, Mr D. Huttaway, Mr Bell, Miss Brady, Mr FitzPatrick and Mr Broberg contributed to the general enjoyment by songs and recitations. Supper was provided by the ladies, and dancing was kept up till the small hours, when all dispersed after spending an evening that will long be remembered.

POKSONBY "AT HOME."

Last Friday evening the second dance of the season in connection with the Poksonby "At Home" was held in the Poksonby Hall, and passed off most successfully, the attendance being much larger than on the opening night. The interests of the guests were well looked after by the committee, ably supported by their indefatigable secretary, Mr Richter. A tasteful supper was laid out on the stage, which was prettily decorated. The dance music of the programme was supplied by Mr Burke's orchestra, the extras being played by Miss Devore and Miss Hanna. Among those present were:—Mrs Devore, who was attired in black satin, with bodice veiled in sequined net; Mrs Hanna wore black satin, with steel bretteilles having tassels over square cut corsage; Mrs Littler looked well in a yellow satin striped moire pointed tunic over lace frilled skirt; Miss Devore was dainty in black figured silk, with black lace transparent long sleeves, iridescent sequin net plastron, and square cut corsage finished with rose pink bands and bow; Miss Hanna was graceful in cerise silk, vandyked tunic, edged with ivory lace insertion, the bodice draped with white fringe; Mrs Douglas, rich black satin with swathed corsage trimmed with cream lace; Miss Douglas looked winsome in white silk with white lace sleeves, rose pink velvet defining the square décolletage, and pink roses tucked in her low coiffure; Miss Caldwell, pretty flame coloured glace shot silk, black mousseline de soie fichu, with long stole ends; Mrs Osmond, black velvet; Miss Osmond, white muslin frock over silk; Miss Maud Murray wore heliotrope satin with green tinsel net overskirt, and spray of violets on left side of corsage; Miss Campbell looked well in white silk with tucks on hem of

skirt and bodice; Mrs Hudson, handsome black merveilleux en traine, with vandyked tunic, yellow silk corsage under black net, embroidered with jet, and yellow silk cape; Miss Hudson looked winning in a pretty shell pink silk, the bodice was composed of tucks and lace insertion, outlined with pink velvet, and lace sleeves with pink ruffled ribbon outlining the pattern; Miss Funny Hudson was charming in her debutante frock of white brocade, with deep flounce of soft white lace, her swathed corsage having lace transparent long sleeves; Mrs Crawshaw, myrtle green silk, embossed velvet corsage; Miss Bach, white silk; Mrs Metcalfe, black broche evening dress; Miss Metcalfe, forget-me-not blue silk; Miss Morrin wore yellow satin with pink rosebud design vandyked tunic, over lace frills, and red chrysanthemums on corsage and in coiffure; Miss Gordon, white silk with turquoise blue band on corsage; Mrs Oxley, white silk with net sleeves; Miss Florence Hart, rose pink satin tucked corsage with jewelled passementerie on square cut neck, and white muslin skirt; Miss Sheath wore a pretty white satin with trow front of lace on one side of skirt; Miss Rees George, white silk with satin bands on skirt; Miss E. Oxley, white satin swathed bodice, white crepe skirt; Mrs Phillips, black silk en traine; Miss Phillips, pale yellow crepe, corsage draped with tinselled gauze, and white lace sleeves; Miss Tatley, dewdrop gauze over yellow silk dress; Miss Haven, azure blue trimmed with ruffled ribbon; Miss Raynes, pretty rose pink merveilleux with tucked bodice, two lace frills on skirt; Miss Stephenson, blue and white striped satin corsage, white silk skirt; Messrs Hanna, Littler, Masefield, Winks, Thomson, Vail (2), Haven, C. Leys, Sims, Foster, Patterson, N. Baker, J. Caldwell, Farnall, etc.

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WELLINGTON.

Dear Bee, July 15. On Friday last the Port Nicholson Yacht Club's annual ball took place in the Sydney-street Hall. The room was just comfortably full, so that there was plenty of room for dancing, and altogether the ball was a great success, and went off with more than usual spirit. All the elaborate decorations, which were arranged for the Garrison Ball a few nights before were left up for Friday, and were again the admiration of all. The stage was made luxurious with chairs, sofas, etc., while the side-rooms were also used for sitting-out. The tempting sit down supper was laid out in the large gymnasium, the table being decorated with pot plants. Minnie supplied the music.

Among those present were:- Messrs Symonds, wearing a handsome black satin gown with lace and white lace cap; Mrs H. Rawson wore a gown of rich heliotrope brocade, the skirt trained and the bodice softened with chiffon folds to match; her daughter, who made her debut on the occasion, was dressed in white silk with chiffon and silver passementerie on the bodice; another debutante was Miss Violet Rawson, a cousin, who wore white satin, the bodice veiled with embroidered chiffon; Mrs Rawson's gown was of beautiful pink satin merveilleux with chiffon to match on the bodice; Mrs J. C. Martin, black gown with chiffon round the corsage; Miss Martin, black silk gown tied at the waist with a striped sash; Mrs Tweed handsome white brocade, the skirt frilled with lace, and having bands of crimson velvet, and the bodice veiled with pearl and bead embroidery and lace; Mrs Howarth in black satin with pink chiffon; Mrs Owen, striped pink glace silk gown, the bodice trimmed with chiffon and roses to match; Mrs Mantell, black brocade with berthe of white lace; Mrs Biss, soft blue embroidered crepe gown with white chiffon softening the bodice; Mrs W. Turnbull, an elegant gown of trailing black gauze beautifully jewelled all over, and a little blue velvet on the bodice; Mrs Bucholz in yellow satin with jet bands; Mrs Tringham, rich white brocade and chiffon gown; Mrs Symonds, yellow brocade trimmed with white lace; Miss Pharaayn, black satin, the bodice draped with palest coffee lace; Miss Johnston, white satin, the skirt edged with a chiffon flounce; Miss A. Johnston, a black and white striped satin gown, the bodice softened with white chiffon and a pink rosette at one side; Miss Henry, white brocade, prettily befrilled with lace; Miss G. Henry in pale green with white lace; Miss U. Williams, black satin, the bodice trimmed with tinted lace and green velvet bands; Miss Stowe, a white gown veiled with lace and run with black bebe ribbon; Miss O. Gore, black merveilleux, the bodice trimmed with white lace and pink roses; Miss Lloyd (Palmerston N.), black brocade with white lace round the bodice; Miss Edwin, black silk, the bodice trimmed with pearls; Miss A. Edwin, pale blue striped gauze gown; Miss Harper (Christchurch), black gown trimmed with lace and pale blue ribbon; Miss Reid, a pretty cream brocade gown trimmed with pink rosebuds and silver sequins; Miss Macintosh, black; Miss M. McGregor, a pink gown, the bodice of a deeper pink satin trimmed with passementerie and lace; Miss Harcourt, black satin with passementerie bands; Miss Handyside, pretty white silk and lace gown; Miss Smith, a pale blue and white striped gown with corsage and underskirt of white lace fillis; Miss Simpson, black brocade with pale blue chiffon on the bodice; Miss H. Simpson, pale blue silk prettily trimmed with open white lace, run with black bebe ribbon; Miss Marchant, in dark maroon satin; her sister wore pale yellow silk with white lace; Miss Fancourt in cream. There were also present:- Captain Dicken, Colonel Paterson, and several officers from H.M.S. Royal Arthur, Colonel Denton, Captain Owen, Messrs Rawson, Harcourt, Mantell, Turnbull (3), Symonds, Biss, Bucholz, Stowe, Williams, Gore, Johnston, Handyside, Pharaayn, Dr. Lawson, etc., etc.

abruptly for South Africa. Dainty tea was laid in the dining-room, the table being decorated with daisies. Mrs Marchbanks wore a blue and white foulard skirt and pretty white silk blouse trimmed with tucks and lace. She was assisted in the tea-room by her sister, Miss Olive Gore and Mrs H. Gore. Mrs Gore was wearing a black skirt and salmon pink silk blouse trimmed with lace; Miss Gore wore a pretty soft grey gown with vest of white silk. During the afternoon songs were charmingly sung by the Misses Gore, St. Hill, and Duncan. Among those present were Miss Hutchison, wearing a dark green gown with embroidered cream revers and a crimson velvet toque trimmed with fur and tips; Miss St. Hill wore a brown coat and skirt and sailor hat; Miss Pharaayn, grey jacket and skirt and large hat trimmed with pale blue rosette and feathers; Miss Johnston, blue coat and skirt and a black and green toque with fur; Miss A. Johnston, blue coat and skirt and red straw toque with white wings; Miss Duncan, fawn jacket and skirt and a brown hat trimmed with shaded tips and blue silk; Miss A. Brandon, a slate grey gown with yoke of pink under lace and a black hat trimmed with pink ribbon loops; Miss Harcourt, black coat and skirt and black and white hat with green ribbon; Miss Stowe, brown tailor suit and cream and black toque with pink roses; Miss M. Stowe, dark violet coat and skirt and cream straw hat trimmed with black wings and pink flowers; Miss Higginson, black tailor suit and black straw and chiffon hat; Miss F. Brandon wore black and white; Miss Bell, dark tailor suit and brown hat trimmed with pink; Miss U. Williams, blue coat and skirt, black hat with blue ribbon; the Misses Barron in fawn coats and skirts and black and red toques; Miss Fitzherbert, fawn jacket and skirt and black hat trimmed with pale blue silk and tips; her sister wore a blue coat and skirt and a red velvet hat with black wings; Miss Riddiford, a black coat and skirt with cream-figured revers, cream hat trimmed with black tips and flowers; Miss Sprott in black and a red jacket; Miss Friend, blue coat and skirt and cream hat with red loops.

The Countess of Ranfurly gave another of her charming "at homes" on Monday afternoon. All the rooms looked cosy and warm, as usual, and the decorations consisted chiefly of handsome pot plants. Merry music was provided by the band from H.M.S. Royal Arthur, and added greatly to the very enjoyable afternoon. His Excellency the Governor was present, also Captain Alexander, Hon. Hill-Trevor, the Ladies Constance and Eileen Knox, and Hon. Mr. Butler, acting A.D.C. Among the guests were the chief justice and Lady Stout, Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Seddon, Miss Seddon, and her sister, Mrs. Morice, Sir Arthur and Lady Douglas, the Misses Douglas, Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Millar, Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Ward, Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Walker, Miss Walker, Captain Russell, Mrs. Rhodes, Mr. and Mrs. Heaton-Rhodes, Captain and Mrs. Owen, Dr. and Mrs. Grace, Mrs. Clark (Christchurch), Mrs. Richmond, the Misses Richmond, Mrs. and Miss Pharaayn, Mr. and Mrs. Wilford, Mr. and Mrs. Duncan, Miss Dunson, Mrs. and Miss Bell, Mr. and Mrs. Ritchie, Mrs. Abbott (Wanganui), Mrs. and Miss Barron, Dr. and Mrs. Collins, Captain and Miss Barclay, Mrs. Crawford, Mrs. Firth, Mr. and Mrs. D. Nathan, Mrs. and Mrs. Dyer, Mrs. White (England), Mr. and Mrs. Embling, Mrs. and Miss Edwin, Miss Webb-Bowen, Mrs. and Miss Hall-Jones, Mr. and Mrs. C. Johnston, the Misses Johnston, Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Johnston, Mr. and Miss Harcourt, Mr. and Mrs. Knight, Mrs. McKenzie, Mr. and Mrs. Pearce, Mrs. Rhind, Mr. and Mrs. McLean, Mrs. and Miss McGregor, Mrs. and the Misses Williams, Mrs. Turnbull, Miss Rolleston, Mrs. and Miss Treagar, Mrs. Waldegrave, Mrs. and Miss Simpson, Colonel Denton, Captain Dicken, R.N., and officers of H.M.S. Royal Arthur, etc., etc.

His Excellency the Governor held a dinner party at Government House on Saturday, at which there were present the Hon. J. G. Ward, W. Hall-Jones, B. Harris, J. Jenkinson, W. T. Jennings, C. J. Johnston, G. Jones, J. Kelly, W. Kelly, J. Kerr, G. McLean, W. Montgomery, G. C. Walker, M.L.L., and Messrs. W. Gilfedder, J. Graham, A. B. Guinness, C. Hall, J. A. Hanson, C. A. Hardy, Miss Eke, W. E. Harrier, A. W. Hogg, B. T. Hornsby, R. M. Houston, G. Hutchison, G. Hut-

chison, M.A.H.R., the Mayor (Mr. J. G. Aitken), Sir James Prendergast, Commander Bernard Currie, R.N., Commander Lacy, R.N., and Rev. Somerset Fitzroy, H.M.S. Royal Arthur.

On Tuesday Lord and Lady Ranfurly invited a number of guests to a dinner party to meet Rear-Admiral Pearson. The dinner table looked particularly pretty, with lovely silver bowls full of greenery and flowers. Among those present were: Bishop and Mrs. Wallis, Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Miller, Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Johnston and Miss Johnston, Mr. and Mrs. Heaton-Rhodes, Mrs. and the Misses Richmond, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Reid, Mrs. Rhodes, Dr. and Mrs. Anson, Mr. and Mrs. Williams and Miss Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Pearce, Hon. C. C. Bowen, Hon. L. Cadogan, Rev. J. Campbell, Lieutenant V. Bernard, R.N., and Hon. A. C. Butler, hon. A.D.C.

On Tuesday last a pleasant afternoon "at home" was given by Mrs. Ewen. The tea table looked very pretty, being arranged with vases of exquisite cream winter roses—a great luxury just now, when we are suffering so severely from the want of flowers. Mrs. Ewen received her guests in a black silk skirt and a blouse of red silk under jetted tulle. Some of those I noticed were: Mrs. Fitchett, Mrs. and Miss Butts, Mrs. Butt, Mrs. Rawson, Mrs. McCathy, Mrs. Treagar, Mrs. Elliott, Mrs. Murison, Mrs. D. Nathan, Mrs. C. Izard, Mrs. Tripe, Mrs. N. Reid, Mrs. Embling, Mrs. Simpson, Mrs. Watson, Mrs. Stafford, Mrs. Barron, Mrs. Field, Mrs. Hardy, Mrs. Bristowe, Mrs. Burnes, Mrs. Milward, Mrs. Waldegrave, Mrs. Symonds, Miss Greenwood and others.

The weather was wretched yesterday for the first day of the Wellington Racing Club's Winter Meeting. In the early morning it looked fairly promising, but at about 11 o'clock it came on to rain, and continued to pour, without ceasing for the rest of the day. A few keen ladies and gentlemen braved the elements, however, among them being His Excellency the Governor, accompanied by Hon. Hill-Tre-

vor and Hon. H. C. Butler, Mr. and Mrs. McCarthy, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Johnston, the Misses Johnston, Mr. and Miss Duncan, Mrs. and Miss Bell, Mr. and Miss Harcourt, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Johnston, Mr. and Mrs. Turnbull, Mr. and Mrs. Pearce, Mrs. Crawford, Mr. and the Misses Simpson, Mrs. and Miss Riddiford, the Misses Fitzherbert, Mr. and Mrs. Clark (Christchurch), Mrs. and Miss Hutchison, Miss Williams and others.

ANNUAL DINNER OF THE YORKSHIRE SOCIETY OF NEW ZEALAND.

The Yorkshire Society of New Zealand added fresh lustre to their record of successful social functions in the shape of their fifth annual dinner, which took place at the Trocadero, Wellington, on Wednesday last, and was attended by between eighty and ninety gentlemen representative of every portion of this broad aced shire. The appointments of the dinner, in the provision of which Host Pincock excelled his previous efforts; the decorations, with which the room was made bright by means of flags, mottoes, and characteristic toasts, the deciphering of which afforded great amusement to the guests whenever an opportunity presented itself; the delightful music during dinner, provided by Fischer's band; the rattling after-dinner speeches with which the various loyal and patriotic toasts were proposed and responded to by the best of the Empire City's speakers; the vocal items by such well-known singers as the Hon. H. Feldwick, Messrs E. J. Hill, R. Boot, J. Crabtree, and others, almost all of whom were honoured with undeniable encores; and a really fine rendering of Tennyson's dialect poem, "The Northern Farmer," by the capable hon. secretary, Mr E. Bold, made up a delightful "tout ensemble" of which the Society may be justly proud. The Rev. J. C. Andrew made an ideal chairman, and the distinguished guests included His Excellency

MANUFACTURES ROYALES. FRENCH P.D. CORSETS. THESE WORLD-RENGWED CORSETS. Have been awarded 10 GOLD MEDALS AND DIPLOMES D'HONOURS. And whenever exhibited have obtained THE HIGHEST HONOURS. OBTAINABLE FROM ALL LEADING DRAPERS Throughout New Zealand. IN MANY VARIETIES, SHAPES, AND STYLES.

The Best Food for Infants and Invalids in all Climates. ALWAYS READY. NO COOKING REQUIRED. FULL NOURISHMENT. PARTLY PREDIGESTED. STERILIZED. PURE MILK, CONDENSED WITH WHEAT AND BARLEY MEAL. IN POWDER FORM. KEEPS INDEFINITELY. LARGEST SALE IN THE WORLD. Of all Chemists and Stores.

the Governor (who wore his beautiful orders), and was accompanied by Hon. H. Trevor, His Honor Sir Robert Stout (Chief Justice), the Right Hon. the Premier, the Mayor of Wellington (Mr J. G. W. Aitken), Mr G. Pickles (vice-president of the Yorkshire Society of Canterbury), Mr James Allen, M.H.R., and others. Apologies for unavoidable absence were conveyed from His Excellency Rear-Admiral Pearson, Sir John Hall, Sir Maurice O'Rorke, and the Hon. W. Hall-Jones. The committee of the Society worked enthusiastically to secure the enjoyment of every one, and abundantly succeeded in their efforts. The menu cards and toast list combined was in itself a work of art, and, embellished with the country emblem (white roses) will no doubt be treasured as a reminder of a really pleasant evening. The following is a list of the toasts and songs:—The Queen, "Bretest star i' history," proposed by the President; The Governor, "Ees a reagal gooid 'un," proposed by the President, reply by His Excellency, Earl Raufury, K.C.M.G.; song, selected, Mr E. J. Hill; Our Native County, "T'biggest, 't'bonniest, and 't'best," proposed by Professor Easterfield, reply by Mr J. H. Helliwell; song, "I Fear No Poe" (Piusuiti), Hon. Colonel Feldwick, M.L.C.; The Land we Live in, "Yoh kan't beat it," proposed by Mr H. Field, reply by Right Hon. the Premier; duet, "Love and War" (Cooke), Messrs E. J. Hill and R. Boot; Our Guests, "Yoh're allus welkum," proposed by Mr J. Charlesworth, replies by His Honor the Chief Justice and Mr G. Pickles, V.P. Yorkshire Society of Canterbury; dialect reading, "The Northern Farmer" (Tennyson), Mr E. Bold; the Yorkshire Society, "Chips o' th' owd blok," proposed by Mr Jas. Allen, M.H.R., reply by the President; song, "I Seek for Thee in Every Flower" (Ganz), Mr J. Crabtree; Town and Trade, "Egaw, it's mendin'," proposed by Mr H. Hurrell, reply by His Worship the Mayor; song, "Thy Sentinel am I," Mr R. Boot; T'Yorkshur Lassies, "They're stunners," proposed by Mr T. H. Huestwick, reply by Mr Chas. Wilson; song, "The King's Own" (Bonheur), Mr R. G. Appiegarth; the Press, "Speak aht, but noa fratchin'," proposed by Mr F. Bedford, reply by representatives of press.

The strains of Auld Lang Syne brought an end to the proceedings at midnight.

OPHELIA.

CHRISTCHURCH.

Dear Bee,— July 16.  
In South Africa fever is more to be dreaded now than the actual warfare, and many in Christchurch feel the deepest sympathy with the parents and friends of Mr. Keith Gorrie, of Auckland, who has just succumbed to fever; Mr. C. E. Wiggins, of New Plymouth; and Mr. E. B. Toaswill, of Kaikoura, who followed the occupation of farming there, and whose mother, Mrs. W. Toaswill, lives at Pahiatua.

The second concert of the Musical Union (an orchestral one) took place on Thursday evening in the Tuam-street Hall, which was well filled. The various items were played with more than the usual daintiness and crispness we look for under Mr. Wallace's baton, the opening overture, "Britannia," by A. C. Mackenzie, was a grand piece, well played. Two soloists relieved the orchestra—Miss Moir and Mr. P. Hockley, who were in good voice, and pleased the audience greatly, winning accolades each time they sang for the orchestra, also gaining an encore for "Gross Mutterchen." Miss Packer, as first violin, shined out, and Mr. W. Webley a good second. Miss Moir looked extremely well in white satin, with pink roses on the bodice, and is quite at home on the platform, not having to be troubled with music. Among the large audience were: Mr W. D. Meares, Miss Sybil Meares, in white satin; Mrs. B. H. Burns, in long blue cloak, and with her two little daughters; Mrs. Julius, in black silk, with long crimson plush opera coat; Miss Ada Julius; Mrs. F. M. Wallaw, black silk and handsome brown fur cape lined with heliotrope silk; Mrs. Wilding, brown velvet and cream lace collar; Mrs. T. Garrard, black brocade, with pink tucked yoke and top of sleeves, white brocade cloak with feather trimming; Miss Gladys Anderson, all white; Mrs. A. Wilding; Professor Cook, Mr. and Mrs. A. Kaye, Mr. Izett, Mrs. Prousa (Wellington), Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Wilkie, Misses Wilkin (2), Mr. and Mrs. Denney-

Brown, Miss Fairhurst, Misses Lake (2), Mrs. John Williams, Miss Guy, Mrs. Tyree, Mrs. and Miss Young, Misses Bishop (2), Mr. and Mrs. J. Little, Miss Miska, Mrs. Marha, long blue cloak and white feather trimming; Miss Louissin, Miss Caro (Auckland), Bishop Grimes, Mr. and Mrs. Conant, Mr. F. and Miss Graham, Mrs. W. Wilson and many others.

On Thursday evening Mr. and Mrs. E. E. McDougall gave a most enjoyable euchre party for their married friends, Mrs. Sam. Gordon winning the first prize—a combined purse and card case. Mrs. McDougall received in a black silk skirt and very pretty yellow silk evening blouse. Among the guests were: Mr. and Mrs. K. D. Thomas, Dr. and Mrs. Thomas, Dr. and Mrs. Manning, Dr. and Mrs. Thacker, Dr. M. Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. Bickerton-Fisher, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Louissin, Mrs. F. Waymouth, Mr. and Mrs. H. Wood, Mr. and Mrs. G. Merton, Mrs. Matson (senr.), Mr. and Mrs. Miss Garrick, Mr. and Mrs. Kinsey, Mr. and Mrs. G. Bennett, Mrs. Cunningham, Miss Prosser, Mr. E. Webb, Mr. Walcot Wood, Mr. Joynt (senr.), Mr. F. Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. Graham, Mr. and Mrs. de Vries and Mr. S. Gordon. A delicious supper, followed by oyster patties, savouries, sandwiches, jellies, creams, trifles, etc.

On Friday night Mr. and Mrs. McDougall entertained their young married and a few of their unmarried friends at a euchre party, amongst whom were: Mr. and Mrs. W. Webb, Mr. and Mrs. Walcot Wood, Mr. and Mrs. D. Matson, Mr. and Mrs. W. Watson, Mr. and Mrs. P. Laurie, Mr. and Mrs. N. Macbeth, Mr. and Mrs. Tonks, Mr. and Mrs. V. Hargreaves, Mr. and Mrs. K. Garrick, Mr. and Mrs. J. Donald, Misses Donald, Bullock (2), Thomas, Garrick, Taylor, Newton (2), Prosser, Graham, J. Turner, Gibson, Cunningham, Messrs. Ziele, Frankish (2), Graham, W. Day, E. Webb, P. Wood, Douglas Cook, Reid, Hume and Gordon Cunningham. A most enjoyable evening was spent, finishing with a dainty supper and a few dances.

On Friday evening, at the Choral Hall, which was well filled with an audience piqued by curiosity, we were greatly entertained by Mrs. Hannah Williams with her Shakespearean recital of "As You Like It." Mrs. Williams wore a handsome white brocade gown, the bodice relieved with knot of crimson velvet, and Miss Freeman, of Girton College, presented her with a lovely bouquet. It is marvellous the way both Mr. and Mrs. Williams manage these recitals to make them interesting, quite unaided, and we would like to hear more. Among those assisting were Mr. and Mrs. Ferguson, Dr. and Mrs. Jennings, Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Stead, Mr. W. and Miss Stead, Professor, Mr. and Miss Cook, Mrs. and Misses Gibson, Mr. and Mrs. Miss Wyn-Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Hurst-Songer, Mrs. and Miss Julius, Mr. and Misses Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. Victor Harris, Mrs. Marks, Mr. and Mrs. O'Rorke, Mr. Gibbs, Mr. and Mrs. Meredith-Kaye, Mr. and Mrs. Graham, etc.

A very pleasant afternoon tea was given one day last week by Mrs. E. M. Turrell, "Bryndwr," who received her guests in a pretty pale grey dress, with white lace sash. Among those present were Mrs. Turrell, Mesdames Wigley, J. C. Palmer, Stead, W. B. Cowlishaw, Wardrop, H. Cotterill, Mathias, O'Rorke, Ogilvie, Beswick, Wilding, Rolleston, the Misses Helmore, Wyna-Williams, Harper, Nedwill, Tabart, Bartleman (Dunedin), Murray-Aynsley, Reeves, Buckley, Palmer, Harley, Cotterill, Ronalds, Thomas, and a few others.

Mrs. Beswick also gave a very pleasant afternoon tea for her girl friends at her pretty home, Fendalton, one day last week, when each one of the guests had to do something for the amusement of the others, and in many instances this was instructive at the same time, as all girls who are fond of needlework can pick up lace stitches and ideas generally, whether in wood carving, painting, or any other fancy work more than in music or singing, though that is one of the pleasantest of pastimes.

Mrs. Sam. Gordon entertained a number of her young friends at an afternoon tea last week in a most novel way. Each guest was requested to bring a photo of herself, taken when a child; these were put face downwards on a table and shuffled about, then reversed, and the one that guessed the most correctly then won the prize, a very pretty photo frame; and it fell to Miss Meares. It sounds

easy, but in reality is difficult in most cases.

Another unique proceeding was a gentlemen's dinner at the Ladies' Club, Worcester-street, on Thursday evening. It was given by Mr T. N. Horsley to introduce his brother (Mr George Horsley), who has just come down from the North of Auckland to join him in business in Christchurch. The health of Mr George Horsley was proposed by Mr W. H. Bishop, S.M., who had known him for many years during his residence in the Auckland district. Mr John Scott proposed the health of Mr T. N. Horsley, and Mr G. T. Booth that of Mr Horsley, senr., while "Success to the Firm" was given by Mr R. C. Bishop. Musical items were given by Mr G. Horsley, Messrs J. G. L. Scott, McDougall, J. A. Frostick, and a recitation by Mr Murphy, and the pleasant gathering of about two dozen gentlemen came to a close about 11 p.m. The tables were very prettily arranged, one long one running down the centre of the room, and one across; the centres were of yellow and white satin, with tall slender vases of variegated leaves and palm leaves, making a very pretty effect. The courses were all hot and very daintily served under the management of Mrs T. Gordon and her able assistants. Another and larger dinner is to be given next week, also the catering for the Geisha Dance, so we are beginning to be proud of our Club.

DOLLY VALE.

NEW PLYMOUTH.

Dear Bee,— July 20.

THE SECOND ASSEMBLY

was held as usual in the Theatre Royal last Wednesday week, and was much enjoyed. Generally the second and third dances are not so well patronised as the first and last, but in this case, so far, it was quite the contrary, and I hope it will be with the next dance. Excellent music was played by Garry's orchestra, and the supper partaken of was appetising. Mrs. Kirkby was wearing a handsome black satin, demi-traine; Miss B. Webster, blue; Miss E. Cornwall, figured silk; Miss Biggs (Hamilton), pretty pink silk; Miss J. McKellar, pink and white; Miss Sutton (Dunedin), white; Miss Fookes, cream and black; Miss C. Bayly, white satin and scarlet flowers; Miss Holdsworth, black satin, en traine, scarlet flowers on corsage; Miss G. Holdsworth, black silk, trimmed with blue and pink flowers; Miss Campbell (Lepperton), peacock blue velvet trimmed with cream lace; Mrs. R. C. Hughes, Mrs. Pollen, dove-coloured silk, with pink trimmings; Miss Lusk (Auckland), black and yellow; Miss Robinson, pink satin and black velvet bands; Miss Lewis, white over blue; Mrs. H. Bramley, scarlet silk; Miss Lawson, pink and black; Miss O. Stanford looked handsome in pale green silk, en traine; Mrs. Messenger, dark green velvet, trimmed with a brighter shade of silk; Miss Sadler, pale green satin; Miss M. Sudler, black and pink; Mrs. Taunton, black silk and sequin trimmings; Mrs. C. T. Mills, handsome pink satin; Mrs. E. Hoby, yellow silk;

Miss Jacob, black net over yellow satin; Miss C. Jacob, blue silk with silver sequin trimmings; Miss E. Standish (debutante) very pretty soft white silk trimmed with frills of lace, and carried white floral bouquet; Miss Knight, black and pink; Miss Wilson, heliotrope silk; Miss Hursthouse looked well in white, trimmed with bands of black; Miss M. Humphries, blue net over pink; Mrs. P. Webster, yellow spangled gauze over yellow silk; Mrs. Walter Bayly, black satin trimmed with cream lace and pink flowers; Miss Fraser, yellow silk and cream satin ribbon trimmings; Miss J. Fraser (debutante), handsome flowered silk, en traine, with sequin trimmings, and carried shower bouquet; Miss E. Hamerton, pink chiffon blouse, pink silk skirt; Miss Paul looked very pretty in a pale green figured silk, with streamers of chiffon falling from shoulder, edged with tiny frills; Mrs. Penn, blue and gold silk; Miss Kirkby, white silk; Miss B. Kirkby, white lustre and chiffon; Mrs. J. Wilson, cream; Miss Walker, black and scarlet; Mrs. H. Fookes, dark blue and cream; Miss Tuke, blue silk and cream lace trimmings; Miss Bedford, eau de nil silk, trimmed with chiffon and bebe ribbon; Miss E. Bayly, tartan, over white silk; Miss D. Wood, cream; Miss Ross (Christchurch), cream; Miss Thomson, pretty yellow silk; Miss Berry, white silk; Miss Brown, cream; Miss Perry looked dainty in cream; Miss Deacon, pretty yellow silk trimmed with cream chiffon; Mrs. H. Bailey, black net over blue silk; Mrs. Home, handsome blue brocade silk; Mrs. Wright, cream; Mrs. J. C. George, green satin; Misses Fookes, cream and blue silks respectively; Miss H. Drake, blue silk; Miss B. Bayly, blue and black, etc. Among the gentlemen were: Messrs. Thomson, Spencer, Clarke, Haise (2), Webster (2), Spence, Robertson, McIntyre, Kirkby, L. Webster, Humphries, Penn, Wynn-Williams, Brum, Robison, Hoby, Hughes, Hutchison, Miller, McKellar, Stanford, Standish (3), Robinson (2), Drake, H. Bayley, Drs. Walker and Home, Wright, Pollen, Bailey, J. C. George, Fookes (2), Holdsworth, Beckett, Lewis, Mackay, Tuke, Wood, Wilson, Mills, Messenger, Knight, Rowe, E. Clarke, McTaggart, Hursthouse, Bramley, Cornwall, Jacob, etc.

Last Wednesday evening Mr. and Mrs. Bedford gave a very PLEASANT EUCHRE PARTY AND DANCE

in the Masonic Hall, Robe-street. Ten tables were played, Mr. S. Rennell and Miss B. Rennell winning first prizes, and Mr. E. Gilmour and Miss J. Fraser "boobies." After supper dancing was kept up for an hour or two. Mrs. Bedford, assisted by Miss Bedford and Miss C. Jacob, received her guests in a black figured costume, trimmed with pink brocade silk; Miss Bedford, blue and yellow chiffon blouse, white muslin skirt; Miss C. Jacob, blue figured silk blouse, white silk skirt; Miss Holdsworth, pink silk, cream fichu; Miss G. Holdsworth, pink silk bodice, satin skirt, demi-traine; Miss B. Webster, blue silk blouse, dark skirt; Miss J. McKellar, cream silk; Miss O. Stanford, yellow silk and black velvet blouse, black skirt; Mrs. Percy Webster,

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white silk; Miss E. Standish, dark skirt, blue silk blouse; Miss D. Glynes, pale green; Miss E. Bayley, cream; Miss Sutton (Dunedin), pale blue; Miss Paul, cream silk; Miss B. Bennell, pink silk blouse, dark skirt; Miss R. Kirkby, green and chiffon trimmings; Miss Fraser, red silk and chiffon; Miss J. Fraser, white muslin and blue ribbons; Miss Jacob, yellow silk blouse, cream lace fichu, black velvet blouse; Miss B. Thomson, blue, with cream silk sash; Miss M. Webster, pink silk blouse, dark skirt; Messrs. Bedford (2), Spence, McIntyre, Paul, Miller, Tabor, Kirkby, Glynes, Webster (3), Hayley, Halse, Stocker, Holdsworth, Rennell, Kebbell, Gilmore, Woodhouse.

#### NANCY LEE.

#### BLLENHEIM.

Dear Bee,— July 16.  
Last Monday evening Mr. and Mrs. J. Mowat gave a progressive euchre party for Mrs. Richmond, of "Richmond Brook," who was spending a few days in town. It was exceedingly pleasant; indeed nothing arranged by such a vivacious and attentive hostess could be otherwise, especially as Mr. Mowat and his two young sons, Roy and Lex, so ably assisted her. The score cards were arranged in pairs, for lady and gentleman, and each pair had original designs drawn by Mr. Mowat and Roy, on them, by which the players recognised their partners, all of an amusing nature. Mrs. Mowat wore a handsome black brocaded skirt, pale pink silk blouse, trimmed with lovely lace; Mrs. Richmond, black satin skirt, and blouse of flame-coloured lustrous silk. Others present were: Mr. and Mrs. J. Conolly, Mr. and Mrs. Rogers, Mr. and Mrs. Howard, Mr. and Mrs. A. Mowat, Mr. and Mrs. A. Farmer, Mr. and Mrs. R. McCallum, Mrs. P. Doullin, Mrs. Gard, Mrs. Casey, Mrs. W. Baillie, Miss E. Carey, Miss Rees, Mr. Griffiths, Mr. F. Greenfield, Mr. H. Mowat, Mr. and Mrs. Hindmarsh, Mr. Richmond, Mr. Stubbs, Mr. and Mrs. Orr, etc., etc. Mrs. Richmond won the first prize—a Russian leather card case and purse combined; Mrs. Orr, the second prize—a leather card case; and Mrs. Hindmarsh the booby prize. The first prize for gentlemen was won by Mr. H. Mowat—a silver-mounted Russia leather card case. As soon as the games were finished delicious refreshments were handed round, and a pleasant evening came to a close all too soon.

On Wednesday evening the third Catholic social took place in Ewart's Hall, and was an immense success, all the arrangements being perfect. Mr. J. Barry, the secretary, and Mr. T. O'Leary, took an active part in the direction of affairs, and to them and to the ladies on the supper committee, who had provided a bountiful and most dainty supper, the success of the undertaking must be ascribed. Only a few of that large throng could I recognise, but among them were: Fathers Verrejan and Fahy, Mr. and Mrs. McCabe, Mr. and Mrs. H. V. Browne, Mr. and Mrs. Mogridge, Mr. and Mrs. Meehan, Mr. and Mrs. Byford, Mr. and Mrs. O'Leary, Mr. and Mrs. Morris, Mrs. Mason, Mrs. H. Bell, Mrs. Turnbull, Mrs. Carey, Mrs. Cranston (Auckland), the Misses Eckating (2), Morrison, M. Ewart, Mullen, Webb (2), Z. Redwood, Clare, Horton (2), O'Sullivan (2), Cotterell, Chandler, McCabe (2), Sullivan, Wooley, Timms, O'Dwyer, Trindivane, Bronsahan, and Messrs. Morrison (2), Leahy, F. Mullen, Edwards, Corry, Smellie, Onion, Allen, Chandler, W. Baillie, Herd and many others.

Thursday was a lovely day, and the road to "Auld Hoose," where Mrs. Richardson gave an afternoon tea for her guest, Mrs. Gillon, was in good order. As soon as the guests arrived they were regaled on claret cup, oyster sandwiches and other delicacies. The later tea, and the most delicious cakes and sweetmeats were dispensed. The large drawing-room was decked with bunches of red gum, with its crimson rana-like blossoms and chrysanthemums, and a glorious fire of logs burned on the open hearth, which was particularly welcome to those who were chilled in driving out. Mrs. Richardson wore a handsome black satin skirt, and a lustrous silk blouse of a peculiar shade of blue, elaborately finished with cream lace and insertion. Mrs. Gillon was most graceful in black satin, and Miss Seymour looked extremely well in a eclair-brown dress, the bodice of broche satin of the same shade. Among the guests were: Mrs. Clouston, Mrs. Anderson, Mrs. Howard, Mrs. P. Doullin, Mrs. Carey, Mrs. Black, Miss Cruickshank, Miss Ferguson, etc.

On Thursday evening Mrs. J. Mowat gave a progressive euchre for her young guest, Miss E. Carey, and a most delightful evening was spent. The score cards were again gay with designs, drawn by Mr. Mowat, and his son Roy. Miss E. Carey and Mr. Nolan (Hawera) won the first prize—a Russian leather card-case, an silver pencil case; and Miss Serena Rogers, and Mr. Edward Stace, the booby prizes. Mrs. Mowat wore a black brocaded satin skirt, and pretty pale blue satin blouse, trimmed with pearl pastermenterie; Miss Carey, a pretty pink muslin trimmed with narrow black velvet, and white lace; Miss Cruickshank (Auckland), black satin skirt, and palest green silk blouse, and pretty white chiffon fichu; Miss Waddy, dark skirt, and pretty pale blue silk blouse; Miss Greenfield, black satin dress, the bodice trimmed with rose velvet; Miss Adams, black satin skirt, bodice of black chiffon over green satin, long transparent sleeves of tucked black chiffon; Mrs. J. Conolly, dark skirt, and pale blue silk blouse; Miss Gard, red silk blouse covered with black spangled gauze; Miss S. Gard, dark skirt, and pretty pink and green shot silk blouse; Miss Trolove, black velvet skirt, cream chiffon blouse, trimmed with pretty lace; Miss Rogers, black velvet dress; red sash, and red roses; Miss S. Rogers, dark skirt, and pretty white silk blouse; Miss N. Redwood, dark skirt, rose pink silk ribbon; Miss Rees, blouse of Pompadour silk trimmed with bands of green velvet; Miss A. Horton, dark skirt, red chiffon blouse; Miss J. Horton; Miss Mead, black skirt, cream blouse; Miss Carkeek, dark skirt, cream bodice trimmed with lace; Miss Grace Huddleston, and Messrs J. Harris, Fish, Nolan (Hawera), A. Budge (Stratford), Stubbs, Stow, Sim, Banks, A. Huddleston, C. MacShane, L. Griffiths, J. Conolly, H. Mowat, etc., etc. On Saturday evening a dense crowd assembled at the Railway Station to welcome back Sergeant Major Gillespie, and Corporal Hamilton, who since taking part in the South African war, suffered from enteric fever, and were invalided home. The Garrison Band, the Mounted Rifles, and Blenheim Rifles, all marched to the Railway Station to meet them, and all returning to Market Place, speeches of welcome were made by Major Rogers, and the Mayor, Mr. R. McArtney, which were briefly responded to by Sergeant Gillespie. Mrs. Gillespie went to Wellington to meet her son, and Mrs. Hamilton to Pictou to meet her son, and both mothers must have felt proud of their stalwart sons, who are both above six feet in height, with right martial figures and bearing. Lieutenant Canavan is expected in Wellington in a few days, and when he returns here, all three are to be entertained, I believe.

#### NELSON.

Dear Bee,— July 16.  
The annual POULTRY SHOW was held in the drill-shed the latter part of the week and proved a great attraction to many. There was a good display of birds, and the number of entries shows a substantial increase on last year's number. Exhibits were sent from Wellington and the West Coast, but of course the largest number were local ones. The poultry was judged by Mr. McIntosh, late of Sydney, and Mr. G. Tomkins, of Oamaru, acted in a similar capacity in the pigeon and canary classes. The homing pigeon race was flown on Wednesday from Petone (Wellington). There were fifteen entries, and all were liberated at noon. Mr. E. Brown's bird reached Nelson 1 hour and 58 minutes later, and was closely followed by the others.

The annual meeting of the parishioners of both Christ Church and All Saints' were held on Wednesday evening at the respective schoolrooms. The Christ Church parishioners devoted their evening only to business, but at the smaller parish, after all work had been faithfully attended to, a pleasant little social terminated the evening. Songs were sung by Miss Lucy Hunter-Brown, Miss Thompson, and Miss Stallard, and Miss P. Buchanan contrived a violin solo. Refreshments were also handed round.

#### STREET DRESSES.

Mrs. A. P. Burns, smart navy cloth costume, white silk vest, hat to match, relieved with green and red; Miss Robertson, navy cloth coat and

skirt, sailor hat; Miss Blackett, brown cloth coat and skirt, brown velvet hat to match with yellow flowers; Mrs. de Castro, fawn costume; Miss M. Tendall (Christchurch); black and white check costume, black sailor hat with feathers; Mrs. A. Glasgow, dark gown, long fawn sac jacket, black hat with feathers; Miss Leggett, green cycling costume; Mrs. Booth, black coat and skirt, smart toque; Miss Tomlinson, navy costume, hat trimmed with cerise; Miss Gribben, black coat and skirt; the Misses Harris, red velvet blouses, black skirts, sailor hats; Miss E. Edwards, green tailor-made costume, hat with forget-me-not blue; Miss Humphries, dark green.

#### PHYLLIS.

#### PICTON.

(DELAYED.)

Dear Bee,  
A very enjoyable WALKING PARTY was arranged for Saturday last for the purpose of visiting the site of the freezing works and see the improvements at Kaipupu. A good deal of our beautiful bush has perforce to be sacrificed to make room for civilisation, and Ballast Bay, where we often spent many pleasant hours, is bereft of all its natural beauties. In their place is a tramline running to the top of the neck, and presently a wharf will hide the pretty bit of beach. Already the engineer and manager's houses are commenced, and in a very short time now a busy and, we all hope, a prosperous business will be going on there. The walk extended to Shakespere Bay, as far as the new road went. The party consisted of the vicar and Mrs. Sedgwick, Mrs. and the Misses Allen (3), Misses Greensill (2), Howard, Grace (2), Holm (Wellington), Waddy (Blenheim).

#### A LARGE TANGI

was held at Waikawa all last week over the death of Annie Nianga-Maoris from all parts of the North Island arrived by various steamers and were feasted according to etiquette. The schoolroom held a very large congregation on Sunday, when Mr. Paraire (the Maori student from this place) read the English Church service, in Maori, of course.

On Friday the second

#### SOCIAL

in connection with Holy Trinity Church Sunday school was held under the management of Misses Harris and Greensill, and was a most successful function. Spelling and other games made fun during the intervals between the musical items. Miss Greensill played "The Brook" and Miss Edith Lloyd "The Auld Hoose" as pianoforte solos. The songs were: "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep," Mr. Paraire; "The Kerry Dances," Miss Holm; "Ben Bolt," Miss H. Dart; "Golden Years," Miss B. Greensill; "The Swallows," Miss M. Fell; "Thy Voice is Near," Mrs. Riddell; "The Old Songs," Miss Howard. Misses E. Greensill and Howard also sang a duet, "Oh, Wert Thou in the Cauld Blast." Among those present were Messdames Sedgwick, Allen, Lloyd, Williams, Shagrt, Busch, Riddell, Jackson, etc., Misses Mackenzie, Greensill (3), Fuller, Lloyd, Allen (3), Holm, Robertson, Fitch (2), Jewitt, Fell (2), Hallett, Dart (2), Cragg, Nash, Beauchamp, Philpotts (2), and Messrs. Robertshaw, Paraire, Fredricks, Hows, Lloyd and the vicar. Everybody enjoyed themselves.

#### A MAORI ENTERTAINMENT

was given on Monday, and as there happened to be several strangers in the place "who knew not Joseph," the verdict was that it not only was an unique but also a good show. The Maori girls were all dressed in blue skirts, white blouses and red sashes. They, as well as the men, were gaily decked in red, white and blue favours. The different war dances, poi dances and war cries were emblematical of the present crisis in South Africa. The stage manager in an affecting speech, in very good English, stated that though the Maoris were not allowed to fight for England and the Queen yet they were one with their British brothers in their desire to uphold the Empire, and if at any time their services were required they, one of the best fighting races in the world, were ready to do battle for England. Though the audience was small it was very enthusiastic and the references to the hero of Mafeking, General Buller, French, etc., and Major Robin evoked rouds of applause. The poi dances were especially admired.

JEAN.

#### HASTINGS.

Dear Bee.— July 20.

The Waipawa Rifles Ball, given in the beautiful large hall, Waipawa, on the 12th inst., was a great success. There were upwards of 180 guests, and the artistically decorated ballroom presented a lively scene. The appropriate decorations were tastefully arranged, the photographs of members of the contingent, the flags and the crossed swords, hung here and there on the walls, being much admired. Smart dresses, bright faces and the attractive uniforms worn by a number of the men added to the brilliancy of the scene. Mrs. Scrimgeour looked well in black satin and small sleeves of shaded buttercup velvet; Miss Veaty wore a white brocade, with pink sleeves; Miss Todd and her sister were handsomely attired in blue and gold satins, and Miss Nash looked well in cream brocade with scarlet poppies on the bodice; Miss M. Howard also looked well in a pretty costume of blue and white; Mrs. Todd was in black silk; Miss Rathbone, a debutante, had a dainty dress of soft white silk, with sprays of white flowers; Mrs. Baker wore black; Miss Baker, a deep ivory costume; Mrs. Reed had a handsome white dress; Miss Wilson also looked well in white; the Misses Baddeley were admired in cream. King's band was in attendance.

A pretty fancy dress ball for children was held on the following evening, when a number of "grown-ups" were also present. Some dainty fancy dresses were worn. Miss Gladys Rathbone, as "Forget-me-not," was in a flowered blue dress, with bunches of forget-me-not on it. Her sister also looked well as Pink Heather. Miss Pansy Furniss, as "Ivy," wore a well-fitting dress of bottle green, bearing sprays of ivy on the bodice. Miss Ida Todd, as a gypsy, was an exact representation of one of that wandering race, in a dress of red, white bodice, with black zouave. Miss Bella Fleming looked well as a "Highland Lassie."

DOROTHY.

#### Vitadatio,

THE GREAT HERBAL REMEDY.

HYDATIDS AGAIN CONQUERED.

TWELVE YEARS A SUFFERER.

ANOTHER WONDERFUL CURE.

READ WHAT THE PEOPLE SAY ABOUT VITADATIO.

67, Dorcas-st., South Melbourne, May 10, 1899.

Mr S. A. PALMER, Agent for Vitadatio.

Dear Sir,—I have much pleasure in giving my testimony of what Vitadatio has done for me. I was taken ill two years ago last November with jaundice. I was then living at Kensington, and the doctor who was attending me discovered that I was suffering from Hydatids. He brought me through that illness, but after twelve months I was again taken bad, suffering terrible agony at times, and a large lump formed in my stomach, which the doctor said was hydatids again, and that I would have to undergo an operation; but while arrangements were being made I heard of your wonderful medicine. After taking one bottle, which made me very ill, I threw up three (3) gall stones. I then continued the medicine and passed 14 more. While taking the medicine I also passed hydatids. I took nineteen bottles of Vitadatio, and now I believe I am thoroughly cured of both hydatids and gall stones, and feel better and stronger than I have done for years. Wishing you every success with your wonderful medicine, I am, yours very gratefully, MRS H. WEBSTER.

P.S.—You are at perfect liberty to make what use you like of this. My cure took place twelve months ago. Anybody wishing to see the gall stones can see them at 45 and 47, Bourke-street, Melbourne.

The Price of the Medicine is: Rep. quarts, 5/6; rep. pints, 3/6; Indiana oil of cream, 8/6.

Ask your grocer or chemist for it. S. A. PALMER, Sole Distributor for Australasia, India, Ceylon and Japan.

Head Office for New Zealand, 39 Manners-street, Wellington. W. WEBBER, Launceston, Tasmania, Sole Proprietor.

Correspondence Invited. Write for Testimonials.



# AS SEEN THROUGH WOMAN'S EYES.

## The Domestic Sphere.

Be a good housekeeper, and you will be happy, even if you do not have altogether a good time. You must be a good housekeeper in order to be a good wife and mother, and if you are not these you have missed the noblest end of woman.

This, in a nutshell, is popular dogma for the guidance of a woman's success in life. What is the truth in it?

Absolute truth admits of universal application. A universal sense of duty points to the existence of an absolute truth. It is a fact that all women have it on their conscience, to be good housekeepers. Yet all women have not the opportunity to be any sort of wife. In the resultant conflict of apparent duty with unavoidable circumstances there seems to be a flaw in the doctrine which urges upon every woman, above all things, application to household arts and sciences, to the end of fitting herself for the office of wife and mother. So there is a flaw in this—in supplying a reason why woman should work in the domestic sphere. The reason is not because thus she does her best equip herself for marriage. It is rather that thus she best equips herself for service of humanity. That is the missing link of the industrial greatness of woman—the interest of humanity in household labour.

Household labour builds the foundation of human progress. Incidentally it sustains the estate of wifehood and maternity; but these are also means to the same end, which domestic labour independently serves—perpetuation and perfection of humanity.

To progress, humanity must not only exist, it must endure. Most important in supplying the very nerve and sinew of civilisation are those industries which provide food, health, comfort, for humanity. Remotely, these ends are served by agriculture, the professions, trades, commerce—the sphere of industry in which the "new" woman has sought to build a greater empire for her sex—but directly it is from the fruits of household labour that the world gets its force.

There is no question concerning the natural division of labour which makes work done in the house for the home pre-eminently woman's work. That the importance of this work in the social economy is not recognised proceeds wholly from the error of regarding it as an incident of marriage. All women cannot be wives and mothers if they would, but the imperative call to women to labour in the domestic sphere remains so long as an unmothered child cries for bread and for capable hands to make it clean. Woman's work is home work—not for "my" husband and "my" child because of "my" love for them; but for humanity, because nature has destined woman for this service.

## Enjoy as You Go.

Some people mean to have a good time when their hard work is done—say, at fifty. Others plan to enjoy themselves when their children are grown up. Others mean to take their pleasure when they get to be rich, or when their business is built up on a sure foundation, or the farm is paid for, or the grind of some particular sorrow is overpast.

Such persons might as well give up the idea of ever having a good time. The season of delight, which is so long waded and hoped for too rarely comes. Disease, poverty, death, claim each his victims. The lives of those whom we love, or our own, go out, and what is left?

Take your comfort to-day, while there is yet time. Things may not be in the best shape for that visit to your only sister. It might be better if you could wait till you had a more stylish suit of clothes, or till the boy was at home from college to look after the place; but she is ready now. You are growing old; you had better go.

John drives around with the horse. "Jump in, mother," he says. "It is a lovely day. You need the fresh air." Don't say, "I can't go—I was intending to make some cakes," or "My dress isn't changed." Put on your warm coat, tie a veil around your head, and take your ride. If you don't take such things when you can get them, they

are apt to be why when you want them again.

Don't say, "I shall be glad when that child is grown up. What quantities of trouble he makes!" No; enjoy his sunning ways; revel in his affectionate hugs and kisses; they will not be so plentiful by and by. Enjoy his childhood. It will look sweet to you when it is gone forever.

Enjoy the littles of every day. The great favours of fortune come to but few, and those who have them tell us that the quiet, homely joys that are within the reach of us all are infinitely the best. Then let us treasure every sunbeam, and get all the light and warmth from it that the blessing holds.

## What to Do With our Girls.

Women are gradually winning their way into businesses and occupations hitherto monopolised almost exclusively by men, and amongst these must now be added that of a public accountant, which more than one woman is pursuing successfully in the metropolis at the present time.

To say that the work is suited to the average girl would be preposterous, as it requires exceptional faculties, which are given only to the few. The position of a public accountant is in reality that of a glorified book-keeper, and the work is both responsible and imperative in its demands upon the time of the accountant. Extreme accuracy, orderliness, and method are absolute essentials, and a mathematical mind of great clearness is also a desideratum. Any girl with a genuine talent for book-keeping and accounts, with neat handwriting, and the above requisites, should be very carefully trained as her talent may eventually be turned to account as an accountant, and, since there are so few women-workers in the field, there is a good opening for a really clever woman. The first step in the direction is a good, sound, high school education, in which special attention has been given to those subjects which are more directly connected with the girl's future career. Any girl who is unmethodical, inaccurate, or careless, may as well give up all idea of this branch of work at the outset, for the accountant, like the poet, may be said to be born, and not made. The mind must be naturally well-balanced, and the head clear and calm, to begin with, as these qualities cannot be instilled artificially.

When the girl leaves school she should be apprenticed to a public accountant—preferably a woman—and serve her articles for some years—say, five—working hard all the time, and devoting her time and energies entirely to the duties required. The more varied the practice of the accountant, the better, of course, the opportunities of learning the work, and every opportunity should be seized of mastering all details. Sometimes the student remains on with her firm as a clerk, thus gaining still more valuable knowledge, and she may, if successful, obtain an appointment as accountant to a company, before setting up for herself—a step that requires the most careful consideration. The fact of being considered competent by an established firm or company to undertake its business is in itself a recommendation which cannot be over-valued. The expense of the articles is naturally a stumbling block in the path of many would-be accountants, but no expense should or, indeed, must be spared to make the education complete throughout. It will be amply repaid afterwards.

## The Fashionable Game of "Bridge."

There is undoubtedly at the present moment a craze for games of every description. Musical evenings are considered extremely slow, except amongst those whose talents enable them to appreciate the highest form of musical art, or by those who are able to perform.

Progressive whist evenings are delightful when the guests are numerous, but for the thoroughly enjoyable "partie courue" there is no better game than "Bridge."

The game has taken such a strong

hold in India, that nursery of good card games that whist, which was at one time the game par excellence, is now but little played. In London every society woman has her favourite "Bridge" coterie, and the fascination of the game is such that the scientific player and the veriest tyro in the art become absorbed and interested in the game.

In beleaguered Mafeking Lady Sarah Wilson tells us that night after night the tedium of the siege was relieved by "Bridge" playing.

### WHAT IS REQUIRED.

All that is required to play this game are two packs of ordinary playing cards, a sheet of paper, and a pencil; and except for those with very long memories, a record of the score on which the scoring is effected. This latter we give at the end of our article intact, so that it may be cut out and kept for reference.

### HOW "BRIDGE" IS PLAYED.

Four persons should cut for partners, the two drawing the lowest cards taking their places at the card table opposite to each other, having on their right and left the other partners, drawers of the two highest cards. The person drawing the lowest card is dealer in the first game, the deal in subsequent games passing in rotation.

All the cards of one pack, after being shuffled and cut, are then dealt round singly, face downwards. The players then take up their own portion with their hands and arrange them according to the different suits.

The dealer then proclaims what shall be trumps after examining his cards.

### REASONS AFFECTING CHOICE OF TRUMPS.

It is a safe rule to make that suit trumps which is the longest and strongest held. Should it happen that the cards in the dealer's hand are not specially good in any one suit spades should be chosen, as by reference to the score at the end of this article it will be seen that spades count least, so that the penalty in the case of loss of tricks will be the minimum.

Should the dealer be desirous not to name trumps himself, he can delegate the choice to his partner. The fact of his delegation shows the partner that the dealer has no specially long or strong suit.

In some cases it may suit the dealer's hand or that of his partner that there shall be "no trumps," and he or his partner may declare the same.

It is only, however, advisable to have "no trumps" when either hand contains sufficiently high cards to ensure the taking of several tricks, coupled with the presence of aces in the hand, aces, when "no trumps" are declared, taking the place of honours.

### DOUBLE OR SINGLE SCORING.

When the dealer or his partner has declared trumps or whether there shall be no trumps, the player on the left of the dealer has the option of doubling all scores, or if he does not wish to double he may waive such privilege in favour of his partner.

If neither desire that the score shall be doubled the game proceeds by the

player on the left of the dealer leading a card, as in whist; and as soon as this card is on the table, but not till then, the partner of the dealer immediately exposes his cards by placing them face upwards on the table.

The dealer then plays "dummy" whist, his partner in that round having no say in the playing of his cards.

For the benefit of those who are unacquainted with "dummy" whist, it may be observed that each trick consists of four cards, the winner of the trick being the player of the highest card of the suit in that round, unless a trump card be played, which, of course, exceeds in value even the ace of an ordinary suit.

The winner of the trick gathers up the four cards and places them at his side and proceeds to lead for the next trick.

### SCORING.

Ace, king, queen, knave, and ten are counted as honours of the trump suit—that is to say, at the end of each round (when all the cards of one deal are played) the holders of honours count their score above a line. The scale for valuing honours will be seen below.

Tricks are only counted beyond the first six in each round. Thus, if seven tricks are made one only is counted, and its value (supposing spades were trumps), "2," is placed below a line.

Tricks alone count towards a "game," which consists of thirty points, rounds being played continuously until such score be reached by either set of partners.

As soon as thirty is reached by tricks alone, that is by scores below a line, the scoring of tricks in that game is finished, and the losers' score does not count towards the following games—that is, a line is drawn after each game is won.

The second or (if necessary) third games are played in the same manner, each thirty first reached completing each separate game.

The scoring of two games constitutes a "rubber," and the partners first winning this add 100 to their total score.

All scoring of "honours," or (when there are no trumps) of "aces," are

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New Zealand Agents—SHARLAND & CO., Auckland and Wellington.

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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** ALL CHEMISTS AND STOREKEEPERS. **COUGH MIXTURE.**

DR. PASCALL'S VEGETABLE PILLS, for Constipation and Headache—1/6 box.

Distributing Agents: MESSRS F. HAYMAN & CO., Merchants, Fort-st., Auckland.

placed above a line, and do not affect the scoring by tricks for the games. The ultimate result of all scoring when the rubber has been won embraces the figures above and below a line.

When all the scores have been added up the lesser number is deducted from the greater and the balance is the score of the winning pair.

**HINTS ON THE PLAY.**

The "game" is therefore the goal to aim for—that is, to reach the score of thirty, by tricks only, before the adversaries; and this point should always be remembered, while keeping in mind whatever score has been already reached.

Supposing A and B—partners—have already reached a score of 28 by tricks, they only need two to complete their "game," and should bear this in mind when, having the choice of trumps, relying on a certainty of making the necessary two points by tricks rather than risking a possible higher score. And this hint is useful when their adversaries are far behind them.

But supposing A and B are only 22, and therefore want eight points to complete the "game." Then, if they have a fair hand of hearts it is worth risking the higher win or loss—speculating a little, that is, with regard to their score—as if they made spades trumps the odd trick would only give them two points, making them 24 points only towards the desired 30.

Do not declare "no trumps" unless a really good all-round hand is held, with three aces at least, or a very long sequence suit, commencing with an ace, with a good chance of obtaining the lead.

The dealer's partner should always remember that his cards are to be shown on the table. This point should be considered when he is inclined to make "no trumps," supposing his partner desired him to choose what are to be trumps.

Speaking generally, the rules as to the play are the same as those governing "dummy" whist.

**SCORE FOR BRIDGE.**

If Trump	Spades	Clubs	Di'monds	Hearts
Tricks count	2	4	6	8
<b>Honours</b>				
3	4	8	12	16
4	10	16	24	32
5	14	21	30	40
4 in 1 hand	16	32	48	64
4 in 1 hand	16	32	48	64
5th in part	18	36	54	72
6th in part	20	40	60	80
7 in 1 hand	20	40	60	80
Slam (33 tricks)	40			
Petty slam (12 tricks)	20			
No trump in hand	3 honours			
When no trump odd tricks count	12 each			
And in place of honours—	32 each			
3 Aces	30			
4 Aces	40			
4 Aces in one hand	100			
4 Aces below the line	30			
Rubber	100			

—From "Home Chat."

**Trained Nurses by the Hour.**

The new departure of hiring trained nurses by the hour is becoming more and more popular in New York, where three or four years ago the experiment was first tried, and is being introduced into other cities throughout the country. The suggestion was first made by Miss Kimber, a young English woman, who graduated at the Belle Vue Training School in the eighties, and after a few years' practice of her profession in New York returned to her home in England. She pointed out to her associates that only the comparatively wealthy could afford to pay the weekly fees of twenty-five to thirty dollars (£5 to £6), and also that in the average city household the limited room allowed no accommodation for a nurse.

It happens too in many cases of illness that a trained nurse is not a necessity except at certain times of the day. Miss Kimber and a number of other graduate nurses then announced their willingness to pay hourly visits at the very moderate rate of 30 cents (about 2s) for the first hour and twenty-five cents for each additional hour or fraction of an hour. Now all the nurses' registries in New York keep lists of those who give

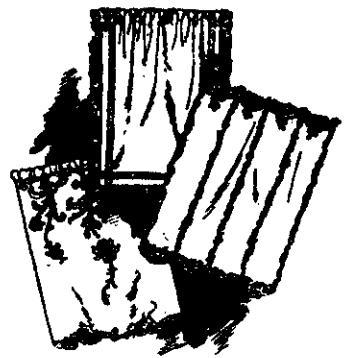
hourly as well as weekly services, and the demand for them is increasing steadily from the usual private sources and from physicians who need assistance in trifling operations or in emergency cases. The plan has been of great benefit to the nurses as well as to their patrons.

The profession is one of the most fatiguing in which a woman can engage, and long rests between difficult cases are absolutely necessary to her health. Thus a nurse's income which seems large is not really so, owing to these periods of enforced idleness. To be able to earn a little without working many hours in the day is of manifest advantage to the resting nurse. Again, many women who take the hospital training course have homes of their own, and prefer to spend most of their time in the domestic atmosphere.

To such the hourly engagements are especially congenial, keeping them in constant touch with their work and affording them a certain income.

**WORK COLUMN.**

In all probability, after all the clean paper is up, it will be found necessary to have new short blinds. So it is just as well to consider what is to be had that is novel in this direction. The kind of short blind, such as I have illustrated here, has for some time been the leading favourite in French houses, and it is just beginning to become popular here. It consists of muslin or silk made especially for the purpose, having lace insertions and either lace edging or scalloped borders. The curtains are meant to hang prettily from brass rings sliding on very thin brass rods. The simplest of these curtains would not be difficult to make at home, but the more elaborate ones it is better to buy ready-made.



THE LATEST FASHION IN SHORT BLINDS.

**Dales' GOLD MEDAL Dubbin**

make **BOOTS** and **HARNESSES** water-proof as a duck's back, and soft as velvet. Adds three times to the wear of leather. Pleasant odour. A fine polish with blacking. **22 Exhibitions Highest Awards for superiority.** Black or Brown colour. Sold by Boot Stores, Saddlers, Ironmongers, etc. **Manufactory—Dulwich, London (Eng.)**

**I Cure Fits.** You are not asked to spend any money to test whether my remedy does or does not cure Fits, Epilepsy, St. Vitus Dance, &c. All you are asked to do is to send for a **FREE** bottle of medicine and to try it. I am quite prepared to abide by the result.

**A Valuable and Safe Remedy.**

APPROVED BY THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.

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Is NOT FARINACEOUS and is ENTIRELY FREE from STARCH

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# 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.

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UNQUESTIONABLY THE BEST DRESSING FOR THE HAIR

ERADICATES SCURF AND DANDRIF

PREVENTS HAIR FALLING

PROMOTES GROWTH.

IS DELIGHTFULLY COOLING & REFRESHING.

CONTAINS NO DYE

The Celebrated Authoress, **MRS E. LYNN LINTON,** says:—  
"I have used your 'KOKO' ever since June last, and I have not only stopped the falling out, which had been excessive after a severe illness, but have an entirely new growth of hair, while the old hair is longer. As I am not a young woman, but an old one, I think this is a convincing test of your preparation."

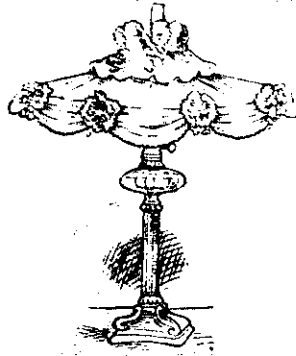
1/-, 2/6 & 4/6

OF ALL CHEMISTS, STORES, ETC.

**KOKO MARIQOPAS OOV., LTD., 15, BEVIS MARKS, LONDON, ENGLAND.**

What sad accidents often happen through carelessness with lamps! It should be a strict rule that all lamps are to be cleaned and filled in daylight, and never near a fire or artificial light. The petroleum for filling them must be kept in a tin vessel in a cool place. If the wick is too thick, or is at all damp, it will not soak up the oil properly. In the latter case it is best dried by ironing with a hot iron. The air passages of a lamp should be kept quite clean, and not allowed to become clogged. The oil of a lamp should never be allowed to burn dry, as this generates hot gas in the bowl of the lamp and may cause an explosion. Remember, too, that turning the lamp down low does not really save any oil, and only makes a bad smell. Never on any account permit a lamp with a glass or china reservoir for the oil to be used on any pretence whatever in your house. A cheap lamp has been the cause of many a death. Then, besides these precautions about the oil, there are many simple little "wrinkles" about the wick itself. This should fit the wick-tube, and be neither too tight nor too loose. The wick should not be longer than will reach well to the bottom of the oil container, and it is a good plan to change the wick occasionally (about once in two months), as by that time it may be clogged with small particles from the oil which has strained through it. Before lighting carefully remove all burnt parts of the wick, for the unpleasant smell sometimes noticed when lamps are first lighted as often arises from small particles of carbon or burnt wick as from spilled oil. When fires become a little less necessary and the days begin to lengthen, we suddenly discover how truly dirty our lamp shades have been through the winter, and wish at once to try our hands at renovating them. Since the invention of crinkled paper the making of lamp shades has fallen more into the hands of the amateur and the home worker. Time was

when one was thought to be inordinately clever if at all capable of compassing the intricacies of shade mak-

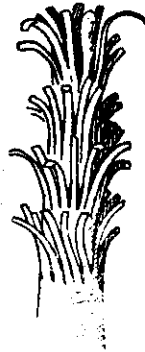


ELEGANT BUT SIMPLE LAMP SHADE.

ing. But crinkled paper has shown itself so easy to manipulate that it has encouraged even those who are not particularly clever with their fingers, after an unexpected success with paper, to try their hands with other materials. For a simple design to commence with, I think the one in my sketch would serve very admirably. It is prettiest when made of soft fairly good Liberty silk, but it can, of course, be carried out in the aforementioned paper. Considerable care must be exercised in getting the "skirts" of the lamp shade sufficiently full, so that when the festoons are made there may be no undue strain anywhere. The underneath part where the looping-up occurs is simply reversed and brought round in the shape of a rosette, and here little bunches of artificial flowers are introduced. A very

pretty effect may be obtained by using pale yellow silk with delicately coloured Parma violets, or two shades of soft leaf-green, with lilies of the valley. Pale pink would look well with rosehuds, and the not too becoming tint of blue would look best if further emphasised by bunches of forget-me-nots and their foliage.

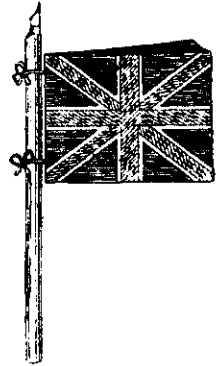
The following is a very savoury way of serving mutton cutlets: Take equal parts of ready-boiled Spanish onions and potatoes, and pass them through a sieve; then put them in a saucepan with a piece of butter and plenty of seasoning. Add a little milk and stir well. As soon as the mixture is hot



HOME-MADE CUTLET-FRILL.

serve it dished in a mound in the centre of the dish surrounded by a circle of plainly-broiled mutton cutlets, the bones of which have been scraped bare for a couple of inches from the end and then encased in a cutlet-frill. These little cutlet-frills

may either be bought by the dozen or they may be made at home. This is, of course, the cheaper plan. Take a narrow strip of white letter paper, about eight inches long, and cut one edge of it to the depth of half-an-inch into a fringe. Take the back of a knife or the scissors and cut this fringe as you would an ostrich feather; then wind it round to form a cone, fastening the end with a bit of mullage. These cones also look well for decorating broiled chops.

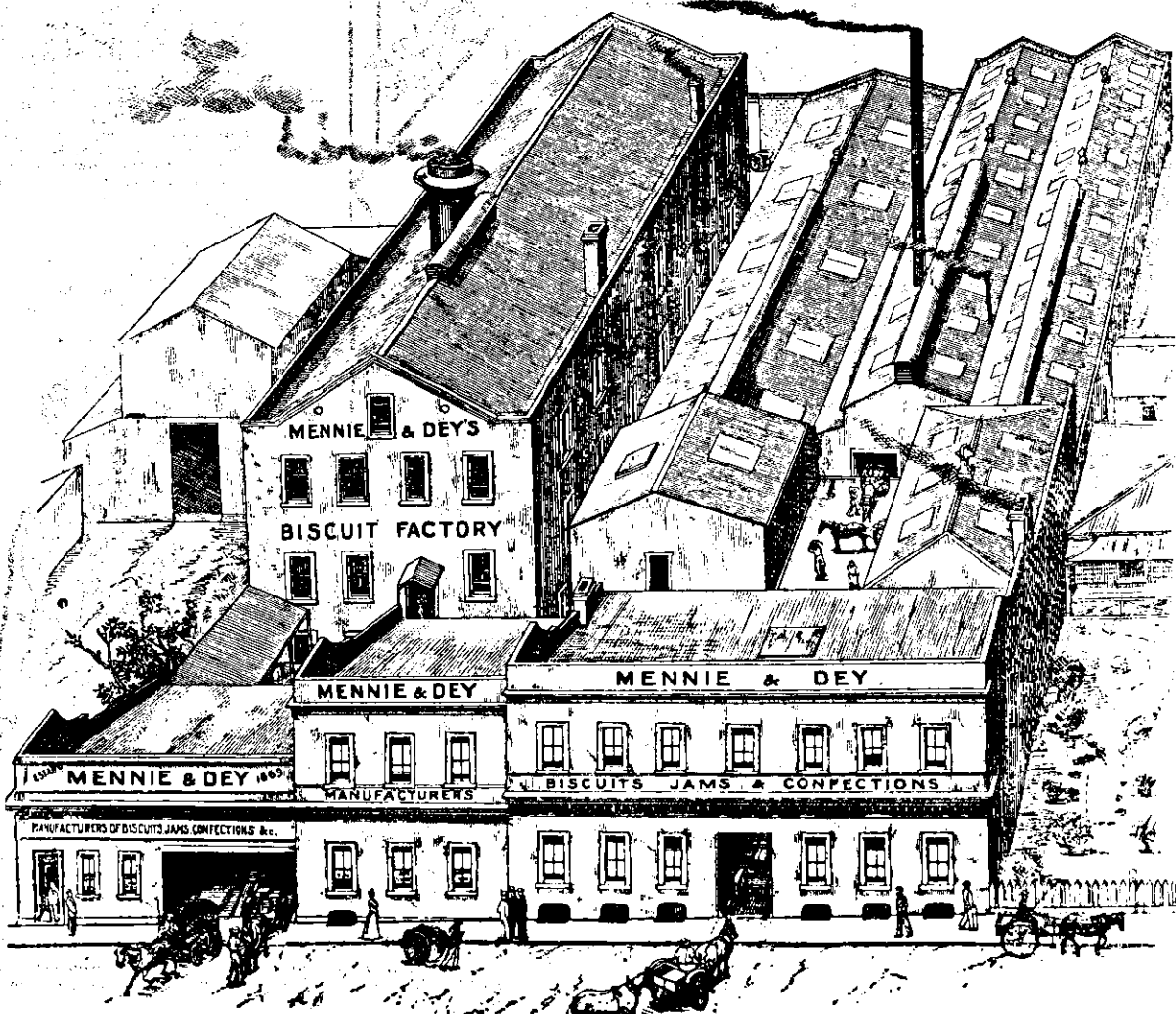


A FLAG PENWIPER.

By the bye, what pretty penwipers everyone is busy making, having the Union Jack on the outside and a pencil thrust through the embroidery to form the flag staff. These can be made in a variety of ways, but the best that I have seen were carried out in ordinary Berlin wool and coloured silks on canvas. This was then neatly mounted on four or five bits of black cloth somewhat smaller in size and snipped out round the edges, which served for wiping the pens on.

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 MARQUERITE ++++++

Once more the small Eton jacket exercises its fascination over us, and when the weather becomes a little more reliable, threatens to a large extent to exclude other shapes from fashionable wardrobes. The Eton jacket is a very popular garment, being useful and becoming, and can be worn with blouses and false fronts. There is a considerable variety, too, in the styles of the jacket. The difference, however, is principally in the fronts. Some have pointed fronts and rounded, while others are made to fasten at the throat like the officers' coats, and are finished in long points; others are made to fasten over double-breasted with revers, and still others have very much the effect in front of the blazer coats of course not so long, but still reaching below the waist line. These little jackets are really cooler than the fitted waists, and do not need to be lined. If any lining be used the very thinnest lawn or wash silk should be put in across the shoulders. The bolero jacket, which is simply an Eton with small rounded front, which does not meet at the throat, but sets close to the form, is also greatly in favour. This is a very comfortable form of jacket for summer wear, and we may note that, while essentially youthful, it is suitable for stout women whose outlines are still graceful when effectively gowned. It is because of its adaptability that this jacket continues in favour with Paris dressmakers and designers. Some of the new boleros for outdoor wear have jacket backs and rounded fronts, and others are rounded just above the waist line in the back, curving between the front darts to a rounded point an inch and a half below the waist line. Another favourite adaptation of the Eton for the coming spring consists of a sleeveless jacket, made with a succession of shoulder capes which fall like epaulets over the upper arm, made in any of the velvets or smooth cloths. A jacket of this kind is exceedingly effective when worn over a pretty shirt waist, with a coloured cloth skirt, especially in the almond and biscuit-coloured cloths. The jacket should be of the same material as the skirt.



DAINTY EVENING BLOUSES.

The companion plate is composed of white silk muslin, dotted over with the finest of turquoise beads. It is prettily draped to the left side, where it fastens with a frill, the upper part of which is caught with a pearl and turquoise brooch into a fan-like rosette. This nearly meets the short, full sleeve, entirely composed of frills, while the straps and sash are of pale blue watered silk. A more charmingly girlish and simple little blouse can hardly be imagined.

The blouse on the left of the picture is of net, embroidered with sequins, and finished at the top with a band of embroidery, edged with a beautiful fringe, composed of chenille, silk, and pearls matching the materials used in the embroidery. The transparent sleeves are of the sequined net, and the shoulder straps and waistband are of black velvet. In black net, with jewelled embroidery, this would make a very useful theatre or concert blouse.



THE TOUQUE BEAUTIFUL.

able toque partakes in its build of the style of the toreador hat, with a sweep backwards from the face.

© © ©



A LOVELY TOUQUE.

One of the prettiest introductions—or rather, we should say, revivals—this spring is the old fashioned blue, known in its remote days as "sky," and one of the daintiest toques we have interviewed for a long time is here sketched in this figure, and has sky blue velvet as its fascinating foundation. Our illustration will show that the velvet is loosely folded in twist to the now accepted turban form, then over the crown and dipping partly over aforesaid folds is a veiling of thin black lace with vandyked edge. On the left side, towards the front, a couple of loops—rope fashion—of the velvet form a background for a well imitated blackbird done in chenille, and the whole, we think our readers will admit, forms a fetching example of up-to-date head-gear.

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A NEW FASHIONABLE TOUQUE.



THE TRIPLE ETON.

There will not be a dissentient voice when the merits of the triple Eton sketched above are proclaimed in the arena of criticism, unless it should happen that the not very slim girl should pipe forth a feeble word of condemnation. For the graceful of figure could anything be prettier? Of course the layers of cloth are laid one on the edge of the other, so that really there is no appreciable bulk; and what I find so delightful about the finish of the little bodice are the buttons, rather large, round ones, either of gold or silver. Some girls possess old-fashioned engraved silver ball buttons—perchance bought in Norway, where the peasants wear them in all their brave gala array, or the filigree ones picked up in out-of-the-way Continental places; and, if so, now is precisely the time to bring them forth, for buttons are very much in request, and the quieter they are the more style they convey.

## NEW MILLINERY.

### THE KIND OF STRAWS TO CHOOSE NOW.

The crinoline straws are very pliable, and twist into billows and bows with great ease. Some of the more than usually elaborate ones are inserted with lace, and again, as in the sketched case, baby velvet ribbon is taken and let into the straw. The result is entirely lovely, especially in all white toques or combinations of white and turquoise blue, black and green, rose and pale violet.

One point in favour of the new spring hats is their lightness. Tulle in a fresh variety, which is more durable than the old kind, is used, and so are gauze, chiffon, and lace straw even as the foundations of chapeaux with flower trimmings. Often the brims are completely made of blossoms.

Black silk flowers on coloured tulle toques are extremely stylish, and then there are toques made entirely of col-

oured leaves with a bunch of roses or other flowers at one side.

Toques are the prevailing style of hat, perhaps, but there are hats with fluted brims, hats with bell crowns, and hats with almost no crowns at all. Round dots of straw on black net form a very effective toque, and straw applied to net, and lace applique on straw, are other pretty features of the newest millinery.

In their cupboards the milliners are storing some exquisite rustic shapes; one of them an adaptation of the Dolly Varden hat with its flapping brim and wealth of roses, which mothers will tell their young daughters was the hat of one of the summers when they were in their "teens."

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The new hats promise to be simpler, and to develop cleanly defined crowns. Toques are as popular as ever. Here is a pretty model composed of violets, and simply trimmed with a rosette of pale blue panne wired into loops and machine-stitched. The most fashion-



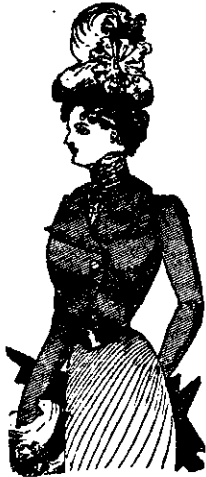
"SWEET SIMPLICITY."

A lace collar of some kind is almost a necessity at the present time. Those who can afford to do so will certainly buy laces that are made in Ireland, chiefly in the convents or by those ladies of straitened circumstances who are adepts at the wonderful art. For the majority of people, however, the

hand-made lace are too expensive, though here, I may mention the fact that Irish crochet is not a costly adornment, and is precisely the kind of trimming Paris is going wild over now under the name of guipure d'Irlande. It looks excessively well as a finish to handsome lapel edges, or as a centre motif upon a glace shirt, especially a black one, on which the delicate white of the work shows up most handsomely.

This shirt is so prettily folded and has such simple, yet effective, lace lapels fixed together over a soft front with a black bow that no further words are needed to extol it. It would develop faintly in a cream muslin with satin backs for the lace, which said satin and the lace would be made removable when the rest of the shirt went to the laundry.

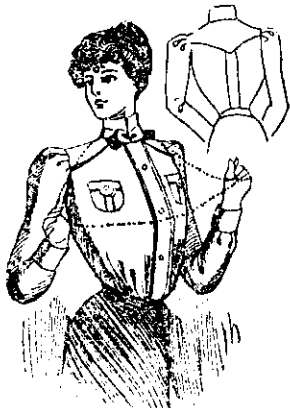
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BOLERO JACKET.

The pretty little coat illustrated is likely to be one of the most fashionable styles of the coming season, and is really a very becoming and—let me say at the same time—a very useful little wrap for spring, particularly for cycling wear.

These bolero jackets with sleeves are quite the newest fancies of La Mode, at the present moment more for indoor than out of door wear, made of the same or a material to contrast with the dress. Many of these little coats, however, are lined so well that they are quite cosy little garments, and warm enough to be worn out of doors.

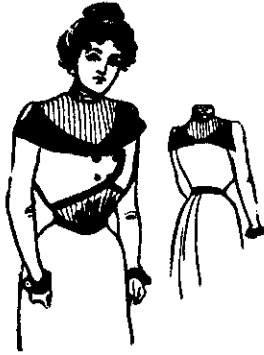


THE YEOMANRY BLOUSE.

At the present moment patriotism is shown by the style of garments worn, and the blouse I have illustrated this week is one of the newest style—being an imitation of the tunics worn by the "gentlemen in khaki." It is seen largely made in this material, but as it is a most unbecoming colour I think women would be well advised not to indulge in khaki, or if they do it should be toned down with black, though the patriotic-minded ones will add scarlet. Later on in the year I can fancy holland making a very good substitute for khaki, and trimmed with narrow black ribbon or braid, or black stitching, with a scarlet tie. If liked, the effect would be very good.

For wearing at the present time of the year there are many materials to choose from, as the style would be

very suitable for a cycling blouse, the pockets making very useful little additions. They are merely stitched on to the right and left fronts, and could be edged round with a contrasting colour if liked.



EUGENE BODICE.

Jacket bodices are at all times becoming and stylish. This jaunty design will be found desirable for any of the favourite woollen goods, combined with silk or velvet. The front is a double-breasted Eton, cut low, and rounded off to reveal a vest of tuckled or corded silk, while the back is made plain, with a short, slightly curved yoke effect. If the tuckled or corded effect is not desired, plain material, trimmed with narrow, flat trimming, is substituted.

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Amongst the many black and white combinations many plaids are shown of glace silk. In the modish model illustrated in this figure one of these plaids, it will be noticed, is introduced. The gown is of black cloth, the



BLACK CLOTH WITH SILK PLAID.

bodice made with white vandyked guipure, and worn over a pouched shirt of the plaid. The half-sleeves are the mode of the moment, and are here, it will be seen, of the plaid silk from beneath the black cloth ones to the elbow. A panel of the silk is let in on either side of the long full skirt.

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This simple and becoming little frock is one that I have been asked to illustrate. The pattern is cut for a child of from four to six years of age, but the style is fit for almost any age. Serge would, of course, be the material for making up this useful little costume, as it possesses all the advantages necessary for materials for children's wear. About 2½ yards of 42-inch material will be necessary. The upper collar, which would be cut the same shape as the material sailor collar, only a little smaller, is made of drill, either white or blue, and edged with rows of narrow braid; two would be necessary for laundry purposes.

The skirt is intended to be sewn to a lining bodice, so as to keep all neat round the waist. It would be made exactly like a petticoat bodice, hemmed at neck and waist, to which the skirt is attached. The blouse would be separate, and merely hemmed at the lower edge, through which an elastic would be run to draw it in to size of

waist.

The centre front of skirt and centre and back of blouse must be placed to a fold, to avoid a seam.

A fairly wide hem should be allowed at the bottom for lengthening purposes, while gown turnings should be left at each seam, and also at lower edge of blouse and sleeves.

The material sailor collar will be required to be made double, the edges turned in, and then middle-stitched close to the edge.



CHILD'S SAILOR FROCK.

The skirt will be best lined, unless made of very thick serge, but the blouse will not need lining, and, as there are so few seams, it is a particularly easy garment to make.

The seams of the skirt will require opening and pressing, as well as those of the lining, if made separately, while all other seams and edges should be well pressed.



CHILD'S SLEEPING SUIT.

There has unfortunately been so much illness among children this year when, as we all know, the difficulty in keeping the small forms well covered makes such a garment as that illustrated a very useful and welcome one, for which I have, moreover, had several requests.

The pattern is very simple indeed to make up, and is suited for a child from three years of age up wards. Of course, such a garment must be made loosely fitting to allow

for possible shrinkage and for the growth of the child, and it will be quite easy to make it larger or smaller, as required.

Such a sleeping suit would be made in flannel, velvet, or flannellette, and from two to three yards are necessary according to the age of the child.

The garment fastens at the back, which is cut all in one, while the front has a yoke, for the sake of the extra warmth over the chest, which, of course, would be cut in double material. The back can have a yoke piece stitched on, if extra warmth be required, this piece being cut to the same shape as the upper part of the back, while the opening would have a false hem about one inch wide for the buttons and buttonholes, by which the garment is fastened. If made for a little girl the turn-down collar can be trimmed with a narrow edging of lace or embroidery, as well as the edges of the sleeves; but if for a boy they need only be ornamented with stitching.

The sleeves and ankle portions are merely hemmed, and a casing is run on about an inch from this, through which a drawstring is run and tied round wrists and ankles, thus forming a little frill at both portions.



A DAINTY APRON FOR A YOUNG HOUSEWIFE.

I am glad to note that smart aprons are again coming into vogue for women who busy themselves about their house or their children, or devote themselves to needlework. There is no doubt that the plain skirt has helped towards their popularity, for an apron always looks ridiculous when placed over much fussiness below.

The one in my sketch is particularly pretty, being made of pale blue silk spotted with white, and it has a broad band of pale blue satin ribbon to match at the bottom. The bands on the bib, one passing over each shoulder, are finished off with rosettes on either side, and another rosette bow conceals the fastening at the waist. There is a natty little pocket just big enough to hold keys or a case of scissors. A wide lace edging completes this pretty apron, which would be not only useful in itself, but would smarten up an old gown wonderfully, and give a delightfully housewifely air if donned about tea time.

Little children full of health Do love to laugh and play.

And many a man would give his wealth To be as bright as they. Though illness may attend us all, As we become mature, Yet coughs and colds will surely fall 'Fore Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.

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Appointment

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AUCKLAND.



# CHILDREN'S PAGE

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 should like to become a cousin if you would not mind me. I would like you to send me a badge. It is very quiet where I live, and there are not many children of my own size, so I therefore have to play with my own sisters and brothers, but, all the same, I have very fine fun. We are going back to school next Tuesday, and I am very glad, because I like school. I would like you to put this letter in the "Graphic" next week if you can manage it. I have been promised a shilling, and I think if I had a card I would collect a lot more. I must now close my short letter. I will write you a longer one next week.—Signed, yours respectfully, Cissie.

[Dear Cousin Cissie,—I have written you a private note welcoming you as a cousin and sending you a card and badge. How many sisters and brothers have you to play with, and are they older or younger than you? Tell me next time you write.—Cousin Kate.]

could not get it done. Your father visited this office when he was in town and saw your photo on the editor's table. He was very much surprised. If he has returned home he will explain how the photos are made into pictures for the paper. Our editor took him round the office, so he will be able to give you an account of what sort of place Cousin Kate works in.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I should like to have gone in for that Painting Competition last April, but I was not able. I am sending you a sentence on "Roberts."—I remain your loving cousin, Charley Hobbs.

[Dear Cousin Charlie,—I daresay we shall have another Painting Competition before long. You say you have sent me a sentence made from the word "Roberts," but it was not in the envelope. Send me another instead.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I am almost ashamed to send you back your card I have kept it so long, but I have been ill, and then I have been away for three weeks, staying at the Lower Hutt. I nearly always go there for my holidays with a great friend. We are very fond of going for picnics, and if we have arranged the night before to go on one of our little expeditions, even if it is raining, it does not matter; we set off with baskets and macintoshes and come home soaked. Sometimes there is a flood at the Hutt when I am there; the river rises and rises till at last it is over the bank; in a few hours the valley is flooded

"Graphic."—I remain, your loving reader, Aileen.

[Dear Cousin Aileen,—I received the postal order for five shillings quite safely, and must warmly thank you for collecting. It must be very exciting at the Hutt in flood time I should imagine, and also very sad to think of all the poor folk whose places have been damaged or, perhaps, ruined with the water. Please write again soon.—Yours affectionately, Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—Such a muggy, damp day! and the people are all stamping their feet and rubbing their hands to try and keep off the bitter cold that seems to cling to everything. Now for a little news! The annual ball of the Wellington Garrison officers, which was held in the Sydney-street Hall last night, was a brilliant success in every way. Favoured with clear, frosty weather, which made dancing a great pleasure, the numerous guests displayed much verve in obtaining the greatest amount of pleasure out of the well arranged programme of eighteen dances. The ballroom was greatly overcrowded, but the assemblage was bright with the uniforms of the officers and those from the flagship Royal Arthur, which contrasted splendidly with the quiet evening dress of the civilian and the bright, tasty toilettes of the ladies. The hall was tastefully decorated with star-like arrangements of brightly polished bayonets, the battalion's colours, and a great quantity of bunting and greenery. Rear-Admiral Pearson was unable to attend, owing to a recent family bereavement. Just before the official set of Lancers a flashlight photograph of the assembled guests was taken. I must not say any more about the Garrison Officers' Ball or else I will fill up my pages. At the Opera House for the last two nights "Lazerte, the Great" has been giving large audiences a proof of his quickness of hand. The magician's card tricks are, for the most part, new, and are performed in a clean and business-like manner, at once entertaining and puzzling the audience. His cleverness for producing half-crowns from space should long ere this have made the fortune of a modest man. "Lazerte" was rewarded with unstinted applause from the audience throughout the evening. Dear Cousin Kate, I am looking forward to the photo of Cousin Beryl in the "Graphic," as there has only been two in so far.—With love, I remain, Cousin Winnie, Wellington.

[Dear Cousin Winnie,—Many thanks for your long and interesting letter, which will, I am sure, be read with pleasure by all the cousins. I am very fond of conjuring tricks and shall hope to see Lazerte if he comes to Auckland. I hope Cousin Beryl will send the photo soon, but do not wish to worry her for it. I wish all the cousins would send their photos.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I have not written to you before, but think I should like to. I saw in the "Graphic" a letter from a little girl saying that she sent you a map, and it made me wonder whether you would allow me to become a cousin, for I should like to very much. If I may send a map will you tell me of what continent it should be.—Hoping to hear from you some day, I am, yours truly, Freda Sim.

[Dear Cousin Freda,—I expect you will be very much surprised to hear that when I read your letter I got most dreadfully homesick. It was all because of your name. I have two favourite sisters in England, and one of them is named Elfreda, and like you, I expect, we always called her Freda for short. Your name took me back across all those thousands of miles of water, and over many many years, and I saw, oh, such a mischievous little girl. I wonder if you are like her? There was not a trick she was not up to, and she was, I fear, a most dreadful tomboy. I expect you are a much more sedate little girl. Tell me next time you write.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—In looking in the "Graphic" this week I thought I would like to become a cousin if you will be kind enough to let me. My name is Vera Gladys Caro. I go to the Parnell public school. Our examination takes place in a week's

### 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.

All purely correspondence letters with envelope enclosed in are carried through the Post Office as follows:—Not exceeding 1oz. 1d.; not exceeding 2oz. 4d.; for every additional 2oz. or fractional part thereof, 4d. It is well for correspondence to be marked "Press Manuscript only."

Please note, dear cousins, that all letters addressed to Cousin Kate must now bear the words "Press Manuscript only." If so marked, and the flap turned in, and not overweight, they will come for a 4d stamp in Auckland, but a 1d from every other place.

### THE 'GRAPHIC' COUSINS' COT FUND.

This fund is for the purpose of maintaining a poor, sick child in the Auckland Hospital, and is contributed to by the "Graphic" cousins—readers of the children's page. The cot has been already bought by their kind collection of money, and now £25 a year is needed to pay for the nursing, food and medical attendance of the child in it. Any contributions will be gladly received by Cousin Kate, care of the Lady Editor, "New Zealand Graphic," Shortland street, or collecting cards will be sent on application.

### 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 Empson's took the prize. Now, all try again for this one. I shall keep it open till August 1st.

### Prize for Best Composition 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



COUSIN WALTER, WHIRINAKI.

Dear Cousin Kate,—I am just going to write you a short note. I am very sorry I omitted my address from my letter, but I will send it now. I have two brothers, of which I am the youngest. My father has gone to Auckland, and I do not think he will be back for a month at least. I am trying to buy a little horse. I must finish my letter now.—I remain, yours truly, Cousin Walter, Whirinaki.

[Dear Cousin Walter,—I have been a long time answering your letter, but I wanted to put the photo in the same week, and the man who makes the reproductions was so busy he

with, oh, such dirty, muddy water, so different to the clear sparkling of the river in its usual state. Then logs float past, and sometimes cattle and small houses. Men go out in boats to rescue the people living in the valley, and then, when the flood goes down, the place is inches thick in mud. The people that have been flooded out turn to, take up the carpets, which, of course, are wet, and try to put their houses straight again. How they must envy the people living on the hill. The flood does not affect them much. Now, dear Cousin Kate, I must stop, hoping you will be able to put this in the

time. I am in the fourth standard, and hope to be in the fifth. I will be very glad if you will send me a badge and a card, and I will try to collect a little money for the cot fund.—I remain Vera.

[Dear Cousin Vera.—Your letter got lost in some manner, and was only found to-day. I have sent you a badge and card and am most delighted to have you as a cousin. Your examination must be over a long while now. I hope you were successful in passing.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate.—As I have not received either a badge or collecting card for the children's cot fund, I am afraid that you did not get my letter with my address. I should like to have a card as soon as possible, because some friends who I intend to ask for a contribution are going to leave soon, and I do not like to ask them until I have my card. We all went to the Poultry Show last Wednesday afternoon. It was the first time I had been to one. We saw some beautiful birds, I had no idea that there were such large hens and ducks. Some of the ducks were as large as geese, and hens as big as turkeys, and the big prize turkey that weighed 35lbs.—Murion.

[Dear Cousin Marion.—I could not send you your card before as I never got the address. Your letter too arrived just too late for the week's "Graphic," so I fear you may have been a little disappointed. However I hope it is all right now. I was at the Auckland Poultry Show, but believe some of the birds at Whangarei were even better than those shown here. What a terrible noise the roosters make, do they not, all crowing against one another? I hope the card will be in time.—Cousin Kate.]

**Teddy's Housekeeping.**

ABOUT A LITTLE BOY WHO FORGOT TO ORDER SUNDAY'S DINNER.

"I call it very hard that I should have been the only one to have whooping-cough. Now, if Gladys or Jim had just had it a little as well I should have had someone to play with. But it is so dull all alone!"

And Teddy drummed on the window-sill of the little old nursery, and sighed as though he had the cares of the nation on his shoulders.

It was very sunny and warm in the garden outside, and the birds were singing their very loudest to please him; but he was tired of seeing James roll the grass and of helping to pick the cherries, and he made up his mind to be very miserable instead, and stay indoors.

"And to think I shall have a whole six weeks' of it. It's just fearful!"

And then the noise of hoofs on the gravel below made him look out lustily. It was Uncle Charlie on his brown horse, and he was waving his hat over his head.

"What do you think, old fellow? You are to come and visit me at my fishing cottage on the river. But you must work hard if you come, for we will have to do all the cooking ourselves."

"How just jolly! Of course I will come! Thank you so much. And I will do the housekeeping and the cooking."

"Very well. Bring a cap and apron and your cookery-book, and we will give dinners fit for a prince. I will fetch you this evening at five, and you must be ready packed up by then all right."

And before the horse had trotted out of the garden Teddy was deep in looking out his fishrod and lines from the cupboard where they were all a-tangle with broken toys and all kinds of rubbish.

And it was not till he was in the dogcart, driving through the lanes in the evening sunshine, that he remembered he hadn't borrowed a cookery-book from the old housekeeper, who was in charge of the Hall while every one else was in London.

But Uncle Charlie said it did not matter a bit. And then Teddy explained that even if he couldn't cook, he could at all events make toast and cocoa.

"Very well, then, you shall get up early to-morrow and get breakfast."

Long before six Teddy was up trying to light the fire in the tiny cottage kitchen. He had watched the nursemaid light fires so often and had lent a hand more than once, but before many minutes were over his



Teddy bought the milk and ordered the groceries.

fire was roaring up the chimney and the kettle put on.

"I will boil the eggs in this saucepan and make some toast at once."

So when Uncle Charlie came down an hour after the breakfast was all ready, and Teddy very impatient to begin. To be sure the eggs were all very hard, and the toast and the cocoa were quite cold, and the water was smoky, because the lid of the kettle had been taken off so often to see if the kettle was boiling. But Uncle Charlie never said a word, and ate his breakfast with a smile. But Teddy saw him boiling the kettle all over again, this time with the lid on, and getting out the tea.

"It's very thirsty weather, old chap," he said, as he made himself a cup. "So to-morrow I think the kettle must stay on till we finish breakfast, don't you?"

And of course Teddy agreed, though he thought to himself that grown-up people did have the queerest tastes. What could it matter if the cocoa was warm or not?

After breakfast there were the breakfast dishes to wash up, and the house to help put tidy. But after that there was nothing to do but to fish till dinner-time.

"We will open a fresh tin of meat every day, and so you won't want the cookery-book after all," said Uncle.

But Teddy was quite sorry, because he was sure he could have managed splendidly.

Still, there would be milk, and bread and butter, and all sorts of things to order, so he begged the instead of cooking he might be allowed to be housekeeper and get in the stores.

Uncle agreed, and all that week there was no happier boy in the three kingdoms. But Saturday came, and it was such a lovely morning, and he found a nest of little field-mice the first thing, and was so occupied with them that he quite forgot to do the marketing, and when Sunday morning arrived there was no bread and no milk and nothing for dinner, and they had to drink their tea without any milk and manage with biscuits. But uncle didn't mind a bit, though he made great fun of Teddy, and told the vicar on the way home from church what a capital housekeeper he had; and the vicar laughed too, and insisted that they should both come back to dinner with him. So it turned out all right after all, and after that Teddy tied a knot in his handkerchief the first thing every Saturday morning, so that he should not make such a mistake again.

**Betty's Birthday Bags.**

Betty Ellis had had a birthday party every year she had lived until the year of her seventh birthday. At that time her mamma was very sick, so all thought of a party had to be given up. Betty was dreadfully disappointed, but bravely tried to make the best of it.

Now, Betty had a dear, dear auntie, who lived at their house, and was always thinking and doing the most delightful things. When she saw how

had Betty felt she put on her best thinking cap and soon made up a clever plan for a birthday surprise without any party.

For several days before the birthday Betty noticed that auntie looked very funny and mysterious, and she just knew something nice was going to happen.

When she opened her eyes on the morning of her birthday, she saw leaning up against the side of her bed a large bag. It looked like the bags that ragmen use to gather rags in, and seemed to be full of something very odd in shape.

Betty jumped out of bed to look at it and there, tied to the drawing string, was a card with her name on it. Of course she knew it was a birthday present. "But what a funny way to give one," she thought as she pulled it open. Inside was just what she had longed for—a new doll carriage for her Christmas doll.

At breakfast time she found under her plate a tiny bag made of pink silk. Inside, wrapped in cotton, was a ring with the finest speck of a diamond in it. How she danced about and hugged papa and auntie.

When she got ready to start for school she found in place of her old book a new school bag with a story book in it. It was hard to have to leave that at home and put her school books in its place. Jane, the cook, gave her a calico bag to keep buttons in. She found this at noon up in her room; also a pretty laundry bag from auntie, with six new handkerchiefs in it. And when papa came home at night he brought instead of a box of candy a big bag full of candies and nuts.

But the nicest birthday bag of all, so Betty thought, was the one Tom gave her. Tom was the gardener's son, and a very good friend of hers. He had two of the dearest little puppies that ever were seen, and Betty had been

teasing for one ever since they were born.

How surprised she was when on her birthday Tom came in with a horse's feed bag in his hand, carrying it very carefully, and begged her to accept it. It seemed a queer present, but she thanked him and peeped in, and there was the prettiest puppy, the one with the white nose.

When Betty went to bed that night with the ring on her finger, the doll carriage at the foot of the bed, and the puppy in her arms, she told auntie in her bed-time talk that she thought birthday bags were just exactly as nice as Christmas stockings.

MAY W. CLYMER.

**At the Seaside.**

"Mamma, it would be very naughty of me to go in bathing now that you've told me not to, wouldn't it?" said Jamie.

"Very naughty, indeed, Jamie."

"Well, suppose I happened to be sitting on the beach with my back to the water and a great big wave I didn't know anything about should come rolling in and go all over me, would that be naughty too?"

**The Worst of It.**

Eric found playing football by himself very slow, and at last went indoors to his mother.

"Mummy," he said, "come an' have a game of football."

"Sorry, darling," was mummy's reply, "but I don't know how to play. Let's have some other game."

Eric looked at her a moment, then said solemnly:

"That's the worst of havin' a woman for a mother, isn't it, mummy?"

**THE JUNGLE JINKS.**



It wasn't the right time for a Christmas Eve of course, but Mrs Jumbo had one for our Jumbo birthday, which came in the holidays last week. All the jungle schoolboys were invited to share the toys, and a jolly time they had, too. First of all they joined hands and danced in a circle round the tree. "Oh, look!" exclaimed Jumbo's little brother and sister both together, as they caught sight of a dear little elephant doll hanging on one of the branches above. "I do hope I get that!"



2. But when the toys were given out, it happened that the elephant doll fell to the share of little Willie Jumbo, who was very delighted with his prize, and began rocking it in a little cradle. But his sister, Nancy Jumbo, was very upset because she had not received the elephant doll. "I want that Jumbo of the tree!" she cried. "I don't want this mums-dolly! Go away you nasty thing!" Then, turning to her little brother, she cried: "Give me the Jumbo-doll! I saw it first, and I ought to have had it!" "It's mine—mine," said Willie; "and I mean to keep it!" "Oh, do you? Well, it's mine now!" shouted Nancy, as she snatched the little elephant out of the cradle.



3. Then it was Willie who did the crying. "Boo-hoo-hoo!" he howled. "Give it me; I'll tell mamma!" "Oh, will you? Then get it if you can!" and, as she spoke, she held Jumbo-doll high in the air, so that Willie could not reach it even on tiptoes. But just at this minute big brother Jumbo popped his head round the door to see what all the noise was about. "You're a bad girl, Nancy," he said, taking the elephant-doll away and giving it to Willie. "I brought some chocolates for you; but now you sha'n't have any, for being so greedy and making Willie cry!"

# The GRAPHIC'S FUNNY LEAF



### MEAN MAN.

The mean man was looking happy, "Whose feelings have you hurt now?" he was asked.  
 "My nephew's," said he. "I have just sent him a letter asking him to accept the enclosed hundred-dollar cheque as a little birthday gift."  
 "But where does your specialty come in on such a proposition as that?"  
 "I didn't put in any cheque."

### QUANTITY VS. QUALITY.

"No, Miss Emboupoint," said the impresario, "I fear that I cannot star you as 'A Lady of Quality.' I might be able to cast you in the title role of 'A Lady of Quantity,' however."  
 And next day the newspapers had another horse-ship story.

### UNMASKED.

He—Who is that ugly old woman over there by the piano?  
 She—Oh, that's Mme. Cosmetique, the famous beauty specialist.

### ACCURATE.

"What did yez mane be callin' Sargeint Donnigan a kopje?" asked Mr Dolan.  
 "It shows me culcher," said Mr Rafferty, "A kopje is a little kop, and Donnigan's the smallest man on the force."

### UNAMIABLE MOOD.

"Why is it," said Willie Washington, "that a woman who has no ties of affection will devote herself to a pug dog?"  
 "I don't know," answered Miss Cayenne. "If I felt positively obliged to make a choice I believe there could be found a man who was less stupid and annoying than a pug dog."

### EVENED UP.

"This living in furnished rooms," said the wife, "is hard on the children."  
 "No doubt," replied her husband, who was endeavouring to remove the marks of sticky fingers from the plush sofa, "but the children are also hard on furnished rooms."

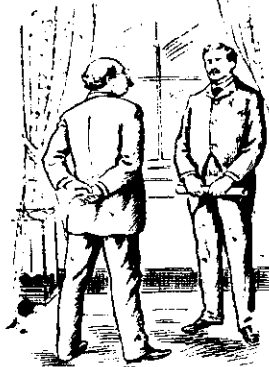
### EXASPERATING.

"Gee whiz! How my wife does aggravate me!"  
 "You surprise me. Surely she doesn't henpeck you?"  
 "No. It's her awful meekness. Whenever we have an argument, and I'm in the right, she always sighs, and says: "O, very well, dear, have it your own way."



### AN IRREPARABLE LOSS.

Neighbour (much distressed): Oh, my! So the story is true, and your husband has really eloped with the servant girl?  
 Deserted Wife (weeping): Yes, and she was the best girl I ever had, too—a splendid cook and so quiet and obedient, and respectful. Goodness knows where I shall be able to get another like her!



### HIS FORTE.

Aspirant: There, professor, you have heard my voice. Now, please tell me candidly what branch of vocalism it is best adapted for?  
 Professor: Well—cheering!

### A FEELING OF RESENTMENT.

"Did you do anything to celebrate Shakespeare's birthday this week?"  
 "I should say not," answered the man with the big diamond and the fierce moustache. "A man who wrote those box office frosts like 'Macbeth' and 'King Lear' ought to be glad he's livin' without askin' for any celebrations."

### A DEAD SHOT.

Sportsman, to Smithson, who hasn't brought down a single bird all day: "Do you know Lord Parkhouse?"  
 Smithson: "Oh, dear, yes! I've often shot at his house."  
 Sportsman: "Ever hit it?"

### THE NEWEST JOURNALISM.

Shank: Yes; Wardle is quite an enterprising editor. When he heard about Sheldon, of "In His Steps" fame, running an American daily journal as Christ would run a newspaper, Wardle proposed to edit his paper, the "Evening Caterwaul," as Satan would edit it, and he came very near putting his project into execution.  
 O'Shawe: Why didn't he?  
 Shank: He couldn't think of any changes to make.

### A COLD-BLOODED PROPHET.

Dramatic Author (after reading first two acts of his play): Now, then, can you tell me how the play is going to end?  
 Manager: Of course I can!  
 Author: How?  
 Manager: The second night.

### ONE THING AT A TIME.

George: I think only of you, my darling. Do you think only of me?  
 Mahel: Why, George; don't you know I'm arranging my trousseau?

### RAPID DEVELOPMENT.

"You are in business in the South?" asked the passenger in the skull cap.  
 "Yes," said the passenger in the smoking jacket.  
 "Is business good out there?"  
 "Yes. In the last two years our plant has increased in size more than one thousand per cent."  
 "Great Scott! What was the size of your plant originally?"  
 "It consisted of a pair of rabbits."

### NOT FOR HOME CONSUMPTION.

Admiring Friend: How proud you must be, Gladys, of having a papa who is an author.  
 Gladys: Oh, mamma's very careful about our reading. I don't know papa's books at all.

### I REALLY DON'T KNOW.

Would I marry again? Sometimes I say "No."  
 Yet men are all charming as far as they go.  
 And yet there are times when they bother one so—  
 I really don't know.

At other times, too, when the world appears slow,  
 With many a place that a woman can't go  
 Unless she is flanked by a fellow, and so—  
 I really don't know.

Perhaps if some lovable sweetheart once came  
 And offered to share both his heart and his name—  
 I might be persuaded to enter the game.  
 I really don't know.

It is all very well a cynic to be,  
 Yet woman is sweetest when loving, you see,  
 So—if I loved him, and I knew he loved me—  
 Well, I really don't know.

### CAREFULLY GUARDED.

Julia: Is Carrie jealous of her husband?  
 Eleanor: Jealous? I should think so! Why, on their wedding trip she wouldn't let him admire the scenery!

### AN ALTERNATIVE.

"I will die," said the rejected suitor, "and then she will see how much I loved her!"  
 "Don't go to extremes," said his friend, soothingly. "Couldn't you indicate your feelings by taking to drink?"



### AS SHE IS SPOKE.

He: I suppose your French lessons were of great service to you in Paris?  
 She (just returned from the Exhibition): Not very much. The stupid creatures don't seem to understand their own language.

### THE BEST OF THREE.

After successfully defending, at an assize, a prisoner who had pleaded an alibi, Sir Frank Lockwood went for a walk in the town, and met the presiding judge, who said, "Well, Lockwood, that was a very good alibi."  
 "Yes, my lord," was the answer; "I had three suggested to me, and I think I selected the best."

### A MORAL ROGUE.

Footpad (to tourist whom he has robbed)—"What! A love letter from another woman in your pocket? You wretch, I am going to send that to your wife!"

### DEEPLY REGRETTED.

"What's my husband? Nothin', air; bin dead this many a year! Blown to pieces in a gunpowder magazine! There wasn't even time for a p'lice-man to take his dispositions, an' nothin' to hold a postmaster's examination on, sir!"



### ESSENTIAL TO HAPPINESS.

Magistrate: Can't you and your husband live together without fighting?  
 Complainant: No, Your Worship—not happily.

### SOLDIERS OF THE QUEEN.

"Sure, Terence, if ye go to the front, kape at the back, or ye'll be kilt. Oh know it!"  
 "Faith, an' isn't that the way Oi gets my livin'?"

### A JUDAS KISS.

"Shall I leave the hall-lamp burning?"  
 Mrs Jaggsby: "No; Mr Jaggsby won't be home until daylight. He kissed me five times before he left this morning, and gave me twenty dollars for a new bonnet."

### NOT NOW.

Returned Tourist: "Is Mr Goodheart still paying attentions to your daughter?"  
 "No, he isn't paying her any attention at all."  
 "Indeed? Did he jilt her?"  
 "No; he married her."

### HIS VIEW OF IT.

She: "I think it's a shame that so many of our society women are going on the stage."  
 He: "Oh, I don't know! A woman isn't to blame for trying to get up in the world."

### A DELICATE COMPLIMENT.

A prominent gentleman in Scotland is in the habit of lending small sums of money, without asking interest, to any deserving party who asks it. Recently he was asked by a well-known character in the city where he resides, named Jock—, for a few pounds to purchase a cart and cuddy, and set up in the fish business.  
 "Well, Jock," said the gentleman, "if I give you this money how are you going to pay me?"  
 This was a poser for Jock; but a thought struck him, and he blurted out: "Weel, sir, if ye're kind enough to gie me the money, I'll tell ye whit I'll dae—I'll name the cuddy efter ye!"

### A GENTLE TOUCH.

Visitor: "But surely you don't like being exhibited in shop windows?"  
 Actress: "I don't know. Do you think you would mind, dear, if you were good-looking?"

### THOSE MEDICINE ADS.

Aunt Susan: Did the story you were just reading in the newspaper end happily, Joshua?  
 Uncle Joshua (approvingly): "Gosh! Yes. The beautiful heroine got cured of an incurable disease, an' it tells the name and price of the pills that done the trick."

### BOUND TO SELL.

Clerk: "That's a very fine piece of goods, madam."  
 Madam: "I don't believe there is enough here."  
 "We have more just like it."  
 "It's a little too high, too."  
 "We will order a darker shade, with pleasure."  
 "And it's awfully expensive."  
 "You will not be hurried with the bill, madam."  
 "And I know my husband won't like it."  
 "We will enclose a divorce with the goods."