

# The New Zealand Graphic

## And Ladies' Journal.

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### A Creepy Crawly Policy.

The Premier said: "The North Island Trunk Railway would be placed in exactly the same position as the other railways in the colony, neither better nor worse; and if this was not satisfactory, then"— etc., etc.

Serial Story.

# THE DISTRESSES OF DAPHNE.

By W. E. NORRIS

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

## CHAPTER XVII. COMPLICATION.

"My dear child," said Mrs Hamilton, laughing with the tears in her eyes, "you needn't look so penitent about it; he has only himself to thank, and I have only him to blame. Oh, don't tell me that he couldn't have made you fall in love with him, if he had had the heart of a mouse. Of course he could! He is well off, he is still young, he has all the domestic virtues, his family is a most respectable one, and he is decidedly good-looking—honestly, now, wouldn't you say that he had more than the average share of good looks?"

"Oh, yes," answered Daphne, smiling down upon her mother, who had subsided into a low chair after Jack's exit had been followed by that of Mrs Bingham; "if it comes to that, Captain Clough is better looking than—many other people."

"I quite agree with you, my dear. And can it be pretended that a man like that hasn't it in his power to make any girl in the world fall in love with him?"

"Perhaps he would have to begin by being in love with the girl."

"The exasperating part of it is that he is in love! No, but really and truly in love; though I don't wonder at your doubting it. Well, I give him up; I wash my hands of him; I have played my last card!"

"You know, mother dear," Daphne resumed, after a short pause, "it wouldn't, and couldn't, have made any difference if he had been ever so devoted a lover."

"I am not so absolutely certain of that," sighed Mrs Hamilton; "still, of course, I know what I know. And I am beginning—I may as well confess it—to see that there can be only one end to all this."

"Ah, there you are wrong, mother! I don't ask, I don't even wish, to be allowed to marry Otto; I only want it to be understood that I shall never marry anybody else."

"That is so absurd!"

"I don't think it is."

"You would if you knew all. That is, you would think me absurd for objecting to your marrying him. But I am going to withdraw my objections; I feel that I must. They are not, in point of fact, as strong or as conclusive as I imagined that they were."

"Oh, don't say that!" exclaimed Daphne; "you make me feel such a wretch! It is tiresome of me—I fully realise how tiresome it must be—to proclaim that I intend to remain single; but I can't help it, and you are not to suppose, please, that I consider myself a martyr. Feeling as you do, and as it is quite natural that you should, you can't really think that your objections are a bit less conclusive now than they have been all along; so I mustn't allow you to withdraw them."

Mrs Hamilton moved uneasily in her chair. To reveal the fact that the supposed victim of the Stelvio Pass was alive and well would be to introduce all manner of fresh complications into a situation already complicated enough; yet it seemed scarcely honest to keep silence upon the subject. She ended by exclaiming irritably:

"Surely it is sufficient for me to say that I no longer object! Must I go down on my knees and beg you to do what you are dying to do?"

"I am not dying to marry Otto," Daphne declared. "If I were to marry him against your wishes, because it would be against them, whatever you may choose to say—I should never be happy; nor, I think, would he. The greatest kindness you can show me, mother, is not to tempt me any more. You and he do tempt me a little; I won't deny it. Only I know very well all the same that I should lay up future remorse for myself and sorrow for you by taking you at your word; therefore, I am not going to take you at your word. Let us say no more about it."

For that evening, at all events, they

said no more about it; and if they both slept badly, what else could they expect? Self-sacrifice is perhaps the least immediately remunerative of all virtues, for nobody can practise it without a discouraging and only too well-founded suspicion that it is most unlikely to be appreciated. Mrs Hamilton was, upon the whole, less to be pitied than her daughter, inasmuch as she foresaw a more or less satisfactory termination to the affair. Otto von Kahlenburg was not, to be sure, the son-in-law whom she would have chosen, had she been at liberty to choose; yet she was conscious of a personal liking for the young fellow, and she did not doubt that he would contrive to vanquish Daphne's lingering scruples. As for the forger of Old Burlington-street, he was at once a blessing and a bore—negligible, for the rest, in both capacities, seeing that he was precluded from stepping forward into the light.

Now, it came to pass on the next afternoon that, while she was reconciling herself to coming events with the aid of a cup of tea, a visiting-card of unusually large dimensions was brought to her. The gentleman whose name it displayed amidst calligraphic flourishes wished, she was told, to know whether Mrs Hamilton was disengaged and would do him the favour to receive him. She replied in the affirmative, taking it for granted that "Graf von Kahlenburg—Lindenhansen" was the person with whom her thoughts happened at the moment to be engaged; so that she was somewhat startled when there presently stalked into the room a tall, stalwart individual, white-moustached and white-whiskered, who bowed low and apologised in a strong Teutonic accent for his intrusion.

"Permit me," he said, "to account for myself and excuse myself by informing you that Otto von Kahlenburg is my nephew and my adopted son. Also that I have travelled all the way from Vienna for the purpose of soliciting this audience."

"Please sit down," answered Mrs Hamilton, instantly divining that an attack in force was about to be made upon her, and fixing bayonets, so to speak, in order to receive the same in a style due to herself. For, however little ambitious she might be of an alliance with the von Kahlenburg family, she had no notion of submitting tamely to impertinent accusations, and Jack Clough's hints respecting the arrogance of the Austrian nobility had prepared her for something of the kind.

The old gentleman (who was a spruce, pleasant-looking old gentleman and who evidently employed a good tailor) sat down and unfolded his case with engaging candour. He did not, he said, pretend to exercise absolute control over his nephew; although, as the head of a family which enjoyed a certain distinction in the Austro-Hungarian Empire, he was socially, if not legally, entitled to make his voice heard in matters affecting the welfare of that family. Over his personal fortune and the greater part of his landed property he did hold complete authority, and could dispose of these by will in any manner that might seem best to him; so that if, for example, his nephew were to contract a marriage of which he was unable to approve, nothing would be more simple for him than to cancel the will under which his nephew would profit to a handsome extent at his death. Very well; then would Mrs Hamilton, as a woman of the world, kindly ask herself whether an alliance with an untitled English lady—doubtless charming, yet just as unquestionably an alien and a heretic—could be viewed with favour by the existing chief of the von Kahlenburgs? "My nephew has not distinguished from me his wish to make such an alliance; I know that he is now in England with the hope and intention of making it, in spite of

my disapproval, and his silence since he reached this country has caused me very great uneasiness. He left me, I should tell you, protesting that he had no definite plan, except to keep various shooting engagements, that he could not even say whether Miss Hamilton was in London or not, and that he had reason to doubt whether his suit would be entertained, supposing that he should find an occasion to—how do you say?—to push it forth. Therefore I have thought to myself, 'Good! I will not interfere with the chance of his failure or rejection.' But when I heard—oh, not from him, naturally, but through other channels—that he has been a frequent visitor at your house, it became imperative upon me to act without delay. Without delay, I take the straightforward course, I give orders to pack my portmanteau! I start direct for London, I throw myself, nudam, upon your good feeling! Dare I hope that I do not arrive too late?"

"I assure you," said Mrs Hamilton coldly, "that you cannot be more averse to the prospect which seems to alarm you so much than I am. At the same time, I do not admit that your nephew's marriage to my daughter, if such a thing were ever to take place, would be a misalliance on his part. We are not, it is true, related to the dual families which have the same surname as ours; still we are not low-born people, and—"

"Ah, my dear lady, you shock me!—you distress me! Pray, believe that I have never for one moment presumed even in thought, to use so insulting a term with reference to you. But consider, I beg of you, that you are English, while we are Austrians—that you are Protestants, while we are Catholics. Consider all the consequences which these distinctions entail."

"I have considered them, and other formidable objections as well. I can only repeat that I am not in the least ambitious of capturing your nephew. The less so because my late husband's relations with his father were of a painful nature to me. You will, no doubt, have forgotten them, although I very well recollect meeting you in Vienna many years ago, when Herr von Pardowitz was so kind as to introduce his younger brother to me at a ball."

Count von Kahlenburg slapped his leg. "Is it possible! Yes, yes; it all comes back to me, and your name—but your name is not a very uncommon one in Great Britain, I believe?—should have suggested more to me than it did. That unfortunate Mr Hamilton, who was first robbed and then wounded in a duel by my rascally brother! Certainly you must have painful memories of my brother, and although he is dead—or rather because he is dead—I will admit to you that we all knew him to be a rascal. Otto, poor boy, is not a rascal, but your fear lest he should have inherited bad qualities is very pardonable—very pardonable indeed! I am even glad that you should be set against him by that fear."

The old gentleman was so obviously glad, and for such obvious reasons, that Mrs Hamilton could not refrain from saying: "I am not as unjust as you make me out; your nephew, I am sure, is an honest man, and I should not have allowed myself to be set against him on account of his parentage, which I did not discover until we

had been for some time acquainted with him. Not, that is, on account of his father having been what you have just called him. There were—other considerations which left me no choice but to break with your nephew as soon as I found out who he really was."

Count von Kahlenburg pursed up his lips and scrutinised her curiously. "So!—was that story true? Was it Mr Hamilton who knocked my brother over the edge of the road on the Stelvio Pass and left him there for dead? That was my brother's statement; but he was, to use plain language, such a liar that we attached little importance to it. Moreover, we could only feel thankful to anybody who had enabled us to represent that he was dead; for he was upon the point of being arrested on a charge of forgery, and he could not have escaped conviction. You did not know this?"

"I did not know it at the time, and until the day of his own death my poor husband, whose mind you did not think it necessary to relieve, thought that he had been guilty of manslaughter. Quite recently the truth has come to my ears."

"Now, that is most singular! I had supposed that I was the only person living in possession of a secret which I have not divulged even to my nephew. Who can your informant have been? However, it is a matter of small consequence now. My brother, whom we despatched to South America as soon as he was in a state to travel, succumbed to yellow fever there shortly after his arrival, and if I have allowed it to be assumed that he perished in Tyrol, that is not because I should have risked anything by proclaiming the facts of the case. The law cannot punish dead men."

"And you are quite sure that he is dead?"

"Absolutely sure; the proofs of his death and burial are in my possession. And if he were not," the old gentleman added, with a slight laugh, "he would not have omitted to present himself in our country long since, for, as my elder brother, he would have been entitled to claim the estates which I now enjoy."

"Well," remarked Mrs Hamilton, yielding to an irresistible temptation, "he was not dead a few days ago, anyhow."

"My dear lady! what impostor has been deceiving you?"

"You have only to call at 95, Old Burlington-street in order to ascertain by the evidence of your own senses. But you will not find an impostor there. I recognised Herr von Pardowitz the moment that I saw him, in spite of his white hair, and this at least I must say for him: He has shown more consideration for my feelings than you have. He had nothing in the world to gain by letting me know that he was alive. He only remembered what you seem to have forgotten—that the greater part of my life has been spent under a shadow which might have been removed, and he relieved his conscience at some risk—so he says—to his safety. Of course for your own sake you will not betray him. Otherwise I should not have told you this."

Count von Kahlenburg twirled his moustache meditatively, while for a moment his face grew rather long. But presently he recovered himself.

"Impossible," he exclaimed; "impossible. When I tell you that I have documents—stamped, official documents—which testify that my brother died on a certain date and that his interment took place twenty-four hours later."

"I don't know whether official documents are always to be relied upon or not," answered Mrs Hamilton. "There must be some official documents, I suppose, to show that your brother died in Tyrol. What I do know is that he was at the address which I have given you the other day, and there you will probably discover him if you will call and ask for Herr Weiss."

"I will lose no time in doing that,

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but I cannot doubt, my dear madam, that you have been imposed upon. Let us now try to fathom this man's motive for imposing upon you. You spoke just now of having broken with my nephew, and indeed I guessed from what he himself told me that you had inflicted on him a—how do you say Zaruckstoss in English?"

"A rebuff."

"So—a rebuff. Well, you gave him perhaps a reason for doing so?"

"Not last summer, but when he followed us to England—of course without any invitation from me and quite against my wish—I was obliged to tell him why I could never consent to my daughter's marriage with a son of Herr von Pardowitz."

"Ah, there we have it. Do you not see that Otto would at once resolve to make away with your reason if he could? And, as a fact, have you not again consented to receive his visits?"

"I do not see how all the resolution in the world could enable him to resuscitate his father."

"Oh, this Herr Weiss is not his father. I will undertake to convince you very shortly that he is not. But it would not surprise me to find that Herr Weiss is in my nephew's pay."

"You forget that my own eyes and ears have already convinced me that Herr Weiss is Herr von Pardowitz. However, you can't do better than go and judge for yourself. He bound me over to secrecy, I must confess. Still, as I say, your recognising him can do no harm, since you won't for your own sake betray him."

Count von Kahlenburg, visibly staggered, began to think aloud in his own language. "A forger is always liable to be placed upon his trial for forgery. That cannot be denied, although evidence would be very difficult to obtain after so many years. Yet he would scarcely venture to lay claim to the title and estates. H'm, h'm. One might after all acquiesce in his incognito, supposing that by a miracle he should turn out to be what he represents himself as being. What else is there to be done?"

"There is nothing else to be done," said Mrs Hamilton, whose knowledge of German had been equal to the following of the above soliloquy; "only I hope you now realise that you are not altogether entitled to look down upon my daughter. Humble as we are we don't commit forgery in our family."

The old gentleman laughed good humouredly enough. "Madam," said he, "I acknowledge the justice of your rebuke. Nevertheless Otto ought in my opinion to marry an Austrian and a lady of his own rank. For the rest, if matters stand as you suppose, I have no authority, and it will be for my elder brother to pronounce judgment."

"You will be glad to hear that he has already pronounced judgment against the marriage. Not that I consider myself in any way subject to his decisions."

"He has pronounced against the marriage!" echoed Count von Kahlenburg, with raised eyebrows. "I wonder why?"

"Well, he maintains that my husband intended to murder him."

"Just what he always maintained. I begin to doubt—but no! It is too impossible! too absurd! In any case, I will go and investigate the affair. Meanwhile, my dear lady, may I ask you to take no decisive step until I see you again? My nephew is not, I presume, actually betrothed to your daughter as yet?"

"Certainly not."

"Good! Then you will not, I feel sure, permit such a betrothal before this mystery is cleared up. For I must still, with all respect to you, believe that you have been tricked."

"He will not," mused Mrs Hamilton, after her visitor had ceremoniously bowed himself out, "be able to maintain that theory. How odd of him not to see that he himself has given the strongest confirmation to the story by confessing that his brother was not killed on the Stevie! And since it is now admitted that I have been under a false impression all these years, how can I be expected to stand in the way of Daphne's wishes and happiness? There is the veto of Herr von Pardowitz, of course, but really a man who insists upon being accounted dead must not ask to be treated as though he were still living. As for this old Count von Kahlenburg, his impertinence would be really amusing, if he hadn't it in his power to disinherit his nephew. How humiliating it is that threats of that kind can't be altogether despised!—and how much more humiliating it would be if we were to despise them and his nephew were to

yield to them! Well, I must wait and see what will come of all this; I certainly must not for the present breathe a word to Daphne."

At this moment her ruminations were broken in upon by the throwing open of the door, through which came short, sharp, gasping sounds, as of a stationary underground steam engine. "Oh," she ejaculated in dismay, under her breath, "here is that pestering, panting, Perkins again!"

Mrs Perkins indeed it was; and Mrs Perkins, having encountered a grey-headed foreigner on the door step, was in a state of quite undisguised thirst for information. So lost, in fact, was the good lady to all sense of decorum that even while her right hand was grasping Mrs Hamilton's, she seized with her left a visiting card which lay upon the table and, after examining it, dropped it with a triumphant grunt.

"Didn't I say so!" she exclaimed. "Didn't you say what?" inquired Mrs Hamilton querulously.

"Oh, only to myself! You may rely upon me to say nothing to anybody else without your leave. But as I came up the stairs, I did say to myself, 'Well, if that was not our dear Count Otto's uncle, I'll eat them both!'"

"I daresay," returned Mrs Hamilton, provoked beyond endurance, "that you are capable of swallowing your dear Count Otto and his uncle too; you have my full permission to try. But has anybody denied that Count von Kahlenburg is Count von Kahlenburg? And is there any reason why he should not call upon me, if he likes?"

"Dear Mrs Hamilton, don't be cross with me!" pleaded the fat woman plaintively; "I quite understand that you may have motives for—for clandestine behaviour, and if I only knew what they were, I should very likely sympathise with them; but I can't help wondering—how can I help wondering, when we are all so fond of you and dear Daphne?—what they are."

"I cannot imagine what you are talking about," said Mrs Hamilton, recovering herself possession and assuming the neatest semblance of an awful, cold dignity that she could command. "I have never before, that I can remember, been accused of clandestine conduct, and if it were at all worth while to defend myself against such a charge—but you will probably understand, upon reflection, that I do not feel disposed to do that. We will say no more about the matter, please. I hope your daughters are quite well?"

Not by methods of that kind was Mrs Perkins to be discouraged. She apologised profusely, but she soon contrived to recur indirectly to the forbidden subject, and if, at the end of a quarter of an hour, she left Palace Gate without having elicited any fresh fact, she had nevertheless, during that time, forced her long-suffering victim to prevaricate palpably.

"I will get to the bottom of it all!" she promised herself. "Very evident it is to me that there are wheels within wheels, and I shouldn't be surprised if Mrs Hamilton were partly in ignorance, though she knows more than she chooses to reveal. But it is useless for her to twist and turn; truth will out!"

Mrs Hamilton at the same moment was reaching much the same conclusion. "At this rate," she murmured consolately, "we might almost as well throw our cards upon the table. Daphne and I, anyhow, have done nothing that we need be ashamed of, and if the von Kahlenburgs are made uncomfortable—well, they shouldn't have relations who forge people's names and get knocked over precipices, and pretend to be dead when they aren't dead. With a skeleton like that in the family cupboard, it isn't becoming to turn up one's nose at a match which no English nobleman would consider beneath him."

(To be Continued.)



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Serial Story.

(PUBLISHED BY SPECIAL ARRANGEMENT.)

# IN WHITE RAIMENT

By WILLIAM LE QUEUX.

Author of "Purple and Fine Linen," "Whoso Findeth a Wife," "Of Royal Blood," "If Sinners Entice Thee," "The Day of Temptation," Etc., Etc.

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## PROLOGUE.

Yes, it was utterly inexplicable. So strange, indeed, were all the circumstances, and so startling the adventures that befel me in my search after truth that until to-day I have hesitated to relate the narrative, which is as extraordinary as it is unique in the history of any living man.

If it were not for the fact that a certain person actively associated with this curious drama of our latter-day civilisation has recently passed to the land that lies beyond the human ken, my lips would perforce have still remained sealed.

Hitherto my literary efforts have been confined to the writing of half-illigible prescriptions or an occasional contribution to one or other of the medical journals; but at the suggestion of the one who is dearest to me on earth I have now resolved to narrate the whole of the astonishing facts in their due sequence, without seeking to disguise anything but to lay bare my secret and to place the whole matter unreservedly before the reader.

Every doctor has a skeleton in his cupboard. I am no exception.

Any dark or mysterious incident, however trivial, in the life of a medical man is regarded as detrimental to his patients. It is solely because of that I am compelled to conceal one single fact—my true name.

For the rest, reader, I shall be quite straightforward and open in my confession without the affectation of academic phrase, even though I may be a physician whose consulting room in Harley-street is invariably full, whose fees are heavy, and whose name figures in the public prints as the medical adviser of certain leaders of society. As Richard Colkirk, M.D., M.R.C.S., M.R.C.P., F.R.S., specialist on nervous disorders, I am compelled to keep up appearance and impress with a sense of superior attainments the fashionable crowd who seek my advice; but as Dick Colkirk, the narrator of this remarkable experience, I can at all times be frank, and sometimes confidential.

In the wild whirl of social London there occur daily incidents which, when written down in black and white, appear absolutely incredible. Amid the fevered rush of daily life in this our giant city of violent contrasts, the city where one is oft-times so lonely among millions, and where people starve and die in the very midst of reckless extravagance and waste, one sometimes meets with adventures quite as astounding as those related by the plouvers of civilisation; adventures which, if recounted by the professional novelist, must of necessity be accepted with considerable reserve.

Reader, I am about to take you into my confidence. Think for a moment. Have you not read in your daily paper true statements of fact far stranger than any ever conceived by the writer of fiction? Have you not sat in a dull, dispiriting London Police Court and witnessed that phantasmagoria of comedy, tragedy and mystery as presented to that long-suffering public servant, the Metropolitan Stipendiary?

If you have, then you will agree that romance is equally distributed over Greater London. Love is as honest and hearty as true in Peckham, Brixton or Plaistow as in that fashionable half-mile area around Hyde Park corner; life is as full of bitterness and broken idols in Kensington as it is in Kentish Town, Kensington or the Old Kent Road. The two worlds rub shoulders. All that is most high and noble mingles with all that is basest and most criminal; therefore, it is not surprising that the unwary frequently fall into the cunningly-devised traps prepared for them, and even the most prosaic

persons meet with queer and exciting adventures.

## CHAPTER I.

### MAINLY ABOUT PEOPLE.

My worst enemy—and alas! I have many—would not accuse me of being of a romantic disposition.

In the profession of medicine any romance acquired in one's youth or college days is quickly knocked out of one by the first term at the hospital. The medical student quickly becomes, in a manner, callous to human suffering, and by the time he obtains his degree he is generally a shrewd and sympathetic observer, but with every spark of romance crushed dead within his heart. Thus, there is no bachelor more confirmed than the celibate doctor.

I had left Guy's a year. It is not so very long ago, for I am still under forty; young, they say, to have made my mark. True, success has come to me suddenly, and very unworthily. I think, for I confess that my advancement has been more by good luck than by actual worth. Indeed, I have very often felt that after all our knowledge of human ailments and their causes, even with all the recent bacteriological discoveries, is very meagre, and that I am but little better than a charlatan. We doctors do our best, but if the plain truth be spoken, our knowledge, with all its recent advancement, is very superficial, and there is still a good deal of quackery in our methods.

At Guy's I had been under McCormac and other great men, whose names will ever remain as medical landmarks, but when I left with my degree I quickly discovered that the doctor's calling was anything but lucrative. As in every other walk of life, the medical profession, because it is considered genteel, is overcrowded. There is, of course, an outlet in certain of our malarial colonies, but for the doctor who desires to remain in England, and is entirely dependent upon his practice for an income, the outlook was then, as it is now, an exceedingly uninviting one.

My first engagement was as assistant to a country practitioner at Woodbridge, in Suffolk; a man who had a large but very poor practice, most of his patients being club ones. Upon the latter I was allowed to exercise my maiden efforts in pills and mixtures, while my principal indulged freely in whisky in his own room over the surgery. He was a hard drinker, who treated his wife as badly as he did his patients, and whose habit it was to enter the cottages of poor people who could not pay him and seize whatever piece of family china, bric-a-brac, or old oak which he fancied, and forcibly carry it away as payment of the debt owing. By this means he had, in the course of ten years, made a very presentable collection of curios, although he had more than once very narrowly escaped getting into serious trouble over it.

I spent a miserable year driving by day and by night, in sunshine and rain, far afield over the Suffolk plains, for owing to my principal's penchant for drink the greater part of the work devolved upon myself. The crisis occurred, however, when I had been with him some eighteen months. While in a state of intoxication he was called out to treat a man who had met with a serious accident in a neighbouring village. On his return he gave me certain instructions, and sent me back to visit the patient. The instructions—technical ones, with which it is useless to puzzle the reader.—I carried out to the letter, with the result that the poor fellow's life was lost. Then followed an inquest, exposure, censure from the coroner, a rider from the jury, and my employer with perfect sang-froid succeeded in fastening the blame upon myself in

order to save the scanty reputation he still enjoyed over the countryside.

The jury were, of course, unaware that he was intoxicated when he attended the man, and committed the fatal blunder, while I, in perfect innocence, had obeyed his injunctions. It is useless, however, to protest before a coroner, therefore I at once resigned my position, and that same night returned again to London full of indignation at the treatment I had received.

My next practice was as an assistant to a man at Hull, who proved an impossible person, and through the five years that followed I did my best to alleviate human ills in Carlisle, Derby, Cheltenham, and Leeds respectively.

The knowledge I obtained by such general and varied practice, being always compelled to dispense my own prescriptions, was of course invaluable. But it was terribly uphill work, and a doctor's drudge, as I was, can save no money. Appearances have, however, to be kept up, and one cannot put by very much on eighty or one hundred pounds a year. Indeed, one night, seven years after leaving Guy's, I found myself again in London wandering idly along the Strand without prospects, and with only a single sovereign between myself and starvation.

I have often reflected upon that memorable night. How different the world seemed then! In those days I was content to pocket a single shilling as a fee; now they are guineas, ten or more for as many minutes of consultation. It was an unusually hot June, and the night was quiet stifling for so early in summer. Although eight o'clock it was not yet dark, but as I strolled westward past the Adelphi there was in the sky a dull purple haze with which Londoners are familiar, the harbinger of a storm. I had sought several old friends of hospital days, but all were out of town. It was the last day in June and the season was at an end. The club furniture was swathed in its holland shrouds, hall-porters sat in their boxes reading the evening papers and sleeping, theatres were closed, and the homes of social London were already given over to the convivial guests of James and Mary Ann, who indulged in the general jinks of below stairs.

London may be declared empty, and half a million persons may have left to disport themselves in the country or by the sea, yet the ebb and flow in that most wonderful thoroughfare in the world, the Strand, is ever the same, the tide in the dull days being the same as in December. It is the one highway in London that never changes.

I had strolled along to the corner of Bedford-st., down-hearted and low-spirited. I must confess, Ah! to know how absolutely lonely a man can be amid those hurrying millions, one must be penniless. In the seven years that had passed, most of my friends had dispersed, and those who still remained cared little for a ne'er-do-well such as myself. In that walk I calmly reviewed the situation. Away in quiet old Shrewsbury my white-haired widowed mother lived frugally, full of fond thoughts of her only boy. She had brought herself to the verge of poverty in order that I might complete my studies and become a doctor. Poor mother! She believed, like so many believe, that every doctor makes a comfortable income. And I had worked, day, night and day, through seven whole years for less wage than an average artisan!

I had not dined, for truth to tell, I had hesitated to change my last sovereign, but the pangs of hunger reminded me that nothing had passed my lips since the breakfast in my dingy lodg-

ing, and knowing of a cheap eating house in Covent Garden, I had passed for a moment at the corner.

Next instant I felt a hearty slap on the back, and a cheery voice cried—  
"Why, Colkirk, old fellow, what's up? You look as though you're going to a funeral!"

I turned quickly, and saw a round fresh coloured familiar face before me. "By Jove!" I exclaimed in pleasant surprise. "Raymond. Is it really you?" And we grasped hands heartily.

"I fancy so," he laughed. "At least, it's what there is left of me. I went out to Accra, you know, got a sharp touch of fever, and they only sent back my skeleton and skin."

Bob Raymond was always merry and amusing. He had been the humourist of Guy's in my time; the foremost in practical joking and the most backward in learning. The despair of more than one eminent lecturer, he had nevertheless been one of the most popular fellows in our set, and had occupied diggings in the next house to where I lodged in a mean street off Newington Butts.

"Well," I laughed, "if you left your flesh behind you on the West Coast, you've filled out since. Why, you're fatter than ever. What's your beverage? Cod-liver oil?"

"No. Just now it's whisky and seltzer with a big chunk of ice. Come into Romano's and have one. You look as though you want cheering up."

I accepted his invitation, and we strolled back to the bar he had mentioned.

He was a short, fair haired, studiously built fellow, with a round face, which gave him the appearance of an overgrown boy, a pair of blue eyes that twinkled with good fellowship, cheeks, that struck me as just a trifle too ruddy to be altogether healthy, a small mouth, and a tiny, drooping, yellow moustache. He wore a silk hat of brilliant gloss, a frock coat as became one of "the profession," and carried in his hand a smart ebony cane, with a silver hook. I noticed as we stood at the bar that his hat bulged slightly on either side, and knew that in it was concealed his stethoscope. He was therefore in practice.

Over our drinks we briefly related our experiences, for we had both left the hospital at the same term, and had never met or heard of each other since. I told him of my drudgery, disappointment, and despair, to which he listened with sympathetic ear. Then he told me of himself. He had gone out to Accra, had a narrow squeak with a bad attack of fever, returned to London to recover, and became assistant to a well known man at Plymouth.

"And what are you doing now?" I inquired.

"I've started a little practice over in Hammersmith," he answered. "I've been there a year—but Hammersmith seems such a confoundedly healthy spot."

"You haven't got many patients—eh?" I said, smiling.

"Unfortunately, no. The red lamp doesn't seem to attract them any more than the blue lamp before the police station. If there was only a bit of zynotic disease I might make a pound or two, but as it is, gent, Indigestion, and drink seem to be the principal ailments at present." Then he added, "But if you're not doing anything why don't you come down and stay a day or two with me? I'm alone, and we'd be mutual company. In the meantime you might hear of something from the 'Lancet.' Where's your diggings?"

I told him.

"Then let's go over there now and get your traps. Afterwards we can go home together. I've got cold mutton for supper. Hope you don't object."

"Very digestible," I remarked, and after some persuasion he at length prevailed upon me to accept his hospitality.

He had established himself, I found, in the Rowan Road, a turning off the Hammersmith Road, in an ordinary-looking ten-roomed house—one of those stereotyped ones with four hearthstoned steps leading to the front door, and a couple of yards of unhealthy looking, ill-kept grass between the bay window and the iron railings. The house was as dingy and smoke-begrimed as its neighbours, but was rendered distinctive by a bracket over the door holding the red lamp, and the shining brass plate upon the railing bearing the words, "Mr Robert Raymond, Surgeon."

The interior was comfortably furnished, for Bob was not wholly depen-

deat upon his practice. His people were brewers at Bristol, and his allowance was ample. The dining-room was in front, while the room behind it was converted into a surgery with the regulation invalid's couch, a case of second-hand books to lend the place an imposing air, and a small writing-table, whereat my hospital chum wrote his rather erratic ordinances.

Bob was a good fellow, and I spent a pleasant time with him. Old Mrs Bishop, his housekeeper, made me comfortable, and the whole day long my host would keep me laughing at his droll witticisms.

Patients were, however, very few and far between.

"You see, I'm like the men in Harley-street, my dear old chap," he observed one day. "I'm only consulted as a last resource."

I did not feel quite comfortable in accepting his hospitality for more than a week, but when I announced my intention of departing he would not hear of it, and therefore I remained each week eager for the publication of the "Lancet" with its lists of assistants wanted.

I had been with him three weeks, and assisted him in his extremely small practice, for he sometimes sought my advice as to treatment. Poor old Bob. He was never a very brilliant one in his diagnoses. He always made it a rule to sound everybody, feel their pulses, press down their tongues and make them say "Ah!"

"Must do something for your money," he used to say when the patient had gone. "They like to be looked at in the mouth."

One afternoon, while we were sitting together smoking in his little den above the surgery, he made a sudden suggestion.

"Do you know, Dick, I scarcely like to ask you, but I wonder whether you'd do me a favour?"

"Most certainly, old chap," I responded.

"Even though you incur a great responsibility?"

"What is the responsibility?"

"A very grave one. To take charge of this extensive practice while I go down to Bristol and see my people. I haven't been home for a year."

"Why, of course," I responded. "I'll look after things with pleasure."

"Thanks. You're a brick. I won't be away for more than a week. You won't find it very laborious. There's a couple of kids with the croup round in Angel Road, a bed-ridden old girl in Bridge Road, and a man in Beadon Road who seems to have a perpetual stomach-ache. That's about all."

I smiled. He had not attempted to diagnose the stomach-ache, I supposed. He was indeed a careless fellow.

"Of course, you'll pocket all the fees," he added with a touch of grim humour. "They're not very heavy—bobs and half-crowns, but they may keep you in tobacco till I come back."

And thus I became the locum tenens of the not too extensive practice of Robert Raymond, surgeon; for he departed for Paddington on the following evening, and I entered upon my somewhat lonely duties.

The first couple of days passed without incident. I visited the two children with the croup, looked in upon the bed-ridden relic of a bibulous furniture dealer, and examined the stomach with the perpetual pain. The latter proved a much more serious case than I had supposed, and from the first I saw that the poor fellow was suffering from an incurable disease. My visits only took an hour, and the rest of the day I spent in the little den upstairs, smoking furiously and reading.

On the third morning, shortly before midday, just as I was thinking of going out to make my round of visits, an unusual incident occurred.

I heard a cab stop outside, and a moment later the surgery bell was violently rung.

I started, for that sound was synonymous with half-a-crown. Not once during the three weeks I had been Bob's guest had the surgery bell been rung except between six and eight in the evening, the hours of consultation.

I smoothed down my hair, rearranged my cravat, slipped on my black coat—for I had been sitting in my shirt sleeves—and after the lapse of some five minutes, descended in expectation.

A middle-aged woman in black, evidently a domestic servant, stood in the surgery, and as I confronted her asked breathlessly, "Are you the doctor, sir?"

I replied in the affirmative, and asked her to be seated.

"I'm sorry to trouble you, sir," she said, "but would you come round with me? My mistress has been taken worse."

"What's the matter with her?" I inquired.

"I don't know, sir," answered the woman in deep distress. "But I do beg of you to come at once."

"Certainly I will," I said, and, leaving her, ascended, put on my boots, and, placing my case of instruments in my pocket, quickly rejoined her, and entered the cab in waiting.

On our drive along the Hammer-smith Road, and through several thoroughfares lying on the right, I endeavoured to obtain from her some idea of the nature of the lady's ailment, but she was either stupidly ignorant, or else had received instructions to remain silent.

The cab at last pulled up before a fine grey house with a wide portico, supported by four immense columns, before which we both alighted. The place, standing close to the entrance to a large square, was a handsome one with bright flowers in boxes before the windows, and a striped sun-bloom over the balcony formed by the roof of the portico. The quilted blinds were down because of the strong sun, but our ring was instantly answered by a grave-looking footman, who showed me into a cosy library at the end of the hall.

"I'll tell my master at once that you're here, sir," the man said, and he closed the door, leaving me alone.

CHAPTER II.

THE THIRD FINGER.

The house was one of a no mean order, and a glance at the rows of books showed them to be well-chosen, evidently the valued treasures of a studious man. Upon the writing-table was an electric reading lamp with green shade and a fine panel photograph of a handsome woman in a heavy silver frame. In the stationery rack upon the table the note-paper bore an embossed cipher surmounted by a coronet. The darkened room was cool and restful after the heat and sun-glare outside.

After a few moments the door reopened, and there entered a very thin, pale-faced, slightly-built man of perhaps sixty, carefully dressed in clothes of rather antique cut. He threw out his chest in walking, and carried himself with stiff unbending hauteur. His dark eyes were small and sharp, and his clean-shaven face rendered his aquiline features the more pronounced.

"Good morning!" he said, greeting me in a thin, squeaky voice. "I am very glad my servant found you at home."

"And I, too, am glad to be of service, if possible," I responded.

He motioned me to be seated, at the same time taking a chair behind his writing-table. Was it, I wondered, by design or by accident that in the position he had assumed his face remained in the deep shadow, while my countenance was within the broad ray of sunlight that came in between the blind and the window sash? There was something curious in his attitude, but what it was I could not determine.

"I called you in to-day, doctor," he explained, resting his thin, almost waxen hands upon the table, "not so much for medical advice as to have a chat with you."

"But the patient?" I observed. "Had I not better see her first, and chat afterwards?"

"No," he responded. "It is necessary that we should first understand one another perfectly."

I glanced at him, but his face was only a grey blotch in the deep shadow. Of its expression I could observe nothing. Who, I wondered, was this man?

"Then the patient is better, I presume?"

"Better, but still in a precarious condition," he replied, in a snapping voice. Then, after a moment's pause, he added in a more conciliatory tone: "I don't know, doctor, whether you will agree with me, but I have a theory that just as every medical man and lawyer has his fee, so has every man his price."

"I scarcely follow you," I said, somewhat puzzled.

"I mean that every man, no matter what his station in life, is ready to perform services for another, providing the sum is sufficient in payment."

I smiled at his philosophy. "There is a good deal of truth in that," I remarked, "but, of course, there are exceptions."

"Are you one?" he inquired sharply, in a strange voice.

I hesitated. His question was curious. I could not see his object in such observations.

"I ask you a plain question," he repeated. "Are you so rich as to be beyond the necessity of money?"

"No," I answered frankly. "I'm not rich. Doctors are not usually a wealthy class. It is hard work and scanty gain in the medical profession."

"Then you admit that for a certain price you would be willing to perform a service?" he said bluntly.

"I don't admit anything of the kind," I laughed, not, however, without a feeling of indignation. He seemed to be a swaggerer—a parvenu, perhaps—one of those men who, having made money quickly, believe that their gold can purchase everything.

"Well," he said, after a few moments' hesitation, during which time his pair of small black eyes were, I knew, fixed upon me. "I'll speak more plainly. Would you object, for instance, to taking a fee of five figures to-day?"

"A fee of five figures?" I repeated, puzzled. "I don't quite follow you."

"Five figures equal ten thousand pounds," he said slowly, in a strange voice.

"A fee of five figures!" I repeated, puzzled. "For what?"

In an instant it flashed across my mind that the thin, grey faced man before me was trying to suborn me to commit murder—that crime so easily committed by a doctor. The thought staggered me.

"The service I require of you is not a very difficult one," he answered, bending across the table in his earnestness. "You are young, a bachelor, I presume, and enthusiastic in your honourable calling. Would not ten thousand pounds be of great use to you at this moment?"

I admitted that it would. What could I not do with such a sum, I reflected. I could buy a snug practice in some quiet country town, and thus realise my ideal of happiness. Ten thousand pounds! Was it not the biggest fee ever offered to any doctor for a single visit?

Again I asked him the nature of the service he demanded, but he cleverly evaded my inquiries.

"My suggestion will, I fear, strike you as curious," he added. "But in this matter there must be no hesitation on your part. It must be accomplished to-day."

"Then it is, I take it, a matter of life or death?"

"There was a brief silence, broken only by the low ticking of the marble clock upon the mantel shelf.

"Of death," he answered in a low strained tone. "Of death, rather than of life."

I held my breath. My countenance must have undergone a change, and this did not escape his observant eyes, for he added—

"Before we go further, I would ask you, Doctor, to regard this interview as strictly confidential."

"It shall be entirely as you wish," I stammered. The atmosphere of the room seemed suddenly oppressive, my head was in a whirl, and I wanted to get away from the presence of my tempter.

"Good!" he said, apparently reassured. "Then we can advance a step further. I observed just now that you were a bachelor, and you did not contradict me."

"I am a bachelor, and have no intention of marrying."

"Not for ten thousand pounds?" he inquired.

"I've never yet met a woman whom I could love sufficiently," I told him quite plainly.

"But is your name so very valuable to you that you would hesitate to bestow it upon a woman for a single hour—even though you were a widower before sunset?"

"A widower before sunset?" I echoed. "You speak in enigmas. If you were plainer in your words I might comprehend your meaning."

"Briefly, my meaning is this," he said, in a firmer voice, after pausing, as though to gauge my strength of character. "Upstairs in this house my daughter is ill—she is not confined to her bed, but she is nevertheless dying."

Two doctors have attended her through several weeks, and to-day, in consultation, have pronounced her beyond hope of recovery. Before being struck down by disease she fell hopelessly in love with a man whom I believed to be worthless—a man

whose name they told me was synonymous with all that is evil in human nature. She was passionately fond of him, and her love very nearly resulted in a terrible tragedy. Through the weeks of her delirium she has constantly culled his name. Her whole thoughts have been of him, and now, in these her last moments, I am filled with remorse that I did not endeavour to reclaim him and allow them to marry. He is no longer in England, otherwise I would unite them. The suggestion I have to make to you is that you should assume that man's place and marry my daughter."

"Marry her!" I gasped.

"Yes. Not being in possession of all her faculties, she will therefore not distinguish between her true lover and yourself. She will believe herself married to him, and her last moments will be rendered happy."

I did not reply. The suggestion held me dumbfounded.

"I know that the proposal is a very extraordinary one," he went on, his voice trembling in deep earnestness, "but I make it to you in desperation. By my own ill-advised action and interference Beryl, my only child, is dying, and I am determined, if possible, to bring to her poor, unbalanced mind peace in these the last hours of her existence. My remorse is bitter, God knows! It is little that I can do in way of atonement, save to convince her of my forgiveness."

His face, as he bent forward to me at that moment, came for the first time within the broad bar of sunlight that fell between us, and I saw how white and haggard it was. The countenance was no longer that of a haughty man, but of one rendered desperate.

"I fear that in this matter it is beyond my power to assist you," I said, stirring myself at last. Truth to tell, his proposal was so staggering that I inclined to the belief that he himself was not quite right in his mind. The curious light in his eyes aroused this suspicion.

"You will not help me?" he cried, starting up. "You will not assist in bringing happiness to my poor girl in her dying hour?"

"I will be no party to such a flagrant fraud as you propose," I responded quietly.

"The sum is not sufficient, eh? Well, I'll double it. Let us say twenty thousand?"

"And the marriage you suggest is, I presume, to be a mock one?"

"A mock one? No, a real and binding one—entirely legal," he responded. "A marriage in church."

"Would not a mock one be just as effective in the mind of the unfortunate young lady?" I suggested.

"No. There are reasons why a legal marriage should take place," he answered distinctly.

"And they are?"

"Ah! upon that point I regret that I cannot satisfy you," he answered. "Is not twenty thousand pounds sufficient to satisfy you, without asking questions?"

"But I cannot see how a legal marriage can take place," I queried. "There are surely formalities to be observed."

"Leave them all to me," he answered quickly. "Rest assured that I have overlooked no detail in this affair. A mock marriage would, of course, have been easy enough, but I intend that Beryl shall be legally wedded, and for the service rendered me by becoming her husband I am prepared to pay you twenty thousand pounds on the instant the ceremony is concluded."

Then unlocking a drawer in his writing-table he drew forth a large bundle of notes secured by an elastic band, which he held towards me, saying: "These are yours, if you care to accept my offer."

The bait was tempting. I had striven night and day, working in the squalid shams of cities and in the homes of the agricultural labourers, yet after seven years had been unable to save a single sovereign. The working man is better off than the humble practitioner.

I glanced at the thick square packet of crisp notes, and saw that each was for one hundred pounds. My eyes wandered to the Tempter's face. The look I saw there startled me. Was he actually the Devil in human guise?

He noted the quick start I gave, and instantly his features relaxed into a smile.

"I cannot see what possible ground you have for scruples," he said. "To deceive a dying girl in order to render her last moments happy is surely admissible. Come, render me this trifling service."

And thus he persuaded and cajoled me, tempting me with the money in his hand, to sell my name.

Reader, place yourself in my position for a single moment. I might, I reflected, slave through all my life and never become possessed of such a sum. I was not avaricious, far from it. Yet with twenty thousand pounds I could gain the zenith of my ambition and lead the quiet, even life that had so long been my ideal. I strove to shut my ears to the persuasive words of the Tempter, but could not. The service was not a very great one, after all. The woman who was to be my wife was dying. In a few hours at most I should be free again, and our compact would remain for ever a secret.

The sight of that money—money with a curse upon it—money that, had I known the truth, I would have flung into the grate and burned rather than suffer its contact with my hand—devised me. Reader, can you wonder at it?

I was desperately in want of money, and throwing my natural caution and discretion to the winds, I yielded. Yes, I yielded.

The Tempter drew a distinct sigh of relief. His sinister face, so thin that I could trace the bones beneath the white, tightly-stretched skin, grinned in satisfaction; for he was now confident of his power over me. He had me irretrievably in his clasp.

He tossed the notes carelessly back into the drawer, and locked it with the key upon his chain. Then gazing at the clock and rising said: "We must lose no time. Al is prepared. Come with me."

My heart at that instant beat so loudly that its pulsations were audible. I was to sacrifice myself and wed an unknown bride in order to gain that packet of banknotes. Mine was indeed a strange position, yet held beneath the spell of this man's presence. I obeyed and followed him, curious to see the face of the woman to whom I was to give my name.

Together we went forth into the hall where stood the man-servant who had admitted me.

"Is everything ready Davies?" his master inquired.

"Everything, sir. The carriage is at the door."

"I would ask of you one favour," the Tempter said in a low voice. "Do not express any surprise. All will be afterwards explained."

From the inner pocket of his frock-coat he produced a pair of white kid gloves, which he handed me, observing, with a smile:

"They are large for you, I fear, but a few sizes too large don't much matter. You will meet my daughter at the church. It looks better."

Then, as I commenced putting on the gloves, we went forth together, entering the smart brougham awaiting us. All preparations had evidently been made for my marriage.

Our drive was not a long one, but so bewildered was I by my singular situation that I took little notice of the direction in which we were travelling. Indeed, I was utterly unfamiliar with that part of London, and I only know that we crossed St. Anne Street, and after traversing a number of back streets suddenly stopped before a church standing in a small cul-de-sac.

The strip of faded red baize upon the steps showed that we were expected, but the church was empty save for a wheezy, unshaven old verger, who, greeting us, preceded us to a pew in front.

Secretly had we seated ourselves, conversing in whispers, when we heard a second carriage stop, and turning I saw in the entrance the silhouette of my unknown bride in dead white satin.

She advanced up the aisle leaning heavily upon the arm of a smartly-dressed man, who wore a monocle with fopfish air. Her progress was slow, due, no doubt, to extreme weakness. Her veil was handsome, but so thick that in the dim gloom of the church I was quite unable to distinguish her features.

As she passed where I sat, silent, anxious and wondering, the Tempter prompted me, and I rose and took my place beside her, while the same moment the officiating clergyman himself appeared from the vestry. His

face was red and pimply, showing him to be of intemperate habits, but at his order I took my unknown companion's slim, soft hand in mine, and the scent of the orange blossom in her corsage filled my nostrils. I stood like a man in a dream.

At that instant the Tempter bent tenderly to her, saying, "Beryl, my child, this is your wedding day. You are to be married to the man you love. Listen!"

Then the clergyman began to drone the first words of the marriage service. "Dearly beloved, we are gathered together," in a nasal tone which sounded weirdly in the silence of the place, until he came to the first question, to which I responded in a voice that seemed strange and cavernous.

I was selling myself for twenty thousand pounds. The thought caused me a slight twinge of conscience.

Turning to the excited woman at my side he asked: "Wilt thou have this man to thy wedded husband, to live together after God's ordinance in the holy state of matrimony? Wilt thou obey him and serve him, love, honour and keep him in sickness and in health; and, forsaking all other keep thee only unto him, so long as ye both shall live?"

A silence fell, deep and complete.

Two ordinary-looking men, who had entered the church to serve as witnesses, exchanged glances. Then a slight sound escaped my unknown bride, like a low sigh, and we could just distinguish the reply:

"I will."

The remainder of the service was gabbled through, a ring which the Tempter had slipped into my hand I placed upon her finger, and ten minutes later I had signed the register, and was the husband of a woman upon whose face I had never looked.

The name which she signed with mine was "Beryl Wynd." Beyond that I knew nothing.

Utterly bewildered at my position, I sat beside my bride on the drive back, but she preserved silence, and I exchanged no word with her. She stammered once, as though cold. Her father accompanied us, keeping up a lively conversation during the whole distance.

Arrived at the house, the woman who had sought me at Rowan Road came forward to meet my bride, and accompanied her at once upstairs, while we entered the dining-room. The two witnesses, who had followed in the second carriage, quickly joined us, the butler, Davies, opened champagne, and my health, with that of my bride, was drunk in solemn silence. The man with the monocle was absent. Truly my nuptial feast was a strange one.

A few minutes later, however, I was again alone in the library with the Tempter, whose eyes had grown brighter, and whose face had assumed an even more denoucial expression. The door was closed; the silence unbroken.

"So far all has been perfectly satisfactory," he said, halting upon the hearthrug suddenly, and facing me. "There is, however, still one condition to be fulfilled before I place the money in your hands."

"And what is that?" I inquired.

"That your wife must die before sunset," he answered in a hoarse earnest whisper. "She must die— you understand? It is now half-past twelve."

"What?" I cried, starting forward, "you would bribe me to murder your own daughter?"

He shrugged his thin shoulders, made an impatient movement, his small eyes glittered, and in a cold, hard voice exclaimed: "I said that it is imperative she should die before the money is yours—that is all."

(To be continued.)

Everyone in England is talking of the wonders produced by

Advertisement for Dr. Mackenzie's Soap, featuring a large graphic of the soap box and text describing its benefits for skin conditions.

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Copyright Story.

A VERY OLD STORY.

(By BLANCHE C. HARDY.)

The scene was the forest primeval. The slope of the great hill was covered with a tangled jungle of trees, bushes and undergrowth mellowed with autumn tints and warmed by the rays of the autumn sun.

I cannot with certainty give the date, but I know it was some hundreds of thousands of years ago, in the days when the world was young, and there was not yet much appreciable difference between men and monkeys. This very forest swarmed with Gorillas, Chimpanzees, and such like people; and very kindly, sensible folk they were; though a little homely, to be sure, and much looked down upon by the real men, who lived in the great cave at the foot of the mountain, and who could stand upright for quite a long time, and could hunt and make flint spears and knives, and cook their food, and do all sorts of very advanced things.

The men of this cave, you see, were the only representatives of the new race therabouts, and thought a great deal of themselves in consequence, and treated their cousins the Gorillas with much contempt; although the latter were so nearly related to them, and possessed many good qualities which the men lacked. Since that time the one race has deteriorated and the other improved, so that now-a-days—but we are anticipating.

On the top of the mountain, seated on a great boulder so that their figures stood out above the tops of the trees, were a man and a little boy. The man had very long arms and little bow legs, and he bent forward a good deal, and a quantity of shaggy black hair fell over his low browed face, the expression of which was cunning, but not brutal; his body was wrapped round with a great piece of torn bear skin fastened with a bone pin, and he was engaged in carving something very carefully on a piece of yellow reindeer horn, with a beautifully pointed bit of flint.

The child beside him was quite naked, and was watching his companion's work, and trying to sharpen a bit of flint as he had often seen it done before, but without much success.

"Come!" said the man at last, looking round him, (only of course he did not use these actual words, but spoke in a sort of refined Gorillise) "The Great Spirit is shutting his red eye, and night will soon be upon us; we will be hunting late to-night, and till then the old one is alone."

"The women are there," objected the boy, who did not seem inclined to go; "and I am sure there is a great bear somewhere near us. I have heard him sniffling round for a long time, and I want to see you kill him."

"Women are of no account," was the reply, "and I cannot wait for the bear to-night. See there!" showing with some pride the horn on which he had been working. "That is the representation of the fight of Brand-wielder with the great Mammoth; is it not life-like? Now we must hasten home."

They descended from the huge boulder, and without any hesitation made their way down the mountain side, through the tangled forests, towards the broad river in the valley, till they came to a small cleft in the rock, into which they slipped, and after creeping for a few yards through a low passage, they emerged into a great rocky hall. Through this again they went till they reached a still vaster cavern, in the centre of which blazed a huge fire; distant voices could be heard, and the dim figures of women were seen flitting about in the dim light. Crouched close up to the fire sat a shape that a first sight might have been taken for a gigantic ape, for its body was covered with thick shaggy hair, and the nails of the hand it held out to the blaze were long and pointed like an animal's. When it turned round, however, to peer through the darkness at the new comers, its face was seen to be quite human, and of a pale colour, presumably originally red and white, but now—by reason of great age—of a yellow parchmenty appearance, much wrinkled, and overhung with shaggy grey hair. It—start not, dear reader—was the missing link, the last of that great race that intervened between brute beast and (hereafter)

civilised man, and the head of the great and aristocratic family of the cave.

"That you, Horn-cutter?" it mumbled (for its fourth set of teeth had lately crumbled away, and it had not yet cut the next, which made it rather cross and "fractionous") "Send boy 'way, tell woman be quiet, noisy spea. W ov you dun t'day?"

"Only this," said Horn-cutter modestly, producing his work of art. "Brand-wielder's great fight, Old One. It took me a long time to do. Think it's good?"

"Hoo! Hoo!" ejaculated the Missing Link. "Good eno'. Ay, ay, good eno'. Come sit by fire. Cold n'. Cold n'. Used to be warmer when I was young. Hoo. Hoo."

Horn-cutter drew out his bone pin and threw off the bear's skin, then lay down by the fire and listened in silence to his father's early reminiscences, which he had heard many times before.

Meanwhile the boy ran off to a further recess of the cave, where a number of females were sitting and lying, some asleep, some eating, some tying together bunches of feathers and leaves, or threading wild beasts' teeth—through which holes had previously been bored—on long threads of tough grass. He hastened at once to one slim girl who, because her hair was a little longer and yellower than that of the other women, and her eyes darker and larger, and her teeth whiter and her lips redder, and her cheeks pinker—was counted the beauty of the family and was proportionately scornful and charming.

"Is that you, Horn's son? she asked pouting. "What a trouble you are, is Horn in yet? Did you kill anything?"

"No, Horn was busy cutting, and so was I," replied the boy importantly. "Such a lovely picture of the great Mammoth fight, Eda. You must see it. And I heard Grilly sniffling round all the afternoon, and I knew he wanted to talk about you, so I pretended to Horn he was a bear, and wanted him to shoot, only he wouldn't take the trouble. Aren't you disappointed?"

"Yes, of course," said Eda, pettishly; though her colour rose, for although she affected to despise poor Grilly, she very much enjoyed his outspoken admiration—"But what nonsense you talk, child. Horn would have known a bear's step at once. I thought you would bring me some more feathers; these are worn out—for me. They will do for my sisters now;" and she flung carelessly aside a handful of beautiful coloured plumage with which she had been decorating herself.

"Hush!" cried Horn's son, warningly. "The Old One will hear you, and he is angry to-night. He says, you women have been chatting like noisy apes all the afternoon, and he will tell Wolfkiller so when he comes home."

And Eda—though she made a grimace that savoured strongly of her origin—took the hint, and became more silent for a while.

At last voices, steps and shouts, echoing through the rocky arches heralded the approach of the other sons and grandsons of the Old One. They all came on together in high spirits after a happy day's hunting, and dragged with them the bodies of divers reindeer, wolves, etc., and one great bear that they had killed which they promptly proceeded to skin and cut up in front of the fire, assisted by the women, who now flocked forward.

"Good meat. Good meat!" muttered the Old Man, his eyes gleaming in the twilight as he still crouched in the place of honour, and watched the preparations. "Ha! Hoo! Hoo-oo-oo!" as his eldest son with a wonderful force split a great bone open, held it in the fire for a few moments, and then threw it—crammed with hot luscious marrow—into the Ancient's trampling hands.

He sucked and mumbled while the others tore off the bits they most wished, warmed—not to say cooked—them at the fire, and gobbled them down, the women being permitted to finish up the remnants and the not so choice bits that were left. The youth Wolfkiller, it is true, rucundescingly saved a small piece of marrow for his pretty cousin Eda, but the general idea seemed to be that the men had got the meat and the men should eat it, while the females might fend for themselves.

All this time the noise was deafening. Laughter, shouting, quarrelling, scolding, rude noises to imitate beasts (for music had not yet soothed the savage breast!), all these were echoed from side to side of the huge cave, and thrown up yet higher in the lofty dome, shivering away into silence when a fresh outburst started from below. After some hours the women crept away to sleep in the recesses of the rock, but the hunters sat on by the never-dying blaze telling tale after tale of their exploits, every now and then a respectful silence falling on the company when some indistinguishable mumble was issuing from the half-unconscious lips of the Missing Link.

At last, grouped about the great fire, they slept. Hunting was the chief, but not the only occupation of these men of the cave, and the following morning being dry and cold, they set forth once more on their favourite amusement. Even peaceful Horn went too, so the Old One was to his disgust left again alone with the women, to grumble, mumble, sleep, munch, and warm himself, all day; for it was months, perhaps years, since he himself had left the cave or looked upon the light of day.

The women did not on average from their cave alone, but to-day the heat and stuffiness of the fire, and the quarrels of her female relations, were too much for Eda, and she managed to slip away unobserved from the hall, creep through the rock-worn passage, and flit gaily out into the daylight.

"Oh, how bright and pretty it all is!" cried this beauty of the forest, laughing in sheer girlish gladness at the wide sky, the hot sun, the green leaves of the forest, and the remembrance of what she had left behind her. But her face changed suddenly, and she started almost in fear as a hoarse snarl came from the brushwood beside her, and a great, dark, hairy figure crept out quite close by. "Beautiful Eda. Are you alone?" it whispered.

"Oh, Grilly, what do you want? You startled me so; I wish you would go away," said Eda, pettishly. "I can't listen to any of your nonsense now, I am going in. Good-bye."

"Stop!" said the Gorilla in a harsh whisper. "I have not come to trouble you this time, but to warn you. You must hear me;" only he said "ear" me, which made Eda shudder almost more than his appearance. "Well, what is it?" she asked resignedly.

"The floods!" said the Gorilla hoarsely. "They are coming, and you will all be drowned in that cave like rats in a hole. They will be bad floods this time too."

"What nonsense!" cried Eda, curling her pretty lip scornfully. "Do you think our Old One would not have told us if it were so? He well remembers the floods ages ago, when you were not alive. Oh, you great lumbering Gorilla, you know nothing. Go away. I will send Wolfkiller to you if you don't."

"I would kill the white-faced baboon with a kick," cried the Gorilla, growing angry; "and if you marry him I will—Are you going to?"

"I shall do as I please," replied the imperious Eda. "Perhaps after he has made wolf's meat of you, I will. He is a man, and you are only a great ugly beast. Good-bye."

"But when we are both dead, the Great Spirit will perhaps think him no better than me. Eda, lovely Eda," cried the poor Gorilla once more, trying to stop her; "I love you well and you know it; and I care not if you despise me, so you are saved from the floods. Oh, listen to me! Believe! Beware!" But she had gone! and poor Grilly threw himself down among the green roots and groaned, till the little Gorilla maiden who loved him to distraction (though she was black as night in comparison with fair Eda), came to comfort him, and pat his head, and whisper consoling words, and persuade him to come hunting to distract his mind. So he went to please her, but he thought of Eda the whole time, and the Gorilla maiden knew it, and sighed, but loved him all the better.

That afternoon the sky grew grey and heavy, and rain poured down in streams. The hunters came early back to the cave, wet, cross, and dispirited, and the evening was not nearly so jovial as the last. Every-

one grumbled, and the Missing Link seemed livelier than usual, and required a great deal of attention.

"Thirsty. More water. More water. Hoo!" he kept calling, and at last the supply was exhausted, and a girl hurried away with a neatly plaited reed cup, to fetch some more from the corner where a clear crystal stream bubbled into the cave.

She came back looking frightened. "The stream is rushing like a torrent," she said, "and the passage will soon be impassable. What shall we do?"

"Nonsense. Give me water," cried the Missing Link, seizing the cup and taking a long draught.

"Grilly says the floods are coming," observed Eda carelessly, for she thought it well to mention this, although she had laughed at the idea.

"Floods. Ho. Old One, do you hear that?" cried Brandwielder. "What do you say? Is there truth in it?"

"No!" shouted the Missing Link, refreshed by his draught. "Young people of the present day think they know everything; they don't. Look at me. I made a new race for myself. I'm somebody, I am, and I know a flood when I see it. This ain't a flood. More water! Hoo!"

"There. You see," said Brandwielder, looking relieved; and so implicit was the reliance placed in the "Old One" by his descendants that nobody thought further of the matter. Still the rain continued all that night and the next morning, and only a few of the hunters cared to go forth, for there was not much sport to be got in such weather.

They came back dispirited. "Such a queer thing," observed Flintscraper, the brother of Horn, as he threw himself down by the great fire to dry.

"There's not a gorilla left in the forest. They've all departed, utterly and entirely, and nearly all the other beasts too. Can't understand it."

"A very good thing if they have," growled Brandwielder. "I for one shan't be sorry. Cheeky fellows those Gorillas, always presuming on the relationship. But what's the matter with the Old One to-night? He's very quiet; is he asleep?"

"Yes. I'm afraid he is ill," said Horn anxiously. "Perhaps the Evil Spirit has got inside him."

"Oh, he's all right," said Flint. "It's only the weather. Let him alone till to-morrow and he'll be as jolly as ever again."

"But the Old One was certainly strange that night. He did not talk as usual, but muttered incoherently in the intervals of dozing, and at last with a ghastly chuckle and a cry of 'Floods! Not in my time! Hoo! Hoo!' he dropped off altogether into a deep sleep; and the others left him as he lay, and slept.

But when they awoke in the morning they found the Missing Link cold and dead in his accustomed place. Poor and impotent were words of mine to describe the wail that arose when this fact was indeed made certain; a wail that drowned the noise of the falling water and the swollen river, and rang through the rocky halls of the cave like the shriek of a lost soul.

"We must bury him," said Horn, mournfully at last. "No, we will burn his body," broke in Brandwielder, "that will be more honourable than to lay him in the ground. Let us each bring a faggot to the pile of the Founder of our Tribe;" and the words were no sooner spoken than the sad duty was set about. The Old One was set in the centre of the great space before the fire, and the freshest and choicest bones in the cave was broken and laid beside him, in order that, they too being dead, their ghosts should accompany him in his journey to the Silent Land. Then every man, woman, and child brought a burning stick or bundle of sticks and laid them one on the other till they built up a sort of wall round the body, and then the flames crackled and danced, and leapt up in sheets of fire, and a lurid glow lit up the tear-stained faces of the lookers on, seated round in a ring. For a long while they rose and fell, and the cries of the mourners rang and sobbed away through the rocky echoes, and then at last it was all over, and they rose up, and some of them went out to the cave door on their way hunting. But in an instant Brandwielder dashed back into the cave, shouting "The Floods! The Floods! The

river has risen to the cave door and will be pouring in in an instant. Hoo! Quick, or you will be too late. He said the floods would never come in his time and now he has gone and we shall all be drowned."

Of course a panic followed. Everyone rushed for the narrow passage leading to the outlet, and there was a block; the men and the stronger of the women struggled through and rushed up the hill side, and the younger and weaker ones were left, bruised, trampled, and helpless on the ground, washed by the water which already had begun to pour quickly in.

Amongst these last was Eda. Her lover Wolfkiller had forgotten her in the hour of peril and pushed his way through with the rest, leaving her to her fate; but she was just sufficiently conscious to struggle to her feet, and drag herself to the edge of the cave. Here a strange sight met her eyes. The river that all her life she had been accustomed to see flowing its calm course far below was now lapping at her very feet; on every side, so far as the eye could reach, nothing was to be seen but water, mist, grey clouds, and driving rain. Here and there, strange objects might be observed floating about in the flood, drowned animals some of them, others not yet drowned but struggling for dear life; trees and great heaps of green-growth too were carried along in the swift current. The cave folk had disappeared in the mist, and whither they had gone Eda knew not; the familiar landscape was utterly changed, and as she covered her eyes with her hands to shut out the dreadful sight, she felt that there was indeed no hope of escape.

Suddenly a rough hairy arm was thrown round her waist, a hoarse familiar voice shouted above the roar of the waters. "Don't be afraid! It's all right, I'll take care of you. Hold tight, please;" and she was bodily swept off her feet into the water. She opened her eyes. Close above her was the black and hideous face of the Gorilla, "which then was as an angel's," and suddenly a great feeling of relief came over her. She knew by instinct that she was safe now, and need fear no longer, for Grilly would take care of her. He, holding her

with one arm, struck out boldly with the other, keeping close to the shore and well out of the current, and holding himself with the hollowed tree trunk that had erstwhile been Brandwielder's boat.

"I could not take you the other way, Eda;" he panted. "I was obliged to bring you by water, but we are here at last;" as he landed her on a rocky point, and gently disengaged his arm. "Your people are in the cave just above that terrace; you will soon find them. Good-bye." He turned away.

"You are not going?" cried Eda. "Oh dear cousin Grilly, stop with me! What shall I do without you? You have saved my life!"

"No, I cannot stop," said the Gorilla bitterly. "Your people are not my people, and it would not do, Eda. You told me that once, and I tell you so now. You call me cousin, but the day will come when your children will look at mine and deny that there ever was relationship between us. No matter. The Great Spirit knows. I shall go back to Gora now, she is waiting for me, and she loves me truly;" and he plunged again into the flood and swam away.

Now whether his feet got entangled in the floating undergrowth, or whether his breath gave out, is not known; but, when he had swum a few paces, he struggled violently for a second or two, and then threw up his arms, and sank right under the water; while Eda on the bank covered her face and shrieked.

And what became of Gora is not told.

But Eda and Wolfkiller were married, and quarrelled violently all the rest of their days, and Eda was often heard—as is the way of women—to passionately declare that had she only married Grilly she would have been the happiest woman in the world. Which was, of course, ridiculous. But you see it was the old, old story, even then.

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# Music and Musicians.

## TALKS ON MUSIC.

By W. H. WEBBE.

(Specially Reported for the "Graphic.")

The following is a continuation of a talk to music students by Mr W. H. Webbe, at his School of Music, Grafton Road, on Thursday evening, August 16th, about

### TOUCH AND TECHNIQUE.

**The Finger Legato Touch.**—This is the most important touch, used for scale passages, melodies, for much arpeggio work, and, as a rule, for ornaments that are required to be played smoothly.

This is the first touch to be learnt, and care must be taken to keep the hand and arm quite steady, with the fingers slightly curved, and raised clearly above the keys, say, about one inch, before striking them.

**The Hand Staccato Touch.**—This is the next touch to be considered. The tone produced by this touch is in contrast to the legato, it being detached, and not smooth or continuous.

For this touch the keys are struck with a throw of the hand, the fingers curved but somewhat stiffened when in the act of striking the keys, so as to render the tone sharp and crisp.

The fingers must both attack and leave the keys in an extremely brisk manner. Quite the opposite is required for legato effects. To obtain a good hand staccato touch the hand, before the keys are struck, should be drawn well back and rapidly thrown downwards in playing, and kept loose from the wrist, and immediately after striking the keys brought back to the same position.

**The Hand Legato Touch.**—Without a good hand legato touch a pianist is badly equipped. In every style and form of music this touch is always in requisition: for legato chord passages, frequently for first notes of a phrase, and for initial notes in ornaments; in fact, there is hardly a stave of pianoforte music in which the hand legato touch is not called for.

**The Finger Staccato Touch.**—The staccato tone effects produced from the finger action are not nearly so pronounced as those obtained from the hand action. The finger, to play staccato, must strike the note very rapidly, with the point of the finger slightly directed towards the palm of the hand, the hand being kept steady, as though plucking a string.

The finger staccato touch is generally applied for mild staccato playing, which is generally known as the "portamento touch." This touch is particularly suitable for delicate passages, wherein a quiet style of portamento tone effect is desired.

**The Down Arm Touch.**—The down arm touch (legato) is so called because the weight from the fall of the forearm supplies the force of blow given to the keys. This touch is used for heavy chord and octave passages, for leaps, also for the Bravura style of playing. The greatest power of tone can be produced by this touch, the hand being loose from the wrist and the fingers used as in the hand legato touch. Flexibility and smoothness are the chief characteristics of a good down arm touch.

**The Up Arm Touch (Staccato).**—Dr. Mason thus describes this touch: "The up arm touch is so named because in making it the arm seems to spring boundingly into the air away from the keyboard, and when properly made there is no sense of having delivered a blow downwards upon the keys."

This touch is used for producing a staccato tone when great power is needed, more particularly for octaves and big chords.

**Devitalized Touch.**—By devitalized is meant a condition of absolute limpness and suppleness, without resistance or constriction. This applies to the devitalized arm, hand, or finger. The tone produced by this touch is very light and somewhat characterless, but at the same time indescribable. It aids in producing delicate shading; in fact, the finest nuances in phrasing are obtainable by means of it.

It is at the same time necessary to utilise in the earlier stages of practice, when studies are taken in hand, the different touches that may be called for, more particularly those for melody and accompaniment.

Those who desire to know more concerning touch and technique, and about the pedagogic works of Kullak, Kohler, Lauer, Hiemann, Franklin Taylor, Beringer, Tuassi, Mason and others will find considerable information on the subject in "The Pianists' Primer and Guide," wherein the most important technical schools are reviewed. In this work will be found further illustrations (in addition to those given) exemplifying the seven different touches enumerated and described.

Christiani, in his magnificent work, "The Principles of Expression in Pianoforte Playing," says: "Technique being mechanical, rather than artistic, does not of itself make the artist, and giving evidence of persevering labour rather than of talent ranks, aesthetically speaking, lowest amongst pianistic attainments, although it is really the most brilliant of them and absolutely indispensable. But when technique, already faultless, is qualified by refinement and poetry in touch and taste, it ceases to be simply mechanical and becomes artistic."

I would impress upon you all to remember that technical ability alone is not the sine qua non of pianoforte playing. There are many pianists with splendid technique, but who, for lack of expression in their playing, repel rather than attract the artistic listener.

It is far preferable to play with much expression and a moderate technique than with a fine technique minus expression. Get as much technical skill as you like, but never forget that it is the expression in playing that reaches the hearts of your listeners.

### Teachers' Shortcomings.

Many teachers, even those of exceptional ability, complain of a lack of patronage. Their pupils number less, possibly, this year than last, — even are at present falling off, — and perplexed and discouraged they accuse fate, chance, or destiny, and settle down into a pathetic acceptance of "circumstances over which they have no control." Pathetic, yes! for there is truly pathos as well as tragedy in the life that is given over by its rightful ruler to the hap-hazard antics of "fate" and of "chance." There are a multitude of details entirely overlooked by the disheartened teacher with his eye fixed on an imaginary Destiny; details are tangible and may be speedily proved, by one who will merely rouse himself to the effort, to be all of destiny there is. A hint even to the wise is necessary at times, especially if the latter have neglected their lamps and are becoming that a strange chance has sent darkness to overwhelm them. Let these, instead, criticise their own conduct and views, and examine their own consciences. Is the vivacity, the perseverance, and withal the patience which once pervaded all their work showing signs of waning? Do they consider punctuality a duty as binding as a moral obligation, and are they careful to establish over the pupil an authority which shall command a certain deference, as well as a winsomeness which shall command affection?

"Why did you leave Mr M?" a promising pianist was asked a short time since: "he is surely a fine teacher."

"Oh, he always had ways I didn't like, and is worse lately, if anything. I think he must have taken himself for a model. He is eccentric, sarcastic, overbearing, and whimsical! A fine teacher, I admit, but even one of these qualities will aggravate a pupil to the point of leaving a teacher. I understand that his class is small, and it's not to be wondered at."

This is but one of many similar instances, and always in the rousing given by pupils for making a change will be found a sketch of the teacher's shortcomings, true to the life, and as telling as a Gibson juggling. It is a mistake too frequently made to suppose that the employment, either of

severity or sarcasm, will establish one's authority. The role of teacher and pupil must be kept distinct, it is true, — by kindness alone, since, when deference and affection are lost, both authority and pupils take to themselves wings. — "The Etude."

### Music Teaching as a Business.

The true teacher of to-day must be a widely-educated, broad-minded person. He should teach systematically, thoroughly, as well as with love and enthusiasm. With all these qualifications and acquirements can the average teacher of music hope for even a fair share of financial success? Of course there are a few, as at the head of every profession, whose talents and opportunities have been great, and their energies equally so, to whom this article will not apply, for these fortunate few are in a position to demand what is just, and to obtain their demands. The number of persons teaching music is great, and seems to be on the increase. But the number of persons fitted by natural disposition and acquired knowledge to be true instructors is small.

The fact is that any person is free to engage in this pursuit, no matter how ignorant and ill-fitted he may be. Thus, people teach music who could not practice either law or medicine without first passing rigid examinations.

A feeling of incompetence, and the fact that frequently it is not entered upon as a serious business or as permanent employment, lead to a willingness to lower the charge on the part of many; the consequence is that we fall into public contempt. This is a fact, and these problems face every teacher of music to-day, and must be solved.

Let the teacher whose early opportunities were not very good, and who has not kept up well with advanced thought of the day in the teaching of this study, take some good magazine, then supply himself with some good systematic course, whose general lines of instruction he can follow, even though he be unable to attend any modern college or summer course, and renew his interest and his knowledge in this way.

No one would teach any other science without well graded, properly arranged textbooks. To be worth a good price and to charge what you are worth would be one step in the right direction, at all events.

But I hear the teacher saying: "Well, and when I have done all you suggest, the public so little understand and appreciate true music that the cheap, pretentious, badly-prepared teacher might be preferred." This is true in some localities to some extent. The average patrons of music may be generous and liberal in all other matters, but so little do they seem to understand the difficulties in the acquisition of a good technique and the slowness of progress possible to a thorough knowledge of music, especially with young children, that they seem to actually grudge giving a fair equivalent in return for this knowledge and power. This does not apply to any one place or country, but is widespread, and the prevalence of those who, conscious of their deficiencies, are willing to cater to those whose patronage they desire, is great. — E. Calnek.

### A Dialogue Concerning Freaks.

Persons:

Public Opinion.

Public Opinion: How is it musicians frequently have the appearance of freaks?

Private Citizen: Do you not consider that a harsh assertion, my dear Madam? Beside, would you oblige me by making your meaning more clear?

P.O.: By all means. Do you see that individual glaring at us with his shaggy hair, eyebrows to match, and otherwise eccentric in his appearance? He is a musician, is he not?

P.C.: I happen to know him. He is a well-known violinist.

P.O.: Do you deny that the wild man from Borneo is like an innocent

babe in comparison to this individual? P.C.: I admit that the gentleman in question is rather conspicuous in his make-up. However, that fact does not detract from his merits as an artist.

P.O.: I am not alluding to his artistic capabilities. But why and wherefore this ludicrous appearance?

P.C.: If you insist upon having the real reason, my dear Madam, I suppose it is in order to differentiate himself from his fellow-creatures.

P.O.: It is now my turn to request an explanation.

P.C.: With pleasure. If you take various members of the professions in turn, you will notice that many of them have characteristic features by means of which they are easily recognisable. The soldier has his uniform, the clergyman dresses in a certain way to show that he belongs to the cloth. The musician, not being able to carry his violin or his piano about with him continually, elects to allow his hair to grow long. Do you follow me?

P.O.: Quite so. P.C.: Of course, the underlying sentiment is one of vanity, of foolish vanity, if you will have it so, but are not all human beings more or less vain, and why not allow the musicians this harmless idiosyncrasy?

P.O.: Idiotsyncrasy! I should call it. You forget that the professions you allude to hardly lower their dignity by endeavouring to reveal their identity. I fail to see, however, how the musician enhances his personal dignity by adopting the ridiculous methods he resorts to. Do you remember the young pianist who, with an impatient gesture, brushed back the rebellious lock of hair that would persist upon bobbing up at the most inopportune moments—

P.C. (continuing): While any barber could have cut its existence short for the modest fee of sixpence. Exactly. But you forget, my dear Madam, that, shorn of his locks, your Samson sinks into complete insignificance when away from the piano, and becomes a

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SOLD BY CHEMISTS AND STOREKEEPERS THROUGHOUT THE AUSTRALIAN, NEW ZEALAND, AND CAPE COLONIES.

BOTTLES 12, 24, 48, 96, 144, 288, 576, 1152, 2304, 4608, 9216, 18432.



private citizen of whom no one takes the slightest notice. While when adorned in the splendour of his hireute attainments he only need show himself to have a passer-by whisper: "There goes Mr Ivory Smasher. I think I will go and hear him at his next concert." Thus, you see, my dear Madam, the musician not alone attracts attention by means of his shaggy mane, but preserves it as a means of advertisement to be carried about with him upon all occasions, rain or shine.

P.O.: You have almost convinced me that a long haired musician, owing to practical reasons, is a necessity, but why this utter disregard for the conventionalities in matters of dress? I have just noticed you bowing to a musician whose general untidiness and slouchy appearance suggests the idea that he is as averse to bath tubs and regular ablutions as our own willom friend Svengali?

P.C.: I admit that my friend does not dress like a Beau Brummel. I also admit that with him soap and art should form a closer alliance. But why so severe on an individual whose art has often thrilled you? Remember artists are like children. Their thoughts are constantly occupied with fancies far removed from this terrestrial sphere. Music to them means stories of knights and ladies, the courtship of the nightingale and the rose, the battle cry of legions pressing on to victory, the—

P.O. (interrupting him): This is strange. I recently overheard a conversation between two musicians, and do not remember hearing anything of the sort. Mr Fiddler remarked that he had just bought a new house, while Mr Pounder said that if the Broken Treets dropped a few shillings he would buy a few hundred shares more. How is this?

P.C.: To be sure, this modern musician has given up some of his old ideas. While still clinging to long hair, he does not despise the good things of life. He has discarded some of the old traditions. Thus, while the pianoforte virtuoso in times gone by possessed more virtuosity than virtue and wrecked his life and chances in dissipation and riotous living, the modern pianist has become more practical and business like, and, in consequence, erects magnificent villas on the Hudson or Lake Como.

P.O.: You thus admit that he has abandoned some of his old methods. Why not then go a step farther and conform to the demands of modern society and exhibit a certain neatness of appearance, which is expected of every citizen?

This subject I hope to continue at some future time.  
P.C. (bowing): Always at your service, Madam.

The New Plymouth Philharmonic Society gave its opening concert at the Theatre Royal on Tuesday evening of last week, to a large and appreciative audience. The Society is just three months old—a mere bantling, in fact—yet in that short period of its existence so much real hard work has been put in by its members under the able conductorship of Mr A. E. Fletcher, that the results obtained at its initial concert were, with some few exceptions, eminently satisfactory. The Society is to be congratulated on the part songs and choruses, which were crisply, although perhaps not faultlessly, rendered; while the soloists, Mrs Wrigley, Miss Daisy Taylor, Miss Jollie and Mr N. Miller, met with the hearty appreciation of a critical audience. There is considerable room for improvement in the Society's orchestra, which has been rather hurriedly got together; but the hope has been born and is growing apace that this will come in time. The Society is particularly fortunate in having secured the valuable services of Mrs J. Hempton as its pianist. This talented lady (then Miss Wildman) was for many years pianist to the old Tararaki Philharmonic Society, which had such a favourable run, under the conductorship of the late Mr Angelo Forrest. Mrs Pope (whose piano solo at the concert was, by the way, a brilliant performance, is deputy pianist.

At the school examination in the elements of music, held in Auckland last June, by the Associated Board of the Royal Academy of Music and the Royal College of Music, London, all of the nine pupils presented by Mr J. F. Bennett passed the examination successfully. The following are the names of the students and the num-

ber of marks awarded, of which the number required to pass is 60, and the maximum 99: Margaret Cardno, 99; V. S. Ducre, 98; Margaret Ducre, 97; Jeanie Maxfield, 94; Isabella Boloms, 94; Mildred Haselden, 94; Lydia Pegler, 93; Minnie Clark, 92; Estelle Davis, 85.

THE DRAMA.

Mr and Mrs Hamilton Hodges intend giving a series of high-class concerts in the Choral Hall, Auckland, at an early date.

Miss Renee Lees, the youthful pianist who accompanied the Ernest Toy Concert Company when on tour here, has made her appearance in London with much success.

At a recent meeting of the operatic section of the New Zealand Natives Association (Christchurch Branch) it was decided to produce an opera at an early date, and rehearsals of the chorus are to be arranged for at once. The comedy section will produce "Why Women Weep," "A Positive and Negative," and Tom Taylor's "Sheep in Wolf's Clothing" probably before the Carnival.

The Broughs closed their Melbourne season last Monday week, and the company left for Fremantle on the Tuesday. They intend to play in Perth, where they have never been before, and the adjoining goldfields, until the end of October, when they leave for India. They are due in Calcutta on December 3rd.

Miss Nance O'Neil closed her three months' season at Her Majesty's, Melbourne, and is now in Adelaide.

On Saturday last the Miss Ethel Craue Company opened at Her Majesty's, Melbourne, with "Tribly." Among other members of the company are Mr Tyrone Power, Mr Cecil Ward, Mr Cyril Keightly, Mr Oily Deering, Mr Harry Hill, and Miss Eloise Juno.

Mr Chas. Arnold, who opened in Sydney on last Saturday week, has been telling some of his New South African experiences to the Sydney "Morning Herald." He says:—"When I reached Johannesburg in July, 1899, the public talk was of war. Nevertheless our 'Jones' season of six weeks had to be extended to 11, and it was not until we went on to Pretoria that difficulties arose. The Volksraad was even then hotly debating the war question, and twice daily President Kruger, in his rusty frock coat and high hat, used to roll past our hotel in a gilded 'Lord Mayor's' chariot, with an armed Boer guard. Very soon the Boer inhabitants were commandered for Natal, and the citizens then crowded the shops buying 'biltong,' of which—continued Mr Arnold, as he drew from his pocket a hard substance resembling tobacco—"I have half a pound with me. This 'biltong' consists of dried deer, and is wonderfully nutritious, and has helped the Boers to fight our army more than anything else. This commanding half-emptied Pretoria, so the 'Jones' Company trekked for the coast, playing at various places until Pietermaritzburg was reached. This place is close to Colenso, where the British lost 1200 men, and I was on the platform when the trainloads of the wounded came in. Some of the poor fellows were horribly disfigured by fragments of shell, and died whilst being lifted from the train. In Capetown the Mayor gave me the gold badge, appointing me a member of the city committee to receive and speed away the various regiments with light refreshment. Capetown during this war has been a wonderful city, singularly full of life and colour, bands playing, flags flying, people cheering, and horses proudly marching. The flower of the English aristocracy and a cosmopolitan gathering from all parts of the world transformed that quiet city into a metropolis throbbing with excitement. On one occasion, at the request of the Mayor, I sang 'We Take Off Our Hats to the Queen,' by torchlight, from a platform on the public square before a crowd of 10,000 people. How they did cheer. This scene occurred at a demonstration upon the relief of Ladysmith. During our long season in Capetown I raised a fruit fund for the Australian troops, which reached £1036, and at Bendigo, Bullarat, and Albury I have already met some of our men returned from the front, who spoke to me of

the benefits derived from the scheme." It is anticipated that Mr J. C. Williamson will shortly take a trip to the Old Country to arrange about his new ventures. He will delay his departure until Mr Musgrove's arrival in Australia, in order to settle some matters relating to the old firm.

Mr Donald Macdonald, the war lecturer, opens in the Auckland Opera House to-morrow (Thursday) evening. If the same good fortune which has followed him through Australia has not forsaken him in New Zealand, we may anticipate a right royal welcome for him in the northern city, where he first makes acquaintance with this colony. There was a certain singularity (writes a Sydney scribe) about Mr Donald Macdonald's Sydney first-night audience. Before 8 o'clock the hall and galleries were packed, and quite 2,000 persons sat waiting in perfect silence. There was no buzz of chat, or impatient movements. This was the "singularity." I remarked upon it to a friend, and got the soothing reply, "Yes, but look round at the audience—the choicest to be got. Not a soul here that ever ate peanuts or drank lemonade." Then the tall khaki-clad war correspondent came slowly on to the platform, two seconds longer the silence endured whilst the audience took in the man, and then—well, there was no more silence for a full ten minutes. Again and again did the lecturer open his lips and give a half-smile of deprecation, but the crowd only split its gloves more, and abraded its palms and pined its walking-sticks and umbrella-points. Mr Macdonald smiled fully, and patiently contemplated his two shoes, until he got his innings. So far as I could see there were just two persons who did not applaud, and those two made me determine to change my seat for the next lecture. They were an elderly man and woman in front reserved seats. Before the lecturer had spoken a word they were weeping bitterly. One could tell that the velvet holds someone dear to them.

In New York the sale of intoxicants in any theatre, or in any part of the building accessible from a theatre without going outside, is forbidden in plain terms. A former time was rigidly enforced. Now it is relaxed so much as to permit open doors between lobbies and bar rooms. But the managers of the legitimate dramatic theatres cannot open a bar in the most secluded corners of their smoking rooms. At the same time those theatres which take out licenses as concert halls, including the New York, the Victoria, Koster and Bial's and Weber and Fields, do an unrestricted business in beverages. The law, in explicit words, restricts the entertainment in music halls to concerts and expressly forbids everything theatrical, yet in all the pieces named and many others plays are enacted as in avowed theatres.

A well-known journalist and author has just died in London in the person of Frederick Hawkins. Mr Hawkins had been a member of the staff of the "Times" since 1863, and acted for some time as the dramatic critic of that journal. Always deeply interested in theatrical matters, Mr Hawkins assisted in establishing the "Theatre," and edited it from 1877 to 1879, when it was sold to Clement Scott. Mr Hawkins was, however, best known as the historian of the French theatre, embodied in two works, "Annals of the French Stage From Its Origin to the Death of Racine," and "The French Stage in the Eighteenth Century." He was also author of a biography of Edmund Kean.

Wilson Barrett, in his version of "Quo Vadis," tries hard to make use of the arena episode. In lieu of a live bull he has introduced a stuffed one, showing a tableau in which Crassus grasps the make-believe animal's horns, while Lygia, safely rescued, lies on the sand. The dramatisation has not yet been introduced to London.

Winifred Arthur Jones, a daughter of the dramatist, Henry Arthur Jones, recently played Desdella Ives in "The Dancing Girl" in England so well that her father contemplates having her adopt the stage as a profession.

The rebuilding of the Theatre Francais is proceeding so slowly that it can hardly be finished before next year. The original date set for its completion was July 14th, then it was put off until September 1st, and now January 15th, 1901.

Madame le Burgy, wife of the recently married Jeanne premier of the Comedie Francais, has decided to go on the stage and to act with Madame

Sarah Bernhardt, for whom she has the deepest admiration. Shakspeare's "Romeo and Juliet" will be specially put on the boards of the Bernhardt the first time. Madame le Burgy is to Madame Bernhardt will make arrangements for the production of the play on her return from her grand tour in America, and will act as Romeo for the first time. Madame le Burgy is to be Juliet, and these two new lovers of Verona are certain to attract all Paris, and the rest of the world as well, or at least that part of it which patronises French acting.

At one of the most fashionable concerts of the London season, the young Melbourne contralto who sang the air Ben Holt behind the scenes in the original production of "Tribly," appeared, and is thus referred to: "Mlle. Regina Nagel, a debutante, sang an air from Samson et Dalila, in which she displayed a full rich contralto voice, though evidently suffering from nervousness.

Here are two curious misprints in a "Sydney Morning Herald's" notice of "Tess":—"Mr Henry Bracy was the unprincipled Joan; Mrs Joseph Carne was not well suited as the truculent and energetic young squire, Alec D'Urbyville."

The Auckland Amateur Opera Club are to be congratulated on the dates secured for the production of "The Yeoman of the Guard." They have booked the November race week, which next to the Christmas week, is looked upon as the pick of dates.

The New York "Mirror" insists that:—"With the exception of a little band of writers, mostly located in London, the dramatic critics of England take a distinctly lower stand as original thinkers than do those of America. The criticism of the great provincial towns of the United Kingdom will not bear comparison with that of Boston and Chicago. The men rarely go outside the conventional rut. They write Journeyman notices, consisting for the most part of a resume of the plot, with a few lines of preparatory mutter, and a tail piece of generalities about the acting."

LIFE HAS NO CHARMS TO THOSE IN BAD HEALTH.

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Are We Becoming More Luxurious?

The general opinion of those who are not connected with journalism is that the writing of such notes as these is the easiest thing under the sun. "Pens and paper are provided for you," it is argued. "What have you got to do but to set to work?" That there should be any difficulty in the selection of a subject, and the method of its treatment, never occurs to the lay mind, while the very usual state of mind when it seems utterly impossible to write a line about anything in the wide world, is utterly incomprehensible to those outside the profession. Of course the thing has to be done, it is done, but with what effort and at what pains only those who have been through the scribbler's mill know. One of the obstacles which modern methods have placed in the path of the journalist of to-day is that the public are so infinitely suspicious of puff or advertisement in disguise, that many subjects which afford ample material for more or less interesting treatment have to be abandoned for fear they could be contorted into an advertisement for someone or other. For instance, a new experiment to be tried in one of our New Zealand cities opens up a couple of subjects which afford scope for certain reflections. A large restaurant is to be opened at which meals are to be served of a higher and more expensive class than has been the custom heretofore, and where special attention is to be given to the providing of dinner parties on a scale of luxury to which only certain clubs and great hotels of the largest colonial cities have up to now aspired. If the name of the city were mentioned this would infallibly be considered a bare-faced puff. Yet the fact that money is to be lavished on such an experiment at once raises three questions worth discussing—first, as to whether a taste for luxury in the matter of eating and drinking is growing amongst the present and the rising generation; second, whether it is more or less confined to one set or class; and third, whether the tendency (if it exists) is a subject for congratulation or the reverse. Query number one may, I think, be answered at once in the affirmative. The enormous increase in the number of restaurants, tea rooms, etc., during the past five or six years must have struck the least observant. Eleven years ago, when the writer first came to the colony, it was the almost universal practice for men—especially young men—to bring down their own lunch, and the eating houses, whose moderate charges were, and continue, a never ending marvel to one brought up to English prices—were chiefly used by the principals and senior clerks. The tea rooms, and what one might term the "restaurantettes," which are now crowded at every luncheon hour, were then non-existent. That there should have been a revolt against the home-made luncheon was inevitable. Only a community which could not for financial reasons help itself would tolerate the home-cut, home-put-together luncheon. Even when done by a skilled and cunning housewife—one with a delicate hand and sympathetic mind—the home lunch was only a success on tolerance. But when, as was the case with the vast majority, it was done in haste, and at the last moment by the servant—I crave pardon, house assistant—at the boarding-house, the home-cut lunch was—well, you probably remember. Pahl! the very recollection raises one's gorge. But not only has the present and rising generation revolted against this—it has insisted on the rapid improvement of the places where the more agreeable substitute is provided. Look back over the last three or four years. Has not there been an enormous improvement in the daintiness with which food is served, and the manner with which it is cooked? Quantity has given place to quality in many cases, and competition and supply and demand have proved that there is willingness everywhere to sacrifice quantity for quality. "Little and good" is now the motto. "Rough but plenty of it" seems to be rapidly dying out. Hitherto no effort has been made to go above one shilling per meal at the majority of res-

taurants. Now we are to see whether colonials are willing to spend more, or whether "the best you can do up to a shilling" is the demand of the public. Personally, I am inclined to think it may be. On another point: It is often stated that the love of eating, or rather the thought of what shall be eaten and what shall be drunk, is purely or almost purely masculine. "Women do not care," we are told. Observation leads one to believe that in this as in other things New Zealand is the Antipodes of the Old World. The patronage of the new class of restaurant and tea room, and the amount expended on dainty feeding by women is amazing. Moreover, afternoon teas and at homes, where the fare provided was once cakes, toast, and bread and butter, have now developed into excuses for what schoolboys expressively term "a spread." Trifles, fruit salad, and even more solid viands, are now universal at such entertainments. And tea—well, it is said there are substitutes for tea too. That the taste for increased luxury and a greater expenditure on food is not confined to the moneyed class is, I think, admitted. Here, as in England, the artisan is decidedly fond of his dinner—more especially his Sunday dinner—and here as in England the amount of poultry consumed by the "working man" in comparison with that by the middle class mercantile man is astonishing. The Saturday night sales, both in quantity and price, at the fruit and poultry shops exceed those of the entire week, and the purchasers are almost wholly of the class who have arrogated to themselves the title of "working men." Finally, is the growing taste for greater luxury in living to be deplored? In strict moderation I think not. Plain living and high thinking is no doubt the ideal mode of existence. But while human nature is human nature it will remain more or less ideal. If taste for better things in a material is growing, so is taste in aesthetic and spiritual matters also, and so long as the former does not outrun the latter we shall do very fairly.

is frequently forced to borrow money at six per cent. from B. to pay A., who regrets he cannot renew, and Smith has no means of knowing that he is dealing with the same man all the time. The exorbitant rates for renewals also need attention, and, of course, there will be a limitation of interest. Later on—but all in good time, brokers and agents will receive attention, and it will be probably decided that the rates now levied are exorbitant, and these will be reduced by law. No doubt this will mean fewer gentlemen of this business persuasion will make a living than at present, but the fittest will survive, and there are altogether too many just now. Exactly how far the State can legitimately go in this matter is an extremely nice question. In most trades the laws of supply and demand and the spirit of competition regulates such matters automatically, but where trusts are formed to interfere with such laws and to enrich individuals at the expense of the public it is now recognised that the State must and will interpose. In the matter of adulterated solids and certain liquors, the State, as a protector of the public, has long done its duty fairly well. It is a pity it cannot do the same in the matter of alcohol. The might of the brewer is great, but after all he ought not to have the State so completely under his thumb that it is frightened or incapable of insisting that a certain standard of purity shall be maintained, and that a fine of, say, £50 to £100 shall be imposed for obtaining money under false pretences by selling liquor which is not what it is stated to be. By placing, that is, an inferior article in a bottle bearing some brand or name demanded by the purchaser. When this is done we shall have a most momentous decrease in the drunkenness returns. Meanwhile, it is something to be rid of the trading stamp.

A Chance for Bachelors.

The movement in England to promote the emigration of women from the Mother Country to the Colonies has, I understand, received a certain stimulus lately from the growth of Imperial sentiment. With the exception of Victoria which has more women than men, all the other colonies of Australasia, with Canada and South Africa, have a preponderance of males; and it is considered that it would be of mutual benefit to the Old Country and the colonies that the former should send some of its women to these lands. London alone, it is calculated, has 500,000 marriageable girls who should go out to the Colonies; and that of course is only a portion of the marriageable spinsters the United Kingdom could furnish. Housewives in the colony who are weary wrestling with the servant girl difficulty would assuredly welcome such an influx. Even although the girls came to be married they would have to find something to do until someone actually asked them in matrimony, and so their presence here would for a time at least alleviate the burden of our housekeepers. But it seems that though we are most willing to receive them and the promoters of the movement in the Old Country are willing to bear the expense of their passage, the girls will not make the change. The inducement of high wages and the early prospect of a husband are apparently not sufficient to tempt them to these distant shores, though they know that to remain at Home means harder work, lower wages, and an infinitely smaller chance of getting married. No arguments seem strong enough to overcome this reluctance, and so the promoters of the movement for getting the surplus females of Great Britain transferred to the Colonies are said to be seriously thinking of subsidising the young colonials to come Home and marry the girls there. No doubt if sufficiently liberal terms were offered plenty of colonial youths would be prepared to take a trip to the Old Country. We have seen how willingly the contingents volunteered for South Africa and the war. Surely there would not be less alacrity shown were the quest matrimonial and not military, and the glory to be found in the court of Venus instead of in the field of Mars. I fancy there would be a rush of applicants if, as has been suggested, the Home authorities were to offer a free passage to England and back to every young colonial who when he left the Old Country on his return took an English girl with him. Of course there would be a feeling of resentment to such an arrangement among the colonial spinsters as long

State Interference.

The extinction of the trading stamp will grieve no one but the individuals who made a very comfortable living therefrom. The system was altogether admirable from the point of view of the Trading Stamp Company, but from every other standpoint it was undesirable, helping neither purchaser nor retailer, but taxing both for the benefit of a middle party, who did nothing for his money. The only argument it was possible to urge in favour of trading stamps has been met by the new Bill, small discounts can be given, but they will be in cash or the equivalent of cash, and not an object which might or might not be worth the value claimed for it by a company, though never so benevolently inclined. The course taken up by the Government in this matter is another and rather good instance of the right claimed and exercised by modern government to interfere between the individual and the public, if they think the public are being in any way not perhaps altogether victimised, but over-charged, or made to suffer for the advancement of the unit. There are a considerable number of gentlemen now earning large, or at all events comfortable, livings, who will eventually, I believe and trust, find themselves and their means of earning what they delight to call "an honest penny," the objects of attention on the part of the Government. Money lenders, both big and small, will probably be the first. At all events it is to be hoped so, and amongst the laws and regulations under which these gentlemen conduct their lucrative negotiations should be this: All money lenders charging the limit interest should be registered and forced to trade in their own names. So-called loan and other banks, companies, agencies, etc., etc., under which individuals can now work without attracting any of the odium which rightly or wrongly attaches to the usury business, would thus be abolished and the borrower would know exactly whom he was dealing with. Under the present method poor Smith

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as there were half-a-dozen of them left. They would ignore the fact that there are not nearly enough of them to ground, and that man wants a more extensive field of choice. There is little doubt, however, that if bounties were offered to eligible young men to import their wives the value of the local maiden would go down. Because they are so much in the minority as compared with the men the colonial girls enjoy a distinction and privilege all their own. Think what would be the result if the colonial youth found a new market for wives on such advantageous terms as are suggested.

**The Infant Tyranny.**

Ladies will be pleased to know that their comfort is being specially consulted in the construction of the new railway carriages now being built. They must not imagine, however, that the Railway Department is in a position to cater for them to the extent suggested by Mr Houston, when he asked the other day that swinging cots for infants should be supplied in certain carriages. It might be argued that babies have rights as well as adults, and that if smoking cars are provided for men, and carriages of more than ordinary case provided for the fair sex, the babies should not be ignored. But this the authorities deny, doubtless on the ground that children in arms are carried free of charge. They are no more profit to the Department than the portmanteau you are allowed to stuff under the seat, and in the eyes of the traffic manager, guard and porter they are possibly of not a whit more consequence. There are also decided difficulties in the way of fitting up railway carriages with swinging cots for babies. How would they be affixed and in what number, and who would decide the right of this or that mother to make use of them when the supply was less than the demand? The immediate result of these contrivances would be to induce babies to travel, or rather their mothers to travel with them, and the consequent effect would certainly be a decided increase to the discomfort of the travelling public generally. We suffer under infant despotism in public as well as private to an extraordinary degree, as it is. Probably one does not mind so much being tyrannised over by one's own youngsters, but it is too bad that we should be victimised by the brats of other people. I don't blame the innocents themselves for a moment. Of course they can't be held responsible. The fault lies with their parents or guardians for the time being. You will notice that a mother with a baby or a nurse-girl in charge of one, regards herself as a supremely privileged individual, entitled to set at nought every written or unwritten law of the land. And all because of the baby. The nurse-girl who insidiously drives you from the pavement into the muddy street in order to avoid her perambulator; the mother who takes up a seat and a-half in the tramcar, or spoils your evening at the theatre with a peevish youngster—they are all the same. Resent their disregard for your convenience and peace of mind by word or even look, and they will turn on you like a tiger. Fancy what accommodation being provided for babies in our trains, the traveller runs the risk of being confined in the small space of a railway carriage with a dozen little tyrants and their jealous keepers. From such a possibility may the Department preserve us!

**The Uninvited Guest.**

Quite recently in London William Astor, the American millionaire, gave a private concert, and Sir Berkeley Milne, without having received an invitation, attended the function. The millionaire resented the intrusion, requested the knight to leave, and even went so far as to announce in the papers next day that Sir Berkeley had been present uninvited. Society, so it is said, in its turn resented Mr Astor's conduct, and threatened to cuff him. That he deserved such a terrible fate is, however, an open question. If, as one version of the story goes, Sir Berkeley was Miss Astor's lover, and was invited to the concert by the lady, papa, even if he did not favour the suit, made a precious fool of himself by creating such a fuss. If I remember rightly, Romeo was neither a bidden nor a welcome guest at the Capulets' ball. He was not

even asked to it by Juliet. Yet Capulet Pie was too much of a stickler for the rights of hospitality to allow the presence of the young Montague in his house to be the occasion of a quarrel. But supposing the romantic excuse for the knight's appearing at the millionaire's concert has no foundation in fact, and that the former deliberately intruded, there would be some justification for Mr. Astor's conduct. If an individual will be guilty of the impertinence of pushing himself into a private house uninvited, when invitation is the rule of the evening, the host must be allowed some form of protection. In a ruder state of society the intruder would be promptly "chucked out." Mr. Astor's plan was to ask him to leave, and when he would not, to make public the fact that he was an uninvited guest. Fortunately such cases are of rare occurrence nowadays. Most individuals have too much self-pride and respect to go where they presumably are not wanted. What can be more embarrassing for one than to arrive uninvited at a friend's house in the midst of some festivity—unless it be the embarrassment of your friend when he receives you. Almost worse, however, is it to mistake your house and find yourself the guest of entire strangers when it is almost too late to get out of the difficulty. I have in my mind the case of two men friends, who were invited to a euchre party. Unfortunately neither of them knew precisely where their hosts' house was situated, and when they got to the street they were at a loss to find it. As it happened, there was a euchre party going on at another establishment in the same street, and as luck would have it my friends concluded that must be the house they were searching for. It was not until they had actually got seated and play had commenced that by a chance remark they discovered their error. But by that time retreat was rendered most difficult, so out of consideration for the party they stayed on, while their friends in the other house were condemning their want of consideration in absconding themselves.

**Suppressed Speechmakers.**

One of the happiest character touches in David Christie Murray's capital, though now almost forgotten novel, "Val Strange," is the anguish of the pompous father of the hero, on having given way to temptation and delivered his wedding breakfast oration, at a dinner party the night before the ceremony. From a speech-making standpoint he is a bankrupt. Precisely the opposite condition must have been the lot of members when the financial statement debate collapsed that other night. Almost every member of the House, and certainly every new member was, the Parliamentary reporter tells us, primed with a carefully prepared speech, so the result of this forcible corking up of parliamentary eloquence must have been highly painful, and one wonders that there was not an explosion of some sort. Wise people, no doubt, discreetly avoided the company of legislators after the occurrence. At all times, and as many of us know to our cost, the society of M.H.R.'s is dangerous, they are always apt to burst, so to say, and to inundate us with the frothy eloquence with which (as they say) they have been impressing the House. But a man charged with a speech which unkind circumstance has prevented him from delivering, a speech which cannot be put by for future use; such an one must be like unto those copper tubes of concentrated carbonic acid gas, and only lunatics would approach them until they had been let go little by little. A man so placed would assuredly be on a hair trigger, the merest touch, the smallest opportunity and off he would go. And then—well then the deluge. For capacity to bore, for staying power in the matter of talk, and for pertinacious butt-holing, your new pledged parliamentary man is "facile princeps." The least offensive are those who go on and on and on, and never want an answer or expect a remark. With practice it is possible to go to sleep and wake up when these have about run their course. It needs skill to avoid detection, but the thing can be done. But the wretch who constantly breaks off to ask, "What did you think he said then? Or how do you think that struck them?" The man who watches to see if you are attending, and pulls you up if you are not, this infamous bore is incorrigible, and if you fall into his clutches there is no escape. Positive brutal rudeness has been known to succeed,

but few can achieve an offensiveness sufficient to discourage a parliamentary bore. The man who can do that has nothing to fear from anyone. There is no one he could not "squash" if he felt the need, no hide he could not penetrate.

**A MARTYR TO MALADIES.**

**THE HORRORS OF SICK HEADACHE.**

**BILE BEANS FOR BILIOUSNESS OBLITERATES THE AGONY.**

**ANOTHER NEW ZEALAND CURE.**

Indigestion and sick headache are getting very prevalent in Australasia. There are those who say the frequency of the complaint is due to the abnormal amount of animal food consumed by the colonial, and those who attribute the disorder to the railroad pace in which people live now-a-days. Whatever the cause one thing is certain—nothing can be more objectionable and a bigger detriment to ambition than indigestion or sick headache. People try all sorts of supposed cures for the complaint, but as a rule they find themselves no better. At length they try Bile Beans for Biliousness, and in 99 cases out of 100 a perfect cure is the result. Hearing that Mrs. E. H. Vause, who keeps a neat little store in Napier-street, Auckland, N.Z., had been a sufferer from debility and sick headache, a representative called upon her and gained the following information. "My name," said the lady, "is Mrs. E. H. Vause.

I was a martyr to debility and sick headache for some time. So much so that life became simply a burden to me. I could retain nothing in my stomach, and retching was a daily occurrence. Beef tea would not even remain on my stomach. At times I became dizzy, and frequently found it impossible to stand without holding on to something. My case was no ordinary one, and to effect a cure I had recourse to many so-called remedies, but without avail. I was advised to try Bile Beans for Biliousness, but had no more faith in their efficiency than I had in any other remedy. However, I decided to give them a trial, and commenced with half a bean as a dose. I continued taking them until I used seven boxes, and I can honestly say that they have effected a cure that to me and those who know me is considered to be simply marvellous. It is now six or seven months since I have stopped taking the Beans, and during that time I have only had one slight attack of retching. I am now able to take my meal regularly and with an enjoyment I at one time never hoped to attain again.

The remedy of which Mrs. Vause speaks in such glowing terms is a vegetable preparation containing not a trace of harmful ingredients, which is daily making good the claim of its proprietors, that it is the world's greatest specific for biliousness, indigestion, liver and kidney ailments, blood troubles—which at this season reveal themselves in the form of pimples and skin eruptions, female ailments, anaemia, constipation, piles, dizziness, headache, or insomnia. All chemists stock them, or you may order from the Bile Bean Manufacturing Company, 39 Pitt-street, Sydney.

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# Minor Matters.

## The Car.

This unique yarn comes in from an outer suburb, and is a rival to the story of the circus proprietor's wife who, finding that her husband had taken refuge from her put stick amongst his lions, stood outside the cage, crying "Come out, you coward!" There had been trouble on the ground after a closely contested football match, necessitating the interference of an armed policeman, and this conversation was overheard by a disinterested spectator. The speakers were the centre of a knot of local barrackers. "It was just about time D— was dealt with," said one man inquiringly; "we've had it up again him for a long time." "Yes," replied another, "and there was B—, what used to umpire here last season, we've been waiting to deal it out to him. What's become of him, anyhow?" "What, didn't yer know? He's gone to the war." "To fight the Boers?" "Yes." "Well I'm blowed! He must 'a done that to give us the slip—the curl!"

## The Women of the Free State.

In a contribution to "The Sphinx," Captain B. S. Walker, R.E., one of Liverpool University College men in Africa, relates something of what he saw in the Orange River Colony. He says:—

Picture to yourself an arid waste over which you wander for an hour or two, and at last espy a single-storied house, with squalid outhouses, a few dirty niggers working about or loitering at you, a dirty pond, the merest trickle of a stream, perhaps half-a-dozen trees, a few dilapidated wire fences, and some chickens and ducks running about outside the front door, and you have a fair idea of a Free State farm. You ride up to this farm and timidly ask if they understand English, your own knowledge of Cape Dutch being most meagre. In 99 cases out of 100 you will be surprised to get an answer in the affirmative, and in nine out of ten the answer is given in an injured tone as much as to say, "Do you mean to insult me?" The farmer's wife will, if you manage to make peace, sell you anything she has, at a very good price if it is true, and should you be fortunate you may make the acquaintance of some of her daughters, both young and old. You will then have your eyes opened. In the most fluent English—far better English, indeed, than you hear spoken in Northern Cape Colony—they will taunt you with the injustice of the war, the number of Voetangians (locusts—the burghers apply this word to our infantry, who resemble a swarm of locusts when crossing the veldt) it takes to tackle one Boer, and so on, and they make no secret of their hatred for the English. Mr Chamberlain in particular, and no wonder. Should you be lucky enough to be of Scottish origin, you can get a better insight into their life, etc. They pity the Scotch, whom they look upon as a down-trodden race, as they themselves may become, and therein is a bond of union; their first spiritual teachers, too, were Scotchmen, and a great many of them have Scotch blood as well as Dutch in their veins. Having attracted their sympathy—they are generally sorry for you having to fight, when, of course, you do not want to—you will find them most agreeable company. Their ideas are thoroughly English, their pursuits essentially English, their mode of living is still, however, rather Dutch. They all play cricket, tennis, croquet, hockey—every woman can ride, and ride well, a good many are good game shots, and at Bloemfontein there is a flourishing ladies' golf club. Besides Dutch and English, a very large proportion speak German, French, or Italian, and some the whole of the lot; they know our English authors as well as we know them ourselves, and notwithstanding they have probably never left their own country. In every family you will find a very fair piano, and at least one of the daughters will play really well, and probably another sings; in the towns, of course, you will find more thoroughly trained voices, indeed several of the London Academy of Music gold medals have found their way to the Orange Free State; and last, but by no means least, of their virtues, they

are thorough ladies, and yet do not consider it beneath their dignity, should necessity arise, to don an apron and cook or serve a dinner, or wash and repair clothes. From the above account I hope to have made it clear that the women, at any rate, in the Free State, are of a type most dear to English people, and it is to be hoped that this similarity of tastes will facilitate the making of peace, whenever this war is ended.

## What is Bribery?

In New Zealand we have become so accustomed to the limitation of electioneering expenses to £ (2) that we are rather amused at the opposition which was offered to the proposal to do the same thing in Victoria. A certain Mr. Best introduced legislation, the principle of which the Legislative Assembly has since tacitly approved, to provide for the purity of elections by enacting that not more than £100 shall be spent upon an election by any candidate. The following short catechism is suggested as a schedule to the Bill by a Victorian weekly:

What is bribery? Bribery is any price paid to the elector for his vote, or any inducement held out to him of personal advantage by voting for a particular candidate.

When public servants combine and demand as the price of their votes certain concessions with regard to their salaries, is it bribery to accept their terms? Certainly not; that is a due regard for the interests of the public servants.

If a candidate promise to do his best to secure for employees of the State 6d per day extra, is that bribery?—No; that is a proper tenderness towards the lower-paid public servants. It has the true democratic ring.

If a candidate affirm that the district will be shamefully neglected, and he will see that new public offices are erected and more public money spent in the district, is that bribery?—Of course not. It shows that he is a good local man.

If a candidate promise to use every endeavour to have a railway constructed in the district which he knows will not pay, is that bribery?—No; that is developing the country and looking forward to the interests of the future.

If a candidate say to a voter, "Come and have a drink," is that bribery?—Yes, of the most flagrant description, threatening the whole social fabric.

Then money paid out of the candidate's own pocket to secure the good graces of an elector is?—Bribery.

But money paid out of the public purse to secure the good will of many electors is?—Public spirit.

## It Seemed Likely.

"Go into one of our gilded whisky dens," exclaimed a lady orator on a suburban platform, engaged in painting lurid pictures of women's wrongs, in order to secure woman's rights. "Go into one of our whisky dens, and what, what will you most likely find there?" "Well, miss," said the bad man in front who had come to see the fun, "Whisky, most likely."

## The Divorce Suit of 1902.

In August, 1902, a suit will be brought before the Chief Justice, in which John Smith will ask for a divorce from his wife, Amelia Smith, on the ground that she has deprived him of his due and natural share of quarrelling. The ruling of Justice Madden, C.J., in the case Tinworth v. Tinworth (Victoria), August, 1900 ("Argus Law Reports"), will be relied on:—"No two human beings had ever lived together or ever would live together without quarrelling under the influence of temporary disturbances. Law and morality mean that married people should endure that." The following will be the judgment of the Chief Justice (says a writer in an Australian contemporary) in granting a decree nisi:—"In this case it has been sufficiently shown that the parties have lived together in an utterly unnatural and totally unprecedented condition of domestic peace. That being so, I have no course open to me but to dissolve a tie which has failed to provoke in the

parties that proper condition of healthy irritability which has been one of the indispensable concomitants of marriage in all ages, and the absence of which, owing to an undue complacency on the part of either of the parties, renders the marriage condition utterly intolerable to that party who, supplying a due quantum of egotistical querulousness to the domestic economy, has not met with that response which is necessary to the regular and orderly production of marital antagonisms. That being so, I feel that the well-known principle of jurisprudence applies, which states that little fleas have lesser fleas upon their backs to bite or irritate them, and that still more diminutive fleas have even more minute salutory organisms, so that in the due order of a beneficent Providence no sentient being is shut out from a participation in that healthy substratum of annoyance and friction which keeps its salutory insects in due exercise. This being so, how can we then repel the conclusion that man, representing as he does the highest form of organic life, requires in a higher degree his due proportion of fleas, if I may so put it, upon his back to bite him, as it were? That being so, how else is man to secure the necessary amount of "biting," except it be in the marriage relation, which has been ordained that each party in turn may supply a fair contribution of inflammatory matter and a due need of resignation and forbearance? So flagrantly has that obligation been violated in this case that it is proved upon the most indubitable testimony—and, indeed, it is not denied—that there has been no quarrel during the whole currency of the marriage, in spite of the noble and unwearied efforts of the petitioner to produce one. I cast no shadow of doubt upon the sincerity of the promise held out on behalf of the respondent that if these proceedings be postponed she will do her best to quarrel at least once a month in future. Putting aside the notorious fact that a monthly quarrel is an altogether too attenuated allowance for a married man under normal conditions, I do not hesitate to say that these promises of reformation come too late, and I cannot take upon myself the responsibility of denying the petitioner the relief to which he is entitled upon the strength of tardy promises of quarrels in the future, so wrong from a person who has shown herself in the past to be temperamentally and psychologically unfitted for the marriage relation. That being so, I have no hesitation whatever in granting a rule nisi for the dissolution of the marriage. That being so the husband will have the possession of the children, as he is the better fitted to train them in that condition of chronic irritability necessary to those who would hope to continue the race under normal conditions."

## Bought Sermons.

More than a hundred years ago letters were sent, postage unpaid, to the clergy, offering at a shilling each, "a collection of practical discourses, consisting of one hundred and fifty, in single sermons, such as have been greatly admired, and are little known. They will be engraved in a masterly running hand, printed on white writing paper, and made to resemble manuscript as near as possible, with the letters so large, and the lines at such a distance, as to be read by every eye. Calculated to assist the younger clergy in the pulpit, fill such time as convenience shall make them masters of a proper collection of their own writing." To this announcement were appended the significant words "Secrecy may be depended on."

## Stretching a Shoe With Oats.

"Ever try to stretch a shoe with oats?" asked a suburban friend of "The Sauterer" the other day. "No, who ever heard of such a thing. Why, what do you mean?" returned "The Sauterer." "Well, you know, I bought a nice new pair of shoes last week. I put them on the day I got them, and walked about until night, and the right one almost killed me. That night I thought of a brilliant scheme. We had just got in some oats for the horse, and one of the boys got wet. I noticed how the oats swelled, so it struck me it would be a good way to ease my shoe. So that night I packed the shoe full of oat-out, poured it full of water, and lashed down the top securely. When

I awoke the next morning the first thing I did was to look for the shoe, and what do you think I saw? Why, that miserable thing had stretched and stretched, until, from a modest number 7, it had become large enough to hold an elephant's foot. And it had not stretched evenly. It was full of knots and bunches, and such a sight you never saw in all your born days. I am looking now for a man whose feet will fit the two shoes." "No, sir," concluded the suburban friend with a mournful air, as he thought over his overproductive improvised stretcher, "next time I have any shoes to be enlarged I'll either take them to a shoemaker or wear 'em just as they are, in spite of corns."

## Dublin University and N.Z. Arts Degrees.

The University of Dublin is prepared to recognise the arts studies of the New Zealand Universities. Any student producing certificates that he has passed two years in arts studies at the universities, or the examinations belonging to that period, will be entitled to put his name on Trinity College books as a senior freshman, a student with one year's credit, with this reservation: "That, if the course of arts which he has pursued does not include all the subjects of the junior freshman year, the senior lecturer may require him to qualify by examination in the omitted subject or subjects within one month after his name has been entered on the books. The medical studies at the Otago University will also be recognised, two consecutive anni medicina, taken at any period during the four years of the medical curriculum, to be recognised as qualifying for admission to the examinations of the School of Physic."

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# Sports and Pastimes.

## TURF FIXTURES.

September 12—Waikato Hunt Club  
 September 15 and 18—Avondale Jockey Club  
 November 7, 9, 10—Auckland Racing Club  
 November 3, 5, 7, 10—C.J.C. Jubilee Meeting  
 December 24, 25, January 1, 2—Auckland Racing Club  
 April 8, 9, 10—Auckland Racing Club  
 April 22, 24—Avondale Jockey Club  
 June 8, 10, 12—Auckland Racing Club

## DATES OF COMING EVENTS.

September 8—A.J.C. Derby  
 September 11—The Metropolitan  
 November 3—N.Z. Cup  
 October 20—Caulfield Cup  
 November 3—V.R.C. Derby  
 November 6—Melbourne Cup

## NOTES BY MONITOR.

Next Saturday the Australian Jockey Club make a commencement with their big spring fixture, which extends over four days. The chief items on the opening day of the A.J.C. Derby and Epsom Handicap. In the former the field promises to be small, but very select. Those which appear to stand out are Hautboy by Haut Brion-Meridan (imp.), Maltster by Bill of Portland-Barley (imp.), Haulantette by Haut Brion-Novette II., and Hautesse by Haut Brion-Alga. I fancy that the issue will rest with the two colts, and somehow think that Maltster may just prove good enough to beat the N.S.W. crack Hautboy.

The Epsom Handicap has a long list of acceptors. Betting indications point to the success of Dandy, a five-year-old brother to Vanitas. This gelding has 9/4 to carry, but his recent performances in weight-for-age events stamp him as being an exceptionally fast horse, and I quite anticipate his ability to pull off the event. His most dangerous rivals promise to be Ampier, Revivor, and Sequence.

The result of the running in the Epsom Handicap will throw considerable light on the prospects of horses engaged in the Metropolitan Handicap. At present I have a leaning towards Johansen and Paul Dry, as it would seem that one of the most dangerous candidates in Vocalist is likely to be reserved for the Caulfield Cup. At present Dandy is favourite for both races.

To-day (Wednesday) the Marton Jockey Club's Hack Meeting takes place, and the fixture will be continued to-morrow. As very good entries have been received for each of the different events some real good racing should result. The Hunters' Hurdle Race comes first on the list, and for this I like Riversdale's chance, while of those lower down the card Te Ngaiti should run prominently. The Flying Handicap has a large field engaged, of which I take Wild Daisy to be the most dangerous. In the Rangitikei Hunt Club Cup, which is run over a three mile course, Menederva or Farrigan should be very handy at the finish, while in the Handicap Hurdles Riversdale reads to have a chance, with Stockdale next best.

The cross-country rider Jas. Hickey, who has been for some years associated with Mr Spencer Gollan's racing establishment, both in New Zealand and England, has commenced business as trainer on his own account at Epsom. Already he has quite a string under his care, including Waiuku, Opae, Australian Star, Clack-n-Cuddin, and some two-year-olds belonging to Mr Gollan. The ex-Australian horse The Grafter also occupies a box. Hickey intends paying a visit to the colonies shortly, no doubt with a view of securing some fresh talent to take back with him.

I am pleased to see that the Taranaki Metropolitan committee has refused to endorse the somewhat remarkable action of the Egmont Racing Club in connection with the pony mare Minerva II. This mare ran in pony races in N.S.W., and was therefore not eligible to race under the rules of the A.J.C. Mr Beckett, who purchased the pony, informed the

Auckland Racing Club of the fact, and received from the secretary an opinion that Minerva was quite entitled to race in New Zealand. This she subsequently did, the A.R.C. having removed any disqualification. Later on Mr Beckett and Mr McAuliffe nominated her for the Hawera Races and fully disclosed the facts to the stewards. Minerva ran at the meeting, and subsequently the committee of the Egmont Racing Club carried the following resolution:—"That Jas. Beckett and Michael McAuliffe be disqualified for two years from February 15, 1900, for making fraudulent entry and false declaration in connection with the mare Minerva II." In addition the Egmont Club asked the Taranaki Club to endorse this decision. The latter, however, came to the very common sense conclusion that as there was no attempt to deceive the stewards of the Egmont Club the declaration was therefore neither fraudulent nor wilfully false, and they therefore refused to endorse the disqualification. As there was no suspicion of any attempt at unfair play on the part of Messrs Beckett and McAuliffe it is hard to see how the Egmont Club came by their extraordinary finding.

Beliance is a fine instance of a good bargain to horseflesh. Mr P. Bolger bought the son of Trenton—Elsie for 20 guineas last November, and since then he has won eight races, these including the Coolgardie Cup of 500sovs, and the Boulder Cup of 750sovs.

Mr Stead's old champion, Multiform, who recently returned from the Old Country, is to be given an opportunity to make a name for himself at the stud. Ten mares are to be allotted him at 30 guineas each, while he will also be mated with some of his owner's mares at Yaldhurst.

Old Whakawatea is still being kept up to the collar at Randwick, and the aged son of Apremont and Becky Sharp is said to be looking well on it.

The Rangitikei Racing Club will make a commencement with their Spring meeting on Wednesday next, and it will be concluded on Thursday. There will be seven events to be got through on each day. The two principal races to be decided on the opening day will be the Rangitikei Steeplechase of 90sovs, and the Spring Handicap of 70sovs, while on the concluding day there will be a Hack Steeplechase of 45sovs, and the September Handicap of 60sovs.

The New Zealand Cup candidate Fulmeu is putting in some solid work at Wingatui, and the son of Castor is said to be looking well on it. He has been nominated for the Timaru Cup.

The hurdler Pokomoko, who, it will be remembered, was disqualified by the Takapuna Jockey Club for two years, is now being used as a hack.

Castashore is being apportioned long slow work at Riccarton, and the big son of Castor is said to bear a very healthy appearance.

It is reported that the champion mare, La Carabine, is under orders for England. It will be remembered that it was only the other day Sir Rupert Clarke purchased the mare for 1200 guineas, subsequently refusing nearly twice that amount. If only this daughter of Carbine becomes acclimated in England she should win some of the long distance events there. I am afraid that the critics will be disappointed in her looks, judging by the report of a well-known turf authority, who says:—

"Looking at La Carabine now, without knowing anything about her ability, it would be easy to class her as an ordinary suburban squib, instead of the finest player to-day in Australia, which she is. Those authorities who are always talking about weight-carrying ability and stamina being indicated in formation would have some difficulty in finding anything in La Carabine's make up to bear out their theory. There is absolutely not one point about her build and shape which suggests either. And yet we know that neither weight nor distance troubles her. She has no style, no "muscularity," as it is understood, but when she ranges up alongside the lead-

ers at the end of a long race, that is the time her worth is proved."

The chestnut filly Kissanavy, which Percy Martin, the Napier trainer, purchased from Mr Caulton at the beginning of the year, is said to have grown into a nice mare, having furnished all over considerably of late. Kissanavy showed us before leaving Auckland that she knew how to sprint by the manner in which she romped over her field in the 2-year-old race at the Takapuna meeting in January last. Besides this, Hotchkiss' big daughter scored in the Nursery Handicap at the Napier Park Autumn Meeting, in which she cut out the six furlong journey in good time.

Dandy's win in the Spring Stakes at Roschill, N.S.W., on the 25th ult., was a very fine performance. The son of Martini-Heuri—Vain Glory carried 9.1, and won very comfortably by two lengths, beating a big field, which included several cracks. The mile and a furlong was cut out in the fast time of 1min 56.1sec.

The grey mare Tahaei has been put into work again at Gisborne.

By a fire which occurred at Messrs Row Bros' stables, Dandenong, N.S.W., recently, six valuable jumping horses were burnt to death. They were Fairfield, Depot, Barnato, Bosun, Chester, and Overland, and the former was famed throughout Australia as the champion "high jumper," at which he has won over £3000.

Maltster is reported to be doing 'all right in his work at Randwick. Bill of Portland's son has many admirers who think he will be quite good enough to annex the double—Derby and Cup—this year at Flemington.

The Auckland bred stallion Hova by Ingomar from Happy Land, was recently offered at auction in Melbourne and realised 390 guineas.

The result of the Hawkesbury Handicap came to hand during the week. This event which is run of 1 1/2 miles and 100 yards, was won by Mr W. Duggan's three-year-old chestnut colt Buttercup by Elridsford-Buttercup, who defeated Mr E. Key's black mare Rock of Ages by a long head, while Mr J. Hardecastle's Cyanide, which started first favourite, filled third place. The time taken for the journey was 2m. 21s., and the winner started at 7 to 1 against.

The latest foaling announced from Wellington Park is that of Rose of Wellington, who produced a fine filly to Hotchkiss. The little lady is therefore full sister to True Blue and Screw Gun.

The Auckland bred colt Lancaster, on the strength of his victories on the other side of the water, has been well supported both over there and in Auckland. He is putting in some solid work at Randwick, and has many admirers. Lancaster is favourite for the Melbourne Cup at 100 to 7. His running at Randwick next week will throw further light on his Cup prospects.

Mr Stead's quartette, viz., St. Harlo, La Notta, Skobeloff and Field Rose, which figure in the N.Z. Cup, are said to be getting through with their preparation in a very pleasing manner. Mason also has the Derby colt, Formosan, in steady work.

A horse who has come in for a good deal of support for the Caulfield Cup lately is Vocalist. Mr H. Wootton's representative was recently backed to win £5,000, and his price now quoted on the other side is 100 to 4.

A Victorian horse in which great interest is taken, is Ampier, who has 7/4 to carry in the Epsom Handicap. He has been backed by the stable to win about £15,000, and now stands at 8 to 1 against, being second favourite for the event.

There were some remarkable times noted at the Brighton Beach (New York) meeting last month. A horse named Voto, who must be possessed of extraordinary sprinting ability, won a six furlong race in 1m. 12 1/2-54, while a few days later with 8.13 on his back, he cut out a mile in 1m. 38s. At the same meeting, Jack Point also showed a rare burst of speed, as he carried 7.11 to victory in the Brighton Handicap, 1 1/2 miles, in 2m. 4 3/4-5s.

The entries for the Avondale meeting which will commence on Saturday week, are exceptionally good all through, and there is some fine material provided for Mr Eitt to work on. If only the weather proves fine on the eventful day, there bids fair to be a record attendance at the popular western racecourse, as the events are set down for decision bid fair to be of a particularly interesting nature.

Yesterday morning (Tuesday) I took a run out to Eberside to get a glance at the various horses undergoing their daily work. The weather was far from being favourable, slight showers falling throughout. However, it cleared off when the gates were thrown open. Training operations are very brisk at present, men being busy putting the final polish on their horses for the coming Avondale meeting. Wright's team, Rosella, Heddington and Laetitia, were the first to be set going. The trio ran twice round at a very solid pace. These horses look well, and should have something to say at the Avondale races next week. The game little St. Paul, who was associated with Blue-jacket, ran a mile and a half at top. St. Leeger's son looks as fit as a fiddle, and, judged by the manner in which he moved in his task, I am not surprised at punters standing him for the Avondale Cup. Record Reign, who looks a ball of muscles all over, was given two circuits with a light weight on. The Castor horse seems to fairly revel in his work. Major George's team, Seahorse, Zealons and The Labourer, swung twice round, the last being done at a merry bat, in which Zealons quite held her own with the big chestnut. Miss Delval was given long, slow work, and moved in a very taking manner. St. Elyn joined her, and ran once round at top. I think it is nearly time Mr. McLeod saw a return from this mare, for so far she has cost him a good deal over four figures. St. Jack ran two rounds, but he did not please me too well, moving rather short in his stride. Golden Rose had the best of Auld Reekie in a flutter over a mile. Others to do useful tasks were: St. Elmo, Kettleburn, Balmirnie, Knight of Athol, Auld Reekie, Blue Paul, Mara, Winsome, Tahaka, Cuirassette, Volcano, The Master, Coronet, Daynet, The Needle and Aminta. The course was in a very sloppy state, and all horses were worked on the tan. I had not the opportunity of seeing the two-year-olds at work, as it was done after breakfast.

## FOOTBALL.

### OTAGO V. AUCKLAND.

The local Rugby Union has been extremely unfortunate as regards the weather for the big matches. After the wretched afternoon experienced for the Wellington match, most of us looked forward to a fine day for Saturday, just to average up matters a bit, and certainly on Friday afternoon everything looked extremely promising. However, fate or the clerk of the weather was unpropitious, and on Saturday morning it rained steadily and heavily, and kept it going pretty well all day. For a time between two and three it cleared a bit, and no doubt a good number turned out, hoping that the change would prove permanent. At all events more than 4000 put in an appearance at Potter's Paddock to witness the Otago men perform.

The only alteration in the Auckland team was that Donovan replaced Hay at full, the latter player having a bad hand, the result of a kick received in the Wellington match.

When the two teams lined out before play started it was apparent that Otago had the advantage as regards weight, especially in the forwards, whilst the backs must have been nearly equally matched in this respect, with Otago a little the heavier.

Auckland won the toss and decided to play with the wind, which was not very strong. Play for the first few minutes was mostly in the Otago 25, but it was not of a very exciting nature. Wilson had a futile shot at goal from a mark, and a little later Kiernan got the ball away from the scrum and gave Harrison a good opening, but that player after running a few yards in a half hearted manner, pointed over the line, and Otago forced. By a series of fine kicks the Otago backs removed the play to the other end of the ground, Wallace and McKenzie being especially good, and never failing to find the line. After some give and take play between the Auckland twenty-five and half way,

Stephenson obtained the ball near the touch line, and sent across in front of Auckland's goal where a scrum resulted. Otago continued to attack, and kicked the ball over the line, a force resulting. In play again the blue had for a time the upper hand, and again the ball was carried over Auckland's line, and Harrison forced only just in time.

From the kick out play centred, and the Auckland forwards put in some good work, but their efforts were nullified by the fine kicking of the Otago backs, and a rush by the blue forwards ended in Auckland again forcing. On resuming Auckland took a turn at attacking, and for some minutes kept Otago very busy defending. Stephenson by a good kick brought temporary relief, but the blue and white forwards soon had the ball back. From a line out just outside Otago's 25, the ball was thrown in to Irvine, who was unmarked, and he dashed through and then passed to Tyler, who beat the Otago full back by feinting to pass, and fell over the line just as he was tackled. A. Wilson was entrusted with the shot at goal, but his effort was rather a poor one, the kick lacking both direction and strength.

The score seemed to rouse the blue and whites, for the next ten minutes the blues were kept very busy defending. A force only brought temporary relief, as the Auckland forwards immediately rushed the ball back, and then Kiernan started a nice run, and passed to Riley, who in turn transferred to McPike. The latter player had a really good chance of scoring a try, but preferred to pot, making a very poor attempt, the ball striking an Otago forward, and rebounding up the field. A couple of minutes later half time was called.

Soon after play restarted, Burt, one of the blue forwards, injured his ankle, and had to retire, his place being taken by Adamson. For some ten minutes the play was of an even and unexciting nature, consisting of a series of line outs and scrums. The blue and white forwards then got on a very dangerous rush, which was only just stopped in time. Then Kiernan was all but over, but the ball was knocked out of his hands and rolled over the line. Doran dived for it, but the goal post was in his way, and what seemed a certain try resulted in a force.

On resuming Otago carried the ball to the Auckland twenty-five, and the blue backs getting on some nice passing runs began to look very dangerous. On one occasion McKenzie crossed the line, but Kiernan prevented him grounding the ball, and a scrum five yards out took place. The local forwards relieved the pressure, and carried play to the centre. Otago again attacked, and a lot of touch line work ensued. From a throw in, in Auckland territory, the ball was passed out to Armstrong, who transferred to Duncan, who in turn passed to Booth, and the latter to McKenzie, who ran over Donovan, and scored in a fair position. Wallace failed in his attempt to convert, the ball going about a yard wide.

Having evened matters, Otago made great efforts to obtain the lead, and for some minutes they kept up a strong attack. Then the Auckland forwards, headed by Doran, removed the play to the opposite twenty-five. At this stage Auckland again looked like scoring, the ball being carried right up to the Otago goal line, but the effort failed, and the blues shortly afterwards removed the play to a less dangerous quarter. Line play was again the order of the day, and at this Auckland showed superiority, and the ball was gradually worked back to the blues' twenty-five, but good kicking by the Otago backs removed play to the centre. During the remainder of the spell the play was of a very even nature, though it was not of a very exciting character. Just before time Duncan forced Auckland by a hard kick, and that was practically the last incident of the game.

It cannot be said that the game was as interesting as the Wellington-Auckland match, at all events from the spectators' point of view. This is accounted for by the fact that the play was confined to a large extent to the forwards, the backs mostly confining themselves to kicking. On the whole the teams were very evenly matched, and although on the opportunities that offered Auckland ought to have won, it cannot be said that they had any the better of the general play.

It was generally held that the Auckland backs would prove stronger than

their opponents, but such was far from being the case, the Southerners having the advantage in back play. In no department was their superiority so marked as in kicking, and in this respect the blue and white backs failed most conspicuously, and it was quite the exception for one of their kicks to find the line.

Of the Otago backs, McKenzie, at three-quarter, and Wallace, at half, were the most prominent, the first-named gaining Otago's try in nice style, and both he and Wallace kicked splendidly right through the game.

Adams at full played a steady, safe game, and Stephenson did likewise at three-quarter.

Duncan was disappointing. We were led to believe that he was as good as ever, but on Saturday he certainly was not the Duncan of old, and he appeared to be endeavouring to make up for the loss of his former brilliancy by pointing and playing "cunning." He was certainly lucky to escape being penalised on many occasions. Still it must not be thought that he played a poor game, for such was not the case, and had it been anyone whose reputation was not so good, he would have been said to have played a fair game.

On the Auckland side the only back who played up to form was Kiernan, and right through he played a really fine game, his defence work being especially sound, though his kicking was not up to his usual standard. "Dick" McGregor, at centre three-quarter, was next best, but failed to show his best form, but then he was handicapped by a kick on the leg, which rendered him very lame. Riley, at five-eighths, at times did good work, and his tackling was first rate, but he was most erratic in his taking and passing.

Both Harrison and McPike played a lifeless kind of game, and, though neither of them made any bad mistakes (barring McPike's shot at goal), they did nothing of note. In Harrison's case especially the difference in his form in this match and the Wellington game was most marked. I should have liked somebody to have given them an electric shot every now and then just to waken them up a bit.

The weakest man, however, of the Auckland backs was Donovan at full, and his display was certainly of the most feeble description. It was always considered that no matter how weak he was in some respects his tackling was beyond criticism, but after the way he allowed McKenzie to score on Saturday, even that claim must be denied. I have for the past two seasons contended that Donovan was not class enough for a "rep.," and Saturday's game more than ever confirms me in that opinion.

Although Otago had the advantage of an extra forward, and their men were also considerably heavier than the Auckland vanguard, still the locals more than held their own in this respect, having the advantage both in the pack and in the loose. Their rushes, however, were generally nullified by the good line-kicking of the Otago backs. In line play the blue and whites also showed to advantage, though now and then the blue vanguard came through with a good rush from the line, but this was generally the result of a crooked throw-in by Duncan.

In the open Doran was the most conspicuous of the Aucklanders, and he certainly gave a very fine display, and had hard luck in not scoring on at least one occasion. A. Wilson, McGregor and Tyler were about the best of the scrummers, but every man in the Auckland forward ranks played a good game.

The Otago forwards hardly proved up to expectations, but still they were a really good and even lot. It is extremely difficult to pick out any individual as having especially distinguished himself, but, taken right through, McKewen was perhaps the most noticeable.

Mr. G. Symes had charge of the whistle, but he was hardly up to his usual form, and missed a good deal of off-side play and deliberate breaches of the rules. I never quarrel with a referee for overlooking trivial and unintentional breaches of the rules, but on the other hand a referee cannot be too strict on some points, especially where foul play is concerned.

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## GOLF NOTES.

(By Bogey.)

The steady down pour of Friday night and Saturday morning precluded all thought of completing the matches commenced a fortnight ago, and the committee, in order to save the tees and greens from injury, again closed the links for play. The matches were adjourned to Saturday, 8th September, when it is to be hoped Captain Edwin will arrange better weather for us.

I have been experimenting with a varnish for iron clubs, which coats the club head with an invisible transparent surface and prevents rust. The American made iron clubs of the Bridgport Gun Implement Company, when they come here, are covered with a bright varnish which thoroughly prevents rust when in stock, and which lasts a very considerable time, even when the club is played with. Messrs E. Porter and Co. kindly supplied me with a bottle of Silico enamel, and I can, after using it for some time on iron clubs, thoroughly recommend it as a rust preventer in damp weather. For keeping clubs clean during a sea voyage it should be invaluable. The club is thoroughly cleaned, and the enamel spread over the head with a brush, the enamelled surface being hard and ready for use almost at once. By concussion the enamel gets gradually broken up on the hitting spot of the face of the club head, but the socket and back of the club, the parts which are always the most liable to turn rusty, remain in good order for a very long time. The enamel will stand washing, but if one desires to remove it a rub with methylated spirits leaves the club ready for a fresh coat. On wet afternoons, when some iron clubs rust in a few minutes, the enamelling is well worth the little trouble necessary to apply it. It is, of course, a well-known fact that some iron clubs rust in half the time it takes their neighbours to do so. This is on account of the different qualities of iron used in manufacture. I have found the drop forged steel heads much less susceptible to rust than the hand wrought iron ones.

The Auckland Club has suffered the loss of a good official by the departure of its hon. treasurer, Mr F. E. N. Crombie, for England. For the past two years Mr Crombie has fulfilled his duties in a most satisfactory way during a troublesome time of the Club's ex-

istence. Though not a player, he was constantly on the links, and at the club-house, looking after various matters. The members of the Club, to show their appreciation of his services, presented him with a handsome set of pipes and amber and gold mounted cigar and cigarette holders. The presentation was to have been made at the club-house on Saturday afternoon, but owing to the weather this was impracticable, and the presentation was made to Mr Crombie by the Captain of the Club, Mr M. A. Clarke. Mr Crombie leaves for England in the Gothic.

## WELLINGTON.

A few more matches have been played in the Daniel's Cup competition. Arthur Duncan beat G. Todd; McEwen beat Cadogan; Dr. Gow beat Coom; Howden beat Kirky.

Very few of the ladies have been able to get away for the championship at Christchurch. We expect to see Mrs Arthur Pearce well to the front.

## CHRISTCHURCH.

August 29, 1900.

The match with Timaru, of which I wrote you last week, resulted in the home team winning the singles, and the Christchurch Club the foursomes. The greens, I understand, were not in the best of order, and as our men were strange to the links, the win in the foursomes was very creditable. Mr O'Rourke showed fine form against the Timaru champion, doing the round in 90. Mr Somerville, however, was playing his very best, and actually lowered his own record for the links to 87 in the match, his previous best being 89. It will thus be seen that the Christchurch men had a very tough customer to deal with. Most of the other Christchurch men had not had much experience of foreign competitions, and with the exception of T. D. Harman, they all suffered defeat in the singles. It was to be regretted that Christchurch could not send a stronger team, but several men found it impossible to get away. It is generally admitted, however, that sooner than allow annual matches of the above description to fall through, it is better to send a team, even though it be not the best available. The following are details of the matches:—

### CHRISTCHURCH V. TIMARU.

Singles: R. Somerville (T) beat E. D. O'Rourke (C) 4 up; C. A. Jefferson (T) beat T. D. Harman (C) 4 up; C. Treweek (C) beat H. Wright (T) 1 up;

C. T. H. Perry (T) beat W. H. Burton (C) 4 up; D. Stewart (T) beat J. F. Miles (C) 2 up.

Foursome: O'Rorke and Trewick (C) beat Somerville and Jefferson (T) 2 up; Harman and Burton (C) beat Wright and Perry (T) 6 up.

The second round for the Captain's prize was concluded last week, and the remaining matches will probably have to wait some little time until the championship of the Club has been played. This starts on Saturday, 1st September, and will be continued on the following Saturdays. So far there are over 20 entries, and the draw will take place to-night.

Mr O'Rorke has now laid out the remaining nine holes of the Shirley Links, so that special attention can be given to the greens at once, and thus save a lot of labour and expense after the grass is up. When the 18 holes are available, the links will be very hard to beat. A splendid soft rain has been falling for the past two or three days, which will give the grass a grand start, and before many months are over, I hope to be able to report that the full course is open for play.

The Ladies' Championship of New Zealand is now in progress on Hagley Park, and at the time of writing the only players who remain in are Mrs Wilder, Mrs Vernon (Christchurch), Miss Rattray (Dunedin), and Mrs Pearce (Wellington). I fancy the final will lie between Mrs Wilder and Miss Rattray.

The Christchurch Golf Club has granted the use of the Shirley Links to the ladies for Thursday, when a handicap match will be played. So far the weather has been very favourable, if a trifle damp.

NIBBICK.

The most important golfing event during the past week has been the Ladies' Championship meeting, held on the Hagley Park Links, Christchurch. The meeting commenced on Monday, August 27th. The results of the meeting will be found below:

Ladies' championship—First round: Mrs. Pearce (Wellington) beat Miss Hill (Christchurch), 8 up and 6 to play; Miss Begg (Dunedin) beat Mrs. Boyle (Christchurch), 4 up and 2 to play; Miss Scott (Dunedin) beat Mrs. Adams (Wellington), 8 up and 6 to play; Miss Rattray (Dunedin) beat Miss Cowlishaw (Christchurch), 6 up and 4 to play; Miss Millie (Auckland) beat Mrs. Melland (Dunedin), 6 up and 4 to play; Mrs. Wilder (Christchurch) beat Miss Bell (Wellington) by 1 up; Mrs. Vernon (Christchurch) beat Miss Moore (Wanganui) by 6 up. All the games were finished about the 14th hole, with the exception of that between Mrs. Wilder and Miss Bell, which was won at the 18th hole by one up.

Second round: Mrs. Pearce beat Miss Begg by two up and one to play; Miss Rattray beat Miss Scott by 4 up and 3 to play; Mrs. Wilder beat Mrs. Gillies by 4 up and 2 to play; Mrs. Vernon beat Mrs. Ridwell by 5 up and 3 to play.

When the semi-finals for the championship were played some excellent work was put in, and Miss Rattray achieved a record for ladies' matches on the Hagley Park links, doing the first round in 44, or one under five, and the first six holes of the second round in 30. The following are the results: Miss Rattray beat Mrs. Pearce, 4 up and 3 to play; Mrs. Wilder beat Mrs. Vernon, 3 up and 2 to play.

In the final Miss Rattray beat Mrs. Wilder by a single stroke on the 18th green.

The handicap match was won by Miss Bell, of Wellington.

Table with 4 columns: Name, Hdp., Gross, Net. Lists names like Miss Bell, Miss Harley, Mrs. Payne, etc.

Scores in the bogey match: Miss Scott (scratch), 1 up; Mrs. Vernon (scratch), all square; Miss Bell (9), all

square; Mrs. Pearce (scratch), all square; Miss Butterworth (9), 3 down; Miss Rattray (scratch), 4 down; Miss Begg (4), 4 down; Miss Gillies (4), 5 down; Miss Wilder (9), 5 down; Mrs. Payne (9), 6 down; Mrs. Wilder (scratch), 7 down; Mrs. Adams (12), 7 down; Miss Turnbull (9), 7 down; Miss Cotton (9), 7 down; Miss McLennan (10), 7 down; Mrs. Campbell (7), 7 down; Mrs. Pym (16), 8 down; Mrs. Hill (12), 9 down; Miss Cowlishaw (scratch), 10 down; Miss Hall (5), down; Miss Bowen (15), 11 down; Miss Bidwell (5), 12 down; Mrs. Brittan (15), 12 down.

A handicap match played at Shirley was won by Miss Bidwell. Scores:

Table with 3 columns: Name, Handicap, Net Score. Lists names like Miss Bidwell, Mrs. Pym, Mrs. Rattray, etc.

The inter-club match between the Christchurch and Dunedin Ladies' Clubs, played on Saturday, was won by Christchurch by 17 holes to 7.

The driving competition, for which there were 20 entries, was won by Miss Rattray, 340; Mrs. Wilder, 327, was second; Miss Scott, 311, third.

The final of the Ladies' Championship was played between Mrs Wilder and Miss Rattray on Thursday last and resulted after a ding-dong battle in the victory of the present holder by the narrow margin of one hole. Miss Rattray having now complied with the very difficult condition of winning three times in succession retains the cup presented by Lady Glasgow as her own property, and it is much to be congratulated on her very fine performance. As is often the case in a final neither of the contestants played up to form, and though it is generally admitted that the right player won, still on the day Mrs Wilder certainly should have beaten her opponent, being actually two up at the thirteenth hole. Both ladies played rather an in-and-out game, with occasional flashes of brilliancy, notably when Miss Rattray won the fourteenth and fifteen holes in three and four, thus making the match all square at this point. Miss Rattray then won the sixteenth and Mrs Wilder the seventeenth, all square and one to play. Both drove beautifully for the last hole, but while Mrs Wilder got into the plantation on the left in her second, Miss Rattray kept straight. This practically settled matters, as Mrs Wilder, in playing out of the trees, over-ran the hole considerably, while her opponent laid her ball fairly dead. Mrs Wilder again over-ran the hole in her next, and playing two more failed to hole out. Miss Rattray therefore had two for it, which proved quite sufficient. This was probably one of the poorest games the winner has played during the tournament. In most of her other games she displayed grand form, on two occasions accomplishing the first nine holes in forty-four and forty-five—remarkable performances. Great things were expected of Miss Scott, but she quite failed to uphold her reputation, being probably a trifle stale. Mrs Pearce all through played a most plucky game, and it was no disgrace to succumb to the champion. Miss Begg and Mrs Vernon also deserve mention, the latter lady being very game indeed. She is a short driver, but always dead straight and well high invincible on the green. Great regret was expressed that Miss L. Gillies was unable to play through indisposition, the Auckland ladies' champion never having yet competed in the New Zealand championship. Her sister, Miss Gillies, after beating Mrs Melland handsomely succumbed to Mrs Wilder in the second round. Taken as a whole the Ladies' Championship of 1906 must be looked on as a great success. Perfect golfing weather prevailed from start to finish, and the links in Hagley Park were at their best. Though the entries were few they were thoroughly representative and the best player won.

HOCKEY.

NEW PLYMOUTH AGAINST HAWERA.

The first match between New Plymouth and Hawera Clubs was played on the Racecourse last Thursday afternoon. There was a fair attendance of the public, and much interest was shown in the game, which resulted in favour of New Plymouth by three goals to two. A member of the Hawera Club, Mr Gorringer, acted as referee. The visitors returned to Hawera by the afternoon train.

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."

The Auckland Kennel Club's show is now a thing of the past, but its career was marked with great success. Those exhibitors who managed to acquire awards naturally do not complain in any way of the management of the show, or the judge's decisions. Those who only got h.c.'s or v.h.c.'s held a different view of everything in detail, and the judge suffers in the argument. The exhibition was held in Aitken's Auction Mart, a very undesirable place for a dog show, especially one of the magnitude of the Auckland Club. The number of dogs benched was 246, and these were in a great many cases pressed for room. Not only is this a serious objection as regards the dogs themselves, but the public cannot get the same opportunity of seeing them when on show after the judging. The dogs very often fight, especially if the chain has been allowed too much play, as was the case on Saturday night, when two bull-dogs got together. The judging ring was small, while the floor space required for it should not have been covered with sawdust, the presence of which naturally affects the judging of feet in all breeds of terriers. This item, in deciding the points of a dog, is of importance enough to be considered in the manner named.

Without taking the above defects into consideration, the show was a very creditable one, and proves the popularity of the Auckland institution. The many breeds were numerically stronger than last year, though, to my mind, the quality suffered in comparison to the exhibits of the '99 exhibition. This was evident in setters, spaniels, Irish, fox, and bull terriers. The judge's report will not be published until Mr Lloyd gets to Sydney, then it will grace the columns of the Sydney "Morning Herald" before it is placed before those whom it directly concerns. I cannot understand the club's agreeing to this, as it should be written and published a week after the show. Last year our show report was anything but satisfactory, though much time elapsed before it was published. The matters do not seem much in themselves, but they caused dissatisfaction, and when that element is apparent other questions of import-

ance present themselves for remedy. In dealing with the catalogue, in first class mastiffs are unrepresented. This breed has never been a favourite with New Zealanders, though across the water many fine specimens are seen out at shows. Mr Thos. Quoi's Spencer took first and special in St. Bernards, Mr Farquhar's Bun being second. Greyhounds were a weak exhibit, though Mrs McCreary's Spring Water in dogs, open, and Mr Chilcott's Lavender Water in bitches, open, took firsts and champion awards, the former getting the special prize.

Retrievers were decidedly off, and only earned commended tickets.

Pointers were good in quality, Mr Chilcott's bitch Princess, and Mr Speer's dog Ponto were chief winners.

English Setters were not very attractive, though the dog to secure champion honours stood out as a very excellent specimen. The same remarks apply to the Irish and Gordon Setters.

Collies were a strong class as usual, and I was amazed at the rapid strides made in the production of high-class local stock, Mr G. Read's bitch Lady-smith, and Mr Bosworth's dog Elton Surprise being most prominent in locals, though Mr Cotter's Heather Spy is also worthy of notice.

Spaniels were few in number and poor in quality.

Bull dogs were numerous and the type various. King Solano inherited the first, champion, and special in dogs, whilst Duphine Solano was so excellent quality as to obtain chief in bitches.

Mr Herbert's dog Figaro came out with first honours in open class in Bull Terriers. Mr Leighton's bitch Queen of Diamonds occupying a similar position in the bitch open class.

In Airedale Terriers, Mr D. C. Ingram's Champion Ieva of Fernland, and Bosun of Fernland, swept the board, winning four out of the five classes, the former securing the gold medal, special, and championship.

Mr Gavey has a promising bitch in Uira, which took second honours in bitch open class. The dog that secured second in dog's open class was certainly of insufficient merit for that position, whilst such a dog as Queens-bury Don was competing. Mr Iredale showed a capital puppy bitch though a trifle small. She obtained first award.

Fox Terriers, always a great class in Auckland, kept up their reputation for number. Mr W. B. Hull brought out a champion in Iauraki Teixie, whilst another from the same kennels owned by Mr Hutchinson, took the championship in dogs. Mr Shewring's dogs were prominent in the award.

Irish Terriers numbered 39 dogs, though they were poor in quality. Waipawa Con, though good in colour and coat, was beaten, who took chief honours, in head, ear, carriage, and bone, by the dog that took only third honours. The latter was very good in head and points mentioned, though light in colour. He certainly should have received more attention in award.

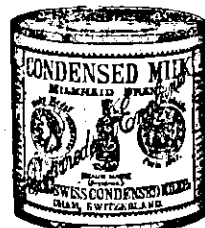
Mr Edgecumbe's bitch deservedly secured the first and special in open class, whilst Mr Holland's dog puppy "Our Bobs," was fairly treated in his class.

Mr Thomas brought out a fine little Sky Terrier dog in Tear, which secured first, special, and champion. Mr Reid's dogs winning most of other classes.

Miss Phillips was again successful in showing pugs, and her Dandy took championship honours.

The variety classes were well-filled, but nothing particular was shown.

Milkmaid



BRAND

Milk

Full Cream.

Largest Sale in the World.





THE WHAMPOA RIVER AND HOUSE BOATS.

CANTON.

"THE SHAMEN," OR FOREIGN CONCESSION.

The Otago Representative Touring Team, 1900.



Hanna, photo.  
 BACK ROW—F. H. Campbell, manager; D. Munro, forward; R. Adamson, forward; D. McKewen, forward; R. Murphy, forward; M. McElhenney, forward; J. Mitchell.  
 SECOND ROW—G. Stephenson, three-quarter-back; A. Hobson, forward; J. Spiers, forward; J. Duncan, captain, half-back; W. H. Mackenzie, three-quarter-back;  
 J. R. Burt, forward; H. Prieious, forward.  
 FRONT ROW—E. E. Booth, three quarter-back; W. Wallace, half-back; J. Toohy, half-back; J. Armstrong, half-back; J. Adams, full-back; R. Bennett, three quarter-back; T. Cross, forward.



DONALD McLEOD. T. MORRIN.



GRAVES AIKIN. T. BROWN.



E. W. ALISON.



W. SHARLAND.

Caught on the Hop.

The Wellington Representative Touring Team, 1900.



Hanna, photo.  
 BACK ROW —W. Coffey, line umpire; B. Gallagher, wing forward; J. August, forward; J. O'Brien, forward; J. Spencer, forward; D. N. Wilkinson, W. B. Miller.  
 SECOND ROW —J. Cainan, forward; W. Roberts, three-quarter; E. O. Hales, full-back; H. W. Kelly, five-eight; C. A. McAnally, forward; D. McKenzie, manager;  
 A. S. Judd, forward.  
 THIRD ROW —E. M. Wylie, forward; H. McGrath, wing forward; G. Howe, three-quarter; M. Wood, five-eight; L. De Vere, three-quarter; M. McQuirk, wing forward.



H. L. POSSENESKIE.



CAPTAIN HOLGATE.



H. WYNYARD.



H. SCOTT. W. R. BLOOMFIELD.

Caught on the Hop.

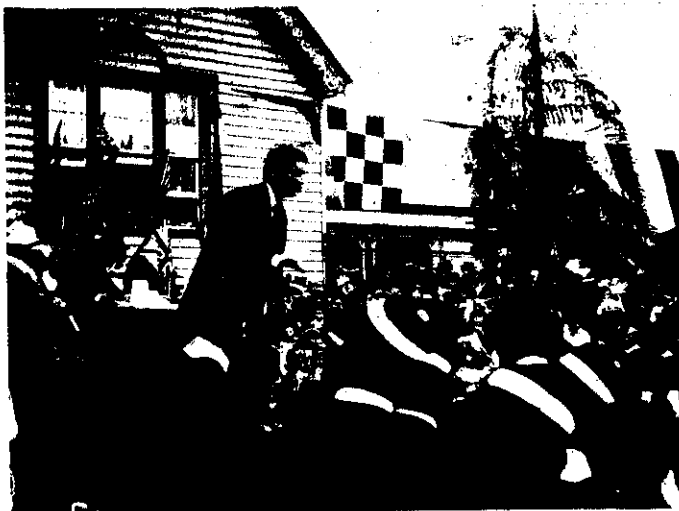


Poolley, photo.

SOME OF THE YOUNG GUARD.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE CROWD.



Poolley, photo.

MR ROSSER ADDRESSING THE BOYS.



THE CHILDREN.

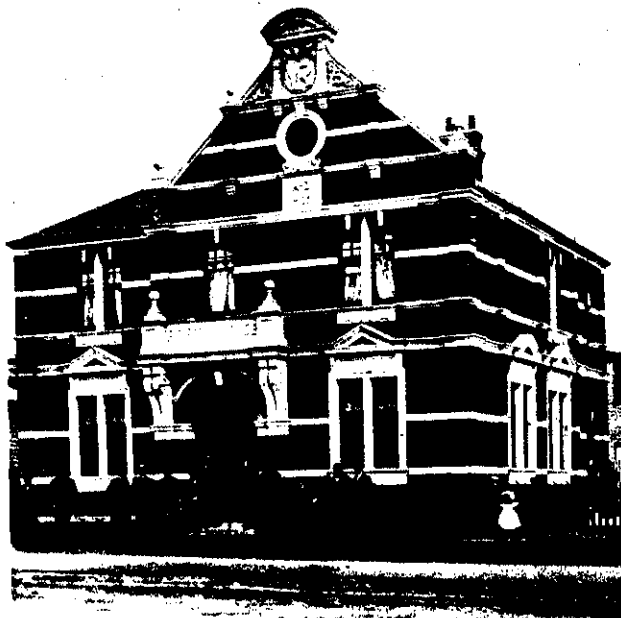
Unfurling the Flag at the Nelson Street School, Auckland.

Unfurling the Flag.

Nelson-street School is the latest addition to the schools with flags, the unfurling ceremony taking place on Friday, August 25, at three o'clock. Flags and banners adorned the school-grounds and the platform, and the children, drawn up in ranks, wore red, white and blue favours. A squad of the older boys wore red and black jerseys, and carried diminutive guns. The Napier-street School sent its cadet corps, under Messrs Dundon and Wooler. The Chairman and members of the Education Board regretted that they were unable to be present owing to the meeting of the Board. There was a large attendance, and the following members of the Committee were present: Messrs Sandrell (Chairman), Dr. Walker, Arthur Rosser, D. J. McLeod, and P. F. Macky.

The rendering of "Soldiers of the Queen" by the children, under the direction of Miss Coghill, opened the ceremony, after which Mr Sandrell (Chairman of the City Schools Committee) addressed the assembly. He said that it gave him great pleasure to be present. The school was to be congratulated on the large attendance, which showed what good feelings existed between the staff and parents and friends of the school. At the examinations the school had won 86 per cent. of "passes," which would prove to be the highest percentage of passes in the Auckland provincial district. A number of the older girls, dressed in white, with bouquets of flowers, then danced a pretty Maypole

dance. The Chairman then showed how the flag had been made; and Mrs Sandrell then "unfurled the flag," which was received with cheers as it floated out. Miss Sanderson, a little girl, then presented Mrs Sandrell with a beautiful bouquet, and the children then sang "The Red, White and Blue." Mr D. J. McLeod then gave an address and said that he hoped the ceremony would live long in the memory of the children and cause them to love and respect the flag of their country. Patriotism was one of the highest duties of a citizen. The flag was then saluted by each detachment and standard as it marched past. Mr Arthur Rosser, in the course of an address, stated that the flag which had been unfurled was presented by the Misses Spargo, seven in number, who had been, or were at present, connected with the school. On behalf of the school and Committee, he wished to thank these ladies for their gift. Mr Cronin, the headmaster, thanked all those who had assisted, and, after some cheering, called for cheers for the Queen. These were heartily given, and the children sang the National Anthem. The Napier-st. School cadet corps then marched off, and came in for great praise for their soldierly bearing and splendid marching.



NEW POST OFFICE, JUST OPENED (AUGUST 80), AT NEWTOWN, WELLINGTON.

"Can't get work! Why don't you volunteer for the war? The country will look after your wife and family."  
 "Don't you believe it, Gov'nor."  
 "But I tell you it will."  
 "Ow can I? I ain't married!"—



SCENE IN LYTELTON HARBOUR.



Ellerbeck, Cambridge.

"THE DRINK QUESTION."



Ellerbeck, photo.

CHANGING PADDOKS AT WORTLE, WAIKATO.

**The Ballad of the Trainman.**

"Thanks to a timely warning given by Mr. Bridges, the well known trainman, on the Wanganui Palmerston North section, an engine was prevented from running into a wash-out. He has received a letter of thanks and £1 from the Department in recognition." (Wanganui Chronicle.)

'Twas O, a gallant Engine,  
Speeding its miles away,  
And bound from distant Palmerston,  
And who its course should stay?  
Likewise a merry Trainman,  
Who sold both books and papers  
To all the weary travellers  
Who otherwise were gapers.

And O, it was a Wash-out!  
Now mark ye well that word!  
For thrills it got the trembling heart  
As soon as ever heard!  
For ah! it yawns a chasm  
To gulf the speeding train;  
The mere thought gives a spasm,  
We wipe a tear again.

'Twas he, that merry Trainman,  
That Wash-out first to spy;  
His chin dropped low, a yard or so,  
He winked and said "My eye!"  
His stout heart quaked within him;  
That Engine now was due!  
"Whatever," said the Trainman,  
"Whatever shall I do?"

That Trainman he was English  
(Which says all "can" he said);  
He scratched his ruddy poll; he scratched  
at  
As if to raise the dead;

He heard that Engine whistle;  
He would not quit the track,  
He yelled, he threw both arms on high;  
He waved that Engine back!  
Saved was that noble Engine,  
All by that Trainman merry;  
Thus England's sons stand by their  
guns  
Sing derry, hey down derry.

Hail to the great Department  
Of Railways! Hail, all hail!  
They filled that gaping Wash-out,  
Replaced that ruined rail,  
They praised that merry Trainman,  
They nuzzed his fame around,  
They vowed him worthy great reward,  
They gave him one whole pound.

What did the merry Trainman?  
He stared in huge surprise,  
He dashed away a rising tear,  
And then he dashed his eyes,  
"And should I rob my country thus?"  
He cried; "Oh, no!" he said it!  
Perish the base, ignoble thought!  
I'll leave it to my credit!"

R. A. BULLEN.

**Poetical Burglars.**

Quite recently a countess who had been despoiled of her jewel case, containing diamonds to the extent of £300, received that article by parcel post along with the following:—

So sweet, so sweet, the diamonds in their  
settings,  
So sweet the pearls, oh, Countess B—  
So little and gay I'll live upon their  
"settings,"  
From pub to pub I'll drink the health  
of thee.

A thief who broke into a nobleman's mansion near Maidenhead and stole a quantity of silver plate, besides drinking a bottle of port wine, left, with characteristic chronicle, a rhyme, written in ink on the dining table, which ran:—

Your silver makes me jump for joy,  
But joy soon turns to sorrow,  
Your port is bad, methinks that I  
Shall feel a pain to-morrow.

Not long since a burglar who ransacked the house of a magistrate, while the inmates were asleep, composed the following little rhyme:—

So snug and peaceful in your Clapham  
home,  
While you're asleep, I've soaked to room,  
Good-bye, my lord, I may not tarry,  
So now no more from Barklar Harry.

It seems strange that in the dead of night a burglar should draw a picture, but not long since a man who robbed the house of a prominent pro-fair drew a by no means badly executed sketch of his victim, below which he added:

"Stop the war! Stop the war!" is your  
persistent cry,  
Your politics are shocking, they make me  
plum my eye,  
You may stop the war, you may stop  
your chat,  
But you can't stop me, though I've got  
your hat.

Some months ago a convict, who struck his gaoler insensible and then escaped, robbed a house of a suit of clothes, a hat, and a pair of boots, and left his prison dress hanging up on the hat rack in the hall, with a facetious message attached to it, which ran:

Although good name I once did lose,  
I stop in yours, a good man's shoes,  
My character is bad, I know, my friend,  
But I leave my clothes, as they may fit  
you.

The well-known temperance lecturer, Mr. William Richardson, was arrested yesterday afternoon on a warrant of commitment for not paying his fine of £5 and costs for a breach of the Electoral Act.



Yesterday afternoon the Colonial Secretary moved the second reading of the Public Healths Bill.

Mr. Napier, criticizing the Bill, said it was an insult to, and a libel upon, the people of Auckland to say that they must accept the decision of a horse doctor as to whether the city was clean or not.

The number of boys of tender years before the Supreme Court at the present criminal sittings charged with breaking and entering and there is something appalling.



WITH APOLOGIES TO ALL THE SOAP BOILERS

RIGHT O' WILLIAM ASPORTING COMMUNITY LIKE THIS KNOWS ENOUGH TO DO WITHOUT A HORSE DOCTOR, WHAT AUCKLAND WANTS IS A HOSE DOCTOR, BEFORE 'BREAKFAST PREFERRED,

IMPORTING CONSTABLE — WHERE SHALL I STOW THIS LOT? CHOL WARDER (NON ABSTAINER) — FULL UP WITH JUVENILES, YOU'LL HAVE TO SHOVE 'EM IN THE TANK.

JUVENILE DEPRAVITY.



The Superintendent of the Fire Brigade says he was told to go and burn a certain place down, by a person who said he had the authority of the Mayor.

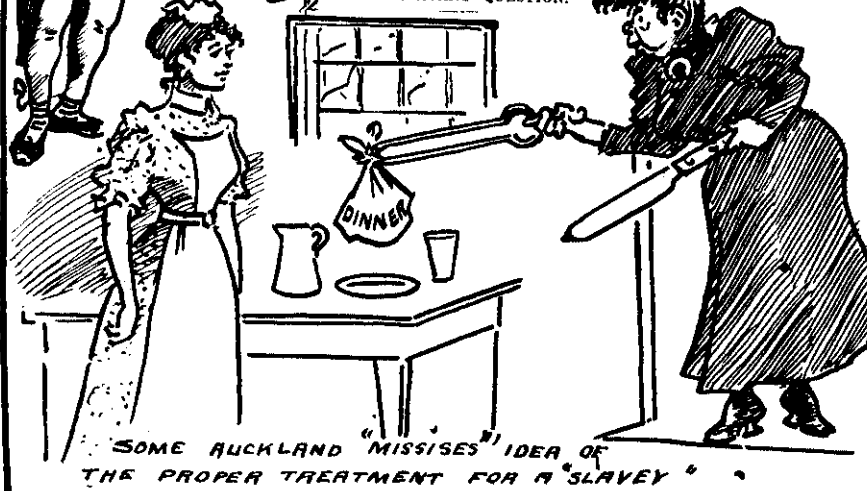
OTHER CITIES PLEASE COPY

"FOR I AM THE MAYOR ALL MEN DECLARE BEYOND COMPARE" (OLD GUARD)



N.Z. — YOU SEE THAT EVEN IN THIS MATTER WE ARE THE MOST ADVANCED, YOU IMPORT YOUR CRIMINALS, WE GROW OUR OWN

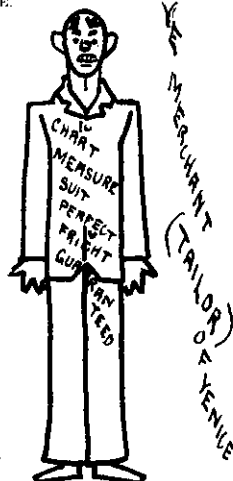
THE SERVANT QUESTION.



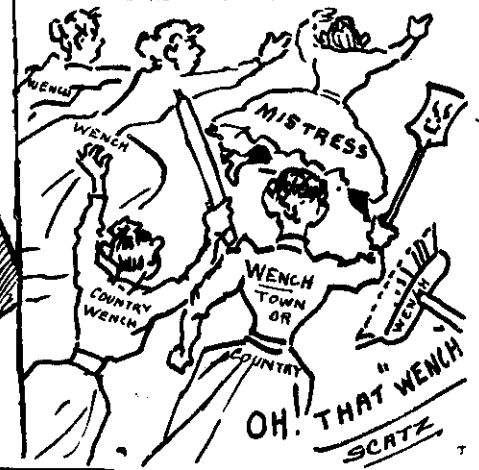
SOME AUCKLAND 'MISSISES' IDEA OF THE PROPER TREATMENT FOR A 'SLAVEY'

THE TAILORS' DISPUTE.

In answer to Mr. Swales, witness said he took orders for tailor-made suits. He had them made up in a factory. He thought this was fair competition. He did not consider it was detouring the public.



QUERY IS THIS A DUMMY TAILOR, OR ONLY A TAILOR'S DUMMY? OTHER TAILORS PLEASE REPLY.



**Is the Number Thirteen Lucky or Unlucky?**

The dread of the number thirteen will receive some confirmation from a small fact in connection with the death of poor Andrew Marshall Porter, the son of the distinguished lawyer who is Master of the Rolls in Ireland, who was recently killed at the front (says "M.A.P."). When the early reverses of the war were announced he got very restless, and constantly was heard to exclaim that he would like to go out and help in the fighting. There were many difficulties in the way, and one of the greatest was the devoted affection of his father. But the young fellow was resolute, was finally enrolled in the Yeomanry, and was killed. The little fact to which I allude about the poor young fellow is that when he was called to the bar there were thirteen on the list, and he was the thirteenth. It is somewhat surprising, indeed, to find the number of people who are beset by this dread of 13. The late Mr Parnell once absolutely refused to introduce a Bill in Parliament because it consisted of thirteen clauses, and insisted that another clause should be added. Mr Pope, the great Parliamentary counsel, who is one of the most clear-headed and broad-minded of men, was once offered a very convenient house in Brighton. He at once refused it, tempting though the offer was. Its number was 13. And yet there are just as many instances in which thirteen could be proved to be lucky as there are to the contrary. Thirteen was the number of the cabin of the one man, either of the passengers or the crew, who was saved when the Drummond Castle was wrecked off Ushant, in June, 1881. The story of John Hadfield is also testimony to the occasional blessings of the much-abused number. John died in the year 1750, when he had entered upon his 122nd year, but he had had a narrow escape from severe punishment as far back as the reign of William and Mary. He was military sentry at Windsor, and was accused of having fallen asleep at his post. Hadfield strenuously denied the charge, and maintained his innocence by the statement that he had distinctly heard the clock of St. Paul's at midnight strike thirteen. Witnesses were produced to prove that the clock on the night in question had struck thirteen, and Hadfield was acquitted. The incident was, by his express directions, recorded on his tomb.

**A Prize Bulldog.**

We give a portrait in this issue, from a photo, by Burton, of Hastings, of Mr G. H. Goodall's prize bull bitch Vanity Fair. She is a compact, well formed animal, with good stop, lay-back, front, and chops, and is well wrinkled. She has also a splendid neck and powerful shoulders, and has taken prizes wherever she has been shown in the colony. This bitch is by Donbrain's Cribb, out of his Brown Eyes. Her pedigree stretches right back to Bill George's, Jem Burns's, and Jem Ferriman's noted strains.



ME AND FIDO.

F. L. Jones, photo.

**Curiosities of Matrimony.**

Last year an old woman living at Capriobasso, near Milan, after having outlived her seventh husband, committed suicide, at the ripe age of 103, by drinking corrosive sublimate.

Mrs Eleanor Linter divorced five husbands, and married the sixth at Providence, Rhode Island, on 30th December, 1886, within the brief space of ten years. At her last marriage four of the divorced husbands were present, and the fifth, who sent a handsome present, would, but for a severe illness, have been also in attendance.

It is recorded that in 1678 Thomas Watson, a native of Brant Broughton, Lincolnshire, buried his eighth wife; while in the person of James Gay, who died at Bordeaux on 28th April, 1772, we have a veritable Bluebeard, for, in a long life of 101 years, he had espoused no fewer than sixteen wives.

In September, 1804, a Dr. Mary Spencer, of Bourton, U.S.A., was married at Nenth, Wales, to her eleventh husband, the most singular feature in the case being the lady's age, which was only 41. Her first marriage took place when she was but 15.

A few months since, in America, a Mr Drew was married to a Mrs Muir. Both very elderly people—the bridegroom being 82, while the lady of his choice had passed the allotted span of threescore and ten—they each had considerable experience in matrimony, the present occasion being the husband's ninth and the wife's twelfth appearance at the altar as principal.

Last year there died at Buda-Pesth, at the age of 89, an old man named Czucor. He had been married fourteen times, and it is said that his death was accelerated by the rejection of his suit at the hands of a widow whom he was desirous of making his fifteenth wife.

In the autumn of 1889 one Pierre Dupont died at Brussels. Though he had had but twelve wives he had been married thirteen times. When quite a youth he had espoused a certain Marie Bauteus, who, however, proved fickle, and eloped with a cousin. Young Pierre regarded his loss with philosophic resignation, and proceeded to make other ventures in matrimony, until at the age of 76 he had buried eleven wives. A year later he met a very nice old lady, whom he courted and won, to find, a few weeks after the knot was indissolubly tied, that he had re-married, in the person of Madame Dobbheore, his first love, Marie Bauteus.

Senora Rey Castillo, a Mexican lady, lost, between the years 1860 and 1865, no fewer than seven husbands, all of whom, strange to state, met with violent deaths. The first was killed in a carriage accident, the second was poisoned, the third perished in a mine explosion, the fourth committed suicide, the fifth succumbed to a fall while hunting, the sixth was killed by a fall from a scaffold, the seventh was drowned.



BULL BITCH VANITY FAIR, the Property of Mr. G. H. Goodall, Masterton. 1st Burton photo. Hawke's Bay Dog Show.



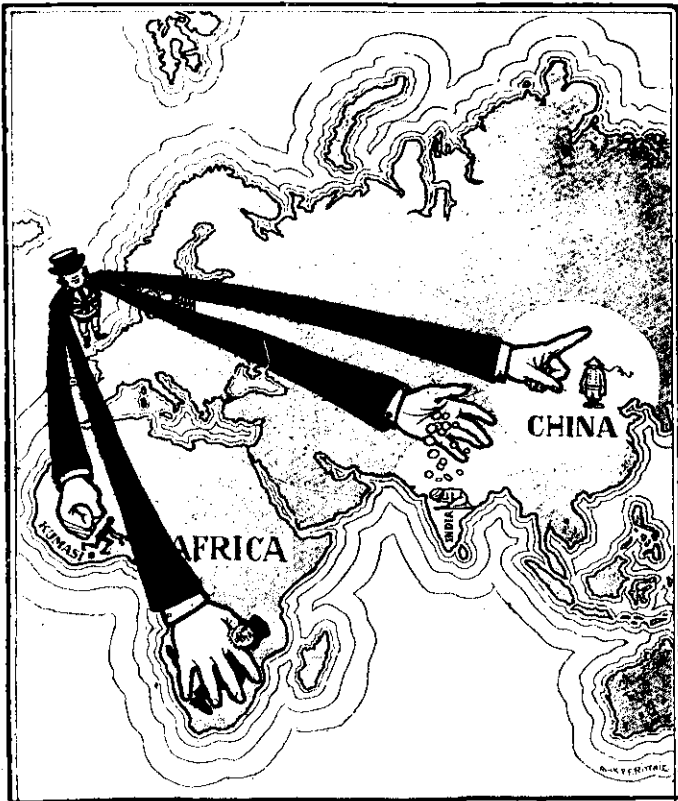
Photo by W. A. Smythe.

THE WEST AUSTRALIAN REFERENDUM RECORD BOARD.

PROMINENT FEDERALISTS IN FRONT.

How fondly rests a mother's gaze  
Upon her children dear;  
She loves them for their pretty ways,  
And always likes them near.  
She tends them in their troubles, too,  
Her care soon makes them fewer,  
And for a cold knows what to do:  
She gets Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.

# The Trouble in China.



FORWARNED IS FOUR-ARMED.



COUNT OF WALDERSEE.  
COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE ALLIED FORCES IN CHINA.



ONE OF THE BOXERS.



INFANTRYMAN  
IMPERIAL  
CHINESE  
ARMY





CHURCH OF THE SACRED HEART, PONSONBY.



INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH.

ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH OF THE SACRED HEART, PONSONBY.

Some Auckland Places of Worship.

Waikoro, "Graphic" photo.



Wairond, "Graphic" photo.

THE CHOIR OF THE CHURCH OF THE SACRED HEART.

### St. John's Wesleyan Church.

This handsome church, standing on a very elevated part of our western suburb, is often referred to by visitors to Auckland as being one of the prettiest of colonial churches, having a captivating exterior, with a pleasing and comfortable internal accommodation, and was opened at a cost of about £4000 on April 30th, 1882.

The trustees are Messrs A. Thorne (secretary), W. E. Hutchison (treasurer), J. L. Wilson, John Banbury, James Heron (builder of the church), G. Winstone, J. Horsley, John Swales, J. C. Dickinson, W. Hutchison, A. Russell, W. Bartley, T. Cook, H. A. Bloomfield, S. E. Hulbert, and Joseph Scott.

The Circuit ministers appointed by Conference to the charge of St. John's since its opening include: Revs. H. R. Dewsbury, T. G. Carr, C. H. Garland, H. Bull, C. H. Laws, A. Peters, and W. Ready.

The itinerancy system of the Methodist Church possesses (at least) one excellent advantage (as against a settled and continued pastorate), in that it gives a wide selection to the Methodist people of preachers variously gifted and experienced, who minister to them of their wisest and best, and at the close of the time limit they remove to other spheres of usefulness, to the benefit of people and pastor alike.

The itinerancy has a few drawbacks in the shape of removal of families, but as Methodist ministers have all homes and furniture provided for them wherever they go, the removal only means the packing and carriage of large libraries, and it may be a piano, or other private articles, and is not so great as the removal of a married bank officer with a family, who may be transferred, who has either to have an auction sale of home and furniture, or else freight his belongings from city to city.

As a rule, there are no bickerings at the close of the residential period, as the ministers usually leave carrying with them the love and good wishes of the people, and they are ready to accord a warm and happy greeting to the new preacher.

By the itinerancy, the Methodist ministers make thousands of friends as they travel in their various circuits throughout the colony, and the people in their turn, coming into contact with so many ministers, can arrange to a nicety the men most likely to be a success in any particular charge.

Taking everything into account,

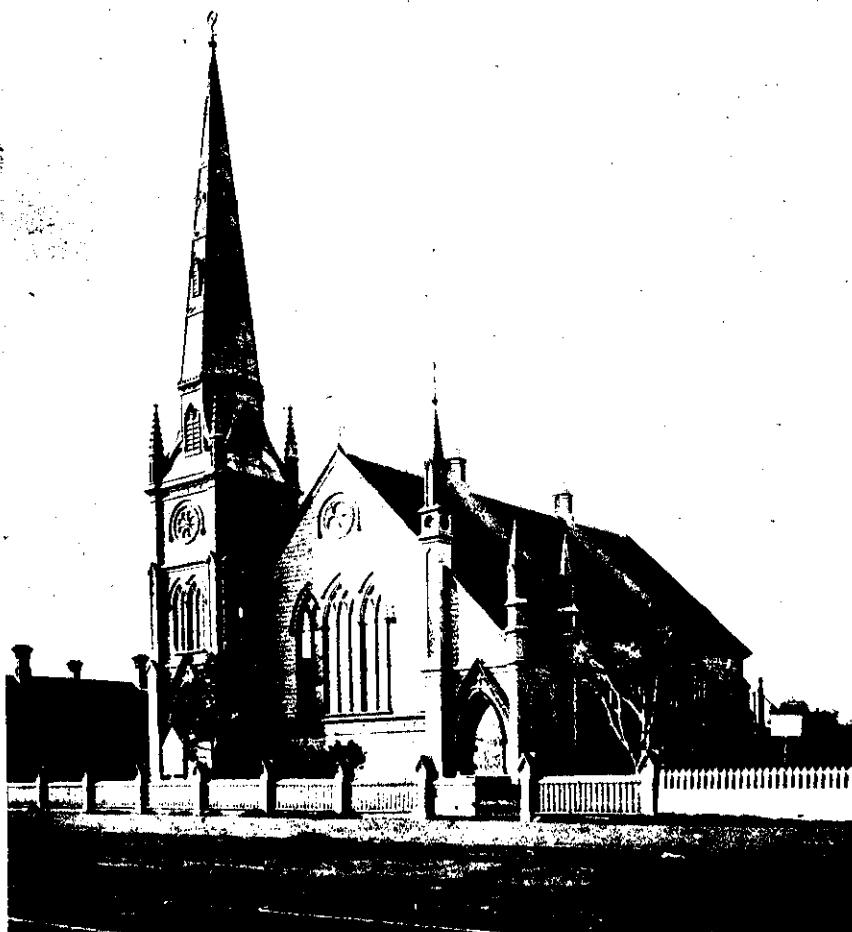
John Wesley was a very wise and far-seeing church legislator, when he drew up the Methodist Poll Deed, the "Time Limit," fixing it three years, with annual appointments.

The present minister in St. John's Church is the Rev. W. Ready. He is truly a live evangelical preacher, with an originality all his own, showing a master passion for preaching, and happy both in pulpit and platform. He is not of towering stature, but fire

dwells in his eyes and heart. He lays but little emphasis on mere dignity (as developed in some preachers), but often, to the surprise and pleasure of his congregation, breaks out with a sacred song, which is a becoming break in his sermon. His affability and manner are fascinating, with not a particle of cant in his composition, and all pretence and pretenders he holds in contempt. He is humorous, but not satirical, and a friend always

to be relied upon. His popularity is seen by the large congregation which listen to him weekly. He goes about his work with a big and growing sympathy for the age in which he lives, and evidently tries to make the world better for his living in it. We wish him many years of useful toil in his Master's work.

His portrait, with that of St. John's Church and choir, also the Boys' Club, appear in this issue.



Wairond, photo.

ST. JOHN'S WESLEYAN CHURCH, PONSONBY.

## Some Auckland Places of Worship.



Hanna, photo.

THE CHOIR OF ST. JOHN'S WESLEYAN CHURCH, PONSONBY.



Bartlett, photo.

BOYS' GYMNASIUM CLUB, ST. JOHN'S WESLEYAN.

ST. JOHN'S WESLEYAN CHURCH, PONSONBY.

Some Auckland Places of Worship.

Pictures From South Africa.



THE BRITISH ENTERING PRETORIA, JUNE 5, 1900.

Dogs With Banking Accounts.

The dog is mostly looked upon from the ornamental point of view, but there are thousands of dogs in the world who work hard every day for their living.

Of dogs who collect money for charities the name is legion. The king of all canine beggars is undoubtedly Gyp, a noble St. Bernard, who collects for a children's hospital in New York. This fine animal has sallied forth every day to ask for alms during the past seven years, and has collected nearly £5000.

Gyp is a very ingenious dog, and pays in his money and cheques with commendable regularity. Every Saturday, punctually at twelve, he walks into a big bank on the Broadway with his money box strapped to his back. Here he is promptly relieved of his box, which is opened in his presence and the amount entered in the pass-book. The clerk then places the book in the empty box, straps it to the dog's back, and, with a few friendly pats, the faithful creature saunters back to his master at the hospital highly pleased with his week's earnings.

Leo, a famous St. Bernard of Cork, has a banking account of his own, and has amassed since 1892 a sum of £2800. Another famous collecting dog is a long-coated dachshund, named Schmupsie, and his philanthropic work is that of endowing a cot for children at the Great Northern Hospital. This dog has collected quite a handsome sum towards the money required, and in one afternoon he collected £3 at a garden party.

A pretty little terrier of Salisbury has collected for various deserving charities no fewer than 26,000 pennies in eighteen months, every coin of which he picked up himself and deposited in his collecting-box. Tim, an Irish terrier, is an indefatigable railway collecting dog, and is to be found, wet or fine, at his post at Paddington Station busily gathering contributions for a charity.

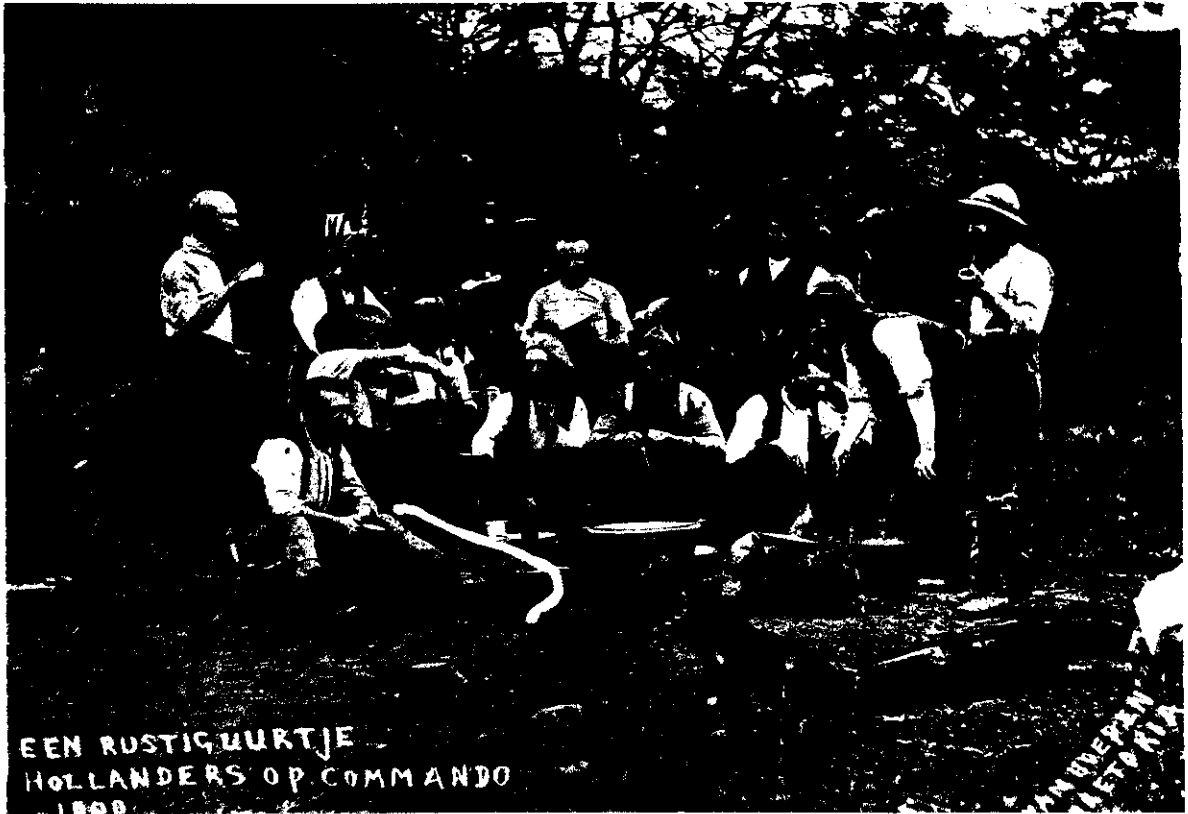
Since the war broke out hundreds of dogs have sallied forth to ask for alms on behalf of the widows and children of our gallant soldiers who lost their lives in upholding their country's flag.

One of the best-known of these patriotic canines regularly works the West End, and gives entertainments all on his own. He works in a costume made of Union Jacks, and his performance comprises skirt-dancing, living pictures, and other up-to-date turns. By these means he has collected since January more than £10. He is a member of a famous troupe of performing dogs, and in the evenings can be seen with his companions on the music-hall stage, where he not only earns his own living, but helps to earn his master's as well.



LAING'S NEK TUNNEL, DESTROYED BY THE BOERS.

Pictures From South Africa.



EEN RUSTIGUURTJE  
HOLLANDERS OP COMMANDO  
1899

AN OPEN-AIR MEAL. HOLLANDERS ON COMMANDO.



DE KEN VAN DYK  
— SPION KOP JAN 1900

BOER OUTPOST ON SPION KOP, JANUARY, 1900.



Boers in Possession.

During the absence of the English from Johannesburg, many Boer families took possession of the houses of wealthy residents. Above is depicted the drawing-room of a mining magnate, whose mansion was thus invaded. Our drawing is from a sketch by Henry Lea, sent to us from South Africa since the capture of the mining capital, and is accurate in every detail. It shows what the millionaires of Johannesburg may expect to find when they return to their deserted mansions.

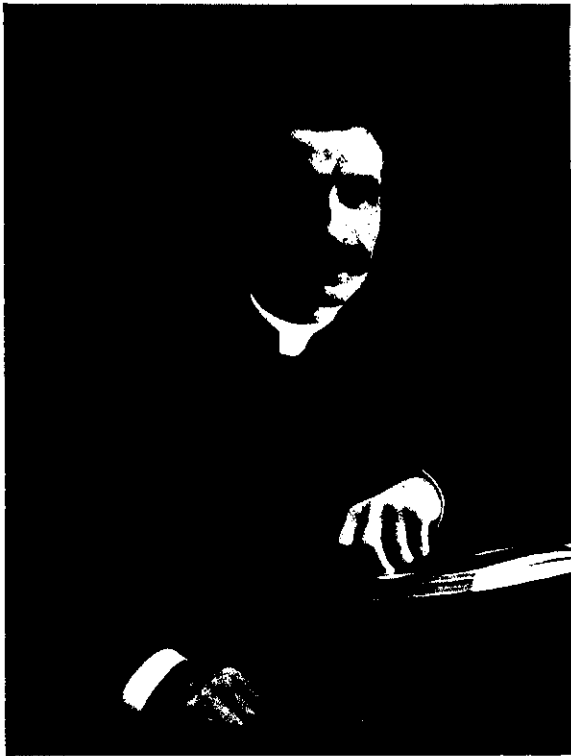


THE LOAN OF AN EAR.

Mr Kruger says he will fight while 500 burghers remain alive. Presumably his Lord is still telling him to fight.

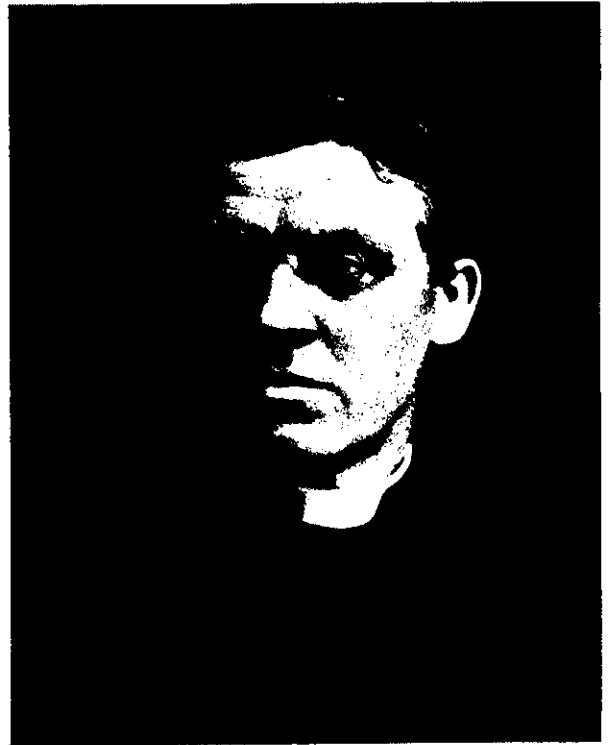


BOER WOMEN DEFENDING A FARM.



Sarony Studio, Auckland.

REV. W. READY, ST. JOHN'S WESLEYAN CHURCH, PONSONBY.



Sarony Studio, Auckland.

THE REV. DR. EGAN, OF THE CHURCH OF THE SACRED HEART.

**Mad Criminals.**

Mr George Griffith, who is contributing a series of articles to "Pearson's Magazine" on "Side-lights on Convict Life," writes in the July number of the Criminal Lunatic Asylum at Broadmoor. The population of Broadmoor is divided into three classes—the convalescents, or lunatics who do not show active signs of insanity; those who are quiet as a rule, but occasionally liable to outbreak; and those who, in common parlance, are stark, staring mad. Mr Griffith gives a realistic description of this latter class as studied through the windows of their corridor. "That corridor," he writes, "was one of the most unpleasant places I

have ever been in in my life. Outside in the big, walled-in courtyard, plentifully planted with tall trees were about 100 grey-clad figures walking about all alone—I didn't see two of them together—mostly taking only a few strides in one direction, then stopping a little as if they were lost, and starting off in a different direction. Others would walk swiftly in a straight line for several yards, then stop, look up at the sky, and make some half-human gesture, and then crawl away to a seat and crouch down on it. Others, again, were swinging their arms and addressing imaginary audiences on imaginary wrongs; but on every face, and in every eye, there was that horrible expression which only blank madness can give. Every now and then one would catch

sight of us, run up and catch hold of the bars and begin pouring forth the most piteous nonsense, mingled with horrible blasphemies and obscenities, and seeing that I was a stranger, charging the officials with the most appalling cruelties. I had a talk with one of them who had come from Parkhurst. He vowed that he had seen me there, which was within the bounds of possibility, as he had been sent from the Convict Convalescent Home since my visit there. When a convict becomes insane in prison he is sent to Broadmoor as a criminal lunatic. If he recovers he is sent back to prison to be discharged; if not, he is kept at Broadmoor. This poor wretch's complaint was that he had served the legal part of his sentence, and earned a cer-

tain remission by good conduct. He remembered perfectly the date of his conviction, the name of the Judge who had sentenced him, and the exact time that he had served, and even the date of what would have been his legal release. So far his story, although gabbled out with the volubility of insanity, was perfectly coherent; but when he came to the reason why he was detained in Broadmoor instead of being released it was a very different matter. The Lord Chief Justice, the Home Secretary, the Governor of Parkhurst, both Houses of Parliament, and even Her Majesty herself had entered into a deliberate conspiracy to deprive him of his rights—and after that the rest was the most hopeless and piteous nonsense."



C. Hemus, photo.  
SENIOR SERGEANT LEECE,  
AUCKLAND.

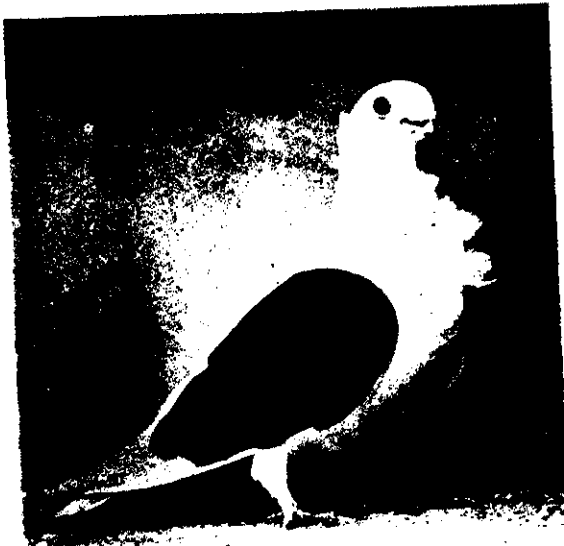
Of No. 1-15 Pr. Battery, 3rd Section, formed out of New Zealand 5th Contingent.

Sergeant Leece joined as trooper in the Fifth Contingent from Auckland, and has risen very rapidly through the various ranks to his present position, commanding the 3rd section of the Battery in action.



**Appears Reasonable.**

TOMMIE.—We had a little baby come to our house from heaven yesterday.  
WILLIE.—Did you? We had one go to heaven last week.  
TOMMIE.—Hi! I'll bet it's the same one.



MR M. HAMON'S BLACK TUMBLER.  
1st and Special, Auckland and Suburban, 1900



MR M. HAMON'S MUFF-LEGGED TUMBLER.  
1st and Special Auckland and Suburban, 1900



MR I. HOPKIN'S BLUE CHEQUER COCK.  
Champion Cup and Gold Medal Winner for Best Homer in Show.



CHAMPION ENGLISH OWL.  
Winner of Cup, Newton Pigeon and Canary Club, Auckland.



MR M. HAMON'S SHORT-FACE KITE-TUMBLER.  
1st and Special Auckland and Suburban, 1900



MR I. HOPKIN'S RED CHEQUER HOMER HEN.  
1st Special Auckland and Suburban, 1900.

SOME PRIZE PIGEONS AT RECENT SHOWS IN AUCKLAND.



Complete Story.

# The Mad Private on the Transport.

"Will Miss Kingsley go and see Mr. Richardson as soon as you come in. He wants to see you immediately."  
 "Good morning, Miss Kingsley," said my chief, as I walked into his sanctum to see what was wanted of me. "I have got a very unusual commission for you. As you are aware, the war which has for so long been foreseen as inevitable has at last been declared by the Transvaal. Will you go out as our war correspondent?"

The editor was a man of few words, and waited to see how I should take his suggestion. It was certainly startling, and so unexpected that for the minute it quite took my breath away. I did not hesitate long, however, for here was a glorious opportunity for distinction—an opportunity which had previously been accorded to me during the four years I had acted as interviewer and general writer for the "Morning Mail."

"Certainly I will go, Mr. Richardson," I replied.  
 "Oh, you need not decide in that hurried manner. Just think the matter over for a bit. It will prove a perilous undertaking. You will constantly be confronted with unexpected dangers, and, of course, I should not wish you to go if you have any private reasons for not wanting to go. Let me have your decision to-morrow."

Mr. Richardson began to look over his papers, and taking this as a hint that he wished to let the matter rest until the next day, I quietly withdrew. "Hurrah! Hurrah!" I shouted in the exuberance of my joy, as I burst into my own room and, to the intense astonishment and alarm of the office boy, who happened to come in at that moment, I gaily waltzed round and round the room.

Here was the chance to make a name, to create journalistic coups, and otherwise make myself famous. It certainly was a startling innovation for a newspaper to send a lady correspondent to the front, and this lucky idea of the editor's was going to advertise the "Morning Mail." I would see to that.

I am afraid you will think me rather conceited, but—well, wouldn't you be too?

The next day I formally accepted the invitation. I will pass over the days of excitement which fell to my lot from this time until the day of my sailing. It was a round of dinners, fetes, presentations, and hurried preparations, for me. And, indeed, even now I have but a hazy recollection of all that happened during that busy time.

It will be necessary for me here to explain a little of my family history in order that the reader may be able to understand how I came to participate in the adventure which I am about to relate. My father is colonel of the 1st Blankshire Fusiliers—one of the first regiments ordered to the front—and I have practically been born and bred in the midst of military surroundings. When a little child—my mother had died shortly after I was born—I had been the pet of the regiment, and as a young autocratic ruler in the barracks, had commandeered, to use a popular expression, both officers and men as obedient and devoted servants.

Since that time, however, I had been educated in France, returned home, though on a slightly different footing, and had left again to come to London,

where, through the influence of some friends of my father's, I had been enabled to realise a much cherished ambition of mine, and had become a journalist. Though very much against the wishes of my father, I had determined to try and earn my own living, and had succeeded moderately well.

My father's position enabled me to have exceptional privileges, and to my great joy he managed to get permission for me to go over by the transport Arosita, in which his regiment was sailing for the front. I was rather a good sailor, and soon made myself at home on the boat, my father and the other officers doing all they could to make me happy and comfortable. Being of a rather inquisitive turn of mind, it was not long before I had made myself familiar with every part of the boat, and under the tutelage of Lieutenant R. Cunningham—who was known to the feminine portion of the military circle at home as the best looking man in the regiment, and spoken of in their boudoirs as "Handsome Dick"—rapidly acquired a complete knowledge of the men, arms, and ammunition which were being carried to the seat of war by our transport.

We had been out at sea a week when one morning, as I was parading up and down the deck with my father, the captain of the vessel came up to us. His face showed that he was puzzled.

"You will excuse me," he said, bowing to me, and then turning to my father he went on: "There is something about which I should like to consult you for a few minutes if you would kindly accompany me to my cabin."

"Certainly," my father replied, and they went away together.

Seeing that I was alone, Lieutenant Cunningham joined me, and, in entering into an animated conversation with him I had soon forgotten the rather unusual request of the captain's, and thought little of the fact that my father did not return. Going down to my cabin after dinner that evening, I sat down to pen my first article for the "Morning Mail," as its Special Correspondent, on the subject of "Life on Board a Transport," and by the time I had finished this it was getting on for the early hours of the morning, but feeling very much disinclined to sleep, I determined to take a turn round on deck, and, throwing a heavy shawl over my shoulders, as a protection from chill, went up to have a solitary promenade.

The moon was shining brightly, though at times obscured by passing clouds, and so I only caught occasional glimpses of the officer in charge on the bridge. I was glad of the opportunity for a solitary ramble, and, as I gratefully inhaled the cool fresh breezes, I fell to musing on the possible dangers that were to be confronted when we reached our destination. While thus meditating I had been strolling along without paying any attention to where I was going, and was only recalled to myself by bumping somewhat violently against the sentry who was on duty by the companion way.

I uttered a laughing apology and was about to pass on, when the man said to me:

"Excuse me, miss, but can you see what that is over there?"

He pointed away across the water, and I naturally faced round in the direction he indicated to see what had attracted his attention. As I did so the sentry must have suddenly but quietly placed his rifle upon the deck, for with a sudden spring forward he had one hand at my throat and the other clapped over my mouth, slowly but surely, despite my struggles, forcing me to the deck.

The unexpected and unprovoked assault was so startling in its suddenness that for the moment I could not understand what had happened, but a glance at the man's face as I struggled with him speedily enlightened me. The look of fiendish cruelty and cunning could only have been the expression of a maniac—the sentry had gone mad!

In less time than it takes to write, half dead with fright and almost paralysed with the dread of what was about to happen, I found my arms tightly pinioned and a gag thrust into my mouth.

"So you would seek to betray me, curse you!" he muttered. "But we shall see. You were not quite smart enough this time."

I was now in a semi-unconscious condition, and thought that my last moment had surely come. What he thought I had done or who he thought I was it is impossible to tell, but picking me up in his arms as if I had been a mere feather-weight, the mad soldier carried me down the companion-way to the deserted saloon, where he quickly and securely fastened me to a seat with a coil of rope which was lying on the ground.

"Ha, ha!" he muttered, as he peered into my face in the almost total darkness of the saloon, with its one dim light. "So you would all go to help to kill and murder my countrymen, the Boers. But I will prevent it. You found out my mission and thought to thwart me. I will have my revenge. Not one of you shall ever reach Cape Town—I am going to fire the boat!"

With this awful threat the madman left me, evidently bent on executing his terrible purpose.

I shall never forget the hour that followed, my agony of mind was so intense. Here was I, lying bound and helpless in possession of the knowledge that over 300 men who were peacefully sleeping that night on board the transport were in danger of their lives! The cunning of the madman would have helped the sentry to find his way unperceived into the hold. If he was not prevented by a merciful Providence from letting the fire once get a hold of the ship, at any moment it might reach the ammunition stored below, and then—the awful thought of the fate of all aboard was so appalling that I think I must have fainted.

When I came to, someone was bathing my temples with cold water.

"Miss Kingsley—Miss Kingsley! Tell us what has happened," I dimly heard Lieut. Cunningham saying, and his voice sounded a long way off to my ear, but for the moment I was too stupified to move. Then the recollection of the madman's threat came back to my mind with alarming rapidity, and I struggled to my feet, only to be gently replaced on the settee.

"The sentry! the sentry!" I shouted wildly. "We must find him at once." And I struggled once more to get on to my feet.

"Do try and calm yourself, Miss Kingsley," he said, "and tell me what has happened."

But brushing him on one side, I rushed on deck into the arms of my father, who had been told of my strange predicament, and was hurrying down to see what was the matter.

A few stern words from him were wonderfully efficacious in quieting me, and as soon as he grasped the full meaning of my hurried explanation, the anxious parent at once became the stern man of discipline and military precision, and in a few brief, harsh words of command he had called the watch on deck and the one or two soldiers who were on sentry duty to attention.

With scarcely a moment's delay the captain was sent for, and he speedily organised a party to search for the missing madman.

For some time the search was unavailing, nor were there any signs to show that the incendiary had commenced his work. Indeed, if it had not been for the fact that I had been found gagged and bound, they would have thought that my imagination had run riot, or that my story had been the result of a delirium.

After a search that could not have lasted more than ten minutes, although it seemed hours to me, the word was passed along that the madman had been found—found with his neck broken at the bottom of the hold, with a box of silent matches in one hand and a can of paraffin tightly clutched in the other. The body was brought up in silence, and presented a ghastly appearance. The method by which he had met his fate was apparent. In his blind haste to wreck the vessel he must have stealthily crept below, but in getting to the hold from the lower deck must have missed his footing on the steps and been pitched headlong below.

The doctor gave me a strong sedative, and I was hurried down to my cabin. Without troubling to undress I lay down, and in a few minutes' time must have been in a deep and peaceful slumber, for I remember nothing more until I awoke late the next afternoon.

The rest of the story was told to me during the evening by my father. The madman was practically a recruit, but at his company his wish having been more readily granted, as at the last moment some difficulty had been experienced in making up the full complement of men. He had gone by the

name of John Morgan in the regiment, but none of the men seemed to know anything about him, for he would make friends with no one. There can be little doubt that he was not quite sane, and the excitement of going to the war must have completely turned his brain.

It would appear that on the evening of my adventure he was not supposed to be on duty, and it is remarkable that he managed to escape the notice of everyone. He must have hidden down in the saloon after it was vacated, and when he heard my footsteps must have quietly rushed on deck and stood at attention, and as I passed, favoured by a heavy cloud darkening the moon, had carried out what was evidently a preconceived plan. So quiet and stealthily had been his actions that neither the men of the watch or the sentries had heard or noticed anything unusual.

Luckily it so happened for me that the lieutenant, who had been playing cards with three of the other officers, suddenly remembered he had left some belongings of his in the saloon, and going there to recover them, to his intense amazement found me bound, gagged, and senseless. The startling denouement has already been told. Curiously enough, it was with regard to the man Morgan that the captain of the transport had requested a private conversation with my father that morning. One of the seamen had observed him acting once or twice in a very curious manner, and had reported the matter to the captain.

The body of the unfortunate man had been quietly consigned to a watery grave during the night, and although the true story was but imperfectly known to any but the few soldiers and sailors who participated in the hunt for the madman, my dramatic experience became quite a nine days' wonder on board the transport.

## 'ONLY A COLD.'

Yes, only a cold—heavy headache, shivering, sneezing, fullness in the nostrils, feverishness, are the symptoms. But do not neglect it. Neglected coughs and colds bring on bronchitis, pneumonia, pleurisy, consumption, causing in the earlier stages cutting pains and oppression on the chest, hot, dry skin, exhaustion, body-aches, short and jerky breath. That

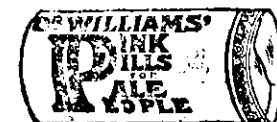
## DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS

used according to the directions that come with them, have cured coughs and colds, bronchitis, pneumonia, consumption and lung complaints, is proved by 26,000 testimonials received from the grateful public. Amongst others Dr. Williams' Pink Pills

### CURED THIS MAN.

Mr. Thomas Collings, of Drummond, N.Z., writes: "Some time ago I was attacked by a slight cold which I neglected. This brought on influenza, bronchitis, and asthma. I could not sleep at nights for violent fits of coughing. I suffered greatly from exhaustion and pains and oppression on my chest. Physicians treated me, but I was not cured. Then I commenced Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and before long received great benefit. Now I am better in health than ever. Several of my neighbours have used them with the greatest success; they are invaluable for lung complaints."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, by their tonic action on the blood and nerves, also cure rheumatism, neuralgia, lumbago, neuritis, poor circulation, anemia, debility, etc. Sold by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Washington, D.C. (over 100 years' trade), and by chemists and druggists.



But mind you ask for Dr. Williams'.

## ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL FOR THE HAIR.

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

## ROWLAND'S ODONTO FOR THE TEETH.

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

MISS F. KEELLY, Artistic Worker  
 in Natural Flowers, Electro-  
 lites, Exotic, H. Governor.  
 Bridal Bouquets a Specialty.  
 Sprays, Buttonholes, Wreaths,  
 Crosses, and all the Latest New-  
 styles. Country Orders promptly  
 attended to. Show window in  
 Canning's, Queen-st., opposite Bank  
 N.Z. Telephone 322.

## ENGAGEMENTS.

The engagement is announced of Miss Jessie Morton, second daughter of Captain Morton, of Te Teko, Bay of Plenty, to Mr Rupert J. Stevenson, of North Shore, Auckland.

## ORANGE BLOSSOMS

SMITH—GRIBBLE.

A very pretty wedding took place at Trinity Wesleyan Church, Kingsland, on Wednesday, August 22, when Miss Martha M. Gribble was united in holy matrimony to Mr F. A. Smith, son of Mr Thomas S. Smith, of Waituku. The ceremony was performed by Rev. S. Griffith, brother-in-law of the bride, assisted by Rev. W. Beckett, resident minister. The bride looked very pretty attired in cream silk artistically trimmed with lace and orange blossoms, lovers' knots, with wreath and veil. She carried a shower bouquet, and was attended by three bridesmaids. Miss Mabel Gribble, sister of the bride, was in cream silk trimmed with lace and turquoise blue, and hat to match. The young nieces of the bride, the Misses Gladys Griffith and Ruby Hirst, were dressed very prettily in cream and pink silk, with picture hats, and carried floral baskets. The bridesmaids wore gold brooches, the gifts of the bridegroom. The bridegroom was attended by Mr F. W. Stone as best man, and the bride was given away by her brother, Mr James Gribble, of Waituku. A floral archway with bridal bell added effectiveness to the scene. After the ceremony, Mendelssohn's "Wedding March" was played by Mr Flatt, the organist of the church. The bridal party were photographed at Glenmore Studio, and afterwards joined the wedding guests for afternoon tea at the residence of the bride's mother, Bolleono House, Kingsland Road. The presents were handsome and numerous.

JOYACE—GATHERCOLE.

A wedding of considerable local interest took place at the residence of the bride's parents, Warkworth, the other day, when Miss A. Gathercole, daughter of Mr Thomas Gathercole, was married to Mr A. Joyace of Waitera. The bride looked charming in a dress of nun's veiling and cream lace, and wore a wreath of orange blossoms. She was attended by two bridesmaids, Miss A. Woodcock and Miss Clara Gathercole, both of whom wore pretty costumes. In the evening a dance and social gathering took place, and was much enjoyed, the pleasure of the bride being enthusiastically drunk.

SALMON—BRADBURY.

A remarkably pretty wedding, and one which created much interest, was solemnised in the Alexandra-street Primitive Methodist Church on Wednesday, August 29th, the contracting parties being Miss C. Lilian Bradbury and Mr Percival A. Salmon. The wedding was full of cheer. The church had been beautifully decorated with autumn lilies and ferns by girl friends of the bride, and as the bridal party passed under the archway, from which was suspended a bridal bell, "The Voice That Breathed O'er Eden" was sung by the choir.

The bride, who was given away by the Rev. Bolter, looked exceedingly pretty in a rich ivory satin silk, deftly trimmed on the bodice with old lace, chiffon and satin ribbons. The trained skirt was flounced with deep family lace, relieved with bows of satin ribbon. The orthodox wreath and veil and lovely shower bouquet of choice white flowers and trails of maidenhair fern completed this charming toilette.

The bride's three attendants, Miss F. Blakeley, Miss Salmon and Miss E. Salmon, were tastefully attired in white sprig muslins trimmed with lace and silk. The collars and yokes were of sea-green silk, covered with fine lace, sea-green sashes knotted at the

sides, and deep-floated skirts edged with lace. Each wore a veil caught back with a small spray of violets, and carried shower bouquets of violets and asparagus fern, with sea-green and violet streamers. The bridegroom was attended by Mr. Edward Hicks as best man, and Mr A. E. Thode and L. Bailey as groomsmen.

The Rev. W. Potter performed the ceremony, assisted by Rev. Laycock, while Mr. A. Trenwith officiated at the organ. The bridal party left the church to the strains of the "Wedding March" amid a perfect shower of rice, and drove to the residence of the bridegroom's parents, Symonds-street. Mrs. R. Salmon entertained over a hundred guests at afternoon tea in a large marquee erected in the grounds adjoining the house. A very enjoyable afternoon was spent inspecting the numerous and costly wedding presents, after which the happy pair drove away with the best wishes and congratulations of their numerous friends.

The bride's "going-away" dress was a slate Amazon cloth, trimmed with narrow black velvet ribbon and cream lace, black chip-straw hat with black tips and cream ribbon. The bridegroom presented the bridesmaids with gold bar brooches set with turquoise and pearls, rubies and pearls, and sapphires and pearls respectively.

Mrs. Bradbury, mother of the bride, wore a black figured lustre, relieved with black lace over white silk, black bonnet trimmed with white roses and autumn leaves, white chiffon boa. Mrs. R. Salmon, mother of the bridegroom, was attired in a handsome black broadcated silk, trimmed with jet passementerie and silk fringe, chiffon boa; black chiffon hat, with pink roses and black feathers.

The presents were: Mrs. Bradbury, dress ring; Mr. and Mrs. R. Salmon, bedroom suite, toilet set, oak-framed picture, satin cushion, drawing-room chair, set dinner mats; bridegroom's present to his bride, ladies' dressing case; Mr. and Mrs. T. Salmon, double set cutlery; Mr. and Mrs. J. Salmon, silver butter knife and jam spoon; Mr. D. Goldie, cheque; the employees of R. Salmon & Co., book case; Miss McLarnon, silver breakfast cruet; Mrs. H. Somerville, silver bread fork; Mr. R. B. Ward (Christchurch), silver butter knife; Mr. and Mrs. A. Neal, silver fish slice and fork; Mr. L. Bailey, silver butter dish; Mr. G. Dickenson, silver butter knife; Mr. Kent, silver teapot; Mr. Howden, epergne; Mr. D. Salmon, set salt cellars; Mr. C. Moon, oak tray; Mrs. and Miss Finch, pair silver butter knives, plush mounted photo frame; Mr. J. P. Ward, silver cut-glass pickle jar; Miss Plummer, framed oil painting; Rev. W. Potter, hand-painted glass panel; Miss Evers, afternoon tea set; Miss Stevenson, pair Japanese cups and saucers; Mr. B. Blakey, cheese dish; Mr. G. Hutchinson, silver butter knife and toast fork; Miss M. Holloway, Japanese teapot; Misses Saunders, pair vases; Mrs. S. T. Clarke, "Tonyson's" poem; Mrs. J. Abbottson, hot water jug and lettuce bowl; Mr. and Mrs. Jaffrey, pair cutlery; Miss F. Blakeley, tea service; Mr. H. Moon, cut glass photo frame; Mrs. and Miss E. Blakeley, teapot and cosy; Miss E. Salmon, bread knife and trencher, plush cushion; Mrs. Ferguson, half-dozen fruit plates; Mrs. and Misses Elyett, fruit dish; Mr. and Mrs. Evans, set fruit dishes; Miss Shailer, fruit dish; Mrs. and Misses Chitham, pair vases; Mr. and Mrs. Moylan, set jugs; Rev. and Mrs. R. Bolter, trinket cabinet; Mr. and Mrs. Hitchcock, silver jam spoons and sugar tongs; Mr. and Mrs. Canham, silver jam dish; Misses Simpson, fern stand; Mr. Plummer, silver butter dish; Miss S. Hicks, oak tray; Mrs. Kerr, pair vases; Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Shackelford, pair vases; Mrs. S. C. Hictor, silver egg cruet; Miss Becroft, butter-cooler; girl friends of bride, silver-mounted biscuit barrel; Miss Kerr, epergne; Mr. Hicks, silver jam dish; Miss Cutler, photo frame; Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler, silver sugar basin; Mr. and Mrs. Langdale, pair vases; Mr. A. E. Thode, tortoise-shell brush; Miss Hyett, silver jam dish; Mr. and Mrs. T. White, silver-mounted oak butter cooler; Misses Kayner, pair fruit bowls; Mrs. and Misses Matthews, tray cloth and vase; Master and Miss Joughin, silver dinner cruet; Mr. and Mrs. E. Sherson, afternoon tea set; Mrs. Brooks pair vases; Miss Hicks, scone doyley; Miss Moon, sideboard cloth; Mrs. S. White, cut glass fruit dish and plates; Mrs. Hume, wicker flower stand; Miss Bradbury, two pair serviette rings; Misses Jaffrey, water jug and tumblers; Mr. and Mrs. Colledge, Japanese table; Miss Ward (Christchurch), tray cloth; Miss Lendrum, pair fern stands; Mrs. and Miss Jenkins, silver-mounted conserve

vases; Mr. and Mrs. Holloway, pair vases; Miss Ward, gulpure and satin cushion; Miss M. Brooks, tray cloth; Mr. and Mrs. R. O. Bolter, bamboo fern stand; Mr. F. and Miss Becroft, pair picture frames; Misses P. and E. Moon, pair hand-painted panels; Miss Salmon, massive marble top, brass flower stand; Misses Mewburn, handsome vase; Mr. and Mrs. A. Trenwith, epergne; Mrs. and Miss Lockie, hand-painted plaque; Mr. and Mrs. W. Buchanan, wicker table; Mr. H. Pinson, epergne; Mrs. Edgecumbe (Te Awamutu), metal ink stand; Mr. Wilson, pair plush-mounted horns; Mrs. Ward, set toilet mats; Mr. Miles, pair oil paintings; Mr. H. P. Smith, pair drawing-room chairs; Mr. S. T. Clarke, oak pen and ink stand; Mr. and Miss Clarke, pair oak-framed pictures; Miss Esther Salmon, footstool; Miss Mabel Salmon, hand-worked slippers; Mr. P. Salmon, pair vases; Mrs. Yearbury, handsome framed oil painting; Mrs. Watts, pair pillow shams and scone doyley; Miss Becroft, pair table centres; Miss D. Holloway, night dress case; Mr. C. Holloway, Japanese paper rack; Miss Brooks, set toilet mats; Miss M. Becroft, pair Mount Mellick pillow shams; Miss A. R. Cato, salad bowl; etc., etc.

MOORE—SEYMOUR.

A very pretty wedding took place at Te Kopuru, Northern Wairoa, on Tuesday, August 28th, the contracting parties being Mr Geo. W. Moore, second son of Mr Curtis Moore (formerly of Thames), and Miss Mary A. E. Seymour, eldest daughter of Captain Joseph Seymour. The wedding ceremony took place in the Te Kopuru Roman Catholic Church, the Rev. Father Smeirs officiating. The bride, who was given away by her father, looked charming in a handsome trained dress of ivory white broadcated silk, the bodice trimmed with silk fringe, chiffon and orange blossoms, and embroidered tulle veil. Mr Arthur Hewson, of Auckland, acted as best man, being assisted by George and Joseph Seymour, jun., and H. J. Kirkham (brothers and cousin of the bride). The bridesmaids were Miss Carlie Seymour (sister of the bride), cream silk trimmed with pretty lace to match; Miss Katie Moore (sister of the bridegroom), cream figured lustre trimmed with silk lace; Miss Emily Kirkham, of Auckland (cousin of the bride), heliotrope corded silk trimmed with white silk lace and relieved with violet velvet lovers' knots; Miss McCabe, heliotrope cashmere trimmed with violet velvet, white chiffon, and silk lace. Each bridesmaid wore a lovely white picture hat, trimmed with chiffon and ostrich feathers, and a pretty initial gold brooch set with pearls (gift of the bridegroom). Mrs. C. Seymour (mother of the bride) looked charming in drab trimmed with white corded silk and bonnet to match. The church was tastefully decorated with evergreens and flowers, and was crowded with friends and well-wishers. Mrs. Williams played the "Wedding March" on the happy couple leaving the church amidst a shower of rice. The wedding party were then driven to the residence of the bride's parents, where a sumptuous repast was partaken of and the usual toasts proposed and responded to. In the evening about seventy couples assembled at the Te Kopuru Hall, where a most enjoyable time was spent, dancing being kept up till an early hour. The wedding gifts were numerous and valuable. The happy couple left for Auckland to spend their honeymoon.

## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

### THE CHURCH OF THE SACRED HEART.

Owing to the number of Catholics residing in the Ponsonby district Bishop Luck thought it advisable in 1885 to create there a new and distinct parish from that of St. Patrick's. This eventuated in April, 1885, by the appointment of the Very Rev. Dr. Egan, O.S.B., to the charge of the newly-founded district (ecclesiastical). The convent chapel of St. Mary's was used for the parochial services until such time as a new church should be erected in a more central position. This was erected on the Ponsonby Road, at the corner of O'Neill-street, by the Rev. Father Lenihan (now Bishop), who succeeded the Very Rev. Dr. Egan in the year 1887, and was entitled the Church of the Sacred Heart. Mainly through his energy the church was largely released from debt and beautified in the interior, and the choir

attached to the same was conspicuous for its excellent music. In the year 1891 the Rev. Father Lenihan was transferred to Parnell, and succeeded by the Rev. Father Gillan, who was instrumental in the building of the adjoining parish school. The course of events has, after fifteen years, brought back the Rev. Dr. Egan to the charge of Ponsonby. The choir master is Mr. Bosworth, a well-known musician.

### "REFLECTIONS."

In our issue of last week the fine full-page picture entitled "Reflections," was erroneously credited to the Sarnoy Studio. The photograph was the work of Mr Chas. Hemus, whose pictures and portrait studies are well-known to readers of the "Graphic." We apologise to Mr Hemus for the error.

## EXPERIENCE OF TENT LIFE.

Letters from our soldiers in the Transvaal tell of terrible nights passed in the pouring rain on the veldt without tent or covering, and the number of soldiers already invalided home shows the grave results of this exposure.

That the practice of camping out even when covered by a tent is open to objection is proved by an Orlig Station bushman, Mr Christian Larsen. In giving his experience of tent life, he says:—"A number of us were employed scrub cutting at Maraekakaho, Hawke's Bay, and had to sleep in a camp. During the winter it was very



cold and wet, and I suffered severely from shortness of breath, pains round my heart and across my chest. My blood became impoverished, I lost my appetite, general debility set in, and my chest trouble threatened bronchitis. Just then I received a pamphlet by post concerning Dr. Williams' pink pills. I sent for a supply, and after a few doses felt a little relief. Gradually the shortness of breath and pains round my heart left me, my chest became easier, and I was able to do heavy work without bringing on a fit of coughing. Several boxes restored me to perfect health, and I have had no return of my ailments for over ten months. My fellow workers were all astonished to see me hard at work again."

Winter weather and exposure to cold and damp make our blood thin and impure, thus encouraging rheumatism, neuralgia, sciatica, bronchitis, and consumption. Dr. Williams' pink pills make rich, red blood, tone the nerves, strengthen the system, and banish all disease. They cure paralysis, rickets, St. Vitus' dance, scrofula, locomotor ataxia, pale and sallow complexions, anemia, etc. Sold by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Wellington, three shillings per box, post free, and by chemists and storekeepers—But mind you ask for Dr. Williams' Mr Larsen's present address is Makaretu, Hawke's Bay.

"HUNYADI JANOS." This favourite Natural Water, in habitual use throughout the world, has established itself as a customary aperient in all climates. Remarkably and exceptionally uniform in composition; free from defects incidental to others. "Brit. Med. Journal." Annual sale, six million bottles.—(Advt.)

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

IN MEMORIAM CARDS—These in Latest Style and in Great Variety to be had at the "STAR" PRINTING WORKS.

Personal Paragraphs.

Mr and Mrs Arthur Hallenstein, of Dunedin, have arrived from England.

Mr F. A. McBean has been appointed manager, and Mr W. Hume teller, of the Rangiora branch of the Bank of New Zealand.

Mr H. F. Reese, of Christchurch, who recently returned from England, has decided to settle near Rangiora.

Mr J. A. Parsons, of Kaitiaki, who recently returned from South Africa, is desirous of going back to settle in Africa.

Miss Nora Merton, Christchurch, is back from a most enjoyable visit to Wellington.

Mr and Mrs F. M. Wallace, of Christchurch, are in Wellington for a short holiday.

Mr and Mrs F. M. Wallace are in Wellington for a short holiday, and will be the guests of Mr and Mrs Embling.

Miss Leon, Christchurch, is staying with her sister, Mrs Dillworth Fox, Waikari.

Miss Cuff (Auckland) spent a little time in Christchurch, and has now gone to stay with her sister, Mrs K. Turner, Timaru.

Mrs Dawes, of Ponsonby, leaves Auckland by the Marara, on Monday for England, on a visit to her relatives.

Mrs Crawshaw, of Ponsonby, Auckland, leaves shortly on a trip to Sydney and the South Sea Islands.

His Excellency the Governor goes to Australia after the session in order to be present at the session which is to be given to Lord Hopetoun there upon his arrival as Governor-General of the Australian Commonwealth.

Australia has once more succeeded in inducing two of our most popular railway servants to accept appointments in the Government service there.

Messrs G. G. Haldane and W. B. Sinclair, of the Head Office of the New Zealand Railways having resigned their present positions.

Mr J. P. Kelly, of the Locomotive Department, making the presentations upon behalf of his colleagues.

Mr Haldane was presented with a very handsome travelling bag, sovereign case and pendant, and Mr Sinclair with a sovereign case well filled with sovereigns.

Congratulatory and most eulogistic speeches were made by Messrs McVilly, Parsons, and Fox, all of whom testified to the great ability and popularity of the recipients.

Mr Haldane and Mr Sinclair thanked their fellow officers in feeling terms for their kind gifts and very flattering testimony of their work among them.

Mr Haldane and Mr Sinclair attributed their kindness to the characteristic generosity for which railway men have always been famed.

Mr Abbott, "Balgowrie," Wanganui, is making a short stay in Wellington, on her way home from Christchurch.

Mrs Williams, Wellington, is paying a short visit to her daughter, Mrs Arthur Russell, at Te Matai, Palmerston North.

His Excellency the Governor takes a keen interest in athletics and gymnastics, and paid a visit of inspection to the Physical Training School on Monday afternoon.

While there His Excellency witnessed the exercises of the class of the business and professional men, and expressed his keen approval of them.

and has promised to pay other visits to the school to see the other classes—ladies, girls and boys—connected with the gymnasium.

Mr J. Noble, of the Auckland Post Office and Telegraph Department, is on a short visit to New Plymouth.

Mr Samuel, of New Plymouth, on account of ill health, accompanied by his wife, will leave for Auckland, en route for Fiji, next Monday.

Mr C. Burgess, of New Plymouth, has gone for a short visit to Wellington, where he will join his wife, who will return with him.

Mr P. Dix has appointed Mr G. Garry, of New Plymouth, to take charge of his orchestra at Dunedin instead of Christchurch.

Mr Deem, Stock Inspector at New Plymouth, has been succeeded by Mr Rowan.

Mr and Miss Paul left New Plymouth last Monday for Auckland, en route for Fiji, where they will remain for some weeks on account of the former's health.

Mr Roberts, the champion billiard player, intends paying New Plymouth a visit.

Dr. Mackie, who has been appointed resident surgeon at the Nelson Hospital in succession to Dr. Talbot, began his new duties last week.

Dr. Talbot, late surgeon of the Nelson Hospital, left Nelson on Friday for a trip to England.

The Bishop of Nelson has gone to Blenheim for a few days.

Colonel and Miss Pitt arrived in Nelson from Wellington on Friday. As they only remain a few days they have taken rooms at Warwick House.

Miss Edwards, who has been away from Nelson for several months, returned home on Friday. Her marriage to Captain Tomkin, of Napier, is to take place in a few weeks.

Mr and Mrs Childs, of Motueka Valley, are spending a few days in Nelson.

Miss Ross, of Christchurch, is staying with Miss Browning, of Stoke, Nelson.

Mr and Mrs J. Liddell Harris arrived in Blenheim last week from their honeymoon trip, and are at present in Mrs Currie's house in Park Terrace, which they have taken for six months, while their house is being built at Springlands.

Mr and Mrs W. Clifford, of Flaxbourne, who have been to the races in Christchurch, arrived in Blenheim last Friday, bringing their daughters from school in Wellington.

Mrs C. W. Adams returned to Blenheim on Saturday evening, from a fortnight's visit to Wellington.

Amongst others who have returned to Blenheim from the Grand National Meeting in Christchurch are Messrs L. Griffiths and C. Teschemaker.

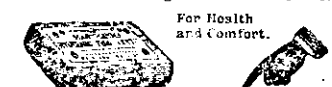
Mrs Cranston, who made a hurried return to Auckland on account of Mr Cranston's health, arrived in Blenheim again on Saturday evening.

Mr J. Mowat has been spending a few days at home in Blenheim.

The Misses Cook (2), daughters of Professor Cook (Christchurch), arrived home from England by the Gothic. They have been in Germany about four years studying music.

Clark's World-Famed Blood Mixture. The most searching Blood Cleanser that science and medical skill have brought to light.

Ladies Travelling and for Home Use.



HARTMANN'S TOWELETTES. Antiseptic Absorbent. In 4 sizes and Special Make for Accouchments.

OPERA HOUSE

Under the Management of Edwin Booth. 'LadySmith in the City of South Africa.' Starting THURSDAY THURSDAY THURSDAY FRIDAY, SATURDAY, & MONDAY.

Society Gossip

AUCKLAND.

Dear Bee, September 1. A VERY ENJOYABLE DANCE was held in St. Benedict's Hall on Monday, 27th August, at which Mr R. J. Stevenson, of North Shore (late of Tauranga), entertained about 250 of his friends.

Everyone knows how smart society at home has disregarded the stupid conventionalities which debarred any woman entering upon and conducting a business for herself.

There is absolutely no remedy so speedy and effectual. One Lozenge alone gives relief. Blimpie, but sure in action, they can be taken by the most delicate.

Jones, white silk; Miss E. Jones, white silk with blue trimmings; Miss C. Jones, pink; Miss... looked charming in white silk; Miss Morton looked very nice in elanor velvet with chiffon trimmings; Miss Mahon, white with blue trimmings; Miss N. Mahon, white muslin trimmed with satin; Miss L. Mahon, white cashmere with blue trimmings; Miss McNeil, canary with white trimmings; Miss Mathews, yellow; Miss Moore, white with sequined net; Miss L. Moore, handsome white net; Miss Noakes, white net over blue; Miss I. Noakes, white and heliotrope; Miss Odium, white silk with tucked bodice; Miss F. Pierce, salmon pink silk; Miss Ethena Pierce, pink silk with white lace trimmings; Miss Pickmere; Miss Pearson, white silk; Miss L. Phillips, black with yellow chiffon; Miss S. Rice, black with chiffon trimmings; Miss Madge Rice, pink; Miss F. Robertson looked charming in white, with blue and red ribbons; Miss Skeet, black; Miss E. Skeet, white relieved with red; Miss L. Skeet, pink; Miss St. Paul, yellow silk with chiffon trimmings; Miss W. St. Paul, white silk; Miss Sloman, black velvet, with white trimmings; Miss C. Sloman, pink; Miss J. Sloman, white with red trimmings; Miss V. Smith, white silk; Miss E. Smith, pale green silk; Miss D. Tanton looked very pretty in pale green; Miss E. Wynyard, pink, with lace trimmings; Miss May Wynyard, very pretty pale blue, black trimmings; Miss P. Williamson, strawberry velvet and pink; Miss William-son, green silk trimmed with black; Miss L. Williams, pretty pink dress; Mrs Evans, black lace over pink silk; Mrs Duder looked very stylish in black silk skirt, strawberry blouse; Mrs Mahon, handsome black dress, and opera cape; Mrs Morris, heliotrope silk, trimmed with white; Mrs Hall, black silk; Mrs Neil, black satin; Mrs Dawson, pink silk relieved with black; Mrs Robertson, black; Mrs T. Robertson, white; Mrs Wallace, handsome white gown; Mrs Rice, blue silk with white stripe; Mrs S. Binney, fawn silk; Mrs Durance, handsome black silk; Mrs Eastwood, black satin; Mrs Moore, beautiful black silk.

£10,000 TO LEND in sums to suit Borrowers, at Lowest Current Rates. R. LAISLEY, Vulcan Lane, Auckland.

DON'T COUGH—USE KEATING'S LOZENGES. DON'T COUGH—USE KEATING'S LOZENGES. DON'T COUGH—USE KEATING'S LOZENGES. DON'T COUGH—USE KEATING'S LOZENGES. DON'T COUGH—USE KEATING'S LOZENGES.

There is absolutely no remedy so speedy and effectual. One Lozenge alone gives relief. Blimpie, but sure in action, they can be taken by the most delicate.

KEATING'S LOZENGES. KEATING'S LOZENGES. KEATING'S LOZENGES. KEATING'S LOZENGES. KEATING'S LOZENGES.

If you cannot sleep for coughing, one Keating's Lozenge will set you right. They at once check the cough and attack the cause. A sale for past 20 years (1889 sale was a record) proves them.

UTTERLY UNRIVALED. UTTERLY UNRIVALED. UTTERLY UNRIVALED. UTTERLY UNRIVALED. UTTERLY UNRIVALED.

Keating's Cough Lozenges, the unrivalled remedy for coughs, colds, and throat troubles. Sold in Tins by all Chemists.

A most successful breaking-up dance was held at King's College, Remuera, on Thursday evening last. Over 200 of the boys, their sisters and friends were present on the occasion. A few adults were also invited. Among those present were: The Rev. W. Beatty, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. M. Carpenter, Mr. and Mrs. Archie Clark, Mr. Matthew Clark, Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Clark, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Heather, Mrs. Dawson, Mrs. H. C. Tewsley and Mr. C. Rankon. The gymnasium, in which the dance took place, was most tastefully decorated with flags and evergreens. A temporary erection was made, providing a covered way between the gymnasium and the main building. In this the class rooms were, for the time being, furnished as drawing rooms, and these, along with the spacious verandahs, which had been canvased in, afforded ample accommodation for the numerous guests between the dances. Supper was laid in the large schoolroom. The floral decorations were most beautiful, the school colours being introduced most effectively in daffodils, jonquils, red anemones, alliums and gailiardias.

The guests were received by Mrs. Ashton Bruce and the principal at the entrance to the gymnasium. During the evening Mrs. Arthur Heather handed the football caps to the members of the first fifteen. The guests dispersed at about 12 o'clock after a most enjoyable and successful evening.

The dresses worn were as follows: Mrs. Ashton Bruce, black lace costume, relieved with white; Mrs. Heather, rich black silk trimmed with jet; Mrs. Tewsley, very handsome blue brocade; Mrs. Duncan Clark, black silk veiled in net; Mrs. Archie Clark, black silk, with pretty white fichu at neck; Mrs. (Dr.) Dawson, black silk skirt and pink silk bodice; Miss Bruce, black costume relieved with turquoise blue and jet trimmings; Miss Eileen Hull looked exceedingly well in soft emerald coloured silk, with chiffon trimmings; Miss Kitty Lennox, white silk, with cardinal roses in hair; Mrs. Carpenter, black silk; Miss Kidd, black moire silk skirt, black velvet bodice, trimmed with jet; Miss Ruddick, white, daintily relieved with pink; Miss Runniman, blue silk; Miss Sylvia Thorpe looked well in white silk. As there were fully a hundred young ladies present it would be impossible to give anything like a full account of the dresses, but the general effect of the costumes during the dances was charming.

**COLLEGIATE SCHOOL, DEVONPORT, "BREAKING UP."**

Holy Trinity schoolroom, Devonport, presented an unusually festive appearance last Wednesday evening, when the pupils of the Collegiate School (which latter is conducted by the Misses Lilian and Maud Peacocke), gave an entertainment (by invitation) to signalise their breaking up for the holidays.

The piece de resistance of the evening was the little play of "Silverlocks and the Three Hours," which had been in active rehearsal for some weeks under the sole direction of Miss Maud Peacocke, whose untiring zeal must have been rewarded in the gratifying success achieved by the little ones. Of the performers, the palm of honour must be awarded to Miss Rene Querec, who as "Silverlocks" exhibited an amount of dramatic instinct truly surprising in one so young. Miss Lily Tanton as the "Fairy" looked the part to perfection, and her singing of the interpolated number, "Stars of the Summer Night," deservedly elicited much praise. As the witch Miss Mona Mackay was sufficiently weird, whilst Miss Ivy Burgess as the grandfather and Miss Aileen Miller as the grandmother, played their parts alike admirably. The characters of the three bears, who at the touch of the fairy's wand are transformed into Silverlock's long-lost parents and baby brother, were ably sustained by the Misses May Webster, Gwennie Roberts and Dorothy Cardno respectively. The opening scene, representing a wood with children at play, was exquisitely beautiful, the lovely, bright dresses of the little ones being thrown into relief by the dark green background of pines and other greenery, with here and there a clump of arum lilies. The little play was prefaced by several other items, proving the versatility of the Misses Peacocke's pupils. The opening piece was an exhibition of dumbbells, excellent time being maintained throughout. This was followed by the rousing patriotic chorus "Soldiers of the Queen" rendered with a vim that left no doubt in one's mind as to the loyal sentiments of the youthful performers. "I Don't Want to

Play in Your Yard" was next contributed by the Misses May Webster and Dorothy Cardno (in character), an encore being insisted upon. Miss Vera Burgess next recited "Auntie's Valentine," which was followed by an extremely funny little song by several of the children, about some ambitious little piggies, which item fairly convulsed the audience. This latter remark also applies to Miss Mona Mackay's humorous recital of "How Harris Sings a Comic Song," an impetuous encore being demanded in such case. A song by Miss Mabel Crosher, "The Gift," and a recitation, "A Chinese Story," by Miss Aileen Miller, completed a programme of a distinctly meritorious order. The Misses Peacocke, as well as their young charges, have every reason to congratulate themselves upon the success of the whole programme.

My Paeroa correspondent writes:—

On Wednesday evening Mr and Miss Anderson were tendered

**A FAREWELL EUCHRE PARTY**

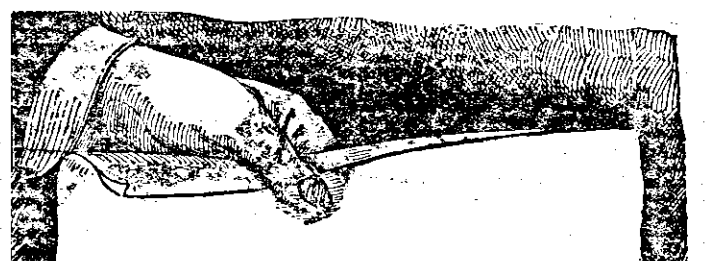
on the eve of their departure for Waikato. It was held at Mrs. McArthur's, she having very kindly given the use of her large dining-room for the occasion. There were eleven tables. I think it went off with more swing from start to finish than any previous one held here. Mrs. Edwards was again the lucky winner of the first ladies' prize, and Mr. McGregor, of the gentlemen's; Miss Cook and Mr. Jackson divided booby honours. A most sumptuous supper was served at 11 o'clock. Mrs. McArthur was wearing a black silk and white lace fichu; Miss McArthur looked well in a pink Liberty silk blouse trimmed with black lace insertion, black skirt; Miss N. McArthur, white silk; Mrs. Hassard, black velvet, Limerick lace fichu; Mrs. Gooch, black accordion pleated chiffon blouse, black satin skirt; Mrs. Gotz, black silk, the low bodice filled in with net, trimmed with jet, sleeves of the same; Mrs. Brunskill, eau de nil Liberty silk blouse, trimmed with black lace insertion, white broche satin skirt; Miss Hunt, cream corduroy velvet dress, white net sleeves; Mrs. Wilson, black; Mrs. Burgess, pastel blue broche satin blouse trimmed with black ribbon velvet, black skirt; Miss Forster, white silk; Miss J. Forster, black and gray silk blouse, black skirt; Miss Gibbons, white silk; Miss Clayton, white nun's veiling; Mrs. Hastings, green and black velvet blouse, black silk skirt; Miss Bastings, azure silk blouse, very finely tucked, black skirt; Miss Delany, pink velvet blouse, black skirt; Miss Anderson, pale green velvet blouse, with bead bolero, black skirt; Miss Cook, pink satin; Miss Shroff, pink silk blouse trimmed with white, black skirt; Mrs. Edwards, pale green broche satin blouse, black skirt; Miss Hubbard, white; Miss Pavitt, heliotrope blouse, black skirt; Miss Adamson, lovely pink blouse with chiffon yoke. Among the gentlemen were the Rev. W. Wilson, Messrs McArthur (4), Jackson, Mueller, Wilson (2), McGregor, McAdam, Anderson, R. Hassard, Bush, Hubbard, Malfroy, Bastings, Brunskill, Burgess.

**PROGRESSIVE EUCHRE.**

These delightful evenings for progressive euchre, under the auspices of the Auckland Tennis Club, as a means of social intercourse between members and their friends during the winter when tennis cannot be indulged in, show no signs of waning popularity, and the last one which eventuated last Tuesday, was if anything, more enjoyable than those that have already been held. As a variation in the play and a means of making it more interesting, each game was of five minutes duration, and only the games finished previous to the gong sounding were allowed to count. A further and very pleasant change in the method of procedure was the moving of the ladies upward and the gentlemen downwards, this more completely dispersing the players. The hostesses of the evening were Mesdames Coates and Bilton, who were assisted ably by Mr Alfred Baker, the Club's popular secretary, and Miss Cooper, and their efforts to make the evening pleasantly enjoyable were most successful. As usual the ladies' first prize was carried off by a young lady from the Western suburb, this time Miss Hanna, the second being won by Mrs. Lawry. The gentlemen's were won by Mr. Roberts and Mr. Moritzson, first and second respectively. Mrs. Coates was attired in a white and pink china

silk blouse, with ecru lace, black satin skirt; Mrs. Bilton was in a coral pink broche evening blouse, with white silk sleeve caps and pearl encrustations round decolletage, black satin skirt; Mrs. (Dr.) King wore a rich black and apple green brocade corsage, with iridescent passementerie, black brocade skirt; Miss Dora Cooper looked charming in coral pink glace silk blouse, pearl trimming outlining, square decolletage caught on left side with a large chou of black velvet, black satin skirt; Mrs. Roberts, black velvet, with panels in skirt of black brocade; Mrs. Devore wore black moire with jet encrustations; Mrs. Buckleton looked well in black moire, with folds of nil green velvet across square decolletage; Mrs. Isidor Alexander was in a rich black brocade, with basque profusely studded with jet; Miss Alexander wore a pretty white silk corsage, with lace sleeves, and accordion pleated skirt; Miss K. Nelson, white and peach pink striped silk blouse, black skirt; Mrs. (Dr.) Bedford wore a rich black brocade, with transparent lace sleeves, white chiffon fichu; Mrs. Wigmore, black brocade, cluster of pink roses on corsage; Miss Myers looked extremely well in apple green silk corsage veiled in net with green velvet band studded with sequins, black satin skirt; Miss Ettie Myers wore an even-fused blouse of white satin ribbon with alternate stripes of black lace insertion with touches of red, black satin skirt; Miss Graham looked pretty in white silk, with black velvet bands to define square decolletage; Mrs. W. Lambert wore an effective white and black striped satin evening blouse, with touches of black velvet, black skirt; Miss Lambert was much admired in turquoise blue evening frock; Miss Lambert wore all white; Miss Grant, black, with touches of green, transparent lace sleeves; Mrs. Culpan, white and grey striped silk blouse, black skirt; Miss Davy wore white silk with posies of violets on corsage; Mrs. Cameron, black silk with white silk plastron; Miss Reeve, white silk,

with tucked corsage, and clusters of crimson flowers; Mrs. Crawshaw, black silk with jet, transparent net yoke; Mrs. Lawry wore a cyclamen and white figured foulard blouse, and a black satin skirt; Miss Savage was in a white and blue striped silk blouse, and black skirt; Mrs. Hainger wore black brocade, with touches of azure blue; Miss Brett looked pretty in a white muslin blouse tucked and inserted with Valenciennes lace, myrtle green silk skirt; Miss Peacocke was in a turquoise blue broche silk corsage, with white lace deftly arranged on front and back, and black velvet bands, black matalasse skirt; Miss M. Peacocke was dainty in white silk; a dress much admired was worn by Mrs. Benjamin, of turquoise blue brocade en traine, with white lace sleeves and guimpe; Mrs. Lusher, wore a white silk bodice with blue ruffled ribbon, black; satin skirt; Miss Holland, shell pink silk evening blouse with white lace fichu, black silk skirt; Mrs. Smith, white Empire evening blouse, waldewood blue skirt; the Misses Lewis were attired in white; Mrs. B. Baker wore black silk with cream lace, pointed yoke; Miss Cissy Cooper was very pretty in a rose pink evening frock; Miss Slater looked exceedingly well in a flame pink velvet blouse with Honiton lace plastron, black skirt; Miss L. Slater wore white with heliotrope introduced on guimpe; Mrs. Scharland was in black velvet with white chiffon fichu caught at the side with crimson roses; Miss E. Berry looked well in white; Mrs. O'Leary, grey crepe with white lace fichu; Miss Choyce wore an effective black robe, with silver spangles on bolero; Miss Choyce was charming in a pretty white silk with touches of light green; Miss F. George wore blue and white bayadere stripe chiffon, with sun-ray pleated skirt; Mrs. Moritzson looked well in a heliotrope silk blouse with wreath of violets round decolletage, black satin skirt; Miss Chrystal wore a rich yellow satin, corsage softened with chiffon and a bunch of daffodils



Although 'tis nearly sixty years  
Since Grandma used the best,  
Yet still today  
The people say  
That Hudson's Soap is best.

# Hudson's Hudson's Hudson's Soap

Used in all the  
"Happy Homes of England"

on left shoulder; Miss Steele wore a rose pink satin blouse, with white silk tucked yoke, black skirt; Miss Edmiston wore an effective flame pink velvet blouse trimmed with cream lace, black satin skirt; Miss Caldwell, black, with transparent lace sleeves, cluster of crimson roses on berthe; Miss Horne, white figured tafeta silk, with lace elbow sleeves; Miss Hanna wore a topaz silk blouse, trimmed with pussy lebe velvet ribbon, black satin skirt; Mrs Macdonald, black and peach blossom brocade bodice, black brocade skirt; Miss M. Macdonald, forget-me-not blue silk blouse, with white lace, black silk skirt; Miss Langsford, black lace, with blue silk yoke; Mrs Donald, handsome black brocade, with folds of turquoise blue velvet on square décolletage; Miss Donald, blue brocade evening blouse trimmed with white lace, black satin skirt; Miss Rees George, white silk; Miss Caro looked pretty in white silk with white and rose pink velvet twist on berthe, and pink silk rucho on one side and round skirt, spray of shaded pink roses on shoulder; Mrs McCallum, rose pink silk blouse veiled in pink chiffon, black silk skirt; Miss Bach, white silk; Canon Nelson, Dr. Inglis, Dr. Hood, Dr. Clarke, Dr. Owen, Captain Crawshaw, Messrs Baker, Hill, Roberts, Moritzson, Lewis, McCallum, Savage, Hilton, Grierson, Donald, Blyth, Moss Davis, Coombes, Nelson, Fussell, Holland, Winks, Rylance, C. Jeys, King, Benjamin, Rainger, W. Lambert, Cameron, Ziman, Curtis, Hanna, Caldwell, Smith, Stevenson, Wilson Smith, George, Cooke.

PHYLLIS BROWN.

NEW PLYMOUTH.

Dear Sir,  
The  
PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY

held their first concert in the Theatre Royal last Tuesday evening, which was well filled by an appreciative audience. Mr Fletcher (organist of St. Macy's, New Plymouth), conducted, and too much praise cannot be given to him for the way in which he brought the members to a state of proficiency, considering barely three months have elapsed since the society was formed. About a hundred members took part on Tuesday night, and as they were all grouped on the stage, the sight was very pleasing, the ladies being dressed in white, with red and blue badges to distinguish the contraltos from sopranos. The singing of "Oh, Hush Thee, My Babe," was loudly applauded. The "Bridal" chorus was thought by many to be the Society's best effort, and it was splendidly sung. "The Silent Land" and "Song of the Vikings" were pleasant numbers. There was one item for male voices only, "The Soldiers' Chorus" from "Faust," and the performers had to submit to a well-deserved encore. Mrs Wrigley, of Hawera, was successful in several songs, "All in the Bush of the Twilight" (with violin obligato), was especially good, and for an encore "Spring is Coming" was rendered. The same lady also sang "Because," and with her sweet voice it was well rendered. "Always" was given for an encore. "Miss Daisy Taylor sang "Why Those Sad Years," and was much appreciated. Miss Jollie made her first appearance before a local public, and with the guitar accompaniment sang "The Spanish Cavalier," which proved very acceptable, and for an encore "Juanita" was sung. "Come Beloved" and "For Thine Own Sake" were rendered by Mr Miller. Mrs Pope played some very brilliant selections on the piano, and in having Mrs J. Hempton as accompanist to the Society, the members were very fortunate, as so few ladies understand the art of accompanying. The orchestral music, led by Mr Bligh, greatly added to the enjoyment of the evening.

NANCY LEE.

WELLINGTON.

Dear Sir,  
August 30.  
A VERY ENJOYABLE EVENING  
MUSICAL  
was given last Thursday by Mrs. Williams Pharazyn, Hobson-street. The house was prettily decorated with spring bulbs and violets, and in the dining-room a dainty supper was temptingly laid out; the table decorations were yellow jonquils. Among those who gave much pleasure by their singing and playing were Miss Phara-

Williams, Miss Duncan, Miss Henry, Miss O. Gore, Mr Worsley and Captain Owen (England), whose comic songs were quite a feature of the evening. Mrs. Pharazyn received her guests in a rich grey satin gown trimmed with deep black lace; Miss Pharazyn wore a soft white silk gown, the bodice trimmed with chiffon. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Stowe and the Misses Stowe, Mrs. McPherson (England), who wore pale blue satin with ceru lace; Dr. and Mrs. Fell, Mr. and Mrs. Birch, the latter in black satin; Bishop and Mrs. Wallis, Professor and Mrs. Brown, Mrs. and Miss Williams (Hawke's Bay), Mr. and Mrs. Spratt and Miss Spratt, Dr. and Mrs. Finlay, the latter wearing a cream and pink brocaded gown with chiffon; Major and Mrs. Owen, Mrs. Carlisle (Napier), in black jewelled net, with orange velvet; Miss Williams, a lovely grey brocade gown; Mr. and Mrs. Coates, Mr. and Mrs. G. Russell (Hawke's Bay), Mrs. Marchbanks, Miss Greenwood, in black; Mr. and Mrs. Worsley, the Misses Ashcroft, Henry, Gore, Duncan, and the Messrs. Tripp, Cooper, Williams, Duncan, Joynt, Ashcroft, etc.

Dr. and Mrs. Newman entertained a very large number of guests at

AN AFTERNOON "AT HOME"

in the Fine Arts Gallery, on Monday last. The big room was transformed from its usual bareness into a cosy drawing-room, being carpeted and beautifully decorated with greenery and flowers. The stage looked prettily, and with large bowls of arm lilies, camellias and handsome flowering pot plants among the greenery. Numbers of small tables were arranged all round the room, so that everyone was able to sit down and have their tea in comfort. Each snowy little table was decorated with flowers, and the whole effect of the room was exceedingly homely and nice. Several comic songs were given during the afternoon by Mr. Bain, of the Dix Company. Mrs. Newman received in a gown of dull green cloth, the vest veiled with cream lace, and a cornflower blue chiffon toque with white wings and lilac. Among those present I noticed: Mrs. Menzies, wearing a black gown and mauve bonnet trimmed with heath and aigrettes; Lady Stout, a grey jacket and skirt, and a violet toque with white aigrettes and bound with grebe, grebe collar and muff; Mrs. Rhodes, handsome black gown and braided velvet cape, black chiffon and jet bonnet; Mrs. Heaton Rhodes, dark blue gown and short black astrachan cape, black hat with tips; Mrs. Richmond, black gown and cape and black bonnet with black and white chiffon rosettes; Miss Richmond, black coat and skirt and black and mauve hat; Mrs. Abbott (Wanganui), a bluey grey gown with light vest and a black hat with yellow crown trimmed with tips; Mrs. Anson, dark red coat and skirt, black hat with tips; Mrs. Butler, a stylish black gown with jetted zouave, black feathered hat; Mrs. Butts, black figured gown and black and white bonnet; Miss Butts, brown coat and skirt and a pink straw hat with brown tulle; Mrs. Bell, black coat and skirt, with blue and white revers, blue velvet and chiffon toque with white wings; Mrs. Brown, black gown and cape, black and green bonnet; Mrs. Professor Brown, grey coat and skirt, white straw hat, with black and white tips; Mrs. Barron, dark green gown with white vest and a black and deep pink toque; Miss Barron, dark blue gown and black and red toque; Mrs. Crawford, black tailor suit with white revers and a red straw toque with black and red feathers; Mrs. Biss, a dark blue gown trimmed with velvet to match, black hat with tips; Mrs. Chatfield, black skirt and red figured silk blouse, black hat with tips; Mrs. Tuckey, black gown and cape, black bonnet with yellow roses; Mrs. Easterfield, a black coat and skirt, and a pink hat with black tips; Mrs. Eubling, green gown and black and white toque; Mrs. Fitzherbert, fawn gown with cream vest, and a brown toque with red flowers and ospreys; Miss I. Fitzherbert, blue coat and skirt, red velvet hat with black tips; Mrs. Fell, black coat and skirt, black bonnet with tips and red roses; Mrs. Lancourt, black silk gown with white lace, black and red bonnet; Miss Lancourt, dark blue jacket and skirt and black hat; her sister wore grey; Mrs. McPherson, a grey Eton suit with white lace revers and black hat with black and white tips; Mrs. R. Stowe, fawn coat and skirt, and a white felt hat with violets and ospreys; Miss Stowe, grey gown trimmed with red velvet, and a toque with lace and pink roses; Miss M. Stowe, violet cloth coat and skirt, cream

straw hat with black tips and flowers; Mrs. A. Martin, maroon coloured gown trimmed with velvet, and a toque composed of Russian violets; Mrs. Medley, black gown and cape, black and white bonnet; Mrs. Gore, black gown and cape, and black bonnet with white tips; Mrs. H. Gore, blue coat and skirt, and black hat with tips; Miss O. Gore, pale grey gown with white tucked silk vest, pink hat with roses and black tips; Mrs. McTavish, dark blue gown with velvet, and a black toque trimmed with tips and violets; Mrs. Loughnan, black skirt and fawn jacket, small black hat; Mrs. Joseph, black coat and skirt, and red velvet bonnet with ospreys; Mrs. J. Joseph, a light green costume, and black velvet toque with tips; Mrs. Hislop, black tailor-made costume and violet bonnet; Mrs. Grace, black cloth coat and skirt with white revers, black bonnet with pink velvet and lace; Miss Grace, royal blue coat and skirt, and sailor hat; Mrs. Young, in a scarlet gown and toque; Mrs. Owen, slate grey jacket and skirt with white revers, and a hat lined with blue and trimmed with flowers; Mrs. Perry, dark gown, and black velvet hat with tips; Mrs. G. Pearce, blue coat and skirt, and black toque with tips and pink roses; Mrs. C. Pearce, royal blue tailor suit, and hat to match with tulle and flowers; Mrs. W. Moorehouse, a pale grey gown with white chiffon vest, and a white toque with tips; Mrs. Pynsent, a violet cloth jacket and skirt with cream lace vest, and cream bonnet with red roses and leaves; Mrs. Pharazyn, black costume, and black and lilac bonnet; Miss Pharazyn, pale grey gown with pale blue and white silk vest, grey and blue hat with feathers; Mrs. Spratt, in a dark gown trimmed with white and green, and a maroon and black toque; Miss Spratt, dark red gown, and black hat with tips; Mrs. Turnbull, blue gown with short velvet jacket, cream toque with

violets and blue satin; Mrs Travers, blue tailor suit, and turquoise blue toque with fur; Mrs A. Williams (Hawke's Bay), dark blue coat and skirt with white braided revers, fawn felt hat; Mrs Herries, black coat and skirt, and a cream straw toque with black tips; Mrs Riddiford, black tailor suit, and a pretty pale blue velvet and silk toque with black tips; Mrs Dunbar, light brown gown trimmed with violet satin and a black hat with tips; Mrs D. Nathan, palest grey gown and sable fur cape, black chiffon hat with tips; Mrs Reil, brown gown trimmed with pink silk and white lace, bonnet to match; Mrs Tweed, black coat and skirt, and a black and forget-me-not bonnet; Miss Coates, fawn coat and black skirt, black toque trimmed with pink velvet and jet; Miss Lambert, black coat and skirt, and black and white toque; Miss Allen, dull green gown trimmed with white, and a black hat with a blue crown trimmed with tips; Miss Ashcroft, brown jacket and skirt, and hat to match; the Misses Johnston wore blue jackets and skirts with white collars, and cream hats trimmed with red and pink roses; Miss Brandon, black skirt and blue figured silk blouse, black velvet toque with tips; Miss F. Brandon, black Eton suit, black and white hat with tips; Miss Cooper, blue jacket and skirt, black hat trimmed with pink silk; Miss Coleridge, black skirt and red coat, fur toque trimmed with red velvet and lace; Miss I. Coleridge, blue coat and skirt, and brown velvet hat with cream lace and wings; Miss Douglas, dark green gown striped with pale blue braid and a little white lace on the vest, blue and brown toque; Miss M. Douglas, brown gown trimmed with deep pink silk, brown hat with fawn feathers and pink silk; Miss Fraser, black skirt and pale blue silk blouse, pink velvet toque with black tips; Miss Harcourt, black coat and skirt, and

A Living Skeleton

Changed into a Healthy and Robust Child.

The trying weather of summer makes children drowsy, lifeless, and without energy. They lose appetite, their blood becomes impure, and they break out in sores.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla



Mrs. Emily Aiz, of Murray Park, Adelaide, So. Australia, very kindly sends us a photograph of herself and family, which we reproduce above, accompanying the same with the following testimonial:

"The trying hot weather of our summer has a very debilitating effect upon children. They run down in health, become drowsy, lose appetite, and break out in sores on the face and head. I have invariably found Ayer's Sarsaparilla a perfect remedy for this condition. It purifies the blood, restores the appetite, and tones up the whole system. One of my children only twelve months old was transformed from almost a skeleton into a healthy and robust child simply by giving it small doses of Ayer's Sarsaparilla."

Do you wonder, then, that people call it "The World's Greatest Family Medicine"?

It is the greatest family medicine the world ever knew, good for all ages and all conditions. When you take it you get more benefit from your food, your blood becomes richer, your nerves are made stronger, and the whole system becomes filled with new life and vigor.

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

A Great Medicine for Weak Children

Take Ayer's Pills with Ayer's Sarsaparilla. One aids the other.

pale blue straw hat trimmed with black tips and red roses; Miss O'Connor, dark green gown, with red and black yoke, black hat; Miss E. Williams, violet coloured gown with white vest, and black hat with tips; Miss M. Williams, black coat and skirt, and red straw hat trimmed with white lace and black wings; Miss Rawson, grey gown with white chiffon vest, black hat with tips; Miss Twigg, blue jacket and skirt, and black hat. Also, Messrs Allen, H. Rhodes, Herries, Butler, Pearce, Johnston, Hislop, Dunbar, Nathan, Cooper, Crawford, Menzies, Higginson, Gore, Williams, Drs. Adams and Fell, Colonel Penton, and others.

Mrs Riddiford entertained the College football team, which are here now for the annual inter-College tournament, at an Afternoon Tea to-day, in the Art Gallery.

OPHELIA.

BLenheim.

Dear Bee, August 27.  
With the exception of a dance at the Bank of New Zealand, given on Wednesday evening, by Mrs Hindmarsh, her sister-in-law, Miss Hindmarsh, who is staying with her just now, the three nights' season of the Pollard Company was the only excitement last week. We are inclined to be conservative, and cling to the long established charges of 3/2 and 1/ for the seats in the hall, and when 4/ and 2/ were the advertised prices, pessimists declared that the hall would never be filled, but apparently the manager knew best, for excellent houses were their need, especially on the second night, when "The Geisha" was performed.

Mrs Hindmarsh's dance, and the performance of "The Belle of New York" fell on the same night, but those who were particularly anxious to see that piece went to the dance later. The rooms in which the dancing took place were draped round the walls with flags of all colours, and the dainty little supper was set out in the diningroom downstairs. Mrs Hindmarsh looked extremely well in black merv., with transparent yoke and sleeves of black net, barred with narrow black velvet; Miss Hindmarsh wore a Trilby silk bodice, and black velvet skirt; Miss M. Doulin looked very pretty in a garnet coloured satin bodice, and black skirt; Miss Mills, cream; Miss Anderson wore a very becoming dress of cream, with yellow trimmings; Miss M. Anderson, white, with knots of violets; Miss Alice Neville, cream; Miss Rogers, heliotrope silk; Miss S. Rogers, white silk; Miss A. Horton, cream; Miss Ferguson, black; Miss Scott, Mrs Lucas, black, relieved with red; and Messrs Hindmarsh, Vickers, B. Moore, K. Moore, F. Bottrell, Fish, C. MacShane, P. Bull, Hildreth Smith, Stubbs, Banks, Stow, etc.

In talking with those who attended the three operas the consensus of opinion appears to be in favour of "The Geisha," and while all cherish their old admiration for May Beatty, A. Stephens, Quealy, Percy, etc., they have admitted Gertie Campion to high favour. Mr C. Carter and Mr Pitts are also favourites, the former having made considerable progress since her last.

Amongst the audiences on different nights were Mesdames Bright, Griffith, Anderson, Redman, Howard, G. Watts, J. Duncan, McCallum ("The Grove"), Furness, Clouston, McIntosh, P. Doulin, Reid, W. Bell, B. Bell, Richardson, the Misses Mills (3), Rees, Ferguson, Neville (3), Hindmarsh, Doulin (2), Anderson (2), Smith, Browne (2), B. Clouston, Innes (Dunedin), and Messrs J. Mowat, Reid, McCallum, Bright, H. L. Jackson, P. Doulin, Crisp, Watts, Howard, Browne, W. Baillie, J. Duncan, Fish, Dr. Redman, and many others.

FRIDA.

NELSON.

Dear Bee, August 27.  
The BACHELORS' BALL

which was held in the Provincial Hall on Friday evening, was a great success in every way. It was one of the largest functions of the kind ever held in Nelson, and all arrangements were admirably carried out by the committee, who spared no pains to make the evening the success it proved to be. The decorations were charming; mir-

rors were hung round the walls, also mikau palms and ferns, whilst the front of each gallery was effectively draped with art muslin of pretty soft shades, and the mantelpieces were a bower of lovely spring flowers. The floor was excellent, and so was the music, which was under the conductorship of Mr Trussell. A most sumptuous sit-down supper was provided, the tables being laden with dainties of every description, and prettily decorated with vases of yellow jonquils.

Now for the

DRESSES.

some of which were very smart and pretty, so I will give as many as possible. Mrs Andrew, rich black broche, the bodice relieved with deep pink chiffon; Mrs Adams, rose pink moire, the corsage trimmed with velvet of a darker shade and white lace; Miss Trix Atkinson, handsome pink broche gown; Mrs Bunny, black silk, with full vest and finishings of lemon coloured silk; Miss Bunny, smart gown of black satin, with chiffon frills on skirt, the bodice relieved with pale blue and pink chiffon; Miss Monica Bunny (debutante) was admired in white corded silk tunic, with deep lace flounce on underskirt, sleeves of transparent white lace; Mrs Browning (Cable Bay), black; Mrs Booth, deep red satin, with frills of black and gold lace; Miss Bell, black silk, relieved with blue; Miss A. Bell, black skirt, white silk blouse with pink roses; Mrs Blackett, black silk; Miss Blackett, pink silk of a pretty soft shade; Mrs Clarke, black evening dress; Mrs Cook, handsome gown of yellow silk; Mrs Childs (Motueka Valley), white silk, the corsage finished with black ribbon velvet; Miss Curtis, black silk and lace, relieved with shaded pink roses; Miss Coote, white muslin; Miss F. Coote also wore white muslin, and was much admired; Miss Clifford, white evening dress; Mrs Dodson, black silk, relieved

with white lace; Miss Dunn, white silk, with finishings of black velvet; Misses Edwards (2) were attired in white silk; Mrs Fell, yellow silk, with deep flounce on skirt of black lace, the corsage garniture was also of black lace; Mrs A. Glasgow, smart evening gown; Miss Mabel Glasgow wore her handsome debutante frock of white satin relieved with deep red flowers; Miss Gribben, a becoming gown of buttercup silk, trimmed with white lace insertion; Miss Greenfield, black; Mrs Houliker, black silk, with full vest of heliotrope; Miss Houliker, soft white muslin; Miss Heaps, white brocade, trimmed with white lace; Miss Huddleston, a handsome gown of forget-me-not blue satin, finished with black; Mrs Harris, black silk and lace; Miss Harris, yellow brocade, finished with chiffon to match; Miss Mabel Harris, soft pink silk; Miss Hanon (debutante) looked dainty in soft white silk; Miss Hubbard, white silk; Miss Handy (debutante), white silk and chiffon; Miss G. Jones, rich ivory white satin, the decolletage finished with a spray of mauve orchids; Miss Johanson (Motueka) looked very nice in white; Mrs Kerr, black, relieved with deep pink; Miss King, cream satin; Miss Kitson (Cable Bay), bodice of sapphire blue silk, with black bebe velvet, black skirt; Miss Leven was greatly admired in a becoming gown of white silk gauze, with deep red flowers on the corsage; Miss Ledger, rich sea-foam brocade satin, finished with lace; Miss L. Ledger, black silk, with bolero of ecru lace; Miss Ethel Ledger, her debutante gown of soft white silk; Mrs Leggratt, black; Miss Leggratt looked pretty in blue silk with white lace fichu; Mrs Lemmer, white satin, relieved with pansy velvet; Miss Lindsay, white shower muslin; Miss Livesay, white evening dress; Miss Leslie, black, with trimmings on corsage of blue; her two sisters wore white and yellow respectively; Mrs

Lightfoot, black; Mrs Macquarrie, black; Mrs Mackay, black evening dress; Miss E. Mackay, white silk; Mrs Morrison, black relieved with deep pink chiffon frills; Miss Belle MacBae, white silk with chiffon frills; Mrs Martin, Maori chieftainess, wore a handsome Maori mat and feathers in her hair; Miss Pearce, white, the decolletage finished with blue velvet; Miss Fearless, white evening dress; Miss Preshaw, white silk, with a lovely spray of violets on the corsage; Miss Pyke (Stoke), white silk; Miss M. Preshaw looked well in orange brocade; Miss Perria (debutante), white and heliotrope; Miss Quick (Wellington), pink; Mrs. Robinson, black silk, relieved with white lace; Mrs. Roberts (senr.), black; Miss Roberts, black, relieved with pink; Mrs. Dr. Roberts, black satin and white lace; Miss Richmond, bright green moire, the decolletage finished with white lace and pink roses; Miss Robertson, white silk, brightened with scarlet bebe ribbon velvet; Miss W. Roberts; Mrs. Sealy, black, with white chiffon fichu, lace cap; Miss Sealy, black silk, the decolletage finished with geranium pink velvet and white lace; Miss A. Stevens, white satin; Mrs. Tomlinson, black silk and jet; Miss Tomlinson, white, relieved with red; Miss Tendall, very handsome pink broche satin, with trimmings of white lace on corsage; Miss M. Tendall, deep sapphire blue velvet relieved with white ruffled ribbon; Miss Trolove, black velvet; Miss Talbot, black; Mrs. Watts, handsome black silk gown, smart cap, with pink ribbons; Mrs. Charles Watts looked well in black, finished with jet; Miss Watkiss, pretty cream satin gown, the corsage effectively trimmed with sequins; Mrs. Webb-Bowen, black silk with white chiffon fichu; Miss F. Webb-Bowen, becoming gown of white silk; Miss Watkins, black velvet, with white chiffon frills on bodice, and many others whose

# Losing Your Hair?



## Starved Hair

Do you bring out a combful each morning? Has it lost its natural brightness? Is it beginning to look faded and dead? Do you like this condition of things? Certainly not. Then stop this falling of the hair at once. Stop it before your hair is thin, short, and lifeless. Make your hair beautiful, glossy, silky, abundant.

## Feed Your Hair

When your hair is well nourished it does not come out. 'Tis weak hair, starved hair, that falls. It's just so with thin hair, short hair, rough hair. Such hair needs feeding. This is why Ayer's Hair Vigor stops falling of the hair.

## Gray Hair

If your hair is gray, and you don't care to look at thirty as if you were sixty, then you should use Ayer's Hair Vigor. It always restores color to gray hair.

# Ayer's Hair Vigor

## Is a Hair Food

It gives nourishment to the roots of the hair, and a long, rich growth is produced. The hair no longer splits at the ends, but keeps soft and silky.

ALL DRUGGISTS AND PERFUMERS.

names I did not know. Amongst the gentlemen were: Dr. Andrew, Dr. Roberts, Judge Robinson, Messrs. Adams (3), Butt, Burns, Blackett, Browning, Booth, Cook, Clarke, Childs, Catley, Clifford, Duncan, Dixon, Edgar, Fell, A. Glasgow, Hamilton (3), Houliker, Herron, Hursthouse, Kissling, King, Leggat, Leven (2), Lemmer, Macquarie, Mackay, Morton, Muir, Morrison, Oldham, Roberts (2), Seymour, Marlborough, Squires, Stowe, Saxton, Smith, Shallerous, Tomlinson (2), Webb-Bowen, Wither, Washbourne, etc., etc. I must not forget to mention that the committee to whom the success of the evening is mainly due were: Messrs Muir, King, Duncan, Green, Mackay, Dixon, Tomlinson, A. Adams, C. Hamilton and Washbourne, whilst Mr F.W. Hamilton and Mr L. Leven acted as honorary secretaries.

On Tuesday evening the second of Herr Lemmer's

CHAMBER CONCERTS

was held in the Provincial Hall, and proved even more successful than the former. There was an exceedingly large audience, showing the popularity of high-class concerts. Herr Lemmer's violin performances were greatly appreciated. He was ably assisted by Miss Clarice Hunt, Miss N. Moore, and Mr. H. B. Coney, and also by an efficient orchestra. Altogether the concert was one of the most enjoyable held in Nelson for some considerable time.

Nelson has been honoured by a visit of several Parliamentary members. They arrived here on Saturday evening by the Government steamer Tutanekei, and were met by the Mayor (Mr. Harley) and several citizens, and escorted to the Provincial Hall, where a most enjoyable social gathering was held. This morning the members were driven to Wakefield, where luncheon is to be provided in the Oddfellows' Hall. If the weather keeps fine the drive should be delightful. In the afternoon they are to return to Stoke, to be present at the opening of the new abattoir, for which event the Mayor has invited the citizens to observe a half-holiday.

PHYLLIS.

CHRISTCHURCH.

Dear Bee,— August 27.

The Mayor and Mrs. W. Reece entertained a number of the aurores from the Christchurch and Straithmore (private) Hospitals on Wednesday evening at a musical "at home" in the City Council Chambers. Among the vocalists were Mrs. Burns, Miss M. Graham, Messrs. A. W. Rowing and G. March. Other musical items were given by Mr. T. Tankard (cornet solo) and Miss Schivener's band. Miss C. Lingard acted as accompanist. The Council rooms were beautifully decorated, and at a convenient interval refreshments were served. The evening passed most pleasantly, Mr. and Mrs. Reece and a few friends doing all in their power to make the guests of the evening enjoy themselves. The second "at home" for those who were on duty last week takes place on September 5th.

A team from the Dunedin Ladies' Golf Club arrived in Christchurch the end of last week, and are distributed amongst friends. They commenced practice at once on Hagley Park links. The matches take place this week. The play will be rather disagreeable, as it has been raining more or less the last two days, and is still drizzling.

August 29.

SEVERAL AFTERNOON TEAS AND LITTLE LUNCHEON PARTIES

have been given during the week by way of farewell to Miss Malet, who was married very quietly yesterday (Tuesday) to Mr. Randall. Mrs. Henry Cotterill had a large gathering of friends for afternoon tea, Miss Malet being the honoured guest. Among those present were Messdames O'Rorke, Woodroffe, Reeves, A. Reeves, Ronalds, Wigley, A. Harper, J. Gould, J. Turnbull, W. R. Cowlishaw, Misses Cotterill, Ronalds, Cowlishaw, Reeves, Helmore, Hill, Thomson, Wynn-Williams, and others. The decorations were chiefly masses of violets, the whole air being sweet with them.

Mrs. J. M. Turnbull had a luncheon party of girl friends for Miss Malet, all spending a very pleasant time.

On Wednesday evening Miss Wynn-Williams entertained a number of

friends, Miss Malet again being the guest of the evening. Others present were Mrs. O'Rorke, in a very pretty pink and white silk; Mrs. L. Harley, black relieved with green; Mrs. H. Cotterill; Miss Palmer, Miss Cowlishaw, Miss Murray-Aynsley, Misses Harley, Tabart, Thomson, Nedwill, Reeves, Messrs Reeves, Cowlishaw, Harley, etc.

On Thursday Mrs. J. D. Hall entertained a number of her friends at her new home, Middleton. The afternoon was varied in a novel way, being a miniature Arbor Day, each guest taking a flower, shrub, or tree and planting it in the newly laid out garden. Among the party were Messdames Ronald Macdonald, J. M. Turnbull, Ronalds, Stead, H. Cotterill, J. Gould, Cowlishaw, O'Rorke, Woodroffe, Misses Cowlishaw, Wynn-Williams, Hill, Williams, Reeves, Thomson, Cotterill, Roberts, Rowen, Campbell, Tabart, and others.

THE GARRISON BALL

took place on Thursday evening in the Art Gallery and was well attended, all the arrangements being perfect for the comfort and enjoyment of the dancers. Among those present were Lieut.-Col. Gordon and Mrs. Gordon, Lieut.-Col. Mrs. and Miss Slater, Capt. and Miss Crosswell, Capt. and Mrs. Hobday, Major Day, Capt. Andrew (India), Mr and Miss Tabart, Mr and Miss Bishop, Mrs and Miss Williams, Miss Dow, Messrs G. E. Rhodes, Deacocke, Cotton, Wilson, and many others.

CHRISTCHURCH FOOTBALL CLUB DANCE.

The Christchurch Football Club gave a dance in the Art Gallery on Monday evening, which was much enjoyed by all present, dancing being kept up till far into the small hours. Among those present were Mrs and Miss Slater; Miss Prins looked extremely well in buttercup silk; Mrs Marks, in black satin, the bodice finished with electric blue velvet bands covered with jet; Miss Graham, black satin and sequin net; Miss York, white satin; Mrs F. Johnson's gown looked very pretty in a stylish gown all black; Miss Louison, pink; Miss Harris, pale blue; Miss E. Sweet, black; Miss Thomas (Avonside), very pretty black with silver spangled net over skirt; Miss Wilson looked extremely well in white satin; Miss M. Strange, pale blue; Messrs Graham, C.

Ollivier, G. Pascoe, A. Jack, Gavin, Frost, Colclough, Middleton, Neese, etc.

Golf is being played vigorously every day on the Hagley Park links for the Championship of New Zealand. Yesterday's play reduced it to the semi-finals, the players being Mrs Pearce (Wellington), Miss Rattray (Dunedin), Messdames Wilder and Vernon (Christchurch). The Handicap Match was won by Miss Bell (Wellington), Miss Harley (Christchurch) being second. Seventeen finished the game, while a number withdrew. A large number have entered for the Shirley Handicap, on Thursday, to be played on the Shirley links, and a big gathering of players and their friends will be present, weather permitting.

Trooper P. T. Shand, who went to South Africa with the Second Contingent, has been invalided home owing to a severe attack of enteric fever, and reached Christchurch last night (Tuesday). A number of friends were on the railway platform to meet him, including some of the College Rifles, of which corps he was a member, also a number of the College pupils. He was barely allowed time to greet his friends and old comrades before being hustled to a carriage in waiting with the intention of marching him off to the orderly room that they might "hear all about it," but his father, who was present, claimed first right.

Yesterday confirmation of the sad news of the death from enteric fever of Lance-Corporal Upton, of Ashburton, arrived through the Premier, Mr Upton was well known in Christchurch, as well as in Ashburton, and universally liked, and almost as universally called "Bob" Upton. The greatest sympathy is felt for his family and the young lady to whom he was engaged, also a resident of Ashburton.

DOLLY VALE.

Herr Andree went in his balloon to try and find the pole. He must have perished all too soon before he reached his goal. If he had only known the way cold regions to endure, He might have been alive to-day, On Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.

# SMITH and CAUGHEY

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SIDEBOARDS from	45/-
AUSTRIAN BENTWOOD CHAIRS	5/6
KITCHEN CHAIRS	2/8
TOILET TABLE, with Glass and Washstand to match	30/-
TOILET TABLE, etc., with Jewel Drawers	38/9
OUR SPECIAL MAKE, with Bevelled Plate Glass, Marble Top Washstand with Tile Back. THE PAIR	63/-
OUR SPECIAL MAKE, without Marble Top	50/-
TOILET CHEST of Three Drawers	19/6
TOILET CHEST, with Silvered Plate Glass	29/6
TOILET CHEST, with Jewel Drawers	40/-
FIVE-DRAWER CHEST DRAWERS	37/6
CORNICE POLE	2/-
SPRING ROLLER BLIND and Fittings Complete	1/11

THE NEW SANITARY AND OTHER MAKES OF FLOOR COVERING.

Axminster, Brussels, V. Pils, Tapestry and other Carpets by Best Makers.

SPECIAL VALUE IN BEDSTEADS.

Fenders and Fire Brasses and Irons. Toilet Ware in Great Variety.

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Estimates Given Free for Furnishing Cottage or Mansion.

UPHOLSTERY WORK AT LOWEST RATES.  
FURNITURE OF EVERY DESCRIPTION REPAIRED AND RE-POLISHED.

Smith and Caughey.

# Exchange Notes.

Gold returns this month totalled £18,778 16/10, of which the Waihi mine contributed £24,518.

Avondale Brick and Tile shares were inquired for at 19/4, and subsequently 19/8 was offered, but there were no sellers quoted.

Thames-Hauraki Company's shaft is now down 816 feet and in good country.

Excellent accounts are received from the Welcome Jack mine, Guntown, the leader in the low level being wider and the prospects obtained very satisfactory.

N.Z. and River Plate shares firmed up to buyers 18/6.

The 38 tons of concentrates from the Monowai mine shipped to Dapto, N.S.W., sold for £319 4/.

The Saylor's Creek dredge has started, and the prospects are reported to be encouraging.

The May Queen Company's return was a poor one this month, being only £861 8/6 from 516 tons. Tributaries also crushed ore which yielded £156 1/11.

No. 1 reef in the Banker's Hill mine, Coromandel, is a strong body of ore measuring 18 inches. When breaking down blotches of gold were freely seen, and one and a half pounds of picked stone selected.

During the week returns have been reported from 38 dredges, the total gold yield being 11oz 13dwt 6gr.

The Maratoto Company return was disappointing this month, only £221 11/4 being won from 160 tons.

Waihi Extended shares had steady buyers this week, sales being made up to 1/3.

During the past four weeks tributaries in the New Moanataiari mine crushed ore that yielded bullion valued at £329 15/7.

The Komata Reefs Company's low level has intersected Lavington's lode, which has been cut into six feet without getting any sign of the wall. All the quartz taken from the reef is being saved. The drive north on the Komata reef is continuing to open up well.

The return from the Glenrock Company, Macetown, for the current month is 121oz gold from 135 tons.

The return from the Fame and Fortune mine this month was £220 11/7 from 68 loads of ore.

The gold from the dredges whose returns are made public amounted for the past four weeks to 39,294 ounces.

Buyers of Bank of New Zealand shares advanced their offers this week to 10/, but no sales were reported.

The Mount Lyell Mining and Railway Company, Tasmania, announce:

Scotty's Company, Coromandel, crushed 17 tons of ore and 17lbs of picked stone for a return of 42ozs 15dwt of bullion, valued at £122 17/6.

Half a dozen extra men have been employed at the Waiorongonui mines by Mr Handy.

Payable ore is now being won from the reef in the low level of the Mahara Royal mine, Tapu.

that a dividend of 2/6 per share, amounting to £27,500, will be payable on October 1.

The Auckland Co-operative Boot and Shoe Company pays a dividend of 7 per cent.

Tributers in the Fame and Fortune mine, Thames, obtained ore worth £30 from five loads of ore.

The Wentworth mine at Whangamata appears to have entered into the ranks of regular bullion producers now that it has been taken over by the Manunu Company. During the past 10 days bullion worth £356 was won from 91 tons of ore, of which only 49 tons were treated by cyanide.

In the Ohinemuri Gold Mining Company's mine, at Owharoa, the Elliot tunnel is now in over 2000ft. A nice channel of country is being penetrated, and several flinties have crossed the face.

N.Z. Accident Insurance shares sold this week at 24/, with buyers left at 23/6.

The half-yearly report of the directors of the Imperial Gold Mining Company stated that operations in the United section had been upon reefs which promised to give payable ore on further development. The statement of accounts showed total receipts £550 18/1, of which £486 3/9 was from calls. The expenditure left a credit balance of £147 11/10.

At No. 5 level in the north-east crosscut of the Waihi Company's mine a very strong volume of water was tapped at about 70 feet from No. 2 shaft. At 54 feet in a lode about 6 feet wide was cut, containing very fair grade ore. At 70 feet in a strong body of ore was reached, and was penetrated 20 feet, when the water issued with such force that the workmen were compelled to temporarily abandon the level. In the western crosscut from the south-east side of the shaft at No. 25 level a lode 6 feet wide was also cut, and gave out a large quantity of water.

Sufficient machinery has now been delivered at the battery site of the Chelmsford Company, and it is expected the battery will be proceeded with for at least six weeks.

At the Waihi Gladstone mine a chamber has just been completed 50 feet north from the bottom of the winze at he 80 feet level. A contract will shortly be let for further sinking this winze. In the new winze from the chamber the reef is opening out, and high grade ore showing.

The half-yearly report of the directors in the Hauraki No. 2 Gold Mining Company states that the past six months' work gave results pointing to a valuable block of ore being opened up.

Bad weather caused damage during the week to the Mahara Royal Company's water race, but all is now cleared away, and good progress is being made.

A large irregular quartz formation has been met with which gives very good prospects of loose gold, while a little gold can also be seen in the stone. This quartz formation has neared No. 2 reef. Away from the drive some few feet the reef is about 1ft to 1 1/2 ft thick, and gold still shows in the stone.

South British Insurance shares sold at 64/ during the week. New Zealanders were wanted at 61/, and Nationals sold at 18/.

The Mount Lyell returns from July 26 to August 23 are as follows:—20,750 tons of ore were treated, and 4371 tons of purchased ore were also treated. The converters produced 702 tons of blister copper, containing 694 tons, 48,692 ounces of silver, and 1476 ounces of gold. The company paid out £45,000 for the purchase of the South Tharsis mine.

Northern Steam shares sold at 6/8, and afterwards were wanted at 6/9.

Old Kruger's a bit out of reck'ning  
If he thinks he will wriggle scot free,  
No angels to him'll be beck'ning  
When he swings by his neck from a tree.  
He'll get a bad cough in the open  
Exposed to the air, I am sure,  
And his hands 'll forever be gropin'  
For Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.

**A TOILET NECESSITY.**—There can be no greater proof of the genuineness of an article than the fact that after trial of it the purchaser asks, like Oliver Twist, for more. Those who have once used Wilton's Hand Emollient come for it again, loud in their praises of its beneficial effect in retaining, or restoring, whiteness and softness to the hands. Obtainable from Graves Aickin and J. A. Haslett, and Chemists everywhere.





# AS SEEN THROUGH WOMAN'S EYES.

## When We are Married What Will You Do?

Matrimony, especially in its earliest stages, is a very delicate business; not, as the Prayer Book reminds us, to be taken in hand "lightly or unadvisedly." A perilous leap in the dark, which may turn out well, or may not. People have so many purely personal peculiarities, and the worst of it is you can never find them out until you come to live with them. You may be engaged to a girl for eight years, or eight and twenty; but until you've seen her put her fringes into Hinde's curlers and take it out again you don't know her. If you think you do you're a fool, and you'll live to find out your mistake. Several ladies of my acquaintance have told me that the first year of married life is always the worst. On the whole I agree with them; it takes time for two temperaments to shake down satisfactorily. They are quite five months getting over the frightful experiences of the honeymoon. I always argue that much should be forgiven to people who are supporting existence under such trying circumstances. Little slips ought to be looked over, and due allowance made for the intense state of nervous excitement into which the happy pair are thrown.

The terrible clause which changes matrimony from a delight to a duty is, "For life." Not just for youth, when hearts are light and life is seen through rose-coloured spectacles; not for a year or two, while passion runs its turbulent, heady course; not for fine weather and summer wear; but for always. When the hair is grey that once was golden, and the feet falter which once tripped life's measures with a fairy grace; for the long stretch of years when youth and the dreams and illusions of youth—lie far behind, half hidden in the mists of forgetfulness.

Yes, very often that is where all the tragedy comes in. You loved her truly when her eyes were bright and her cheeks were red—and I do not blame you; but it was, dear sir, but a poor and tawdry passion if it could not outlast the fading of the roses. Beauty, after all, is only skin-deep; though, as I once heard a learned professor say: "Since we are not in the habit of seeing people without their skins, we cannot afford to be too philosophical." But what about the gifts of mind and soul, which are far more than physical perfection? They do not wear out, and if you made your choice with your eyes open they were the buoys to which you anchored "Love."

You cannot tell when the knot is tied whether your path will tend; it may wind through peaceful valleys, or climb the rugged mountain heights. Before a year is out you may be scaling the ladder of success, or you may be reduced to pawing the silver tea-pot. It is an uncertain world, and no mistake.

Matrimony for you may mean a desirable high-class family residence, or cheap lodgings.

You may have won the right woman, or you may have married the wrong. She may turn out a domestic angel, or prove incapable of making a crice pudding.

But you have chosen her, and, good, bad, or indifferent, there is only one thing left—to make the best of her.

Come storm or sunshine, calm or flood, you must sink and swim together.

## The Care of China.

The cure of china is not so simple as it appears. Some paste is so perfectly hard that it never "takes" dirt, other specimens are very absorbent. Of course, china must not be rubbed with anything very gritty or the glaze will be destroyed, or at least scratched, rendering it more likely to be permanently impregnated with dirt or to have its pattern jeopardised. The Chinese employ Fuller's earth and soda with plenty of water, and the effects are charming, the china coming out of this mixed bath with a glistening complexion.

## How Husbands May be Made Happy.

Take a pride in your wife's clothes. If she is well dressed she reflects credit on you, and the casual passer by may think when he meets you escorting her out some fine Saturday or Sunday that she is your sweetheart. If you have good taste choose her dresses and decide upon the style in which they are to be made up. If you have never studied the subject and do not know red from terra cotta you had better leave her clothes severely alone, or insist that she sticks to black and white. Persuade her to wear bonnets; they look much more married. And you do not want her—when you are not there—to be mistaken for one of Diana's damsels. Give her half a dozen pairs of gloves whenever you are in funds or get an extra good dividend. Choose them assorted shades and then her friends will know when she has a new pair on without her telling them.

If her "get up" doesn't suit you don't wait to mention it until you are well on your way somewhere. Screw up your courage and brave the matter out in the hall. Never mind if she relieves the corporation of a little street sweeping. It may be a dirty habit, but it looks graceful. Do not remark unfeelingly when she complains that she hates going down hill. "That's because you wear your boots two sizes too small." Forget all you ever learnt when a boy at the art schools about sandals as the ideal of foot-wear. Abstain from going to your club every night. It isn't fair to take a woman away from a comfortable home where she has plenty of society and, having established her in a new "semi-detached," with damp plaster on the walls, leave her night after night to weep over her fancy work and wish she was single. If you must play whist, why not try a game of "double-dummy"? Return home on the nights when you make merry with your friends at a respectable hour. Two in the morning should be the outside limit. To come back with the milk is not duly realising your responsibilities as the head of a household. If you creep upstairs in your stocking feet in the chill and early dawn do not think to elude Nemesis by putting back the hands of the hall clock to a little past midnight. Your wife is sure to wake, and though the prevaricating "grandfather" strikes one, the distant echo of the milkman's cry will condemn you.

When she is ill in bed and you go to see her don't pace the room as if it was a quarter-deck, with thick, heavy boots or ones that squeak. Resist your natural inclination to ask injuriously how long she is going to stop there; and don't bring her three pounds of sausages for her tea. When the doctor says she is to be kept quiet don't play comic opera music on the piano downstairs with one finger or practise your old singing lessons. As soon as she is convalescent hire a pony trap and take her for a drive, but do not precipitate her into a ditch or collide with a watering cart.

Comfort her when she is distressed, even if you cannot quite make out what all the trouble is about. Stroke her hair, pat her on the back, tell her to cheer up, and trust to understanding the difficulty by-and-by. If she wants to cry don't stop her. Let her get it over. It will do her good. Only don't remark when she's scolding round, "Now, go and look what a fright you've made of yourself." Sympathise with her when the housemaid gives warning and the cook skedaddles in the night. Don't stop at mere expressions; show your sympathy in a practical manner by getting up to light the fire and stoning the steps down before breakfast. Always look on the bright side and assure her that "it'll all come right in the end." Never mind if the ornaments are thick with dust, or the kitchen fire smokes. Be a philosopher, and rise above such petty discomforts. Bask in the serene, untroubled atmosphere of contemplation, and think out your next article while walking up and down with the teething baby. Make a chum of your wife; interest her in your work, or your business, or your profession. Take her round the works or show her the office. Describe the routine to her and then she will understand a little of what your life is like.

## Character Affected by Hand-writing.

European graphologists have just laid down two new laws, which will be of interest to all those who believe that the personal characteristics of individuals can be discovered through an examination of their handwriting. One law is that, as the good and bad qualities of a writer are revealed by the manner in which he forms his letters and words, so it is possible for a writer to acquire virtues and vices by shaping his letters and words in a manner indicative of such desirable and undesirable characteristics. For example, a strong bar crossing the small 't' is said to indicate wilfulness, and consequently it is asserted that anyone who desires to develop a spirit of wilfulness need in future only cross his 't's in this fashion. In like manner generosity is said to be indicated in any writing in which the small 'o's are left wide open, and consequently it is declared that the surest way to rid oneself of the spirit of avarice is to form one's small 'o's in this way. "The second law is aimed directly at the style of handwriting which is taught in the schools of the Sacred Heart, as well as in many convents, both in Europe and in this country. This style was introduced some years ago by Carre, and one of its marked characteristics is its angularity and its lack of curves. According to M. I. Depoin, an expert graphologist, pupils who are taught in this way speedily show in their writing tokens of intellectual constraint and vacillation. This style of handwriting, he says, tends to make pupils inconstant, and also restrains them from giving any play to their imagination, while at the same time it is extremely apt to foster in them a craving for an ideal life, which is bound to prove injurious so far as

their material prospects are concerned.

The Abbe Leroy, who is much interested in graphology, does not think that M. I. Depoin's statements on this subject are well founded, and he has protested vigorously against the adoption of any law, which would tend to bring the Sacred Heart style of handwriting into disrepute. "I know," he says, "hundreds of honourable men who write in this manner."

It is worth noting that this is not the first occasion on which this style of handwriting has been adversely criticised. Bridier, the expert, who died recently, made a furious onslaught on it some time ago, even maintaining that those who adopted it were more likely to commit crimes than other persons.

## The Wife's Part.

A wife's part in the family income is generally best taken where the wife looks after the economical management of the domestic machinery. Many mothers try to help the family income by doing some outside work, but where a home and children are to be looked after the results are satisfactory in very few cases. The greatest value of a housekeeper and mother lies in economy in her home, in the wise education of her children, and in the encouragement of her husband. Where a wife is childless and has no household cares, then leisure is had to help the income, and this may be done in various ways. But, as a general rule, a wife's source of greatest help to her husband lies in the home and not out of it, by stimulating him to earn all that he can, and by wisely saving all that she can of his earnings.

### Remarkable Unanimity

of opinion exists as to which is the Corn Flour of the best quality, Brown & Polson's "Patent" Brand having received increasing public support during more than 40 years, until its adoption almost everywhere is an accomplished fact.

### Brown & Polson's "Patent" Corn Flour

is more delicate in flavour and goes further than others. One pound of Brown & Polson's Corn Flour will make twelve one-pint puddings. Thus the cost of the Corn Flour in a pudding is so small that everyone can afford to have

### The Recognised Best.

## THE NATIONAL MUTUAL LIFE

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**A WORLD-WIDE INSTITUTION.**

The First in the World To Liberalise Life Assurance.

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

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

**Three Important Principles Introduced by this Association.**

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

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**HEAD OFFICE FOR NEW ZEALAND:**  
**NATIONAL MUTUAL BUILDINGS, WELLINGTON.**  
ORTON STEVENS, Resident Secretary.

J. B. GOULD, Auckland District Manager.

**Exercises for Awkward Hands.**

A woman can never be beautiful so long as her hands are awkward and ungainly.

The woman with beautiful hands has observed several rules in their care. She has her gloves made to order if she can afford it. If she cannot do this, she takes care to buy gloves that are large rather than small for her.

She has learned how to manœuvre her own hands, and does it regularly. If her hands have become misshapen through wearing too tight gloves, she visits a skillful masseuse and has the fault corrected.

**THE EXERCISES.**

A few exercises will work wonders towards promoting grace in the finger tips and wrist.

Stand with the arms at right angles to the body, the hands with the palms down. Bend the hands from the wrist, first as far up as they will go, then down. Repeat until the wrists become a little tired, but never until they are strained.

Now close the hand tightly, until it has become a formidable fist; then throw out the fingers sharply, spreading them as far as they will stretch.

These two simple exercises will produce great suppleness and ease of the finger joints, and tend to increase the circulation.

**NEVER WEAR TIGHT SLEEVES.**

Tight sleeves are as injurious as tight gloves. When you see a woman who is wearing her sleeves so tight that they bind, look to her hands. They will be red and puffy, with the veins swelled and the texture of the skin coarse and dark.

The hands respond readily to emollients. If they are chapped, or the skin is broken, rub in a little camphor-cream with the tips of the fingers very gently. Rub in the cream at night just before retiring, and put on afterwards a pair of white chamais or ord-

inary kid gloves from which the finger tips have been cut.

Never wash the hands in cold water; always dry them thoroughly, and never use an inferior soap.

**Are Women's Feet Getting Bigger?**

"The average lady's foot is one or two sizes larger than it was fifteen years ago," is the verdict of several London shoemakers.

They all agree that athletics and outdoor games are answerable for a universal spreading of feminine shoes.

The bicycle pedal tenus to widen the feet, tennis has the effect of flat tening the instep, while over-walking is declared to add one extra number to the shoes in the space of a couple of years.

Golfing is said not to affect the size of the foot if indulged in "very mod-

erately." But if a woman goes in for golf championships, her feet will spread with her fame.

Experts in shoes declare that continuous exercise rapidly enlarges the feet. If a woman habitually breaks bicycle records, does big golf rounds, or goes in for excessive walks, her feet will rapidly grow bigger.

If she indulges her athletic tastes, only two or three times a week, the growth of her feet will be more gradual.

Professional dancing increases the size of the foot more than any other exercise, but the ordinary dancing of social life does not add one cubic atom to the "understandings." In fact, shoemakers state that unprofessional dancing makes the foot more supple and springy, and a smaller size of shoe is taken by the same woman after a dancing season than before it began.

"Ladies used to wear cork socks in winter shoes to keep their feet

warm," says an authority on boots. "But nowadays few allow any padding in the soles. They wear transparent silk stockings in the coldest weather, because silk foot-wear enables them to take shoes half a size smaller."

In some West End shops they never mark a lady's shoe with a higher number than "fours." Anything above this size is stamped with hieroglyphics like those on Cleopatra's Needle. The shop assistants know what the curious letters stand for. But the lady's friends and servants find no written testimony on the sole of her shoe of the number she wears. At one aristocratic shoe-shop all ladies with specially large feet are told "their size is "an easy four." Sometimes it is a seven. But all big boots are called by the comforting title of small or easy fours.

This little custom is said to make many women happy, and prevents them from buying tight boots.

**Dales' GOLD MEDAL Dubbin**

MAKES BOOTS AND HARNESSES WATER-PROOF AS A DOG'S BACK, and soft as velvet. Adds three times to the wear of leather. Pleasant odour. Allows polish with blacking. 22 Exhibition Highest Awards for superiority. Black or Brown colors. 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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**MOIR'S ANCHOVY PASTE.**

In Tins about 2 ozs.

Manufacturers:  
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LONDON, ABERDEEN, & SEVILLE.  
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**MELLIN'S FOOD**

FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS.

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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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Samples and Pamphlets to be obtained from GOLLIN & CO., Wellington.

**"KOKO"**

UNQUESTIONABLY THE BEST DRESSING FOR THE HAIR

ERADICATES SCURF AND DANDRIF

PREVENTS HAIR FALLING

PROMOTES GROWTH.

IS DELIGHTFULLY COOLING & REFRESHING.

CONTAINS NO DYE

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

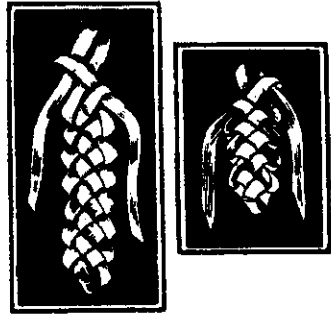
1/6, 2/6 & 4/6

OF ALL CHEMISTS, STORES, ETC.  
**KOKO MANUFACTURING CO., LTD., 16, BEVIS MARKS, LONDON, ENGLAND**

**WORK COLUMN.**

It is very difficult to provide little children with occupations that they like, which at the same time are not expensive and in the doing of which the implements needed can work no harm. The little watch chains illustrated here would, in the making, give pleasure to a child, with the added joy when completed of providing Mother or Auntie with a watch chain to match her new dress. The only materials required are some yards of narrow ribbon from a twelfth to an eighth of an inch in

able. It will take about ten yards of ribbon to make a chain a yard and a quarter in length. If this chain is destined to be worn with a coloured dress it is a good plan to match the ribbon exactly, or to choose some prettily contrasting shade. When completed the chain is very strong and elastic, and if well made according to the directions I give should be quite flat. When beginning the chain mark the middle of the length of ribbon, and at that point make a bow with two loops; then pass the right-hand loop into the left-hand loop, and pull the end of the right-hand ribbon tight so as to have only one loop left. Next, with the forefinger of the left hand pass into this loop the left-hand ribbon folded in a loop, and into this fresh loop pass the right-hand ribbon, also made into a loop. Go on in the same manner, alternately using the forefinger of each and to pass a loop from each ribbon through the preceding loop. It is, in fact, a series of loops threaded through each other. Be careful to pull the ribbon tight each time and to fold the ribbon so that the wrong side of it shall always be inside the loops. The illustration shows the chain in the course of working both from the wrong and the right side. If preferred, two equal lengths of different coloured ribbons may be used, sewing them neatly together at the starting point of the chain.



Right Side. Wrong Side.

DAINTY WATCH CHAIN OF RIBBON.

width either satin or sarsenet with a satin edge, or, if the chain be to wear during mourning, a plain black sarsenet ribbon would be most suit-

The little bracket which I have drawn here will illustrate how exceedingly decorative common white wood articles may be made when they fall into the hands of an artist. Instead of being simply enamelled, which is the usual treatment, it was in this case varnished with a light-coloured varnish so as to keep its natural whitewood tint, thus producing the effect of polished ivory. The orna-

mental band above which the books are placed was executed in burnt-wood etching, an evolution of that art

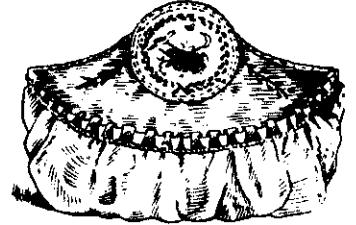


WOODEN BRACKET ARTISTICALLY TREATED.

which used to be known as poker-work, and for which this white wood is excellent—that is to say, unless you intend to carry out a very delicate design, which would not, after all, be so effective at the height at which a bracket is usually placed. When this bracket had been in use for a year or so it really had a most lovely effect, for great pains had been taken in re-burning and working the design until it had acquired a rich brown hue. By the way, a platinum point is very superior for working with, and where any elaborate work has to be done a curved point is very necessary, especially for the background, and its shape enables you to hold it at a greater distance, thus lessening the chances of accidentally scorching, the great danger in this fascinating work. The little wooden slats in which the photographs are placed at the back of the bracket are stained a dark

brown, so as to be in harmony with the etched design.

My illustration shows a really useful wall pocket, one which would be of great service to any worker, especially in a room where small tables are scarce. It can be made of the simplest materials, such as cretonne, coloured linen, etc., with a little ornamentation in the centre piece, and a sufficiently stiff background to keep it flat against the wall, or some pieces of silk or remnants of dress material may be utilised. Small pieces may be



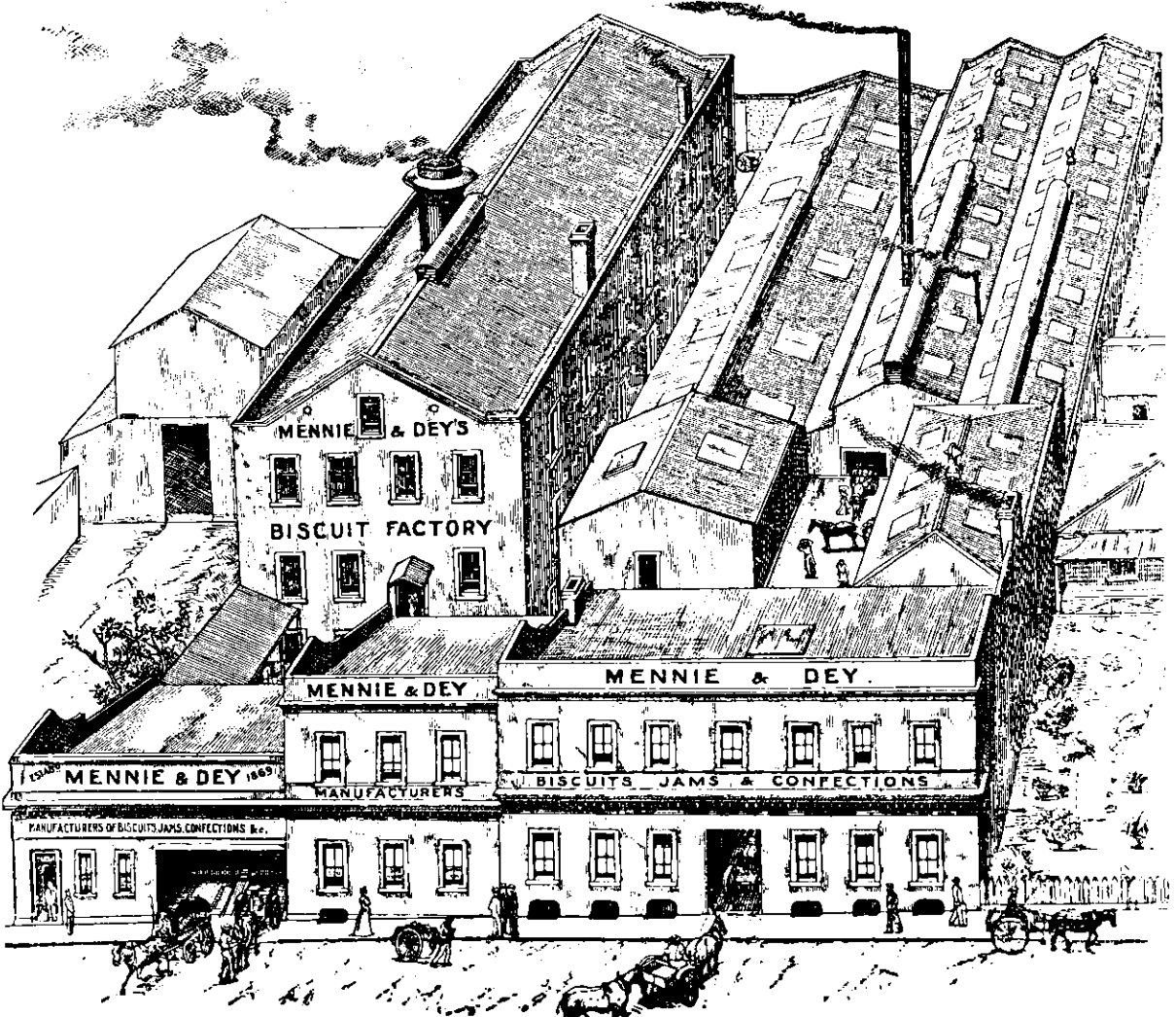
A USEFUL WALL POCKET.

used up, making the back and pocket of contrasting materials and colours. A picture from a pretty almanac of last year, if it has been kept clean, makes a capital ornament for the centre.

**SIMPLY INVALUABLE TO LADIES DRESSMAKERS, & OTHERS, etc. FIT & STYLE ENSURED. By Means of the Magic GARMENT CUTTER.**  
Cuts for Ladies, Gents, or Children. Easy to learn. Taught through Post Terms and particulars from Sole N.Z. Agent: MISS M. THOMSON K...J., Wellington. AGENTS WANTED.

Gold Medal Jams,  
Best all comers for Quality.

Gold Medal Biscuits,—  
Best Value in the Market.



Gold Medal Confections, largest variety, best quality. Gold Medal Conserves,  
Peels, Only Makers Cupid Whispers in the Colony.

# THE WORLD OF FASHION.

+++++ BY MARGUERITE +++++

There is beauty in each season, as it circles round the year, but perhaps the loveliest of all is early spring, when Mother Earth awakes from her long winter's sleep, and clothes herself anew in robes of emerald. With its usual adaptability to circumstances feminine society seeks to aid and abet Mother Nature in her efforts by suiting itself to its surroundings, and adopting gay and fresher costumes. Dresses which have reposed undisturbed in our wardrobes for some months have their folds carefully shaken out, and are subjected to inspection with a view to possible alteration and improvement. The prevailing modes of the moment lend themselves kindly to remodelling, more particularly perhaps in the case of the bolero, as it does not require any great ingenuity to evolve a smart little coat of this style from a garment already fitted and finished to suit one's figure. It is really wonderful to what a height of popularity this feature of dress has attained.

Every kind of thin gown is made with a bolero if you like. It will be seen everywhere this summer. A small

bolero frequently gives a very picturesque finish to this little jacket, or you may have a soft scarf caught at one side of the arm seam well up toward the shoulder, carried across to the front and tied in one knot. Whether your gown is of heavy linen or softest mousseline it is made with a bolero. One of the daintiest little boleros is a thin gown is made of tucked mousseline covered with lace and finished around the edge with narrow mousseline frill edged with lace. Tucked boleros of foulard silk are also finished with a frill of the silk over one of batiste edged with rows of ribbon on the edge.

Some of the smart dressmakers are making a specialty of little coloured boleros, pale pink and pale blue, to wear alternately with a white cloth skirt and ruffled muslin shirt. Bolero coats and skirts of sand colour and cinnamon are worn with gray-coloured blouses and fancy waistcoats. When black is worn some brilliant touch of colour appears to relieve its sombreness. One costume consists of a black cloth skirt and a little coat of scarlet silk fastened with one enormous gold

aligree button, and finished at the throat with a big Directoire bow.

Quite one of the leading features in summer gowns will be the lace bolero which will figure on cotton, silken and woollen fabrics alike.

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### CONCERNING COATS.

#### MANY LENGTHS IN SPRINGTIME WRAPS.

Jackets for spring wear are still very short and simple in style, decorated with rows of stitching alone, or very narrow pipings with stitching above. Some of them are double breasted, with handsome buttons added for a finish, but the double breasted ones are of the sack persuasion, only excessively short. When a little deviation from ordinary fashions is required, the edges of the coat are taken and prettily moulded into scallops.

No longer are the round one or the square tab the only choice; the trefol edge is one of the varieties that may be taken. It is nicely finished with little buttons, but not meaning-

less ones; they are large enough to make a noticeable impression on the eye.

Silk lapels covered with braid or lace are new, even fresher than velvet or satin ones. The silk that is used is a ribbed kind like bengaline, sometimes handsome enough in itself without any extra adornment to provide what is needed. Another kind of silk is peau de soie, which has a surface almost as fine and close as kid.

Long, straight backed jackets, with a barely perceptible sloping in of the seams under the arms, will continue to be worn late into the spring. All the loose coats that are pronounced to be so comfortable are looked upon with such indulgent favour that their being of the most ungainly shape passes apparently unobserved.

They are trimmed with stitched strappings of the cloth of which they are made, and have no other trimming unless the jabot of lace that is sometimes allowed to fall over the fastening at the neck be accounted such. The only note of extravagance that can be attributed to them is the elegance of their lining.



For Evening Wear.

La Belle Otero, the well-known Spanish dancer, whose gowns are traditional for splendour, appeared at the Grand Prix races in a gown festooned with artificial strawberries and their leaves.

A dressmaker, high up in the social scale, as well as the modistic, has

a lot of from four to seven, for it is what is called the Irish Paddy model.

It has a rather short-waisted cut-away coat, a soft shirt, and tight breeches buttoned at the knee, and with it is worn a regular Paddy hat, high in the crown and made of felt.

In London lately it has been noticed that several little boys are

**WEARING THE KILT.**

and it has been said that a war always brings to the front this old dress, which is, by the way, one of the most handsome for small boys, and perhaps, also the most expensive.

Another comfortable and becoming suit is made with a Russian blouse, a leather waistbelt, and short quite full knickerbockers, ending just below the knee. What with these models, sailor suits, and the picturesque Humpty Dumpty, the small men of the community have a very wide field of choice.



**THE LATEST FREAK IN CHERRY FRUIT-LADEN FROCKS.**

made the cherry her particular fancy, and a gown finished by her the other day for a great lady is sketched in this column.

It has adornments of cherries done in velvet, with chenille stalks and leaves fastened to it, and the adhering portions, while sufficient to keep the pretty knots of fruit in place, are independent from the dress, so that there is no effect of embroidery.

Not only rich red cherries, but black ones and the pretty white hearts were constructed, and laid on a background of pearl-grey poplin.

Will this vogue lay the foundations of a new trimming?

The effect of the strawberry garland was somewhat amazing, but the cherry knots were entirely pretty.

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**EVENING BLOUSE.**

© © ©

One of the many new toques we have been recently interviewing is that pictured in this figure. It is of very light materials, but then, for an unexplained reason, the toque of the moment is diaphanous, floral, and generally on "airy, fairy" lines excepting as to size, which in most of the models is considerable. The model in question is built of damask red arophone arranged in a novel fashion in thick plaits of three, and dashed up in front towards the left side with a fan bow of the arophone and a bunch of damask roses with their attendant leaves. Reverting to the increased



**A PLAITED AROPHONE TOQUE.**

size of the toques, it is a great pity they have developed this tendency. For those to whom the larger style of headgear is more becoming, there is the big picture hat still in favour at the court of fashion: a thing of beauty and a joy for ever to all but those who sit behind it at a matinee; and the toque has hitherto kept an individuality of its own by being smaller and more chic, which has made a pleasant variety in millinery. It is certainly now "swelling wisely"—as Mr Weller would say—and becoming a massive turban-like confection, losing all its grace and smartness in the pro-

cess. We are promised some very light and pretty basket straw shapes, for which the correct trimming will be broad ribbon knotted in large artistic bows and chou on the one side or in front. These will be very welcome and will go delightfully with our spring tailor-made gowns and coats.

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Satin and velvet, as we all know, rank very highly in popular estimation, and are much worn in the form



**A HANDSOME CAPE.**

of stylish little coats and boleros and extremely elegant capes and cloaks. For a matron on the wrong side of forty nothing could be more desirable than the handsome cape depicted in the sketch. It is carried out in black satin trimmed with lace applique intermingled with lines of very narrow black velvet ribbon, and trimmed with swathing of accordion pleated chiffon, which likewise forms a frill at the edge, and a decorative frontage of stole and of the same diaphanous material caught at intervals by jewelled buckles. A smart toque and a pair of dainty pearl grey gloves form the other items of an exceedingly attractive tout ensemble. In direct contrast to the neglectful matron referred to above is the mother whose superabundant juvenility renders it a difficult task to distinguish her from her oldest daughter, and who is wont to affect tight fitting (or nearly so) coats and skirts, and natty ties, her weakness for mannish sailor hats verging on the border of a mania. Moderation

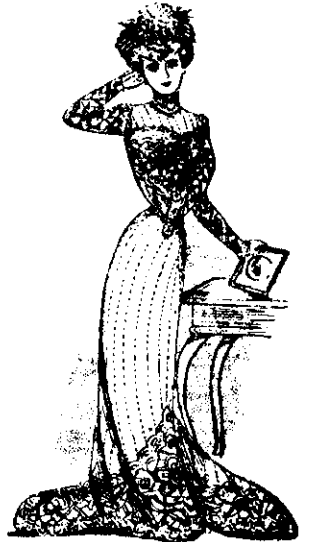
is to be recommended, as extremes are sure to end in defeat, in the one instance plainly revealing the ravages of time, and in the other rendering the would-be-young mother an object of derision to all beholders.

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**DECORATIVE HINTS.**

**HOW GIRLS SHOULD ADORN THEIR DRESSES.**

Cloth bands on silk frocks provide evidence of the season's exotic fancies. Heavy lace, too, such as is used for an entire bodice, is decorated with these



**RICH BRAID LACE IS HERE APPLIED.**

same stitched bands of cloth, silk and panne: indeed, braid lace mingles quite amiably with stitchery, as the accompanying illustration makes plain.

**A BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION.**

Apply Sulpholine Lotion. It drives away pimples, blotches, roughness, redness, and all disfigurements. Sulpholine develops a lovely skin. In bottles. Made in London.—Advt.



**A SPRING COAT.**

Here is a sketch of a spring coat which will do quite well for the summer as well, and which can be worn open or closed. I think the most useful colour would be a pale shade of biscuit cloth. The turned-back revers and high collar are faced in with tiny frills or guagings of cream chiffon.

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**SUITS FOR SMALL BOYS. IN HONOUR OF "BOYS" AND OLD IRELAND.**

Little boys are somewhat conservative in their fashions, but just at this present moment there happens to be quite a new suit. It is appropriate and extremely bewitching for



**AN ELEGANT MANTLE FOR SPRING.**



## CHILDREN'S CORRESPONDENCE COLUMN.

### COUSINS' CORRESPONDENCE.

Dear Cousin Kate.—It is such a long time since I wrote, that I feel ashamed to write now. I have such a lot to tell you that I don't know where to begin. I have had my little dog a long time. We call him "Buller," after General Buller. He is such a dear little fellow, and one day when mother was cleaning the grate, she missed her broom, and when we had searched everywhere for it, we found that Buller had it at the top of the garden. Our school flag was hoisted last Wednesday fortnight, and although it was very wet we enjoyed it very much. I must now say goodbye.—From Cousin Lucy.

[Dear Cousin Lucy.—I am glad you have commenced to write again, and was much interested to hear of Buller. It is a very good name for a dog I think, but if he lives up to his name he will be a terror to fight. All the schools have flags now I think. Do not leave me so long without a letter this time as you did last.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate.—I can only write a few lines just now as I am in a hurry. Will you please send me another collecting card and I will try and get some more for the cut fund. I am going to dress a doll and send it in lieu of the one you sent by mistake. I am going to have my photo taken, I think, and if so I will send you one as soon as they are finished. I think the compositions on a "Ship on Fire" and "John Flaxman" were very good. I am afraid I must now close, with love to all the cousins and yourself. I remain, Cousin Winnie, Wellington.

P.S.—I wrote a composition on "Spring," but it was too late to send it.

[Dear Cousin Winnie.—Thank you for the note and for the promise to try and collect more. You are very good indeed to do it, and I am truly grateful. Thank you also for dressing the doll; in fact my whole answer to your letter is nothing but thanks!—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate.—I was so pleased when I saw that you welcomed me to your band of cousins, and I thank you very much for the pretty badge you sent me. I suppose you will be thinking that we have forgotten to send you back the card, but you must not think that at all, as we have collected one pound ten shillings, and we are waiting for someone to go to Pokeno, about eight miles distant from here, where they can get a postal note. I am going to go in for the geographical competition, but I do not know if I have got the right places or not, as we have no post office guide. My sister and I have five calves to feed. I feed the two youngest, and they are such lively little things, and whenever I let them out of the shed they run round and round the paddock until they are tired out. What a number of competitions there are now, are there not? We have a flower garden in the front of our house, and the flowers are all beginning to come out.—I remain, your affectionate cousin, Alice.

[Dear Cousin Alice.—I was indeed astonished and most delighted to have so very large a sum returned with your cards by Cousin Bertha and yourself. You must indeed have worked hard, and I am proud to have such energetic and kindly cousins. You have just as good a chance of being right with the names as any other cousin. Five calves must be rather a trouble to feed I should think. What flowers are you planting now for the

summer? I put in some petunias this week, but the snails have damaged them sadly.—Cousin Kate.]

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Dear Cousin Kate.—Many thanks for your welcome letter, which I saw in the "Graphic." It has been very wet and rough weather here lately. It was raining very hard all day on Saturday, and the creek, which runs through the valley, rose up very high, and the plank on which we cross going to school was washed away, so now we have to go about a quarter of a mile further round to be able to cross the creek. Our cat Tiny, though she is getting so old, she is not getting blind. She can see as well as our other cats. I am going in for the geographical competition. Seeing in the "Graphic" all the letters from the different cousins, you must have a great many of them now, you must have a lot of writing to do to answer all the cousins' letters. I received my badge and collecting card quite safely. I think the badge very nice. I have collected fourteen shillings and sixpence, which I am sending.—I remain, your loving cousin, Bertha.

[Dear Cousin Bertha.—As you will see from the answer to Cousin Alice's letter I was both surprised and delighted at the great success you have had collecting, and I warmly thank you as well as Alice. At a house in the country where I sometimes go there is a plank across the creek, and it is fastened on either side by a swinging chain so that the floods cannot wash it away. It is rather a good plan, is it not?—Cousin Kate.]

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Dear Cousin Kate.—I am writing a short letter to tell you that those five sentences for the "Mafeking" Competition which had no name with them were mine. I sent a letter with them, but I did not put my name on the paper with the sentences. I am glad you thought some of them good. It is lovely weather here just now, the days are getting much longer and warmer, and the spring flowers are beginning to come out. Will you send me a collecting card, please? I asked you for one in my last letter, but have not received it. I hope I shall fill it. We have had thirteen invalided soldiers returned from the war. Such a number of their relatives were so pleased to welcome them back to Wellington again. Wellington has been full of people from all parts of the country. As the large shops have been holding sales of drapery the people were like bees coming out of a hive. The sessions are on too, but I have never been to the House. Did you see "The Geisha"? I went to see it, and liked it very much. I also went to the cinematograph and saw some wonderful pictures of the London Fire Brigade at work. There were such awful scenes, huge buildings on fire, and the men were ascending the ladders to the top-most stories, and rescuing women and little children. On one high ladder there was a dog walking up in front of a fireman, leading him up into a room where a child was supposed to be. He could not see the child at first for the dense smoke which filled the room, but at last he found it on a chair and saved its life. The brigade gets so quickly to a fire, as they (the men) harness the horses by electricity, and when a certain bell rings the horses put themselves into the shafts, and are ready to start, and soon subdue the fire. I think the picture I like best of the fire scenes was one where a fireman, after saving several lives, went back for a dog which was in the burning building. Many other pictures were shown, but they were chiefly about the war in Africa, and the battle of Sorel, such sad scenes that I was quite pleased when fighting the Boers was over, as far as the cinematograph was concerned. How sad it was the Duke of Saxe-Coburg died so suddenly at his castle in Germany, and what a shocking occurrence it was when King Humbert of Italy was assassinated. I am afraid that many other lives of great personages will be in danger from the Anarchists. Now, dear Cousin Kate, I think I have told you

all the news, so I will now conclude.—With best love to you and all the cousins, I remain your loving cousin, Athie.

[Dear Cousin Athie.—I hope you will see this letter as soon as it is printed, for I hate to think of your being disappointed about the badge and card. I want to send them ever so much, but by some mistake your full name is not in my address book, and you only sign yourself Cousin Athie. Send me a letter with your full name on a little scrap of separate paper. Mind you don't forget. Your letter is most delightful. I quite enjoyed it.—Cousin Kate.]

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Dear Cousin Kate.—I am sending you two sentences on the word "Children" and the four words in the "Geography" competition. What have I to do to become a cousin?—I remain your loving cousin, Charley.

[Dear Cousin Charley.—I have placed your answer in the hands of the judge. I do not yet know the result, but it will be printed on the same page as this next week. You have only to send me your full name if you want to be a cousin, and then you have to write whenever you feel inclined, which I hope will be often. Also, if you like, you can have a card and help collect for the Hospital cot.—Cousin Kate.]

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Dear Cousin Kate.—I am very glad you were pleased with my letter, and I am going to try this week, and I hope I will be more successful. I am going in for the geographical competition and so is my brother. I like reading the other cousins' letters, and some of them are very interesting and nicely put together. I see in some of the cousins' letters that they are expecting badges and cards, and I wondered what they were for, but now I know. I would like to have a card and badge too if you wouldn't mind. We had rain for eight days without stopping, and we nearly had a flood. We are going to get the "Graphic" every week now, and I am going to try and write every week. I will send my geography on another page. I must not take up too much of your space.—I remain your loving cousin, Daisy, Paeroa.

[Dear Cousin Daisy.—I hope you will not be disappointed, but it takes a whole week after I get your letter before it can appear in the "Graphic." I am really very pleased indeed to have you for a cousin and to know you like the children's page and the letters. We are getting so many new cousins that perhaps we shall soon have a third children's page. I will send a card and badge.—Cousin Kate.]

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Dear Cousin Kate.—I am going to be a cousin and try to do the best I can with the competitions and essays. We are getting the "Graphic" every week now, and so I will write whenever I can. In this week's "Graphic" I saw in it the geographical competition, and I started at once to do it. After some hard work looking through the maps I managed to find some names, and then I wrote them down on a piece of paper.—With best wishes, from Cousin Eric, Paeroa.

[Dear Cousin Eric.—I hope I shall be able to provide you with some fun in the "Graphic" and make you glad to have it regularly. I have placed your answers to the competition in the box with the others. I wonder who will win. We shall know next week.—Cousin Kate.]

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My Dear Cousin Kate.—I am writing you a short note. Last Saturday I caught a goldfinch, and put it in a cage, which I made myself, for it seemed quite lively at first, and hopped from rung to rung, peeping through at me. I gave it some grass with a tiny seed on it, and it pecked at that, but in the evening it seemed to droop, and I put it in my bedroom. But when I looked in the cage next morning I found it on its back in a corner of the cage dead. I was very sorry indeed, and hope I will be able to get another some day, but not to lose. There was a big flood in the river near our house the other day. I saw big logs coming down the river. There are plenty of goldfinches about now, flying about our house. I think I must close my letter, with love to all the cousins, and you.—I remain, your loving cousin, Norman.—

Any boy or girl who likes to become a cousin can do so, and write letters to Cousin Kate, care of the Lady Editor, "Graphic" Office, Auckland.

Write on one side of the paper only. All purely correspondence letters with envelope ends (unrod in arc) carried through the Post Office as follows:—Not exceeding 10z. 1d.; not exceeding 10z. 1d.; for every additional 2oz. or fractional part thereof, 1d. It is well for correspondence to be marked "Press Manuscript only."

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

### Result of the Third Ingenuity Competition.

You all seem to be fond of the Ingenuity Competitions, and I was highly delighted at the number of replies sent in. So much was I pleased that I have determined to give a second prize, though none was promised.

#### FIRST PRIZE.

The first prize for making a sentence out of

#### CHILDREN

goes to

COUSIN ELSIE WHYTE,

Onehunga.

who sends the following:—

China Has Important Legations  
Dismlessly Representing Every Nation.

#### SECOND PRIZE.

COUSIN ILA FABIAN.

Children Have Impressively Learned  
Drink Ruins Every Nation.

#### OTHER SENTENCES MADE FROM "CHILDREN."

I have only room to give very few of the other sentences sent in. Here are some of them:

Cousin Hilda Intends Learning  
Dancing Regularly Every Night.—  
Cousin Newton Andrews.

Cronje Having Imprudently Left  
Doornspuit, Roberts Entered Natal.—  
Cousin Lulu Browning.

By a coincidence—an odd chance,  
that is, Cousin Sydney sends exactly  
the same sentence.

Children have ideas little developed,  
rendering education necessary.—  
Cousin Charley Hobbs.

Chinese Hate Integrity, Love Dark  
Repellent, Evil Natures.—Cousin Ade-  
laide.

Careless, happy, innocent little  
darlings, rarely ever naughty.

Childish hours induce long dreamy  
reveries each night.

Children happy in light,  
Dreading robbers each night.

These three are by Cousin Victor. The first would certainly have taken a prize, but there is no verb in it. The second I should place for third prize had there been one.

I will be glad to have a collecting card and badge.

[Dear Cousin Norman,—It was a great pity you lost that poor little bird. I expect he could not endure captivity. I should like to see a big flood on one of the larger rivers. It must be a fine sight.—Cousin Kate.]

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Dear Cousin Kate,—I am sending you three solutions of the geographical puzzle. I have never entered for anything of the kind before, and so will not be at all disappointed if I am unsuccessful; indeed, I should be very much surprised should I gain a prize, for the competition is not nearly so simple as one might believe it to be, there being so many places in New Zealand the names of which commence in that way.—Cousin Ethel Ada.

[Dear Cousin Ethel Ada,—I am glad you have entered for the competition. As you say, it is not nearly so easy as it looks. Good fortune has indeed something to do with it, I think. Don't you?—Cousin Kate.]

### How the Fort was Stormed and the Flag Lost.

#### A COMPLETE STORY.

Down by the edge of the sea the little waves were dancing in the sunshine, and as the tide went out further and further and further, it left fascinating little pools of water behind it among the rocks, with red and blue anemones and hermit crabs under the seaweed.

The Sefton children thought there never was such a lovely place before, for they lived in a smoky Midland town, and it was their very first visit to the sea.

"When I am big I shall be a constabularyman, and come and live in that cottage by the lighthouse!" proclaimed Claude, as he vigorously dug the foundations for a big fort in the soft, damp sand.

But Enid wouldn't agree. "I would much rather live in the lighthouse itself. It would be such fun to hear the waves dashing up the

we'll pretend it's held by the Indians, and we will attack it on all sides at once! I say, Paddy, will you lend us your flags?"

"Will it wave over the fort? My flag will like that."

And Paddy, who was a most good-natured soul, ran up with the beloved flag, and gave it up to Claude.

"It won't get hurt, will it?" "Of course not! How can it?"

And the next minute it was waving proudly over the ramparts. "You take the left side, and I will take the right, and we will all storm at once; and the ones who get on the top first will be the conquerors."

And then began such a shouting and pelting with sand, that Teddy danced with delight from his place by the baby's milkcart.

Twice the fort was taken, and twice it had to be given up. And then nurse said it was time for the little ones' tea, and they must go in.

"Baby is tired out, so come along Master Teddy, like a good boy."

"But my dear flag!" objected Teddy very loudly. "It must go home to tea as well!"

"Oh, no, it mustn't! It will spoil all our fun if it goes. Leave it, and we will bring it back quite soon. It can't be hurt, you know."

So Teddy had to consent; but he gave many a backward, wistful look at it as his short, fat legs toiled after nurse up the path through the heather.

"Let's go and hide round the rocks, and then all rush out on the fort together. And we will take spades and tear it to pieces after, as it's so close to teatime, and there are to be cream buns to-night. I heard mother order them."

The rocks were a little distance off, and when Claude gave the signal for the storming, everyone was tired and wanted a rest.

"Let's catch crabs in the pools instead for a time; only we ought to fetch the flag away."

"As if any harm could come to it!"

So the crabs were caught. And then everyone was eager to go back to the fort for a final play.

liquor or even smoked a cigar?" "It would be excellent," replied the grumbler.

"And where everyone went to church on Sundays?"

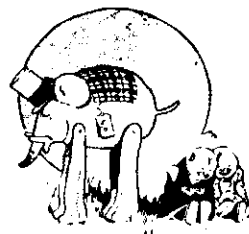
"That would be a delightful place."

"And where no one stole, or forged, or cheated?"

"Tell me where there is such a place. Such a thing is impossible."

"You will find it in any of Her Majesty's prisons," was the quiet reply, and the grumbler was silent for the remainder of the journey.

### One For Their Nob.



"I say," said Toko, the Japanese doll, "aren't you jolly glad you were not born an elephant? They are such stupid-looking things! Don't you think so?"

"Yes," giggled his companion; "fancy having a tail growing out of both ends of one's body and being made so that one can't sit down all day! How uncomfortable one must feel! Gee-hee!"

Of course, the elephant heard all they said, and his face went red with anger.



"Saucy young monkeys!" muttered the elephant. "Can't sit down, can't? Well, we'll see. I'll just show those bald-headed little foreigners that a five-and-sixpenny elephant is not to be laughed at by cheap Japanese goods." And then he sat down hard—right on their squeakers.



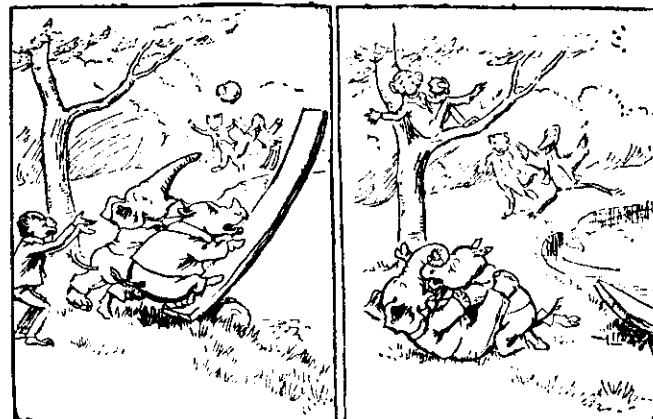
"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the elephant. "He laughs best who laughs last," says the proverb. I fancy I've given those impudent Japs a pain in their sawdust that they won't forget in a hurry!"

### ♣ JUNGLE JINKS. ♣

#### How Jacko Caught the Apple.



1. The Jungle Schoolboys were sitting quietly on the banks of the river the other afternoon when they observed Doctor Lion cross the foot-bridge on his way home. "He has been marketing in the town," whispered Rhino to Jumbo. "I wonder if he has anything nice for tea in that basket!" "Why, look! he has dropped something!" suddenly exclaimed Jumbo. "It's an apple, I declare!" And immediately all three were on their feet, and rushing after the prize. "Get out of the way! It is mine!" cried Jumbo, as Rhino caught hold of his coat. "Go away! I saw it first!" retorted Rhino. And so, pushing and squealing, they ran along. Jacko didn't seem to have any chance.



2. On rushed the two big boys, and both reached the edge of the board at the same moment. "I've got it!" shouted Jumbo excitedly. But he hadn't, for the weight of the two bodies thrown on to the end of the bridge at the same moment made the board tip up at the other end, and the apple shot up over their heads, right into the ready hands of Jacko, who had seen what would happen and prepared to catch.

3. Jacko was up in the branches of a tree before the two big boys had time to turn round. Then, seeing that they had lost the prize, they started punching one another. "Take that, you long-nosed piece of indiarubber!" cried Rhino. "Cheeky rascal! Call me long-nose again, and I'll pull out your vent-pipe!" shouted Jumbo, as he caught hold of Rhino's tusk. Meanwhile Jacko munched his apple, and looked on at the fun below.



THE SEFTON CHILDREN BUILT A FORT IN THE SAND.

rocks in winter time, and to keep the lamp alight."

"I will come, too," chimed in Merle; for she and Enid were twins, and though Enid had very decided ideas of her own, Merle had none, and was always an echo of her sister.

"And Jack shall be a sailor, and his ship shall be wrecked on the rock, and we can save him in the lifeboat."

But Jack loudly protested at this. He meant to be a soldier, because he was always a sennick on the sea.

"Well, you can be wrecked just the same, because your regiment will be on its way to India, and Enid will forget to light her light, and you can go to pieces on the rocks, just as well as if you were a sailor."

"As if I should forget to light my light! It's much more likely you would be afraid to go out in the life-boat if it was the least bit rough."

And in another minute there would have been a quarrel, if nurse and Paddy and the baby had not come down from the cliff above on to the sands. Paddy with his new blue-and-white flag that Uncle Stephen had given him the week before, and that he loved so much that he always took it to bed with him.

"I say, that's just what I want to make my fort perfect! And then

But what had happened? The flag had gone! And who was to tell Teddy?

"If we had only let him take it!" Enid wailed. "He will be in such a way!"

And so he was, and cried himself to sleep for two whole nights; and though Claude offered to buy him a new one, he would not have it, and only cried the more.

"It was the nicest flag I ever saw!" he cried.

And nothing would comfort him in the least.

(The End.)

### A Desirable Place to Live In.

It was in a well filled third-class carriage of an express not timed to make a stoppage for an hour or so, and during the first half of this period one of the passengers—a very excitable and withal voluble individual—loudly inveighed against things in general and the places he happened to have visited in particular. All at once a quiet, sedate old gentleman, who had up till then sat quietly in one corner, remarked:

"How would you like to live in a place where no one drank intoxicating

# The GRAPHIC'S GUNNY LEAF



**RIVER'S MOUTH.**

Miss Romantique—Is it not strange to think of these happy waters gurgling so merrily here in the brook, and then fancy how sombre and dull they are where the river flows into the sea?  
Mr. Practique—Oh, I don't know. It isn't strange that they should be sombre and dull when they get down in the mouth.

**ALL THE DIFFERENCE.**

Visitor—Does Clarence still fiddle?  
Fond mother—Oh, dear, no! He took a course of lessons in Paris, and he plays the violin now.

**ENJOYED HERSELF.**

Molly—Did you enjoy yourself at the ball last night?  
Dolly—Yes, indeed.  
Molly—But you danced all the time with but one man.  
Dolly—Yes; but there were seven others pacing the hall floor in a jealous rage.

**ACCOMPLICES.**

"I see that big canvas in the gold frame is signed by Smith as well as by you."  
"Yes, we collaborated."  
"Sort of companions in gilt, eh?"

**POINTED.**

Barber—Shall I go over your face twice?  
Customer—No, I think once will do; I don't want you to strain your voice.

**AT THE CLUB.**

Harold—What's that article you're cutting out of the magazine?  
Rupert—An article on "How to Prolong Life!" My rich Uncle Jack always drops in here about 3 o'clock, and the first thing he tucks is the magazines!

**THOSE FOOLS!**

Branche: I made a regular fool of Harry last night.  
Cora (eagerly): Did he really propose?

**TOO HASTY.**

Customer: "I'll give you five shillings for that book. That's every penny it's worth."  
Shopman: "I—I—"  
Customer (interrupting): "Five shillings, or nothing."  
Shopman: "Very well, sir. Thanks. Cash! I was trying to say that the retail price of the book was three-and-nine, but you wouldn't allow me to."

**NATURAL SCEPTICISM.**

Juggles: How did the impression first arise that perhaps the Bible didn't contain the truth?  
Waggles: Probably when people considered that the twelve Apostles were fishermen.

The most wonderful thing about a baby, says a cynic, is his ability to refrain from blushing when his mother, in his presence, describes his good points to her visitors.

**WE NEVER KNOW.**

"Ah!" sighed the long-haired passenger, "how little we know of the future and what it has in store for us."  
"That's right," rejoined the man with the auburn whiskers in the seat opposite; "little did I think some 30 years ago when I carved my initials on the rule desk in the country schoolhouse that I would some day grow up and fail to become famous."

**WHAT WAS WANTED.**

Lady (indignantly)—That parrot we bought of you hadn't been in the house a day before it began to swear dreadfully!  
Dealer—But you insisted, ma'am, on getting one that would be quick to learn!

**TRUE ENOUGH.**

"Which is farther away?" asked the teacher, "England or the moon?"  
"England," the children answered quickly.  
"England? What makes you think that?"  
"Because we can see the moon, and we can't see England," answered the brightest of the class.



"The man I mean to marry," said Miss Plain, "must be a hero."  
"He will be," remarked our cynic.

**ON GUARD.**

"Has that sporty old widow succumbed to your attractions yet?"  
"No; no such luck. I am afraid she is one of the 'Old Guard.'"  
"How so?"  
"She dyes, but never surrenders."

**A HAPPY THOUGHT.**

She—Richard, this would be a good time to apply to papa for his consent.  
He—Is he in a particularly good humour?  
She—On the contrary, he is very angry over my dressmaker's bills, and would be glad for almost any excuse to get rid of me.

**OUT OF IT.**

Visitor—What are you crying about, my little man?  
Little Willie—All my brothers hez got a holiday, and I hain't got none.  
Visitor—Why, that's too bad! How is that?  
Little Willie (between sobs)—I—I—don't go—to school yet!

**A GLEAM OF HOPE.**

"What did Neighbob say when you told him you wanted to marry his daughter?"  
"He didn't absolutely refuse, but he imposed a very serious condition."  
"What was it?"  
"He said he would see me hanged first."

**THEORY AND PRACTICE.**

Hibbs—Who was the man you gave a shilling to this morning?  
Gibbs—An old literary friend of mine; author of "How to Get Rich in a Month."

**SIGNS OF THE TIMES.**

"I believe you have been secretly married to young Mr Noodle!" cried the irate father.  
"How ridiculous!" replied his daughter.  
"Well," said her sire, "he used to come here at 8 o'clock and stay till 11.30, and now he doesn't get here until nine o'clock and leaves at 10.15."

**OUTSIDE HER RECKONING.**

"Mamma, what would you do if that big vase in the parlour should get broken?" said Tommy.  
"I should whip whoever did it," said Mrs. Banks, gazing severely at her little son.  
"Well, then, you'd better begin to get up your muscle," said Tommy, "coz papa broke it."

**ON THE SAFE SIDE.**

Little Eph—I don't believe in ghosts, but I hope dey don't know it, 'cause it might rile 'em fo' people not toe believe in 'em.

**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, 'Oh, very well, dear, have it your own way.'"

**THE SECRET OF THE SURVIVAL.**

Miss Summit—What a lot of old china Miss Spindle has! And she says it was handed down in her family.  
Miss Palisade—Then it is just as I expected.  
Miss Summit—What is it?  
Miss Palisade—That her ancestors never kept servants.

**SO SEVERE.**

Mrs Bingo—You must be careful what you say to the cook, dear, or she will leave.  
Bingo—Why, was I hard on her?  
"Were you? Why, anyone would have thought you were talking to me!"

**NOT THE THING.**

"Mr. Smith," said a lady at the fair, "won't you please buy a bouquet to present to the lady you love?"  
"It wouldn't be right," said Mr. Smith; "I'm a married man."



**THE INSINUATOR.**

Marie: "You should get him to sign the pledge when you marry."  
Carrie: "Why, he doesn't drink."  
Marie: "No, but he may be tempted to do so later."

**A SURE SIGN.**

Bellows—What makes you fear that your son, who went to Australia to make his fortune, is dead?  
Fellows (with a sigh)—He hasn't written for money for nearly two months.

**CUT OUT FOR IT.**

"My son," said his father, solemnly, "when you see a boy always loafing about the street corners, what place in life do you think he is fitting himself for?"  
"To be a policeman."

**UNKIND.**

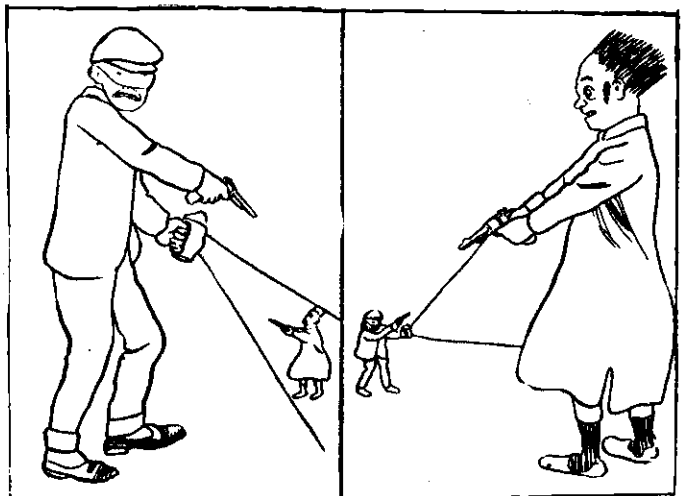
Ethel—That detestable Mrs Bloom said that I looked thirty.  
Maud—How perfectly absurd!  
Ethel (elated)—Frankly, now, how old do you really think I look?  
Maud—About forty.

**A FOOLISH QUESTION.**

His Honor—You are charged with stealing chickens. Have you any witnesses?  
Mouldy Mike—I have not. I don't usually steal chickens before witnesses.

**THE BURGLAR AGAIN.**

Fullcash (waking with a start in the middle of the night, and hearing sounds in his bedroom)—Who's there? Speak! Who's there?  
Hoarse whisper from the darkness—For goodness' sake, hush. There's a burglar just gone downstairs. I'm a policeman, and if you'll keep quiet, and not strike a light, I'll nab him in two twos.  
Fullcash obeys, and the whisperer, whose name is Sikes, ambles gently downstairs and out of the back door with his booty.



**PUT YOURSELF IN HIS PLACE.**

How the Burglar looks to Smith. How Smith looks to the Burglar.