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## FILLS THE BILL.

After the resolutions affirming the desirability of annexing the Islands had been carried a Parliamentary press correspondent met Mr Seddon in the lobby of the House. "The Premier seemed much elated," says the press-man and remarked to me as he passed, "Tell them the word is 'SEDDONIA! SEDDONIA!'"

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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## CHAPTER XI.

### VOICES OF THE NIGHT.

From my place of concealment I was able to watch the major closely without risk of detection.

His presence there boded no good. He had crept slowly up the avenue until within sight of the house, and was intently scanning the gray party assembled on the lawn. Was it possible that he had walked behind me and watched me enter there?

He was scarcely so smart in appearance as the day when he led my bride up the aisle of the church, and had afterwards handed me the cigarette, but nevertheless he retained the distinctly foppish air of the man-about-town. For a few moments only he remained there eagerly scanning the distant group, then, as though reassured, he turned on his heel, and retraced his steps towards the lodge.

Determined to watch his movements I followed him until he gained Hounslow station, and there I saw him turn into a low-built old-fashioned inn, where I afterwards discovered he had been staying for a couple of days' past.

That some conspiracy was being formed I could not doubt; therefore I set myself to keep strict watch upon him, a no easy matter, for from hour to hour I feared that he might recognise me. It was he who had petitioned the Archbishop for the special license for our marriage; he who had with some mysterious motive posed as the father of the woman I now loved. Surely she must have known that he was not her father, and, if so, she herself had taken part in a plot which had so nearly cost her her life.

But was she not dead when I found her lying there? Most certainly. I could have sworn before any coroner that she was lifeless. The puzzle was bewildering.

The major's movements might possibly give me some clue. It was fortunate that we had met.

At a cheap clothier's I had purchased a rough second-hand suit, and a bowler hat, much the worse for wear, and these I had assumed in order to alter my appearance as much as possible, for a well-dressed man in a silk hat is somewhat remarkable in a place like Hounslow. About nine o'clock that same night, while I stood idling about the station with my eye ever upon the inn opposite, my vigilance was suddenly rewarded; for the major emerged leisurely, carefully lit a cigar, and then strolled across the railway bridge and down the road towards Whittington. Darkness had not quite set in, therefore I hesitated to follow him; but fortunately I had explored the neighbourhood thoroughly during the past few hours, and knew that by crossing to the opposite platform of the station I could gain a foot-path which led through fields and market gardens, emerging into the high-road almost opposite the gates of the park.

This byway I took, and hurrying down it, arrived at a point near the lodge fully five minutes before he appeared along the road. The gates were, however, closed.

Would he ring and demand admittance, I wondered.

When about two hundred yards from the gates he suddenly halted, glanced up and down the road as though to make certain that no one was watching, and then bending down squeezed himself through a hole in the wooden fencing and disappeared. He evidently knew that the gates were locked, and had already discovered that mode of entry, if indeed he had not broken away the palings himself earlier in the day.

Without hesitation I hurried forward over the grass by the roadside, so that he might not hear my footsteps, and discovering the hole in the paling, entered after him. I found

myself in the midst of hawthorn bushes and thick undergrowth, but, pausing and listening intently I soon detected which direction he had taken by the noise of breaking twigs. For some ten minutes I remained there, fearing to move lest the noise might alarm him, but when at last he was out of hearing I crept forward, breaking my way through in the direction of the avenue. The night was hot, and so still that each sound seemed to awaken the echoes.

What if he had paused, and, becoming alarmed, was now awaiting me! I pushed forward as cautiously as I could. It was quite dark, and I could discern nothing in the obscurity of the copse. At last, however, the brambles having scratched my hands and face, and my clothes having been badly torn, I emerged into the drive up which I had passed that afternoon. I stood listening, but could hear no sound beyond the howling of a distant dog and the roar of a train on its way to London. I strained my ear to detect in which direction the major had gone, for a footstep on the gravel can be heard a long distance in the silence of the night. All was, however, quiet—a stillness that somewhat unnerved me, for it occurred to me that he might be lurking somewhere among the dark bushes and perhaps watching me with secret satisfaction.

With the greatest caution I crept on, walking noiselessly over the grass in the direction of the house. As soon as the old mansion came into view I saw that lights burned in many of the windows, and from the drawing-room, where the open doors led on to the lawn, came the lively strains of dance music.

From where I stood I could see the high lamps, with their shades of yellow silk, and now and then bright dresses flashed past the long windows. A couple of figures were strolling up and down before the house. I could see their white shirt-fronts in the darkness, and knew that they were men smoking and enjoying the night air. The waltz ceased, and as I listened a sweet female voice broke forth, singing to a piano accompaniment a selection from Bizet's "Les Pêcheurs de Perles" that charming song "Je crois entendre encore." The voice was full of rich melody, and had evidently been trained. Was it, I wondered, that of my mysterious wife?

The two men at last tossed away their cigar ends and entered the house; thus I became encouraged to approach closer, cross the lawn and peep through one of the side windows of the drawing-room. It was, I saw, a long, low, old room, comfortably furnished in a bygone style. Across the ceiling were great caken beams, dark and mellow with age, while most of the furniture dated from the early part of the century. Fully a dozen people were there, but as I peered around I was disappointed not to see my love. I had risked detection and discovery to obtain sight of her, but she was not present, neither was her cousin Nora. Most of the guests seemed smart people, judging from the women's toilettes, and all were talking about with the air of laziness which overcomes one after a good dinner. Dancing had ended, and as I watched, a young, dark-haired girl approached the piano, and at somebody's suggestion commenced to sing a song by which I knew that she was French. It was a song familiar to me in the days when before entering the hospital school I had lived in Paris, that ditty so popular in the cabarets of the Montmartre. "Tu t'en iras les pieds devant." She sang merrily, and was loudly applauded. It was evident that the knowledge of French among the guests was not, as is so often the case, a pretence, for they laughed heartily at the comic expressions, and grinned when there was anything particularly "risqué." It was certainly not the

song for a drawing-room, and the fact that it had been demanded showed plainly that the company was not a very prudish one. But alas! Society has sadly degenerated during the past decade. Ten years ago music-halls were regarded as palaces of Satan, into which no respectable woman dare enter; but nowadays it is quite the correct thing to spend an evening at the music-hall, and mothers do not hesitate to take their daughters to hear songs calculated to bring a blush to the face of a virtuous girl.

How is it that at the end of this century respectable women ape the dress, the manners, and even the slang of the "demi-monde"? To be fast is to be chic—a fact which is surely to be regretted by those who still hold the Englishwoman as the pure type of all that is sweet and adorable. It seems to me very much as though in the lounge of the music-hall, that carpeted promenade of Aspalia, the line dividing the "monde" from the "demi-monde" is so fine as to be almost indistinguishable. The smart woman of to-day is not very far removed from those unfortunates of her sex whom she calls "creatures," yet whose mores in skirts and millinery she is so fond of imitating; whose career she will denounce in fiction, and whose argot she argots of the bar, the restaurant, and the night-club, is fast creeping into her vocabulary. Smartness is almost invariably a synonym for the manners of a "cocotte."

I peered in through those windows, eager for a glimpse of Beryl. Surely she was not like those others? No. I recollected her calm dignity and sweet grace when I had spoken to her. She, at least, was high-minded and womanly. I was glad she was not there to hear that song.

The singer sat down, having finished amid roars of laughter, and when the conversation was resumed; but at that instant I became conscious of someone passing near me, and had only just time to draw back into the shadow and thus escape observation. It was one of the guests, a man who lounged slowly along, the glowing end of his cigar shining in the darkness. Alone, he was apparently full of reflections, for he passed slowly and mechanically onward without noticing me. Unable to see his face, I could only detect that he was rather above the average height, and by the silhouette I saw that he stooped slightly.

The encounter, however, caused me to recede from the house, for I had no desire to be detected there and compelled to give an account of myself. I was in shabby clothes, and if found in the vicinity might be suspected of an intention to commit a theft.

Where was the major? He had certainly entered there, but had escaped my vigilance by passing through the thicket. I had been there nearly half an hour yet had not been able to re-discover him. The lawn on one side was bounded by a light iron fencing, beyond which was a thick wood, and upon this fencing I mounted and sat to rest in full view of the house and the long windows of the drawing-room. In the deep shadow of the trees I waited there, safe from detection, listening to the music which soon recommenced, and wondering what had become of the man whom I had tried

to follow. He seemed to have avoided the house, and gone to the opposite side of the Park.

Not far away lay the great lake, tranquil in the gloom, mirroring the stars upon its unruffled surface, and disturbed only by the rustle of a rat along the bank, or the plaintive cry of a teal as she made her way among the dry rushes.

Although I could actually see into the circle of the assembled guests, yet I was so far off that I could distinguish the women by the colour of their gowns. Had Beryl returned to join them, I wondered, I was longing for a single glance at her dear face, that face sweeter than any other in all the world.

A woman in a cream dress, cut low at the neck, came suddenly to the doorway and peered forth into the night, as though in search of someone, but a moment later she disappeared, and again the piano broke forth with the pretty minuet from "Manon."

I had, I felt certain, been there almost, if not quite, an hour; therefore I was resolved to make a tour of the Park in an endeavour to find the man whose suspicious movements had so interested me earlier in the evening. With that object in view I leaped down upon the lawn, crossed it until I reached the edge of the lake, which I skirted until I gained a rustic bridge which crossed the tiny brook that rippled over the stones and fell into the pool.

Of a sudden I heard a sound. It was quite distinct, like a half suppressed cough. I halted in surprise, but no other movement reached my ear. Could I have been mistaken? The noise seemed very human, yet I knew that in the darkness of night the most usual sound becomes exaggerated and distorted. Therefore reassured, I continued my way by the narrow unfrequented path, which, leaving the lake side, struck across the park and led me by a stile into a dark belt of wood.

Scarcely had I entered it, however, when I heard human voices distinctly. I halted and listened. An owl hooted weirdly, and there was a dead silence.

I wondered whether the persons I had surprised had detected my presence. I stood upon the narrow path holding my breath, so that I could catch every sound.

A couple of minutes passed. To me they seemed as hours. Then again the voices sounded away to the left, apparently on the edge of the wood. Noiselessly I retraced my steps to the stile, and then found that from there ran a path inside the iron railing, whither I knew not. But somehow down that path two persons were in consultation.

Treading carefully so that my footsteps should not be overheard I crept down the path until of a sudden I caught sight of a woman's white dress in the gloom. Then, sufficiently close to overhear, I halted with strained ears.

I was hidden behind a high hazel bush, but could just distinguish, against that reddish glare which shines in the sky of the outskirts of London on a summer's night, two silhouettes, those of a man and a woman. The former had halted and was leaning against the railing, while the latter, with a shawl twisted about her shoulders, stood facing him.

"If you had wished you could certainly have met me before this," the man was grumbling. "I've waited at the stile there a solid hour. Besides, it was a risky business with so many people about."

"I told you not to come here," she answered, and in an instant I recognised the voice. They were the sweet, musical tones of the woman who was my wife.

"Of course," laughed her companion, sardonically. "But, you see, I prefer the risk." And I knew by the deep note that the man who stood by her was the major.

"Why?" she inquired. "The risk is surely mine in coming out to meet you!"

"Bah! Women can always make excuses," he laughed. "I should not

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have made this appointment if it were not imperative that we should meet."

"Well?" she sighed. "What do you want of me now?"

"I want to talk to you seriously."

"With the usual request to follow," she observed wearily. "You want money, eh?"

"Money? Oh, no," he said with bitter sarcasm. "I can do without it. I can live on air, you know."

"That's better than prison fare, I should have thought," she answered grimly.

"Ah, now, my dear, you're sarcastic," he said, with a touch of irony. "That doesn't become you."

"Well, tell me quickly what you want and let me get back, or they will miss me."

"You mean that your young lover will want to know with whom you've been flirting, eh? Well, you can mislead him again as you've done many times before. What a fine thing it is to be an accomplished liar. I always envy people who can lie well, for they get through life so easily." He spoke in a familiar tone, as though he held her beneath an influence that was irresistible.

"I am no liar," she protested quickly. "The lies I have been compelled to tell have been at your own instigation."

"And to save yourself," he added, with a dry, harsh laugh. "But I didn't bring you here for an exchange of compliments."

CHAPTER XII.  
THE MORNING AFTER.

"Then why have you compelled me to meet you again?" she demanded fiercely, in a tone which showed her abhorrence of him. "The last time we met you told me that you were going abroad. Why haven't you gone?"

"I've been and come back again."

"Where?"

"That's my business," he answered quite calmly. "Your welcome home is not a very warm one, to say the least."

"I have no welcome for my enemies."

"Oh, I'm an enemy, eh? Well," he added, "I have always considered myself your friend."

"Friend!" she echoed. "You show your friendliness in rather a curious manner. You conceive these dastardly plots and then compel me to do your bidding, to act as your decoy."

"Come, come," he laughed, his temper quite unruffled by her accusation. "You know that in all my actions I am guided by your interests—as well as my own."

"I was certainly not aware of it," she responded. "It cannot be to my interest that you compel me to meet you here like this at risk of discovery. Would it not have been better if our meeting had taken place in London, as before?"

"Necessity has driven me to make this appointment," he responded. "To write to you is dangerous, yet I wanted to give you warning so that you can place yourself in a position of security."

"A warning—of what?" she asked, breathlessly.

"La Gioia is here."

"La Gioia!" she gasped. "Here? Impossible!"

La Gioia! It was the name I had found written upon the piece of paper beneath her pillow.

"Unfortunately, it is the truth," he responded in an earnest voice. "The contretemps is serious."

"Serious!" she cried in alarm. "Yes, it is serious, and through you I am thus placed in peril."

"How do you intend to act?"

"I have no idea," she responded in a hoarse tone. "I am tired of it all and driven to despair. I am sick to death of this eternal scheming, this perpetual fear that the terrible truth should become known. God knows how I have suffered during the past year. Ah, how a woman can suffer and still live! I tell you," she cried with sudden desperation, "this dread that haunts me continually will drive me to take my life."

"Rubbish!" he laughed. "Keep up your pluck. With a little ingenuity a woman can deceive the very devil himself."

"I tell you," she said, "I am tired of life, of you, of everything. I have nothing to live for, nothing to gain by living."

Her voice was the broken voice of a woman driven to desperation by the fear that her secret should become known.

"Well," he laughed brutally, "you've certainly nothing to gain by dying, my dear."

"You taunt me," she cried in anger. "You who hold me irrevocably in this bond of guilt, you who compel me to act as your accomplice in these vile schemes! I hate you!"

"Without a doubt," he responded, with a short laugh. "And yet I have done nothing to arouse this feeling of antagonism."

"Nothing? Do you then think so lightly of all the past?"

"My dear girl," he said, "one should never think of what has gone by. It's a bad habit. Look to your own safety—and to the future."

"La Gioia is here," she repeated in a low voice, as though unable fully to realise all that the terrible announcement meant. "Well, how do you intend to act?"

"My actions will be guided by circumstances," he replied. "And you?"

She was silent. The stillness of the night was broken only by the dismal cry of a night bird down near the lake.

"I think it is best that I should die and end it all," she replied in a hard, strained voice.

"Don't talk such nonsense," he said impatiently. "You are young, graceful, smart, with one of the prettiest faces in London. And you would commit suicide. The thing is utterly absurd."

"What have I to gain by living?" she inquired again, that question being apparently uppermost in her mind.

"You love young Chetwode. You may yet marry him."

"No," she answered with a sigh, "I fear that can never be. Happiness can never be mine—never."

"Does he love you?" inquired the major, with a note of sympathy in his voice.

"Love me? Why, of course he does."

"You have never doubted him?"

"Never."

"And he has asked you to marry him?"

"Yes, a dozen times."

"When was the last occasion?"

"To-night—an hour ago."

"And, of course, you refused?"

"Of course."

"Why?"

"Because of the barrier which prevents my marriage with him."

"And you will allow that to stand in the way of your safety?"

"My safety?" she echoed. "I don't understand."

"Cannot you see that if you married Cyril Chetwode at once La Gioia would be powerless?"

"Ah!" she exclaimed, suddenly impressed by the suggestion. "I had never thought of that."

"Well," he went on, "if you take my advice you'll lose no time in becoming Chetwode's wife. Then you can defy your enemies and snap your fingers at La Gioia."

A deep silence fell. The woman who was my wife was reflecting.

"You say that by marriage I could defy my enemies, but that is incorrect. I could not cut myself free of all of them."

"Why? Whom would you fear?"

"You yourself!" she answered bluntly. "I know you too well, alas!" she went on desperately. "I know that I could never be safe from your ingenious plotting, that just at the moment of my happiness you would cast upon me the black shadow of the past."

"You have no confidence in me," he protested with a dissatisfied air.

"I can have no confidence in one who holds me enslaved as you do."

"And yet I have come here at considerable risk and personal inconvenience to give you warning."

"Because you fear discovery yourself."

"No," he laughed. "I'm quite safe. I merely came here to make two suggestions to you. One I have already made, namely, that you should marry Chetwode without delay. And the other—"

He paused, as though accurately to gauge the extent of his power over her.

"Well? Go on. I am all attention."

"The other is that you should, as before, render me a trifling assistance in a little matter I have in hand which, if successfully carried out, will place both of us for ever beyond the reach of La Gioia's vengeance."

"Another scheme!" she cried wearily. "Well, what is it? Some further dastardly plot or other, no doubt. Explain it."

"No. You are under a misapprehension," he responded quickly. "The affair is no dastardly plot, but merely a little piece of ingenuity by which we may outwit La Gioia."

"Outwit her!" she cried. "The very devil himself could not outwit La Gioia!"

"Ah!" he laughed. "You women are always so ready to jump to ill-formed conclusions. She has one weak point."

"And you have discovered it?"

"Yes. I have discovered it."

"How?"

"That is my affair. It is sufficient to be aware that she, the invincible, is nevertheless vulnerable."

There was another pause, but at last the woman I loved responded in a firm, determined tone.

"Then, if this is true, I leave it to you. You declare that you are my friend; therefore I can at least rely on you for protection, especially as we have so many interests in common."

"But you must assist me," he observed.

"No," she answered, "I refuse to do that. I have painful recollections of what has already happened. The grim ghosts of the past are always with me."

"You are far too impressible," he laughed. "If I had not stood your friend, you would have fallen into the hands of the police long ago."

"And you?" she inquired.

He did not respond. Possibly the subject was rather too unwelcome to admit of discussion. From his fingers I knew this man to be at least a gaol-bird who had performed hard labour, and it was also certain that with the ingeniously prepared cigarette he had attempted to take my life.

"No," she went on in a clear, firm voice, "I refuse to be further associated with any of your schemes. You are capable of carrying out any villainy without my assistance."

"Need we use the term villainy where La Gioia is concerned?" he asked. "You know her well enough to be aware that if she finds you she will be merciless, and will gloat over your downfall."

"I would kill myself before she discovers me," my wife declared.

"But you might not have time," he suggested. "To die willingly demands considerable resolution. Women's nerve usually fail them at the extreme moment."

"Mine will not, you may rest assured of that," she answered.

"You don't seem capable of listening to reason to-night," he protested.

"I am capable of listening to reason, but not to conspiracy," she replied with some hauteur. "I know well what is passing in your mind. It is not the first time that such a thought has passed there. You would plot to take her life—to murder La Gioia!"

He laughed outright, as though there were something humorous in her words.

"No, no, my dear," he answered quickly. "You quite misunderstand my intention."

"I misunderstand your intention on a previous occasion," she said, meaningly.

"But in this affair our interests are entirely mutual," he pointed out. "You must assist me."

"I shall not."

"But you must. It is imperative."

We have everything to gain by securing her silence."

"And everything to lose by meeting her."

"But when we meet her it will be in defiance. I have thought out a plan."

"Then carry it out," she said. "I will have nothing whatever to do with it."

"I may compel you," he said, with slow distinctness.

"You have already compelled me to act as your accomplice, but you have strained my bonds until they can resist no longer. I intend to break them."

"That is, indeed, very interesting!" He laughed, treating her as though she were a spoilt child.

"Yes!" she cried furiously. "I will kill myself."

"And leave me to make a scandalous explanation."

"Then you would besmirch my good name after my death!" she said, turning upon him quickly. "Ah! yes. You show yourself in your true colours. You would even weave about me a web of infamy, so as to prevent me taking my life. I hate and detest you."

"That's not the first time you have informed me of that fact, my dear," he responded, with perfect coolness.

"If it were not for you I should now be a happy, careless girl, without a thought beyond the man I love. Thanks to you I am, however, one of the most wretched of all God's creatures."

"You need not be. You are petted in your own circle of friends, and your reputation remains unsoiled."

"I occupy a false position," she declared. "What would Cyril say if he knew the truth?"

"A woman should never study the man who is to be her husband. It makes him far too conceited; and, moreover, she is sure to regret it in after life."

He was at times shrewdly philosophical, this scoundrel who held my wife beneath his thrall.

"I have you—only you—to thank for my present position. Believed by the world to be an honest, innocent girl, and accepted as such, I nevertheless fear from hour to hour that the truth may be revealed, and that I may find myself in the hands of the police. Death is preferable to this constant, all-consuming dread."

"The unreasonableness and pertinacity of woman is extraordinary," he exclaimed, in a tone of impatience. "What good can possibly result from this duel between us? Why not let us unite in defeating La Gioia?"

"That I refuse to do."

"But our position is serious—most serious," he pointed out. "Suppose that she discovers you?"

"Well, what then?"

"You would be entirely at her mercy," he said in a deep voice. "And you know her well enough to be aware that once determined upon a course she never goes back—you know the feindishness of her vengeance."

"I know," she responded in a voice scarce above a whisper, the voice of a woman driven to desperation.

"She is your enemy," he said. "She



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would torture, and afterwards kill you!"

"She could not torture me more than I am already tortured, with my mind so full of all that has gone by," my wife declared in a hoarse, unnatural voice which plainly told of acute suffering.

"But you must arm yourself against her," he urged. "Together we are strong enough to defeat any attack that she may make. Remember, that she is in London in search of you."

"Do you think she'll easily find me?"

"Ah! I do not know," he responded. "She has, as you are well aware, many sources of secret information open to her. Before now she has got at secrets that were supposed to be inviolable. She may discover ours."

"Then tell me plainly," she asked, dropping her voice until it was scarcely above a whisper, "do you, yourself, fear her?"

"Yes. She is the only person who, besides ourselves, knows the truth," he responded in a low tone.

"And you would set a trap into which she will fall?" she went on, still in a whisper. "Come, do not let us prevaricate longer. You intend to kill her?"

There was a dead silence. At last her companion spoke.

"Well," he answered, "and if your surmise is correct?"

"Then once and for all," she said, raising her voice, "I tell you that I'll have no hand whatsoever in it! I will not be your accomplice in the crime. I am no murderer!"

He was apparently taken aback by the suddenness of her decision.

"And you prefer to be left unprotected against the vengeance of La Gioia!" he said, harshly.

"Yes, I do," she said, determinedly. "And recollect that from to-night I refuse to be further associated with these vile schemes of yours. You deceived me once; you shall never do so again."

"It was for your own benefit—your own safety," he declared quickly.

"Enough!" she cried in anger. "You have spoken, and I have given my answer. I prefer the vengeance of La Gioia to becoming your accomplice in a foul and secret crime."

He laughed aloud.

"And you think you can break from me as easily as this? Your action to-night is foolish—suicidal. You will repent it."

"I shall never repent. My hatred of you is too strong!"

"We shall see," he laughed. "We shall see."

"Let me pass!" she cried, and, leaving him, walked quickly down the path and in a few moments the flutter of her light dress was lost in the gloom.

Her companion laughed again, a short evil laugh, then turning, hurried after her.

I emerged quickly from my hiding-place, and followed them as far as the stile. He had overtaken her, and was striding by her side, bending and talking earnestly as they were crossing the open grass-land.

To follow sufficiently close to overhear what words he said was impossible without detection, therefore I was compelled to remain and watch the receding figures until they became swallowed up in the darkness. Then, turning, I passed through the belt of wood again, and scaling a wall gained the high road which, after a walk of half an hour, took me back to Hounslow.

That night I slept but little. The discovery I had made was extraordinary. Who was this woman with the strange name? "La Gioia" meant in Italian "The Jewel," or "The Joy." Why did they fear her vengeance?

In the morning, as I descended to breakfast, the landlord of the inn, standing in his shirt-sleeves, met me at the foot of the stairs.

"Have you heard the terrible news, sir?" he inquired.

"No," I said in surprise. "What news?"

"There was murder committed last night over in Whitton Park!"

"Murder!" I gasped. "Who has been murdered?"

(To be continued.)

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

# PERFECT.

By ANITA VIVANTI CHARTRES.

"Amor che a cor gentil ratto s'apprende."—DANTE.

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## IV.

She told her husband all about it, as she sat with her little one in her arms, close by him, in the bright, closed dining-room. He growled in his fat, comfortable way, and told her that she ought to be ashamed of herself, and that she was not fit to go running about the globe alone. Next year they would go together, or she should stay at home. Really, he was sorry for the poor fellow. But Francesca laughed and laughed, with her face in her baby's soft hair—perfectly happy, utterly at peace.

Next morning she brushed her hair back tightly off her ears, made a thick plait of it, and pinned it up in a business-like, unbecoming way at the back of her head. She went through the house with Mary, finding fault and setting new rules and regulations. She discharged the housemaid. She praised the nurse. She went into the kitchen and kissed the cook, the rude, loud-voiced Irish cook, whose face was unpleasant with grease and emotion. She forgot all about Ribs, who was howling to himself in the yard.

Then she put on a large apron and went into her studio. Her old paintings looked at her with new faces, but over the clean canvas standing on the easel hovered visions of Guido's Christs and Sanzio's Angels; and Tintoretto's Dead Daughter faded away into Beatrice Cenci's weeping eyes and smiling mouth. Oh, the glorious possibilities of that untouched canvas! Her Italian soul trembled with superstitious awe. She said seven Ave Marias to bring herself luck; then took up her brushes.

She worked for six days, passionately, feverishly. On the seventh morning Mary knocked at the studio door and brought in a letter. Francesca dried her turpentine fingers in her apron and opened the envelope. It bore an Italian stamp.

"I am coming to New York," wrote Karl Helmut. "I shall run up to Frankfurt to say good-bye to my people, and sail from Liverpool next Saturday week, on the Etruria. I am coming because I want to see you. It is useless for me to pretend to have any other reason. All I want is to be where you are; all I ask for is the sight of your face; all I hope for is your friendship. I do not want to be more to you than Ribs; but why should I be less? Why should I be three thousand miles away from you, while he is allowed to bark out his grief to your windows and flap his tail against the stones of your yard? Let us, Ribs and I, live out our lives under the light of your calm eyes. 'Ne altro chiederemo.'"

So he was coming to New York to see her! Not for any other reason, but just to see her; only to see her, and perhaps be allowed to speak to her sometimes. Three thousand miles! And he was leaving Italy, and Lamperti, and Leoni, and Domenicetti, and his career, and his mother and sister, in order to live out his life, like Ribs, under the light of her calm eyes.

She took off her apron and looked at herself in the looking glass. She ruffled up her hair a little over her temples, it was dragged back so tight. Then she ran downstairs and out into the yard.

There stood Ribs desolate, yellow kennel, and his two paws hung forlornly out of it. She called him: "Ribs!" And he lifted a slow and rather inflamed eye to her face. "Come here, Ribs. Poor Ribs! Good dog." He crawled out, stretching himself, with his tongue hanging flabbily out of his mouth. He was an ugly dog. He was a dog no one would ever dream of saying "sir" to. "Go away, dog," was the only way strangers addressed him. He looked sick, degenerate and mangy.

But Francesca suddenly put out her white arms and dragged him to her. She took his rusty cheeks between her hands, and spoke to him. "I have been very unkind to you, Ribs. I

have not come down to see you since I arrived. I have made fun of you and called you names. And you are so good and sad and faithful. And I cannot help being glad you are coming three thousand miles to see me. I am going to send you down all the lamb chops we were to have for lunch; we can do with the cold veal and salad. Dear dog! good dog!" Then she put her fair cheek on his shabby brown head and began to cry.

She showed the letter to her husband because she had to, not because she wished to. He took it in the wrong spirit. She knew he would. He called the young fellow an "insolent ass" and a "presuming idiot," and damned his cheek, and said he would teach him a lesson. "Why," said Francesca, "I thought you pitied him so the other day when I was laughing at him."

At which her husband lifted up his eyes in astounded silence, walked out of the room and slammed the door.

Francesca had Ribs brought up into the drawing-room out of sheer defiance. In some vague way she connected Karl Helmut with the dog and spoke to the animal in German, discussing his imprudence and combating his love, in tender, rambling sentences which Ribs went to sleep over unresponsively, because he was old and tired.

Mary brought him into the room, dragging him by the collar, his legs stiff and straight, in bony protest against this suspicious innovation. Francesca patted him and gave him sugar, which he crumbled all over the light carpet and licked up at great length with his sticky tongue. Then he was sent away, as unwilling to go as he had been to come, leaving wiry brown hair all over the furniture and earthy paw marks down the stairs. He trotted heavily into his kennel and went to sleep again.

Francesca sat wondering, with hands clasped before her. How should she receive him? Surely she must welcome him when he landed in a wild, strange country where she was his only friend. But if Jack would not let her? Jack was such an obstinate, narrow-minded man. He did not understand the beauty of Karl's pure, god-like love; the deep, serene worship that could no more offend her than a sinner's Ave could insult the Virgin Mary. In some things Jack was horribly "borne." He was all very well in Wall-street, but the higher emotions he did not comprehend. The blue things of the soul, the pale things of the spirit, were beyond his limited, commonplace understanding. One could see it. He was fat, horribly fat. And his eyes were kind and brown and nice, but there was no depth in them, no brimming, filling waves of azure, tremulous with light. His eyes were brown, every-day, Wall-street eyes. How could they ever hope to see the blue things of the soul?

She would go alone to meet Karl and welcome him and scold him, and tell him he must go back by Wednesday's boat. With or without permission she would go.

Then some of his words came back to her: "I love you because your husband adores you, and because you love your child, and because your home-life is happy and complete." That was the ideal he carried in his mind and heart: that perfectly harmonious chord, as he once said, of three beautiful notes—the man's deep, strong, tender bass; the seraphic, tremulous treble of the child; and the calm, still, middle note that made harmony of these two—herself. That was how he dreamed of her; that was how he should find her. They must all three go to meet him at the boat.

"Ce que femme veut." Jack was reasoned to, and quarrelled with, and wept over, and sulked at. He was made to understand how beautiful the situation was—his young wife going to meet the man who loved her, with the strong husband and the tender child at her side. He was made to

admit the silent, sublime lesson thus taught without a word, impressing the unhappy young man at once with the hopelessness of his own lot and the simple beauty of the family "tableau."

"And the burden and the lesson," quoted good old Jack vaguely. "Yea, yes. All right. I do not mind, my dear. It is the most grotesque situation in the world for all of us. But we'll make fools of ourselves to please you. We would do a great deal more."

So she kissed him and told him he was a darling, and he was not to wear his large felt hat on Saturday because he looked like Buffalo Bill.

"You must wear your brown derby, Jack, and a tweed suit."

"But, my dear child, we are in August, and I am stout. Have pity on me. Surely I can wear a straw hat if you object to the Buffalo Bill."

But Francesca would not hear of it. And on Friday evening the tweed suit and a high stand-up collar and derby hat were laid out in Mr Verdon's dressing-room for him to wear next morning.

Nina's soft, straight brown hair was put up on leather curling pins, which made little lumps all over her head and prevented her from sleeping. She was very cross, tossing and crying, and saying her hair hurt and the lumps ached, and she wanted to get up and dress in the middle of the night. The nursery was next door to her mother's room, and Francesca was up and down half a dozen times, trying to pacify her and begging her not to take the curlers out of her hair.

When they all got up at half-past seven next morning (the boat was expected at ten) Nina was horribly peevish and naughty, and Francesca, pale and puffy about the eyes, quarrelled with Jack for eating such a big breakfast. It made her feel sick to see him, she said. And would he please put his boots on and get ready. It was nearly nine o'clock.

They got into the carriage. Nina, in a heavenly blue dress and in tears, was slapped and scolded all the way down because she did not want to sit with her back to the horses. Jack was perspiring in his stiff collar and derby hat, and Francesca was trying to be the "calm, still middle note that made harmony of these two."

They hurried on to the dock at twenty minutes to ten in a flutter of excitement. At one o'clock they went wearily across the way and ate some fearful sandwiches at the "Seamen's Rest—Hotel—Rooms for Gentlemen Only." They hurried back again. At three the boat was sighted moving up slowly past the Statue of Liberty.

Karl stood on deck with the breeze blowing through his hair, as tall and handsome as a young Dionysius. He took his field glasses from the case slung over his shoulder and looked at the heavy, "engonze" figure of Liberty, at its thick, square draperies, and at the astounding Brooklyn Bridge. Then he focussed the pier—Pier 40—a small, round, wooden float, with little creatures crawling about on it.

Was she there? Surely she had come to welcome him, to say, "Buon giorno," with outstretched hand and smiling, upturned face. Or perhaps she had sent a carriage with a message telling him to drive straight up to her house, where she would be waiting in her cool sitting-room with the shades down and the servants bringing in afternoon tea.

Of her husband he thought little or nothing. He had never seen him, and hardly realised that he existed. It would be time enough to think of him when they met. So in his mind Francesca still stood alone and free, as he had known her, with her brown hair through the sentimental emptiness of his soul.

There she was! In white, with a white parasol, all alone, to the front of the pier. How slender and pretty! There she stood waiting for him. His heart beat up in a wave of tender-



ness around that white, frail figure. He saw no one else.

The boat crept on. He knew exactly how she would look when their eyes met—the quick, young smile, with not much heart in it, but so much of gladness. The slight instinctive clasping of the small gloved hands, the ringing Italian voice: "Salve, signore" in the pretty classic salutation that she so often used.

The boat crawled forward. The girl in white closed her parasol and moved her hat back from her forehead. Why that was not Francesca; not even like her. How could he have made such a mistake? But where was Francesca? His eyes roved hungrily over the deck. The people stood so close together he could not distinguish them. Perhaps that one, with something scarlet in her hat—

The boat came right in, and among the waving handkerchiefs and hats he suddenly saw her. She was standing near a large stout man who was drying his face with his handkerchief, and she was holding a little girl by the hand; a family group like two or three others near them. He saw her bend down to the little one and point out the ship, point him out as he stood far aft, all by himself. So he took off his cap and waved it to them. She turned to the stout man and said something that made him leave off drying his face and wave the large handkerchief at Karl. Then Karl went down to fetch his bag and umbrella.

He stood near the head of the plank waiting for his turn to land. He looked at Francesca, whose upturned face was quite pale and serious as she held the little girl's hand. Her husband was laughing at three Frenchmen who were embracing and kissing each other.

It was his turn. He walked down the steep, rickety plank with his umbrella in one hand and his bag in the other. There at the foot they stood, all three, to receive him. But the child had begun to cry, loudly and fretfully. Francesca bent over her and tried to quiet her as Karl stepped off. "You naughty child, don't cry. Say how do you do to Mr Helmut. Give him your hand prettily, like a good girl." But Nina was tired and cross, and went on crying. So the first one to greet him was Mr Verdon, who held out a large warm hand and said, "Pleased to meet you." Francesca lifted a vexed face from her daughter's tearful and blotchy countenance.

"She's sleepy, poor little thing," she said apologetically. Then she shook hands with Karl, and asked him if he had a good crossing.

"Yes, thank you," said Karl. They were pushed and elbowed about by the people crowding round the gangway.

"I am sorry Nina gives you such a poor welcome," said Francesca, looking down at the little wailing figure by her side. "We have been waiting so long, and she has missed her afternoon sleep."

"Yes," said Karl, and for the life of him could think of nothing else to say. The silence was stupid. Francesca felt pale and sick.

"Come," she said, "let us go straight to the carriage and drive you to your hotel. We thought the Metropole would be nice for you, and it is not far from our house. Or had you made up your mind to go somewhere else?"

"He must wait for the Custom House people to examine his baggage," said Mr Verdon. And to Karl: "You had better go over there, under 'H.'"

So they all went across and stood under the letter H.

"I want to go home," sobbed Nina: "take me home."

So Karl said they should please not wait for him, as he was sure to be all right. There were some people he had made friends with on board, who would see him through if he wanted anything.

These people—two ladies and a young boy—came up, still pleasantly excited by having seen their American friends, and talked to Karl in a cheery intimate way which made Francesca feel unreasonably offended. Nina, with her hair all out of curl and her hat crushed, was sobbing, a picture of loud misery, at her skirts.

"You had better take her home," said her husband. "I'll stay here and see that he is all right."

So Francesca held out a limp hand to Karl, who left his new friends to say good-bye to her. She turned her tired back on him and walked away down the long dock, with the weeping child beside her. At the open end

she stood waiting for a carriage to drive up.

When Karl, who had been watching her, turned to see after his luggage, he caught a glimpse of what looked very much like a smile on Mr Verdon's fat and comfortable features.

And suddenly he felt as if some one had walked with loud feet into the sacred chapel of his heart and blown all the candles out.

V.

They invited him to dinner next day, and he went, stiff and good-looking, in his Frankfurter evening dress. The dinner, well-served in the tiny dining-room, was excellent, and he ate a great deal; the voyage had given him a huge appetite. They talked America most of the time; its climate, its resources, its political and financial situation. Mr Verdon did most of the talking. They laughed at Karl, who did not know what a cocktail was, and when he asked why in this country laundries were called "Wing Lees," the hilarity was prolonged and friendly.

Francesca, in a black dinner-dress, with her pretty shoulders bared, sat sedate and charming at the head of the table. Karl wondered why she was not livelier, and thought she must be getting on towards thirty. While he was thinking this and looking at her, she lifted her eyes suddenly and met his.

A wild-rose glow rushed over her face and neck. Then her lashes dropped again. Her thoughts, so lately grown shy, flew back to Rimini, to the lonely boat with the little puddle of muddy water at the bottom of it—"Quant'io dolci pensieri, quanto disio!"—and to the dear little shady sitting-room at the Hotel Lungarno, in Florence. Surely he was thinking of it too; she could tell by his face, it was so grave and gentle. With a little gasp, as she looked at his cool beauty, she remembered him, holding both her hands. "Your mouth," he had said sobbingly; "your mouth! Oh, my God!" Oh, my God! How had she refused him? How could she have laughed?

Mr Verdon was keeping up an animated soliloquy on the silver question and the national finances, putting large mouthfuls of partridge and toast into his good-natured mouth. If he saw more than he looked at, it evidently did not disturb him; and he treated his guest and his dinner with broad and genial benevolence.

Francesca did not eat anything. She watched the two men who sat eating and talking before her, with a sick impatience, she knew not of what.

At dessert Nina was brought in, curled and beribboned. She shook hands shyly and prettily with Karl, and went into peals of laughter because her father tickled her neck; then she scampered over to her mother and crawled up into her lap. There she sat, comfortably, with her little brown head resting against Francesca's breast.

Karl looked at them. Thus he had pictured her in the self-torturing agony of his dreams. Thus he saw her at last. And lo! the torture and the agony and the love all went out of his heart, tranquilly, together. Again she raised her eyes—her eyes of Murillo's gypsy-Madonna—and looked at him over her little girl's brown head.

Suddenly his thoughts flew backward too—the sun had gone down; he stood watching a low, sleeping tree, with golden blossoms folded, and tranquil leaves outspread. Behold! In her eyes the wonder of the lampadette was repeated. A quiver ran through their depths; the light, gold-brown stars trembled and shook; like the petals of strange flowers their calmness started into tears, and the tremulous marvel of her soul opened before him. Then Karl knew that the "little lamps" of sorrow were lit in her eyes, and the sun of his love had gone down.

He called on her the following afternoon. She had asked him to as he was saying good-bye the evening before. Her husband had heard, and had added encouragingly, "Yes, do call. The afternoons are rather long for Mrs Verdon, as I am down-town all day, and most of our friends are still in the country. I can guarantee," he said, putting a proprietary arm around her shoulders, and smiling down on her with tranquil contentment, "that she will make you the most delicious cup of Russian tea that samovar has ever yielded. You know," he added, "my wife is not only a great artist and a

charming woman, she is also an excellent house-keeper." On that pleasant note Karl had left the house. Did Mr Verdon, with his every-day Wall-street eyes, understand, after all, the blue things of the soul?

Francesca was a little timid and awkward at first. All her laughing serenity, her tender cruelty, had vanished, and she was earnest, womanly, and shy. She looked at Karl—the Karl that had come three thousand miles to see her—with anxious, tremulous eyes. She felt that something was going wrong, and had no idea of what it was.

Karl was very nice and friendly, but he no more looked like a man who had come three thousand miles to live out his lonely life in the light of her calm eyes, than Troubetzkoy's picture of Lord Dufferin looked like Caracci's Laocoon.

She made the Russian tea for him, moving about in graceful matronliness before his cooling gaze. Where was the wild, free, unconventional Italian "Francesca da Rimini" that he had loved and dreamed of? Where was her insolent cruelty, her untamed grace? Was it for this good wife and excellent housekeeper that he had tossed through the anguish of white nights, with wide, aching arms and crying soul?

An unreasonable anger came over him as he watched her. He remembered the expense of the journey; Leon's lessons that he had paid for and not taken; the scenes of tears and quarrels with his mother and sisters when he told them he was going to leave; the tiresome sea voyage, with not a good looking girl on board; the distance away he was from everybody; the small, hot room in the Metropole for which he was paying two dollars and a half a day—all these grievances came up in his heart against her as she bent her quiet head and poured out his tea. She handed it to him with a shy smile that irritated him. Then she took her own cup and sat down on the causeuse.

"You have a friend," she said, lifting mild, almost wistful eyes to his glowing young face, "who knows all about you, and whom you have never asked to see."

"A friend?" exclaimed Karl briskly. "Who is it?"

With a light laugh Francesca went on: "We have spoken together by the hour about you. I have done most of the talking and he the sympathetic listening."

"He! A man, therefore?" said Karl, looking puzzled. "Who is it? Do tell me."

"He is a close neighbour of ours," said Francesca. "Finish your tea and we will go and see him."

"Ready," cried Karl, putting down his cup. And then, as Francesca rose to go with him, "Do you go like that?" he said, looking at her pale tea-gown and bare head.

Francesca nodded and smiled, and they went downstairs together. "What are your plans for the future?" she asked, leading the way to the basement.

"I have none," said Karl, trying to dodge her trailing gown; "none whatever."

They passed through the back door into the yard.

"Come," said Francesca, with a pretty beckoning gesture, stopping before the dog's kennel. Karl, who was thinking of his plans and his future, now suddenly became so blank and so complicated, came up and stood beside her, absentmindedly.

Francesca bent down and held out a calling hand to the animal. "Come out," she said; "come here! good dog!"

Ribs, redder of eye and mangier of fur, emerged in brown hideousness, and moved a slow tail in ungainly joy.

"My God! What an awful brute," exclaimed Karl. "You ought to have him shot."

Francesca's heart leaped into her throat. "That is ribs," she said.

"What a fearful cur!" and Karl looked down at the beast in laughing disgust. Ribs, maudlin with age and affliction, went up to him affectionately. "Get out," said Karl, pushing him away with his stick. "But where is the man we were going to see?" he added, turning to Francesca.

"What man?"

"Why, that friend of mine you were speaking of," said Karl.

Francesca laughed a little awkward laugh. "Oh! that was—that was not true," she said. "I was only joking."

Karl wrote to a friend of his in Frankfurt to cable to him that his mother was in. It was the easiest way of getting out of a ridiculous situation.

Meanwhile he called on the Verdons quite often, because he had nowhere else to go. Besides, though the happy-family, "bon ménage" air of Francesca's home irritated him, he could not help liking to go there; to watch her face paling away into faintness when he looked at her, and glowing into sudden roses when he took her hand. He watched this beloved, useless love growing up in her heart with the amused interest of an outsider. It pleased and flattered him. And really, it was the least that he could expect in compensation for all the trouble and expense he had been put to. Such heartaches and such an amount of money thrown away! He could have knocked himself down for being such an idiot.

He ought never to have come. Any one else would have known better. But there! it was the German dreamer's blood flowing too romantically through his veins. He ought to have been a poet; he was always doing things that poets did. This journey had cost him over four hundred dollars, without counting the expenses at Rimini. And now the return journey! He made up his mind that he would go back second-class; and that determination soothed him.

"Ach ja!" Only a poet, an Arcadist, a Chevalier Geoffroy, will be capable of mediæval romanticism such as his! And Karl Helmut walked up and down his two-and-a-half-dollar room in the Metropole, reciting aloud what he remembered of Heine, Lenau and Petrarca, melting in complacent melancholy as he applied their rendering measures to himself.

"Mit schwarzen Segeln segelt mein Schiff Wohl über das wilde Meer!"

Yes! he would certainly go back second-class. It would save him thirty dollars.

"Mit schwarzen Segeln mein Schiff Wohl über das wilde Meer!"

VI.

The cablegram arrived. Karl decided to take it round to Francesca at once.

She would be alone—it was early afternoon, and Mr Verdon was downtown—and he would enter her room with sad, set face and hand her the paper in tragic silence.

All this he said to himself as he slipped on his light overcoat and put on his hat. Then he went out, whistling.

Unfortunately Francesca was not in the room when he entered with his sad, set face. So he walked over to the looking-glass and adjusted his tie. He was contemplating himself, with his head on one side, and giving a downward droop to his moustache with slightly wetted forefinger and thumb, when he saw that she had come in and stood behind him.

He had no time to look sad or set; he turned and handed her the cable without a word.

"Poverino!" she said, in her soft Italian voice; "poverino!"

"Of course," said Karl mournfully. "I must go back."

Something, some vague repressed ring of satisfaction and relief, must have reached her keen soul through his slow spoken words. She lifted her clever face, pale to the lips, with the light of revelation in her wide eyes. "Of course," she said calmly.

He looked at her. Under his steady blue eyes that she had seen so often fill with tears, her own wavered, overflowed. Her dolorous mouth trembled. Her soul sobbed out her wondering misery.

He stood looking down at her and feeling very sorry. She used to be so pretty and wild and happy. He wished — "a partie" the question of the four hundred dollars—that he had never come. So he took her hand tenderly and kissed it.

She began to cry, piteously, broken-heartedly. She could not understand. "Why? Why?" she sobbed, looking up at him with trembling mouth. He knew what she meant. But he could not answer, or explain the strange, simple transformation that had come over his heart. He would have wounded her without making her understand.

So he bent down and kissed her hair. As she began to sob again, he took his hat and left her.

## VII.

Mr Verdon insisted that they should all three go to see him off and "speed the parting guest" as they had welcomed him. So the three drove down again one morning: Nina, as good as gold, with her back to the horses; Francesca, with pale face and swollen eyes, and Mr Verdon talking pleasantly of their plans for the coming winter, with his eyes persistently turned out of the window on his side.

His fat, kind hand lay on his knee near to Francesca. Once her eyes wandered down to it in a helpless kind of way, but she turned from it quickly and drew her own further away.

Mr Verdon went on talking about the advisability of giving fortnightly receptions during the winter. His voice was strong and steady, but his thick eyebrows were drawn into a queer, troubled curve over his commonplace, wall-street eyes—the eyes that could not see the pale things of the spirit.

The huge ship panted and shrieked. "All ashore, please; all ashore!" cried the red faced sailors, hustling and pushing past.

"Good-bye," said Mr Verdon, holding out his hand to Karl, who shook it warmly. "And good luck to you. Hope you'll have a pleasant journey and find the dear old lady O. K. when you get home."

Then he lifted Nina up in his arms; the people were pushing her about so. "Say good-bye to Mr Helmut, young one," he said, holding her forward. "Kiss him nicely and say 'God speed!'"

"God speed," said little Nina, in her bird-like treble voice, and kissed Karl's handsome face.

"You follow me, Francesca," said her husband, lifting the little one on his shoulder, and he turned from them and made his way largely and broadly through the crowd.

Francesca put out her hand to Karl. "My God!" she said, lifting her miserable face to his, "shall I never see you again?"

"Why not?" said Karl lightly, "the world is so small!"

"Come along, dear," Jack said authoritatively, drawing his wife's arm through his and taking hold of Nina with the other hand. "We are not going to stand here with the crowd, looking up like fools until the boat leaves. Just wave your hand to him and come along."

Francesca meekly turned and obeyed. There he stood, tall, fair and alone, far aft on the bridge, with his cap in his hand and the sun shining down on his wavy hair. He smiled and nodded and waved his cap.

Then, suddenly, she understood. She saw herself, as he saw her, moving away with her fat, contented husband and her healthy little child—a tender wife, a patient mother, a good house-keeper. He had thought he loved her for all this; he had said he loved her because she was a perfect woman. It was not true. Men do not love perfect women.

The boat shrieked and quivered. As they got into the carriage she could hear the people on the dock cheering and the last hoarse, answering cry from the ship.

Men do not love perfect women. She turned her head slightly toward her husband, who was looking out of the window as before, with averted face—except, perhaps, it be men who do not understand the blue things of the soul.

His fat, strong hand was lying on his knee. It looked a lonely hand.

Suddenly Francesca lifted it to her lips and kissed it.

Nina laughed.

## Complete Story.

## TWO BARE ARMS.

(By ADA INCHBOLD.)

It was the close of a summer day. The garden of the Golden Stag was filled with a gay, motley crowd of people who came from the town, six miles away, every evening to visit the baths of Maxau. Every table was full, and the clatter of plates, the jingle of glasses, and the buzzing of voices rose far above the gentle rustling of the leaves on the trees, and the lapping of tiny waves against an undulating bridge of boats.

At a small table close to the river bank was seated a young man, who was leaning back in his chair, tilting it idly up and down, but at the same time gazing intently in one direction. Following his gaze there appeared nothing to warrant its persistency, nothing that, at first sight, partook of a magnetic element.

It was a dingy, low-roofed kiosk, where an elderly couple, suspicious of rheumatic twinges, had taken up their position, and a waitress was deftly depositing the contents of a heavily laden tray on the table before them. She was standing in the shadow, and only her hands and arms could be seen passing swiftly to and fro.

What was the young man regarding so intently? Arms—two white, superb, round, bare arms. The sleeves were loose, and had been rolled up and pinned to the shoulders, revealing arms as perfectly moulded as ever sculptor hewed from marble.

"Holy Saints! they are just what I want," he muttered, "the most beautiful arms I have ever seen, and yet I have had a fair experience. They are simply perfect in size and contour, and by that light, in colour too. I must have them by hook or by crook for my Iphigenia. Who on earth is the girl? Tina is too coarse, and Klara is like a bag of bones; it might be Lena, but the wrist is too fine."

While he was still speculating, the girl finished her task and walked quickly away over the open grass plot, passing directly under the rays of an electric light rising high in the centre of the pleasure garden.

"Why it is that shy little Lisbeth! Who could have thought it? She has pretty eyes, but nothing else to speak of—quite plain, in fact."

Reinhardt Fischer was an artist of whom the neighbouring town of Karlsruhe was beginning to feel justly proud. He had passed successfully through the art schools, and had already gained reputation as a figure and portrait painter.

"How shall I persuade that child to come to my studio," he soliloquised; "she would be far better off as a model for me than slaving here at every idle fellow's beck and call."

As good luck would have it, in another moment Lisbeth herself bore down upon him with a foaming tankard that the so-called "bag of bones" had directed her to carry to Herr Fischer.

"Good evening, Lisbeth," he cried; "you do not often serve me. How is that?"

As a matter of fact, until to-day Reinhardt had only given the girl very casual observation—flirtations of that kind were not in his way—otherwise he would never have applied the term *main* to a face illuminated with the pathos of those soft, lustrous eyes, and framed in the thick masses of that bright chestnut hair. She was pale and heavy-eyed after the heat of the day, but as Reinhardt spoke a sudden flush coloured her cheeks.

"You do not sit at the tables I serve," she answered modestly. "Klara asked me to bring you this," and she began to draw together the empty plates and glasses.

Reinhardt was more entranced than ever upon viewing these beautiful arms close to him. The skin was so smooth, the elbow so dimpled and round, the graceful swell from the wrist upward so exquisite in contour. He longed for his palette and brushes, that he might on the spot transfer their beauty to canvas.

He was cautious to avoid apparent notice of them, but with intuitive judgment of the girl's character, spoke lightly and pleasantly to her on trivial subjects, and found out casually what tables she was accustomed to serve.

Lisbeth's replies were shy and few, but her last thought as she fell asleep that night was of the glance, warm and kind, that accompanied the parting words of Herr Fischer.

"Aut wiedersehen, Lisbeth," she murmured to herself. "Will he speak to me to-morrow, I wonder?"

The next evening found him encoined where she could wait upon him, and she deigned to win her confidence—she was very shy at first—with such success as to be able to broach the subject he had at heart.

With the winter months Lisbeth became a visitor at his studio, and after a while was induced to sit to him. As time wore on she overcame her reluctance to do so for any other than Reinhardt, and soon became in such constant request that she gave up her other occupation, and depended for a livelihood entirely on the new phase of employment that had suddenly developed before her, whether for good or for ill was for time to decide.

She became a general favourite, and not the sourest old misogynist could now call her plain. She dressed well, with instinctively refined taste; her bearing had gained confidence, she walked freely, had all the contours of a graceful woman, and what was best of all, looked happy, the essential accessory to a beautiful countenance.

"By heaven, Reinhardt, you unearthed a treasure in that girl," exclaimed Arnold Fuchs, a fellow student, as Lisbeth closed the door one afternoon after posing for a couple of hours. "I wish I could arouse such enthusiasm and devotion as you do."

"What on earth do you mean?" answered Reinhardt, sharply, pausing in his work with brush suspended.

"Mean? Why, the man thinks I am an idiot, or blind, or mad," appealed Arnold to a headless statue that stretched forth a gaunt hand in perpetual derision. "I mean that Lisbeth simply worships the ground you tread on, and I only wish I were the lucky fellow instead. Anyone with two eyes in his head can see it. Her eyes watch every movement of yours. When you touch her hand while arranging the folds of her drapery she blushes up to the roots of her hair. You have only to express the smallest wish or opinion and right or wrong she blindly sticks to both. I wonder you don't see it yourself, man. I am perfectly sick of hearing you quoted. It is an everlasting 'Herr Fischer says this,' or 'Herr Fischer does that,' when I am doing my utmost to concentrate her attention on my—in my opinion—equally estimable self, and trying to drive the fact of your existence out of her head altogether."

"Pui!" said Reinhardt, peevishly, "for goodness sake don't talk such arrant rubbish. I am going out now. Are you coming?" and he threw down his brushes impatiently, took off his blouse and arrayed himself in the inevitable velvet coat of the budding artist. He placed a bunch of violets that Lisbeth had brought him carefully in his buttonhole, and taking his friend's arm they strolled down the König Strasse together.

Though apparently indifferent these careless remarks made Reinhardt profoundly uneasy, and when he came home that evening he sat smoking by the open window, pondering over the train of ideas awakened in his mind, till the small hours of the morning. His thoughts travelled back over the past few months. He liked Lisbeth immensely. She had so much delicacy of feeling, was so modest and retiring, had become so pretty and yet was so unconscious of her attractiveness. If, unsuspected by him, she had learned to regard him with warmer feelings than mere liking it was entirely his own fault. He considered how diligently he had first sought her acquaintance, and then drifted into the easy intercourse which led to Arnold Fuchs' remarks.

How would it end? He had an active conscience, once aroused, and soon made up his mind. He was not the kind of man that gathers a flower to idly play with it or tear it to pieces and fling it away to be trampled upon in the dust by every passer by.

The remedy he resolved to adopt was severe, either because he was not sure of his own strength of resistance when temptation was at hand, or through mistaken kindness to the girl he wished to treat fairly and honourably. Heroic treatment is good for some natures; fatal to others, as he found to his cost.

The next morning he was standing before his easel when the door opened and Lisbeth came in. She hesitated for a moment on the threshold, with an air of shy expectancy, a soft colour on the usually pale cheeks, her great eyes shining like stars as they wandered round the room in search of Reinhardt. He saw and noted each detail, down to a knot of rosebuds under her chin, rivalling in colour the timid blush of the girl.

A long mirror, stretching from ceiling to floor at his side, revealed her whole figure though he was standing with his back to the door.

"Good morning, Herr Fischer," she said shyly.

Now was the moment to carry out his heroic resolve, but he had not calculated it would be a hard matter.

"Are you there, Lisbeth?" he said coldly, without turning round. "The picture is finished, now you know, so I shall not want you to-day. Now I think of it you need not come again till I send for you."

He felt a brute, as, looking sideways through the mirror, he saw the startled look, the sudden step forward, the instantaneous pallor. She had been accustomed to run in and out of the studio whether he wanted her or not. What was the meaning of this sudden change?

"But I began to sit for your Gretchen picture," faltered the girl, swallowing the big lump that suddenly rose in her throat. He never knew what possessed him to answer as he did. Some demon, he afterwards declared.

"That does not matter," he answered indifferently. "I have found a girl with prettier arms than yours."

Here he stopped. The dilated eyes, the sudden look of despair electrified him. His heart beat quickly, then felt like a lump of lead weighing him down.

The girl stood rooted to the spot. "My God," she exclaimed, "what is that you say?"

She was silent from sheer incapacity for speech at the effect of his words.

Lisbeth clasped her hands, stood as if petrified for an instant, then, with a despairing gesture, and a look from the big brown eyes that went through Reinhardt like a knife—he was still standing with his back to the door, making aimless and destructive prods at his canvas and staring sideways through the mirror—she rushed from the room, exclaiming passionately:

"May the dear good God forgive me; I cannot live without you!"

He could endure it no longer. This was more than man, saint, or fend could stand.

"Lisbeth!" he called out. "Lisbeth, come here!" expecting her immediate return.

He went to the head of the broad, stone staircase.

"Lisbeth!" he shouted.

She had already left the building and was out of sight. Down to the low archway he went, and looked up and down the street, but no sign of the girl was visible.

"She will soon calm down; those excitable natures always do, and I will go and see her in an hour or two," thought Reinhardt as he mounted slowly to his studio and there tried to absorb himself in his work as usual. But everything went wrong. The colours would not mix properly. The colours got lost, those reproachful eyes came between him and the canvas with such pertinacity that at last he threw his palette to the other end of the room in a rage.

"Sacree!" he muttered between his teeth. "I have not done a stroke of work to-day, and all through the confounded interference of that Arnold Fuchs. I suppose I must go and hunt up that girl. What a cold-blooded, heartless fiend I was! Poor little Lisbeth! If I had only known she cared for me like that! I have a good mind to"—but here he kept his thoughts to himself. They were pleasant ones, judging from the smile on his face, and the unusual light in his eyes, as he walked quickly through the streets in the direction of Lisbeth's dwelling.

But she was not in her pretty simply arranged room.

Reinhardt ran down to find the house-porter.

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"Have you seen Fraulein Lisbeth today?" he enquired.

"Not since nine o'clock, when she went out as usual," the man replied.

"Did she leave word when she would return?"

"No, but she usually comes in about noon," the man said, looking at his watch, "I can give her a message."

"All right! I'll go up and write a note. I want to see her particularly."

The man smiled as he watched Reinhardt mount the stairs to Lisbeth's room. Here was evidently another person who knew Reinhardt's affairs better than he did himself.

Reinhardt looked round the room with kindling interest, alive to sensations of environment that had hitherto been dormant.

Accustomed to treat the girl in all good comradeship he thought nothing of hunting for her writing desk and making use of its contents. In turning over the leaves of the blotter a slip of paper came to view, and in a moment he tingled from head to foot.

"Reinhardt" was scribbled over it in every variety of type. With all Lisbeth's familiarity there was a certain shy reticence about her that kept her from even addressing Reinhardt in any form but Herr Fischer.

He got up to go to the window to closer inspect this interesting scrip, in moving he awkwardly knocked the case to the floor, and from it there fell a shower of papers.

They were all in his own handwriting, he found, as he picked them from the ground.

Hurried scribbles with hour of appointment for his willing model, old envelopes that the girl must have found about his studio, bits of torn drawings, all with his sign, his mark upon them, kept and treasured with loving care.

"Arnold was right! What a blind fool I have been! I will write her a note now that will startle her possibly, but at any rate it shall be worth keeping, and perhaps make her forget my brutality of this morning."

He sat down and wrote steadily for a few moments, only pausing in between to smile quietly to himself as though surprised with sudden, glad thoughts.

Instead of leaving the note with the porter he placed it just where her eyes would at once see it when she entered the room.

Then he felt relieved and went home with a happy heart.

Love and devotion to his art had, from boyhood, held sway in his nature to the exclusion of the loves and fancies that attack most men of his age with the virulence of an epidemic. Somehow, since catching the despairing love light in Lisbeth's eyes, a sympathetic chord in his own heart unconsciously responded.

There was powerful wells of emotion in his artistic temperament, hitherto hidden, only waiting the magician's wand to burst forth into active, living springs.

The subtle essence of the girl's personality still pervading the room though she was absent, had exercised some occult influence over his psychic faculties, and the whole afternoon, while striving to work, little electric ripples kept passing over the surface of his being, whenever he paused and wondered when Lisbeth would read his note and come to him.

That she would not come never entered into his calculations, he felt so sure of her; so certain she would fly to him as a bird home to her nest.

In spite of all his eager anticipation the afternoon passed away without bringing Lisbeth. Evening came at last; now, he was positive she would not delay.

After making a tour of the studio, adjusting draperies, clearing away his work and preparing as though for a welcome, honoured guest, he arranged a basket of real roses with deep crimson centres, to greet Lisbeth with, on her arrival.

This all completed, he sat down before the window, his arms crossed on the sill, watching the corner of the street in anxious expectancy.

She was very late, but any moment, might bring her now; she would read his note and come at once, he was sure.

Eight o'clock — half-past — nine o'clock boomed slowly from the tower clock.

Still no sign of Lisbeth. He became nervously impatient, and began to walk up and down the room. How the time dragged!

Just then the house bell rang. "The outer door is closed, she cannot get in," he exclaimed, as he flew at a headlong pace down the stone stairs. A huge dark form stood between him and the last waning rays of daylight, as he pushed the great door back on its hinges. The transition from glad expectancy to keen, blank disappointment revealed a secret, had Reinhardt paused to analyse his feelings.

"What is it?" he asked abruptly. "I am seeking Herr Reinhardt Fischer," was the reply.

The gas lamp was at that moment lighted up, and disclosed the glittering buttons and insignia of a member of the police staff.

"I am he," replied Reinhardt. "What is your business with me?"

"Good," said the policeman, "you are wanted at the mortuary for the identification of a body picked up in the canal this morning. Your name and address were found in the person's grasp."

"My God," gasped Reinhardt, "what is that you say?" using unwittingly the same words Lisbeth had said to him. "Am I to go with you now?"

"Yes, sir," said the policeman. "You had better get your hat though," he added, as Reinhardt came into the street to start as he was, with his thick fair hair uncovered and dishevelled by the night breeze. He turned mechanically and went laboriously upstairs, followed closely by the policeman. They came down together and walked slowly through the quiet streets.

An unspeakable horror seized upon Reinhardt; his heart seemed frozen within him.

In a few moments they stood at the entrance of the narrow building he had often before entered indifferently for purposes of his profession. He paused and would have turned away unable to bear any longer the awful sensation of presentiment that held him in its grasp.

He should have waited for Lisbeth, he thought; she would go away before he returned. The policeman caught his arm, and drew him inside, and along a few paces.

"Here is the body," he said. Reinhardt's eyes were glued to the ground.

Slowly he lifted them on a level with that motionless form standing up in grim outline through the white covering.

Slowly, very slowly they travelled up, pausing long and painfully, at each mysterious curve. They reached the shoulder and rested there.

"Well, sir?" said an impatient voice. By a mighty effort he lifted his weighed eyelids and looked yet higher.

What hateful nightmare is this? He looks again.

Great God! That hair—those eyes—wide open and staring! The policeman declared afterwards they were closed when he went to fetch Herr Fischer.

It was Lisbeth.

An overwhelming rush of water seemed to roar in his ears and flood his brain. This was Lisbeth; the girl he had driven away that morning, the woman who had gradually crept into his heart and life—so gradually and imperceptibly that he never knew it till the light and sunshine of her presence had been withdrawn from him for—ever.

One more look. Then something went snap in his brain and all was a blank.

"He went down like a log," said the policeman, giving a graphic description of the unusual scene that had transpired under his notice on that calm and peaceful summer night. Just such another night as that on which Reinhardt caught the first glimpse of those fair white arms on the banks of the silvery Rhine.

Months of patient nursing passed before Reinhardt Fischer recovered the control of his mental faculties which had been completely overbalanced by the shock of Lisbeth's melancholy death.

He never married. There is a severity, a deep toned melancholy pervading his celebrated pictures that is accounted for by people who only know him as the famous artist, as being the outcome of a naturally serious, ascetic nature, thoroughly in keeping with the grave sad eyes of the man, betraying in their depths were it only known the memory of an experience dearly bought and mourned over with the regret of a whole lifetime.

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# Music and Musicians.

## TALKS ON MUSIC.

By W. H. WEBBE.

(Specially Reported for the "Graphic.")

The following is the conclusion of the lecture delivered by Mr W. H. Webbe at the School of Music Grafton Road, on Thursday, September 20th, about

### Some Great Composers of Piano-forte Music and Their Works.

#### MENDELSSOHN.

Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy was born at Hamburg in 1809, and died at Leipzig, 1847.

His father, Abraham, was a wealthy banker in Hamburg, of Jewish parentage, but who, with his wife, joined the Lutheran Church. The name Bartholdy was his mother's, and was taken later in life as a condition to inherit some property. The grandfather of Mendelssohn was Moses Mendelssohn a distinguished Jewish philosopher. Both father and mother of young Felix were persons of superior intellectual abilities. They bore a high character, and devoted much attention to the education of their children. Young Mendelssohn received a first-class education, and in addition to the study of piano, organ, violin, and theory, he was taught Greek and drawing, and among other accomplishments it may be added that he was a good all-round athlete.

He commenced to compose at the age of 12, and he wrote many symphonies and numerous pieces for the piano in his youth.

Unlike the majority of the great masters, Mendelssohn was brought up in the lap of luxury. The home of his people was a delightful one, and the resort of numerous musicians.

His father arranged an extended tour for his son, and when he was about 20 years of age he visited England and Scotland, and produced some of his compositions there; he was heartily received by the public. The next year he made a long tour through Germany, Austria, Switzerland, and France. It was during this time that he wrote his celebrated "Concerto in G Minor," and the first book of the now world-wide known "Lied Ohne Worte." In 1835 he was appointed Capelmeister to the King of Prussia, and also principal professor of a new academy of music in Berlin. In 1843 he assisted in founding the celebrated Leipzig Conservatorium. The other teachers were Schumann (piano), Becker (organ), David (violin).

In 1837 he was married to the daughter of a Lutheran clergyman, the union proving a very happy one. He was a hard worker; in fact, it was the strain of too much work upon his excitable nerve, that caused him to break down, and he died in 1847, at the early age of 38. Mendelssohn scholarships have been founded in London and Berlin, and a statue erected to the memory of this illustrious musician in Berlin in 1892.

Mendelssohn led an ideal life. He was surrounded by all that wealth, education and position could give him, he was honoured by musicians, and idolized by the people. He was probably the only one of the great masters who was so fortunate.

Not only was Mendelssohn a wonderful creative genius, but he understood the works of the classical masters, and it is to him we have to be thankful for reviving so many of Bach's works.

Mendelssohn's music is beautiful in melody and rich in harmony. Occasionally its melodiousness tends towards sentimentality in some of his smaller pieces. He was a prolific composer, his choral works including "St. Paul" and "Elijah." His pianoforte compositions include some fine concertos, fugues, and sonatas, numerous solos, one of which, the "Rondo Capriccioso," is universally known, and the ever popular "Songs Without Words." I would add that his violin concerto, Op. 64, is considered one of the finest ever written, and his Capriccio in B Minor, and Scherzo, are fine specimens of his characteristic pieces for piano solos. The overture to a

"Midsummer Night's Dream" is one of his most charming and original compositions, although written when he was but 17 years of age.

Mendelssohn was a musician of a high type, an able conductor, a fine pianist, a master organist, a man of culture and honour.

Regarding his pianoforte music, he was original in the domain of melody and harmony, unsurpassed for the grace, elegance, refinement, and finish of his compositions.

#### CHOPIN.

Frederic Chopin was born at Warsaw the same year as Mendelssohn (1809), and died two years later than Mendelssohn, at Paris (1849).

Chopin was of French and Polish origin, his father being a celebrated Polish patriot born in France, and his mother a Polish lady. His father settled in Warsaw as a professor, and it was near Warsaw that Chopin was born. Young Chopin was of a refined, sensitive nature, and was brought up from his childhood in the best society in Poland. In spite of his delicate constitution and nervous disposition, he generally enjoyed good health, until he contracted consumption in Paris when 30 years of age.

The boy's genius soon became manifest, both in the art of composing and improvising. He was passionately fond of Polish folk songs and national dances, and frequently clothed these strange melodies with their peculiar rhythms, with such original and characteristic harmonies as to give the complete composition a weird charm.

He first played in public when nine years old, when his rendition of a concerto by Gyrowetz met with hearty applause, but the manner in which he was received did not make him vain of his success, and it has been said that when his mother questioned him about the concert, he replied, "Oh, mamma, everybody was looking at my new collar."

At 18 years of age he was sent to Berlin, where he had the privilege of meeting Mendelssohn, Spontini and other of the great musicians of that place. Shortly afterwards he went to Vienna, where he met with much success. The encouragement he received from the best artists there stimulated him in his work. It was in 1830 that his great concerto in F Minor was finished and performed. It was this year he left Poland. After a few years travelling he settled down in Paris, where he lived for the rest of his life. Amongst his numerous friends in Paris were Liszt, Berlioz, Heine, Balzac, Ernst and Meyerbeer.

As a concert player Chopin was not a great success, his playing, which produced a soft and delicate tone, was more suitable for a drawingroom than a large hall.

Chopin was a prolific composer, his mazurkas, nocturnes, and polonaises being reckoned amongst the most favourite of pianoforte literature of the day.

Not only did Chopin excel as a composer, but also as a teacher. Wherever he went he was greatly sought after by those who were anxious to obtain lessons from him.

Chopin, during the last eleven years of his life, suffered exceedingly, and in spite of his delicate condition visited Scotland and England, and gave numerous concerts, and when he returned to Paris in 1849, it was but to die. At his funeral, in accordance with his wish, Mozart's Requiem was performed, and he was buried close to Cherubini and Bellini.

Dr. Riemann puts it that "Chopin was of a rare poetic nature, as Heine in words, so did he compose in full, free tones, untrammelled by tradition and recognised forms."

In Chopin's, like the works of all composers, there are certain degrees of excellence, some being of greater merit than others, but in nearly all of Chopin's compositions there is little which is not beautiful, poetic, and full of the inspiration of a high born genius. Pianists are indebted to this great master for some of the most original and exquisite pieces ever composed for their instrument.

#### SCHUMANN.

Robert Schumann was born at Zwickau, a mining village in Saxony,

in 1810, and died at Bonn, 1856.

He was the youngest of five children, and the only one of the family who attained distinction. His father was a bookseller and publisher, his mother was a doctor's daughter, and unfortunately for Robert, was somewhat narrow-minded and provincial in her education and ideas.

He took his earlier lessons on the piano from a teacher named Kuntzsch, with whom he made scant progress. Later on he went to Leipzig, and received instruction from the celebrated Wieck. The master being strict, and the pupil being self-willed and obstinate; as may be supposed, lessons did not at first always go along smoothly. Schumann was somewhat erratic in his musical studies.

In 1828, when 18 years of age, he was sent to Leipzig to study law. It is related of him that he meant to attend the lectures on jurisprudence, and that he made several attempts to do so, but never got beyond the door.

After being with Wieck some years Schumann married one of that gentleman's daughters, which was fortunate for him, as the marriage was a happy one, and his wife greatly assisted him in all his work. She became one of the most famous pianists of the day, and only recently (1896) she died, at the ripe age of 77 years. She was a frequent performer at the principal concerts on the Continent, and in London; as an interpreter of her husband's music she was unrivalled.

Schumann was very absent-minded, as will be perceived by the following anecdote:

We have elsewhere spoken of the growth and culmination of Robert Schumann's sad malady. The more serious phases of this affliction were preceded by an occasional absence of mind that sometimes produced ludicrous results.

A characteristic instance of his forgetfulness occurred when he was once conducting a rehearsal of Bach's "Passion Music." The choir had begun the great opening chorus and were singing bravely along, when it was noticed that his beat grew less and less decided and finally stopped altogether. He then laid down his baton, rapidly turned over fifty or sixty pages of the score before him, and became absorbed in reading a movement in the second part of the work. The chorus kept on singing and Schumann kept on reading, utterly oblivious of what was going on around him.

After a while he became conscious of the singing, and finding that what he heard did not agree in the least with what he was reading, he stopped the singers, and cried out to them: "Good heavens! ladies and gentlemen, what on earth are you singing there?"

Towards the end of his life he unfortunately showed symptoms of insanity, and in 1854, when but 44 years of age, while sitting with his physician and another friend, he suddenly, without any warning, left the room, and went to the bridge close by, and threw himself into the Rhine. He was rescued, but was found to be quite insane. He was removed to an asylum near Bonn, and died there a few months later, in July, 1856.

Schumann's compositions are mostly of a poetical and intellectual character, sometimes blending together movements of intense fiery passion, with those of the tenderest conception. Many of his smaller pieces are not only interesting but important, mainly as showing the bent of his mind toward connecting his music with more or less definitely conceived scenes. He was a clever critic, his literary works rank very high, and may be read with much profit.

#### Christine Nilsson and the Shah.

Mapelson, the great impresario, tells a good story of Christine Nilsson and the Shah of Persia on the occasion of the late monarch's first visit to London. Mr Mapelson says:—

Early in the month of July, it was intimated to me that His Majesty the Shah of Persia would honour the theatre with his presence. I thereupon set about organising a perform-

ance that would give satisfaction both to my principal artists and to the Lord Chamberlain, who had charge of the arrangements. Two days before the performance Mme. Nilsson suddenly expressed her willingness to commence the evening with the act of "La Traviata," she having ascertained from the Lord Chamberlain, or some other high personage (as I afterwards discovered), that His Majesty the Shah could only be present from half-past eight until half-past nine, being due at the grand ball given by the Goldsmiths in the City at about ten o'clock.

Mme. Nilsson had ordered, at considerable expense, one of the most sumptuous dresses I have ever seen, from Worth, in Paris, in order to portray "Violetta" in the most appropriate style. On the evening of the performance His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales arrived punctually at half-past eight to assist in receiving the Shah, who did not put in an appearance; and it was ten minutes to nine when Sir Michael Costa led off the opera. I shall never forget the look the fair Swede cast upon the empty royal box, and it was not until half-past nine, when the act of "La Favorita" had commenced, that His Majesty arrived. He was particularly pleased with the ballet I had introduced in the "Favorita." The Prince of Wales, with his usual consideration and foresight, suggested to me that it might smooth over the difficulty in which he saw clearly I should be placed on the morrow in connection with Mme. Nilsson, if she were presented to the Shah prior to his departure.

I thereupon crossed the stage and went to Mme. Nilsson's room, informing her of this. She at once objected, having already removed her magnificent "Traviata" toilette and attired herself for the character of "Mignon," which consists of a torn old dress almost in rags, with hair hanging dishevelled down the back, and naked feet. After explaining that it was a command with which she must comply, I persuaded her to put a bold face on the matter and follow me. I ac-

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## The Children's Tea Table.

It is always a pleasure to a mother to make her children's tea-table inviting. Some do this by providing fancy cakes and pastries from the nearest pastry-cook, but the after-effects of such fare too often proclaim its unwholesomeness. Nothing is more welcome to the children than nice little scones and simple cakes freshly baked at home, and these can be made very quickly and easily with the help of the new Paisley Flour, made by Brown & Polson, of Corn Flour fame. No yeast or baking powder is required, as Paisley Flour does the work of raising, and at the same time improves the flavour and digestibility of whatever is baked with it.

## Brown & Polson's Paisley Flour.



accompanied her to the ante-room of the royal box, and before I could notify her arrival to His Royal Highness, to the astonishment of all she had walked straight to the farther end of the room, where His Majesty was then busily employed eating peaches out of the palms of his hands.

The look of astonishment on every Eastern face was worthy of the now well-known picture on the Nabob pickles. Without a moment's delay Madame Nilsson made straight for His Majesty, saying:—

"Vous êtes un tres mauvais Shah," gesticulating with her right hand. "Tout a l'heure j'étais tres riche, avec des costumes superbes, apres pour votre Majeste; a present je me trouve tres pauvre et sans noulers," at the same time raising her right foot within half an inch of His Majesty's nose; who, with his spectacles, was looking to see what she was pointing to. He was so struck with the originality of the fair prima donna that he at once notified his attendants that he would not go to the Goldsmiths' Hall for the present, but would remain to see this extraordinary woman.

His Majesty did not consequently reach the Goldsmiths' Hall until past midnight. The Lord Mayor, the Prime Warden, the authorities, and guards of honour had all been waiting since half-past nine.

The open night concerts given by Mr and Mrs Bault's pupils continue to prove very satisfactory. Two more enjoyable musical evenings have now been given in Auckland than the fourth of the series mentioned. This took place on Saturday evening, and was well attended. The programme was excellent, and very useful from an instructive standpoint.

The very moderate patronage bestowed by the Auckland public on the Hamilton Hodges song recitals was not creditable to the musical taste of the city. The concerts were of the highest class and deserved on each occasion packed houses. Those who did attend are lavish and unanimous in their praise, and welcome with acclamation the announcement that a similar series of recitals will be given next year.

Miss Lili Sharp, soprano, and M. Rafalewski, pianist, have given two very excellent concerts in Auckland since the last issue of the "Graphic." Miss Sharp has a very fine voice, which has been well trained, while Mons. Rafalewski is decidedly above the average as a pianist. Mr W. H. Williamson, the tenor of the company, sings pleasingly and without effort. His voice is light, but of nice quality. The company is certainly one worth hearing.

It is not generally known that Schubert, though he lived only thirty-one years, wrote in addition to his 600 songs and numerous instrumental works, also a considerable number of operas. Unfortunately he never had a good libretto, so none of his stage works proved a success. One of his operas, "Der Haisliche Krieg," is, however, to be presented at the Paris Opera Comique in a French version by Victor Wilder.

The jubilee of Lohengrin took place on August 28. On that day fifty years ago the opera was performed for the first time at Weimar, with Liszt as conductor. Wagner was then a fugitive and an outlaw. He had completed his work in August, 1847, but for three years Liszt hesitated about having it performed, being afraid it would not be well received on account of its "extreme ideal coloring." It was not until April, 1850, that he set about the preparation for its production. Even then the step was one requiring no little courage, for Wagner's political escapades had not been forgiven, and public opinion concerning the right of his claim to the quality of genius was widely divergent. Liszt, however, persisted, and gained the support of the management of the Grand Ducal Theatre of Weimar. The management spent 1500000 for scenery, a big sum for that day and place, however trifling it appears to-day, and it was decided to have the performance come on the birthday of Goethe, whose home Weimar had been. It was hoped that the festive meaning of the day would dispose the audience to appreciate the novel beauties of the new work of genius. The hope was realised.

# CHURCH MUSIC.

DR. W. E. THOMAS Gives an Interesting Lecture on the "Growth of Anglican Services.

At the Anglican Church conversation at the Choral Hall, Auckland, Dr. W. E. Thomas, the new conductor of the Auckland Choral Society and Professor of Music at Auckland University College, gave a most interesting lecture on the "Growth of Anglican Services."

Sacred music had been slowly but surely spreading its influence in Britain, in services dedicated to the true God, two or three centuries before the time of S. Augustine, who, as we know, set foot on English soil 397 A.D.

Historians have proved beyond a doubt that a regular Church in Britain was in existence 150 years or more preceding the Saxon period. Tertullian says: "As early as 203 A.D. there were Christians in Britain." Origen, writing about 240 A.D. says that Christianity was firmly established in Britain; and a clergyman, of course a native, of the name of Amphibalus is mentioned. The Bishops of York, London, and Usk, at the commencement of the fourth century, preached Christianity, which first reached Britain possibly through St. Joseph of Arimathea, or one of the eye-witnesses of the Crucifixion.

Tennyson, in the Holy Grail, says—  
"From our old books I know  
That Joseph came of old to Glaston-bury."

Naturally the musical portion of the services of the Church at the commencement must have been very slender indeed, probably an early Christian chant, sung antiphonally, as the Hebrews invariably sang, thus forecasting the beautiful and stately double choir, or decani and cantoris effects of later church music.

In all probability it was restricted to vocal music alone, for although the Christians of Alexandria (180 A.D.) introduced a flute during the singing of the Last Supper Chant, orchestral accompaniments in religious services would the more have attracted and incensed the enemies of the new religion in Britain.

In the second century holy men thought of such a service, music as could be generally adopted in the churches. Britain greatly shared in this, and as the churches were built on a larger scale, the simple music of early times probably made way for more advanced singing by trained voices. In 367 A.D. the Laodicean Council issued a canon to this effect: "That none but the canons and choir who sing out of the parchment books should presume to sing in the church." This seems to show that more elaborate music was done, and that the congregation were asked not to join in for fear of spoiling the effect of the music!

Nowhere did early sacred music find more scope than in Britain. People had become wealthy and cultivated, and it is not to be supposed that they would content themselves with anything short of a hearty service of song, if not of instrumental music.

It is well known that elaborate music, and that of a gorgeous character (anticipating the vocal part of the Roman ritual as ordered now) was performed. It is only natural to suppose that people with a distinct musical character, who made the practice of the art a part of their daily life, would be disposed to give of their very best in the way of music for the sanctuary. There could easily have been a united effort in choral song, consisting largely of unisonal singing, varied by outbursts of harmony.

Such a polyphony would have been quite as possible then as now. . . . London, even in the sixth century, is spoken of as being "crowded with merchants," and we must naturally suppose that where riches abounded music would also abound, and not only secular, but sacred.

It is impossible to imagine that such functions as the baptism of the Kings of Dublin and Munster, which ceremony St. Patrick himself performed, could have taken place without praise, and you cannot have praise without music; nor is it conceivable that music would fail to be a feature at the regular services, and especially at the confirmations.

Historical records give us evidence respecting early sacred music resources. The Roman Breviary tells us that St. Patrick, Bishop of Ireland (420—492) was accustomed to perform daily the whole Psalter, together with Canticles and Hymns. I wonder what our choir boys would say to that?

After S. Augustine landed in England, history tells us that a conference was held in a spot in Worcestershire, under an oak, since cherished as St. Augustine's oak. Our forefathers built the British churches, and we may be sure as religiously provided some kind of music for the services. The ancient British Church must indeed have been a grander reality than any historian has ever pointed it.

In 374 A.D. the music school of Milan was opened, and St. Ambrose presided over it. We have doubtless all heard of the Ambrosian "Te Deum." Well, St. Ambrose introduced it in the latter part of the fourth century. The style of the chanting ordered by St. Ambrose had the great merit of being at once simple and grand.

## ORGAN INTRODUCED INTO THE SERVICES OF THE CHURCH IN 666 BY POPE VITALIAN.

The service of prayer and praise was the means of getting a real hold on the people. Gregorian music, as its name implies, was revised, not invented, as some suppose, by Pope Gregory, and all music of this style is called after him. The real origin of Gregorians will, I suppose, never be known; it is supposed that the music in the Temple to Jerusalem was always sung to Gregorian tones, and that even King David himself sang the Psalms to these venerable church tones. This style of Church music has been used up to the present day, in a great many cases, certainly it has been elaborated, still there is no mistaking the solemn tones of the Church for any other modern style of music. It has always and will always stand out very prominently, and can never lose its dignified character. Gregorian music is only written in one part, and everybody should sing it in unison, harmonisation of the old church modes, though they sound very well indeed to our ear, should not be generally insisted upon. If only we could hear more of this grand old music, we should soon lose our prejudices, and like it. It is essentially music for the church, and would mark a grand difference between sacred and secular music.

The Anglican chant is an outcome of the old Gregorian tones; it arose through the rage for turning everything into metre. At the time of the reformation Gregorian chants were still in existence, till lighter tastes in music lessened the hold the ancient tones had on the people, and it was found necessary to compose new treble chants, with more variety. Some of the chants of Farrar, Blow and Croft are excellent compositions, but, as usual, it is not enough, so double chants, pretty melodies, had to be invented, these gradually supplanting the old dignified church tones. The Gregorian period seemed with "mighty" chants, single and double, many of which are neither reverent nor beautiful. Still many charming chants are in existence, and if we have any taste in music we shall very soon be able to sift the good from the bad. I would give one word of advice in choosing chants for the Psalms. Don't let them be too florid; don't let them be too high; don't always give the preference to the major ones. We have a great number of clergymen in England—no doubt you have the same kind of men here—who advocate as simple music as possible for the church. Now, I don't want to say anything unkind about them, but I would put this before you: If you are going to a concert or a musical evening, we will say, would you be satisfied at hearing a five-finger exercise or a scale? You will say at once, "No, certainly not." Why, then, when you go to church, should you be bound down to a few simple chants, and the easiest of hum-drum hymn tunes, no anthems to speak of, nothing, in fact, to elevate your tastes and educate you up to better things. To these

clergy I would say: You are doing the very worst for our church music; you are stopping the growth of that which should become the most beautiful of all, namely, music offered to the Supreme Being. Someone, perhaps, will say how can congregations join in music that is far above them? I will say, how can congregations ever do so at all if you don't educate them? Let them hear the best that can be procured; organise congregational practices for psalms and hymns; let them listen to an anthem well sung. There is a greater power in music than in the most elaborate sermon, and I know the good is more lasting. The clergy who advocate the simplest and, shall we say, miserable services must not be surprised when their congregations fall off. I should advocate myself the music of the very best, but don't perform anything until it is well done. Don't take it into church with only a small amount of preparation. Be sure of your ground before taking it into public.

I have left until last the most important thing that I have to say, and that is with reference to the music for the Holy Communion. I should like to see in every church here in New Zealand a greater amount of trouble taken in the music, and instead of its being put in the background, should like to see it brought more prominently forward and really made the most musically ornate of all the services on the Sunday. In England thousands and thousands of churches have their choral celebrations, and I have always found that the congregations were always the most numerous at these services; and, moreover, the offertories were considerably larger than at the other services. It has always seemed to me curious that the Kyries and Creed are the only parts that have attention at present in most of our churches here. Why should not the Sanctus and Gloria in Excelsis have a thought musically in the rendering of the service? Some might think, perhaps, that it would make the Holy Communion office too long. They don't think so in England. If, however, it is a few minutes longer to sing the whole service, is it not worth the extra time and trouble that the Sanctus and Gloria entail? For, surely, the Holy Communion is the most beautiful of all our services. It has been my good fortune for the past thirteen years to play a choral celebration every Sunday and another on all saints' days, and during that time I have never known there to be a sparse attendance. At St. Clement's, Bourne-mouth, where I was organist and C.M. before coming here the L.C. Service was so crowded that sometimes on festivals there was not even standing room in the church, and quite 100 people had to go away, for they could not get past the church porch. This will give you an idea how the choral Communion service is appreciated in England. Would it not be possible to start a choral Communion and sing every part in the service, Sanctus and Gloria included? It takes under the hour (with no sermon) with four hymns included and the Nunc Dimittis at the end as a recessional.

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Topics of the Week.

Peace Celebration Day.

The Government have done right in fixing a day for the peace celebrations in the colony, and the day they have settled on, the Prince of Wales' Birthday, is undoubtedly the best that could have been chosen. We should all have preferred a celebration day that was universal throughout the Empire. It would have been doubly significant if Imperial unity had the rejoicings been simultaneous, a repetition of what happened at the Diamond Jubilee, when from every quarter and corner of the globe where the British race has carved out a foothold for itself the Te Deums arose in one grand choral strain. But the circumstances under which the war has virtually come to a close have effectually deprived us of that general signal for jubilation—the formal declaration of peace—for which we were waiting. Failing that signal there is no other arrangement for a common day of thanksgiving throughout the Empire, nor is there any indication of any intention on the part of the Home authorities to make any arrangement. It is apparently to be left to the individual divisions of the Empire to do their rejoicings independently. I regard it as a great mistake to let slip such an excellent opportunity of fostering the sentiment of national unity; yet unless the matter is taken up at Home we here cannot hope to influence the position, and perhaps it is as well that we should not delay with our enthusiasm has cooled to give expression to it. There is a danger in postponing the occasion of our celebration too long. Patriotism and loyalty are solid, substantial elements in our character, always there when the call is made upon them, but the emotional spirit that prompts their outward display is an evanescent quality. A few months hence it might be quite impossible to evoke the same Imperial enthusiasm which the war has called forth. So let us by all means rejoice while we are altogether in the mood to give unrestrained expression to our feelings. We have a month before us to get ready for our celebrations. Let us see that during that time we do not suffer our enthusiasm to wane, so that when the day arrives we may make it an occasion to be remembered by everyone in the colony who witnesses it. If we cannot have the satisfaction of feeling that the rest of the Empire is rejoicing with us at the same moment, we can make our celebration so emphatic as to draw the attention of those not similarly engaged. But we should not wonder that Australia makes choice of the same day as ourselves, thus giving to the celebration a much more imposing character than it would otherwise have. No other day seems so appropriate and convenient as the ninth of November, the Prince of Wales' Birthday. Being already a public holiday in the colonies the choice of it will in no way disorganise business, and the loyal sentiments connected with it will help to stimulate the enthusiasm the occasion calls forth.

great sea are plainly destined to be the appanages of Australia and New Zealand. A little time and their partition will have been completed, and every island, from the largest to the tiniest coral atoll, will be attached politically to the great continent, or Maoriland. Under the new arrangement they may certainly add lustre to the prestige of their new possessors, but one wonders whether it may not be in somewhat the same way as the fireflies add brilliancy to the head-dresses of the ladies who pin them alive to their hair. Under the Union Jack the natives have been free to live their lives in their own fashion. British sovereignty meant little more than the assurance of a strong arm to shield them from their foes. Her Majesty's Government barely interfered with them more than to mark them red on the map. How will it be for them under the more immediate sceptre of a pushing little colony like this? We shall certainly take a more active concern in their internal affairs. They shall be represented in our Parliament, and we shall make laws for them; and with what results? Will it come to pass that the spirit of our legislation will make its way among the coconut groves and the banana fields? Alack and alas for the romance that yet lingers among these summer isles if its careless children are to be brought under the influence of artificial restraints they have never known and can never be expected to appreciate. The touch of the trader has already taken much of the bloom off the Pacific islands, but even the trader could not do what I fear the unsympathetic handling of their new landlords may effect in the desire to mould these simple communities into more civilised forms. In the stress and worry of life it is always delightful to think of some happy haven where the good people pass their existence as delightfully free from care and trouble as our first parents. Civilisation has already narrowed the area within which such an Eden might be found, until one only looked for it somewhere in the Pacific. But where now is that island where "never comes the trader, and never floats a European flag"? It is just possible such a place does exist. At least, there are several where neither trader nor flag have obtruded themselves to any very serious extent. But what now must happen when, in place of the old good-natured British flag the perky pennon of a parvenu democratic neighbour flaunts itself over these lands, and the occasional trader wafted thither by chance makes way for the over-punctual steamer. Will the charm of the islands wither under the new touch? I cannot say, but this I feel, that the island of rest my world-tired soul sometimes sighs for can never be a place where perchance there are Arbitration Courts sitting to discuss labour problems. This annexation has added to our actual territory in one way, but in doing so it threatens to sadly curtail the realms in which our fancy could most freely deport itself.

by which one could be attacked at any time when there was a disagreeable engagement to be escaped. One could have it one day, and appear cheerfully the next. All this has been changed in successive years, and now there is no mistaking either an attack or the appearance of those who have suffered from one. The old remedy of a good novel in front of a good fire, will now not avail. Bed is the only plan, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred splitting headache and smarting of eyeballs make reading impossible. But if this were all, if it was a mere matter of laying up there would be no very great need to greatly fear this ubiquitous foe. It is the "afterwards" which is most serious. We have lately had much scare about plague, but where plague has killed its units, the influenza and its followers have slain their thousands. As an absorbent of human stamina, influenza stands unrivalled, and though it itself seldom kills directly, it leaves us so utterly undone—unconsciously so very often—that any two-penny half-penny attack of any sort of cold or disease is at once able to sweep us off the board of life. Looked at in one way, the affair is of no great moment. Death comes sooner or later with absolute certainty; so if a new force is added against life, which reduces the general average of longevity, well, though of course it seems hard from one point of view, what after all does it matter? A few years more or less, what are they? We all think ourselves fond of life, but when death approaches, there is scarcely one of us young or old who is not (when the moment actually arrives) content enough to go.

Municipal Clubs and Other Things.

Having braved the terrors and responsibilities of owning an opera house, it is now suggested that the Waungani Borough Council should make an even bolder experiment, and establish a Municipal Club. A club, especially a Young Men's Club, is, it appears, urgently required in the progressive city by the river, and this, notwithstanding the fact that it is only the other day a Working Men's Club, with an enormous membership, was opened with much pomp and ceremony. No doubt Wanganui people know well what they want, what they can afford, and what they will support, and but for the fact that it is proposed to run the Young Men's Club as a municipal affair, its establishment or that of half a score of similar institutions would scarcely be of any general importance. But this progressive tendency to run social establishments on a municipal basis is decidedly interesting. The Opera House has given the City Fathers of Wanganui considerable anxiety, and there have been occasions on which the "game did not seem worth the candle," or to speak exactly, the electric light, which could not light up. But, despite annoyances and blunders, and notwithstanding occasional failures and fiascos, the financial results have, I understand, proved satisfactory; and, satisfied with the success achieved here, the Councillors may not be unwilling to start the club as proposed in the local press. The "running" of a club, if one may be allowed to use an expressive slang expression, is not likely to be less anxious than the conduct of an opera house. For example, it will have first of all to be settled whether there shall be any application for a license. If it is decided to run the affair on temperance lines, there will be fewer difficulties, comparatively speaking, but once an attempt is made to allow the dispensing of alcoholic refreshments, trouble will begin. The abuse of the prohibitionists will be "frequent and free," and most assuredly the hotel-keepers will not sit quiet and see the establishment of an institution, which would of necessity curtail their business and profits. But supposing all dangers and difficulties overcome, what will be the next move? Municipal stores for the sale of commodities, in fact every sort of commodity, would probably suggest itself, and could be carried out without any very great trouble. Wanganui might in this way soon give a very interesting object lesson to the rest of the colonies, and we should watch her experiments with much interest, admiration and amusement with which the good people in the Old Country regard our New Zealand legislative experiments. Personally, I cannot see why a municipality should

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That Island Home.

A little while ago New Zealand definitely settled the precise form of her flag, and now she is fitted with zeal to see it flying over as wide a space of territory as possible. I suppose she inherits the trait from the Mother Country, whose sons, wherever they go, are never free from the suspicion of having concealed about their persons a Union Jack, which they are ready to hoist over any country in which they may sojourn or visit—if sufficient inducement offers. Apart from that supposition, the desire for more land would surely be unwarranted in a young community like this, which has more territory already than it can make use of, or is likely to make use of for years to come. But, of course, it is the thirst for dominion born in us that has made this colony reach forth its hand some fifteen hundred miles and more and gather to itself these isles and islets of the Pacific. These are among the first fruits of that Imperial spirit that cheerfully and enthusiastically sent our best blood to water the South African veldt. It shows itself in more ways than one. These archipelagoes of the

The Inevitable "Flu."

"Spring's delights are now returning," as Ashley Sterry sings, and with them, the inevitable—I feel almost tempted to say the infernal influenza. Its victims are laid low, "not singly but in battalions," and from Being to the Bluff, there is scarcely a hamlet where every second residence, proud or humble, rich or poor, one of whose inmates is not stricken. But though the disease is no respecter of persons, and penetrates into the most carefully warmed rooms as relentlessly as the draughtiest attic, yet it does seem to prefer townfolk to the country people, for not only is the spread of influenza far less—very proportionately—in the country than in towns and villages, but those bees who are indicted escape with a far lighter attack than that meted out to the urban resident. The annual visitations of this really rather mysterious disease are becoming more and more serious, for there is not the smallest doubt that every year sees the scourge gain in its hold and increase in its malignancy. Several years ago, the influenza was a mere nothing, a sort of fashionable and hasty ailment

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not supply me with good and cheap food just as it supplies or ought to supply me with good and cheap water. Nor do I know any reason why heating should not be supplied by a Borough Council as well as lighting, and after all, if they cart away my ashes, why should they not bring my wood. Those tiresome people who always must bring up an argument about any trifling reform would doubtless argue as to how the dispossessed tradesmen were to live. That is a question it is not now convenient to discuss at present. We—I speak for others as well as self—wish to see some experiments; and our word to Wanganui is "go in and win."

**The Correspondence Column.**

Few persons can have failed to notice the extraordinary activity of the usual newspaper correspondent during the past month or so. For some time the Boer war practically closed the correspondence columns of the daily press, but now that news from the front is becoming "somewhat musty," editors have again become tolerant, and the gentlemen who delight in inditing letters to "the paper" have had ample encouragement. There can, I think be little doubt that for ordinary individuals the habit is dangerous, because so insidious. It is like taking to drink or to morphia, or to punning. Everyone thinks he can leave off when he likes. One sees a man start writing to the paper; to his surprise his letter is published. Unless the man is of quite exceptional strength of character, he is from that time doomed, a condemned, a hopeless literary bore. He begins, perhaps, by one letter a week, or even a month. But "increase of appetite grows on what it feeds on," and sooner or later you will find that man in print on every possible and impossible occasion. Stories have often been told of the cunning of victims to the drink habit, and of the clever artifices to which they will have recourse to obtain the wherewithal to gratify their passion. Of a publican's business I have no acquaintance at least, I mean no acquaintance from behind the bar; but as a journalist I can assert that the lengths to which men will resort, and the tricks of which they will be guilty, in order to see themselves and their letters in print, are beyond belief. For a man to write half a dozen letters backing up and contradicting his own original, is, of course, the most usual attempt; it is indeed so clumsy and common as to rarely succeed. When it does, the Editor is usually short for copy, and is in good truth particeps criminis. It may, of course, be urged that the habit is not vicious, and affects no one but the victim. This cannot, I think, be sustained. "It pleases him," no doubt, but it would be incorrect to say it does not hurt us. The letters of these cranks take up valuable room, and the reading of them, unless the habit is carefully crushed, is only less injurious than the writing. There are so many limits imposed on us nowadays that a further step should be taken, and persons so irrevocably given to writing to the press as to be a nuisance to the world at large, should have a sort of literary prohibition order taken out against them. I commend the idea to Mr Seddon.

**Coming Events.**

The appearance on the streets of the Christmas numbers of various illustrated newspapers, reminds one of the frequently stated fact that "Christmas is coming," though one may perhaps object that close on three months is rather far ahead to begin arranging for and celebrating the event. So long as rival publications attempt to come out ahead of each other, we shall continue to get further and further back into the year with our Christmas cards and annuals, and it needs no very great gift of prophecy to foretell the day when we shall start porting these to our friends at midsummer. Seriously however, the advent of the Christmas number has opened at once the inevitable question, what are we going to do during the holiday week. For this reason I think their early advent may be pardoned. With the exception of a holiday itself, nothing is more restful, nothing more delightful than arranging and planning for one. Indeed, how often are not our anticipations the better part. One can, when Christmas actually arrives, only be in one place at a time, but beforehand one can

spend the week in dozens of different localities, and in half a score of ways, and these "anticipating" trips are as cheap. Moreover, in anticipation the weather is always perfect, and, as you must admit, this is a great point. Again in laying out the plan of campaign for a nice holiday one has necessarily to look back over those that have gone before. And though anticipation is pleasant, I doubt if it ever equals retrospection. Looking back over past holidays is an altogether pleasant occupation. There may of course be circumstances which make it "sorrows crown of sorrow," but generally speaking nothing is more delightful. All the vexations of the time if such there were are either forgotten or are looked at through a softened atmosphere which makes them almost akin to pleasure. We forget, for instance, our mortification at the incessant rain, but remember old—and his stories, and the great games of cards we had, and what a glorious last day it was when the rain did finally clear off. Or if we suffered cold and fatigue or hardship, we forget all these and remember only the glorious supper when we did arrive—wherever it was—and had champagne, etc., etc. Anyway, both doors have now been opened, and we have for close on a quarter an opportunity of fixing up our future holiday and looking back on those which have passed. It might by the way be a good and useful thing if readers would contribute brief descriptions of enjoyable ways of spending a holiday, setting forth, in as few words as possible, where to go, how to go, what there is to do, and what the cost may be calculated at. An exchange of experiences such as this would entail, would undoubtedly be sure to prove both useful and amusing.

**ONE OF LORD ROBERTS' SOLDIERS.**

An old soldier of the Queen, Staff-Sergeant J. Chalkley, late of the Bengal Commissariat Department, and the 8th King's Liverpool Regiment, residing at Bunara Road, Horton Park (N.S.W.), was recently called upon by a reporter.

Asked for an account of his experiences Sergeant Chalkley said he had enlisted when only 17 and served in India and Afghanistan for 20 years.



STAFF-SERGT. CHALKLEY. (Late 8th King's, Liverpool.)

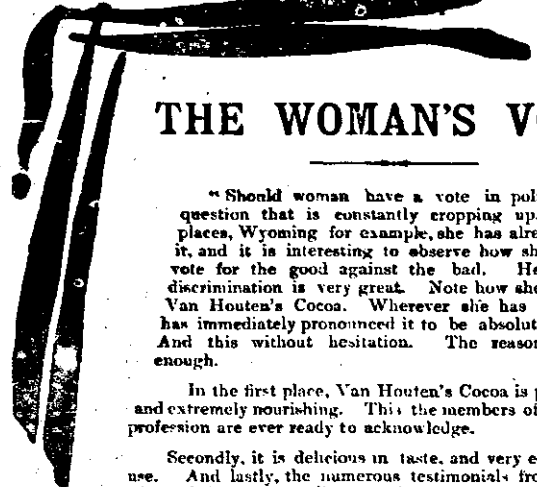
He was under Lord Roberts in the Afghan Campaign of '78-9-80 and fought at Charasia and Kabul, for which he received a medal and two clasps.

"The climate and exposure told upon my health," he continued, "and in 1870 fever and ague attended me with shivering fits, intense cramping pains, and copious perspiration. Then bronchitis came on and left me so weak that I could not walk without a stick, and I was so dizzy that I often had to catch hold of something to save a fall. I could not sleep properly and rose each morning quite worn out. Although treated for 19 years by army surgeons, on Christmas Day '88 I obtained my discharge, coming to Australia and settling here, working as a market gardener whenever my health permitted. Several doctors said I would never be rid of the effects of the fever and one told my son I had not long to live, but I was induced to commence Dr. Williams' pink pills. Two or three boxes made me so much stronger that I continued them, and although when I commenced them I was very ill and unable to work, I am now quite strong and well and work in my garden with the hoe and spade without ill effect. I am a living testimonial of the merits of Dr. Williams' pink pills, for I believe they saved my life."

Sergeant Chalkley's cure is not an exceptional one. Dr. Williams' pink pills by bracing up the unstrung

nerve, enriching the impoverished blood, and strengthening the spine, made an active man of him despite his long experience of suffering. By acting on the causes of disease they have cured thousands of cases of rheumatism, sciatica, neuralgia, lumbago, bronchitis, consumption, dysentery, coughs and colds, ladies ailments, dyspepsia, paralysis, etc.

Sold by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Wellington, three shillings per box, six boxes sixteen and six, post free, and by chemists and storekeepers—But mind you ask for Dr. Williams'. Remember it was no substitute which cured Sergeant Chalkley.



**THE WOMAN'S VOTE.**

"Should woman have a vote in politics?" is a question that is constantly cropping up. In some places, Wyoming for example, she has already obtained it, and it is interesting to observe how she uses it to vote for the good against the bad. Her power of discrimination is very great. Note how she appreciates Van Houten's Cocoa. Wherever she has tried it, she has immediately pronounced it to be absolutely the best! And this without hesitation. The reason is evident enough.

In the first place, Van Houten's Cocoa is pure, soluble, and extremely nourishing. This the members of the medical profession are ever ready to acknowledge.

Secondly, it is delicious in taste, and very economical to use. And lastly, the numerous testimonials from "all sorts and conditions of men," prove that it is alike valued in the palace, and prized in the cottage.

The moderate cost places it within the reach of all, for it is less than one farthing per cup; and it is so easily assimilated and digested that all may take it, be they weak or strong.

**HAVE YOU TRIED VAN HOUTEN'S Eating CHOCOLATE?**

**Ideal Milk**



Enriched 20 per cent. with Cream. STERILIZED—NOT SWEETENED. A Perfect Substitute for Fresh Milk.

- \* P.D.
- P.D.
- E.D.
- P.D.
- P.D.
- P.D.
- P.D.
- P.D.
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- P.D.
- P.D.
- P.D.
- \* P.D.



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

# Minor Matters.

## A Tart Prescription.

Homeopaths and others will enter into the spirit of a bit of professional advice lately given by a prominent physician in the South. His patient was a fashionable young woman, who entered his office with a jaunty step and consumed fifteen valuable minutes in chatting of social occurrences. Finally she embarked on the topic of her own ailments, and graphically described "the sinking feeling" which, she said, spoiled her life. The physician prepared a small bottle of minute pills and dexterously pressed his talkative patient toward the door, while he silenced her by repeating a volume of directions and advice. Just as she opened the door, the lady turned.

"Oh doctor," she cried, "what shall I do if these pills don't stop that sinking feeling?"

"Take the cork," suggested the doctor, and he called the next patient into his private office.

## Humours of the Siege.

In times of long-continued danger, men often seek to relieve the strain by turning to account anything which can be called a joke. The brave defenders of Kimberley found plenty to laugh at even in times of bombardment, and the recently published journal of Dr. Oliver Ashe lays stress on the humours of the siege.

It was very funny to see all the town's big swells either fetching their meat themselves or sending a member of their family for it. Parsons, lawyers, doctors, business men—we were all there, and it was a huge joke that we were all in the same box; but it is well that the joke didn't last too long.

At times the shelling was very severe, and buglers were constantly on duty to give warning when the big siege guns of the Boers were fired. If the bugler got his little tune off smart, there were about fifteen seconds in which to dodge under a wall or rush into a bunker.

Men took this inconvenience in different ways. One nervous man was always seen to put up an umbrella when the bugler sounded the warning of a coming shell, while when another exploded within a few yards of an Irish policeman, the only notice he took of it was to remark:

"Begob, what will they be playin' at next?"

I had a shell-proof fort constructed under my house, and my servants were told that they could come into it any time they heard the bugle.

Lizzie did come in a few times, when she was handy, but as a rule she did not bother, and was really very plucky.

John, our Zulu, preferred to get behind the big water-tank. I don't think that would have saved him, but he was happy there; so that was all right.

He was very funny. One day we heard Lizzie lecturing him about something, and he retorted: "Don't make such a noise! I can't hear the gun go off."

The boom of that gun would have extinguished a megaphone.

## To Reduce Murder.

During the present century homicide has been remarkably rife in civilised countries.

Indeed, in view of the rapid advancement for the better we have made in our methods of life and the acquisition of knowledge, it is somewhat alarming to find that murder is still a thing of comparatively frequent occurrence.

Crime, like many other things, varies according to the country. Let us, therefore, make a brief study of criminal statistics among the European nations with a view to finding out what factors, if any, tend to lessen the percentage of homicide.

Italy, which still rings with the crime which cut off King Humbert, has the unenviable distinction of heading the list, with no fewer than ninety-five murders per million inhabitants, as against six per million in Great Britain, which is lowest in the list.

As one would expect, Spain runs her sister country very close by producing eighty-three murders per million inhabitants.

Next we come to Hungary, and the decrease, happily, is considerable, the

figures being sixty-seven per million; while in Austria, which comes fourth on the list, they fall to twenty-three. Then we come to teens, France, leading with sixteen, Belgium following with fourteen, and Germany bringing up the rear with eleven.

Thus, England is the only country with single figures, while Italy, where crime flourishes most rankly, is within an ace of three figures.

But after all have you not noticed that the countries which figure foremost in the list are the cruellest in their treatment of animals; while Britain, which is at the bottom, is notoriously the land where dumb beasts are cherished as they are nowhere else on the earth's surface?

Think of Italy and Spain, with their bull-fights and cock-fights, and ask yourself if it is surprising that a people who delight in such amusements could be anything save brutal in their moments of heat and anger. What is there in these pastimes that in any way teaches men and women to control their impulses and passions?

On the other hand, take the Englishman, with his notorious love of sport. Is not the tendency of most of our national pastimes to train men to control themselves? Could a man expect to succeed as a cricketer, footballer, golfer, huntsman, jockey, runner, rower, or sportsman of any sort without submitting himself to more or less strict discipline—discipline, moreover, which is for the most part self-imposed?

This constant exercise of restraint, which goes hand-in-hand with, and, indeed, is in a measure the outcome of our love of animals, is no less characteristic of our masses than of our educated classes; and undoubtedly it to a vast extent accounts for the comparatively low percentage of homicide among us.

Of course, no one characteristic can account entirely for such a thing; but the relationship of the crime of murder to man's love of dumb animals is remarkably interesting and instructive.

Just glance at the list, beginning with the highest and ending with the lowest: Italy, Spain, Hungary, Austria, France, Belgium, Germany, and Britain. Will not the same order reversed accurately indicate the degree of affection evinced by these nations for animals?

The problem is one worthy of close study; for if crime can be lessened by inculcating a love of dumb beasts among the masses, surely its partial solution is by no means so hopeless a thing as we are wont to imagine.

## Rats!

A Boston fire insurance company recently made an interesting investigation to discover, if possible, whether there is any reason for the popular belief that rats and mice set fires by gnawing matches. The experiment covered a period of three months. Rats and mice, singly or several at a time, were confined in large iron cages containing matches of various kinds, and cotton-waste. The mice, no matter how hungry they were, never gnawed the matches, but the rats set several fires, the sulphur matches being in each case the instrument. Hereafter, when people speak of fires set by mice, these insurance men will very likely say "Rats!"

## Rather Startling!

People living in the vicinity of the gaol at Timaru have been greatly disturbed during the past few nights by cries of "murder" and "help." The explanation is that a man named O'Connor, a lunatic, has been in the gaol on remand. The unfortunate man was brought before Captain Wray and committed to Sunny-side Asylum. It seems almost inhuman that unfortunates of this class should be kept in a prison cell for three days, not to speak of the danger to the officers in charge. It was at first thought that O'Connor was suffering from the effects of drink, but even if that had been so, surely a prison cell is hardly the place for persons in such a state. Cases of this description show the necessity for an inebriate home or some similar institution.

## Our Bankruptcy Act.

Mr. Crewell, a Napier solicitor, addressing a Supreme Court Jury on behalf of a man charged with fraudulent bankruptcy, said that the Bankruptcy Act on the Statute Book of this colony was the most pernicious Act ever placed there, and the public did not know it. It should be called an Act for the Easy Manufacture of Criminals, or an Easier Method of Sending an Innocent Man to Gaol. Under the Bankruptcy Act of 1892 there were no fewer than 230 ways of sending a man to gaol. Any man in this colony who was not absolutely independent was liable to be brought under these 230 ways of getting into gaol.

## Getting Started.

An Auckland young man with mild manners stepped into the office of his somewhat crusty uncle, who was engaged in the practice of law.

"Well," said the old gentleman, "how that you have left college, what are you going to do for a living?"

"I think I'll study some more and adopt the profession of law."

"That's right," was the sarcastic rejoinder. "Go ahead and have your own way. Don't take any advice. I thought we had a talk about that the other day. I told you the profession was overcrowded. But you won't believe me, of course. You've got to go ahead and put in a few years finding out for yourself."

"I'm willing to take advice," replied the nephew, mildly. "The fact is, I'm trying to take all the advice I can get. When you told me to give up the idea of practicing law, I went to a friend who is a civil engineer. He said my general education ought to give me a good foundation for any profession, but he advised me to let civil engineering alone. He said there were too many people in the business now. He said commerce was the thing for a young man, and he gave me the address of a friend of his who keeps a chemist shop."

"The druggist said that I could go through a college of pharmacy without any trouble, but he wouldn't advise me to do it, as there were as many people in the business as it would stand. He asked me why I didn't take up medicine. I thanked him for the hint, and went to see our family physician. He told me that it was an exacting life, in which the percentage of eminent success was small. In fact, he said that there were more physicians now than there was practice for. He had heard me sing, and asked me if I had never thought of a career in music. I went to see a musician, and he tried my voice."

"What did he say?"

"He wasn't as gently considerate as the others. He said there were hundreds of people with better voices than mine looking for work. He thought I might make a good bricklayer, or something of that kind. So I hunted up a bricklayer, and talked it over with him. He said the brick-laying business was overcrowded, and that he should think a man with my training would be a lawyer. So I came back here, and I'm willing to start in and go to work studying with you, or go through the list again, getting more advice, whichever you think proper."

## The Daily Paper.

Assuming that you at Suburbin, did you ever study the ways of your fellow passengers in the early train with their favourite papers?

Did you ever notice the very well preserved elderly gentleman who refuses to believe that he is getting long-sighted with advancing years? He walks with a jaunty step and aggressively squared shoulders, and you would certainly not guess his real age from his appearance and carriage. But his treatment of his paper betrays him. Having folded it conveniently, he holds it at arms' length, tucking the nose of the unhappy passenger on the opposite seat, and then he screws up his eyes and frowns at it with an air of ferocity. It is not ferocity really; it is long-sight, which is given to attacking elderly gentlemen when they least expect it. Observing our subject, one would think that he disagreed most uncompromisingly with the leader writer, so terrific becomes his scowl. But it is merely eyes. At the other extreme is the short-sighted passenger, who apparently smells as well as reads his journal. He, thank heaven! does not take up so much room as his opposite; in fact, he, like all short-sighted

people, tries to curl himself into as small a compass as possible.

Then there is the choicest old gentleman (a first-class passenger) who disagrees with the journalist's views, and snorts and grunts at the printed page, with every symptom of impatience. There is the impatient passenger who tears open his journal on the platform and reads until the train comes in; and the methodical one who deliberately folds his paper at the news he first desires to read, then puts it into his pocket, and contentedly waits till seated in the carriage to look at it.

There are many more varieties of newspaper readers in the morning train, but these are some of the most usual types.

## Her Stipulation.

That there are still people unfamiliar with the telephone is proved by the recent experience of a New Zealand man.

He wished to have telephonic connection between his house and a new one built for his son. The best route took the wire over the cottage of an old lady, to whom he applied for permission to make the slight use of her roof that was necessary.

The old lady gave her consent, but made a firm stipulation at the same time.

"I'm willing you should run wires over my roof and hitch 'em wherever you see fit," she said pleasantly, "provided you don't use 'em after nine o'clock at night. That's my bedtime, and I'm a light sleeper at best, and the noise of folks talking overhead would be sure to keep me awake."

## "Eggscused."

A teacher in a suburban public school received the following "eggscuse" from the mother of a boy who had failed to be present on a certain day: "Dear Teacher, Please eggscuse Andrew James for not having went to school yesterday. He started all right, but him and another boy stopped for a little swim in the river, and a dog come along and carried off Andrew James' pants and shirt, and he had to stay in the water until the other boy come home and got more pants and shirts for him, and then it was too late. Under the circumstances you could not expect him to be here, so kindly eggscuse."

## Young New Zealand Volunteers.

Much amusement has been caused in Fairlie during the past few days by the formation of a second corps of volunteers. Some schoolboys, to the number of about 20, have been imitating the Mackenzie Mounted Rifles. They made a number of mock khaki hats out of brown paper, and with sticks for rifles presented a brave show. A bottle made a noisy, if not very musical bugle, and a band composed of tin whistles played some patriotic airs in fragments. The captain and his lieutenants seemed to have a good command of their men, although there was more talking in the ranks than is usually allowed. Evidently volunteering has taken a very firm hold in Fairlie.

## The King of the Beggars.

While we have heard of the kings of many lands, and have come to recognise men who have acquired superior power and influence in any particular callings as "kings of trade," and the like, the King of the Beggars will be to most readers a new dignity. Such a personage, however, exists, and is recognised by the State. In "China in Transformation" it is said that organisations have acquired such a hold on the social life of China that even the beggars are formed into a sort of society. They are organised into companies, regiments, and battalions, and even have a king. His title is the King of the Beggars, and he is responsible for the conduct of his tattered subjects. On him the blame is laid when disorders, more serious than usual, occur among them. The King of the Beggars at Peking is a real power. While the beggars swarm like troublesome insects around some chosen village, and seek by insolence to intimidate every one they meet, their king calls a meeting of the principal inhabitants and proposes for a certain sum to rid the place of its invaders. After a long dispute the contracting parties come to an agreement, the ransom is paid, and the beggars decamp, to pour down like an avalanche on some other place, to be "bought off" in the same manner.

ner. Troublesome as Chinese beggars are, however, even they are ruled by etiquette, and have their professional code. They may not call at private houses except on special occasions of mourning or festivity, and even that privilege may be compounded for by a covenant between the head of a family and the chief of the beggars. The roadside is always free to them, and the road to Peking is lined with the whining fraternity. They are sometimes really enterprising. Once at the burial of a native Christian in Fuchau a company of beggars and lepers gathered round the grave and demanded twenty thousand cash before they would allow the coffin to be lowered. One of the rabble actually got down into the grave and prevented the lowering of the coffin. They eventually compromised for eight hundred cash.

**Land Boom in Taranaki.**

A quite erroneous impression appears to prevail in Wellington and Auckland as to prices being paid for land in Taranaki for dairying. A speaker at the Industrial Association's banquet said he knew where land in this district had gone up to over £30 per acre. Quite so, and double that, but not for dairying, as the gentleman in question stated. As a result of careful inquiries, we have not been able to hear of a dairy farm, as such, changing hands at more than about £15 or £16 in any part of Taranaki. The high prices recorded are purely speculative, for cutting up into suburban lots.

**Scandal.**

A sewer is a channel for the conveyance of disagreeable matter. Any person who receives and carries mean report or suspicion of his neighbour is therefore a human sewer.

A good sewer is a good thing. It receives disagreeable matter, and carries it along, hidden from sight and away from the other senses, to some remote place, and discharges it there.

A leaky sewer is an abomination. Human sewers usually leak.

I once had a friend, an otherwise good fellow, who had acquired the habit of collecting and distributing social sewage. He was not amenable to logical suggestion against the habit. He held the idea that a spade should be called a spade, and that if disagreeable things existed, honesty required that they be discussed. One day, when my friend was carrying an unusually heavy load of sewage and was distributing it freely, I thought came into my mind, and I gave it utterance.

"You remind me of a sewer," said I. There might have been a serious impairment of our friendship as the result of my utterance had I not immediately followed my offensive remark by an apology and a brotherly explanation, somewhat in the vein as above.

My friend is too self-respecting to allow himself to be in any way related to a leaky sewer, and has reformed beautifully. A short time since, in speaking of the incident, he acknowledged its effectiveness by saying: "Every time I think of anything mean, I fancy I can smell it."

**Your Uncleaned Aunt.**

In a township not a hundred miles from Masterton (says the Wairarapa "Star") a resident was astounded at receiving the following wire: "Meet your uncleaned aunt." It subsequently dawned upon him that he had been requested to meet his uncle and aunt. This reminds us (Hawera "Star") of a little incident a few years back. The House of Representatives had been discussing the question of barmaids. A member possessed of a prohibition proclivity ventured the remark that "Barmaids lured young men to destruction." The telegraph operator thought otherwise, for he advised the various newspapers that their virtuous member was of opinion that "barmaids lured young men to distraction."

**A Lesson in Humility.**

Fine as is the point of the hypodermic injector, by which an anodyne is thrown into the system of a sleepless man, it is not so sharp or penetrating as the suggestion of the gentle wife jentent upon making her husband a better man.

"Isn't it curious, Cynthia," the colonel said to Mrs Calliper, "how sometimes the current of our lives is deflected by the most trivial incident? Now, there was Philetus Goblinton.

You remember what a vain, consequential man he was? But all that was changed by just the slightest thing in the world.

"He went one Sunday to a church where he had never been before, and where he was quite unknown. As usual, he made towards the middle aisle, where at home he was accustomed to sit; but the man that met him led him, not down the middle aisle, but along the back of the pews and down a side aisle, and gave him a seat pretty well back.

"That was a crusher for Philetus. Here was a man, evidently a person of some account, who, with the unprejudiced eyes of a total stranger, had sized him up as a man of side aisle importance.

"Could it be that his friends and acquaintances really so regarded him? It set him thinking, and the result you see in the modest, thoughtful Philetus Goblinton of to-day."

"Jason, dear," said Mrs Calliper, "don't you suppose it would be a good thing for you to go to a strange church once in a while?"

**TERRIBLE BATHING AFFAIR.**

**A DISTRACTED MOTHER.**

The report of a terrible affair whilst bathing reaches us from Taraga, N.S.W. (says a contemporary). The particulars are as follows:—

The victim is Gertrude Ann, the eight year old daughter of Mrs Winifred Quinn, Stonequarry, Taraga.

"I shall never forget the fright I got," said Mrs Quinn, "when, whilst bathing Gerlie, a bomb from her heel suddenly dropped into the water. Till she was two years old she was a big, strong child. She then complained of a pain in the ankle. Convulsions came on, and a doctor said she had diphtheria. Later on the case was diagnosed as blood-poisoning and her ankle was lanced. Then a doctor recommended amputation of the foot, but I would not permit this. Gerly was now in a terrible state. Her limbs and face twitched involuntarily; attack of convulsions occurred; a rash came out on her chest, and the doctor said she could not last more than a few hours. After that she lay quite unconscious for two months. She had to be carried about on a pillow. Another doctor said she was suffering from dropsy caused by weakness of the heart, and urged her removal to the Hospital. Subsequently her bones commenced to work out through her heel, arms, face and back, and it was then whilst bathing her that the bone dropped out. Later on she complained of a pain in the hip, and a third doctor said she was suffering from hip joint disease. She was only given ten days to live. She was now a mere skeleton, and it seemed as if any moment might be her last. She could neither eat nor sleep properly, and continued subject to terrible convulsive fits. A fourth doctor did not think anything would cure her. She suffered such terrible pain that her screams could be heard a long way off, and one day a mass of yellow matter came from her. I regarded it as an indication that she was suffering from an internal abscess.

"Whilst I was wondering what to do," continued Mrs Quinn, "my sister-in-law wrote advising me to try Dr.

Williams' pink pills. I immediately procured some, and was delighted to find that Gerlie soon improved. After taking seven boxes she was so thoroughly rid of her troubles as to renier their further use unnecessary. Her health is now perfect, she has a good appetite, and is quite free from her former troubles. I will always recommend Dr. Williams' pink pills, and cannot speak too highly of their wonderful curative properties. They have saved Gerlie's life; she is known by all the neighbours and residents in Taraga as 'the living wonder.'"

Parents with sickly children will find a course of Dr. Williams' pink pills wonderfully beneficial. They contain no ingredients which can injure the most delicate child or adult, but, on the contrary, their direct tonic action on the blood and nerves creates strength almost from the first dose; the recovery of Miss Quinn is undeniable proof of their virtue. By removing the foundations of disease they cure rheumatism, neuralgia, sciatica, bronchitis, consumption, asthma (when not too far gone), ailments peculiar to ladies, dyspepsia, insomnia, itching skin diseases, etc. Sold by the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Wellington, three shillings per box, six boxes sixteen and six, post free, and by chemists and storekeepers. Record of children's cures sent on request.

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# Sports and Pastimes.

## TURF FIXTURES.

October 16, 17—Napier Park Racing Club  
 October 25 and 26—Poverty Bay Turf Club  
 Spring Meeting  
 November 1, 2, 9, 16—C.J.C. Jubilee Meeting  
 November 7, 8, 10—Auckland Racing Club  
 November 21, 22—Coromandel Racing Club  
 November 22, 24—Wellington Racing Club  
 November 22, 23—Dunedin Jockey Club  
 November 23, December 1—Takapuna Jockey Club  
 December 8, 29, January 1, 3—Auckland Racing Club  
 December 26—Bay of Plenty Jockey Club  
 December 26, 27—Gisborne Racing Club  
 December 26, 27—Taranaki Jockey Club  
 December 26, 27—Thames Jockey Club  
 January 1, 2—Hawke's Bay Jockey Club  
 January 2, 3, February 1—Takapuna Jockey Club  
 April 5, 9, 10—Auckland Racing Club  
 April 23, 24—Auckland Jockey Club  
 June 8, 10, 12—Auckland Racing Club

## DATES OF COMING EVENTS.

October 13—Caulfield Guineas  
 October 20—Caulfield Cup  
 November 3—N.Z. Cup  
 November 3—V.R.C. Derby  
 November 5—C.J.C. Derby  
 November 6—Melbourne Cup

## NOTES BY MONITOR.

The Wanganui Jockey Club were again favoured with splendid weather for their concluding day's racing, which took place on Thursday last. The attendance was large and speculation proved brisk throughout the meeting. The totalisator receipts for the two days show an increase of £2063 compared with last year's fixture. Proceedings opened with the Owen Stakes Handicap, which was run over a six furlong course, and for this Mr J. R. Corrigan's brown mare Cora Linn was made a very warm favourite. The daughter of Foulshot and Lallah Reokh fully justified the confidence placed in her, for, bounding away with the lead, she romped home in a very easy style.

The Hack Flying Handicap followed, for which a field of ten went out to do battle. Westguard was in strong request, but she was not good enough to down Mazouza, who defeated Mr Shearsby's mare by half a length after a good race home.

In the Second Hurdles the top weight Whetu was made favourite. The winner, however, turned up in Berry, one of the outside division, who beat Haugby by a length, the favourite filling the other place.

The Second Hack Hurdles was won by Frost, who defeated Madman and seven others very easily.

For the Wanganui Stakes money was piled on to Advance, while of the others the Auckland, Bluejacket, was in most request. The race calls for little description, for at the home turn Jenkins brought the favourite along at a rattling gait, and on entering the straight he had the field beaten, romping home an easy winner by three lengths in front of Crusoe, while Coeur de Lion was half a head further back.

There were ten starters for the Final Hack Handicap, which fell to Mr A. Bates' grey mare Queen's Guard, who defeated a warm favourite in Haydn by fully five lengths. The winner returned the useful dividend of £15 17s to her seventy-two admirers.

The Marunga Stakes, which is run over a mile course, brought the day's sport to a close. For this Tortulla was the popular fancy, and the daughter of Torpedo had very little difficulty in settling the opposition, for the black mare won comfortably by a length from The Hermit, while the Auckland, Laetitia, filled third place.

The Masterton Jockey Club got through with their two days' spring fixture on Wednesday and Thursday last. The weather proved fine, and the attendance good.

The first race run on the opening day was the Masterton Cup, which fell to Coulbourne, while Rebel and Ruma-hunga were in the other places. Smithy accounted for the Hack Flying Handicap, and he also followed them up by winning the Scurry Hack Handicap, run on the concluding day. The Bracelet fell to Cavalier, with Foul Shot in second place, and Master Jack third.

Regret was first home in the October Handicap Race, while Transvaal

and Dumlum filled the other positions.

Coin was in good form at the meeting, for he accounted for the Publishers' Handicap on the first day and the Stewards' Handicap, run on the concluding day of the meeting.

The Dash Handicap terminated the first day's programme. This fell to Kukapa, but owing to a protest being lodged against the winner, the stewards decided to award the race to Romette.

The first event on the second day was the Tradesmen's Hack Handicap, which was won by Transvaal, who defeated three others.

Rumahunga was first to catch the judge's eye in the President's Handicap, while Volley and Derrincotte filled the other places.

Dumlum accounted for the Hack Handicap, while the Welter Hack fell to Arabi Pasha, with Forest Oak second and First Shot third.

The Final Hack Scurry was won by Raema, who paid a dividend of £10 19/.

The Spring Meeting of the N.A.T.C. will be commenced on Saturday, when the chief items will be the Caulfield Stakes, Caulfield Guineas, Debutant Stakes and Toorak Handicap. In the Stakes Seahorse is entered, and he may possibly be pulled out with a view to giving him a gallop in company, but the Nelson horse can hardly be ready for the race. There is a fine field of three-year-olds engaged in the Guineas, 30 still remaining in. If started, the race looks a good thing for Mullster, while of the others Kenley, Kinglike, Haulette and Hantboy should be most dangerous.

A lung and very aristocratic string of youngsters are down to compete in the rich Debutant Stakes, and the first appearance of some of these will be keenly watched.

There is an immense entry for the Toorak Handicap, the aged Cremorne and Dandy being at the top of the list with 9.10 each.

The meeting will be concluded on the following Saturday, when the chief item will be the Caulfield Cup, concerning which I will have more to say next week.

## HAWKE'S BAY JOCKEY CLUB SPRING MEETING.

### FIRST DAY.

The Hawke's Bay Jockey Club started their spring fixture on Monday, being favoured with beautiful weather. There was consequently a large attendance of the public, and betting proved fairly brisk. In this respect the public must have had a good day as in almost every instance a strong favourite got the verdict. During the afternoon the sum of £4832 was passed through the totalisator.

Proceedings opened with the October Handicap, over a mile and a distance. This was considered a rather good thing for the Auckland, Rosella, but she was unable to pace it at the finish with the Dreadnaught mare Ideal, who won by a length and a half without the whip. The top weight Torpina was sorted out as the best of good things for the First Hurdles Race, and the Torpedo gelding carried his 12.8 to victory, beating Sylvanus by nearly two lengths, the latter being just in front of Voltaire.

On his running at Wanganui Renown appeared to hold an absolute mortgage on the Hawke's Bay Guineas, and this proved to be the case, as the Hon. J. D. Ormond's colt made little more than an exercise gallop of it, cantering in two lengths ahead of Formosan, with the Auckland, Beddington, in third position.

The Maiden Plate looked like a certainty for Formula, and the Hotchkiss filly accordingly carried by far the most public money, and she eventually won easily by two lengths from the outsiders Sellirk and Warwick.

The Juvenile Stakes was yet another case of a victory for the favourite, as Indian Queen was very stoutly supported, and the Stewards' mare had

small trouble in placing the race to her credit.

Assayer was sorted out as another really good thing in the First Hack Handicap, and in the race the field had no chance with the son of Gold Reef, who cantered in three lengths ahead of Casablanca.

The Corinthian Stakes was won from end to end by Papine, who had Jadoo as her nearest opponent.

The day's proceedings concluded with the Flying Handicap, which brought out a field of nine, Kissmary having a slight call over Autala in the betting, and this proved to be a correct forecast, the Hotchkiss filly defeating the gelding by two lengths.

The following are the results:—  
 October Handicap of 1000sovs, one mile and a distance.—Hon. J. D. Ormond's br m Ideal, by Dreadnought—Mount Ida, 8.8, 1; Rosella, 8.9, 2; Crusoe, 8.6, 3. Scratched: Will-o'-the-Wisp, Scottish Minstrel and Paphos. Won by a length and a-half after a good race, Crusoe close up third. Time, 1.38 3-8. Dividend, £8 12/.

First Handicap Hurdle Race of 750sovs, about 11 mile.—Torpina, 12.8, 1; Sylvanus, 9.2, 2; Voltaire, 10.7, 3. All acceptors started. Won in 2 canters by a length. Time, 3.21 1-5. Dividend, £2 7/.

Daphne won the Corinthian Stakes. Dividend, £1 14/. The First Hack Handicap fell to Assayer. Dividend, £1 11/.

HAWKE'S BAY GUINEAS of 3000sovs, with a sweepstake of 1050sovs each for acceptors added. One mile.

45—Hon. J. D. Ormond's ch c Renown, by Dreadnought—Lyrebird, 8.10 (F. Davis)..... 1

72—Mr Stead's ch c Formosan, 8.10 (R. Derrett)..... 2

43—Messrs L. D. and N. A. Nathan's b g Beddington, 8.5 (Gallagher) 3

Also started: 54, Kahuwat, 8.6; 101, The Shannon, 8.5.

Formosan led at first, and then gave way to Renown and The Shannon. At the home bend Beddington began to go up, but Davis gave the Dreadnought colt his head, and had no trouble in fending off a determined challenge by Formosan, winning by two lengths. Time, 1m 43s. Dividend, £1 8/.

MAIDEN PLATE of 500sovs, seven furlongs.

303—Mr Mosman's b f Formula, 3yrs, by Hotchkiss—Formo (S. O'Neill) 1

19—Mr Hunter's blk g Sellirk, 7.4 (W. Kirk)..... 2

8—Mr Canton's br g Warwick, 7.4 (W. Satman)..... 3

Also started: 149, Lady's Link, 7.11; 7, Rain, 7.11; 10, The Thinker, 7.4; 113, Goyt, 7.2.

Warwick made all the running, but he was done with in the straight, where Formula made her effort, and won easily by a couple of lengths from Sellirk, who was a quarter of a length away from Warwick. Time, 1m 30 1-5s. Dividend, £1 15/.

JUVENILE STAKES of 750sovs, four furlongs.

352—Mr Watt's br f Indian Queen, by Stetak—Ranee Nuna, 8.0 (Jenkins)..... 1

79—Mr Paterson's b f Ringlet, by Castor—Blange, 8.0 (Holmes)..... 2

102—Hon. J. D. Ormond's br f Menura, 8.0 (Davis)..... 3

Also ran: 7, Tigrisona, 8.5; 7, Erer, 8.0; 21, Kouze and Aster (coupled), 8.0; 33, Is, 8.0; 36, Apes, 8.0.

Menura and Ringlet cut out the running to the straight, where Indian Queen came through, and was not afterwards headed, winning comfortably by a length. Time, 50s. Dividend, £1 12/.

FLYING HANDICAP of 1000sovs, six furlongs.

174—Mr Percy Martin's ch f Kissmary, 3yrs, by Hotchkiss—St. Mary, 7.2 (S. O'Neill)..... 1

120—Mr Donnelly's ch g Autala, 8.10 (Noble)..... 2

42—Mr Robinson's b m Lady Lorne, 8.2 (Robinson)..... 3

Also started: 53, Lasting, 8.2; 24, Heirens, 7.8; 36, Formula, 8.6; 78, Apollo, 7.8; 39, Sibus, 7.2; 198, Snark, 7.0.

Snark led for two furlongs, when Kissmary went up, and after that the race resolved itself into a duel between the first two, the Hotchkiss filly winning by two lengths. Time, 1m 15 2-5s. Dividend, 84 1/.

The ex-Australian horse Merleolus still continues to win races in India. At a meeting held last August he accounted for the Colombo Cup, one mile, beating other Australian bred horses in Redwani and Gnullo. In the

turf Club Plate, run at the same meeting, Merleolus was beaten by Gnullo, but he made amends for this by winning a six furlong race the next day.

Latest advices received from Melbourne during the week state that betting on the Cup has not been over brisk. For the Caulfield Cup Kinglike was supported to win £5000 at 100's to 1, while £4000 was secured about Alex at 1000 to 40. Sugecity and Kinglike are now quoted equal favourites at 10 to 1, while 14 to 1 is to be obtained about Conquest and Mora, 15 to 1 George Frederick, and 20 to 1 Strath-joy.

At Ellerslie, a horse who is looking very fit and well at present is the Needle. This equine has been well cared for of late, and I should not be surprised to see him place one of the big spring handicaps to his credit at the Ellerslie gathering next month.

The Ohaki Maori Racing Club commence their two days Spring Meeting to-day (Wednesday), and the fixture will conclude to-morrow. The principal event run to-day is the Demonstration Handicap, of 750sovs, in which Worry may have the most to say at the finish. The chief item on to-morrow's card will be the Racing Club Handicap of 250sovs.

The Southern mare Bloomer is being schooled over hurdles, and it is stated the daughter of Apremont shapes very well for a beginner.

Mr Stead's team, St. Hurio, Skobeloff and Field Rose, are pretty regular attendants on the Riccarton tracks lately under Mason's care. The two former are said to be looking well and bear signs of having done plenty of work. Field Rose is on the small side and is stated to be a different type of horse altogether to her celebrated full brother, Screwgun.

Mr D. Gordon's black mare Tortulla won the Marunga Stakes at the Wanganui meeting in good style last week, and the manner in which she disposed of the opposition goes to show that the daughter of Torpedo must be very well at present. Since Tortulla's win in the race in question she has come in demand for the New Zealand Cup, and 7 to 1 has been accepted about her chance in the big Southern race.

Bluejacket was well supported in Auckland for the two events in which he started at the Wanganui meeting last week. According to the telegraphed accounts given of the races, St. Leger's son was never dangerous at any part of the journey.

The New Zealand Cup candidate, Strathnairn, is being restricted to long, slow work at Riccarton. This horse seems to be out of court at present altogether for the big race.

Hohoro is doing good work at Ellerslie, and looks in rare fettle. The son of Tasman should be worth keeping one's eye on for some of the events on the spring programme at the A.J.C. meeting next month.

Fulmen is said to be on the improve, and Castor's son is being kept up to the collar in view of the coming D.J.C. meeting.

They evidently do a large business in horseflesh in Sioux City, Ia., as I notice from an American exchange that one firm in that city sold by auction 5000 horses in one day, and in one week the same firm disposed of 12,000 horses at prices ranging from ten to fifty dollars (American money).

The American jockey, Tod Sloan, who has been doing big business in the pigskin on English racecourses during the year, has returned to his native land under an engagement to ride for Mr James R. Keene, in the great Futurity Race at Sheephead Bay. This race will be a battle between millionaires, as Mr. Keene and Mr. William C. Whitney have spent fortunes in preparing for it. The event is for a two-year-old stake of 40,000 dollars, and it is estimated that the gentlemen named have spent at least 150,000 dollars apiece in preparation. Mr. Keene has four horses entered, all sired by Domino. Mr. Whitney will pin his faith to Ballyhoey Bey, who recently ran half-a-mile in world's record time. It cost Mr. Keene 10,000 dollars to secure Sloan's services for the race.

There can be little doubt that in Renown the Hon. J. D. Ormond possesses a remarkably fine colt. On Monday he followed up his victory at Wanganui by easily carrying off the Hawke's Bay Guineas, beating Formosan and Beddington in the commonest of canters. The Dreadnought colt cut out the mile in 1.43, which is the

fastest time in which the race has been accomplished, Multiform and Seahorse, who previously held the record, being deprived of it by a quarter of a second.

It was pleasing to find Formula at last scoring a win for the Hon. H. Massey. The filly has wonderful running blood in her veins, and it was expected she would have placed a race to her credit accounts long since. Multiform's sister has been some time opening the ball, but now she has commenced, it may be other victories will soon come her way.

The Committee of the Wellington Racing Club met on Monday last and passed programmes for the current year's meeting. The total net stakes will be £11,160, as against £9,709 last year. Mr H. Piper was re-appointed starter, Mr J. O. Evelt handicapper for the open events, and Mr J. E. Henrys for hack races.

The jumper Kanaka has been blistered in both forelegs, and is turned out in a paddock at the Lake.

The running of Mr Stead's colt Formosan would seem to indicate that he prefers a short distance race, and it seems probable that his forte will be sprint races. The running of the St. Leger colt at Hawke's Bay was a decided improvement on his showing at Wanganui, and it is probable that he may have been a trifle short of work.

Betting on the New Zealand Cup shows very little alteration this week. Record Reign, despite the rumours that were floating about town regarding the horse going sore in his work, still holds his position at the head of the list, and 4 to 1 has been accepted about the son of Castor's chance. Tortulla since her win at Wanganui has hardened to 6 to 1, while the same price may be obtained about Malatun. 7 to 1 is offered about S. Harlo, 10 to 1 Military, 14 to 1 Skobeloff, and 16 to 1 Miss Delaval.

From Sydney comes word that the brood mare industry has foaled a sister to Gaulus and The Grafter.

Seahorse will finish his cup preparation at W. Hickenbotham's establishment.

The next Calgoorlie Cup will have £2000 attached to it. Evidently racing is booming in the Golden West.

During the week the cable gave us the result of the Imperial Produce Stakes of £3000 sovs, run at the Sandown Park meeting. The winner turned up in Mr H. Chaplin's bay filly by Galopin from Queen Adelaide, while Volodyoski and Santalina finished in the other places.

Malster is a firm favourite at 7 to 4 against in Melbourne for the V.R.C. Derby. Hautboy has hardened to 3 to 1, while Finland and Kinglike are quoted at 8 to 1.

**GOLF NOTES.**

(By Bogey.)

Heavy rain interrupted play on the links about 3 o'clock, and most players went home by the 4.10 train, despairing of the weather. However, those who remained were rewarded by a fine hour from 4.30 to 5.30, and the links were more pleasant in consequence of there being fewer players.

The grass in the Club Houses paddock is very long—too long for any accurate play, and as sheep cannot keep the grass down at this season, the committee should put in some cattle, even at the risk of cutting up the surface of the ground a little.

Is it not time that the committee were harrowing and rolling the polo holes in order to get them fit for play?

Tom Morris is distinctly a very wonderful man, and one indeed, who seems to fall altogether to "hear the muffled tramp of years come stealing up the slope of time." Last week, during the championship, he was a central figure, and moved about in a manner altogether unbecoming a man who was about to celebrate his 79th birthday. The vast benefit to health to be derived from constantly playing golf, more especially in such air as St. Andrews, was surely never more exemplified than in the case of Tom Morris. The "young" old man celebrated his birthday on Saturday, by covering the course of St. Andrews, and though he fell to beat such a golfer as Mr H. S. S. Everard, he far from

disgraced himself, as the well-known amateur only won at the 16th hole (One can only express a sincere wish that Morris may celebrate many more birthdays in like fashion).

The following from "Golf Illustrated" may prove of interest to local golfers in the matter of straight putting:—"A. H. Scott tells me he has had a most gratifying success with his patent 'straight-line putter,' having sold many hundreds during the past year. The distinctive 'point' about Scott's putter is the narrowing down of the upper surface to an almost razor edge, by which device the eye is enabled with ease and certainty to adjust the putter face to the true right angle with the desired line of putt. In addition to this Scott has resisted the temptation, which amounts with many modern club makers to a crime of unduly shortening the blade of his club; the generous length which he allows to his putter is an additional help in 'squaring' the club to the ball."

CHRISTCHURCH.

October 1, 1900.

The final for the Christchurch Golf Club's Championship was played on the Shirley Links on Saturday last, when R. Kitto and T. Ferguson met to do battle for the honour. There was a sou'-west gale blowing, which interfered considerably with the play, but apart from that, the form shown by both contestants was extremely poor. Probably the nervousness which seems inseparable from a final had a good deal to do with it. The game was a very close one, and Kitto was only returned the winner at the 18th hole by 2 up. Kitto started off well by winning the first three holes, and then Ferguson broke his driver, a piece of misfortune which doubtless had a strong bearing on the ultimate result. He, however, played up in the most plucky manner, reducing his opponent's lead steadily till at the 8th hole he was himself 1 up. In driving to the 9th hole Ferguson pulled to the left, while Kitto fozzled and went into the swamp. By a good recovery with his niblick, however, he laid the ball three yards from the hole with his second. Ferguson fozzled his approach and took 5 to Kitto's 4. All square half way round. The game see-sawed until the 16th hole was reached, when the players were again all square, with two to play. Ferguson drove a beautiful ball to the left of the hole where the grass was rather long. Kitto played short and to the right. His second landed him on the edge of the green, while Ferguson's approach fell short. The latter fozzled his next, and Kitto laid his ball dead, going down in 4 to his opponent's 5. At the last hole Kitto managed to negotiate the swamp, while Ferguson found it, failing to get out in his net. By fozzling his 3rd, he practically gave the hole to Kitto, who got down in 4. Kitto has now succeeded in winning the Club Championship three years in succession. Ferguson's style is beautiful to watch, and his driving was first-class throughout, his approaching and putting being weak, as were his opponent's. When he is in really good form he will be a very troublesome man to beat, and I hope to see him competing in the next New Zealand Championship, when he is sure to give a good account of himself. He is certainly a great acquisition to the Christchurch Golf Club.

NIBLICK.

**CRICKET.**

Cricketers were disappointed for the second time on Saturday, and very little practice was indulged in. The rain held off until a good number had assembled, but as sooner were the nets up than down it came. A few of the keener enthusiasts managed to obtain some little play, but it is doubtful if the practice obtained was sufficient to compensate for the damage done to the wickets, and also to the material. As the cup contests will probably commence on the 20th, there is none too much time for getting into form, and unless the clerk of the weather shortly relents, the scoring in the opening match is hardly likely to be heavy.

The cricket season in the South was to have opened a couple of weeks ago, but at present they are in our position, wet Saturdays having prevented any play.

**SORE HANDS**

Red, Rough Hands, Itching Burning Palms and Painful Finger Ends

**ONE NIGHT TREATMENT**

Soak the hands on retiring in a strong, hot, creamy lather of CUTICURA SOAP. Dry, and anoint freely with CUTICURA, the great skin cure and purest of emollients. Wear, during the night, old, loose kid gloves, with the finger ends cut off and air holes cut in the palms. For red, rough, chapped hands, dry, fissured, itching, feverish palms, with shapeless nails and painful finger ends, this treatment is simply wonderful.

**Millions of Women Use Cuticura Soap**

Exclusively, for preserving, purifying, and beautifying the skin, for cleansing the scalp of crusts, scales, and dandruff, and the stopping of falling hair, for softening, whitening, and soothing red, rough, and sore hands, in the form of baths for soothing irritations, inflammations, and chafings, or too free or offensive perspiration, in the form of washes for ulcerative weaknesses, and for many sensitive antiseptic purposes which readily suggest themselves to women, and especially mothers, and for all the purposes of the toilet, bath, and nursery. No amount of perspiration can induce those who have once used it to use any other, especially for preserving and purifying the skin, scalp, and hair of infants and children. CUTICURA SOAP combines delicate emollient properties derived from CUTICURA, the great skin cure, with the purest of cleansing ingredients and the most refreshing of flower odours. No other medicated soap ever compounded is to be compared with it for preserving, purifying, and beautifying the skin, scalp, hair, and hands. No other foreign or domestic toilet soap, however expensive, is to be compared with it for all the purposes of the toilet, bath, and nursery. Thus it combines in ONE SOAP at ONE PRICE, the BEST skin and complexion soap, the BEST toilet and BEST baby soap in the world.

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**CYCLING.**

Amongst the many reforms suggested in connection with the British Army one of the most prominent has been the necessity for introducing the cyclist as a regular branch of the service. When such an idea was first mooted wisecracks soon poohed the idea, and the many "street corner" generals treated the idea with derision. However, the authorities were convinced, reluctantly no doubt that the idea was a good one, and the experiments made proved eminently successful, so much so that the matter may now be said to have passed the experimental stage.

Referring to cycling manoeuvres on a large scale, recently carried out under the direction of General Sir F. Maurice, the "Illustrated Mail" says:—"Not so very long ago those venturesome and innovating spirits who dared to suggest that cycles could in any way replace the time-honoured battle horse in carrying marksmen to the extreme front of an army, were thought to be entirely too subversive of all preconceived ideas. The cycle, it was then said, might be useful enough to carry orderlies or other non-effective fighting units, but anything more was impossible. However, General Sir Frederick Maurice has established once and for all the fallacy of these old-fashioned ideas. His scheme of coast defence, which was practically put to the test last week in a tentative and partially skeleton form, proved conclusively that cyclists make a very reliable and efficient line of defence, particularly for the express purpose of harrying, worrying, thwarting, and delaying an advancing enemy. The general only wished to demonstrate that much. An enemy having landed on the South Coast, it became imperative to keep him in check for a sufficient period wherein to mobilise the regular forces. Towards this end the organised defence of over forty South Coast roads by a contingent of two thousand men on each road, divided into watches of three hundred, systematically relieving one another, and continually sniping at the cuts and cross-roads whereby to keep up inter-communication between the columns, the use of motor cars for transport, and also for automatic quick-firing guns in each road, were all integral parts of the full organisation. It is now more

than probable that we are closely approaching a further development of military cycling as an important factor in home warfare, that is, in the defence of the British Isles. The possibilities of the cycle have forcibly impressed themselves upon the great chiefs of the army, including the Commander-in-Chief himself, General Maurice has been the first to put these potentialities to the test, and, thanks to the able assistance he received from one and all who allied themselves with him in the carrying out of his scheme, he has been able to show that much can be done towards using the cycle as an independent and trustworthy arm of defence."

**ATHLETICS.**

Supporters of amateur athletics are promised a rare treat next month at the Spring Meeting of the Amateur Athletic Club. Mr M. Rosingrave, the well-known hurdler, has returned to Auckland, and has expressed his intention of meeting our champion, G. W. Smith, over 120yds hurdles. The meeting of these two champions should prove a wonderful attraction, as Australian authorities have long contended that their crack would prove more than a match for our man, "Prodigal," of the Sydney "Referee," the admitted authority in New South Wales on all matters connected with athletics, has never tired of singing Rosingrave's praises, and one can clearly gather from his writing that he considers Smith rather lucky not to have bumped up against the Irish man.

That the two have never met, so far, has been no fault of the Auckland, as he has more than once crossed to Australia with the avowed intention of settling who was the better man, but the fates have ruled otherwise, as on each occasion Rosingrave broke down during his training. It is sincerely to be hoped that his weak member will not go against Rosingrave next month, and that the pair may go to the mark fit and well will be the fervent wish of all lovers of athletics.

It is a long way ahead to start tipping, but all the same I may state that I do not by any means agree with "Prodigal" in my estimate of the chances of the two men, and am inclined to think that the fact of their

not meeting was not a bit of luck for Smith, but rather for the other man.

As if the meeting of the two champions was not sufficient, further attractions are promised at the November meeting. The old-time champions W. H. Martin and T. Roberts are, like war-horses, roused by the prospect of meeting worthy foemen, and they will also in all probability measure strides with Smith and Kosingrave in the hurdle race.

At the same meeting another ex-champion will make his appearance, D. Wilson having gone into training with a view to meeting Goodwin, Mc-Affer and Dickey in the walking events. Altogether the prospects of the Club at present appear to be very bright, and with ordinary luck in the matter of weather the Spring Meeting of 1906 should be a brilliantly successful one.



CRYING NEED OF PHYSICAL CULTURE.

Nature seems only to have a few favourites on whom she has bestowed great physical beauty, the majority of men and women being really malformed by reason of physical undevelopment. Every one knows how in this country especially many a pretty girl's good looks are spoiled when in evening dress by reason of her thin neck and hollow chest, and it is no unusual thing to see a youth who looks manly and well set up by reason of muscular help appear ridiculous in his larding costume. It is strange that in this advanced age, when there seems to be a remedy for every physical imperfection, that the intelligent development of the body should receive only the sporadic attention that is devoted to it by gymnasium classes, etc., and that it is not made a careful study of from the earliest childhood. The comical looking young man depicted by Du Maurier in "Punch," with scrawny legs increased in knick-knacker and ungainly looking shoulders, who turns bereely to his ugly papa and mamma, upbraiding them for having produced such a specimen as himself, might have added to his accusations by asking why they had not tried physical culture in remedying his defects, for certainly much may be done to supply nature's omissions by persistent and systematic action. That ordinary exercise and outdoor manual labour alone will not produce good physical development is proved by the numbers of such specimens as mentioned and the rounded back and curved shoulders of the average farmer. For daily home exercise nothing is better than the ordinary pulley weights, which can be graduated to suit the strength of child or adult and which, with the different motions, bring every muscle of the body into effective play. It is no exaggeration to say that half an hour night and morning spent in conscientious exercise for a period extending over the critical age of childhood and early adolescence will, unless there is some radical physical defect, produce a well formed man or woman, a consummation that is certainly well worth trying for.

BOWLING.

MOUNT EDEN CLUB.

Complete arrangements had been made to ensure the success of the opening of the Mount Eden Bowling Club's season on Saturday afternoon; but, of course, the weather had its say, and the function was somewhat marred by slight dampness. There was a large attendance, however, in spite of the weather, and the various Auckland clubs were represented. The green was gay with flags, and a large "Welcome" - quite superfluous, of course - greeted the eyes of visitors, while the refreshment table presided over by the ladies was decorated with greenery and flowers. The rain began to fall at 2 o'clock, and the president, Mr. E. Mahoney, was obliged to defer his opening address in the pavilion. The president in his address made reference to the war in South Africa, and went on to speak of the struggles and contests the club had had during the past year. Sixteen new members had joined their ranks, and they had their worthy secretary, Mr. C. H. Crooked. The Chairman of Champions. He regretted the bad weather, but it was Captain Edwin's. He had much pleasure in seeing his wife to throw the jack across the green in accordance with the custom. For his own part he did not see why he should not take a part in the game, if he were. Mrs. Mahoney then threw the jack across the green, and amid cheers declared the green open for the season. Music being hired, the band played and afternoon tea beguiled the time away pleasantly until 4 o'clock, when the weather cleared up and the patient bowlers were able to have a game. Four racks of 17 heads each were played, and the following were the scores:-

- No. 1 Rack: Messrs Baker, Shippard, Hudson, Edwards (skip), H. C. Mearns, Dutton, Mahoney, Moran, the Rev. W. Beatty (skip), 11.
No. 2 Rack: Messrs L. O'wen, G. M. Wain, H. N. J. Patten, J. H. E. Mearns, H. N. Garland, J. R. M. Stewart, Trogaskis, Haggelid (skip), 18.
No. 3 Rack: Messrs Spockley, Fletcher, W. Colman, A. H. Brooke (skip), 15.
No. 4 Rack: Messrs Haultain, C. G. Brooke (skip), 18.
No. 5 Rack: Messrs Hooper, Brown (skip), 16.

At the close of the game the visitors responded for their respective clubs. Mr. Patterson spoke for the non-bowlers, Mr. J. Holland for Auckland, Mr. Blubbury for Manukau, Mr. Stewart for North Shore, Mr. James for Mount Albert, Mr. Haselden for Newmarket, and Mr. Holden for Remuera. Cheers were given for the ladies who provided the tea, and for their hosts by the Mount Eden Club, the compliment being returned.

AQUATICS.

NORTHERN ROWING UNION.

The third annual meeting of delegates to the Northern Rowing Union was held at the Sports Club last Wednesday evening, Mr. J. Thomson presiding. Mr. Swinnerton was elected Chairman for the ensuing season, before the business of the meeting was considered.

Annual Report.-Mr. J. Thomson (hon. secretary) presented the annual report as follows:-The committee congratulates the union on a year of usefulness, and upon having realised the intention of its founders in furthering the interests of rowing, and in promoting and carrying out regattas under the New Zealand Rowing Association rules. The financial position of the union was highly satisfactory, the balance to credit for the year being £19 3/5, as against 11/9 for season 1898-99.

The union's annual regatta took place at Lake Takapuna on Saturday, March 19, 1906, and proved a great success. The races were rowed in maiden clinker outriggers, and all the affiliated clubs were represented by crews in each event, the West End Rowing Club carrying off first honours in each contest. In the ladies' pairs race there was keen competition for trophies generously presented by the North Shore Rowing Club, which also very kindly provided boats for the occasion-the successful competitors being the Misses Patterson, of the Ngaruawahia Rowing Club, whose victory was well earned. The competition for the Marshall Cup, which was won when Mr. W. H. Oliver, of the North Shore Rowing Club, proved his superiority over a fair field.

The Chairman briefly alluded to the successful work done by the union and the report and accounts were adopted. Officers for the coming year were elected as follows:-President, Mr. J. H. Witteford, M.H.R. (subject to acceptance); vice-presidents, as last year, with the addition of His Worship the Mayor (Mr. D. Goldie) and Messrs C. Ransom, A. Kidd, H. Brett, A. H. Nathan, L. D. Nathan, R. Logan, J. McKail Geddis; hon. secretary and treasurer, Mr. J. Thomson; auditors, Messrs A. G. Fookes and A. M. Patterson.

October 13th was fixed on as the opening day of the season, when a procession of boats etc., will take place. The Chairman and the secretary were appointed to draw up the programme, the former being elected captain for the day. The annual rowing regatta was fixed for December 15th. A special vote of thanks was awarded to the retiring president (Mr. John Marshall) for his services to the union in the interests of rowing.

AUCKLAND YACHT CLUB.

The general committee of the Auckland Yacht Club met on October 3 at the Sports Club, Mr. John Wiseman (Commodore) presiding. The resignations of Mr. C. P. Murdoch (vice-commodore), Mr. W. Jagger (rear-commodore), and Mr. H. Maschfield (member of committee) were read. After some discussion it was resolved, "That the resignations be not accepted to-night; that the gentlemen be requested to re-consider the decision; and that Messrs. Haines, Hardy, and Edgcombe interview Messrs Murdoch, Jagger and Maschfield, as a deputation from the committee on the matter." With regard to the election of the Commodore at the annual meeting, the following resolution was carried unanimously: "That we, the members of committee, are of opinion that the election of the Commodore was carried out in accordance with the rules of the club, and the election is hereby ratified." Messrs C. P. Murdoch and W. Jagger were elected delegates to represent the club at the meetings of the Auckland Anniversary Regatta. Committees were elected as follows:-Sailing: The flag officers and Messrs H. G. Reynolds, G. V. Edgcombe, and Wallace. Handicapping: Messrs H. Whitley, E. Chatfield, and Captain Gibbs. House: Messrs H. H. Hardy, Stanley, F. Wilson, and C. B. Stone. It was decided to affiliate with the Sports Club. Mr. W. Jagger being appointed delegate. The opening day of the club was fixed for November 5, the arrangements being left

in the hands of the general committee. The race programme for the season was fixed as follows:-Class C (28-footers), Class B (32-footers), 24-footers, off Queen-street Wharf, around Viking's moorings; thence round first buoy outside of North Head, back round Viking's moorings, finishing off flagship; twice round. Prize-money was allocated as follows:-Class C: First prize, £7; second, £3. Class B: First prize, the Bloomfield Cup and a second, £2. 24-footers: First prize, £3; second, £2. 18-footers: First prize, £3; second, £2. Patkiki: First prize, trophy presented by Mr. H. Haines, valued at £5; second, £1. General handicap: First prize, Thelma Cup and £3 10/; second, £2. It was decided to accept the Harriet Sailing Club's measurement rules for Patkiki. A hearty vote of thanks was accorded to Mr. Haines for his presentation of a trophy for the Patkiki class.

LACROSSE.

FANCY COSTUME MATCH AT DEVONPORT.

Notwithstanding the inclement weather on Saturday afternoon the fancy costume match promoted by the North Shore Lacrosse Club, as a wind-up of the season, was a great success, creating no end of amusement and excitement. The Shorettes' opponents were a mixed team from the Auckland side of the harbour. The characters represented by the different players taking part in the game were "immense" and reflected great credit on the marine suburb captain, who supplied all the dresses and wigs, and made up the different "faces." The following is a list of the players and their impersonations:-Cliff (Walter Powell), Leslie, Oom Paul Kruger (H. McCoy), Gobo (M. Atkinson), Red Indian (H.H. Cowley (Gummer)), A Jester (McDougal), Li Hung Chang (J. R. London), Rosie O'Grady (G. Gladding), Samoan Chief (G. Anderson), Don McTavish (Patterson), Oom (O. Dawson), Flash Coon (Snyers), Ko-Ko (W. Naylor), North Shore "Bobs" (H. Blackler), Uncle Sam (Kelly), Mrs Ngapo, Maori wahine with picaninny (R. Eagleton, sen.), Belle of Rangitoto (D. Richardson), Pricie of Cheltenham Beach (Miller), A Boxer (S. Martin), Jack Tar (E. R. Tizard), Pirate (E. G. Tizard), Clown (Ward), Clown (H. Bosh), Missus (Purdie), Jubilee Clown (Johnstone), Policeman (Sam Walker). The ground was filled with people, the fair sex being well represented. The procession started for the recreation ground from the head of the Victoria Wharf, where a large crowd of sightseers assembled. Bands of music, the "Bobs" both mounted, the latter on a white charger, with "Oom Paul," mounted on a diminutive donkey, headed the motley crew; then came the German Band, who played patriotic airs, and then the rest of the procession.

The game was practically a burlesque, and created no end of fun, and resulted in a draw, each side scoring 7 goals. Mr. W. B. Eyre, as referee, adapted himself for the occasion and displayed a lot of humour.

In the evening both teams and a number of friends sat down to a complimentary assembly at the Flagstaff Hotel, provided by the hostess, Mrs. Lindsay. Mr. W. B. Eyre presided, and was supported by

Messrs A. Kohn, D. D. Hyde, and J. R. London. The following toasts were honoured: "The Queen," "Lacrosse," "Kindred Sports" and "The Hostess." A first-class programme was arranged, to which the following gentlemen contributed:-Bonga-Messrs Hamilton Hodges, G. Anderson, Harold Walton, R. Naton, H. McCoy, H. Eagleton, Woodward, S. Walker, A. Mays, Paget, Ingram and W. Nolan; comic recitations were given by Messrs J. Birch, W. T. Eyre, S. Mays, and Lucas, a sketch by Mr. Patterson, and a concert solo by Mr. McDougall. Mr. A. Walton ably presided at the piano. The proceedings terminated with the singing of "Auld Lang Syne."

AN OBSTACLE TO BEAUTY.

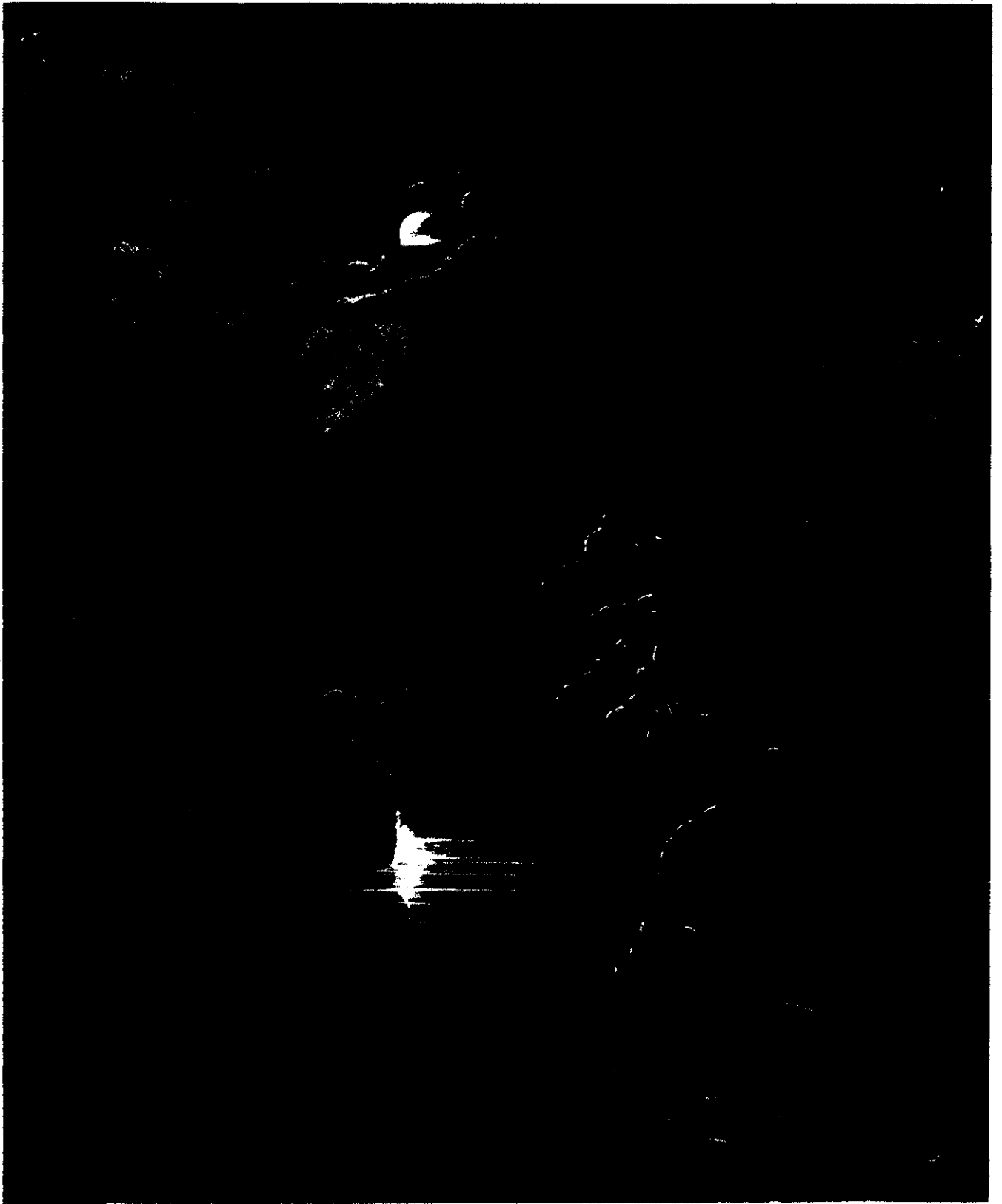
To a pretty girl or a handsome young man pimples are an abomination. To have perfect features spoiled by little red blotches all over the face is exceedingly annoying, to say the least; yet nearly all young people of the present day are troubled more or less with this complaint, which, by the way, cannot be treated properly



by the use of cosmetics. The only real remedy for pimples is the one that will prevent impure matter circulating in the blood vessels, and this can only be done by acting on the liver and the various digestive organs, enabling them to clear all the waste matter out of the body. This latter is the especial object of Bile Beans; and acting, as they do, direct on the liver, causing it to create the natural purgative for the body, i.e., the bile, they obtain a beneficial result in the safest, surest, and quickest manner. They enable the stomach to do its work quickly and thoroughly, help the liver to help itself, and do away with constipation and indigestion. Rich blood is the result, and with a stream of red, pure blood flowing through your veins pimples will be a thing of the past. Bile Beans are sold the world over. Remember their greatest cures are effected when all else has failed.

Clarke's Bile Beans are warranted to cure Gravel, Pains in the back and all kind of complaints. Free from Mercury. Established upwards of 30 years. In boxes 4s 6d each, of all Chemists and Patent Medicines Vendors throughout the World. Proprietors, The Lincoln and Midland Counties Drug Company, Lincoln, England.

Advertisement for Bird's Custard Powder. The ad features a woman in a dress holding a bowl and spoon, with a small bird perched on her shoulder. The text reads: "BIRD'S CUSTARD POWDER. Sing a Song of Sixpence a pocket full of Rye A DISH of DAINTY CUSTARD IMPROVES AN APPLE PIE. BIRD'S Custard Powder makes a perfect High-Class Custard at a minimum of cost and trouble. Used by all the leading Diplomes of the South Kensington School of Cookery, London. Invaluable also for a variety of Sweet Dishes, recipes for which accompany every packet. NO EGGS! NO RISK! NO TROUBLE! PROPRIETORS CAN OBTAIN SUPPLIES FROM ALL THE LEADING WHOLESALE HOUSES."



The Haunt of the Kiwi.



THE JOHNSON—HATHERLY WEDDING.

See "Orange Blossoms."



YOU DIRTY BOY.

### Worth Ten Million Pounds.

Mr Claus Spreckels, of San Francisco, father of the men who control the mail service between this and America, is one of the multi-millionaires of America, and in some respects a remarkable man.

Born in the northern portion of Germany, in very humble circumstances, he moved to the States in his youth, and at the age of twenty-five was owner and keeper of a small grocery store in San Francisco. His trading instincts taught him there was a fortune in the manufacture and sale of sugar. While most Californian pioneers mined for gold or took other short cuts to wealth Claus Spreckels began refining sugar in a small way. From year to year he increased his plant, and finally he dominated the local sugar market.

He acquired immense plantations in the Hawaii Islands, and finally, when the great Sugar Trust of America was formed, he built a £100,000 refinery in Philadelphia and refused to enter the monopoly fold.

#### FIGHTING THE SUGAR TRUST.

A fierce commercial fight ensued and for a time Spreckels more than held his own. Eventually the trans-continental railroads were induced to bring a freight tariff pressure on the recalcitrant Californian. Then, at a tremendous financial profit he succumbed to the inevitable and stood with the other sugar kings.

Although on the shady side of seventy he is still an active business man. He has several refineries in California, one 70 or 80 miles south of San Francisco, with a daily output of 1000 barrels of beet sugar.

His sugar stock holdings are supposed to exceed £1,000,000. His buildings and lands in San Francisco are valued at another million, and his other properties are worth several more millions.

In brief he is worth about £10,000,000, and nearly all of this vast sum was acquired by transactions in sugar.

That he is not unmindful of his obligation to the city of his adoption is practically illustrated every few months. He is a prompt, liberal and cheerful giver to the charities and public institutions.

At this time a band stand of classical design is being built in Golden Gate Park at a cost of £20,000, Mr Spreckels paying the bill.

His residence in San Francisco was built at an expense of over £200,000, and is one of the handsomest in America. Here he lives with his wife a few months in the year, and at other times the couple are travelling. He never loses his grip on business, and is as keen and alert as a man of forty.

Two of his sons form the shipping firm of J. D. Spreckels and Bros., which controls the steamship line from San Francisco to Australia, a tug boat company, coal mines, and collieries, and many miscellaneous shipping interests.

Two sons have retired from active business, and his only daughter is married to Mr Thomas Watson, of Liverpool.





### Do Men Notice What Women Wear?

The average male person, even when gifted with more than the average powers of observation, really notices very little of the details of his lady friends' attire.

He takes a very general view of their appearance, and simply knows that they "looked very nice," or "very fetching," or "charming." His views are usually summed up in an inane phrase of this description.

If this strikes you, ladies, as a too sweeping condemnation, ask any mere man, five minutes after he has left a lady, what she wore?

He will probably say she had on a light-coloured blouse, with a lot of fluffy stuff about it—all light, airy trimming is "fluffy stuff" to him. Her skirt, he will tell you, was dark; he seldom knows what colour. As for her hat—well, he scarcely knows a hat from a bonnet, and to distinguish a toque from either is to him a matter of impossibility. Sometimes he will even forget that a toque is an adornment for the head, and will confound it with a sacque jacket. Though his knowledge of detail is meagre to a degree, he is still keenly alive to the general effect of her costume, and any incongruous or unbecoming article of attire strikes him unpleasantly, though he would probably be unable to say what was the offending garment, or in what respect it was wrong.

Of the infinite varieties of colours and materials he knows little; of the various styles less, nor does he care. It is when he is asked to describe to the lady folks at home the evening costumes of the ladies at a social function he has attended that our observant man is taken at the greatest disadvantage. His ideas of colour are absolutely restricted to black and white. Any lady who wore light colours was, as far as he is concerned, dressed in white, and anything darker than blue is black to him. He is the despair of his inquiring mother and sisters, who want to know how Miss de Smythe was dressed, and how that new confection from Paris became Mrs. Blank. If he is asked whether Miss So-and-So wore pale-green silk, he declares she did, until someone else suggests that it was slate colour, and then he admits that he cannot remember. As for noticing such details as shoes, gloves and ornaments, that is altogether beyond him.

There can be little doubt that the average man requires quite a special training to enable him to note all these things with the easy skill of a woman. That he can be so trained is certain, for a good deal of fashion and society reporting is done by men; but these are bright and shining exceptions, and the ordinary male person only asks that the fair creatures of his acquaintance should be becomingly dressed, and that the whole effect should be pleasing.

It may be that these remarks refer to the man who is careless of his own attire; but this is not the case. In the matter of knowledge and criticism of a woman's dress, the careless and untidy man is generally on a level with the dandy.

There are men who know a well-tailored frock coat at a glance; who never wear a tie out of keeping with the colour or style of their coats; who would never dream of donning a silk hat in company with a short jacket or brown boots, nor an up-and-down collar with evening dress; whose taste in waistcoats, ties and all the small details so much studied by the well-dressed man, is perfect; yet who could not for their lives tell an Empire gown from a Princesse, or a bolero jacket from an Eton, and to whom tulle, crepe de Chine, and foulard are quite meaningless terms. While to distinguish between the various shades of blue and green and heliotrope, fawn and brown, and all the other varieties, is a task entirely beyond them.

These men can tell at once if a man is well dressed, and, if not, exactly what is wrong with his "get up." They could describe in detail the clothes of any man they had recently seen; but ask them to go into the detail of a lady's costume, and they are hopelessly at sea. Of course there are exceptions—artists and society reporters, for instance; but they are quite outnumbered by the mere ordinary, ignorant man.

View of Auckland Harbour From Emily Place Reserve.



**Auckland Choral Society's Organ.**

At the meeting of the Auckland Choral Society last week, after a most warm reception had been accorded to Dr. Thomas, the society's new conductor, the Hon. J. A. Tole, who occupied the chair, intimated that he had a very pleasing duty to perform. He had that night to announce that Mr Henry Brett, proprietor of the "Auckland Star" and chairman of the committee of the Choral Society, had made a gift of the fine organ in the hall to the Auckland Choral Society. (Applause.) It was Mr Brett's express wish that it should be formally presented on the evening of Dr. Thomas' reception. He need hardly say that in choosing that occasion for presentation of the gift Mr Brett had not only added a graceful touch of eclat to Dr. Thomas' reception, but thus marked a long-to-be remembered period in the history of the Society. The terms of the gift were short and simple, and betokened Mr Brett's generosity and encouragement of musical societies. His letter was as follows:—

"The Committee of the Auckland Choral Society: Dear Sirs,—It has been my earnest desire for a number of years now that the Choral Society, which has done so much for the education of the Auckland public in the appreciation of higher class music, should be in possession of the important

auxiliary of a first-class organ. When the organ was erected in the Society's hall in connection with the recent Exhibition, it appeared to me that, providing the instrument was a good one, it would be a great pity not to devise means of acquiring it permanently for the Society. On this question of the excellence of the organ, there has been a gratifying and almost unanimously favourable consensus of opinion; I am pleased to find that the opinion of the merits of the instrument is coincided in and confirmed by the late Herr Carl Schmitt's successor, Dr. Thomas.

"As the state of the Choral Society's funds precluded the purchase of the organ, and its removal would necessarily follow, I decided to purchase it myself and present it to the Auckland Choral Society; and I now have pleasure in doing so, subject to the condition that any other properly constituted musical society in our city shall have the use of the organ at any concert given in the hall upon payment of £1, in addition to the usual hall charges. The revenue derived from this source should, I think, be employed in defraying the expenses of maintaining the instrument and extending its compass. I hope that in this way the Choral Hall will be better fitted to fulfil the purpose of its founders as the chief centre for the culture of music in our city, and will be a source of perennial pleasure to all lovers of the divine art.

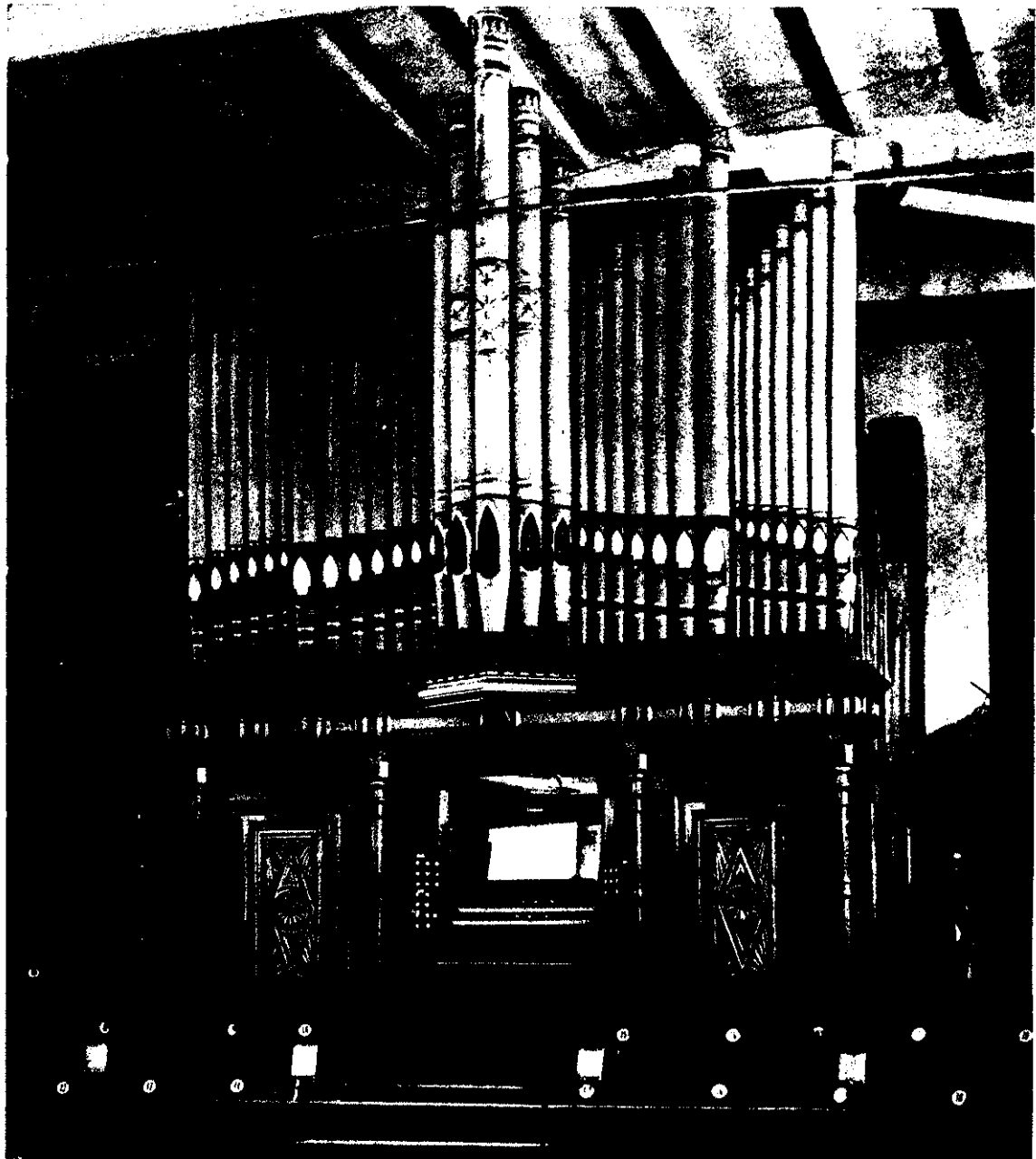
"I would suggest that the organ be held in trust for the Society by the Chairman and Secretary for the time being; and I shall be glad to confer with the members of the committee, or a sub-committee appointed by them, for the consideration of this question.

"Mr F. Earl, one of the trustees of the Choral Hall, has kindly offered to prepare any necessary documents free of charge.

"Yours sincerely,  
(Signed) H. BRETT."

Mr. Tole, continuing, said he might add that this was not the outcome of a new-born impulse or love for the Choral Society on Mr Brett's part. Mr Brett was one of the oldest, and he might safely add one of the fondest members of the Society (applause). For many years he took the principal bass solos of the important works produced, and when, owing to the multifarious claims upon his time, Mr Brett was unable to devote time to solo work, he, as often as his many duties would permit, assisted in the choruses. He was vice-chairman for many years, and was elected chairman on the death of the revered founder of the society, Mr P. D. Fenton. Mr Brett was also, with Mr Fred. Earl, a trustee of this hall, and in all these capacities he had rendered signal service to the cause of music. His great personal interest in the society and his loyalty to the pro-

motion of the art of music had been of greatest value. Whilst the organ was a free gift, and under the control of the Auckland Choral Society, it was practically a gift to the public, for all recognised musical societies were to have the use of the organ for a merely nominal fee, which would be devoted to the maintenance and extension of the capabilities of the instrument. It might be of interest for him to state that the organ was built by Mr G. Croft, in 1898, to the order of the Auckland Exhibition Executive. Its original cost was £625; small alterations, £25; cost of engine, bellows, and fittings, £111. Altogether, therefore, the value of the organ amounted to £766. (Applause.) With regard to this magnificent gift, many factors for eulogy must pass through their minds, but the one which commanded itself most to his for the moment was that it was not that worst form of a gift, a posthumous gift, but one the fruits of which the giver would enjoy with them all, and also enjoy the gratitude of this generation, who would perpetuate his memory and his benefaction. In Mr Brett's name Mr Tole formally declared the organ as presented by him to the Auckland Choral Society, and in conclusion proposed the following resolution:—"That this society owes a deep debt of gratitude to Mr Henry Brett for his most magnificent gift." This was carried by prolonged applause.



Exhibition Organ, Presented to the Auckland Choral Society by H. Brett, Esq.

Welcoming Dr. Thomas.

Great interest was taken in the rehearsal of the Auckland Choral Society last week owing to the fact that the new conductor, Dr. Thomas, commenced his duties. As the outcome of this there was an unusually large attendance of both honorary and working members, fully 250 being seated in the body of the hall, while the orchestral benches were occupied by fifty instrumentalists and 150 vocalists. Shortly after 7.30 o'clock the new conductor ascended the platform amidst applause, being accompanied by Messrs G. A. Paque, who has so ably filled the position since the death of Herr Carl Schmitt, and the following members of the committee of the Society: Hon. J. A. Tole, G. Harker, H. Bunby, J. A. Beale, J. W. Tibbs, J. Henderson, J. B. Macfarlane, Dr. Cox, R. J. Edmiston, secretary, and also, by invitation, Mr Vincent Rice, the only living ex-conductor of the Choral Society.

The Hon. J. A. Tole said the warmth and hospitality of the greeting which had so manifestly been accorded to Dr. Thomas had anticipated, and had done, and done well, what was one of the pleasurable duties he (Mr Tole) had to perform. In ordinary course that pleasurable duty would have been performed by the worthy chairman of the committee, but Mr Brett was unfortunately unable to be present from a slight indisposition, which, of course, was sufficient reason, but also from a gratifying reason of delicacy which would presently be explained. In Mr Brett's absence it had been thought appropriate that, as a connecting link between the University College Council and the committee of the Choral Society, he (Mr Tole) being a member of both should be the honoured medium

of introducing Dr. Thomas to the society, including both performing and subscribing members, which he now

was always an influence of betterment to the community by the addition of another who came from one of the great and ancient seats of learning in the arts and sciences. Dr. Thomas would be pleased to know that he assumed the conductorship of a society some forty years old, and whose repertoire and performances had succeeded in maintaining an elevated musical taste and appreciation throughout all classes of the citizens of Auckland. It was worthy of remark that Dr. Thomas' immediate and able predecessor, Herr Schmitt, wielded the baton for over twenty years, which argued, beyond the popularity of Herr Schmitt, not only the cordial relations that ever existed between the committee of the society and its conductor, but also the loyalty of every performing member of the orchestra and choir to their musical chief. He (Mr Tole) had not had opportunity of consulting every member, but he was sure he would have their assent when he said he could tender on their behalf the same pledge of loyalty to Dr. Thomas. (Applause.) There was one word of praise also due to another gentleman, who in a moment of emergency filled the position left vacant by the death of their late conductor. He referred to their worthy friend, Mr G. A. Paque—(prolonged and enthusiastic applause)—who during the interregnum between the loss of one conductor and arrival of his successor unselfishly took up the duties of the position and fulfilled them in a most able manner. (Applause.) Mr Tole said he had no doubt they were inaugurating a new era, as it were, and that for the future the same cordial relationship between the society and its conductor that had existed in the past would continue, and from that night's eventful milestone in its history the society would

with renewed vigour continue on a career of many, many years of advancement in music and of pleasure to the members and to the public generally. (Applause.)

Mr Tole then handed to Dr. Thomas the baton, and said he did so feeling confident that it descended into able hands, where he hoped sincerely it would beat a long measure of time.

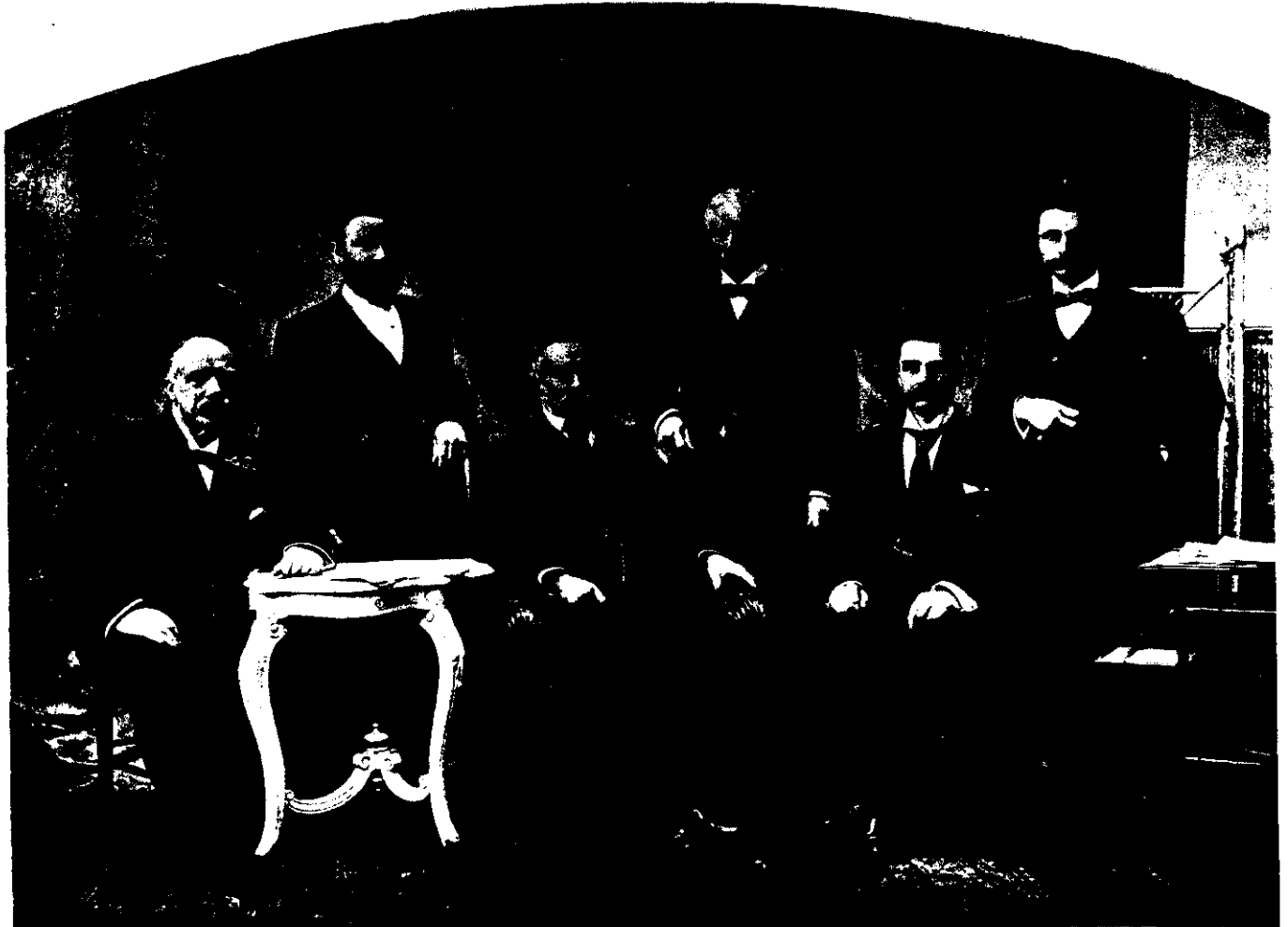


Hanna, photo.  
DR. W. E. THOMAS,  
The New Conductor of the Auckland Choral Society.

had pleasure in doing (Applause.) He hailed with pleasure the advent of Dr. Thomas to the colony. Just as the ripple in the pool extended its influence over the whole waters, so there



DR. EDWARD H. PHILLIPS, of Upton, Cape Colony.  
[See "OUR ILLUSTRATIONS."]



Wrightsworth & Hinns, photo.

NEW ZEALAND POLICE FORCE COMMISSION.

To whose labours the present satisfactory condition of the Police force is largely due.

STANDING—J. W. POYNTON, S.M., Commissioner. LT.-COL. PITT, V.D., Commissioner. E. W. KANE, Secretary to the Commission.  
SITTING—LT.-COL. HUME, Inspector of Prisons and Late Commissioner of Police, H. B. WARDELL, S.M., Chairman of Commission. J. B. TUNBRIDGE, Commissioner of Police.

**Presents Showered Upon Jockeys.**

No actress, however popular and fascinating, receives more or a greater variety of gifts from unknown well-wishers than does the successful jockey. Gamblers are proverbially generous, and every "winner" a jockey rides puts it in the power of betting men to display their instinctive generosity, and what more proper and logical than that it should be shown towards the jockey who has thus empowered them?

It is in this way that jockeys are the recipients of hundreds of gifts of all kinds and descriptions from admirers in the course of every year, more especially during the "fat race season." They range in character from threepenny pieces to bank notes up to the value of £500; sometimes, but not often, even more; and from kittens to house boats and steam launches.

Some years ago a jockey who had had a very good season, received eight gold watches, fourteen tie pins (each worth from £2 to £40), five rings, bank notes to the aggregate value of £370, seventy-two boxes of cigars, twenty cases of wine and spirits, a number of handsomely mounted whips, and walking sticks, a grand piano, and a Canadian canoe, all from donors

who preferred to remain unknown. From other friends who had not the same preference the jockey received a smart victoria, two splendid saddle horses, and—a litter of young pigs.

Probably no jockey ever had so many friends among betting men as had Fred Archer, and every year he received van loads of presents, the majority of them valuable, from persons quite unknown to him. Had he never received any of his vast professional earnings he might easily have lived upon the presents sent him, selling those things he did not require to obtain what he might want. Stacks of boxes of cigars and cases of liquors used to arrive at the "Tinman's" home, not infrequently being presents from the manufacturers. He would have had a most expensive stable had he kept all the horses presented and accepted all those offered to him.

Every conceivable article of wearing apparel was constantly sent to him by admirers. He received on a certain date every year a dozen fine linen dress shirts and a dozen day shirts, together with a gross of collars from an Irish linen maker, who had once backed a mount the "Tinman" had steered to a long odds victory. Another admiring tradesman used to send him a dozen fancy waistcoats every Derby Day.

Jewellery of all kinds and in profusion he received, and probably no jockey ever received more anonymous gifts of money than did Archer.

On one big occasion he received ten bank notes for £100 in an envelope addressed in a palpably feminine hand. But he never discovered the donor's name. Someone who knew the "Tinman" intimately has asserted that the presents sent him anonymously during the years of his highest fame must have been worth between £3000 and £3500 per annum.

"Moray" Cannon holds much the same place in public estimation as Archer held in his day, but his "presentation list" is probably less extensive, for the reason that Cannon has more successful rivals than Archer had, and his position is not quite unchallenged. He has, however, no reason to complain about the ungenerosity of his admirers, and he could start in business as either a wine or cigar merchant, or a jeweller in a modest way, with the stocks he has received in presents since he first forged to the leading rank of jockeys.

Tod Sloan has had a remarkably successful racing career since he first went to England. It is even said that his earnings have reached £30,000 a year, but this may be hyperbolic. In any case his income must run into

five figures, and the number of presents sent him is enormous. During the course of one week he has received as presents cheques and bank notes to the value of some thousands, to say nothing of other tokens of esteem of all kinds.

His fancy for jewels and jewellery has not been lost sight of by his admirers; indeed, jewellery has always been a favourite form of showing appreciation of jockeys, and Sloan must have a good collection of watches, rings, and such like trifles, which were sent him by friends; and it would tax the vocabulary of a broker's man to enumerate the whole list of the presents he has received since he rode his first "winner."

A few betting men make it a practice to send some kind of present to the jockeys who ride winning horses they have backed, the gift equalling in cost a small percentage of the money won; and a well-known sportsman who does not run horses himself confessed to the writer recently that the practice generally cost him £200 a year, and one particularly good season cost him nearly £900. This is an interesting statement, for another reason, as it shows that even if the "small percentage" were two and a half his winnings for that particular season must have amounted to £36,000.



H. J. EDMISTON.



J. SAVAGE.



A. HANNA.



F. DILLINGHAM, American Consul.



T. THOMPSON.



CANON MacMURRAY. H. B. MORTON.



E. ABBOTT. R. FLEMING. M. FLEMING.

Caught on the Hop.



### The Handshake.

#### HOW SOME ROYALTIES DO IT.

First impressions usually prove correct, and one of the easiest, though least thought of methods of gathering these is to notice the way in which anybody to whom you are introduced shakes hands.

There are as many ways of shaking hands as there are of speaking, and they range from the vice-like grip of the blacksmith to the slimy, cold, and damp Irish deep-like clasp of the man for whom we never entertain any feelings other than those of contempt from the first moment we set eyes upon him.

And why is it that we should really be able to judge character, or rather ascertain temperament, from so ordinary a thing as a hand clasp? Well, even animals, if you study them closely enough, have what may not inaptly be termed "individuality" in their methods of doing even the commonest things; and it is not surprising, therefore, that man, in whom originality is developed to a higher degree than among any living creatures which walk this earth, should develop something characteristic in his method of hand-shaking, if only for the simple reason that he performs that simple act more often than any other in the course of his life.

Even the leading English Royalties differ much from one another in this

matter. For instance, one of the secrets of the Prince of Wales' great popularity lies in the fact that His Royal Highness holds that any person who is worthy to be introduced to him is likewise worthy to shake him by the hand. And right heartily does the Prince perform his part of the greeting. The King of Denmark is also a very hearty hand shaker, while his neighbour, the Sailor King of Sweden, is fond of shaking farmers or sailors bluffly by the hand, but is very curt and sparing in the matter of official hand shakes.

Naturally enough, the military nature of the German Emperor is indicated in his style of shaking, one of the jokes at the Court being the observation that "His Majesty has made

another lasting impression" when it is noticed that he has greeted a newcomer, for the Emperor William has a very powerful right hand, and his grip is not quickly forgotten. His Majesty is perhaps more liberal than any other reigning Sovereign with his hand shakes; nor will newspaper readers overlook the fact that he numbers among his numberless accomplishments that of being the champion public kisser of Europe—but that is another matter. Those who know the late King of Italy say that you could tell by his hand shake whether he liked you or not, for nothing could exceed it in heartiness if the visitor had made a favourable impression on him. The Czar shakes hands with Sovereigns only.



Watford, "Graphic" photo.

MR. CROMWELL TEWSLEY'S RESIDENCE, PARNELL.



Watford, "Graphic" photo.

MR. LUCAS BLOOMFIELD'S RESIDENCE, PARNELL.

Picturesque Colonial Homes.

# A CEREAL STORY.

(OR ALLEGORY OF THE STORE CUPBOARD).

There were ructions that day in the Store Cupboard—unseemly, ructions for such a well-ordered establishment. The Duke of Maccaroni had invited a largish house party for the entire summer; rather a risk, you will say, but they were most of them well-bred people, and he had not troubled his head as to whether they would get on together or not. He was a widower, but his daughter-in-law, Lady Vermicelli, made a charming if too languid hostess. She was a pretty woman, so slight in build that it seemed as if she were not intended for the responsibility of holding up her back. She affected to dislike children, but, in reality, she would have given her eyes (and they were lovely) for even a girl baby. There was no heir to the Dukedom, and Lord Vermicelli was well known, poor man, to be in a consumption. He was only twenty-nine; it was most sad.

This perhaps explains—but there is no room for explanations. I am restricted as to space. At any rate, all the women of the party were quite devoted to the Duke.

Now he was not a man to whom they ought to have been devoted. True, he was a delightful *laissez-aller* kind of host, a man of distinguished presence, carrying well his sixty odd years—an entertaining conversationalist, a well-informed man of the world. Also he was no mean connoisseur in art, having spent much of his life in Italy. He owned an estate of some extent in Umbria, and a villa, which was a paradise of delight, in Amalfi. Yet the men who knew him well, said that he was entirely hollow; that the less said about his principles the better, and that his relations with a certain Mr Cheese would hardly bear the light of day.

Cheese was said to be a money-lender in disguise. He had once been invited to the Store Cupboard, but Lady Vermicelli had tilted her pretty nose and hinted that he was "rather smellie, don't you know," and when she calmly added, "No more cheese for me, thank you," the Duke made a note of it, and the gentleman had not been asked again. He was very fond of his daughter-in-law.

Her friend, the Hon. Sybil Cornflour, had certainly a "soft corner" for the Duke. She was a gentle creature, who always dressed in blue of such a well-defined Prussian shade, that it had earned for her the name of the "Blue Spinster." But Miss Cornflour was thirty-five, and had no chance, it was thought, against pretty little Pearl Barley, who was only eighteen, the veriest nobody as to family, but so perfectly sweet and insinuating, that everybody loved her.

"Mark my words, he will marry a young girl," said Lady Frances Cayenne. She had a sharp tongue and very red hair, and was the only really disagreeable member of the party.

"Why should he marry at all?" asked Sir Arrowroot Canister, innocently. Lady Frances turned sharply on him.

"Do not affect too much ignorance, Arrowroot. No one will believe you. You know perfectly well he must marry. All the women are mad after him. Every one of those Sago girls wants him, not to speak of Miss Popcorn, the American heiress."

Sir Arrowroot laughed noisily at the idea.

The Ladies Hope, Violet, and Joyce Sago were the well-conducted daughters of the Earl of Tapioca. They were all—with their school-room sisters—so small, round, and wholesome, that it was difficult to tell one from another.

"The Sagos are not designing girls," he said in their defence, and he was quite right.

Miss Cornflour was his first cousin, so Lady Frances had to curb her tongue in respect to the "Blue Spinster," though she was determined to pursue the subject.

"And Amelia J. Popcorn?" she asked viciously.

"Ah, well, I suppose no American is really averse to a coronet, however much they may object to them on principle. By the way, Amelia J. is a very nice girl; I should not object to her myself, at all."

"She would never have you."  
"I never said she would."

"You implied it"—with a scornful little sniff.

"I did not."  
"Now, now, don't quarrel," called out Mr. Rice Currie pleasantly. "I have a hot temper myself, but I always try to keep it in check."

"Oh, yes, we all know that real Indian curry is never very hot."

And Lady Frances mimicked his cheery, pleasant voice as openly as she dared. He took no notice of the mimicry, which he heard perfectly, but crossed the room and sat down near them. Mr. Quaker Oats, a new arrival of the day before, who was understood to be a preacher of some kind, looked relieved, for he had begun to feel uncomfortable. From the floor above came sounds of revelry, showing that the younger fry were amusing themselves. Lady Vermicelli, unable longer to contend with her own back, had gone to lie down.

to her knee, and gave it her diamond ring to play with.

Signor Revalenta Arabica was watching her hungrily. He was a professor of languages, who had been imported to slake the thirst for the Italian tongue, which had overtaken all the girls simultaneously, in view of the estate in Umbria and the pleasant villa at Amalfi.

"Che! Che!" he said, as he stroked the baby's yellow curls, simply because he dared not touch the dusky locks of Miss Popcorn's smart little head.

"Che! Che!" cried Baby Sago, in cooing imitation.

"Now, Lady Frances, all the girls are here," said Sir Arrowroot briskly. "I challenge you to prove your words. Lady Frances says—"

He surveyed the group, and his eyes twinkled merrily.

"What does she say?" cried all the voices in chorus.

"She says you are all setting your caps at the Duke, and will marry him if you can."

"Oh! Oh! Oh! you wicked man!" And they all took up rice and pelted him, till he felt as if he had just been married.



"Mark my words, he will marry a young girl," said Lady Frances Cayenne.

Lying down was her normal condition.

"What is the dispute?" asked Mr. Rice Currie.

"The dispute," began Sir Arrowroot Canister—but he was interrupted by the entrance of a bevy of pretty girls, headed by Amelia J. Popcorn.

"We had to come down," she announced gaily, "the children made such rows, and the little Peppercorns would run around the floor till it was real disagreeable. They even got into our shoes."

"Tell them to behave better or I will have them ground to powder," threatened Lady Frances Cayenne.

She was their stepmother, and they knew best, poor little dears, what reason they had to be afraid of her.

"You would never be so cruel," deprecated Amelia. "Poppa and Mamma were never so unkind to me. I used to run all about, and pop in and out just as I pleased."

She was a tall, handsome creature, with a combined brightness and dignity of manner, which in spite of her rather loud voice, were very attractive.

"Was you called Popcorn 'cause you popped in and out?" piped little Baby Sago in a shrill treble, which made the others laugh.

"Yes, darling, I was." And Amelia lifted the small, well-rounded mite on

"Is it not true then?" he asked, defending his face with both hands.

"It is perfectly true," put in Lady Frances severely.

"What do you say, Sybil?"

But Miss Cornflour, too truthful to lie, blushed such a vivid pink that Sir Arrowroot felt his question to have been cruel, and he turned quickly, to little Pearl.

"Now, Miss Barley, tell the truth—are you not very fond of the Duke?"

"I think the Duke is very fond of me, you impertinent man," she retorted, with perfect sang-froid, and then she turned on him a look which had subjugated, by its innocence, many a better man than he.

"And Miss Popcorn?" He called her "Amelia J." behind her back only—"would you marry the Duke if he asked you?"

"Why, certainly," replied the girl, with a serenity beautiful to behold. "And I guess Mamma would be real pleased, though she did say she would rather see me in my coffin than married to an Englishman. She had to say that to keep up her self-respect, you know."

The eyebrows of all the guests went up in united horror, but the young woman only laughed.

"I guess you all mean it, and why shouldn't I say it," she asked gaily; and in their souls they knew she was right.

Sir Arrowroot addressed his question to the Ladies Hope, Violet and Joyce Sago. These quiet girls were furious. Their dignity was outraged; hatred blazed in their placid blue eyes. (Yet they cared, or they would not have been so vehement), and to everybody's surprise they showed more fight than all the others. They positively execrated Sir Arrowroot, and jumped upon him so literally, getting the others to help them, that he got all over the place in little daubs of white flour, which came off on to other people's coats (and skirts) in a way which was most annoying. This was very unfair, because, as you know, the primary accusation came from Lady Frances, and not from Sir Arrowroot at all. The uproar rose to such a pitch that it woke up an old lady with pink ribbons in her cap, who had been dozing in a faraway corner of the room. This was Jane, Dowager Countess of Semolina, a kind of old lady who, in fifty years' time, will be as extinct as the dodo. Her gentle heart, her large sympathy, and her imperturbable courtesy of manner endeared her to all alike. The whole Store Cupboard was proud of this courtly, old-world manner, which it could not for the life of it, imitate. Her sweet old Ladyship had been born before the days of railways, telegrams, gas and bicycles, which make us all so nervous, brusque and impatient now-a-days. She looked alarmed, as well she might, and her dear old eyes blinked distressfully behind her spectacles.

Pearl flew to her and threw a pair of crossing arms round her neck.

"I thought you were deaf, you dear old darling. Why did you wake up? Why aren't you deaf?"

Pearl looked conscience-stricken and very winsome.

"I am a little deaf, dear child; but you made enough noise to wake the dead."

"I am so sorry."

"You ought to be sorry." This from General Chutney, an old Indian, mahogany as to colour, and tractable as to temper. A little of him went a long way.

"We are so sorry," they all called out together. And they left Sir Arrowroot to get and make much of the old lady.

In the midst of this peaceful occupation came a loud, rasping, grating noise, which shook the Store Cupboard to the very foundations. It was like the noise of the Metropolitan Railway, but without its accompaniment of smoke and grime. The faces blanched. They knew or, at least, Lady Semolina and all the elders knew—that this was one of the crises in their fate, which came to them at stated intervals. How were they to tell that it was every Saturday morning? The Housekeeper's great key was in the muffled lock, scrunching it round and round, as an unskilled dentist the teeth of some unfortunate wight. She came once a week to put out her stores, and, indeed, she did "put them out" very considerably. To them it was as an earthquake, a radical upheaval, before which they were as helpless as the commonest middle-class families of the cereal world.

Lady Semolina trembled visibly, Pearl cried a little from sheer fright. The little Peppercorns became as mum as miniature mutes at a funeral.

"Che! Che!" breathed Signor Revalenta Arabica softly, planting himself in front of Amelia J. Popcorn.

"Sensate," he said aloud.

"Why, certainly," replied the young lady promptly. She was grateful for his protection.

"I propose that we have a meeting," hazarded Mr Quaker Oats, scenting an opportunity which, in this somewhat frivolous assembly, might not occur again.

"Meeting be blowed!" This from Dick Barleycorn, Pearl's half brother. His was the irreverence and ignorance of danger incidental to extreme youth, and he had not yet learned to bridle his tongue in presence of his betters.

At this moment Lady Vermicelli entered, wringing her beautiful hands. Her husband, who was close behind her, collapsed into a chair, torn by emotion and a racking cough.

"The duke! the duke!" gasped Lady Vermicelli, her sweet eyes streaming with tears. "They have taken away my dear father-in-law, and we shall never, never see him again." Her voice was lost in inarticulate grief.

Golden Foundations.

The Town Hall at Birmingham, famous as one of the great musical centres of England, is founded on the top of a heap of refuse. This refuse consists of mother-o-pearl shells, brought overseas from the tropics.

At the time it was thrown away only the white flakes of shell were worth money, but now the coloured pearl, formerly mere refuse, is worth many pounds to the ton. There is enough coloured pearl-shell under the foundations of Birmingham Town Hall to pay for pulling down and rebuilding the structure.

That is only a trifle compared with the millions of pounds' worth of minerals hidden away under London. The London clay is made of silicate of alumina, the ore of the beautiful metal aluminium. Clay, of course, is common everywhere, and only worth quarrying where it is easily reached. But underground London is becoming a gigantic subterranean city, and the time will come when the clay removed in the course of tunnelling will sell as aluminium ore, and pay part of the expense of working it.

Far deeper down are the coal measures; and, acre for acre, there is as much coal under London as there is under the colliery districts of the North. The rocks lie like the pages of a wet book—in rather crinkled layers. One chapter of this mighty rock-book is the coal-bearing formation, which rises to the surface along a line extending from Northumberland, through Staffordshire, to South Wales. Strung along that line are the British coal-fields; but to the south-eastward the coal layers dip down far under the surface, rising again at the coal-fields of Belgium and Germany.

All the area of South-East England, the Straits of Dover, and the seas adjacent, is coal-bearing if you go down far enough; and at Dover pits have been sunk for experiment, to see if the deep coal will pay to work.

South Shields has rather an awkward treasure. The coal-pits have thrown out heaps of culm, or coal refuse; not good enough for sale, but still, so rich in fuel-stuff that it might pay to cook it for gas. Anyway, the culm-heaps were good enough fuel to catch fire on their own account, smouldering for at least twenty years, in defiance of the mayor and corporation.

Time and again rows of dwellings have been built on top of the culm. Then the fire would break out and burn a street or two. The South Shields volcano has been behaving itself for some years, but it is not by any means proved to be extinct, and a new outbreak would cause much excitement on the Tyne-side.

Cities built on gold-bearing ground are common in many parts of the world—such as Mount Morgan, in Australia; and Tacoma, the capital of Washington.

At Nevada City a carriage drew up with muddy wheels in front of a bank, and an assayer, having, perhaps, nothing else to do, tested the mud from the wheels for gold and silver. It ran £2 5/ to the ton! The streets were being ballasted with waste from the mines of the famous Cornstock Ledge, and the people were wild with excitement over the discovery that the pavement of one street alone was worth £26,674 in gold and silver at the very lowest estimate.

The City of Chihuahua, in Mexico—a large and beautiful town—is built largely on slag from furnaces used in smelting silver. This slag is rich enough to warrant the tearing down of the city. The walls of the palaces and public buildings are of rich silver ore, and the cathedral, one of the finest in North America, was built out of a small tax on the ore of a mine in the neighbourhood.

Some of the Swiss towns have pavements of a schist, or slate-rock, studded with hard lumps like nail-heads. These are precious stones—crystals of garnet.

But the most curious instance comes from an American mining-town, where the church stands on a gold-bearing gravel, and the church authorities have let the ground under their place of worship to be worked as a goldmine.



"Was you called Popcorn 'cause you popped in and out?" piped little Baby Sago.

Sybil Cornflour and the others rushed to comfort her, Mr Rice Currie to give her the support of his calm presence hitherto so helpful in times of emergency. Yet, in spite of all they could do, she fell prone to the ground. It was understood that her back was broken.

The story spread like wildfire to every shelf and cranny of the Store Cupboard. Woe and anguish reigned. The housekeeper, in her weekly raid,

had carried off His Grace, leaving not one trace of the ducal presence. With him had disappeared Lady Frances Cayenne, though no one carried a fig about her; indeed, the joy of the little Peppercorns was quite indecent when the less important fact was made known.

The great question as to who would have been Duchess of Macaroni remains for ever unanswered. Would the duke have married little Pearl,

with her sweet, insidious, simple ways, or Miss Popcorn, with her millions and maturer, more subtle charms? It was between these two that his choice lay. There was much wistful questioning as to whether they would ever meet him again. Who could tell? In any case it was inevitable that he should lose some of his dignity, either in frizzling, hopeless entanglement with Mr Cheese, or lurking lazily in the recesses of a veal pie. Better, far better, that they should think of him as the cultured host of the Store Cupboard, or, as depicted by a great Italian artist, gazing pensively from the marble steps of the Casa Macaroni over the vine-clad slopes of Umbria.

That picture, rich in the grace and colour he loved so well, is the revered treasure of the Store Cupboard. Over it hangs a parchment scroll illuminated by Lady Violet Sago.

"Shall I remain forgotten in the dust, when Fate, relenting, lets the flowers revive?"

And under it he who will may see a series of crystal drops trickling gently towards the central puddle. They shimmer on, but they never grow less.

Words are a desecration. They are the tears of the young and the fair.

E. M. SMITH.



The Little Peppercorns became as Mum as Miniature Mutes at a Funeral.

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

**"Trying it on the Dog."**

Nowadays a new play is usually produced in the country, and licked into shape by a run through the provincial towns.

This process is called, in theatrical parlance, "trying it on the dog."

One of the most successful comic operas ever played—and, moreover, one that is played throughout the English-speaking world to-day—is "La Mascotte." The late Alexander Henderson, one of the most acute of theatrical managers, doubtful of its merits, produced the opera at Brighton with a cast including Lionel Brough, Violet Cameron, Henry Bracey, and many other well-known stars. It ran triumphantly there for a week, and was subsequently brought to London, where it attained the huge success which it undoubtedly deserved.

More recently, Sir Henry Irving produced Dr. Conan Doyle's touching little drama, "A Story of Waterloo" far away in the country, where it was duly knocked into shape before bringing it up to the Lyceum. The same process was undergone by Mr. Walter Firth's play "The Man of Forty," which Mr. George Alexander is now playing so successfully at the St. James' Theatre, London.

Mr and Mrs Kendal, with that dramatic instinct which is hereditary in the family, make a practice of producing new plays elsewhere than in town. "The Elder Miss Blossom," which was a charming play, full of promise for the future of the collaborating dramatists, needed a lengthy provincial tour before it was brought to London. And of recent years Mrs Kendal has played few, if any, new parts for the first time before a metropolitan audience.

That epoch-making play, "Cyrano de Bergerac," by Rostand, after a deal of buffeting about in the hands of different English translators and adaptors, was at last produced by Mr Charles Wyndham far away in the country, and after a trip to Ireland and several important provincial centres, was brought up to Wyndham's Theatre as a thoroughly rehearsed and well-worked-up play.

Another class of performance which takes place from time to time at some more or less remote country town is the copyright representation for the purpose of securing full rights to the producer by a so-called public performance, which, however, is not

advertised, and to which admission is usually charged at the exclusive price of one guinea each all round. A notable instance of this was the first performance of "The Pirates of Penzance," by Sir Arthur Sullivan and Mr W. S. Gilbert. This enchantingly clever comic opera was produced at the town immortalised in the title—Penzance—and was witnessed by some score of bewildered countryfolk, who little dreamt of the importance of the performance they were attending. This single show was given simply for the purpose of securing certain rights, both in England and America, and the actual "first night" took place at the Opera

Cemique Theatre before the existence of the row famous Savoy.

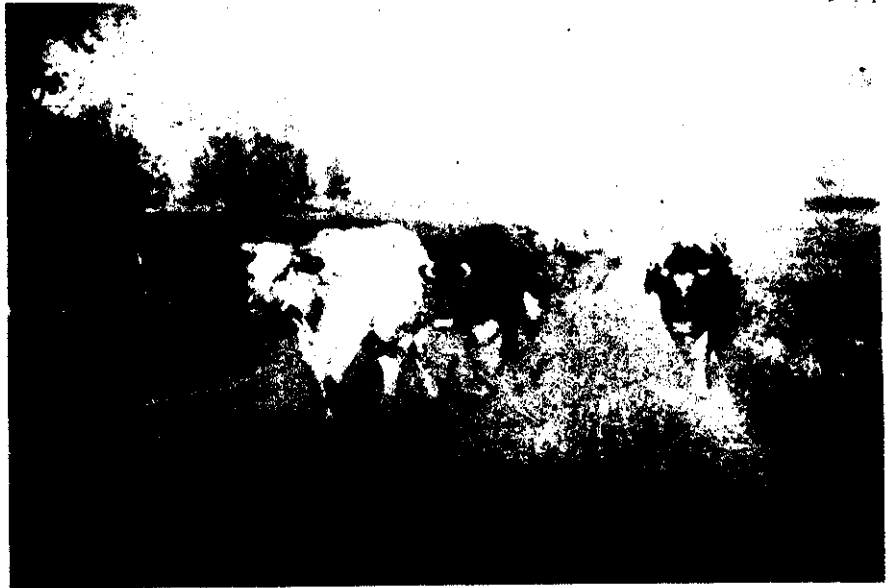
Mr George R. Sims nearly always elects to produce his dramatic pieces somewhere in the provinces. In this he shows his appreciation of country audiences, and his clever business methods. "The Dandy Fifth," for instance, was given a healthy provincial tour before being brought up to town, and derived much benefit therefrom. London audiences saw it in the full flush of early adolescence, and promptly pronounced it a success.

Mr Wilson Barrett first played "The Sign of the Cross" far away from the metropolis. In this he showed his wis-

dom and good taste. When it eventually came to London, it was a finished and smoothly-running play.

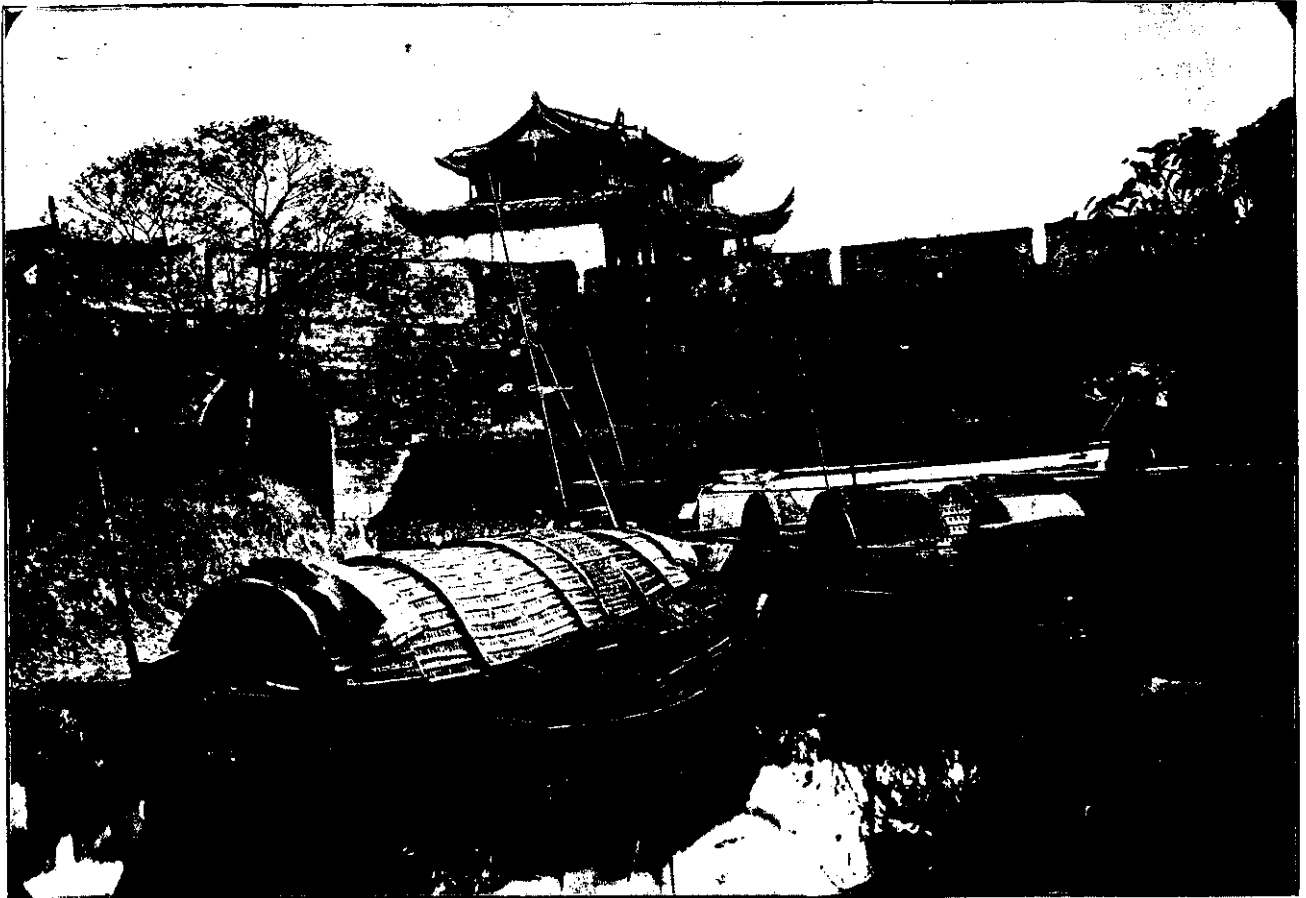
It must be remembered that audiences in the chief provincial towns are every bit as critical and exacting as metropolitan ones, if, indeed, they are not more so. If they pronounce a play to be a success, it is a hundred to one that it will prove to be one, and their judgment is rarely at fault.

Perhaps it is not too much to say that three out of every five new plays are brought out in the country and licked into shape by a short provincial tour before they are introduced to town.



AFTER HEAT OF DAY.

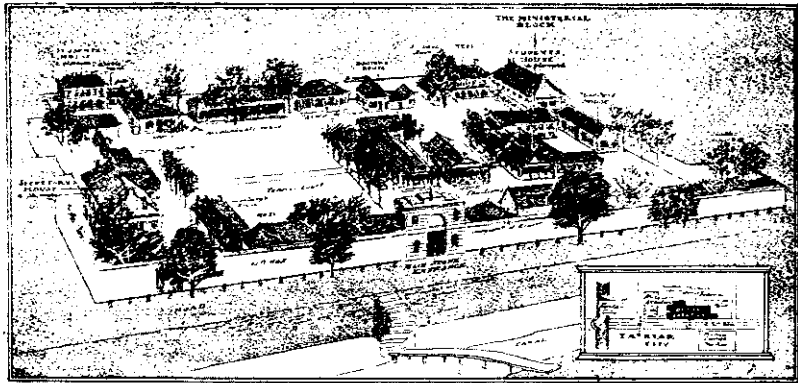
The new picture by Mr Ormsby Brown, purchased for the Auckland Macketye Gallery. Photo by John C. Douglas, Art photographer, St. Ives, Cornwall.



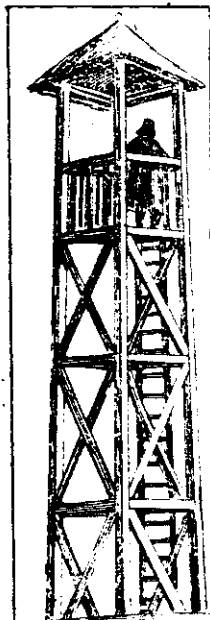
Watch Tower and Walls of Soochow City, and Native Sampans or House Boats.



THE CHINESE SECTION OF PEKING SEEN FROM THE WALL WHICH SURROUNDS IT.



THE COMPREHENSIVE, WELL-PROTECTED BRITISH LEGATION IN PEKING, WHERE THE FOREIGN MINISTERS SUCCESSFULLY RESISTED A HORDE OF BOXERS.



**Russia's "Thin Blue Line."**  
OF WARDERS AND THEIR LONELY WATCH-TOWERS.

There is no land frontier in the world so strikingly guarded as that imaginary line which stretches across

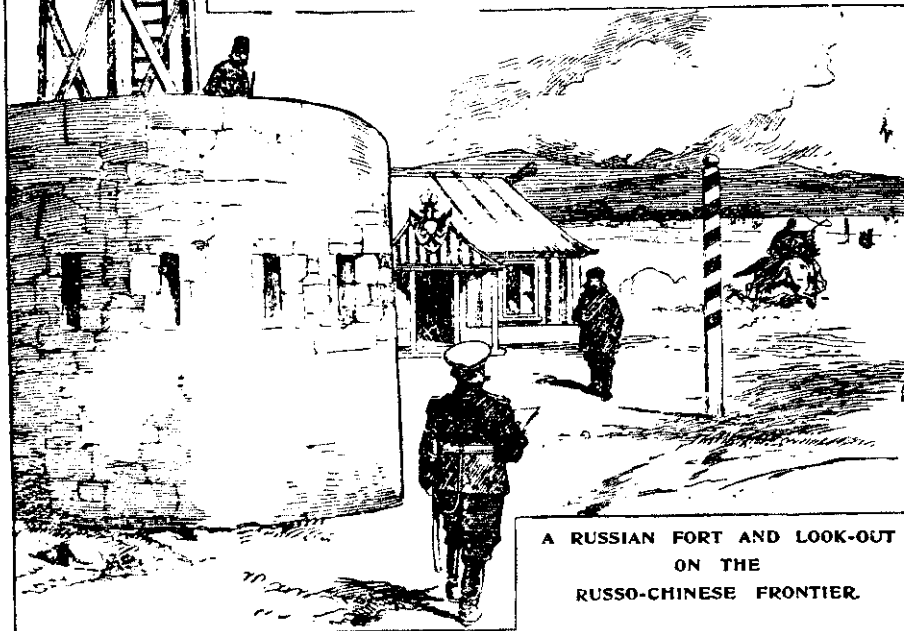
Asia from the Caucasus to the Pacific, and marks the south-eastern boundary of the Russian Empire. Along this line, like a row of tiny pawns in some huge game of chess, are scattered the frontier outposts of the Cossacks—that famous irregular "arm" of the Russian military system. One to

twenty miles or so of the frontier these posts stand—in all some three thousand miles and more.

The conspicuous feature of each outpost is a bluff tower, built of stone or of mud and logs. On this is erected a second tower of wooden lattice-work, with a kind of crow's nest on the top. Beside this composite structure are the stables for the Cossack ponies—the lower portion of the double tower forms a guard-room and dormitory. Up in the crow's nest, by night and by day, watch a vigilant pair of Cossack eyes. At their owner's command is a semaphore for day signalling; at night lights are employed. Just in sight, on either hand, are the flanking outposts, also with their lights by night and their semaphore signals by day. Silently they whisper to one another across the Asian hills and plains, sleepless, loyal—for God and the Czar.

Fifteen men there are to each post, and each day three take the duty of watching from the tower-top. Thus, one day in five, each man does eight hours' sentinel duty—two hours up, four hours' rest, then two hours of watching again, and so on till the day is finished, when three other Cossacks take the "shift" for the next twenty-four hours. Once a month the posts are relieved from a district depot or the nearest garrison. Including the Cossack element in these latter centres, and the men actually on outpost duty, there cannot be fewer than 45,000 Cossacks on the Asiatic frontier. To these must be added the 40,000 men of the regular army who form the so-called "frontier battalions." But it is the blue-coated Cossack who, along this vast and vulnerable boundary, furnishes, in a truly literal sense, the eyes of the Russian Empire.

If this magnificent string of communications has a disadvantage, it is that the Cossack warders are not, in



A RUSSIAN FORT AND LOOK-OUT ON THE RUSSO-CHINESE FRONTIER.





CHINESE DRAGON SHOWN BY THE CHINESE ON THE OCCASION OF ONE OF THEIR FESTIVALS IN SAN FRANCISCO.

the read purport of the phrase, trained signalmen. They have merely been taught to interpret and report certain arbitrary signals, capable of conveying such warnings and requests as are likely to be necessary. The posts, however, act, in case of need, as a chain of depots supplying despatch-riders who have not their equal in the whole world. A written message can thus be carried in twenty-mile stages with an almost incredible speed. The Cossack despatch-rider bestrides one horse and leads a relay, both animals advancing at the wildest gallop.

**How They Are Crowded in China.**

**"NO ROOM TO LIVE" WITH A VENGEANCE.**

Those who are concerned over the problem presented by the lack of accommodation in our large towns should turn their gaze towards the Celestial Empire. In our greatest cities we have nothing like the density to be found in the representative centres of Chinese life. Liverpool, with

its 50,000 persons to the square mile, stands at the head of English densities, London follows with 36,000, and Plymouth comes next with 35,000. Bristol can boast but 31,000 to the square mile. So much for the problem as it faces us. If our difficulty constitutes a serious problem China's is an insoluble enigma.

Pekin—home of Chinese duplicity—is an official and not a commercial centre. Its population is variously estimated at from half a million to a million and a half. The smaller number is doubtless the more correct. In that case the Pekinese are but

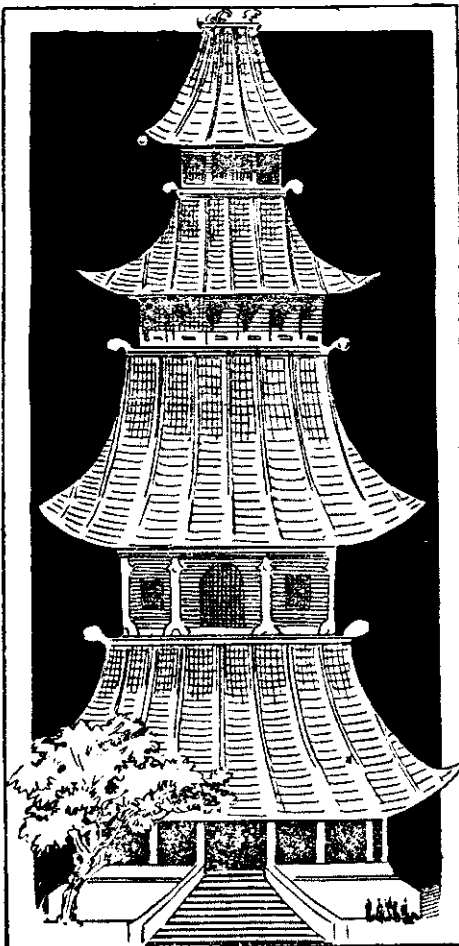
**10,000 THICK ON THE SQUARE MILE.**

a mere bagatelle in the way of crowding. To see what China really can do when she is put to it one must consider Shanghai. Inside its walled city of three and a half miles in circumference there are said to be packed some 500,000 souls. A circle of five miles about includes the suburbs and takes in a total of 580,000 persons. The density of the walled city is no less than half a million per square mile—probably the most astounding rate of over-crowding in the world. The rate becomes all the more remarkable in view of the fact that most of the houses are but one storey in height. Paris, for all its huge nests of flats, has but 98,000 inhabitants to the square mile. Canton proper—one of the largest

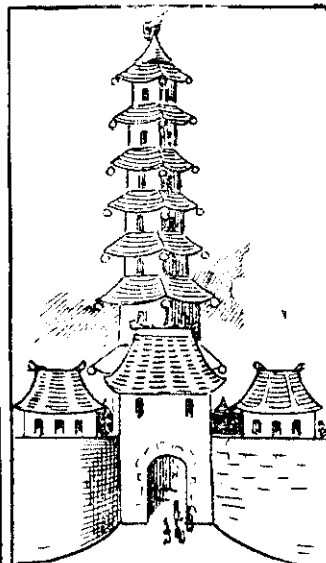
commercial cities in Asia—falls within a ten mile ring, and lays claims to 2,000,000 inhabitants—more than 300,000 per square mile, nearly ten times the density of London. Another 200,000 persons are said to live on the neighbouring river in boats.

Cities of a population aggregating upwards of half a million are comparatively common in China and all are of an amazingly small area. But trustworthy information concerning the interior towns of the Chinese Empire is difficult to obtain, and the Chinaman loves exaggeration.

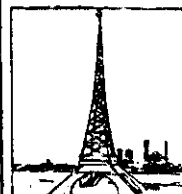
One broad and safe comparison will show, however, the extraordinary degree to which the human race is "compressed" under the rule of the Manchus. The density of population for the Continent of Europe averages 90 per square mile, the density of China Proper is nearer 300 on the same area.



Shanghai, 500,000 per square mile.



Canton, 300,000.



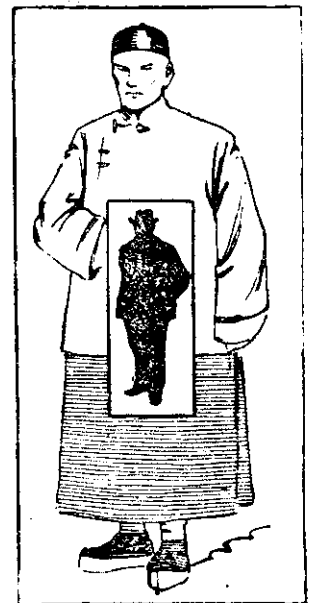
Paris, 98,000.



Liverpool, 50,000.



London, 20,000



THERE ARE 300 PERSONS TO THE SQUARE MILE IN CHINA, AND 90 IN EUROPE.



Walrond, "Graphic" photo.

### St. Stephen's Cemetery, Parnell.

This is one of the oldest cemeteries in the colony.

### Welbeck Abbey.

Welbeck Abbey, four miles from Worksop, Nottinghamshire, and close to the borders of Derbyshire, is the seat of the Duke of Portland. Before the Conquest, Welbeck was held by Sweyn; afterwards it formed part of the manor of Cuckney, and passed to the Flamings. The abbey was founded by Thomas de Cuckney, and here, in the reign of Henry II., he planted a settlement of White Canons from Newhouse in Lincolnshire; the first

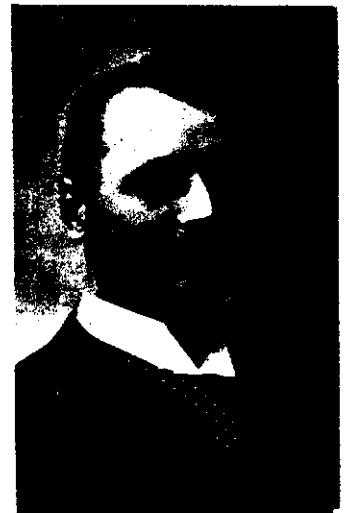
establishment in England. The present mansion was begun in 1604, though it was afterwards much altered and enlarged. In the reign of Charles I. it belonged to the Duke of Newcastle; and when the King was lying at Worksop Manor, on his way to the coronation in Scotland, the duke entertained him at a cost of £4000—"which His Majesty liked so well," the Duchess of Newcastle wrote, that a year later he desired to be again entertained, and on this occasion the duke spent £14,000. The late

Duke of Portland inherited at least one eccentricity from Jess of Hardwick, to whom the magnificence of the "Dukeries" are chiefly due, namely, the craze for building. A story is told of how he destroyed an archway directly the architect left it, setting the men to work all night. When the architect returned the next morning no vestige of his work remained. The Duke had not wished to hurt his feelings by telling him that his arch was detestable. The title was given by William III. to Bentinck, one of his

personal friends from Holland. The present duke is not in the direct line, being a son of Lieutenant-General Arthur Cavendish, second son of the third son of the third Duke, and he assumed the additional surname of Bentinck on his succession to the title and estates. He married in 1839, Winifred, only daughter of Thomas Dallas-Yorke, of Walsingham, Louth.



WELBECK ABBEY, a Wing of which has just been Destroyed by Fire.



Wrigglesworth and Binns.

MR. H. de V. GILBERT,

For 13 years Passenger Clerk in U.S.S. Co.'s Office, Wellington.

Mr Gilbert, who is about to be transferred to the Sydney office as successor to Mr. Guy, has been connected with the Wellington office since 1887, and during that period he has proved himself an exceptionally efficient officer. By his universal courtesy and tact he has made a host of friends through the colony, and with the travelling public generally, who, whilst they will regret his removal from Wellington, will nevertheless be greatly pleased to hear of his well-deserved promotion.

**Knox Church, Parnell.**

The history of this young and vigorous congregation is well known to the people of Auckland. Beginning its career in the Oddfellows' Hall in April, 1898, its progress was so rapid that in September, 1899, the present commodious and beautiful church was opened for public worship. The chaste internal arrangements of the building have won the admiration of all who have seen it, one of the specially pleasing features being the position of the choir gallery in the east

it thoroughly catholic, and the fre-transept, where the members are visible to the whole congregation. It boasts also an element entirely unique, we believe, in the Presbyterian Church of New Zealand, namely, a large body of choristers, whose fresh young voices render valuable service in praise. One indeed wonders why other Presbyterian churches have not long ago adopted this delightful innovation. The choir, which numbers in all upwards of 50 voices, is under the charge of Mr F. J. Bennett. It is the aim of those responsible for the order of worship in Knox Church to have

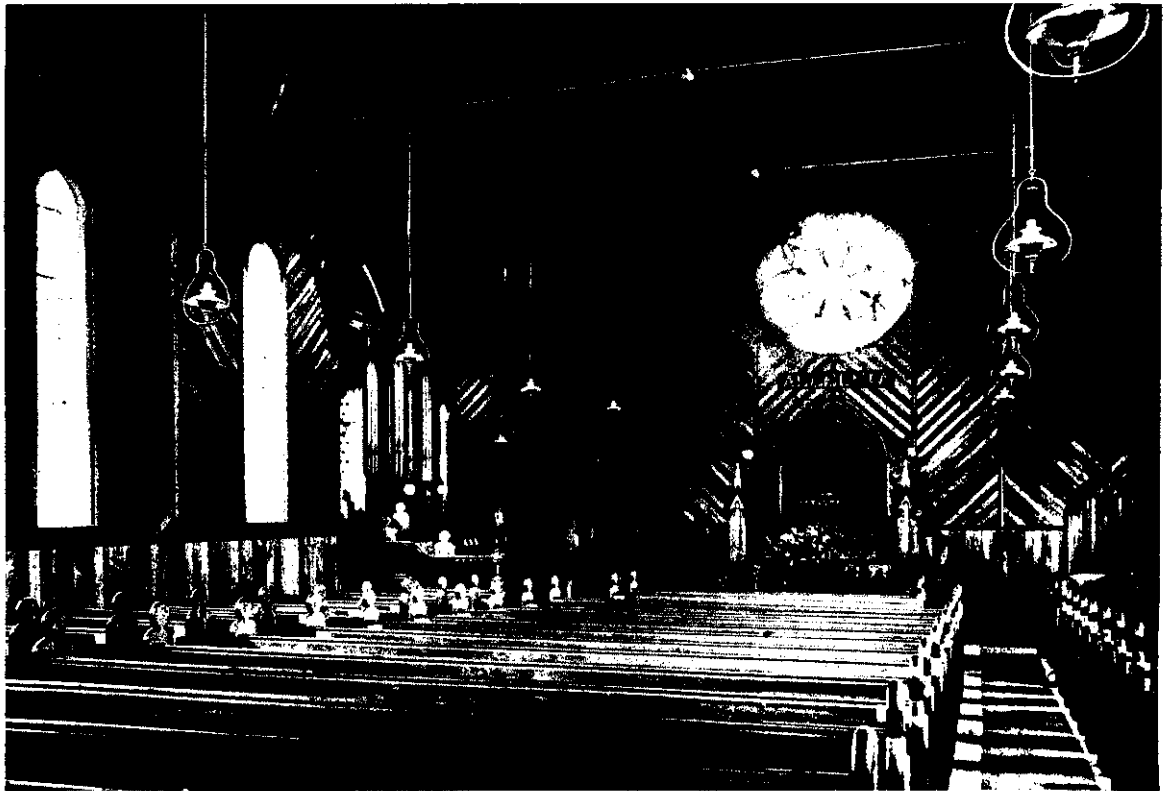
quent singing of the Te Deum by the large congregations which assemble on Sunday nights is most impressive. The church has a staff of eight elders and fifteen managers, has no pew rents, uses the sanitary Communion cups, and in general keeps itself abreast of all modern ideas. The pastor, Rev. H. Kelly, M.A., who came from Canterbury to Parnell two years ago, is earnestly supported in his labours by all his office-bearers, and aims especially at making the Bible a book for the times, and at bringing the young men under Christian influences. The church is fortunate in possessing

a fine two manual organ of 37 stops, two of which are reeds. It is a well-built instrument by Hill and Son, London, and is quite up to their standard, for which they have gained a high reputation. The tone is rich and full in quality, and the materials used in its construction are of the most complete and up-to-date kind, most of the manual and pedal action being pneumatic. It is blown by water-power. Mr J. F. Bennett, the well-known teacher of music, is the organist and choir master of the church, and under his able direction good progress has been made.



S. Frith, photo.

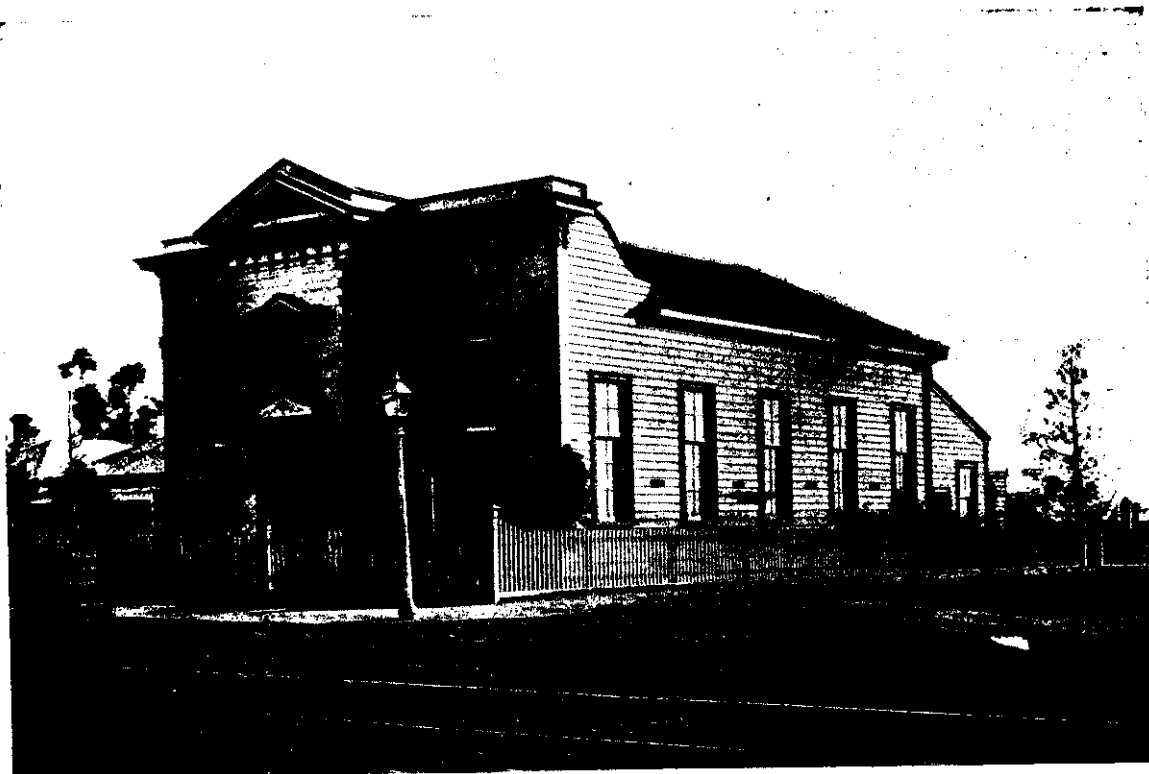
CHOIR OF KNOX CHURCH, PARNELL.



Walrond, "Graphic" photo.

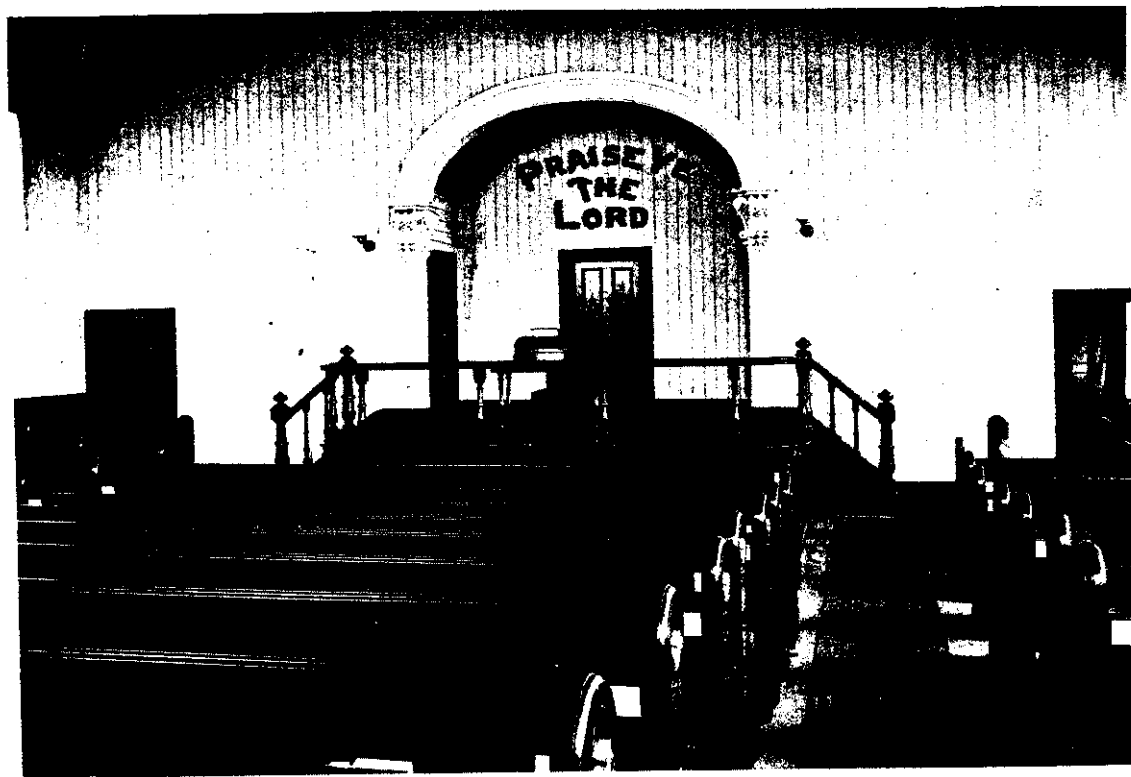
INTERIOR OF KNOX CHURCH, PARNELL.

**Some Auckland Places of Worship.**



Watroun, "Graphic" photo.

BAPTIST CHURCH, PONSONBY.



Watroun, "Graphic" photo.

INTERIOR OF BAPTIST CHURCH, PONSONBY.

Some Auckland Places of Worship.

ANGLO-COLONIAL NOTES.

A NEW ZEALANDER'S ADVENTURE

ROBBERY AND MURDER IN COLORADO.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

LONDON, August 31.

Mr Arthur Pittar, who is now in London on private business connected with his late father's estate, and the winding up of the Great Barrier Company, chose the American route for his trip home, and thereby fell in with an adventure he is not at all anxious to repeat. Arriving at Frisco late in July it was his intention to make straight for Chicago, but at the last moment he changed his route, and went on by way of Denver. His train left that city en route for Hugo about 6.30 p.m. At about ten o'clock the beds in the sleeping-car were made up, and Mr Pittar retired. He soon dozed off, but after a period of unconsciousness became aware of voices talking in the next compartment. In a lady's voice came the plaintive query: "Must you really have my watch?" And a gruff voice answered "Yes, an' them ere rings, too. No foolin' and look sharp." This little colloquy acted as a cold sponge on Mr Pittar. He was wide awake in an instant, and grasping the fact that robbers were aboard going systematically through the passengers, and that his turn came next, quickly slipped his gold watch under his bed and heard it fall into the box in which his clothes, etc., were stowed by day. He had about 80 dollars in gold in his purse, and meant to hide that also, but it occurred to him that a first-class passenger with no money and no watch would raise the robbers' suspicions and lead to unpleasantness. So he decided to put away three 20 dollar pieces and leave the rest in the purse to satiate the visitors. He was taking the money out when something hard and cold was jammed firmly up against his ear, and a blaze of light flooded the car. A turn of the eyes showed him a masked man standing over him, and intuition told him that the hard substance pressing against his ear was a revolver. He noted also that a second masked man was standing guard over the conductor at the door of the compartment. A voice broke the silence: "So you was gettin' ready for us, was yer? Hand over." "Take it," said Mr Pittar, "take it all, but take that beastly thing out of my ear." The mask took the purse, dropped the contents nonchalantly into his pocket, and slinging the purse back on to the bunk, remarked: "Don't want that thing." Then shaking his gun at the New Zealander, he emphasized this injunction: "Now, see, you sit right where you is. Ef y'move outter bed, er git up ter any tricks, y'll git plugged—see?" Mr Pittar nodded, intimating that he did "see" very clearly, so with a final significant flourish of his shooting iron the robber passed out, preceded by the saffron-faced conductor and his grim guard. In the dark Mr Pittar waited quietly for something to happen. It was not long coming. Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Then silence, then angry voices. The passengers, however, did not budge, for though the voice of the conductor told them that somebody had got hurt it was evident that the robbers were still masters of the situation. It transpired afterwards that an old gentleman named Fay had heard the knights of the railroad at their work in the compartment, adjoining, and being possessed of a revolver had determined to make a stand against them. As they entered his compartment he fired three shots at the leader, but unfortunately missed. One of the robbers then ran in upon the poor old chap, and seizing his right arm before Mr Fay could fire again, placed his revolver against the old man's temple and blew his brains out. This dastardly deed evidently shook the nerves of the robbers, for they immediately ordered the conductor to stop the train. He in his fright tugged the communication cord so hard that it snapped off short near the engine bell without the latter giving any warning to the driver. At any rate the train continued to go at speed. The robbers threatened the conductor with death if the train would not pull up, but he managed to convince them of his inability to do so, and also to persuade them to return his watch—a common silver one. At length the train began to slow down as it approached Hugo, and as the station came into view the robbers jumped off the train and disappeared into the

night. At Hugo the scared passengers told their stories to the police, and before the hour was out Sheriff Walker and a posse of constables were on the trail. They had a long week's hunt, during which several innocent men were rounded up, only to be set free again. Finally the guilty pair were run to earth in a log cabin in the Colorado mountains. They refused to surrender, and held the sheriff's men at bay for some time. At length a bullet laid one of the villains low, but the other kept up a spirited reply to the policemen's intermittent fusillade, so as rushing the hut meant death to one or more of the party one man volunteered to set fire to it. Under cover of his comrades' fire the incendiary crept cautiously up to the robbers' fort, and after some considerable trouble managed to set the cabin on fire in two places. He then crept to his comrades, who, finger on trigger, awaited the final rush of the smoked out criminal. But they waited in vain. The cabin was soon a mass of flames, but never a sign of the robber was seen. Whether he committed suicide, or whether he was overcome by the smoke before he could tear down the barricading of the door, will never be known, but when the sheriff's men were able to approach the smouldering ruins of the log cabin they saw two bodies charred beyond recognition, and knew that the murderers of Mr Fay had paid the penalty of their crime.

Mr Pittar had happily sent the best part of his money on to New York with his baggage, and his purse on examination contained a five dollar piece, which the robber had overlooked in his haste. This with economy lasted him until he could get into touch with supplies again. He spent a few days in Chicago and did the usual sights en route to New York. Here he had a further sample of the delights of life in America, for the rioting consequent on the murder of a policeman by a negro was in full swing, and Mr Pittar narrowly escaped getting a share of the promiscuous clubbing in which the New York police were indulging at the time.

Next week Mr Pittar goes to Paris for a few days. The duration of his stay on this side of the world is uncertain, but he hopes to get his business settled before October ends. He will probably return to the colony by the Suez route, making an overland tour to Naples before joining his ship.

PERSONAL NOTES FROM LONDON.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

LONDON, August 31.

Stdney Braey, a son of the late Henry Braey, has been engaged for light opera in America.

An Australian millionaire has purchased Mrs Brown-Potter's lovely house on the river near Maidenhead.

The Rev. John Wilkins, of the Marlborough Congregational Chapel, Old Kent Road, has resigned his pastorate in order to take charge of the Beresford-street Church in Auckland.

After a brief illness Mrs Rebekah Mackie, widow, of the late C. M. Mackie, of Canterbury, N.Z., died on August 29 at Cullumpton, Devonshire, in the 72d year of her age.

Mr and Lady Isabel Larnach were amongst the guests of Lord and Lady Londonderry at Stockport on this week. Mr Larnach, you remember, won the English Derby two years ago.

From Little River Mr J. Montgomery has come to England with the avowed object of doing nothing but enjoy himself for the next four or five months. He came home by way of the States, and is now enjoying the hospitality of old friends at Shenley, Herts. His plans for the future are undetermined.

Among the New Zealanders who came to London by the Ormuz last May were Mr and Mrs Robert Duffy and Mr and Mrs Johnstone, of Auckland. The latter went straight on to Inverness, and Mr and Mrs Duffy proceeded to Ireland on a visit to friends in Westport. Thence they proceeded to London, and on their way to the South of Ireland before proceeding to Belfast. Here they stayed six weeks visiting Londonderry, Armagh, the Giant's Causeway. Mr and Mrs Johnstone joined them here, and the party paid a visit to Glasgow and Edinburgh. The Duffys then returned to Ireland and the Johnstones made once more for In-

verness. Last week Mr and Mrs Duffy returned to London and their fellow voyagers join them here on Monday in order to visit the Paris Exhibition in company. It is their intention to spend a week in the French capital, and their return passages are booked by the Ophir, which sails from the Thames on September 14th. Mrs Duffy, who has not been to Ireland for 30 years, finds the general opinion of the people greatly improved in all respects.

Mrs Langtry has had the misfortune to lose her Australian mare Maluma, who died at Foxhill last week end, mortification having set in as the result of the fractured shoulder blade caused by her fall in the race for the Liverpool Cup last month. Maluma, though she never ran up to her Bourk Handicap form (when she waited home under 8.12 in a field of 27) at Home, proved herself when acclimatised to be a high-class mare, game and honest. She came to this country in the summer of 1886, but did not show winning form until the Lewes Spring Meeting of 1888, when she won the Lewes Handicap, this being her tenth outing under silk in England. Five races all told fell to her during her career under Mrs Langtry's colours, the most valuable being the Prince Edward Handicap of £2000 at Manchester last year. Maluma, though unquestionably a good mare when at her best, was a difficult animal to train, and often got disappointed when her connections by going off-colour just when she seemed to be cherry ripe on the eve of desirable handicaps.

Miss M. S. Powell, who took the trip home for the purpose of visiting her relatives in the Old Country, and to represent the New Zealand Women's Christian Temperance Union at the World's Convention in London and the W.W.C.T.U. Convention in Edinburgh, in June, has, after a pleasant tour in Scotland and the North of England, settled down for a time with her sister at Harrow-on-the-Hill. Early next month Miss Powell goes down to Devonshire, where she will most probably remain for the remainder of her stay at home. She is due to join the Gothic at Plymouth on November 24th.

Mr Robert H. Ellis, of Messrs Ellis and Mantou, of Wellington, who arrived in the Old Country late last month, intent on business, has been spending the past three weeks in France, visiting Paris, Reims, Bordeaux, and other manufacturing centres in search of new lines. He starts shortly upon a northern tour, embracing Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester, Edinburgh, and Glasgow, and does not expect to be in London again till the late days of October, when he is due to start on his homeward trip in the Ormuz, which he will join at Marseilles.

Miss Darchy, of the "Sydney Telegraph," has come to England on a lecturing mission and is staying at 115 Queen's Gate, S.W. She will not, I fear, find the subject a very new one.

After eight and twenty years' absence Mr Alfred Wray, of Taranaki, is now at home on a holiday. He left the "Garden" in March last, and made his first halt at Sydney, where he spent an enjoyable week or so enjoying the land round the Harbour City. The Ormuz brought him thence to London, and he at once made for his native city, Oxford, where a warm welcome awaited him from his aged mother, brothers and sisters and relatives of different degree to whom he was known by name only. A long tour in the Midlands, the West country, Kent and Essex wound up at Plymouth, where Mr Wray represented the Taranaki district at the High Court of the A.O.F. Returning to London, Mr Wray did the usual round of sight-seeing and then bled him away to Oxford, where driving and boating whiled away a pleasant fortnight. The Parisian magnet is now drawing him across the Channel, and he will probably stay on the Continent sight-seeing until the closing days of September. He is due to join the Austral in London on the 28th of that month, and en route to Taranaki will spend two or three weeks in Sydney, where his youngest brother resides.

A Strathguy correspondent reports the death, in his 81st year, after a brief illness, of Mr Daniel Conacher, of Kindrochet, the residence of his nephew, Mr Mungo Conacher, with whom he has resided for the past six years. Mr Conacher was born at Tyrone, Ballinliff, on 15th June, 1825, being about 30 years of age when he emigrated to New Zealand, and was one of the first settlers in Wellington, where, for the period of 30 years, he successfully conducted a boot and leather store. In 1870 he retired from business and returned to this country, where he has since resided. He was a typical Scotsman of the old school—shrewd, cautious, intelligent, a man of strict integrity of character, most just and conscientious in all his dealings. He retained all his faculties in a remarkable degree up to the last and was able to take outdoor exercise daily prior to his illness. He took an intelligent interest in the doings of the times, and to the last was able to read his newspaper without

the aid of glasses. It is also noteworthy that his brother, John, died in New Zealand a few months ago in his 106th year.

Professor Rickerton is represented in the "Philosophical Magazine" by a paper on "Evolution." I have not read this learned disquisition, but a casual glance therethrough shows that it will be "caviare to the general" and that for the average man and woman a dictionary will be a necessary adjunct to the intelligent appreciation of the paper. There seems, however, to be less of the tawdry gargon of science about it than is usual in such treatises.

Mr Perrett came home by the Ormuz late in May last, and has spent most of his time touring in Scotland and Ireland. He has also done the Paris Exhibition and the side shows of the French capital, and is now enjoying a spell of sight-seeing in London and environs. It is his intention to return to the colony by the Suez route, and he will probably join the Ormuz at Marseilles on October 26th. He confesses to having had a most enjoyable trip all round, in spite of the climatic vagaries of the British Isles.

Dr. Macklin, of Wellington, is back again in London looking the picture of health after a month's delightful touring in Ireland with his wife, which was unfortunately brought to a close by the receipt of the news of his mother's death at the ripe old age of 81. To outline the doctor's tour would be to list the names of almost every place of importance 'twixt Giant's Causeway and Cape Clear, but he seems to have enjoyed Dublin and environs of Killarney more than any other place. The scenery around Killarney charmed him, but in his view it is not to be compared with some New Zealand West Coast bits. He says he has heard from other patriotic colonists. A disappointment to the doctor was the almost entire absence of the beggars who until recently were the plagues of Killarney. Dr. Macklin is now at work at the West London Hospital, the post graduate course at which draws medical men from all parts of the world. He spends the morning studying there, and in the afternoons visits the London institutions, where many a valuable wrinkle in medicine and surgery is to be picked up by those who know the way to go about it.

A lady correspondent of the "Chronicle" pays a highly (I suspect) acceptable compliment to Mme. Amy Sherwin, who was the "star" of the first of the promenade concerts on Saturday evening at Queen's Hall. She says: "There was a curious unanimity about the costumes of the lady performers at the promenade concert on Saturday, and it is not often that professional artists quit so much of one mind. As they appeared upon the platform one after another, to take their different 'turns,' it dawned on the spectators that every lady had chosen green. The harpist wore a leaf-green gown, which looked well amongst the palms and flowers, the contralto came on in pale green, the lady violinist in a well-cut gown of Eau de Nil. But the palm was universally awarded to Madame Amy Sherwin, whose toilette put all the others in the shade. The 'Australian Nightingale' appeared in an exquisite confection of sea-green crepe de chine, with the back of the skirt set in soft flounces, which looked like foam, and the front arranged in a long tunic bordered with a white band of some wonderful pusementerie made of silver and gold. This dress was wonderfully becoming to the charming singer with her smiling face and wealth of Titianesque hair."

Among the New Zealanders "on the wallaby" for pleasure who have paid a visit to your London offices this week are Mr Thomas Dwan, J.P., of Wellington, and Mr E. Perrett, of Wangaiata, both of whom are temporarily in residence at McCulloch's Hotel, Tavistock. Mr Dwan left Auckland for Frisco by the Moana early in June and found in the Californian capital much good fellowship among the pressmen. He stayed in Frisco a couple of weeks, and before he left was made a member of the Geographical Society of California, an honour which I believe has fallen to only one New Zealander previously, namely, "King Dick." Travelling by way of Chicago, Philadelphia and New York, Mr Dwan took passage for the Old Country by the Lucania. He landed at Queenstown, spent a fortnight sampling the town and country life of Ireland, and finally struck the Metropolis on August 18th. A couple of days' rest in London, a flight to the then he went to Paris, did the Exhibition and visited Versailles, Rouen, Dieppe, and many other interesting places within easy rail of the capital. Whilst in Paris Mr Dwan made a big effort to obtain a ticket of admission to the Court at Milan during the trial of Bresci, the assassin of King Humbert, but the Italian representative could not oblige. Only 100 reporters were, the wires informed him, to be admitted to the Court, and all available tickets had been already disposed of. Headed off thus, Mr Dwan returned to London. He proposes to remain in England for a couple of months tour



ing in various directions and will then probably go to the Cape to spend a few weeks doing the places made interesting by the war. Mr Dwan has, during his wanderings, gathered data for a series of free lectures which he proposes to deliver in New Zealand on his return.

Mr "Monty" Phillips and Mr H. H. Farridge, of Auckland, arrived in London a few days ago. They came by the P. and O. Liner "Britannia" as far as Marseilles, and proceeding thence to Paris, put in a few days sampling the Exhibition before crossing the Channel. Their trip in the "Britannia" was not particularly enjoyable. On the Laine Lewin they encountered weather of the description "beastly," and the south-west monsoon made life on the ocean wave the reverse of pleasant in the Indian Ocean. As usual, Aden brought a crowd of Anglo-Indians on board, and, in addition, a swarm of Anglo-China refugees, the ship being rendered uncomfortably full thereby. Mr Phillips and his fellow voyager have no pleasure programme mapped out as yet, but they propose to spend the next few weeks in London and then go to Scotland for the usual Highland round.

The Wolf and the Balloon.

"The sleep of the labouring man is sweet, whether he eat little or much," says the proverb.

It depends upon the condition of his digestion, and the character of his last meal for the day. Observation shows that certain forms of dyspepsia are even more common among labouring men, meaning those whose work is chiefly of the hands and largely out of doors, than among the classes who take life more easily.

"Whether I ate little or much I felt blown out like a balloon, and exceedingly uncomfortable," says Mr W. H. Johnson. "This gentleman is a stationer, doing business at 252 1/2 Abercrombie street, Redfern, Sydney, N.S.W."

His ailment was just what he calls it in his statement of November 10th, 1899—incipient indigestion. And, too, the fact is worth noting that he was blown out with the same substance which swells a balloon—gas, manufactured by a slightly different process.

Taken into the stomach, food must either digest and pass on its way, or ferment and create gas and other products of decomposition. In the latter case we have the condition (often complicated) known as indigestion or dyspepsia. Most of our complaints arise from it, or are aggravated by it. It is subtle as a creeping serpent, and pitiless as a hungry wolf.

In Mr. Johnson's case had he not had a business of his own, and been, therefore, his own master, he would have been compelled to lie up and abandon his work. As matters were, he humoured himself, and lost nothing except his enjoyment of good health; which, he admits, was an item to make account of.

"After enduring this most disagreeable affection for a time," says Mr. Johnson, "a confectioner of Annandale, Mr. Cowling, recommended Mother Seigel's Syrup, which relieved me immediately. I thoroughly believe it cured me, and I commend it to everyone I know."

"Whenever I have the least suspicion that I am threatened with an attack of indigestion, I take a dose, and it never fails to ward it off. I am persuaded that if I had not used Mother Seigel's Syrup in the beginning I should by this time have been suffering severely from this prevalent malady. I trust that the publications of my experience may lead others afflicted with digestive troubles to use the medicine to which I am indebted for my own speedy recovery."

Mr. Johnson puts the point clearly and strongly: Stop the disease at the very outset; don't let it assume the chronic form which, involving more or less all the organs and functions of the body, is so hard to cure. Remember the adage about the ounce of prevention.

THE REAL ARTICLE.

"Can you oblige me with a light?" said a Scotsman as he looked round the smoking carriage. One traveller produced an empty box, with apologies; another said he did not smoke, and did not carry matches. "Can ye give me a light?" to the third, who stolidly looked out of the window. Then the Scotsman's finger went reluctantly into his own pocket. "Weel, weel," he murmured, "I'll just need to tak' ane o' my ain!"

Exchange Notes.

Gold export for September shows a satisfactory increase.

The output for the colony was 162,580ozs of gold as against 114,328 for the same month last year.

Ten tons of ore from the Day Dawn, Mahukau, is being crushed at Coromandel. The ore gives excellent prospects of gold.

Standard stocks had less inquiry this week.

Bank of New Zealand shares firmed up to buyers at 19/8 this week, but no sales were reported.

During the week returns have been reported from 39 dredges, the total gold yield being 1526ozs 1dwt 4gr.

A six inch lode in the May Queen mine shows gold freely, and 4 1/2 tons crushed yielded £15 0/7, or equal to £3 6/9 per ton.

Six tons of general quartz from the Bunker's Hill mine crushed this week yielded 8ozs 5dwts of gold, worth about £22. A reef formation about four feet in thickness has been met with in the mine.

N.Z. Crown mines shares are firmer, 13/3 being now offered without sales being effected.

The reef in the New Whau mine is producing ore of much better quality, from which a few pounds of picked stone have been selected.

The principal dredging returns of the week are: Clyde, 210ozs; Electric, 206ozs; Cromwell, 110ozs; Hartley and Riley, 102ozs 6dwts; Meg and Annie, 99ozs 16dwts.

Komata Reefs advanced from 1/2 buyers to sales at 1/9. This is understood to be due to important developments in the mine.

During September Auckland exported 3479ozs of silver.

South British Insurance shares had steady demand at 65/ throughout the week, New Zealand at 62/, and Nationals at 18/.

Thames-Hauraki, Limited, has lodged at the Warden's office an application for permission to work the Queen of Beauty with six men until the 31st of December.

A satisfactory trial of 50 head of stampers has taken place at the Waihi Company's new plant, Waikino, and the extra crushing power will continue working so that returns should increase shortly.

A parcel of 100 tons of ore from the Maratoto mine yielded £139 10/9, an average of 28/ per ton. Shareholders are to be asked to reconstruct as the mine is considered by the directors to be capable of being worked to profit.

Tributers in the Bullion mine, Tapu, crushed 19 loads of ore for £267 19/8. With some picked stone treated separately they netted £493 4/ for the month.

The Hauraki main lode at Coromandel has again closed down.

Specimen stone is still being obtained from the new find in the Glencoe claim at Coromandel, and old miners pronounce the show a good one.

The dividends declared and paid by 21 working Otago dredges for the six months of 1906, ending June 30, was £42,688 on a capital of £153,876, being at the rate of 28 per cent, for six months' only. The yield of gold by dredges for the present year to September 18th was 43,317oz 18dwts 19grs.

Buyers came in again this week for Waitakauri shares at 40/, but holders asked 45/.

The Waitotari return for the month was £415 from 125 tons of ore.

Tellman Consolidated shares steadily advanced in prices, sales being made from 12/3 to 13/, with further buyers at the latter figure. In cheap mining shares this week Waihi Extendeds changed hands at 1/2, and Waihi Consolidateds at 3d, while Souths were wanted at 7d. Kurauhi Caledonian and Monowais were both asked for at 9d.

A reef 5 feet wide has been cut in the Imperial mine, Karangahake, stone from which showed gold when pounded.

A parcel of 120 tons of ore from the Eclipse mine, Thames, has been

treated for a return of bullion valued at £140 8/9.

Up to December 31st, 1899, the Hauraki mine, Coromandel, produced gold worth £258,533 14/3, and paid £140,000 in dividends on a paid up capital of £40,000.

Barrier Reefs Company's new battery should commence operations in a day or two. Shares advanced in price until at length sales were made at 10/9, after which prices eased somewhat, buyers offering 9/6.

The Mahara Royal Company completed a crushing of 100 tons of ore for a return of bullion worth £183 16/2. The reef in the stopes averaged about 4ft in thickness, and showed a little free gold.

The "N.Z. Mines Record," referring to the Waihi Company, states the dividends paid by that company have now reached the respectable figure of £588,500. At the present rate of distribution (£40,000 per quarter), which is likely to be maintained, if not exceeded, the shareholders in this company, who reside principally in Great Britain, will have received over £1,000,000 in dividends before the year 1903 comes to a close.

Baden-Powell's Presentation Lion.

Some weeks ago reference was made in the "Graphic" to a gold model intended for presentation to Baden-Powell by his admirers at the Thames. The model was made of the finest Thames gold, and handsomely mounted on a greenstone and mottled kauri pedestal. But by chance an arrangement in the mane of the lion had been made, which certainly and irresistibly recalled a poodle. In chaffing the production in a light spirit of badinage we pointed out this defect. With quite exceptional good sense the modeller took the hint in the friendly spirit it was offered. The lion has been remodelled, and, as the writer of the original article, the present scribe has much delight in saying that the model now to be forwarded is a capital model of a lion—in short, a British lion, and is calculated to do honour to the subscribers at the Thames and the artist who made it. The original article, ridiculing the poodleised lion was taken in such good part, and the animal has been so well altered, that only a paper more fearful of its own amour propre than justice could hesitate to say how complete and satisfactory has been the transformation.

DON'T COUGH—USE DON'T COUGH—USE DON'T COUGH—USE DON'T COUGH—USE DON'T COUGH—USE DON'T COUGH—USE

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

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

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

UTTERLY UNRIVALLED. UTTERLY UNRIVALLED. UTTERLY UNRIVALLED. UTTERLY UNRIVALLED. UTTERLY UNRIVALLED.

Keating's Cough Lozenge, the unrivalled remedy for COUGHS, BRONCHITIS, and THROAT TROUBLES, are sold by ALL Chemists.

SEASON 1899-1906

INVITATION CIRCULARS "AT HOME" CARDS BALL PROGRAMMES WEDDING CARDS AND INVITES CONCERT AND OTHER TICKETS PROGRAMMES ON PLAIN AND FANCY PAPER CALLING CARDS

ALL THE LATEST STYLES. MANAGER, "GRAPHIC" OFFICE.

EXCITING SERIAL STORY

By a POPULAR NOVELIST.

We have pleasure in bringing before our readers some particulars of a charming new work of fiction which we have arranged to publish from the pen of Mr

JOHN K. LEYS.

Author of "A Sore Temptation," "The Thumb Print," "The Broken Potter," "In the Tota," "A Million of Money," etc., etc., etc.

IT IS ENTITLED

A Daughter of Midian

AND THE OPENING CHAPTERS WILL APPEAR IN OUR COLUMNS NEXT WEEK.

MR JOHN K. LEYS.

Mr John K. Leys has attained a well earned position as a writer of powerful works of fiction of a dramatic type, and of strong domestic interest, and his numerous admirers can always rely on both the quality and tone of his stories. He has a fertile imagination and a keen dramatic sense of the possibilities of a situation; he manipulates his plots with great skill, and he writes in a sincere and sympathetic style which at once secures the attention of his readers. His past work gives ample proof of his constructive and artistic abilities, and in all his writing there are qualities which make the perusal of his stories an unalloyed pleasure.

"A DAUGHTER OF MIDIAN"

describes the adventures of a young lady in her endeavour to secure recognition of her rightful position by those who have wronged her. Her story is told in a simple and sincere voice, and she knows not where to turn for a livelihood. Her childhood and youth have been full of mystery to her. She has never known her parents, and her education has been paid through lawyers by a gentleman who has kept in the background, and whose name she knows not. She has no clue to his identity, and without this she cannot learn anything about her parentage or the place of her birth. She is an alien in the world, without relations or friends — "a daughter of Midian."

In these circumstances she consults a gentleman she has known before in Italy, who is ostensibly a palmist, but who has really come to England to try and help Miss Grant. His name is Signor Zucatti, and throughout her trying experiences he proves a true and wise friend. Between them they draft a letter intended to procure from the lawyer information hitherto denied. Their plan fails, but its non-success opens up a way for another plan which succeeds, and Miss Grant discovers that the gentleman behind the scenes is one Andrew Mitchell, a Glasgow merchant and financier, with a castle in the Province of Gloucestershire, and a large estate at Inveroran. There to learn as much as possible concerning the lord of the district. As a result of his inquiries, Sydney Grant takes up his abode at the inn there, determined by some means to be come an inmate of the castle, and to ferret out the truth concerning herself.

Sybil Grant soon finds she will have to walk very warily, for she has enemies on every side. She learns that she has a sister named Sidney, who has been invited to the castle, and as everybody supposes her to be Sidney, she feels compelled to fall in with their idea, and so she masquerades as her sister for months. In the event this proves fortunate for her, and by this means she is enabled to get at the startling truth in a way otherwise impossible. She comes across astounding facts, which, if demonstrably proved, will work a marvellous change in her position. She proceeds, with great caution, but even this she fails to soundly, she has one or two staunch friends, who avert for her the calamities of which she stands in peril. The mystery and the conspiracy which she has to unravel are extremely complex in their nature, and it is impossible to describe the plot of the story in a brief compass. We can assure our readers, however, that the story affords plenty of material for ingenious attempts at solution, and that they will be wholly absorbed by the exciting and thrilling developments of the plot. The work abounds in incidents and dramatic situations, and the author is highly successful in his aim to weave a halo of romance about his heroine. There are several other attractive characters whose fortunes will be followed with eager interest, and throughout the story the love element is prominent and fascinating.

READ

A DAUGHTER OF MIDIAN

By

JOHN K. LEYS.

Personal Paragraphs.

Mr. Matthew Runciman, of Buenos Ayres, who has been on a visit to his relatives in Auckland, left on Monday by the Rototiti for Wellington to catch the Whakatane on his return home.

Mrs. Osmond gave an afternoon tea to the parents of her pupils in the Poisonly Hall, Auckland, last Saturday. The Rev. Mr. Eykyn presented the prizes, which were won by Miss Hazel Rainey and Master Buck, Mrs. Calder and Mrs. Devore being the judges.

Mrs. Collins, of Wellington, paid New Plymouth a short visit last week, but has now returned, accompanied by her son, who had been paying his aunt, Mrs. R. Cook, a visit.

Mrs. Rollo, of New Plymouth, has gone for a short trip to Wellington to visit her sister, Mrs. Macolmson.

Mr. W. J. Freeth, of New Plymouth, is at present visiting Christchurch.

Mr. W. Yates, of the Union Company, New Plymouth, has been removed to Auckland, and Mrs. Stewart Innes takes his place.

Miss Murgatroyd, who has been visiting her aunt, Miss Cottier, of New Plymouth, has returned to her home in Sydney.

Mr. W. Skinner, with his son, Master H. Skinner, of New Plymouth, have gone for a trip to Auckland. The former, being churchwarden of St. Mary's, went principally to attend the Synod.

Mr. Fraser, who has been on a short visit to Auckland, has returned to New Plymouth.

Mr. H. W. Harrington, head of the electric telegraphic office in Napier, who has been promoted to Christchurch, was presented with a handsome service of silver plate from the staff. Mr. Harrington, who has been at the Napier office for twenty years, has been greatly liked there, and will be much missed by all with whom he came into contact.

Lady Whitmore, of Napier, has returned home after a fortnight spent in Wellington.

Captain and Mrs. Davidson, of the Bluff Hill, Napier, have gone for a month's visit to Christchurch.

Canon and Mrs. Webb are in Napier for the meeting of the Synod, and are staying at the Deanery.

Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Ellisdon and family are on a visit to Rotorua.

Miss Sutton, of Dunedin, who has been paying a visit to her relatives in New Plymouth, has gone on to Auckland, where she will remain with her aunt, Mrs. Major George, for some little time.

Rev. F. G. Evans, of New Plymouth, has gone to Auckland to attend the Synod.

Miss B. Rennell, of New Plymouth, has gone for a trip to Wellington on account of her health, and Mr. B. Rennell has gone to Auckland to attend some pharmacy examinations.

Mrs. W. Syme has been paying her mother, Mrs. Fraser, of New Plymouth, a visit, but has now returned to her home in Hawera.

Mrs. H. J. Beswick, Fendalton, is staying with Mrs. Duncan Cameron, Methven.

The Hon. Dr. Grace, M.L.C. (Wellington) was presented by his co-partners in the Wellington City Tramways with a most beautiful service of solid silver plate as a memento of the close of their business connection, by the sale and transfer of the tramways to the Wellington municipality, on October 1st, the presentation being made at a dinner given in his honour on Wednesday last, at the Empire Hotel. When making the presentation the chairman (Mr. Kennedy Macdonald) said he was quite unable to give adequate expression of their appreciation of Dr. Grace's character and ability, and alluded to his unvarying loyalty and kindness to his dead partners and their representatives and children, and concluded by asking him to accept the service as a memento of the close of their business connections, and as a mark of their great esteem. Dr. Grace's health having been most enthusiastically drunk

by all present, he in a very feeling and most interesting speech thanked the donors for their beautiful gift, which he considered reflected the greatest credit on its designer, Mr. Frank Grady, the well-known Wellington jeweller. The service is the most beautiful ever manufactured in the colony, being of solid silver, and consists of a very large and massive dinner epergne, with two candelabra, to about 18 inches high. The epergne, which is nearly 2 feet in height, stands on a plateau of clear mirror glass set in solid silver, and under a canopy, and resting on the foundation of the epergne runs a beautiful little miniature silver tramway on silver rails, the canopy being surmounted by demi-lions rampant, and shields bearing the crest and motto of the Graces. "En Grace Affie"—"Put your trust in Grace." At the base of the epergne are engraved the family crest and monogram and shields, which also bear the following inscription, "To the Hon. Dr. Grace, C.M.G., M.L.C., M.D., of his co-partners in the Wellington City Tramways on the close of their business relations by the sale and transfer of the tramways to the municipality, in remembrance of his many services to them, and of their deep regard and esteem for his high personal character.—October 1st, 1900."

Mr. Petre, of Blenheim, is enjoying a few weeks' holiday in Dunedin.

Miss Beatson, of Blenheim, has gone to stay with her grandmother, Mrs. Beatson, in Nelson.

Mrs. Redwood Goulter, of "Timara," Blenheim, who has been staying in Wellington, has returned home.

Mrs. Vavasour, of "Egbrooke," Blenheim, accompanied by her sister, Miss Zoe Redwood, has been for a short visit to Wellington.

Mrs. Clouston, "St. Andrews," Blenheim, and Mrs. Melatos, who have been for a change, staying in Picton at the Federal Hotel, returned home on Wednesday.

Mrs. Speed, "The Mount," Picton, made a short stay with her daughter, Mrs. Howard, in Blenheim, on her way to "Kokorangu," to visit Mrs. E. Rutherford.

Mrs. Berry, who has been the guest of the Misses Greenfield, at "Vernon," Blenheim, has returned to Wellington.

Mr. G. Seymour, "Meadowbank," Blenheim, accompanied his sister, Miss Seymour, to Wellington to see her off on the Westralia for a visit to Sydney.

Miss Laing-Meason (Timaru) is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Michael Studholme, at Waimate.

Mrs. and the Misses Fell (Picton) have gone to Sydney for a trip.

The Hon. Edward Richardson and Mrs. Richardson (Wellington) returned from their trip to Australia by the Waikare this week.

The Count and Countess de Courte (French Consul for Wellington) have returned to Wellington this week, after an absence of some months.

The members of the St. John Ambulance Brigade have presented Dr. Henry with a silver card-case, at the meeting of the corps, as a slight recognition of his services to and great popularity with the corps since his connection with it.

The many friends of Mr. Vernon Willetton, private secretary to the Hon. J. Carroll (Native Minister) will regret to hear that he has been confined to his bed for some weeks in Wellington, through illness.

Mr. and Mrs. John Martin (Martinborough) are staying with Dr. and Mrs. Martin in Wellington, and have nearly recovered from the injuries they sustained through the late fatal fire on their station.

Mrs. Lionel Abraham (Palmerston North) and her little daughter are the guests of Mrs. Coates in Wellington.

Mrs. Wood (Napier) has been paying a flying visit to friends in Wellington.

Mr. and Mrs. James Mills (Dunedin) and Miss Helen Williams (Dunedin) are staying in Wellington for a short visit, at Mrs. Malcolm's, on the Terrace.

Mrs. T. C. Moorhouse (Christchurch) is spending a few weeks with Mrs. Rhodes, at the Grange, in Wellington, on her way home from Featherston, where she has been staying for some time with her niece, Mrs. W. Barton, at Fareham.

The members of the Nelson Amateur Operatic and Dramatic Society are hard at work with the opera "Iolanthe," which is to be produced this month, and promises to be a great

success. Mr. A. P. Burns is the stage manager.

Miss Mabel Tendall, L. C. A., of Nelson, has arrived in Christchurch, where she has been appointed to the temporary management of the Domestic School of Cookery.

Miss Webb-Howes, who has been spending the winter in Wellington, has returned to Nelson.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Glasgow and Miss M. Glasgow, of Nelson, have arrived in Christchurch, where they remain some weeks, until their new house in the Maitai Valley is built.

Mr. W. Johnstone, who has been clerk in the Nelson Lands and Deeds Transfer Office for several years, is transferred to Invercargill on promotion. He was the recipient last week of a handsome watch, chain and pendant. The presentation was made by Mr. H. W. Robinson, District Land Registrar, on behalf of the staffs of the Lands Transfer, Stamps and Deeds Registry Office, and the Lands and Survey Office, as well as the legal firms of this city.

Mr. C. Redgrave, of the Nelson branch of the Union Bank, leaves Nelson for Wellington this week, having secured an appointment with Messrs. Aycocks and Williams, auctioneers.

Mr. S. B. Smith, of the Lands Office, Nelson, has been transferred to Christchurch. His place in Nelson will be taken by Mr. Styché.

Mrs. Arthur Russell, of Palmerston North, paid a few days' visit to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Williams, in Wellington, last week.

Sir Jas. Hector represented the Government at the funeral of the late Mr. W. Skeg, Government Analyst, which took place at Carterton on Saturday last.

Mr. Justice Martin arrived in Wellington on Sunday last in order to attend the sitting of the Appeal Court this week.

The Premier is to address a monster gathering of Sunday-school children and choirs in Cathedral Square, Christchurch, during the jubilee celebrations there next month.

Mr. C. G. Sanderson formerly of the Agricultural Department in New Zealand, who accompanied one of the New Zealand contingents as veterinary surgeon, has been appointed Chief Veterinary Surgeon in the Transvaal.

Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Reid, Wellington, intend paying a visit to England and Europe after his retirement from the Solicitor-Generalship. On their return to New Zealand they will probably reside at their country house near Parapara, in the Manawatu district.

At the invitation of the Mayor of Sydneyham (Mr. B. P. Manhire) a farewell social to Captain Andrew, of the Second Hyderabad Lancers, who is leaving Christchurch to join his regiment, was held at the Engineers' band room, Haseldean Road, on Tuesday evening. Many old school mates and friends were present, numbering about sixty. Song and toasts passed a very pleasant evening, and Captain Andrew received hearty good wishes for his further promotion and safe return.

Miss Wilson, of Dunedin, is visiting her sister, Mrs. R. Brown, Holly Road, St. Albans.

The Misses Buchanan, "Aorangi," Christchurch, were tendered another social in the Art Gallery by their pupils, which passed off very successfully.

Dr. and Mrs. Batchelor, of Dunedin, are stopping at the Hanmer Springs.

Mr. Peter Cunningham, Timaru, is in Christchurch on a brief visit, and is staying with Colonel Babington.

Miss E. Tabart, now of Wellington, visited Christchurch last week, but only for a short time, as she returned to stay with Mrs. D. Riddiford, of Rangitikei, for a lengthened period.

Mr. and Mrs. Menlove, of Windsor Park, Oamaru, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Wilson (nee Menlove) at St. Albans.

Mr. Bishop, S.M., Christchurch, has been somewhat seriously indisposed, but is now able to take carriage exercise.

Mrs. (Lieut.-Colonel) Collins, who has been on a visit to New Plymouth with her son, Cyril, returned to Wellington on Friday. Master Collins was recruiting after a severe attack of typhoid fever contracted at the Wanganui Eastern camp. He is now quite recovered and resumed work at his office on Monday last.

The many friends of Miss Hicks, Christchurch, will be pleased to hear

she is rapidly reaching convalescence, though still at Strathmore Hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. Hughes Johnson (nee Constance Hatherley), of Wanganui, are in Christchurch this week staying at Mrs. Everest's, Montreal-street.

Mr. O. T. J. Alfors, Christchurch, is once more about again after his recent illness, and leaves for the North Island for a week or two's change before taking up his duties at the Royal Hill School.

Miss Cunningham, Christchurch, has decided to take a trip to England, as her health has not been very good lately. She leaves by the Paparoa.

LATE LETTERS.

CHRISTCHURCH.

Dear Rev., October 3.

This week seems to have been such a desperately busy time with everybody arranging their summer outfit and battling with that plague of all households, "spring cleaning," that there has been no time for social gatherings, and functions of any kind have been unthought of. The biograph at the Theatre Royal has been the one amusement, and a delightful evening one can spend there travelling through charming scenes, such as the Peaks of Derbyshire on an express train; going to Conway Castle; on the road to Windsor and the Castle; being a close spectator of the Queen and her visit to Ireland; being present at the launch of the Oceanic; witnessing the departure of the brave Highlanders for South Africa; the home-coming of General White; and many other realistic pictures are put before one in such a way that if they could only be coloured we should be amazed not to hear the figures speak. The theatre has been crowded nightly, and for several matinees. Amongst others who have been were: The Mayor and Mrs. W. Reece, the Misses Reece, Mr. Mrs., and Misses Louissou, Mr. and Mrs. Stead, Mr. W. and Miss Stead, Mrs. and Miss Cunningham, Miss Fairhurst and Miss Grant, Mr. H. and Misses Reeves, Mr. and Mrs. Wigram, Mr. and Mrs. J. Gould, Dr. and Mrs. Palmer, Dr. and Mrs. Jennings, Bishop, Mrs. and Misses Julius, Mrs. Cecil Wilson, Mr. and Miss Cowlishaw and Miss Palmer, Mrs. and Misses Waymouth, Mr. and the Misses Anderson, Mrs. Meredith-Kaye, Mr. and Mrs. Kinsey, Mr. Mrs. and Miss Ronalds, Mr. and Mrs. G. Humphreys, Mr. and Mrs. Boyle, Mr. and Mrs. Woodroffe, Mr. Mrs. and Miss Graham, Mr. Mrs., and Miss Molyneux, Mrs. J. and Miss Dennis, Mr. and Mrs. Andrews, Mr. and the Misses Way, Mrs. Bowen and party, Mr. G. Mrs. and Miss Merton, Mr. Mrs. and Miss Williams, Mr. Mrs. and Miss Harley, Mr. and Mrs. P. Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Litchfield, Mrs. de Vries, Miss Garrick, Mrs. and the Misses Hall, Mr. and Mrs. Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. Appleby and many more.

There is great disappointment in Christchurch society at the alteration of the plans of the vice-regal party. Things would have been so much more brilliant had Lady Ranfurly been present to open the exhibition. In my view of the approaching visit of royal ty itself, it is more desirable to have Lady Ranfurly in the colony then, and we must 'em submit. Everything is getting well forward, and it promises to be a very interesting exhibition, and plenty of amusement for the whole time, and though it is to be regretted there is no organ at present, through the enthusiasm of a few of our citizens there is great hope for a very fine one in the near future.

Mrs. Howie left for Gisborne last week on a short visit to her relations, and make final arrangements for her visit to England. She will return to Christchurch shortly and give a farewell concert on the 18th. Mrs. Howie, in conjunction with Mr. Prouse, of Wellington, and Mr. Collier, of Christchurch, take the solos in "Elijah" for the Dunedin Choral Society early in November.

Invitations are out for an "at home" by the Mayor and Mrs. Reece in the Art Gallery on October 19th. It is for young and unmarried friends, and is the great subject of conversation just now.

Miss Tendall has returned from Nelson, where she has been so successful with her cooking classes, and has been appointed to the Domestic School of Instruction, vice Mrs. H. Gardner, resigned, and who in her turn has been appointed manager of the Ladies' Club, Worcester-street.

## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

## DR. PHILLIPS, OF CAPETOWN.

Doctor Phillips is a native of Auckland, his father having been a Church of England minister in our province. He was expelled from Uplington by the rebels in March, and arrived at Van Wyks Vlei on his way to Capetown just as our second contingent occupied that township. Sir Charles Parnson placed him in charge of the hospital there, and his great attention was responsible for the recovery of several of our men, Trooper Hempton being the only one to die, and he succumbed to dysentery while the doctor was laid up with the same complaint. When he had finished his work there he went to Capetown and was appointed civil surgeon in charge of H.M. transport Killonan Castle, on one of her homeward trips when she carried over 600 invalided soldiers. Dr. Phillips spent some time in England, and has just returned to Africa to resume his practice at Uplington.

MISS F. KELLY, Artistic Worker in Natural Flowers, Florist to His Excellency the Governor. Bridal Bouquets a Specialty. Sprays, Buttonholes, Wreaths, Crosses, and all the Latest Novelties. Country orders promptly attended to. Show window in Ganning's, Queen-st., opposite Bank N.Z. Telephone 365.

## ORANGE BLOSSOMS

## JOHNSON-HATHERLY.

A very pretty wedding was celebrated at Wanganui on the 26th ult., when Miss Constance Ella Hatherly, the only daughter of Dr. Hatherly, was married to Mr George Newington Johnson, the only surviving son of the late Dr. Cuthbert Johnson, of Daventry, England. Miss Hatherly was well known in musical circles throughout Australasia as an accomplished harpist, and since her residence in New Zealand had made a large circle of friends. The bride, who was given away by her father, was handsomely dressed in white satin with transparent yoke and sleeves of chiffon, court train from the shoulders, tulle veil, and a wreath of orange blossoms, and carried a lovely shower bouquet. Her bridesmaids were the Misses Mildred and Lilian Newcombe, and the three little children, Misses Marjorie Greenwood, Minnie Rattray, and Florie Brookfield. The two former were dressed in white muslin with lace yokes over yellow silk and picture hats, whilst the three little ones were in long white frocks, smocked, and white satin Marie Stuart caps, carrying in their hands shepherds' crooks, with bunches of daffodils. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. T. B. McLean, the service being full choral, and the church filled with guests and spectators. Mr Frank Hatherly, brother of the bride, acted as best man. Mr C. W. Naylor at the organ played Mendelssohn's "Wedding March" at the conclusion of the service. On returning to the house Dr. Hatherly entertained his guests very hospitably. Amongst the guests present were:—Mrs Newcombe, brown cloth coat and skirt, with bonnet to match; Mrs Rattray, Invercargill, white silk dress and picture hat; Mrs Greenwood, light fawn Eton coat and skirt, vieux rose silk vest, hat to match; Miss Huxtable, silver grey costume, white hat trimmed with yel-

low roses; Mrs Saunders, white serge costume, geranium coloured toque; Mrs Brookfield, grey costume, deep heliotrope hat; Mrs Ramsay, crown check coat and skirt, toque of yellow roses and chiffon; Miss Phoebe Jones, half mourning costume of black Liberty silk, black and white hat; Miss Jessie Griffiths, blue costume, white silk vest, hat trimmed with vieux rose; Miss May Watt, shrimp pink silk blouse and dark skirt, hat to match. There were also present:—Dr. Saunders, Messrs Greenwood, Cohen (Marton), Brookfield, Marsack, and Newcombe, senior and junior. The bride was the recipient of a very large number of handsome gifts from her numerous friends and admirers. Her going away dress was a fawn Eton coat and skirt, white silk vest, and picture hat. The bride and bridegroom left by the afternoon train for Palmerston, en route for Wellington, Christchurch, and Timaru. We understand that Mrs Johnson has no intention of neglecting her delightful instrument—the harp. The bridegroom's present to the bride was a very handsome gold necklet set with opals, and the bridesmaids all received appropriate gifts from Mr Johnson and Messrs Frank Hatherly and George Sherriff, the two groomsmen.

## MADDOX—OWEN.

On October 6th, at "Westwood," Shelly Beach Road, Ponsonby, Auckland, the residence of the bride's parents, Miss Helena May Owen, youngest daughter of Mr G. W. Owen, was married to Mr Henry Norman Maddox, son of Mr Joseph Maddox, J.P., of Shipton, England. The ceremony took place in the drawing-room, which was prettily decorated with flowers for the occasion, the bridegroom's brother-in-law, the Rev. A. H. Collins, being the officiating clergyman. The bride, who was given away by her father, looked very pretty in an effective travelling gown of light fawn cloth, with white silk vest covered with lace, and a large lace and silk square collar, stylish toque of three shades of blue with chiffon elon and white ogreys. She carried a lovely shower bouquet of choice white flowers and maiden-hair fern, and wore a beautiful gold brooch, the gift of the bridegroom. Miss Nellie Dewar attended the bride in the capacity of bridesmaid, and was attired in a French grey dress with silk spots trimmed with cream silk and embossed silk braid, pale sea green hat trimmed with chiffon and cream roses. Her souvenir was a beautiful gold crescent brooch set with a sapphire stone. Mr Colin Owen acted as best man. The bouquets and gentlemen's buttonholes were the presents of the best man. After the ceremony the guests, who were confined to only a few immediate relatives, were entertained at the wedding repast, when the usual toasts were proposed and duly honoured. Later Mr and Mrs Maddox left for Waiuku, where the honeymoon is to be spent.

Mrs Owen wore a handsome black silk, trimmed with jet encrustations; Mrs Collins, pretty green brocade, bonnet to match; Mrs Dewar, rich black mureilleux and Maltese lace, mauve velvet bonnet with silver; Mrs (Dr.) Knight, navy blue costume, with silk vest, chenille toque; Mrs B. Baker, black silk skirt, cream chine silk blouse, with the new undersleeves of lawn; Mrs Hughes Jones, heliotrope silk blouse, black silk skirt; Miss Norris, heliotrope silk blouse, with lace fichu, dark skirt; Mrs Casseu, shot green and red silk lustre.

The presents were both useful and handsome, among them being several cheques.

## HAMLIN—BRITTEN.

The marriage of D. E. F. Hamlin, Esq., son of the late Mr F. E. Hamlin, of Napier, with Annie, daughter of John Britten, Esq., of Waipawa, was celebrated at St. Peter's Church, Waipawa, on the 3rd inst. The officiating clergyman was the Rev. W. Swinburne, vicar of the parish. The bride, who was given away by her father, was attended by three bridesmaids, the Misses A. and N. Britten and Miss Walker. She wore an ivory satin gown with a long train, draped with lace and pearl embroidery, tulle veil and wreath of orange blossoms, and carried a magnificent bouquet, presented by Mr and Mrs W. C. Yates, of Napier. The bridesmaids wore costumes of cream deaine trimmed with

heliotrope satin, and with long tashes of heliotrope, chip hats with ribbon and flowers. They carried bouquets of white flowers, and wore gold and greenstone brooches, the gift of the bridegroom. The latter was attended by Mr Alfred Collett. After the ceremony Mr and Mrs Britten received a large party of friends at their residence in Waipawa and in the afternoon Mr and Mrs Hamlin left for Wanganui. The bride went away in a travelling dress of fawn cloth trimmed with white silk, and a sailor hat.

## BEALE—SLATOR.

A quiet but pretty wedding was celebrated at St. Paul's Church, Auckland, on Monday last, when Miss Mary Slator, second daughter of Mr James Slator, Parnell, Auckland, was married to Mr John A. Beale, solicitor, of Auckland, the Rev. Canon Nelson officiating. The bride, who was given away by Mr B. Kent, looked charming in a white silk, with fichu. Her black net hat looked most becoming in contrast with the coils of her fair hair. It was of the toque shape, made of lace straw, with black plumes and pink roses. She carried a beautiful shower bouquet. Miss Annie Slator was bridesmaid, and looked exceedingly well in pale blue silk, with point lace sleeves and guimpe, black lace straw hat with black feathers and pink roses. Mr Richter attended the bridegroom as best man. After the ceremony a reception was held at Selwyn Terrace, Parnell. The wedding presents were numerous and beautiful, bearing testimony to the high esteem in which the bride is held by her numerous friends and acquaintances. Particular mention may be made of a silver-backed brush and comb, which was given by the fellow-teachers and scholars of the Remuera school. After receiving the felicitations of their friends the happy pair drove to the wharf, when they left by the Mararon for Sydney and Melbourne on their honeymoon tour. A large number of friends assembled at the steamer to wish the happy couple bon voyage.

Mrs Ernest Beale wore a navy costume, with toque to match; Mrs Young, fawn; Mrs Culpnan, fawn cloth skirt and coat, with white silk revers silk guimpe, white and black toque; with green feathers; Mrs Gotz (Pae-ra), French grey check, with white silk guimpe, white and black toque; Mrs Leece, black silk costume; Misses Lily and Daisy Slator, and Misses Gladys and Hester Beale.

## Vitadatio

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## RHEUMATISM.

Whakapara, Whanganui, Auckland, N.Z., June 28, 1899.

Mr S. A. PALMER,

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C. A. MACKEN.

Trentham, Victoria,

July 21, 1899.

Mr S. A. PALMER,

Dear Sir,—I may say that I am trying your Vitadatio for my daughter (who has been given up by two doctors) with beneficial results.

Yours very truly,

(Signed) THOS. GRASS.

## ASTHMA.

July 3, 1899.

To Mr. S. A. PALMER, Melbourne.

Dear Sir,—My father has been greatly benefited by the Vitadatio for Asthma.

Yours faithfully,

(Signed) F. BIRD.

Kalunga, Vic.

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## Society Gossip

## AUCKLAND.

Dear Bee, October 9.

Mrs and Miss Osmond's FANCY DRESS BALL

took place on Thursday, October 4th, in the Ponsonby Hall, and proved to be one of the most successful dances of the season. The hall, platform, and supper table were all tastefully decorated, and the music by Burke's band was all that could be desired. The fancy dancing was very good, the children wearing different dresses to suit the dances, some of them being exceedingly pretty. One of the features of the evening was the Greek dance, done by a number of young ladies who wore flowing classic Grecian dresses of pale shades, and who waltzed through the dance in perfect time and grace to the music. Mrs Osmond wore a trained velvet dress, the bodice trimmed with cream lace, pearl and diamond necklace; Mrs Calder, a handsome black silk dress; Mrs Devore looked exceedingly well in a lovely black satin dress trimmed with black net and a spray of red roses; Dr. and Mrs Thomas; Mrs Boardman; Mr and Mrs Russell, the latter wearing a handsome black mureilleux, trimmed with lace; Mrs Douglas looked nice in black satin; Mr and Mrs H. A. Clarke, the latter wore a grey costume with a pink front; Mrs Johnson, cream Indian silk dress, with cerise velvet collar; Mr and Mrs G. Osmond; Mrs Hely Hutchinson, black silk; Mrs Gwynne, black dress, lace fichu; Mrs Connolly, black satin; Mesdames Massey, Rainey, Bell. As the band commenced "God Save the Queen" in march time, Miss Osmond, dressed to represent Peace, led the march into the room. Her dress was very striking, being composed of white satin covered with

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sequined gauze; the skirt was embroidered with silver olive leaves. She wore a glittering crown of leaves, from which fell a long sequined net veil, and in one hand she carried a flag of truce, and in the other an olive branch. Following her into the room was Miss Hazel Rainey, a tiny dot of seven, dressed as a court lady, who led the march, with Master Cecil Massey (also in court dress) through the different grades, finishing with sets for the quadrilles. Some of the children in the fancy dresses had different dresses for each dance, namely—Miss Hazel Rainey, Miss Gay Carlow, Miss Ethel Massey, Miss Jennie Hunkin, Miss Ruby Reid, Miss G. Hemming, Miss Lily Angus, Miss Gerty Douglas wore court, sailor, cachucha, and skirt dresses. Miss Bertha Hazard looked nice in a yellow gauze butterfly dress; Miss Rene Raynes, pretty pink silk skirt dress; Miss Lottie Rainey, red, white, and blue; Miss Linda Connolly, dainty rustic dress; Miss Hilda Russell, quaint little Japanese; Miss Elsie Carder, Klondyke; Misses Rita Brigham, Massey, Rainey, Hell, cachucha dresses; Miss Cathbertson, a Samoan girl; Miss G. Greenough, Harvest; Misses Francis, Dormer, Willmette, becoming skirt dresses; Miss A. Reid, Spanish Dancer. Amongst those in evening dress were:—Miss Kate Devore, white silk; the Misses Nesta and A. Thomas, black accordion pleated dresses trimmed with orange ribbon; Miss Beale, white silk; Miss E. Beale, pretty pink chiffon bodice, white skirt; Miss Nora Hanna, dainty blue dress; Miss Hilda Johnson, pink; Miss Raynes wore a pink flowered silk dress; Miss M. Raynes, a becoming white silk dress finished with pink velvet; Miss Williams, pretty pink and black dress; Miss Rainey, pale yellow dress; Miss Dean, pink silk and chiffon dress; Miss Cathbertson, cream; Miss Simpson, dainty cream dress, orange satin sleeves and yoke, finished with red roses; Miss Odium, pink silk; Misses Carder, Gillett, McLeod, Hutchinson, Oswald (3), Usher (2), Back, Matthews, etc. Among the gentlemen were:—Master Jasper Calder, Panchinello (very handsome dress); Master Cecil Massey, Court Gentleman and Spanish Dancer; Master S. Back, Sailor; Master W. Douglas, Sailor; Master J. Duder, Spanish Dancer; Master R. McClure, Boy Blue; Master G. Devore, Sailor; Master C. Raynes, Court Dress (very good); Master G. Hazard, Midshipman; Master Percy Johnson, Eton Boy; Mr G. Wallace, Jockey; Mr P. Back, Middy; Messrs Francis, Hazard, Oswald, Simpson, Cricketers; Messrs Sloane, Hanna, (2), Matthews, Brigham, Hawkins, Cathbertson (2), Benjamin, Foster, Booth, Angus, Trevarthan, Carlow, Smith, etc., evening dresses.

**THE SEDDON HORSE MOUNTED RIFLES BALL**

held last Friday in St. Benedict's Hall, was quite a brilliant success. About 250 people were present, including Col. Banks and Capt. Reid, also, Captains Holgate and Reed, Lieutenant Markham, Wynyard, Hoscawen, Ratjen and Walker, Captain Iredale, with Lieutenants Brittain and Cotes, were uniting in their efforts to make the ball enjoyable. The hall was well decorated with uikau palms, flags, rifles, etc., and the supper left nothing to be desired, the members of the corps contributing the greater part of it. The table, which was the work of Mrs Iredale, looked charming, the decorations consisting of white flowers and numberless small flags.

Amongst the ladies present were Mrs Banks, who wore a very smart gown of black embroidered chiffon, over white silk; Mrs Iredale looked very well in black satin, the bodice of black net, with sequins; Mrs Markham wore white; Mrs Hoscawen, green silk, with pink; Mrs Bullen, black velvet bolero of white lace; Mrs Hanken Reed, brown velvet gown, with lace sleeves; Miss Muriel Dawson looked charming in white silk; Miss Clifton wore blue silk, the bodice trimmed with blue roses; Miss Edith Tanner looked very pretty in pale blue satin; Miss MacDougall, pink mervellous; her friend (whose name I do not know) looked sweet in white satin; Miss Poppie Simson looked distingue in pink satin.

**THE ANNUAL GOLDWAVE PAIN AND FANCY DRESS BALL**  
In connection with Miss Dickey's Dancing Class took place in St. Ben-

dict's Hall, and proved to be one of the most successful of the season, there being upwards of 200 couples on the floor. The hall was prettily decorated with flags, tree-ferns, etc., and the music was supplied by Mr Meredith's string band, which is sufficient testimony to its quality. An excellent supper was provided under the personal supervision of Miss Dickey and committee, who deserve great credit for the manner in which all arrangements were carried out. The duties of Masters of ceremonies were ably performed by Messrs Dickey, H. Cossar, McDougall, and S. Coldicutt. Some very handsome and dainty dresses were worn by the ladies present, among whom I noticed Mrs S. Hanna, in a handsome black silk dress; Mrs Laurie, yellow and black silk; Mrs Cabill, beautiful black brocade satin; Mrs Schapp, exquisite dress of white satin, trimmed with passementerie; Mrs McManus, black corded silk, transparent yoke and sleeves; Mrs C. Blomfield, stylish brocade blue satin tastefully finished with crimson roses; Mrs J. Graham, dainty white silk; Mrs H. Munro, white silk, pearl trimmings; Miss McManus, stylish black velvet; Miss F. McManus, very dainty blue French muslin; Miss Cathbertson, pale blue silk; Miss Cossar looked charming in a Nil green silk dress; Misses Knight, dainty white silks; Miss G. Dickson looked nice in cream; Miss L. Eusdown, black evening dress; Miss M. Kelly, yellow crepon evening dress; Miss Harvey, handsome yellow satin, relieved with violets; Miss M. Harvey looked nice in white; Miss R. Moore, white satin; Miss Dickey, white tuckered silk; Miss M. Dickey, dainty white silk, pretty chiffon fichu; Miss M. Luks, very pretty yellow silk; Miss Williamson was charming in white silk; Miss Murray looked well in black velvet; Miss Sitchebury, nice cream dress relieved with blue; Miss Sands, white evening dress; Miss May Campbell, dainty white silk; Miss Wilson, white silk; Miss Munro, cream and gold; Miss Wheeler, white skirt and yellow blouse; Miss Morton, canary silk dress; Miss Condon, white silk, prettily trimmed with scarlet poppies; Miss M. Kearney, white dress and scarlet poppies; Miss Harris (Huntly), pretty pink silk; Misses Mackey, all white dresses, relieved with colours; Misses More, white silks; Miss W. Gibson looked well in black velvet, trimmed with violets; Miss Raines, lovely white silk dress; Miss Belcher, beautiful pink brocade satin; Miss Coldicutt, tuckered white silk, trimmed with elematis; Miss G. Short looked well in white; Miss Pearl-Lawrie looked sweet in a simple white dress; Miss Cissy Dickie, dainty white silk; Miss A. Cooper, scarlet and white; Miss Snowden looked lovely in pale pink satin, pink flowers; Miss L. Quin, lovely white dress; Miss Christmas, pretty white muslin; Misses McNab all looked well in white; Miss Gwynne wore a very pretty black silk dress. Among others I noticed Misses Gavey, Mendelsohn, Foie, Raines, Eusdown, White, L. Moore, Etheridge, Blakie (2), Hamden, Hall, Smith, Fountain (2), Whiting, White, Sherson, Matthews, Ratcliffe, Gifford, McDonald, Nolan, Watson, and Bogg.

Those in fancy dress represented:—Miss Totty Dean, Gipsy; Misses Smith (2), Tambourine Girls; Miss Eusdown, French Maid; Misses Stoddart, Grecian Girls.

Amongst the gentlemen present were Messrs Munro, Henri, Whittaker, Cossar, Hall, Gavey, Smith, Meuller, Cathbertson, Sands, Dickey (2), McNab, Paul, Coldicutt, Blomfield, Wade, Fookes, Hanna (2), Graham, Harding, Cardno, Cleghorn, Howard, Nolan, McCarthy, Thomson, Bartley (2), Sullivan, Rolfe, Snowden, Jones, Kelly, J. Stanaway, Falls, Palethorp, Finch, Sullivan, Holly, McDougall, White, Christmas, etc.

**LARGE AT HOME.**

One of the most delightful At Homes of the season was that given on Thursday evening in Mrs Sowerby's Hall by Miss Cooper, niece of Dr. and Mrs King, of "Middlesex," Wellesley-street East. The decorations of the hall, which was transformed into a large ball-room, were quite exquisite and picturesque, the varied flags and greenery lending a profusion of colour very artistic and charming. A pleasing effect, and one giving a sylvan air to the surroundings, was given by the arrangement in three tiers in the centre of the room of large spreading palms, relieved by a judi-

icious setting of flags of all colours. Miss Cooper, assisted by Dr. and Mrs King, received her guests on the platform. Progressive euchre was played during the first part of the evening, and the arrangements for the game were unique and patriotic. The count-cards were in khaki, with ties of red, white and blue, and on each gentleman's was printed the name of a hero of the war, while on the corresponding one appeared the name of the hero's lady. In this way the gentleman drawing the card upon which Lord Roberts' name appeared, would commence play with the lady having that bearing Lady Roberts' name. In lieu of wafers, small brass studs were used as counters, in imitation of brass buttons on the khaki. Everything was carried out in accord with the patriotic sentiments of the day, and in such a delightful and pleasing manner had Miss Cooper done her part that one is led to conclude that, after all, entertaining is absolutely an art which, when well done, becomes, as it should, a pleasure alike to the hostess and her friends. The prizes were handsome, the first for the ladies, a silver framed photo-frame, being won by Miss Hewin; and the second, a silver hairpin-box, by Mrs Moritzson; and the first gentleman's, a silver-mounted cigarette-holder, by Mr Holland, and the second, a silver perpetual calendar, by Mr Birch. After euchre had been played, the guests retired to the supper-room, and here, also, the decorations were very beautiful, the patriotic colours being tastefully blended in large bunches of scarlet anemones, white daisies, irises, and a deep blue flower of the poppy species, further effect in colour being furnished by the drapings. The menu card provided a very choice supper, having many of the season's delicacies, as well as edibles of a more substantial nature. Supper over, the remainder of the evening was very pleasantly passed in dancing, and at the close the assembled guests sang "Auld Lang Syne." The hostess wore a pretty gown of white silk profusely tucked and finished with lace, and a net fichu, with long stole ends in front; while Mrs King had a black moire skirt, and corsage covered with embroidered jet net. Miss Myers wore a pretty white lustre skirt, with bands of black velvet on skirt; white satin corsage with silver sequin net bolero; Miss Ettie Myers, buttercup silk; Miss Holland, lemon-coloured satin, made in tunic style; Miss E. Holland, dark skirt and white evening blouse; Miss Edmonston, handsome mauve silk veiled in muslin and trimmed with ruffled beige satin with stole ends to hem of skirt; Mrs Oxley, white silk relieved at corsage with pink roses; Miss Hewin, pale mode grey voile skirt, white figured silk bodice, coiffure finished with flowers; Miss Savage, pretty white satin, blue cape; Miss Langsford, black lace; Miss Winnie Cotter, looked well in black satin; Miss Kitty Lennox, white silk with turquoise blue trimmings outlining the decolletage, and on skirt; Miss Morrin looked chic in coquelicot red chiffon over silk; Miss Brett, fawn spotted net over white satin, with blue silk vest and trimmings of pink, and cream lace bolero; Mrs Wigmore, blue brocade handsomely trimmed with passementerie; Miss Mitchellson wore a dainty white silk; Miss Straban, pink French muslin with gimpure lace yoke and sleeves; Miss Kohn, white silk; Miss Kerr-Taylor, pink trimmed with white lace; Miss Biss looked very pretty in white satin with pink roses; Miss Reed was chic in white silk with turquoise-blue bands and sleeves; Miss E. Atkinson, white pique skirt, canary silk blouse; and her sister wore a pink floral silk muslin over silk of the same hue; Miss Jones, pale pink over fawn; Miss Nelson, black satin with white lace decolletage; and her sister wore black velvet skirt, and a pink and white striped silk blouse; Miss Gill, black brocade, with jet on corsage; Miss Harper, ivory silk, with pink silk ruching on corsage; Miss May Harper, white muslin with lace insertion over yellow silk, white mousseline de soie fichu; Miss Hemus was in a blue tuckered brocade corsage, and a white silk skirt; Mrs Donald wore a mere leaf green silk, with a design of pink flowers, with dark green frills and rouleaux of velvet, and cream silk Multrae lace on corsage; Miss Donald was in yellow brocade, with white mousseline berthe caught on the shoulder with a spray of violets; Miss M. Macdonald wore black satin with turquoise blue bolero

edged with cream lace; Miss Lewis was in white, with pearl passementerie round decolletage; her sister also wore white; Miss Dudley, white satin, with square Honiton lace collar; Miss Devore wore black velvet, with jet and cream Maltese lace on corsage; Mrs Moritzson, heliotrope brocade skirt, white silk corsage; Miss Julia Nathan wore a dainty white silk, with lace insertion, two deep frills forming a fehu round decolletage; Miss Moore-Jones, yellow silk, with ruffled ribbon on skirt; Mrs Macquard (South Africa) wore white silk; Miss Diklie was in white silk with touches of yellow, and Honiton lace collar; Miss Cissy Cooper wore white silk, with red roses on decolletage, and a white uigarette in her coiffure; Miss Alison was in a white and black floral muslin, with white chiffon fehu; Miss Hanna looked exceedingly well in black satin, with cream Maltese lace charmingly arranged on corsage, caught in front with a huge pink rose; Miss E. Hanna wore pink silk, with tucked skirt, and cream lace sleeves; a dress much admired was worn by Miss Sinclair, of ivory silk, lace over white silk, deep frills on blouse and edges of sleeves, and a violet iris on front of corsage gave a charming note of colour; Miss H. Williams wore black satin; Miss Frances George was in black satin, with blue silk corsage under black lace; Messrs Biss, Lewis, Wigmore, Donald (2), Moritzson, Braiman, Kerr Taylor, Myers, Nathan, Bartley, Holland, Lennox, Thompson, Savage, Lonsdale Pitt, Macquard, H. King, Hill, A. Baker, Goldie, Connors, Hlyth, Cooper, Alison, Bedford, Hanna, Patterson, St. John Clarke, Moore-Jones, Sims, Fussell, Dexter, White, Whittaker, Thompson, Rev. Goldstein, Rev. Smith, Dr. Bett, Dr. Owen, Mr Shrewsbury.

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## AFTERNOON AT HOME.

On Tuesday afternoon Mrs J. Culpau, of "Ashfield," Mount Eden, gave an At Home as a farewell to Miss Mary Slaton, prior to her marriage, which took place on the following Monday. During the afternoon some excellent music and songs were rendered by Mrs Archdale Taylor, Mrs Ashton, Mrs Lawry, and Mrs Sibbald. The tea table was prettily decorated with white and yellow marguerites, with grasses in specimen glasses dotted among the rucked yellow centre-piece, and all kinds of delicacies and tea were dispensed during the afternoon by the hostess's two daughters—Misses Ethel and Alice Culpau. The guest of honour looked exceedingly well in black skirt with a white blouse and blue ties. Mrs Culpau wore black silk with tucked bodice and net bolero embroidered with jet. Among the guests present were:—Mesdames Slaton, Archdale Taylor, Ashton, Lawry, Sibbald, Martin, Oxley, Omond, Misses Martin, Cramer, Roberts, Slaton, Beale, etc.

## PROMENADE SHOW.

Pre-eminently refined, artistic, and smart are the early summer fashions now on view at the vast establishment of the D.S.C., Queen-street. It would occupy too much space to enumerate each particular department in which there is something specially to admire, and a passing comment must suffice. On the right of the front department one is confronted with lovely laces, fichus, collars, silk and chiffon fronts, gloves, vests, and parasols, all of those dainty feminine trifles which go to the perfecting of a woman's toilette. Some of the collars specially noted were in cream silk Maltese lace, square at the back and with revers in front. Also noticeable are the new folded satin pulley belts, the ends of which are drawn through steel rings and finish with sashes in front. On the left in this department the show cases were beautified with lovely subtle silks of designs in perfect taste, and further on came the exquisitely tinted floral muslins, the new delaines with designs in lovely

tones, the large army of voiles, the equally important contingent of foulards, and the array of linens, piques, and mercerised prints, which have a silk effect. In the millinery and mantle departments, on the second story, are to be seen marvels for the coming season. Parisian art is shown in every line of the light tulle and chiffon toques, which are to accompany muslin and lawn dresses. For heavier materials such as voile, poplin, and tailor-made costumes are very pretty coloured straws, in pink, blue, heliotrope, red and gray, and light crinoline hats, which are a feature of this year. The hats and toques, for the most part, are turned up at the side with flowers and foliage of the same colour as the foundation. The hats are lined with tulle and swathed chiffon, which is introduced in some form on every hat. Prospective brides who would be reckoned wise in their generation should also take the opportunity of adding to their wardrobes some of the exquisite lingerie which is a feature with this firm. The creations of cambrie and nainsook, trimmed with cobwebby lace or fine muslin embroidery, would assuredly specially appeal to those contemplating a trousseau. In the mantle department there are all styles of smart and up-to-date mantles, coats, capes, and evening wraps. Among these one might linger unduly did not the merits of the blouse claim our admiration, and the blouses of to-day are always dreams of beauty. There are many attractive specimens of the blouses made in tulle and lace insertion, and tucked and inserted white muslin, which are intended for wearing over coloured slips, and promise to be so popular this season. There are also many dainty silk blouses for evening wear, and some neat striped flannel suitable for golf, eyeing, or tennis. The D.S.C. are making a special feature just now of some charming tea jackets in white and floral muslin trimmed profusely with lace. Very dainty, too, are the muslin tea gowns. While in this department I noted the smart coats and

skirts displayed. In cloth they are fashioned with high Medici collars; the revers and collars are lined with white moire and edged with grey braiding. Then there are the drill and pique costumes, which are always favourites. But I must stop or else I might be like "The Brook"—go on for ever.

## THE FINAL PROGRESSIVE EUCHRE PARTY IN CONNECTION WITH THE MOUNT EDEN "AT HOMES"

took place on Friday evening last at St. Barnabas' Parish Hall. There were forty tables. At the close of the evening the following winners were awarded with prizes: Mrs. Chapman, amongst the ladies, took first prize, and received silver spoons in case, and Mrs. Robins took second, a pair of salt cellars. Mr. Frate gained highest marks amongst the gentlemen players, and received a handsome card case; and Mrs. (Dr.) Grant, who played as a gentleman, took second place, and carried off the charming little clock. Supper was served on the stage. Amongst the numerous guests present I noted: Mrs. (Dr.) black silk, relieved with lace; Miss Udy, light skirt, pink blouse; and her sister wore a white muslin with blue vest; Mrs. Barnard, black silk, relieved with white; Mrs. Horace Walker, dark skirt, pink blouse; Mrs. C. Baker, dark skirt, cerise pink silk blouse; Mrs. (Dr.) Grant, very pretty salmon pink Liberty silk; Mrs. (Dr.) Lawry, black satin, relieved with white; Mrs. T. Mahoney, black satin finished with white lace; Miss Greatbach, black silk, with bouton d'or silk; Miss Price, stylish red and black tartan skirt, white evening bodice; Mrs. Lambert, black silk; Miss Lambert, white crepon; and her sister wore a lettuce green, relieved with white; Miss Stevenson, white silk; Mrs. Chapman, dark skirt, heliotrope brocaded blouse; Mrs. Hesketh wore a black silk; and her daughter looked dainty in a white silk evening blouse; Miss Maggie Hesketh, black silk finished

with white lace and black velvet bows; Miss Holland, dark skirt, pink and white striped silk evening blouse with white chiffon and lace fichu picturesquely arranged on the square-cut decolletage; Miss Wallcut, dark skirt, coquelicot red silk blouse; and her sister wore a dark skirt, blue blouse; Miss Nicholson, black skirt, pink blouse, finished with cream lace; Mrs. A. Nicholson, dark skirt, pink shot with flame silk blouse, finished with bands of red velvet; Mrs. John Dawson, black silk brocaded with pink floral design; Mrs. J. B. McFarlane, black silk, finished with white; Mrs. H. Noakes, grey and white check, with white chemise; Miss Metenif, white cashmere; Miss Trevithick wore a dainty lemon-coloured crepon, relieved with white; and her sister wore a dark skirt, pink crepon blouse; Mrs. Keogh, black silk, relieved with white; Mrs. Kennerdine, dark skirt, pink blouse; Mrs. Haultain, black; Mrs. Oldham, dark skirt, buttercup silk blouse; Mrs. Pearson, dark skirt, heliotrope blouse; and her daughter looked pretty in a pink costume; Mrs. de Montalk, white silk gown, white cape; Miss D. S. Jourdain, black; Miss Jones, dark skirt, light blouse; Miss E. Gillblain, white muslin; Miss Kerr-Taylor, dark skirt, pink blouse; Miss M. Kerr-Taylor, dark skirt, white blouse; Mrs. Curtis, black. Messrs Lambert, E. C. Beale, Charles Baker, J. M. Blackwell, Stevenson, Earle, Mahoney (2), A. Reid, V. Kennerdine, Kerr-Taylor (2), Udy, H. Walker, Chapman, Haultain, De Montalk, Noakes, A. Wright, Curtis, Easten, Dr. Grant, etc.

My Tauranga correspondent writes: Tauranga is to have quite a run of gaiety next week. We are to have a grand ball in aid of the Mechanics' Institute, which I hope will be a success, for one does not like to see old institutions closed. I also hear they are going to raise money in other ways. Then our next excitement is the annual show, the opening of the tennis and bowling greens. There is also to be a smart wedding between Miss E. Cramer Roberts, of Linbury," and Mr Mumford, of "Willow

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Grange," a description of all I will read when they occur. Mrs Bennett and her daughters are leaving next Saturday for Auckland, where they intend to reside in future. While living in Tauranga, Mrs Bennett was the means of a splendid organ being erected in Trinity Church. Mrs Bennett is herself a first-class organist, having for many years played in a London church. Apropos "Mary Jane's" letter to the Auckland "Star," was rather too bad about the Tauranga mistresses. "Mary Jane" must have slighted on a very bad Mrs Jan Tart, as she called her. I myself had for five years a very nice girl, who left to be married. I know many ladies here who have had servants, and kept them for a length of time, and treat them I know with great consideration. I think that very often it is the girl's fault; but some of them will not trouble to please. I do not believe in keeping a girl working from early morning till evening. We cannot do that ourselves. My girl had finished by 7 p.m., and after that her time was her own. Some Mary Janes are very trying, and I think the best way out of the dilemma is to keep no Mary Jane if you can possibly help it.

PHYLLIS BROWN.

**NAPIER.**

Dear Bee, October 5.  
The Bishop of Waiapu and Miss Williams gave a delightful Garden Party on the 9th inst. The invitations for the garden party, which was given at "Hukarere," were from 3.30 to 6, when a large and brilliant company assembled. Refreshments were served at small tables in various parts of the pretty garden, which was gay with flowers. Miss Edith Williams received her guests in a pretty grey costume, with white silk on the bodice; Mrs Braithwaite had a handsome black dress, relieved with jet; the Misses Williams, of "Hukarere," were also in black; Mrs Balfour looked well in a bright green cloth gown, trimmed with salmon pink silk, and a green bonnet to match; Mrs Ormond wore black; Miss Spencer had a plum-coloured coat and skirt, and a black picture hat; Miss Emily Spencer was

in green; Mrs Corryon had a black dress, and her mantle was trimmed with jet; Mrs Logan wore a brown coat and skirt, and a black hat trimmed with red flowers; Mrs Harrington was in black, and her black hat was trimmed with maize plumes; Mrs Harrington looked well in a bluish-grey costume; Mrs John Williams had a black dress, and a handsome mantle composed of black chiffon and jet; Miss Kitty Williams wore bright green; Mrs F. W. Williams had a dainty dress of soft blue material; Mrs Painley wore black, with a jet mantle; Mrs Nelson was in black and white; Mrs Lane looked well in dark blue, with a zone of guipure lace over the blue; Mrs K. B. Smith was in green; Mrs Begg wore black; Miss Begg was in green; Mrs Coleman's handsome black dress was trimmed with plum colour; Miss Florence West wore a blue dress, trimmed with white, and a large black hat; Mrs De Kiele had a bright rose pink silk blouse, and a dark skirt; Mrs James McLean wore brown and pale blue; Miss Cotterill was in navy blue and white, and she wore a black and white hat; Miss Nellie Cotterill wore a dainty sea green silk blouse, and a white chip hat, trimmed with pink roses; Miss Hilda Hitchings was in blue and white muslin; Miss Kate Hitchings wore pink; Mrs Leask had a black bonnet, with her violet dress; Mrs T. Moore was in cream; Mrs Webb's black dress was relieved with red; Mrs Howell was in navy blue; Miss Hovel had a dainty heliotrope silk blouse, and a black hat with heliotrope ribbons; Mrs Gore wore blue; Miss Ethel Burke had a light blouse, a grey skirt and a white chip hat; Miss Page was in grey, with a black toque; Mrs Canning wore black and red; Mrs Carlile had a stylish violet costume; Mrs P. S. McLean was in navy blue; Mrs Nantes looked well in a stylish green dress; Mrs Hargreaves, black brocade; Mrs Hoadley wore a pretty black and white dress; Miss Louie Hoadley, blue and white flowered muslin, with a blue sash and hat to match; Mrs Tylee, black and pink; Mrs Rutherford looked well in black and white; Miss Thornton wore black.

MALJOIRE.

**WELLINGTON.**

Dear Bee, October 4.  
It is a long time since we have had such a charming entertainment as that which took place on Monday and Tuesday last in the Sydney-street School-room. The programme consisted of about eighteen beautifully-arranged and dressed tableaux vivants, with several songs and pieces in the intervals. The entertainment was organised by Miss Williams, in aid of the building fund of St. Mary's Home, and with the assistance of a number of her friends, certainly made it a most undoubted success. The programme opened with the tableau, "A Dream of Fair Women," from Tennyson's beautiful poem, and included Helen of Troy, Cleopatra, Iphigenia, Fair Rosamond, Jephtha's daughter, and Joan of Arc. The characters were taken in this by Mrs H. Gore, Mrs D. Nathan, Miss Himpson, Miss Seddon, Miss Reid, and Miss M. Douglas, and the dresses were really splendidly got up. The poem was recited by Mrs Fell during the different scenes of the tableaux. An amusing tableau was "There's no fool like an old fool," impersonated by the Messrs A. and H. Cooper. One of the prettiest and most artistic pictures was the "Legend of the Briar Rose" (after Burne-Jones), six sleeping maidens, gracefully poised among a perfect bowyer of briar roses, and dressed in various shades that blended beautifully. "The Queen of Swords" was very effective. Miss E. Fell looked very nice in her pretty old English costume, with powder and patches, and the gentlemen in their wings, ruffles, etc., holding their swords over her head, looked everything that they should. "Ordered to the Front," and "The Soldier's Dream," were effective tableaux also, especially the latter. These were impersonated by Miss Alice Johnston and Mr G. Williams. A series of Marcus Stone pictures were very much appreciated. "The Peacemakers" was particularly pretty; the part of the gentleman was taken by Mr Arthur Duncan, and the ladies were Miss Una Williams and Miss J. Parker. A large

Grecian tableau was beautifully staged, and I heard many remark that it was the best of all. In the four pictures of "Auld Robin Gray," Miss Duncan, Mr L. Tripp, and Mr Alga Williams looked very well, and each suited their part capitally. One very pretty tableau was "The Game of Life," represented by two gentlemen (Messrs Williams and Duncan) dressed in old English costume, throwing dice with an angel (Miss O. Gore) hovering above them. "A Corner of the Studio" was about the most cleverly staged tableaux of the evening. It consisted of an artist's studio, with the artist working at a portrait from life, and here and there a marvellously real-looking statue. Miss Hilda Williams, who posed as the picture, was arranged in a large frame, and her sister, Miss Una, was the sitter. They were dressed exactly alike, in evening gowns and dark cloaks about the shoulders, and large black picture hats, and the effect and likeness of the two sisters was wonderfully good. The last item of the evening was a scene in Bluebeard's chamber, and though ghastly in the extreme caused much amusement. We saw Bluebeard in the act of slaying Fatima (Mrs H. Crawford), while a row of apparently lifeless human heads hung along the curtain at the back, tied up by their hair! The sight was decidedly gruesome, and very cleverly carried out. The scenery all through was really splendid, and the lovely large poppies which appeared in the earlier part of the evening were greatly admired. Some very good music was heard during each evening, the performers being Mr and Mrs Worsley, Miss Flanagan (who was encored), Miss St. Hill, and Mr Twiss, while Mrs Bailey presided at the piano. On Monday night the hall was simply crowded, and the audience included the Countess of Ranfurly, Lady Constance, and Lady Eileen Knox, with Hon. Mr Butler in attendance. Lady Ranfurly was wearing a rich black satin trained gown, with chiffon and diamond ornaments on the bodice, beautiful sable fur cape; the Ladies Knox wore simple white silk frocks trimmed with long frills, and white opera cloaks. There was also a very good audience on Tuesday, so that I should

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think the financial result would be beyond expectations. Among those I noticed in the audience on both nights were: Lady Stout, Bishop and Mrs Wallis, Sir Arthur and Lady Douglas, Miss Douglas, Mrs Williams, and Miss Edie Williams, Mrs Arthur Russell (Palmerston), Mrs Bell, and Mrs H. Johnston, Mr and Mrs C. Johnston, and Miss Johnston, Lady Turner, Dr. and Mrs Grace, Mrs Ian Duncan, Mr and Mrs John Duncan, Mrs Pharrago, Mrs and Miss Stowe, Mrs and Miss Somerville, Dr. and Mrs Collins, Mr and Mrs James Mills (Dunedin), Major and Mrs Owen, Mr and Mrs Simpson, and Miss M. Simpson, Mr and Mrs Trenchard, Mrs and Miss Richmond, Mrs Biddford, Miss Coates, Dr. and Mrs Martin, Mrs Butler, Dr. and Mrs Henry, and Miss G. Henry, Mrs Gore, and Mrs Marchbanks, Mrs McPherson, Miss Reid, Professor and Mrs Brown, Mr and Mrs E. B. Brown, Mrs and Miss Barclay, Mr and Mrs Nelson, and Miss Nelson, Mrs Easterfield, Dr. and Mrs Rawson, Mr and Mrs Young, Mrs and Miss Edwin, Mrs Moss-Davis (Auckland), Mrs and Miss Triggear, Mrs and Miss Barron, Mrs Findlay, Mrs Heaton Rhodes, Mr and Miss Harcourt, Mr and Mrs Penrice, Mrs Fitchett, Mrs and Miss Medley, Mrs Tuckey, Mr and Miss Friend, Mrs Cooper, Mrs Tweed, Mrs and Miss Blackett, Mrs Biss, Miss Swainson, the Misses Celeridge, Miss Hattery, the Misses Fitzherbert, Miss Brandon, and Miss Higginson, and Messrs Johnston, Haddfield, Gore, Cox, Harcourt, Sir Kenneth Douglas, and others.

His Excellency the Governor entertained a number of gentlemen at a dinner party last Saturday, among them being the Chief Justice (Sir Robert Stout), Hon. H. Williams, M.L.C.; Messrs W. W. Tanner, R. Thomson, J. Thomson, T. M. Wilford, and J. Witheford, M.B.R.s; Dr. McGregor; Messrs W. S. Reid, E. Stowe, A. T. Bothamly, H. Otterson, A. J. Rutherford, A. J. Willis, H. Pullen, T. K. Warburton, J. B. Heywood, J. McKiowan, F. Waldegrave, E. Triggear, A. Smith, W. Fraser, J. W. Poynton, H. T. Glow, T. Bonayne, W. Gray, H. J. Elliott, W. T. Glasgow, C. Bickson, G. Hughson, J. H. Richardson, A. Barron, and Commissioner Turnbull.

His Excellency Lord Ranfurly, accompanied by the Hon. C. Hill-Trevor, left Wellington on Sunday in H.M.S. Mildaera for the Cook Islands, where he will probably remain for several weeks.

We are also to lose Lady Ranfurly and her children next week, as they leave for a six months' trip to England, travelling via Sydney by the P. and O. steamer Arcadia.

The opening of the boating season took place last Saturday at the Star Club sheds. His Excellency the Governor performed the opening ceremony, and was accompanied by the Countess of Ranfurly, Lady Constance Knox and Hon. Hill-Trevor.

OPHELIA.

NELSON.

Dear Bee.— October 1.

The past week has been very quiet in a social way. There has been an unusual amount of rain, and now the weather is much colder again, so we are not yet able to wear our spring frocks, but the shops are full of pretty things, so the chief attraction is shopping. During the last few days I have noticed some pretty

STREET DRESSES.

Mrs. Percy Adams, bright mauve costume, with trimmings of a darker shade, but to match of mauve chip, profusely trimmed with violets; Mrs A. Glasgow, navy coat and skirt, large black hat; Miss Mabel Glasgow, navy serge, fawn coat, sailor hat; Mrs Ben Lewis, fawn coat and skirt, sailor hat; Miss A. Robertson, navy serge costume braided with black, large black hat; Mrs A. P. Burns, mourning costume; Mrs. Roberts, navy cloth tailor-made coat and skirt, hat with green and red; Miss Harris, electric blue costume, white felt hat trimmed with blue; Miss Tomlinson, pretty grey costume, with white lace revers, white gem hat; Miss Leggat, brown check tweed, and boue of sapphire blue velvet and brown fur; Miss Barry, brown cloth coat and skirt, large black hat with red roses; Miss Y. Sealy, blue-grey coat and skirt, black velvet hat; Miss F. Webb, brown, black skirt, long fawn coat, sailor hat; Miss E. Edwards, green costume, black hat trimmed with blue silk; Miss Tendall, tailor-made coat and skirt of navy cloth, hat en saige,

Miss A. Ball, light blouse, black skirt, small gem hat; Miss Stevens, dark green costume, sailor hat; Miss Watkins, black groundine over green silk, gem hat with black band; Mrs. Kingston, black costume with white vest, sailor hat; Mrs. Wyatt (a bride), grey tulle costume with vest and large collar of white satin, chic hat with trimmings of amber and green; Mrs. P. Andrews, brown costume with green trimming; Mrs. Andrew (Wairarapa), black coat and skirt, bonnet to match; Miss Hart (Wellington), deep red costume, large black hat; Miss Blackett, brown coat and skirt, brown velvet hat with yellow flowers; Miss Rayner (Stoke), grey costume; Miss Leavin, dark skirt, bright red coat and pretty light bon, sailor hat. PHYLLIS.

BLENHHEIM.

Dear Bee.— October 1.

Mrs. Lucas' dancing class closed last Friday evening for the season, and parents and friends were invited to be present to witness the pupils' performance of a number of fancy dances, such as the Irish jig, minuet, skirt dances, sailor's hornpipe and Scotch reels, which they danced very prettily, but the Irish jig especially well. Most of the girls wore white butter-cloth dresses, made exceedingly full, but Miss Marion Browne wore a beautiful dress of cream silk, with satin ribbons, and yoke closely tucked. All, however, looked fresh and pretty.

Miss Rees, who has been matron of the Wairau Hospital for many years, has resigned her position to prepare for her approaching marriage to Mr Marsden, of Nelson, but before leaving the hospital the nurses presented her with a beautiful brooch of gold, with a design in pearls, and her initials engraved.

Mrs. A. G. Fell, of Picton, left last Thursday to join her two daughters in Wellington, and from there they leave on the Westralia for Sydney, where they purpose spending a month.

I hear that Mrs. G. Watts is slowly approaching convalescence, but she is not allowed to see many visitors yet. Mrs. Watts returned to Nelson about a week ago.

The Marlborough Tennis Club decided, at the annual meeting held last Wednesday, to open the courts for the season on October 20th. Most of the officers were re-elected: President, Mr. Griffiths; vice-presidents, Mr. Orr and Dr. Anderson; hon. Secretary, Mr. E. Greenfield; and treasurer, Mr. Stoney; Messdames Orr and Black, and Miss M. Doudin, and Messrs. Hindmarsh, Fish, Stubbs and Vickers on the committee. The Club has a large membership, and is in a very satisfactory state.

FREDA.

Just a Cough

This is its story:  
At first, a slight cough.  
At last, a hemorrhage.  
At first, easy to cure.  
At last, extremely difficult.



quickly conquers your hacking cough. There is no doubt about the cure now.

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This is the term by which we designate that anti-opium-temperance-platonic-speaking-female who is generally known as "The Advanced Woman." There are few people now-a-days who have not come across, at least a few specimens of this genus in one of her varieties, and all will recognise her if we give a slight sketch of her characteristic attributes and most glaring peculiarities, taken from actual sad experiences of our own. When once you have seen a wild woman you will ever afterwards know her immediately. The outside of her is enough, you will never forget it. She has short hair, her petticoat ceases at exactly six inches above her ankles, her waist measures no less than thirty inches. Her boots are square as to the toe and possess no heels. They are never smaller than seven. Her gloves, when she wears any, correspond to her boots, and she bears with her several leaflets on drunkenness and social purity. Dull indeed would be the perception of the man who failed to recognise this individual when he saw her, but should such a purblind mortal exist, all doubts he may have had will vanish the moment the wild woman begins to speak. Her voice is harsh and strident, her manner fussy and inquisitive. If you have the misfortune to travel in a railway carriage or an omnibus with her, she will immediately begin to question you—and awful indeed is the fate of that unfortunate who dares to beard the wild woman! If you are a woman she will entreat you not to wear stays, pointing out to you the evil effects you are thereby producing upon future generations. She will remark upon the redness of your nose, for if it is not red, it ought to be; and, waving her arms and puffing out her chest, will request you to prod her in her ribs, and challenge you to raise your diaphragm to the extent that she does. Having triumphantly proved that her frame measures at least twelve inches more in circumference than yours, she will then proceed to the anti-opium question—and once there, you are done for. If you chance to be a mere man your fate is even worse. Without troubling herself to ask any unnecessary questions she will take for granted that you are a drunkard, and will lecture you accordingly on the extreme foolishness of taking money out of your own pocket to put it into that of rich brewers and publicans. It is in vain that you assure her that you would on no account part with any of your money, and that you would greatly prefer to do your charity openly, instead of slyly poking your offerings into a person's pocket—and that you touch nothing but ginger ale—she hastens on with her "work," and taking for granted that you are a brute as well as a villain, she devotes all her energies to the social purity question, and then the Lord help you!

But there is the second and more hopeful variety of wild woman. This is the lady who, though she has the same stern principles of the wild woman pure and simple, makes some slight concession to convention in the shape of her clothes. It is noticeable that this class of wild women have always some pretension to good looks. "The spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak?" This lady is no less anxious to reform society and assert her "rights." But she endeavours at the same time to make herself not actually repulsive. Far be it from us to say that she dresses in the fashion, that would be heresy indeed, but she is weak-minded enough to take an interest in her personal appearance. She wears her shoes only one size too large and reduces her waist to twenty-six inches, it has even been whispered that she condescends to a long dress, but were the wild women to know of it, they would read her in pieces. She has of course excellent reasons for the martyrdom she inflicts upon herself in conceding thus far to public opinion. She makes this sacrifice entirely for the sake of the "cause," she feels that it is her duty to humanity to make the best of herself. She is convinced that her ex-

hortations will have more weight if she is becomingly dressed. Her wilder sisters are inclined to snarl, and to make naughty remarks about "vanity." But as this variety generally has some money behind her, they silence the voice of their righteous indignation and tolerate her—for the good of the "cause."

There is, alas! one more variety of wild woman, who possesses all the "advanced" characteristics of the first, combined with a strange and unaccountable stubbornness and contrariness which compel her to do exactly the opposite to everybody else. This awful type is luckily rare. It generally clothes itself after the fashion of that despicable and incapable animal Man. We have sometimes wondered why it should choose to wear the garments of so contemptible a creature, but we have always concluded that it was for the "good of the cause." However that may be, the main object of this species of wild woman is to do as others do not. For instance, it is a harmless custom amongst us less enlightened and feeble-minded folk to attire ourselves in our best clothes on the Sabbath. Not so the wild woman. We have known her seat herself, her hair streaming in the breeze, clad solely in her night-shirt (only, of course, tame women wear a nightgown) in the front garden, and there she scours the pots and pans! Many of us ordinary mortals may profess an affection for animals, though we may admit that we like them "in their place." Even so does this wild woman, only her ideas of an animal's place are different from ours. She gives up her front rooms to be a stable for cats, her dining table is a rendezvous for dogs, goats, ducks, etc. The common or garden woman, takes her exercise in the day time. This is too tame for the wild woman. She walks abroad at midnight. If a man dares to address her, she promptly knocks him down—'experio crede.' But the wild woman knows no limits. Armed with a jumping pole, she o'er leaps ditches and hedges, yanking the echoes with her shrieks, and terrifying midnight travellers out of their wits. This is her quaint little way of enjoying herself. It is her recreation from the arduous task of improving society and elevating the moral tone of the world. The climax of her enjoyment is reached when she is hoisted out of the village. She then feels that she has not lived in vain. Here let us draw a veil over the proceedings of this last and most alarming form of wild woman.

Perhaps some people may think that this picture is exaggerated. We only wish it were! Let scoffers but become acquainted with the wild woman, and the unpleasant truth will force itself upon them. But no! We will be charitable. If they see the wild woman looming in the distance, let them fly her. There are some things into which it is well not to pry.

When You Visit.

When you visit remember—  
If a pleasure is proposed, accept it. You are expected to be entertained.  
The host's chair and the host's desk are not to be invaded.  
Keep your own room neat. Disorder is most trying to the maid, who will complain of it.  
And be agreeable to all guests, whether you like them or not.  
Always ask your hostess what her plans are for the day, and abide by them.  
All visitors should recollect that their evenings belong to the host and hostess, and they are expected to add to their enjoyment.  
Absent yourself some hours in the morning, so that the mistress of the house will have a chance to settle her affairs. This sort of consideration is appreciated.  
Be stone blind, deaf and dumb to all family matters of an unpleasant nature in a household. Be punctual at meals. To be late is a disrespect to your hostess—bad form for yourself.



**AS SEEN THROUGH WOMAN'S EYES.**

**Twin Evils: Hurry and Work.**

Worry is more dependent upon hurry than most of us have ever imagined, and in condemning the former we have inadvertently overlooked the fundamental cause. We are a worried people because we are always in a hurry. Those who preach against worry and condemn it as the great curse of the land, should stop and think of the cause of it. Habit it may be, but what produces habit? The child does not naturally worry. It accepts life with more philosophy than the professional philosopher, and if left to self it would work out its own destiny, in which there was neither undue haste nor worry. Routine and monotony of life would have no dulling effect upon the mind and nerves, because it would not become slaves to them. There would only be occasional fits of hurry when in pursuit of some temporary pleasure or gain, and that would be just sufficient to rouse the whole system to a healthful glow and reaction. It is the daily continual hurry, the everlasting strain to surpass others, that kills.

The hurry to be rich and the hurry to become famous force the tender plant from infancy. People ring it into the ears that this is an age of young men, and that the world's responsibilities must rest on young shoulders. To prove it innumerable instances are reported where the highest worldly ambitions have been realised by men under 30. The age limit of success, they say, is narrowing in each generation, and unless a man has made his mark before he is 30 the chances are nearly even that he will never do it. What strivings for success such a doctrine cause! How the body and soul are strained to cram in ten years what should occupy thirty! Hurry becomes the watchword of the day, and in the eager crowd there is scarcely one who does not make all the haste possible to achieve riches and glory before

his mind is actually prepared to receive them.

Hurry in a few instances may make wealth, and it may again win fame and glory, but it cannot make for culture or refinement. It may gloss over the character with a fine veneer of culture that will deceive for a time, but there is nothing deep and abiding in it.

Culture and refinement are the products of long waiting and reflection. They come slowly but surely. If forced they are merely sham reflections of the genuine article. If we but seek them earnestly and intelligently we will wean ourselves from the world's everlasting hurry. What a mistake we make in not teaching our children to look upon culture, refinement, and intelligent contentment as the chief aims of life! If we did there would be fewer disappointments in life, fewer mental and physical wrecks, and fewer suicides and miserable failures.

Hurry becomes a habit; so does worry. It is as impossible to throw off one as the other. The man who has been in a hurry all his life is no greater victim to the habit formed in youth than the woman who continually worries. Every phase of existence can be turned into some excuse for worry. Household, social, religious, and general duties worry, and they add to the burden of life until there is neither pleasure nor satisfaction in doing one's duty. When worry gets the upper hand house-keeping becomes an irksome task, and it is sure to poison the whole atmosphere of the home. Children brought up in such a home imbibe it just as naturally as they do other characteristics of their parents, and they grow up in the belief that the world would not progress if they did not give their daily modicum of worry to help it along. Those who do not worry are looked upon as idle and slothful, and yet they often accomplish more than the crowd of habitual worriers.

**Young Wives.**

To the thoughtless young girl who has been in the habit of choosing her associates at her own sweet will, and coming and going unchecked and without question, the restraint placed upon her by a husband is often irksome.

She has neglected to learn that a determination to accommodate one's self to one's company is in no case so indispensable as in wedded life.

While single, we may go where we list; if persons annoy us, we may avoid them; if we dislike one locality, we may remove to another.

Not so after we are married; we cannot then change our companions; the choice does not depend on ourselves alone; there is another to be consulted, to whose wishes we must, to a certain extent, sacrifice our own, and when this is known to be the case, how absurd to make matters worse by opposition and resistance!

Let those who have entered the matrimonial pale not be daunted at finding themselves somewhat mistaken in the temper and disposition of each other; in the common course of things it cannot be otherwise.

During courtship, both are under a sort of moral delusion, viewing things through a false medium.

Marriage speedily rectifies all this, and sometimes in an abrupt and unwelcome manner; but never mind, love or prudence will set all to rights, as every day's experience will teach all who are teachable, that, though the romance of love has passed away, there is enough of reality left, if properly managed, to sweeten life.

Therefore, young wives, be wise in your day and generation and murmur not; you are favoured in having met one to care for you sufficiently to render up his liberty to you, to bind himself to you for ever, to work for you, to cherish you, to protect you from the snares and insults of the world; none can harm you while your

husband lives; his arm guards you, his countenance upholds you, his love honours you.

You fill an important station in society; a wife and a mother is surrounded by numerous cares and responsibilities, and in proportion as she faithfully meets and discharges them is she honoured and respected. She has the privilege, too, which she ought to value.

Therefore, youthful wives and mothers, if all your anticipations be not realised, be not cast down, but make your destiny fortunate by the earnestness with which you fulfil your duties, and the cheerfulness with which you resign your free will, and modify your previously formed tastes and opinions, to meet those of your husbands.

**Woman's Lot in China.**

It may be said with truth that the fair sex in China can achieve even greater powers than that which the Western new woman yearns after, without forfeiting a whit of her womanliness; but of course the women who distinguish themselves are, and have always been, in the vast minority.

Naturally there are women even in the Celestial Kingdom who only achieve absolute power in the sphere to which Providence has called them, by the exercise of that quality which is aptly termed tyranny; and that is why John has a phrase equivalent to our "henpecked husband."

Of course, the prime example of the present Empress-Dowager, who is also too well-known to Europeans by her woman of power in Far Cathay is the apt to need further introduction or consideration on the present occasion.

The courage of Chinese women mainly takes the shape of an amazing inclination to suicide. Does a girl object to the husband chosen for her—self-destruction is at once the remedy resorted to. Does a lady of quality lose her lord—she forthwith tries to follow him to the land of spirits, by starvation, poison, or any other means.

Even among the mists of distant time, however, we can trace that the feminine ideal in the Land of the Dragon has always been remarkably high indeed. Yet, for a 'that an' a' that, the Celestial female infant is not received into this weary world with gladness. In consequence she receives no regular education; and when she has completed a dozen brief years she becomes "the young girl who sits in the house"; which being interpreted means that she is banished from all companionship until such time as she shall wed a husband, whom she has probably never seen before the ceremony.

From that hour forth it is her lot to implicitly obey her lord and mother-in-law, nor may she come in contact with men of the outside world in general. Her only liberty consists in being allowed to receive ladies of her own degree and return their calls.

In many ways the average Chinese woman is little better than a slave, for the doctrine taught by the national classics is to the effect that she has no fewer than three stages of obedience—truly sufficient for a single lifetime. The first is to her father, the second to her husband, and the third to her son in the event of her spouse's death.

In John's opinion a woman's equipment in life should consist of modesty, gentleness, respect for elders, wisdom, and self-sacrifice.

**The Cleaning of Laces.**

Never rub laces. If badly soiled roll upon a bottle or round stick; dampen slightly; when quite dry unroll and tack the lace with large stitches in folds of about six inches. Be sure that the edges be even. You will now have a sort of compress of lace. Drop this into cold water, in which put a little borax or ammonia, or both. Soak until the dirt is out, changing water if needful. Never rub the lace, but it may be gently squeezed now and then together. When it is quite clean place it just as it is in the sun to dry, after which lay it upon the palm of the left hand and slap it vigorously with the right several times. Now remove the stitches by cutting; do not pull them. Refold the lace, but in different creases, and repeat the process, but pat rather than slap the folds this time.

The result will be excellent; the

lace soft and betraying no sign of its bath. It should never be ironed, unless upon clothing where it cannot be removed. It is well, therefore, to use other than lace trimmings for cotton garments, unless one chooses tulle, a notable exception.

If other lace is chosen, however, it should not be much starched, if at all, and the iron should be used not along the length, but up and down. In this way the full effect of the width is kept, while by the other a wide edge appears narrower and the pattern distorted. After ironing the laundress should soften the lace by the gentle use of her thumb and forefinger, then gather it into little plaits, pinching them slightly, and after shaking it out lightly the lace edge will wear its best aspect.

**"A Family Doctor" on Sleeplessness.**

I have, last of all, to say a word or two about sleep—"tired Nature's sweet restorer." I wish thereby to draw the reader's attention to the fact that unless a due proportion of muscular exercise be taken during the day, the sleep by night will not be refreshing. Exercise is the first preparation for sleep, and after supper, which, I have already said, should be early, the mind must not be allowed to dwell upon any thoughts that excite or annoy. It is a good plan to read for some time before going to bed, and one pipe of good tobacco may be allowed. Do not read in bed, but read in your bedroom; perhaps lying on the sofa, in comfortable dishabille, and ready whenever the inclination to sleep steals over you to get gently and softly between the sheets. The room should be quiet and dark, with the window curtains drawn to exclude the too obtrusive morning light. The temperature of the room should, if possible, be sustained at about 55 degrees or 60 degrees. Bank the fire, else it will go out, and the temperature will fall, to your detriment. The bed itself should be moderately hard, but very smooth and even, the bedclothes light and warm, and the pillows soft and rather high. The room should be judiciously ventilated, and the curtains should not go right round the bed. I need scarcely add that nurseries or sleeping draughts are most injurious, whether in the shape of opiates or that slow but certain poison called chloral hydrate.

**Kitchen Necessities.**

When one expects good service, it is an important item that suitable utensils and equipments be provided. Many a housemaid wastes hours of her time every week in the almost hopeless search for dusters, scrubbing cloths, and the thousand and one bits of fabric that one must have about the kitchen. Many housekeepers do not seem to realize that there are many things that require a little piece of rag or, possibly, very soft paper. Odds and ends of cloth of all sorts are thrown away, torn up or, as one over-thrifty woman used to do, put into the fire. Indeed, in more than one family the appetite of the stove is insatiable, and has been for years fed with articles of great value, if properly utilized. There should be special cloths for

lumps, windows, paint, floors and stoves. For these latter, worn and otherwise useless lamp and floor cloths are desirable. When these cloths are of little value for their legitimate purpose, they should be thrown into a dish of strong soda water and boiled for half an hour, when they may be rinsed and put up to dry. They are then useful for rubbing the stove, the hearth or the grates, after which they still may do service in kindling the fire.

The good housekeeper rarely finds it necessary to throw anything away. Her economy, however, consists largely in starting right and making one article do the work of half a dozen. Old muslin may be first used as window cloths, then go through the various stages of paint, lamp and stove cloths just as well as not. Instead of this, we often see the hearth and grates rubbed with bits of snowy-white muslin or cambric caught up in a hurry, because there is neither system nor economy about the house.

**Advisability of Paying Children for Work.**

While it tends to destroy the independence and business ability of an adult person to possess no money of his own, without his first being given him by another, it also, I think, has a similar effect upon children. They ought to have an income of their own to use as they please. This they should be given some way to earn. They should be allowed to do some work outside the home, or be paid for the performance of some task in the house.

While two little girls I know do willingly various things to lighten Mamma's work, there is one thing for which they receive weekly wages—dish-washing.

What an interest they take in pay-day! With dancing eyes they laughingly say, when the eventful day comes round, "Mamma, do you know what day this is?"

Each child, when paid, places her money in her own little purse, placing by herself the part of money intended for the Sunday contribution; what remains can be spent or saved as the child sees fit.

These little ones get for themselves many little things their hearts long for, yet things they would hardly feel like asking Mamma to buy for them. They are rapidly learning business habits and the wise use of money. Is it not better to give children the glad consciousness of knowing they have earned their money instead of the feeling that they must always depend upon their parents to give it to them?

Try this plan, and see if it will not develop in your children more independent, self-reliant natures.

SOPHIA JENKINS.

**On the Uses of Lemons.**

Very few, perhaps, realise how very useful lemons are, not only for cookery, but in many other ways. Here are some of the things lemons are good for—first of all for toilet purposes, as they are not only healthful but beautifiers.

Pure lemon juice and water make an excellent spring medicine, if taken in moderation, as it clears the skin and purifies the complexion. Chapped hands can be softened and whitened by applying lemon-juice; but it should not be used every day, as it tends to dry the skin. If applied to the face once or twice a week, it prevents wrinkles.

A few slices of lemon in the wash-hand ewer will soften and perfume the water.

Lemon juice and magnesia, applied to the face and hands, will make the skin white and soft.

A teaspoonful of lemon juice in warm water will make a good tooth wash, but the mouth must be thoroughly rinsed out after using. The same quantity of lemon juice and

water is an excellent remedy for stained finger nails.

Lemon juice is also good to cure unbroken chilblains with.

For headaches, a slice of lemon placed on the temples will give relief; while a cup of strong coffee, with a teaspoonful of lemon juice in it, instead of milk, will cure a sick headache.

A glass of hot lemon and water taken the last thing before going to sleep, and as hot as possible, is a splendid remedy for a cold, as it induces a profound perspiration.

In cookery, every housewife knows, the value of lemons, both juice and rind—as a squeeze of the former in most things is an improvement when not required to be flavoured with it; fish especially being much improved in nearly all preparations with the addition of lemon juice, which can be frequently used instead of vinegar; indeed, it is far better to take and squeeze over oysters than vinegar. Whenever a slightly sharp flavour is required, use lemon juice. Some apples, when stewed, are rather flavourless, but if cooked with a shred or two of lemon-rind, and some lemon-juice squeezed into them, they will be much improved.

Lemon juice can be substituted for wine or brandy in cookery, such as sauces, cakes, etc., and the flavour will be very little different. In the cases of cakes that are required to be kept, and brandy is given in the recipe, lemon juice may be used in the proportion of one lemon for every wineglassful ordered.

Mince-meat is as good, and keeps as long, when made with lemon juice as with brandy.

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

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RESEMBLES MOTHER'S MILK IN COMPOSITION AND PROPERTIES, IT MAY BE GIVEN FROM BIRTH.

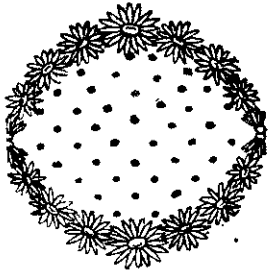
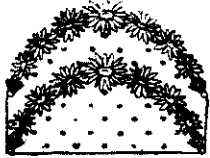
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**WORK COLUMN.**

I give here a very pretty French design which may be used, as the two little sketches show, either for orna-

TEA COSY.



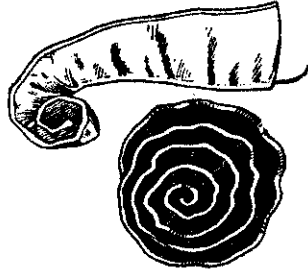
CAKE SERVIETTE.

TWO WAYS OF USING THE SAME DESIGN.

menting a tea cosy or for a serviette for a cake plate. The design is not only very pretty in itself, but in its adaptation to different purposes is very suggestive to us of ways in which we might utilise other designs when in their first intention they do not

quite suit our purposes of the moment. The material used for the cosy is white cloth, and that for the serviette is white damask. The border is carried out in ruffled work, that is to say, in very fine ribbon work, each loop of ribbon forming a petal, the centre of the marguerite being filled up with French knots in yellow silk. The tiny forget-me-not blossoms scattered over the design are, of course, worked in blue.

To tie a bow successfully seems to be either an inborn faculty or an accomplishment that most people are unable to acquire, but the present bows, or clusters of ribbon, with which hats are trimmed do not require so much artistic taste as neatness in manipulation and accurate following



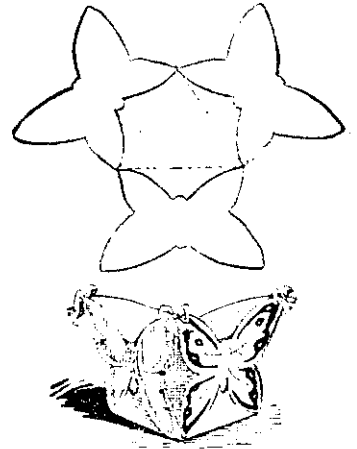
HOW TO MAKE ONE OF THE NEW BOWS FOR A HAT.

out of instructions given. Now, take, for instance, this bow in my sketch, known in France as the chon colimacon, otherwise "snail bow." A piece of velvet or silk is cut on the bias graduating from an inch in width to about

four inches. On one side a wire is lightly run, the bow being bound with a contrasting colour in the same or different material. It is then wound round on the finger until the shape is obtained that I have illustrated. This is then combined with a smaller bow, not more than half the size of the first, and both are placed in an upright position against the crown of the hat. This is an excellent bow for a cycling or everyday hat, as it looks and wears well.

I was calling the other day upon a friend of mine, the mother of a large family, for whom, both for herself and family, I have the greatest respect, for I have ever looked upon her as a pattern mother, whilst the conduct of the children is more than exemplary. So while taking tea with her I begged her to tell me how she managed to keep the children so quiet when she wanted the house silent without injury to their naturally high spirits. "My dear," she replied, "I always keep them amused and interested. I never allow them to have nothing to do, and when not playing, instead of teasing Tommy or quarrelling with Bertha, or arguing with nurse over some trifle, I find some light, amusing, and at the same time instructive employment for their fingers. For instance, you see those butterfly fern pot cases on the table? Well, they were all made by the children." I expressed my surprise and admiration at the work of such small hands, and my friend, seeing that I was really interested, gave me the following directions for making them: In the first place you take a large sheet of fairly thick paper (cartridge paper is as good as any). This you cut into three butterflies, as shown in the diagram in my sketch, taking great care that that they are all cut in one piece. The centre is cut away altogether. Then give the children a box of paints and the coloured

picture of a butterfly, which they copy on to the blank shape, alternating the colour of the butterflies, making one blue, another sulphur yellow,



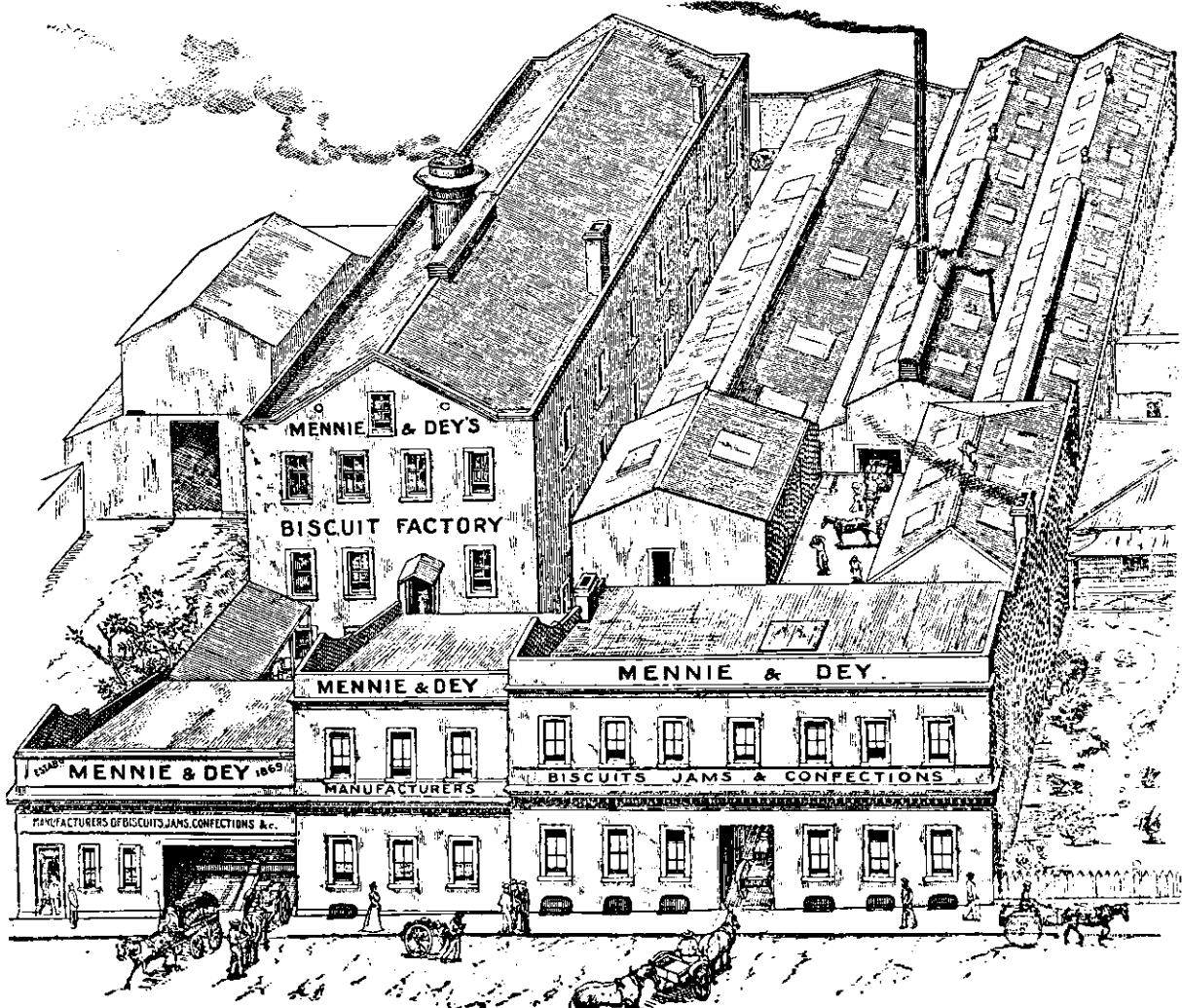
BUTTERFLY FERN POT.

while a third may be of the "Painted Lady" tribe. When the painting is accomplished the children then take the flat piece of paper and bend up the sides, as shown in the sketch of the completed article, and for further embellishment they ornament the top of each corner with a tiny bow of ribbon.

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# THE WORLD OF FASHION.

+++++++ By MARQUERITE ++++++

Petticoats are a prominent feature of the smart wardrobe, especially those much belaced. The muslin gowns which are to be the rage this coming summer, and are to be trimmed elaborately with lace insertions, necessitate the daintiest of petticoats. Exquisitely made and designed petticoats of lawn, with endless lace insertions, are being shown at all the best houses, and lovely (and expensive) enough for the gown itself. But this is one of fashion's "little ways" just now, to have the underwear and linings quite as expensive as the outer; but we are nothing if we are not extravagant nowadays.

Petticoats and underskirts generally have to be very neatly arranged and fitted so that no unnecessary fullness at the waist will interfere with the correct fit of the dress, and this has, of course, to be particularly observed when a clinging gown is worn. It must not be forgotten, however, that if the material is reduced to as small proportions as feasible with comfort, both immediately above and below the figure at the waist, there must be no lack of flowing folds from the knees downwards. Indeed, the very smartest model French underskirts are so frilled and flounced and decorated with insertions and trimmings of insertion, lace, and narrow rucked ribbon at the hem that the wonder is how any skirt can be worn over them at all. They are dreams of beauty and as expensive as they are lovely, and, therefore, out of reach of most people. Still it is from these and similar lovely garments that one can obtain many a useful hint to reappear in a less extravagant form in our wardrobe.

Coloured petticoats of pink, blue, or cream gingham will be much worn with cotton gowns. These are cut in the same shape as the silk skirts, and are trimmed with very full ruffles of the material, edged with a strong white lace stitched flat to the edge of the flounce.

Holland has lately been discovered as a becoming compromise for khaki, and thereupon been enrolled amongst the washing fabrics of the moment for

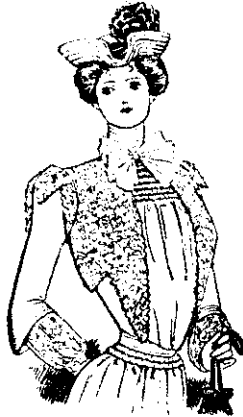
black satin and immense rosettes of the same.

A flounced Princesse chemise which forms a combined chemise and under-petticoat is a useful bit of underwear, and could be worn quite well in conjunction with the combination camisole (or slip bodice) and petticoat. The better to explain my meaning I have given in this illustration a sketch

of course, cambric or lawn, and the lace Valenciennes. Another mode can be obtained in which the darts are omitted and the cloth merely shaped at the sides and left loose in front and at the back, but for my own part I should certainly recommend the other style, as the correct fit is more assured.

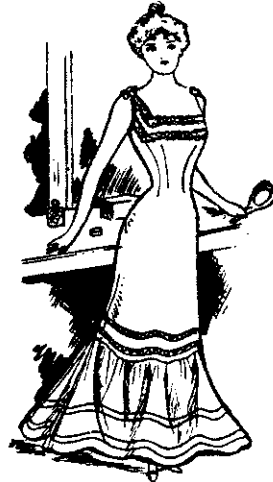
### WALKING COSTUME.

This pretty illustration will give to the reader an idea what beautiful effects can be produced by the application of good gimp trimming on cloth, it enhances the beauty of the zouave, and adds additional points of interest to the skirt.



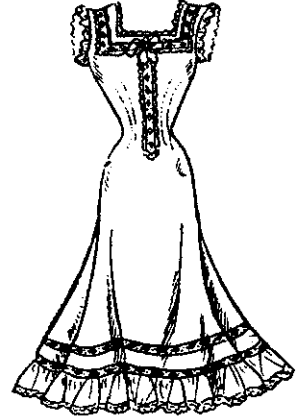
HOLLAND AND IRISH CROCHET.

gowns. In this figure we have a very modish and charming gown of holland. The underbodice has a gauged yoke, and thence is slightly pounced over which is worn a bolero of holland coloured Irish crochet. The sleeves, it will be seen, are cut to the Old World bell shape just below the elbow, stitched, and thence continued in the equally remote lace sleeve gathered into a band at the wrist. The skirt is one of the revived "house-maid's," and is gauged just over the hips and stitched at the hem apropos, all the stitching on the best gowns now is done by hand and not by machine, a Penelope's task indeed for the already over-weighted dressmaker. With this holland gown is worn one of the Tricorne or three-cornered hats, which are just now having a revival. It is of Tuscan straw with a fold of



A PRINCESSE CHEMISE.

of this garment, which, it will be observed, has a couple of deep darts at the waist to make the fit as neat as possible, the skirt being gored to allow of the requisite fullness at the foot, where it can either be simply finished by a deep hem and tucks, or, as in this instance, a couple of rows of lace insertion and a lace edged frill. The material employed in its formation is,



A PRINCESSE PETTICOAT.

A very practical suggestion will be found in my sketch, which depicts a combination camisole and petticoat, and is a piece of underwear almost a necessity when a gown of the Prin-



DAINTY LINGERIE.



WALKING COSTUME.



esse fashion is worn. Sateen or mercerised cotton could be employed for making the upper part. If silk were too expensive a material, but the deep founce at the foot should undoubtedly be of silk. If a material of thirty inches wide is used fourteen yards will be found sufficient. Trimming of lace insertion or rucked ribbon should be put on the bodice, the shoulder straps finishing at the top in a small knot of ribbons. The garment could be fastened with small flat buttons, either down the centre of the back or under the arm, in the latter instance one of the shoulder straps necessarily buttoning and unbuttoning where it joins the bodice in front. An accordion pleated frill would look quite as well as the founce, but gives a great deal more work to the home dressmaker.



The smart gown depicted here is of scarlet Irish linen; the collar, cuffs, belt, and band of insertion on the skirt are of black and white striped silk, a black crepe tie being knotted in front, and a little white silk frill finishing the edge of the collar. The design makes a charming boating costume.



A LINEN GOWN.

tume, and would look equally well and even more up-to-date carried out in yellow, a colour dearly beloved at present by the fair Parisiennes, though perhaps a little startling to our quieter tastes. To a clear-skinned brunette and certain blondes, yellow is a most becoming colour, and the touches of black render it only the more effective and entrancing. A vest of Irish lace might be substituted for that of white silk with excellent results. Everything Irish is so much in evidence just now that it seems well-nigh incomprehensible that the charms of Irish linen should have been so long overlooked. This material can be obtained in some exquisite shades of mauves, greens, and blues. Irish lace is very much used as a trimming on these gowns, particularly the old rose Irish point.



YET ANOTHER BOLERO OF UNMISTAKABLE GRACE.

The smartest and prettiest hat of the moment is that of white basket or tuscan straw with a Directoire crown and moderately broad brim, which



A PRETTY HAT OF THE MOMENT.

lessens somewhat at the back and is there bent down flat to the hair in the approved mode of the hour. This hat is invariably trimmed with black, either silk, mousseline, chiffon, or tulle, sometimes relieved by a dash of colour in the shape of flowers or fruit, red or pink by choice. In this figure we have one of these becoming chapeaux before us. It is here of white basket straw, and has a band of black tulle round the base of the crown crossing over the flattened brim at the back, immense bows of the same filling up the whole of the front of the hat and brightened by red velvet cherries. A thoroughly modish and becoming summer hat this, and an in-

expensive one too, which is something to achieve in these extravagant days. Cherries, by the way, are much in evidence decoratively speaking just now. Those of red velvet are the newest for military purposes, while silk embroidered cherries decorate many of the newest gowns, and appliques of the same fruit in velvet, raised, with the leaves embroidered in silk. This is a pretty idea, and novel, if there is anything new under the sun.



Black hats are much worn, whether the trimming is restricted to black or of a more summery character. The



A FASHIONABLE HAT.

charming mode illustrated is of fine black chip, the magnificent ostrich feathers being shaded from the softest, palest heliotrope to a deep violet,



CAMBRIC SKIRT—With very full Frills and trimming of Torchon Lace and Insertion.

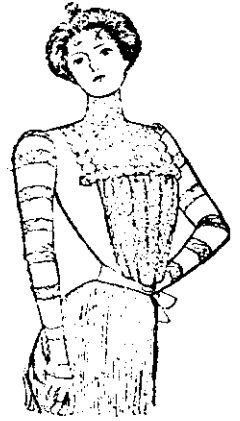


IDEAS FOR EVENING DRESSES.

swathings of net spotted with black chenille surrounding the crown. With it is worn one of the tulle boas or ruffles which many women consider an essential part of the toilette, and which appear under many guises.



Excessive dressing, or décolletée toilettes, are very bad form for ordinary hotel, hydro., or boarding house



A PRETY DINNER BLOUSE.

dining. Every requirement in this respect may be suitably met by a handsome black skirt and a couple of dainty silk or lace blouse bodices, and much unnecessary excess of expense and luggage be dispensed with. In addition to the better taste displayed, a lengthy stay would entail more, but for the moderate visit this should be sufficient for the dinner toilette.

In this figure we have sketched a very pretty blouse-bodice of white silk or satin, overlaid with string-coloured lace, insertions of which encircle the sleeves at intervals, while the square of the yoke, back and front is finished by a trimming of flat small rosettes of the white silk or satin. The same design might be successfully carried out in oyster-white, or bird's egg blue satin, and black guipure lace.

## Tired Feelings

Due to Climate.

The weather is often very trying. The blood becomes filled with impurities and the nervous system is greatly weakened. One awakens in the morning just as tired as at night.

Mr. John Dryden of Coolgardie, W. A., sends with his portrait the following:



"I go about the country a great deal and have to encounter very trying weather. When my system is run down by the peculiar depressing climate of ours I always take

## AYER'S Sarsaparilla

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# CHILDREN'S PAGE



## CHILDREN'S CORRESPONDENCE COLUMN.

Any boy or girl who likes to become a cousin can do so, and write letters to 'Cousin Kate,' care of the Lady Editor, 'Graphic' Office, Auckland.

Write on one side of the paper only. All purely correspondence letters with envelope ends turned in are carried through the Post Office as follows:—Not exceeding 102. 3d; not exceeding 102. 1d; for every additional 202. or fractional part thereof, 3d. It is well for correspondents 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 tin turned in, and not overweight, they will come for a 1d stamp in Auckland, but a 1d from every other place.

### COUSINS' CORRESPONDENCE.

My Dear Cousin Kate,—Is it not grand news that has been quickly sent along the silent wires? The Duke and Duchess of York have accepted the invitation of the Government to visit this colony. Coming with the rosette dawn of a new century—for we hope it shall see the complete dispersion of the clouds that have darkened our skies of late—such royal appreciation will linger long in the mind of the people of Britain's far-off colony. This gracious act of the Queen shall be for us of the Land of Aotearoa, the greatest event of the longest and most glorious reign in English history. The love borne for her by her people, and the knowledge that she is still dearer to them to-day than she ever was before, must make all desirous to give a loyal welcome to her grandson, who may one day wear the Royal crown. It is said that France is considering the contingency of war with England. I think we need not take a gloomy view of such a position, or think seriously of the chances of a French invasion, but rather sing with Alfred Austin:

And, though the world together band,  
Not all the legions of the land  
Shall ever wrest from England's hand  
The Sceptre of the Sea.

The war in South Africa is drawing to a close, and I am sure the termination of the twelve months' strife will be hailed with the wildest delight throughout Great Britain's vast dominion. All should determine to do their best to show the loyalty of our small colony to a great Empire, and an historic throne, and mark in a befitting manner the auspicious occasion when Britain furls her battle banners, twines the peaceful olive round the sword, and rings the bugle call of victory.—Your loving Cousin, Jack.

[Dear Cousin Jack,—Thank you very much for your very eloquent and scholarly letter. It will be read with pleasure by all the Cousins. It only arrived just as we were going to press, so I will ask you to excuse a brief reply.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—We are indeed getting a large, happy band. I am very glad to be welcomed as one of the Cousins. Could you tell me about how many there are? I have an air gun with which I practise shooting at a

mark. All our fruit trees are in blossom, and we hope to have a good crop this year. Would once a month be too often for me to write to you? My father thinks it is very good practice. He wishes me to be a doctor. I like going down to the beach to fish. Summer is coming, and I will be able to continue my lessons in swimming.—Cousin Oscar, Thames.

[Dear Cousin Oscar,—You must write just as often as ever you like, and not regulate yourself by any fixed time. I am afraid I could not spare time just now to send you a list of all the Cousins, but we must count ourselves by hundreds now, I think. I hope you are very careful with that air gun. They are rather dangerous toys, I consider. I hope you will be a doctor, too. It is a noble profession.—Cousin Kate.]

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Dear Cousin Kate,—I wrote to you in June, and it is now the 24th of September. I have had no answer to my letter either in the 'Graphic' or a private one, so I am wondering what has happened to you. I read the Cousins' page every week, and from your answers to their letters I see you are still alive and well, so I cannot understand why I have not heard from you. The letter about the colouses has not arrived here yet. Mother cut the colouses down and put them by the fire every night, but two of them died. Was not that a terrible thing about the blacks in N.S.W. murdering the people? We were told that they were in the country that Rolf Boldrewood wrote about in 'Robbery Under Arms.' Did you ever read it? I think it is a splendid book. What has happened to the 'War Competition'? There has been nothing about it in the 'Graphic' for a long time now. The last South African war news we hear is that Kruger has got away to Holland after all. When we last heard from our brother he said he believed Oom Paul would be too many for them yet. Have you ever seen an Australian magpie, Cousin Kate? There has been one about here for the last three or four days, such a pretty big black and white bird; but the poor thing was lame. Some people tried to shoot it, and they must have lamed it, and the poor thing came down here. I have not seen it to-day. I have read the book you sent to Dora for a prize, 'Polly, a New Fashioned Girl.' There is one very amusing piece in it about a little dog that is always biting, and two of the children, one an Australian boy and the other an English girl. They dig a hole in the ground, hide the dog (they do it at night, so that they will not be seen), and then the boy sells it the next night, and puts the money in its owner's purse. Its owner is a very crabbed old woman, so you can imagine what the result is when it is found out what they have done. One of the Cousins (a Wellington Cousin, I believe, it was) said she had read a book called 'Elsie's Motherhood.' I suppose it was one of the 'Elsie' series, by Martha Finley. I have read a lot of them, right from the first one, to the one called 'Elsie's Kith and Kin.' I liked them, and wish I could get some more. I am looking forward to seeing those photos you have been promised for the 'Graphic.' I, like you, could not understand Cousin Norman's letter about his photo. As far as I could make out you had put the wrong name under one of the photos. All the last photos that have been in the 'Graphic' of Cousins I have put in my book that I told you about, with ferns round them. I liked Mr William Satchell's patriotic verses that were printed in the 'Graphic' a little while ago. The one called 'MafeKing' I liked best. That letter from Lord Roberts to Dorothy Cummings was not written by him. It was begun and signed by him; but the rest was

not his hand writing. Anyone could see it was two different writings. Now, I expect this is long enough, and I must not take up too much of your time and space. Good bye.—I remain, your Cousin, Anna.

Dear Cousin Anna,—I cannot imagine what became of your former letter. Certainly I never saw it. It must have got lost or perhaps you forgot to post it. I have done that once or twice myself and found the letter ages after in a blotting pad or a drawer. Most certainly you have not offended me. I am very glad you like to write and take so great an interest in our Cousins' page. Your letter was a capital one, and I hope you will soon write again. I should not think the fire was very good for the colouses, but perhaps you may save the second one. I told you in my letter that it was very difficult to keep them safe in a greenhouse but to give them a nice warm window, and not too much water. You must excuse a short answer, as I have several other cousins to write to.—Cousin Kate.]

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Dear Cousin Kate,—Wellingtonians are experiencing very funny weather just now for the mornings begin with being very pleasant and sunshiny, and then quite unexpectedly it begins to pour with rain. At the Opera House this week Donald Macdonald has been delighting us with his lectures on the war. The first night there were 2000 people present to hear him, and for the four succeeding nights there were very large audiences. The ever-amusing Pollards are coming here again on Monday, and will open with 'Paul Jones.' We are having plenty of amusement here now in the way of variety companies, for there is another one opened in Wellington now besides Dix's and Fuller's; it is called Hooper's, and promises to be as great a success as the former ones are now. The spring fashions are now in full play, and we see the fascinating cherry-trimmed hats and toques with their billowy heaps of chiffon. Some of the dresses worn now are very beautiful, and the fashions this year are the prettiest and most expensive we have had for some time. Dear Cousin Kate I have not yet received my card. Hoping to do so, I remain, Cousin Winnie, Wellington.

[Dear Cousin Winnie,—I have just posted you your card. I am sorry I overlooked it before. The weather here has been horrible, and everyone is ill with influenza. I am glad you liked Donald Macdonald. I thought him a capital teller of war stories. Have you chosen your spring dress yet?—Cousin Kate.]

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Dear Cousin Kate,—I should like very much to become one of your Cousins. We take the 'Graphic' every week, and I am always very much interested in the children's page. I think it would be very nice if the Cousins who collect stamps, crests, or monograms would put their whole address to their letters when they write, because then we could write and exchange stamps, etc., with each other. Cousin Roie who writes to the 'Graphic' is a real cousin of mine, though we have never seen each other. I am fourteen, and go to Peipetea private school. My favourite subject is French. A French master comes to teach us. Cousin Aileen goes to the same school as I. Will you send me a collecting card please. I must now close my letter.—I remain, your affectionate cousin, Zaidée Nathan, Wellington.

[Dear Cousin Zaidée,—What a very quaint and pretty name you have got. I am most delighted to have you for a cousin. There is a letter you see from Cousin Roie in this 'Graphic' too. I think your suggestion about the stamp collecting cousins a capital one. Perhaps some other cousins will take the matter up. I am sure you will find French very useful, espe-

cially when you go home to Europe. Write again soon.—Cousin Kate.]

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Dear Cousin Kate,—I received my badge quite safely, and please let me thank you for it. My holidays are now ended, so I am at my lessons again. Has it not been nasty weather lately. Mother took my little sister and myself for a drive yesterday out to Mt. Wellington. We had a lovely blow. There were such a lot of dear little lambs on the way in the paddocks. Was there not a big hail-storm this morning; we got a big basin full of it. I hope this letter will be in time for next week's 'Graphic.' Are there not a lot of new Cousins? I am trying to write a little story, and if I ever finish it perhaps you may think it good enough to put in the 'Graphic.' I think that is all I can think of to say. With love, I remain, your affectionate cousin, Roie.

[Dear Cousin Roie,—I was so sorry this letter arrived just a few minutes too late for last week's 'Graphic.' I hope you were not very much disappointed. It is a very nice drive out to Mt. Wellington, is it not? I have ridden and driven there several times. I shall be so very glad if you send me in a story for the Cousins' page, and it is capital exercise for you to try. You will see by a letter just before this that a real cousin of yours in Wellington has joined us. Are you not glad?—Cousin Kate.]

### His Little Friend.

(By Kathleen M. Beauchamp, age 11 years, Wellington.)

In a quiet little village in S— there dwelt an aged couple, whose names were John and Mary Long. They had a small cottage standing far back from the road, with a large garden in front, both of which were scrupulously neat and tidy. Mary had married John when she was nineteen, and they had lived in the same little cottage ever since. Now she was past sixty, and he was seventy-three. Mary took in sewing, while John sold fruit and vegetables to the villagers.

It had been a hot day, and John had been picking fruit and digging up vegetables nearly all day. It was six o'clock now, and Mary had called him to tea. He put his tools in an out-house and went in.

"Have you wiped your feet, John?" said a sharp voice, and Mary looking up from the toast she was buttering glanced at the boots in question.

"No, Mary, I have not," he answered meekly; but I'll go and do so."

He went to the mat, wiped his boots carefully, returned to the kitchen and sat down to tea. There was never any conversation between them at meals. John ate his tea, returned to his garden for half an hour, read the paper, and went to bed.

"I am going with you to the village to-day, John," said Mary, "as I have to take Mrs Gage the dress she gave me to make."

At nine o'clock they started, John with his kit of fruit and vegetables, and Mary with her parcel. When they reached the village they disposed of their goods, bought a few supplies, and wended their way home. They had nearly reached there when they met the village parson.

"Oh, good morning," he said pleasantly. "I have not seen you in church with your husband lately, Mrs Long."

"No, sir. Last Sabbath I had neuralgia so bad I couldn't move, so told John to go."

"I am sorry you had neuralgia," the minister replied gravely: "but I hope I shall see you next Sunday. Good-day! Oh, by the way, Mr Long, could you supply me with fruit and vegetables?"

"I should be only too pleased sir," John answered.

"Very well; come on Mondays and Thursdays."

And they went on. Next Monday John set out with the best of his fruit and vegetables for the minister. He sold his things and was just out of the gate when he heard a noise as though someone was sobbing. John, though he did not look it, was very fond of children. On looking back he beheld a little boy sobbing piteously.

"What is the matter, my little man," said John.

The child lifted a tear-stained face to his. "Oh, please sir," he said, "mother's ill, and we hasent got no-thing to eat."

John remembered that Mary had gone to the village to spend the day with some of her friends, so he said kindly: "Come along with me, and we'll see what we can do."

The child ran forward, and clasping his tiny hand in John's big one he said: "I fink you's very kind. My name's Bobbie; what's yours?" "My name is Mr Long," John answered.

After that they trudged along quickly, the child amusing John with his prattle. They reached the cottage, got some provisions, and went to Bobbie's home, which was a miserable enough abode.

"Come in and see mother," said Bobbie, who had quite regained his spirits.

"I think I must be going," said John.

He put the provisions on the table, and promising to make him a boat out of a piece of wood he had, he went home. When he reached home John set about making the promised boat, and he really fashioned it most skillfully. The rest of the day John spent in his garden.

It was not till the following Thursday that John saw his little friend. He had the boat with him, and they met at the same spot. Bobbie rushed up to him and welcomed him most cordially.

"I fought you was never comin'. I've been waiting for you every day," he said.

"Here is the boat I promised you," replied John, unwrapping his present.

He was quite rewarded for the pains he had taken in making it by the look of admiration and pleasure which filled the small boy's eyes.

"Oh! Mr Long," he exclaimed, "is it weally for me?"

"Yes," said John, and he held out the present to the delighted child.

"Fankshu" (thank you), he said, "and next time you come, Mr Long, I'll have a pweasant for you."

"I'll be here on Monday," replied John, and then they parted.

John was very curious to know what Bobbie would have for him, so he went to the minister's a little ear-

lier next Monday, but Bobbie was there before him, and in his arms he held a tiny black and white kitten.

"Here, Mr Long," he shouted; "here's a pweasant for you."

John accepted the gift with many expressions of thanks, but when he got home he took care that Mary should not see his little pet. So every Monday and Thursday John saw Bobbie and a great friendship sprang up between them.

John's love for Bobbie increased every day, and by denying himself comforts to give little gifts to him he won the child's affection. One morning John went with his goods as usual but Bobbie was not there. He thought there must be some reason for it, and was looking round when he perceived a woman running towards him.

"Oh! please sir," she gasped, when she reached John. "Bobbie's very ill, and he keeps callin' for Mr Long. Where does he live?"

"I am Mr Long," said John; "let us go at once. What is the matter with him?"

"He's been ill since Monday with the cold and the doctor says he can't live past to-day."

They had reached the cottage by this time, and as they entered a girl came to meet them.

"He's just awake," she said, so John passed in.

What a different little Bobbie it was that lay there.

"Mr Long," he whispered feebly, "I have wanted you so. I so glad you here."

John whispered words of love and tenderness to the little lad. Suddenly a smile illuminated his face. He stretched out his arms. "Yes, I've tumin'," was all he said. Then he fell back on the pillow. John's little friend was dead.

Janey's dolly had met with an accident, and broken her head, and mother was trying to take the broken head off and put on a new one, but could not manage it.

"I'm afraid I can't manage it, Janey," said mother; "the head won't come off."

"Never m'nd, mummy dear," said Janey, "Just take the body off; that'll do."

A Hideous Monster.

One would scarcely expect a "devil fish" to be a pleasing animal, and, indeed, of the several wholly different species of fish which bear the name, all are more or less repulsive; but the one encountered in his boyhood by Mr. Frank T. Bullen, which he has described in a recent article, was particularly unpleasant, and represented a little known variety, found only in the Gulf of Mexico. "When I was a youngster," he writes, "I was homeward bound from Santa Ana with a cargo of mahogany, and when off Cape Campeche I was one calm afternoon leaning over the taffrail, looking down into the blue profound, on the watch for fish. A gloomy shade came over the bright water, and up rose a fearsome monster some 18 feet across, and in general outline more like a skate or ray than anything else, all except the head. Then what appeared to be two curling horns about 3 feet apart rose one on each side of the most horrible pair of eyes imaginable. A shark's eyes, as he turns sideways under your vessel's counter and looks up to see if anyone is coming, are ghastly green and cruel, but this thing's eyes were all that and much more. I felt that the Book of Revelation was incomplete without him, and his gaze haunts me yet. Although quite sick and giddy at the sight of such a bogey, I could not move until the awful thing, suddenly wavng what seemed like mighty wings, soared up out of the water soundlessly to a height of about 6 feet, falling again with a thunderous splash that

might have been heard for miles. I must have fainted from fright, for the next thing of which I was conscious was awakening under the rough doctoring of my shipmates. Since then I have never seen one leap upward in the daytime. At night, when there is no wind, the sonorous splash is constantly to be heard, although why they make that bullike leap out of their proper element is not easy to understand. It does not seem possible to believe such awe-inspiring horrors capable of playful gambolling. That is a kind of monster sufficiently hideous to form a fitting companion to that most frightful of all monsters—and one often called a devil fish—the gigantic octopus, well known and remembered by readers of Victor Hugo's "Toilers of the Sea."

Mamma: "Freddy, what are you going to buy mamma for her birthday present?"

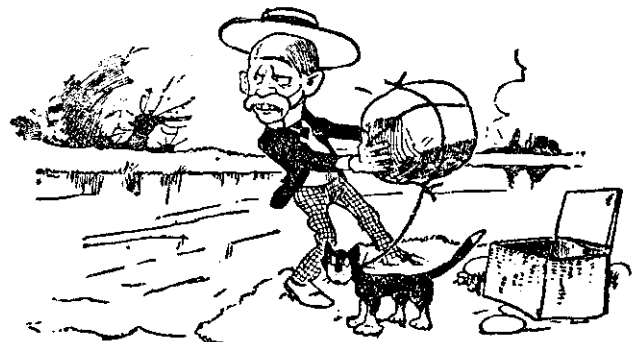
Freddy: "Why, momy dear, I've thought and thought about that, and I decided that the best thing I could get for you would be a new bat and ball for your little boy."

"What tiny little eggs, mamma!" said Edie, the other day at breakfast. "Wouldn't it be better to let the hens sit on them a little longer?"

It was the first time Dorothy had seen a cart for watering the roads in use.

"Oh, mother," she exclaimed, "do look what that man's got on his waggon to keep the boys from hanging on behind!"

THE BITER BIT.



Cat Murderer—Now, then; one, two, three and off she goes; right out into the deepest parts!



"Let 'er g-g-go, then!"



The Cat—Any port in a storm!—Ally Sloper.



HOW HE WENT FOR A DRINK OF WATER

THE ADVENTURES OF GENTLE JACOB.

The day was hot, the sun was strong, and Jacob had been walking long with swift and steady tread. "I'll hie me down and get a drink!" Right glad he was at last to think, "My thirst is very

Then to the pump he gaily went, His dipper in his hand, content. (He was a thirsty ) And held it close beneath the spout Where cool the water bubbled out, And filled his with joy.

But though he pumped with all his might He could not fill that dipper bright, He tried it and Where'er he would have drunk his fill, Held to his thirsty it still Was empty, as before!

Then puzzled sore, he smiled to see Dear Susan coming o'er the lea, "Serene foun snood to slipper. She saw, she heard, she shook her head. "Dear Jacob, don't you see," she said, "The hole that's in the





**HOPE IN AFFLICTION.**

"Your serenely," said the Grand Vizier, "here is another ultimatum from the powers."  
 "Good," replied the Sultan. "If this keeps up we'll have enough waste paper to sell to the ragman and pay all our debts."

**DREAMS.**

Hogan: Do you believe in dreams, Mike?  
 Dugan: Faith, an' I do! Last night I dhreamt I was awake, an' in the morning me dhream kem thrue.

**WORSE STILL.**

Hardup: Hullo, Charlie! your trousers bag at the knees.  
 Dadbroke: I wish they bagged at the pocketbook.

**THOSE GIRLS.**

Madge: Another of those swindling beggars. He said he was blind, and asked for "a penny, beautiful lady."  
 Rose: Well, I dare say he was blind.

**CORNERED.**

Dillydally (a chronic procrastinator): I dreamt last night that I—er—ah—proposed to you. I wonder what that is a sign of?  
 Miss Lingerlong (desperately): It is a sign that you have got more sense when you are asleep than when you are awake.

**THEIR REDEEMING POINT.**

Edith: I would be willing to marry the man I loved even if he wasn't capable of earning a penny.  
 Ethel: So would I! Such men as that almost always come of rich and influential families.

**NOT HIS AFFAIR.**

Old Millyuns: Young man, my daughter tells me you kissed her last night.  
 Percival Tootles: Well, if she wants to go bragging about it, that's her privilege.

**THAT ANGELIC SMILE.**

He: I saw a beautiful smile illuminate your face as my arm stole around you. Tell me, darling, what were you thinking about?  
 She: About the pins in my dress.

**TRUE TO NAME.**

Customer: Your safety matches are horrid; they won't strike whatever you do.  
 Chandler: Exactly, you can't have anything safer than that.

**A BLACK SHEEP.**

"Our new town councillor says he began life as a newsboy." Oh, well, we ought not to blame the boys. Some black sheep get into every line of business, you know."

**TAKEN ON SIGHT.**

She: He says he loves me; yet he has only known me two days.  
 Her Friend: Well, perhaps that's the reason, dear.

**ONLY HUMAN!**

Very Grown-up Young Man: Don't you think your husband will be jealous if I stay talking to you so long?  
 Philosophic Wife: No. Dear old Jack! He never thinks of me when he's got his golf-coat on.

**THE YOUNG FIEND.**

"Goodness gracious!" exclaimed Mrs. Youngpop in the dead of the night, "the baby is certainly crying harder and harder every minute."  
 "Probably," replied Mr. Youngpop, fiercely, "he's getting mad because he can't think up any reasonable excuse for staying awake any longer."

**RELIEVED.**

"Now, honestly, Maud, didn't Jack propose last evening?"  
 "Why, y-e-e-s! But how did you guess?"  
 "I noticed that you didn't have that worried look this morning."

**THE DANGEROUS GAME OF GOLF.**

Professor Wise—I understand that it is a fascinating game. I am almost afraid to learn it.  
 Professor Brayne—So am I. A friend of mine learned it, and he spends a lot of time at it which he really ought to devote to lepidoptera.

**STILL ALIVE.**

A country paper has this personal item: "Those who know old Mr. Wilson of this place personally will regret to hear that he was assaulted in a brutal manner last week, but was not killed."

**THE YOUNG IDEA.**

Examiners of Scripture papers have rare times—occasionally. A list of answers appears in a Liverpool paper. "Why was Jerusalem surrounded with walls?" "To keep in the milk and honey." "What is manna?" "Please, sir, it's taking your cap off to master and missus." In an essay on "Kindness to Animals" a girl wrote, "It is cruel to cut off dogs' tails, as some wicked men do, for what God has joined together no man must put asunder." A child's version of a well-known commandment was, "Six days shalt thy neighbour do all that thou hast to do," etc.

**THE ALPHABET.**

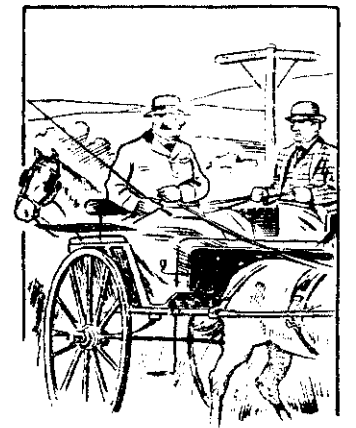
Two commercial travellers in a railway carriage entered into conversation.  
 One of them tried very hard to make the other understand something, but he was either very hard of hearing or slow in believing.  
 At last his friend lost his temper and exclaimed, "Why, don't you see? It's as plain as A B C!"  
 "That may be," said the other; "but you see, I am D E F."

**COMPARATIVELY HARMLESS.**

Mr Straightlance: Well, Maud, I'm sure I don't know what to say about your going to the matinee. I'm afraid the influence of the theatre is demoralising. What is the play?  
 Maud: It's a Western drama, pa—"Dare-devil Dave, the Terror of the Rockies"—full of fights, and gambling and murders.  
 Mr Straightlance (reassured): Oh, that's all right, then. I was afraid it might be a society drama.

**IN THE IRISH VEIN.**

Judge—So the prisoner hit you on the head with a brick, did he?  
 McGinty—Yes, yer honour.  
 Judge—But it seems he didn't quite kill you, anyway?  
 McGinty—No, had 'cess to him; but it's wishin' he had Oi do be."  
 Judge—Why do you wish that?  
 McGinty—Begorry, thin Oi would have seen the schoundrel hanged for murder!"



**INDISPOSED.**

Farmer (to medical man): If you get out my way, anytime, doctor, I wish you'd stop and see my wife, I think she ain't feelin' well.  
 Doctor: What makes you think so?  
 Farmer: Well, this mornin', after she 'ad milked the cows, an' fed the pigs, an' got breakfast for the men, an' washed the dishes, an' built a fire under the copper in the wash'ouse, an' done a few odd jobs about the 'ouse, she complained o' feeling tired-like. I fancy she needs a dose o' medicine.

**IT ALL COMES OUT.**

"Why, Clara, dear, what has happened? It is not a month since your marriage, and I find you sighing and moping already!"  
 "Ah, Hilda, darling! George is standing as member for the county, you know, and I've only just learnt from the opposition what a really dreadful man I have married!"

**ARTISTIC.**

He—That's an awfully jolly bit you're painting. I've a mind to have a shot at it myself.  
 She—Oh, I didn't know you were an artist.  
 He—Artist! Good gracious, I'm not an artist. I only just do the sort of thing you're doing.

**PICNIC ANXIETY.**

"What a harassed look Mrs Wadleton always wears when she gets up a picnic."  
 "Yes, she is either afraid of snakes or afraid the lemonade won't go around."

**LOGICAL.**

"That's a terrible noise in the nursery, Molly," said the mistress.  
 "What's the matter? Can't you keep the baby quiet?"  
 "Shure, ma'am," replied Molly. "I can't keep him quiet unless I let him make a noise."

**CIRCUMSTANCES ALIER CASES.**

"You cruel, wicked boy, to kill that harmless little bird!"  
 "I was jus' going to offer it to you, lady, for to put the wings in the collection on your headgear."  
 "Oh, you generous little fellow! And they're just the right shade!"

**SET DOWN.**

"Humble as I am," said a loud-voiced spouter at a meeting, "I still remember that I'm a fraction of this magnificent Empire."  
 "You are, indeed," said a bystander, "and a vulgar one at that."

**COMPROMISED.**

Mr Huff: Yes, I insisted I was going to smoke all over the house, and my wife said I couldn't smoke anywhere except in the library.  
 Miss Ford: And how did you give it up?  
 Mr Huff: Oh, a— I compromised. I've given up smoking altogether.

**TWO STRINGS TO HER BOW.**

Mabel: Why do you always buy two kinds of notepaper?  
 Maud: Well, you see, when I write to Tom I use red paper—that means love; and when I write to Jack I use blue paper—which means faithful and true.

**INDISPUTABLE.**

"I tell you the 'Weekly Banner' is right on the Chinese situation."  
 "How many men does it say we ought to send?" "Says we need an adequate force."

**THE MODERN HELP.**

Lady (to servant whom she is about to engage): And do you understand how to take care of a bicycle and keep it clean?  
 Servant: No, ma'am; but I can give you the address of the place where I get mine cleaned.



**HOW THOSE GIRLS LOVE ONE ANOTHER.**

I have some new photographs, dear. Yes, love, I have seen them. What do you think of them, dear?  
 Very pretty, love; but you don't do them justice.



**AT A CHECK.**

Brown: Your friend Jones is fond of horses, isn't he?  
 Robinson: Yes, he is rather; what makes you think so?  
 Brown: Well, I saw him with his arms round his mare's neck about five minutes ago.