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After the Carnival—A Moral.

Serial Story.

(PUBLISHED BY SPECIAL ARRANGEMENT.)

IN WHITE RAIMENT

By WILLIAM LE QUEUX

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

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CHAPTER XXI. TWO HEARTS.

The truth was plain. Bob Raymond, the man whom I had believed was my friend, had endeavoured to dissuade me from following up the clue I had obtained, fearing lest I should discover the whole of the strange conspiracy. All along he had preserved silence, and had never before aroused within me the slightest suspicion that he knew Beryl. But these words that he had inadvertently escaped him were sufficiently significant.

I pressed him for an explanation of how he had been able to recognise her, but with marvellous tact he smiled uneasily, answering—

"Oh, I recognised her from your descriptions, you know."

Frankly, I did not believe him. Whether he had a personal acquaintance with her or not it was nevertheless manifest that she was actually in London at a time when she was believed to be at Atworth; and, further, not knowing of my change of address, had been in search of me.

Why had she not rung the bell and inquired? There seemed but a single answer to that question. Because she feared to meet Bob!

I scented suspicion. In our conversation that followed I detected on his part a strenuous determination to evade any explanation. That he was actually acquainted with Beryl was apparent. Perhaps, even, he knew the truth regarding my strange marriage, and from motives of his own refused to tell me.

Anger arose within me, but I preserved a diplomatic calm, striving to worm his secret from him. Either he would not, or could not, tell me anything. In that hour of my affluence, after all the penury of past years, I was perhaps a trifle egotistical, as men who suddenly receive an unexpected legacy are apt to be. Money has a greater influence upon our temperament or disposition than even love. A few paltry pounds can transform this earth of ours from a hell into a paradise.

I drained my glass, flung my cigarette end into the empty grate, and left my friend with a rather abrupt farewell.

"You'll let me know if you elicit anything further?" he urged.

"Of course," I answered, although such was not my intention. Then I went forth, walking out to the Hammersmith Road.

The noon was stifling—one of those hot, close, overcast days of the London summer, when I was shown into the drawing-room at Gloucester Square, and after a lapse of a few minutes my love came forward gladly to meet me.

"It's awfully kind of you to call, Doctor," she exclaimed, offering her thin little hand, that hand that on the previous night had been so stiff and cold. "Nora is out, but I expect her in again every moment. She's gone to the stores to order things to be sent up to Atworth."

"And how do you feel?" I inquired as she seated herself upon a low silken lounge-chair, and stretched forth her tiny foot, neat in its patent-leather slipper with large steel buckle. She looked cool and fresh in a gown of white muslin, relieved with a dash of Nile green silk at the throat and waist.

"Oh, I'm so much better," she declared. "Except for a slight headache, I feel no ill effects of last night's extraordinary attack."

I asked permission to feel her pulse, and found it beating with the regularity of a person in normal health.

As I held her white wrist her deep clear eyes met mine. In her pure white clinging drapery, with her gold-brown hair making the half-darkened room bright, with her red lips parted in a tender and solemn smile, with

something like a halo about her of youth and ardour, she was a vision so entrancing that, as I gazed at her, my heart grew heavy with an aching consciousness of her perfection that seemed to remove her forever from my reach. And yet she was actually my wife!

I stammered satisfaction that she had recovered so entirely from the strange seizure, and her eyes opened widely, as though in wonder at my articulate words.

"Yes," she said. "The affair was most extraordinary. I cannot imagine what horrid mystery is concealed within that room."

"Nor I," I responded. "Has Doctor Hoefler been here yet?"

"Oh, yes," she laughed. "He came at nine o'clock, opened the room, entered, and was seized again—but only slightly. He used the same drug as last night, and quickly recovered. For about an hour he remained, and then left. He's such a queer old fellow," she added with a laugh. "I don't think he uttered a dozen words during the whole time."

"No," I said. "His habit is to give vent to those expressive grunts. When interested his mind seems always so actively centred upon the matter under investigation that to speak is an effort. But tell me," I urged, glancing into those pure honest eyes, "have you ever before experienced such a seizure as that last night?"

She turned rather pale, I thought; this direct question seemed not easy to answer.

"I was ill once," she responded with hesitation, yet with sweet, simple, girlish tenderness. "One day some little time ago I suddenly fell unconscious and seemed to dream all sorts of absurd and grotesque things."

Did she refer to the fateful day of our marriage?

"Were you quite unconscious on that occasion?" I asked quickly. "Or were you aware in a hazy manner of what was going on around you as you were last night?"

A wild hope sprang up in my heart. Was it possible that she would reveal to me her secret?

"I think," she answered, "that my condition then was very similar to that of last night. I recollect quite well being unable to move my limbs or to lift a finger. Every muscle seemed paralysed, while at the same time I went cold as ice, just as though I were frozen to death. Indeed, a horrible dread took possession of me lest my friends should allow me to be buried alive."

"You were in a kind of cataleptic state," I remarked. "Who were these friends?"

Her great eyes rose. They were full of depths unfathomable, even to my intense love.

"I was practically unconscious. Therefore I do not know who was present. I only heard voices."

"Of whom?"

"Of men talking."

"Could you not recognise them?"

"No," she answered in a low tone.

"They were dream voices, strange and weird—sounding afar off."

"What did they say?"

"I cannot tell. Only I recollect that I thought I was in church. I had a curious dream."

And again she hesitated. Her voice had suddenly fallen, so that I could scarcely make out the sound of the last word.

"What did you dream? The vagaries of the brain sometimes give us a clue to the nature of such seizures."

"I dreamed that I was wedded," she responded in a low unnatural voice.

Next instant she seemed to realise what she had said. With a start of terror, she drew herself away from me.

"Wedded! To whom?"

"I do not know," she replied with a queer laugh. "Of course, it was a mere dream. I saw no one."

"But you heard voices."

"They were so distorted as to be indistinguishable," she replied readily.

Those blue eyes that a few moments before were so full of innocence and childlike purity now seemed filled with suspicion. I could see that she had told me more than she had intended. The recollection of that dream marriage was vivid within her, although she had striven in vain to rid herself of all thought of it. It was the one mysterious incident uppermost in her mind.

I paused uneasily for a second or two, but she made no other answer to me, and I went on speaking again.

"Are you absolutely certain that the marriage was only a dream?" I asked, looking her straight in the face.

A flash of indignant surprise passed across her features, now pale as marble; her lips were slightly parted; her large full eyes were fixed upon me steadfastly, and her fingers pressed themselves into the palms.

"I don't understand you, Doctor!" she said at length, after a pause of the most awkward duration. "Of course, I'm not married!"

"I regret if you take my words as an insinuation," I said hastily. She was certainly not a hypnotic subject, and although I had at one time suspected that she had been hypnotised on the day of our marriage, I had carefully investigated the theory, and dismissed it as impossible.

"It was a kind of dream," she declared. "Indeed, I think that I was in a sort of delirium, and imagined it all; for when I recovered completely I found myself here, in my own room, with Nora at my side."

"And where were you when you were taken ill?"

"In the house of a friend."

"May I not know the name?" I inquired.

"It is a name with which you are not acquainted," she assured me. "The house at which I was visiting was in Queen's Gate Gardens, Queen's Gate Gardens. Then she was telling the truth!"

"And you have no knowledge of how you came to be back here, in your cousin's house?"

"None whatever. I tell you that I was entirely unconscious."

"And you are certain that the symptoms on that day were the same as those which we all experienced last night? You felt frozen to death?"

"Yes," she responded, lying back in her chair, sighing rather wearily, and passing her hand across her aching brow.

There was a deep silence. We could hear the throbbing of each other's hearts. At last she looked up tremblingly with an expression of disassembled pain, saying:

"The truth is, Doctor, it was an absolute mystery, just as were the events of last night—a mystery which is driving me to desperation."

"It is not the mystery that troubles you," I said, in a low, earnest voice, "but the recollection of that dream marriage—is it not?"

"Exactly!" she faltered. "Yes, you are right. I cannot forget it, for it

seemed so very real. I recollect so vividly the words that were spoken—the words of the marriage service—spoken by some unseen voice. I actually felt the touch of an unseen hand when the ring was placed upon my finger. I felt it there, round and smooth. I even answered in response to the clergyman, involuntarily, just as one does in dreams, and then suddenly all became blank. I awoke to find myself here, in this house, without any ring upon my finger, and the whole scene seemed but a fantastic wandering of my imagination."

"You do not recollect the name announced by the clergyman as that of your husband?" I inquired eagerly.

"I heard it but once, and it was strange and unusual. The droning voice stumbled over it indistinctly, therefore I could not catch it."

She was in ignorance that she was my bride. Her heart was beating loudly, the lace on her bosom trembled as she slowly lifted her eyes to mine. Could she ever love me?

A thought of young Chetwode stung me to the quick. He was my rival, yet I was already her husband.

"I have been foolish to tell you all this," she said presently, with a nervous laugh. "It was only a dream—a dream so vivid that I have sometimes thought that it was the actual truth."

Her speech was the softest murmur, and the beautiful face, nearer to mine than it had been before, was looking at me with beseeching tenderness. Then her look dropped; a martyr's pain passed over her face. Her small hands sought each other, as though they must hold something; the fingers clasped themselves; her head drooped.

"I am glad you have told me," I said. "The incident is certainly curious, judged in connection with the unusual phenomena of last night."

"Yes, but I ought not to have told you," she said, slowly. "Nora will be very angry."

"Why?"

"Because she made me promise to tell absolutely no one," she answered, with a sharp faintness in her voice. There were loss and woe in those words of hers.

"What motive had she in preserving your secret?" I asked, surprised. "Surely she is—"

My love interrupted me.

"No, do not let us discuss her motives or her actions. She is my friend. Let us not talk of the affair any more, I beg of you."

She was as pale as death, and it seemed as though a tremble ran through all her limbs.

"But am I not also your friend, Miss Wynd?" I asked, in deep seriousness.

"I—I hope you are."

Her voice was timid, troubled; but her sincere liquid eyes again lifted themselves to mine.

"I assure you that I am," I declared. "If you will but give me your permission I will continue with Hoefler to seek a solution of this puzzling problem."

"It is so uncanny," she said. "To me it surpasses belief."

"I admit that. At present to leave that room is to invite death. We must, therefore, make active researches to ascertain the truth. We must find your strange visitor in black."

"Find her?" she gasped. "You can never do that!"

"Why not? She is not supernatural. She lives, and is in hiding somewhere, that's evident."

"And you would find her, and seek from her the truth?"

"Certainly."

She shut her lips tight and sat motionless, looking at me. Then at last her words came again, shudderingly:

"No. Not that."

"Then you know this woman—or at least you guess her identity?" I said in a low voice.

She gazed at me with parted lips. "I have already told you that I do

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not know her," was her firm response.

"Then what do you fear?" I demanded.

Again she was silent. Whatever potential complicity had lurked in her heart my words brought her only immeasurable dismay.

"I dread such an action—for your own sake," she faltered.

"It is the only way," I declared. "You have said that this strange woman is unknown to you, therefore you can have no cause for misgiving. Hoefer uses the most ingenious methods in fathoming such mysteries as this, and we shall, I trust, before long be able to piece together the puzzle."

"The woman was only a messenger," she protested, apparently in an endeavour to dissuade me from following up my suggestion. "She came to me from a second person."

"From a person whose identity you wish to keep secret," I added, with a slight hardness of voice. "The withholding of this knowledge severely handicaps us," I added, in a tone of reproach.

"I regret that I am unable to tell you," she responded, in a low voice.

"What is this trouble, Miss Wynd, that you are unable to tell it?" I asked, bending to her in deepest earnestness. "If it closely concerns yourself, why not let me assist you? I would be only too glad to show, by any act or deed, that I am actually your friend."

"Oh, you don't understand!" she cried.

"No, I don't. You must tell me."

"I will never do that."

"Then I will remain till your cousin comes, and ask her what it is."

"Ask her?"

CHAPTER XXII.

A SAVANT AT HOME.

"Why should not I ask your cousin?" I inquired earnestly. "I see by your manner that you are in sore need of a friend, and yet you will not allow me to act as such!"

"Not allow you!" she echoed. "You are my friend. Were it not for you I should have died last night."

"Your recovery was due to Hoefer, not to myself," I declared. I longed to speak to her of her visit to Whitton, and of her relations with the major, but dared not. By so doing I should only expose myself as an eavesdropper and a spy. Therefore I was held to silence.

My thoughts wandered back to that fateful day when I was called to the house with the grey front in Queen's Gate Gardens. That house, she had told me, was the home of "a friend." I remembered how after our marriage I had seen her lying there as one dead, and knew that she had fallen the victim of some foul and deep conspiracy. Who was that man who had called himself Wyndham Wynd. An associate of the major's, who was careful in the concealment of his identity. The manner in which the plot had been arranged was both amazing in its ingenuity and bewildering in its complications.

And lounging before me there in the low silken chair, her small mouth slightly parted, displaying an even set of pearly teeth, sat the victim—the woman who was unconsciously my wedded wife.

Her attitude towards me was plainly one of fear lest I should discover her secret. It was evident that she now regretted having told me of the strange dream-like scene which was photographed so indelibly upon her memory, that incident so vivid that she vaguely believed she had been actually wedded.

"So you are returning to Atworth again?" I asked, for want of something better to say.

"I believe that is Nora's intention," she responded quickly, with a slight sigh of relief at the change in our conversation.

"Have you many visitors there?"

"Oh, about fifteen. All rather jolly people. It's such a charming place. Nora must ask you down there."

"I should be delighted," I said. Now that I had money in my pocket, and was no longer compelled to toil for the bare necessities of life, I was eager to get away from the heat and dust of the London August. This suggestion of hers was to me doubly welcome, too, for as a visitor at Atworth I should be always beside her. That she was in peril was evident, and my place was near her.

On the other hand, however, I dis-

trusted her Ladyship. She had at the first moment of our meeting shown herself to be artificial, and an admirable actress. Indeed, had she not, for purposes known best to herself, endeavoured to start a flirtation with me? Her character everywhere was that of a smart woman—popular in society, and noted for the success of her various entertainments during the season. But women of her stamp never commend themselves to me. Doctors, truth to tell, see rather too much of the reverse of the medal—especially in social London.

"When did you return from Wiltshire?" I inquired, determined to clear up one point.

"The day before yesterday," she responded.

"In the evening?"

"No, in the morning."

Then her Ladyship had lied to us—for she had said they had arrived in London on the morning of the day when the unknown woman in black had called. Beryl had told the truth, and her words were proved by the statement of Bob Raymond, that he had seen her pass along Rowan Road.

Were they acquaintances? As I reflected upon that problem one fact alone stood out above all others. If I had been unknown to Wynd and that scoundrel Tattersett, how was it that they were enabled to give every detail regarding myself in their application for the marriage license? How, indeed, did they know that I was acting as Bob's locum tenens? Or how was the Tempter so well aware of my penury?

No. Now that my friend had betrayed himself I felt convinced that he knew something of the extraordinary plot in which I had become so hopelessly involved.

"The day before yesterday," I said, looking her straight in the face, "you came to Hammersmith to try and find me."

She started quickly, but in an instant recovered herself.

"Yes," she admitted. "I walked through Rowan Road expecting to find your plate on one of the doors, but could not."

"I have no plate," I answered. "When I lived there I was assistant to my friend, Dr. Raymond."

"Raymond!" she exclaimed. "Oh, yes, I remember I saw his name. But I was looking for yours."

"You wished to see me?"

"Yes, I was not well," she faltered. "But your cousin knew that I had lived with Raymond. Did you not ask her?"

"No," she answered. "It never occurred to me to do so." Rather a lame response, I thought.

"But last night she found me quite easily. She called upon Dr. Raymond, who gave her my new address." And, continuing, I told her of my temporary abode.

"I know," she replied. "Have you ever met my friend Raymond?" I inquired, with an air of affected carelessness.

"Not to my knowledge," she answered, quite frankly.

"How long ago did Hoefer leave?" I asked.

"About an hour, I think. He has locked the door of the morning room, and taken the key with him," she added, laughing.

She presented a pretty picture, indeed, in that half-darkened room, leaning back gracefully, and smiling upon me.

"He announced no fresh discovery?"

"He spoke scarcely a dozen words."

"But this mystery is a very disagreeable one for you, who live here. I presume that you live with your cousin always?"

"Yes," she responded. "After my father's death some years ago I came here to live with her."

So her father was dead! The Tempter was not, as I had all along suspected, her father.

I longed to take her in my arms and tell her the truth, that I was actually her husband, and that I loved her. Yet how could I? The mystery was so complicated, and so full of inscrutable points, that to make any such declaration must only fill her with fear of myself.

So we chatted on, while I feasted my eyes upon her wondrous beauty. Had she, I wondered, seen young Chetwode since her return to London? Did she really love him, or was he merely the harmless but necessary admirer, which every girl attracts towards herself by a sort of natural instinct? The thought of him caused a vivid recollection of that night in Whitton Park to arise within me.

Where was Tattersett—the man who had laughed at her when she had declared her intention of escaping him by suicide? Who was he? What was he?

It occurred to me now I had learned some potent facts from her own lips, that my next course should be to find this man and investigate his past. By doing so I might elucidate the problem.

Her ladyship, with a cry of welcome upon her lips, entered the room and sank hot and fatigued into a cosy arm-chair.

"London is simply unbearable," she declared. "It's ever so many degrees hotter than at Atworth, and in the Stores it is awfully stuffy. In the provision department, butter, bacon, and things seem all melting away!"

"You'll be glad to get back again to Wiltshire," I laughed.

"Very. We shall go by the night mail to-morrow," she answered. "Why don't you come up and visit us, Doctor? My husband would be charmed to meet you, I'm sure."

"That's just what I've been saying, dear," exclaimed Beryl. "Do persuade Dr. Colkirk to come."

"I'm sure you are both very kind," I replied. "But at present I am in practice."

"You can surely take a holiday," urged Beryl. "Do come. We would try and make it pleasant for you."

Her persuasion decided me, and after some further pressing on the part of her ladyship, I accepted the invitation with secret satisfaction, promising to leave in the course of a week or ten days.

Then we fell to discussing the curious phenomena of the previous night until having again exhausted the subject I rose to take my leave.

"Good bye, Dr. Colkirk," Beryl said, looking into my eyes as I held her small hand. "I hope we shall soon meet down in Wiltshire, and when we do, let us forget all the mystery of yesterday."

"I suppose you have given Hoefer permission to visit the room when he wishes to pursue his investigations?" I said, turning to her ladyship.

"Of course. The house is entirely at his disposal. I have already told the servants," she replied. Then she added: "I do really hope he will discover how the curious effect is caused, for it is an unheard-of affair to say the least. One does not care to have a death-trap in one's own house."

"He will do his best. Of that I feel quite sure," I said.

"He is a strange person. His very face is like a sphinx," she laughed.

And then, promising to visit her very soon, I shook her hand, bade them both adieu, and with a last look at the frail, graceful woman I loved, went out into the hot, dusty street. I had that morning learned several things, some of which elucidated points hitherto mysterious, while others presented the enigma in an entirely different light.

In order to celebrate my sudden accession to wealth, I lunched well at Simpson's, and then took a hansom to old Hoefer's dismal rooms in Bloomsbury. To me so gloomy and severe is that once aristocratic district that in my hospital days I called it Gloombury.

Hoefer occupied a dingy flat in Museum Mansions, and as I entered the small room which served him as laboratory I was almost knocked back by the choking fumes of some acid with which he was experimenting. A dense blue smoke hung over everything, and through it loomed the German's great fleshy face and gold-rimmed spectacles. He was in his shirt-sleeves seated at a table, watching some liquid boiling in a big glass retort. Around his mouth and nose a damp towel was tied, and as I entered he motioned me back.

"Ach! don't come in here, my dear Colkirk! I will come to you. Ze air is not good just now. Wait for me there, in my room."

Headless of his warning, however, I went forward to the table, coughing and choking the while. I took out my handkerchief, when suddenly he snatched it from me and steeped it in some pale yellow solution. Then when I placed it before my mouth, inhaling it, I experienced no further difficulty in respiration.

The nature of the experiment on which he was engaged I could not determine. From the retort he was condensing those suffocating fumes drop by drop, now and then dipping pieces of white prepared paper into the liquid thus obtained. I stood by watching in silence.

Once he placed a drop of the liquid upon a glass slide, dried it for crystallisation, and placing it beneath the microscope examined it carefully.

He grunted, and I knew that he was not satisfied.

Then he added a few drops of some colourless liquid to that in the retort, and the solution at once assumed a pale green hue. He boiled it again for three minutes by his common metal watch, then, having drained it off into a shallow glass bowl to cool, blew out his lamp, and I followed him back to his small, cosy, but rather stuffy little den.

"Well," he inquired, "you have called at her ladyship's, eh?"

"Yes," I replied, stretching myself in one of his rickety chairs. "But you were there before me. What have you discovered?"

"Nothing."

"But that experiment I have just witnessed! Has it no connection with the mystery?"

"Yes, some slight connection. It was, however, a failure," he grunted, still speaking with his strong accent.

"You experienced the same sensation there to-day, I hear," I said.

"M'm yes, but not so strong."

"And the same injection cured you?"

"Of course. That, however, tells nothing. We cannot yet ascertain how it is caused."

"Or find out who was that unknown woman in black," I added.

"If we could discover her we might obtain the key to the situation," he responded.

"I have been invited by her ladyship to visit them in Wiltshire," I said suddenly, as I lit a cigarette, "and I have accepted. Have I done right, do you think?"

"You would have done far better to stay here in London," grunted the old man. "If we mean to get at the bottom of this mystery we must work together."

"How?"

"In this affair, my dear Colkirk," he exclaimed with a sudden burst of confidence, "there is much more than of what we are aware. There is some motive in getting rid of Miss Wynd secretly and surely. I feel certain that she knows who her mysterious visitor was, but dares not tell us."

That was exactly my own opinion. The old fellow was remarkably shrewd, although his big head and towelled mane gave him a dull, sleepy appearance. He was the greatest medicologist in London, if not in the world. To him an intricate mystery was as food

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and drink, as Scotland Yard well knew, for they employed him almost constantly in the more important and difficult cases, which were beyond the power of the professional thief catcher. His evidence was always complete and absolutely beyond dispute.

He sat puffing at his great pipe; with the deep-coloured meerschaum bowl, his brows knit in thought, his sleepy eyes fixed upon the threadbare carpet. His room was a kind of little library, shabby and bizarre, filled with books strongly impregnated with the various chemicals with which he was constantly experimenting, and smoke blackened by two gas jets on either side of the dirty fireplace. He kept a common brown rat as a pet, and while we sat opposite one another this rodent came out of its hole in the wainscoting and squatting upon its haunches in the centre of the hearth rug, calmly washed itself.

I had not been in that room for nearly two years, yet I had many recollections of the learned discourses to which he had treated me over that same well browned meerschaum. He was eccentric, always experimenting, always analysing, always seeking out the various secrets of nature. Dry-as-dust if you please, but nevertheless a real, sincere and unaffected friend.

"I am going down to Atworth," I said. Perhaps I shall discover something."

"Perhaps," he sniffed dubiously. "But depend upon it the key to this problem lies in London. You haven't yet told me who is this Miss Wynd."

"A lady who after the death of her father went to live with Sir Henry Pierrepont-Lane and his wife."

"Ach! Then she has no home. I thought not."

"Why? What made you think that?"

"I fancied so," he said, continuing to puff at his great pipe. "I fancied, too, that she had a lover—a young lover, who is a lieutenant in a cavalry regiment."

"How did you know?"

"Merely from my own observations. It was all plain last night."

"How?"

But he grimaced at me through his great ugly spectacles without replying. I knew that he was a marvelously acute observer.

"And your opinion of her ladyship?" I inquired, much interested.

"She, like her charming cousin, is concealing the truth," he answered frankly. "Neither is to be trusted."

"Not Beryl—I mean Miss Wynd?"

"No, for she knows who her visitor was and will not tell us."

Then he paused. In that moment I made a sudden resolve. I asked him whether he had read in the newspapers the account of the Whitton tragedy.

"I've read every word of it," he responded. "A most interesting affair. I was not well at the time, otherwise I daresay I might have gone down there."

"Yes," I said. "From our point of view it is intensely interesting, the more so because of one fact, namely, that her ladyship was among the visitors when the colonel was so mysteriously assassinated."

"At Whitton?" he exclaimed, bending forward eagerly. "Was she at Whitton?"

"Yes," I answered.

"And her cousin, Miss Wynd?"

"Of that I am not quite sure. All I know is that she was there on the afternoon previous to the tragedy. Sir Henry's wife was Mrs Chetwode's bosom friend."

The old fellow grunted, closed his eyes, and puffed again contentedly at his pipe.

"In that case," he observed at last, "her ladyship may know something about that affair. Is that your suspicion?"

"Well, yes, to tell the truth, that is my opinion."

"And also mine," he exclaimed. "I am glad you have told me this, for it throws considerable light upon my discovery."

"Discovery!" I echoed. "What have you discovered?"

"The identity of the woman in black who visited Miss Wynd last night."

"You've discovered her—already?" I cried. "Who was she?"

"A woman known as La Gioia," responded the queer old fellow, puffing a cloud of rank smoke from his heavy lips.

"La Gioia!" I gasped, open-mouthed and rigid. "La Gioia! And you have found her."

"Yes, I have found her."

(To be continued.)

Serial Story.

(PUBLISHED BY SPECIAL ARRANGEMENT.)

A DAUGHTER OF MIDIAN.

By JOHN K. LEYS.

Author of "A Sore Temptation," "The Thumb-print," "The Broken Fetter," "In the Toils," "A Million of Money," etc., etc.

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PART II.—THE NARRATIVE OF SYBIL GRANT.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

CHAPTERS I. & II.—Professor Zucatti, an Italian palmist, is consulted by a lady, Miss Grant, as to an undertaking on which she is about to embark. He has met her previously at a garden party at Spazza. He consults his hand and tells her that her future is fraught with great danger, and in a magic crystal she sees a murder enacted, and a man thrown over a precipice, and a person representing herself standing near. She promises to consult him again. After she has left, a couple of Sisters of Bethany take refuge in his doorway from a thunderstorm, and he assists them in their charity. After they have left he remembers that he will write to his old friend, and sits down and writes for two hours.

CHAPTERS III. & IV.—The professor, writing to his friend, explains that he has again met Miss Grant in England, and has shown her the cards in order he had manipulated by means of slides previously prepared. Miss Grant visiting the professor again, asks him to help her to discover the secret of her birth, her earliest recollections being of the deck of a vessel. He prepares a bogus letter in which a situation is offered her, on her furnishing proofs of her birth, etc., and tells her to present it to Mr Gregory, the lawyer, who up to a few years ago had remitted money to her, but had for some reason desisted from doing so.

CHAPTERS V. & VI.—Miss Grant has an interview with Mr Gregory, and he consents to forward the letter she presents to his client, and let her know the result. Next day she sees, whilst waiting for Mr Gregory, a letter in a letter book enclosing her communication. At the foot she sees the address, "A. B. Mitchell, Esq., Inveroran Castle, Perthshire, N.B."

CHAPTERS VII. & VIII.—The Italian and Miss Grant pay visits to the neighbourhood of Inveroran Castle in order to obtain information as to Mr Mitchell. Miss Grant is struck by the appearance of Mr Durant, an artist, sojourning in the parish.

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CHAPTER IX.

I BECOME AN IMPOSTOR.

We spent the whole of that afternoon and the following morning in an unsuccessful hunt for rooms; and trivial as the difficulty had seemed at first sight, I soon recognised that it was likely to prove a serious one. It was imperative that I should remain in the neighbourhood, for I could do nothing at a distance, and I felt tolerably certain that if I were on the spot I would soon find a way of getting acquainted with some of the family at the Castle. But I could not go on staying at the inn for an indefinite time. It was not a suitable place for me, and it was very expensive; besides, my doing so might excite remark.

On the evening of that second day the Professor, as I call him, left me, and went back to London. This was my doing. I saw plainly enough that he was sincere in begging that he might stay on till I had settled down, but—to tell the truth—I felt that our relations were becoming rather more intimate than I had bargained for. We were practically compelled to take our meals together, and though the room was a public one, I could see that people were wondering what relationship existed between us. I feared that I might compromise myself, and I told my friend this plainly. He could not deny that I was right, but before he went he extracted from me a promise that if he could be of service to me I would write or telegraph to him at once. The Professor's devotion touches me. I hope I am not quite heartless, and I fear I am doing him a wrong. But it is useless to think of that at present. He has gone now, and I must let the future take care of itself.

Such were my thoughts as I watched the coach that carried off the only friend I have in this country—I might almost say in the world.

I went to bed early, for I had an idea that next day I would explore the glen that lies to the east of this one, and try to find there a farmhouse that

would give me a shelter. I carried out my plan, and that day I walked long and far, but all to no purpose. Except the shepherd's cottages, which were scarcely better than huts, the only houses were those belonging to large grazing farmers, who would have thought themselves insulted if I had asked them or their wives to let rooms to me.

About six in the evening I was trudging wearily home, and had got to about two miles from Inveroran when I overtook a stout, respectably-dressed woman, bending beneath the weight of a market-basket and several parcels which she was carrying.

I paused for a moment to ask her whether I was in the right road, and added, "Can I help you? Shall I take one of your parcels, since we are going the same way?"

The woman stared at me as if I had suggested something unheard of, and then slowly, and almost reluctantly resigned one of her packages to me. It did not seem heavy at first, but by the time we had gone a mile I was tempted to repent my offer. My companion proved to be very tactful, receiving my efforts at conversation with curt responses that were barely civil. Still, I thought, I might as well have some information, if it was to be had, in return for my toil, so I put the question that I was positively tired of hearing from my own lips—

"Can you tell me of any rooms to let in this neighbourhood?"

"An' wha might they be wanted for? Is't for yersel'?"

"Yes—for myself."

A long pause.

"I should not be very particular about cooking, and so on, for I know that it is not easy to find apartments here," said I, by way of encouraging the woman to make some sort of reply.

"An' wha might ye want them for?" she said at last.

"Oh, I am fond of the country; and the scenery around here is very beautiful. I want to paint it."

"You'll be an artist, I'm thinkin'?"

"In a very humble kind of way."

"And what would you be thinking of gie'in' for twa guid rooms?"

"I would give a pound a week."

I expected her to say that this was far too little, but there was no answer of any kind. It was difficult to believe that the woman had been questioning me from the mere love of asking pertinent questions, without having any definite end in view, but such appeared to be the case, for we went on in silence for another half mile, without another word being said on the subject.

We were within a few minutes' walk of the village when she turned and faced me.

"A pound a week, ye said, without lights or firin'?"

"Yes. Have you any idea where I could find—?"

"And you would want no late dinners or breakfasts in bed?"

"Certainly not."

"And would you promise no' to gang up the hills an' disturb the game?"

"Certainly I would promise that. But do you know of anything likely to suit me?"

No answer.

I repeated my question.

"I might—and again, I might not."

To quarrel with the woman would have been useless besides being undignified, so I held my tongue.

I was tired and out of temper, and though my pride forbade me to hand the woman back her parcel and leave her I was heartily glad when she stopped at a door in the garden wall that belonged to the fine stone house in-

habited by the factor.

"It'll be the better of a cup of tea," said my companion as she laid down her basket, and producing a key from her pocket unlocked the garden door.

I declined the invitation somewhat coldly, for it seemed to me that it was not one which a housekeeper—as I took the woman to be—had any business to offer.

"Come in by," she said with a touch of impatience. "Come in an' see the rooms."

I stared at her a moment in surprise and then followed her up a weed-grown path and through a neglected shrubbery to the house.

She took me into a gaudily grandly furnished room on the first floor, and asked me to sit down while she got some tea. In a few minutes tea, with home baked scones, and oat cakes, delicious butter, honey and jam, made its appearance on a tray, carried by a rough, bare armed girl.

"I couldna let ye hae this room and a bedroom under thirty shillings," said my hostess, while we discussed our second cup of tea, "but there's a sma' room at the back you could hae for a pound—that an' a bedroom."

"But—I understood that this was the factor's house."

"An' what for no'?"

"Don't you think he would object—?"

"Hoots! Never fash yer thoomb about that! Ye'll keep quiet, I've warrant, and no be wantin' to keep nuckle company. You'll no meddle wi' him, and he'll no meddle wi' you. Say the word an' the place is yours."

"Are you Mrs McPhail, then?"

"Wha else sud I be?"

I said in a moment that I had not known that the factor was a married man, and that I would be glad to take her rooms. So that matter was settled.

I glanced at Mrs McPhail with greater interest now, and I liked her appearance better than I had done at first. True, she was rough in speech and manner, but there was an honest look about her homely face. She was red haired and freckled, and her hands showed that she spent most of her time in housework. She was not at all the kind of person one would have expected to see at the head of the establishment; but that was no business of mine. It struck me that her husband was probably a "near" man, and that she liked to make a little pin money, when she could do so by letting lodgings in the summer to one who would not attract much attention or make many demands upon her time. And this, I afterwards found, was pretty nearly the truth.

The following day found me settled at Inveroran Lodge, and I immediately wrote to the professor to tell him of my success. But I knew that I had a waiting game to play. Weeks—months—might pass before I found an opportunity of becoming an inmate of the Castle. All I could do in the meantime was to ascertain exactly who the family at the Castle consisted of and snatch at any chance of making their acquaintance. Possibly, I thought, I might be able to induce Miss Dairymple to let me stay at the Castle as her companion during the winter. That would suit me admirably.

But Fortune proved my friend in an unexpected way.

On the second morning of my stay at the Lodge I was passing along the stone passage that led to the kitchen, when I met an aged woman dragging herself painfully along by the help of two sticks.

I went forward to offer her my arm, but almost before I reached her she dropped one of her sticks, and, staring at me out of her bleared eyes, cried out—

"Guid save us, bairn, is this you?" My heart beat fast, but I had presence of mind enough to answer—"Of course! Who else should it be?" "And does he ken? Does the laird ken that you are here?" she asked in a loud whisper, thrusting her face close to mine in her eagerness. "No; I haven't seen him yet," I said, gravely. She mumbled something to herself, still staring at me. Then aloud—"Ye've grown up a fine, bonny leddy, as I aye said ye would. And that like your mither!"

"And who was my mother?" was on the tip of my tongue, but I did not utter the words. I felt that I might be on the verge of a great discovery. It was evident that the old woman mistook me for someone whom she had seen. Or was it that she really saw in me a likeness to my unknown mother? I felt that I must risk something in order to find out the truth, so, putting my arm round her I supported her to go out of doors and sit in the sunshine on a bench that stood in a sheltered corner under the west wall of the house.

"When I got her there she sat down heavily, still keeping her eyes fixed on me. I found it difficult to say anything for fear of making some terrible blunder, but I felt that I must say something.

"You knew me at once, but I scarcely think that I would have known you," I said, with perfect truth.

"Like enough—like enough. I'm an auld wumman, an' no lang for this world."

"Oh, you may live many years yet, Mrs. McPhail, and I hope you will." The name was a great venture, but it passed without remark, and I came to the conclusion that this must be the factor's mother. It was odd, I thought, that I had not been told of her presence in the house.

"Let me see—" I said, pretending to search my memory—"how long is it since you last saw me?"

"May be ten years. I wudna' wonder. Or it might be mair."

It was certain that she had not seen me since I was a mere child, if she had seen me then—certain, therefore, that she was confounding me with some one whom she had seen. And an indescribable thrill ran through my veins as I said to myself—"Perhaps I have a sister whom she saw ten years ago."

I longed to think of something to say that would not betray my ignorance, and would at the same time produce some information. But it was the old woman who began to question me.

"What did you come here for?" she asked abruptly.

"To see the laird. I want to know something more of my forbears," I said, boldly.

"Ay, that's but natural."

"Did you know my father?" I hazarded.

"Hoo could I ken him? Was I ever in Australia?"

"No, but—but I thought you might perhaps have known him before he went out."

She shook her head, and made no reply. But I had gained something. The girl for whom she was mistaking me—the girl whom I resembled—was in all probability born in Australia. What was her name? How could I find that out?

I was puzzling my brains to frame some question which would bring out the desired answer without raising any suspicion in the old woman's mind that I was not the person she supposed me to be, when I heard a heavy tread on the gravel, and the next moment the factor stood before me. I knew him at once from Signor Zucatt's description of him—and at the same time I knew him for the man who had lived sometimes in the house at Brixton.

CHAPTER X.
THE LAIRD.

I recognised him in a moment, but at the same time I saw that he did not know me. Indeed, it was next to impossible that a man should recognise in a woman of—never mind what—a child of six, of whom he had never taken any particular notice. I sat looking up into his large hairy face, and it reminded me so strongly of the story of Beauty and the Beast that a wide smile came involuntarily over my face. He thought it was meant for him, and grinned in response; then, suddenly remembering his manners, he pulled off the huge head-piece he wore—to call it a cap would

be to do it an injustice—and passed on round the corner of the house.

I saw that it was a critical moment. I could not sit very long in the old woman's company, and I foresaw that as soon as she left me she would communicate to her son and her daughter-in-law the discovery she supposed she had made. This would, of course, land me in difficulty. I must either admit or deny that I was the person for whom she had taken me. If I denied it I lost a splendid chance of making further discoveries—that is, supposing that the girl old Mrs. McPhail had in her mind was not known to the others by sight. But if I assumed the personality she was ready to present me with I ran great risks. Any chance word might betray me, and expose me as a cheat and an impostor. But, on the other hand (I argued to myself), I should in reality be little worse off after such an exposure. My case was desperate. If I remained an outsider I could learn nothing. And I saw no way but this of entering the Castle.

All this passed through my mind in less time than it has taken the reader's eyes to scan these lines; and then came this reflection—that I would never get such another opportunity of securing my position by learning fresh facts. At least, if I allowed Mrs. McPhail to talk with her son about me, he would most probably come to have a little conversation with me, and in the course of that talk I might show by my remarks or my answers that I was not the person I pretended to be. If ever I was to get a scrap of knowledge from the woman I had better be after it now. To-morrow it might, and probably would be too late.

I glanced down at the old dame—she was gazing at me with an expression half stupid, half curious, on her withered face. I put my elbow on my knee, and bent down so as to bring my face on a level with hers, and put my hand on her knee.

"I don't remember my mother in the least," I said. "I wish you would tell me something about her. Did you know her well?"

"Ay, I ken't her fine lang ere ever she gaed to Australia. Eh, she was the bonny lass! An' a laird's dochter tae. We never thoct she would hae come doon to hae married a simple honest man like William Grant."

"They were married in Australia, I suppose?"

"Of course. What maks ye doobt that?"

"I don't doubt it for a moment. But Australia is a big country. Was it near Melbourne they stayed when they were married?"

"Melbourne? I ken na sic' name. No. They bided among the grazin' lands beyond—"

"Sydney?" I suggested.

"Ay, that's just it. And afterhin they gaed to a place whar they were seekin' gold and bided there abune a year. And there they deed, first him an' syne her."

"First my father died, and then my mother?"

"What am I sayin'?" said the old woman testily.

"And what became of me?"

"They brought ye hame—Maister Mitchell an' my son Duncan! He's a fine lad, Duncan is he no? A fine figure of a man!"

"Yes, he is, Mrs. McPhail. But tell me this—had I any brothers or sisters?"

"No. Nane that I ever heard tell o'."

"And what age would I be, do you suppose, when my mother died?"

"Ye wad be five, or maybe six. They took ye stracht awa' to Cumberland. I didna see ye, ye'll hae mind, for maybe four years after that."

These last words reminded me of what in my eagerness I was in danger of forgetting—that this was not my own history I was listening to, but the biography of that other Miss Grant for whom the old woman had mistaken me. Was it possible that after all we were the same? To set the matter at rest I put a question: "Just tell me this—Did you ever hear this—that I was sent to live in London?"

She shook her head.

"Or sent to school near London?"

"No. But surely you would mind that yerself!"

I hastened to ask another question before the surprise I saw in the wizened old face should change to suspicion.

"And I am like my mother, you say?"

"Very like." But her tone was not so confident as it had been at first. "Ye hae her e'en, her bonny blue e'en, and her lang, lang silken hair, that shines as the sun. But ye're a hantle bigger, and mair wiselike. She was a fine bairn, an' a bonny, an' a true-hearted, but she was rey feckless."

This told me little, especially as I did not clearly understand what "feckless" meant. What I wanted to get at was the name of the place in Cumberland to which the girl I was now personating had been taken as a child. It was quite unnecessary that I should know anything more about her, least in speaking to McPhail or his wife I should let it be seen that I did not know the most ordinary facts of my own life! And I did not so much as know my own name! I was still considering how I should frame a question by which I might in some indirect way arrive at this bit of information, when my landlady's strident voice was heard calling out, "Mither! Come to your dinner!"

I was too late. The next moment Mrs. McPhail appeared, and taking her mother-in-law by the arm led her away.

But there was a look in the old woman's face that warned me that she was filled with the idea of possessing a secret. Would she keep it to herself? Or would she immediately share it with her son?

I was not left long in suspense. Ten minutes had not gone by, before a heavy tread sounded almost at my ear, and looking up I saw McPhail standing opposite me. His unpossessing face wore a scowl.

"So, you are Sydney Grant!" he exclaimed.

I neither said yes nor no. "Won't you sit down a little?" I said, making room on the bench beside me.

The scowl changed to a perplexed frown. He sat down, making the substantial bench quiver from one end to the other.

"When did you leave Scarton Fell?" he asked abruptly.

I named the day I had left London.

"And what brings you here?"

"I came to see Mr. Mitchell."

"What for did ye no' gang up to the Castle, then?"

"Because I did not know how he might receive me," I replied, looking him frankly in the face.

"I might ha' guessed it by the name—but it never struck me," he muttered to himself. Then aloud—"Ye'll hae to shift frae here."

"You mean that I must go away?" I said in affected surprise.

"Ay. That's just it. What for did ye no' say at the first wha you were?"

"I shall not go," I said, without answering his question. "I have taken two rooms here, and you can't turn me out till the end of the week, at any rate."

At this he simply glared at me, as if he could not believe that anyone could be so foolhardy as to dare to dispute his will, especially in his own house.

"We'll see about that!" he exclaimed.

"I shall not go till I have seen Mr. Mitchell," I said firmly.

"Ye'll not have long to wait for that," he retorted, with a malicious grin, "for here he is, coming up the brae."

I looked and saw the top of a silk hat some little way below us—underneath it the figure of a man in dark grey cloth, wearing an old-fashioned stand-up collar. Like those in which "Punch" used to depict Mr. Gladstone, and a black silk tie, Mr. Mitchell's hair was iron grey—I guessed him to be about sixty. His face wore an air of surprise, as he caught sight of me, and he turned his small shifty eyes on McPhail, as if asking an explanation. The factor rose, and approaching his employer said something to him in a low guttural tone. This gave me a few moments, and I tried to collect my wits for the struggle I saw was coming. There stood the man—the man I had for so many years longed to behold—the man who knew the secret of my birth—the man who was responsible for hiding me away as if I had been an accursed thing. How was I to meet him? How was I to wring the secret from his grasp? Was I to continue the imposture I had almost involuntarily begun? One thing I was assured of by a glance at the laird's face—any ap-

peal to him for pity, any appeal to his sense of honour or fair dealing, would be so many words wasted.

Before I had made up my mind how to act Mr. Mitchell had left the factor (who presently slunk away), and turned to me. He held out his hand, as though he meant that our meeting should be a friendly one, but there was no smile of welcome or of civility on his cold, hard-bitten features.

"Well, Miss Grant, so you've come to see me after all! I must say you're a good bit changed from what you were when I saw you last. But that's a long time ago. You were only a bit lassie then. So you've thought better of the letter you wrote—you want to take that back?"

"Yes," I said, as the easiest way of satisfying him.

"Just so. But I'm not sure that I'll allow you to take it back. You said you did not wish to have anything more to do with me, and to that I was quite content to agree. But it takes two to alter an arrangement like that. You'll allow that, I suppose?"

"Yes, I can't dispute that. But I think, you might look over that letter, Mr. Mitchell."

I said this with a smile which I suppose mollified him, for his face seemed to relax a little as he asked—

"Have you quarrelled with Mr. Lead-bitter?"

"Whatever happens I shall never go back to Scarton Fell, I said firmly.

The man's face fell. "And what is that to me?" he exclaimed, irritably. "What is it to me if you choose to quarrel with your bread and butter?"

"Nothing, perhaps. But as an old friend of my parents—"

This was a guess, but I thought it was pretty certain, that Mr. Mitchell had known my father and mother—that is, the father and mother of the girl in Cumberland—so I risked it. But the shot was not a lucky one. Mr. Mitchell gave a little suppressed start, and cried angrily, "If I did know your parents, what then? Does that make it my duty to support you? Didn't I explain to you before that even if your father and mother had been married you would have no claim on me?"

He spoke fiercely, his thin lips working in his excitement. But I did not heed his anger. The words that had fallen from him struck a chill to my heart—till I remembered that they had not been spoken of me, but of that other girl, whom he supposed to be standing before him. But even then they left a painful impression on my mind. I could not answer coherently, but mumbled, "I suppose—that is, I have no doubt—you are right."

"Of course I am right!" he cried, triumphantly. "And mind, whatever I have done, or may do, for you has not been on account of any right you had to claim either money or anything else from me, but simply because I chose to give it from motives of humanity—your acknowledgement that?"

"Why, Mr. Mitchell, what else could it be?" I exclaimed with my most innocent gaze.

"Why do you come to me, then, after all that has passed?" he asked sharply.

"Tell me anywhere else to go, and I will leave Inveroran at once," I said.

"My father had friends in this country—so had my mother. If you will have nothing to do with me I must find them, and see what they will do for me."

Without moving a muscle of his sallow face the laird shot at me a queer, furtive glance out of the corners of his eyes. I had turned half round when I began to speak, and it was by the merest chance that I caught it. That careless glance told me much. I saw more of Mr. Alexander Mitchell in that half-second than I might have seen in months or years. I had not had much scruple in dealing with him hitherto. After that I had none. "Can't you give me the names and addresses of one or two of my mother's relations?" I said, following up my advantage.

"What do I know about your mother's folk?" was the clownish answer. But there was a uneasy look in the man's eyes which did not escape me. "They're poor enough, from all I ever heard. And I don't suppose they would thank you for hanging on to them."

"Well, my father must have had some relations. I will try them."

"You'd be no better off with them—worse if anything. But if you like I'll try and find you another situation, though it won't be easy, considering

that you have quarrelled with your mistress. What was the quarrel about? Some trifle, I'll be bound!"

"Mr Mitchell, I have said already that I am not going back to Scarton Fell. If you will do nothing further for me, at least give me the names of two or three of my relations. Then, perhaps, I need never trouble you again."

He stood pondering for a moment, moving the big stones in the gravel back and forward with the point of his toe.

"You had better come up to the Castle, till we can settle what's best to be done," said the laird after a long pause. It was evident that the invitation came very unwillingly. My host left me under no delusion on that point. But I cared nothing whether it was given willingly or unwillingly, so long as it was given. And now it had come!

But I took care not to betray anything of what I felt. I looked a trifle disconcerted, and said I thought I had better stay where I was for the present. This had the effect—as I intended it should have—of making Mr Mitchell issue his orders—it sounded more like a command than an invitation—that I should be ready at five that afternoon, and he would send the carriage for me. I smiled feebly, deprecatingly, and promised obedience.

(To be Continued.)

Copyright Story.

The Elopement of Flip.

By MABEL COLLINS.

(Author of "The Mystery of Blythe waite Hall," etc.)

"I hev just two more nails to put in this cross," said Flip—otherwise Philip—surveying it critically, with his head on one side and his eyebrows lifted, "and then I hev done my work for to-day, and I think—I think I should like to—elope. Should you like to elope, Mimi?"

"Yes," said Mimi. "What do you do?"

Flip stood with his hands in his pockets, his legs very wide apart, and his big straw hat at the very back of his head. He drew his small pretty lips together and gave a reflective blink with his big blue-grey-hazel-brown eyes, before replying.

"You take somebody," he said then, with grave deliberation, as if it were a recipe, "and ren away with them."

He was a small London Philip, and his pronunciation of his a's and u's was quaint and really pretty. "I heard my Uncle Bob talking about it to-day with mother. He said he was very glad the Captain got the better of that old hembeg. I expect the old hembeg is Mr Grimjaw, 'cos it's Mr Grimjaw that my Aunt Lucy lives with, and it's my Aunt Lucy that the Captain hev ren away with."

"Oh!" said Mimi with wide eyes. "How nice! When shall we elope, Flip?"

Flip took his hands out of his pockets.

"Jest es soon es I hev done my work," he said, moistening his pretty red under-lip with an air of decision. "Let's hev the hemmer, Mimi. Thank you. Naow, this makes the second cross I hev done for Grendma to-day. There's the other over there. It will make this will be perfectly levelly for Grendma to look aout at in the mornings. Hevn't I done a lot of work to-day?"

"But," said Mimi, stroking back her red curls with some anxiety, "if we run away we shall want a house, shan't we?"

Flip was busy hammering in a nail. By and by, he gave his thumb a harder knock than usual, and turned a little red in the face. Reflecting, however, that it was the thumb's own fault for getting in the way, he only looked at it with patient reproach for a second or so, and then fell to agate. Mimi repeated her question with a touch of agitation.

"A haouse?" said Flip then, lifting his faint eyebrows in some perplexity. "Yes, I s'pose so. I'll arrange it all presently. I hev to do this first. I hev only one nail to put in naow."

Mimi was a small and, in spite of her red curls, a pretty little lady of Flip's own age, who had dropped in to tea, and was elaborately dressed in a cream party frock with a lace over-all pinafore, tied with a broad blue sash. She had cream stockings and white shoes, and blue ribbon in her hair, and had a vague feeling that she looked very nice. She wanted to be run away with, then and there.

"They will be coming for me presently, Flip!" she said, swinging herself with a coy suggestion of impatience.

"Will they?" returned Flip, with a polite but untroubled attentiveness to the remark. Then he went on hammering. He grew hot and flushed and, betweenwhiles, straightened his aching back with a Spartan indifference to weariness and pain. There! The last nail was in. He stood back and gurgled with pride and delight. Another cross for Granny! He settled his hat on his head. Then his small hands went forth to hug his work to his breast.

"Why," he said, his eyes wide with dismay. "I've—I've hammered it fast to the—to the stool! I shall hev to take it off!"

Mimi could have cried.

"We shall never get time to run away!" she said in perfect anguish. "The next ring, you'll see, will be for me! I knew how it would be."

"Then you should hev said so," remarked Flip, setting to work with his pinners. "It would hev saved me a lot of trouble."

"I—I think I'll go home," said Mimi with a pout. "I don't think this is fun at all!"

"It isn't!" returned Flip, tugging away at the nail. "It's work! I do so much work every day, and then I play. I'm bound to get this cross right, 'cos I made up my mind I would."

"You shouldn't have said you would run away with me," said Mimi, with dignity, "if you don't want to!" "But I do want to!" answered Flip. "Only I hev to do this first! There! That's aout! Naow I hev just got to hemmer it in again, and we will ren away. See if we don't!"

The kitchen window was open to the sweet garden breeze.

"Did you hear that, Mary?" said small Sophia, with a delighted giggle. "Flip's going to run away with Mimi! I wonder how far they'll get?"

"I wonder?" said Mary, who was thinking of her sweetheart.

So it was just here that Flip's elopement made its success, so far as sensation was concerned. Mimi stood silent and held the bar of the cross till the last nail was hammered in. She was determined not to speak till all was done, lest she should hinder the work, and therefore the elopement. At last the cross was finished—a beautiful lop-sided thing, with five nails in the middle carefully bashed down at the back, so that nobody's hands should be hurt. Flip, followed by his small partner, lugged it across the green plot and planted it next to the other, which had an atrocious lurch to the left. They stood back and surveyed it with grave delight. Even Mimi felt proud. Her two little hands had held it down.

"It looks lovely!" she said.

Flip wiped his brow and then his small nose with an air of quiet satisfaction. "Yes, it looks jest like a beautiful churchyard," he said. "Grenny will be pleased when she looks aout of her window to-morrow. Naow!"

"Do you mean the 'lope-ment?" asked Mimi.

"Hush! Yes," said Flip. "But don't say it out loud. Nobody must know. Nobody knew about the captain's elopement and Aunt Lucy's till it was all over and they were married. Uncle Bob said it was the smartest thing! Let's go over to the bench there, and talk it over. About a haouse—I'm sure—I don't know! I hev threepence in my purse, and gold—reel gold!—in the bank at Cambridge. We had better go to Cambridge, 'cos I hev gold there. But I don't know how far you can get for threepence. A keb costs a shilling, but we needn't go by train, and then we shan't want a keb! We ken walk—and walk—and walk. Think if we got to end of the world!"

"Yes—think!" said Mimi, awestricken.

Flip gurgled.

"They would never find us then!" he said.

"Wouldn't you be sorry a little bit?" asked Mimi. "Think if we never saw our mothers again—and—our—fathers!"

Flip thought it over.

"It would be smarter than what the Captain did, anyhow!" he said, with a grave mouth, but with an eager light in his eyes. "Cos they faound aout about the Captain, else how did I get to know? And yet, Uncle Bob said it was a smart thing of the Captain. Where would you like to go, Mimi? I'll let you choose."

"I'll go where you go," said Mimi, docilely.

"All right!" said Flip. "We'll go naow then. Shall you be cold? It'll be cold at nights, you know, wherever we go."

"Oh, I'm all right!" responded Mimi, cheerfully. She was in a hurry.

"Well, don't blame me, if you cough," remarked Flip. "I've told you."

"They rose from their bench, and Flip took his small lady's hand protectively in his.

"Oh, I'll tell you what," began Mimi eagerly.

"Hush!" whispered Flip, as they passed the kitchen window. "No one must know!"

Mimi lowered her voice. "I'll tell you what we can do, 'cos we haven't got a house! You and me can sly into our house, and up the stairs, as quiet as quiet, and right up to the attic. It's a place they never use—they don't ever go in—and there's a bundle of old things there, and we might take some things out to carry away with us, and at night we might sleep on them in the fields, as if they were bolsters and things, like the Babes in the Wood!"

"There arn't any bolsters and things in the Babes in the Wood!" said Flip, with a rather disgusted superiority.

"Well, I know. But they would have liked them!" returned Mimi. "And, anyhow, it would do instead of a house. 'Cos the grass is damp, and there might be snails and—snakes."

"I shall take the pistol Uncle Bob gave me," said Flip. "That'll frighten them."

"Oh, do!" implored Mimi. "They're frightful things, snails, if they get down your back. And you could kill a snail easy with your pistol."

Hand in hand they softly stole into into the dining-room, through the open French window, and then out into the hall.

"It seems awful impolite," whispered Flip, "for you to be going without saying 'good night' to mother and Grenny, but it's not any bedder than what the Captain did, is it?"

So he gave Mimi her hat, and himself helped the elastic over her chin. Then they opened the hall door softly, and with one swift look behind them at the empty window, sped through the gate and into the next house, which was Mimi's. Here, tip-toeing still, they crept along the hall and up the three flights of stairs that led to the attic. Mimi pushed open the door, and beckoned to Flip to enter. It was a wide, large, low-roofed room, beloved, one might fancy, of mice and evil goblins in the darkness came. Mimi looked round it. Then she stuck a disconsolate finger in her mouth.

"Why, the bundle's gone, Flip!" she said. "Everything's going contrary-wise, isn't it?"

"Well," retorted Flip, a little provoked, "I think it's what my Uncle Bob would hev called a fool journey, coming up here for bundles and things. We might hev been away and away and away by this!"

Just then they heard a light footstep running up the stairs, and a clear young voice singing:

"Dites, ma jeune belle, ou voulez-vous aller?
La voile ouvre son aile; la brise va souffler."

The song stopped on the landing outside the open attic door.

"Yes," said the voice, "and the breeze does soufflay-ay-ay-ay up here! It's that draughty attic!" and the next moment the attic door was pulled to and—locked. There was a sound then as of some trunk being opened and shut on the landing, and then the song was taken up again, and the light footsteps pattered downstairs. Flip and Mimi stood petrified with dismay—she with a finger in her mouth; he with his hands in his pockets, his legs wide apart, his brows lifted. They were locked in to the mice and the goblins!

Flip tried the door. Yes, sure enough! Locked in!

"If only," said Flip, "we had a chair or something to sit daown on. This is awful bare! Why, there isn't anything! We could hev done without bundles and things in the fields, but—here! And—nothing to eat! Let's—shout!"

"You shout!" said Mimi. It seemed a boy's duty.

"Ow!" yelled Flip. But the yell was only mocked by evil things hidden amongst the beams and rafters, and far away sounded the lifting refrain of a waltz song.

"That's my big sister Alice singing," said Mimi. "We might die up here, and nobody cares! Oh, I do feel miserable! Don't you, Flip?"

"If I had a chair, I wouldn't," said Flip. "But this is awful bare!"

"Shout again!" said Mimi.

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"Owl Owl!" yelled Flip. Still no answer, save from beam and rafter. Then Mimi broke suddenly into tears. "Don't cry, Mimi!" said Flip, growing a little white in the face. See, roll up your frock round your waist and sit down, and you won't feel so tired. It'll comfort you a little, not to feel tired, and I'll make a nice little pillow with my jacket, so's you can sleep if you want to. And I'll tell you a lovely fairy tale. And I hev my pistol, you know."

Mimi sat down and sobbed. She knew there were mice and hobgoblins and ghosts in this room when night-time came. Else where did hobgoblins live, if not in places like this, that nobody else wanted?

"Well!" remarked Flip after a long silence, "we hev got the house, anyhow!" But his small underlip quivered, and there was a shine of tears in his eyes as he made his brave little joke. "We hev got the house!"

And now began commotion next door. For the ring had come for Mimi, and Mimi was nowhere to be found!—nor Master Philip! After an excited search through the whole house and grounds, Sophia, very pale and agitated, volunteered the information that they had—eloped!

"Eloped, Sophia!" cried Flip's mother.

"Yes," said Sophia. "Run away! I heard Flip say they were going to. But I thought it was just—baby talk."

"You should know by this time," said Flip's mother, severely, "that Philip never talks just baby talk! There is always some kind of plan behind it. You had better put on your hat and see if you can find them. Mary can go, too, in some other direction. The idea!"

But, of course, they did not find them. Mary, instead, found an interesting young policeman, to whom she enlarged tearfully—he was a nice pink and white policeman—upon the awful state they were in.

"The young imp!" said the policeman, rather fascinated by the idea of Flip's elopement.

Sophia, meanwhile, had interviewed greengrocers and butchers' boys, but had gathered no information. What she did gather was a small crowd outside the front door. There was a murmur of "Have they found them?" "Get away! Them two little kids eloped! What are you giving us?" "Poor bairns!" and "There's gipsies on Friars' Green!"

By the time Flip's father and Uncle Bob came home, the crowd had killed Flip and Mimi with a cab, given them over to the gipsies, sent the mothers raving mad, and, in fact, disposed of the whole of both families, save and except the astonished father and uncle who now appeared upon the scene.

The sight of the growing crowd had frightened Flip's mother into tears, and the sight of her tears had frightened Mimi's mother into hysterics—sister Alice was out on the hunt with Sophia and Mary—and the sight of two women, one in tears and the other in hysterics, and a crowd outside the door, completely bowled Flip's father over. He supposed Flip to be killed and mutilated beyond all recognition, and it was fully ten minutes before he could make head or tail of the broken and interrupted narrative. Uncle Bob, meanwhile, had gone out to fetch a policeman and get the crowd dispersed. (Granny, happily, was blissfully asleep.) From the policeman he learnt that the young nipper had bolted with the little Miss from next door, and that both families were in an awful state about it. Then the policeman sauntered up leisurely, and waved a hand majestically to the crowd, while Uncle Bob rushed into the house to find out what Flip's father meant to do.

"This comes of talking before children!" said Flip's mother. "The idea of talking about Lucy and Captain Gregers before Philip!"

"Why, it was you who asked me to tell you all about it there and then!" Uncle Bob could not help retorting in self-defence.

"Oh, be quiet," said Flip's mother, distractedly. "Look at poor Mrs. Stainesby there! You've made her ill! Have you got that awful crowd away? Where's Sophia? Where's Mary? Oh, my poor head! Get Mrs. Stainesby some wine or something, Tou—somebody! Oh, dear! I'm sure I don't know what I'm doing! Don't take on so, dear! We shall find them all right. Oh, my head! That Philip! He's his father all over. Granny—"

At this point, Mimi's big sister Alice came in, looking very flushed and very

anxious and very pretty. Now Flip's Uncle Bob had only just come down from London, and from the first—which was precisely two days ago—had cast eyes of admiration on Mimi's big sister Alice, and for the life of him, he could not concentrate the whole of his attention on Flip, while if Mimi's sister Alice was only thinking about Mimi, why should she blush so very shyly and prettily?

Depend on it, Fate, as well as Flip, meant to make a big thing out of this elopement!

Meanwhile, up in the attic, the hobgoblins had begun to creep out, for the twilight shadows were gathering fast, and from the lumber closet came the sounds of busy gnawing.

"That's nice!" whispered Mimi. "Are they white mice, like Tommie Patten's?" inquired Flip with some interest. He had now seated himself on the floor, after one last futile attempt to open the door with his small nails.

"I don't know. Listen! That's a—ghost!" whispered Mimi. "This place is full of ghostesses! Oh, I wish I hadn't run away!"

"Why, you're in your own house!" said Flip.

"Well, I know! But if everyone thinks I've run away!" whispered Mimi.

"Don't cry, there's a pet!" said Flip, getting up to put a comforting arm about her. "Let's think about bread and butter and strawberries. Or—ice-cream. No, let's have—let's have—"

"I want my mother and sister Alice!" sobbed Mimi. "I shall never see them again. You're a nasty boy for making me—run away with you. Boohoo—bo—oo—hoo! Go away! Leave me alone! Ah, ha, ha, ha, ha!"

It was a whole chromatic scale of whimpers, and Flip for some moments sat spellbound, looking at the small, screwed-up face. The distortion seemed quite a clever piece of work.

"I could slap you, I could! Boohoo—hoo!" said Mimi.

"Well, slap me then," said Flip, patiently. "I never locked us in!"

But relief was coming. "Do you think they can have got into your house, Miss Stainesby?" asked Uncle Bob, and his gruff voice had grown so mellow his own mother would not have known it.

"Oh, I thought of that," said Alice, "and I've looked all over. I've searched the whole house from the cellar to the—"

A sudden click in her heart finished the sentence for her, with a note of interrogation after it, and to Uncle Bob's surprise and discomfiture, sister Alice vanished like a will o' the wisp. She went round to the back to escape the eyes of the crowd.

"Somebody's coming now, Mimi!" said Flip, patting her soothingly. "Don't cry, Mimi!"

The key turned. The door opened. An angel rushed in and clapped each little mortal on a strong young shoulder.

"Oh, you naughty, wicked, darling little desperado!" cried the angel, smacking one kiss on Flip's cheek. "Oh, you shocking, muggy, frightened little baby lamb!" smacking another on Mimi's.

And she came rushing in with them so, and a very sweet, merry sister Alice she looked.

"Rejoice with me for I have found the pieces of mischief that were lost!" she laughed, for Uncle Bob had, somehow, set her heart in the happiest glow. He was a fine, strapping young soldier, and there is such a thing as love at first sight, believe me.

"I hev made Mimi cry," said Flip, in a still, small voice. "I never meant to make her cry. Did Aunt Lucy cry, Uncle Bob, when the Captain reu away with her? But—but we only got to—to the attic! Preps that's why!"

Everybody had now begun to laugh, and at this they laughed the more. Uncle Bob stole a glance at Mimi's big sister Alice, and Alice stole one at him. Then they both blushed, and Uncle Bob called down benedictions on the "Captain" for having eloped with Lucy, and so brought about this very pleasant and exciting situation, which was suggestive of romantic thoughts, and likely to lead to—oh, many things!

Sophia thought it was time to get the murmuring crowd away. That big baby policeman was no use, she informed Mary. She went out on the doorstep and looked at the gapers critically.

"Well, I said I could fool any crowd to the door, if I liked!" she said. "And I've done it. The children have been safe in the house all the time. So there!" With that, Sophia shut the front door upon them, with something of a twinkle in her sharp, bright eyes.

"Well!" said the crowd.

A Philosopher Puzzled.

The proprietor of a tan-yard up North determined to build a sort of stand or shop for the purpose of vending his leather, buying cow-hides, and the like.

Having completed his building, he began to consider what sort of sign it would be best to put up for the purpose of attracting attention to his new establishment. After occupying some time in thinking, a happy idea struck him.

He bored a large auger hole through the door-post, and stuck a cow's tail into it with the whys end sticking outside. Some time after he noticed a grave-looking person standing near the door, with his spectacles on, gazing intently on the sign.

He stepped out and addressed the individual.

"Good morning," said he. "Morning," said the other without moving. "Do you want to buy leather?" said the tanner.

"No."

"Do you wish to sell hides?"

"No."

"Are you a farmer?"

"No."

"Are you a merchant?"

"No."

"Then what are you?"

"I'm a philosopher. I've been standing here for an hour trying to find out how that blessed cow got through that auger hole."

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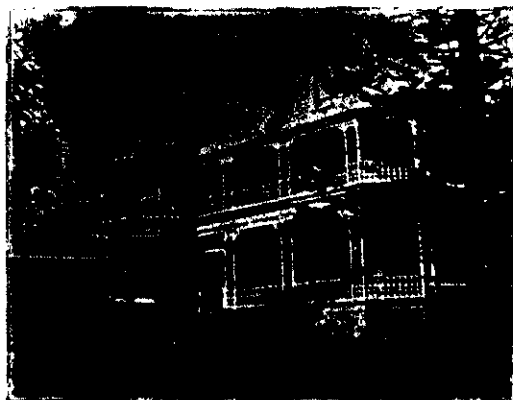
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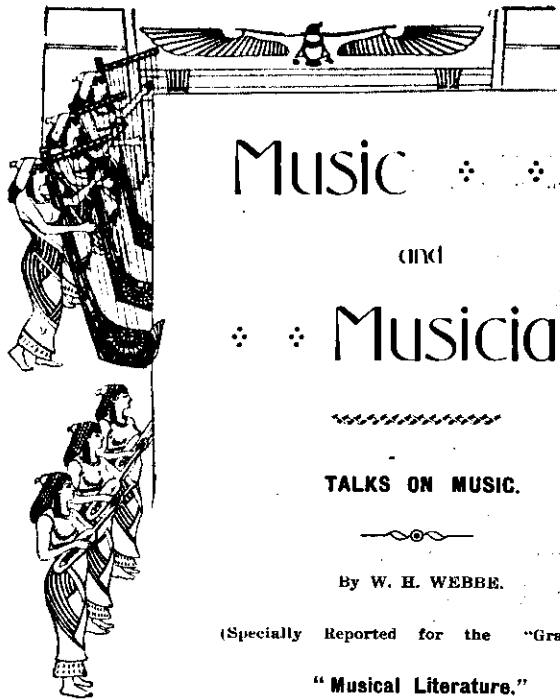


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Music and Musicians.

TALKS ON MUSIC.

By W. H. WEBBE.

(Specially Reported for the "Graphic.")

"Musical Literature."

The following is the substance of a lecture delivered by Mr W. H. Webbe at the School of Music, Grafton Road, on November 1, about "Musical Literature".—

PREFATORY REMARKS.

It is a matter of congratulation that musical libraries are not so rare as they were a generation ago, but as yet they are far from being numerous. With few exceptions, it is only in great centres of musical culture that anything approaching a respectable average library can be found. The average student of music rarely owns a musical library, and only a comparatively few teachers possess anything like a representative collection of books on music. I do not think I should be wrong in asserting that not one out of one hundred teachers have a score of sound pedagogical and other musical literary works in their possession. I have had the privilege of visiting not only great centres of musical culture on the Continent, in America and in England, but numerous smaller towns in many parts of the world, and I have found the English and colonial students in country districts far behind their American cousins and the Continental folk with reference to the study of musical literature. This is partly caused by the lack of support given to musical journalism, but mostly in consequence of the want of up-to-date and enthusiastic teachers. By reading such musical journals as "The Etude," "The Musician," and "The Musical Times" it is very easy to ascertain particulars of current musical literature.

I will divide books into two classes (a) books to study, (b) books to read.

BOOKS TO STUDY.

There are a large number of technical works that should of course be studied by the professional, but for an addressing students, and will therefore only deal with a few works of each class, enumerating some of which I consider the best for the student to obtain, so as to form a nucleus for a musical library.

RUDIMENTS OF MUSIC.

Franklin Petersen's recent little publications, "The Elements of Music" and "The Pianist's Handbook," can be strongly recommended. In these two little works will be found sufficient to lead up to elementary works of harmony. I have already pointed out in previous talks that it is absolutely necessary for every learner of pianoforte to be well grounded in elementary theory.

TUTORS.

There are hundreds of tutors published, and many of them of little value. Amongst some of the most excellent tutors may be named first and foremost "The National Graded Course," a work which, although comparatively new, is well known through-

out America, but as yet little used in the colonies. Amongst the tutors far above the ordinary run of similar works may be mentioned Gustav Damm's "Piano School," Mathews' "Twenty Lessons to Beginners," and "The Child Pianist," by Mrs J. S. Curwen. Teachers adopting the latter work will find it necessary to use the "Teachers' Guide," in conjunction with the same. As a cheap tutor Gurllit's ranks much above the average.

TECHNICAL SCHOOLS.

In few of the tutors, excepting those of the stamp of Damm's "Piano School," comparatively little useful technical work is given. The technical school that I consider takes first place is Mason's "Touch and Technique," but this is rather an expensive work, costing as it does about 1/6. Germer's "Techniques of Pianoforte Playing" is another excellent work, but somewhat costly. Amongst the less expensive technical schools that can be strongly recommended are Riemann's "Comparative Piano School" and Sehmer's "Preparatory Touch and Technique." This last named work is specially intended as an introduction to Dr. Mason's larger work, to which I have already referred. It is concise, well arranged, and contains nothing superfluous, and it certainly fulfils the aim of the authoress in presenting in a simple manner the fundamental principles of Dr. Mason's work.

WORKS ON HARMONY.

Pianists should certainly study harmony, yet, as a matter of fact, a large proportion of learners and a considerable number of teachers of pianoforte playing do not understand the laws relating to the construction, arrangement and relationship of chords, which constitute the study of harmony. Without a knowledge of harmony, analysis and form, one can hardly legitimately claim to be a musician. There are many scores of excellent works on harmony, and it is with much reticence that I give the name of any special work for the student in preference to others. But amongst the most concisely written for the elementary student on the subject are F. Petersen's "Introduction to the Study of Theory," Dr. Stainer's "Harmony" (Novello series), Farley Newman's "Harmony Simplified." Dr. Prout's "Harmony: Its Theory and Practice," is a fine work which the student would do well to take after having studied the works referred to.

CHATTY BOOKS.

There have been recently published several of the most interesting and entertaining works, which I think we can designate "Chatty Books." I allude particularly to Thomas Tappet's unique volumes, viz., "Chats With Music Students," and "Music Talks With Children." The latter work is well adapted for young

children, fresh in style, and not a dull page in it. Amy Fay's "Music Study in Germany" and Bettina Walker's "My Music Experiences" are both charming books, full of instructive reading.

HISTORICAL WORKS.

The history of music is certainly one of the most interesting branches in the study of music generally, and it should be a point with all students not to neglect this subject. There are numerous excellent histories of music. Amongst the most readable are Fillmore's "Lessons in Musical History," and a popular history on the "Art of Music," by W. S. B. Mathews. Should these works not be obtainable here, I would then advise you to get a concise "History of Music" by the Rev. G. B. Hunt, a work, by the way, which will be found very useful for reference, particularly by examination candidates. It is not a very readable work, but is full of useful information, and contains several chronological tables. Another excellent little work is Riemann's "Catechism of Musical History."

BIOGRAPHICAL WORKS.

It would be well for music students generally not to neglect biographical study. There is so much to be learned from reading the lives of the great musicians and concerning their work that the student must benefit considerably thereby. The value of biography depends upon the light it throws upon development, either concerning a certain period or a particular individual. In reading biography, one not only learns of the life work of the composers, but of the nature of their compositions. Amongst the biographical works that can be specially recommended are "Famous Musical Composers," by Lydia T. Morris, and particularly for children the recently-issued work by Thos. Tapper entitled "Pictures from the Lives of Great Composers," a most delightful little volume, just the book to please and interest juvenile musicians, and to serve as an introduction to more serious study of the lives of the composers. In Fillmore's "History of Pianoforte Music" there will be found some well-written biographical sketches and able estimates of the greatest composers of pianoforte music.

PIANOFORTE MUSIC.

As most of you are students of the piano I do not think that I can do better than draw your attention to the two following works: the "History of Pianoforte Music," by J. C. Fillmore. This book traces the progress of both the piano and its music from the earlier works of Bach down to the present day. Its contents are classified so as to bring the matter in logical sequence before the reader. "The History of Pianoforte Playing and Pianoforte Literature," by Weitzmann, is a much larger work, and embodies a deeper study of the theoretical side of pianoforte literature development.

ANALYTICAL WORKS.

As I have already pointed out, the study of analysis is necessary for all musical students. Understanding the structure of a piece of music will not only be a means of showing its various uses and merits, but will facilitate its practice. There are now several very excellent works published on this subject, and not the least important is W. S. B. Mathews' "Primer of Musical Forms," a work well adapted to the requirements of the elementary student, which should be well studied before the larger works of the kind, such as Prout's "Musical Forms," are taken in hand.

BOOKS OF REFERENCE.

It is needless for me to tell you how useful it is to have handy a good book of reference. There are several first-rate dictionaries which are now published, and for general reference on most subjects connected with musical art I do not think I can do better than specially recommend Dr. Riemann's comprehensive "Dictionary of Music," published by Augener and Co.

A few other meritorious works not already mentioned, which would add materially in building up a valuable little musical library, are: "Dictionary of Musical Terms," Stainer and Barrett; "A Handbook of Examinations in Music," E. A. Dickes, 1889; "Theory of Interpretation," A. J. Goodrich, 1891; "Technique and Expression in Pianoforte Playing," Franklin Taylor, 1897; "Pianoforte Study," A. McAR-

thur, 1897; "How to Accompany," A. Glen, 1895; "Biographical Dictionary of Musicians," Dr. H. Baker, 1900; "The Student's Musical History," Henry Davey; "Musical Analysis," A. J. Goodrich.

With the books I have mentioned the student will be fairly well equipped, and the library containing these books, though not a large one, would certainly be useful.

The New Music Teaching.

All of the modern Conservatories insist upon concert giving and concert attending as departments of musical education, and one of the most recent ideas is the cultivation of a critical ear through systematic study of musical structure by purely analytical analysis. A small class, consisting of most of about six or eight members, is brought before the teacher, without notes, programme, or knowledge of what pieces are to be studied, and so placed that the keyboard cannot be seen by them. The lesson is played to them in larger or smaller fragments, and they are required to answer questions put by the teacher as to the key, the mode, the rhythm, time, subdivisions, character of the movement, the analysis of such structural items as periods, sentences, and phrases, to recognise and describe the modulation and changes of rhythm that occur—in short, to pick the example thoroughly to pieces wholly by the aid of their ears.

That such drill will in time alter the musical appreciation of the public there can be no doubt. If such a course of study could be made general, it would speedily seal the fate of the ordinary popular melody, the barrel organ tune, and the gospel hymn that is now used in so many congregations cultured in other matters. One finds what he expects to find in listening to music, as elsewhere, and if it be simply sensuous enjoyment that he is looking for, the finer elements involved in the construction of good music will hardly attract attention. The person can be a lover of flowers without knowing a petal from an ovary, and so one can find pleasure in music without knowing it from andante; but to give music its true value and influence something besides technical performance must be studied, and something besides sensuous charms must be recognised and appreciated. Such a course of investigation into the content and meaning of the art will be sure to result in greater and more rapid advance in musical culture than could anything that the old music teacher had to present.

DON'T SCOLD.

From the point of view of a teacher, when a pupil is hopelessly confused, the fault is in the teacher. When you are teaching beginners, take them slowly and carefully through the first things. Be sure you have the first things. Don't hurry for the sake of having them attempt to play what they cannot play for fear some will think they are not progressing. Use your conscience. If your pupil or the guardian is not willing you should, don't yield to the pressure, better for the teacher to relinquish the pupil. Several cases have recently come under the writer's notice where pupils have been given pieces quite beyond their ability, because of the lack of preparatory practice with the result of both teacher and scholar becoming hopelessly confused, the teacher losing patience, scolding, and informing pupils that they were stupid, could not learn music, and it was a useless waste of time to attempt it. Another teacher has taken the pupils, explained the why and wherefore of what they were studying, the construction of the scales, chords, etc., the results being very satisfactory and the learner surprised and delighted.

POINTS FOR PUPILS.

Spurgeon says: "A man will do little by firing off his gun if he has not learned to take aim. And that is just the reason why much of the

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practice done by pupils is so unproductive. There is more in learning how to practice than there is in learning how to perform. Quality counts for more than quantity. Pupils must be taught to stop and think out not only what to do, but how best to do it, and to be severely self-critical, to really know that they have accomplished the task correctly, and that work, correctly, should be given a high standard; nothing short of perfect exactness should be tolerated. "Not failure, but low aim is crime."

J. R. Lowell tells us: "Fault-finding is a cheap and easy sort of criticism. Fault-finders never contribute anything to the progress of truth and righteousness. There are some pupils in the same family, where there is a great deal of usefulness, in not malicious and unjust criticisms of the music teacher, but the music teacher is not the only person criticised and had up to ridicule by such people. No teacher can do good work for a pupil unless he has the pupil's fullest confidence. The pupil must believe in his teacher as being a superior artist, a skilful teacher a gentleman, and a man of integrity of character; but when he hears indiscriminate criticism at his home, he can have none of these necessary qualifications for success. While taking his lesson he is constantly in a critical mood, and gives more thought to finding if the instruction given is worthy of his attention and further efforts in practice, than in trying to understand and apply the full import of what the teacher is explaining."

A WORD TO PARENTS.

Parents who are not musicians sometimes think their children are given exercises to work upon which are unnecessary. These exercises as a rule are the most important of all in laying the foundation of a good technique. They are absolutely necessary in developing different varieties of touch and in bringing about a flexible condition of the arm, wrist and fingers. These exercises should be thoroughly mastered before the pupil is allowed to play from notes. In this way the attention of the pupil is wholly concentrated on the work in hand, and better results are brought about in less time. If the pupil should attempt to play an exercise or piece from the written notes before she has succeeded in getting complete control of the muscles of the whole arm, her playing would, as a rule, be stiff, and the tones would be harsh. This is caused by the attention being taken up in reading the notes, to the neglect of the technical work. This shows conclusively that the technical work must be mastered first of all. Most intelligent pupils will readily understand this if it is properly explained to them, and will work with an object in view. If the teacher will take the pains to explain the importance of these exercises to the parent at the beginning there will be a better understanding all round, and the work of both pupil and teacher may be made more easy and of greater value to all concerned.

HOW TO STUDY—HOW TO TEACH.

The profession of teaching is a line of work to which few people are fully adapted. It requires a different set of faculties to put forth truths in teaching than to receive them. Therefore, the good theorist and accomplished practical musician is not necessarily a teacher. There are a great many people whose minds are filled with knowledge, yet because they have not the faculty of expressing it to others in understandable language they always fail as teachers. Many pupils make a great mistake by presuming that a good singer or a good player is necessarily a good teacher.

The musician of to-day does not go about unshaven and unshorn, trying to make a too easily gullible public believe that he is full of the eccentricity of musical genius. Fortunately, this is too practical an age to tolerate such ill-disguised charlatanism. The successful musical teacher of modern times looks just like any other professional or business man, and is just as tidy and methodical in his dress and habits as the most prosaic of book-keepers.

Every effort should be made to awaken the musical feeling of the pupil. The good teacher will know how to do this by numerous little methods, which he must fit to the individuality of the pupil. Many players and singers are mechanical musicians, because they have been taught too much mechanism and too little music. Care should be taken that the pupil's soul be not smothered in the

drudgery of finger exercises, however indispensable they may be in their proper place.

Another point to be insisted on is that the student must endeavour to always produce tone and not mere sound, for a musical sound may be produced mechanically, while tone must be produced with artistic expression, which must far overstep mechanical means. The relation between teacher and pupil should be the same as that between the doctor and his patient. The teacher should be the wise physician who must learn the weakness, needs, and ailments of his patient, the pupil, and put him on the right path.

Strive for an individuality for yourself. Respect the teacher who helps your intellectual as much as your mechanical progress in music. Young pianists and organists should cultivate the practice of improvisation. To improvise is often to arouse the creative energies, and by this means sometimes powers of composition are awakened, which would else have slumbered through life.

Many a musician has found to his benefit that the best cure for the superfluous egotism is to associate with musicians who know more than himself and yet make no unbecoming parade of their knowledge.

Sympathy and deservedly bestowed praise are two of the necessities for the proper development of the musician's art life. Without them his working ambition is apt to become stagnant.

A Young New Zealand Violinist.

Miss Vera French, the subject of the photograph, is one of the youngest professional violinists. She was born in Auckland, and is now twelve years of age. Vera showed a love for music at a very early age, namely, four years. Neither of her parents is proficient in music, though both are exceedingly fond of it. She first commenced her studies with the piano under the tuition of Miss Lily Thompson and Mr W. H. Webbe, with encouraging results, but having expressed a preference for the violin her parents decided in favour of that instrument. Herr Zimmermann being her teacher. She displayed such aptitude with the violin that Herr Zimmermann planned the whole of her studies, with a view to her being a professional eventually. In 1897 Vera was placed under Herr Mengies, of Hove, Brighton, England, a teacher of rare qualities and great repute. She soon took her first scholarship at Herr Mengies' Musical School, in competition with about sixty other students, many of whom were double her age. She made her debut in December, 1899, at the Queen's Hall (small), Langham Place, London, under the patronage of Lady Glasgow, and was well received. The "Times," "Standard" and other papers favourably criticised her performance. Her next victory was that of obtaining the London Royal Academy's Senior Parchment Certificate with the highest maximum of marks (150), and the Gold Medal. It is stated that she is the youngest candidate who ever achieved these honours. There were about two thousand candidates in the examination, of either sex, many of them being twice the young Aucklanders' age. No gold medal award had been made for three years previously. To Mrs French, niece of George Ellis, Esq., Mayor Hastings, Hawke's Bay, is her success largely due, as the mother has been most patient and assiduous against all obstacles during the whole course of her daughter's training. An influential committee, among others Lord Hopeston, Sir Henry Irving and Sir Arthur Sullivan, having consented to assist, has been formed for the purpose of presenting the young artist with a Stradivarius violin. The instrument is valued at £800. Miss French now entirely supports herself.

We have received from the publishers of the "Army and Navy Gazette" a handsome coloured plate showing types of regiments of Tasmania, and New Zealand. The figures in the picture are a trooper of the Canterbury Mounted Rifles, a trooper of the Hawera Mounted Rifles, a sergeant of the Tasmanian Infantry, an officer of the Victoria Rifles (Auckland), and a corporal of the Christchurch City Guards. The plate is issued with the October number of the "Gazette."

THE DRAMA.

An unexpected pleasure will be afforded Aucklanders during the next two weeks in the presence of the Pollard Opera Company. The ever-popular organisation is now about to depart for a lengthened sojourn in Australia, but prior to leaving our shores it will give a sixteen nights' season in the Auckland Opera House, opening to-night (Wednesday) with "The Geisha." "Maritana" will follow on Friday. The production of the latter piece by the Pollards is something of a novelty to Aucklanders, and should ensure a large patronage. The opera will be superbly mounted. Other attractions will follow.

Saturday last saw the conclusion of "The Yeomen of the Guard" season by the Auckland Amateurs. The patronage accorded was steady throughout, and in the dress circle and orchestra stalls was quite exceptionally good. High-class opera has, however, not those attractions which the large mass of amusement seekers find in variety shows and musical farces. The stalls were comfortably tenanted throughout the season, but on no occasion was there standing room only. The unexampled excellence with which the opera was staged, and the fullness of the orchestra, must have made the expenses of the season very heavy. It is to be trusted the Club will not lose money on the venture. Musically and artistically, the achievement was one to be proud of, and did undoubtedly credit to all concerned. A feature of the season was the debut of Mr A. Towsey as conductor to the Society. In every way he was a most signal success, and the Club is to be warmly congratulated on securing the services of one so willing and able to throw himself into the spirit of the business.

Mr Chas. Wyndham, of the Criterion, recently received the following letter: "Sir,—I ask you herewith for an engagement—as spiritualist—as advertiser—to begin with a salary of £10 per week. I have got the strongest electrical brain in the world; am able to hypnotise animals and human beings; have been here in London only for one week—was never published, and still am known already by the entire city of London, on account of my electrical waves—from this, my strong electrical brain. My brain is very strong that I guarantee you to be able to bring you each night a full house—to be able to force the people each night into your theatre—which would be flooded—with my monster spiritualising—with my electrical waves."

Miss Florence St. John, the well-known English artist, has returned to the stage, and has accepted an engagement in "Florodora."

The directors of the Crystal Palace are having it re-roofed, and it is a big job. A new roof is necessary because the old one leaked, and the rain used to come through and make puddles on the floor. The magnitude of the undertaking may be gathered when it is mentioned that every one of the myriads of little panes of which the roof appears to be constructed from below is, as a matter of fact, nearly five feet long and a foot and a half wide. The old method of doing the work used to be to embed the sheets in putty on a wooden frame. It is being done now by ruing each pane of glass in a border of lead. This is more expensive, but it lasts longer and is more rain proof.

In the course of a recent performance of "Giroffe-Giroffa" at Munich the lady playing the heroine was kissed by the impersonator of Marasquin. The manageress of the theatre objected to what she thought was an immodest act, and now the case is to be brought into the court at Munich. The actor's defence is that he was only following the instructions of the author, but in Bavaria there is a law which prohibits "kisses and passionate embraces" on the stage.

The erection of the new opera house in Melbourne for Mr. Harry Rickards has been commenced. The building, it is claimed will, when finished, be the most elaborate and up-to-date theatre in the Southern Hemisphere. "The treatment throughout will be entirely new to Melbourne. The front portion of the building will be occupied by entrances, with hotel in the centre. Each part of the auditorium will have its own entrance from Bourke-street, and also separate escape exits into Rainbow-alley. Dress-circle and stalls

entrances lead to a spacious crush-room on the ground-floor. From this crush-room two flights of marble stairs lead to the dress-circle crush-room and cloak-rooms. Access from the crush-room to a spacious salon bar on the first floor is provided. The auditorium will consist of stalls on the street level, dress circle, and gallery above."

Mr. Williamson has apparently effected a veritable transformation of his new playhouse, Her Majesty's, Melbourne. "By a wave of the wand," as it were, the meanest and most cramped approaches to any theatre in Melbourne have been converted into something luxurious and positively imposing. The fashionable "first-nighters," who used to win their seats after a struggle, polite but pushful, found the new foyer of Her Majesty's one of the roomiest and most elaborately-appointed that the Australian theatres can boast of. Naturally the circle was nearly emptied during the interval in order that the new crush-room, smoking lounge, and promenade might be fittingly explored."

The "Daily Messenger" (Paris) says: "The receipts of the Theatre Sarah Bernhardt during the run of 'L'Aiglon' amounted to 2,002,009fr. (£80,000), realised during 193 performances. The fact is probably unique in the history of theatres."

The score and libretto of the new opera for the Savoy Theatre, the joint work of Sir Arthur Sullivan and Captain Basil Hall, deal with an Irish subject, and the scene is laid in Ireland.

On concluding their New Zealand tour Mr Tyrone Power and Miss Edith Crane intend to spend four months touring this colony for pleasure. Their season in Dunedin has been an enormous success, the papers making most eulogistic references to their productions of "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," "Tribby," and "The Only Way." On Monday last the company opened at Christchurch, and will remain there for three weeks.

Jackson, the pugilist, has joined the Fitzgerald Bros.' Circus for a six months' tour.

"What Happened to Jones" has filled the Dunedin Theatre with laughter lately. Mr Arnold opened in the Southern city on November 8th, and will remain there three weeks. Christchurch, the next point of call, will be reached on December 3rd.

Miss Nellie Stewart with a Comic Opera Company will play "The Scarlet Feather" at the Melbourne Princess after the grand opera season closes.

Miss Grace Palotta, who was with the last London Gaiety Company that visited Australia, has been engaged by Mr Williamson to take a part in "Florodora," and is now on her way to Australia.

Bland Holt's full name is Joseph Bland Holt (says the "Bulletin"), and he first faced the footlights as Joseph Bland—Bland was his mother's maiden name. Not generally known that, years ago, Holt was at the top of his profession as a clown of the modern pantomimic school, and was hailed in America as the legitimate successor of Grimaldi. A queer little sidelight is that, as a boy in Dunedin, he regarded the prospects of a theatrical career with horror, and old Clarence Holt more than once used a disciplinary birch to encourage his son's dramatic enthusiasm. The youthful Bland had a great taste for figures, and his craving was to sit in a counting-house.

The death of Mr Arthur Musgrove, brother of Mr George Musgrove, the theatrical manager, took place last September. He was attached to the staff of Her Majesty's, Sydney.

A wire from Melbourne states that Richard Goldsbrough Row, of Abbotford, wood expert, has filed a petition for divorce from Eleanor Stewart Row, theatrical artist, whose stage name is Nellie Stewart. The ground alleged is desertion since 1895. The parties were married at the Scots Church manse, Melbourne, on January 26, 1884, Mrs Row's maiden name being Towsey. The case is likely to be heard in March next.

Carl Hertz when last heard from was at the London Metropolitan with a new illusion called "Iris or the Mysterious Chameleon."

The Fabian Dramatic Club of Wellington produced "Arrah Na Pogue" on the 8th, 9th, and 10th inst.

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Topics of the Week.

A Jockey's Life.

A sensational event of last week—fortunately not attended with such fatal results as was at first feared—will perhaps cause the public to reflect that despite current fiction a jockey's life is not by any means all "beer and skittles." In New Zealand, at all events, there are no such magnificent deuces, presents, and retainers as make a fashionable jockey at Home a financial magnate—in fact, I believe that few men in this colony work harder for their living than some of our leading professional riders. No doubt the occurrence to which I refer—when a well-known and popular jockey attempted his own life—was the direct result of the frightful depression which must attend on extremely severe wasting. Poor Fred Archer, as we all know, used to suffer the ghastliest of physical and mental tortures owing to the outrageous severity of wasting treatment to which he had time after time to submit himself during his career, and in a moment of delirium he ended a life which to hundreds of thousands must have seemed more to be desired than that of any nobleman of the Empire. With a train of courtiers not exceeded by an old-time monarch, with a prince's income, and with a popularity and fame statesmen sigh in vain for, Fred Archer's life, "on paper" (as they say in the language of the turf) looked "the best of good things," yet taking his sufferings into account, his perpetual and maddening dyspepsia, and the horrible melancholia which rendered his later years miserable, what was the worth of the money he could not enjoy, the position gained at such painful loss, or the popularity with which he was surfeited? But apart from the suffering by wasting, the absolute work of a jockey in riding is little understood by the public. In a steeplechase, or even worse, a hurdle race, the jockey, all can plainly see; takes his life in his hands, but most of us fail to realise how much a flat race may take out of a man in a big race. It looks so easy from the stand, but time after time at Ellerslie or Riccarton, or any other racecourse, you may see men in the last stage of physical exhaustion after a big struggle. Nor, as we know from many a sad fatality, is the risk to life and limb by any means light in flat racing. The smallest mistake, and an accident may occur which will mutilate or terminate the career of half a dozen horses and riders. The general tendency, therefore, to look upon jockeys as people who make their money with absurd ease is scarcely justified. Like many another profession, the only side the public see—or care to see—is the bright side.

Salvation Army Self-Denial.

Close on thirty thousand pounds is the result of the Salvation Army self-denial movement for the colonies alone. The figure is enormous, considering the multitudinous calls on public charity and benevolence, and it shows, I think, that a certain amount of more or less good-humoured "chaff" notwithstanding, the public are quick to recognise that the Salvation Army has done and continues to do a great and useful work, a work which no other religious organisation has ever done half so effectively, a work which few of them could with wisdom imitate. Most of us have at times felt a certain irritation at their methods, and it must be admitted that an excess of zeal on the part of the Army not infrequently leads to an abuse of the ordinary rights of citizenship. Even religion, and the highest of motives do not justify a man or a body in making themselves a general nuisance. But, much as we may be offended on occasion, we tolerate from the Salvation Army deeds and means, whose existence we should not for a moment allow had we not such absolute faith in its bona-fides. Even in this case of the £20,000 for self-denial. The greater proportion of that large sum has come from the pockets of people in no way connected with the Army. It has been subscribed entirely in small sums, mainly by people who af-

fect to scoff at the Army, but who, if asked a straight question, will admit the service it has rendered to the community, and who thus practically demonstrate their true belief and their trust. The figures making up the total are not without interest. New Zealand is easily first with £8740, and of this sum Auckland was the heaviest subscriber with £2732, Wellington following with £2368, Dunedin with £2320, and Christchurch £1400. New South Wales follows New Zealand with £5930, and Victoria comes after with £5154; Queensland, South Australia, West Australia and Tasmania following in that order. One cannot but wonder if the large amount subscribed by New Zealand is due to greater piety or to increasing prosperity, but in any case there is cause for congratulation. Auckland, too, is either obviously more generous or has more to be generous on than Southern cities. The comparative smallness of the Christchurch collection is somewhat astonishing, but is, perhaps, accounted for by the fact that it is perhaps the most severely Anglican of all the cities of New Zealand, and it is notorious that the undenominational bodies have ever been far less prejudiced against the Salvation Army than the Anglicans. The secret of their success is in their appeal to the most primitive of impulses and emotions. Having done wrong, it is pleasant, more or less, to confess to the same, especially when confession instead of revivings brings a joyful remission of prospective pains and penalties. No doubt, many who repent and reform in haste backslide at leisure, but a certain percentage are "permanent cures." If one may so phrase it. And even in the other case it is surely well to reclaim a man or woman from vice for even a fractional portion of life rather than not at all. Precisely how the money is spent and controlled I do not know, but believe it is handled honestly, and, this being so, and the value of the work done so unquestioned, I can only hope that next year the sum collected will reach the fiftieth thousand.

The Real Conquest of China.

M. de Bloch, in a recent article in the "Revue de Revisue," endeavours to show the unpromising character of China as a market for European productions. The Chinese need very little, and from their conservative nature he does not anticipate they will develop new wants that Europe can supply for many years to come. This condition of things he attributes to the low status of women in the Celestial Empire. "Place the women of other nations in the same position as Chinese women," says he, "and it will be at once seen that commercial activity is reduced one-half." It seems that the ladies of China, unlike their European sisters, have no weakness for variety in dress, or for personal or household adornment generally. The same simple cut of garment that served their ancestors thousands of years ago is a mode to-day, so that if a fabric is only tough enough a lady may go attired in her great grandmother's frock without being considered a gey. In their dwellings the furnishings are apparently of the simplest kind, and when a Chinese household has got its few necessities it never seems to occur to these Celestial housewives to add things for appearance sake. No doubt from the point of view of the European in search of a market this absurd simplicity is to be severely condemned, but one cannot help thinking it must add greatly to domestic felicity in China. There the seasons bring no extravagant demitids on the husband's purse. That demitid in parvo, the summer house is unknown, and the cold of winter is not made more unbearable to the poor man by petitions for fur-lined cloaks. In the furnishings of their households there is no lavish bedeckings and no foolish emulation among the Chinese matrons. Mrs Lu Chee does not covet Mrs Hwa Ting's pink silk curtains nor the Chesterfield in her drawing-room. There is no piling Pelions of furniture on Ossas of Turkey carpet. And this is the ideal state which the

Powers would do away with. We forced opium on the Chinese; in the same way it is now meant to force on them the frivolities of Paris and a passion for Chippendale, velvet pile, rugs, and all the rest of it. That, indeed, will be the real conquest of China, when Europe has developed a taste for all her fancies in the hearts of half the population of the vast Empire. The thing is not to be achieved by force of arms. Rather is it to be accomplished by missionary enterprise on new lines. The Chinese ladies must be won over to the faith that is in Regent Street or the Rue de Rivoli. To win over the Chinese male population is probably an impossibility. We know how conservative the average European man is in regard to dress, and how comparatively careless in respect to his own and his household's adornment. As the embodiment of conservatism the Chinaman is bound to be still harder to deal with. But his conversion is not necessary. If his womanhood can be secured, the rest is easy. Of course, there is not a little danger in regard to that first step. This introduction of heathen notions into the bosom of the national family life, and breeding of discord there, may cause a social upheaval in the Empire beside which the Boxer rising would be but a trifle.

As Others See Us.

It may be a good thing to be able to see ourselves as others see us, but that is always premising that they do not mis-see us. The judgment of our neighbours on us is just as liable to be incorrect as the opinion we have of ourselves, unless the neighbour brings a better and less prejudiced mind to his task. To the eye of a writer in Le Matin, a well known Parisian journal, the colonial troops in South Africa are the scum of mankind and robbers of the worst sort, particularly the Australians. It could scarcely profit us to accept that view of the colonials, which is so ludicrously false as to be scarcely worth noticing. I notice it merely as an instance of how opinion is formed in the French capital. The irresponsible journalist of the Matin had set himself to write an article, and he meant that it should have come snap in it if possible. Probably he had exhausted all his vocabulary of denunciation on the British people in former articles, and he was at a loss for something fresh to say. Then the brilliant thought struck him, "Why not go for the colonials, those overseas Englishmen who speak of upholding the glory of that hateful Empire?" No sooner thought than done. The British were bad, but their colonial progeny of whom they were so proud were ten times worse. Instead of redeeming the wickedness of perfidious Albion they accentuated it. And the Australians whose nation building has been faulted in the eyes of Europe—well, what could you expect of a nation whose soldiers were robbers of the worst sort? To the French, acutely conscious that their own great attempts at colonising have been a failure though they entered the field as early as ourselves, it must be galling to behold the magnificent evolution of Britain's Colonial Empire, the independencies waxing great and populous, and the vast confederations taking form. There is no denying the evidence of these facts or shutting one's eyes to their significance. The Frenchman discerns plainly the meaning of all that successful expansion and ever growing unity. Nothing apparently can stem that material progress. But what after all is material progress if the personnel of the state is rotten? What are those colonies, what the great confederation of Australia if their people are allied to the scum of mankind and robbers of the worst sort? I can fancy this description of the colonial troops having immense vogue on the boulevards. Those boasted colonial! Pah! mere canaille! Doubtless there is some satisfaction in such a view, and the average Anglophobe in France with his very elementary ideas of anything beyond France will accept the dictum of the Matin and repeat it with relish. So in Paris, at least, our troops, and we through them, may achieve a reputation quite other from that the colonial has made for himself in the Empire. Well, it may keep us from becoming inordinately conceited.

McKinley or Bryan.

We are not really very much concerned in American politics, and the Presidential elections which took place in the great Republic last week interest us more as a spectacle than as an event whose issue can affect us. The general attitude of the United States to Great Britain is not determined by the political colour of the President, and there is much the same chance of their policy being friendly to the Empire whether it is McKinley or Bryan who occupies the Presidential chair. The pro-Boer and anti-British cries were for the most part merely election dodges got up to capture votes. It does not follow that if Mr Bryan had got into the saddle he would have in any degree justified the hopes so assiduously fostered in the breasts of the Irish and foreign element of the population that is hostile to Great Britain. Likewise, it is possible to attach too great importance to the anti-imperial policy which Bryan affects. Our interest in the struggle has mainly to do with it as a spectacle of popular feeling of which there is nothing similar to show in any English speaking community. We are always disposed to regard the citizens of the United States as sharing the great national characteristics of the Anglo-Saxon race. The average American one meets with is very much alike in his ways to the average Briton, and we expect that what refers to the individual will hold good in the case of the people as a whole. Not that we forget the differentiating influence of climate, country and outward circumstances, as well as the admixture of other European blood with the first pure stock. But it is difficult for us to conceive that any ordinary influence can change the virtue of the original type, and as for the alien element in the Republic it is rather curious how one assumes that it has become absorbed by the Anglo-Saxon, and its objectionable features have disappeared in the process. The scenes witnessed at the polling places in the States last week scarcely bear out our assumption. It only requires the arousing of the temper of those millions to red heat, and the difference between them as a nation and the British as a nation becomes apparent. Then the dangerous flaws stand revealed. How utterly un-English are the incidents which marked the elections or the sentiments that inspired the contest among large masses of the people. The insolent tyranny of Tammany Hall, having for its tool the chief of the New York police, and using the constituted forces of order and government to assist gross dishonesty and corruption, the flagrant abuse of authority for party purposes in other places, the riot, the deliberate resort to arms, the civil war and murder—these are the features in the great election which mark a big difference between our British methods and those of the Republic. Much more full of meaning than any question of silver or gold currency, Imperial expansion or stay at home policy, is the existence of this lawless spirit in the population as evinced on these recent occasions. What does it mean and what does it presage in the future? To me it seems very ominous, although I am aware that the Americans themselves treat it very casually.

Above Grammar.

"Grammar," said Moliers, "knows how to lord it even over kings," but had he lived in New Zealand to-day, he would have felt compelled to add "but not over the Hokitika Court." The other day when a case was being argued there one of the lawyers took occasion to poke fun at his opponent's grammar. The august Bench felt the remarks as having an application to himself, it would almost seem, for he lately rebuked the first lawyer. "Mr Perkins," said he, "addressing that gentleman, 'if you are one of them what thinks grammar runs this Court you are barking up a wrong tree. If I hear any more such remarks I'll see you five pounds.'" This reminds one of the famous story of Kaiser Sigismund, who, when he was reminded at the Council of Constance that he had been guilty of using a wrong gender, exclaimed, "I am King of the Romans, and above grammar." Mere politeness as a rule ensures what the Hokitika justices would have effected

If necessary by a fine—a courteous disregard, namely of the grammatical blunders of our neighbour. Who is there so cruel as to look too critically on his friend's syntax, far less to point out his blunders? We agree to shut our eyes to them. Similarly he is a rude fellow who would pointedly take exception to another's pronunciation. Some, indeed, are so keenly anxious to avoid giving offence to the mispronouncer that they will actually adopt for the time his form of the word rather than seem to notice his error by pronouncing the word aright. I know a gentleman whose singularly genial disposition led him to play fast and loose with the aspirate if he happened to meet anyone who was not always sure of his sitches. That perhaps was carrying courtesy a trifle too far. And indeed a good deal might be said against the common politeness that refrains from correcting a man's grammatical slips. Might it not be kinder to set his feet more securely on the slippery paths of syntax so that on future occasions he might not fall when his fall would perhaps excite ridicule? It may be that a sense of our own deficiencies in the same direction keeps us from picking notes in the conversation of our neighbours, for even where folks are not uneducated they are careless speakers, and slips in grammar are of everyday occurrence. In the matter of pronunciation there is better reason still for holding our tongues when someone puts the accent on the syllable of a word that we have always understood was the non-accentuated syllable. Beware of rebuking him. Fashions change and authorities differ, and though you may be sure that your way is the right way, and are prepared with half a dozen dictionaries to back you, there is no telling that he may not have behind him an equal weight of authority. The fact is that there is more than one way of pronouncing many words.

A Satisfactory Bank Holiday.

Appetite we all know is a most excellent sauce, and certainly the cold, wet, tempestuous spring we endured must have added an extra zest to our enjoyment of the perfectly glorious weather which prevailed almost everywhere for the recent holiday. Three or four such days make us forget all the disappointments and disagreeables of the past two months or so. With the sun shining as it did on Friday last, with so blue a sky, with so light a breeze, it was impossible to remember seriously that the last sample of "our glorious climate" was the raging of a violent storm of almost blizzard-like coldness, which did almost incalculable damage to the tender young fruit, the rising crops and most of all the tiny young shoots of the sprouting vines, which our experts say play so large a part in the commercial prosperity of this colony. The week end was indeed perfect, and gave one another opportunity for observing that colonials do not take their pleasures sadly, whatever an Englishman's reputation may be. A brighter, happier set of men and women than one saw (wherever one lived) than those setting forth on excursions, or going in for some other form of pleasure-seeking, on the Prince's birthday, it would be hard to find. Even the professional racing men, the men in whose faces the lines of so many conflicting passions are so indelibly marked—even these to my fancy seemed softened and brightened by the superlative loveliness of the atmosphere and their surroundings. Truly, however much we may grumble on occasion, and whatever our opinions may be as to our "forty pieces of silver" Legislature, truly one must admit there are few places more delightful than New Zealand as a field on which to play one's part in the battle of life. The very manner and style in which the masses take a public holiday here is eloquent of the brighter and happier conditions of life which prevail. A bank holiday in England is one of the saddest spectacles, especially in the large cities such as London, Liverpool and Manchester. Capacity for reasonable, clean, intelligent amusement does not exist amongst the "submerged," or even the average factory hand. Appreciation of beauty is not to be expected from those to whom beauty is an unknown quantity, but one is almost disposed to despair when one sees

what George Gissing aptly describes as the Bank Holiday saturnalia at the Crystal Palace. Excess, drunkenness, inanity reign supreme. True enjoyment, as our people understand it, there is none. Drink is the Sovereign. A feature of our holidays in this colony is essentially in the lack of drunkenness such as you see at Home. The denunciations of intemperate demagogues notwithstanding this is an absolute and positive proof we are not the tipping colony they would make out. It is on a public holiday such a vice, if it exists, shows itself most plainly. Our chief cities always strike me as "show places" for a visitor from London on any Saturday night. The well-dressed, prosperous crowd, the absence of pinching poverty, and the freedom of the streets from drunkenness or any other form of vice, are truly amazing to the Home bird. But even better is a public holiday, and of many fine public holidays I have seen none excel the recent Prince's birthday.

NERVOUSNESS IN NEW ZEALAND.

MARY TATTERSALL WAS TROUBLED.

BILE BEANS FOR BILIOUSNESS NOT SURPASSED.

It is a most marvellous fact—but nevertheless true—that thousands of people in Australia suffer from debility and sick and nervous headache. Most people suffering from these complaints think little of them when they first appear, but if they are neglected they bring with them other complaints, and then the sufferer begins to think that he or she should at once consult a medical man. Now, it is not for us to say whether a medical man should be consulted or not, but as nervous headache owes its existence to a deranged liver we emphatically state that Bile Beans for Biliousness are just exactly what is required. Perhaps there are those who believe that nervous headaches do not owe their origin to a deranged liver—to those we would say that medical science has proved that such is the case. An unhealthy liver will not only bring about nervous and sick headache, but other more serious complaints. Bile Beans for Biliousness, as most people know by this time, is undoubtedly the best remedy for a disordered liver.

The proprietors know it, and there are not hundreds, but thousands of people in Australia and England who, having been cured, admit it. We publish the following letter from Mary Tattersall with reference to nervous headache, and would add that this is one of many such letters in our possession. Miss Mary Tattersall, of Cook-street, Auckland, in a letter dated August 3, 1900, says: "Believing that you are always pleased to receive testimony as to the efficacy of Bile Beans on those who use them, I desire to add my testimony to their value in cases of debility and sick and ner-



vous headaches. Debility is a complaint from which I frequently suffer, and I find that by using Bile Beans I receive considerable relief. I have not used them sufficiently long enough to say that they are an absolute cure. As a purgative I am satisfied that they cannot be surpassed. They are pleasant to take, and cause no pain or uneasiness in their action. I shall have much pleasure in recommending them to my friends and acquaintances. The popularity of Bile Beans for Biliousness comes from three different sources: First the price is only 13½d per box, and they are accordingly within the reach of all; secondly, a box of Beans has ordinary ingredients that, bought in the regular way in a chemist's shop, would cost about three times as much as the 13½d; and thirdly, Bile Beans are compounded in about the best equipped laboratory in the world, and the preparing of the secret vegetable extract that is added to these other ingredients costs thousands of pounds per annum. Bile Beans are the result of a discovery based on science, and with the proprietors remains the secret of relaxing the bowels without purging. Bile Beans are obtainable at all chemists and storekeepers, 13½d per box, or from the Australian depot, 39 Pitt-street, Sydney.

A BOOTMAKER

AND

DR. TIBBLES' VI-COCOA

Tenterfield, Sept. 21st, 1899.

To Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa Co. Ltd., George-st., Sydney.

Sirs,—Having used your Vi-Cocoa for the last six months, I have found it is the only thing that has given me relief from indigestion. It gives me great pleasure to send this testimonial to you to use as you feel disposed.

W. PERKINS,
Bootmaker, Tenterfield.

DAINTY SAMPLE FREE

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RECOMMENDED AND PRESCRIBED BY MEDICAL MEN EVERYWHERE.

"Hunyadi Janos"

ANNUAL SALE EXCEEDS SIX MILLION BOTTLES.

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

Minor Matters.

Disorderly Conduct at a Synod.

Something in the nature of what is termed in Parliament "disorderly conduct" occurred during a recent sitting of the Presbyterian Synod. Of course, the conduct was "disorderly" only in the technical sense in which that term is applied in connection with legislative bodies. Shortly before 11 o'clock an elder rose, interrupting another speaker, and in anything but pacific tones expressed his opinion that they were listening to a lot of long speeches with nothing in them. Thereupon several members rose and objected to this comment, demanding its withdrawal. The member who had interrupted the speaker said, "I withdraw it," but made the remark without moving in his seat. This was not deemed satisfactory or respectful, and a proper withdrawal and an apology was demanded. The offending member thereupon apologised, but added, "Do you want me to make a long speech about it?" and as that was not desired the incident closed without further comment.

A Story Worth Remembering.

The Dutch commandant who had charge of all the British prisoners taken after the battles of Glencoe, Dundee, and Nicholson's Nek has told Michael Davitt the following interesting little story:—Going his rounds at midnight on one occasion he was astounded to see an English soldier acting as Boer sentinel over the prisoners, and on the commandant demanding an explanation Tommy offered the following extraordinary account of his transformation from a prisoner to sentinel over himself and fellow prisoners: "Well, sir, this 'ere poor little chap," pointing to the sleeping form of a Boer lad fifteen years old, "was dead broke for sleep after two nights of dooty. I takes pity on the little chap, and I says, 'Look 'ere, you're regular done up, you are, that's sartin'. You give me your rifle and take a bit of sleep, and I'll do sentry-go for you, I will, Honor bright! I won't do nothink wrong; blow me if I do!' So the little chap went off. It's all right, sir; don't you blame him, please. He is only a kid!" "I was assured," adds Mr. Davitt, "that neither the kid nor the kind-hearted English prisoner suffered over the unique incident."

A Unique New Zealand Tour.

A unique tour is planned by Mr. A. Monro, of Tararaki. He is having constructed as his "farm" a large caravan, which will be fitted up with living apartments, etc., and conveniences for cooking. It will be drawn by three or four horses, the animals being now prepared for their long journey. It is Mr. Monro's intention to drive to Wellington, cross to Picton, and drive thence right through the South Island to Invercargill, accompanied on the journey by his wife. He expects to leave about December 4.

Laughter in Church.

The only time I ever heard a congregation laugh unrestrainedly during the regular services in a cathedral was back in the eighties, when I was a resident of dear, dirty Dublin. On one Sunday morning the bishop of Cork preached. He was a splendid man, an Irishman to the backbone and possessed of as fine a brogue as ever distinguished a son of Erin. His congregation was made up of the very essence of fashion in Dublin, which in those days was, one of the greatest social centres of the world. Notoriously, people were living beyond their means, for the income from the landed estates of Ireland had taken a big tumble. But that made no difference, and good dressing went as a matter of course and was one of the smallest of the extravagances. The bishop preached on the subject of extravagance and spoke particularly of overdressing. His sermon was a bitter arraignment of the sin of debt and the wickedness of setting the heart on fashion and dress. He attacked the overdressed woman and wound up this particular reference this way: "Now,

supposing every one of ye—every one, man and woman—should stand up in this church, take off the clothes ye have not paid for, your walkin' out with the things on your back ye have paid for—a pretty lookin' lot of 'sare-crows ye'd be." There was a pause until the real significance of the suggestion had percolated through the members of his congregation, then some one snickered. Every one was picturing to himself and herself the real scene that would occur should the bishop's idea be carried into effect, while wife looked at husband and members of each family nudged one another. The ludicrous side was irresistible and the laugh was general.

Police Episode at Dunedin.

Shortly before 12 o'clock the other day Sergeant Higgins brought a young man named Frank Burns to the Dunedin police station on a charge of theft. When the watch-house keeper was taking a book from under the counter and the sergeant was giving him some instructions, the prisoner was asked to remove his effects from his pockets and place them on the desk. He was in the act of doing so when the idea of escape seemed to strike him, and, taking advantage of the momentary preoccupation of the two officers of the law, he bolted out of the watch-house and across the passage. The folding doors were closed, and, apparently, he imagined they were locked for he made straight at the glass panel in one of them and broke it to pieces, his body going partially through with the force of the impact.

The doors swung outwards, and the prisoner rolled down the steps leading into the station and on to the street. Recovering his feet he started off along the street, and a short and exciting chase followed. Constable Wholman, the clerk in the inspector's office, joining in. The police are evidently fletter of foot than those who are their particular care, for the young man had not gone many yards before he was overtaken, rearrested and lodged in the lock-up.

Some Hat Stories.

The London "Globe" has been collecting a series of lost hat stories, of which the following are specimens:—A father and son were standing at the entrance to Old Chain pier, at Brighton, when the dear little boy tumbled into the dancing waves. A bystander, accoutred as he was, plunged into the sea, and buffeting the waves with lusty sinews, succeeded at last in setting the dripping child at his father's feet. "And what has ye done wi' his hat?" said papa. A correspondent sent the following narrative:—A festive blue-jacket was seen from a ship in Malta harbour dancing on the top of the parapet wall at Fort Ricasoli. First his hat blew over, and then, leaning over to look for it, he lost his balance and fell after it—a sheer drop of thirty feet or more. The surgeon on duty was landed with a party to bring off the remains for identification. They found him crawling about on hands and knees and inquired if he was seriously hurt. "Hurt be blowed!" was his reply. "Where's my hat?"

A Riccarton Racecourse Episode.

A writer in the Christchurch "Press" relates the following amusing yarn:—"Turn yer pocket out like a gen'l'man!"

But the individual so addressed, half intoxicated as he was, manifested supreme indifference to this hall-mark of a gentleman, and stared inanely at the bookmaker who addressed him.

The missing ticket contained a record of a bet which the investor had won, and until it was produced the bet could not be paid. The investor had not only failed to produce the ticket, but apparently had actually committed the unpardonable sin of accusing the bookmaker of stealing it. This was a fine row brewing.

"Turn yer pocket out like a gen'l'man," imperatively demanded the bookmaker, his voice subdued by the din of the other voices round him by mere power of lung. "Turn it out an' we'll see whether I've got the ticket."

"Turn his pocket out for him," yelled his assistant, savagely.

Meanwhile the subject of all this wrath was regarding both men with a vacuous grin. He wouldn't turn his pocket out, primarily because he wasn't able to, but the fact that he showed no inclination to accept this simple means of proving his good faith was beginning to weigh heavily against him in the minds of the crowd, who watched the contest much in the same way as a jury would.

He had a mate and this man attempted to pull the case out of the fire.

"Why should he turn his pocket out? He'll do nothin' o' the sort."

"Why won't he?" rejoined the exasperated bookmaker. "What ha' you got to 'ith it? He says I stole his ticket. Let him turn his pocket out like a gen'l'man."

Murmurs of approval from the crowd.

"We'll soon turn his pocket out," shouted the assistant, who recognised that the day was won. He seized the man's coat, after a feeble resistance, and put his hand into the pocket indicated by half a dozen of those standing about him.

"Excuse me," he said with studious politeness, as he dived his hand in, and brought out a motley collection of crumpled papers of all sorts and sizes.

Selecting one of these he waved it aloft triumphantly. It was the missing ticket.

Then he proceeded to fall upon his man with the emphasis of a pile driver.

"D'ye know what ought to be done with you?" he screamed, with many adjectives. "You ought to have your head punched."

He started at once to punch, but the bookmaker interposed.

"You let him alone. You're not in this at all. I'm the bloke, not you. If anybody's got to do any punchin' I'm the man." He said this with the air of one who resented any infraction of his undoubted rights.

"Look here," he went on, addressing the investor, "you accused me of stealin' that ticket, an' here it is in your pocket. You ought to be kicked—any man who'd do a thing like that. Here's your money and clear out," and with this he won the jury over entirely. He was leaving the Court without a stain upon his character.

Then he handed £1 over to the man's mate, which immediately started the latter off in a long, and involved argument with the bookmaker, their voices pitched in a high key.

For in this queer world all voices must be pitched in the highest of keys, if they are to be heard at all in the midst of the noise.

Saw the Mistake too Late.

"He asked me to marry him." "And you accepted him?" "No. Idiot that I was, I asked for time." "And what did he say?" "He said 'hold give me a year.'" "Ah! And what did you say?" "I saw my mistake. I said two days would be plenty. But he wouldn't hear it. He said no woman could make up her mind in such a short time. He really insisted upon my taking six months. We finally compromised on thirty days." "And then?" "He married that putty faced Humberling girl the very next week.—"Cleveland Plain Dealer."

He Obeyed Orders.

Willie, six years old, has a pair of parents who try to break him of the habit of taking things on his plate that he cannot eat and leaving much to go to waste. He is in a fair way to improve under their watchfulness. "You must eat the crust too, Willie," his mamma will say, and Willie will dutifully eat the crust. "Don't take such a large piece of cake, Willie, unless you can eat it," his papa will say, and Willie will take it and stuff himself with it rather than to leave a crumb for his father to grumble about. The other day Willie was invited to a birthday party. His mother dressed him in his best clothes. "Now, mind, Willie," was the last thing she said to him, "eat everything you take on your plate." Willie came home that evening with ill-revered pains. The little girl in whose honour the party was given was thirteen years old. Her mother had baked a birthday cake and part of the scheme of ornamentation of it were thirteen wax candles. There were three of them on the piece that was put on Willie's plate.

Red Tapeisma.

At the present time, when the ayac tem of red tape is being attacked and ridiculed, the following somewhat amusing methods of dealing with matters are still adopted by one of the great government departments. For instance, a hairbrush and comb must be purchased under the head of service "clothing," whereas a toothbrush is under "fuel" and spectacles under "medicines." A cotthebascket is "clothing," but clothes pegs are "accidentals." The funniest of all, however, are guano and straw, they being purchased under "victualing." A good instance of red tape is told in connection with the excise. An officer had entered in the inquiry column of his return: "March 13, Dog d.s.d." This did not satisfy his superior, who told him to inquire again, which the obedient officer did, recording: "April 10, Dog still dead."—"London Standard."

Quite Wrong.

The other morning Jones turned up at the office even later than usual. His employer, tired of waiting for him, had himself set about registering the day's transactions, usually Jones's first duty. The enraged merchant laid his pen aside very deliberately, and said to Jones, very sternly indeed, "Jones, this will not do!" "No, sir," replied Jones gently, drawing off his coat as he glanced over his employer's shoulder, "it will not. You have entered McKurken's order in the wrong book. Far better to have waited till I came!"

A Modern Hero.

A fluffy girl and a man with an undefinable air were seated recently at a table in a popular cafe, let us say, in Auckland. Hovering attentively near was a waiter known to the habitués of the place as Jim. "I wish," said the girl, with a dreamy look and a cultivated drawl, "that men of to-day, were like those of olden times. Then they would fight for a girl—lay down their lives if necessary. Now they (she paused, looking intently at a tall glass of ice cream) content themselves with buying ices or afternoon-tea." The man looked nettled. "We have not changed," he maintained; "only nowadays there is no opportunity to display our devotions—no tournaments; no heavy villains. That sort of thing is out of date." "That's just it! Out of date! Chivalry is out of date, but a brave man would make an opportunity," pouted the fluffy girl. The man looked over his prominent nose sulkily, for he admired the girl and in his heart he knew he was a hero. Suddenly a bright thought struck him. He fumbled in his pocket for a match, and, failing to find it, hurriedly excused himself and left the table. "I ordered you another ice," he announced, returning. The girl protested gracefully, but just then the waiter's great figure, like that of a guardian angel, approached with the cooling mixture. Now Jim is the verbally skillful in his handcraft of juggling tumblers, but as he neared the pretty girl his footseemed to slip, and splash! went the ice over her summer gown. "Stupid!" ejaculated the

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ENGLAND.

girl. "Wipe that up immediately," commanded the man. "She can wipe it up herself," said the waiter. "What! you insult a lady in my presence!" exclaimed the Auckland, as he sprang from his chair. He grasped the huge waiter by the shoulders and shook him as if he were a willow reed. Then, to add emphasis to his act, he boxed the man soundly on his ears. Doughty Jim was as a child in his hands. The fluffy girl, after her first fright, looked with admiration at her protector, and neighbouring pleasure-seekers made audible and favourable comments on his righteous indignation and courage. Presently the two departed. They were on the street outside of the cafe, and the man was handing the fluffy girl into a bus, when the waiter Jim touched him on the shoulder. The girl gave a gasp of fear when she saw him, and her companion turned fiercely. The waiter, however, attempted no violence. He only said in a very loud voice: "Look here, you didn't stick to the bargain. You hit too hard, and if you don't give me another five bob I'll have you pinched."

An Absent Minded Beggar.

A very irritable and absent-minded man left the Waikato last week to attend the races at Ellerslie. In order that he might have enough money to pay his hotel bill he tied a sovereign in the corner of his handkerchief. In the train he drew his handkerchief from his pocket and noticed the knot in the corner. "Now," he said to himself, "what was it I wished to remember?" Much thought failed to enlighten him upon the point, and at last, in a fit of passion he hurled the handkerchief out of the window. Then he remembered.

Did She Misjudge Him?

"As you know," said Winkleton to his wife, who sat calmly engaged in the intricacies of a half-completed sofa pillow, "I am not of a jealous disposition. I noticed at the dancing club last night that young Dribbton paid you marked attention. I have been thinking over the matter since then and I am glad to say that I have no petty feelings upon the subject. I have seen some men who would have been furious over even such a small matter as this, but I am glad to say that the whole evening I wasn't ruffled. It is a pleasure I may say a source of great satisfaction—for me to know that I am broad minded enough to ignore a thing like this. Indeed, it was really a delight for me to know that you are such an attractive woman. I should, I believe, have some secret chagrin—my pride would be touched—if you failed to attract any notice from other men. I really don't think, my dear, that there is one particle of jealousy in my whole nature." "I am glad to hear you say that," smiled Mrs Winkleton in reply. "No doubt I have misjudged you, but I did think that possibly you were annoyed by Mr Dribbton." "Never!" said Winkleton, firmly; "never! Such a thing did not occur to me. At the same time I don't mind saying this," and his voice rose at a bound from 70deg. Fahrenheit to 180 in the shade, "if he goes one step further, or even dares to repeat the smallest fraction of his odious attentions to you of last evening I'll horsewhip him within an inch of his life!"

Can You Do This?

Two men in a cafe were discussing a gift by a noted millionaire of a large sum of money to found a college chair of psychology. "What is psychology, anyway?" asked one; "It's the study of the mind, of the soul," said the other. "What's the good of that?" asked the sceptic. "A great deal of use," answered his companion. "I have studied it to some extent myself, and can detect a weak-minded man from a strong-minded one by a simple test. For instance, if I can make you say 'fourteen' against your will you lack will power. Will you let me try it on you?" "I believe I can make you say it." "Make me say 'fourteen' against my will? You can't do it. Fire away!" And this is the way the test worked:—A: How much are six and four? B: Ten. A: How much are eight and three? B: Eleven. A: How much are nine and seven? B: Sixteen. A. (triumphantly): Aha! There, you said it. I knew you would. B. (indignantly): Said what? A: Sixteen. B: But 'fourteen' was the word we chose for the test. A. (coolly): Well, you've said it now, anyway.

About Marriage Superstitions.

There are many superstitions connected with marriage, and among the quaintest are the following:—The bride who dreams of fairies on the night before her wedding will be thrice blessed. The bridegroom who carries a miniature horseshoe in his pocket will always be lucky. The finding of a spider on the wedding-gown by a bride is considered a sure sign of happiness to come. Never give a telegram to a bride or bridegroom on the way to the church. It is a sure omen to evil. If during the marriage-ceremony the wedding-ring falls down, the bride's fate will not be an enviable one.

A Maori M.D.

Mr. Maui Pomare, a clever young Maori, who was educated in New Zealand, but afterwards went to America and passed the medical examinations, is now in Wellington, and is applying for registration as a doctor. His admission to practice will be allowed by the medical faculty, and it is expected that he will start medical work amongst his people.

A Hard Fact.

Here is a fact—and facts are stubborn things. About three years ago a tree on a property adjoining the Masterton racecourse was blown over. During the gale of last week the self-same tree was lifted bodily from the ground and restored to its original position. We have the utmost respect for the author of this story. He is a regular church-goer, upright in all his dealings, and withal renowned for his veracity. It is hoped, therefore, that those who may be incredulous will visit the locality and examine the tree for themselves. We have not done so.

A Matter of £.s.d.

"Before I agree to undertake your defence," said the lawyer, who had been called in, "you will have to be perfectly frank with me and tell me the whole truth. Did you embezzle the £500 you are accused of having taken?" "Yes, sir," replied the accused man. "I'll not attempt to conceal the fact from you. I stole every penny of it." "How much of it have you left?" "It's all gone but about ten pounds." "Young man," said the eminent lawyer, putting on his gloves, "you'd better plead guilty and throw yourself on the mercy of the court." "I'll do it if you say so, sir. What are you going to charge me for the advice?" "Ten pounds."

Lunching on the Vicar.

Many sacrifices are made by church clergymen, but few can approach the unselfishness of the vicar of St. Andrew's, Congresbury. In an account of the church Sunday-school outing we read in the "Weston-super-Mare Gazette":

On their arrival at Weston the young folks thoroughly enjoyed themselves until 12.30, when they were provided with a substantial meat lunch on the vicar, the Rev. Maunsell Eyre, and at 4.30 tea was partaken of.

Several missionaries have provided lunches for cannibal islands, but this is the first instance we believe in England.

A Difficult Word to Say.

He was a most worthy young man with a fondness for discussing sociological and moral questions, and once started on his hobby he could scarcely be headed in any other direction. He had been quite devoted in his attention to one young woman for as much as six months, but she had been unable to bring him to his senses, though she was willing to confess that she had tried repeatedly to do so. Of course she had done it in the delicate ways women have in those matters, but what he needed was a club. Not a great while ago he was calling as usual, and as usual he was neglecting sentiment for something that only made a girl tired. This time he was moralising on the temptations of life and the proneness of people to yield without making the proper effort against them in whatever form they might appear. "However," he said in conclusion, displaying a commendable spirit of charity for the weak, "it is a very difficult thing for anyone to say 'No.'" Here was an unexpected chance for her. "And conversely," she responded slowly so he

could get the full force of it. "It should be very easy for one to say 'Yes.'" He looked her straight in the eyes at last, and a hush fell upon the scene. "Um-er-um," he hesitated. "Miss Kate, am I a chump?" It is very difficult for one to say 'No,'" she said with a pretty little smile, and later she found it quite easy to say "Yes."—Washington "Star."

A Neat Compliment.

Dorothy came home the other day with gratified vanity stamped all over her. To the eager inquirers as to the reason for this unusual condition she finally replied: "I've had a compliment—not one of your everyday affairs that any stupid man can say, but an original one. I was just told that seeing me was like eating soup with a fork, it was so hard to get enough of it. Do you wonder that I feel pleased with myself, as well as with the maker of such a compliment?"

OBJECT LESSON IN GRATITUDE.

Miss Drusilla Cunningham, of Selwyn-street, Onehunga, Auckland, is the heroine of a remarkable report in a local newspaper. Sincerity and truth (says this reporter) were the predominant notes of Miss Cunningham's story, and she impressed upon me her earnest desire for the full facts to be published in the interests of the public.

A native of Onehunga, and 18 years of age, she is a type of young lady happily not uncommon in this country, in whom great kindness of disposition is allied with a large fund of common sense. About two years ago she experienced grave cause for alarm

owing to a chest weakness which resulted in bronchitis, and later on consumption. She was afflicted with a hacking cough, and night sweats, which left her so weakened that in the morning she felt utterly helpless. She became thin and emaciated, and her coughing frequently brought up blood. Medical men attended her for six months. One doctor gave up the case as hopeless, saying galloping consumption had affected her. Then she tried many so-called remedies without obtaining permanent benefit. One day she noticed Dr. Williams' pink pills advertised, and commenced them. The strength so necessary to a recovery was gradually gained, and her blood became rich and red. When she had finished four boxes she began to put on flesh, and found herself free from the terrible symptoms of consumption. She is confident the Dr. Williams' pink pills alone effected this change, and she heartily recommends them to all sufferers.

Many people think consumption incurable, but it is not incurable at every stage; nor is every case pronounced by doctors incurable by ordinary medicine without hope if Dr. Williams' pink pills, which are "not" ordinary medicine, are used. (Miss Cunningham's case proves this). Dr. Williams' pink pills cure consumption by replacing the lost blood and increasing the resistant power of the lungs. They are a true tonic, a safeguard against influenza, and a cure for its effects; rheumatism, neuralgia, sciatica, skin eruptions, paralysis, ladies' ailments, loss of manly strength yield to the genuine pills, which always bear the full name in red on the white wrapper. Sold by chemists and storekeepers, and the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Wellington, three shillings per box, six boxes sixteen and six; post free.

THE LITTLE SOLDIERS IN YOUR BLOOD.

The part which the corpuscles of the blood play in making good the loss occasioned to the body by wear and tear, and in carrying off the effete or worn-out material, has been compared to the part played by a soldier. The corpuscles of pure blood are our soldier-friends, who repair the worn-out tissues of the body, and fight against disease-germs. The first condition for good health is pure blood, and that can only be obtained and kept by taking pure food and drink.

Adulterated food-stuffs and drinks are the pests of the modern market, and all too often health considerations are sacrificed to apparent cheapness. If you would have a pure drink, take cocoa; but let it be a pure cocoa, such as Van Houten's, which is highly digestible, extremely soluble, and of most delicious taste. It is cheap, too, for it costs less than a farthing a cup.

It is easily made; it has an attractive aroma; and it contains more nourishment than an equal quantity of the best beef-tea.

**BE SURE YOU TRY
VAN HOUTEN'S Eating CHOCOLATE.**

Milkmaid

BRAND

Milk

Full Cream.



Largest Sale in the World.

Sports and Pastimes.

TURF FIXTURES.

November 21, 22—Coromandel Racing Club
 November 22, 24—Wellington Racing Club
 November 22, 23—Dunedin Jockey Club
 November 24—Mercury Bay Racing Club.
 November 24, December 1—Takapuna Jockey Club
 December 3 and 12—Otahuhu Trotting Club Spring.
 December 24, 25, January 1, 2—Auckland Racing Club
 December 26—Bay of Plenty Jockey Club
 December 26, 27—Glennies Racing Club
 December 26, 27—Taranaki Jockey Club
 December 26, 27—Thames Jockey Club
 January 1, 2—Hawke's Bay Jockey Club
 January 29, 30, February 2—Takapuna Jockey Club
 April 8, 9, 12—Auckland Racing Club
 April 20, 24—Auckland Jockey Club
 May 24, 25—Takapuna Jockey Club Winter
 June 8, 10, 12—A.R.C. North N.Z. Grand National Meeting

DATES OF COMING EVENTS

November 23—Otago Cup
 December 26—Auckland Cup
 January 1—Great Northern Derby
 January 2—A.R.C. Royal Stakes
 January 22—Wellington Cup
 January 29—Takapuna Cup
 February 20—Eskmont Cup
 February 27—Dunedin Cup

NOTES BY MONITOR.

AUCKLAND RACING CLUB SPRING MEETING.

FIRST DAY.

The Auckland Racing Club were favoured with glorious weather for the opening day's racing of their Spring Carnival, which took place on Friday last. There was a very large attendance of the public present to witness the sport, and everything passed off in a very satisfactory manner. The course was in splendid order, and the lawn during the afternoon looked exceedingly pretty, for the many costumes worn by the ladies furnished a most picturesque sight, which was quite in keeping with the beautiful spring day which marked the inauguration of the season. Major Banks occupied the responsible position as judge, while Mr. Geo. Cutts was in his usual place at the barrier, and in almost every case got his fields away well together.

Speculation proved brisk throughout, the sum of £10,042 going through the machine as against £6,873 on the corresponding day held last year. Proceedings opened with the President's Handicap, for which Balbirnie was in great request, while Swiftfoot and the Pajakura pair, Donnybrook and Defender, were well supported. The race was a good one, and fell to the little thought-of Motor, who held a good position throughout, winning by half a length from Matamatarakiki, while Volee was a neck further away. The winner returned the useful dividend of £32 6/- to his 27 admirers.

The Great Northern Guineas of 500 sovs. followed, for which a field of eight turned out to try conclusions. The two which received consistent support were Beddington and Val Rosa, the first-named being made a strong favourite. The race calls for little description, for after Lady Aron, Zealous, and Rosiphene had made play for the first seven furlongs of the journey, the favourite could be seen making his way to the head of affairs, which advantage he held until the judge's box was reached, the Seaton Delaval horse passing it three lengths ahead of Formula, while Zealous was a length farther back.

Then came the Welcome Stakes, and for this nine youngsters turned out to do battle. Mr. J. T. Ryan's chestnut colt Nonette was the popular choice, and the son of Seaton Delaval was supported in real earnest, while of the others Maroon and Gold received most attention of backers. The start was a poor one, and Kissaline whipping round as the barrier flew up was left at the post. The colours of Sparkling Water were the first to show out, closely followed by Green and Gold, while the rest of the field were bunched. As they entered the straight the favourite was seen to be coming through the field, and when the lawn rails were reached Nonette was in command, and, coming on in great style, the chestnut ran home a

winner by fully three lengths in front of Green and Gold, while Gladys May was in third place.

The First Handicap Hurdles followed, and for this eight horses were sent into the starter's hands. Bellman was made a slightly better favourite than the visiting horse Troubadour, while with the exception of Straybird and Tahaka, the rest were all evenly supported. Cannogate and Bellman were first into their stride, and the pair led the field over the first hurdle, but as they came past the distance Hylas was racing the Waikato-owned gelding for the lead, the remainder of the field, with the exception of Tahaka, who had distodged his rider at the second obstacle, being close handy. Bellman was again in the van until rounding the bend for home, when Cannogate was seen to be coming through very fast, and, catching the leader in the straight, came on and won in a very hollow fashion by nearly five lengths, while Hylas was two or three lengths in front of Bellman.

The Shorts Handicap was the next item on the card, and for this a good field of 15 lined up behind the barrier. Hohoro was made favourite, and the bay son of Tasman fully justified the confidence placed in him by defeating the opposition in great style. Second place was filled by the little-thought-of Takapuna, while the veteran Telephone was in third position.

The Prince of Wales Handicap was the next event to which backers had to direct their attention. Coronet was the fancied one, while Bluejacket was next in request, all the others being very evenly supported on the machine. The race was a good one, and fell to Mr. J. T. Ryan's chestnut mare La Gloria, who held a good position throughout the contest, finally winning by a couple of lengths from Coronet, who finished half a length in front of Bluejacket.

Eleven runners went out to contest the First Pony Handicap, and of these Mara was elected a slightly better favourite than Nora on the machine. Pipiharaurua was first away, closely followed by Mara, with the rest of the field close up. Going through the cutting Mara was ahead of Mr. Tooman's gelding, and this order was maintained until the straight was reached, when Blue Paul put in his claim, and, wearing Pipiharaurua down in the last few strides, ran home a winner by fully a length while Brookland finished third.

The concluding event was the Flying Handicap, for which a field of ten carried silk. Hohoro was the popular pick, while St. Peter also came in for a fair share of support. The field was sent off to a fair start, Knight of Athol and Okoari being most conspicuous at the commencement. When the Derby stand was reached the favourite shot out from the field with a great rattle, and coming on full of running won by fully a length from Hastings, while Cuirassette was a similar distance away third.

SECOND DAY.

The A.R.C. were again greeted with beautifully fine weather for their second day's racing, which took place on Saturday. The attendance, of course, was not so large as on the preceding day, although it is estimated there were between four and five thousand people present to witness proceedings, which passed off very pleasantly, not a hitch occurring throughout the programme.

Colonel Banks was in his usual place as judge, while Mr. Geo. Cutts had charge of the starting machine. Speculation proved brisk during the day, the sum of £8,073 going through the totalisator, which gives a grand total of £18,115 for the two days' gathering.

The programme opened with the Spring Handicap, nine out of the ten figuring on the card going to the post. St. Peter was made favourite, while Zealous, Dayntree, and Laeti's were all evenly supported. Immediately the barrier rose Dayntree's colours were the first to show out, closely followed by Formula, Motor, and St. Peter. This order was maintained until the

straight was reached, when St. Peter made a forward move, and coming through in great style, he ran home a winner a length in front of Zealous, while Formula was in third place.

The Handicap Hurdle Race followed, and for this Tim was a very strong order on the machine. The public were again right in their selection, for the Woodbroker gelding won the race in good style from Drum Major, who came with a fast run in the straight, while Bellman occupied third place.

For the Musket Stakes ten youngsters turned out to contest the 200 sovereigns race. Nonette carried by far the most money on the machine, while of the others to receive support were Kissaline, Rattler, Maroon and Gold, and Scotty. The start was not a good one, the field moving off in a ragged order. After Liquidator had made play until the straight was entered, the favourite was seen to make a forward move, and running through the bunch at a great rattle, the Seaton Delaval colt had them all in trouble, finally winning very comfortably by a length from Kissaline, while Rattler finished third.

The big event of the day, the City Handicap, followed, and for this a field of ten donned silk. La Gloria was sorted out as the one most likely to score, and she carried by far the most weight of gold. The field were let off to a splendid start, St. Ursula's colours being most prominent, but it was not for long, for when the field reached the main stand Beddington and Coronet were in the van, while the rest of the field were all well up together. When the home turn was reached La Gloria was on terms with the leaders, and coming on in great style, she drew away from the field, passing the judge's box two lengths in front of Firefly, while Battleaxe was third.

The Handicap Steeplechase followed, a field of seven going to the post. Once again the public were right in their selection, for they made a very warm favourite of Cannogate, who ran a good race throughout, finally winning by five lengths from the Napier-owned Tally-ho, who finished three lengths in front of Dingo.

Then came the Maiden Plate, for which a field of eight lined up behind the Barrier. Balbirnie made most of the running for the first part of the journey, when Volee joined issue, with the rest of the field well up together. Messrs Duder's mare showed the way across the top stretch, and was first into the straight, but here Minerve made a move forward, and coming on very gamely she secured a two lengths victory from Volee, while Regulus was a neck farther back.

For the Pony Handicap there were a dozen starters. The Slave being most in request, while all the others, with the exception of Miamo, were very evenly supported. Brookland and The Slave were the first to commence, closely followed by Classman. This order was maintained for the greater part of the journey, when Cuisine put in her claim, and coming very fast in the last few strides, just defeated Classman by half a length, while Myrene finished in third place.

Proceedings were brought to a close with the running of the Ellerslie Handicap. Hohoro was the fancied one, while Rosella also came in for a good deal of favour. Immediately the barrier flew on Dayntree and Rosella were the first to show out, but they had not travelled far before Cuirassette and Okoari joined issue. When the straight was entered St. Peter closed up, but here the favourite put in his claim, and never left the issue in doubt, finally winning by two lengths from Dayntree.

CANTERBURY JOCKEY CLUB'S JUBILEE MEETING.

FOURTH DAY.

The Canterbury Jockey Club's Jubilee Metropolitan Meeting was brought to a conclusion on Saturday last. The weather was fine, though the dust bend was greatly in evidence throughout the day. The attendance was large and the totalisator latest

ments amounted to £16,250, making a grand total of £69,943 for the four days' gathering. The first race to come up for decision was the Port Cooper Hurdle Race, for which Zither was made a very warm favourite. The race calls for little description, for the Flageolet gelding won from start to finish, being in the van throughout. Zither was sold prior to the race to Mr. A. G. Holmes for 225 sovereigns.

The Gressy Welter Handicap followed, for which a good field of 17 turned out. The winner turned up in Mr. W. G. Stead's brown gelding Magnificent, who came through at the distance, and though challenged by Terrain and Peccary, held his own under pressure, and won by a length and a half. The winner returned a dividend of £17 15/6.

Then came the Pioneer Handicap, a five furlong futter for two-year-olds. There were nine competitors including three of Mr. Stead's, who were bracketed on the machine. Red Gauntlet was first away, but was soon overhauled by Field Battery and Royal Artillery. Antgone showed up prominently at the half distance, but Royal Artillery then shot to the front and ran home a winner by fully two lengths.

For the Jubilee Cup of 500 sovs. there were only four contestants. Advance was made a red hot favourite, money being piled on to the son of Vanguard. The race lay between Formosa and Advance from the rise of the barrier. The former led to the five furlong mark, when Advance ran up to him and the two ran into the straight side by side. The pair had not gone far when Advance raced to the front, and holding his own won by a length and a half.

The Exhibition Handicap followed, and for this ten sported silk. Pampero was made favourite, while the rest of the field were fairly evenly supported. Ostiak was first into the straight, but here the favourite put in his claim, and stalling off a challenge thrown out by Malatua. Pampero ran home a winner by two lengths in front of the Malua horse.

For the Randolph Handicap, a five furlong dash, money was piled on to Blazer. That the public were right in their choice was fully justified by the manner in which the son of St. Clair won his race. Blazer was in command as they ran into the straight, and from thenceforward never left the issue in doubt, winning very easily by a clear length from Goldspur, while Tzaritsa was third.

Another five furlong race followed, this being the Seymour Selling Race, which was contested by a field of 13 runners. Cora Linn was made favourite, and the public were again right in their selection, for the speedy daughter of Foulshot had but small difficulty in placing the race to her credit, she being in the van throughout the whole journey.

The curtain was rung down on the meeting with the running of the Farewell Handicap, for which a dozen went out to try conclusions. Dundas was at the head of affairs until the straight was entered, when Cameo came very fast from the half distance, and won by a length. The winner returned the good dividend of £20 4/- to her supporters.

VICTORIA RACING CLUB'S SPRING MEETING.

The V.R.C. concluded their Spring meeting at Flemington on Saturday last. The weather was beautifully fine, and in consequence the attendance of the public was very large.

Proceedings opened with the Spring Stakes, for which Clean Sweep was backed down to 8 to 1 on a field of three. Vides led to the seven furlong post, where the favourite took command. The latter challenged the Melbourne Cup winner vigorously below the distance, Clean Sweep, however, finished gamely, and won by a length.

The Flemington Stakes for two-year-olds followed. This was annexed by Mr. W. Leonard's bay gelding Cadenas by Padlock-Portia, who defeated the favourite Manlock by three-quarters of a length. The time taken to run the five furlongs was 1:23sec.

The big race of the day, the V.R. Handicap, came next, and for this La Carabine started favourite at 4 to 1. The race was a good one, and at the distance the favourite shot out, and coming along strongly, La Carabine won by a length and three-quarters from Aliz, while Tarquin finished third.

The Cup Steeplechase followed, the

an-Aucklander Ditto going out favourite at 1 to 1. The race, however, fell to The Duke, who took command half way up the straight, and coming on very gamely won by two lengths from Glendower, while Euro finished half-a-length further back. The time taken to run the three miles was 6.33sec.

For the C.B. Fisher Plate, Maister was in strong request, and the son of Bill of Portland was supported down to 4 to 1 on. Merriwee was first away, followed by Wait-a-Bit and Tarquin. At the home turn Maister assumed command, and drawing away, the favourite won easily by two lengths, a length and a half separating Tarquin and Wait-a-Bit.

The Aidful Stakes which followed was taken by the favourite Beamba, who started at an even money chance. Beamba, who is a brown filly by Wallace from Emmie, led all the way and won by three lengths.

The final Handicap terminated the bill of fare, and for this a good field of 15 turned out. The winner turned up in Auld Lang Syne, who came with a great rattle at the finish and won easily by two lengths and a half from Bromocoe, while Nitre was only a nose further back in third place.

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To-day (Wednesday) the A.R.C. will conclude their spring meeting at Ellerslie, and with favourable weather conditions there should be a bumper attendance to witness the racing. There are the usual eight events to be decided, and the first race, the Maiden Hurdles, is timed to start at 1 o'clock. In this event Marksman or Tahaka should have something to say at the finish. The chief event will be the Ascot Handicap, over 1 1/2 miles, and for this I like Hohoro or The Needle. The Nursery Handicap—a four-furlong flutter, may go to Kissalina. In the Hunt Club Cup Woodcock may have most to say in the finish. Cannonage should be hard to beat in the Tally-ho Steeplechase, while the Publican's Handicap may be won by Okoari or Dayntree.

Among our illustrations will be found an excellent picture of New Zealand's champion racehorse, Advance. It will be remembered this four-year-old son of Vanguard and Laurel placed several important races to his credit last season, most of his victories being scored in a very hollow fashion. His latest achievements were obtained at the Canterbury Jockey Club's Jubilee meeting last week, when the black horse placed the Canterbury and Exhibition Cups to his credit. Advance is raced by Mr. Douglas Gordon, and is trained by T. Prosser, of Porirua, Wellington.

The other picture shown is that of Cannongate, who placed a couple of jumping events to his credit at the A.R.C. meeting last week. On the opening day Cannongate won the Hurdle Race in good style, and the following day he was sent out to contest the Steeplechase. This was Cannongate's initial attempt in public over country, and by the manner in which he jumped the big country gives one the impression that he will be quite capable of placing many a cross-country race to his credit before the season closes.

During the week the cable gave us the result of the Liverpool Autumn Cup. This fell to Fabulist, by St. Florian—Chance, while Japonica and Good Luck filled the other places. At the same meeting the ex-Australian horse Old Clo, by Lochiel—Tatters, won the Omerod Plate.

The Needle's name prior to the A.R.C. meeting was whispered about by many of the knowing ones as having a mortgage over one of the big handicaps at the gathering. The son of Brigadier was a competitor in both the Prince of Wales' and City Handicaps last week, and although well supported never once did he show to advantage at any part of the race. The Needle has been awarded 7.10 in the Ascot Handicap, run to-day, and he may make amends for his recent bad display by annexing the 1 1/2 mile event.

Hohoro was in fine form at the Ellerslie gathering last week. On the opening day the bay son of Tasman placed to his credit, while on the second day he won the Ellerslie Handicap, carrying 9.12 to victory in great style. In all three races Hohoro had top weight, and started favourite on the machine. If given a run in the Ascot Handicap to-day Mr. Lovatt's horse will no doubt have a big say in the settlement of the question.

Mr. J. T. Ryan's mare La Gloria placed the two principal handicaps to her credit at the A.R.C. meeting last week. On the opening day the daughter of St. Leger carried 7.5 to victory in a very easy manner, and although given an additional 15lbs to carry in the City Handicap on the second day, the chestnut mare scored another very easy win from the opposition. La Gloria is a four-year-old, by St. Leger from Charente, and it will be remembered she distinguished herself last season by winning the Auckland Guineas. She was bred by the Messrs. Nathan at Sylvia Park, and was picked up very cheaply by her present owner.

At the Carterton races, held on Friday last, the chief event, the Wairapa Cup, fell to Whario, who defeated Oracle by four lengths, and returned a dividend of £15 18/. The Prince of Wales' Handicap was taken by Regret, with Transval and Field Trick in the places.

Messrs R. and E. Duder's brown colt Takapuna was very nearly bringing off a surprise at Ellerslie on Friday last in the Shorts Handicap. Takapuna made a great effort to get up to Hohoro, but had to put up with a three parts defeat from the Tasman gelding. The North Shore horse was paying a nice price on the machine.

By placing the Welcome and Musket Stakes to his credit at the A.R.C. meeting last week, Nonette proved himself to be a colt of a very high order. In the first named event there were nine competitors, and the chestnut defeated them in good style at the right end, while in the Musket Stakes on Saturday the colt did not get away any too well, but before the lawn rails were reached he was seen to be coming very fast, and ran home a winner by a clear length. Nonette was bred at Sylvia Park, and is by Seaton Delaval from Charente. He is picked up by his present owner, Mr J. T. Ryan, for 105 guineas at the Messrs Nathan's sale.

A mare called Miss Childe annexed the Ladies' Bracelet, a two mile trot at the New Zealand Metropolitan Trotting Meeting last week and paid the sensational dividend of £206 4/. A protest for inconsistent running was dismissed, but the stakes and totalisator investments were impounded, pending an appeal to the Association.

Motor, who annexed the President's Handicap on Friday last, is a fine upstanding brown colt, by Hotchkiss from Mantilla, and is owned by Mr T. B. Bell. Motor returned a very decent price on the machine, the dividend being 32 6/. It is stated the stable fully anticipated the colt's victory in the mile race.

On Monday last Mr J. O. Evett declared the weights for the chief events at the Wellington Racing Club's Spring Meeting, which opens on the 22nd of November. In the principal event, the Wellington Handicap, Advance is at the top of the poll with 10.12, and despite this impost, should Vanguard's speedy son be sent to the post, he is sure to have a large following. Others who stand out prominently are Ideal 8.8, and Miss Delaval 8.8. In the Flying Handicap Jabber heads the list with 10.0 opposite his name.

Hastings and Brilliant were both run in winkers at the Ellerslie gathering.

The Hon. J. D. Ormond headed the list of winning owners at the recent C.J.C. Jubilee Meeting; the Napier sportsman's cheque amounting to £1595, which was chiefly won by Ideal and Renown. Mr G. G. Stead was next on the list with £1535, while Mr D. Gordon came third with £930, which was accounted for by the aid of Advance.

Clean Sweep, the Melbourne Cup winner, placed another race to his credit on the concluding day of the V.R.C. meeting. This was in the Spring Stakes, over 1 1/2 miles, in which Mr Forrester's black colt carried 8.10, and won by a length and a half. The time taken to run the journey was 2m 3 1/4s.

Clark's World-Famed Blood Mixtures.—The new Blood Cleanser that science and medical skill have brought to light. Sufferers from Scrofula, Scurvy, Eczema, Bad Legs, Skin and Blood Diseases, Pimples and Sores of any kind are selected 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.

CRICKET.

UNITED V. PONSONBY.

This match was continued on Saturday the conclusion being rather abrupt as Ponsonby, batting only eight men, collapsed in the second innings. United, who had at the close of play the previous week 125 runs on the board for the loss of eight wickets, immediately closed their second innings, and in a little over an hour disposed of their opponents for fifty runs. White and Kemp were the only Ponsonby batsmen who succeeded in obtaining double figures, the former getting 13 and the latter 17 by careful cricket. Sloman (4 for 23) and Stemoan (3 for 26) did the bowling for United. United thus won by 167 runs.

Table with 2 columns: Innings, Runs. United First Innings: 153. Second Innings (declared closed): 125. Ponsonby First Innings: 61. Second Innings: 5.

Table with 4 columns: Batsman, Runs, Wickets, Balls. United bowlers: Sloman (12 for 26), Stemoan (11 for 22), A. E. Sloman (3 for 4).

Table with 4 columns: Batsman, Runs, Wickets, Balls. Ponsonby bowlers: White (13 for 13), S. S. S. (9 for 9), Kemp (17 for 17), J. Clarke (9 for 9), A. Service (8 for 8), Robertson (8 for 8), R. Plummer (7 for 7), Wallace (5 for 5), Extras (1 for 1).

AUCKLAND V. GORDON.

Less than half an hour's play saw the finish of this game on Saturday. Gordon, with eight wickets down for 66, continued their innings, J. Secombe and Moore-Jones facing the bowling of R. Neill and W. Clayton. The first-named batsman started to score at a great pace, and knocked up 29 runs without his partner scoring at all. He was then well caught in the long field off R. Neill, who then finished off the game by clean bowling Moore-Jones with his next ball, leaving Auckland victorious by an innings and 83 runs. Neill was the most successful bowler for Auckland, capturing eight wickets for 59 runs.

Table with 4 columns: Batsman, Runs, Wickets, Balls. Auckland bowlers: Neill (8 for 59), Clayton (11 for 27), Shepherd (5 for 9).

Table with 4 columns: Batsman, Runs, Wickets, Balls. Gordon bowlers: Neill (11 for 3), Clayton (3 for 27), Shepherd (5 for 9).

LAST YEAR'S REPS. V. NEXT TWELVE.

To aid the selection committee in their task of choosing a team for the Southern tour, a match was played on Friday and Saturday between last year's reps. and the next twelve. Several players were unable to take part in the game, but the majority of those with any claim to be included in the rep. team turned up, and a good game resulted. The Reps. batted first, and with the exception of D. Hay none of the team did anything exceptional with the bat, and the innings closed for 235. Of this total Hay obtained 132, and his display of batting was really first class. Dug. scored freely all round the wicket, and treated the bowlers, with the exception of Resteau, with scant courtesy. Of the other batsmen, I. Mills (22), Elliot (17), and H. B. Lusk (15) shaped fairly well for their runs. The Twelve, in their first innings, scored 239, thus heading the Reps. by four runs. The finish was quite an exciting one, as when the eleventh man came in more than twenty runs were required, but Resteau, who is not generally considered a run-getting bat, manfully sided Quentery in obtaining the required number. The batting of the Twelve was most consistent, eight men reaching double figures. P. Hay (52) was the highest scorer, and he obtained his runs by free hitting. The best innings on the side, however, was that played by Quentery, and his score of 36 (not out) was thoroughly well deserved, and his display of cricket one of the best seen on the Domain this season. In the second innings the Reps. went in for hitting, which did

not prove very successful, as at the close of play they had lost five wickets for 53 runs.

Table with 4 columns: Batsman, Runs, Wickets, Balls. Last Year's Representatives bowlers: Lusk (25 for 25), Kallender (8 for 8), Elliot (17 for 17), Hay (123 for 123), Clayton (12 for 12), Mills (23 for 23), Stemoan (15 for 15), Marshall (1 for 1), Ohlson (1 for 1), Neill (6 for 6), G. Quentery (6 for 6), G. G. Greville (4 for 4), Extras (12 for 12).

Table with 4 columns: Batsman, Runs, Wickets, Balls. Bowling Analysis for Last Year's Representatives: Resteau (23 for 44), Sloman (14 for 24), Hay (14 for 24), McCormick (4 for 24), Stemoan (1 for 24), Clayton (5 for 24), Hay (1 for 10).

Table with 4 columns: Batsman, Runs, Wickets, Balls. Next Twelve bowlers: Elliot (3 for 3), Neill (4 for 4), Kallender (2 for 2), Clayton (12 for 12), Lusk (15 for 15), Stemoan (15 for 15), Mills (16 for 16), Extras (23 for 23).

Table with 4 columns: Batsman, Runs, Wickets, Balls. Bowling Analysis for Next Twelve: Clayton (23 for 23), Nicholson (19 for 19), Marshall (23 for 23), Ball (11 for 11), Hall (12 for 12), McCormick (12 for 12), Quentery (5 for 5), Hay (5 for 5), Sloman (3 for 3), Resteau (14 for 14), Robinson (9 for 9), Stewart (1 for 1), Extras (23 for 23).

Table with 4 columns: Batsman, Runs, Wickets, Balls. Dunedin bowlers: Mills (24 for 24), Stemoan (5 for 5), Neill (5 for 5), Clayton (1 for 1), H. B. Lusk (1 for 1), D. Hay (1 for 1), J.A. Kallender (1 for 1).

Dunedin cricketers have so far this season been very harshly dealt with by the clerk of the weather, and consequently bowlers have had the upper hand.

Scoring was not very heavy in the opening matches of the Wellington season, the wickets being on the slow side and in favour of the bowlers.

Midland v. Phoenix match in the Empire City provided rather an interesting finish. Former club required 53 runs to win, but first six wickets fell in rapid succession, and a collapse appeared imminent. Upham and Hickson, however, got together and knocked up the required runs.

H. B. Lusk started fairly well at Napier by scoring 74 for Napier B against County. Last season this player hardly performed so well as in previous years, and probably he will show up better this summer.

It is reported from Wanganui that from a high hit the ball disappeared below the surface of the ground and six runs were obtained for the lost ball! The Victoria Park must be a nice ground to play on in wet weather.

The first of this season's inter-colonial matches was commenced in Adelaide last Saturday, when Victoria met South Australia. South Australia batted first, and tallied 287 runs. Matthews scoring 79 and Jarvis 67. Neither of the cracks, Hill and Giffen, showed up very prominently with the bat, but Matthews, a young player, showed up really well. Victoria, in their first innings, have scored 245 for the loss of six wickets.

Herr Rassmussen's ALFALINE Herbal Remedies. More marvellously successful and effective than any other. Have been before the Public for OVER FOURTEEN YEARS, and CURED THOUSANDS. For the Blood, Stomach, Nerves, Liver, Rheumatism, Piles, Kidneys, etc. A Special Remedy for each complaint. Send for Book (printed free) containing valuable information and testimonials. Advice Free. Correspondence strictly Confidential. HERR RASSMUSSEN'S DISPENSARY, 51 LAURENCE STREET, WELLINGTON. ONLY PLACE in New Zealand where ALFALINE REMEDIES are obtainable.

LAWN TENNIS.

Recognising that public interest in lawn tennis is daily increasing, we have entered into arrangements to include in the columns of the "Graphic" an interesting and complete series of personal notes, criticisms, reports, and occasional short articles on the tactics of the game during the present season, and as we do not think that a systematic attempt to do this has previously been made by any other paper in New Zealand, we therefore confidently look for the support, not only of players but of all lovers of the game.

NOTES BY VANTAGE.

The proposed visit of a Victorian team to the Championship Meeting at Christchurch in December promises to be the most important event up to the present time in the history of New Zealand lawn tennis. The Association has gracefully thrown all events open to the visitors, and no doubt an inter-colonial match will be played. I understand that Victoria will be represented by Messrs Dunlop, Did-danus, Waters, and another.

I have had the pleasure of playing against Dunlop in a match, and I have no hesitation in saying that he is a shade better than any New Zealand player, although of course he may not be seen to advantage after a long sea trip and under changed conditions.

The veteran player L. D. Harman has won back the Championship of Canterbury, of which he was dispossessed last year by Cox. Harman is not the player he was early in the nineties, the reason being that "anno domini" is becoming apparent, and though he practised hard and consistently, fortune favoured him considerably. In his match with Fisher, the latter was short of practice, and played a most erratic game. Louie who was expected to win the final after putting out A. Wilding, junr, strained his knee and gave Harman a walk over.

Miss Nunneley, who has held the Ladies' Championship of New Zealand for five consecutive years, will arrive in Christchurch about December 15th, and will immediately start hard practice. It is not expected that she will experience much difficulty in retaining her title, though Miss M. Simpson, the winner of the All-Comers event last year is a much improved player, and is slowly but surely closing up the gap that exists between them.

There is a remote chance that C. C. Cox, the ex-champion, will arrive in New Zealand in time to take part in the championships. Cox went to South Africa with the Fourth Contingent, and is now, I understand, trying for a commission in the S.A. Police. If he is unsuccessful in this attempt he will probably return about December 10th. The Canterbury players pinned their faith to Cox last year at Palmerston, and still fancy he did not do himself justice, his down fall at the hands of Peacock coming as a great surprise to all but the cognoscenti.

Were it not for the introduction of an unknown quantity in the shape of the Australians, Auckland might reasonably expect her representatives to bring back the championship banner. If Messrs Nicholson and Gorrice and Messrs Hooper, Parker, and Peacock could all be persuaded to make the trip South. I am sorry to hear, however, that Hooper is not likely to attend the meeting. As I have private advice from Christchurch that the Southerners are looking forward with the greatest interest to his re-appearance on their courts, where he won his first New Zealand championship in 1894, his absence will be a great disappointment, more particularly as we shall not be able to obtain a satisfactory comparison between our best players and the Australians. It is to be hoped that he will reconsider his decision not to go.

The rules for inter-club matches drafted by Mr J. C. Peacock have been submitted to and passed by the delegates to the Association. The dates fixed for the matches are December 15, January 19, and February 9, and each team will be composed of six ladies and six men. Tournament and match play are necessary if young players wish to improve, and the healthy rivalry engendered amongst members competing for the honour of representing their respective clubs in these matches should aid materially in raising the standard of double play in Auckland.

The grounds of the Eden and Epsom Club were thrown open on the Prince of Wales' Birthday, and a large number of members availed themselves of the opportunity to have an enjoyable day's tennis. The lawn looked particularly pretty in the afternoon, when a great many ladies and friends of members were present. The Ladies' Committee kindly provided afternoon tea for visitors and members, and everything passed off very satisfactorily. Among the leading players present were Miss Gorrice, the Misses Stewart, Messrs Hooper, Parker, Vaile, C. Heather, E. Brown, and H. D. Bamford.

Dr. F. W. Coates has been offered the presidency of the Eden and Epsom Club, rendered vacant by the resignation of Mr Heather. The latter gentleman has held this office for fourteen consecutive years, and the leading position of the Club at the present time is in a great measure due to his generous support. In Dr. Coates the Club will secure a most able successor to Mr Heather, and the valuable knowledge he has gained during his extensive connection with the game both at Home and in the colony should prove of the greatest value to the Club.

Mr Eric Rice, who has spent the last year in Christchurch, has returned to Auckland for the long vacation. Judging by his form last Saturday, he is unquestionably a rising player, and will prove an acquisition to the Eden and Epsom team in the inter-club matches.

Another new member of the same club is Mr L. Mair, the champion of Coronand, who has been transferred to Auckland. I have not seen Mr Mair play yet, but from his reputation I should consider he is also safe for a place in the team.

At the annual meeting of the Association the question of encouraging lawn tennis in secondary schools was discussed, and Messrs T. E. Uffill and A. A. Davies were appointed a sub-committee to interview the headmasters of schools in Auckland with the idea of ascertaining their views on the subject. At the next meeting, when the report of the sub-committee was received, Mr P. A. Vaile, the well-known player, who was present, strongly advocated that the movement should include all boys and girls in the Provincial District of Auckland, and further stated that if his suggestion were adopted and satisfactory arrangements could be made, he would offer a gold medal for the winner of the Boys' Championship. Mr A. E. D'Arcy supported Mr Vaile in a few well chosen remarks, and said that he would be pleased to follow with a gold medal, for the girls. The secretary was accordingly instructed to write to all clubs in the district to find out what support the Association might rely on from country clubs.

On last Saturday afternoon. I took advantage of the neatly printed invitation of the West-End club and attended the opening function, which was an unqualified success. The weather was perfect and about 500 people were present to partake of the hospitality of an energetic committee. A first-class band was in attendance to enliven proceedings, and an untiring ladies' committee dispensed afternoon tea, etc., which was much appreciated, especially by the players. The president (Mr C. J. Parr) made a happy speech in declaring the lawn open for the season, and gave a brief history of tennis, which was most interesting. The improvements wrought in the courts were noteworthy, and I could scarcely believe that only two years ago a large uncultivated paddock was the scene of the present courts. The lawns were perfect, and one old player remarked he had not played on better courts in New Zealand. No doubt the committee of the West End club have achieved wonders. This is the result of real hard work. Notwithstanding the great expense incurred by the club the season is opened with a substantial credit balance, thanks to the treasurer (Mr C. H. Jones) whose financial policy has been worthy of a Chancellor of the Exchequer. I was pleased to see a number of old players present, including the popular veteran, C. McMasters, who plays a good game, still, being more than a match for many of the younger players. "Joe" Caldwell was showing promising form, the result of winter practice. "Herb" Gentles was, probably the result of "wrinkles" gained on the Continent last year, John Peacock is the champion of the lawn, and will most likely be Auck-

land's champion this season; perhaps the champion of the colony. His play has improved considerably. My notes concerning the play of the other male members will be continued next week. The membership of the club is, I understand, very strong this season. I noticed a good number of new members. There were a large number of lady members present, though not much play was indulged in by them. I shall have a little to say next week about the play of these.

BOWLING.

The lovers of this popular pastime rolled up in force to their respective greens on Friday, November 9 (Prince of Wales' Birthday). The weather was all that could be desired, and the rinks in splendid condition. The members of the Mt. Eden Club made a new departure by indulging in "Progressive" bowls. Considerable interest was taken in the competition, which resulted in Messrs. Eady and Hudson carrying off the trophies.

At Remuera the "Prince of Wales" trophies were competed for, and after some interesting games the final was fought out between Mr. Laxson's and Mr. G. Court's teams, the latter proving victorious.

Subscription Pours kept the members of the Ponsonby Club busy during the day, the final being won by Mr. T. G. Brown's team.

Play commenced at 9.30 on the Auckland green, and continued throughout the day, the great majority of members lurching on the ground. In the morning "catch" teams competed against one another, while in the afternoon the usual draw took place at 2.30.

Saturday proved another perfect bowlers' day, and full advantage was taken of the fine weather by a good muster on the various greens. Only the usual weekly games were indulged in.

A very pleasant function took place in the Auckland Club's pavilion, at the close of the day's play, on Saturday, when Mr. Alfred Hegman, who had acted as secretary to the Club for the 1899 and 1900 seasons, was made the recipient of a silver tea set and salver, the latter bearing a suitable inscription from the members of the Club. Mr. H. Campbell, ex-president, acted as spokesman for the subscribers, and Mr. Hegman feelingly returned thanks.

As showing the increased hold the game of bowls is securing over the public, the various clubs have this year added between 70 and 80 new members to their lists.

It is estimated by an Australian authority that there are 30,000 bowlers in Australia. In New Zealand the number cannot be far short of 3,000.

ATHLETICS.

Capital nominations have been received for the spring meeting of the A.A.A. and C. Club, the cycle events having filled especially well. Given fine weather on the 24th inst. a most successful gathering is assured.

Both Smith and Rosingrave are reported to be doing splendidly in their training, and by the 24th they ought to be very fit.

Stanley Rowley, the crack Australian sprinter, who has just returned from England, intimates that he will probably give up running. This is a great pity, as first-class sprinters are few and far between in the colonies just now.

It is probable that J. Burion, Queensland's crack sprint runner, will visit this colony for the championship meeting next year. He is very fast, and in the absence of Rowley should have a great chance in the short distances.

What Mrs Bowles Found Out.

A hard thump on one's head may make it ache, but most headaches come without the aid of thumps or bumps. They are caused by poisons in the blood acting on the nerves.

The same is true of pains and lameness in the muscles of the back and sides—including rheumatism and lumbago.

Mrs Bowles will tell us about hers, and how she got over them at last, and a thankful woman she is for it.

"About ten years ago," she says in her letter, "my back and sides used to ache so bad that I was often perfectly helpless and prostrate. Sometimes for weeks continuously I could not raise my hand to any kind of work.

"For the last thirty-five years I have worked at dairying and farming in this district. I am now turned 76 years old and am well known throughout the district.

"When I first felt the pains in my back and chest I went to a chemist, who gave me a plaster to put on. This relieved me slightly for a day or two. Then the pains were as bad as ever. I found out that it was my liver and kidneys that caused the trouble, and was prescribed for by three doctors and a chemist, but no good came of all they did.

"The pains I suffered in trying to pass the secretion from the kidneys were terrible. I could hardly bear them. By this time I was so bad I didn't know what to do or where to turn for help. What would have become of me if it had not been for Mother Seigel's Syrup I dare not think.

"But as a kind Providence ordained it, I saw an advertisement of a case like mine being cured by that medicine, and I got a bottle from a chemist in Muswellbrook. That single bottle relieved me very much, and by continuing to use the Syrup of the good Mother Seigel I got well.

"I now attend to my work as I did before the complaint came upon me—thanks to this remedy that was brought from England to Australia, where it does such a lot of good.

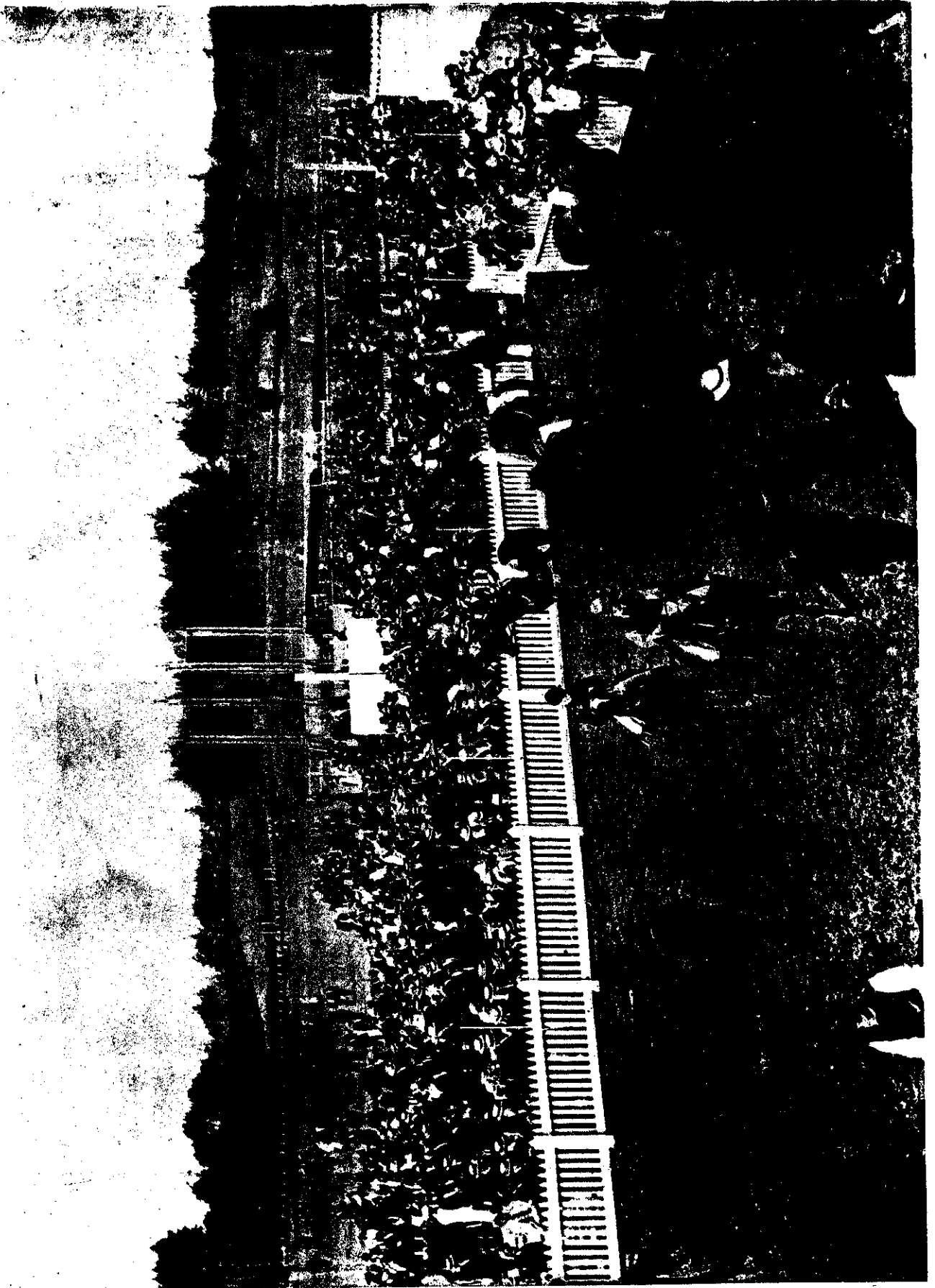
"I kept it all the time in the house, and always near to. And when anybody is ill among my acquaintances or friends I tell them to take Mother Seigel's Syrup, for if anything will cure them that will."—Mrs Mary Bowles, Kayuga, near Muswellbrook, N.S.W., Sept. 21st, 1899.

The character of Mrs Bowles and the truth of the above statement made by her is vouched for by Mr C. J. Spratt, Auctioneer for the Farmers' Association, Muswellbrook, who says she has resided in the district 35 years, and he has known her personally for eight years.

The Best Food for Infants and Invalids in all Climates. ALWAYS READY. NO COOKING REQUIRED.

HORLICK'S FULL NOURISHMENT. PARTLY PREDIGESTED. STERILIZED. PURE MILK, COMBINED WITH WHEAT AND BARLEY MALT. **MALTED MILK.** IN POWDER FORM. **KEEPS INDEFINITELY.** LARGEST SALE IN THE WORLD.

Of all Chemists and Stores.



The Racing Season—Ellerslie Racecourse, Auckland.



Wairond, "Graphic" photo.

FINISH OF SPRING HANDICAP—ST. PETER PASSING THE WINNING POST.



Wairond, "Graphic" photo.

AT THE TOTALISATOR.

Auckland Racing Club's Spring Meeting, Ellerslie.



A CORNER OF THE PADDOCK.



CANNONGATE, WINNER OF FIRST HURDLES AND STEEPLECHASE.



COUNTING HIS WINNINGS.



FINISH OF MUSKET STAKES.



LA GLORIA, WINNER OF THE PRINCE OF WALES' HANDICAP AND THE CITY HANDICAP.



DRUM-MAJOR AND TIM CROSSING FIRST HURDLE—SECOND DAY.



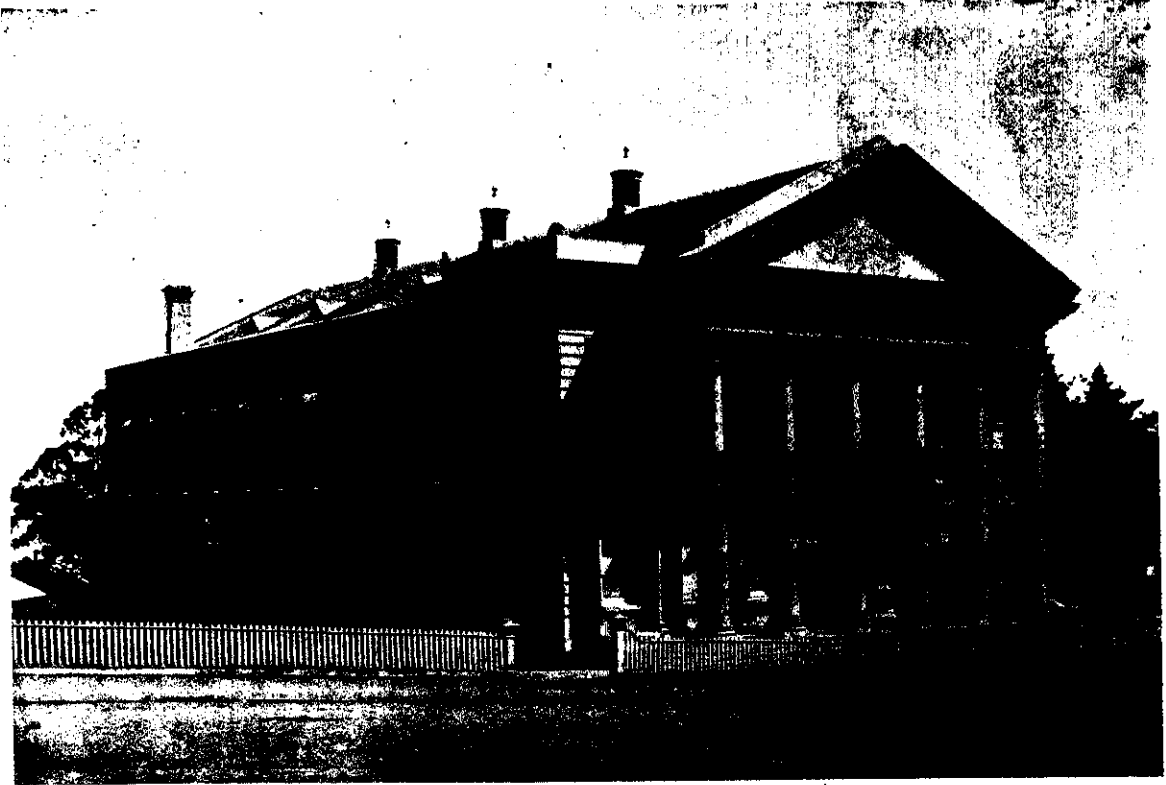
THE STEEPLECHASE—TAKING THE DOUBLE.

Photos by Walrond.



CORONET, SECOND PRINCE OF WALES HANDICAP.

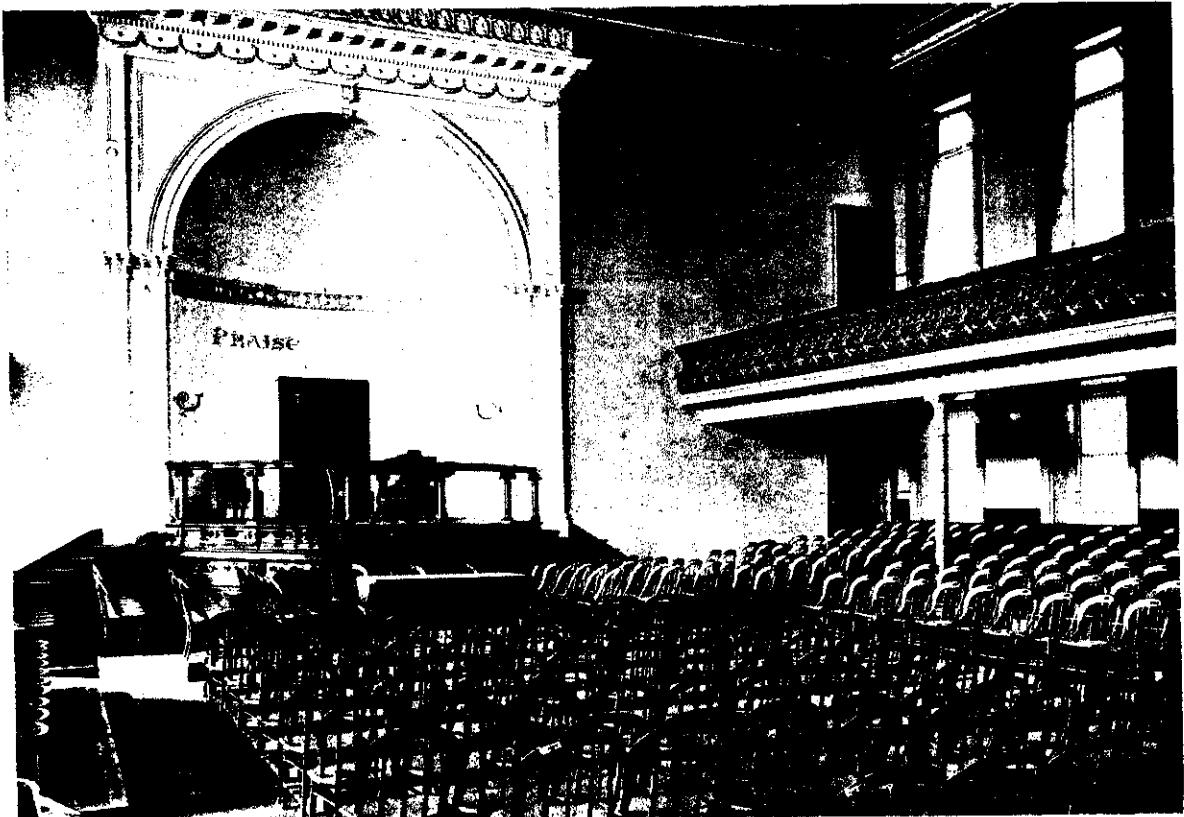
Auckland Racing Club's Spring Meeting, Ellerslie.



Walrond, "Graphic" photo.

EXTERIOR OF BAPTIST TABERNALE, UPPER QUEEN-STREET.

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Walrond, "Graphic" photo.

INTERIOR OF BAPTIST TABERNALE, UPPER QUEEN-STREET.

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Some Auckland Places of Worship.



Waikato, "Graphic" photo.

CHOIR OF BAPTIST TABERNACLE, UPPER QUEEN STREET.

Some Auckland Places of Worship.

CSG

To Those Who Are Married or Are About to Be.

Many an otherwise happy marriage has ended in total failure simply because the young wife has plunged into matrimony without any previous training for her new life and its responsibilities. And unpunctual habits, thoughtless extravagance, lack of forethought and prudence, have combined to bring things to a crisis.

All these pitfalls may be avoided, and the management of the new home will run on oiled wheels and be a model one.

THE FAMILY EXPENSE BOOK.

On starting housekeeping, your first important duty is to buy an account-book and enter all your expenses. A book that holds two years' accounts at once is the most convenient for reference. Never omit to put down every penny spent, if it is only a bunch of parsley.

Pay ready money, when possible, for everything. When impracticable, pay by the week.

Make the tradesmen send in their books weekly, and send a list of goods with everything ordered.

The baker and milkman must put

down daily in a special book what they leave at the door, or you will never be able to check them.

Your husband must give you an allowance, according to his income, which is for your exclusive use, and you must keep an account-book for this separate expenditure.

Make him tell you at once how much he can allow you for house-keeping; portion this out into weeks, and make a rule of never spending the whole of it.

Never run into debt if you haven't the money to spend; go without what you fancy. Don't spend thoughtlessly on useless trifles. Pennies are soon

spent, but have mounted into pounds without your knowledge very soon.

Every husband should insure, not only his life, but his furniture, and he will never live to regret it.

Rainy days and sickness come to all, so if you are wise you will put by something, however small, in the bank week by week.

In warm weather put by month by



MEMBERS OF THE FIRST WAIKATO REGIMENT WHO WERE PRESENT AT RECENT GATHERING OF VETERANS AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE.

Jan. Price, —, Bradley, —, Tapper. Hon. Smith, M.L.C., Colonel W. Fraser, Colonel Curtis, —, Atcherley.



Hartlett, photo.
T. E. DONNE, Traffic Manager, N.Z. Railways.

month what you would have spent in the winter on coals, and if your cellar is big enough, lay in a ton now and then out of this fund when coals are cheap.

This plan can also be followed in buying wood and candles and oil, and saves much in the end.

Never try to live beyond your income. Take a pride in managing to have the best for your money. And do your shopping in person, not by deputy, if you want to save money.

Her Father: Has my daughter given you any encouragement, sir? Sutor: Well, she said you were always a very generous man.



GROUP OF PLAYERS AND VISITORS.



IN FULL PLAY.



THE CHAMPION CROQUET FOURS.

Photos. by Valle.

Opening Day of the Devonport Lawn Tennis and Croquet Club.

Chorus of local Mary Janes on the arrival of MARS

Ah! there's room for a Heart in a chest like that

General Butler inspected the troops selected to proceed to Sydney at Aldershot. The variety of uniform worn was picturesque. H.M. Britannia, which conveys the contingent, will call at Melbourne, Adelaide, Sydney and New Zealand.



A settler at Whangamomona, 50 miles from Stratford, Taranaki, on the road which is to connect Stratford with the Waikato, writes in a very bitter strain to a Taranaki paper concerning the neglected roads and the isolation of the settlers. He says: One bush camp here lived for a week on sawdust and butter, another consisting of five men had nothing whatever for four days but twelve cabin biscuits.

Reports are to hand of a highly sensational encounter between British and Russians in China.

BUSINESS IN CHINA Haul up or "Wind up"



the Akaroa County Council, reported at the last meeting that four persons had passed down the road from the Hill Top House to Barry's Bay beach riding bicycles to which large bunches of trees were attached.

This is not a race for a hundred pounds, it's only some of Auckland's fattest aldermen sweeping the streets on the Akaroa cheap tree branch brake system



WANTED IMMEDIATELY A MUFFIN MAN FOR THE BRICK COUNTRY MUST FIND HIS OWN ROAD APPLY SEDDON & CO. JUNKETERS WELLINGTON



"Le Matin," a leading Parisian newspaper, describes the colonial troops in South Africa as scum, and robbers of the worst kind, especially the Australians.

Naturally! Considering that they robbed the Continental roost of its biggest egg



The police raided a Chinese house in Haining Street last night, and surprised three men in the act of drawing a lottery. About £30 in cash was found on them.



SMITH

OF THE

CARABINEERS.

By FLORENCE WARDEN.

Perhaps it can hardly be said that she was a beauty, but there was something about Mary Gibson which caused most men to take a second look at her.

She was a well shaped, fresh complexioned Kentish girl, with good teeth and laughing black eyes, just the sort of girl, in fact, for whose benefit a soldier draws himself up very straight and passes with his jauntiest swagger. Trooper Smith, stationed with his regiment at the camp, not far from the village where Mary lived with her mother, had noticed her a good many times, both when he was riding by with his troop in the morning and when he was off duty, strolling through the village in that particularly becoming uniform of black with the white stripe, which attracts the eyes even of the quiet girls behind their window curtains.

Mary Gibson's mother was a sailor's widow, and life was not too easy for her and her daughter. In the summer they let the best rooms of their cottage, which was a wooden one, in a good position in High-street. But even with this help life was something of a struggle for them, and Mary Gibson was disposed to agree with her mother in feeling an inordinate respect for the pounds, shillings and pence, of which so few came in their way.

So that when Mr Giles Storey, who owned a mill a couple of miles away and who was reported to have "undreds in the bank," sought an introduction to the Gibsons, and paid Mary antiquated compliments in stately language, both mother and daughter swelled with pride.

"Mary," said Mrs Gibson, solemnly, after one of these visits, "take my word for it he's after you. Why should a rich man like him go to seek out poor folk like us if it wasn't that he's got his eye on you for a wife. Ah, my girl, you'll be able to hold up your head with the best of them, and have a trap to do your marketing in, and never want for a silk dress a-Sundays, after all."

Mary, however, though not displeased, took the magnificent prospect more calmly.

"It's early days to talk of traps and silk dresses, mother," said she, soberly, as she stood at the parlour window, changing the seed of the canary. "And he's no such great catch himself, for all he's got money. He's forty if he's a day; and he's got a husky voice, and I never can tell where he's looking with those eyes of his. If it isn't a squint it's next door to it."

Perhaps this contemptuous appraisal of the miller's looks was somewhat influenced by the fact that Trooper Smith, that dashing blue-eyed soldier, was using the cottage railings to strike a match upon, and gazing at it in such a way as to leave no doubt in what direction he was looking. And having caught Mary's eye he saluted politely.

He had made Mary's acquaintance the Saturday before when she was doing her marketing through the gentle mediation of their common friend, the butcher's wife. Mary had not mentioned the incident to her mother, for Mrs Gibson "couldn't abide soldiers," and had inculcated in her daughter a wise discretion towards the service.

It was not, however, possible for Mary to refuse to acknowledge Trooper Smith's salute, and slight as her movement of recognition was Mrs Gibson noticed it and was on the alert.

"Who is that you're nodding to, Mary?" asked she, coming quickly to the window. "Not—not that soldier fellow, surely!" she went on, agitated, as her eyes met those of Smith, who was still smiling amiably from the other side of the railings.

But, to the scandal of Mrs Gibson, the "soldier fellow" saluted her too.

"My gracious, what assurance!" exclaimed she in horror as she retreated from the window.

But the poor woman was destined to receive another shock. A moment later there was a knock at the door, and Mary, intercepting her mother, ran to open it, and promptly admitted



"Who is that you're nodding to, Mary?"

into the parlour "the soldier fellow" himself.

It was all done so quickly that Mrs Gibson had not recovered her breath before Smith was well into a carefully prepared story concerning a friend in the service who had known the late Mr Gibson, and desired Smith to find out the family and give them his respects.

Whether the good lady was deceived by this brilliant piece of military strategy is unknown, but the three certainly spent a very pleasant hour together, and when he had left, Mrs Gibson, though she found fault with every detail of his appearance and manners, had to admit before retiring to rest that these "army chaps" though they were without doubt heartless, deceitful, and wicked rascals, had a pleasant way about them.

"But he mustn't come here again, Mary," she said, warningly, to her daughter as they said good night. "It would never do for Mr Storey to think we took up with soldiers, and them sort."

Mary agreed, but not warmly. She was not quite ready to take the soldierly vices for granted; and—and, well there, where was the harm of having two strings to one's bow?

In spite of Mrs Gibson, the military strategist came again, and contrived also to time his strolls in the village so well that Mary when she went out shopping, more often met him than not. She would sometimes casually mention these meetings to her mother, and sometimes they would escape mention; but what she did not mention was that Smith asked her to marry him, one evening outside the baker's, and that she told him frankly that she couldn't.

Then there came out the story of the miller, and Smith raged, and indulged in a fine flow of military language, and told Mary that he would be lance corporal shortly, and that, moreover, his regiment was expecting orders to start for the war, where a man might have the luck to get a commission any day.

"Well, but there are other chances," said Mary, soberly. "I don't want to

be a widow before I've been many months a wife."

"You'd be loked after, though, even then!" urged Smith, wistfully.

The tears sprang suddenly to Mary's eyes.

"Do you think that's all I care about?" said she, indignantly.

"You were talking as if it was," retorted Smith.

"I didn't mean to," said Mary. Smith came a little nearer.

"Don't you care a bit, Mary?" said he.

"I won't care," said Mary, clenching her hands stoutly. "Mr Storey as good as proposed last night, and I as good as accepted him. I'm not going to play fast and loose with any man."

"Except with me," said Smith.

"Don't say that, I haven't," said Mary.

"You've let me think you liked me better than any other man," protested the trooper.

Mary caught her breath. If she had she had not deceived him, she thought; but she was not going to say so. Mary had learned her lesson of life in a hard school. And there was more than the trap and the silk dress bound up in Giles Storey; there was her mother's happiness and comfort, as well as her own.

"I'll always think of you, and pray for you, as if you were my own

brother," said Mary, with a little quiver in her voice.

"Brother be hanged!" said Smith.

"And if you're going to swear, Mr Smith, I think I'll go in."

"Very well, Miss Gibson. I congratulate you. And I congratulate old Storey, who'll be ridin' to market snug and safe on his flour bags while we're fightin' his battles for him over sea."

At that Mary felt it incumbent upon her to defend her fiancé.

"Mr Storey would know how to defend his country if he were called upon!" she cried.

"Aye, no doubt, Miss Gibson. And he's got fine round legs for a horse's flanks, too; and he'd make a first rate gunner, for the enemy'd never know who he was firin' at."

And with this exchange of parting shots the two separated, Mary remarking as she walked away that she expected Mr Storey to tea.

Now, the miller was nearer than she had been aware of. As she walked toward the cottage she saw him waiting for her at the door. He was disgusted at the sight of his chosen wife in conversation with a soldier, and he expressed his resentment with some warmth.

Mary, who a minute before had been defending him, now stood up for his unsuccessful rival.

"He's a most respectable man, Mr Storey," said she. "And I won't hear a word against one of the brave men that'll be upholding the honour of our country in a month or two."

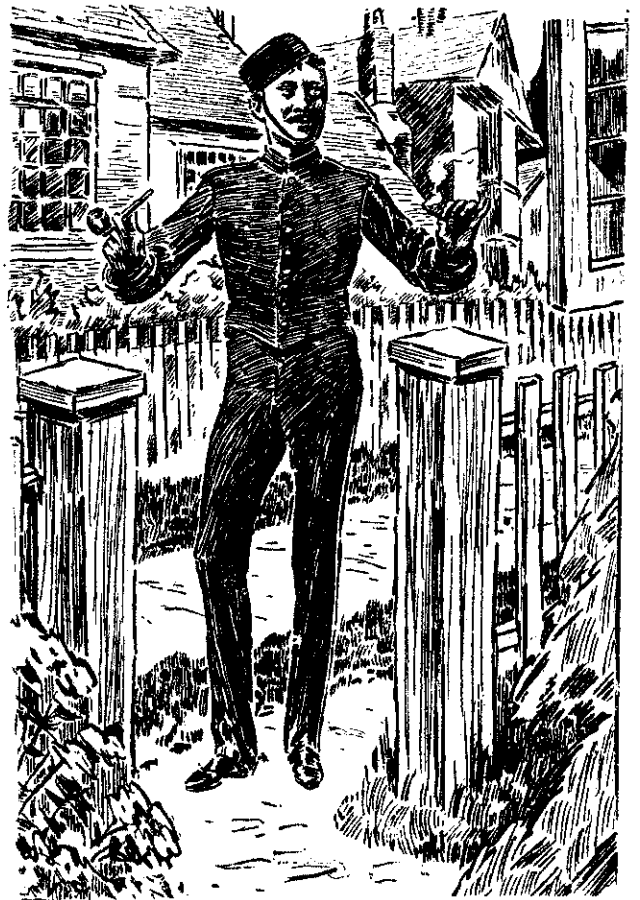
She spoke with such a flash of enthusiasm as excited the miller's ire still more.

"It's most odd," grumbled he, "how even the best of you womenfolk get taken with a soldier's coat! If he was in my clothes and me in his I should be run after just like him!"

But he was wrong. Smith was as good tempered as he was handsome, and Storey was neither the one nor the other.

There was no help for it, though; Mary had got to marry the miller; and when, a week later, the Carabineers got orders to prepare for going out to the war, Mary felt glad that she had decided so wisely.

"It's bad enough to think of his



WITH THE SMART LITTLE FORAGE CAP SET JAUNTILY ON HIS HEAD."

having to be shot at now," she said to herself, crying, that night in her own room. "But if I'd promised to marry him, it would have been a deal worse."

Although he knew that he had lost his chance, Smith continued to hover about the neighbourhood of the cottage, and to meet Mary from time to time in the street. She was always kind, but a little bit distant, of course. Smith couldn't well complain of that.

But when the last day of all came, and Mary saw a man in the brown khaki uniform that bore such a portentous meaning lingering outside the railing in the dusk of the evening, her heart gave a great leap, and she hurried out to the little wooden gate to speak to Smith for the last time.

"It's good-bye this time," said he, as he held out his hand. And somehow Mary thought that handsome as he had always looked in his old uniform, with the smart little forage cap set jauntily on his head, in the sober brown suit he looked handsomer still. "I suppose now you wouldn't go out of your way to walk down the street as far as the Parade with me?"

Mary hesitated. It was, it must be the last time; her mother would scold; Storey, if he came to hear of it, would be very disagreeable; but she'd risk it.

"I'll come—just for a minute," said she, distantly.

The dignity was only a very necessary protection against herself, not against him.

In a few seconds they were walking down the street, silently, side by side.

"It's just as well you chose as you did, I suppose, for your own comfort's sake, Mary," said Smith presently, using her Christian name with the frankest simplicity, though he had been strictly held to "Miss Gibson" up to now. "But what I want to ask you is this: 'Will you put off marrying that chap till the war's over? Or till you hear I'm done for, eh?'"

"I—I can't do that," said Mary.

"You see I feel that confident," pursued Smith robustly, "that I'll get a chance out there. And if I were to be in luck's way, you know, and get a commission, why I could come back and make you a lady."

Mary shook her head sagely.

"You couldn't do that," said she. "And even if you could, I shouldn't like it."

She knew something of the ways of ladies, and she thought it must be dreadful to have nothing in particular to do, and to have all day long to do it in.

"And anyway," she went on firmly. "I'm not one to jilt a man when I've given my word."

"Well," persisted Smith, bending down his handsome head to look into her face with those blue eyes that contrasted so unhappily with Giles Storey's, "will you just wait: No promise of anything else, mind, but just to wait?"

"N-n-no," answered Mary, reluctantly, steeling herself. "I couldn't promise that. Of course, he'd wonder why, you know."

"Well, look here, then, Mary," said Smith, stopping short at last in front of her. "if you won't do that, will you just give me a kiss?"

She was hotly indignant, of course. She declared that it was quite true, as her mother had said, that there was nothing like the impudence of soldiers. She meant it, too, most honestly, fervently.

All the same, though, when they had walked the length of the Parade, and walked back again, and when he had taken her hand in both his down in the corner by the Coastguard Station, why, he got the kiss.

And Mary went home with tears in her eyes, feeling guilty, not for having given Smith a kiss which ought to have been Storey's, but for having refused it to him for so long, when he was going away, and might never, never come back.

She didn't dare go up to the camp to see the Carabineers off in the morning, but her appearance was simply horrible when the miller dropped in to tea, in high good humour that the regiment was gone.

"It's remarkable," he observed to Mrs Gibson, when they were alone, "how sensible girls can be taken with a mere outside. I thank my stars, ma'am, that good-for-nothing popinjay's out of the way."

Now, although Mary had not given

her word to delay her marriage, she did contrive to do so; and although the war lasted some time, and she could get no exact details about her particular Smith, she behaved with great discretion, and showed little more excitement over the progress of events than anybody else did.

It was not, indeed, until the first batch of wounded soldiers had been sent home that Mary heard anything of her old admirer.

Then one evening Giles Storey came to see her in a state of ill-concealed elation, and remarked casually to her mother that there wouldn't be so many of the girls after Smith as there used to be. And he gave a look at Mary, who went on with the making of the tea, and made no sign.

It was two or three days after this that Mary was walking in High-street, when she came upon a sight that made her heart jump.

It was the wreck of Trooper Smith. He had lost an arm; he had lost an eye. Down one side of the once hand-



some face there was a hideous scar. It took Mary a moment to get breath; and Smith, more modest than in the old days, would have passed by. But she got back her self-possession, and put out her hand. It sent a thrill to her heart that he had only the left to give, which he did awkwardly.

"How d'ye do, Miss Gibson?" said he, in a painfully woud-be joellar tone, and staggering as he spoke, so that for a moment she wondered whether he had been drinking. "You were right, you see. Ha! ha! No commission! No Victoria Cross! Only a scar or two to show, and my discharge from the army!"

Mary gulped down something. But when she spoke her voice was almost cold.

"You must come home to tea with us, Mr Smith," said she. "Mother will be glad to see you, I'm sure."

"No, thank you, Storey's there every day, I hear!" said Smith, mockingly.

"But he'll be nice, too," said Mary.

"Trust him!" said the ex-trooper, shortly. "No, thank you. Not after what he's said about me—aye, and to me, too—since I've been back."

"Oh, but you must come," said Mary. And in the end the poor fellow, who was not in such good spirits that he could afford to hold out long against a friend, went sheepishly with her to the cottage. Mary entered the parlour first, and stood rather nervously in the doorway.

"Mother," she said, in a tremulous voice, "I've brought a friend, a very particular friend, to see you."

Giles Storey, who was sitting by the fire, got up curiously, and peered behind her.

"Why, bless us, and who's that figure of fun?" was his amiable greeting to the man in the shadow outside.

"Well, Mr Storey," said Mary, drawing herself up, and speaking in a full voice that came straight from the heart, "I am sorry to have to say it to you, and I'd say it nicer if I could, but, begging your pardon and asking you to look over my recklessness, it's the man I'm going to marry, I think," she snubbed out apologetically. "I could have kept my word to you if he'd come back with the Victoria Cross, or a commission even. But -- you see I can't now."

And if Mary Gibson was silly, remember this, there are plenty of women who, at the end of the war, will do the same.

Oddly-Pronounced Names.

The English tongue is certainly among the least phonetic of languages. This observation particularly applies to many prominent British family names, some of which are so interesting that we propose giving a few examples.

In the first letters of the alphabet, for instance, we have such instances as Abergavenny, which should be pronounced Abergeny; Alester, which should be Aylster; Allhuson, which should be Aulhuson; Anstruther, which should be Anster; and Auchincleek, which should be Alick.

If you want to be correct you should call the hero of Maitland Baydon-Poell, though seventy people out of every hundred certainly do not do so.

If we were to be consistent and spell names as they ought to be pronounced we should have to make the following drastic changes in some prominent British family names: Bellingham, Bellingham; Belvoir, Beaver; Berkeley, Barkly; Bethune, Beeton; Brantlabbane, Brantlabbane; Beauchamp, Beesham; Broomham, Brown; and so forth.

There are plenty of no less curious examples in C. For instance, Caillard, should be pronounced Ky'ar; Calogun, Cadug'gan; Chalmers, Chah-ners; Creagigny, Crepping; Chandou, Shandus; Charteris, Chartaris; Cheyne, Chay'ney; Chisholm, Chizom; Cholmondeley, Chumley; Claverhouse, Clav'ersu; Clowes, Clooz; Cochrane, Cock'ran; Colquhoun, Colhoun; Compton, C'mpton; Couch, Cooch; Coventry, Cuvv-entry; and Crichton, Cryton.

De Bathe should be De Balth; de Zoete, de Zoot; Cromwell, Crumwell; Elcho, Elko; Falconer, Faw-kaner; Farquharson, Farkeson; Fenwick, Fennick; Fildes, Fyld; Froude, Froot; Geoghegan, Geegan; Idlesleigh, Ids'ly; Iveagh, Iva'h; Jeanie, June; Knollys, Noles; and Leveson-Gower, Looson-Gore.

Among the M's we have such instances as MacIver, which should be pronounced Macsever; McKay, McKy; MacMahon, Macmadin; Mainwaring, Mannering; Marlboroughs, Marrelbanks; Marlborough, Marbloro; Menpes, Mompes; Menzies, Minglies; Meynell, Mynell; Molyneux, Mullintux; and Monckton, Munketon.

"Polly of the Gonds," should be called Lieutenant-General Pool Car'ey, and the author of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," Mr. Pin-air'; while the organ-grinder would like to be called Earl Poul-et by everybody.

Examples are comparatively rare among the latter letters of the alphabet.

A PRINCE X X OF CHRISTMAS X X ANNUALS X X X

We think that when our readers have seen the Christmas number of the "New Zealand Graphic" they will admit that in claiming for it a premier position we do not ask too much. In former years the annual has always taken a first place, not only in New Zealand, but in Australasia, its coloured supplement being invariably ahead of anything issued by any other journal. This year another splendid supplement appears in conjunction with a number that is in every sense an artistic triumph. The subject of the coloured plate is "The Native Birds of New Zealand," and on it are displayed in all their wonderful beauty of form and plumage, representatives of the colony's feathered tribe. The picture is in a way a companion to the "Native Flowers of New Zealand," which was issued last year with the Christmas "Graphic," and is to be found to-day ornamenting thousands of homes in the colony. The birds should be as popular as the flowers.

Passing from the supplement to the body of the annual, it is a picture gallery from cover to cover. Page after page of finely executed engravings, reproduced from special photos or paintings by our leading artists, delight the eye. One would say that all the scenic beauties of New Zealand had been copied there. It is an album of the colony's attractions, and as such should find an honoured place on every table. No more appropriate gift could be sent by New Zealanders to their friends at home than this unique production, the attractions of which are more specifically set forth in another part of this paper. The price of the annual is one shilling.



HE GOT HIS KISS.



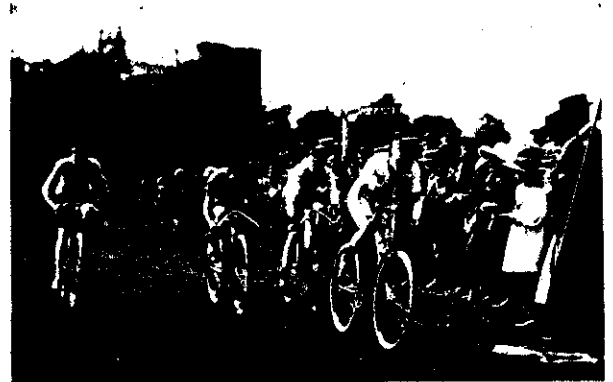
FINISH OF 100 YARDS OPEN HANDICAP.



COTTER AT THE HIGH JUMP.



FINISH OF 1 MILE OPEN HANDICAP.



1 MILE BICYCLE HANDICAP—2nd LAP.



SACK RACE.



START OF 100 YARDS HANDICAP, UNDER 12—2ND HEAT.



FINISH 100 YARDS HANDICAP, UNDER 14.



120 YARDS HURDLE HANDICAP.

Walrond, "Graphic" photo.



START OF 150 YARDS SCRATCH.

SNAPSHOTS AT THE AUCKLAND KING'S COLLEGE SPORTS.



Valle, photo.

GOOD-NIGHT.



Sarony Studio, The Strand.

BROTHER AND SISTER.



TWO GRAPHIC COUSINS AND THEIR PETS.
PUNCH. PAT. GIPSY.

COUSIN STANLEY. COUSIN CHARLEY.
TIP. BRUCE.



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MISS VERA FRENCH, A GIFTED NEW ZEALAND VIOLINIST.

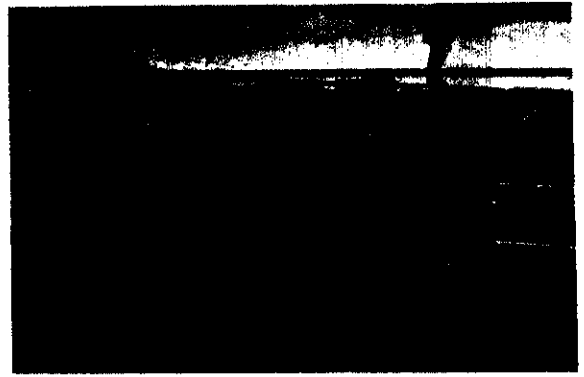


THREE GRAPHIC COUSINS.

Some Young New Zealanders.



T. C. WILLIAMS' HEREFORD BULL, THE LOAFER, Champion Waikato, 1900; bred by J. Stuckey.



R. REYNOLDS' JERSEY BULL, Champion Waikato, 1900; bred by Exhibitor.



N.Z. LAND ASSOCIATION'S SHORTHORN COW, IDALIA 4th, Champion Waikato, 1900; bred by Exhibitor.



R. REYNOLDS' JERSEY HEIFER, COWSLIP, Champion Waikato, 1900; bred by Exhibitor.



MATAMATA ESTATES' ENGLISH LEICESTER EWE, Champion Waikato, 1900.



J. BARUGH'S LINCOLN RAM, Champion Waikato, 1900.



H. S. HAWKINS' ROMNEY RAM, bred by J. Barugh, Champion Waikato, 1900. Photos. by Rendell.



MATAMATA ESTATES' ENGLISH LEICESTER RAM, Champion Waikato, 1900.

Some Prize Winners at the Waikato A. and P. Show,



Walrod, "Graphic" photo.

CASTLE ROCK, COROMANDEL - FROM OPITONU.



Ellerbeck, photo.

A New Zealand Country Lane.



A Nikau Grove.



THE ORIGINAL QUEEN OF THE LINKS.



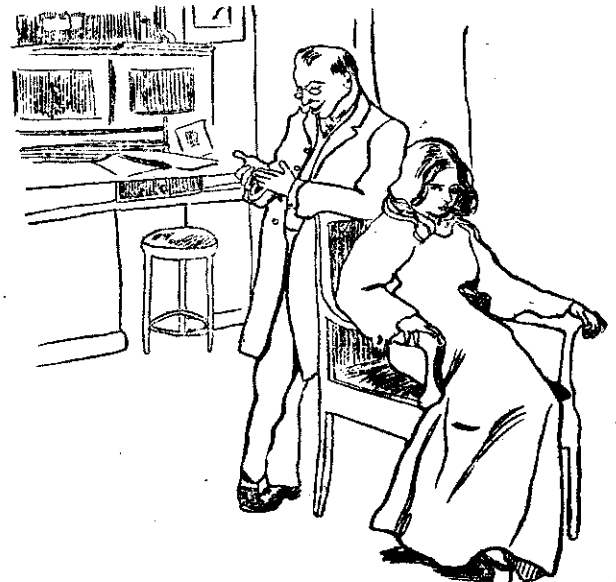
THE PROGENITOR OF THE MONOPLIST.

Types of Our Ancestors.



The Dragon's Big Mouthful.

Hasn't the dragon bit off a little more than he can chew?—Minneapolis Journal.



TWO KINDS OF DEBTS.

Husband.—"So you insist upon going to the seacoast for eight weeks?"
Wife.—"We owe that to our position in society!"
Husband.—"But remember, dear, how much we owe already!"



HE FELT IT KEENLY.

Elderly Spinster (horrified): "Little boy, aren't you ashamed to go in bathing in such a public place with such a bathing-suit as that on?"
Small Boy: "Yes'm; but me mother makes me wear it. I'll take it off, though, if you'll promise not to say nothing to her about it."



CHANGED HER OPINION.

Ethelwynde: "They say she married a common mechanic."
Heliotroppe: "Common, Ethelwynde! Why, he had spent all his life in a bicycle manufactory."
Ethelwynde: "Ah, heavens! Although a man-hater for years, I feel that I could love such a man as that with my innermost soul."



"Advance," Winner Canterbury and Jubilee Cups, C.J.C. Jubilee Meeting.

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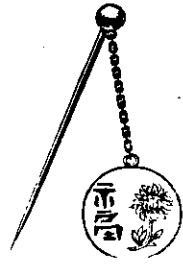
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No. E9504.—9ct. Gold Lucky Wishbone Pin Charm, 6s. 6d.



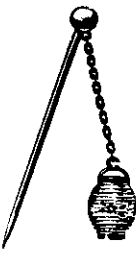
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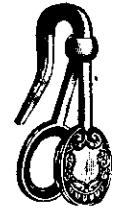
The Japanese Charm. 9ct. Gold Enamelled Chrysanthemum Pin Charm, 15/6.



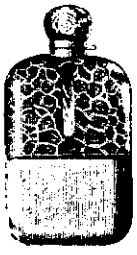
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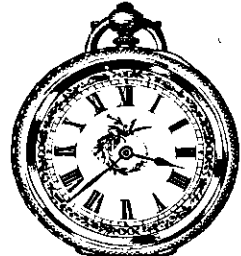
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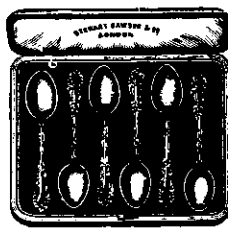
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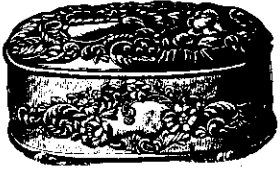
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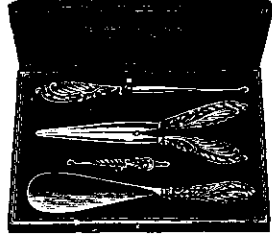
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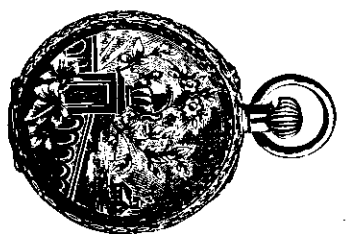
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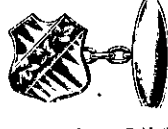
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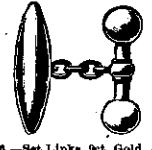
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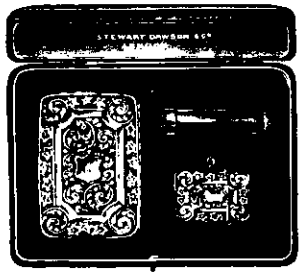
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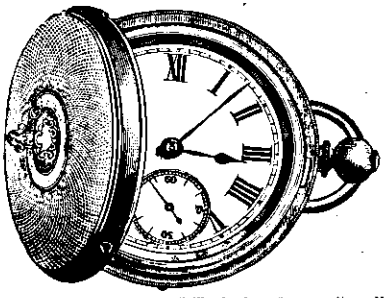
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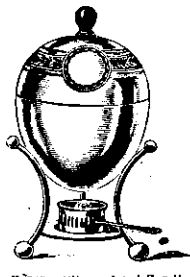
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THE YOUNG QUEEN.

Her hand was still on her sword-hilt, the spur was still on her heel,
She had not cast her harness of grey, war-dinted steel;
High on her red-slashed charger, beautiful, bold, and brown'd,
Bright-eyed out of the battle, the Young Queen rode to be crowned,
And she came to the Old Queen's presence in the hall of our thousand years—
In the hall of the five free nations, that are peers among their peers—
Royal she gave the greeting, loyal she bowed the head,
Crying, "Crown me, my Mother," and the Old Queen stood and said,
"How can I crown thee further? I know whose standard flies
"Where the clean surge takes the Leeuwin, or the notched Kalkouras rise.
"Blood of our foes on thy bridal, and speech of our friends in thy mouth,
"How can I crown thee further, Oh, Queen of the Sovereign South?
"Let the five free nations witness," But the young Queen answered swift,
"It shall be crown of our crowning to hold our crown for a gift.
"In the days when our folk were feeble, thy sword made sure our lands.
"Wherefore we come in power to beg our crown at thy hands."
And the Old Queen raised and kissed her, and the jealous circlet prest—
Roped with the pearls of the Northland, and red with the gold of the west,
Lit with her land's own opals, levin-hearted, alive,
And the five-starred cross above them, for sign of the nations five.

So it was done in the presence, in the hall of our thousand years,
In the face of the five free nations that have no peer but their peers,
And the Young Queen out of the Southland kneeled down at the Old Queen's knee,
And asked for a Mother's blessing on the excellent years to be,
And the Old Queen stooped in the stillness, where the jewelled head drooped low,
"Daughter no more, but sister, and doubly daughter so,
"Mother of many princes, and child of the child I bore:
"What good thing shall I wish thee, what I have not wished before?
"Shall I give thee delight in dominion, rash pride of thy setting forth,
"Nay, we be women together; we know what that lust is worth,
"Peace on thy utmost borders, and strength on a road untrod;
"These are dealt or diminished as the secret will of God,
"I have awayed troublesome counsils, I am wise in terrible things,
"Father, and son, and grandson, I have known the heart of kings,
"Shall I give thee my sleepless wisdom, or the gift all wisdom above?
"Ay, we be women together; I give thee thy people's love,
"Tempered, august, abiding, reluctant of prayers or vows;
"Eager in face of peril, as thine for thy mother's house,
"God requite thee, my sister, through the strenuous years to be,
"And make thy people to love thee, as thou hast loved me."

RUDYARD KIPLING.

The Remuera Musical Society gave their last concert of the season in St. Mark's Schoolroom on Monday, when Gable's cantata, "Comala," preceded by a short concert programme, was presented. As usual, the hall was well filled with an appreciative audience. In the first part, Miss Hunter delighted the audience with her rendering of "Believe Me," in which her rich and sympathetic voice was heard to great advantage. An emphatic encore was the result, and the singer bowed her acknowledgments. Mr. R. H. S. Biss was heard in Stephen Adams' "Fiona," but his rendering was somewhat lacking in expression. Benedict's beautiful duet, "The Moon Hath Raised," was well sung by Messrs. W. J. and S. Cousins. The latter gentleman bids fair to have a very fine bass voice. The orchestra, in Suppe's "Futinitza," attempted to do what no orchestra has ever succeeded in doing, to play a selection successfully without sufficient practice. The result was a somewhat uneven performance. In choosing "Comala" for their final concert of the season the Society chose a popular work, and one which, at the same time, gave full scope to their ambition. Long known as a strong composition, "Comala" is a dramatic setting of an intensely dramatic story, and the task which the Society set themselves was no light one. Such incidents as Comala's watch on the mountain, her agonised fear as to the result of the fight, the comfort of the maidens, and the chorus of spirits, demand treatment of a high order, and the success of last night's performance shows what an advance the Society has made. Though by no means faultless, yet the performance showed the result of careful, intelligent practice, and must be said to be one of the best, if not the best, of all the Society's efforts. The soloists were: Comala, Miss Annie Taylor; Fingal, Mr. Charles Kissing; Dersagrena, Miss Hunter; and Melicoma, Miss C. Jackson. Miss Taylor must be congratulated on her interpretation of an extremely arduous part. Her fine voice was heard to advantage, especially in the "storm scene," and her rendering throughout showed careful preparation. Perhaps her best number was "Still'd as the Fight," while her duet with Fingal, "Farewell, My Beloved," was another praiseworthy effort. Admirable as her performance was, however, it must be confessed that music of this nature is hardly Miss Taylor's forte. Her voice has scarcely the fullness and ease in production that the part demands. Mr. Charles Kissing, as Fingal, scored another success, though his voice was at times hardly robust enough. In the duet, "Farewell, My Beloved," he was excellent, and the lament, "Let Me Gaze on My Beloved," was sung with true feeling. In the part of Dersagrena Miss Hunter provided one of the gems of the evening, the ballad, "One Day There Came From Lochlin," which was sung in charming style. Miss C. Jackson, as Melicoma, showed promise, her chief fault being lack of expression. From the nature of the story, the chorus in "Comala" has an unusual amount of work, and perhaps the most pleasing feature of the performance was the way in which this work was done. The singing of the chorus showed great improvement on previous efforts. The voices were stronger, and there was more resolution displayed in execution. The basses were exceptionally good, and the choruses of warriors, "Up, Sound Ye the Horn," and "Up for the Fight," were admirable. The sopranos and altos were also very successful, especially in the number, "Wildly Rushes the Storm," in which the music is admirably suited to the sense. The best of the choric numbers was, however, the chorus of bards and maidens, "In the Darkness of Clouds," the volume of sound produced being very fine. The orchestra, under Miss Millie Peak, showed a considerable improvement on their previous effort, and rendered excellent service throughout. Mr. Connell conducted with his usual skill, and Mrs. Petrie acted as accompanist. Altogether the Remuera Musical Society are to be congratulated on their production of "Comala."

Mr. G. H. Powley, of Auckland, and his wife have just returned from an enjoyable trip to Paris. He has booked his return passage to the colony by the Orient liner Ormuz, leaving London on October 11th.

PERSONAL NOTES FROM LONDON.

(From Our London Correspondent.)

LONDON, Sept. 28.

The Hon. W. Rolleston has been making a round of visits this week. First he went to Eton, then to Dorchester to see Colonel Williams, then to Southampton for a short stay with Mr Alfred Saunders. He will be back in London in time for the banquet to Lord Hopetoun on October 3rd, will have the opportunity of witnessing an English general election, and will remain in and about London until the 12th, when he and Mrs. Rolleston return to the colony.

Mr and Mrs T. Broham are back in London again after a tour, which include a visit to Killarney, a run through the Trossachs, a brief sojourn in Edinburgh, and a visit to Mrs Broham's relations in Yorkshire. They propose visiting the Paris Exhibition shortly and spending the greater part of the remainder of their time in Europe in travelling in Italy. They will probably set out for the colony again at the end of the year.

The cable will no doubt have informed you ere this of the success of Mr W. R. Allen, M.A., erstwhile of University College, Auckland, in the Open Science Exams. at Guys. His £150 scholarship was obtained in competition with students from all the principal London and provincial medical institutions, and is an achieve-

ment which Mr Allen may be justly proud of.

Mr. Justice Denniston and his wife and daughters left on Tuesday for Brussels, where they will stay a fortnight or so at Wiltcher's Hotel. On their return I understand they have an invitation to visit Professor Henry Forbes at Liverpool.

Mr. Fred Hutchinson, of Gisborne, who has been pleasure-making on this side of the world all the summer, is returning to the colony with his mother and sister by the Gothic, which leaves the Thames on November 23.

Mr. John Meeson, Mrs. and the Misses Meeson, after rusticating during the summer months in the Tyrol, returned to London a fortnight ago. They have taken lodgings at Redcliffe Square for six weeks, but at the approach of winter will betake themselves to St. Leonards, in order to enable Miss Meeson to escape a London winter. Mr. Meeson has finally determined to make his home on this side of the world, and will probably establish himself in England.

The engagement of Miss Ruth Meeson to Captain Gordon Hall, of the King's Own, Yorkshire Light Infantry, is announced. Captain Gordon Hall went through the Tirah campaign, and was with Methuen in the recent South African war. In both campaigns he was badly wounded, and has firmly established his reputation as a first-class fighting man. He is now in London, invalided home, but in a week or two rejoins his regiment in Ireland.

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Personal Paragraphs.

His Excellency the Governor and suite are occupying Mr. Wigram's house, Park Terrace, during their stay in Christchurch. Lord Ranfurly has paid several visits to the Exhibition, and attended both days at the races.

Quite a bevy of Christchurch people have returned from England this week: Mr. and Mrs. A. E. G. Rhodes, Mr. A. Carrick and Miss Martin, and Mrs. G. Kettlewell and her little daughter. Mr. Kettlewell is still in Melbourne attending the wool sales. All seem to have greatly enjoyed the trip, but glad to come back to New Zealand.

Miss Nina Moore gave a very successful organ recital in the Wesleyan Church, Nelson, on Friday evening. She was ably assisted by Miss Pratt, Mr. Coney and Mr. Rishworth.

Mrs. Duckworth, of Blenheim, is at present staying at "Wainui," Nelson. Major and Mrs. Baillie, of Picton, are staying in Nelson.

Amongst the visitors to Nelson for the Synod are the Rev. A. H. and Mrs. Sedgwick (Picton), Archdeacon Grace (Blenheim), Rev. E. and Mrs. Ensor (Blenheim), Rev. W. G. and Mrs. Baker (Brightwater).

The Misses Fish (2), who have been staying with their sister, Mrs. Stevens, Nelson, left for their home in Dunedin last week.

Mrs. Renwick and Mrs. Robertson have returned to Nelson looking all the better for their trip to Christchurch and Hamner. The former and her niece, Miss A. Robertson, are to leave Nelson this month for a delightful trip to Europe.

The Premier and Mrs. Seddon are to be present at the Palmerston Show on Thursday next, and will, if possible, also attend the banquet given by the residents of Picton to the Hon. C. H. Mills, on Wednesday night, in honour of his admission to the Ministry.

An immense bazaar is to be held in Wellington during the visit of the Duke and Duchess of York, for the purpose of raising funds for the erection of a hospital ward for incurables in that city. The Countess of Ranfurly is president of the bazaar committee, and Lady Douglas, Lady Stout, Mrs. Seddon, Mrs. C. Johnston, Mrs. Rhodes and Mrs. T. C. Williams vice-presidents, and a very large and influential committee of ladies has also been elected, and Her Royal Highness the Duchess of York, it is hoped, will consent to open the bazaar, and all creeds and denominations are invited to assist in the function, which promises to be a brilliant success.

Mr. and Mrs. Macpherson (Wellington) are paying a visit to Christchurch.

The Bishop of Wellington (Bishop Wallis) laid the foundation stone of the new Anglican Church at Kapoaga on Saturday last.

Colonel Gudgeon, British Resident at Rarotonga, arrived in Wellington from Christchurch on Wednesday, having accompanied His Excellency the Governor there from the Islands on H.M.S. Mildaia.

Mrs. Rhodes (Wellington), accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. W. Moorhouse, (Wellington), is paying a few weeks' visit to "The Hermitage," at Mount Cook.

The marriage of Miss Richardson, daughter of the Hon. Edward Richardson, to Mr. J. Tripe, Solicitor, takes place at St. Peter's Church, Wellington, on the 21st November.

The Hon. C. H. Mills is to be banqueted in Wellington on Monday next, at the Empire Hotel, in honour of his accession to the Ministry, and a very representative foregathering is expected to be present on the occasion.

Miss C. Innes, of Parnell, Auckland, is visiting Mrs. C. D. Matson (nee Miss F. Von der Heyde) of Christchurch.

Mrs. Stanley Shaw of New Plymouth, is on a visit to her relatives in Wellington.

Mrs. Thomas King, of New Plymouth, with her companion, Miss Buchanan, have gone for a five months' trip to Timaru and Dunedin, where the former is visiting her daughter and son.

Mrs. Halse, of New Plymouth, has gone for a trip to Wellington.

Mrs. H. Gray and Miss G. Gray, of New Plymouth, are visiting Wanganui and Wellington.

Mr and Mrs Percy White, of Tuma, are visiting Mrs T. White (the former's mother), of New Plymouth.

Nurse Hooker, of New Plymouth, has been appointed matron of the Masterton Hospital.

Captain Anderson and Mr Ranson, of Auckland, paid New Plymouth a short visit last week. They arrived by the Ngapuhi.

Mr E. J. Allen, manager of the New Zealand Bank, New Plymouth, on behalf of the staff, presented Mr A. F. Thomson, the teller, with a handsome silver salver, beautifully designed, in view of his approaching marriage. The members of the New Plymouth Assembly dances presented Mr Thomson with a cheque in recognition of his services as secretary. Mr Thomson has left for Akaroa, where he is to be married.

Mr Jas Bellinger has returned from England to New Plymouth by the Paparua.

Mrs. J. Mowat left Blenheim with Mr. Mowat, who has gone to Christchurch for the Carnival week, and after spending a few days in Wellington returned home on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Goulter, of "Hawkesbury," Blenheim, have gone to enjoy the attractions of Christchurch.

Mrs. Bourne left Blenheim last week to make a short visit to Wellington.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Conolly have gone to spend a week in Wellington, but are expected back in Blenheim tonight.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Stubbs, who have been staying with several friends in Blenheim and its vicinity, left for Wellington on Friday, where they will spend a few days before returning to Timaru.

Mr. and Mrs. Buckridge, of Kaitiaki, have taken a furnished house in Blenheim, and intend to spend several months there.

Mrs. Tanks, of Tauranga, has come to Blenheim to stay with her daughter, Mrs. Butt.

Mr. Griffiths, who has been spending a week or two in Nelson, returned to Blenheim on Saturday.

Miss Greenfield ("Vernon") left Blenheim last Monday to spend a few days in Wellington.

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ENGAGEMENTS.

The engagement is announced in Nelson of Miss Allie Robertson and Mr. Ernest Mackay, both of Nelson.

The engagement of Miss Muriel Fancourt, youngest daughter of the Ven. Archdeacon Fancourt, to Mr. Nevins, Masterton, is announced.

The engagement is announced of Mrs. L. Marks, of Christchurch, and Mr. Louis Hayman, of Sydney.

ORANGE BLOSSOMS

TAPPER—CHOLMONDELEY.

Opawa was en fete to-day (October 30th), when Miss Lena Cholmondeley, youngest daughter of Archdeacon Cholmondeley, was married to Mr G. A. Umdenstock Tapper. It was an exceedingly pretty and interesting wedding. The service was fully choral, the organist being Mr C. W. Turner. The ceremony was performed by the Bishop of Christchurch, assisted by the Rev. Canon Knowles. The church was beautifully decorated by girl friends of the bride. A large marriage bell with the initials of the bride and bridegroom was suspended on either side tied with true lover's knots, and was universally admired. Carpets were laid from the vicarage door to the church, the usual carriage being dispensed with, the bride walking to the church

leaning on the arm of her father, who gave her away. She looked lovely in a dress of white surah with transparent yoke and sleeves of beautiful lace, the train and front being draped with true lover's knots of lace and orange blossoms. She also wore the orthodox coronet and veil, and a graceful shower bouquet completed this charming bridal toilet. She was met at the church door by her five bridesmaids—Misses Cholmondeley (3), Tapper (sister of the bridegroom), and Naldler—wearing dresses of apricot silk with waterfowl coloured velvet trimmings and ecru lace, their hats being white chip, trimmed with lace, apricot crinkled chiffon and tea roses. They wore handsome initial gold bangles (gift of the bridegroom), and carried shower bouquets of tea and banksia roses with shaded leaves; the fifth bridesmaid being little Miss Mollie Donald, who looked most fairy-like in a white chiffon dress and bonnet, trimmed with insertion and lace. She wore an initial brooch and carried a posy of lilies of the valley. The bridegroom was attended by Mr Williams as best man, the groomsmen being Messrs R. Cholmondeley, W. Beadel and M. Dennistoun. About 200 guests adjourned to the vicarage and were received by Archdeacon and Mrs Cholmondeley, the latter wearing a handsome black silk dress, pretty lace mantle, and bonnet with touches of pale yellow. She carried a shower bouquet of white, with yellow daisies. Amongst the many guests I noticed Miss and Miss E. Cholmondeley (aunts of bride); Mrs Heber Cholmondeley, wedgewood blue and pale pink; Mrs Julius in a black costume with revers of point lace, bonnet of black and white chiffon; Miss Julius, pale green striped dress with black velvet and white tucked silk, white felt hat with black velvet and ostrich feathers; Mrs Naldler, black silk and point lace; Mrs G. Murray, cream costume; Mrs Andrew Anderson, blue grey silk, black picture hat; Miss G. Anderson, white; Mrs and Miss Wilding, the latter wearing pink and white; Mrs G. Jameson; Mrs Tabart, black silk; Miss Mary Tabart, pink and black striped silk; Miss M. Tapper, pink and grey, hat with grey plumes; Mrs W. Olivier, fawn Eton coat and skirt with rose pink hat of pink and white; Miss Burnett (Wellington), grey with heliotrope hat; Mrs E. C. Raphael, Prussian blue Eton costume, white facings, pale blue toque with violets; Miss M. M. ray-Aynsley, old rose costume; Miss Reeves, dark costume relieved with pink; Mrs W. J. Bruce, black costume, ecru lace trimmings, black plumed picture hat; Mrs Devenish Meares, black satin; Miss Devenish Meares, blue Eton costume with white lace trimmings, hat to match; Mrs and Miss Townsend; Mrs Alfred Garland (Waimate), fawn costume with white passementerie, hat with yellow poppies; Mrs Edward Garland, blue and white costume, black hat; Mrs Willcock and Miss Tipping, black; Mrs H. H. Loughnan, black costume, pink hat; Mrs F. Donald, blue and white with sapphire blue velvet trimmings, turquoise blue hat with black velvet and chiffon; Mrs Averill; Mrs Morten Olivier; Misses G. Thomson, Kent, Heywood, Williams, March, etc.

Messrs Alfred Tapper, H. Beadel Harley, Loughnan, Donald, Raphael, W. J. Bruce, H. Thomas, Anderson, W. Day, Garland, Stubbs, and many others.

The wedding presents were both numerous and costly, the most noticeable amongst them being a handsome silver tea and coffee service and silver suitably inscribed, presented by the clients of the B.N.Z., a silver revolving entire dish, from the Cricket Council, and also a beautiful marble clock from the B.N.Z. staff.

The bride's going away dress was of periwinkle blue silk, trimmed with white tucked silk and lace. The hat was white chip with blue and white chiffon and masses of yellow cowslips. Early in the afternoon the happy pair left amid the congratulations of their friends, who showered rose leaves and flower petals in place of the usual rice. The honeymoon is to be spent at "The Hermitage," Mount Cook.

WILSON—HARLEY.

On October 31st St. Michael's was the scene of a very pretty but quiet wedding, the relatives of the bride and bridegroom being present as guests, although there were a number of girl friend spectators. The ceremony was performed by the incumbent, the Rev. Mr. Averill, assisted by the Ven. Archdeacon Cholmondeley. The contracting parties were

Miss Nellie Harley and Mr. C. Crocrot-Wilson. Punctually at 2.30 the bride arrived, leaning on the arm of her father (who gave her away). She wore a very handsome bridal gown of white Duchesse satin, with full court train, the bodice being composed of Honiton lace, pearl passementerie, and orange blossoms, with yoke and sleeves of ruffled lace. A panel of Honiton lace adorned the front of the skirt. She carried a lovely shower bouquet, and wore a long tulle veil with wreath of orange blossoms in her hair. Her only ornament was a pearl drop necklet (gift of the bridegroom). She was accompanied by her wee nephew, Master Eric Milton, as page; his suit was white satin, with frills and jabot of Valenciennes lace, and held in his hand a white felt cavalier's hat, with long ostrich feather plumes. Her bridesmaids were Misses Pearl Harley and Wilson, who wore white silk gowns, trimmed with turquoise blue velvet and steel buckles, large black picture hats, with ostrich plumes. Mr. — Wilson acted as best man to his brother. Mrs. Harley looked very handsome in a black silk gown, with point lace, black jet bonnet with heliotrope flowers, lovely shower bouquet. Mrs. Wilson (mother of bridegroom), black silk, black and white mantle, bonnet with heliotrope trimmings. Mrs. J. Milton, blue and white foularde with white silk and lace, pretty pink hat with black chiffon trimmings. Miss Ella Harley, blue and brown coat and skirt costume, hat with blue chiffon and black velvet. Mrs. L. Harley, blue silk blouse, black hat with pale blue. Miss Wilson (cousin of bridegroom), blue and white striped dress, white plumed hat. Miss L. Westera, blue and white flowered muslin, white hat. Mrs. Alice Wilson, cream, black and white hat. Miss Wynn Williams, cream, toque en suite. The guests were afterwards entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Harley at their residence, Cashel-street.

RUSSELL—STANFORD.

A very pretty wedding took place on Saturday last, which excited a good deal of interest in New Plymouth circles, when Miss Mabel Lucy Stanford, third daughter of R. L. Stanford, Esq., S.M., New Plymouth, was married to Mr Hickman Frank Russell, of Tarata, Taranaki, second son of Colonel H. R. Russell, late 5th Regiment, Ipswich, England.

The ceremony was performed in the picturesque Church of St. Mary's. The service, which was choral, was conducted by the Ven. Archdeacon Govett, assisted by the Rev. F. W. Evans.

Mr Stanford gave his daughter away, and she looked very pretty in her wedding robe of lovely white tulle, demi-traine, with transparent yoke and sleeves of lace. To fasten the customary veil on the hair, she had a spray of real orange blossoms, and this, with a beautiful shower bouquet, completed her toilet.

The bride's attendants were her two sisters, Misses E. and G. Stanford, and Miss E. Standish, cousin to the bridegroom, all of whom wore sweetly pretty dresses of dove-coloured cashmere, with pink chiffon yokes and cream chiffon fichus, and white felt

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hats with pink. They carried shower bouquets of pink and white roses, and wore gold chains, studded with pearls, gifts of the bridegroom.

As the bridal party left the church amidst showers of rice and rose leaves, Mr Fletcher (organist of St. Mary's) played the Wedding March. Mr Maurice Standish (cousin to the bridegroom) was best man.

Later on the bridal couple departed on their honeymoon to Bell Block, the bride wearing a bluey grey costume trimmed with white silk and chiffon, hat en suite.

Mrs Stanford (the bride's mother) wore a very handsome brocaded silk, trimmed with cream lace, and carried a bouquet of cream roses and violets; Mrs Leatham, fawn coat and skirt, with cream satin facings, pink hat; Mrs Whitcombe, black figured lustre, pink in bonnet; Miss Buchanan, pretty pink and black costume, with pink chiffon yoke, banded with black velvet, hat en suite; Miss C. Stanford, white pique skirt, pretty white silk blouse, pink and black hat, bouquet of red and white roses; Miss O. Stanford, bluey grey silk trimmed with narrow black velvet, cream hat, bouquet of pink and white roses; Mrs H. Brown, handsome black brocaded satin, with cream lace fichu; Miss Brown, biscuit coloured costume, with pink silk front, pink and black hat; Mrs Standish, black figured lustre, violet silk yoke; Mrs McKellar; Miss McKellar, green coat and skirt; Miss J. McKellar, grey costume, cream silk front; Mrs Morton, striking dress of black brocaded satin.

The presents were numerous and beautiful.

A CONTRACTOR IN TROUBLE.

A Perth journalist, in the course of business, became acquainted with an affair that excited his curiosity, and forthwith made it a matter of inquiry. The rumour all concerned Mr Richard Grose, a builder and contractor. At his residence, Leaderville (W.A.) the reporter stated what had



RICHARD GROSE (From Photo.)

come to his ears, and the facts were not denied by Mr Grose.

Asked if he would furnish further details, Mr Grose said: "Over a year ago when rising from bed one morning I became conscious of terrible shooting pains in my hip. I dressed, however, and went to work, but was soon forced to return home; the pains were too great. For seven months I was laid up with sciatica. The muscles of my legs seemed to be drawn up and wasted, and movement was painful. My right leg was useless. Four doctors attended me, but I was not cured. I then read of the beneficial effects of Dr. Williams' pink pills and commenced them. I state the truth when I say that two boxes almost cured me. I regained the use of my right leg, and the pain subsided. Five boxes cured me; since then I have been in perfect health, and can actually jump a five-railed fence, so there is no doubt of the completeness of my cure."

Exposure to cool and wet, over-exertion, pressure or injury to the nerves, constipation, anaemia, general debility, gout or rheumatism, induce sciatica. Dr. Williams' pink pills, by enriching the blood, retarding the nerves, and placing the patient in perfect health, cure sciatica, and such ailments as rheumatism, neuralgia, skin diseases, chest and lung troubles, consumption, St. Vitus' dance, rickets, paralysis, locomotor ataxia, stomach disorders, dyspepsia, insomnia, chronic headaches, loss of vital power, ladies' ailments, etc. Sold by the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Wellington, three shillings per box, six boxes sixteen and six, and by chemists and storekeepers. Pamphlet free on request.

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Society Gossip

AUCKLAND.

Dear Bee, November 14.
AUCKLAND RACING CLUB'S SPRING MEETING.

The first day of the racing season at Ellerslie was inaugurated on Friday last (Prince of Wales' Birthday), under the most favourable auspices. The weather was beautifully fine, in fact it was Queen's weather. Aucklanders only require decent weather to turn out in strong force to assist at a racing function at the metropolitan ground, and it need, therefore, hardly be said that with an ideal day there was a great throng of visitors to Ellerslie on pleasure bent. The bell sleeves were very much worn.

Misses Atkinson, dark skirts, light blouses; Mrs Anson, dark skirt, violet silk blouse, sailor hat; Mrs Armistage, bouis tailor-made gown; Miss Alison, grey tunic costume, trimmed with turquoise blue, white hat, trimmed with pink feathers; Mrs G. R. Bloomfield, columbine canvas costume, made with bolero, which was in the latest cut, had a novel waist belt fastened to the front on either side with enamelled buttons, sailor hat of Italian straw, trimmed with a high twisted white silk muslin, and black tulle; Mrs Read Bloomfield, rich black broche, richly trimmed with mauve iridescent passementerie, black bonnet Miss Reay, dark skirt, figured violet blouse, toque; Mrs Ernest B. Bloomfield, forget-me-not blue lustre, ornamented with white satin embroidery, blue toque en suite, relieved with pink roses; Mrs Bell, celeus browns costume, trimmed with brown velvet, canopy toque, trimmed with lace; Miss Williams, dark skirt, mauve and white striped blouse, black

hat; Miss Binney, fawn tussore silk, black hat; Miss Berry, striped blue costume, brown hat, trimmed with blue and violets; Mrs Bruce, white muslin, with violet floral design, sailor hat; Mrs Lionel Benjamin, grey check, trimmed with blue, black hat, with choux of blue chiffon; Miss Chadwick, royal blue gingham, with white floral design; Mrs Black, black tailor-made gown, toque with ostrich feathers; Mrs Ching, French blue crepe, with diamond shaped motifs of panne and lace, white satin cravat, toque of dark blue straw, with a twist of blue silk and cornflowers; Mrs W. H. Colbeck, pale mode grey voile, white straw hat, bent to suit the face, trimmed with blue and black lace; Miss S. Cruickshank, dark skirt, white blouse, with blue floral design, blue satin swathed the waist, black picture hat, with ostrich feathers; Miss Cotter, bright navy blue costume; Miss W. Cotter, electric grey, trimmed with white muslin; Mrs Churton, black costume, white vest, black hat; Mrs Creagh, black silk; Miss Creagh, dark skirt, black blouse, figured with white, black sailor hat, with black and white feathers; Mrs J. M. Dargaville, black costume; Miss Dargaville was much admired in royal blue coat and skirt, faced with white, white vest, black toque, trimmed with feathers; Miss M. Dargaville, dark skirt, white blouse, white picture hat, with feathers; Mrs Ernest Moss Davis, dark skirt, brown jacket, white hat, with cherry ribbons; Mrs Devereux, royal blue, relieved with white, black hat, with tulle; Miss Devereux, khaki eambric coat and skirt, faced with white, sailor hat; Mrs (Col.) Dawson, grey check, grey hat en suite, trimmed with tulle; Miss Dunnett, royal blue, trimmed with white, hat trimmed with blue flowers and blue muslin; Mrs Duthie, grey costume, made in tunic style; Miss Davey, navy; Mrs Moss Davis, black silk, white feather boa, black toque; Miss Moss Davis, white silk, relieved with lace, black toque, with white trimming, and her sister wore a white pique skirt, blue blouse, black hat; Mrs Dillingham, black silk, with cherry design, black toque, trimmed with cherry silk; Mrs Colson, pale lavender cloth, with revers, collar, cuffs and trimmings, finely stitched with cream silk, and then overlaid with cream silk gurgure, white hat, trimmed with lavender silk; Mrs Edmiston, elaborate toilette of sage green silk, with twine coloured lace made in tunic style, with vest of white silk, beige straw hat, ornamented with silk muslin and white roses; Miss Edmiston, pearl grey plaid skirt and sacque jacket, white straw hat, trimmed with twist of muslin and white ostrich feathers; Mrs A. P. Friend, cherry costume, veiled in black, large black hat, with feathers; Mrs Kingwell, black skirt, cherry coloured blouse, black toque; Miss Firth, ecru linen costume, with waist belt of black velvet, sailor hat; Mrs Angus Gordon, dark skirt, blue check foulard blouse, black hat; Mrs Bodle, electric blue costume; Miss Gorrie, black costume; Miss Gorrie, grey striped gingham, and her sister wore grey plaid cambric, white hat; Mrs C. Brown, navy blue cloth; Mrs Goodhue, black silk; Miss Caro, green, veiled in cream, white hat; Mrs Caro, black broche, black bonnet, with flowers; Mrs Barry Keating, black, relieved with cherry ribbons; Mrs Keating, grey check silk skirt, white blouse, trimmed with black; Mrs Keating, black silk, black bonnet, relieved with blue; Miss Keating, dark costume, blue toque, and her sister wore a dark gown; Mrs Cooke, grey check skirt, white serge blouse, black bolero, white hat, with twisted muslin and feathers; Mrs Crowe, black silk, veiled in black grenadine en traine, white yoke, fichu of white silk across shoulders and ended in streamers, white hat, with feathers; Mrs Hope Lewis, navy blue foulard, with white design, the bodice forming a bolero over white pique vest, ornamented with two rows of lace, pleated skirt with gurgure insertion, grey chiffon toque; Mrs Grahams violet costume; Mrs Cattinach, royal blue foulard, with white design, pleated skirt, beige straw hat, ornamented with red muslin and roses; Mrs Windsor, ecru linen, trimmed with cream embroidery, blouse bodice under a bolero of the embroidery, gathered sleeves with embroidered cuffs, fawn hat, with touch of cherry; Mrs A. Hanna, black coat and skirt, velvet toque; Mrs Thorne George, black moire, finished with green silk, V shape, let in at the neck, and touch

in with toque; Miss Thorne George, dark blue canvas cloth, trimmed with green, burnt straw toque, with dash of emerald grey; Miss Griffiths, ecru linen, with waist belt and neck of blue silk, khaki straw hat, trimmed with blue straw; Mrs (Major) George, rich black moire, with black lace, black hat, with feathers; Miss Sutton, grey plaid cashmere, white sailor hat trimmed with lavender grey muslin; Miss — Sutton, dark sage green, white vest, white hat, trimmed with twisted muslin; Miss Goodall, dark skirt, light blouse; Miss Isasac, fawn coat and skirt, hat with cerise pink silk; Miss Ireland, green veiled in white cambric with lace insertion, black velvet hat; Miss J. Ireland, black trained skirt, white pique jacket; Mrs Martelli, navy blue coat and skirt; Mrs Clem Lawford, grey check coat and skirt, black hat; Mrs Noakes, fawn costume, violet velvet hat; Mrs Morrin, black silk relieved with blue, yellow Italian straw toque swathed with azure blue crepe and feathers en suite; Mrs Mahoney, slate grey costume made with bolero trimmed with bands of blue velvet; Miss Savage, navy coat and skirt; Mrs Montague, black skirt, pink blouse; Mrs Thomas McLaughlin, royal blue costume with white satin facings, black hat trimmed with net and violets; Miss McLaughlin, tomato red herringbone frieze trimmed with black braid, white chemisette, black hat with violets; Mrs Hamilton Hodges, black skirt, blue and white striped blouse, black hat with blue rosettes of tulle; Mrs Arthur Nathan, dark skirt, grey jacket, black hat; Miss Julia Nathan looked picturesque in a white silk with bell sleeves, finely tucked flounced skirt, white sach, white lace boa, khaki straw hat wreathed with white ostrich feathers and ruffled black net with paste ornament; Miss Owen, navy; Mrs Otway, black; Mrs Hume, blue flowered muslin trimmed with white lace, large black hat trimmed with plumes; Mrs Seccombe, black; Mrs Fitzroy Peacocke, grey; Miss Fitzroy Peacocke, grey check; and her sister blue cambric; Miss Percival, fawn costume, hat trimmed with pink; Miss Ethel Percival, black skirt, fawn jacket; and her sister, white serge skirt, white silk blouse relieved with blue; Mrs Bathbone, black silk relieved with white tulle; Miss Lusk, black; and her sister wore a dark skirt, green and white striped silk blouse; Mrs Morris, black; Mrs Stuart Reid, white cloth made in bolero style, trimmed with gold embroidery; Mrs McConnell, black coat and skirt, white vest; Mrs McArthur, very handsome sage green costume; Mrs Shepherd, dark skirt, cream silk blouse; Miss Shepherd, dark skirt, white blouse; Mrs Chamberlin, black and blue striped moire; Mrs Russell,

REST

"If I could only get a little rest." How many tired women say this! They are exhausted, depressed, discouraged. Even after sleeping they find themselves just as tired as before. Not a part of the body escapes from the hard sores and pains. You should have all impurities removed from your blood and your nerves greatly strengthened.

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Of course you know this is so, for you have heard all about Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Ask your doctor if it isn't the best Sarsaparilla in the world. Even your druggist will tell you "It's the oldest and the best."

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black silk; Miss Russell was much admired in a lavender blue canvas trimmed with embroidery lace, cream hat with blue; and her sister wore fawn tuckered skirt and bodice, trimmed with white; Miss Von Sturmer, dark skirt, pink blouse, hat with pink silk; Mrs Cottle, black broche; Mrs Archdale Taylor, grey check made in tunic style with box pleat at back; Mrs Sharland, fawn coat and skirt; Mrs Sharman, black lace skirt, heliotrope silk cape veiled in black lace; Mrs J. Knoch, very handsome Sydney costume of electric grey with canary stripes veiled in black lace, black toque trimmed en suite; Mrs John Taylor (Sydney), French blue cloth skirt, blue silk blouse with tiny tucks, white lace round neck, black hat with feathers; Miss Wynyard, navy blue; Mrs Fred. Yonge, dark skirt, light blouse; Miss Yonge, dark skirt, white blouse; Miss Tanner, navy gown, scarlet hat; Miss Draper, white; Mrs Thorpe, black silk, black bonnet with white flowers; Miss Thorpe, green coat and skirt; and her sister wore navy; Mrs Walker, figured gown veiled in black; Miss Walker, dark skirt, white blouse; Mrs Stafford Walker, dark grey trimmed with pink; Mrs (Dr.) Scott, grey finished with yellow; Miss Scherff, black coat and skirt, white vest, black hat; Miss Dolly Scherff, electric blue trimmed with white vest, cream hat trimmed with salmon pink; Mrs Worsp, sage green; Miss Worsp (2) were studied in grey, grey hats; Mrs Lockhart, green costume trimmed with lace; Miss Wilkins, ecru linen, hat with bouquet of flowers; Miss M. Wilkins, white pique skirt, white silk blouse, white hat swathed with ostrich feathers; Mrs Edward Wilson, pale silver grey, hat with violets; Mrs A. P. Wilson, pale grey with stripes of pale yellow veiled in lace; Mrs Ranson, black silk with motifs of green velvet and head passementerie, black and white tulle hat, pink flowers; Miss Witchell, dark skirt, blue blouse; Mrs Steggall, very stylish English costume of lavender silk veiled in grey and trimmed with lace insertion, hat with lilac flowers; Miss M. Martin, fawn; Miss Morrin, grey check, white hat; Mrs H. Nolan, navy costume, royal blue bolero veiled in ecru lace, hat with cerise flowers; Miss Moss, dark skirt, white blouse; Mrs Ralph (Sylvia Park), grey trimmed with white, finished with black velvet bands; Mrs Ralph (Ponsonby), navy and violet striped coat and skirt; Miss Ralph (Huntly), fawn coat and skirt; Mrs Nichol, grey; Mrs Humphrey Haines, very handsome fawn costume richly braided, violet velvet toque; Miss Roberts, black; Mrs Jones, black; Miss Jones, fawn holland; Mrs Ranken-Reid, navy serge.

The second day of the Auckland Racing Club took place on Saturday. The attendance was not so large as on the first day, on account of it not being a public holiday. The weather was just as perfect, and light summer dresses were very much worn. Miss Atkinson, dark skirt, blue striped blouse, white hat, and her sister wore navy gown; Mrs. Alison, Egypt red costume, trimmed with ecru lace, white vest, black toque, trimmed en suite; Mrs. Archer, violet fancy cloth trimmed with white, black hat with choux of blue chiffon; Mrs. Anseune, dark skirt, pompadour muslin blouse; Mrs. George, Bloomfield blue drill, made with bolero, white satin collar, white hat with ruchings of pink and white; Mrs. Bell, black cloth; Mrs. Williams, black; Mrs. Baller, black; Miss Buller, grey; Miss Binney, grey plaid gown trimmed with violet velvet and ecru lace, black hat with ostrich feathers; Mrs. Kingswell, black; Miss Banks (Waikato), navy serge costume, black toque covered with roses; Mrs. Huckleland, biscuit-coloured cloth trimmed with brown velvet; Miss Buckland looked pretty in white; Miss Cotter, absmine green costume, very much flounced, edged with white lace, white chemisette, azure blue chiffon toque; Miss Winnie Cotter, black skirt, green silk striped blouse, white hat, with velvet; Mrs. J. M. Dargaville, rich black silk, relieved with white, white feather boa, black toque; Miss M. Dargaville, white costume, white picture hat with feathers; Mrs. Devore, a combination of violet and cream, cream lace corset bodice, bouquet of gold lace; Mrs. Devereux, black; Miss Devereux, fawn skirt, white blouse; Mrs. (Colonel) Dawson, petunia flecked cloth, trimmed with velvet of same hue, black hat, trimmed with tulle and feathers; Miss Davy, navy costume; Miss Dun-

nett, heliotrope flowered muslin, white tuckered silk vest and chemisette, black hat with heliotrope flowers and black net streamers; Miss Elliott looked distinguee in a white tuckered caubric, black hat; Mrs. Gorrie, black silk, black tulle hat, finished with white tulle and gold spangles; Misses Gorrie, grey striped costumes; Mrs. Angus Gordon, dark skirt, royal blue blouse; Miss Thorne George, violet cashmere, cream yoke, grey hat with feathers, and her sister, white silk costume, white hat, with plumes; Miss Griffiths, white flounced silk skirt, blue blouse, a black hat trimmed with black feathers; Mrs. Hanna, dark violet costume, trimmed with emerald green, black hat lined with pink; Mrs. Black looked well in an azure blue flowered muslin, black toque; Mrs. Hume, brown holland coat and skirt, white hat with ruchings of white silk and white feathers; Mrs. Otway, black; Mrs. R. Crowe, grey check skirt, blue blouse, white lace zouave, black hat, trimmed with white; Mrs. Hope-Lewis was much admired in a violet figured costume, trimmed with ecru lace, white vest, black hat; Miss Lewis, navy skirt, white blouse; Mrs. Cattanaeh, blue figured costume trimmed with white braid, red hat; Mrs. Windsor, silver grey, trimmed with black velvet border on skirt white chemisette, black and white chiffon hat; Mrs. Martelli, dark skirt, canary blouse, large picture hat; Mrs. Morris, black costume, trimmed with blue; Mrs. MacDonald, black; Miss McDonald, grey; Miss Lieywood, grey check skirt, green striped silk blouse; Miss Wylde-Brown, pink costume; Miss Noakes, dark green coat and skirt; Mrs. Churton, black; Mrs. H. Nolan, royal blue, trimmed with ecru lace; Mrs. Bodle, electric grey, black hat; Miss Percival, fawn costume, pink hat; Miss Ethel Percival, dark skirt, light blouse; Mrs. Cottle, black; Mrs. Ranson, white silk, veiled in black grenadine, toque en suite; Mrs. Withers, black silk, with bead trimming, grey vest, black bonnet; Miss Withers looked well in canary silk veiled in grass lawn, with lace insertion, black net hat with yellow and lavender primroses, and relieved with white net; Mrs. Ranken Reid, navy, with silver striped bodice, toque of flowers; Miss Tanner, navy blue faced with white, scarlet hat; Misses Stevenson (2) were studied in grey; Miss Sutton, grey plaid cashmere, white hat wreathed with lavender tulle; Miss — Sutton looked exceedingly well in a white costume, black hat; Mrs. Seccombe, navy coat and skirt; Mrs. R. Browning, black gown, black toque; and her daughter wore white; Mrs. Wynyard, black; Miss Wynyard, white muslin, with grey floral design, white picture hat with plumes; Miss Wallnutt, violet skirt, figured Oriental muslin blouse; Mrs. McArthur, blue flowered muslin; Miss Scherff, navy serge, black hat; Miss Witchell, dark skirt, heliotrope flowered muslin blouse; Mrs. Ralph (Sylvia Park), grey; Miss Roberts, black costume, black hat; Mrs. Markham, fawn holland, cream straw hat, trimmed with pink; Mrs. Thomas Morrin, rich black silk, black hat; Miss Morrin, periwinkle blue gown trimmed with white braid, white hat with silk; and her sister wore white; Mrs. Creagh, black silk with white bow; Miss Creagh, dark skirt, light blouse; Mrs. Nicol, grey; Miss Moss, dark skirt, light blouse; Mrs. Chamberlain, blue and black striped crepe, bonnet to match;

AT HOME.

Miss Devore, of Ponsonby, who is shortly to be married, has been entertained at quite a number of afternoons at home, testifying to the lady's popularity amongst her many friends. Mrs. Ralph, of "Sea View," Ponsonby, entertained a number of guests on Thursday in her honour, when a very pleasant afternoon was spent devoted largely to music, which was of the highest order. Mrs. Ralph played sweetly on the harp, little Miss Ralph the piano, Master Gerald Ralph, a talented young musician, the violin, and Miss Trimmell, the cello, performing operatic selections, besides which vocal items were contributed by Mesdames Edger, Johnson, Duder, Misses F. Hudson, Douglas, and Darby, and Mrs. Leo Myers gave a recitation. For an afternoon function this was quite unique, and the music all so tastefully rendered was much appreciated by a critical and highly delighted gathering. Tea was daintily laid out in the dining-room, the table being decorated prettily with nasturtiums. The hostess looked exceedingly well

in black moire with chiffon undersleeves; Miss Devore looked daintly in a sky blue silk blouse with cream lace insertion threaded with black velvet bebe ribbon, and a black figured skirt, large black velvet drooping hat with white wings; Mrs. Devore was in black moire, and a gold and black bonnet; Mrs. Napier looked stylish in black silk, with silk braid bolero, and a large black chip hat with soft plumes; Mrs. Coleman wore a navy lustre skirt and jacket, and a white hat, with chiffon rosettes; Mrs. E. W. Alison looked well in a biscuit lustre with white silk square yoke, and a black toque caught up in front with pink roses; Miss Alison wore a dainty floral French muslin, and a pink straw hat; Mrs. Joseph Toke was in a heliotrope silk blouse with cream lace vandyke yoke, black brocade skirt, black toque; Mrs. A. C. H. Collins looked graceful in a grey, with heliotrope hat; Mrs. Leo Myers wore a pearl grey with cream lace insertion straps on skirt, and a white and pink hat; Mrs. (Judge) Edger was in a black and white check silk, and a black hat; Miss Langsford wore a black and white costume, pink straw "Trelawny" hat; Miss Percival was in a pink blouse and black skirt; Miss Ethel Percival looked charming in black skirt with fawn coat and cream silk blouse; Mrs. T. Mahoney wore a stylish French muslin with pink satin rosettes, pink and white lace straw toque; Miss Wallnutt was in a salmon pink silk blouse and a black skirt, white hat with cherries; Miss C. Wallnutt looked exceedingly well in a blue French muslin and a white lace straw and chiffon toque; Mrs. (Dr.) Bedford wore a stylish green plaid skirt and a green silk bodice with white muslin undersleeves, black velvet drooping hat; Miss Geddis was in a rich black silk, with black chiffon bodice and white silk vest and revers covered with Honiton lace, black hat; Miss Laird looked graceful in a pink blouse and black skirt; Mrs. W. S. Douglas looked well in dove grey with white silk vest; Miss Douglas wore a pretty French grey, with Honiton lace revers and a pink straw hat with soft grey drooping plumes; Mrs. H. Dunnett was in a grey coat and skirt, black hat caught up in front with a cerise silk chon; Mrs. H. Griffiths wore black with light brown cape; Mrs. Onley was in gobelin blue and a black velvet toque; Miss Dodson wore a sage green and pink check blouse, with a green silk collar trimmed with pink gathered ribbon and a black skirt, white hat; Miss Oldham was in white pique and a black hat with red roses underneath brim; Mrs. Armitage wore a navy costume with cream Luxeul lace bolero, white and fawn hat with crushed crown and a quill; Mrs. Bosk was in black silk; Mrs. Wilson wore a grey skirt and coat with white silk facings, white hat; Miss Kenivig was in cream with touches of heliotrope; Mrs. Hanna wore a black and blue shot costume, with a black toque; Miss Effie Hanna was in electric blue with cream lace insertion, and a white hat; Miss Kennedy wore a violet costume with white chemisette, violet hat; Miss Hudson was in a white and black check frock and a white chiffon toque; Miss F. Hudson wore pearl grey and a mauve and violet toque; Mrs. Reynolds, pink French muslin blouse and a black skirt, black toque; Miss Hughes, moss green velvet blouse, black silk skirt, black hat; Miss D. Hughes, rose pink check muslin blouse, black skirt, green velvet hat, with chiffon rosettes; Mrs. Crawshaw, dove grey costume, white chiffon tie; Mrs. Monro Wilson, white lace insertion blouse over yellow silk, black skirt and hat; Mrs. Newell, ecru Tussero silk with lace bolero; Mrs. B. Baker, black silk with cream lace; Mrs. Gentles, emerald green and white striped silk blouse, black skirt, white hat; Mrs. Gulliver, cream lace bodice over blue silk, black skirt and hat; etc., etc.

THE WEST END LAWN TENNIS CLUB

opened the season's play on Saturday afternoon. The weather being beautiful, a very large number assembled to witness the play, which was kept up with spirit until 5 o'clock. Afternoon tea was handed round by the members of the Club. Many new costumes were observed on the lawn, and the scene looked particularly charming. Of the ladies present Mrs. Dacre wore a black silk striped crepe, with lace cape, and a black bonnet with magenta roses; Miss Dacre, grey

dress, grey boa, and sailor hat; Miss M. Dacre, black skirt, white muslin blouse, trimmed with yellow bebe ribbon, sailor hat; Mrs. Upton, mourning costume; Miss Savage, navy skirt and jacket faced with white, large hat with grey feathers; Mrs. Blades, black; Mrs. Foster, grey costume, black cape, black bonnet with yellow roses; Miss McGregor, grey costume; Miss J. McGregor, blue blouse braided with white, blue skirt, pretty hat, with blue and magenta; Mrs. (Dr.) Thomas, grey costume, large black hat with plumes; Mrs. Tibbs, petunia gown, with white striped silk vest, lavender bonnet; Mrs. (Dr.) Bedford, green plaid skirt, green silk bodice, black velvet hat; Miss Devore, black silk skirt, sky blue silk bodice, black hat with plumes; Miss Dodson, black skirt and floral silk blouse, sailor hat; Mrs. Andrews, navy skirt and white blouse, black picture hat; Mrs. (Dr.) Grant, silver grey, hat to correspond; Miss Peacock, white pique, white hat, with green chiffon; Miss L. Butters, white pique skirt and pink blouse, sailor hat; Miss Graham, black and white striped muslin, white fichu, sailor hat; Miss Rees George, white skirt, pink blouse, picture hat; Miss Hewin, grey costume, with hydrangea blue velvet toque to correspond; Miss M. Blades, black skirt, silk bodice and sailor hat; Miss Dolly Moir, dainty white muslin and white picture hat; Miss E. Leighton, blue flowered muslin, with bands of ecru insertion and black bebe ribbon, white picture hat; Miss Metcalf, black and white checked skirt, blue blouse, sailor hat; Miss A. Whitelaw, stylish English costume of blue voile and ecru insertion, maize-coloured chip hat, with large bow of orange silk; Miss M. Whitelaw, holland skirt and tartan blouse, sailor hat; Miss F. Cook, fawn costume; Miss E. Hanna, electric blue dress, blue hat with white wings; Mrs. (Dr.) Knight, navy costume, black hat; Mrs. Boardman; Mrs. Scally, black and white striped silk blouse, white skirt, natural ostrich feather boa, black and white hat; Miss Kennedy, lilac muslin, neckband and belt of violet silk, toque to match; Miss R. Russell, green and white muslin, pink hat; Miss Oldham, white pique, black hat; Miss F. Hart, heliotrope, dark sailor hat; Miss Owen, black skirt and silk bodice, picture hat; Miss Ada Owen, black tuckered silk skirt, white silk bodice and white hat; Miss Haszard (Thames), blue muslin, white lace fichu, and sailor hat; Miss Caldwell, white pique skirt, pink muslin bodice; sailor hat; Mrs. Maddox, navy dress, white lace collar, and blue chiffon toque; Miss Goldie, light floral blouse and skirt, sailor hat; Miss Elsie Goldie, holland frock; Miss F. George, white muslin blouse, dark skirt, sailor hat; Mrs. Caldwell, stylish black gown, black hat with pink roses; Mrs. Newell, bright blue costume, sailor hat; Mrs. C. Brown, check silk blouse, dark skirt, hat to match; Mrs. Haven, green costume, with jet bonnet; Miss Haven, white skirt and pink silk blouse, sailor hat; Mrs. Morpeth, white silk, white hat; Miss F. Hudson, holland dress, violet hat; Miss Douglas, black and white skirt, white blouse, white hat; Miss Oxley, white skirt, pink blouse, sailor hat; Miss B. Oxley, pink flowered muslin, pink hat; Mrs. Gulliver, goblin blue costume; Mrs. Morrin, grey bodice, black silk skirt, black bonnet; Miss Morrin, primrose frock, pretty hat to match; Miss Littler (England), Baltic green blouse, white hat; Miss Baxter, heliotrope muslin,

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with rows of violet velvet ribbon, violet hat; Miss Bell, light blouse, dark skirt, sailor hat.

My Papakura correspondent writes: On Friday evening Mrs. Findlay, of Cliffe Lodge, Papakura, gave a very pleasant euchre party. Six tables had been arranged round the spacious drawing-room, at which the various players sat down, each one determined to become the happy possessor of a splendid framed engraving, which was selected as the first prize. Eighteen well-contested games were played, and when the points were counted, it was found that two ladies, Miss Lizzie Norrie and Miss Barkley tied for the first place, and Mr. Somerville and Mr. McFarlane were equal for the second gentlemen's prize. At the play-off Miss Barkley won, taking first place; Miss Norrie came second. Amongst the gentlemen Mr. Clayton was an easy first, and Mr. McFarlane second. The prizes presented were much admired, after which an adjournment was made to the supper room, where everybody had a prize of some kind or other. After supper we had a little music, and shortly before midnight the party broke up, everyone thoroughly pleased with the evening's entertainment.

The Grammar School boys had rather unfavourable weather for their sports Tuesday week. The wind which had been very boisterous during the past few days increased considerably on Tuesday morning, blowing a hard gale from the west, accompanied by heavy squalls of rain at times. Notwithstanding this inclemency of the weather, during the afternoon there was a very good attendance of parents, friends, and old boys of the school. The officers performed their duties most energetically. Messrs P. T. Upton, H. J. Mahon, P. Marshall, Morrell, and Light were judges, and Messrs J. K. Davis and Enrichan timekeepers. Mr R. A. McCallough, as starter, succeeded in getting all the races promptly off the mark, while Mr C. E. MacCormick was referee. During the afternoon the girls of the school, under the supervision of their mistresses, handed round afternoon tea with praiseworthy alacrity, to the many visitors. The tea, which was very much appreciated, was not the usual smoky beverage one generally receives at outdoor functions. The cakes, of which there was a bountiful supply, were of the daintiest and tastiest order, and were handed round in no niggardly fashion. Impey's Band supplied a choice programme of musical selections. Amongst those presented were:—Mrs Tibbs, fawn, trimmed with braid, black bonnet; Miss Haultain, grey coat and skirt, grey felt, black hat; Miss Wallace, brown skirt, violet velvet blouse, sailor hat; Mrs Crowther, mourning costume; Miss F. Peacock, navy skirt, white blouse, sailor hat; and her sister wore dark skirt, white blouse sailor hat; Miss Taylor (Mt. Eden), grey check trimmed with black braid, sailor hat; Miss Shepherd, black skirt, fawn jacket, black toque with violet velvet trimmings; Miss Rice, violet coat and skirt, sailor hat; and her sister wore navy serge; Mrs Upton, mourning costume; Miss Gorrie mourning frock; Miss M. Peacock, dark green coat and skirt, white tie, sailor hat; Miss M. Devereux, very pretty costume of a warm red cashmere trimmed with black braid, sailor hat; Mrs Clarke and Miss Clarke wore black costumes; Miss Trevithick, black skirt, heliotrope blouse; Miss Taylor (Mangere), black skirt, fawn jacket, sailor hat; Mrs Udy, navy blue tailor-made gown, black bonnet; Miss Udy, navy skirt, plaid blouse, sailor hat; Mrs Rankin-Reed, gobbelin blue coat and skirt, white vest, sailor hat; Miss McLachlan, mourning costume; Misses Brigham (2) were studies in two shades of brown corduroy velvet; Miss Paton, black; Mrs Irubant, black; Miss Brabant, brown skirt, fawn jacket, sailor hat; Mrs Preece, dark skirt, lemon coloured hatiste blouse, sailor hat; Mrs Ashton, brown tailor-made costume; Miss Fenton, brown material with blue floral design, sailor hat; and her sister wore brown; Mrs J. King Davis, black cashmere with trimmings of white zinn's veiling, braided with black, black bonnet; Miss Steele, dark skirt, green blouse, sailor hat; Mrs Lawson, brown cloth gown, brown toque to correspond; Miss Dacre, black skirt, grey blouse, sailor hat; Miss Isaaciden, black skirt, pink blouse, sailor hat; and her sister, a cream costume, black hat; Mrs Thomas, fawn tailor-made gown, sailor hat; Mrs Peel, navy gown,

toque with violets; Mrs Fraser, black coat and skirt; Miss Savage, navy; Mrs Mahoney, dark shade of violet; Mrs Lockhart, fawn gown, black toque; Mrs Marriner, dark skirt, light blouse, sailor hat; Miss Choquet, navy costume trimmed with blue sailor hat; Miss Pickinere, black skirt, blue and coat and skirt, sailor hat; Miss Murray, black gown, black bonnet relieved with green; Mrs Salmon, grey skirt, white blouse, black cape, violet velvet bonnet; Miss Salmon, cardinal serge trimmed with black braid, fawn jacket, black hat with plumes; Miss Wilks, dark green; and her sister wore navy; Miss Hold, dark skirt, fawn jacket, sailor hat; Misses Thorpe (2), navy serges, rose pink collarettes veiled in white lace, sailor hats; Mrs Oberlin-Brown, fawn gown, black toque; Miss Oberlin-Brown, navy serge, sailor hat; and her sister wore grey gown, sailor hat; Miss Hill, brown holland, sailor hat; Miss Paisley, dark skirt, blue plaid blouse, sailor hat; Miss Ross, black skirt, fawn jacket, sailor hat; Miss Sloman, black; and her sister wore a sultan red costume; Miss Watkins, dark skirt, white blouse, sailor hat; Mrs Marshall, grey coat and skirt, violet vest, grey toque trimmed with violet; Miss Cameron, grey skirt, violet blouse, black and white toque; Mrs (Dr.) Lewis, dark grey tailor-made costume; and her daughter wore navy serge; Mrs Buddle, grey plaid skirt, green jacket, sailor hat; Mrs Arnold, mourning costume; Mrs Walker, grey check; Mrs Minnitt, black; Mrs Goodall, black material with white stripe; Mrs Dignan, fawn coat and skirt, sailor hat; Mrs Choquet, fawn; and her daughter, navy; Mrs Ilbert, black; Mrs Haslett, grey gown, black bonnet finished with pink; Miss Aicken, grey check skirt, black jacket, sailor hat; and her sister wore a black and white plaid skirt, black jacket, sailor hat; Mrs Neill, black gown, green velvet toque; Mrs Butler, dark skirt, pale lettuce green figured blouse, with toque to correspond; Mrs Chaffield, black gown relieved with white, bonnet to match; Mrs Turner, navy serge, trimmed with white, costume braided with black.

PHYLLIS BROWN.

CHRISTCHURCH.

Dear Bee, November 7.

The second day's racing at Riccarton was much more enjoyable than Cup Day, for the fates are looking so kindly on our pastimes that the off-days are filled in with cold showers, and so making everything fresh and free from dust for the drive out to the course. Derby Day was perfect, and though not so many on lawn and stand, the numerous pretty gowns were very attractive. The race of the day was won by the favourite, Mr J. D. Omond's Benbow, and he was greatly cheered when brought on to the lawn for decoration, which seemed to upset him, as he was very impatient of the honour bestowed upon him by Mrs W. Clifford in placing the blue ribbon, which she did as Lady Clifford was absent.

Among the many pretty gowns worn I noticed Mrs G. G. Stead, black silk coat and skirt, the jacket lined with green and faced with tabs of pale green silk, tuscan and green toque and paradise feathers; Mrs A. Boyle, royal blue gown with white bands, eye of tuckled silk, black hat; Mrs A. Ferguson, grey voile, black velvet waist band and trimming, white vest, and black hat; Mrs McVay (Napier), handsome black gown, white yoke outlined with jet, black and pink bonnet; Mrs Miller (Napier), black and white costume; Mrs S. Williams, black with white insertions, black and purple bonnet; Miss Williams, white muslin over pale blue, white hat; Mrs A. Elworthy (Pareora), soft white silk, the frills edged with narrow black velvet, white ostrich feather, boa, black hat; Mrs Bond, very pretty grey voile, white chiffon yoke, grey and pink toque; Mrs Roberts (Akaroa), khaki silk figured with black, trimmed with black velvet, black hat; Miss Roberts (Dunedin), pretty white muslin and lace gown, white hat and feathers; Mrs Tabart, cream gown, the revers of satin, black velvet hat; Miss Simpson (Wellington), white muslin over blue, turquoise silk sash, hat to match; Mrs E. C. J. Stevens, blue and white foulard, white insertion trimming, pink bonnet; Mrs Russell, royal blue gown, with Eton coat showing white front, white bands down the skirt, large black hat; Mrs Hume, a sweet pink floral muslin, black hat; Mrs G. Merton, handsome black moire,

white lace collar, toque of cornflowers with tulle to match; Mrs W. D. Meares, tailor-made coat and skirt of dark fawn, black toque with violets; Miss S. Meares, pretty grey Eton coat and skirt, white vest, and black hat; Mrs Heaton Rhodes, white cloth skirt and tucked silk bodice, pale pink chiffon hat with black feathers; Mrs J. D. Hall, black gown with white yoke, the skirt and bodice trimmed with white insertion, black chiffon hat and feathers; Mrs Traak (Nelson), black silk gown and beaming bonnet; Mrs G. Rhodes (Meadowbank), pale green and white gown, finished with cream lace, white boa, black plumed hat; Mrs Ogle, pale grey Eton coat and skirt, pink vest, hat and sunshade; Miss Harcourt (Wellington), fawn coat and skirt, white satin revers, blue straw hat with shaded red roses and black velvet; Mrs F. Perry, smoke-blue poplin, with wide cream lace insertion down the skirt on bodice and sleeves, pink tulle hat, black plumes; Mrs G. F. Martin, dark blue and white striped silk, pink bonnet, lace cape with cream braid designs; Misses McLean (Dunedin), one in a lovely shade of heliotrope brocade, the other cream silk and violet hats with white plumes; Mrs T. Wilford (Wellington), white muslin over pink, pale pink and green hat; Mrs E. Macdonald, dark cloth with red silk revers, black hat; Mrs W. P. Townsend, blue and white spotted foulard, white vest, pink toque and boa; Miss Townsend, palest blue brocade, white and blue hat; Mrs A. Rolleston, grey coat and skirt, white revers, black hat; Mrs J. Fairhurst, grey striped voile, yellow silk yoke, black hat; Mrs C. Bourne, slate blue and skirt, black hat, black and white chiffon ruffe; Mrs D. Wood, pale grey Eton coat and skirt, white vest, pink hat; Miss Buckley, grey voile tucked perpendicularly, blue satin waistband, blue and pink toque; Miss Way, pale grey and yellow, hat to match; Mrs R. D. Thomas, handsome black gown, cream lace yoke, black toque with pale green; Miss Garrick, very dark stone with blue and steel trimming, fawn and blue toque; Miss Moir, pale blue muslin, white hat; Miss Cunningham, white muslin, and feather boa, black hat, orange chiffon sunshade; Mrs W. Stringer, pretty heliotrope muslin with tucked silk yoke, black hat and pink roses; Mrs Quine, pale pink muslin, chiffon hat of pink with black plumes; Miss Taylor, white tucked muslin, black and white hat; Mrs Studholme, handsome black moire, black and grey cape, black and crimson bonnet; Mrs Graham, dark green cloth skirt, pale green silk blouse, tuscan and green toque; Miss Graham, grey cloth skirt, pale pink silk blouse, black hat; Mrs J. T. Peacock, bright purple cloth with velvet and chinchilla fur, black and purple hat; Miss Hardy-Johnston, very pretty founced white silk, pearl passementerie Swiss belt, large black hat; Mrs Lichfield, black over purple, black and violet toque; Mrs Meredith-Kaye, dark blue and white foulard, white insertions, and pretty bonnet; Miss Meredith-Kaye, white muslin, white hat; Mrs Pat Campbell, pale green and white striped dress, black hat; Mrs O'Rorke, all cream gown, black chiffon ruffe, pink hat; Mrs Bickerton-Fisher, handsome gown of net and satin ribbon over black silk, black hat and grey feather boa; Mrs Curnow, fawn and yellow dress, hat to match; Miss Curnow, all white; Mrs Walcott Wood, a lovely pale grey gown, tuscan toque with roses and foliage; many more very charming gowns were worn, the dainty colouring and style making a very pleasing picture.

November 5.

Miss Lowe's annual breaking-up party of her dancing classes is always looked forward to with a great deal of interest, and that which took place in Hobbs' buildings on Tuesday was exceedingly pretty to watch. The number of novel and pretty dances, and at the same time so graceful, astonished one rather that such small people could be so proficient. Miss Jean and Master Kinloch Campbell gave a Scotch dance beautifully, an Irish jig was capitably done by three small people. A minuet was most daintily done by nine little girls, but the skirt dancing of the Misses A. and N. Burns, D. Rose, M. Ollivier, C. Kettle, Barrett and Izard was perfectly irresistible, and had to be repeated. A skipping rope dance by little Miss Lichfield was very clever; a sash dance and quadrille of roses were both very pretty. There was a Spanish dance, in which all the girls wore the national costume, and held a tambourine, and several

other very pretty dances and a march; also club swinging and dumb-bell exercise. Among the visitors watching were: Mr. and Mrs. Pat. Campbell, Mrs. and Mr. W. G. Stead, Mrs. Pyne, Mrs. Kettle, Mrs. Rose, Mrs. Murks, Mrs. Lomison, Dr. Jennings, Mr. and Mrs. Burns, Mrs. and Mr. C. Ollivier, Miss Julius, and numbers more. At the close of the programme light refreshments were served, some of the little ones leaving, while dancing was continued for a time for the older ones and visitors. The longed-for day for the opening of the Canterbury Jubilee Exhibition dawned in the brightest and best of humours, and remained so all day. From 12 o'clock there was a general holiday, and all vehicular traffic in Manchester-street, between Gloucester and Worcester-streets, was stopped. By 10 o'clock an immense crowd had assembled before the handsome pile of buildings, the Canterbury Industrial Hall, from the turrets and various poles, of which many flags waved. Mrs. W. Reece, on arrival, was presented with a very handsome shower bouquet, and Mr. Staveley, on behalf of the Hall Company, presented her with a golden key, with which she proceeded to unlock the door, moving on into the main hall with the invited guests, in readiness to await the arrival of His Excellency the Governor. The choir and orchestra, under Mr. F. M. Wallace, numbering about 300, and the immense assemblage, rose as Lord Ranfurly and suite, including Lieutenant-Colonels Gordon and Slater, Captain Haynes (H.M.S. Mildura) and Mrs. Baynes, arrived, the Premier, Mr. and Miss Seddon, Hon. J. G. Ward, Mrs. Bean, and others being already in places allotted to them. The effect on the entrance of the Governor was a very fine one to the strains of the National Anthem, which was then taken up by the choir, the sopranos first, alto second verse, full choir, orchestra and people for the third, Mr. Wallace facing the audience and conducting, making a very enthusiastic beginning. The "ode" was then sung, Mr. John Prouse, of Wellington, taking the solos most effectively. The beauty of the music, the words and the manner in which it was performed by the choir, raised the greatest excitement, and calls for composer and author, when Mr. Maughan Barnett,

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of Wellington, and Mr. O. T. J. Alpers (Christchurch) stepped on to the rostrum to receive the most enthusiastic applause. Speeches followed, and the "Britannia Overture" brought the proceedings to a close, when Lord Kanferly and suite, the Hon. R. J. Seddon, J. G. Ward, J. T. Peacock, Sir John Hall, Captain Haynes and many other gentlemen were entertained in the president's room, and Mrs. Allan gave afternoon tea to a number of ladies, amongst whom were Mrs. and Miss Seddon, Mrs. Bean, Mrs. Baynes, Mrs. J. T. Matson, Mrs. H. Rhodes, Mrs. W. Reece, Mrs. Julius, Mrs. Louissou and others. Mrs. Allan looked well in black, with yellow chiffon yoke, bonnet to match; Mrs. Lawry, a very becoming gown of black, with white yoke, black and white hat; Mrs. Julius, black, with cream lace revers, pale green bonnet and white oprete; Mrs. Reece, pale green costume with white lace, white hat; Mrs. Louissou, cobalt blue, Eton coat and skirt, white lace vest, the revers and collar of white satin and lace, black chiffon hat; Mrs. Seddon, black coat and skirt, bonnet of fawn and violet; Mrs. H. Rhodes, black skirt, blue and white silk blouse; Mrs. Burns, black coat and skirt, white neck band and vest, white and purple hat; Mrs. G. Hall, mourning costume; Mrs. Baynes, pale grey costume, black hat; Mrs. Marks, pale grey Eton coat and skirt, cerise vest and belt, white Leghorn hat, black flowers; Mrs. J. Harris, dove grey braided with white, white satin and lace collar, cerise vest and belt, black hat with roses; Mrs. F. M. Wallace, black skirt, green silk blouse veiled with black lace; Mrs. Prouse, fawn, trimmed with black braid, hat to match with touch of orange; Mrs. Mickle, fawn coat and skirt, faced with darker satin and cream lace, bonnet with green velvet; Mesdames Appleby, Graham, R. Wood, G. Roberts (Auckland), Fitchett (Wellington), A. Anderson, J. Anderson, D. Matson, J. Fairhurst, W. Stringer, N. Macbeth, Maude, Symes, Merton, Peacock, Alpers, Mr and Mrs Staveley, Mr and Mrs Lund, Mr and Mrs J. Deans, Mr A. Kaye, Miss Webb (Ade-laide), Mr and Mrs Tendall, Mr and Mrs Ballantyne, Mr and Mrs Kinsey, Mr and Mrs R. E. McDougall, Mr and Mrs H. Wells, Mr C. Towsey, Mr and Mrs Maughan Barnett (Wellington), Mr Embling (Wellington), and numbers more. A tour of the Exhibition was made by the official party, and the whole pronounced good. In the evening a still more packed hall, many being unable to even gain standing room, but the acoustic properties were well tested and pronounced a success. The Ode was repeated amidst even greater enthusiasm, the Hymn of Praise falling somewhat flat, though exceedingly well done. The solos were taken by Mrs Burns, Miss Bonnington, and Mr E. J. Hill (Wellington). Mr Prouse between the two pieces singing with the orchestra "Why Do the Nations" splendidly.

Friday was a very big day at the Exhibition, being crowded all day and evening, the Natives' Association giving an entertainment in the concert hall.

It was quite strange to think of Saturday being Cup Day, but with the numerous visitors and the many parties made up one could not forget it. The weather was most kind, a little too hot at first, but an ideal day for light attire, and the display on the lawn, though the dresses were not so rich as on former occasions, but far more dainty, and decidedly more comfortable, was one to be remembered. The racing was excellent, and not marred by a single accident, though the favourites were more often second or third (and sometimes not even placed) than those interested cared for. His Excellency the Governor and suite were present, and were the guests of the C.J.C. at luncheon. Many happy luncheon parties also picked in the members' enclosure. It would be impossible to give all the beautiful gowns that graced the lawn that day. Amongst them were Mrs Pat. Campbell, in cream serge coat and skirt, relieved with black velvet, black hat; and with her a lady whom I did not recognise in a charming toilet of white silk, with full chiffon ruffle and black chenille ends, black hat; Mrs H. Rhodes, fine white muslin, with much black lace insertion, large black hat; Mrs E. C. J. Stevens, deep blue Eton coat and skirt, the jacket edged with lace, pale blue bonnet; Mrs Parfitt (Wellington), brown silk costume, pink bonnet and sunshade; Mrs Ogilvie, pale blue voile ecru lace and narrow

black velvet, Leghorn hat with roses; Mrs Kettle, pale grey Eton coat and skirt, white vest and hat; Mrs H. Cotterill, cream toilette, heliotrope toque; Mrs Ronalds, all black, with black and yellow bonnet and sunshade; Mrs K. Curtis (Ashburton), black coat and skirt, black and pink hat; Miss McLean (Dunedin), heliotrope hat; Mrs L. Benjamin (Wellington), pretty fawn dress with white insertion, hat and feathers to match; Mrs G. G. Stead, pale blue voile, with heliotrope bands on skirt and jacket, toque of chiffon and flowers to match exactly and white paradise feathers; Miss Stead, cream serge, large white hat; Mrs W. Ollivier, pink muslin, the collar and yoke of pink satin, covered with cream lace and narrow black velvet, pink hat; Miss Tabart, striped black, white and pink silk, black velvet hat; Mrs Wilding, blue voile and black lace insertion, black hat; Miss Wilding, white muslin, and white hat and feathers; Mrs H. MacAndrew, fawn Eton coat and skirt, pale blue hat; Miss MacAndrew, black coat and skirt, hat with pink roses; Mrs F. Perry (Napier), a lovely gown of silver embroidered and spangled black chiffon over pale heliotrope silk, white hat with black tulle, long black and white feathers, white chiffon ruffle; Miss McLean (Gisborne), pretty floral delaine trimmed with lace, pink waistband, toque to match; Miss Harcourt (Wellington), cream Eton coat and skirt, satin and lace revers, hat to match; Mrs Bayley (New Plymouth), black and white striped muslin, black and white hat; Mrs Burns, handsome cream lace over white silk, black velvet ends, black hat and feather boa; Mrs H. Wood, pretty heliotrope muslin, toque to match; Mrs A. Elworthy, pale blue and white foulard, chiffon toque to match; Mrs Tennant (Ashburton), white muslin with lace insertion, black hat; Mrs Reece, tussore silk with narrow black velvet vest, green and heliotrope toque; Miss Raibe (Nelson), pale blue muslin, white hat; Mrs C. Louissou, charming gown of palest grey silk trimmed with Maltese lace, narrow crimson velvet and steel buckles, black hat; the Misses Louissou, in tucked white silk gowns, white hats; Mrs J. Anderson, black grenadine over blue, blue toque; Miss Anderson, white muslin and white hat; Mrs A. Anderson, grey cashmere gown, the bodice of striped silk, large black hat; Miss G. Anderson, cream serge with electric blue yoke covered with lace, and belt of same, chiffon and blue toque; Mrs Gray (Port Chalmers), white costume, toque with violets; Mrs H. H. Loughnan, white gown, the frills edged with narrow black velvet, pink hat and sunshade; Mrs Moorhouse (Wellington), handsome black gown, white yoke and chiffon ruffle, black hat and feathers; Mrs Macdonald (Dunedin), black with white vest and chiffon ruffle, black and pink toque; Mrs A. Elworthy, wedgewood blue and white foulard, pale blue chiffon toque; Mrs W. Bond, very handsome black brocade gown with steel passementerie yoke, black chiffon ruffle and hat; Mrs W. D. Meares, black and violet stripe gown with violet silk yoke, toque to match; Miss Garrick, blue and stone brocade made with double skirt and trimmed with tulle, tuscan and blue hat; Mrs S. Garrick, dove grey with white braid, black velvet revers, and black hat; Mrs W. Stringer, pretty blue and white check silk, open at the side, over lace flounced slip, chic toque; Mrs H. H. Cook, black lace over white silk, becoming hat; Miss Cook, wedgewood blue and white foulard with double skirt trimmed with black lace insertion, black hat; Miss Cook, white silk and white hat; Miss Bullen (Kaikoura), pale grey canvas over pink silk, toque to match; Miss F. Bullen, pale grey canvas over yellow, toque to match; Miss M. Douglas (Wellington), pink and grey figured gown faced with pink silk, black chiffon hat and feathers; Miss C. Douglas, navy blue coat and skirt, white vest and hat; Mrs T. Wilford (Wellington), pale grey striped gown with double skirt, the bodice relieved with pale blue, and pink toque to match; Mrs D. Wood, soft grey gown with white yoke and jet trimming, black hat; Mrs Meek (Wellington), blue poplin, black and pink toque; Miss Graham, pretty grey gown finished with white, white hat; Mrs Kirkealdie (Dunedin), white muslin and lace, black chiffon hat; the Misses Wilder (Fernside), charming dresses of pale grey trimmed with white, black hats and plumes, grey feather boas; Mrs N. Macbeth, blue and pink muslin with narrow black velvet and becoming hat; Mrs Walter Clifford, black grenadine over blue, hat to match;

Mrs Lawry, handsome black gown with white yoke, black hat; Mrs Davidson (Napier), blue and black striped silk dress, toque en suite; Mrs Walcott Wood, cream silk finished with Maltese lace and baby ribbon, tuscan toque, pink roses and foliage; Mrs Johnston, (Ashburton), brown coat and skirt, white vest; Mrs Snodgrass (Ashburton), black costume; Mrs Nancarrow (Dunedin), dark blue and white foulard, black lace insertion, black hat and chiffon ruffle; Mrs Wardrop, pink gown with black lace trimming, black hat; Mrs J. Duncan (Wellington), handsome black gown with white yoke, black bonnet and pink roses; Mrs J. Mills (Dunedin), grey and white foulard trimmed with black velvet, black hat, white chiffon boa; Miss Budden, green muslin, black hat; Mrs Fitchett (Wellington), green costume trimmed with white, hat to match; Mrs Pyne, cream corduroy Eton coat and skirt, pretty hat; Miss N. Reeves, white Eton coat and skirt, white hat; Mrs Donald (Auckland), blue grey poplin, white yoke finished with cream lace and narrow black velvet, pink toque; Miss Donald, soft French grey tucked gown trimmed with lace edged with rucked blue ribbon, Leghorn hat with white chiffon; Mrs D. Nathan (Wellington), pretty pale grey dress and black hat; Mrs J. Turnbull, white corduroy Eton coat and skirt; Mrs S. Gordon, black silk gown, pale blue bonnet; Miss Gresson white muslin, pale blue hat; Mrs W. Stundholme, black silk costume made with Eton coat over white silk bodice; Mrs G. Bennet, pale fawn canvas over pink silk; Mrs C. Cook, black gown, white revers braided with black, hat to match; Miss Cook, pretty pale blue dress, grey straw hat with blue chiffon and forget-me-nots; Miss Cuff (Auckland), white silk dress, black and white hat; Mrs H. Wood, very pretty heliotrope muslin, hat to match;

Mrs Marks, blue and white satin foulard with cream lace insertion on skirt, white chiffon yoke and under sleeves, the yoke outlined with folds of turquoise blue satin, large black and yellow tuscan hat with pink roses, the brim; Mrs G. Rhodes (Meadowbank), pink and green figured silk with lace insertion, pink toque and silk belt; Mrs J. C. Palmer, pretty wedgewood blue and white foulard, white ostrich feather boa, black and white toque; Mrs Liebfield, pale heliotrope with palest green, purple toque; Mrs H. Wood, a very pretty heliotrope muslin, hat to match; Mrs de Vries, black lace over black silk trimmed with satin ribbon, vest and under sleeves of pleated chiffon and heliotrope hat to match; Mrs O'Rourke, black silk with white spots, tuscan toque with yellow roses; Mrs Quane, cornflower blue gown trimmed with white, stylish black hat; Mrs Banald Macdonald, black and white foulard, white ostrich feather boa, cherry tulle hat; Mrs F. Waymouth, pale green voile trimmed with flowered silk and green velvet, finished with cream lace, pink toque; Miss Waymouth, pink figured dress trimmed with dark red velvet, white hat with shaded roses; Mrs Tyree, pretty dress of dove colour over yellow, vest of crepe de chine, toque to match; Mrs Duncan Cameron (Methven), pale grey voile with wide sash of orange silk, black tulle toque with tuscan trimming; Mrs G. Rhodes (Timaru), beautiful dress of white lace with frills at the foot, long blue silk sash at the front, blue chiffon hat with black feathers; Miss Palmer, pale green silk, with chiffon fichu, large hat with pale pink trimming; Miss Lee, a sweet dress of pink chiffon over silk, black chiffon hat with plumes; Miss Hitchings (Napier), blue and white foulard, black hat with feathers; others present were Mesdames Appleby, G. Roberts (Auckland), G. Merton,

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Lost Flesh Rapidly,
Took Quantities of Medicine, Failed all the Time.
Was Quickly Cured with

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"Some time ago I had a very severe attack of influenza which left me greatly weakened. I lost flesh rapidly and was in a very bad way. I took quantities of medicine, but constantly grew worse all the time. Finally, I tried Ayer's Sarsaparilla and began to improve from the start."

"I took about six bottles and was perfectly cured. I have used this remedy in my family a great deal and I know it to be a thoroughly reliable health-giving compound and family medicine."

John Murrell, Railway Station Master, of Sunnybank, Queensland, sends us this letter together with his photograph, which we reproduce above.

This is a strong letter, one which must remove all doubt. It is additional proof that Ayer's Sarsaparilla is

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You ought to profit by it greatly, for if you are weak, have lost flesh, are without appetite, and feel languid and depressed, here is a quick and certain cure.

Perhaps the trouble is with your blood and you are suffering from headache, boils, eruptions of the skin, scrofula, and rheumatism; or if you are suffering from weakness of any kind, here is a prompt and most perfect cure.

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

Removes All Effects of Hot Weather.

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Graham, Milton (Birch Hill), V. Hargrave, G. Anderson, Molinesaux, Sinclair, Thomson (Dunedin), P. Cox (Aahburton), Mrs and Miss Milson, Misses Croxton, Williams, M. Ross, Way, Heywood, M. Bullock, Bowen, Newton, Harley, and many others. The lawn certainly never looked greener, the smashes of various tints added to the pretty dresses were quite remarkable. Much white was worn, while black hats were quite the rage.

DOLLY VALE.

NELSON.

Dear Bee, November 8.
Last week the weather was far from pleasant; each day it seemed as though a gale blew from a different direction, and it was accompanied by heavy rain. A heavier sea was running in the bay than has been known for years, and floods are reported in many of the country districts. Such a state of affairs is quite an unusual occurrence in this part of the world, and in consequence the weather has been the chief topic for conversation. However, now I think we have got our days of bright sunshine back again, and we sincerely hope they intend to remain with us. Several functions arranged for last week had to be postponed on account of the weather, the most important being the Bicycle Gymkhana, which was to have been held on Wednesday in the park in aid of the new school of music, but it has now been put off till Wednesday week, when we hope the weather will be quite settled.

On Saturday afternoon the Bishop and Mrs Mules held their annual GARDEN PARTY.

for the members of Synod at their residence, "Bishopdale." Heavy rain fell all the morning, the afternoon was fine, but a large number of guests were unable to be present. All those who were there spent a thoroughly pleasant time. Mrs Mules received her guests in the drawing-

rooms; the large library and other rooms were also thrown open, and as the weather improved many wandered their way into the garden. Mrs Mules wore a black figured lustre gown trimmed with black lace and jet, pretty white lace cap; Miss Mules, black and white check costume, white silk vest trimmed with narrow ribbon velvet. Amongst those present were:—Mrs Chatterton, blue lustre coat and skirt, large black hat; Baroness Von Blutingslowen (Germany), handsome gown of black merveilleux relieved with white, bonnet en suite; Archdeacon and Mrs Wright (Richmond); Mrs Baker (Brightwater), black costume; Mrs Sedgwick (Picton), black, bonnet relieved with red; Mrs Ensor (Marlborough), grey costume trimmed with black ribbon velvet, black hat; Mrs Robinson, black costume, smart heliotrope bonnet; Mrs Baillie (Picton), black relieved with cream; Mrs Holloway, black; Miss Holloway, grey silk lustre, white gem hat; Mrs Perrin; Miss Perrin looked well in navy and white, large white hat; Mrs Sealy, black; Miss Sealy, brown coat and skirt, white gem hat; brown coat and skirt, white gem hat; Mrs Webb-Bowen; Miss Webb-Bowen, wedgewood blue costume, becoming hat with cerise trimmings; Mrs Turner, black; Miss Turner, mauve costume; Mrs Benwick; Mrs Robertson; Miss Robertson, dark coat and skirt, sailor hat; Mrs Trolove, black; Miss Trolove, pink flowered muslin and lace, hat to match; Mrs de Castro, black and white check costume, pink toque; Mrs Childes (Motueka Valley), grey costume with pale blue finishings, large white hat; Mrs and Miss Tomlinson, the latter wearing a blue cloth coat and skirt, sailor hat; Mrs Johnson (Motueka), blue grey costume, chip hat en suite; Mrs G. Harries (Pelorus), green costume; Mrs H. Dencker, flowered muslin; and her tiny daughter was much admired in white; Mrs Wither, navy coat and skirt; Mrs Kingsley, black; Mrs Lemmer, grey, hat en suite; Mrs

Wolfe, stylish costume of black merveilleux, with white satin yoke, hat en suite; Mrs Duckworth (Blenheim), black; Mrs Hudson, blue; Mrs Andrew; Mrs Patterson; Mrs Littlejohn; Mrs Greenwood; Miss Pitt, smart costume of black and white check, relieved with white, toque profusely trimmed with violets; Miss Tendall, dark coat and skirt, small black hat; Miss Marsden (Stoke), smart black silk gown trimmed with black lace over white, toque en suite; Miss Rees, fawn costume, small hat to match; Miss Heaps, navy, sailor hat; Misses Davidson (2), black, relieved with white; Misses Foote (2); Miss Leggett, forget-me-not blue silk blouse, black skirt, sailor hat; Miss Oldham, grey silk, large black hat; Miss Humphries, royal blue coat and skirt, gem hat; Miss Lubecki, fawn costume, hat en suite; Miss McCulloch, cream lace bodice over white satin, grey skirt, becoming hat; Miss Browning (Stoke), black cloth costume with full pink vest, large black hat profusely trimmed with black feathers and ecru lace; Miss Payne (England), dark grey lustre, black hat relieved with pink; Miss King, fawn costume; Miss Stewart Forbes, dark green costume, large black hat trimmed with white feathers and cerise velvet; Miss Tully (Greytown), navy, toque to match; Miss Aggie Bell, navy coat and skirt, pink chip hat with black feathers; Misses Ledger (2), Bicknell (2), Fox, Preshaw (2), Greenwood; Miss Kempthorne, white pique. Amongst the gentlemen were the Revs. Kempthorne, Sedgwick, Chatterton, Lambert, Lucas, Johnson, Ensor, Webb, Galway, Dart, Levesay, Snes, Klingender, Smith, Colonel Pitt, Major Baillie, Captain Wolfe, Judge Robinson, Dr. Mackie, Messrs Collins, Lubecki, de Castro, Gilbert, Philippota, Strachan, King, Kempthorne (2), Barnett, Holloway (2), Kingsley, Bewl, Reece, Wither, Fox, Lemmer, Littlejohn, Greenwood, Mullen, and very many others.

PHYLLIS.

BLenheim.

Dear Bee, November 8.
The Wairau Tennis Club Courts were opened by the President, Mr. J. Conolly, who made a capital speech, and very dainty afternoon tea was dispensed by Mrs. Conolly and other ladies, who all contributed most delicious cakes, etc. Many members of the Marlborough Tennis Club were present, being specially invited.

An evening party, given at "Argyle" by Mrs. R. McCallum, was greatly enjoyed by her numerous guests, for whom she had provided music, vocal and instrumental, cards, billiards, charades, etc. Some of those present were Mr. and Mrs. Vickers, Mr. and Mrs. A. Green (Upcot), Mr. and Mrs. J. Mowat, Mr. and Mrs. P. Douglas, Dr. and Mrs. Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. Adams, Mrs. Lucas, the Misses Waddy, Smith, and Anderson (2), Mr. and Mrs. Black, Mr. Reid, Mr. F. Stubbs, Mrs. Griffiths, Mr. L. Griffiths, and many others.

Mrs. Black was hostess at the Marlborough Tennis Courts, and dispensed most delicious refreshments. A good many were present, among whom were Mrs. Richardson, Mrs. P. Douglas, Mrs. Lucas, Mrs. Anderson, Mrs. McIntire, Mrs. W. Baillie, Mrs. Hindmarsh, the Misses Greenfield (2.) and others.

The races, which have already been postponed once, have again been postponed to December 14 and 15, when we hope that the weather will be favourable.

Our latest news of Captain Chaytor, who went to South Africa with the Third Contingent, is that he has recovered from the injury to his knee, and has insisted on going to the front again. He has joined the New Zealanders at Machadorp. We are sorry to hear that the injured leg is, though the wound has healed, shorter than the other.

FRIDA.

PEARS

Soap Makers



By Special Appointment

TO

HER MAJESTY

The Queen

AND



HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE

Prince of Wales.

Mr. John L. Milton

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

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

PROFESSOR
Sir Erasmus Wilson

Late President
Royal College of Surgeons, England.

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

Exchange Notes.

The colony's gold export for October totalled £130,614.

Auckland topped the list with £58,479.

The export of gold from the colony for the ten months of 1900 amounted to £1,331,258.

Insurance stocks had better demand, both New Zealand and South British being wanted at 65/6, while 18/6 was offered for Nationals.

Kirwan's Reward, Reefton, obtained 375oz. retorted gold from 387 tons of ore.

Waihi Grand Junction shares firmed in price towards the end of the week, being wanted at 43/. Waihi Union shares were also wanted at 19/.

Ore from the Iron Cap mine, when assayed this week, returned at the rate of £4 9/ per ton. Ore from the same mine selected so as to contain bunches of galena returned at the rate of £7 4/10 per ton. The directors now purpose exporting this ore to the smelter at Dapto.

Enquiry has been made once more for paid-up Kauri Timber shares at 7/6, and contributing were asked for at 1/8.

The Sailors' Creek Dredge, Victoria, in which Auckland shareholders invested about £3,000, cleaned up for six days' actual dredging for 58oz. of amalgam, yielding 35oz. of smelted gold.

Buyers of Whangamata Gold Corporations advanced from 4/ to 4/9 this week, but holders asked 5/6.

During the past week returns were reported from 30 dredges in the South, the total yield being 856oz. 16dw. 19gr.

Bank of New Zealand shares were firmer this week, being wanted at 20/, and 65/ was offered for National Banks.

Owing to high rivers having interfered with dredging, returns are fewer than usual. Meg and Annie obtained 65oz. 12dw.; Enterprise, 50oz.; Charlton Creek, 38oz.; Golden Treasure, 36oz. 13dw.; Succress, 32oz. 12dw.; Molyneux Hydraulic, 31oz.; Junction Electric, 22oz.; Waiwema Central, 22oz.; Waiuunu Queea, 20oz. 5dw.; Earnscleugh II., 19oz. 17dw. 15gr.; Waiuunu Extended, 18oz. 8dw.; Gold Queen, 15oz. 10dw.; Otago, 10oz. 2dw.

In cheap lines of mining stocks there were buyers of Chelmsfords at 1/8. Tairua Broken Hills were wanted at 8d, May Queens at 9d, and Kapowais at 7d, and Waihi Consolidated at 8d.

In the Kapowai mine the winze on No. 1 reef is down 20ft. The lode is from 6 to 9 inches wide, and on breaking down good gold came to hand.

Slugs of native silver are being broken in a vein 6in. wide at the Broken Hill Consols mine, one shot bringing down nearly half a ton of blazer and native silver, valued at £800.

The Kauri Freehold Gold Estates' mill at Opiotoni only crushed poor ore during the month ending October 17, 400 tons yielding bullion worth £269 13/6.

After keeping a cylinder of gold and one of lead together for four years at about 65deg. Fahrenheit—that is a comparatively cool temperature—Sir W. Roberts-Austen found that the gold had slowly but surely made its way into, or mixed with, the lead.

Waitekauri shares changed hands at 39/, and are still wanted at 37/6.

Bank shares had regular buyers, offers for New Zealand's reaching 20/8, and for Nationals 65/, but no sales resulted.

The Mount Lyell Company has consigned during the past six months 4,591 tons of blister copper. The quantity produced during the preceding six months was 4,798 tons, while the despatches for that period totalled 5,089.

The Waihi Extended Company's winding plant has been completed,

and sinking operations resumed. Shares have steady buyers at 2/.

In order to enable shareholders in the Talisman Consolidated Company who reside in England to better understand the work being done on that property the directors have had prepared a model drawn to scale, showing a portion of the Karangahake district, comprising 2,600 acres, and including the Talisman Consolidated group of claims.

A large quantity of mining machinery arrived by the Rakia this week, including two Babcock boilers for the Talisman Consolidated Co.'s plant at Karangahake, and filter presses sent out by the Kauri Freehold Gold Estates Company, to be added to the plant at Opiotoni, in order to facilitate the treatment of the slimes.

Waihi shares reached a record price on the Exchange this week, sales being made at £11 17/6, with buyers still left offering £11 12/6. This is an advance of 17/6 per share within the last few weeks.

The Directors of the Barrier reefs Company have instructed the manager not to clean up until the end of five weeks from the opening of the battery. The object is to have two or three weekly crushings, which will carry on until Christmas.

The L.O.B. timber shares have been in steady demand at 28/6.

The Waiotahi Company's return for the past month from 130 tons of ore was about £486. This is an improvement upon the yield for the last few months.

The directors of the Manann Company have forwarded instructions to at once treble the vat accommodation, and as soon as possible to double the plant by erecting ten more stamps.

More encouraging prospects continue to be met with in the block being opened up on the Sons of Freedom reef, in the New Whau mine. The reef in the eastern face is 4ft. thick, and strong colours and dabs of gold are to be seen in the ore.

VITADATIO

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

INDIGESTION.

North Parade, Strathallan, June 26, 1899.

Mr. S. A. PALMER, Melbourne:
I may just say I have been suffering from indigestion for years, and have taken no end of medicine, but to no avail. I am now taking VITADATIO, and am glad to say that I am much better.—I am, yours truly,

ISAAC CROSS.

INDIGESTION.

Mr. W. Webber.—Suffering from a severe attack of Indigestion I was induced to try your VITADATIO, and after using two bottles of same I got great relief, and have not been troubled with this complaint since, and would recommend anyone suffering from same to give it a trial.—Yours truly,

(Signed) CHAS. RUSSON,
Biscuit Manufacturer, etc., Launceston.

HEMORRHAGE OF THE LUNGS.

Charles Terrace, Wallaroo, S.A., 26th June, 1899.

Mr. S. A. Palmer:
Dear Sir,—My wife has been taking your VITADATIO for Hemorrhage of the Lungs and General Weakness. She is now taking the fifth bottle; so far, is giving satisfaction.

Yours very truly,
(Signed) J. T. EVANS.

The Price of the Medicine is: Rep. quarts, 5/6; rep. pints, 3/6; Indian oil of cream, 2/6.

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

Head Office for New Zealand, 39 Manners-street, Wellington.

W. WEBBER, Launceston, Tasmania, Sole Proprietor.

Correspondence Invited. Write for Testimonials.

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Special Leading Lines.

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

THE NEW SANITARY AND OTHER MAKES OF FLOOR COVERING.

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

SPECIAL VALUE IN BEDSTEADS.

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

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Estimates Given Free for Furnishing Cottage or Mansion.

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

Smith and Caughey.



AS SEEN THROUGH WOMAN'S EYES.

Too Much Furniture.

One of the ever-present problems of life that confronts the good house-keeper is the care of furniture and bric-a-brac. She finds herself confronted with the everlasting dusting and arranging and cleaning, or of putting out of the way some of the beautiful but cumbersome bric-a-brac and decorative articles with which her house is filled. To dust and keep in order such a collection of choice furnishings is often enough to wear the life out of any ordinary woman.

It has been suggested that ornaments and pictures might be made more interesting by being kept on view only a part of the time. Of course, it is not intended by this that the house shall be stripped of its beautiful features, but if we stop for a moment's reflection, we will be obliged to admit that there is a great deal more of this sort of furnishing in the average home than is at all necessary, desirable or comfortable. It means care and anxiety and cost, either of money or time and strength, and under the circumstances, it may well be questioned whether such expenditure pays.

There are better uses for the vital forces of humanity than to have them exhausted in an endless fight with dust and ashes.

Talking Sense.

"What a pity it is that some attention isn't given to teaching young people how to talk," said a middle-aged woman after a few hours outing at a place where many young persons were visiting.

"Teaching them to talk," replied her friend, "is less important than teaching them something to talk about. Naturally, they are weary of school-books and study and lessons and professors and technicalities and all that

sort of thing, and I would like some intelligent person to tell me what else they know and, consequently, what else they have to talk about. Their knowledge is confined almost entirely to text-books, and once they are emancipated from the school-room they are willing enough to leave such subject alone. The most sensible company of young people I ever knew was those whose recreation hours had been devoted to the study of nature; not as a study, but as an amusement. Between lessons they were taken out bird's nesting, gathering flowers, looking through the woods for curious and interesting shapes among trees or bushes, bringing home knots and twisted clubs of all sorts and taking pictures or making sketches of bird's nests, the birds themselves, the small animals they came in contact with and also any insects which seemed strange to them. When these youngsters were grown and went into society, their tastes and habits led them to seek the company of persons who could tell them about these things, and I never heard more animated conversation among scientists than I have listened to among these intelligent young persons and the distinguished guests who were often invited with a view to a general discussion on subjects of world-wide interest. I do not remember that I ever heard from any of this party five minutes of the senseless babble which young people generally indulge in. The talk was of the resources of nature, and the habits and the plumage of a bird or the colours assumed by some developing insect were thought much more worthy of consideration than Arabella's new hat or the colour selected by Daisy and Lilly for their summer costumes.

"With a world full of the most interesting and instructive literature, it seems a pity that the attention of the young should be allowed to wander to frivolous subjects."

Home Manners for Children.

There are few portions of household training that are more neglected than the education of children in the habits of eating. In the family it is the easiest thing in the world to grow careless or indulge in various practices not permissible in polite society; but, all the same, these habits are formed, and the children, as a natural consequence, grow up in such ways. It is small wonder that when they find it necessary to go out into the world they are obliged to have a thorough course of training to unlearn the habits of early life.

The only excuse for this is when the parents are themselves totally ignorant of the proprieties of life. It is a poor comment on bad manners when the young person in response to reproof says: "We always did so at home." And no parent should permit it to be possible for the child to cast any such reflection on the guardian of its tender years. It is comparatively easy, once the habit of discipline is established, to compel the observance of the rules that govern good society. If parents do not know them they should realize the necessity of learning them before they attempt the training of little children.

It must be a very unhappy reflection to father and mother when they come to comprehend the fact that their children are in disgrace because of lack of correct teaching. But this is often the case, and though children rarely accuse the parents of being the cause of such unpleasant consequences there are many instances where young people feel it keenly.

It is unquestionably the fact that a good deal of what is complained of by parents as neglect on the part of children comes from the fact that they have been allowed to grow up in ignorance of many things which they should have known, and have experienced so much annoyance and discomfort on this account that they feel

sensitive and sore of spirit in consequence.

It is natural enough to feel a certain degree of resentment towards those who are the cause of serious unhappiness or social disgrace, and whether it is the parent or someone else seems to make no difference; indeed, the responsibility which attaches to that relationship but increases the discomfort.

Social etiquette classes for the mothers of families might be a departure, but they certainly would be a benefit to the rising generation.

The Use of Soap and Water.

"To take a thorough scrubbing would seem like a curious prescription to give to a respectable adult," said an eminent physician to one of his confidential friends; "but I assure you that in some smoothly worded and sugar-coated fashion I have been obliged to recommend a good washing to more than one of my wealthy patients. It is really dreadful, to call it by no more disagreeable term, the discoveries that a physician sometimes makes. I often feel like dumping some of the persons who need my services into a stream of running water or a big tank, with orders to put themselves to soak until many of the layers of accumulated dirtiness have had time to become loosened; for, as a matter of fact, a single washing would by no means answer the purpose; and it is not only the eyes that tell me this. There is an odour of uncleanness that others than the physician cannot fail to recognize.

"There is such a luxury in bathing that it is a wonder that anyone neglects it even for the comfort of it, to say nothing of its importance in the matter of health. Persons who suffer with bad circulation should give special attention to the care of the feet. A dash of cold water every morning would do more to keep the system in good condition than almost anything else that could be done. Even where the health is good this is an excellent practice, as it prevents weariness and keeps the circulation in proper order. Those who have tried the experiment for health's sake have found that, even after the conditions were restored, it was worth while to continue it as a luxury."

The Homely Girl.

There are a great many people in this world, more indeed than many of us even ever imagine, who are extremely fond of homely girls. And there is a most excellent reason for this. Those of us who go about the world with our eyes open have found it an easy matter to discover that pretty girls depend a great deal on their looks for the esteem in which they are held; indeed many of them presume a great deal on this very fact, and with good reason.

Somebody has some time or other said in their hearing that May or Jennie hadn't the most agreeable manners in the world, but really was so pretty, that one couldn't very well find fault with her. And this has been quite enough.

It isn't easy for even good-dispositioned people always to restrain impatience and ill-temper, even when they know that the opinions of those about them demand it, but once they get the impression that all sorts of things will be forgiven them because they are pretty, the causes are at work which almost inevitably make a pretty girl well-nigh intolerable.

"The homeliest woman I ever saw," said an elderly lady, not long since, "was the most charming in manner, and in time I found her the most lovable. When she was a child she was for many years made very unhappy by her personal appearance, as her schoolmates were never weary of telling her of her unprepossessing looks; but she became highly educated and accomplished, and made herself so amiable and obliging, useful, bright and every way agreeable, that she was by all odds the favourite in circles where she was known. If there was anything of interest going on she was sure to be in the front rank, and if any pleasure was in store she never failed to get her share of it. It became a sort of saying in her neighbourhood that she was 'worth a dozen pretty girls any day.' Children should early be taught that while beauty is always desirable, it is an unfortunate possession when it is allowed to take the place of amiability and sweetness of disposition."

An Unsolved Problem.

The unsolved problem of woman's existence is: Where shall she live? For some curious and unexplained reason it is not considered proper for a woman who earns her own living to dwell by herself. She must either have somebody belonging to her or have a home with her relations, or must keep up an establishment which is often very far beyond her means, but which she maintains at untold sacrifice in order to appease the wrath of gossip which ever lies in wait by her path.

It is one of the most unfortunate phases of the present-day woman's life that, while independent as far as ability to earn her own living is concerned, she is handicapped by a dread of Mrs Grundy and her dear five hundred friends.

The problem of living was probably the first thing that drove the American woman into business. She wanted a home and the privilege of living in it un molested and comfortable and set herself about to earn the wherewithal to provide it, but having done this she finds that she has added to her burdens in many respects without perceptibly lightening them in others.

As a matter of fact, she has assumed a man's responsibilities but has not taken on with them any appreciable amount of individual independence as far as a home is concerned. The man may occupy some snug little room and live in a rather inexpensive way and save money.

Of course, the woman may do this if she chooses to take the consequences, which are, as a rule, the criticisms of acquaintances and the disapproval of friends. That she does not feel able to pay for handsome apartments or that she would rather use her money in other ways matters not, and it is just here that there is urgent need of reform.

Snug, easy and relatively inexpensive locations are imperatively demanded, and while there is a great deal of talk about such places they do not seem to be in a fair way to materialise.

The problem in the largest cities is somewhat difficult to solve, owing to the exceeding high price for real es-

tate. Rents are of course high, and any sort of apartments is expensive. Business women are waiting with no little anxiety for the apartment-houses that were promised as the result of some club meetings a year or so ago. The need of them is so imperative that it is to be hoped that we may soon see something more than newspaper comment on the subject.

That Dreadful Step-Mother.

There are few more formidable bug-bears than the stepmother, and it may be said that there are few relations in life where so little good judgment is used as in the intercourse between the second wife and the family and friends of the first.

There is in all such cases room for the widest divergence of sentiment and feeling. Instances are by no means wanting where the step-mother has been the idol of the first family, and where the children so entirely shared in her affection that she scarcely realised the difference between them and her own. That this is sometimes impossible is an acknowledged fact; and while there are women who are utterly incapable of adapting themselves to the position and responsibility of step-mother, it is equally true that children are often so much wrought upon and influenced by their relations that it would be out of the question for any woman even of the most angelic disposition and temperament or however good intentions to live with them peaceably.

There are several things to be taken into consideration in dealing with the step-mother question. In the first place it must be admitted that every person, man or woman, has an indisputable right to marry whomsoever he or she may choose. When this is allowed a good part of the knotty problem is solved. Whether a second marriage is wise or not is quite another matter. In cases like this one may fall back on St. Paul and declare that many things are right which are not expedient. The right of it demands that children shall be considered, also that, the privilege of marriage being allowed, the question resolves itself into this: Who has a better right—the parent to marry, or

the children to demand the first place and claim undisputed possession of the home?

Where children are young, the care must necessarily be delegated to some one, and it is often the case that marriage for the man is the only solution of the problem. Hired assistants have no sense of responsibility, and in these days rarely any interest beyond the merely financial one of salary. To earn this in the easiest way is the extent of their desires.

Every woman who consents to assume the responsibility of such a position should make up her mind that her lot is not likely to be an enviable one. If she can succeed in winning the affection and respect of the youngsters, so much the better for her; but if she attempts by force of will to demand what she may choose to consider her privilege, she has undertaken a work that is beset with many difficulties. Unless the person selected by the head of the house is absolutely and in every way unfitted to take charge of children, the relatives should not only hold their peace, but should make every effort to reconcile the family to her presence and control. No questions should be asked; no gossip should be permitted; but friends should sincerely try to establish good feeling and respect for the new authority.

The Care of Odds and Ends.

There are few things that are more neglected than the bits and scraps of cloth that accumulate about a house.

Those that are valuable are often allowed to go to waste through carelessness, while those that seem of less account are permitted to become occasions of annoyance by reason of gathering mots or dust or littering up the rooms in which they are stored. Large bags should be provided for all pieces and patches; cotton, silk and woollen are better kept separate. In the woollen bag a package of camphor may keep away moths, unless the parcels become too thoroughly inhabited by them.

Because articles do not seem to have an immediate use, many persons throw them away. This is the very worst kind of economy, because it involves continual purchasing of mending pieces or the thousand-and-one little necessary articles that are always called for in the family. It seems a very little thing to pay ten or twenty-five cents for a bit of cloth that many women do not mind it in the least; even though it must be done several times in the course of a couple of weeks, it is never thought of as an expensive or unwise thing. It is altogether likely that last week or the week before the very needed thing was thrown into the fire or into the garbage-can.

The un wisdom of such a course need scarcely be commented on. It is the small expenditures of this sort that make up the year's enormous bills. It takes many women a lifetime to learn this, and, indeed, many women never learn it at all.

I Cure Fits. You are not asked to spend any money to test whether my remedy does or does not cure Fits, Epilepsy, St. Vitus' Dance, &c. All you are asked to do is to send for a FREE bottle of medicine and to try it. I am quite prepared to abide by the result.
A Valuable and Safe Remedy.
APPROVED BY THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.
H. C. ROOT, 28, St. Mark's Place, LONDON.

Dales' GOLD MEDAL Dubbin
makes BOOTS and HARNESSES water-proof as a driver's boot and soft as velvet. Adds three times to the wear of leather. Pleasant odour. Allows polish with shining and EXHIBITION AWARDS. Always for superior quality. Beware of cheap imitations. Sold by Boot Stores, Saddlers, Truss-makers, etc. Manufactory—Dublin, London (Wm.)

MOIR'S HERRINGS
In Tomato Sauce.
In 1lb. Flat Oval Tins.
Manufacturers: **JOHN MOIR & SON, LIMITED,** LONDON, ABERDEEN, & SEVILLE.
Head Office—9 & 10, Great Tower Street, London, E.C.

BUILT UP ON NATURE'S PLAN.
MELLIN'S FOOD
RESEMBLES MOTHER'S MILK IN COMPOSITION AND PROPERTIES, IT MAY BE GIVEN FROM BIRTH.
MELLIN'S FOOD is of the highest value for the weak and sickly babe, as well as for the strong and vigorous. Adapted for use in all Climates.
Samples and Pamphlet may be obtained of GOLLIN & CO., Wellington.

"KOKO"
UNQUESTIONABLY THE BEST DRESSING FOR THE HAIR
ERADICATES SCURF AND DANDRUFF
PREVENTS HAIR FALLING
PROMOTES GROWTH.
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The Celebrated Author, **MRS E. LYNN LINTON,** says—
"I have used your 'KOKO' for some time, and I have not only stopped the falling out, which had been excessive after a severe illness, but I have an entirely new growth of hair, while the old hair is longer than I am not a young woman but an old one. I think this is a convincing test of your preparation."
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Shy People Often Misunderstood.

People who are considered haughty and exclusive are often only shy.

"It may seem strange to you," remarked Mrs. A., a wealthy woman, whose social position had been all her life an assured one, "but I never meet strangers outside of my own house without feeling horribly shy and ill at ease. If I am exercising hospitality, this feeling is overcome by my sense of responsibility and what I owe to my guests, but an introduction to a stranger anywhere else is a positive infliction on account of my infirmity."

"How very arrogant Mrs. A. is!" said a newly made acquaintance to the same friend. "I dare say her social position is better than mine, as I am a comparative stranger, but I think it is bad taste for her to show that she feels it so plainly." In this case an explanation was possible, which the good-natured sympathizer hastened to give. The result was that a cordial friendship sprang up between the two women, one of whom had so misunderstood the other. Such friendly interpreters are, however, rare in good society, and many a woman goes through life with the reputation of being supercilious and "snobbish" who is in reality only painfully ill at ease. Self-consciousness, which may almost with British be said to be a National fault, so prevalent is it among us, is often called shyness by its victims, whereas really it is only a form of egotism. To be continually thinking of one's self, even in a deprecatory manner, and the effect we may produce on others is even more morbid and unwholesome than the shrinking awkwardness of real shyness which seeks to forget itself by withdrawal from contact with the world, the resemblance being that both have a fatal effect in our relations with those about us and appear to be equally incurable.

Fig-Cake.

Very few people are successful in the making of fig-cake. Just why this is so it is difficult to say, as those who are used to the making of it consider it a very easy task.

The figs should be looked over carefully, the whole ones selected and brushed thoroughly to make them clean, as they are sometimes gritty, then by the stem dip them quickly three or four times into boiling water and lay them on a towel to drain. It is well to do this the day before; if, however, it is necessary to use them immediately put a thick paper into a baking-pan, lay the figs on this and set them for five minutes in a moderately hot oven. The object of this is to dry out the water that has been put upon them and which might make the cake heavy.

Make a cake batter with two cups of sugar, one cup of butter, three-fourths of a cup of sweet milk, four eggs, the whites and yolks beaten separately, and two heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder. A little vanilla or lemon may be put in if liked. As a rule, however, the flavour of the fig is sufficient for most people.

Beat the sugar and the butter together until thoroughly mixed to a cream, add the milk and sufficient flour to make a thin batter. If it is desired to make one part of the cake white this batter must be divided, and the whites of eggs put in one part, while the yolks are put in the other. For all ordinary purposes the eggs need not be put in separate portions, but should be stirred in with the other ingredients. When the batter is of proper consistency, the figs sliced into very thin sections may be stirred into one-half of it. Some cooks chop the figs very fine and put them in this way. The manner of using, however, is merely a matter of choice.

It is well to sift about a tablespoonful of cornstarch over the chopped

figs and mix thoroughly before adding to the batter. This is said to keep the fruit from settling.

The cake is to be baked in jelly pans, making rather thick layers, and is put together with soft icing. It is well to have one layer of the portion with the figs in the middle, and the plain above and below; but if a thicker cake is desired, as many layers may be added as one chooses. The whole should be thickly covered with icing. This makes a most delicious cake, and one that epicures specially relish.

At What Age is Woman Best?

That problem was recently discussed by an artist, an author, and a woman of society. The artist urged that he disliked to paint the portraits of women between the ages of twenty-five and forty years. Before twenty-five the face has an expectancy which charms. It is looking forward with joyous freshness and hope, and it is full of puzzling promises. At forty the character is formed, and the lines of the countenance are stronger in the painter's study; but in intervening years the face has lost its expectancy, and is liable to be indifferent.

The author liked to study women between the ages of thirty and forty. They had then the experience of the world and the joyousness of youth. In those years they were brightest and most interesting.

The society woman thought that it was impossible to give general answers to the question, as individual women differ in regard to the most attractive age. Some are most charming at forty, while others have passed their prime at twenty. At thirty or upward the best nature of a woman will show to every advantage, but probably the balance of opinion turns in favour of from eighteen to twenty-five.

Ancient Rings.

Once there was a peculiar significance attached to rings. They were regarded as a token of authority. The emperor's signet ring placed in the hands of an official invested him, for the time, with his master's power.

Rings are first mentioned in the Bible in Genesis, chapter xli, and 42nd verse:

"And Pharaoh took his ring from his hand and put it on Joseph's hand, and made him ruler over all Egypt."

When the Israelites conquered the Philistines, they took all their rings and bracelets, and offered them to the Lord.

Ahasuerus gave the ring from his hand to the Jews' worst enemy; thus giving him unlimited control to do with them and their property whatever he pleased.

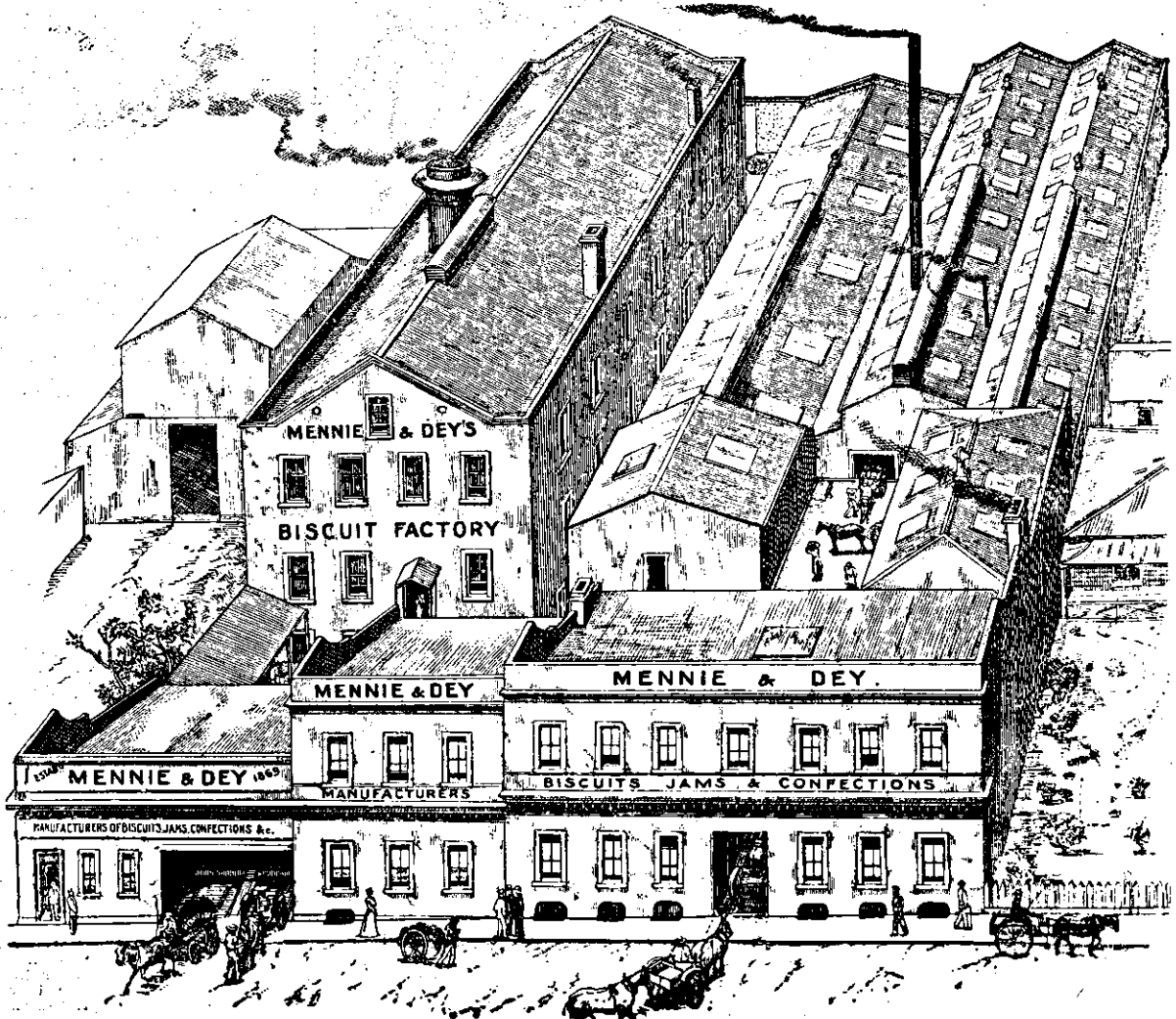
The father received his prodigal son joyfully, and sealed his forgiveness by putting a ring on his hand.

The Egyptians regarded their rings both as business vouchers and as ornaments, the signet rings being always used for sealing documents; and, however used, their rings were always buried with them, and in later years, are often found in their tombs.

The signet ring was usually of bronze or silver, but among the rich gold rings were used for ornaments. Ivory or blue porcelain was worn by the poor. Plain gold rings, engraved with some motto or the head of their deities, were much prized, and three or four were often worn on the fingers and also on the thumbs. Among the Jews no one was in full dress without the signet ring, and ladies had their rings set profusely with costly gems, rubies, emeralds and chrysolites being the most valuable.

Gold Medal Jams,
Best all comers for Quality.

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Gold Medal Confections, largest variety, best quality.
Peels, Only Makers Cupid Whispers in the Colony,
Gold Medal Conserves.

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

+++++++ BY MARQUERITE +++++++

People may say or do what they please; fashion may decree, ostracise or abolish. There are practical forums of dress that will hold their own in spite of everything and that nothing can root out. For more than two years past we have been declaring, from season to season that the blouse has had its day, that it has gone out of fashion, etc., yet continually returning to contradict us, it rises again and again from its ashes and returns prettier than ever. It is only natural that the tailor-made costume should call for the chemisette, and as long as the tailor-made costume exists blouses are required to go with it. Naturally, blouses, like other costumes, undergo transformations.

In the first place the sleeves are flat in the upper parts, the fronts have very little fullness, the floating effect

being scarcely indicated by the gore being left free. The back is trimmed but is tight and flat. The fullness of the waist when it is pleated longwise is divided by means of small gores hidden beneath the pleats when the waist is too much curved. Many chemisettes are made of white, sky blue, pink or nankin pique, with an upright collar broken at the corners, and white satin scarf, or any other colour to match the chemisette, which may be made of cambric foulard or tussore. These chemisettes are classic in form, made with narrow pleats, imitating those of a man's shirt. The most dressy chemisettes are in taffetas; satin or surah chemisettes are completely out of fashion.

Lovely muslin blouses are appearing showing a marvel of stitchery, tiny little tucks and cross-tucks, insertions in squares and devious patterns, and tiny little veinings of embroidery.

most of them put in the seams or between the tucks.

The advance models for summer are extremely attractive and becoming, and almost endless in variety. There are severely cut skirts for the tailor-made girl, and elaborate blouses for the stuffy girl. The essential points of difference between this year's designs and those of last year are the little soft turn-over collars that have superseded the stiff linen collars; the sleeves are smaller, being frequently trimmed at the top and having soft cuffs, which often reach to the knuckles. The blouse is given an added length by the long straight lines that extend from the chin to the belt. These lines are accomplished by trimmings, by tuckings and by stripes. The fronts are full without being blouse. The fullness is broad, but by no means baggy. The blouse is cut so that it extends in one unbroken line from bust to belt, not tightly

dawn nor too full. The blouses of lawn or other sheer fabrics are especially dainty. These are beautified by all sorts of tuckings, hemstitching, insertions, and embroideries or lace. Many are shown which are composed entirely of alternating bands of embroidery and wash ribbons. For every-day wear the shirt blouses of Madras and cotton chevot will be popular. Old rose will be an extremely fashionable colour in Madras, and it promises to enjoy the popularity of crushed strawberry several seasons ago. The shirt blouses of mercerised cotton are one of the novelties of the summer display. They rival the silk blouses in beauty. They have an exquisite silk finish, and yet launder to perfection. In old rose, Wedgewood blue, silver grey, and daffodil yellow they are decidedly things of beauty.

Among the percales intended for shirt blouses may be seen variations of a style that was new last year—a plain ground of lilac, blue, pink, or sea green, with printed designs in black and white. This season the designs take the form of geometrical motives or conventional wreaths, and this class of percales is very attractive. In zephyrs, which are well represented and are of a solid, firm texture, the newest patterns are moderately wide stripes of contrasting colours, decided, but not staring. Red and snede, green and lilac, green and red, lilac and yellow, are among the combinations. In printed lawns, plain, there are rather close floral designs treated in the natural manner.

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COAT SLEEVES FOR BLOUSES.

Fancy shirt blouses with lawn, lace, and inserting are made with coat sleeves, as are many of the plainer ones. The shirt sleeve, if used at all, is cut very small, and the cuffs have rounded edges, and are made with buttonholes for link buttons.

For box-pleated blouses of cloth, veiling, China crepe, etc., the plaited sleeve shows inch-wide box-plaits from the armhole to the wrist, going around the arm, and stitched if the waist plaits are.

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With the smart little coat shown in this figure is introduced a hat from a leading millinery atelier. This is of red basket straw, has a fairly broad brim and a low crown. Its decoration consists of a band of red ribbon velvet round the crown, a spread bow of the same in front, and a quantity of poppy buds on either side, the stems all gathered into the centre with the velvet bow. The coat here is of dark blue cloth; short, shaping slightly to the figure at the back, with loose fronts fastening on the left side.



A SMART LITTLE COAT.

The square collar rever is overlaid by one—the same shape, it will be noted—of white silk with a dark blue spot, and finished by a knot and ends of the same, the double row of buttons being of white mother o'pearl. A natty little jacket this, very suitable for holiday wear, where it is requisite that modistical proprieties should be observed.



Some Smart Gowns.

A stylish blouse of cream serge is set forth in my illustration. It is further completed by a collar and chemisette of coarse lace of a much



A "CHIC" BLOUSE.

deeper tone. Stitchings of black are one of its leading features, and (save in the exigencies of mourning) a coloured tie of chiffon or crepe would be an advisable addition. A mixture of black and white can be always adopted with safety, and for a demi-toilette nothing is more admirable.



A VALUABLE POSSESSION.

THE WAYS OF BLOUSES ARE WONDERFUL.

Pretty shirts for holiday wear the sketch develops. They are still being built with yoke backs, and in the front too there is often a deeply pointed yoke, and very frequently a box pleat upon which appear fanciful little buttons, of which there is now a remarkably wide choice.

Linen collars of the straight or turn down persuasion are again frequently seen, and a neat little tie, often a knitted one, if the wearer is a very much up-to-date girl, is added.

ANOTHER DRESSY SHIRT

is generally tucked and lace inserted, and often has an exquisite little lace chemisette. One of this kind lately seen and approved was made with a centre box pleat, and at each side, extending from the neck as far as an ordinary yoke would go, were three small box pleats, each of

them tacked down with three small pearl buttons to match those upon the centre pleat. With this a lace stock was worn.

Every variety of exquisitely thin fabrics is being used for making summer shirts, including chine muslins, glace silk, lace and chiffon, tucked lawn, and ribbon and lace stripes. Some of the most elaborate specimens have the new fish fronts or rounded Eton effects. Perhaps the most novel ideas in the pictured models are the spotted shirt slit up to show a white lawn vest, while the fronts are held together by pointed bands of velvet, and the one with pleats brought over to rest upon a lace chemisette.



The much exploited foulard expresses the smart little blouse-bodice shown in this figure. The foulard is a dark blue with a white pattern, and is cut with a broad collar-rever opening over a collar and front of tucked white silk, and tied by a white silk



A FOULARD BLOUSE.

sailor tie. The sleeves are loose and gathered into stiffened cuffs, with just an under-edging of white silk. The pretty fancy blouse-bodice still holds us in its thrall in all kinds of materials and it is pretty safe to predict it will continue to do so for some time to come, despite the fact that of late there has been a decided effort on the part of the tailors to restore the tight-fitting, corset-like bodice to favour. We hope this may not succeed, for

though it may have every advantage for those who have exceptionally good figures, it is most unbecoming to second-rate figures, and absolutely disastrous to third; while the fancy blouse-bodice may be made like charity—to cover a multitude of sins, or shortcomings.



The skirt, whose lengthy folds sweep the ground, is adorned with insertions and frills of lace, while a short sac coat of lace is slipped over



A CHARMING TOILETTE.

an under-bodice of pale pink silk and lace, the whole crowned by a wide-brimmed hat of muslin and lace, the whole effect expressing an ideal gown whose motif is lace. It is marvellous

how lace of every variety of colour and quality exerts strong influence on our toilettes, whose trimming it for the most part dominates, and on reviewing the modes of the past years one can only wonder at the manner in which its fascinations have been ignored. In hot weather nothing is so comfortable to wear round the throat as a transparent band of lace, wired to keep it in place, which, while being infinitely becoming, protects the throat from getting as sunburnt as is the case when it is left unprotected.



A SMART BODICE.

Clerke's R H Pills are warranted to cure Gravel, Pains in the back, and all kindred complaints. Free from Mercury. Established upwards of 30 years. In boxes 6d each; of all Chemists and Patent Medicine Vendors throughout the World. Proprietors, The Lincoln and Midland Counties Drug Company, Lincoln England.



A BEVY OF PRETTY BLOUSES.



A NEW BLOUSE.



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 enclosures turned in are carried through the Post Office as follows:—Not exceeding 10z; 1d; not exceeding 4oz; 1d; for every additional 2oz or fractional part thereof, 1d. It is well for correspondence to be marked "Press Manuscript only."

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

COUSINS' CORRESPONDENCE.

Dear Cousin Kate,—I was looking at the Children's Page in the "Graphic" last week, and I thought I would write a little letter for it, if you think it good enough to put in. I am ten years old, and am in the Fourth Standard. I read a book the other day called "Aunt Hesba's Charge." It is very pretty. Have you ever read it? We have a little dog called Trixy, and one called Bobs. Bobs is very mischievous and funny, and Trixy very quiet. Father gave me a lovely desk for my last birthday; it is such a pretty one. I have two very pretty dolls; one is dressed in white, and its name is Doris; the other one is dressed in pink, and its name is Eileen. We go to Rotorua every year at the Christmas holidays; we go for little picnics. I will write and tell you about the hot lakes and springs there are up there. Have you ever been up there? Two miles from Rotorua is a place called Whakarewarewa—that is where the geysers are. The biggest is called Pohutu. It is very wonderful to watch it play; it generally plays after rain. Now dear Cousin Kate I must close.—From Cousin Gwendoline.

[Dear Cousin Gwendoline,—I am very glad to welcome you as a cousin, and trust that you will write to me regularly. I have been at Whakarewarewa, and enjoyed it very much. It was about four or five years ago, and I hear everything is much improved now. I used to be very fond of dolls at your age, but a black one named Sambo was my favourite. Tell me about some of Bobs' mischievous tricks in your next letter.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I am writing to ask you if I may join your band of cousins. I enjoy reading the cousins' letters very much. I have a few fowls and some ducks. I like looking for the hens' nests. There is a big bush near our house, and I like to go into it and gather pretty ferns. I am trying for the missing word competition. Will you please send me a badge? My proper name is Marguerite, but I am called Rita for short; age 12.—Cousin Rita.

[Dear Cousin Rita,—It seems almost a shame not to give you your full name when it is such a pretty one as Marguerite; but I like Rita, too. What

sort of fowls do you keep? I have some Leghorns and some Orpingtons. The latter are such huge birds, and lay very well, too. I am going to try and get some young ducks to eat the slugs in my garden. I did so once before, but they did a dreadful amount of damage with their big feet. However, I shall try again. I hope you will like the badge I have sent you.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I have just finished reading the cousins' letters, and have been looking everywhere for Cousin Stanley's photo, but can't find it. I am going in for the Scrap Book Competition, and have finished putting in the missing words for the story. It is so easy to venture out of doors this weather in case you get blown away. Pollards are finishing their successful season with an afternoon matinee of "Djin Djin." I have never got my letter yet, so I have given up all hopes of ever getting one at all. I am getting on with my violin splendidly, and hope soon to be able to play some pieces. My sister, who lives in Auckland, plays the piano, and is now learning the piece "Alice," which is very hard. I am told. I must now close with love to you and my fellow cousins.—Remaining Cousin Winnie.

[Dear Cousin Winnie,—You have never sent me your full name, as I have asked you to do twice, so I cannot send you a letter, much as I want to. You write me such nice letters that I feel ever so sorry you have been so much disappointed. Please write your full name on a sheet of paper directly you see this, and post it before you forget. I am glad you are getting on well at the violin. Practise hard, and you will soon be able to play "Alice," or even harder pieces.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I would like very much to become one of your cousins. I think it is such fun to be able to write letters to you. I am going to learn fancy work. It will be so nice. One of your cousins, Gertrude Cahill, has a pet pigeon. It will get you catch it whenever you like. It is such a darling. I will be so glad when the holidays come, so as we can have some fine fun. Two little friends of mine, Catherine and Gertrude, bought a lot of dolls and pieces of dress stuff for the little children in the hospital. They were so pleased to get them. We often go up to see poor Mr Bruford, who used to be our schoolmaster at Newmarket school. He is very ill. I am thirteen years old, and my name is Ethel Hendry. I live in Park Road East, Parnell, Auckland. I hope I may be one of your cousins. This is all I have to say just now, so I will close now.—Hoping you are well, I remain, your loving Cousin Ethel.

[Dear Cousin Ethel,—Many thanks for your very charming little letter. You will no doubt have received the badge and short note I sent you long before this appears in print, as your letter arrived too late for last week's paper. I hope poor Mr Bruford will get better. I have met him once or twice, and liked him very much indeed. It was very good of you to take dolls to the hospital, and I am sure the delight of the children must have felt ample reward for your gifts.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I am sorry I have not written before, but I have been busy with my lessons. We are having such horrid weather in Wellington that you can't go out unless you get wet through. I think I will go in for the painting competition, as we learn to paint at school. It is half-term to-day, and I am dreading the end, because of the examinations. We have such a pretty canary, and it does

sing so sweetly. I learn music, but I don't like it very much. I am going to begin to appear at the baths soon, but I dread the first day, as the water will be so cold. How is the little boy in the cot? I must now stop.—Hoping you will excuse this bad writing, as I am in a hurry, I remain yours truly, Zaidee.

[Dear Cousin Zaidee,—Please don't think I am ever cross if cousins do not write when they are busy. I love hearing from you all, but would feel quite distressed if I thought anyone felt writing to me a nuisance. If the weather gets a little warmer the water will not feel so cold as you expect. I think, it is a pity you do not like music. It is such a comfort to be able to play well, and gives so much pleasure.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—As my two sisters have joined the "Graphic" cousins I think I would like to join very much also, if you would accept me as one. I enjoy reading the "Graphic" very much, especially the cousins' letters, Jungle Jinks, and the stories. We are milking thirteen cows and feeding twelve calves. As we were coming home from school last Thursday my sister Alice found a little goldfinch, and she made a cage for it. It eats all kinds of seeds and bread crumbs or anything that she gives it. Dear Cousin Kate, if you will accept me as a cousin will you please send me a badge.—From Cousin Ethel.

[Dear Cousin Ethel,—You will have received your badge before you see this, and will know from that you are a welcome addition to the happy band of "Graphic" cousins. Have you a separator? At a farm up in the Kaipara last week I saw a very nice one that even a boy could work. I hope the goldfinch is getting on all right. Tell me about him next time you write.

Dear Cousin Kate,—I hope you do not think I have forgotten you, because I have not written for such a long time. I saw by last week's "Graphic" that you had three new competitions out. I am going to try to do the missing words competition. What terrible weather we are having just now. I think it is true what Cousin Mabel says, that it makes you think that winter is coming instead of summer. I have just been outside trying to tie some young trees to the fence, to keep them from blowing down, the wind is so strong. Please, Cousin Kate, will I return my collecting card? I have had it such a long time. I have not got it quite full yet, but I thought perhaps I ought to send it back. I have only collected 11/6, and I fear shall not get any more.—Hoping you and all the cousins are well, I will close with kind love.—From Cousin Alice Pettigrew.

[Dear Cousin Alice,—It was very pleasant to hear from you again, and I am glad you entered for the competitions. Thank you very much for collecting. Never mind about your card not being quite full. I do not wish any cousin to feel it a burden. I think 11/6 a very handsome sum to have collected. The weather seems inclined to be a little better now, but the gardens have suffered terribly. Such a lot of my plants were killed I felt quite discouraged.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I am sorry I have not written to you for such a long time, but I have been working up for the exam. When it was over I was very glad to find that I had passed. We are having a week's holiday now, but the weather is very wet. I am learning to swim in the blue swimming bath. Some boys and I go to it every Saturday, and we have grand fun. I went to hear the Corrick family last night and I liked them very much. I think Miss Alice Corrick has a lovely voice. I am in the fourth standard now. The geyser Pohutu has been playing lately for the first time for months. This is all the news this time.—I remain, with love, Cousin George.

[Dear Cousin George,—I expect you will wonder whatever happened to this letter, and why it never appeared in the "Graphic." It had slipped amongst a lot of old newspapers on my table, and it was only when having a regular "spring clean" of my room that I found it. Write again soon. I suppose you can swim quite well now. The Blue Bath is a lovely place to learn.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I am sorry I have not written to you before. I have got such a dear little garden, and it has in it cabbages and lettuce, all of which I planted myself. I have got a lot of plants too in a box, which I am going to plant out when the weather is finer, so that I will have vegetables for Christmas. The weather has been so changeable lately, thunder and snow storms and very cold, just like winter. The coach could not get through last mail day owing to the rivers being in flood. We are going down to see the Christchurch Exhibition during the Christmas holidays. We shall hear all about it long before that though, for our mother is going down next week, and she promises to tell us about everything on her return.—I remain your affectionate Cousin Lily.

[Dear Cousin Lily,—I am glad you are fond of gardening, for it is my favourite pastime, and I am so interested to hear of how other cousins get on with theirs. I hope your vegetables will do well to escape the slugs. The recent cold winds destroyed nearly all my plants, so I must plant some more.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I must apologise for not writing to you for so long. When are you going to have another story competition? I should very much like to go in for one. We have been having very bad weather, raining, or else a howling gale of wind. I have just finished "The Lady of the Forest," by L. T. Meade. I have enjoyed it very much. We are having a play at school called "Alice, in Wonderland." I am to be Tweedledum. Might I write another story for the Children's Page? I was very pleased to see mine in print. We are having an asphalt tennis court made. Do you play tennis? I do not collect stamps, but post-cards. I know Cousin Zaidee very well. She has a splendid collection. My sister collects also. We have a museum at school, and a society called the Natural History Society, and on fine Saturdays this society goes for expeditions to the seaside and collects shells, etc. It is very interesting. We have four canaries at home. Their names are Buller, "Bobs," Kitchener and Major Robin. They (the birds) sing beautifully. I think that Jungle Jinks in the "Graphic" are very comical. I went for a trip lately to Timaru. We were two days outside the harbour waiting for calm weather. When we were there we went for a drive and both horses fell down in the middle of the road. However, nothing very terrible came of it, for the driver touched them with his whip and they went on again perfectly all right. I must close now.—Hoping to see my letter in the "Graphic," and with much love to the cousins, I remain your loving Cousin Kathleen.

[Dear Cousin Kathleen,—What a splendidly long and interesting letter you have written me. I have seen a splendid play out of "Alice in Wonderland," and hope you will get on well with yours. I am sure it will be a success. Were you seasick on that trip to Timaru? I am sure I should have been. I daresay we shall have another story competition soon.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—Now that the weather is improving I hope to be able to have some long rides on the roads, which have been very bad while the rain lasted. The Ngapuhi arrived here on Monday, but was detained till Friday because the bar was too rough to cross. A great many gentlemen came in the steamer to visit Hokianga. They seemed to enjoy themselves playing tennis and quito and going out for rides while waiting for a chance to leave Opononi for Onehunga. I went up to Kohu Kohu in the Ngapuhi and enjoyed my trip. About forty young men have joined the Hokianga Mounted Rifles, including three of my brothers, the eldest being appointed lieutenant. An albatross was caught

here on Friday. I wish I had had it in time to give to one of the Ngapuhi's passengers. I let it go the next day. I remain yours truly, Cousin Newton.

[Dear Cousin Newton,—I sincerely hope the weather is better where you live. It has been awful here. A friend of mine was on that trip of the Ngapuhi, and enjoyed himself very much indeed. I expect your brothers will like the volunteers. It is splendid to see so many fine young men joining—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I am sending you my card and cheque, for all Bessie and I could collect—16s. I am much disappointed at having so little to send you.—With love to all the cousins, I remain yours truly, Cousin Marion.

[Dear Cousin Marion,—I have received your cheque for the 16/ you collected, and thank you did very well indeed. You certainly should not be disappointed, and I am most grateful to you. Tell me all about yourself next time you write.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I have been asked to ask you again what has become of the "war competition," as you did not answer that question in your answer to my last letter to the "Graphic." But I expect I asked you too many questions for you to answer them all at once. I think Dora and I shall go in for your new painting competition. What a splendid letter that was from Cousin Thelma. I do hope she will write again when she arrives in New Zealand. What a splendid time she must have had. It would be grand to be able to travel about like that, wouldn't it? Now, I hope you will excuse this scrawl, although it is only a short one. Hoping that you have received the money all right, I must now say good-night, and wish you sweet repose, "half the bed and all the clothes." What has become of Cousin Elsie?—Cousin Anna.

[Dear Cousin Anna,—I have answered the first part of your letter privately, so have not put it in here. I certainly got both your letters and money, and cannot imagine why you did not get the formal receipt I sent. With regard to the war competition, Kruger has not yet sued for peace, so we cannot decide. I fear it will be rather difficult, for there will, it seems, be no formal declaration of peace.—Cousin Kate.]

What Bessie Found Out.

"Ting-a-ling! Ting-a-ling!" said the bell at the front door, and Bessie jumped from the breakfast table and went out to see who was calling there so early in the morning.

"It's a telegram, mamma," she cried excitedly, as she came back to the diningroom, "and the man wants you to sign the book, and—Oh, my, I wonder who could have sent it!"

Mrs Royse looked anxious. We always do, I think, when telegrams come to us.

"It's from John," she said to her husband, when she had read it. "Sister Mary is very ill and wants to see me." "Then you had better go at once," returned Mr Royse.

"I suppose so. But I wonder if things will be all right here."

"Of course. Why shouldn't they be? The girl is able to take care of the house, and as for Bessie, she isn't a baby any longer—are you, dear?"

"Indeed I am not," Bessie declared emphatically. "I am nine years old this very month."

"Then you think you can take care of yourself for two whole days?" asked her mother. "I may be gone as long as that."

"Why, yes, mamma. I mostly take care of myself when you are here," was the confident reply.

Mrs Royse smiled as she thought of the many demands that her little daughter made on her time and attention, but she thought it would be well for her to be entirely dependent on herself for a while.

"Don't bother Kate, dear, for she will have enough to do," was her injunction as she began hurriedly to make preparations for her departure.

"Oh, no! I wouldn't do that," Bessie assured her; and afterward, when she was kissing her mother good-bye, she said, "Don't worry about me one bit, mamma; I'll be all right."

Then, when her mother was really off and her father had gone to business, the little girl started to get ready for school.

"There!" she said to herself the minute she entered her room. "I forgot all about my braids. I never can fix them decently myself. I wish—mamma had done it before she went away."

But mamma had not, and it still had to be done, so Bessie began to struggle with her hair. It may seem easier than it really is for a little girl to braid her own hair. The strands would get mixed and the partings crooked. She combed it all out three or four times, and started the braids again, and finally told herself that it would have to do. She knew it didn't look nice, but it was getting late, and she could not afford to bother any more over it. Then she changed her dress, and a new difficulty presented itself. She could not hook it up in the back.

"Mamma always does that," she thought, "and what am I going to do?"

She tugged and pulled, fastening up one book only to unfasten it in the attempt to do the next. At last she had to go down into the kitchen to get Kate to hook her dress.

"I couldn't help that, of course," she excused herself with when she thought of her mother's words about not bothering Kate.

"I wonder what mamma did with my hat yesterday," was her next thought. And she began to look hurriedly around the sitting room.

"Oh, dear! It isn't so easy to get along without mamma as I imagined it would be. She had that hat here,

because she was going to sew the ribbon where it was ripped off. I don't believe she did it, though, for Mrs Leonard came in and talked ever so long, and that hat ought to be here yet. Where—where can it be? My books are in the closet, anyhow, for I put them here." And Bessie opened the closet door, and there was her hat, too, just where it belonged. It was done up after all, as Bessie saw when she took it down, but she wondered when her mother had found time to do it. At noontime she rushed into the house, saying:

"Mamma, can you go—Oh!" she added, seeing no one in the dining-room but her father. "I forgot that mamma wasn't here. I wish she would come home."

"Already?" Mr Royse said in surprise. "Why, I thought you were the little lady who could get along so nicely alone!"

"For some things I can. But then, papa, there are things that I need mamma for. Now you see there's an entertainment down at the Opera House—a ventriloquist and such things—and we school children have tickets that will let us in for sixpence. I don't want to go so far without mamma."

"No; and you ought not to, either. I'd take you if I could, but I'm too busy. Never mind; there will be more entertainments when your mother is here." And Bessie had to be consoled with that thought.

At three o'clock there was a lesson that she wanted her mother to help her with, there was a rip in her sleeve, and a great hungry feeling inside of her.

"Mamma always gives me some-

thing nice when I come home," she said to herself, "but I'm not going to bother Kate about it. Oh dear! What a lot of things mothers do for us, and we never know it till they're away somewhere! They must get so tired working for us all the time!"

At supper Bessie's hunger was satisfied. She had struggled along with the lesson, too, and as for her dress, she had decided to wear another until her mother came home and could mend that sleeve. So far she had managed "after a fashion," as she told herself, but when it came bedtime she began to wonder what she should do without her mother's good night kiss. The very idea of going to bed and not having it brought tears to her eyes.

"What's the matter, little daughter?" asked papa.

"Why—I think I want—my mother," sobbed Bessie.

Just then the bell rang, and when the door was opened in walked Mrs Royse.

"Oh, mamma!" cried Bessie, rushing into her arms. "I am so glad that you didn't stay two days!"

"Well, Aunt Mary was improving, so I hurried home. But what's the matter? Weren't you getting along all right, dear?"

"Why, you see, mamma," said Bessie, smiling through her tears, "I didn't really know how much mothers did until you weren't near to do it."

TO DARKEN GREY HAIR.

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

X X FARMYARD FUN. X X



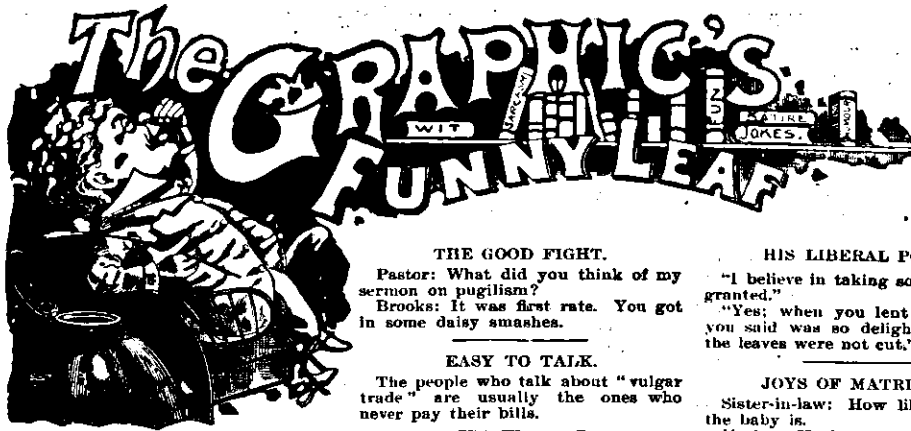
1. What shall we do with those tubs, Bunny?" cried Piggledy Porker one fine afternoon, when he was searching the Farmyard for some mischief. "Let's go for a row upon the pond," suggested Bunny. "Old Mother Quack will probably make a fuss; but we need not take any notice of what she says. We have just as much right to the pond as she has!" "Come along, then," said Piggledy; and together they rolled the tubs down to the water's edge.



2. "I say, this is a treat!" chuckled Piggledy, when they had launched their boats, and were rowing round the pond. "Let's have a race, and see who can get to the other side first. Are you ready? Now off!" Away they went at a rapid pace, young Lambkin, running along the bank, acting as umpire. "Well, I never!" exclaimed Mrs Quack, when she saw them rowing towards her; "it's that Porker boy and his precious friend Bunny! Only last week I told them they were never to come near our pond, and here they are again, the mischievous rascals!"



3. "Now, my dears, form up in a straight line, and I'll show you how to punish naughty boys! When they come near, all of you dive beneath the tubs, and tip them up!" "Hallo!" exclaimed Piggledy. "What's the matter with my—?" But he didn't finish the sentence, for just at that moment there was a loud flapping of the wings, and his tub suddenly turned upside down, leaving him struggling in the water. When at last the two boatmen managed to get ashore they were soaked through with water. "Boo-hoo!" blubbered Piggledy, as he ran homeward. "I'll pay them out some day, you see if I don't! I'll tell my father of Mrs Quack, and he'll ask the farmer to have duck for dinner to-morrow."



IT WAS TIME HE LEARNED IT.
 "I waited three solid hours for that palm reader to get round to me."
 "Well?"
 "He told me I didn't get on in life because of my tendency to fool away time."

A SUPERIOR GAME.
 "So you like polo better than golf?"
 "Oh, yes; in polo you can blame the bad plays on your pony."

RESERVED.
 "Shrinksy is a very reserved man."
 "Yes, indeed. Of course, I don't know, but I honestly believe he could have the toothache without anyone knowing it."

NOTHING DOING.
 Biggs: Hello, Boggs! Just the man I wanted to see! I'm just back from the Paris Exposition, and—
 Boggs: Sorry, old man, but I haven't got a cent!

A DIFFERENCE.
 Mistress: Mary, didn't I see you talking to the policeman this morning?
 Mary: No'm; it was him talking to me.

MERELY A HINT.
 Mrs. Clumbleigh: But, Henry, dear, in this photograph you have but one button on your coat.
 Mr. Clumbleigh: Thank heaven, you've noticed it at last! That's why I had the photograph taken.

THE PROPER WAY.
 "You should never point, Johnny," said Mrs. Brown, as they left the shop; "it is very rude."
 "But what are you to do, ma, when you don't know the name of the thing?"
 "Why," she returned, "let the assistant show you everything in the shop until he comes to the right one."

Young Wife—You—you were intoxicated when you came in last night.
 Young husband—Only at the sight of your beauty.



CANDID.
 Landlady (emphatically): You'll have to settle up or leave.
 Impecunious Boarder: Thanks, awfully; the last place I was at they made me do both.

THE GOOD FIGHT.
 Pastor: What did you think of my sermon on pugilism?
 Brooks: It was first rate. You got in some daisy smashes.

EASY TO TALK.
 The people who talk about "vulgar trade" are usually the ones who never pay their bills.

NO DOUBT OF IT.
 Mr. Glibbleigh: What is the cause of so many divorces?
 Miss Sourleigh: So many marriages.

FATE.
 Snarley: How did Jingo get run over?
 Yow: He was stooping to pick up a horseshoe for luck.

GROWN CAREFUL.
 Young Wife (at a ball): You are improving wonderfully as a dancer. Don't you remember how you used to tear my dresses?
 Young Husband: Y-e-s; I wasn't buying 'em then.

TAKING NO CHANCES.
 "So your son is to marry? Why doesn't he wait until he is older and wiser?"
 "Ah, but in that case he would never marry at all."

LUCK.
 Mr. Youngwife: My dear, the bank in which my money is deposited has broken.
 Mrs. Youngwife: What a mercy you've got your cheque-book at home, love!

CONFUSED IDENTITY.
 Mrs. McElroy: Where is Mr. McElroy?
 Junior Partner: Gone out to get a new ribbon for the typewriter.
 Mrs. McElroy (glaring at the blonde girl at the little side desk): He has, has he! Well, Mr. McElroy will just buy some ribbons and other things for his wife and daughters. That person is all fluffed up with ribbons now.

WORDS OF WISDOM.
 Aunt Malindy laid down the rolling pin, set her hands on her hips and delivered herself of this profound bit of wisdom:
 "Great trouble in dis world is, dey is too many people who don't know enough to be first cook an' knows too much to be second."

THE RETORT CLEVER.
 Sallie de Witt: That's Mrs. Allie Monleigh. She has been married and divorced five times.
 Noel Little: How remarkable for one so young in appearance! Her matrimonial reigns must have been very short.
 Sallie de Witt: Mere showers.

THE EPIGRAMMATIC SHE.
 "You seem to like his attentions. Why don't you marry him?"
 "Because I like his attentions."

BON MOT.
 "Why is it," demanded the Sultan, fretfully, "that you always blame my poor Kurds for everything?"
 The Ambassadors of the Powers retired and prepared a joint note.
 "Your Majesty's whys are past finding out," they protested in this honourously, albeit something apocryphally.
 An occasional bon mot like the foregoing serves greatly to relieve the tedium of diplomatic negotiations.

Slow Matches.—Long Engagements.

HIS LIBERAL POLICY.
 "I believe in taking some things for granted."
 "Yes; when you lent me the novel you said was so delightful I noticed the leaves were not cut."

JOYS OF MATRIMONY.
 Sister-in-law: How like his father the baby is.
 Mother: He is certainly like him in some ways. He generally keeps me up half the night.

NOT FOR HIM.
 Magistrate: You may go, Jones. I see no grounds for your wife's complaint.
 Jones (in cold perspiration): Will your honor be so good as to tell her so yourself?

THE ONLY POSSIBLE PLACE.
 Jones: Have a good time on your vacation?
 Smith: Yes, indeed. I found a place where you didn't hear a word about golf or yachts, or automobiles.
 Jones: Great Scott! What were you gaoled for?

A WISE WOMAN.
 "Are you badly hurt, Mrs. Getalong?" inquired an anxious neighbour, sitting down by the side of the bed.
 "I don't know how badly I'm hurt," said the victim of the railway accident feebly, "until I've seen my lawyer."



HARD TIMES WITH THE CHAPPIES.
 It's a shame, Tweddle, that I can't move into another apartment. This one I live in now is too expensive, y'know.
 Well, why don't you?
 Well, me deah fellah; I've got at least a hundred visiting cards with my present address on them, and I've got to economise, y'know."

MERELY AN AMATEUR.
 Heiress: But, you see, you paint pictures to sell. It would never do for me to marry a man who works for his living.
 Artist: Darling, no one could accuse me of working for a living. I've never sold a picture in my life.

OFF HIS MIND.
 "Didn't you feel dreadfully when you lost your gold-handled umbrella?"
 "No; I'd expected to lose it for so long that I was glad when it was gone."

HE'D BEEN THERE.
 A.: You're very kind, old man, but why in the world are you wishing me good luck for the fifth time since I told you of my engagement?
 B.: Because you'll need it.

NO MONEY IN IT.
 "This comes from making love to the daughter of a genius."
 "What is the trouble, Tom?"
 "Why, her father has just invented a parlour clock that sounds an alarm at ten o'clock, turns out the gas, and opens the door by a wire spring."

SHOULD BE USED TO IT.
 Mamma: Bobbie, it grieves me so to have you naughty.
 Bobby (strictly logical): But why should it, mamma? I was always so.



UNFORTUNATELY EXPRESSED.
 Mrs. Tittle: I don't like her at all, dear. She's a deceitful woman. Only the other day she tried to get me to say something against you.
 Mrs. Tattle: She did? How?
 Mrs. Tittle: Why, she asked me to tell her confidentially what I really thought of you!

THE ROOT OF ALL EVIL.
 A peculiar thing about wealth is that when you own too much of it it owns you.

NO ROOM FOR ARGUMENT.
 She: You need not think you are first in my affections.
 Jack Hughard (tightening his hold): That may be, but you must admit that I am a pretty close second.

ALL FAIR IN LOVE.
 Miss Beauti—I wonder if Mr. Nicefello is going to the reception?
 Mr. Sharpfello (a rival of Mr. Nicefello)—Um—let me see—it's a dress affair, isn't it?
 "Of course."
 "Yes, of course. How stupid of me! If he goes he'll need his dress suit!"
 "Presumably."
 "Then, Miss Beauti, I feel sure you will meet him there. I saw him come out of a pawnbroker's this morning with a bundle under his arm."

A SURE DRAW.
 Lady: "I want to put in this advertisement for a servant girl. It will go in three lines, won't it?"
 Clerk (after rapid computations): "No, madam. It's three lines, and three words over. We'll have to charge you for four lines; but you can put in four more words if you wish."
 Lady (suddenly inspired): "Ah, just the thing. Say 'police station opposite corner.'"

VERY MUCH ALIKE.
 The Husband—Oh, give me a rest! You remind me of a parrot.
 The Wife—Why! Because I talk so much I suppose!
 The Husband—Not at all; because you never know what you are talking about.



PROOF ENOUGH.
 He: What proof have I that you really love me?
 She: Proof! Did I not dance with you at the charity ball?
 He: Yes, but I don't consider that any proof of affection.
 She: You would if you knew how badly you dance.