

The New Zealand Graphic

And Ladies' Journal.

VOL. XXVI.—No. II.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 12, 1901.

[Subscription—25s. per annum; if paid in advance 20s. Single copy.—Sixpence.



His New Task.

JOHN BULL: WELL DONE, LORD ROBERTS, WELL DONE, SIR, INDEED. I'M ONLY SORRY WE CAN'T GIVE YOU A BIT OF A HOLIDAY, BUT HERE IS ANOTHER MATTER WHICH REQUIRES YOUR ATTENTION, AND IT WON'T WAIT.

Serial Story.

THE MYSTERY OF THE CLASPED HANDS.

By GUY BOOTHBY.

[COPYRIGHT.]

Author of "A Bid for Fortune," "Dr. Nikola," "The Beautiful White Devil," "The Fascination of the King," "Pharos, the Egyptian," "A Maker of Nations," "Long Live the King," &c.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTER.

—Godfrey Henderson, a promising young artist, is introduced by his friend Victor Fensden, also an artist, to a beautiful Italian girl named Teresina, whom he persuades to sit to him as a model. She is a charming sitter, and all seems to go well till Fensden suggests to Godfrey that Teresina is falling in love with him.

CHAPTER II.

One morning a week or so after the conversation described at the end of the previous chapter Godfrey Henderson found lying on the table in the studio a long blue envelope, the writing upon which was of a neat and legal character. He did not owe a half-penny in the world, so what this could mean he was not able to imagine. Animated by a feeling of curiosity he opened the envelope and withdrew the contents. He read the letter through the first time without altogether realising its meaning, then, with a vague feeling of surprise, he read it again. He had just finished his second perusal of it when Fensden entered the room. He glanced at Godfrey's face and said as if in inquiry:

"Anything the matter? You look scared."

"A most extraordinary thing," returned Godfrey. "You have heard me talk of old Henderson of Detwisch?"

"Your father's brother?" The old chap who sends you a brace of grouse every season and asks when you are going to give up being a starving painter and turn your attention to business? What of him?"

"He is dead and buried," answered Godfrey. "This letter is from his lawyer to say that I am his heir; in other words, that Detwisch passes to me with fifteen thousand a year on which to keep it up, and that they are awaiting my instructions."

"There was a pause which lasted for upwards of a quarter of a minute. Then Fensden held out his hand.

"My dear fellow, I am sure I congratulate you most heartily," he said. "I wish you luck with all my heart. The struggling days are over now. For the future you will be able to follow your art as you please. You will also be able to patronise those who are not quite so fortunate. Fifteen thousand a year and a big country place! Whatever will you do with yourself?"

"That is for the future to decide," Godfrey replied.

That afternoon he paid a visit to the office of the firm of solicitors who had written to him. They corroborated the news contained in their letter, and were both assiduous in their attentions and sincere in their desire to serve him.

Four days later it was arranged that Godfrey and Fensden should start for the Continent. Before doing so, however, the former purchased a neat little gold watch and chain, which he presented to Teresina, accompanied by a cheque equivalent to six months' salary, calculated at the rate she had been receiving.

"Don't forget me, Teresina," he said, as he looked round the now dismantled studio. "Let me know how you get on, and remember if ever you want a friend I shall be only too glad to serve you."

At that moment Fensden hailed him from the cab outside, bidding him hurry, or he feared they would miss their train. He accordingly held out his hand.

"Good-bye," he said, and though he would have given worlds to have prevented it, a lump rose in his throat as he said it, and his voice was so shaky that he felt sure she must notice it.

Then bidding her give the key to the landlord when she left the studio he

went out into the street and jumped into a cab, which next moment rattled off to the station. How was he to know that Teresina was lying in a dead faint upon the studio floor?

When they left England for the Continent Godfrey had only the vaguest notion of what they were going to do after they left Paris. Having spent a fortnight in the French capital they journeyed through Switzerland, put in a month at Lucerne, three weeks in Rome, and found themselves in the middle of November at Luxor, looking upon the rolling waters of the Nile. Their sketch books were surfeited with impressions, and they themselves were filled with a great content. They had both visited the Continent on numerous occasions before, but this was the first time that they had made the acquaintance of the "Land of the Pharaohs." Godfrey was delighted with everything he saw, and already he had the ideas for a dozen new pictures in his head.

"I had no idea that any sunset could be so gorgeous," he said one day, when they sat together watching the ball of fire descend to his rest on the western horizon of the desert. "The colours have not yet been discovered that could possibly do it justice. For the future I shall come out here every year."

"Don't be too sure, my friend," said Fensden. "There was a time when such a thing might have been possible, but circumstances have changed with you. You are no longer the erratic Bohemian artist, remember, but a man with a stake in the country and a county magnate."

"But what has the county magnate to do with the question at issue?" Godfrey inquired.

"Everything in the world," retorted his companion. "In virtue of your new position you will have to marry. The future Mrs. Henderson, in all probability, will also have a stake in the country. She will have great ideas, moreover, connected with what she will term the improvement of the land, and, beyond a trip to the Italian lakes at long intervals, will not permit you to leave the country of her forefathers."

"What a strange fellow you are, to be sure," replied Godfrey. "To hear you talk one would think that the possession of money—and, by Jove, it's a very decent thing to have when you come to consider it—must necessarily relegate a man to the region of the commonplace. Why shouldn't I marry a girl who is fond of travelling?"

"Because, as a rule, Fate ordains otherwise," Fensden replied. "I think I can describe the sort of girl you will marry."

"Then do so, by all means," said Godfrey. "I'll smoke another cigar while you are arranging it."

"In the first place she will be tall. Your idea of the ludicrous would not let you marry a small woman. She will have large hands and feet, and the latter will be heavily shod. That is why in London I can always pick out the girls who live in the country. She will be handsome rather than pretty, for the reason that your taste lies in that direction. She will not flirt, because she will be in love with you. She will be an admirable housewife of the solid order, and while I should be prepared to trust to her judgment in the matter of dogs and horses, roots, crops, and the dairy farm, finer susceptibilities she will have none. Do you like the picture?"

"Scarcely," said Henderson; "and yet, when all is said and done, a man might do worse."

There was a pause, during which each man knew what the other was thinking about. Godfrey was recalling Teresina's beautiful face, and

Fensden knew that he was doing so. "By the way," said Fensden, very quietly, "I noticed this morning that you received a letter bearing an Italian postmark. Would it be indiscreet if I inquired your correspondent's name?"

"I don't see why there should be any mystery about it," Henderson replied. "It was from Teresina."

"From Teresina?" said the other, with a look of surprise.

"Yes, from Teresina," his friend answered. "I made her promise before we left home that should she leave England she would let me have her address, and, if she were in need of anything to communicate with me, you can see the letter if you like. Here it is."

He took the letter in question from his pocket and handed it to his companion. It consisted of only a few lines and gave the writer's address with the hope that the time might soon come when she would again be allowed to sit to "her kind patron."

Victor, having perused it, handed it back to Godfrey, who replaced it in his pocket without a word.

Two days later they returned by steamer to Cairo, where they took up their abode at the Mena House Hotel. Godfrey preferred it because it was some distance from the dust of the city, and Fensden because he averred that the sneer on the face of the Sphinx soothed him more than all the luxuries of Cairo. As it was, he sat in the verandah of the hotel and made impressionist sketches of dragomen, camels, and the backsheesh-begging Bedouins of the Pyramids. Godfrey found it impossible to work.

"I am absorbing ideas," he said. "The work will come later on."

In the meantime he played polo in the Ghezireh, shot jackals in the desert, flirted with charming tourists in the verandahs of the hotel, and enjoyed himself immensely in his own fashion. Then one day he received a telegram from England announcing the fact that his mother was seriously ill, and asking him to return without delay.

"I am sincerely sorry," said Fensden, politely. Then he added, regretfully: "I suppose our tour must now, like all good things, come to an end. When do you leave?"

"By to-morrow morning's train," he answered. "I shall pick up the mail boat at Ismailia and travel in her to Naples. If all goes well I shall be in England to-morrow week. But look here, Victor, when you come to think of it there's not the least necessity for you to come, too. It would be no end of a shame to rob you of your holiday. Why should you not go on and finish the tour by yourself? Why not come with me as far as Port Said, and catch the steamer for Jaffa there?"

"It's very good of you, my dear Godfrey," said Fensden, "but—"

"Let there be no 'buts,'" the other returned. "It's all arranged. When you come home you shall describe your adventures to me."

Needless to say, in the end Fensden agreed to the proposal, and next day

they accordingly bade each other good bye on the promenade deck of the mail steamer that was to take Henderson as far as Naples. Fensden was beginning to realise that it was by no means unpleasant to have a rich and generous friend. Poverty was doubtless romantic and artistic, but a well-filled pocket-book meant good hotels and the best of wines and living.

Whilst the boat ploughed her way across the Mediterranean, an idea occurred to Godfrey, and he resolved to act upon it. It was neither more nor less than to utilise what little time was given him in Naples in seeking out Teresina and assuring himself of her comfort in her old home. He had quite convinced himself by this time that any affection he might once have felt for her was now dead and buried. For this reason he saw no possible danger in paying her a visit. "Victor made more of it," he argued, "than the circumstances had really warranted. Had he not said anything about it, there would have been no trouble, and in that case Teresina would still be in London, and sitting to me."

As soon as the vessel was in harbour, he collected his luggage and made his way ashore. A cab conveyed him to an hotel he had patronised before; and when he was safely installed there, and realised that he could not proceed on his journey until the next morning, he resolved to set off in search of Teresina. Producing her letter from his pocket-book, he made a note of the address, and then started upon his errand, to discover that the signorina Card's home took some little finding. At last, however, he succeeded, only to be informed by an intelligent neighbour that the signora was not at home, while the signorina had gone out some fifteen minutes before. Considerably disappointed, he turned to descend the steps to find himself face to face with Teresina herself as he stepped into the street. She uttered a little exclamation of astonishment and delight at seeing him.

"How is it that you are here, signor?" she inquired, when they had greeted each other. "I did not know that you were in Naples."

"I only arrived this afternoon," he answered. "I am on my way to England."

"To England?" she said, and then uttered a little sigh as if the very name of that country conjured up sad memories. "It is cold and wet in England now; and do you remember how the studio chimney smoked?"

This apparently irrelevant remark caused them both to laugh, but their mirth had not altogether a happy sound.

"I am going to give up the studio," he answered. "I expect that for the future I shall do my work in the country. But you are not looking well, Teresina!"

"I am quite well," she answered, hurriedly. How was he to know that for many weeks past she had been eating her heart out for love of him? If the whole world seemed dark to her now it was because he, her sun, no longer shone upon her.

"And your mother, the signora, how wrong of me not to have inquired after her. I trust she is well?"

"Quite well, signor," she replied. "She often talks of you. She is at Sorrento to-day, but she may be back at any minute. She would have liked to have seen you, signor, to have thanked you for your great goodness to us."

"Nonsense," said Henderson, hurriedly. "It is the other way round. My thanks are due to you. Had it not been for your face, Teresina, my picture would never have been such a success. Do you know that several ladies, great ladies in England, said that they would give anything to be so beautiful? I don't think I shall ever do a better piece of work than that."

COOLING! HEALTH-GIVING!

Add a little **CONDY'S FLUID** To Your Bath or Foot-Bath.

The Cooling, Invigorating and Strengthening Effects are Simply Magical. "CONDY'S FLUID."

Solely on having "CONDY'S FLUID."

(In the name of the County of Mitchell, of London, England, should be in full of Label. Beware of inferior Australian Substitutes.)



He had just said this when he noticed that a young man, tall, slim, and very dark, had approached them unperceived, and was now glaring angrily at him. Teresina had also become aware of his presence, and was visibly affected by it. Where as only a moment before she had been all sunshine and delight at seeing Henderson once more, now she was quite the reverse.

"Is this man a friend of yours?" Godfrey asked in English. "He seems to be put out about something." "It is only Tomasso Dardini," she answered, as if the explanation were sufficient. "He is quick-tempered, but he means no harm."

"Then I wish to goodness he'd go away; he glares as if he would like to eat me. If I may hazard a guess, Teresina, I should say that he is in love with you."

"He is very foolish," she answered, and a flush spread over her face. "Some day, if he is not very careful, he will get into trouble."

"I should not be at all surprised to hear it," Godfrey replied.

Then, turning to the man in question, he signed to him to be off about his business. For a moment the youth seemed inclined to refuse, but presently he thought better of it, and marched off down the street, looking back now and again as if to see whether the Englishman and the girl were still conversing together.

"And now, Teresina, I have a little plan to propose to you," said Godfrey, when the other had turned the corner. "As I told you just now, I am on my way to England, and, therefore, shall only be able to spend to-night in Naples. From the announcements I see they are playing 'Faust' at the Opera House. Why should not you and your mother dine with me, and go there afterwards? It would be a pleasant way of spending the evening, and we could talk of the old days."

Teresina clasped her hands with delight. In her love of the Opera she was a genuine Neapolitan.

"It would be lovely," she cried, "my mother will come, I feel sure. It is kind of you, signor."

It was thereupon arranged that they should meet at a certain place, dine, and then go on to the Opera together. Having settled this, Henderson returned to his hotel, wiled away the time as best he could, and when the hour arrived, set off to the rendezvous.

Punctual to the moment, he put in an appearance at the place. It was a restaurant not unlike that in which he had first met Teresina and her mother. He could not help recalling that memorable evening as he waited on the pavement outside, and his one wish was that Fensden could have been there to have shared the entertainment with him. When the signora and her daughter arrived, it was plain that they regarded the occasion as an important one. They were both attired in their best, and so far as colour went, the signora herself was not unlike a bird of Paradise. Teresina was more soberly clad, but Henderson noticed that a necklace with which he had once presented her, as a memento of a certain piece of extra work she had done for him, encircled her slender throat. As he looked at it, he thought of the day on which he had given it to her, and as the remembrance occurred to him, he wondered whether it was wise on his part to play with fire for a second time. The signora greeted him with southern volubility, and, as soon as he could get in a word, Henderson suggested that they should enter the restaurant. Having done so, they seated themselves at one of the small tables, and he gave his orders. It was a banquet that was destined to be remembered with pleasure by two of the party, and also by a third, for another and less romantic reason.

"And so you are returning to England, signor?" said the signora, when the first pang of her hunger had been assuaged. Then, remembering the circumstances connected with the latter portion of their stay in London, she added, pathetically, "I think, if it were possible, I should not be sorry to return—even though the winter is so cold and it rains so often."

"If you feel as if you would like to return, why do you not do so?" asked Godfrey, with a quickness that caused Teresina to look up at him in surprise, and then to look down again with equal celerity. "I am sure Teresina could get plenty of employment. I would do all I could to help her. For my own part, I never could under-

stand why you left so quickly."

If he had reflected for a moment he would probably have been able to arrive at an understanding of the reason that had prompted her departure. His was too modest a man, however, to think of such a thing. Nevertheless, he changed the conversation by making inquiries as to their present life in Naples, and then went on to talk of Fensden, who at that moment, could they have seen him, was fast asleep in a railway carriage, on his way from Jaffa to Jerusalem. The signora had never been partial to the Impressionist artist and poet, and she had a vague idea that it was to that gentleman's agency that they owed the flight of the owner and the consequent cessation of Teresina's employment at the studio. She was too prudent, however, to say anything on that score to Godfrey. She knew the friendship that existed between the two men, and she was also aware that her daughter who was the possessor of a quick temper, and a tongue that she could use when she liked, would brook no disparagement of either Mr Henderson or his friend.

"As to returning to England, we must think it over," she said, complacently, when Godfrey had filled her glass with champagne for the fourth or fifth time. "It would make another great change in our affairs, but Teresina is young, and there is nothing for us to do in Naples. I could wish that she should marry, signor, but she will not hear of it. I tell her the time may come when it will be too late. But girls will not listen to the elders nowadays."

Godfrey glanced at Teresina's face to find that it had suddenly become very pale. He hastened to render her assistance without delay by twitting her mother as to the number of sweet-hearts she herself had had, much to that lady's delight. This crisis having been smoothed over he paid the bill and they left the restaurant.

Darkness had fallen by this time, a fact which may have accounted for the young man's uncertainty as to whether he did or did not recognise the figure of a man who was watching the doorway from the other side of the street. It certainly looked as if it belonged to Tomasso Dardini, but he said nothing on this point to either of his guests. He would be leaving Naples in the morning, he argued, and no necessity existed for making a fuss about it. If the silly young man were jealous the morrow would remove the cause, and after that it would not matter very much whether he were aware of their visit to the opera or not. With Teresina beside him and the signora on the other side they entered the theatre and took their seats. The house was crowded and the opera itself was received with that critical appreciation so characteristic of the Neapolitan theatre-goer. Whether Godfrey enjoyed it as much as his neighbours is a question that admits of some doubt. He certainly found pleasure in studying the expressions that flitted across Teresina's face as she watched what went on upon the stage, but I scarcely think it went further. When it was over he escorted them back to their dwelling and bade them good-bye upon the threshold.

"Good-bye, Teresina," he said. "It may not be very long before we meet in London. Do you remember the little place where I first saw you? I think when I get back I must dine there once more, if only for old association's sake."

"Good-bye, signor," she said, giving him her hand after the English fashion. "It was kind of you to think of us and to give us such pleasure as you have done to-night."

"I have enjoyed it," he replied, and then bidding her return soon to London he left her and made his way down the narrow, evil-smelling street towards the quarter in which his hotel was situated. He was still fifty yards from the corner, when a figure emerged from a doorway and hurried quickly after him, keeping on the dark side of the street. Leaving the thoroughfare in which Teresina's house was located he employed a short cut with which he had become acquainted that afternoon. He had scarcely entered this, however, before he became aware of a light footstep behind him. Turning quickly he found a man whom he immediately recognised with a few feet of him. Muttering something in Italian he raised his arm and Godfrey saw that he held a poignard in his hand. With the quickness of a pract-

tised athlete he seized the uplifted wrist with his left hand, while with his right he delivered a blow that took the would-be assassin beneath the chin and sent him sprawling upon his back in the road. Picking up the dagger that the other had let fall he placed it in his pocket, saying as he did so, "I will keep this, my friend, as a memento." Then having made sure that the other had no intention of following him he continued his walk, little dreaming how strangely that incident was to affect his future life.

(To be continued.)

She Knew the Law.

Out in Indiana, a good many years ago, a certain old lady, summoned as a witness, came into court wearing a large poke bonnet, such as was then much affected by rural folk. Her answers to the questions put to her being rather indistinct, the court requested her to speak louder, though without much success.

"The court cannot hear a word you

say, my good woman," said the judge. "Please to take off that huge bonnet of yours."

"Sir," she said, composedly, and distinctly enough this time, "the court has a perfect right to bid a gentleman take off his hat, but it has no right to make a lady remove her bonnet."

"Madam," replied the judge, "you seem so well acquainted with the law that I think you had better come up and take a seat with us on the bench."

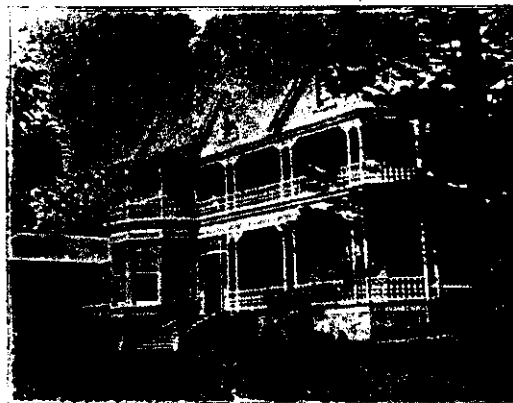
"I thank your Honor kindly," she responded, dropping a low curtsy, "but there are old women enough there already."

A Tongue Twister.

A bitter biting bitter
 Hit a better brother-bitter;
 And the bitten better bitten bit the bitter biter back.
 And the bitter bittren, bitten
 By the better bitten bitter.
 Said, "I'm a bitter bittren-biter bit, alack!"

KING'S COLLEGE, AUCKLAND.
BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR BOYS.

Visitor—REV. W. BEATTY, M.A.
 Principal—MR. GRAHAM BRUCE, B.A. (with Honours of the University of London). Assisted by a Staff of thirteen Masters, of whom five are resident.



SUCCESSSES,
 1897-98.

- Your Boys, Sent Civil Service
- Twenty-three Boy Junior Civil Service
- Eight Boys, Matriculation
- Two Boys qualified for Board of Education Senior Scholarships, 1899, obtaining fourth and fifth places.

Prospectuses may be obtained from the Principal, or on application to Messrs. Upton & Co., Queen Street.

THE LADIES' COLLEGE, REMUERA,

FOR GIRLS OF ALL AGES.

Removed to the beautiful and extensive property known as Cleveland House (five minutes walk from former position).



This First-class Private School provides modern high-class Education and moral training, on Christian but Unsectarian principles. Home-life is combined with the culture and disciplinary influences of School, under maternal supervision and with selected companionship. Full Staff of Resident and Visiting Professors and Governesses—English and Foreign.

Prospectuses on application of Messrs. Upton & Co., or Principal.

MRS. S. A. MOORE-JONES, M.R.C.P., M.M., C.M.I., SK.

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 Tolls,"
"A Million of Money," etc., etc.

COPYRIGHT.

PART III.—MR MITCHELL'S SECRET.

PART III. MR MITCHELL'S SECRET.

CHAPTER XXVIII. THE TWO SISTERS.

With long, patient strides the Italian climbed the mountain path that led to the shooting lodge. He had heard at the inn that Durant was expected at the lodge that night, and he intended to be there to receive him. He deliberately intended to lie in wait for him and kill him, as if he had been a wolf, or other noxious animal. His anger had been kindled against the man in London, but it had flamed out in tenfold fury when he heard Sybil confess (as he believed) that she loved his rival. It never occurred to him, any more than it did to Sybil, that they had been speaking of two different men.

At length he reached the lodge, and, turning, looked down into the valley he had left, and the cold lake lying in the midst of it, as still as a dead thing. The path was slippery as well as steep, and the Italian was glad to have the prospect of resting himself, even within his enemy's threshold. Two columns of smoke ascended into the clear, thin air from the roof of the shooting lodge. In front a woman on her knees was scouring the door-step. Zucatti went up to her, and stood looking at her without speaking till her task was done.

"Ye'll be wantin' to see the maister, belike?" enquired Mrs MacNeil, who was favourably impressed by the stranger's gift of silence.

"Yes. It was for that purpose that I have come."

"Well, the hoose is a' ready for him when he comes, but I canna bide, for my gude sister, her time's come, and it behoves me to be wi' her. So, if you want to see Maister Durant, maybe ye'll explain till him the way it was."

The Professor, who had not understood above half of this address, signified assent.

"Ye may wait in the dinin' room, then. But mind an' tell the maister that I'll be here the first thing the morn's mornin', without fail."

Zucatti promised to give the message, and took up his quarters in the dining-room, where the fire was beginning to gain the victory over a mass of damp peats superimposed upon it; and Mrs MacNeil started for her sister-in-law's house, which stood a mile away on the bare hill-side. In a few seconds the sound of her honest, heavy footsteps had died away. Zucatti and the devil that sat in his breast were alone together.

The Italian had not been sitting there long before his eyes were attracted by a fine sporting gun that hung on brackets over the mantel-piece. Until that moment he had not considered the means by which he was to slay his enemy. His feeling had been that if he could only get his hands round the man's throat it would be enough. But now he recognised that he must have a weapon, and here was one ready to his hand. The gun would serve his purpose admirably—even better than a revolver would have done. It was more certain—and what need could there be for several shots? One would be enough.

He took down the gun and tried it. The lock was all right, it only wanted a little oil. Zucatti hunted about till he found the oil-can in a cupboard, and soon he had the gun in first-rate working order. Then, the cartridges—where were they? In a drawer in the sideboard lay a few loose ones, carelessly left there since the autumn. Zucatti took one, carefully inspected

it, and then gently pressed it into the chamber, closed the breach, sat down and waited. The stillness was profound.

Some time—Zucatti had not the faintest idea how long—went by, and then the sound of footsteps was heard on the gravel outside. The Italian leapt to his feet, blew out the lamp, threw open the door, and put the gun to his shoulder.

A hoarse cry burst from his throat. The hands in which he held the gun trembled so that he almost dropped it. There, before him, in the wintry moonlight, stood two sable-clad figures, with white about their heads—two Sisters of Charity.

Zucatti slowly lowered the weapon, and leant it against the wall. The soft, clear, bird-like notes of a woman's voice broke the stillness.

"May we come in and rest for a little? We have come a long way, and we are very tired."

Without answering in words the Italian stood aside to let them pass, and they went by him through the doorway. The door opened right into the room in which Zucatti had been sitting—the room which was used as a dining-room. He followed them in, and placed chairs for them by the fire. As he did this he recognised one of the sisters. She was one of those to whom he had given shelter during the thunderstorm in London. The other was a stout, homely, little woman, with a face like a red apple slightly withered.

"I remember you," said the first sister with a smile. "We came to your house once in London, and you gave us shelter during a thunderstorm. Do you remember?"

Signor Zucatti bowed, but made no other reply. The sister took no notice of his silence, except that her voice took a caressing tone, as of one who would charm a child out of his ill-humour.

"We set out to go to Glenartney—we are collecting for our house in Perth, you know—but I think we must have lost our way. Don't you think so?" Still no answer. The stout sister raised her eyes curiously to their host, but dropped them immediately. The Italian was staring gloomily into the fire.

The man's persistent silence frightened the sister. She had been alarmed at seeing him with a gun at his shoulder, and now she began to think that he had been expecting someone—someone whom he meant to murder. She trembled, and repeated a prayer under her breath.

"It is very good of you to let us rest here, but we cannot stay long," she said aloud. "Might I ask you to let us have a glass of water?"

The Italian looked about him in a bewildered sort of way, and the sister herself rose and took a glass of water from a sideboard, helping her comrade first and then herself. Zucatti watched them as if it were a matter with which he had nothing to do. Each of the sisters then took a piece of bread from a small bag she carried, and slowly ate it.

When they had eaten they looked at each other and rose to continue their journey.

"Will you come and be our guide to Glenartney?" said the sister who had spoken throughout.

Zucatti hesitated, and at length he answered, "I cannot go with you, but I will show you the way."

"I wish you would come. We may easily lose our way in the darkness."

"I have something here that I must do."

The sister rose, and going over to the Italian's chair stood before him

in the posture of a suppliant, with folded hands and downcast eyes.

"Think, my brother, had you not better come with us?"

She received no answer, and when the Italian looked at her, her eyes wandered to the door and back again.

"You will not let us go all that way alone?" she pleaded.

"If you wish it, you can find a guide in the village."

"No; it is you I want. Let me speak plainly, for we must go. You mean to injure some one—some one who has wronged you, perhaps. Give it up! See! I beseech you—I implore you!"

The Italian sat with his elbows on his knees, and his hands shielding his forehead, so that he could not see the suppliant, but he could not shut out her words.

"Give up your revenge, and come with us—come."

As she spoke she took the black crucifix that hung on the rosary at her girdle, and held it under his eyes. He could not but look at it; and as he gazed a thousand memories flooded his mind. He was no longer in the frozen North, but in the land of his birth. How long it was since he had looked upon the crucifix! His heart swelled; he trembled.

"Come, my brother—come!"

As he had done before, on the night of the thunderstorm, he lifted the hem of the sister's cloak to his lips—and at the touch of the coarse raiment he broke down. Sobs broke from him, sobs which he did not even try to restrain; and as he wept the sister stood by him in silence.

"It is over now, is it not?" she answered. And in his native Italian he answered: "Yes; it is over."

He rose, and followed them out of the cottage.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE SLAYING OF LOUIS DURANT.

When Alexander Mitchell reached home that same evening Durant's letter, written in London, was put into his hand. He opened it with no apprehension of evil. The only feeling he entertained for Durant was that of tolerant contempt.

This letter opened his eyes. He saw now that instead of a convenient tool he had in Durant a cold-blooded rapacious enemy. It was the treachery of the thing that infuriated the laird. This man had been bribed to do a piece of dirty work, and the bribe had been a large one. Now he used the knowledge he had gained to blackmail his employer.

And such blackmailing! Half his fortune—with the unpleasant reflection that a demand for half of the portion left might be made at any time. If he yielded to this monstrous claim, his ambitious schemes could never be realised. And more than that, he could never enjoy a moment's peace of mind. He would be ruined—practically ruined. Yet, if he refused—if the miscreant carried out his threats—Mitchell trembled when he realised how completely this villain had him in his power.

Half-maddened by the prospect that lay before him, the laird went out at once in search of Durant. He was not at the inn; but the laird learned there what Signor Zucatti had been told earlier in the day—that Mr Durant had sent word to have the shooting lodge got ready for him, and that he was expected to arrive that evening.

"Good! That place will do as well as another!" muttered the laird to himself as he left the inn and began to climb the path that led to Durant's lodge.

He had not in his mind at this time

any fixed purpose, either of coercing his enemy, or of revenging himself on him, or of driving a bargain with him. He longed, in the first place, to meet the treacherous scoundrel face to face that he might pour out upon him some of the wrath that was raging and flaming in his breast. He felt as if he could gladly kill the wretch, as readily as he would destroy a venomous beast. But as yet he had no fixed idea in his mind as to what he would do. It was not till he reached the empty lodge—about an hour after Zucatti and the two sisters had left it—and his eye fell on the loaded gun which the Italian had left leaning against the wall that the idea of ridding himself of his enemy by one bold stroke came into his mind. At first he put it from him as a thing not even to be thought of. But men who have given up their souls to the unrestrained spirit of hate are not so far from murder as they sometimes imagine. And so it was with Mr Mitchell. For the greater part of an hour he waited there in the darkness and the stillness, and the longer he brooded over his wrongs, and the monstrous treachery of which this ingrate had been guilty, the more clear did it become to him that this was a case outside the ordinary rules that govern humanity. He judged Louis Durant, and found him guilty of death. And he resolved that he should die.

With the gun in his hand the laird crept forward, step by step, along the path up which he knew his enemy must come, till he came in sight of the boulder that marked the Black Corrie. And there, behind a great bush of heather, he came to a stand.

He had not long to wait. The moonlight showed him the figure of the man he hated coming up the path with a swinging stride. Mitchell waited till he reached the edge of the acclivity, and then fired. The victim threw up his hands, staggered backwards to the verge, and fell down.

And then the demon that had mastered Mitchell's soul left him, and the vacant place was taken by another. He seemed to himself to wake, as one awakes from sleep, and found himself a murderer. First of all he darted forward to the edge of the precipice, and peered over. Durant's body lay motionless at the bottom of the corrie, and the wretched murderer rushed up the hillside, farther and farther from the scene of his crime, vainly calling on his God.

No one could remember afterwards who it was that first raised the alarm at the Castle. But soon it became known that neither the laird nor Miss Sybil could be found, and Miss Dalrymple was sending here and there for men to go and look for them. She feared that they had fallen into the loch, which was covered in places with treacherous ice, thinly sprinkled with snow, so that in the darkness or twilight it might easily be mistaken for dry land, and she sent one messenger to the factor's lodge, to ask Mr McPhail to send a party of men to search the shores of the loch for traces of such an accident.

The instructions were carried out—with tragic results. McPhail had returned to the lodge from the inn when Miss Dalrymple's messenger arrived, and already he was pretty well gone in liquor. When he learned what was demanded of him, he sent for men and ropes, and prepared to head the search party himself. Part of his preparation consisted in fortifying himself against the cold with a double ration of whisky, and some of the men, observing his condition, tried to persuade him to go home; but this only made him the more obstinately resolved to do what he had intended doing.

"If the laird's a leevin' man this night I'll find him an' bring him home," he cried. "If so be that he's deid, I'll find the corp." It shall never be said of me that I hung back when it was my pairt to gang furrit."

The result might have been foreseen. Owing to the factor's great size and weight it was highly dangerous for him to go on the ice, where a lighter man could pass in safety, and to the bulk he was so proud of he owed his death. Leading a party of men and boys he set out to cross an arm of the lake in order to search an island that lay at a little distance from the shore. The idea was an absurd one, and could only have occurred to the bemused brain of a half-tipsy man. But so great was the authority of the factor that not a man among those who followed dared to prevent him by force from having his own way, and argument was thrown away upon him. He insisted in searching the island, and as

there was no boat at hand, nor any means of breaking the ice for it if there had been one, the only plan was to cross the ice. It was in vain that some of the men tried to persuade the factor to let one or two of the lighter men go first. It was his place to go first, he said, and nothing would turn him from his purpose.

Before the island was reached the ice gave way, and the factor and one or two others were plunged into the loch.

The men who were with McPhail were got out, though not without difficulty, but the little band soon found, to their horror, that it was impossible to extricate their leader. The ice broke beneath his huge frame as soon as he tried to climb up on it, and there was nothing in the nature of a plank or a gate at hand. They had ropes, but before they could be fastened, owing to the stretch of broken ice that lay between McPhail and the rest of the party, the factor had given up the struggle, and benumbed by the icy water, had drifted under the ice, where he perished miserably. It was not until the ice was melted that the body was recovered.

In the meantime a second party had gone up the hill, and it was not long before Sybil was found. She had recovered consciousness, and had managed to struggle several yards in the direction of the fallen man, but she had been unable to make her way through a snowdrift that lay between her and her object, and had fainted for the second time when the searchers came upon her.

At the bottom of the corrie the body of Durant was found, lying face downwards on the snow. He had a bullet in his breast, and was quite dead. At first the members of the search party were under the belief that Sybil had fired the shot that killed Durant, but when they had looked all round for a gun and could find none, they came to the conclusion that that theory would not hold water.

They made a rough litter, on which Sybil was carried back to the Castle, while one or two remained by the body of Durant.

In less than an hour the bearers returned, and the body of the murdered man was taken to the house of the man who had slain him.

This, of course, was not known at the time. All night long the search for the master of the Castle went on; but in the wintry dawn the search parties, one after another, came back with empty hands.

In the morning larger parties were organised, and the whole district was mapped out and divided among them. But they searched in vain. It was not till late in the afternoon that a telegram came from Perth to say that a shepherd had met Mr. Mitchell wandering down a glen fifteen miles away, laughing and "girling" to himself in a fearsome manner. The bird had wandered all that distance alone in a state bordering on insanity. Before the end of the day it was plain that he was not in his right mind, and he never recovered the use of his reason.

As a rule he was harmless enough, but there were times when the memory of things that had happened long ago in Australia seemed to haunt him. He would take anyone who would listen to him for his accomplice McPhail, and go over, with whispering breath, the vile plot they had concocted against their fellow-countryman and his orphan children. He would thus work himself up into a state of excitement, which would end in a hysterical flood of tears, to be followed by a long period of senseless apathy.

The successful man, the financial genius as some called him, the self-made man who was the pride of his acquaintances and one of the ornaments of his native city, had sunk a little lower than the beasts that perish.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE RESULT OF A VOYAGE.

Again it is autumn in Inveroran. The warm sun once more shines brightly on blue loch and purple hill; the sudden whirr of the grouse may be heard on the moors. But no sound of guns breaks the afternoon stillness, for there are none but women at the Castle, and have not been for the last eight months.

Two tall girls are pacing to and fro on the terrace in front of the Castle; they are Sybil and her sister. It is evident from the glances they throw down the avenue that they are expecting someone. Miss Dalrymple (who is

still nominally the mistress of the castle) clad in an ill-fitting black silk dress, fits out and in, as if she scarcely knew what to do with herself.

It was John Blackwood that was expected to arrive at the Castle that evening. As soon as she recovered from the effects of her exposure in the Black Corrie Sybil had sent for him, and entrusted him with the complete management of her affairs. She saw that the fact that Mr. Mitchell had lost his reason might make it impossible for her and Sidney to remain longer at the Castle, where they had no status but that of Mr. Mitchell's guests. However, Mr. Blackwood soon reassured her on that point. He told her that an official empowered to act for Mr. Mitchell would be appointed by the Court of Session, and that in all probability no objection would be made to her and Sidney remaining at the Castle till affairs were settled.

But a few weeks later he came back to her with the news that his correspondent in Australia had discovered that the date of the assignment of the Lone Gully mine to Mr. Mitchell (on which his title and that of the company rested) did not fit in with the well-ascertained date of the death of the grantor, Sybil's father. From the few words that had been cabled from Australia it appeared that the mine belonged to Sybil as her father's only legitimate child. Nothing would serve Blackwood but to go out to Sydney and investigate matters for himself; but before he went he began a suit in Sybil's name against the "curator" of Mr. Mitchell's property, claiming a declaration that the assignment should be cancelled, and that all the profits of the mine that had come into Mitchell's hands should be adjudged to belong to Sybil. He had returned from Australia some time since, and had been employed in bringing the lawsuit to a successful issue. Sybil did not yet know exactly what the result had been, but John Blackwood had telegraphed to say that he would be at Inveroran that night.

At last the carriage that had been sent to the station for him was seen entering the avenue. A few minutes later it stopped at the end of the terrace, and Blackwood, who had caught sight of the two girls, jumped out. He carried a small black bag in his hand, and ran forward to greet his clients.

"It is all over—and well over, I think!" he cried, as soon as they had shaken hands.

"First of all you must come in and have some dinner," said Sybil, "Your news will keep till afterwards, and the dinner won't keep. Besides, you must be starving."

"Before we go in," said the young lawyer, "I must tell you one thing," and his face became graver as he spoke.

"I heard this morning from my friend in Sydney, and he has sent me the letter from the Attorney-General of the colony, which I asked him to apply for. The letter states in the clearest manner possible that the Crown authorities had been convinced of your mother's innocence before her death, and that if she had lived no evidence would have been offered by the Crown, and a verdict of 'not guilty' would have been recorded. I have the Attorney-General's letter in my bag."

"And those newspapers—"

"Stated what he believed to be the truth at the time; but I am sorry to say that Mitchell, with cunning and deliberate cruelty, suppressed one which appeared shortly after your mother's death, in which the conclusion the Crown authorities had come to was published. Indeed your mother would have been set at liberty but for her illness, and was told so. The real criminal was believed to be a man named McPhail—the same who was drowned in the loch last winter. He passed under another name then, and the police did not succeed in capturing him. But your mother's memory was vindicated at the time, and it must be a comfort to you to know that."

Sybil was silently weeping, but she turned and gave her friend a grateful look, which made him, lawyer as he was, blush a little and drop his eyes to the ground.

"And now," said Blackwood when they were comfortably seated on the terrace after dinner, "I must tell you of the arrangement which (subject to your approval) I have made with Mr. Mitchell's curator. It seemed to me that you would probably think it a very harsh thing to disturb the existing state of things with regard to the

mine; and indeed it is doubtful whether we should be altogether successful if we tried to turn out the company, seeing that they have developed the mine, spending their money on it in good faith, and all the machinery is theirs. So we have agreed to leave things as they are, and in that way all scandal will be avoided. But judgment will be given in your favour for the full amount of the shares which Mr. Mitchell, or rather his curator, holds in the Lone Gully Company. That of itself will make you a very wealthy woman."

"But Sidney must have half," cried Sybil, her hand tightening on her sister's as it lay in her lap. "I tell you I will consent to no arrangement that does not give half to my sister."

"I thought you would say that," cried Blackwood, as he gazed at Sybil with eyes that spoke his admiration more eloquently than he intended, "and it can be settled in that way if you like."

"Not half, Sybil," whispered Sidney. "If you will not take half I will take nothing," said Sybil, with a touch of her old imperiousness, and Sidney said no more.

"Of course that does not represent your whole claim against Mr. Mitchell," went on Mr. Blackwood. "There are the profits he has been receiving all these years—for the last six years at all events—and damages for the fraud."

"I want have anything to do with that," said Sybil abruptly.

"I have arranged that a claim for two years' profits should be included in the judgment," said Blackwood, "and if you do not choose to take the money you can settle it upon Miss Dalrymple, and one or two distant relatives of Mr. Mitchell who are in a humble position in life. Otherwise there will be nothing for them so long as Mr. Mitchell lives. His curator has no power to give them anything till his death."

"You have done quite rightly, Mr. Blackwood; but you always do."

"When the investments are sold and the money handed over you can divide it as you choose."

"I think Miss Dalrymple should have five hundred a year, for she must have expected that her uncle would provide for her."

"There will be quite enough for that," said Blackwood. "And now my task is done."

"And what is to be your share? I owe everything to you, remember."

"My share? Oh, I shall have my expenses. Besides I have had the pleasure of a trip to Australia at your cost."

The young lawyer was reddening, but Sybil did not notice it, for her eyes were fixed on the ground. Her colour came and went, and the hand

that still lay in Sidney's trembled a little. Sidney gently pressed it and rising strolled away over the lawn.

"Another thing I have gained," said Blackwood, "is an idea of the splendid prospects there are in Sydney for a young man with some energy and a little capital. I have made up my mind to throw the law overboard and go out to Sydney and set up in business as a land agent."

"Go out to Sydney! For good?"

"Yes, I am certain that I can do better there than I possibly could in Glasgow. Besides I like the life out there. Won't you wish me luck, Miss Grant?"

Sybil did not answer all at once. And when she did speak it was in a hurried, agitated way that was not usual with her.

"I am going out to Sydney too, Mr. Blackwood. I want to see the country I was born in. I daresay Sidney will go with me; but at anyrate I am going."

Blackwood was silent, staring at her in surprise.

"Why do you look at me as if I were proposing to do something unheard of?" she cried. "People go to Australia for a trip every day."

"Oh, no doubt."

"And I was wondering, Mr. Blackwood, whether, since you are going, at anyrate, you would mind looking after us on the voyage."

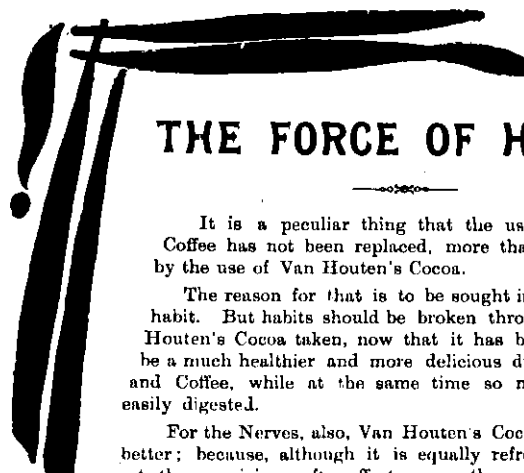
John Blackwood was a little bewildered, but wholly delighted. And so it was settled.

Sidney Grant did not go to Australia, but Sybil did, and of course Blackwood sailed in the same ship, to see that no harm came to her on the voyage. The result was as might have been expected. When Sidney heard the news she said to herself:

"I am very glad, for he is the nicest man I ever saw, and I could see that Sybil liked him. Oh, I am very, very glad."

(The End.)

Herr Rassmussen's
ALFALINE
Herbal Remedies.
 More marvellously successful and effectual than ever! Have been before the Public for OVER FOURTEEN YEARS, and CURED THOUSANDS. For the Blood, Skin, Nerves, Liver, Rheumatism, Piles, Kidneys, etc. A Special Remedy for each complaint. Send for Book (posted free) containing valuable information and testimonials. Advice Free. Correspondence Strictly Confidential.
HERR RASSMUSSEN,
 81 Lambton Quay, WELLINGTON.
 ONLY PLACE in New Zealand where ALFALINE REMEDIES are obtainable.



THE FORCE OF HABIT.

It is a peculiar thing that the use of Tea and Coffee has not been replaced, more than is the case, by the use of Van Houten's Cocoa.

The reason for that is to be sought in the force of habit. But habits should be broken through, and Van Houten's Cocoa taken, now that it has been proved to be a much healthier and more delicious drink than Tea and Coffee, while at the same time so nourishing and easily digested.

For the Nerves, also, Van Houten's Cocoa is so much better; because, although it is equally refreshing, it has not the pernicious after-effects upon the nerves, such as follow after using Tea or Coffee.

It is not an expensive habit to use Van Houten's Cocoa; indeed, after actual trial of various brands, and even loose cocoa, many persons have discovered that Van Houten's Cocoa is not only the best and most delicious, but it is also the most economical.

BE SURE YOU TRY
VAN HOUTEN'S Eating CHOCOLATE.

Copyright Story.

(PUBLISHED BY SPECIAL ARRANGEMENT.)

The Last of the Smugglers.

A Christmas Eve Adventure.

By S. R. CROCKETT.

Author of "Joan of the Sword," "The Men of the Moss-Hags," "The Grey Man," "The Stickit Minister," etc.

I had been so long away from my own country that when I looked out once more upon the heather at the little wayside station of Dornal, on the Port Murdoch line, the width and space about me, the loneliness of the hills, and the crying of the muir-fowl affected me almost to tears. It was not long, however, before I had other things to think about.

I had long been an orphan, and, indeed (to tell the truth) had not felt much the worse for it. My father and mother died when I was a boy at school, and the uncle who brought me up and put me into his own business in England must have taken some permanent distaste to his native country of Galloway. At any rate, he never revisited it, nor for that matter encouraged me to do so. Nevertheless, he gave me an excellent education and trained me well to his own profession of architect and building contractor, with the idea that I should succeed him in Highgate when he should wish to retire to the pretty house he had built for himself on the shores of one of the most beautiful of English lakes.

But quite suddenly one morning, when I was twenty-four, my uncle was found dead in his bed, and I, Hal Grierson, came into immediate possession of a good business and a very considerable sum in money.

Among other things in my uncle's safe I found a large number of letters, receipts for money, and private memoranda. From these I learned for the first time that I had a relative living of whom I had never so much as heard. My deceased uncle, Walter Arrol, was, of course, my mother's brother, and a man singularly reticent in all things not pertaining to business. Still, it struck me as strange and in a way humorous that as a young man of twenty-four, I should come first to the knowledge that I had a grandfather still living. Yet after many perusals and re-perusals of the letters and memoranda I could come to no other conclusion.

It was now the middle of December, and so lately as the month before, there was a letter dated from the "Cothouse of Curlywee." It ran as follows:—"Dear Son, herewith I enclose bank-bill for £25. We have had a good back-end and are well. Please acknowledge receipt. Your affectionate father, John Arrol."

I laughed aloud when I came upon the letter. It seemed to me that it was rather late to add a live grandfather to my family connections. Then the "we" puzzled me. Had I an unknown grandmother, too—or several unacknowledged uncles? At any rate my curiosity was highly excited.

But so far as correspondence went I found no clue. My uncle had never encouraged sentiment, and though there were many similar notes, dating at half-yearly intervals for nearly fifteen years back, his "affectionate father" never got beyond the simple and perspicuous statement that it had been a "good" or a "bad" year, that "the lambs were doing fine," or that "there were many daiths among the yowes." I discovered, however, that fifteen years before, Walter Arrol had bought a little moorland property in Galloway which had then come into the market. He paid what with my knowledge of English prices seemed to me a ridiculously inadequate price for the five or six thousand acres it was stated to comprise.

The title deeds were there, all in due order, and the receipt for taxation, stamps, and lawyers' charges. There was also the memorandum of a loan of a thousand pounds to "John Arrol, my father, to stock the farm of Curlywee with black-faced sheep," together with notes of payment of interest at four per cent. for the first five years.

After that I could trace no further receipts on that account.

It was just the day before Christmas that I set out from a Midland town where I had had some business, resolved to find out all that I did not know about my Galloway relatives. I might easily have written indeed, either to "John Arrol" himself, who from his style of correspondence would have been the very man to give me exact (and concise) information, or to the firm of lawyers in Cairn Edward whose name was upon the deeds and parchments.

But, though it would have ruined me from a business point of view had it been known in Highgate, I have always had a romantic strain in my blood, and the little adventure pleased me. I would take a little climb, so I told myself, into the branches of my family tree. I would go in person to the Cothouse of Curlywee, and make the acquaintance of my grandfather.

I wondered if "John Arrol" would turn out to be as ignorant of my existence as I had been of his. At any rate he was clearly not a person to waste words or squander his sentiment broadcast. Had I been content to prove my title to my uncle's property he would doubtless have continued to sign himself "John Arrol," to enclose his half-yearly rent, and to require a receipt therefor to the end of the chapter, without making the least effort to cultivate my acquaintance.

So this was the errand upon which I found myself standing in the little wayside station of Dornal. It was a grim and greyish winter afternoon, and I had occupied myself in speculating as the train slowly struggled up the incline, how long this rough bouldery desolation was to continue, and at what point it would issue forth upon the level strath and kindly hamlets of men, where I had pictured to myself my venerable relative residing in patriarchal dignity.

"Can you show me the way to the village of Curlywee?" I said to the station master, who came suddenly out of his office to take my ticket. In fact he made a dash at me almost like a terrier at a rat.

"The what?" he said, sharply, dropping his official manner in his surprise. "The village of Curlywee?"

The station master laughed a short quick laugh; almost as one would expect the aforesaid terrier to do in mirthful mood. He turned about on the pivot of one heel.

"Rob," he cried sharply, "come ye here!"

"I canna come! I'm at the lamps—foul fa' them—the oil they hae sent us this time will no burn any mair than as muckle spring water!"

"Come here, I tell ye. Rob—or I'll report ye!"

"Report awa'—an' be——!" Something that I did not catch.

The station master did not further attempt to bring his official dignity to bear upon his recalcitrant subordinate. He tried another tack.

"There's a man out here wants to ken the road to the village of Curlywee!"

And as he spoke the little wry station master glanced quizzically up at me, as much as to say, "That will fetch him!"

I failed to see the humour—then, immediately I heard a bouncing sound. Heavy feet trampled in the unseemly lamp room, a stool was knocked over, and a great, broad, jovial faced man came out, still rubbing a lamp globe with a most unclean piece of wastic.

"The village of Curlywee," he inquired, smiling broadly at me, as if were from head to foot. "Did I understand ye to say the village o' Curlywee?"

I nodded brusquely. I was growing vexed.

"I never heard tell o't," he continued, slowly, still smiling and shaking his head.

"Is there not a conveyance—an omnibus, or a trap of any kind which I can hire to take me there?"

"I was getting more than a little angry by this time. It seemed past belief that I should have come so far to be laughed at by a couple of boors in the middle of a Galloway moorass."

"Ow, aye, there's a conveyance," said the porter, "a pair o' them!"

"Then," said I, tartly, "be good enough to put my bag in one of them, and let me get off!"

The big man continued to rub and grin. The stationmaster watched me as a terrier watches a rat-hole, with his grey birse of a head at the side.

Then with the piece of dirty waste in his hand "Rob" pointed to my knickerbockered legs and brown leather shoes.

"That's the only conveyance ye'll get to Curlywee if ye wait a month at the Dornal!"

"What," I cried, "is there no road? There surely must be some kind of a highway."

Again the waste rag pointed. It was waved like a banner across the bleak moorish wilderness upon which the twilight was settling grey.

"Road?" he cried, gleefully. "Highway? Aye, there's the hillside—just the plain hillside!"

He waved me an introduction to it, like a master of ceremonies.

"Enough of this!" I said, tartly. "I have come from London—"

"So I see by your ticket. It's a fine big place—London!" interjected the stationmaster, with the air of one about to begin an interesting conversation.

"To see a gentleman in the neighbourhood, of the name of Arrol, who lives at Curlywee. I would be obliged to you if you would point out to me the best and quickest way of reaching his house!"

The two men looked at each other. There was nothing like a broad grin on the big man's face now. The stationmaster, also, had lost his alert and amused air, and had become suddenly thoughtful.

As neither of the two spoke I added still more sharply, "Do you know the gentleman?"

"Ow, aye," said Rob; "we ken the man!"

"Well, be good enough to put me on the road to his house!"

Rob of the lamp and rag turned slowly, as one of my own cranes turns with a heavy load of stone. His arm pointed out over the thin bars of shining steel of the railroad track.

"Wonder!" he said. "Keep straight up the gully till ye come to yon nick in the hill. Then turn to the left for three or four miles through the Dead Man's Hollow. Syne ye will come to a water; and if ye can get across, bauld up the face of the gairy, and gin ye dinna break your neck by faain' until the Dungeon o' Buchan or droon yourself in the Cooran Lane, ye will see the Cothouse o' Curlywee right afore your nose!"

It was not an appetising description, but anything was better than staying there to be laughed at, so I thanked the man, asking him to put my bag in the left luggage office, and proffered him a shilling.

The big man looked at the coin in my fingers. "What's this for?" he said.

"To pay the ticket for the left luggage," I said; "and the rest for yourself!"

Slowly he shook his head. "There's no sic a thing nearer than Cairn Edward as a left luggage office," he said, "but I'll put the bit bag in the lamp room. It'll be there if ever ye want it agatun'!"

"What do you mean?" I cried, furiously. "Do you know that I am—!"

"I mean," said Rob, deliberately, "that ye are like to hae a saft walk and to need a' your daylight before ye get to Curlywee this night. A guid pair o' legs to ye. Ye will need them!"

Upon the details of that weary and terrible journey I need not linger. Though when at first I threw my leg

over the wire fencing of the railway and stepped out on the moor, the instinct of the heather seemed to come back to me. I lost my way at least half-a-dozen times. Indeed if the moon had not been shinging about half full behind the grey veil of cloud, I must have wandered all night without remedy and most likely frozen to death. My London-made single-soled shoes were soon completely sodden, and presently the uppers began to part company with the welt. I was wet to the waist or above it by falling into deep moas-holes, where the black peaty water oozed through the softest of verdurous green.

I was bruised by constant stumbles over unseen boulders, and scratched as to my hands by slipping on icy rocks. A thousand times I cursed myself for leaving my comfortable rooms, which looked over to Hampstead Heath. I might have been reading a volume of "Rob Roy," with my feet one on each side of the mantelpiece. And—at that very moment my foot plunged through the heather in to a deep crevasse between two boulders, and I wrenched my ankle sideways with a stound of pain keen as a knife.

By this time I had been six or seven hours on the moor. I had, to the best of my ability, endeavoured to steer the course set for me by the big-boned genius of the lamp-room. I possessed a little compass at my watch chain, and my profession had made me accustomed enough to using it. But in the grey, uncertain light the glass seemed to turn all the wrong way, and what the "face of the gairy" might be I had not the least idea. I only knew that at the moment when I sprained my ankle I had been descending a hill side as lonely as an African desert and apparently as remote from anywhere as the North Pole.

I managed, however, by an effort to get my leg out of the trap into which I had fallen, and sat down upon a rack, half-dazed with the shock. I remember that I moaned a little with the pain and started at the sound, not realising that I had been making it myself.

When I came round a little I was looking down into a kind of misty valley. The ground appeared to fall away on every side, and I could see shadowy and ghostlike forms of boulders, all about me, some standing erect like Breton menhirs, pointing stony fingers into the grey winter sky; some with noses sharpened to the exact shape of polar bears scenting a prey, as you may see them in the plates of my favourite Arctic explorer.

Gradually it dawned upon me that there was some sort of a light beneath me in the valley. It seemed most like a red pulsing glow, as if a nearly extinct smithy fire were being blown up with bellows. A sense of eeriness came over me. I had been educated by my uncle in a severe school of practicality. To be a contracting builder in the better-class suburbs of London is destructive of romance. But I have the Pictish blood in me for all that. Aboriginal terrors prickle in my blood as I pass a graveyard at midnight, and never when I can help it do I go under one of my own ladders. But now for the first time in my life I felt a kind of stiffening of the hair of my scalp.

But this did not last long. My foot and ankle recalled me to myself. I could not, I thought, be worse off than I was—wet, miserable, hurt. If that light beneath me betokened a human habitation in the wild, I was saved. If not—well, I was no worse than I had been before.

So with a certain amount of confidence I made shift to limp downward towards the strange, pulsing, undulating glow. But though the sweat ran from me like rain, I could only go a few yards at a time. Nevertheless, the ruddy eye grew ever plainer as I descended, winking slowly and irregularly, waxing and waning like a fire permitted to go low and then again replenished.

At last I was near enough to see that the light proceeded from beneath a great face of rock, which sprang upwards into the sky, so high that it faded ghostlike into the milky glow of the mist-choked moonlight. Just then my injured foot jarred painfully upon a stone which gave beneath its thrust. The loose boulder thundered away down the declivity, and with a cry I sank upon my hands and knees.

When I came to myself I could not speak. Something had been thrust into my mouth, something that gagged and almost choked me. My

hands also were tied behind me. The red pulsing glow had vanished, but between me and the faintly-lit grey sky I could see a tall dark figure which moved purposefully about. Presently I found myself dragged to my feet and thrust rudely forward. I tried to make my captor understand that I could not walk; but as I could not speak, I could only do this by lying down and utterly refusing to proceed. Then my captor drew a lantern from behind a heather bush and flashed it upon my face.

As he did so I held up my foot and endeavoured by sign to show where and how it was hurt. But I was utterly unprepared for what my captor did next. He took me by the arms and laid me over his shoulders, pulling the plaid which he wore about my body as a kind of supporting belt. Then with slow steady strides he began to descend the hill. I suffered agonies lest we should both fall, and my ankle pained me till I nearly wept with sheer agony.

At last, with a fling of his foot, my captor threw aside a door, stepped down a short ladder, and I found myself stretched upon some straw. Then a candle was lit, and the flame, sinking to nothing and rising again, presently illuminated a little barn half-filled with sheaves and fodder. Upon a heap of the latter I was lying, with my head away from the door.

"So," said he who had brought me, "I have enticed ye, sirrah!"

I saw my man now—a tall old patriarch with abundant grizzled hair, his face clean-shaven and having a fringe of grey beard beneath the chin. His expression was stern, even fierce, and the eyes, under bushy eyebrows that were still raven-black, looked out undimmed by years and unsoftened by pity. It was a mediaeval almost a savage countenance; even so, I thought, might Rob Roy himself have looked in his wilder moments. I had to recur to my wounded foot to convince myself that I had left a nineteenth century railway station less than ten hours before.

Was it possible that this was the reason why my uncle did not visit his Galloway tenants? And did this one wish to square a deficiency in his rent by making an end of his landlord?

But the old man did not offer to touch me again, not even to release me from my bonds. He simply threw a few empty corn-sacks over me, removed my gag, picked up the lantern and went out with these words: "Bide ye there, my man, till I am ready for you!"

But whether he went to dig my grave or take his supper I could not make out; though the speculation was not without some elements of interest. At any rate he locked the door behind him, and I was left alone in the black blank darkness of the barn.

It was poor enough cheer, and I began to shiver with the cold of the moss hugs in my bones. Whether that exercise helped to loosen the bonds about my wrists I know not—perhaps they were hastily tied. At any rate it was not long before I had my hands loose. Then I could take the knotted handkerchief with its short cross-knuckle of bog-oak out of my mouth. But I could do no more to make myself easy. My foot and ankle were already terribly painful, and the latter, as I could feel with my hand, had swollen almost to double its usual size.

After that I cannot tell very well what happened for some time. It may seem impossible, but I think that I slept—at least, certain it is that the night passed somehow, between dozing and shivering. Hot flushes passed over me, with wafts of that terrible feeling of "falling away" which precedes fever.

When I awoke in the morning, it seemed that I saw a young girl sitting opposite me on the edge of an overturned bushel measure. She had her chin in the hollow of her palm. Yet my head was so whirled about with the trouble which was on me that I could not be sure, till she rose and came close to me with a pitying look in her eyes. Then I tried to think of something to say to her which might explain who I was, and how I came thither. For I began to be sure there had been some mistake.

However I could think of nothing but what day it was. So I said to her as she approached, in the most commonplace way possible, "I wish you a merry Christmas."

Yet all the time I knew very well that I was making a consummate fool of myself. The girl seemed checked at my words. She stopped, and then, touched perhaps by the ridiculous anomaly of my appearance and my commonplace greeting, she burst into a ringing peal of laughter. I think I laughed too a little, but I am not sure. When next I came to myself I was being supported upon clouds, or down, or at least by something equally pleasant and soft, whereat I opened my eyes and there was the girl, bending over me and trying to get some hot liquid down my throat out of a long thin-stemmed glass.

As soon as she saw that I was conscious she said, "Are you the excise officer from Port Mary who has been watching my great-uncle?"

"No," said I, "my name is Henry Grierson; I come from London. Where am I?"

But she sat up with a face of great horror.

"Not the exciseman? Why, you are never Hal Grierson—my cousin?"

"That is my name," I said, steeled by the situation. "I came to look for a grandfather I never knew I possessed till a week or two ago! His name is John Arrol, and he lives at the Cothouse of Curlywee!"

The girl smiled a little. "This is the Cothouse of Curlywee, and my great-uncle mistook you for a gauger—an exciseman. It is a mercy he did not kill you. But wait. I will bring him. He will be sorry."

By this time I had forgotten the pain in my head, and I was none so eager for the presence of my terrible relative.

"Please wait a moment. I want to ask your name," I said, looking up at her.

"My name is Elsa Arrol," she answered frankly and in a cultivated manner. "My father used to live here during the last years of his life, and when he died I had to leave school in Edinburgh and come to Curlywee to keep house for my great-uncle."

"Then you are my cousin?" I said with some eagerness.

"Yes, a cousin of a sort: not a first cousin."

And even then I was glad somehow of so much kinship.

"Will you shake hands with your new cousin before you go?" I said.

"I will do better," she answered, flitting down from the edge of the corn now where she had seated herself. "This is Christmas Day, and the cobwebs on the roof will serve for mistletoe."

And soft as a snowflake I was aware of a waft of perfumed air, and something that might have been a butterfly and night have been a pair of lips alighted to my forehead for a moment.

"There! You will think I am a bold madman, but you are ill and deserve a better greeting than a handshake after what you have gone through."

Again I was left alone, but not for long. I saw the fierce old man again in the doorway, his brow still gloomy, though it was no longer angry.

"This lass tells me you are not the Port Mary gauger," he said with a hard accent. "That you come from London. Is this true?"

"It is," said I briefly, for I thought of the knuckle of bog oak between my jaws.

"Then what might you be doing on my hill at midnight of a winter's night?"

"Well," I returned with some point, "it is in a way my hill also. At least if it be a part of the property of Curlywee left me by my uncle, the late Walter Arrol, of Higbgate."

"What!" he cried a little hoarsely. "Ye are never my Annie's boy—see Harry Grierson?"

"The same," I said, still curtly, for I wanted to see how he would extricate himself. He stood frowning awhile and stripping the piles from a head of corn.

"Ye will not misunderstand me if I confess that I am grieved for what has happened," he said, with a certain stern and manifest dignity of bearing which became him. "I am sorry, not because ye are now my landlord and I your tenant and debtor, but because I have made a mistake and showed but poor hospitality to the wayfaring

man."

"Say no more about it," I answered, "but give me a bed to lie down on and a pillow for my head, for I am very ill."

The old man lifted me in his arms like a child and carried me into his own room, where he laid me down. Then with a skill, patience, and tenderness I could not have believed possible he undressed me and laid me on his own bed. When this was done he called Elsa and she brought hot water to bathe my swollen ankle, now in girth well-nigh as thick as my thigh. He said not a word more about his rough treatment of me, nor did he mention his son, my late uncle, nor yet the quarrel which had separated them in life.

All that strange Christmas Day I was light-headed, and these two gave me brews of a certain herb-tee, famed in Galloway as a febrifuge. I dozed off to find my cousin Elsa still unweariedly pouring hot water over my foot, or coming in with a new poultice of marshmallow leaves in her hands. I suppose I must have talked a great deal of nonsense. Indeed, Elsa told me afterwards that I made a great many very personal remarks upon her eyes and hair, which made her blush for shame before her great-uncle.

I found myself somewhat better, however, the next morning, and was able to join in the exercise of family worship, which my grandfather conducted at great length, reading two or three chapters of names and genealogies out of the historical books of the Old Testament, in a loud, harsh voice, as if he had a spite against them. Then reverently laying the great Bible aside, he stood up to pray. I noticed that as he did so he smoothed his grey badger's brush of hair down on top as if it were a part of the ceremony.

When he had finished praying my grandfather stood awhile, and then sat down beside me.

"Elsa," he said, "will you betake yourself to the kitchen for a space? I have something to say to this young man that is only for a man and a kinsman to hear."

My cousin obediently vanished. I never heard so lightly a footfall.

"Now, sir," said the old man, "you have been brought up in another school, and may misunderstand. But I must 'e'en tak' the risk of that. Did your uncle give you any religious training?"

"He never mentioned the subject to me, sir!" I said. For my uncle, though a good man, had been neither churchgoer nor church lover.

"Are you a true Presbyterian, then? Or are ye one of the worshippers of the Scarlet Woman that sitteth upon the Seven Hills?"

"I have not really thought much about it," I replied. "I am a Christian—I believe I may say that—though indeed I have no claims to be thought better than my neighbours—indeed the contrary!"

"Then," said the old man, frowning. "I fear ye are no better than a heathen man and a publican."

"But," I cried, "was there not one born this Christmas Day who was partial to the company of publicans and sinners?"

I thought I had him there, but he evaded me.

"That is in the New Testament!" he retorted, somewhat disparagingly. "You will not understand, but listen. I am an old Cameronian, as my fathers were before me. No one of us has ever owned an uncoventanted King. Arrols not a few have gone to prison and to judgment because we wouldn't bow the knee to tyranny in the land and preley in the Kirk. I had never paid a King's cess or tax till the law distracted upon my goods. And I have continued to bake my bread and brew my drink as my fathers did before me. And who shall say me nay? Not any gauger that ever tapped a barrel!"

I certainly had no intention of doing so, but all the same it seemed a curious thing to have smuggling and illicit distilling thus put, as it were, upon a religious basis. The old man continued:

"Therefore it was that I mistook ye for the spy of the Queen's Excise. I had watched the pair craiter nosing about the hill-tops for a day or two. I fear I used you somewhat roughly in my haste. For that I ask your pardon."

I hastened to assure him that I never bore a grudge. He thrust out his hand at the word.

"No more do I," he said; quickly adding, however, "that is, no after it is satisfied!"

It was thus that I spent my Christmas Day in the Cothouse of Curlywee. It was three weeks more before I could leave my chair, and a month before I was able to return south to business. So that it was well my uncle had left competent men in charge. During this time, not unaccountably I saw a good deal of my cousin. I thought her every day more charming, as she certainly grew more beautiful. As for my grandfather, he used to lie out upon the brae-faces with a long spy-glass, looking for the "exciseman from Port Mary." But that gentleman showed the excellence of his judgment by obstinately staying away.

When at last I set out over the moor towards the station, I rode upon a strong sheltie. Elsa came with me part of the way, to "convey me off the ground," as she said.

At our parting-place I asked her a certain question, which at first she refused to answer directly. Afterwards she stated that she had conscientious scruples about the marriage of cousins and other near relatives. However, I am not without the strongest reasons for hoping that these objections are not insuperable, and that they will be overcome by next Christmas Eve. Already I have observed tokens of wavering. But in any case we will not tell my grandfather till the last moment, for where he will get a housekeeper to dwell alone in the Cothouse of Curlywee is more than either of us can tell. Meantime I am grateful for all that my Christmas Eve search for a grandfather has brought me, and still more for what it promises to bring.

(The End.)

Mathematically Correct.

She was rather proud of her waist, and intimated that he couldn't guess the measure of it.

"I can give it within the fraction of an inch," he replied.

"And he did."

"Someone must have told you!" she exclaimed.

"Wrong!" he answered.

"Then how did you guess it?" she asked.

"I didn't guess it," he said. "I happen to know the length of my arm."

Then, with one exception, everyone laughed. The one exception blushed.

Cooks and Corn Flour.

A celebrated cook has observed that "A chef could no more do without corn flour than he could do without parsley and the stock pot." This is absolutely true, for Brown & Polson's "Patent" Corn Flour is in almost universal demand—the present enormous sales being based on a reputation for perfection of quality of more than 40 years' standing. Brown and Polson's Corn Flour never disappoints; whereas with inferior kinds successful results are not to be counted on. There is as much difference in qualities of corn flour as in qualities of tea; and the best,

THE RECOGNISED BEST IS BROWN & POLSON'S "PATENT" CORN FLOUR.

Dan Connelly's Bluster.

(A Complete Short Story of the War.)

Dan Connelly was whistling the "Wearin' o' the Green."

It was an important matter with him just then; he whistled more furiously every minute. For a terrible temptation had struck across his honest soul, and the whistling restrained him.

In the pocket of Dan's dirty old khaki coat was a clay pipe, and in his master's tent was an ounce and a-half of tobacco. Dan had almost forgotten the smell of smoke, it was so long since the clay had been consigned to the khaki pocket. Small wonder he whistled harder and harder as he thought of what was in his master's tent, not three yards from where he sat on the open veldt. It was only when he had whistled his fullest and loudest that he had ridden triumphant over his ugly temptation.

Presently his master entered the tent and called him.

Sergeant Connelly appeared, a jaunty air of self-satisfaction sitting graciously upon him.

"Hang you!" roared his master. "Will you never learn to enter your superior officer's tent respectfully? Does the bally thing belong to you or me?"

Dan grinned a grin which was delicious to see. For he had known Lieutenant Joseph Palmer in long clothes.

"Arrah Mister Joe, but it's yer-self's the hard-hearted man entirely, niver offering me a whiff o' the baccy," he said, hurtfully. "An' me two soides fairly burstin' for a poipe," he added, a second later.

"Oh, clear out of this, you old scamp!" Lieutenant Joseph shouted angrily. "I'm sick of the whole confounded business! Come back when you've learned manners, Dan; not a minute before."

Dan was in no way disconcerted by this rebuff. Soldiering was a sore point with "Mister Joe," and Connelly was well aware of it.

Not that Lieutenant Palmer was in any wise a coward. Being an Irishman it was not to be expected that he would want to back out when a fight was handy. What unsettled him was an inward conviction that Heaven had ordained him for a jockey; whereas his father pitch-forked him into the army with a splendid disregard for the pet ambitions of his wild young offspring.

"Look after the lad, Daniel," the obstinate old chap said aside to Connelly the day the regiment embarked for the Transvaal. "He's a mad young devil, and I've had an awful time to get him this far, as you know. But the right stuff's there, Daniel, and he's got to be a soldier like his forefathers. Jockey, indeed! The crazy young fool! Keep him out of mischief, Dan, and see that he wins his spurs. He has a mighty big chance."

Connelly jerked his head in the nature of a nod. It was his intention that "Mister Joe" should win his spurs, no matter how mightily he kicked against the business.

"Mister Joe's" intention was somewhat different.

"I'll make the Queen a present of a leg and an arm and an eye, Dan," he said on the voyage out. "If the Boers don't manage it accidentally, I'll arrange for it to be brought off another way. It will set things straight with the obstinate old mule who happens to be my father; and as they will be obliged to invalid me from the service, it will also set things straight with myself."

Dan looked ahead of him into space. He said nothing.

"You could lump me up into the saddle, Connelly," Mister Joe added. "And once there I'd lay a wager to get any horse in old Ireland first home to the winning-post, even though I happened to be short of a leg and an arm and eye."

"Bedad, an' it's meself would be afther layin' that same," had been con-

nelly's answer in a rash moment of eager excitement, only remembering the real state of things afterwards.

It was the real state of things which had brought them to the point where this yarn began. They had been in two or three engagements and nothing happened. They were now encamped on a particular part of the veldt where nothing could happen. This was why Lieutenant Palmer had got into a way of being peppery and uncertain, swearing to Connelly twenty times a day that he was heartily sick of everything.

At sundown Dan again marched into his master's tent, with a wonderful bit of news to relate.

"Bedad, an' we're off," he announced gaily. "Orders just in, sorr. Duty wid large convoy goin' up country. Pack kit bags, an' be ready inside two hours."

Lieutenant Palmer looked unspcakably bored.

"Convoy duty, is it? Jove! I'd rather rust out here," he remarked apathetically. "Won't get much fun this journey, Dan; you may bet your best dollar on that."

Their route with the convoy was through country which was reported absolutely free from the enemy. This took the flavour altogether out of the proceeding. No one liked it; least of all Lieutenant Palmer, Daniel Connelly, and the bullocks which drew the loaded waggon.

There were several horses with the party, all more or less lean and poor-looking. Lieutenant Palmer took complete stock of them, then challenged every man he could get hold of to race him on two of them. No one accepted. Even Dan stood out, much to "Mister Joe's" chagrin.

Not a man jack of them would help him to relieve the monotony of that tired journey. They trundled on over the veldt slowly, colourlessly, aimlessly. When they reached a certain place they were to await further orders there. It was not even known what was to be their ultimate destination.

In three days they had covered fifty miles, then halted. This was their appointed stopping place. When they moved forward again it would be with more definite purpose.

"No spurs here, Dan," Lieutenant Palmer said that night with a yawn as Connelly spread out his camp-bed on the open veldt.

"Begorra, an' ye're right, Mister Joe," was Dan's bland answer. "An' no presents fer Her Majesty, love her soul," he went on, with a wink which made Lieutenant Palmer itch to stretch him full on the veldt. "It's bad ye are entirely fer wantin' to be out at the poor ould Quane's service, sorr. Sure an' it's herself is proud o' ivery man jack o' us."

"Stop preaching, Dan," answered his master, shortly. "You know at heart I am not a soldier, even if I do wear a khaki jacket. I won't listen to your confounded nonsense about V.C.'s, and spurs, and promotion. I don't want any; understand? It's all twaddle. I'm going to get wounded, I tell you; and make them invalid me. It will leave a place for some other Johnny, who isn't all against it."

Dan pretended not to hear. It was an aggravating way of his.

The heavily laden bullock waggon were drawn up in a square, inside which the men arranged themselves for a good night's sleep. Some lay down flat on their great coats; others sat up against the waggon, resting their heads against the spokes of the wheels. A few of the officers had been fortunate enough to procure their mattresses; the rest had blankets, or mats, or something.

It was just twelve o'clock when an odd nose awake them. Dan Connelly sprung up and rubbed his eyes. He had been dreaming that "Mister Joe"

led a glorious charge, and made Mr Kruger himself his prisoner.

There was another odd noise, and several more heads sprang up from sleep. They knew what it was, and stared hard at each other in the moonlight. The enemy had found them, and were firing into their laager.

Only a small percentage of them were fighting men; they had not a great deal of ammunition. But it was something which broke up a deadly dull monotony, and they did not mind the odd noises altogether. They shook themselves from the last remnants of sleep which hung about them, and prepared to make their desperate stand.

Then they sat behind the waggon and waited to see what would happen.

The Boers had been wasting precious ammunition for considerably over an hour, when Dan Connelly chanced to note a change of expression settling across his master's even young features. Dan had loved him from babyhood; worshipped the very boys he had ridden over, for in old Ireland "Mister Joe" had never walked. It was for this reason that Dan was able to read any stray expressions which swept across the boyish, impatient face. "Mister Joe" was Dan's hero, and to him it meant much.

"Wants to get wounded, does he, acushla?" was the kernel of Dan's soliloquy. "Wants to presint the Quane wid an arm, that same. An' a leg, an' an' eye, if ye please. Bedad, an' it's the Quane herself wouldn't be after thanking him fer that same. Hould on to yer members, Mister Joe, dear. The ould rascallans yander would be loikin' to take a little practice wid ye; but shure an' ye got to win yer spurs, and ye'll want two legs to wear 'em on."

A volley of artillery made things look worse for a little while; but, bless you, it was only outward appearance. Nothing serious happened. Dan's "ould rascallans" were missing fire with a sweet contentment which did them credit.

Unfortunately, however, they at last grew tired of shooting bullocks, and evidently realised that if they wished to capture the convoy they must go for bigger game. Therefore they altered their position and their sighting, and began to get a few stray bullets home.

This caused them jubilation, for they coveted the good things heaped up on the waggon. Some of them even went so far as to slouch down on to the open veldt, and pretend that a hand-to-hand assault was about to be made on the convoy.

At this point the jaws of the British soldiers stiffened; their faces blanched in the moonlight. Determination and a desire for prompt revenge on the unkempt-looking individuals who had stolen on them in their sleep spread suddenly over the face of all. They had been caught napping, but now were very much awake.

As I have said, there were not many fighting men among them, consequently not many rifles, and precious little ammunition. The few who were, though, fought like demous. Dan Connelly blazed away with his usual bland complacency, managing to keep the twist of one eye on "Mister Joe" at the same time.

"Mister Joe" was very busy. Soldiering may or may not have been his appointed profession (he stoutly maintained that it was not), but there was little doubt that he could fight. He loved a fight. The noise and confusion of it were music to him. The wildness of which his father had complained ran through his blood, thrilled him till he shouted aloud with pure exaltation. As he saw other Boers hurrying upon them, his excitement broadened; and though he little knew it, the martial spirit which had been born in his veins was accountable for his elated frame of mind.

More than once Dan noticed that he needlessly exposed himself to the rather erratic fire of the enemy. Once he stumbled, and Connelly was there like a flash.

"Only slipped, Dan," his master called out gaily. "Don't get so deuced anxious? My limbs are all here as yet, confound it."

A shell burst two yards from where they had been standing, making a nasty earth heap in the sky.

"Ought to have been there, Dan," Lieutenant Palmer said, with a cool laugh. "Jove, my soldiering would

have been done in real earnest then."

Presently they were reminded about the scarcity of ammunition, and warned to let every bullet find its billet. They keenly enjoyed their own little battle; gloried in the brilliant stand they were making; and were fully determined to hold the convoy till help from the main column arrived.

But by and by the work grew terribly hard; and a little later they could do no work at all. For only a few rounds of ammunition remained, and they dreaded to fire them.

The men look grim, and hot, and dirty. They had been fighting like tigers, keeping the enemy at bay with magnificent prowess. The end of it was to be surrender into the dirty hands of the wretches they loathed and scorned; men who in more ways than one had raised their just anger. The position was clearly lost. A sullen, restive quiet threatened to take them by the throat, and that is always ominous.

Dan Connelly nudged his master's elbow.

"What the deuce do you want?" demanded Lieutenant Palmer. "Can't you see we're done for?"

The madness had not gone out of him; it had only taken another form. Dan, used to his ways with horses, understood.

He pointed to two London omnibus horses, quietly grazing behind the laager.

"Which do you be after makin' the best o' that rum couple, sorr?" he inquired innocently.

"Can't say," was the laconic answer.

"Shure, an' it's meself would like to race ye, Mister Joe, and foind out."

"Done," responded Lieutenant Palmer on the spur of the moment. In quieter moments the young officer would have asked Dan if he had been drinking. As it was, however, he never saw the incongruity of such a suggestion. He was game for anything, first of all because it was his intention to get wounded, and secondly because the air of sullen gloom settling down on the camp irritated him.

They borrowed the omnibus horses without leave, mounted them, and started.

"Over there, sorr," said Dan, pointing out his own direction.

"Mister Joe" went blindly, madly. Dan had never beat him in any race yet. He was not going to do it now.

The men they had left behind them stared after them in the moonlight. To say they were astonished would never express it. Their surprise dried their tongues, and for some minutes held them speechless.

Then, suddenly, they did a curious thing. They cheered and cheered and cheered—cheered till they nearly dropped, and then began again.

"What the deuce are they doing that for?" muttered Lieutenant Palmer. Dan answered never a word. The Boers sent a murderous shower of bullets after them, and though many shaved them closely they did no actual mischief.

"Halt!" shouted Dan suddenly.

The young officer reined in almost mechanically, looked up and found they were near two Dutch carts, one laden with ammunition, the other with rifles. Both belonged to the enemy.

Lieutenant Palmer's eyes fixed on them steadily, then he faced Dan.

"What the deuce do you mean by it, you ould rascal?" he said, but he laughed.

He saw through Dan's bluster. Dan was going to make him win a true soldier's name in spite of himself. They were going to save the convoy somehow between them.

"And that means spurs," concluded Lieutenant Palmer in his own mind. "Don't want them, but here goes."

"Race yer back agin, Mister Joe," Dan remarked aloud, a gay twinkle in his eyes.

"Done!" answered his master. "How are we going to manage, though?"

Connelly had placed some coils of thick rope under the saddle of one of the horses before he challenged his master to that famous race. One of these coils he threw across to the young officer, who immediately dismounted and set to work. Connelly hitched a rope to one wagon and the lieutenant another. Then whipping up the teams, which were already harnessed to the heavy vehicles, they started their mad gallop for the convoy. Everything at the moment helped them, even Nature herself, by causing a big black cloud to lift up over the moon. When it was gone they were clattering back across the veldt,

Music and Musicians.

the heavy, lumbering waggons plunging and jaying on the boulder-strewn veldt.

Their speed was not great. "We'll never get in, Dan," Lieutenant Palmer murmured, in a curiously exhausted voice. "The demons won't let us. We haven't half enough horses for the job."

Dan had no breath left. He was years older than his master.

It was at this point that they seemed to become very confused as to what was transpiring. Englishmen were cheering. The Boers were rifle practising. There was an awful din and stamede; men coming out towards them, hollowing words they but dimly understood.

The strain had become more than they could bear. The horses, too, were suffering from the unnatural strain.

But all things must have an end. A few moments later the forlorn hope staggered blindly into the centre of the convoy, some of the horses dropping with exhaustion as they reached their destination.

It seemed hours before the men crowded round them and lifted them from their saddles. They shouted their admiration and congratulations. It was the bravest deed of the war, they said, and it had saved the convoy.

"What a deuce of a fuss they are all making about it," Lieut Palmer remarked to Connelly next day. "We didn't do anything, Dan. By Jove, though, the fellows somehow make a chap feel glad inwardly that he is a soldier."

Dan blinked. "Got any baccy, Mister Joe?" he inquired.

"Dan, you're an awful old scoundrel," answered his master.

Dan blinked again.

"Hedad, but it was meself hate ye eland that time, sorr," he said, with a sideways look at his master. "Beggorra, but ye hadn't the ghost of a chance, Mister Joe. I luste ye all to snathereens."

"What a disgraceful old liar you are, Connelly?" replied his master, sorrowfully. "But here's the tobacco, and I fancy I'll stick to the soldiering, Jan, after all. There's a lot in it which I never detected before."

Smiles and Similes.

Anxious.—There is nothing that so increases a man's desire to work in the garden as the discovery that his wife has misplaced the rake.
If a lazy pupil ever wants to practise, it is when the piano is already in use.

Sins of Omission.—Clergyman (examining a Sunday School class): Now, can any of you tell me what are sins of omission? Small Scholar: Please, sir, they're sins you ought to have committed and haven't.
But music pupils omit them. They omit the hard places, difficult chorals, the inner notes generally. They omit to practise their exercises, scales, arpeggios and etudes, omit their lessons, and sometimes to pay their teacher.

A Commendable Ambition.—Old Gentleman: What would you like to be when you grow up? Small Boy: I'd like to be a bricklayer. Old Gentleman: That is a commendable ambition. Why would you like to be a bricklayer? Small Boy: 'Cause there's so many days when a bricklayer can't work.

Some young people choose music teaching because they think it is such an easy, genteel and agreeable way of earning a respectable living.

THE DRAMA.

Nance O'Neil continues to boom in Auckland. Her success as Peg Woffington was followed by a triumph with Queen Elizabeth, and she again pleased her audience in Camille. In Queen Elizabeth Miss O'Neil looks the great Queen to the life, and plays with the perfervid enthusiasm and fire which are her chief characteristics. The Queen of the dramatist is far from a lovable personage, or one with whom it is possible to have much sympathy, but when played by Nance O'Neil she certainly dominates her audience in much the same fashion as she is supposed to have dominated her subjects. Her dresses are, of course, superb, and no one can deny that she wears the regal purple as to the manner born. In every attitude, in every accent, she is the great Queen, and it is perhaps only in the closet scene, where she awaits Essex's plea for pardon, that she allows the woman to conquer the monarch. In this scene Miss O'Neil is certainly at her best. But the character is one that suits her from every point of view, and theatre goers in the South should mark it with a double tick.

"La Tosca" succeeded "Camille," and if it did not quite equal some of her other successes it yet proved a wonderfully fine performance, and gave Miss O'Neil an opportunity of proving her right to the title she has assumed of "the English speaking Bernhardt." "La Tosca" is the great French artist's favourite play, and in it she surpassed all previous triumphs. Nor has she since done anything better. One cannot call to mind any play of our day which makes so great a demand on an actress. Miss Nance O'Neil gave us a remarkably fine interpretation of the character of the impetuous, adoring, and wildly jealous Floria, and her acting was at times superb. In every way she was infinitely superior to Mrs Brown Potter who essayed the role during her New Zealand tour. But in calling herself the English speaking Bernhardt while playing in that great actress's favourite parts Miss O'Neil does not do wisely. She herself is quite a sufficiently great actress to render any borrowed radiance superfluous. Miss O'Neil's Floria is worthy of all the praise that we can give it. The abandon with which the actress throws herself into the part, and the strain she imposes on herself, is almost uncomfortably severe, and must tax terribly even so manifestly a splendid physique as Miss O'Neil's. She never spares herself for one single instant, and at the end of the play must be terribly exhausted. "Fedora"

OPERA HOUSE.

Under the Direction of Mr J. C. Williamson.
Business Manager, Mr. Peter Hughes
Treasurer, Mr. Wm. H. Boyd
GREAT ARTISTIC SUCCESS OF THE
NANCE O'NEIL SHAKESPEARE.

The Management has much pleasure in stating that in compliance with the many requests expressed by playgoers to see the charming Young American tragedienne

NANCE O'NEIL.

In a round of her famous impersonations prior to her departure from Auckland, they have been enabled to arrange the following

GRAND AND VARIED PROGRAMME.
WEDNESDAY AND THURSDAY.
JANUARY 9th and 10th.
TWO NIGHTS ONLY.

Grand Production, on a scale of Estimation Completeness, of Victoria's Bardou's Great Play.
FEDORA.

FEDORA..... NANCE O'NEIL.
FRIDAY AND SATURDAY.
JANUARY 11th and 12th.
TWO NIGHTS ONLY.

Sheridan's Brilliant Comedy.

THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.

NANCE O'NEIL as LADY TEAZLE

PRICES OF ADMISSION:
Dress Circle and Reserved Stalls 5/-
Family Tickets, a book of 12 for £2 3/-
Stalls 3/- Pit 1/-

Early Door to Pit and Stalls, 6d extra, till 7.30 p.m.
Box Place at Whitman and Lrell's, Victoria Arcade. Day Sales at Partridge's, Tobaccoist, Queen-st.

is following "Tosca" to-night, and a capital interpretation may be looked forward to with confidence.

"Pans in Boots," the Rickards' pantomime in Sydney, was a great success. Amongst the cast I noticed Miss Nani Rickards, who came round with "Pans" when his company visited New Zealand, and Dave Caston, who also made himself a great favourite on this side. Albert Whelan, of Ichabod Bronson fame in the "Belle of New York," also had an important role.

"A message from Mars" was the attraction at the Palace Theatre, Sydney. When the mail left Mr Hawtree's Company was drawing great audiences.

The Biograph finished a very successful season in Christchurch last week. The new pictures are said to be remarkably good. The Biograph is working steadily north, and will pay a return visit to Auckland before concluding its New Zealand season.

Chieftain Rangitia's concerts in Dunedin were very successful. The Maori rangitira is warmly praised as a pianist by the Southern dailies.

The Wirth Circus season, which has just closed in Dunedin, was a very successful one. The circus is coming through both islands, visiting all the principal cities.

John F. Sheridan is doing prodigiously well with his farce, "The New Barnard." It is one of the new things he will give us on his New Zealand tour in the autumn. At present he is coinng money amongst the sightseers in Sydney.

"Lohengrin" and "Carmen" were the alternate attractions in Sydney during the last week of the old year, with the "Bohemian Girl" for the first nights of the new.

Miss Lottie Collins, now singing at the Bijou, Melbourne, turns out to be far more than a name (says a critic). Her galvanic success with "Tara-tara-boom-dee-ay" ceases to surprise when she has been seen and heard in other songs—for she has broken with the time-worn ditty that brought her fame. Her forte lies in bringing an unexpected reserve force of energy—shall we say flightiness—suddenly to bear so as to vanquish an assumed demureness and fairly startle the spectators by the change. This is exemplified in her song "The Widow," given in the garb of woe and pitched for a time in a subdued key. But sympathy is appallingly diverted by the sudden flash of crimson-covered undergarments in a wild dance, conveying that the widow is not so incousolable as she appears. Her song in riding attire has a spice of the same characteristic, but is given with really ex-

cellent grace and elan. In fact, whatever suggestiveness may be read in her songs, Miss Collins is not open to the charge of purposely emphasizing it. Therein she differs essentially from another clever vocalist of the variety stage lately heard here. The ditty of the coalman's wife seems introduced to show the singer's versatility, and the song in which she has the assistance of members of the orchestra (in other than their recognized roles) is an amusing example of how successful an illegitimate device may be made.

The "Australasian Stage Annual," edited by Mr William Crawley, and published by the J. J. Miller Printing Company, is a Christmas publication. This is the second year of publication. It contains portraits on a large scale of actors, actresses, and managers known to the Australian stage, and numerous sketches, stories, etc., by equally well-known persons. One of the sketches relates to Fitzgerald's Circus. "If ever we are ruined," Mr Tom Fitzgerald is made to say, "it will be through the habit my brother has of pensioning off horses that have grown old in our service. His old age pension scheme causes us to pay for horses left behind in all parts of Australia and Manildra, where their old age is soothed in nice grass paddocks. When the bills come in annually Dan swears, but he pays."

At a certain hotel in Rotorna quite recently, a certain prestidigitateur was giving an evening entertainment in the drawing-room, at which a large number of visitors were present. Prior to the performance an elderly lady, apparently "sulphuring" on account of a tendency to embonpoint, comfortably ensconced herself in the corner of a sofa placed in the front row, and, perhaps, overcome by the magician's skill, gradually sank into the arms of Morpheus, emitting at regular intervals snores distinctly audible throughout the room. This threatened to queer the show, and not un-naturally irritated the performer, who at length lost all patience, and approaching the sleeper, blandly remarked, "I trust, madam, that I am not keeping you up."

A TRUE STORY.

An earnest playgoer writes to Clement Scott, the well known critic: "As you so justly remark, 'The tear of sympathy that are shed in the theatre, the vows for amendment of life that are uttered in the play-house, the lessons of love, and toleration, and charity that are learned behind the glare of the footlights, are as valuable for the public good as any sermon preached in any pulpit by pastors of every known and recognised denomination!'"

"The force of these words was brought home to me in an incident which came under my personal notice a few days ago. Bearing, as it does, on the subject of your remarks, it will, I am sure, interest you; otherwise, I would not venture to take up your valuable time by relating it."

"I was standing in the pit of a theatre. Next me was a young girl, of about 16, a child of the people. She asked me some question about the play, which I answered, and told her the plot of the piece, which she did not understand. Between the acts she talked to me about herself, saying she often went to the theatre, and how much good she got from it. 'I went to see "Faust,"' she said, 'and liked it so much. Poor Marguerite! it was very sad. It's enough to make a girl good after seeing what happened to her.' Then she continued, 'I went to see "The Sign of the Cross." Oh! it was just lovely. I've known, I used to go to chapel regularly; but I left off going, and got careless and wild. But ever since I saw that play I go to chapel regularly, and—and I'm trying to be good.' I added, 'Go on trying, child; it's the only way.'"

"This little story from real life would, no doubt, interest Mr Wilson Barrett. It would be a satisfaction to him to know that the sermon he so nobly preaches has found an echo in at least one sad heart."

Spencer Pianos
THE MOST POPULAR OF ALL ENGLISH PIANOS.

THOMSON'S
NEW Model, "GLOVE-FITTING"
CORSETS
ENGLISH MADE throughout.



These World-Renowned Corsets have been actively recommended, and are now the perfection of shape, and most the prevailing fashion of long waist.

THE MOST COMFORTABLE AND DURABLE CORSET MADE! AND THEREFOR THE CHEAPEST. N. B. Old Model Corsets always in stock.

"LA NOBLESSE" A new and elegant series of Corsets. Ask to see them. Write to the head of all dealers throughout the world. MRS. W. S. THOMSON & CO., Ltd., London.

Topics of the Week.

An Attempted Navy Scare.

It would be interesting to know whether there was ever a time when, in the opinion of a pessimistic section of the public, the navy was not "going to the dogs." The Navy League did most admirable service some years ago in waking the public up to the consciousness that the Admiralty had allowed the navy to fall far below the lowest requisite standard of one to two; but having seen its own programme carried out, and England placed in a position to overmaster any two allied Powers, the League might have rested on its laurels for a span. Instead of this, it has commenced a pulley of shrieking wolf, wolf, and insisting in season and out, that we are unprepared and under-manned, that our ships are obsolete, and that in every respect our navy is in a most parlous state. The latest manifesto sets forth the sensational question, "Have we lost the command of the sea?" The question is, as the "Times" has pointed out, a foolish one. It could not be answered till war had been prosecuted for some time, for naval battles are not won with ships and guns alone, but by heads and hands. Strategy wins naval battles just as surely as it does battles on land, and if our "handy men" have not a knowledge of naval strategy, it is assuredly not for want of work and practice. The contention that we are not now equal to a coalition of any two Powers is not tenable; all statistics and figures prove to the contrary; but more important still, no combination of Powers could ever furnish forth men so practised in the use of their armaments as the British. It is of course possible that a coalition might exist of more than two antagonistic naval Powers, but to attempt to prepare for so unlikely a contingency would be both foolish and abortive. To keep ceaseless and careful watch on the navy, to see that it is kept up to the highest possible standard, is the duty of us all, and we are grateful to the Navy League for undertaking that duty for us. But if that body is going to become hysterical, and to attempt to frighten us with bogeys of impossible coalitions, it will soon bring itself into contempt, and the days of its usefulness will be at an end.

To Persuade Our Children to Read.

Now that holidays are in progress parents will have an opportunity of seeing what their children read, and if they are wise of endeavouring to mould their taste. The amount of reading which the average New Zealand youngsters get through is fairly considerable, but it is of such a quality that half the time it would be better if he or she—more especially she—never read at all. This is to a large extent the fault of the parents, who never make the smallest effort to direct the tastes of their offspring. To attempt to force what is known as instructive reading on our juveniles, is, of course, a tactical blunder of the most fatal description. There is a curious perversity of human nature which resents the command, "Thou shalt not," when applied to what seems harmless. A great scholar once said if the reading of history were prohibited, the average youngster would sit up at night to read it in secret. On the same reasoning, if you attempt to force history, you will find (in fact, most of us have already found) that it is loathed and detested. The fact is, that history is usually taught in the dulllest possible manner, and therefore to recommend a lad to read it for pleasure is absurd. But, if we were to drop the long lists of dates, and give word pictures of the times, the people, and to relate the story of our nation as a gorgeous romance, we should soon see a change. Almost all children love to listen to stories of people, and on this love the method of teaching history should be based. To give a few of the striking points of some celebrity of ancient or modern times, and to connect them with individual and not with general history, would be at first a surprise, but it is astonishing how soon

the youngsters, like Oliver Twist, will ask for more. But an appeal must be made to the imagination; accuracy is certainly essential, but it is not always necessary to sacrifice everything to it. What romance that was ever written can equal the conquest of Mexico? Relate a few chapters of that as a starting point; the book will soon be demanded, and once you are able to prove to the suspicious youth—for youth is ever suspicious—that your object is to amuse, he will gladly follow with the romance of his own country. The historical novel has done much to help towards a higher standard of reading, but much more might yet be done by this means. Why, for instance, do not more parents read Scott to their children? Not one lad in ten has even read Ivanhoe. Yet, if it were begun to them they would probably follow it with the great master's entire works. It is because they have been taught to look upon Scott as "so good for them" that they avoid him. If the story were begun for them they would realise what they were missing. At any rate, the experiment is worth trying, and I recommend it as a holiday task for our grown-ups.

A Great Cartoonist.

The news which arrived by cable last week that Sir John Tenniel has retired from the position he so long occupied on the staff of "Punch" will be received with profound regret by an innumerable body of admirers in every quarter of the globe. To the days when Sir John's cartoons would no longer appear each week in "Punch" we have all of us, I suppose, looked forward apprehensively at some time or other, for the great age of the veteran made it possible that at any time we might hear that the hand of the master was stilled for ever. Yet as week succeeded week with Tenniel at his post, as strong of hand and as consummate in creation as ever, we put our fears and prohibitions aside and thought of him as one seemingly endowed with perennial youth and vigour. Happily the news to reach us is not the worst. Sir John lives, and will, we all trust, spend a long evening of days amid such happiness and prosperity as his splendid career and blameless reputation have so justly earned for him. That this may be the case will be the wish of thousands upon thousands whom he has during decades given weekly food for thought or laughter, and in which he has set down pictorially an absolutely faithful history of our own time. To some—especially to some of our younger readers—the retirement of even the most eminent of cartoonists may seem a somewhat slight subject for an article such as this. But it would in my opinion be hard indeed to pronounce too high a panegyric on the work and influence of Sir John Tenniel. For years he has given us a cartoon in which there was not a trace of vulgarity or to insult a foe or pain a fellow creature. It is true the subjects are not decided by one man. At the famous "Punch" dinner the cartoon is the first subject discussed. "Now, gentlemen, the big cartoon" is the time-honoured formula with which proceedings are opened when the cloth has been removed from that famous table. It is by the way called the big cartoon in contradistinction to the second cartoon usually drawn by Lindley Sambourne, on whom now falls Sir John's garment. But if the subject of the cartoon was not always his own, it was usually his suggestion that was eventually carried out, and in any case the manner of treating the subject was solely and entirely his own. We may therefore allow him full credit for the purity, the freedom from coarseness or vulgarity, and the splendid strength of his cartoons. His versatility is only equalled by his vigour, and perhaps the most pronounced characteristic of his work is its absolute evenness, at the highest possible level. Now and then a cartoon would rise clear above the rest, but never a one sank below the level; no one can remember a bad or even

a weak cartoon by Tenniel. On the other hand it is only, however, slightly over a year since he scored one of his greatest hits with the never-to-be-forgotten "fight to a finish" cartoon which sold by hundreds of thousands, for which there was so great a demand that it had to be re-printed and in colours. His cartoons have undoubtedly influenced public opinion to an extent scarcely credible, and which exceeds perchance that of even the most eminent leader writers in the most influential journals, and that influence has been for good in all instances. Surely this is a life's work which merits such world-wide appreciation as Tenniel enjoys, and which I have with such halting words so imperfectly expressed. In retiring from "Punch" Sir John is withdrawing from many of us one of our earliest friends. There must even amongst our readers be many hundreds whose youth and childhood were spent in the Old Country, and who will remember how delightedly we hailed Wednesday as "Punch morning," and how we always gloated over the cartoon. We did not of course always understand its real meaning, but it was always delightful to us, and anything we did learn from it was for good. We have grown to men and women and seen our children exhibit the same delight, and now we are called upon to say farewell. Well 'tis hard; but life is so frequently hard in this respect that we perforce learn a sad and rather weary resignation. And yet, and yet, this is indeed a hard farewell to make. Better, therefore, have done, and in briefly saying it, give to Sir John a vote of thanks which is as deep and sincere as it is impossible of adequate expression.

The Kindness of Sailor Folk.

How is it that seafaring men, whatever may be their position or occupation, are invariably the best natured and most unselfish of mortals? Have you, my friend, the reader, ever met a disfiguring sailor man, woman (remember the stewardesses), or boy? The writer hereof has sailed in many craft of all sorts and sizes, over some hundreds of thousands of miles, in different quarters of the globe, and never yet has he met sea-folk who were not obliging and good-natured to a degree far from common with we landlubbers. A crusty exterior you will, I grant, meet with occasionally, and but for a chance circumstance it might lead you into the error of thinking you had indeed made a discovery of a sulky sailor, but if you have time enough it only needs a day or so probably—usually a few hours—and accident or circumstance will clearly demonstrate your mistake, and show you that the crust, like that on some choice wine, merely covers and denotes the quality of the vintage. You must of course handle such an one with the consideration you bestow on the crusted wine; roughly or unskillfully taken in hand you will spoil the one just as surely as you ruin the other. But in either case you have only your own carelessness or stupidity to blame. No, whether it is in some terrible catastrophe, when unselfish courage shines like a lamp in the desolation, whether it is in the sympathy they show for that common incident of their everyday life, the sea-sick passenger, or whether it is in the thoroughness with which they endeavour to promote the comfort and enjoyment of those who are their temporary companions, the good nature, the gentleness, and the unselfishness of the sailor-folk stands out and wins our admiration. A sailor never laughs at a suffering seasick person—that piece of minor brutality he leaves to shore folk—but you will see them go out of their way day after day to endeavour to mitigate the suffering of persons whom they never knew an hour before, and whom they may never see again. And where is the town or country host who, if you are on pleasure bent, will put himself to one-hundredth part of the trouble which a sailor does for a chance acquaintance, who as often as not forgets to thank him for his courtesy? The incident recalling these reflections was a recent excursion to Kawhia. It was not of importance in itself, but the attitude and characteristics of the master and men of the Gairloch were the characteristics of their entire class, and may there-

fore merit brief attention. There was not a soul of that ship's company who did not put himself out to insure the comfort and enjoyment of the excursionists in a manner which few hosts would do for their guests or most influential guests. From the captain, who took a private little pulling-boat and converted himself into a tireless and indefatigable ferryman, to the deck hands who cleaned fish and did odd jobs for inept passengers, as if they enjoyed the addition to their other arduous work, each person on board put himself, and his goods and chattels, too, at the service of the landmen. As for the mates, who shall tell of their exertions? It is so on all ships, but the good people of the Gairloch beat the record in this respect. Surely, then, the sea must have an influence on character and be a sort of forcing-house for the social excellencies? Would that we could get away for a year or so, some of us, and see if it would make us as amiable, and give us their thoughtfulness and consideration for others.

The Bacillus and the Lion.

"I am no more afraid of a boiled bacillus than I am of a well-cooked lion," says Dr. Alexander Hill, Master of Downing College, and Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge. Now, the authorities affirm that out of 900,000 babies born annually in England and Wales, probably not more than one in twenty lives out his natural life; and the writer thinks that estimate is too high. All the rest die—bar the few accidentally killed—from preventable diseases, such as measles, scarlet fever, small-pox, influenza, consumption, etc., a long and dreary list; all the maladies on it having a family likeness, and all arising from, and propagated by, germs. It is likely that one-third of the cows have tuberculosis, and, of course, people drink the disease in the milk. It really does look as though it would be a good idea to boil the bacillus—as early in his career as possible. If necessary, we might cook the lions later on; they are comparatively harmless, anyway. "To sum the matter up," says another man-with-eyes-in-his-head, "I have noticed that among the preventable diseases the greater number are due to mistakes in eating and drinking." Which brings us to the little story that John K. Orthwein tells. "About three and a-half years ago," he goes on to relate, "I was in the South Brisbane Fire Brigade service. At that time I contracted dyspepsia—a sharp and positive form of it, with the pains and penalties I had often read of but never realised before. "It lasted four months, and might have stuck to me as many years but, for one thing—My appetite disappeared altogether, I got constant colds, and my attempts to eat were miserable spectacles for my friends to witness, and worse still as experiences for me. I used to belch up a sour, acrid fluid, and life was hardly worth the price of it. "My comrades in the brigade knew the bad form I was in, and, one after another, they told me to try Mother Seigel's Syrup. They were nearly all in the habit of using it for anything that ailed them, and were sure it would set me to rights. "Anything to get out of this, I said, and got the Syrup without delay. The first bottle did splendid work, and when I had finished the third my digestive arrangements were sound as a gold sovereign, and have been ever since. I can eat whatever comes my way, and catch no more colds. And this I owe to Mother Seigel's Syrup. No wonder it is popular all over Australia. "I am no longer in the brigade, but live at Hubert-street, Woolloongabba, South Brisbane, Queensland, where I shall be pleased to see anybody who wishes further details of my case." John K. Orthwein, Oct. 7th, 1899. The accuracy of the above statement is vouched for in writing by Mr. R. Cumming, Assistant Superintendent South Brisbane Fire Brigade. We may kill the bacillus by boiling it, and we may cook a lion if we can catch him; but the only certain way to get rid of indigestion, and the black flock of ailments which arise from it, is by the use of Mother Seigel's Syrup.

"The New Zealand Graphic" Minor Matters.

(PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK.)

Office: SHORTLAND-ST., AUCKLAND, N.Z.

TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS: Per Annum £5 9 6 (if paid in advance, 6d.)

Single Copy: Price Sixpence

By sending direct to "The Graphic" Office Twenty Shillings sterling, which you may pay by Post Office Order, Postal Note, One Pound Note, or New Zealand stamps, you can have "The Graphic" posted regularly to you every week for a year.

Cheques, Drafts, etc., and all Business Communications to be addressed to the Manager.

Literary Communications, Photographs and Black and White Work to be addressed to the Editor.

Society Notes and Correspondence relating to matters of special interest to ladies to be addressed to "The Lady Editor."

The Editor will carefully read all manuscripts submitted to him, and all communications will be regarded as strictly confidential by him.

All unsuitable MSS., Sketches or Pictures will be returned to the sender, provided they are accompanied by the latter's address and the requisite postage stamps, but contributors must understand that we do not hold ourselves responsible for the preservation of the articles sent us.

"KEATING'S POWDER."
"KEATING'S POWDER."
"KEATING'S POWDER."
"KEATING'S POWDER."
"KEATING'S POWDER."

KILLS BUGS, FLIES, MOSQUITOES, BEETLES, MOSQUITOES, BUGS, FLIES, MOSQUITOES, BEETLES, MOSQUITOES

HARMLESS TO ANIMALS.
HARMLESS TO ANIMALS.
HARMLESS TO ANIMALS.
HARMLESS TO ANIMALS.
HARMLESS TO ANIMALS.

The genuine powder bears the signature of THOMAS KEATING. Sold in Tins only.

"KEATING'S WORM TABLETS."
"KEATING'S WORM TABLETS."
"KEATING'S WORM TABLETS."
"KEATING'S WORM TABLETS."
"KEATING'S WORM TABLETS."

A PURELY VEGETABLE SWEETMEAT, both in appearance and taste, furnishing a most agreeable method of administering the only certain remedy for INTESTINAL or THREAD WORMS. It is a perfectly safe and mild preparation, and is especially adapted for Children. Sold in Tins by all Druggists. Proprietor, THOMAS KEATING, London

Everyone in England is talking of the wonders produced by

6s CHEMIST 2/6
MACKENZIE'S
ARSENICAL
SOAP

The following beautiful women are highly recommended—Madame Patti, Mlle. Soule, Florence St. John, Edith Cole, Dorothy Irving, Miss Phipps, Edith Brough, Madeline Varley, Cecile Wright, Angèle Lartier.

The Artist and the Chapera.

Merry Furniss, the artist, tells an amusing story at his own expense, says Fourth Estate. Furniss had been commissioned to illustrate a tale for a "serious" periodical. His drawing represented a lovers' meeting, and the young man of the picture was of the Family Herald and Something to Read type, with long, thin legs, eyes like saucers and a little "duck" of a moustache. This would not do at all for the editor of the serious periodical, who wrote to Mr Furniss in these terms: Dear Sir: Will you kindly give Charles a beard and show an aunt, uncle or other chapera in the distance? The subject and treatment are at present hardly suitable to our young readers.

A Story of a Duke.

The Duke of Newcastle is one of the most modest and unassuming of men, and not particularly partial to Society, spelt with a big S. He is, however, a man of many and varied interests—an ardent enthusiast in religious matters—keen on photography—always ready to see into a wrong and redress it if possible—or to help anyone with a new idea or invention. Some years ago, a certain infantry officer invented a magazine rifle, and succeeded in enlisting the Duke's interest in it; so he was taken to some very muddy fields to make a trial of it. On their return to town, as the Duke's boots were very muddy, the officer suggested visiting the flat of an intimate friend of his, in order to have a cup of tea and have the mud brushed off. Arrived at the flat, Captain W. explained to the servant that the Duke wanted a brush before he could enter the drawing-room, and leaving him in the hall while this operation was being performed, he went off to find the lady of the flat, to acquaint her of the arrival of her distinguished, but unexpected guest. She, however, was not where he expected to find her, and she passed through the hall before he had returned to the Duke, and seeing a rather insignificant-looking person waiting there, came to the conclusion that it was a lawyer's clerk whom she was expecting. "Oh, I suppose you are from L.'s. Do you mind waiting in my bedroom? I have no other place to ask you to, as I am giving an "at home," and both sitting-rooms are engaged. I will be with you presently to give you instructions." The Duke entered into the spirit of the joke, and meekly followed the lady into the boudoir-like apartment, and waited the denouement. Needless to say, when she had seen Captain W., and the true status of her guest's position was revealed, she appeared on the scene again, with many and profuse apologies!

The Queen and the Photograph.

Here is a new and characteristic story about the Queen. She commanded the young widow of a certain major of the Artillery, who had fallen in South Africa, under peculiarly sad conditions, to visit her at Windsor; she also asked to see the baby—a posthumous child—to whom she had consented to act as godmother. When her visitors were leaving, the Queen expressed a wish to have their photographs, with that of the deceased officer. The widow, with extraordinary lack of taste, had her photograph taken in full evening dress. It was returned by Her Majesty.

The End of the War.

One of the most intellectual of our young volunteers writes:—I shall not stay in this country many minutes after the war is over. It is impossible to describe the heart-breaking monotony of the void. Once it takes possession of you the kopjes seem to weigh down and crush your very soul. While there is a daisy left in England or a tree in America, no South Africa for me. The setting up is very tedious, as you may imagine. Nothing but march, march, march round the same old circuit. We have had a few pretty little scraps lately to enliven matters a bit. One day, after we had

been hard at it from 6 a.m. to 1 p.m., we struck the inevitable farm for oat, straw, and meadow for the poor, weary "goose," but the inevitable "frown" had daughters so fair that instead of "scoffing" coffee and bread outside the portals we trooped into the dingy kitchen sitting-room, heedless of disdainful looks from beautiful eyes. Presently our ill-concealed admiration began to work its sway.

The Old, Old Story.

The starchiest matron of the parish had gone to the rectory to arrange that her bibulous cook should sign the pledge and was received by the curate. "I have come," she said, "to arrange for the signing of the teetotal pledge by someone in whom I am much interested. When this can be done?" "Oh, no time like the present," answered the curate, gaily, handing her a pen. "But it is not for myself," spoke the lady, icily. "Oh, go on! They all say that." "There is a vacancy for a curate in the parish."

A Sierra Smoke-Room Story.

It is all right to talk about the robber railroads, but we get robbed once in a while ourselves," said a Yankee in the Sierra smoke-room on her first trip. The railroad that I am working for has been engaged for some time in straightening out the curves on its line, and the work has kept me busy getting the necessary right of way of the farmers whose land we run through. There is nothing that will increase the value of a farm so much as an impression that a railroad will need some of it. But I got along fairly well until just before I started on this holiday, when to straighten out a bad curve I found that we would have to buy a few feet from the farm that adjoins our right of way. The moment I set eyes on that piece of ground I saw that I was going to have trouble with the owner, for upon it was a newly-made grave. I hated to approach the man, but a railroad can't afford to be sentimental, so I put the case before him. "What!" he cried, "disturb those hallowed bones?" "I am sorry," I answered, "but it is absolutely necessary that we have the land that the grave is on." Well, the old man protested with tears in his eyes, and threatened to take the matter into court, the last thing that I desired to do, as I wouldn't care to say what a jury would do after a lawyer was through with them. I argued with him, and finally got the land that we desired by paying him five times what it was worth. "Now," said I, after the papers were passed, "I suppose you will remove the remains at once?" "Guess not," said he. "Well, I guess you will," said I sharply, "that land belongs to us now." "Wul," he drawled, "I don't suppose the ol' bog what's buried thar cares whether he is removed or not." Say! that old sharper had buried nothing there but a measly bog, and then shed tears over the hallowed bones till I weakened. Well, it was on me; so after advising the old fellow to be careful in the future and not bury any more of his relatives near our right of way, I left.

A Close Shave.

There were five of us hunting and fishing in the Queensland bush when one rainy day a stranger appeared. He said he was a tramp barber, and as none of us had been shaved for a fortnight we gave him half a day's work. About four hours after he had left us a band of six men rode up and the leader enquired if we had seen a tall, roughly dressed man pass that way. We told him of the barber and he looked from man to man and exclaimed: "Good gracious, but you are all freshly shaved!" "Yes, we gave the barber a job." "And he shaved each one of you?" "He did, and did it well." "Boys, do you hear that?" shouted the man as he turned to his companions. "What of it?" asked one of our party.

"Why, he went insane yesterday and cut a man's throat in his barber's chair over at Unadilla, and we're after him to put him in an asylum." They rode away at a gallop and next morning returned to our camp with the man, who had been captured after a hard fight, and was tied on his horse. He seemed to remember us when he was given a drink of water, and as he handed the cup back he quietly observed: "I say, gentlemen, please excuse me, I meant to finish off the last man who got shaved, but I got to thinking of something else, and it slipped my mind!" A close shave with vengeance!

Tights for the Million.

Lady Harberton's views about feminine dress may be a trifle peculiar, but it is doubtful whether even she is prepared to be quite as "rational" as the medical gentlemen who, at the annual meeting of the Rational Dress League the other evening, out-Harbertoned Harberton by practically declaring that the really rational dress for women would be a compromise between that now effected by members of the R.D.L. and tights! The suggestion conjures up strange visions to the mind's eye. One can scarcely imagine the ladies of our acquaintance attending church in a garb that was a cross between tights and bloomers; nor does such a costume seem precisely suitable for the park or a garden party at Lambeth Palace. Lady Harberton said the other day that men looked askance at the movement of the R.D.L., but I venture to predict that there will be no difficulty whatever in getting them to gaze very earnestly, if Lady Harberton can devise a costume for women on the lines suggested by Dr. O'Connor.

How Lady Roberts Broke Red Tape.

There is a pretty story about Lady Roberts and her trunks, which comes from South Africa. At the height of the transport difficulties, in the teeth of the officials, she carried eight large trunks from Capetown to Bloemfontein. Everyone wondered, everyone unrumored. No one but Lady Roberts could have got the things through. The transport of stores had been stopped for the time, the sick lacked every comfort, and those who were not sick were half-starved and half-clad. Therefore, when a fatigue party was told off to fetch those eight trunks from Bloemfontein station things were said, probably, about the "plague of women." But next day seven of the trunks were unpacked, and their contents distributed among the Tommies. The clever lady had snapped her fingers at red tape and smuggled comforts through to the men in this way. One small trunk contained her personal belongings.

The Emperor and the Baron.

What was possibly Louis Napoleon's only joke after becoming Emperor of the French was made at the expense of Baron X., a handsome and dashing fellow, who was wonderfully fond of horses and driving. Having once taken it into his head to drive a mail coach drawn by six spanking horses through the Rue Royale and along the Champs Elysees, he was discreetly notified that the Emperor alone was entitled to indulge in the truly imperial luxury of a six-horse equipage. "Very good," said the Baron. "I will make other arrangements." He kept his word. Shortly afterwards the Parisians were astounded to see the Baron gayly tooling along the Champs Elysees on the identical mail coach, drawn by four very small horses and two very large donkeys. This so incensed the imperial court authorities that the master of the horse mentioned the matter to Napoleon, with whom the Baron was rather a favorite. "Let the Baron attend at my Cabinet to-morrow at eleven," said the Emperor. Punctually at eleven the intrepid sportsman was ushered into the Emperor's Cabinet, where he was cordially received. After some general conversation Napoleon said: "I hear, Baron, that you are infringing court etiquette by driving through Paris with six horses, and then with four horses and three donkeys." "Only two donkeys, sire," respectfully insinuated the Baron, who did not feel comfortable, despite his habitual audacity and recklessness. "But there were three donkeys in the affair," insisted Napoleon. "Mille pardons,

aire: I fear your Majesty has been misinformed. Four horses and two donkeys." "But," said the Emperor, with a quizzical smile, "you forget the one on the box." From that day forth the Baron contented himself with a more modest equipage. — Chicago "Chronicle."

"Barbaric" Jewels.

The wearing of barbaric jewels (writes "A Society Butterfly") is the current craze in London. Men as well as women have adopted this newest freak of fashion. There are signs of a "slump" in the profits of the lapidary, so many uncut and unpolished stones being now used for ornaments and jewelled trifles. Uncut turquoises are perhaps first favourites—big, weird bumps of blue stone, of uneven shape and delicate veinings of colour. These generally are combined with curiously wrought gold, and form long neck chains and such like. Mrs Alfred Harmsworth has a beautiful muft chain of this description, and Lady Charles Beresford also wears many notable ornaments formed of the uncut turquoise. Lady Evelyn Holy-Hutchinson has a short necklace made after this style, but hers is of Indian workmanship, and has small gold beads between each piece of turquoise.

The Cost of a Duke.

"I have lately come across a little story of the Duchess of Moutrose, whose beauty is no less renowned than her philanthropy (says "M.A.F."). The scene was a bazaar, where the duchess was selling photographs. One old Scotch 'buddy' of the more frugal sex, was very anxious to secure a photograph of the duchess, but the price asked was five shillings. The old woman hesitated. She wanted the photograph, but she could not well afford so much. "You can have my husband," said the duchess, with an amused glance at the duke, standing near. "For two-and-sixpence." The would-be purchaser looked at the duke and then at his photograph contemptuously. "Half-a-crown!" she blurted out. "I wouldn't give a silver shilling for him. But," she added, insinuatingly, "I'm right willing to give half-a-crown for your bonnie sel'." The duchess was unable to resist this, and herself added the other half-crown to the bazaar coffers, or, as another version of the story goes, the despised duke proffered the balance.

The Colonials and the Staff Officer.

A big white flag was flying over the Boer farmhouse as some of the men of a colonial corps cantered towards it, only to be met with a volley. Three Boers were caught in the house and were promptly hung as high as Haman. Before long a spic and span staff officer appeared, who took an official, anti-Lynch view of the pendant corpses and requested names and regiments of the colonials. To this the oldest of the men replied wearily: "Better clear. We've plenty of rope left." That staff officer cleared.

A Selfish Wretch.

"My dear," said he to his spouse, "I've done a good thing to-day. I've insured my life for a thousand pounds." "Yes," she replied, "of course, your life, but what about mine? Just like you selfish men; you never think of your wives."

Wanted—Some Irreproachable Princess.

There is nothing that the Queen so much dislikes as anything in the nature of domestic scandal in her family, and the formal separation that has just taken place between her granddaughter, Princess Arlbert of Anhalt, and Prince Arlbert has not a little distressed her, particularly as the princess will in future reside in England, where, doubtless, she will continue to display that spirit of independence which has caused so much comment at the German Court. It is understood that the marriage of Princess Alice of Albany is on the tapis, but before the Queen will give her consent to the betrothal of any of her other granddaughters she has determined, it is said, to make as sure as possible that the young couples are thoroughly in earnest, and that the characters of her future grandsons-in-law will bear the

strictest investigation. At present she has no less than three grand-daughters whose matrimonial affairs may be said to be more or less muddled, and to this number she has no intention of adding if strict caution will avert this contingency. But our princesses do not take kindly to model German princes.

FAULTY VERANDAHs.

A CHILD INJURED.

An illustration of the danger of high verandahs, in which the railings are far apart, is afforded by an accident to a son of Mr. W. F. Ford, who resides in Princes-street, Brisbane, Queensland.

His youngest son Hugh, when playing on the verandah, fell through the railings—a distance of seven feet. A doctor was called in, and he said that unless the boy was taken to the seaside little hope could be held out. Mr. Ford was ill himself at the time, and the sea did not agree with him, so the instructions could not be carried out.



Master H. Ford, the Victim of a Serious Accident.

Little Hugh wasted to a skeleton, his food gave him no strength, and his recovery was despaired of. At this stage Mr. Ford began to give him Dr. Williams' pink pills, the dose being one-third of a pill after each meal. A few days later the boy seemed brighter, and after taking one box he became quite strong and well. His appetite returned, and he was once more full of tricks and laughter. Three years have elapsed since then, and as his boy continues in excellent health Mr. Ford can testify to the permanency of the cure. Since then both Mr. and Mrs. Ford have used Dr. Williams' pink pills with the greatest benefit.

If your child is ill, write and ask whether such a case has been cured by Dr. Williams' pink pills; you will receive a candid answer by return of post. This medicine is sold by chemists and storekeepers, and by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Wellington, three shillings per box, six boxes sixteen and sixpence, post free. Dr. Williams' pink pills cure anaemia, debility, dysentery, insomnia, headaches, ladies' ailments, loss of manly strength, rheumatism, effects of rheumatic, typhoid and scarlet fevers, skin diseases, paralysis, etc., and ailments arising therefrom.

MEMORY

PELMAN'S SYSTEM OF MEMORY TRAINING

Scientific Development of the Natural Memory.
LOST MEMORIES RESTORED!
BAD ONES MADE GOOD!!
GOOD ONES BETTER!!
 Success at Exams. Mind Wandering Cured Preaching and Speaking without Notes.
How to Master a Book in One Reading.
 An Easy Method of Learning any subject. PELMAN'S System is recommended by the leading Educationalists of every country.
THE BRITISH WEEKLY says:—"For Speakers, Preachers, Students and Business Men such a system is invaluable."
 Hundreds of Testimonials from successful Students.
SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE TUITION.
 NOTE.—The System is taught as thoroughly by postal lessons as by voice. Pupils resident in the Colonies experience no difficulty in taking the course. The Lessons are conducted in English, French, German, Italian, or Dutch at the option of the pupil.
 Send Post Card for Free Prospectus to
PELMAN'S SCHOOL OF MEMORY TRAINING,
 Box 241, 70, Cannon Street, London, W.
 ENGLAND.

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

HORLICK'S FULL
NOURISHMENT.
PARTLY
PREDIGESTED.
STERILIZED.
MILK.

IN POWDER FORM.
KEEPS
INDEFINITELY.
LARGEST SALE IN THE WORLD.
Of all Chemists and Stores.

* P.D. P.D. P.D. P.D. P.D. P.D. P.D. P.D. P.D. P.D. P.D. P.D. P.D. P.D. P.D. *



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



Milkmaid
 LARGEST SALE BRAND
 in the WORLD. **Milk**
Milkmaid
 LARGEST SALE BRAND
 in the WORLD. **Milk**
Milkmaid
 LARGEST SALE BRAND
 in the WORLD. **Milk**
Milkmaid
 LARGEST SALE BRAND
 in the WORLD. **Milk**
Milkmaid
 LARGEST SALE BRAND
 in the WORLD. **Milk**

See this Trade Mark on every Tin.

Sports and Pastimes.

TURF FIXTURES.

January 23, February 1 - Takapuna Jockey Club
 February 23 and 27 and March 2 - Otahuhu Trotting Club Meeting
 April 8, 13 - Auckland Racing Club
 April 24 - Avondale Jockey Club
 June 4, 25 - Takapuna Jockey Club Winter
 June 8, 14, 15 - A.R.C. North N.Z. Grand National Meeting

DATES OF COMING EVENTS.

January 23 - Wellington Cup
 January 25 - Takapuna Cup
 February 23 - Belmont Cup
 February 27 - Dunedin Cup

NOTES BY MONITOR.

A.R.C. SUMMER MEETING.

The Auckland Racing Club brought their big summer carnival to a conclusion on Wednesday last, under very favourable weather conditions. The attendance, though of course below that of Cup and Derby days, was nevertheless very large, for Steeplechase Day is always a very popular one with Aucklanders. Colonel Banks officiated as judge, while Mr. Geo. Cutts again operated at the starting gate. During the afternoon betting proved brisk, but with two such events as the Royal Stakes and Auckland Plate it was hardly to be expected that the amount dealt with would compare with that put through on the preceding days of the gathering. Still, Messrs Hayr and Co. handled during the day the large sum of £15,004, which, added to the former amount, £51,612, gives a grand total of 67,516 for the meeting, as against £63,655 passed through at the corresponding meeting last season.

The management of the gathering was all that could be desired, and the only incidents to mar a very pleasant afternoon's sport were the accidents which happened to the riders of Voltigeur II., Miss Drury, and Tarrigan, who each received a severe shaking, through their mounts coming to grief during the running of the Steeplechase. The day's sport commenced with the Ascot Handicap, for which a field of six, out of the ten, listed to compete, went into the starter's hands. The top-weight, St. Ursula, was a strong order, while the others who received most attention were Laetitia and The Needle. The Waster was first away, but they had not gone far when Messrs Nathan's mare took command, and holding her own for the rest of the journey ran home fully a length ahead of The Needle; while the favourite was last to finish.

For the Sylvia Handicap there were five competitors. Field Battery carried rather more money than Calibre, while the others were fairly evenly backed. Calibre was quickest on his feet, and although Scotty and Field Battery made strong efforts to get on terms with him as they raced up the straight, they were never able to get within two lengths of Mr. Dan O'Brien's colt.

A good field of ten runners went out to contest the Grandstand Handicap, La Gloria being made favourite, while Rosella and Cavaliero each had plenty of admirers. The race proved a very exciting one, and after a splendid finish the Southern horse Skobeloff gained the verdict by a head from Regalia II.

The scratching pen was very busy in connection with the Royal Stakes, as only three out of the dozen listed to compete were found, willing to do battle for the rich prize. From an even start Menschikoff was the first to get going, and he led Renown and Formosan until the straight was entered, when Renown came with a fast run and won, as he liked, by two lengths from the Steppack horse.

The Steeplechase was the next item to be discussed, and for this a field of eight horses were sent to the post. Cannongate was made favourite, while Nor-west, Tarrigan, and Voltigeur II. were all fairly well backed. The field

had not gone far on their journey when the light-weight, Miss Drury, took command, and she drew right away from the others when the hill was reached. The daughter of Drury Lane was still in the van as they ran up through the plantation for the second time, but the fence on top proved fatal to her. As the field ran down the back stretch for the last time, Cannongate was in the lead, closely attended by Tarrigan and Nor-west, and from this out the leader had matters all his own way, and he ran home the easiest of winners by thirty lengths from Nor-west, while Tarrigan came to grief at the last obstacle.

For the Newmarket Handicap a field of eight lined up behind the barrier. Formula was the popular fancy, and she fully justified the confidence reposed in her by running home a length in front of Val Rosa.

The Auckland Plate was the next item on the card, there being only two starters, Advance and Hohoro. The race itself calls for little description, as Advance had matters all his own way throughout, cantering home two lengths ahead of his rival without ever once being asked to gallop.

The running of the Pony Handicap concluded proceedings, and there was a very considerable amount of speculation on this event, no less than £3104 being registered on the totalizator. Lena was made favourite, and the daughter of Derringer never once left the issue in doubt, for hopping off when the barrier rose, she was never headed, and won by two lengths from First Whisper.

The following are the results:—

ASCOT HANDICAP of 1000sovs, one mile.
 Messrs L. D. and N. A. Nathan's Laetitia, 7.10..... 1
 Mr E. J. Rae's The Needle, 7.6..... 2
 Mr Dan O'Brien's Peerage, 7.0..... 3

Scratchings: Cavaliero, Solo, Whitney and Honesty.

The Waster was first away, closely followed by Laetitia and The Needle. Running through the cutting Laetitia was half a length ahead of The Needle, while St. Ursula was at the tail end of the field. Laetitia was first into the straight, and although The Needle made a strong effort to get up, he was unable to reach the daughter of Seaton Delaval, who won all out by a length, with Peerage three lengths away third. Time, 1.43 4/5. Dividend, 24/5.

SYLVIA HANDICAP, six furlongs.
 Mr D. O'Brien's b c Calibre, 8.3..... 1
 Mr G. G. Stead's c Field Battery, 8.3, 2
 Mr W. Ryan's br f Creecy, 8.7..... 3

From an even start the colours of Field Battery and Calibre were the first to show out, and the latter showed the way through the cutting, half a length in front of Ragabash, with Field Battery close up. Calibre was still holding his own when the straight was entered, and coming on won very easily by a length and a-half from Field Battery, while Creecy was two lengths further back third. Ragabash was fourth and Scotty last. Time, 1.18 3/5. Dividend, 23/1/2.

GRANDSTAND HANDICAP, 3 furlongs.
 Skobeloff..... 1
 Regalia II..... 2
 Dayntree..... 3

Some delay was caused at the start. When the barrier rose Dayntree and Cavaliero's colours were most conspicuous. Passing the steward's stand Cavaliero was half a length in front of Rosella and Malatua, with the others bunched together. Running through the cutting Paphos was in the lead, closely followed by Regalia and La Gloria. Regalia II. showed the way into the straight, and when the Derby Stand was reached Skobeloff put in his claim and won all out by a neck from Regalia II., with Dayntree a length away third. Time, 2m 11s. Dividend, £11/8. Fulmer, Laetitia and Winsome were scratched.

ROYAL STAKES, 4 furlongs.

Hon. J. D. Ormond's Renown..... 1
 Mr G. G. Stead's Menschikoff..... 2
 Mr G. G. Stead's Formosan..... 3

There was a splendid start. The trio moved away together. Running past the five-furlong mark Menschikoff was a length in front of Renown, Formosan being two lengths further away. There was very little alteration until reaching the Derby Stand, where Renown came with a fast run and won by two lengths from Menschikoff. Time, 1.16 1/4. Dividend, 22/1/2.

AUCKLAND STEEPLECHASE HANDICAP of 3000sovs; 3 1/2 miles.

507—Mr J. Warner's br g Cannongate, by Cannon—Fishing, 10.12 J. Stewart..... 1

748—Mr Peter Charles's g Nor-west, 12.12 (R. Hall)..... 2

504—Mr W. A. Coleman's ch g Diago, 10.5 (Fergus)..... 3

Also started:—185, Straybird, 11.3 (A. Hall); 544, Voltigeur II., 10.2 (Moran); 55, Miss Drury, 9.10 (Creevy); 158, Kowhai, 9.7 (Tomlin); 825, Tarragon, 9.7 (Moran).
 Miss Drury was first to commence, and she showed the way over the first obstacle, closely followed by Straybird, Kowhai, and Cannongate; while Voltigeur II. was last. The order was unaltered at the next fence, but here Voltigeur II. came to grief. Miss Drury had a dozen lengths' lead when they crossed the top of the hill, her nearest attendants being Diago, Kowhai, and Straybird. As they ran past the stand Miss Drury was still leading her assailants, succeeded by Diago, Nor-west, Straybird, and Cannongate, and in this order they approached the hill for the second time. When the top was reached Miss Drury, who was last going, came to grief at the post and rail fence, leaving Straybird in the lead. The latter making a feebly jump as they landed on to the course again gave way to Tarragon, while Cannongate, Nor-west, and Diago were separated by lengths as they went over the double jump. In this order they ran up the hill for the third time.

Crossing the fence on top of the hill, Cannongate was in the lead, closely followed by Tarragon and Nor-west, while Straybird had dropped back some distance. Cannongate dropped his lead as they raced down the hill, and was 20 lengths clear of the field when they landed into the straight, his nearest attendants being Tarragon, Nor-west, and Diago. The former, however, made a faulty jump at the last fence, and came down. The son of Cannon was bowled over by a great style, and ran past the judge's box fully 80 lengths ahead of Nor-west, while Diago was about 80 lengths further back third. Time, 8.13 2/5. Total, 2794. Dividend, 22/1/2.

NEWMARKET HANDICAP of 3000sovs; 6 furlongs.

837—Hon. H. Newman's b f Formula, by Hotchkiss—Formosa, 7.8 (Lindsay) 1

100—Mrs Leonard's br c Val Rosa, 7.9 (Hewitt)..... 2

223—Messrs K. and H. Duder's br c Takapuna, 7.7 (Sattman)..... 3

Also started: 126, St. Peter, 8.10 (Chanse); 262, Solo, 7.12 (Jenkins); 186, Hastings, 7.6 (Buckner); 12, Winsome, 7.4 (Speckman); 138, Tommy Atkins, 7.0 (Miller).

Tommy Atkins was first on his feet, closely attended by Formula, who was a length in front of Solo and Takapuna as they ran through the cutting. Entering the straight Tommy Atkins held his victory, from Val Rosa, while Takapuna was third, a length further back. Time, 1.16 3/5. Total, 2100. Dividend, 22/1/2.

AUCKLAND PLATE of 4000sovs; 1 1/2 miles.

620—Mr D. Gordon's blk c Advance, by Vanguard—Laurel, 9.0 (Jenkins)..... 1

188—Mr C. Lovett's br g Hohoro, by Tasmann—Lady Moth, 8.9 (Jillings)..... 2

The pair were despatched on even terms, Advance being nearest the rails. He kept a length's lead of Hohoro for about a mile, and then increased it, and when the straight was reached the son of Vanguard had fully four lengths' lead of his opponent, and coming on in great style ran home an easy winner. Time, 1.27 3/5. Total, 868. Dividend, 21/2/2.

PONY HANDICAP of 80sovs; 5 furlongs.

1360—Mr C. Lovett's Lena, by Derringer—Nina, 6.10 (Jillings)..... 1

562—Mr S. Mack's br m First Whisper, 7.9 (W. Sattman)..... 2

297—Mr D. Murraghan's b m Mamoa, 7.9 (Speckman)..... 3

Also started: 350, Cuisine, 7.8 (Fate); 310, Texas, 7.8 (Buchanan); 82, Chief Miss, 6.7 (Nary); 206, Ruppit, 6.7 (McKinnon).
 Lena, Chief Miss, and Ruppit were first to show clear of a bunched field, and the trio were in command as they passed the three-furlong mark. Coming into the straight Lena was still holding a slight advantage, and although the others were all hard at it, they could not get within a couple of lengths of Derringer's daughter. First Whisper was second, and Mamoa a length further away third. Time, 1.12 2/5. Totalizator, 3104. Dividend, 21/2/2.

TAKAPUNA JOCKEY CLUB.

Mr Knight has declared the following weights for the Summer Meeting:—

Takapuna Cup of 4000sovs, 1 1/2 miles.—
 Hohoro 9.9, Bluejacket 9.6, Coronet 9.0, Cavaliero 8.4, Rosella 8.0, St. Peter 7.13, S. U. 7.12, Dayntree 7.12, Formula 7.12, Regalia II. 7.10, Admiral Hawke 7.6, Honesty 7.4, Knight of Athel 7.0, St. George 7.0, Castroline 7.0, St. Lawrence 6.12, Peerage 6.12, Doctor 6.12, Meteor 6.12, Hal-

balier 6.10, Mata-matarakiki 6.10, Blaircraig 6.10, Voice 6.8, Regula 6.7, Black Rose 6.7, Paul Seaton 6.7.

Handicap Steeplechase of 1500sovs; 3 1/2 miles.—Nor-west 12.12, Cannongate 12.7, Straybird 10.12, Bellman 10.10, Tim 10.9, Diago 10.7, Volcano 10.4, Voltigeur II 10.4, Hylas 9.12, Tarragon 9.12, Miss Drury 9.10, Evermore 9.9, Verdi 9.7, Kowhai 9.7.

The following nominations have been received by Mr Wynyard for the minor events of the programme:—

FIRST DAY.

Malden Plate.—Tiki, Apparition, Highlander, Corvette, The Frenchman, Yarra, Dan, Black Rose, Peerage, Bacchus, Donnybrook, Colicis, Tress, Fairley, Swift-foot, Voice, Aminta, Balbirnie, Bob, Telephone II.

Calliope Handicap.—Despatch, Creecy, Scotty, Jessamine, Sentinel, Rita, Hickpene.

Zelandia.—Tiki, Moment, Tommy Atkins, Lady Dana, Brose, Fairy House, Solo, The Slave, Winsome, Val Rosa, Lady Avon, Della Rose, Hastings, Rosella, Rosiphele, Takapuna, Brigham Young, Cuirassette, Telephone.

First Hack.—Apparition, Nereid, Telephone II., Highlander, Sunlight, Valdelecton, Crescent, Tarragon, Fairy House, Bacchus, Golden Tress, Progee, Pandarus, Florence, Love Joy, Zuleika, Tresham, Balbirnie, The Waster, Rangitira, Zeehan, Saucabag.

First Pony.—Lady Undy, Wharekino, Blue Paul, Cuisine, Ivan, The Spray, Texas, Mara, Orange and Blue, Mamoa, Chief Miss, Lady Avon, Hellada, St. Loande, First Whisper, Lena.

Stewards.—Tiki, Matamatarakiki, Corvette, The Frenchman, Tommy Atkins, St. Peter, St. Jack, Solo, Winsome, Val Rosa, Crusade, Hastings, Rosella, Rosiphele, Voice, Takapuna, Doctor, Halberder.

First Hurdles.—Clyde, Rufus, Tim, Miss Drury, Nor-west, Cannongate, Hylas, Voltigeur II.

SECOND DAY.

Suburban.—Tiki, Moment, The Frenchman, Yarra, Tommy Atkins, Lady Dash, Clansman, St. Olga, Solo, Winsome, Val Rosa, Lady Avon, Della Rose, Progee, Rosiphele, Takapuna, Cuirassette, The Waster, Telephone.

Malden Hurdles.—Perseverance, Telephone II., Sunlight, Rapid Bey, Romantic, Dan, Kowhai, St. Rowan, Evermore, Defender, Tahaka, Freewill, Cockoo, Luff here, Billy, Fungareo, Sultan, Boxer, Rangitira.

Second Pony.—Lady Undy, Wharekino, Blue Paul, Cuisine, Ivan, The Spray, Texas, Mara, Orange and Blue, Mamoa, Lady Avon, Hellada, St. Loande, First Whisper, Lena.

Hobson Handicap.—Despatch, Creecy, Scotty, Jessamine, Sentinel, Little Bea, Rita, Hickpene.

Second Hack.—Apparition, Nereid, Telephone II., Highlander, Sunlight, Crescent, Athol Brose, Fairy House, Bacchus, Golden Tress, Florence, Love Joy, Zuleika, Tresham, Balbirnie, The Waster, Progee, Rangitira, Zeehan, Saucabag.

Anniversary.—Tiki, Regulus, Matamatarakiki, Blaircraig, Adam, Honesty, Corvette, The Frenchman, Peerage, St. Ursula, Hezra II., Solo, Crusade, Hastings, Rosella, Motor, Voice, Doctor, Takapuna, Doctor, Halberder.

THIRD DAY.

Borough Handicap.—Tiki, Nereid, Moment, The Frenchman, Tommy Atkins, Belfast, Lady Dash, Clansman, St. Olga, Fairy House, Solo, The Slave, Lady Avon, Progee, Rosiphele, Takapuna, Brigham Young, Blairnie, Sultan, Telephone, Telephone II.

Summer Handicap.—Matamatarakiki, Regulus, Tiki, Blaircraig, Honesty, Black Rose, Admiral Hawke, St. Peter, St. Ursula, Regalia II., Solo, Cavaliero, Hastings, Rosella, Motor, Voice, Doctor, Halberder, St. Ona, Cuirassette.

Third Pony Handicap.—Garnet, Lady Undy, Wharekino, Blue Paul, Cuisine, Ivan, The Spray, Texas, Mara, Orange and Blue, Mamoa, Chief Miss, Lady Avon, Hellada, St. Loande, First Whisper.

Marine Handicap.—Despatch, Gladys, May, Lady Sout, Liquidator, Miss Lottie, Jessamine, Sentinel, Bona Rosa, Little Bea, Rita, Hickpene, Lance Corporal, brown filly by Tasmann—Cubweb.

Development Handicap.—Tiki, Moment, Tommy Atkins, St. Per, St. Jack, Solo, Winsome, Val Rosa, Della Rose, Hastings, Rosella, Rosiphele, Takapuna, Balbirnie, The Waster.

Second Steeplechase.—Tarragon, Kowhai, Rufus, Straybird, Tim, Evermore, Crescent, Cannongate, Val delecton, Miss Drury, Nor-west, Voltigeur II.

Second Hurdles.—Clyde, Adam, Dan, Rufus, Tim, Forty-seven, St. Rowan, Tahaka, Miss Drury, Hylas, Voltigeur II., Rangitira.

Welter Handicap.—Tiki, Matamatarakiki, Regulus, Blaircraig, Highlander, Honesty, Corvette, The Frenchman, Yarra, Black Rose, Peerage, Admiral Hawke, Crescent, St. Ursula, Rosella II., St. Jack, Solo, Doctor, Crusade, Motor, Doctor, Voice, Halberder, Knight of Athel, St. George, Castroline, The Waster, telephone II., Castroline.

Mr Alex. Phillips has sold Mueerw to a Gisborne sportsman. The

daughter of Nelson I am informed realised £100.

Regalia II. was the unlucky horse at the recent A.R.C. meeting. The son of Regal ran consistently throughout and finished second on three occasions.

The Auckland Racing Club paid away the respectable sum of £7065 in stakes over their recent big summer carnival. The Hon. J. D. Ormond was the largest winner, his cheque amounting to £1250. Mr G. G. Stead was second with £940, Mr P. Chasfe came third with £860.

The ex-New Zealander Uniform made his re-appearance in England in the Oval Handicap of 2 miles last month. He was, however, far from being well, and finished out of a place.

Kettledrums met with an accident last week when out in the paddock, and had to be destroyed.

The next important local race fixture to claim attention will be the Takapuna Jockey Club's Summer Meeting, which takes place on January 29th, 30th, and March 2nd. The weights for the two principal events were declared by Mr Knight on Friday last. In the Summer Cup, Honoro is in the pride of place with 9.9, and despite this impost should be sent to the post, Taaman's son will be sure to have a large following on the day. Lower down the list, Formula (7.12) reads a likely one. Fit and well the Hon. Moosman's mare will be one of the hardest to beat.

The Otahuhu Trotting Club will hold a three days' meeting next month at Potter's Paddock.

The totalisator record for the A.R.C. meeting showed that the large sum of £67,516 was passed through the machines on the four days, which exceeds last year's figures by £3861.

It may be safely said that Cannongate is one of the best jumpers we have in the North Island at the present time. He placed the hurdle race to his credit in good style on the second day of the summer meeting, and on the concluding day he made no mistakes in the Steeplechase, which event he won very easily. Cannongate appears to be developing greater staying capabilities than was formerly the case.

At the Sydney Tattersall's Club's meeting last week Mr G. Martin's chestnut colt Khaki won the principal event, the Cup. There were fifteen starters, and the winner only got home by a head in front of Nevermore, after a great race.

The Australian Star has so far proved a very unlucky investment for Mr D. Gollan. It is stated that the black colt has entirely lost all his form shown in Australia.

It was generally expected that the Wellington Racing Club would have received a far larger acceptance list for the Cup than they did on Friday night last. Out of 43 nominations only 13 have cried content, and as several of these will have to come before Mr. Evert to be rehandicapped for their several successes, it will be as well to await developments before trying to unearth the winner.

Explosion is to be put into commission again. The big son of Cuirassier has been doing stud duty at Sylvia Park recently.

Frank McManemin was the most successful trainer at the A.R.C. meeting, with four wins to his credit.

The ex-Auckland Levanter appears to have lost all his brilliant cross-country form. The son of Captivator finished out of a place in a three mile steeplechase at Leopardstown (Ireland) last month.

The annual sale of Mr Thos. Morrin's thoroughbred yearlings, which took place last week, compares very favourably with any of the former sales which have taken place at Wellington Park. The highest priced youngster was a colt by St. Leger-Hilda, who was knocked down to Mr G. G. Stead for 640 guineas. The brown colt by Hotchkiss from St. Evelyn was also bought by the Canterbury sportsman for 525 guineas; while the third highest figure was given by Mr O. Bryant for a bay colt by Musketry from Sunningdale, which the Durgaville sport paid 510 guineas for. Taking it all round, the average was well maintained, the 26 lots realising 5277 guineas, which is an average of slightly over 201 guineas each.

The result of the two principal events run at the V.R.C. Summer Meeting came to hand during the week. In the Standish Handicap, Mr F. Musgrave's black horse Duke of Portland proved successful, defeating Fides and eighteen others by a length and a half. The winner started at 7 to 1, and the time taken to run the six furlongs was 1.164.

Mr J. Rowan's Fleet Admiral placed the Bagot Handicap to his credit, defeating Sir Rupert Clarke's Militaire and fifteen other competitors. The son of Richmond started at 8 to 1, and won by a length and a half.

The pony Little Jim was shipped across to Sydney on the s.s. Zealandia on Monday last. Although the roan son of Freedom has been battling along at Potter's Paddock for the last two years I don't think he has yet placed a single race to his credit.

During the two days' meeting of the Hawke's Bay Jockey Club the sum of £10,621 was passed through the totalisator, which shows an increase of £1214 over the corresponding meeting held last year.

At the committee meeting of the Auckland Racing Club, held last Monday afternoon, the programmes submitted by the Papakura Racing Club, Thames Valley Racing Club, Te Aroha Racing Club, South Auckland Racing Club, and Waikato Jockey Club were passed.

Mr Dan O'Brien has entered Pezrago for two or three events at the Takapuna meeting. I am told the Southern sportsman will stay in Auckland until after the gathering.

The Prince of Wales has engaged H. Jones, who rode Diamond Jubilee in all his races this year, to ride for him next season.

Syria was very much fancied for the Great Tom Handicap, of 500sovs, decided last month in the Old Country over the straight mile course. He had, however, to strike his colours to Lord Stanley's colt Peljissou, who beat the ex-Australian by a short neck after a great race.

Since 1880, with only one day's racing in the year, the Okapapara Club has given £24,670 in stakes and spent £8803 in improvements. The club hopes later on to make the Great Eastern Steeplechase a stake of £2000.

The entries for the Sydney Cup and Doncaster Handicap came to hand during the week. In the former there are 91 nominations, and among the list I notice the name of Advance. There are 125 entries for the Doncaster.

CRICKET.

There was no senior cup cricket in Auckland on Saturday, but all the other grades continued their matches. The senior teams of Gordon and North Shore arranged a two days' fixture to fill in time until the return of the reps, and the game was played at North Shore. The local team totalled 164 runs, of which W. Wynyard was responsible for 51, obtained in his usual effective style. Gordon in their first innings have obtained 81 for the loss of one wicket, Kallender 38, and Lusk 35, both not out, being the run-getters. The match will be continued next Saturday.

The fourth round of the Association matches in the second, third and fourth grades was continued on Saturday. The senior matches are postponed until the return of the representative eleven.

Y.M.C.A. V. AUCKLAND.

This match was played in front of the pavilion, and created much interest, and the result will practically decide the grade championship. Auckland on going in first, totalled 115. The double figure scorers were Dazley (23), Hill (18), Cossey and Graham (16), and Small (not out 10). Southall was in excellent form with the ball, taking five wickets for 38 runs. Y.M.C.A. replied with 79, a total which would have been much larger had the team batted with a little more freedom. G. Stenhouse showed the best form for 14, and was well seconded by Johnston (16) and Gray (16). In their second innings Auckland have lost one wicket for 23 runs.

Auckland - First Innings: A. Selby, run out; B. W. H. Graham, c Kinnear, b Southall; 16; W. Dazley, c Clarke, b Southall; 22; E. C. Beale, b G. Stephenson; 5; T. Whiteley, b Southall; 0; J. H. Colwell, b Southall; 8; D. H. Hill, b Bell; 13; J. J. Cossey, b Wheatley; 16; G. Small, not out; 10; M. St. Paul, b Bell; 6; R. Atrey, b Southall; 2; extras; 8; total, 115. Second Innings: A. Selby, not out; 9; W. H. Graham, c Kinnear, b Bell; 5; G. Small, not out; 8; extras; 11; total for one wicket, 23.

Bowling Analysis: T. Southall took five wickets for 38; G. Stephenson, one for 24; W. G. Bell, two for K. R. Wheatley, one for 17.

Y.M.C.A. - First Innings: M. Gray, c Beale, b Cossey; 15; H. Rountree, c Dazley, b Atrey; 5; C. Johnston, b St. Paul; 16; W. Edmonds, c Graham, b Cossey; 4; W. G. Bell, hit wicket, b St. Paul; 9; G. Stephenson, b St. Paul; 14; L. Clarke, b Hillwell, b Fairburn; 7; Wilkinson, b St. Paul, b Cossey; 1; D. E. Kinnear, not out; 2; T. Southall, b St. Paul; 7; G. Tomlin, b St. Paul; 0; extras; 8; total 79. Bowling Analysis: M. St. Paul took five wickets for 38; R. Atrey, one for 9; F. J. Cossey, three for 17.

GORDON V. Y.M.C.A. (B).

Gordon II. made a poor show and were all dismissed for 45 (two men absent). Out of the total 150 runs scored 81 not out by good sound cricket. His score included nine boundaries. Scott, five for 29, bowled well throughout, although Fish scored four boundaries off his last two overs.

Y.M.C.A. scored 138. Innings: Scott, 4; G. Stephenson, b Cowan; (38), Horsley (23), Brownley (19), and De Baugh (17). Y.M.C.A. lost four wickets for 21, but the next three wickets put on over 20 runs apiece. Gordon: First Innings - Fish, not out; 51; Cullerna, b Wilkinson; 3; J. Seccombe, b Scott; 1; Whitlaw, b Scott; 2; vigorous attack by Scott, 12. Bowling Analysis: Kissing took one wicket for 13; Fairburn, five for 64; Fish, one for 25; Cullerna, two for 8.

TOUR OF AUCKLAND REPRESENTATIVES.

AUCKLAND V. OTAGO.

Auckland's first match in the Southern campaign ended in a most disastrous fashion, our reps. being defeated by an innings and 53 runs. Auckland certainly had none the best of the luck, having the worst of the wicket, but granting all that, it must be admitted that they gave a most disappointing and feeble account of themselves. In the first innings the team was dismissed for the paltry total of 55 runs, I. Mills being the highest scorer with 13 to his credit. The wicket, it is claimed, improved when Otago went in to bat, and probably it did, but the improvement would hardly account for the tremendous disparity in the scoring of the two teams. The local men appeared to find little difficulty in either the wicket or our bowling, and amassed the fair score of 224. Austin was the largest contributor with a total of 56 runs, and our old friend G. Mills was next best with 39. It has been remarked that George, who has been used to our wickets, could score in Dunedin, and why then could not our men do the same? In their second innings Auckland did a trifle better, totalling 116 runs, but of this score W. Mills obtained 42 (not out), and Stenison 28, none of the others doing anything to speak of. W. Mills

obtained his runs by hard hitting, and had some of the others adopted similar tactics, they would probably have fared much better.

AUCKLAND - First Innings.

F. J. Ohlson (capt), lbw, b Fisher; 13; I. Mills, c Williams, b Downes; 13; W. Stenison, c Geddes, b Downes; 13; D. Hay, c Austin, b Downes; 13; Y. Elliott, c Baker, b Downes; 1; H. B. Lusk, b Fisher; 10; G. Marshall, c Austin, b Downes; 10; I. Mills, b Fisher; 7; W. Stephens, hit wkt, b Downes; 1; C. Rostaux, not out; 1; Extras; 1.

Total 55

BOWLING.

Over. Mdns. Rns. Wkts. Downes 27 4 32 7 Fisher 20 10 15 3 A

OTAGO - First Innings.

Baker, c Ohlson, b Stenison; 20; Geddes, c H. B. Lusk, b D. Hay; 20; Stedberg, c Austin, b Stephens; 13; Austin, lbw, b Rostaux; 10; G. Mills, c Ohlson, b Mills; 23; Fisher, c H. B. Lusk; 7; Downes, c and b Stephens; 20; Webb, c Elliott, b Stenison; 4; Eckhoff, not out; 2; Williams, lbw, b Stenison; 14; Extras 14

Total 224

BOWLING.

Over. Mdns. Rns. Wkts. Stenison 26 1 13 3 Stephens 22 6 53 2 Rostaux 4 2 5 1 Hay 4 2 5 1 W. Mills 2 4 15 2 I. Mills 5 0 9 0 H. Lusk 7 1 8 2

AUCKLAND - Second Innings.

H. Lusk, c Geddes, b Downes; 9; Y. Elliott, c Williams, b Fisher; 7; Rostaux, run out; 2; I. Mills, b Fisher; 0; W. Stenison, c Geddes, b Downes; 28; 2; Hay, c Austin, b Fisher; 0; Ohlson, b Downes; 0; H. B. Lusk, b Downes; 0; Marshall, c Williams, b Downes; 14; Stephens, c Williams, b Downes; 14; W. Mills, not out; 42; Extras 6

Total 116

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

Downes, 24 overs, 5 maidens, 7 runs, 5 wickets. Fisher, 24 overs, 12 maidens, 37 runs, 4 wickets.

The scores and bowling analysis have evidently been somewhat mutilated in transmission.

AUCKLAND V. CANTERBURY.

Winter still follows the Auckland team, which on Saturday sustained a second defeat, this time at the hands of Canterbury. Though not quite such a disastrous rout as at Dunedin the defeat was still very decisive, Canterbury winning with six wickets to spare. Bad fielding was the principal cause of Auckland's non-success, and the fact that three batsmen were run out in the second innings goes to show that our men displayed very poor judgment of when a run is possible.

Winning the toss Auckland batted first, and opened with Hay and Stenison. Both batted well, but the latter when he had scored 13 runs and was apparently set, was bowled by Callaway. Ohlson followed, and reached the same total of 13 before being bowled by Robertson. At this stage

Advertisement for Bird's Custard Powder. Text: 'TO EVERY LADY TO MAKE DELICIOUS CUSTARD WITH BIRD'S CUSTARD POWDER A DAILY LUXURY!'. Includes an illustration of a woman in a long dress and a man in a suit, with the man holding a box of Bird's Custard Powder. The illustration is framed within the advertisement text.

a rot set in, 4 wickets falling in quick succession, and the score stood at 95 for the loss of six wickets. Things looked very black for Auckland, but N. B. Lusk came to the rescue, and put a totally different complexion on the game. Forcing the pace in great style, and aided by a little luck at the start, he scored rapidly, and was not disposed of until his total had reached 85. None of the other batsmen did anything much to swell the total, which at the close of the innings amounted to 210 runs.

Canterbury started their first innings well, and after Wigley had been disposed of for 19, Simms and Ollivier became associated, and a fine stand resulted, the former obtaining 40 runs and the latter 49. The next pair, Barry and Callaway also made a fair stand, Barry playing carefully for 28, whilst the ex-Sydney player hit out freely for 20. Reese failed to score, but Harman and Wilding were both successful, the former obtaining 53 by free cricket, and Wilding rattled up 28 in pleasing style. Cant was the only other batsman to trouble the bowlers, and by clean hitting he got 32 (not out), and the innings closed for 390. Auckland's fielding was very much off, and some correspondents state that had the catching been at all up to the mark, the Canterbury score would not have reached 150 runs. It cannot be said that Auckland's second display was particularly brilliant, the total reaching 163, and with the exception of D. Hay (60), and H. Lusk (42), none of the batsmen did anything of note. The former batted in splendid style for his runs, executing nice strokes all round the wicket, whilst Lusk got his runs by free and attractive cricket. Of the others N. Lusk (17) did the best, and he very foolishly ran himself out just when well set. Stenson and Resteaux were also run out, and what object these players had in view when attempting to steal runs when there was nothing to gain by forcing the game, is difficult to understand. Canterbury went in for their second innings, requiring 84 runs to win, and they obtained the necessary number for the loss of four wickets, Ollivier being the largest contributor with 26. Stephens bowled exceptionally well in this innings, capturing the four wickets that fell and had he received proper support from the field, he would have done even better.

AUCKLAND.—First Innings.
Hay, hit wkt, b Robertson 27
Stenson, b Callaway 13
Ohson, by Rollaway 13
Marshall, b Callaway 7
Elliott, c Boxshall, b Callaway 4
H. B. Lusk, c Harman, b Robertson 4
MacCormick, lbw, b Robertson 21
N. B. Lusk, b Callaway 85
Mills, c Boxshall, b Callaway 4
Stephens, at Borshall, b Robertson 9
Resteaux, not out 9
Extras 23
Total 210

CANTERBURY.—First Innings.
Wigley, lbw, b Stephens 10
Simms, c Hay, b Stenson 40
Ollivier, c N. B. Lusk, b Resteaux 49
Barry, c N. B. Lusk, b Stenson 28
Callaway, b Stephens 20
Reese, b Stephens 0
Harman, b Stephens 53
Wilding, lbw, b W. Mills 28
Cant, not out 32
Boxshall, c and b Stephens 10
Robinson, b Stenson 8
Extras 22
Total 290

AUCKLAND.—Second Innings.
Hay, b Simms 60
Elliott, b Callaway 3
Stenson, run out 13
H. B. Lusk, b Barry 42
MacCormick, b Barry 0
N. B. Lusk, run out 17
Ohson, b Wilding 13
Marshall, c Borshall, b Callaway 13
Stephens, b Wilding 15
Mills, not out 0
Resteaux, run out 9
Extras 6
Total 263

CANTERBURY.—Second Innings.
Wigley, b Stephens 15
Ollivier, b Stephens 26
Cant, st N. Lusk, b Stephens 3
Simms, not out 36
Harman, b Stephens 12
Callaway, not out 25
Total for four wickets 255

NOTES ON THE GAME.

(By Telegraph—Own Correspondent.)

On Wednesday the Auckland team arrived in Christchurch, and notwithstanding their recent defeat were all confident

of making a good show on a hard wicket. Since I arrived here I have heard the Otago ground spoken of as a treacle and sawdust wicket, and really this very well describes the state of affairs. We started on Monday and Tuesday last. Unfortunately the Mills was unable to play to-day. His hands have not yet recovered from the severe treatment they received in Dunedin; with rest he will, however, be fit again by the time we reach Wellington. We started today at 10 o'clock. Having won the toss, we took the wicket on a pitch which, though not quite as hard as the fine weather had led us to expect, was, at the same time, thoroughly true and reliable. I only saw one ball kick during the whole of our innings. Our score of 210, under these circumstances, was such a feat as one for the strong batting we are supposed to possess, and should to-morrow be a fine day and the conditions unaltered I should not be surprised to see some tall scoring. N. B. Lusk, of course, was the lion of the day. His 85 came at a time when runs were badly wanted, and were being made in such a manner as to be simply atrocious. H. B. Lusk was the chief offender, missing both Sims and Ollivier on easy catches in the slips. These misses cost us nearly 80 runs; altogether some 7 catches were missed. W. Mills even missing an easy return from Sims on his own bowling. Stephens showed decidedly better form than at Dunedin, and troubled the Christchurch bats not a little, whilst Resteaux was also a little nearer the mark and should have got a couple more wickets early in the innings. Our ground fielding was fair, but Lusk, behind the stumps, I suppose on account of his previous exertions, was not quite himself, and missed a couple of chances to stump. The weather to-night is beautiful, and everything points to an even better wicket to-morrow. At 8 p.m. Canterbury opened with Sims and Wigley, both of whom played very careful cricket. After compiling ten Wigley was given out lbw. Stephens, who was bowling in great form, and often made a couple of difficult catches. Sims and Ollivier made good stand, though both of them were badly missed in the slips by H. B. Lusk, while the former should have been stumped off Stephens early in his innings and caught by W. Mills off his own bowling. Callaway snuck up 30 in quick time when he was clean bowled by Stephens with a beautiful off-break. Barry played steadily for his quota and was not out when stumps were drawn for the day.

Shortly after ten on Saturday morning the match was resumed, with the weather and pitch all that could possibly be desired. The latter was not as fast as we expected, but attracted, and those who did not make runs had some grumble at on that ground. The general prediction was that the match would be a draw, which, of course, it should have been. The Aucklanders' fielding was simply atrocious. On Friday we missed no less than seven catches, and on Saturday there were as many more. It is not too much to say that the match in two had been taken. Canterbury's score would have been a little over the 100. Every man on their side who scored at all was missed early in his innings. Sims had as many as 4 chances, one, perhaps the easiest of the lot, when he had made but two. All their top scorers started streakily. We sadly missed our veteran, Bob Nellie, and had he been with us I verily believe we would have won both our matches, especially in Otago, where he would have played havoc with our opponents. Our bowlers in the last match were well up to the mark, and backed by a good field and wicketkeeper, would have surprised our sceptical friends at home. Stephens' average in the two innings reads well as 14.5, and Resteaux had no less than 35 chances missed off his bowling, whilst Stenson kept a consistently good length and also suffered severely from bad fielding. Young MacCormick and Elliott surprised most of our team by their sure stopping and returning. These two, it may be remembered, were supposed to be slow fields. W. Mills and Marshall also did a great deal of useful work, but as for the rest, the more the better. Missing catches seemed to be the order of the day. Canterbury's remaining batsmen made things merry this morning, but, apart from some good driving by Callaway, there was little to attract attention. Coming to Auckland's second innings, the chief stand was made by D. Hay and H. B. Lusk, when 85 runs were put on for the third wicket. Lusk batted carefully, but freely, and was dismissed with a clinker from Barry. One of those balls which are supposed to have a little off work on them, but which, striking something on the wickets, comes across from the leg to the off stump like lightning. Evan MacCormick, who followed, was unfortunate in getting an equally good ball early in his innings. Though he was only at the wicket a short time in the first innings his batting creat-

ed much favourable comment, and many old admirers of correct style expressed genuine regret at his misfortune. Hay, who ultimately hit the ball on to his wickets trying to pull one of Stenar balls which kept very low, played a chanceless innings, but at the same time not altogether an attractive one. Finding that he was not in very good scoring form, he contented himself with keeping his wicket up and letting the runs come. It is very sad to have to record the fact that two of our best bats, Stenson and Newell Lusk, were run out. In each case it was just touch and go, and a little more confidence in the striker who called would have avoided that hesitation which ended fatally for both. It was especially hard in the case of Newell Lusk, who had scored 17 and was well set. With almost two hours at their disposal to make 88 runs our opponents took the wickets. Our defeat was now almost a certainty, and we did well on the wicket to get four of them out before they scored the requisite number of runs. Stephens deserves a special word of praise for his good bowling under such disheartening circumstances. He continually beat their good bats, and could he but acquire a better length we would have no doubt in classing him as the most dangerous bowler we have seen. Both in batting and fielding we greatly felt the loss of the Mills.

The following para from the "Bulletin" anent the recent New South Wales-South Australia match are interesting:—

Clem Hill and Walkley (his first "inter-State") lowered the world's record for a ninth-wicket partnership. Between them they scored 234 before Marsh got Walkley's wicket. Prior best was accomplished in 1896 by W. G. Grace and P. Kitkat of Gloucester against Sussex. Worth mentioning that this is the second time in the present season a man selected to fill the place of a bowler has "come off" with emphasis. Matthews, against Victoria last month, was the previous case. Walkley filled the breach left by Jones. No S.A. team ever previously made 575, but last year on the same ground N.S.W. totalled 807.

Clem Hill's record (385 not out) in recent S.A.-N.S.W. match would have fitted the last day of the year well. Previously Murdoch's 321 against Victoria was the best score hit up in Australia. The big score included an 8 (4 of which were for an overthrow), a 5 and 34 fours. Up to this 206 (against N.S.W.) and 360 (retired), Prince Alfred V. St. Peter's College, had stood to Hill's credit. His big compilation ranks next to the world's best (A. C. McLaren's 424 for Lancaster against Somerset in '95), which might have been squelched had there been anyone to stay in with the great bat. Hill has already compiled over 3000 runs for S.A., every innings save one being against England, N.S.W., or Victoria. His average up to the time it was made up was no less than 64.18. Hill has made centuries or over in inter-State and inter-national matches 17 times.

Not even George Giffen, in the days when he practically was South Australia, ever dominated an innings of his side more remarkably than Hill in the late match. Reedman, the old reliable, with 71, and Walkley, an absolute novice, with 53, each helped him to a partnership of over 200. "Sundries" came a very close fourth, and no one else made more than 12 out of a total of nearly 600!

N.S.W. badly wanted a slow bowler of the McKibbin type in Adelaide. The bowling was all from medium to fast, and the faster it came the more certainly Hill scored off it. His only chance given was off Noble, and once or twice only he seemed a little uneasy to Howell. Also the formidable list of extras was due partly to Kelly's standing close up for Marsh's bowling at first, and partly to erratic fast ones that were either actually wider, or at any rate out of any wicketkeeper's reasonable reach.

One particularly smart Hebrew in Adelaide fell in badly through laying 5 to 1 repeatedly on N.S.W. for the recent local match. On paper it was a good wager, with Darling, Lyons, and Jones away, and Giffen out of form. Only Hill to reckon with, apparently, and no bowling to talk about. But Hill was missed at 19, Travers and Reedman bowled a bit above themselves, Noble had a strain, and the good thing "came undone."

Now that Geo. Giffen seems to have lost his bowling, it is worth recalling that from 1884 to 1892 he had a batting and bowling record against Victoria which has never been equalled. In these eight years he made 1100 runs for 13 innings, averaging 84, and bowl-

ed 102 wickets for 1300 runs, averaging 13 per wicket. W. G. Grace, Giffen's only rival as an all-round player, never did quite so well. S.A. was not playing N.S.W. during most of this time, as the matches between those States only began in '90.

Cricket runs in families. A younger brother of Clem Hill recently made 57 in a college match on Adelaide Oval. Already three other brothers of the great left hander are in club cricket. John Hill, father of this quintette, made the first century recorded on Adelaide Oval.

Vitadatio.

HAS SAVED THOUSANDS OF LIVES. IT MAY SAVE YOURS IF YOU TAKE IT.

RHEUMATISM.

Whakapara, Whanganui, Auckland, June 29, 1899.

Mr S. A. Palmer, Dear Sir,—Your Vitadatio is a splendid cure for Rheumatism.

C. A. MACKEN.

Trentham, Victoria, July 21, 1899.

Mr S. A. Palmer, Dear Sir,—I may say that I am trying your Vitadatio for my daughter (who has been given up by two doctors) with beneficial results.

Yours very truly, (Signed) THOS. GRASS.

ASTHMA.

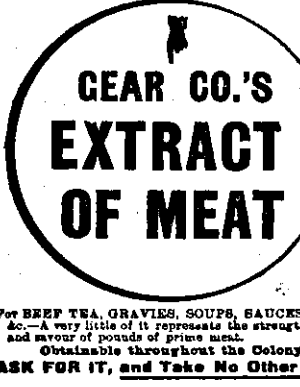
July 3, 1899.

To Mr S. A. Palmer, Melbourne. Dear Sir,—My father has been greatly benefited by the Vitadatio for Asthma.

Yours faithfully, (Signed) F. BIRD, Kalunga, Vic.

For further particulars, S. A. PALMER, WAREHOUSE, WATERLOO QUAY, WELLINGTON. Correspondence invited. Write for Testimonials.

GUARANTEED ABSOLUTELY PURE THEREFORE THE BEST.



For BEEF TEA, GRAVIES, SOUPS, SAUCES, &c.—A very little of it represents the strength and savour of pounds of prime meat. Obtainable throughout the Colony. ASK FOR IT, and Take No Other!

THE ONE THAT CURES.—It was remarked by a man who was buying a bottle of Wilton's Old English Cough Liniment, that "After trying all the new remedies and cures, he was compelled to come back to 'Wilton's Old English,' when he wanted to treat a cold in a businesslike manner; the others were very well, but they played with the thing too much." Wilton's Old English Cough Liniment (resembles the name) is Strong, Sure and Safe. Price, 1/6. Sold by Chemists. Obtainable from Graves Aikin and J. A. Hastett, and Chemists everywhere.

BOWLING.

Saturday's matches resulted as follows: AUCKLAND CLUB.

- No. 1 Rink: Amos, Jovitt, Brigham, McCallum (skip) 13 v. Green, Allen, Buttle, Alandouk (skip) 12.
No. 2 Rink: Spidebone, Plummer, Mitchell, Holland (skip) 25 v. Kayll, Lesser, Coleman, Carlaw (skip) 13.
No. 3 Rink: Rankin, Baume, Haslett, Lambert (skip) 21 v. Garland, H. King, Dean, Lyons (skip) 22.
No. 4 Rink: Hosking, Roche, Shaw, Vesie (skip) 13 v. E. Jones, Ronanyne, Denniston, D. Gray (skip) 12.
No. 5 Rink: Lawson, Phillipot, Cameron, Prime (skip) 25 v. Westphall, Casey, Carnie, Oliphant (skip) 13.
No. 6 Rink: Schischka, White, Schaeferford, James (skip) 13 v. McKennie, Polhard, Hegman, W. Ford (skip) 23.
No. 7 Rink: Milroy, Cooke, Squirell, Dr. Hooper (skip) 21 v. Pirie, Smart, Thornes, Paterson (skip) 16.
No. 8 Rink: Butta, Culpan (skip) 25 v. Graham, Meunie (skip) 14.

PONSONBY CLUB.

- No. 1 Rink: W. Littler, W. H. Wilson, J. H. Mathieson, A. Littler (skip) 20 v. W. Griffiths, J. R. Richter, Captain Duder, J. Becroft, sen. (skip) 15.
No. 2 Rink: G. Easton, R. Nolan, W. Murray, A. Bartlett (skip) 24 v. A. M. Sheddell, F. Leighton, E. Dutton, G. Webb (skip) 14.
No. 3 Rink: J. McLeod, E. J. Lee, A. J. Hurdull, J. Newell (skip) 19 v. D. B. McDonald, J. Ziman, A. S. Russell, T. Peacock (skip) 15.
No. 4 Rink: W. Jones, J. Coutts, J. Rindes, J. W. Rees (skip) 25 v. J. Todd, W. Swales, J. H. Hudson, R. Ballantyne (skip) 17.
No. 5 Rink: J. C. Robinson, V. Langsford, J. Becroft, J. Buchanan (skip) 26 v. J. J. Payne, J. Montague, J. A. Cooper, T. W. Watson (skip) 19.
No. 6 Rink: H. N. Barnall, J. Ayles, J. W. Stewart (skip) 9 v. J. Court, T. Steadman, T. Mitchell (skip) 20.
Out of respect to the late Mr. D. Ross, of the Auckland Club, the club's flag was lowered to half mast.

MOUNT EDEN CLUB.

- No. 1 Rink: Oram, Seabrook, Brimblecombe, Burns (skip) 17 v. C. Baker, Rhydydd, Robins, Coe (skip) 15.
No. 2 Rink: Walton, Gow, Pooley, Brookes (skip) 25 v. Mahony, Worsley, La Roche, Thwaites (skip) 14.
No. 3 Rink: R. D. Coates, Murdoch, James (skip) 10 v. Stewart, Owen, Eady, Moran (skip) 23.
No. 4 Rink: Tull, Tregaskis (skip) 25 v. Forbes, Forbes, sen. (skip) 13.
Afternoon tea was provided by Mrs. Eady. The club's flag was flying half mast out of respect to the memory of the late Mr. Donald Ross.

REMUERA CLUB.

- No. 1 Rink: H. Maxfield, Geo. Heron, F. W. Court, D. Dingwall (skip) 21 v. H. Kent, G. Bruce, D. E. Clerk, R. Hull (skip) 24.
No. 2 Rink: A. Stevenson, E. B. Valle, J. M. Laxon, Rev. G. B. Munro (skip) 25 v. T. J. Sanderson, Rees, George, King, Rev. W. Heatty (skip) 13.
No. 3 Rink: J. Perkins, C. Harvey, J. M. Pierce, H. S. Rindick (skip) 12 v. C. Spomer, T. Finlayson, J. Brown, J. Macky (skip) 22.
No. 4 Rink: W. Sibbald, A. Walsh, Theo. Cooper, A. Rose (skip) 23 v. Dr. Erson, W. Prater, J. Jones, C. Ranson (skip) 13.

DEVONPORT CLUB.

- Club Championship (21 heads): Mitchell 19 v. Duder 11.
Handicap Singles (21 heads): D. Miller 19 v. Webster 15; Stewart 23 v. Eyre 17; Glenister 24 v. Ker 14; M. Niccol 27 v. Creeth 20; Brookes 22 v. the Rev. Ferguson 19.
Match Pairs: Murchie and Mitchell (skip) 22 v. Duder and Jones (skip) 18; Renshaw and Harrison (skip) 21 v. Blackburn and Ralfe (skip) 18; Best and Symes (skip) 21 v. Bockaert and J. Miller (skip) 14; Dacre and D. Miller (skip) 20 v. the Rev. Ferguson and M. Niccol (skip) 14.
Club Draw: Armstrong, Webster, Stewart, Enkleton (skip) 19 v. Best, Crosher, Glenister, M. Niccol (skip) 10; D. Miller, Gardner, Lelievre, H. Niccol (skip) 17 v. Brookes, Phipps, J. Miller, Eyre (skip) 15.
Club Single: The Rev. Ferguson 25 v. McGlashan 13.

The following team has been chosen to represent the club in the pennant matches:—

Eagleton (lead), Ralfe (No. 2), H. Niccol (No. 3), Harrison (skip).

Draws for the second round in the tournaments resulted as under:—

Championship: Enkleton plays Harrison, H. Niccol plays Mitchell, Ralfe plays Glenister, Eyre plays Lelievre.

Handicap Singles (21 heads): Glenister (3), plays Armstrong (9), M. Niccol (7) plays Jones (7), Ralfe (scratch) plays D. Miller (9), Eagleton (scratch) plays Best (8), Brookes (5) plays Bockaert (7), Harrison (scratch) plays Stewart (7), H. Niccol (scratch) plays Duder (6), Gardner (3) plays Dacre (4).

Pairs (21 heads): Syme and Enkleton play Dacre and D. Miller, H. Niccol and D. Harrison play Eagleton and McGlashan, Harrison and Macky play Mitchell and Twentyman, Lelievre and Armstrong play Best and Stewart.

The round closes on the 15th inst.

MOUNT ALBERT CLUB.

- No. 1 Rink: Garlick, James, Ashton, Bouskiff (skip) 17 v. A. Lovatt, J. P. Hootes, J. Rendell, B. J. Eason (skip) 21.
No. 2 Rink: Priestley, Wells, Barker (skip) 20 v. Finlay, Mason, Doyle (skip) 16.
At the last moment Mr. Wm. Gorrle went in the Auckland (Grafton) Club's team to the Gisborne champion fours tournament, instead of Mr. A. W. Thomson.

AUCKLAND BOWLING ASSOCIATION.

A meeting of the Match Committee was held on Thursday afternoon, when it was decided that the pennant matches commence on Saturday, January 13, and continue each following Saturday until finished, two games being played each day and play to commence at 4.30 p.m. The following is the draw and order of play throughout:—

JANUARY 13.

- On Mount Eden Green, at two p.m.: Ponsonby v. Newmarket, Remuera v. Mount Eden, Auckland v. Devonport.
At half-past four p.m.: Ponsonby v. Devonport, Mount Eden v. Newmarket, Auckland v. Remuera.

JANUARY 20.

- On Auckland Green, at two p.m.: Ponsonby v. Auckland, Newmarket v. Remuera, Mount Eden v. Devonport.
At half-past four p.m.: Ponsonby v. Mount Eden, Remuera v. Devonport, Auckland v. Newmarket.

FEBRUARY 2.

- At half past two: Ponsonby v. Remuera, Auckland v. Mount Eden, Devonport v. Newmarket.
Changes of players at any time throughout the match is allowed, except during the progress of a game.

HOT WEATHER LANGUOR

DEBILITY AND LOSS OF TONE.

HOW BILE BEANS CURE.

General debility is a state which is generally caused by a combination of nervous exhaustion, indigestion, deranged liver, and constipation. It is brought about by the system becoming run down. The functions of the body are irregular and weak. The waste matter is not carried off properly, the blood becomes poor, and the complexion sallow. The whole system in cases like this needs "toning up." The diet must be regulated, and a remedy must be taken which will put the digestive organs in thorough working order. For this work Bile Beans for Biliousness are the very best specific, as they act in a gentle manner, and are so compounded that they repair the waste of the nervous system, and make pure, rich blood. Bile Beans on every hand are effecting cures for debility and all summer ailments, such as loss of tone, lack of physical force, etc., etc. Sold at 13/6d per large box, they come within the reach of all, and that Australians generally appreciate Bile Beans is illustrated by the fact that last year over 30 million doses were taken in Australia alone.

Clarke's B. B. Pills are warranted to cure Gravel, Pains in the back, and all kinds of complaints. Free from Opium. Established upwards of 30 years. In boxes of 6d each, of all Chemists and Patent Medicine Vendors throughout the World. Proprietors, The Lincoln and Midland Counties Drug Company, Lincoln, England.

ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL FOR THE HAIR.

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

ROWLAND'S ODONTO FOR THE TEETH.

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

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

KAWHIA REGATTA.

A splendid set of Pictures and full detailed account of the enjoyable excursion to Kawhia and Gannet Island

WILL APPEAR NEXT WEEK.

SEVERAL PAGES UNIQUE PICTURES.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

The Sierra.

DESCRIPTION OF THE VESSEL.

The Sierra was open for inspection on her arrival in Auckland, and many hundreds availed themselves of the opportunity of inspecting the new liner. From truck to keel the vessel is up-to-date, everything used in her construction and fitting being the best that could be obtained. The familiar black of the hulls of the Mariposa and Alameda has given place in the Sierra to white, for greater coolness in the tropics. Our photo, it will be noticed, was taken before she left, and the change was made. As the vessel steamed up the harbour her general appearance was very favourably commented on by those congregated on the wharf to witness her arrival. The design of the Sierra is very similar to that of the old vessels, though of course the Sierra is very much larger. The flush fore and aft deck, with the promenade and bridge decks above, together with the straight stem and long sheer, accounted a good deal for this resemblance.

The Sierra is 3978 tons gross register, and 3756 net. She is 425 feet long and 52 feet beam, her loaded draught being 24 feet. Her engines are of the triple expansion surface condensing type, and will develop 8000 h.p. The cylinders are 28, 46, and 76 inches, by a 48 inch stroke. There are eight cylindrical boilers, each 10ft 5 1/2in long by 162 inches diameter, the working pressure being limited to 175 lbs per square inch.

An inspection of the vessel reveals the fact that her accommodation outclasses that of other boats trading to this port. Splendid promenades are provided on the upper and hurricane decks. The former runs the full length of the vessel, while the latter runs from the foremast to the main. On the hurricane deck is the large social hall, which is beautifully upholstered in green velvet, with carpets to match. A first-class piano is provided in this room. This deck also contains the officers' quarters, two bridal rooms, which are very elegantly furnished, and a large smoking-room, finished in buff leather, and well provided with tables, etc.

Cabin accommodation is provided for 238 first-class passengers on the Sierra, in her berth cabins. These are models of luxury and comfort. The berths are roomy, and ample room is provided for dressing. Those on the outside are provided with very large windows. Fifty second-class passengers can be accommodated, and 90 third-class. The second-class accommodation is very well and comfortably furnished. The dining-room for the first-class is on the upper deck, and can accommodate 150 at one sitting. It is tastefully upholstered in red velvet, with red carpets and furnishings. The dining saloon for second-class passengers, on the main deck aft, close to the cabins, is also daintily furnished, and will accommodate seventy-five persons. There are three kitchens, one for each class. There are ten first-class bath-rooms, with porcelain tubs and marble walls, ceiling and tiling and two independent showers in marble enclosures. There are five porcelain tubs in the second-class bathrooms, and on the upper deck is a nicely-appointed bar-

ber shop. An innovation throughout the passenger quarters is the ceilings, which are finished in burlap and canvas, toned in colours to suit the furnishings. The entire ship can be ventilated by forced draught whenever necessary, while electric fans are placed in the saloon and halls. The stairways are wide and commodious. Electric lights are fitted throughout the ship, and a large arc searchlight is fitted on the bridge deck.

OBITUARY.

Very great regret was expressed in Christchurch on receipt of the news of the death of Professor Michel Clarke, which took place at the residence of his father-in-law, the Hon. Dr. Grace, Wellington. It was known he was not in good health, but his death came as a great shock, and the deepest sympathy is felt for Mrs. Clarke in her sad bereavement. Professor Clarke will be greatly missed at Canterbury College, where he was professor of French and German, having held that position since February, 1891. He will also be a great loss outside of Christchurch, as he was examiner in French and German for most of the High Schools in New Zealand, also for these subjects for the University. The cause of death was diabetes, and at the early age of 38 years.

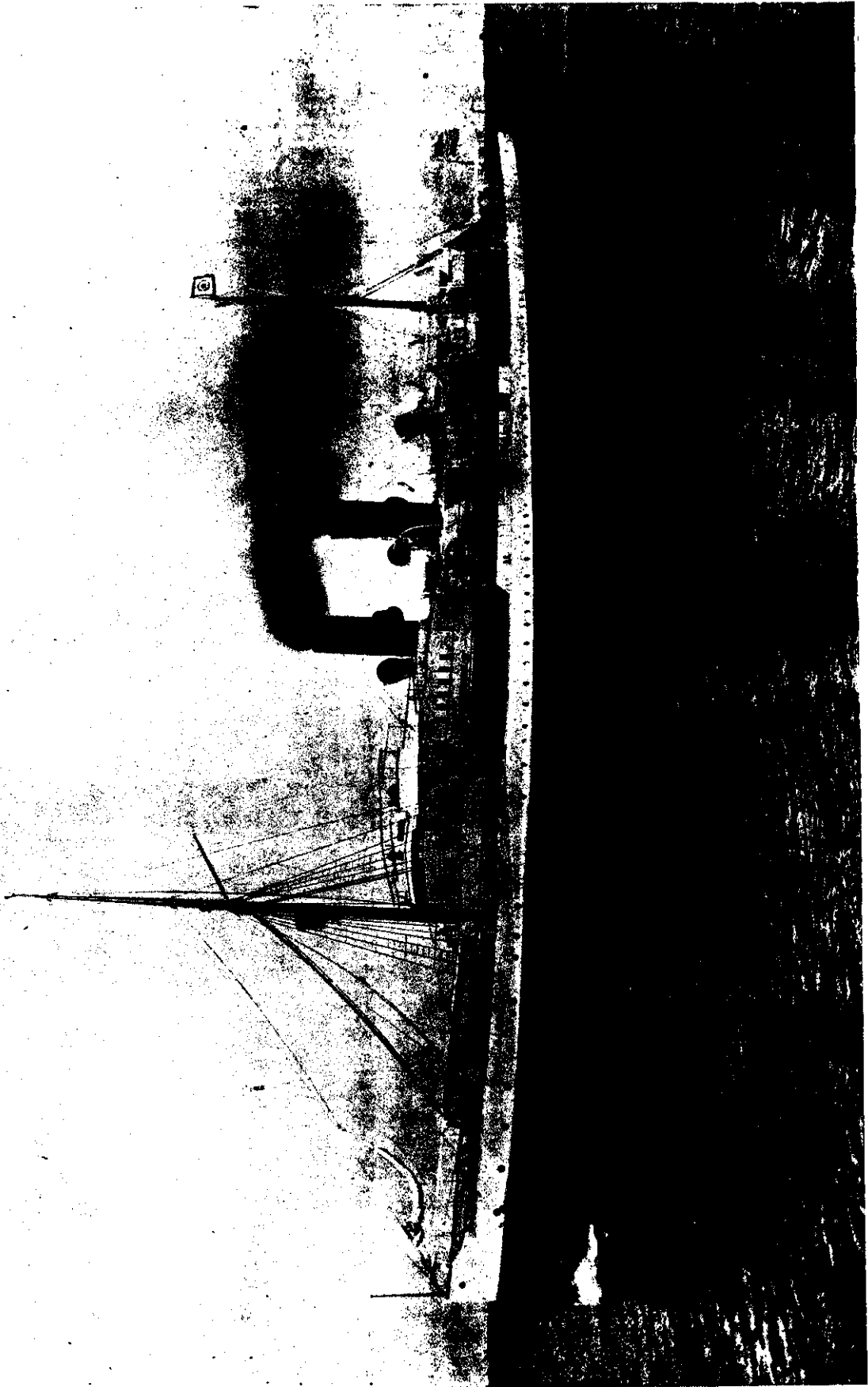
Never Look Old. There is no need of it. You can look at thirty as if you are sixteen. Then why look as if you are sixty? Thick and glossy hair belongs to youth. Thin and faded hair to old age.



Ayer's Hair Vigor. It will make your hair soft and glossy, rich and abundant. It will keep your scalp free from dandruff, and will surely prevent your hair from falling out.

It Never Fails to Restore the Natural Color to the Hair. It gives to the hair that soft, glossy appearance so natural to early life. For men, this means the look of strength and power. For women, it is the one ornament of youthful beauty. Remember that pimples, rashes, and like disfigurements of the face may be thoroughly removed by taking a course of treatment with Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It will make the skin smooth and the blood rich.

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



Oceanic Steamship Company's Fine Steamer "Sierra"

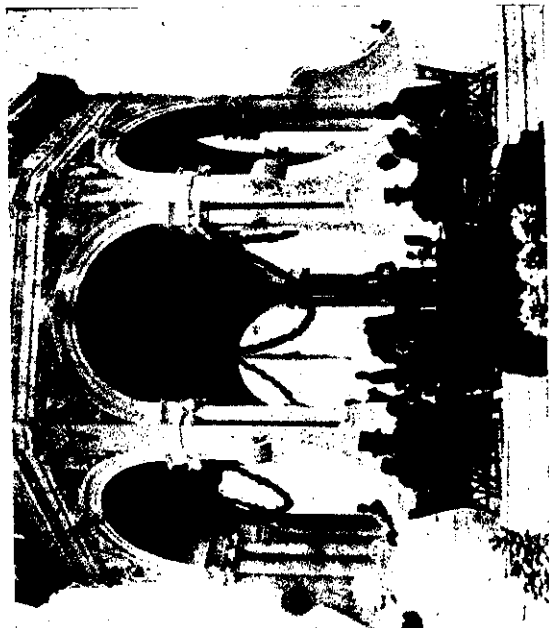
SIX THOUSAND TONS. LENGTH, FOUR HUNDRED AND TWENTY FIVE FEET. WIDTH, FIFTY FEET. HORSE POWER, EIGHT THOUSAND.
The steamer which arrived in Auckland for the first time on Friday, is now painted white.



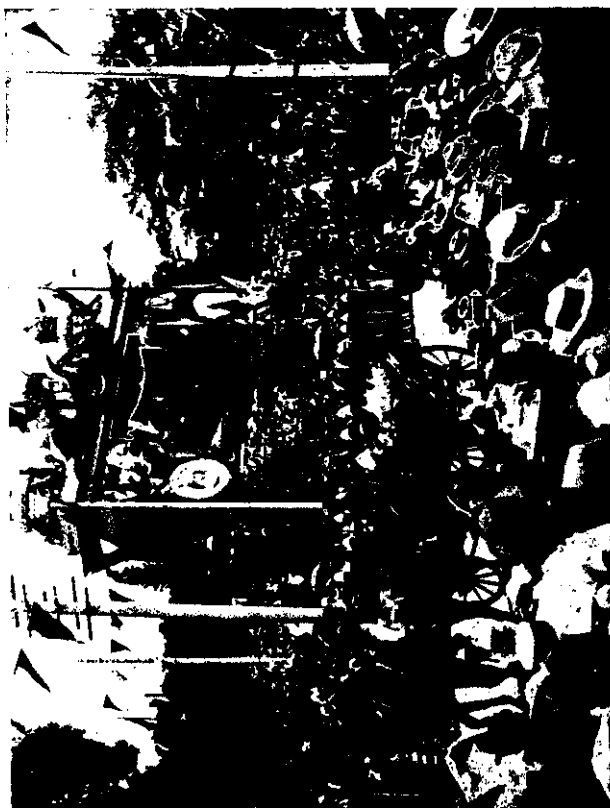
THE LIFE GUARDS PASSING THE GERMAN ARCH.



MR. SEDDON'S CARRIAGE WITH MAORI OUTRIDERS.



LORD HOPEYOUN SIGNING THE OATH OF ALLEGIANCE. MR. CARROLE ON RIGHT, MR. SEDDON ON LEFT IN BACKGROUND.



THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S CARRIAGE.

The Commonwealth Celebrations in Sydney.

The Government Technical School at Whirinaki, Hokianga.

The Technical School at Whirinaki, in the North, is fast becoming an important educational institution. In addition to the extensive laboratories already in existence, a large carpenter's shop is in process of being erected, when full courses of instruction in wood-working will be given, and it is expected that before long several important trades will be represented and taught. Photography, Electricity, Chemistry, Metallurgy have their respective workrooms or laboratories, and in connection with the latter department one of Hoskins' Automatic Gas Furnaces for smelting and assaying work is in operation. This furnace has a capacity of some twelve pounds, and will perfectly fuse ready for pouring that quantity of cast iron in twenty-five minutes. The finest furnace work in connection with the treatment and assaying of rock specimens can be undertaken, and, as it is entirely automatic, little or no attention is required whilst in operation. The lecture-hall is well supplied with electrical and chemical apparatus, and a large variety of scientific instruments and models for teaching purposes may be seen.

Mr. Charles P. Winkelmann, who has been appointed Director, is a qualified pharmaceutical chemist and analyst, and it is his intention to undertake a considerable amount of scientific research work.

The Word "Genteel."

A word, a look, or a gesture often flashes upon the mind the past, with its conditions and experiences, and we live again those days of our grandmothers—those of us who are middle-aged in the present—when old school politeness was in vogue; when, though language was precise and perhaps formal, it had the advantage of being used with discrimination and significance. There is one word, "genteel," that our latter-day style seems to have displaced, and we seldom hear it used with its fullest sense in modern so-

ciety. Yet there was a time when it seemed indispensable. There was no other word in the language that answered as a substitute in all the shades of meaning which it conveyed. It meant something more and something less than any of the various terms used to describe a person who possesses a combination of style, grace, good manners and gentle breeding.

A "stylish" lady in the world of fashion is one who wears the creations of her modiste with ease and grace and with that inimitable manner peculiar to a favoured few—a manner that cannot be copied. But there is generally at least a slight restriction in the real meaning of that word, for style in its primary conception relates especially to an expression of individuality, and the expression of it does not depend upon the art of the one who forms the appeal, for the true characteristic cannot be hidden by even an ill-fashioned gown or bonnet.

Entering a room of attractive, well-mannered women, one selects from the number the person who owns a distinct individuality, a something that distinguishes her from the others present. She is superior to the petty tyrannies of conventionality. You see proof of the fact in her manner, her conversation and in her dress. Her clear truthful, reposeful countenance is a mirror for the mind and heart that select their own nourishment and refuse to accept intellectual fads, floating fancies of the hour, or religious makeshifts. Her gown is her own by instinctive selection, and nothing is left that should be despised. It follows the line of the fashion of the times, with something besides that is indefinable added.

She is the genteel woman of our grandmothers' day, who remains regal in her womanliness, superior to cir-

cumstances and condition. An un-cultivated man, as related to choice of expression, in speaking in praise of his mother, remarked, "She was a lady when she washed her dishes." He probably did not imagine how forcibly he illustrated his truth. But one who listened to the worshipful words could not help wondering how many women with the best opportunities for acquiring desirable things for the enrichment of personality could stand the dish washing test. Yet there is no reason why a woman should be less a lady because she performs the humblest duties of the household over which she reigns.

Using the highest and broadest meaning of our word "style" as applied to womanhood we adapt all that our womanly ancestors included in the word "genteel," and thus refuse to find grace, beauty, or attractiveness outside of it. But it seems to me there is a crying need for the reinstatement of the old school word in our social vocabulary, and the sooner it is brought back into general use the better. It would be sad cynicism to infer that the passing of the word "genteel" was due to the passing of the particular type which it described.

Doing Out His Time.

"I suppose you'll hardly believe it," said the Colonel, who was writing the libretto of a comic opera, "but I began work right after dinner last night, and worked very hard till three o'clock this morning on eight lines." "That's nothing," calmly remarked the Major, "a friend of mine has been working for the last six years on one sentence."



Sarony
CHAS. P. WINKELMANN,
Director Government Technical School,
Whirinaki, Hokianga.



LECTURE TABLE.



WORKING BENCH IN LABORATORY.

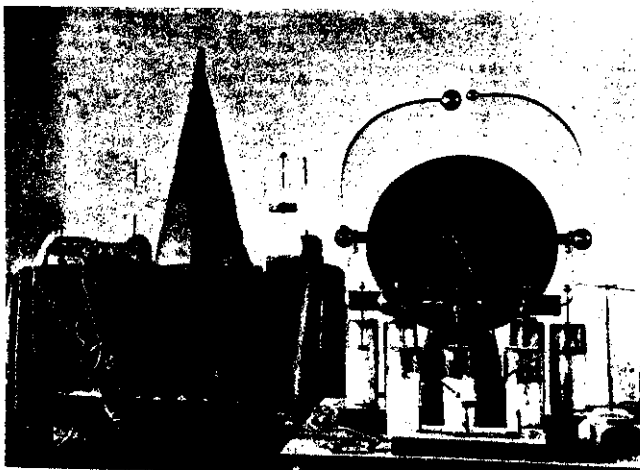


Photo. by C. P. Winkelmann.

ELECTRICAL MACHINE GIVING 9-INCH SPARK.



CHEMICAL WORK AND ANALYSIS.

The Education of a Fashionable Child at Home.

What It Means and What It Costs.

While a great deal is said about the small families that are now fashionable in England it is not wonderful that large families are looked upon as anything but desirable, considering the amount of money it takes to educate a girl for fashionable society and a boy for a business career, according to the lines of the fashionable education of the present day.

There are two or three diametrically opposed systems of education—one that the child shall not be taught anything until it is seven years of age, or rather shall not be made to learn anything until it is that age; the other that the education begins shortly after birth, when the father is carried out of instruction by means of observation. The expense begins from the moment the child opens its eyes, and when it is supposed necessary it should have a trained nurse all for itself.

Time was, and not so many years ago, when one nurse was supposed to be sufficient to take charge of a mother and her new born babe, but now there must be two nurses, in order, as one conscientious individual states, that the idea of "concentration" should begin at once. Although every well conducted babe is supposed to spend the greater part of twenty-four hours in sleep, that time need not be wasted, for the nurse can then concentrate her mind upon the child, and if she has no severe manual labour to perform for it her mind can be busy influencing its future, which it

never could do if she had to throw in the care of the mother as well.

This is expensive, because the good trained nurses are very well paid. It may as well be understood that everything that is done for the fashionable child costs money, and a great deal of money.

While lessons are not to be begun until seven years of age, a select class of kindergarten starts in as soon as the child can sit up and walk about and articulate. This is no cheap ordinary kindergarten, but a most exclusive class, the price for which is as much as tuition for a whole year used to be at a good private school.

If the child does not care for it, she or he is not supposed to stay more than fifteen or twenty minutes, but naturally the price is the same as though it remained more than the hour allotted to it. It must not be for a moment supposed that the child can attend a kindergarten of this sort in charge of any servant of the household.

Its special servant should be a foreigner, on the line of a nursery governess, to whom is paid a salary such as was paid formerly to a trained governess. Then there is the child's maid as well, who looks after the rooms and does the, so to speak, rough work.

The dancing class is also begun at a very early age. Children of three, three and a-half and four are enrolled in classes, for which never less than £5 to £7 a quarter is paid.

They are not required to become



finished dancers, but are supposed to learn grace and ease of manner unconsciously to themselves. Their dress for such a class is by no means the least of the expense, for it surely would not do to have one child better dressed than another, and the shoes and gloves to be just correct have to be made to order, of course, and consequently are quite expensive.

The baby carriages are of the most expensive description, supposed to be made by carriage makers, have rubber tires and all the various minutiae of carriages. With their various trappings, blankets, trimmings, etc., they cost an absurd sum. It would be of course absurd for a child to always go out in a baby carriage when it is old enough to attend classes, but then there must be the governess cart or pony carriage to take the child to school, or at all events a brougham that can be used by older members of the family also, if expense has to be considered.

To ride in a public conveyance would be the height of impropriety, and, of course, imprudent, for so delicately nurtured a child must not be exposed to the danger of any disease that might be contracted through any carelessness. Speaking of disease, there is one little pet extravagance that must not be overlooked, and that is keeping a trained nurse always in the house if the child is at all delicate, or making an arrangement with the family physician that he shall call every day during the year to look after the health of the family. The telephone, though, does take off a little of this, but the communication must needs be made with the physician every day as to the health of the inmates of the nursery.

First a nursery governess, then as the child grows older a resident governess or tutor is absolutely requisite in the education of any child. It is very rarely now that governess or tutor undertakes the charge of the education. Even when a child is educated alone and at home there are numberless masters whose pay by the hour is sufficient to keep many a bachelor from the holy estate of matrimony. Music masters, of course, there must be, but no fashionable child

would be allowed to undertake the study of music without someone to practise with him or her every day in order to be perfect in the lessons which the master will give three or four times a week.

The prices asked by the day schools are just a little staggering, that is of a successful day school. Strangely enough, the most successful schools have always been the most expensive ones. There are two boys' schools now, and the cost of tuition is £250 at one and £300 at the other, exclusive of extras.

The great advantage of these schools is that the boys stay all day, that is, until five o'clock, and are amused and cared for and fed, so that when they return they only are obliged to have their dinner or supper, as the case may be, and do not need the services of an extra master more than an hour or two in order to prepare the lessons for the next day. It would be absurd to say that there are not less expensive schools, and good ones, too, in the city, but these two schools have a long waiting list, and the parents of the pupils do not consider they pay too high for the benefits their sons derive.

Boarding schools can be any price. The sum of £120, £160, or £200 is asked, but this is only a beginning of what the total may be in the bills for extras. "Breakage," which is shared in by the whole school without regard to who breaks; "extra laundry"—the money from which at one or two of the large schools would be considered sufficient to run a fine steam laundry—and "stationery," which brings in enough to keep any publishing house on its feet through the worst kind of a financial panic, are a few of the small trifles.

Fencing lessons, boxing lessons, physical culture lessons, dancing lessons, dancing classes, riding lessons, driving lessons, lessons on the violin, lessons on the mandolin, lessons on the piano, lessons on the banjo, all are extras. They count up a nice little total.

Saturday might be thought to be an off day as regards expense, but not at all. The morning must be devoted to some outdoor exercise in the charge



of a master, and the afternoon to theatre or opera, both of which are considered quite indispensable to the turning out of a fashionable man or woman.

At very few of the fashionable schools—that is, the schools for boys—is any attention paid to the hand-writing. Therefore as the boys grow older, writing lessons have also to be added to the list of extras. It is supposed, so say the masters of the schools, that boys are taught hand-writing before they leave home, therefore why should they bother about it? And they don't; simply leaving an opportunity for somebody else to make a little more money.

Even golf cannot be learned off-hand. There must be an instructor, and the best instructor. With athletic sports at the schools there are also extra expenses, which, while they may be made a trifle less if a lot of boys go in together, always add materially to the expense account. There are also extras, in consequence for suitable clothes and implements.

In this long account nothing has been said about clothes. Yet for every sport, it might be said for every lesson, a different costume is demanded, the expense of which is by no means trifling. Even if the children do not realise it, if their clothes are not of quite as good material as those of their companions, the master or mistress in charge of the class will notice and will speak of it, and it will be found necessary to have the garments made by some special tailor, to whom is paid some special price. But these are the mere details incident upon occupying a prominent place in the fashionable world and educating one's children therein.

The most expensive method of educating girls in this city is said to be a series of classes at private houses. They are very select. These classes are in charge of a man who has several women as sub-teachers, whose duty it is to instruct the girls in the different lessons, which, on one day of the week, are submitted to him for approval. The classes are in duration only an hour to two hours, and are solely for the study of English.

This leaves the rest of the day to be filled with lessons from other masters

at so much per hour. It is said to be absolutely satisfactory, both from a social and educational point of view, and has been in fashion for the last ten years. It is just a little on the wane, so it is said. There are one or two very expensive and, it may be hinted, more practical schools that are taking pupils that formerly were intended only for this style of education. But of course the expense is no less. Indeed it may be questioned if any rich man or woman would feel that his children were properly educated if the cost of one year's education were not far more than was considered necessary to support that very man's father and mother when they first started in their married life.

Fine Art in Shoplifting.

All varieties of crime have their periods of prevalence and their periods of quiet, and persons who make the hunting of criminals their profession are in the habit of talking of cycles of crime. Indeed, they take this peculiarity of crime into account in their efforts to suppress and baffle it.

There is one species of crime, however, which is an exception to this rule. Shoplifting is always with us. There is hardly any variation in the amount of shoplifting done daily, except that on the whole it increases in about proportionately with the growth of the population and trade. The reason why this variety of crime is exceptionally constant is that most shoplifters are not professionals. The organised bands who follow their shady ways as a means of livelihood, and the professionals generally, have their periods of comparative inactivity, when, driven from customary fields of operation, they are forced to "lie low." But the number of these is so small in comparison with the hordes of women who occasionally fish small articles which they need or fancy, and are otherwise honest and respectable enough, that the general average of thefts remains about the same.

The detectives employed by all the great retail shops say that of all the women who steal from the counters (and shoplifting is peculiar among

crimes also because it is followed almost exclusively by women), a large portion rarely yield to the temptation to steal, and, when they do, they take only articles which they want for their own personal use. Feminine vanity appears to be the motive to blame in most instances, as is evidenced by the nature of the articles stolen. They are generally ribbons, gloves, cheap jewellery, and the like, articles of no considerable money value, which a poor woman might have to forego unless she pilfered.

Girls of fifteen or sixteen begin by stealing bottles of scent. They are often caught at it. If not caught, it is easier for them to bring themselves to steal a ribbon or a bit of lace. The passion grows rapidly, and thereafter they do not hesitate to steal every small thing they fancy. Detectives call these women amateurs, in distinction from the professionals whose thefts are a source of livelihood. The amateurs include women of every age and class. The majority of them are poor, but there are hosts of well-to-do women among them who would rather die than be caught and exposed, but nevertheless are willing to risk all for a pair of silk stockings or a piece of fine lace. In the ranks, too, are often found rich men's wives, who stake reputations against trifles which they could afford to buy a hundred times over. This species of feminine perversity is sometimes called kleptomaniacs.

The amateurs, of whatever sort they are, soon develop great cleverness, and detectives are put on their mettle to catch them. These women seldom go to a shop prepared with any sort of apparatus to facilitate their work.

Searching examinations of hundreds of honest-looking women who have been arrested for shoplifting have afforded ample grounds for the belief that many of the more respectable of them actually persuade themselves that they are not doing wrong in pilfering from the shops, and that they are scrupulously honest everywhere else. Many of them when caught say:

"That little thing didn't cost you anything worth speaking of. It would probably have been lost or spoiled anyway, so what was the harm?"

Perhaps the boldest and most per-

sistent shoplifters are Italian women. They steal bits of cheap jewellery and bright ribbons with an unconcerned disregard of discovery that makes the detective stare at them in astonishment, and sometimes even doubt the evidence of their senses. Detectives are full of interesting stories of the clever methods of shoplifters, both amateur and professional. The detectives are deeply versed in all these methods, yet so innocent do the fair thieves look, and so cleverly do they work their tricks, that they constantly outwit even the skillful men who are at their very elbows watching them. A detective must be exceedingly careful whom he arrests. No matter how suspiciously a woman acts, he must be very sure of his ground. When he makes a mistake the firm which employs him may be mulcted in heavy damages for false arrest. Thus it happens that when a detective sights a woman who arouses his suspicion he must carefully follow her from counter to counter and floor to floor; but, even when sure of his prey, he must not arrest her on the spot. If he does, the woman invariably says:

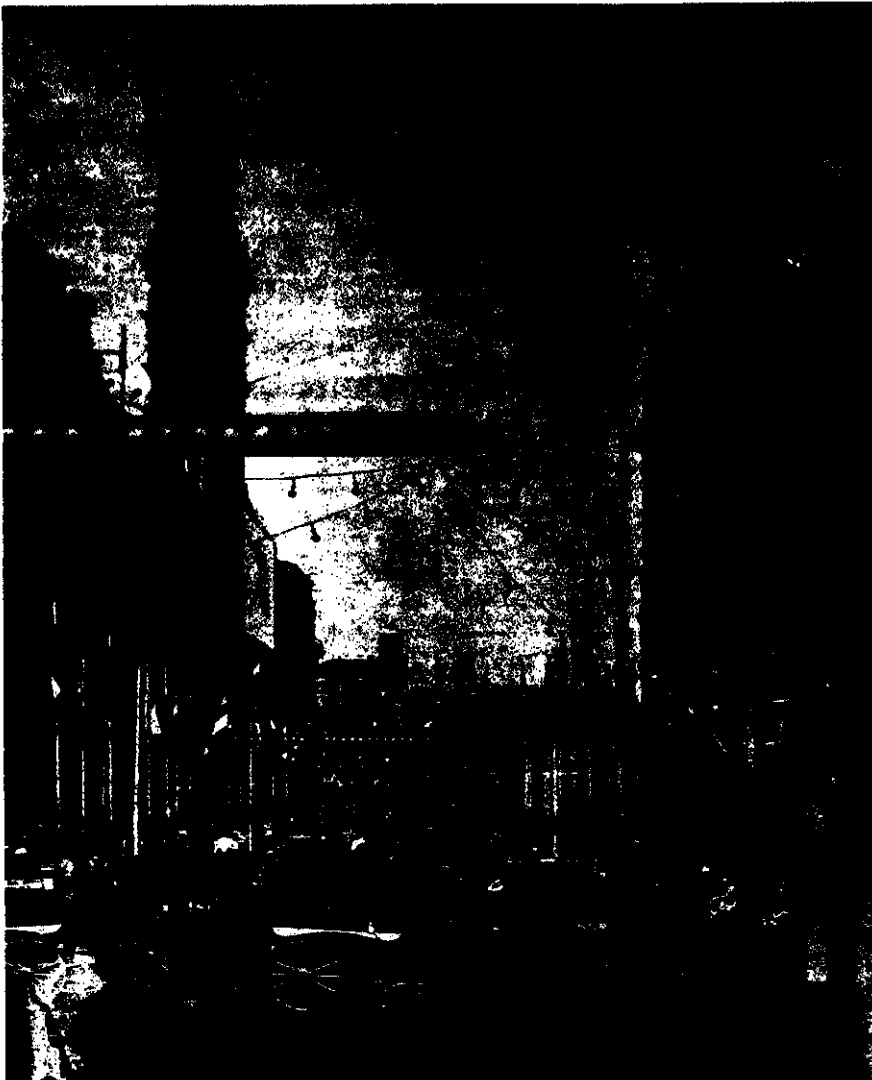
"Why, of course, I have not paid for those things. I'm not finished yet, can't you see? You're very impertinent, sir. You may take back your old things, and you may be sure, sir, I will never patronise this place again."

So the experienced detective allows his suspect to leave the shop. He follows close behind, and often allows her to go to a street or more before he touches her on the arm, lifts his hat politely, and says, with a smile: "Madam, don't you think it would be better to go back and pay for those articles you took from the shop? If you will take my advice you will go quietly, for I am a police officer, and will arrest you if necessary. But there is no need of having a public scene unless you choose. Go back with me quietly, and people will think I am an acquaintance of yours."

The woman generally accepts the situation with a woman's quickness of comprehension, and returns with a bow and a smile. But there is generally a great scene of lamentation in the quiet upstairs room, to which the detective takes her for an interview with the manager.



Caroline Louise Goodwin



ST. MARTIN'S PLACE.—POST OFFICE ON LEFT.

Cheap Jacks.—

"A real Californian gold stamped ring—what, no bid! Well, gentlemen, I'll tell you what I'll do; I am not here to-night to do business for myself, but for my employers, Messrs. Lettum and Company, Limited, of Number 3. I will, gentlemen, give you—this is a real gift, mind you—one of our peerless, untarnishable, watches; yes, and what is more, I will also, in addition, besides, as well, gentlemen, make you a further gift of a pair of solid stamped Blackchapel solitaires and a set of studs!

"This, gentlemen, is an offer never yet before made to the British public, and I'm sure you will not let this opportunity of a life-time escape your notice!

"Yes! Solid gold rings, our patent automatic balancing movement watch in solid imitation gold, together with a set of sleeve links—yes! the lot, I will not say a dollar; no, gentlemen, my price to-night shall not be half a dollar, nor a florin, or eightpence, but a bob the lot, gentlemen!

"And thank you; that gentleman over there; ten shillings—you want some change—is there so much money in the world?

"I have only a few dozen sets left now of these marvellous offers, and want to clear the lot to-night; and last week at Reading I sold over four dozen gross of these goods, and could have sold as many again—and thank you—who gave me the half-a-crown with a hole in it?—was it you?—you, sir?—and do you expect a bob and a tanner back? I guess it's a 'wrong 'un.' 'Ere, you give me back my lot, and see if you can buy anything like it in this town at half the price of bad oof!"

"Yes! the whole of this for the ridiculous sum of one shilling!!!! Rear in mind!

"Ah! sold again—and again—thank you, gentlemen.

"Now, here are unredeemed pledges, a fresh line; seeing that, gentlemen, you are one and all supplied with our peerless ring and free golden gifts.

"Ah!—now here, look you here; did you ever see anything like this in the way of . . ."

. . . but I was not tempted to squander any money on these bargains-of-a-lifetime.

The site was a market square of a flourishing riverside town on a Saturday night, when you could get teeth extracted or pulled for nothing excepting torture, by "tooth-tuggers," who displayed an array of weapons upon the seat backs of a hired wagonette. It was harvest time, and the labourers were there in great numbers and somewhat flush of cash.



THE PROCESSION COMING OUT OF THE DOMAIN.

The Commonwealth Celebrations in Sydney.

The Cup That Cheers.

THE WORLD'S CHAMPION TEA-DRINKERS ARE BRITISH.

Is the strength of the British Empire bound up with its prowess as a tea-drinker? A Parliamentary return issued recently by the Board of Trade gives rise to this question, for it shows that Canada drinks 4½lbs of tea per head of population, the United Kingdom 8lbs, and Australasia, with 7½lbs, topping the list, thanks to the popularity of the "billy" with her nomadic population.

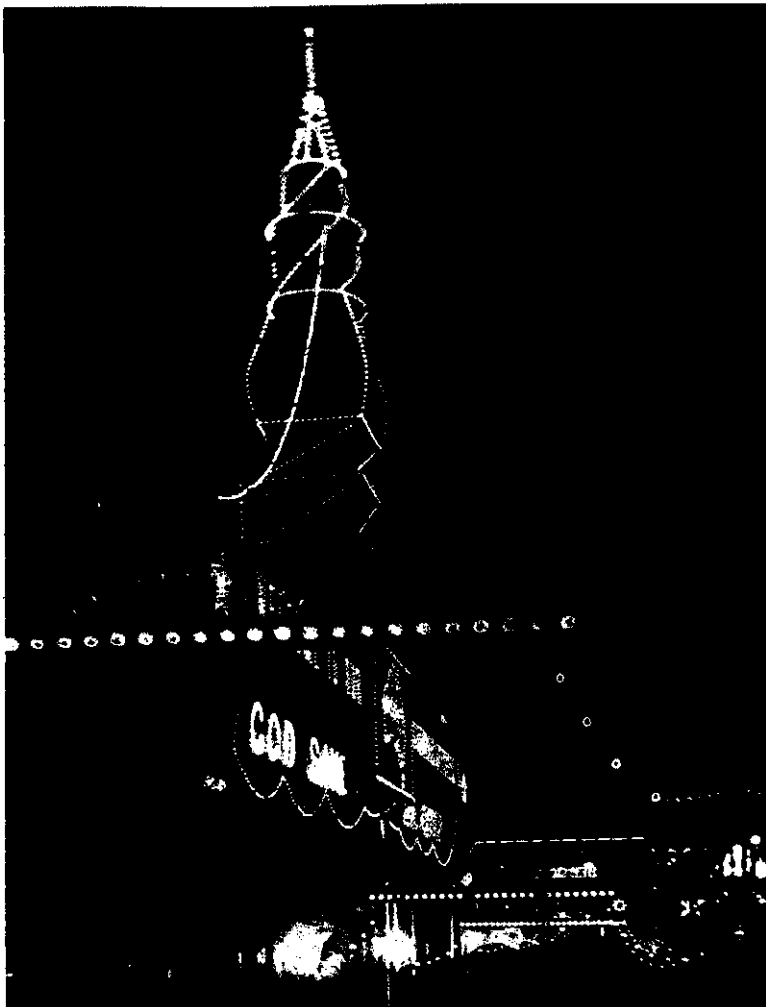
Of foreign nations the Frenchman's total is the smallest, for he limits himself to 0.05lbs of tea a year, the German 0.11, the Russian 0.82, the American 0.96, and the Hollander 1.39; so the Empire easily comes first as the world's champion tea-drinkers.

If tea be productive of "nerves," with accompanying excitability, it would be instructive to ascertain what condition the average Frenchman would attain if he absorbed the average Britisher's tea allowance.

The United States are the greatest coffee-drinkers, the average consumption per head of population being from 10 to 11lbs, while Great Britain consumes less than 1lb per head, this being probably due to the extremely bad way in which coffee is made in this country. Germany takes 6lbs, and France 4½lbs per head.

Memory of Somnambulists.

The memory of sleepwalkers is occasionally prodigious. There is an instance of a poor basket maker, who was unable to read or write, yet in a state of sleep he would preach fluent sermons, which were afterwards recognised as having formed portions of discourses he was accustomed to hear in the parish church as a child more than forty years before. Quite as strange a case of "unconscious memory" is referred to by Dr. Abercrombie. A girl given to sleepwalking was in the habit of imitating the violin with her lips, giving the preliminary tuning and scraping and flourishing with the utmost fidelity. The physician ascertained that when a child she lived in a room adjoining a fiddler, who often performed on his violin in her hearing.



THE POST OFFICE BY NIGHT.



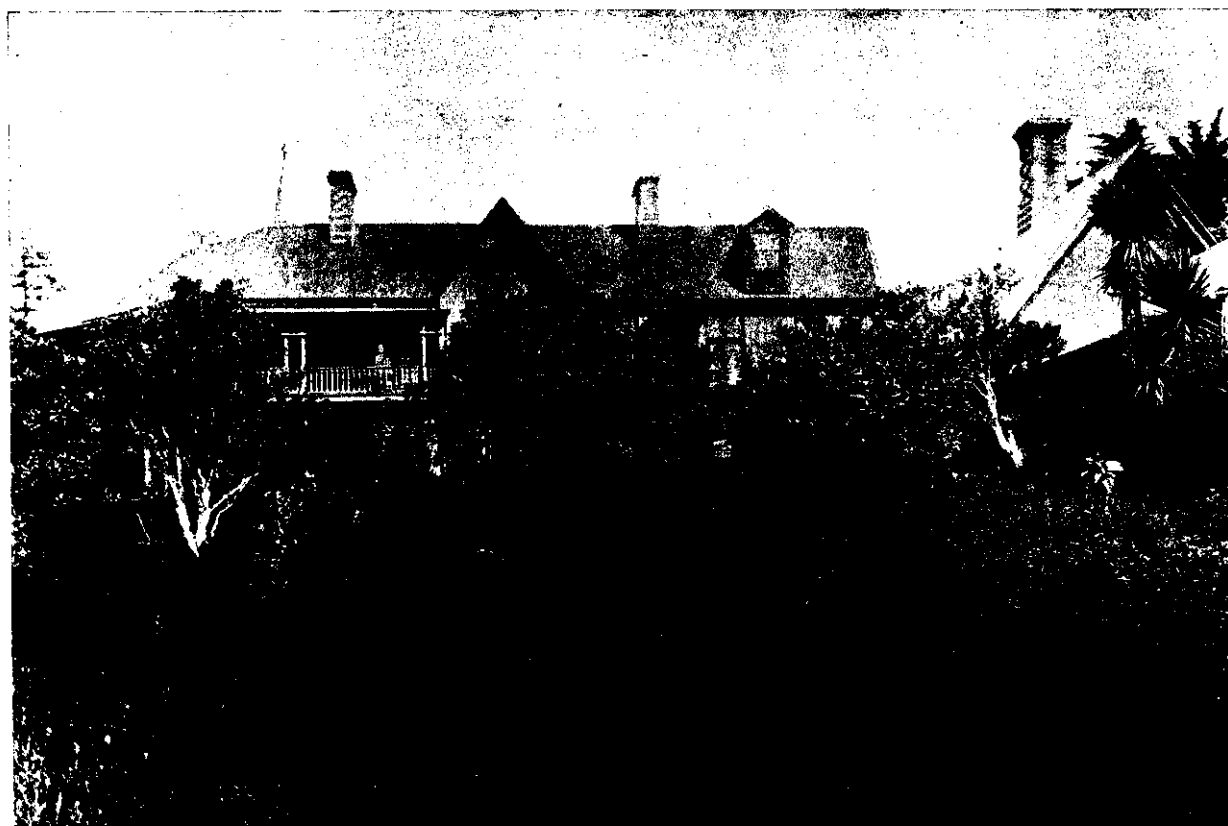
THE INDIAN CONTINGENT IN THE PROCESSION — MARCHING THROUGH OXFORD STREET.

The Commonwealth Celebrations in Sydney.



Walrond, "Graphic" photo.

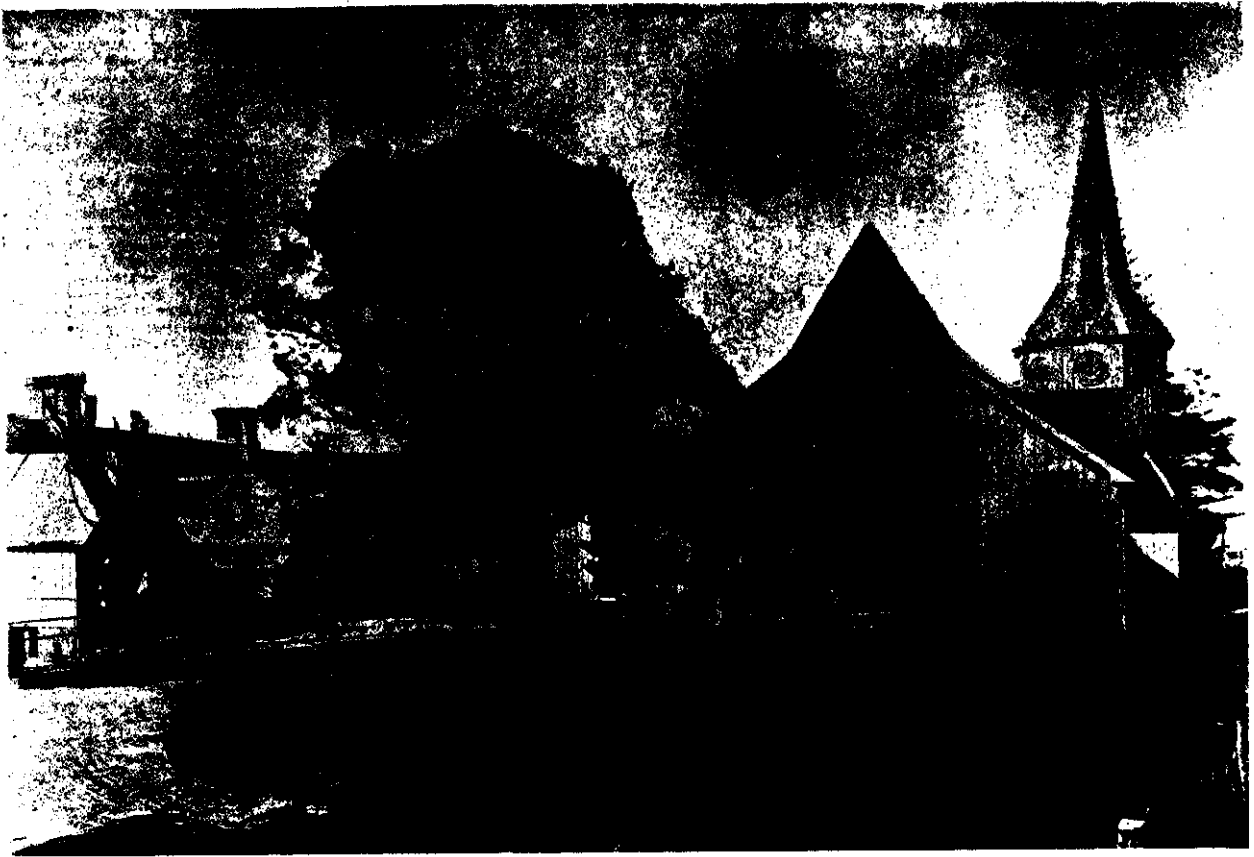
THE LIBRARY AND CHAPEL, BISHOPSCOURT.



Walrond, "Graphic" photo.

BISHOPSCOURT, NORTH SIDE, FROM LOWER LAWN.

Some Glimpses of Bishopscourt, Auckland.



Walrod, "Graphic" photo.

BISHOPSCOURT AND LIBRARY.

Bishopscourt, Auckland.

THE PICTURESQUE RESIDENCE OF THE NEW ZEALAND PRIMATE.

Bishopscourt stands on the highest point of the suburb of Parnell, at an elevation of about two hundred feet above the sea. The grounds, about four acres, were purchased by Bishop G. A. Selwyn, in 1842, at one of the first Government land sales. The house was built in 1863. Attached to

the house is the Cathedral Library, containing several thousand volumes, chiefly theological. The nucleus of the Library was formed of works presented to Bishop Selwyn by the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, and by his Eton and Cambridge friends, Mr. Gladstone, Lord Selborne, and others. The house contains a pretty Chapel, in which interesting meetings have been held, not only by the Bishops of the Diocese, but by Bishops Patteson and J. R. Selwyn, of Melanesia.

The public rooms of Bishopscourt

are rich in memorials of the past. Among these are the cabin table of the Mission vessel, Southern Cross, on which Bishop Patteson was on September 20, 1871, the day on which he was massacred at Nukapu, in the Solomon Islands. In the corridor of Bishopscourt there are several interesting mementoes of Bishop Cowie's former life, in India and elsewhere. Among these is a large dish, ornamented with the crown of the King of Oude, rescued by the Bishop, when he was a Chaplain of Lord Clyde's army, at the siege of Lucknow in 1858. The

plate was picked up on the floor of one of the drawing-rooms of the king's palace, when soldiers were smashing everything they could not carry off. There are also Afghan swords, which the Bishop obtained on the field of battle, when the heights of Laloo were stormed and taken by H.M.'s 101st Regiment, in the Umbeyla campaign of 1863.

Attached to the Library is a tower with a spire, both of which are greatly in need of extensive repairs. As they were erected by Bishop Selwyn, the people of Auckland, not only members of the Church of England, would be sorry to see them fall into ruin, and subscriptions are invited to be sent to the Rev. G. MacMurray for the purpose of carrying out the necessary restoration. The tower contains a peal of beautiful bells, that were in the London Exhibition of 1862.

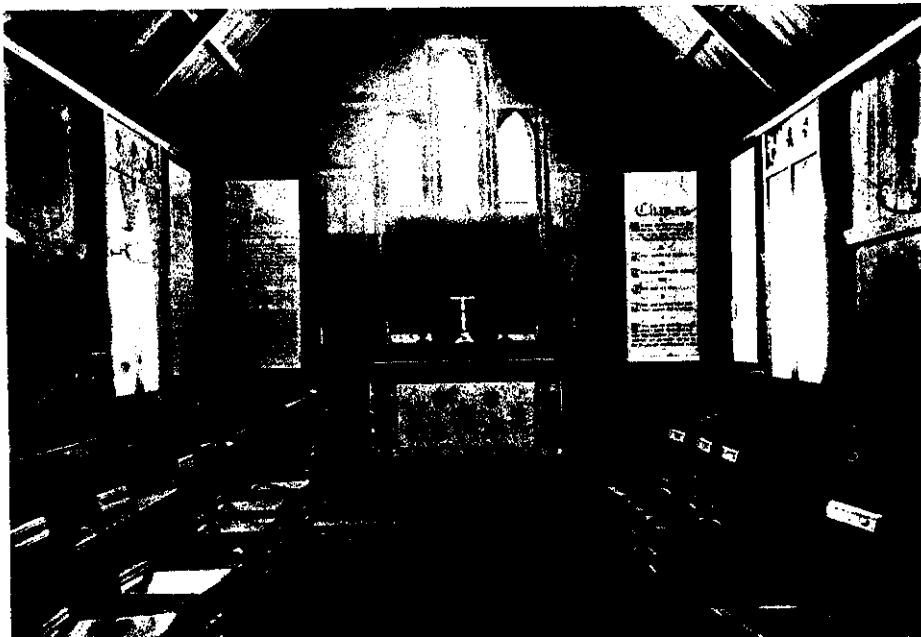
Salutations in Other Lands.

It is the custom in Morocco to ride at full speed towards a stranger like a charging enemy, and when close by to suddenly fire a revolver over the stranger's head, a mode which would be anything but reassuring to the uninitiated. In Southern Africa people greet each other by rubbing toes. In Lapland they rub noses.

The Turk bows profoundly with his arms folded peacefully across his breast. The Egyptian anxiously asks, "How do you perspire?" and drops his hand to his knee. The Chinese bow low and politely ask, "Have you eaten?" In Spain they say, "God be with you, sir," or "How do you stand?" In France they bow and say, "How do you carry yourself?" In Germany, "How goes it with you?" is the regular greeting.

"I notice with pleasure, Charles, that since my dear mamma is living with us you have quite conquered your vile drinking habit!"

"Yes, dear, I'm a reformed character! Ever since that terrible night when I came home from the club and saw two of her!"



Walrod, "Graphic" photo.

BISHOPSCOURT CHAPEL.

Some Glimpses of Bishopscourt, Auckland.



Walrond, "Graphic" photo. CATHEDRAL LIBRARY, ATTACHED TO BISHOPSCOURT.

SOME GLIMPSES OF BISHOPSCOURT, AUCKLAND.

Chinese Buttons of Honour.

The mandarins of China are divided into nine classes, who wear distinctive buttons (Man-ting) on their hats and display ornamental embroideries (Ku-siu) on their breasts.

The first class wear a button of coral red (Shan-hu) corresponding to the colour of a cock's comb, since the cock (Ki-hung) is the bird that adorns their breast.

The second class are gorgeous with

a robe on which a peacock (Kung-tsioh) is emblazoned, while from the centre of a red fringe of silk upon the hat rises a sapphire blue (Yuen-tsing) button.

While the first class is almost entirely reserved for members of the Imperial family and the highest officials and generals of the empire, the second class is occasionally awarded to foreigners who have distinguished themselves in the Chinese service without having become naturalised Chinese subjects, the only exception of a coral button having been conferred upon a

European being Sir Robert Hart, Inspector-General of the Maritime Customs.

The button of the third class is an opaque, dark purple stone (Tsz-fan), and the bird depicted on the robe is the pelican (Tang-ngo); the legend of this bird's feeding its young from its own breast is current in China for the inspiration of her literati, who consider this class the acme of their ambition.

A light blue (Yuh-lan) button and a golden pheasant (Kiu-ki) distinguish the fourth class, in which the higher

grades of military field officers are reckoned.

The fifth class wear a clear crystal (Shui-tsing) button on the hat and a silver pheasant (Peh-hien) on the breast; in this class and in the following mostly rank the higher subaltern officers.

The sixth class are entitled to wear a jalestone (Juh) button and an embroidered stork (Kiau-tsing).

An embossed gold button (Hwang-kin) and a partridge (Che-ku) are the rank of the seventh class; smaller literati, interpreters, and Inland Revenue (Lee-kin) officers are proud of this distinction.

In the eighth the gold button becomes a plain brass one (Tung-poh), and the partridge is reduced to a quail (Ngan-shun), while the ninth-class mandarin has to be contented with silver (Yin) for his button and with a sparrow (Mah-tsiu) for his emblem.

Buttons and embroideries are only worn in full dress both by civil and military mandarins, that is, buttons on felt hats in winter and turned-down straw shades in the summer months, and embroideries correspondingly on the fronts and backs of long, dark-blue silk Court robes, or short military jackets of similar colour.

The often-displayed very valuable chains of jade and other precious stones are merely ornamental and optional and no sign of rank; they are not considered the correct thing beneath the third class.

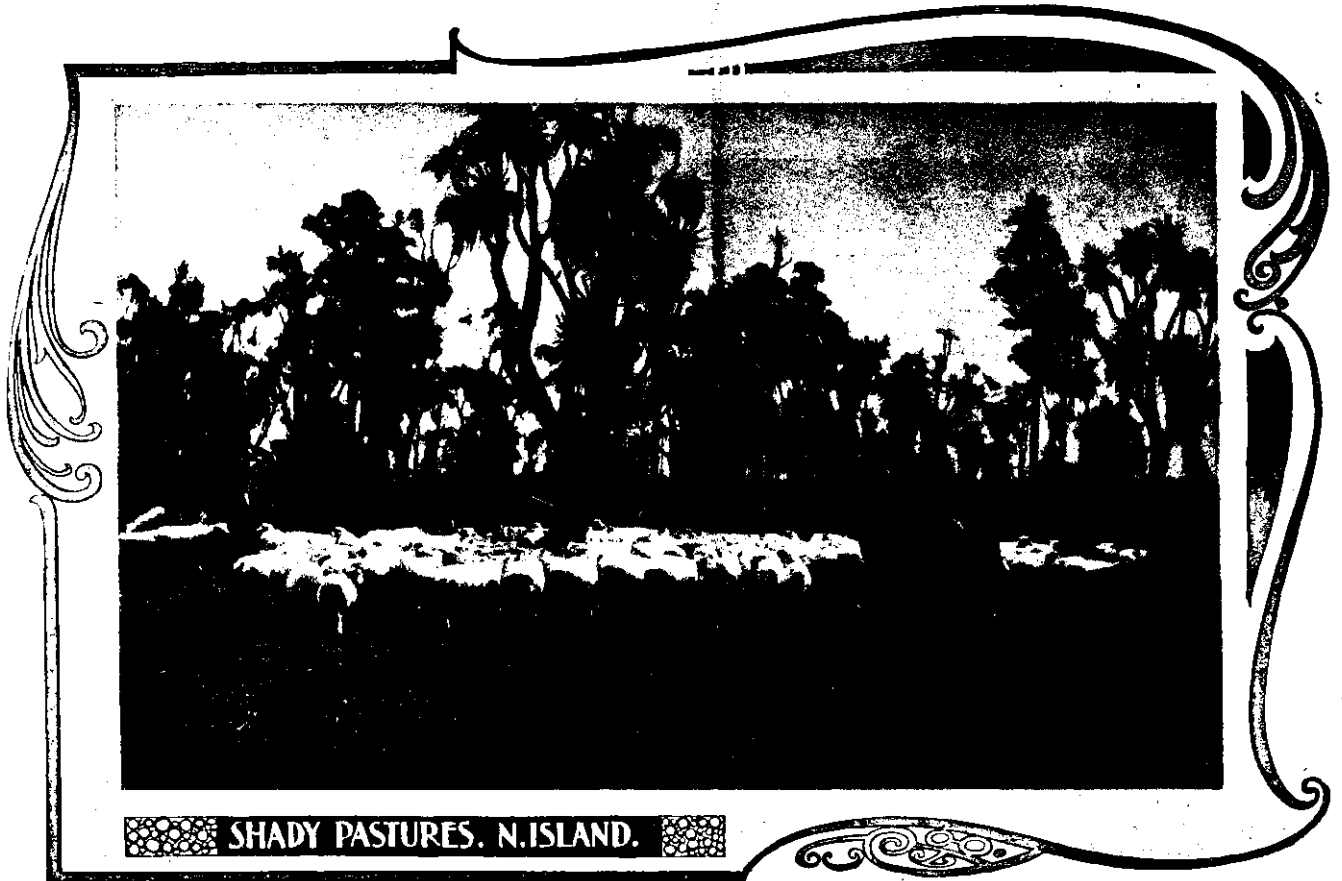
The peacock feather is an individual military distinction granted for valour, and can be gained by a mandarin of any class.

The yellow jacket is the highest military honour, very rarely bestowed, and only on great generals, while the Order of the Double Dragon and other decorations are mostly reserved for foreigners, and are not often worn by Chinese subjects.

"Yes, sir," said the sad looking man, "I am one of the few people who can tell with accuracy how the stock market will go."

"How do you manage it?"

"Easily. I get interested in a stock and put up my money. Then I can sit down and feel morally certain that it will go the other way."



Hooligan Born and Bred.

THE LIFE STORY OF A LEADER OF A FAMOUS GANG, WITH SOME PLAIN MORALS DRAWN THEREFROM.

By One Who Knows Him.

A few months ago a dangerous savage was let loose on the people of London after serving eighteen months' hard labour for an audacious robbery. This individual is a typical Hooligan, and rejoices in being the captain of a formidable gang of race-course thieves and bullies, who when the racing season is off turn their attention to blackmailing publicans and shopkeepers and robbing pedestrians in the localities they infest.

He is only thirty-two, and at his last trial no fewer than fifty-three convictions for felony and assaults were proved against him.

In all he has spent about thirteen years in gaol, and may be said to be a striking example of the failure of our prison system to reform the criminal.

As there is a probability that he may be endeavouring to live honestly, perhaps by some form of hawking, for it is almost hopeless to expect that he will ever do any actual work, I will refer to him as "Darkey" throughout the following sketch of his career, which is a typical one of many thousands of the Hooligans of London.

"Darkey's" father was originally a farm labourer, who, attracted by high wages, left the country and came to London, where he settled in a slum, married a slum girl, and obtained work. As regularly as pay-day came, unconsciously disgusted with his squalid home and his frequently in-

toxicated wife, "Darkey" senior got drunk and violently assaulted his better half, in accordance with the custom of the locality in which he resided.

A MISERABLE CHILDHOOD.

Into such a home little "Darkey" was born, and by the time he was

Miss Nance O'Neil as the Jewess.



three or four years old the drunkenness of his father resulted in his being unable to obtain regular work, and consequently the woman, advised and encouraged by the example of the inmates of a registered lodging-house close by, took him out "gridding" (Anglice, singing in the streets for charity).

Eventually his father ran away, probably went on tramp, and his mother took up her abode in a lodging-house, where she paid 4d a night for her bed and 1d for the child.

In this abode of infamy he was either taught or acquired all sorts of tricks for obtaining money, and was sent out selling matches and papers.

By the time he was a strong lad of fourteen his mother died, and he was cast on the world without friends, save ruffians, ignorant to an extraordinary extent, yet sharp, cunning, and quick-witted, absolutely devoid of any ideas of right and wrong, and brutal and pugnacious to a degree.

As an instance of the brutality of youths of this class it may be mentioned that they will strike a girl at slightest provocation.

There was one hope at this period for "Darkey," and that was that he should be arrested for some offence and sent for a long period to a reformatory, where he would have been subjected to discipline and taught some useful trade.

Unfortunately he did not "fall" until he was sixteen, when he received a month's hard labour for watch "snatching."

A GAOL-BIRD AND A HERO.

This settled his career. On his release he was made a hero of by his "pals," and admitted to the society of race-course thieves, by whom he was taken to race meetings, and he soon became, owing to his strength of arm and brutal boldness, the leader of the "mob."

For years this man and a score of other dangerous criminals have lived, when out of gaol, by violence and robbery. The only things that seem extraordinary is that the law, once it lays hands upon such characters, should ever let them loose on the community unless there is some strong reason to hope they will live honestly and peaceably.

It was the ordinary business of "Darkey" and his gang to blackmail starting-price bookmakers, who knew perfectly well that if they objected or appealed to the police they would be "bit through it," or, in other words, brutally assaulted and robbed. A favourite device of the "boys" was to break a glass in a refreshment-bar and job it into the face or under the chin of offending bookmakers and others who refused to "part up."

One of "Darkey's" proudest achievements was the "rumping" or a non-maker once at Epsom, who thought £5 too much to pay for "protection."

The hookmaker was at once knocked down and kicked, his money, watch, and chain stolen, and his trap (worth nearly £80), smashed to atoms.

BLACKMAIL.

The blackmailing of publicans in certain districts was also a favourite device of "Darkey's." It is no exaggeration to state that there are scores of publicans in London who pay blackmail to the "boys" as regularly as they pay their rent.

If a man refused to pay this blackmail "Darkey" inaugurated the following practice to punish the offender. He, accompanied by several friends, would, at a quiet time of day, go into the bar, call for some beer, and create a disturbance by using foul language and getting up a sham fight.

Naturally the landlord would come into the compartment to quell the disturbance, and he would be at once knocked down and kicked, and, if they thought themselves safe from disturbance, some members of the gang would leap over the counter and empty the tills of their contents.

Shopkeepers and pedestrians have also been this man's victims, and it would take too long to even tabulate the offences for which he has served fifty-four periods of imprisonment.

The question is, what can be done with such a ruffian?—and there are thousands in London every bit as bad.

Imprisonment has been tried and found wanting. It has probably only hardened him in savagery, and picking oakum, grinding cranks, and the now almost extinct "mill" have without doubt made him more resolute in his aversion from work.

No one would dream of capturing a wolf and sending it to the Zoological Gardens, for, say, twelve months, with the intention of turning it loose again in the belief that confinement would cure it of its savage nature.

Yet this is what has been done with this human wolf, and, in addition, during his periods of confinement he has been more or less starved and irritated.

To hang him as being both useless and dangerous, as our ancestors—quite logically—would have done, is opposed to the spirit of the age, so we will let him continue his career, checked now and then by imprisonment, until he dies or commits murder!

It would be much better if society treated such men as "Darkey" as we are now only commencing to treat habitual inebriates; that is, to regard them as beings lacking proper moral perception and instinct, and confine them, not in a prison where they are merely punished, but in a prison where they would be educated and trained to become fit members of society, and not, except for breaches of discipline, starved and punished.



Miss Nance O'Neil as Queen Elizabeth.

He: "This ennu is terrible."
She: "But think how aristocratic it is."

Servant Girls in Germany.

THE GOVERNMENT IS THE GRAND REGULATOR OF DOMESTIC AFFAIRS IN THE FATHERLAND, AND BOTH MISTRESS AND MAID HAVE THEIR INDEPENDENCE CURTAILED.

In Germany the Government takes a hand in the servant girl problem, as it does in almost everything else, and it has succeeded in partially solving at least one phase of the difficulty. It has reduced the servant girl's "flightiness" to a minimum; she cannot change places once a week the year round. For, when she moves the Government, represented by the police, must know all about it, and, if there is any difficulty or dispute, disagreeable questions may be asked.

Indeed, the process of employing a servant girl is a good deal of a business transaction, with a decidedly official tinge. The girl comes to your kitchen and you agree with her about the wages, and she says she will stay. Then you must go to the police station and purchase for five pfennigs (about a half-penny) a white card, or blank, which has spaces for all sorts of information about the new "girl." You must write down her full name, where she came from, whether married or single, her trade, whether cook, chambermaid, or waitress; her birthday and year, her nationality, her religion, her own home, and if married how many minor children she has, where they are and who their guardian is. The Government always looks out well for the children, and sees that they are provided for comfortably, this being the more necessary because many, perhaps most, servants are married women with typically large families. At the same time that this blank goes in the "girl" must also send a blank reporting her change of place. Having done all this, you must see that the girl pays her regular fees to the insurance or death fund, so that she may not become a public charge in case of her death or disablement.

All this ceremony tends to make it difficult for a girl to move about, or for the master to discharge her with small cause. Should it be necessary at any time for the girl to leave, there must be more dealings with the police. The householder now buys a green blank, or card, on which he reports with the same completeness of description the departure of his servant. And there must be no delay in any of these ceremonies, else the police, who have their fingers on every man, woman, and child in Germany, and know just where each individual should be at any given time, will begin making inquiries, and if you have not reported you are taken before the magistrate and fined.

All this tends to prevent the rapid circulation of servant girls so familiar to most English householders, in which the Claras follow the Maggies and the Katties follow the Claras in quick succession. The German "girls" are industrious and quiet, they are willing to work for little or nothing, and do any sort of disagreeable task, but, on the other hand, not so much is expected of them as in England, and their mistresses are, perhaps, more tolerant. It may be added, however, that the German "girl" has her regular Sunday soldier or policeman as well as the English girl; that is a problem which even the German Government cannot solve.

A New Trick.

Old Foggy Proprietor: Why did you treat that shabbily dressed woman so coolly?

Sharp Clerk: You noticed what I sold to her, didn't you?

"Yes."

"And the articles didn't really suit her."

"I noticed that."
"She bought it because she thought I thought she couldn't afford to."



GENERAL VIEW OF WORKS, SHOWING NEW EXTENSION.



THE FREEZING MACHINES.



GOVERNMENT GRADER AT WORK.

Photos. by De Maus.

OTAGO DOCK TRUST FREEZING WORKS.



De Mauw, photo. MR. THORNTON, GOVERNMENT GRADER, RECEIVING BUTTER.

OTAGO DOCK TRUST FREEZING WORKS.

Constructive Criminals.

CLEVER THINGS MADE IN PRISON.

A convict recently expired in a Milanese gaol leaving behind him a really wonderful specimen of work performed under very exceptional difficulties. The work in question constituted a model of the famous Milan Cathedral, and although the executant had had nothing to guide him beyond his me-

mory, the model was said to be exact in every leading detail. The construction was carried out with the help of the rudest tools, supplied to the man by the warders, who took a great interest in the undertaking. The work occupied no less than six years, and it is now the property of the governor of the prison, to whom the dying malefactor bequeathed it with his last breath.

From time immemorial convicts have distinguished themselves in the

direction of ingenious constructions. As far back as 1789, a prisoner in a French penitentiary built a very beautiful model of a water-mill, though how and where he found the tools and materials it is impossible to say, seeing that the gaol officials were sternly unsympathetic, and did not, as in the case quoted above, aid the prisoner by lending him working implements. This mill was exhibited some years ago in an American "dime museum," where it excited a very consider-

able amount of interest, and it was afterwards purchased by a spectator for no less a sum than 100dols (about £26).

To manufacture a watch while under a sentence of penal servitude would seem to many persons an almost inconceivable feat of patience, ingenuity, and perseverance, yet such an article was actually made by a Bradford convict named Styles some years ago. A working watchmaker by trade, he so utilised scraps of old metal and other materials which he found while engaged in his daily convict labour that at length he had made himself a set of tools suitable for watch manufacturing purposes, and six months later he had turned out a perfect specimen of a timepiece. On one occasion during the watch's inception he was detected and reported, but the governor, so far from reprimanding the ingenious fellow, complimented him upon his work, and expressed much interest in the feat. Soon after the completion of the extraordinary work the poor fellow fell into a condition of languor and died, which would seem to imply that the making of the watch had helped to keep him alive.

A convict undergoing imprisonment at Toulouse for savage assault was responsible for the construction of a model hospital, with beds, surgical tables, and all the rest of the paraphernalia connected with such institutions, while another criminal incarcerated in a gaol in Western America built a very faithful model of the Washington Senate House.

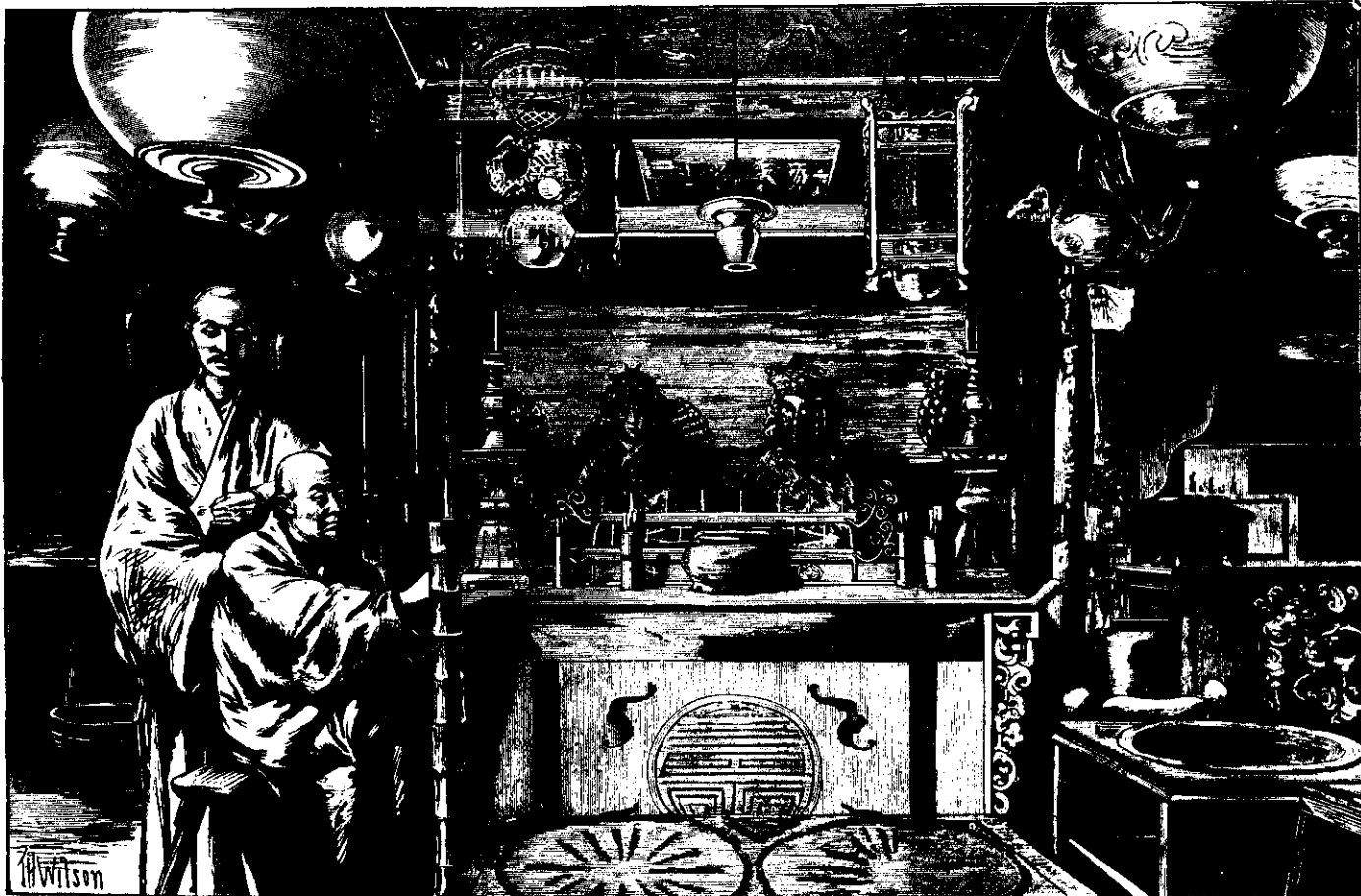
It appears strange that men possessing such talents for working under difficulties should not devote their powers to honest work, and thus obviate the necessity of carrying out their constructive tendencies in prison.

Took No Risks.

"My wife," said the fat man, "announced her determination to write all her letters to me from Paris in French."

"Did she stick to it?" asked the lean man.

"Nobly. Except, of course, when she wrote for more money."



Chinese Joss House.



PORTRAITS OF THE DELEGATES TO THE FEDERAL CONVENTION.
 REPRINTED FROM THE DAILY TELEGRAPH, SYDNEY, MARCH 2, 1901.

Eating Fruit at Breakfast.

The business of breakfast is a most important one, for it stores the human battery with power for the day's work. A good breakfast gives a man staying qualities and equips him for almost any emergency likely to occur.

What are the essentials of a proper breakfast? The first, the most important, item is a preliminary meal of fruit—oranges, grapes, apples, canteloupe, berries—seasonable fruit in which juice predominates over fibre. Fruit juices, taken early on an empty stomach, are converted into alkalies, keep the blood normally alkaline, preventing saturation of the system with uric acid and warding off the storms of suffering which such a condition provokes.

Fruit juices act as correctives to the digestive organs, whetting the appetite, increasing the secretion of gastric juice, and stimulating peristalsis. Where fruit is eaten every morning, digestion is satisfactory, the bowels are natural and regular, the head is clear, and an agreeable feeling of general well-being is experienced.

Too much emphasis cannot be laid upon this matter of a preliminary fruit breakfast. If accustomed to eating a small breakfast, you should lighten the noon lunch and 6 o'clock dinner. You will sleep better and rise with appetite. If the fruit does not appear to agree with you at first, try a small beginning. Take only an orange, drink the juice and reject the fibre. Persist, and the stomach will adapt itself. Gradually add a bunch of grapes, and an apple. You will be surprised at the far-reaching benefit derived from so simple a practice.

After the fruit, the usual breakfast of a chop and rolls, omelet, potatoes, coffee, or what not, is in order."

Collector—This is the twentieth time, sir, that I have been here with this bill!

Mean Man—So it is; but I should like to ask you if you have, on any one of those times, brought a single little thing for the children!

Mrs. Crimsonbeak—I see by this paper that women clean the streets of Cannes.

Mr. Crimsonbeak—Wear trains out there, too, do they?



A Well Thought Out Fancy Dress—"The Empire."



MR. M. LEWIS and MISS BURFOOT, The Well-known Whistling Duettists.

30,000 Years Old.

MUMMY OF PREHISTORIC MAN AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

The oldest subject in the world has been found.

He is now on view at the British Museum, and if he could tell his story he would unfold the strangest tale which ever fell on the ears of living mortal.

The subject is a mummy, but it is no ordinary mummy.

It is a mummy which was old when Greece and Rome were young, whose story would go away back into the mists of a hoary antiquity of unrecorded time.

The mummified remains have been removed from a shallow sandstone grave in the west bank of the Nile, in Upper Egypt, to the publicity of a glass case in the British Museum.

Not even science can tell us within a margin of 20,000 years when this dead body had its life and being. What it does say is that this prehistoric man probably lived some time between 30,000 B.C. and 50,000 B.C.

This means that a period of at least 30,000 years has elapsed since the body was embalmed and wrapped in the grave clothes from which it has now just emerged.

To help the imagination to realise this age it may be recalled that at this very remote period, and indeed until thousands of years later, history had no existence; that the Egyptians we term "ancient" were not then a people and did not until years afterwards conquer the predecessors of this mummy and settle in Egypt; and that man was in the neolithic, or second, period of the stone age.

PERFECT HUMAN FORM.

During the thousands of years which have since elapsed this body has been so preserved in its grave by a preparation of bitumen that it presents a human form perfect in every detail; in fact, the only flaw visible to the unscientific observer is that the index finger of the left hand is missing.

This dead body of petrified flesh and bone, human in its shape and proportions, ghastly in its lifelessness, presents a spectacle of wondrous, awesome interest.

It lies within the shallow interior of a sandstone grave, roughly modelled from the original, and partly covered by slabs of unworked stone.

The posture in which it was found and which is retained, is a curious one. It is turned on the left side, with the hands before the face, and the knees drawn up nearly on a level with the chin.

Its state of preservation is remarkable.

As a matter of fact it presents the appearance of a body from which the skin has been burned, but which has been rescued before the flesh was consumed or the bones charred.

On the head there are still a few tufts of hair. The face also has retained its distinctive features.

Beside the body in the grave are a number of vases partly filled with the remains and dust of funeral offerings. Several are large. The others in size and shape are very much like small window pots for plants. A few flint instruments complete the contents of this prehistoric coffin.

What has science to say about this mummy?

The reply is speculative and to the effect that this body is that of a man who belonged to a fair skinned, light haired race, which may be regarded as one of the aboriginal stocks of Egypt.

The style of the flint implements indicates that the man lived in the later neolithic period of Egypt.

His life was of the rudest possible character, but not without its religion, for the mummy as it lay in its grave had its face turned towards the East.

He and his fellows probably wore skins held loosely over the shoulders by thongs, hunted animals for food, and in turn were hunted by them, suffered much from cold and other hardships, and died violent deaths.

"Well, Jim couldn't pass the civil service business on geography an' arithmetic."

"Too bad! What's he goin' to do now?"

"Dunno, but I reckon he'll go back to teachin' school!"



Mrs. (Dr.) Marshall's Exhibit of Fancy Butter, Wanganui Show, 1900.



BLACK HAMBURG VINES, grown in the open air by Mr. Beere, of Birkdale, Auckland.

STEWART DAWSON & CO.

The Great Watch Jewellery and Plate House of Australasia—AUCKLAND, WELLINGTON, SYDNEY, MELBOURNE, PERTH—and LONDON.
ALL GOODS AT FIRST-HAND PRICES. NO MIDDLEMEN'S PROFITS TO PAY.



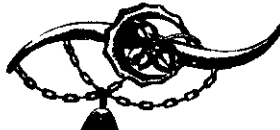
No. 200. Gold & Amethyst, Heart, set Pearls, £1 10s.



No. E2958.—9ct Gold and Real New Zealand Greenstone Brooch, 15s. 6d.



Collar Stud, Oval, Hall. 9ct. Gold, 5s. 7 1/2. 18ct. Gold, 12s. 10 1/2. Silver, 10s. 1 1/2.



No. E7478.—9ct. Gold Chain Leaf and Bell Brooch, 14s. 6d.



Ball Front Stud. 9ct. Gold, 4s. 6d. 18ct. Gold, 6s. 6d. Silver, 4s.



No. E2951.—9ct. Gold and Real New Zealand Greenstone Brooch, 17s. 6d.



No. 208. 15ct. Gold Heart, 11s. 6d.; set, ditto, 7s. 6d.



No. E2073.—Silver-Plated Salt Stand and Spoon, with Fancy Glass, 15s. 6d. a pair.



No. E2873.—Solid Silver Combination Cigar and Cigarette Holder, Amber Tip, 7s. 6d.



No. E2924.—Best Silver-Plated and Engraved Napkin Ring. Last a lifetime, 6s.



Ladies' Silver Mounted Noses in all the Fashionable Leathers, 12/6, 14/6, 16/6, 21/- to 45/-.



No. 254.—Silver-Plated Bedroom Candlestick with Extinguisher, 5s. 6d.



No. E2604.—9ct. Gold Lucky Wishbone Pin Charm, 6s. 6d.



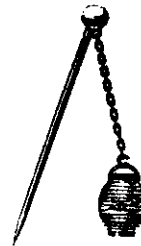
No. E7137.—Real Crocodile Skin Ladies' Card Case, with Heavy Silver Mounts, £1 2s. 6d.; others at 13s. 6d.



The Japanese Charm, 9ct. Gold Kameishi Chrysanthemum Pin Charm, 15s.



No. 6851.—New Clasp, Antique Design, very handsome, heavy make, solid Silver, £1 5s. (Engraving drawn half-size).



9ct. Gold Chinese Lantern Pin Charm, 5s. 6d.



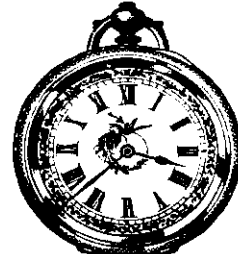
No. E2254.—Berriette Clip. A handy little invention. Hooks into button-hole, solid Silver, 4s. 6d.; best Silver-plate, 1s. 6d.



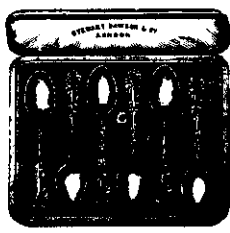
Best Silver-Plated Flasks in every size, 14s. 6d., 16s. 6d., 18s. 6d., all the way up to £2 15s.



No. E2247.—9ct. Gold Chased Heart Pin Charm, 6s. 6d.



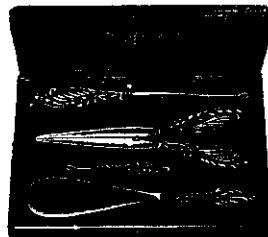
N. D. & Co.'s Ladies' "ECLIPSE" Silver Watch, jewelled in 8 holes, beautifully engraved case, elegant tinted opal dial, a perfect timekeeper, has best quality 3-plate movement; £1 10s.; in Hunting Cases, £2. Warranted for 2 years.



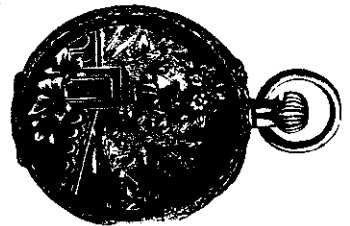
No. 337.—Six solid Silver Afternoon Sips, Tea Spoons, in Morocco Case, £1 15s.



No. W926.—Silver-plated Exquisitely Embossed, Satin-lined Jewel Cases, in the following sizes:— 10s. 24 x 29 x 5 1/2 ... £1 12 6 11s. 7 1/2 x 9 x 1 1/2 ... 1 12 6 12s. 6 1/2 x 1 1/2 x 1 1/2 ... 1 5 0



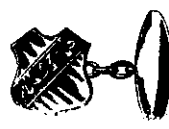
No. 321.—Silver Gilt Stretcher, 8 1/2 in. long, Shoe Lift, and Button Hooks, in Morocco Case, £2 0 0.



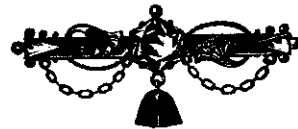
S. D. & Co.'s Ladies' Gold Keyless "PRINCESS" Watch, has finely finished full jewelled movement, strong 18ct. gold hunting case, richly engraved and decorated; a reliable timekeeper, £2 10s.; open face, £4 10s. In silver hunting cases, £2 10s.; open face, £2.



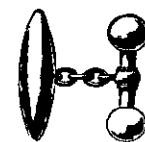
No. 018.—9ct. Gold and Fine Opal Bee Brooch, £1 10s.



No. 197.—Set Links, 9ct. Gold, £1 10s.; 18ct. Gold, £2 10s.; Silver, 7s. 6d.



No. E7351.—9ct. Gold and Finest Amethyst Brooch, with Chains and Bell, £1 7s. 6d.



No. 196.—Set Links, 9ct. Gold, £1 1s.; 18ct. Gold, £2; Silver, 5s. 6d.



No. 127.—15ct. Gold Brooch, Diamond Centre, £2 10s.



No. 167.—1 Diamond, 2 Rubies, 18ct. Gold, £2 7s. 6d.



No. 112.—Heart and Lover's Knot Brooch, Artistic Design, Amethyst and Set, Gold, 18s. 6d.



No. 161.—2 Diamonds, 3 Rubies, 18ct. Gold, £2 10s.



No. 188.—Elegant Carved Keeper, 18ct. Gold, £2; others at £1 1s., £1 10s.



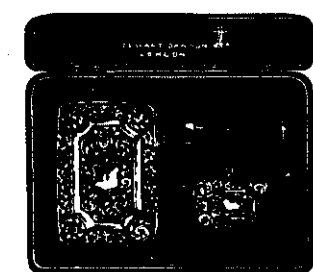
No. 160.—1 Diamond, 2 Rubies, 18ct. Gold, £2.



No. 117.—15ct. Gold Bar Brooch, 1 Diamond, 2 Rubies, £1 12s. 6d.



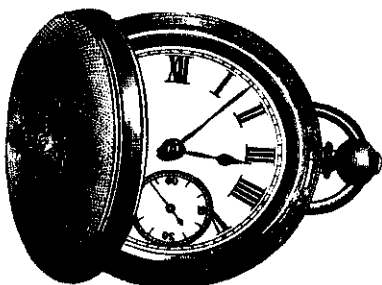
No. 178.—Wedding Ring, 18ct. Gold, £1 1s.; Heavier Rings, 20/-, 27/6, 30/-.



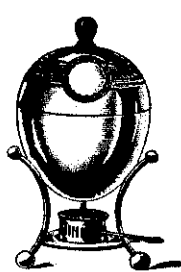
No. E2701.—Morocco Case, containing Solid Silver Match Box, Cigarette Case, and Amber Cigarette Holder, £2.



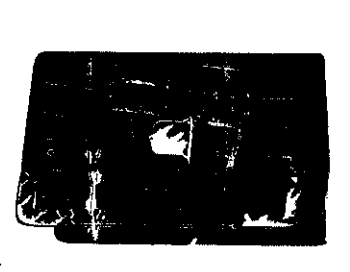
No. E7070.—Solid Silver 4-Bell Baby's Rattle, with Ring and Rubies, Soother, 9s. 6d.



S. D. & Co.'s "Eclipse" Watches have finest quality 3-plate full capped dust-proof movements, jewelled in 8 holes. The best watches at the price ever sold. In hunting cases, £2; crystal front, £1 10s.



No. E2749.—Silver-plated Egg Boiler for the Breakfast Table, full instructions with each, £1 10s.



No. E2358.—Real Crocodile Skin Letter Case, solid Silver Shield and Corners, £1 1s.

Any of the Articles Illustrated above will be sent free and safe on receipt of remittance. 80 page Illustrated Catalogue free anywhere. Call or write. Post Card will do.

146 & 148 QUEEN STREET, AUCKLAND.

LATE LETTERS.

ROTORUA.

Dear Bee,

We were fortunate in having a beautiful day for the opening of the new bowling green, in the Sanatorium grounds. The grounds are lovely just now, and on this particular afternoon looked quite gay, there being between three and four hundred people present. Dr. Kenny, after a short speech, introduced the Hon. Mr. McLean (who has been visiting Rotorua), and he, in an appropriate and eulogistic speech, formally opened the green. Mr. Kenny placed the jack, and Mr. McLean then bowled the first bowl. In a very short time the green (which is a very fine one, 120ft. square) was covered with bowlers and would-be bowlers. The tennis and croquet courts were also in demand, and I must say the tennis players looked rather warmer than the bowlers. Near the green an awning was erected, under the shelter of which a number of ladies presided over afternoon tea. The tea was most acceptable, and the ladies were kept very busy supplying the many players and onlookers. The music, supplied by the Rotorua Brass Band, added greatly to the afternoon's attractions. Towards the close of proceedings Mr. Brent, in a short speech, thanked the ladies, who were then given three hearty cheers, for providing afternoon tea. Amongst those present I noticed Mrs. Kenny, Mrs. Matthews, Mrs. Simpson, Mrs. Malfroy, Mrs. Towle (England), Mrs. Ashton, Mrs. Peace, Mrs. Barron, Mrs. McLoughlin, Mrs. C. Turner, Miss Thomson, Miss Turner, Miss Empson, Miss Martyn, Miss Malfroy and a great many others.

A most successful PROMENADE CONCERT

was held in the Sanatorium grounds on Tuesday evening. Being a holiday, the number of visitors present was tremendous. The grounds were lighted up with numbers of Chinese lanterns, and it was a perfect—but chilly—moonlight night, so that the whole place looked charming. The band, which rendered several items before and after the concert, was stationed in the rotunda, and the Sanatorium verandah, with the piano on it, served as a stage. All the vocal items were contributed by visitors, and were greatly appreciated. The programme began with an instrumental quartette by the Misses Empson and Boul, Mr. Miller and Dr. Kenny. The remainder consisted of five songs, well rendered, by the Misses Giehardt (Adelaide), who were repeatedly encored, and Miss Julia Nathan, whose coon songs seemed to take the fancy of the audience. Mr. Towle (London) gave two songs, Mr. Matthews one, and Mr. E. Baume (Auckland) was enthusiastically recalled after each of his recitations. Miss Boul played a violin solo very ably. The programme closed with another instrumental quartette—a waltz, and after that the band played a few selections. The collection at the gates amounted to £13 8/4, which goes towards the extinction of the debt on the Church of England.

GREYMOUTH.

Dear Bee, December 31,

The Greymouth Trotting Club held their first day's meeting on Saturday. The weather was glorious, and the stand and lawn presented an unusually gay appearance. The dresses of the ladies were artistic and smart. Among those present were—Mrs. Craig, biscuit-coloured costume, with chiffon toque; Mrs. Broad, lawn cloth, and brown trimmings; Mrs. Brett, black silk crepon, black hat; Mrs. Skoglund, black lustre, relieved with jet, hat to match; Mrs. Murphy, brown coat and skirt, handsomely braided; Miss Eason, pretty wedgewood-blue foulard; Mrs. L. J. Bull, French floral muslin, relieved with pale green, white chip hat; Miss Bessie Watty (Wellington) royal blue costume, white silk vest, large blue picture hat; Mrs. Jay, figured silk, large hat; Miss Perotti, lilac silk; Mrs. E. Wicks, green costume, picture hat; Miss Pettit, blue figured foulard, pink hat; Mrs. (Dr.) McBrearty, black silk; Mrs. C. Campbell, lilac dress; Mrs. E. Thomas, holland costume, blue trimmings, pink hat; Mrs. Hoyte, flowered muslin, black and pink toque; Miss Duncan, grey costume, cream hat; Miss Petrie, white

costume, smart toque, and feather box; Mrs. Young, black costume, stylish toque; Mrs. H. Young, gray lustre, blue and black hat; Mrs. W. Thomas, smart wedgewood-blue dress, cream trimmings, hat to match; Mrs. Kettle, brown costume, toque.

On Monday the Greymouth Jockey Club's first meeting was held, and the weather was calm and bright. A few amongst the smart gathering were: Mrs. (Dr.) Morice, sea, black silk; Mrs. (Dr.) Morice, jun., navy costume, large black hat; Mrs. Leslie Bull, pale grey cloth, white silk and lace yoke, smart white satin toque and violets; Miss Bessie Watty (Wellington), blue silk, lovely picture hat; Miss Pavitt, stylish fawn costume, white vest, black and turquoise hat; Mrs. W. Thomas, lovely blue gown, relieved with white silk and chiffon, cream hat; Miss Kettle, soft white gown, handsomely embroidered, black velvet hat; Mrs. Guinness, black merv, lace bonnet, cream toque; Mrs. Kettle, black and grey costume, braided, large hat; Mrs. Campbell, navy costume; Mrs. Woodroffe (Christchurch), black cloth coat and skirt, light vest; Mrs. Oakey, blue gown, cream hat; Miss Duncan (Hokitika), lovely white silk gown, white hat; Miss Kettle, pale blue, with white trimmings; Miss Rodgers, pretty fawn costume, white satin vest, blue hat; Miss Goldsworthy, white pique; Mrs. Guinness, handsome grey, costume, pink silk vest, feathered toque; Mrs. (Dr.) Morice, black coat and skirt, bonnet to match; Mrs. Goldsworthy, black silk, cream hat.

CARA GWYNNE.

Swedes in Antarctica.

There will be plenty of life in Antarctica during the year 1902, for in addition to the British and German Antarctic expeditions, there is also one in preparation in Sweden, under the leadership of Dr. Otto Norden-skjöld, the well-known savant, who was a member of the Danish expedition to East Greenland last summer under Lieutenant Andrup. Dr. Nordenskjöld has also shared in several Swedish polar expeditions. For the purpose of his Antarctic expedition he has acquired, for a nominal sum, the steam-whaler the "Antarctic," in which the Greenland voyage was performed. This vessel has quite an historical Arctic record. It was built for whaling in the Greenland seas by a Norwegian firm, and has performed many voyages in polar waters. She was eventually acquired by Professor G. Nathorst, the celebrated geologist and Arctic voyager, who has shared in almost every Swedish polar expedition. Last year, again, the Antarctic was employed in the search for Andree on the east coast of Greenland, when the owner himself was in command of the expedition, but which yielded no result. The vessel has thus again passed into Swedish hands. She was also engaged in an earlier voyage to the seas whence she derives her name by Norwegian speculators, with the hope of re-opening the famous whale fisheries in these parts, but the enterprise was an utter failure, not a single sperm whale being even seen. The vessel, which is in splendid condition for navigation in the pack ice, and is, in fact, specially built for that purpose, will now proceed to Gothenburg for her final equipment. As she has cost so little Dr. Nordenskjöld estimates the cost of the expedition at only some £10,000 more. Of this sum one-half has already been contributed by Swedish subscribers, and King Oscar has also promised a considerable amount towards this expedition, the first of its kind ever despatched from Sweden. Should circumstances permit, the Swedish expedition will, of course, co-operate with the British and German. It is hoped that the Antarctic will be ready to sail next August.

Sir Walter Buller remains in London for the coming festive season, but will move off to the Continent early in the New Year, making first for Paris and later going on to Berlin and Vienna.

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

PERSONAL NOTES FROM LONDON.

(From Our London Correspondent.)

LONDON, November 30.

Lieut.-Colonel Francis, of the Fourth Contingent, has benefited much by his trip to Brighton, but the Medical Board has pronounced him unfit to return to the front, so he will probably leave for New Zealand about the beginning of December. He has been much impressed by the hospitality that he has experienced on every hand in England. Georgiana, Countess of Dudley, has almost overwhelmed him with kindness. Sir Richard Temple entertained him for a couple of days at The Nash, Kempsey, near Worcester, where Lieut.-Colonel Francis was much interested in the fine collection of armoury. Before he leaves he will probably be presented to the Queen at Windsor.

Mr Justice Denniston has been spending a couple of days with Mr F. A. Anson at Oxford, where he met Sir William Anson, M.P. for Oxford. Mr Justice Denniston was a guest at the dinner of the Dental Hospital of London and London School of Dental Surgery last Saturday. During the last few days of his stay he has been looking into several of the London courts and seeing something of the English methods of administration of justice. Mrs. Denniston and her daughters have been busy shopping. The continuous wet weather has made excursions out of the question.

Mr Arthur M. Myers, of Auckland, who has, in company with his mother, been touring on the Continent for some time past, is back again in London looking the picture of health. Mr Myers' Continental round included a thorough tour of the Paris Exhibition, and from the French capital he and his mother went on to Switzerland and thence to Austria and Germany, returning to the metropolis just in time to witness the rout of the C.I.V.'s by the London crowd. At present Mr Myers has not definitely decided upon the date of his return to New Zealand, nor upon the route he will adopt. In all probability, however, he will start shortly after Christmas for the Riviera and tour leisurely through to one of the Italian ports to join an outward bound steamer in the early spring.

The very rare "Naval Victoria Cross" (1857), given to Edward Robinson, H.M.S. Shannon, with the bars for Lucknow, and the Mutiny Medal, fetched 100 guineas at Debenham's sale last Friday.

Mr. Herbert R. Rathbone, a brother of Mr. Wilfred Rathbone, of Auckland, has just been returned to the Liverpool City Council as member for Sefton Park. Standing as a Radical and suspected pro-Ioer in a red-hot Tory constituency, Mr. Rathbone had small expectation of being returned, but he beat his Conservative opponent by 200 votes.

Mr. C. J. Blake, Lord Enniskillen and Captain Greer, three of the leading lights of the Irish turf, have come to the conclusion that Captain Scott is not a fit and proper person to share in the delights of the "sport of kings." In vulgar parlance, Captain Scott has been "warned off" in consequence of an investigation held last week in Dublin by the trio aforementioned into the running of the captain's horse, Ravensplume. His trainer, T. Maquire, shares Scott's fate. The captain, it will be remembered, was in New South Wales for some years, and took to wife the widow of Mr. White, the well-known sportsman. He came to England in Diamond Jubilee year as doctor to the equine part of the New South Wales Mounted Rifle Contingent. Later he transferred himself to Ireland, and had several horridly training there, including Levanter, Ca Ira, Achray, Kiara, and others. Ca Ira won the Grand Prize at Leopardstown, and that seems to have been the biggest plum Captain Scott picked up during his brief career on the Irish turf.

Captain Ferguson (who married Lord Hampden's daughter) and Captain Lord Loch are both safely back

from South Africa. The latter's wound is progressing favourably.

Sam Cavill, the Australian coloured pugilist, who seems to be "scrapping" all the year round, and gets more hidings than hap'ence at the game, was the victim of a shockingly bad decision at Wonderland last Saturday evening. The darkey was opposed in an eight round bout to a Mile End lad named Crutchington. Cavill had all the best of the initial exchanges, and just before the close of the round got home a terrific right swing on the Mile Ender's ivory box. Crutchington reeled back and immediately held out his hand in token of defeat. He was taken to his corner, and was found to have a couple of his teeth clean knocked out. In the ordinary course Cavill should have straightway been declared the winner, but instead Crutchington was persuaded to continue the fight, and after a few minutes' rest did so. He was very cautious for a time, and then started to try and put Cavill out. In this he signally failed, and in every round Cavill put on a few more points to his score. Yet at the end of the contest the verdict went to Crutchington!

The only way to make sure of getting the judge's verdict at some of these London boxing places is—if you happen not to be "in the swim"—to knock your opponent clean out. Even then you may find yourself robbed of the prize on a put-up claim for a "foul."

Mr A. G. Hales is, next to General Buller, the war-hero of the moment. His article on the nurses at the front in Wednesday's "Daily News" was really admirable, and this morning that journal devotes two columns (and a portrait) to his book "Campaign Pictures," published to-day. The reviewer seems to have caught the style of his subject, for he glorifies in what more chaste critics consider "Smiler's" literary delinquencies. After referring to the famous "Daily News" war correspondents of the past, Forbes, Labouchere, O'Donovan, McGahan, Hicks Pashu, etc., the writer says of Mr Hales: "He is a new type; a living symbol of the great Imperialistic movement of which we are just seeing the beginning on the threshold of the new century. His school was the Australian bush, as our colonists call the primeval wilds of their magnificent country. He learnt self-help and earned his 'tucker' under the free air of Heaven; in the back blocks and the gold fields; and, like all colonists, has turned his hand to most things. It is plain, therefore, that Mr Hales' luck was in when war broke out in another colony. The field was fair for his efforts in picture painting. Ever-shifting camps had always been his lot in life. The veldt was only another phase of the bush. Hence his success as a painter of campaign pictures; hence, we take it, the secret of his sudden popularity. Some call these pictures flamboyant. So they are; full of purple patches. Mr Hales is no anaemic impressionist—admirable in his cynical, world-weary way, though that sort of man may be but a lusty, full-blooded, hard-hitting, back-block bred colonial, with the courage of his convictions. The flinty, over-educated, hyper-critical, kid-gloved person will shudder at the example of Mr Hales' work which follows—nay, even the more kindly and sympathetic may object that the assembling of the London multitude evokes no sensations in their minds but those of fear and horror of an orgie unparalleled—even in London. But listen to Mr Hales! The sight is new to him; and calls forth image after image in a wild and rushing torrent of words which sweep one away:

"As I looked, I caught a distant hum of voices—a far-off sound, such as I have heard amid Pacific isles when wind and waves were beating upon coral crags, and foam-topped rollers thrashed the surf into the magic music of the storm-tossed sea. It was the roar of London's multitude welcoming home her own; and what a sound it was! I have heard the crash of tempests on Southern coasts when ships were reeling in the breath of the blast and souls to their God were going; I have crouched low in my saddle when the tornado has swept trees from the forest as a boy brushes flowers with his footsteps. But never had I heard a voice like that!"

Mrs. Douglas Robertson, of Auckland, is visiting her many friends and relations in England. She has just returned from Bournemouth, and is at present staying with Colonel Marvin. After a brief stay at Cambridge she will accompany an aunt after Christmas to Mentone, and will probably go on to Italy for the winter. Her visit to England will probably last a year or more.

In his account of his recent expedition to the region of Tanganyika Mr. E. S. Moore told the members of the Royal Geographical Society of some extraordinary forests of heath found in the vicinity of the Mountains of the Moon. The heath was not as we know it in England. The trees grew to a height of sixty feet, and resembled the Alpine pine forest, only on a gigantic scale. For centuries these heaths had grown, died and rotted away, with the result that the true ground was covered with a spongy mass of vegetation forty or more feet deep. As they were crossing this heath belt very now and then a carrier would disappear in this vegetable mass, and would have to be hauled out by ropes from a hole forty feet deep.

Evidently Mr. Moore's carrier did not appreciate his foot being on his native heath.

It is, I think, a great pity that some of the colonial volunteers who went creditably through the greater part of the Transvaal war should now be furnishing their escutcheons by posing as fair-weather-cum-pionics soldiers and growling because the hospitals, the food, and fifty other things were not exactly as they had expected them to be. Of course they were not. War is scarcely a review. Things constantly go wrong. Scandals are numerous and terrible tales of neglect here or mismanagement there can always be proved up to the hilt. But what then? That is WAR, and the sensitive colonial who expects the comforts of a sham fight on a campaign had better stop at home next time.

A singularly intemperate letter appears in the "Chronicle" to-day signed Emily Nicol, of Auckland, the secretary of a Red Cross Nursing Brigade, which offered a contingent of nurses for the front and received a snubbing "No, thanks" as reward. She is (not perhaps unnaturally) spiteful on the subject of the hospital mismanagement, and hits out recklessly. It may smooth her ruffled feathers to learn that a picked body of London lady nurses (boasting far higher professional qualifications and experience than I suspect, Auckland's gallant little band could claim) were equally firmly repudiated. The truth is the military authorities—fearful of scandal—didn't want nurses. There were, I know, scores in Capetown who simply couldn't get to the front. Such dandies of wrinkled visage and uncertain age as arrived were promptly picked up, but not the attractive Flossies and Topsyies who had just decided—the darlings!—that to nurse a nice, handsome Tommy Atkins was their vocation.

Mr Lawson Johnston, who died last Saturday, aged 65, was the inventor of "Bovril," out of which he made in round figures two millions. He devoted his attention early in life to the composition of concentrated foods, and succeeding beyond his anticipations tried a number of experiments on the lines of Liebig. From one of these came "Bovril," which proved more savoury and palatable than any of its predecessors. It is unquestionably the best thing of its kind, and very unlikely to be improved on.

The literary riddle is an engaging pastime of the moment which I can cordially recommend to Christmas parties on a hot afternoon at the Antipodes. The hostess asks "Why did Anthony Hope?" and after several futile replies such as "Because the Heart of Princess Oara was his," a prize is awarded to the ingenious inventor of "Because Mrs Campbell Praed." A favourite conundrum of this class is "Why did Julie Opp?" Answers are various, but the favourite seems to be "Because she heard Hayda Coffin." One is also asked: "What gave Barry Pain?" "To see Flora Haggard?" "Because he had to Marie Corelli." A very neat one. Finally, as a mixture of sport and politics, "When does Albert Trott?" "When Gibson Bowles."

Personal Paragraphs.

Mrs Arthur Russell (Palmerston North) and her family spent Christmas with Mrs Russell's parents, Mr and Mrs T. C. Williams, in Wellington.

The Mayor of Christchurch, Mr Reece, and his family are spending the Christmas holidays at Kowhai Bush.

Mr Stead and Mr Wilfred Stead were among the Christchurch visitors to Auckland for the races this week.

Mrs Buttes (Wellington) has returned to Wellington from her visit to Hawera, where she was present at her son's wedding.

Dr. and Mrs Cleghorn arrived in Wellington last week by the Waiwera, from their trip to England.

Miss Hilda Moorhouse (Wellington) is staying with Mr and Mrs Jack Stodholme, at Coldstream, South Canterbury.

Miss Johnston (Wellington) is the guest of Mrs W. Barton, at Fareham, Featherston.

Mrs Marshbanks and her sisters, the Misses Gore (Wellington), went to Christchurch last week for the tennis championship meeting, which is being held there.

Miss Fitzroy (Napier) is staying with Mrs W. Harten, at Featherston, for the Taubauuika races.

Mrs Ralph Fitzherbert (Marston) is visiting her relatives in Wellington, with her little daughter.

The Bishop of Wellington and Mrs Wallis were present at the distribution of prizes at the Wanganui Collegiate School on Tuesday last, his Lordship the Bishop presenting the prizes.

Miss Coleridge (Wellington) has returned home from her visit to Mrs Walter Johnston at "Highden," Awahuri.

Amongst present visitors to Rotorua are Mr. and Mrs. Edward J. Samuel, who are spending their honeymoon there. Mrs. Samuel was a daughter of the late Mr. Samuel Yates, of Parangarenga, and Mr. Samuel is the oldest son of Mr. Harry S. Samuel, Conservative M.P. for Limchouse, London. Mr. Samuel returned to New Zealand from South Africa last September, where he had been serving with the Gloucester Regiment, and was invited by a wound in the thigh. Owing to the recent death of the bride's father, the wedding was a very quiet affair, only relatives being bidden to the ceremony and quiet breakfast which followed.

A pleasant evening party was held on Friday evening, the 4th instant, at the new tea-room, Hamilton. Nine tables. Mrs. Oldham won first lady's prize, a parasol, Mr. Sandes, first gentleman's, a pretty pair of silver sleeve-links, Mrs. Short (Ponsonby), won second ladies', a bottle of smelling-salts, and Mr. Cleghorn (North Shore), second gentlemen's, a pen-knife.

Mrs. J. Short (Ponsonby) has been spending the Christmas holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Holloway, Hamilton East.

Mrs. Palarait (North Shore) has just returned home after a visit to her relatives at Hamilton.

Mr. Francis (Auckland), spent a night in Hamilton last week on his way to Rotorua for his holiday.

Mr. and Mrs. Stevens and family have gone to North Shore for some weeks. Mrs. Dyer and family (with whom they have changed residences) have come to Hamilton for the holidays.

Miss Parker, who has been staying with relatives in Melbourne for some months, has returned to her home, "Biverslea," Walkato.

Miss Matthews and Miss McHarg, late of Napier, have left for Auckland, their future home.

Lieutenant Ross, of Napier, who arrived from South Africa, was accorded a hearty welcome by the local volunteers and citizens. He went to the war with the Fourth Contingent, and, as his leave expires in a month, he will then return to the front.

Mrs. and Miss Devenish, of New Plymouth, are at present visiting Wanganui.

Dr. and Mrs. M. J. Christie have been visiting Mrs. H. Bayley (Mrs. Christie's mother), of New Plymouth, but have now returned, taking with them Mrs. Bayley for a short time.

Mrs. Anderson, of Wanganui, is visiting her mother, Mrs. Hursthouse, of New Plymouth.

Mr. N. Miller and Mr. Kettle, who have been visiting Rotorua, have returned to New Plymouth.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Shaw, of New Plymouth, are visiting the lakes of the South Island.

Miss Paul and Miss Lawson, of New Plymouth, are visiting Hawera.

Mrs. Tilly and Miss O. Tilly, of Auckland, are paying a visit to New Plymouth.

Mrs. W. D. and Miss Meares (Christchurch) are staying at Hammer Lodge, Hammer Springs.

Mr. Graham, Mr. F. Graham, and a number of other gentlemen, are away trout fishing.

Miss Garrick has gone to Timaru for a change, having been very unwell lately; Mrs. de Vries has gone with her.

Miss Lorrimer (Wellington) spent last week in Christchurch; she was the guest of Miss Fairhurst, and returned home on Monday.

Miss Leatham (Wellington) is on a visit to Mrs. Appleby (Christchurch).

Mr. G. G. Stead and Mr. W. Stead (of Christchurch) have returned from Auckland after the races.

Miss Freda Marsden (Christchurch) has gone to Wanganui for the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Phillips, The Point, have been staying at Miss Lean's, Cambridge Terrace, during the holidays.

Mr. Bright, of Blenheim, went to Napier to spend Christmas, where Mrs. Bright had arrived from Auckland to meet Dr. and Mrs. Cleghorn, who proceeded there shortly after their arrival from England.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Black, of Blenheim, spent the Christmas holiday with Mr. Pollard at "The Delta," Benwick.

Mr. Charles Fulton, of Blenheim, has been appointed a Government hemp grader, a position he is well qualified to fill.

Mrs. C. Watts, of Nelson, arrived in Blenheim on Saturday, and has gone to stay at Hank House, Waltholp, with Mrs. Monro.

Mr. Vickers (Blenheim) returned from Wellington on Thursday, where he had been spending a few days.

The Misses Anderson gave the tea at the Marlborough Tennis Courts, Blenheim, on Saturday afternoon, and a large number of members and friends were present, among whom were—Mesdames C. Watts (Nelson), Monro, E. Chaytor, Redman, Black, Griffiths, Anderson, James, P. Douglas, A. Green, B. Clouston, Greenfield, the Misses Horton (3), Smith, Chaytor, Hodson, Winstanley, Carkeek, M. Dousin, Farmer, Greenfield (3), Giblin, E. Bull, Broadbent, and Messrs Greenfield (2), Crump (Masterton), Rose (Wellington), Hunting, Dr. Anderson, and many others.

Mrs. Coleman and several other Napier ladies have presented a festival altar frontal, and also a set of hangings, embroidered with white lilies, for the pulpit, lectern, and litany desk of St. John's Napier Cathedral.

The Rev. Mr. McDonald, of Wai-pawa, while driving home from Takapau through the Waipukurau Gorge, last week, met with an accident, owing to his horse falling and breaking the shafts, thus throwing out the occupants of the vehicle, who fortunately, however, except for a few bruises, were not much hurt.

Miss McLaughlin has arrived in Napier, after a long absence in Wellington.

Mrs. and Miss Margolouth, after about a month's visit to Auckland, have returned to their home on Milton Terrace, Napier.

Miss Lyndon, of Napier, has left for a visit to the South.

Mr. Dinwiddie, of Napier, has gone to Christchurch to be present at the Championship Tennis Tournament, now being held there.

Dr. Cleghorn, late of Blenheim, has returned from a visit to England, and is now staying at the Masonic Hotel, Napier.

Mrs. Westall, of Napier, is staying with friends in the country.

Mr. J. W. Joynt, of Wellington, is in Nelson for the holidays.

Mrs. and the Misses Fell, of Nelson, have gone to Wellington for a trip.

Mr. Harold Moore, of Wellington, is staying in Nelson with his people.

Mrs. and Miss Broad, of Wellington, spent Christmas with Mrs. Colt, Brightwater, Nelson.

Mr. E. Lewis, of Wellington, was in Nelson for Christmas.

Mr. R. Kingdon, of Nelson, has gone South for a trip.

The Misses Stevens, Ethel Ledger, and Dorothy Bell, of Nelson, left by coach last week to spend Christmas with Mrs. W. Adams, "Langleydale," Blenheim.

Miss E. Atkinson, Christchurch, is spending her holidays with her mother in Nelson. Mr. P. Atkinson, of Westport, is also home for a few days.

Miss Lita Jones, of Auckland, is visiting her people in Nelson.

Miss Poole, who has been in Ashburton for many months, has returned to her home in Nelson. Her brother, Mr. H. Poole, is also back in Nelson for a few days.

Miss Olivier, of Christchurch, is visiting friends in Nelson.

Mr. and Mrs. James Marsden (nee Miss Eves) arrived in Nelson last week from Napier, and have gone to their pretty home at Stoke.

Miss Amy Cameron, of Auckland, is to be married on the 26th inst. to Mr. W. E. Rendall, of Wellington, and the wedding is to take place from her sister's (Mrs. Wm. Clayton) house, where she has been staying for some time. Miss Ethel Cameron, who has been on a long visit to her brothers in San Francisco, is expected back in time for the wedding.

Canon and Mrs. Pascoe are expected back in Christchurch shortly, having left England by the Gothic on November 22.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Kaye and a party have gone over to the West Coast for the Christmas holidays.

Mr. T. Garrard left for Hammer Springs on Monday morning for a week; the long hours and work at the Exhibition are proving very trying for him.

Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Wallace have gone to Albury (South Canterbury) for the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Newton (Wellington) are in Christchurch on a visit.

The influx of visitors to Rotorua during the holidays has been tremendous. Amongst the visitors from Auckland were noticed Mr. and Mrs. S. Hesketh, Mr. and Mrs. Baume, Mr. and Mrs. Miss A. H. Nathan, Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Reed, Mr. and Mrs. the Misses Boulton, and Mr. and Mrs. Edmiston.

Mr. Austino Pavitt (Wellington) has been visiting his people in Greymouth.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Thomas, of Greymouth, leave for an extended visit to the North this week.

Mr. Austino Pavitt (Wellington) has been staying with his sister, Mrs. Leslie Bull, in Greymouth.

Miss Edith Taylor, of Greymouth, has left for a prolonged holiday in Australia.

Miss Duncean, of Hokitika, has come to Greymouth for the races.

Ladies Travelling and for Home Use.

For Health and Comfort.



HARTMANN'S Hygienic

Antiseptic Absorbent **TOWELETTES.**

In a size and Special Make for Accouchements. To be obtained from all Drapers, Chemists and Stores. Wholesale from the leading Importers. Hartmann's Depot: 56, TRAVINIA LANE, LONDON, E.C.

C. S. CORSETS.
 MADE BY
W. S. THOMSON & CO.



THIS CORSET, in about 10 qualities, is the best and most comfortable ever made. We desire to confirm this BRAND in small towns, to THE FASHION DEPOT.

MISS P. KELLY, Artistic Worker
 in Natural Flowers, Florist to
 His Excellency the Governor.
 Bridal Bouquets a Specialty.
 Brides, Bachelors, Wreaths,
 Crosses, and all the Latest Nov-
 elties. Country Orders promptly
 attended to. Show window in
 Caning's, Queen-st, opposite Bank
 N.Z. Telephone 324.

ORANGE BLOSSOMS

GAY-AVISON.
 The marriage of Mr. Charles Alfred Gay, of Waipukurau, with Mrs. Sarah Avison, of the same township, took place at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Gow, uncle and aunt of the bridegroom, on Tuesday. The bride was given away by Mr. Gow. She wore a dress of grey cloth, with vest of white silk, and on her large hat were some beautiful plumes. The service was performed by the Rev. T. McDonald.

HUDSON-ROACH.
 On the 26th inst. the township of Hastings, Hawke's Bay, was early astir, on the occasion of the marriage of Grace Lillian, daughter of Mr. G. H. Roach, of Hastings, and Mr. E. Varley Hudson, of Napier. The wedding party began to assemble soon after one o'clock at the parish church, which was decorated with ferns and flowers. The bride arrived at the church, leaning on her father's arm, wearing a dress of white brocade, trimmed with lace, and carrying a magnificent bouquet. The bridegroom was accompanied by Mr. C. H. Wilkie. The two bridesmaids, Miss Roach, of Wellington, and Miss Vigor Brown, of Napier, wore white muslin costumes, trimmed with ribbon and insertion, and burnt straw and white hats to correspond. They each wore a gold cable bracelet, the gift of the bridegroom. The service was performed by the Rev. John Hobbs. After the ceremony the wedding party assembled at the residence of the bride's parents, where the numerous presents of the bride were displayed. At three o'clock Mr. and Mrs. Hudson started for Wellington amidst the good wishes of their many friends.

COLLISON-IRVINE.
 The marriage of Mr. E. Collison, son of Mr. E. D. Collison, of "Claremont," and Miss Mary Irvine, who has lately arrived from England, was solemnised on the 26th inst. at the Wesleyan Church, Hastings, by the Rev. Mr. Wrigley officiating. The bride wore a dress of white silk, mille veil. The two bridesmaids wore deep yellow dresses, sashes and bodices trimmed with lace, with hats to match, and each carried a bouquet of cream roses. The service over, the wedding party proceeded to the residence of Mr. D. Collison for breakfast, when a number of the relatives and friends were present, after which Mr. and Mrs. E. Collison left for Napier on their way to Gisborne to begin the honeymoon. The wedding presents were very numerous.

HORNE-LOVE.
 On the 26th December a numerous company assembled at St. Matthew's Church, Hastings, to witness the marriage of Mr. W. Alfred Horne, of Hastings, to Ada, daughter of Mr. G. Love, also of Hastings. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. John Hobbs. The bride was given away by her father. She was attended by her two sisters, the Misses Hilda and Rose Love, and the bridegroom by Mr. A. E. Horne. After the ceremony the wedding party adjourned to the residence of the bride's parents, where they were received by them. The bride's dress was ivory-white cashmere, trimmed with satin and lace and sprays of flowers. She had a small spray of flowers on her head, and a tulle veil. The bridesmaids were prettily dressed in ivory-white muslin, trimmed with lace and sarak silk, and bows of ribbons, and hats to match; carrying in their hands dainty bouquets, the gift of the bridegroom. The wedding presents were numerous and handsome.

WILSON-AUSTIN.
 The marriage of Mr. Charles E. Wilson with Edith Matilda, fourth daughter of Mr. T. A. Austin, of Napier, was solemnised at the Trinity Methodist Church. The wedding was a very quiet one, only the nearest relatives of both

families being present. The bride was conducted to the altar by her father, who afterwards gave her away. She was handsomely dressed in pale French grey silk, the skirt and bodice trimmed with lace. Her hat was of grey straw. She carried a lovely bouquet of white roses. The Misses Lily Wilson and Florence Austin, sisters of the bride and bridegroom, wore dresses of white silk, and toques of the same, and carried bunches of white flowers. The Rev. W. G. Parsonson officiated. The ceremony over, the wedding party repaired to the bride's residence for breakfast, and later the newly-married couple started on their wedding tour.

FERGUSON-GRAHAM.
 The marriage of Mr. J. H. Ferguson, of Napier, with Miss Emily M. Graham, daughter of Mr. R. G. Graham, also of Napier, was solemnised on December 24th, in the Napier Trinity Methodist Church. The Rev. W. G. Parsonson performed the ceremony. The bridegroom was accompanied by Mr. Keith Bell and Mr. H. Rhymer. The bride was accompanied by her father, who conducted her up the church and afterwards gave her away. The bride's dress was composed of ivory silk, trimmed with lace. She wore a large picture hat, and carried a bouquet—orange blossoms, roses, carnations, etc., presented by the bridegroom. She was attended by two bridesmaids, who wore dresses of yellow muslin, founced with lace, bodices of the same, veiled in lace, and cream chip hats, trimmed with chiffon; each carried a bouquet of heliotrope and yellow flowers, presented by the bridegroom. The entrance to the church was lined with friends of the bride. The party proceeded to the residence of the bride's mother, where breakfast was served, after which the bride and bridegroom took their departure for Wellington. There was a large number of presents.

MAXWELL-BLYTH.
 An interesting ceremony took place in St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Suva, on Thursday, the 6th ult., when Mr. Gerard Verner Maxwell, Stipendiary Magistrate, fifth son of the late Sir William Edward Maxwell, K.C.M.G., Governor of the Gold Coast Colony, was married to Miss Jean Crawford Blyth, only daughter of the late David Blyth, M.B., C.M. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. W. P. Mathew, and the service was fully choral. The church was beautifully decorated; and there was a large attendance of guests, and others. Miss Morris, of Levuka, acted as bridesmaid, and Mr. R. S. D. Rankine, private secretary to His Excellency the Governor, officiated as best man. The bride, who resided in Auckland for some time, and has many New Zealand friends, was given away by Mr. J. Murchie. The bride's bouquet, which was most beautiful, was presented by Mrs. Pound. The bride's dress was a white silk poplin, and she wore a white hat, trimmed with white tips; the bridesmaid's dress, a cream figured net over cream satin, trimmed with heliotrope, with white hat trimmed with heliotrope chiffon; and the bride's mother wore a grey silk poplin, trimmed with white lace, with black hat and grey tips. After the ceremony at the church, the guests assembled at the residence of the bride's mother, where the wedding breakfast was served.

The bridegroom's present to the bride was a jewelled bracelet; bride to bridegroom, gold Albert and pendant. The following is a list of the presents:—His Excellency Sir George O'Brien, cheque; Mrs. Blyth, bride's mother, silver pickle jar, silver jam and jelly spoons, oak trays, etc.; Miss Morris, bridesmaid, silver sweet dish, tray, cloth, and tea cosy; Hon. W. L. Allardye, cheque; Hon. C. H. H. and Mrs. Irvine, cheque; Hon. W. and Mrs. Sutherland, silver dinner bell, and silver teaspoons; the Hon. D. B. and Mrs. Millar, biscuit barrel; Mr. J. Murchie, cheque; Mr. and Mrs. J. D. W. Vaughan, china tea service; the Masters Vaughan, silver serviette rings; Mr. A. M. S. Duncan, cheque; Mr. Sydney Smith, fish slice; Mr. W. C. Simons, silver mounted carvers; Mr. and Mrs. George Gordon and Mr. Peter Gordon, silver tea and coffee service; Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Scott, silver egg stand; Captain and Mrs. Wooley, silver mounted bread platter; Mrs. Withiam, embroidered satin tea cosy; Mr. L. Johnston, silver mounted card case and toilet set; Mr. and Mrs. Doyle, gold buckle; Mr. and Mrs. J. K. M. Ross, silver belt clasp; Mr. A. Montgomerie, silver fish and fruit knives and forks; Mr. James Stuart, silver oil and vine-

gar stand; Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Thomas, silver cruet, tray, and scoop; Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Collie, carriage clock; Mr. and Mrs. H. Moore Armstrong, silver ice pail; Miss Gardiner, silver cruet; Mrs. and Miss Garrick, silver jelly stand; the Misses Graburn, lace tea cosy; Mr. and Mrs. McLean, silver fruit stand; Mrs. Pound, cushions; Major and Mrs. L. E. Brown, silver butter dish; Mr. R. S. D. Rankine, cheque. Other presents are arriving from Home anon.

HUTCHINS-JAMES.
 At St. Peter's Church, Waipawa, on Wednesday last, was celebrated the marriage of Mr. A. G. Hutchins with Miss E. E. James, both of Waipawa. A number of relations and friends were present at the ceremony. The bridegroom arrived just before the appointed time, accompanied by Mr. J. Peters, as best man. The bride was given away by Mr. A. E. Eames, and followed by three bridesmaids. The bridal dress was exceedingly handsome. It was of a deep cream colour, draped with lace. She wore a small spray of orange blossoms, covered by a tulle veil. The bridesmaids' dresses, which were greatly admired, were composed of blue and white muslin, trimmed with lace; their small white hats were trimmed with feathers, and each carried a bouquet of white flowers. On leaving the church the wedding party and their friends proceeded to Mr. and Mrs. Eames' residence, in Rose-street, and later in the afternoon the newly-wedded couple left for Napier, where they intend to spend the early days of the honeymoon.

SETTLER'S DAUGHTER IN DANGER.

A pressman who purposely called at the homestead of Mr. Gruhl—a settler residing at Parnaroo, near Terowie (S.A.)—had the good fortune to hear from his daughter's lips an account of her narrow escape from death.

With charming frankness Miss Antonia Gruhl stated: "I am nineteen years of age, and my life passed happily and uneventfully until two years ago. I then became a victim to anaemia; I grew thin and weak; my face became pale and wretched-looking, and sometimes I went off into a dead faint, for the slightest excitement caused me to lose consciousness. I grew so thin and weak that I was unable to perform even light duties, and although always feeling tired and worn out I could never sleep properly. The little food I forced down gave me no strength, and I seemed in danger of fading away and dying. I tried several patent medicines without benefit, and I was rapidly becoming worse when I was advised to try Dr. Williams' pink pills for pale people. I did so, and after using them for a week according to directions, I began to improve. My appetite came back; I slept well and woke up bright and refreshed. Three boxes restored me to perfect health. The fainting fits and dizziness have disappeared, and housework is now a pleasure. I have to thank Dr. Williams' pink pills for my narrow escape from an illness which might have been life-long."

Miss Gruhl is to be congratulated upon having overcome a most insidious form of disease to which young women are particularly susceptible. Dr. Williams' pink pills cured her by increasing the supply and richness of the blood, thus removing all the afflictions which bloodlessness brought about. They also cure paralysis, rheumatism, sciatica, dyspepsia, ladies' ailments, consumption, scrofula, rickets, erysipelas, and nervous disorders in both sexes. Sold by chemists and storekeepers, and by the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Wellington, three shillings per box, six boxes sixteen and six, post free. Worthless substitutes are numerous, so you must look for the full name in red on the white wrapper.

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

SIMPLY INVALUABLE TO LADIES' DRESSMAKERS, AND OTHERS
 etc., etc., etc.
FIT AND STYLE ENSURED
 BY MEANS OF THE MAGIC GARMENT CUTTER.
 Cuts for Ladies, Gents, or Children. Easy to Learn. Taught through the Post. Terms and particulars from Sole N.Z. Agent: MISS M. THOMSON KING, Wellington.
AGENTS WANTED.

TO CLEAR THE COMPLEXION OF BLEMISHES



NOTHING LIKE CUTICURA SOAP

Millions of Women use Cuticura Soap Exclusively for beautifying the skin, for the stopping of falling hair, for softening and whitening red, rough hair, for assuaging irritations, too free or excessive perspiration, washes for skin-diseases, for many sensitive and delicate purposes, and for all the sores of the toilet, bath, and surgery.

Sold by all Colonial Chemists, Ferriss, Dunn & Co., Ltd., Sole Agents, Wellington, N.Z.

Society Gossip
AUCKLAND.

Dear Bee, January 8.
THE AUCKLAND RACING CLUB'S SUMMER MEETING.

The Derby Day took place on Tuesday last (New Year's Day). The attendance was one of the largest that has patronised the Ellerslie course. The threatening aspect of the sky in the early morning gave the impression that the first day of the new century would not be ushered in under favourable weather, but as the day wore on the ominous clouds disappeared and gave place to a canopy of fleecy gossamer, which tempered the rays of the ardent sun. A cool southerly breeze blew till evening, which rather made the air inclined to be cold. Owing to the showers which fell during the past evenings, there was no dust, and Ellerslie course was looking its best, the surroundings being verdant and spring like. The lawn during the afternoon furnished a beautiful sight, the costumes worn by the ladies being much smarter than those of Boxing Day, and very pretty and becoming hats and toques were en evidence. The management of the meeting was all that could be desired, and prompt time being observed throughout the afternoon in the starting of the various events.

Renown, the winner of the Derby, was decorated with the time-honoured Blue Riband by the wife of the President (Mrs W. McLaughlin), who performed this pleasing function, amid the cheering of the crowd.

Mrs McLaughlin (the President's wife) wore a very handsome black broche, relieved with white at neck, black toque of black and white rosettes of tulle and violets; Mrs Atkinson, black silk; Miss Atkinson, white cambric, hat with blue; Mrs Ansenne, violet foulard slashed with white, black hat; Mrs Armitage, grey costume, black hat with yellow flowers; Mrs Nicol, navy tailor-made gown, white vest, black hat; Mrs Allison, black silk, relieved with white; Miss Allison, white gown, with black figured design, white hat with blue; Mrs Jervis, white skirt, buttercup silk blouse; Mrs E. Anderson, cream serge; Mrs Grierson, blue costume; Mrs Harry T. Bloomfield, violet foulard, finished with white; Mrs George K. Bloomfield,

heliotrope floral muslin, on a white ground, full skirt made with a tunic, muslin ruche finished the hem, the bodice was of a gathered muslin, black hat; Mrs. Lead Bloomfield, black fouldard with small white spots, black bonnet; Mrs. Raey, violet fouldard; Mrs. Bell, brown, trimmed with velvet of a darker hue; Miss Williams, brown holland, white vest; Mrs. Lawson, very stylish and striking maize coloured costume, with toque to correspond; Miss Binney, fawn tussore silk, black hat; Miss A. Binney, pretty white muslin, with tucks and lace insertion, blue silk toque; Mrs. J. Taylor (Sydney), white costume, white hat; Mrs. Roach, navy blue costume, trimmed with ecru bands, black hat with yellow flowers; Miss Mason, white muslin, black hat with pink flowers; Mrs. A. P. Friend, dark skirt, pink silk blouse, and her daughter wore white; Mrs. William Read Bloomfield, pale oyster grey crepe de chine costume, with a flat of a mauve colour, stylishly trimmed with cream lace braid, black velvet hat, with plumes; Mrs. Robinson, black and white figured fouldard, black hat with plumes and tulle; Mrs. S. Morrin, navy and white striped silk, toque to correspond; Mrs. Thomas Morrin, white silk, veiled in black net, with an embroidered pattern, black toque; Miss Morrin, white chine silk, with tucks and lace insertion, burnt straw hat, with dark red flowers; Miss Thomas, white skirt, rose pink silk blouse, white hat, swathed rose pink silk; Miss Chadwick, navy fouldard, finished with white, white hat with plumes; Miss Dowell, black skirt, black and white figured bolero, black hat, with plumes and violets; Mrs. Salmon, grey figured silk, black and white tulle bonnet; Miss Salmon, white China silk, with fichu, and transparent yoke and sleeves, black hat, relieved with white plumes; Miss Power, white silk with fichu, black picture hat twisted to suit the face of wearer, and trimmed with ostrich plumes; Mrs. Burton, pink muslin, pink tulle hat; Mrs. Archer Burton, grey costume, finished with lilac, toque with blue flowers and green leaves; Mrs. Lyons, white costume, pink vest, black toque, with shot blue flowers and green leaves; Miss Aubrey, white gown, with eau de nil silk swathing the waist and sailor hat; Miss Thorue George, azure blue fouldard, with founced skirt, edged with lace, hat swathed with tulle to correspond; Mrs. Craig, white; China silk, finished with blue, white hat; Mrs. (Dr.) Coom, biscuit coloured silk, blue floral toque; Mrs. Creagh, grey check, and her daughter wore green muslin; Miss Berry, black relieved with lavender; Mrs. Churton, black and white figured fouldard; Mrs. Alfred Buckland, sage, green; Miss Buckland, bluey grey costume; Miss — Buckland, white; Mrs. Black, bluey grey plaid costume; Mrs. Bamford, bluey grey trimmed with bands of velvet, black bonnet; Mrs. Withers, black; Miss Withers, pretty heliotrope and cream striped costume, toque of cowslips and heliotrope flowers; Miss Hasley, green and white striped gown, green hat, and her sister wore canary and white striped zephyr; Miss Steele, brown holland, draped in fichu style with white lace, brown felt hat with rose pink silk; Misses Steele (Christ-church) wore pretty white tucked muslins with lace insertion, one wore white hat with blue, and her sister white hat with pink; Mrs. Donald, dark skirt, plaid blouse; Miss Donald, white gown, white hat trimmed with pink; Mrs. Hanson, navy fouldard with floral design, canary straw toque with muslin and pink flowers; Mrs. H. Nolan, very smart costume of ivory silk veiled in net with embossed design, cream straw hat with flowers; Mrs. Hodge, grey costume with white silk let in V shape back and front, outlined with bead passementerie, black hat with plumes; Mrs. A. P. Wilson, wine coloured muslin, with lace finishings, black hat; Mrs. C. Brown, dark biscuit coloured costume; Mrs. J. Benjamin, black relieved with white; Miss Kohn, white finished with green; Mrs. Cattianchi, dark skirt, flame coloured silk blouse; Mrs. Arch. Clark, grey figured silk in white ground, black toque; Mrs. Browning, black; Mrs. Thos. Ching, China blue fouldard, toque composed of yellow, pink and

heliotrope roses; Miss McLean (Gisborne), grey finished with pink, grey hat with pink; Mrs. Douglas, dark brown skirt, white blouse, white hat with pink flowers; Miss Douglas, pretty white lace insertion muslin, pink straw hat with grey trimming; Mrs. W. H. Colbeck, China blue fouldard, black toque with variegated roses; Mrs. Dillingham, tabac brown striped gowns with motif of lace; Mrs. Herries, lemon coloured bolero and skirt, the bolero was square cut and edged with lace, white hat; Miss Horne, black delaine with green floral design and trimmed with lace; Miss Cruickshank, white muslin finished with blue; Mrs. Alfred Nathan, very handsome mauve silk, with cream lace, white and gold toque with wings of pleated tulle; Miss Cotter, green silk, and her sister wore a buttercup silk costume; Miss Stevenson, blue costume, and her sister wore a flowered muslin; Miss Choyce, white pique, and her sister wore a white costume figured with navy, white hat; Miss Shepherd, white silk veiled in black net, black toque with yellow pannels and yellow velvet; Miss E. Scherff, biscuit coloured costume; Mrs. D'Arcy, handsome Raofairly blue flowered French muslin, with full flounce outlined with black lace braid, Rubens hat trimmed with lace and bouquet of flowers; Miss Nelson, white muslin, white straw hat with flowers; Mrs. Windsor, violet fouldard; Miss Leys, navy fouldard with slashes of white lace, white hat with pleated tulle, pink flowers, white feathers; Mrs. Sidney Nathan, very handsome black silk, trimmed with white silk embroidered stitching, black hat with pleated and black and white tulle bows held together with a buckle; Mrs. Lindsay, white tucked muslin, finished with blue; Mrs. J. M. Dargaville, black costume, trimmed with passementerie; Mrs. Robert Dargaville, dark skirt, canary blouse veiled in white muslin, black toque; Misses Dargaville (2), white costumes, black hats; Miss Goodwin, white gown, black hat; Miss Chapman, navy spotted fouldard, sailor hat; Mrs. Devore, black silk; Miss Devore, white; Mrs. Loveridge, white muslin with grey floral design; Miss Dunnett, pearl grey tucked crepe de chine, black hat with blue poppies; Miss Niccol, black skirt, blue blouse, blue toque; Mrs. Grey, white skirt, bluey blouse; Miss Yonge, canary veiled in white, black hat trimmed with yellow; Mrs. (Col.) Dawson, cherry pink veiled in black net, grey hat; Mrs. Davy, pink; Mrs. Caro, black finished with pink ruffled net, black bonnet with pink; Miss Caro, white tucked muslin, relieved with sulphur blue silk; Mrs. Elliott, black; Miss Elliott, lemon coloured silk veiled in white muslin; Mrs. Frater, black skirt, white tucked muslin blouse, black hat; Mrs. Hill, white pique, black toque; Mrs. Peel, biscuit coloured costume; Mrs. Robert Lusk looked very pretty in a mode grey, made with a founced skirt, black sash, tied at one side, black hat with pink roses and ostrich feathers; Miss Lusk, white muslin, with canary silk round waist and neck, black hat; and her sister wore white muslin, black waistband, black hat with plumes; Mrs. Chamberlin, blue and black striped crepe; Misses Sutton (2), shades of pink muslin; Miss — Sutton, black skirt, green plaid crepe de chine blouse, white hat; Miss Little, lovely shell pink silk, with white tulle fichu, tucked, pink silk yoke and sleeves, black hat; Mrs. Hamlin, white veiled in black net, and trimmed with gold passementerie; Miss Firth, white China silk; Mrs. Hope Lewis, dome blue flowered French muslin, black hat trimmed with blue tulle; and her daughter wore white; Mrs. Gorrie, black skirt, grey striped blouse; Misses Gorrie (3), white muslin; Mrs. Foster, mode grey crepe de chine; Mrs. A. Gordon, dark skirt, heliotrope striped blouse; Miss Griffiths, blue serge, violet hat; Mrs. Guinness, white costume; Mrs. A. Hanna, white muslin, with blue waistband; Miss McCosh Clark, white costume, hat swathed with blue; and her sister wore pink muslin, cream hat, with pink flowers; Miss Jackson, white; and her sister wore a white skirt, rose pink silk blouse, hat with rose pink trimmings; Miss Hesketh, fawn silk, with lace trimming, cherry coloured velvet toque; and her sister, grey check; Mrs. Arch. Taylor, grey check; Misses Lee-

land (2) were studied in white muslin, marine blue waistbands, collars; and parasols, transparent lace yokes and sleeves, black hats; Miss Hanna, pale grey flowered muslin, white hat, with lavender wings; Miss Townhend, grey and white figured silk; Miss Ilbert, green check; Miss Whyte, pink flowered French muslin; Mrs. Fitzroy Peacocke, black; Misses Peacocke (2), white gowns; Mrs. Irdale, white silk, relieved with blue, black hat; Miss Lennox, grey stripe; Mrs. Duncan Clerk, blue flowered French muslin, white tulle hat, with feathers; Mrs. Kingswell, black skirt; cherry and black figured blouse; Miss Preece, yellow flowered French muslin; Mrs. Martelli, blue French muslin; Mrs. Worsp, black delaine, flowered with blue; Miss Worsp, pink floral muslin; Miss Mitchellson, blue flowered gown; Miss Percival, black silk; Miss Ethel Percival, white cambrie, cream hat, with hydrangeas; and her two youngest sisters wore brown holland, pretty blue tulle hats; Mrs. Stuart-Reid, cream serge, gold braided bolero; Mrs. J. C. Smith, blue fouldard, finished with white, black toque; Miss Smith, white; Mrs. Sharnman, dark skirt, heliotrope cape, veiled in black lace; Mrs. Buller, brown cloth, black bonnet; Mrs. Moss Davis, black and white figured silk; Misses Moss Davis, white silks, black and white Rubens hats respectively; Mrs. Ernest Moss Davis, black skirt, fawn jacket; Mrs. H. Tonks, crushed strawberry gown; Miss Rooke, violet fouldard; Mrs. E. C. Smith, green, veiled in fawn, fawn toque, with pink flowers; Mrs. H. Niccol, white pique, black hat; Mrs. Talbot-Tubbs, white muslin, black toque; Mrs. Thorpe, black silk; Miss Thorpe, white chine silk, with fichu; Mrs. Stafford Walker, grey and blue striped gown; Mrs. Walker, black silk, sea-green bonnet; Miss Wilkins, fawn silk, hat with bouquet of flowers; Miss M. Wilkins, blue and grey stripe, finished at waist and neck with red velvet, red velvet toque; Miss Tunner, dark skirt, blue blouse, white hat; Mrs. Moody, black silk; Miss Roberts, black striped moire, crushed strawberry pink straw hat; Mrs. Simpson, blue flowered trained fouldard, long fawn saque jacket, black hat; Miss Simpson, pink flowered trained fouldard; Mrs. Cottle, claret-coloured costume, relieved with black; Mrs. Hutchison, black, relieved with blue, white hat with plumes; Mrs. Roberts, black broche, relieved with white; Mrs. Murray, blue flowered gown; Mrs. Oldham, white pique; Miss Buller, pink flowered muslin.

The Steeplechase Day, on Wednesday last, brought the A.R.C. Summer Meeting at Ellerslie to a conclusion, when the most perfect of summer days prevailed. There was a cool southerly breeze, and the sky was prettily flecked with silver-tinted clouds. The day might well be termed an ideal one for an out-door gathering. The attendance again was very large. The management of the gathering was again all that could be desired.

Mrs. McLaughlin, black broche, white let in at the neck, finished with twine-coloured lace, white bonnet; Mrs. Colbeck, mode grey costume, toque with roses; Mrs. Stuart Reid, white muslin, white hat with blue; Miss Dawson, pink muslin; Miss Mariel Dawson, white muslin; Miss Stevenson, canary relieved with white; Mrs. Frater, black costume; Mrs. Markham, white saque jacket and skirt; Mrs. Hanna, white muslin, with blue sash, hat with blue; Mrs. Gorrie, black silk; Miss Gorrie, grey striped costume; Mrs. Goodhue, black and white figured costume, black hat; Mrs. Angus Gordon, dark skirt, pink check blouse; Miss Hesketh, grey skirt, blue bodice, white hat; and her sister, grey trimmed with cerise costume; Miss Waller, white silk; Miss Hanna, grey trimmed with ecru lace, white hat with heliotrope wings; Mrs. Hill, biscuit-coloured gown, finished with pink, black hat trimmed with pink; Mrs. Gill, pink flowered French muslin, black hat; Mrs. Roberts, lavender silk veiled in black net, black hat; Mrs. Hutchison, brown holland skirt, green blouse, black hat with yellow flowers; Mrs. Fitzroy Peacocke, black; Miss Peacocke, white skirt, blue and white striped blouse; and her sister wore a pretty blue fouldard; Mrs. Kingswell, royal blue fouldard with white spots, black toque; Mrs. Duncan Clerk, wine costume, veiled in fawn striped

net, black hat; Mrs. ———, grey and blue passementerie; Mrs. Nolan, cream silk veiled in embossed net; Mrs. Shepherd, brown holland skirt, cream blouse; Miss Shepherd, blue trimmed with white braid, white hat trimmed with blue; Mrs. Noakes, black silk; Miss Noakes, grey trimmed with white braid; Miss Shepherd, dark green costume, white vest, cream toque with flowers; Mrs. W. H. Churton, white cambrie; Mrs. Crowe, brown holland skirt, blue blouse, white hat; Mrs. Walker (Ellerslie), black silk relieved with heliotrope bonnet; Mrs. Forbes, brown holland skirt, pink blouse; Mrs. Cottle, dark claret trimmed with black; Mrs. Coney, blue and white stripe, white hat with pink flowers; Mrs. Sealey, grey costume; Mrs. Stafford-Walker, grey and pink combination; Miss Sutton, grey; Miss Salmon, white shower muslin; Miss Witahell, white skirt, blue blouse; Mrs. Bell, brown; Miss Tanner, brown holland skirt, pink blouse, white hat; Mrs. Woodroffe, lavender costume; Miss Woodroffe, white; Mrs. Barry Keating, black trimmed with cherry silk, black hat; Mrs. Caro, black and pink combination; Mrs. Caro, blue and white stripe, hat trimmed with blue; Mrs. Hudson Williamson, black relieved with blue; Mrs. Hay, black and white striped gown; Mrs. Martelli, yellow silk veiled in white muslin, black hat; Miss Goodwin, brown holland costume, black hat; Miss Jackson, white muslin, blue sash, black hat; Mrs. (Dr.) Scott, grey and pink combination; Miss Wyldie Brown, pink costume, hat with feathers; Mrs. Creagh, grey; Miss Creagh, green French muslin;

S.L. PRIMA DONNA Corsets.



THE MOST PERFECT LONG-WAISTED CORSET.

OBTAINABLE AT ALL THE LEADING WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DRAPERS IN THE COLONY.

Sole Agent for Manufacturers: H. ISAACS, MORAY PLACE, DUNEDIN.

GOUT

Bishop's Citrate of Lithia is a very effective and pleasant remedy for the relief and cure of Gout, Rheumatism, Gravel, Stone and allied diseases. The regular use of LITHIA as a beverage with meals will completely ward off an attack of Gout.

ALFRED BISHOP LTD.
45, Spidner St., London.
Australasian Office:
10 O'CONNELL STREET, SYDNEY.

CURED.

Mrs Oldham, blue; Miss Wallnutt, pretty lavender muslin; Mrs Lovelidge, black costume, black hat; Miss Mowbray, grey costume, white V shape let in front and back, black hat; Miss Daisy Mowbray, fawn, trimmed with shell pink, hat and parasol en suite; Mrs. Nicol, black; Miss Nichol, dark skirt, blue blouse, blue toque; Mrs Grey, dark skirt, white blouse, black hat; Mrs Mitchellson, grey, trimmed with diamond shaped lace applique, cream toque with pink; Miss Mitchellson, blue and white, striped cambric; Misses Ireland, white muslins; Mrs S. Morris, navy and white stripe; Miss Thorpe, white muslin; Mrs Worsp, green muslin, black toque; Miss Worsp, white muslin, with green sash; Mrs Ching, handsome royal blue; material, finished with white, black hat profusely trimmed with white ostrich feathers; Miss McLean (Gisborne), white muslin, pink hat; Mrs B. Tonks, white cambric, black hat; Miss Percival, canary and white striped gown, black toque, and her sister, white muslin; and her sisters, brown holland; Mrs Ralph (Ponsonby), green plaid; Mrs Ralph (Sylvia Park), black, relieved with white; Miss Muir, pink and blue flowered muslin; Mrs J. C. Smith, black silk, black hat; Miss Smith, white; Mrs Wilson, white skirt, heliotrope blouse, heliotrope hat; Miss Scherff, white book muslin, with fawn lace; Mrs Black, dark green; Miss Atkinson, white silk, finished with black velvet; Mrs Alison, black silk, relieved with white; Mrs Grubame, absinthe green foulard; Mrs Thomas Morris, violet foulard, with white spots, brown hat, trimmed with white; Mrs Morris, white mousseline de soie, cream hat, with roses; and her sister wore a pink flowered gown; Miss Boscawen, dark skirt, pink blouse, blue ribbon round waist and neck, hat with blue ribbons; Mrs Harry Bloomfield, pale mode grey costume, white hat, with plumes; Miss Binney, grey plaid costume, black hat trimmed with blue; Miss Buckland, blue costume; Mrs Herries, blue cambric, trimmed with coffee lace applique, black hat, with yellow; Miss Horne, lavender coat and skirt, grey hat, trimmed with yellow; Mrs Alfred Nathan, pale grey tuckled silk, grey hat, with black ribbon; Mrs Browning, black and white striped costume, black toque with black ostrich feather, and her daughter wore white; Mrs Cotter, China blue foulard, trimmed with black lace, black hat; with coloured roses; Miss Cotter, green silk, veiled in white muslin, cream straw hat, with black tulle and pink flowers; Mrs Bull, black silk; Mrs Lawford, grey check; Mrs Devore, black; Miss Davy, white; Miss Dunnett, heliotrope muslin, black hat, with plumes; Mrs Moss Davis, black and white figured foulard; Miss Moss Davis, white Indian silk, black hat; Miss Wilkins, brown holland; Miss M. Wilkins, white relieved with pink; Mrs C. Phillips, royal blue, trimmed with white.

There was a very large attendance on Saturday

AT POLO.

which was held in Potter's Paddock. Mrs. Burns and Mrs. Ferguson gave the afternoon tea, which was prettily laid out in an ante-room under the stand. The table was decorated with various colours of sweet pea. Mrs. Burns, black silk, relieved with white, black bonnet; Mrs. A. M. Ferguson, white muslin, with lace insertion and tucks, black picture hat with black plumes and tulle, pink roses beneath brim; Miss Claire Smith, white pique, the waist was swathed with blue, white hat with blue and black feathers; Miss Thorne George, white pique skirt, cream Liberty silk blouse, cream straw hat, with ruche of green in front, and quills; Miss Griffiths, fawn holland skirt, white blouse, sailor hat; Mrs. Harry Tonks, white shower muslin, sailor hat; Miss Worsp, grey check skirt, white pique jacket, sailor hat; and her sister wore white, relieved with blue, hat to correspond; Mrs. Lockhart, dark skirt, white tuckled blouse with cream lace, sailor collar, sailor hat; Mrs. Elliott, violet figured foulard, black bonnet; Miss Elliott, white costume, white hat with red flowers and feathers; Mrs. (Dr.) Scott, a combination of grey and pink; Mrs. (Colonel) Dawson, flowered muslin with black Empire sash, grey

toque; Mrs. Hope-Lewis, white gown, black hat; and her daughter, white skirt, pink blouse, white hat; Miss Purchas, white muslin, sailor hat; Mrs. Craigh, dark skirt, white blouse; Mrs. Buddle, habit skirt, white blouse; Miss Gorrill, black and white striped muslin; Miss Shepherd, black costume, relieved with white; Miss Lennox, white skirt, coloured blouse, hat with flowers; Misses Kerr-Taylor (2), pink costumes; Miss Stevenson, yellow silk, veiled in white muslin, black hat; Mrs. Lawford, black skirt, striped silk blouse, sailor hat; Miss Hesketh, blue figured foulard, sailor hat; Mrs. Scott-West, dark skirt, canary blouse; Messrs. O'Rourke, C. Purchas, Colonel Dawson, Pickering, Stimpson, Dunnett, Smith, Dawson, Craigh (2), Tonks, Bloomfield, Lockhart, Woodhouse, Cotter, Herries, Drs. C. Purchas, Sharmon, Guinness and Scott.

PHYLLIS BROWN.

NEW PLYMOUTH.

Dear Bee, January 4.
The New Plymouth people celebrated the advent of the New Year by the happy idea of a universal

PICNIC

and seaside carnival on the sands at the breakwater, which turned out an unequalled success. Perhaps one of the prettiest sights to the onlooker was the immense number of daintily dressed children sporting themselves on the sands, building and fortifying castles, or paddling about with bare feet and exciting the pride or fear of their anxious parents, while the young men and maidens varied the monotony of the marine element of amusement by excursions into the fern-clad sandhills, or peradventure climbing up the dizzy heights of Paritutu, finishing up the day's amusement with the time-honoured diversion of "kiss in the ring." Never before, in the history of Taranaki, have the capabilities of the "Port" been so well developed as a resort for seaside recreation, and the scene of the thousands of happy people enjoying themselves, forcibly brought to mind to many of the older visitors, visions of Margate, Ramsgate and Brighton, in the days gone by. To enhance the pleasure of the day, the committee had wisely chartered the Union Company's splendid new steamer, the Mapourika, which, during the afternoon, conveyed about 1000 passengers, including children, for a short sea trip round the Sugar Loaves and Seal Rock, thence back in view of the town, and returning to the Breakwater about 3.30 p.m. Many of those on board had never seen the sea or a steamer in their lives before, and the little ocean voyage was a revelation, and will be an event to them to talk about in the future. In fact, everything passed off well and happily, and the greatest praise is due to Messrs. W. Newman, R. Cock, W. Skinner, T. Mills and all the other members of the committee, who worked so hard and zealously to make the affair the success it proved.

The second annual meeting of the TARANAKI LAWN TENNIS ASSOCIATION

took place on the New Plymouth Club's grounds on January 1st and 2nd (Tuesday and Wednesday afternoons). We were favoured with lovely weather, if anything, a trifle too warm, and visitors from Waverley, Patea and Stratford were present. The former club proved too good for the local players, Mr. Dickie and Miss Powdrell, in the championships, playing in splendid style. Miss Powdrell, the winner of the ladies' championship singles, is a very graceful player. Mrs. Payne also played a very good game, while Miss Payne and the Misses Dickie added to the success of the Southerners. Mr. Dickie, in the final set, after a hard struggle, beat Mr. S. Smith, a local man.

Among those watching the games were: Mrs. W. Leatham (Auckland), white pique coat and skirt; Mrs. L. Leatham, pink blouse, dark skirt, hat en suite; Mrs. Penn, heliotrope muslin, with heliotrope and white net bow; Miss Kirkby, blue and white costume; Miss I. Kirkby, white blouse, dark skirt, sailor hat; Mrs. J. Cartwright, pink blouse, veiled in white muslin, black lustre skirt; Miss Cartwright, pink and green flowered muslin, trimmed with violet; Miss Hawkins, pretty blue and white blouse, cream lustre skirt; her sister looked extremely well in white; Miss Thomson, white

muslin blouse, dark skirt; Miss Bedford, white muslin, heliotrope hat; Mrs. Howley, grey; Miss Smith, violet costume, black hat; Mrs. Stanford, black; Miss Stanford, blue and white; Mrs. H. Fookes, grey costume, black hat; Miss Fookes, white; Miss Hamerton; Miss E. Hamerton, blue; Mrs. J. Wilson, blue blouse, dark skirt, sailor hat; Miss T. Berry, white and pink; Miss M. Evans; Mrs. Maurison, white, and violet tie; Mrs. Anderson (Wanganui), white, with pink and blue hat; Miss McKellar, pink and white; Miss J. McKellar, white; Miss MacDiarmid, blue blouse, holland skirt, sailor hat; Miss H. Webster, heliotrope silk blouse, trimmed with black velvet ribbon and cream lace, white skirt, pretty white hat; Miss L. Webster, white; Mrs. Lollo, white blouse, black skirt; Miss Stuart, white costume, black picture hat; her friend wore a navy blue costume, trimmed with violet velvet, pretty turquoise blue chiffon toque; Mrs. Curtis (Stratford), violet blouse, black skirt, black hat; Miss Curtis, white; Miss G. Holdsworth, white; Miss Forlace (Wellington), grey blouse, dark skirt; Miss M. Fookes, white and scarlet; Miss G. Fookes, blue and white; Mrs. Kimble, pretty grey costume, hat en suite; Mrs. MacDiarmid, green; Miss B. Bayly, grey silk blouse, black lustre skirt; Miss V. George, pale heliotrope; Miss Standish, blue blouse, dark skirt, sailor hat; Mrs. Marshall, Miss Marshall; Miss W. Mathew, white and green; Misses G. and O. Stanford; Miss Tuke; Miss Skeet; Miss Walker; Mrs. Reed; Miss Reed; etc.

ON THE SECOND DAY

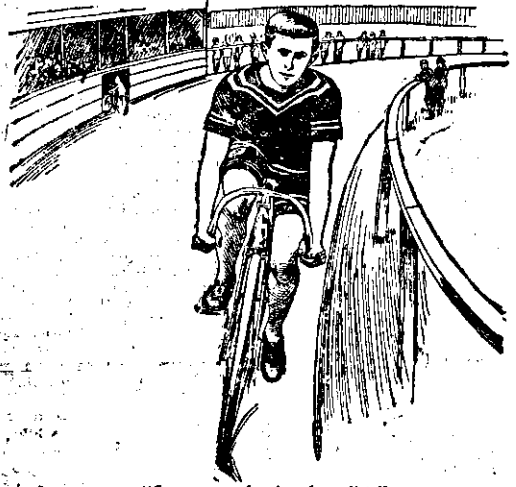
I noticed Mrs. Paul, wearing a pale green costume, with darker green trimmings, pretty cream chiffon and lace parasol; Mrs. Freeth, black, heliotrope bonnet; Miss Freeth, cream silk, hat

en suite; Mrs. Wilson, purple and white cheek costume, black hat; Mrs. H. Fookes, pretty sea-green silk blouse, trimmed with ruchings of pink silk, grey skirt; her friend wore a pretty heliotrope coat and skirt, toque en suite; Miss Testa, pale fawn; her friend wore blue; Mrs. H. Gray, heliotrope flowered muslin, over yellow; Miss MacDiarmid, white and blue; Miss Bedford, white; Miss B. Thomson, violet silk blouse, white skirt, hat to match; Misses Baker (2), white pique costumes; Miss Wilson, sage-green coat and skirt, cream vest; Mrs. Fraser; pale fawn costume, bonnet trimmed with yellow; Miss J. Fraser, blue flowered muslin, picture hat en suite; Miss G. Stanford, pink and white; Misses Fookes (2), white; Miss Hursthouse, fawn and white; Mrs. Penn, pink blouse, white skirt; Miss Kirkby, blue; Miss Knight, green shot silk blouse, grey check skirt, black and pink hat; Mrs. C. T. Mills, white; Mrs. Messinger, white and scarlet, black picture hat; Miss Walker, white and yellow blouse, white skirt, hat trimmed with pink; Miss Stanford, blue; Miss O. Stanford, white; Mrs. Wright, blue flowered muslin, trimmed with satin ribbon, hat en suite; Miss E. Hursthouse, blue blouse, white skirt; Miss C. Jacob, white; Mrs. A. Kirkby, white; Mrs. Skeet, black; Miss Skeet, grey and white, black hat; Miss G. Shaw, white; Miss McKellar, white; Mrs. Tuke, black and white; Miss Tuke, heliotrope; Miss B. Tuke, white muslin; Mrs. Walter Bayly, blue costume; Mrs. Kimble, white; Miss Marshall, blue; Miss Smith, pink and green muslin; Miss Standish; Miss B. Bayly; Mrs. Cartwright, black, bonnet trimmed with pink; Miss Cartwright; Miss E. Bayley, white; Mrs. Home, white and heliotrope, cream hat; Miss Stuart, grey.

Gives Push and Energy

Steadies the Nerves, Gives Tone to the Stomach, Prevents Ill Effects of Extreme Heat. "Puts the 'Go' into You."

Ayer's Sarsaparilla



"I am a professional cyclist."

"In training and racing in the extreme heat of a Queensland summer, which requires a heavy expenditure of nervous energy and often leaves one thoroughly exhausted, I have found Ayer's Sarsaparilla of the greatest benefit.

"It makes you have a good appetite, tones up the stomach, steadies the nerves, and puts the 'go' into you. I tell you, I am a great friend to Ayer's Sarsaparilla."

Mr. F. E. Shaw, of Edward St., Brisbane, Queensland, a cyclist well known in connection with the "Red Bird Bicycle," sends us this letter together with a photograph from which the above illustration is made. This is another reason why Ayer's Sarsaparilla is called

"The World's Greatest Family Medicine."

Such a testimonial shows how valuable Ayer's Sarsaparilla is to those who have to work hard. It removes all feeling of exhaustion, braces you up, makes your work easier, gives strength to the muscles, refreshes and invigorates, and, best of all, takes out every impurity from the blood.

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

The Greatest of All Nerve Tonics.

AYER'S PILLS cure all forms of liver trouble.

coat and skirt, black hat; her friend wore blue; Mrs. W. Leatham, green and black silk blouse, dark skirt, hat to match; Miss Roy, pink and white; Mrs. B. Shaw, white pique costume; Mrs. J. Hampton, black; Miss Marthews, white; Miss Fleetwood, holland costume; Miss N. Humphries, red and white silk blouse, black skirt; Miss W. George, grey costume, hat en suite; Miss Smith, blue frock and mantles; Mrs. Copeland, black and white costume; Mrs. Finlay, grey coat and skirt; Miss Smith, pink and cream; Miss Ilay (Auckland), grey; Mrs. Courtney, blue check costume; Miss C. Bayly, grey blouse, cream neckband, dark skirt, sailor hat; Miss Lloyd, white, and lettuce-green silk sash; etc.

WANCY LEE.

CHRISTCHURCH.

Dear Bee, January 8.
The old century passed away with much weeping. Steady rain set in again on Monday afternoon, and everything looked most gloomy, but a large number of people filled the streets on New Year's Eve, though decorations and illuminations were missing. On the stroke of twelve the cathedral bells, which had been tolling, burst into a merry peal, and numbers of others, with accompanying discordant sounds of sirens and such-like, joined in; the din was not musical, but it was meant to be cheerful, and we commenced a new era. However, all is fair again, and the Lyttelton regatta had a record attendance yesterday, and it should be even better to-day, for the weather is lovely. The tennis tournament was resumed yesterday under much more favourable circumstances, and will be concluded to-day.

The citizens' ball, held at the Exhibition Hall on New Year's eve, was a great success, about three hundred and fifty people were present, the floral decorations carried out by Mr. Nairn and the pretty dresses of the ladies, with a few uniforms, combined in the handsome hall to make a brilliant scene. At 12 o'clock a gong was sounded, and the figures of 1901, in electric light, were let down about the centre of the stage, which was transformed into a bowler-like drawing-room, and the whole company sang "God Save the Queen" and gave three cheers, then "Auld Lang Syne" was most heartily sung with joined hands, after which dancing was resumed till nearly two o'clock. The floor and music, the latter supplied by Miss Scrivener's orchestra, were excellent, and Strange & Co. fitted up the drawing-rooms, one or two smaller ones being arranged under the gallery, which had a pretty effect, as well as useful. Messrs. R. Allan and T. Garrard, Misses Fairhurst and E. Cox formed the ladies' committee, and with Messrs. R. Allan, J. A. Frostick, A. J. W. Bunz, Hancock, Daniels and one or two others, did their utmost in looking after the guests. Mrs. Allan wore a rich black silk and lace, with long opera mantle; Mrs. Garrard, black and pink brocade, with lace sleeves; Miss Fairhurst, black moire velour finished with black chiffon, black aigrette in her hair, and pearl necklet; Miss Cox, pretty pale blue floral silk trimmed

with pink chiffon, pink sash; Mrs. H. Quance looked extremely well in a lovely pink brocade trimmed with black and white chiffon, pink aigrette in her hair; Mrs. Appleyby, a beautiful heliotrope satin and pale green cloak; Mrs. F. Graham, black silk gown and long crimson opera mantle; Miss Graham, yellow silk with bands of green velvet; Mrs. Mountfort, black silk berthe of Maltese lace and spray of crimson roses; Mrs. C. Louison, pale grey silk, the bodice of black and white lace and spray of scarlet geraniums; Miss Louison, white silk finished with pale green chiffon; Miss M. Louison, all white silk and chiffon; Mrs. Frostick, black silk and lace; Miss Frostick (debutante), pretty white dress and white satin ribbon finished with chiffon; Miss Clark, a soft cream gown finished with lace; Miss Lightfoot, pink satin, the bodice trimmed with narrow jet; Miss Leatham (Wellington), all black evening gown; Mrs. J. Fairhurst, black silk with transparent sleeves, scarlet spray on bodice; Miss M. Cook, white silk; Miss McCracken, white silk, with lovely yellow roses; Mrs. Synes, black silk, the bodice trimmed with black and white lace; Miss I. Wilson, white silk, under a lovely white lace gown; Miss Preston (Sumner), white silk, with sprays of violets on the bodice; Miss Grant, a charming gown of pale blue satin, the bodice trimmed with iridescent trimming; Miss K. Wood, white gown and pink roses; Mrs. Wood, black silk, relieved with white; Mrs. R. Wood, white silk; Miss Moir, white satin covered with pink chenille spotted net; Mrs. Slater, black silk and net gown with pale pink under frill and on bodice; Miss Slater, all black evening gown with spray of berries on the bodice; Miss Prins, yellow silk; Miss Barker, white silk, with pink frill and trimming; Miss Kidson, all white; Miss Katie Young, pale blue silk with silver; Miss C. Lingard, white silk; Mrs. G. Kettlewell, black silk, with crimson flowers; Madame Cope (Wellington), black and crimson; Miss Dickenson, all white; Miss Dawes, all white; Messrs. Wood (3), Quane, Radcliffe (Lyttelton), Waite, Kettlewell, Alpers, Jacobs, Charters (Dunedin), Cox, Baylieu (Australia), Broad (Dunedin), Appley and others, with some of the officers of the Mildura, were only some of those present.

December 31.

On Friday afternoon, at the City Council Chamber, Mr. and Mrs. Reece held a reception, which was largely attended, principally by those who had been present at the banquet. The stairs and one or two of the smaller rooms were tastefully decorated. Mr. and Mrs. Reece received in a side room immediately at the top of the stairs, and the visitors passed on through the Library to the Council Chamber, where tea was arranged and served from a horseshoe table at one end, the other being arranged as a drawing-room. The tables were charmingly decorated with poppies, corn flowers, daisies, and grasses. Mrs. Reece looked exceedingly well in black relieved with pale blue, Tuscan toque; Mrs. Stead, in pale blue, and heliotrope trimming, toque to match; Mrs. A. Kaye, green, with white stripe, finished with cream guipure, pretty bonnet

with pink roses; Mrs. F. M. Wallace, black moire velour skirt, and heliotrope blouse, trimmed with Maltese lace, black hat; Mrs. F. Waymouth, shot heliotrope and green, finished with lace, hat trimmed to match; Mrs. G. Humphreys, black coat and skirt, yellow silk front, hat to match; Mrs. H. D. Carter, grey gown, yellow silk vest, trimmed with cream lace, pretty bonnet; Mr. and Mrs. J. Gould; Mr. and Mrs. Ewald Macdonald; Mr. and Mrs. Pat. Campbell; Mr. and Miss Connal; Mrs. T. Garrard; Mr. and Mrs. R. Allan; Mrs. L. Matson; Mr. and Mrs. Barkas; Mrs. F. Trent; Mrs. C. Cook; Professor and Mrs. Cook; Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Meares; Dr. and Mrs. Jennings; Dr. and Mrs. Crook; Dr. and Mrs. M. Anderson; Mr. and Mrs. Wardrop; Mr. and Mrs. Litchfield; Mr. and Mrs. Mollineux; Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Martin; Mr. and Mrs. Bloxam; Mrs. Palmer; Mr. Carrick; and many others.

On Monday, Mrs. Wilding, "Pownhope," Opawa, gave a garden party to meet the tennis players who have assembled to fight for the championship. Two grass courts and one asphalt were kept in play all the afternoon, and some capital tennis was witnessed, much attention being given to the Australians. A quiet game of croquet was kept going, and a still more sedate one of bowls, and a very good band played selections, so that seeing one's friends, visiting the tea-table and fruit tent (which, by the way, was a summer-house), and watching the games, it came to be time to go home much too quickly. Miss Wilding was unfortunately prevented taking any part in the proceedings, having had the misfortune to strain her back playing tennis a short time previously, but was on the lawn on a lounge to watch the games. Mrs. Wilding wore a black and white foulard, trimmed with white lace, large black hat; Mrs. J. Deans, all black, her bonnet relieved with pink; Miss Deans, very light chine silk, the skirt trimmed with tan lace and black velvet, show sleeves, the under ones of tan lace, large black flop hat; Mrs. A. Rolleston, greenish fawn cloth coat and skirt, revers of white satin, large white hat; Mrs. G. U. Tapper, soft heliotrope gown, canary chiffon yoke, hat to match; Misses Cholmondeley, shrimp pink silk, finished with ruby velvet, soft cream hats; Mrs. F. M. Wallace, black moire velour skirt, green silk blouse, covered with sequin net, black hat; Mrs. Bourne, blue cloth coat and skirt, white vest, black hat; Mrs. T. Garrard, blue and white foulard, finished with chiffon and insertion, black sequin hat with pink roses; Mrs. Hurst-Sanger, white skirt, black and white silk blouse, black and white hat; Mrs. F. C. Raphael, pale blue voile over pink, pretty hat to match, pale pink sunshade; Mrs. A. Anderson, black canvas over green, green silk bodice, tucked, large black hat; Mrs. J. Anderson, pale heliotrope, toque to match; Mrs. Levien, black and white stripe coat and skirt, small black hat; Miss Lewin, white muslin, heliotrope belt and collar, white chiffon hat; Mr. C. Lewin (returned trooper), Mr. W. Wood, Misses Bullock, Mrs. and Miss Croxton, Misses Lean, Prins, Thomson, Fabart, Anderson, Nedwill, Professor and Misses Cook, Messrs. F. M. Wallace, Tapper, Raphael, Mr. and

Mrs. Harman; Mrs. Julius looked well in a red vicuna cloth finished with black velvet, black bonnet with white opreys; Miss Julius, cream gown and hat; Bishop Wilson, Canon Cholmondeley and many others.

If we said we spent an English Christmas in Christchurch for the last of the century we should not be very far from the strict truth, as many of the band competitors and the unfortunate judge could testify. The weather has been atrocious the whole week, and spoilt everything. Tennis cannot be called "tennis" played in a swamp, and Lancaster Park was more like a lake than anything else up to Saturday, when the tournament really began, but in a swamp, the Australians discarding shoes and playing in their stockings. The Christchurch regatta should have taken place on Boxing Day at Lake Forsyth, but also had to be postponed until Saturday, when very few of the town people went out. The exhibition has benefited by the very inclement weather, and the band contest held in the concert hall drew its own admirers. The Wellington Garrison Band has been the most successful, carrying off £100, 25 gold medals, metronome and silver-mounted baton for conductor; Northeast Valley second, Kaikora third, Dunedin Navals fourth, Invercargill Garrison fifth. Mr. F. M. Wallace acted as judge, and had a most arduous task, which he carried out faithfully and well, giving, I am told, satisfaction all round.

On Friday night a tennis dance took place in the Art Gallery in honour of the visiting players, and was a great success. The floor there is always perfection, the music was good, and the supper arrangements were well carried out. There seemed to be more strangers present than Christchurch people, some I did not know, and white was the prevailing colour. Among the ladies' dresses Miss A. Way looked very sweet in a pretty pink gown; Miss Chaffey (Oamaru), a black gown, relieved with crimson; Miss O. Gore (Wellington), white satin; Miss Learey (Wellington), white; Miss Russell (Wellington), white satin, relieved with pale blue; Miss Gilchrist, white, the bodice trimmed with blue; Mrs. Barnicoat (Hawera), yellow brocade; Miss Barnicoat, white satin and lace; Miss Ramsay (Dunedin), white satin; Miss McLean, Dunedin, heliotrope and pale yellow; Miss S. Meares, white silk gauze over pale blue; Miss Graham, black sequin net over black silk; Miss C. Lean, pink silk; Miss Thomas (Aronside), black silk, with black net flowered in white; Miss McBean Stewart, white silk; Miss C. Hargreaves, eau de nil silk, with long ends of black sequin net from bodice; Miss Van Asch wore black; her sister, white silk; Miss Prins, yellow silk; Misses Kiver (2) wore black; Miss McKellar, white silk; Misses Berkeley (2), M. Cook, K. Wood, Bullock, Messrs. C. Olliver, Williams, H. Henderson, Graham, Harman, Ward (Oamaru), Broad (Dunedin), McKean, Dunlop, Saxon (Australians), McKellar, Ross, Jackson (Dunedin), were only some of those present.

DOLLY VALE.

McCullagh and Gower

Dainty Millinery

Fashionable Dress Fabrics

Blouse and Trimming Silks

Laces, Sunshades

Exclusive Silk Blouses

White Aprons

Curtains and Linens

SPECIAL PURCHASE 75 White Drill, Duck, Pique and Holland Costumes.
Wholesale Prices, 10/6, 12/6, 14/6, 17/6 up; Our Prices, 7/11, 8/11, 10/9, 13/9 up.
Tweed Costumes (silk lined), very special, from 25/9.

McCullagh & Gower

COSTUMIERS and MILLINERS.

KID GLOVES.—A Magnificent and Large Variety, Excellent Value, 1/-, 1/6, 1/9, 2/3; Special, 2/6, 2/11, 3/11, 4/11, 5/11.

NOVELTIES IN LACE NECKWEAR.—1/-, 1/3, 1/6, 1/9, 2/6 up. Special Value in Ladies' Belts, 1/-, 1/3, 1/6, 1/9. New Empire Belts, 1/11, 2/11 up.

NELSON.

Dear Bee,
 December 31.
 The Christmas holidays, though quietly spent, have been thoroughly enjoyable to all. The weather, that important factor, has been most accommodating; the heat till Monday night was intense, then some welcome showers fell, followed by a sharp change to cold, which to many was best welcome. On Christmas Day the churches were well filled, and the decorations at the Cathedral, All Saints' Church, and St. Mary's (R.C.) were beautiful, and were greatly admired. A Choral Service was held at the Cathedral on Christmas night, when carols and choruses from "The Messiah" were sung by the choir. Mr. H. Poole, who possesses a sweet tenor voice, sang "Comfort Ye" and "My Hope is in the Everlasting." He also sang a duet with Mrs. Melhuish, which was greatly appreciated. Other soloists were Miss A. Harley, Miss Hanby, the Rev. J. P. Kempthorne, and Mr. A. C. Maginity.

On Boxing Day sports were held at Wakefield and Richmond, which attracted a large number of people into the country. A Regatta was held at the Port, and there were picnics innumerable in all directions.

TENNIS.

The Nelson Lawn Tennis Association's annual tournament was held at the Brook Club's courts on Wednesday and Thursday. There were a large number of entries, and some of the matches were most exciting. The Championship Singles were won by Miss Lucy Gibbs and Mr. Rowley, and the Men's Championship Doubles were won by Messrs. Heaps and Strebe. Amongst the onlookers were noticed Mrs. Green, black silk costume, bonnet to match; Miss Green, white; Mrs. Bunny, violet; Miss Bunny, dark green, large chip hat with black bows; Miss M. Bunny, white muslin; Mrs. Clarke, black; Mrs. Houlker, navy foulard, toque with cerise ribbons; Miss Heaps, white pique, grey hat; Miss Fell, smart electric blue coat and skirt, becoming hat of black velvet; Miss M. Fell (England), pretty bluish grey costume, chic white hat with pink roses beneath the brim; Mrs.

Fulton (Collingwood), cream canvas, hat en suite; Mrs. Roberts, black and white check costume, large black hat with trimmings of white chiffon; Mrs. Macquarrie; Miss Levia, a pretty gown of white muslin and lace, large black hat; Miss Leggatt, grey silk skirt, white muslin blouse, large black hat; Miss Miles, black and white costume, hat to match; Miss Broad (Wellington), white tucked muslin blouse, pique skirt, sailor hat; Miss G. Jones, red and white striped pique, feather hat; Miss Healy, flowered muslin, large black hat; Mrs. J. Sharp, mourning costume; Miss Smith (Wellington), green coat and skirt; Misses Webb-Fowler (2), navy foulard costumes, sailor hats; Mrs. Webb-Bowen, black; Miss Blackett, brown coat and skirt, large sailor hat; Miss Harris, light costume, sailor hat; Mrs. W. Walker, wedgewood blue muslin, large black hat with black plumes; Miss Evans, white; the Misses Ledger (2), Gibbs (2); Miss Huddleston, pretty blue costume; Mrs. Mackay, black; Mrs. Burnes, black; Mrs. Kingdon, light blouse, dark skirt; Mrs. C. Watts; Miss Crump, flowered muslin; Mrs and Misses Wright, etc., etc.

PHYLLIS.

BLLENHHEIM.

Dear Bee,
 December 31.
 The weather on Christmas Day was more like what is considered seasonable weather in England than the tropical heat which is usually our fate at this time of year. There was heavy rain in the morning, and on the hills, on both sides of the Wairau plain, large hailstones fell, with quite a wintry effect. The rain ceased in the afternoon, but the sky was gloomy and overcast. Pandemonium reigned in the town on Christmas Eve, diabolical instruments of every kind being called into requisition to add to the noise, which makes one suppose that to children, noise is inseparable from happiness, as each juvenile countenance beamed with delight. The Garrison Band played at intervals on the rotunda in Market Place during the evening, and later on patrolled the town playing Christmas carols, also the Hibernian Band. Musical sounds

at four on Christmas morning indicated that the bands were still on the warpath. Boxing Day was fairly good, and there were numerous picnics to the Bluff and White's Bay; a cricket match in town, when the Nelson juniors were beaten by the local players in one innings; excursion trains to Pictou; and the Mounted Rifles' sports at Spring Creek. Many went to Pictou expecting to meet the excursion steamer from Wellington, but owing to tempestuous weather there the steamer did not leave, and those who went through had a particularly dull time, as there was nothing going on in Pictou. The military sports were good, and were well attended, and the tent for sale of work and refreshments was so thronged that many could not be attended to. Mrs. and the Misses Chaytor and other ladies had the management of the tent. Thirty men have sent in their names for the Sixth Contingent, of whom, if they pass the riding and shooting test to-morrow, 24 have been chosen.

FRIDA.

ANGLO-COLONIAL NOTES.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

LONDON, November 30.

COLONIAL STOCK ACT.

The Colonial Stock Act of last session, authorising trustees to invest in colonial stocks complying with regulations framed by the Treasury, has so far proved a dead letter. No regulations have yet been issued, and I understand that the Treasury officials are finding it an extremely difficult task to draft regulations that will afford proper protection to trust funds and yet not irritate the colonies.

SIR WALTER BULLER ON COLONIAL TOPICS.

Sir Walter Buller made a decided "hit" in his speech at the civic banquet in the Ironmongers' Hall on Thursday evening last. His name was coupled with the toast of the "Vis-

tors," of whom there were many. After suitably responding, he launched off into congenial subjects, that had been just touched upon by previous speakers, Imperial Federation, the Commonwealth of Australia, and the future of the South Pacific. He defended his colony from the suggestion of disloyalty in not joining the Commonwealth. He explained that New Zealand, although only 1200 miles from Australia, had really more in common with this country than with the sister continent, and that the objections to federation were of a purely local character. He declared that New Zealand, although the remotest of our colonies, was second to no part of the Queen's dominions in its devotion to the throne and nation. He reminded his audience of how, when the great wave of patriotism swept over the Empire in connection with the war in South Africa, New Zealand was the very first of the colonies to come to the aid of the Mother Country with offers of men and money. The Colonial Government, without even waiting for the approval of Parliament, raised and equipped several contingents of strapping colonials, and sent them, well mounted, to the scene of action. The movement was so popular with the colonists themselves that, when the Government had done all it could, the people put their hands in their pockets and paid the entire cost of raising two more contingents; and everyone knew how well these men had acquitted themselves in the field! When Parliament met, with one single dissentient voice, Mr. Seddon's action was approved, and the necessary money voted; and that one dissentient voice was effectually silenced at the general elections that followed by the defeat of that member! Instead of federating with Australia, the Premier, with the assistance of his able colleague, the Hon. Mr. Ward, had formulated a statesmanlike scheme for the building up of another great Commonwealth—the Commonwealth of the South Pacific—with the seat of the Federal Government in New Zealand. Now, this was the sort of thing that made for Empire and the progress of made for Empire and the progress of our race. The proposed Fijian federation had been passed by a large majority of the House of Representatives, and had been hailed with satisfaction by the Fijian colonists themselves; but

Paris
 Exhibition, 1900
 British Awards.

The ONLY
 Grand
 Prix
 solely for
 Toilet
 Soap

The Highest Award for Toilet Soap at the Paris Exhibition, in 1889, was a Gold Medal, and the only one awarded *solely* for Toilet Soap was gained by

Pears

Again, at the 1900 Exhibition at Paris, The Highest Award obtainable for anything is the GRAND PRIX, and that also has been awarded to Messrs. Pears and is the *only one* allotted in Great Britain for Toilet Soap.

coat and skirt, black hat; her friend wore blue; Mrs. W. Leatham, green and black silk blouse, dark skirt, hat to match; Miss Roy, pink and white; Mrs. B. Shaw, white pique costume; Mrs. J. Hampton, black; Miss Martha, white; Miss Fleetwood, holland costume; Miss N. Humphries, red and white silk blouse, black skirt; Miss W. George, grey costume, hat en suite; Miss Smith, blue blouse and mantle; Mrs. Copeland, black and white costume; Mrs. Finlay, grey coat and skirt; Miss Smith, pink and cream; Miss Hay (Auckland), grey; Mrs. Courtney, blue check costume; Miss C. Rayly, grey blouse, cerise neckband, dark skirt, sailor hat; Miss Lloyd, white, and lettuce-green silk sash; etc.

WANCY LEE.

CHRISTCHURCH.

Dear Rec,

January 2.

The old century passed away with much weeping. Steady rain set in again on Monday afternoon, and everything looked most gloomy, but a large number of people filled the streets on New Year's Eve, though decorations and illuminations were missing. On the stroke of twelve the Cathedral bells, which had been tolling, burst into a merry peal, and numbers of others, with accompanying discordant sounds of sirens and such-like, joined in; the din was not musical, but it was meant to be cheerful, and we commenced a new era. However, all is fair again, and the Lyttelton regatta had a record attendance yesterday, and it should be even better to-day, for the weather is lovely. The tennis tournament was resumed yesterday under much more favourable circumstances, and will be concluded to-day.

The citizens' ball, held at the Exhibition Hall on New Year's eve, was a great success, about three hundred and fifty people were present, the floral decorations carried out by Mr. Nairn and the pretty dresses of the ladies, with a few uniforms, combined in the handsome hall to make a brilliant scene. At 12 o'clock a gong was sounded, and the figures of 1901, in electric light, were let down about the centre of the stage, which was transformed into a bower-like drawing-room, and the whole company sang "God Save the Queen" and gave three cheers, then "Auld Lang Syne" was most heartily sung with joined hands, after which dancing was resumed till nearly two o'clock. The floor and music, the latter supplied by Miss Scribner's orchestra, were excellent, and Strange & Co. fitted up the drawing-rooms, one or two smaller ones being arranged under the gallery, which had a pretty effect, as well as useful. Messdames R. Allan and T. Garrard, Misses Fairhurst and E. Cox formed the ladies' committee, and with Messrs. R. Allan, J. A. Frostick, A. J. W. Bunz, Hancock, Daniels and one or two others, did their utmost in looking after the guests. Mrs. Allan wore a rich black silk and lace, with long opera mantle; Mrs. Garrard, black and pink brocade, with lace sleeves; Miss Fairhurst, black moire velour finished with black chiffon, black aigrette in her hair, and pearl necklet; Miss Cox, pretty pale blue floral silk trimmed

with pink chiffon, pink sash; Mrs. H. Quince looked extremely well in a lovely pink brocade trimmed with black and white chiffon, pink aigrette in her hair; Mrs. Appleby, a beautiful heliotrope satin and pale green cloak; Mrs. F. Graham, black silk gown and long crimson opera mantle; Miss Graham, yellow silk with bands of green velvet; Mrs. Mountfort, black silk berthe of Maltese lace and spray of crimson roses; Mrs. C. Louison, pale grey silk, the bodice of black and white lace and spray of scarlet geranium; Miss Louison, white silk finished with pale green chiffon; Miss M. Louison, all white silk and chiffon; Mrs. Frostick, black silk and lace; Miss Frostick (debutante), pretty white dress and white satia ribbon finished with chiffon; Miss Clark, a soft cream gown finished with lace; Miss Lightfoot, pink satin, the bodice trimmed with narrow jet; Miss Leatham (Wellington), all black evening gown; Mrs. J. Fairhurst, black silk with transparent sleeves, scarlet spray on bodice; Miss M. Cook, white silk; Miss McCracken, white silk, with lovely yellow roses; Mrs. Symes, black silk, the bodice trimmed with black and white lace; Miss I. Wilson, white silk, under a lovely white lace gown; Miss Preston (Sumner), white silk, with sprays of violets on the bodice; Miss Grant, a charming gown of pale blue satin, the bodice trimmed with iridescent trimming; Miss K. Wood, white gown and pink roses; Mrs. Wood, black silk, relieved with white; Mrs. R. Wood, white silk; Miss Moir, white satin covered with pink chenille spotted net; Mrs. Slater, black silk and net gown with pale pink under frill and on bodice; Miss Slater, all black evening gown with spray of cherries on the bodice; Miss Prins, yellow silk; Miss Barker, white silk, with pink frill and trimming; Miss Kidson, all white; Miss Katie Young, pale blue silk with silver; Miss C. Lingard, white silk; Mrs. G. Kettlewell, black silk, with crimson flowers; Madame Gope (Wellington), black and crimson; Miss Dickenson, all white; Miss Dawes, all white; Messrs. Wood (3), Quane, Radcliffe (Lyttelton), Waite, Kettlewell, Alpers, Jacobs, Charters (Dunedin), Cox, Baylie (Australia), Broad (Dunedin), Appleby and others, with some of the officers of the Mikhura, were only some of those present.

December 31.

On Friday afternoon, at the City Council Chamber, Mr. and Mrs. Reece held a reception, which was largely attended, principally by those who had been present at the banquet. The stairs and one or two of the smaller rooms were tastefully decorated. Mr. and Mrs. Reece received in a side room immediately at the top of the stairs, and the visitors passed on through the Library to the Council Chamber, where tea was arranged and served from a horseshoe table at one end, the other being arranged as a drawing-room. The tables were charmingly decorated with poppies, corn flowers, gaisies, and grasses. Mrs. Reece looked exceedingly well in black relieved with pale blue, Tuscan toque; Mrs. Stead, in pale blue, and heliotrope trimming, toque to match; Mrs. A. Kaye, green, with white stripe, finished with cream guipure, pretty bonnet

with pink roses; Mrs. F. M. Wallace, black moire velour skirt, and heliotrope blouse, trimmed with Maltese lace, black hat; Mrs. F. Waymouth, shot heliotrope and green, finished with lace, hat trimmed to match; Mrs. G. Humphreys, black coat and skirt, yellow silk front, hat to match; Mrs. H. D. Carter, grey gown, yellow silk vest, trimmed with cream lace, pretty bonnet; Mr. and Mrs. J. Gould; Mr. and Mrs. Ewald Macdonald; Mr. and Mrs. Pat. Campbell; Mr. and Miss Connal; Mrs. T. Garrard; Mr. and Mrs. H. Allan; Mrs. L. Matson; Mr. and Mrs. Barkas; Mrs. F. Trent; Mrs. C. Cook; Professor and Mrs. Cook; Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Meares; Dr. and Mrs. Jennings; Dr. and Mrs. Crook; Dr. and Mrs. M. Anderson; Mr. and Mrs. Wardrop; Mr. and Mrs. Litchfield; Mr. and Mrs. Molineaux; Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Martin; Mr. and Mrs. Bloxam; Mrs. Palmer; Mr. Carrick; and many others.

On Monday, Mrs. Wilding, "Fownhope," Opawa, gave a garden party to meet the tennis players who have assembled to fight for the championship. Two grass courts and one asphalt were kept in play all the afternoon, and some capital tennis was witnessed, much attention being given to the Australians. A quiet game of croquet was kept going, and a still more sedate one of bowls, and a very good hand played selections, so that seeing one's friends, visiting the tea-table and fruit tent (which, by the way, was a summer-house), and watching the games, it came to be time to go home much too quickly. Miss Wilding was unfortunately prevented taking any part in the proceedings, having had the misfortune to strain her back playing tennis a short time previously, but was on the lawn on a lounge to watch the games. Mrs. Wilding wore a black and white foulard, trimmed with white lace, large black hat; Mrs. J. Deans, all black, her bonnet relieved with pink; Miss Deans, very light chine silk, the skirt trimmed with tan lace and black velvet, elbow sleeves, the under ones of tan lace, large black flop hat; Mrs. A. Rolleston, greenish fawn cloth coat and skirt, revers of white satin, large white hat; Mrs. G. U. Tapper, soft heliotrope gown, canary chiffon yoke, hat to match; Misses Cholmondeley, shrimp pink silk, finished with ruby velvet, soft cream hats; Mrs. F. M. Wallace, black moire velour skirt, green silk blouse, covered with sequin net, black hat; Mrs. Bourne, blue cloth coat and skirt, white vest, black hat; Mrs. T. Garrard, blue and white foulard, finished with chiffon and insertion, black sequin hat with pink roses; Mrs. Hurst-Sanger, white skirt, black and white silk blouse, black and white hat; Mrs. F. C. Raphael, pale blue voile over pink, pretty hat to match, pale pink sunshade; Mrs. A. Anderson, black canvas over green, green silk bodice, tucked, large black hat; Mrs. J. Anderson, pale heliotrope, toque to match; Mrs. Levien, black and white stripe coat and skirt, small black hat; Miss Lewin, white muslin, heliotrope belt and collar, white chiffon hat; Mr. C. Lewin (returned trooper), Mr. W. Wood, Misses Bullock, Mrs. and Miss Croxton, Misses Lean, Prins, Thomson, Tabart, Anderson, Nedwill, Professor and Misses Cook, Messrs. F. M. Wallace, Tapper, Raphael, Mr. and

Mrs. Harman; Mrs. Julius looked well in a red vicuna cloth finished with black velvet, black bonnet with white ospreys; Miss Julia, cream gown and hat; Bishop Wilson, Canon Cholmondeley and many others.

If we said we spent an English Christmas in Christchurch for the last of the century we should not be very far from the strict truth, as many of the band competitors and the unfortunate judge could testify. The weather has been atrocious the whole week, and spoilt everything. Tennis cannot be called "tennis" played in a swamp, and Lancaster Park was more like a lake than anything else up to Saturday, when the tournament really began, but in a swamp, the Australians discarding shoes and playing in their stockings. The Christchurch regatta should have taken place on Boxing Day at Lake Forsyth, but also had to be postponed until Saturday, when very few of the town people went out. The exhibition has benefited by the very inclement weather, and the band contest held in the concert hall drew its own admirers. The Wellington Garrison Band has been the most successful, carrying off £100, 25 gold medals, metronome and silver-mounted baton for conductor; Northeast Valley second, Kaikoral third, Dunedin Navals fourth, Invercargill Garrison fifth. Mr. F. M. Wallace acted as judge, and had a most arduous task, which he carried out faithfully and well, giving, I am told, satisfaction all round.

On Friday night a tennis dance took place in the Art Gallery in honour of the visiting players, and was a great success. The floor there is always perfection, the music was good, and the supper arrangements were well carried out. There seemed to be more strangers present than Christchurch people, some I did not know, and white was the prevailing colour. Among the ladies' dresses Miss A. Way looked very sweet in a pretty pink gown; Miss Chaffey (Oamaru), a black gown, relieved with crimson; Miss O. Gore (Wellington), white satin; Miss Leary (Wellington), white; Miss Russell (Wellington), white satin, relieved with pale blue; Miss Gilchrist, white, the bodice trimmed with blue; Mrs. Barnicoat (Hawera), yellow brocade; Miss Barnicoat, white satin and lace; Miss Ramsay (Dunedin), white satin; Miss McLean, Dunedin, heliotrope and pale yellow; Miss S. Meares, white silk gauze over pale blue; Miss Graham, black sequin net over black silk; Miss C. Lean, pink silk; Miss Thomas (Aronside), black silk, with black net flowered in white over skirt; her sister in white; Miss McBean Stewart, white silk; Miss C. Hargreaves, eau de nil silk, with long ends of black sequin net from bodice; Miss Van Asch wore black; her sister, white silk; Miss Prins, yellow silk; Misses Kiver (2) wore black; Miss McKellar, white silk; Misses Berkeley (2), M. Cook, K. Wood, Bullock, Messrs. C. Olliver, Williams, H. Henderson, Graham, Harman, Ward (Oamaru), Broad (Dunedin), McKean, Dunlop, Saxon (Australians), McKellar, Ross, Jackson (Dunedin), were only some of those present.

DOLLY VALE.

McCullagh and
Gower
... FOR ...

Dainty Millinery

Fashionable Dress Fabrics

Blouse and Trimming Silks

Laces, Sunshades

Exclusive Silk Blouses

White Aprons

Curtains and Linens

SPECIAL PURCHASE 75 White Drill, Duck, Pique and Holland Costumes.
Wholesale Prices, 10/6, 12/6, 14/6, 17/6 up; Our Prices, 7/11, 8/11, 10/9, 13/9 up.
Tweed Costumes (silk lined), very special, from 25/9.

McCullagh & Gower

COSTUMIERS and MILLINERS.

KID GLOVES.—A Magnificent and Large Variety, Excellent Value, 1/-, 1/6, 1/9, 2/3; Special, 2/6, 2/11, 3/11, 4/11, 5/11.

NOVELTIES IN LACE NECKWEAR.—1/-, 1/3, 1/6, 1/9, 2/6 up. Special Value in Ladies' Belts, 1/-, 1/3, 1/6, 1/9. New Empire Belts, 1/11, 2/11 up.

NELSON.

December 31.

The Christmas holidays, though quietly spent, have been thoroughly enjoyable to all. The weather, that important factor, has been most accommodating; the heat till Monday night was intense, then some welcome showers fell, followed by a sharp change to cold, which to many was most welcome. On Christmas Day the churches were well filled, and the decorations at the Cathedral, All Saints' Church, and St. Mary's (R.C.) were beautiful, and were greatly admired. A Choral Service was held at the Cathedral on Christmas night, when carols and choruses from "The Messiah" were sung by the choir. Mr. H. Poole, who possesses a sweet tenor voice, sang "Comfort Ye" and "My Hope is in the Everlasting." He also sang a duet with Mrs. Melbush, which was greatly appreciated. Other soloists were Miss A. Harley, Miss Hanby, the Rev. J. P. Kempthorne, and Mr. A. C. Maginity.

On Boxing Day sports were held at Wakefield and Richmond, which attracted a large number of people into the country. A Regatta was held at the Port, and there were picnics innumerable in all directions.

TENNIS.

The Nelson Lawn Tennis Association's annual tournament was held at the Brook Club's courts on Wednesday and Thursday. There were a large number of entries, and some of the matches were most exciting. The Championship Singles were won by Miss Lucy Gibbs and Mr Rowley, and the Men's Championship Doubles were won by Messrs Heaps and Styche. Amongst the onlookers were noticed Mrs Green, black silk costume, bonnet to match; Miss Green, white; Mrs Bunny, violet; Miss Bunny, dark green, large chip hat with black bows; Miss M. Bunny, white muslin; Mrs Clarke, black; Mrs Houlker, navy foulard, toque with cerise ribbons; Miss Heaps, white pique, grey hat; Miss Fell, smart electric blue coat and skirt, becoming hat of black velvet; Miss M. Fell (England), pretty bluish grey costume, chic, white hat with pink roses beneath the brim; Mrs

Fulton (Collingwood), cream canvas, hat en suite; Mrs Roberts, black and white check costume, large black hat with trimmings of white chiffon; Mrs Macquarrie; Miss Levica, a pretty gown of white muslin and lace, large black hat; Miss Leggett, grey silk skirt, white muslin blouse, large black hat; Miss Miles, black and white costume, hat to match; Miss Broad (Wellington), white tacked muslin blouse, pique skirt, sailor hat; Miss G. Jones, red and white striped pique, large black hat; Miss Neely, flowered muslin, large black hat; Mrs J. Sharp, mourning costume; Miss Smith (Wellington), green coat and skirt; Misses Webb, Fowen (2), navy foulard costumes, sailor hats; Mrs Webb-Bowen, black; Miss Blackett, brown coat and skirt, large sailor hat; Miss Harris, light costume, sailor hat; Mrs W. Walker, wedgewood blue muslin, large black hat with black plumes; Miss Evans, white; the Misses Ledger, (2), Gibbs (2); Miss Huddleston, pretty blue costume; Mrs Mackay, black; Mrs Burnes, black; Mrs Kingdon, light blouse, dark skirt; Mrs C. Watts; Miss Crump, flowered muslin; Mrs and Misses Wright, etc., etc.

PHYLLIS.

BLENHEIM.

Dear Bee, December 31.

The weather on Christmas Day was more like what is considered seasonable weather in England than the tropical heat which is usually our fate at this time of year. There was heavy rain in the morning, and on the hills, on both sides of the Wairau plain, large hailstones fell, with quite a wintry effect. The rain ceased in the afternoon, but the sky was gloomy and overcast. Pandemonium reigned in the town on Christmas Eve, diabolical instruments of every kind being called into requisition to add to the noise, which makes one suppose that to children, noise is inseparable from happiness, as each juvenile contenance beamed with delight. The Garrison Band played at intervals on the rotunda in Market Place during the evening, and later on patrolled the town playing Christmas carols, also the Hibernian Band. Musical sounds

at four on Christmas morning indicated that the bands were still on the warpath. Boxing Day was fairly good, and there were numerous picnics to the Bluff and White's Bay; a cricket match in town, when the Nelson juniors were beaten by the local players in one innings; excursions trains to Picton; and the Mounted Rifles' sports at Spring Creek. Many went to Picton expecting to meet the excursion steamer from Wellington, but owing to tempestuous weather there the steamer did not leave, and those who went through had a particularly dull time, as there was nothing going on in Picton. The military sports were good, and were well attended, and the tent for sale of work and refreshments was so thronged that many could not be attended to. Mrs and the Misses Chaytor and other ladies had the management of the tent. Thirty men have sent in their names for the Sixth Contingent, of whom, if they pass the riding and shooting test to-morrow, 24 have been chosen.

FRIDA.

ANGLO-COLONIAL NOTES.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

LONDON, November 30.

COLONIAL STOCK ACT.

The Colonial Stock Act of last session, authorising trustees to invest in colonial stocks complying with regulations framed by the Treasury, has so far proved a dead letter. No regulations have yet been issued, and I understand that the Treasury officials are finding it an extremely difficult task to draft regulations that will afford proper protection to trust funds and yet not irritate the colonies.

SIR WALTER BULLER ON COLONIAL TOPICS.

Sir Walter Buller made a decided "hit" in his speech at the civic banquet in the Ironmongers' Hall on Thursday evening last. His name was coupled with the toast of the "Vis-

sors," of whom there were many. After suitably responding, he launched off into congenial subjects, that had been just touched upon by previous speakers. Imperial Federation, the Commonwealth of Australia, and the future of the South Pacific. He defended his colony from the suggestion of disloyalty in not joining the Commonwealth. He explained that New Zealand, although only 1200 miles from Australia, had really more in common with this country than with the sister continent, and that the objections to federation were of a purely local character. He declared that New Zealand, although the remotest of our colonies, was second to no part of the Queen's dominions in its devotion to the throne and nation. He reminded his audience of how, when the great wave of patriotism swept over the Empire in connection with the war in South Africa, New Zealand was the very first of the colonies to come to the aid of the Mother Country with offers of men and money. The Colonial Government, without even waiting for the approval of Parliament, raised and equipped several contingents of strapping colonials, and sent them, well mounted, to the scene of action. The movement was so popular with the colonists themselves that, when the Government had done all it could, the people put their hands in their pockets and paid the entire cost of raising two more contingents; and everyone knew how well these men had acquitted themselves in the field! When Parliament met, with one single dissentient voice, Mr. Seddon's action was approved, and the necessary money voted; and that one dissentient voice was effectually silenced at the general elections that followed by the defeat of that member! Instead of federating with Australia, the Premier, with the assistance of his able colleague, the Hon. Mr. Ward, had formulated a statesmanlike scheme for the building up of another great Commonwealth—the Commonwealth of the South Pacific—with the seat of the Federal Government in New Zealand. Now, this was the sort of thing that made for Empire and the progress of made for Empire and the progress of our race. The proposed Fijian federation had been passed by a large majority of the House of Representatives, and had been hailed with satisfaction by the Fijian colonists themselves; but

Paris Exhibition, 1900 British Awards.

The ONLY Grand Prix solely for Toilet Soap

The Highest Award for Toilet Soap at the Paris Exhibition, in 1889, was a Gold Medal, and the only one awarded solely for Toilet Soap was gained by

Pears

Again, at the 1900 Exhibition at Paris, The Highest Award obtainable for anything is the GRAND PRIX, and that also has been awarded to Messrs. Pears and is the only one allotted in Great Britain for Toilet Soap.

Downing-street had stepped in, and, for the moment, at any rate, had struggled the project, although it was made clear that Mr. Seddon had taken every precaution for the conservation of native interests in the Pacific. But this was only history repeating itself. If the advice of that great pro-Canaan, Sir George Grey, had been followed forty years ago, or more, the whole of the South Pacific would now have belonged to this country and its thousand lovely, tropical isles would have formed, as it were, so many glittering gems in the British Crown. But the Colonial Office would not listen to Sir George Grey then. Many years later a progressive colonial Premier, Sir Julius Vogel, propounded a federation scheme for the South Pacific, and this met with just as little favour at headquarters. Now, what is the position? We have lost New Caledonia to the French, a great part of New Guinea to the Germans, and, last of all, that sunny group of islands on the great pathway of the Pacific—the beautiful islands of Samoa, where it is perpetual summer—a land hallowed in the mind of every Englishman because it holds the bones of our beloved Louis Stevenson. And the only voice that was raised in protest against this act of surrender came from the distant colony of New Zealand. He firmly believed, however, that events were hastening in the direction indicated by the New Zealand Premier, and that even the little independent Kingdom of Tonga would in the end be drawn into the proposed confederation under the British flag.

The speech was impromptu, but had an excellent effect, and was loudly applauded, for it shed a new light on a subject that has been exercising the public mind. Indeed the "Worshipful Master" afterwards thanked Sir Walter for what he termed "the speech of the evening."

THE STATUS OF TRADE UNIONS.

An important judgment was delivered by the Court of Appeal last week in the case of the Taff Vale Railway Company and The Amalgamated Society

of Railway Servants and others, which arose out of the strike on the Taff Vale Railway. The company brought an action against the Society, its general secretary and local secretary, and sought an injunction to prevent unlawful picketing by the Society and its servants. Mr Justice Farwell refused to strike the Society out of the action on the ground put forward by it that a trade union could not be sued. The Court of Appeal upheld the Society's appeal. In delivering the judgment of the Court the Master of the Rolls said that at common law the only entities capable of being sued were a corporation, an individual or a partnership of individuals. The Society was not one of these entities, and therefore it was necessary to see whether the Trade Union Acts enabled any action to be brought against a trade union. These Acts contained no section empowering a trade union to sue or be sued in its registered name nor constituting a trade union a corporation capable of being sued as such. The omission was noteworthy, as in the Companies Act, the Building Society Act, the Industrial and Provident Societies Act, the Legislature had shown that it well knew how to express its desire that a society should sue or be sued in its registered name. The Trade Union Acts had legalised trades unions and given them registered names—only that and nothing more. A trade union could not be sued in its registered name, and therefore the Society must be struck out of the action.

THE EMBLETON COLLISION.

Mr Justice Barnes has delivered his decision in the action brought against the Cunard Company by the owners of the Liverpool barque Embleton, which, on her way out to New Zealand, was, on 21st July, cut in two in a dense fog in St. George's Channel by the Campania. Mr Justice Barnes found that the barque was duly sounding her foghorn, and was

not to blame for the collision. On the other hand, although no precautions were neglected on board the Campania to ensure the safety of the passengers and the value of the property she carried, the Campania, in travelling at a speed of between 9 and 10 knots in the fog, was guilty of a breach of Article 16, providing that every vessel should in a fog go at a moderate speed.

Mr Justice Barnes held that the Campania could have worked her engines at slow, and stopped from time to time, so as to keep her speed down to a very low rate. He referred to the cases of the Irrawaddy, the Sesostris, which going at a speed of 5 knots against a 24 knot current in the Straits of Gibraltar, was held to blame for excessive speed; the Pennsylvania, and the Germanic, and the City of Brooklyn, in which the judges held "that if a vessel is so constructed that she cannot go at a moderate pace she must take the consequences."

Mr Justice Barnes held, and the Eldes Brethren agreed with him, that 9 knots in a thick fog was a greatly excessive speed for any steamer to travel at, and he therefore found for the plaintiffs.

IS IT BLATCH?

Nearly three weeks ago the arrest (in Wellington) was reported from Auckland of a man who went by the name of Charles Lilleywhite, on suspicion of being Arthur Blatch, who has long been wanted by the Colchester police for the murder of Mr Alfred Welch, at Colchester, on December 8th, 1893. No official confirmation of the matter was received by the Colchester police until Wednesday last, when a cablegram was received stating that a man had been arrested who is "very strongly suspected as being Arthur Blatch," and asking for Colchester police officers to be sent out to complete the identity, and, if that be established, to bring the prisoner home to Colchester. On Thursday a meeting of the

Watch Committee of the Colchester Corporation was held, and it was unanimously resolved to instruct the Head Constable to send one or two officers, as may be deemed expedient, to New Zealand forthwith.

It is probable that Police-Sergeant Robert Frost, who has been to New Zealand before, and who knows Blatch perfectly well, will be sent upon this errand, accompanied by another police officer, or by a civilian witness, to whom Blatch's identity is equally familiar.

THE P. AND O. AND THE WAR.

"This an ill wind indeed that blows good to no one, and thanks to the South African war and the trouble in China the P. and O. directors are able to report a bumper year, many of their vessels having been withdrawn from their ordinary employment and utilised for transport work. This, apparently, is much more profitable than the regular trade business of the Company, for out of the profit earned the directors, besides being in a position to distribute dividends and bonus equal to 9 per cent. on the paid-up capital of £2,230,000 (the deferred getting 13 per cent.), have been able to set aside £182,000 as extra depreciation, to add £168,000 to the suspense account, and to carry £10,400 forward. The war has, therefore, been a blessing in disguise so far as the P. and O. Company is concerned, for although the actual freight carried was less by £73,000, and passenger receipts fell off £6800, yet the tonnage chartered by Government has much more than made up for these losses. Two interesting points are mentioned in the report, namely, the resignation by Lord Selborne of the seat on the Board he has occupied for ten years, in order to assume the duties of First Lord of the Admiralty; and the admission by the Income-tax Commissioners that they have been levying too much on shipping profits, irrespective of adequate allowance for the waste and wear and tear of ships.

SMITH AND CAUGHEY

MANUFACTURERS, IMPORTERS AND CASH DRAPERS.

DEPARTMENTS.

- Silks
- Dresses
- Costumes
- Mantles
- Millinery
- Ladies'
- Underclothing
- Baby Linen
- Boots and Shoes
- Hosiery
- Gloves
- Umbrellas
- Ribbons

- Laces
- Fancy Goods
- Haberdashery
- General Drapery
- Blankets
- Rugs
- Flannels
- Calicoes
- Ready-made
- Clothing
- Gents' Mercery and
- Outfitting
- Tailoring

- Linen
- Furniture
- Bedding
- Carpets
- Linoleum
- Hats
- Boys' Clothing
- Tea
- Refreshment
- and
- Toilet Rooms



AS SEEN THROUGH WOMAN'S EYES.

The Marrying and the Married.

"To marry aright is to read the riddle of the world."

SQUABBLES.

There are many names for them, slang and otherwise.

Under the head of "difference" we may place the "tiff," the "breeze," the "skirmish," the "spuffle," the "huff;" while "shindy," "squall," "row," and "ructions" imply a decided quarrel of a more serious nature. To "have a few words" with anyone, though sounding polite, has often a fatal significance.

There is a word, I believe of Kentish origin, "stuffy," which is something between being sullen and displeased—rather the feeling that one would like to be vexed, but that one has not sufficient excuse for a quarrel. Stiffness is often the beginning of the bad little, sad little "tiff," so potent in its ruffling of calm waters.

Many of the most serious, lasting quarrels have sprung from some absurd cause, out of all proportion to the result. The squabbles of the married are especially ridiculous, because the constant and close association affords so many trivial opportunities. Elizabeth of the Garden tells us that Irais is vexed with her husband because he does not always rise to open the door for her.

Many a long-felt grievance hangs on some such simple thread, and it adds a terror to life if we consider that we ourselves are perhaps unconsciously making others miserable, not by what we do, but by what we omit to do.

The plain speaking between the married, which I have before advocated as but sane and essential, would

obviate many dissatisfactions. People fence too much with each other; and this would not matter if, as in the case of friends, the button were always on the foil.

Few of us really want to quarrel; and the first thing to do when we find ourselves at it is to try to end it as soon as possible.

Sometimes admitting at once that we are in the wrong will soften the way towards a reconciliation, and give the unpleasantness a chance to subside. It is foolish to hold out when we see we are wrong and the other person is right. If, however, our quarrel is just, we can but wait for light to dawn upon the adversary, in which the real mistake can be seen, and to try to hold a gentle mind towards them, ready to forgive without actually using that very word. An apology and an explanation ought to be enough for anyone. There should be no necessity to grovel in the dust.

PEOPLE WHO WANT TO QUARREL.

Some people are so pugnacious it is difficult to live at peace with them; at best it is only a truce. They will not let sleeping dogs lie; but worry and snarl until they discover some bone to pick with you, whether you will or not. It is all very well to say it takes two to make a quarrel, but the lamb in the fable could tell a different story. The most placid disposition is not exempt from the determined attack of bad temper. Soft answers will sometimes turn away the wrath; but occasionally more stringent remedies must be applied. "Beware the wrath of a patient man." To be sharply angry sometimes is not only just, but kind, and will melt mountains of peevish exaction and petty dispute, where temperate argument might work in vain.

NAGGING.

If, when the patient man's bad-tempered wife nags or teases or storms and will court a quarrel, he were to let loose (for five minutes) the tiger which is in the best of men, he would find that she would "first exhibit a wild surprise, and then shrivel up." A sudden spurt of anger is the best corrective for bad temper.

As there is so much bad temper both in men and women, it has to be reckoned with as being the spring of many a quarrel. It is not because we are evilly disposed that we quarrel, but because we happened to be in a bad temper at a particular time, and could not receive the reverse or affront or attack with equanimity. It ought to be a comfort to remember that temper is so much force ill-controlled, and even where it is well controlled, one must not be surprised if it bursts out sometimes like steam in unexpected places.

It is a great help to be on the look-out for the first sensation of irritability rising in the mind, and to go away very quietly (without slamming the door), and be alone until the annoyance has passed. People would often see what fools they are if they would only give themselves time to think.

Of all unreasonable outbursts of temper was that of a man who began quarrelling with his wife on their wedding-day because he left his hat-box in the train. Being a meek, peace-loving woman, she gave way to him entirely from that moment, and has spent her life chiefly in endeavouring to keep her lord in a good temper. One can understand the shock at the time must have paralysed her; but if she could have rallied from it, and instead of trying to ward off his ex-

plussions, had struck out (metaphorically, of course) from the shoulder, his blown-up cholera would have burst like a pricked balloon, and she would have been a happier woman this many a long year.

To knock the wind out of an un-reasoning, furious man who quarrels over nothing and anything, you must be the first to get furious, and as you are not really angry, but pretending to be, you never lose your head, and can hold the advantage at every point. If you doubt the soundness of the argument, read "The taming of the Shrew."

"Beware Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in't, Bear it that th' opposed may beware of thee."

I don't believe we were ever intended to turn the other cheek to people we live with all the year round. Anyhow, to allow anyone, unchecked, to throw himself continually into fits of fury would be so very unkind.

TRY TO PULL TOGETHER.

Apart from temper and its inconsistencies and perversities, the saddest quarrels are those arising from incompatibility of disposition, and a thorough want of harmony of judgment. It must be trying to live constantly with someone of diametrically opposed views and tastes—one who has an irresistible desire to pull in another direction. Given no sympathy and less tact, quarrels are bound to be; quarrels not to be healed—which begin, as it were, in the Tropics and end at the Antipodes, and by the time the fray is over husband and wife find there is a great gulf fixed.

Life is so short, and its trials are so many, we should strive with all our might and with all our natural human tendencies not to make it harder for one another, and to give up a good deal for peace, although it is impossible to pay any price for it.

I used to stay a good deal in a large family where the children formed a long, strong feud between their parents. My host would make some half-serious accusation against one of them, which would touch some sensitive spot in my hostess; whereupon a cloud, bigger than a man's hand, would settle on her brow. Woman-like, she would feel compelled to return some cutting answer, which she felt certain would "deny the allegation, and defy the allegator."

The answer did not cut, it stabbed. And after some stormy recrimination there would a dead calm for a day or two, or perhaps a week—a silence that at table could be felt. And the guest would fain depart, but was clutched imploringly by olive branches (oh, how mistimed!), and, out of pity, stayed to support them in their un-merited affliction.

Now, the curious part of this quarrel was the end, which was always the same. Repentance, melting tears, and a present, or some other outward and visible sign of the renewal of peace. Why begin it when it was sure to end in precisely the same way?

And yet God help us when our quarrels ever end in any other way! The tear, the kiss, the deep sob of resolution that we will never quarrel any more, bring us a little nearer heaven.

"We fell out, my wife and I—
Oh, we fell out, I know not why—
And kissed again with tears,
And blessing's on the falling out
That all the more endears,
When we fell out with those we love
And kiss again with tears!"

If You Want a Good Complexion.

WHAT TO TAKE.

If you want to have a clear, soft skin and a fresh complexion free from imperfection, you must be very careful to select the food that will agree with you and with it, and to follow certain rules of health.

Many articles of food are excellent in their way but do not improve the complexion, so that you should make up your mind from this page if you want to look your best.

Coffee and cocoa are the best things to drink.

Milk is also very good; so is tea if freshly made.

Burgundy and light wines, if diluted with water.

Brown bread, a day old.

Fish is better than meat, and should be boiled.

Mutton is better than beef.

Poultry rather than game.

Green vegetables, such as cauliflower, spinach, seakale, peas, asparagus, and beans, plainly served.

Salad, watercress, and tomatoes.

Strawberries and raspberries are good, unless you suffer from nettlerash or eczema.

Fruit can be eaten, especially before breakfast and at luncheon.

Oranges, but these are best to be eaten early in the day.

Eggs must be boiled or poached.

Sugar must be eaten with caution.

Honey is good for breakfast.

Puddings of sago and rice.

Fruit tarts, but avoid the pastry.

Cheese, if it is fresh and mild.

Lemonade, if not too sweet.

Gingerbread, but not freshly-baked.

A dose of medicine is needful now and then. Take aperient waters or scidlitz powders before breakfast.

Fresh air; walking and bicycling, but not in the hot sun or in the rain.

Early to bed and early to rise.

An open bedroom window all night except in severe weather.

WHAT TO AVOID.

There are many foods to be avoided if you wish to look your best, and retain your good looks till you are old.

And various rules of health that you must not break if you wish successfully to attain the same object.

Strong tea is bad, because it causes a red nose and a flushed face.

Spirits, beer, and heavy wines cause redness of skin and a coarse look to the complexion.

Pork and bacon make the complexion spotty.

New bread and cake, because they cause indigestion.

Veal is bad.

Tripe is even worse.

All made dishes and rich entrees make the skin muddy.

Sausages and smoked meats and salt fish cause spots and indigestion.

Tees if you are overheated; they bring on a chill and skin eruptions.

Condiments, such as anchovy sauce, mustard, etc., because they disagree and cause blotches on the skin.

Vinegar is very bad.

Rich cheese and pastries, because they make the skin rough and muddy and coarse.

East winds, because they dry the skin.

Tight lacing.

Close, hot rooms and over-excitement.

Cold feet, and sitting over a hot fire.

Outdoor sports, when indulged in in all weathers, and with over-exertion.

Hunting, because the skin becomes rough and hard. The same applies to hockey and cricket.

The Rules of Card-Leaving.

There seems to exist in some minds a doubt as to the leaving of cards. Let me help you.

When a lady calls and finds her hostess at home she does not leave one of her own cards but, on going away, places two of her husband's on the hall table. An exception may be made to this rule in the case of a first call, when she might leave her card, saying to her hostess, "I will leave one of my cards just to remind you of address." Should she call and find her hostess "not at home," she leaves one of her own and two of her husband's. If her hostess has grown-up daughters, she may turn down the right-hand corner of her card to signify that her call is on the other members of the household as well. Now, as to card-leaving when no call is made. When a lady first comes to town or goes to her country house it is customary for her to leave cards on her friends just to notify that she has returned. In leaving cards in this way the lady would not inquire if her hostess were at home, but leave the cards, saying "For Mrs —"; or, if she were driving, she would give them to her manservant to leave.

This seems, perhaps, somewhat reversing the order of things, that the new-comer should leave cards on the old; but, when one comes to think of it, it is in reason, for how are the residents to know that the lady has returned unless she signifies it in this way? Again, leaving cards after entertainments. After a ball or a dinner party cards should be left within two days. It is not necessary to make a call, but it is sufficient to leave cards. The etiquette for leaving cards is very strict. For instance, card-leaving should not be returned by a call, but by cards. Supposing a lady

of high rank leaves cards on another who is socially her inferior, that lady would be making a faux pas in returning the cards by a call. Again, supposing a lady whose rank is lower in the social scale should make a call on a superior, and this call is returned by cards, the action is significant that the acquaintance is wished to be one of the slightest.

Some Types of Women.

THE ERRATIC WOMAN WHOM WE ALL KNOW.

You never know what she is going to do next; she does not know herself. She may make up her mind to have a busy day, and that being so, she will, in all probability, have an exceptionally idle one.

The erratic woman is always an exceedingly restless one. She cannot settle to anything. Even when discussing an interesting or absorbing subject her thoughts generally fly off to something quite opposite, and she will break in with a question relating to a totally different thing. She has no sooner made up her mind to do one thing than she instantly wishes she had decided to do something else, and if she alters her plans and does the other thing she will promptly wish she had kept to the first.

She can never make up her mind to go on a visit or a journey until the very last minute, and will then rush round,

WORRYING EVERY ONE

to death in order to catch some particular train. Even if she is able to make up her mind respecting the visit, she cannot make it up about what clothes she shall take. She may come to the conclusion that she will have to take all new dresses, as this is a first visit, and that there will be a house-party with very few people she knows. And, having bought the

clothes and gone to no end of trouble as regards the newest fashions, etc., and having the latest and most becoming hats, she will suddenly decide that, as it is only a house-party and nearly all strangers, it really doesn't matter what she wears, and so will take her old clothes after all, and leave all the new ones behind her. In a house-party she is specially trying for she can never say whether she will go on an excursion or join a picnic. If she appears unwilling, and asks to be excused, you make take it for granted that just when everything has been arranged and the numbers nicely made up, the erratic woman will alter her mind and express a great wish to go, which very often entails a lot of re-arrangement, and sometimes annoyance. She is just as

ERRATIC IN HER FRIENDSHIPS and likes and dislikes as she is in her actions. She adores a person one day,

I Cure Fits. You are not asked 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. G. ROOT, 24, E. Colindale Ave., LONDON.

Dales' GOLD MEDAL Dubbin

MAKES BOOTS and SHOE LEATHERS water-proof as a duck's back, and soft as velvet. Adds three times to the wear of leather. Pleasant odour. Removes polish with blacking, &c. Exhibition Highest Awards for Antisepticity. Black or Brown colour. Sold by Boot Polish, Saddlery, &c. Dealers.

Messrs. Dales' Dubbin, London (Eng.)

KOKO FOR THE HAIR

KOKO FOR THE HAIR

Under Royal Patronage

KOKO FOR THE HAIR

It is a tonic, cleansing, invigorating preparation, causes the hair to grow luxuriantly, keeps it soft and pliant, imparts to it the lustre and freshness of youth, eradicates dandruff, prevents hair from falling, is the most cleanly of all hair preparations, and is perfectly harmless.

OLD PEOPLE LIKE IT

for its wonderful power to invigorate decayed hair, and induce an entire new growth when that is possible.

MIDDLE-AGED PEOPLE LIKE IT,

because it prevents them from getting bald, keeps dandruff away, and makes the hair grow thick and strong.

YOUNG LADIES LIKE IT

as a dressing, because it gives the hair a beautiful glossy lustre, ensures a luxuriant growth, and enables them to dress it and keep it in any style that may be desired.

CHILDREN LIKE IT,

because it keeps the hair and scalp cool and clean, allays irritation, and keeps the hair in whatever position desired.

THEY ALL LIKE IT,

because it is as pure as crystal, perfectly colourless, contains no poisonous substance, no matter of lead, sulphur, nitrate of silver, or green, and does not soil or colour the scalp, face, or the most delicate fabric in clothing, produces a wonderfully pleasant and cooling effect on the head, and no other dressing is needed to give the hair the most beautiful appearance possible. Try it once, and you will use no other. It contains no colouring matter or dye.

KOKO is sold in 1/2, 3/4 and 8/6 bottles everywhere.

Australian Depot, Koko Manufacturing Co. Ltd., 11, Castlereagh Street, Sydney, N.S.W.

CARTING—See that the Registered Trade Mark is on every bottle.

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.

MOIR'S BLOATER PASTE.

In Tins about 2 ozs. and 4 ozs.

Manufacturers:

JOHN MOIR & SON, LIMITED,

LONDON, ABERDEEN, & SEVILLE.

Head Office—9 & 10, Great Tower Street, London, E.C.

and is cool and absolutely indifferent to her the next. She will be genial and warm-hearted, giving one her confidence, and the next time you meet her placidly friendly and formal. She never knows when she is in love, although, of course, she thinks she does. She cannot make up her mind which man to encourage or which man to accept, and the very fact of having an offer of marriage from one man will make her wish it had been another one. Even when she thinks she is really in love and accepts a man, she is tortured with doubt as to whether she has done right; whether he really cares as much for her as he says; whether, after all, she wouldn't have been happier with the other one, although she might not care as much for him. And then many people are taken into her confidence, and asked for advice, which she has no more idea of taking than the man in the moon. Only, she likes to hear each one's opinion about it all, because she cannot tell what to think or what to do for the best. Even when she is married, it is just the same. She is not sure whether she has done right or not. She wonders whether she shall be able to make him happy after all, and whether he will find her just what he thought she would be. And then she so often does

A FATAL THING

by constantly asking and bothering her husband about it. For nothing tries a man more than this perpetual fidgeting. It makes him feel that in some way or other he has failed to satisfy her, and he is worried to know in what way. As a rule, he lavishes attentions upon her for this reason; but, as she gets more and more exacting, he gets tired of it, and leaves it off altogether, simply because he feels that nothing can take away her idea that he is dissatisfied, and it is such a strain to keep up, and when once a thing

becomes a strain it soon dies. Very few men understand women, but there is every excuse for a man with an erratic woman. To live with a woman who never knows what she is going to do next, and always wishes she has done something else, is enough to make any man miserable, and this is, perhaps, the reason why so many—or, rather, nearly all—erratic women are such failures as wives. Women who are failures as wives are often failures as mothers, and the erratic woman generally develops into an irritable, peevish, discontented woman, with whom very few have any sympathy or any patience.

The Guest Who is Welcomed Again.

Girl guests are of two well defined types, the one who makes herself agreeable, and always has a string of invitations waiting their turn of fulfilment, and the one who is "difficile," and is not asked again to any house where she has proved a failure. One of these is she who outstays her welcome. Asked for a week, she remains for ten days on one pretext or another, makes a convenience of her hostess and her house, imposes upon the family hospitality, usurping, in short, the attitude and prerogatives of the hostess herself. Particularly is such a girl aggressive if there are shops of keen allurements in the place from which she does not wish to tear herself, or a love affair hanging fire, which she thinks can be fanned into a blaze by her presence. Another species of tiresome visitor is the girl who keeps meals waiting and does not tidy her room. A hostess is in a predicament here. She is not at liberty to put the room to rights herself, and she is not at lib-

erty to ask her guest to do so. The guest chamber thus becomes a scene of chaos painful to behold, and the servants who have to cope with it wax proportionately impatient. A hostess who entertains largely, and is in the habit of superintending all her own household affairs, says that she always keeps "temper work" on hand. She knits a counterpane at odd times while she is waiting for her guest to come to breakfast, and thus maintains her mental equilibrium, for she works her wrath into the bedspread with a zeal worthy of a better cause.

The model guest, it may therefore be inferred, is the one who comes when she is invited and goes home at the expiration of the time specified in the invitation. She is always ready when the gong announces that the meal is served. She busies herself with an attractive piece of needlework, which she afterwards, if it has been admired, presents to the hostess. She makes friends with the dog and cat, and tells stories to the children, praises the family baby, and never forgets a little fee to the servants. She does not intrude herself during the house-working hours, but settles herself in a corner with a book, and has a comfortable "read," though if she can help she does so willingly with a duster, or a rolling pin, making herself particularly beloved by introducing some new puddings and cakes into the repertory of the cook.

The model guest knows how to win appreciation, and when she goes home every one is fond of her, and regrets her departure.

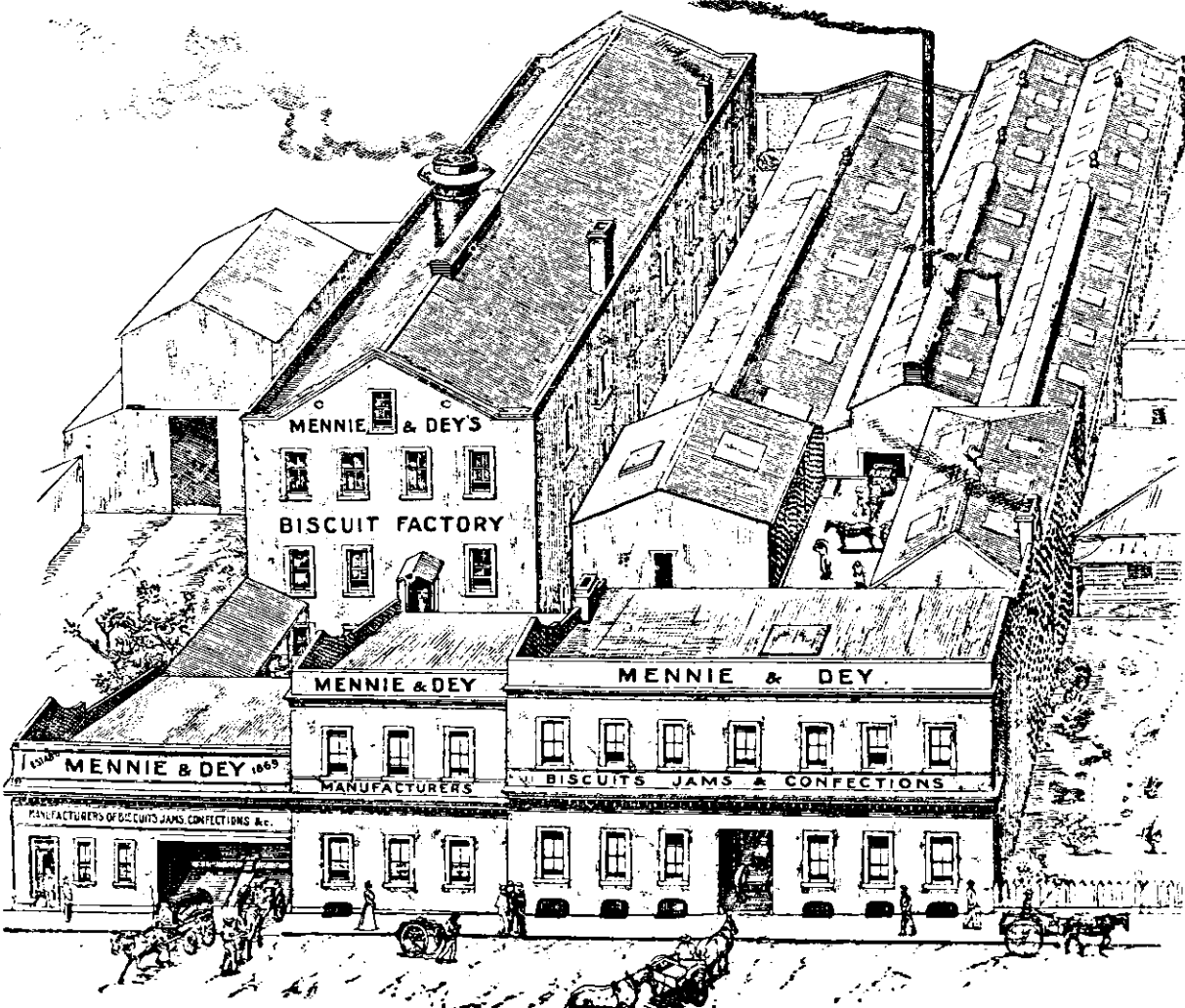
"Do Your Possible."

Some men are invincible by nature. No failure can break them down. After a life of cloud and storm, with scarcely a ray of sunshine to brighten it, they die facing fate defiantly. This constitutional indomitability is a fine

thing. It is the attribute of the highest type of manhood, and if not always a guaranty of success in life, it is certainly, humanely speaking, more likely, when combined with integrity, to attain success, than any other quality with which man is endowed.

But there are thousands of men of superior intellect who are deficient in this glorious gift. Who cannot call to mind some individual of this class, who, after battling manfully against perverse circumstances for a time, at last gave up, acknowledged himself beaten, and tacitly admitted that his life was a miserable failure? Many a man has thus broken down, when one more vigorous essay would have tided him over his difficulties, brought him into smooth water, and enabled him to snap his fingers triumphantly at a world which scarcely bestowed a pitying look on him as he threw up his arms and ceased to struggle. Certain dismal moralists tell us that it is unwise to view the world through rose-coloured glass; that our surroundings are "all a fleeting show for man's illusion given." But we maintain that it is always best to look at the bright side of things if they have one, and if they have not, to believe that they will have if we persistently try to light them up. This is the creed in which every boy should be educated. Let the young be taught to trust in Providence and themselves, and to fight adverse circumstances to the last gasp. In a large majority of such gladiatorial combats, he who thus "champions fate to the uttermost," wins the day; and at the worst it is a consolation in defeat to feel that nothing man could do to secure victory has been left undone. Never think of breaking down before any impediments. Think only of breaking over them. Let difficulty find you, as the Scotch say, always ready to "do your possible."—Selected.

Gold Medal Biscuits.—
Best Value in the Market.



Gold Medal Confections, largest variety, best quality, **Gold Medal Conserves,** **Peels.** **Only Makers Cupid Whispers in the Colony,**

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

+++++++ BY MARGUERITE +++++++

I wonder whether the twentieth century, upon which we have just entered, will be as prolific of change in fashions as was that we have left behind. At such an occasion as this (the only opportunity of a life-time), a review of the general features of the fashions of the century now gone by may not be uninteresting.

The woman of a hundred years ago glided forth in wonderful draperies relegated to Greek nymphs. The year 1800 was, in fact, the hey-day of a great classical revival. Paris was the fashion throne of that time even more than it is now, for Napoleon's wife, Mme. Bonaparte, was a woman who adored frocks, when tunics, peplums, and splendid draperies in general were worn.

Ten years later, from purely classical ideas, fickle fashion had a little wavered. Whereas skirts had been long and trailing and really very graceful, they were now shortened; but the waist remained just where it was, beneath the arms. This was a

mode that cannot have been so delightful to the eye as were the clinging robes of 1800, robes that were made to drape all the more artistically by being composed of the thinnest materials, and by these materials being sprinkled with exquisitely scented waters, the more completely to ensure their softness and pliability.

THE PROGRESS OF FASHION.

is a difficult one to understand, and for this reason let the feminine mind refuse the task.

Doubtless in 1820 what pleased the masculine beholders of the pretty girls who put on their first season frocks was the lace fichu, the precursor of the lace shawl and of shawls in general. Just lately a certain writer has been condemning the sack back coat, and declaring that in his eyes it is an ugly fashion that girls have taken upon themselves to exploit. But no one could dislike the shawl. We are aware now how gracefully it defines the shoulder lines and flows in pretty folds

that beautify the figure instead of making it awkward.

In 1830 a decadence of fashion had begun, and really the debutante must have been a sight to behold, at any rate according to our ideas at present of a beautiful one. She tripped forth (it was the days of mincing steps) in a short silk dress that would stand by itself, trimmed with a very stiff flounce, fringed-edged, and made with huge balloon sleeves. Perhaps they were pretty in those days, as so many of us thought them again years and years afterwards, but pictures of them are not alluring.

A girl's crown of glory, her dainty tresses, were tortured into most careful basket plaits, very tightly twisted up, and then the head was decorated with festoons of pearls and stiff bouquets of flowers. Of course, this head-gear would be for evening festivities. For day time wear a huge bonnet was donned with a coal-scuttle front and erratic trimmings sprouting forth

here and there.

With what disdain the young woman of 1840 must have regarded her elder sister of 1830. The young woman of the latter date was romantic. Hoops were coming in, and silks that stood by themselves were in higher favour than ever.

The bodices of dresses were rather like many of those we wear now, for the shoulder seams were perfectly flat, though below that the sleeves bulged out, to be caught in again at the wrist into a simple little cuff. This, with a coal-scuttle bonnet, and the hair neatly parted Madonna-wise, and arranged in soft bands over the ears, must have been a demure and essentially feminine looking toilette.

Time passed on, and the crinoline had its day, and a right merry one it must have been, for in 1850 we find it still. Neither had the fashions changed very materially with regard to the bodice worn. The hair, too, was as strictly neat as ever, though indeed it was a little waved instead of being worn per-



For the River.

fectly flat, and here and there side-curls were introduced drooping over the ears, somewhat like a lap-dog's hair, but evidently most becoming. It was not a day for a great deal of violent exercise, so in all likelihood a saunter in the park was the extremity of outing girls of that period asked for.

Still, in the sixties flourished the crinoline, gaining unto itself the absurdity of exaggeration that invariably precedes a fall. In 1870 it had most considerably declined from its high pinnacle of popularity, and in its stead arrived the tunic very much puffed up at the back and worn over a kilted petticoat.

Bonnets were so excessively tiny that they could scarcely be perceived, and the golden hair of those who possessed such a treasure was worn down the back in curls or a loose plait caught up at one side.

The year 1880 brings the debutante of the present day to the early hours of her childhood. She may not remember, though her mother will be able to tell her, that in the spring of that year intensely long trains were brought into vogue. They had been coming for some years before, but at this time grew almost depressingly long, twining over the floors, and, like most long skirts, hampering their wearers' progress in the street.

Ten years ago most of us who are interested in dress can well remember. There were some very pretty fashions then, many of which might be taken as models for the present time. The skirt was comfortably loose and yet without any exaggeration. Draperies were arranged with excessive grace, and the little bonnets worn at that time were very becoming. The hair was dressed just as the Princess of Wales still dresses hers, and long suede gloves were a la mode.

The hiatus of time between then and now was filled up with the eccentric balloon sleeve, to which so many references have been made, a fashion that will assert itself from time to time as the cycle of models whirls round.

Just as the fashions of each decade have owned their several points of beauty will the ones of the season of 1901 own theirs. The girl who is coming out now is a pretty sight, full of energy, grace, and beauty.

TWO PRETTY GOWNS FOR COUNTRY WEAR.

The boa is likely to remain a life-long friend. It is charming in almost every form, but perhaps particularly so composed of the new large mesh net, wide in width and of good wearing qualities. A necklet

of this description with a hat to match appears in the picture devoted to two pretty gowns for country wear.



THE THREE-TIER SKIRT.

The taffetas bands may be stitched on by machine, and even covered with stitchery, and the most charming way of applying them is to simulate a crossed-over tunic, or the skirt with three tiers, which really, I think, will be deservedly the most favourite model of the future.

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



A BECOMING "MARQUISE" HAT IN BLACK VELVET AND BLACK OSTRICH FEATHERS.



MISS MARY MOORE'S WHITE PICTURE HAT AND TWO OTHERS.



TWO PRETTY GOWNS FOR COUNTRY WEAR.

CHILDREN'S PAGE



CHILDREN'S CORRESPONDENCE COLUMN.

Any boy or girl who likes to become a cousin can do so, and write letters to Cousin Kate, care of the Lady Editor, 'Graphic' Office, Auckland.

Write on one side of the paper only. All purely correspondence letters with envelope ends turned in are carried through the Post Office as follows:—Not exceeding 10s. 4d.; not exceeding 40s. 1d. for every additional 2oz or fractional part thereof. It is well for correspondence to be marked 'Press Manuscript only.'

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

Missing Word Competition.

The missing word competition, which closed some time back, has been won by Miss Florrie Murphy, Elsthorpe. Here is her story. Only two words were wrong. It should have been four o'clock when Molly's headache went away, and she played the accompaniment on the banjo.

Molly and Dolly are great friends. Molly has golden hair and blue eyes; Dolly has brown hair and brown eyes. One day last week Molly had a headache, and could not go to school, so Dolly came to play with her. About three o'clock Molly's headache went quite away, so they had grand fun, playing with Molly's toys. Then Dolly sang a little song and played her accompaniment on the piano. Long before they were tired it was tea time, but they were not sorry when they saw the lovely sweets Molly's mother had made for them.

COUSINS' CORRESPONDENCE.

Dear Cousin Kate,—I was taking a look at the children's page, and was very interested with the letters. I would like to be a cousin if you would accept me. I am thirteen years old, and I have left school. I have three sisters and four brothers. I have no pets. We have had very bad weather, wind and rain. I enjoyed my Christmas very much, and I hope you did the same. My sister May is going to be a cousin too. My address and my sister's is the same, and I will put it on another piece of paper.—I remain, Cousin Annie.

[Dear Cousin Annie,—I am so pleased to have you for a cousin, and hope you will write regularly. I have sent both your sister and yourself badges, and hope you will get them safely. I enjoyed my Christmas very much, thank you. It was lovely weather in Auckland, but a little cold for summer.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I have often read the letters in the children's page, and found them very interesting, and so I thought I would like to become a cousin if you will have me. We are having our Christmas holidays now, and I am enjoying them. I have not got any pets. I think I will stop now if you don't think my letter too short,

and I will write more next time. Wishing you a happy new year.—I remain, your cousin, May.

[Dear Cousin May,—Many thanks for your dear little letter. It certainly is a little short, but you can send me a nice long one next week, and tell me what you are doing with your holidays.—Cousin Kate.]

Interesting for Boys to Know.

The strongest man of modern times was Augustus II. He could roll up a silver plate like a sheet of paper, and could twist the strongest horse-shoe apart. There are many other wonderful feats of strength and skill which could hardly be credited, were it not that they come from such reliable sources. How many boys have ever heard that a Turkish porter can trot at a rapid pace and carry a weight of six hundred pounds? That a whale moves with a swiftness that would carry him around the world in less than a fortnight, if he were able to go around in an undisputed course? That a sword-fish can strike his weapon through a thick plank of a ship, and that a specimen of such a plank with the sword of a fish sticking in it may be seen in the British Museum? That a lion is so strong in the mouth that he can leave the impression of his teeth upon a piece of iron? And that Milo, the celebrated athlete of Cretona, was so strong that he could easily pull up a tree by the roots and break it in two?

HOW TURKISH BOYS ARE TRAINED.

Little Turks are trained to be soldiers, every inch of them. A little Turk eats whatever is given him, obeys without a murmur, works like a horse at whatever task is set before him, walks till he drops down, draws water for his own food, cuts his own wood, takes care of his own house, and sleeps on the ground, without ever giving the smallest sign of impatience. He is even taught to do this without moving a muscle of his face to show that he does not like such hard work. What about the little boys in civilised countries, who pout because they have to go on errands, and who refuse to eat porridge and milk for breakfast? What would a well-trained young Turk think of a boy who did these things?

FOR AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS.

So many boys and girls take pictures nowadays that plain, every-day photography is not as interesting as it was when pocket cameras first became known. Yet, to take a photograph well is a real accomplishment. And for those who have acquired it many very nice gifts are within easy reach. Here is something which a colonial boy did for Christmas, and which all amateur photographers may repeat for Easter or birthday presents.

This very enterprising young photographer procured a quantity of what is known as "sensitized" or "sensitized" linen, and upon this linen he took pictures of all the pretty pieces of furniture and cozy corners in his home. When the pictures were all nicely photographed upon the linen, and you may be sure it was no quick nor easy task, the amateur photographer enlisted his sister into the work, and persuaded her to stitch the pictures upon tiny napkins and d'oylies for his mother's table. There were ten of the pictures, and when the work was done it was, as the boy's mamma said, "too pretty for anything."

But the funny part of it all was this—The d'oylies were far too fine for table use, so the boy's mamma said,

and instead of putting them under the finger-bowls or the glasses, she has spread them upon a little table in the parlour. And there they are now.

Archie's Adventures.

Archie had been to the fancy dress ball at the Mansion House, and he was just proud of himself, for he had gone in a fireman's costume, and on the way home Uncle Claude had told him what brave deeds firemen performed, and Archie's heart swelled with pride as he listened.

How he longed to be a fireman and do great deeds! No wonder he didn't want to take his uniform off when he got into his bedroom; and what was more, he was not surprised when he heard someone say to him: "You've been appointed captain of the fire brigade to his majesty King Rum-Tum." The speaker was a funny little old woman, with corkscrew curls and a queer bonnet. "I'm King Rum-Tum's Aunt Maria," she said, "and I'm so afraid of the palace being burnt that I made the king promise to send for you."

"Quite right, mum," said Archie. "You will be quite safe now that I am captain of the fire brigade."

"I'm so thankful," said the old lady, and she gave Archie an acid drop; then she showed him a lovely little building, full of fire escapes and fire engines, while hundreds of little firemen stood in a row and touched their hats to their new captain.

"You're quite sure you can take care of us," said Aunt Maria, helping herself to an acid drop. "There are a great many of us you know. There's the king and the two princesses, and the triplet of baby princesses, and my pug dog, and myself, and my jackdaw. I feel much safer since I have known you, but while King Rum-Tum insists on snooking in bed we are likely to have a fire at any moment."

"I'll be very careful," said Archie. "Thank you very much indeed," said Aunt Maria. "I'm sorry I haven't another acid drop to give you, but I've

only two left, and those are for my pug dog and my jackdaw. They both have very weak chests. Good night," and Aunt Maria hurried off.

Archie did feel proud of himself, and he marched up and down in front of the palace, looking up at the big windows and thinking how very foolish it was of King Rum-Tum to smoke in bed. Then he went back to look at his pretty fire engines.

Suddenly, all the alarm bells began ringing with all their might and main, and Archie called out the whole of the brigade and hurried back to the palace. Such a sight met his eyes! The whole place was one mass of smoke and flame, while at one of the highest windows he saw a group of people peering out in dismay. Among them he quickly recognised Aunt Maria and her grey curls.

"Come up and save us! Come up and save us!" she called. "I gave you an acid drop, so you ought to come when I call you."

Archie felt as brave as a lion, and rearing the tallest ladder he could find against the palace wall he rushed up to the window. Such a sight met his eyes. There was King Rum-Tum, still smoking, and attired in trousers, dressing gown and crown, while in his hands he bore his sceptre and the family album. There were the triplet baby princesses, in little frilled night dresses and tasselled night caps, and two golden haired princesses, with crowns on their heads, while Aunt Maria was dividing her attentions between her jackdaw in his cage and a blue bonnet box, her little pug dog sitting on the ground, howling piteously.

They all grabbed hold of Archie, who was very brave indeed, and told them he could easily save them if they would only keep calm.

Archie indeed had his hands full, but he managed splendidly. He took the triplet of baby princesses in his right arm and the two princesses in his left, and let the little pug dog jump on his helmet, while in each hand he held a blanket, in which were seated respectively King Rum-Tum and Aunt Maria. Then slowly and surely he descended the ladder amid the cheers of the fire brigade.

It was a magnificent rescue, and Archie was so delighted at having brought the royal family down in safety that he began to cheer vigorously himself—and awoke to find himself still in the fancy dress he wore at the Mansion House, while nurse was ready, waiting to put him to bed.

AUNT AUDREY.



ARCHIE, INDEED, HAS HIS HANDS FULL.

The Last Day of the Holidays.

Through all the sunny morning anyone familiar with their habits would have noticed that a sort of gentle melancholy seemed to brood over the pool of the alligators. There had been five or six wrestling bouts, but they had been conducted in a half-hearted way as if simply indulged in to assist digestion. There was no go and dash about the performance.

Finally even these hollow attempts at play were given up, and a rippleless silence took possession of the pool. All the alligators, big and little, arranged themselves in a row, and, shutting their eyes, just rested the points of their long noses on the bank. They might have been so many pieces of green bronze.

Some people think that alligators can't count; but even the smallest alligator knew the day of the month, and that this was the last day in that outdoor pool. To-morrow they would be pushed and shoved and prodded and poked into winter quarters. For the little alligators that spelled s-c-h-o-o-l, horrid word! For the older alligators it meant a long stretch of days with no nice hot sun, no nice big pool, nothing to do but sleep and eat! And for the oldest alligator of all it meant teaching!

Was it any wonder they were all greatly depressed? But it is absurd to spend the last day of vacation in vain regrets. So when the oldest and largest gator crawled slowly out of the pool to the centre of the pen, all the rest opened their eyes at once, just as if he had said, "One, two, three, wake up!" When he had stretched himself at full length, he opened his mouth and made a sound like escaping steam. "Come on, all of you," he said. "Let's have one more game of pyramid."

Did you ever see alligators play pyramid? It is the oldest game in the world, invented by the first alligator that ever lived. He taught it to his children long ago in the land of Egypt, and they in turn taught it to their children. Only the alligators and crocodiles, their cousins, know how to play it properly.

When the oldest and largest alligator had stretched himself at full length, the next largest in the crowd crawled on top of him, with his head turned toward the big one's tail. Then both together gave the same steam-hissing sound, and then the next largest crawled up, and the next and the next, until on the top of the pyramid sat quite a little gator, with eight larger fellows underneath, all head to tail. Then they all let off steam together to attract the attention of the other pyramids, none of which was larger than seven gators high.

Then began the really difficult part of the game. Old Samson Alligator started to crawl slowly round the pen. If there were any hillocks in his path, or stones, or uneven places in the ground, he did not avoid them, as one might suppose, but even went out of his way to go over them. As he felt the load slipping to one side or the other, he would let off a little steam, which is the way alligators laugh to themselves. At the fourth jump, alligator number eight, who was next to the top, fell off. But little gator number nine just managed to keep his seat.

That pleased him very much, for it is the rule of the game that the top ones should fall first, and as number eight had fallen before him, he could stay on his back and ride round until all the rest were shaken off. This, naturally, took some time, and as all the rest fell off in regular order, number eight was in a bad humour at his mishap.

"Oh, you're terrible smart, I know!" he said, ill-naturedly, to little number nine. "Just you wait till to-morrow, when you begin school! Perhaps you'll find you don't know so much, after all!" But at the very mention of school his ill-humour vanished. After all, misfortune makes one kinder. He, too, had to go to school. When the keeper brought supper he had entirely recovered, and good-naturedly made a place for the smallest gator next to himself, and did not gobble more than four-sixths of the food that came their way.

"To-morrow's full of trouble," said the keeper to a friend. "We've got to move all these alligators. It's a job! There are so many now that we will have to separate 'em. Take out some of the big ones and put 'em in a separate corner."

At this all the little alligators near-

ly died of excitement. Suppose the teacher would be taken? They scarcely slept all night, and those that did dreamed of a tank where there wasn't a teacher, and it was always vacation. HENRY DICK.

A Little Queen's Pet.

When Queen Victoria was a little girl, before thoughts of the English throne had ever entered her head, she was the owner of a very fine coop of Cochin China fowls. There were very large white roosters, beautiful, plump hens and downy chicks by the dozen, for the coop was a very large one.

But the pet of all the pets was a big rooster, who had learned to know his little mistress and to follow her around the enclosure where he was kept. Many photos were taken of the Cochin China fowls, and later, when the little Victoria grew to be a woman and was called to the English throne, she took her Cochin China fowls with her, and had them installed at Grasse, one of her country seats.

They are still at Grasse, and for a generation the Queen's children and grandchildren have played with them and admired them. Last summer little

Lady Alexandra Duff, the Queen's little great-granddaughter, was taken to Grasse, and one day her nurse led her out to where there was a coop of beautiful Cochin China hens and chickens, all descended from the ones the baby Victoria played with sixty years ago.

A Turkish New-Year Dish.

Have you ever heard of cabobs? Maybe not. They are queer Turkish affairs, which in Turkey are eaten as we eat New Year's cakes in this country. If you would like to eat a cabob and pretend that you are a young Turk enjoying his New Year dish, try this way of manufacturing it: Cut a large onion in thin slices, and treat a big apple in the same way, after you have pared and cored it. Get the cook to slice for you four thin strips of bacon and four more of cold lamb or veal. Lay the sixteen pieces of onion, apple, bacon and cold meat upon a plate and sprinkle them with pepper and ginger. Next take a skewer and string them upon it—meat, onion, bacon, apple and so on. Wrap the skewers in buttered paper and bake two hours. Eat the cabob from the skewer and fancy that you are a happy little Turk on a holiday.



"Don't tell anybody you've seen me. They think I'm at home, catching mice!"

NURSERY TOWN
By Martha Burr Banks

Nursery Town is a beautiful place!
It lies in the middle of Mother Land,
And the sun that shines there is Mother's face,
And Nurse's the queen there who has command.

Now some of the places in Nursery Town
Are Baby-House Corner and White-Wood Farm.
With its Sheep, and the Shepherd all dressed in his gown,
And a wee woolly Dog to guard from harm.

In Picture-Book Row lives Little Boy Blue,
And Jack and his Sister, who tumbled down-hill,
And the funny Old Woman whose home was a Shoe,
And the other Old Woman who never was still.

Here's Building-Block Street, and the
Soldiers' Camp,
And Tin-Train Station, near Bureau Alley,
And Window-Sill Walk, where the
Soldiers tramp,
And Dolly's Lane, winding by
Wood-Basket Valley.

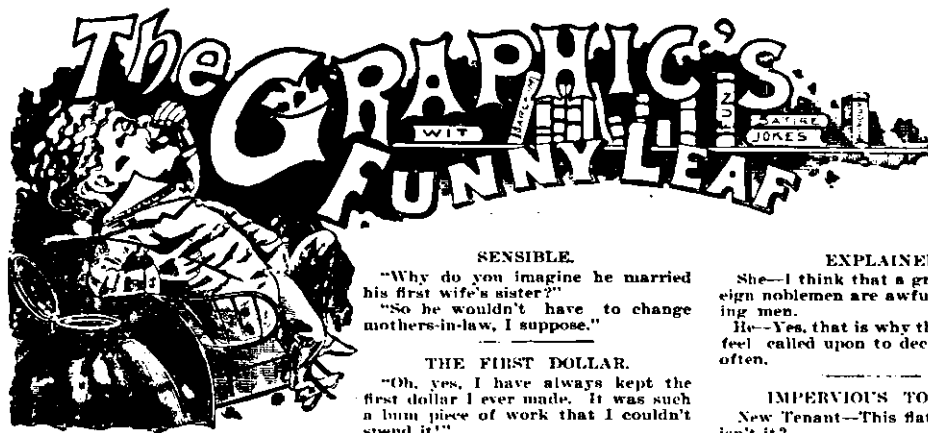
The Cabinet Hospital stands there, too,
With its poor little patients all sick in their beds,
And gentle Nurse Needle and good Doctor Glue
To stitch up their arms or to stick on their heads.

And drifted in here is a snug Noah's Ark,
With brave Mr. Noah and all of his Crew,
And the Animals, also, aboard of his bark,
From a little pink Pig to a gray Kangaroo.

There are two little Boats, here in
Nursery Town,
Moored close by the Ferry of Going to Sleep;
And a Pillow in each for each fair, curly crown
Of the two little Sailors who into them creep.

A Round Table Tavern's the spot where they're fed,
They stop there for Supper and Breakfast for two,
They've Potato or Hominy, Butter and Bread,
Or Eggs, Toast and Milk, and some Crackers may do.

Oh, there's never a place quite like Nursery Town!
So gay is the play there the whole of the day!
Just take a Step Up, and then take a Step Down,
And walk till you find it—it's not far away.



THE KIND OF WORK HE LIKED.

"You are mistaken about Young Clifford. I tell you his heart was very much in his work when I last saw him."

"Indeed! What was he doing?"
"Falling in love with a pretty girl."

WILLING TO PLEASE.

New Cook (haughtily)—You have no children, I suppose?
Mistress (thoroughly humbled)—Only one boy, I assure you. And if you prefer he can be sent to a boarding school.

AN IMPRESSION.

"I played a game of cricket to-day, the first in fifteen years."
"Ah!"
"Yes, I wonder what is the idea of having the wickets so much farther apart than they used to be?"

PERADVENTURE 'TIS TRUE.

Sunday-school Teacher—Robert, tell me why it was the children of Israel built a golden calf.
Robert—I don't know, unless 'twas that they didn't have gold enough to make a cow.

ACCORDING TO LAW.

"I notice by the reports of divorce cases that husbands are not always right."
"No. A good many of them nowadays seem to be left."

D.T.'S.

Snagsby—What did old David Trimble die of?
Nogsby—Of his initials.

CERTAINLY NOT.

Cholly: I shall never marry a strong minded woman—never.
Minerva: No, of course you won't. The woman you marry will be weak-minded, I'm sure.

SHE TOOK HIM.

"Are you fond of puppies, Miss Golf?"
Miss Golf—What a singular way you have of proposing, Mr. Tanly!



HE CAN SPIN NOW.

"Dear son—Yore letter received uskin' fer money ter buy a wheel, so's yew cud take a spin every day. Ez money iz skeerce mother senda yew her old one."
"Frum yore father."

SENSIBLE.

"Why do you imagine he married his first wife's sister?"
"So he wouldn't have to change mothers-in-law, I suppose."

THE FIRST DOLLAR.

"Oh, yes, I have always kept the first dollar I ever made. It was such a bum piece of work that I couldn't spend it!"
And the counterfeiter laughed heartily at the recollection.

A CLOSE SHAVE.

Barber (pausing in the mutilation): Will you have a close shave, sir? Victim (with a gasp): If I get out of this chair alive I shall certainly consider it such.

OF TWO EVILS.

"Ruggles, I am sorry to hear you were burnt out the other day. Did you lose all your household goods?"
"Yes, but we don't feel so awfully bad over it. Lumpkin. We expected to have to move next week, any way."

A PIOUS NEPHEW.

Manager: You say you would like to go to your uncle's funeral this afternoon? Clerk: Yes, sir, if it doesn't rain.

DROOPING SWEETNESS.

Clara: Do you like a drooping moustache? Mabel: Yes; if it droops my way.

ELABORATE REVENGE.

Wattelle: Old Bullion fired you from your job in his banking house, did he? What are you going to do to get even with him?

Foyle d'Agayne: I am going to write to him on a postal card and tell him I must not be considered any longer an aspirant for the hand of his daughter.

AT THE BEACH.

"It must be grand to stand out there and watch the beauties of the morning," said the poetic man, as he stood on the pier and watched the billows.

"Well, the fact is," said the hotel landlord, "I'll be candid and tell you that the beauties sleep pretty late. But you can watch them in the afternoon."

FOND.

"The dog you sold me yesterday would have eaten my little girl up this morning if she had not been rescued."
"But you insisted on having a dog that was fond of children."

THE FEMININE CODE.

Daisy: Oh, yes, she wrote him that they must part forever and ever, but she did not mean it.

Dolly: How do you know?
Daisy: Because she did not underscore it, you silly.

DRIVING IT HOME.

Miss Thirtysmith: Powder doesn't seem to do my complexion any good.
Sally Gay: Try dynamite, dear.

AN EXPLANATION.

Weeks: Your wife flares up pretty often, doesn't she?
Meeks: Yes; you see, I married one of my old flames.

Tramp—I'm very much obliged for that piece of fresh bread you gave me, mum.

Young Housekeeper—You are welcome.

Tramp—Yes, mum. It was a little too doughy to eat, mum, but it tightened my leaky shoes up elegant.

EXPLAINED.

She—I think that a great many foreign noblemen are awfully plain-looking men.

He—Yes, that is why their sovereigns feel called upon to decorate them so often.

IMPERVIOUS TO HEAT.

New Tenant—This flat is fire-proof, isn't it?

Old Tenant—You will think so, after you have lived here for a while.

JUST THE ONE.

Hopperly—Can you recommend the man who built your house?

Plankinton—If you are fond of an outdoor life.

TRUE DEMOCRACY.

Pip—After all, do you suppose when a man's elected he's really the choice of the people?

Nip—Why, yes, I fancy so if he's spent enough money.

ACKNOWLEDGING THE DEBT.

"I do not claim," said the thoughtful member of the club, "that the influence of Fashion is entirely harmful. We must admit that we owe the milliner and dressmaker something."

"Goodness, yes!" exclaimed the usually frivolous member, shuddering. "My account can't be less than a hundred and fifty pounds."

RATHER ONE-SIDED.

Dixmyth—How do you like your new boarding-house?

Hojax—By reversing the order of things it could be made an ideal home.

Dixmyth—How so?
Hojax—What it requires is less hair in the butter and more in the mattress.

IDEAL HAPPINESS.

She—What was the happiest moment of your life?

He—Well, I think it was one evening last week when I entered the parlour of my boarding-house and saw a strange sign on the piano?

She—Indeed! And the sign?
He—Closed for repairs.

NOT A CHEERFUL OUTLOOK.

The Applicant—Awn phoy did th' lasht cook leave ye'er door, sor?

The Suburbanite—She didn't leave my door.

The Applicant—How was that, sor?
The Suburbanite—She left my roof. Lit the gasoline stove and then soared.

A LONG PROSPECT.

Boroughs—What are you driving at?

Leuders—I simply don't want you to forget that you owe me ten pounds.

Boroughs—Don't worry. I expect to remember that to my dying day.



"What are you crying for, little girl?"

"Boo-hoo, 'oos sittin' on my jam tart!"

LATENT ENERGY.

Stiles—Is there any life at all in your office boy?

Biles—Any life? He's only resting for a spurt. Wait ten minutes, and you'll see him close the office.

RESUMPTION OF HOSTILITIES.

The professor, who thought his system was running down, asked his old enemy, the doctor, to prescribe for him.

"All the medicine you need," said the doctor, after listening to a recital of the symptoms, "is a tonic in the shape of fresh air."

"Well," responded the professor, slightly irritated, "what is the shape of fresh air?"

ECONOMY.

Widow—Here is a pair of shoes which belonged to my deceased husband. You may have them if they fit you.

Beggar (examining the worn out shoes)—You better keep them, ma'am, you might get married again.

A PRECAUTION.

Marie—You should get him to sign the pledge when you marry.

Carrie—Why, he doesn't drink.
Marie—No, but he may be tempted to do so after.

TOO BAD.

Tailor—We came, Baron, to ask you to pay your bill. We cannot wait any longer because we have not been able to pay our own bills for cloth for three months.

Baron—Well, I declare—you fellows incur debts and then you come to me for money to pay them. What impudence!



HEREDITY?

Crawley: "Yes, I'm a firm believer in the theory that at some time in the past our spirits inhabited other bodies, and that we resemble them to a certain extent and inherit their taste. (To waitress.) Dessert? Coconut pie for me, please."