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## That Precious Life.

"The Kaiser has congratulated the Sultan on his exemplary bravery and coolness during the earthquake. God, he said, had manifestly protected a precious life. He prayed that the Lord would continue to hold the Sultan in His gracious, holy keeping. The Sultan, in thanking the Kaiser, declared that his calmness was the result of submission to the Divine will."—(Recent cable message.)

Serial Story.

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# TRISTRAM OF BLENT.

By ANTHONY HOPE.

AN EPISODE IN THE STORY OF AN ANCIENT HOUSE.

## SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.—Mr Jenkinson Need in editing the Journal of his deceased friend, Mr Josiah Cholderton, comes across an interesting passage. In 1878 Mr Cholderton, when residing at the villa of Madame de Kries, met a lady who passed as the wife of Captain Fitzhubert. As a matter of fact, she was the wife of Sir Randolph Edge, with whom she had eloped a year and a half before, but who had left her two months after the wedding. Mr Cholderton narrates how, while he is at the villa, the lady received news of the death of the baronet in Russia. She and the captain were almost immediately married, and a fortnight later a child—a boy—was born. But it appears the baronet did not die until some three weeks after the date stated. The mistake arose through his falling into a comatose state. This information causes no small agitation to the Fitzhuberts, for it reveals the fact that the lady's marriage with the captain is illegal, her real husband at the time of the ceremony being alive, and that the boy is illegitimate. Mr Need on searching the peerage finds that Mrs Fitzhubert is Baroness Tristram of Blent, in her own right, that Captain Fitzhubert is dead, and that her son is mentioned as heir, the date of his birth being falsely entered, and his illegitimacy thus concealed.

CHAPTER II.—Madame Zabriska, a widow 28 years of age, is with her uncle in London looking for a country residence. Mr Sloyd, an agent, is instructed to inquire about a property at Blent, Merrion Lodge, belonging to the Right Honourable Baroness Tristram of Blent. This Madame Zabriska is the daughter of the Madame de Kries, at whose villa Mr Cholderton met Mrs Fitzhubert. Madame Zabriska and her uncle became the tenants of Merrion Lodge, and on the day of their arrival there, Harry Tristram calls on her. He is quite unaware that she has any knowledge of his history. His mother is somewhat of an invalid.

CHAPTER III.—It appears that at the age of 15, Harry's mother confided to him the circumstances of his birth. She and he resolved to keep both the secret and the possessions which Harry would forfeit by its betrayal. Thus it comes that in the young man's outward aspect, there is always an appearance of being on guard. In the event of the barony and Blent departing from Harry, they would go to Cecily Gainsborough, the daughter of Lady Tristram's cousin-in-law. The Gainsboroughs are poor, and Harry has such an aversion to them—the result of fear—that he will have nothing to do with them. He entertains the idea of marrying Janie Iver, a young lady with money, not apparently because he is in love with her, but because it strikes him that in the event of his secret getting known by the Gainsboroughs, it would be useful to have a large sum of money with which to buy them off.

CHAPTER IV.  
SHE COULD AN' SHE WOULD.

In spite of Mrs Iver's secret opinion that people with strange names were likely to be strange themselves, and that, for all she saw, foreigners were—not fools, as Dr. Johnson's friend thought—but generally knaves, an acquaintance was soon made between Fairholme and Merrion Lodge. Her family was against Mrs Iver. Her husband was boundlessly hospitable; Janie was very sociable. The friendship grew and prospered. Mr Iver began to teach the major to play golf. Janie took Mina Zabriska out driving in the highest dog cart on the countryside. They would go along the road by the river, and get out perhaps for a wander by the Pool, or even drive higher up the valley and demand tea from Bob Broadley at his pleasant little place—half farm, half manor house—at Mingham, three miles above the Pool. Matters moved so quick that Mina understood in a week why Janie found it pleasant to have a companion under whose aegis she could drop in at Mingham. It a little more than a fortnight she began to understand why her youthful uncle (the major was very young now) grunted

unsympathetically when she observed that the road to Mingham was the prettiest in the neighbourhood. The Imp was accumulating other people's secrets, and was accordingly in a state of high satisfaction.

The situation developed fast, and for the time at least Janie Iver was heroine, and held the centre of the stage. A chance of that state of comfort which was his remaining and modest ambition had opened before the major, and the possibility of sharing it with a congenial partner, the major lost no time in starting his campaign. Overtures from Blent, more stately but none the less prompt, showed that Harry Tristram had not spoken idly to his mother. And what about Bob Broadley? He seemed to be out of the running, and indeed to have little inclination, or not enough courage to press forward. Yet she drives to Mingham went on. Mina was puzzled. She began to observe the currents in the Fairholme household. Iver was for Harry, she thought, though he maintained a dignified show of indifference. Mrs Iver—the miraculous occurring in a fortnight, as it often does—was at least very much taken with the major. Bob Broadley had no friend, unless in Janie herself. And Janie was inscrutable by virtue of an open pleasure in the attention of all three gentlemen, and an obvious disinclination to devote herself exclusively to anyone of them. She could not flirt with Harry Tristram, because he had no knowledge of the art, but she accepted his significant civilities. She did flirt with the major, who had many years' experience of the pastime. And she was kind to Bob Broadley, going to see him, as has been said, sending him invitations, and seeming in some way to be fighting against his own readiness to give up the battle before it was well begun. But it is hard to help a man who will not help himself. On the other hand, it is said to be amusing sometimes.

They all met at Fairholme one afternoon, Harry appearing unexpectedly as the rest were at tea on the lawn. This was his first meeting with the Major. As he greeted that gentleman even more when he shook hands with Bob there was a touch of regality in his manner. The reserve was prominent, and his prerogative was claimed. Very soon he carried Janie off for a solitary walk in the shrubberies. Mina enjoyed her uncle's frown and chafed at Bob's self-effacement. He had been talking to Janie when Harry calmly took her away. The pair were gone half an hour, and conversation flagged. They reappeared, Janie looking rather excited, Harry almost insolently calm, and sat down side by side. The major walked across and took a vacant seat on the other side of Janie. The slightest look of surprise showed on Harry Tristram's face. A duel began. Display had readiness, suavity, volubility, a trick of flattering deference. On Harry's side were a stronger suggestion of power and an assumption, rather attractive, that he must be listened to. Harry liked this air of his, even while she resented it. Here in his own country at least a Tristram of Blent was somebody. Bob Broadley was listening to Iver's views on local affairs. He was not in the fight at all, but he was covertly watching it. Perhaps Iver watched too, but it was not easy to penetrate the thoughts of that astute man of business. The fortune of battle seemed to incline to Harry's side. The major was left out of the talk for minutes together. More for fun than for any jealousy to her kinsman Mina rose and walked over to

Harry.

"Do take me to see the greenhouses, Mr Tristram," she begged. "You're all right with uncle, aren't you, Janie?"

Janie nodded rather nervously. After a pause of a full half minute Harry Tristram rose without a word and began to walk off. It was left for Mina to join him in a hurried little run.

"Oh, wait for me, anyhow," she cried with a little laugh.

They walked on for some distance in silence.

"You're not very conversational, Mr Tristram. I suppose you're angry with me?"

He turned and looked at her. Presently he began to smile, even more slowly, it seemed, than usual.

"I must see that my poor uncle has fair play—what do you call it?—a fair show—mustn't I?"

"Oh, that's what you meant. Madame Zabriska? It wasn't the pleasure of my company?"

"Do you know, I think you rather exaggerate the pleasure—no, not the pleasure, I mean the honour—of your company? You were looking as if you couldn't understand how anybody could want to talk to uncle when you were there—eh?—well, gosh, you were there. But he's better looking than you and more amusing."

"I don't set up for a beauty or a wit either," Harry observed, not at all put out by the Imp's premeditated candour.

"No—and still she ought to want to talk to you! Why? Because you're Mr Tristram, I suppose?" Mina indulged in a very scornful demeanour.

"It's very friendly of you to resent my behaviour on Miss Iver's behalf."

"There you are again! That means she doesn't resent it. I think you give yourself airs, Mr Tristram, that I should like—"

"To take me down a peg?" he asked in a tone of rather contemptuous amusement.

She paused a minute and then nodded significantly.

"Exactly, and to make you feel a little uncomfortable—not quite so sure of yourself and everything about you."

Again she waited a minute, her eyes set on his face and watching it keenly. "I wonder if I could," she ended, slowly.

"Upon my word, I don't see how it's to be done." He was openly chaffing her now.

"Oh, I don't know that you're invulnerable," she said, with a toss of her head. "Don't defy me, Mr Tristram. I don't mind telling you that it would be very good for you if you weren't—"

"Appreciated?" he suggested ironically.

"No; I was going to say if you weren't Mr. Tristram, or the future Lord Tristram of Blent."

If she hoped to catch him off his guard, she was mistaken. Not a quiver passed over his face as he remarked:

"I'm afraid Providence can hardly

ly manage that now, either for my good or for your amusement, Madame Zabriska, much as it might conduce to both."

The Imp loved fighting, and her blood was getting up. He was a good foe, but he did not know her power. He must not either—not yet, anyhow. If he patronised her much more, she began to feel that he would have to know it some day—not to his hurt, of course; merely for the reformation of his manners.

"Meanwhile," he continued, as he lit a cigarette, "I'm not seriously disappointed that attentions paid to one lady fail to please another. That's not uncommon, you know. By the way, we're not on the path to the greenhouses; but you don't mind that? They were a pretext, no doubt? Oh, I don't want to hurry back. Your uncle shall have his fair show. How well you're mastering English!"

At this moment Mina hated him heartily; she swore to humble him—before herself, not before the world, of course; she would give him a fright anyhow—not now, but some day; if her temper could not stand the strain better, it would be some day soon, though.

"You see," Harry's calm, exasperating voice went on, "it's just possible that you're better placed at present as an observer of our manners than as a critic of them. I hope I don't exceed the limits of candour which you yourself indicated as allowable in this pleasant conversation of ours?"

"Oh, well, we shall see," she declared with another nod. The vague threat (for it seemed that or nothing) elicited a low laugh from Harry Tristram.

"We shall," he said. "And in the meantime a little sparring is amusing enough. I don't confess to a hit at present; do you, Madame Zabriska?"

Mina did not confess, but she felt the hit all the same; if she were to fight him, she must bring her reserves into action.

"By the way, I'm so sorry you couldn't see my mother when you called the other day. She's not at all well, unhappily. She really wants to see you."

"How very kind of Lady Tristram!"

There was kept for the mother a little of the sarcastic humility which was more appropriate when directed against the son. Harry smiled still as he turned round and began to escort her back to the lawn. The smile annoyed Mina; it was a smile of victory. Well, the victory should not be altogether his.

"I want to see Lady Tristram very much," she went on, in innocent tones and with a face devoid of malice, "because I can't help thinking I must have seen her before—when I was quite a little girl."

"You've seen my mother before? When and where?"

"She was Mrs. Fitzhubert, wasn't she?"

"Yes, of course she was—before she came into the title."

"Well, a Mrs. Fitzhubert used to come and see my mother long ago at Heidelberg. Do you know if your mother was ever at Heidelberg?"

"I fancy she was—I'm not sure."

Still the Imp was very innocent, although the form of Harry's reply caused her inward amusement and triumph.

"My mother was Madame de Kries. Ask Lady Tristram if she remembers the name."

It was a hit for her at last, though Harry took it well. He turned quickly towards her, opened his lips to speak, repented, and did no more than give her a rather long and rather intense look. Then he nodded carelessly. "All right, I'll ask her," said he. The next moment he put a question. "Did you know about having met her before you came to Merrion?"

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"Oh, well, I looked in the 'Peerage,' but it really didn't strike me till a day or two ago that it might be the same Mrs. Fitzhubert. The name's pretty common, isn't it?"

"No, it's very uncommon."  
"Oh, I didn't know," murmured Mina apologetically; but the glance which followed him as he turned away was not apologetic; it was triumphant.

She got back in time to witness—to her regret (let it be confessed) she could not overhear—Janie's farewell to Bob Broadley. They had been friends from youth; he was "Bob" to her, she was now to him "Miss Janie."

"You haven't said a word to me, Bob."

"I haven't had a chance; you're always with the swells now."

"How can I help it, if—if nobody else comes?"

"I really shouldn't have the cheek, Harry Tristram was savage enough with the Major—what would he have been with me?"

"Why should it matter what he was?"

"Do you really think that, Miss Janie?" Bob was almost at the point of an advance.

"I mean—why should it matter to you?"

The explanation checked the advance.

"Oh, I—I see. I don't know, I'm sure. Well then, I don't know how to deal with him."

"Well, good-bye. Good-bye, Miss Janie."

"Are you coming to see us again, ever?"

"If you ask me, I—"

"And am I coming again to Mingham? Although you don't ask me."

"Will you really?"

"Oh, you do ask me? When I ask you to ask me!"

"Any day you'll—"

"No, I'll surprise you. Good-bye. Good-bye, really."

The conversation, it must be admitted, sounds commonplace when verbally recorded. Yet he would be a despondent man who considered it altogether discouraging; Mina did not think Janie's glances discouraging either. But Bob Broadley, a literal man, found no warrant for fresh hope in any of the not very significant words which he repeated to himself as he rode home up the valley of the Blent. He suffered under modesty; it needed more than coquetry to convince him that he exercised any attraction over the rich and brilliant (brilliance also is a matter of comparison) Miss Iver, on whose favour Mr. Tristram waited, and at whose side Major Duplay danced attendance.

"You're a dreadful flirt, Janie," said Mina, as she kissed her friend.

Janie was not a raw girl; she was a capable young woman of two-and-twenty.

"Nonsense," she said, rather crossly. It's not flirting to take time to make up your mind."

"It looks like it, though."

"And I've no reason to suppose they've any one of them made up their minds."

"I should think you could do that for them pretty soon. Besides, uncle has, anyhow."

"I'm to be your aunt, am I?"

"Oh, he's only an uncle by accident."

"Yes, I think that's true. Shall we have a drive soon?"

"To Mingham? Or to Blent Hall?"

"Not Blent. I wait my lord's pleasure to see me."

"Yes; that's how I feel about him," cried Mina, eagerly.

"But all the same—"

"No, I won't hear a word of good about him. I hate him!"

Janie smiled in an indulgent but rather troubled way. Her problem was serious, she could not afford the Imp's pettish treatment of the world and the people in it. Janie had responsibilities—banks and buildings full of them—and a heart to please into the bargain. Singularly complicated questions are rather cruelly put before young women, who must solve them on the peril of —. It would sound like exaggeration to say what:

There was Mrs Iver to be said good-bye to—plump, peaceful, proper Mrs Iver, whom nothing had great power

to stir save an unkindness and an unconventionality; before either of these she bristled surprisingly.

"I hope you've all enjoyed this lovely afternoon," she said to Mina.

"Oh, yes, we have, Mrs Iver—not quite equally perhaps—but still—"

Mrs Iver sighed and kissed her.

"Men are always the difficulty, aren't they?" said the Imp.

"Poor child, and you're lost yours!"

"Yes, poor Adolf!" There was a touch of duty in Mina's sigh. She had been fond of Adolf, but his memory was not a constant presence. The world for the living was Madame Zabriska's view.

"I'm so glad Janie's found a friend in you—and a wise one, I'm sure."

Mina did her best to look the part thus charitably assigned to her; her glance at Janie was maternally, almost maternal.

"Not that I know anything about it," Mrs Iver pursued, following a train of thought obvious enough. "I hope she'll act for her happiness, that's all. There's the dear Major looking for you—don't keep him waiting, dear. How lucky he's your uncle—he can always be with you."

"Until he settles and makes a home for himself," smiled Mina irresponsibly; the rejuvenescence—nay, the unbroken youth—of her relative appeared to her quaintly humorous, and it was her fancy to refer to him as she might to a younger brother.

There was Mr Iver to be said good-bye to.

"Come again soon—you're always welcome; you wake us up, Madame Zabriska."

"You promised to say Mina!"

"So I did, but my tongue's out of practice with young ladies Christian names. Why, I call my wife 'Mother'—only Janie says I mustn't. Yes, come and cheer us up. I shall make the uncle a crack player before long. Mustn't let him get lazy and spend half the day over five o'clock tea, though."

This was hardly a hint, but it was an indication of the trend of Mr Iver's thoughts. So it was a dangerous ball, and that clever little cricketer, the Imp, kept her bat away from it. She laughed; that committed her to nothing—and left Iver to bowl again.

"It's quite a change to find Harry Tristram at a tea-party, though! Making himself pleasant, too."

"Not to me," observed Mina decisively.

"You chaffed him, I expect. He stands a bit on his dignity. Ah well, he's young, you see."

"No, he chaffed me. Oh, I think I left off even, you know."

"They get a bit spoilt." He seemed to be referring to the aristocracy.

"But there's plenty of stuff in him, or I'm much mistaken. He's a born fighter, I think."

"I wonder," said Mina, her eyes twinkling again.

Finally there was the Major to be walked home with—not a youthful, triumphant Major, but a rather careworn, undisguisedly irritated one. If Mina wanted somebody to agree with her present mood about Harry Tristram, her longing was abundantly gratified. The Major roundly termed him an overbearing young cub, and professed a desire—almost an intention—to teach him better manners. This coincidence of views was a sore temptation to the Imp; to resist it altogether would seem superhuman.

"I should like to cut his comb for him," growled Duplay.

Whatever the metaphor adopted, Mina was in essential agreement. She launched on an account of how Harry had treated her: they fanned one another's fires, and the flames burnt merrily.

Mina's stock of discretion was threatened with complete consumption. From open denunciations she turned to mysterious hints.

"I could bring him to reason if I liked," she said.

"What, make him fall in love with you?" cried Duplay, with a surprise not very complimentary.

"Oh, no," she laughed; "better than that—by a great deal."

He eyed her closely; probably this was only another of her whimsical tricks, with which he was very familiar. If he showed too much interest she would laugh at him for being taken in. But she had hinted before to day's annoyances; she was hinting again. He had yawned at her hints till he became Harry Tristram's rival; he was ready to be eager now, if only he could be sure that they pointed to

anything more than folly or delusion.

"Oh, my dear child," he exclaimed, "you mustn't talk nonsense. We mayn't like him, but what in the world could you do to him?"

"I don't want to hurt him, but I should like to make him sing small." They had just reached the foot of the hill. Duplay waved his arm across the river towards the hall. Blent looked strong and stately.

"That's a big task, my dear," he said, recovering some of his good humour at the sight of Mina's waspish little face. "I fancy it'll need a bigger man than you to make Tristram of Blent sing small." He laughed at her indulgently. "Or than me either, I'm afraid," he added with a ruefulness that was not ill-tempered. "We must fight him in fair fight, that's all."

"He doesn't fight fair," she cried angrily. The next instant she broke into her most malicious smile. "Tristram of Blent!" she repeated. "Oh, well—"

"Mina, dear, do you know you rather bore me? If you mean anything at all—"

"I may mean what I like without telling you, I suppose?"

"Certainly—but don't ask me to listen."

"You think it's all nonsense?"

"I do, my dear," confessed the Major.

How far he spoke sincerely he himself could hardly tell. Perhaps he had an alternative in his mind; if she meant nothing, she would hold her peace and cease to weary him; if she meant anything real, his challenge would bring it out. But for the moment she had fallen into thought.

"No, he doesn't fight fair," she repeated, as though to herself. She glanced at her uncle in a hesitating undecided way. "And he's abominably rude," she went on, with a sudden return to pettishness.

The Major's shrug expressed an utter exhaustion of patience, a scornful irritation, almost a contempt for her. She could not endure it; she must justify herself, revenge herself at a blow on Harry for his rudeness, and on her uncle for his scepticism. The triumph would be sweet; she could not for the moment think of any seriousness in what she did. She could not keep her victory to herself; somebody else now must look on at Harry's humiliation, at least must see that she had power to bring it about. With the height of malicious exultation she looked up at Duplay and said:

"Suppose he wasn't Tristram of Blent at all?"

Duplay stopped short where he stood—on the slope of the hill above Blent itself.

"What? Is this more nonsense?"

"No, it isn't nonsense."

He looked at her steadily, almost severely. Under his regard her smile disappeared; she grew uncomfortable.

"Then I must know more about it. Come, Mina, this is no trifle, you know."

"I shan't tell you any more," she

flushed out, in a last effort of petulance.

"You must," he said, calmly. "All you know, all you think. Come, we'll have it out now at once."

She followed him like a naughty child. She could have bitten her tongue out, as the old phrase goes. Her feeling went round like a weather cock; she was ashamed of herself, sorry for Harry—yes, and afraid of Harry. And she was afraid of Duplay too. She had run herself into something serious—that she saw; something serious in which two resolute men were involved. She did not know where it would end. But now she could not resist. The youthful uncle seemed youthful no more; he was old, strong, authoritative. He made her follow him, and he bade her speak.

She followed, like the naughty child she now seemed even to herself; and presently, in the library, beside those wretched books of hers, her old law-books and her peerages, reluctantly, stubbornly, sullenly, still like the naughty child who would revolt but dare not, she spoke. And when at last he let her go with her secret told, she ran up to her own room and threw herself on the bed, sobbing. She had let herself in for something dreadful. It was all her own fault—and she was very sorry.

Those were her two main conclusions.

Her whole behaviour was probably just what the gentleman to whom she owed her nickname would have expected and prophesied.

CHAPTER V.

THE FIRST ROUND.

Within the last few days there were ominous rumours afloat as to Lady Tristram's health. It was known that she could see nobody, and kept her room; it was reported that the doctors (a specialist had been down from town) were looking very grave; it was agreed that her constitution had not the strength to support a prolonged strain. There was sympathy—the neighbourhood was proud in its way of Lady Tristram—and there was the usual interest to which the prospect of a death and a succession gives rise. They canvassed Harry's probable merits and demerits, asking how he would fill the vacant throne, and more particularly whether he would be likely to entertain freely. Lavish hospitality at Blent would mean much to the neighbourhood, and if it were indeed the case (as was now prophesied in whispers) that Miss Iver, of Parichole, was to be mistress of the Hall, there would be nothing to prevent the hospitalities from being as splendid as the mind of woman could conceive. There were spinster ladies in small villas at Blentmouth who watched the illness and the courtship as keenly as though they were to succeed the sick Lady Tristram and to marry the new

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lord. Yet a single garden party in the year would represent pretty accurately their personal stake in the matter. If you live on crumbs, a good big crumb is not to be despised.

Harry Tristram was sorry that his mother must die and that he must lose her; the confederates had become close friends, and nobody who knew her intimately could help feeling that his life and even the world would be poorer by the loss of a real, if not striking, individuality. But neither he nor she thought of her death as the main thing; it no more than ushered in the great event for which they had spent years preparing. And he was downright glad that she could see no visitors; that fact saved him added anxieties, and spared her the need of being told about Mina Zabriska and warned to bear herself warily towards the daughter of Madame de Kries. Harry did not ask his mother whether she remembered the name—the question was unnecessary; nor did he tell his mother that one who had borne the name was at Merion Lodge. He waited, vaguely expecting that trouble would come from Merion, but entirely confident in his ability to fight and worst the tricky little woman whom he had not feared to snub; and in his heart he thought well of her, and believed she had as little inclination to hurt him as she seemed to have power. His only active step was to pursue his attentions to Janie Iver.

Yet he was not happy about his intentions. He meant to marry the girl, and thought she would marry him. He did not believe that she was inclined to fall in love with him. He had no right to expect it, since he was not falling in love with her. But it hurt that terrible pride of his; he was in a way disgusted with the part he had chosen, and humiliated to think that he might not be accepted for himself. A refusal would have hurt him incalculably; such an ascent as he counted upon would wound him somewhat too. He had keen eyes, and he had formed his own opinion about Rob Broadley. None the less, he held straight on his course; and the spinster ladies were a little shocked to observe that Lady Tristram's illness did not interfere at all with her son's courtship; people in that position of life were certainly curious.

A new vexation had come upon him, the work of his pet aversions, the Gainsboroughs. He had seen Mr Gainsborough once, and retained a picture of a small, ineffectual man with a ragged tawny-brown beard and a big soft-felt hat, who had an air of being very timid, rather pressed for money, and endowed with a kind heart. Now, it seemed Mr Gainsborough was again overflowing with family affection (a disposition not always welcomed by its objects), and wanted to shake poor Lady Tristram's hand, and wanted poor Lady Tristram to kiss his daughter—wanted, in fact, a thorough-going burying of hatchets and a touching reconciliation. With that justice of judgment of which neither youth nor prejudice quite deprived him, Harry liked the letter; but he was certain that the writer would be immensely tiresome. And again—in the end as in the beginning—he did not want the Gainsboroughs at Blent; above all not just at the time when Blent was about to pass into his hands. It looked, however, as though it would be extremely difficult to keep them away. Mr Gainsborough was obviously a man who would not waste his chance of a funeral; he might be fenced with till then, but it would need startling measures to keep him from a funeral.

"I hate hearsay people," grumbled Harry, as he threw the letter down. But the Gainsboroughs were soon to be driven out of his head by something more immediate and threatening.

Blent Pool is a round basin, some 50ft or 60ft in diameter; the banks are steep and the depth great; on the Blent Hall side there is no approach to it, except through a thick wood overhanging the water; on the other side the road up the valley runs close by, leaving a few yards of

turf between itself and the brink. The scene is gloomy except in sunshine, and the place little frequented. It was a favourite haunt of Harry Tristram's, and he lay on the grass one evening, smoking and looking down on the black water; for the clouds were heavy above and rain threatened. His own mood was in harmony, gloomy and dark, in rebellion against the burden he carried, yet with no thought of laying it down. He did not notice a man who came up the road and took his stand just behind him, waiting there for a moment in silence and apparent irresolution.

"Mr Tristram."

Harry turned his head and saw Major Duplay; the Major was grave, almost solemn, as he raised his hat a trifle in formal salute.

"Do I interrupt you?"

"You couldn't have found a man more at leisure." Harry did not rise, but gathered his knees up, clasping his hands round them and looking up in Duplay's face. "You want to speak to me?"

"Yes, on a difficult matter." A visible embarrassment hung about the Major; he seemed to have little liking for his task. "I'm aware," he went on, "that I may lay myself open to some understanding in what I'm about to say. I shall beg you to remember that I am in a difficult position, and that I am a gentleman and a soldier."

Harry said nothing; he waited with unmoved face and no sign of perturbation.

"It's best to be plain," Duplay proceeded. "It's best to be open with you. I have taken the liberty of following you here for that purpose." He came a step nearer, and stood over Harry. "Certain facts have come to my knowledge which concern you very intimately."

A polite curiosity and a slight scepticism were expressed in Harry's "Indeed!"

"And not you only, or—I need hardly say—I shouldn't feel it necessary to occupy myself with the matter. A word about my own position you will perhaps forgive."

Harry frowned a little; certainly Duplay was inclined to prolixity; he seemed to be rolling the situation round his tongue and making the most of its favour.

"Since we came here we have made many acquaintances, your own among the number; we are in a sense your guests."

"Not in a sense that puts you under any obligation," observed Harry.

"I'm sincerely glad to hear you say that; it relieves my position to some extent. But we have made friends, too. In one house I myself (I may leave my niece out of the question) have been received with a hearty, cordial, warm friendship that seems already an old friendship. Now that does put one under an obligation, Mr Tristram."

"You refer to our friends the Ivers? Yes?"

"In my view, under a heavy obligation. I am, I say, in my judgment bound to serve them in all ways in my power, and to deal with them as I should wish and expect them to deal with me in a similar case."

Harry nodded a careless assent, and turned his eyes away towards the Pool; even already he seemed to know what was coming, or something of it.

"Facts have come to my knowledge of which it might be—indeed I must say of which it is—of vital importance that Mr Iver should be informed."

"I thought the facts concerned me?" asked Harry, with brows a little raised.

"Yes, and as matters now stand they concern him too for that very reason." Duplay had gathered confidence; his tone was calm and assured as he came step by step near his mark, as he established position after position in his attack.

"You are paying attentions to Miss Iver—with a view to marriage, I presume."

Harry made no sign. Duplay proceeded slowly and with careful deliberation.

"Those attentions are offered and received as from Mr Tristram—as from the future Lord Tristram of Blent. I can't believe that you're ignorant of what I'm about to say. If you are, I must beg forgiveness for the pain I shall inflict on you. You, sir, are not the future Lord Tristram of Blent."

A silence followed; a slight drizzle

had begun to fall, speckling the waters of the Pool, neither man heeded it.

"It would be impertinent in me," the Major resumed, "to offer you any sympathy on the score of that misfortune; believe me, however, that my knowledge—my full knowledge—of the circumstances can incline me to nothing but a deep regret. But facts are facts, however hardly they may bear on individuals." He paused. "I have asserted what I know. You are entitled to ask me for proofs, Mr Tristram."

Harry was silent a moment, thinking very hard. Many modes of defence came into his busy brain and were rejected. Should he be tempestuous? No. Should he be amazed? Again no. Even on his own theory of the story, Duplay's assertion hardly entitled him to be amazed.

"As regards my part in this matter," he said at last, "I have only this to say. The circumstances of my birth—with which I am, as you rightly suppose, quite familiar—were such as to render the sort of notion you have got hold of plausible enough. I don't want what you call proofs—though you'll want them badly if you mean to pursue your present line. I have my own proofs—perfectly in order, perfectly satisfactory. That's all I have to say about my part of the matter. About your part in it I can, I think, be almost equally brief. Are you merely Mr Iver's friend, or are you also, as you put it, paying attention to Miss Iver?"

"That, sir, has nothing to do with it."

Harry Tristram looked up at him. For the first time he broke into a smile as he studied Duplay's face. "I shouldn't in the least wonder," he said almost chaffingly, "if you believed that to be true. You get hold of a cock-and-bull story about my being illegitimate. (Oh, I've no objection to plainness either in its proper place); you come to me and tell me almost in so many words that if I don't give up the lady you'll go to her father and show him your precious proofs. Everybody knows that you're after Miss Iver yourself, and yet you say that it has nothing to do with it! That's the sort of thing a man may manage to believe about himself; it's not the sort of thing that other people believe about him, Major Duplay." He rose slowly to his feet, and the men stood face to face on the edge of the Pool. The rain fell more heavily. Duplay turned up his collar. Harry took no notice of the downpour.

"I'm perfectly satisfied as to the honesty of my own motives," said Duplay.

"That's not true, and you know it. You may try to shut your eyes, but you can't succeed."

Duplay was shaken. His enemy put into words what his own conscience had said to him. His position was hard; he was doing what honestly seemed to him the right thing to do; he could not seem to do it because it was right. He would be wronging the Ivers if he did not do it, yet how ugly it could be made to look! He was not above suspicion even to himself, though he clung eagerly to his plea of honesty.

"You fail to put yourself in my place—" he began.

"Absolutely, I assure you," Henry interrupted, with quiet insolence.

"And I can't put myself in yours, sir. But I can tell you what I mean to do. It is my most earnest wish to take no steps in this matter at all; but that rests with you, not with me. At least I desire to take none during Lady Tristram's illness, or during her life should she unhappily not recover."

"My mother will not recover," said Harry. "It's a matter of a few weeks at most."

Duplay nodded. "At least wait till then," he urged. "Do nothing more in regard to the matter we have spoken of while your mother lives." He spoke with genuine feeling. Harry Tristram marked it and took account of it. It was a point in the game to him.

"In turn I'll tell you what I mean to do," he said. "I mean to proceed exactly as if you had never come to Merion Lodge, had never got your proofs from God knows where, and had never given me the pleasure of this very peculiar interview. My mother would ask no consideration from you, and I ask none for her any

more than for myself. To be plain for the last time, sir, you're making a fool of yourself at the best, and at the worst a blackguard into the bargain." He paused and broke into a laugh. "Well, then, where are the proofs? Show them me. Or send them down to Blent. Or I'll come up to Merion. We'll have a look at them—for your sake not for mine."

"I may have spoken inexactly, Mr. Tristram. I know the facts; I could get, but have not yet got, the proof of them."

"Then don't waste your money, Major Duplay." He waited an instant before he gave a deeper thrust. "Or Iver's—because I don't think your purse is long enough to furnish the resources of war. You'd get the money from him? I'm beginning to wonder more and more at the views people contrive to take of their own actions."

Harry had fought his fight well, but now perhaps he went wrong, even as he had gone wrong with Mina Zabriska at Fairholme. He was not content to defeat or repel; he must triumph, he must taunt. The insolence of his speech and air drove Duplay to fury. If it told him he was beaten now, it made him determined not to give up the contest; it made him wish, too, that he was in a country where duelling was not considered absurd. At any rate he was minded to rebuke Harry.

"You're a young man—" he began.

"Tell me that when I'm beaten. It may console me," interrupted Harry.

"You'll be beaten, sir, sooner than you think," said Duplay gravely. "But though you refuse my offer, I shall consider Lady Tristram. I will not move while she lives, unless you force me to it."

"By marrying the heiress you want?" sneered Harry.

"By carrying out your swindling plans," Duplay's temper began to fail him. "Listen. As soon as your engagement is announced—if it ever is—I go to Mr. Iver with what I know. If you abandon the idea of that marriage you are safe from me. I have no other friends here; the rest must look after themselves. But you shall not delude my friends with false pretences."

"And I shall not spoil your game with Miss Iver?"

Duplay's temper quite failed him. He had not meant this to happen; he had pictured himself calm, Harry wild and unrestrained—either in fury or in supplication. The young man had himself in hand, firmly in hand; the elder lost his self-control.

"If you insult me again, sir, I'll throw you in the river!"

Harry's slow smile broke across his face. With all his wariness and calculation he measured the major's figure. The attitude of mind was not heroic; it was Harry's. Who, having ten thousand men, will go against him that has twenty thousand? A fool or a hero, Harry would have said, and he claimed neither name. But in the end he reckoned that he was a match for the major. He smiled more broadly and raised his brows, asking of sky and earth as he glanced round:

"Since when have blackmailers grown so sensitive?"

In an instant Duplay closed with him in a struggle on which hung not death indeed, but an unpleasant and humiliating ducking. The rain fell on both; the water waited for one. The major was taller and heavier; Harry was younger and in better trim. Harry was cooler, too. It was rude hugging, nothing more; neither of them had skill or knew more tricks than the common, dimly-remembered devices of urchinhood. The fight was most unpicturesque, most unheroic. But it was tolerably grim for all that. The grass grew slippery under the rain and the slithering feet; luck had its share. And just behind them ran the Queen's highway. They did not think of the Queen's highway. To this pass a determination to be calm, whatever else they were, had brought them.

(To be Continued.)

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Complete Story.

# Pamela's Mistakes.

By BEATRICE HERON-MAXWELL.

"We all of us make mistakes—even the youngest of us," said Bobby, making his quotation as sententiously as though it were an original remark.

"Quite true, Bobby," said Pamela; "and the worst is, we don't realise them until it is too late."

"I should think you hadn't made many," said Bobby generously, "although you are young enough, Pamela."

For, case-hardened middy as he is in respect of feminine wiles, he had fallen a victim, like all the rest of us, to the charm of this fresh-faced, fresh-natured American girl, whom Providence had sent down to enliven the rather dull Christmas-tide of a country rector's family.

Molly, our show-daughter—and really very decent-looking, though I, her eldest brother, say it "as should-n't"—had met Pamela Broughton in a brief visit to London, had been smitten with heroine-worship in its most acute form, and had never rested until she induced the pretty Bostonian to come down and dazzle the eyes and hearts of Wycester.

It had been a case of "she came, she was seen, and she conquered." We were a trifle supercilious about Mollie's geese-like swans and about Americans in general before Miss Broughton arrived, but half an hour of her first day saw that stage out.

By that time she was Pamela to all of us, and Pamela spelt perfection.

"Confession is good for the soul," continued Bobby. "Tell us the worst mistake you ever made in your life, and we'll tell you how much wiser we should have been under the same circumstances. Make it as glaring as you can, Pamela."

"Perhaps Miss Pamela is not accustomed to public confession," interposed old Sorby.

It had been a brilliant idea of mine to have old Sorby down at the same time as Pamela.

"The governor says he must come to stay sooner or later," I observed, when the question of old Sorby was mooted, "because their fathers were school friends. Sorby is American, so is Miss Broughton. Let's have them together, and get it over."

So, after indignant protest from Molly, it was arranged; and old Sorby certainly made as good a foil to Pamela as she could possibly desire.

"I can't say I have tried it often," said Pamela guiltily; "but if you'll help me, Mr Sorby, I'll make the attempt in the public interest."

"Fire away," said Bobby, audaciously sitting on the arm of the chair, "and do it 'on your own.' Mr Sorby can have next turn."

The rivalry between these two showed itself in a polite difference of opinion on every subject.

Pamela leant her head on her hand, and stared at the fire for a moment, as though she were forming a picture in her mind.

She made a very charming picture herself as she sat in the rector's own chair, her white dress and her aureole of bronze hair gleaming in the fire-light against the background of faded dark green moor, her dark eyelashes, throwing soft shadows on the may blossom of her cheeks.

If I had not felt so certain—though I had nothing but intuition to go upon—that Pamela's heart was in some way forestalled and not for competition I should have had a try for it; but—well, anyhow, she was pleasant to look on as she sat there, her profile turned towards me, her sweet eyes glancing across to me now and then.

"It was three years ago," she began softly, "three years, so I was rather young, Bobby, and you must be lenient with me. I was coming over here from home, for the first time. I told father I must travel over Europe to complete my education, so he let me

come away."

"What, all by your lone?" said Bobby, in scandalised accents.

"I had propriety with me in the form of Maria, the most immaculate lady help that ever crossed the Atlantic. Maria at least has, I am quite certain, never made a mistake."

"Never mind Maria," said Bobby, seeing that Pamela was beginning to gaze into the fire once more. "She is too plain to be interesting. Go on with yourself."

"It was at Geneva that it began," said Pamela. "I had been to see the junction of the rivers—you know it's the proper thing to do—and when I was walking home I lost my way. So I asked a nice-looking tourist kind of man, and he offered to show me the way, and we walked—well, quite half a mile together."

"I'm!" said Bobby, encouragingly, after a moment's pause. "It wasn't strictly correct, perhaps, but I don't know that you can actually call it a mistake."

"Oh, the mistake was not asking his name when we parted, at least that was the first mistake."

"It would be unusual, surely," pronounced old Sorby. "To ask a young man's name because he had the civility to show you the road, especially if he were not a gentleman?"

"But he was a gentleman," said Pamela, "and good-looking and—all that and if we had never met again it would not have mattered of course."

"So you did meet again," exclaimed Bobby. "by accident on purpose. I suppose?"

"Quite by accident," Pamela replied, with dignity. "In fact, he does not know it to this day. It was on the steamer crossing from Calais to Dover. There had been a storm for two days, and the boats had stopped running. Then they started again, because of the mails, but no passengers would cross, excepting three—and the most unwilling Maria—and a man. It was too dark and blowing too hard to see his face, and I only knew that he was there, by being blown up against him a few minutes after the boat started."

Bobby muttered something under his breath that sounded like:

"I wish I had been there! Lucky dog!"

"It was an awful storm," continued Pamela, "and when at last we reached Dover Maria was an absolute wreck. I had to look after all the small packages myself. It was so dark, and the ship was rolling so, and there was such a noise, that I could not find anyone to help me; and I was staggering along laden with a dressing bag and a hold-all and all kinds of odds and ends, when the boat gave a violent lurch and everything went flying. I called out in dismay and someone came to my assistance, collected my belongings and carried them across the gangway for me. I was very grateful, and I did not trouble to notice who it was. In fact, I made sure it was a porter, or a sailor, and I held out a florin to him. He did not seem to see it and turned away, so I called out rather impatiently to him and he came back slowly. The light of the lamp fell full on his face and I recognised him just as I pushed the florin into his hand. He said 'No, thank you,' and I never answered a word or took the coin, but just ran up the steps to the train. Maria stumbling after me."

"We were half way to London before I noticed something holding just inside the strap of the hold-all, and when I picked it out it was—I'll fetch it and show it to you," she concluded, starting up suddenly and going out to the room.

"Odd coincidence," said Bobby, with an air of profound wisdom, as Pamela returned, "that chap turning up again on the boat. Looks queer. I expect he recognised you."

"Don't say so!" she exclaimed. "I have always hoped he didn't. Look!"

She held out a Russian leather card-

case with silver corners.

"Anything inside?" I asked, and stopped, surprised at the expression on old Sorby's face. He was staring at the card-case intently.

"That is the worst of it!" said Pamela. "There is something inside."

She drew out a note for 100 dollars, wrapped inside a slip of paper and read the words inscribed thereon:

"A parting gift to my graceless nephew. If you return at the end of the year with this doubled I will add 5000 dollars to it. If you squander it and come back penniless you shall never have another dollar from me as long as you live."

I thought old Sorby's eyes would have started out of his head while Pamela was reading.

"It is the young man's whole fortune, past, present and future," said Pamela, wretchedly, "and I, in my selfishness, have ruined his career. If I had asked his name the first time I met him—if I had not been too absorbed to recognise him on the boat, or too stupid and ungrateful to run after him and then apologise for my mistake, everything would have been all right. None of you can possibly blame me more than I blame myself!"

There was a gleam of tears in her eyes, and she was genuinely distressed. If anyone had attempted to blame her, the others would have rent that person, metaphorically, limb from limb.

"That 100-dollar bill has cost me," said Pamela, her voice sinking to tragedy, "about £300. I employed detectives for a year to trace that young man; I advertised in almost every English and American paper; I even went back to Geneva, and tried to get on his track there by inquiring at every hotel for a tourist answering to his description. I have followed up no end of false trails; I have corresponded with innumerable claimants, who turned out to be friends; and I have been obliged at last to own myself beaten, for not a single trace have I ever found of the man whose life I have wrecked."

There was a murmur of sympathy from everyone except old Sorby, whose condition now attracted universal attention. He seemed to be suffering from a severe mental shock, and Pamela turned quite pale when she looked at him.

"What's the matter, Mr Sorby?" she demanded. "Don't tell me there's a new misfortune tacked on to this wretched card-case!"

He had stretched out a shaking hand for it, and when she handed it to him he nodded his head speechlessly as though words were beyond him.

"You know the owner?" she cried excitedly. "Quick! tell me who he is?"

He still stared stonily at her; but his lips uttered two words, and they fell amongst us like a bombshell: "My nephew!"

"Your nephew!" echoed Pamela. "And it was you who wrote that—that deplorable message!"

She was stammering with emotion, and old Sorby was shrinking for very shame before her.

"I don't believe he was graceless,"

continued Pamela. "I don't believe he would have squandered. I believe he was just a kind-hearted, open-handed fellow; and I expect he felt he would rather be independent and poor than take what you grugged him. Do you know where he is?"

Old Sorby was quite crushed. An American woman can take the starch out of anything or anyone if she chooses to.

"I'm not sure," he said slowly. "I haven't seen him for two years. He came back with 100 dollars in his pocket at the end of the year, and I asked him when the second 100 was. 'This is the second,' he said. 'I have lost the first.'"

"Well, that was quite true," interrupted Pamela.

"Lost it! Spent it, you mean!" I said, "went on old Sorby. 'No,' he answered, 'lost it, and in a good cause, too.' Then you have lost £5000 with it," I answered, "and your place in my will besides. I don't believe you, and I'll have no more to do with you! You can go! So he went."

"And you had the heart to send him away like that!" said Pamela sternly. "Had he anyone to go to—any friends—anywhere?"

"No one. He and I are the last of our race."

"Is his name Sorby?" asked Pamela—a little wistfully, I thought.

"No; his name is Gervoise Lambart. He is my sister's boy!"

There was a dead silence for a moment. The suddenness of this strange sequel had deprived even Bobby of speech.

He was the first, however, to recover himself.

"I tell you what it is," he said, "Gervoise Lambert has got to be found. We don't want him, any of us; we could get on better without him, in fact; but she does, and that's enough."

"I heard," said old Sorby mildly, "that he had gone back to New York."

"We'll have him out of it!" said Bobby. "I'll guarantee to produce him by—let's see. What's to-night? Two days to Christmas. Well, by New Year's Day. But on one condition—"

he looked solemnly at Sorby—"that you apologise to him, and put him back in your will, sir!"

"It's the least you can do," I put in, "after doubting his word and treating him so badly all round."

"Oh, Bobby!" said Pamela, "how can you possibly find him? I'm afraid it's too good to be true. I should feel as if I had a new lease of life if the weight of this card-case were taken off me. I'll give you anything you ask if you keep your word."

Bobby extended his hand. "Shake on that!" he said. "I mean going through with this."

His plan was very simple, really. Bobby never troubled his head with elaborate details. He sent a cable addressed Gervoise Lambart, New York, or elsewhere, and containing this message:

"Found card-case. Apply personally, this year, to Bobby Chisholme, Rector, Wycester, England."

His method deserved success, and it seemed as though it were going to meet with its merits; but Fate had not quite finished with Mr Gervoise Lambart. It had another mischance for him up its sleeve.

When the answer to the cable ar-

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are words which are constantly being used at the tea-table when the tempting little scones, light cakes and delicious pastry, made at home with Brown & Polson's Paisley Flour, are set before the delighted guests. Paisley Flour dispenses with the use of yeast and baking powder, and makes beautifully light and digestible pan-bread without any tedious delay.

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rived, Bobby assumed an arrogant complacency that was annoying.

"I told you so!" he said. "And was for claiming his reward then and there from Pamela; but she reminded him that this was a habeas corpus affair, and the conditions were not quite fulfilled.

Still, she joined him in a dance of triumph, and they whirled round the old hall in a reckless waltz, until Bobby pulled up short under the mistletoe, when she boxed his ears and fled.

The cable ran:

"Will call December 31st. Thanks!—Gervoise Lambert, Michigan."

So Bobby's "elbowers," with its happy inconsequence, had found its mark.

Pamela looked very pale all that week, and her eyes were bright; I fancied she was getting quite feverish with waiting for this mistake of hers.

Old Sorby was by turns furious and grateful to Bobby, who took the high hand with him and lectured on the duties of uncles and nephews and the general responsibilities that riches impose.

Molly was brimming over with excitement about the romance of the whole story; and the rest of us were more interested than we would acknowledge, and were counting the days to the denouement.

The morning of the 31st brought with it a snowy sky, and presently light, feathery flakes began to fall, crisp and dry, growing thicker every half-hour.

It was not until long after noon that we realised we were in for the worst snowstorm there had been for half a century—a phenomenal fall that blocked the roads and stopped the trains, and isolated Wycester from all outside approach.

"He can't get here," said Pamela, with clasped hands of despair.

"He won't be worth much if he doesn't," answered Bobby confidently.

"But it's impossible! Look at the road from the hill! It must be many feet deep already."

Bobby looked a little anxiously, but said nothing; and the day wore on.

It was about five o'clock that he suddenly announced his determination to go out and see if he could make his way to the station.

"You will be lost; you will perish in the snow, and I shall have another crime upon my soul! Not content with being a thief, you want to make me a murderer!"

But Bobby was obdurate; he wanted to make sure for himself whether progress was practicable.

We all opposed his going, but as no one could change his determination, it ended at last in several of us going with him.

It was a dreary task. Five minutes from the rectory door were sufficient to cut us off as though we were in the Arctic regions. The cold was intense, and the snow, still whirling down, blinded us and turned us into white heaps at once.

We had almost reached the main road, when we saw ahead of us a dark mass amidst the whiteness and the glimmer of a lamp.

In response to our shouts, however, we received no answer; and Bobby, pushing forward and straining his eyes, called out:

"Jove! It's a conveyance of sorts upset, and the poor devil of a horse buried alive! Where's the driver, and where's the fare?"

He was diving frantically into the confused mass before us, and in another moment had pulled out a man, whose inert form had been lying protected by the half-overturned log-cart.

"It's our man!" shouted Bobby triumphantly. "I'm certain it's Lambert! This is the Station Hotel cart, and he has been driving himself, and come to grief, not knowing the turn just here. Lend a hand, all of you; we'll get him home somehow.

I thought we never should get him home, all the same. With the best will in the world it took up a good hour to reach the rectory gate, and with the clang of the bell an eager voice sounded from the house-door; and Pamela, on the threshold, holding her hands above her head to keep the snow out of her eyes, called out:

"Is that Bobby? Are you safe, Bobby?"

"I'm safe enough," shouted Bobby, "and I've got him, Pamela!"

But when we got inside with our

still, inanimate burden, it looked as though Bobby were fulfilling his bond in the letter, but not in the spirit.

He had produced Mr Gervoise Lambert within the appointed limit, certainly—for Pamela's horrified cry of recognition when we laid the insensible man down proved Bobby's surmise correct—but it was a case of the grim old wording of writ: "Alive or dead!"

He must have been pitched on to his head when the horse came down, breaking its leg, poor beast, and concussion had ensued.

A few hours more or less of repose in the place where we found him, and he would have drifted over the border altogether. As it was, we had a hard tussle to pull him back on to our side.

The first words he said when his senses came back to him were:

"Do you think I am going to let a bit of snow stop me? I'll drive it myself. Know the way? Handaged if I do! but the gee will find it if he is worth his salt. I have an appointment to keep, I tell you!"

Over and over again he reiterated his determination to get to the rectory and keep his appointment.

Then he got feverish, poor chap, and said many other things, to which old Sorby, hovering about him, listened remorsefully, for there were none of them discreditably—and Pamela, nursing him with patient care, wept over, because of the vicissitudes that they received, all attributable in her eyes to the one supreme mistake made by her at their first meeting.

At last amidst the ramblings, came a woman's name, and Pamela shrank back, for the tone in which it was uttered—not once, but many times—was one of fervent appeal.

The little finale we had all, with mixed feelings, been arranging for Pamela's story seemed to be going astray, after all.

Even if Lambert recovered, and was reinstated in his uncle's favour, and acknowledged a debt of eternal gratitude to Pamela, the chances seemed to be in favour of his taking a graceful leave of her and returning to this lady, who had already monopolised his affections.

The thing began to fall flat, and Molly's enthusiasm about nursing the stranger within our gates trailed off; though, to do Pamela justice, she stuck to her task with a devotion that was admirable.

The night that he was at his worst she said to old Sorby:

"Look here, Mr Sorby, your nephew may not thank us if we bring him back to a life that is embittered and spoilt. It is touch and go with him now. Are you prepared to treat him well if we pull him through?"

And old Sorby assured her that he was.

So he pulled through, and struggled back to convalescence, and realised gradually all that had happened and was happening.

Pamela was very gentle to him, but very distant, and seemed to have lost her interest in him now that the card-case was restored.

Even Bobby, the astute, was deceived by her manner, and began to calculate how long it would take him to reach man's estate, get rapid promotion, and enter the lists definitely for Pamela.

I had my doubts, though; and if it had not been for this "Phyllis" of Lambert's ravings, I should have felt the matter might still be settled in the orthodox way; but she was a stumbling block, without doubt.

Poor Pamela! I really think she had woken this man into her thoughts and dreams until she had begun to feel that, should the owner of the card case ever turn up, life would be more interesting than it had ever been before.

It was on the afternoon of Lambert's first day downstairs that Pamela made her third and last mistake, and the whole story came to a sudden conclusion.

I had been reading in the study by the firelight, and as a natural result had fallen asleep on the rug, with my head resting against one of the arm chairs.

Two people entering the room in the twilight, with only the fire glow flicking about the room, failed to perceive me, and by this time the murmur of their voices penetrated my slumbers and roused me to a sense of my position.

They were approaching such a very interesting point in their dialogue that I had not the moral courage to assert myself and make my unwelcome presence known.

"I can't believe it!" Pamela was saying, when I became part of her audience. "Do you mean to say you actually came to the hotel we were staying at?"

Lambert's voice signified that he had done this very thing, and more than once.

"And travelled away from Geneva by the same train?"

He assented.

"And I never saw you," she continued—"never saw you from the moment we parted at Geneva, after you had shown me the way, until I gave you that awful gratuity on Dover Pier!"

"Here it is!"

He evidently produced it from his pocket, for she gave a little gasp.

"You knew me, and you let me make a fool of myself!" she said. "Oh, how mean of you! Give it back to me, Mr Lambert!"

He dissented.

"But I have given you back your property; you ought to give me back mine. Besides, your—your friends may not like your having it."

"My friends?"

"Yes. Anyone who is interested in you would not care to be reminded of the fact that you—"

"Were mistaken for a porter!" he finished, laughing. "It was one of the proudest moments of my life, Miss Broughton. What friend could possibly object to it?"

Pamela murmured something in a low voice.

"A lady!" he exclaimed, in puzzled tones. "One who is constantly in my

thoughts? Who?"

Again she spoke too softly for me to hear.

"Phyllis!" he said. "How did you know I had a friend called Phyllis? Did I speak of her when I was ill? How foolish of me! May I tell you about her, Miss Broughton?"

"Yes."

"We met quite by chance the first time, and something about her attracted me so much that I was never content after that without seeing her every day, and I was awfully sorry to part with her. Not that she gave me any encouragement; but still I hoped."

"And—and it came all right?"

"No; if it came all wrong."

"How?"

"You see it was this way. I had never been properly introduced to her, and perhaps she resented my hanging about her. Anyhow, she never took any more notice of me after the first day until the last time we met, and then—"

"Then?"

Her voice sounded strange to me. I wondered what the thrill in it meant.

"She made me a present," he said, "and I have kept it ever since; but I have never been able to decide one question about it. Did she mistake me for someone else, or did she take this means of showing me that I was presumptuous? You see, she had ignored me so persistently, and perhaps she felt she must take some stronger measures than mere disregard. Can you help me to decide?"

There was silence for a moment.

Then Pamela said slowly:

"You must show me the present

first, Mr Lambert."

"There it is!" he said.

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# AYER'S Sarsaparilla

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The cure is hastened by taking AYER'S PILLS, a pleasant and easy laxative.

He evidently handed the scoria to her.

"And you could think me such a cad," she murmured, in a tone full of sorrowful indignation. Then suddenly, in bewilderment: "But what has this to do with Phyllis?"

"You are Phyllis!" he said. And he moved nearer to her. "I only knew your initial, you see, so I had to invent a name; but I like the real name much better."

At this point I became seriously alarmed at my involuntary eaves-dropping, and, with a loud and demonstrative yawn, remarked that I supposed the book had sent me to sleep, wondering whether tea was ready, and made a dash for the door and liberty.

It was an hour later—a good twenty minutes late for tea—when Pamela and Lambert emerged from the study; and as they entered the drawing-room, and all eyes were bent upon them, their palpable confusion gave them away.

Bobby turned pale with disappointment for one brief moment; then, rallying, gallantly rescued them.

"Look here," he said, "you two are abominably late for tea! Don't apologise, unless you have a really good excuse—an interesting one that will atone for the past."

"You see, Bobby—" began Pamela, and looked at Lambert.

"It's like this," he said, cheerfully, "Pamela and I have been quarrelling over the card case, and the only way we could settle it and come to tea was by her consenting to keep the cardcase herself, and—"

"And?" repeated Bobby blandly.

"And its original owner, too!" "We all of us make mistakes," exclaimed Bobby, "but Pamela is a perfect genius at it. She had better have taken me—or Sorby. Still, you are third best, I must own, Lambert."

"And even old Sorby himself laughed—through a little consciously."

"Well," he said, holding out his hands to the happy pair, "there's a welcome to you both; and you are a lucky fellow, Gervoise! So am I, in gaining such a charming niece!"

"I should just think you were!" concluded Bobby. "Why, I would even change places with you myself under the circumstances!"

"You must be married here!" declared Mollie.

"I shall consider it a favour," said Lambert, "if Mr. Robert Grant will be best man on the most important occasion of my life."

Bobby bowed with statelyness; then, relapsing into his usual style, said:

"Don't mention it, old man! No trouble, but a pleasure. I'll see you through."

So the scene closed in general rejoicing and goodwill; but I felt a little "dashed" myself. Still, everyone can't be pleased. There is always an "odd man out," and, after all, he has his mission. He can tell the story so much better than the others can.

It needs Lord Byron's brilliant pen,  
His clever, brainy head,  
To tell us how and why and when  
Some people are not dead.  
But since he's gone we'll tell the way,  
How good health to assure,  
And colds and hacking coughs allay,  
Take Woods' Great Peppermint  
Cure.

Complete Story.

# A KING'S WORD.

Short Story by Elena, Queen of Italy.

The beautiful new Queen of Italy wants literary fame. She has written a short story under the poetic name de plume of Farfalla Azurra—the Blue Butterfly—and this contribution will simultaneously appear in a new Russian magazine. Her Majesty was educated in Russia and can express herself most fluently in the Russian tongue. The money she receives for the story is to be given to charity.

This, her first story, deals with an episode from the life of the late Humbert, who while travelling in the provinces was called from sleep at night by the father confessor of a doomed man who was about to suffer for a crime he had not committed. Humbert went to the dungeon, announced himself supreme judge of the realm, and procured a confession by the promise to pardon the real criminal, who was the father of the man about to be executed.

## THE QUEEN'S STORY.

On Nov. 12, 1874, during a tour of the provinces, the King stopped for the night at Castelgondolfo. That small town was originally not his programme, but a washout on the road had compelled His Majesty to change his dispositions, and the railway being impassable he proceeded to Castelgondolfo in the carriage of a petty land owner, attended by a single gentleman of his suite only.

Arrived in the town, the exterior aspects of the only hotel were found to be so uninviting that the King decided to try his luck with one of the local grandees, and as Castelgondolfo happens to be the seat of a bishop he drove to his grace first. The bishop's palace was a formidable building, where many, many years ago the tyrants of the principality used to hold forth. There was plenty of room, enough to lodge the King's entire retinue of sixty persons. King Umberto got a fine suite of apartments and an ample supper, though a frugal one for the bishop, who was an ascetic man.

But His Majesty did not mind the severe plainness of the fare and the sour wine. He never had been a gourmet, and as there was enough to go around he was quite pleased with his experience.

Supper over he sat up a while with his grace, listening to that gentleman's historical memoirs of Castelgondolfo, and became so interested that he asked the bishop to lend him his carriage for a tour of the city. The town had no gas, and there was little illumination save the carriage lanterns and occasional tallow dips and kerosene lamps in the shop windows; but the King was rather glad of that, as he didn't want to be recognised. He intended to get away at an early hour next morning, and if the city authorities learned of his presence there might be delay, owing to loyal demonstrations of the sort that bore and tantalise the recipient.

So His Majesty viewed Castelgondolfo's historical landmarks and monuments as best he could, being satisfied that neither himself nor his good city would be benefited by a closer inspection, and then after bidding good night to his host retired to his rooms.

His long carriage ride had tired him out, and the King quickly divested himself of his clothes, hoping that his valet would arrive before morning to help him to cut a respectable appearance when he proceeded on his journey. His Majesty's wearing apparel was well distributed over chairs, sofas and tables when the door bell of the palace rang, making a great noise in the immense hall with its bare walls and granite floor. Umberto paused in the act of blowing out the light, for he had a sort of presentiment that he was wanted, despite Ma In-cognito and the unannounced suddenness of his visit, and sure enough there was shuffling of feet outside and

a feeble knock at the door of the ante-room.

"Who is there?"

"If it pleases your Majesty, Marshal Conte Rossi."

"Wait, I will open."

The King threw his military great-coat over his shoulders, for the fire was low. The interruption was not to his liking, and his good-natured face probably expressed annoyance and impatience, for the Marshal wasted some minutes in excuses.

"Very well, you are forgiven, my dear Conte," interrupted the King, "but now to the point. What brings you here and who are the people outside, for I heard other footsteps besides yours?"

"The State's Attorney of the district and the father confessor of the county prison," reported the Marshal. "By the merest accident they have heard of your Majesty's presence, and make bold to beg for an audience at this unseemly hour, owing to the urgency of the business they claim to have." And as the King made a motion of impatience, probably suspecting some petty political or office-seeker's ruse, he continued: "They say it concerns a matter of life and death."

King Umberto was always a merciful man, and so without further parley he replied: "Take the gentlemen into the salon, and then come back and help me to dress. If you don't, I am not sure that I will be able to find my clothes again, the candles are so few and the chairs so many."

Ten minutes later the King met his nocturnal visitors, whereupon the State's Attorney, an elderly man of dignified mien, came forward and spoke what follows:

"Your Majesty is the most high Judge of the realm," he said, "and, as my business concerns the administration of justice, I had to set aside, for the moment, the consideration I owe the King's comfort."

"My Marshal tells me that it's a case of life or death," remarked Umberto; "that excuses everything. State your appeal for royal clemency. I will weigh it in my mind, and, if the case brooks no delay, as I understand, I promise to give a decision even before retiring."

"May it please your Majesty," began the State's Attorney anew, "it's not mercy we desire; it's justice—justice in a case where the ordinary machinery of the law falls short."

The King stepped back a pace or two. "You, the public prosecutor, say that?" he demanded, in an angry voice.

"Yes, for conscience has turned the prosecutor into a defender," replied the official. When he heard these words the King looked even more annoyed than before, but the advocate continued his appeal. "I beseech you to be calm," he cried with an emphasis, for your Majesty is to decide whether an innocent man is to be executed to-morrow at daybreak or not."

King Umberto took no notice of this outburst, but sat down in an armchair. "I am listening," he said, after thinking long and earnestly. "State this extraordinary case in the manner you would assume before the Appellate Court."

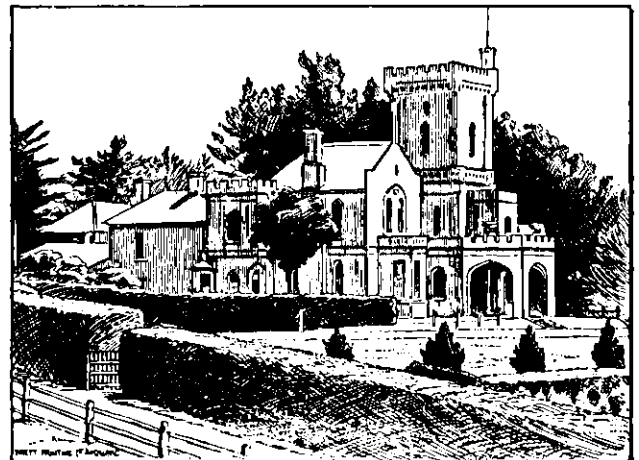
"Some three months ago," began the State's Attorney, "it became my painful duty to prosecute for murder a young farmer of this section, who up to then had borne the highest character for peacefulness, industry, and sobriety. He was accused of having ambushed and shot down a gamekeeper, and the proofs against him were such that I had no difficulty in persuading the jury of his guilt. I did so because the law compelled me to act, yet, at the same time, I was morally certain of committing a great wrong. An inner voice kept telling me that this young man was innocent despite the net of direct and circumstantial evidence woven around him, and the more evidence accumulated the more affrighted I became of my cleverness to convict."

"He was sentenced to be shot a month after judgment had been passed—that is, to-morrow—and as soon as my public duty was discharged I began work to clear up the mystery. I have had, perhaps, twenty conversations with the doomed man since then, in all of which he repeated his declaration of innocence made at the trial, swearing on his baby's head that he had not done the bloody deed. I believe him, but that does not help matters, since Thomas cannot or will not furnish proofs that might lead to the discovery of the real culprit."

"As a last resort I took his young wife and three children into his cell yesterday, hoping that their tears and entreaties might loosen his tongue. He cried a good deal, and I was almost persuaded that he would make a clean breast of the whole business, but when I approached him with a demand for the name of the culprit he pulled himself together and re-

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fused, as he did many times before."

The advocate paused for breath and then continued:

"Your Majesty will have perceived from what I say that this young fellow is shielding some one, being willing to suffer death rather than make an exposure. It's a heroic act, but if it were consummated I wouldn't have another happy hour in life, for it was I who, with doubt in my heart, formulated the charge that worked Thomaso's undoing. To-night I sought spiritual consolation with the reverend gentleman who accompanies me, when accidentally I learned of your Majesty's presence in our city, and my heart rejoiced at the thought that the good God sent you to Castelgondolfi in the nick of time. My King and Lord," cried the advocate, raising his hands beseechingly, "you are the supreme judge of the realm; as such your Majesty's authority is unlimited. If you will but speak to Thomaso he will give the true solution of this awful mystery and will save me from the odium of having sent an innocent man to execution. I lay the fate of this citizen and my own peace of mind in your Majesty's hands."

The State's Attorney withdrew into a corner of the room where, exhausted by his recital, he sank unbidden into a chair. The King smiled kindly at the liberty he was taking, but didn't say a word, remaining in an attitude of profound meditation. Finally, the Chaplain stepped up and said: "I am the doomed man's confessor, your Majesty—have known him as long as he lives—and subscribe every word spoken by the State's Attorney. Thomaso is innocent; my life upon it. He is offering up his head for some one else, probably one he loves or one to whom he is bound by gratitude or esteem."

The King looked up; "And who may that be?" he asked quickly. "Unless your holy office forbids I command you to give me all the information you possess."

"I can but repeat the assurances already made to your Majesty," replied the priest.

The King rose with a determined look upon his face. "Then I must turn interrogator myself," he said curtly, "attended me to the prison."

"Does Your Majesty order the carriage to be brought around?" asked Count Rossi, who was standing at the door.

"No," replied the King, "it would attract too much attention."

"But it's raining, and the prison is at the other end of the town."

"Never mind. We will step it out," decided Umberto. "While I am much interested in the case I do not wish to have my interference known." And turning to the advocate he continued, "Unless I be able to solve the mystery your man must die by the morrow."

"As it pleases Your Majesty," replied the State Attorney, with a low bow. "I said on coming here that we did not ask for mercy. We merely meant to appeal to the supreme judge, who by virtue of his influence over men's hearts may be able to assist the course of justice."

"Well, I shall take you by your word," said the King. "Go ahead, Mr State's Attorney, and that I may be fully posted I will trouble you to narrate the details of the murder on our way to jail."

The story was simple enough. Luigi Thomaso lived with his family and parents in a hamlet some ten minutes' distance from Castelgondolfi. One day at noon his neighbours were aroused by two reports of a rifle following closely one upon the other, and running out saw Soltino, the gamekeeper, lying in the road in front of Thomaso's house. He had two bullets in his heart, and Luigi was bending over the body, pale as death and speechless with fright.

Investigation proved that Soltino was shot by a rifle known to be Luigi's property, and as the two men had been enemies for years the assumption that Luigi had committed the crime was inevitable. He allowed himself to be arrested without protest, but later insisted that he was innocent.

"The State's Attorney," said the King as the little party entered the doomed man's cell, "tell Luigi that the supreme judge of Italy has given him a last chance to save himself if he is innocent, but that nothing short of a full confession will suffice us." Proceeded.

The State's Attorney spoke as follows: "Luigi Thomaso, you are con-

demned to die for the crime of which you were convicted in accordance with law. You have a good wife and three promising sons. For their sake, if not for your sake, I now demand for the last time that you tell the truth. If you are innocent, as you say, prove it. For my part I am convinced that someone else committed that deed, but you must give us a chance to fasten the crime upon him. So make a clean breast of it according to the law of the land and to the dictates of your conscience."

Luigi had listened to this speech with bowed head. When the State's Attorney finished he raised his eyes and looked his visitors straight in the face, regarding each with an honest and fearless gaze.

"From the bottom of my heart," he said, "I thank Your Honor for the statement you made in the presence of these kind strangers. If you, my prosecutor, believe me innocent that is satisfaction enough for me, and I have nothing more to express but sincerest thanks. With your permission I will say no more."

"Yes, you will speak," cried the King, advancing towards the convicted murderer. "You must speak for I, your King, will have it so." Umberto's robust voice sounded mightily in the narrow cell.

"The King?" faltered Luigi. Then he fell upon his knees and buried his face in his hands.

"Rise!" thundered Umberto. "It ill behoves one about to face his Creator to kneel before men. I came to hear the truth, and render justice if the lower court has erred. Accident brought me here—so I thought at first, but perchance, it may have been God's express will that sent me to this town." And, in a milder voice, his Majesty continued: "Tell me the truth, my son. You don't want to have it said of Umberto that he sent an innocent man to execution, while allowing the guilty one to go free? Remember, it is the King's highest duty to administer justice. In this case you may be the humble means for setting right a wrong; hence I command thee, Luigi—may I pray thee—to assist the King in his difficult task."

Defiance and loyalty, sorrow and joy, were plainly pictured on Luigi's countenance as Umberto pronounced these stirring words. Then, stepping out of the shadow and into the flickering light of the warden's lantern, he drew himself up to his full length and replied simply, but proudly: "I have been a soldier, and know my duties toward your Majesty. Yes, I will talk, provided the real culprit gets a pardon."

"You dare make conditions?" said Count Rossi, angered by Luigi's attitude.

"I didn't mean to be lacking in respect, and if I have done so I humbly beg the King's pardon," replied the peasant. "But I must insist upon my demand. You see, gentlemen," he continued, "I am almost a dead man; I have done with life. My soul alone remains on earth, and that is equal to the King's. Hence I dare say 'demand' even to a King."

King Umberto had followed the argument with every evidence of deep concern. "I concede the point," he decided, observing the State's Attorney's questioning looks. "The other shall be pardoned, my royal word on it, Luigi."

After this Luigi's resistance was melting away. He was about to speak, yet another objection arose in his mind.

"He will be tried first, and all shall know the secret," he said, turning pale at the thought. "No, it's impossible. I must not betray him."

"Come nearer," cried the King. He looked the peasant full in the face and continued slowly and impressively: "Fear not, he shall not be dragged to court; his name shall be known to me and these friends only. I know who the guilty party is anyhow—it's your father. And because he has so good a son he shall go unpunished. As for you, you are free."

For a considerable while Luigi stood petrified with joy and astonishment. "Thanks, your Majesty," he cried at last, "for sparing me the disgrace of a confession. Yes, it was good old dad. He is 80 and has only half his wits. Knowing of my quar-

rel with Soltino, he killed him in a foolish effort to take my part. Your Majesty would have despised me, I am sure, if I had borne witness against him who gave me life."

"Let that pass," said King Umberto, "you are a dutiful son; that explains everything. Come with me."

The State's Attorney had meanwhile notified the superintendent of prison, and a few minutes later Thomaso left the cell, and, at his confessor's side, walked behind the King to the Bishop's palace. There his Majesty ordered all the candelabra in the parlour lit so he could have a "good look at his newly won citizen." Then he took Luigi's hand, and placing it in that of the priest, said: "Take him back into your fold, Mr Chaplain, and command your flock to respect and honour him, that the cloud may be lifted from his good name. If necessary, tell them that I, their King, respect and love Luigi. He has three sons, I am told. The oldest shall remain with him to help him; I shall bring up the second and make a brave soldier of him. You shall receive the third boy into your house and educate him for the priesthood. A good citizen, a fighter for his country, a servant of the Lord—they are the pillars of the state."

The King did not retire that night until he had signed the papers reversing Luigi's sentence, and ordering that the case against Soltino's murderer be quashed. Then he went to his couch, and for once, after years of protracted insomnia, slept—and "slept like a King," as he used to say.

A year later the law abolishing capital punishment in Italy received Umberto's signature.

Luigi's second son is now a dashing officer in the bodyguard of the new King of Italy, and a better one never wore the silver cuirass—his youngest son has just celebrated mass for the first time, and his eldest boy is an honest tiller of the soil, while Luigi continues to be an ornament of his community.

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# Music and Musicians.

By PEDAGOGUE.

### Questions and Answers.

Our musical readers are invited to send in questions for this department. Please write them on one side of the paper only, and not with other things on the same sheet. In every case the writer's full address must be given, as the questions will receive attention. In no case will the writer's name be printed to the questions in "The Graphic," either initials or non de plume will be used. Questions that have no general interest to musicians will not receive attention. Address all communications to PEDAGOGUE, "Graphic" Office.

### The Composer's Hard Work.

Many people seem to imagine that the composer sits down (at a piano-forte, they fondly think!) and a full-blown symphony or sonata flows from the ends of his finger-tips. They do not recognise the science which has to be learned, the technical perfection which has to be acquired, the unremitting care which prunes and trains the ideas as they come. They think he sings because he has to sing, and forget, or rather do not know, that his song must begin by echoing the strains of musicians who have preceded him, and that, in the very measures they have invented, improved and prepared for his use.

Even the short subjects which serve giants like Beethoven and Wagner do not spring up luxuriantly in a teeming soil, but have to undergo a rigorous course of cultivation. And the most wonderful stories we read of rapid production—like the story of the "Don Giovanni" overture or of many Schubert songs—tell quite as much of hard work and even drudgery in the study of the marvellous faculty so plentifully bestowed on these God-gifted men. The composer who could produce the "Don Giovanni" overture complete in about three hours; who could improvise a fugue in six parts, as Bach did; who could dash off a long aria over a dish of rice, like Rossini; or could write out from memory an expert copy of the "Midsummer Night's Dream" overture, as Mendelssohn did when the original score was lost—did not wake up one morning to find the fairy gift lying at his bedside.

Hard work, incessant practice alone, put at their disposal the means by which they conquered the world, and still exercise a sway to whose sweet compulsion we gladly submit.

If we cannot hope to emulate Bach at Potsdam, Handel finishing the "Messiah" in twenty-one days, Mozart writing three great symphonies in six weeks, we can take a personal lesson from young Bach copying instructive music, young Haydn devoting his attention to Philip Emanuel Bach's Sonatas and Fux's "Gradus" in his poor garret, and young Beethoven patiently filling page after page with counterpoint exercises. If we have no part in their heritage of genius, we may at least be their brothers in industry. And if our reward is less brilliant, it is none the less sure.

### Leoncavallo's Whimsical Opinion Concerning His "Clowns."

Composers are not always keen to tell stories of their own expense, or that of their compositions, but the following, related by Leoncavallo, the prominent young composer of the modern Italian school, he deigned to do so, though at the time it put him in the light of a first-class character.

Being one day in the town of Forlì he heard that his opera "Pagliacci," that work which has given him so much fame, was to be produced, and he decided to hear it incognito. That the rising young composer was in town was not generally known.

At the opera his seat was beside a bright-eyed and enthusiastic young lady, who, when she saw the composer did not join in the general applause but remained quiet, turned to him with the question, "Why, do you not applaud? Does it not suit you?"

The composer, much amused, replied, "No. On the contrary, it displeases me. It is the work of a mere

beginner, not to call him anything worse."

"Then you are ignorant of music," she said.

"Oh, no," replied the composer. Then he proceeded to enlighten her on the subject, proving the music worthless and entirely without originality.

"See," said he, "this motive is—," and he hummed lightly a short melody. "This aria is stolen from Bizet and that is from Beethoven." In short, he tore the whole opera to pieces. His neighbour sat in silence, but with an air of pity on her countenance. At the close she turned to him and said, "Is what you have said to me your honest opinion?"

"Entirely so," was the reply. "Good!" she said, and with a malicious gleam in her eyes left the theatre.

Next morning, glancing over the paper his eye fell upon the heading, "Leoncavallo on his 'Pagliacci,'" and reading further was startled to find the conversation of the evening before fully reported and accredited to the proper source. He had, unfortunately, played his little joke on a lady reporter who had proved too smart for him.

Leoncavallo swore off from making disparaging remarks concerning his own works to vivacious young ladies no matter how handsome or how enthusiastic they might be.

### The True Connoisseur.

The judgment of the true connoisseur is always distinguished by moderation. With him it is a point of honour to weigh his words, and not to offend against truth. The ordinary art gossip indulges in superlatives of a real or feigned enthusiasm; for his favourites he has nothing but unqualified praise; for all others, but adverse criticism; and truth is of less consequence than some piquant turn—Ignaz Moscheles.

### Musical Culture.

While the state of musical culture of to-day offers many elements which justify the hopes of all lovers of music; while everywhere we perceive much activity, united in many cases to promising talent, yet music is, by many intelligent people, scarcely regarded as an art. Many persons of tolerably liberal views yet consider it merely as an accessory accomplishment, and would gladly banish it, if the prevailing superficial fashion (so much to be regretted) of knowing how to play, or how to sing, "a little" were not too strong to be resisted. And many consider music as an unfit occupation for masculine minds.

None of the other arts is encumbered with so many prejudices as music. Though accessible to every human being, its right position in the family of arts is, in many cases, underrated; its philosophical and æsthetical meaning entirely overlooked or not understood at all. About none of the other arts has so much nonsense been written about as music. A person scarcely able to distinguish one tone or note from another, one air from another, will not hesitate to judge and condemn fine musical works in a most imperative manner; nay, I have seen criticisms, novels and sketches on musical subjects, written by persons who could not sing or play the simplest tune, and to whom theory was a terra incognita.

### An Obese Basso.

The great basso, Lablache, besides being a very tall man, was remarkably large and heavy. In fact, he was so large that, when living in London, he had a cab of extraordinary size built for his use, as the ordinary "growler" persisted in breaking down under his weight; and it was considerable more trouble to get out from a wrecked vehicle than it was to get into it. It is told that one time when he was singing in Havana, as he was driving along the street in a cab, the bottom of the carriage was crushed through by his heavy weight, leaving his feet down on the ground. The cabman

knew nothing of the accident, but continued to drive on, serenely unconscious of his employer's plight. So there was nothing for the elephantine basso to do but to run along, keeping up with the babby's pace, all the while calling to the driver to stop. Those who saw Lablache's plight had a hearty laugh at the spectacle of those fat legs sticking out from under the cab.

Another time he was cast in an opera for the part of a prisoner who had wasted away by years of incarceration in the dungeon. When this mountain of flesh came walking down the stage singing, "I am starving," the whole house broke into a roar of laughter, and the obese basso had to make an ignominious exit, followed by the shouts of the audience.

What a pair Lablache and Mine. Albini would have made.

### Campanini as a Soldier.

Seldom do we find an operatic singer in the battlefield taking his part in his country's battles. Of those who have been delighted with the tenor voice of Signor Campanini few have known that they were applauding a brave soldier as well as a finished singer.

He was one of the first to volunteer to serve under Garibaldi at Marsala, and his zeal and bravery were so great that while yet little more than a youth he obtained the post of sergeant. At the battle of Capau, during the fiercest fighting, he was wounded by two sabre cuts. He still carries the scars, one on the right cheek and the other on the neck.

But this did not stop his fighting and had it not been for a severe fever which nearly killed him, it was very likely that the brave volunteer would never have left the campaign. At this time he had never thought of such a thing as being a singer, but he soon after obtained admission to the Parma Conservatory of Music, where he made surprising progress. To-day he is one of the foremost tenors, and has attained this enviable position of his own merit and exertion.

Of the many singers upon the concert stage, we venture to say that there are few, if any, with a like record for soldiering and singing.

### Humoursque.

The following may be suggestive to young music teachers looking for business. It is a recent report by Mr Emil Liebling upon the state of things in Chicago:

"In Chicago the race for business has become so keen as to necessitate unusual measures. The leading music schools, like the hotels, run omnibuses to the depots, and the shivering infant from the rural district is met outside by cries—

"Here's your omnibus for the Windy City Conservatory!"

"Take this 'bus for the Grand Central Music School!"

"This way to the Organ Grinders' Retreat!"

"A piece of pie with each lesson!" etc., etc.

"In my own case, I have made arrangements with a leading detective agency to meet new pupils from abroad at the city limits; they are then bound, gagged, blind-folded, handcuffed, and conveyed to my studio, and from there sent under military escort to their respective boarding-places, where a guard is placed before the door, and yet, in spite of all these precautions, some go astray and are side-tracked."—H.M. Ship.

Madame Patti used to keep her "Press Notices," but these after a while filled so many volumes that she discontinued collecting them. One cutting, from a Chicago newspaper, is as follows:

"Madame Patti, the eminent vocalist and faraway, will come to us for positively the last time next year. All who expect to die before year after next will do well to hear the human nightingale on trip, for Patti never says good-by twice in the same year, and to die without hearing her

high 3000dot-note is to seek the hereafter in woeful ignorance of the heights to which a woman with good lungs, a castle in Wales, and who uses only one kind of soap, can soar when she tries."

In his prepuential days, Schumann wrote once to Clara Wieck and said, "I am often very leathery, dry, and disagreeable, and laugh much inwardly." That was because he was Wieck-minded.

### SWISS SEPTUAGENARIAN

A HARDY SETTLER.

The hardness of the Swiss as settlers is clearly exemplified (writes a reporter) in the case of Mr John Allemann, of Dudley Road, Inglewood. Thought seventy years of age he was hard at work with his family, cutting

and attacking chaff when I called. Knowing that his life must have been full of incident, I questioned the old gentleman, with the following result—

"I am a native of German Switzerland," (One of our hardy settlers.)

New after spending some years on different Australian goldfields. Some of the places I prospected had just been opened, and we could scarcely obtain the bare necessities of life. The result of the exposure to cold and wet, when mining, was not fully apparent till ten years ago. Then acute rheumatic pains came in my neck, arms, back and legs. My muscles were contracted, and I could scarcely move. I lost my appetite, lost weight, and became emaciated. Skilful doctors treated me, and sent me to the Rotorua Hot Springs, but I obtained only temporary relief. Having heard of the beneficial effects of Dr. Williams' pink pills for pale people in cases of rheumatism, I was easily persuaded by an Inglewood storekeeper to try them. A few days after beginning to take them, the pains lessened, and a little later the rheumatism left my neck. I continued taking Dr. Williams' pink pills until completely cured. Now I have the full use of my limbs, and suffer no pain whatever. Ever since then I have been hard at work, and exposure to cold and wet has no effect on me."

In Mr Allemann's case, hardship and exposure had thinned and impoverished the blood. Thus the seeds of rheumatism were sown, and cold and wet soon started the pains. By enriching the blood, Dr. Williams' pink pills cure, not only rheumatism, but anaemia, debility, scrofula, erysipelas, indigestion, consumption, etc. By toning up the nerves, they cure St. Vitus's dance, nervous exhaustion, neuralgia, locomotor ataxia, etc. Sold by chemists and storekeepers, and by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Wellington, three shillings per box, six boxes sixteen and six, post free. Write for our list of cured patients in New Zealand.

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## The Municipal Elections.

The municipal elections this month offer exceptional chances to those who look longingly towards a seat in the Council Chamber. Not merely a proportion of the chairs will be vacated on this occasion, but all will be emptied of their occupants, and the burghesses will have to decide who are to fill them. If the dignity of Councillor had any special attractions for the average citizen one would surely find a large number of candidates for office in the field now; whereas there are singularly few. The same names that have become so monotonously familiar to us, and are inseparably associated in our minds with drains, and side walks, and streets, are to the fore, but of new names there are practically none. From this two things are abundantly evident: first, that the average citizen does not yearn for the lesser civic crowns, and, second, that the men who have worn them once are loath to part with them. To the average citizen there is nothing particularly honourable or desirable in the position of a City Councillor. To the City Councillor himself the position is one of exalted dignity. He feels himself invested with a prestige whether it is really the case or not, and in his own imagination at least he doth bestride his own little world like a Colossus. So little do the citizens as a body hanker after Council seats that there is really little reason for bothering about elections at all. Why not let the Councillors enjoy their privileges in perpetuity? Why not make the office hereditary, descending from father to son, as certain ancient offices of State used to be. Under such an arrangement there is no telling what new type of Councillor would be evolved. You can fancy the hereditary Councillor—an individual possessed from his cradle with an almost superhuman acuteness of scent and vision in the matter of civic nuisances. But on the other hand, he would be bound to reflect the failings as well as the virtues of his ancestry, and in view of that it is questionable whether he would accord with the progressive spirit of the times. I think, therefore, we must draw the line at hereditary Councillorship. Indeed, there is little doubt that the more competition we can stimulate in regard to the office the better it is sure to be. But how to make folks compete for a position that has no attraction save for a few is a puzzler. When the tone of a Borough Council can fall to the Onehunga level folks will be chery of belonging to such bodies. And apart from that there is a pettiness in the discussion of city affairs—a natural result of the ward system—that is repugnant to the best men.

## Rotorua, the Chosen.

We are not so superior to local and provincial jealousies ourselves that we can entirely condemn the attitude of those South Island and Waikato Maoris who object to Rotorua being the scene of the great reception tendered to the Duke of York by the Natives of New Zealand. Some thousand Maoris in the South Island are quoting native precedent in the matter, and hold that it is contrary to etiquette for them to receive the Royal visitor except in their own house. Mahuta, the Maori King, is also raising a difficulty against Rotorua. He wishes to have a big native gathering at Ngauruhia, and said at first that only on condition of its being held there would he allow his great war canoe, Taberetikiki to be used at the Auckland reception. Clearly, there is no small jealousy felt in respect of Rotorua reaping all the honour and glory, and it would not be surprising if that feeling interfered to a considerable extent with the scope and representative character of the function now being arranged to take place there. So far as the Rotorua natives themselves are concerned, they are certainly not so worthy of the distinction given to their home as many of the visiting natives. Whatever they once could claim to be, there is little doubt but that the touch of civilization has not improved them. The tourist in-

fluence has tended to convert them into a lazy race of beggars, and the demoralisation in character shows itself in their outward bearing. It is very likely that the other Maoris, who in many cases, must be aware of that fact, are loath to resent the seeming pre-eminence given to the Rotorua folks. But, as they must know, it was on account of the natural wonders of the district and not because of its people that Rotorua was selected for the Maori gathering to welcome the Duke; and a consideration of that point may remove the objection some have to taking part in the great occasion.

## A Trap that Never Falls.

Heaven knows how many sanguine mortals have waxed rich in imagination from the perusal of those tempting advertisements which promise to show you for a mere trifle how to double your income by a method that in no way interferes with your present occupation. We may avoid the daily traps of the patent medicine vendor, and refuse to be beguiled into the reading those paragraphs of his in which he endeavors to catch our interest and hold it till he has told us of his pills. But even the wisest and wariest of us linger over the tempting bait dangled by the man who would teach us how to double our income, or even to increase it by a little. The mountebank who offers a purse of sovereigns for a shilling is too palpably a swindler to trap even the country yokel in these days; and we are all grown suspicious of schemes which offer wealth at too obviously cheap a price. It is different, however, when the amount of personal sacrifice or exertion is made to bear some reasonable relation to the prize to be won. There is no man who cannot be persuaded to admit an extravagant valuation of his services. If your employer doubled your salary next week, or took you into the firm, you might be surprised at first, but you would very soon be able to reconcile his action with a foresight and recognition of talent for which you had not previously given him credit. In the same way, if you were to be offered a situation with a princely remuneration, the mere largeness of the salary would not readily make you suspicious of the genuineness of the enterprise. An appreciation of these truths, together with an absolute assurance of manner, and a mind untrammelled by any moral considerations, formed the capital of Mr Lister when he arrived in Wellington some five weeks ago; and its value as stock-in-trade may be gathered from the fact that in three weeks he had almost secured £2500. The "almost" would have been unnecessary had he been just a trifle more, and the detective a trifle less, careful. Apparently he had not the least difficulty in thus emassing wealth. Caesar-like, he came, and saw, and conquered. Wellington believed his story that he was the representative of a millionaire American firm; accepted it as altogether reasonable that he should wish to open branches there and in other parts of the colony; and her young and old men responded with alacrity to his invitations for clerks, etc., for his business. Nor were the suspicions of the candidates aroused in their subsequent interviews with the great Mr Lister, when he held out the most dazzling prospects in the way of salary, or explained that his firm always insisted on their employees depositing a monetary guarantee after the manner of many other business houses. Indeed, the matter of the guarantee, or fidelity fund, rather added to the eminent respectability of the millionaire firm in the eyes of the applicants, and they willingly parted in varying amounts, some giving a modest £1 cash down, others cheques for £25, and others again promising as much as £500 to £1000. Things were going on beautifully for Mr Lister, amply justifying his confidence in human nature, when the detective interfered and spoiled the whole show. Mr Lister is now resident in Wellington, awaiting the pleasure of the law; but the non-success of

the little scheme detracts nothing from the proof which his brief career affords of the fathful "utility of mankind.

## Comparisons.

Our ears are frequently assailed, nowadays, with the dismal forebodings of those who tell us that Fate has written her meae, mene, on the walls of the British Empire. Instead of bidding up hope at the threshold of a new century, these prophets of rain would bid us despair. There is some comfort in the reflection that such prophecies are by no means new, but had their currency in many if not in all periods of our national history. Just a hundred years ago a prominent member of the French Legislature—France loved us no better then than now—declared that "The hour of distress and humiliation has struck for that implacable enemy of peace, England." He told his audience that the country was "groaning under the weight of debt and taxes." Its blighted power has hitherto been maintained by its tyrannical dominion in India, which, while its point of contact is distant six thousand leagues from the metropolis, will totter upon the first breaking up of her intestine dissensions in Europe." In spite of which terrible prediction England stands as before and more powerful than ever; and when one looks around the world it is difficult to see that she is in any more parlous a plight than her sister nations. So far as one can judge dispassionately France is in every respect in a more decadent condition that we are, and Germany, her neighbour, despite the leap she has made, is not perfectly sure of her ground yet. Austria is certainly not without her troubles; Italy is struggling to keep abreast of the great Powers; and Russia, so gigantic and impregnable viewed from without, is assuredly in no enviable condition. Full of unexhausted energies as she undoubtedly is, there is no telling into what perils those same may throw the country. Our cables tell us of a state of unrest and actual riot which reveals to us a Russia quite other than the one we have in our ignorance pictured. Who knows to what excesses of violence and lawlessness a rude and powerful people, driven by the unrestrained force of primitive instincts, might not go. Apparently the authorities realise that there is great danger, and hint that authority and order are only to be maintained by arms. We have our unemployed difficulties in the Empire, but it is one very remarkable fact that neither in England nor in the colonies does one meet with such exhibitions of wild lawlessness and utter disregard of milder counsels as Europe and even America present in times of civil industrial war. Our saving commonsense and labor respect for the law protects us from what is really a greater danger to a state than any foe from without can be.

## The Philosophy of Roads.

The local bodies throughout the Auckland Province are now considering the appeal which the city has addressed to them in connection with the raising of a fund to pay for the reception of the Duke of York. The idea of getting the country to contribute to the cost of the entertainment seems a particularly good one—to the townspeople; but it is not impossible that the country may regard the invitation from quite another point of view, and yet not be less loyal in sentiments than the town is. Were you a settler in distant Hokianga or some scarcely less remote district in Taupo, the reception of the Duke of York could hardly be a matter of the same importance to you as if you had your domicile within the two miles radius of Queenstreet. If you had a strong misgiving too that in the second week of June next it would take you all you knew to wade through seas of mud from your home to your next neighbor's, other things, more nearly affecting your personal comfort and terrestrial happiness than the visit of princes to the colony, might possibly bulk more largely in your mind than that. The political loyalty of remote districts is largely a matter of roads and bridges, and probably under certain circumstances our allegiance to the throne might be influenced by the same factors. I can imagine the

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Italian peasants blessing the name of Napoleon as they journey the magnificent roads the conqueror of their country left behind him. In the roadless north the man who would obtain immortality is he who would make highways over the land. To understand this you must have lived for half a generation at the far end of a bullock track and looked in vain for its evolution into something better. Out of this from the world its affairs quickly take the subordinate position of things seen through the big end of a telescope. War with its thousand battles, changes of dynasty, the wreck of states, the march of science—what are they to the man at the end of the bullock track as compared with the merest trivialities of his own monotonous round? "Any road will lead you to the end of the world" says Schiller, but wanting a road of any kind you get to revolve in your own narrow circle and never leave it. There should be a limit to the appeal of Auckland to the province. To send it where the poor folks are as much out of touch with the city as if they were the inhabitants of another planet might well seem to them a piece of impertinence to be treated with refusal. Indeed, I would be inclined to say that the invitation for subscriptions might be confined to those localities so situated that the people there can, if they please, take part personally in the reception of the Duke. After all it's hardly fair to ask poor people for their money when they could not by any reasonable possibility have a chance in sharing in the fun. To be represented by the townspeople as proxies can't afford any large degree of satisfaction to remote districts, I should say. Representation on such an occasion mainly consists in having a good time, and one needs to do that in propria persona to get much enjoyment out of it.

**Invention as a Profession.**

A writer in one of the commercial journals makes the suggestion that youths might be trained to invention as a profession. Every man, we are told, is an inventor potentially, but only a few develop their talent to any practical purpose, for the majority are never afforded encouragement or opportunity enough. The proposal is that in our technical schools the inventive faculty, present to a greater or less degree in every pupil, should be stimulated, and cultivated, which is another way of saying they should be taught to think, and think independently, while they should be given the freedom and opportunity which is necessary before they could embody their ideas in concrete form. There is something very attractive in the notion of training up our boys to be inventors, just as we train them up to be tradesmen, clerks, doctors, lawyers. In all the range of occupations and professions there is none that appeals more strongly to us as the one we would like to belong to than that of successful inventor. The impecunious clergyman, the over-wrought doctor, the briefless barrister, the weary, struggling merchant—has it not been the dream, perhaps the hope of each and all of them, at some period in his career, that he might invent something that would bring him fame and fortune. When you read of the man who invented such an obvious thing as the twisted hairpin, making his cool £2000 a year; of him who first thought of the safety-pin rolling in luxury; and of a hundred others equally fortunate, the feeling at once comes, why should I go on toiling and moiling for my beggarly income, when I too might twist a hairpin. For my own part, I have always thought that could I have the leisure to sit down and think and think I should evolve something that would make it unnecessary for me to think ever afterwards. The obvious simplicity of the devices by which humble inventors rose to affluence is calculated to fire the least original and unprogressive mind. And even where we have ceased to aspire to the position of inventors ourselves, we usually transfer our hopes to our offspring. How often are little Benjy's destructive propensities pardoned on the ground that they are the budding proofs of inventive genius? Where is the mother who has not beheld in

delighted wonder the hope of the household take the family clock to pieces, and when did the fact that it had to be sent to the clockmaker to put it together again shake her admiring confidence? If there is any schoolmaster not making much of his profession let him open a school for young inventors, and more than his bread and water shall be sure.



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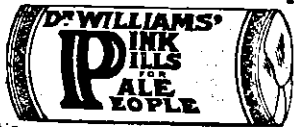
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# Minor Matters.

### Disagreeable Incident.

Several speakers at the public meeting held in Hagley Park on a recent afternoon in connection with the Band of Hope Union, gave examples of the effects of drink that had come under their notice. Among the speakers, says the "Lyttelton Times" was Colonel Estill, of the Salvation Army. The example he held up to the meeting was connected with an incident which, he said, occurred in one of the large centres of the colony. It was on a Sunday afternoon, and the Army was holding its open air meeting, with drum and brass instruments. By and bye a member of the House of Representatives came along. His silk hat, was all battered and torn, his clothes were dirty and disarranged, and his face was red and bloated. There were clear signs that he had not been home on the Saturday night, said the speaker, and it was also very clear that he had been drinking, and had not quite recovered. After walking around the ring, he went inside it, took the kettle drum from one of the soldiers, and endeavoured to play it. "We are used to the sight of drunken men and women," Colonel Estill said, "but to see a member of the House of Representatives in such a condition is shocking indeed."

### An Australian G-1's Yarn.

An Australian young lady rather astonished an exquisite, fresh from London, with his fold at bottom of trousers, British stare, and British bend, by one of her stories, which, I confess, I do not entirely credit myself. "There was," said she, "an awful Johnny, who came up to our place in the country from town, and brought with him a pair of shoes with thick indiarubber soles. He ventured to climb a tree whilst he had these shoes on. He slipped and fell, and, coming down feet foremost, he bounced for three days, till, in order to save him from starving to death, we had to shoot him."

### Class Versus Second Class in Gannets.

If you have done any travelling during the recent, or indeed any holidays, more especially if you have occasionally varied the class in which you have booked, you will have come across a marked characteristic of second-class passengers, namely, that they are more obliging, more courteous, better natured, and infinitely better and more amusing travelling companions than the majority of those you meet when travelling first on train or saloon by steamer. During the Easter recess the writer availed himself of one of the cheap railway excursions to Rotorua. It was a case of half fares. The first revelation came at the departure platform at Auckland. The writer, who was with a jovial party in a huge second-class smoker, was astounded at the number of leading and wealthy citizens taking advantage of the excursion rates. They came not singly but in battalions. In this they showed good sense, but when a man takes advantage of cheap fares, he must also gracefully allow others to participate, and this is where the clubmen and "leading citizens" went wrong. They sprawled over the seats of their padded carriages and placed rugs and luncheon baskets on all vacant places, while at each stopping place they crowded out on the platform and speculated with impudence born of long practice. "Full, full, quite full." One individual in a knickerbocker suit, whose pattern and colour would have shamed any east end Army, was visible from our second-class compartment which, like one of our buses or tram cars, seemed ever expected to expand to accommodate "just one more." While accepting with all good fellowship and good temper the discomforts of over-crowding, which every one was sharing, we were not a little indignant to see our friend in the first opposite bluff lady after lady at succeeding stations by the assurance the carriage was full when shared only by himself and two others of similar

kidney. In consequence of this self-sabotage, and this assurance in lying, ladies and children had to share our already dreadfully over-crowded smoking carriage. At first we imagined the guard must have been a consenting party, and heartily condemned him, but imagine our delight when at the first station in the Maori district this excellent official finding all other carriages full, unceremoniously thrust half a dozen nobly proportioned Maori wahines of various ages into the exclusive one's first-class compartment. Vainly he protested, vainly swore, the official had not another inch in which to bestow them, and was within his rights. The day was hot, the way was long, and judging from a passing whiff the inside of that first-class, so impudently appropriated, must have been a purgatory sufficient even to punish a species of encliffishness which is all too common in railway travelling amongst a certain and (fortunately) limited class.

### The Cat and the King.

On the morning of the Proclamation, before the King came out of Marlborough House, he was preceded by a little black cat, which ran out of the garden, and, calmly sitting down in the middle of the drive, washed its face in the presence of the people. Here that gaudacious cat remained for half an hour. If a carriage came down the drive it ran away, only to return with complacency to the middle of the road until the arrival of the King, when a servant caught it up. A black cat brings luck—"The Gentlewoman."

### An Ingenious Youth.

While a party of lads were engaged in robbing an orchard, one of their number, in his haste to get away from the proprietor's dog, had the rearward of his pants detached considerably from the main body. He had a mile to go home, and not having a pin or anything that would help to fix things, he was in great tribulation. At last the happy idea struck him to run as fast as he could until he met anyone. Then he turned and walked backwards until they were far enough away not to be able to see what had happened. When he encountered people coming each way, he backed up against the wall, and kept there until they had passed. By this ingenious mode of retreat he reached home without hurting anyone's feelings but his own.

### The Billie Barlow Libel Case.

Miss Billie Barlow's suit for libel was not a long one, just one day's sitting at court (writes "Phyllis"). I saw her in "Puss in Boots" as the sailor (who afterwards turns out to be the Marquis of Carrabas) in Commonwealth week. She wore a white cashmere "sailor" blouse to the waist, cut with the usual square collar, and from the waist to the top of her boots only tights and nothing more. The evening before the case came on the jury had seats reserved for them in the stalls at the Tivoli Theatre. Miss Barlow came forward in the dress referred to in the offending paragraph, and sang one song. She was unaccompanied by any of the usual pantomime fixings, ballet girls, rural scenery, etc., and directly she appeared one jurymen put his hand over his face and refused to look again. His neighbour prodded him. "You must look; you're here for the purpose." The discreet one then glanced furtively through his fingers. Mr George Reid, counsel for the defendant, was there also, only going because he understood "Mr Plicker (engaged as plaintiff's counsel) was a haldute of the place." Mr Plicker was in the left stage-box with Mrs Plicker the night I went to see Lotis Collins. Miss Billie Barlow's husband, Edward Stuart-Menzies, came to Australia as an officer in the first flying squadron, and now acts as her manager. He is tall and fine-looking, with a clear-cut, clean-shaven face, and beautiful silver hair.

### Humour of the Big Meeting in Wellington.

The humour attendant upon large public gatherings was not absent from the Wellington municipal meeting in the "Skating Rink on the loan proposals. A well-known chimney sweep conversed the audience with quaint phrases and expressions each of the three times he addressed the chair. Mr Wilford, during the course of his speech, was interrupted while on the subject of municipal mismanagement by a remark from one of the City Councillors who was sitting behind the speaker. Immediately Mr Wilford turned round and raised a laugh by stating, "I cannot be answerable for what goes on behind my back." Later on Mr Thomas Dwan was speaking about the narrow streets which still existed in London. He went on to name some historic thoroughfares in the Metropolis, and among others mentioned Petticoat Lane, the famous street of old clo' shops. "What about 'Petticoat Lane'?" cried a voice from the front chairs. Smiling down upon the interrupter, Mr Dwan brought down the house by exclaiming, "Ah, you know best!" Mr Heaton raised another shout of laughter by promising the Mayor to give support to the Council's proposals "if you'll only give us a few buckets of water up on the hills."

### Windier than Wellington.

The following incident (says a New York correspondent) is vouched for as having occurred during a wind storm, which recently did much damage in Elizabeth, New Jersey, and breaks all Wellington records. Mrs. Walter J. Warden, whose husband is captain of a harbour steamboat, was leaning out of a second-story window shaking a large lace bed canopy, when the storm burst. It caught the bed canopy, filling it like a parachute. Mrs. Warden held it valiantly, and tried to drag it in, but vainly. She had tightened her grip for another great effort when a second and more violent squall pulled her entirely out of the window, carried her over some outbuildings, and across a railroad track, and deposited her safely on a lawn 80 feet away. She had saved herself by holding on tightly, and it is added that by some people running to her assistance the canopy was also saved.

### Matrimonial Agencies.

Mr. Justice Walker, of Sydney, in delivering judgment in the probate suit, Clines v. Cooper, made some appropriate remarks respecting matrimonial agencies. These were, in his opinion, a disgrace to the State, and ought to be suppressed by law. In the present case they had one of those matrimonial agencies conducted by a man who had in his employ a Greek, who said he was, and His Honor had no reason to say he was not, a priest of the Greek Orthodox Church, who was apparently licensed to perform the ceremony of marriage. He was a gentleman who was ready at the suggestion of his employer—and according to his own statement, he had brought about 2000 marriages—to marry any number of people at any hour, at the rate of 8/ per couple, and to perform the ceremony in English, French, Italian, Arabic, Greek, or, His Honor supposed, in any other language. In Clines' case they had a Roman Catholic married to a woman belonging to the Church of England by a Greek priest, stumbling through a garbled form of the Church of England marriage-service. The minister was a man who even now could scarcely speak English, and who at that time must have been more indistinct. He admitted he had only been two years in the State, and that it was not until he was on his way out here he commenced to learn the English language.

### The Trouble of the Census Man.

The census sub-enumerators have been sadly delayed in their work through the neglect of some householders to fill in the schedules supplied to them, says a Christchurch contemporary. When the official calls at a house to receive the paper, and finds that it has not been filled in, it becomes his duty to perform this task, and it will be admitted that this is a burden that ought not to be thrown upon his shoulders. One sub-enumerator tells with some pathos of

his experience when he visited a house where there were about fourteen children, each of whom has three Christian names, and found the census form not filled in, because apparently everybody concerned had forgotten about it. He painfully wrote out the names in full of all the children, and then tramped on a few yards, to discover there a large boarding house also possessing a blank form waiting for his pen. Then he proceeded to soliloquise over the fantastic fate that had led him to undertake the collecting of census schedules in Wellington, whilst there was stone breaking and other light and pleasant work of that description offering.

### Another Census Story.

The fixing up of the census paper caused much merriment in several Sydney households. I know (writes "Gratia"), and consternation in the hearts of all girls out of their teens. Three sisters were much alarmed when their mother informed them that their eldest brother, who takes a fiendish delight in witnessing their discomfiture, had made up his mind to write the entries for the family. "Oh, mother, please, you do it. You are a woman, and know how horrid it is to reveal your age." Their brother had taken away the schedule, and they knew not where he had laid it, so they could do nothing. On Saturday afternoon they had a tennis party, to which were asked their most favoured admirers. The brother waited his chance, and when they were all gathered round the five o'clock tea table at the end of the lawn he proceeded to ask his sisters a few leading questions. "Well, Evelyn, how old are you? Twenty-five, isn't it? though you don't look it, and haven't had a birthday to my knowledge for years." "Grace, you're the eldest, and how many years didn't you say between you and Chris? Four?" "Be quiet, Tom," urged their mother. "Another thing, mother, please, what do all you women do all day long? Nothing, I suppose. The paper says that means 'domestic duties.'" The girls gazed at him imploringly, but it was no use. An old friend of the family muttered, "Write yourself down an ass, like Dogberry, Tom. Don't forget." Then the girls, with a sigh of relief, took up their requests and suggested another set. Tom tackled the cook, who was "cleaning" the kitchen. "Bridget, darling, what's your age, and what's your occupation?" "The age? O, I'm turned 19, and that's my occupation," and she hurled her wet scrubbing cloth at him. "Is it asking me impudent questions he is? O, I'll warn him."

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# Turf Gossip.

By  
**WHALEBONE.**

## TURF FIXTURES.

April 25, 7—Avondale R.C.  
June 5, 10, and 15—A.R.C. North N.Z.  
Grand National Meeting

### DATES OF COMING EVENTS

#### NEW ZEALAND.

April 25—North Island Challenge Stakes  
April 25—Thompson Handicap  
April 27—New Zealand St. Leger Stakes  
June 4—Great Northern Steeplechase  
June 10—A.R.C. Grand National Hurdle Race  
June 21—Hawke's Bay Steeplechase  
July 17—Wellington Hurdle Race  
July 20—Wellington Steeplechase

## TURF NOTES.

Horses trained by P. Johnstone have won thirteen races since the last meeting at Wellington.

Val Rosa picked up a nail and a festered foot was the result, preventing that horse from starting at the A.R.C. Meeting.

Mr P. Tancred, who at one time raced extensively in New Zealand, and occasionally had his colours unfurled at Ellerslie, is on a visit to Auckland.

Mr. Dan McLeod, the well-known local penciler, has purchased the residence of Judge Cooper and ten acres of land at Ellerslie.

Mr. McHaffie, a member of the New Zealand Trotting Association, and a would-be reformer in trotting matters, is on a visit to Auckland.

According to Sydney papers Advance's starting price in the Autumn Stakes at the A.J.C. Meeting was 7 to 4. There was little money behind the New Zealander, who opened at 3 to 1.

The sum of £32,295 was passed through the totalisator at the Autumn Meeting of the Auckland Racing Club as against £32,094 last year.

The Messrs. Duder have sold Drum Major to an Australian purchaser. The price is said to have been about £150. Drum Major is a rare type for stud purposes.

Mr Leonard Marshall has got most of his mares back at One Tree Hill again from Otahuhu, and Mr Williamson is wearing the remainder of the foals.

Repetition, the Lord of the Isles—Lady Sarah gelding, has been racing in keeping with his name for some time past at country meetings. A treble at the Teran meeting, following a double at the Te Awamutu meeting, was scored by this gelding.

We are now assured that St. Paul has run his last race. The game little fellow showed some of his old dash in the Century Stakes, but could not finish with the leaders. He walked off lame behind after the race.

Lethargy, who won the Rewa Hack Flat Race recently at Feilding, paying a dividend of £22 3/, only started once last year, and then in a pony race in the Wairarapa, when backers were rewarded by receiving £24 17/ for each £.

Horses for courses: The Taranaki horse Crusoe seems to have been made for the Feilding racecourse, or the Feilding racecourse for him. At meetings held there during the past four years it would have been big biz. backing the son of Cruiser and Satoria.

On Sunday the Ngapuhi left Onehunga having on board the racehorses Boreas, Battlexe, Taplow, Kaimate, Dartmoor, and Cairo. Their attendants, P. Johnstone, C. Cochrane, Frances, and Collins, and a number of returning Taranaki visitors were on board.

Okooari was sent back to New Plymouth on Wednesday. Before the races she was in great request for the Easter Handicap, and her friends think that had the race been run a week earlier she might have altered things. Possibly, but Okooari has not proved a good one at Ellerslie at any time.

Materoa means a long time sick. The owners of this mare must be getting very sick of following her.

The complaint lodged with the Auckland Racing Club against a visiting trainer by a local trainer has been withdrawn, and so the Auckland Racing Club will be relieved of an unpleasant duty.

Writing under date March 8th, our London correspondent says: "Martin Power, the Australian crack jockey, has returned again in England, and, I hear, proposes to make a long stay in this country. As he can go to scale easily at 1st 9lb, and our owners seem fond of imported jockeys, Power ought to be able to make something more than bread and cheese on this side of the great waters."

The Auckland Trotting Club have decided upon a programme of events for May 11th and 15th, and will be able to hold the meeting then, as by that time the improvements being now made by the contractors will be finished. Trotting horse-owners will be pleased to learn that a meeting is now in sight. The sum of £580 will be given in stakes.

Laetitia, who got kicked just before the start for the Eden Handicap, in which she was beaten half a head by Zealous, has still an enlarged knee. By the way there was a difference of 20lbs. in the weight carried by Laetitia and Zealous in that race. Next time Mr Evert handicapped this pair for a race over the same distance he put them in at even weights. Zealous had in the interval won a race, and Laetitia had not started.

Cavaliere was scratched for the Avondale Steeplechase on Monday. His owner was surprised that the big son of Cuirassier should have been called upon to give weight to Cannongate, who has won several times over country, while as recently as last Saturday Cannongate was handicapped to give Cavaliere 7lbs over hurdles. Had Cannongate been entered for the Avondale Hurdle Handicap somewhere in the region of 135 would have been the weight allotted to the son of Cannon, taking a line through Tim and Cavaliers.

The Sylvia Park yearlings, sixteen in number, have been weaned. They have been fed for over a month, and in a very short time were taught to leave their dams and feed by themselves. The Messrs. Nathan have an increasing stud; their weanlings comprise a large proportion of fillies, well-grown and of good quality, and several nice colts, and they are nearly all in excellent condition. Their dams have been sent to Whitford Park for a change of pasturage.

The yearling sales in New South Wales this year have been highly successful judging from the cables. Sixty-one lots sold at Sydney realised 5082 guineas, giving an average of just on 133 guineas per head. The highest priced one, of the Wilton Park lot realised 1600 guineas. This was a filly by the imported St. Simon horse Haut Brion, from Novlette, full sister to Strathmore, and half-sister to Hilda. This will be gratifying to Mr. Morrin. Hilda's yearlings are rare sellers, too, and one of the numbers Wengiat, realised the same price as the Haut Brion—Novlette filly as a yearling.

The following is the settling-sheet of the Auckland Racing Club over their Autumn Meeting:—Mr F. Wat-

son, £700; Mr J. T. Ryan, £518; Messrs L. D. and N. A. Nathan, £515; Mr J. Chasafe, £435; Mr C. Lovett, £345; Mr J. Warner, £200; Major George, £230; Hon. H. Mosman, £165; Mr Douglas Gordon, £200; Mr A. Morgan, £160; Mr J. Rae, £190; Mr K. McGuiness, £105; Messrs H. French, K. and R. Duder, D. McKinnon, W. A. Coleman, E. Alison, W. Oliver, each £80; Messrs J. W. Russell, H. Tooman, and J. G. Ralph, each £50; Mr H. Moody, £30; Mr A. M. Robertson, Mr A. E. Watkins, each £25; Mr J. Harling, £15; Messrs. Emmerson, Litherland, Dan Morrighan, P. Chasafe, H. Preston, L. Mackay, and H. Cleland, each £10; Miss Gibson, £5.

It may interest some people to learn that Battlexe, who won the Century Stakes at the A.R.C. Meeting, was only supported to the extent of a very insignificant amount by his owner and connections, who were not at all sanguine about the son of Hotchkiss. All the same he was very fit and it was his superior condition that pulled him through. Had Boreas and Seahorse been as well as Battlexe, the result would have been different. It was the chance of place money that induced Mr Watson to start Battlexe, and that horse had the luck to meet as it turned out, weak opposition on the day. Boreas and Seahorse may be all the better for the racing they are getting. Boreas did well to show so prominently as he did considering the short time he has been back from Australia.

The defeat of Advance by both La Carabine and San Fran in the A.J.C. Plate on Saturday proves that Advance is not the genuine stayer that La Carabine is, and reading the account of the race for the Autumn Stakes as furnished in the Sydney "Daily Telegraph," it must have been by the narrowest margin that the New Zealander won that race. Sir Rupert Clarke has not had things all his own way in Sydney all the same, and Advance has done well, it must be admitted, to perform so creditably. Few horse would at his age race over six furlongs, a mile, a mile and a-half, two miles and a quarter, and twice over three miles, as he has done. La Carabine herself would not do it, that is certain. Advance is the more brilliant of the pair.

Solo, who was disposed of on Friday by Messrs. A. Buckland & Sons to Mr. Lovett for 180 guineas, is by the defunct Blairgowrie, from Dolly, a somewhat wayward pony that figured in Auckland suburban courses between ten and eleven years ago. Dolly was bred in the Waikato, on the Waipa River, by Mr. W. Noble, who sold her and a full brother unbroken for £30. The brother was sent to Sydney, where he won races, but Dolly was retained and put in commission, but seldom ran up to her track form. She was by Randwick, from a young Plover mare named Locket. Solo should repay Mr Lovett. He is not clear at 180 guineas. Mr. Price has a rather nice yearling filly by Soult, from Dolly, at Papatoitoi, and the little mare is in foal to Brigadier.

The Avondale Jockey Club's Autumn Meeting commences on Saturday at Ellerslie. Writing before the acceptances I prefer Delia Rose, Bacchus, and Balbinnie in the Maiden Plate, Lieutenant and Forty-seven in the probable absence of Cavalier in the Hurdle Handicap, Zealous, The Needle, and Record Reign in the Avondale Handicap, Lady Avon and Blue Paul in the First Pony Handicap, Glasgow and Taheke, late Bore, in the Juvenile Handicap, in which Nonette will probably not start, Valdictory and Ivan in the Hack Handicap; and Zealous, Formula, and Solo in the Halfway. In the Steeplechase on the second day Dingo and Cannongate are those that read well. Tarrugone should run a good race too.

Mr Evert has certainly given students of form a few conundrums in his handicaps for the Avondale meeting. Lady Avon beat Lena in the pony race over five furlongs at the A.R.C. Meeting, conceding 5lbs. A difference of 5lbs is now considered sufficient to bring the pair together at six furlongs. Mr Evert is quite 14lbs out in his reckoning I am sure. Then Orange and Blue has gone up a stone at least in Mr Evert's opinion since he handicapped that pony for the race on the first day of the A.R.C. Meeting, when she was left some lengths at the post. Blue Paul, the

winner of that race, has gone up 3lbs, while Mamos, who finished second, has been raised 4lbs, and Lena, who was third, no less than 15lbs. Seeing that Lena failed to concede Pipiharama 5lbs in the pony race at Ellerslie, run over six furlongs, on the second day, I fail to see how she can reasonably be expected to give away 12lbs over the same ground on Saturday.

Mr Thomas Morrin would be one of the proudest men at Ellerslie during the Canterbury Jockey Club's Autumn Meeting at the successes of the Wellington Park bred filly Cruciform in both the Champagne Stakes and Tenth Challenge Stakes, in each of which races the daughter of St. Leger and Forme had behind her that brilliant performer Menschikoff, who has for some time been regarded as the best two-year-old of his year. Readers must not now hastily conclude that Cruciform is the better of the pair. That filly has been steadily improving, but it has to be remembered that she has been racing more recently than the colt, and it is more than probable that during Mason's visit to Wanganui and Hawke's Bay with Cruciform, Menschikoff may have been allowed to get above himself. While freely admitting that Cruciform is right in the first fight, and I will go so far as to say that I have seen nothing so good amongst her sex for years, looking back at Menschikoff's past and his previous meetings with Cruciform, I would not like to accept the form on Monday and Tuesday as conclusive that the Ellerslie bred colt is inferior to the Wellington Park filly. If Cruciform has really developed so much since I saw her race last as to be better than Menschikoff, then all I can say is that Mr Stead must possess a pair such as few racing men have ever owned at one time in their lives. Cruciform cost Mr Stead 325 guineas as a yearling, Menschikoff 210 guineas.

Messrs L. D. and N. A. Nathan have placed an embargo on the stakes won by Battlexe and Boreas, who finished first and second in the Century Stakes, on the ground that neither carried their proper weights. Beddington, it is stated, was weighed out under the weight the Racing Conference adopted, the owners of course being responsible for the impost they elected to run with, which was 21bs more than the gelding would have had to carry under the special allowance conditions made to geldings by the A.R.C. conditions that have been observed in all weight-for-age races in Auckland for years past. Before the horses were weighed out, the trainer of Formula raised the question, and the owner of Battlexe also called for a ruling, and the stewards elected to stand to the 5lbs. allowance clause so long in vogue. Sir George Clifford, the Chairman of the Conference, has been written to on the subject. The Auckland Racing Club adopted this rule years ago to encourage owners to emasculate their colts, and its existence must have been well known to most racing men herabout. It will now be settled by the Conference whether it is allowable for clubs to make special allowances to geldings. In Australia the 5lbs. allowance is adopted. In New Zealand the clubs should aim at uniformity in order to avoid complications. This is a matter that should have been settled long ago. It is somewhat strange that out of half-a-dozen runners, the three placed horses should be the only geldings.

## THIRD DAY A.R.C. AUTUMN MEETING.

The following are the details of the racing:

- MAIDEN HURDLE HANDICAP of 100sovs. One mile and three-quarters.
- 132—Mr W. A. Coleman's ch g Dingo, by Sou'wester-Hetty, 11.12 (Krug). 1
- 64—Mr W. H. Preston's b m Lightning, by Nalator-Gladator, 10.10 (Frankie).
- 65—Mr T. E. Bell's ch f Blue, by Blue-crozier (Berry), 9. H. O. (McGregor).
- 0.12 (O'Connell) ..... 3

Also started: 50, Auld Beekie (Hall); 148, Lieutenant (Whitehouse); 41, Turine (Phillips); 61, Pungarehu (Quinton); 77, Free-will (Collins); 185, Markeman (Howitt); 38, Pungerec (Berry); 39, H. O. (McGregor). When the barrier went up, Lieutenant took up the running and carried it on, followed by Dingo and Turine round the bend, and all up the straight, passing the line, and all right round the back. Auld Beekie bringing up the rear. Going up the hill with the circuit of the course completed, Lieutenant and Dingo were side by side, well in front of the others, and the leaders, both under pressure, came on together to



the last hurdle. Here Lieutenant fell, dismounting the rider to himself. Lightening and lightning struck at intervals of three and four lengths respectively. Time, 3m 32.3sec. Dividend, £6 7s.

CRITERION HANDICAP, of 100sovs, six furlongs.

135-Mr E. Allison's b g Tiki, by Regal Pearl, 7.11 (Satman) 1
136-Mr T. Mackay's b h Pezrage, by Australian Pearl-Naomi, 7.11 (Gainsford) 2
137-Mr R. Cleland's b g Belfast, by Seaton Delaval-Lady Antrim, 7.2 (Pennell) 3

Also ran: 41, Wellstock (Ryan); 40, Sly Miss (McGulre); E. Aminta (Speakman); G. Corporal (Neary). Immediately on the barrier being released Pezrage's colours were seen in front, but then the field settled to work. Tiki took command and led Pezrage and Belfast as the race proceeded to the turn, where the field, with the exception of Wellstock, were in close order. Tiki entered the straight under pressure, and staying it out to the finish beat Pezrage by a full length, Belfast and Balbirnie being almost locked together in one with Pezrage's quarters. Time, 1m 15s. Dividend, £2 12s.

AUTUMN HANDICAP, of 500sovs, second horse to receive 15sovs and third horse 5sovs out of the stakes. One mile and a-half.

147-Mr J. Chaffee's b m St Ursula, by St. Leger-Satanella, 4.7 (Abbott) 1
148-Hon. H. Moenan's b f Formula, by Hotchkiss-Formo, 7.11 (Ryan) 2
149-Mr J. Chaffee's b h St. Peter, by St. Leger-Satanella, 7.1 (Satman) 3
Also started: 147, Battaxe (Seaton), 202 Boreas (Tussock-Lindsay), 426 Ideal (Davis), St. Beddington (Speckman), 44 Materoa (Holmes), 51 Dayntree (Bird).

Some time was wasted at the post owing to the anxiety of several of the horses to begin and the disinclination of others to face the barrier. At last a good start was effected. Boreas, however, losing several lengths. Battaxe and Beddington showed in front, with Formula, to the quarter-mile post, where St. Ursula shot through and took premier place with Boreas, who had by this time raced through, till the stand was reached. St. Peter led out of the straight, followed by Formula, Beddington, and Dayntree whipping in. St. Ursula increased her lead and led Boreas by two lengths going down the back. St. Peter headed the rest of the field, two lengths away. Five furlongs from home Boreas had got within a length of St. Ursula, and St. Peter was nearly on terms with Boreas. In this way they entered the straight, Boreas setting closer to the leader. At the distance, St. Ursula was only just clear of Boreas, while the latter, Formula, on the outside, Ideal and Battaxe were running neck in neck, Formula and Ideal closing up. But while both finished well, neither could get up, and St. Ursula won by a clear length from Formula, who was by a short distance in front of St. Peter and Ideal, who finished well together. Boreas was fifth, a length off, Battaxe sixth. Time, 2 40 5-5. Dividend £9 19s.

After the race Taylor, the rider of Boreas, charged the driver of St. Peter, with interference, the complaint being that St. Peter bore Boreas into the rails. Satman was reprimanded and cautioned as to his future riding.

HURDLE RACE HANDICAP, of 125sovs, two miles, eight flights of hurdles.

52-Mr S. McGinness's ch g Kaimate, by Australian-Jessie, 10.0 (Colman) 1
136-Mr H. Moody's ch h Tim, by Woolbroker, 10.2 (Veeh) 2
137-Miss E. Gibson's b f Cairo, by Giny King, 9.10 (Collins) 3
Also started: 285 Cannongate (Johnson), 158 Nor-west (Hill), 65 Hylas (Quinton). Hylas was first to show in front, but going to the top of the hill he was in front almost together, Cannongate falling. Tim went on in front of Nor-west going down the hill, and at this Hylas dropped back several lengths. Tim, Nor-west and Kaimate were running in the order named past the stand, and Nor-west went after Tim as they went down the back, both racing together up the hill the second time round. Kaimate three lengths off. The last-named headed the pair before the home turn was reached and led to the last hurdle, where he served to bump into Nor-west, who fell. Kaimate went on and lasted long enough to beat the faster-finishing Tim by a length. Cairo was a dozen lengths away third. Time, 3m 55 2-8. Dividend, £14.

WELTER HANDICAP, of 100sovs, one mile.

146-Mr W. Olliver's gr g Bacchus, by Caster-Vivandere, 9.8 (Taylor) 1
125-Mr Cleland's b g Belfast, by Seaton Delaval-Lady Antrim, 8.5 (Davis) 2
127-Mr W. Taurua's b g Swiftfoot, by The Workman-Swiftara, 8.6 (Howard) 3
Also started: 21 Frenchman (W. Gail), 21 Balbirnie (Whitehouse), 21 Pezrage (Gainsford), 21 Lieutenant (Jellings), 19 Kanaka (Conway), 130 Aurega (Lindsay), 21 Royal Conqueror (Edwards), 133 Lady Zulu (Seaton), 11 Capford (Smith), 26 Ap-partition (Satman). Pezrage, Aurega, Lieutenant and Balbirnie were in the order named at the start, but Pezrage was out by himself going down the back and to the lawn rails, where Bacchus, Belfast, Swiftfoot and Lady Zulu were all within striking distance.

Bacchus beat Belfast by a full length, with Swiftfoot a-half length off the third. Lady Zulu fourth and Capford fifth. Time, 1m 43-5. Dividend, £3 19s.

PONY HANDICAP, of 50sovs, five furlongs.

140-Mr J. O. Ralph's bk h Lady Avon, by Soult-First Love, 9.8 (Seaton) 1
124-Mr C. Lovell's br m Lena, by Deer-rings-Nina & Gilling, 8.2 (Seaton) 2
65-Mr H. Friedlander's ch m St. Leader, by St. George-Plattery, 7.4 (Thomas) 3

Also started: 131, First Whopper (Howard); 115, Samson (Howe); 147, Hellders (Gainsford); 162, Texas (Abbott); 22, Chief Miss (Neary). Lady Avon went on Lena to the home turn and then joined her and came on from the distance, winning easily by two lengths. St. Leader was a length off third. Time, 1m 43-5. Dividend, £1 19s.

GRANDSTAND HANDICAP, of 150sovs, seven furlongs.

301-Mr. Raa's b g The Needle, by Brizzler-Dressmaker, 8.7 (Bird) 1
130-Mr Major George's ch f Zealous, by Nelson-Moonga, 8.9 (Seaton) 2
Messrs. L. D. and N. A. Nathan's ch m

Kosella, by Seaton Delaval - Ros, 8.3 (Gallagher); 147, Hellders. Also started: 25, Solo (Jellings); 12, Finesse (Abbott); 27, Volice (Gainsford); 62, Dartmoor (Buchanan); 65, Motor (Speakman); 65, Paul Seaton (Satman). Zealous cut out the running, and was followed by The Needle and Dartmoor, Solo displacing the last-named pair coming down the hill and running into second place, but, however, dropping back at the turn. Here Kosella came on on the outside of her field, and with The Needle closed on Zealous and Dartmoor. In the straight The Needle and Rosella were respectively a half and a length off, but reached Zealous just as the line was crossed, the judge deciding in favour of the Needle by a head. Rosella was a head away third and Solo fourth. Time, 1 29 1-5. Dividend, £4 10s.

VICTORIA HANDICAP, of 100sovs, five furlongs.

Mr. J. T. Ryan's ch c Nonette, 10.5 (Ryan) 1
Major F. N. George's ch f Hagabash, 7.1 (Speakman) 2
Mr. R. Connon's b f Hare, 7.10 (Holmes) 3

Also started: 88, Sparkling Water, 8.6 (Jellings); 284, Menura, 8.5 (Davis); 96, Hikipona, 8.4 (Buchanan); 89, Hesper, 8.3 (Satman); 74, Kilmaline, 7.12 (Seaton); 124, Hare, 7.10 (Holmes); 73, Hone, 7.9. Including 4th over (Lindsay); 9, Camilla, including 1st over (McGuire); 55, Despatch, 5.10 (Seaton); 64, Rita, 5.2, including 5th over (Kenny). After a number of breaks away on the head work part of the race, Nonette next beat Hare, Sparkling Water, and Hesper, and then the straight, Nonette swerved just below the people's stand, and almost immediately straightened again, coming on and winning by three lengths from Sparkling Water, who was a mere two lengths off third. Time, 1m 12. Dividend, £6 17s.

AVONDALE JOCKEY CLUB'S AUTUMN MEETING.

Mr Evett has declared the following weights for events to be run at the Avondale Jockey Club's meeting on the 29th and 30th inst. FIRST DAY.

Table with columns: Race Name, Horse Name, Weight, and other details. Includes Maiden Plate Handicap (Six furlongs) and Hurdle Race of 80sovs (Two miles).

Table with columns: Race Name, Horse Name, Weight, and other details. Includes Maiden Plate Handicap (Six furlongs) and Hurdle Race of 150sovs (One mile and a quarter).

Table with columns: Race Name, Horse Name, Weight, and other details. Includes Maiden Plate Handicap (Six furlongs) and Hurdle Race of 80sovs (Two miles).

Table with columns: Race Name, Horse Name, Weight, and other details. Includes Maiden Plate Handicap (Six furlongs) and Hurdle Race of 150sovs (One mile and a quarter).

Table with columns: Race Name, Horse Name, Weight, and other details. Includes Maiden Plate Handicap (Six furlongs) and Hurdle Race of 80sovs (Two miles).

JUVENILE HANDICAP, of 200sovs, five furlongs. Table with columns: Horse Name, Weight, and other details.

MAINT HAWK HANDICAP, of 50sovs, five furlongs and a-half. Table with columns: Horse Name, Weight, and other details.

RAILWAY HANDICAP, of 200sovs, five furlongs. Table with columns: Horse Name, Weight, and other details.

STEEPLECHASE, of 100sovs, About three miles. Table with columns: Horse Name, Weight, and other details.

WELLINGTON RACING CLUB'S AUTUMN MEETING.

Mr Evett has declared the following weights for the first day of the Wellington Racing Club's Meeting:

THOMPSON HANDICAP, One mile. Table with columns: Horse Name, Weight, and other details.

Waiwetu Handicap, seven furlongs. Table with columns: Horse Name, Weight, and other details.

Hurdle Handicap, one mile and three-quarters. Table with columns: Horse Name, Weight, and other details.

Railway Handicap, six furlongs. Table with columns: Horse Name, Weight, and other details.

AUSTRALIAN JOCKEY CLUB'S AUTUMN MEETING.

Another Victory For Advance. SYDNEY, April 10.

The Australian Jockey Club continued their Autumn Meeting at Randwick to-day. The weather was again beautifully fine and there was a good attendance.

The following are the details of the racing: THE HURDLE RACE, a handicap sweepstakes of 50sovs each, with 250 sovs added; the owner of the second horse to receive 75sovs and the owner of the third 25sovs from the prize. About three miles.

Mr J. E. Barclay's b g Abealare, sired by Belvedere, 9.8. Ricksaw, 9.8. Marton, 11.2. Eight horses started. Abealare won easily. Time, 6min 4 1/2sec.

THE ALL-AGED STAKES, a sweepstakes of 100sovs each, with 500sovs added; the owner of the second horse to receive 50sovs from the prize. One mile. Messrs Duncan and Abbott's bk h Advance, 4yrs, by Vanguard - Laurel, 9st (Jenkins). Mr W. Kelso's Dandy, aged, 8st 12lb (Cleal). Mr W. H. Mate's br m Fulminate, 4yrs, 6st 12lb (Godby). Paul Fry was the only other starter. Betting: 5 to 2 on Advance, 5 to 1 against Dandy, 5 to 1 Paul Fry, 50 to 1 Fulminate.

At the start Advance and Paul Fry were slightly in front. The field kept close company for a furlong, when Fulminate stole out and led by a length past the sheds. Advance next, with Dandy at his girths, and Paul Fry last. This order was maintained for another furlong, when Advance joined Fulminate and they led Dandy by two lengths round the home turn. Once in the straight Advance headed Fulminate with apparent ease, and the son of Vanguard, galloping over his field, ultimately won as he liked by three-parts of a length. Time 1min 41 1/2sec.

THE CITY HANDICAP, a sweepstakes of 100sovs each, with 400sovs added. For three-year-olds and upwards; the owner of the second horse to receive 75sovs from the prize. One mile and a-half.

Mr H. Oxenham's Gaulcon, 6yrs, by Goro-Industry, 8st 11lb. Australian Colours, 8st 11lb. La Hogue, 6st 7lb. Eleven horses started. Betting: Seven to 4 against Gaulcon, 6 to 2 Rabato, 7 to 1 Australian Colours. Gaulcon took charge at the St Leger stand and won by six lengths. Time, 2min 37sec.

THE EASTER STAKES, a sweepstakes of 100sovs each, with 300sovs added. For two-year-olds. Special weights with penalties and allowances. Seven furlongs.

Mr A. W. Rubry's Grasspan, by Grafton-Piecrust. Hautvillers. Ibox. Four horses started. Betting: Two to 1 on Ibox, 5 to 2 against Grasspan. At the distance Ibox was in difficulties, and a great race between Grasspan and Hautvillers resulted in a neck victory for Grasspan. Time, 1min 28 1/2sec.

THE CUMBERLAND STAKES, a sweepstakes of 100sovs each, with 400 sovs added; the owner of the second horse to receive 50sovs from the prize. For three-year-olds and upwards. Two miles.

Sir Rupert Clark's La Carabine, 6yrs, by Carbine-Orotava, 9st 2lb. San Fran, 8st 2lb. Dandy, 9st 11lb. Also started: Clean Sweep and Sir Leonard.

Betting: Eleven to 8 against La Carabine, 3 to 1 San Fran, 5 to 1 Clean Sweep. The race was slow. San Fran challenged La Carabine for the lead at the stands and obtained a temporary advantage. La Carabine caught him in the run home and won by a length. Time, 3min 44 1/2sec.

THE WELTER HANDICAP, a sweepstakes of 50sovs each, with 200sovs added; the owner of the second horse to receive 50sovs from the prize. One mile.

Mr S. Miller's Undaunted, 4yrs, by Far Niente-Apethorpe, 8st 13lb 1. Loch Clievdenn, 10st 6lb. Fireman, 9st 11lb. Seventeen horses started. Undaunted won by a length. Time, 1min 41 1/2sec.

A.J.C. PLATE DAY.

ADVANCE BEATEN.

SYDNEY, April 12. Beautiful weather was experienced to-day, and there was a large attendance at Randwick to witness the concluding day's racing of the A.J.C. Meeting. The following are the details of the racing: THE ROUS HANDICAP, a handicap sweepstakes of 50sovs each, with 250 sovs added; second horse 50sovs from the prize. For three-year-olds. One mile and three furlongs.

# Athletic Sports.

Mr. T. Payten's ch e Lord Rudolph, by Yardley—Lady Rudolph, sat 31b  
 Mr. H. Owenham's ch f Arcadia, 1st 41b  
 Mr. C. Carlisle's br f Hautesse, 1st 101b  
 Nine horses started.  
 In a good finish Lord Rudolph won by a head. Time 2min 25sec.

**THE PLACE HANDICAP**, a free handicap sweepstakes of 10sovs each for starters, with 40sovs added; the owner of second horse to receive 7s sovs from the prize. One mile and a half.

Mr. E. Key's br g La Hogue, 5yrs, by Lochiel—Blaxrand's Camelia, 1st 91b  
 Mr. J. Macken's br c Australian Colours, 5yrs, 1st 51b  
 Mr. H. Owenham's br h Gauleon, 5yrs, 1st 51b  
 Eight horses started.  
 Betting: 7 to 4 Gauleon, 4 to 1 Firman, 6 to 1 Australian Colours.  
 La Hogue practically led all the way and won by three lengths. Time, 2min 42sec.

**THE STEEPLECHASE**, a handicap sweepstake of 5sovs each, with 250 sovs added; second horse 75sovs, third horse 25sovs from the prize. About three miles.

Mr. G. Gilbert's blk g Satan II, aged, by Lord Clifden—dam by Kingston, 1st  
 Hon. T. H. Hassall's blk g Crusado, aged, 11st 71b  
 Mr. A. M. Lucey's blk g Mist, aged, 9st 21b  
 Seven horses started.  
 Betting: 2 to 1 against Volcano, 4 to 1 Crusado. Satan won by six lengths. Time, 7min 16sec.

**THE SECOND NURSEBY HANDICAP**, a handicap sweepstakes of 4sovs each, with 25sovs added; second horse 50sovs from the prize. For two-year-olds. One mile.

Mr. C. Platt's br g Bluntwood, by Gratton—Lovebeck, 7st 21b  
 Mr. H. C. White's b c Caravel, 7st 11b  
 Mr. L. A. Cooper's b c Sir Leonard, 8st 121b  
 A good race. Won by a neck. Time, 1min 42sec.

**THE A.J.C. PLATE**, a handicap sweepstakes of 10sovs each, with 500sovs added. For three-year-olds and upwards. Second horse 100sovs, and third 50sovs from the prize. Time limit, 5.45, subject to committee deciding otherwise. Three miles.

Sir Rupert Clarke's ch m La Carabine, 6yrs, by Carbine—Orotava, 9.5 (Lewis)  
 Mr. A. Williams' b c San Fran, 3yrs, 8.0 (Kuhn)  
 Messrs. Duncan and Abbott's blk h Advance, 4yrs, 9.0 (Jenkins)  
 Sir Rupert Clarke's b g Paul Pry, aged, 9.2  
 Betting: 10 to 9 on Advance, 7 to 4 against La Carabine, 5 to 1 San Fran.

The field moved away at a funeral pace, Paul Pry leading, with San Fran second. After six furlongs Paul Pry dashed away, and took up a 20 lengths lead, La Carabine being second, with San Fran leading Advance by four lengths. This order was continued till the last mile, when La Carabine drew up to within a length of Paul Pry, San Fran being two lengths ahead of Advance. At six furlongs La Carabine went up to Paul Pry, the latter retiring soon afterwards. San Fran led La Carabine half a length at the sheals, where Advance was third, six lengths off. They continued thus to the straight, where La Carabine got level with San Fran, and at the distance had him beaten, the daughter of Carbine eventually winning by three-quarters of a length. Advance being three lengths off. Time, 6.24.

**THE FINAL HANDICAP**, a handicap sweepstakes of 5sovs each, with 200 sovs added; second horse 50sovs from the prize. One mile, and a quarter.

Mr. W. H. A.Mte's b or br m Kulau, 5yrs, 7.12  
 Mr. G. Miller's ch m Loch Cleveden, 6yrs, 8.5  
 Mr. J. Burton's b g Bullomin, aged, 7.5  
 Kulau won easily. Time, 5.24.

## SYDNEY, April 14.

It is considered that it was established yesterday that La Carabine is still the champion stayer of the season. She won the A.J.C. Plate in most convincing fashion. The way the race was run should have suited Advance better than the mare.

## CRICKET.

The final round of the Auckland Cricket Association championships was commenced on Saturday. Notwithstanding the rain that fell on Friday night and Saturday morning the afternoon was exceptionally fine, and the wickets fairly good, though, of course, on the slow side. The scoring in the various matches was on the low side, and in most cases the runs were obtained at a very slow rate. In the Domain the senior matches were United v. Auckland, and Parnell v. Gordon, of which the former attracted most attention, and at present bears a very open appearance. However, the game in the Domain that created most interest was that between the second elevens of Auckland and Gordon, which clubs are playing off for the premiership of the second grade. Gordon in their first innings failed badly in their batting, and the result of the afternoon's play left Auckland with a commanding lead.

At North Shore the local club tried conclusions with Ponsonby, and so far the latter team has much the better of the game.

### UNITED V. AUCKLAND.

Winning the toss United went in to bat, but, taken as a whole, they shaped very indifferently to the bowling of R. Neill and D. Clayton, and were all disposed of for 94 runs. The only stand of any length was when D. and P. Hay were associated, the former obtaining 26 and the latter 21 runs. "Dug" batted in his usual nice style, and appeared to be set for a good score, when, in attempting to pull a ball from Clayton, he played it on to his wicket. Purvis opened his innings rather streakily, but after settling down he got off some nice strokes, including several boundaries to leg off Neill, with one of which he was not credited. The only other player to reach double figures was W. Hawkins, who hit out very freely for his 14 not out. Auckland so far have done even worse than their opponents, having lost four good wickets for 25 runs. D. Clayton was batting very freely, but just as he had reached double figures he jumped out to one of Sloman's breaks, and missing it paid the penalty. The other three batsmen fell victims to Stenson.

### PARNELL V. GORDON.

The spin of the coin favouring Ohlson, the Parnell skipper elected to bat. The first three wickets fell very cheaply, but a splendid stand by T. Elliott and Lawson altered the whole complexion of the game. The former played a determined innings for 34, and although he was frequently in difficulties, he gave no actual chance. Lawson hit out in rare style for his quota of 70, admitting that he was aided by a bit of luck, his innings was certainly a most meritorious one, and went far towards saving his side from a collapse. The other double figure scorers were Ohlson (18) and Gavin (11, not out), and the total score was 169.

### PONSONBY V. NORTH SHORE.

The local team batted first, and were all disposed of for the poor total of 69 runs, of which number Deary contributed the major portion, viz., 36, by careful and correct cricket. None of the other batsmen reached double figures, and they were apparently unable to cope with the bowling of W. Mills and Landon, who were both in great form. Ponsonby have made an excellent start with their first innings, having lost 2 wickets for 108 runs. To this total W. Mills was the largest contributor, and his 45 (not out) was obtained by batting of the free order. Sims (25) and Harris (25, not out) also batted well.

## LAWN TENNIS.

(By "Vantage.")

R. D. Harman has won the Single Championship of Canterbury, and not only won it, but won it from such a redoubtable opponent as J. U. Collins with ease. Harman played a splendid game. In the first set he kept a fine length, and driving and placing well, won, 6-2. He also won the second set with ease, 6-3. The third set was more evenly contested, but Harman was playing with the greatest confidence, and won with the same score as in the second set, the complete scores being 6-2, 6-3, 6-3. Harman was driving in great style from corner to corner, and his placing was admirable.

Harman has every reason to feel proud of his win. When dealing very critically with the leading players of the colony last week I drew attention to what I considered their weak points. Collins was the only one who beat me. I must confess that I cannot point out any particular branch of the game in which he is wanting. He cannot batle out a hard-fought five sets, but that is not a fault, and the fact that Harman beat him three sets straight with small scores makes the win all the more creditable.

I shall await with much interest further particulars of the match. Without in the slightest degree wishing to detract from the value of Harman's performance, I may say that had I been asked to name the winner I should unhesitatingly have named Collins. Harman is a much older man than his opponent, and after this I think we must dub him New Zealand's E.G.M. My latest advice, as mentioned by me a week or two ago, were to the effect that Collins was in splendid form, and unless he was unfortunate enough to have had a day off, I must assume that Harman has started in on a new lease of tennis life. Harman is wonderfully steady off the ground, is very good with his low volleying, and what he doesn't know about the game is hardly worth worrying round to learn. He has been a very consistent patron of the volleying board, and the time so spent has certainly not been thrown away.

A southern writer, in referring to the Ladies' Doubles recently played at Christchurch between the Misses E. and A. Van Asch, and Mrs Quill and Mrs Lord, which was won by the former pair, says:—"The game was rather of the slow and careful style, with several long rallies." Several long rests, he says. I never saw a ladies' double without at least numerous long and uninteresting rests, and until they learn to volley it will always be the same. The first pair of ladies in New Zealand who can play even a fair volleying game would sweep the board, as they would win many a stroke by "bustling" their opponents.

Wellington players are a little ahead of us in the matter of championship tennis. They are not satisfied with a ladies' and men's single championship. I notice that they have men's and ladies' championship doubles, and a combined championship. For the men's Adams and Lashley beat H. M. Gore and Smythe, 6-2, 5-7, 6-4. In the ladies' singles Mrs Payne, of Wanganui, beat Miss Gore, of Wellington (Thorndon Club), 6-3, 6-3. In the ladies' doubles Mrs Marchbanks and Miss Gore beat Misses Care and Newcombe (Wanganui). The combined doubles event was won by Smythe and Mrs Holmes (Thorndon).

Miss Newcombe, the Wanganui player referred to above, is a very promising player. She has a fine service, with a lot of work on it, and is remarkably active about the court. She is, however, a little erratic, but with constant practice against better players, would trouble the best in New Zealand. I had the pleasure of playing with her once in Wanganui, and I think I may safely say that few men have a better service.

In the Girls' Championship of the Provincial District of Auckland Miss Conte Biss met Miss Daisy Udy at Parnell on Saturday last. Miss Udy won the first set somewhat easily, the score being 6-1. In this set Miss Biss played very nervously. In the next set she warmed up to her work and played a really good game, three times being within a point of winning the set, which was ultimately at 6-5 declared won by Miss Udy. This, of course, was a manifest error, and the match will in all probability have to be played over again. I may mention that owing to the competitors not returning their scores and results to the secretary of the association, there was no arrangement made for the finals to be played on Saturday. They will now in all probability be played next Saturday.

There can be no doubt that the Girls' Championship event has brought to light two very promising young players in Misses Biss and Udy. Miss Udy served very well, hit hard, and above all kept a good length. Miss Conte Biss proved herself a very clever little player, her half volleys, both back and fore-hand, being very good. Her returns were on the whole, not so fast as her rivals, but she was very steady, and had she won the second set, I am inclined to think she would have won the match, as Miss Udy was showing greater fatigue than her more active opponent. Miss Conte Biss got in some very good low forehand volleys off good length returns. This is a most valuable stroke, but almost entirely unused by our players, both ladies and gentlemen. I, some weeks ago, drew attention to it, and now, again, would impress upon all and sundry the value of it, especially as a time-saver. This stroke seems to run in the family, as I have noticed Miss Biss, now and again, making the shot in a very pretty and effective manner. The trouble is, however, that players will not as a rule use it unless forced to, notwithstanding the fact that it is by no means a difficult shot.

Hector Morpeth and Trevor Hull will fight out the final for the first Boys' Provincial Championship, played in New Zealand, and Morpeth I think will win. He is a very promising young player, and so far has not had much difficulty in winning his matches, although he has been "shaken up" in a set or two. He put his schoolmate (Cox) out, after losing the first set, 2-6, 6-1, 6-3, and easily accounted for Donald in the semi-final, 6-1, 6-2.

The results of the Girls' and Boys' Provincial Championships must have exceeded the most sanguine ideas of the originator of the scheme, and I am sure that Messrs D'Arcy and Vaile will be more than pleased at the very great amount of interest taken in both events, and also with the class of tennis played by our future champions.

Weeks ago I picked Miss D. Udy and Hector Morpeth as the winning double of the two juvenile events, and they are both in the finals. Morpeth I think will win, but after the game at Parnell last Saturday, I should want to "hedge" a little if my wagers on Miss Udy were too heavy. Judging from Miss Conte Biss's game in the second set, it will just about take Miss Udy all she knows to put her out. If the match should run into three sets I prefer Miss Biss's chance.

During the holidays the New Plymouth Lawn Tennis Club played matches at Patea and Waverley. At the former place the visitors were defeated by a game, and at Waverley they sustained a very decisive defeat.

It's football that works up the muscle,  
 And gives a man plenty of dash,  
 It's kick, it's scrum, and it's bustle,  
 And a general looking for lush.  
 In the good old hunt for the leather,  
 If a cold you should have to endure,  
 You will soon pull yourself altogether  
 With Woods' Great Peppermint  
 Cure.

## CYCLING.

## CYCLE BOARDS BILL.

The Auckland Cycle Roads League is very active at the present time. The Cycle Boards Bill, according to the statement of Mr G. Fowlds, M.H.R., President of the League, did not become law last session solely on account of the late hour at which it was introduced. That the Bill was taken up by the Premier and introduced into the Upper House as a Government measure, shows very clearly that the Government recognises that the time has come when the claims of the numerous and ever-increasing body of cyclists must be considered, and, in passing, we may say that it would smooth many a rough path for the Government if every section of the public which wants special facilities or privileges were to approach the Government as the cyclists are doing, and say, "Give us what we want, and we will pay for it ourselves."

We do not propose to give a resume of the Bill. That has been most fully dealt with by the press of the colony from North to South, and in nearly every case the verdict is in favour of the Bill. Some of the most eminent barristers of the colony, including one who is now a judge of the Supreme Court, have criticised the Bill, and have found nothing which need stand in the way of its becoming law. The Auckland Cycle Roads League are sparing no effort to get the Bill passed next session, but they want it distinctly understood that they are not wedded to the Bill drawn up by Mr Vaite. If anyone can produce a better measure, he is the man the League is looking for, and he will be welcomed with open arms as a benefactor to all those who go down to the road on wheels.

The main feature of the proposed Bill is its entirely permissive nature. It seems to us that nothing can be done unless everybody is agreeable. The Bill may be passed to-morrow, but it is not in force, in any sense, until the Auckland Provincial District until the Auckland cyclists have shown in the most decided manner, viz., by a two to one majority, that they want it, and are willing to pay the tax. When they have got the Act in force, they cannot move a step without the consent of the local body whose roads they desire to use. There is not a single harsh or arbitrary clause in the Bill, and this, it seems to us, has enabled the draughtsman to steer clear of the innumerable shoals which beset him at the outset. Had he kept to strictly legal lines, and endeavoured to secure "rights" to the Cycle Boards, he would unquestionably have failed. Instead of this, he has, with the certain knowledge of being met half-way by the local bodies, left himself entirely in their hands, and we are no more afraid of the result than he is.

There are many strong reasons which can be urged in favour of cycle paths. One of the very strongest and most practical perhaps is their phenomenal success in America and Belgium, but to come nearer home and appeal to our own countrymen, it is hardly necessary for us to point out that cycle paths make good footpaths, and that the cyclists are practically trying to give us in many places miles of good footpaths in localities which would otherwise never "small talk." Cycle paths mean more money for hotels, stores, etc., and moreover the cycle paths must be made and maintained, and this, of course, means work for those through whose district the track passes.

We notice that the League has addressed Mr T. E. Donne, manager of the Tourist Department, on the subject, and has put the matter very forcibly before him. Mr Donne has proved himself already the right man in the right place, and we have little doubt that he will see in the letter of the League possibilities which to an ordinary observer would not be apparent.

It may appear that we are speaking very strongly in favour of the proposed measure. Like the Auckland Cycle Roads League, we do not wish it to be understood that we are in any way committing ourselves to

this in its entirety, although so far as we can see, and results have proved, it is a well-considered bill. The policy has evidently been carefully thought out, and the machinery seems ample, too ample some of its critics say. What we are prepared to give our unqualified approval of, is the movement in favour of cycle paths. These, there can be but little doubt, would be a boon to many, and as the Cycle Boards Bill seems to be the best means of securing paths which is before the community, it seems to us that cyclists cannot do better than support it.

If it should be found deficient in any way, it will no doubt be put into shape before it passes both Houses. This is a point which most of the critics seem to have entirely overlooked. We have only heard of two objections to the proposed Bill which demand serious attention. The one is to the tax, and the other to the size of the cycle district.

The first one may be easily disposed of. There can be little doubt that cyclists should not be specially taxed for the purpose of providing them with roads fit to ride upon. This is generally admitted. The cyclists themselves fully realise it, but they know that if they wait until the roads are made fit for cycle traffic they will be many years past their ability to enjoy them; therefore, they say, "If you will let us, we will make cycle paths for ourselves—aye, make and maintain them out of our own pockets." Truly this is a very self-reliant spirit, and one which we do not think it would be wise to crush. We cannot call to mind that any other section of the community has ever made a similar offer.

In answer to the contention that cyclists already pay rates, and are therefore entitled to good roads to ride on, it may surely be urged that they are entitled to nothing better than the usual body of ratepayers gets, nor to anything more perfect than that which is within the means of the various local bodies having control of the roads, therefore if they want anything specially good, and also desire special privileges, it is not unreasonable that they should offer to pay for their advantages. As regards the objection to the size of the district, we are inclined to agree with the draughtsman of the Bill. We have too much of the parochial spirit in our affairs, and the important point of cost of administration must not be overlooked. The cost of administration of a number of small districts would be very great in proportion to the income thereof. We cannot see that the country need be afraid of not getting its fair share of the tax. The desire of city cyclists is to reach the country, and to do so they must lay down their tracks to the country districts.

We understand that it is the suggestion of the draughtsman of the Bill that a complete scheme of paths for the provincial district should be laid out, and that every mile laid down should form part of a permanent scheme, and that particular attention should be devoted to opening up communication with the country districts. He claims that the cycle paths will be the means of materially increasing the tourist traffic of the colony, and unless our experience is to be entirely different to that of every other country which has tried cycle paths, his assertion is correct.

Under the New York Side Paths Bill 100,000 dollars, or close on £20,000 sterling, is annually being spent by cyclists in the laying down and maintenance of cycle paths. This is a very eloquent testimony to the value of the cycle path, as our Yankee cousins are not inclined to throw their money away on useless or unproductive works.

We have perused a small brochure on cycle paths issued by the League of American Wheelmen. It purports to show what is being done in the States, and also to assist those about to undertake similar work. It is profusely illustrated with woodcuts of the more notable paths, and many of these are of such a nature as to make the colonial cyclists extremely envious. Towns and villages have been connected in the most astonishing manner by that great annihilator of distance—the cycle—assisted by the no less important factor—the cycle path, and these paths have been found, as it is predicted they will be here, a great boon to the pedestrians

of those districts through which they run.

Quite lately some objections have been urged to the Bill on the ground that the expense of collecting and disbursing the tax would prove too heavy in proportion to the amount to be obtained. If this is true of the Board for the provincial district, what would it be if that Board were split up into numerous little local bodies. The tax then would not pay the cost of administration. As the districts are constituted, it is claimed that the towns can and will contribute to the country, and it seems to us quite probable that it may be so. It would be a very good thing if those who urge these objections could at the same time suggest improvements. The Board as at present constituted is entirely honorary, and we fail to see that the expenses of administration need be disproportionately heavy.

As the secretary of the Auckland Cycle Roads League very justly says, mere general fault-finding and statements that the Bill is unworkable will carry no weight with any thinking person. What the League desires is the keenest criticism and analysis of the proposed measure, but it is certainly within its rights when it asks that such criticism should be specific, and should be with the object of improving the Bill as now drawn, or exposing its defects, and anyone who takes the trouble to go into the matter in this manner is deserving of the thanks which certainly are not due to the captious caviller who cavalierly condemns everything in a general and delightfully vague fashion, which it is impossible to answer, which, by the way, is an operation that may be performed with great safety and perfect success by persons endowed by nature with a very limited amount of intelligence.

The Auckland Cycle Roads League are entitled to the thanks of the cyclists of the colony, for it is admitted even by the opponents of the Bill that but for the League's spirited action in pushing on the measure last session, the day of cycle paths in New Zealand would still be a long way ahead. As it was, the Government took the measure up at the end of last session, and we see no reason to doubt that they will do so again this session. Petitions asking the Premier to again assist the cyclists by taking up the Bill are being largely signed, and will be at once forwarded to Wellington.

We believe that the country people have a much clearer idea of what cycle paths mean to them than they had last session, and we certainly do not anticipate any opposition from country members. The Auckland League has our best wishes for its success, and we have little doubt that the Cycle Boards Bill, or some similar measure, will, during the ensuing session, be placed on the statute books of the colony.

## OBITUARY.

Mr James Forrest, an old Crimean veteran, died at his residence, Dundonald-street, Auckland, on Friday. The deceased was a native of Edinburgh, and saw considerable service with the British army. He was in the Enniskillen Dragoons, held the Crimean medal with Sebastopol bar for service in the 10th Hussars; also the Turkish Crimean medal for service with the 8th Hussars. He likewise served during the Indian mutiny, and received a medal dated 1857-58, with the words Central India. Leaving India Mr Forrest when discharged went to Australia, and in 1863 came from Bendigo to Auckland. The war with the Maoris being then in progress he took service with the 1st Waikato Regiment, for which he received the 1861-66 medal, being thus holder of medals for service in the Crimea, India and New Zealand. At the close of the war Mr Forrest married, and settled down in Auckland, where he has resided ever since. Deceased was in his 79th year, and leaves a widow, two sons and one daughter to mourn their loss.

Clarke's World-Painful Blood Mixture.—The most searching Blood Cleanser that medicine has brought to light. Sufferers from Scrofula, Scurvy, Eczema, Bad Legs, Eklis and Blood Diseases, Pimples and Sores of any kind, are advised 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.

## MAN'S LIFE AND A PIANO.

## WE GET OUT OF TUNE, JUST AS A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT DOES.

The full intensity of living is reached only by the perfectly healthy. Sickness discounts the capacity for enjoyment. When a piano is badly out of tune the noises that come from it are certainly not musical. They are not beautiful. If it is only a little bit out of tune, you can play some few things on it. You can create a semblance of music, but you cannot make really beautiful, satisfying, soul-stirring music, unless every string is tense and firm, unless every piece of the whole instrument is in perfect tune, in perfect condition, in perfect harmony with every other piece.

It is the same with the human being. If his body is all out of order, and run down, he will not be able to enjoy anything, no matter how full of enjoyment it may be for other people. If he is just a little bit out of order, if he "is not sick, but doesn't feel just right," he will only be able to enjoy things in a half-hearted way. The nearer he is to being perfectly well, the nearer will his capacity for enjoyment be perfect. To really live, and to take his part in the work and pleasure of the world, his body must be in perfect condition. If this condition doesn't exist, something is wrong, and something ought to be done. Bile Beans for Biliousness should be taken. They work directly on the digestive organs and on the blood, and through these on every tissue of the whole body. The Beans make the appetite good, the digestion perfect, and nutrition rapid and easy. They cause the stomach to digest food, and supply rich, red blood to all the tissues, and build up solid, healthful flesh, bringing perfect health, and restoring vigorous, springy vitality.

There are many in Auckland who recognise that Bile Beans are a perfect specific, and who, in themselves, are a living advertisement for this great remedy.

The March number of the "Review of Reviews for Australasia" contains a character sketch of King Edward VII, which will prove of particular interest at this time. Dr. Fitchett's sketch, "The Dead Queen," is concluded in the number, which, in addition to the usual review matter, contains a long and profusely illustrated article on Western Australia. The book of the month is Major Pond's reminiscences of famous men and women who have lectured under his management.

The Cornish Society in Wellington, which is forming branches throughout the colony, is preparing an address to the Duke of Cornwall on his visit to New Zealand. As it is desirable to make the address as representative as possible, the Executive Committee will be pleased if all the Cornishmen in New Zealand will send in their names and addresses to Mr. Edward Tregear, Cornish Society of New Zealand, Government Buildings, Wellington.

STOP THAT COUGH!  
STOP THAT COUGH!  
STOP THAT COUGH!  
STOP THAT COUGH!  
STOP THAT COUGH!

If you cannot sleep for coughing, one Keating's Lozenge will set you right. They at once check the cough and remove the cause. An enormous sale all over the world during the past 20 years proves their great value.

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

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

Keating's Cough Lozenges, the unrivalled remedy for COUGHS, HOARSENESS, and THROAT TROUBLES, are sold everywhere in time by all Chemists.



THE SADDLING Paddock, ELLERSLIE.



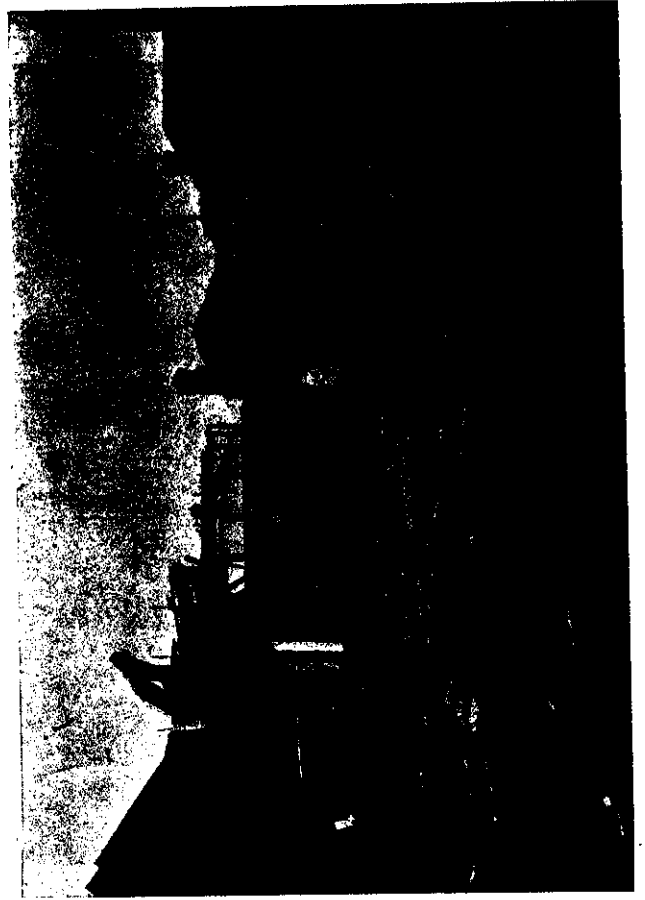
AT THE TOTALISATOR.

Valla, photo.

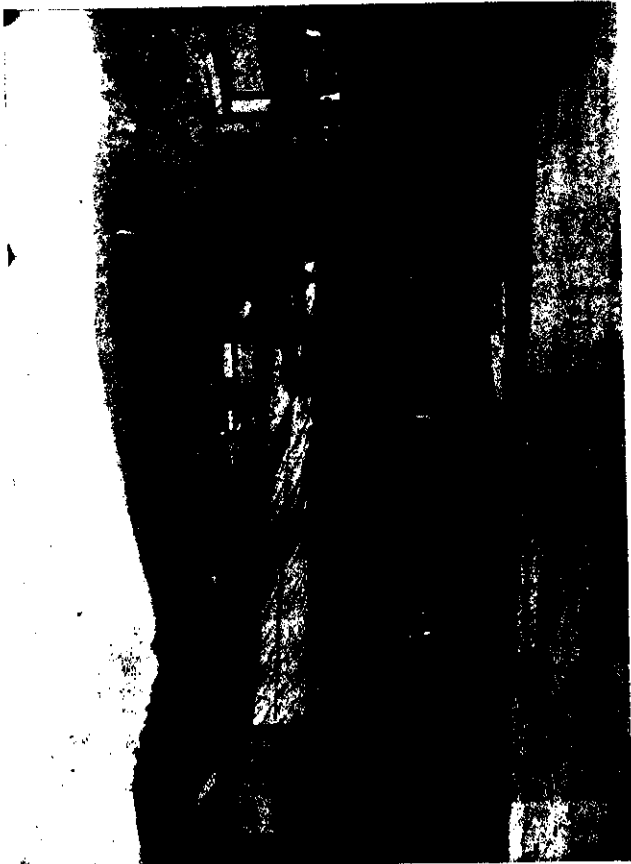
A.R.C.'s Autumn Meeting.



BEFORE FIRE.



ANOTHER VIEW OF FIRE.



POLLEN STREET, FRONT.



PANORAMA FROM BACK.

The Recent Fire at the Thames.





Valle, photo.

**A Record Gum Patch.**

Our photo shows the gum which was saved from the recent fire in Nathan's bond, Auckland, and was purchased by Messrs Lees Bros., who shipped it to their stores at the Wade, where it will be re-scraped. As there were some 300 tons of gum, the scraping of the same will occupy about two years.

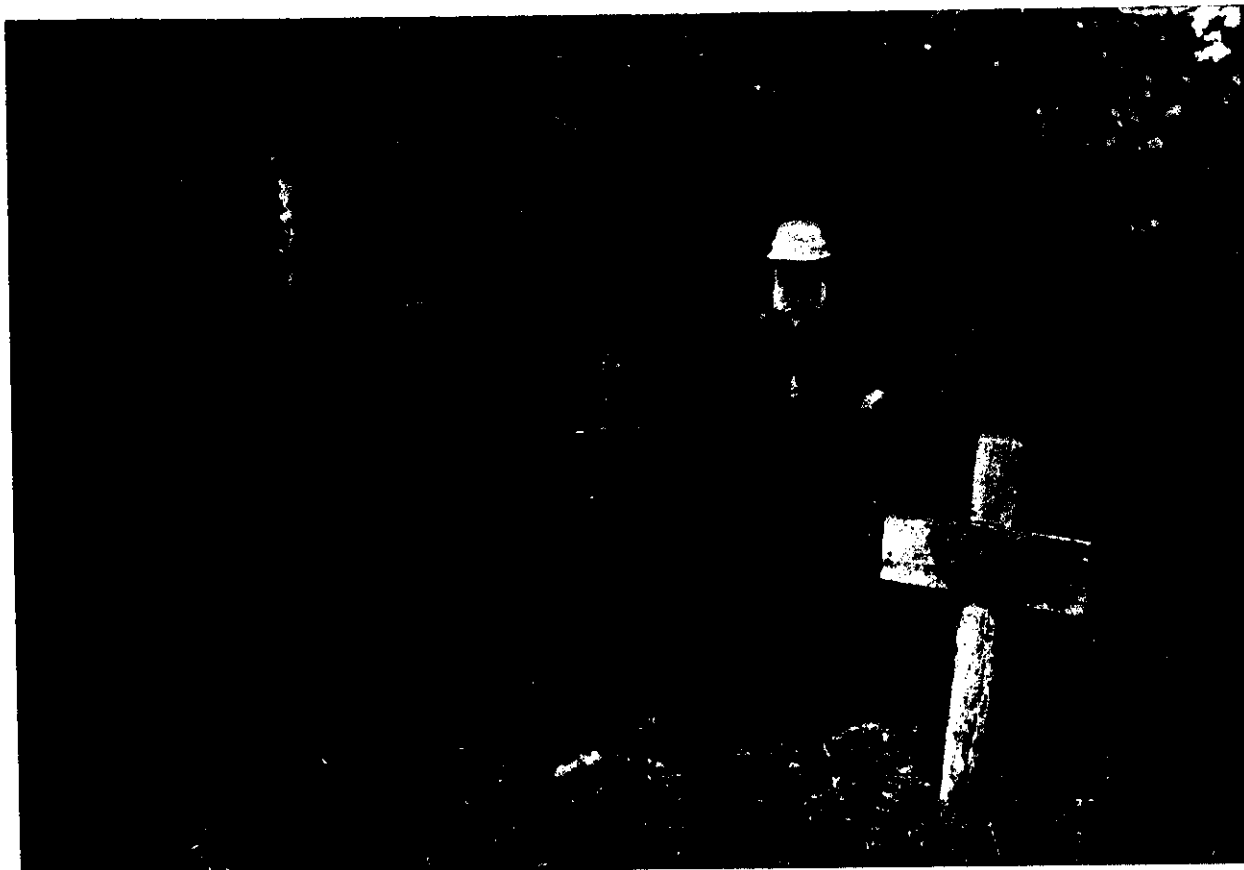


Valle, photo.

**Devonport Volunteer Fire Brigade.**



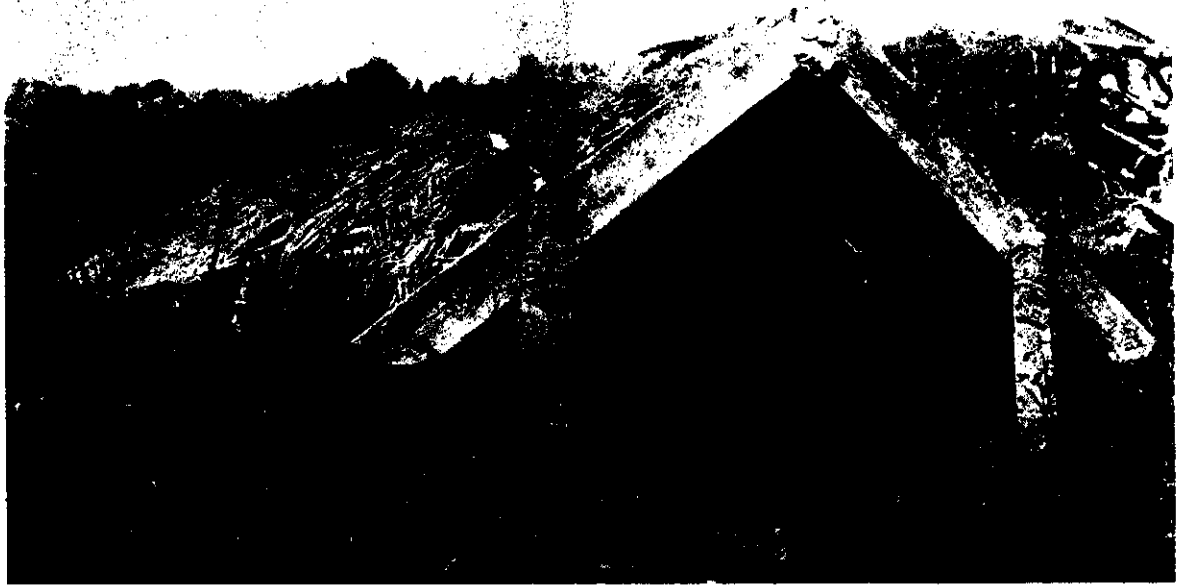
RUNANGA HOUSE AT WAIOKA, OPOTIKI.



NATIVE BURIAL PLACE AT WAIOKA, OPOTIKI.  
 The Last Resting Place of Rebel Natives Who Fell at Opotiki During the Te Kooti Raids.

[See "OUR ILLUSTRATIONS."]

Views in the Bay of Plenty, Auckland.



A REMINISCENCE OF OLD DAYS—TE KOOTI'S WHARE AT WAIOEKA, OPOTIKI.



See "OUR ILLUSTRATIONS."

STOREHOUSE AT WAIOEKA, OPOTIKI.

Views in the Bay of Plenty, Auckland.



GENERAL VIEW.



Valle, photo.

AUTUMN DESSERT TABLE, BY MRS E. J. HARVEY. FIRST PRIZE.

**Auckland Chrysanthemum and Dahlia Show.**



MR W. F. BUCKLAND'S STAND OF 36 JAPANESE CHRYSANTHEMUMS, FIRST PRIZE.  
Auckland Chrysanthemum and Dahlia Show.



Morton, Photo.  
MR HERBERT DIX.



MRS HERBERT DIX  
(Nee Miss A. M. Coupland).  
(see Orange Blossoms.)



C. Hemus, photo.  
REV. C. E. BEECROFT.  
[See letterpress.]



Hanna, photo.  
MR P. A. VAILE.  
Author of the Cycle Boards III.  
(See "Cycling.")



Edwards, Photo.  
THE LATE MR JAMES FORREST.  
Of Auckland, Crimean Veteran.



MISS KATE TOWERS. Stanford's Dramatic Company.

**Lady of the Garter.**

A special supplement to a recent issue of the "London Gazette," consisted of the following interesting announcement:

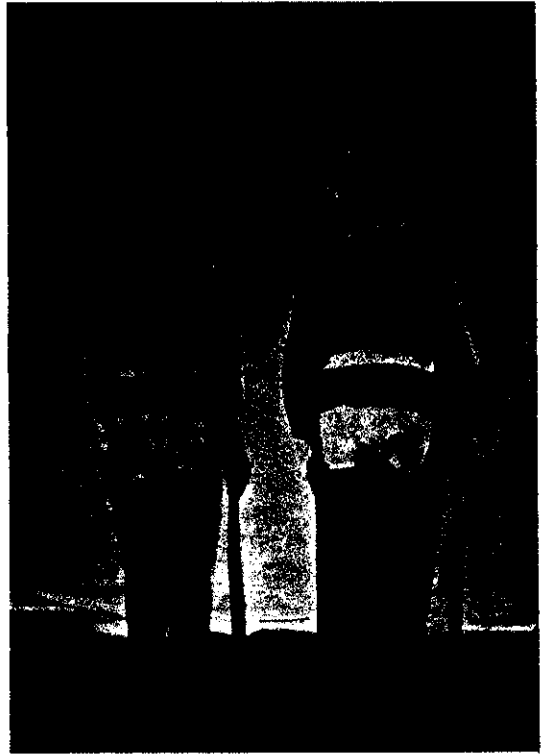
The King, as Sovereign of the Most Noble Order of the Garter, has been graciously pleased to command that a Special Statute under the Seal of the Order shall be issued for conferring upon Her Majesty the Queen the title and dignity of a Lady of that Most Noble Order, and fully authorising Her Majesty to wear the Insignia thereof.

Her Majesty, will of course, be the only "Lady of the Garter." The famous Order, founded in the fourteenth century by another King Edward—the Third—was reconstituted in 1831. It is now limited to the reigning British Sovereign, the Prince of Wales, such descendants of George I. who may be elected, and to twenty-five Knight Companions. Many distinguished foreign Princes have, however, been admitted by a special Act. Altogether, there are at present forty-six K.G.'s.





Dawes, photo.  
HOKIANGA'S YOUNG VOLUNTEERS FOR THE FRONT.



RIGHT ABOUT FACE.



Dawes, photo.

A Hoklanga Conveyance.—(Won't) Go-Cart.

**Duels in Hyde Park.**

In some respects Hyde Park, the great fashionable parade of London, has altered but little during the past hundred years, while in other respects time has altered it considerably. In those days young gallants were fond of settling their little disputes here by the aid of swords and pistols, and many fatal encounters are recorded. We read that Richard Brinsley Sheridan repaired to Hyde Park with Captain Matthews to fight a duel, but finding the crowd too great, they went to the Castle Tavern, Covent Garden, instead, and there fought with swords, both eventually being wounded.

The quarrel was about the beautiful Miss Lanley, the singer, to whom Sheridan was already secretly married.

Another duel in Hyde Park took place between Mr George Garrick and Mr Baddeley. Mr Garrick having received his opponent's fire, discharged his pistol in the air, which produced a reconciliation. Mr Garrick was the brother of the great tragedian David Garrick, and the memory of Mr Baddeley is preserved by a sum of money which he bequeathed for the purchase of a Twelfth Cake, still drawn for annually by the performers at Drury Lane Theatre.

In 1780 a duel was fought in the Park between the Earl of Shelbourne and Colonel Fullarton; and three years later Lieut.-Colonel Thomas and Colonel Gordon met here in deadly combat, when the former was killed. In 1797 Colonel King and Colonel Fitzgerald fought, the cause of dispute being a lady, a near relation of the former, who had been wronged by his antagonist. Fitzgerald was killed.



BANANAS GROWN IN MR. LESTER'S GARDEN, KOHUKOHU, HOKIANGA.



VIEW TAKEN FROM THE GROUNDS OF R. E. LESTER, KOHUKOHU, HOKIANGA.



C. Dawes, photo. A GLIMPSE IN THE POOR NORTH, MONGONUI COUNTY.

**How a Famous Money Lender Started.**

For the last quarter of a century there have been more good stories current about Sam Lewis than any other money-lender in the world. And all the stories represented the fashionable Shylock in a favourable light. Of course, he did not make his millions by deeds of benevolence, but if he spoiled the Egyptians, he had always a soft corner in his heart for the Bohemians. "Dagonet," writing in "The Referee," says: I have seen various versions of Sam Lewis' beginnings told in his obituary notices, but if the true story has been given I have missed it. Sam commenced earning his living as a "traveller" in jewellery. He had several customers at the barracks. One afternoon he was in a barrack-yard when he was espied by an elderly and very famous officer, who had just dismounted after a long ride, and, perspiring profusely, was sitting on a stone bench.

The officer was in a bad temper, and having nobody particular to swear at, he swore at Sam. "What the etc., are you doing here?" he cried; "get out!" "Certainly, my lord," said Sam, "but if you'll excuse me ——" "Don't talk to me, etc.; get out!" "Yes, my lord; but may I say one word?" "No," yelled the officer, almost foaming at the mouth. "Etcetera you! If you don't go I'll have you kicked out." "Thank you, my lord, but before I'm kicked out may I say just one word?" "Well," said the officer, astonished at being defied in his own domain, "what is it you have to say?" "Only this—that, seeing how hot you are, I really don't think it's wise of you to sit on that cold stone, my lord." "Well, I'm hanged!" exclaimed the officer, bursting into a roar of laughter, "you're a cool customer. But I'll take your advice." He got up from the stone, and then he asked his adviser what his name was. "Sam Lewis, my lord." "Very well, Sam, I like you. Come here as often as you like." The choleric officer whom Sam Lewis had bearded in his den was the famous Lord Cardigan, who led the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava.

The story got about. Sam Lewis' adventure was the talk of the officers' mess. The officers chatted with him and let him show them jewellery. Sam in return for their kindness hinted that he knew where they could get a few thousands when they wanted them. He introduced them to different money-lenders, and drew his commissions. Then he became the partner of a well-known usurer, and at that usurer's death blossomed forth at the great Sam Lewis. In a few years he had the most aristocratic connection of any money-lender in Europe, and he died a multi-millionaire in Grosvenor Square, leaving vast sums to charities.

**Queen's Favourite Perfumes.**

Thanks to an assiduous French journalist, the world now knows the perfumes which the queens and empresses of Europe prefer.

Young Queen Wilhelmine, of Holland, uses nothing but eau de cologne and English soap of white heliotrope.

The Empress of Russia has on her dressing table only the following French essences:—Jouquil, jasmine, frangipani, violet, creme duchesse, and lavender water.

The Empress of Germany prefers the perfume of new mown hay to any other.

The Dowager Queen of Italy shows her patriotism by invariably using Palermo soap and Roman cream.

The Empress Frederic, like Queen Wilhelmine, thinks that there is no perfume in the world which equals that of the best eau de cologne.

The Princess of Wales is more eclectic. Not a perfume, cream, dentifrice, or toilet water is put on the market which is not carefully examined for her by a specialist. Otherwise she has no preference, but, like the bee, sits from flower to flower.

Queen Victoria's choice of perfumes was made long ago, and future historians will cite as a notable example of courtesy the fact that for half a century she remained faithful to patchouli.

# Snapshots at the Napier Park Autumn Meeting.

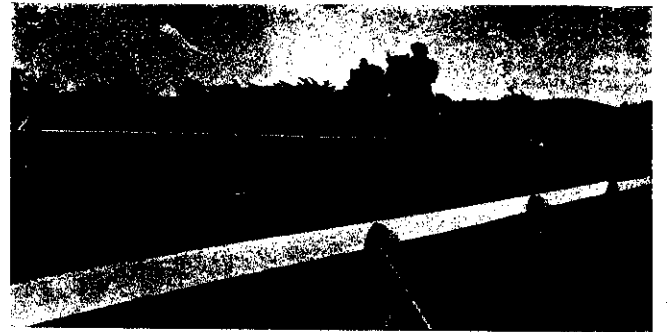
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GROUP OF CHINAMEN WHO HAD LOTS OF LUCK.



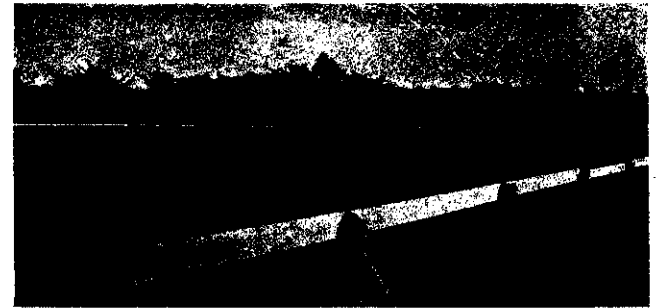
VIEW IN SADDLING PADDOCK.



SECOND HANDICAP HURDLES.



PRINCESS "ALICE" ENJOYING AFTER-DINNER SMOKE.



LAST FENCE IN SECOND HANDICAP HURDLES, SYLVANUS LEADS.



LOOKING TOWARDS THE TOTALISATOR.



From Left: Mr G. Morris (Murray Roberts), Frank Ormond, and the Crown Prosecutor.





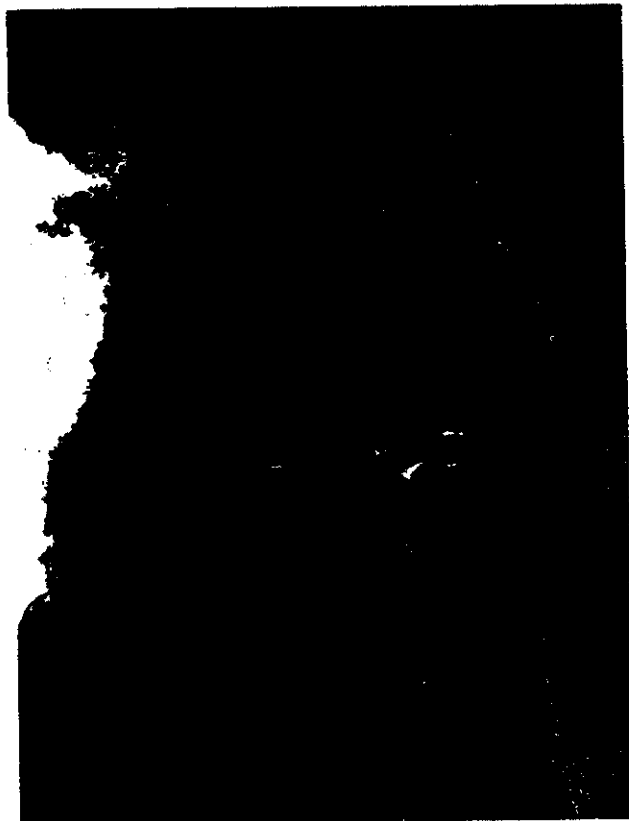
MUTENCI BRIDGE, KAWHIA ROAD.



THE TOWNSHIP FROM THE REDOUBT.



THE TOWNSHIP FROM THE SEA.



RUSH SCENE AT AWAROA.

Scenes in and around Kawhia, West Coast, North Island.

**Travelling Libraries of the States.**

In 1892 Melvil Dewey, librarian of the New York State Library, first set going the system of "travelling libraries" connected with the free libraries of such towns as possessed them for supplying towns which had not. He commenced by sending out a few small libraries of 100 volumes each to different villages for six months, at the end of which period they were to be returned and changed.

The work has so grown and spread right through the States that the State Library of Albany alone sent out 600 travelling libraries last year.

There are upwards of 2,800 of them in circulation in the States altogether, of which about 1,100 have been equipped by the State and the remainder by private individuals. They circulate above 113,000 volumes, and exist in thirty of the States.

Following the example of the New York State, Wisconsin seems to have been the next to take up the matter; Michigan and Iowa following, only to be rapidly succeeded by Ohio, Minnesota, Maine, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania.

Women, both privately and in their organisations, have contributed large-

ly to the success of the system. In New Jersey it was the Federation of Women's Clubs that brought the necessary pressure to bear to induce the Legislature to authorise the State expenditure for supplying them in that State, while many of the States which have their own "Women's Club Federations" equip them at their own expense, issuing them to isolated clubs and other institutions for encouraging study among women.

The women in Salt Lake send them regularly to remote valleys in Utah; the women's clubs of Tennessee, Kentucky, and Alabama send them to the schools for "white students" in the Cumberland Mountains, while the coloured graduates of the Hampton Institute supply them to the coloured schools.

In Idaho, California, Minnesota, Nebraska, Kansas, Illinois, Missouri, and many other States, the women's clubs undertake severally to provide the supply for miners, lumbermen, farmers, sailors, etc., while a private lady of Georgia caters at her own expense for a number of small villages on the "Seaboard Air Line" in five Southern States.

**He Wanted No Such Patient.**

"There now," said the doctor, "you go on taking this medicine till it is all used up. Then come back and let me have a look at you."

This was in December 1896. The woman put the package in her pocket and went home. When the stuff had been consumed, as directed, she called again.

The specialist looked at her and made up his mind in a minute. "I will have nothing to do with you as a patient," he said. "It's no use. You are past help; you are worse than when you were here before; I can see the bones through your skin now. What I tell you is the truth, and you will be wise not to deceive yourself with hopes that can only break down under you."

Rather hard, ugly talk; but from a commonsense point of view the doctor was right. For four years Mrs Agnes Briggs, of Norwood Terrace, Paddington, near Brisbane, Queensland, had suffered what she calls "dreadful torment and pain" from dysentery. She tried everything advertised or recommended to cure it, without success.

She was an out-patient at the hospital for more than a twelvemonth, and an in-patient for two months. The medical men interested themselves in the case; they tried right and left for the true treatment, but were not able to lay hands on it. This seemed strange to her, as she did not realise how persistent, and frequently fatal, an ailment dysentery is. She had never read the reports of Army Surgeons on that point, and possibly you have not.

"During my illness," says Mrs Briggs, "I ate but little; food did not nourish me, and I grew worse and worse, and thinner and thinner. For three years I did a trifle of work, and then I had to give in."

(At this crisis she consulted the specialist, whose frank opinion has been quoted.)

"From January to October, 1897," continues the lady, "I could do nothing whatever. Even my children were cared for by friends. My mother did all the housework, and, on seeing me, she often burst out crying. I was so emaciated and weak, she was sure I must die soon.

"And now comes my extraordinary cure—a cure so wonderful and unexpected that my friends insisted on calling it a miracle.

"A lady urged me to drop all other medicines and use Mother Seigel's Syrup only. Before finishing the first bottle I was better, and after taking it three months I was in splendid health, and have been ever since. People can hardly believe that the strong, healthy woman they see now is identical with the skeleton they knew and pitied two years ago."

Mrs Agnes Briggs, Sept. 21st, 1899. Mrs Annie Mathias, of Prince-street, Latrobe Terrace, Paddington, Brisbane, Queensland, who commended the Syrup to Mrs Briggs, vouches, in writing, to the truth of the above statement.



ON THE SUNNY SIDE OF THE WALL.



THE COMMITTEE OF THE 'BUS DRIVERS' PICNIC, MOFUTAPU.



A. J. Whittington photo.

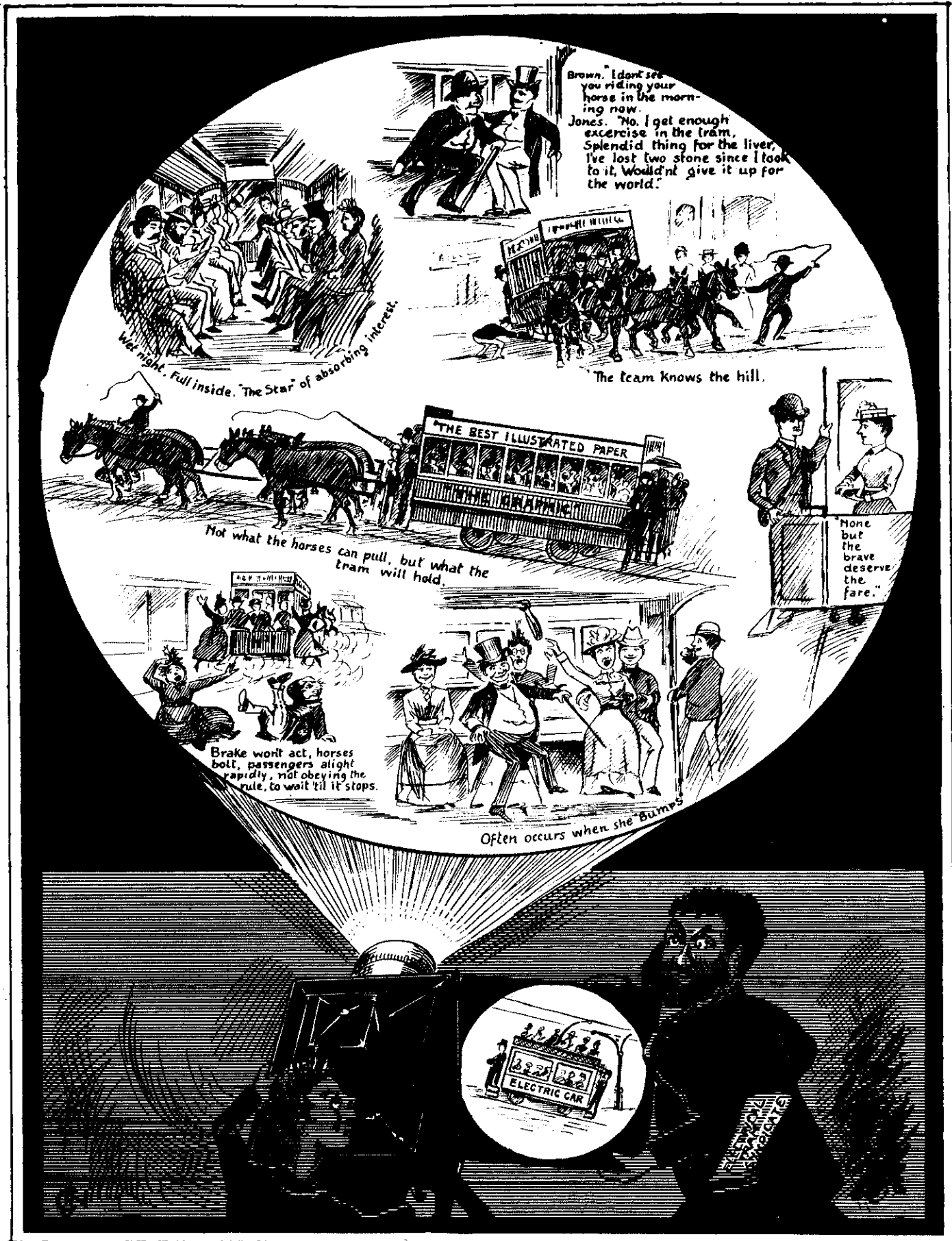
SUNRISE, AUCKLAND HARBOUR.





### The Royal Visit

The Executive of the Committee appointed in Auckland to make arrangements for the reception of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall have made an appeal for funds to the Auckland City Council, the surrounding boroughs of Grey Lynn, Parnell, Newmarket, Onehunga, Devonport, Birkenhead and the outlying boroughs of Thames, Hamilton, Cambridge and the Road Boards of Auckland.



### The Slide That Jammed.

The Voice of the Street: "Hurry up, Mister, and let's have the other picture; we've just had about enough of that un."

# 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. 209. Gold & Amethyst, Heart, set Pearls, £1 10s.



No. 20666.—Set, Gold and Real New Zealand Greenstone Brooch, 17s. 6d.



Collar Stud, Oval Ball, Set, Gold 8/6 7/6, 18ct. Gold 12/6 10/6, Silver 1/6 1/6



No. 27478.—Set, Gold Chain Leaf and Ball Brooch, 17s. 6d.



Ball Frost Stud, Set, Gold, 4s. 6d., 18ct. Gold, 4s. 6d., Silver, 1/-



No. 20801.—Set, Gold and Real New Zealand Greenstone Brooch, 17s. 6d.



No. 208. 18ct. Gold Heart, 11s. 6d.; set, 12/6, 7s. 6d.



No. 20374.—Silver-Plated Salts Stand and Spoon, with Fancy Glass. 18s. 6d., pair.



No. 20374.—Solid Silver Combination Cigar and Cigarettes Holder, Amber Tip, 7s. 6d.



No. 20354.—Best Silver-Plated and Engraved Napkin Ring. Last a lifetime, 6s.



Ladies' Silver Mounted Perfum in all the Fashionable Shapes, 12/6, 14/6, 16/6, 21/- to 65/-



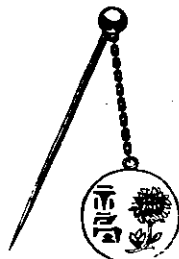
No. 208.—Silver-Plated Bed-room Candlestick with Buntingglass, 2s. 6d.



No. 20604.—Set, Gold Earrings, Ladies' Washbasin Pin Chain, 5s. 6d.



No. 27157.—Real Crocodile Skin Ladies' Card Case, with Heavy Silver Mount, 21 2s. 6d.; others at 12s. 6d.



The Japanese Charm, Set, Gold Enamelled Chrysanthemum Pin Chain, 15/6



No. 6851.—New Clasp, Antique Design, very handsome, heavy make, solid silver, 21 2s. (Engraving drawn half-size).



Set, Gold Chinese Lantern Pin Chain, 9s. 6d.



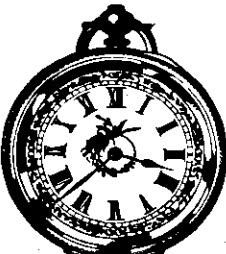
No. 20254.—Barricade Clip. A handy little invention. Hooks into button-hole, solid silver, 4s. 6d.; best silver-plate, 1s. 6d.



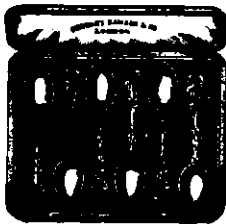
Best Silver-Plated Flasks in every size, 14s. 6d., 16s. 6d., 18s. 6d., all the way up to 23 18s.



No. 20347.—Set, Gold Chain Heart Pin Chain, 5s. 6d.



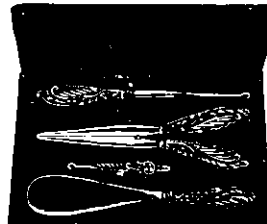
S. D. & Co.'s Ladies' "ECLIPSE" Silver Watch, jewelled in 8 holes, beautifully engraved case, elegant tinted opal dial, a perfect timekeeper, has finest quality plate movement; £1 10s.; in Hunting Case, 25s. Warranted for 2 years.



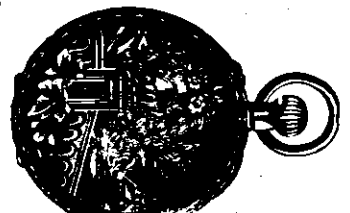
No. 207.—Six solid Silver Afternoon Size, Tea Spoons, in Morocco Case, £1 10s.



No. 20202.—Silver-plated Exquisitely Embossed, Satin-lined Jewel Case, in the following sizes:—  
1s., 2 1/2 x 2 1/2 ... .. £1 12 6  
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No. 221.—Silver Gilt's Stretcher, 6 1/2 in. long, Shoe Lift, and Hutton 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, £25 10s.; open face, 24 10s. In silver hunting case, £23 10s.; open face, £22.



No. 012.—Set, Gold and Fine Opal Bar Brooch, £1 10s.



No. 197.—Set Links, Set, Gold, £1 10s.; 18ct. Gold, £2 10s.; Silver, 7s. 6d.



No. 27451.—Set, Gold and Finest Amethyst Brooch, with Chain and Ball, £1 7s. 6d.



No. 106.—Set Links, Set, Gold, £1 1s.; 18ct. Gold, £2; Silver, 1s. 6d.



No. 157.—18ct. Gold Brooch, Diamond Centre, £2 10s.



No. 197.—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, 2 Rubies, 18ct. Gold, £2 10s.



No. 182.—Elegant Carved Keeper, 18ct. Gold, £2; others at £1 1s., £1 10s.



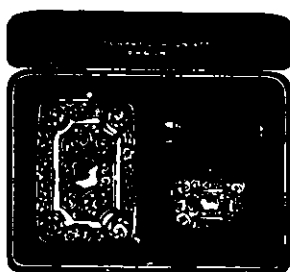
No. 160.—1 Diamond, 2 Rubies, 18ct. Gold, £2



No. 117.—18ct. Gold Bar Brooch, 1 Diamond, 2 Rubies, £1 12s. 6d.



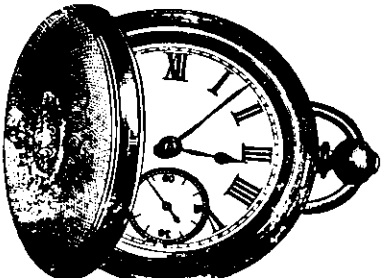
No. 178.—Wedding Ring, 18ct. Gold, £1 1s.; Heavier Rings, 25/-, 27/6, 29/-.



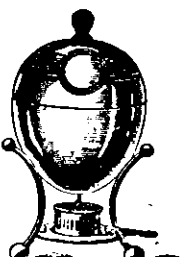
No. 20701.—Morocco Case, containing Solid Silver Match Box, Cigarette Case, and Amber Cigarette Holder, 25s.



No. 20700.—Solid Silver 4 1/2 in. Baby's Rattle, with Ring and Rubber Sooter, 5s. 6d.



S. D. and Co.'s "Eclipse" Watches have finest quality plate full capped anti-rust movement, jewelled in 8 holes. The best watches at the price ever sold. In hunting case, £2; crystal front, £1 10s.



No. 20749.—Silver-plated Egg Holder for the Breakfast Table, Full instructions with each, £1 10s.



No. 20224.—Real Crocodile Skin Letter Case, solid silver shield and corners, £1 1s.

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OPERAS... LAST FOUR NIGHTS... OF THE... STANFORD... DRAMATIC COMPANY.

THURSDAY, APRIL 12... Last Night of... A SOLDIER AND A MAN... FRIDAY, APRIL 13... SHALL WE FORGIVE HER?... SATURDAY, APRIL 14... REVIVAL FOR ONE NIGHT ONLY... WHEN LONDON SLEEPS... MONDAY, APRIL 15... Second Performance and Last Night... SHALL WE FORGIVE HER?

Box Plan at Wildman and Lyell's... Prices—Dress Circle and Orchestra Stalls 2/; Stalls 2/; Pit 1/; Early Doors till 7.30, 6d extra.

AUCKLAND LIEDERTAFEL... FIRST CONCERT—SEASON, 1901.

CHORAL HALL—FRIDAY, 19th... Solists: MISS HELENA ROLLARD, Soprano; MISS CIBBIE PHILLIPS, Contralto; MR T. B. ROWE, Bass... Annual subscription, 10/6... Door Tickets, 2/... Doors open 7.30... S. J. HARBUTT, Sec. A.L.

THE DRAMA.

The new productions announced this week by the Stanford Dramatic Company in Auckland are "A Soldier and a Man," and "Shall We Forgive Her?" The first of these is a drama with the scenes laid in South Africa during the period of the Zulu War, and is said to be an exceedingly well written play, and to be mounted on the same scale of lavishness as the other productions of this company, while the military uniforms were imported from London. "Shall We Forgive Her?" is, however, the chef d'oeuvre, if one may use the term of the repertoire, and its production will be awaited with considerable interest. It will be played on two nights, Friday and Monday, the intervening Saturday being taken up with a revival of "When London Sleeps," the company leaving after the performance on Monday for Sydney.

The Auckland Liedertafel commences its season on Friday next, when a performance which promises enjoyment for all will be given. All things considered the Liedertafel is the best and most conscientious musical society in Auckland, and well deserves its success.

The outlook for New Zealand theatre-goers is about as dull as it has ever been during the last twelve years or more. There appear to be absolutely no bookings of importance, and until the Pollards return again in August, when they will open in Dunedin. The variety companies, therefore, have it all their own way, and must simply be coining money, since strange as it may seem to the uninitiated, appetite for "the halls" style of entertainment grows on what it feeds on.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

WAIIOEKA.

The Maori settlement of Waiioeka, at Opatiki, of which we give some interesting pictures this week, is identified to a considerable extent with that arch scoundrel, Te Kooti. Here about the middle of 1870 the infamous rebel and murderer came fleeing from justice. The pursuit of the author of the Poverty Bay massacre had by that time been given up by the Kirobeans and handed over to the Maoria.

Ropata, Te Kopa and Topia were the three chiefs who, with their followers, kept on the trail of the outlaw, for whose capture a reward of £5000 was offered. The people of Waiioeka were Hauhaus, and afforded all the protection they could to Te Kooti. A whare was set apart for him, and to this day the place is known as Te Kooti's whare. It was, however, not possible for the rebel to remain for any length of time at Waiioeka, and he had to take refuge among the rugged hills further inland, where the Waiioeka stream rises. From that place he made a descent on Tolaga Bay, but the want of food and ammunition from which he suffered in this retreat, and the vigilance of his pursuers, made it impossible for him to remain there very long. It was about a year later that the wily Maori made his escape into the King Country, where, as our readers know, he remained until he was pardoned.

THE REV. C. E. BEEROFT.

The Rev. C. E. Beeroft, the retiring minister of the North Shore circuit, Auckland, and one of the most popular Methodist in the colony, leaves Auckland this week for Napier. The closing weeks of his ministry in the North Shore have kept the reverend gentleman busy receiving the shower of presentations and expressions of good will which have come to him from all parts of his circuit. But his popularity here is only in accordance with his record everywhere. Mr. Beeroft was born at Lowestoft, in England, and received much of his earlier education at Great Yarmouth. He entered the ministry from the Wednesday circuit in 1869, and without loss of time began circuit work in Haworth and Oakworth. Subsequently he travelled in the Wellington (Salop), Lancaester, Chorley, and Morecambe Bay circuits, and also in East London, in all of which places he had an excellent record and much success. At Morecambe Day the creation of Church and school at a cost of £3000 attested his energy, and in Chorley nearly £1500 was raised for the Thanksgiving Fund. In East London he proved his powers of organisation amid a dense and poor population. It was about twelve years ago that Mr. Beeroft came to New Zealand. For a time he worked in Napier, whither he is now proceeding to take charge of the circuit, and he has also been superintendent of the Opuake, Timaru, and now the North Shore circuit, embracing Devonport, Lake Takapuna, Northcote, Birkenhead, and surrounding villages, totalling in all nine congregations. Mr. Beeroft's characteristics are well expressed in the "History of Methodism in New Zealand" in the following words:—"His ministry is one of singular sweetness and persuasiveness. Choice thoughts, well arranged, are expressed in beautiful language. He has a tender heart and sympathetic manner, is of refined taste, and by his gracious courtesy wins both old and young." Since Mr. Beeroft's appointment to the North Shore, an assistant in the person of the Rev. A. B. Chapman has been obtained owing to the arduous and increasing work of the circuit. Friendly memories will always follow Mr. Beeroft from his North Shore people, who look forward with keen interest to the prospect of securing his return at an early date. His successor is the Rev. Mr. Chapman.

CHRYSANTHEMUM SHOW.

An excellent show of chrysanthemums, dahlias, and autumn flowers was held in the Choral Hall, Auckland, on the 11th, 12th, and 13th inst. The competition in chrysanthemums, owing to a very late and unfavourable season, was poor, but this was to a large extent compensated for by the high quality of the exhibits. It is doubtful, indeed, if Mr W. F. Buckland's stand of 36 Japanese in the open class has ever been excelled in Auckland, and when the prolonged absence of sunlight just at the most critical time is considered, the high quality and evenness of the blooms is a matter for wonder. Probably the climatic conditions at Cambridge, where Mr Buckland's flowers were grown, have been more advantageous than those prevailing in Auckland. Mr Buckland carried everything before him, coming out with an nabesant record of facts, as well as the amateur certificate and the championship. In cactus dahlias

competition was keen, very little being left to choose in most cases between the first and second prize stands. Mr Hay secured most of the prizes in this class, and the same exhibitor was also responsible for a group of ferns and foliage plants in pots, extending across the hall in front of the stage. Among amateurs the most successful exhibitors outside Mr Buckland were Messrs. E. J. Harvey, and H. A. Marriener, who showed some nice stands of chrysanthemums and dahlias. Among entries for exhibition only was a table of floral emblems arranged by Mrs Webster, consisting of a crown, anchor, wedding bell, wreath, etc., of white everlasting, the whole being artistically draped and clouded with white gauze. The autumn dessert table exhibited by Mrs E. J. Harvey is a new departure as far as Auckland is concerned. The centre piece was quite a work of art, and much admired by all who saw it. The ground work was of gold silk, and the work on it was principally the leaves of the Virginia creeper, beautifully shaded to represent that gorgeous foliage in all stages of colour, from its original deep green to bright crimson, interspersed with bronze and relieved by maiden-hair fern. It was finished with fans of silk tied with bows of narrow ribbon in shades to match the leaves, and was designed by Miss Tentenberg, to the order of the exhibitor, who did the work herself. The table decorations were of crimson and gold flowers interspersed with ferns and autumn leaves. The choicest fruit obtainable was tastefully arranged on a very ancient china dessert service, an old family relic of the exhibitor's. The arrangements of the Show were very complete, and everything was done to render it attractive to the public. An excellent orchestra under Mr Marriage discoursed music every afternoon and evening, and afternoon tea was provided free on Thursday and Friday. The tables for this purpose were set out in the southern annex, and were decorated with red, white and blue flowers, with centre-pieces and ribbons to match. Handsome dishes of fruit and all kinds of cakes, pastry, and sweets were provided. The flowers were contributed by Mr Hay. The following ladies, dressed in white and wearing patriotic colours, presided at the tables on both afternoons: Mesdames Duval, Lloyd-Quentery, Harvey, Badley, and Misses Keupthorne, Craig, Parsons, Baker, Louis, Harvey and Hooper. The afternoon tea was kindly donated by the following ladies and gentlemen, to whom the Hon. Secretary (Mr Wm. Satchell) desires us to express his acknowledgments on behalf of the Society. Mesdames Kempthorne, Wilkins, Grant, Lindsay, Moir, Parkes, King, I. Alexander, D. Craig, T. Buddle, J. M. Lennox, Judge Smith, P. A. Edmiston, F. Jones, G. M. Johnston, O. Nicholson, A. Duval, J. Martin, I. Craig, O. Nelson, H. W. Jennings, Cousins, E. B. Parsons, H. Marshall, G. Fowlds, C. B. Stone, H. A. Marriener, W. Thorne, E. Wood, J. C. Badley, Lloyd-Quentery, E. Laws, W. Baker, C. Whitney, J. Webster, W. Eady, E. J. Harvey, A. Knaberg, A. Hanson, Capt. Hooper, Misses I. Paton, F. Wick, Messrs A. H. Nathan, H. M. Smeaton, J. Hume, W. Parkinson, W. Buchanan, J. A. Bradstreet, W. Aspinall, London Dairy. Our pictures represent a general view of the hall taken from the stage, Mrs Harvey's autumn dessert table, and the first prize thirty-six Japanese chrysanthemums in the open class, grown by Mr Wm. F. Buckland, of Cambridge.

MISS P. KELLY, Artistic Worker in Natural Flowers, Florist to His Excellency, the Governor. Bridal Bouquets a Specialty. Boraya, Auteonheim, Wreaths, Crosses, and all the Latest Novelties Country Orders promptly attended to. Show window in Canning's, Queen-st., opposite Bank N.Z. Telephone 84.

ORANGE BLOSSOMS

SCHNACKENBERG-TAYLOR.

On Thursday, 4th inst., a large number of friends assembled at "Windmill" Mangere, the residence of Mr Cornelius Taylor, to witness the marriage of his eldest daughter, Miss Amy Taylor, and Mr T. C. Schnackenberg of this city. The wedding was fixed for 11.30 a.m., the ceremony being conducted by the Rev. C. A. Lyon, of Onehunga. The bride, who looked charming in a handsome dress of ivory curled silk, with veil arranged over a wreath of orange blossoms, was given away by her father, and was assisted by her three sisters, the Misses Marieanne, Julia and Rosa Taylor, who were tastefully attired in cream nun's veiling, and also wore gold brooches, the gift of the bridegroom, whose present to the bride was a gold chain.

After the ceremony all present adjourned to luncheon, when Mr T. Allen and Messrs J. E. and C. Taylor expressed the good wishes of the company for the health and happiness and prosperity of the newly married couple. Mr and Mrs Schnackenberg left Onehunga by the s.s. Takapuna en route for the South, accompanied by Mrs. T. C. Schnackenberg, and Mrs. T. C. Schnackenberg was accompanied by her father, and was assisted by her three sisters, the Misses Marieanne, Julia and Rosa Taylor, who were tastefully attired in cream nun's veiling, and also wore gold brooches, the gift of the bridegroom, whose present to the bride was a gold chain.

The children of the Mangere public school, who had had their school flag flying all day in honour of the occasion, assembled in full strength and heartily cheered Mr and Mrs Schnackenberg on their departure. A large number of friends also were on the wharf to bid them bon voyage.

The numerous wedding presents of every design and workmanship from all parts of the colony testified to the high esteem in which both bride and bridegroom are held.

SMEATON-CHITHAM.

A wedding of much interest took place on Wednesday afternoon, 10th April, at the residence of the bride's parents, Waikhi, the contracting parties being Miss Eva Chitham, fourth daughter of Mr Alfred Chitham, of the Waikhi Gold Mining Company, and granddaughter of the late Quartermaster Steel of the Royal Marines, and Mr Duncan Smeaton, second son of Mr James Smeaton, of Otago.

The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Thomas Ekyku, vicar of St. John's Anglican Church, Waikhi. The bride was given away by her father, and was attended by her sister, Miss Alice Chitham, and Miss J. McConnell, of Auckland, as bridesmaids. Mr W. Corbett supported the bridegroom as best man. The bride looked extremely well in a dark green travelling costume, and her bridesmaids were attired respectively in white silk, with ecru silk blouses. After the ceremony a sumptuous wedding breakfast was served. The Rev. Ekyku, in a few felicitous remarks, proposed the health of the bride and bridegroom, wishing them all prosperity and happiness. The toast was drunk with enthusiasm, the bridegroom replying. Shortly afterwards Mr and Mrs Smeaton left amidst showers of rice and the good wishes of their friends present. The happy couple spend the honeymoon at Te Arua, and will then reside in Waikhi. The wedding presents, which were numerous, were both handsome and costly.

DIX-COULAND.

The marriage of Mr. Herbert R. Dix, of the Wellington branch of the Star Cycle Company, to Miss Alice Mildred Coupland, daughter of Mr. L. W. Coupland, and until lately a popular member of the nursing staff of the Wellington and Otaki hospitals,

Personal Paragraphs.

Owing to pressure on space we are compelled to exclude personal paragraphs in this issue.

ENGAGEMENTS.

Among recent engagements may be noted that of Mr Barry Harrison, late of the Brisbane "Daily Telegraph" and now of the "New Zealand Times" literary staff, to Miss Amy Kelly, daughter of Mr J. L. Kelly, editor of the Wellington morning journal.

took place in St. Benedict's Church, Auckland, on Easter Monday. The Rev. Father Gillan officiated. The bride was married in her travelling dress, a brown tailor-made coat and skirt, with cream front, toque to match; and was attended by her sister, Miss Daisy Coupland, dressed in white. Mr. Percy Pye-Smith acted as best man, and Mr. Coupland gave his daughter away.

#### WILKINSON—PURVIS.

At St. Matthew's Church, Hastings, Hawke's Bay, on Monday, April 8th, the marriage took place of Mr. James Wilkinson and Miss Emily Purvis, daughter of Mr. Purvis, of Frimley, who is a very well-known resident of Hawke's Bay. The marriage ceremony was performed by the Rev. J. Hobbs, and Mrs. Price, who acted as organist, played a beautiful wedding march. The bride wore a pretty travelling dress, and looked exceedingly well. She was attended by one bridesmaid, her sister, Miss Jessie Purvis. Mr. A. McCorkindale acted as best man. After the wedding ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Purvis entertained their guests at their residence at Frimley. Mr. and Mrs. James Wilkinson have left for Wellington, which they intend to make their place of residence.

#### LEAN—TRESSIDER.

On Wednesday, April 10th, at the Presbyterian Church, Hastings, Miss M. Tressider was married to Mr. William H. Lean, of Te Mata. The Rev. A. Comrie was the officiating clergyman. Miss Tressider filled the position of organist at the Presbyterian Church for some years, and carried out her duties most efficiently. She has many friends in Hastings, and the bride and bridegroom carry with them best wishes for their future happiness.

#### JOHNSTON—COLERIDGE.

The marriage of Miss Alicia Maud Coleridge, daughter of the late Mr. John Newton Coleridge, and granddaughter of Mr. W. T. L. Travers, to Mr. Walter Goring Johnston, second son of the Hon. Walter Johnston, M.L.C., of Highden, Awahuri, was celebrated on Wednesday afternoon, and has been the social event of a very dull autumn socially. The morning broke dull and threatening, and many eyes watched the sky with a dread interrogation, but by twelve o'clock bright sunshine and blue skies, with a cheery little breeze, appeared, and soon chased away all fears, and perfect weather prevailed all the afternoon and added greatly to the general enjoyment, as a festivity comes much easier when the weather is fine and sunshine in the air. The marriage ceremony took place in the house, the spacious drawing-room at Teheugh Beg being utilised for the occasion, but only the immediate relatives of the bride and bridegroom, and one or two intimate friends of the family were present. The bride was given away by her grandfather, Mr. W. T. L. Travers, and was attended by four maids, her two sisters, the Misses Isabel and Isa Coleridge, and the Misses Cecilia Baldwin and Margaret Turnbull, nieces of the bridegroom. The Rev. Father Maples, of the Lower Hut, performed the wedding ceremony, and Mr. Gwynne Williams supported the bridegroom as best man. Mr. Ernest Coleridge, brother of the bride, acting as groomsmen. The bride looked lovely in the exquisitely fitting gown of white brocade, very simply made, with swathed bodice and transparent ruffled neck and sleeves of lace. On the left side of the corsage was fastened a spray of orange blossom, and a wreath of the same flowers was worn in her dark hair, the bridal veil of tulle, exquisitely embroidered, being held in place by pearl pins. Her ornaments were pearls and diamonds, and she carried a beautiful shower bouquet, the bridegroom's gift, composed of white roses, sweet peas, heath and maiden hair fern. The bridesmaids' dresses were unusually pretty and becoming, being of sky blue soft silk with finely ruffled chiffon elbow sleeves, and dainty white chiffon fichus. Their large black velvet picture hats were trimmed with black plumes and lined with chiffon, and large Egyptian red roses of velvet made an effective note to their gowns, being worn on the left side of their

bodices. Their ornaments consisted of gold jewelled muff chains, and dainty gold turquoise and pearl buckles, and were the gift of the bridegroom. The other sweet little scraps of maids wore the prettiest frocks imaginable of sky blue soft silk trimmed and flounced with cream Valenciennes lace and insertion, and they wore dainty hats of drawn and ruffled blue silk, and miniature gold cable bangle bracelets, the gift of the bridegroom.

After the wedding ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Travers held a very large reception, and the beautiful house and grounds at Teheugh Beg were crowded with the gaily dressed wedding guests, who arrived by the three o'clock train from Wellington. A huge marquee was erected on the lawn in front of the house, and utilised as a dining-room, the bridal party being prettily grouped on one side, behind a long table, containing every variety of appetising confections; and last, but not least, a four-tiered wedding cake, beautifully decorated with silver shoes, orange blossoms and white flowers. From the centre of the marquee hung a huge wedding bell composed of white flowers, and the sides of the marquee were very effectively draped with flags and fern fronds. Mr. H. D. Bell proposed the health of the bride and bridegroom in a very happy speech, three cheers being afterwards given for Mr. and Mrs. Travers and the happy pair, whose health was afterwards drunk in bumpers of champagne. Mr. Johnston, in a felicitous little speech, thanked all present for their good wishes for himself and his bride, and Mr. Haddfield proposed the health of the bridesmaids in a most amusing speech.

#### THE DRESSES.

Mrs. Travers wore a black tailor-made Eton costume with collar and vest of white silk and lace; black hat trimmed with tips and flowers under the brim; Mrs. Walter Johnston (mother of the bridegroom) had a very beautiful gown of thick black and white brocade, and a black bonnet with high white plumes; Mrs. Turnbull, goblin blue Eton suit with cream lace revers, and a black and blue toque; Lady Perceval wore a white satin gown veiled with black lace, black and white chiffon ruffle, and a cream straw toque with tulle and yellow roses; Miss Perceval, a soft white silk gown and white hat trimmed with tulle and daisies; Mrs. Goring (Auckland), a white gown veiled with black lace and black and white bonnet; Countess de Courte, a pale mauve silk gown with fichu of lovely silk lace, black hat with plumes; Mrs. Holmes (Rangitikei), a pale blue satin gown with lace on the bodice and a toque to match; Miss Ella Johnston was in cream; Mrs. Bell, palest grey silk gown and peacock blue toque with wings; Miss Bell, a black skirt and light figured silk blouse with lace zouave, black hat; Mrs. Ian Duncan, a black gown and toque with tips; Mrs. Pynsent, light mauve figured silk gown trimmed with lace, black and white bonnet; Mrs. Barclay, in a black gown and bonnet with tips and pink roses; Miss Alice Johnston, black skirt and scarlet blouse and hat; Mrs. Fitzherbert, a pale grey gown with white chiffon vest, grey chiffon toque with wings; the Misses Fitzherbert wore cream figured gauze gowns and white hats with tulle and roses; Miss Duncan, pale grey gown trimmed with white and a grey and white chiffon toque; Mrs. Ferguson, a biscuit-coloured brocade gown; Mrs. Butler in a dark purple brocade skirt and bodice of a lighter shade, but trimmed with green; Mrs. Barton, black silk and lace; Mrs. Moorehouse, black canvas gown with white chiffon vest, and black and white hat; Mrs. Gore, black coat and skirt and cream and blue bonnet; Mrs. Sprott, black coat and skirt with gold embroidered waistcoat, black hat with tips; Miss Sprott, black skirt and hat and light figured silk blouse; Mrs. Tolhurst, a handsome black silk gown and bonnet trimmed with cream; Miss Tolhurst wore a dark red coat and skirt and black hat; also Lady and Miss Hector; Mrs. and Miss Butts, Mrs. and Miss Pharynx, Mrs. Stowe, Dr. and Mrs. Purdy, Mrs. McTavish, Miss Halse, Mrs. and the Misses Harding, Mrs. and the Misses Adams, Mrs. and Mrs. A. Brandon, the Misses Brandon, Mrs. and Miss Riddiford, Miss Dransfield, Mr. and Mrs. Treadwell, Mrs. and Miss Medley, Miss Bur-

nett, Mr. and Miss Hishop, Rev. and Mrs. Jones, Rev. Mr. Sprott, Messrs. Martin, Chapman, Oliver, Coates, Turnbull, Johnston, Baldwin, Sir Westby Perceval, and others.

#### STUBBS—MILLER.

A quiet but pretty wedding was solemnised on Thursday, April 4th, at St. Matthew's Church, Hastings, Hawke's Bay, by the Rev. J. Hobbs, between Miss Ada Mary Miller, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Miller, Flaxmere, Hastings, and Mr. Charles Stubbs, son of Mr. A. Stubbs, Wellington.

The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a handsome dress of cream satin, trimmed with white chiffon and chifon lace, and finished off with small sprays of orange blossoms. She also wore the customary veil and orange blossoms. The bride was attended by her two sisters, the Misses Maud and Maggie Miller, who wore pretty white embroidered Swiss muslin dresses, white chiffon fichu prettily trimmed with narrow pale blue ribbon, and white straw hats trimmed with white chiffon and ostrich tips. Each bridesmaid wore a pretty gold brooch, the gifts of the bridegroom. Mr. Fred Collinge accompanied the bridegroom as best man.

The bride's mother wore a handsome black brocade satin, relieved with white, and bonnet to match.

After the ceremony a large number of guests were entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Miller at their home, and a sumptuous table was spread in a marquee on the lawn, where the health of the bride and bridegroom was drunk. In the afternoon the happy couple left for Wanganui, where the honeymoon is to be spent.

The bride's travelling dress was a black cloth coat and skirt, white silk vest, and black Duchess of York hat, trimmed with white ostrich tip and paste buckles. In the evening the Misses Miller entertained the younger friends of the bride and bridegroom at an evening party, thus concluding the eventful day.

The following is a list of the handsome presents received by the bride and bridegroom:—

Bride to bridegroom, set of gold studs; bridegroom to bride, diamond and ruby ring; bride's father, drawing room suite; bride's mother, household linen; bridegroom's father and mother, cutlery; Captain and Mrs. W. R. Russell, table silver; Miss Maud Miller, silver serviette rings; Miss Maggie Miller, silver and cut glass cruet; Flaxmere employees, purse of sovereigns; Mr. and Mrs. Comford (Christchurch), album; Mr. and Mrs. S. Knight, carvers; Mr. and Mrs. Lee (Wellington), carvers, silver jam spoon; Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Hobbs, prayer book; Mrs. McNab, silver butter knife and jam spoon; Mrs. Miss, and Mr. McLeod, silver afternoon teaspoons; Mrs. F. Bennett, silver jam spoons; Misses Stubbs (Wellington), silver bread-fork; Miss Nunney (England), silver jam spoon; Mr. E. Hyde, silver and cut glass jam dish; Messes and Master Wall, silver and cut glass honey jar; Mr. and Mrs. T. Stubbs (Lyttelton), clock; Mr. and Mrs. Land, silver egg stand; Miss L. Hamilton (Napier), silver and cut glass butter dish; Mr. and Mrs. Bain, basket table; Mrs. Hamilton, hose bag; Mrs. Ferguson, water jug; Mrs. Dunn, biscuit barrel and butter dish; Mr. Robertson, silver and cut glass jam dishes; "The Club" (Hastings), silver and cut glass butter dish; Mr. F. Gorman, silver breakfast cruet; Miss A. Hamilton, pair of vases; Mr. and Mrs. Withers (Wellington), silver salt cellar; Mr. and Mrs. McQuillan, silver butter dish; Miss Laurie, set of glassware; Mr. Ham, clock two pictures, and pair of vases; Mrs. T. Ramsay, silver teapot; Mr. H. Harding, gold brooch; Miss M. Russell (Palmerston North), Doultton teapot; Mrs. Geddis, pair of sheep skin mats; employees of Messrs. A. Jones and Sons, Hastings, handsome clock; Mr. and Mrs. F. Bone, lamp; Miss B. Hyde, tea caddy; Mr. H. Reeves, picture; Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Russell, cheque; Mr. and Mrs. Jones, cheque; Mr. H. Stubbs, cheque; Mr. and Mrs. France, cheque; Mr. H. Russell, fancy chair; Miss M. Pamforth, pillow shams; Mr. and Mrs. Metherell, basket chair; and numerous others.

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## Society Gossip

### AUCKLAND.

Dear Rev. April 15.

The first day of the

### AUCKLAND RACING CLUB'S AUTUMN

meeting took place on Easter Monday. There was a large attendance, though the morning broke dull and threatening. Shortly after 11 a.m. it set in for a showery day; but happily the showers were of a light character. The meeting was as usual admirably managed by Mr. Percival, and there was not a single jarring note to mar the enjoyability of the gathering from first to last. Black costumes was, of course, universal. One feels somehow with so much black worn that something is wrong, for black is a great leveller. The prettiest and the plainest women resemble each other strangely. Naturally the bad dresser is much benefited and looks ladylike in her black costume. Mrs. Ansenne, dark skirt, light blouse, black hat; Mrs. Armitage, fawn coat and skirt, sailor hat; Miss Atkinson, dark skirt, cream blouse, with pink and blue floral design, black hat, trimmed with white; Mrs. Alison, blue costume, with fluffy spot of a darker hue, black toque with aigrette and beads; Miss Alison, black bolero and skirt, with facings and vest of white, sailor hat; Mrs. Head Bloomfield, black costume; Mrs. Harry Bloomfield, violet foulard, finished with eury lace, black toque; Mrs. Grierson, navy, violet foulard, with eury lace, toque relieved with canary roses; Mrs. George Bloomfield, lilac flowered muslin, black hat, with plumes and tulle; Miss Griffiths, white foulard sprinkled with China blue flowers, white silk vest, white hat swathed with white tulle beneath brim, and trimmed with blue and white feathers; Mrs. Kingswell, black skirt,



elaret red, veiled in black bodice, black toque; Miss Binney, fawn tussore silk, with fawn lace trimmings, faced with velvet, black hat with plumes, and her sister wore a cream tuckered silk, with lace and insertion; Mrs Frater, dark skirt, pink and grey striped silk blouse, with ecru lace yoke, black hat; Miss Olive Buckland, brown gown, trimmed with velvet, white bergerette hat, trimmed with velvet; Mrs Fred Baume, black costume, with striped collar, black hat with plumes; Mrs Sidney Nathan, black silk, with white veiled in black, let in at the neck, and finished with white cording, black tulle hat, swathed with folded white tulle; Mrs Bell, petunia gown, toque to correspond; Miss Bell (Ponsonby), pink veiled in ecru lace, pink hat; Mrs Black, black lustré, black hat, relieved with rosette of red; Mrs A. Hanna, royal blue, handsomely trimmed with wide ecru lace; Miss Bush, dark skirt, white blouse with violet ribbons, toque with violets; Miss Cotter, royal blue, edged with white, pink toque; and her sister wore a canary flowered foulard; Mrs Robert Dargaville, fawn costume, with white lace, inserted with black velvet, black hat; Mrs Devore, black gown; Mrs Manton, pink and white striped foulard, black hat; Miss Devore, white; Mrs Moss Davis, black foulard, with large white spots, black toque; Misses Moss Davis (3), were studied in cream silks, with ciel blue silk sashes, two wore white hats, the other black; Miss Dunnett, black gown, with old gold trimming, black hat trimmed en suite; Mrs Duthie, blue foulard, sprigged with flowers, black hat with feathers; Mrs Davey, dark skirt, blue blouse; Mrs Elliott, black silk, black bonnet, relieved with scarlet; Miss Chapman, black gown, the bodice was faced with white, fur boa, black hat; Mrs A. P. Edmiston, very handsome grey silk, brocaded with old gold flowers, pink veiled, in cream lace, let in at neck, pale green tulle streamers, black hat with plumes; Miss Edmiston, white silk, with scarlet bands, white hat with scarlet finishings; Mrs A. P. Friend, dark skirt, autumn coloured blouse, black hat, with plumes; and her daughter wore white gown, large hat; Miss Firth, brown holland bolero and skirt, white vest, sailor hat; Mrs Gorrie, black silk; Misses Gorrie (2), navy gowns; Mrs Angus Gordon, dark skirt, red plaid blouse, sailor hat; Mrs Goodhue, black costume; Mrs Nelson George, grey check gown, with white ruffled beads ribbon, black hat; Miss Sutton, pale mode grey gown, with azure blue tucked silk let in at the neck, white hat; Miss Dorothy Sutton, bluey-grey gown, grey toque; Mrs Creagh, grey check; Miss Creagh, dark skirt, black and white spotted blouse, white hat; Mrs Chamberlin, black gown; Mrs Grahame, mourning costume; Mrs W. R. Holmes, fawn coat and skirt, violet velvet toque, with feathers; Miss J. Ireland, black lustré skirt, with lifted flounces, black silk blouse, with white lace yokes, and cream ruffles, white hat; Miss Ireland, black costume similar to her sister, black hat; Mrs Hill, fawn check, black hat, with beautiful pink roses; Mrs Hooper, black dress, relieved with white, violet velvet corsage bodice, bordered with lilac passementerie, black hat; Miss Hanna, pale grey bolero, and skirt trimmed with black velvet, white vest, black hat swathed with tulle, and relieved with dash of blue; and her sister wore a greeny-grey costume, white vest, white hat with lavender wings; Mrs Jervois, white cambria, with black ribbons, white hat trimmed with black; Miss Winnie Goodwin, dark skirt, white blouse, sailor hat; Mrs Keesing, black silk skirt, white satin blouse, veiled in black net, black toque; Mrs Caro, a striking combination of black and pink, bonnet to correspond; Miss Caro, white muslin with blue at waist; Mrs Thomas Keesing, royal blue bolero and skirt, white vest, black hat trimmed with pink; Mrs Ching, royal blue gown; Miss Ching, navy skirt and coat faced with white, white vest, sailor hat; Mrs Lyons, navy costume, black toque; Mrs Lewis, royal blue, with cream lace, cascade toque; Mrs Sandes, black silk; Mrs Hope Lewis, black tailor-made gown, black hat relieved with white; Miss Lewis, cardinal costume; Mrs Lawford, grey check skirt, silk blouse; Mrs R. Lusk, pretty dove grey poncho, relieved with white, black hat with plumes; Miss Lusk, dark skirt, mauve blouse, black hat; Miss Olive Lusk, white, relieved with black, black hat; Mrs Passmore, black skirt,

fawn jacket, black hat with plumes; Miss Morill, purple gown trimmed with silver fringe, purple velvet toque; and her sister wore a waste muslin, white hat with ostrich plumes; Mrs Morris, brown coat and skirt, toque trimmed with blue; Mrs Sam Morris, navy blue and white striped corded, toque en suite; and her daughter wore a brown holland; Miss Mitchellson, dark skirt, spring green tucked silk blouse, white vest, hat swathed with green ribbon; Mrs Alfred Nathan, pale grey tucked mousseline de soie, white lace trimmed with black; Mrs Benjamin, black silk, black bolero, relieved with blue; Mrs Hooper, black silk, black bonnet; Mrs Jackson, navy serge; Mrs Otway, fawn coat and skirt, cherry coloured toque; Mrs Fitzroy Leacock, black costume; Miss Peacocke, black velvet with azure blue ribbons; and her sister wore a white skirt, blue blouse; Miss Percival, black gown, hat with rose-pink silk; Mrs Nicol, navy gown; and her daughter wore black; Miss Phillips, fawn coat and skirt, sailor hat; Mrs Stuart-Reid, lavender gown veiled in cream lace; Mrs Towlesy, green striped gown trimmed with ecru lace, black toque; Mrs E. C. Smith, absolute green gown, black hat; Miss Fairchild, emerald green gown, black hat; Mrs Keogh, black silk, with violet red veiled in black lace, black bonnet relieved with violet; Miss Keogh, fawn spotted muslin; Mrs Talbot Tabbs, brown gown, toque composed of red berries; Mrs Leese, black silk, with black dolman, black bonnet; Miss Leese, white gown, with black ribbon waistband, fawn hat with red poppies; Mrs Whitson, electric grey bolero and skirt, white vest, black hat; Miss Whyte, pink French muslin, brown bonnet with pink flowers; Mrs Stafford Walker, black skirt, cerise pink silk blouse, black hat; Mrs Cameron, lavender muslin, black hat; Mrs Ralph, black gown, violet hat; Mrs Montague, green veiled in white muslin, black hat; Miss Muir, dark skirt, red plaid blouse; Miss Ralph, fawn; Mrs Ralph, green silk with black plaid stripes; Mrs Markham, black skirt, fawn jacket; Mrs Richardson, slate grey, black and white foulard, black hat; Miss Torrance, slate grey coat and skirt; Mrs Scott, grey trimmed with pink; Miss Tanner, navy gown, red hat; Mrs Rae, black gown relieved with white; Mrs Barry Keesing, black gown; Mrs Hamlin, black broche finished with white, black toque with black plumes and rosettes of white tulle;

THE SECOND DAY

of the Auckland Racing Club was brought off in bright sunshine. The day was rather chilly for summer dress, and wisely, no doubt, very few were worn. Mrs. Annette, black skirt, red and green plaid blouse, brown boat-shaped hat; Miss Atkinson, dark skirt, blue blouse; Mrs. Alison, navy costume; Miss Alison, black skirt, navy figured foulard blouse; Mrs. Archer, petunia fancy cloth, black hat with plumes; Mrs. Browning, mourning costume; Mrs. G. Bloomfield, navy serge skirt, navy velvet bolero with jet fringe, white vest, black hat with plumes; Miss Griffiths, navy serge skirt and bolero, the bolero was faced with white, white vest, black hat with plumes; Mrs. Bell, black gown, black toque; Mrs. Bull, black broche, black bonnet; Mrs. Noakes, fawn coat and skirt, sailor hat; Mrs. Lawford, pale celery green gown, the pink yoke veiled in ecru lace, and outlined with pash once green velvet, the same colour swathed the waist, white hat with violets; Mrs. Chamberlin, grey check coat and skirt, black bonnet, with white net strings; Miss Creagh, navy skirt, navy silk blouse; Mrs. Crowe, navy check; Mrs. W. B. Colbeck, navy serge with white collar, toque composed of ecru lace and roses; Miss Cotter, navy skirt, pink silk blouse, with black velvet, black hat with feathers; Mrs. Ching, china blue and white figured foulard, cream lace toque with roses; Miss Ching, navy gown, white hat with plumes; Miss Bush, black gown; Miss Muriel Dargaville, dark skirt, light blouse, white hat; Mrs. Moss Davis, dark pine green coat and skirt, black hat; Miss Moss Davis, galois grey foulard skirt, and Eton jacket with white facings, black hat with feathers; Mrs. Devore, black silk, heliotrope primrose bowtie; Mrs. Manton, Prussian blue cloth, with stitchings; Mrs. Duthie, black coat and skirt, black hat; Mrs. Davy, black silk; Miss Davy,

navy blue with white braiddings; Mrs. Edmiston, black coat and skirt, black hat with feathers; Miss Edmiston, serpent green sarong jacket and skirt, burnt straw hat, with blue silk; Mrs. Frater, black silk, relieved with white; Miss Thorne George, navy skirt, fawn jacket, canary straw hat with green trimmings; Mrs. Nelson George, black fancy silk, red cape, handsomely veiled in black beads, black hat with plumes; Mrs. H. T. Gorrie, black gown; Misses Gorrie, dark gown; Mrs. Angus Gordon, fawn tailor-made gown; Mrs. Grahame, violet serge, with black braid, black hat with plumes; Miss Chapman, black, relieved with white, sailor hat; Mrs. A. Hanna, navy, trimmed with green velvet, black hat; Mrs. Black, black gown, black hat with scarlet; Miss Hanna (Ponsonby), pale mode grey, trimmed with black velvet, black hat with plumes and rosette of royal blue; and her sister wore a greeny blue gown, hat with lavender wings; Mrs. Holmes, grey coat and skirt, black hat with plumes; Mrs. Holgate, very striking costume of French blue trimmed with ecru lace, and relieved with black velvet, brown toque edged with fur; Miss Sage, black gown; Mrs. Hill, fawn costume, elaret-coloured toque with pink roses; Mrs. Hutchison, black silk with white collarette, black velvet hat with gold braided befeater crown, the brim was lined with white swathed with a black plume; Mrs. Jackson, black skirt, grey tucked silk blouse, grey fur boa, black hat with feathers and plumes; Mrs. Barry Keesing, black gown, with scarlet let in at neck, black hat; Mrs. Thomas Keesing, check gown, trimmed with violet velvet, white hat; Mrs. Hope Lewis, black gown, relieved with white, toque composed of pink roses; Miss Lewis, navy; Mrs. Martelli, navy gown; Miss Mitchellson, navy; Miss Maud Martin, navy serge; Mrs. Markham, cream serge, black hat with plumes; Mrs. May, fawn costume; Miss Willis, dark green; Mrs. Morris, navy; Mrs. Alfred Nathan, royal blue with ecru lace trimmings, black hat; Mrs. Nicol, navy; and her daughter wore black; Miss Percival, black plaid striped silk, hat with cerise silk; Miss Ethel Percival, dark skirt, fawn jacket, sailor hat; Mrs. Stuart-Reid, slate grey cloth costume; Miss Torrance, slate grey coat and skirt; Mrs. Roberts, black gown, relieved with white; Mrs. Ralph, royal blue, relieved with white; Mrs. Moody, black; Miss Selby, black; Mrs. Stewart, very handsome mode grey, with bodice of ecru lace, black hat with plumes; Miss Sutton, dark skirt, fawn jacket, black hat; Miss D. Sutton, dark skirt, navy blue blouse, sailor hat; Mrs. E. C. Smith, navy gown, blue hat; Miss Fairchild, navy gown, lavender hat; Miss Simpson, absolute green costume trimmed with ecru lace, black hat with plumes; Mrs. H. Tonks, petunia bolero and skirt, white satin vest veiled in ecru lace, black hat with plumes; Mrs. Cattanaach, violet foulard, scarlet hat; Mrs. Walker (Ellerslie), black, relieved with green, pale green bonnet; Miss Walker, dark skirt, light blouse, white hat with pink roses; Mrs. Oldham, navy serge gown, hat with cerise trimming; Mrs. Kingswell, navy gown; Mrs. Thorpe, black gown; Miss Thorpe, Lincoln green costume; and her sister wore navy; Miss Tanner, navy gown faced with white, sailor hat; Mrs. Keogh, black silk relieved with violet; Mrs. Fred Yonke, navy serge; Mrs. Pittar, black silk; Miss Pittar, navy serge skirt and bolero, canary vest, black hat with white ostrich plumes.

THE THIRD DAY

of the Auckland Racing, which took place on Saturday last, brought to a conclusion the Autumn Meeting. The threatening morning and heavy aspect of the sky gave the impression that the races would take place under very unfavourable weather, but as the day wore on the rain and ominous clouds dissipated and gave place to a canopy of fleecy gossamer. Amongst the great crowd I noted the following:—Miss Atkinson, dark skirt, pink silk blouse veiled in white lace, pink hat; Mrs. Annette, dark skirt, plaid blouse, black hat with feathers; Mrs. Armitage, fawn coat and skirt, black hat; Mrs. Alison, navy serge with black braiding, black hat; Mrs. Geo. R. Bloomfield, navy serge bolero faced with white, and trimmed with jet fringe, navy skirt, black hat; Mrs.

Lucas Bloomfield, black gown relieved with white, black hat; Mrs. Keade Bloomfield, black silk; Mrs. Ernest Bloomfield, handsome black bolero and skirt, white lace collarette, black toque finished with blue; Mrs. Bell, dark violet gown, toque en suite; Miss Binney, black gown, black hat; and her sister wore navy; Mrs. Kingswell, black silk with scarlet scalloped yoke and vest, black hat; Mrs. Frater, black silk, black hat; Miss Maud Buckland, fawn bolero and skirt, white vest; Miss Ruth Buckland, mode grey bolero and skirt, white silk vest, navy hat; Mrs. C. Brown, black skirt, fawn jacket, burnt straw hat swathed with green; Miss Bush, dark skirt, fawn jacket, sailor hat; Mrs. Lawford, absolute green gown, ecru lace yoke outlined in vandyke style, with darker green velvet ribbon, white hat with violets; Mrs. Noakes, dark green tailor-made gown, sailor hat; Mrs. Wilfred Colbeck, dark skirt, fawn jacket, black hat; Miss Cotter, fawn bolero with scalloped waist edge, fawn skirt, white satin vest, violet toque; Miss Millie Cotter, black skirt, white silk blouse, sailor hat; Mrs. Muller, fawn gown, black bonnet; Miss Buller, grey coat and skirt, black hat; Mrs. D. Clerk, black gown; Miss Creagh, fawn coat and skirt, sailor hat; Mrs. Deniston, check skirt, fawn jacket, pretty violet hat wreathed with violets and swathed with violet velvet; Mrs. Ware, navy serge; Miss Ware, navy serge; Miss Shuttleworth, white pique, black hat; and her sister black skirt, white pique jacket, sailor hat; Miss Morrison, white fauzy silk, white hat; Mrs. Cattanaach, royal blue foulard, red hat; Miss Chadwick, violet foulard with white facings, toque to correspond; Mrs. Devore, black silk mauve primrose bonnet; Mrs. Manton, blue gown; Miss Dunnett, fawn costume, burnt straw bergerette hat with black swathing; Mrs. Elliott, black silk, black bonnet with red rose; Mrs. Black, black gown, black hat with ostrich feathers, relieved with scarlet; Miss Davy, navy gown relieved with white; Miss Frater, violet costume; Mrs. Goodhue, black gown, black bonnet with red; Mrs. Ranson, black silk with revers of green silk veiled in iridescent beads, the skirt was finished with knots of green bebe ribbon, black velvet toque swathed with green; Miss Thorne George, dark skirt, fawn jacket, sailor hat; Misses Gorrie, navy gowns; Mrs. A. Hanna, black silk; Miss Jackson, white pique, black hat; Mrs. H. Tonks, black skirt, cherry figured with black broche blouse, black hat; Mrs. Jackson, navy gown, fawn hat with black swathings; Miss Ireland, black; Mrs. Keogh, black with mauve silk vest, black bonnet with mauve flowers; Mrs. Hope Lewis, navy gown, violet hat; Miss Lewis, navy gown, sailor hat; Miss Lusk,



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black skirt, pink silk blouse, fawn jacket, black hat with plumes; Miss Olive Lusk, dark skirt, white silk blouse, black hat with white ostrich plumes; Miss Mitcheson, dark skirt, blue blouse; Miss Morrin, violet serge with silver braid, white sailor hat; and her sister wore grey check, white hat; Mrs Markham, cream serge coat and skirt, black hat; Mrs — Morris, check skirt, black jacket, black hat trimmed with black; Mrs — Morris, tabac brown coat and skirt, felt hat to correspond; Mrs Fitzroy Peacocke, black silk, black bonnet with mauve; Miss Peacocke, navy serge; Mrs Wynyard, black silk; Miss Wynyard, blue costume; Mrs Whitson, silver grey silk finished with white, and silver passementerie; Miss White, dark skirt, smoke blue muslin blouse with white spots, white lace fichu, white hat; and her sister wore a smoke blue muslin, white lace fichu, white hat; Mrs Grahame, black silk, black hat relieved with red; Mrs Martelli, black skirt, violet blouse, violet hat; Miss D. Sutton, dark skirt, navy blouse; Miss Sutton, dark skirt, fawn jacket, black hat; Miss Phillips, navy; Miss Niccol, black; Miss Percival, fawn costume, pink hat; Miss Ethel Percival, navy, coat and skirt; Miss Tancer, navy; Miss Wright, M. Albert, was much admired in black striped moire, canary vest, hat trimmed with canary to correspond; Miss Whyte, black gown, black toque with pink flowers; Mrs Reid, black silk relieved with white; Mrs Richardson, with handsome mauve ribbed silk with black lace applique, black bonnet; Miss Richardson, dark green coat and skirt; Miss Salmon, striking cardinal coat and skirt, white vest, black hat; Miss Thorpe, Lincoln green coat and skirt, black hat; and her sister wore navy; Miss Wallcut, navy; Mrs Walker, dark skirt, blue blouse, sailor hat; Mrs Stafford Walker, slate grey trimmed with cherry pink, cherry hat; Mrs Smith, black silk; Mrs Tadbot-Tabbis, handsome black silk, with white applique lace yoke, and the same lace adorned the sleeve, toque of black relieved with white; Mrs Torrance, slate grey costume; Mrs Crowe, black skirt, fawn jacket; Mrs Moody, black; Mrs Selby, black silk; Mrs Grierson, navy gown; Mrs Arch, Taylor, grey check costume, black hat; Miss Rathbone, grey costume; Mrs Dr. Scott, a combination of grey and pink; Mrs Stuart Reid, grey costume; Mrs Dibble, grey check; Miss Howard, dark skirt, pink silk blouse; Mrs W. Ralph, black silk, with white lace; Miss Muir, black gown, black hat with plumes; Mrs Ralph (Ponsouly), black silk; Miss Ralph (Huntly), fawn costume; Mrs Chamberlain, grey check gown, black bonnet.

**THE EDEN AND EPSOM CROQUET MEMBERS'**

annual At Home took place on Friday last, commencing at half-past one. There were ten lawns, and progressive croquet was the order of the afternoon. The bell was rung every twenty minutes, for a move to be made for the winning players. Mr and Mrs Udy both worked assiduously to make the function the success it was. The lawns looked particularly picturesque with the groups of the well-dressed lady croquet players, who had assembled from all other clubs in the vicinity of Auckland.

Afternoon tea was served during the whole of the afternoon; the table was prettily decorated with pale green drapery, relieved with vases of red cactus dahlia, red single dahlia, white cosmos, and yellow chrysanthemums, surrounded with abundance of cakes and fruit. At the conclusion of the game, it was found that Mesdames McConnell and Thornes were equal in highest scores. On playing off Mrs Thornes was beaten by Mrs McConnell. Mrs Coates presented the prizes. Mrs McConnell received a charming little handbag, while Mrs Thornes became the possessor of a smart little purse.

Mrs Udy, black skirt, black and white check blouse, black bonnet; Miss Udy, white pique skirt, French muslin blouse, sailor hat; Miss D. Udy, dark skirt, blue blouse, sailor hat; Mrs Heather, very handsome black silk relieved with white, bonnet to correspond; Mrs H. Heather, grey skirt, white silk blouse, sailor hat; Mrs — Heather, violet floral forlard, black hat; Mrs Coates, black silk costume, the bodice was profusely trimmed with jet beads, sailor hat; Miss Coates wore a stylish combination of

pale oyster grey and pink; white hat; and her sister wore a mauve floral muslin finished with mauve silk; Mrs C. Brown, navy skirt, violet silk blouse, hat trimmed with navy; Mrs Edmiston, navy flowered muslin over navy silk, hat with flowers and tulle; Mrs A. B. Donald, black silk, white vest, black hat relieved with dash of pink; Mrs Morria, white cambric, with azure blue tie, fawn jacket, sailor hat; Mrs Hudson Williamson, black coat and skirt, violet vest, black hat, with plumes and violet silk neckings; Mrs Burton, grey check skirt, black bolero, black hat; Miss Spiers, grey check, sailor hat; Miss Trewithick, grey skirt, pink blouse, sailor hat; Mrs Newton, black gown, with blue yoke, sailor hat; Mrs Hill, black gown, sailor hat; Mrs W. Nichol, white cambric, sailor hat; Mrs McConnell, white pique skirt, blue flowered blouse, sailor hat; Mrs Duthie, white pique skirt, white serge jacket, black hat, with plumes; Mrs Gilham, blue figured foulard, sailor hat; Mrs Clayforth, grey check skirt, claret coloured blouse, hat with red; Miss White, white pique skirt, cream blouse, sailor hat; Mrs Horace Walker, grey costume, black hat; Mrs Stafford Walker, black costume, sailor hat; Mrs Walker (Jarnell), white skirt, green maslin blouse, sailor hat; Mrs (Dr.) King, dark skirt, handsome green silk figured blouse, black hat, with feathers; Mrs Kenderline, white pique costume, sailor hat; Mrs Thornes, blue cambric skirt and bolero, white vest, fawn hat, trimmed with blue; Mrs D'Arcy, grey bengaline, trimmed with white silk black hat; Mrs Steele, black coat and skirt, blue vest, sailor hat; Mrs Isidor Alexander, blue costume; Miss Haigh, very handsome costume of pale grey lustre, with a green fancy braiding, white silk yoke, white hat, swathed with canary silk; Mrs John Dawson, fawn check, with black fancy braiding, bonnet with yellow roses; Miss Dawson, black skirt, pink striped silk blouse, sailor hat; Miss Coleman, grey check coat and skirt, sailor hat; Mrs. Torrance, striking costume of black and white figured French muslin, with white lace trimmings, black hat; Miss Torrance, white skirt, pale blue silk blouse, sailor hat; Mrs. Hudson, white pique costume, sailor hat; Mrs. Yates, white pique skirt, pale green silk blouse, fawn Tam o' Shanter toque, trimmed with pale green ribbons; Mrs. (Dr.) Lindsay, white muslin costume, black hat with plumes; Mrs. Murray, grey check gown; and her daughter wore royal blue gown, relieved with white, white picture hat; Miss Murray, black gown; Miss Brabant, blue gown, toque with red cherries; Miss Preece, canary flowered French muslin, black hat; Mrs. Sharland, white pique costume, sailor hat; Mrs. Jervis, black gown, sailor hat; Mrs. T. Reid, dark skirt, white blouse, sailor hat; Mrs. Hooper, black gown, violet velvet corselet bodice edged with violet passementerie, white fichu, black hat; Mrs. Beddington, black gown, black bonnet finished with white; Mrs. Grant, violet gown, made with bolero, violet silk vest, veiled cream embroidery, black hat with plumes; Mrs. Hasard, black gown; Mrs. Oliphant, black costume; Mrs. Knight, green and black plaid gown, black hat with plumes; Mrs. Beale, navy blue skirt, dome blue blouse, black hat with ribbons; Mrs. Chatfield, black costume; Mrs. Kidd, black; Mrs. Gillies, grey silk with black braiding, black hat; Mrs. Segar, white skirt, black and white striped blouse, black hat; Miss Gills, black costume; Mrs. Watkins, black gown, fawn hat.

A very pleasant afternoon was spent at the Pakuranga School prior to the breaking up for the Easter holidays, when Miss Alice Lindsay was entertained at a garden party on the occasion of her resigning her position as assistant teacher in the Pakuranga School. The school was tastefully decorated by the head teacher, Mr Green, assisted by the school children. The Rev. Boler was present, and in a few well chosen remarks wished Miss Lindsay a successful future, and said how thoroughly she had always carried the hearts of children and parents. Mr E. Fitzpatrick, Chairman of the School Committee, spoke very kindly, and said he had been chairman since Miss Lindsay had been a teacher in the school, and had never heard other than good reports of her work. On

behalf of the school children he then presented Miss Lindsay with a set of silver spoons and a silver teapot, nicely engraved, as a token of their esteem. Miss Lindsay suitably responded, and thanked the children for their handsome present. Mr Green also spoke of the friendly relationship which had always existed between himself and Miss Lindsay, and said how sorry they all were to lose so good a teacher. Afternoon tea, which was provided by the ladies of the district, was then partaken of, and a very pleasant afternoon was spent. Miss Lindsay should be gratified to think that on leaving the school her work has been so well appreciated, and she carries with her the good wishes of many friends.

I hear that early next week a quiet wedding will take place at St. Matthew's Church between Miss Winifred McDonald, of Sava, and Mr. Robert Leckie, of Auckland. Mr. Frank Leckie, of Wellington, will act as best man.

My Hamilton correspondent writes:—The Easter holidays in Hamilton have been quite gay owing to a number of visitors from Auckland and surrounding districts. Several tennis players from the West End, North Shore, and Taupiri Clubs visited us, and the Hamilton Courts presented quite a lively scene during Saturday and Easter Monday, when several matches were played.

On Monday evening the local tennis club entertained their visitors at a large euchre party in the hall, followed by a dance, which was very successful. At the euchre there were twenty tables. The first lady's prize was won by Miss Holloway, a handsome little waist satchel; first gentleman's, a silver match box, fell to Mr Manning; second lady's, a cut glass smelling bottle, was won by Miss Carte (Wellington). The boobies were Miss Hall and Mr Le Seur. Euchre was played until 10 o'clock, when the prizes were distributed, refreshments handed round, and the hall cleared for dancing, which was kept up until 2 o'clock. All seemed to enjoy themselves thoroughly, and were reluctant to break up after such

a pleasant evening. The music (piano) was contributed by several of the ladies present—Mrs Cleghorn, and Misses Newell, Baades, O'Neill, Cussen, taking a share.

A sale of work in connection with the Church of England came off in the Sunday school on Easter Tuesday, and was very largely attended during the afternoon and evening, and proved most successful, which must have been most gratifying to all those who had worked so enthusiastically for its success. A sum of over £60 was taken.

**PHYLLIS BROWN. WELLINGTON.**

Dear Bee, April 11. A small sale of work in aid of the Melanesian Mission was opened this afternoon by Mrs Wallis in the Sydney-street schoolroom. There was a good attendance, and it is to be hoped that the result will be satisfactory. Mrs Wallis wore a black costume and black and white hat. Others present were Bishop Wallis, Rev. Mr and Mrs Spratt, Miss Spratt, Rev. Mr Bartlett, Mrs and Miss Quick, and others.

**OPHELIA. CHRISTCHURCH.**

Dear Bee, Easter Monday started by being a perfect day, but too hot for furs; anyhow, we all donned our new winter frocks, and set off gaily for the races; the weather was just beautiful until a little after 3 o'clock, when it clouded over, and before 4 o'clock the rain came down in torrents. The course looked very pretty, and many lovely costumes were to be seen. Really the materials and trimmings, etc., that are used for frocks get prettier and prettier every year. The town was full of bright and happy people and children in the morning, all going off in fresh light frocks to different excursions. Trains

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## "The Bishop's Amazement"

THE LATEST ROMANCE BY  
**DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY**  
BEGINS IN  
NEXT WEEK'S "GRAPHIC."

\*\*\*\*\*

Our issue of Next Week will contain the opening chapters of this new tale, by the distinguished author of "Joseph's Coat," "A Life Atoneement," "Secrets," "Rainbow Gold," "A Rising Star," "A Regent's Conscience," etc. The "Graphic" has secured the rights of this splendid serial, and readers of this periodical will therefore have a monopoly of one of the most interesting of modern tales.

\*\*\*\*\*

left the Square crowded for Summer and New Brighton; but very different was the scene when they all returned after the rain, family upon family of children, of all sizes, drenched, looking as if they had bathed with all their clothes on.

Miss Daisy Norris, fourth daughter of Mr. T. C. Norris, of "Cuckfield," New Brighton Road, was married on Tuesday to Mr. Steven Menzies, of Menzies Bay. The wedding took place at the New Brighton Church, the Rev. F. R. Inwood officiating. The bride wore a pretty blue cloth frock and large white picture hat, and carried a shower bouquet, her two younger sisters, Misses Winifred and Mildred Norris, who were her bridesmaids, wore lawn frocks and white picture hats. Mr. F. H. Thorpe was best man. The bride and bridegroom left for their home during the afternoon.

Judge Denniston returned last week from Wellington, where he has been to attend the Stryche appeal case. The appeal has not been granted, therefore Mr. Stryche will have to undergo the sentence of seven years imposed on him by ex-Judge Martin.

Coker's Hotel has been chosen for the place of residence for the Duke and Duchess of York during their stay in our city. The hotel, which has always been a favourite one, will be thoroughly done up, and should be particularly nice for all visitors after the Royal visit.

On Good Friday the "Crucifixion" was given at the Cathedral as usual, it being more especially interesting this year on account of the recent death of the composer, Sir John Stainer, and that Mr. G. F. Tendall, the organist, was one of his pupils and intimate friends. At the close of the service the "Dead March" in "Saul" was played as a mark of respect to Sir John Stainer. The Cathedral was packed, and no seat could be had at a few minutes after seven, although the service did not commence till eight o'clock.

The funeral of the late Colonel Francis, which took place last Wednesday, was the largest military funeral ever witnessed here, and the floral tributes, which were both beautiful and numerous, showed how much the colonel was respected and liked.

Mrs. George Rhodes, of "Meadowbank," had a large house party during Easter week while the C.Y.C. were in camp on their station. The visitors returned on Tuesday after a very jolly time.

Mrs. M. S. Brown gave a "toilette tea" for Mrs. de Vries, who left for England last week. A "toilette tea" is a new idea, which, of course, comes from America. Every guest takes a present for the toilet table for the departing guest. Many and pretty were the presents given to Mrs. de Vries.

Among the visitors for race week were Mr. and Mrs. Morrin (Auckland), Mr. and Mrs. Jack Reid (Damaru), and Mr. and Mrs. Barclay (Melbourne).

DOLLY VALE.

NEW PLYMOUTH.

Dear Dec. April 12. OUR EASTER HOLIDAYS were greeted with a heavy rainfall, and the sky looking very gloomy, but about 9 o'clock the weather lifted, and continued fine throughout the day, so those who were thinking of postponing their picnics or excursions were able to go after all. The great attraction in the town

was the STAR FOOTBALL CLUB'S SPORTS, held in the Recreation Grounds. There was a good attendance, people coming from all the neighbouring districts. During the day the City Band, under Bandmaster Haigh, played a good selection of music. In the evening a fireworks display and concert by the Town Band were held in the grounds. The former, which were displayed from the pic-

turesque bridge (Port's) crossing the top lake, made an exquisite and fairy like picture, with their varied and many-coloured lights reflected on the waters, enhanced by the flickering and less brilliant lights of the land, which rendered soft and much appreciated music to suit the occasion. THE CATHOLIC BAZAAR was opened on Monday afternoon, in the Theatre Royal, by the Mayor (Mr Dockrill) in aid of the Convent funds.

THE Royal Portrait Portfolio

In consequence of the death of the Queen the proprietors of the "Review of Reviews for Australasia" have published a Royal Portrait Portfolio, containing various portraits of Her late Majesty at different periods of her life. In addition, the Portfolio contains excellent portraits of the King and Queen Alexandra, Duke of Cornwall and Duchess of Cornwall, which were specially taken at private sittings granted to the "Review of Reviews."

This Royal Portfolio will be specially valued on account of the large Colotype of the Queen at Home. It makes a most effective picture for framing. The thirteen plates forming the Portfolio are printed on the finest art paper by one of the great art houses of the old world.

The collection forms a Royal Picture Gallery which has been warmly appreciated by the press. The "Methodist Times" describes it as "Really an admirable Souvenir and Memorial of our beloved Queen."

The Portfolio will be sent to any address for 2s. in Cash or Money Order, or 2s. 3d. in Stamps or Postal Notes, sent to the office of the "Review of Reviews."

CONTENTS:

- QUEEN VICTORIA AT HOME, 1897 (A Colotype Portrait for Framing). Also TWELVE OTHER PORTRAITS AND VIEWS, viz.: QUEEN VICTORIA IN 1836 (After the Painting by Fowler). QUEEN VICTORIA IN 1851 (After the Painting by Winterhalter). QUEEN VICTORIA in the Robes of the Order of the Garter. HER MAJESTY KING EDWARD VII. HER MAJESTY QUEEN ALEXANDRA. H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CORNWALL AND YORK. H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF CORNWALL AND YORK. THE PRINCESS ROYAL. THE CORONATION OF QUEEN VICTORIA. THE MARRIAGE OF QUEEN VICTORIA. WINDSOR CASTLE. BALSORAL CASTLE. OSBORNE HOUSE.

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The London "Spectator" says: "A very interesting little collection which ought to find thousands of readers. Was there ever a Sovereign of whom so many stories were told, and all of them showing her goodness and wisdom? Some of them, as we read them just now, are deeply pathetic—those, for instance, of her happy marriage."

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There was a good display of goods, especially lace work. The No. 1 fancy goods stall was managed by Mesdames Doekrill, McClelland, Douglas and Miss J. O'Donnell, assisted by Miss Connell. The No. 2 fancy stall was presided over by Mesdames Fischer, Hadfield, Darroch, and Misses O'Donnell and Fischer. No. 3 was devoted to plain work and was attended to by Mesdames J. Bennett and Crozier, assisted by Misses Reynolds, Hart, Bennett, and Mrs Bennett. The children's stall was managed by Misses Ruby Bennett, E. Bleszel, H. Grey, and L. Ryan. The refreshment stall was in charge of Mesdames Ryan, Francis, Bleszel and Misses Moore and Ryan. There were several other attractions, including side shows, and items by children.

NANCY LEE.

NELSON.

(DELAYED.)

Dear Bee, April 6.  
The mill closes early on Monday morning, so I must begin my letter at once, though there is very little to write about, but this being Holy week one does not expect the usual round of gaieties.

On Thursday evening "The Crucifixion," by Stainer, was given by the choir of St. John's Wesleyan Church, when a most appreciative congregation was present. The solos of this beautiful work were taken by Mr A. P. Lucas (tenor) and Mr F. Hishworth (baritone). Miss Nina Moore presided at the organ, and there was also a strong chorus of male and female voices. During the evening Miss Nelson sang "There is a Green Hill Far Away."

So far the weather for the Easter holidays has been far from fine. After a fortnight or more of bright sunshine, clouds gathered up on Thursday and by Good Friday there was a gloomy, drizzling rain, which continued at intervals all day, and after night-fall heavy and steady rain set in, flooding the rivers and streams. Many camping parties and other outdoor amusements have had to be abandoned but we still hope to have fine weather on Sunday and Monday.

An EASTER ENCAMPMENT is being held at Appleby this year.

There are between 400 and 500 volunteers present under the command of Captain Wolfe. The Nelson volunteers left for Appleby on Thursday evening, where they were joined by the Motueka Mounted Rifles, and next day by the Marlborough Mounted Rifles. In spite of the wet weather some useful work was done during the two days. The usual review will be held on Monday, when a large number of spectators are expected.

STREET DRESSES.

Miss Pitt, holland coat and skirt, sailor hat; Miss Blackett, light blue cambric, large sailor hat; Mrs Adams, smart grey costume with lace trimming, hat on sides; Mrs A. Glasgow, light blue silk blouse with lace bolero, grey skirt, black chiffon toque; Mrs. Fell, brown costume with velvet hat to match; Miss Webb-Bowen, fawn coat and skirt, sailor hat; Miss Heaps, pink cambric; Mrs Booth, light flowered muslin trimmed with black ribbon, velvet, hat to match; Miss Tendall, grey costume trimmed with white braid, small black hat; Miss Mules, black; Mrs Chatterton, white pique.

PHYLLIS.

BLenheim.

(DELAYED.)

Dear Bee, April 8.

Mrs Edward Chaytor has received a cablegram from her husband, Captain Chaytor, who went with the Third Contingent to South Africa to announce his immediate departure from Capetown to return home, so he may be expected here in about a month, and his numerous friends will be delighted to welcome him. He received a severe injury to his knee in action, which invalidated him for a considerable time, but directly he was able he went to the front again.

The Catholics here have organised a bazaar, which was opened by the Mayor on Saturday night. It is held in Ewart's Hall, and will be kept open for a week.

Amongst those who have gone away to spend Easter are Mr and Mrs J. Conolly and Miss Sephy Gard, who have chosen Nelson for their holiday. Mrs McIntire has gone to "Landedown" to stay with Mr and Mrs G. Watts, whilst her son is attending the Easter encampment in Nelson.

Amongst those who have come here are Miss Hargreaves (Christchurch), a young lady whose name has escaped my memory, from Wellington, and Mr H. Rose (Wellington), who are the guests of Mr and the Misses Greenfield at "Vernon."

Mr and Mrs Embling (Wellington) are making a short stay in Picton, and Mrs Greenwood, who has been staying for several weeks with Mrs A. G. Fell, at "Te Weranga," Picton, has gone to Wellington.

Miss Macalister is spending Easter in Picton, and Mr Sinclair Macalister has come from Wellington to spend a few days with his mother, Mrs S. Macalister.

The Mounted Rifles have joined the camp in Nelson, only a few of the Blenheim Rifles being able to go too, the rest, numbering about 30, and the Garrison Band, going to Picton on Friday, the arrangement being that they were to attack the town, the Waitohi Rifles acting as defenders, but when they arrived at the point of attack it was found that the Waitohi's, intimidated no doubt by the martial aspect of our men, had important business elsewhere. At any rate they did not appear, so the band, who acted the part of defenders, were outnumbered, and captured, and the town taken, the invaders hoisting their flag over the railway station.

FRIDA.

OUR LONDON LETTER.

The Coming Royal Visit.

WHAT THE DUCHESS OF YORK WILL WEAR IN AUSTRALIA.

Under date of March 6th our London correspondent writes:—

In these days of almost painful publicity not even the wardrobe of eminent people may hope to escape the prying eyes of the journalistic catalogue of "society items," and it is not to be wondered at therefore that the dresses with which the Duchess of Cornwall and York is to rouse the admiring envy of Antipodean dames and demoiselles are exhibited in print to the public before the Duchess has even tried the effect on her immediate friends. We poor men may feel it a

grievance that the Duke's wardrobe is not similarly held up to our gaze; but the fact is that a man's dress does not lend itself to description. An admiral's uniform is an admiral's uniform and nothing more, but an "Empire gown" may be made up in a hundred and one different ways, and of as many different stuffs. And so it is through the whole gamut of men's and women's dress. There isn't six lines of print in any male article of attire, but in ladies' garments there may be anything from a "stick" to a column.

In the dresses that the Duchess will appear before the Antipodean public we are told "the richest and handsomest materials have been used." We expected that, but it gives some satisfaction to know that, by the Duchess' express desire, wherever possible British and Irish manufactures have been requisitioned. Of course, the dresses and trimmings are necessarily black, with occasional touches of white, but the variety of materials used prevents "monotony of uniformity."

THE COMMONWEALTH COSTUME.

For the ceremony of the opening of the Commonwealth Parliament a particularly handsome dress has been made for the Duchess. It is of black brocade gauze, in the Princess style, with a very long train, and a border deeply woven in a design of flowers and leaves. The bodice has soft folds across the front, and fastens under a jet ornament at the left side, and is finished with a yoke of net finely embroidered in jet, the high collar being transparent. The sleeves, to the elbow almost tight, fall a trifle loosely, over closely fitting long under sleeves of fine embroidery. The mantle to be worn on the same occasion is of black velvet, bordered all round with Chantilly lace in a very beautiful floral design, this being let into velvet, which is cut away under the lace.

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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.

showing black lisse underneath. The mantle circular in shape, fits well over the shoulders, and is bordered all round with a deep gathered frill applique with lace. The yoke and high collar drawn into several gatherings, are trimmed with lace. Long ends of chiffon, relieved with white chiffon, softly frilled, fall from the neck, and the lining is of white satin. This is the only garment on which any white is seen.

**DELICIOUS DAY GOWNS.**

Of day gowns the Duchess has a varied assortment. One in spotted crepon is made with a double skirt, trimmed with lace worked in medallions intersecting each other, while a large collar of fine embroidery in points has the ends almost reaching the waist. The bodice is laced with velvet over a soft chiffon front, the collar being transparent. The centre, slightly pointed in front, is of velvet. Another gown is of Princess pattern in panne cloth with strappings finished with others upright and graduated. The bodice is prettily laced at each side of the front and down the centre of the back over a full under-bodice of crepe de chine, tucked in a downward direction in clusters of five narrow tucks. There is a yoke of lace, strapped narrow folds of crepe de chine, each one finished with a small fancy button, the under sleeves being made after the same fashion. To wear with this dress there is a small cloth coat with a short basque cut in curves. The revers and the cuffs are faced with fine silk embroidery on peau de soie, and the garment fastens with Salambo buttons. A third is a simple yet fascinating creation in poplinette. The skirt is finished with a deep flounce, run with many rows of silk galon. The bodice is in lace, over which there is a short bolero falling in points and trimmed with fancy braid. The shaped yoke and collar are outlined with a line of narrow ribbon velvet. Another charming day dress is composed of fancy Grenadine, which recalls the period of 1830. The gracefully hang-

ing skirt is trimmed with long lines of lace insertions, while the bodice, opening over a vest and collar of lisse, crossed with folds of pleated batiste, is finished with triple collars of batiste edged with insertion and lace. The long gathered under sleeves are of lace and insertions arranged in graduated lines.

At times the Duchess will be seen in a cashmere morning gown woven with lines of fancy gauze, which give an effect of openwork. It is trimmed with a large lisse collar, run with the narrowest ribbon and bordered with silk embroidery. Over this are small revers of peau de soie, the vest and collar being striped in undulating lines of satin ribbon. The skirt is trimmed to correspond, with here and there upright lines of narrow ribbon velvet. And she possesses also a black silk dress in stripes, the skirt of which is trimmed with two long waving rows of Chantilly lace in a design of roses down the front and down the back, these being crossed with other encircling rows above the hem. Lace edges the long fronts of Her Royal Highness's bodice, above which are narrow bands of stitched black taffetas, and it fastens with ring straps of taffetas, caught with small buttons over a vest of the silk prettily gathered in scallops. The sleeves are trimmed at the shoulders and wrists with lace.

**BEAUTIFUL FROCKS FOR EVENING WEAR.**

When evening shadows fall the Duchess has the choice of a dozen dainty dresses. They include one in moire mousseline embroidered with flower-shaped applications of Chantilly lace finely worked with jet beads and bugles. The bodice is finished at the shoulders with folds of jet-embroidered net held in the centre with a jet ornament, a large black rose being fastened on the left shoulder. The black velvet ceinture, like all those worn by the Princess, is slightly pointed in front.

A soft black satin dress has the skirt draped with a deep flounce of lace caught at intervals with clusters of black cherries and headed with narrow garlands of the cherries. The bodice, crossing in softest folds to the left side, has the upper part arranged with jetted lace, and one of the short satin sleeves is trimmed with a bunch of the cherries.

A third evening dress of richest brocart in a bold design has the skirt, which opens down the front, edged with jet on each side, over an under-dress of black net, all softly ruched and frilled, there being a similar opening on each side, rising only as high as the knee. The bodice, entirely of embroidered jet, has the upper part filled in with finely-tucked tulle. The belt is of jet, with fringed ends, and the sleeves, of tucked tulle, end in a bow with a little jet falling on the arms.

A dress of soft striped moire of Princess shape, crossing over to the left from neck to hem, is bordered with a trimming of jet, which is continued round the edge of the skirt. The bodice is formed of folds of fine Argentan lace, crossed with folds of moire, three graduated bands of black velvet appearing to hold down the lace where they cross. At the top the edge of the lace is brought up the scalloped border, making a dainty finish.

Black gauze, embroidered with large sprays of carnations, composes yet another evening dress, which is finished with a flounce run with row on row of gauze ribbon, and edged with many tiny frills above others inserted underneath. Medallions worked in ruches of gauze head the flounce, which is trimmed with bunches of black carnations nestling here and there. A narrow front tablier of plain gauze is edged with jet trimming. A little pointed bolero of brocaded gauze falling over the bodice, which is trimmed with lisse worked in French knots, is edged all round with ruchings. A band of the gauze passing under the

arm is tied in a little bow on the outer side, while a band of black velvet forms the sleeve on the opposite side.

The sixth gown, of 1830 period, is in soft black moire, with a design of true lovers' knots. The front of the skirt opens over folds of chiffon, and is trimmed with medallions worked in twists of black satin entirely bordering it with knots of black velvet ribbon sewn at each point where they intersect each other. The perfectly flat berthe of moire is cut out in scallops over black gypure. The full front of pleated black chiffon is caught with black velvet bows.

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- Hats
- Boys' Clothing
- Tea
- Refreshment
- and
- Toilet Rooms

PERSONAL NOTES FROM LONDON.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

LONDON, March 1.

Professor Herkomer has finished his portrait of Sir George Grey, which now stands in the Agent-General's room awaiting the approval of the Trustees of the National Portrait Gallery...

During their private visit to the Ophir last Thursday the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall suggested structural alterations in the arrangement of the cabins, which will run into a pretty bit of money.

According to the "Chronicle": "The Duchess of Cornwall and York is taking the greatest interest in the alterations which are to fit the Ophir for the journey to Australia; and it will be a very much transformed boat that will be thrown open to the privileged gaze on March 8."

Mrs Brown-Potter is generally being painted by somebody. Just at present Mr George Coates, the young Australian artist, whose work the greatest living French critics have so warmly eulogised, has her in hand.

Poor Harry Monkhouse was a joy to all who knew him, but none of his friends exactly marvelled when they read of his sudden death from pneumonia.

There was a time when the "society" papers were full of Miss Dorothy Tennant, heroine of a hundred harmless and amusing escapades.

Gladstone worshipped the clever lady, young Mr Benson immortalised her as "Daisy," and finally the hero of the hour, Mr Stanley, married her.

Lady Banbury and her two daughters leave for New Zealand by the Himalaya on the 21st inst.

Mr. Onslow Ford's bust of Sir Geo. Grey is not yet quite ready to be placed in the crypt of St. Paul's.

The friends of Mr. Henry Stockwell, the New Zealand tenor, who has been settled some time at this side, will learn with concern of the death of his wife...

Trooper Hanson, of the First Contingent, who has been spending his sick furlough away up in Scotland-Medrox, Tighnabruich—was one of the few New Zealanders who took part in the Queen's funeral procession through London...

Mr Gilruth has just returned from an extensive tour of the North and West of England, in the course of which he visited the farms of most of the important breeders of Short-horns...

Though most of us in Anglo-Colonial circles knew that Mr. James Huddart's health had for some time past shown signs of a bad break up, few were prepared for the intimation of his death at Eastbourne last Wednesday.

ing to a type of men who form pioneers in colonial progress, and deeply imbued with aspirations for the consolidation of the Empire.

LONDON, March 8.

The Countess of Ranfurly and her daughters have booked their passages by the Himalaya to the colony, where they will rejoin Lord Ranfurly in April...

I understand that Mr Onslow Ford's bust of Sir George Grey will be exhibited at the Royal Academy this year before it is relegated to the obscure gloom of the crypt of St. Paul's.

Mr C. J. Cornish contributes to "Country Life" an article on trout in New Zealand, illustrated by three picturesque photographs by Mr Wm Reid.

Though I doubt Lord Stamford ever fulfilling Sir George Grey's prediction and becoming Premier of England he is undoubtedly coming to the front.

Sergeant Frost, who is so certain that the man who calls himself Lillywhite is Blatch, the Colchester murderer, ought really to spend a few years on travel to broaden his mind.



Fancy recognising an Essex dialect phrase, "That's the only Archer as I ever knew!" Why the substitution of "as" for the simple "I" in sentences of this kind is about the commonest form of maltreatment of the English language all over the metropolis...

According to the "Echo," Professor Bickerton has discovered a new method of constructing houses out of "brown paper, freely tarred over."

Death has removed a gallant and venerable sailor from the retired ranks of His Majesty's navy in Vice-Admiral Matthew Connelly, who had attained the age of eighty-five.

Advertisement for Milkmaid Brand Milk, featuring the text 'LARGEST SALE BRAND in the WORLD. Milk' repeated five times.



**AS SEEN THROUGH WOMAN'S EYES.**

**How the World Weds.**

**MARRIAGE CUSTOMS IN MANY COUNTRIES.**

Marriage is not everywhere the simple and easy matter that in this country suffices to bind for life two people who have decided to "risk it" together for better or for worse.

In India, for instance, there are many different marriage customs all quaint and interesting to us Westerners. The ordinary Hindu marriage has five essentials; these are the betrothal, the gift of the virgin, the acceptance, the seizure of the hand, and the seven steps. The betrothal takes place between the parents of the two parties to be married. The father of the bride agrees to give her or rather sell her—to the father of the bridegroom.

Terms having been arranged the day is appointed. The bride's father must stand all the expenses, and generally also sends the husband's father a present of cows as well as a charm stone, this latter being a most essential item. At the actual ceremony the father-in-law takes the hand of his daughter and places it in that of her husband. He then pours a bowl of water over the bride and places a string round the bride's neck, from which hangs an ornament, that shows she is now married.

Sometimes the foregoing ceremony is added to by the pair being tied together by the ends of their clothes and thus marched through the village, followed by the wedding guests. This is to signify that the couple are joined for life. The next day comes an important part of the transaction for the young husband. This is the handing over to his father-in-law of the pro-

mised presents by means of which he has procured his father-in-law's sanction to the marriage.

Should he fail to procure these the father-in-law comes and takes his daughter back, and she remains "in pawn" until the young man "comes up to scratch."

The Chinese have a rather elaborate process of joining in wedlock. The girl must not be under 14 years of age, nor is it considered good form for a fair Chinese maiden to pass the age of 23 without catching a husband—or rather having had a husband found willing to purchase her from her parents. A series of very flowery epistles having passed between the prospective parents-in-law, each accompanied by a present of large or small value, according to the position of the two families, the match is duly arranged.

The wedding day arrived the bridegroom sends a Sedan chair to fetch his bride, who is brought to his house escorted by a procession consisting of friends of both parties, who make as much noise as they can on the way.

The bride is received by her future husband, who taps on the door of the Sedan chair with a fan. She gets out on to the back of a female servant, and is carried over a smouldering fire of charcoal, at the side of which are placed a pair of shoes which the bride brings with her for her husband.

At the same time a tray with chop sticks and rice is held by another servant above her head. The bridegroom sits upon a raised stool to show his superiority, whilst she prostrates herself at his feet.

He now removes her veil and looks for the first time upon the features of his bride. They proceed together to the Ancestral Hall, where they kneel before an altar, and at some length say prayers in worship of their ancestors.

They also worship the Heavens and the Earth; this latter being an essential part of the rites.

The jolly Jap has a better time as regards the courting than his neighbour the Chinese. The parents do not trade directly with each other for wives for their sons. A marriage broker is called in, and not until he has arranged matters amicably to both the prospective parents-in-law does the courtship commence.

The broker sits in a room together with the future wife and the young man is allowed to come in and gaze upon his betrothed without speaking. This single, silent visit constitutes his courtship. He has, however, another advantage over the Chinese, for the marriage ceremony is much simpler. He and his bride repair to the Temple, and after listening to several lengthy harangues by various priests they walk up to the altar. Here the bride lights a taper from some burning incense. The man lights another taper from hers, holding it so that the two flames burn together, symbolizing the union between themselves. This completes the proceedings.

In Persia match-makers are also employed, the only difference being that instead of men marriage brokers, old women have a monopoly of the business, and are paid commissions by the parents. The actual wedding takes place in the open air.

For simplicity and ease in the matter the Afghan can give other people a start and yet come in an easy winner. The Afghan women are unveiled. A marrying man has only to make his choice, which he signifies by either cutting a lock of his lady-love's hair, or by throwing a sheet over her. This done he has only to make a bargain with papa; he can then take the lady to his home, and they are as legally

married as they ever will be in Afghanistan.

In Abyssinia the bridegroom erects a tent of reeds, and in this there is free feasting for all and sundry. Suddenly the bride is brought in on a man's back, and set down upon a stool. The bridegroom immediately seizes her up and carries her off to his home. Some of those at the feast accompany him, holding a large sheet canopywise over him and his burden all the way.

The Eskimo also believes in the marriage ceremony being made simple and short. Having decided upon running a double harness the Eskimo bridegroom wastes no time upon foolish courting. The first intimation he gives the girl of his love is to seize her by the hair of her head and drag her in sight of the whole encampment to his tent.

Maiden modesty requires some struggling on her part, but if she be not adverse to the man her resistance is but slight. On arrival at his tent she is without further ceremony his wife. If she mean to say "no" she intimates it by protracting the struggle so much that the man releases her lest he appears ridiculous in the eyes of the onlookers.

The Russian marriage has evidently been planned by young people who have so arranged matters as to have a sort of revenge in advance for any troubles which their pas and mar-in-law may cause during their married life. After the church service the young folks duck the parents of the bride and bridegroom in the nearest stream or pond.

In winter the streams and ponds are frozen so pails of water are thrown over the shivering paternal and maternal ancestors in lieu of the ducking.

The Mormons of Utah, U.S.A., look upon the marriage as a very serious religious ceremony, in fact, their religion teaches that a grown woman has a much better chance of heaven if married than that possessed by her single sister. On this ground they advocate and defend polygamy.



**Being an "Event."**

The small girl had been to call at a neighbour's.

"Mother," she whimpered on her return, "I don't like to go to see Mrs Jones; she treats me just 'actly like her own child!"

Which goes to prove that that small person, as well as some of the rest of us, enjoys once in a while the prestige of being "company."

There's a stimulus sometimes in not feeling "perfectly at home," however strong the hospitable insistence. "Home" has ruts and routines that it is good for us to escape from occasionally.

When my friend says beamingly, "Do come and stay with us as often as you can—you are so thoroughly one of us that we never make a bit of difference for you, you know," if I'm credulous enough to take his words literally my heart goes down. I, too, have my objections to the "own child" system of treatment.

One is insensibly flattered if one's coming is made more or less of a gala occasion; if the hostess has given a touch of festivity to her costume and the flowers and the menu.

It's rather nice to be an event.



**What Adam Said at the End of His Journey.**

I saw Creation in its prime—  
When all on earth was undefiled;  
I hailed that morning's light sublime,  
When woman first upon me smiled;  
I felt the loss of Paradise  
Thro' her, nine centuries ago.  
And have since then 'neath stormy skies  
Been tossed 'mong troubles to and fro.

And yet, should now Creation's voice  
Bid Paradise resume to me—  
Bid me re-enter and rejoice  
From sin and every conflict free—  
A thousand times I'd rather stay  
With her, where joys and sorrows meet,  
Than without her o'er earth hold sway,  
With all things else laid at my feet.

M. MONSTEDT.



What is a Perfect Lady?

"What is a lady?" asked Lady Violet Greville in a recent article. Well, it is hard to tell in these democratic days, when every class strives to ape the others above, when all people are equal to their superiors, and superior to their equals. With the modern extravagance in dress, the boisterous hats, the outrageously décolleté dresses in restaurants and other public places, the cigarette smoking, the card playing for high stakes, and what not, I shall feel inclined to answer: You can tell a lady by the efforts she makes to be taken for—anything but a lady. Every class of society has its own definition of a lady. To the inhabitants of the slums it is a woman who stops her nose when in contact with them; to servants it is one who does not do a stroke of work in her house, pays their wages regularly, throws at them their left-off clothes and treats them like dirt; to tradespeople it is one who pays cash for what she buys; for dress-makers and milliners it is a woman who never bargains, and is known never to wear her gowns and hats more than half a dozen times. What is that new supreme desire to pass for a lady? "It proceeds purely," says Lady Violet Greville, "from a wish to imitate; it is vulgarly pure and simple. It is the aspiration after gentility, the longing to appear what we are not. The desire of the fly for the dinner lamp. It is the natural consequence of the religion of the Anglo-Saxon race—make believe." "A real lady's existence," continues her ladyship, "seems to outsiders to be all sweetness, and passed in a land of milk and honey; whereas, in reality could her poor, crawling admirers realise it, the modern lady's life is a compound of hard work, exhausting excitement, anxious ease, and infinite disillusion. To begin with, she is often poorer than her prosperous neighbour, compelled to practise petty and galling economies, travel second-class, wear cleaned gloves, and spend unpleasant moments in street cars and omnibuses. It is the vulgar nouveaux riches who own the carriages, the horses, the jewels, and the money." In a few years more, no doubt, the word "lady," entirely divested of the original meaning, far away buried in the mists of time, will merely be the equivalent of the feminine gender, the female of the male, and then the gentler-bred and wiser of the sex will exult in bravely calling themselves women. Lady Violet Greville concludes her clever article by a beautiful definition of a lady. "The real lady settles her debts, does not forget her liabilities, would as soon cheat as commit murder, and actually considers an engagement a binding duty. She has a soft voice, a pleasant manner, and confesses to being older than her children. She is the daughter of ev-

lution, and the survival of the fittest. If she has nerves she does not show them. She has courage of the finest sort—the courage of her opinions and the moral courage to deny herself." I feel almost inclined to draw myself up and say of the real lady: In short, she possesses all the qualities that make a gentleman.

How Women Should Sleep.

When women begin to realise the beautifying effect of plenty of restful, refreshing sleep the entire beskirted multitude will commence tumbling into bed at the hour when canary birds put their heads under their wings and give themselves over to reposeful slumber. Sleep occupies a prominent place in nature's medicine chest. It is a tonic equal to none other, since without this natural restorative great physical beauty is out of the question.

"Beauty sleep." We've all heard of it since the days of pinafores and pigtails, when our blessed mothers chanted it in our ears. Even then the prospect of beauty possessed a charm sufficient to send us contentedly to our little beds at the very first signal from the "sleepy lady from Hush-a-bye street."

Tired nerves and broken-down tissues are certainly not conducive to a high form of beauty, and in order to keep the exhausted forces of the body in proper repair sleep is absolutely necessary. Unless you awaken in the morning feeling refreshed, clear of brain and happy to go about the day's work there is something radically wrong, you may be sure.

It may be that you are of a particularly high-strung, nervous temperament, and that the nervous system needs building up, or, perhaps, something you have eaten before retiring has disagreed with you; the bed clothing may be insufficient or too heavy, or the room in which you sleep may not be properly ventilated. Any one of these conditions will bring about restless, disturbed slumbers, and a headachy, dull, don't-care—whether school keeps-or-not feeling upon awakening in the morning.

Women sleep in a room every little crack and cranny of which is hermetically sealed against the invigorating, life-giving air which should circulate freely through the sleeping apartment; breathing an atmosphere that is laden with impurities, and then wonder why their complexions become dull and lifeless and little turkey tracks begin to put in an appearance.

They say they are afraid of draughts. They need not be, for they are mostly bogies. Have your window open top and bottom, even in the coldest nights. If your bed is so situated that the air blows over you, protect yourself by placing a screen between yourself and the window, or, in default of this piece of

furniture, a large garment thrown over a chair will hold back any stiff breeze that may blow in. But let me tell you this—one takes cold more frequently from breathing impure air than from exposure to draughts.

The amount of sleep necessary varies with the individual. Some people require more sleep than others. Eight hours at least everyone should have, and ten, to my mind, is not too much. Next to good ventilation, a comfortable bed is essential. A good hair mattress is the best, and pillows should be low. The woman who sleeps with no pillow at all probably sleeps the most comfortably. High pillows will make more "crow's feet" than all the skin food in the world can ever blot out, and the softer the pillow the more lines will it encourage, for the flesh of the face will be puckered up into innumerable little folds. Have you ever noticed—the Japanese women—what fine, smooth, wrinkleless skins they have? You all know how they sleep, without any pillow at all, just a block of wood hollowed out for their necks, to fit into.

The bedding should not be too heavy. Light blankets make the best covering, and when you find yourself in bed relax every muscle, let there be a complete, perfect, systematic slacking of tension. Relaxation is of vital importance. Don't lie curled up like a shrimp, as most women do, but lie flat on the abdomen, with the hands straight down at the sides. This will keep the shoulders back and give you a much better carriage than if you sleep all wrapped up in yourself, with shoulders bent forward and chest contracted.

If, after following these directions, you still spend the night jumping and jerking and searching vainly for comfort, you may safely conclude that you need a physician's advice, for nerves or digestion are certainly out of gear.

Fowls Now Plucked by Machinery.

Tired housekeepers will in future be spared the trouble of plucking feathers from a fowl. Chickens are now plucked by the use of pneumatic machinery. There is a receptacle in which the fowl is placed after being killed, and into this are turned several cross-currents of air from electrical fans revolving at the rate of 5000 turns per minute. In the twinkling of an eye the bird is stripped of every feather, even to the tiniest particle of down, and the machine is ready for another.

A New Opening for Women.

New York has hit upon a method of solving the annual spring-cleaning problem, and avoiding its discomforts, and at the same time discovered a new profession for women.

Bureaus have been started, and by applying to these you can get someone to undertake the whole business of spring cleaning for you. You leave your house entirely in their hands, merely telling them when you wish to return, and you and your family go away for a few days' holiday.

A short time ago one of the largest houses in New York was finished in three days. The house had been closed for months. The owner gave carte blanche, and only stipulated that at the end of the time should be quite ready for occupation. But not only was the house to be cleaned, in addition a new staff of servants was to be engaged, dinner ordered, beds prepared, and everything exactly as it should be.

The bureau undertook it. An army of work-people were put in, and when the family arrived three days later, a stately housekeeper received them, with the assurance that everything was in order. And so it proved to be, and the owner cheerfully paid the bill for four hundred dollars which was presented to him.

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**The Telephone Girl in England.**

**HER DIFFICULT DUTIES.**

We have all heard the voice of the telephone girl, though comparatively few of us have beheld her face. Yet she is a very interesting young person all the same, and one who has improved much since she first entered upon her sphere of activity.

That is to say, the telephone girl of to-day is a far better conducted and educated person than her predecessor of yesterday. Nor is the reason of this far to seek, for with the growth of telephones there has also sprung up a demand on the part of the public that the operators shall be alert, intelligent, agreeable and courteous, the result being that the telephone service now employs a far superior class of young women than formerly.

The lot of the telephone girl, however, is not altogether an envious one, hearing, as she does, the complaints of all the world and his wife from morn till even. Indeed, it was for this reason that the men operators who preceded her were finally dispensed with, because, not having nerves of steel, they lost their tempers and bade fair to ruin the rising industry.

It is very seldom, however, that a girl's health gives way as a result of the strain on her nerves. Doubtless this is due in a considerable measure to the fact that the hours are regular. The working day is of only moderate length, and in almost all exchanges, particularly in the larger cities, the operators are allowed a relief period in the morning and another in the afternoon. Sometimes there are even lounging rooms where the girls may read or sleep during the little vacation interval.

In many exchanges an hour is allowed for lunch, and in few, indeed, is the recess less than forty minutes. A

force of relief operators is constantly kept on duty at the big exchanges to provide for cases of sudden sickness and other emergencies.

There is ever present in the telephone girl's work that tiny element of danger which is wholly absent from so few occupations. It is seldom that an operator receives a shock, yet it is liable to come almost any time, and after such an experience the young lady may require several days' rest before she is enabled to resume her duties.

Almost as much of a nerve-destroyer as the electric shock is the experience which must be undergone by one or two of the girl operators during a period of exceptional business excitement in a great city. For instance, there are times upon the night after an election or during a flurry on the stock market when the girls work in relays, and as speedily as they are temporarily relieved from duty hurry off to the rest room to lie upon couches in absolute quiet until they must again take their places in the treadmill.

It is at seasons such as this that the ability of those lightning-like operators, who can connect and disconnect from three hundred to six hundred telephones per hour, is tested to its utmost.

To answer from five to ten calls every minute, make the explanations that are often necessary, and connect the subscribers with those other subscribers to whom they wish to talk, necessitates an activity of mind and dexterity of motion that is wholly incomprehensible to any person who has not visited a telephone exchange and felt the fascination of the picture presented by long rows of girls poking the telephone plugs into small holes much more rapidly than any girl ever fingered the keyboard of a piano.

The telephone girl has small opportunity to neglect her duties, even should she desire to do so. Women

supervisors, as sharp-eyed as school teachers, are stationed behind every group of girls, and can readily detect if any operator is neglecting her duties.

As an extra precaution there is a head supervisor at a central desk, who can at any moment "cut in" upon the line of any girl without her knowledge and listen to all that is passing on the wire between operator and subscriber—a circumstance which is decidedly discouraging to any tendency to gossip on the part of any young woman in the institution. Indeed, like the policeman, her lot is not altogether a happy one.

**The Sixth Little Wife.**

Most of us, no doubt, remembering that Queen Katharine Parr, as she is commonly called, was a widow, have depicted her as fair and fat and forty, something in the style of the wife of Bath. Recently I obtained a portrait of her, which came out of Lady Blessington's celebrated "Book of Beauty," along with those of many more famous beauties. I have compared it with Lely's famous beauties, with several pictures of Mary Queen of Scots, with the most flattering ones of Queen Elizabeth, Queen Anne Boleyn, Queen Jane Seymour, Queen Elizabeth Woodville, and other beauties, whose charms are loudly celebrated by history and romance, and to my mind "the widow's" is the sweetest, prettiest, most attractive face of all. When we think of it, too, the fact that she was married three times, that her second husband was a king, and her third a man who aimed at Regency, there must have been something more than ordinary about this little lady. How is it that history and romance have neglected her charms so shamefully?

**A Child's Unconscious Satire.**

Six little children were at play, and whether it was that they grew tired of familiar games, or that that innate principle, "It is not good for man to be alone," craved expression, they determined to have a wedding. John, aged eight, should marry Hatty, aged five, and brother Harry should speak "the words that bind."

Now Harry had never heard a marriage ceremony, and was entirely ignorant of the prevalent pledges, but was he at a loss?—not he. He knew what papa and mamma considered of paramount value, and surely that they each so eagerly desired must constitute the requisites of a happy married life.

The candidates for wedlock were requested to stand side by side, and gravely obeyed.

"Hatty, will you get up in the morning and see that John has his breakfast in time, and that he has good things to eat, and never has to wait for his meals?"

"John, will you give her all the money she wants?"

"That was all, but does it not contain the quintessence of married felicity?"

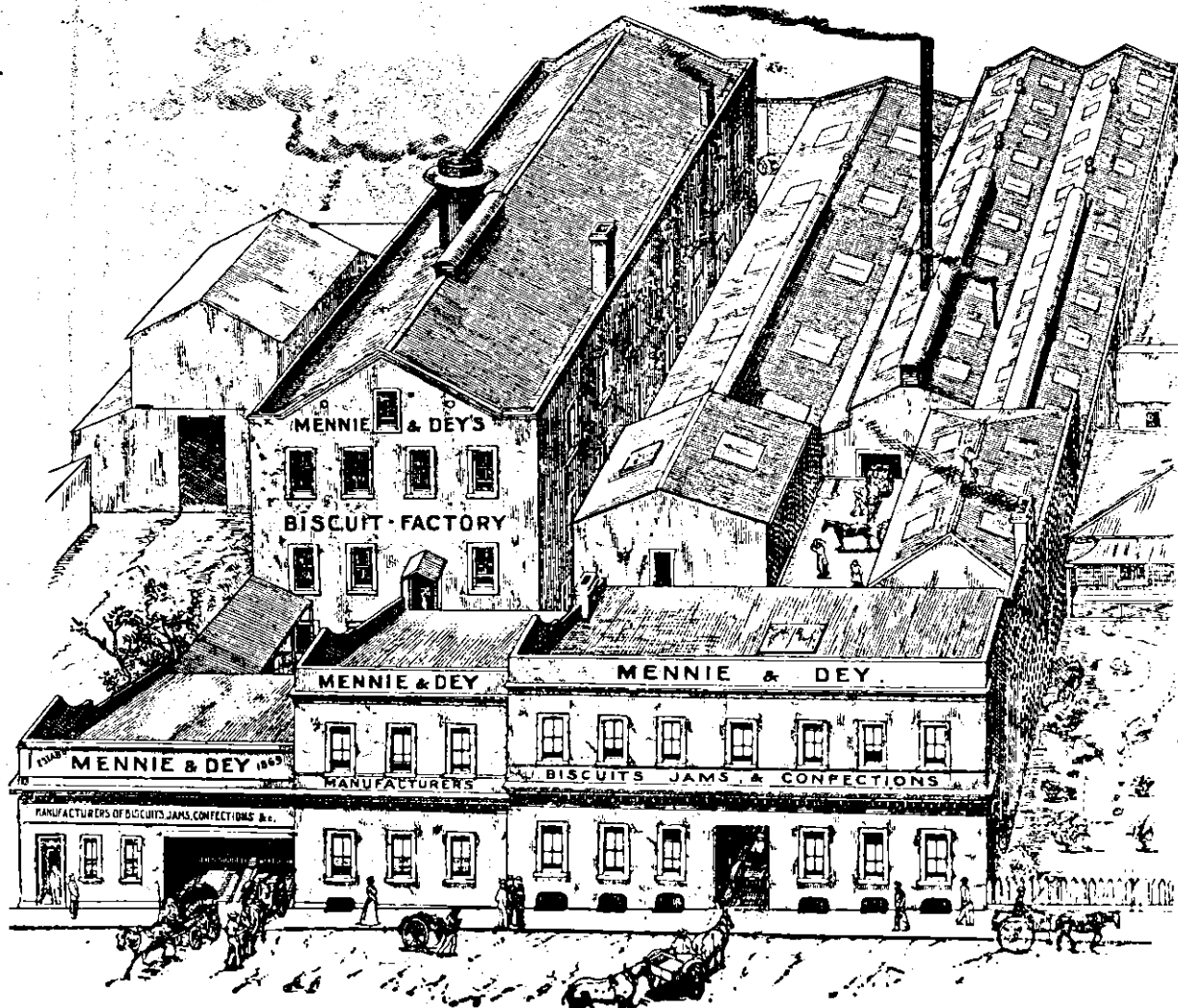
However beautiful and ethereal the desires, hopes, etc., of Angelica and Augustus may be, in the days of sentimentality, he is the best placed when well fed, and she—she finds consolation in a full pocket.

**"The Bishop's Amazement,"**

David Christie Murray's New Novel, will commence in Next Week's "Graphic."

**Gold Medal Jams,**  
Best all comers for Quality.

**Gold Medal Biscuits,**  
Best Value in the Market.



**Gold Medal Confections,** largest variety, best quality. **Gold Medal Conservas,**  
**Peels, Only Makers Cupid Whispers in the Colony,**

# THE WORLD OF FASHION.

\*\*\*\*\* By MARGUERITE \*\*\*\*\*

## ABOUT NEW SKIRTS.

One point in the tendency toward simpler effects in dress is shown in the plainer skirts, which, with the quieter tones of colour, is a feature in the most chic quarters of dress. Trimmed skirts are everywhere, in every shop window, and the natural result, when we have reached the extreme in any fashion, is an opposite condition of things which can serve to produce some distinction in dress. The most fashionable women demand this, and the fashion designers see the necessity almost before they are ready to accept the change.

Combinations of cloth and corduroy velveteen are seen: The skirt is of velveteen and the under blouse of cloth of the same colour, embroidered with gold, on the wide square collar which covers the sleeve shoulder seam and meets in front with a knot and gold-tipped ends. Broad collars of lace or embroidery

are one of the latest features of the much-varied bodices, and vastly becoming to slender figures. The new skirt is very wide at the hem, and, despite all the efforts to bring about plaits and gathers at the waist, is close fitting around the hips. The fullness and length make it very troublesome to hold up, as all the skirts have a separate lining, but fashion rarely considers the practical side of a mode and the woman who has no carriage at her command must manage the best way she can.

No provision is made for her special convenience, unless she chooses to ignore fashion entirely and don her skirt on all occasions. If she would be fashionable she must have a long full skirt with a fair proportion of it resting on the floor, so that it has to be caught up with one hand in order to permit her to walk at all.

A skirt which appears among the French models has a plain front, breadth and small plaits all round the hips, which are stitched and pressed down so flat that they add nothing to the apparent size of the waist. The hem is often quite plain, but if any trimming is desired it must be in a cloth or velvet bands directly on

the edge, or a band of fur or some of the many fancy braids sewed on in straight lines. Another skirt model shows two box plaits at the back, graduating in width from a quarter of a yard at the hem to two inches at the top. These are pressed and arranged in so careful a manner that they keep in place to the very edge. Two side plaits, the front one outlining the tablier front and the second one spaced midway between the front and the back, complete the skirt with three encircling groups of machine stitching confining the plaits at intervals down to the knee.

The fashionable dressmakers tell you that the latest skirt is very simply trimmed, if at all. Three tucks, one inch or an inch and a half wide, around the feet is one of the latest modes of skirt trimming. The hem is of the same width, and there are either two or three tucks above just meeting one another, and stitched in on the machine.

A new skirt which bids fair to become very popular has a tuck one inch wide or a little wider, just below the knee, one at the hem, and another midway between. The upper part of the skirt extends into what is called

the jupe corselet. It is fitted with fine cord tucks like a princess around the hips, the tucks extending up into a corselet belt, thus forming the lower part of the bodice, as well as the upper part of the skirt.

Some of the skirts of new tailor gowns, although circular in shape, are trimmed down the front and sides with bands of cloth put on exactly like the strapped seams of gored skirts. The skirts themselves are very graceful in effect, but have rather the appearance of being draped, as they are arranged en jabot on each side of the back. To wear with these skirts are little short coats, nearly covered with stitched bands of cloth. At the back they are tightly fitting, and the skirt or postillion portion is very short and absolutely flat. In front they are double breasted, and made without bust darts, giving them something of the appearance of the box coat of last spring. The pointed revers on the upper part of the jacket are faced with cream-white cloth, edged with three rows of very narrow gold braid. The suit is exceedingly pretty and effective, made in a light shade of silver blue or sage gray.



For Coaching.

This chic little coat of rough blue serge, worn with a skirt of the same, as will be seen, fastens on the left side with moderate sized brass buttons, and has a double collar rever, with many rows of stitching (which cannot be clearly shown in our sketch), the skirt also having many rows round the hem. The short

above the cuff, in the bell shape so much affected at present. This blouse would harmonise well with a navy blue skirt.

The new autumn models show a large income of three-quarter and half-length sac-back coats in fawn coloured cloth, elaborately stitched and strapped. Our illustration is an example chosen from amongst many we have recently been interviewing and sketching, and is a very representative one of the coming wear for late autumn and winter. Three-quarter coats of plush, silk, and velvet are also shown, handsomely embroidered with braid, applique, jet and sequins; finished

the felt, large, and broadly spread. The white straw hats trimmed with black silk, which have had such a boom this season, have become too common to be modish any longer; but dull black basket straw shapes are being trimmed with the black silk mounts, and are good style. The chapeaux of black silk entirely, either in tufts or series of brims, we must confess to thinking anything but becoming or pretty; and they are so extremely gloomy-looking—scarcely a pleasing feature.

At present the most novel coat or jacket introduction amongst the autumn models is certainly the Empire coat, which is made either half-length or quite long. Fawn or biscuit cloth is the favourite medium for these jackets, which are elaborately stitched in white silk, strapped or adorned with applique. Fig 2 introduces one of these smart models. The cloth here is a biscuit or mastic colour much stitched with white silk. The stitching forms a sort of yoke with a broad strap or band crossing below it, which thus gives the short-waisted Empire effect. The fastenings are invisible down the centre, and the coat is finished by a collar and cuffs of sable. The coatees are shown in velvet, astrachan, caracul and Persian lamb

feathers were considered altogether demode; but now Madame La Mode has restored them to the first place among her dearest and most valued possessions. Such are the whimsical freaks of fashion which can never be depended on for a moment. A pretty hat of black satin stitched is shown in my second sketch, the trimming of which consists of the orthodox ostrich feather and gold buckle. The three-cornered marquise hat is also much worn, the point coming low down in the centre of the forehead, a style not becoming to every face, but very smart on those whom it really does suit. The sides are kept closer than is the case in the tri-corner shape proper, and the hair should be well puffed out each side in order to render it becoming. In black felt with a scarlet chou of velvet as trimming, these hats look very smart indeed, and seem to be especially adapted for wear in conjunction with the Directoire or Empire coats. Both hats and toques, it must be acknowledged, are exceedingly attractive this season, and drap de centre in some light tone of colouring is much used in their construction. Of course, some of the most elaborate toques are composed of the most fragile and delicate substances, such as the hand-painted gauzes which are often bordered in a rather incongruous manner with velvet or fur brims, and are made extremely wide, and almost attain to the dignity of a hat. Such, however, are beyond the reach of most people by reason of their expensive nature.



A NATTY SERGE SUIT.

coatee has still its many devotees, and with the sac back coat will go with us far into the autumn. As yet nothing is revealed by the powers that be in matters fashionable as to incoming modes in this respect, but we shall ere long get previous information and views of the new models, which we shall be able to detail and illustrate for our readers' benefit.

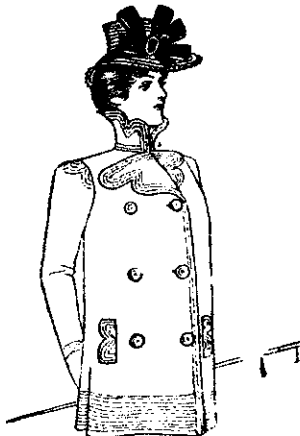
Blouses continue to be as essential an item of dress as aforesaid, and some of those designed for autumn and early winter wear are, to say the least of it, exceedingly smart. It is necessary, of course, to furnish ourselves with one or two silk shirt blouses for wearing with coats or capes, and there is nothing, to my mind, so useful for such a purpose as a well-fitting tartan silk blouse, the Black Watch tartan for preference, though some of those in warm shades of red look remarkably pretty. For a more dressy blouse a thick corded cream silk made very simply with a box pleat or tuckings down either side from the shoulder seam to the waist is what I would recommend, the front finished by one broad box pleat set with tiny jewelled or



ANOTHER AUTUMN MODEL.

with ostrich trimming. These latter are all black, and are very distinguished looking, though one cannot help regretting the revival of the three-quarter length as unbecoming, inasmuch as it dwarfs and cuts up the figure.

Rarely, nowadays, is it considered any advantage to have one's headgear in season as to material or decorative addendum; on the contrary, fur and chrysanthemums in June, or tulle with fruit blossom or wild roses in December has the last year or two been found apparently far more chic or "smart." When something within respectable distance of the "unities" is seen, therefore, we feel we must, like the gallant Captain Cuttle, "make a note on't," and have sketched for Fig. 1 a taking little hat decorated with autumn leaves, which we have recently been shown by one of our more artistic creators in the millinery world. The shape is of coarse burnt straw, with a fairly high crown, and turban brim coming up high at the sides. This is covered by a double fold of red-brown velvet, a band of which also encircles the base of the crown, then either side rosette-like; but gracefully arranged to include both above and below the brim are clusters of autumn leaves in all the lovely tints of red, brown, and yellow in which Nature clothes herself in her departing days. This hat is, it will be seen, carried out on the broad



THE EMPIRE JACKET.

again, some having ermine collars edged with sable; and the fur necklets, which seem to have taken a permanent place in the feminine affections, are still triumphant, but the newest are a little different, having a long piece from the centre of throat, where a group of tails connect it—ending in several more tails to the waist in length. Applique and lace of heavy make are as much to the front as ever, strappings, too, of self material, or in silk, satin, or leather, suede or kid.

In regard to hats, the picturesque note prevails here as in everything else, and ostrich feathers play an important part in the decorative scheme. Very little else save a handsome buckle (preferably of dull gold) is required to trim a hat, which in itself consists of either stitched satin or velvet, bent and twisted into the shape best suited to the wearer. Some years ago ostrich



THE BLOUSE BEAUTIFUL.

enamelled buttons. Such a blouse could be further enhanced by a detachable sailor collar of Irish point lace. It is always best to have these large collars made separate from the blouse, for it is necessary to remove them before donning a jacket. You will find in my sketch an excellent sample of the blouse beautiful. It could be expressed in almost any material, but in this case was a cream flannel striped alternately with rosebuds and a dark blue line, with a detachable collar of ecru lace over cream satin. The sleeves, it will be noticed, increase in dimensions just



WITH AUTUMN LEAVES.

system of the modish hat and toque building of the moment, which adapts itself to the broadly dressed hair. Three-cornered or tricorne hats are being shown amongst the new felts. They are worn very smartly in Paris, brought well down in front on the forehead with the hair puffed out each side, the main trimming being a butterfly bow of velvet the same colour as



A PRETTY HAT.

The British Bull-dog rules the wave,  
Undaunted tar is he,  
And angry billows oft his grave,  
Can't turn him from the sea.  
The hardships of a sailor's life  
He can so well endure,  
When coughs and colds are always  
rife,  
With Woods' Great Peppermint  
Cure.

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



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

**TAILOR-MADE GOWNS.**  
A. WOOLLAMS & CO.  
LADIES' TAILORS.  
By Appointment  
TO THE COUNTESS OF RANFURLY.  
NEW SPRING GOODS NOW SHOWING.  
COSTUMES from ..... £4 6 8  
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PERFECT IN STYLE AND FIT.  
A. WOOLLAMS & CO.  
LADIES' TAILORS.  
QUEEN-ST., AUCKLAND.  
N.B.—Write for samples and self measurement forms.



## CHILDREN'S PAGE.



Prizes! Prizes!! Prizes!!!

COMPETITIONS FOR "GRAPHIC" COUSINS.

PRIZE FOR BEST LETTER.

Dear Cousins,—You have, most of you, been rather lazy about writing lately, and really do not deserve many competitions. But I am going to offer a prize of a splendid knife for the boy, and a book or lovely work basket for the girl, for the best letter I receive from either during April and May, before Wednesday, May 8th. Every cousin may send one letter each week till then, but if you do not feel inclined to write every week it will not matter, only, of course, every letter you write makes your chance of winning better. For the sake of younger cousins, I may say that I shall not pay so much attention to writing and spelling as to whether the letter is interesting or not. Of course, writing and spelling will count, but I shall not decide because of them alone. Now, mind you all try.

CLOSES MAY 8th.

HOW TO MAKE THIS PAGE EVEN BETTER THAN IT IS.

5/ FOR THE BEST SUGGESTION.

Can any of the cousins, with the help of their parents or grown-up friends, tell me any way in which I can make the Children's Page more attractive. I will give a prize, value five shillings, to the cousin who sends me the best practicable idea. Ask father or mother to help you in this.

CLOSES MAY 1st.

COUSINS' CORRESPONDENCE.

Dear Cousin Kate,—I have not quite filled the card you gave me. I have four more lines to fill up, and I will soon fill it up. And I will soon send it to you, and in about a year I will get another card. We have got our Easter holidays now. We have got a week and two days. Please may I have another card when I fill this card? I might go away with my aunt and my uncle for a while, and I won't be able to write to you for a long while. And that won't be very nice, will it? I must end now. With love to you and all the cousins, Lizzie Elmsly.

[Dear Cousin Lizzie,—I am so pleased you take so much interest in getting the cards filled. When you have filled the one you now have let me know, and I shall send you another. I shall be sorry if you will not be able to write to me when you go away, but I hope that you will have a good time with you aunt and uncle.—Cousin Kate.]

KING EDWARD AND HIS PARLIAMENT.

The following graphic letter, from Cousin Leo, in London, will be read with great interest by the cousins; and many will wish they were so lucky as Leo to see all that fine display which the letter describes:

London, February 18.

Dear Cousin Kate,—Last week I told you about the Queen's funeral procession through London, and promised to tell you about what I saw of the opening of Parliament. I went with a friend to her father's office, which is situated just opposite the Victoria Station Tower entrance, where the King and Queen alighted from the State coach, so I saw it all beautifully. Soon after we got to our windows the soldiers arrived and took up their places along our street; they were Scots Guards and the new Irish Guards. The Scots Guards' band formed up just beneath us. From the coming of the soldiers then till the King himself appeared, it was all one great bustle. The carriages and "turn-outs" that drove up! It was just like a chapter out of the seventeenth century. All the huge coaches, with powdered coachmen and footmen standing at the back, in simply the most gorgeous of livery, with three-cornered hats, of course. The Duke of Devonshire's turn-out was very grand. The men wore canary-coloured livery, with pink stockings and huge buckled shoes. And there was one simply huge coachman in emerald green—positively the image of all the pic-

tures of Henry VIII. He was fat! I don't know whose coach that was. They all drew up into a line beneath our windows, so we were able to get a good view. I saw the Lord Chancellor walking about in his robes—all ermine and black and gold—and heaps of other high officials of State. Well, at last the great old State coach rumbled along, drawn by eight cream ponies. It was a swell affair—all gilt and glass; glass sides and roof so that we got a splendid view of the King and Queen. The former looked very pleased with himself, but the Queen seemed sad. She had on a black dress with a beautiful ermine cloak over it, and she wore a magnificent diamond crown, and from it hung a long thin black veil over her shoulders. As they alighted they were met by the Earl Marshal (Duke of Norfolk) and the Gold Stick in Waiting (Lord Wolsley). The King shook hands vigorously with the latter, then with the Queen on his arm he disappeared out of sight up the stairs, which were lined with a detachment of the "Blues." While the show was going on inside we had our lunch, and were ready to watch as they came out. Just as the King and Queen were starting off again in the coach the band struck up, and one of the ponies got frightened, and played up. It took quite two or three minutes before they got it quieted, so we had a long look at the King and Queen. She was awfully scared, and grabbed his arm. At last they drove off, however, and then the real fun began. I suppose there must have been quite 1000 carriages altogether, and you can just picture the scene—Judges, Lords, Generals, Bishops and Peers all struggling and hunting for their own carriages! Some poor Peeresses, who had to leave their husbands sitting in the House, had to get a policeman to pilot them up and down through the lines of carriages—and even then they were not successful in finding their own. I don't know how these ladies could bear the cold as they did, for it was a raw, biting February wind, and of course they were all in Court dress with low-necks. It

amused me to see the great crown and the sword of State carried solemnly out on a cushion to a Royal coach, where they were deposited, to be then driven off, surrounded by an escort of ten Life Guards. These latter saluted the crown and sword as they were carried out, and all the people standing near took off their hats or saluted. I think they were then taken to the Tower, to be put with the crown jewels there. Now, Cousin Kate, I think you must be weary of the very mention of soldiers or kings or processions, aren't you? I know I am, but still I do consider myself lucky to have seen two such eventful episodes of English history. I suppose you will have great doings for the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall when they visit New Zealand. I'm sure New Zealand will give them a reception second to none for loyalty. Good-bye, dear Cousin Kate, with love to you and all the cousins, I remain, your affectionate cousin, Leo.

Adventures in a Noah's Ark.

THE NORTH POLE AT LAST.

At the tin soldier's cry of "Ice-land!" everybody hopped off the ark on to a great ice floe, against which the boat was moored. The tin soldier, who seemed to be a sort of stationmaster was marching stiffly up and down in front of a little sentry box, and every now and then he would haul out a huge pair of opera glasses and gaze up at the sky.

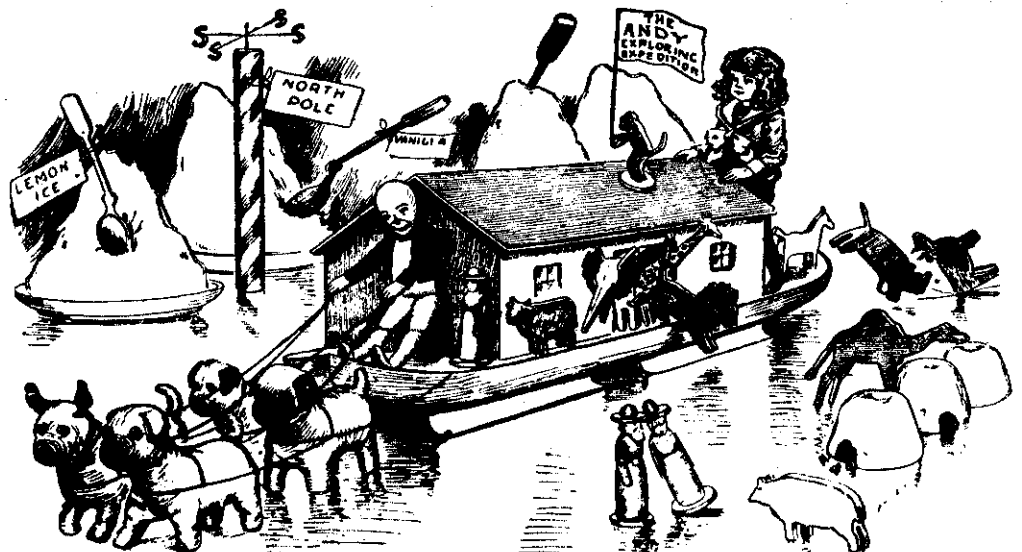
"The North Pole ark is late to-day," Andy heard him mutter nervously. "Why do you look up at the sky for the ark?" inquired Andy, politely. "You don't expect to see it sailing through the air, do you?"

"You can't tell what it'll do," was the answer. "There's no depending on it." Just then there was a whirr in the air and a great shadow fell upon the ground and then disappeared. It was a great eagle, who in passing dropped something at the soldier's feet. Andy saw that it was a candy heart, and written on it in red icing were the words: "Ark due in two seconds." Almost before Andy had finished reading this there was a rush and a roar and a loud barking and up dashed a big ark, drawn by four stuffed dogs with shoe button eyes. They came with such speed that before the poor tin soldier had finished reading the candy heart they had run into him and knocked him down.

As he scrambled to his feet he remarked to Andy, proudly, "This aerial telegraph is a great thing, isn't it? I always know just when to expect the ark."

Andy couldn't help laughing at that. "What's the use of only knowing two seconds beforehand. If you could know an hour beforehand it would be worth while."

"But an hour is such a long time to wait for anything," replied the tin soldier. "Take dinner, for instance



ARRIVAL AT THE NORTH POLE.—See "Adventures in a Noah's Ark."

If you knew it was an hour late you would nearly starve just thinking about it; but if you thought it would be ready the next minute, why the sixtieth 'next minute' would be there before you knew it, and your appetite would be as sharp as a razor."

"Well," said Andy, slowly, "I suppose there is something in that."

The ark just arrived was on runners to take it over the ice straight to the North Pole. Captain Jinks held the reins, and the Polar bear went ahead as a guide. The cold air fairly made him jump for joy.

"It feels good to be at home once more," he murmured. "How I shall enjoy a nice fat seal again, served up with evergreen sauce!"

The hungry giraffe was wandering aimlessly about trying to find a lunch counter. "If I could even lay my hoofs on a sandwich sandwich," he remarked, plaintively, to Andy, "I could get along for an hour or two."

"I understand a light luncheon will be served aboard the ark after starting," put in Jinks. The giraffe brightened visibly at this good news.

Andy heard a loud dispute and beheld the royal lion and the tin soldier talking very hard at each other, with their faces almost touching.

"You'd think from the looks of them they were going to kiss each other," remarked Jinks, with a wink.

"But from their language," retorted Andy, "I should say they were more likely to bite each other."

"An ark is an ark," the lion was saying, loudly, "whether it's on the water or on runners. And any hippopotamus knows an ark is a boat. Well, then, when you want to start the old tub the proper thing to say is 'All aboard!'"

"Fiddlesticks and drumsticks. Like-wise rats!" yelled the tin soldier, who was becoming very excited. "Who ever heard of a boat that travelled on land? This here outfit is a railway train on runners, and the proper way to start a train is to pull the bell rope."

"But there isn't any bell rope, and there isn't any engine," put in Andy, who was afraid these two would be having a pitched battle before long.

"Well, that isn't my fault," retorted the tin soldier, with a cold stare.

"Look here, you nannies," bawled out Jinks, whose hands were getting cold holding the reins, "if you two stand there jabbering like a couple of magpies we'll never reach the North Pole to-night."

"Didn't I hear someone mention pie?" inquired the giraffe, timidly.

"Go chase yourself," muttered the captain. "Now, look a-here," he went on, decidedly, "this here affair is a four-in-hand coach, or sleigh, whichever you like, and the proper way to start is to say 'Get up!'"

With that the four puppie dogs, with short barks and short jumps on their stubby legs, started off across the ice with the ark in tow. The English lion had to drop his dignity and run to get aboard, leaving the tin soldier shouting and making faces after the departing company till he was lost to sight behind an iceberg.

Because of the cold nearly everybody crowded inside of the ark very shortly after starting. Here they found most of the cabin taken up with a long counter with great high stools before it. The giraffe was the first to take a seat. Ham stood behind the counter. He seemed to be nearly frozen with the cold, and his teeth chattered so he could hardly speak. "I know what I'll have," murmured the lion, looking meaningly at Noah's son. "I'll have a little cold Ham."

"No, yer won't!" remarked that fellow, sullenly. "This ain't no a la carte bill of fare."

"No, I suppose it's a la ark," retorted the lion. "A joke," he added, savagely, pounding the table. Everybody immediately yelled and shouted with merriment.

There were two bowls on the counter. One was full of oyster shells and the other contained nothing more appetising than bran.

The giraffe sniffed at the latter. "Is it perfectly fresh?" he inquired.

"It's bran new!" said Ham.

"Look here!" yelled the lion, as a few started to laugh, "if you get off another pun like that I'll treat the crowd to Ham sandwiches."

The poor fellow edged his way up the counter as far from the lion as he could.

"What have you got to eat, any way?" asked Andy.

"Oats, pease, beans and barley," began Ham, in a monotonous tone.

"Is that the menu or is that a song?" inquired a camel, with polite sarcasm.

"You may bring me two quarts of oats!" said the donkey.

"And I'll have a little of everything!" eagerly remarked the giraffe. "Pig!" growled the elephant.

The giraffe's mild eyes filled with tears. "The doctor said that I must eat plenty of nourishing things!" he murmured gently.

"Try a Ham omelet!" suggested the lion with a wink to Andy.

"Aw! give us a rest on that joke!" cried the unicorn. "Your jokes are the stupidest things I ever heard, anyway!"

"I am an Englishman!" replied the lion proudly, as though that settled the question.

"Have you any pie or pudding?" asked Andy, who, like all the boys, was very fond of sweets.

"Naw!" growled Ham, who had grown very ill tempered. "We don't serve no dessert nohow!"

"What ridiculousity!" exclaimed a camel. "Where I come from we have very little else but desert."

All the animals screamed at this joke, and a heavyweight pig became so hysterical that the lion and the unicorn had to carry him out in the fresh air and fan him. He continued to squeal for a long time after.

However, as the lion amused himself by making sailor knots in piggie's tail it was no wonder.

When the lion returned the animals were still laughing at the camel's joke, which seemed to make the lion very jealous.

"Stop laughing, everybody!" he

roared, and when there was dead silence he turned to the camel with an angry scowl. "If you do that again," he muttered, "I'll put another hump on your back!"

Suddenly the ark, which had been running along smoothly and swiftly, came to an abrupt stop, and everybody rushed for the door—everybody except the giraffe, who had just commenced on the bowl of oyster shells.

"Three cheers!" yelled Andy, for there just ahead of them was the North Pole, sure enough. On top of it was a weather vane, and whichever way it pointed it always pointed south.

Andy was puzzled, then his eyes brightened. "Why, of course!" he said to himself. "No matter which way you start off from the North Pole you are bound to go south. There's no other way to go!" Did that ever occur to you, dear reader?

Andy went up to a huge pile of what he took for snow. He tasted of it and found it was the most delicious lemon ice. Then he made another discovery; a large silver spoon was already sticking into the tempting mess.

"The King will knight me for this grand discovery of the Pole!" remarked the lion, swelling out his chest. "I may even be made a baronet."

"What did the baron eat?" cried the giraffe, who had just arrived upon the scene.

"You make me sick!" cried the lion in disgust. "I wish to goodness you'd go away and eat lemon ice till you freeze yourself."

"Hurrah!" suddenly shouted Andy. "Come on, fellows; the Pole is made of peppermint candy and it tastes bully!"

Young Sir Walter Raleigh.

It very often happens that a boy has to be busy with work of some kind, when he really wants to read and become educated. Now, this desire for education is a splendid thing in a boy. Indeed, there is nothing in the world that is any better. But, it often happens that a boy is prevented by circumstances from doing that which would seem to be the best thing for him. Here is a word of encouragement to such boys. Read all you can in the best papers and magazines. Pick up scraps of information about people and things, and make them your own, so that you will remember them. Some day, your knowledge, picked up little by little, will be very extensive, and you will find that you compare very favourably with boys who have had much better chances for education than yourself. Console yourself with the thought that some of the best work in the world has been done under very trying circumstances. Sir Walter Raleigh wrote his "History of the World" during his eleven years' imprisonment. And who knows but you, during your years of work, when you would like to be enjoying years of study and recreation, may be laying the foundation of some piece of work as great as any Sir Walter Raleigh ever did?

A member of a School Committee visited a school under his jurisdiction. When asked to make some remarks, he said: "Well, children, you spells well and you reads well, but you hain't sot still!"

✕ JUNGLE JINKS. ✕

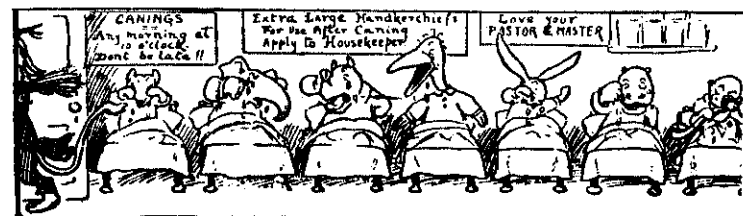
The Boys Go to See "Alice in Wonderland."



1. The Jungle School have had another surprise. Dr. Lion, you know, took them all to see a play written on "Alice in Wonderland." They had the front rows of the stalls, and enjoyed the play immensely. Jumbo fell over head and heels in love with "Alice," and had no eyes for anybody else except the Mad Hatter, who made him double up with laughter. Even Dr. Lion could not help smiling when the March Hare came on the stage, though young Hare of the Jungle School declared that he couldn't see any likeness to himself. "Of course you wouldn't," chuckled Bruin; "but that chap has just your silly look on his face." Then Dr. Lion had to interfere.



2. But it was during the magic-lantern part, called "Alice's Scrapbook," that the great surprise came. When Mr Wain's cat portraits appeared the boys roared with laughter; but the next picture on the screen didn't please them half so well. This slide was called "How Dr. Lion's Jam Disappeared," and it showed Jumbo and the others in their nightshirts busy eating jam in the doctor's pantry. This little surprise was arranged by the magic lantern man, who heard that the Jungle School boys were coming to the theatre that afternoon. "So that is the secret of those strange disappearances," said Dr. Lion, with a frown that boded ill for the boys.



3. Here you have a picture of the Jungle School dormitory at eight o'clock on the same evening. See how delighted the boys all are! They have just had a chat with Dr. Lion about the jam that disappeared from his pantry—the conversation was all the more painful on account of the birch-rod that the doctor held in his hand. But their pain was soothed the next day when the magic lantern man sent a hamper of nice things by way of consolation for the trick he had played.





**NOT TEMPTING ENOUGH.**  
 "Do you waltz, Mr Guy?"  
 "Oh, I skip a little."  
 "Then I think we'll have no trouble in skipping the next dance."

**RES ANT-IQUAE.**  
 "Auntie, dear, where do these fossil shells come from?"  
 "Oh, my dear child, a great many years ago they were washed up here by the sea."  
 "How long ago, auntie, dear?"  
 "Ever so long ago, dear child."  
 "What! Even before you were born, auntie?"

**NO CHECK ON HER.**  
 Arabella: George, dear, I want some money.  
 George: Why, I gave you a cheque yesterday.  
 Arabella: Yes, dear, I know, but the doctor said I was to have plenty of change.

**THE BOLD, RAD MAN.**  
 Guest: I don't believe in marriage generally.  
 Hostess (who is richly blessed with daughters, indignantly): And with such principles how dare you accept an invitation to my house?

**WORSE STILL.**  
 "I understand," said the neighbour "that your husband is a dramatic critic."  
 "No," replied the little woman bitterly, "he is even worse than that—he is a household critic."

**PRIDE'S FALL.**  
 "Winded, eh?" sneered the automobile as it bowled past the old grey mare, who had stopped to get her breath.  
 But, almost simultaneously with the unkind words, one of the puffed up tyres of the automobile was punctured by a discarded hat pin that lay in the road.  
 Whereupon the old grey mare smiled and spared enough breath to gasp, mockingly, "Winded, eh?"  
 Which story is told to show that even automobiles may live in glass houses and throw stones.



**VIRTUE REWARDED.**  
 Mother: Did you give mister the larger part of the apple, as I told you?  
 Little Johnny: Yes, mamma.  
 Mamma: That's noble. And did you not feel happier for it?  
 Little Johnny: Her part was rotten.

**SURE OF HER GROUND.**  
 Miss Chatterton: Charley says a fortune teller told him he was going to marry a brunette.  
 Her Mother: Being a blonde, that does not look very promising for you.  
 Miss Chatterton (coquettishly): On the contrary, I feel that it only shows how far off a fortune teller can be at times.

**AN ASPIRATED PUZZLE.**  
 Traveller (relating adventure): And the boat's screw being disabled we were compelled to lay to.  
 Listener: Pardon me, did I understand you to say the boat's screw, or the boat's crew?  
 Traveller (indignantly): I said the boat-screw. Is that plain enough?  
 Listener: Oh, yes; thanks.



**WASTE NOT, WANT NOT.**  
 Hartley: Yes, my dear, but if you think the medicine makes you feel worse, I can't understand why you keep on taking it.  
 Mrs Hartley (who is of a very economical turn of mind): Well, I'm not going to pay for medicine, James, and then waste it.

**THE WAY HE DID IT.**  
 According to his best friends the statesman who was so long known as Lord Hartington, of England, would have done far more in the world had he not been—to put it plainly—incurably lazy. On one occasion, while Chief Secretary for Ireland, a friend asked him, "How on earth do you manage to get through your work?" "I don't," was the brief reply.

**FLOR DE CABBAGE.**  
 Host: That's something like a cigar, isn't it, old chap?  
 Guest: Yes, it's wonderful to what perfection they can bring these imitations nowadays.

**THE MARK OF GENIUS.**  
 A stage-struck aspirant approached an actor-manager lately.  
 "Well," asked the gent of the fur-lined coat, "what'er your qualifications?"  
 "Oh," replied the youth, meditatively, "I don't know quite, but," he added, quickly, "I can go a long time without food."  
 The manager saw that the youth had the root of the matter in him and he was engaged.

**HIS AIM ALL RIGHT.**  
 "You ought to have seen Bagley out shooting with his revolver the other day. He couldn't hit a barn door."  
 "How did that happen? I thought Bagley was a good shot."  
 "Well, so he is; but, you see, there wasn't a barn door to hit."

**A HARD TASK.**  
 Mrs Oletimer: I suppose you find it very difficult to select the right name for your baby?  
 Mrs Justjoined: Oh, yes, indeed! We have spent whole nights trying to find out which of our relatives is the richest, which the most liberal, and which is likely to die quickest and leave the baby his money.

**FORESEEING.**  
 "It is wrong," we pleaded, "to rear a child in a boardinghouse without the influences of a home."  
 The mother's eyes became suffused with unshed tears and her face was illumined with an inner light.  
 "I look to the future," said she. "He cannot make some woman's life miserable with references to his mother's cooking."  
 Sublime sacrifice!

**THE WAY OF THE RESTAURANTS.**  
 Old Gentleman: "Waiter! Let me see, now. What shall I have? Got any beef? Yes—beef. Well, just you get me a nice plate of beef. Now, not those overdone slices; not dry, you understand. Just a little bit of the brown edge—and don't forget the gravy, and potatoes—and er—"  
 Waiter (down the lift): "One beef."

**AT THEIR MERCY.**  
 "Did the Parisians understand your French?"  
 "Every word; except when I'd start to remonstrate about an exorbitant charge."

**POLITE.**  
 Mistress: "You're late again, Mary! You know we're all early risers."  
 Servant: "Yes, num, but I wouldn't be so rude as to copy you."

**THE ANTIQUE.**  
 Clara: "What a very classic dress Mrs Jones has on this evening."  
 Maud: "Do you think so?"  
 Clara: "Yes; there are sigus of ancient grease about it."



**MAKING HISTORY.**  
 Teacher (taking the class in English history): Now, William Johnson, what happened on the Fifth of November?  
 William (readily): Please, sir, our Henry got his eye blown out, and Dad singed off all his whiskers.

**A FALSE MOVE.**  
 The Wife: "Come, dear, we have no occasion to quarrel in this manner. Of course, I do some very foolish things at times—and so do you. You'll admit that, will you not?"  
 Husband: "Certainly I'll admit that you do. That is what I've said all along."  
 Wife: "Wretch! How dare you?"

**SO DISCREET.**  
 Fuddy: The Hulecuma are very discreet.  
 Duddy: In what way?  
 Fuddy: They never smile when they are in public together. They are afraid people will think they are not married. They both of them hate a scandal above all things.

**RE-MODELLING.**  
 Pennu: Can you suggest any way in which I might improve my new novel?  
 Editor: You might put the last chapter first.  
 Pennu: But all the characters die in the last chapter.  
 Editor: Yes, I know.

**BOTH SCORED OFF.**  
 The mate had been taking too much grog, and, happening to look at the log-book one day, he saw written there: "Mate drunk all day." He asked the captain if he had put it there.  
 "Yes," replied the captain. "Isn't it true?"  
 "It is," replied the mate.  
 "Well, well, better let it stay."  
 The next day the captain found written: "Captain sober all day," and asked the mate if he put that there.  
 "Yes," responded the mate. "Isn't it true?"  
 "It is."  
 "Then we'll better let it stay."  
 Next day both items were scored out.



**A ROLAND FOR AN OLIVER.**  
 Miss Grimm: All right, sir, I shall sue you for breach of promise.  
 Fenton: You'd better not attempt it. If you do I'll bring an action for slander against you for saying I proposed to you.

**A BEGINNER.**  
 Fire Insurance Agent: So you require £2000 to cover your stock, eh? Now, Isaac, did you ever have a fire?  
 Isaac: Vell, mine frendt, you couldn't call id a fah; it was mine feirst ademptt.

**BEYOND HELP.**  
 An energetic lady nurse in a South African hospital, on going one morning to attend to her favourite soldier, we are told, found him asleep. Pinned to the bed-clothes was a laboriously scrawled memorandum as follows: "To il to be nussed to-day.—Yours respectfully, J.S."

**THE WORM TURNED.**  
 "Are you going out to-night, dear?" said the husband to the emancipated woman.  
 "I am. It is the regular weekly meeting of the lodge."  
 "Then I want to say to you"—and there was an unusual defiance in the mild man's tone—"I want to say that if you are not home by eleven o'clock I shall go home to my father."

Young Doctor (exultantly)—Well, I've been successful with my first patient.  
 Old Doctor—Of what did you relieve him?  
 Young Doctor—Five pounds.